

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VII.

1877-8.





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VOLUME VII.
1877-78.

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OF INVERNESS.

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1877-78.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailllean a' Cheile.

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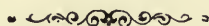
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The Gaelic Society of Inverness.



OFFICE-BEARERS,

YEAR 1878.

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Colin Chisholm, Broadstone Park.

Duncan A. Macrae, late of Fernaig.

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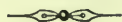
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COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.



CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

2. 'S e tha an run a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh 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 sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliù 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 bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh 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, tri Iar-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 seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithirla-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhair ear 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 cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh 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 an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidd 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.

THE Publishing Committee have great pleasure in now issuing the seventh volume of the Society's Transactions. It is the largest ever issued by the Society, and it is hoped that its pages will not be found inferior to those of former volumes.

The session of which this volume is a record, was an exceedingly successful one. Many questions of great interest to Highlanders have been discussed from different standpoints ; and it is hoped that the record here presented will commend itself to such members of the Society as were not present when the different papers were read. The Sixth Annual Assembly, and Sixth Annual Dinner, both of which are here reported, were each a success in every sense of the word. The former, under the Presidency of Professor Blackie, was largely attended and enthusiastic throughout. At the latter, the chair was occupied by Captain Macra Chisholm, Glassburn, who inspired every person present with his own genuine Highland enthusiasm. The next great Meeting was the Celtic Demonstration. The object of that gathering was to acknowledge in a public way the services which Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., rendered to the cause of Highland Education ; and to give expression to what the Society considers a Highlander's Education should be, and the best means of acquiring it. The Demonstration, which was participated in by representatives from several of the

Highland Associations of the south, was thoroughly successful; and unequivocal expression was given to the Society's idea of the best means of securing the proper education of the Highlander.

It may be observed in passing that on this point certain writers have been at pains, either voluntarily or ignorantly, to misrepresent the aims of the Society. It has been freely asserted that the object of the Society was to teach Highland children Gaelic *only*. We want the children of the Highlands to acquire a knowledge of English, and we contend that where Gaelic is the only language spoken and understood, it is impossible to impart a knowledge of English without a free use of the native tongue. Can anything be more rational than that, and more in accordance with usage elsewhere? If an English child is to be instructed in German, his first book will not be one exclusively written in German, and his teacher a man who never addresses him in his native English tongue. And why should a different method be adopted in the case of the Gaelic speaking child? Then with regard to acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic itself, we say this is a most desirable thing; and that every Gaelic speaking child should be as familiar with Oisean, Donnchadh Bàn, and others, as a Lowland child is with Burns and Scott. The gentlemen who know not our language, and yet are aye ready to express an opinion in regard to it, say there is nothing in Gaelic literature worth acquiring. Perhaps it may be conceded that we who know the language and its literature are as likely to form an intelligent opinion on the subject as our traducers who don't. But these people are happily getting their eyes opened. Take for instance W. C. of *Chambers's Journal* who recently presented his readers with an article entitled the "Gaelic Nuisance," in every way unworthy of that writer. To his credit, however, be it said, he came again to the front with a second article on the

same subject, which was nothing more or less than a retraction and apology for the first—with this difference, that the offensive title was retained, and an attempt made to reconcile the two. This attempt was not successful, and many will say that it would have been much more to the credit of the writer if he had candidly admitted that the first article was a mistake.

It is unnecessary, however, to continue this theme further than to say that the discussion which took place in regard to it has done much to enlighten public opinion thereon ; and let us hope that Education in the Highlands will soon be on a different basis from that upon which it has hitherto stood.

INVERNESS, *July*, 1878.

TRANSACTIONS.

GEORGE BUCHANAN ON THE CUSTOMS AND LANGUAGES OF THE CELTS.

THE paper of which the above is the title, is the composition of the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, F. C. Manse, Strathbraan, Dunkeld, and was read by him at the end of the Session of 1876-77. On account of the delay which took place in the publication of Volume VI. of the Society's Transactions, the Publishing Committee resolved to publish Mr. Sutherland's paper in this volume. It is as follows:—

The idea of writing this paper took its rise from the perusal of some observations made by George Buchanan in his beautiful History of Scotland, regarding his discussions in his introductory chapters of matters pertaining to the ancient races of Britain. He is haunted by the uncomfortable feeling, frequently to be found among shrinking timid Celts, that the circumstances of the race he belonged to were too rude and too trifling to interest the classic readers for whom he wrote his flowing and eloquent Latin sentences. At the same time he is moved by a strong sympathy with a bygone age, which knew not the polished Latin with which he himself was so familiar, but which had this in common with him, that it bequeathed to him the language of his infancy—the language in which he heard old tales repeated, and old songs sung on the banks of the Blane, where he first had his home—a language which no amount of classical culture, much travelling, much intercourse with strangers, could entirely dislodge from his knowledge and from his heart. Somewhat ashamed of his old mother, in her plain tartan and unclassic speech, yet he loves her too much to disown her, even in presence of the stately and dignified Roman matron. This makes him at once apologetic and bold. He fears scholars may think his labours in discussing what pertains to the antiquities of his race lost, and yet he must needs do so, in order that the present may be restored to the past, and the past be restored to the present—that our ancestors may receive their children, and we, their children, be

given back to our ancestors. That was the thought which inspired the historic muse of Buchanan when he called the attention of the learned world, in brilliant periods, to those who inhabited these islands before Heugist was born. Buchanan is not now a Celtic son, so to speak, but a Celtic ancestor, and I should like him to be restored to us, and we restored to him.

There is much in him of which we should be proud. With a style equal in power and brilliancy to Macaulay, he did not, like him, try to purify himself of the taint of his race, by pouring abuse and misrepresentation in bitterness upon its head. Deeply versed in Greek and Latin; fully imbued with the highest culture of his time, he had a kindly word to say for the speech and poetry of his ancestors; though measuring it by a foreign rule alone regarded as correct, his taste found it rude. In higher respects than these he claims our attention, and indeed our imitation. His independence of mind is seen in the bold criticisms which he offered on the divine right of kings—on its subordination to the really Divine right, before Cromwell was cradled. Priest and magistrate were by him boldly tested by the first principles of Revelation and nature, when it required courage such as we need not to follow that unpleasant line. His loyalty to conviction often made him a wanderer over the face of Europe, sometimes appreciated for his genius, at other times persecuted for his free remarks on the established order in Church and State. But he never lost heart; never proved false to himself, whether teaching in France or Italy, or languishing in prison in Portugal. He could write his Latin tragedies when the sun shone upon him, or translate the Psalms into Horatian metre when shut up in a dungeon where, for the chastening of his intellect, he was allowed no books by the spiritual authorities but the Latin scriptures. His life is most interesting in all its details, for he saw many men and many cities; passed through many vicissitudes; but always, in every condition, eager in pursuit of knowledge, not as an accomplishment, but as a means toward practical truth as an instrument for raising fallen man, and for illuminating his darkness. But it is not our purpose to dwell upon that; we must leave that for less exciting matter.

The first point we shall look at is what Buchanan has to say about the ancient names of this island of ours. According to him, the oldest name of Great Britain was Albion. In proof of this he goes to Aristotle, who mentions it in his work *De Mundo*. He regards it, however, as being more a learned and imposed name, rather than a natural growth of the common speech of the time, though admittedly the Scots still apply the word to their own part of the country. He combats at the same time those who derive the word

from the Latin *albus*, white. He does so on grounds which shew how much progress philology has made since the days of Buchanan. Albion and Albus cannot be the same, as there was no intercourse between savage Britain and civilized Rome in the days when Albion was the name of the former. His own idea of the word is that it was an appellative common to many tribes, and that although colour is not excluded from its meaning, its radical signification is height. To those sailing from Gaul to Britain, the white cliffs of Dover might naturally suggest a name for the island significant of whiteness, but our author reminds us that that word occurs in the topography of many places, not only in Europe, but in Asia. To all these places, situated as they are among hills, or not far from them, the quality of height is applicable, but not in all cases that of whiteness. Strabo, too, informs him that the names with *Alb* or *Alp* for their root are appropriated to elevated or rising situations. Thus, Albanians or Albanaich is an exact equivalent for mountaineers. Buchanan finds a confirmation of this view in the mythologic names of giants who once stalked abroad among the mountains of Liguria, in Italy. One among them was honoured with the title Albion; another rejoiced in the name of Bergion. These designations, one being Celtic, the other Teutonic, mean the same thing, and refer to the immense size of the superhuman monsters. Pliny is here quoted, who writes that the very name Bergomates shews that those to whom it applied dwelt in a home more remarkable for its altitude than its fertility or comfort. Mountains were clearly not in such repute of old as they now are. Buchanan seriously attacks the notion, once common, that Albion perpetuates the name of one of Neptune's sons, who once ruled and fought battles in Great Britain—a curious proof of the tenacity with which such foolish ideas long kept their ground. He thinks that Albion was applied to Britain to distinguish it descriptively from the flat plains of Hibernia, more especially as the word has pertinaciously maintained its ground in Scotland as its natural home, amid a thousand changes of inhabitants, kingdoms, and tongues.

Next comes the word Britain. What is of most interest to us in Buchanan's treatment of this word is his amusing and sometimes fierce criticism of the famous Welsh writer Lyddus. It appears that Lyddus, with all the enthusiasm and subtlety of a Welshman, argued that Britannia should be written Prudania. This Lyddus, if we believe his critic, loved dispute as much as truth; expected fame by depriving others of it; proved his own learning by endeavouring to shew that others had none; and, like a true Celt, fought as if for hearth and altar about a straw if it was a Welsh one! Such animals, we may remark, are not all fossilized

yet, but move about in veritable flesh and blood. Well, it seems Lyddus lighted on some fragment of an old manuscript, on which he found his favourite Prudania. That it was old, rotten, and rusty, made it of course authoritative and sacred. It bore Prudania on its ragged bosom, and so Prudania must be scripture, in spite of Aristotle, Cæsar, and the rest of them. If you ask rudely for the date, authorship, and general history of the dirty fragment, you are told that the very uncertainty of such matters proves its antiquity, and therefore its worth. No matter whether the stained fragment tells us whether Prudania be a man or woman; a river or a town; a hill or a valley—there it is, and Britannia must rise, go and be known no more! Such arrows may still find joints in harness that is still worn. But Lyddus has more to say for his favourite Prudania. It is clearly a Welsh word, as can be seen in spite of its venerable rust, when looked at through the gloss of bards, native linguistic usage, and etymology. This last shews clearly, says the Welshman, that Prudania means “splendid beauty,” for *Pryd* means shape, and *Cam* means white, and Prudania is another name for Prudcamia (the white form), in other words, the surpassingly beautiful. Buchanan’s criticism of this kind of work enunciates principles which he himself very frequently violated; so easy is it to put another right and go wrong ourselves. Lyddus is rallied with the objection that on his own etymology the word should be Prudamiam, not Prudanium. But, passing that, the whole principle of the process is ridiculed, as silly, deceptive, and false. Many great men have made themselves ridiculous by their etymological antics. Even Plato proved himself foolish in his treatment of words, though so powerful in handling the ideas of which words are the vehicles. The method of Lyddus is sarcastically turned into ridicule by the affirmation that his critic could in the same way derive the word Cymbri from *canis* and *brutum*, a dog and a brute! Indeed, anything could be derived in this way from anything.

But while all this is true and very amusing, we can gather from Buchanan himself that the Welshman was in some things in advance of the Scot. The former held strongly that the star which is to guide our course in such matters is the usage of ancient language. That may be true, said Buchanan, if only we knew what it was, but that is impossible, and so it is better to follow what the learned have said on such questions. That is an abnegation of all independent criticism. Indeed, the notion of hunting for the meaning of words among their ancient sources is, according to our author, like the folly of trying to find the source of the Nile—a profitless task. Besides, the further back men go, the ruder, the more uncultivated and barbarous will the words be, and for a learned man to wound

his refined sensibilities by turning his attention to them is like rejecting luscious fruit for insipid acorns. He rejoices that the old language of the Scots is passing away, with its anile stammering, its rude rusticity, and giving place to cultivated musical Latin, which, though acquired with great labour, more than compensates for the toil. The old Alpine Gaul of whom we read, who happened to get a draught of Italian wine, and was so pleased with the new sensation, that he vowed that he should take no rest until the land which produced it should be his property, left his home among the mountains to make good his vow. In the same way, Buchanan was so intoxicated with Latin that he forgot his own home and kindred and native speech. The Welshman loved his Welsh as much and more than Latin, as indeed he does to this day. The fruit of this is seen in the great amount of literary matter which he has saved from the devouring tooth of time. We know from Buchanan himself that he was acquainted with poems in Gaelic, which even his ear, so long tuned to the notes of the Latin muse, declared not to be destitute of harmony. Instead of quoting these, he proceeds to attack them as useless for the purposes of history, because their authors trusted to memory, and not to the pen. What would we not have given had he but quoted some of the rhapsodies he contemptuously casts aside as beneath the dignity of history—if he had given us less of Lucan and more of the old seanachies, whose rhymed stories very likely delighted him ere he left the banks of the Blane. Scaliger, who in a trim Latin sonnet compliments Buchanan very neatly by saying that as Scotland was the limit of Roman conquest, so Scotland will be the summit of Roman eloquence, might not care for such quotations; might even reserve his classic praise if they had been given; but now they would have secured for Buchanan a fame which no Scaliger can or could bestow upon him. Even scholars would have been now delighted had he given us a Latin tragedy fewer than he has done, and applied himself during a spare hour to try what he could have done in the same line in Gaelic, like the perhaps equally great classical scholar, Ewan MacLauchlan, who was not ashamed to see his darling Homer draped in Gaelic.

But let us not mourn over what a learned Celt has not done, but be thankful for the amount of interest he has shewn in his race, and that he was not ashamed of it, in spite of the evil days with which it was overtaken and shorn of its glory.

But while giving Buchanan credit for what he has done to keep in memory some of the characteristics of the old blood from which he sprang, yet it is to be regretted that he did not perceive that even the historian may find in old words, old songs, a deeper insight

into the past than from a mere chronicle of events. Then he would not have been satisfied with a general description of the Celtic poetry which survived from times long gone, up to his own time; nor with sketching generally the character of the Bards and their productions. Did Buchanan know anything of blind Ossian or of heroic Fingal? The question must be answered in the negative so far as his writings are concerned, though, of course, the names themselves, and the traditions about them, must have been perfectly familiar to him from childhood. I was struck however with the fact that Buchanan, while summing up the peculiarities of the Celts of the Hebrides, reports them as in the habit of singing, not poems, but a poem. Elsewhere he speaks of the poems of the people—*Carmina*, here he employs the singular, *Carmen*—a poem. Now what has Buchanan got to say about this poem which delighted and touched the Hebridean heart some 400 years ago? His authority is Donald Munro, to whom he applies the epithets *pius*, *doctus*, *diligens*, and who appears to have been a dean. Unfortunately all the good dean told the historian, or at least all the historian chooses to tell, is embodied in a short sentence: "They (the Hebrideans) chant a poem with some melody and harmony in its composition, and which for the most part is filled with the glories of brave men; nor do their Bards scarcely handle any other subject." Some special and well-known poem must be referred to in this passage. Where has it gone, and what has become of it? Was it embodied in some of the MSS. which Macpherson secured in those very isles, and with which he dealt in a style which has perplexed men ever since, and is likely to do so for some time to come?

A variety of interesting questions are started and keenly pursued, if not captured by our historian, respecting the relation to each other of the different tribes or nations which inhabited Great Britain in pre-historic times. We have no space, and less ability, to enter upon this field—the scene of many a literary and antiquarian battle in the past, and by no means unacquainted with the contests of learned heads even in our time.

The element of language, however, has an important bearing on the issue, and Buchanan uses with effect the aids which it brings within his reach. While we cannot withhold our admiration at the acuteness and beauty of his discussions in Celtic philology, yet we feel that his views regarding the growth and decay of languages are mechanical, make too much of the forces which work upon language from without, and too little of the internal elements of change inherent in language as the instrument by which man expresses himself. Thus, with Buchanan there is a want of organic vital connection between the language of to-day and the language of the past

ages. With him, new words spring up which never existed before ; and words fall away and are lost, and leave no trace behind them. He was not clearly alive to the truth that new conditions do not create new words, but modify, alter, and adopt the old ; that what he calls decay may really be development. But though he imagined that language generally loses its identity with the changing circumstances of men, with changing feelings, changing thoughts, yet he saw that the names applied to natural objects, as mountains, rivers, seas, kingdoms, shared in some degree the stability of nature herself. The same holds good also of the great and lasting works of man's hands, as towns, castles, fortifications, &c. The names of these are not easily changed, and so survive even when the language from which they grew has perished. Nay, more ; when adversity, oppression, or choice dissolve the relations of men to their fatherland, the names of the old haunts are carried to the new, and religiously preserved. The heart of the historian here warms, and his dead Latin becomes impressive and touching. We feel the throb of a soul who knew what it was to be driven from home by the threat of the tyrant, in a passage which Canada, the States, Australia illustrate afresh. The old name in the new country is a kind of image of the lost home of childhood, and soothes by its presence, by its sweet voice, the longing, not to be extinguished, which ever and anon glances back toward the far away native land. This sweet pledge of the land of his birth, not only disguises the exile of the colonist, but transforms and idealises haunts which but for distance would be commonplace. Buchanan's eye glanced with delight on such places far and near, from Poland to Spain—from Ireland to the far East. According to our author, all the places with *Brica*, *Briga*, or *Brea* in their names, owe their designation to Celtic settlers. On the authority of Strabo, he explains the word as meaning a town. If he had thought for himself he would soon discover that Strabo was mistaken ; that he himself could get at its meaning much more readily than Strabo, who spoke Greek, and to whom Gaelic was barbarian. This root, so frequent in the topography of Europe, evidently is the same with the Gaelic *braigh* (height) ; the Welsh *brig*. From this root comes the word *brigand*, an uplander or mountaineer, then a robber. Brig was originally the name applied to the vessels used by pirates, the amphibious brothers of the mountain brigands. Buchanan finds the root *Dun* in a thousand places. He observes that the ancient Gauls used the word in compounds as an affix, while the Scotch Gaels for the most part apply it as a prefix. *Dur* is another root dispersed abroad everywhere like the Jews. It means water, and, according to Buchanan, was living in the Gaelic of his time. *Mag*, or *Magus*, claims a similar

ubiquity. I suspect our author misses the force of this root when he limits it to a house, town, or edifice. It seems to refer rather to plain, or meadow, or field. In some parts of the Highlands it appears to be still used in ordinary speech. *Machair* seems to have some affinity with it. We need not refer to this more minutely, as the matter is so obvious now. We shall pass from this by glancing at an argument of Buchanan's to shew that at one time the speech of our island was homogeneous from Land's End to John o' Groat's. The root of the word Cornwall is found in the names of places as far north as Caithness. Ancient geographers indeed describe the men who inhabited the northern peninsula as *Cornavii*, which seems to be a softened Latin modification of *Kernici*. To this day *Cearnach* is used in northern Gaelic to describe a man of power, or one remarkable for some famous action. The finest ruin of a castle in Caithness is still called Girnigoe, as it was in Buchanan's day.

It may be worth while to notice here the explanation which the historian gives of the origin of the distinguishing epithets *gael* and *gaidheal*. He combats the notion, early promulgated, that the Celts were named Gallic, or Gauls by the Teutons, and that the designation means strangers or foreigners. The Teutons merely used a word which the Celts themselves employed, but, unable to articulate, the Celtic G they changed into W. It would have been the height of absurdity in the invading Saxon to describe the natives whom they dispossessed as foreigners or strangers; rather than the Britons should have applied the name to the Saxons. Nor is it likely that the Britons, always hostile to their Teuton neighbours, both here and on the Continent, would adopt a designation due to the proud contumely of hateful foes. Thus, whatever the word, found in Wales, Gaul, Gaidheal, it cannot mean, as some learned men suppose, foreigner or wanderer.

Buchanan gives a curious explanation of the origin of the word *gall*, *galde*, now applied by Celts to their English-speaking neighbours. He holds that the ancient Scotch, by which he always means the Irish Celts who emigrated from the Green Isle to Scotland, were divided into two distinct branches. The one branch rejoiced in the honourable name of Gaidheal, and spoke of its own language as Gaelic, and gloried in its elegance, polish, and high cultivation. The other division was understood to speak a dialect of Celtic, which was regarded by the more Celtic Scotch as comparatively rude, undeveloped, and Spartan. These polished Scotch spoke contemptuously of the degenerate dialect in question as *gallda*, in other words, as barbarous. Thus *Gaidheil* and *Goill* did not originally mean a distinction between two different races, but between two

parties or divisions of the same race—the one polished and cultured, the other rude and barbarian. By-and-by the word was contemptuously applied to the invader, whose speech was thought to be as barbarous as his actions were cruel.

Buchanan's account of the Western Isles, socially and geographically, is particularly interesting. He helps us to see clearly the condition and circumstances of their inhabitants as they existed 400 years ago. Strange superstitions, rough customs, physical hardships pass before, relieved by virtues of a high order; courage, endurance, contempt for everything which enervates and saps manhood. The land is redolent of deer, salmon, seals, wha'es. Buchanan lets us hear the twang of the arrow which laid low the proud stag, ere gamekeepers had been "invented." Curious, too, we see islands covered to the water edge with dense forests, in which robbers found safety and concealment—forests which long ago have decayed into peat. Harris, in particular, was clothed with magnificent woods in those days—not so far away after all. Unfortunately I cannot enter into details.

Let us conclude by taking a glance through Buchanan's telescope into one of those old Western huts, and see how our ancestors then lived and fared. The rude dwelling which sheltered them from wind and weather would by no means grace a model village, though it could not be inferior in means of comfort, or even in appearance, to many huts which disgrace even yet the wealth, the laws, and customs of this nineteenth century.

Let us stoop down at the entrance of the hut before us, and press on through smoke and among cattle, to the family circle, with a huge fire in the centre.

The first thing which strikes the eye is the peculiar dress of the inmates. Grandfather, son, daughter—all wrapt in tartan, spun, perhaps woven, on the premises. Feminine gown and masculine plaid all bear the same colour and the same stripes. The men wear kilts, and yet not exactly of the same type as that which the modern tailor, after much study and labour, turns out from his workshop. Kilt and jacket are here one, so that, as Buchanan says, the wearer wraps himself up in his clothing, rather than dresses himself with it. However, it is of such a kind that, put a man into it and he will make his bed in the snow, and not feel so miserable after all. The colours chosen are such as resemble as much as possible the hues of the mountain side, so that the deer, and sometimes man too, may be deceived to their own harm.

A table is spread, on which is seen barley bread and oaten cakes, finished with exquisite skill, pleasing alike to eye and palate. A horn of home-brewed beer is handed round for those who wish.

A stronger drink may be also had. In Buchanan's Latin it is called *Blandium*, evidently allied to *blaneid*. This *blandium* was the whey of milk which had been kept for some years, and which, it appears, acquired strong intoxicating qualities. There was, however, no whisky to be had in those days. Buchanan pays a warm tribute to the temperance of those hardy Celts, whose drink for the most part was water, the juice of boiled meat, or milk, *jus carnum*.

Neither pots nor pans would likely be seen in the place we are supposing ourselves to be visiting. They managed to boil their flesh without these modern necessities. The needed meat was put into a bullock's tripe with the due quantity of water, and boiled in the same, or into the skin of the animal which had fallen to the knife or to the barbed arrow. Dreadful, says modern political economy! But the question is suggested, whether flesh without Carron pots may not be more desirable than pots without flesh to put into them.

Then no feather bed, or hair or straw mattresses, could be found in the cottage or even hall of those days. Instead of these were to be found heather substitutes, with the stems downwards and the crop upwards, arranged with a skill which made such a bed the rival of the softest down, and, according to our author, medicinally far superior to it, as an absorbent of the humours which, in the medicinal language of those days, rendered the muscles languid, and weakened the system generally. In this way the man who went to bed weary, rose with the alacrity and freshness of the lark. Such was the faith of those men in their heather beds, that when abroad, they refused to use the mattresses of the Lowlands, but, throwing them on the floor, slept on the hard boards, lest they should take the edge off the firmness and hardihood of their native land.

On the wall of our cottage might be seen the coat of mail, the quiver with its barbed arrows, the broadsword in its rough leather scabbard, the savage Lochaber axe, all redolent of horrors from which the mind recoils. The bagpipe, too, might be seen there, apparently used rather as modern armies use the bugle or trumpet, than as a delightful instrument of music. The harp was the favourite instrument of those days, of which the Highlander was passionately fond. Indeed, according to Buchanan, the Celts of his time found their keenest pleasure in their native music. Their beloved harp was adorned with gems when practicable; failing these, with crystal beads.

Such were the lights and shadows of the olden times. May the light increase, and the shadows flee away from us and from those who shall come after!

Gaelic IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.

The Society, considering that the Parliamentary Return relating to instruction in the Gaelic language in Highland Schools should be preserved in the Transactions, resolved to insert the same *verbatim et literatim* :—

“The following Circular was addressed by the Education Department to School Boards in certain parts of Scotland :—

“Scotch Education Department,
Whitehall, London, S.W.,
17 May, 1876.

“Sir,—A Deputation from the Gaelic School Society recently waited on the Lord President of the Council, to present a Memorial praying that special grants might be made by the Scotch Education Department to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in those districts in the Highlands where that language is commonly used by the inhabitants, and where such teaching is said to be required to promote the general efficiency of the instruction of the children attending school.

“My Lords are informed by the Society that the district under the jurisdiction of your Board is one that would be interested in their decision on the application which has been made to them.

“I am therefore directed to inquire—

- “1. Whether your Board (bearing in mind the terms of Article 19, c. 3, in the Scotch Code) are disposed to support the application of the Society ;
- “2. Whether there is any difficulty in obtaining the services of teachers who are acquainted with Gaelic to the extent which the Board think to be required ; and,
- “3. The names of those public schools, with the number of children provided for by each of them, in which the Board think it would be necessary for them to take advantage of any special provision that might be made for giving effect to the proposal of the Gaelic Society, if, on further consideration, Her Majesty's Government agree to accede to it.

“I have, &c.

(Signed) “F. R. SANDFORD.”

The Clerk to the School Board of

Note.—For names of schools under each Board which would take advantage of any special provisions, *see* Appendix.

RETURN of the Names of the SCHOOL BOARDS in certain parts of *Scotland* to which the CIRCULAR of the EDUCATION DEPARTMENT regarding Instruction in the GAELIC LANGUAGE, dated the 17th day of May, 1876, was addressed ; together with the Replies from the Boards.

NAME OF SCHOOL BOARD.	In Favour of Instruction in Gaelic.	Against such Instruction.	Whether Gaelic Teachers can be obtained.		Public Schools which would take Advantage of Special Provisions in favour of Gaelic.	Number of Children.	REMARKS.
			Affirmative.	Negative.			
ARGYLL, North : (Mainland) :							* Anticipated.
Acharacle	Yes	*Yes	Not stated	...	
Ardrachan and Muckairn	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	330	
Ardsnamurchan	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	Not stated	
Glenorchy and Inishael	Yes	
Kilbrandon and Kilchattan	...	Yes	...	Yes	
Kilchrenan and Delavich	Yes	
Kilmallie	Yes	...	Yes	...	7	540	
Kilmore and Kilbride (exclusive of Burgh of Oban)	...	Yes	Yes	
Lismore and Appin	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	460	
Morven	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	129	
Strontian	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	140	
(Insular) :							
Coll	Yes	
Kilfinichen and Kilvicheon	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	Not stated	
Kilfinian and Kilmore ...	Yes	...	Not stated	Not stated	Not stated	...	
Salen	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	100	
Torossay	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	80	
Tyre	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	425	
ARGYLL South : (Mainland) :							
Kilcalmonell and Kilberry	Yes	...	Yes	...	Not stated	...	
Killean and Kilchenzie ...	Yes	Yes	2	156	

[illegible]

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

NAME OF SCHOOL BOARD.	In Favour of Instruction in Gaelic.	Against such Instruction.	Whether Gaelic Teachers can be obtained.		Public Schools which would take Advantage of Special Provisions in favour of Gaelic.	Number of Children.	REMARKS.
			Affirmative.	Negative.			
INVERNESS—continued.							
(Insular)—continued.							
Kilmuir ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	195	* Not anticipated.
North Uist ...	Yes	...	* Yes	...	8	640	
Portree ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	322	
Sleat	Yes	
Small Isles ...	Yes	...	+ Yes	...	2	Not stated	+ Supply will increase if encouraged.
Snizort ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	358	
South Uist ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	7	783	
Stenschoill ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	190	
Strath	Yes	
PERTH :							
Amulree	Yes	
Balquhider ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	46	
Blair Athol ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	170	
Dull ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	171	
Fortingall ...	Yes	Yes	1	60	
Kenmore ...	No return	
Killin ...	Yes	...	Not stated	...	Not stated	...	
Kinloch Rannoch ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	+15	+ Number to whom Gaelic would be taught.
Logierait ...	Yes	Yes	§...	...	§ At present.
Weem ...	No return	
ROSS AND CROMARTY :							
(Mainland) :							
Applecross ...	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	268	
Carnoch ...	No return	
Confin	Yes	
Edinburgh	Yes	...	Yes	

|| Anticipated.
¶ "It might be an
advantage."

Garloch	Yes	Yes	Yes	11	821
Glenshiel	...	Yes
Killearnan	No return	Yes
Kincardine	...	Yes
Kintail	Yes	...	Yes	3	145
Knockbain	Yes	3	310
Lochalsh	¶ Yes	...	Yes	4	330
Lochbroom	No return	...	Yes
Lochcarron	...	Yes
Logie Easter	No return	...	Not stated
Resolis	Yes	Not stated	...
Roskeen	No return
Tarbat	...	Yes
Urquhart and Logie Wester	...	Yes
Urray	Yes	2	300
(Insular) :					
Barvas	Yes	5	955
Lochs	Yes	11	1,347
Stornoway (including Town)	Yes	7	1,175
Uig	Yes	...	Not stated	Not stated	...
SUTHERLAND :					
Assynt	Yes	All ; no ; not stated	...
Clyne	...	Yes
Creich	No return
Dornoch (including Burgh)	No return
Durness	No return
Edrachillis	No return
Farr	...	Yes
Lairg	Yes	1	47
Rogart	...	Yes
Tongue	Yes	3	Not stated
TOTAL	65	25	14	208	16,331

Number of Boards to which Circular was sent ... 103
Replies received ... 90

APPENDIX.

NAMES of SCHOOLS under each Board which would take advantage of any special Provisions.

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.	NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
ARGYLL, NORTH : (Mainland) :		ARGYLL, NORTH—continued : (Insular)—continued :	
Ardehatten and Muchairn :		Tyree :	
Barcaldine	45	Cornaymore	130
Lochuell	70	Hilipool	120
Ardehatten	40	Ruaig	105
Taynuilt	100	Iearnish	70
Achaleran	50		
Glenetive	25		
Ardnamurchan :		ARGYLL, SOUTH : (Mainland) :	
Kilchoan	} not stated.	Killeen and Kilchenzie :	
Kilmory		Rhunahaorine	90
Glenuig		Kilchenzie	66
Glenfinnan		(Insular) :	
Arisaig		Colonsay and Oronsay :	
Kilmallie :		Scalraig	20
Kinlocheil March	40	Kilchattan	20
Ardgar	60	Jura :	
Duisky or Garvan	40	Small Isles	61
Achafubil or Trislaig	40	Knockrome	56
Fort William	200	Ardlussa	30
Banavie	120	Kildalton :	
Onich	40	Kintour	19
Lismore and Appin :		Ardbeg	79
Ballachulish	150	Port Ellon	180
Durer	60	Oa	44
Strath of Appin	110	Glenegidale	36
Balligame	75		
Baligrundle	65		
Morvern :		INVERNESS : (Mainland) :	
Claggan	42	Alvie :	
Burnadullin	47	Alvie	30
Kinloch	40	Lagganlea	15
Strontian :		Boleskine and Abertaff :	
Strontian	140	Boleskine	100
(Insular) :		Fort Augustus	120
Kinfinichen and Kilvickeon		Whitebridge	50
Iona	} not stated.	Daviot and Dunlichty :	
Creich		Daviot	80
Bunessan		Farr	90
Pennycross		Dunmaglass	50
Ballyvullin or Gribun		Dores : (About)	
Salen :		Aldourie	15
Salen	40	Bunchinbin	15
Salen Female Industrial	60	Stratherrick	15
Torasay :		Bunachton	15
Lockdonhead	50	Glenelg :	
Kenlochspelve	30	Glenelg	50

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
INVERNESS— <i>continued</i> :	
(Mainland)— <i>continued</i> :	
Glenelg— <i>continued</i> :	
Inverie	40
Earar	30
Armisdale	50
Glasnacardach	60
Briacory	45
Insh :	
Insh	50
Kilmonivaig :	
Kilmonivaig Blarom	90
Roybridge	80
Torncharrick	30
Kilmorack :	
Beaully	250
Teanassie	80
Cannich	50
Struy (joint with the parish of Kiltarlity	60
Kiltarlity :	
Tornnacross	150
Glencorwinth	80
Culburnie	70
Guisachan	120
Struy (Kiltarlity and Kilmorack combined)	80
Kingussie :	
Kingussie	220
Newtonmore	135
Dallwhinnie	25
Kirkhill :	
Inchmore	160
Knockbain	110
Kirkton	60
Laggan :	
Gergask	60
Glentruim	30
Garvamore	20
Lochlaggan End	30
Moy and Dalarossie :	
Raibeg	75
Dalarossie	50
Urquhart and Glenmoriston :	
Culanloan	233
Balnain	97
Bunloit	60
Invermoriston	55
Dalreichard	63
(Insular) :	
Barra :	
Buolratodach	114
Castletay	141
Craigeston	96
Mingulay	38

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
INVERNESS— <i>continued</i> :	
(Insular)— <i>continued</i> :	
Bracadale :	
Carbost	70
Struan	60
Soay	26
Glenbrittle	20
Duirinish :	
Barrodale	170
Boresaig	50
Dunvegan	60
Vattin Bridge	140
Stein	90
Halin	90
Kilmuir :	
Killinaster	125
Kilmaluage	70
North Uist :	
Paible	180
Tigharry	90
Dumkellar	90
Carinish	80
Gruinisay	70
Balashare	50
Trumisgary	30
Lochmaddy	50
Portree :	
Portree	180
Tarran	60
Glens	30
Rona	30
Clachan	22
Small Isles :	
Eigg	} not stated.
Canna (in course of erection)	
Snizort :	
Bernisdale	125
Kensaleyre	60
Uig	140
Glenhinistie	33
South Uist :	
Eriskey	86
Ganmamarradh	140
Daliburgh	140
Honeybridge	85
Howmar	84
Jockdar	140
Balivanich	108
Stenscholl :	
Staffin	100
Valtos	90
PERTH :	
Balquhiddier :	
Balquhiddier	46

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.	NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
PERTH—continued :		ROSS AND CROMARTY—continued :	
Blair Athol ;		(Mainland)—continued :	
Blair Athol	150	Lochalsh :	
Glengarry	20	Auchmore	50
Dull :		Lochalsh	90
Dull	80	Erbusaig	70
Grantully	80	Plocktown	120
Foss	11	Urray :	
Fortingall :		Marybank	120
Fortingall	60	Farradale	180
Kinloch Rannoch ;		(Insular) :	
Kinloch Rannoch	15	Barvas :	
ROSS AND CROMARTY :		Cross	185
(Mainland) :		Aridh-na-Tuin	170
Applecross :		Bragor	180
Dibaig	47	Lionel	265
Aligin	63	Barvas	155
Torridon	36	Lochs :	
Armeruinachel	49	Ballalan	190
Callakille	30	Cromore	63
Kishorn	43	Kershader	75
Fearn :		Knock Ian Due	91
Hilton	70	Planasker	100
Gairloch :		Graver	85
Apinan	110	Achmore	30
Achtercarn	85	Shalost	205
Sand	66	Lemreway	101
Melvaig	83	Lurehost	152
Inverasdale	88	Carlsway	255
Poolwe	57	Stornoway (including Town) :	
Bualnalnil	140	Sandwickhill	160
Laide	86	Bayhle	210
Mellon Udrigil	44	Aird	180
Kenlochewe	40	Tong	75
Diobaig (half of)	22	Back	270
Kintail :		Tolsta	130
Inverinate	50	Laxdale	150
Dornie	35	SUTHERLAND :	
Killilan	60	Lairg :	
Knockbain :		Lairg	47
Munlochy	140	Tongue :	
Drumsnittal	120	Tongue	} not stated.
Upper Knockbain	50	Melness	
		Skeway	

SIXTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Sixth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday, 12th July, 1877, under the presidency of the Chief of the Society, Professor Blackie. The *Highlander* in speaking of the assembly, said :—"This great Highland Reunion was in every way equal in numbers, interest, talent, and enjoyableness, to the very successful gatherings which have gone before. This is not an assembly in the sense usually attached to the word. It is not a ball, neither is it a deliberative council. It is just an assemblage of men and women, young, old, rich, and poor, who have been drawn together by interest in and affection for those things which pertain particularly to the feelings, the enjoyments, and the mental and social manifestations of Highlanders. They come together under the auspices of the Gaelic Society, which is now one of the great agencies in the work of reviving the spirit of the Celt in this country. They come to enjoy themselves after the manner of Highlanders, to give expression to the sentiments which they have inherited from their forefathers ; and a very considerable proportion of those who take part in the proceedings do so because they think that a pleasant blending together of the pastimes and sentiments of the race, with the higher instruction imparted, is well calculated to encourage the people to assert their powers in the other spheres in which they have rights to claim and duties to perform, and there can be no doubt that the tendency has been quite in the right direction, and expectation has been realized to quite an appreciable degree.

"As the hour of gathering drew near, the pipes were heard in the hall, letting it be known to the strangers who were crowding the streets where the Celts were to have their celebration. Indeed, on this occasion, the pipers marched along the principal streets, playing characteristic tunes, and formed quite pleasant guides for such as needed directions. By-and-by, there was a regular stream of pleasure-seekers making for the hall—many of them an inch or two, in mind at least, taller than usual ; for they felt that they were asserting a power, and commanding a measure of homage, from others, as well as going to enjoy a treat of their own. Several could be heard saying—'Bithidh Blackie ann, gheibh sinn rudaigin is fhiach.' 'Blackie will be there ; we shall have something good.' 'Agus oraid Ghaidhlig o Chaillein Siosal ! O smior a' Ghaidheil a tha 'n sin. Fear air nach 'eil sgàth roimh ghnuis duine !' 'And

a Gaelic speech from Colin Chisholm, a man who fears not the face of man.' 'Gu cinnteach, tha na Gaidheil a' dusgadh; agus gu dearbh dh' fheudadh an ceol sin beatha chur ann an daoine leith-mharbh.' 'Truly the Celts are awakening; and certainly that music alone should put life in a half-dead man.' In they come, 'air dromannan a cheile;' and really one cannot look upon many of these people, particularly those fresh from the country, without reverting to the appearance and feelings of the tribes of Israel as they returned from captivity—for beyond all question, these manifestations are a shaking off of the slavish timidity and false deference which have so long characterised Highlanders, and are equal to the casting aside of the bonds of the captives."

The hall was crowded in every part, many being unable to get even standing room.

Among those supporting the Chief on the platform were—Provost Simpson, Inverness; Captain A. Macra Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Rev. A. MacGregor; Dr. G. F. Forbes, Viewfield House; Baillie Davidson, Inverness; Professor Black, Aberdeen; Messrs W. Jolly, Inspector of Schools; Mackintosh of Holme; Ewan Macrae, Braintra; D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Donald Davidson, of Drummond Park; Rev. Lachlan MacLachlan; D. A. Macrae, late of Fernaig, &c.

When the Chief appeared on the platform, he was cheered till roof and rafters rang; and having taken the chair, the pipes were hushed, and the Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, intimated that apologies for absence had been received from the following gentlemen:—Cluny Macpherson; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart.; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore; D. Davidson of Tulloch; Colonel Mackenzie of Parkmount; Principal Shairp; Profs. Masson and Geddes; Dr. Charles Mackay; Allan Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; A. Mackintosh Shaw, London; Deputy-Surg.-General MacKinnon, C.B., Aldershot; Sheriff Blair, Inverness; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; J. F. Campbell, of Islay; John Mackay, Swansea; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.; C. S. Jeirram, Windlesham; H. C. Macandrew, Midmills; Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders; Lieutenant Colin Charles Mackenzie, 79th Highlanders, &c.

The proceedings proper began with the singing of the Gaelic song "Ho ró mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach," sung in excellent taste by a party of about two dozen young ladies and gentlemen, under the leadership of Mr. John Whyte.

Professor Blackie, whose rising to deliver the speech of the evening, was the signal for loud and continued applause, said—In

the address which I had the honour of delivering last year before this Society, I took for my subject, if I remember rightly, something like the title of the Dutchman's Book, all Celtic subjects, and a few others. On the present occasion I shall both avoid repetition and have a better chance of saying something of practical benefit, if I confine myself to one branch of the wide range of specially Celtic interests. The subject shall be

THE EDUCATION OF THE HIGHLANDER,

and in doing so, I shall first endeavour to set before you the ideal of what the education of a genuine Caledonian Celt ought to have been, and, if possible, ought yet to be ; and, in the second place, take note of how far you have fallen short of this ideal, and what means there may yet be found in order to enable you to approximate in some measure to the perfect stature, which it was in your destiny to have achieved. Now, the fundamental postulate of all healthy education is that it be native and national, that is, growing naturally out of a firm local root, and under the influences of a healthy local environment. Cosmopolitan views on educational subjects belong to speculation, and are valuable only in so far as they tend to correct, modify, or elevate some specially local culture. Cosmopolitan thinkers, such as Plato and Aristotle, if rare, are perfectly possible, and perfectly legitimate to the world of thinking ; but in the world of action, and as a member of any existing society, a cosmopolitan man, a man in the abstract or a man in general, or however you may choose to phrase it, cannot exist ; a man exists either in Greece as a Greek, in Palestine as a Hebrew, in Rome as a Roman, in England as an Englishman, in the Highlands as a Highlander. And the peculiar type of character thus impressed upon a man by the locality to which he belongs, and the social influences under which he grows up is so natural and necessary, that not even men of the highest reach of speculation, or the widest range of universal human sympathies, can escape it. Hence even in Aristotle and Plato—whose treatises on education are still equal in general human value to the best that modern literature supplies—we distinctly recognise the general Greek type, the Greek complexion, the Greek atmosphere, and the Greek tendencies ; and nothing could have been further from the ideas of those great thinkers than to write treatises to educate their countrymen not out of, but away from their peculiar Greek nationality. In fact, nativeness to the soil, if I may be allowed to coin the word, or nationality, as it is more loosely expressed, is a condition of health, strength, and beauty, through the whole living world.

GREAT PEOPLE MUST BE NATIONAL.

All people that have stood forward as notable types of civilized humanity have been eminently and persistently national ; most of all the Greeks. In the system of nature we find an array of congruities, which to an educated taste, are disturbed by the invasion of a foreign element. Greek philosophy was a good thing, and a grand thing in Greece ; but the Roman did his best work in the world before sage or sophist was ever heard of on the banks of the Tiber ; and when Zeno and Epicurus and Carneades did at length achieve what seemed to be a great victory of liberal culture over the stiff Conservatism of stout old Cato, it is questionable whether the Romans as a people were not more damaged than benefitted by such inoculation. On the Highland braes in September a man likes to see the flush of the heather ; and, if any man were to take a fancy to pull up all this native bloom and plant rhododendrons, no man will either praise his taste or approve of his work. On my estate, if I were a Highland laird, I should be more proud of having the sturdiest old Scotch pines and the greatest wealth of graceful waving birches than if I had in my pinery all the wealth of California, New Zealand, and Cabool. You ask why—Simply because Nature is Nature, and by Divine right possesses both a strength and a propriety which only a false taste and a shallow affectation will dispute. Let this, therefore, stand. The education of the Highlander, if it is to be natural, vigorous, and graceful, and in harmony with the congruities of his position, and the divinely ordered system of the Universe, must be characteristically and emphatically Highland.

THE HIGHLANDER MUST BE A HIGHLANDER.

There is, indeed, only one way of escaping this proposition, and the corollaries which we shall see flow from it ; and that is, by asserting that the Highlander is an obsolete animal, and not entitled to any recognition in the social system of Great Britain. And not the Highlander only, but the Lowland Scot also, with his Bruce and Wallace, and John Knox, and Robert Burns, and Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers, and Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. Begg, to judge by the language and conduct of a certain class of English prigs and Scottish snobs ; the Scotsman also, with all that has ever been said or sung about him, is an obsolete animal, or in the sure way of becoming so. And it is unhappily only too true, that in particular districts of the Highlands the Highlander is not only an obsolete animal, so far as Celtic nature and character are concerned, but actually an extinct

animal, inasmuch as, in extensive districts once dotted with happy houses, he is not to be found at all, a most unnatural and unsound state of things, arising from the folly or selfishness of a certain class of Highland proprietors, who, utterly forgetful of their noble position and their high vocation as the heads and representatives of society in the Highlands, have followed a course of social economy which has ended in the abolition of all local society and in the extermination of the noble race of peasantry whom they are specially bound to protect. Wherever these persons have had free sway, the Highlander, certainly, has become an extinct animal. Landlords who look upon their estates principally as a means of getting money, which they may spend in luxurious living, and idle dissipation in London or elsewhere, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of their people; or that other class who cannot be distinguished, except by the scale of their own performances, from the lowest class of muck-rakes and money-grubbers, and who will willingly surrender a whole beautiful glen to desolation, provided they can screw another hundred pounds or two out of it with more certainty to themselves and less trouble to their factor; and that third class, scarcely more reputable, certainly not less selfish than the money-loving rent-gathering absentee—the gentlemen, I mean, who hold Highland estates principally for the culture of deer and other wild beasts, who make a business and a consuming passion of what should only be a manly sport and a healthful recreation—all these classes are the natural enemies of the population in the districts that are legally subject to their unfortunate masterdom, and are systematically employed in the unnatural work of making the Highlander an extinct animal in his own country.

But it is not our business to discuss their doings in this place; we shall leave them, in passing, to the public reprobation and historical infamy which they deserve; and proceed to remark that though such unnatural landlords have succeeded in doing an amount of social mischief that never can be repaired, the selfish feelings and shallow notions, by which they are possessed, though fond enough of parading themselves, are yet not strong enough to contend with certain rooted facts, which, like trees of the growth of long centuries, will stand a considerable amount of windy bluster without showing any inclination to fall. It is not easy to calculate the amount of historical ignorance that may exist in the brain chambers of shallow witlings incapable of estimating anything but the current fashion and dominant prejudice of the day; but the memories of nations are not so short: and a peculiar people, with their own struggles, **their own blood, their own language, their own poetry, their own**

music, and their own beautiful country, and a people which has performed such a noble part in the history of Great Britain as the Scottish Highlanders, will not easily become obsolete ; at least so long as any God in this country is worshipped other than Mammon, before whose power not a few, I fear—from what I observe—are inclined to prostrate themselves with a base and humiliating idolatry. At all events, we in this part of the world don't mean so soon to forget the field of Waterloo and the heights of the Alma ; and we cannot be touched by the moral baseness of those who are willing to live upon the fruits of the soil, while they ignore the soul and the social claims of the sons and grandsons of the men to whom we owe so many of the most glorious pages of our common British history.

THE HIGHLANDER AND HIS EDUCATION AS A HIGHLANDER.

Well, then, let us assume that a Highlander is a Highlander, and, as such, having no less a right to be considered and treated with reference to his peculiar type than other great divisions of Her Majesty's subjects. As such, the foundation of his education, to be just and to be natural, must be Celtic ; and what does that imply ? It implies, in the first place, that the broad foundation of general intellectual and moral training for all classes of Highlanders, both high and low, should be through the medium, and by the instrumentality of the mother tongue. If there be one thing more than another deeply rooted in the fibres of every healthy and vigorous human heart, it is the mother tongue, the tongue of prayer and of song, and of every most pleasant association of boyhood and youth—and this tongue, and this tongue only, can be used, if the best use is to be made of the fountains which Nature has so richly provided for the normal culture of her creatures. No doubt a schoolmaster may come in and say—I consider your mother tongue worthless and barbarous ; you will remain a barbarian so long as you speak it ; therefore, I am here as a missionary from your master, John Bull, and your civilized brother Sandy, to make you swallow my language wholesale, if you are not to die as you were born, a savage and a barbarian. But though this language has been held not only by Saxon schoolmasters, contrary to nature, imposed on Celtic populations, who were forced from their position to make a virtue of their own incapacity, but by men in high places, who ought to have known better, it is nevertheless false, as everything must be that goes directly in the face of Nature. Nature is mighty, and will not be mocked by any human dignities, however high ; let them be bishops or archbishops, chairmen of School Boards,

members of Parliament, or mighty Nimrods, delighting to chase the deer in a hundred glens.

HOW CELTIC EDUCATION IS TO BE CONDUCTED.

Well, then, how is the mother tongue to be what in the early training of the Highlander it ought to be, and with the help of what instruments? Happily, we have the two very best instruments possible—the *People's Bible* and the *People's Song Book*—two instruments which are so potent and so full of noble stimulus and rich sentiment, that I do not hesitate to say, if wisely used, they are in a condition to communicate four-fifths of all the best education that a healthy-minded young Celt requires. I wish people would consider a little more seriously what an amount of wealth, of intellectual, moral, and æsthetical culture lies in the Bible, altogether over and above the authority which it claims, and which is willingly conceded to it, as a revelation of the Divine will in matters of the highest spiritual concern. Let people bear in mind that what we call the Bible—*i. e.*, the Book—is not so much a book as a literature; that it contains the moral dealings of God with the most important family of the human race—at least one of the most important, influential, and interesting, even non-Christians must admit—and that along with the book called Apocrypha, it contains, either directly or indirectly, historical matter that has long formed the staple of a great part of the best historical knowledge that has been communicated to the best educated classes of the community. I mean, of course, that to teach the Bible thoroughly, no small amount of Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Grecian, and Roman history must be communicated to the reader; and, therefore, I say that utterly independent of all religious considerations, which belong more especially to the Church and the family, the Bible, and the Bible in the mother tongue, ought to form the nucleus of all sound moral and intellectual education in this country. And if this proposition is true generally with regard to the educational position that belongs to the Bible, it is specially true with regard to the Highlanders, who are a decidedly religious people. And, besides, are we not all Protestants? At least the majority of us; and do we not as Protestants maintain the peculiar privilege and sacred right of every individual Christian to search the Scriptures? And is it not a plain stultifying of our religious professions, if we put the casket into the hands of the people, and keep the key to ourselves?

THE GAELIC BIBLE ESSENTIAL.

To me, and to any man of common sense, it must seem only

a necessary corollary, that in whatever parish Gaelic sermons are preached, in that parish Gaelic Bibles ought to be read, and studied, and expounded, historically, geographically, and grammatically, both in the family and in the school. And if there be any Highlander, naturally speaking Gaelic, in whose schooling this element has been omitted, I cannot feel the slightest hesitation in saying that the most efficient engine provided by Nature and by God for the education of Highlanders has in his case been stupidly neglected, and a less efficient engine deliberately chosen. Then as to the *People's Song Book*, everybody knows—at least every Highlander knows—how rich and various, and how full of noble stimulus and elevating inspiration the Gaelic song book is. As little should it be necessary to quote here the well-known saying of some famous Scotchman, I forget who, with regard to the educational virtue of national song—namely, that if he were allowed to compose the national ballads, he cared little who made the form of government, or what form of government it was. As not quite so trivial, had I time on the present occasion, I might be willing to set forth here at some length the opinions of Plato and Aristotle, with regard to the place and power of music in the education of their Greek countrymen. But I must content myself with remarking that the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans were remarkable for nothing so much as for the combination of high intellectual culture with a popular appreciation of music; that this music, in the case of the Greeks, as in the case of the Highlanders, had an eminently national character, and that, to the culture of music and popular poetry amongst the Greeks, we must in a great manner ascribe that freedom from pedantry and scholasticism which is so pleasant a trait of their great philosophical writers. And if, on the face of all this, we shall find that there are schools, perhaps in the most Highland districts of the Highlands, where not a single note of their rich popular melody is ever heard, not a single heroic ballad ever read, or a single lay of touching beauty and pathos ever sung, we can only say that such schools, however well conducted in some respects, are just as deficient and as unnatural as a Highland river without salmon, a Highland glen without wood, or a Highland ben without granite rock.

THE VALUE OF GAELIC PROVERBS.

I have mentioned the *People's Bible* and the *People's Song Book* as the two grand engines of general education. I hope you will not be surprised and make great eyes, as the Germans say, at the mention here of *Macintosh's Gaelic Proverbs*, and a vast number

more that could be added to that collection. It is astonishing how much of the essence of wisdom is put up in popular proverbs, and packed in the most portable form. The Book of Proverbs, in the Bible, as every one ought to know, is, for the direction of life, worth whole volumes of moral philosophy, and immense cargoes of sermons; but, without wishing in the slightest degree to curtail any time that may be employed in Gaelic schools in the useful exercise of committing important portions of this Book to heart, in the mother tongue, there is a certain local hue and propriety, with a touch of popular humour also, in the Gaelic Proverbs, which lend them a peculiar aptitude for the work of instilling into young minds the elements of practical wisdom, as the rules of a prosperous life. And, in this connection, I cannot but express my gratitude, as a scholar, to the Editor of the Inverness *Highlander*, for the prominence which he has given to this important branch of popular literature since the first publication of his excellent paper; and I may take occasion also to express publicly a hope that that most excellent Celt, the Sheriff of Kirkecudbright, may put spurs to his steed in this matter, and give the learned world and the lovers of Celtic lore, the new, more complete, and more correct edition of Macintosh's meritorious collection, which has long been expected from his hands. Another work, which ought ever to receive a prominent place in the furniture of a good Highland school, is the well-known *Teachdaire*, or *Gaelic Courier*, composed principally by the Rev. Norman Macleod, the father of the late Norman, and republished by Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, in three parts, under the name of *Caraid nan Gaidheal*. I have given prominence to the above books principally as specimens of classical Gaelic in prose and verse, with the recommendation at the same time of being literally stuffed with matter of the most strengthening and salubrious quality, for the moral and intellectual improvement of the young Gael. But there are certain furnishings necessary to the juvenile mind in the popular schools, which ought to be imparted on account of their value as mere furnishing, even though there exist no works of classical style in which they are gracefully conveyed. Among these subjects I place foremost natural history, physical and political geography, native history, and antiquities. The Gael lives in a part of the world full of natural beauty both of land and sea, touching him from all sides with loving points of curiosity and interest, and it is the plain province of the schoolmaster not to turn aside the natural instinct of curiosity in young people from the objects with which they are surrounded, but rather to stimulate, to direct it, and to correct it in every possible way. The young son of the mountain should be

taught to know and distinguish the different trees, shrubs, and flowers, their natural habitats and all their living surroundings; he should be able to distinguish the plumes of all birds and the scales of all fish; he should recognise the composition of a rock when he sees it, whether it be composed of rough knobby gneiss as at Ariesaig, of pillared platforms of basalt as Ulva, or of great beds of old red sandstone as on both sides of the Firth at Inverness. Civil history, or the record of the leading events in the history of human society, and especially of those events out of which the stage of our present social energies grew up, has generally received a certain share of fair treatment in our schools; but I question much if in Highland schools the history of the Highlands proper, or that part of British history on which Celtic heroism and gallantry has stamped such a signature of glory, has received, or does now receive the prominence which it unquestionably deserves. If there does not exist already, there certainly should be made for every Highland school a history of Scotland with a peculiarly Highland tinge; a history in which the brilliant exploits of Montrose, and the loyal devotedness of the clansmen in the '45, would appear as prominent scenes in a *CELTIC PLUTARCH*, performing the same services to young Highlanders that the works of the rare old Chæronean did to the Greeks and Romans of the second century. For such a Plutarch there exist the most ample materials, not only in the memories of 1645 and 1745, but in the wide range of the records of our military history and geographical discovery up to the most recent *peri d.* And I need scarcely observe, after what I have said, that in every parish of a decidedly Highland character, that is, practically every parish where Gaelic is preached, such a Plutarch should be written in the mother tongue; while in those parishes, such as Callander and Dunoon, where the Gael has yielded in a natural and friendly way to the overwhelming preponderance of the Saxon, all school teaching should be conducted in English, and in Gaelic only by way of luxury to those who might desire it. The observation just made brings me naturally to the part which the teaching of languages ought to play in the general popular education of the Gael, and on this subject I need not say much, for three things appear to me, as a practical man, quite plain: (1) That for half a dozen reasons, not necessary to state, the English language is an indispensable element in the education of the young Highlander; (2) English will always be taught at once most scientifically and most practically, if it is taught, *pari passu*, as the lawyers say, with the mother tongue; (3) in the elementary schools, and on the general platform of popular education, which belongs to the Highlander as a Highlander,

without distinction of rich or poor, there can be no time for the teaching of more languages than these two. Greek and Latin, French, German, Italian, and all luxuries of highly accomplished intellects, or tools of special professional equipment, belong to another category to which I shall immediately proceed, remarking only that I have said nothing of writing and arithmetic, because, of course, in the present age of scrawled paper and cash payment, no person would dream omitting them. Only let me suggest that, alongside of writing, the sister art of drawing, as the best possible education of the eye, should be practised in all popular schools much more generally than I am afraid it now is.

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR SECONDARY EDUCATION.

In all notable provincial centres of the Highlands, such as Inverness, Dingwall, Stornoway, Fort-William, Brodick, Ardrishaig, Dunkeld, Portree, Lochmaddy, according to the scheme of John Knox, there would have been a Lyceum, or upper school, teaching all that is now taught in the best German *Realschulen* and *Gelehrtschulen*—that is to say, accomplished masters, standing on the same social level with the Sheriff, would have been handsomely salaried there, able to teach, on scientific principles, and by effective natural methods, Greek and Latin amongst the ancient languages, with French, German, Italian, or whatever modern languages might happen at the time to be most useful and most in vogue; mathematics and algebra also, up as high as now taught in the junior classes of the Universities, along with the elements of applied mathematics, mensuration, and the most useful principles of mechanics and dynamics; history likewise, both sacred and profane; rhetoric, meaning by that principally frequent practice in composition both in verse and prose, and exercises in the art of reading and recitation. Music, of course, and drawing, and natural history, would continue to be cultivated, and the whole would be regulated so as to secure a natural growth and transition of well-selected subjects, and to avoid the error on the one side of overstraining the mind by excessive tension, or scattering the powers by a superficial dabbling in a variety of subjects. So far as Gaelic and a characteristically Gaelic culture is concerned, it will naturally either drop in the middle school or assume a subordinate position; and this for the very obvious reason that the mass of the middle and upper classes, for whom chiefly the middle schools exist, are Saxon, if not always in heart and blood, at least in their speech. At the same time a certain provision should be made in all middle schools in Highland districts for the higher culture of Gaelic; for, not to mention other considerations, there

will always naturally be found in these schools a certain number of young men, drawn from the lower classes, destined to become preachers and teachers in essentially Highland districts; and if such provision is not made in the middle schools, their Gaelic, as an organ of literary expression, will naturally become rusty, and (as has very generally happened in Scotland) will have to be refurbished at considerable expense of time and brain at a less convenient season in later years. Anyhow, under a healthy system, even where England alone is recognised in such middle schools, a certain Highland atmosphere will naturally prevail, and certain peculiarities which would distinctly mark out the style and tone of instruction in such a school, say at Inverness, from a similar institution at Perth or Aberdeen. Highland subjects will be treated with a natural preference—sections of British history in which the Gael had performed the principal part will be discussed in fuller detail. Highland songs will be sung every day, and the most sublime passages of Ossian, along with the beautiful descriptions of scenery in Duncan Ban and Alister Macdonald recited, and perhaps acted in character on show days. Shinty, of course, and every characteristically Celtic sport will be cultivated on holidays. The picturesque, the patriotic, and healthy Highland garb will be worn by all the scholars. The Highland plume will wave on the bonnet of every prizeman, and every young Celtic thane will tread his native heath with a healthy consciousness that he is neither a Cockney nor an Etonian, and has drunk in amid the breezes of his native hills more strength and more manhood, and more bracing culture, than if he had been drilled for long years at some great English school in pedantic preparation for a course of meagre mathematics at Cambridge, or of Greek metres, and Latin elegiacs, and High Churchism at Oxford. With or without the Gaelic language he will grow up a Highlander, as he was born, and present to the world undisguised and unperverted one of the finest types of manhood that history knows, not as too frequently happens transplanted precociously into a soil and an atmosphere in which he is obliged to stunt and to starve the best elements of his nature, in order to be transformed into a middle sort of creature destitute alike of the sturdy energy which belonged to his original character, and the native grace of the foreign model. Such is always the penalty which Nature makes those of her children pay who reject the conditions of life which she gave them, and with a snobbish affectation are eager to appropriate what she had wisely denied them. According to her principle the boy, as the thoughtful poet says, is the father of the man. But according

to the notion which seems to have possessed those who send their sons to Eton and Harrow in order that they might forget to be Highlanders and become Englishmen, it is the father that strangles the boy, and the result of this unnatural strangulation is that the creature by such process is in danger of developing into something which is neither a Highlander nor an Englishman, but an accomplished coxcomb perhaps, or a heartless prig, or any other form of what the world calls a fine gentleman.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR A HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN.

The third stage of popular education is of course the University; and to avoid expatiation, I shall take the special case of a Highland proprietor, and attempt to sketch a sort of model training for him from the time he leaves the school till his entrance on the duties of public life to which his position naturally invites him. I shall suppose the school course finished, and the manly education commenced at the age of eighteen; and as a matter of course a young man destined to perform a public part in the organism of Scottish society should go to a Scottish and not to an English or any foreign University; at least not in the first instance. Let three years, therefore, be spent in attending classes in the Scottish Universities, those classes preferably which specially bear on the life and occupations of country gentlemen; to wit, agriculture and agricultural chemistry, geology, botany, forestry, moral and political philosophy, sociology, political economy, agricultural economy, elements of law, public, private, and constitutional; modern history from the Reformation downwards, and ecclesiastical polity. This is a pretty wide range; but it may be varied of course according to the taste of the individual; philological or mathematical studies also, where a special talent is indicated, may be pursued into their higher departments; especially the scientific study of the Celtic languages on the inductive principle of comparative philology, ought, if possible, along with a course of Celtic history and antiquities, to receive some academical attention from those who are destined to live as the heads and representatives of a Celtic-speaking population. After finishing this course, the young Celtic laird will now be one-and-twenty, and so far as the Celtic root and Scottish growth of his training is concerned, pretty fairly rigged out. But we are Britons as well as Celts and Scots, and we are the subjects of a Gracious Lady on whose Empire the sun never sets; therefore, in addition to a national, but not in anywise as a substitute for it, a certain taste of English, European, and Oriental culture belongs necessarily to every person who is called to take a prominent posi-

tion in the public life of this country. I therefore counsel two years at an English University, and two years of foreign travel, to equip my model laird completely according to the idea of Plato or the model of John Knox ; and after having gone through this rich and various course, at the age of twenty-five, he will take his position not as a stranger unacquainted with the language and the habits of the people, or as a meagre economist, land-merchant, and money-maker, much less as an ignorant, self-indulgent, game-preserving, and rent-consuming absentee ; but, proud of his position, to use St. Paul's noble language, as "a fellow-worker with God" in the social economy of the country, and bound by every principle of honour and by every bond of human kindness to maintain and to increase, even to his own loss and hurt, as will happen occasionally, the prosperity of the people to whom he has been appointed overseer.

THE EFFECT OF THE LAIRD'S EDUCATION.

A man so educated as I have sketched will not be apt to surrender his paternal acres to the control of factors or lawyers, a class of men, by their position, if not exactly by their inclination, more given to be harsh and severe than kindly and considerate in their treatment of the people. He will see with his own eyes, and if he belongs to the good old school, work stoutly with his own hands as occasion may offer ; and while he will gladly follow the example of the good old lairds in bringing down a deer or hooking a salmon in the natural haunts of these creatures, he will not degrade himself nor betray his people by looking on his property mainly as a game preserve, and himself merely as a mighty hunter before the Lord. Such is my model landlord.

HOW FAR HAS THE MODEL LAIRD BEEN REALISED ?

It is now your business to ask the question, how far has this ideal been realised ? And here I need scarcely say that not only in this case, as in most others, does the real limp lamentably behind the ideal, but the ideal has in a great measure been publicly disowned even by the Highlanders themselves, while the Lowlander, as before said, has already fully made up his mind that the Highlander is an "obsolete animal," *civiliter mortuus*, as the lawyers say, and entitled only to recognition by way of parade on a holiday to amuse Cockney lords and ladies beholding Bens and bare legs for the first time, or in a page flushed with Stuart or Macgregor tartan in one of Scott's novels. That the Lowlanders should think in this fashion is quite natural ; majorities are always insolent, and in the present case the Saxons have both multitude and

money ; but the abnegation of the Highlanders by themselves is a monstrosity in social pathology which could not have been a notable and lamentable fact now, but for all the faults and follies of previous generations of Highlanders, working along with a succession of political and economical mischances, all tending toward taking the heart out of the Highlands and leaving the arms with no nerve in them to strike. It is quite unnecessary in such an assembly as this that I should particularise the series of unfortunate events which, from 1645 downwards, and at a more galloping pace since the brilliant folly of 1745, have tended to empty the Highlands of its best elements, and to depress and denationalise what remains.

THE OLD CLAN AND THE NEW COMMERCIAL SYSTEMS.

I have studied this subject carefully for many years, and my conclusion is, that whatever might have been the occasional enormities practised under the feudal or rather the clan system in the Highlands (for feudalism was never native in the glens), on the whole, the Highlanders have lost a great deal more than they gained by its abolition ; and as to the commercial system, to which our wonderful modern progress is so complacently ascribed, I can see no comparison in point of social value between the bond of mutual love and respect, which were the cement of Highland society under the clan system, and the bond of cash payment and merchant lairds that are now substituted for it. The commercial system is a very proper law for merchants, but taken alone, it is utterly worthless to produce patriots or heroes, or even good citizens. But let this pass. What I have to insist on here is that the whole doctrine, sentiment, and practice, in regard to the education of Highlanders for the last hundred years and more, has, in the great generality of cases, been exactly counter to the above sketched. It tended directly not to make but to unmake an accomplished Highlander, and has succeeded in general only too well. The Disarming Act of 1746 forbade Highlanders to wear the Highland dress—it would almost seem as if from that period downwards they had become ashamed of nursing a Highland heart beneath a Lowland coat ; for they did actually in many respects act as if they were ashamed of themselves, and the disuse of the outward symbol gradually accustomed them to ignore the existence of the inward thing signified. Certain it is that many of the upper classes, whose example has always exercised a strong elevating or corrupting influence on the lower, even those who were most patriotic in show of tartan and sound of pipe, were utterly ignorant of the literature

of their own language, told their daughters never to speak a word of Gaelic, and sent their sons to Eton and Harrow that they might with all speed forget the language they had sucked in with their mothers' milk, make their ears incapable of enjoying the music that had stirred the heroism of a hundred fights, and learn to look on their Highland estates as unkindly solitudes fitted only for rearing mutton to line the stomachs of Edinburgh lawyers and Glasgow tradesmen.

PRACTICAL CONCLUSION.

These things being so, the practical question remains, how far that portion of the Highland people, who, under such a press of discouraging influences, have remained faithful to their old traditions, and still feel the force of their old aspirations, may hope to assert themselves and carry out to a certain extent the ideal of a genuine Highland education for Highlanders, such as I have endeavoured to set before you. The practical means by which this may be done will be various, according to circumstances. I will mention only two that strike me as peculiarly worthy of support and imitation. The first is that the Highlanders of the present day, if they wish to assert themselves in the face of the flood of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice with which they are constantly confronted, must make it a point of honour to support an organ in the public press where their case may be truly stated and their cause ably advocated; and I need not say that the necessary organ has been provided for them, in a way powerful and prosperous beyond expectation, in the *Ard Albanach* of Mr. John Murdoch, the Gaelic of which I read regularly as it comes out, and I advise all Highlanders to do the same. Next to the independent manhood, unwearied energy, and lofty moral courage of the editor of *The Highlander*, I advise you to follow the noble example of Mr. Mackay of Swansea, who has organised a system of school stimulus and encouragement in his native parish of Rogart, the spirit and details of which are worthy of imitation in every parish of the Highlands. But the fact is, that whatever means may be thought advisable, according to circumstances, for asserting the Celtic element in Highland parishes as its comparative predominance may require, no means can be of any value, and no machinery will produce any substantial result, unless the people really wish to be Highlanders, and not only wish but are determined to be so. How much Celtic fire may yet stir the veins of the Trans-Grampian people, notwithstanding the long process of refrigeration to which they have been subjected, I cannot tell. I am only a spectator and a Saxon, anxious no doubt that the noble species of the Briton

called Highlander shall not be extinguished from our glens, but utterly unable to say how far it may be prudent or possible for him to attempt resistance to the dispeopling and depopularizing influences that are everywhere forced so violently upon him. If the lion is not sick, let him roar; if he does not roar, I shall conclude that he is either dead or dying. And, if he does die, I shall, of course, drop a few tears over his grave, and console myself in Stoical fashion, by saying that I knew that I had loved a mortal; but if he be indeed sick and ready to die, I am not at all prepared in anywise to rush in with officious polypharmacy to save him. The man who wishes to die is more than half dead already; and the sooner he dies the better, both for the living, with whom he cannot act, and for the dead, to whom he is most akin.

During the delivery of his address the Chief was frequently applauded. He resumed his seat amid loud cheers, which were again and again renewed.

Miss MacIernan then appeared on the stage and sang "Yon wee bit Heather," in her usual fine style. Following this, four young Highlanders danced the "Highland Fling," to the manifest delight of the audience. "Afton Water" was then sung with great pathos by Miss Lizzie Watt, who being encored gave a verse of "Sweet Home." Mr. Donald Graham, Glasgow, the favourite Gaelic solo-singer, gave "Blar na h-Olainn," in an expressive style, and as an encore sang "Raineach nam Bo." Miss Lizzie Macbean sang the popular Gaelic Song "Fear a' Bhata," in an exceedingly pleasant manner. The choir subsequently rendered as a part song, "Hó ro Eileanaich ho-gú" in good style. After an interval of ten minutes, during which bagpipe music was discoursed, the choir re-appeared and sang a characteristic St. Kilda Song, "Boch òirinn ò."

