

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
Gaelic Society of Inverness.

VOLUME I.

B. air. 23.

H.

Alex. Mackinnon

Jan'y 1873

Miss Mrs. Murray
July 88

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOL. I.—YEAR 1871-72.

TRANSACTIONS
OF
The Gaelic Society
OF
INVERNESS.

VOL. I.—YEAR 1871-72

Clann nan Gaidheil ri Guaillean a' Cheile.

INVERNESS:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
WILLIAM MACKAY, 14 HIGH STREET.

1872.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	ix
Preliminary Meeting	1
Incorporation of Society	5
Inaugural Lecture, by the Rev. A. D. Mackenzie	5
Lament for Lord Clyde, by Angus Macdonald	22
Local Topography, by Alexander Mackenzie	23
The Clan System, by John Murdoch	31
The Legends of Glen-Urquhart, by William Mackay	43
The Forty-Five, by Charles Mackay	54
Survey of the Celtic Languages, by the Rev. William Ross	56
The Highland Clearances, by John Macdonald	79
Notes on the History of the Gael, by Lachlan Macbean	85
The First Annual Assembly	93
Chairman's Address	94
The Highlanders in the Crimea	95
Rev. Mr Stewart's Address	96
Professor Blackie's Address	102
Rev. Mr Macgregor's Address	106
Nationality, by Professor Blackie	113
List of Members of the Society	121
Donations towards the Library	126

ERRATA.

Page	23,	line	10—	<i>For</i> éifeachd,		<i>read</i> éifeachd.
	48,	„	21	„ Dl'fheach,	„	Dl'fheuch.
	52,	„	13	„ inneal,	„	ainneal.
	56,	„	8	„ Comuinn,	„	Chomuinn.
	„	„	10	„ Thi,	„	Tha.
	61,	„	32	„ beanneachd,	„	beannachd.
	96,	„	25	„ acain,	„	acain.
	„	„	11	„ son,	„	's an.
	„	„	18	„ eaoidh,	„	caoidh.

Page 52, line 38—*For* Tri cheud deug le'n dian armachd—
Fir thugad a tha, a chaillich !

Read—Tri cheud deug le'n dian armachd,
'Us lothunn choin aig gach fear—
Fir thugad a tha, a chaillich !

The Gaelic Society of Inverness.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR YEAR 1872.

CHIEF.

CLUNY MACPHERSON OF CLUNY.

CHIEFTAINS.

THOMAS MACKENZIE. | JOHN MURDOCH.
JOHN MACKINTOSH, M.A.

HON. SECRETARY

W. MACKINNON BANNATYNE, ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECRETARY.

WILLIAM MACKAY, 67 CHURCH STREET.

TREASURER.

JOHN MACDONALD, THE EXCHANGE.

BARD.

ANGUS MACDONALD.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.

CHARLES MACKAY. | JAMES FRASER.
DUNCAN MACIVER. | WILLIAM MACKENZIE.
LACHLAN MACBEAN.

BANKERS.

THE CALEDONIAN BANKING COMPANY.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

COIMH-DHEALBHADH.

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

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan s a' Ghàilig; cinneas cànaire, bardachd, agus ciùil na Gàidhealtachd; bardachd, seanachas, sgeulachd, leabhraichean agus sgrìobhanna 's a' chànan sin] a thearnadh o dhearmad; leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an cànan sam bith—a bhuineas do chàileachd, iomsachaidh, eachraidheachd agus sheanachasaibh nan Gàidheal no do thairbhe na Gàidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gàidheal a dhìon; agus na Gàidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghnà ge b'e àit am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhithes 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha 'gabhail suim do rùntaibh a' Chomuinn, agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarraidair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, na roghnaicheas a' mhòr-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhì dligheach, feumaidh trì buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn urram cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliùiteach.

4. Pàidhidh ball urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna	£0 10 6
Ball cumanta	0 5 0
Foghlainte	0 1 0
Agus nì ball-beatha aon comh-thoirt de	7 7 0

5. 'S a' Cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, trì Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Iomhasair, agus còig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gàilig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus nì còigear dhuibh 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
And 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 Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachdain o thoiseach an Deicheamh-mios gu deireadh Mhàirt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghàilig a labhair gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle là air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhmair aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son piobaireachd 'us ciùil Ghàidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig an faigh mìthe Gàidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gàilig. Giùlainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sònraichte 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 nan bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gàilig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's éigin sin a chur an céill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi 'a làthair roghnachadh le lamh-àitlne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bàrd, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabhar-lann.

Ullaichear gach paipear agus leughadh, agus giùlainear gach deasboireachd le rùn fosgailte, duineil, dùrachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach nì air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhtha.

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 shall 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 an alteration 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 GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS may be accepted as more or less of an embodiment of the sentiment of the Highlands. It is one of the results of a feeling that Highland interests and ideas have not had adequate expression in previously existing organisations ; and it is intended at once to stimulate and to give vent, in its own way, to that public spirit which is awakening in the country. There was an idea at one time that such diversities as manifest themselves in the Celt and the Saxon should be smoothed down so as to obliterate the distinction between the races. Wise men now think that variety should be cherished in the human as well as in other species ; and that this variety, even in one nation, should be a source of strength and not of weakness. With regard to England, the theory has been laid down that her force is actually due to the marked variety of races with which south Britain has always been peopled. In Kent, in Cornwall, in Norfolk, in Cumberland, &c., it has been said that there are, and that there have been from time immemorial, and independently even of the Saxon and Norman invasions, distinct types of men ; and that from these stocks the country has a perennial supply of that energy, mental and physical, which flows from the fresh admixture of superior races. Without insisting on the exact scientific truth of this theory, it has the value of teaching the one race to look with tolerance, and even with double interest, upon another, and it ought to go a good way towards extinguishing that feeling of impatience with which some among us have regarded the occasional outbursts of nationality which break in upon the monotony of our trading existence. And this theory or some

other influence has undoubtedly done so. Every spark of Scottish fervour which ventured to show itself above our humble hearths was wont to be made the object of torrents of abuse, the *Times* being the fire-engine-in-chief on the scene of conflagration. If a Highlander or a Lowlander lamenting over the decadence of the clansmen of the North, or at the vanishing of the Gaelic language, had been the premonition of some terrible revolution, the *Scotsman*, published in our own metropolis, could hardly have been more perturbed; and between the indignation and the ridicule thus brought to play upon the sentiments of our people, it is no wonder that some of them shrank from declaring and showing that either Celtic sentiment or patriotic fervour had any existence in their bosoms. Within the last two or three weeks several of our London organs of opinion—the *Times* among them—have signified in no equivocal terms, that it is no longer a crime or an offence for people to make characteristic displays of their nationality; that, in fact, it is rather pleasant than otherwise to behold such displays; and that it is a wholesome sign of people to let it be distinctly understood that they go in for maintaining that type of humanity which happens to be stamped upon themselves. At least, if the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and others, did not say all this, this and a great deal more may fairly be inferred from their admissions.

There may be other and less philosophic reasons why these amiable things should now be said. It is very questionable if any philosophy ever had anything to do in producing the feeling with which some pro-Saxons regarded the people of the Highlands. At the time when that feeling found the most philosophical—or least absurd—expression, Highland people were in the way of certain powerful parties who professed to be great national economists. The people must be got rid of; but it would not have done to say openly that they must be removed so that the greed of those so-called economists might be satisfied. So a philosophy was invented, and an economic scheme laid down—to be expounded from week to week in such columns as could be prostituted to such purposes—under which the greatest economic blunders and national crimes might be committed, no one making the perpetrators afraid. But now these deeds stand forth in the light of day as crimes and

blunders : the desolated glens should now be yielding more beef and mutton, and the expatriated people should be extending the dominion of the plough over the heather. At this hour, steam, at enormous cost, is employed to do the work of reclamation which only human hands can do satisfactorily, and which human beings would have given many years of their lives to be allowed to perform at the time the behests of greed were being enforced against them. The people which at that time were cast out as worthless are now wanted to develop the capabilities of our glens and straths, and the lands which were supposed to be useless are now beginning to be regarded as susceptible of unlimited fertility. So that, in giving ostensible expression to the sentiments of the Highlands, we cherish no antagonism to the Lowlands, but, on the contrary, we act in harmony with the best convictions and in furtherance of the best interests of the South. The cherishing of the sentiments, the traditions, and the characters of our people, will do much to re-inspire them with the energy and the confidence necessary to the manful discharge of the duties which they owe to the rest of the nation as well as to themselves.

The Gaelic Society is further intended to be a medium through which the Highland people may discharge a certain class of duties which they owe to all nations; and the present volume of Transactions, if it is not a large instalment of that duty, is at once an indication of the disposition to pay in full, and an earnest of what remains to be done. The Highlands owe it to the world of letters and philosophy, that whatever the Gaelic language, traditions, legends, poetry, sentiments and philosophy contain which is of value should be preserved by those who know them, and handed over as valuable contributions to the stock of materials out of which human learning must be built up. Whether the Gaelic language is destined to die or not, the above is due from Highlanders; and it is all the more imperative upon them if there be reason to fear that the language will shortly cease to be spoken. The more it is felt that such a calamity is imminent, the more active we should be to rescue from oblivion whatever is liable to perish along with the language. This work is not to be disparaged merely because Highland vanity is liable to show itself. It would be a very churlish thing to reject a man's offered treasure

or assistance merely because it pleased himself to make the offer. The offer should be accepted with all the more satisfaction because it left behind, as well as brought with it, a feeling of pleasure, and in the conviction that the service was all the more likely to be genuine, being prompted by a desire for credit, as well as by a disposition to oblige. Besides, that must be a positively bad element of character which would influence one to reject what should be a gain to himself, merely because his acceptance might gratify the giver.

It is an encouragement to know, and a pleasure to record the fact, that although the duty referred to devolves upon Highlanders in general and upon the Gaelic Society in particular, the work has not been neglected. Enough has been done to prove that we possess the materials referred to in rich abundance, and also that these materials are in requisition. For a record of what has already been picked up, and an indication of what may yet be gathered, we need only refer to Mr Campbell of Islay's "Leabhar na Feinne," just out. A great recommendation of "Leabhar na Feinne" is that, besides containing a large quantity of ancient matter never before published, and much valuable information regarding things previously in print, it is such a faithful register of the books which have already been published in the same line, and of the manuscripts which have passed through the author's hands in the course of his researches. This book is valuable as exhibiting the most rigid and critical care to avoid exaggeration and straining after more than the facts sustain. This will be a defect, no doubt, in the eyes of many; but even if the author should be found to have carried his caution so far as to shrink from conclusions actually sustained by his own facts and by the facts ascertained by others, the error may well be regarded as both novel and safe. In its own department of Celtic literature, "Leabhar na Feinne" deserves to occupy a position analogous to that occupied by the late lamented Professor O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," a work to which every labourer in this great field is glad to acknowledge his indebtedness, as placing the key, at least, to the most valuable literary antiquities of Ireland in his hand, and saving lives of labour to all future Celtic scholars. Mr Campbell has rendered similar service to those who

would work in the field of Highland literature, and incidentally to the votaries of Irish, Scandinavian, and even Indian antiquities: for thus are the language and the very pastimes of the humblest of our Highland people mixed up with the great and interesting subjects of philology, ethnology, history, and anthropology generally, and invested with an importance over and above that which they possess to ourselves as being our own and something of a key and a stimulus to the minds of our people. The publication of the Dean of Lismore's Book was itself an epoch in Celtic literature; and every one at all versed in such matters knows that Dr Mac-*lauchlan* and Mr *Skene*, the translator and the editor of that book, are, like Mr *Campbell*, institutions in themselves, whose claims on the world of letters the kindred institution at *Inverness* will deem it an honour to rival even in a small degree.

Although there is no real occasion to do so here, beyond that of gratifying ourselves in acknowledging good work well done, we cannot refrain from bringing the names of *James Macpherson* and a former Lord of *Bute* before our readers, for the immediate purpose of offering many hearty thanks for the munificence of the present Marquis of *Bute*, and for the elegant and scholarly, yet very unostentatious, service rendered by the Rev. Dr *Clerk* of *Kilmalie*, in bringing out the recent splendid edition of what are still cherished by thousands as the "Poems of *Ossian*"—the poems of the Highland *Ossian*.

From want of a more suitable place in which to mention them we introduce here two facts which are interesting and pleasing in connection with the appreciation of the *Ossianic Poems*, for which we are so largely indebted to Mr *Macpherson*. The first of these is that Dr *White* of *Waterford*, himself a poet and a composer, as well as an accomplished scholar and popular lecturer, has taken *Comala* (*Caomh-Mhala*) as he found it in *Macpherson*, and rendered it into admirable verse, and, with lyrics, airs, and pictorial illustrations, fitted it for representation on the stage as a genuine Celtic opera, which he calls the "*The Irish Princess*." In accordance with the idea that the materials of *Macpherson's Ossian* were Irish, Dr *White* says, in his introduction, that he only "brought home the *Irish Princess* from her wanderings in the Highlands." No one will relish the reply better than Dr *White*

himself—that if the “Poems of Ossian,” as given by Macpherson, were mere fabrications of his own, some one may appear hereafter on a Scottish stage, claiming that he has brought home the “Highland Princess from her wanderings in Innisfail.” The great fact lies under the rivalry—that this pathetic episode, like many others in the same category, seizes the genuine Celtic mind, and proves itself native, whether on Irish or on Scottish soil. The fact which follows would justify the addition of “Italian soil” to the broad platform occupied by Ossian. At this present time, there is in the press a magnificent tribute to the Poems of Ossian—twelve graphic and spirited engravings, illustrative of as many scenes, and displaying the physical and mental characteristics of the leading heroes and heroines in Ossian, accompanied by descriptive letterpress. The author is an Italian artist resident in London. Signor Priolo expresses his surprise that the rich mine which he has discovered in Ossian had not been previously worked, and intimates that there is not a page which does not offer most attractive subjects for pictorial illustration. These are the poems which our humble peasantry had the inborn taste to appreciate. Such taste, we opine, is well worthy of being cared for and cultivated, even though found under a roof of heather; and the men who preferred such compositions, even to heartless treatises on a false economy, are themselves worthy of being cherished and firmly established in their native land.

Of the papers which follow, it is proper to say that they are not all that were read before the Society. Some were withheld from motives of modesty—the writers not venturing to appear in print. Some were actually lost, and they not the least deserving of being preserved in type; whilst others, of very great interest, which we might have given in this volume, are held over for our next.

Of the volume as a whole, it may be said to owe its origin in some measure to a strong feeling which exists, that Highland ideas have not hitherto had adequate expression in the press. The idea of a Highland newspaper is still, we believe, entertained by many outside this Society. The proposal to start a Gaelic magazine was before the Society, but while this matter was under the consideration of a committee, “The Gael” returned from his

wanderings in Canada and took up his abode in Glasgow. It was felt then that it was but fair and courteous to give Mr Nicolson every chance of reaping abundantly in the field on which he had the penetration and the vigour to enter whilst we were looking about us. But, although another magazine might for a time be a rival, the issue of an occasional volume of our Transactions was an absolute necessity in itself; and with "The Gael" it would be a helpful fellow-worker, coming slowly in the rear. And finally, it was thought that a volume such as this is would be a suitable acknowledgment, on the part of the resident members, of their obligation to those ladies and gentlemen at a distance who gave expression to their patriotism and good taste in becoming members of the Society.

TRANSACTIONS.

The result of numerous private conversations, and some public correspondence, on the subject of a Gaelic Society in Inverness, was that a meeting of gentlemen favourable to the proposal was held on the evening of the 4th of September 1871, in one of the halls of the Association Buildings, Inverness. There were present about thirty-five gentlemen, among whom were Mr Thomas Mackenzie, ex-Rector of the High School; Mr Alex. Dallas, Town-Clerk; Mr John Murdoch, of the Inland Revenue Department; Mr John Mackintosh, M.A., Rector of the Old Academy; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Clachmaeuddin House; Mr John Macdonald, The Exchange; Mr Charles Mackay, Drummond; Mr William Mackenzie and Mr Donald Macleod, Raining's School; Mr Angus Macdonald, Queen Street; Mr Donald Campbell, Bridge Street; Mr Dumean Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr Robert Macdonald, Gaelic Teacher; Mr Barron, Courier Office; Mr Charles Mackintosh, Commission-Agent; and Mr William Mackay, Writer.

Mr Thomas Mackenzie was moved to the chair, and Mr William Mackay, who had issued circulars calling the meeting, was chosen interim Secretary.

Mr John Murdoch moved that a Gaelic Society be established in Inverness. In so moving, he stated that he had, himself, often felt both surprised and ashamed that until this hour the Highland capital should be without such an institution. He held that, from a regard even for those outside the Highlands, whether Celts or Saxons, there should be in Inverness an organisation of men to whom philologists, archaeologists, ethnologists, and the like, could at any time apply for any kind of information bearing upon the language, traditions, poetry, and legendary lore of the Highlands. In the second place, assuming, as some hope and as others fear, that the Gaelic language is destined to die out, there should be a

special effort made to rescue from destruction and oblivion all that is valuable in the lore now afloat in the Highlands. That there are vast stores of valuable matter thus in danger of being lost for ever, most intelligent Highlanders know; and clearly Inverness is the centre into which these stores should be gathered. It is of great importance to philology in particular that such an institution should be established, and such a work of collecting should be begun, whilst there are large numbers living whose vernacular the Gaelic is. He, for example, had always found that the best etymology of a puzzling name was that obtained from a totally unlettered native peasant—one who did not know a word of English, and very often one who did not know that he was giving an etymology at all. The simple unsophisticated Highland pronunciation of the word very often preserved the germ of every part of the compound, and thus carried its own meaning to the Gaelic ear. Next to this, and sometimes even before this, was the etymology furnished to the Gaelic-speaking observer by the object, or the scene itself. Once travelling in the south of Ireland, the speaker was greatly amused at the flights of invention to which persons who disregard this very natural fact sometimes have recourse. Approaching the left bank of the river Lee, his companion remarked that they were just coming to Carrigrohane Castle, “so called after the French De Rohans.” “Why,” said the speaker, “the place tells its own story. It is the rock overhanging the river, ‘carrig air o’ain,’ just as plainly as Carrig on Shammon, or Carrig on Suir.” Balaam’s ass did not speak more plainly than do thousands of places; but, from not knowing the language of the country, our learned men are both deaf and blind to what otherwise might be so clear to them. In the third place, we should have books and MSS. bearing upon everything connected with the language, history, and economics of the Highlands and Highland people, so that when any one at a distance wanted to know anything of ourselves or our country, ancient or modern, he might, with a certainty of being supplied, turn towards the Gaelic Society of Inverness for information. And he had no doubt that a very great quantity of such valuables could be had in a short time. There were hampers of valuable papers lying in different parts of the country with scarcely an owner, and whilst we had no Celtic Library in the Highland capital, valuable books and MSS. pertaining to our language were treasured in Ireland, in England, in France, in Italy (“Yes,” said the chairman, “in Spain.”) Another thing which pained the speaker was the slipshod Gaelic often spoken in the streets of Inverness, every third or fourth word English. Now he held that our object (with such an institution as they were that might founding), should be to compare the different local dialects of Gaelic, and with the assistance

afforded by our ancient MSS., erect and polish off what he would call a classic Gaelic speech. This was no mere fancy; there were evidences that such a speech was at one time recognised in the Highlands, and the actual formation of such a speech in Ireland many centuries back was a simple fact in history. Then there was the less ambitious, but even more obvious object, of members perfecting themselves in the rich and elegant language of their forefathers. Whilst he would not be satisfied with this society being merely a Gaelic class, he would have a Gaelic class to form one of its most vital constituents. He would not enlarge further on the subject, desiring rather to hear the views of others, and he had no doubt many there had valuable suggestions to offer.

Mr Alexander Mackenzie seconded the motion, remarking on the anomaly that when any one wanted to know anything connected with Gaelic literature or tradition, he must apply, not to a body of learned and patriotic men in the Capital of the Highlands, but to a Gaelic, or a Celtic, or a Highland Society in London or New York! This disgraceful state of things must be at once changed. At the same time he would recommend that the Inverness Gaelic Society should be connected with similar societies elsewhere, not only for literary and scientific purposes, but for the purpose of rendering assistance to young Highlanders seeking their fortunes in other lands. The Society should look after the interests of young men coming from the remote Highlands to Inverness; and when they left Inverness for more distant fields of enterprise, it should give them such directions and introductions as would facilitate their advancement in the lands of their adoption. The fact of their being members of the Inverness Society would be a passport to Gaelic Societies elsewhere. He thought that there were many gentlemen of position in the Highlands and elsewhere who would feel it an honour to be members and patrons of the Society. There was one gentleman in particular, an enthusiastic Highlander, whom he should expect to see a member, and whom he should suggest for patron. He referred to Cluny Macpherson. Then as to the name of the Society, he would hold by the simple "Gaelic Society of Inverness;" then people would know what was meant. But if you called it the "Celtic Society," or the "Club of True Highlanders," or any other of these farfetched names, he questioned very much if it would not be as great a failure as some of the merely convivial associations which had done so little to better the minds or bodies of their compatriots. Whilst some of these were drinking toddy, the Gaelic Society of London was labouring to raise its race and language from insignificance, and had already, he might say, succeeded in establishing the long considered Gaelic Professorship in the University of Edinburgh.

He had great pleasure in seconding the resolution that a Gaelic Society be established in Inverness.

Mr Alexander Dallas, Town-Clerk, had great pleasure in supporting the resolution, not, however, that he agreed with the sentiments expressed on a recent occasion by Cluny Macpherson, who had just been proposed with such deserved compliments as patron of the Society. Cluny said that he would have all the children taught to read and write Gaelic in the schools. Now, whilst he held the distinguished Chief in as high estimation as any one in that meeting, he most decidedly differed with him in that particular. What would be the use of it? It would in no way promote their prosperity in the world; no business was done in Gaelic beyond a few transactions, perhaps, at the Muir of Orl. And who ever heard of accounts kept or rendered in Gaelic? As to the name of the Society, he was favourable to the more general term "Celtic," otherwise it might be supposed that it had no interest in anything beyond the mere maintenance of the language of the Highlanders. Holding by this name, whilst allowing the language to die, we might so labour as to render essential service to philology and archaeology generally, by contributing our Gaelic share to the common stock of Celtic lore.

Mr Robert Macdonald was called upon by the Chairman to give his views as an experienced teacher of Gaelic. Mr Macdonald did so by stating that he saw no difficulty in doing business in Gaelic, and he had often seen accounts made out in Gaelic. And as to teaching the language, he was engaged at present in teaching Gaelic to a young gentleman who, he had no doubt, would ere long be a distinguished member of the Society—he referred to The Mackintosh of Mackintosh.

Mr Donald Campbell said he could not refrain from stating, in opposition to what Mr Dallas had said, that for his part he would have a great difficulty, indeed, in getting rid of his mother tongue, and he had no desire to do so. On the contrary, he held that so rich, copious, and expressive a language should be preserved for its own sake, and not merely for the sake of the poetry or tradition which might be extant in it.

The Chairman briefly reviewed what had been brought before the meeting, adding that there was nothing peculiarly English in the keeping of accounts, that the very elements of our symbols were as much Gaelic as English, and gave off-hand a formula of a Gaelic account. He hoped that something would be done to save his ears from the jabber of mongrel Gaelic which was becoming a scandal to Inverness. There was, no doubt, reason to fear that the Gaelic would die out as a spoken tongue, but that would not be for a generation or two, and the nearer the catastrophe the more urgent

the duty of doing what was contemplated in establishing a Gaelic Society in Inverness.

The resolution was carried with acclamation.

After a good deal of conversational discussion on such matters as the name of the Society, the subscription, corresponding and honorary members, the library, &c., a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and rules to be submitted for the approval of another meeting.

On the 21st of September the Committee appointed for the purpose—and which consisted of Mr Dallas, Mr Murdoch, Mr John Mackintosh, Mr Charles Mackintosh, Mr John Macdonald, Mr Angus Macdonald, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Mr Campbell, and Mr William Mackay—submitted a draft constitution. After due consideration and some modification, the constitution, printed on another page, was adopted.

On the 28th a formal incorporation took place, in which those gentlemen who had so far taken part in the proceedings were enrolled as members. A Society of twenty-four members was thus constituted.

On the 5th October a Provisional Committee of Management was appointed, and matters connected with the working of the Society were discussed and cleared up. At the same meeting a sub-committee was appointed to revise the form and term of the constitution, without any change in the substance.

October 12.—The chief business transacted—making arrangements for the Inaugural Lecture by the Rev. Mr Mackenzie of Kilmorack. On the same occasion Mr Angus Macdonald was appointed Bard to the Society.

INAUGURAL LECTURE.

The Inaugural lecture was delivered on the evening of 19th October, by the Rev. A. D. Mackenzie of the Free Church, Kilmorack, under the presidency of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., who, in the most handsome manner, set aside several engagements to take the chair. Sir Kenneth was supported by J. F. Campbell, Esq. of Islay; Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch; Hugh Matheson, Esq., London; Professor White of Waterford, Ireland; the Revs. A. Macgregor, G. Mackay, D. Sutherland, P. Robertson; Bailie Simpson; Jos. Robertson, Esq.,

Northern Counties Fire Office; Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., Broadstone; A. Dallas, Esq., Town-Clerk, &c.

The large hall of the Association Buildings, in which the meeting was held, was tastefully decorated with a royal stag's head lent by Mr Snowie; drapery of Clan tartans from Clachnacuddin House; and bunches of deers' grass from the *Monadhliath*. There was a large and respectable audience, and every proof was afforded of the interest which was felt in the proceedings.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie congratulated the meeting on the formation of the Gaelic Society, and referred to its objects—the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language, the establishment of a library, the preservation of Gaelic manuscripts and literature, &c. He thought their programme set out very fully what the objects of such a society should be, and of all places in the world Inverness was the most suitable for the establishment of a Gaelic library, and the collection of works bearing on Celtic literature. There was no other town in Great Britain where, from a convenient distance, any considerable number of educated people who understood the Gaelic language could be got together. Now that there was some chance of a Gaelic chair being established in the University of Edinburgh, it was very desirable that, in the country, people should have an opportunity of preparing themselves for the University class. Perhaps one of the first results of the formation of the Society would be to excite an interest among the members in that legendary lore which exists among the Gaelic speaking population of the islands and the remote districts of the mainland. Old tales and ballads were disappearing before the spread of the English language, and the changes in popular customs which could not fail to accompany an advancing civilisation. A certain class of these legends was widespread, being common to the whole of Scotland and to Ireland; and though their historical value might be questionable, still, being of great antiquity, they were of much interest and value as giving an insight into the sentiments and feelings of the early people. Another class was more local, affecting particular districts and families; but even these, if thoroughly sifted, might be of value to the historian, as casting a light upon ancient manners and customs. No doubt the Society would endeavour to rescue these old relics from oblivion. And apart from such objects altogether, he thought that even people of unimaginative and realistic mind, for whom pictures of the past had no attraction, would find it to their advantage to be connected with such a Society, at least as long as Gaelic was a spoken language. Gaelic was no doubt a decaying language, and the time must come when it would cease to be generally spoken. He did not know how soon or how late this might be; its existence might be counted by

decades or by centuries, but certainly Gaelic as a living tongue would disappear. Still before it went—while it was going—the services of Gaelic speaking pastors and teachers would be required; and it was rather an unfortunate thing in these circumstances that the Gaelic language was gradually being lost hold of by the more educated classes. The Society might, therefore, do some good in a material point of view—not by stopping the advance of English, but by trying to get the educated classes to study Gaelic a little more than they had been doing, and not to forget the language of their ancestors altogether. He would not detain the meeting, because they had come to hear a lecture on a very interesting subject—“The Position of Gaelic and its Value to the Linguist,”—and he was sure Mr Mackenzie would treat it in a very interesting way.

Mr Mackenzie, who on rising was received with applause, said:

When the gentlemen interested in the formation of the Gaelic Society of Inverness asked me about a fortnight ago to do them the honour of delivering the inaugural lecture, permit me to say, in the outset, that I considered the honour as done to me. There are few things indeed which I should consider more complimentary than to be selected to advocate the claims of a language which I have long loved and admired—a language endeared to me by the associations of youth, home, and kindred—a language, moreover, in regard to which I have long entertained a strong and, I trust, intelligent conviction that it has never received from scholars a title of the consideration to which it is fairly entitled.

Having agreed, wisely or unwisely, to occupy my present position, the question was, how to render my lecture serviceable to the interests of the Society, and, at the same time, not uninteresting to a general audience. I can only say that it has been my sincere endeavour, with the scanty time and appliances at my disposal, to unite these objects. How far I may have succeeded it is for you to judge.

One of the most formidable difficulties which I anticipate for the Society, at least in the outset, is the *Qui bono?* “What’s the use?” will be heard on every side, “the language is dying out, and the sooner the better, for it forms a grievous obstacle to the advancement of our Highland people. Besides, all that you may do can avail you little in retarding its decay, or preventing its ultimate extinction.” Well, it must be admitted that there is as much truth in this as to make it plausible for the ends for which it is advanced. It is one of the plainest lessons of past history, that two vernacular languages have never kept their ground side by side in any country. One or other has invariably gone down, and it needs no soothsayer to determine in the case before us which

of the two must give way. In sad and sober truth, the process is going on before our eyes, and however much some of us may deplore it, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the world will not be many centuries older when the last speaker of Gaelic shall be as great a curiosity as was the last Cornish-speaking woman in the past century.

Now, have we not admitted with sufficient fulness all that can be said on that side the question? Have we not put the case against ourselves as strongly and broadly as the most prejudiced Saxon or Teuton could desire? Yes we have, and we can afford to do it, and still make good our plea. And now for our reply, or rather for the heads of it, for we cannot dwell much longer on preliminaries. First of all, we deny that a knowledge of Gaelic is any obstacle in the way of a man's advancement, but quite the reverse provided he has English along with it. It has been one of my mottoes in dealing with my people—"Get English by all means, and the more the better, but don't forget your Gaelic." I remember an old woman who used to be a hanger on in our kitchen. She had a strong dislike to English, and it was truly amusing to hear her rating the children for speaking English at all—"Shoe shoe nasty shoe, no shoe ach bròg." Here was the other extreme.

We might appeal to the present rights of our language as that which is best understood and most loved by about half a million of our countrymen, and the only language of by far the greater number of these—its rights to be understood by ministers, doctors, lawyers, sheriffs, and all such public functionaries. This was put very forcibly by Dr Blackie, a week or two ago, in his lecture in Oban. It is plain and palpable to any one of common sense. We might appeal to the acknowledged excellences of the language itself—its homogeneity, in which it seems to me unrivalled, building up its vocables from its own monosyllabic roots; its descriptiveness; its antique and picturesque phraseology, which points with sufficient plainness to a tropical climate as its early home; its stores of choicest poetry, which in the description of nature can hardly be excelled; and, finally, its inestimable value as the only exponent of the topography of a larger area of the world's surface than any other language of the earth ever occupied. In a word, such is my opinion of its value and of its future benefits on this score alone, that I would regard it as a calamity graver and wider than I need at present care to express were our old mother to pass into oblivion before we have extracted from her bosom all that she can now furnish for its illucidation.

I. But it is time that we should state some of those historical grounds on which we rest the claims of our language to so high an antiquity.

1. Let me remark for the benefit of those who may have paid little attention to ethnological questions, that as far back as history guides us we find the Celts occupying an important place in the community of nations. Greek and Roman writers call them by three names, *Celtae* or *Keltae*, *Galatae*, and *Galli* or *Galloi*. From Herodotus, usually styled the father of history, born B.C. 484, downward, they are often referred to, and the very terms in which they are referred to can only be explained on the supposition that even then they were being displaced from the wide areas formerly occupied, by successive races from the east, that hotbed of humanity. You find in Strabo, who wrote about the first years of the Christian era, Celts simply, Celtiberians, Celto-Ligurians, Celto-Scythians, Gallo-Grecians. Indeed, to modern ethnologists of a certain stamp, who are determined to over-ride all history to maintain their own pet theories, these references are a sore puzzle. Dr Latham, for instance, is terribly worried with Celts: they crop up about his hands here and there, and the way he takes to get rid of them is somewhat amusing. "Ah, you're here, Mr Celt, are you; yes, it can't be denied; but let me tell you, sir, you are an intruder." Just so, Dr Latham; and what if we can prove that your pet Iberians, Ligurians, and Scythians are themselves the intruders, and that your poor abused Celts have had earlier possession in all these areas. That the Celtic nations are one of the earliest branches of the great Aryan or Indo-European family of nations is now generally admitted by those who are competent to form an opinion.

2. But not only have we evidence of their existence at the very dawn of human history; but we have reason to conclude that they existed as two great branches as early at least as the days of Julius Caesar. All the test vocables which as yet are available seem to indicate that the Celts consisted of two great branches, speaking then as now distinct languages. You will find this well brought out in a work of very considerable research and ability, "On the Origin of the Gael," published in 1844, by a gentleman of this county, Mr Grant of Corrymony. And yet the names applied to each, *G ael* and *Gall*, their languages *Gaelic* and *Gaulic*, together with their adjectives *G aelta* and *Gallta*, though as different in sense as *Jew* and *Gentle*, or as *Greek* and *Barbarian*, are so similar in sound that it is more than probable that both have sometimes been embraced by ancient writers under the common term *Celts*, and sometimes mistaken the one for the other.

3. And now let me remark that we have those two races within our own dominions. With the more ancient we are in some respects pretty well acquainted, for they are ourselves: with

the more modern we ought to be better acquainted. In order to avoid circumlocution, and also to avoid the error of regarding them as if always confined to their present circumscribed limits, I have been accustomed to speak of them as the primeval and secondary, or let me rather speak of them as old Celts and later Celts. The former are now represented by the Highlanders of Scotland, the Irish, and the inhabitants of the Isle of Man; the latter by the Kymric, the Cornish, and the Bas Breton or Armoric.

II. And now, turning to the evidence of language, let us endeavour to indicate very cursorily, (1) How the languages of these two races stand toward each other; and (2) How they stand towards Latin and Greek. Taking Gaelic and Kymric as a representative of each of the races, we find a large proportion of words and phrases common to both, and yet with so marked a difference between them as languages, that the speaker of the one is quite unintelligible to the speaker of the other. Take a sample of the agreement in vocables. The word Ass—Gaelic, Asal; Welsh, Assyn. Cock—G. Coileach; W. Ceiliog. Cow—G. Bo or Beathach; W. Bweh. Ravine—G. Beallach; W. Bwlch. Rabbit—G. Coinean; W. Coningen. Man—G. Duine; W. Dyn. Black—G. Dubh; W. Du. Lamb—G. Uan; W. Oen. Goat—G. Gabhar; W. Gafr. Hand—G. Lamh; W. Llhaul. Floor—G. Lar; W. Llhaul. Grey—G. Liath; W. Llwyd. Pig—G. Muc; W. Moch. Bull—G. Tarbh; W. Tarw. Fire—G. Teime; W. Tan. House—G. Tigh; W. Ty. I submit a sample of agreement in phrases:—Gander—G. Coileach Geoidh; W. Ceiliog Gwydd. Dead Body—G. Corp marbh; W. Corp marw. Red hand—G. Lamh ruadh; W. Llhaul rudd. Big mountain—G. Monadh mor; W. Mynydd mawr. Big ship—G. Long nuhor; W. Llong fawr. But while instances of such agreement might be multiplied indefinitely, there are a large number of words which exhibit a fundamental difference. Such as—Eye—Gaelic, Irish, and Manx, Suil; W. Llygad; Cornish, Lagaz; Armoric, Lagat. Sheep—G. I. and M., Caora; W. Dafal; C. Davad; Ar. Danvat. Bone—G. I. and M., Cnauh; W. Asgarn; C. Asgorn; Ar. Asgorn. Flesh—G. I. and M., Feoil; W. Cig; C. Cig; Ar. Cig. Water—G. I. and M. Uisg; W. Duwr; C. Dour; Ar. Dur. I by no means maintain that the three branches of the old Celtic and the three branches of the later hold always together so closely; what I would have you keep in view is that the great *saltus* is found between them as races. Between Gaelic, Irish, and Manx there is but a difference of dialect, and between Welsh, Cornish, and Armoric there is but a difference of dialect; but between any one of the former and any one of the latter there is such a difference as to constitute them distinct

languages. Then the article, which occupies a very important place in all the Celtic languages, is so different among the dialects of the old from the article of the later, that, given a few sentences of either, one could be at no loss to which class to assign them. You can see the bearing of this upon the *quæstio recitata*—who were the Picts? This question must now be regarded as confined to the simple inquiry, were they of the old or of the later race? As for a hybrid between the two, I have yet to learn that such has ever existed. You might as well maintain that a sentence could be found bearing such a resemblance to both that you could not say whether it was Greek or Latin. If, therefore, we can discover a sentence or two which can be certified as Pictish, the question then and there will be at rest for ever. For my part, I have no doubt whatever that they formed an earlier immigration of the old race. And if it be true that St Columba could converse with the Picts, as stated by Adamnan in his life, and only needed an interpreter when he preached, this of itself would decide the question.