Mr. Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, then addressed the meeting in Gaelic. He said—Is gann a chreideas cuid agaibh an uair a dh-innseas mi dhuibh gu bheil a' Ghaidhlig nì's pailte agus nì's fhearr ann an Inbhirnis an diugh na bha i an uair a bha mise a' fuireach anns a' bhaile o chionn leth-chiad bliadhna; ach ged tha sin fìor, is duilich leam a bhi ag aideachadh gu bheil i gu mòr air a dearmad agus air a leigeil à cleachdamh am measg mhoran do nach bu chomain e, agus d'an dona thig a' Bheurla ged nach aidich iad fhein e. Thigeadh e dhomh luaidh a dheanamh air saothair chluiteach Comunn na Gaidhlig an Inbhirnis, agus an soirbheachadh taitneach a thainig na 'lorg, as leth a bhi a toirt aite do 'n Ghaidhlig ann a' sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd; agus ged nach do rainig iad fathast air lan mhiann an cridhe anns a' chuis, thug na h-oidhirpean a thugadh

leo beothachadh ur do 'n mhuinntir a bha air tuiteam na 'n cadal agus a "leig am maidean le sruth," am beachd gu 'n robh a Ghaidhlig anns an earradhubh agus nach robh feum no stath a bhi feuchainn ri taice a chumail rithe—gu'm b'fhearr leigeil leatha crionadh as, agus basachadh ann an sith. Ged bha so fìor mu mhoran de na Gaidheil fhein, tha uail nach urrainn domh a chur an ceill orm luaidh a dheanamh air ainm aon fhear a sheas suas agus a thug thairis e fhein agus a chomasan eugsamhla gu bhi na ard-fhear-tagraidh na Gaidhlig agus nan Gaidheal. Cha ruig mi a leas ach 'ainmeachadh gu toirt air gach cridhe Gaidhealach anns a' chuideachd mhoir so leum le dealas agus le dian-ghradh an coinnimh an ainm a tha gun choimeas urramach aig clanna nan Gaidheal thar an t-saoghail uile—Iain Stiubhart Blackie, a tha de thoilinntinn againn fhaicinn air ceann-uidhe a' chruinneachaidh eireachdail so a nochd. Cha b' ann air aon fheasgar a ghabhadh e deanamh, agus cha b' ann ri m' leithid-sa a bu choir earbsa, a chur an ceill meud na comaine fo 'n do chuir an t-Ollamh foghlumte Mac-ille-dhuibh a' Ghaidhlig agus na Gaidheil; am prosnachadh a thug e do 'n dusgadh—cha mhor nach fhaod mi a radh gur e fein a b' aobhar ann an tomhas araidh do 'n dusgadh—a thainig air cuisean nan Gaidheal agus aobhar na Gaidhlig. Nach 'eil e againn ri innseadh gu bheil a nis aige an lorg a shaothrach agus saothair mo dheadh chairdean Comunn na Gaidhlig an Lunainn na chuireas suas fear-teagaisg ann an Oil-thigh Dhuneideann gus a' Ghaidhlig ardachadh chum na h-inbhe sin anns am bu choir dhi bhith o chionn iomadh linn, taobh ri taobh ri Greugais agus ri Laidinn. Ach ged tha an da ni so—a' Ghaidhlig anns an sgoil agus a' chathair mhor anns an Oil-thigh—air gabhail aca agus air ruigsinn air tomhas soirbheachaidh nach do shaoil daoine, tha ni eile fathast ann—agus anns a' ghnathach so cuideachd is taitneach leam a chur an ceill gu bheil ar caraid an ceannsuidhe leinn le 'uile chridhe—is e sin, sealltainn ri leas agus cor sluagh na Gaidhealtachd. Tha mi a' meas, cudthromach mar tha an da ni eile, gu bheil barrachd aig a' chuis so thairis orra. An deigh a bhi da fhichead bliadhna air falbh as mo dhuthaich is cianail 's mi 'tilleadh air m' ais a bhi faicinn air gach laimh am fasachadh agus an t-ioma-sgrios a thainig air tir mo ghaoil! An aite na dream a b'abhaist a bhi ag aiteach nan gleann, cha 'n 'eil a nis ach fiadh-bheathaichean; an aite nam fardach cridheil anns na dh'araicheadh iomadh gaisgeach fuithail, cha'n 'eil a nis ach ballachan briste agus laraichean loma. Chaidh mi thairis o chionn ghoirid air cuid mhor d'an Gaidhealtachd agus air chinnt bu mholadach leam ri fhaicinn an leir-sgrios a bha soilleir air gach laimh, agus so uile air aobharachadh leis na lagh-

annan aingidh agus millteach sin—na laghannan a tha 'cur cearcall-dion air fiadh-bheathaichean an aonaich agus air eunlaith an athair ach a tha a' sgaoileadh agus a' sgapadh agus a' bristeadh sios luchd-dutchcha mo ruin—na *Game Laws* mar theirear riutha 's a' Bheurla—mile mallachd air an fhear a dheilbh a' chiad fhear dhiubh! Chuir iad sgarachdainn eadar cinn-chinnidh agus an daoine—dh' fhalbh an earbsa a bha aca an cach a cheile; cha 'n 'eil a nis co-chomunn aca ach troimh laimh factoir; tha an sluagh air an cur as an laraichean gu neo-ìochdmhor, agus na feidh agus na caoraich a' dol na 'n aite. Tha coguis an uachdrain air a dalladh agus a chridhe air cruadhachadh, agus bho pheacadh gu peacadh, a' dol air aghaidh le sgrios an t-sluaigh gun umhail do ordugh De no barail duine. Tha a nis mu thuairam ciad bliadhna bho 'n tha an cleachdadh truagh so a' dol air aghaidh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus ciod is toradh dha gu leir? Cha'n 'eil sluagh ann a dh' oibricheas am fearann; agus tha an talamh fein a' diultadh barr a thoirt seachad ach fraoch agus feur reasgach, garbh, mar gu 'm biodh am fearann fhein a' caoidh gu 'n d' fhalbh an gairdean treun a b' abhaist a bhi ga oibreachadh agus ga thionndadh gus a' bhuil sin a runaich an Cruithfhear—gu teachd-an-tir a thoirt do 'n t-sluaigh agus an aireamh is mo a chumail suas ann an comhfhurtachd agus ann an sonas. An lagh a cheadaicheas do dhuine a radh “Cha chuir mi crann ann an acair fearainn, agus cha mho leigeas mi leatsa a dheanamh,” is lagh sin a tha mi-nadurra agus cronail, agus bho nach sruth ach mallachd agus dolaidh. Mar is luaithe a theid a leithid sin a lagh a dhubhadh as an leabhar is ann is fhearr do 'n duthaich. A reir an lagha a chaidh a bhuil-eachadh air Eirinn a' bhliadhna roimhe, agus a reir nos na cearna sin ris an abrar Ulster o chionn fhada, cha 'n 'eil e air a cheadachadh do thighearna an fhearainn a bhi na bhreitheamh eadar e fhein agus a thuathanach. Tha breitheamh a' suidhe fo 'n Chrun nach 'eil an eisimeil aon d' an dithis, agus a tha a' toirt breith am beil am màl a tha an t-uachdran a' sireadh eu-ceartach no nach 'eil. Is cinnteach gu leir gu 'm faod iomadh car agus cuilbheart a bhi ann troimh am faod cuid dol as, oir “is cam 's is dìreach an lagh,” ach a reir mo bheachdsa is ann mar thuirt mi a tha run agus crìoch an lagh an Eirinn a nis. Cha'n 'eil ach goirid bho 'n fhuair tuathanach ann an Eirinn £700 an eirig gu 'n deachaidh a mhàl ardachadh air a leithid de dhoigh gu 'm b' fheadar dha am fearann fhagail. Cha 'n e mhain so, ach tha comas agus coir air a thoirt daibh ann an tomhas mor air an gabhalaichean a cheannach, agus tha cuideachadh airgid aca bho 'n Chrun a chum gur urrainn daibh ruigheachd air. Re nan seachd bliadhna bho 'n fhuair iad an lagh

so ann an Eirinn tha na miltean de 'n tuath a nis na 'n lan uachdrain air na gabhalaichean air son an robh iad roimhe sin a' paigheadh mail agus na 'n diobartaich fo smaig an uachdrain. Tha a' cheart shochair aca ann am Prussia; agus anns an Fhraing, a reir lagh an fhearainn, cha 'n fhaod os cionn £5000 's a' bhlaidhna de thighinn-a-stigh a bhi aig tighearna sam bith bharr an fhearainn. Is e a' chiad mhearachd mor a rinn Rioghachd Bhreatunn a bhi a' reic an ni sin nach do bluin di. Is leinn toradh an fhearainn, ach cha bhuin am fearann fein do dhuine sam bith. Cha robh malairt ann am fearann coitchionn ann an Sasunn gu deireadh linn nan righrean Stiubhartach; cha robh lan choir aig neach sam bith air an fhonn, ach bha a sheilbh aig gach tuathnach cho fada 's a bha e ga thoilltinn. Calg dhireach an aghaidh gach cleachdaimh a bha ann o shean, tha na tighearnan Gaidhealach a' cur air aghaidh ghnathachaidhnean nach rachadh a cheadachadh car aon latha ann an Sasunn; agus so uile air an luchd-duthcha fein—ga 'n sgapadh air falbh as an tir d' am buin iad. Faodar a radh, ge ta, nach 'eil iadsan a tha an diugh an seilbh air na frithean agus na gabhalaichean ri choireachadh air son eu-ceartan nan tighearnan. Faodaidh sin a bhi fìor ann an seadh ach tha iadsan ann an seilbh air na h-aiteachan as an deachaidh an sluagh fhogradh a dheanamh aite dhaibhsan. Tha e air a radh gu bheil air oighreachd Dhiuc Athall os cionn trì fichead mìle acair fearainn fo fheidh—eadar coig agus seachd mìle fiadh! Agus so uile a reir an lagh! Carson nach sealladh cuid d' ar luchd lagha geur-chuiseach an measg nan seana choirichean fearainn a dh' fheuchainn a bheil no nach 'eil cead no còir air a bhuileachadh air aon duine am fearann a chur fo fhiadh-bheathaichean agus an sluagh a chur mar sgaoil. Nach iongantach an gnothach nach 'eil coir laghail aig neach sam bith anns an fhearann 's an duthaich so ach a mhain aig na *tighearnan* agus aig na *bochdan*! Dh' fhaodamaid na 'n ceadaicheadh ur n-uine e dol am farsaingeachd mu 'n lomadh chianail a chaidh a dheanamh air iomadh oighreachd gun dol fada bho so fhein. Bho chionn a nis mu thuairam 100 bliadhna thoisich am fogradh diubhalach ann an Gleanngaraidh ri linn *Marsali Bhinneach*, a chuir fo sgaoil an sluagh sin do 'm b' urrainn duine chur a chogadh le Prionnsa Tearlach mu choinnimeh gach punnd Sasunnach mail a bha air a thogail bharr na h-oighreachd; ach an diugh, ma dh' fhagas sinn a mach baile Chille-Chuimein cha chreid mi gu 'm faighear fichead fear ann gu leir do 'm b' urrainn lann a tharaing as leth ceann cinnidh no righ. Cìod, ma ta, an dleasnas a tha a' laidhe oirne mar Chomunn ann an comh-cheangal ris a' chuis so? Nach e gu'n togamaid ar guth gu duineil an aghaidh droch-bheartan

luchd-millidh ar duthcha. Ruigeamaid an Uachdranachd ; cuireamaid an ceill dhaibh an fhirinn ; agus is neonach mur eisd iad ris na Gaidheil cho math ri muinntir Eirinn. Cho fada 's nach 'eil sinn a' gearan cha 'n iongantach ged nach faic ar n-uachdrain gu bheil aobhar gearan againn. Cha tig an latha a theid leinn mur leig sinn fhaicinn gur ann da-rìreadh a tha sinn, agus gu bheil sinn a' cur romhainn ceartas fhaighinn. Thubhairt Easan a mhain aig a bheil an cumhachd—"Siribh agus gheobh sibh ; buailibh agus fosglar dhuibh." An aite nam fiadh

Na 'm faighinnse mo mhiann,
 'S gu 'n riarachadh Dia mo thoil,
 Bhiodh spreidh a's sonas air gach sliabh,
 'S tighearna fearainn air gach dail.*

Mr. Chisholm was heartily cheered in the course of his speech, and sat down amid much applause.

[* The following condensed report of Mr. Chisholm's speech is quoted from the *Daily Free Press* of 13th July, 1877, for the benefit of those who may not understand Gaelic :—

After some preliminaries, Mr. Chisholm astonished his hearers by stating that there was more Gaelic, and more correct Gaelic too, now spoken in Inverness than there was when he was living in the Highland capital fifty years ago. After speaking of the benefits which Professor Blackie had conferred on all Highlanders, Mr. Chisholm proceeded—After being forty years away from my country, it is lamentable on my return to see on each hand the desolation and destruction that has come on the land of my love. In place of the race that used to cultivate the glens, there are now only wild animals ; in place of the happy homes, in which were reared many a worthy hero, there are now but broken walls and bare foundations. I have recently gone over the most of the Highlands, and, to be sure, it was mournful to me to see the utter ruination that was evident on each hand, and all this caused by the operation of those wicked and destructive laws—those laws that throw a shield over the wild beasts of the forest and the birds of the air, and are spreading and scattering and breaking down the people of my affection—the game laws as they are called—a thousand curses on him who devised the first of them ! They tore asunder the affections that used to exist between chief and clansman—gone is the trust they had in each other ! There is now no communion between them but through the factor ; the people are mercilessly

driven from their homes, and deer and sheep take their place. The laird's conscience is dulled, his heart hardened ; and from one transgression to another he goes on with the destruction of his people, without regard to the will of God or the opinion of man. There is now about one hundred years since this miserable practice has been going on in the Highlands, and what is the fruit of it all ? There are no people to cultivate the land, and the land itself refuses to produce anything but heather and rank dirk-grass, as if the earth itself were lamenting that gone is the strong arm that was wont to cultivate it for that end which the Creator had destined—to supply the people with food, and maintain the largest numbers in happiness and prosperity. The law that permits a man to say—I will not plough my land or allow another to do it, is a law that is unnatural and hurtful, and from which nothing shall flow but malediction and ruination. The sooner that law is expunged from the statute-book the better for the country. Mr. Chisholm then went on to speak of the equitable spirit of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act, and afterwards went on to say—The first great mistake committed by Britain was her selling that which did not belong to her. The produce of the land is ours, but the land itself belongs to no man. There was no general commerce in land in England till the end of the Stuart dynasty : no one had absolute property in land, but its use was retained by the husbandman so long as he deserved it. Quite contrary to all the customs that existed of old, the Highland lairds are having recourse to practices which would not be tolerated in England, even for a single day ; and this they do all on their own countrymen—scattering them from their own soil. In his subsequent remarks Mr. Chisholm stated it was computed there were 60,000 acres on the Duke of Athole's estate under deer. When the Glengarry evictions took place, about 100 years ago, there was a man to every £ of rent, ready to draw his sword in behalf of his country ; but now, if the village of Fort-Augustus was excepted, he did not believe there were 20 men in the whole district that could draw a spear. The rental then was about £800, and about 800 men were sent to fight for the Prince they believed to be their lawful sovereign.]

The songs which followed were “*Jessie's Dream*,” by Miss Lizzie Watt ; “*Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd*,” with translation by the Chief, by Miss Lizzie Macbean ; “*The Four Maries*,” by Miss MacIernan ; “*Ho ró cha bhi mi ga d' chaoidh ni's mò*,” by Mr. D. Graham ; and “*Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor*,” by the choir. The “*Reel of Tulloch*” was danced by four Highlanders—Mr. D. Fer-

guson, J. Reid, D. Graham, and E. Clayton—in a manner that drew forth unbounded applause.

Professor Black, of Aberdeen, spoke briefly on secondary education, and thereafter Dr. Forbes, in a few complimentary terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chief for his conduct in the Chair. The proceedings were then brought to a close.

The Assembly, as a whole, was perhaps the most successful that ever was held under the auspices of the Society.

During the evening the Chief announced the following poem, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Bard of the Society :—

Mochthra an dé, fhuair mi an sgeul
 'Chuir mi gu gleus orain,
 'S buailidh mi 'n teud,
 Togaidh mi 'n t-seisd
 Aighearach, reidh, cheolmhor.
 Seinneam neo-throm failt' agus fonn
 Commun nan sonn mora ;
 Sliochd nam fear fial 'b'ainmeile gnìomh
 Air an cuala sinn riamh comhradh—
 Sliochd nam fear donn a b'euchdmhoire glonn
 'Nuair bhiodh iad am fonn comhstri—
 Gaisgich neo-fhann, am misnich neo-ghann
 'Nuair thogta ri crann sròl leo.
 'S tric dh'fhairich an naimh
 Cudthrom an laimh
 'Nam tarruing nan lann rò-gheur :
 Bhiodh na Goill gu lan fiamh,
 'S chrith na Sasunnaich riamh
 Nám faicinn 'an dian comhraig ;
 'S gu'm bu trom a bhiodh smachd
 Nam fear colgar lan reachd
 'S claidheamhan mora na'n glaic dheònach.
 Ach mur dhuilleach nan craobh,
 No moll air a' ghaoith
 Chaidh muinntir mo ghaoil 'fhogradh ;
 'S gheibhear ar sluagh deas agus tuath
 Gu iomal nan cuan bòchdach !
 'N aite uaislean mo ghaoil
 Bha gu dàimheil ri 'n daoine
 Thainig Goill le 'n cuid chaorach mora ;
 Agus Sasunnaich chior a shealgach nam fiadh

Feadh garbhlach nan sliabh snòdhar ;
 'S cuid mhor dhiubh gun fhiù
 Gun eachhraidh gun chliù
 Ach gu'n d'rinn a h-aon diubh òrach.
 Gaidheil ghlana mo ruin
 Ac' feadh reidhlean a's stuc
 'Tionail nam feachd cròchdach !
 'S iad a fanaid le gair'—
 'Sa labhairt le tair
 Mu mhacaibh nan sar dorn-gheal—
 'S iad a labhairt le fuath
 Mu theanga nam buadh—
 Ceol is binne na fuaim òrgain.
 Mar fhlur ann an gleann,
 Le cion driùchd, a bhios fann
 Chrom a' Ghaidhlig a ceann boidheach ;
 'S ann a theireadh an sluagh
 Gu'n dh'fhosgladh a h-uagh
 'S gu'n rachadh i luath 'chomhnuidh
 Far nach cluinnt' i aig sonn,
 'S nach biodh nighneag gheal-donn
 Ga seinn duinn le fonn ceolmhor.
 Bha caochain nan gleann
 Ri caoithean gu fann
 'S Mactalla nam beann bronach !
 'S nuair a chluinnt' a' ghaoth
 A' seirm feadh nan raon
 Be tuireadh a's caoidh bu cheol dì !
 Ach dh' eirich 'san tuath
 Muim-altrum nam buadh
 Thug do chanain mo luaidh solas !
 Le cùram nach treig
 Chaidh a togail o'n Eug
 'S o mhasladh luchd bhreug dobhaidh.
 Shiab iad le truas
 Na deuraibh o 'gruaidh
 Is dh' ùraich iad snuagh a h-oige ;
 'S tha i nis' mar a bha
 Faighinn urram 's gach àit
 Measg chinneach is aird fòghlum,
 'S mile beannachd le gradh
 Gu comunn nan sar—
 Guidheam furan is failt' d' ur comhlan !

'S ged nach cogadh le lann
A dh-fheumar 's an am
A chosgradh ar naimh shonruicht;
Feumar misneach is ciall,
Gliocas is gnìomh,
'S gaisge 'san dian chomhrag
Chum gu 'n togar a suas
Ciad faidh ar sluaigh,
A's teanga na fuaim cheolmhor!
Mìle beannachd do d' shaor
A rinn a chathair bha daor
'S an suidh i le h-aoidh 's morchius:
Slat shuaimhneis 'na dorn
'S i a lionadh nan corn—
Fion gliocas 'am piosan or-bhuidh;
Pìob thatrach ri 'taobh
Is i crùinte le fraoch
'S nach mill ceathach na h-aois' a bòidhchead!

25TH AUGUST, 1877.

At the meeting on this date the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz: Messrs. Duncan Forbes, of Culloden; A. H. F. Cameron, of Lakefield; William Noble, The Grocery, Inverness; John Ross, Glenalbyn Hotel, Inverness; and Dr. Stratton, Devonport.

1ST NOVEMBER, 1877.

The meeting on this date, being the first ordinary meeting of the Session, was devoted to routine business.

15TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

At this meeting James Small, Esq., of Doire-nan-eun, Perthshire, was elected an honorary member of the Society, and some routine business transacted. Thereafter the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., Inverness, read the following

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

to the work of the Session. Mr. Macgregor said:—Fhir-suidhe ionmhuinn, Chuir thu fein agus an Comunn so uallach ormsa an nochd, le cuireadh a thoirt dhomh, agus le impidh a chur orm beagan a labhairt 'nur n-eisdeachd air a' cheud oidhche so de bhliadhn' eile d'ur n-aois. Tha duilichideas orm nach do

roghnaich sibh neach eigin eile aig am biodh barrachd cumhachd—neach eigin a bhiodh ni b'ealanta, ni bu deas-bhriathraich'—agus ni bu chomusaich' air gach doigh na mise, chum bhur feartan lionmhor a leigeadh ris, agus chum bhur dleas'nasa cudthromach a sparradh oirbh aig toiseach bliadhn' eile de bhur saothair. Ach cha 'n iarrar air duine dona ach a dhìchioll, gidheadh, b'fhuurst dhuibh na ficheadan fhaotuinn chum an earail so a thoirt seachad air mhodh ni's soilleire, ni's drùidiche, agus ni's taitnich' air iomadh seol, na tha comus aig an t-seann Sgiathanach a dheanamh 'nur n-eisdeachd air an fheasgair so. Ach their mi so, cha'n 'eil innleachd agaibh air duine sam bith eile fhaotuinn aig am bheil barrachd teasghràidh, agus dùrachd-cridhe d'ur taobh na tha agamsa, no duine aig am bheil tlachd ni's mò do na nithibh lionmhor agus luachmhor sin a tha 'nan cuspairibh d'ur dìchioll agus saothair, mar Chomunn a tha treun agus dealasach chum bhur cùisean eugsamhla a chur air an aghaidh. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach do ghabh "Comunn Gaelig Inbhirneis" nithe ro chudthromach os làimh; ach ma ghabh, thug iad dearbh-chinnteach seachad a' cheana, nach robh iad aon chuid dearmadach no diomhain? Nochd iad a' cheana, do gach Comunn Gaidhealach eile, a tha togail an cinn anns gach baile-mòr 'san rioghachd, eadhon do Chomunn Gaidhealach Lunainn fein, nach iadsan 'sa bhaile so, a's lugha agus a's suaraiche, air chor 'sam bith, dhe na cuideachdan sin eile a tha air an co'-dhealbhadh chum na cùisean céudna ath-leasachadh. Is i an fhirinn a sheasas, agus ged robh i searbh air amannaibh, cha bhréugnaichear i. Bu mhiannach leamsa an Comunn so a chur air thoiseach air gach comunn eile—Comunn Baile-cinn na Gaidhealtachd—Comunn a tha air a shuidheachadh 'sa 'Bhaile sin far am bheil a' Ghailig ghlan 'ga labhairt, agus 'ga searmonachadh, seadh, anns a' Bhaile sin a tha am fochair nan Garbh-chrìoch far an d'thubhairt am Bàrd Abrach gu'm

“B'iomadh Ceann-Tighe 's Fear-feachd,
B'iomadh Gaisgeach meamnach mòr,
B'iomadh Flath agus Triath sluaigh,
A thuinich a'nstuaigh nan còrn.

Gaidheil, an Comunn gu'n fheall,
Làn uidheam Ghaidheal m'an Dream;
Ghleusadh sud teanga gu fónn,
Na'm b'èolach air dheilbh nan rann.”

Cha'n 'eil sibhse mar Chomunn, ach òg ann an seadh. Cha'n 'eil bhur bliadhnaichean fathast lionmhor, ach a réir an àireimh, tha iad tàrbhach. Cha'n 'eil laithean bhur leanabais ach air éigin

thairis. Ach togaidh bhur saothair fianuis, togaidh na leabhraichean a chlàdh-bhualadh leibh a cheana fianuis air bhur dichìoll gun choimeas chum gach fiosrachadh mu na Gàidheil agus a' Ghaidhealtachd a dheanamh aithnichte. Agus air so tha bhur luchd-dreuchd o bhliadhna gu bliadhna a' togail fianuis nach bréugnaichear le neach fo'n ghrein. Seallaibh air na Cinnchinnidh agus air na Ciunfheadhna a bha a' cheana thairis oirbh, agus bu deas, dìleas, urramach iad. Nach cuimear, gleusda, tapaidh an Ceann-cinnidh Tigh-earna Chluainidh fein, le 'eididh Ghaidhealach, agus le ite an fhir-eun 'na bhonait gu h-àrd? 'Si dùrachd a' Chomuinn so, agus dùrachd gach àrd agus iosal a chuir riamh eòlas air an usal eirachdail sin, gu robh e a ris air aiseag chum slàinte, agus gu robh e air a chaomhnadh ré iomadh bliadhna r'a teachd. A ris, nach suairce, càirdeil, cinneadail an Ridire Coinneach Ghearrloch, le canain nan Gaidheal air a theangaidh, agus le fìor-spéis do na Gaidheil 'na chridhe? Nach clis, sùbailte, lùth-chleasach an ceannard an t-Olladh Blackie, a tha 'g uchd-mhachdachadh fola nan Gaidheal 'na chridhe—a lionadh a' chlaiginn fein le canain nan Gaidheal, agus a' fùchdadh na Beurla agus na Greugais gu crìochaibh cumhann 'na inntinn fein? Cha cheadaich ùine dhomh leudachadh fa leth agus gu farsuing air bhur luchd-dreuchda bliadhna an deigh bliadhna. Bha iad air fad 'nam bùill iomlan, seasmhach, cliù-thoilltinneach 'nan dleas'nasaibh ioma-gnètheach, agus leò-san cha d'fhàgadh gaoid no cearb a thaobh ni sam bith a ghabh iad os làimh! Air an dòigh cheudna, dhùisgeadh suas a'm fad 's am farsuing sgaoth de dhaoin'-uaisle dhe gach inbh, aois, agus dreuchd, chum òraidean binn-bhriathrach a labhairt 'n'ur n-éisdeachd, chum nithe diomhna a leigeadh ris, agus chum càinnt, ceòl, bàrdachd, agus cleachdanna bhur luchd-dùthcha a thoirt gu solus, agus a theasairginn o thir na dichuimhne. Tha oibre agus saothair na Cuideachd aluinn so, air an dàingneachadh gu réidh, riaghailteach ann an leabhraichibh a' Chomuinn, agus cha chaillear iad gu bràth. Gu ruige so, ma ta, chuideachadh leibh, a Chomuinn, ionmhuinn, ach cùimhnichibh nach 'eil bhur n-obair crìochnuichte. Cha'n 'eil sibh fathast ach ann an toiseach bhur dichill, oir fathast tha na mìlte de nithe gu bhi air an rànsachadh a mach, agus tha nithe gun àireamh fathast air an còmhdachadh le tiugh-dhòrchadas, a dh-fheumas sibh a thoirt dh-ionnsuidh an t-soluis. Tha e, uime sin, mar fhiachaibh oirbh a bhi 'tolladh, 'rann-sachadh, agus a' cladhachadh gun sgur gun gios, chum gu'm bi sibh 'n'ur meadhon air nithe luachmhor a theasairginn, a'n sud 'san so, mar sheudan boisgeach a' dealrachadh, agus a' tilgeadh soluis air cleachdannaibh gun àireamh bhur sinnsear fein. Is

òirdheire an obair so, agus is taitneach an obair i; ach tha i 'na h-obair a tha, 'rèir a gnè, dòirbh, docair, mall, a dh' fheumas mòran foighidinn agus fad fhulangais. Is airidh bhur sinnseara gu'm biodh na buaidhean sin leis an robh iad air an eadar-dhealachadh o chinnich eile, air an deanamh aithnichte agus air an gleidheadh air chuimhne. Is Comunn Gaelig sibh, is Gaidheil sibh fein, agus is Gaidhealach gach cuspair air am bheil sibh 'an tòir. Feuchaibh, ma ta, nach diobair sibh n'ur duachd, nach lasaich sibh n'ur rannsachadh, agus nach claon sibh leud na roinneig o'n chùis sin, air son an do cho'dhealbhadh sibh. Choisinn sibh cliù dhuibh fein a cheana air am bheil sibh airidh; uime sin, na caillibh a bheag dheth le dearmad. Rachaibh ann am boinn r'a chéile mar Chomunn caidreach, càirdeil, cliùiteach, agus gnàthaichibh na meadhona chum bhur buill a chur a'n lionmhorachd. Mar i's lionmhor bhur n-àireamh, is ann a's mò bhur cumhachd. Is taitneach, da' rìreadh an sealladh a bhi 'faicinn

“ Clann nan Gaidheal ann an guaillibh a' cheile.”

Is e rùn mo chridhe-se, gu'n robh gach ni ag eiridh leibh—gu'n robh an rathad reidh romhaibh—agus gu'n robh bhur sgiathan, a' sgaoil-eadh, a' chuid 'sa chuid, ann am farsuingeachd. Cha'n 'eil sibh fathast idir aosda, ach cha'n 'eil sibh mar Chomunn buileach òg. Ràinig sibh an aois sin aig am feud dhùil a bhi agaibh ri bhur fiacian fhaotuinn as ùr, agus air duibh bhur deudan a bhi air an lionadh le fiaclaibh geur', geal, cruaidh, bithidh sibh nis' comusaich' air gach cuis a chagnadh, 'sa chnàmhadh, 'sa chur gu fìor fheum. Ni sibh, gun teagamh bhur dleas' nas, agus g'e be cò a chith e, fìhead bliadhna an deigh so' bithidh sibh iomraideach mar Chomunn, agus bithidh toraidh bhur saothreach 'nan iongantas, cha'n e mhain do gach Comunn eile ach do'n rioghachd air fad! A' cheann sin, thig ionadh atharrachadh mu'n cuairt, agus leibhse bithidh iomadh gnìomh nèonach air a thoirt gu crìch—seadh le bhur n-innleachdaibh agus saothair, bithidh nithe diomhra gun aireamh air an toirt chum an t-soluis! Bithidh togradh aig gach àrd agus iosal ann a bhi 'taoghal oirbh, agus thig daoine foghlumte g'ur faicinn, chum an sùilean a thilgeadh air an ionmhas de nithibh iongantach a theasairgeadh leibhse o dhola'm mùgh! 'Am measg chàich, chith sibh a nis agus a ris, Olladh foghlumte eigin a' teachd a dh-amharc oirbh o “Chaithir-na-Gaelig,” ann an Dunedin, gu còlas fhaotuinn air na nithibh a rannsaicheadh a mach leibhse, chum gu'n labhair agus gu'n leudaich e orra, ann an eisdeachd nan òganach a theagaisgear leis. Cha'n 'eil, uime sin, beachd a ghabhar d'ur dichìoll a thaobh nan cùisean so, nach 'eil ro chudthromach ann fein; agus

air dhuibh, mar so, deagh thoiseach a bhi agaibh, buanaichibh gu cùnbhaileach, cruadalach n'ur strith, agus bheir sibh buaidh a mach mu dheireadh a bhios 'na aobhar cliù dhuibh fein, 'na aobhar toil-inntinn do mhaithibh fòghluimte na tire, agus 'na aobhar uaill do'n dùthaich 'san d'rugadh, agus 'san d' araicheadh sibh.

Aig a' mhionaid so, thàinig dithis dhaoine còire, Murachadh Bàn agus Coinneach Ciobair, a steach do'n talladh, agus chùm iad an còmhradh a leanas ri cheile :—

Mur—“ Fhir mo ghràidh, an tu tha'n so ? Is beag dùil a bha agam ri do chòmhachadh ann am Baile Inbhirneis. Ciod fo'n ghrèin a tharruing an so thu, a Choinnich chòir, gun fhios gun aire dhomh ?”

Coin—“ Tha e ceadaidhte dhòmhsa a' cheist cheudna a chur ort fein, a charaid ionmhuinn, oir an uair a chunnaic mi thu 'sa Ghoirtean-Fhraoich, air an t-seachduin so chaidh, cha robh guth agad air teachd dh' ionnsuidh Bhaile-cinn na Gaidhealtachd—uime sin, ciod an t-aobhar mu'n d' thàinig thu astar co-fada 'san dùbhlachd mar so ?”

M.—“ Chunnaic mi 'san Ard-Albannach an là roimhe, gu'n robh Comunn Gaelig a' Bhaile so gu cruinneachadh annochd, chum cùisean a reiteachadh air son bliadhn' eile, agus rùnaich mi teachd air m'aghaidh, chum an Comunn ceanalta fhaicinn le m' shùilibh fein—chum an riaghailtean agus an deanaduis a chlàinntinn le m' chluasaibh fein—agus chum m'ainm a chur sios le mo làimh fein, mar bhall dhe'n Chomunn chluiteach o so mach.”

C.—“ Tha mi gad' thuigsinn a nis, a Mhurachaidh, tha mi faicinn mar a tha a' chùis, agus tha mi làn leigte leis an ni sin a tha agad 'san amharc ; agus co cinnteach 's gur mise Coinneach Ciobair, ni mise an ni ceudna, agus bithidh mi 'nam bhall de Chomunn Gaelig Inbhirneis mu'm fàg mi an talladh so an nochd. Cha'n urrainn mi meas no maitheanas a bhuileachadh air Gaidheal san bith, nach teid le 'uile chridhe ann am boinn ri Comunn ceanalta mar so, a tha 'dol gu'n dùlain as leth nan Gaidheal agus na Gaelig—agus gach reachd, agus dàn, agus cleachd, air son am bheil iad cliùiteach. Ochan ! a Mhurachaidh, guidheamaid maille ris a' Bhàrd a thubhairt :—

' Air Clann nan Gaidheal nan colg geur,
Biodh cliù gach linn air an gnòmh,
Fhad 's a dh'iathas grian mu'n spèur !
Mìle beannachd, mìle buaidh
Air Comunn Uaislean mo rùin,
'Sair Shìochd Ghaidheal nam béus grin ! ”

M.—"Ubh ! Ubh ! a Choinnich, tha mi 'faicinn gu'n robh na Ceòlraidhean a' taoghal ort 'an nochd, agus gu'n do dheachd iad do chridhe le fìor spiorad na bàrdachd. Ach, a charuid, ciod an t-slighe air an d'thainig thu as a' Ghoirtean Fhraoich dh'ionnsuidh a' Bhaile ghrinn so ?"

C.—"Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, gun dhroch fhreagairt a thoirt ort, is comadh leam sin. Thàinig mi air slighe do nach 'eil spéis agam idir, slighe na bochduinn agus na truaighe do'n tìr—slighe nach 'eil ceanalta, cneasda, no tearuinte air dhòigh sam bith—agus slighe nach gabhainn gu bràth, mar b'e gu'n d'thug an eigin—an nì sin a chuir an earb air an loch—orm a gabhail, air nèò cha bhithinn an so an nochd, ach tha gràin agam air an t-slighe sin."

M.—"Ann an ainm an àigh, a Choinnich, ciod an t-slighe uamhasach a ghabh thu ? Cha'n fheud e bhith, gur iad do chàirdean, na Sithichean, no na leannan-sithe, a ghearr a mach dhuit an t-slighe ghràineil sin air an d'thainig thu do'n Bhaile so."

C.—"Cùm do theangadh, a Mhurachaidh, cha'n iad idir, ach thainig mi air an t-slighe-iaruinn sin, a tha co sgriosach air iomadh dòigh, agus ma thainig ! bè sud an t-each uamhasach—aon-adharcach mòr, salach—seadh, uile-bhéist, a bha gach tiota air ais, 's air adhairt—a' séideadh, a' srannail, agus a' sitrich, air doigh a chuireadh geilt air duine stoldta sam bith. Ochan ! is mi tha toilichte nach d'thug mi. Seònaid maille rium, oir rachadh i á cochull a cridhe leis an eagal."

M.—"Cha'n urrainn mi aontachadh leat idir 'sa chùis sin, a' Ghoistidh, oir a réir mo bheachd-sa, is luath, socaireach, taitneach, tearuinte an turas a nithear air an t-slighe-iaruinn."

C.—"Bi 'na d' thosd, a charaid, bi 'na d' thosd ! Feudaiddh innleachd mar sin a bhi luath agus socaireach nì's leòir chum an uile, agus na bochdainn, ach tha fuath-cridhe agamsa do'n t-slighe-iaruinn air son iomadh aobhair. Mar aon nì—tha i a' tarruing air falbh as an dùthaich, gach goireas agus sochair a bhuilicheadh oirne air son ar maith :—Tha i a' tarruing air falbh gach anmhuidh a tha féumail do mhac an duine, gach damh agus caora, gach feòil agus iasg, gach Ìm agus càise—agus fìu an uibh fein cha 'n fhàg i aig an duine blochd, no a chearc leis an d'rugadh e, ach, mar a thubhairt mi, tha na sochairean sin gu leir a bhuilich am Freasdal air ar tìr, air an sguabadh air falbh chum craos do-shàsachaidh bhailte-mòra Shasuinn a lionadh. Ach cha'n e so gu leir fàth mo ghearain-sa, a Mhurachaidh, ged is mòr e, ach tha aobhar ro chudthromach eile agam an aghaidh nan slighean àimlisgeach iaruinn sin. Tha iad nàimhdeil do na Gaidheil agus d'an canain. Tha iad a' deanamh barrachd an aghaidh na Gaclig, na tha cumhachd

aig gach Comunn mar so a dheanamh as leth na cànan oirdheire sin. Cha'n 'eil nàmhaid aig a' Ghaelig co mòr, agus co millteach ris an t-slighe-iaruinn ! Tha i 'lionadh na dùthcha le luchd-dreuchd as an taobh-deas—seadh, as a' Ghalltachd—spealpairean oga, uallach, pròiseil, aig nach eil lide ach a' Bheurla leibideach sin, agus nach gabh neach a stigh do'n t-seirbhis aca, ach iadsan a-mhain, a ni dìchioll air cainnt nan Gall a labhairt. Mar so tha'n oigridh 'nar measg a' call sùim dhe cainnt am mathar fein, an duil nach 'eil i 'na cànan uasal ni's leòir air an son, agus an duil, mar an ceudna, nach faigh iad an dreuchd a's suaraiche mu'n t-slighe-iaruinn as eug'ais na Beurla."

M.—"Tha thu gle cheart a thaobh sin, a Choinnich, oir cha teagamh leam nach dean an t-slighe-iaruinn tuilleadh an aghaidh leas na Gaelig ri ùine, na tha'n comus do gach Comunn Gaidhealach, do gach Blackie, agus "Ceilteach," agus "Ard-Albannach," agus "Gaidheal" a dheanamh as a leth."

C.—"Tha sin co fìor ris a' Bhiobul, a Mhurachaidh, ach ged a tha, an déigh sin, cha 'n fheud càirdean na Gaelig an làmhnan fhilleadh ann an diomhanas. Cha'n fheum Comunn Gaelig a' Bhaile so a bhi idir a' diobaireadh, no a' treigsinn an dleas-nais fein, ach aig toiseach bliadhn' eile mar so, nochdadh iad an dian-thairisneachd fein, agus an dùrachd-eridhe anns an obair aca ; agus sin, air mhodh ni's treasa na rinn iad riamh, chum na Gaidheil chalma a thogail suas, agus chum an cleachdanna agus an eachdraidh a theasairginn o dhol sìos gu tìr na di-chuimhne !"

M.—"Biodh e mar sin, a Choinnich, ach air dhuitse agus dhòmhsa a bhi 'nar bùill dhe'n Chomunn so, ni sinne ar dìchioll chum dàin, agus bàrdachd, agus ceileirean—seadh, chum gach reachd, sgeul, agus cleachd a bhuineas d'ar luchd-dùthcha, a thionail agus a ghleidheadh gu tearuinte. Deanadh gach ball dhe'n chomunn an strith cheudna, agus cuiridh sinn an teicheadh air armailtibh nan coimheach, agus fògairidh sinn na Gòill, agus an cànan thais, bhaoghailta dh-ionnsuidh an crìochan comhnard fein. Togaidh an t-Ard-Albannach agus an Ceilteach an clàidh'ean sgaiteach air ar toobh, agus mar laochraidh chalma, cha lasaich sinn gu bràth gus an toir sinn a mach a' bhuaidh-làrach."

C.—"Sin thu fein, a ghràidh nam fear, bha thu riamh treun agus gaisgeil air taobh sliochd urramach nam beann—agus riamh déidheil air a bhi 'g aithris an eachdraidh agus an euchdan. Cha'n aithne dhomh duine eile aig am bheil uiread air chùimhne 'sa th'a gad-sa de bhinn-cheileiribh nam filidh a sheinn o chéin. Tha mòran agad dhe'n bhàrdachd mhilis agus thaitnich aig Iain Mac Choinnich, Ghearloch—duine tapaidh, agus bàrd ro ghrinn. Tha

dìchioll 'ga dheanamh aig a' cheart àm, gu cuimhneachan—ni air am bheil e ro airdh—a thogail da ann an sgìreachd a' bhreith. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach dean na Comuinn Ghaidhealach air feadh na rioghachd, strìth r'a chéile gu fhaicinn co aca a's mó a thilgeas de chlachaidh 'na chàrn, agus cò a bhios air thoiseach anns an obair dhligheach sin a thoirt gu crìch. Is cinnteach co dhiubh nach bi Comunn Gaelig Inbhirneis air dheireadh."

M.—"Ubh! Ubh! cha'n 'eil ann ach Clann Choinnich a'n dràsda, agus bithidh iad air mhìreadh le toiliuntinn chum so a dheanamh, le 'n Ridir Uasal fein, Coinneach Ghearloch air, an ceann. Theid a' chuis leò, agus togar a' chlach-chuimhne do'n Bhàrd ann an cladh a' shinnsear's a luchd-dùthcha fein. Bha Clann Choinnich riamh ainmeil a'm measg fhineacha na h-Alba, agus a'n còmhnuidh gaisgeil 'nan tuasaidibh fuilteach; ach cha'n 'eil teagamh nach éirich cròic an fheidh, aig a' cheart àm, ni's àirde na rinn e riamh, air do'n eachdraidh fhìor agus iongantach aig an Fhine ghaisgeil sin, a bhi 'ga cur a mach co grinn, reidh, soilleir leis a' Cheilteach dheas-bhriathrach anns a' bhaile so."

C.—"Ma dh-innseas mi an fhirinn, a Mhurachuidh, bha dà aobhar air son an d'fhàinig mi do'n Bhaile so 'san àm; agus an toiseach, chum an Comunn so fhaicinn, agus a bhi 'nam bhall deth—agus a ris, chum sealladh fhaotuinne dho 'n Ard-Albannach threun agus dhe'n Cheilteach ghleusda, air do'n Ghaidhealtachd a bhi fo fhiachaibh ro mhòr d'an dithis."

M.—"Seadh ma ta, a Choinnich, am fac thu fathast iad, agus ma chunnaic, ciod i do bhàrail d'an taobh?"

C.—"Chunnaic mi an dithis, agus ochan! Is iad bha dàimheil, suaice, còir. Bha 'n t-Ard-Albannach dìreach anns an riochd sin a smuainich mi a bhiodh e, làidir, calma, treun, le bhreacan-an-fheile, agus 'bhonait leathainn. Ach bha mi gu tur air mo mhealladh, a' thaobh a' bheachd a ghabh mi, mu'm fac mi e, air a' Cheilteach. Bha dùil agam gu'n robh e 'na spealpair caol, àrd, dubh, le ite geòidh a'n cùl a chluais—cas, peasanach 'na labhairt, agus rud-eigin cosmhuil ris na sgonn-bhalaich sin a chithear na'n cleirich ann an tàmh-ionadaibh nan slighean-iaruinn! Ach! Ochan! is mi a bha air mo mhealladh, seadh, gu tur air mo mhealladh, a Mhurachaidh."

M.—"Bha thu air do mhealladh 'nad 'bhàrail d'a rìreadh, a Choinnich."

C.—"Cha robh mac màthar riamh ni's mò air a mhealladh! Chaidh mi 'ga fhaicinn, agus ma chaidh, chòmhluich mi duine ro ghrinn agus aoidheil, duine gàrbh, tiugh, sultmhor, ruigteach, geanail, agus ceart co eu-cosmhuil ris a' chléireach, chaol, ghobach, dhubh sin, a bha 'san amharc agam, 'sa tha Creag-Phàdruig eu-

cosmhuil ri Beinn Neabhais. Chuir sinn uine mhòr seachad cuid-eachd, agus bu lionmhor na nithe Gaidhealach air an d'thug sinn làmh. Cha bheag an sochair d'an Chomunn so gu'm bheil an t-Ard-Albannach agus an Ceilteach aig an uilinn aca, agus cha bheag a bhuannachd do'n Ghaidhealtachd gu'm bheil iad a' dol a mach air an cuairtibh air feadh gach gleann, eilean, agus garbh-chrìoch 'nar tìr. Ach, a nis, a Mhurachaidh, feumaidh sinn beannachd a ghabhail leis a' Chomunn so, leis an luchd-dreuchd aige, agus leis gach ball deth fa leth. Gu robh gach ni ag eiridh leò, agus gu robh iad a' fàs lionmhor, làidir, lùghmhor, mar a theicheas an làithean agus am bliadhnan air falbh !”

Soiridh slàn do'n Chomunn Ghaèlig,

Tha gu làidir, treun 'san àm ;

Gu robh iad 'fàs ni's treas' 's nis àirde

Ann an Tìr nam Beann's nan Gleann !

Comunn mo ruin, air cliù tha airidh,

'S maireg nach còmhnaidh leo gu treun ;

Comunn gun gheilt, gun mheang, gun athadh,

Gun samh' gun choimeas fon ghrein !

29TH NOVEMBER, 1877.

The following gentlemen were elected members at the meeting on this date, viz.:—Messrs. George Robertson, Bank of Scotland, Inverness ; Ewen MacRae, late of Leacachan, at Inverness ; Norman Wm. MacLeod, 42 Union Street, Inverness ; and Donald Mackintosh, Clerk, Church Street, Inverness. The Secretary stated that Provost Simpson had kindly granted the use of the Town Hall for the ordinary weekly meetings of the Society. Whereupon the warmest thanks of the Society were accorded to the Provost.

The Secretary read a paper on “Current Highland Topics.” The paper (which he declines to publish), dealt principally with the crofting system in the Highlands, and evoked an interesting discussion.

5TH DECEMBER, 1877.

At this meeting Mr. Walter Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*, was elected an honorary member of the Society.

The discussion on the crofting system was resumed, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, opening the debate.

12TH DECEMBER, 1877.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh was elected an honorary member at the meeting on this date. The discussion on the crofting system,

which was adjourned from last meeting, was opened by Mr. Colin Chisholm. Mr. Alex. Mackenzie moved—"That the Society petition Parliament for a Royal Commission to enquire into the condition of the crofters in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with a view of devising means for its amelioration." Mr. Wm. Mackay moved as an amendment—"That in the meantime, and until further information is gathered as to the condition of the crofters, and until the Society is prepared to indicate what steps, if any, ought to be taken, the Society do not petition Parliament." A vote having been taken, the chairman, Mr. Mackay of Ben Reay, declared Mr. Mackenzie's motion carried by a large majority.

19TH DECEMBER, 1877.

Lord Reidhaven, Castle Grant, and Mr. Fritz Krause, Waverley Hotel, Inverness, were elected honorary members at the meeting on this date. Some routine business having been transacted, the Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read the following paper, entitled—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

1.

He said—I am not to give you a dissertation on any particular subject to-night; but, as the above title indicates, to present you with some fragments from my Celtic repositories. The fragments in themselves, I consider interesting, and by giving them to you here to-night, and subsequently in our Transactions, they may become better known, and also escape being lost in oblivion.

In the first place let me give you a song. It is descriptive of the life of a soldier, and, I am informed, the composition of a brave Highland soldier, Alexander Grant, a Glenmoriston man, who was known in his own country as *Alastair Mac Iain Bhuin*. I wrote it down from the recitation of a Mrs. Macpherson from Skye. It is as follows:—

Na 'm biodh duine na m' choir
 A dh-eisdeadh ri m' ghloir,
 Cha'n 'eil mo cheann sgeoil
 Gun reusan;
 Tha m' aigne cho mor
 Air a lionadh le bron,
 'S cha'n 'eil mi an doigh
 Ach eigneach—

Ged nach eil mi ach og
'S beag m' aighir ri ceol
Rinn an t-ardan 'sa' phlois
Mo threigsinn ;
'Dhol do 'n arm le mo dheoin—
'S mi chaidh iomral 'sa' cheo,
'Se mo bhargan nach d' chord
Na dheigh rium !

Fhir a shiubhas mu thuath
Thoir an t-soiridh so bhuam
Far nach d' fhag mi fear fuath
Na m' dheigh ann ;
Masa math leat bhi buan,
'N uair a chluinneas tu 'n duan
Thoir an aire—cum cluais—
A's eisd rium :
Gur h-e lughad mo dhuais,
'S an *t-sentry* cho cruaidh
Chuir m' inntinn cho luath
Troimhe-cheile ;
Thug e 'n dreach dhe mo shnuadh
'S dh' fhag e tana mo ghruaidh,
'S chaill mi trian de na fhuair
Mi 'leursainn.

'N uair a thoisich an t-ol,
'Sa laimhsich mi 'n t-or
Bha moran mu'n bhord
Ga m' eisdeachd ;
Bha danns' ann—bha ceol—
'Cur na bainne air doigh,
'S e mo chall-sa bha mor
'Na dheigh sin.
Fhuair mi bann agus coir,
Le geallannas mor,
Air nighean Rìgh Deors'
Mar cheile ;
'S na 'n creidinn an gloir
Cha b' egal ri m' bheo
Dhomh an airgead, no 'n or,
No 'n eideadh !

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

'S iomadh oidheche fhliuch, fhuar,
 'Bha mi marcachd a' chuain
 Bho na fhuair mi 'n dath ruadh s'
 Air m' eideadh ;
 Thug mi turas da uair
 Gu Rìgh Lochlainn nan cuach,
 'S ann d'a Rìoghachd bu chruaidh
 An sgeula ;
 Cha robh dad 'san robh luach
 Eadar luingeas a's shluagh
 Nach do ghlac sinn an cluain
 A cheile ;
 Chuir sinn gaiseadh 'na Sguaib,
 'S chuir sinn aitreabh 'na gual,
 'S thug sinn creach leinn le ruaig
 Beum-sgeithe !

Ann am Portugal thall,
 Cha b'e m' fhortan a bh'ann,
 'N uair a nochd sinn co 'n lann
 Bu gheire
 'N uair a ghlac sinn 'sa' champ
 Siol altrum na Fraing',
 Cha robh 'n tuasaid ud mall
 Mu'n d' gheill iad—
 Luaidhe ghlas 'dol na deann
 Measg ghlac agus ghleann,
 Gun aon fhacal comannd
 Ga eisdeachd ;
 'S lionar marcaich' each seang
 A bha 'charcais gun cheann—
 Caoin air ascaoin 'se bh'ann
 'S cha reite.

'S iomadh glaic agus gleann
 Eadar 'Ghearmailt 'san Fhraing,
 Sasuinn—Alba gun taing—
 Agus Eirinn
 Far 'n do leig mi mo cheann,
 Sgath ghlac agus ghleann,
 Far nach freagradh dhomh mall
 'Bhi 'g eiridh ;

Fuaim feadan thri bann—
Fear ga spreigeadh 'sa' champ,
Ged a's beag a bha shaunt
 Orm eisdeachd ;
B' fhearr liom geum aig mart seang
'Dol gu eadradh 'sa' ghleann
'S bean ga leigeadh am faing
 'S a' Cheitein.

'S iomadh fardach a's frog
Anns do ghabh mi tra-noin,
Bho na fhuair mi chiad chot'
 Agus leine ;
Agus clar agus bord
Air na charadh dhomh lon—
'S tric a' phaigh mi an t-or
 'Na eirig—
Cha'n 'eil cearn' 'san Roinn Eorp
Eadar traigh no tir-mor
Nach 'eil larach mo bhroig
 'S mo cheum ann,
'Siubhal fasaichean feoir
Agus ard-bheannan cèd
Cur mo nainhdean air fogar
 Na 'n eiginn !

'S ged bha m' rhuil anns na blair
'Cur mo naimhdean mu lar,
'S ann a fhuair mi 'n cruaidh chas
 Na dheigh sin ;
Gu'n robh uair mar a bha
Mu'n do chuireadh am blar ;
Gu'n robh cuan de m' fhuil blath
 Fo m' leine ;
Cha do shoeraich mo shail
'N uair a chuir iad mi 'n Spainnt—
Teas as fuachd ann am pairt
 A cheile ;
Mar ri sluagh air bheag baigh
Nach gabh truas ri fear cais
Ged a bhuail air am bas
 Na 'eiginn.

'S fhad' o 'n chuala tu chainnt
Mar a theirear 'san rann :

Cha dean aireachas mall

Bonn feuma.

'S mise dh' fhainich 'san am
Chaidh mo tharruing 'san rang
Nach robh cairdeas aig ceann

Ri 'cheile ;

Cha'n fhain'chear 'san Fhraing
Co-dhiu 's Gaidheal no Gall

'N uair a thig e le 'pheann

Mar chleireach ;

'S 'nuair a gheibh e 'n comann
Tha e coma dhe m' chall ;

'S och tha mis' air mo shnaim

Bho 'n cheud la !

The following fragment is attributed to *Domhnall Donn Mac Fhìr Bhoth-Fhionntainn*. *Domhnall Donn* was a contemporary of *Iain Lom*, and according to tradition slew in a duel a son of the bard. I may remark that the exploits of *Domhnall Donn*, as related in Lochaber, coincide with those of *Alasdair Sgoileir*, as related in the West of Ross-shire. The song, of which the subjoined verses are a fragment, is generally known as "An Nighean Donn a bha 'n Cataobh." It appears that on some predatory ramble in Sutherland, Donald met the "Nighean Donn," and kidnapped her. Through some cause or other, after taking her to the borders of Lochaber, the Nighean Donn made her escape, and hence the song. Could any Gael furnish the rest of it ?

Thogainn fonn gun bhi trom

Air nigh'n donn a bha'n Cataobh,

Gruagach og a' chuil duinn,

Dh-eireadh fonn orm ri d'fhaicinn.

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal fraoich,

Fhuair mi 'n fhaodail bha taitneach—

Fhuair mi 'chaileag bhoidheach, dhonn,

Feadh nan tóm buain nan dearcag.

'N oidhche 'bha sinn 'sa' Charn-bhàn

Ghabh mi naire mar thachair—

Chuir iad sinn 'sa' chealtair chlo,

'S och mo leon ! dh' fhag i Lachuinn !

Ged is crom leibh mo cheann,
 'S ged is cam leibh mo chasan,
 Thogainn creach bho Thighearna Ghrannnd,
 'S dh-olainn dram 'san dol seachad !

The following fragment, also attributed to *Domhnall Donn*, is worthy of being recorded here :—

LUINNEAG.—Faodaidh 'm fear bhios fuar, falamh,
 Cruaidh, smearail, foinneamh, fearail,
 Fead a thoirt air cluais balaich
 Mar a bi e reidh ris.

'S ann mu iosal Beul-a'-dogha
 Tha na laoich nach faoin ri clodha,
 'S bheir iad faomadh as na Rothaich
 Fhad 'sa gheibhear spreidh aca !

Fios gu Eoghan, fios gu Ailean,
 Fios gu Domhnall Ban an Caillich—
 Ciod e 'n truaighe 'chum aig bail' iad
 'Sa' ghealach ag eiridh !

Clann-a'-Phi agus Clann-Uaraig,
 Ciod e 'n t-aon ni a chum bhuam iad ?
 'S mi-fhein 's Clann-liodair nan cuaran
 An gruagaibh a' cheile !

Na 'n gabhadh na cruachan ioman
 Mar ghabhas crodh Mhic-Iain Chuimein,
 Bheireadh sinn air bodaich Mhoireimh,
 Gu'm biodh ainnis beidh orra !

As a change from the compositions of *Domhnall Donn*, let me now give you some modern verses. The following "*Failte*," with the subjoined note, is the composition of Mr. Archibald Farquharson, Tiree. Both are unique, and I give them as they came into my possession, without further comment :—

THE PRINCESS' WELCOME TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Failte na Ban-phrionnsa do'n Ghaidhealtachd.

A nighean rìoghail tiugainn, ò,
 Bi 'g éiridh agus tiugainn, ò,
 A nighean rìoghail tiugainn, ò,
 'Us gabhsa còmhnuidh maille ruinn.

A Bhana-phrionns' a Liùsaidh chòir,
 An rìomhainn mhaiseach 's uaisle pòr,
 An òigh is measail' 's an Roinn-eòrp',
 Bheir sinn le 'r deòin do dhachaidh dhuit.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Thig tre Shasunn 's Tir nan Gall,
 Mar an eilid 'tha 's a ghleann,
 Mar an eilid 's i ruith 'n a deann,
 'Us "Tir nam beann" bheir fàsadh dhuit.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Mòr mholadh dh' is', do mhàthair ghaoil,
 Caomh Bhan-rìghinn Bhreatuinn (tìr na saors')
 A dh' fhuasgail thu o lagh na daors',
 Gun 'bhi 'ga d' aon' gu h-ainneionach.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Roghnaich thus' mar fhear do ghràidh,
 Morair Lathairn, oighr' Farraghàel,
 'Ur crìdh'chean tha le caoimhneas tàtht',
 'S e'n Tì a's àird' a cheangail sibh.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Seadh roghnaich thusa mar t'fhear-pòsd',
 Am fiuran taght' Mac Chailein Mhòir,
 An t-uasal smearail, fearail, stòld',
 'S gun 'bheag do 'n mhòrchuis maille ris.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Bithidh tein'-aoibhneis air gach cruaich,
 A bhios gu bras-gheal 'lasadh suas,
 An uair a' chluinneas sinn 'g a luaidh,
 Thu 'bhi ri d' luaidh dlù-cheangailte.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

'S bheir sinne dhuit o'r mìltean fàilt
 Le deadh-ghean ait o'r crìdh'chan blàth,
 An uair a thig do "Thìr nan Gàel,"
 'S ann ann ar cànan thaitneach.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Bidh cuid do 'n dream thig 'thoirt dhuit fàilt',
 'S bu chubhaidh dhoibh 'bhi 'gabhail nàir';
 A chionn 's gu 'm bi 'an deis a' Ghàel,
 'Us gun a' chànan maille rith'.
 A nighean rìoghail, &c.

'S cha 'n iad na Caimbeulaich a mhàin,
A thig a thaisbeaneadh an gràidh,
Ach gach uil' fhin' a measg nan Gàel,
Bidh leò an càirdeas ceangailte.
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Gach eud 'us farmad théid air chùl.
An uair a nochdas tu do ghnùis,
Iad bithidh adhlaichte 's an ùir.
'S cha 'n fhaic an t-sùil an ais-eiridh,
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Seadh, 'n uair a thig thu suas Loch-Fìn,
'S an eathar bhras a's caise sgriob,
Làmh a' chaoimhneis bi'dh dhuit sìnt',
Ga d' thoirt air tìr do 'd chairtealan.
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

Bidh làmh a chaoimhneis 'us a bhlàis,
Dhuitsa slùt' o chlann nan Gàel,
A 'guidh' mòr shonais dhuit gu brath,
'S an Tì a's àird' 'bhi maille riut.
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

A' guidh' gu 'm bi do shliochd 's gach àl,
'S an àm ri teachd a'n Earraghàel,
'S tuath na loinne 'toirt doibh a' mhàil,
Le gean 's gun fàth a' ghearain ac',
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

A' guidh' gu 'm bi do làithean buan,
'Us Dia a'n càirdeas ruit gach uair,
Le sìth 'us slàint' tre fhuil an Uain,
'Bhi cumail suaimhneas anam riut,
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

'Us thu 'n uair thig gu crìch do shaogh'l,
Bhi ga t' aiseag na h-ainglean naomh,
Do 'n àit' 's am faic thu t' athair caomh,
A'n tìr a' ghaoil am flaitheanas.
A nighean rìoghail, &c.

The above may be used as symbolical of that glorious event in the future history of the Church, when the marriage of the Lamb is come, and the wife shall make herself ready. When she shall leave her wilderness state and return to Zion a glorious and a united Church, there to enjoy fellowship with her Beloved. The chorus

may symbolize the invitation given to the Church, the Bride, by the friends of the Bridegroom ; England, the wilderness, her present place of abode ; and the Highlands, Zion or Jerusalem, literally surrounded with mountains, and which mystically or spiritually shall be her future place of abode. The Queen of Britain, not only on account of the liberty which her subjects possess, but more especially the freedom which she hath given to her royal daughter, may symbolize those governments which have given freedom of worship and liberty of conscience to the followers of Christ, under them who have given their hearts to Him as the beloved of their souls. The Highlanders may symbolize the friends of the Bridegroom ; their costume, a professed attachment to His cause ; and their language the language of Canaan—of Zion, which only His friends can understand. If it is a shame to appear in the Highlandman's garb without his language, it is still a greater shame and disgrace to profess attachment to the Bridegroom without the reality, while unable either to speak or to understand the language of His friends. The Highland Clans may symbolize the various sects amongst Christians, which shall all become one when the marriage of the Lamb is come, and the bonfires—those pure bright flames of Alleluias which shall ascend from all parts of the earth, and lighten it with their glories on the great occasion.

“Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.”

Let us be glad, and rejoice, and give honour to Him : for the marriage of the Lord is come, and the wife hath made herself ready.

ISLAND OF TIREE, }
13th February, 1871. }

The next song I will read to you is of a different character. It is the composition of Mr. Farquhar Macdonell, formerly of Plockton, Lochalsh, and now of one of our Australian colonies. Macdonell is one of our best Gaelic bards, and I hope he will ere long collect his numerous pieces and issue them to the public. The following is entitled—

CEUD OIDHEIRP AN DUINE—A SHONAS AGUS A THUITEAM.

Anns an tùs, mu'n do leigeadh air ceàird,
Gu robh Adhamh 'n a Ghàradair deas,
'Mealtuinn taitneis gach beannachd 'us slàint,
Mar a shiubhail na tràthan le gean.

Cha do lagaich a neart air le sgios,
Ni mo 'mhilleadh a nì air le sneachd,
'S cha do ghaiseadh a thoradh n' a bharr,
Le dad tuille 's a b' fheàird iad a theas.

Fhad 's a lean e air 'fhearann 'cur àird,
'Réir mar theagaisgeadh tràth dha le sgil,
Gu'n do shealbhaich e aiteas gach àidh,
'S e gun easbhuidh, gun chràdh, 'us gun drip ;
Gu'n do thuirling dha feartan o'n Ard,
Air gach cinneas, dùil, càil, agus bith,
'S gu robh 'chruitheachd air mhisg leis an fhonn,
Bha o 'mullach gu 'bonn oirre ris.

Cha robh gaoid ann o mhullach a chinn,
Fad a choluinn gu inean a chos,
No dad easbhuidh 'an cumadh, no 'n àill',
'S e cho fallain 'n a shlàinte ri os ;
'S gu robh mathas, gaol, seirc, agus uaisl',
Iar am filleadh 's gach buaidh 'bha 'n a chorp,
'S e 'n a anam, mòr, iomlan, ceart, fial,
Sona, sìothchail, glan, diadhuidh, gun spot.

'S gasd' a ghréidh e gach preas agus fùr,
'Us gach faillean glan, ùr 'bha 'n a lios.
Cha robh meangan neo-thorrach 's a' phàirc,
Luibh no duilleach nach d' fhàs dha gun chion,
'S gu'm bu bhaigseanta, cnapanach, dlùth,
'Luidh na cùirneanan driùchd air gach bil,
Gu bhi' cumail riu beath' agus suigh,
'S iad ri talamh a' lùbadh le mil.

Feadh gach ni 'bha fo chopan nan speur
Gu robh sonas, 'us réite 'n a reachd,
Bhiodh na madraidh, na liopaird, 's na li-uain,
Anns gach glacaig a' guaineas gu mear ;
Cha robh eagal roimh nàmh air an iasg,
Sheinn an eunlaith gun fhiamh 'm an cuid nead,
Gu robh 'n t-adhar gun tuairgneadh, gun toirm,
'S cha do rùsgadh le stoirm air a' lear.

Gu'm bu shuilbhir neo-dhoilleir a' re,
'S gu robh comunn nan reultan gun sal
'S iad a siubhal an cuairtean gu réidh,
Ann an cuideachd na gréine gun smal,

'S cha robh 'phailteas 'an tuiltean an gràis,
 Nach robh 'sruthadh gu Adhamh gun stad,
 'S gu bhi 'erùnadh a shonais gu léir,
 Cha robh 'dhith air ach Céile gu 'thait'.

Gu'n do thuit e 'an cadal ro throm,
 'S luidh an crì bha 'n a chom mar a' chlach
 'S air dha mosgladh 'us sealtuinn ri 'thaobh,
 Ciod a chunnaic ri 'smaointean 'chuir las
 Ach cruth aingil, 's thar aingeal a snuadh,
 'S thug a h-àilteachd fo bhuaidh e gu grad
 'S i mar dheilbhin ùr, liomhaidh dheth 'n òr,
 Ann an cumadh, 'an òrdugh, 's an tlachd !

Leis an t-sealladh ud dh' aognaich a lith,
 'S bhuadhaich breisleach 'n a inntinn air fad,
 Ach 'am meadhon gach ag 'bha 'g a chlaoidh,
 Gu'n do dhearc i le aoibh air fo 'rasg,
 'S 'n uair a mhothaich e 'n ainneir co caomh,
 'S gu'n do bhrosnaich an gaol e cho bras,
 Ghlac e misneach 'us theann e 'n a còir,
 'S ghabh e tlachd 'bhi 'g a pògadh car seal'.

Luidh e dlùth rith' 's a lamh tarsuinn sìnt',
 Air a h-uchd geala-mhin mar an gruth,
 'S cha robh cuisle 'n a chom nach robh 'leum,
 Ri gach iacal o 'beul mar an t-subh ;
 Dh' fhalbh gach eagal 'us teagamh a bh' ann,
 'S leig a chridhe air dannsa 'n a uchd,
 An uair dh' aontaich i fantuinn gu bràth,
 Ann a chuideachd 'an gàradh nan lus.

An uair 'shéil iad an ceanglaichean gaoil,
 Ann an dubhar nan craobh 's iad gu cluth,
 Gu'm bu shuigeartach farum gach cre,
 Bh' anns na rò-chrannaibh geugagach, tiugh ;
 Chaidh na cruitearan fileant air ghleus,
 'S fhad a chluinntte toirm éibhinn an cluig,
 'S cha robh bith nach do fhreagair le fonn,
 O gach tulach, 'us tom, agus bruth.

Dh'imich Adhamh air ghàirdean le Eubh',
 Gus am fac i lios Eden air fad,
 'S gu'm bu taitneach an sealladh sud dh'i,
 'S gu-n do mhol i gach ni bh' ann cho math ;

Bha gach cuiseag, 'us preas, agus crann
'Giulan earraidh an t-Samhraidh gu h-ait,
'S le mar fhreagair gach ni ann an loinn,
B' àillidh, bhoisgeanta soillseachd a bhrait.

A' lios ditheineach, spiosraidheach, cùbhr',
Lusach, gucagach, ùrail le dealt,
Gasach, càileanach, meacanach, grinn,
Beachach, seilleanach, cir-mhealach blasd',
Dosach, flùranach, meanganach, dlùth,
Dearcach, ubhalach, plumbaiseach, pailt,
Cnothach, fìogaisaach, almoineach, àill',
Torach, tacarach, gràs-luchdach, ait.

Air an domhan bha Adhamh 'n a rìgh,
'S ghabh na ghluais air toil-inntinn 'n a smachd,
'S thug e uile dhoibh dealachadh ainm,
Eadar mhor agus mheanbh, 's ge b' e dath,
Gu robh caoraich, 'us gabhair, 'us buar,
Air gach machair, 'us cluain, agus stac,
'S cha robh ascall no earchall 'an seòrs',
'S cha do mheataicheadh beò dhiubh le aire.

Bhiodh sailm thaingeachd Adhaimh 'us Eubh',
'S torman fallain na sprèidhe gu tur,
Ceileir loinneil nan eun anns gach crann,
'S borbhan socrach nan allt 'us nan sruth,
Boltrach cùbhraidh nan luibh 'us nam flùr,
'S aigneadh sona gach dùile gun sgur,
A' toirt molaidh 'us onoir do'n Ti,
'Chruthaich uile cho grinn iad le 'ghuth.

Ach 'n uair 'b' àird' do gach sonas a bh'ann,
Air an iomlan thuit greann agus smal,
Oir bhris Eubha an reachd 'rinn an dìon,
'S bha gu 'n cumail gach ial ann an rath,
Rinn i géilleadh le laigse d' a miann,
'S thainig caochladh ro chianail 'n an staid,
Mheath an cinneas, an inbhe, 's an loinn,
'S mhùth am feartan, 's am foirfeachd air fad,
Dh' éirich doinionn an uair ud 's gach àit,
'S chaidh a' ghrian a ghrad-smàladh le cith,
Bhagair torruinn, bhoillsge dealain 's gach ceàrn,
'S chaill gach creutair an tàbhachd 'us chlisg,

Stad an t-iasg leis an oillt anns a' chuan,
 'S bha gach beathach 's na cluaintibh 'n an drip,
 Theich an eunlainn le uamhunn 's gach cùil,
 'S iad 'n am peallagan piùgach air chrith.

Gu'n thuit Adhamh le 'bhean anns a' bheum,
 'Chionn e dheanamh rith' réite 'n a lochd,
 'S chaidh am fàgail lom-ruisgte gun stà,
 'Nan cùis-mhaslaidh fo thàire 's fo sprochd ;
 Rinn am mallachd an lot anns gach buaidh,
 Cha robh leigheas dh' a 'n truaighean a bhos,
 'S iad 'n an cuspairean eucail 'us plàigh,
 'S gu robh 'n anam 'dol bàs leis a' ghort.

B'e 'n ceud obair 'n uair chaill iad gach gràs.
 Air dhoibh fhaicinn mar bhà iad gun dreach,
 Ionnsuidh ghraid air an nochd 'us an nàir',
 Air an craicionn 's an cnàimhean a chleith,
 Rinn iad ap'rain a dhuilleach nan craobh,
 'S b' iad an snàthadan caol bhioran phreas,
 'S ann 's an tàillearachd 'chuir iad an làmh,
 'S gur i Màthair gach cèird e gu beachd.

The following Lament on the depopulation of the Highlands deserves to be preserved. I got it from a Celtic friend, but I don't know who is the author of it. It was published in a small tract of four pages, and the following note prefixed :—

CAOIDH AIRSON COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD AGUS FOGRADH
 NAN GAIDHDAL.

Owing to emigration and various other causes inimical to Celtic Literature, it is likely that at no distant period the Gaelic will cease to be the vernacular language of the Highlands. Still, there is some reason to believe that the race of Gaelic Poets is not extinct in this country yet. The following valedictory semi-lament is from the pen of a "Poet, and the son of a Poet," now no more. The father, in his day, published a volume of his poetical effusions, possessing considerable merit ; and it is to be regretted that the son's modesty prevented him from following the example of his sire, by favouring the public with part of his productions. The present, however, is a specimen of his composition, which is considered to be above mediocrity. The theme is a retrospective view and description of the Highlands of Perthshire, the scene of his juvenile

days ; with a reflection, modestly expressed, on the ill-judged policy which caused him and others to leave their native glens, to make room for sheep and deer—occupants incapable of bearing target or rifle, or defending the country in case of invasion, now so much talked of. “*S’nair a thig iad dh-iarraidh daoine, gheibh iad caoraich ann gu leoir*”

G.

The song itself is as follows :—

Air Fonn.—“Mort Ghlinne Cumhan.”

Fhir a shiubhaileas do m’ dhùthaich,
Beir beannachd le ruin uam da còir,
Ghaeltachd bheadarach mhuirneach,
’Sam b-ábhaist dhomh dùsgadh ’s mi òg ;
Tir nan gaisgeach ’s nan tréun-fhear,
Rachadh brais ann san streupa le deòin,
’S nach geilleadh do phrábar,
Fhad sa mhaireadh fuil bhlàth annt’ is deò.

Soireadh nam gu Siochaillean,
Tha ’g eiridh ’m Bun-Raineach nam bò,
’S Beinn-a-Chuallach nan tàrmach,
Air ’m minic a thàrmaich ’n ceò,
’Sa Ghiusach bha miadhail,
Mu’n do spiant’ i a freumh le droch phòr,
’S Càrì ainmeal bha cùirteal,
Far an cluinte luchd ciuil aig tra nòin,

Soireadh eile don gharbh-mheall,
’S h-uile stachdan is garbh-chlach na chòir,
Far ’m faighte Fir-chalama
A ’sireadh sa’ sealg daimh na cròic,
Bhiodh am fùdar a’ lasadh,
’Sluaidh dhù-ghorm gu brais dol na lùid,
Sa ’m fear ceannardach cabrach
’S e na dheann tuiteam thaireas gun tréoir.

Soireadh eile gun dearmad
Beir a null gu Loch-Eireachd an fheidh,
’S gu Beinn Amhlair na h-uaghaidh
Far na thuinich Fear Chluainidh sa ’m Prionns,
’S cha robh dh’ òr ann an Sasunn,
Na dhuisge luchd bratha ’san am,
Ged chaidh pailteas dheth thairgse,
Mur luach foladh ’s mur phris air a cheann.

'S bheir thu sgriob mach gu Fuar-mhon'
 'Sa null gu Drim-uachdair nan drobh,
 Gu Loch-Garadh 'san Cearcull,
 Mur sin 's Dail an Spideal an fheòir,
 Far am b' aist do'n ghreidh uallach,
 Bhith mireag 'sa 'ruaig air an lòn.
 'Stric bha spuirt aig daoine uaisle ann,
 Le gaothair sheang luath air an tòir.