That we may see the position of our Gaelic, and how little it has been modified by the lapse of a thousand years, let me submit to you some specimens of the Gaelic of the “Book of Deer.” I need only say of the book itself that it belonged to the ecclesiastics of the Abbey of Deer in Aberdeen, founded, as one of the Gaelic entries states, by St Columba personally. It consists of a copy of the Gospel of John and part of Luke. But such was the scarcity of parchment in those days, that the practical ecclesiastics turned their New Testament into a cartulary, and recorded on the margin gifts of land made to the Abbey by neighbouring landowners. It was found in the Cambridge University Library, and it has been edited by Dr John Stuart of Edinburgh, author of the “Sculptured Stones of Scotland.” It is interesting, as proving beyond doubt that Gaelic was the language of the Buchan district in the ninth century, for it is assigned with considerable confidence to this period, and shows, moreover, how little change has passed over the language since. I shall read the entry referring to the founding of the Abbey:—

“Columcille agus drostan mac Cosrig adalta tangatur ahi mar-
maolsig dia doibh gonic abbor doboir, agus bede Cruithne, robe
mormaer buchan araginn, acussesse rathaidaig doib ingathraig sain
insaere go braith o mormaer acens o thoseg tangatur asaathle sin en
Cathraig ele agus dorathlan ri Columcille si air fallan do rath de
eus dor odloeg aran mormaer bede gonda tobrad da acus nithorad,
agus rogab mac da galar iar nere na gleric acus robo marab act
mad beg iar sin do chaid in mor: dattao na glerig gon dendaes
ernaide leis inmac gon disad slante do acus dorat inadbairt doib ua

doic intiprat gonic Chlae pette mic garnait, doranset innernaede agus taic Slante do. Jarsen dorat, Colum cille do drostran incha-drug sen agus ros benact agus faracaib imbrether ge be tosal ris na bod bliena buadhac, tangator deara drostan arseathrin fri Colum-cille, ralabair Colum Cille bidear anim ohannu imace."

Colluncille and Drostan, son of Cosraig, his pupil, came from I (Iona), as God had shewn them unto Abbordoboir; and Bede the Piet was Mormaer of Buchan before then; and it was he who gave them that town in freedom for ever, from Mormaer and Toiseach. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Colluncille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer, to wit Bede, that he would give it to him, &c.

There are other extracts, but to them I must not refer at present, further than to remark that we find in them such names as Domhnall, Ruadri, Mormaer of Mar, Maolpeter nae Dhomhnall, Gellecallum, son of Domhnall, Maolbrigte nae Cothull; and, but for other names with which we are not so familiar, you could fancy yourself among the Highlanders of the present day in Argyll or Mull.

Now, let us apply this test to English. Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury tales* about 1390, or about five centuries later, and yet we know that to the ordinary English reader they are in a great measure unintelligible.

And yet with a degree of fixedness in its forms, extending throughout lengthened periods, which perhaps no other language can exhibit, it can be shown that Gaelic has undergone very considerable changes. By comparison with the other members of the Aryan family, and even with the later Celtic, which has in some instances preserved the more ancient forms, we can demonstrate such changes as the following:—1, The passing away of initial consonants, especially in words which begin with two; 2, the passing away of initial b and p; and, 3, the substitution in the middle and end of words of the aspirate form of consonant, instead of the natural.

Let us now look somewhat more closely at the connection between Gaelic and Kymric.

1. The first peculiarity that strikes a Gaelic ear on hearing Welsh is the prevalence of the sound *th*, and that in its two modifications of *th* in the English *this*, *that*, and *th* in the English *through*, *think*. For instance, we say *monadh*, originally *monad*—moor or mountain; the Welshman says *mynydd* (munuth); and for our plural *monaidhan* (moniyun), he says *mynyddoedd* (munuthoeth). We say *lamb ruadh* (lav ruā) - red hand; while they say *llaw rudd*

(*lilau ruth*). Then, owing to the difficulty which some have in pronouncing our aspirate *d* and *g*, which is a deep guttural sound, we ourselves substitute for it *b* aspirate or *c*. And hence arise three forms of the old *ruide*, retained in Robin-*ruide* and *ruiteach*—the Latin *Rulco*, *Rulesco*, *Rufus*; while akin to the Welsh *Rudd* (11th), you have the Greek *ereuthēs*, *ereutheis*, as also *eruthros* and *erutl.roō*. But not to fritter away our time too much with instances, let me recall your attention to the fact that the sound *th* is unknown in Gaelic, while prevalent in Welsh—that it is unknown in Latin, while very prevalent in Greek. Let me remark also that it is unknown in German, though prevalent in English.

2. The next distinguishing feature which claims our attention is the passing away of initial *s* in Gaelic, to be replaced by *h* in Welsh and its cognate dialects. The student of Latin and Greek cannot fail to notice the prevalence of the same distinction in those languages, *e.g.* *Semi hēmī*, *Sex hex*, *Septem hepta*, *Serpo herpō*, *super lupus*; and what is very remarkable when we consider the distance of their present areas, the same distinction is found between Sanscrit and Zend. As to this widespread distinction, I shall (1) indicate the explanation which Gaelic furnishes, and which, so far as I know, no other language does; and (2) afterwards notice some further instances.

Every one that knows anything of Gaelic knows this, that every consonant has not only a broad and slender, but a natural and aspirate form. This we have two *v*'s—*b* aspirate written *bh*, and *m* aspirate written *mh*. We have also two *h*'s—*t* aspirate written *th*, and *s* aspirate written *sh*. In Irish orthography, I am bound to say, this aspiration is more neatly managed by simply placing a dot over the aspirated consonant, thus *ḃ*=*v*, *ṁ*=*v*, *ṫ*=*h*, *ṡ*=*h*. Now, let it be observed that the passing of initial consonants from the natural to the aspirate form is so frequent in Gaelic, and under such a variety of conditions, that more than the whole time of this lecture would be needed to discuss this subject alone. I shall, however, indicate in passing a few of those conditions, taking for my illustration the consonant in question (*s*). We say—

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Duine Samtaich, | Bean Shauntaich (hauntaich), |
| a covetous man. | a covetous woman. |
| 2. Eudach an duine Shamtaich, | Eudach na nna Samtaiche, |
| clothes of the covetous man. | clothes of the covetous woman. |
| 3. A dhúine shamtaich (hauntich). | A bhéan shamtaich (hauntich). |
| O covetous man. | O covetous woman. |

4, Mo, do, a, shannt (haunt),	Ur, blur, an, a, saunt,
My, thy, his, covetousness.	Our, your, their, her, covetousness.
5, Shanntaich—he coveted.	Samntaichidh—will covet.

With this transition of consonants from their natural to their aspirate forms (though very perplexing to strangers) the speaker of Gaelic is quite familiar, for it is a part of the inflexion of his language. Not only does the initial *s*, in such cases as the above, pass into *sh*-h, but every other consonant is modified less or more. Yet somehow the speaker of the later Celtic, though to some extent practising himself corresponding changes, seems to have had a strong objection to an initial *s*, and to have substituted its aspirated form, not only where we should do the same ourselves, but where the rules of our language demand the consonant in its natural form. Let us now illustrate this by some instances :—

Salach (Lat. salax),	Shalach ;	W. Halog—Dirty, nasty.
Samnt,	Shannt ;	W. Clwant—Covetousness.
Seabhag,	Sheabhag ;	W. Hebog—Hawk.
Sealg,	Shealg ;	W. Hela—Hunting.
Sealgair,	Shealgair ;	W. Heliwr—Huntsman.
Sean,	Shean ;	W. Hen—Old.
Seanair,	Sheanair ;	W. Hen wr—Grandfather.

Let us now specify a few vocables which obtain, not only in Gaelic and Welsh, but in Latin and Greek, that we may see how they follow each other, as pairs—the Latin holding by Gaelic, and the Greek by the Welsh :—

Sâl ;	Lat. —	W. Hal ;	Gr. Hals . .	Salt water.
Salium ;	„ Sal ;	„ Halen ;	„ Hals . .	Salt.
Saillt ;	„ Salsus ;	„ Hallt ;	„ Halizo .	verb. Salt.
Samhuil ;	„ Similis ;	„ Haval ;	„ Homilos .	Like.
Seileach ;	„ Salix ;	„ Healg ;	„ Helika .	Willow.
Sol (old) ;	„ Sol ;	„ Haul ;	„ Helios .	Sun.
Seath ;	„ Sex ;	„ Chevoch ;	„ Hex . .	Six.
Sluagh ;	„ —	„ Llwyth ;	„ Laos . .	People.
Suainlineas	Somnus ;	„ Heppian ;	„ Hupnos .	Sleep.

These affinities, some of them to be found in Llhuyd's Archæologia, and others discovered by myself, are but a sample of a large number equally striking. I have shown you how our ancient Gaelic solves the problem. If any other language can furnish a better solution I for one will be ready to accept it; but until I find a better I must hold by the one I have.

3. I proceed to notice another prominent feature in the relations of Gaelic and Kymric, and which equally holds in the relations of Latin and Greek—the substitution of *b* and *p* by the Briton and Grecian for the *c* and *ch* of the Gael and Roman. In Gaelic, as many of you know, we ask questions with words that begin with *c*, *e.g.* *co*, who; *eiod*, what; *cuin*, when. In like manner the Romans, *quis* or *qui*, *quæ*, *quod* or *quid*, *quando*, *quare*. On the other hand, the Welshman, with his congeners the Celt of Brittany and Cornwall, prefer to ask their questions with words which begin with *b* and *p*—as, for instance, *pwyl*, who; *pa*, what; *pa bath*, what thing; *pa un*, which; *pan*, when. Now, we turn to the Greek, and we find the same adherence to the forms of the later Celtic—*Pē*, what way; *pou*, what place; *pōs*, how; *pos-os, -ē, -on*, how great. And if you will follow me attentively while I read the following table, you cannot fail to see that this preference of labials on the part of the Kymric and Greek to the palatals of the Gael and Roman extends widely throughout their respective languages. You will find the Latin also, in one or two instances, turning her back, with culpable ingratitude, upon her old mother, and following the fashion of her Greek cousin :—

Gaelic.	Latin.	Welsh.	Greek.	English.
Car, Caraid,	Par,	Par,	—	Pair.
Cas,	Pes and <i>passus</i>	—	Pous	Foot, pace.
Caithir,	Quatuor,	Pedwar,	—	Four.
Coc (verb)	Coquo,	Pob,	Piptō,	Cook.
Cochlul,	Cucullus,	Cochul,	Peplōs,	Veil or cowl.
Corcur,	Purpur,	Porphyr,	Porpura,	Purple.
Cuig,	Quinque,	Pump,	{ Pente, Pemptos }	{ Five & fifth.
Each,	Equus,	Fr. Eboul,	Ippos,	Horse.
Feasgar,	Vesper,	Gosper,	Hesperos	Evening.

4. Of this class of relations I shall mention but one other. Those who are accustomed to trace the various forms which the same words assume in different languages, may have wondered why the Spaniard should say *Espirito* for spirit and *Eseuela* for school, and the Frenchman *Esprit* and *Ecole*. The key is found in the relations between the Gaelic and Kymric. E. Llhuyd noticed upwards of a century ago that Gaelic words which begin with *sc*, *sg*, *sp*, and *st*, assume in the later Celtic an initial *y* before the *s*. Now, this is manifestly the initial *e* of the Spanish and French, and the initial *i* of the Greek; and it is not a little interesting to trace such forms as *storaiddh*, *historia*, Spain, *Hispania*,

up through all the ages during which they have so stood, until we find the key in the hand of our old Celtic mother :—

Gaelic.	Latin.	Welsh.	Eng.
Sgiath,	Scutum,	Ysgyd,	Eng. Escutcheon—Shield.
Sgiath-urra?	Armiger,	—	Esquire { Shield- Squire } bearer.
Sgoil,	Schola	Ysgol,	Sp. Escuela { School. Fr. Ecole } Besom.
Sguab,	Scopa,	Yscob,	
Sporad,	Spiritus,	Ysprid,	Sp. Espirito { Spirit. Fr. Esprit }
Spain,	Hispania,	Yspacen,	Gr. Hispania—Spain.
Storaidh,	Historia, { It. Storia, }	Ystori,	„ Historia—History.
Spong,	Spongia,	Ysbong,	„ Spongos—Sponge.
Suidh,	Sedeo,	Eistedd,	Sit.

Hitherto I have endeavoured to show you that there is a remarkable affinity between Gaelic and Latin on the one hand, and Kymric and Greek on the other—an affinity cropping up with such variety and frequency as to preclude any explanation that might occur on the ground of coincidence or hap-hazard, and which shuts us up to the conclusion that, at sometime and somewhere, there existed a somewhat close connection between the Gael and the Roman, and between the Gaul and the Greek.

Let us now take up the further question, how do these languages stand towards each other—I mean the Celtic and the classic—in point of time; are they to be regarded as sister languages—as co-eval, or nearly co-eval, branches of the great Aryan or Indo-European family? Such is the common opinion of philologists: that they are children of a dead mother. For many years past I have been unable to fall in with this opinion. The more I have investigated the older forms of the Celtic, as discoverable by a cautious etymology, and from the record of topography—on which I may have a word to say before I close—the more I feel constrained to regard the Celtic languages as vastly older than those of Greece and Rome.

When of two languages closely related, we maintain that the one must be older than the other, some are wont to shrug their shoulders, and to say, well, that must be a matter of opinion, for it seems a question not easily determined. And yet with those who have studied the subject closely it is capable of demonstration. When I take up certain kinds of sandstone, say for instance a piece from the Tarradale quarry, and find it studded with nodules of

jasper and quartz, imbedded in a homogeneous matrix of sand, it is surely not without reason that I conclude that those nodules had a separate existence from the matrix in which I find them cemented together; nor when I find those nodules rounded by the action of water, is it without cause that I conclude that this separate existence must have been for a long period. On grounds just as solid and intelligible can we prove the prior existence of a large portion of Greek and Latin by pointing to the rock from which it was hewn. To confine our attention for the present to a comparison of Gaelic and Latin, we find a numerous class of words bearing the same meaning common to both, with only this difference, that the Latin forms carry a terminable syllable for the purpose of declension. Remove this variable termination and you have the Gaelic word, and the Gaelic word corresponding not with modern pronunciation, but with what we know from other sources was the ancient Latin pronunciation. I subjoin a table of Gaelic and Latin synonyms, and I confine myself to words that begin with the letter C, for were I to enumerate all the words which are common I should have to repeat the greater portion of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary:—

Gaelic.	Latin.	English.
Caile,	Calx, <i>i.e.</i> Cale,	Chalk.
Càl,	Caulis, and Gr. Kaulos,	Cabbage, Kail.
Cairbh,	Caro,	Flesh.
Cam, Cham,	Hamus,	Hook.
Cais,	Caseus or Caseum,	Cheese.
Can,	Canis,	Ising, Chant.
Canap,	Canabis,	Hemp.
Caog (squint),	Coecus,	Blind, Se. Keek.
Cap,	Caput,	Hood.
Capull	Caballus, Gr. Kaballos,	Horse.
Car, W. Gar,	Carnis,	Dear.
Cart,	Cortex,	Bark.
Cart Cart,	Charta,	Paper.
Càs or Cuis,	Causa,	Cause, Case.
Ceangal,	Cingulum, Gr. Ganglion,	Abinding.
Ccart (right),	Certus,	Sure.
Ceil,	Celo,	Conceal.
Ceir,	Cera,	Wax.
Ceisd,	Questio,	Question.
Cist,	Cista,	Chest.
Ceithir,	Quatuor,	Four.
Ceud,	Centum,	Hundred.
Cianh, (lock of hair),	Coma,	Hair.

Gaelic.	Latin.	English.
Cill,	Cella,	Cell
Cìod,	Quid or Quod,	What.
Claon,	Inclino, Gr. Kline,	Incline.
Clar (tablet, } Cleireach, }	Clericus	Clerk or Cleric.
Cochull,	Cucullus,	Cowl.
Coileach	Gallus,	Cock.
Coille, Choille,	Silva, Gr. Xulon, hule,	Wood.
Com, Tapog. Combe,	Campus,	Plain.
Cord,	Chorda, Gr. Chorde,	Cord.
Corn, Chorn,	Cornu,	Horn.
Corp, Corpura,	Corpus, Corpur,	Body.
Cuid or Codoch,	Quota,	Portion.
Cuileag,	Culex or Culec,	Fly.
Cuing,	Cingo,	Yoke, Bind, Gird.
Creath (Clay),	Creta,	Clay, Chalk.
Cruth (shape),	Creo,	Create.
Cur or Cuir,	Cura,	Care, Hurt.

Look on this picture and on that; consider them attentively; take them as a sample of a resemblance which obtains throughout the compass of both languages; make allowance for the cumbrous orthography of our Scottish Gaelic, which veils its simplicity from the eye of a stranger; and after you have done so I scarcely think you will blame us very much if we claim for it, on this and on other grounds, to be regarded, not as a sister of the Latin, but as its veritable and venerable mother.

I might now proceed to show you that there are many words of which neither Greek nor Latin can furnish us with a satisfactory etymology, but which in their Gaelic forms resolve themselves readily into more simple elements, and that in a way so expressive of the sense as to compel the admission that they are the more ancient representatives. On this field, however inviting, our time will not permit us to enter.

III. The third division of my subject, on which I shall now speak a little, is the bearing of Gaelic on questions of ethnology. It must be admitted by all who have directed attention to this subject, that once we ascend beyond the historical races all is doubt and obscurity. Who can tell us decidedly who were the primeval occupants of any land; and as to the further question, the time when human beings first trode the soil of our own or any land, who can hazard an opinion? Now, if we shall ever be able to speak with thorough confidence on the first of these questions, we

shall owe it mainly, I am persuaded, to the topographical record; nay, it may aid us not a little in determining the second. Taken also in conjunction with prehistoric facts, as a guide to their discovery and interpretation, it would seem to me very difficult to over-estimate its value. I venture, therefore, to say, that we have cause to congratulate ourselves and our country on the ordnance survey which is now being carried on by Her Majesty's Government. So much importance do I attach to this survey that I have said it once and again, and say it here anew, that I should consider all the money expended upon it well and wisely laid out were it to serve no other purpose than the preservation of a record which is every day passing into oblivion—a record of Gaelic in by far the oldest form in which it can now be found, a form so old that a considerable number of the words used in it can only be interpreted by a laborious comparison of instances.

Were we to hazard an opinion as to the age of this record, we should be ready to claim for a large proportion of it three thousand years. We should do so on the following grounds:—Besides all the Classic authors, from Homer downwards, who make constant reference to ancient localities, we have three who have written systems of geography as it was known in their own day—Strabo, born 54 B.C., and who died A.D. 54; Ptolemy, a man of great celebrity in his day as an astronomer and geographer, though (alas for fame!) all that is now known of him is—that he was an observer in Alexandria A.D. 139, and that he was alive in A.D. 161; Pliny, a Latin author, who perished A.D. 79 when observing that eruption of Vesuvius by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed. All these authors have described many lands and recorded many names, and we stay not at present to assert how many of those many names of many lands we are prepared to claim as bearing the stamp of Mother Celtica's mint. Our more humble office for the present is to state that they have recorded not a few names that can still be identified in our own country, and when we examine these what do we find? Simple descriptive Gaelic names, with a Latin termination superadded. The merest tyro in topographical Gaelic must be able to identify the following:—Estuary of the Luce, *Aberavonius*—Aber-amhain (avin), river, confluence; Estuarius *Furarius*—Moray Firth. Here we have the *Furur*, as the Beaully was termed at no very ancient date, down to its mouth. The *Taolunum*, that is, Tagh-dun—Taytown, now Dundee, merely reversing the terms. Avoca or Ovoca is the *Oboca* of Ptolemy, that is Ob-aga—confluence of water; where the Avonmore and Avonbeg meet. *Eboracum* Eborac, York Aber-ag—confluence of water, that is, of the Foss and Ouse. All the English *Ouses* are altered forms of Uisg—*e.g.*, *Isca* Damniorum, Exeter, and *Isca*

Silurum—Caer-leon in Monmouth, near the mouth of the Severn. Then, what are the Avingtons so numerous in England? Simply our Amhain-dun—River Town. Then go forth throughout Europe, and mark the *Eburodunums*—Aber-dun; *Lugdunums*—Lag-dun—Bason Town; *Ebuvo-magus*—Aber-magh: confluence, meadow; *Eboralacum*—Aber-lag: confluence of bason or hollow. *Ebuovices*, Ebuovices, the same as our own Aber-wick.

Such are a sample of Celtic names as old at least as the Christian era; how much older none can say. We know that the Romans found our people fired by a patriotism which only the lapse of ages could have produced; and if it be true, as I feel assured it is, that throughout the whole of Europe, without going further for the present, there is found a substratum of Gaelic topography, then it follows that Celts must have preceded the present historical races. In other words, our Gaelic can be traced upwards in its topographic form to the dawn of history.

I appeal to you, then, if this be not a record worthy of the attention of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and of every Society in our land. I believe we are only awakening to its value; and here let me bear my cordial testimony to the thorough method and painstaking labour of the Ordnance service for securing accuracy in their names. I can do so from some considerable experience, having been asked to revise several of their lists. Even with the partial progress we have made, the views which it opens up to us of the ancient condition of our country, and the changes in its flora and fauna, are extremely interesting. It speaks of the alder-tree where it is no longer to be found, the country being drier than before. Our Meall na Tuire and Beallach na muic, speak of the time when the sow and wild boar were denizens of the country. It tells us very emphatically that our ancestors when this record was inscribed were a hunting and pastoral people, for the references to agriculture are few indeed. It speaks to us of our ancient bards, and minstrels, and harpers. I am not aware of any reference to pipers. Our Bail' a Bhaird, Carn a Chlarsair, and Croit an Fhilidh: Town or holding of the Bard, Cairn of the Harper, and Croft of the Minstrel—common throughout the Highlands, are quite in keeping with what we know from other sources as to the civilisation of our ancestors.

Mr Campbell of Islay, who received a genuine Highland welcome, expressed the very great pleasure he had derived from attending this meeting, and the deep satisfaction which the formation of such a Society afforded him. The lecture, he was sure, delighted and interested them; and for his own part he was both pleased and instructed by what the learned lecturer had said. His own name

had been mentioned in connection with the meeting as if he were an authority on antiquities; but his own feeling was that he knew nothing on the subject. He took an interest in old stories—stories which had been voted rubbish by many—and he might be dux in his class, like the little boy who told the minister that he was top, but afterwards let out that the class consisted of “himself and anither lassie.” He could hardly say that there was “anither lassie” in the class of collectors of Gaelic stories to which he belonged. There were many advantages in knowing Gaelic. For one thing, Gaelic contained sounds not found in English, just as English contained sounds not found in Gaelic; and any person beginning the study of language with these extra sounds, would find himself greatly aided in his studies. Of this advantage he had lately met with illustrations in the island of Barra, in a case involving a knowledge of Spanish. Then, it was very useful to be able to distinguish sounds in learning foreign languages. Gaelic demands a good ear; and so cultivates an ear to note various niceties of sounds which are apt to escape the notice of those not blessed with the same advantage. Take the three familiar words, “caileag,” “cailleag,” and “cailleach,” master the niceties of pronunciation involved, and you will have some idea of what is here said. Thus, Gaelic, so far from being what some allege, an impediment in the way of men’s advancement, would be found a decided aid. The lecturer referred to the interest taken by German *savants* in some of the objects of the Society. The French had actually started a Celtic Society. If the Gaelic Society put itself in communication with these bodies, there might be an interchange of papers which would prove mutually useful. Mr Campbell, after giving several examples of how languages were altered by the substitution of one letter for another, told a number of curious, amusing, and instructive stories, tracing some of them from the western shores of Ross to the eastern plains of India. Thus, these stories, which formed the winter amusements around the peat fires of our Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, were in reality some of the most valuable materials with which our learned men were building up the source of races. All the Celtic languages were derived from one common source; and he believed that all the languages in Europe sprung from one stock, of which Sanscrit is the oldest known. In concluding, Mr Campbell observed that he had often remarked in the town of Inverness a great gathering of Highlanders for throwing the hammer, putting the stone, dancing, and playing pipes; but no Society had previously existed for the cultivation of Gaelic literature. He hoped the Gaelic Society would prosper and prove useful.

On the motion of Mr Macgregor, a vote of thanks was passed

to Mr Mackenzie for his excellent lecture; and, on the motion of Mr Murdoch, a similar vote was awarded to Mr Campbell for his very interesting and valuable speech. Mr Dallas moved a vote of thanks to Sir Kenneth for his kindness in taking the chair, and for the efficient manner in which he presided over the meeting. The Chairman, in replying, intimated that letters of apology had been received from Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, author of "Antiquarian Notes," and other works; and from Dr Carruthers—in which they expressed their sympathy with the Society, and their regrets at not being able to attend.

Thus terminated the inaugural meeting, which, as to numbers, respectability, intelligence, and enthusiasm, was all that could have been desired, and augured well for the success of the Society.

October 27.—On this occasion the ordinary proceedings were enlivened by Mr Macdonald, the Bard of the Society, reciting the subjoined original lament for Lord Clyde:—

D A N

MU BHAS CHAILEIN CHAIMEUL TRIATH CHLUAIDH.

Tha airm an laoch fo mheig 'san tùr;
Chòmhdaich ùir an curaidh treun;
Bhuail air Alaba speach as ùr:—
A feachd trom, tursach, 'sileadh dheur.
Mu Ghaisgeich Ghaidheil nan sàr bheairt,
Fo ghlaiss a bhais, mar dhiùl gun toirt:
Triath na Cluaidh bu bhmadhaich feairt
Ga chaidh gu tróm, le cridhe goirt.
Air oidche 's mi 'm laidhe'm shuain,
'S mo smuaintean air luath's na dreig;
Uair agam, 'sa'n sin uam;
Bhruadair mi 'bhi shuas air creig.
Thoir leam gu 'n robh teachd nam 'choir
Fo bhratach bhròin de shròl dubh
Sar mhàichdean mhaiseach, mhòr;
Tiamhaidh, leont' bha ceol a guth.
Mar dhrillseadh reult, bha gorm shùil;
A glan ghnais cho geal's an sneachd,
Bhà fàd donn air sniomh mu 'cùl.
Tiugh chiabha dluth nan iomadh cleachd.
M'a ceann bha clogaid do dh-fhior chruaidh,
Ri barr bha dualach o'n each ghlas;
A lèmh dheas chum sleagh na buaidh;
Claidheamh trualte suas ri 'leis.
Sgiath chopach, obair 'sheòlt',
Le mòrchuis 'na lèimh chhì.
Luireach mh'illeach, greist' le h-òr,
Bu eòmhach do nghean rìgh.
Luidh leoghann garg, gu stuama stòlt'
M'ò ch'ùthir dhì-mochar fo reachd;
Choir leth ghuth o beul seòlt
A bheisd fo shànheibair, 's fo thur smachd.
Ghrad phiosg mo chridhe 'nam chòr,
Fo u' mh'is a's trom gheilt,—
Rinn rosg tiath o'n rìbhin donn,
Fuaichadh lom air m' oilt.
Chrom mi sìos le mòr mheas

'Us dhiosraich mi do threin na mais',
Cia fath mu 'n robh a h-airm na 'n crìos,
Mar shonn ' chum sgrìos, a deanamh deas,
Ged 'bha a gnais mar òigh fo lòn,
No ainneir og 'chuir gaol fo chràdh,
Sheall i rium le plathadh bròin,
Measgta le mòralachd is gradh.
Lasaich air mo gheilt 's m' fhiamh
'N uair labhair i 'm briathraibh ciùin:—
"A Ghaidheil aosda, ghlas do chialh
Mar cheatharnach a liath le ùin,
Triallaidh tu mar 'rinn do sheors'
Chum talla fuar, reot' a bhais;
Eisd guth binn na deagh sgeoil,
'Toirt cuirreadh glòir ri latha grais.
Bha agam-sa curaidh treun—
Gun chomhaid fo 'n ghrèin 'am beairt:
Ceannard armaid na' mor euchd
Thug buaidh 's gach streup, le ceill thar neart.
Och mo leireadh, beud a leon
Breutuinn comhladh le trom lot;
O'u Bhan-rìgh 'chum an duil gun treoir—
Uile comhdaicht' le bron-bhrat.
Chaill m' armaid ceannard corr,
Air nàmh 'sa' chomh-stri toradh grath:
Mar dhealan speur na 'n deigh 'san toir,
Rinn cosgairt leointeach latha 'chath.
Air thus nan Gaidheal, 'stiinreadh streup;
Mar fhìreun speur, 'an geuraid beachd;
Gaisg' leoghann garg, 'measg bheathach frith,
Cha d' gheill 'san t-srith, a dh-aindeoin feachd.
Cha chur uis ceannard a thug barr
An teas a bhlair air sàr nan euchd:
Misneach fhoiridh, 'an gleachd nan àr;
Trom acain baid, o chradh nan creuchd.
Do Ghaidheil ghaisgeil, ceannard corr
Am builsgain comhraig, mor na'm beachd:

A' toirt na buaidh 'sa cosnadh gloir,
 A dh-aindeoin seol a's morachd feachd.
 Mar chogadh Oscar flathail garg,
 'Us Conn 'na fheirg a' dol's an spairn ;
 Le Diarmad donn a thuit 's an t-sealg,
 'San Sonn a mharbh an Garbh-mac-Stairn.
 Gach buaidh 'bha anna sud gu leir,
 An neart, an trein, an gleus, 's am muirn—
 Bha cliù a Chaimbeulaich dha 'n reir,
 Dol thart an eifeachd anns gach tuirn—
 C'ùin mar mhaighdeann gbràidh 'san t-sith,
 Uasal, sìobhalt, mìn 'am beus ;
 Gaisgeil, gargant, crosg 'san t-srì,
 Le cumhachd rìgh 'cur feachd air gheus.
 Fhuair e urram anns gach eum,
 Thaobh barrachd euchd, 'an streup nau lann.
 Rinn d' ar rìoghachd dìon 'n a feum,
 Air thoiseach trèin-fhìr Thir nam beann.
 'S na h-Iunsean thug e buaidh ro mhòr,
 Le inil 's le seoltachd 'dol thar neart :
 Theoraich e na brataich shroil,
 'S a' chonhraig anns bu gloir mhòr beairt.
 C' aite 'n cuolas sparradh cath
 Bu bhuaidheach sgath na Alma dhearg?—
 Fhìl a's cuirp air beinn 's air srath
 Na'm milltean breith, fo 'n laoch na fhearg !
 Fhuair 'o 'n rìoghachd meas 'us gloir
 Anns gach doigh mar thos-fhear cath :
 Dhiol ar Ban-rìgh mar bu choir

Dha onair oirdhearg 'measg nam flath,
 Triath Chluaidh nam fuar shruth,
 Mu 'n cuolas guth an Oisein bhian,
 A' caoidh nan saoidh, 'ruith dheur gu tiugh.
 Bha moralach 'an talla Flunn,
 Ghairmeadh air an uisge 'n sonn
 Mar agh nan glonn bu bhonn-dùil coir ;—
 Cho fad 's a bhuaileas creag an tonn,
 'S air uachdar fonn 'bhlòs fas an fheoir."
 Chrìoch a'ich sgeul an ainneir mhòir,
 Mu euchdan gloir-mhòr an laeich thrèun ;
 Mhosgail mi a m' shnain le bron,
 A' sìleadh dheoir gu 'm b'fhìor an sgeul !
 A Ghaidheil Ghlaschu, shliochd nan sonn
 A dh'fhuadaicheadh o Thir nam beann,
 Da'n dual le coir an sruth 's am fonn :—
 Dhuibhse coisrìean mo rann,
 Dhuibhs da'n dealaidh am prìomh shar,
 'S gach euchd 'thug barr 'rinn Gaidheil riamh
 Rì stiùireadh feachd san gleachd nan blair
 Ehidh buaidh na kraich sait' ri 'ghnìomh.
 Dearbhaibh gur sibh al nan treun,
 Gineadh do reir nan sonn,
 A bhuanach cliù thar shliochd fo 'n ghrein,
 'Am bhar nam beum 's an streup 'an tonn.
 Cumaibh cuimhn' air laoch an airm
 A ghairmeadh air an abhainn Chluaidh,
 'S a' meal e urram 'theid a sheirm
 'S gach linn le toirm ri sgeul a bhuaidh !

Nov. 2.—After the ordinary business was disposed of, the following paper was read by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, on our

LOCAL TOPOGRAPHY.

It may be as well, perhaps, to begin with the name of our own lovely town, Inverness ; or, perhaps, with the ancient name of our country, Albin. "Alb" is the Gaelic for a height or an eminence, and "In" (now obsolete), a country or island. Hence "Albin," the land or island of heights and eminences. Could anything be more descriptive ? Then we have "Iarin," Erin, "Iar" being the Gaelic for west—the western island or country. "Sasunn," Saxon, or what we now call English, "Sasuinn," the land of the Saxon. The first part of the word Inverness is undoubtedly from "Inbhear," which is commonly applied to the place where a river empties itself into the sea ; but I have no doubt it originally meant and was applied to the land at the confluence, from "In," land, and "Bior," water, called "In-bhior," and easily altered to its present spelling "Inbhear." Ness, the latter part of the word, is of course the name of the river which forms the confluence ; but then, what does the Ness derive its name from ? You will say, from Loch-Ness ; but then Loch-Ness itself ? It is generally believed to be from the Gaelic word "Eas," a fall, "Loch-an-eas" being the loch of the cascade or fall. I daresay some gentlemen present may

question this derivation, and I do not say but they may be right. I believe there are several traditions still extant in Glen-Urquhart of a celebrated character of the name of Angus Mackay—Gaelic, “Aonghas Macaoidh.” In early times, and even now in some places, “Aonghas” is pronounced “Naois,” and I have seen a Gaelic story, taken down from a Barra peasant by Mr Carmichael, in which mention is made of “Loch-Naois,” and “Caisteal Naois.” This may be the Gaelic origin of Loch-Ness; but I am more inclined to agree with “Loch-an-eas,” at least until we learn more of the “Naois” theory. I have already expressed my belief that “Inver” meant originally the land adjoining a confluence, and I will now add that “Aber,” which is pure Gaelic, and not Welsh, was the name for the confluence itself. “A” or “Ab” was an old Gaelic word (although now obsolete) for water. Armstrong points out in his dictionary that “Ab” is Persic for river; Turkish and Mogul exactly the same; Hebrew “Sabb,” carry water, from “Sa,” carry, and “Ab,” water; Ethiopian “Abbi,” wave; Armenian “Ahp,” pool; and Persic again “Av” and “Ap,” water; Japanese “Abi,” wash with water. “Aber” is made up of this, “Ab” for water, and “Bior” also water—“Ab-bior,” water to water, or confluence. You will remark the difference between this and “Inver.” The one being originally land to or adjoining water, the other water to water, or confluence of waters. Armstrong gives the following examples of this word in other languages—Cornish spelt exactly the same; Hebrew “Heber,” to join together; “Haber,” a companion; “Heber,” a junction; Chaldee, Syriac, and Ethiopian “Habor,” to unite. I suppose I must not overlook “Clach-na-cuduinn,” the meaning of which is quite apparent, namely, “The stone of the tub.” There are several kinds of tubs, and each has its own peculiar name in Gaelic. “Cuduinn” is the name which applies to that kind of tub or stoup with ears or lugs, with holes in them, by which it can be carried between two persons, or through which a stick is passed and carried by two on their shoulders. This was undoubtedly the kind of tub from which the celebrated “Clach-na-Cuduinn” derived its name, it being the one most convenient and always used until the introduction of waterworks, to carry water from the river. This style of tub is now quite common in the Highlands, and many’s the time when I was a boy I was tired enough carrying water in it, and would have been very glad of a “Clach-na-Cuduinn” to rest upon.

Now, I come to Tom-na-hiuraich.” “Tom” is the Gaelic for a knoll or hill, and “Iughrach” is the Gaelic for boat. “Iubhar” is also the Gaelic for yew tree: Iubharach, “abounding in yew trees;” hence it may have been the “Hill of the boat-shape,” or the “Hill of the yew-trees.” It certainly is a boat-shaped hill,

and I prefer that to the latter derivation. I have heard some speak of it as meaning the "Hill of the Fairies." I do not know any word in the Gaelic signifying fairies that has the remotest similarity to any part of the word—"Sithichean" being the Gaelic for fairies; and although the hill is reported to have been inhabited by the light-feathered tribe, there is nothing in the name to show that they wanted to commemorate the fact in its designation, or they would have called it "Tom-na-Sithichean," and not "Tom-na-hiuraich." "Creag-Phadurig" appears to be Patrick's rock, after St Patrick, I suppose, but I do not think it improbable that it may have been originally "Creag-faireil," meaning, like Cnoc-faireil, in Ross-shire, the rock or hill of the watch. "Clach-naharry" in Gaelic is pronounced exactly what it really was, namely, "Clach-na-h'airidh," or the stone of the watch, or of watchfulness. "Mealfourvonie," is "Meall fuar mbonaidh," the round-topped, cold, or bleak mountain.

The Fall of Foyers, usually called in Gaelic "Eas-na-Smuid," in consequence of the constant vapoury mist it evolves, originally means "Eas Fo-thir," or the fall underground, or under land. This is a literal description of the appearance of the fall as it appeared to people who used always to visit it from the highway, and not from Loch-Ness as is the case now. On their arrival at the top of the fall it appeared to them to dash away underground, or "Fo-thir;" and even when you stand now from the lowest point from which you can view the fall it goes still under you to a considerable depth. The stream *above* the fall is called "Feachlinne" and not "Foyers," and that part of it *below ground* only, or between the fall and Loch-Ness, is called Foyers or Fo-thir. This also gives a true description of the lands and of the "fair house of Foyers," for they all appeared low-lying, under-ground, or "Fo-thir," as approached by visitors in the olden time.

"Culloden," the well-known battle-field, and that district, has been rendered by some to mean "Cuil-fhodair," the bend or hollow of straw. This is like the modern pronunciation, but certainly not descriptive of the district, for I believe it to be one of the worst straw-producing localities in the country. "Cul" means the back, or back-lying district, and "oitir" means a ridge or bank in the sea, a shoal, a promontory or headland, a sand bank. "Cul-oitir" then means the district lying at the back of the shoal, the promontory, headland, or sand bank. Nothing could be more descriptive of the district, and I feel sure this is the correct derivation, for where can you meet with a more extended shoal, sand bank, and promontory than in the neighbourhood of Culloden? There are many other names in the neighbourhood of Inverness which I might dwell upon, such as the "Merkinch," meaning, I think,

“Marg Innis,” or the market flat or plain. Drummond—“Druim fluinn,” meaning the land on the height or ridge, &c. ; but I will now carry you to Beauly, and then have a run to Ross-shire.

There has been considerable controversy about the meaning of the name Beauly. I am not able to enter into the discussion, and, further, I do not think it at all necessary, for it has nothing to do with Celtic topography. Beauly is not the Celtic name of the place, but “Manachain.” You never hear a Highlander asking in Gaelic, “C’ait am bheil Beauly?” If he is not acquainted with English he does not know what the term refers to. He will ask you in his own language, “C’ait am bheil a Mhanachain?” This is the Gaelic for “Where is Beauly.” “Manach,” as most of you know, is the Gaelic for monk, and “Manachain” is the Gaelic for priory or monastery. There was a monastery at Beauly; hence the name of the place in Gaelic topography; and any modern name, such as Beauly, we have nothing to do with. Going further on we come to the Muir of Ord, the market stance. Muir of Ord is an English name, but the Gaelic “Blar dubh,” the black or dark muir, gives an exact description of the place.

Dingwall is also English, for “Inbhearfeotharan” (Inverpeffry) is the Celtic, and describes its situation. Then we have the Peffry itself and Strathpeffer—Gaelic, “Feothar” and “Strathfeothar.” “Feotharan” means a mountain, valley, or land, adjoining a brook. A perfect description of all this neighbourhood. “Creag an fhithich” is the Raven’s Rock. A raven had his nest here yearly until the railway was made. Ben Wyvis is in Gaelic “Beinn fluathais”—the formidable or gigantic mountain. For instance, you will say in Gaelic, “Nach fuathasach an duine e? Nach fuathasach laidir e? Nach fuathasach fuar e?” (Isn’t he a wonderful, or a formidable man! Isn’t he awfully strong? Isn’t it shockingly cold?) Garve is “Gairbh”—rough or stony. Loch-Luichart is either “Loch-Luichairt”—the loch of the stronghold; or “Loch-luigh-ghoirt”—the loch of bitter herbs, of which there are plenty in the neighbourhood. Kenlochluichart is of course “ceann,” or head of the loch. We next come to Achnault. “Achnadh” is usually translated field, but this does not convey its whole meaning as originally supplied; “Achnadh” not only means a field, but an enclosed field, or rather an enclosed patch of arable land. These patches were here and there throughout the interminable pasture lands of the Highlands, and they had to be enclosed to keep out the sheep, the cattle, and the deer, from the shepherd or manager’s small arable croft or farm. Achnault is one of those patches, and is called “Achnadh nan Allt” from the number of streamlets which run through this green spot. No passenger on the Skye Railway can help noticing this peculiarity of the place.

Achmasheen, again, is "Achadh na Siue," exactly describing its well-earned reputation for a continual drizzle, above all places on the West Coast, in consequence, no doubt, of so many mountain ranges converging there. The next place you pass on this route is "Luib Mhor," on the Loch-Maree road—the large bend. ("Luib Bheag," or small bend, is on the Lochcarron road.) There is a "public" at "Luib Mhor" still, but it has been done away with at the other some time ago; but they were both landmarks to the weary traveller, and no doubt he named them from the appearance of the place, and from his discovering in his travels that the one was much longer and larger than the other. The next house on the road was Kenloehewe Inn. This name is pronounced, and means in Gaelic "Ceann-loch-igh," and is situated, as most of you know, two miles before you reach Loch-Maree.

Loch-Maree is eighteen miles in length, and the river Ewe, which connects it with the Loch-Ewe of the present age, is another mile in length, so that the "Ceann-loch-igh" of to-day is just twenty-one miles further off than the "Ceann-loch-igh" of the past. There can be no doubt but Loch-Ewe did come up to Kenloehewe in times gone by. This has been proved geologically by Hugh Miller, and other celebrated geologists, and if further proof be wanted the name of the place is very strong topographical evidence. It is also pretty certain that Loch-Maree is a comparatively modern name for the fresh water loch, and that the whole of Loehewe and Loch-Maree, extending about thirty-three miles, was known by the name Loch-Ewe, and that as late as 150 or 180 years ago. I will now tell you what I think is the Gaelic meaning and origin of Loch-Maree. I think it is generally believed to be called after a Saint Madrube. I do not believe it, nor do I find any connection in spelling or pronunciation with the Gaelic name of the lake. You would have to say "Loch-mal-rub," if it was called after this saint. I have pretty much the same objection to the other origin ascribed to it—namely, "Saint Mary's Loch." This in Gaelic would be pronounced "Loch-Mairidh." I prefer to call it "Loch-ma-Righ," "the king's loch," or the "loch of my king." This corresponds with the Gaelic pronunciation, and it also agrees with local history and tradition. When I was a boy, and living on the West Coast, I used to hear old men relating long tales about the son of a king who lived on "Island Maree." His father, the king, "Maccollaugh Mor," died while the boy was young, and a conspiracy was got up among his retainers to put the young king to death. His young aunt, Flora, managed to discover the plot; and on the night that the boy was to be put to death in bed, she managed to get the wife and son of one of the conspirators to occupy the bed always occupied by herself and her young nephew. The ruffians who were

bribed to do the foul deed were satisfied with murdering the occupiers of the bed, and got their reward. Flora went off with her nephew, and brought him up on a pet goat's milk in a cave called to this day "Uaigh-an-Righ," or the king's cave. He also built a stronghold, part of which is still to be seen on Island Maree, and after many vicissitudes he returned home, was to be executed as a stranger and a rebel, when his mother, the queen, recognised him and he was placed on the throne of his forefathers. There is another cave called "Toll-an-Righ," or the "king's hole," where young Ewan Macgobhar was in hiding. He was called Macgobhar in consequence of his being fed by the goat, and because Flora did not wish to have his proper name known, for fear of discovery. The late Mr Macintyre of Letterewe related this tale to the Ettrick Shepherd, and you can find it in his prose works under the title of "Ewan Macgubhar," to which I beg to refer you. Hogg not knowing the Gaelic made several mistakes in spelling. For instance, he spells "Toll-an-Righ" "Toll-an-Kigh," no doubt taking the "n" and the "R" in his original manuscript for "u" and "K," but as he translates it "cave of the king's son," his meaning is clear. I have no doubt but "Loch-ma-Righ" is the original name for Loch Maree, in spite of all the fine theories by learned men as to its connection with a saint somebody. Let them go into the locality and get the local history of the place, and I think they will adopt this theory of mine.

Loch-Maree is even now so little above the level of the present Lochewe that, in my own memory, a stone embankment in the river, to which the tide almost came up during a very high tide, swelled or dammed up Loch-Maree, so much that it used to flood the farm of Tagan, at this end of the lake, and the late Mr Mackenzie objected to pay any rent until Sir Kenneth Mackenzie had the embankment taken away. This allowed the water in the loch to fall to its natural level, and I question if the fresh-water one is more than 12 or 15 feet above the level of the salt water Loch-Ewe—the name, as I have already said, by which the whole of the lochs—33 miles in extent—were originally known. What, then, is the Gaelic meaning of Loch-Ewe? I have never heard the question asked or answered. In the Gaelic you would spell it "Loch-Iugh." Then what does "Iugh" mean? I believe it was originally "Eugh," and that the name is "Loch-Eugh," or loch of the calling, or echo. I am the more convinced of this as a point on this tide of Talladale, and exactly opposite Letterewe, is now called "Aird na h-Eugh," and we have also "Allt na h-Eugh," some miles this side of "Aird na h-Eugh;" and I believe there is also a "Creag na h-Eugh" nearer Poolewe, but just now I cannot remember the spot. When this was all one lake no person could get over except by a boat.

Even forty years ago, before Telford built the bridge on the river, you could only get over by a ferry-boat when the river was flooded to any degree, and no doubt there would be regular places of calling or "eigheachd," for these boats to fetch people across, as is actually now the case. If you want to get across to Isle of Ewe, you must bawl out until the people on the Island hear you, or light a fire on a particular point. No doubt, in the fearful, deep, and solitary glen, in which Loch-Maree lies, the echo would be loud, and be carried along the whole glen, hence, I believe, the name Loch-Ewe or "Loch-Eugh." I shall be glad to hear a better solution. Gairloch, close to Loch-Ewe, is "Garr-Loch," or "Loch-Goirid"—short loch. It is short in comparison with all the other West Coast lochs.

It is needless to say that this paper was well received, and gave rise to an interesting discussion, of which, however, we can only give a few notes.

Mr Thomas Mackenzie took exception to the etymology given of *Tom-na-hinraich*, stating that it was only within the memory of persons not at all old that the letter *f* in the word had been dropped, even in colloquial speech. The hill was resorted to for timber, and it was on account of its timber (*fiodh*) that it was called "Tom-na-fiodhraich." "Tha mi dol an fhiodhrach," was what a person said when going to gather sticks there. In this case the word was very like "Uraich." This was no mere opinion, or far-fetched theory; it was the opinion of an ear and eye-witness. But the "Boat-shaped Hill," and the "Fairy Hill," are not only modern, but recent and ridiculous names. Nothing could better set forth the necessity of the Society doing its duty, and rescuing our topography from the hands of theorists, whilst our language is a living thing in the mouths of unsophisticated people. That Culloden (Cùil-Odair) derives its name from the shoal which forms part of the boundary of the estate he thought exceedingly improbable. He was disposed to class Cùil (or Cill) Oduin with Cill Earnan, Cill Mhoraig, Cill Chuinean. He would not wait to answer the question who was Odin, any more than who was Earnan, or who was Morag. Mr Mackenzie then deprecated the incorrect, unclassical, and misleading spelling introduced into our topography, instancing the displacing of the *C* by a *K*; and then, after removing the *C* from its place in so many words, depriving it of its true value where left. It was sad to hear people giving the sound of *S* to *C*, in such words as *Caesar*, *Cephalonia*, *Macedonia*, words which should be pronounced as if written *Kesar*, *Kephalonia*, *Makedonia*, &c. Then there was the introduction of that queer English letter "*Q*," into such words as *Cuach*, making *Gleann*

Cuaich into "Glenquaich!" Our own nineteen Gaelic letters are quite enough, and the introduction of those other letters, which are superfluous in English, is a very stupid compliment to our Saxon neighbours. Our politeness and desire to please do not require us to adopt their blunders. Then there was the spelling to be seen in advertisements and shop windows: Skian Dhus for Sgeann Dubh; Sporrans, for Sporan, &c. This is really neither Gaelic nor English spelling. We have also such spelling as Balvonie for Baile-mhònaidh, Balvulin for Baile-mhùilinn, and Bahafettack for Bail-na-feadaig. And this English invasion goes on, for even lately we had Dunjardil (a shooting in the district of Stratherrick), now we have Dunnyardil, instead of Dun Dearduil. Dearduil, the valorous Norseman, a Scandinavian prince, if tradition be true, had been toppled over the rock into the Faragaig. Pity that the name of the man who had built such a fort or stronghold should be changed. If the respected proprietor were made aware of how much there is in a name, in this case, he would undoubtedly have the true name restored.

Mr Murdoch remarked that in solving the etymology of our Highland names, we must not always limit our appeals to Gaelic, for a great many of them are, beyond all question, Scandinavian, and utterly unintelligible to the mere Gaelic speaker; and for his own part it was not until he had got to the Shetland Isles he was able to make out the meaning and origin of some names with which he had been familiar all his days. In the island of Islay, for instance, there are a very great many names of places out of which no fair ingenuity could extract a Gaelic meaning. Twenty-five of those names terminated in *bus*—as Torabus, Persibus, Eorabus, Eallabus, Carabus, Cullabus, Neribus, Carnabus, Cavilabus, Cragabus, Reesibus, Kinabus, Assabus. There is another list terminating in *stadh* or *sta*, as Runistadh, Ollistadh, Elistadh, Tormastadh, Robasadh, Grobasadh. Then there are Sannaig and Suirnaig, Saligco and Braigeo, Gruilinn and Gruinnart. In several of these the Norse elements are quite distinguishable, and the analysis of one may help to solve the rest. In his young days he was told that Gruinnart meant *Grunnd ard*; only, unfortunately, it was a low place with a long, narrow, salt water loch in the bottom of it. *Craun traigh Ghruinnart* is famous as the name of a Pìobaireachd, and the scene of a battle between the Macdonalds and Macleams. On one occasion he was called upon by a poor woman in Shetland, who told him she had come from Gruinnart. "From Gruinnart?" said he, thinking of the place in Islay. "Yes," said she, more deliberately, "from Gruina-firth." Gruina is the general term for a green isle, and we know that "firth" is a bay. And with Nave Island, in the mouth of Loch Gruinnart, Gruinafirth, or

the Green-isle-loch, was an accurately descriptive name. "Sannaig" is really Sandwick; "Saligeo" is the seal-gully; and "Braigeo" is evidently Gaelic and Norse, the brow of the gully or Geo. Of course the Danes and Norwegians gave names to numbers of places all over the North as well when they had settlements. With regard to Culloden itself there was some reason to suppose that it was partly Scandinavian, and made up of Cuil, a neuk, and Olin, one of the Norse deities, sometimes found in the form of *Oluir* among our Gaelic-speaking people; and it is very remarkable to what extent this Cuil, or corner, of the country is dotted over with what are called Druidical Circles. The root Cuil, also, is very prevalent in the same locality—as Cuil-carnaidh, Cuil-blair, Cuil-domhaich, Cuil-chuinneag, &c. It was possible that by comparing and considering these various uses of the word, we might arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion than by taking any one application of it by itself. Whilst offering these remarks, he was desirous of expressing the great pleasure with which he listened to the paper, which he characterised as a valuable contribution to the records of the Society.

November 25.—This evening the following paper was read by Mr Murloch, on

THE CLAN SYSTEM.

It is no uncommon thing to hear and read the Highlanders spoken of as if, in recent times, they had been delivered from the feudal system; the idea being conveyed that the feudal system was that of the clans. I need hardly tell a company of intelligent Highlanders that this is a mistake; and it is only for the sake of argument that it is necessary for me to say that the feudal system could only be set up on the ruins of the clan system.

It is rather curious that the above blunder is most frequently committed at the very time that the blunderers are trying to make us believe that they are instructing us in politics; and yet, that the simple truth comes out very frequently when persons put forth no such solemn pretensions. How often do we hear, for instance, of a *feud* between enemies; but of persons who stick closely together and help one another being *clannish*. Here you see the distinction, and even the difference, between the two systems lingering in common speech, after so-called philosophers and designing politicians, had done their utmost to establish a fiction in the public mind. "There was a great feud between such and such

families," meaning, of course, that they hated each other, and were designing evil against one another. But who requires to be told that the opposite is meant when it is said "Oh, how clannish these Highlanders are," meaning, of course, that they help one another, defend each other, and hold together like a well-regulated family.

And what came out thus in so many words is only what we know to be contained, and given out by, the one word *clann*. The clan is really the family from a certain point of view; but it is not intended to convey the idea of a family in a state of orphanage, or without a head. To convey that bare idea, it would suffice, I imagine, to use the word *teadhluach*, simply a family. But when we use the word *clann*, we co-note the relation of the family or *teadhluach* to the parent. I may say that the more tender idea of my own, or his own, children is suggested; and then there arises in the mind the image or figure of the father or patriarch, looking down with tender solicitude upon his own children or *clann*, and the *clann* looking up to him for counsel, for guidance, for instruction, believing in his parental affection, and rendering filial affection in return.

All this, I say, lingers in our common speech; and if you wanted to conjure up in the mind the best form and spirit of society, you could hardly do better than that which is done in the mind of every intelligent Highlander by the full and fair use of the word *clann* as applied to a people.

But if you wanted to damage this people, if you wanted to afford a pretext for breaking in upon this people, society, or family, you could hardly do better than the Quaker did with the dog, "I will not kill thee, but call thee mad." Of course, to call the poor dog mad was to raise every baton in the village against him, and make sure that some one should kill him. So a good way of ensuring the breaking up of the clans was to give them a bad name; and a capital excuse for what had been done in this way was, to say that theirs was a *feudal* system, or a system of slavery and of feuds, which ought not to be allowed to exist.

But I must not proceed too rapidly over the ground which lies before me from this position. As I have said, the *clann* implied the father; and this is as strong an implication as I can find in the word, and in the thing which the word represents. And this leads us to the natural origin of society. It does not matter whether we go back to the first father and family, or merely to an immigrant family; we have the little group established, say, in one of our glens: the old, sage, and experienced occupying the place of honour and authority; the young, vigorous, and inexperienced, ready to run in obedience to that authority, and in conformity to the wisdom residing there.

But this father must relatively diminish, and ultimately die, leaving an increasing and multiplying family in need of guidance, and requiring some strong cord or influence to keep them still together, and counteract in some measure the centrifugal force of personal selfishness, which would set each member of the larger family to disregard the general good in the eager pursuit of his own gain.

The younger will look up to the elder; and when there are many fathers, the whole community, in quest of one to act the part of father in general to them, will naturally defer to the most fatherly of all these fathers. In the quality of age, the elder brother will, of course, excel, and command the first thought. But more is required than age, although a measure of this is indispensable in him who would rule. I pray you to note this, and bring it with you to the consideration of some things in our ancient Highland polity which have puzzled theorists. It was not because he was old that the natural father was the head of his family, although a measure of age was indispensable—but because he was their father. And he, among the many fathers to whom I have already referred, who possesses the greatest amount of what children look up for in their father, is of right the head of the large family or community of families. The first of these we cannot overlook, viz., blood relationship. This has a hold which is not to be lightly regarded, and which has in all ages been felt, no matter how vigorously individuals and nations have tried to break it. And when I speak of blood relationship, I wish to denote a two-sided relationship. For example, we have not got so far in our descent as to ignore the blood relationship of the head of our community to his people; he must be of the people whom he rules; but he must be still closer, if possible, to the preceding and to the first ruler or father than any one else. In this consanguinity he inherits a potent share of the veneration which, in course of time, gathers around the head of him who has ruled well and long. You will readily understand what a hold this gives to the new ruler. The people feel the force of the two ties—his being flesh of their own flesh, and bone of the bone of him to whom they have been in the habit of looking up. In other words, the fraternal feeling and the filial feeling find legitimate exercise and use in binding the growing community together. Theories of Government, which go to put the right man in the right place, and yet ignore the force of the feelings to which I have been referring, have generally, if not always, failed in practice. They may succeed in either of two supposititious circumstances—when the entire community has become so Christian as to be thoroughly imbued with that feeling of higher brotherhood which grows out of an absorbing love of Christ;

or when men have become so transcendently philosophical as not to care for their own nearest relatives. The former we are not, and our fathers were not; and the latter I hope we never shall be. The above goes a great way towards accounting for the shortness of the lives of republics, and for the length of days attained by very rotten monarchies.

The very fact that my blood relation occupies the seat of authority in my clan, tribe, or country, gives me a degree of interest and pride in him which I would not have in another ruler; and it has often been stated that the idea of a blood relationship to his chief has in olden times gone to make the poor clansman cherish the spirit and behaviour of a gentleman; and I need hardly say that this relationship had its influence in making the chief cherish his clan, and devote himself more heartily to its service. Not to rest so important a point on my authority, or on your reasoning, I will give what Brown says on the subject in the "History of the Highland Clans":—

"The patriarchal system in some of its features exhibited a strong resemblance to feudalism, yet in others the distinction was too strongly marked to be for a moment mistaken. The chief was the hereditary lord of all who were supposed to be descended of the same stock with himself; the Gothic baron was merely the hereditary proprietor of a certain tract of land, and as such only entitled to the service and obedience of those who dwelt on it. This distinguishing property of the patriarchal system, wherever it prevailed, was peculiarly remarkable in the case of the Highlanders of Scotland."

And whilst I am quoting Brown, I wish to direct your particular attention to what he says in the same connection, although this is not the best place for it:—

"By reason of the similarity already mentioned, the feudal law was without difficulty introduced into the Highlands in so far as regarded the tenure of lands; but in other respects the struggle between the two systems proved long and doubtful, nor was it until a very recent period that the feudal law of succession and marriage came into full operation in the Highlands [mark this], and displaced that which previously obtained—thus laying a foundation for those disputes which have since arisen amongst many of the Highland families respecting chieftainship and succession."—Vol. iv., p. 371.

I want you to note another historical statement of Brown's, because it contains the testimony of some of our former law-makers to the superiority of the clan system over that of the feudal system as a conservator of the subject's liberty:—

"Community of feeling, position, and interest," he says, page

390, "was strengthened by a supposed community of blood, and gave to the Celtic chief a pre-eminent authority which never belonged to the feudal baron. In Wales, in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, the patriarchal system was universal; whilst opposed to, not identical with, this form was the feudal system of the Saxon invaders. It was long the policy of the Scottish legislature to oppose the feudal power of the barons, and to support that which was exercised by the chiefs: the one was conceived to militate against, and present an obstacle to, the explication and assertion of the royal authority; the other was sought as an ally against usurpations, which were restrained by no ties, and confined within no limits, such as those which at once regulated and abridged the authority of a chief."

With your permission I shall quote another testimony to the same effect. General Stuart of Garth says—"One chief was distinguished from another, not by any additional splendour of dress or equipage; but by being followed by more dependants, and by entertaining a greater number of guests. What the retainers gave from their individual property was spent amongst them in the kindest and most liberal manner. At the castle every individual was made welcome, and was treated according to his station with a degree of courtesy and regard to his feelings unknown in any other country. This condescension, while it raised the clansman in his own estimation, and drew closer the ties between him and his superior, seldom tempted him to use any improper familiarities. He believed himself well-born, and was taught to respect himself in the respect which he showed to his chief; and thus, instead of complaining of the difference of station and fortune, or considering a ready obedience to his chieftain's call as a slavish oppression, he felt convinced that he was supporting his own honour in showing his gratitude and duty to the generous head of his family." "Hence," says Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs*, "the Highlanders, whom more savage nations called savage, carried in the outward expression of their manners the politeness of courts without their vices, and in their bosom the high point of honour, without its follies." And Mrs Grant of Laggan says—"Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent idea that a Highland chief was an ignorant and unprincipled tyrant, who rewarded the abject submission of his followers with relentless cruelty and rigorous oppression." And mark what follows—"If ferocious in disposition, or weak in understanding, he was curbed and directed by the heads of his tribe, who, by inviolable custom, were his standing counsellors, without whose advice no measure of any kind was decided." Numerous examples of the exercise of this counsel might be given. The Clann Choinnich would not allow their chief to pull down the

Castle of Brahan; and the Laird of Glenorchy, more than three hundred years ago, resolved to build a castle on a hill at the side of Loch Tay, and actually laid the foundation, which was to be seen in General Stuart's day, and I do not know but it is still to be seen. The situation was not agreeable to his advisers, who interfered, and caused him to change his plan, and build the Castle of Balloch or Taymouth. In some instances they went the length of deposing their chiefs. One example of this exercise of a very legitimate power is quoted in the case of the Chief Macdonald of Clanranald, and another in the family of Macdonald of Keppoch; and at a later period the pick of the Clan Donnell of Glengary got up in a body and emigrated to America, the recreant chief appealing to Parliament for power to prevent them from leaving him alone in his glory.

Cæsar observes that "the clannish system was introduced among the Gauls, in ancient times, so as that the most obscure person should not be oppressed by the rich; for each leader was obliged to protect his followers, else he should soon be stripped of his authority." And Logan says—"It is apparent from the construction of Celtic society that a chief could never become despotic. The government was radically democratic"—(Vol. i., page 180); and (page 184) he says—"The connection of the Gaelic chief and his people was not the rule of the strong over the weak: it was maintained by reciprocal advantages and kindnesses. All the members of a clan were connected with each other, and their common safety depended on their united fidelity and co-operation; tyranny and injustice on the part of the chief could not fail to weaken his influence, and, finally, estrange his kindred and his friends."

But I wish you here to notice a remarkable difference between the clan system and the ferdal system in regard to primogeniture. You know and see clearly that, from the laird in his mansion to the king on his throne, the succession is not only by descent from father to son, but from father to the eldest son, without any proper regard to the comparative fitness of the different members of the laird's or of the king's family. I need hardly dwell upon the violence which this disregard does to the law of natural affection no less than to the fitness of things. It is not the law of nature that a man should prefer his eldest son to all his other sons; neither is it that the community should have such an overwhelming veneration for the eldest son of their chief as to make them overlook fitness for office, and those lovable elements of character upon which friendship subsists. No; it often happens that the affections of the parent single out the youngest, and that the people show a decided preference for a younger son over an heir-apparent.

Thus, although there are strong laws of nature pointing to a son or near relative of a ruler as his successor, there is not any great natural force in the law or custom which is allowed to point to the eldest son as successor. And it is a remarkable thing that in the clan system, notwithstanding the great scope allowed for the exercise of veneration, it was laid down in law and in custom that the succession should not be limited to the eldest son, or to any son of the reigning chief. The best specimen in the best stock was the successor. The chief's family was assumed to be the best stock, and his brother, his son, his nephew—whoever showed himself the best in this stock—was chosen to succeed him. Nor was this in ancient times confined to the Highland clans: we see it in the Scottish and even in the English royal succession. Robertson, in his work called "Scotland under her Early Kings," brings this point out as a recognised principle, and not a mere accident decided by feuds or battles. After mentioning a number of instances in both countries in which the crowns had descended indirectly, and in which the successors had been appointed before-hand, he says—"In Scotland such a system was peculiarly desirable, when the early usage, extending the right of election to the Crown to every member of the royal family, rendered the election of a *Tanist* during the lifetime of the reigning sovereign a matter of absolute necessity, to prevent anarchy and confusion after his decease." Logan confirms this—"The law of Tanistry not only regulated the government of the clans, but determined the succession of the kings of Scotland during the Celtic dynasty, or until 1056, and pervaded the constitution to a much later period." And Dr Macpherson, who mentions that it was not above two hundred years since the custom prevailed in the Highlands, says that it prevailed even among the Saxons; but that it became obsolete before the conquest of Ireland. If possible, Buchanan is still more forcible, not only as to the facts, but as to the wisdom of this system.

Brown, as already quoted, says that the patriarchical system extended over Ireland and Wales, as well as over the Highlands. Speuser complains of it as a hinderance to the consolidation of the feudal power of England in Ireland. In his famous Dialogue on the state of Ireland, Endox asks, "Doth not the parent, in any graunt or conveyance, bind the beyres forever thereunto?" Irenæus answers—"They say no; for their ancestors had no estates in any their lands, signoryes, or heriditamentes, longer than during their own lives, as they allege, for all the Irish do hold their lands by Tanistrye; which is, they say, no more than a personal estate for his life-time, that is, Tanistih, by reason that he is admitted thereto by the election of the country." Endox asks—"What is this

that you call Tanistih and Tanistrye? They be terms never heard of nor known to us. ? Iren.—It is a custom among all the Irish, that presently, after the death of any their chiefs, they do presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and known to them, to chose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest son, nor any of the children of their lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is, the *eldest and worthiest*, as commonly the next brother to him, if he have any, or the next cousin-german, or so forth, as any is elder in that kind or sept; and then next to him they choose the next of blood to be Tanistih.”

He then goes on to describe the ceremony of inauguration, which is the very same as that gone through at the election of the Lords of the Isles in Scotland, and embraced this engagement on the part of the chief—“An oath to preserve all the former ancient customs of the country inviolate, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanistih.” Endox asks about the origin of this strange system, and Irenæus answers—“I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinance amongst the Irish, was specially for the defence and maintenance of their lands in their posterity, and for excluding of all innovation and alienation thereof unto strangers, and especially to the English. For when the captain died, if the signiory should descend to his child, and he, perhaps, an infant, another might peradventure step in between, or thrust him out by strong hand. And to this end the Tanistih is always ready known, if it should happen the captain suddenly to die, to defend and keep the territory from all doubts and dangers. For which cause the Tanistih hath also a share of the country allotted to him, and certain cuttings and appendages upon all the inhabitants under the lord.”

All this he refers to the Brehon Laws; and to them I also would refer, as sending us far back into the early Christian, and even pagan times, for the original idea of chieftainship. At page 279, vol. ii., of the Brehon Laws, now in course of publication by a Royal Commission in Dublin, the “*Senachus Mor*” has this striking passage—“Every head defends its members, if it be a goodly head, of good deeds, of good morals, exempt, affluent, capable. The body of every head is his tribe, for there is no body without a head. The head of every tribe, according to the people, should be the man of the tribe who is the most experienced, the most noble, the most wealthy, the wisest, the most learned, the most truly popular, the most powerful to oppose, the most steadfast to sue for profits, and be sued for losses.” At page 201 we get a glimpse of the hereditary element, where it says—“There is a distinction of stock, and of chiefs, that is, a chief who is entitled only

to butter, and seal, and live stock ; an inferior chief, whose father was not a chief." But in page 203 it is said—"The chief of true family, by father and grandfather, is entitled to returns, with all noble rights in general."

You will readily perceive that even with the breadth of basis given to the ruling family by the element of Tanistry, the ties of consanguinity must be getting weaker as the tribe or clan multiplies and extends. Surely, then, it was by no mere accident or chance that the custom of fosterage was established. To me it seems very remarkable as an expedient for bringing the head of the community into a fresh blood connection with the extremities. To borrow an illustration from the vegetable kingdom, it brings before my mind the Banian tree, which, although having a great trunk proper, and numerous primary roots connecting that trunk with the parent earth, sends down fresh props to support its wide-spreading branches, and draw nourishment from a wider area of ground. So the chief, although connected by blood with the whole clan, sends out a son to be nursed in the house of the humble and distant clansman, thus striking a fresh root for his family among his people, and drawing a fresh supply of support from the original source—the body of the people. Nor is that all ; that is only one side of the matter. This nursing, growing, living—this thorough experience in the humbler sphere of the clansman's house, is an important part of the education necessary to a good ruler. It is not merely the knowledge which he acquires of how the other half of the world lives ; there is something more that is very valuable acquired—*sympathy* with the grade of men among whom he has spent his early days. What a corrective will not that same sympathy be of the pride, the arrogance, and the false idea of class superiority which is too apt to have a place in the superior circle to which he returns from the humble home of his fosterfather. Logan says—"The practice of fosterage, by which children were exchanged and brought up, was a curious feature in the system and a most powerful cement to clanship. The son of the chief was given to be reared by some inferior member of society, with whom he lived during the years of pupilarity. The effect of this custom appears to have been astonishing." It is very curious how Logan words the next sentence. You will find that it consists, first, of a statement of facts, and then of a mere opinion, as if he did not happen to have any facts at hand to support it. He says that this custom of fosterage "often prevented feuds." That is the statement of facts. The opinion is that "it seems calculated sometimes to produce feuds." I would be afraid, too, that it would produce feuds. But that would only be an opinion, in support of which I could not produce a morsel of evidence any more than my friend

Logan did. "The attachment of foster-brothers," he says, "was strong and indissoluble. The Highlanders say, that 'affectionate to a man is a friend, but a foster-brother is as the life-blood of his heart.'" And Camden goes to the extravagant length of saying that "no love in the world is comparable by many degrees to it;" and Spenser gives a most affecting, though rather gross example, of the strength of this love in the foster-mother of Murrough O'Brien. Campion says that five hundred kine and better were sometimes given by the Irish to procure the nursing of a great man's child.

The Highland Society's Report on Ossian informs us that Fionn had no fewer than sixteen foster-brothers. Logan mentions that a deed of fosterage between Sir Norman Macleod and John Mackenzie, dated 1645, and written in Gaelic, was in existence in 1830, when he wrote. Brown but repeats Logan's ideas and quotations in less felicitous terms.

It is astonishing with what minuteness the Brehon laws go into this subject of fosterage, taking care that every foster son shall be fed, clothed, and educated according to certain scales laid down, fixing the terms, the periods, and the fees; and guarding against the corruption of the minds, the injury of the bodies, or the damaging of the interests of foster-children. It is more as a curiosity than as essential to my present purpose that I give an extract or two from the "Senachus Mor." Of the raiment, it says "According to the rank of each man, from the humblest man to the king, is the clothing of his son. Blay-coloured, and yellow, and black and white clothes are to be worn by the sons of inferior grades; red, and green, and brown clothes by the sons of chieftains; purple and blue by the sons of kings."