Soiridh eil' do Shroin-Phadruig,
 'S le dìreadh gu braidh an Dùin,
 'N sin cli thu an àros,
 Far 'm b' abhaist domh farsan le m' chù,
 Tearnadh staigh air ruidh Ghlas-choir,
 Bu tartrach ann coinneamh fir-mhòr,
 'S piob-mhor mhalach le nuallan,
 Thogadh aigne clann tuath' gu ceòl.

Tha na beanntain mur b' abhaist,
 'S na gleanntain na'n àiteachan fhein,
 Ach gun bhothan air airidh,
 'S gun bhanarach bhlàth ann le spreidh,
 Cha'n 'eil gruth ann no uachdar,
 Cha'n 'eil amhan na fuarag gheal ré,
 Ach fhionntag dhosrach teachd suas ann,
 'S i a sgaoile mu'n cuairt air an rèil'.

O c'àit' bheil na daoine,
 A chleachd a bhith faoilidh 's na glinn,
 'S c'àit' nis bheil na fiurain,
 Chaidh thogail le muirn 'sam prìs,
 Rachadh dian an tùs baiteal,
 'S bheireadh bèum le claidh' no pic,
 'S dh' fhagadh naimhdean nan sìneadh,
 Gun chinn, gun chasan, gun lannan 's gun chli.

Tha iad nis air an sgaoileadh,
 Measg bhailtean 's feadh choilltean thair sàil,
 Dheanamh àite do chaorich,
 Agus airgead is maoin do luchd chap,
 Air am fogradh a 'n duthaich,
 'S gun aon duil ac' ri pilleadh gu bráth,
 'Sann chuir cabag nan caorach,
 'N da chuid croinn agus daoine air an spàr.

Ach mu thig oirn na Frangaich,
'S iad a bagairt san am oirn air sheòl,
Cia mar bheir sinn dhoibh ionnsuidh,
'S sinn gun spionnadh, gun daoine, gun dòigh,
'N cuir sinn claidh' air caoirich,
Is targaid air gairdean daimh mhlòir,
No 'n cuir tamhunn cù ciobair,
Eagal air miltean de shloigh ?

Tha mo smaointeansa luaineach,
'S tha 'm inntinn fo bhruaillean gu leor
'S mi cuimhneach na Gaelteachd,
Bha caireannach cairdeal ro choir,
Tha i mise air caochladh,
Na fasain na daoine 's na seòil,
'S tha mise nam aonar,
Mur Oisean ga caoimhneadh le bròn.

The following "Sean Dan" has also been printed on a slip of paper. Like the one last given, my own copy is the only one I have seen, and I give it in the orthography of the writer. The following is the title-page:—

Sean Dan : air a sgrìobhadh le Alastair Stiubhart. Bho aithris sean bhean choir an Rainnach mun bhliadhna 1814.

The *Dan* itself is entitled "Sean Dan mu Thi Chonn Mac an Deirg" and is as follows :—

AN T-ORANICH.

La dhuinn air bheagan sluaigh,
Aig Ruai nan Eun, mall
Chunnachas tighinn air lear
Curuchan us bean ann,
Curuchan air ghabhail le smachd
Us e soirbhach leis a phort do ghna.
Seal ramhuin do rain e sunnaint,
Us se dhireach as am mathachd mna.

AN SEALGEAR.

Tha mo chomairach ortsa mar bhean
Seach an fhear 'g am bheil thu am pris :
Gus am fuasgail Fionn cheist
Cha bhun e thu leis mar mhnai.

A BHEAN.

Tha feachdain us toirachd bhon mhuir,
 Laoch is mor guin air mo lorg,
 Mac Rìgh Shorucha nan sgian airm,
 Us gur e b' ainm am Baoighear Borb.

AN T-ORANICH.

Chunnachas tighinn gar steach air stead
 Fear us a mhasd shuas da shleagh,
 Caitheamh na fairge gu dian
 An siubhal ciadni thainig a bhean.

AN SEALGEAR.

Am fainicheadh tusa bhean
 An e sid am fear tha air do thi?

AN T-ORANICH.

Dheirich h-ìochd ag cul Fhionn.

A BHEAN.

Cha doair leinn ach na chi.
 Is gann mur buin e mise leis
 Ga mor do threis-sa Fhionn asd fein ;
 Tha a chlogaid tean mu chean,
 Laoch gun bhi fann ach treun.
 Tha sgiath dhruinnach dhu air a chrìos
 Us e ag iomaird chleas le laimh chli.
 Damhanaig ghasda nam buaireadh tu
 Chonn nan sgian airm !

AN SEALGEAR.

Mharcaich thainig bhon chuan
 Air bheagan sluaigh, bu mhor phris
 A sguabadh bhuaine a bhean ;
 Bha chaire a laimh an rìgh.

AN T-ORANICH.

Ghluais Oscar, ghluais Gall.
 Thug Morn mosg mor nan car ;
 Ghluais iad uile an sloigh,
 Eadar am flath mor us a bhean ;

Thilg Mac Morn an t-urchar treun
Na dheidh us cha do ghabh i an t-shleagh :
Gum bi sid an urchair gheur
Leis an do rinneadh an sge na da bhloigh.
Thilg an t-Oscar bu mhor fearg
Chraosleagh dhearg le laimh chli ;
Mharbhadh leathsa steithid an fhir
Us is mor an cion rinneadh leis.
An sin nuair thearn an Dearg
Le fearg us le fraoch uabhair,
Ged bu mhor a smachd,
Dhiar e comhrag coig ciad laoch !
Nam bitheadh an coig ciad laoch slan,
Tigheachd bho bhail ail nan arm
Nochd tean gum bitheadh tu.

DUNADH.

The following explanations are given :—

Ruai nan Eun ; some sporting ground now unknown.

Us ; the proper contraction for agus.

Seol ramhuin ; the beach water (Oar guidance.)

Sunnaint ; graceful (hero-like.)

Mathachd ; choicest, superlative from math.

Baoighear ; fool (baoighear mor, stupid fool.)

Air do ti ; air do thighinn-sa, on your track.

Damhanaig ; bull fight. The description is satirical.

Craosleach ; a spear made of the red wood of a tree.

Steithid ; stay or support.

The following " Note" relative to the great Gaelic Dictionary of the Highland Society deserves to be preserved as a curiosity. It is printed like a circular, and appears to have been addressed to the Secretary of the Highland Society. It may not be out of place to add that the Gaelic scholars of this day form a very different opinion of the Highland Society's Dictionary from that formed by the anonymous author of the circular in question. Who is the " Caledonian" referred to in the last paragraph, and where were his " animadversions" published ? Perhaps some Gael may inform me. The circular is as follows :—

N O T E.

It is respectfully requested, that the Highland Society of Scotland would, after their next General Meeting in July, intimate to the public, whether they are now in possession of any additional

information respecting more sufficient materials for the (long pretended and protracted) *Gaelic Dictionary*, than that contained in the proof-sheets handed about some years ago ; another and a better specimen of their further researches, and more perfect knowledge of language and letters, is most anxiously wished for.

Such proper Antiquarians as are well acquainted with Aboriginal Language and Sacred History, must know, of course, that single letters are, of themselves, proper words, but the Highland Society of Scotland, which they take pride in calling themselves, are not possessed of any such knowledge or ideas, as is evident, *vide*, "Focloir ;" a production, indeed, of the most horrid scholarship ! Should it be supposed as a Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, and by so great a name, (preserve us !) as the Highland Society of Scotland !

Whether that great and good people are a perfect learned body, and Masters of Arts and Letters, we believe that no very ordinary or common man would think himself at liberty and safe to question ; but this may be a most proper time to object to such absurdities as are like to be imposed upon us by the wonderful literati of modern times. A complete Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, faithfully compiled by a learned society, would give light to Europe, and much further. Were the Society to say that they know nothing more in reality of the language which they say they are about to compile a Dictionary of, we are well aware that a specimen might soon be produced that would easily convince the judicious scholar and impartial world that the Society's "Focloir" should have never seen the light, as it offers rather to destroy than save our last grand boast—our mother tongue.

Such as know something of definition must admit that we may indisputably be ashamed of the Highland Society of Scotland's proof sheets—a melancholy proof indeed, and, we believe, of their best endeavours and judgment ; and yet we greatly doubt whether any pure Gaelic can really be proved in all their productions.

But "they may do weel for a' they have done yet, only they're nae just begun yet !"

The learned compiler, the Rev. Dr. McLeod, has been so seriously teased by "A Caledonian," whose animadversions we justly admire, and yet, in a manner, feel for the poor man, notwithstanding his defects, that, to avoid personality, we rather say the Society, who are no *bodie*, or their *Ckoommittee*, whose erudition does no credit to the great fame of our "*Clan a Gàel*."

To the Secretary of the Highland
Society of Scotland.

10th June, 1822.

The next piece I will submit to you is apparently old. It is entitled "Oran Fear Drum-a'-Chaoin." I know nothing about it further than that the scenes alluded to are principally in the north of Perthshire, and that the poem appears to have been composed in prison. I give it without any emendations—simply as it came into my hands.

ORAN FEAR DRUM-A-CHAOIN.

Ochdan mar tha mi fhein,
Och mo chreach leir so chuir mi 'n sas,
Gur e dh'fhàg mo chasan trom,
An serìob lom so a chuir mi Bhlàr.

Ochdan mar tha mo chas'
A's nach faidh mi toirt as an iarn ;
Cadail cha'n fhaidh mi steach,
Oh ! sann a mach tha mo mhianu.

Se bu mhiannach leam bhi sìubhal bheann,
Le bogha sreang agus le coin ;
Dhol an ghleann am bi na feidh,
Ged' tha mi fhein air n' son.

Ach mhic Dhonnacha nan Lub,
Is mor chuis so th' agam ort,
Thug thu m' fhearann thar mo cheann,
Sgrìobh thu bhann rinn mo lot.

A's thusa Mhic Thearlach nan téud,
Is mor am béud a rinn do lamh ;
'Nuair ghlac thu an duine gun lochd,
A's e ri taobh an loch a thamh.

Dh'fhag thu mo thigh mòr gun tughadh,
A's mo shabhal air bheag dian ;
Is tha beart eile is dorra leam,
Mo chlann gun athair ach Crìosd.

Lubag bhoichd an bun an stuichd,
Cìod e an t-olc so thug thu seang,
A's mi bhi buachailleachd do bhuichd,
Mu'n deannadh lot na dhruim.

Ad' chruban ni e do lotsadh,
Lubag bhoichd an da mhinn ;
Le saighead chorrònach gheur,
Sa'm bogha treun ga 'm bith an t-sreang.

Cia mar a shloinneas mi an damh donn,
Thig a steach air mullach bheann,
Mac na h-eilde air an tòm,
Nach do chrom fo speinns a cheann.

Ach nis bho'n chaisg iad air mo shaor,
Na daoine nach leig mi dhachaidh,
Beir bhuam soiridh agus cuimhneach,
Gu Ian suairce Mac-a-Phearsain.

A's gu Mac sin Challumnaich Iain,
Aig am bu daighean bhithidh mo sgeul,
Is tric bha sinn sa choire chreagach,
Is na daimh sa mhaduinn ag eiridh.

Soiridh bhuam gu Braidh Gharaidh,
Gu h-aird, gu h-uisge, a's gu h-isleadh,
A's gu ruidh gorm a ghlas choir,
Far an do chleachd sinn bhi san oidhehe.

Soiridh gu Eusan a Chearcuile,
A's gu glas Fhea na'n aidhean,
A's gu bruachain Coire Luidhearni,
Is gu bruichean an fhuairean duith.

Soiridh gu Duth Innis a Chruidh,
A's gu Leitir dhu na'n sonn ;
Is gu coire creagach a Mhaim bhain,
A' minic an d' rinn mo lamh toll.

Soiridh gu Bealach na Cloiche,
Fàr am faicinn bhos a's thall ;
Gu slios loch Eridh an fheidh,
A's bu mhiannach leam fhein bhi ann.

Soiridh gu Bein eibhinn Ossain,
A'm fochar loch a's bheann ;
Fàr an eireadh Grian gu moch,
Is cuid an creach nach eile mi ann.

Soiridh eile gu Meall Arr,
A's gu braidh Coire Dhomhnuidh ;
Gu Beul Sporan agus Fraoch Corra,
Is gu Meall ard Laodh na còmhair.

Soiridh uam gu Straithain Phádrúig,
A's gu aros na'n aidhean breac,
Gus am Meadur gus an Dùn,
Gus an taobh ud eile 'n loch.

Soiridh gu Fea na'n Cuaran,
A's gu Conn tom uasail na seilge,
A's gu Bruachean na craobh seilich,
Nach faguinn air deire no an dearmad.

Ach mile marbhasg air a Tùr so,
Mur dubailt e o bhun gu bharr;
A's ged a bheirinn clach idir as,
Gur mor a tartar gu lar.

Chunnaic mise moch an diugh,
Bhean a b'annsa leam fo'n ghrein,
A's cha d' fhuair mi aon fhacal di,
Mur charstal mile do'n Bhlàr.

Is truagh nach robh mi a's tu O!
Anns an aldan chuil ud thall,
Is mu'n d' thiginn dh'amhaire Tùr's,
Dheaninn iul gu Innse Ghall.

I am not aware that the subjoined song has ever been in print in any form. I took it down from the recitation of Alexander Kennedy, Bohuntin, Brae-Lochaber. According to Kennedy it is very old, and is the composition of a daughter of one of the Camerons of Lochiel, the hero being her father's Forester:—

Latha dhomh 's mi 'n coill nan dearcag
Feadh an fhraoich ri taobh an aitiunn
Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó;
Feadh an fhraoich ri taobh an aitiunn
'Buain nan cnò air bharr gach slataig
Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
'Buain nan cnò air bharr gach slataig
Chuala mi d'fhùdar a' lasadh,
Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó;
Chuala mi d'fhùdar a' lasadh,
'S dh' fhoighnich mi co rinn a' chaismeachd
Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó;

Dh' fhoighnich mi co rinn a' chaismeachd,
 'S gur mi fein nach ruigeadh 'leas e,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 'S gur mi fein nach ruigeadh 'leas e,
 Oganach ùr de Chloinn Lachluinn
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Oganach ùr de Chloinn Lachluinn,
 Dha math an tig còta breacain,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Dha math an tig còta breacain,
 'S feile cruinn de'n bhreacan dhaighte,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Feile cruinn de'n bhreacan dhaighte,
 'S boineid dhu-ghorm anns an fhasan,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Boineid dhu-ghorm anns an fhasan,
 'S osain ghearr nach iarr an gartan,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Osain ghearr nach iarr an gartan,
 Shiubhlainn leat 'Ghleann-laoigh air astar,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Shiubhlainn leat 'Ghleann-laoigh air astar,
 Mar sid agus da thaobh Loch-Arcaig,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Mar sid agus da thaobh Loch-Arcaig,
 'S truagh a ri nach cinneadh mac leinn,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 'S truagh a ri nach cinneadh mac leinn,
 Coignear, no sianar, no seachdnar
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Coignear, no sianar, no seachdnar,
 'S bu shunndach a dhianainn an altrun,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Bu shunndach a dhianainn an altrun
 'S bheirinn glùn a's cioch ma seach dhoibh,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Bheirinn glùn a's cioch ma seach dhoibh,
 'S dh-oilte fion os-cionn am baistidh,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Dh-oilte fion os-cionn am baistidh,
 Mar sid agus Mac-na-bracha !
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.

Mar sid agus Mac-na-bracha !
 'An tigh mòr an urlair fharsuing,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 'An tigh mòr an urlair fharsuing,
 'S gheibhinn *post* dha'n t-seachdnar mhacan,
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Gheibhinn *post* dha'n t-seachdnar mhacan—
 Fear 'na Dhiùc dhiubh 's fear 'na Mharcus !
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Fear 'na Dhiùc dhiubh 's fear 'na Mharcus !
 Fear 'na Iarla 's fear na Chaiptein !
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Fear 'na Iarla 's fear na Chaiptein !
 Fear na Cheannard air na Gaisgich !
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.
 Fear na Cheannard air na Gaisgich !
 'S fear na Sgrìobhadair am Peirt dhiubh !
 Hò hi-rí hùg órann ó.

I will for the present conclude with the following fragment. It is apparently very old, and is said to be the composition of a Skye-man. It tells its own tale :—

Ged bhiodh fear a's té
 Subbach sòlasach,
 'S dùil aca le chéile
 Gu'm posadh iad ;
 Ged a bhiodh iad reidh
 Dh-fhaoidte 'n cur bho chéil'—
 'S nach fhaigh sinn gu léir
 Ach' an t-Ordachadh.
 Ach c'aite 'n cualas riabh
 'S an Roin-Eorpa so
 Caileag a bha 'ciad
 Leannan pòsd aice !
 Mar a h-eil mi fìor
 Na creidibh mo sgial
 'S gheibh mi dusan fianus
 A chòmhdhaicheas.
 'Nuair chaidh mi thar sàil
 Dh' fhàg mi 'n nead ud fas
 'N dùil gu'm bithinn tràth
 Mu'm biodh eòin innte !

Tha i nise làn
 Mar tha fhios aig càch—
 Dh' fhainich mise tràth
 Gu'm bu "Sheònaid" i!
 An cuala sibh mar dh' éirich
 Do Sheònaid
 Ged 's mòr a thug mi spéis
 An tùs m' oige dhi?
 Bha dùil againn le cheil'
 Gu'm bitheamaid réidh
 Ach 'sann a bha mi 'geill'
 Do mo Ghòraiche!
 An té do'n tug mi luaidh
 Ged a b' fhad i uam,
 Bha mi 'n dùil gu'm buannaichinn
 Còir oirre—
 Bha mi 'n dùil aon uair
 Nach dianadh i m' fhuath'
 'S nach robh 'h-aigheadh uasal,
 Cho mòr-charach!

9TH JANUARY, 1878.

A meeting took place on this date, but the business was entirely of a routine character.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The sixth Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Caledonian Hotel, on Tuesday, 15th January, 1878. The chair was occupied by Captain A. MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, late of the 42nd Highlanders, who was supported by Provost Simpson, Mr. Mackintosh of Holme; Mr. Mackay, Ben Reay; Mr. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Bailie Noble; Ex-Bailie Davidson; Mr. W. B. Forsyth, *Inverness Advertiser*; the Rev. Mr. Bisset, Stratherrick; and Mr. D. Whyte, Church Street. The croupiers were Mr. Hugh Rose, solicitor, and Mr. Colin Chisholm, Broadstone Park. Among those present were—

Mr. Charles Innes, solicitor; Mr. Grant, Royal Tartan Warehouse; Mr. Walter Carruthers, *Inverness Courier*; Mr. G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Dr. Mackenzie, Church Street; Mr. Hamilton, solicitor; Mr. John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr. D. Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; Mr. Macpherson, commission agent, Union Street; Mr.

Mackenzie, *Free Press*, secretary of the Society; Mr. Krause, Waverley Hotel; Rev. Mr. Cameron, Gaelic Church; Mr. Macgregor, the Hotel, Invermoriston; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond; Mr. Wm. Mackay, draper, High Street; Mr. John Macdonald, live stock agent; Mr. Huntly Fraser, Kinmylies; Mr. James Barron, of the *Courier*; Mr. George Robertson, Bank of Scotland; Mr. W. Mackay, solicitor; Mr. Macgillivray, solicitor; Mr. Andrew Macdonald, solicitor; Mr. Campbell, Manitoba; Mr. Alex. Macleod, grocer, Bridge Street; Mr. Macrae, late of Fernaig, Bunchrew; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*; Mr. Macrae, late of Leackachan, Ness Bank; Mr. John Ross, Glenalbyn Hotel; Mr. William Mackenzie, Bridge Street; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, merchant, Church Street; Mr. Chas. Macdonald, Union Street; Mr. Roderick Macrae, Beauly; Mr. Fraser, Mauld, Strathglass; Mr. John Murdoch, *Highlander* office; Mr. John Menzies, Caledonian Hotel; Mr. Finlay Maciver, Church Street; Mr. Aeneas Fraser, 74 Church Street; Mr. George Macbean, 42 Union Street; Mr. James Cameron, Church Street; Mr. Ross, Water and Gas Office; Mr. Hugh Fraser, Huntly Street; Mr. Hood, commercial traveller; Mr. Chas. Ferguson, Raigmore; Mr. Robert Thomson, grocer, Tomnahurich Street; Mr. John Macdonald, clerk, Town Chamberlain's Office; Mr. D. A. Campbell, builder, &c.

After an excellent dinner had been done ample justice to, and thanks returned by the Rev. Mr. Cameron of the Gaelic Church,

The Secretary was called upon to read the names of a number of gentlemen from whom apologies for inability to attend were received. These were as follows:—

The Earl of Seafield; Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart.; Cluny; Mr. Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, Inverness; John Rhys, Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford; C. S. Jerram, Windlesham, Surrey; John Mackay, C.E., Swansea; Donald Mackay, of Ceylon, at Swansea; Dr. Stratton, Devonport; Dr. Charles Mackay, London; Duncan MacLachlan, of MacLachlan & Stewart, publishers, Edinburgh; A. Mackintosh Shaw, G.P.O., London; Rev. Lachlan MacLachlan, Tain; Peter Mackintosh, Grantown; Ewen Macrae, Braintra, Lochalsh; Duncan Macrae, Ardintoul, Lochalsh; John Macfarquhar, M.A., Inverness; Rev. A. Macgregor Rose, F. C. Manse, Evie and Rendall, Orkney; Rev. John Fraser, Rosskeen; Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park, Inverness; Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg; Rev. James Grant, Ullapool; Colin Stewart, merchant, Dingwall; Simon Mackenzie, Gardiner's Crescent, Edinburgh;

William Nicolson, Lydney ; Donald Ross, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools, Glasgow ; Alexander Burgess, banker, Gairloch ; Rev. Alex. Macrae, F. C. Manse, Clachan, Kintyre ; T. D. Campbell, Inverness, Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William ; Captain Small, of Dirnauean, Perthshire ; Duncan Sinclair, Lochalsh ; J. G. Sutherland, Bower, Caithness ; Rev. Wm. Dawson, Inverness ; John Macdonald, Dunphail ; Alex. Ross, Alness ; Alex. Macrae, Glenoze, Skye ; William Alexander Smith, Manchester ; D. Davidson of Tulloch ; Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail ; P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit ; Alex. Dallas, Town Clerk ; Rev. A. Macgregor, Inverness ; John Grant, Cardiff ; Geo. M. Campbell, of Ceylon, at Dyke ; Angus Nicolson, of the *Gael* ; A. R. Macdonald Jeffrey, London ; Alexander Carmichael, Benbecula, &c. A congratulatory telegram was received just before dinner from Mr. John Mackay, Swansea, as follows :—"Piseach air Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis. Bithibh duineil, a' leantainn gu dluth ri cliu ur sinnsear, a' cur air adhart gach ni a bhitheas air son maith agus cliu nan Gaidheal agus math na duthcha." To this the Secretary replied :—"Failte's furan do 'n oglach dhuineil, agus taing Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, air son a dheadh dthurachd agus a choinhaire mhaith. Ni sinn ar diehioll gu bhi leantainn gu dluth ri cliu ar sinnsear."

Dr. Charles Mackay wrote :—"It would give me very great pleasure to be present at the sixth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, if it were possible for me at this season to leave London. I feel honoured at having been invited, as my best wishes will be with you in my involuntary absence. Compelled to remain in London or near it at this season, I can only say, in the words of the old song—

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go,—

not

A chasing the wild deer and following the roe,

but wishing God-speed to the efforts of all who are engaged in keeping up the old Highland spirit, and in keeping before the world the claims of the Gaelic language, to be considered one of the finest, as it is one of the most ancient, now spoken in the world."

The Chairman then asked the company to charge their glasses for the first toast—the health of the Queen. Amidst loud cheers he then spoke as follows in Gaelic :—*A dhaoine uaisle, a mhuinntir Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis,—Bho'n a chuir sibh mise—a tha cho suarach—anns a' chathair onorach so, 'se mo dhleasan agus m' aoibhneas a nise, deoch-slaicte na Ban-rìgh 'thoirt dhuibh.*

Cha ro Rìgh na Ban-rìgh riamh air a' chathair Bhreathuinn each a bha cho measail, cliu-thoilltinneach, agus cho sluagh thaitneach 'sa tha Bhan-rìgh again fhein, Victoria. Tha mi gle chinnteach nach eil Gaidheal ann an so a nochd, no ann an cearnac eile dhe 'n t-saoghal ma chuairt, nach eil air a lasadh suas le gaol, gràdh, agus speis mhor m'a timchioll. C'aite am beil an Gaidheal nach toir-eadh a bheatha seachad air a son, na'm bitheadh a' chuis feumail agus freagarach? Tha mi 'n dòchas nach eil a leithid idir ann! Air an taobh eile, tha fios a's cinnte againn gu'm beil tlachd mor aig a' Bhan-rìgh air na Gaidheil agus air a' Ghaidhealtachd. Seall mar tha i 'fagail Sasuinn cho luath sa's urra dhi h-uile bliadhna, agus a' fuireach comhlath rinn fhein cho fad sa tha e na comas. Gu'mm a fada beo i! Dhia beannaich i! So m atha, deoch-slainge na Ban-rìgh. (Loud cheers and Highland honours).

Piper—"Fàilte na Ban-rìgh"—The Queen's Salute.

The Chairman again said--Gentlemen, as I fear there may be some present who have not the Highland advantage of being *au fait* in the two languages—the modern Saxon and the ancient Gaelic—I think it would be rather unfair that the proceedings should be exclusively in our native Highland tongue. I have therefore the honour to propose the Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family. From all we have heard and seen of the Prince of Wales, we know that his heart is in the right place. He is proud of the Scotch blood flowing in his veins, and, like his Royal and Imperial mother, he delights in the Highlands and in Highlanders, and takes a proper pride and pleasure in frequently appearing in the Highland garb. It is evident that true Highland feelings reign paramount in high and Royal places. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family. (Cheers.)

Piper—"Highland Laddie."

The Chairman—I have now the pleasure of asking you to drink a flowing bumper to the Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces—a toast never omitted at public Highland gatherings. Generations of Highlanders have served with honour and renown in all the branches of the service on sea and land. At present Highlanders are well represented even in the Royal Navy. Many of the high admirals are Scotchmen, and one in particular is a real Highland chief of a very noble clan. I mean Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, Knight Commander of the Star of India, and Chief of Clanranald. It was coolness and courage in the hour of danger that made the Highlander the glory of his country. As an instance of cool pluck and bravery, I will mention an incident which happened in the

year 1801, in the regiment I had the honour of serving in for many years. During the battle of Alexandria a thick fog and smoke enveloped the right and left wings of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, which were drawn up in parallel lines. A French regiment—the “Invincibles”—preceded by a six-pounder, under cover of the smoke of battle (for there was not a breath of wind that morning), managed to get in between the two wings, so as to occupy the rear of the front line and the front of the second line. What did the Highlanders do? The right wing instantly charged to its proper front, while the rear rank of the left wing, facing to the right about, charged to its rear (a manœuvre not drilled into them on parade!) The enemy, thus between two fires, were soon placed *hors de combat*, and the (200) survivors of the “Invincibles” threw down their arms, and delivered the standard to Major Stirling of the 42nd, and surrendered. The Black Watch beat their opponents in front and rear! Now I appeal to military men if that was not an instance of cool courage on the field of battle almost unparalleled. It was Dr. Jackson who said, in his “View of the Formation of Armies,” that “the peasantry of the Scottish mountains rank high in history with the Spartans who fought at Thermopylæ.” (Loud applause.) Europe is at present bristling like a hedgehog with millions of rifles and fixed bayonets. The weapons ready for the work of destruction—afloat and ashore—are formidable and terrible; and I suspect there will be a general war before we can have a permanent peace. But we may feel quite sure that, in peace or war, the navy, army, and reserve forces will do their duty, as hitherto, with credit to themselves, and with honour and glory to their country. The Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces, with Highland honours, coupled with Capt. Grant of the Inverness Rifle Volunteers. (Loud cheers).

Piper—“Cogadh no Sith”—War or Peace.

Captain Grant, in responding, said—The movement has been as popular in the Highlands as it has been throughout the rest of the country, and although a good deal of what has been said and written about Highlanders and the Highlands would lead to the belief that its whole glory had departed, and neither men nor martial spirit left, we find in the county of Inverness alone a volunteer force of a brigade of well-trained and equipped artillerymen, and a battalion of equally efficient and well-equipped riflemen, maintained up to the maximum strength, and yearly passing through their ranks a large number of young men. (Applause.) It is true that regiments of the line can neither be raised nor recruited in the Highlands as formerly, and it is also unfortunately true that High-

land districts once populous are now deserted. But apart from this, the conditions are otherwise changed where the population does exist, inasmuch as the surroundings are altogether of a more peaceful than warlike character. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to whether Highlanders are now indolent or industrious, it is quite certain that in the good old times of which we hear so much, they were not so remarkable for steady and persevering industry as they were famous for the courage, daring, and powers of endurance, developed and fostered by the feuds of rival clans and the raids and retaliations connected with the *Creach*. The tales and traditions of these times still exercise an influence in the Highlands, and without saying whether Highlanders are or are not all they are at meetings like this sometimes said to be, I do say that they largely inherit the courage, spirit, and hardihood of those who have gone before them, and there can be no reason to doubt that should the time come when there will be real work to do, they will emulate the prowess of our Highland regiments of the line, and fully maintain the honour and prestige of our native Highland hills. (Loud applause.)

The Secretary next read the annual report, which stated that the past year had been an unusually successful one for the Society. Several excellent papers had been read, and the reunions were attended with much enjoyment. The total income of the Society for the past year had been £208 5s. 9½d., and the expenditure £126 1s. 1d., leaving a balance of £82 4s. 8½d. at the credit of the Society. Out of this sum, however, some liabilities had to be wiped off, but after all there would be a considerable surplus in favour of the Society. There were 427 members on the roll, including 42 who had joined during the year. (Applause.)

The Chairman, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, was received with great enthusiasm. He said:—Gentlemen,—In proposing the toast of the evening, “Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness,” permit me in the first place, to thank you and the Council of the Society very sincerely for the honour done me, in selecting me to preside at this distinguished and happy Highland gathering. I highly appreciate the honour as a great compliment; but feel very sure that I am far from being the right man in the right place here to-night. When I received the courteous request of the Council, I must say the visions of this chair rather alarmed me, and I had to screw up my courage considerably before replying to them in the affirmative. To tell you the truth, I would as soon lead a forlorn-hope, in a good cause, as stand up here to give toasts and speeches in the presence of gentlemen of the Highland capital, who are so famed for ready wit, learned lectures, and eloquent

addresses. But in the circumstances, there was nothing like obeying orders, like a good soldier, and trying to do one's duty and that in the best possible way. Trusting, therefore, to your kindly excusing my shortcomings this evening, I venture now to make a few remarks relative to the toast. I think we may congratulate ourselves on the very satisfactory Report just read by our excellent secretary, Mr Mackenzie. From a comparatively small and precarious beginning in 1871, and in spite of all the cold water thrown upon the project, the Society has now arrived at a condition of vitality and strength, and a position of importance that promises to become eventually one of sound and permanent prosperity. It has certainly passed quickly and safely through the infantile stages of its existence—which is always so full of troubles and trials—and we may now have every hope it will in due time prove of great practical value in effecting the praiseworthy objects it has taken in hand. It is unnecessary that I should tax your patience, by enumerating or enlarging on the various objects of the Society. They are well known, and have been made familiar by those eloquent, true Highlanders, Cluny Macpherson, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Professor Blackie, Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, our Highland M.P.; and though last not least, the independent and indomitable editor of the *Highlander*. Persons anxious for further information should most certainly read those very interesting books, the Annual Transactions of our Society—a perusal will prove very gratifying, and will show Highlanders that the objects of the Gaelic Society are specially such as deserve their individual appreciation. Surely, as Highlanders, we are bound in duty and honour to do all in our power, with head, heart, and hand, to uphold and assist the Society in its laudable undertakings, so that it may be continually accomplishing the literary, national, and social duties for which it exists, and thus it will deserve the attention, respect, and support of true Highlanders at home and abroad, and the gratitude and applause of future generations of Highlanders and Celts all over the world. Since the formation of the Society a great and wholesome change has come over the sentiments and opinions that prevailed in the kingdom regarding the Celts and Highlanders and their language. The Gaelic branch of the Celtic language is now studied by many who never before gave it a thought. It is becoming quite fashionable in high quarters, and, I am happy to say, the ladies, north and south, are taking a lively interest in it, which is a very good sign. And well is it worthy of attention and study. It is a noble and venerable language, and one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, now in existence. It is bold, masculine, copious, melodious, and poetical.

It is also a distinct language, deriving no assistance from the languages of Greece or Rome, and differing from them entirely in its structure and formation. We know that for about 150 years after the flood—*i.e.*, about 2200 B.C.—“the whole earth was *one tongue*, and of the same speech.” I think he would be a very clever fellow indeed who could prove that the Gaelic or Celtic language was not that one speech. The Celtic language at the time of the Roman invasion was universally spoken all over the west of Europe. Our Gaelic dialect of the ancient Celtic is still a living language here, and in many other portions of the world, especially in our Colonies. It is the language of our forefathers, and the language of our hearts; we must love and cherish it as our mother tongue. Although it is doomed to die out, like all things mortal, we must not forget that it has survived the fury of its foes and the ravages of time during at least 3000 years. And it will be living and strong long after we have gone to eternity. Allow me to read a short extract from a learned and most interesting article on the Gaelic language in a London magazine, *Catholic Progress* for December, with the initials A. P. C. Here it is:—“The Scotch Gaelic branch of the Celtic is that which is spoken by the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland. It is for the most part the mother tongue of those who are natives of all the Western Isles. It is also spoken in the counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Cromarty, Inverness, Nairn, Moray, Argyll, Aberdeen, and Perth. This branch of the Celtic language is not confined to Scotland alone, for on account of the great ‘clearances’ which had been going on in the Highlands during the last century, very many Gaelic settlements were formed in the Colonies, such as Australia and New Zealand. We learn from a Highlander who went out to New Zealand some fifteen years ago, that on his arrival at Dunedin, Otago, what astonished him most, and delighted him above all, on those far distant shores, was to meet a little Maori boy singing most melodiously, in the purest Gaelic accent, that song which is so well known to every Highlander:—

‘Gabhaidh mis an rathad mor,’ &c.’”

In North America, however, the tongue of the Gael seems to have a persistence which can hardly be surpassed at home. Dr. Charles Mackay and Mr. Masson tell us (in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness) that “not only is Gaelic largely spoken in Canada, but that Gaelic books are still printed and used in the Confederation. Mr. Masson, a Protestant Missionary, preached in Canada to large and appreciative congregations . . . also in Pictou County, Cape Breton, Prince Edward’s Island, and Nova

Scotia . . . Besides these, thousands of the natives who serve the Gaels all speak the same language. So much for the geographical possessions of the Gaelic language." (Applause.) Now, as to the costume of the Gael—the "Garb of old Gaul"—I think we Highlanders should have a healthy enthusiasm regarding everything connected with our dear native country. And surely the Gaelic Society of the Highland Capital will be expected, in a special manner, to give the best example in all things Highland—in fact, to be a model and pattern, if possible, to all kindred societies. As we are expected to cherish our language, poetry, and music, would it not be inconsistent to seem to have lost taste for our native dress and clan tartans, as if we had made up our minds never to appear in public except disguised as Saxons? On a festive and truly Highland occasion, such as this is, what a glad some sight it would be if the Highland dress predominated. A well appointed kilt, with its ample and graceful folds grasping the loins around, and producing a comfortable glow of heat over the whole man, is as warm and healthful and manly a dress as any Highlander can wear—not to mention its being the most martial and most becoming in the world.

Feileadh beag a's sporan donn,
Cota goirid fos a chionn,
Sid an rud a thog a' fonn,
Biodag Dho'uil 'ic Alastair.

A Highland gentleman properly dressed in his clan tartan feels inspired with pure enlightened emotions of patriotism and love for the land that bore him—feels a confidence in the superiority of his appearance, compared with the miserable figure he would make in a chimney-pot hat, swallow-tailed coat, and black tight pantaloons! I can speak from my own experience. I have never gone through the struggling operation of shoving myself into a pair of "unmentionables"—a' *Bhriogais-lachdunn*—without a panting and loonish kind of feeling of turning tail on my clan and country. When a man begins to be ashamed of his country, and looks upon his native dress and language as "nuisances," we may be sure that the "stirring memories and historic renown" of his country and forefathers are fast losing their charms for him, and will soon fade away, to make room for less worthy emotions. Therefore, I say, let us cherish the Gaelic and the "Garb of old Gaul," if we wish to retain any of the "Fire of old Rome." As Highlanders, we have nothing to be ashamed of (except perhaps a want of public and patriotic spirit in asserting ourselves, and showing that we,

especially, are of the soil). On the contrary, we have many things of which we may justly be proud. Love of country is a feeling and sentiment divinely implanted in our souls which we should carefully cherish. Of course, a man must love, honour, and revere the Christian religion above everything on earth, but next to that comes love of kindred and country, and I think all Highlanders are famed all over the world for the love they bear to their native hills and glens, and for their love to one another, which grows in warmth, the further away in foreign climes, when everything that reminds us of our country has a wonderful charm for us, it is then that the sight of a tartan plaid or a kilt, or the hearing of Gaelic, or the soul-inspiring tones of the war-pipe, is electrifying and transporting. Let us then cling together, and shoulder to shoulder we will aspire with Highland determination, to acquire everything that is good, noble, and true in Christianity and nationality. And with Highland hearts united, we may defy the efforts of political knaves, or religious bigots, to break in upon our prerogatives, or to rob us of that peace and prosperity and respectability which ought to belong to us as Christians and Highlanders, and which shall belong to us if we are manly and true to ourselves, and make a proper use of the powers that the Almighty has implanted in our souls and placed at our disposal. Now then, let us drink Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness—may it flourish and prosper ; and I will add—may the sprigs of the thistle in every clime be always a credit to the parent stem. (Loud cheers and Highland honours).

Piper—"The Garb of Old Gaul."

Ex-Bailie Davidson proposed the toast of "The Members of Parliament for the County and Burghs." He remarked that Acts of Parliament were as necessary in their way to secure and preserve peace to the country as an army and navy, and in that light it was most important to have wise and efficient representatives in our legislative assembly. Such men he thought they had to represent the county of Inverness and the district of burghs. They were both true Highlanders, and had proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them by their constituents. Lochiel's merits as a county gentleman were well known to all present, and politically he stuck fast to his colours. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was equally well known to his constituency, and it would be generally admitted that he had not only done all that his friends expected of him in Parliament, but a good deal more than others thought he would. But while both gentlemen had attended well to the business of their constituencies, they had done an excellent stroke of business for themselves since entering Parliament—they entered as respectable

bachelors, but were now both respectable married men. The Members of Parliament, with all the honours.

Piper—"O'er the water to Charlie."

Mr. Jolly, H.M.I.S., then proposed "Celtic Literature and the Celtic Chair," in a manner that called forth loud and frequent applause. Mr. Jolly has since enlarged the speech for the *Celtic Magazine*, from which publication we quote the following:—It is not unfrequently asked, in real sincerity—Is there a Gaelic Literature other than the doubtful Ossian? Certainly; and a rich and good one. That has been shown to some extent in Gray's specimens from the Welsh bards; by Mathew Arnold, when, in Oxford, who opened up in some measure this unknown field; by Pattison, in his translations from the Gaelic poets; but it has been proved beyond cavil or question by our chief, Professor Blackie, in his brilliant sketch of that literature, and his more brilliant examples of its power and pathos. That one book is a sufficient answer to the question, an answer so good that it has taken our literateurs by surprise, and caused astonishment to the *Times*—that here, for generations, we have been neglecting and despising, with English self-sufficiency, a rich fountain of song, a mine of poetic wealth, at our very door. Henceforth no history of British literature will be complete that does not include a Celtic chapter, merely as a statement of fact, if for no higher poetical, literary, or national reasons. I remember well when first I was introduced to this fountain of lyric fire and feeling, many years ago, away at the back of Schiehallion—when a Gaelic friend and myself, after ascending the great mountain cone, found a selection of Gaelic poetry in English, in Rogers' work, in an empty shepherd's sheiling at the foot of the mountain, along with the Bible and Madeleine Smith's trial! There we sat and read Dugald Buchanan's Last Day and other pieces; and there I first got a glimpse into a vista of real poetry—in that lone Highland glen, a fitting place for a first experience of a literature that mirrors the grand, the sublime, the solitary, and the beautiful, among the wild glens and bens of the north. Since then I have gone into the subject, and it is my simple conviction that it is a poetry and a literature of remarkable power, high poetic fervour, wide sweep of emotional range—a proud possession for any people to have; which as a nation, we have done ourselves an injury to have neglected. I am sure that this will be the opinion of all who study the subject, and this I assert, without fear of gainsaying. The lyric fire burns in the heart of the Highland people, and poets amongst them are sown as wide as their native heather, and as much the native product of the mountains. Gaelic poets are so numerous, that a Highlander

could challenge any one to name a district, almost a glen, in which, and of which, a poet has not sung. If we were even merely to *enumerate* the sons of song, from the bard of Loch Fyne and Alister Macdonald in the south-west ; to William Ross, the Gaelic Burns ; and the sarcastic and clever Rob Donn in the north, who lies by his monument, in the old churchyard near Cape Wrath ; and west to Mary Macleod, at Dunvegan and MacCodrum in the Machars of North Uist, who rests near the hamlet of Houghary, under the rough gneiss flag, which Professor Blackie and I religiously visited : we should have a list surprisingly extended and honourable, which few people could show, in the same narrow and rugged territory. The character of the poetry itself is also of no common order. It touches, delicately and powerfully, most strings of the human heart—from death and the battle ode, through fierce and terrible vengeance, manly independence, proud scorn, deepest sorrow, sarcastic and sparkling humour, to the sweetest feelings of home and country and nature, and the tenderest utterances of dearest love. Then its descriptions of nature antedated and anticipated Wordsworth and Burns and the modern naturalistic school by many a year. Witness the careful and beautiful delineations of the varied phases of nature, in the immortal poem of Ben Doran, and many more ; the lovingly minute observations of natural scenes, wild animals, notably the graceful deer and native flowers. But poetry does not exhaust the wealth of the literature. There is strong and capital prose, of which the excellent *Teachdaire*, with its fine humour, powerful delineation of character, first-rate style, and high tone, is an excellent example. Look also at the floating song and proverb and story still existing among the people—a people in this respect both ancient and modern—which have been gathered, in part, in the four volumes of Campbell of Islay, which appear in the Celtic Magazines, and of which our good friend, Mr. Carmichael, in Benbecula, has such a store, and to which he is constantly adding. It is the knowledge of all this, amongst other things, that makes me contend for the need and wisdom of teaching Highland children, before leaving school, this rich educative literature. We require to rise above the bare utilitarianism of the three R's, to the greater functions of education—those of the higher intellect and heart ; and these cannot be trained in any people except through their native tongue, the language of home, the fireside, and the field, and of the thousand memories of childhood and youth, the language of love and devotion—the only medium, therefore, of the culture of the heart and higher nature. This is a function of education which requires to be more realised than it is, and which Professor Blackie does

well so strongly and so constantly to press on public attention, even that of the Highlanders themselves. There is no doubt Allan Cunningham speaks the truth felt by the universal human heart, when he says, "I cannot feel my heart's-blood coming warm, and my soul leaping to my lips, in any other music than that of my native country ;" and the same is true of its literature, especially of its lyrical poetry, "the beauteous alliance of words with music" as he calls it. And where there is a literature in the native tongue of such power for such ends as exists in Gaelic, it is an educational and a national mistake to ignore it, as too many Highlanders themselves do. Not a Highland child should leave school, without being at least introduced to this wonderful source of enjoyment, and means of higher culture ; just as no English child should leave school, without some possession of a similar kind in English literature ; and, with *both* languages well taught, what a fine prospect Highland children might have, with access to the riches of both languages ! But there is a higher aspect of the question of teaching Highland children to read their native tongue. Is it not a vital loss, and a source of gravest regret, that any Highland man or woman should be found—as they are unhappily too often found—unable to read the words of the Sacred Volume, the source of their devotion and deeper feelings, and of the breathings of their souls in daily prayer ? Surely no one, however utilitarian or anti-Celtic, will deny the advantage, nay, the imperative need, of every one being able to read the language of his pious aspirations, and the Book in which his highest hopes are centred, the language round which play the thousand hallowed memories and emotions that belong only to the tongue of early devotion and childish prayer. The Gaelic is the language of the Bible and the religious life of the Gaelic people, and the cry that Gaelic should not be taught means the shutting out of thousands from the possibility of using and knowing these with any intelligence. Do let opponents of Gaelic observe that the question of teaching Gaelic, *while it is a spoken language*, is altogether apart from the question of the desirability of the extinction of Gaelic, for national or progressive purposes. This extinction might be, and would be, an advantage to the people in many ways which we cannot here speak of, as an integral portion of a great nation with a common life and daily literature. But that is not the point. Gaelic *is* the daily language of half-a-million people, and, *while it exists*, its higher educative power should be acknowledged and used. "The posies of our fathers and mothers it is not seemly to let wither !" To do otherwise is a practical and educational mistake. Here, again, certain distinctions require to be made. In

pleading for the teaching of Gaelic, I do not mean that English should be less taught than it is: English will be and should be taught as the language of the country, current thought, general intercourse, and national life. Being a foreign tongue to the Gaelic speakers, it requires as much time given to it from the first as possible, to gain any intelligent or practical power over it. I am glad the general Highland mind is what I consider sound on this question, and that only a very few contend for the educational heresy of beginning with the reading of Gaelic, a notion that has roused even sensible people against the *whole* subject, and made them condemn a good thing on account of an ultra-enthusiastic advocacy of it. Use Gaelic as it should be used, to train the intelligence all through, *and there is no other way*; teach the child to read it when he has gained a fluent reading power; introduce him then to his rich native literature, and through that natural medium, *and it is the only one*, thrill his soul with high poesy, fervid emotion, and the practical wisdom of his race; accustom him also to know the literature of the richer English speech, and gain increased cultivation from its noble stores; and you follow nature, make use of a living lingual instrument of the highest power over the man, and give him the possibilities of higher education and a generous culture. All this can easily be done with a little practical knowledge of education, and it is to be hoped that our educational legislators will be enlightened enough, and patriotic enough, to help it. The demand is not a great one—to ask Gaelic to be made a *special subject*, like other languages, dead and living. But whether this is conceded or not, it becomes the Highland people and friends of the Highlands to do something themselves, in order to secure greater justice to the native tongue and literature. Why wait for external Saxon help if the thing is so dear to them? Let them talk less about it and do more for it! As to the Celtic Chair, that requires no commendation from me in such an assembly, or indeed, for that matter, in any gathering of Englishmen. It is now a great and an accomplished fact; and who could have done it but our redoubtable, enthusiastic, practical, poetical, broad-hearted, and high-toned Chief himself? Professor Blackie is not the mere impracticable enthusiast he is too often thought to be. He knows where he stands in this matter, as well and as clearly and practically as the hardest and driest among his critics. The Chair has been confounded and mixed up with many little questions that have obscured its meaning and purpose. It has no relation to the question of the life or death of the tongue, which it will not accelerate or retard one single hour; it seeks to recognise a great factor in European speech, a wonderful philological instrument, as

has been done in Germany, Wales, and Oxford ; it wishes, while Gaelic is a living speech, to make it better understood, especially by those who have to use it in teaching and preaching ; and it will help to gather, ere they perish, the still existing rare fragments of folk lore and ancient thought and feeling, so as to be permanently preserved. I beg to couple with the toast the names of Mr. Murdoch of the *Highlander*—a true Highlandman, with high, outspoken, honest purpose, working well to rouse his people to real self-help and independence—and Mr. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*, who has proved that Celtic subjects can pay even in the market ; is rousing in the country an interest in Highland history and literature, and in the more difficult problems affecting the Highland people, and has had the honour of starting the recent interest and inquiry into the vital subject of Highland crofts, which we all only wish will issue in the good of an over-humble and too submissive people. (Loud cheers.)

Piper—The Gaelic Society's Quicksteps.

Mr. Murdoch, in returning thanks, said he would have preferred that Mr. Mackenzie had replied, but that gentleman declined doing so, and put him (Mr. Murdoch) forward, he presumed as the thin end of the wedge. He remarked that Celtic literature was characteristic in having its foundations in the Celtic soul, and in having for its object the redress of the wrongs, the advancement of the cause, and development of the moral and social position of the race. Ossian composed to lament the loss of his friends, to preserve their memory, and to transmit their spirit to subsequent generations, but his work was all the more real for that, and it had always the framework of utility on which to support the leaves and the flowers of pure art. Donnacha Bann lamented the banishing of the old Celtic life and the substitution of sheep for men ; he sang the loss of garb and the praises of the language of the Highlands. His singing was not the less real and artistic for its being done for the good of his people and country, and it might be said that one of the best literary productions of this generation was a poem entitled "The Raid of Albyn," by the late William Campbell, written in vindication of the rights of the Highlanders, and lamenting the usages to which they had been subjected. That poem, together with the notes by the late Lieut. Donald Campbell, would be treasured for its poetry and for the valuable information which was contained in the notes. It was a second "Deserted Village," resting on the solid foundation of fact. Nothing could better illustrate the principle referred to than the rise and progress of Professor Blackie's movement for the Celtic Chair, which had been very properly

coupled in the toast with Celtic literature. Professor Blackie did not take up the language and literature of the Highlands for their own sakes. He first took an interest in the people, and long before many now engaged in the cause of the Celt had any definite idea of the claims of people or language, he was doing battle for the crofters in the newspapers. He saw them ill-used; he began to interrogate them as to their own views and feelings; he found that there were sparks of literary life and light in their fragmentary utterances, and he discovered that these victims of a false political economy were the repositories of thoughts, of feelings, of traditions and poetry, which were so valuable in themselves as to justify a brave old man in breaking through that wall of separation which had been erected by a prejudice against their language. The more he saw into their minds the more valuable did they and their love become in his eyes, and, acting accordingly, he had, as the world knows, become master of the Gaelic language with the exception of some of the articulations, and now the Celtic chair and what of literature had grown out of this, were the efflorescence of that practical benevolence which, as had been seen in other cases, was called into action for the good of the race. Professor Blackie was fully alive to the fact, and had always shown it, that the people were more valuable than their speech, and all the philology which could possibly be formulated could not make up for the loss or for the degradation of the people; and the professor, whilst advocating the cause of literature and philology, fell back upon his old clients, the Highland peasantry, out of whose cause he had worked out a result so creditable to his head and heart, and so fraught with good in the end to the people whom he had aimed at serving. (Applause.)

Mr. Mackenzie also briefly replied, stating to the satisfaction of the meeting that he had made Celtic literature pay.

Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, rose amid great applause to propose the next toast—*Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach*. He said—A Chinn-shuidhe agus a dhaoine-uaisle,—Is docha gu 'm measar e na dhanadas domhsa a chaith da thrian de m' bheatha a mach a tir nam beann eirigh a labhairt an lathair dhaoine tapaidh, deas-chainnteach nach d' fhag riabh an duthaich. Ach bho 'n chuir an Comunn an dleasnas mu m' choinneimh is fheudar feuchainn ris. Gealaidh mi nach cum mi fada sibh. Bho eirigh gu dol fodha na greine tha Tir-nam-beann air lasadh le aighear greine, air eibhneas fo bharr-guc, agus air luiseadh le toradh dealta. Fo chaoin ordugh riaghladh nan trathan tha fuachd agus teas a' cur beatha ma seach agus a' toirt fas. Tha coille agus feur agus measan a' bruchdadh a mach troimh aghaidh

na talmhainn. Mar so tha e soillear ri fhaicinn gu 'n do chuir agus gu 'n do chum Rìgh nan Gras freumh gach por agus ni a tha feumail do mhac an duine air altrum ann an Tìr-nan-beann. Ach O mo chreach leir ! le trom choire nan daoine bho 'n d' thainig sinn, tha talamh na Gaidhealtachd a nis duinte glaiste an aghaidh an iarmadan. Tha bhuil ; sgaoil sin clann na Gaidhealtachd air feadh ceithir chearnaibh an domhain, agus tha an dachaidhean dligheach fein air an tionndadh gu reidhleinn chaorach agus gu cathar fhiadh. Ach na 'm biodh eisdeachd aig m' urnaighsa bho Dhia, no aig m' fhocal bho dhaoine, bhiodh machraichean agus Gaidhealtachd na dutchcha so air an ceangal do shluagh na dutchcha gun choir aig Rìgh no aig Uachdran air duine ghluasad an aghaidh a thoil. Tha a' chuid mhor de mhuinntir eileanan agus garbh-chrìochan na h-Alba air sgaoileadh ann an cian threan an t-saoghail ; ach is cinnteach mise gu bheil an cridhe mar an t-snathad anns a' chairt-iuil, agus an tìr mu thuath a ghnath na 'n run. Mar tha an aigneadh a' caomh-lubadh ri Tìr-nan-beann cuiridh sinne soiridh le deadh dhurachd gu gach duthaich 's am beil iad thall. Olamaid deoch slainte nan Gaidheal ge b' e aite anns am beil iad ; agus a nise—
Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach !

Tìr mo chridhe, tìr nan sonn,

Tìr nan companach duineil ;

Tìr nam ban is geannuidh beus—

Fo na ghrein is leo an t-urram !

Leigibh leam an Gaidheal smiorail, sunndach, grinn, Mr. Donnachadh Mac-Rath ainmeachadh ann an co-cheangal ris an deoch-shlainte agus an deoch-chuimhneachain so. (Great cheerin.)

[We give the following condensed English rendering of Mr. Chisholm's speech from the report of the *Free Press* :—

Mr. Colin Chisholm, Broadstone Park, proposed the toast of "*Tìr nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach*," in Gaelic. He described in glowing terms the beauty of our Highland hills, and the fertility of our Highland soil to produce all that was required to produce in the Highlander a healthy, robust constitution. But he was sorry to say that in many places the Highlands were now shut up against the Highlanders. And what was the result? The sons of the Gael were scattered throughout all quarters of the globe, and their native Highland homes converted into sheep walks or deer forests. If he had his way, or if his prayer would be answered by God or man, no Highlander could be evicted from his home. Although the Highlanders and Islanders of Scotland were now in different parts of the world, he was sure that their hearts, like the needle of the mariner's compass, always pointed to the north, and

that their native northern land had always a foremost place in their mind's eye.]

Mr. D. A. Macrae, late of Fernaig, replied. We quote the following relative thereto from the *Highlander* :—"Dressed as he was in the 'Garb of Old Gaul,' which so well suits his fine manly build; speaking as he did the language of the North, and in a style so racy, of *Tir nam Beann nan Gleann's nan Gaisgeach*, sure we are that never was the toast so appropriately responded to. Taking the words of the toast for his text, he spoke of the beauty and grandeur of the Highland hills and glens, which were not only admired by the Highland people themselves, but were the wonder of tourists from all parts of the world, from Royalty downwards. He then spoke of the Highlands as the land of heroes (*gaisigich*), and pointed to the evidence which history, ancient and modern, furnished to the bravery of the clans. What were the battle history of Great Britain but for Highlanders? Every part of his subject was enforced and illustrated by apt and telling bits of poetry and song, in a manner that completely set the reporters a-gaping, and quite electrified the audience."

Chieftain Hugh Rose asked the Chairman to favour the company with a song.

The Chairman said he would rather give them a tune on the pipe. Previous to doing so he said—It may interest some—Macraes and Mackenzies at all events—to know that this *Pìob Mhòr* belonged to the last Marquis of Seaforth (High Chief of Kintail). It was left to me by my uncle, Sir John Macrae, K.C.B., who was himself a performer, and even made pipes. You see (holding the chanter in his hand) the *Cabar-feidh* and *Tulach ard* above the chanter. The chanter is very old, and is bound with silver rings to keep it together; and some of the holes are much worn by the fingering of many years. I shall be happy to play a tune, a song, or a speech—(applause and laughter)—on the pipes. As the times are warlike, I will give you a blast or two of *Cogadh no Sìth*, or "War or Peace"—the gathering of the clans—(applause). After that I'll play "Johnnie Cope," to make you think once more of the battle of Prestonpans. Do not forget that none of Britain's battles have been fought and won without the martial strains of the war pipe. My private opinion is that we should never have taken Coomassie had not the Black Watch pipers sounded a thrilling strain of encouragement at a critical moment during the battle of Amoaful. Brigadier Allison on that occasion knew how to touch the right chord of the Highland heart. He ordered the pipers to cease firing and to blow up the pipes. The result was that an irresistible force of martial

spirit and ardour reached the ears and hearts of the men, and nothing could withstand them. They took the village at a rush, with Cluny's son commanding, wounded though he was. He was then only Major, but I am sure we all rejoice to know that he is now Colonel commanding the 42nd Royal Highlanders. The Highlanders after that, marching to the sound of pipes and drums, took Coomassie, and finished the war. The chanter at present in the pipe is a celebrated pipe-chanter long in the possession of the Highland Society of London. There were many claimants anxious to procure it; but the end of it was that the Highland Society presented it to me, being the best amateur piper known to them in 1847. I set them all a-dancing at their great dinner on 21st March. Captain Chisholm then took the pipe and played a selection of tunes, amid loud cheering and waving of handkerchiefs.

The Chairman gave the next toast, which he was sure they would all drink with enthusiasm—namely, “The Patriarchal System of Chiefs and Clans.” That system, he said, which had descended to us from our forefathers, was altogether different from the feudal system. The clansmen were bound together by bonds of affection, and not by those of vassalage and servitude. They drew their claymores for the service of their chief; but if their chief engaged in a cause with which in their hearts and souls they did not agree, they deposed that chief and elected another, as they did at Killiecrankie. The patriarchal system bound the clans to the chief and the chief to the clans by the bonds of mutual affection. It was that system, and the early training to obedience, which made the Highland soldier so distinguished in the service, so cool in imminent peril, and so subordinate to his officers.

Piper—“*Gabhaidh sinne 'n Rathad Mor*”—The Clans' March to Sheriffmuir.

Mr. Mackintosh of Holme replied.

Mr. Macdonald, Exchange, in proposing “The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness,” said—The toast I have to propose is one always well received, either in a meeting composed entirely of citizens or a mixed company, such as the gatherings of the Inverness Gaelic Society usually are. Apart from their individual worth, the gentlemen who preside over the affairs of this town are entitled to our respect for their excellent management of our municipal affairs. There are two conditions in which the affairs of a corporation, like those of a private person, require special attention and energy in conducting. One of these conditions is, when matters are going backwards and a difficulty is experienced in making ends meet; the other is a time of progres-

sion and prosperity. Now, gentlemen, I think that the latter is more descriptive of the affairs of this town at present. Vast improvements have of late years taken place in trade, buildings, and various other directions. While no doubt much of this is due to private enterprise, we all know that very much is also due to the enlightened and fostering policy of the Inverness Town Council. In the manner in which they expend the yearly increasing income of their Burgh, they show that as a body they are enterprising without being reckless. In fact it could hardly be otherwise; our present Magistracy and Council are perhaps as representative a class of men as were ever chosen to fill similar posts. All of them are men of business habits and experience; some indeed actively engaged in their own business, while others are enjoying that evening of comparative ease which should always follow a life of active and honest labour; and all of them are, I think, most attentive to their official duties. Without in the least slighting the other members of this respected body (all of whom do their work so well), I think there is one gentleman who has a very special claim on our esteem. You anticipate that I refer to Provost Alex. Simpson. His personal worth, and the good-will towards him of his fellow-citizens placed him in the Provost's chair, and all I need say is (and I know you will support the wish), that long may Inverness have for its Chief Magistrate gentlemen of his high personal and public qualities. I do not use the language of mere empty compliment when I say that perhaps no town in Scotland has produced a man who has so long, so steadily, and satisfactorily devoted so much of his time to the service of the community. We are all pleased to see him still wear his years "hale and green," and yet it would be ungrateful in us to forget that he has actually grown grey in the public service. In company with other respected townsmen, Provost Simpson's name has within the last twenty years become associated with many successful schemes of public improvement. One at least of these will perpetuate his name for, I may say, generations to come, for so long as the inhabitants of this growing town will enjoy the rich luxury of an abundant supply of good water, the Provost's memory will always rise up in grateful remembrance even when his and all our places will be filled by our successors. I need add no more to recommend to your hearty response, the toast of "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council." (Applause.)

Piper—"Clachnacudainn."

Provost Simpson, in acknowledging the toast, said—I am rejoiced to see the enthusiasm with which the Society continues in

its work, and to see a gentleman whose Highland enthusiasm is so very marked presiding. It is a great gratification to us in the Council to find that our services are so much appreciated. I have grown not only grey but white in the service, but I am quite as ready as ever for work. (Applause.)

Mr. Mackay, Ben Reay, said—The toast I have to propose is one which I am sure, from its intrinsic merits, will so commend itself to you, that no words of mine can add to the hearty manner in which it is certain to be received. The toast is “Kindred Societies.” I will not attempt to enumerate them, because their number is legion, for I hold every Society to be a Kindred Society which has among its objects even one that is in common to our own. It is only within a comparatively few years that such societies have become popular. Without looking very far back I can remember when there was only one Highland Society in Edinburgh—the Royal Celtic Society, which was established in the year 1820; and but two similar societies in London—the Gaelic Society, established in 1777, of which, I believe our friend, Mr. Colin Chisholm, was recently one of the chiefs, and the Highland Society, established in 1778. Now almost every northern county has its association in the two metropolitan cities, while there is scarcely a town of any consequence in the kingdom that cannot boast of a Highland Society. And not in the mother country only do these societies exist, but in the colonies, and indeed all over the world similar associations have been established. This shows clearly that a deep interest is taken by others in at least some of the objects for which our Society has been established. As many of you know, I have spent a great part of my life in North America, and I can safely say that in no Society in Great Britain can a greater interest be shown for the language, poetry, music, and traditions of the Scottish Highlands than is exhibited by the Caledonian Societies of Canada and the United States. At the last social meeting of the Caledonian Society of Montreal I had the pleasure of attending, Gaelic songs were sung by several of the members; and I have heard papers read there—able papers, too—on subjects deeply affecting the well-being of Highlanders either at home or abroad. These North American Societies made a great advance a few years ago—they formed themselves into a federation; and at the annual meetings, delegates from all the affiliated Societies are, as far as possible, present. The annual meetings are held alternately in the leading cities of the United States and Canada. This federation has given the societies a much greater influence than they formerly exercised as isolated associations. Now, when we look at kindred

societies we should try if there is anything we can learn from them, so that if possible our own meetings may be made more attractive; and, if there is room for improvement, improved. Other societies introduce music and readings at their regular meetings as a variety to their proceedings; and there is thus some attraction in addition to the reading of a paper and remarks thereon. I may here ask what has our Society done towards the cultivation of the poetry and music of the Highlands—these being among its objects? I mean as a society. I know some individuals have done a good deal. Well, in this respect the Gaelic Society of London is far ahead of us, for recently they inaugurated a series of Gaelic concerts, and now there is an association of about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, calling themselves the Celtic choir, who meet regularly in London for the practice of Gaelic song, and I never enjoyed music more in my life than at one of their concerts last winter. I understand also that one of the Glasgow societies gave Gaelic concerts last year, I believe for some months every Saturday evening. But, in connection with this toast I have to come nearer home, and couple with it the name of a gentleman who is a vice-president of the Literary Institute, and who also takes an active part in the work of the Field Club. I do this with great pleasure, because the members of the Field Club are co-workers with ourselves; for what we may find in traditions and legends as helps to the proper study of the history of the past, they, on the other hand, in the archæological and other remains of antiquity can read, in letters of stone, about events which occurred long before the period of which we have any authentic records. That societies with objects so congenial to our own, and praiseworthy in their pursuits in every other way, may continue to prosper, is, I am sure, the sincere wish of every one present. I have now to ask you to drink to “Kindred Societies,” coupling the toast with the name of the gentleman I have already referred to, Mr. Barron of the *Courier*. (Loud applause.)

Piper—“Iseabal Nic-Aoidh.”

Mr Barron returned thanks, and expressed pleasure at the evidence of considerable intellectual and social progress which the existence in the town of so many literary societies indicated.

Mr. Wm. Mackay proposed the toast of the “Non-Resident Members.” He said that there was no toast that it became them better to remember at their annual dinner than that of their absent friends, who though they had not the pleasure of being present at the meetings of the Society, yet showed, by their handsome contributions alike of money and of valuable papers on Celtic matters, that they cherished the warmest regard for the Society and its

objects. Indeed, he was prepared to say that the non-resident members, and their number was not by any means small (some 300 at least), were perhaps their most valued members, and those most willing, and perhaps also most able to lend a helping hand to the promotion of the cause which they had at heart. Did not Ceylon send a contribution of £250 to the Celtic chair? This was through the instrumentality of two of their non-resident members, Mr. Donald Mackay, brother of Mr. John Mackay, Shrewsbury, and Mr. G. M. Campbell, whom he had expected to have the pleasure of seeing present, and naming in connection with the toast, but who was prevented by illness from being with them. He concluded by coupling the toast with the names of the Rev. Mr. Bisset of Stratherrick, and Mr. Campbell from Manitoba.

Piper—O'er the hills an' far awa'.

Rev. Mr. Bisset in rising to respond, excused himself, on the ground of the lateness of the hour, and his desire not to interpose the sombreness that was expected from the class to which he belonged into the cheerfulness and hilarity which had hitherto characterised the meeting. He thanked the meeting for so cordially honouring the non-resident members by the manner in which they had received the toast.

The toast of "The Press," proposed by Mr. Hugh Rose, solicitor, one of the croupiers, was very enthusiastically received. Mr. Walter Carruthers of the *Courier*, and Mr. Forsyth of the *Advertiser*, in a few words thanked the Gaelic Society for the honour conferred upon the Press.

Piper—"Piobaireachd Mhic-Rath.

Mr. G. J. Campbell, solicitor, gave "The Croupiers." He said that the toast which was put into his hands required no speech to commend it to the Gaelic Society. The men who occupied the position of croupiers that evening were well known, and the manner in which they had fulfilled the duties entrusted to them was such as rendered it quite unnecessary for him to add one word. On the one side, he was proud to see the veteran representative of the Thistle, Mr. Chisholm, and on the other they had a Rose that was better than any Saxon rose. It was a pleasing sight to see the Rose and the Thistle entwined so lovingly as they found them on the present occasion, and gracing the festive board of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Applause and laughter.)

Piper—"Fhuair mi pog o laimh mo Rìgh."

Mr. Charles Mackay, in a few very appropriate and graceful Gaelic sentences, proposed the final toast, that of "The Chairman," which received Highland honours, and was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Piper—"Failte an t-Siosalaich"—The Chisholm's Salute.

The Chairman replied. I hope, he said, that I am not vain enough to suppose that I deserve a fourth of the praise showered upon me. My great wish was that the meeting would be happy and hearty. Without your help I know I should have made a miserable failure as chairman ; but, united as we have been, I think the evening has been gay and glorious. (Applause.) Permit me to thank you one and all from my heart. Gentlemen, health and long life to you. "H-uile latha chi 's nach fhaic." (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman added that he would play a parting tune on the pipes. (Cheers.) Mr. Hugh Rose suggested that four Highlanders should step forward to the centre of the floor and dance to the Chairman's music—a suggestion that was received with loud applause. Accordingly four gentlemen in Highland dress stepped forward—some tables having been removed to give them room—and danced the Highland Fling and the Reel of Tulloch with great spirit, and amid the cheers of the company. As soon as the chanter stopped other four gentlemen stepped forward—older gentlemen—whose reeling and stepping were greatly admired, and, we need hardly add, loudly cheered. They danced the Highland Fling and Reel of Tulloch also to the music of Captain Chisholm.

The proceedings, which were throughout of a most enjoyable nature, then came to a close.

Several gentlemen added to the enjoyment of the evening by singing Gaelic and Scotch songs.

23RD JANUARY, 1878.

This was a meeting called for the nomination of office-bearers for 1878, and the transaction of general business.

30TH JANUARY, 1878.

At the meeting on this date the office-bearers for 1878 were elected. The following new members were elected :—Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, life member; Donald Cameron of Clunes, John Brown, yr. of Glencotha; James Randall Cameron, of Jacksonville, Oregon; R. P. Jenkins, solicitor, Inverness—honorary members; and David Watt, Volunteer Arms Hotel, Inverness; James Reid, ironmonger, Bridge Street, Inverness; Alex. Macleod, ironmonger, Church Street, Inverness; Archibald Chisholm, Phopachy; David Shaw, Caledonian Bank, Inverness; Thomas Kerr, do., Inverness; James Macintosh, do., Inverness;

John Macgillivray, grocer, Academy Street, Inverness; and William Macgillivray, do., do.—ordinary members.

Mr. Charles Fergusson presented the Society with a volume of harp music.

6TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

At this meeting, some routine business having been transacted, the secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read a paper entitled—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

II.*

He said—The paper which I give you to-night is in every way similar in its character to the one I gave on an earlier date of the Session. It is in no sense of the word an essay—simply a selection from my Celtic gleanings, given as I took them down from oral recitation or as they were handed to me by my friends.

The following peculiar and witty dialogue I received from Mr. F. D. Macdonell, late of Lochalsh. Mr. Macdonell designs it—

COMH-ABARTACHD

EADAR CAS-SHIUBHAIL-AN-T-SLEIBHE AGUS

COINNSEAG.

It is said that *Cas-shiubhail-an-t-sléibhe* was dwelling in one of the burghs or dunes whose ruins are still to be seen in Glenbeg, a divisional valley of Glenelg. *Coinnseag* was a daughter of *Gnùgag*, who lived in another burgh or dune at Aoineag, on the Letterfearn side of Lochduich. After the death of her mother, *Coinnseag* got possession of the farm now called Ardintoul, and she took up her abode at a spot known at this day as *Guraban Coinnseig*, on the left hand as a person enters Kylerhea from the east. During the lifetime of *Coinnseag*, and many years afterwards, the farm was called *Dabhoch Coinnseig*. She was a most inhospitable woman; never desired any person who entered her house to sit down; much less did she offer a morsel of food. *Cas-shiubhail-an-t-sléibhe* happening to be in some company who traduced her in no measured terms, resolved to test the accuracy of the reports current concerning her, and accordingly set out to her home with the determination to obtain from *Coinnseag* a hospitable reception. *Cas-shiubhail-an-t-sléibhe* was dressed as a beggar, and on his entering *Coinnseag's* door was received with the words—

* For the first series *vide* page 52.

“Co as a thàinig fear a’ bhuilg chraobhaich,
'S e gu toirteil, trom, tarbhach?”

ESAN—Thàinig mis', a bhean mo ghaoil,
O lic a' chaoil 'am beul an anmoich.

ISE—C'ainm a th' ort?

ESAN—Uilleam dean suidhe.

ISE—Uilleam dean suidhe!

ESAN—Suidhidh, suidhidh, 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
'S deagh bhean an tighe 'g a iarraidh.

ISE—Uilleam dean suidhe,
'S ged shuidh thu cha'n fheàirde—

Cha'n fhaigh thu ach làr lom,

Talamh toll 'us deargadan:

Deargadan loma làir,

A' criomadh do dhà mhàis gu h-an-shocrach!

ESAN—A chailleach thoir dhòmh-sa biadh,
'S leig eadar mi 's Dia 's an an-shocair.

ISE—Ged tha mise gun aran,
Cha bhi mi ri gearan Craosaig;
Ach cha'n 'eil agam a bhiadh,
Na chuirinn air sgiath na faochaig.

ESAN—Gu de dh-fhoghnadh dhut féin,
'S do d' mhuirichinn gu léir,
Nach fhognadh dhomh féin car aon oidhch'?

ISE—Sobhraichean chreag,
Bàirnichean leac,
Uisge teth 'us deanntagan.

Sheall Cas-shiubhail-an-t-sléibhe 'n so timchioll an taighe gu
h-iosal 's gu h-àrd, 's thubhairt e—

Tha na cearcan a' dol air an fharadh,
'S mithich fanadh.

ISE—Cha'n 'eil a sud ach eòin Earraich,
'S iad làn galair.

Leig a' chailleach an so a ceann air a bhràh 'us thuirt i—

“So cadal an doichill.”

Fhreagair esan 's thuirt e—

“So dùsgadh do dhunach,”

'S e 'breitheachd aird hà chois oirre, 's ga slaodadh troimh 'n teine.

Leum e 'n so a suas do 'n chuile, 's an uair a chunnaic ise nach robh e furasd a chuir air ais ghlaodh i—

Pill, pill, a dhroch dhuine,
'S gheibh thu biadh.