Then as to their food. "*Leite*" is given to them all; but the flavouring which goes into it is different—salt butter for the sons of inferior grades, fresh butter for the sons of chieftains, honey for the sons of kings. Here is another version from Dr O'Donovan, evidently as the custom got altered—"They are all fed on stirrabout; but the materials of which it is made, and the flavouring taken with it, vary according to the rank of the parents of the children. The children of the inferior grades are fed to bare sufficiency on stirrabout made of oatmeal on butter-milk or water, and it is taken with stale butter. The sons of the chieftain grades are fed to satiety on stirrabout made of barleymeal, upon new milk, taken with fresh butter. The sons of kings are fed on stirrabout, made of wheaten meal, upon new milk, taken with honey."

Before I proceed any further I must direct your attention to what I must call, in modern language, a great fact which comes out of all this. The chiefs and chieftainships, like the kings, were in

in reality public judicial functionaries, chosen, appointed, and supported to administer the laws and customs of their people for the general good. Their appointment depended upon their character and their pedigree; and the retaining of their offices depended upon their conduct. The full force of the first of these statements will hardly appear until we have gone into the more solid matter of the relation in which chief and people stood to the land; and this I must leave, I find, for another paper.

Let me note another remarkable thing, viz., that this system embraced the two elements of aristocracy and democracy, forces which, in our day, are regarded as antagonistic and mutually destructive. The chief, as a rule, was an aristocrat by blood and birth at the same time that he was the choice of the people, in the affection developed in them by his character. So far as a superficial reading of history and of tradition conveys, however, chiefs and chieftains (like the kings of the same period), seem to have had their main use in uniting their people for warlike purposes, and in leading them into the ever-recurring fray. Let us give its full force to this reading, merely adding that a very great part of the history of England, no less than that of Scotland, is really taken up with wars, and most of the leading men in other countries at the same period found distinction just as the leaders of the clans did. So that, for the times and the circumstances, the clan system is no worse in that respect than any other system we know of, if it is as bad; and it remains then to be examined, taking into account the principles or the natural laws upon which it was founded, and the possibility of developing and applying those principles in times of science and peace.

Under this system, society was divided into small and manageable communities, composing those who were most conveniently situated for intercourse and co-operation, and who were most powerfully drawn to each other by the first ties which go to bind men together. Nothing, surely, could be better than that, so far as it went. But letting it go further, don't you think that if there were something else required to be done by those communities, beyond defending themselves from their enemies, that it was an admirable arrangement to have them drawn together and organised for purposes of co-operation and mutual improvement? And do you think it a very extravagant supposition to hazard, that if the clan system had been allowed to remain in its integrity and power of growth and adaptation to circumstances, that our poor clansmen would to-day be in their present backward predicament in their own land. I really think not. At present you see there is no head, no union, no organisation. I admit that this want of rural organisation is not peculiar to the Highlands; but what I want

you to note is, that it has come in where an organised union did exist. No doubt many will regard the bare idea of a rural community so organised as Utopian, if not worse. But why should rural unions be deprecated, and municipal unions commended? One of the stock boasts and alleged causes of British freedom is our municipal system of government. Every town finds out that it must enter into an organised union, and that it requires to give the fullest scope for the exercise of the wisdom of its wisest men. Every one admits that our towns could not get on without their local governments; but the scattered, dull, ignorant, rural population is left to gravitate to the lowest level, without any organisation for the purpose of raising it. My idea is, that had the clans been left in their state of natural organisation, they would, in course of time, have got into the way of co-operating for the purposes of improvement in the arts of peace. Thousands of things which are out of the question in their state of isolation would be quite easy for them in their united state. At the present day there are voluntary organisations for such purposes among the farmers of Switzerland; and it is very curious that some of the writers on that system of co-operation which has lately sprung up in England should refer for sanction and example to certain remnants of the clan system which they had discovered in the Highlands at even comparatively recent dates.

Supposing a clan still organised as of yore, with the best man at their head, and the wisest men chosen to guide him with their advice, I should expect, for instance, to find the Tamist becoming versed in every branch of science, and more or less acquainted with every art which was most likely to develop the capabilities of his country, and meet the requirements of his people. Every fresh scrap of minerology, geology, of meteorology, every fresh development of agriculture, of the art of breeding stock, every new feature in railway making and working, should claim his attention; and wheresoever any of these things were to be seen to the best advantage, I should expect to hear of his going there, and bringing home stores of science and volumes of wisdom for the good of his people.

In conclusion, for the present, I wish to take up a strong defensive position founded upon the mass of facts and reasoning, to which *my* few facts and observations can only be regarded as hurriedly referring—that position is, that we, as the descendants and representatives of the clans in these modern times, have no reason, as many ignorant people suppose, to be ashamed of the ancient polity of our race; that, on the contrary, we have reason to be proud of that polity, combining as it did so much sound philosophy with so much that was practically useful in actual life—a system which gave full scope to the best and strongest legitimate impulses

in man, and made use of them to bind society together, and lead men on shoulder to shoulder to secure what was for the good and glory of all, a system capable of the most beneficent use even in those enlightened times of ours.

So that, for that part of the matter at any rate, we have no occasion to beg permission to breathe the breath of our own hills, or to think the thoughts of the wise and brave men who went before us. Our forefathers, who established that system of society, left nothing to dishonour their sons. There is too much reason to fear that in our time-serving pusillanimity we may tarnish the good name we inherit from them. They left a noble inheritance in the system of social and political thought which they bequeathed to us; and we shall not be in our duty either to them in the past, or to our fellow-citizens in the present, if we do not make a bold effort to bring some at least of the practical wisdom and profound philosophy which found a place in the clan system, to correct the atheism and the inhumanity which have to so large an extent corrupted thought and life in the present day.

This paper naturally gave rise to a good deal of comment, and some criticism; but most of the objections were founded on facts which the essayist maintained grew out of the feudal system. Every one seemed to feel that the "Land Question" was inseparable from the subject of the paper, and a good deal of discussion which ensued turned upon that connection.

December 21.—Upon this evening the following paper was read by Mr Mackay, the Secretary:—Subject, the Legends of Glen-Urquhart.

SGEULACHDAN GHLINN-URCHUDAINN.

Tha cuid de dhaoine 'am barail nach eil e freagarrach dhuinn a tha beo anns na laithean glie deireannach so, a bhi toirt feart 's am bith air sgeulachdan na laithean a dh'fhalbh. "Cha 'n eil amnt' ach faoineachd," ars' iadsan a ta de'n a bheachd so, "agus mar is luaithe a dhi-chuimhnichear iad, 'se is fearr." Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm b'eil iad gle ghann 'am measg buill a Chomuinn Ghailig a tha cho tur chiuilach riutha-so; oir tha còir mhor aig sgeulachdan na Gaidhealtachd air ar n-aire, mar a dh'innis Caimbeulach Ile—ùghdar a "bha thall 'sa chunnaic"—dhuinn blo chionn ghoidid. Agus bho'n a tha a chóir sin aig na sgeulachdan oirnn, is e mo dhùrachd, ged is i so a cheud oidheche, nach i an oidheche ma dheireadh a choisrigas an Comunn dhaibh. Tha sinn 'an so a deanamh

uaill ann a bhì 'nar Gaidheil shean-flasanta. Cha 'n eil a' dhùth oirnn gu bhì gu buileach sona ach nach eil sinn 'n ar suidhe tìnehol teine mòr moine ann am botban fail, air cìche ghaillinnach gheamhraidh. 'S ann 'an leithid sin a dh'àite a bhiodh e taitneach, a bhì ag aithris agus ag eisdeachd na seann sgeulachdan ; agus na'u robh sinn an nochd anns an t-suidheachadh thaitneach sin, cha chreid mi-fhein nach tìgeadh sgail nam baird 's nan sonn, aon uair fhathast a shealltuinn air an clann gu bàghail tre na neulaibh dorcha, mar is minic a thainig ann an laithean Oisein ! Ach gus am bi an Comunn Gàilig 'an comas bothan a thogail dhaibh fhein, is eiginn dhaibh cuir suas leis an t-seomar a tha baillidhean Inbhirnis toilichte 'thoirt dhaibh. Ach a nise chum na sgeulachdan.

Chunnaic sinn bho 'n oraid a leugh Alasdair Mac-Choinnich dhuinn bho chionn ghoirid, nach eil sluagh a cordadh a thaobh bun an fhacail "Loch-Nis." Ma chreideas sibh a cheud sgeul a bheir mis' an nochd dhuibh, agus is minic a chuala mi ann an Gleann Urchudainn, cha bhì aobhar nì's mo agaibh a dhol a dh' aona chuid gu Eas-na-Smuid no gu Naois, air-son ainm an loch.

Bha lath ann anns an robh an gleann mor, a tha 'n diugh fo uisgeachan Loch-Nis, 'na shrath aluinn naine, air a chuartachadh air gach taobh le beanntaibh arda, comhduichte le gach crann a b'aillidh dreach. Bha an gleann fhein sgeadaichte le gach fear agus lus 'bu mhaisiche na 'cheile ; agus bho cheann gu ceann, ghluais gu mall, abhainn chiuin anns an d'fhuaireadh gach iasg a bha chum maith an duine. Ged 'bu lionmhor an sluagh, bha sonas agus cairdeas 'nam measg. Cha do shannaich fear bean no bà a choimhearsnaich, oir bha a bhean 's a bho fhein aig gach fear, agus bu dileas gach bean agus bu mhaith a chuireadh gach mna cuigeal. 'N uair nach do sharaich an laoch an torc 's a mhagh, sharaich e am fiadh 's a bheinn ; agus 'n uair nach do sharaich e am fiadh 's a bheinn, threoraich e a spreidh 'sa chluain ; agus ged a bha an abhainn a sgoltadh a ghlinne, bha e comasach do 'n bhuachaille air taobh Shrath-fharagaig oran gaol a sheinn agus comhradh milis a dheanamh ann an cluaisean a leannan air taobh Urchudainn.

Air bruach na h-aibhne bha tobair, agus riamh bho'n a bhuail Dalaidh Mor an Druidh uisge na tobair, bha e ro bhuadhail air na h-uile tinneas agus creuchd a leigheas. Chuir Dalaidh clach 'am beul an tobair, agus dh'aithn' e cho luath 's a rachadh uisge 'tharruing, gu'n rachadh a chlach a chuir 'na h-aite fhein—" An lath a chuireas sibh m'aithn' air chul," ars' es-an, "cuireas am fuaran bhur tir fo sgrios." Thug an sluagh creideas do dh'fhacal Dhalaidh, agus bha e 'na reachd 's a ghleann a chlach a chuir am beul an tobair gach uair a rachadh uisge 'tharruing. Mar sinn chuir latha seachad latha, agus thug bliadhna a h-aite do bhliadhna.

Ach latha de na laithean dh'fhag bean òg an leanabh a bh'air

a h-uchd anns an tigh, agus dh'fhallbh i do'n fhuaran air-son lùd buirn. Cha luaith' a thog i a chlach na chual i ghaoth gu'n do ghluais an leanabh chum an teine. Thùig i a cùlainn 'an so, agus a chlach 'an sud, agus 'na dearbh dheann riun i air a tigh. Theàruinn i a naoidbean, ach dhi-chuimhnich i facal an Druidh, agus cha do chuir i a chlach 'na h-aite fhein! Dh'eirich an t-uisge, agus bhrùchd e da riridh. Chuir an fuaran thairis agus mheudaich eadh na h-uisgeachan cho mòr, 'o gu'n robh an gleann air a chomhdachadh leo. Thug an sluagh na beanntan orra, a caoidh gu goirt; agus cha robh ach aon ghlaodh ri chluinntinn air feadh na tìre; "Tha loch a nis ann!" "Tha loch a nis ann!" Bho sin tha na h-uisgeachan fo'n ainm "Loch-nis" gus an latha'n diugh.

Tha e coltach gu'n robh Dàlaidh na dhruidh ainmeil. Tha seann ait' aoraidh druidheil ann an Urchudainn ris an canar fhathast "Carn Dàlaidh;" agus 'se ainm a bhàile anns am b'èil e "Cartàlaidh."

Tha cuid de dhaoine, tha foghlumte ann an seann eachdraidh ar dùthcha, a smuanachadh gu'r h-ann bho Naois Mac Uisneach, son ainmeil a bhà beo bho chionn iomadh linn, a tha ainm an loch air a thoir, agus na'm bruidhnicimid gu ceart, nach b'è "Loch-Nis" a theireadh sinn, ach "Loch-Naois." 'S ann air Naois a tha an ath sgeul a dh'ainmicheas mi; ach cha'n ann 'an Urchudainn a chaidh a faighinn. Sgriobh ar caraide, an gaidheal duineil sin Mac Gille-Mhicheil, i bho bhlibh seann duine ann an Eilean Bharra. Tha an sgeula so, (ris an abair sinn Eachdraidh Chlann Uisneach) ro fhada air-son a toir gu buileach, ach bbeir mi as-tharruing ghoirid dhuibh, a nochdas an comh-cheangal a th' aice ri Gleann-Urchudainn. Ach gus an tuig sibh i, feumar innse gu'n robh, roimhe so, duine ann an Eireann, air ainm Golam Cruitire. Cha do ghin bean Gholam cloinn da gus an robh i fada thairis air aois chloinne; ach na dheireadh, tre eadar-ghuidhe Dhruidh araidh, bhà nigean aice air an d' thug Golam agus i fhein Dearduil mar ainm. 'Nuair a dh'fhas Dearduil mor, bhà i anabarrach maiseach: "b'i boinne fala bu mhaisiche bhà eadar grian agus talamh, agus cha d'rugadh boinne fala riannh 'an Eireann, cho maiseach rithe." Ach fhuair Conachar, Rìgh Uladh [Ulster] 'na lamhan i, agus chuir e roimhe a pòsadh air ball. Dh'farr ise latha agus bliadhna dhi-fhein, agus fhuair i iad. Mu'n d' thainig deireadh an latha agus bliadhna, co thainig a shealltuinn air Conachar ach Naois, Ailleán, agus Ardán, triuir chlann bhrathair athair, agus laoch a bhà ro ionraiteach air fad na tìre. Am fear a bu tàire dhiubh, bhà e 'na lan ghaisgeach; agus am fear a bu shàra dhiubh, cha robh gaisgeach eile 'an Eireann coimeas ris. Thuit Naois agus Dearduil ann an gaol ri cheile, agus air an aobhar sin bhà Conachar feargach 'an aghaidh Naois. "Smaoinich Naois nach robh math dha fuireach na b' fhaide ann an Eireann, leis mar a chuir e Conachar Rìgh

Uladh, mac bhrathair athair 'na aghaidh a thaobh a bhoirionnaich, ged nach robh i pòsd' aige, agus thill e air ais do dh' Alba, agus rainig e Inbhir-Naois [Inverness]. Riun Naois tigh ri taobh Uisge Naois, far am marbhadh e am bradan am mach air an uinneag, agus am fiadh am mach air an doras, agus bha e fhein agus Dearduil agus a dha bhrathair a tann anns an tùr so, gus an d' thainig an t-am Conachar Rìgh Uladh am boirionnach a phòsadh, 'an ceann latha agus bliadhna.

Ciod e 'bha Conachar, Rìgh Uladh, 's an àm ach 'am beachd gu 'n d' thugadh e mach Dearduil le' chlaidh' agus le lann bho Naois, i bhi pòsd aige no gun i bhi ; agus ciod e an obair a bh' aige ach ag ullachadh a chum latha blàir 'us baiteal a thoirt do Naois, agus a bhean a thoirt bhuidhe gun taing. Bha e 'an so a smuanachadh aige fhein, ged a chuireadh e fios air Naois gu ruig Inbhir-Naois, nach tigeadh e; ach falbhar agus cuirear fios air Fearchar Mac Rò, agus chuir e mar chumha agus mar gheasan air a dhol gu ruig Inbhir-Naois agus curadh a thoirt do Naois Mac Uisneach agus do 'bhrathran a thiginn chun an luchairt aige-san; gu 'n robh e 'dol a thoirt cuirm mhòr shòlasach dha 'chairdean 'us dha luchd sòlais, agus gu 'n robh e deonach iadsan a bhi 'nam measg.

Falbhar Fearchar Mac Rò air a thurus, agus ruigear Tùr Naois air taobh Loch-nis, agus cuirear 'an ceill a theachdaireachd. "Mata," arsa Naois, "is cinnteach mise nach ann gu mo chrùnadh a chuir Conachar fios orm, ach bho 'n a chuir e fios oirn, theid sinn ann." "Tha triuir mhac agamsa," arsa Fearchar Mac Rò, "agus iadsan triuir ghaisgeach, beud 'sam bith a theannas Conachar ri dheanamh ort, seasaidh iad thu ann am blàir 's am baiteal. Agus falbhaidh tusa bho 'n chuir ma d' choinneamh e, agus theid thu chun na cuirm, agus ma nochdas Conachar còirid ruit, nochdaidh tu còirid dha, agus ma dh' fheuchas e gairge ruit, feuchaidh tu gairge ris, agus bithidh mo thriuir mhac-sa leat.

Dh' fhalbh Fearchar Mac Rò agus dh' fhalbh comhla ris, Naois, agus Dearduil, agus Aillean, agus Ardan. Cho luath agus a chaidh iad air tìr 'an Eireann chuir Fearchar Mac Rò fios chun Chonachar, gu 'n robh na daoine air tighinn."

Ach (gun a bhi leantuinn a sgeula ni's faide) bha Conachar 'na dhuine cealgach ; agus ged a mharbh Naois agus a bhriathran da cheud treun ghaisgeach, da cheud lan ghaisgeach agus da cheud luth ghaisgeach a chuir e 'nan aghaidh, chiadh iad fhein a mharbhadh ma dheireadh le foill. Tha an sgeula 'dunadh mar so:— " 'N uair a bha an t-slochd deas, thilgeadh triuir Chlann Uisneach ann. Thubhairt Dearduil an uair sin:—

' Teannadh Naois an null,
 Leanadh Aillean ri Ardan ;
 Nam biodh ciall aig mairbh,
 Dheanadh sibh aite dhomhsa !'

Rinn iadsan aite dhi, agus 'n uair a chunnaic ise so, leum i eadar riu do'n t-slochd, agus bha i marbh maille riu! Dh'òrdaich an droch rìgh, 'an sin, ise 'thogail as an t-slochd, agus a tilgeil taobh eile an loch a bha ri 'n lamh; agus rinneadh so, agus dhumadh na sluic. Chinn 'an sin gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Dearduil, agus gath giubhais as an uaigh aig Naois, agus chuir an dà ghath snaim air a cheile os cionn an lochan!"

Cha'n fhiosrach mi gu'm beil mor aithris ann an Urchudainn ma dheighinn Naois, no bhrathran, no Dearduil, ach a mhain gu'r h-ann air Dearduil a tha Dun Dearduil air taobh eile an loch air ainmeachadh, agus gu'm b'eil e coltach gu'r h-ann bho Naois a tha ainm an loch fhein. Chuala sinn 'an so bho chionn ghoirid gu'm b'e sonn Lochlannach a bh'ann an Dearduil, agus gu'n do thilgeadh e leis a chreige a tha nise dol fo 'ainm. Cha'n eil aobhar innse dhuibh nach eil an sgeula sin ceart a tha deanamh laoch duineil cathach dhe Dearduil caomh.

Tha cliu mor air Naois agus a dha brathair agus Dearduil anns a bhardachd Oiseineach, agus 's iad na dain so (ris an can sinn 'sa Ghailig dain Chlann Uisneach) a thug Mac-a'phearson dhuinn 'sa Beurla, fo ainm Dhearduil [Darthula].

Bha Naois na chombach gaisge aig Cuchullain, agus bha iad beo 'an linn Chonachar Mac Nessa Rìgh Uladh ann an Eireann, a chaochail a reir eachdraidh na duthcha sin air an latha air an deach Crìosd a chuir gu bas. Le sin, cha'n e amhain gu'm faidh sinn Naois ann am bardachd na h-Alba, ach tha, mar an ceudna, cliú mor air ann am bardachd na h-Eirinn, agns chunnaic mi dan Eireannach na dheighinn, anns am b'eil ainm a bhaile anns am b'eil sinn an drasd, a tachairt.

A reir na h-uile coltach bu ro dhoil le Dearduil Tir nam beann. Tha fhathast ri fhaicinn ann an leabhar-lann na'm fir lagha [Advocate's Library] 'an Dun Eidean, seann sgrìobhadh Gailig, a chaidh sgrìobhadh 'sa bhliadhna 1238, agus anns am b'eil cuid de dhain Chlann Uisneach. Tha aon dan ann a rinn Dearduil 'nuair a bha i gabhail a cead de Dh'Alba agus i dol gu Eireann cuide ri Naois. Bheir mi rann no dha dhi-so dhuibh gu 's am faic sibh, mar a bha a Ghailig air a sgrìobhadh bho chionn corr 'us sea ceud bliadhna, agus an deigh sin bheir mi dha no tri ruinn eadar-theangaichte gu Beurla. 'Se barul *Skene* gur e Gleann Urchaidh 'san Araghael [Glen-Urchay], a th'air a chiollachadh le "Glend Urchain" 's an dan so; ach bho'n 'tha fios againn gu'n robh dluth cheangal aig Dearduil ri Gleann Urchudainn, nach eil e cho farasda 'chreidsinn gu'r h-e sin an Gleann a tha i a caoidh cho gort?

Inmain tir an tir ud thoir,
Alba cona lingantaibh,
Nocha tiefuinn eisdi ille,
Mana tisain le Naise.

* * *

Mo chen Glend Urchain,
Ba hedh in Glend direach dromchain,
Uallcha feare aoise ma Naise,
An Glend Urchain.

Beloved land that Eastern land,
Alba, with its lakes ;
O, that I might not depart from it,
But I depart with Naois.

* * *

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

* * *

Beloved is Draighen and its sounding shore,
Beloved the water o'er pure sand.
O, that I might not depart from the East ;
But I go with my beloved !

Sin agaibh a nise beachd Dhearduil air Tir nam Beann, Dh'in-nis an t-Ollamh ionnsuichte Carruthers, dhuinn o chionn ghoirid, gur ann o chionn beagan bhliadhmachan a thoisich daoine air meas a bhi aca air beannaibh ard 'us gleannaibh domhain ar duthecha. Dh'fheach an t-Ollamh gu soillear gu'n robh iad a cuir oillt gu leoir air na coigrich a thainig a' stigh orra 'n drasd agus a rithist anns na laithean a dh'fhalbh ; ach ciamar a chreideas sinn gun robh iad oillteil do na seann Ghaidheil—sliochd nam beann—nuair 'tha sinn ag eisdeachd ris an laoidh bhinn ud a sruthadh a mach bho bhilibh Dhearduil. Bho rannsachadh a rium ni bho chionn ghoirid 'am measg bardachd Oisein agus na seann bhaird Ghaidhealach, thainig mi gu creidsinn gu'r h-ann a bla na seann Ghaidheil gle chomasach air aillidheachd coslais ar duthaich fhaicinn agus meas a thoir air ; agus tha mi smuanachadh gu'm biodh e da riridh feumail do dh'fhear a rachadh a thoirt sean-chas air a phunc so, a Ghailig ionnsachadh nu'n toisicheadh e. Ach is mithich a bhi tilleadh chum na sgeulachdan.

Ged nach eil mor aithris againn 'an Urchudainn air Naois, tha facal no dha againn ma dheighinn Chonachar—cha'n e Conachar Mac Nessa, tha mi smuanachadh—agus innsidh mi nise dhuibh mar a mharbh e an tore nimhe.

Bha roimhe so ann an Caisteal-na-Sroine (sin Caisteal Urchudainn) duine mor cumbachdach a thainig anall bho Eireann, air an robh Conachar Mac-Aoidh mar ainm. Bha Conachar gaisgeil thair gach gaisgeach 'san tir, agus bha mor thlachd aig anns an t-sealg. Bha eu aige bha ro-mhath 'san t-sealg fhad 'sa bha e og, ach 'n uair a dh'fhas e sean, dh'fhas e cho mor ri damh ! Bha e mar an ceudna cho leisg 'snach rachadh e bho bun an teine. Mar sin chaidh seachd

bliadhna 'seachad, ach fad na seachd bliadhna cha'n fhac an Cù mor, tàobh mach an doruis. 'S iomadh uair chaidh iarraidh air Conachar a mharbhadh, agus is minic a dh'iarr e fhein cuir as da; ach na h-uil' uair a bha e dol a dheanamh so, chaidh stad a chuir air le seanr bhean a bha 'san tigh "leig leis a chù," ars ise, "tha latha fhein a feitheamh air." Agus fluair an cù a chead a bhì beò.

Aig ceann na seachd bliadhna chaidh Conachar latha ann mach a shealg mar 'bu dual. 'N uair a bha e an deigh an Caisteal fhàgail, sheall e air ais, agus co bha 'tighinn ach an Cù mor, agus e a leum 'sa cleasachd mar a b'abhaist dha an laithean oige! "Am beil thu ann," arsa Conachar, "tha mi meallta mar e so an lath' bha feitheamh ort!" agus leig e leis a chù a leantuinn.

Anns na laithean sin bha 'n duthaich air a sgiursadh gu cruaidh le tore nimhe a bha a fasachadh nan gleanntan. Bha 'n tore cho tur uamhasach 's nach do thachair duine riamh air a leig e as beò, agus le sin, bha eagall mòr air an laoch bu ghaisgeanta roimhe.

Thòisich Conachar air an t-sealg, ach mu'n deach e fada, co 'tha-inig air 'na làn fhearg, ach an tore nimhe! Dhian Conachar e fhein gu duineil, agus bhual e an tore mar a bhuaileas sonn a namhad; ach 's beag an lot a rinn a shleagh ann an coluinn na beist.

'An sinn leum an Cù mor air an tore agus sàs anns a cheile chaidh iad. Dh' eirich a ghrian gu a h-airde, agus laith i a rithist mu'n do sguir a chomhstri ghar, agus bha an talaamh dearg le fuil. Mu dheireadh dh'feuch an tore gun robh sgleo a bhais air tighinn air, agus le gnothain 'us beùchdaich a bha oillteil ri chluinntinn thug e suas an deò.

Bheannaich Conachar an Cù mor, a theàrruinn e bho ghlaic a bhàis, agus thug e bòid air a shleagh nach di-chuinnicheadh se e gu brath. Ach bha lath' a choin mhòr air teachd, agus le sodan 'us crathadh fheamain ri Conachar, fluair e bas.

'S ann bho fhacail an t-seana bhean a their sinn fhathast 'sa ghleann "Tha latha fhein a feitheamh air, mar a bh'air Cù mòr Chonachar."

Cha'n fhiosrach mi gu'n deach a sgeulachd so a sgrìobhadh riamh roimhe, ach ged nach deach, tha mi fiosrach bho'n ranns-adhaidh a rinn mi, nach eil sgeula eile a bhùineas do'n Ghaidhealtachd a dh'fhag a comharadh cho mor air eachdraidh an Taobh Tuath. Cha d'fhag cadhon Sgeulachd Dhiarmaid, ged is mor a tha de dh'aithris oirre. A reir beul-aithris a ghlinn againn, b'e Conachar a cheud fhear de Chlann Mhic Aoidh, agus feumaidh e bhì gur e so an sonn a bha 'am beachd mo charaide Mac Choinnich, 'n uair a bha e bruidhinn anns an oraid a dh'a'innich mi, air "Aonghas Mac Aoidh" agus a strith ri "Naòis" Mac Aoidh a dheanamh dhe. Tha an t-oran ag radh:—

“Rugadh air a mhuir a cheud fear
Bho'n do shiollaich Clann Mhic Aoidh,
Conachar mor ruadh, bho'n chuan.”

Agus tha fios againn bho sheann eachdraidhean, gu'm b' Urchudainn creathall Chlann Mhic Aoidh, agus gu'n robh coir ac' air an gleann sin bho chionn corr is sea ceud bliadhna. Ach thainig atharrachadh cho mor bho sin, agus nach eil ceathrar Mhic Aoidh an diugh ann an Urchudainn. Reic iad Achamhonaidh (an oighreachd ma dheireadh a sheilbhich iad 'sa ghleann sin) beagan bhliadhnachan 'an deigh Dombnull Mac Aoidh, an t-oighre aig an àm, agus mo shinn sheanair-sa, a chuir air fogradh gu Bardados air-son e cuideachadh le Prionns Tearlach ann am bliadhna Chuil-fhodair.

Ach cha b'e Clann Mhic Aoidh anháin a shiollaich bho Chonachar. 'Sann bhuaidh a thainig Clann Urchudainn [Urquharts] agus ghabh iad ainm a ghlinne anns an robh e. Thug iad an t-ainm ceudna air an àite comhuidh úir ann an siorrachd Rois; agus mar a tha Innis-a-Chonachar againne ann an Urchudainn, tha Bad-a-Chonachar aca-san faisg air Inbhir Górdan. Bha ridir araid ann an cogaidhean Rìgh Tearlach agus *Oliver Cromwell* a bha ro dhùileas ann an armaitibh an Rìgh. B'e so Sir Tomas Urchudainn. An deigh *Cromwell* baiteal *Worcester* a chosnadh, chaidh Sir Tomas bochd a ghleacadh, agus fhuair e da bhliadhna 'phriosan. Ach fad na h-ùine sin cha robh e na thàmh. Chaith a na laithean dorch' a thainig air a sgrìobhadh leabhar a chuir e 'mach fo'n ainm “The True Pedigree and lineal descent of the most ancient and honourable family of Urquhart in the house of Cromarty from the creation of the world until the year of God 1651.” A reir an leabhar so b'e Conachar an seathamh ginealach deug thair an trì fichead bho Adhamh, agus phós e anns a bhliadhna cuig cheud 's leith cheud 'sa ceathar mu'n d'thainig Criosd. Ach bheir mi so dhuibh ann am facail Sir Tomas fhein:—

“Upon Philerga he (Daltalon) begot Beltistos. Beltistos married Thomyris (A.M. 3395, B.C. 554). This Beltistos was surnamed Chonchar, for which cause a certain progeny descended of him is till this hour called the generation of the Ochonchars, a race truly of great antiquity and renown in the dominion of Ireland. Beltistos founded the Castle of Urquhart above Innernasse, which being afterwards completed by his posterity, hath ever since been called the Castle of Uickichonchar” [Mic-a-Chonachair.]

Sin agaibh mar a sgrìobh Sir Tomas bho chionn còrr 'us da cheud bliadhna. Ma'n aon am bha duin' eile beo a rinn moran raunsachadh air seann eachdraidh na h-Alba. B'e so Nisbet, fear a bha gle cluramach nach cuireadh e dad 's am bith air paipeir ach rud aig am biodh bonn. Tha e-san ag radh gu'n d' thainig Conachar a Eireann gu thoir dhuibh na fhacail fhein—“In the eleventh

century . . . a brother of Ochochlar, who slew the boar, and was predecessor of the Lords Forbes, having in keeping the Castle of Urquhart, took his name from the place."

'S ann bho Chonaclhar, a rithist, a thainig na Fearbaisich, agus tha iad a creidsim gu'm b'e fhein da riridh ann "fear bathaiseach" a mharbh an toire. 'S ann bhuidhe 'thainig na Siosalaidh, agus inn-sidh iad dhuinn gum b'e fhein a thug an t- "sith salach" 'n uair a spàr e a shleagh sios anhaich na bèist. Ach gn' bh' aithghear, s'ann bho sgeulachd Chonaclhar a tha ceann na tìre mar shuaiche-antas aig Mac Aoidh, Urchudann, Fearbaiseach, Siosalach, Ròsach, Innes, agus, tha mi a smuanachadh, an Gordanach agus Mac-an-toiseach. Cha'n eil mi a smuanachadh gu'n beil mi 'an so ri faoineachd; oir tha fios againn bho sheann eachdruidhean agus daighneachdan [charters] gu'n robh coir aig na fineachan a dh'ainmich mi air Gleann Urchudann agus Caisteal Chonaclhar bho chionn cheudan bhliadhnan.

'N uair a thoisich mi air so a sgrìobhadh, bha mi an rùn sgeulachdan a Ghlinne leantuinn bho 'n a cheud te a chuala sibh an nochd, gus an lath' uamhasach sin a thug leithid a dh' atharachadh air cleachdamaibh nan Gaidheil—latha Chuil-fhodair. Ach bha na h-urrad agam ri radh ma dheighinn 'na thug mi, agus nach toir mi dhuibh an nochd ach aon t'eile. Tha i so iongantach air choir 's gu'm faod sinn a filleadh ann am bardachd Oisein. Fluair mise bho m'athair i, agus dh' ionnsaich es' i bho fhìor sheann duine bho chionn leith cheud 's a cuig a bhliadhnan.

"Thainig a Bhuileardach Ruadh, mathair Rìgh Lochluinn, do'n Fheinn, a thoirt leth e foill cuach na geasachd. Bha Fionn agus cuid de dhaoine, a sealg, ach fluair i Oisean agus laoidh eile ann talla na Feinne. Agus labhar a Chailleach ri Oisean ag radh.

Fosgail, fosgail 'laoidh long,
 Nan airm fullung faothair ghorm,
 S feuch cuid de d' fhaoilteachd.
 Do chailleach bhoc a thig e caoilte ;
 'S mise sin a chailleach thragh,
 'S fhad a dh'imich mi 's mi buan,
 Cha'n eil an cuigibh na h-Alba,
 No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn,
 Aon duine a dhiultadh dhomh fosgladh
 'Nuair chromninn mo cheann fo 'dhorus.

Oisean—Ma dh'imich thusa 'n nigh sin uile,
 'S biadh tuicheadan iad ri droch urra ;
 Fuaraichidh do smior, a chaillich,
 Mu'n fosgaillear dhuit mo dhorus.

A Chailleach—'S dona 'n aithne sin a mhic Rìgh
 ('Us mac Rìgh 'ga radh ruit),
 'N uair dhiultadh tu fosgladh do dhorus.

Oisean—Cha dhiultainn dhuit a monadh fiadh,
Ged bhiodh agad triath do reir ;
Chuirinn biadh naoidhnear gu d' theach,
'S biadh feachd leat bho'n Fheimn.

A Chailleach—Cha bhi agam de d' bhíadh feachd,
Ní mo 's aill leam do shar fhacal,
B' amhsa leam teas de d' ainmhlíbh,
Agus leabaidh mar ri d' ghadhraibh.

Oisean—Gu dearbh cha'n dhaidh thu teas de m'ainmhlíbh,
Ní mo gheibh thu leabaidh mar ri m' ghadhraibh !
Chuirinn gille leat bho'n Fheimn,
A dh'fhadadh teine dh'aon bheum,
'Us gill' eile dh'ullaicheadh deadh^oinneal.

A Chailleach—Cha'n eil mo choiscaid-sa ach mall,
'S theid an teine sin a crann.

Oisean—Buinig thusa leith taobh chuiliun,
Cuir geugaibh caol fo d' spuiribh,
Seid gu caol cruaidh le d'anail,
'S dean do gharadh ris, a chaillich.

A chailleach sin bu ghairbh crainn,
Chuir i guailean ris a chleith,
'S bhrisd i na seachd geamblaibh iarainn
Mar nach biodh amnt ach seann iallan!

A Chailleach—Tha mi nise stigh 'n 'ur teach,
'S líubha bhur mairbh no bhur beo,
'S líonmhór sgóib a bhios 'n ur teach
Na macan beo a marach !

Cheangal i iad taobh ri taobh
'Na bh'eadar an caol san ruith !
'S rug a chailleach air a chuach
'S thug i gu luath a magh.

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fíonn, air dha bhí tighinn dha-chaidh bho'n t-sealg:—

Fíonn—A chailleach ud a th'air an t-sialbh
Dha 'm b'eil an ceum eas-ruith garbh dhian,
Na'n tarladh tu air srath no h-airde
Bu bhoadhail dhut clam na ceairde.
Tri cheud deug le'n dian armachd —
Fíir thugad a tha, a chaillich !

A Chailleach—Cíod a theireadh tusa ghiular,
Nam fagninn-sa iad sin uile
Eadar chu luath 'us dheadh dhuine ?

Leum a chailleach an t-eas,
Leum gu garbh bras,
Thúg i gath nimh' air Fíonn,
A chaidh seachd trommhean 'san fheur uaine,

Thairis air barr a dha ghualainn !
 Thilg Fionn a shleagh taobh,
 'S bhrisd e cridhe 'na caol druim ;
 'S rug Geolaeh bho'n is i bu luaithe,
 Air shiasaid chruaidh na caillich ;
 'S rug Caoilte beag nan cuach
 Air a claidheamh ernadhach,
 'S air a da shleagh.

Bha iad seachd lath' 'us seachd oidliche
 A rium faobha na Caillich,
 'Scha d'rug Oisean a bha air dheireadh
 Ach air seann chiabhag lia na Caillich.

Oisean—A chaillich, bho'n is e 'm bas e,
 Innis dhomhisa ciod e d' aois ?

A Chailleach—Cha'n eil m'aois fhein ri aireamh
 Ach tri cheud bhadhan' 'sa dha !

NOTE.—For the sake of those unacquainted with Gaelic, but who take an interest in Celtic matters, I may here mention that I wrote the above curious poem, in 1869, from the recitation of my father, Mr William Mackay, Glen-Urquhart. He learned it, along with other pieces which claim to be Ossianic, from a very old man, at whose fireside he and his companions were wont to spend the winter evenings almost sixty years ago. In January of this year (1872), I sent it to the well-known collector of Gaelic legends, Mr Campbell of Islay, who is at present about to publish a collection of Ossianic ballads, and in reference to it he wrote :—“The poem which you have been kind enough to send me is called *Duan na Caillich*, and other names. I have a version of it collected by Kennedy last century, and one got by Fletcher about the same time from the MS. in the Advocate's Library. Yours is the third version I have got, and will help in making up a text.” When we are told that poems such as those of Ossian could not be preserved for any considerable time without the aid of writing, it is instructive to know that, notwithstanding great changes in the customs of the Highlanders, some noticed in the last century still float orally among them.—W.M.

December 19.—At the meeting this evening, Mr Charles Mackay, Drummond, read the annexed paper :—

BLIADHNA THEARLAICH.

“Is e mo run an nochd beagan innse dhuibh ma dheighinn nithe a thachair ann am Bliadhna Thearlaich air nach deach fhathast eachdraidh a thoir, ach gidheadh a tha cho fìrinneach ri facal a chaidh riamh a sgrìobhadh. Ann a bhi deanamh so, agus a labhairt mu chliu na muinntir a dh'fhuiling air-son a Phrionns, cha'n iarruinn a lhi fosgladh seann lotan; ach tha mi ag earbsa gu'n giulan sibh leam ged a their mi nithean cruaidh mu thimchioll iadsan a sharaich cho mor an sluagh sin bho'n d'thainig sinn. Tha e gu tric air innse dhuinn nach robh anns na Rìgh-rean Stiubhartach, ach daoine gun fhiu a bha coma dha'n sluagh, agus a dheanadh ni neo-dhligheach 's am bith air-sen am niaim fhein fhaotainn. Gu'n teagamh bha cuid dhuibh a dh'fheuch nach robh moran cogais aca, agus a bhun gu goirt ri sluagh na rioghachd. Ach cha d'rinn iad coire 's am bith 'an aghaidh na Gaidheil. Cha d'thainig teintean na geur-leanmhuinn a stigh air crìoch na Gaidhealtachd, ni mo a ghabh na Gaidheil suim dhe na comspoidean a bha eadar na Stiubhartaich agus am parlamaidean na thimchioll còirean agus cumhachdan an rìgh. Air an taobh eile cha haithe a chaidh na Stiubhartach a chuir de'n chaithir, na dh'aitnich na Gaidheil nach robh na rìghrean uir gu bhi cho cairdeach riu 's a bha na seann rìghrean; agus ann an uine ghoirid fhuair iad dearbhadh air so ann am mort Ghlinne-comhainn. Le sin, cha robh e ach nadurrach gu'm b'iad na Stiubhartaich, 'nan suilean-sa, na rìghrean dligheach, agus nach robh anns na Gearmailtich ach an-shealbhadairean gun fhiu; agus 'n nair a thainig am Prionns 'nam measg, thionail iad mu'n enairt dha, eadar Phrotastanach 'us Phapanach. Tha feadhainn gu coitichionta 'am barail nach d'fhuair am Prionns comhar ach bho Phapanaich; ach tha e soillear gu'n do lean na Gaidheil e gun suim do chreud. Cha mhor gu'n robh duine ann an Urchudainn nach robh 'an toil no'n gnìomh air a thaobh agus gidheadh cha robh triuir Phapanaich 'nam measg. Bha toil mhor aig na Gaidheil do 'n t-seann theaghlach rioghail; agus 's e an toil sin a thug orra an claidheamh a tharruing air-son a Phrionns.”

'An so thug Mr Mac-Aoidh cunntas air cruadail a dh'fhuiling na Gaidheil an deigh dhaibh blair Chuil-fhodair a chall; agus bha cuid dhe'na thubhairt e bha iongantach ri chluinntinn a thaobh 's nach deach eachdraidh a thoir riamh air. Ach a chionn 's nach robh na thubhairt e uile sgrìobta aige, cha'n eil sinn an comas ach na leanas a thoirt 'an so.

“Beagan uine an deigh latha Chuil-fhodair, chaidh fios a chuir gu muinntir Ghlinn-Urchudainn, na h-uile fear a bh'air taobh Phrionns Thearlaich a thigbinn gu Inbhirnis, agus gu'm faigheadh e

protection. B'e so paìpeir dìona a dhìonaidh am fear aig am biodh e bho an-ìochd-mhorachd na h-airme deirge. Thionail neart na dùthcha aig Baile-macathan, agus 'nam measg bha fear Choire-mhonaidh, fear Sheoglaidh agus a mhac, oighre Achamhonaidh, agus Mr Iain Grannud, ministear na sgìre. 'N uair a bha iad a fagail shuas gu thìghinn gu Inbhirnis, thainig seana bhean, agus thubhairt i mar so:—

“ Urchudainn Maith Chrostan,
 Cha bu rosadach thu riamh gus an dìugh !
 An taobh ris am beil sibh 'cuir bhur sail
 Gu brath cha chuir sibh clar na h-aodainn ! ”

“ Bha leithid a bhuidh aig facail na caillich air na daoine, 's gu'n do thill fear Choire-mhonaidh agus a chuid a bu mho dhiubh dhachaidh. Lean each air an aghaidh gus an d'rainig iad a Bhealaidh Mhor, faisg air Abairiachan. Ann an so chuir iad a comhairle cuideachd, agus bha leithid a dhroch bharail aca dhe'n turus air an robh iad, 's gu'n do thill iad uile ach Grannudach Sheoglaidh 's a mhac, Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh oighre Achamhonaidh, am ministear, agus naoinear eile. Chaidh iad-san do'n a bhaile, ach an aite iad *protection* fhaighinn, 's ann a chaidh prìosanaich a dheanamh dhiubh ! Chaidh Seoglaidh 'sa mhac, agus am ministear a chuir gu *Tilbury Fort*, agus ann an uine ghoirid chaidh 'n ceann a thoir dhe Seoglaidh, agus fhuair an dithis eile 'thead. Chaidh oighre Achamhonaidh agus na daoine eile (maìlle ri trì fichead a thainig a Gleanna-Moireastuinn air chomharradh meallta), a chuir gu Barbados; agus cha'n fhaic a h-aon dhiubh an dachaidh gu brath ach Mac-Aoidh agus fear eile. Cha luaithe a chaidh Mac-Aoidh air tìr ann am Barbados na theich e air long gu Jamaica. Ann an sin rinn e Dòmhnallach dhe-fhein, agus an deigh dha iomadh bliadhna a chaitheadh ann, thainig e dhachaidh agus phos e. B'e Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh seanair m'athair, agus tha a chiste a thug e à Jamaica aige-san fhathast ann an Urchudainn.”

“ Is mor an t-atharrachadh a thug baiteal Chuil-fhodair agus brùdealachd Chumberland air a Ghaidhealtachd. Rugadh de chloinn ann an Urchudainn 'sa bhliadhna 1744, 32; 'sa bhliadhna 1745, 30; 'sa bhliadhna 1746 (bliadhna Chuil-fhodair) 18; 'sa bhliadhna 1747, 12; agus 'sa bhliadhna 1748, 26. Tha so a a feuchainn dhuinn a seapadh uamhasach a chaidh a dheanamh anns na lathbean eitidh sin, ann am measg an fheadhainn a bhiodh, a posadh 'sa baisteadh, mur d'thainig a chomh-strì mhortach eadar ri Tearlach agus Deorsa! Bha an sluagh nì's lionmhora ann an Gleann-tan na Gaidhealtachd roimh latha Chuil-fhodair, na bha iad riamh na dheigh; agus bha iad, 'nan doigh fhein, nì's sona na tha am beagan a th'agaidh an dìugh.”

SURVEY OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGES.

February 23, 1872.—A lecture on the above subject was delivered by the Rev. William Ross of Rothesay, Cluny Macpherson, Chief of the Society, presiding. The worthy Chief was received with great applause, and when it was discovered that he was about to open the proceedings in Gaelic, he was greeted with fresh demonstrations of approbation. The Chief spoke as follows :—

Faodaidh mi toiseachadh, am briathran aith-gearr, le bhì cuir an ceill do bhuill a Chomunn Ghailig, a tha'n so a lathair gu'n robh mor dhoilgheas orm nach robh e 'nam chomas a bhì maille ribh aig 'ur ceud choinneamh. Thù mi anabarrach toilichte a bhì a lathair air an fheasgar so, agus a bhì faicinn aireamh co mhor dhuibh-san cruinn aig am bheil tlachd ann an soirbheachadh "Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis." Agus tha mi 'galtrum lan dochas gu'n sruth mor bhuannachd agus mhisneachd do na Gaidheil o'n Chomunn, agus gu h-àraidh do thaobh craobh sgaoilidh a chanain Gheadhealaich, Tha e ro-thaitneach leam a bhì nis a' toirt fa bhuir combair an t-Urramach Mr Ros á Baile-Bhoid, agus a' gairm air a labhair na h-òraid a ghabh e gu Còmhneil os laimh a thoirt air an fheasgair so. Tha mi cinnteach nach ruig mi leas innseadh dhiubh gu'm bheil e 'na ard fhoghlumach anns a chànan Ghaidhealach, agus min-eòlach mu'n dàin anns an bheil a chànan so a' seasamh ri a dual chàintean. Fèumaidh gu'n toir e mòr thoil-eachadh dha na h-uile fìor Ghaidheal gu'm bheil a leithid a chomunn 'san "Comunn Gailig" air a chuir air chois ann an Ceann-Bhaile na Gaidhealtachd. Cha n-eil teagamh 's am bith agam ann a' soirbheachadh a chomunn, 'nnair tha agam r'a innseadh dhiubh gu'm facas ionchuidh le ar n-ard-Uachdaran caomh, a Bhan-righinn ordugh a thoirt seachad gu'm biodh a leabhar-sa air eadar-theangachadh chum Gailig, agus tha uail orm gu'n d'earb i sin a dheanamh r'a h-aon do'm chinneadh fèin. Mu'n dean mi suidh dh'iarraim an cothrom so' ghabhail air mòran taing a thoirt do bhuill rioghlaidh a "Chomunn Ghailig" air-son an urrainn a chuir iad orm am a bhì gu'm shòrachadh air-son Ceann-suidhe air a bhliadhna so. Cha chum mi nìs fhaidhe sibh, oir tha mi creidsinn gu'm bheil fadal oirbh gus an cluinn sibh óraid an Urramaich Mr Ros.

The Chief then introduced Mr Ross, who said that he would call his lecture a SURVEY OF THE CELTIC LANGUAGES, WITH NOTES OF THEIR AFFINITIES TO THE OTHER INDO-EUROPEAN TONGUES.

The following is an outline of the lecture, which was illustrated

by specimens of the early Gaelic Manuscript Literature of Scotland, and by diagrams showing the affinities of the Celtic to the other Aryan tongues :—

I.—The place of the Celtic is to be found in the Aryan, and not in the Semitic family of languages—Sir William Jones—Dr Pritchard—“ Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations.”

II.—Celtic Languages—Foreign elements, Ecclesiastical and Classical Latin. The Roman Occupation. Immigrations from the Continent. Comparative Vocabularies of Cymric and Gaellic. Comparative Grammar.

III.—Celtic Scholarship—Lexicons: Cymric, embracing Breton, Welsh, Cornish; Gaellic, embracing Irish, Gaelic, Manx. Grammars—Biographical Notices of Le Gonidec and J. Caspar Zeuss. The *Grammatica Celtica*: Its Character and Value. Native Scholarship—The Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, Dr W. F. Skene, Rev. Mr Clark, Mr J. F. Campbell, Professor Blackie. &c.—Welsh, Irish, and Breton Scholars—Our Literature, Oral and Traditional. Manuscripts—Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, Breton. Early Printed Works. Modern Literature.

IV.—Celtic Relationship to the Aryan Tongues: Western—Classical, Teutonic, Slavonic; Eastern—Indic; Sanskrit, Persian, &c. Vocabulary and Grammar. The value of the Celtic to the Science of Language. The Study itself, its relations to the Gospel, and bearings upon the welfare of humanity.

Our space will only admit of our giving a brief summary of the lecture, which the author, at the request of the Society, has agreed to publish in full.

I. THE PLACE OF THE CELTIC.

If we cast our eye over a linguistic map of the world, we cannot fail to note that there exists a vast number of languages, and that all of them have certain geographical relations to each other. We are not warranted to conclude that because of their proximity to each other, they are on that account so intimately related as to be one in structure or form—one in the materials of which they are composed, nor yet one in the sense of a common progeny, with diverse lineaments, owning a common parentage. Such a conclusion can only be arrived at on scientific grounds when the science of language shall have attained its majority, and the languages of earth have been analysed and compared. A careful and accurate study of any one form of speech will lead us to see, that although the great bulk of the language may consist of materials of native growth and character, yet a considerable portion is to be traced

to the incursion of materials that are of a mixed character—some bearing marks of a kindred, and some clearly of a foreign extraction. If we extend our inquiries to several languages, we obtain precisely similar results. The farther we extend our survey the more likely are we to obtain large and reliable data upon which to found a safe induction. A tolerably accurate survey of the languages which abound on the face of the earth has led to the discovery of three extensive groups or families of languages, each family having its own native character, qualities, and genius. These are the Aryan or Indo-European, the Semitic, and the Turanian or Allophyllian languages. How far these families are, if at all, related to each other the future of our science must show. The question is foreign to our present inquiry. It is enough for us to know that the Celtic language possesses characteristics which enable us to fix its place in the Aryan or Indo-European family. It cannot be without interest to us to inquire how, and by whom, it was discovered that our language had its legitimate place among the Aryan tongues. The discovery was not made by any merely Gaelic or Cymric scholar. Our native scholars, with one notable exception, the distinguished Edward Lhuyd, the author of the “*Archæologia Britannica*,” were busily engaged for many years in endeavouring to prove an intimate connection between the Celtic languages and the Semitic family. In the early stages of philological studies, most linguists laboured long and diligently to show that their native tongue was the primeval speech, or at all events closely allied to it. Our Celtic scholars were no exception to the general rule. It is but just to the memory of Lhuyd, our first and perhaps greatest Celtic scholar, to observe that in his “*British Etymologicon*,” he clearly pointed out the affinity between the Celtic and such Indo-European languages as in his time attracted the attention of learned men. It is possible that an intimate connection may yet be found to subsist between the Aryan and Semitic families; and if so the Celtic may perform no mean service to the inquiries that shall issue in this result. The efforts of our native philologists were at the time, to a large extent, labour in vain. The discovery that helped to place the Celtic in its right position was that of the Sanskrit language, which took place in the year 1808. Previous to that year, it was generally supposed that there was an absolute distinction in race and language between the inhabitants of Hindostan and the East, and those of Europe and the West. In that year the supposed distinction was abolished. It was discovered that the Sanskrit, though dead for upwards of two thousand years, was the direct source of all the principal modern dialects of the Hindoos, while it, moreover, presented the closest affinities to the language of Persia and the chief languages

of Europe. Sir William Jones, the distinguished founder of the Asiatic Society, was the first to point out the probable connection which might be found to exist between the Celtic and the languages of the East. In a paper contained in the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches" (p. 442), he says, "The Sanskrit language, whatever may be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure: more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could have been produced by accident; so strong that no philologer could examine all the three without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which, perhaps, no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanskrit. The old Persian may be added to the same family."

The next in order who secured the attention of scholars to a consideration of the question was Dr Pritchard, the celebrated author of a work "On the Varieties of the Human Race." We cannot value too highly the service which he rendered to the Celtic language by the publication in 1832 of his work on "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations." He says—"It will more evidently appear, if I am not mistaken, that from the Celtic dialects a part of the grammatical inflections, and that a very important part, common to the Sanscrit, the Eolie Greek, the Latin, and the Teutonic languages, are capable of an elucidation which they have never yet received." The line of evidence followed by Dr Pritchard, and the materials produced, were of such a character, and in such quantity, as to satisfy the most sceptical that the Celtic must find its place in the numerous cluster of speeches embraced by the Indo-European tongues. The forty years that have elapsed since the publication of his work have only helped to confirm the position he had taken up, and largely to add to the evidence submitted by him. To his labours we are indebted for the first rational and scientific investigation as to the origin, place, and relations of the Celtic languages. The study of the Celtic now received a new impetus, and in the right direction. A singularly clear, comprehensive, and scholarly review of Dr Pritchard's book, by the late Rev. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, in the British Quarterly Review for September 1836, and valuable articles on the Languages and Dialects of the British Islands, by the same author, in the first and second volumes of the "Proceedings of the Philological Society of London," thoroughly confirmed Dr Pritchard's conclusions, and supplied fresh and valuable materials, which rendered conviction irresistible. "Till lately," says Mr Garnett,

speaking of the Celtic dialects, "they were supposed by various eminent scholars to form a class apart, and to have no connection whatever with the great Indo-European stock. This was strongly asserted by Colonel Vans Kennedy, and also maintained, though in rather more guarded terms, by Bopp, Pott, and Schlegel. The researches of Dr Pritchard in the "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," and of Professor Pictet of Geneva, in his truly able work "Sur l'Affinite des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanscrit," may be considered as having settled the question the other way, and as proving satisfactorily that the assertion of the philologists above mentioned were those of persons who had never properly investigated the matter, and were consequently incompetent to decide upon it. The demonstration of Pictet is so complete, that the German scholars, who had previously denied the connection, now fully admit it, and several of them have written elaborate treatises showing more affinities between Celtic and Sanscrit than perhaps really exist." (Philological Essays, p. 147.) The result of the publication of the works of Dr Pritchard and Professor Pictet were of the most satisfactory character, and finally established the position of the Celtic as one of the Aryan tongues. At the same time it must be conceded, that several very striking coincidences between the Celtic and the Hebrew have been pointed out; while it is undeniable that the evidence hitherto adduced in support of the great mass of alleged resemblances is unsatisfactory, and in not a few instances entirely illusory.

The Celtic language possesses for us not merely a general, but a special and deep patriotic interest. It was among the first, if not the very earliest, to part company with its kindred, and to remove from the ancient fatherland. It was among the first to furnish names for the beetling cliffs, towering bens, shaded valleys, flowing streams, winding pathways, and thriving homesteads, of the continent of Europe—names which may even yet be distinguished as underlying the superficial deposits of Teutonic, Romanic, and Slavonic designations. Its vocabulary also supplied no small number of the terms that describe the social relations, and the arts of husbandry and war. As the parent imparts his life-blood to his offspring, and the pioneer the results and value of his discoveries to his successors, so did the Celtic tribes hand over their treasures to those who tracked their footsteps and took possession of their lands and homes. These courageous and numerous tribes formed the van and centre in the great exodus of the European nations from their home in the East. They were impinged upon by the Teutons on the North, by the Greeks and Romans on the South, while they were pushed forward by the lower Teutonic, Windic, and Illyric tribes, which took up the rear. The pressure of these

various migrations drove the Celts to the West, and their further advance was for a time stopped by the Atlantic ocean, and their colonisation, by the occupancy of Great Britain and Ireland.

II. THE CELTIC LANGUAGES.

It has been already stated that a careful study of any one language will lead to the discovery of a large number of words of foreign extraction. These are technically called *loan* words. We can in many instances trace historically the successive migrations of large numbers of vocables from foreign tongues into that which is the subject of study. This arises from the intercourse which goes on between various races, nations, and tribes of men. Thus the English language of the present day is a conglomerate, the constituent parts of which are to be traced to the languages of the various races and nationalities with which the paramount influence and unrivalled commercial relations of the English speaking people have brought them into contact. The character of these loan words in any language is in strict accordance with the historical circumstance which led to their introduction. A period of degeneracy and disintegration is manifested by the use of a mongrel speech. This is to no small extent characteristic of the spoken Celtic in various parts of the country. English as the prevailing language of this country, impinges upon and gradually pervades the ancient languages of these islands. In many parts of the Highlands we are not unaccustomed to hear in a Gaelic conversation such words as *scop*, *sgoil*, *bata*. These words are clearly aliens. They have not had time to undergo the necessary changes sufficient to disguise them. They are surrounded by the language whence the deposit came, and can therefore be readily identified. But this is merely the illustration of a law that is universal; and, if so, we may expect to find it in operation at earlier and more remote periods in the history of the Celtic languages. Tracing our way backwards, we come to a period when “*ministear*,” “*eaglais*,” “*gràs*,” “*aoradh*,” “*aingeal*,” “*abstol*,” “*beannachd*,” “*coron*,” “*eascop*,” “*easbuig*,” “*abbat*,” “*teart*,” “*dombnach*,” and many such words were new to the language. If foreign, how and whence came they? They were introduced in an age of incipient ecclesiasticism. They are deposits from an earlier period, and from a prevailing language—the language of the Church. We have obtained them directly from Latin, which, as the theological and ecclesiastical language of the period, was in use at and after the introduction of Christianity.

The character and constitution of a language are influenced, not only by the introduction of a new faith, and the labours of the missionary, theologian, and spiritual instructor, but also by political

changes, which have taken place through annexation, immigration, and conquest. If we look beyond the introduction of Christianity into our island, we find a period of conquest and occupation by foreigners. We therefore naturally expect that a considerable number of vocables would be brought by them into the languages of the country. These incursions and occupations would naturally affect the topography, the literary and documentary language and court speech, and ultimately, though to a less extent, the vernacular spoken by the mass of the people. The arrival of the Romans in Britain, and their stay for four hundred years in the country, must have influenced the native languages considerably, especially in South Britain, to which their rule was chiefly confined. The remote parts would be affected, if at all, in a much less degree. The English language has been in contact with the Gaelic of Scotland for upwards of twelve centuries. It has told powerfully on the spoken Gaelic along the centre of the country, while the vernacular in Skye and the Hebrides is comparatively unaffected by it at the present day. The well-known historical facts bearing on this question lead us to conclude that, while the Cymric must have been affected by the Latin, both during the period of the Roman occupation and after the introduction of Christianity, the Gaedhelic would be chiefly influenced by the language of the Church.

There are good grounds for supposing the existence at an early period of a Frisian population in this country, while traces of a pre-Celtic occupation, by tribes speaking a language akin to the Finnish of the North, the Basque of the South, and to the basis of the Hungarian of central Europe, are not wholly wanting. These three languages, like the stunted weather-worn remains of a primeval forest, seem to point to a pre-Celtic population in Europe. The subsequent Scandinavian immigrations into our islands are undoubted. Their power is still felt in the topography of the sea coast all round the island, and notably in the North and West Highlands and Outer Hebrides. If they influenced the topography to such an intent, we may reasonably conclude that they left their mark also upon the spoken languages of the country.

After deducting all the vocables bearing traces of foreign lineage, and introduced in the manner already alluded to, we have still left a large residuum, whose character and relations we are called now to consider. The Celtic Language consists of two great branches, the Cymric and Gaedhelic, with several dialects in each. Are these dialects septes of one clan, owning a common, though remote ancestry? If so, how do they stand related to each other? If we fail in tracing their genealogy to a common source, may we not, nevertheless, be able to trace the family likeness in the common offspring?

There can be no difficulty in ascertaining the substantial identity in vocabulary, grammatical structure, and idiom, of the three dialects which compose the Gaelhelic branch, and as little in regard to the unity of the three which make up the varieties of the Cymric branch. The diversities, which serve to constitute the several dialects are capable of being accounted for on historical and circumstantial grounds, while the harmonies are too minute, too important, and too extensive, to admit of any other explanation, than that of real and ultimate identity.

But how do the two great branches, the Cymric and Gaelhelic, stand related to each other? How much do they hold in common? What are the differences which distinguish them as branches of the one Celtic language? To answer these questions fully would exceed our present limits. A brief summary of the evidence which can be adduced is all that we can now attempt, as showing the remarkable harmonies and peculiar diversities of the two branches.

I. VOCABULARY. They hold much of their vocabulary in common, as the following illustrations clearly show:—

Cymric.		Gaelhelic.	Cymric.		Gaelhelic.
Achar,	Affectionate	Acarra	Drwg	Bad	Droch
Aer	Slaughter	Ar	Dwfn	Deep	Domhain
Afal	An apple	Abhal, ubhal	Duw	God	Dia
Afon	River	Amhuinn	Dwr	Water	Dobhar
Al	A brood	Al	Dyu	Day	Diugh
Amser	Time	Aimser	Efel	Similar	Amhail
Anal	Breath	Anail	Elin	Elbow	Uilinn
Asen	Rib	Aisinn	Enw	A name	Aimn
Au	The liver	Ath	Engyl	Fire	Aingcal
Awr	An hour	Uair	Ffals	Deceitful	Feallsa
Bagud	A cluster	Bagaid	Ffwlach	Refuse	Fuileach
Ballasg	A husk	Blaosg	Gau	A lie	Gò
Bar	Top	Bàrr	Genill	Offspring	Gineal
Bawad	A drowning	Bàthadh	Garw	Rough	Garbh
Bach	Little	Beag	Glan	Clean	Glan
Brawd	Brother	Brathar	Glas	Green	Glas
Benw	A woman	Bean	Gof	A smith	Gobha
Bu	Kine	Bò	Gre	A flock	Greigh
Burym	Yeast	Beirm	Gwaen	Pang	Goimh
Byl	Brim	Bile	Gwer	Tallow	Geir
Brych	Freckled	Breac	Gwydd	Goose	Geadh
Cad	A battle	Cath	Llafar	Speech	Labhairt
Caib	A mattock	Caibe	Llawn	Full	Làn
Cadair	A seat	Cathair	Llaw	Hand	Lamh
Cam	A step	Ceum	Llo	A calf	Laogh
Cann	Sing	Can	Llom	Bare	Lòm

Cymric.		Gaedhelic.	Cymric.		Gaedhelic.
Carn	A heap	Carn	Llong	A ship	Long
Crwn	Round	Cruinn	Llymnoeth	Naked	Lomnochd
Ci	A dog	Cu	Mud	Good	Math
Cledlyf	A sword	Claidheamh	Mawn	Peat	Mòine
Clust	Ear	Cluas	Mawr	Great	Mòr
Dall	Blind	Dall	Mel	Honey	Mil
Dar	An oak	Darach	Sych	Dry	Seac
Da	Good, right	Deagh	Tarw	Bull	Tarbh
Du	Black	Dubh			

The foregoing list is given as a mere sample, not of harmonies but of identities in both branches. The number might be extended indefinitely. It goes far to show that the great mass of the vocables in the two branches are to be regarded as their common stock or inheritance. From one-half to two-thirds of the words in both languages may be regarded as a fair estimate of their common property. It must not be supposed that all the vocables are of the precise character with the above. Further research will show that each of the branches has its own peculiarities in word formation. Thus we have *p* in Cymric represented by *c* in Gaedhelic, in such words—

Cymric.	Gaedhelic.	Cymric.	Gaedhelic.
Penn, a head,	ceann.	Pump, five,	cuig.
Pedwar, four,	ceathair.	Mab, son,	mac.

while *h* in Cymric is almost uniformly represented by *s* in Gaedhelic, as—

Cymric.	Cymric.	Cymric.	Gaedhelic.
Hesp, barren,	seasg.	Hum, slumber,	suain.
Hallt, saline,	sailte.	Hwyl, a sail,	seol.
Heli, salt water,	saille.	Hèdd, peace,	sith.
Helig, willow,	seileach.	Hil, issue,	siol.
Helu, possession,	sealbh,	Hir, weather,	sion.
Hèn, old,	sean.	Hoedyl, duration of life,	saoghal.

We have, moreover, *gw* in Cymric represented by *b*, *m*, *f*, *c*, and *g* in Gaedhelic—

Cymric.	Gaedhelic.	Cymric.	Gaedhelic.
Gwann, meadow,	banach.	Gwin, wine,	fion.
Gwall, wall,	balla.	Gwag, empty,	caog.
Gwaelaeth, grief,	mulad.	Gweddi, supplication,	guidhe
Gwr, a man,	fear.	Gwden, a withe,	gad.
Gwrydd, grass, green,	fear.	Gwasan, a youth,	gasun.

Other peculiarities, into which we cannot now enter, are illustrated by the following—

Welsh.		Gaedhelic.	Welsh.	Gaedhelic.
Chwaer,	sister,	piuthar.	Llyth,	tribe, slugh.
Hael,	liberal,	fial.	Llim,	smooth, sliom.
Cloch,	bell,	glag.	Llyfn,	smooth, sleamhuinu
Llath,	rod,	slat.	Llyn	sharp, liomh.
Tad,	father,	athair.	Mynydd,	mountain, beinn.

How are we to account for the apparent discrepancy existing between words which at once can be seen to be so closely related to each other? Can any law or principle be found by which those differences can be satisfactorily accounted for? Is it that the *p* in penn, a head, passes into *c* in ceann, or vice versa—that the *b* in mab passes into *c* in mac—that *gw* is represented by *b*, *m*, *c*, *f*, and *g*. The number of illustrations which might be supplied of these changes suffices only as evidence of the fact. These illustrations do not supply a solution of the difficulty. They only show the diversity; they do not account for it. It is too generally supposed that the peculiarity is almost, if not entirely, confined to the Celtic language. This, however, is not the case. It does exist in others, notably in Greek and Latin, and may have been more extensively manifested at an earlier period, and helped to create some of the dialectic differences in other languages. If we take the Greek “hippos,” we find the corresponding Latin to be “equus.” But this fact, corresponding precisely to what takes place between the Cymric and Gaelic, will not help us directly to a solution. Nor are we much relieved by finding that another form of the Greek word was *hikkos*. The difficulty is but one stage removed, and that brings it only into closer analogy with the Celtic. If, however, we look into another section of the Aryan family, we find the corresponding Sanscrit word to be “*agvas*,” which for fuller illustration might be written *agbhas*, *agphas*; we find a combination of letters from which both *hikkos* and *hippos* may be derived. The real solution, therefore, is, not that the labial passes into the guttural, but that both are derivative sounds, collaterally descended from a more complex element capable of producing both. Thus the Latin *bis* corresponds to the Greek *dis*. The diversity is not to be accounted for by supposing that the *b* has passed into *d*, or vice versa. If we go to the Sanscrit we find both of these words represented by *dwis*. We now see that each of the languages has taken the derivative in the precise form best suited to its idiosyncrasy and character. The Greek took the *d*, and the Latin *b*=*w*. If, again, we take the Gaelic *fiòn*, Latin *vinum*, Greek *oinos*, we can easily see how the first two are related to each other, but cannot so readily account for the last of the three. Still less can we account for the diversity when we are told that in the Hesychian glosses, *oinos* represents *goinos*. But if we turn to the Cymric, the difficulty is at once

solved, for it has preserved in *quin* the representative of the ancient form whence all the others have sprung. In the Greek *peplos*, Latin *cucullus*, we have a good example of what takes place so regularly in the two branches of the Celtic.

It is too readily taken for granted that the earlier the stage at which we find a language, the more multiplied are its dialects; that the natural tendency of languages is from diversity to uniformity; that dialects are, in the regular order of things, antecedent to language; and that the great means for lessening the number of dialects is the cultivation of language. The illustrations given above tend to show that this is but a partial statement of the truth. Dialect infers original unity, which gradually manifests diversity, owing to individual usage, circumstances, and position. The examples referred to above prove that the earlier the stage at which we find a language the more likely is it to manifest a unity approaching completeness—a unity which enables us to account satisfactorily for dialectic diversity. It is only when a written language and literature become co-extensive with the individuals making use of them that dialects may be said to disappear, and even then individual peculiarities may not be wholly eradicated. Dialect is disintegration and debris from the primitive rock: written language is the alluvium formed of the select materials resulting from disintegration. The reverse is a secondary and subsequent process. The pressure of circumstances which produces the secondary formation, may be of such a character, and the result of such action as shall leave but few remains of valuable materials, whose existence can only be accounted for by tracing their connection to the primitive strata.

The nearer we get to the origin of a language, the more likely we are to find complex elements, which, under the corroding influence of time and circumstances, furnish the simpler sounds which are presented in dialectic peculiarities. Dialectic characteristics become ultimately so established as to necessitate the change on foreign words introduced into the language, required to bring them into accord with the established usage. Thus *pascha*, easter, is in Welsh *pasch*, but in Gaelic *Caisg*. The question very naturally occurs, to what principle are we to attribute this departure from complexity to simplicity? The principle, if principle it can be called, most generally relied on, as producing the change is that of euphony. The ear is regarded as the great agent in causing the modifications of the original complex sounds. But complex sounds are euphonious to the ears of those who habitually make use of them; the ear must be educated to appreciate the use of the simpler sounds. This is done through the influence of neighbouring races and tongues, while the exigencies arising from increased con-

munication, demand directness and simplicity. The ear thus trained desires simplicity, and compels the tongue to submit. Euphony is not more the creature of necessity than it is that of fashion. Both causes may have combined to produce the diversities which have been the subject of our consideration.

It would naturally fall to us now to discuss the remarkable system of initial mutations of consonants which distinguishes the Celtic from all the other Aryan tongues; but we cannot enter here upon a minute analysis. The principle of literal mutation as a regular system is peculiar to the Celtic dialects; though the effects of such an aptitude in some of the letters to change their sounds is seen to prevade all languages. But it regulates some of the primary forms of construction in these tongues, as well with respect to syntax as to the composition of words (Dr Pughe). These changes are called *mutation* in Welsh, *eclipsis* in Irish, and in Gaelic *aspiration*. The term *mutation* is not inapplicable to the changes as shown by all the dialects; for the Welsh mutation embraces *aspiration* also, while from the Gaelic of Scotland traces of the eclipse are not wholly eradicated. Persons acquiring the Celtic languages never fail to complain of the continual changes of the consonants. It is no doubt true that "in the changes and variations of these mutables lies a great part of the art and mystery of this very peculiar tongue, the most curious perhaps, and the most delicate for its structures, of any language in the world" (Llewellyn). But the difficulty, though great, is not insurmountable, for the changes are uniformly made with scientific precision; they are all reducible to definite rules, and therefore capable of being accurately acquired. The mutable consonants may, for aid to the memory, be called capitals, GABIDALS, and LLIMIRHALS, and are thus arranged, with their mutations—

$$\text{I. } \begin{cases} \text{c,} & \text{1 g,} & \text{2 ngh,} & \text{3 ch,} \\ \text{p,} & \text{b,} & \text{mh,} & \text{ph.} \\ \text{t,} & \text{d,} & \text{nh,} & \text{th.} \end{cases}
 \quad \text{II. } \begin{cases} \text{g,} & \text{1 - 2 ng.} \\ \text{b,} & \text{f,} & \text{m.} \\ \text{d,} & \text{dd,} & \text{n.} \end{cases}
 \quad \text{III. } \begin{cases} \text{ll,} & \text{1 l.} \\ \text{m,} & \text{f.} \\ \text{rh,} & \text{r.} \end{cases}$$

The same principles, though with less minuteness, govern the use of the eclipsis and aspiration in Irish and Gaelic.