Chaidh i féin do 'n chuile, 's thug i 'nuas ceann 'us casan caora ; 's dh'iarr i air sud a dhaghadh. Air dha sin a dheanamh, dh'fheòraich e—

Cia nise do chuid fein
Dheth 'n cheann, 's dheth na casan ?

ISE—Na bheir mi féin a mach le aon rann.

ESAN—Mar sin bitheadh e.

ISE—Dà lior, dà léir,
Dà chluais, dà chéir,
Dà cham peirceal,
Ochd inean dubha dùirn,
Ard labhrach a' chinn,
'S ceithir smior luirghean.

ESAN—A chailleach, dleasaidh fear cosgairt a' chinn :
Sùil, 'us buisean, 'us eanachainn,
Cluas a mach o bhun stice,
Peirceall, agus leac, 'us leth-cheann.

Air dha 'n ceann 's na casan a bhruidh, dh'ith e beagan diubh, 's dh'fhalbh e. Chaidh e staigh do thaigh eòlach a bh' anns a' nàbachd, 's thilg e dheth na lùirichean. Chaidh biadh a chur air a bheulaobh, 's air dha bhi 'g itheadh, ghairm a' Chailleach 's i 'g amharc thar a bhalla-tharsainn—

“'S uaigheach a chrìomas tu.”

ESAN—'S ann a' m' aonar a cheannaich mi.

ISE—'S iomadh fear a cheannaich a thug.

ESAN—Ge b'e co dha thug thusa, faigh uaith e.

Thog e 'spàin 's i làn eanraich ri 'bheul, 's thuirt i—

'S trom a' luchd th' air a' lurga chaoil.

ESAN—Cha'n 'eil fad aice ri dhol.

ISE—Ge goirid e 's dìreadh e.

ESAN—Cha luaithe dìreadh na tèarnadh !

ISE—Cha chreid mi fhìn nach bàrd a bha d' athair.

ESAN—Cha b' àrd no iosal, ach 's an staid mheadhonaich.

Tradition does not record more of this extraordinary colloquy, which is so worthy of preservation.

I will now give you an *Oran Sgitheanach*. I wrote it down from the recitation of Leay Macrae, a Lochbroom-man, who learned it from Skye-men, in Badenoch. It appears to be old; but I have no knowledge either of its date or authorship:—

Iain 'ic Theàrlaich far do làimh—

Bha sinne 'n cairdeas daonnan—

Tha thusa 'fas 's tha mise 'g cnàmh,

'S mo cheann cho bàn ri faoileig;

Ach 's mòr an toileachadh do phàisd

'Nuair gheibh i blàth ri taobh thu,

'S 'n uair thig an Geamhradh bios tu 'n sàs

Aig nighean bhan Mhic-Mhaoilein.

'Nuair thig an Geamhradh 's tiom nam bainnsean

Gheibh sinn dràm de'n "Tòiseach;"

Bi Nollaig chridheil aig clann nighean,

'S aig na gillean òga;

Bi mnathan féin a' ruith 's a léumnaich,

'S iad ri éibhneas còmhla;

'S bi dràm aig bodaich ann am fodar,

'S sogan orra 'g oran!

Moch 'sa' mhaduinn rinn sinn dùsgadh,

Thóg sinn siùil ri garbh-chrìnn;

Chunnacas bùthra mòr a's dùlachd

'Tigh'nn bho 'n taobh o'n d'fhalbh sinn;

Gu'n sheòl i mach le borb na frois',

'S i 'toirt a steach gu gailbheach,

'S i 'falbh le stùchd air bharr gach sùigh,

'S i 'togail smuid de'n fhainge!

Bu mhath an uair sin a bhi shuas

Air àiridh luachrach Uige;

Far 'm biodh na h-uain 's na caoraich luatha

'Ruith mu'n cuairt gu siùbhlach;

Mi-féin 's mo chriunneag air mo ghualainn,

'S sinn gu h-uallach, lùthor;

Gach fear a's gille ruith mu'n cuairt

A's Domh'ull ruadh le chù ann.

O sid an gleann a b' àilte sealladh

Ri moch maduinn reòta;

Na caoraich gheala dhubh' a's ghlasa—

Pàirt dhiubh tarruing spròiceach*;

* Reciter says this word means "getting heavy."

Gach làir le searrach 'm bun gach beallaich,
 'Mach ri srath nan lòintibh,
 'S a dh'ain'ean gaillionn, fuachd no earrach
 Cha'n iarr mart ann cròdhadh.

Gheithte sgialachdan ro bhriagh'
 Aig bodaich liatha cheannaghlas ;
 B' iad fhein na seòid 'n uair bha iad òg
 A' trusadh bhò bho gharbhlach,
 Gu'm biodh iad tric 'san Eaglais Bhric
 Ag iarraidh mhart a's mheanbh-spreidh ;
 'S cha rachadh bròg a chuir mu spòg
 Gu ruig an ceò bho 'n d' fhalbh iad !

'S lionar maighdionn bhoidheach chuimr
 'Tha 'g obair le 'cuibhle—
 'Seinn na luinneig—'sniomh na roileig—
 'S tha gach tuireadh binn aic' ;
 A falt 'na dhuail mu chùl a cluais'
 Air 'thogail suas le cìrean ;
 Snàithne 's boidhche 'ruith tre 'meòirean,
 'S cothrom, comhnard, sìnte.

I will now give a Lochbroom poem. It is the composition of John MacLennan, alias *Am Bard Buidhe*. The *Bard Buidhe* composed many songs ; but, unfortunately, they are nowhere, so far as I know, preserved. He lived to an old age, and died about thirty years ago. The following piece is a *Marbh-rann*, its subject being Alex. Mackenzie of Dundonell, Lochbroom. Mackenzie, who died on 21st November, 1813, at the age of twenty-seven, was a young man of great promise, and was much esteemed by all who knew him. So much was his loss lamented that it is said that every child born into any family on the estate at the time was called "Alexander !" The elegy is as follows :—

'S goirt an naigheachd a th' agam,
 An sgeul ùr 'tha ri aithris an drast,
 'N tacaid chruaidh nach teid asda,
 Thigh'n an Dùn a cheud seachduin do'n raith :
 Chaidh an t-fhiuran glan maiseach,
 'N crann a b'urail 's bu taitnich a dh' fhas,
 Ghearradh grad dheth a chasan,
 Mar og-ghasan nach d' fhan ri toirt blàth.

Cha do dh' fhan, och mo chaochladh !
Gur e giorrad do shaoghail mo chàs !
'S iomadh suaineas neo-aoibhinn
Chuirear suas ann an geibhinn do bhais ;
'S iomadh uasal is treun-laoch,
Agus truagli, agus feumach, tha 'g radh—
" Dh' fhalbh an stiuir 's an crann-toisich,
'S thuit an cruineachd fo fhros chum an lair !"

'Mhuinntir thainig gu h-aimsir,
'S iad a's modha cuis fharmaid a' d' dheigh ;
'S ann tha oigre an talmhainn
Mar chaoir fhogair a' falbh air gach treud,
'S iad a ghnàth ann an cunnart,
Gun aon sgàile 'g an cumail o bhéud,
'S an lamh reachadh san fhuaradh
'N deigh a glasadh 's an uaigh leis an éug !

Na'm bu rud e bhiodh guathaicht,
Do chorp criadha cho ailld' ann an spéis,
Gun dol tre'n dus as an d' thainig
'S gus an siubhail sinn gearr as a dheigh ;
B' fhiach na buadhannan naduir,
O là t' oige rinn fas riut gu leir,
D' thogail suas mar a bha thu,
'S d' chuir a' d' shuidh' ann am Parras mùic De.

Ach an Ti rinn ar ceannach,
'S chuir 'fhuil phriseal a mach air ar sgàth,
Gu toirt sealbh dhuinn sa 'bheannachd
Chaidh thoirt uainn leis a' ghaduiche dhan' ;
('N diugh tha 'n tairgse 's cha bheag i,
Aig a mhuinntir a chreideas 'n a ghras),
Ge mor a chumhachd 's a bheannachd,
Bha e' umhal car seal do na bhàs.

Nach leòr sin gu toirt céill duinn,
Gur e 's crìoch dhuinn gu leir an uin' ghearr ;
Gur e samhladh ar saoghail,
Ruith nan sop ro na ghaoith air an làr :
Gach ni b' annsa leinn againn,
Chaidh 'thoirt uainn, 's cha phill tagair no cas,
'S Tighearn og Ach'-tigh-Donuill
'N ciste dhaingean chaol bhòrd aig a' bhàs.

'S cruaidh leam uirsgeul do mhathar,
 Anns an ait' am bu ghnàth dhuibh bhi 'ceòl :
 Bidh liunn-dubh air a cridhe,
 Far an cluinn i guth fìdhil r' a beò :
 B' mhuirneach greadhachail t-àite—
 Gal nam pàrant a dh' àraich thu òg,
 'S an uair a chaidh thu 'san lion-bhrat,
 Laidh a' ghrian, 's thainig smal air na neòil.

'M fear a fhuair thu 'sa dh' fhag thu,
 'S iomadh neach leis an craiteach a dhoigh ;
 Cha'n 'eil taobh gus an teid e,
 Nach bi rud ùr gu cuir seula r' a bhron :
 An àm siubhal mu 'n aite,
 Chi e obair do laimhe cho boidheh' ;
 'S ri linn an alaich nach tainig,
 Ni sud cuimhneachan do na bhios beò.

Dh' fhalbh an uaisle 's an oilean,
 Dh' fhalbh am pearsa bu loinneil a dh' fhas ;
 Dh' fhalbh an ceannsal 's an ceannard,
 Chuireadh lios agus baile gu aird ;
 Dh' fhalbh clach-fhonndaigidh bhalla,
 'M barra-gùg chaidh a ghearradh ri iar,
 'S 'm pilear ard bh' air Clann-Choinnich
 'N diugh 'g am fagail, 's gur soilleir a bhlath !

Ge bu rud e mar b' aill leam,
 Gu 'm biodh Beurla dhomh 's Gailig cho reidh,
 Is gu 'n sgriobhadh mo lamhan
 H-uile focal a chaireadh mo bheul ;
 Trian gach maitheis a dh' fhas riut,
 'S h-uile taitneachd is aillteachd g'a réir ;
 Cha deach teang' ann an carbad,
 B' urradh aithris am marbh-rann a' d' dheigh.

H-uile ceum anns an d' fhalbh thu,
 'S ann is mo a bha 'dh-ainm dhùit, a sheòid ;
 'S mor a dh-uaislean tha cràiteach,
 'S iad a' cumha do bhàis thigh'nn cho òg :
 Nam bu rud e, mar b' fhearr leinn,
 Bhiodh tu againn ri manran 's ri ceòl :
 Uime shaoghail thoirt dha Chinneadh,
 Fhad 'sa mhaireadh an ginealachs' beo.

Bha thu diulanta fearail,
'S rud neo-mheasal cha'n fhaict' air do sgàth ;
B' uasal modhail do ghiùlan,
'S rud gun spéis cha robh diubhl agad dha ;
Fichead bliadhn' agus beagan,
Se sin d' aois ; 's mor do theist agus d' fhas ;
Cha'n fhaic sinn ann do dhùthaich,
Fear a ghleigheas do chliù aig a bhas.

Cha'n fhacas riamh fear do dhiumaidh
Is cha chluinntear ni 's mo as do dheigh :
Mu 'n d'thugt 'uath thu le garbh-bheart,
'S iomadh laoch reachadh garg anns an t-sréup,
'Churadh gabhadh air 'arm
Ga do chumail gu calma o bheud ;
Ach es' a 's luaithe ghabh 'coir ort,
Thug e leis thu' nuair dheònaich e fein.

Ged chi mi Tighearnan oga,
Chaoidh cha'n fhaic mi cho boidheach 's cho tlath
Ri Tigh'rn Acha-tigh-Donuill,
Ged tha e nochd, 's e mo bhron, aig a' bhas :
Fhuair thu 'n staoile 's an tiodal,
Sin na dh' iarr thu dheth thigh'nn gu do laimh ;
Och ! mo chreach ! 's mi gun chomas,
Chaoidh nach fhaic mi thu 'togail a' mhail !

Och ! mo thruaighe 's mo mhulad !
Cìod e tuilleadh a's urrar a' radh !
Cha dean rioghalachd fola,
Cha dean sgeimhealachd pearsa bonn stà :
'N Ti a chruthaich an saoghal,
'S d' an robh h-uile rud saor ach a rait,
Seach gu 'n d' urraich e fein air,
C'uim bhi cumha mu dheibhinn 'thoirt dha ?

Och ! mo chreach ! 's gun thu lathair !
Agus eachdraidh do bhais bhi g'a seinn !
Trian gach maitheis a dh' fhas riut
Cha robh 'n comas nam Bard na nì 'inns' :
'S iomadh aois agus òige
'Bha toirt caochladh do sgéulachdan dhinn ;
Ach fear do bhéusan cha b' eòl' domh,
No dhuin' eile bha beò ri do linn.

'N leomhann curaisdeach meannach,
 Cas a' shiubhal a' gharbhlaich 's nan stùc ;
 Lamh a dheanadh na sithinn,
 'S e do bheachd bu mhaith cinnt' air an cùl ;
 'S 'nuair a thigte gu baile
 B' chridheal greadhnachail farum do thuir ;
 Bhiodh do ghillean gu gàireach,
 'S bheirt an cothrom 's an t-ailleas ud dhuinn.

Do chliù taitneach r'a innseadh,
 A' toirt maitheis do shinnsridh o 's aird ;
 Ciall is riaghailt gun choimeas,
 O nach cualas aig duine na b' fhearr ;
 Pearsa dhuine cho sgiamhach
 'S a chaidh chruthachadh riamh, is cho àilld,
 Shealltuinn dhuinne mar iomhaigh,
 Gu ar mealladh, 's nach b' fhiach sinn e thàmh.

C'aite 'm facas gill' og
 'Bha cho glic riut gu steòrnadh gach cuis ?
 Cho ard ionad ri iarruidh,
 'S tu cho ciùin' sa 'bha ghrian air an driùchd.
 Mheall thu cridheachan dhaoine,
 Do 'n fhear shealladh ri d' dh-eudan 's ri d' shuil :
 Fhuair sinn' 'n fhad ud dheth d' fhabhar,
 Rud nach b' fhiach sinn ; 's cha b' fhearr thainig dhùinn.

O nach b' fhiach sinn na fhuair sinn,
 Faic sibh bhuil ! chaidh thoirt uainn 's b'e mo chas
 B' fhearr nach fhaighte na h-urrad,
 O nach d' fheud sinn do chumail ach gearr.
 Dh' fhas an saoghal duinn cianal ;
 Tha ar maitheas air triall uainn ro làimh :
 'S cruaidh na 's fheudar dhuinn fhulang :
 Riamh cha d' thainig nì's truime no 'n stràchds'.

'N diugh 's do chlosaidean dhùintè,
 Tha do sheòmar gun smùd deth 's gun cheò ;
 Is tha d' athair 's do mhàthair,
 'S an dà cridhe air sgàineadh le bròn.
 Dia chur leigheas r' an gallair,
 O' se dh' fhiosraich a mach mar tha 'n leòn !
 O' se bhrìst air a' bhearnaidh
 'Se is urr' a cur slàn air a seòl.

'S cianal buan dhoibh an geamhradh
 Cha'n e 'n t-aighear tha dhoibh sa 'bhliadhn' ùr;
 'N aobhar thaitneis a b' àbhuist,
 A bhi ac' air a chàradh 'san uir;
 'S leir a bhlàth air ar coslas,
 Gu'n do dh' fhalbh an crann toisich 's an stiùir.
 Thi a dh' fbiosraich mar tha i,
 Cum mac eile r'a mhàthair san Dùn !

The next piece I will submit to you is a poem on the Exile of the Gael. It is the composition of Dugald Macphail, Glasgow, well known as the author of *An t-Eilean Muileach*,* and numerous other pieces of more than ordinary merit.

DAN AIR FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

As déigh dhomh 'bhi fada
 Air allaban fuinn,
 Eadar mòr-roinnean Shasuinn
 Us machair nan Gall ;
 Thug mi sgrìob mar fhear-turuis
 Do dhùthaich nan sonn—
 Gu Muile nan stùchd,
 Air taobh-cùil Innse-Gall.
 'N uair a ghluais sinn gu h-Iar
 Air each iarunn nan srann,
 'Ruith air gàtaichean mìne
 Gun diolaid gun bhrang,
 Dhùisg deothas do-chloaicht'
 Mo shinnsear 'n am chóm
 'N uair a leag mi mo chùrsa
 Air dùthaich nam beann.
 'N uair 'dh'fhag sinn an Crìonan
 'S Caol-Ile nan lùb,
 'S cladaich bearnach Thon-tìre,
 'S na h-Inns' air ar cùl ;
 Thug am portair gu tràigh mi
 Thar bàta na smùide
 Dluth do m' cheann-uidhe,
 Fo Dhubhaird nan tùr.

* For a translation of this song, and a sketch of the author's life, *vide* Professor Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Highlands," page 286.

'N uair a ràinig mi 'n doire
 'S an goireadh a' chuach,
 Aig inbhir Sruth Lusa
 Nan cuislean 's nan stuagh,
 Chuir mi fàilte le furan
 Air gach tulaich 'us tòrn
 Air an robh mi mion eòlach
 'N uair a b' òg mi m' am bonn.

Bha gach badan 'us dlùth-choill
 Cho cùbhraidh 's cho caoin,
 Le 'n trom-dhuilleach cracach
 'S le 'm blàth-flheasgan maoth,
 Le 'n cruiteirean sgiathach
 Cho lionmhor 's cho lùth,
 Gu binn-ghuthach téiseil
 'Sa' chéit-mhaduinn chiùin.

Bha aibhnichean caisleach
 Nan stachdan 's nan léum,
 'Nan dian ruith gu tràigh
 Mar a bha iad o chéin;
 Bha gach cuairteag 'us caochan
 Gun chaochladh 'n an dealbh,
 'S gun éis air an triall
 Mar 's na bliadhnaibh a dh'fhalbh.

Bha na beanntaibh fo sgàil
 An deach' m' àrach 'n am òig'
 Gun chaochladh gun mhùthadh
 Air stùchd no air scòrr,
 Aig ais-thilgeadh na gréine
 Gu réidhleinn nan lòn,
 'S am mullaichean géura
 A' réubadh a' cheò.

Ged nach d'thainig mòr-chaochladh
 Air aodann nam beann,
 Bho thug mi mo chùl riu
 Gu dùthaich nan Gall;
 Tha fàrdòich nan Gaidheal
 'Nan làraichean lóm,
 Na raointean 'dol fàs
 'S an luchd-àitich air chall.

Thainig cruaidh-bhéum air dùthaich
Mo dhùthchais 's mo ghaoil,
Anns an d' fhag mi na càirdean
'Bha blàth-chridheach caomh :
Ciod e 'dh'aobh'rich am fàsachadh
Bàs-neulach fuar,
A dh' fhògair thar sàile
Na grainnsir 's an tuath ?

Gleann-Forsa nan àrmunn,
Nan sàr-laoch 's nan sonn,
Anns am faighte an aoidheachd
Fhial' aoigheil neo-lom ;
Am bu lìonmhor 'na tréun-fhir
A dh-éireadh le fonn
Fo mheirghe siol Eachainn
Nam baideal 's nan lann.

Tha 'n gleann ud 'na fhàsaich
Bho 'bhràighe gu 'bhonn—
Na cluaintean 's am fasadh
Am bàrr torrach trom
Air an còmhdach le bàn-fheur,
Gun àiteach gun chrann,
'S nan aisridhean sgaoilte
Fo chaoirich nan Gall !

Cha chluinnear 's an fheasgar
Air deiseir nan raon,
An crodh anns an eadradh
A' freagairt nan laogh ;
Cha chluinnear a' luinneag
Aig cruinneag nam bò,
A' cuallach an àil
'S i g'an tàladh gu crò.

Tha 'n eanndag's an glogan
Gu lìonmhor a fàs
Mu làraichean tréigte
Nan tréun-laoch gun sgàth
A dh-éireadh gu dìleas
Gu h-insginneach dàn'
Ann an aobhar na rìoghachd
G'a dìon o gach càs.

Cha'n iad diù mo luchd-dùthcha,
 Na diùidich gun chlàith,
 Gun mhisneach gun chruadal
 'Th' air am fuadach o'n tìr,
 Ach na cosnaichean dèanadach,
 Easguidh, neo-chrìon,
 'Bha 'n an cnàmhan 's 'n am fèithean
 'S 'n an tèarmunn do 'n Rìogh'chd.

Tha 'm fuigheal 'chaidh fhàgail.
 Gun chàirdean gun mhaoìn,
 'N an dìobarraich bhrònach
 Fo fhòirneart 's fo dhaors',
 Fo mhèin nam Fear-ionad
 Neo-ìochdmhor gun truas,
 'S 'n an lethtrom air sgir'ean
 Nan spìoc-dheircean cruaidh.

'S e ùr-lagh nam bochd—
 An lagh droch-mheinneach fuar—
 'Rinn am féumach mi-thaingeil
 'S an saoi bhir neo shuairc —
 'S a chuir Uachd'rain an fhearainn
 Gu h-ainiochd 's gu cruas ;
 'S gu bhi 'lughdach' na eìs'
 Thug iad dìth air an t-sluagh.

Air na machraichean uain'
 Anns am buainte 'n tròm-bhàrr,
 Tha 'n raineach 's an luachair,
 'S am buagh'lan a' fàs ;
 'S 'n uair a dh'fhàsas am feurach
 'Na fhiadhair gun stà
 Bidh cruaidh-ghlaodh 's an tìr
 Air son ìsleachadh màil.

Thig mi-cheill nan Uachd'ran
 An uachdar 'na thràth—
 Cha bharail air thuairmeas
 Tha mi luaidh ann a'm dhàn—
 Cha mhair àrd-phris nan caorach
 Gun chaochladh gu bràth ;
 Bithidh fògar an t-sluaigh dhoibh
 Gun bhuanachd, gun stà.

Slatan-sgiùrsaidh nan Gaidheal,
 A sgannr iad o chéil'
 Gu bailtean nan Dù-Ghall
 'S gu dùthchanan céin—
 Làn diolar air ais dhoibh
 Gun mheachuinn gun bhàigh
 Gach ainiochd 'us ainneart
 A rinn iad air càch.

Ach sguiream dhe m' dhàn ;
 Cha'n eil stà dhomh 'bhi cainnt
 Air gach diùbhail 'us béud,
 Air gach éuceart 'us call
 'Rinn na h-uachdarain shuarach
 An-dualach gun chonn,
 Air Muile nan àrd-bheann,
 Nan àrmunn, 's nan Sonn.

As a fitting companion to the above, I will give you a few verses in English on the same subject. They are the composition of one of the clerical members of this Society :—

Twenty years ago I left
 For distant lands my native shore ;
 Six months since returned, I vowed
 To leave dear Scotia's hills no more.

When I fondly mark'd its features—
 Ben and corrie, strath and glen—
 All unchanged ! I deemed it still
 Cradle fair of stalwart men.

Highland tongue and Highland welcome
 Looked I for on every side—
 Looked in vain for wonted roof-tree,
 None relieved the prospect wide !

Say was this my native vale,
 This the fondly pictured place ?
 Some few stones still marked my home,
 And of its hearth I found *a trace* !

In the glen I once could mark
 Thirty homesteads nestled there ;
 Where are they ? Ah, dire disgrace !
 Mountain echoes answer " Where ? "

“Dreary prospect! Hopeless view!
 Who has wrought destruction here?”
 My answer came—the stately form
 And branching antlers of a deer!

From where scarce a trace of walls
 Showed a garden once had been,
 Uprose the stag in haughty pride,
 Unquestioned monarch of the scene.

He turned on me with fearless eye
 A lordly, scarce-enquiring stare,
 As if he thought, with conscious right,
 That I—not he—intruded there.

God help thee, Celt! The alien's sport
 Has swept thee from thy native soil,
 Whose every inch was bought with blood,
 And every rood redeemed with toil.

Heathy hill and bosky glen,
 Fair corrie, strath, and vale
 Are hunting grounds for Saxon lords,
 And banished are the Gael!

Let me now give you a very curious production, entitled “*Laoidh le Sileas nì Mhic-Raonuill na Ceapaich*”—a hymn by Cicelly MacDonald of Keppoch. For the hymn I am indebted to Mr. A. R. Fraser, Stirling, who took it down from the recitation of an old lady in Badenoch a few years ago. There is a curiosity about the authorship of the hymn which is worth noting. *Sileas nì Mhic-Raonuill* composed several songs, but none of them that I have seen were of a religious nature. Indeed, some of the songs attributed to her are so coarse that no one would sing them in decent society. The hymn is really curious in its style and expressions. Beginning with an exclamation to the Virgin Mary, and a statement that her son was whiter than the sun, *Sileas* gives us an account of the Saviour's life; how Herod caused all the male children of the land to be put to death; how Mary and Joseph went to Egypt; how they returned on hearing of Herod's death; how the Saviour left them by the way; how they searched for him—sorrowful and sad—for three days and nights; how they found him discussing with the doctors in the temple; his mother's interview with him; and

his answer foretelling all the hardships that he had yet to undergo, &c. :—

'S i do bheatha 'Mhuire, 'Mhàthair,
 'S gile do Mhac na ghrian ;
 Rugadh a' Mac an aois 'athar,
 Oighre fhilathanais g'ar dian ;
 'S iosal an céum 'thug ar slanaidhear
 Nios o phàrais gu talamh,
 'N uair a rugadh E 'san stàpull,
 Gun tuilleadh àite dha falamh ;
 Cha d'iarr banrigh 'na h-ùmhlaich,
 Fhùirneiseachadh rùm no seòmar,
 Ni mò dh' iarr a mhàthair glùn
 Ach Rìgh nan Dùl a bhi ga comhnadh !
 Cha d' iarr Macan na h-uaisle
 Cuisean, no cluasag, no leabaidh,
 Gus an d' èirich leis a mhàthair
 Ga chur 'sa' *mhangar* 'na chadal.
 B' éibhinn an sealladh a fhuair i
 'N uair thainig e as a coluinn ;
 Roluinn i 'san anart bhàn E,
 'Slanaidhear 'thainig gu 'r fuasgladh.
 'N uair chuala Hérod an àrdain
 'N àrganach thàinig gu talamh,
 Cha d' fhàg e aon mhac aig màthair
 Gun a chuir gu bàs gu h-ealamh.
 * * * * *
 'N uair 'chual' iad gu'n dh'éug Herod
 B' éibhinn leotha céum 'thoirt dachaigh,
 A dh-fhaicinn an càirdean
 Le fhad 'sa bha iad gun am faicinn.
 Ghabh iad 'nan trìuir an rathad,
 'S bha iad ag caitheadh na slighe ;
 Sùil g'an tug iad air an gualainn
 Dh' ionndrain iad uap' am Messial.
 'S iadsan 'bha gu brònach, duilich
 'N uair nach b' fhuasda dhoibh fhaotainn ;
 'Siubhal a dh-oidhche 'sa latha
 Fhad 'sa bha iad as aonais ;
 'N àm dhoibh 'dhol deisiul an teampuill,
 Dh' fhairich iad e 'cainnt gu beathail ;
 Eadar na doctairean teagaisg
 Bu deis a thigeadh dha labhairt.

Sin 'n uair a labhair a mhathair :
 “Ciomar a thainig dhuit tighinn?
 'S dubhach a bha sinn' às d' aonais
 Na trì làithean ga d' shireadh.”
 “A Mhathair na biodh ortsa nuilad
 Ged a dh' fhuirich mi 'san Teampull,
 'S iomadh latha fuar a's ocrach
 'Siubhal seachranach 'saoithreach
 A th'agamsa ri fhulang fhathasd
 Mu'n téid mo ghnothaichean gu finid ;
 Fuilingidh mi fhathasd mo bhaisteadh,
 Fuilingidh mi trasg anns an fhàsaich,
 Fuilingidh mi naimhdean ga m' bhuaireadh,
 Mo bhualadh agus mo phògadh ;
 Fuilingidh mi breith agus binn—
 Mo dhètheadh le fianuis bhréige ;
 Seallaidh mi gu h-umhailt iosal
 Ged phianas iad mi 'san éucoir ;
 Mo chur bho Phileat gu Hérod
 Dh-fhaighiun sgeula mar a b' àill leam.”
 * * * * *
 'S nuair nach d' fhuair iad mar bu mhath leo
 Chuir iad deis' de'n arad bhàn air.

For the sake of variety I will now give you a piece of prose. The following circular, sent by Sir James Matheson to his Lewis tenantry, urging them to be temperate in their habits, is worthy of being preserved. I give it *verbatim et literatim* :—

A DH'IONNSUIDH TUATH 'US CROITEIREAN LEOGHAS AGUS AN
TEAGHLAICHEAN.

IS ANN le mòr dhoilgheas a bha mi bho cheann ùine a' faotainn gearanan bho chaochladh àitean gu bheil mòran dhibh, an uair a théid sibh a Steòrnabhadh, a' caitheamh cus do 'ur n-ùine anns na Tighean-òsda ; gu h-àraid na daoine òg á cearnaidhean an Rudha 'sa' Bhac ann an Sgìre Steòrnabhaidh ; agus muinntir do gach aois bho chaochladh àitean 's na Lochan, agus àitean eile do'n eilean ; agus an uair a tha sibh a' fàgail nan Tighean sin, gu'm bheil sibh ro ullamh air sibh féin a chleachdadh ann an rathad buaireasach agus mi-rianail.

Bha mi a' saòilsinn gu'n deanadh earailichean 'ur Ministeirean an aghaidh a leithid sin a dhroch cleachdaidhean, maille ris gu'n

robh trìuir dhaoine á *Sgìre na'n Loch*, an taobh a stigh do bheagan bhliadhnaichean, air am bàthadh ann an Acarsaid Steòrnabhaidh, air an oidhche, an uair a bha iad, mar a bha e air aithris, fo bhuaidh na deoch—a' sparradh oirbh cho iomchuidh 's a tha e gu'm bitheadh sibh, aig gach àm, stuama agus rianail.

Tha mi a' tabhairt gach uile luthaigeadh do dhaoine, 'n uair a thachras dhoibh a thighinn do Steòrnabhaidh sgìth, a's sàruichte, iad a ghabhail beagan ùrachaidh; ach tha so buileach eadardheal- uichte bho bhuaidh a bhi air a toirt oirbh leis an deoch, agus sibh a bhi air 'ur treòrachadh gu dearmad a dheanamh air 'ur dleasdanas do 'ur taobh féin, a thaobh 'ur teaghlaichean 's an t-sluaigh fa leth, agus 'os cionn nan uile, 'ur dleasdanas a thaobh Dhé, a tha gu soil- leir ag àithneadh dhuinn sinn a "sheachnadh gach uile *chosts* uile."

Ma tha sibh air son biadh a's ùrachadh fhaotainn nach faigh sibh sin ann an àitean eile,—tha Tigh Stumachd (*Temperance Hotel*) agaibh ann an Steòrnabhaidh; ach tha mi sparradh oirbh gun dàil a chur ann a dhol d'a ionnsuidh gus am bi e ro anmoch do 'n oidhche, a's an déigh dhuibh cus deoch a ghabhail; a thaobh 's nach 'eil Maighstir an Tighe idir ceangailte aig an àm sin air 'ur gabhail a steach, 's mar sin gu'm bi sibh air 'ur fàgail gun àite còmhnuadh, no fo éigin dol gu 'ur n-eathraichean, no coiseachd dhachaidh air uairean mi-iomchuidh.

Le bhi fuireach gu uairean anmoch ann an Steòrnabhaidh, bu chòir do 'n mheud agaibh, 's a tha pòsda, a's aig a bheil teagh- laichean, smuaineachadh air a' phian 's an iomaguin a tha sibh ag aobharachadh dhoibh, agus cho liutha buaireadh 's do 'm bheil sibh ga 'ur fàgail féin fosgailte; agus sibh-se 'tha gun phòsadh bu chòir dhuibh a ghnà cumail ann 'ur cuimhne nach 'eil e idir na ni furasda droch chleachdaidhean a leigeadh thairis; am feadh a ni bhi cleachdadh onair, dìchioll, crìontachd, stumachd, giùlan sìochail, agus umhlachd dhoibhsan ann an ùghdarras, le mo thuath agus m' iochdarain, a ghnà e féin a mholadh do 'm bheachd fhabharach-sa do 'n taobh; agus cha 'n urrainn e gun maith aimsireil agus spiora- dail gach aon fa leth dhiubh a chur air aghart.

An ceadaich sibh dhomh uime sin, guidheadh oirbh uile, a's air gach aon agaibh fa leth co dhiubh a tha sibh aig an tigh no bho 'n tigh, gu 'n cleachd sibh na deadh-bheusan so, bithidh an sin deadh fhianuis 'ur coguis féin agaibh, agus seachnaidh sibh am masladh a tha droch ghiùlan ciunteach a thabhairt oirbh féin, agus air an dùthaich. A thaobh an ni so, bu chòir dhuibh rabhadh a ghabhail bho chor an trìuir dhaoine 'tha nis fo chuing ann an *Prìosm* Steòrnabhaidh air son *mi-riaghailt a's briseadh na*

sith ; ach ma se 's nach gabh sibh rabhadh agus gu 'm buanaich sibh ann an cur am mi-shuim comhairlean chàirdeil 'ur Ministirean agus 'ur n-Uachdaran, tha agam ri innse dhuibh gu 'bheil mi a cleachdadh meadhonan gu faotainn a mach ainmean a mheud agaibh 's a bhitheas, an deigh so, ciontach da 'n leithidibh sin, no ghiulain-eas iad féin gu mi-riaghailteach no mi-chubhaidh ; air son am faigh sibh mo chruaidh dhiombadh-sa, agus an cùisean an-tromaichte, am bi sibh air 'ur cur as 'ur fearann.

A guidheadh dhuibh gach uile shoirbheachadh,

SEUMAS MATESON.

Lunnuinn, treas Mios an Earraich, 1868.

The following luinneag to Coinneach Mac-Choinnich, Triath Chinntaile, called *Coinneach òg*, was composed, it is said, by the woman who nursed him. The 72nd, or Seaforth's Highlanders (now the Duke of Albany's own Highlanders), were raised by this "high chief of Kintail" in 1778—500 of the men being raised on his own estate and the remainder principally on the estates of the Mackenzies of Scatwell, Kilcoy, Applecross, and Redcastle. In June, 1781, the Regiment started from Portsmouth for the East Indies, with Seaforth in command. Its health was, unfortunately, bad, and Seaforth himself, ere the troops reached St. Helena, died. This sad event had such an effect on the spirits of the men that it is said to have materially contributed to that prostration of mind which made them more readily the victims of disease.

FONN.

Hill iù ho-rò, hill iù ho-rò,
Hill iù, hill eò, hill-in o-hò,
Hoi ho-rò, i-ò-i.

Na 'm biodh Bradhainn mar bu chòir dhi,
'S fhad a chluinnte sgàl plob mhòir ann,
Dh'òilte fion á còrnaibh òir ann,
'S chluichte disnean bharr choig meòir ann.
Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

Cha'n 'eil Coinneach ach 'n a leanabh,
Cha d'ràinig e aois a sheanair ;
Sealgair an fhéidh anns na beannaibh,
'S an eòin bhig air barr a' mheangain.
Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'Choinnich na biodh ortsa gruaman,
Ged nach glac do mhàthair buarach,
Cha do chuir i riamh ma'n cuairt d'i
Ach sìoda dearg 'us sròl uaine.

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

Na dhean an gobhann an claidheamh,
Na dhean an ceàrd an ceann leathann,
'S na dhean an leisdear an t-saighead,
'Chuireas Coinneach òg 'na laidhe.

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'S a Mhic-Coinnich nan sròl farsainn,
'Mhic an t-seòid nach fhuilingeadh masladh,
Bheireadh tu fion do d' chuid eachaibh,
'S cruidhean òir a chur fo 'n casaibh !

Hill iù hò-rò, &c.

A Mhic-Coinnich fhuair thu 'n t-urram—
Theid thu mach gu làidir, ullamh ;
Olar leat fion Bhaile Lunnainn,
'S Morair Loudon fo do ghiullan,

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'S iomaidh duilleag th' air an droigheann :
Eadar Bealltainn agus Samhuinn ;
'S liutha na sin sgiath 'us claidheamh,
Air gualainn Choinnich òig 'am Bradhainn.

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'S ann agam fhìn a tha na càirdean,
'Dh-iarradh, 's a dh-òladh, 's a phàidheadh,
Chuireadh anns na buideil èarlas,
Fir ghearra, dhonna, Chinntàile.

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'Us gur e mo ghaol an comunn,
Air am faodainn fhìn mo shloinneadh
Luchd nan cùl buidh' agus donna,
Thall 's a bhos mu Eilean Donain.

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

'S gur e mise fhuair an cùram,
Nach d'fhuair aonan riamh mo dhùthaich,
Gu'n cheannaich thu dusan gùn dhombh,
'S each 'us diollaid gu mo ghiùlan !

Hill iù ho-rò, &c.

I have pleasure in now giving you a song in praise of another Kenneth Mackenzie, viz., the present popular chief of the Mackenzies of Gairloch. Sir Kenneth is one of the earliest, as he is also one of the most active Members of this Society. The accompanying poem was composed when he attained his majority, by Mr. F. D. Macdonell :—

M'aoibhneas éibhinn, inntinneach,
An sgeul an dràs'd' chaidh innseadh dhomh,
'S e ghleus mo chàil cho innsgineach
Gu seinn mo thoil do 'n óig-fhear.
'S e ghleus mo chàil, &c.

'S e 'n t-óig-fhearr meadhrach mathasach,
Tha fiùghail, fialaidh, flathasach,
A dh'fhàs á stoc neo-ghaiseadach,
Tigh Eachunnach nan ròiseal.
A dh'fhàs á stoc, &c.

'Bhi gabhail seilbh le barantas,
'An àros àdhmhor aithrichean,
'S a' chòir, 's an *staoidhle* bh' aca sud,
De macantas gu mhòr-chuis.
'S a' chòir, 's an *staoidhle*, &c.

B'e suaicheantas na h-aitim ud,
Mar chlàte 'n sròl am brataichean,
Ceann ciar-dhearg, cràcach, cabarach,
Damh aigeannach nam mòr-bheann.
Ceann ciar-dhearg, &c.

Bu lionmhor cliù ri fhaotuinn orr',
Iad caoimhneil, càirdeil, daonnachdach,
Iad mùirneach, méineach, faoilteachail,
Gu gaolach, glic, làn eòlais.
Iad mùirneach, &c.

Mar charraig chruaidh nach caraicheadh,
Ged reubadh stoirm an talamh dhith,
Gu seasadh iad le 'n glas lanna,
A' casgairt luchd an còmh-stri.
Gu seasadh iad, &c.

B'iad sud na leóghainn bhuadharra,
Bha colgail, ainmeil, cruadalach,
Bhiodh armach, meanmnach, luath-ghaireach
'N uair ghluaisedh iad 'san tòrachd.
Bhiodh armach, &c.

Bu chleachdach anns a' mhaduinn leo
'Bhi dìreadh mach ri bealaichean,
Gu gunnach, cuimseach, grad-lamhach,
Chum tachairt ri fear cròice.
Gu gunnach, &c.

Be sud an còmhlan ábhachdach,
Le 'm miol-choin ghlas, 's le 'n spáintichean,
Bhiodh fuilteach, calgach, làn-shacach,
'N ám tearnaidh dhoibh le sòlas.
Bhiodh fuilteach, &c.

'S air ruigheachd teach na rioghalachd,
Bhiodh tional fhear 'us nìonag ann,
'S bhiodh deoch 'g a h-òl á pìosan ac'—
Deagh fhìdhleireachd 'us òrain.
'S bhiodh deoch, &c.

Bhiodh Mac-nan-creag gu spreigeanta
Ag aithris ceòl nam feadanan,
'S an talla ghreadhnach sheasgaireach,
'M biodh fleasgaichean 'an òrdugh.
'S an talla ghreadhnach, &c.

Bu dìonach blàth an fhasdail ac',
Do bhàird, do chliair, 's do cheatharnaich,
'Bhiodh duanach, fuaimneach, caithreamach,
Le carthannas nan seòd ud.
Bhiodh duanach, &c.

'S a Choinnich òig b' i 'm' iarratas,
O'n 's geug o shùgh nam friamh ud thu,
Gu'm meas thu 'n ainm 's an riaghailtean,
Ni 's fiachaile na 'n stòras.
Gu'm meas thu 'n ainm, &c.

Na lean 'an ceum nan uachdaran,
A tha 'cur fàs nan tuath-bhailtean,
Le'n docha féidh m' an cuairt orra,
'S a sluagh a chur air fògar.
Le'n docha féidh, &c.

Ach ùraich 's an Aois Iaruinn so
'Am measg na tuath' a riaghlas tu,
Gach cleachdadh bh' aig an tighearnan,
'S cha bhriag ged 'theirt' Aois Oir rith'.
Gach cleachdadh, &c.

Bi beachdail, smachdail, reusanta,
 Gu duineil, seasmhach, treubhanta,
 Na faic a' chòir ga h-éigneachadh,
 'S na h-éisd ri guth luchd fòirneirt.
 Na faic a' chòir, &c.

Bi aoigheil, bàigheil, slobhalta,
 'N uair thachras ort an dìobarach ;
 Biodh bantraichean 'us dìlleachdain,
 Ro chinnnteach as do chòmhnadh.
 Biodh bantraichean, &c.

'S bi 'dh rath, 'us miadh, 'us urram dhuit,
 Gu fialaidh, pailt, 's gu bunaiteach,
 'S bi sìth, 'us sàinìh, 'us subhachas,
 A'd' thuineachas an còmhnuidh.
 'S bi sìth, &c.

'Us thig gach nì gu 'n gnàthsalachd,
 Mar chleachd na suinn o'n tàinig tu,
 'S bi 'dh fonn, 'us ceòl, 'us àbhachdas,
 'An Gearloch mar bu nòs dhoibh,
 'S bi 'dh fonn, &c.

Deagh shaoghal fada, fallain dut,
 'An cliù, am mùirn, 's an tapantachd,
 Biodh beannachd thuath' 'us cheathairn' dut
 'S mo bheannachd féin an tòs dut.
 Biodh beannachd, &c.

I will now conclude with a song to another Mackenzie, viz., *Ruairidh Mor Farbrainn*. It is the composition of John MacRae, Kintail, alias *Iain Mac Mhurchaidh*. The song has the merit of being old, and is accompanied by a traditional history, which tells us of its birth as well as giving an insight into the fraternity which existed in those days between the "upper and lower ten." Over and above, the song contains advices more philosophical than poetical or sentimental. Imagine "*Fear Farbrainn*"—Mackenzie of Fairburn—addressed by a subordinate in such peremptory terms as

Gabh tuaireisgeul na bhuineadh dhut,

which may appropriately, though not literally, be rendered, "Walk in the paths of thy ancestors!"—just another mode of expressing the Ossianic couplet—

Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsir,
'S na diobair a bhi mar iadsan !

Again the bard says—

Cum na clachan steidh'chte
'Dh'fhag na daoine gleusta 'n coir dut !

How must these words have touched the heart of the gentleman to whom they were addressed !

The fifth verse is thoroughly descriptive of the real old Highland *Duin uasal*.* There were no poor laws or need for them in those days. Fairburn, from time immemorial, remembered the poor and the orphan ; and so the bard hands the fact to posterity in undying strains. The poor and the orphan, he says, have blessed thy ancestors for their kindness—a valuable and lasting inheritance, and surer to bear good fruit than coined silver or gold. In the sixth verse, he says in effect—let thy countenance be cheerful and the desire of thy heart be for the welfare of thy tenants and clansmen ; keep the just on thy side, for great was the fame of thy fathers by so doing.

I will now relate the incident which gave birth to the song, preceded by a few remarks concerning its author. *Iain Mac-Mhurchaidh* was a great favourite throughout the length and breadth of the Highlands. He delighted in being associated with the better classes ; and I have reason to believe that the gentry delighted in being associated with him. At the festive board *Iain* was invariably the brightest star. His quick and witty repartees kept the company in roars of laughter. In every respect he was most liberal. He incurred several losses in his day, but he aye kept up his heart. One year he lost almost all his cattle, but the loss did not for a moment prey on his mind, and so we find him sing at a public-house table :—

Lion am botul, far a dha dhiubh ;
Na biodh curam ort a phaidheadh—
Mar faigh thu airgead a' d' laimh bhuam,
Ni seiche bà daire 'n t-suim.

Iain Mac Mhurchaidh used to be a regular visitor at Fairburn, and so fond was *Fear-a'-bhaile* of him that the two could not part

* This word is generally spelled "Duinewassal." "Duine" is a Gaelic word meaning man. There is no such word as "wassal" in Gaelic, but there is an old Saxon word "wassail," which means a drunken bout—used adjectively the word will mean drunken ; therefore, "duine wassal" means drunken man ! "Duin'-usal," however, means a gentleman.

without shedding tears! To evade the shedding of tears *Iain* was at last in the habit of taking a kind of French leave—"stealing away" unknown to the great Mackenzie. Fairburn was, as might be expected, somewhat astonished at first at his friend's sudden and unexpected exits; but he ultimately came to understand the cause, and so was watchful that the bard would not be without something in his pouch for the journey. On one occasion John and a companion were in Fairburn, when the companion was thus addressed by Mackenzie—*Tha e ro choltach nach bi fhios agamsa ciod e 'n t-am aig am fag am Bard am Baile so, 's air an aobhar sin ni thusa caomhneas mor rium ma chuireas tu an searbhadair arain as caise, 's am botul uisge-bheatha seo, an luib do bhreacain,* and with these words he handed him a parcel of bread and cheese and a bottle of whisky. John was either absent at the time or in one of his bardic reveries, for he was quite unconscious of the *biadh-siubhail* in the possession of his companion. As Fairburn anticipated, John took leave unknown to any one about. The bard and his companion left for Kintail, up Glen-Orrain; and on till at dusk of night they betook themselves to a *bothan-airidh*, in Glen-Monar. As might naturally be expected, John was rather tired after his journey, but as Dr. George Macdonald says, "There's naeboddy kens the smeddum in an auld Hielan' man," and he bore on well. His comrade by some means or other lit a fire, and John lay down on some bracken and rushes that were in the bothy. He was not long on his palette when he remarked "*Mata 'chompanaich, na'm biodh a nise durachd Fhir-Farbrainn againn, bhiodh creachag † uisgebheatha 'n fhir againn.*" His companion at once produced the contents of Poca 'bhreacainn, saying—"Tha durachd Fhir Farbrainn againn, 's bho 'n tha, 'n aite creachag tha searrag uisge-bheatha againn an so." After partaking of

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
An iocshlaint as uaisle 'th'ann,

John began to pour out his soul in verse, and resulted in this song. Instead of such a homily to the gallant and high-souled "Cabar-feigh," one might expect extraordinary blessings poured over the mercies at hand, but that was not John's way of it. To the

† The *slige-chreachainn*, *creachag*, or scallop-shell, was of old the drinking glass in the Highlands. There is hardly a house to the present day in the Western Highlands without its scallop shell, not, however, for the purpose of drinking whisky out of it, but for skimming milk. In connection with the scallop shell, I may give the words of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. He says, "An t-slige chreachainn chreach i sinne." I simply give it as an example of a Gaelic pun, as they are seldom met with.

mercies in hand he makes a passing reference in the first verse, and then proceeds to praise and advise his true-hearted friend *Ruairidh Farbrainn*, as follows—

'Nise bho na fhuair sinn i
 Gu'n toir sinn ball gun fhuarachdainn
 Air botul—ged bu truailleadh e,—
 Deoch-slàinte Ruairidh. 's òlar i.
Seisd.—Hò-ró gu'm b' éibhinn liom
 Gu'n cluinninn-sa mar sgeula ort
 Gu'm bi tu falbh nan éud-bheannaibh
 Le d' fhéileadh mar bu chòir dut.

Leig dhìot a' Mhachair chumanta—
 Gabh tuaireisgeul na bhuineadh dhut;
 'N uair thig thu 'thìr nam mullaichean
 Le d' chù, bi d' ghunn' air d' òglach.*
 Hò-ró, &c.

Bu dual dut bho do shinnsireachd
 Bhi 'siubhal bheann a's fhrìtheanan,
 Le cuilbhear fada cinnteach
 'Dheanadh damh a' chinn a leonadh.
 Hò-ró, &c.

Ged chithinn an Dun-Eideann thu
 'S e "Farbrainneach" a dh-eighinn dhìot;
 Ach cùm na clachan stéidh'cht'
 A dh' fhàg na daoine gleusta 'n còir dut.
 Hò-ró, &c.

Gur iomadh bochd a's dinnleachdan
 Thug beannachd air do shinnsireadh;
 Gur maireannach an dlleab sin,
 'S gur cinntiche na 'n t-òr e!
 Hò-ró, &c.

Bi aoidheil ris a' cheathairne;
 Cùm taobh nan daoine matha riut,
 Oir 's mor an cliu gun chleth
 A choisinn d' athair air an t-seòl sin.
 Hò-ró, &c.

* Another version of this couplet is :—

'N uair 'thig thu 'n aonach urad
 Bi'dh do chu 's do ghunn' air d' òglach.

Guidheam slainte a's éibhneas dhut,
 Gu' m bu maith a dh-eireas dut;
 Saoghal fada, 's ceile
 Gun bhi eucorach no gòrach !*
 Hò-ró, &c.

13TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

On this date the following gentlemen were elected members :—
 James MacPherson, 28 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh ; D. H. Ferguson, piper, 5 Lombard Street, Inverness ; Robert Machardy, 8 Church Street ; John Grant, 16 Inglis Street ; Alex. MacLagan, photographer, Church Street ; and Henry Stewart, 10 Huntly Street.

It was unanimously agreed to transmit the following petition to Parliament, anent Gaelic in Highland schools :—

Unto the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled ; the Petition of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—

The Petitioners Humbly Shew,—

That in many parts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland Gaelic is the only language understood by the people : That in the Public Schools of the said Highlands and Islands Gaelic is neither taught nor used as a medium in teaching English: That consequently the state of Education in the Highlands and Islands is very unsatisfactory — children acquiring the ability to *read* English, but not to *understand* it : That Gaelic, containing as it does a wealth of literature in which intelligent Highlanders have at all times taken a deep interest, is now recognised and studied by the learned as a language of great philological value, should therefore be made a “Special Subject” in Highland Schools.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to make proper provision for the use of Gaelic as a medium in teaching English where Gaelic is the language of the people, and to recognise it in the Education Code as a “Special Subject.”

Signed at Inverness, this 13th day of February, 1878, for, and on behalf of, the Gaelic Society of Inverness,

DUNCAN A. MACRAE, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, *Secretary.*

* The following is another rendering of the verse :—

Guidheam fallain felle dhut,
 'S gu'm bu math a dh-eireas dhut—
 Saoghal fada ceillidh
 Gun bhi eucorach no gòrach.

Mr. Colin Chisholm opened a brief discussion on the Excise Laws as of old administered in the Highlands,—a subject which it was ultimately agreed to resume at a subsequent meeting.

A committee was appointed to consider the practicability of providing musical entertainments at some of the ordinary meetings of the Society.

20TH FEBRUARY, 1878.

At the meeting on this date the Secretary read a letter from Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., intimating that he received the Society's petition anent the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, and also that Government had just agreed that a period of time, not less than two hours a week, be devoted to the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Whereupon it was unanimously resolved to record the best thanks of the Society to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, for his unwearied and successful efforts in promoting the cause of Gaelic Education in the Highlands in his place in Parliament.

Mr. Charles Fergusson, Raigmore, read the following paper, entitled—

THE GAELIC NAMES OF TREES, SHRUBS, AND PLANTS,

With notices of some of the uses to which they were put by the old Highlanders, and the superstitions connected with them.

He said—The subject of the Gaelic names of the trees and plants that grow around us is a very important and interesting one, but unfortunately, I must say, a very much neglected one by the present race of Highlanders. Our ancestors had a Gaelic name, not only for all the trees and plants that grew in their own country, but also for many foreign plants. Yet there are very few of the present generation who know anything at all about those Gaelic names, except perhaps a few of the very common ones, such as *Darach*, *Beithe*, *Giuthas*, *Calltuinn*, &c.

The principal reason for this is, that the Highlanders of the present day have not to pay so much attention to, or depend so much upon, the plants of their own country as their ancestors did who depended almost entirely on their own vegetable substances for their medicinal, manufacturing, and other purposes. A great many of those Gaelic names are already lost, and many more will be so in a few years if some steps are not taken to preserve them, for though, certainly, we have many of them already in print, scattered through such works as Alex. M'Donald's (*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*) Vocabulary, Lightfoot's *Flora Scotica*, the Gaelic Bible, and the Dictionaries, yet the great majority of the Gaelic names

are not in print, but only preserved amongst the old people, and will soon be forgotten unless speedily collected. So far as I am aware there is not yet a single work on this important subject; therefore I have chosen it as the subject of the following paper, in which I will give the Gaelic name, and a short account of the various uses to which our ancestors put each, beginning with a few of our common trees and going down to the smaller plants, trusting it will awaken an interest in the subject, and be the beginning of an effort to collect all the Gaelic names possible ere it be too late. In studying the Gaelic names of plants, even the most careless observer cannot fail being struck with the fine taste and the intimate acquaintance with the various peculiarities and different properties of plants, displayed by our ancestors in giving the Gaelic names to plants. This I think is one of the strongest proofs we have that our ancestors were keen observers of nature—an advanced and cultivated race—and not the rude savages which some people delight to represent them. In reading the works of our best Gaelic bards, from Ossian downwards, we cannot help also being struck with their acquaintance with the names and various peculiarities of plants. Take M'Intyre's description of *Coire-'Cheathaich* :—

“ 'S ann mu'n Ruadh-aisridh 'dh'fhas na cuairteagan,

Clùthor, cuachanach, cuanar, ard,

Na h-uile cluaineag 's a bàrr air luasgadh,

'S a' ghaoth 'g an sguabadh a null 'sa nall :

Bun na cìoba, is bàrr a' mhilltich,

A' chuisseag dhireach, 's an fhiteag chám ;

Muran brioghor, 's an grunnasg lìonmhor

Mu 'n chuile dhiomhair am bi na suinn !

Do leacan caoimhneil, gu dearcach, braoileagach,

Breac le faoireagan is cruinn dearg ceann ;

An creamh 'na chathraichean, am bac nan staidhrichean,

Stacan fraoidhneasach nach bu ghann :

Am bearnan-brìde, 's a' pheighinn rioghail,

'S an canach min-gheal, 's am mìslean ann ;

'S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun is ìsle.

Gu h-ionad cìrean na crìch is aird'.”

Again, in his *Moladh Beinn-Dorain*, we have—

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith,

Mar bu choir dh'i bhi,

Far am faigh i mìlteach

Glan, feoireanach :

Bruchaireachd a's ciob,
 Lusan am bi brigh,
 Chuireadh sult a's ìgh
 Air a loineanaibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi'dh
 Biolaire gun dith,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n oladh i;
 Cuiseagan a's riasg,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B'annsa lea' mar bhiadh
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tir
 A bha soghar lea',
 Sobhrach 's eala-bhi
 'S barra neoineagan;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhin,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lointean far an cinn i
 'Na moraichean;
 Sud am pòrsann bidh
 Mheudaicheadh an cli,
 Bheireadh iad a nios
 Ri am do-licheinn
 Chuireadh air an druim
 Brat an saille cruinn
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lodail.

Without further remarks in the way of introduction, I will proceed with giving you an account of some of our Highland Trees, Shrubs, and Plants.

ALDER.—Latin, *Alnus Glutinosa* — Gaelic, *Fearna*. — This well-known tree is a native of the Highlands, where it grows to perfection all over the country by the side of streams, and in wet marshy places. It seems in former times to have grown even more abundantly, and that in places where now not a tree of this or any other kind is to be found. This is proved by the many names of places derived from this tree, such as Glen Fernate—*Gleann Fearn-aite*—in Athole; *Fearnan* in Breadalbane; *Fearn* in Ross-shire; *Fernaig* in Lochalsh, &c. In a suitable situation the alder will grow to a great size. There is mention made in the account of the parish of Kenmore, in the "New Statistical Account of

Scotland", of an alder tree growing in the park of Taymouth Castle, the circumference of which, in 1844, was 12 feet 8 inches. The wood of this tree resembles mahogany so much that it is generally known as "Scotch Mahogany." It is very red and rather brittle, but very durable, especially under water. Lightfoot, the learned author of the "Flora Scotica," mentions that, when he accompanied Pennant on his famous "Tour" in 1772, the Highlanders then used alder very much for making chairs and other articles of furniture, which were very handsome and of the colour of mahogany. He mentions that it was much used by them for carving into bowls, spoons, &c., and also for the very curious use of making heels for women's shoes. It was once very much used, and in some parts of the Highlands it is still commonly used, for dyeing a beautiful black colour. By boiling the bark or young twigs with copperas it gives a very durable colour, and supplies the black stripes in home-made tartan. A decoction of the leaves was counted an excellent remedy for burnings and inflammations, and the fresh leaves laid upon swellings are said to dissolve them and stay the inflammation. The old Highlanders used to put fresh alder leaves to the soles of their feet when they were much fatigued with long journeys or in hot weather, as they allayed the heat and refreshed them very much. Our ancestors were sharp enough to discover the curious fact that the alder wood splits best from the root, whereas all other trees split best from the top, which gave rise to the old Gaelic saying, "Gach fiodh o na bharr, 's an fhearna o' na bhun."

APPLE AND CRAB APPLE.—Latin, *Pyrus Målus*—Gaelic, *Ubhal, Ubhal-fiadhaich*.—The crab apple is a native of the Highlands, where it grows in woods and by riversides, to a height of about 20 feet. Of course the cultivated apple of gardens and orchards is just an improved variety of the same, which by ages of care and cultivation has been brought to its present perfection. The fruit of the crab is small and very bitter, but its juice is much used for rubbing to sprains, cramps, &c., and the bark is used by the Highlanders for dying wool of a light yellowish colour. The apple was cultivated at a very early date in Britain, as it is often mentioned by our earliest writers. Logan says that from a passage in Ossian it is clear that the ancient Highlanders were well acquainted with the apple. Pliny says that the apple trees of Britain bore excellent fruit, and Solinus writes that Moray and the north-eastern part of Scotland abounded with apples in the third century. Buchanan says that Moray, which of course in his day included Inverness-shire, surpassed all the other parts of Scotland for excellent fruit

trees. The monks paid great attention to the cultivation of the apple, and they always had gardens and orchards attached to their monasteries, near the ruins of which some very old apple trees are still found growing and bearing good crops of fruit, for instance, the old apple tree a few yards north from Beaully Priory. We read that the monks of Iona had very fine orchards in the ninth century, but they were destroyed and the trees cut down by the Norwegian invaders. King David I., about 1140, spent much of his spare time in training and grafting fruit trees. It is a very great mistake indeed that the apple is not cultivated more now in the Highlands, for from the suitable soil in many places, and also from the great shelter afforded by the hills and woods, in many of the glens and straths, it would grow to perfection where at present there is not a single tree. Indeed it is entirely neglected except in gentlemen's gardens. The present Highlanders have not such a high opinion of the apple as Solomon had—"Mar chrann-ubhall am measg chrann ua coille, is amhuill mo rùnsa am measg nan òganach; fo sgàile mhainnaich mi, agus shuidh mi sìos agus bha a thoradh milis do m' bhlas" (Song of Solomon ii. 3). Almost all the Gaelic bards in singing the praises of their lady-loves compare them to the sweet-smelling apple:—

"Bu tu m' ubhall, a's m' ùbhlán,
'S bu tu m'ùr ròs an gàradh."

"Iseabail òg
An òr-fhuilt bhuidhe—
Do ghruaidh mar ròs
'S do phòg mar ubhal."

"Tha do phog mar ùbhlán gàraidh,
'S tha do bhràighe mar an neòninean."

The well-known fact that the largest and finest apples always grow on the young wood at the top of the tree gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb—"Bithidh 'n t-ubhal is fearr, air a mheangan is airde." The crab apple is the badge of the Clan Lamond.

APRICOTE.—Latin, *Armeniaca Vulgaris*—Gaelic, *Apricoc*.—The apricote is a native of the Levant, but was introduced into Britain in 1548. This excellent fruit, which was once much grown by the monks, is very seldom to be found now in the Highlands, though common enough in gardens in the Lowlands of Scotland. Alexander M'Donald (*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*) mentions it in his Gaelic list of fruit trees, and Logan, in his "Scottish Gael," says

that it thrives very well as far north as Dunrobin. By giving it the shelter of a wall facing the south, it will thrive and ripen its fruit in most of the low straths of the Highlands.

ASH.—Latin, *Fraxinus Excelsior*—Gaelic, *Uinnseann*.—The ash is a native of the Highlands, where, in a suitable situation, it will grow to a height of nearly 100 feet. This useful tree, so well-known to everybody, is noted for its smooth silvery bark when young, and for its graceful fern-like leaves, which come out late in spring, and are the first to fall in autumn, and of which horses and sheep are very fond. The ash will adapt itself to any situation, and will flourish according to the richness of the soil, and the amount of shelter it receives, wherever it happens to spring up, from a seed carried by the wind or by birds. We have it in the Highlands in every stage—from the stunted bush of a few feet high, which grows in the cleft of some high rock, or by the side of some burn high up amongst the hills, to the noble tree of a hundred feet high, which grows in our straths, and of which I may give the following example from my native district of Athole. It is described by the Rev. Thos. Buchanan in his account of the parish of Logierait, in “the New Statistical Account of Scotland” (1844). He says—“There is a remarkable ash tree in the innkeeper’s garden, near the village of Logierait. It measures at the ground $53\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference; at three feet from the ground 40 feet; and at eleven feet from the ground, 22 feet. The height is 60 feet; but the upper part of the stem appears to have been carried away. The height is said to have been at one time nearly 90 feet. The trunk is hollow from the base, and can contain a large party. This venerable stem is surmounted by a profusion of foliage, which, even at the advanced age of the tree, attracts the eye at a distance to its uncommon proportions. An old man of the age of one hundred is at present in the habit of taking his seat daily within the hollow formed by its three surviving sides—no unsuitable companion to the venerable relic.” In the same work, in the accounts of the parishes of Kenmore and Weem, mention is made of an ash in the park of Taymouth Castle, 18 feet in circumference, and other two on the lawn at Castle Menzies, 16 feet. The wood of the ash, which is hard and very tough, was much used by the old Highlanders for making agricultural implements, handles for axes, &c. Besides those peaceful uses to which they put the ash, they also used it for warlike purposes, by making bows of it when yew could not be had, and also for making handles for their spears and long Lochaber axes. The Highlanders have many curious old super-

stitutions about the ash, one of which is also common in some parts of the Lowlands, viz. :—That the oak and the ash fortell whether it is to be a wet or a dry season, by whichever of them comes first into leaf,—if the ash comes first into leaf, it is to be a very wet summer ; but very dry if the oak comes first. Another curious old superstition is still lingering in some parts of the Highlands about the virtue of the sap for newly-born children, and as Lightfoot mentions it as common in the Highlands and Islands when he travelled there with Pennant, in 1772, I may give it in his words. He says :—“In many parts of the Highlands, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife, from what motive I know not, puts the end of a green stick of ash into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap or juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this as the first spoonful of liquors to the new-born babe.” Another old Highland belief is that a decoction of the tender tops or leaves of the ash taken inwardly, and rubbed outwardly to the wound, is a certain cure for the bite of an adder or serpent, and that an adder has such an antipathy to the ash that if it is encompassed with ash leaves and twigs, it will rather go through fire than through the ash.

“Theid an nathair troimh an teine dhearg,
Mu’n teid i troimh dhuilleach an ùinnsinn.”

In fact, the adders were supposed to regard the ash amongst the forest trees as they did the M’Ivors amongst the Highland clans ! Every Highlander knows the old saying about the M’Ivors and the adders—

Latha na Feill’-Bride
Their an nathair anns an tom—
“Cha bhi mise ri Nic-Iomhair
'S cha bhi Nic-Iomhair rium !
Mhionnaich mise do Chlann Iomhair
'S mhionnaich Clann Iomhair dhomhsa ;
Nach bean mise do Chlann Iomhair,
'S nach bean Clann Iomhair dhomhsa ! ”

As a proof of the many uses to which the wood of the ash may be put, I may quote Isaiah xlv. 14—“Suidhichidh e crann-uinsinn, agus altruimidh an t’ uisge e. An sinn bithidh e aig duine chum a losgadh ; agus gabhaidh e dheth, agus garaidh se e féin : seadh cuiridh e teine ris, agus deasaichidh e aran. Cuid dheth loisgidh e ’san teine, le cuid eile dheth deasaichidh agus ithidh e feoil ; ròstaidh e biadh agus sasuichear e : an sin garaidh se a féin agus their

e—Aha rinn mi mo gharadh, dh'aithnich mi an teine. Agus do'n chuid eile dheth ni e dia eadhon dealbh snaidhte dha fein; cromaidh e sìos dha agus bheir e aoradh dha; agus ni e urnuigh ris agus their e—Teasairg mi, oir is tu mo dhia." The ash is the badge of the Clan Menzies.

ASPEN.—Latin, *Populus Tremula*—Gaelic, *Critheann*.—The aspen, which grows to a height of about fifty feet, is a native of the Highlands, where it grows in great abundance all over the country, in moist places or on the banks of streams. It is very rapid in the growth, consequently its wood is not of much value, being very soft, but white and smooth. This wood was much used by the Highlanders for making pack-saddles, wood cans, milk pails, &c. The great peculiarity about the aspen, and which has made it the object of many curious old superstitions, is the ever trembling motion of its leaves, which gave rise to its Gaelic name, "Critheann," or "trembling." The cause of this is that leaves which are round or slightly heart-shaped, have very long slender stalks, so that they quiver and shake with every breath of wind, and the leaves being hard and dry, give a peculiar rustling sound. There is a common belief among the Highlanders that the Saviour's cross was made of the wood of the aspen, and that ever since then the leaves of this tree cannot rest, but are for ever trembling! In the Bible, wherever we find the poplar mentioned in the English, it is always translated Critheann or Crithich in Gaelic, as in Genesis xxx. 27, and Hosea iv. 13. As the aspen is a variety of the poplar, it may be correct enough to translate poplar "critheann," but Alex. M'Donald (*Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*), gives us another name for the poplar, *Crann Pobhuill*.

BAY, OR LAUREL BAY.—Latin, *Laxrus noblis*—Gaelic, *Laibhreas*.—This beautiful evergreen tree, the emblem of victory amongst the ancients, is a native of Italy, but was introduced into Britain in 1561. It would likely be some time after that however, before it was much planted in the Highlands, where it grows and thrives very well now in all the low straths and glens. *Laibhreas* is the Gaelic name I have found for it in over a dozen different books, but in the Bible, where it is only once mentioned (Psalms xxxvii. 35), it is translated *Ur-chraobh-uaine*. There are a great many old superstitions connected with the bay, only one of which I will give in the words of an old writer—"that neither witch nor devil, thunder nor lightning, will hurt a man where a bay tree is!" If such be the case it is truly a valuable tree. The laurel bay is the badge of the Clan M'Laren, and from it they take the motto which they bear

above their crest—" *Bi se Mac an t' slaurie*," meaning that they are the sons of victory, of which the laurel is the emblem.

BEECH.—Latin, *Fagus Sylvatica*—Gaelic, *Faidh-bhile*.—This tall and graceful tree needs no description, as it is well-known to everybody. It is a native of the Highlands, and grows to a height of about eighty feet. It is a very hardy tree, and grows in the glens all over the Highlands, where in favourable situations it attains an immense size. Very large beech trees are found at Dunkeld and in the pass of Killiecrankie, where, to judge from their size, some of those beeches probably afforded shelter to many a wounded soldier on the 17th July, 1689, when "Bonnie Dundee" fought and fell on the field of Raonruarie. Mention is also made in the New Statistical Account of two beech trees at Castle Menzies, one 17 and the other 19 feet in circumference, also one at Taymouth Castle, 22 feet. Of the beech an old writer says:—"The mast or seeds of this tree will yield a good oil for lamps; they are a food for mice and squirrels, and swine are very fond of them, but the fat of those which feed on them is soft and boils away, unless hardened before they are killed by other food. The wood is brittle, very fissile, durable under water, but not in the open air. It is the best of all woods for fuel, and it is sometimes used for making axles, bowls, sword scabbards," &c. As the leaves of the beech are very cooling, they were used by the Highlanders as a poultice, to be applied to any swellings to lessen and allay the heat. They were also used in some parts when dry for stuffing mattresses instead of straw, to which they are much superior for that purpose, as they will continue fresh for many years, and not get musty and hard as straw does.

BLACK BEECH.—Latin, *Fagus sylvatica atro-rubens*—Gaelic, *Faidh-bhile dubh*.—This sombre and mournful-looking tree is just a variety of the common beech, and has mostly the same nature, only that it does not grow quite so tall. The black beech is to be found with foliage of every shade, from a brownish-green to a blood-red, and almost even to jet black—the two latter forming a very fine contrast to the light green of the common beech, or the white flowers of the hawthorn or the mountain ash, and is therefore a very striking object in a landscape. There are some very large trees of this kind in the Highlands, such as at Guisachan, in Strathglass, where they have a very rich dark colour.

BIRCH.—Latin, *Betula alba*—Gaelic, *Beithe*.—I need not say that the birch is a native of the Highlands, where it is the most

common of all our forest trees, and its graceful habit adds to the beauty of almost every glen and strath in the land of the Gael. It is still much used in many ways, but was much more so by the old Highlanders, who turned it into almost endless uses. The wood was once much used by them for making arrows for the men and spinning wheels for the women—both being articles once indispensable in the Highlands, although now things of the past. The wood is still much used in the Highlands by turners, as it is the best possible wood for their work, and it is also much used for making bobbins. As Lightfoot mentions many of the uses to which the Highlanders put the birch, I may give them in his words :—"Various are the economical uses," he says, "of this tree. The Highlanders use the bark to tan their leather and to make ropes. The outer rind, which they call '*Mèilleag*,' they sometimes burn instead of candles. The inner bark, before the invention of paper was used to write upon. The wood was formerly used by the Highlanders for making their arrows, but is now converted to better purposes, being used by the wheelwrights for ploughs, carts, and most of the rustic implements ; by the turners for trenchers, ladles, &c., the knotty excrescences affording a beautiful veined wood ; and by the cooper for hoops. The leaves are a fodder for sheep and goats, and are used by the Highlanders for dyeing a yellow colour. The catkins are a favourite food of small birds, especially the siskin, and the pliant twigs are well known to answer the purposes of cleanliness and *correction* ! There is yet another use to which this tree is applicable, and which I will beg leave strongly to recommend to my Highland friends. The vernal sap is well known to have a saccharine quality capable of making sugar, and a wholesome diuretic wine. This tree is always at hand, and the method of making the wine is simple and easy. I shall subjoin the receipt—"In the beginning of March when the sap is rising, and before the leaves shoot out, bore holes in the bodies of the larger trees and put fossets therein, made of elder sticks with the pith taken out, and then put any vessels under to receive the liquor. If the tree be large you may tap it in four or five places at a time without hurting it, and thus from several trees you may gain several gallons of juice in a day. If you have not enough in one day bottle up close what you have till you get a sufficient quantity for your purpose, but the sooner it is used the better. Boil the sap as long as any scum rises, skimming it all the time. To every gallon of liquor put four pounds of sugar, and boil it afterwards half-an-hour, skimming it well ; then put it into an open tub to cool, and when cold run it into your cask ; when it

has done working bung it up close, and keep it three months. Then either bottle it off or draw it out of the cask after it is a year old. This is a generous and agreeable liquor, and would be a happy substitute in the room of the poisonous whisky.'” So says Light-foot. Another writer says—“In those parts of the Highlands of Scotland where pine is not to be had, the birch is a timber for all uses. The stronger stems are the rafters of the cabin, wattles of the boughs are the walls and the doors, even the chests and boxes are of this rude basket work. To the Highlander it forms his spade, his plough, and if he have one, his cart, and his harness ; and when other materials are used the cordage is still withies of twisted birch. These ropes are far more durable than ropes of hemp, and the only preparation is to bark the twig and twist it while green.”