III. CELTIC SCHOLARSHIP AND LITERATURE.

1. CELTIC SCHOLARSHIP.—In treating of the labours and researches of those who had made the Celtic languages a special subject of study, the lecturer pointed out the principal works in the lexicography and grammar of the Breton, Cornish, Welsh, Irish, and Manx. The first attempt in Gaelic lexicography was

made by Robert Kirke, minister of Balquhiddler, in his edition of the Irish Bible for the use of the Gael of Scotland, and published in 1690. It was of very modest dimensions, extending only to $5\frac{1}{2}$ pages. The next work was of a more extended and scientific character, embraced all the dialects, and was composed by our first great Celtic scholar, Edward Lhuyd—his “*Archæologia Britannica*” was published in 1707. Thirty-four years afterwards, we have the Gaelic vocabulary of Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster of Ardnamurehan, and the author of “*Aiseiridh na Sean chànain Alban-naich*.” To him succeeded, after an interval of 39 years, William Shaw, minister of Ardelach, Nairnshire, who published in 1780 a dictionary, which formed also the basis of O’Reilly’s Irish Dictionary. The two Macfarlane’s, Robert and Peter, published vocabularies, the former in 1795, and the latter in 1815. But the first work of an authoritative character was by Robert Armstrong, schoolmaster of Kenmore, Perthshire, who devoted time, talents, and industry to the production of a work which still holds a high place as an authority among Gaelic scholars. It was published in 1825. The Highland Society’s Dictionary was published in 1828. In addition to the laborious exertions of Ewen Macachlan of Aberdeen—the most accomplished Gaelic scholar of his day—this work obtained the services of Dr Macleod of Dundonald, Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, Dr Macdonald of Crieff, and others, and was completed under the editorial care and supervision of the Rev. Dr Mackintosh Mackay. Lesser volumes, which were largely compilations from, or abridgments of, the foregoing, were prepared and published by Dr Macleod and Dr Dewar; by Mr M’Alpine, schoolmaster, Islay; and a small pocket volume by Mr M’Eachran, published at Perth. The grammars are well-known, and do not demand detailed reference. The labours and services of two foreigners are worthy of special note. These are J. F. M. Le Gonidec, the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Celto-Breton, and the celebrated German professor and linguist, J. Caspar Zeuss, the author of the *Grammatica Celtica*. Christianity as well as scholarship owes much to the devoted labours of Le Gonidec; the former for his invaluable translations of the Holy Scriptures, and the latter for his linguistic works. Born at Le Conquet, in Brittany, on September 4th 1775, he was, at the age of three years, deprived of his mother, abandoned by his father, and generously adopted by Mr and Mrs de Ker Sauzon. Ere he was eighteen years of age he became involved in the troubles of the Revolution in France, and, after a narrow escape for his life, crossed the Channel, and landed at Penzance in Cornwall. In 1794, after a residence of twelve months in this country, he returned to Brittany, only to be again involved in the civil wars of

the Morbihan and the Cotes-du-Nord. An amnesty granted in 1800 permitted him to retire from civil conflict. It was only now that he began to study scientifically a language which, without any study, he had spoken from his infancy. Henceforward his zeal in that study was intense, and his labours abundant. In 1805 he was admitted a member of the Celtic Academy of Paris, and in 1807, after two years of incessant labour, he published his Celto-Bretonne grammar. His Breton-French and French-Breton dictionaries—the former published in 1821—engaged him for a period of eleven years. Ten years he devoted to the translations of the Scriptures: the New Testament was published in 1821, and the Old Testament shortly before his death, which took place in 1838. The New Testament is justly regarded as the finest translation in the Breton language. The entire edition is said to have been bought in Wales. He was also instrumental in directing the attention of the learned to the manuscript literature of his country, at a time when that literature was almost wholly neglected and lost sight of, and to the true character of his native tongue, in the face of the wildest and most visionary notions regarding its origin and history. All the literary work to which we have referred he accomplished while undergoing the daily toil in other duties necessary for the support of his family, and that without acknowledgment or reward from the State, which, prodigal enough in other matters, could not spend the smallest amount for the encouragement of Celtic literature and the elucidation of the language spoken by a large number of its own subjects.

Professor J. Caspar Zeuss was born, of poor parents, in a Bavarian village, July 22nd, 1806. He enjoyed the advantages of a regular school and college education. At the comparatively early age of 31, he published an elaborate ethnological work upon "The Germans and their Neighbours." In 1840 he was appointed to the Professorship of History in the College of Spire (Speyer), and here he seems to have begun those studies which eventually culminated in his *Grammatica Celtica*. He had made a thorough study of the Sanscrit, as well as of the Cymric and Gaedhelic languages. In the course of his ordinary historical researches he had become familiar with the great libraries of Europe. In these libraries he discovered parchments of an ancient date, in the classical tongues, with interlinear and marginal annotations and translations into Gaelic. These notes and translations bore the same relations to the original documents that the interlinear marginal notes of a modern student bear to the classical author studied by him. What were these parchments, and how came the Gaedhelic translations there? The early Celtic Church furnished numerous and able missionaries in the 6th and subsequent century, to the continent of

Europe. The condition of the native Churches may be seen in the valuable history of the Early Scottish Church, by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan of Edinburgh, in the able monogram on the Culdees by the Rev. Dr Reeves of Armagh, while the condition and character of the Continental Culdee Establishments are admirably delineated by the Rev. Dr Ebrard of Erlangen. The missionaries who went out from this country founded several schools of learning and theology on the Continent of Europe. In the course of their studies, they wrote between the lines and on the margin, for their own information and for the use of their pupils, translations into their native Celtic of every difficult word and phrase in the authors perused. In the course of time these institutions, under the supremacy of the Church of Rome, became monasteries. The books and MSS. passed, along with the buildings, into the hands of the new proprietors, who revered the Gaelic missionaries, cherished their memories, and preserved those interesting memorials of their life and learning. These memorials are the famous glosses of St Gall, Milan, Wurtzburg, and Bobbio. These are the materials which Zeuss, at the risk of health and life itself, searched for and discovered, and by means of which, after thirteen years' patient industry and study, he was able to give to the world—in his *Grammatica Celtica*—a masterly analysis of the Celtic as spoken at, and immediately after, the time of the Romans. These were the isolated and often broken fragments by which he re-constructed the one pillar which is his own undying monument, and the admiration of the learned world.

Scholars were not slow to take advantage of the hint thrown out by Sir Wm. Jones and of the evidence submitted by Pritchard, but they were slow to admit the whole truth implied in their researches. The facts of an intimate connection and close relationship between the Celtic and the other Aryan tongues were generally admitted, but the evidence was regarded as insufficient to prove identity, in respect of grammatical structure. There were discrepancies which could not be accounted for. These were pointed out so early as 1836—four years after the appearance of Dr Pritchard's work. They were three in number:—

1. It was asserted that the Celtic did not harmonise with the other Aryan tongues, in that its substantives, adjectives, and pronouns, had no neuter gender, which the other languages possessed.

2. That in regard to the comparative and superlative degrees, the Celtic was wholly wanting in two roots—parallel in signification, cognate in origin, and clearly connected in form—which prevailed in the other tongues.

3. That in the Welsh and Breton dialects there were, properly

speaking, no cases, while the few inflections in Gaelic were said to bear no analogy to those of the Indo-European family.

The researches of Zeuss have completely answered all these objections. He discovered that the Celtic had a neuter gender; that the superlative and comparative not only existed in the old Gaelic, but that they were of the same form with those possessed by the kindred languages; while in regard to case, he showed that it existed to a much larger extent than was admitted, and was formed upon principles similar to those which governed the formation of the cases in the other branches of the family.

Soon after the completion of his great work, Zeuss sank into a state of exhaustion, and died in 1856. He was not destined to enjoy any of the fruits of his great discoveries and unwearied labours, beyond the satisfaction of having been instrumental in achieving a noble and imperishable work for the language which was the study of his life. For the further study and elucidation of the Celtic, he was successful in laying down a stable and enduring foundation, and no Celtic scholar can now pursue that study without paying a warm tribute to the memory of the German scholar, and without feeling the liveliest gratitude for the noblest gift which any continental author has ever conferred on his race and language.

While paying our tribute of gratitude to a foreign author, for the greatest and most valuable contribution made towards the elucidation of our language, we are not to forget that there are scholars nearer home whose patriotism, genius, and scholarship have won them laurels in the same field. The first attempt at a History of Gaelic Literature was made by Mr John Reid of Glasgow, who published the result of his labours in his "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," in 1832. It is a valuable repertory of information regarding the Gaelic books (with biographical notices of their authors), which had been published up to about this date. To the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan we are indebted for able and interesting notices of the history and literature of the Scottish Gael, published under the title of "*Celtic Gleanings*," in 1857, after having previously been delivered as lectures in Edinburgh. This was the first work of the kind bearing on our literature since the publication of the *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*. The aim of the author was to aid in forming an interested public before which questions appertaining to the Celtic races might be discussed. In that object he thoroughly succeeded, and to that little work, as well as to the *History of the Early Scottish Church and the Dean of Lismore's Book*, by the same author, added to constant personal effort, no small portion of the interest now taken in Celtic subjects is due. To Dr M'Lauchlan we are also indebted for an admirable, succinct, and clear review

of our Gaelic Literature, which appears in the "Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, &c.," now being published (A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh).

To the general reader the history of the early Celtic Church is both interesting and profitable. The simplicity, purity, and earnestness which characterised the early Church, both in worship and doctrine, received a wonderful resurrection at the Reformation. The vital spark which had long lain imbedded in, and was well-nigh extinguished amid the traditions, fictions, and tales of a superstitious and visionary age, was now rekindled, let us hope, never to expire. The remains of an early civilisation, and the reliques of an early and Scriptural worship, abundantly testify to the power of truth in those primitive times, and fill our hearts with gratitude to the learned historian of the "Early Scottish Church." To the linguist and the scholar, it is not less interesting to see the charter chests of the ancient lords of the soil opened, and the dust of centuries brushed away from the parchments, and to find our old language receiving a resurrection in print, through the patience and learning of the transcriber: to see the manuscript collections of former authors and compilers brought down from the shelves of hall and library, where for ages they had lain unperused and unprofitable, and to have them reproduced with a faithfulness that reflects the highest credit on the learning, perseverance, and industry of the scholar who has restored them to our literature, and published them to the world. Such a work we have in the "Dean of Lismore's Book," transcribed, translated, and annotated by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan. A worthy coadjutor and fellow-labourer we have in Dr William F. Skene, who writes the introduction to that work, and whose essay on "The Highlanders" first brought him into public notice. He has since edited the "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots" and the "Four Ancient Books of Wales." Another interesting relic of Celtic literature we have in the "Book of Deer," published by the Spalding Club, under the editorship of Dr John Stuart, who obtained the valuable aid of Mr Whitley Stokes, the most accomplished of Irish scholars, and whose "Goidilica" leads us to hope that the mantle of Zeuss has fallen upon a native scholar and linguist. We might here refer to the labours of others who have rendered distinguished service to our literature, such as Mr John F. Campbell of Islay, who has procured for us "The West Highland Tales," and who has now in the press two volumes of our Gaelic heroic ballad poetry; the Rev. Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, whose magnificent edition of Ossian was lately issued from the press; Professor Blackie of the Edinburgh University, whose lectures evince his thorough patriotism, as well as his scholarly interest in our language and literature; Professor

Geddes of Aberdeen, Principal Shairp of St Andrews, and others, whose disinterested services help to revive and extend the interest now manifested on behalf of our mother tongue, and throw light upon the structure and character of the ancient Gaelic.

CELTIC LITERATURE.—We have often to regret that our most distinguished British philologists do not manifest an intimate acquaintance with our language and literature. To this fact it is largely due that we are so constantly met with the statement, “But there is really no literature in the Celtic language.” This assertion is said, moreover, to be specially characteristic of the Gaelic of Scotland. There is no doubt abundant ground to wish that our literature were more extensive than it is. The truth in regard to the matter is, that we do possess a literature, which though scanty when compared with the vast treasures existing in modern and in a very few of the most ancient tongues, is nevertheless of the highest value when we take into account its intrinsic worth and character and its bearings on the science of language. It is, moreover, so large as to compare favourably with the literary remains of other aboriginal races. It may be considered large also when we take into account the various hostile influences with which it had to contend, and in the face of which it has been so wonderfully preserved. If it were, as is asserted, small, it would on that account be more easily mastered, and ought therefore to be regarded as specially valuable. The statement, however, is entirely unfounded, and is often the result of ignorance, if not of prejudice. Where, then, is our literature, and of what does it consist? We have already seen that a large portion of the vocabulary of the two great branches of the Celtic may be justly regarded as their common property and inheritance. The same is true to a large extent of their literature. It is notably true of the earlier oral and traditional, and to no small extent of the early manuscript remains in each of the branches. Thus the Welsh and the Breton have an early and common literature, and so have the Irish and the Gaelic. These remains have in some instances undergone changes, and present differences which are to be traced to the natural vicissitudes, circumstances, and historical relations of the race. It is reasonable to suppose that no small portion of our literature must be oral and traditional, the production of bards and seanchies, handed down from generation to generation. Thus we have the Ossianic, and other ballad poetry of ancient times, and the earlier tales and legends of imaginative authors, which have only in recent years been given to the world through the press. We have in addition to this a large and important written literature. These written monuments are of various kinds: 1, The topo-

graphy of Europe and of our own islands supply us with valuable and extensive materials in this department, and testify to the prevalence in former days of our race and language. 2, We have also the stone monuments engraved by art and man's device, which furnish us with our earlier alphabets, or *Beth-luis-noins*. These stone monuments give us our oldest known forms, and powers of letters and words. Of written stones, the first and earliest in Europe are confessedly Celtic, and consist of the monuments bearing the Ogham marks. Professor Stephens of Denmark, our highest authority on this subject, says "Some three hundred of these pillar stones have been found in Ireland; about a dozen Ogham blocks have been found in Scotland, and scarcely so many in England and Wales. These Ogham stones are every way so peculiar that they at once strike the antiquarian student. The dispute is still hotly carried on, whether they are heathen or Christian. I cannot conceive how any one can question that this was the most ancient stone row of Celtic civilisation. As far as I know, they have never even once been found in Scandinavia, and could never have been transplanted thence." 3, In regard to manuscripts we are by no means so destitute as is generally supposed. Several hundreds of valuable manuscripts are deposited in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, in London, at Oxford and Cambridge, in the treasuries of Trinity College, and in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The earlier Scottish and Irish manuscripts are so similar in subject matter, mode of writing, and character, as to lead us to the conclusion that they contain the common literary inheritance of the Gaelic branch of the Celtic race. (See Dr M'Lauchlain's review "In Highlands, Highland Clans, &c.," vol. ii. p. 66-68.)

The following are a few of the oldest and most valuable of our manuscript remains:—

1. "The Book of Deer," parts of which are as old as the ninth century, published by the Spalding Club. It also contains specimens of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

2. The Exposition of the Tain—supposed to be the oldest Gaelic MSS. extant.

3. "The Albanic Duan," of date about 1050, published in Dr Skene's "Chronicles of the Picts."

4. The "Pethune" MSS. of date 1100.

5. The "Bannatyne," MSS., containing the "Lament of Deirdre," 1208—published in the Appendix to the Highland Society's Report on Ossian, p. 265.

6. "Gaelic Charter" of 1400, published by the Record Commission, National MSS. of Scotland, vol. II, No. 59. This charter is remarkable in that the language is almost entirely identical with the spoken Gaelic of the present day.

7. The Dean of Lismore's MS., consisting of upwards of 11,000 verses of Gaelic Poetry. This MS. contains poetical pieces from the times of the most ancient bards down to the beginning of the 16th century. The whole of this manuscript, with a few unimportant exceptions, has been transcribed, translated, and annotated by the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan of Edinburgh, with an introduction by William F. Skene, Esq., LL.D. (published by Messrs Edmonston and Douglas.)

Among the oral and traditional remains of an earlier period, the chief place in public estimation is held by the "Ossian" of James Macpherson, the collections of Gillies, published at Perth in 1786, and of the brothers Hugh and John Maccallum, published at Montrose in 1816, and the admirable collections of the "Popular Tales, &c., of the West Highlands," by John F. Campbell, published in four volumes by Edmonston and Douglas in 1862.

In modern Gaelic literature, the first printed book is the Gaelic translation of John Knox's liturgy, by John Carswell, Superintendent of the Isles. It was printed in Edinburgh in 1567. Only three copies of it are now known to exist: one perfect copy in the possession of the Duke of Argyll; one imperfect in the British Museum, and one, also imperfect, in the library of the University of Edinburgh. This scarce and valuable relic of our earliest Gaelic printing is now being reproduced under the editorship of Dr M'Lauchlan, and will shortly be published (by Messrs Edmonston and Douglas, of Edinburgh). Detailed information regarding our subsequent Gaelic literature will be found in Reid's "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," M'Lauchlan's "Celtic Gleanings," and "Review of Gaelic Literature," and in Skene's "Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book."

The extent and variety of Irish manuscripts are so great that one is almost lost in wonder and admiration. The duty of cataloguing and describing this enormous literature devolved upon a man singularly qualified for the task, the late Professor Eugene O'Curry. With unrivalled powers and capacity for work, and by unwearied patience, he moved through the chaotic mass until, by persevering effort and marvellous success, he brought the whole into shape and order. We have the result of his labours presented to us in his "Lectures on the manuscript materials of Irish History," the second volume of which is eagerly looked for. The principal portions of these manuscripts are "The Ancient Annals," "The Annals of the Four Masters," edited by the late Dr O'Donovan, and published in 1848, "Leabhar na h-Uidhri" of St Ciaran, "Book of Ballymote," "Leabhar Breac," "Book of Lecan," "Yellow Book of Lecan," "Book of Lismore," &c. If to these we add their "Tales," historical and imaginative, martyrologies, festologies, &c., we can easily see what a vast mass of manuscript remains they possess. There are treatises on all the

subjects of human knowledge to which the learned men of the time directed their attention, as well as detailed information upon almost every part of ancient Gaelic life. The Irish have also been wise in their generation, and have not allowed their ancient documents to lie upon their shelves unperused and unprofitable. They are anxious that these materials should stimulate the study of Irish antiquities, and obtain the elucidation they require, by scholarly and public criticism. With true patriotic feeling they are accordingly, year by year, sending out from the press, in the most magnificent and sumptuous manner, lithographed fac-similes of the literature of their ancient days. "Leabhar na h-Uidhri" was issued in this manner two years ago, and the first part of the "Leabhar Breac" is now ready to be put into the hands of the subscribers. This service to literature and Celtic scholarship cannot be too highly valued, nor sufficiently rewarded.

The manuscript literature of the Welsh is not less varied, if somewhat less in extent. The Welsh manuscripts now deposited in the British Museum amount to 47 volumes of poetry, of various sizes, containing 4700 pieces, in 16,000 pages, besides 2000 epigrammatic stanzas. There are also in the same collection 53 volumes of prose, in 15,300 pages, containing treatises on various subjects. The most interesting and valuable portions of this literature are "The Black Book of Caermarthen," "The Book of Aneurin," "The Book of Taliessin," and the "Red Book of Hergest." These have been published under the title of "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," under the editorship of Dr W. F. Skene, with a valuable introduction and notes by the editor, and with English translations by the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, and the Rev. Robert Williams (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas, 1868). The Welsh MS. literature is of great extent, and of no ordinary importance to the historian and philologist. We might have supposed that such an immense mass of valuable literary and historic materials could not possibly elude the observation of our sovereigns and statesmen. Scotland and Ireland were so far removed from Court and from Parliament that there might be some excuse for inattention to their ancient literature. To the honour of our beloved Queen, it is to be said that, more than any of her predecessors, she takes a deep interest in our language and literature. The only prize ever received from Royal hand, so far as we know, for a contribution to Celtic literature, was bestowed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. But it was no member of the Royal Family who first brought to light the ancient literary remains of the Principality of Wales. To a poor peasant boy, Owen Jones, a native of the Vale of Myvyr, in North Wales, we owe what neither Government, nor clergy, nor the wealthy lords of broad

acres, cared to supply. From his early years, we are told, that Owen Jones had a singular passion for the ancient treasures of his country's literature. These treasures were scattered over the country, jealously guarded, and difficult of access. The celebrated Edward Lhuyd did his utmost to get access to them, or obtain possession of them, but without effect. Owen Jones resolved to accomplish the feat from which men less brave and less enthusiastic would shrink, and from which other men with true courage had to turn back in dismay. At the age of nineteen he went up to London and got employment in a furrier's shop in Thames Street. For a period of forty years he toiled in business, with one object in view, and at the end of that time his object was accomplished. He had risen in his employment, until the business had become his own, and he had amassed a considerable fortune; but this had been sought by him for one object only—the purpose of his life, the dream of his youth—the giving permanence and publicity to the treasures of his national literature. Gradually he got manuscript after manuscript transcribed, and at last in 1801, jointly with two friends, he brought out, in three large volumes, printed in double columns, his *Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales*. This work is the great repertory of the literature of his nation. The comparative study of languages and literature gains every day more followers, and it has been well said, that no one of these followers, at home or abroad, touches Welsh literature without paying deserved homage to the Denbighshire peasant's name, and without admiring the courage, perseverance, and industry which enabled him to do so much for his country and her literature. (See Arnold's *Essay on Celtic Literature*.)

IV.—AFFINITIES OF THE CELTIC.

I. VOCABULARY.—After detailing the various theories of Celtic affinity prevalent during last century, the lecturer went on to show that the researches of our great philologists demonstrated the original identity of the Indic, Iranic, Celtic, Romanic, Slavonic, and Teutonic classes of languages. They form together the grand Indo-European system. To the linguist and philologist these languages form but varieties of one and the same primordial speech, spoken by the ancestors of the Aryan tribes. It has been shown by philologists that the vast majority of roots in all the members of the family, including the Celtic, are identical. Excluding those which have been undoubtedly borrowed from obvious natural sounds, and loan words, which are the nomads of language, it is now matter of simple notoriety that the remaining roots are identical in fundamental radical structure. Notwithstanding the

influence of time, the disturbing elements of foreign admixture, and the peculiarities of the initial mutations and letter changes, the vocabulary of the Celtic stands in the closest possible relations to the vocabularies of all the other Aryan languages. It is no doubt to the peculiarity of the initial mutations, so characteristic of the Celtic, that we owe it that these affinities were not discovered at a much earlier period in the history of comparative philology. The fact of an internal unity pervading the Indo-European family may be sufficiently illustrated by the following table:—

ARYAN LANGUAGES—COMPARATIVE VOCABULARY.

Indic.	Celtic.	Græco-Latin.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.
acvas	each	hippos, equus	ehu (D)	aszwa Li
agnis	cibhle, aingeal	ignis aigle	ild D	
avis	oisg davadd?	ovis ois	awi	awis Li
arv	ar, arbhar, erw	aro, aroo	ariaG., arenD.	aru, L. oriu. R
svann	seinn synin	sono aineo	. . .	zwanu zweniu
sad	suidh	sedeo, hedo	sita, sitzen	sedziu sazu
sadh	sath	satio, ado	sattigen	sotinu
svapnas	suain	hupnos, somnus	schlafen	sopnas
nac, nica	nochd n-oidhche	nox nux	nahts	naktis
namh, namb	neamh	nephos. nubes	naba	nebo
dah	doth	daio		degu
dvar	dorus	thura	daur	durrys
dha	dean	theo	thun	demi
dvac	tigh, teach techn	tectum	taha, decke	taiu, dengiu
tal	talamh	solum, telma	ziele	
it	uidh, aethym	ito, ithuo	iddia, itzt	idu
jan	gin genedlu	geno	keina	gemu
uks	uisge	no	wasche	ukstu
valg	falbh	helko	walke	welku
ma, mas	mois, meas	metior	mita messe	mezuiu
man	maen ail-mhinn	munio		menk, maniu
miras	mair	mare	marei	mare
mal, mall	muilinn	molo	malwia	malu, meliu
sni	smeid	mediao	schmache	smieiu
pac, paey	faic	specto	spahe	
laks	leus, leug	lux, luke	lauths, luge	

2. GRAMMAR.—But as has been already said, vocabulary alone is not regarded as sufficient proof of affinity; we need, in addition, the evidence furnished by grammatical structure and idiom. From the grammatical structure of the languages we are furnished with seven distinct testimonies, the evidence being at once direct and cumulative:—1, Phonological, indicative of the powers of the vowels and consonants. 2, Word formation, illustrating the use of common terminatives. 3, Declension. 4, Gradation or comparison. 5, Affinities of the pronouns and numerals. 6, Affinities in the conjugation. 7, Affinities in syntax. We can

only now refer to one of these evidences, viz., that furnished by the numerals in all the languages, as shown in the subjoined table :

NUMERALS.

Indic.		Celtic.		Græco-Latin.	Teutonic.	Slavonic.
aina	eka	aon	un	hen, uno, oino	aina	odin
dua	dva	da	dau	duo	tva	tva
tri	tri	tri	tri	tri	thri	tri
katvar	chatur	ceithir	petwar	quatuor, tettar	fidvor	cetqr
kankan	panchan	cuig	pimp	quinque pempe	fimf	pyat
ksvaks	shash	se	chwech	sex hex	saihs	sest
saptan	saptan	seachd	saith	septem hepta	sibun	sem
aktu	ashtan	ochd	wyth	octo	ahtau	osm
navan	navan	nao	nau	novem ennea	niun	dewiat
dakan	dasan	deich	deg	decem deka	tailhun	desiat

March 14, 1872.—Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, Treasurer to the Society, read the following paper, on

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.

The subject we are called upon to discuss this evening is one which possesses a peculiar interest to us as a Gaelic Society. Although, as an historical fact, the Highland evictions may now be regarded as a thing of the past ; yet they are by no means events soon to be forgotten. In individual life, as well as in national history, incidents sometimes occur, important enough in themselves, but over which the lapse of time may soon bring the shades of oblivion. Among such things we cannot class the Highland clearances. Events which have so completely changed the outward aspect of the North and the social condition of its people, will not and cannot be so easily forgotten, at any rate so long as we are surrounded with their sad and widespread results, and so long as the injustice perpetrated on a peaceable and industrious people is attempted to be justified under the mask of a false political economy.

I am not one of those willing to overlook the misguided policy which effected those clearances by attaching too much importance to solitary instances of apparent good which have arisen out of a glaring evil. In justification of the evictions we are continually reminded that the Highlanders have always been benefited and improved in circumstances when removed from the scenes of their childhood. Wherever such instances occur, everything is made of them to prove the utility of the clearances; but not a word do we ever hear of the thousands of cases of individual and family

suffering caused—the many who on their passage across the seas found their graves in the deep; others who, having escaped that fate, were ushered to an end equally sad and untimely by sudden transition to uncongenial climes; and many more, who, driven from the healthy air of their hillsides to the unwholesome atmosphere of crowded cities, sank into poverty and ill-health, dying broken-hearted. Records of such results as these the approvers of the clearances would fain efface from the page of history; indeed that, so far, they may accomplish; but not one of the most solitary cases of oppression has escaped the eye of

“ Him who sees, with equal eyes, as Lord of all,
The hero perish and the sparrow fall,”

and according to the unerring operation of His moral government, the actors in those clearances, and the nation whose laws permitted them, have even already, and will yet more fully suffer a just and stern retribution. It is not my wish in any unseemly manner to disturb the dust which now covers memories of the past by making much allusion to the manner in which those clearances were carried out. I shall only express my humble yet firm conviction, that the conduct of those who depopulated our straths and glens, as well as that of their aiders and abettors, will have yet to undergo a severer criticism than it has hitherto. It is only within comparatively recent times that, by means of increased travelling facilities, the vast circulation of a free press, and other circumstances, that these northern glens, have become more perfectly known; and just in proportion as the Highlands, and the history of its people, become objects of public interest, in the same ratio will an impartial public opinion stamp with its disapproval that policy which almost extirpated the bravest and yet the most peaceable peasantry which any country ever possessed.

I need not remind the Gaelic Society that, even within the last century, the Highlands have undergone a great change. Many of you know from actual observation that things are not now what they once were. Wherever you turn you are reminded of the time, perhaps within your own recollection, when the now still solitudes of these glens abounded with an active population. In fact, the change is everywhere so apparent that it is one of the first things that strike the attention of the stranger. Yet, notwithstanding the silence everywhere reigning, every object met with is eloquent with a history, not of the present, but of the past: each cairn and stone, each hill and meadow, has associations pointing to a time when the surrounding hills echoed the sounds of busy life, the voices of living men and women; but now, wander whither you will, you are compelled to join in the lament with which a well-known friend of the Highlands contemplated the deserted condition

of a strath in Sutherlandshire, which some of you are old enough to have seen in both aspects—

“ Bonnie Strathnaver, Sutherland’s pride,
 Loud is the baa of the sheep on thy side ;
 But the song, and the dance, and the pipe are no more,
 And gone the brave clansmen that trod thy green floor.”

Since it is too true, then, that there has been a change, and that the people are gone which once enlivened those solitudes, we are surely entitled to ask who they were, and what has become of them ? Well, as to the first question, although we do not claim for them to have formed in their time an ideal state of society, and admitting that, judged by modern standards of excellence, they might have been deficient in many of the attainments of modern civilisation ; yet we fearlessly assert, making allowances for the times in which they lived, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded, that for honest worth, real virtue, and true manly nobility, they by far excelled their modern critics. Among them few or none of those vices were to be met with which disgrace modern society. Their habits of life were simple ; and even in the entire absence of the stringent measures now deemed necessary, protection of life and property were with them comparatively safe ; mutual confidence and trustworthiness being sufficient substitutes for the locks and bars of later times. There is another and very important aspect in which our Highland people of those days were superior to any section of society now found within the bounds of the realm. In their living, removed as they were from the arts and luxuries of modern times, theirs was the full enjoyment of robust health and muscular bodies, which, when acting as soldiers in defence of their country, often enabled them to turn the tide of victory on many a battle field. In entire ignorance of doctors’ drugs and dainty dishes, they needed no assistance to digest their simple fare : nor would a slight exposure to wind or rain bring on the horrors of an influenza. The modern tourist, as he comes to gaze on the silent grandeur of our mountain scenery, returns to his English friends and tells them of daring feats and arduous toils, having, after a hard day’s work, made the ascent of this hill and that (tasks which he seldom accomplishes without the aid of a trustworthy native), hesitating to believe that in days gone by, in these same solitudes, there lived men who, with perfect ease, performed the same tasks as mere rambles, and that, too, often before the breakfast hour. Although, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated under patriotic impulse, the heroes of Scott existed not altogether in fancy, for there are tales of the past, with truthful evidence, that tell us of a people who, in their rude crafts, laughed at the waves which some of us have seen spend their fury

on our western shores. There were men, too, to whom the deep ravines and torrents of our mountain wilds were no impassable barriers; and there were women, also, who could, and frequently did, share the dangers of men, and who, if wanting in the accomplishments of the modern lady, possessed warm hearts and tender sympathies, which prompted to deeds of courage and disinterested devotion (Flora Macdonald, for instance), which only find a parallel in the ancient heroism of Greece and Rome. Such, then, were the people. Let us now inquire what has become of them. The origin of the policy which led to their removal I have no hesitation in tracing to the pride and avarice of human nature, which here, as well as elsewhere, had done its work before the force of an awakened public opinion had time to check it. As a result of the union between England and Scotland, the tide of Scottish wealth and nobility began to drift southward. Our Highland chiefs and lairds, departing from the primitive usage of living among their people, began to make frequent and prolonged visits to the seat and centre of pomp and royalty. Their incomes soon became inadequate to sustain the dissipation of English society, so that it became with them a very serious question as to how those incomes could be increased; and as in all ages "evil communications corrupt good manners," our Scottish lairds became ready converts to the pernicious doctrines of the Saxon-Norman. In connection with Highland clearances, the excuse is often urged, that the people were for their own benefit evicted from bleak moorlands and rugged hill-sides, which hardly afforded them a bare existence. Well, such may have been the primary motive, although it appears to me somewhat incredible; for I find that the carrying out of the same policy has cleared in a similar manner many a broad acre of rich English soil to make room for the extensive pleasure ground and palatial mansion of the Norman. We cannot, then, afford to credit the existence of such benevolent intentions so long as the broad fact stands blazing on the page of history that, in the one case as well as in the other, the rights and welfare of the people have been ruthlessly ignored: the Highland hillside, as well as the English meadow, being sacrificed to the sport and profit of the capitalist.

Let us now examine some of the profit and loss results of these clearances. It is a fact clearly proved by carefully compiled statistics that even the material wealth of the Highlands suffers from the prevalence of deer forests and over-grown sheep-walks. We may have acquired an apparent wealth; the value of land as shown by the rent-rolls may have been considerably increased; but these and many more minor advantages will never compensate our loss, for

“ Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, but men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath hath made ;
 But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,
 If once destroyed, can never be supplied.”

In justification of the evictions we are very properly reminded that emigration is a law of nature : essential to the welfare of the individual, by bringing into exercise self-energy ; essential to the welfare of the State by relieving it of a surplus population, and opening up of new fields of colonisation. Now in these doctrines we firmly believe, yet with equal conviction that in every well governed country there are natural agencies at work, which, if allowed free scope and encouraged, will always prove effectual in preventing over population, by drawing off the surplus to new and wider spheres of usefulness. Had even limited educational advantages been placed within the people's reach, the Highland people—who were not then, any more than they are now, insensible to bettering their condition—would readily avail themselves of wider and more remunerative spheres of labour ; and certainly no people ever showed greater readiness or aptitude for the work of colonisation than they did. In proof of this need I remind you that at a time when their education and literature were limited to a mere acquaintance with the Bible, catechism, a few theological works, and ballad poetry, there had been from the Highlands a continual exodus of men whose names (notwithstanding all their disadvantages) will be ever associated with what is great and progressive in our country's history. Instead of those clearances, had a few more such facilities been afforded them, the evictions would have been unnecessary, for by a natural process of emigration any surplus population existing would readily remove to other fields of labour. By this process capital, labour, and skill, would accompany each other in suitable proportion ; nor would the tender and kindly tie which ought to bind the emigrant to his native land be rudely severed by his quitting our shores under a real or supposed grievance ; and when his industry abroad is rewarded, he would more frequently return home to spend his accumulated earnings, thus materially benefiting the land of his birth. I ask you were these the circumstances under which we sent out many of our colonists ? On the contrary, in those wholesale clearances the people were forced to emigrate, poor, unprepared, and with encumbrances which quite unfitted them for the arduous toils of colonisation. Need we wonder that, where such emigrants founded and consolidated some of our now rising colonies, the recollection of the circumstances under which they left us will have anything but a tendency to strengthen the friendly tie which ought to bind our country to her colonial family ; and

should the time ever arrive in our history when, passing from the present time of her vigour to the decrepitude of old age (which overtakes nations as well as individuals) our nation may have occasion to solicit the assistance of her colonial offspring, in the event of her not then meeting with that ready response anticipated, she will assuredly have to blame the policy which has given many of our colonies such painful histories.

In regard to the increase of wealth and the improved state of things which are pointed out as resulting from those clearances, I am very much of opinion the improvement is more apparent than real. If there is such an increase of wealth, it is by no means shared by the masses of the people. A large proportion of our even now scanty population are poor, many of them, indeed, paupers, supported by forced rates, a species of charity which would ill compare with the generosity which was its substitute in former days. Not only so, but very many of those who hold and occupy the land are in circumstances not very much better. When closely scrutinised, the apparent wealth they enjoy is fictitious, furnishing numerous instances of collapse, its owners passing in quick succession through our bankruptcy courts; or what is much worse, resorting to frauds and actions infinitely more objectionable than the rude but avowed policy of the bold Rob Roy.

Were it my present object to enter into details I think I could, with a certain measure of success, trace many of these evils to the direct influences of the Highland clearances. That they have been a chief source of the pauperism of our northern towns and sea coast villages is as clear as noonday. Families being removed from holdings on which they and their forefathers lived in comparative comfort, and drifted into towns and villages which afforded them no means of livelihood, naturally, and very soon became public burdens.