WARTY OR KNOTTY BIRCH.—Latin, *Betula Verrucosa*—Gaelic, *Beithe Carraigeach*, *Beithe Dubh-chasach*.—This tree, though very much resembling the common birch, is quite a distinct variety, and was always treated as such by the old Highlanders, which is another strong proof of how keenly our ancestors studied nature, and how quick they were to discover even the slightest peculiarity or difference in the habit or nature of any tree or plant, and the nicety and taste with which they gave the Gaelic name descriptive of any such peculiarity. It is a native of the Highlands, where it generally grows larger and stronger than the common birch. It was always used by the old Highlanders for any particular work where extra strength or durability was required. Owing to its dark bark and its gnarled and knotty stem it is not such a graceful tree as the common birch, but the wood is of a better quality.

WEEPING BIRCH.—Latin, *Betula Pendula*—Gaelic, *Beithe Dubh-ach*.—The weeping birch is the most graceful and beautiful of all our native Highland trees, and where it grows to perfection, as it does in Strathglass, Lochness-side, and in many other parts of the Highlands, there is nothing that can add more to the beauty of the landscape than its tall silvery stem, with its graceful drooping branches which, though 20 or 30 feet long, are no thicker than a common pack thread. Well might Coleridge call the weeping birch—“The Lady of the Woods.”

DWARF BIRCH.—Latin, *Betula Nana*—Gaelic, *Beithe Beag*.—The dwarf birch, the hardiest of all trees or shrubs, grows abundantly on some of the higher ranges in the Highlands, though unknown south of the Highland border, or even in our own low straths. It grows in Corry-challin, in Glenlyon, in Strathardle, on Ben Lawers, Ben-

y-gloe, and on several of the other Perthshire Grampians, also in the wilds of Strathglass, and on the moors near Loch Glass, in Ross-shire. It is of an erect habit, but seldom reaches a height of over three feet. The bark is of a shining red or dark purple colour, and the fertile catkins which grow at the extremity of the branches are a favourite food of grouse and ptarmigan. As the leaves and twigs of this variety yield a much brighter yellow dye than any of the other varieties of birch, it used to be much sought after by the Highland housewives, and through their cutting it all when found growing near their houses, it is now unknown in many places where it was once common. Another, and perhaps a stronger reason for its disappearance is that it never grows high enough to be beyond the reach of sheep, which are now all over the country, and as they are very fond of the young twigs and leaves, they constantly nip off the young wood, and so never allow it to seed, and very soon kill the parent shrub itself. In the Arctic regions the dwarf birch is found growing on the borders of the eternal snow, where it is the only variety of tree known, and its catkins and seeds afford the only food for the large flocks of ptarmigan and other birds found in those high northern latitudes.

BIRDS' CHERRY.—Latin, *Cerasus padus*—Gaelic, *Fiodhag*.—This tree is a native of the Highlands, where it grows on the banks of streams, and produces large crops of its black berries. These berries are very sour, but birds are very fond of them, which, of course, gave rise to its name. Lightfoot informs us that the berries were used by way of infusion in brandy in the Highlands, when he was there.

BLACK THORN.—Latin, *Prunus spinosa*—Gaelic, *Sgitheach dubh*; *Preas nan airneag*.—This is a well-known native shrub, and grows very common all over the country. The bark was much used by our ancestors for dyeing a bright red colour. Lightfoot mentions that the fruit will make a very fragrant and grateful wine, a fact which the great botanist never forgets to mention of any fruit or plant out of which it is possible to extract anything drinkable!

Box.—Latin, *Buxus sempervirens*—Gaelic, *Bucsa*.—The box is a native of England, but seems to have been introduced very early into the Highlands, where it thrives very well in the low glens. The wood, which is very hard and close-grained, was used by the old Highlanders for carving ornamental dirk and *sgian dubh* handles, *cuachs*, &c. From the great resemblance of the box to the red whortleberry, or *Lus nam Braoileag*, the real badge of the

Clan Chattan, the box was often used by that Clan instead of the whortleberry, as it was generally easier procured, which gave rise to the mistaken idea that the box is the badge of the Clan Chattan.

BRIER ROSE.—Latin, *Rosa canina*—Gaelic, *Dris*; *An fhearr-dhris*; *Preas nam mucag*.—This prickly shrub grows all over the Highlands, where its fruit—*mucagan*—is often eaten by children, and also sometimes used for preserves. The strong prickles with which it is armed gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb, “Cho croisda ris an dris.” The Highlanders used the bark of the brier, with copperas, for dyeing a beautiful black colour.

BROOM.—Latin, *Spartium Scoparium*—Gaelic, *Bealaidh*.—The “bonny, bonny broom” needs no description, as it is known to everybody, and its bright green branches and golden blossoms add to the beauty of most Highland landscapes. The old Highlanders used the broom for almost endless purposes, some of which I may mention here. The twigs and branches were used to thatch houses and stacks, to make brooms, and to weave in their fences to exclude sheep and hares from their gardens, and also to tan leather, for which purpose it is equal to oak bark. A decoction of this shrub was much recommended for the dropsy, and half an ounce of the flowers or seeds was considered a strong vomit by the old Highland housewives. During snow, sheep and deer are very fond of browsing on it, but if sheep not accustomed to it are allowed too much of it at first it makes them giddy, or as the shepherds say drunk. The broom is the badge of the Clans Forbes and M'Kay.

CHERRY.—Latin, *Prunus Cerasus*—Gaelic, *Siris* or *Sirist*.—Of course this tree is just the wild cherry or gean, brought to its present perfection by long cultivation. It seems to have been well known to the old Highlanders, as the bards often in singing the praises of their sweethearts, compare the colour of their cheeks to the cherry—“*Do ghruaidh mar an t-siris*.”

CHESTNUT.—Latin, *Fagus castanea*—Gaelic, *Geanm-chno*.—This tree is said to be a native of England, but not of Scotland. This, however, is doubtful, for if it is not a native, it must have been introduced into this country very early, from the immense size of some of the chestnut trees found growing in many parts of the Highlands. One growing in the garden of Castle Leod, in Ross-shire, in 1820, measured 15 feet in circumference; and mention is made, in the New Statistical Account, of three chestnuts measured at Castle Menzies in 1844, whose respective girths were 16, 18½, and 21 feet. The wood is very hard and durable, and

that its value was known to our ancestors is proved by the fact that it is found along with oak in the roofs and woodwork of some of our oldest Highland castles and mansion houses.

ELDER.—Latin, *Sambucus niger*—Gaelic, *Droman*; *Craobh an dromain*.—This is a native of the Highlands, and was used by the Highlanders in many ways. They used its berries for dyeing a brown colour, and of course everybody who has heard of the “Laird of Cockpen” knows that a wine is made of the flowers—

“Mistress Jean she was makin’ the elder flower wine,
Says, ‘What taks the Laird here at sic an ill time?’”

The berries also were fermented into a wine, which was usually drunk warm. The medicinal virtues of the elder were well known to our ancestors, for indeed it was one of their principal remedies for many diseases; and as a proof that they were correct in this, and also that its virtues were known in other countries, I may mention that the great physician Boerhaave regarded the elder with such reverence for its medicinal virtues, that he always took off his hat when passing an elder tree!

FIR, (SCOTCH).—Latin, *Pinus sylvestris*—Gaelic, *Giuthas*.—The Scotch Fir is the “most Highland” of all our trees, and there is no tree that looks nobler than it does towering amongst our bens and glens. In our earliest records we find mention of our great Caledonian fir forest, which extended from Glenlyon and Rannoch, to Strathspey and Strathglass, and from Glencoe eastward to the Braes of Mar. This great forest has mostly disappeared ages ago, caused principally by being cut, or set fire to wilfully, or accidentally, by the different clans, during their continual wars, or by foreign invaders. A large portion of the ground which once formed part of this great forest is now converted into peat bogs, in which are found embedded huge trunks of fir, some of which still show traces of fire, or lying close to their roots or stocks, which are firmly fixed by the roots in the underlying firm soil. The largest portions of the ancient Caledonian forest left are in Rannoch, Perthshire; in Braemar, Aberdeenshire; in Badenoch, Strathspey, Glenmore, Rothiemurchus, Glenmoriston, and Strathglass, in Inverness-shire; near Loch Maree, in Ross-shire; and at Cogeach, Strathnaver, and Dirry-Monach, in Sutherland. The wood of this tree is very valuable, being easily wrought, resinous, and very durable, a proof of which is mentioned by Smith, in his “View of the Agriculture of Argyle.” He says:—“The roof of Kilchurn Castle, Argyleshire,

was made of natural fir, and when taken down, after having stood over 300 years, was found as fresh and full of sap as newly imported Memel." Besides using it for roofs, the old Highlanders also used this wood for floors, and for making chests, beds, tables, and endless other domestic purposes. The resinous roots dug out of the earth, not only supplied the best of fuel, but was used for light, being split up into small splinters, which from the quantity of rosin contained in them burnt with the brightness of gas. They were burnt either on a flat stone or an iron brander placed near the fire, under the large open chimneys in old Highland cottages ; and it was the nightly duty either of the old grandfather or of the young herd boy, to sit by the light and replenish it by fresh splinters as they burned down, whilst the other members of the family attended to their domestic duties, or sat and listened to the songs or traditions of by-gone days. Lightfoot mentions that Pennant and himself observed the fishermen of Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, make ropes of the inner bark of the fir. He also mentions another curious fact about the fir. He says :—"The farina, or yellow powder, of the male flowers, is sometimes in spring carried away by the winds, in such quantities where the trees abound, as to alarm the ignorant with the notion of its raining brimstone." The fir is very often mentioned by Ossian, and no doubt in his day many of the large tracts, which are now barren peat mosses, were covered with luxuriant pine forests. To explain how this great change came about I may give the following extract from an able work, "*A Description and History of Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and Domestic Economy.*" In the article on the Scotch fir, it says, page 26 :—"One of the most singular changes to which any country can be subjected, is that which arises from the formation of extensive masses of peat-earth. They are common in most of the colder parts of the world, and are known in Scotland by the name of peat mosses. These accumulations of a peculiar vegetable matter are a sort of natural chronicle of the countries in which they are found. In the northern parts of Britain they point out that the soil and climate were once far superior to what the country now, in those situations, enjoys. The era of the first commencement of these bogs is not known ; but as in many of them, both in Ireland and Scotland, are found the horns and skulls of animals of which no living specimens now exist in the country, and have not been since the commencement of recorded history, their history must be referred to very remote periods. Notwithstanding this, the formation of a peat bog under favourable circumstances does not appear to be a very lengthened process, for George, Earl of Cromarty, mentions (*Philosophical Transactions*,

No. 330) that near Loch Braon (Loch Broom), on the west of Ross-shire, a considerable portion of ground had, between the years of 1651 and 1699, been changed from a forest of barked and leafless pines to a peat moss or bog, in which the people were cutting turf for fuel. The process, according to the Earl's description, which has been verified by the observations of others, is this :—The pines, after having stood for some time deprived of their bark and bleaching in the rains, which in that country are both heavy and frequent, are gradually rotted near their roots, and fall. After they have been soaked by the rains, they are soon covered by various species of *fungi*. When these begin to decay the rain washes the adhesive matter into which they are reduced between the tree and the ground, and a dam is thus formed, which collects and retains the water. Whenever this takes place, the surface of the stagnant pool, or moist earth, becomes covered with mosses, and these mosses further retain the water. It is a property of those species of moss which grow most readily in cold or moist districts, to keep decomposing at the roots while they continue to grow vigorously at the tops. Cold and humidity, as has been said, are the circumstances in which the mosses that rot and consolidate into peat are formed ; and when the mosses begin to grow they have the power of augmenting those causes of their production. The mossy surface, from its spongy nature, and from the moisture with which it is covered, is one of the very worst conductors of heat ; and thus, even in the warmest summers, the surface of moss is always comparatively cold. Beside the spongy part of the moss, which retains its fibrous texture for many years, there is a portion of it, especially of the small *fungi* and *lichens* with which it is mixed, that is every year reduced to the consistency of a very tough and retentive mould. That subsides, closes up the openings of the spongy roots of the moss, and renders the whole water tight. The retention of the water is further favourable to the growth of the moss, both in itself and by means of the additional cold which it produces in the summer." A very good story is told in Strathardle of a boy's opinion of a group of noble firs, when he saw them for the first time. His father was many years keeper to the Duke of Athole, at Falar Lodge, which is many miles away from any other habitation, and surrounded by huge mountains, and at which not a tree is to be seen, though it was once the very centre of the great Caledonian forest. The boy had been born and brought up in that secluded place, and had never been from home, till one day when he was well on in his teens he was allowed to accompany his father to Strathardle. Having never seen a tree of any description, no doubt

the stunted birch and alder trees he saw when going down Glenfergane astonished him not a little, but when they reached Strathloch, and coming round the corner of the hill the group of fine firs behind the farm houses there burst on the wondering youth's view, within a few hundred yards of him. He stood still with astonishment, wondering what those huge stems with the tuft of green on the top could be, till at last a happy idea struck him, and turning to his father, he exclaimed—"Ubh, ubh, nach e am blaths gu iosal an seo, a ni am muth, seallaibh cho mor 'sa dlì fhas an càl."—"Ubh, ubh, does not the warmth down here make a wonderful difference; see how big the kale has grown." The poor boy had never seen anything resembling those trees except the curly kale or German greens in his father's garden, and so came to the conclusion that owing to the warmth of the valley the kale had grown to the size of the fir trees.

FIR, SILVER.—Latin, *Pinus Picea*—Gaelic, *Giuthas Geal*.—This tree is a native of Germany, and was introduced into England in 1603; and into Scotland in 1682, where it was first planted at Inveraray Castle. One specimen of this tree measured 15 feet in circumference at Castle Menzies, in 1844.

FIR, SPRUCE.—Latin, *Pinus Abies*—Gaelic, *Giuthas Lochlanach*.—The spruce is a native of Norway, but was introduced in 1548. It thrives to perfection in the moist boggy parts of the Highlands, where immense trees of it are found in many part of the country, many of them over 100 feet high.

GEAN, or WILD CHERRY.—Latin, *Cerasus Sylvestris*—Gaelic, *Geanaìs*.—This is one of our native wild fruit trees, where it thrives very well in the low straths, many trees of it being 15 to 18 feet in circumference. The wood is very hard and beautifully veined, and was much used for making articles of furniture. Lightfoot says that the fruit of the Gean, by fermentation, makes a very agreeable wine, and by distillation, bruised together with the stones, a strong spirit.

HAZEL.—Latin, *Corylus Avellana*—Gaelic, *Calltuinn*.—This native tree is very common in most parts of the Highlands yet, though, within the memory of the present generation it has disappeared from many a glen, where it once grew in thickets. This is caused to some extent by the increase of sheep and rabbits in the Highlands, especially the latter, who in time of snow peel the bark off as high as they can reach, killing it of course very soon. From the great quantity of hazel trees and nuts dug up from great

depths in peat bogs, it is evident that the hazel was very common all over the country before the destruction of the great Caledonian forest. It was always a favourite wood for making walking sticks, and was also used for making baskets and hoops for barrels. Our ancestors had many curious old superstitions regarding the hazel, and always considered it a very unlucky tree, though they were fond enough of the nuts. Of the nuts they made bread sometimes, which they considered excellent for keeping away hunger on long and fatiguing journeys. They had also many superstitions regarding the nuts, such as burning them on Hallowe'en night to see if certain couples would get married; and they counted nothing so lucky as to get two nuts naturally joined together, which they called "*Cnò-chòmhlaidh*," and which they considered a certain charm against all witchcraft.

HORSE-CHESTNUT.—Latin, *Æsculus hippocastanum*—Gaelic, '*Gheanm-chno fhiadhaich*.—This tree is a native of Asia, and was introduced into England in 1629, but not into Scotland till 1709. Very large trees of it are quite common in the Highlands now. The wood is worthless, but its handsome foliage and sweet-smelling flowers render it very useful for ornamental purposes.

JUNIPER.—Latin, *Juniperis communis*—Gaelic, *Aiteann*.—Next to the broom and the whin, the juniper is the most common of all our native shrubs, and it has the advantage over those of producing berries. Those berries, which have the peculiarity of taking two years to ripen, once formed no small part of the foreign commerce of the Gael, as we read that shiploads of juniper berries used to be annually sent from the port of Inverness to Holland, where they were used for making the famous Geneva or gin. That trade in the juniper berries continued long, and might have done so still if the modern art of the chemist had not discovered a cheaper, but, as is generally the case, an inferior substitute for the juniper berries in the distillation of Geneva, this will be seen by the following extract from an old work:—"The true Geneva or gin is a malt spirit distilled a second time with the addition of juniper berries. Originally the berries were added to the malt in the grinding, so that the spirit thus obtained was flavoured with the berries from the first, and exceeded all that could be made by any other method. But now they leave out the berries entirely, and give their spirits a flavour by distilling them with a proper quantity of oil of turpentine, which, though it nearly resembles the flavour of juniper berries, has none of their valuable virtues." The old Highlanders had very great faith in juniper berries as a medicine for almost every disease

known amongst them, and also as a cure for the bite of any serpent or venomous beast. In cases of the pestilence, fever, or any infectious disease, fires of juniper bushes were always lighted in or near their houses, as they believed that the smoke and smell of burning juniper purified the air and carried off all infection. The juniper is the badge of the Athole Highlanders, and also of the Gunns, Rosses, and M'Leods.

LABURNUM. — Latin, *Cytisus Alpinus* — Gaelic, *Bealaidh Sasunach*.—This tree is a native of Switzerland, and was introduced in 1596. Some of the largest trees of it in Britain are in Athole, by the roadside between Blair-Athole and Dunkeld. The old Highlanders used this wood for making bagpipes, for which use it is very suitable, being very hard, fine grained, and capable of taking a very fine polish. Many very old bagpipes are made of this wood.

LARCH.—Latin, *Pinus Larix*—Gaelic, *Laireag*.—Though not a native of the Highlands, the larch is now one of our commonest trees, and it thrives as well here as any of our native trees, as both the soil and the climate are admirably suited to it. Linnæus says that its botanical name “*Larix*” comes from the Celtic word “*Lar*,” fat; producing abundance of resin, of course the Gaelic name comes from the same. In the Statistical Account of the parish of Dunkeld we read:—“Within the pleasure-grounds to the north east of the cathedral, are the two noted larches, the first that were introduced into Britain. They were brought from the Tyrol, by Menzies of Culdares, in 1738, and were at first treated as greenhouse plants. They were planted only one day later than the larches in the Monzie gardens, near Crieff. The two Dunkeld larches are still (1844) in perfect vigour, and far from maturity. The height of the highest is nearly 90 feet, with girth in proportion.” Again, in the account of the parish of Monzie we have:—“In the garden of Monzie are five larches remarkable for their age, growth, and symmetry. They are coeval with the celebrated larches of Dunkeld, having been brought along with them from the same place, and are now superior to them in beauty and size. The tallest measures 102 feet in perpendicular height; another is 22 feet in circumference, and at a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground 16 feet, and throws out branches to the extraordinary distance of 48 and 55 feet from the trunk. The late Duke of Athole, it would appear, evinced a more than ordinary interest in the progress of these five trees, sending his gardener annually thither to observe their growth. When this functionary returned and made his

wonted report, that the larches of Monzie were leaving those of Dunkeld behind in the race, his Grace would jocularly allege, that his servant had permitted General Campbell's good cheer to impair his powers of observation." The larch is now very commonly planted in the Highlands, and there are many extensive plantations of it which have already attained a great size and value, especially in the district of Athole, where, about the beginning of the present century, Duke John planted some millions of it on the hills north of Dunkeld and Logierait.

LIME.—Latin, *Tilia communes*—Gaelic, *Teile*.—This beautiful tree is a native of Asia, and was introduced into Scotland in 1664, where it was first planted at Taymouth Castle, where there are now trees of it nearly 20 feet in circumference. The wood, which though very soft, is close-grained and very white, was much used by the old Highlanders for carved work. They also believed the sweet-smelling flowers of this tree to be the best cure for palpitation of the heart.

MAPLE.—Latin, *Acer campestre*—Gaelic, *Malpais*.—This tree is a native of the southern Highlands of Perthshire and Argyle. It very much resembles the plane, but does not grow to such a size. The Highlanders made a wine of the sap of this tree as they did of the birch.

OAK.—Latin, *Quercus robur*—Gaelic, *Darach*.—This monarch of the forest is certainly a native of the Highlands, though some writers, of the class who grudge to see anything good either in the Highlands or in the Highlanders, try to maintain that it was not anciently found north of Perthshire. This, however, is clearly settled by the great quantity of huge oak trees found embedded at great depths below the surface in peat mosses all over the Highlands and Islands. All our earliest bards and writers also mention the oak, and Ossian, who is believed to have flourished in the third century, sings of hoary oak trees dying of old age in his day :—

“ Sàmhach 'us mòr a bha 'n triath
 Mar dharaig 's i liath air Lùbar,
 A chaill a dlu-gheug o shean
 Le dealan glan nan spèur ;
 Tha 'h-aomadh thar sruth o shliabh,
 A còinneach mar chiabh a fuaim.”

“ Silent and great was the prince,
Like an oak tree hoary, on Lubar,
Stripped of its thick and aged boughs
By the keen lightning of the skies ;
It bends across the stream from the hill ;
Its moss sounds in the wind like hair.”

There are many huge oak trees in different parts of the Highlands, which are certainly several hundred years old, such as at Castle Menzies, where there are oaks about 20 feet in circumference. Those trees must be very old, as it is proved that the oak on an average grows only to about from 14 to 20 inches in diameter in 80 years. The wood of the oak, being hard, strong, and durable, was used by the Highlanders for almost every purpose possible—from building their birlinns and roofing their castles, down to making a cudgel for the herdsman or shepherd, who believed the old superstition that his flock would not thrive unless his staff was of oak. And after the Highlanders had laid aside their claymores, many an old clan feud was kept up, and many a quarrel between the men of different glens or clans was settled, by the end of a “cuilair math daraich.” The bark was of course much used for tanning leather, and also for dyeing a brown colour, or, by adding copperas, a black colour. The veneration which the Druids had for the oak is too well known to need mentioning here; and it seems also to have been the custom in early times to bury their great heroes under aged oak trees, for the bard Ullin, who was somewhat prior to Ossian, says in “Dan an Deirg,” singing of Comhal, Ossian’s grandfather—

“Tha leaba fo chos nan clach
Am fagadh an daraig aosda.”

“His bed is below the stones
Under the shade of the aged oak.”

The Highlanders used a decoction of oak bark for stopping vomiting, and they also believed that a decoction of the bark and acorns was the best possible antidote for all kinds of poison or the bite of serpents. They also believed that it was the only tree that a wedge of itself was the best to split it, which gave rise to the old Gaelic proverb — “Geinn dheth fein a sgoilteas an darach” — “A wedge made of the self-same oak cleaves it.” The Gaelic bard, Donnachadh Ban, refers to this belief in one of his beautiful songs—

“’S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu’n darach, gur fiodh ^{’e}còrr e,
’S-gur géinn’ dheth fhéin ^{’ga} theannachadh
A spealtadh e ^{’na} òrdaibh.”

PINE (WEYMOUTH).—Latin, *Pinus Strobus*—Gaelic, *Giuthas Sasunach*.—This beautiful tree was first introduced from England to Dunkeld, where the first trees of it were planted in 1725.

PLANE.—Latin, *Acer Pseudo-platanus*—Gaelic, *Pleintri*, or *Plinntrinn*.—The first of those Gaelic names, which sounds so very like the English, is that given by Alex. M'Donald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair) in his Gaelic list of trees already referred to. The second is that given by Lightfoot, as the Gaelic name in use for this tree when he travelled in the Highlands in 1772. The plane is a native of the Highlands where it grows to an immense size, as may be seen by the following extract from the New Statistical Account of the dimensions of plane trees growing at Castle Menzies, parish of Weem—"solid contents of a plane, 1132 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet; extreme height, 77 $\frac{1}{2}$; girth at ground, 23; at four feet, 16. Of a second plane, girth at four feet from ground, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and of a third at four feet, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet." The wood of this tree, which is white and soft, was much used by the Highlanders for turning; and Lightfoot mentions that they made a very agreeable wine of the sap of the plane, as they did of the birch and maple.

RASPBERRY.—Latin, *Rubus Idæus*—Gaelic, *Subhag*, or *Soidheag*.—The wild raspberry is one of our native wild fruits, and grows very commonly all over the Highlands, where it also grows very well in a cultivated state in gardens. The distilled juice of this fruit was once very much used by the old Highlander in cases of fever, as it is very cooling. Lightfoot says that the juice of this fruit was used in the Isle of Skye, when he was there, as an agreeable acid for making punch instead of lemons.

ROWAN, or MOUNTAIN ASH.—Latin, *Pyrus Aucuparia*—Gaelic, *Caorunn*.—This beautiful and hardy tree is a native of the Highlands, where the wood of it was once much used by wheelwrights and coopers; but the great use the Highlanders made of the rowan tree, since the days of the Druids, was for their superstitious charms against witchcraft. I may give Lightfoot's account of what the Highlanders did with the rowan in 1772—"The rowan-berries have an astringent quality, but in no hurtful degree. In the island of Jura they use the juice of them as an acid for punch; and the Highlanders often eat them when thoroughly ripe, and in some places distil a very good spirit from them. It is probable that this tree was in high favour with the Druids, for it may to this day be observed to grow, more frequently than any other tree, in the neighbourhood of those Druidical circles of stones so often seen in

North Britain; and the superstitious still continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that any small part of this tree, carried about with them, will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment or witchcraft. Their cattle also, as well as themselves, are supposed to be preserved by it from evil, for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the shealings or summer pastures with a rod of this tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the *sheal bothy*, and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspey they make, for the same purpose, on the first day of May, a hoop of rowan wood, and in the morning and evening cause all the sheep and lambs to pass through it."

WILLOW.—Latin, *Salix*—Gaelic, *Seileach*.—Lightfoot mentions sixteen, and Linnæus twenty varieties of the willow, natives of the Highlands, and many more have been discovered since their day. The willow was a very valuable tree indeed for the old Highlanders, and they converted it into almost endless purposes. The wood, which is soft and pliable, they used in many ways, and the young twigs, of course, for basket work, and even ropes. The bark was used for tanning leather, and the bark of most of the varieties was also used to dye a black colour, while that of the white willow gave a dye of a cinnamon colour. The following extract from "Walker's Hebrides" describes the uses made of the willow in the Isles:—"The willows in the Highlands even supply the place of ropes. A traveller there has rode during the day with a bridle made of them, and been at anchor in a vessel at night, whose tackle and cable were made of twisted willows, and these, indeed, not of the best kind for the purpose; yet, in both cases, they were formed with a great deal of art and industry, considering the materials. In the islands of Colonsay, Coll, and Tyree, the people tan the hides of their black cattle with the bark of the grey willow, and the barks of all the willows are capable of dyeing black. The foliage of the willow is a most acceptable food for cattle, and is accordingly browsed on with avidity both by black cattle and horses, especially in autumn. In the Hebrides, where there is so great a scarcity of everything of the tree kind, there is not a twig, even of the meanest willow, but what is turned by the inhabitants to some useful purpose."

YEW.—Latin, *Taxus Baccata*—Gaelic, *Iuthar*.—This valuable tree is a native of the Highlands, where the remains of some very old woods of it are to be found, as at Glenure, in Lorn, which of course takes its name from the yew. There are also single trees of

it of immense size, and of unknown antiquity in the Highlands, such as the famous old yew in the churchyard of Fortingall, in Perthshire, described by Pennant, as he saw it in 1772. He gives the circumference of it as $56\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and it was then wasted away to the outside shell. Some writers calculate that this tree must have taken 4000 years to grow that size, it is impossible now to tell its age with any certainty. But when we consider its immense size, and the slow growing nature of the yew, it is certainly one of the oldest vegetable relics in the world. When writing out this paper I wrote to the minister of Fortingall to enquire what state the old yew was in now, and was glad to hear from that gentleman that part of it is still fresh, and sprouting out anew, and likely to live a long time yet. We read of another very large yew tree, which grew on a cliff by the sea side in the island of Bernera, near the Sound of Mull, which when cut, loaded a six-oared boat, and afforded timber enough when cut up, to form a very fine staircase in the house of Lochnell. The wood of the yew is very hard, elastic, and beautifully veined, and was much prized by the old Highlanders for many purposes, but the great use to which they put it was to make bows. So highly was the yew esteemed for this purpose that it was reckoned a consecrated tree, and was planted in every churchyard so as to afford a ready supply of bows at all times. And in fact, so commonly were the bows made of yew, that we find in Ossian and in the early bards, the bow always alluded to as "the yew," or "my yew," as in "Dan an Deirg," we have,

"Mar shaighead o ghlacaibh an iughair,
Bha chasan a' siubhal nam barra-thonn."

And also in Diarmaid, when that hero heard the sound of his comrades hunting on Beinn Ghuilbeinn he could remain quiet no longer, but exclaimed—

"A chraosnach dhearg cà bheil thu?
'S cà bheil m' iughar 's mo dhorlach?"

Smith, in his "Sean Dana," in a note to "Dan an Deirg," says:—Everybody knows the bow to have been made of yew. Among the Highlanders of later times, that which grew in the wood of Easragan, in Lorn, was esteemed the best. The feathers most in vogue for the arrows were furnished by the eagles of Loch Treig; the wax for the string by Baile-na-gailbhinn; and the arrow-heads by the smiths of the race of Mac Pheidearain. This piece of instruction, like all the other knowledge of the Highlanders, was couched in verse—

“ Bogha dh' iughar Easragain,
Is ite firein Loch-a-Trèig ;
Cèir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-gailbhinn,
'S ceann o 'n cheard Mac Pheidearain.”

That the Highlanders in the early days of Ossian used the yew for other uses than making bows is proved by the passage in Fingal, describing Cuchullin's war chariot—

“ 'Dh' iuthar faileasach an crann,
Suidhear ann air cnamhan caoin.”
“ Of shining yew is its pole ;
Of well-smoothed bone the seat.”

And that our ancestors, in the third century, overshadowed their graves with yew trees, as we do still, is proved by the passage in Fingal, where, after Crimor and Cairbar fought for the white bull, when Crimor fell, and Brasolis, Cairbar's sister, being in love with him, on hearing of his death rushed to the hill and died beside him, and yew trees shaded their graves—

“ Bhuail cridhe 'bu tla ri 'taobh,
Dh' fhalbh a snuagh 'us bhris i tro' 'n fhraoch,
Fhuair e marbh ; 'us dh' eug i 's an t-sliabh ;
'N so fein, a Chuchullin, tha' n àir,
'S caoin iuthar 'tha 'fas o'n uagh.”

“ Throbb'd a tender heart against her side,
Her colour went ; and through the heath she rushed ;
She found him dead ; she died upon the hill.
In this same spot, Cuchullin, is their dust,
And fresh the yew-tree grows upon their grave.”

ARSSMART (SPOTTED).—Latin, *Polygonum persicaria*—Gaelic, *Am Boinne-fola*.—This is a very common plant in the glens and low grounds of the Highlands. It is easily known by the red spot on the centre of every leaf, about which the Highlanders have a curious old superstition, viz. :—That this plant grew at the foot of our Saviour's cross, and that a drop of blood fell on each leaf, the stain of which it bears ever since. A decoction of it was used with alum to dye a bright yellow colour.

BEAR-BERRY.—Latin, *Arbutus uva-ursi*—Gaelic, *Bràoileagan-nan-con*.—The berries of this plant are not eaten, but the old Highlanders used the plant for tanning leather, and its leaves were used as a cure for the stone or gravel. It is the badge of the Colquhouns.

BILBERRY or **BLAEBERRY**.—Latin, *Vaccinium uliginosum*—Gaelic, *Lus-nan-dearcag*, or *Dearcag Monaidh*.—I need give no description of this well-known plant, but may mention that its berries were used in olden times for dyeing a violet or purple colour. Of this plant Lightfoot says :—"The berries, when ripe, are of a bluish black colour, but a singular variety, with white berries, was discovered by His Grace the Duke of Athole, growing in the woods midway between his two seats of Blair Athole and Dunkeld. [I may add that this is now known to be a distinct species—the *Vaccinnium myrtillus fructu-albo* of botanists.] The berries have an astringent quality. In Arran and the Western Isles they are given in cases of diarrhoea and dysentery with good effect. The Highlanders frequently eat them in milk, which is a cooling agreeable food, and sometimes they make them into tarts and jellies, which they mix with whisky, to give it a relish to strangers." The blaeberry is the badge of the Buchanans.

BIRD'S-FOOT TREFOIL.—Latin, *Lotus corniculatus*—Gaelic, *Bàr-a'-mhilsein*.—This beautiful bright yellow flower grows all over the Highlands. It is very much relished by sheep and cattle as food, and was used by our ancestors for dyeing yellow.

COLT'S-FOOT (COMMON).—Latin, *Tussilago farfara*—Gaelic, *An gallan gainmhich*; '*Chluas-Liath*.—This plant, with its broad greyish leaves, grows very common in the Highlands, by the side of streams, and in boggy places. A decoction of it was used for bad coughs or sore breasts.

CROTAL, or **LICHEN (PURPLE DYERS)**.—Latin, *Lichen emphalodes*—Gaelic, *Crotal*.—This small plant, which grows all over stones and old dykes in the Highlands, is still very much used by Highlanders for dyeing a reddish brown colour. It was formerly much more used, particularly for dyeing yarn for making hose, and so much did the Highlanders believe in the virtues of the crotal that, when they were to start on a long journey, they sprinkled some of the crotal, reduced to a powder, on the soles of their hose, as it saved their feet from getting inflamed with the heat when travelling far.

ELEGAMPANE.—Latin, *Inula helenium*—Gaelic, *Ailleann*.—This is one of the largest of our herbaceous plants, as it grows to the height of several feet. It gives a very bright blue colour, and it was much used for such by the Highlanders, who added some whortle berries to it to improve the colour.

HEATHER.—Latin, *Erica cinerea*—Gaelic, *Fraoch*.—The

heather, the badge of the Clan Donald, needs no description, but I may give Lightfoot's account of what the Highlander made of it in his day :—"The heather is applied to many economical uses by the Highlanders. They frequently cover their houses with it instead of thatch, or else twist it into ropes and bind down the thatch with them in a kind of lattice work ; in most of the Western Isles they dye their yarn of a yellow colour, by boiling it in water with the green tops and flowers of this plant. In Rum, Skye, and the Long Island, they frequently tan their leather with a strong decoction of it. Formerly the young tops of it are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now, I was informed (1772), that the inhabitants of Isla and Jura still continue to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops with one-third of malt. This is not the only refreshment that the heather affords. The hardy Highlanders frequently make their beds with it, laying the roots downwards and the tops upwards, which, though not quite so soft and luxurious as beds of down, are altogether as refreshing to those who sleep on them, and perhaps much more healthy."

HONEYSUCKLE (DWARF).—Latin, *Cornus succica*—Gaelic, *Lus-a'-chraois*.—This elegant little plant grows very common in Athole, and, I believe, in many parts of the Northern Highlands, especially Lochbroom. It has a white flower, followed by red berries, which have a sweet taste. The old Highlanders believed that if those berries were eaten they gave an extraordinary appetite, from which it took its Gaelic name, which I find in an old work translated "Plant of Gluttony."

LADIES' MANTLE.—Latin, *Alchemilla vulgaris*—Gaelic, *Copan-an-driuchd*, or *Cota-preasach nighean an Rìgh*.—This pretty little plant grows in dry pastures and on hill-sides all over the country, and there are endless superstitions connected with it, and virtues ascribed to it by the Highlanders, which, if the half only were true, would make it one of the most valuable plants growing. Both its Gaelic names are very descriptive of the leaf of the plant, the first—"Cup of the dew," refers to the cup-shaped leaf in which the dew lies in large drops every morning ; and the second—"The King's daughter's plaited petticoat," refers to the well-known likeness of the leaf, when turned upside down, to a plaited petticoat, which might indeed be a pattern for a king's daughter.

MOTHER OF THYME.—Latin, *Thymus serpyllum*—Gaelic, *Lus Mac-Rìgh-Bhreatuinn*.—This sweet-scented little plant was be-

lieved by the Highlanders to be a preventive or cure for people troubled with disagreeable dreams or the nightmare, by using an infusion of it like tea.

MUGWORT.—Latin, *Artemisia vulgaris*—Gaelic, *An Liath-lus*.—Till very lately, or perhaps yet, in some of the out-of-the-way glens, this plant was very much used by the Highlanders as a pot herb, as also was the young shoots of the nettle, just as they use kale or cabbage now.

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.—Latin, *Thlaspi Bursa-pastoris*—Gaelic, *Sporan-buachaill*.—This plant is still very much used in the Highlands for applying to cuts or wounds to stop the bleeding, and it was much more so in olden times, when such were more common.

SEA WARE.—Latin, *Fucus Vesiculosus*—Gaelic, *Feamainn*.—This plant is very much used still in the maritime parts of the Highlands in many ways. It makes an excellent manure for the land, and in some of the isles it forms part of the winter fodder of cattle, and even deer in hard winters sometimes feed on it, at the recess of the tide. Lightfoot says that in Jura, and some of the other Isles, the inhabitants used to salt their cheeses by covering them with the ashes of this plant, which abounds with salt. But the great use of the sea ware was for making kelp, which used to be very much made in the Isles, and in fact gave employment to the most of the inhabitants there. The way in which it was made was :—The sea ware was collected and dried, then a pit about six feet wide and three deep was dug, and lined with stones, in which a small fire was lighted with sticks, and the dried plant laid on by degrees and burnt, when it was nearly reduced to ashes the workman stirs it with an iron rake till it began to congeal, when it was left to cool, after which it was broken up and sent to the market. The average price of kelp in the Isles was about £3 10s. per ton, but of course when extra care was taken, and skill shown in the preparation of it, it was worth more.

SILVER WEED or WILD TANSY.—Latin, *Potentilla Anserina*—Gaelic, *Bar-a'-bhrisgein*.—Of this plant Lightfoot says :—“The roots taste like parsnips, and are frequently eaten by the common people either boiled or roasted. In the islands of Tyree and Coll they are much esteemed as answering the purposes of bread in some measure, they having been known to have supported the inhabitants for months together during scarcity of other provisions. They put a yoke on their ploughs and often tear up their pasture grounds

with a view to eradicate the roots for their use, and as they abound most in barren and impoverished soils, and in seasons that succeed the worst for other crops, so they never fail to afford the most seasonable relief to the inhabitants in times of the greatest scarcity. A singular instance this of the bounty of Providence to those islands."

TORMENTIL.—Latin, *Tormentilla Erecta*—Gaelic, *Bàr-braonan-nan-con*.—This little plant may be said to grow almost everywhere in the Highlands, where it was once much used for tanning leather, for which purpose it is far superior even to oak bark. We read that in Coll the inhabitants turned over so much of the pasture to procure the roots of this plant that they were forbidden to use it at all by the laird.

ST. JOHN'S WORT. — Latin, *Hypericum Perforatum*—Gaelic, *Achlasan Challum-Chille*.—The old Highlanders ascribed many virtues to this well-known plant, and used it in many ways. Boiled with alum in water it was used to dye yarn yellow, and the flowers put in whisky gave it a dark purple tinge, almost like port wine. Superstitious Highlanders always carried about a part of this plant with them to protect them from the evil effects of witchcraft. They also believed that it improved the quality and increased the quantity of their cows' milk, especially if the cows were under the evil effects of witchcraft, by putting this plant into the pail with some milk, and then milking afresh on it. Another Gaelic term for this herb is *an ealbhuidhe*, and is thus alluded to in *Miann a' Bhaird Aosda* :—

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn a's àillidh snuadh
 Mu'n cuairt dom' thulaich 's uain' fo dhriùchd,
 'S an neòinean beag 's mo làmh air cluain
 'S an ealbhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ùr.

VIOLET (SWEET).—Latin, *Viola Oederata*—Gaelic, *Sail-chuaich*.—This fragrant little flower grows all over the Highlands, and it was much used by the Highland ladies formerly, in the following way :—

"Sail-chuach 's bainne ghabhar,
 Suadh ri t' aghaidh ;
 'S cha'n eil mac Rìgh ar an domhain
 Nach bi air do dheidh."

WHORTLE-BERRY.—Latin, *Vaccinium vitis-idaea*—Gaelic, *Lusnam-braoileag*.—This plant, known to every Highlander, grows on the hills all over the Highlands. The berries were much used by our ancestors as a fruit, and in cases of fever they made a cooling drink of them to quench the thirst. This is the true badge of the Clan Chattan.

WOOD PEASE.—Latin, *Orobis tuberosus*—Gaelic, *Cor., Cor-meille, or Peasar-nan-Luch*.—The roots of this plant were very much prized by the old Highlanders, as they are yet by most Highland herds or schoolboys. They used to dig them up and dry them and chew them like tobacco, and sometimes added them to their liquor to give it a strong flavour. They also use it on long journeys, as it keeps both hunger and thirst away for a long time; and in times of scarcity it has been used as a substitute for bread.

YARROW, OR MILFOIL.—Latin, *Achillea millifolium*—Gaelic, *A' chaithir-thalmhain*.—This plant, so well known to every old Highland housewife, was reckoned the best of all known herbs for stopping the bleeding of cuts or wounds and for healing them, and it is even yet made into an ointment in some out of the way glens in summer, that it may be at hand in winter, when the plant cannot be procured. They also believed that it was the best cure for a headache to thrust a leaf of this plant up the nostrils till the nose bled.

With these remarks I will conclude, hoping that other members of the Society may take the matter up, and add to our knowledge of this interesting subject.

27th FEBRUARY, 1878.

Mr. John Cran, Kirkton, and Mr. James Mackintosh, merchant, Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, were elected ordinary members at the meeting on this date. Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, presented the Society with a copy of the "Prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar*;" and Mr. Charles Fergusson, Raigmore, presented copies of the Valuation Rolls of Inverness and Ross. Mr. John Macdonald, the Exchange, Inverness, read a paper on "The Old Smuggling Days in the Highlands," which, however, he declines to publish.

6th MARCH, 1878.

Mr. Donald Kennedy, 16 Petty Street, Mr. John Ross, 14 Glebe Street, and Mr. Wm. Fraser, 51 Tomnahurich Street, were elected members at this meeting. Chieftain Colin Chisholm enlivened the proceedings by singing in excellent Highland style Mrs. Mary Mackellar's song to Captain Macra Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass. The Secretary made a statement relative to the circumstances under which the song was composed, adding that an account thereof, with the words and music of the song, appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* for March, 1878. On the motion of Chieftain D. A. Macrae, who presided, it was unanimously resolved to tender the best thanks of the Society to Mrs. Mackellar for her truly excellent song. The song was printed at the end of Vol. VI. of the Society's Transactions, and it is therefore needless to give it again here. There was no paper read at the meeting on this date.

13th MARCH, 1878.

At this meeting the following new members were elected, viz., Dr. Carroll, 617 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A., and Donald Macdonald, Englishton, Bunchrew. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. John Whyte, *Highlander* office, suggesting that the Society take some steps to get up a public demonstration to Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., in acknowledgment of his successful efforts in favour of Gaelic teaching in Highland schools. Whereupon it was moved by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*, seconded by Mr. Whyte, and carried unanimously :—"That the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in recognition of Mr. Mackintosh's services to the Gaelic cause, take the initiative in getting up a public demonstration, in which all the Celtic and Gaelic Societies in the country shall be invited to take a part by sending representatives who will, on behalf of their respective societies, sign an address to be presented to the honourable gentleman ; and that after the public meeting at which the address will be presented, the Societies shall entertain Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh at a public dinner ; and that a committee, with Chieftain Alexander Simpson, Provost of Inverness, as convener, be appointed to carry out the arrangements."

The Secretary then read the first part of a paper by Mr. J. G.

Mackay, 118 Plantation Street, Glasgow, on "The Highland Garb." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

THE HIGHLAND GARB.

In these days of Celtic revival, it may not be out of place to take up the subject of the garb of the Highlanders. A good deal has already been written on this subject, and the age and authenticity of the dress have been very severely criticised. This, in many cases, has been more the result of prejudice and jealousy than careful and impartial research. To be able to form an intelligent opinion of any subject, it is necessary to be perfectly familiar with the details, and in this many of the critics on the Highland dress have been woefully far short. No doubt some of them have been very clever, learned, and able writers, but that is no reason why their decision should be taken as final, even at this age, when the "Garb of Old Gaul" is oftener seen in the streets of our busy towns, in the brilliant assemblies of the metropolis, or on the burning sands of India, than on its own native heath.

The events connected with that unfortunate but gallant attempt which went nigh to establish on the throne of his ancestors the rightful heir to the Crown, naturally directed attention to the history, institutions, manners, character, and language of a people who, though far behind in the career of civilization, had given a splendid example of chivalrous loyalty, incorruptible fidelity, and self-sacrificing devotion. To this cause then, taken in conjunction with the brilliant behaviour of the Highland regiments, the excitement caused by the proscription of the dress, and the repeal of that infamous and silly Act, may we ascribe the numerous articles which have been written on this subject; and it is a matter of infinite regret, that many of those who have undertaken this office have been ill qualified for the task. Being acquainted with a state of society and manners altogether different from what they attempted to describe—brimful of prejudice, and utterly ignorant of the language of the people—they took upon themselves to describe and criticise a dress of which they knew as much as it did of them!

It is unfortunate that our Highland ancestors did not believe in the old adage, that the pen is mightier than the sword, and left so much of their history and manners to be written by "Cockney literati" and silly "view hunters," who have successively invaded the fastnesses of the Gael, who, after partaking of the hospitality of the simple-hearted natives, exported, for the edification of the

crowd, dry descriptions of cairns, castles, vitrified forts, and parallel roads, or gossiping mendacious anecdotes of the cunning, selfishness, extortion, filth, indolence, and barbarism of a race who never closed their doors against a stranger, till his treachery and ingratitude taught them to regard him with suspicion and distrust. We know of no one who would choose, if he could help it, to have his portrait taken by a caricaturist; his country described by a flimsy, shallow, conceited tourist, ignorant of its manners, customs, institutions, and language, and prevented by prejudice and incapacity from acquiring a knowledge of either the one or the other; yet this was the fate of the Highlanders, and all this was done at a time when they were prevented from defending themselves, through want of intercourse with the outer world. It was an easy matter, under such circumstances, to pass off as genuine all manner of absurdity, nonsense, and "pure fiction," without fear of contradiction.

Let us, however, pass over a whole host of authors of "Tours," "Journeys," "Dissertations," "Thoughts," and so forth, and come at once to the subject of the Highland dress. The various arguments against the dress are that the "Clan tartans," as used at present, are of modern design, and are not the same pattern as existed (if any did at all exist) previous to the year 1745; that the Highland dress was never worn by gentlemen; that it was only worn by such as could not afford trousers; that the kilt, in its present shape, was invented by an Englishman; that the dress is vulgar and indecent; and, in fact, that it is altogether only a fancy dress, and of modern invention!

We will, in the first place, give the details of a complete outfit for a Highland chief, previous to the proscription of the dress, and then take up the various objections in their order. The outfit was as follows:—A jacket, vest, and feile-beag or kilt; a belted plaid or breacan-feile,* a full-trimmed bonnet, set of belts, a pair of tartan hose made of cloth, a pair of knitted hose, a pair of garters, a silver-mounted sporran, a target, with spear, a claidheamh-mòr, brace of pistols, dirk, with knife and fork, a sgian-dubh, a powder horn, and shoulder brooch.

We can gather sufficient from the works of ancient writers to prove that tartans were worn in the Highlands at a very remote period, but their knowledge of the language and manners of the people was so very meagre, that they could hardly be expected to be very minute in their description. From the particulars, however, which they handed down to us, together with an ordinary knowledge

* Breacan-an-fheilidh.

of the history of the country, and with a little careful and unbiased research, it can be seen that the clan tartans, as we now have them, are the same as were in existence not only at the "'45," but for many centuries previous to that era.

One of the strongest arguments brought forward by our critics is the difference between the description given by several of the ancient writers on the tartans at their time, and those at present in use. George Buchanan, who wrote in the year 1612, says that "for the most part they are brown near to the color of the hadder to the effect that when they lie down amongst the hadder, the bright color of their plaids shall not bewray them;" and Martin in his "Western Isles," tells us that the tartans worn by the women were for the most part white, with a few stripes of black, blue, and red, while the tartans of most of the Clans in the districts which they visited are now very bright in colour. This is a clinching argument and evidently considered to be indisputable, but instead of being so only serves to prove a very important fact, namely, that it is no mere fancy to have the tartans divided into "Dress," "Hunting," and "Clan." Buchanan, who was tutor to King James VI., was evidently on a hunting expedition in the Highlands, and of course saw tartans used as he describes, as would be natural to the occasion, and Martin describes the Dress tartans most minutely, the only difference between them and the Clan patterns being that the large squares are made white and the smaller lines left to distinguish the sets.

Several of the Clan tartans carry on their very face sufficient to prove to an ordinary intelligent individual their age and authenticity, and go very far to show the skill, ingenuity, and neatness with which they were arranged. All who are acquainted with the Highland Clans are aware that several of them trace their origin to some common ancestor of whom they were all equally proud. Many of them prove their claims by ancient Charters and MSS.—others merely by tradition. On comparing the Armorial Bearings of these Clans we find great resemblance in many of the devices. These of course point to some particular event in the history of the founder and common ancestor of the Clans; and such is the resemblance, that in many cases it forms a very correct guide to show the Clans that are related. The science of Heraldry was very much studied among the Highlanders, and we find it frequently mentioned in the works of the bards. So much was it practised that the devices were emblazoned on the various ornaments in connection with the dress, and formed in itself to a Highlander a very ready index to his clan. In like manner, if we compare the tartans

of the various Clans descended from the same ancestor, we find the most striking resemblance, and in order to illustrate this more fully we will take up a few of the most important ones.

We will take first the tartan of the Lord of the Isles, and that of the different Clans descended from him. These are the various branches of the Macdonalds, Macdugalds, MacAlisters, and MacIntyres, and if we take the tartan known as the "Lord of the Isles," we will find that by the addition of a few lines of other colours we can form the set of any of the Clans mentioned, and that without any material disarrangement of the original.

Then let us take the "Clan Chattan" — the Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Macqueens, Shaws, Farquharsons, MacBeans, &c., &c. If we take then the Macpherson or Chief Mackintosh, we will find that by very little alteration or addition we can form any of the others. The greatest difference occurs in the Farquharson's, where the smaller lines are all that is left of the original, but still sufficient to show the set.

Third come the descendants of Connacher—the Mackays, Urquharts, and Forbeses. Though the relationship of these clans only rests on tradition, the resemblance in their armorial bearings and tartans is so very strong as to put it almost beyond a doubt. This Connacher Mackay lived in Glen-Urquhart, and being out one day hunting, accompanied by an old and faithful hound, fell in with a wild boar, long the dread of the whole surrounding country, and after a long and fierce struggle the boar was killed, but not alone, for no sooner did the ferocious animal "bite the dust" than Connacher's faithful companion breathed his last. As a memento of this deadly struggle, the Mackays have three boars' heads muzzled on their armorial bearings, and originally had two hounds for supporters. The Forbeses and Urquharts have also three boars' heads on their arms, and hounds for supporters, and the only difference between the tartans of the three clans is—where there is one red line in the Urquhart, it is white in the Forbes and black in the Mackay (with the addition of three small green lines in the latter).

Next come Siol Alpin—the Macgregors, Mackinnons, Macquarries, and Macphees. The tartans of these clans are so very like each other that the resemblance has often been pointed out by parties quite ignorant of their history and tradition.

We might go on in this way *ad infinitum*, for the same theory holds good with almost the whole of them, but we think we have quoted sufficient in the meantime to make good our point. What then do we learn from this very marked resemblance in the tartans

of these clans? It is simply this. That they are as old as the clans themselves, and were designed at whatever time they formed themselves into clans. It is quite natural to suppose that each branch of a clan, when asserting its own independence, or, to use a homely phrase, when setting up on its own account, would be desirous to have as much as possible of what belonged to an ancestor of whom they were all equally proud, and would just add a few lines to the tartan of the clan to make a distinction, but leave sufficient to show the relationship. We have this feeling very clearly shown in the armorial bearings, and there is every reason to suppose they would be equally particular with the tartan.

It was by his tartan a Macdougall was known from a Macallister; and it could be known by their tartan that they were both descended from the Lord of the Isles.

We may ask now if the tartans were of modern design, how would it happen that it is only those of the related clans that have this resemblance? by what strange chance would the M'Gregors, who were situated in Perthshire, the M'Kinnons in Skye, the M'Quarries in Mull, and the M'Phees in Colonsay, have hit upon the same design? The various clans of the "Clan Chattan" were never on such very friendly terms that they would call a public meeting to arrange a set of tartan for each other.

It is true that some of the other clan tartans have a very strong resemblance to each other; but that only happens in those that are of dark colours, which could not be blended in any other way; and many of them having only three or four colours, they were bound to be something of the same design.

It is argued that, even allowing there were recognised clan patterns, the laws proscribing the dress were so strict, and remained in existence so long, that all trace of them would be lost; but the Act only remained in force for thirty-five years, and it is well known that so great was the attachment of the Highlanders to their dress, that they took every means in their power to evade the law, and though tartan was prohibited to be worn, it would be preserved as a sacred relic of what they considered their fallen greatness; and even supposing that the dress was not worn for thirty-five years, what was to come of all the tartan that was in existence at the time it was proscribed? It was not seized as contraband goods, and it is not likely the Highlanders would destroy it—it was far too precious in their eyes for that; and even allowing that to happen, it would be necessary that all the weavers (of whom there would be one in every clachan) should die before the sets could be forgotten; and not even that would do it, in fact the whole generation

that lived and saw the tartan would need to be swept away before it could be entirely lost!

We think we have now satisfactorily proved our first point, and will, without any further comment, take up the second, viz. :— That the dress was never worn by gentlemen.

This idea has arisen merely from the fact of Highland chiefs when visiting London being dressed in the trews. Of course in these days, there were no public conveyances, and parties going long journeys had to go on horseback, and the kilt not being suitable for riding, the trews, which were intended specially for riding, were usually worn, and the London people seeing them dressed only in that garb, took it for granted, without thinking it worth while making enquiry that they wore nothing else.

In 1471, John Bishop, of Glasgow, treasurer to King James III., gives in his account for tartan for the use of the King. For a yard and a half the price was £1 10s. Scots, and the colour blue—evidently Hunting Stewart; also half-a-yard of what is called “double tartan” for the Queen.

In the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland in August, 1538, we find the following entries regarding a Highland dress for King James V., on the occasion of his making a hunting excursion to the Highlands :—

“Item in the first for ij elnis ane quarter elne of variant collorit velvet to be the Kingis Grace ane schort Heland coit price of the elne, vi. ^{lib.} summa	xiiij. ^{lib.} x ^s .
“Item for iii. elnis quarter elne greene taffatys to lyne the said coit with, price of the elne x ^s summa	xxxij ^s vi ^d
“Item iij. elnis of Heland tartane to be hoiss to the Kingis Grace price of the elne iiij ^s iiij ^d summa	xiiij ^s
“Item for xv. elnis of holland claith to be syde Helland Sarkis to the Kingis Grace price of the elne viij ^s summa	vj. ^{lib.}
“Item for making and sewing of said sarkis	ix ^s .
“Item for twa nuce of silk to sew thame	x ^s .
“Item for twa elnis of ribanis to the handis of thame”	ij ^s .

John Taylor, the Water Poet, made an excursion to Scotland in the year 1618, of which he published an account under the title of the “Pennylesse Pilgrimage. He tells of his visit to Braemar for the purpose of paying his respects to the Earl of Mar and Sir Wm. Moray of Abercainey, and says :—

"Thus with extreme travell ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be in the Brae of Marr, which is a large country all composed of such mountaines, that Shooters hill, Birdlip hill, Gadshill, Highgate hill, Hampstead hill, or Malvernes hills are but molehills in comparison, or like a liver or a gizzard under a Capon's wing, in respect to the altitude of their tops or perpendicularite of their bottomes. There I saw Mount Benavon with a furr'd mist upon his snowy head, instead of a nightcap, for you must understand that the oldest man alive never saw, but the snow was on the top of divers of these hills (both in summer as well as in winter). There did I find the truly noble and Right Honourable Lords John Erskine, Earl of Marr, James Stuart, Earle of Murray, George Gordon Earle of Engye, sone and heire to the Marquise of Huntley, James Erskine Earl of Buchan, and John Lord Erskine, sonne and heire to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured and my best assured and approved friend Sir Wm. Moray, Knight of Abercairney, and hundreds of other Knights, Esquires and their followers, all and every man in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there and made laws of equality. For once in the year, which is the whole month of August and sometimes part of September, many of the Nobility and Gentry, for their pleasure doe come into these Highland countries to hunt, when they do conform themselves into the habits of the Highland men, who for the most part speake nothing but Irish, and in former times were those people which were called Redshanks.

"Their habit is shooes with but one sole apiece, stockings which they call hose, made of a warm stuff of divers colours which they call tartane.

"As for Breeches many of them nor their forefathers never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff as there hose is of with a plaed about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuffe than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a hankerchief knit with two knots about their necks, and thus they are attyred."

John Duke of Argyle, and Greenwich, the author of the well-known song, "Argyle is my Name," says in the third verse:—

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bounet on,
 Wi' my plaiding, stockings, and leather heeled shoon,
 They'll mak' me appear a fine sprightly loon;
 And when I am dressed thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggie, I think for to gae,
 Wi' my Claymore hinging doon to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

There is a picture in Taymouth Castle of the Regent Murray in full Highland costume (breacan feile.) There are also pictures at Holyrood Palace, and Armadale and Dunrobin Castles, of gentlemen dressed in the kilt.

Burt, who wrote in the year 1729, mentions several Highland chiefs as wearing the kilt. The chiefs and officers who followed Prince Charlie wore it, and if none of them were gentlemen, surely it will be allowed that Prince Charlie himself was at least a gentleman, and he wore it.

We come now to the next point—"That the kilt, in its present shape, was invented by an Englishman." This is a most important point, and, at the same time the most ridiculous charge of the whole, and it is really astonishing to find so many able and intelligent writers taking up the idea, and repeating it without making any investigation as to the correctness of it. This opinion was first broached by an anonymous writer in the "*Scots Magazine*," in the year 1798, who says the "*Feileadh beag*" was first introduced in the year 1728, by Rawlinson or Parkinson, the Superintendent of the Lead mines at Tyndrum, who, finding his Highland labourers encumbered with their Belted plaids, taught them to separate the plaid from the kilt, and sew it in its present form."

Now to any one at all acquainted with the history and customs of the Highlanders, this must appear a very extraordinary statement, and more so that it has been accepted as truth by writers who have taken upon themselves the task of enlightening us on our Highland History.

Before taking up any of the proofs which we propose bringing against this assertion we will take a look at the argument itself, and the authority, namely, "*An Anonymous Writer*," in the year 1798. He tells us of a thing that happened in the year 1728, exactly 70 years previous. Now is it not very strange that this individual was the only person that knew of such a thing, and that he should be so long in making it public! Upon this authority alone then is the dress which we have fondly ascribed to our ancestors, from time immemorial, taken from us and the credit given to an Englishman.

For the sake of those who may not be familiar with the different styles of the dress, it may be as well to give a few particulars:—The *breacan-feile* was twelve yards of tartan, *i.e.*, six yards of double tartan, and was plaited and fastened round the body by a belt, the lower part forming the kilt, and the other half being fixed on the shoulder by a brooch, hung down behind, and thus formed the plaid, in the same shape as the belted plaids now used by the

military, which is an imitation of it. There was great neatness displayed in arranging the plaits so as to show the set of the tartan. This was a particularly convenient style of dress, as the plaid hung loosely behind, and did not encumber the arms, and in wet weather could be drawn over the shoulders, and formed a sufficient covering for a Highlander, while, in the event of a camping out at night, it could be thrown loose, and covered the whole body. The feileadh beag, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the style of dress now in use.

The trews was a style of breeches worn close to the skin, the trews and hose being of one piece, made of tartan and cut on the cross, and were used for riding on horseback.

There was another style of the dress called the feildag, which was a piece of plain tartan drawn round the body like the feileadh-beag, but not plaited.

Now is it not very ridiculous to suppose that if the Highlanders were ingenious enough to think of plaiting the kilt and making the tartan, that they would not see the necessity of separating it from the plaid when occasion needed it, without it being pointed out by an Englishman? Or is it at all likely that a light-footed, active race like the Highlanders would go about their daily avocations with twelve yards of tartan hanging about them? They were known to be fond of leaping, running, throwing the stone and the hammer, tossing the caber, shinty, and many other athletic games which needed great activity and lightness, and how could they engage in such exercises encumbered with both kilt and plaid? Every Highlander was a gentleman, but still he was his own joiner, shoemaker, and farm labourer, &c. They were particularly jealous of strangers, and adhered strictly to the customs and manners handed down to them from their ancestors. Burt says:—"The whole people are fond and tenacious of the Highland clothing, as you may believe by what is here to follow:—

"Being in a wet season upon one of my peregrinations accompanied by a Highland gentleman, who was one of the Clan through which I was passing, I observed the women to be in great anger with him about something that I did not understand, at length I asked him wherein he offended them. Upon this question he laughed, and told me his greatcoat was the cause of their wrath, and their reproach was that he could not be content with the garb of his ancestors, but was degenerated into a Lowlander, and condescended to follow their unmanly fashions."

If such then were their feelings towards strangers and their customs, is it at all likely that they would take to an alteration or improvement in a dress of which they were so proud, and that at the

hands of a hated Saxon? Now, supposing the feileadh-beag was invented by Parkinson, how did it happen that it was known all over the Highlands at the same time? They had no "Gazette of Fashion" in those days, to tell them that a new style of kilt was invented at Tyndrum. Again, if the feileadh-beag was such an improvement on the breacan-feile, how was the latter not discontinued, for we find it in use for the purposes for which it was intended, down to the proscription of the dress, though the former would have been a saving of a considerable quantity of cloth?

In the year 1729 the Independent Companies of the *Freiceadan dubh* or Black Watch were raised. The uniform of the corps consisted of a scarlet jacket and waistcoat and belted plaid or Breacan Feile. At night the plaid served the purpose of a blanket, and was sufficient covering for a Highlander. They were called belted plaids from being kept tight to the body with a belt, and were worn on guard, reviews, and on all occasions when the men were in full dress. In the barracks and when not on duty the little kilt or Feileadh beag was worn.* This was just one year after the reputed invention of the Feileadh beag, and still we find both garbs worn by the same men for the different purposes for which they were intended, viz., the Breacan Feile for full dress or for going on any expedition, and the Feileadh beag for undress or for going about their daily avocations.

Burt, who wrote about the year 1729, gives a description of the Highland dress, and in his work there is a plate showing the dress in the three different forms, viz., "Triubhais," "Breacan Feile," and "Feile beag." Still he makes no mention of Parkinson's invention, and there is not the slightest doubt, if there were any truth in the story, but he would be only too glad of the chance, as he had done all in his power to hold the Highlanders up to ridicule. He mentions the kilt several times, calling it "Quelt." He also mentions another matter which, though there would be no further evidence, would be sufficient in itself to settle the dispute. "I have observed before," he says, "that the plaid serves the ordinary people for a cloak by day and bedding by night. By the latter it imbibes so much perspiration that no one day can free it from the smell, and even some of better than ordinary appearance when the plaid falls from the shoulder or otherwise requires to be re-adjusted, while you are talking with them, toss it over again, as some people do the knots of their wigs, which conveys the offence in whiffs that are intolerable. Of this they don't seem to be sensible, for it is often done only to give themselves airs."

* Vide General Stewart's "Sketches of the Highlanders."

If this then was the Breacan Feile or belted plaid, how could it be tossed over the shoulder, seeing it was only fastened on to the shoulder from behind, and there would not be more than a few inches in front altogether. It was nothing more or less than the "Breacan Guaille" or shoulder plaid, the same as now worn, and was used with the "Feileadh beag." It was worn by shepherds, huntsmen, &c., on account of its being easily thrown aside, but was seldom worn on warlike expeditions, as it cumbered the arms and was a hindrance in the use of their weapons.

About the year 1513 there was a battle fought in Badenoch, between the Frasers and the Macdonalds of Clanranald. The day being very hot (3rd July), the Frasers threw off their plaids and jackets, and fought in their shirt sleeves, from which circumstance the battle was called Blar-na-leine, or the Field of Shirts; and at the battle of Tippermuir, in the year 1643, and the battle of Sherrifmuir, in the year 1715, several of the Highlanders threw aside their plaids and jackets and fought in the same way. Some writers would like people to understand that they fought "stark naked," or with no covering but their shirts. This is very ridiculous, and it is very questionable if they would fight any better "in their shirts" than with the Feileadh beag, unencumbered by plaid or jacket, than which they could not possibly get a freer or lighter fighting garb. Martin thus describes their method of fighting:—"The chief of each tribe, after the arrows are spent, advance within shot, having first laid aside their *Upper Garments*, and after one general discharge, attack. Aut mors cita, aut victoria laeta."

It stands to reason that the Highlanders who stripped themselves of their plaids as related above, were dressed in the Feileadh beag, and would necessarily require to throw aside their plaids, as they could not wield the Claidheamh-mor encumbered with them; whereas if they had been dressed in the Breacan Feile or Belted Plaid there would be no occasion for them to throw anything aside, as their shoulders would be perfectly free.

Not only was the Feileadh beag known in the Highlands at a very remote period, but it was known in the Lowlands as being the dress of the Highlanders, and we have abundant proofs of this in the many songs and poems composed about the "'15," all of which prove that it was known in the Lowlands, which could not possibly happen if it was only invented in 1728.

In the second verse of the old Jacobite song, "The White Cockade," which refers to the "'15," we find the following:—

O leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough and gartered leg,

But aye the thing that tak's my e'e,
Is the White Cockade aboon the bree.

This song was composed by a Buchan lady, on her betrothed joining the rebellion under the Earl of Mar, in the year 1715.

In the song, "Though Geordie Reigns in Jamie's Stead," which was composed about the same time, we find the following verse :—

He wears a Broadsword by his side,
And weel he kens to draw that,
The Target and the Highland plaid,
The shoulder belt and a' that,
A Bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
A White Cockade and a' that,
The tartan hose and Philabeg,
Which mak's me blyth for a' that.

In a song, composed on the battle of Sheriffmuir, by the Rev. John Barclay of Muthills, who was born in the year 1734, we find the Feileadh-beag mentioned thus :—

The Camerons fled as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbour's cows man,
Mackenzie and the Stewarts fled,
But Philabeg or trews man ;
Had they behaved like Donald's corps,
And killed all those came them before,
Their King had gone to France no more ;
Then each whig saint would soon repent,
And straight recant his covenant,
And rent it at the news man.

Though this gentleman lived after the date of the reputed invention of the Feileadh beag, still he was an intelligent and educated man, and living on the confines of the Highlands, he would be sure to hear of it, if there was any truth in the story, and would not picture them as being in that garb if it was invented thirteen years later.

We could still bring forward proof after proof, but think we have quoted sufficient to put the matter beyond the reach of a doubt ; and it is astonishing that in the face of such evidence the charge should ever have been made, and more so, that it should be repeated by parties who ought to know better, if they chose to make enquiry.

Keltie, in the "History of the Highland Clans," says—"It

appears to be a well-authenticated fact that the kilt or philabeg, as distinct from the belted plaid, is a comparatively modern article of dress in the Highlands ;” and then he goes on to give the Parkinson theory. We may now ask, who has this theory been acknowledged by ? Was it acknowledged by a single individual whose opinion is worth the paper it is written on ? Did Skene believe it ? Did General Stewart, Logan, Robertson, Browne, or any other who was an authority on Highland matters believe it ? *No, certainly not.*

We will now take up the fourth charge, viz. : That the Highland dress is vulgar and indecent. The garb is called beggarly, grossly indecent, and absurd—with tasteless regularity and “vulgar glare of the tartan.”

The colours of the tartan are not more red or glaring than the peers’ robes and military uniforms, or the Royal livery, and yet these are not considered vulgar !

One of the most distinguished artists of his age, Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, differs from this opinion. He has expressed his surprise at the blending and arranging of the colours, and considers that great art, that is to say, much knowledge of the principles of colouring with pleasing effect has been displayed in the composition of several of the Clan tartans, regarding them in general as specimens of natural taste, something analogous to the affecting but artless strains of the native music of Scotland.

In “Eustace’s Classical Tour,” in treating of the various costumes of the European and Asiatic nations, he says regarding the Highland dress, “In one corner of Great Britain, a dress is worn by which the two extremes are avoided. It has the easy folds of a drapery which takes away from it the constraint and angular air of the ordinary habits, and is at the same time sufficiently light and succinct to answer all the purposes of activity and ready motion.”

We do not say that some of the bright patterns, such as M’Pherson, M’Lean, Ross, Fraser, &c., are particularly well suited for every occupation in life ; but there is a remedy for this, of which our calumniators are evidently not aware. The clans having bright tartans had also a darker set called “hunting tartan,” which was usually worn on every-day occasions, and was formed by the larger checks being made brown, green, or any other dark colour, but the arrangement kept the same to show the clan. The dress pattern was formed in the same way, by making the larger checks white ; and it is difficult to conceive of anything more gentlemanly or tastefully got up than the Hunting M’Pherson, Fraser, or M’Lean. The colours are arranged to show the clan patterns, and at the same time blended so correctly as to make them both pleasing

to the eye and serviceable for wear ; and as to the dress being indecent, we would ask what is the difference between a Highlander exposing 6 inches of his knees and our fashionable and aristocratic ladies exposing their arms and breasts ? In regard to the question of decency, General Stewart, in his *Sketches* gives an account of a ball given by the officers of the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, to which the reader may be referred.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, in her "*Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*," makes mention several times of the Highland dress. The nobles and gentlemen attending the Court at Balmoral wore it ; all the Royal servants wore it ; and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the other Princes of the Royal Family showed they did not think it indecent, by wearing it. Her Majesty gives her opinion of it several times in such expressions as these :—"The men looked so handsome in their kilts." "M'Donald, in his shooting jacket and kilt, looked quite a picture ; he was remarkably tall and handsome."

Burt says—"The stockings rise no higher than the thick of the calf, and from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the leg is a naked space, which, being exposed to all weather, becomes tanned and freckled, and the joint being mostly infected with the country distemper, the whole is very disagreeable to the eye." (Martin, on the other hand, says—"The plaid is tied round the middle with a leather belt. It is plaited from the belt to the knee very nicely.") Burt is here, evidently, as in many other instances, drawing on his imagination, for, as in other cases, the one part of his story cuts up the other. In describing the breacan feile or belted plaid, he says it is formed of a plaid two breadths wide ; that is, between $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard and one yard when folded on the double ; and, the plaid being belted at the waist, he must be an extraordinary size of a man indeed that the lower end would only reach the middle of his thigh ; and again the hose could not be fixed on the middle of the calf, as they would not remain up ; they must necessarily be fixed on the top of the calf. The acknowledged length of the kilt is to the middle of the knee-cap, so that a man could go on his knees without it touching the ground. And as to the knees being freckled or affected with distemper, we can say, without fear of contradiction, that it is a base and malicious exaggeration. Burt may have seen one instance of what he describes, but to give that as a general description is false.

We are here able to speak from experience, having been innocent of breeches until 20 years of age, wearing the kilt in all weathers, being exposed to all manner of rough treatment from brushwood,

heather, brambles, &c., and can safely say that we never experienced the slightest discomfort or had any distemper that would hurt the feelings of the daintiest or most tender-hearted cockney. We have seen farmers, shepherds, and gamekeepers who never wore anything but the kilt, and were exposed to the very same treatment as the Highlanders in Burt's days, and they were equally free from anything unpleasant.

"That the dress is altogether a fancy dress and of modern invention" is another baseless assertion. We have already said so much bearing on this point that we may dispose of it in a short time. The history of our Highland regiments shows that instead of being a fancy dress it is a most serviceable one, and that they were able to undergo hardships and fatigues which men dressed in the low country garb could not endure. We could give numerous instances of this, but we just give two as being sufficient to show that it is no mere assertion:—In the year 1757, when the Fraser Highlanders landed in North America, it was proposed to change the uniform, as the Highland dress was said to be unfit for the severe winters and hot summers of that country. The officers and soldiers vehemently protested against any change, and Colonel Fraser explained to the Commander-in-chief the strong attachment which the men had to their national dress, and the consequences that might follow if deprived of it. This representation was successful. In the words of a veteran who embarked and returned with the regiment:—"Thanks to our generous chief we were allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and in the course of six winters showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitutions, for in the coldest winters our men were more healthy than those regiments who wore breeches and warm clothing."

In no former campaign was the superiority of the Highlanders over their companions-in-arms in enduring privations and fatigues, more conspicuous than in Holland, in the year 1794; for whilst some of the other regiments lost more than 300 men by disease alone, the 42nd, which had 300 young recruits in its ranks, lost only 25, including those killed in battle, from the time of their disembarkation at Ostend, on 26th January, till their embarkation at Bremen on the 14th of April.—(General Stewart.)

Such was the opinion the sagacious President Forbes had of the dress, that at the time of its proscription, in writing on the subject to Brodie of Brodie, then Lord Lyon for Scotland, he says:—"The garb is certainly very loose, and fits men injured to it to make very quick marches, to go through very great fatigues, to bear out against the inclemency of the weather, to wade through rivers,

shelter in huts, woods, and rocks, upon occasions which men dressed in the low country garb could not possibly endure. But it is to be considered that, as the Highlands are circumstanced at present, it is, at least it seems to me, to be an utter impossibility, without the advantage of the dress, for the inhabitants to tend their cattle and go through the other parts of their business, not to speak of paying their rents to the landlords."

The gallant veteran, Colonel Cameron of Erracht, had an equally good opinion of the serviceableness of the dress. When it was proposed to change the uniform of his regiment, he argued that it was healthier, cleaner, and more comfortable for the men, besides being a greater saving in the long run, and we can get good proof of this in our own day, for where can we see such sturdy, healthy, and stalwart men as the Highland farmers and shepherds, who make a habit of wearing the garb of their fathers. It is a known fact that men who have worn the kilt in their youth are always stouter and harder than those who have worn trousers.

If a Highlander may be allowed to be a judge of what suits best, we can just say with Kenneth M'Kenzie himself, the Bard :—

'Se 'feile preasach tlachd mo rùin,
'S osan nach ruig faisg an glùn,
'S cota breac nam basan dlù,
'S bonaid dhù-ghorm thogarrach.

B'annsa leam a' féile cuaich
Na casag de 'n aodach luaight',
'S brigis nan ceann glaichean cruaidh—
Gur e 'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.

Tha mo run do'n éideadh las,
Cuach an fhéilidh nan dlù bhas,
Shiubhlain leis 's na sléibhteann cas,
'S rachainn brais air obair leis!

Ged a tharlainn anns a' bheinn
Fad na seachduin 's mi leam féin
Fuachd na h-oidhch' cha dean dhomh beud—
Tha 'm breacan fhein cho caidearach.

Am feileadh air am beil mi 'n geall,
Dealg nar guailibh suas gun fheall,
Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
'S biodh e gach am gu baganta.

'S ann leam bu taitneach e bhi 'n àird
 'N àm dhomh tachairt ri mo ghràdh—
 B' fhearr leam seachduin dhe na dha
 De 'n bhrigis ghrainnde rag-sheallach !

“That the dress is of modern invention.” We have already proved that the tartans are very ancient, and that the kilt in its present shape was the dress of our ancestors for many centuries, but we now wish to point out the great age of the dress altogether, and that it was in use as far back as being beyond the reach of either history or tradition.

Some years ago a sculptured stone was dug up from the ruins of the Roman Wall (which was constructed in the year 140), representing three figures dressed exactly in the ancient garb of the Highlanders.

Herodian, who wrote about the year 204, in speaking of the dress of the Caledonians says, they were only partly clothed, which would agree with the opinion of many subsequent writers on the Highland dress.

The Sculptured Stones of Scotland also give clear and decided evidence of the great antiquity of the dress, and their period may be said to extend from the sixth to the ninth century. There is one at Dupplin in Perthshire, Forres in Morayshire, Nigg in Ross-shire, each representing figures in the Highland dress.

There is also a sculptured slab in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, which was found at Dull in Perthshire, some years ago, and represents several figures in the Highland dress. In Kilmuir, Skye, there is also a rock bearing a natural representation of the dress. It is called “Creag an fheilidh,” or the rock of the kilt, from its marked resemblance to a man dressed in the kilt. This name must be coeval with the arrival of the Gael in Skye, for being a natural representation, it could not get the name through any event or accident.

In the Norwegian Sagas, in reference to the expedition of King Magnus to the Western Isles, in the year 1093, it is said that *he adopted the costumes in use* in the Western lands on his return, and likewise many of his followers ; and for this he was called Magnus Barefoot.

The seal of King Alexander I., whose reign began in 1107, represents that monarch in the Feileadh-beag, and also with the round Highland target. King David I., who began to reign in 1124, and Malcolm IV., in 1153, used a seal identical with that used by Alexander I., and their adopting it proves conclusively that they wore the dress represented.

In the song composed on the battle of Harlaw, in 1411, by M'Mhuirich, bard to the Lord of the Isles, the Highland dress is mentioned, and also in a Scotch song made on the same occasion.

We think therefore that with a careful and deliberate comparison of the proofs and authorities brought forward, it will be found that we have made good our point, and rebutted each of the various charges brought against the dress, and that the clan tartans are as old as the Clans themselves, and were known in the Highlands from the remotest ages ; that the kilt was the dress of the chief as well as the clansman, and also of royalty ; that the Feileadh-beag *was not* invented by an Englishman ; that it was known in the Highlands before an Englishman was ever seen there ; that the dress is neither vulgar nor indecent, but that it is both gentlemanly and becoming ; that instead of being a fancy dress, it is a most serviceable and comfortable one ; and that its age is beyond the reach of either history or tradition.

Oh first of Garbs, garment of happy fate,
So long employed, of such an antique date,
Look back some thousand years till records fail,
And lose themselves in some romantic tale ;
We'll find our God-like fathers nobly scorned
To be by any other dress adorned.

—*Allan Ramsay.*

We may now be blamed for making "much ado about nothing," and creating a fuss about such a simple matter as a dress, but surely if it was worth the while for such eminent men as Pinkerton, Dr. M'Culloch, Capt. Burt, and many others (not to speak of the numerous Cockney newspaper correspondents), to misrepresent it, it is worth our trouble to vindicate it ; or if it was considered such an important matter as to be worthy of a debate in the British Parliament, our time is not lost over it.

The subject of the Highland dress should be an interesting one not only to Highlanders, but to Lowlanders, when we consider what it has done for Scotland : that it is this dress alone that has sustained the military character of Scotland since the Union ; for, while we hear of the English Navy and Army, the English Parliament, the English Colonies, &c., Scotland is never once mentioned. In the great naval victories of Britain we have never heard of Scotch sailors, nor should we ever hear of the soldiers of Scotland, were it not for those corps distinguished by their national dress ; and were it not then for this dress, Scotland would be as low in military as in naval fame, and as unnoticed at Waterloo and Alex-

andria, as at Trafalgar and Aboukir. In the Seven Years' War in Germany, 1200 Highlanders gave celebrity to the warlike character of Scotland, at the same time that (on a calculation from the usual proportion) there were at least 3000 Scotch soldiers intermixed with the English regiments under Prince Ferdinand, but although each of these men had been as brave as Julius Cæsar, we should never have heard of Scotland. Fortunately, however, there was no mistaking "the brave band of Highlanders," with their plaids and broadswords.

The assault on San Sebastian called forth stronger proofs of bravery than almost any enterprise of the Peninsular campaigns. On that occasion there was three times the number of Scotch officers and soldiers than there was at Aroyos de Molino, where the Gordon Highlanders were engaged, and where a detachment of the French Army was surprised and dispersed. This was a mere skirmish in comparison to the assault on San Sebastian, in which Scotland was never mentioned; while the other affair, with men distinguished by a particular garb, is introduced into the ballads of the country, and the tune "Hey, Johnnie Cope" has gained additional celebrity by being played that morning, when the pipers struck up the advance in quick time to the attack.

Few regiments were more purely Scotch than the "Greys," when the invincible charges made by them at Waterloo called forth the admiration of Bonaparte, who exclaimed—"Qu'ils sont terribles ces chevaux gris." He knew not of what country they were, but when he saw the Gordon Highlanders, in their kilts and bonnets, charge his solid columns, he at once discovered their country, and, while they contributed so much to blast his earthly glory, he could not suppress his admiration of "*Les braves Ecossais*."—(General Stewart).

In short, if there were no Highland uniform, we would hear as little of the military character of Scotland as we do of the naval exploits. There might be, as there always are, individual instances of distinguished merit, but there would be no national character.

And O! loved warriors of the minstrel land,
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave—
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battlefield throbbed heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid.
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid.

—*Scott.*

We say, therefore, that Lowlanders as well as Highlanders should interest themselves in a dress so much connected with the honour of their country—a dress whose checks has so often been dyed with the blood of its devoted wearer on many a hard fought field; and we would conclude in the words of John Campbell, *Leadaig* :—

Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd, 's toigh leam gach gleann,
Gach eas agus coire an dùthaich nam beann;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'nan eideadh glan ùr
A's boineid Ghlinn-Garaidh mu'n camagan dlúth.

Is toigh leam an deise o 'mullach gu 'bonn—
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgèadaicht' an éideadh an tìr—
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an crìdh'.

20TH MARCH, 1878.

Mr. Alexander Mackay, upholsterer, Church Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member on this date. It was stated that a Gaelic Society was being formed in Birmingham, and that the Secretary of it had applied for a copy of the Rules of this Society, and that the request had been complied with. Some routine business having been transacted, the concluding part of Mr. J. G. Mackay's paper on the Highland Garb (given above) was read.

27TH MARCH, 1878.

At this meeting, Mr. Ewen Cameron, manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Company at Shanghai, was elected an honorary member; and Mr. Henry Whyte, 220 Hope Street, Glasgow, an ordinary member.

The Secretary then, on behalf of Mr. Angus Macphail, Lothian Street, Edinburgh, read the following paper :—

THE CELTIC POETRY OF SCOTLAND—A CRITICAL REVIEW.

Wedded to their traditional poetry; cleaving with magnanimous devotion to all forms of ancient institutions among their ancestors, whether in the outward and tangible sphere of human life, or in the inward and spiritual, the Gaels of Scotland present a remarkable instance of a race which displays all the virtues that combine to form

a character manly in a high degree, courageous to excess, and superstitious, so far as that quality is needed for the moulding of their religion and obedience. Driven by the Romans of old from their habitations in the Gaulish provinces, terrified by the invincible legions of the Cæsars, and subdued into awe by the dazzling splendour of the Roman arms, they sought the British shores, carrying with them their household gods, their druids, druidesses, and inferior bards; with the rites of human sacrifice, sun worship, and other ceremonies that sufficiently betray their Eastern origin. To a nation composed of wandering tribes ready at the invasion of an enemy, or at the prospects of a better settlement, to leave their homesteads; depending for their peace and prosperity, and even life, on their valour and intrepidity, the war-song must have been of supreme importance. All nations whose early history is entangled in a series of bloody combats, defeats, and victories, display on the front pages of their literature, the rude uncultured hymn that guided their sires to battle and death, as the cloud led the Israelites to the land of promise. We are not surprised, however, that many of the war-songs of the Celtic tribes, in their original form, have not been handed down on the stream of oral tradition. Out of them grew the tales of "faithful love and bloody war," which cover the pages of Celtic manuscripts, mouldering in libraries in the British Isles and on the Continent. War-songs that outlive the vicissitudes of the centuries are the production of an age of culture and highly-wrought poetic feeling, which embody in them the cumulative war-like spirit of the whole nation, and appeal directly to fellow-citizens—members of one compact body politic—and not to individuals or tribes. After the settlement of these Celtic clans in the British Isles, and especially after they had received the first lessons of civilization from the Romans, a period of repose followed, in which they were left free to cultivate their art and literature. We have the direct testimony of ancient writers, that a period long anterior to the conquest of Britain, the literature of the Celtic nations was not inconsiderable. Lucan, *Phars. I.* (449-461), expresses the feeling which was no doubt common at Rome in his day; and being himself equipped with all the learning that the capital of the world could then afford, he was not likely to pay a superior compliment to the Druids without sufficient reason. "*Solis nosse deos et caeli numina vobis aut solis nescire datum.*" Celtic scholars are not agreed as to the character, professional functions, and grades of these druidical teachers. Strabo, indeed (*iv.-iv.*) draws an important distinction between the druids proper and the *vates* and bards. *Βάρδοι μὲν ὕμνηται καὶ ποιητὰι οὐάται δὲ ἱεροποιοὶ καὶ φυσιολόγοι, δρυῖδαι δὲ πρὸς*

τῇ φυσιολογίᾳ καὶ τὴν ἠθικὴν φιλοσοφίαν ἀσ κοῦσι. It is well known that the Roman arms ruthlessly extinguished the Druids and their institutions, and the readers of Gray's "BARD" know how the arms of one of our English Kings dealt with the Welsh bards, who had preserved the original bardic character as given by Strabo. Centuries before the massacre of the Welsh bards, the Druids had established themselves in the Highlands of Scotland; but with the exception of about half-a-dozen solitary circles on the "blasted heath," two or three remnants of imperfect hymns, evidently employed in sun worship, and a few other superstitious relics, history retains no trace of them. That they existed, we know from authentic history; that they practised their rites in *thick* and *sacred* groves, we know on the authority of Roman writers; but what beliefs they inculcated, and to what extent they cultivated literature, we can only imperfectly gather. The sole members of the Order that outlived to initiate and perfect Highland poetry—and I use the term as equivalent to literature, for the Gaels of Scotland have a poetical literature *only*, showing the perceptible influence of the Druidic school, which made unbounded use of the memory—were the bards in the original character of ὕμνηται καὶ ποιηταί. The subject matter of the ὕμνοι, which were originally festive songs in praise of gods and heroes, came at last, in the Highlands of Scotland, to comprise the history and genealogy of the House of the Chief in whose service the bards were retained, and their panegyrics in times of peace were apt to be nothing more than the merest doggerel, and monotonous unrhythmical rigmaroles. When prosperity in a State affords time for the improvement of the arts of peace, the warlike character is formed by its subtlest masters of oratory, poetry, and music; but with the Gaels of Scotland a season of repose seldom came; their sentinels could never leave their watch-tower; their slogans must be at all times ready to give the alarm; their claymores must not know rust, and their war-hymns must not be forgotten. While Ireland was blossoming as a garden, rearing colleges of learning, and sending her apostles to France and the plains of Italy; gathering to her bosom the students of Western Europe, and, with the exception of a few feuds between the neighbouring princes, living in a state of plenty and peace then unknown even to the mightiest states of the South, Scotland was ceaselessly engaged in bloody and long-enduring combats. It was the debateable battle ground of branches of the Irish stock, who emigrated to the western coast, and the older Pictish inhabitants. It made little progress in the art of poetry until some time after the landing of Columba in Iona, and the introduction if not of Chris-

tianity, at least of a better mode of government among the native chiefs. I am aware that the composition of the Ossianic poems is fixed in the third or beginning of the fourth century ; but if such was the case, which I am not going here to discuss, the learning and flow of classical language in them were not widely diffused among the people whose achievements they profess to describe ; nor is this any argument against their composition in the era ascribed to them by MacPherson, for we know that few literary-relics of the age of Homer existed among the later Greeks. That the Gaels of Scotland derived a very important part of their poetry and versification from the Irish no one, who does not love Scotland better than truth, can deny. Long before the poets of Scotland began to mould that poetry which has been so highly perfected by the bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Irish *Filís* had their poetry measured and tested according to rules which were strictly adhered to ; but if the above statement be true it is no less true that the Highland bards attained to a state of excellence in rhyme and rhythmical cadence which was unknown to their Irish brethren. The Northern Highlands remained for a long time a *terra incognita* to the English invader. Not till the reign of the Georges, and more especially by the massacre of Glencoe, did the Caledonian Celts receive the same paternal treatment which the Irish had formerly experienced at the hands of their English masters. The patriarchal system of clanship was broken up, and the manly virtues which it fostered had now no room for display. A contemptible aping of the manners of the conquerors pervaded the wealthier classes, while the ties which bound the poor to the Chiefs of their Clans were snapt asunder, and nothing was substituted. The family bard had disappeared, and the old institutions gave place to new. Calvinism and the loss of their nationality stamped out their enthusiasm as far as the Church masters and the administrators of the law could accomplish ; yet the spirit of the Highland Clans once again revived when the last scion of the House of Stuart placed his foot on the hills of the North, and rallied round him the clans who still adhered to the Stuarts as their rightful sovereign. He who knows and appreciates the ingredients of a chivalrous and noble character cannot afford to despise the desperate attempt made by those clans in 1745 to place their Prince on the throne of his fathers. It is remarkable that at this time, when the feeling of conquest pressed heavily on their sensitive minds, when the last shred of the banner of the House of Stuart was smeared in the dust of Culloden, when the sole reviving ray of hope grew faint and dim, that there never was an age in which Highland

poetry more highly flourished, not only in the form of martial odes, but in pastoral and lyric poetry. We find, which in the circumstances is only natural, a very large number of Gaelic songs of the best quality, bewailing the loss of their dynasty of kings. Alexander Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan, the most powerful master of the Gaelic language that ever lived, threw himself with ardour into the cause of Charles Stuart, and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the most musical of all Highland poets, forgets not the claims of the Stuart cause upon his muse, though the masterpieces of both bards were not inspired by the '45. The poetry in the Highlands that goes under the name of Ossianic, is in itself unique, and bears little or no resemblance to the *Æschylean* rapidity, which characterises the poets above mentioned, and while the detractors from the honour due to MacPherson as translator and compiler, bring forward this as one of their chief arguments against his honesty, it is surprising that MacPherson, if he himself composed his Gaelic poems or translated them from his English work, should be completely free from any influence traceable to the current poetry of his country, which in his day reached the highest state of perfection that it ever attained to. The versification is totally distinct from that which was prevalent in MacPherson's time, but it is similar to those poems or parts of them known to have been recited by many people in the Highlands before MacPherson's time, and that in places where it would be absurd to suppose that they learned them from printed works. The poems of Ossian are undoubtedly the greatest epic in the Celtic tongue ; neither the Welsh nor the Irish, though their literature is far more voluminous than that of the Scottish Celts, can boast of anything approaching the poems of Ossian in style, rhythm, thought, and serious majesty. Nowhere else do we find that unison of contemplative sentiment with chivalrous and magnanimous nature, yet withal sympathetic and kind. Sensitive sentiment is the preponderating quality in the Celtic character, producing that mountain-mist melancholy which pervades the whole body of Celtic literature. The poet yearns after silent communion with nature in her wildest moods, carries himself into the past, and in the contemplation of those finds the "joy of grief." These three words are the key to the Ossianic poetry. In continued passages which require to be read with close attention, he is often sublime in sentiment, simple in expression, often brief to a fault, yet "soft and musical as is Apollo's lute," and mournful as the swan that pours his soul in music ere he dies. With one touch of his brush he sketches a character, leaving it in a grand, unique, and attractively imperfect outline, but each with a characteristic mark of

difference. There is no greater proof of the genius of a poet than his skilful management of the characters of his heroes. Homer in this is pre-eminent, and is as far above Ossian, as Ossian is above the "fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum" of Virgil. Fingal, invincible in battle, prudent in counsel, merciful in victory, wise and mild in government, the shield of the distressed, and on all occasions generous and affectionate, is contrasted with the impetuous, blustering, rash, and haughty sea-borne Swaran. Cuchullin is brave, splendid in his equipment, and the very quintessence of honour. In him the hero is mellowed by the lover: thus does he apostrophise his absent spouse, in the end of the first Canto of *Fingal*, when the darkness had put an end to the first day's contest with Swaran:—

O strike the harp and raise the lovely song,
 And with the music thrill my soul along,
 And laud my spouse—the sunbeam of her isle—
 Of beauteous form and magic in her smile.
 O strike the harp and praise her yet again,
 Bragela's fame you shall not harp in vain;
 I stroked her tresses and her lips I kissed,
 And left her weeping in the Isle of Mist;
 O love, my love, the bride of Semo's son,
 How weary since the tedious hours have run!
 Dost thou look out and cast thine eyes afar,
 To see Cuchullin coming from the war?
 Vast roll the waves before the fitful gales,
 And the white foam deceives thee for my sails;
 Retire my love, the night but deepens care,
 And the dark breezes whisper through thy hair;
 Retire within and seek the festive hall,
 And think of days I answered to thy call;
 When this rude blast of bloody war is o'er,
 With wings of love I'll seek thy welcome shore.
 O, Connal, speak of war and blood-strewn plain,
 And drive her image from the giddy brain;
 O lovely, lovely with her flowing hair,
 Is Sorglan's daughter, elegant and fair.

In the *Iliad* and in the *Æneid* after it, the heroes go forth in the full panoply of war; rigged genteelly like a schoolboy on a gala day. In Ossian they are free and unfettered. Clessamor "comes from the hill like a steed in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze, and tosses his bright mane in the wind." In the *Iliad*, Hector condescends to heap insults on the dying

Patroclus, and pictures to him the flight of the vultures to devour his dishonourable corpse, naked and forlorn on the plain. In Ossian, Malthos, when he bends over the fallen Foldath, tells the chief that "hatred is rolled from his (Malthos') soul," and promises his foe full funereal honours. The universal practice of the Ossianic heroes on such occasions is contained in the advice of Fingal to Oscar—"O Oscar, bend the strong in arms, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people, but like the gale, which moves the grass to those who seek thine aid. So Trenmore lived; such Trathal was, and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel." Such were the ruling precepts of the Ossianic heroes. No translation of these poems has yet appeared which could pretend to give the English reader any idea of the spirit, vivacity, and rapid march of the original. A page of the Gaelic Ossian appears to the English reader to bristle with consonants, which would evidently render the reading a very unpalatable task, yet the Gaelic reader scarcely utters a consonant at all. Aspiration thoroughly emasculates the language, and leaves it one combination of euphonious vowel sounds. Hence the luxuriant flow and Pindaric rush of Ossianic poetry. In the following address to his heroes as he rallies them to battle, Fingal hurries them on to the stage with little ceremony, and, like Caesar, knows the name of each of his soldiers.

'Midst the brave of his army shone Fingal,
As a flash that illumines the skies;
While his heroes around him commingle,
He spoke to his host in this wise:—
"Come, lift ye my banners on high,
On the mountains of Lena careering,
Like a flame 'twixt the hill-top and sky,
Let them sound on the breezes of Erin.

"Great race of the turbulent rivers,
That roar through their numberless vales,
Come, list ye, invincible heroes!
Thou Gaul, in the fight who prevails!
Thou Oscar, oft tried in the combat!
Thou Connal, blue-shielded and strong!
And Dermid, of heavy-brown tresses!
And Ossian, high master of song!
Stay thou by the side of thy sire,
Mowing hundreds in might of his ire."

Then lift we Deò-Gréine, the banner
 Of Fingal, the monarch of spears ;
 And deep joy as the faint breezes fan it,
 In the soul of each hero careers.
 It was azure ; but speckled with gold,
 As the infinite shell of the night,
 When the starlets, that cannot be told,
 Laugh down with a glimmering light ;
 And each chief had his pennon extended,
 Which his mightiest heroes defended.

“Behold,” said the genial monarch,
 “How Lochlin on Lena is spread ;
 They move like a cloud that is driven
 When the tempest is black o’erhead,
 Like a grove of the forest consumed
 By a meteor flash of the air,
 And the trunks of the oaks are illumed,
 All blackened and leafless and bare !

“Let each chieftain who follows my banner,
 Now challenge a foe to the fight ;
 Not a soul let escape to the shores
 Of the Isles of the tawniest boars,
 O’er the ocean their pathway in flight.”

“Seven heroes I challenge,” said Gaul,
 “Who have come from the waves of Loch-lain.”
 “Come, Eric,” said Oscar, the son
 Of the prince of the loftiest strain.
 “Let the merciless Chief of Con-innis,”
 Said Connal, “encounter my hand.”
 “Either Mudan or I,” shouted Dermid,
 “Shall roll a dead corpse on the strand.”
 Though nerveless and blind with my years,
 The brave King of Torman I chose,
 And his bossy blue shield and his spear
 I promised to win ere the close.
 “Good speed to my chiefs, every one,”
 Said Fingal, whose manner was mild,
 “King Swaran I challenge to combat,
 From the waves of Norwegia wild.”

Like a blast from a hundred mountains,
That pours from a hundred vales,
And breaks on the face of the rock,
The Fingalians rushed to the shock,
And spectres are swift on the gales.

There is no description in Ossian of man, woman, battlefield, or scenery which is not manifestly imperfect ; indeed, the charm of some of his feminine pictures consists in their unfinished character, while there is always a seemingly precipitate hurry to pass on and an incongruous mixture of dialogues. Episodes are frequently introduced, and some of them of very slight construction and incident, and they are too much alike in their subject-matter. There is a monotony about the poems of Ossian which have rendered them unattractive to many readers. How many would have found themselves unable to travel the woodland meres and forests with the pageantry of the "Round Table;" follow Lancelot in his knight-errantry ; listen to the Christian sentiments of Pagan Arthur ; and contemplate with chivalrous enthusiasm the knightly feats at tournament, had not Mr. Tennyson embellished these subjects, foreign to our ideas of the times, with wonderful subtlety of expression, delicacy of feeling, choice of incident, high moralizing, and a general literary charm ? The tediousness I have mentioned in the case of the Ossianic poems arises, not from the unfitness of the incident, *per se*, but the serious, reserved, and buttoned attitude in which the poet treats it. We have seldom a satisfactory description of a battlefield ; there is a rush ; a groan as of a thousand winds, or the bellowing of the ocean ; splintering of spears and ghostly wraiths instantly on their clouds ; the bard raises the song ; the remnant are called together ; some knight is discovered wounded ; Fingal recognises him, relates a tale of his youth ; pardons the knight and his enemies in general ; and concludes with a festive banquet. There is no rarity of Ossianic charity. It would be futile to institute a comparison between the descriptive powers—the elaboration of minutiae—of Ossian and Homer. The student of the Iliad is apt to recognise only a feeble hand in the following description of the War-Chariot of Cuchullin, though containing several beautiful and suggestive images, after rising from the polished perfection of the shield of Achilles.

(Swaran sends his scout to bring intelligence of the enemy.)

As the foaming hoar torrent that rushes
From the shady dark brow of the height,
When the thunder rolls loud on the mountain,
Enrobed in the pall of the night ;

And wan wraiths, with their deadly cold visage,
 Peer down from the fringe of the gale,
 So terrible, savage, and fleetsome,
 Rushed the race of the green Innisfail ;
 Their chief like a huge whale of ocean,
 That sucks the cold waves in its round,
 Steps proud in his might like the billows,
 And the weight of his tread shakes the ground.
 The Norwegian heard a loud clangour,
 Like the roar of a strong rushing tide,
 And straightway gave Swaran the signal,
 And thus spoke to a chief by his side :
 " I hear a loud hum on the mountain,
 Like a host of small flies in the even ;
 'Tis the spirited race of old Erin,
 Or the gale through the wood that is driven ;
 Like the sound of high Gormal their murmur,
 When its rocks feel the force of the main.
 Son of Arno, go speed thee and watch them,
 Scour the country from mountain to plain."
 He obeyed ; but the chieftain returned
 With his eyes rolling blank in his head,
 And his heart smote his ribs in his side,
 And his words were of terror and dread.

" Now arise, thou great leader of ocean !
 King Swaran of bossy blue shield !
 I see the dark stream of the mountain,
 And the foe with their chief in the field ;
 And the glittering chariot of battle
 Glides fleetly, with death in its train—
 The dazzling swift car of Cuchullin,
 Heath-garnished, glides over the plain ;

Behind, it bends down like a wave,
 Or the mist that is curved on the height,
 With its bright coruscation of pearls—
 Like the stream phosphorescent that curls
 In the wake of a vessel at night ;
 And the beam is of well-polished yew ;
 And the seat is of smooth bone, and splendid ;
 And the shields of the heroes and spears
 From the sides of the car are suspended.

On the right of the chariot stands
A darksome impetuous steed,
High-maned, and broad-chested, and proud,
High-leaping, and snorting aloud,
Like a mettlesome son of his breed.
He was bred in the wilds of the mountains ;
High-sounding his hoof as he goes ;
And he tosses his forelock on high,
Like the mist on the dwelling of roes.
Bright his coat, and his pace is untame ;
Swift-footed ; Siffadda his name.

And the horse on the left of the car
Is arch-necked and fleetsome in need ;
Thin-maned, wide-nostriled and spotted,
From the Bens where his kind wont to feed ;
White-Nose is the name of the steed.
And a thousand thin thongs are fastening
The car in a beautiful dome ;
And the glittering bits of the bridles
In their mouths are all covered with foam ;
And a wreath of bright pearls is extended
On the manes of the steeds as they go
Like the hoary swift mists on the Ben,
With their Chief to the midst of the foe ;
They are eager as deer when pursued ;
They are strong as the eagles that soar ;
Their noise is like blast of the winter,
When the snow is on Gormalla's shore.

On the car sits the hero Cuchullin,
Son of Semo, whose praises we know ;
And his ample blue shield is beside him,
And his brand seeks the blood of his foe ;
And his cheek is like well-polished yew,
And his eye is swift, subtle, and blue,
'Neath a brow that is slender and clear
From his forehead his yellow locks wave
Round the glorious face of the brave,
As he draws from behind his huge spear ;
Then flee him, great ruler of ships !
For he comes like the furious gale
That is poured from the midst of the vale.

Let me shortly advert to the style of versification practised by the Highland bards. Rhyme, in the English sense of the word, though not unknown in Irish and Gaelic, was not an indispensable quality in a Celtic poem. Blank verse, as we have it in *Paradise Lost*, was nothing more than prose in the estimation of these minstrels. Rhythmical cadence was at least essential to every poem. Vowel rhyme and alliteration are the chief characteristics, not only of Gaelic poetry, but of early Gothic metre as well; but in no language, so far as I am aware, and which the examples given below may abundantly testify, has it been carried to such an extent as in the poems of the Gaelic bards. Notably occurs that constant union of vowel sounds, sometimes carried through a whole stanza of Spenserian length, and which makes rich compensation for the pure rhyme. A very common combination in Gaelic and also in Irish verse, is the vowel rhyme of the last accented syllable in the first and third lines, with the second or third syllable in the second and fourth lines respectively, as in the following example, of which I give a literal translation:—

“Tha talla nan creag aig *laimh*,
 Aite *taimh* clanna nam FÓN
 For am *faigh* an t-annrach *baigh*
 A thig thar *bharca* nan TÓN.”

“The hall of rocks is at hand, the dwelling-place of the sons of heroes, where the wanderer receives shelter, who cometh from the roaring waters.” The orthodox rhymes in this kind of verse, which is Ossianic, is the end of the first line with the middle of the second; the end of the second with the end of the fourth, and the end of the third with the middle of the fourth; thus, *faigh*, the third word in the third line, is a redundant rhyme. It will be observed that perfect rhyme is exemplified in the above stanza, FÓN and TÓN; or again,

“Sin chunnacas a’ tighinn thar *steud*
 Laoich a bha *mèud* thar gach FEAR,
 A’ caitheamh na fairge gu *dian*
 An taobh *ciann* a ghabh a’ BHEAN.”

Translated:—“Then were seen coming over the sea, heroes who towered in height, quickly speeding through the waves, in the very course taken by the woman.” Or the verse may be still better illustrated by the following:—

She was washed to the strand by the *wave*,
And we made her a *grave* by the *shore*,
And we buried her there in the *night*,
And her fate as was *right* we *deplore*.

Generally speaking the Ossianic poems are in this manner of verse, and also a large portion of the floating traditional poetry of the country. Taking this vowel unison as their basis, the Highland bards developed this species of composition, until they arrived at great excellence, though not seldom, through over-fondness for alliteration and cadence, it detracted from the simplicity and beauty of the verse. The consonants are very slightly accented in Gaelic, and the vowels are always pronounced long, so that even in a word where the accent is on the antepenult the last two syllables are scarcely heard in pronunciation. Let us look at the following stanza as a specimen of the most complicated rhythm :—

“Sa’ mhadainn *chùin*-ghil an ám dhomh *dùsgadh*,
Aig bun na *stùice* be ’n *sùgradh* LEAM
A’ chearc le *sgiùcan* a’ gabhail *tùchain*
’S an coileach *ciùrteil* ri *dùrdail* CRÒM
An dreathan *sùrdail* ’s a ribheid *chiùil* aig’,
A’ cur nan *smùid* dheth gu *lùghòr binn*
An *drùid* ’sam *brù-dhearg* le mòran *ùinich*,
Ri ceileir *sunndach* bu *shiùbhlach* RANN.”

Translated :—As early I woke on a morning of May,
At the foot of the mountain with elegant note,
The moor-hen was crowing all glad as the day,
While her lover replied from a huskier throat ;
The wren in the heat of his musical passion,
Shook his brown small body with power of song,
And the thrush and the red-breast, after their fashion,
The sweetness and might of the chorus prolong.

The whole of the poem, from which the above verse is extracted, is very unpoetically translated in Mr. Buchanan’s “Land of Lorne.” The reader will see at a glance how the extraordinary development of the sound of one vowel, “u,” more than counterbalances the want of the perfect rhyme at the end of the second and fourth, and sixth and eight lines. The English language is incapable of any such display of rhythm ; not even Mr. Swinburne with all his musical genius can approach the sweetness of the Celtic bard,

The ruling feet in Gaelic metres are the anapaest, trochee and

iambus, and as a general rule hypercatalectic. In the scanning of Gaelic poetry it must be remembered that a word of the same vowel sound as one in the previous line carries with it the accent, and a word naturally long preceding it is thus rendered short, so much did the Celtic bard value rhythm. The following is the most common in this kind of verse :—

“ 'S tearc an diugh | mo chùis ghai | re,
 Tigh'nn na ràid | ean so 'n iar
 'G amharc fonn Iubher-làire
 'N deigh a strachdadh le siol ;
 Tha Cheapach na fàsach,
 Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach
 'S leir ri fhaicin a bhràithrean
 Gur trom a bhàrc oirnn an t-sion.”

The metre being the anapaestic monometer hypercatalectic, alternating with the pure anapaestic monometer. A very musical variation of the above is used once or twice by the bard of Ardnamurchan, which can be made more intelligible by the following exact counterpart in English :—

And the merle and the linnet
 Sang aloud from each tree,
 As the sun was declining
 And the bald cliffs shining
 And the poet divining
 Fancy wandering free,
 While a flood of deep purple,
 Glowèd over the sea.

The following arrangement of the anapaest has a powerful effect, and is commonly used in heroic compositions :—

“ Laidhidh bròn | air an t-àl | amh gu leir |
 Gu'n aognaich na sleibhtean 's na cnuic,
 Grad dubhaidh caoin uachdair nam blàr,
 Fàl-rùisgte 's iad faillinneach bochd,
 Na h-eoin bhuchallach, bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
 Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am bar dhòs,
 Gun teid a' ghlas-ghuib air am beul,
 Gun bhodha, gun teud 's iad nan tost.”

The same metre is employed in every couplet. The translation of the above verse, taken from a “ Winter Song,” would read thus :—

And a gloom shall envelope the earth,
 And shall darken the plains and the hills,
 And shall banish all traces of mirth,
 For a bleak barren coldness that kills.
 And the songsters, bright-feathered and fine,
 Who were wont to sing sweet on the spray,
 All bowless and stringless decline,
 And in silence are pining away.

Sometimes the anapaest was joined with the iambus, as in :—

'N gī | llē dūbh cāoil |
 Nā 'lāidh | ě 'san fhrāoch, |
 'Sā ghūn | nā rī thaobh | &c.

And sometimes as in the following hypercatalectic—

Air tui | team a'm chad | a,
 A nis | o cheann fad | a,
 Gun thach | air dhomh ac | aid,
 A stad | ann am bhrāgh | ād,
 Tha chnead air mo ghiulan,
 Tha àmhgharrach ciùrrta,
 Cha bhi mi ga mùchadh,
 Gu rusig mi os aird i.

This species of verses is peculiar, and the swing depends on the rhyme of the end of the fourth line with the eighth, while the first, second, and third, and fifth, sixth, and seventh rhyme together respectively. The entire stanza consists of sixteen lines. There is an endless variety of anapaestic in the disposition of the lines, and in the combination with the iambus and trochee.

There are many metres used by the Gaelic bards which cannot be reproduced in English. This arises from the unbounded use of the Leonine rhyme, and the facility of supplying a vowel rhyme when you cannot get a perfect consonant rhyme. The following verse will illustrate this :—

Clann Domhnuil thā | mī r | ài | te
 'N sàr chinneadh | urrāmāch
 'S tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh
 Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach—
 Iad fearra tapaidh dàna,
 Cho lan do nimh ghuineadach
 Rì nathraichean an t-sléibhe
 Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.

This is the half of the stanza, and it will be observed that the last accented syllable of the first, third, fifth, and seventh lines rhyme with the second syllable of the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth lines respectively. The iambus here alternates with the dactyl. This species of verse, which may be best seen to advantage in an extract from "Ben Doran," or from "Praise of Mòrag," is peculiar to the Gaelic language, and is impossible of transference to any other, in the original metre :—

Sùil | mair ghòrm | -dheàre driuchd,
 Ann an | cèd-mhàduinn ;
 Dèirg' | is gill' | nà d' ghnùis
 Mar bhla | oir-seidh.

Four of such quatrains form the full stanza ; and the remaining rhymes may be thus exhibited :—

The second, fourth, eighth, twelfth, sixteenth rhyme, each ending with a Dactyle as above, only let it be observed that the long syllable is dwelt upon, nearly double the ordinary time, and the two short ones pronounced more quickly than usual.

First and third together—(last syllable rhyming),

Fifth, sixth, seventh together—(indispensable),

Ninth, tenth, eleventh together—(indispensable),

Thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth together—(indispensable), and it often—in three cases out of five—happens that the fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth fall under the one rhyme, though this is optional to the poet.

Professor Blackie, in his translation of "Ben-Doran," wisely abandoned the Gaelic metre, for the number of dactyls in the English language is too limited. This verse would require such a word as "moaningly" to be carried (the rhyme) through five places in each stanza (it is carried by MacIntyre through *fifteen* places), and so with other words, which no writer in the English language has yet attempted, nor is likely to do ; and indeed the "cèd" in "cèd-mhàduinn" is half as long again in Celtic pronunciation, or "*moan*" in "moaningly." To attempt to introduce Celtic metres into English under cover of translations would only prove a failure. Metres grow out of the capacities of a language, and are not likely to flourish transplanted to a strange soil. There are only *four* poems in the Gaelic language in the metre described above—the *Piobair-eachd*.

I must not, however, omit to notice a composition, and there is only one in this metre in which the caesura plays an important

part. It is the "Coire-'Cheathaich," or the "Mist-Corrie," by Macintyre :—

Tha brad | an tarra || gheal || 's a choi | re ghàrbh | laìch
Tha 'tighinn | o'n fhàir || ge || is gàilbh | èach tonn | &c.

being in the ordinary eight-line stanza ; the second and fourth, and sixth and eighth rhyming.

The wealth of the Gaelic language in vowel sounds, and its redundancy of adjectives, is shown to advantage in the "Iorram-Cuain," or Boat-Song of M'Donald of Ardnamurchan, in the trochaic dimeter ; two lines in each stanza—the second being catalectic. The chorus is in iambic dimeter, and may be thus translated :—

My land is fertile, hì-o-hò,
If you, my love, would fancy me,
My land is fertile, hì-o-hò.

Mùir äg | òsnaich | sùas mŭ | tōiseäch
Chui-p-gheäl, | chop-gheäl | ghàir-bheùchd | äch, &c.

(Chorus.)

Gäoth ä' | sēid eädh | mŭir äg | ēiridh |
S fear äg | ēibheäch | àrd-ghùthäch, &c.

(Chorus.)

which may be thus represented in English :—

Billows surging o'er the vessel,
Boiling, foaming roaringly,
My land is fertile, hì-o-hò, &c.
Gales still blowing, ocean lowing ;
Skipper calls deplorably,
My land is fertile, hì-o-hò.

Let it be noticed that the Gaelic poem consists of *forty-five* such stanzas, in which the "a" vowel sound, as we see in "*Ghàir-bheuchdach*" and in "*Ard-ghuthach*," is carried through the whole poem. It has the Leonine rhyme besides. How many words in English, with the accent on the antepenult, can be found to rhyme together ? Of course, there is the difference that in Gaelic *only* the vowel sound is required. It would be easy to multiply examples. A Gaelic poet seldom composes two songs in the same metre, and M'Donald of Ardnamurchan has no less than fifteen different kinds. The superabundance of adjectives and adjectival phrases at the command of the Gaelic poet is also worthy of remark. In the poem to

the "Sugar-Brook," by M'Donald, which was probably a self-imposed exercise in composition, there are no less than *forty-six* adjectives descriptive of the Corrie, through which the burn flows. In all the poems of the masters of the Gaelic muse, the same feature is observable, combined in many instances with alliteration. There is no doubt that alliteration, when natural and unforced, gives a delicate flow and a refined elegance to a verse; but when it has the appearance of study, it at once palls on the taste. The more modern Gaelic poets have let it out of fashion, and the best of them make little effort to employ it, though it often graces their verse, as—

"Tha h-aodann geal mar a Chaille,
'S a corp sneachdaidh air dheagh dhealbh,
Maoth leanabh le gibhtean saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg."

In all modern Gaelic poetry we have nothing but first impressions, though no doubt often prettily conceived and elegantly expressed, only poetry of mere superficial interest, and addressed, not to mankind, but to the friends and countrymen of the poet who were similarly situated with himself. The bards of the Highlands since the time of Ossian never rise above local tastes and prejudices; never handle a theme of universal interest;* never endeavour to philosophize; never, save in mournful elegies, touch on death or immortality; and rarely father a thought worthy of remembrance as of universal application. Indeed, nothing else could be expected; with the exception of M'Donald of Ardnamurchan, the Highland bards of the greatest repute were illiterate men, who were not trained to habits of thought and observation, and whose mental vision was consequently limited and imperfect. The species of composition in which they seemed to have excelled most is the department of love songs. These are particularly numerous, and the commonness of the theme forced the bard to descend occasionally to a minuteness in details, which is not always desirable. The different parts of the lady's person, from toe to crown, are dwelt upon with evident fondness and satisfaction—ears, eyes, teeth, cheeks, neck, breasts, and feet receive the most lavish treatment which he can find in his adjectival armoury. This error in artistic judgment does not preclude the possibility or probability of love-

* It may be necessary to explain that by universal theme, I mean a subject of enduring interest to mankind, in which the great passions of man, or the finer feelings—in fact any department in human nature is depicted. Nothing in the shape of an epic had been thought of by the Highland bards.

songs of rare grace and exquisite finish. William Ross, the amorous representative Gaelic poet, who pours his soul in hopeless "love-lorn ditties all a summer's day," might rank with Catullus or Ovid, did he only possess the coolness and manly strength of character which would enable him to throw off the gentle chain, after the mistress of his affection had forsaken him. He rather broods in melancholy despondency over the desertion of his Dulcinea, and will not be comforted ; sees before his eyes the shroud that is to cover him in an early grave, and implores her return to her wonted affection. Though, with Catullus, he could call himself "*miser*," he could not follow the same bard and say—

Sed obstinatâ mente prefer, obdura.
Vale, Puella : jam Catullus obdurat :
Nec te requiret, nec rogabit invitam.

At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

We have no doubt but many enthusiastic Highlanders could be found to assert stoutly that no fair comparison can be drawn between the affections of a pair of lovers in the cold North, where the climate and the rigours of Calvinism have strenuously and successfully excluded everything approaching to the laxity of morals, which was prevalent in Rome in the days of Catullus, and the Eastern luxury and freedom in which the youth of the seven-hilled city indulged, but we have no reason to doubt the sincerity of Catullus, when he says of his Lesbia :—"Amata nobis, quantum amabitur nulla." The Highland poets seem to worship the mistresses of their loves, and look upon them with humble awe and reverence. Whether this proceeds from natural politeness, which some say is inherent in the Celtic character, or from other causes already suggested, we leave the reader to judge. Our author (Ross) besides devoting his life to the bootless worship of a lady who coldly treated his affections, sees everything that is worthy of admiration in the female character, concentrated in his "*Highland Maid*" :—

My pretty Highland maiden,
With tresses golden bright,
And blue eyes softly shading,
And soft hands snowy-white ;
O'er Scotland's hills and plains,
With thee I fain would go,
Wrapped in our native tartan plaids,
That in the breezes flow.

Give me my Highland dress,
 'Tis grand beyond compare ;
Give me my Highland maid,
 Sweet smiling, young, and fair ;
Then banish sleep and care,
 From eve to rosy morn,
In happy love beneath our plaid,
 The proudest dress that's worn.

Though noble Lowland dames
 Be gaily dressed and young,
More beauteous far the maid
 Who speaks the Gaelic tongue,
In neat trimmed tartan gown,
 That shows her faultless mould,
Of comely mien and gait erect,
 Yet modest to behold.

Of graceful mould and stately port,
 And face with love a-glowing,
The tender grass bends not beneath
 Her lightsome feet a-going,
And in her cheek the red and white
 In lovely strife are blending,
With sunny smiles that piercing darts
 To hundred hearts are sending.

And hers a row of ivory teeth,
 And faultless to the eye,
Encased by red and pouting lips
 Of deep vermilion dye,
Her modest and decorous mien,
 And unassuming tone,
Have gained the willing hearts of men,
 And made them all her own.

More musical her gentle speech
 Than rhetoric's proud display,
The modulations of her voice
 Than breath of sweetest lay.
No shade of sadness or of grief
 Could o'er our souls prevail,
While the winsome maid with artless art
 Discoursed a moving tale.

When summer comes in glory drest,
Profuse in herbs and flowers,
Aloft upon the hilly heights,
We'll rear our heathy bowers.
The harp re-echoing in the glen,
In soft and fluent numbers,
Shall rouse us with the morning sun,
From light and easy slumbers.

The cattle and the sheep in droves
Shall browse upon the heather,
And hairy goats in spotted coats,
And lynx-eyed, flocked together;
The younglings of the flock shall leap,
Light hearted at their gambol,
Then wrestle, run, and sniff the grass,
And then another ramble.

Mary and I in sunny spots,
Will spend the day together,
In corries where the heather blooms,
And birds of freckled feather,
The cuckoo and the blackbird brisk,
Whom a fit of music seizes,
Shall carol all their choicest lays,
And strain their throats to please us.

Another department of song in which the Highland bards revelled was satire. They had a most vicious and vehement vocabulary of vituperation, which they not unfrequently exercised. Little men, old men and spinsters with few personal attractions, were objects of their sometimes playful banter, but oftener unworthy attack with slight provocation. A bard was loved or feared as a power, who could bestow praise or infamy as the subject found favour or dislike in his presence. If this statement deprecates the character of the Celtic bard, we regret the existence of any ground for it, yet we think it proper to state prominently that though they indulge in coarse invective, they never, with one notable exception, disgrace and endeavour to render attractive their poems by the alluring fescennine lasciviousness and choice suggestive epithets which are characteristic of the rising school of poetry in our day. It is curious that the tendency to ribaldry and indifference to poetic justice is to be found in the most powerful master of the Celtic tongue—Alexander M'Donald of Ardnamurchan. In his "Praise of

Mòrag"—a servant maid who had alienated his affections from his lawful spouse, he pours out, certainly not unalloyed love, in one mellifluous stream of language, and exhibits his tempter in that gauzy drapery with which the disciples of the French school have made us familiar. I know nothing in the writings of the school led by Mr. Swinburne, except one or two pieces in which he himself runs violently wild and exceeds all reason, so deeply and almost vehemently passionate; yet within the range of experience of an amorous lover, so *male pertinax* in its naiad-nudeness, and yet so strong, rushing, and musical as the "Praise of Mòrag." The wife of the poet having become cognisant of the flame excited by her rival, charges him with abstract if not concrete infidelity to his marriage vows; whereupon our bard, seemingly with no conscientious scruples, appeased his accuser by the composition of an equally powerful poem, but thoroughly indecent and unworthy of his talents. In love matters he was not of a Quixotic disposition, and indeed his poems arouse the suspicion that he was no staunch believer in the faith or chastity of woman. He wants the feminine delicacy which Duncan Bàn M'Intyre of Glenorechy displays in his "Address to his newly-wedded Spouse." M'Intyre and M'Donald stand in the very first rank of Gaelic poets after Ossian. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the former is "*Ben-Dòran*," a hunting song, or rather a pean of pleasurable recollections of the chase, with its haughty-headed, sleek-coated, and swift-footed herds, which has been rendered into rollicking, vigorous, and graceful verse by Professor Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh University, in his book on the "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands." Professor Blackie's superfluous mastery of language, high poetical abilities, healthy glow of honest feeling, and love of sonorous rapid rhyme, peculiarly fit him to translate this almost untranslatable poem.

Gaelic poetry, whose richest treasure is its wealth of lyrics, many of whose authors are nameless, has seen its best days. It is not likely that a Celtic genius will ever more use the ancient Celtic speech as the vehicle of his thoughts. Highlanders have not respected themselves; and the world, literary as well as social, has not respected them. No periodical written entirely in Gaelic can live, even in those days when Celticism is in the air. Its literature is in the hands of literary *parvenus*, who make capital out of the enthusiasm which the revival of Celtic feeling has created, so long as it lasts. Celtic scholarship is at a discount; and the best educated Celts live in bitter hostility and jealousy to one another. If Celtic genius has not contributed much to our national literature, Celtic industry may yet advance materially the science of philology.

3RD APRIL, 1878.

Mr. Hugh Macdonald, 2 Petty Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member at the meeting on this date.

The Secretary then read the following Lecture by the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, Edinburgh :—

CELTIC LITERATURE.

The lecture I intend giving now contemplates a sketch of the Literature of the Celtic Races. It is only by viewing it as a whole that we can form any adequate idea of its quality or extent. To take our Scottish literature alone, under the name of Celtic literature, is to expose that literature to the charge of being very scanty at the least. The same may be said of other sections of it, such as the Manx and Cornish ; and even the literature of Wales and Ireland, when taken alone, do not present us with a very large amount as compared with the literature of the French and Teutonic races. But when that of the six Celtic branches, with their five millions of people, is gathered together and viewed as one whole, it presents us with a mass which is not only no cause of shame, but a just cause of pride to any member of either of the branches. There is nothing to hinder the Scottish Celt from crediting himself with a portion of the honour which attaches to the interesting contributions made to the common stock, by the authors of Ireland and Wales, and in like manner they are free to share in the honour won by the excellent works of our Scottish Celtic composers and writers. Divided by lines more or less marked, we are all originally the same people, and, so far as existing evidence goes, the original inhabitants of Britain. It is my purpose to give a short sketch of all this literature, or at least of those portions of it which are most prominent, and of most intrinsic value.

I shall commence this sketch with our own Scottish Gaelic, whose literature, extending back as it does to a very early period, has given rise to much earnest and interesting discussion. I am not going to speak of the literature of the second century, the era when some men tell us Ossian flourished. I am not going to discuss the era of Ossian at all. It is a more difficult question than the era of Homer. I have never seen any satisfactory discussion of it. I know that in Ireland the era of the Feinn is fixed very fairly, and if Fingal was chief of the Clan Baoisgne, and so a leader of the Irish Militia, Ossian being his son must have flourished at that period. But much of Ossian's poetry has reference to the Danes, and men will tell you that the first inroads of the Danes on these islands

were made in the ninth century. If so, Ossian must have been a poet of the ninth or succeeding centuries. But I mean to go no farther into this question, but would recommend Celtic scholars to look more critically into it than has been hitherto done. It is a question both of historical and literary interest, and one in connection with which there is room for the exercise of both skill and of labour.

I mean to confine myself to what I find written, as existing in old MSS., or taken down from oral recitation. A full and most accurate list of Gaelic books was furnished in 1832 by Mr. John Reid, in his *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*. This work, however, confined itself to books printed in the Gaelic language, and might now be largely extended. Since then I have given as full and as accurate an account as I could of Gaelic literature in the handsome work on the History of the Scottish Highlands, published by the Messrs. Fullarton of Edinburgh. Latterly, Professor Blackie, in his "*Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*," has given an excellent sketch of the existing literature of the Gael. Our earliest written Gaelic is, without doubt, the Book of Deer; our earliest printed Gaelic is, with as little doubt, "*Carsewell's Prayer-Book*." The former of these is probably of the eleventh or twelfth century, and the latter is of the sixteenth; and a remarkable thing is that the language of both is far more like than is the language of either to modern Gaelic. I do not know what dialect the people spoke in those bye-gone ages, but the dialect which they wrote and read was very different from that written and read now.

The bulk of the Book of Deer is in Latin, and contains portions of the New Testament. The Gaelic portion is written on the margins, and contains chiefly notices of lands given by neighbouring chiefs to God, and St. Drostan, and others—or, in other words, to the monastery. The monastery of Deer lay in the county of Aberdeen, in the modern parish of Old Deer, from eight to ten miles west of Peterhead. There are some remains of the old buildings still to be seen. The region in which it lies is now a purely Teutonic one, in all except the names of places. The names of the people are those of the southern Scots, and their language is intensely Scottish; and yet, in the twelfth century, the region seems to have been as purely Celtic. Here was an old Columban monastery, the names of tribes and of single individuals purely Celtic, such as Clan Morgan and Clan Canan, with such names of persons as Donchadh, Maolcholum, Coinneach, and the like, while the old Celtic officers of the Crown, the Maormors and Toiseachs, are in full authority. Nothing could indicate a more radical difference

than that between the state of the Parish of Old Deer in the twelfth century and that of the same parish now. The Latin and the Gaelic are both written by the authors of the Book of Deer in the same hand—the old Saxon hand, borrowed from the Romans, and now called the Irish letter. It is manifest that the inmates of the Monastery of Deer were men possessed of a measure of learning creditable to themselves and to the period in which they lived, and that they cultivated and freely used, both in speech and writing, their native Gaelic tongue. There must have been at one time a large amount of this Gaelic MS. literature. There are deeply interesting fragments of it still existing, but in the dislocations of Scottish society, through the changes of races and of tongues, the great mass of it must have perished. At this moment we have nothing of deeper interest than these eleventh and twelfth century entries in the Book of Deer.

The next oldest MS. which we shall notice is the Book of the Dean of Lismore. Having had five years' labour in deciphering and copying out this relic, I should be somewhat familiar with its contents. It was the hardest piece of work in which I ever engaged. The state of the MS., the character of the writing, and, above all, the orthography, made the deciphering of it a work of peculiar difficulty. But in the interests of Celtic literature I am glad that it was done, and when some present dust shall have cleared away, its real value will come to appear. One thing it makes clear—that there were poems attributed to Ossian, and other Fingalian bards, recited, written down, and well known in the Highlands so early as 1512. And what is remarkable is that the pieces taken down from oral recitation by transcribers, within the last century and a half, are the pieces for the most part found in this collection. It may be true that there is not a line of Macpherson's Ossian to be found in either, that the poetry of it was unknown, so far as we can now judge, until brought to light by the editor. Let writers on the authenticity question make of that what they may, the fact to which I would desire to call attention is that three hundred and fifty years ago the name of Ossian was as well known in the Scottish Highlands as the name of Homer was in Greece, and that there are numerous and long fragments of poetry in existence which were attributed to him and to other bards of his period. That is the fact which the Dean of Lismore's Book serves to establish. And although a good deal has been said on the inferiority of these poems, as transcribed by the Dean, to the poetry of Macpherson's Ossian, I am disposed to think that there is not in Gaelic poetry anything finer than Ossian's song of praise to his

father, or the death of Oscar, as sung by Fergus the Bard, contained in that book.

The language is identical with the language of the Book of Deer, and that of Carsewell, and is very different from the present spoken language of the Highlands, while the handwriting is the Old English, and the orthography phonetic, indicating at the same time, by the use of the point for the aspirate, and other peculiarities, the acquaintance of the writer with the Irish hand and orthography, as they are now called. I set a high value on this book, as affording evidence, on many points in connection with Celtic literature, which cannot be gainsaid.

The Dean's collection was made in 1512, a considerable time subsequent to the invention of printing. In 1567 appeared the first Gaelic book that ever was printed, and it was creditable to the Highlands that such a book should have been printed at the time. I need hardly say that unless men could read there was little use in furnishing them with books. But this Gaelic book, to aid ministers and congregations in their worship, was prepared and published so early as the reign of Queen Mary, and the author must have acted on the presumption that the Highlanders were able to read it. The very existence of such a book is proof of the fact that so early as 1567 many of the Highlanders could read their own language. It is quite as true in 1878, that many of them cannot; and what is more to be regretted, that men of influence and power in the matter of education are so narrow and short-sighted on the question that they think it better that they should not. I feel ashamed to speak of the urgency that has been necessary to get our Education Department to make the slightest concession in favour of teaching the Highlander to read his own language, although it may be very true that the narrowness exists elsewhere, where it might less reasonably be expected.

I have said already that the language of Carsewell is similar to that of the Book of Deer and the Book of the Dean of Lismore. It is written in the purely Irish orthography, and printed in the Roman letter. As there was only one perfect copy in existence, I issued, a few years ago, a new edition of it, the remaining copies of which are in the hands of Mr. Noble, publisher in Inverness. I need not remind you of its value in discussing the Ossianic question, from the reference in the introduction to the heroes of the Ossianic period, as we may call it. Let me add, with reference to the three books of which I have been speaking—the Book of Deer, the Dean of Lismore's Book, and Carsewell's Liturgy—that they have been really added to our Celtic literature within the last twenty years. Their

existence was known, except in the case of the first, but they were almost totally inaccessible even to scholars.

Coming down to a later period, there are remnants of religious literature belonging to the seventeenth century still extant. We have Calvin's Catechism in Gaelic, though sufficiently rare, and we have the Psalter translated both by Kirk of Balquhiddy and by the Synod of Argyle. Then we have the Irish Bible of Bedel, printed in Roman letters, for the use of the Highlanders, and edited by Kirk—a curious relic. It is not so very long since this Bible was in use in some Highland churches, although, previously to the translation by Stewart and others, the general practice among readers was for each to translate for himself; and curious work they made of it sometimes. I have heard of one worthy man translating "and they were astonished," and making it "*Bha iad air an clachadh*" (they were stoned).

The eighteenth century was less prolific than the former in secular Gaelic poetry, or I should perhaps say that there was less of it preserved. There was no Dean of Lismore to record and transmit the floating literature of the period. But there is one notable exception, in the songs of *Eoin Manntach*, often called *Eoin Lom*, the Jacobite, or rather the Carlist bard of the period. If there was much such poetry as John Macdonell's at the time, it is a pity that so little of it has been preserved. It is fierce enough, no doubt, but it has wonderful power. His "*Mort na Ceapaich*," or The Keppoch Murder, is a remarkable appeal on behalf of the murdered boys, and one that helped in securing ample vengeance on their cruel destroyers. It was a black day for the "*Clann Dughail*" of Keppoch that stammering John sung their misdeeds.

The eighteenth century produced a much larger amount of Gaelic literature than its predecessor. The earlier relics are found in Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, published in 1707, and occur in poems laudatory of Mr. Lhuyd and his efforts to promote Celtic literature. The first of these is by "*Aindra Mac Ghileoin Fear a Chnuic an Tiridhe, mac Easbuig Farraghaeil*;" the second is by "*Roibert Caimpbeil Fear Faraiste Mhic Chailin an Comhal*," Argyle's forester, probably; the third is by "*Eoin Mac Ghilleoin minisdir an t-soisgeil ann an eaglais Chillnaoinein am Muile*." Another is by "*Semus Mac Mhuir, sagart Chill Daltan*." Some of them are written in the Roman, and some in the Irish character. These interesting remnants are little known, but they serve to show that there were enthusiastic lovers of the Celtic language and Celtic literature long before our day, and that there were men of sufficient literary information and culture in the Islands of Tyree and Mull

180 years ago, to know and appreciate what the great Welsh scholar was doing in the general Celtic field.

But the great products of the eighteenth century were—first, the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic, and then the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian*; in the former case a translation into Gaelic, in the latter, a translation into English. It is needless, in a summary like this, to say anything of these great works. The Gaelic Bible has been an incomparable blessing to the Highlands. Education and civilization have followed in its footsteps. Of Macpherson's work, one thing can be said, that it awakened the interest of the civilized world in the literature of the Scottish Celt, and that to it is due much of the place which that literature even now holds in the minds of educated men; without entering here on the question of its genuineness—granting even that it was Macpherson's own—it was a rare contribution to the literature of the race, and might well rouse the jealousy of that type of Englishman represented by Johnson, who can believe in nothing but what is of the Anglo-Saxon, a man who, according to Matthew Arnold, owes most of the life and fire that is in him to the Celtic blood that flows in his veins. A Celt may be allowed to say this, when he has to listen patiently to so much that is said in the other direction.

Secular poetry flourished in the eighteenth century. Beginning with *Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair*, or Alexander Macdonald, son of Alexander, minister of Sleat, we have during the period, besides him, Duncan Macintyre of Glenorchy, or *Donnachadh Bàn nan Oran*, as he was called: Robert Mackay, or, more accurately, Calder, usually called *Rob Donn*; Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, and John Roy Stewart, son to the Baron of Kincardine. Few men composed more vigorously, or with more poetic fire, than this last, a scion of an old family, and a native of the valley of the Spey. Music and poetry appear to have met and flourished in this great, romantic Highland strath. There were others besides, many of them represented in Gillies's collection of Gaelic poetry, published in 1786. This period was that of the great Celtic revival in some senses. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had directed the attention of the nation to the Scottish Highlands—discussions on them in Parliament were frequent; the Highland dress was prohibited, and afterwards restored; and much occurred which, while it destroyed many of the ancient national characteristics, served to invest other Highland objects with a new and commanding interest.

The nineteenth century has been the age of Gaelic grammars and dictionaries. It has been a time of gathering, arranging, and

garnering, more than anything else. And it has been the most productive age of any. Four important dictionaries have appeared—the Highland Society's, Armstrong's, Macleod & Dewar's, and Macalpine's—all good, and yet not complete. We have need yet of a dictionary that would carry students through an ancient MS., and one that would aid them in recovering the obsolete words in our topography. Then we have had several grammars, beginning with the best, that of Dr. Stewart; we have numerous translations and re-publications, with several magazines, the chief of which was the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*, now, alas! defunct; as is also the *Gael*. We hope the *Celtic Magazine* may long flourish. We have Mr. J. F. Campbell's admirable collections, and, without enumerating all, we have, finally, the prospect of a Celtic Chair, for which Scottish Celts owe so much to Professor Blackie, and which is likely to signalize the century as one taking a first place in relation to the cultivation of Celtic literature.

And now for a glimpse of the Irish field. The best summary of Irish literature is found in O'Curry's Lectures. These were written and delivered by the author as Professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University of Dublin. O'Curry was an excellent Irish scholar, and although Mr. Whitley Stokes, that distinguished expounder of the Celtic tongues, has found some openings in his armour, he and O'Donovan were the real pioneers of Irish scholarship, and deserve the thanks of the race. O'Curry's edition of the *Brehon Laws* is itself a wonder of learning and labour from a man who had not much general scholarship.

The most important part of the Celtic literature of Ireland is unquestionably the Historical Annals. The principal of these are—The *Annals of Tighernach*, the *Annals of Innisfallen*, the *Annals of Loch Cé*, and the *Annals of the Four Masters*. The last of these, as edited by Dr. John O'Donovan, is a work of great merit and of deep historical interest. These Annals are of value to us because they shed light on much of our national history. I had a remarkable instance of this lately, and of the need there is of an accurate reading of them. There is, in the Annals of Tighernach, an entry to this effect, under the date of 638 (you will mark the date, for the Annals go back to 563):—“*Cath glinne Muirison in quo Muinntir Domhnaill bricc do teiched; et obsessio Etain.*” It is, as usual, a curious mixture of Gaelic and Latin. Dr. Reeves, in commenting on this passage, says of it:—“That the scene of the battle was not Glenmoriston, on Loch Ness, but a tract in West Lothian, with Etain representing Carriden.” The entry runs in English—“The battle of Glenmorrisson, in which the men of Donald Breac (the

Scottish King) retreated; and the siege of Etain." Why this should be understood as not being the real Glenmoriston I cannot comprehend. The difficulty would probably be with the Etain and its siege. But is not Urchadain in the near neighbourhood of Glenmoriston, with its ancient castle, as likely to be meant as Carriden in Lothian? And not only so, but everything goes to show that it was meant. There was war between Donald and the Northern Picts, and tradition has carried down the account of a great battle near the Castle of Urquhart, or *Urchadain*. The whole scene is described, the retreat of the Scots westward after their defeat, and the graves of the dead are pointed out to this day at the foot of Glenmoriston. The entry is simply "The battle of Glenmorriston, in which Donald Breac was defeated, and the siege of Urquhart Castle." There is not a line of writing, or a breath of tradition, to connect this battle with the Lothians. Here, then, is light thrown upon an interesting event in Scottish History so far back as the year 638, and that event recorded to this day in the traditional history of the locality where it took place. The tradition has lived for 1240 years. The record is Irish.

In addition to the Annals, the Irish have genealogies and pedigrees carrying us back in some instances to the flood, and in some further. The very ancient part of these is no doubt imaginary, but in modern entries there is reason to hold them authentic. It is interesting to observe that through the Royal Families of Scotland and Ireland Her Majesty Queen Victoria can be traced back to Adam. I presume the same could be done for most of us, though the individual steps could not be so readily identified. Milidh of Spain, who gave his name to the Milesian race, is an important person in these genealogies, and with him are Eber, and Heremon, and Ir, with all their succeeding branches. These genealogies were well known in the Highlands, and appear in the compositions of many of the Gaelic bards.

In addition to these are the old historical tales. These are numerous, containing such stories as "*Tain bo Cuailgne*," or the Cattle-spoil of Colooney; the story of Darthula, connected with Scotland; the death of the children of Lir, and many others. It is remarkable that such folk-lore as has been collected in the Highlands in the "*Sgeulachdan*," or Tales by Mr. J. F. Campbell, and which are so like Grimm's stories from the German, and Dasent's Norse Tales, do not appear among the Irish.

The Irish MS. remains are remarkable, and indicate an immense literary activity at an early period. Some of these, such as "*Leabhar na h-Uidhri*," or the Book of the Dun Cow, and the "*Leabhar*

Breac," or the Spotted Book, have been published in lithograph by the Royal Irish Academy, and form a valuable addition to our accessible Celtic literature. MSS. have also been discovered in continental libraries, especially in those of St. Gall and Bobbio, and they have formed the materials from which J. C. Zeuss has compiled his famous Celtic grammar. Zeuss gives the date of these MSS. as the eighth or ninth century. The Gaelic portion of them is, for the most part, made up of marginal glosses on Latin writings. Besides the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr. Whitley Stokes has published some of the ancient Irish literary remains, with comments worthy of that great Celtic scholar.

The poetical remains of Ireland are full of interest. For an account of them I refer you to Edward O'Reilly's account of nearly 400 Irish writers, published for the Dublin Ibero-Celtic Society in 1820. It is a remarkable enumeration, beginning with Amergin, son of Golamh, usually called Milidh of Spain, who flourished in anno mundi 2935. Much of the poetry referred to is, however, within historic times, and several of the bards appear in the Dean of Lisimore's collection.

My space does not allow of my referring to the Irish Ossianic remains, or to grammars and dictionaries, but they exist abundantly, and the publications of the Ossianic Society are well worthy of perusal. O'Donovan's grammar is a model.

I should now bring you to the Isle of Man, where a dialect of the Gaelic is still spoken. The principal work in this language is the translation of the Bible, begun by Bishop Wilson in 1722, and finished under the supervision of Dr. Moore and Dr. Kelly in 1772. The title is—"Yn vible Casherick ny yn chenn Chonaant as an conaant nua Veich ny chied ghlaraaghyn, dy Riaraalagh chyndait ayns Gailck; ta shen dy ghra chengey ny mayrey ellan vannin. Pointit dy ve thaiht ayns Kialteenyn." The orthography is phonetic. In addition to the Scriptures, we have Kelly's Grammar and his Dictionary, edited so well by the Rev. Mr. Gill of Malew, and then the Prayer-Book, and numerous Hymns, which are extensively sung by the people, who are mostly Wesleyan Methodists.

I must now give a brief survey of the Cymric, Cornish, and Breton literature. The former is the most abundant, going back to the days of Aneurin, Merddin, and Taliesin, the ancient Cymric bards. According to Mr. Stephens, who has given an excellent account of the Welsh literature of the period, the bards who flourished in the sixth century were Anuerin, Taliesin, Llywarch, Myrddin, Kian, Talhaiarn, Meugant, and Kynryd.

The poetry of Llywarch Hen, or the aged, is chiefly of the

mournful cast. No man can read it alongside of our ancient Fin-galian lays, without being struck with their resemblance in this respect. Ossian was a desolate, melancholy old man—his friends were all dead. "*Oisean an déigh na Feinne*," Ossian after the Fin-galians, is itself a very volume of pathetic lamentation. Llywarch says, as quoted by Stephens, "the hall of Kynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without songs; tears afflict the cheeks." Does this resemblance help to decide the era of Ossian? If so, then the Gaelic bard was of the sixth century, provided the era of the British bard is accurately fixed. This peculiarity might have distinguished the bardism of the period. Anuerin is the author of the famous Welsh poem called the "*Gododin*." There has been as much controversy about the poems of Wales at least as about those of the Scottish Highlands, but Stephens thinks that this poem refers to an attack by the ancient Ottadini on a Roman town called Cattræth, now called Catterick, in Yorkshire. There are fragments of the compositions of Taliesin, and more of those of Merddin. Down from their age to the present the roll of names enlarges, including such names as Meilyr, bard to Gruffydd ab Kynan, in the eleventh century; Gwalchmai, author of an ode on the battle *Tal y Moelvre*, in the twelfth century; Owain Kyveiliog, a prince and a poet, Howel ab Owain, also a poet of princely rank, both of the twelfth century; Kynddelu and Llywarch ab Llewellyn, Gruffydd ab Meredydd, Trahaiarn Bydydd Mawr, down to modern times, when they count by scores. One has only to attend a Welsh *Eisteddfod* to see to what an extent native poetry is cultivated among the descendants of the ancient British, and to what an extent it is encouraged by all classes of the people. It would be impossible to give here anything like an adequate account of Welsh literature, both prose and poetry. In the former we have the laws of Howel Dda of the tenth century, which threw so much light on the early social state of Wales, and make such minute arrangements for regulating the affairs of men's households. We have in the latter, the Triads, chiefly historical poems in a peculiar rhyme, of various periods; we have the four books of Wales—the Black Book of Carmarthen, the Book of Anuerin, the Book of Taliesin, and the Red Book of Hergest, recently translated and edited by Mr. Skene, and forming a valuable addition to Celtic literature; we have the Mabinogion, or Juvenile tales, intended for the amusement of young chieftains, translated and edited by Lady Charlotte Guest, and forming a remarkable collection of stories of different kinds and ages. They bear the closest resemblance of anything in Celtic literature to the tales collected and edited with so much care and

skill by Mr. John F. Campbell. But not referring to numerous other prose works, including the Myrvyrian Archæology, the Iolo MSS., dictionaries, grammars, numerous newspapers, and even an Encyclopædia, I have but to observe that the religious literature of Wales is voluminous. The Welsh have an admirable translation of the Scriptures, and numerous valuable works expounding them. Some of these expository religious works are excellent in the conception and execution, indicating extensive learning, and much zeal and earnestness. The Welsh are a religious people, and show the deepest respect for everything associated with the maintenance and promotion of earnest religion.

There is one thing very markedly characteristic of our Welsh brethren, they are not ashamed of their mother tongue, and use it almost universally. Several of the members of Parliament for Wales can address their constituents in their native tongue with eloquence and effect. I doubt if there be more than one—Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, the excellent member for the Inverness burghs—who can open his mouth in Gaelic, of all our Highland representatives. Then every Welshman can read his own tongue, chiefly as the fruit of Sabbath school teaching. I do not by any means go so far as the old Welsh lady whom I once addressed in English, because I could do nothing else at the time, and who replied with great emphasis "I hate that language." But I maintain, without shame or fear, that every Highlander should know to read his own tongue, and to read it correctly, and that men who profess to be learned, in which class I include Highland students and Highland ministers, should do more than learn to read it, and they will find that it will not hinder, but help their other scholarship, to study with care the tongue of their Celtic forefathers, many of them as good men as they are at least. The Welsh set us a good example in this respect.