It is another important fact worthy of attention, that at this moment, and purely as the result of those clearances, the chief, and I might say the only source of wealth in the Highlands is based on a foundation neither desirable nor permanent. The increased value of land, much of our railway traffic, and circulation of capital, rest on the game laws, and the attraction which the Highland straths and glens on this account present as a sporting play ground. Now, there are many reasons which warrant us to believe that this state of things is not destined to last. We live in an age of rapid progress. Higher and more practical views of life are constantly changing and elevating the habits and pastimes of society; and if the higher ranks (who are by no means perfect) are to advance in the march of progress at even the same rate as other sections are advancing, is it too much to expect that the time is not far dis-

tant when the sports associated with our moors and forests will be looked upon as relic pastimes of a less enlightened age. Whether such a change shall soon take place or not, from the whole tendency of modern legislation on the subject, it certainly looks as if the days of the game monopoly were numbered. When this shall take place, and when, with the sportsman, the large shooting rent will also disappear, then all interested in the railway enterprises and entire trade of the North will wish that their revenue and resources rested on the more solid foundation of a thriving, industrious people. That the Highlands are now, and have all along been, capable of sustaining such a population, is an opinion which I sincerely entertain. Apart from our ranges of lofty hills and bleak moorlands we have agricultural resources, if properly developed, capable of maintaining, in industrial comfort, many more than are now engaged in this department of industry. The fishing along our sea-coasts, if sufficiently attended to, is of itself a wide field of industry, which might be made to absorb much idle labour, and prove to the Highlands a vast source of wealth. Fitted by nature as a most successful wool-growing district, and with ready facilities by sea and land of adding to its growth abundant foreign supplies; and although, by our distance from the coal-fields, we cannot command steam on a cheap scale, yet we have pouring down our hill-sides and traversing our glens abundant water-power, which might be utilised by its being made to play on the wheels of busy factories. The prosperity of a people thus busily employed would place the prosperity of all northern towns on a sound and permanent basis. Professional and mechanical skill would find ample employment in providing for their convenience and comfort. Commerce (more particularly that department of it which is my own humble sphere) would find safe and ample scope in distributing among them the necessaries of life; and everything thus acting together as a harmonised whole, the Celtic people might yet again not only maintain their position, but even take the lead in the march of progress; for we cannot forget that even this had once been their privilege in a former age, when the light which shone from the lonely island of Iona diffused among them a measure of religious life and intelligence nowhere else to be found among the races of Western Europe.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE GAEL.

March 28.—The following paper was read by a young Gael, Mr Lachlan Macbean:—

As a people, we Celts are proverbially proud of our ancestry and tenacious of our claims to antiquity ; and I think justly so, for we are descended from Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, who was the first-born of Noah, the progenitor of the human race ; so that the birthright of the earth is ours. This is certainly a far back origin, but one for which I have the authority of Josephus, who says that "Gomer was the father of the nation which was anciently called Gomerians, and whom the Greeks to-day call Gauls." Besides Josephus, Isidore of Seville, Jerome, and many others, bear me out in this genealogy. Ptolemy speaks of a people who, in his time, dwelt in Bythnia, of which Galatia was a province, whom he calls Chomorians, and their chief city Chomora. It is now agreed by all that the Celts (more properly Kelts) were the aborigines of Europe. We must conclude their stay in Asia to have been very short, for Gomer their father is supposed to have been born in the year 2347 B.C., and we learn that Sicyon, a city of Greece, was built before the year 2000 B.C., only 347 years after the birth of Gomer and probably during his life. Neither was their stay in Greece of long continuance, for, probably retiring before the Pelasgi, who were prevalent in that country before the year 1529, they passed on into Dalmatia and Italy. Though it is certain that they began to leave Greece very early, it is not at all improbable that bands of them continued their westward journey without halting at all in Greece. The Celtic tongue was spoken in Greece and adjoining parts for many years until, through the prevailing influence of Pelasgian, Lelegian, and other languages, it ceased to be spoken excepting in so far as it is the basis of the Greek tongue. But in Crete and other provinces it continued as late as the time of Homer and even that of Herodotus.

The history of the Kelts whilst in Greece is very misty ; what we know of them in Italy is no less so. We read of Pelasgian colonies, before whom the Gallic element gradually disappears. About 2000 B.C., a colony of Lydians from Asia Minor came to Italy, and 300 years after a Pelasgian colony comes from Greece under Oenatrus. After this the aboriginal Celtic quickly lost ground, but before its final disappearance it composed in part the Etruscan, or ancient Italian language, and in conjunction with the Greek this language became the foundation of the Latin. Our ancestors now pursued their course into Gaul, whence, in time, as they multiplied, they spread over Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and the western parts of Germany. Here for a thousand years their history is a blank to us : their wars and explorations having nothing to do with the learned and civilised nations, their record is entirely forgotten. The next notice we find of the race is by Ezekiel, who (B.C. 587) threatens to bring them and their allies against the land

of Judah—"Horses and horsemen, all of them clothed with all sorts of armour; even a great company with bucklers and shields, all of them having swords. . . . Gomer and all his bands; the house of Togamaah of the north quarters; and all his bands." It seems most likely, however, that this refers to the Gomerians of Asia Minor and not to those of Gaul. About this time the Gael made an irruption into Italy, under Bellovesus. In this extensive foray they ravaged the whole country throughout the length and breadth of the land, capturing the cattle, exterminating the inhabitants, and finally settling down in the conquered country, which comprised most of Northern Italy. Having thus obtained a footing beyond the Alps successive bands of Celts poured into Italy, each settling farther south than its predecessor. This emigration continued for two or three hundred years, till at length (385 B.C.) a band of Gael fresh from Gaul appeared before the Etruscan city of Clusium, which they besieged. The Roman ambassadors who were sent to negotiate having, contrary to the law of nations, taken part in a sally from the town, Brennus, the Gallic leader, complained to the Roman Senate, but receiving no redress he marched against Rome. 70,000 Romans met him at the Allia, but were cut to pieces; and after feasting and rejoicing over this victory, the Gauls entered Rome and marched peaceably to the Forum; but owing to an outrage committed on one of them, they killed, first the perpetrators of the crime, and then put the city to the sword, leaving none alive, and burning the houses to the ground. The Gauls now divided into two parts, the one continuing their journey, while the other stayed to besiege the Capitol. On receiving a ransom of 1000 pounds of gold they raised the siege and left the territories of Rome.

In the sixth century B.C. a colony of Gael had settled in Pannonia, who (or whose descendants) about this time invaded Greece. Twice they were unsuccessful, but the third expedition, under Brennus II., forced its way through Macedonia. At Delphi they were surprised by the Greeks during a storm and routed. Another division journeyed eastward, and settled in a province thence called Galatia, or Gallo-Græco. In the year 231, the Gael invaded Etruria again and defeated 50,000 men that met them at Clusium. The Romans raised an army of 700,000 infantry and 70,000 cavalry, and after six years ended the war by the victory of Telamo. After an interval of 25 years another Roman war began. Under Hamilcar, the Gael burnt the town of Phœntia; and after a struggle of six years they concluded a peace—a peace of no long continuance, however, for, in 191 B.C., Scipio Nasica defeated the Gael of Italy, and slaughtered the whole colony, leaving none alive but women, old men, and children. Their means of subsistence being thus cut

off they crossed the Norsican Alps rather than treat with pitiless enemies or seek sympathy from unfeeling strangers in their own country. Thus ended the last Gallic invasion of Italy. After this the Romans were the invading party, the Gauls acting on the defensive. The history of the Gael in Gaul might be traced down farther, but our business is chiefly with that branch who inhabited Britain, and whose territory is now circumscribed by the boundaries of Caledonia. Though it is well-known that the first inhabitants of Britain or Albion were Celts, it would be a very vain attempt to fix the time of their first settlement in this island. That it must have been very early is clear. Long before the Romans came into Britain, or even into Gaul, Britain was the great stronghold of Druidism, insomuch that priests of Gaul came into this isle to learn the mysteries of that religion, because it was here to be found in its purest and primitive form. The Gauls wandering along the shore of the English Channel would see the white rough cliffs of Albin rising above the waves; some of them would come over and settle here. During the course of years, successive immigrations pouring in on the southern shore of Albin, the primitive Gael would gradually be pushed farther north, until at length they reached the mountains of Caledonia.

It was in the summer of 83 A.D. that the Gael of Caledonia had the first personal acquaintance with the Romans. They had several skirmishes with them that year, which seemed to show them that they had to deal with a courageous and persevering foe. The tribes of Caledonia united into a confederation, of which a chief, named Galgacus by Tacitus, was appointed leader and dictator. Their apprehensions proved not to be groundless, for, next year, Agricola, the Roman commander, left his quarters in Fife and advanced towards the Grampians. The army of the confederation of the southern Gael, numbering 30,000 men, met him at the foot of these mountains. The Romans were 20,000 or 30,000 strong. After a long and bloody battle the Caledonians retired to the mountains, having left 10,000 of their number dead on the field. Obtaining hostages from the Horestians, a southern tribe, Agricola returned to the south.

At this stage it would be a natural query why the Gael of this period were called Caledonians, and their country Caledonia. Buchanan says the word is derived from the great Caledonian forests of birch, hazel, &c., that *calden* is the Gaelic of hazel, and hence the name. Others derive it from Caoill-daoine—men of the woods. The suggestions made with regard to this word are as numerous as they are absurd. Some aspire even to make the Greeks our godfathers, and find the derivation of Caledonia in the Greek *Kaledion*. Had there been a word in the language of the

Caledonians themselves by which they named their country, and having a similar sound with Caledonia, would it not be reasonable to suppose that this was the word Latinised by the Romans and used by them as a designation for the country? The name which the Gael to this day apply to their country is Gaeltachd or Gaeldoch (the Celtic pronunciation of G is like our K and the Latin C, so that Gael and Celt, originally the same, are within a "t" of being pronounced alike), and if you soften the doch of the Celt into the Latin donia, you have Caledonia, the country of the Gael or Kelt.

In the year 128 A.D. the Gael were visited by Lollius Urbicus, who built a wall from the Clyde to the Forth. In 183 they broke through this wall, killed their commander, and pillaged the Romanised Lowlands; but retired before Ulpus Marcellus. In the beginning of the reign of Severus, the Gael broke into the subdued territory again, but were prevailed upon to retire either by the army or the money of Virius Lupus. Another invasion which they made in 207 A.D. so roused the Emperor Severus that he came to Caledonia, determined to conquer and punish the restless enemies of the Empire. As far as conquering was concerned his journey was unsuccessful; he, however, over-ran their country into the far north, without meeting them to bestow the intended punishment. To the empire the results of this excursion to the Highlands were the advantages for the time of its bracing air, the loss of 50,000 Romans, and a treaty of peace. The value of this last item may be learned from the fact that it was scarcely secured when it was broken. The Gael soon showed that neither walls, treaties, nor the august presence of the Roman Emperor were enough to keep them in check, which so enraged that personage that he ordered his son Caracala to renew the war with the utmost severity. Instead of obeying the commands of his late father, that prince entered into a treaty with the Gael, remitting to them the land taken by his father, and yielding up all the forts that he had built in Caledonia. A hundred years pass before we have any notice of the Gael again. At the end of that time the Emperor Constantus Chlorus came to the island to defend his British subjects from the incursions of the "Caledonians and other Picts," which he did, and the land had rest for forty years. In 342 A.D. a Caledonian invasion was repulsed by Constans, the son of Constantine the Great. About this time the name of the Gael is changed from Caledonians to Picts and Scots; and the Picts are divided into Deucaledones, or Di-caledones, and Vecturiones. The word Picti means in Latin painted—painted men; and every one knows that it was appropriate. Scot was not, and is not, the acknowledged name of the Gael. In Celtic it means contemptible,

and a similar word, *Scuit*, signifies a wanderer. It seems to have been given them by their sneering cousins of Pictavia. A Gael would think of calling himself a Chinaman as soon as a Scot, if he knows no language but Gaelic: he calls himself "Gaël," or "Albannach," i.e. a Celt or Briton. Deu-caledones was a northern or genuine Caledonian. And Vecturiones (in Gaelic, *Uchdtireans*) seems to denote inhabitants of the upland country, or of the Grampians, which are called the ridge of *Uchdtir*. These two divisions occupied the east of Scotland, while the Scots dwelt in Argyle and the west. In 360 A.D. these divisions of the Gael formed a treaty to drive the Romans from Britain. In 364 the allies, being joined by the Saxons and Atticoats, renewed their attack on Roman Britain, which they over-ran as far as London, when Theodosius was sent to repel them. In 398 and 416 the war was renewed, but the Romans remained in Britain until the year 446 A.D., when they left it for ever, leaving the Britons to the tender mercies of the Gael. The Britons invited the German Saxons to help them; but when the latter came, they formed an alliance with their enemies, in conjunction with whom they drove the Britons into the west, to Strathelyde, where for some time they maintained their nationality and independence.

In 503 a great emigration from Ireland took place. Though they spoke a slightly different dialect from the Picts, their language was mainly and fundamentally the same, as it was well-known their religion was. The country which the Scots inhabited now was the whole west of Scotland, from the midland ridge, called Drumalbin, to the sea, bounded on the south by the Firth of Clyde. For nearly four hundred years these two kingdoms existed separately, and frequently in hostility to each other. In the beginning of the fifth century the southern Picts were converted to Christianity by St Ninian, a British ecclesiastic. It is thought that the Scots were Christians before their emigration to Scotland in 503 A.D., but their great evangelist was Columba, who came to their country in 563. It was by him that the northern Picts were brought over to the true faith: Columba having paid a visit to Brude, Bridei, or Brudaus, the Pietish king at Inverness, he succeeded in convincing the king, his court, and finally the people, of the truth of his doctrines. This king was engaged in many wars, especially with his neighbours, the Scots of Dalriad, whose king he defeated and slew in 557. St Columba died in 597, during the reign of Aidan, King of Scots, who was anointed king by the saint himself. After several wars by the Picts and Dalriads, in which the latter generally had the worst, a more powerful, and, to the Picts, a more disastrous foe appeared in North Britain, in the Viking, or Norse pirates, who infested the

seas and shores of Northern Europe. The country of the Scots were less inviting to these rovers, or the possessors were more vigorous in repelling invasion, for the Vikings carried on a longer and more determined war against Pictavia. An arduous and bloody struggle ended in the total defeat of the Picts, and the death of their king and many of their chiefs. The eastern kingdom being thus weakened, the ambitious designs of Kenneth Macalpine, the Scottish king, succeeded. By a previous inter-marriage of the royal race of both kingdoms, he had a shadow of a title to the Pictish crown, but as the "tanister," or heir-apparent, had been appointed, according to the custom of the Gael, during the life of the previous monarch, it was after a sharp conflict of three years that (843) he obtained his desire. The Picts and Scots being but one race, speaking the same language, amalgamated so readily that in little more than a century afterwards no distinction could be made between them. The Court was now removed from Dunstaffnage, in the country of the Scots, to the Pictish capital. After a war with the Danes, in which the now united Gael were assisted by the Saxons, for some uncertain cause, Caledonia was invaded by their late allies, the Saxons. In return Constantine III. prepared for a gigantic invasion of England. In conjunction with the Britons, Danes, and Welsh, he entered the enemy's territory; but after sustaining a serious defeat he retired to his own dominions. In 973 the British independence of Strathclyde fell, and was incorporated with the Scottish kingdom.

Ever after the reign of Malcolm Canmore (1057), by the numerous settlements of Saxons and other foreigners, the history of the Scottish government becomes less and less that of the Gael. In his reign the Gaelic was superseded as the Court language by the Saxon, and as far as he dared he introduced Saxon laws, manners, and customs. This state of affairs was sharply counteracted during the brief reign of Donald Bane, the best Scottish king (1093). But on the Scoto-Saxon race resuming the government, the tide of Saxon civilisation and enervating luxury flowed on again. About 1160, the Scots of Galloway, disgusted at the introduction of Saxon manners and the favour shown to Anglo-Norman adventurers, raised a formidable insurrection. Malcolm IV. led his army against them; but he was twice defeated and driven back. He was successful the third time, and peace was procured. About the same time the Moravians of the Province of Moray rose "in support of their native principles and in defence of their ancient laws." It was not till after a long and fierce struggle that they were suppressed. Some think that at this time the chief families of Moray were transplanted to other

parts of the kingdom, and some of the king's foreign protégés placed in their room. Incensed at these intrusions, the Gael of Moray and Ross again took up arms and drove the foreigners from their districts. From 1171 to 1187 the Highlanders were in a perpetual commotion. To restore quietness, William, the then king, marched north and encamped at Inverness; but this tour fell short of the intended effect, and from this time local feuds and anti-Saxon rebellions were carried on almost incessantly until the time of Wallace, who is supposed to have been a Celt; and hence his bitter hatred to the English and his popularity with the humbler classes. With few exceptions, the Gael all rallied round the standard of Bruce, though the Lowland barons opposed him; and it was mainly by the assistance of the Highlanders and Islanders that he gained most of his battles, and especially the battle of Bannockburn. In 1411 the petty wars of the Continental Gael were thrown into the shade by a gigantic rebellion or invasion by Lord Macdonald of the Isles, who with 10,000 Hebrideans burst upon the mainland, spreading desolation wheresoever he turned. Having defeated a party of natives, under Angus Dubh Mackay, at Dingwall, Macdonald marched to Inverness, where he was joined by several Highland chiefs. He then marched towards Aberdeen, which he threatened to burn to the ground; but his march was checked at Harlaw by the Earl of Mar. Under the banner of Mar, besides Normans and Southrons, were the Maules, Lesleys, Murrays, and other clans; while Mackintosh, Maclean, and many others, sided with the Island prince. The Lord of the Isles and his Highlanders began by an impetuous charge, but were met with adequate firmness and courage, and when, after fighting for hours, night put an end to the work of death, 900 Highlanders lay dead on the field; while on the other side, the Provost and citizens of Aberdeen, and many men of rank and distinction, had fallen, none surviving but the Earl of Mar and a few soldiers. When the battle was over, Macdonald gathered his men and returned home, without pursuing his course any further, much to the relief of the Lowlanders, who considered this deliverance of greater consequence than even the battle of Bannockburn. This event is celebrated by the well known ballad, the "Battle of Harlaw," itself an interesting item in Celtic literature and history.

“ There was not sin’ King Kenneth’s days,
 Sic strange, intestine, cruel strife
 In Scotland seen, as ilk man says—
 Where monie likelie lost their life;
 Whilk made divorce tween man and wife,
 And monie children fatherless,
 And monie a one will mourn for aye,
 The brime battle of the Harlaw.”

THE FIRST ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

In giving an account of this re-union, we shall avail ourselves largely of a report presented to the Society by the Committee to whose management the affair was entrusted. That Committee consisted nominally of all members of the Society residing in Inverness. In terms of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Society on the 2d May last, the first Annual Assembly was held in the Music Hall of our ancient capital on the 11th July, the eve of the Wool Market, and carried through in a manner highly satisfactory not only to the members, but to all who desire to cherish the genuine feelings of Highlanders. It is well, however, to record some of the difficulties which had to be overcome. A drama in which Highlanders were to appear in character was new even in their own capital, and persons otherwise qualified were embarrassed by their own diffidence. Singers, players, and dancers had to be sought for in distant places, and even when they had been engaged, there were casualties to be feared and provided against. The task will be easier, however, another time, and less hazardous, as competent *dramatis personæ* are now known in sufficient numbers, and the diffident will have acquired confidence from the proof which they now possess of their own abilities, and from the marked appreciation with which their performances were received by the large and intelligent assembly which did honour to the occasion. Even some of the Committee had more or less of trepidation. They were going to face prejudices which had been fostered by time and by many-headed power in high places: were they equal to the task of organising a demonstration animated by genuine Highland feeling and sentiment, which would turn the strong tide—inimical to everything of the kind—which had been flowing northward for more than a hundred years, and which had well-nigh extinguished the Celtic flame in the bosoms of such of our clansmen as had not been swept from their native straths and glens to make room for Southern sheep and Anglo-Norman sportsmen? After the fact, we do not hesitate to state that they were equal to the task. A programme, rich and varied, was prepared, and if it erred at all, did so in the direction of excess. This, however, was rather fortunate, seeing that the fears as to non-arrivals proved too well founded. But so heartily did every one enter into her own and his own part, that no sign of failure or of difficulty appeared in the execution. But whilst claiming so much for our first Assembly, we do not convey that there are not higher reaches of excellence to be attained on another occasion; such improvements may be made

as to give the piquancy of novelty and originality to what will really be a reproduction of the things of other days. What is true to nature, and what affords utterance for the feelings which well up from within a noble people, is always fresh, however old, and the thoughts which crystallise around such feelings are gems of undying worth, even if for a time they suffer neglect under the Vandal influences which greed sets up for its own ends.

With the view of setting forth the advantages of membership, the Committee, in framing the charges, decided to admit all members free. That this was judicious is proved by the fact, that not only did the members add considerably to the receipts by bringing their friends, but considerable additions were made to the Society during the interval between the announcement and the holding of the Assembly. We would here give some record of the proceedings. In the main entrance to the hall, Pipe-Major MacIennan and a young pupil of his, Fraser, played together with Corporal Campbell, of the 4th Inverness H.R.V., whilst the Assembly was forming. When the hour for commencing arrived, and the hall seemed occupied by about a thousand people, the pipes were hushed, and our worthy Chief Magistrate, Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, took the chair, in the unavoidable absence of our first Honorary Chieftain, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch. The Provost was supported by Professor Blackie; Rev. Mr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness; Dr Carruthers; Colonel Macpherson of Cluny; Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway; Bailie Simpson; Mr Dallas, Town-Clerk; Mr Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr Cumming, Allanfearn, &c. The Provost expressed regret that his nephew, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who was to have taken the chair, was unavoidably absent, but he could assure them that Sir Kenneth would have been delighted to attend, and would do all he could for the Gaelic Society, or for anything connected with the Highlands. For his own part, too, the Provost said, he was animated by the same spirit; his heart was always in the Highlands, and would most willingly do anything that could promote their welfare. To be sure he was among the youngest members of the Gaelic Society; but his constant engagements might excuse him for being to some extent a defaulter; and besides, it was only a few days ago that he was asked to join the Society. Referring to its objects, he observed that one of them was to keep up the Gaelic language; and he was not sure if that had been the sole object that he could have approved of it so much. He was quite satisfied, however, as to its being an ancient language. What was the meaning of the word Sanserit but just *seann sgrìobhadh*, "old writing?" Then as to the other objects of the Society, such as perfecting the members in the use of the Gaelic tongue;

preserving the poetry, music, and literature of the Highlands; forming a library of books and manuscripts; advancing the interests of the people educationally and otherwise, the Provost expressed cordial approval. Referring in detail to the objects of the Society as laid down in their published constitution, he mentioned an old Gairloch bard who used to sing the hunting of the brown boar of Diarmid, and others of Ossian's poems. Even in the present day a great part of the evenings of the country people was passed in telling old stories round their cottage fires; and perhaps they were just as well employed in this way as if the time were spent at the opera or in the ball-room. It appeared from a short report handed him by the Secretary that the Society was established in September last, and now numbered 120 members; and he hoped the number would be increased very much by the proceedings of that night. He promised to give the Society such support in future as his numerous other engagements would permit, and as an earnest of what he hoped yet to do for so patriotic a body, he presented the Society with a handsome gift, a copy of the Old Testament, one of the first ever printed in the original Gaelic type, and part of which from some cause had been transcribed by an unknown hand, evidently very long ago.

Mr D. Macrae, who came all the way from Lochalsh to help us in our adventure, and who received no previous notice or time for consideration, was called upon to fill the place of another. He may be said to have broken the ice which had formed over so much of what was specifically Gaelic in our midst, by singing "*Faillte dhuit, deoch slainte leat,*" which he did in excellent taste and spirit. "Hurrah for the Hielans" was then sung by Mr James Fraser, a well-known local vocalist; so well did he acquit himself that he was recalled, and in reappearing sang, "When the kye come hame." Messrs Smith, Mackintosh, Gordon, and Grant—the two latter from Strathspey—followed up with *Ruidhile Thullachain*, to the music of the great Highland pipes—in which they gave universal satisfaction. The Bard of the Society, Mr Angus Macdonald, then came forward, and gave one of his sententious compositions, the subjoined prize poem, in celebration of the achievements of his compatriots in the Crimea, under the renowned Lord Clyde:—

GAISGE NAN GAIDHEIL ANNS A CHRIMEA.

Canam dan mu euchd nan sonn
 Choisinn cliu le'n glonn thar chach,
 Thug anns a Chrimea busaidh.
 A dhaoindeoin cruadal bhunail nan dail
 Bhagair ar eascaird eitidh, borb,
 Math ghamhainn garg nah-Airde-tuath:
 Le foill is foirneart, nar a chleachd,
 Uhladh is creach thoirt uainn.

Ghlaodh Breatuinn le sgail buaidh
 Gaisgich luath nan tuath bheann,
 Armaid bhreacanach nam buagh
 Chuireadh namh air ruaig na dheann.
 "Tairngibh," deir is, mo chulleanaibh garg,
 Ri aghaidh nuar, nan garbh bheisd;
 Reubaidh na leomhainn na'm fearg,
 Nan spoltan dearga, siol na ceùg.

Mar bu du d' da suian mo ruin,
 Dearbh idh i d' an cliu 'sa bhàr ;
 Còsraiche ir uamhar fo' smachd ;
 Bidh sìth is reachd a teicidh o's arid.
 Shìubhail na fir mheum-reach mhor
 Le'n brataich sroil, a' snamh 'sa gh'oth
 O'n teicheadh luchd miruin fo gheilt
 Le trom oilt, mar bheachain maoth.

Faic na nìil air thus na feachd,
 Dreuchd a chleachd an gaisgeach agh,
 Luchd oirdhearg nan treun bheairt,
 An Caimbeulach bu neartail l'umh.
 Curaidh seolta, stolt, gu'n mheang ;
 Còsgarach an s'hrith na'n lann ;
 Fo' mhìre-chath le piob nam pong
 Cath cheol meadhrach 'thir nam beann

Fhad sa shìubhlas grian 'sna speur,
 Ag eiridh o ear gu' iur,
 Bidh' cuimhn' air na curaidh chalm,
 Rinn nig Alama, a' mor ghniomh.
 Tharuing na loachraidh bhraus,
 Rì sreath mhàrbhatach, mhilleat dos ;
 Dìreadh an nechtach chas,
 Bu lìomhor comson chaidh gu chlos.
 B-oillteil a'gùn nan ar
 Roimh' lamhach na cullibheav gleust ;
 Sleaghan cruathach o'm barr,
 Torchur an namh ri fear.
 Lannan lìomhta an duirn dheas,
 Nan ceannard bu mhòraich ceas ;
 Ga'n taruing le feigr o'n cries,
 Beumach, lotach, geur gu sgrios.

Mar ghreudh eabhach fo throm fhiamh,
 'S gadhair luthmhor dìon nan lorg,
 Theich na Ruisich fo mhuig,
 An fuil a smuideadh air an leigr !
 Na mar sgapas osach dhion,
 Rì aghaidh nan sliabh an ceo,
 Theich namhdean air gach a dh,
 Na dh'fhaod a dhol as dhiu beo !

Aig Balaclabh bhruil na scoid,
 As na 'sa chomhraig ghaeg,
 Dheirbh Cataich mo ruin,
 An duchar sa chomhstri garbh.
 Mar sraoth chuileig o chairbh lobht,
 Ag eiridh roimh sgìrseadh slait,
 Theich borbaidh fo' throm gheilt,
 Roimh threun-fhìr na'm breacum dath.

Aig daingneachd luilfir na mur,
 Rì seiseadh nan tur ard,
 B' fhuasad ri fhaicinn 'sgu nair
 Nach d-fhu tìr sìbh ceartas mar chach
 Cha bu chothrom an' s'hrith a bhlaire,
 Thug don' ghaisrìdh bas gu'n toirt ;
 Ach doimnion, is dumbleachd sìan
 Eugail, piantan, plaigh, is goirt.
 Mo chreach-a-leir, mar dh'eirich dhuibh ;
 Co nach dean Ëuoidh rì'r cas ?
 Na gaisgich a b'aillail gnais,
 Mar bhraidean a dol gu bas.

Slainte do ar Ban-rìgh ghraidh ;
 'S-don' fhaithibh ard, tha'n Ghlasgho cruinn,
 A chumail air chumhne gu brath,
 Bìuthas Ghaidheal anns gach linn.
 O thus tha riaghaidh thar gach sloigh
 A Rìgh mhoir dha buin gach nì,
 Cum ris na Gaidheal coir.

'S bì d-uachdran leo air mair, 's air tìr.
 Eireadh grian le sar ghloir,
 A sgapas na sgleo an ceim.
 Bìodh Gaidheal a deanamh reir,
 'Sto't aoraidh do Dhia da reir,
 Na'n dìon da Morachd, 's da crun,
 San cuis an ducha seasamh cruaidh.
 Luchd droch-bheairt a gabhail sgath,
 Rì ainm a Ghaidheil a luaidh !

Gabhadh ar n' uachdarain speis
 Do chainnt, 's do bheas an aitim fhìin ;
 Ga'n riaghaidh le coir, is ceart,
 'S do Thriath nam feairt an uile chliu !

Mr C. S. Grant and his aids followed with a selection of Scottish airs, Strathspeys, and reels on the violin, in fine style, and with genuine Celtic feeling. These stirring appeals to the feelings were followed by an eloquent appeal to the understanding, from that true Highlander, the Rev. Mr Stewart of *Baile Chualais*, known and valued by so many Highlanders as the Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*. Mr Stewart was greeted with hearty plaudits on rising, and during the following speech was very frequently interrupted with applause. Mr Stewart said:—

I am very glad, I assure you, Mr Chairman, to be present here this evening as a spectator of, and so far a participator in, this the first Annual Festival of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. When Mr Mackay, your excellent Secretary, first wrote to me, with an earnest request that I should be present this evening and give an address, I felt that I should come; but then arose some doubt and perturbation of mind as to what I should speak about—as to the subject-matter of discourse, as we clergymen say. I was afraid of being called *piobair an aon phuirt*, that is, “the piper with the one tune.” Once on a time, a man down yonder on our West

Coast, took it into his head to learn to play the bagpipes; and he did learn to play one tune, a very good tune too, and he played it uncommonly well, as was admitted on all hands; but then he could play none but itself, and he played it so often, so incessantly indeed, that the people of the district got quite disgusted with what was once a favourite "quick-step," and the unlucky amateur soon got to be called in derision "the piper with the one tune," a title that stuck to him till his dying day, and from its pith and point is to this day a proverbial saying among the people. "But surely," my friends may exclaim, "*you* can play more than one tune." Well, yes, no doubt I can; I have played a good many tunes in my day, as many, perhaps, as most men; but then, you see, for a dozen or more years I have been so constantly playing them in the Nether-Lochaber column of the *Inverness Courier* and elsewhere that it is on such an occasion as this almost impossible to hit on any one worth listening to that you have not heard me play once at least, if not oftener, in times past. Coming down by the steamer this afternoon, a gentleman on board, an American tourist I believe, who intimated his intention of being present this evening, and who, I have no doubt, *is* present, asked me what I was to speak about. "In your continental tour," was my reply, "did you happen to visit Spain?" "I did, Sir," he answered. "While in Spain did you happen to eat of their favourite dish, their 'olla podrida'?" "No, Sir, I did not," was the response. "In France, then, did you taste their famous 'pot pourri'?" "Never heard of it, Sir." "Since you have come to Scotland, then," we persisted, "have you ever happened to taste of our 'hotch-potch'?" "Oh, yes!" he eagerly exclaimed, "and a capital, first-rate dish it is!" "Well, then," I continued, "my speech this evening will be something of that sort, *de omnibus rebus*, you understand, and very good, and palatable, and heart-sustaining, I promise you, you will find it when the time comes." To nineteen-twentieths of this large assembly, Mr Chairman, I am a stranger. Most of you have very likely heard something of me, and may know me as a literary man whose writings you sometimes read, but very few indeed have ever seen me in the flesh before. I must, therefore, on the present occasion crave the kind indulgence of my unusually large "congregation." And after all, Sir, even if I only give you a dish of hotch-potch, here beside me on the platform is our friend, Professor Blackie, who is ready as he is able, and able as he is ready, to give you such a genuine dish of jolly good Scotch mutton as you have rarely tasted—spiced, too, and seasoned, take my word for it, in such wise as shall make you glad, in gastronomic phrase, to cut and come again. Of Napoleon, not the man of Sedan and Chislehurst, observe, but a very different man—him of Morengo, Auster-

litz, and Jena!—who, by the way, if he had appeared only for one short week during the recent Franco-Prussia war, would have sent the Germans hirpling and howling across the Rhine, as was his wont—Emperor, Moltke, Bismarck, and all, precious quick too, believe me, and to the tune of “Deil tak’ the hin’most.” Well, then, of Napoleon it was said, and said truly, that his personal presence on a field of battle was equal to a force of 30,000 men; and even so the presence of my friend Professor Blackie on such an occasion as this, is equal to a whole presbytery or synod of clergy. I, therefore, gather courage from the presence of such an ally, and proceed, promising, however, to be as brief as possible, for your programme is a long and excellent one, and everybody should have fair-play. No one, Mr Chairman, could be more pleased than I was when intimation reached me that such a society as the Gaelic Society of Inverness had started into existence: it was much needed, Sir; there was ample room for it; plenty of work to do; and knowing what I know, and seeing what I see to-night, I am convinced it will really do, as it has unquestionably undertaken to do, good work—fostering patriotism among the people, and the study and culture of our magnificent mountain tongue and literature; and I am further convinced, Sir, that this Society will prove not something “born only to die”; not transitory and evanescent as the aurora borealis, our Northern Lights, but fixed, steadfast, and abiding, and useful, let me add, Sir, as the North Pole Star itself. At first it was intimated to me that this Society intended to establish a monthly Gaelic periodical, and I at once consented to give all the help I could to securing the success of such a praiseworthy venture. Meantime, however, another Gaelic magazine, “The Gael,” originating in Canada, had reappeared in sort of second birth in the city of Glasgow. The Gaelic Society of Inverness, on finding this to be so, acted, as I think, with a great deal of good sense and good taste—they determined generously to give way; to let their own venture, though almost ripe unto the birth, meantime lie aside, so that “The Gael” might have every fair-play and every chance of success. I hope “The Gael” will be well-conducted, will keep up to the mark; and meantime it is only right to say—and I am glad to be able to say it—it promises well; its past numbers giving earnest of better things to come. But should it be otherwise; should its teachings clash with the ecclesiastical or political views of its readers; should it in any such sense make itself a party organ, then in that case I give fair warning—and I wish it to go forth that I say so—that I shall not fail to use any little influence I may have with the Gaelic Society of Inverness to induce them to have a periodical of their own—a free and independent periodical, solely devoted to the

language, literature, and habits of the Gael. I have always observed, Mr Chairman, that on the first starting of "Highland," "Celtic," "Ossianic," and kindred societies, literature has a prominent place on their programme, but I have just as constantly noticed that, through some misadventure or other, it has disappeared in practice—the cut of the kilt and the form of the dance taking the place of it. I do hope that this will not be the case with the Gaelic Society of Inverness. That the Society be not idle in this direction, then, let me suggest that you get up a volume on the folk-lore of the Highlands, having correspondents throughout the North and West Highlands and Hebrides, and gathering grist for the common mill from every possible quarter. By folk-lore—a word of comparatively recent importation into our language from the German—I mean not the poetry or literature of recent times; nor do I mean the antiquities of our country, which is a big word, having a very wide and comprehensive range indeed; but that branch or department of archaeology which relates to the ancient manners, observances, customs, usages, prejudices, proverbs, riddles, incantations, and old stories of the old folk among the common people. I am convinced that if you only set about it in right earnest, you can get up a splendid volume on such a subject—a volume, too, that will be a lasting monument of your diligence as a Society, and of incalculable use in illustrating the past history of our country, and doing for the Highlands something like the work that the brothers Grimm have done for Germany. Many of you cannot fail to recollect the magnificent passage, one of the finest in the English language, in which Dr Johnson expresses his feelings on first setting foot on Icolmkill, just a hundred years ago, wherein he says, that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Now, while I would by no means advise you to neglect or be indifferent to the present or the future, I would say, Throw yourselves into the past: that is the field in which it strikes me you should, at least in the first instance, become earnest reapers. I have often remarked down yonder with us at Ballachulish, that Ben-Nevis, "monarch of mountains," in the distance, and the mountains of Appin, Ardgour, and Glencoe around us, never assume such an air of dignity and grandeur, never such an aspect of might, and power, and *nearness*, as when in serene repose they are but faintly, indistinctly, dimly visible in the fast-fading twilight of a sun that has already set. Throw yourselves into the past: you have no reason at all to be ashamed of it. No people in the world can boast of grander memories, of more ennobling traditions than you. If, down yonder in Lochaber, at fair or funeral, at *mod* or merry-making, there is any appearance of mis-

conduct, the tumult is instantly quelled when some grey-headed patriarch arises and sternly reproves the peace-breakers in these words—“*Bathibh sibhail, fhuara’; Ged ’tha sinn bocht, tha sinn nasal;*” that is—Peace, men! even if we are poor, we are of gentle blood! If I ask a boy to go a message, I dismiss him with his instructions and the parting admonition—“*Bi t’paulh ’nis; Cuimh-nich air na daonn’ o’n a’haing thu!*”—that is, Be smart now: have a recollection about you of those from whom you are descended! and with head erect and flashing eye, the little fellow is off like an arrow from a bow, and would rather die than under such an incentive as *that* not perform his errand to the strictest, minutest letter of his instructions. I wish you to foster and preserve this feeling among the people. The more, believe me, you examine into and ransack the past, the more reason will you have to be proud of your ancestors. They were, in truth, a grand old race: moral, I maintain, and high-minded, and brave beyond any other people of whom I have any knowledge; and depend upon it that, having such intercourse with them as I suggest, even at this distant date, will make you happier and better men. Let me conclude, Mr Chairman, with a lyric, the finest, I take it, that has appeared in our country for full fifty years, the composition of one whom, while yet a young man, I had the honour to know well, and whom to know was to love, the late Professor William Edmonstone Aytoun, a colleague of our friend, Professor Blackie, in the University of Edinburgh, and the son-in-law of the far-famed “Christopher North” :—

- “Come listen to another song,
 Should make your heart beat high,
 Bring crimson to your forehead,
 And the lustre to your eye :
 It is a song of olden time,
 Of days long since gone by,
 And of a Baron stout and bold
 As e’er wore sword on thigh !
 Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time!
- “He kept his castle in the North,
 Hard by the thundering Spey,
 And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
 All of his kindred they.
 And not a man of all that clan
 Had ever ceased to pray
 For the Royal race they loved so well,
 Though exiled far away
 From the steadfast Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time!