I should now say a few words on the literature of Cornwall. The language is dead. The old lady, Dolly Pendraeth, who spoke it last is dead for more than a hundred years, and with her last breath departed the last breath of the ancient tongue of South-west Britain. The remains are not many and are chiefly ecclesiastical, if we except the existing topography. One very interesting volume has been edited by Mr. Whitely Stokes, that foremost of Celtic scholars, called *Gwreans an Bys*, the Creation of the World, and is styled a Cornish mystery. It is one of those ecclesiastical dramas common in the middle ages, dramatising the whole events related in the early chapters of Genesis. It furnished admirable specimens of the language as it once existed, and the work is edited with great care.

Edward Lluyd gives us a short grammar of the Cornish. A previous publication, also re-edited by Mr. Whitely Stokes, and called *Mount Calvary*, has appeared. It is an account of the Crucifixion. Since the publication of these, four other dramas of a similar kind found in MS. in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and published by Mr. Edwin Norris, have made a large and valuable addition to the literature of Cornwall. Mr. Norris has added a Cornish grammar, and the publication of these works has led to the compilation of the admirable *Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum* of the Rev. Robert Williams. The spoken Cornish is dead, but the language is now saved for all the purposes of Celtic scholarship. Other publications are promised as forthcoming.

In Brittany the amount of native literature is not great. The language, called Breton, is spoken by nearly a million of people, but the literature was long almost confined to traditional poetry. In recent times the translation of the Scriptures led to a revived interest in the language, and we have now no less than three versions of the New Testament in Breton. The name of Legonnidec is famous in connection with this literature, and his dictionary is a remarkable fruit of skill and industry. The edition of it by the Count de Villemarqué is our best dictionary of the language. I have seen of Breton publications several grammars, the *Barzaz-Breiz* of Villemarqué, a collection of Breton poetry, several tracts on religious subjects, a life of St. Nonne, and the Roman Catholic Missal in Latin and Breton. To one who knows Latin the latter is very helpful in studying this ancient language. There are several other works, especially vocabularies; and six mysteries, as they are called, in Breton verse upon "Calvary," not unlike the Cornish "Calvary" in some respects. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the authenticity of Villemarqué's *Barzaz-Breiz*. He has been accused of taking the same liberty with the poetry of Brittany that Macpherson took with that of the Highlands. Be that as it may, the poems are there, and present us with excellent specimens of the Breton language.

I think I have now made out the object with which I started. I have shown you that Celtic literature occupies a far wider field than we are prone to attribute to it. It is not confined to the limits of the Scottish Highlands, and their off-shoot population in the British Colonies. Not that the Scottish Highlands have any cause to be ashamed of their share in the common good. I do not know but that from the days of Columba and the missionaries of Iona, they have contributed at least their own share. Would that it had all existed. I doubt not that the loss of part of it is attri-

butable to the jealousy of the mediæval Church, part of it to the enmity and ambition of Edward I., and part of it to the zeal of the Reformed Church, which would set little value on such relics of ancient Celtic literature as were redolent of a past and superstitious age. Yet there is enough to show that such a literature has existed all along. But while this is true, it is only by a wide and comprehensive view of the literature of the race then men can know what the race has done.

What has been done for the race might well be referred to. Zeuss, and Diffenbach, and Ebel, and Windisch, Glück, and Ebrard, in Germany, well deserve the deepest acknowledgments from us; and in France such names as Pictet, Arbois de Jubanville, Renan, Henri Gaidoz, and others, stand prominently forward; while Italy furnishes one noble Celtic scholar in the Chevalier de Nigra, the editor of the Turin Glosses. The publication of the *Revue Celtique* in Paris is a phenomenon in the firmament of Celtic studies. Men will find dissertations there on Celtic subjects worthy of the highest scholarship.

Do I need anything further to recommend to Celts the study of their own tongue and literature? I imagine not. I might even include Saxons. I think I may say it would make them wiser if they were to know more than they do of Celtic literature and history. For a long period philologists knew nothing of the Celtic tongues. They ignored them just because they did not know them. A new era has arrived. Men have begun to study them, and the result is a high appreciation of their value as sources of knowledge.

Such lectures as the two delivered by Professor Geddes of Aberdeen University to his students, show what is to be reaped in this new field of research, and if he to whom the language is foreign could do so much, what might not be expected of native Celts to whom the mere acquisition of the language is a matter of no difficulty? I would have you pay little attention to the depreciating of the study of the language and all its adjuncts, in which you will find a certain class of writers in the Anglo-Saxon field indulge. It should become a stimulus to the Celt so to conduct his study as to make such assaults impossible. It is only the prejudiced or the half learned that will give place to the feelings whence they spring; and he is a poor specimen of a Celt who cannot listen and ignore them and take his own way—"Gabhaidh sinn' an rathad mòr, olc air mhaith le each e," or the old Clanranald motto, "A dh' aindheoin co 'theireadh e."

I would caution my fellow-students against the extreme Celtism in which some of them are prone to indulge, and which has

exposed us to a measure of ridicule, as if there were nothing good outside of the Celts—as if a man being a Highlander were a sufficient certificate of character. I believe that there is much in the Celtic language and literature worthy of study, and capable of conveying valuable instruction, and I believe further, that Celts are just as good as other men, and that they will suffer nothing by comparison with their Anglo-Saxon, or rather Celto-Saxon (for Anglo-Saxon is nonsense) neighbours ; and in so far as language is concerned we beat them, for many of us have two, while they have only one.

17TH APRIL, 1878.

On this date Mr. James Chisholm Goodon, 33 Tavistock Square, London, was elected a life member ; Colonel Macpherson, of Glen-truim, an honorary member ; and Rev. John Sinclair, Beaulieu, and Mr. George Ross, merchant, Dingwall, ordinary members. The Secretary read a letter from Miss Fraser, Farraline Villa, North Berwick, intimating a donation to the Society's library of four volumes of Illustrations of Scott, published by the Royal Association for promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

Mr. John Mackay (of Ben Reay), Meadowbank, Fortrose, read the following paper :—

ERRORS REGARDING THE *ELECTION* OF CHIEFS AND THE LAND LAWS.

Two errors have lately been brought forward, one of which I may call a *mistaken sentiment*, and, as society at present exists, not capable of doing any harm ; but the other, among an imperfectly educated people, likely, if propagated, to produce most disastrous results. Both subjects commend themselves to the consideration of our Society. The first is—The *election* of Chiefs by a Clan ; the second—The Land Laws, and the position of the small tenant or crofter in connection therewith.

Firstly, then, as to the *Election* of Chiefs.

It is generally allowed by those who have studied the subject, that under Celtic sway, the law of succession in the Highlands, if not all over Scotland, was according to what is known as the law of Tanistry. This system implied descent from a common ancestor ; but when a vacancy occurred in the leadership, selected a man arrived at an age fit for war and council, in preference to the infant son (or heir-male if a minor) of the preceding chief. The succession

was thus to a certain extent regulated by the law of expediency, and not strictly confined to the nearest male blood, the object being to have a chief of full age, able to advise in council and lead the clansmen in time of war. The chief, therefore, never being a minor, the quarrels, intrigues, and bloodshed for his guardianship, as it was called, which became so marked under the feudal system, were avoided; but there was no *election* of chiefs in the modern sense of that word, for the succession was confined to members of the chief's family. Thus, if a chief died, leaving his eldest son under age, one of the deceased chief's brothers would succeed as leader of the clan, and, failing a brother, the nearest male relative who had the confidence of the majority. It was a question in the first place of consanguinity, and not an election in the democratic or republican sense, as some people would have us believe, nowadays.

But in course of time the Feudal Law, which had been established in the southern part of the kingdom, was extended to the Highlands; the law of Tanistry became a thing of the past; and the succession of chiefs followed the ordinary law of primogeniture. This has been the case for upwards of five hundred years.

A chief is not a mere president. He is one who by right of blood is the head of his clan. In Seton's "*Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland*," the question of chiefship is discussed; and I take the limit there given, as to the right on the part of chiefs of clans to the heraldic distinction of supporters, as applicable also to the right of succession. It is therein stated (page 317) that it is limited to "lawful heirs-male of chiefs of tribes or clans which had attained power and extensive territories, and numerous members at a distant period, or at least of tribes consisting of numerous families of some degree of rank and consideration."

This, I think, should put an end to all discussion on the subject; for the decisions of the Lyon King and his deputy are judicial in their character, and we are bound by them as much as by a decree issued by any one of the Lords of Session. The absurdity therefore of a number of men meeting, as was done the other day by a few Macnaughtons, to elect a chief, can only make us smile at their ignorance. A fee of a few shillings, or a short time spent in searching the Registers in the Lyon Office would have settled the matter, and the public would have been saved the production of a host of letters of which any one pretending to a knowledge of clan history ought to be ashamed. A certificate from the Lyon Office had, after all, to settle the matter for these Macnaughtons!

Of course the Macnaughtons, or the Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, may meet and elect what they please to call a chief, but he

is only the president of their particular society, and no more a chief than I am. And here, permit me to say, that I think it is a mistake in societies, such as ours, to designate their leading office-bearers as chiefs and chieftains. These are hereditary honours, and should be prized as such. But in the case of Societies, the honours are elective; and those holding the highest offices should, in my opinion, be simply described as president and vice-presidents.

Great stress has been laid by advocates of the elective system on the fact that two of the Chiefs of the Macdonalds were deposed, and other chiefs appointed in their place. These were the cases of Clanranald and Keppoch. Clanranald's case was in 1544. He was arbitrary and harsh; and what I may call a revolt of his Clan took place. To preserve his estate and authority, he got the assistance of his friend Lord Lovat and the Clan Fraser to help him to subdue his refractory clansmen, and bring them back to obedience. A battle took place. He was killed with a great many of the followers on both sides. The hereditary chief being thus slain, the next in succession became head of the Clan. In Keppoch's case, the revolution was effected more easily. He was considered to have become unworthy of the allegiance of the Clan, was deposed, and the next in succession, as a matter of course, became chief. These however, were exceptional cases; and it would be just as correct to say that the succession to the throne of Great Britain is elective because a revolution took place in 1689, by which one king was deposed and another chosen in his place, as it would be to say that such was the mode of electing a Highland chief from the instances I have given, or any similar instance.

These ideas are not altogether confined to Scotland. A few years ago an attempt was made in Canada to elect a chief of the Frasers, large numbers of whom are to be found in the Lower Provinces. A Mr. Fraser de Berri summoned all the members of the Clan to meet at his office in Quebec, for this important business; but, with the exception of that gentleman's personal friends, only a very few presented themselves. However, they constituted themselves into the Clan Fraser of Canada, and elected Mr. de Berri (whose mother I believe was a Fraser) as their "chief," and some others as "chieftains." A constitution was drawn up, and the members of the Clan were to meet once a year to discuss its affairs; but, if I mistake not, only two subsequent meetings were held—for on the first, the chief had but a very small "following," and on the second he was without a supporter. The whole affair was a farce. And so it will be with any so-called "elected chief" in this country.

But it is not so surprising that these ridiculous notions should find expression in the Colonies when *The Highlander* is guilty of propagating the error! Surely in a newspaper with such a title we ought to look for correct views on such subjects; but about eighteen months ago, much to my astonishment, it coolly suggested that as there was some doubt as to who was chief of the Clan Mackay (the writer of the article had the presumption to say so at all events), that Mr. John Mackay, of Shrewsbury, should be elected to that honour! The suggestion was too absurd to call for a reply. I have a high personal regard for my friend and namesake, and am glad that he has been elected to the only kind of chiefship to which he could possibly be elected, viz., to the highest office of a well regulated society. He is now, as you are all aware, our president—or chief, if you will insist on the name.

I now come to the other, and as I consider it, dangerous error—that regarding the Land Laws.

This error, as set forth in newspapers, and by a few speakers now and then at public meetings, proposes, among others, the following startling doctrines:—That all the deer forests in the Highlands should be taken (by the Government I presume), and distributed among the people: That the present condition of the Land Laws is so bad, the people ought to insist on their alteration: And as a climax, That the land actually belongs to the people; and being their own, they have a right in or to the soil, of which they should not allow themselves to be deprived.

It will assist us very much in arriving at a correct understanding of the Land question if we have a correct idea of the elements which constituted the feudal system. Without entering into details, I will briefly summarise it; and the simplest manner of doing so will be by illustration.

If the Queen were to grant to A an estate on the condition that, when called upon, A should be ready to bring a certain number of (say for example two hundred) fighting men into the field to fight her battles—that would be a tenure under the feudal system. A would be the Queen's vassal, and she, A's feudal superior and liege lady. But where would A get the men to perform the service for which he was bound? For it is absolutely necessary that he should be in a position to bring forward his two hundred fighting men whenever his Sovereign requires him.

The estate granted, we will suppose, consisted of arable land, mountain and forest, so A lets portions of it to a number of what I may call sub-vassals, on condition that they would each bring to *his* assistance a certain number of men ready for battle, when called

upon by him to do so. These sub-vassals, again, sub-let a portion of their lands to an inferior class whom I may call yeomen and crofters, who were in like manner bound to follow *their* superiors to the field. Thus the Queen's message calling upon A to bring his two hundred men to the field would set the whole feudal machine in motion; for A would at once call upon his sub-vassals to provide their contingent, and thus the yeomen and crofters would be brought into the field. A would be the captain commanding; the sub-vassals his officers; and the yeomen and crofters the rank and file. Further, should A please to go to war with his neighbour (which is not at all unlikely), then his vassals are bound to march with him, and kill or be killed in his quarrels.

You have here the condition on which land was formerly held in the Highlands—from time immemorial, down I may say to the year 1748. Instead of paying rent in money, the rent was paid in service.

To come to the point then. The Highland Chief, in olden times, stood in the same relation to his clansmen and followers, as the Sovereign to his nobles and other feudatories. He had the absolute disposal of the land, and rewarded his kinsmen and others whose service or influence were of importance, with grants of property on feudal tenure. Sometimes those to whom the fiefs were given refused to implement their service, when the result almost invariably was that the chief seized the land, and bestowed it on others on whose obedience and faithfulness he believed he could rely. How in the first place he acquired that right is another matter; for in the early days might was right, and the laws, apparently, were only for those who were able to hold their own. We live in a different age. Law is administered impartially, and the rights of the weak and the poor are as much regarded as those of the strong and the rich. To lead the people then in any way to the belief that the land belongs to them, is calculated to do evil and not good. Neither will it do to say that under what is called the Patriarchal system the land was held in common by the clan, and that the chief had no more than his proportion of it; and for this simple reason—that we have no proof that it ever was so. What we have to do with is the fact of the present day, and not a mere (and as I believe) unfounded theory of the past.

Let us look at one of these facts. There, in our own neighbourhood, is that large estate we all know so well, every acre of which, according to law, belongs to Lord Gatherall. There is no mistake about it: every inch of it is his. It does not matter whether it has always been in his family, or whether he acquired it

by purchase ; there it is, and the law of the country declares it to be his exclusive property. Who then has a right to say to him that he must give up his deer forest, if he chooses to have one, so that the land may be given to a number of men—decent, deserving crofters they may be—who will cultivate it? The very idea is absurd.

If we are to do any good to the small tenants, it must be by other means than instilling such nonsensical and dangerous doctrines into their heads as those I have referred to. They must not be told that they have a legal right to the land ; or that the deer forests must be put down ; or, worst of all, that they should take the law into their own hands. What they have to be told is—to accept the inevitable—not kick against it ; and though it may be hard and ill to bear, that they ought to strive and make the most of it ; and, where they feel they have a grievance, then let them use every legitimate means to have that grievance redressed.

Now, in talking in this way, do not imagine that I am attempting to say a word in exculpation of those who effected what we call the clearances ; for though I believe they legally had the right to do as they did, yet I also believe that they were guilty of a great moral wrong, as well as of an act of cruel and mistaken policy, which sooner or later would bring its own punishment.

I will here repeat that the land never belonged to the people, so far as we can learn from historical evidence. They always paid rent for it, just as rent is paid in the present day ; but with this difference—they gave feudal service instead of money. In the olden time the vassal, as an equivalent for the use of his land, was bound to bring his two or his fifty men at any time to fight the battles of his superior ; now the tenant, as his equivalent, is bound to pay his five pounds or his five hundred pounds of rent, in money, at stated times, to his landlord.

The panacea for all the ills in the Highlands, we are told again and again, is an alteration of the Land Laws, generally based on the assumption, which I think I have shown to be an untenable one, that the people have a right in and to the soil. I believe a better remedy will be found in giving the people a more thorough and efficient education, so that they may know how to make the most of all things, and work to the best advantage. The mere teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, is not education. These are only preliminaries. Education is the drawing out of that which is within the man or child ; and when we have true practical teaching over the country, it will be found that the people are quite able to help themselves. Independence and manliness will then take the place

of the present subservience and want of energy, of which, I am sorry to say, there is too much in our country.

In regard to the crofter, it seems to me that far too great a fuss is being made about his condition. I grant that in many cases—it may, perhaps, be in the large majority of cases—his lot is a hard one; but so it is with the greater portion of the labouring classes in our large towns, and in all countries. We do not suggest Royal Commissions to enquire into the condition of our tailors and shoemakers, and yet I know that the condition of the greater number of these useful members of society, in the large towns especially, is infinitely worse, in every point of view, than that of any crofter in the Highlands. Why then ask for a Commission to enquire into his condition?

We know how true it is that a good master makes a good servant, and a bad master a bad servant, in small matters as well as in large. The manufacturer who employs one thousand men, but whose only thought in regard to them is how to get the utmost he possibly can out of them, and give them as little as possible in return, is likely to have about him a more inferior class of workpeople than the man who tries to act justly with his employees, and feels that for their labour he is bound to give them full value for what it is really worth. In the one set we are sure to find discontent and a good deal of misery; in the other, contentment and a large measure of happiness. In like manner, when I see or hear of misery and great poverty among crofters, I am sure the cause will be easily found; so I say wherever there is a good landlord, who thinks of his people, there the people are contented, prosperous, and happy; but where the landlord is an absentee, or has no sympathy with his people, not caring anything about them excepting for the rent that can be extorted, then I say, if it exists anywhere, on that estate we may expect to find misery, wretchedness, lethargy, and dirt. I am speaking of general principles: there are exceptions to all rules.

It is a mistake, however, to picture their condition, even at present, as that of being usually one of wretchedness. I know many localities where they are contented, sober, and industrious; vigorous improvers, and never one penny in arrear of rent; and I maintain that where there is misery or poverty, it is owing almost invariably more to the mismanagement of the estate than to any other cause, though in some cases (but not many I am happy to say) the drinking habits of the crofters themselves sufficiently account for their wretched condition.

I believe that in the Highlands there is room for large sheep

farmers and for crofters—for deer forests and for sportsmen. Nay more, that a population many times larger than the present could be supported in the country, and that such increase of population could find remunerative employment, and live in comfort and happiness. But we must not expect that every crofter can maintain a family out of the produce of his croft; that a man who pays from £2 to £4 a-year (common rents in some places) can raise as much from his small holding as will pay his landlord and keep himself and his household. No, the small crofters must to a large extent be labourers for others; but they have this advantage over labourers in towns, that for the small rent they pay they get in addition to their cottage as much land as will keep a cow and a few sheep. The milk will go a far way in the support of the family, and the sheep will pay the rent. Besides this, they almost invariably have their peat for the cutting and carting. How much, I wonder, after paying his rent, has the working man in Inverness, Glasgow, or London, out of his wages for these things—an abundant supply of milk and fuel? At the end of the year who is best off—the town labourer or the crofter?

To find work, it is true, the crofter may have to leave his home for a portion of the year, or from Monday morning till Saturday night, as I know is frequently the case. But the mason and the joiner have often to do the same; while the navvie and the sailor have to do it continually; yet in their cases it is not considered a hardship, though a great deal of fuss is made by pseudo-philanthropists if it is so much as hinted that the crofter may have to do so. He is pitied for having to do what a very large number of the best of our artisans do continually, and made a martyr of, in fact, by these mistaken individuals; and then they say the “iniquitous state of the Land Laws” is responsible for all this!

But there is one grievance the crofter does suffer from. On most estates he has no security of tenure, being merely a tenant at will, or from year to year, and under such circumstances, we cannot expect to find him very prosperous. But let the crofts be leased for a term of years as in the case of large farms, and in a very short time the story of the wretched condition of the crofters will have become a tale of the past.

I have said that above all things the Highland people require education. I have to say the same regarding a large number of the great landowners: they require to be taught how to manage their estates. If a merchant does not personally attend to his business, his business is certain, sooner or later, to get into a mess; so if a landlord does not personally see to his estate and tenantry, there

also, as a matter of course, an unsatisfactory state of affairs will certainly be found.

What is wanted then, is not an agitation for a change of the Land Laws ; but, if an agitation is needed, then let it be one to induce such Highland proprietors, as have not hitherto moved, to consult their own interest by improving and developing their estates, which are still to a large extent "in a state of nature ;" and to grant such conditions of occupancy to the tenants that, if they pay their rents, their tenure will be sure.*

There are thousands and thousands of acres in every county in the Highlands, which could profitably be brought under cultivation ; and willing hands are ready for the work if they had the opportunity.

In conclusion. No kind of improvement pays the proprietor better than planting ; and were those of our large landowners who have not yet done so to begin planting the bare moors with various and suitable kinds of trees, there would be employment within the country, in this work alone, for all the labour not needed on the crofts and small farms for more than one generation to come. A stimulus would be given to industry ; manufactures of different kinds would spring up ; and no part of the world would have a more prosperous population than the SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

GREAT CELTIC DEMONSTRATION.

On Wednesday, April 24, 1878, what has not been unappropriately called "The Great Celtic Demonstration" took place in Inverness. On the 13th of March, the Gaelic Society of Inverness resolved to recognise, in a public way, the services which Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., had rendered to the cause of Highland education by presenting him with an Address, and afterwards entertaining him at a public dinner. The result of that resolution was the "Great Celtic Demonstration." Other Highland Societies were invited to co-operate in the matter ; and all those communicated with cordially approved of the proposal—many of them sending representatives to Inverness. In short, so heartily was the matter gone into that not only were the proposed honours done to Mr. Mackintosh, but also the cause which this Society has at heart received a fresh impetus—the whole demon-

*Since the above was written, it has been stated in the newspapers that Sir James Matheson is to grant leases of 19 years to all the crofters on his estates in the Lewis.

stration clearly proving there is still more vitality in the "Celtic cause" than even the most enthusiastic Celt could readily believe. The order of the programme was (1) Presentation of the Address, and the passing of resolutions relative to the teaching of Gaelic, (2) Federation meeting, and (3) the Dinner.

MR. FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., AND GAELIC IN HIGHLAND
SCHOOLS.

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was presented with the Address in the Town Hall at one o'clock, and there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. Pipe-Major Maclellan played appropriate airs at the entrance, and as Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh entered the hall, accompanied by the Provost, he was greeted with cheers, the audience rising to their feet.

The Provost, who presided, mentioned that he had received a number of apologies for absence, some of them of a very friendly and cordial nature. One was from Mackintosh of Mackintosh, saying that it was impossible for him to come to Inverness just now, but that he heartily sympathised with the meeting; another of the same tenor from Cluny, who was obliged to leave Scotland a few weeks ago on account of his health; and others from Dr. Charles Mackay, Mr. Mackintosh of Holme, and many others. There was also a letter from Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, expressing his warm approval of the demonstration, and his regret that owing to the occurrence of another meeting which he was obliged to attend, he could not be present to propose one of the resolutions. And now, the Provost continued (turning to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh), in the unavoidable absence of the Chief of the Gaelic Society (Mr. John Mackay of Swansea), I have been requested by the General Committee to present you with this Address on behalf of numerous Celtic Societies throughout the kingdom, whose representatives are present to-day. I regret that Mr. Mackay's state of health prevents his taking the journey here now: I hope he will be with us at the annual meeting in July. The enthusiasm with which Mr. Mackay enters into everything affecting the prosperity and advancement of Highlanders and the Highlands could not have a more fitting outlet than in expressing the thanks and congratulations of the Celtic Societies to you for the good work you have done in the cause of Highland education. I feel how inadequately I can do this, but it may not be unsuitable for me, as representing the Capital of the Highlands, to present you with this Address, seeing that in Inverness Gaelic is still the spoken language of a large number of its inhabitants; the loved and cherished tongue in which they hold

intercourse with each other, and above all, in which they praise and worship God. With this before me I believe I am discharging an important duty when I take my part in congratulating you on what you have done for the instruction of the children of the Highlands through their native tongue. We consider that you have obtained a most valuable concession by the recognition of Gaelic teaching in the Education Code for this year, and the whole subject is now practically in the hands of the School Boards. It will be well that no uncertain sound goes forth from this meeting as to the duty of School Boards in this matter. I would rejoice to see the School Boards of this burgh and parish taking the noble step of initiating the subject, by giving an opportunity, in some at least of their schools, for instruction through the Gaelic. Such examples would be sure to be followed, and so the instruction would soon be universal in the Highlands. I trust you will allow me here to refer to an article which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for March, a *second* article on "The Gaelic Nuisance," as the venerable and esteemed editor of that journal heads it. He had written strongly on the subject some months before, and finding that he was "apparently misunderstood by some," he generously comes forward to explain himself, and says that he "offered no objection to the use of Gaelic, provided the young were brought up with a knowledge of English." It is this use of Gaelic that we have contended for, and that has all along been desired. The article goes on to speak of Highlanders in a way we may well feel proud of and that does honour to the writer. He afterwards quotes from an address of Mr. Simon S. Laurie (Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh) on the subject of Education in the Highlands, who gives it as his opinion that "they could not teach English to the Highlanders well except through the Gaelic;" and he adds, "The Highland children learned very quickly—more quickly than the Lowland children. They could soon read with perfect fluency such a book as 'M'Culloch's Course of Reading,' and yet not understand a single word; showing that they would not learn English well except through Gaelic." All this shows a growing sense of the importance of the subject you have done so much to promote, which has earned for you the well-deserved and honoured designation of "The Member for the Highlands." I trust that the marked success which has attended your efforts in the past will stimulate you to continue the good work—if your true Highland heart needs any stimulus but the inborn love for the good of your native north. I don't think it does; still one enjoys success, and others seeing yours will more readily also put their hands to the work. We re-

joyce to see that amidst all the heavy labours of Parliamentary life you are enjoying good health. We trust that you may be long spared to discharge the important duties connected therewith, believing as we do how earnestly you desire to help in the advancement of the moral and material prosperity of our common country, but especially of our own beloved Highlands. Meantime I beg your acceptance of this Address, with the hearty good wishes of the Societies here represented and of many others who, had opportunity served, would have been with us to-day. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

The Provost then read the address, which was as follows :—

*To Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esquire of
Drummond, M.P.*

SIR,—We beg to congratulate you on the marked success which has attended your efforts since you entered Parliament to secure for the Gaelic-speaking children of the Highlands the use of, and instruction in, their native tongue in our national schools.

You have this session obtained a recognition in the Education Code for Scotland of the *principle* that the language should be taught in the schools and paid for out of the school rates. This we value as a most important admission by Government of the educational requirements and claims so long contended for by the Gaelic-speaking people of the Highlands ; and as a valuable concession that places the teaching of Gaelic in the hands of the School Boards, which is practically to give to the ratepayers the power to enforce the teaching of that language wherever they desire it. We trust that this is only the beginning of what you may yet be able to accomplish, if properly supported by the united efforts of those who take a real and earnest interest in the education of our Highland youth.

You well deserve the honourable designation so happily accorded you—"the Member for the Highlands." On the question which we, as representatives of the Celtic Societies throughout the country, have most at heart—the interest of the Gaelic people—you are undoubtedly entitled to that designation, and so long as you, the only Gaelic-speaking member in the House of Commons, continue our representative, and act in the interests of the Highland people as you have done hitherto, you will always secure the sympathy and support of every genuine and true-spirited Highlander.

We desire on this occasion to extend to you our hearty sympathy in your valuable advocacy of the Gaelic cause, and to offer you every encouragement in our power to persevere, until Gaelic

shall, at least, occupy that place in our educational system which is already accorded to other ancient and modern languages, and until Highland education as a whole, shall be such as to fit our youth for that position, both in our own and in other lands, which they are entitled to occupy.

We tender you our hearty and sincere thanks for what you have already accomplished for your Highland countrymen, and wish you long life and happiness, and that you may for many years to come be able to discharge the important duties of your position.

These expressions of thanks and continued confidence we now most heartily accord to you, in the name and on behalf of our respective societies ; and we remain,

SIR,

Your obedient and faithful Servants,

COLIN CRISHOLM, for the Gaelic Society of London.

A. MACKENZIE, for the Gaelic Society of London.

JOHN MACPHERSON, for Edinburgh University Celtic Society.

HENRY WHYTE, Comunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu.

WM. SUTHERLAND, Vice-President, Glasgow Sutherlandshire Association.

G. J. CAMPBELL, for the Edinburgh Sutherland Association.

D. MACLACHLAN, Secretary of the Ardnarmurchan, Morven, and Sunart Association of Glasgow.

A. MACKENZIE, for the "Gael" Lodge of Freemasons.

ALEX. SIMPSON, Chieftain of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and Provost of the burgh.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, Secretary Gaelic Society of Inverness.

DAVID MACDONALD, for Aberdeen Association.

A. MACPHAIL, Secretary, Aberdeen Highland Association.

A. MACKENZIE, for Hebburn Celtic Society.

DONALD MACRAIL, Chief of the Greenock Ossian Club, and Vice-President Greenock Highland Society.

A. MACKENZIE, for Lewis Glasgow Association.

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, on rising to reply, was received with loud cheering. He said—Provost Simpson, ladies and gentlemen—It is quite needless for me to say that I feel highly flattered by being here upon this occasion to receive at the hands, not only of my fellow-townsmen, but also of the representatives of numerous Highland Societies, the Address which has now been read. What I may have helped to do for the Highland cause was only what I considered my duty to do—and I must say that when I was first told that this movement was spoken of, I rather felt disposed that it should not be insisted upon. I had already on various occasions received most honourable and substantial recognitions from my townsmen, and were it not that I was informed that an opportunity would be taken of the proposed gathering to initiate a federation of all Highland Societies, I should have preferred that no demonstration such as the present should have taken place. While making these observations I must at the same time—and that with all sin-

cerity—say I feel most warmly the compliment that is now paid to me—a compliment enhanced in that it is presented through you, sir, with whom I have been so long and so intimately acquainted, holding as you do with so much credit the honourable position of Chief Magistrate of our ancient Highland Capital. For your own observations I tender you my warmest thanks, and at the same time add that the occurrences of this day will not soon be forgotten by me. Provost, ladies and gentlemen, on looking around me it adds to the depth of my feelings when I think that the proceedings of this day are, if not the last, necessarily very nearly the last, of a public character which will take place within this ancient building. Before proceeding to make some observations upon the address just delivered to me, I should like to refer for a moment to the first speech of a political character I ever delivered. That speech was delivered by me in the Music Hall, Inverness, on the 28th August, 1873, and in it I used these words—"I also claim your suffrages as a Highlander—speaking and familiar with the Gaelic language, and ready to advocate in the highest quarters all the legitimate requirements of the Highland people—many of which have hitherto been entirely neglected and grievously overlooked and ignored." The views I then expressed I have ever since kept before me, and endeavoured to follow out, and if some measure of success has attended them, I owe much of it to the enthusiastic support I have always received from the Gaelic Society of Inverness and Highlanders generally. And now let me refer to the address. Ever since I was returned to Parliament, the matter of teaching Gaelic in the schools in the Highlands has been before me. In 1876 matters had so far progressed that I was in a position to place a motion on the notice paper of the House regarding the teaching of Gaelic in our Highland schools, and it secured what I thought a favourable position. Prior to this, a deputation from the Gaelic School Society—the deputation consisting of those zealous well-known Highlanders and Gaelic scholars, Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan and Rev. J. C. Macphail, Edinburgh—had waited on the Education Department and received no encouragement. A previous motion occupied so many hours in debate that my Gaelic motion could not be brought on. A great step was gained however at a subsequent period, in the Education Department agreeing to issue circulars to a certain number of school boards containing queries—first as to whether or not the school boards were disposed to take advantage of Gaelic; second—whether or not Gaelic teachers could be got; and third—the number of children who would probably attend these schools. This was a valuable concession; and I have a pretty strong opinion that if it

were thought that the returns would be so favourable to the teaching of Gaelic, the circular in question would never have been issued. In the year 1877 the returns were printed, upon a motion made by me; and, as most of you know, these returns were of a most satisfactory character, more particularly as they showed there would be no difficulty in getting sufficient Gaelic teachers.* Again, the publication of the returns was upon the whole so encouraging, that I had no hesitation in placing a resolution similar to that of 1876 upon the notice paper of the House this year. On this occasion I was fortunate to have the first place, and unless anything unforeseen occurred, the debate was certain to take place. In the interval Dr. Maclauchlan and Mr. Macphail, along with our townsman, Mr. Mackenzie, of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, came again to London, and we had an interview with the Lord President of the Council, and a very unsatisfactory interview it was. Here I must express my cordial acknowledgment and bear testimony to the fact that a great deal of the success which was afterwards attained was due to those gentlemen, as also to Mr. Badenach Nicolson, Secretary to the Lord Advocate. It was through the influence of the Gaelic School Society of Edinburgh that the petitions which I was enabled to present in great numbers to the House were brought up. Several of these petitions were very numerously signed. From the parish of Knock, for instance, we had a petition signed by upwards of 1400 persons, and it was a matter of great satisfaction to myself to receive along with these petitions letters couched in most friendly and flattering terms. I recollect particularly being struck with the remarks of the Free Church minister of Harris, and also of the Free Church minister of Durness. The latter had been himself an inspector of schools, and offered personal and direct testimony of the benefits of teaching Gaelic. Indeed I may say that I was rewarded for all my exertions by the pleasant letters I received from all parts of the country. Two or three days prior to the night fixed for the discussion, I had an interview with Sir Francis Sandford, accompanied by Mr. Badenach Nicolson; and doubtless a good deal owing to the number of petitions which were constantly flowing in and noted in the Daily Journal of the House, the concession, with which I presume you are all perfectly familiar, was then agreed upon, and the limit of two hours which at first was thought of was struck out, leaving the time of instruction in the Gaelic language unlimited. It may be of some little interest that you should know

* These returns are printed in this volume.

some of the members who were good enough to promise their support. My motion was to be seconded by Mr. Cowan, one of the members for Edinburgh. It would be supported by Dr. Cameron, one of the members for Glasgow; Mr. Holms, member for Paisley; Mr. Stewart, member for Greenock, and Mr. Yeaman, one of the members for Dundee—gentlemen who all represent great and important southern constituencies. In the north or Highland districts I would have the support of Lord Macduff, of the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, and, I think I may say, of the Marquis of Stafford. I would also have some support from Wales. I would have the cordial support of Mr. Sullivan, member for Louth, one of our most accomplished orators, and who was good enough to assure me that he would bring up a large Celtic contingent from the Sister Isle. I have mentioned the name of my friend Mr. Stewart, member for Greenock. He has a good Highland name, and I may remark, what I am sure will be satisfactory to those who are interested in our proposed federation, that the Highlanders of Greenock were very active in the late election, and uniting themselves strongly together, voted, I believe, *en masse* for Mr. Stewart, of course receiving from him an honourable understanding how he was to vote on the subject of Gaelic in Highland Schools. In sad contrast to the case of Greenock, I must refer to the case of Leith. Upon asking the support of my friend Mr. Grant (who also bears a good Highland name), and suggesting that no doubt he had been communicated with by some Highlanders among his constituents, he told me he never heard a word on the subject, and I was really forced to the conclusion that there was not a single Highlander in Leith. If there be any, I trust that as the matter has now been made public, they will immediately associate themselves, and like their brethren in Greenock, make their influence felt in Parliamentary affairs. I also wish to say that a distinguished member, whose premature death has been a great loss to the House and to Scotland—Sir William Stirling-Maxwell—was entirely with me in this question. There are a great number of Highlanders in the county he represented, and though he was not able himself to speak Gaelic, he had a great appreciation of the Highland character, and thought the language ought to be taught in schools; and I am informed that Sir William's address in the last contest was translated into Gaelic, and displayed in large posters throughout the Highlands of Perthshire, being perhaps the only political address ever issued in the Gaelic language in this country. Mr. Ramsay, member for the Falkirk Burghs, is not generally in favour of Gaelic, but he is a most painstaking and conscientious

representative, and he agreed that where Gaelic was the mother-tongue, the children should at least be taught to read the Bible in that language. We have made undoubtedly a considerable advance, and we should not rest fully satisfied until Gaelic be made a "special subject;" and I assure you that anything I can do to get this brought about will certainly be done. I cannot, however, hold out any promises that we can get this immediately. At the same time we must keep it before us, particularly when we ascertain the effects of the concessions now made. There are other speakers to follow, and as I am to meet you in the evening, I will not detain you longer just now, but I cannot resume my seat without again expressing my sincerest thanks for this manifestation of your goodwill.—(Loud and continued cheering.)

The Rev. Mr. Macgregor then rose to move the following resolution:—"This Meeting is of opinion that the School Boards throughout the Highlands should take immediate steps to avail themselves of the concession made by the Education Department in the Scotch Code for 1878 in favour of teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, and desire to impress upon the ratepayers the importance of returning members at the next election of School Boards who will carry out their wishes on this subject." Having read the resolution, he said:—"This resolution is a very important one, and if carried by you, as I hope it may, will give energy and point to what has been so happily said already by the Provost, whom I am glad to see leading in this important movement, as chief magistrate of the Highland Capital, and likewise so forcibly urged by the eloquence and judicious statements of the honourable Member of Parliament now present. To him we are indebted for the measure of success already attained; and we have met here this day publicly to acknowledge his services to the Gaelic cause, to thank him cordially, and to encourage him to continue his future efforts in the same direction. He has given us a clear illustration and a noble example of what tact and perseverance can achieve in a good cause, and what happy results may be attained when advocated with firmness judiciously and temperately exercised. Some years ago, when the Gaelic Society of Inverness was brought into existence by a few of our friends, everything which savoured of Gaelic or the Gaelic people was looked upon almost with contempt by a numerous section of the population. Now, however, matters have happily changed, and everything relative to the cause looks more favourable. Led by our excellent representative, so well supported by Dr. Maclauchlan, Rev. Mr. Macphail, and the Celtic Societies throughout the country, we have now scaled the walls and

carried the ramparts of prejudice ; but we must not be satisfied with the measure of success thus attained, however important. We must clear the fort completely, and plant our colours on the highest pinnacle of the very citadel. We and the ratepayers in all our Highland parishes must take care that we receive the full benefit of the concession already made, and although it is but comparatively small, the principle conceded is most important. The Code leaves the matter entirely in the hands of the School Boards, which is practically to place it in the hands of the ratepayers. If *they* desire to let Gaelic instruction occupy its merited place in our Highland Schools it is their duty to return members to their School Boards who will be favourable to their views. For the teaching of Gaelic they are now allowed to receive payment out of the school rates, which in itself is no small boon. Let us therefore pull hard and pull together—shoulder to shoulder—“*Clann nan Gaidheal an gnaillibh a' cheile.*” Let all parties concerned see that the proper men are returned at the next election of School Boards, men pledged to have our native language taught in our own schools, throughout the Highlands and Islands. This cannot be too strongly insisted on. It is reasonable and just, and in accordance with good common sense. It is actually impossible that an intelligent education in English can ever be imparted, except through the language already known to the children, any more than that we could expect an English child to acquire a knowledge of French or German with any success, without the use of his own language as a medium. This was my own humble opinion upwards of forty years ago, when I wrote a paper to the late Dr. Woodford on the state of education in the Isle of Skye, in reference to a district in the parish of Kilmuir, where my father and myself were ministers. I beg leave to read the following brief extract from the said paper :—“In this district there are two schools, one from the Gaelic School Society, and the other the Parish School. From the former, English is totally excluded, and the pupils, principally girls, are taught to read a little of the Gaelic Scriptures, but get no knowledge of English, or of any other branch whatever. In this respect, the pupils grow up quite ignorant of the national language and quite helpless and isolated as to associating with their southern brethren, to whom they have frequently to resort for employment. In the Parish School, on the other hand, the very opposite course is practised :—every vocable of their vernacular Gaelic is excluded, and the child that is discovered stealthily speaking it in school receives an infliction from the master's tawse. There are classes, therefore, of boys and girls in their teens who can read English

fluently, distinctly, and correctly, and still do not understand the meaning of one word out of a hundred that they are reading. The system practised in both these schools is palpably erroneous. From the very beginning the vocables in English reading should be explained in the mother tongue of the pupils, and *vice versa*. In this way the children would take pleasure in their tasks, and would arrive at a proficiency in reading and understanding both languages in half the time that they would otherwise acquire a knowledge of either." This proper system of teaching was practised in the sequestered district of Aberiachan in this parish, for many years, and I hope it is so still. When visiting the school there twenty-four years ago, and every year since, until of late, it was delightful to see how the pupils acquitted themselves in translating from English to Gaelic, and from Gaelic to English, and how speedily they acquired such an amount of useful knowledge that many of them are filling important situations in different quarters of the kingdom. The same prudent system has been carried on for the last half century at Culaird, in the parish of Dores, by the worthy veteran teacher, Mr. Whyte. It is repeatedly brought forward as a bar to the desired system that there are no teachers in the Highlands capable of giving instruction in the language. This fallacy, however, has been exploded by the return made to the House of Commons last year on the motion of Mr. Fraser Mackintosh. This return was the pivot or turning-point in the question; for out of the 103 School Boards to which the circular had been addressed, 65, to the surprise even of those who had advocated the Gaelic cause, replied in favour of teaching the vernacular in the schools under their charge, while only 25 were opposed to it. These latter and the 13 Boards that did not condescend to make any returns ought to be watched, and, on the first opportunity, to be quietly relieved of their services. It has been most unreasonably maintained by some, who are either unable or unwilling to take an intelligent grasp of the subject, that a knowledge of Gaelic handicapped the possessor in the race of life. Nothing can be more mistaken. It is not the *knowledge* of Gaelic, but the *ignorance* of English that hinders the Highlander when he *is* hindered in the walks of commerce. If any proof be wanted as to the fallacy of our opponents on this point, it is forthcoming in the fact that north of the Grampians those very men who knew Gaelic best were the same men who also spoke and wrote English best. This seems to me so important a point that I will give a few names to substantiate the assertion. In order not to appear invidious, I will quote from an article on teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools which appeared in

an early number of the *Celtic Magazine*. The writer is our energetic, enthusiastic, Highland friend, the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. He says:—"In reply to the objection that those who are taught Gaelic can never write English with the same fluency as those who obtain an exclusively English education, we assert that those of our Highland countrymen who knew, spoke, and wrote Gaelic best, are pre-eminent amongst us as the best writers of English—such, for instance as 'Old' Norman Macleod; the late Dr. Norman Macleod; Dr. Macleod of Morven, and his three sons; Sir James Mackintosh; Dr. Mackintosh Mackay; John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry'; Dr. MacLachlan; Dr. Clerk, Kilmallie; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr. Cameron, of Renton; James Macpherson, of Ossianic fame; Dr. Kennedy, Dingwall; Mr. Blair, Glasgow; 'Nether Lochaber'; D. Mackinnon, Edinburgh; The Macdonalds of Fort-William and the *Times*; and many others we could mention. We shall be delighted to see produced a list of writers from the Highlands, even if possessed of the so-called qualification of a total ignorance of the Gaelic language, to equal these men in English composition. The contention of our opponents is really so irrational and absurd as to be unworthy of notice, were it not that we see men of position seriously giving expression to such absurdities. We have even seen a gentleman who has been elevated since, much to the surprise of the profession, to the position of an Inspector of Schools, stoutly maintaining it in large type in the columns of one of our northern newspapers. Such arguments amount to this—that a real and thorough knowledge of his native language, whether it be Gaelic, English, or French, is a drawback and a disqualification for acquiring and writing a foreign one, and that the greater his ignorance of his native tongue, the greater the proficiency of a scholar in a foreign one; while common sense (which is unfortunately, in educational circles sometimes, and especially on this question, very uncommon), and all the experience of the past, go to prove the very opposite." Example is better than precept. It would be delightful, therefore, to see this Highland Capital going prominently forward in showing a good example, as they have to-day done in inculcating a good precept. A Gaelic teacher in one or all of our burgh schools would be of vast and universal benefit, and such could easily be procured. Pupils would spring up in abundant numbers, and thereby acquire a correct knowledge of a language so needful and necessary for the clergymen of all our Highland parishes. Such a provision would form little Celtic Chairs, and pave the way for a higher and more critical education from the forthcoming Professorial Chair in the Capital of

Scotland, and would further secure the benefits and beauties of an ancient language so characteristic in its philological properties. Our worthy Provost, during what is past of the period of his magistracy, has achieved great things in this Capital, with the co-operation of his brethren in office—as Lochashie, the Town Hall, the riverside railing, and numberless minor improvements can testify—and why not add to the rest a little Celtic Chair in at least one of our town seminaries—while in doing so he would find powerful coadjutors in the School Board here? Now, one word as to our worthy representative in Parliament. He is, I believe, the only member in that House who is able to understand and to speak our genuine Highland Gaelic. It is a language which he greatly appreciates—a language which he has done so much to foster—and a language with which he has been familiar from his childhood. Were it requisite he could deliver a powerful address in it in Parliament, and cause the Halls of St. Stephen's to resound with the melodious accents of the mountain tongue. Yes—his eloquence in an unknown tongue would cause a smile to glow over the fallow countenance of the aged Beaconsfield himself, and all would admire the earnestness of his appeals! He would stand then alone—unassailable in his reasoning—impregnable in his arguments—and the very *beau ideal* or personification of the quaint but characteristic motto of his distinguished clan—“Touch not the cat bot a glove!” I beg now to move the resolution just read. (Loud cheers.)

Captain Chisholm of Glassburn, in seconding, said—Mr. Macgregor has left nothing unsaid, and I would merely remark that I trust every ratepayer with a spark of Highland spirit in his bosom will see the force of this resolution, and act up to it at the proper time. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. MacRaid, Greenock, in supporting the resolution, said he agreed with the resolution in every respect, and should endeavour to do all he could to promote it. As the representative of the Highlanders of Greenock, delegated by the Greenock Highland Society and the Greenock Ossian Club, he had the honour to convey to Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh their deep sentiments of gratitude on their behalf for his zeal for the honour of the Highlanders, and for his lofty enthusiasm for preserving and cherishing an ancient language which recorded the exploits of their heroic ancestors, which would ever form the social tie of the Highland race. He had further to congratulate him, in the face of difficulties and impediments, where success would appear a function of unlikelihood, but by force of genius and dint of tact, stimulated by genuine patriotism, he conducted his undertaking step by step to a triumph—

ant issue, every way worthy a scion of the very ancient and noble stock of the Clan Chattan. He would further venture to supplement his greetings as a delegate by saying that he (Mr. Mackintosh) should never regret the good work he had done, but that he would always have occasion to look back to his Parliamentary career with much pride and satisfaction, and look forward with the full assurance that his name would survive all the temporary eulogies committed to marble or brass. (Loud cheers.)

The resolution was then carried with acclamation.

Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, moved the second resolution. He said it seemed to him the natural sequence of the one which the meeting had just adopted, and not its natural sequence alone, but to be the only means by which the benefit conceded by the Education Department could be fully carried out. The motion was as follows :—

“This meeting resolves that earnest and continued effort be made until Gaelic shall at least occupy that place in our educational system in the Gaelic-speaking districts of the Highlands which is already accorded to foreign languages, by its being made a special subject.”

Mr. Mackenzie, in advocating the adoption of the motion, said he was in circumstances to avail himself of every consideration that had been urged in favour of the first resolution. For if it were important for them to take advantage of the benefit already conceded to them, he thought he should be able to show that they could do so only by obtaining the further concession that Gaelic should be made a special subject. He might be allowed to say at the outset that ever since the passing of the Education Act he felt a deep interest in the subject, and, so far as he knew, was the first to take public action in the matter, by bringing an overture before the Free Synod of Ross in 1873, advocating the teaching of Gaelic in the national schools in Gaelic-speaking districts, and also that the teachers appointed to such schools should be as far as it was practicable teachers acquainted with the Gaelic language. This overture had been unanimously received and transmitted to the Free General Assembly. He would first consider what the present concession amounted to. When he heard of the recognition of Gaelic in the Code of 1878, he at once procured a copy and proceeded to investigate it. In a note at the foot of the eighth page, he found that School Boards were permitted to pay out of the school income “part of the salary of an organising teacher, or of a teacher of

Gaelic, drill, cooking, or any other special subject!" Again, on page nine, under letter C—3, it was further recorded "In districts where Gaelic is spoken the intelligence of the children examined under any paragraph of this article (19) may be tested" (not should or ought to be, but "may be") "by requiring them to explain in Gaelic the meaning of the passage read." Here were children at a great disadvantage as compared with some of their class-fellows, and surely in justice to those children it should be prescribed as the duty of the Inspector to give them the opportunity of exhibiting their general intelligence by reference to their native speech. But then in a footnote in connection with this was found the crowning boon—"Gaelic may be taught during the ordinary school hours either by the certificated teacher or by any person specially employed for the purpose." Receiving this with all thankfulness, he would now endeavour to show the reasonableness of asking for more. Though he was no great adept in statistics, he should venture to make a rough guess at the number of Gaelic-speaking people in the Highlands. From the experience of those, on the one hand, who had no other language, to those on the other, who prefer Gaelic as a means of religious instruction, he thought they might be set down in round numbers as 200,000. If they allowed one-fourth of these who by force of character, natural endowments, or other favourable circumstances, might be expected to raise themselves from the humble position usually occupied by the Highland peasantry, an allowance was made of more than was ample. Then the remaining 150,000 must live and die as their fathers did before them. He need not remind them how conservative of all the habits and traditions of his race was the Highlander. Hardy, brave, and pure in morals, he clung to the customs and language of his race with a tenacity that formed a great hindrance to his progress. Here then was the problem—What were they to do with them in the meantime? It might be answered—What was done with them in the past? If he were asked who were their benefactors in the past, he would grieve to have to say not the Government of the country. Tens of thousands had been lavishly expended upon their more turbulent congeners of Ireland, but what had been done for them? Often had they stood on the deadly breach and turned the tide of war. How closely was the military glory of Britain associated with the gallant Highlandman, and yet most shamefully had he been neglected! Who had been their benefactors, he again asked? First and foremost, the Gaelic School Society. All honour to its directors, past and present, and to the devoted godly men whom they had employed. In one of these schools, he had himself seen three gene-

rations at the same lesson. The General Assembly's schools had also done good service, and also the Edinburgh and Glasgow Ladies' Schools. Much did the Highlands owe for the past thirty years to them. He would, in conclusion, offer his humble counsel as to the point under consideration. He would urge sustained application to Government in terms of the resolution, because he feared that without this what had been done would remain a dead letter. Even in the Highlands they encountered prejudice against Gaelic. Was there not a danger they were asked, of unfitting the organs of speech for English? Why, the very reverse was the case. Organs well disciplined in Gaelic were fitted for anything in human articulation from the gutturals of the Semitic dialects to the "click" of the Hottentot. It was only a few days ago that he heard of a young woman who had gone from this town to Russia, and who wrote home that her knowledge of Gaelic was extremely helpful to her in acquiring the Russian language. But ought it not to be considered as a matter of justice? How were they to make up to these Highland children for the disadvantage under which they lay from their little knowledge of English, but by giving them an opportunity of passing in Gaelic as a special subject. Then, instead of being regarded as a dead weight and turned back to an inferior standard for fear of not passing in a higher, they would be a source of benefit to teachers and to school managers. If not made to pay in this way, he feared the present concession would remain inoperative. He would shape the education according to the circumstances of the child. Every one that knew anything of teaching knew well how much labour had been lost because of the want of this. None felt this more than ministers. A man applied for baptism; it was at once seen that he was anxious; he began to apologise. "I fear you'll find me very far behind." "How?" "I cannot read, and that is a great drawback." "Have you not been to school?" "Oh, yes; two, three, or four years. I was 'hammering' away at English and never understood it, and when I left I forgot all about it." What a grave mistake! Had these years been devoted to the acquiring of Gaelic reading, how different would the result have been? Thus my advice would be, begin the Gaelic-speaking children with their own language. In a year or two they are adepts in reading their Bibles. I am glad to observe that Messrs. Nelson of Edinburgh have prepared a series of Gaelic school books, with Gaelic on one page and English on the other. Other difficulties will be removed. So soon as there is a demand for them, qualified teachers will be forthcoming, and a few years hence we may look for a more favourable state of things in the Highlands. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Sutherland, Crosshill Academy, Glasgow, in seconding the resolution, said the Scotch teachers as a body had asked that Gaelic should be recognised as a special subject, and in the future he was certain the sympathy and assistance of the teachers would not be wanting in order to secure the object of the resolution. As a teacher, he urged them not to rest satisfied until Gaelic was placed upon an equal footing with other ancient and modern languages. (Applause.)

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. G. M. Campbell (of Ceylon), Abbotshill, Forres, proposed a vote of thanks to the Provost for presiding. (Cheers.)

Provost Simpson returned thanks and announced that a meeting was to be held of those interested in the Federation of Highland Societies.

THE FEDERATION MEETING.

A meeting for the purpose of considering the question of forming a federation of Highland Societies was held in the Town Hall, at three o'clock. Several letters were received approving of the objects of the meeting, from societies which were unable to send delegates. The following gentlemen were present—Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., in the chair; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen, and Mr. A. Macphail, for the Aberdeen Highland Association; Mr. Murdoch of *The Highlander*, and Mr. Wm. Mackay, solicitor, for the Gaelic Society of Inverness; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, for the Gaelic Society of London; Mr. Sutherland, Glasgow Sutherland Association; Mr. Macpherson, Edinburgh University Celtic Society; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, Hebburn Celtic Society; Mr. Henry Whyte, Glasgow Highland Association; Mr. Dugald MacIachlan, Ardnarmurchan, Morven, and Sunart Association, Glasgow; Dr. MacRaid, Greenock Highland Society and Ossian Club; Mr. George J. Campbell, Edinburgh Sutherland Association; also Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond; and Mr. Mackay of Ben-Reay.

The Chairman said that he thought as a first and preliminary step they should resolve that it was expedient that there should be a Federation of Highland Associations. That was a very wide term, and he thought the first resolution should be to that effect.

Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen, spoke at some length in favour of the proposed federation, and concluded by moving—"That it is desirable that various Highland Societies should enter into a Federate Union in order the better to further the various objects for which they exist."

Dr. MacRaild, Greenock, seconded.

The motion was supported by Mr. Sutherland, Glasgow, and afterwards carried unanimously.

Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*, moved—

“That the representatives present be appointed a Provisional Council of Federation—three a quorum—who shall put themselves in communication with the other Highland Associations, inviting them to join the Federation.”

Mr. Henry Whyte seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. Mackay of Ben-Reay, seconded by Mr. D. MacIachlan, Glasgow, it was unanimously agreed to hold the next meeting in Glasgow, on November 20th, 1878.

On the motion of the Chairman, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* was appointed interim Provisional Secretary to invite co-operation with individual societies and get their answers.

A vote of thanks having been awarded to the Chairman, the meeting separated.

THE DINNER.

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., was entertained to a public dinner in the evening within the Caledonian Hotel. The chair was occupied by Provost Simpson, who was supported on the right by the guest of the evening; Sheriff Simpson, Fort-William; Mr. James Anderson, solicitor; and Mr. Alex. Macdonald, wine merchant; and on the left by the Rev. Mr. Macgregor; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; and Mr. Colin Chisholm, Broadstone Park. The croupiers were Bailie Black, Bailie Macdonald, and Bailie Noble. Among a large company, numbering about eighty gentlemen, were the following:—

Bailie Tulloch, Inverness; Captain Grant, Royal Tartan Warehouse; Mr. Andrew Macdonald, solicitor; Mr. James Ross, do.; Mr. William Mackay, do.; Mr. G. J. Campbell, do.; Mr. Allan Macdonald, do.; Mr. Alex. Fraser, do.; Mr. Donald Reid, do.; Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, do.; Mr. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Rev. Mr. Simpson, Moy; Mr. Andrew Fraser, cabinet-maker; Mr. A. Davidson, sculptor; Mr. Cumming, Allánfean; Mr. W. Carruthers, *Inverness Courier*; Mr. Huntly Fraser, Kinmylies; Mr. Macdonnell, Kinchyle; Mr. J. Macdonald, live stock agent, Inverness; Mr. W. B. Forsyth, *Inverness Advertiser*; Mr. Murray, chief-constable; Dr. M'Raild, Greenock; Mr. A. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*; Mr. G. G. Allan, Caledonian Bank; Dr.

F. M. Mackenzie, Church Street ; Mr. D. A. Macrae, Englishton ; Mr. Alexander Fraser, accountant ; Mr. E. Forsyth, View Place ; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond ; Mr. John Murdoch, *Highlander* ; Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, wine merchant ; Mr. Mitchell, Caledonian Bank ; Mr. Macrae, Achlorochan ; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, *Free Press* (Secretary of the Inverness Gaelic Society) ; Mr. Lachlan Davidson, banker, Kingussie ; Mr. William Ogston, 35 Constitution Street, Aberdeen ; Mr. Donald Campbell, draper ; Mr. Charles Macdonald, of Messrs. Macdonald Brothers, fleshers ; Mr. George Robertson, Bank of Scotland ; Mr. Shaw, Caledonian Bank ; Mr. John Davidson, Inglis Street ; Mr. P. G. Wilson, jeweller ; Mr. Henry Whyte, Glasgow ; Mr. A. D. Mactavish, Caledonian Bank ; Mr. H. F. Mackenzie, Caledonian Bank ; Mr. A. Macphail, Aberdeen ; Mr. Whyte, photographer, Inverness ; Mr. D. Maclachlan, Glasgow ; Mr. William Sutherland, Glasgow ; Mr. Alex. Burgess, Caledonian Bank, Gairloch ; Mr. John Macpherson, Free Church Manse, Dore ; Mr. Geo. Murray Campbell, Ceylon ; Mr. Peter Baillie, coal merchant ; Mr. William Smith, sen., Ness Iron Works ; Mr. D. Macrae, Ardintoul ; Mr. A. Bethune, Balnahaun, &c.

Mr. Menzies supplied a first-class dinner. Pipe-Major Alex. MacLennan, piper to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, assisted by Pipe-Major Watt, played pipe music during dinner, and airs appropriate to the toasts. The Rev. Mr. Macgregor said grace ; and the Rev. Mr. Simpson, Moy, returned thanks. Dinner over,

The Chairman said that apologies for unavoidable absence had been received from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. ; Cluny ; Mackintosh of Mackintosh ; Mr. Mackintosh of Holme ; Dr. Charles Mackay, Fern Dell, Dorking ; Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach ; Mr. John Mackay, C.E., Swansea, Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness ; Mr. Alexander Fraser, Commercial Bank, Inverness ; Deputy-Surgeon-General Mackinnon, C.B., Aldershot ; Dr. Stratton, R.N., Devonport ; Mr. Cameron of Clunes ; the Rev. Mr. Macpherson, Lairg ; Rev. Mr. Bisset, Stratherrick ; Mr. A. H. F. Cameron of Lakefield ; the Rev. L. Maclachlan, Tain ; Rev. A. Macrae, Clachan, Kintyre ; Rev. Alexander Sutherland, Strathbraan ; Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William ; Mr. John Mackay of Ben-Reay ; Mr. John Grant, Cardiff ; Mr. P. Burgess, Glenmoriston ; Mr. D. Maclachlan, publisher, Edinburgh ; Mr. Simon Chisholm, Flowerdale, Gairloch ; Mr. H. C. Macandrew, Inverness ; Mr. Hugh Rose, solicitor ; Mr. James Rose, wine merchant ; Messrs. W. K. Banatyne, Stirling ; A. R. Fraser, B. L. Co.'s Bank, Stirling ; Jonathan Ross, draper, Inverness ; T. D. Campbell, do. ; Donald Mackay (of

Kandy, Ceylon), Swansea ; George G. Tait, solicitor, Tain ; Simon Mackenzie, Gardiner's Crescent, Edinburgh ; William Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall ; John Macfarquhar, Sheriff-Clerk Depute, Inverness ; Alex. Mackay, contractor, Academy Street ; John Macgregor, Invermoristoun Hotel ; William Fraser, Tomnahurich Street ; D. Fraser, Glenelg ; Alexander Ross, Alness ; John F. Macrae, Braintra ; Ewen Macrae, do. ; Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park ; D. Sinclair, Lochalsh ; J. G. Mackay, Glasgow ; James Fraser, manufacturer, do. ; and Archibald Cameron, Glenbar, Kintyre. The latter gentleman wrote as follows to the Secretary :—

Gleann-a'-bhàr, Ceanntire,
an t-ochdamh-la-deug do'n Ghibliu, 1878.

A Mhaighstir Mhic Choinnich,—An raoir thainig an cuireadh cairdeil gu m' laimh,—airson a bhi 'n àireamh cruinneachadh “Clanna nan Gaidheil” ann an Talla Inbhirnis air a' cheathranh-lafichead do'n mhios, gu bhi 'eur urraim air an uasal urramach, fear nam buaidhean ard, misneachail, treun—am fìor Ghaidheal, Tearlach Friseal-Mac-an-Toisich.

Cha teid agam air a bhi làthair 'san am, ach tha dùrachd mo chridhe leibh an uair a's mo 'ur n-aoibhneas. Gu ma fada beo e gu bhi tagradh còraichean luchd aiteachaidh nam bean, —agus is mi tha cinnteach gu 'm bheil dùrachd cridhe gach Gaidheil a' dol fad os cionn ni air bith is urrainn iad a dhearbhadh dha ann an cainnt no an gnìomh ! Air leam gu'm freagradh na rainn so aig an am—

Thogainn cliù nam fear ùr
A chuir ùidh anns an tartan ;
Be mo rùn 'bhi 'nan cùirt—
Gillea glùn-gheal nam breacan !

Mo rùn fein na gillea gràidh
A ni Ghaidhlig a chleachdadh—
Airson fearalachd a's daimh,
Thoir do'n Ghaidheal am breacan !

Nis le gloinneachan lom-lan,
'S iolach àrd bho gach macan,
So deoch slainte tir an fhraoich—
Fearran greadhnach nam breacan !

Is mi gu dileas,

GILLEASBUIG CAMSHRON.

The Chairman also read the following telegram which he had received from the Chief of the Gaelic Society :—"Furan, slainte agus falaineas do na Gaidheil a tha maille ribh! Buaidh a's piseach oirbh uile agus air 'ur n-obair!" To which the Secretary had sent a suitable reply in Gaelic.

Telegrams of congratulation were also received from the Birmingham Gaelic Society; the "Gael" Lodge, Glasgow; the Lewis Association, Glasgow; the Islay Association, Glasgow; and Mr. J. Macdonald Cameron, South Kensington Museum.

The Chairman then gave the toasts of "The Queen," "The Prince and Princess of Wales," and "The Navy, and Army, and Reserve Forces."

Captain Macra Chisholm responded for the army, and Captain Grant for the Reserve Forces.

Bailie Black then gave "The Lord-Lieutenant of the County."

The Chairman next gave the toast of the evening, the health of their honoured guest, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. While the demonstration had no political significance, he was sure they would all agree that Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had fulfilled his important duties as representative of the burghs with such untiring zeal and care for the interests of his constituents of whatever class or shade of opinion, as to have won for himself golden opinions. Alluding to Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh's antiquarian lore—his "*Invernessiana*," "*Antiquarian Notes*," and "*Dunachton, Past and Present*"—the Provost expressed the hope that he would continue his researches into local history, and give a continuation of "*Invernessiana*" from 1600 to recent times; and also that he would not lose sight of the proposal to establish a club in the north similar to the Aberdeen Spalding Club, for issuing family histories and the like. To such a club their guest had already offered as a first contribution the History of the Mackintoshes. And now, added the Provost, a word or two of a personal nature. I have known Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh since his earliest years, and throughout his successful business career in Inverness. I have had constant intercourse with him; we spent some years together at the Town Council, and in many ways we were thrown together, and at no time, even when difference of opinion naturally arose, did a shadow pass between us. He was ever, and still is, the same warm, true friend, and will be, I trust, till the end. I would now conclude by proposing the toast of long life, health, and increasing happiness to our friend Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, and let us drink it with Highland honours. (The toast was drank with loud cheers and Highland honours.)

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, who, on rising to return thanks, was

received with rounds of cheering, said—Provost Simpson, and Gentlemen, really this day may be said to be marked for me with a white stone, or, as it is sometimes said, a white letter. I had no idea when some time ago I said I intended to spend the Easter holidays in Inverness, that such a demonstration as is now, I hope, successfully coming to an end, would have been got up. When I was informed of the honour intended to be done to me, I rather deprecated any such movement taking place; but when I was informed that it was proposed to utilise the gathering for the purpose of promoting a Federation of the different Highland Societies, I thought it would be improper to offer any objections. The cordiality and kindness with which I have been received to-day is such as I can never forget. On more than one occasion I have in an honourable and substantial form received from my fellow-townsmen and others tokens of esteem. But really all I have done was only that which it was my duty to do, and it was such a satisfaction that it was unnecessary indeed to think of any other recompense. Regarding this evening's proceedings, no one could stand up in my position, but would be deeply moved by the way in which an old friend like Provost Simpson has been kind enough to speak of me. I have also to thank the company for the kind manner in which they have responded to the toast. Although the subject myself, I must say I never heard "A Jolly Good Fellow" sung in such good musical taste. With regard to the compliment paid to me, while to some extent I take it to myself, it is, I think, very much owing to my being able to do something for the cause of the Highlands, and of Gaelic, which we have all so much at heart. While in the adjoining room before dinner I was astonished by the number and variety of character of those present, in which I recognised a vitality, strength, and vigour which few subjects could have brought out in such a distinct manner. The success which has attended our meetings to-day should stir up all those who take an interest in such matters to persevere until we are able to put those different matters affecting Highlanders and Gaelic we have all in view, on a permanent footing. Our objects are not by any means of an aggressive character. In connection with our being Highlanders, we have several things handed down to us, which it is our duty to preserve and conserve, and not allow ourselves and our past history to be wiped out. Some of these subjects were adverted to at the first meeting, and at the business meeting we realised the great pleasure of listening to our friends from a distance discoursing on these and kindred questions. Referring to the speeches, I might be allowed to say that the speech of my friend, the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, was a pleasure to listen to;

it was a wonderful performance for a clergyman of the Church of Scotland. It must have been a proud day to Mr. Macgregor to witness the satisfactory proceedings of to-day. He told you that more than 40 years ago he advocated the views now coming to the front. With regard to the question of Gaelic, I recently delivered an address before the Gaelic Society of London, which many of you have read, on the duty of Highlanders. I referred at that meeting in London to the change that has taken place within the last thirty years with regard to Gaelic. Whereas thirty years ago Gaelic was looked down upon, not only by people in the South, but also by some who could claim to be Highlanders, of late years there has been a marked rise in favour of Gaelic and Highland sentiment. It almost appears that a tide has arisen which we ought to take advantage of, and bring these things to full fruition. The Gaelic is in that state, that if we don't take advantage of the tide now in our favour, the opportunity will be lost, and lost for ever. The Provost has been kind enough to refer to other matters, and in the course of his speech said this was not a political demonstration. I understood from the very beginning that it was not to partake of a political character. This is witnessed by my seeing some friends now round the tables whom I was led to suppose were not my supporters. The Provost has kindly referred to my contributions to antiquarian research, and I would like to pay a tribute to one who was recently taken from us, I mean Mr. George Anderson, one of three accomplished brothers who, at a period when books were scarce and facilities for travelling rare, did much to bring the Highlands into notice. Having taken the greatest possible interest in the past history of Inverness, I am glad to see that there has arisen a local Society for the collection and elucidation of local historical matters—the Inverness Field Club. It is most important that in a limited locality like ours, where things are altering and changing, that matters connected with the locality should be preserved. I have read with great interest the different papers read before the Field Club. Before parting from this subject, I hope you will not think I am doing wrong in referring to my valued assistant, Mr. Fraser, who recently contributed a valuable paper on the Wells of Inverness. From the time of Jacob, wells have always been an interesting subject, and I thought I knew a great deal about the wells of Inverness, but I found I did not know the half that was known about them. Referring to the conference of delegates, I may say that we were enabled to make a satisfactory beginning in the way of federating our different Societies; a provisional council has been formed, and the next meeting arranged for. We appointed as our provisional

secretary a gentleman who is now making his mark in this part of the country, who is well known, and who is destined to be better known—Mr. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*. We have, of course, settled nothing. The only idea that prevails in my mind is this—that by means of this federation we will be enabled to put the whole of the Societies in motion at one time on any matter connected with the well-being of the Highlands, and thus be enabled to exercise pressure in the proper quarters for accomplishing the different matters in which we are interested. We should also be able to print and publish all known Gaelic works at a price which would bring them within the reach of all. The same remark will apply to our Highland music. There are several other things to which I should have liked to refer, but I will not trespass upon your time further than to thank you sincerely for the honour you have done me. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Murdoch proposed “Highland Education,” coupled with Mr. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools. (Applause.)

Mr. Jolly, in replying to the toast, referred to the different views prevalent regarding the use of Gaelic in the education of Gaelic children. The mass of the Highland people held a kind of neutral position in regard to it. They tended to the too utilitarian view of it, which neglected the native language, and cultivated English only for its practical value, forgetful of the high cultural value of the native tongue when right employed in the education of their children. There was no doubt that the right view was the one that, while laying great stress on the English, used also the native tongue for the cultivation of intelligence and the higher feelings. Even those that wished Gaelic “stamped out,” if they were as wise as they were vehement, could sooner effect their destructive purpose by using Gaelic in schools; for the better English was understood by means of Gaelic, by which the intelligence of Gaelic speaking children could be reached, the greater their power over English, and the earlier the death of the Gaelic. The friends of the native tongue differed as to the best ways of using the language in the school. There were three modes proposed:—(1) Beginning with Gaelic and postponing English—a view so unpractical that only a few ultra-enthusiasts recommended it; (2) Teaching them *both languages simultaneously from the first*—a method recently made workable by the publication of bi-lingual “Royal Readers,” by the Messrs. Nelson; (3) Beginning with English; reaching the intelligence through Gaelic from the first; gradually using more English, and, before leaving school, introducing them to Gaelic literature. Under the new concession it behoved the friends of the High-

land people to use great discretion as to the method followed by them, which should be based on the principles of true education, and be guided by the circumstances of the children and their available school time. The second method should be carefully considered in all its bearings before it was adopted. Mr. Jolly feared it was not the wisest way, and recommended the third method of using both tongues. He warned them that they should not be too sanguine in their expectations from teachers in view of the recent concession. It carried no money value with it, and the old standard tests had still to be passed in other subjects as before, and they required all the time and attendance teachers could give, to secure good results. If they expected too much they would certainly be disappointed, to the joy of their enemies and the sorrow of their friends. While thankful for what had been already obtained—though that was not as much as might be thought—it was for the friends of the Gaelic language and literature to obtain more substantial concessions from Government, which had shown a praiseworthy desire to concede to reasonable demands made on behalf of the large and honourable section of the community to whom Gaelic was the mother tongue, and the language of their homes, hearts, and devotions. It was time for those interested to talk less and do more. If they were in earnest, School Boards and others could forward the subject by offering money grants to schools for efficiency in Gaelic. That would prove their faith by their works, and help to initiate the desired more practical recognition of the claims of Gaelic. (Applause.)

Mr. W. Mackay, solicitor, said—The toast which I have been asked to propose is the Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the Highlands. Into the present state of commerce and agriculture in the north, and the progress made in modern times, I do not intend to enter. The subject is expatiated on at almost all our public dinners, and no doubt every one here has heard as much about it as is good for him. To us, members of Highland societies, whose objects are to a great extent antiquarian, it may be more interesting to know something regarding trade in the Highlands in the olden times, and although it is impossible on an occasion like this to do justice to that interesting enquiry, I shall, if you permit me, read to you a few extracts from certain unpublished ancient papers which throw some light on the subject. From the remotest period Inverness was, as it still is, the business centre of the greater portion of the Highlands, and in it were in former times to be found merchants of great wealth, importing wines, spices, &c., direct from foreign ports; and not only supplying the neighbouring chiefs and

people with such articles as they required, but also acting as the bankers and money-lenders of the north. I have recently come across some accounts rendered by one of those extensive merchants—Archibald Geddes—to the lady of a powerful Highland chief, between the years 1712 and 1721. Geddes's establishment must have been a wonderful emporium of everything good for man and woman, from rich silks and choice wines, down to nails, tobacco, and black soaps; and to give you some idea of the general nature of his dealings and the prices current at that remote period, I shall quote a few of the items in his accounts. The prices are given in Scots money, which, as you are aware, was one-twelfth the value of money sterling. Among the numerous items are—Ane ell Scarlett searge £2 10s.; Quarter unce (ounce) threed and three ells read teape 4s. 10d.; Ane stick off wax and halfe unce off waffers 6s.; Ane quair peaper 8s.; half quair post peaper 6s.; Ane pund off ginger 6s.; Ane gill oyle 6s.; Three unces and a halfe moyiehaire £1 4s. 6d.; Three doz. bigg buttons at 14s. per doz.; seven doz. small buttons at 5s. per doz.; Four sheeps skinnies att 6s.; Two ell teaps for the Bretches (breeches) 2s. 8d.; ane quarter searge a drop silk and an ell ribban for the cape 8s. 8d.; Ane pair ffyfe stockens £2 8s.; A pair spurres 16s.; A unce puther a quarter pund small shott and ffour flints 3s. 4d.; Ane hundred double and two hundred single naills £1 5s. 4d.; a gross corcks 20s.; Ane pund soape 6s. 8d.; Ane pund English glew 12s.; Ane pund read lead 8s.; Two gadds iron, weighing 4 stones 13 pounds £8; Ane pund Hope 18s.; ane brydle and bitt £2 2s.; Two drops ffyfe black silk 4s.; Ane unce Indigoe 10s.; Half pund stearch 3s. 6d.; Ane pair Wool Kards £1 8s.; A pair sheires 12s.; Ane ffyfe sugar loaff at 15s. per pound; A pund gun puther 14s.; 3 pds. Ryce 18s.; A pund currans 9s.; A bonn comb 8s.; Two pints and a mutchken clarett at 40s. per pint; Two pints and a mutchken Brandie at 34s. per pint; Three punds soape and a pund stearch £1 6s. 8d.; A bleather [bladder] to hold the soape 3s.; A tobacco box 10s.; 4 unces oynion seed 16s.; 2 pecks salt £1; Brinstone 6s.; 2 punds resings 16s.; $\frac{1}{2}$ unce nutmuges 5s.; $\frac{1}{2}$ unce sinamon 5s.; 2 unce carvie 1s.; 1 diz. needles 2s.; 1 paper prins (pins) 6s.; Ane fute rule 14s.; 5 bolls meall £26 13s. 9d.; A pair shamboe gloves £1 4s.; 3 unce brun (brown) candie 4s.; 3 punds black soape £1 1s.; And $\frac{1}{2}$ pund small twest tobacco 7s. But I must stop. I have given enough to show you that although the wants of the Highland lady of that remote period were almost as numerous and varied as those of the well-to-do lady of the present time, they could all be met with in the shop of Archibald Geddes. The

following are items of an account rendered by John Wilson, a shoemaker in Fortrose, to a Highland laird, in the year 1709 :—" To your ho. a pair of showes (shoes) £2 ; To maj led (my lady) 2 pairs £2 13s. 4d. ; To your son Alex. 2 paires one of ym pumps £2 7s. ; To your daughter 2 pairs sins shee cam to this toun £2 13s. 4d. ; To ane recept I gave your Chamberland Macknabe for ane cow your ho. ordered me and did not gett to this daj £11 6s. 8d. With this account the shoemaker sent the following letter :—" Of this I recevit two cows and noe pryse maid toe them, and for the recept David petterson vill Inform your honnor how it ves, it ves the ballons of ane accopt that Macknabe shold haid delivirt me ane cow and after I vaitted two dajes and sent maj owne servant for the cow the mane that haid hir vold not pairt vith hir as Macknabe vill testiffie. This with maj Duittie to your ho. and good ledie moyer (mother) and children and I am to serve your ho. quhill I am your ho. most humble servant to serve you John Wilson." In the olden times very little corn was imported into the Highlands, and when the crops failed, famine inevitably followed. Here is a letter written by an Inverness merchant to a country laird, during one of those times of scarcity :—

Inverness 31 March 1697.

Much Honored. According to your desyre I have searched the town for meal to you, but could gett non neither for gold or monie in hand besides too Mertimass, for the town is so scarce of meal that it is with much adoe that we can gett as much as maintaines our families. The flour is 22s. the peck, and ther is neither good sake nor clarett in Inverness—Such as it is, if you please, you may have it. This is all at present from, Much Honored, Your most humble Servant Alexander Steuart.

In the present day, perhaps there is no more important question affecting the welfare of the people, or one more difficult to solve than the proper regulation of the trade in exciseable liquors, and the diminution of drunkenness. The question is older than is generally supposed, and the following extract from the minutes of a Baron Court, held about twenty miles from here, on 26th May, 1692, will show you how the baron bailie (John Maclean of Dochgarroch) attempted to grapple with it :—" The said day, anent the grievance given agt Hugh M'Hutcheone vick ouill for and anent his exhorbitant drinking off aquavytie and yrby dilapidating his means by his intemperance qrbly he is rendered unable to pay his dewty to his mr [*i.e.*, rent to his master or proprietor], the bailie haveing con-

sidered the said greivance, heirby statutes and ordaines that what-ever aqua vytie merchands shall sell or give above one half mutchken aqua vytie to the said Hugh the said aqua vytie shall be confiscat, and if the said Hugh force any more yn qt is allowed from ym he shall be ffyned in ten pund scottes *toties quoties* as he transgresses." You will observe that the Baron Bailie does not explain how the whisky is to be confiscated, in the event of its being drunk by the drouthy Hugh ; nor does he say how often within the twenty-four hours that individual may be served with the legitimate half mutchkin. I shall quote one other instance of the same Baron Bailie's attempts at trade legislation. In a minute of a court held by him on 25th February, 1693, the following occurs:—"The said day anent the greivance and complaint given in be the haill inhabitants off the said Barronie for and anent the great extortione and exorbitant pryces exacted and taken be shoemakers and weavers from the saidis tennentes and inhabitants ffor shoes and weaving off cloth the said Bailie did enact statut and ordaine yt after the day and dait hieroff, when the shoemaker buyes the rough hyde for ffour merkes yt then and in yt caise he sell the mens shoes ffor eight shilling and the womens shoes for sex shilling per pair, and when the rough hyde is bought at ffour pundes, each pair off mens shoes to be sold at ten shilling and each pair womens shoes at eight shilling, and when the rough hyde is sold at ffyve merks that the mens shoes be sold at nyne shilling and the womens shoes at seven shilling, and ordains thir presents to be intimat to the whole shoemakers in the barronie with certificatione eff they transgress they shall be ffyned and amerciat therefor at the Discretionne off the Bailie." From these old documents which I have quoted, I think you will agree with me that, no matter how much we delight in casting ourselves back, as it were, into the "good old time," we ought not to forget that our own time is after all far better. With our modern means of communication and conveyance a real famine in the Highlands is, let us hope, an impossibility. In the present day of free trade and healthy competition we no longer consider it necessary to cripple trade and hamper industry by vexatious rules regarding prices ; and even the modern representatives of the whisky-loving Hugh MacHutcheone vic ouill, are perhaps as well in the hands of our own Bailie Macbean, with his laudable zeal for temperance, as they would have been in those of the long-departed baron bailie. (Applause).

Mr. Cumming, Allanfearn, and Mr. Davidson, Inglis Street, responded in suitable terms.

Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., proposed "The Celtic Societies,"

coupled with the names of two respected delegates, Bailie Macdonald, of Aberdeen, and Dr. MacRaild, of Greenock. It was a matter of gratification, he said, that so many representatives had come forward, and he was happy to say that the Federation meeting had been one of a most pleasant character. He had great pleasure in meeting the gentlemen from other associations. What had been done to-day ought to stimulate Highlanders in other places. Wherever two or three of them are situated they should band themselves together in order to cherish whatever was valuable in the memories and traditions of the past, and watch over the present. They found all sorts of associations of Highlanders in the Colonies; and the Association formed that day would in a sense amalgamate all in the British Isles. In many important respects such associations were keeping alive and directing increased attention to the claims of Highland feeling and Highland sentiment. He explained that the Federation, although initiated by one of the most active and useful of Highland associations, the Gaelic Society of Inverness, one of mark in the Celtic world, was not intended to interfere with the independent action of local societies. The object was only to direct them into one common centre, and in that he believed they would be entirely successful. (Loud applause.)

Bailie Macdonald said—Now that they had got the concession by which Gaelic teaching was optional he would urge upon them to make sure of it being taken advantage of. They need not say it was in the hands of the School Boards. What were School Boards?—their own creatures. What was a Lord Provost, what was a member of Parliament, or what was even a Baillie—(laughter)—but creatures of their own creation? If these parties did not do their duty, then turn them out and put in those who would. (Cheers.)

Dr. MacRaild, in responding, gave a brief account of the Greenock Highland Society, which was largely devoted to looking after the well-being of young Highlanders who arrived as strangers in that town; and of the Ossian Club, which had taken up the literary and educational interests of Highlanders, and conducted its business in the mother tongue.

Mr. G. J. Campbell, solicitor, proposed the toast of "Celtic Literature." He said—This word *literature* I take to be another form or modification of the term *language*, and that these are convertible terms. Well then, when I premise on the authority of eminent Celtic scholars, and in particular Dr. Charles Mackay's introductory remarks to his recently published able and ingenious

work on "The Celtic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe," that the Celtic underlies all the languages of western and some parts of north-western Europe—that what is called Anglo-Saxon should be designated Kelto Saxon; that the word *Angle* is a corruption of *An Gael*; and that the Gaelic is akin to the Sanscrit and other ancient and modern Oriental languages, and is probably coeval with, if not anterior to Sanscrit itself—you will see that I have a wide field for enquiry. I do not, however, propose to enter upon such an extensive region at present, nor do I intend even to go into any particular investigation of the literature of the historic period spread over our neighbouring Celts of Ireland, Wales, Man, Cornwall, and France. I shall confine myself as closely as I can to a few points in connection with our own Gaelic, which of itself is sufficiently interesting for the few minutes at my command. It is quite unnecessary, in such a company as the present, to waste time in answering the objections of either ignorant or prejudiced cavillers who say there is no Celtic literature. Such a statement can only be made by those who have not (to their own loss) investigated this attractive mine of philological wealth, and whose education has consequently been sadly neglected; or by those who, having honestly wished and endeavoured to find Celtic literature a myth, are not sufficiently honest to admit their disappointment. We have a literature, which not only comes down to us with venerable mien from the hoary mists of antiquity, but is now, after many undeserved slights and vicissitudes, renewing its youth like the eagle, and again extending the wings of its popularity over the literary world, not only in the British Islands, but also the continent of Europe. I apprehend that the literature of a country is not necessarily either written or printed, though these are the most valuable forms in which it can be preserved. I would classify it as Traditional, Topographical, Written and Printed. While combating the objection that ancient Celtic genealogies, history, and poetry must be relegated to the arena of mythology, Mr. Campbell gave several reasons for relying on the accuracy of oral transmission in past times, when memory alone was trained, and writing was forbidden among the learned. Down even to mediæval times the Highland *seanachaidh* took part in the coronation of the Scottish monarchs, and was an attache in the Royal and Chief households in the Kingdom. Dr. M'Lauchlan, a name honourable and honoured in Celtic Literature, tells us in his "Celtic Gleanings" that as late as 1856, one thousand lines of Ossianic poetry were taken down from the lips of an old woman in Caithness. Then as to the interesting point in the topography of our country, we have the most ample

proofs of the universality, superiority, and may I say the immortality of our Gaelic language, all over Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England, and the Continent, in the Abers, Avons, Dons, Tons, &c. The proofs are innumerable. Even London itself cannot escape the ubiquitous investigations of Celtic genius, for according to Dr. Charles Mackay the name of the Modern Babylon is made up of two Celtic words—*Lon* a meadow, and *Dun* a hill. Will you permit me to suggest another derivation? The Gaelic name for London, as I have always heard it, is *Lunainn*. Is not this a corruption of *Lon abhuinn*, the meadow on the stream or river? In course of an interesting record of written Celtic literature, Mr. Campbell said—The “Book of Deer,” founding the monastery of Buchan, and apparently written in the twelfth century, is a most interesting evidence of the advanced state of Celtic learning at that early period. A Gaelic charter by Donald, Lord of the Isles, conveying the lands of Islay to Bryan Vicar Mackay, dated 1408, shows the adaptation of the language to legal documents. The Dean of Lismore wrote his book in 1512, and Dr. MacLauchlan tells us in his review of Gaelic literature that there are numerous medical and astrological treatises still existing, written in the Gaelic language, and taken chiefly from the works of Moorish and Arabian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Modern Celtic literature is increasing with rapid strides. Caxton introduced printing in 1474, but it is curious to have to tell our Saxon friends that the first book printed in English was a translation. Carsewell’s Prayer Book, in Gaelic, was first printed in 1567. Printing in those days had not the same freedom as now. In 1660 Charles II. passed an order in Council that the Stationers’ Company “do seize and deliver to the Secretary of State, all copies of Buchanan’s History of Scotland, which are very pernicious to monarchy, and injurious to His Majesty’s blessed progenitors.” No books were allowed to be printed out of London, except in York and the Universities. Scottish Gaelic had many difficulties to contend with. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was ignored by the higher authorities in Church and State. I find in the Acts of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in 1646, with reference to the Highlands (1) that an order be pronounced that all gentlemen who are able do send at least their eldest son to be bred in the inland; (2) that a ministry be planted among them who can speak the Irish language; (3) that all ministers and ruling elders who have the Irish language be appointed to these parts. In 1649 it was ordained that an extraordinary collection be made at kirk doors one Sabbath in the year for entertainment of Irish boys at schools and colleges.

In 1690 an order was passed for the printing of the Irish paraphrase of the Psalms. Down to 1699 various Acts were passed anent ministers and missionaries to the Highlands, *e. g.*, that ministers and probationers who have somewhat of the Irish language, but not a facility to preach it, be sent to those parts, that by converse they may learn more of the language, and be able to instruct the people. Down to 1726 Irish is the only language spoken of. Not till 1816 do I find an Act authorising the use of the Gaelic version of the Bible, &c. These circumstances must greatly account for the larger amount of Celtic literature with which Ireland is credited. Well, we, as genuine Celts, should not grudge our verdant sister the glory of her letters, and ingenious and romantic histories and genealogies. But *O, tempora mutantur!* "The whirligig of time brings in his revenges." A few days ago a meeting of the patriotic and learned Celts was held in London, to urge on Government the necessity for teaching Irish in the national schools, and *altering the orthography to that of the Scottish Gaelic*. But, gentlemen, what shall we say of Englishmen—yea of Scotchmen—of so called but misnamed Highlanders who decry the Gaelic language and literature? It seems that when it was proposed to translate the Bible into Gaelic in the middle of the 18th century some men opposed the scheme from political considerations, of the disadvantage of keeping up the distinctions between Highlanders and other inhabitants of North Britain. Such a display of unpatriotic zeal roused the indignation even of that prince of Celtophobists, Samuel Johnson, for on this subject he wrote to Drummond, an Edinburgh bookseller, in 1766 :—"He that voluntarily continues ignorant is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance can produce; as to him that extinguishes the taper of a lighthouse might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. . . . I am not very willing that any language should be totally extinguished. The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations, and the genealogy of mankind. They add often physical certainty to historical evidence, and often supply the only evidence of the ancient migration and of the revolutions of ages which left no written monuments behind them." Again, in 1767, he wrote to the same gentleman :—"I am glad the old language is taught, and honour the translator as a man whom God has distinguished by the high office of propagating his word." It was left to an ultra Johnsonian Celtophobist of our own day in an article in *Chambers's Journal* of November last, which is initialed W. C., to call the Gaelic language a "nuisance," and those who speak it the same barbarians as of twelve hundred years ago.

Need I remind you of the voluminous productions of the Highland bards, from Ossian downwards, who were reared among the soul-inspiring retreats of our everlasting hills, and whose life—

Exempt from public haunt,
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

(Applause).

Mr. A. Mackenzie made a humorous reply, in the course of which he exposed several weak points in the arguments of many of our would-be topographical elucidators. In conclusion, he said if these gentlemen studied the *Gaelic* names of places and things as pronounced by the old women and old *bodachs* in our Highland straths and glens, they would find their work far easier and certainly better founded and more trustworthy than far-fetched absurdities.

At this stage the Chairman called upon Pipe-Major MacIennan, and after a few complimentary remarks, presented him in the name of the Gaelic Society of Inverness with a very neat chimney-piece clock, as a slight recognition of his very kind and disinterested services to the Society.

Mr. MacIennan replied in Gaelic, thanking the Provost and the Society, and promising that so long as breath remained, he would gladly come to play to them.

The Chairman then called Pipe-Major Watt to the front, and presented him with a sporran, also as a mark of the Society's appreciation of his services on various occasions. Mr. Watt suitably replied.

Both articles were supplied by Mr. P. G. Wilson, jeweller, High Street, and bore suitable inscriptions.

Mr. Colin Chisholm proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, in an eloquent Gaelic speech, making special reference to the courtesy of the Provost in granting the use of the Town Hall to the Gaelic Society for its ordinary meetings.

The Provost, on behalf of himself and the Magistracy, acknowledged, remarking that it was the first time, so far as he was aware, that the toast had been proposed in the mother tongue. He hoped that his successors in the office of chief magistrate would extend to the Gaelic Society the privilege of meeting in the new Town Hall, as he had been enabled to grant them in the old. It was to his mind an interesting circumstance, that the last public meeting held in the old Town Hall, which was to be pulled down in a fortnight,

was the grand and important demonstration in which they had taken part that day. (Applause).

The proceedings were here very agreeably diversified by some excellent pipe playing by Captain Chisholm of Glassburn, and the dancing of several reels by four stalwart Highlanders, dressed in the "national garb."

The Press was proposed by Bailie Noble, coupled with the names of Mr. Walter Carruthers of the *Courier*, Mr. W. B. Forsyth of the *Advertiser*, and Mr. Murdoch of the *Highlander*, each of whom replied.

The other toasts were—the Chairman, by Captain Chisholm, to which the Provost replied; Mrs. Fraser-Mackintosh, to which Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh replied; Members for the County and Burgh, proposed by Mr. Charles Mackay, and acknowledged by Mr. Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; The Clergy of all Denominations, by Sheriff Simpson, Fort-William, to which the Revs. Messrs. Macgregor, Inverness, and Simpson, Moy, responded; the Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, acknowledged by Mr. Menzies; and the Croupiers, to which Bailies Noble, Black, and Macdonald replied.

Gaelic songs were sung in the course of the evening by Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr. Henry Whyte, Glasgow; and "The Fairshon" by Mr. D. Whyte, photographer, Inverness.

The meeting, which throughout was exceedingly successful, was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

1ST MAY, 1878.

The following new members were elected at the meeting on this date, viz. :—Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen, honorary; and Mr. T. S. Smith, 6 Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Mr. John Tolmie, 1 Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, architect, 251 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, and Mr. Alpin Chisholm, Castle Street, Inverness, ordinary.

The Secretary intimated a donation from Mr. John Mackay, Swansea, Chief of the Society, of a copy of Dr. Charles Mackay's new book, "The Gaelic Etymology of the English Language;" and a copy of Dr. Stratton's "Hebrew Celtic Affinity," from the author.

Thereafter, Mr. William Mackenzie, the secretary, read the following paper :—

BLIADHNA NAN CAORACH—"THE YEAR OF THE SHEEP."

Some time ago a Highland friend favoured me with an account of *Bliadhna nan Caorach* ; or "The Year of the Sheep," which I wished him to give to the Gaelic Society. From native modesty or some other cause he however declined even to allow his name to be mentioned in connection with *Bliadhna nan Caorach* ; but at the same time suggested that I should use the information. Of this suggestion I gladly availed myself, and at once began to collect further information on the subject. When I had finished my researches, I was very dubious as to how I should proceed—whether to narrate briefly the event, or to quote at length the different documents which came into my possession. Believing that it would be of value to have all the information available on the subject preserved in such a record as the Transactions of our Society, I resolved to give most of the documents, &c., which came into my hands at considerable length.

The year known as *Bliadhna nan Caorach* is 1792, and, as the name suggests, it is an *era* in the social and political history of the Highlands ; for at that period the native population was being driven to barren shores, in order that sheep might graze in the fertile inland valleys formerly peopled by the Gael. Sir George Mackenzie, in his *Survey of Ross-shire*, gives an interesting history of the early attempts at sheep farming in Ross-shire ; and in one or two instances briefly alludes to *Bliadhna nan Caorach*. Throughout his narrative he shows a "warm side" to the woolly quadruped, and contempt for and hostility to the sturdy Celtic biped ; yet his "Survey" on the whole, is a work that contains a vast amount of valuable information about the County of Ross. Interesting as the subject of sheep farming is however, it is not my business at present to narrate its history in the north, except so far as it has to do with *Bliadhna nan Caorach*. In the first place I will give a description of the place where the "sheep affair" began, with a short account of the beginning of this "rising," and that in the words of my "Highland friend" :—

"In the upper part of the parish of Alness," he says, "there lies between two steep hills a beautiful loch, about three miles long by one mile broad. At the west end of this loch are the ruins of a Roman Catholic Chapel, surrounded by a graveyard, still used occasionally as a place of sepulture. The chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Between the chapel and the loch is a well, called St. Mary's Well, the streamlet from which flows into the loch. From

the chapel being situated there, the glen has been named 'Cille-Mhoire'—now corrupted into 'Kildermorie'—and from the streamlet flowing into the loch it has been named 'Loch-Moire.'

"A stranger visiting Kildermorie, naturally enquires where were the people for whom the place of worship there was erected. Only two or three habitations are now to be seen, and few remains can be traced of the abodes of former occupants. But tradition brings down to us that this glen, as well as the neighbouring glens, were, a century or two ago, very populous. Near the end of the last century the number of tenants in Kildermorie was reduced to six, and in 1790 or '91, these were dispossessed in order to convert the whole glen into one farm. Sir Hector Munro of Novar was at that time the proprietor. He let the whole of the lands to two brothers, Captain Allan and Alexander Cameron, natives of Lochaber, as joint tenants.* By the former occupants the lands were grazed by Highland cattle. The new tenants introduced sheep. This was considered by the natives an innovation not to be tolerated; and the best terms did not exist between the inhabitants of the surrounding glens and the new comers. Previously the marches of the respective grazings were not scrupulously observed, but the Abraich determined upon putting a stop to this, and accordingly pointed their neighbours' cattle, when these trespassed their bounds, and insisted upon payment or pledges ere they would allow the pointed animals at liberty.

"Matters went on in this manner till May, 1792, when it happened that all the cattle belonging to the tenants of Strathrusdale—the glen lying immediately north of Kildermorie—crossed the march. They were collected by Cameron's shepherds and driven to a fank at the west end of the loch. The owners of the cattle, exasperated by frequent pointing, resolved to pay pointing money no longer, and roused themselves up to the determination of releasing their cattle by force. Finding themselves too few in number for this purpose, they despatched a messenger to the tenants of Ardross, farther down the valley, for assistance. The messenger found the people engaged at cutting peats in their moss, and immediately on delivering his message, all the men threw down their tools, and headed by Alexander Wallace, or 'Big Wallace,' as he

* Sir George Mackenzie refers specially to the Camerons. In 1781 or 1782, Sir John Lockhart Ross of Balnagown let a farm on his estate to a Mr. Geddes, from Tummel Bridge, Perthshire. "Soon after Mr Geddes settled in the north," Sir George says, "Mr. Cameron from the neighbourhood of Fort William, took a farm on the highland part of Mr. Munro of Calceairn's estate in Ross-shire, and in addition to it took from Sir John Ross a lease of the Forest of Freewater as a range for wether sheep."—W. M'K.

was better known, the champion of the district, rushed to the rescue. On arriving at Kildermorie, they found the cattle in the fank guarded by the Camerons and all their men. The Camerons were powerful men, but being too few in number for the array against them, they soon had to yield. One of the Camerons was armed with a loaded gun and a dirk a foot long. 'Big Wallace' grappled with him, and in a few minutes disarmed him. It is said that in the struggle they twisted the barrels of the gun like a 'woddie,' and the dirk is now in the possession of Wallace's grandson. The cattle were set at liberty, and though the best friendship did not exist between the parties, the fight put an end to poinding."

The Camerons, however, appear to have taken other measures (which turned out equally unsuccessful) to punish "the natives." In the *Scots Magazine* for September 1792, I find the following account of a Circuit Court Trial at Inverness, which, in the light of the above narrative, may be read with interest:—

"The Circuit Court of Justiciary was opened at Inverness on Wednesday, September 12, by Lord Stonefield. John Ross, *alias* Davidson, Alexander and John Ross, his sons, Donald Munro, *alias* M'Adie, William Munro, *alias* M'Adie, Robert Munro, *alias* M'Intyre, Alexander Wallace, and Finlay Bain Munro, all of Strathrusdale, in Ross-shire, were accused of the crimes of riot, assault, and battery, by assembling with a number of other persons, and forcibly relieving from a poind-fold certain cattle confined there, and, at the same time, assaulting and beating the gentleman and his servants who had poinded the cattle. The jury, by a plurality of voices, found the panels not guilty, whereupon they were assoilzied and dismissed from the bar."

The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of September 20, reports the case in almost the same words. Don't suppose, however, that this is the incident from which *Bliadhna nan Caorach* derives its distinctive name. No; it was only the prelude to it.

"On Friday, July 27, 1792," says my Highland friend, "at a wedding in Strathrusdale, when the home-brewed ale and mountain dew overcame the sober senses of the guests, they devised the bold step of collecting all the sheep in the counties of Ross and Sutherland, and driving them across the Beauly river, there to wander at pleasure. Elated by the victory achieved at Kildermorie in May previous, they had no doubt of success on this occasion, and next day they despatched men to make public proclamation on the following Sunday at the parish churches of the counties of Ross and Sutherland, to invite and encourage the inhabitants of these parishes to meet upon Tuesday thereafter, and forcibly drive the sheep out

of these counties ! Proclamations were made as proposed, particularly at the churches of Alness, Urquhart, Resolis, and Kincardine, in the county of Ross. In the churches of Creich and Lairg, in the county of Sutherland, to which parties were despatched, there happened to be no Divine service on that day, but proclamations were made at all the public houses in these parishes !

"The mustering place was to be Strath-Oykel, in the parish of Kincardine, and there, on Tuesday the 31st day of July, about 200 people assembled to carry the purpose into effect. They proceeded in a body to the furthest off part of the parish of Lairg on which sheep were grazed, and, pressing the shepherds to assist, drove before them every sheep they could find in the parishes of Lairg, Creich, and Kincardine, except a flock in Strath-Oykel, which belonged to Donald Macleod of Geanies, the Sheriff of Ross (his were left undisturbed on account of respect for him and fear of punishment), and on the following Saturday they reached Boath, at the east end of Kildermorie, with a flock numbering several thousands.*

"The Sheriff of Ross having been apprised of these proceedings, accompanied by Sir Hector Munro, of Novar, and aided by a party of soldiers he had been obliged to call from Fort George to his assistance, early on Sunday morning made his appearance at Boath, just as the rioters were despatching a party to collect Cameron's flocks. This unexpected rescue created an alarm among them, and they immediately fled. A few, however, were caught by the soldiers, brought bound as prisoners to Novar, and subsequently lodged in jail to await trial."

A "rising" of this kind naturally created feelings of uneasiness among those who were dispossessing the Highlanders, and it gave ample evidence that notwithstanding the "disarming and 'un-kilting' Act," passed to break the Highland spirit, there was still a latent current which could at any time find expression in such acts as these. It is interesting to note contemporary records of the affair. In the *Scots Magazine* for August 1792, we find a short paragraph about *Bliadhna nan Caorach*, from which we learn that "Some time ago a great number of poor tenants on estates in Ross-shire, having got notice to quit their farms, which are turned by the proprietors into sheep walks, assembled in a disorderly manner and drove off the sheep," &c. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* has several notices of the "rising." On the 9th August, 1792, a short paragraph appears, of which I give the following :—

* Sir Geo. Mackenzie states the number at 'above ten thousand sheep.'—W. M'K.

"Accounts of a serious nature have been received from Ross-shire. The people there, exasperated at their being turned out of their farms by the present prevalent custom of the landlords letting out their grounds for extensive sheep walks, and rendered desperate by poverty, had assembled in great numbers and proceeded to several unjustifiable acts of violence, particularly in destroying the sheep, no less than 3000 of them belonging to one gentleman having been drowned. Some woods are also said to have been burnt." &c.

In the *Courant* of August 11, 1792, a more detailed account appears, which I give in full. It is as follows:—

"The disturbances in Ross and Sutherland, mentioned in our last, we are sorry to say, still continue. By letters received this day we learn that there had been a meeting of the Ross-shire gentlemen on the 31st ult., when they came to a variety of resolutions to support each other. The Inverness-shire landholders met on the 6th inst., and resolved to raise their tenants and servants, and to march at their head to suppress the insurgents. They have sent to Fort George for arms. Three companies of the 42nd Regiment, as stated in our last, had marched on this service, and a number of the ringleaders were apprehended and committed to Dingwall Gaol. But, in the course of the night the mob had assembled, broke open the prison, and taken out their companions in the face of the Regiment! All the gunpowder in Tain and Dingwall had been previously bought up by the rioters.

"While we condemn in the strongest terms the mode of obtaining redress adopted by these unfortunate people, we cannot but lament the cause of the disturbance. Every gentleman has doubtless a right to make the most of his property, but surely in the exercise of that right much is due to humanity—we may add, to justice. The lower class of people in this country, particularly in the northern parts, have hitherto been remarkable for the regularity of their deportment, and a respectful submission to the laws of their country. Some measures, therefore, more than commonly oppressive, have, we apprehend, given rise to this outrage; and we trust it will excite the immediate attention of the Legislature. While we are commiserating and giving assistance to the distressed inhabitants of Poland, let it not be said that we suffer oppression to stalk uncontrolled at home! It has been suggested that if the poor inhabitants of Ross-shire could be conveyed to this part of the country, they would find immediate employment at the different cotton mills!"

You will observe in the above paragraph a statement relative to

the doings of the county gentlemen. I referred to the Ross-shire County Minutes, but unfortunately the minutes of this meeting were never completed. So far as they are written, they record the unanimous resolution of the Commissioners to present the King and the Prince of Wales with addresses in thankfulness for the Royal Proclamation against seditious writings, &c., issued on May 21, 1792. They also expressed their approval of the "conduct of the Right Honourable William Pitt, and that of His Majesty's other confidential servants, in advising him to issue" the said Proclamation. The fact of their being so zealous in the cause of suppressing sedition is doubtless a safe index to the state of feeling prevailing among themselves in Ross-shire at the time. The Inverness-shire Minutes are, however, fortunately preserved and well kept, and I cannot do better than quote the following one in full :—

At Inverness, the sixth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two years.

In a meeting of the Freeholders, Commissioners of Supply, and Justices of Peace of the County of Inverness, met here this day in consequence of circular letter from the Sheriff-Depute of the County : Present—The Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat ; Arthur Forbes, Esq., of Culloden ; Alexr. Baillie, Esq., of Dochfour ; Arthur Robertson, Esq., of Inshes ; Simon Fraser, Esq., of Farraline, Sheriff-Depute ; John Baillie, Esq., of Dunearn ; James Grant, Esq., of Corrymoney, advocate ; James M'Intosh, Esq., of Farr ; Phineas M'Intosh, Esq., of Drummond ; James Fraser, Esq., of Culduthel ; Major James Fraser, of Belladrum ; Captain Thomas Fraser, of Newton ; Angus M'Intosh, Esq., of Holme ; Simon Fraser, of Daltullich ; Farquhar M'Gillivray, of Dalcrombie ; Colin Shaw, of Culblair ; William M'Intosh, of Elrigg ; Lieut. John Fraser, of Errogy ; Captain Gregor Grant, of Lakefield ; Baillie Alex. M'Intosh, of Inverness ; Duncan Grant, of Bught ; David Davidson, Esq., of Cantray ; James M'Pherson, Esq., of Ardersier ; Lieut. Evan M'Pherson, of Strathnoon ; Capt. Thomas Walcoal, at Inverness ; John Falconer, of Draikies ; Alex. Fraser, Esq., of Torbreack ; Colonel Duncan MacPherson, of Bleaton ; Lewis Cuthbert, Esq., of Castlehill ; Captain Thomas Fraser, of Ness Castle ; Edward Satchwell Fraser, Esq. of Reelick ; Simon Fraser, of Foyers ; Alex. Fraser, of Dell ; William Fraser, of Garthmore ; William Fraser, of Kirktown ; Master Robertson, yr., of Inshes ; James Grant, yr., of Bught ; Baillie Robt. Warrand, of Inverness ; Ludovick M'Bean, of Tomatin ; Mr. Hugh Fraser, of Erchite.

The said Simon Fraser, Esq., Sheriff-Depute, being unanimously chosen Preses, and he having laid before the meeting an official letter which he had received from Donald MacLeod, Esq., of Geanies, Sheriff-depute of Ross-shire, dated the third day of August current, whereof the following is the tenor, viz.:—"Dear Sir, Dingwall, 3rd August, 1792. You can be no stranger to the tumults, commotions, and actual seditious acts that are going on in this county at this time. The flame is spreading; what is our case to-day, if matters are permitted to proceed, will be yours to-morrow. I understand a mob of about 400 strong are now actually employed in collecting the sheep over all this and the neighbouring county of Sutherland. I intend to oppose them with what force I can collect—the gentlemen of the county, armed, with such of their servants and dependants as they can confide in, backed by three companies of the 42nd Regiment. If you suppose you can raise any volunteers hearty in the cause of good and subordination to join us, we shall feel much obliged to you, and request you may inform me here by express to-morrow whether I may have any reliance on your assistance, and if so, I shall send you notice when we wish you to move and to what place. I have the Lord Advocate's orders to proceed against the insurgents, should it be necessary, to the last extremity.—I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) DONALD M'LEOD."

The meeting having considered the above letter, they unanimously came to the following resolutions, viz:—

RESOLVED, *Primo*, That upon notice given by the Sheriff of this county, the landed proprietors and others here present, and all other landed proprietors of this county, with all the adherents who may join them, shall attend the Sheriff at any place of rendezvous to be named by him for the purpose of their giving their assistance to the Sheriff of Ross and the landed proprietors of that county, for suppressing the seditious commotions mentioned in the letter above recited, and bringing the offenders to justice, and for these purposes,

RESOLVED, *Secundo*, That this county shall be assessed in eight months' cess, to defray the expense that may be requisite for accomplishing a measure which good order of society and the preservation of property absolutely require, and that the said assessment, or as much thereof as may be necessary, shall be levied by the Collector of Supply along with the Land Tax of the present year.

In the meantime this meeting authorize and require the Collector of Supply or his Depute to answer such draughts as may be made by the Sheriff to defray the expense that may be incurred in carrying these resolutions into execution.

RESOLVED, *Tertio*, That the Sheriff shall, in name of the county, apply to the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces in Scotland to furnish such additional troops, arms, and ammunition as may be requisite to carry these resolutions into immediate effect, and in respect the jails of this county, or those in the county of Ross, may not be sufficient to contain the number of offenders who may be apprehended as guilty of the seditious tumults which it is the object of these resolutions to suppress,

RESOLVED, *Quarto*, that the Sheriff shall, in like manner, apply to the Commander-in-Chief to give directions for receiving such prisoners into any of His Majesty's forts in the county, for securing their persons until they shall be liberated in due course of law.

Quinto, This meeting authorise the Sheriff-Depute or his Substitute to contract with proper persons to furnish the necessary provisions and transport them wherever the Sheriff or his Substitute shall appoint, and also to give such proper encouragement to the persons who shall aid in carrying these resolutions into execution as they may appear to deserve.

RESOLVED, *Sexto*, That these resolutions shall be printed and distributed through this county with all convenient speed, and that a copy thereof shall be transmitted to the Sheriff-Depute of Ross, and that copies shall be distributed in this county for the signature of such gentlemen as are necessarily absent from this meeting; and,

Lastly, In case of sudden emergency, to apply to the Deputy-Governor of Fort-George to furnish such arms and ammunition as may be applied for by the Sheriff.

SIMON FRASER, *Preses*.

General Stewart of Garth gives us a brief account of *Bliadhna nan Caorach* in his "Sketches." The Regiment that was asked to stop the Highlanders in their endeavours to drive the sheep out of the county, was the 42nd; and from the tenor of the following extract General Stewart appears to have been present. He says :—

"In Autumn, the whole were ordered into Ross-shire on account of some disturbances among the inhabitants, great numbers of whom had been dispossessed of their farms in consequence of the new system of converting vast tracts of country into pasture. The

manner in which the people gave vent to their grief and rage when driven from their ancient homes, showed that they did not merit this treatment, and that an improper estimate had been formed of their character. A few months after these ejections, those who were permitted to remain as cottagers rose in a body, and, collecting all the sheep which had been placed by the great stock farmers on the possessions which they themselves had formerly held, they drove the whole before them with an intention of sending them beyond the boundaries of the county; thinking, in their simplicity and despair that if they got quit of the sheep, they would be again re-instated in their farms. In this state of insurrection they continued for some time; but no act of violence or outrage occurred, nor did the sheep suffer in the smallest degree beyond what resulted from the fatigues of the journey and the temporary loss of their pasture. Though pressed with hunger, these conscientious peasants did not take a single animal for their own use, contenting themselves with the occasional supplies of meal or victuals which they obtained in the course of their journey. To quell these tumults, which occasioned little less alarm among some of the gentlemen of Ross than the Rebellion of 1745, the 42nd Regiment were ordered to proceed, by forced marches and by the shortest routes, to Ross-shire. When they reached the expected scene of action, there was, fortunately, no enemy, for the people had separated and disappeared of their own accord. Happy, indeed, it was that the affair was concluded in this manner, as the necessity of turning their arms against their fathers, their brothers, and their friends, must have been in the last degree painful to the feelings of the soldiers and dangerous to their discipline—setting their duty to their king and country in opposition to filial affection and brotherly love and friendship. I was a very young soldier at the time, but on no subsequent occasion were my feelings so powerfully excited as on this. To a military man it could not but be gratifying to see the men, in so delicate and trying a situation, manifesting a full determination to do their duty against whomsoever their efforts should be directed; while to their feelings of humanity, the necessity of turning their arms against their friends and relations presented a severe alternative."

A Dingwall correspondent of the *Edinburgh Courant* also sends an account of the proceedings. He says that the 42nd Highlanders, as usual, conducted themselves with great propriety, taking several prisoners without shedding blood. "The insurgents themselves have behaved in a very uncommon manner. Though almost starving,

not a sheep had they killed for their own use; and when made sensible of their error, several troops of 30 or 40 came and delivered themselves up to the Sheriff, who selected the most guilty and dismissed the rest." The same correspondent, alluding to their prospective trial, says:—"If ever judgment was tempered with mercy, the present occasion surely calls loudly for it."

The Ross-shire proprietors were wroth at the comments on their conduct which appeared in the *Evening Courant*, and they accordingly took steps to justify themselves. This was done at a meeting held in Tain, in October, 1792, and as the official record of that meeting throws much light on the feelings then prevalent in regard to the "rising," I will give it *in extenso* :—

"At Tain, the ninth day of October, 1792, In a Meeting of the Gentlemen, Freeholders, and Commissioners of Supply of the Shire of Ross, with the Factors of such Gentlemen as could not attend, called by the Sheriff-Depute by Advertisements in the Edinburgh Newspapers,

"*Convened*—Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Baronet; Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gerloch, Baronet; Sir Hector Munro of Novar, K.B.; Duncan Davidson of Tulloch; Kenneth Mackenzie of Cromertie; Robert Bruce Æneas Macleod of Cadboll; John Mackenzie of Allangrange; William Robertson of Kindeace; Charles Monro of Allan; John Mackenzie of Kincaig; Roderick Mackenzie of Scotsburn; Duncan Munro of Culcairn; Donald Macleod of Geanies, Sheriff-Depute; Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, writer to the signet; James Grant, writer in Inverness, factor for Redcastle; Captain David Ross, in Tain, for himself, and as Factor for Mr. Cockburn Ross of Shandwick; Mr. Walter Ross, factor for Mr. Ross of Cromarty; George Mackenzie, younger, of Pitlundie; and George Miller, eldest bailie of Tain, who unanimously made choice of the said Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Baronet, to be their Preses, and of the said George Mackenzie, younger, of Pitlundie, to be their Clerk, when the Sheriff-Depute presented to the Meeting a letter from William Adam, Esq., member for the county, addressed to Sir Hugh Monro of Fowlis, Baronet, Preses of the last Meeting, acknowledging to have received the Addresses from the county to the King and the Prince of Wales, which he had presented in the most proper manner.

"Afterwards, the Sheriff having presented a copy of the account of the expenses incurred in consequence of the late Insurrection, amounting to two hundred and twenty pounds, ten shillings, and five-pence sterling, and the Meeting finding that he

was authorised by the Meeting held at Dingwall, on the thirty-first day of July last, to lay out such expense as he might find necessary for suppressing them, and that the accompts are reasonable and just, They determine that the same shall be paid by the County at large; and that the Collector shall make out a calculation of the proportion which effeirs to each proprietor according to their respective valuations, and transmit a note thereof to each of them, with a request that the same be immediately paid.

"Thereafter, Mr. Munro of Culcairn presented a letter from Mr. Cameron, stating the losses which he and his brother were likely to sustain from driving their sheep, as the letter which is delivered to the Clerk more particularly specifies, and asking for their opinion how they were to proceed in recovering the losses so sustained. The gentlemen present were of opinion that they ought to prosecute the individuals who were guilty of driving their sheep, or such of them as they shall discover are best able to indemnify them.

"Thereafter the Sheriff read to the meeting a letter he meant to publish in the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," contradicting the paragraphs which had lately appeared so derogatory to the credit and character of the Gentlemen Highland Proprietors in the county, which was unanimously approved of, and was directed to be published in each of the Edinburgh newspapers, and in the "Morning Chronicle,"—an English paper, where similar paragraphs appeared, and authorised their Preses to state in a memorandum to be subjoined to the letter that it met with their approbation unanimously.

"Thereafter, Mr. Mackenzie of Cromertie proposed that the thanks of the Meeting should be given to Donald Macleod, Esq., of Geanies, the Sheriff-Depute of Ross, for his very spirited exertions through the whole of the late disturbances in the county, which has produced the happiest effects in restoring tranquility, which was unanimously approved of.

"Afterwards, Sir Hector Munro proposed that the thanks of the County should be returned to the gentlemen of the county of Inverness, for their patriotic and spirited exertions and resolutions, entered into by them in support and defence of this county, which they unanimously approved of, and authorised their Preses to write a letter expressive of their sentiments to Mr. Fraser of Farraline, who was Preses of their Meeting on that occasion. And thereafter they ordered that the votes of thanks to the Sheriff of this county, and to the county of Inverness, should be inserted in the newspapers.

(Sic subscribitur) CH. ROSS."

Macleod's letter appeared in the *Courant* of 18th October, 1792. I procured a copy of it, but it is unfortunately too long to be given in full. Throughout the whole letter it is too clear that Macleod has assumed the rôle of the special pleader rather than that of the unbiased historian. The virtues of the landlords are extolled—the conduct of the people is condemned in unqualified language. We cannot approve of the means adopted by the peasantry to remove their grievances, but great allowance should be made for the feelings of a people exasperated by being deprived of their immemorial possessions, and that, as they believed, in an illegal manner. The comments of the *Courant* in its issue of August 11 (as given above), appear to be thoroughly correct. They form a striking contrast to the words of Macleod of Geanies; and so does the language of General Stewart. The *Courant* writer and the General had hearts.

After narrating the Cameron affair, Macleod says:—"Thus the tumults commenced; and from the exertions and activity of those concerned in this riot a general spirit of disorder spread; some circumstances which had occurred in the neighbouring county of Sutherland, that showed a repugnance among the people there to admit of any additional sheep farms being established amongst them, were industriously propagated, and highly exaggerated, resistance to civil authority was effectually preached up; and mobs of hundreds of persons did convene in a species of military array to prevent the citations of the civil magistrate being obeyed. A regular plan for a general insurrection was formed, and actually carried in some degree into execution. The spirit of violence was carried so far as to set the civil power at defiance; the laws were trampled upon; there appeared no safety for property; and the gentlemen of the county seemed to be subjected to the power and control of an unruly and ungovernable mob. When I, as Sheriff, first attempted to investigate the original riot, I found they were linked to each other by the most solemn ties and engagements, and that it might be attended with fresh tumults and disorders to attempt apprehending those who were supposed ringleaders. A few of those least guilty were pitched upon to give evidence, and were, by the exertions of the factor on the estate to which they belonged, prevailed upon to agree to come forward for that purpose, under promise of personal protection from imprisonment. Although they were only served with their citations on the day preceding that to which they were cited to appear, a mob of 'twixt three and four hundred persons collected to obstruct them from going to deliver their evidence. The persons who succeeded in

this exploit thought they might with the same impunity proceed a step further; it served to show their strength, they found the lower class of the people were ready to embark in any desperate attempt; and their being no military force nearer than Stirling,* they saw that the gentlemen, however much they might be united together, could make no resistance to the numbers they had the prospects of collecting. To banish and drive off all the sheep from the hills of Sutherland and Ross, was to be the first object of their united exertions; and for this purpose they caused proclamations to be made at nineteen different preaching places in Ross-shire, and at severals in Sutherland, on the same Sunday, for the people to convene as one the following Tuesday for this desirable purpose, and added various inducements, without the least regard to truth, to incline the people to embark in the extraordinary attempt. Many of them talked of other improvements they would bring on as soon as they had succeeded in banishing this noxious animal. Rents were too high and seemed to be rising. Gentlemen laid too much of their lands under grass, which ought to be employed in raising bread for the poor. Too much of what had been common pasturage was enclosed for planting. In short, many grievances were stated which were all to be redressed. Previous to the publication of the seditious proclamation, the Gentlemen of the county were awakened to a sense of their danger, and saw the necessity of making an exertion to subdue this turbulent spirit of anarchy, which seemed to pervade the greatest number of the lowest class. They made exertions individually and collectively, which did the highest honour to their spirit, their prudence, and moderation, and had the happiest effect in detaching hundreds, if not thousands, from joining the insurgents, which had the doubly fortunate effect of weakening their numbers, and lessening their confidence in each other. At a public and full meeting on the 31st of July, they caused print and disperse a paper which contained a declaration of their sentiments of the disorders which subsisted, and resolutions to exert themselves at every risk of their lives and

* This statement is incorrect. It does not harmonize with the history of the Regiment, and in a subsequent issue of the *Courant*, it was stated relative thereto that a part of the 42nd was at Banff and another part at Aberdeen before any disturbance took place in Ross-shire—the whole being north of the Tay “before any requisition was officially made for the aid of the military in that very unpopular business.” The headquarters of the Regiment were removed to Fort-George in October, 1791. In the spring of 1792, the whole Regiment was marched to Stirling, where they were reviewed, and afterwards returned to their northern quarters. Immediately after their return these disturbances took place.

fortunes to suppress them. . . . Fortunately for this county and for these deluded people, a detachment of the 42nd Regiment arrived at Dingwall on the forenoon of the 4th of August, and, intelligence having arrived towards the afternoon of the approach of the insurgents, they marched by eight o'clock that night, accompanied by a number of the gentlemen of the county, the Sheriff and his substitute, with peace officers, and about 200 of the gentlemen's tenants and dependents, to meet and oppose them. It since appears that the insurgents had no idea that a military force would be opposed to them, and had no intelligence of any having arrived in the country; and having come so far without the show of resistance, they expected to meet with none. Being fatigued, many of them went to the houses of the neighbouring villages for a night's quarters, and left a very slight guard with the sheep and their shepherds, so that the business was easily settled. Such as were found were made prisoners, and the rest, concealing themselves with the utmost care, returned to their respective homes as secretly and expeditiously as they could.

"It is but justice to these poor deluded people to state that after they found that the Government of the country had taken up the case, and had shown a determination of resisting, and, if necessary, of subduing them by a military force, they showed every symptom of contrition and regret. . . . By the persuasion of their landlords they almost all came in voluntarily and submitted themselves to the justice of their country, acknowledged their errors, and stated the delusions which were practised upon them. . . .

"It has been a generally received opinion that depopulation is a necessary consequence of the introduction of sheep into a country, and this has naturally occasioned a popular prejudice against that system of improvement of waste grounds. Without well considering whether that effect necessarily flowed from the cause, or whether the improvement might not be carried into execution without any such effect following as a consequence, I am confident that the opinion is ill founded, and that sheep may be introduced with great advantage to the lower class of inhabitants, as well as to the proprietors of Highland estates. . . .

"It is well known that Ross-shire is of great extent, and that a very great proportion of that extent is composed of Highland mountainous wastes, fit for the pasturage of no other domestic animal than these. When it is stated that sheep were first introduced into that country fifteen years ago, and that there is at this time only four farms above £100 sterling per annum of rent, and two more

under that rent, stocked with these animals, within the county, it cannot be said that the gentlemen, proprietors have pushed on this mode of improving their estates with any extraordinary keenness; and when it is added as a fact within the knowledge of many of the gentlemen of the county, that there has not as yet one single family been obliged to emigrate on account of sheep, it may seem strange that commotions which were repeatedly asserted to have derived their origin from that cause, should commence in Ross-shire. That some families have been obliged to change their situations, and move from one farm to another, and from one part of the country to another, is true; and that a Highlander considers it the greatest hardship to be obliged to quit the spot where he drew his first breath is equally true; but no person will contend that the first is a good reason why a proprietor should preclude himself from letting his land to a more enterprising and active occupant; or that the second is a reason for the same family remaining ever on the same soil. With respect to our tumults, it is a certain fact that the clamour on that subject had its origin in the low part of the country, where they ran no risk of being overbid in their possessions by sheep-farmers, and that it was by means of persons who had no apparent interest personally in that question, the Highlanders were incited to take any part in collecting or driving them off.

“Upon the whole, though there appears no good reason why the Highland proprietors of Ross-shire should not have the same liberty of improving or managing their properties as seems to them most conducive to their interest, even should that plan tend to thin the country of its inhabitants, it is certain they have not taken any steps as yet, further than what may be barely termed experimental; and they expect to be able to show that the improvements of their hills by the introduction of sheep on an extensive scale can be carried on with advantage to themselves, to their tenants and dependants, without producing the dreaded consequence of depopulation; but on the contrary, by introducing a source of wealth and a staple of manufacture hitherto unknown amongst them, increase their numbers and their happiness!”

Sir George Mackenzie, who appears to have caught the spirit of Geanies, begins his narrative thus:—“When the spirit of revolution and revolt was fast gaining ground over the whole kingdom, an open insurrection broke out in Ross-shire in 1792. As the first step towards the reform of pretended abuses, a large mob met at an appointed place, which was fixed by open proclamation at the church doors, &c.”

The Rev. Mr. Carment, who was minister of Rosskeen, made enquiry into the matter some forty-two years ago, and gave a short account of it in the *New Statistical Account* for Ross-shire. Mr. Carment questioned some who had witnessed the scene, the result being that he came to view the deed in a much more friendly spirit than did Sir George Mackenzie or the Sheriff-Depute of Ross. One of those he questioned on the subject was "Big Wallace," alluded to above. Wallace was then well advanced in years, yet he had a very vivid recollection of the affair of '92. The resolution

"To extirpate the vipers"

was come to at a wedding in Strathrusdale; and Mr. Carment began his examination of Wallace by saying—" *Bha sibh-se air a' bhanaidh?*" Wallace, whose recollections of the events which followed on the marriage were not altogether of a pleasant character, promptly replied in Easter Ross Gaelic, laying strong emphasis on each syllable—" *Bun-ais an Dan-uis.*" Mr. Carment's account is very short, and seemingly impartial, and I may give his closing sentence:—"There is one striking feature in this case, characteristic of a Highland mob, which strongly exemplifies their high moral principles, even when excited and roused by oppression to an illegal act: no sheep was injured, no lamb was hurt, by over-driving."

The proprietors and others were doubtless "in great tribulation, and likely to come to mair." To avert any further danger, steps were immediately taken for the punishment of the ringleaders. The result was that several of them were tried at Inverness on 14th September, 1792, at a Circuit Court of Justiciary.* The Rev. Gustavus Aird, F.C. minister of Creich, is in possession of the indictment served upon William Cunningham, and he has favoured me with the same. It is in every way an interesting document, and as the principal statements therein made have been found proven by the verdict of a jury, there need be less hesitation in accepting them as facts. The following is a full copy of the document in Mr. Aird's possession:—

George, by the grace of God, &c.: Whereas it is humbly meant and complained to us by our right trusty Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arnis-

* The total number tried was eighteen. Eight were charged with participation in the Cameron affair; three with interfering with witnesses who were cited to give evidence before the Sheriff; and seven with participating in the great and culminating rising.

ton, our advocate for our interest, upon Hugh Breack Mackenzie, tenant in Acharn, parish of Alness, and county of Ross ; John Aird, tenant in Strathrusdale, in the parish of Rosskeen, and county of Ross ; Malcolm Ross, *alias* MacRob, in Alladale, parish of Kincardine, and county of Ross ; Donald Munro, *alias* Roy, servant to Angus Ross Roy, tenant in Drumvaich, parish of Kincardine, and county of Cromarty ; Alexander McKay, son to Donald Mackay, in Langwell, in the parish of Kincardine, and county of Ross ; William Cunningham, in Aulanguish, parish of Kincardine, and county of Ross ; and Thomas Urquhart, at Easter Greenyards, parish of Kincardine, and county of Ross : That, albeit, by the laws of this and every other well governed realm the advising, exciting, and instigating of persons riotuously and feloniously to Invade, seize upon, and drive away the property of any of our lieges, especially by lawless and seditious proclamations made at any churches or places of worship where the inhabitants are convened upon a Sunday for the purpose of attending divine ordinances : As also the riotuous assembly and convocation of a number of persons armed with guns, bludgeons, and other offensive weapons for whatever purpose, and more particularly when that riotuous assembly and convocation is the effect of a preconcerted plan and of a lawless and seditious proclamation made at any parish church or place of worship for the purpose of exciting and instigating persons violently and feloniously to invade, seize upon, and drive away sheep or other property of any of our lieges, as also riotuously, forcibly and feloniously seizing upon, or driving away from of the lands or estates of any of our peaceable Subjects Sheep belonging in property to them are all and each of them crimes of an heinous nature of a seditious and alarming tendency, subversive of law, order, and good government, and severely punishable : Yet true it is and of verity, that the forsaid persons above complained upon are all and each or one or other guilty, actors or art and part of all and each or one or other of the forsaid crimes, aggravated as aforesaid—In so far as at the wedding of John Ross Davidson, tenant in Strathrusdale, to Hellen Munro, daughter to Donald Munro M'Cadie, also tenant in Strathrusdale, held at Strathrusdale in the parish of Rosskeen, and county of Ross, on Friday the twenty-seventh day of July, j^m vij^c and ninety and two, or some one or other of the days of that month, or of June preceding, or August following, when there were a number of persons assembled on that occasion, the said Hugh Breack Mackenzie and John Aird complained upon did both and each or one or other of them in an open and public manner feloniously and seditiously advise, excite, and instigate the persons assembled at

the forsaid wedding violently to seize upon and drive away all the sheep in that part of the country, useing the following or words to the purpose—"That the curse of the children not yet born and their generations, would [be on] such as would not cheerfully go and banish the sheep out of the country; and did also purpose and insist that on the Sunday thereafter proclamation should be made at the parish churches of the shires of Ross and Sutherland, inviting and encouraging the inhabitants of these parishes to meet and convene upon Tuesday thereafter, and forcibly drive all the sheep out of these counties: And in consequence of these seditious and illegal instigations and proceedings, and by the directions of the said Hugh Breack Mackenzie and John Aird, are one or either of them, various proclamations having been made upon Sunday, the twenty-ninth day of July and year forsaid, at different parish churches in the counties of Ross and Sutherland, particularly at the parish church of Alness, Urquhart, and the united parishes of Kirk-michael, Cullycudden: As also by the said John Aird at the missionary meeting-house at Amat, in the parish of Kincardine, all in the county of Ross and by the said Hugh Breack Mackenzie at sundry public-houses, and in the parish of Creech and Lairg, and county of Sutherland, as there happened to be no devine service in the said parish of that day all tending to excite and instigate a number of persons to assemble and convocate on the Tuesday thereafter, for the purpose of violently seizing and driving away the flocks of sheep belonging to various proprietors in the counties of Ross and Sutherland The foresaid persons, viz., Hugh Breack Mackenzie, John Aird, Malcolm Ross, *alias* M'Rob, Donald Munro, *alias* Roy, Alex. Mackay, William Cunningham, and Thomas Urquhart, above complained upon in consequence of the said preconcerted plan, did on Tuesday, the 31st day of July, and upon the first, second, and third days of August, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, or upon one or other of the days or nights of the said months of July or August, riotuously assemble with others, their accomplices, to the number of a hundred and upwards, at or near to Brea, in Strathoykel, in the parish of Kincardine and county of Ross, for the purpose of violently seizing upon and driving away different flocks of sheep from the lands and pastures of different proprietors and tacksmen in that part of the country; and did thereafter, upon one or other of the days or nights aforesaid, in prosecution of the forsaid purpose, violently seize upon and drive away a flock of sheep amounting to severall hundreds, belonging to Duncan M'Greggor, in Tutimtarvach, in the parish of Creech, and county of Sutherland; and, further, they did time above mentioned vio-

lently seize upon and drive away the sheep belonging to John Campbell, of Lagwine, in the parish of Creech, and county of Sutherland ; and of Mrs. Margaret Geddes residing at Cappilloch, parish of Creech, and county of Sutherland, and of other persons, proprietors or tacksmen in that neighbourhood. All which flocks of sheep amounting together to several thousands they continued to drive away off the grounds of the proprietors, and keep in their possessions for the space of several days, untill the said disorderly persons so assembled were dispersed by our Sherriff of the county of Ross, aided by a party of the military that he had been obliged to call to his assistance, and the said Malcolm Ross, alias MacRob ; Donald Munro, alias Roy ; and Alexander Mackay, above complained upon, were all and each of them at times and places foresaid armed with guns, and the other persons complained upon were armed with clubs, bludgeons, and other offensive weapons, by all which outrageous and lawless proceedings, a daring insult offered to the law, the publick peace was disturbed, and the private property of the lieges greatly damaged, and at the mercy of a lawless and seditious mob : At least times and places above-mentioned, the forsaid wicked and felonious instigation and proclamation were used and made, the forsaid riotuous convocation took place, and the forsaid acts of violence and outrage were comitted in manner forsaid, and the whole persons above complained are all and each or one or other of them guilty actors or art and part of all and or one or other of the forsaid crimes, all which or part thereof being found proven by the verdict of an Assize before our Lord Justice General, Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in a Circuit Court of Justiciary, to be holden by them, or any one or more of their number, within the Tolbooth or Criminal Court-house of Inverness, upon the fourteenth day of September, in this present year, One thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, the said Hugh Breack Mackenzie, John Aird, Malcolm Ross, alias McRob, Donald Munro, alias Roy, Alexander Mackay, William Cunningham, and Thomas Urquhart, ought to be punished with the pains of law to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time comeing : Our will is herefore, &c., Principal Criminal Letters, dated and signet the twenty-third day of August, in the thirty-second year of our reign, 1792. *Ex deliberatione Dominorum Commissionariorum justiciarie.*

(Signed) HUGH WARRANDER, D^r

Follows the list of the Assize that are to pass upon the trial of Hugh Breack Mackenzie and others above mentioned.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

- 1 John Baillie, Dunearn, Esq.
- 2 Alex. Baillie, Esq., of Dochfour.
- 3 Geo. Cameron, Esq., of Letter Finlay.
- 4 John Falconer, Esq., of Drakies.
- 5 Colonel Duncan McPherson of Bleaton.
Allan Cameron, merchant, Fortwilliam.
Evan Cameron of Muick.
Lieutenant Angus McDonald of Tulloch.
Lieutenant John Cameron of Glenevas.
- 10 Charles Jamieson, silversmith in Inverness.
Lieutenant John Fraser of Errogy.
Alex. Fraser, Esq., of Torbreack.
Simon Fraser, wright in Inverness.
James McPherson of Ardersier.
- 15 Alex. Macgillivray of Daviot.
Ludovick McBean of Tomatin.
Bailie Robt. Warrand, merchant in Inverness.
Bailie Alex. McIntosh, merchant there.
Bailie William Scott, of Seabank, Esq.
- 20 David Dean, merchant in Inverness.

ROSS AND CROMARTY.

- 1 Col. Alex. Ross of Calrossie.
Captain John Ross of Castlecraig.
George Mackenzie, factor of Cromarty.
Andrew Munro of Lealdie.
- 25 Colin Mackenzie of Achilty.
John Mackenzie of Kindeace.
David Ross, writer in Tain.
John Ross, writer there.
Robert M'Kidd, writer in Fortrose.
- 30 John Simson, sen., writer in Dingwall, Elgin, and Nairn.
John Brander, Esq., of Pitgavany.
Alex. Innes, Esq., of Garmouth.
Alex. Lesslie, Esq., of Belnageth.
William Young, tacksman, of Aikenhead.
- 35 John Ritchie, jun., merchant in Elgin.
James Dalmahoy, Tanner in Forres.
William MacRae, merchant in Nairn.
John Nicolson, tanner there.
Charles M'Arthur, vintener at Calder.

- 40 Robert Faleoner, merchant in Nairn.
Robert Dempster, merchant there.
Alexander Alexander, merchant there.
George Spark, watchmaker in Elgin.
Alexander Smith, merchant in Forres.
- 45 Alexander Mitchall, merchant in Garmouth.

The above is the list of Assize for the trial of Hugh Breack Mackenzie and others above mentioned.

(Signed)	ROB. MACQUEEN.
„	JOHN SWINTON.
„	DAV. RAE.

Follows the list of Witnesses to be adduced against Hugh Breack Mackenzie and others above mentioned :—

- 1 Donald Ross, *alias* Gow, residenter in Drumvaich, in the county of Cromarty.
- 2 William Ross, tacksman of Letters, in the county of Ross.
- 3 William Munro, *alias* Taylor, tenant in Balvraid in Strathrusdale, in the county of Ross.
- 4 William Home, kirk officer of the united parishes of Kirk-michael and Cullicudden, in the county of Ross.
- 5 John Fraser, kirk officer of the parish of Urquhart, in the county of Ross.
- 6 William Ross, residenter in Achlaich, on the estate of Fowlis and county of Ross.
- 7 William Ross, *alias* Doun, tenant in Gladfield, in the county of Ross.
- 8 Donald Ross, *alias* Doun, son to John Ross, *alias* Doun, tenant in Dounie of Strathcarron, in the county of Ross.
- 9 Walter Ross, *alias* Seir, tenant in Croick, in the parish of Kincardine, and the county of Ross.
- 10 William Ross, *alias* Bain, tenant in Wester Greenard in the county of Ross.
- 11 Duncan McGrigor, in Tutimtarvach, in the county of Sutherland.
- 12 Duncan Kennedy, shepherd to Mrs. Margaret Geddes, residing at Keanlochalsh, in the county of Sutherland.
- 13 Robert Murray, shepherd to said Mrs. Geddes.
- 14 William M'Gregor, sheep-farmer at Inverchasly.

- 15 Donald Munro, *alias* Michael, tenant in Achnacloich, on the estate of Ardross, in the county of Ross.
- 16 William Munro, *alias* Michael, tenant in Achnacloich, aforesaid.
- 17 Mr. Hugh Scobie, tacksman of Ardmore.
- 18 Hugh Munro, *alias* Macintyre, tenant in Strathrusdale.
- 19 James M'Gregor, sheep farmer, Strathcasly, and county of Sutherland.
- 20 Alex. Chisholm, in Cormuillie and county of Ross.
- 21 John Ross, son to William Ross, in Letters.
- 22 David Ross, *alias* Bain, tenant in Croick.
- 23 William Ross, *alias* M'Rob, tenant in Alladale.
- 24 John Holm, tenant in Tolly of Strathrusdale, parish of Ross-keen.
- 25 Robert Ross, *alias* Macandrew, tenant there.
- 26 William Ross, tacksman of Brea, parish of Kincardine and county of Ross.
- 27 Donald Rankin, shepherd to Mr. Campbell of Lagwine.
- 28 John Macallum, shepherd to do.

The above is the List of Witnesses to be adduced against Hugh Breack Mackenzie, and others above-named.

(Signed) JOHN BURNETT, A.D.

I, Donald Cameron, Messenger, by virtue of Criminal Letters of the foregoing date and signetting, raised at the instance of the above designed Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston, and whereof, and of the List of Assize, to pass on your Trial, and of the List of Witnesses to be adduced against you for proving the same, What is contained on the eleven preceding pages is a full double to the Will: In His Majesty's name and authority, lawfully command, warn, and charge you, the before designed William Cunningham, to compear and to come and find sufficient caution and surety acted in the books of adjournal that you shall compear before the said Lords in a Circuit Court of Justiciary, to be holden by them, or any one or more of their number, within the Tolbooth or Criminal Court house of Inverness, upon the fourteenth day of September next to come, in the hour of cause, there to underlye the law, and that under the pains contained in the Acts of Parliament. This I do upon this Twenty-seventh day of August, j^m vij^c and ninety-two years, before these witnesses, Donald Maclean, Writer in Dingwall, and Donald Ross, Indweller in Tain.

(Signed) DONALD CAMERON.

Accounts do not agree as to the verdict. My anonymous correspondent says that Donald Munro, Alex. Mackay, William Cunningham, and Thomas Urquhart were acquitted ; that Malcolm Ross was fined in a large sum (which however in a few days was collected among his acquaintances, and paid) ; and that Hugh Breac Mackenzie and John Aird were sentenced for seven years to Botany Bay. Another traditional version is that one by one of the accused were acquitted, and seeing this, one of the Camerons rose up in court, and exclaimed that if the proceedings were to go on in this way no man's life would be safe in the country. "The last three, Mackenzie, Aird, and Ross," says my informant, "were then condemned !" This story is probably of little value in so far as this case is concerned, but it is exceedingly likely that Cameron may have expressed the opinion ascribed to him when the eight men who were tried for relieving *their own* cattle from *his* fold were all acquitted.

General Stewart of Garth says, the accused "were eloquently defended by Mr. Charles Ross, advocate, one of their own countrymen ; but as their conduct was illegal, and the offence clearly proved, they were found guilty and condemned to be transported to Botany Bay." Probably the account of the case given in the *Scots Magazine* for September, 1792, may be accepted as correct. After giving the names and the nature of the charge, the account in the *Scots Magazine* goes on :—"The prosecutor deserted the diet against Thomas Urquhart, who was thereupon *dismissed*. The trial proceeded against the other persons above mentioned, and the jury found the libel proven. The sentence of the court is that Hugh Breack Mackenzie and John Aird be transported beyond the seas for seven years ; Malcolm Ross, *alias* M'Rob, to be fined in £50 sterling, and imprisoned for a month and till payment ; Alexander Mackay and Donald Munro, *alias* Roy, to be banished from Scotland for life ; and William Cunningham to be imprisoned for three months, and then dismissed. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* also reports the trial to the same effect.

The prisoners, however, escaped from prison, and it does not appear that any active steps were taken for their apprehension. Mr. Aird writes me :—"I heard that the feeling in the country as to the unrighteousness of the sentence passed by the judge was so strong that the prison door was opened so that the prisoners escaped." Sir George Mackenzie, who looks at the sentence from his own point of view, says :—"The firmness with which it [*i.e.*, the "rising" of 1792] was met, completely quelled the spirit of rebellion amongst the people in general, who soon discovered that

they had been misled by artful and designing men to accomplish their own purposes." Concerning the same affair, General Stewart says :—" It would appear, however, that though the legality of the verdict and sentence could not be questioned, these did not carry along with them the public opinion, which was probably the cause that the escape of the prisoners was in a manner connived at ; for they disappeared out of prison no one knew how, and were never inquired after or molested." My " Highland friend " narrates the escape as follows :—" In the same cell with them was a notorious character—*An gille maol dubh*—who was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and he, it is said, planned a means of escape. With no other instrument than a large nail, of which he got possession, he managed unobserved to dig into the sill of the window of their cell so deeply as to enable him with ease to wrench out one of the iron bars when a favourable opportunity for doing so would occur. But fortune favoured them in another manner. In the gloaming of the night on which they determined to make their escape, the jail door was for a few minutes left open by the keeper, and while he was occupied in another part of the building, the three prisoners slipped out singly—first the *gille maol dubh*, next Hugh Breac Mackenzie, and lastly John Aird—and made for the country by way of the old wooden bridge. The approaching darkness, and the streets being almost deserted, prevented detection. As John Aird, who was last, was crossing the bridge, their escape was discovered by the keeper of the jail, who raised an alarm by ringing the jail bell. The ringing of the bell made his heart to bump against his sides, and added wings to his feet. At the break of day, Aird found himself among crofters' houses west of Beaully ; and seeing a woman coming out of a house near him, he implored her assistance to accomplish his escape. She, with tender pity, gave him food, and hid him, unknown to any other occupant of the house, in a large chest till next night. On the third night he reached his own house in Strathrusdale, but never slept in it. During the day he hid himself among the hills, and during night begged for food at houses whose occupants he knew would not betray him. Before winter set in he crossed over to Morayshire, where he remained till his death. Hugh Breac Mackenzie also reached his own house in two or three days, and for some time kept himself hid in a small dungeon he dug underneath the floor of his house. He also sought safety in Morayshire. No search was ever made for them. It was enough for the authorities of the day to understand that they left their native district, never again to return to disturb the peace."

The *Courant*, which supplied me with much of the information above given, has an interesting notice relative to the escape in its issue of 3rd November, 1792 ; and as it may be considered authoritative, I will give it in full :—

ESCAPE.

“The following prisoners made their escape from prison upon the night of Wednesday, the 24th October last, from the Tolbooth of Inverness—viz., Hugh Breck Mackenzie, late tenant in Auchuns, and John Aird, late tenant in Strathrusdale, both of the shire of Ross, and under sentence of transportation, and Allan Macdonald, *alias* Ouer, lately residing in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, in the shire of Inverness, and who was found insane by the verdict of a jury.

“The said Hugh Breck Mackenzie is about 40 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches high, black short hair, dark complexion, much pox-marked, his left eye much blemished, has a down look and walks lightly ; had on when he made his escape a short dark dussle striped coat, a striped vest, corduroy breeches, white stockings, and a bonnet.

“John Aird is about 45 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, broad shoulders, black eyes, a very dark complexion, straight and well-made ; had on when he made his escape a black short coat, and breeches of coarse country-made cloth, a striped vest of country-made cloth (black, red and white) with blue stockings, and a bonnet.

“Allan Macdonald is about 28 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high, short black hair, brown complexion, and full faced ; had on when he made his escape a black short coat of coarse country cloth, a striped vest, red and blue, and tartan hose, red, black, and blue stripes.

“A reward of 5 guineas is hereby offered for apprehending each of the persons of the said Hugh Breck Mackenzie, and John Aird, and to be paid by the Treasurer of Inverness, upon their being secured in any legal jail in Scotland.”

Macleod of Geanies, in the letter which I have already partly quoted, says that certain parties interfered when he was precognosing witnesses in the case. Three of these alleged offenders were brought up at the same circuit court as the others, and relative to them I find the following in the *Courant* report of the trial :—“James Munro, William Campbell, and Alex. Fraser were accused of obstructing and hindering persons from appearing before the Sheriff of Ross, to be precognosed. James Munro, failing to

appear, was outlawed, and the Advocate-depute deserted the diet against the others, so they were dismissed."

After all, one cannot help thinking there must have been some justification for the doings of the people. The first eight tried were acquitted by the verdict of a jury. Six were convicted; but those of them who were sentenced to suffer the heaviest penalties escaped from prison without difficulty. The humanity of the country was with them, and not even the vigilance of the Sheriff-depute of Ross was sufficient to secure their re-apprehension. Then, with regard to the other three. One, who failed to appear, was outlawed; and the remaining two were allowed to go their way in peace! If the doings of these people were as criminal and unjustifiable as they were painted by Macleod of Geanies, would the offenders have been allowed to escape practically unpunished? That is a question which I will allow the facts I have endeavoured to place impartially before you to answer. But in whatever light we view the doings of that time, it is of value to record the facts; and the above will, I hope, be not considered an uninteresting contribution to the history of the last Highland raid, which has given to the year 1792 the name of *Bliadhna nan Caorach*.

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