- “ His father drew the righteous sword
 For Scotland and her claims,
 Among the loyal gentlemen
 And chiefs of ancient names,
 Who swore to fight or fall beneath
 The standard of King James,
 And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
 With the glory of the Grames :
 Like a true old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !
- “ He never owned the foreign rule,
 No master he obeyed,
 But kept his clan in peace at home
 From foray and from raid ;
 And when they asked him for his oath,
 He touched his glittering blade,
 And pointed to his bonnet blue,
 That bore the white cockade :
 Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !
- “ At length the news ran through the land—
 THE PRINCE had come again !
 That night the fiery cross was sped
 O'er mountain and through glen ;
 And our old Baron rose in might,
 Like a lion from his den,
 And rode away across the hills
 To Charlie and his men :
 With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
 All of the olden time !
- “ He was the first that bent the knee,
 When the STANDARD waved abroad ;
 He was the first that charged the foe
 On Preston's bloody sod :
 And ever, in the van of fight,
 The foremost still he trod,
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath
 He gave his soul to God :
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !
- “ Oh ! never shall we know again
 A heart so stout and true—
 The olden times have passed away,
 And weary are the new :
 The fair White Rose has faded
 From the garden where it grew,
 And no fond tears save those of heaven,
 The glorious bed bedew
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud and prolonged cheering.

“Ho! mo Mhairi laghach” was then sung by the Misses Mackintosh, supported by Mr William Mackay, our worthy Secretary, and accompanied by Mr Morine on the pianoforte. Each verse was given first in Gaelic and then in English. It is but right to mention here that not only was this the first occasion on which the Misses Mackintosh appeared in public, but, to oblige the Society, they consented to sing without what they considered adequate preparation. Yet we but echo the universal voice when we say that they performed their part to the admiration and delight of all who were privileged to hear them. Of the song, one of the newspaper reports says truly, “Even to English ears the strains were sweet, and the words themselves musical in a high degree.” Mr D. Taylor, one of our local vocalists, sustained his high reputation in singing “Prince Charlie’s Farewell to Flora Macdonald”; and one of our young townsmen, Mr A. Mackintosh, closed this, the first part of the programme, with “Gille Calum,” with fine effect, to the music of pipes. The great pipes then struck up and discoursed their best under the masterly hand of Pipe-Major Maclean, followed by Corporal Campbell and Fraser, whilst the assembly were partaking of fruit, cakes, &c.

The second part was opened by Professor Blackie, who most generously came all the way from the south of England to enjoy and help on the proceedings. On presenting himself the learned Professor received quite an ovation, as he so well deserved from a Highland audience, and, during the delivery of his address, was repeatedly interrupted with the most enthusiastic plaudits.

Professor Blackie said—Mr Stewart, in that admirable speech, had done him a great service or disservice—he had given him a good introduction, but at the same time had been guilty of sounding trumpets before him, which the Scripture said should not be done. He was to give them an address. Now, of all sorts and styles of speaking he had ever tried, an address was the most perplexing. If they wanted a sermon he could preach to them—if they wanted a song he could sing to them—if they wanted a lecture he could certainly lecture them—and if they came to hear him on Saturday night he would give them a lecture the length of a Highland sermon, that is an hour and a quarter. But how long an address should be, or what form it should assume, if not hodge-podge, he was very much puzzled to understand. But if ever he delivered an address with pleasure in spite of displeasure, it was on the present occasion. Being a mere south-country Saxon—an alien in blood and language—he certainly should not have been asked unless it were known that he loved the Highlands and the Highland people loved him. And to him the love and esteem of his fellow countrymen were more than all the power of all the politicians, and

all the gold of all the millionaires. He would consider it a very high honour to be associated with the Society in this resuscitation of a grand national feeling that had too long lain dormant in this country. It was a very great mistake in past times to neglect our Celtic nationality, and its language, traditions, music, poetry. As Dr Johnson said, the most pleasant view to a Scotchman was the road to England; so the most pleasant view to a Highlander had long been the road that led to a country which Rob Roy visited sometimes. All very well, but they should not neglect their own nationality. It could never be right to undervalue themselves, to trample upon their own traditions, to cast odium upon their own mother, to neglect the graves of their fathers. But now they made a public profession of something wrong done, and an earnest beginning of a right thing to be accomplished. They were all to blame, Celts and Saxons alike, and he did not know which was most to blame. Not one Highlander in a hundred could read or spell his own language. According to a witty saying, "Gaelic is a language which few can read, and which nobody can spell." Still, he believed the Saxons were more to blame than the Celts. The latter lived in a remote corner, and suffered wrongs of which he would not now speak particularly; while the Saxons were sitting in the comfortable South, having Highlanders to fight their battles at Waterloo and elsewhere, yet despising them, making them the subjects of shallow jests, laughing at them, just as an Englishman laughs at a Scotchman. What a set they were, laughing at one another, instead of engaging in scientific research, and seeking mutual sympathy and philosophical appreciation! Such men as Stewart, Armstrong, Maclauchlan, Mackenzie, and Skene had made a study of Celtic matters, but these were single names; and the philosophy of the Celtic language had been brought out more fully by the Germans than by any Scotchman. The life of Columba, who was an Irish Celt in the days when Scotch and Irish were all one, had been edited, not by a Scotchman, but by an Irishman. The object of the Society was excellent, and the Professor advised them not to despise popular wisdom, or the teaching of the Old Book, for the Comtes and John Stuart Mills, and the rationalism of London papers. The homely wisdom of the people, free from metaphysics and from the crooked ways of politicians, was true and honest, and was always intelligible—and that was more than he could say of the poetry of Robert Browning and many others. It had been said that reading Klopstock's Odes was like eating stones, and he thought the reading of a good deal of modern poetry was like eating thistles and braubles. The neglect of the Gaelic was a loss intellectually, morally, and socially. It belonged to the great family of tongues commonly called the Ayrar, and to know

Latin and Greek thoroughly they should read Sanscrit or Gaelic—no matter which. If people had an interest in old stones, and old bones, and old urns, surely they should venerate the oldest language of the human race, still a living language—one rich in illustration, near to our living sympathies, and of practical interest and importance. The Gaelic language had characteristic peculiarities most interesting in reference to the organisation of human speech, and not found in Sanscrit, or Latin, or Greek. Some of those peculiarities opened up quite a new train of thought altogether. It had also some fine sounds (which the Professor amidst some amusement tried to bring out, with his hand to his mouth), and it was a great help to the knowledge of Latin, Greek, German, and other languages. He had himself traced 500 Greek roots to Gaelic. As an illustration of its affinity with the Greek, he took the well-known word *Clachnacudain*, or stone of the tubs. *Clach* was the Gaelic for stone, and in Homer they would find *luus*, signifying stone—the initial *c* of the Gaelic being left out, and the *h*, as is not uncommon, changed into *s*. Then for *cud* they had the Greek equivalent *cool*, signifying a round, bulging, hollow thing. But some of those clever fellows in the South, who knew everything, asked what was the use of studying a language that had no literature? Now, if there was not a single book in Gaelic he would study it, because it was the way to the hearts of the people. Better living men and women than all the printed books in the world. But Gaelic had the best kind of literature—the kind of literature that makes Scotland what it is—the literature of songs, poetry, and national music. This was of value, not to enable every clever fellow to talk of all subjects and a few others, but in bringing out all the noble sentiments of a people's heart, and in cherishing the noblest memories; this was a literature that would do them more good than all they could cram at the University of Edinburgh or under the Education Bill. The greatest evil to them in the South was that their national music was not made an indispensable part of the national education. Next to the Bible he placed the national songs for true, healthy teaching—fresh like the breezy atmosphere, blooming like heather, rushing like mountain streams; and making the blood beat in harmony with them. That was better than clever leading articles. Latin and Greek were all very well, but a man should be first what God made him, and his duties were with his own people. Of course they must be fashionable—that is, go to Italian operas in Edinburgh and London, and force people to learn Latin and Greek, which they forget soon enough—but don't learn your own mother tongue, which you suck in with your mother's milk. People who went away in search of something grand, and did not learn the wisdom and philosophy of com-

mon things, would be shallow fellows to the end of the chapter, though crammed full and fringed round with learning. Touching on the moral and social aspect of his subject, the Professor quoted a saying of Jean Paul Richter, "The way to a woman's heart is through her child; the way to a nation's heart is through its language." And one people could not know another except through their language. The Saxons could certainly not be accused of loving the Celtic people too much. They sung Jacobite songs, but that was a matter of pure sentimentality; and many of them thought and said that the Celts should be stamped out and extirpated. Now, he did not think the Saxons would have spoken in that way if they had known the language of the Celts and their good qualities. They came down to stare at their mountains and glens, but they did not love the Celts, and see that no man turned them out of their glens. He did say that though there was a disease of over-population in some parts of the Highlands, that was no reason why there should be extirpation in any part of them. He spoke of no one personally; but if the country had been depopulated, one cause of that had been that those who held the land did not speak the language, and did not know the hearts of the people, did not care a straw for the people, but felt that they would have no poor-rates when the devils were away. If such thing had been—and he had good reason to suspect that they had—he repeated that the cause was this, that there was no sympathy between the holders of the land and the people who lived upon it; and there would have been more of that sympathy if the landowners had studied the language of a people of whom they ought to have been proud. Well, he had given very good reasons why the Gaelic should be preserved, and he was not bound to give an understanding with them. If they did not sympathise with him and with the Gaelic people, then he was very sorry for them, but thankful also that he was not cursed with the blindness of their intellects or the hardness of their hearts.

The Professor denounced in scathing terms those unpatriotic and time-serving newspaper writers who gave the sanction and the encouragement of their misleading articles to those who have weakened and disgraced the nation by banishing a noble and interesting race from their homes of freedom in the Highlands.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this address fanned and gave wise direction to the flames of Celtic enthusiasm which the previous proceedings had aroused, and gave the sanction of a cultured intellect and an honoured name to sentiments and feelings which many among us had hardly dared to avow until that night. The Professor's address was followed by a selection of airs on the pianoforte by the Misses Mackintosh; the Highland Fling by the

four dancers already mentioned; and the "March of the Cameron Men," by Mr James Fraser.

Next came the Rev. Mr Macgregor, our warm-hearted townsman, with one of the most eloquent and pathetic addresses ever uttered in the expressive language of the Gael, in which he spoke. A perfect storm of applause greeted the rev. gentleman, and the delight and enthusiasm went on increasing as the discourse proceeded. Mr Macgregor said—

Ceaduichibh dhomh inneadh dhuibh gu'n bheil e 'na mhòr-thoilinntinn dhomh a bh'n so an nochd aig a choinneamh so do "Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis." Tha m'g a mheas mar shochair nach beag, gu'n tugadh cuireadh dhomh gu bh'n so. Tha mi duilich, gidheadh, gu'n robh an uine co goirid, agus gu'n tàinig mòran nithe cudthromach eile 'san rathad, air chor 'snach robh comas agam air briathraibh freagarrach a chur a'n altaibh a chèile, chum nan nithe sin a leagadh ris duibh, air am bu mhiann leam labhairt agus léudachach 'n'ur n-éisdeachd a nis. Ach bheir sibh maitheanas domh air son gach teachd-gearr agus neo-iomlanachd a bhithas, tha eagal orm, tuilleadh's follaiseach anns na nithibh bu mhath leam a thoirt air an aghaidh aig an àm so. Tha'n Comunn airidh air mòr-chliù fhòtuinn air son an dùrachd, an éud, agus an deàlasachd, ann a bhì tionaladh, a' dìonadh, agus a' gleidheadh gach nì mu chleachdanna, eachdruidh, ceòl, bàrdachd, lùth-chleas, càinnt, dillseachd, gaisge, agus tréublantas na muinntir sìn a dh' àrùicheadh ann an garbhlaichibh, gleanntaibh agus eileanaibh na h-Alba. Tha mòr-dhéigh againn uile air dùthaich ar breith. Cò 'n ar measg nach' eil air a dheacadh le h-aoibhneas-cridhe, an uair a smaùnicheas e air "Tìr 'nam beann 'nan gleann 'snan gaisgeach?" Tha na Gaidheil nan sluagh còmharrachite air son lìònmhorachd bhuidhean, agus nithe éugsamhla, trid am bheil iad eadar-dhealuichte, agus air an eur air leth o gach cinneach eile air uachdar na tàlhuinn. Tha iad 'nan sluagh a bha air an cùmail fodha, air an sàruchadh agus air an claoidh air iomadh seòl agus dòigh air nach robh iad idir airidh! Bha iad air an greasadh chum chrìocha cumlaun, air am fògradh o ionadaibh agus aois-làraichibh an sinusear, air an ruàgadh mar chearc-an-coille air na beanntaibh, agus air buntainn riutha air iomadh seòl nach do thoill iad. Gidheadh, faicibh fathasd an dillseachd agus an deagh-thairisneachd, an dean agus an deothas chum an ùmhlaichd a nochdadh do na h-àrd-chumhachdaibh, o'n Uachdaran air an rìgh-chaithear, sios chum an rioghlair a's illse 'na dhrèuchd! Shuidhich lagh na dùcha seorsa do luchd-faire anns gach baile-beag agus sgiorachd 'nar tìr, a ta 'g imeachd gu diòmhannach o àite gu àite mu'n euairt, luchd-drèuchd ma seadh, le'n cotaichibh fada gòrm, 's le'm bioraidibh àrd, agus le'n slachdanaibh stiàllach-buidhe, a chumail riagh-

ailt a'm measg nan Gaidheal, far nach robh ainmhreite riamh gus an tainig iad fein 'nam measg! Thubhlairt mi gu'n robh na Gaidheil bhochd air an sàruchadh, ach 'siad na naimhdean a's miosa a bha riamh aca, naimhde neo-chiontach annta fein, na caoraich bhàna, ainmhidhean a ta féumail gu'n teagamh, ach mo thruaidh! bu dona air eùl claidheimh iad! Ach dh'aindeoin gach cruaidheaise a dh' fhuiling iad, c'ait an robh riamh saighdearan an cosmhuil riu! Fhad's a bhios iomradh air gaisge agus ténchd ann an eachdraidh, fhad's a bhios sgèul-aithris air fìor-shaighdearachd agus tréubhantais, bithidh sliochd nam beann ainmeil feadh gach linn air son gach buaidh-làrach a thug iad a mach anns gach cearnadh do'n t-saoghal! Co an measg shliochd nan cumbachdach, ann an tìr eile fò'n ghrèin a shamhlachear riutha? Cha robh e 'nan comas an cùlaobh a thionndadh aon chuid ri caraid no ri naimhaid, agus ged a bhiodh, cha deannadh iad e!—

“ Faigheadh cliu o gach rann-fhear,
 Gu ceolmhor 's gu binn,
 Na fìor-shaighdearan Gaidhealach,
 Chaidh arach 'sna glinn;
 Cuimhir, fuasgailte, finealta,
 Slainteil 'sa chom,
 Fearail, ceangalach, cruadalach,
 Treun agus trom!
 'S math thig breacan an fheilidh,
 Gu leir do na suinn,
 Osain ghearr air an calpannaibh,
 Tha domhail, geal, cruinn,
 Iteagan dorcha air slios gorm uigheam cheann,
 Sud i eideadh 'nam blar,
 'S cha b'i 'n te fhada theann.
 'S ceart a labhras iad canain
 Na h-Alba o chian,
 Mar a b'la i aig Fionn,
 'S aig Oisean gu dian,
 Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid,
 Is chaidh iad cha ghluais,
 Gun am bolg-fheadan meur-thollach
 Fuaimneach 'nan cluais—
 Mar so buaidh leis na seoid,
 Ghuineach, gharb, agus bheo,
 Theid do bhuillsgein 'nan naimhdean,
 Mar a' ghaoth dol 'sa cheo;
 'S nar fheuch iad an cùlaobh,
 Do'n dream nach bi leo;
 Oir cha strìochd sliochd nan garbh-chrioch,
 Fhad's bhios annta an deo.”

A GHAILIG.

Agus c'ait am bheil càinnt air thalamh a choimeasar ris a Ghai-

lig? Canain a ta binn, blasda, oirdheire, mar ribhinn gheàmmuidh neo-thruaillidh, fhuor-ghlan—

“Cha gheill i do'n Eabhra,
Do'n Fhrangais no Ghreugais,
Do Laidin no Bheurla,
No do chainnt fo na speuran.”

Gu robh buaidh le Comunn Gaidhealach a bhaile so, a ta dol gu'n dùlan chum na Gailig a eumail suas, a' Ghailig cireachdail. Mar a thubhairt an t' Urramach Robt. Macgriogair ann a Cill-Mhoire.—

“Bh'aig Adhamh 's aig Eubha,
Roimh rheum bhi air aithreachas,
Mu'n do chiontaich iad a'n Eden,
Gu'n eucail gum smal orra ;
Air ole mu'n robh iad eolach,
Gum choduch, gum ath orra,
Do'n pheac' gum bhi nan trailllean,
'Sa gharadh gu'n charubadh,
Leis na Gaidheal is doimheach
Facuill choimheach,
Sud tha goimheach, guineach dhoibh,
'Steach nan obair, 'sa chainnt-thobair,
Chaoidh cha togar sruth-chainntean ;
Tha neo-stadach, sguabadh chladach,
S'bratach, slatach nile iad,
'Se'n ruith feadh each a' cheile,
An steigh tha 'ga cumail suas—
A' chanain, a' chanain,
A' chanain bha'n toiseach i ;
'Smar mór-chruaidh-chrengan làdir,
A tamhsa biodh socaireach ;
'M feadh ghleusas slugan cail neach,
Cha bhas is cha dochum dith ;
Ach bheir i mach buaidh-larach,
Feadh ghabhanna 's dhosguinnean.
'S liomhor gaisgeach a ta aice,
Cumail taie is cothrom rithe,
Agus caraid, le cruas daraig,
Dol do'n charraig chogaidh dhi,
Chum a dìonadh anns gach pionadh,
'Schum a lionadh dh' fhocullaibh ;
'Smar lasair-chath an leirsinn
Gu leir-sgrios smid dhochaireach.”

Tha e taitneach a smuaineachadh gu'm bheil móran àislean foghluinte, duchasach, agus geanail, ullamh agus calamh chum euidreachadh leis a Chomunn so a reir an comais. Tha Tighearna Chluanaidh, “Mac Mhuirich Mór na brataich,” gu cuimhear, claidheach, eriosach, gu aigeanach, briogalach, baganta, le bhriathraibh mìlis, tuigseach, tla, chum an Comunn a neartachadh, agus bha 'gu bhi a'n so an nochd.—

“ An Rìdìre Coimneach Ghearloch,
 A ghineadh o na h-armunn,
 A rach ull sios 'sua blaraibh
 Leis a Bhrataich, aluinn.
 A bhua bhachadh 'san araich,
 'Sa chur nan nabh 'nan smur.”

Gu cinnteach 's math lionas brathair athar 'aite anns a chathair, arduacl-daran Iubhinnis, an Leighich Mac Coimnich 'sann Eileanach. Gu ma fada skun e gu' bhith stiuradh aig gach cuiru agus coimneamh ann am prionh bhaile na Gaidhealtachd.

Ach cha bheag an t-urram a chuireadh air a Chomunn so, leis an Ard-fhoghlumach “Blackie” a bhi làthair! Fìor-theangair, ealamh, deaschaimnteach, agus aig am bheil mòr-spéis do'n Ghàilig. Tha deagh-fhìos aige-san g'm bheil a' Bhéurla thais agus éiglidh, air a deanamh suas, eadar bhun agus bhàrr, eadar càrbull agus fheuman do chamanibh eile. Tha mòr-mheas aig an duin'-uasal fhileant' agus fhoghlumte so, air.—

“ Homer binn tha deas-bbriathrach,
 'Sair Virgil mor an t-Eadailteach;
 Ach 'sann air Oisean liath nan ceileirean,
 Bu mhiannach leis 'bhi colach.”

Ach “gach dileas gu deireadh,” c'ait am bheil caraid nì's dèine agus nì's dealasaiche, 'nan t-aodhair cliùiteach “Lochabar Loch-darach!” Seachduin an deigh seachduin, tha e a' cur a mach a sgrìobhanna cumhachdach, a ta 'boisgeadh soluis, cha'n e mhàin air gach eùn agus iasg, air gach ainmhidh agus meanbh-bheathach, air gach clach agus creag, air gach luibh agus preas, air gach rionnag agus réult ann an gorm astair nam spéur, ach mar an céudna, air cainnt agus cleachdannaibh nan Gaidheal! Cha'n 'eil sean-fhocal no sean-chleachd, no gnìomh saobh-chràbhach, no toimhseachan, no seùn, no giseag, o làithibh Ullin agus Oisein, gu ruig an là an diugh, air nach 'eil e colach, agus nach 'eil air an teasainginn leis. Saoghal fada agus deagh bheatha dha.—

“ O's gradhach, gur gradhach
 O's gradhach an duine e;
 Tha sgeimh is spionnadh cainnte,
 Anns gach nì a chaidh chumadh leis.”

Chùm mi tuilleadh's fada sibh a Chomunn ionmhuinn. Thu-
 gaibh maitheanas domh. Gu mo math thèid gach nì leibh, agus gu
 robh 'ur càirdean dol a'n lionnaborachd, agus.—

“ Sliochd bhuir sliochd is gach sliochd uathasan,
 Feadh gach linn gu robh sluaghar is mor.”

As if it were the lyrical outburst of the spirit in which the
 patriotic orator had just spoken, next came “An Ribhinn Aluinn,

Eibhinn, og," by Miss Mackay, Glen-Urquhart; Mr D. Mackintosh, Glen-Urquhart, and the Secretary. The song and the singing were not only a delight, but a surprise, and led captive hundreds there who understood not a word; and the reception was an outburst of applause, which could not be exceeded in its warmth and cordiality. It is to the credit of Miss Mackay that it was only that same evening, and to fill the place of another, that she was impressed into our service. If anything had been wanting at this hour in the evening to dispel the ignorant conceit of some that ours was not a cultivated and artistic system of music, the work was now complete, and every one in that vast assembly raised a voice in attestation. Then came Pipe-Major MacLennan, as if to fill the volumes of applause still further, and filled the hall with one of his noble "Piobaireachds." This was followed by Mr R. Munro, with "My Nannie's awa." Mr W. G. Stewart then gave a most droll and yet characteristic personation of an unsophisticated Highlander on his first experiences of railways, policemen, and other novelties. Mr D. Taylor re-appeared, and gave "Flora Macdonald's Lament," and the four dancers wound up with a Scotch Reel.

This carried us to a very late hour, and although the enjoyment of the proceedings seemed to be unabated, it was deemed advisable to conclude. Votes of thanks were passed, first to the singers, players, and dancers, on the motion of Mr Dallas. Dr Carruthers proposed a vote of thanks to the strangers, and especially Professor Blackie and Mr Stewart, who had come so far to assist at the meeting of the Society; and a vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Professor Blackie. As the Assembly rose to disperse, the note was struck of the National Anthem, rendered into Gaelic for the occasion by our Bard, Mr Angus Macdonald. The surprise was pleasing and the effect grand, as the choir proceeded with—

Dhia gleidh ar Banrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan da'r Banrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh 'Bhanrigh.
Thoir buaidh dhi, 'us solas,
Son' agus ro ghlormhor,
Fad' chum riaghladh oirm' ;
Dhia gleidh 'Bhanrigh.

A Thighearn ar Dia cirich,
Sgap a naimhdean eitich,
'Us leig iad sìos.
Cuir cli an droch riaghladh ;
Tilg sìos an luib dhiabhlaidh
Ar dochas oirre leag :—
Dhia gleidh 'Bhanrigh.

Do thiodhlaig mhaith thoir dhi,
 Doirt oirre puilt gun dith,
 Fad' riaghladh i ;
 Ar reachdan dìonadh i,
 Toirt dhuinn aobhar, gun sgìos,
 Bhi seinn le'r guth 's ar crìdh',
 Dhia gleidh 'Bhanrigh.

With these strains still in their ears the vast assembly dispersed, not only greatly gratified with the entertainment, but with their desire whetted for another of the same. Altogether, we need not hesitate to place upon record, that this, our first Assembly, has been a marked success, whether we have regard to the nature and character of the entertainment to the manner in which it was conducted, to the reception which it met with from those who joined in it, or to that which makes its appearance in the financial statement of the Treasurer.

One of the immediate results of the first Assembly, is a large accession of members. What the ultimate effect of this exhibition of long pent-up feeling will be, it should not be difficult to say. That it will have a salutary effect morally, socially, and commercially on the whole community, we have no manner of doubt. But in order to this being realised to the utmost, the Society must keep firm possession of the vantage ground gained on the 11th July 1872; and must use that ground for further achievements. That members will be added is what may be expected from its getting abroad that the Society is a power in the land; but the realisation of its highest objects will depend not so much upon numbers as upon the cherishing of true and noble Celtic feeling, and upon the manifestation of more or less of the ancient pride of race and ancestry which characterised our forefathers in their best days.

It has long been a low kind of fashion to condemn the Gael and his idiosyncrasies. It is evident already that we have done something to revive an opposite fashion. Since that Assembly numbers who had lost their Gaelic, whether they had mastered the English language or not, have been airing scraps of Gaelic, and ere long kilts and plaids, which have hardly seen the light since the '45, will be brought forth to show on what side the owners stand. So much for the sentiment.

Then, there is the asserting of Gaelic rights; there is the resisting of Highland wrongs; there is the duty of taking up the subject of the occupation and cultivation of our Highland glens and straths by Highland people; there is the setting up of such other

industries as are adapted to our capabilities. These things must be kept in view as claiming our sympathetic exertions ere long.

But there are objects to which we would recommend an immediate application of the social force generated by the first Assembly.

First, the formation of a class for the grammatical study of the Gaelic language.

Second, the obtaining of books and manuscripts (which are such preservatives of our ancient spirit), by gift if possible, by purchase if necessary. And towards this there should be a Library Committee appointed.

Third, the collecting of the unwritten lore of our race. For this also a Committee is wanted.

Fourth, we require to open amicable relations with kindred societies in other parts of Scotland, in Ireland, in England, in Wales, and on the Continent.

Fifth, the consideration of a Gaelic Bursary in one of our Universities.

Sixth and finally, we would urge the immediate publication of what we would call our first volume of transactions, embracing the Rev. Mr Mackenzie's inaugural lecture; Mr Ross's lecture; Professor Blackie's lecture; a full report of the Assembly proceedings, and such other materials of permanent value as may be necessary and available to the completion of the work.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE
ON NATIONALITY.

At an early period in the session, the learned Professor engaged to deliver a lecture for the Society. This he did in the Music Hall on Saturday, the 13th July, on occasion of his visit to attend the first Assembly, Eneas W. Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, M.P., in the chair. The lecturer was also accompanied on the platform by Provost Mackenzie; Mr Waterston, banker; Dr Carruthers; Bailie Mackintosh; Mr Innes, solicitor; Mr Davidson, solicitor; Mr Rose, solicitor; and Mr Mackenzie, Broadstone.

Professor Blackie divided his lecture into several "heads" or parts—first, he would show what is a nation, and the difficulty of creating nationality; second, he would define wherein national greatness consists; and third, refer to our own position, inquiring how far Great Britain has realised the idea of nationality, and pointing out our peculiarities, our dangers, and our duties. That a nation should exist at all seemed at first sight miraculous. The tendency of the individual was to self-assertion; and when there was an infinite number of individuals, it created all sorts of antagonisms, which came into collision and sometimes ended, as among savages, in utter extermination. But how they should come together and act as a whole organic mass, just as one's eyes and arms act in connection with the brain, was one of the most wonderful things in this wonderful world. As illustrating the difficulty of creating nations and keeping them together, he quoted the history of the Hebrews, who were united only during the two reigns of David and Solomon; of the Greeks, who, in consequence of their divisions, fell first before the iron tramp of the Macedonians, and then of the Romans; of our own country, so long a prey to strife and faction; of France, built up out of several dukedoms, and attaining unity by despotism and corruption—a unity that for two hundred years presented a brilliant exterior, but without real concord; and now the result was obvious to the world. True, France had a unity of one kind, but not internal harmony; on the contrary, internal ferment, discontent, and uncertainty. With many elements of hostility existing, what were the forces that tended to

unify those diverse tendencies, and to produce nations? First, the unity of PLACE, a territory well-defined and marked off, as Italy by the Alps, America and Britain by the sea. And here he remarked that the natural boundaries of kingdoms were not rivers but mountains; the natural boundaries of France was not the Rhine, but the Ardennes and the Alsatian mountains. Another unifying influence was facility of communication. Greece was cut up into separate geographical pieces with natural bridges between; Scotland was divided by the bulwark of the Grampians; America would fall to pieces to-morrow were it not for railway communication, which enabled one thought, one feeling, to pulse through the whole country. Next was a common LANGUAGE. That was not essential to make a nation, but it was a great security; or if not a common language, then some one dominant tongue. The ready intercourse of soul with soul would facilitate the influence of master minds, and tend to mould the mass to one type. Next was a common inheritance of great intellectual and moral tradition; and then what is called RACE. That was a most difficult thing to define. He would not now enter into the problem how race was produced. He did not pretend to know why a Skye terrier was one thing, and a greyhound another—why a Frenchman was one thing and a Scotchman another and a very different thing; why a Celt in Scotland and a Celt in Ireland were different. Language, education, religion, habit, had much to do with race: a few generations, he believed, would change a German into an Englishman, or an Englishman into a Frenchman. A common RELIGION was one of the strongest bonds of nationality. That made the Greeks act together when nothing else could. As the conception of God was the only idea that gave a central unity to any system of thought called a philosophy; so religion, or the system of social beliefs and practices that attached itself to the name of the Supreme Being in any society of human beings, was the firmest bond of that unity by virtue of which society existed. A strong central force was also necessary to prevent the natural tendencies of a multiplied individualism. The natural tendency of DEMOCRACY was individualism—every man as good as his neighbour, and perhaps better. MONARCHY was most favourable to unity; democracy always tended more to resolve society into its original elements. The mere idea of individual freedom, good in its place, never could do anything either to create or to conserve society. It was the idea of the subjection of a part to the whole—an essentially selfish idea—that made society possible. They knew as a fact that great nations were always monarchical to begin with. Nations were made by monarchy and aristocracy. WAR was another unifying influence. What made the Scottish nationality? Bruce

and Bannockburn, Knox and the Covenanters. War was not mere savagery: war was heroism, war was manhood, war was independence. It united men in common struggles, common hardships, and common triumphs; and the brotherhood of struggle was always stronger than the brotherhood of luxury. If the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, the blood of soldiers and patriots had not less certainly acted as the cement of society. Though he lamented as much as any one the late calamitous and sanguinary war, he was convinced that it would make the German a stronger nation than it could have been otherwise. Every petty State would have asserted itself—the Bavarian would have been a Bavarian, and the Saxon a Saxon; but engaging in a common struggle against the Franks made them Germans. Next, as a unifying force, the Professor mentioned PUBLIC SPIRIT, patriotism—acting for the good of the whole, not for the selfish aggrandisement of the individual. Not every man for himself, and for his own shop, or his own trade; but every man acting as part of a great social organisation. Next the lecturer proceeded to show that to produce a great nation there must not only be central power, but VARIETY. Society was one; but it was composed of a vast number of individuals, and the individualism of these units must not be sacrificed. Society consisted in a free subjection of living individuals, not in the forced common action of the different parts of a vast living machine. Diversity was wealth and beauty, monotony mere meagreness. Strong central power on the one hand; on the other strong local centres of activity and local government. Excessive CENTRALISATION was the bane of France. And there should be room not only for variety, but for contrast and contrariness, and apparent incompatibility—a union arising out of the combination of things that tend to disunion. The balance of two opposites was perfection—therefore, marriage was the perfection of human nature. The mind of the poet was greater than the mind of another man, because he unites the masculine intellect with the emotion and tenderness of woman. He proposed for acceptance the following proposition—“When all the elements of which society is composed, that is site, population, physical strength, intellectual force, moral nobility, act together under the strong and steady control of all the unifying forces, in such a manner as not to prejudice energetic individualism, and local variety, in this case we have as a product national greatness; and that will be the greatest nation in which these elements are combined to the greatest extent, and in the greatest intensity.” Now, how far had Great Britain realised the idea of NATIONALITY? He thought we ought to be thankful to Providence that we had to a greater degree than any nation in history a combination of unifi-

ing forces with intense and energetic individualism. Summing up our advantages, he spoke of our favourable situation with the sea around us—that silver streak—of which Mr Gladstone was sometimes too fond of speaking—our great physical resources—iron, coal, &c. ; our climate, favourable for the growth of a good human animal, with vigour, pluck, coolness, pertinacity—the benefit of a hereditary monarchy and a manly aristocracy. If we could throw these overboard and make a better business of it he should be surprised ; but he would be in Tomnahurich long before that occurred. Then we had the benefit of a common faith (no doubt with a difficulty in Ireland). And along with all this, look at the variety in unity—three peoples in one nation, Scotch, Celtic, English, with their separate types, language, traditions, and character. What was more different than Dr Guthrie, with his strong Scotch character, and the gentleman with cope, cassock, and bells, in an English ritualistic church ! He rejoiced in the difference. He did not believe in copes and cassocks, but he believed in variety of type and form in the Church of God ; and if certain ladies could not feel pious except when they knelt on silk cushions and the priest was decked up in a certain way, by all means let them be indulged. Then we had an intellectual character full of practical vigour and sagacity, though, no doubt, in the southern part of the island deficient in subtlety, philosophy, and the power of speculation. We had also a character for honour, and truth, and manliness, equalled by few nations, and assuredly not surpassed by any ; and if in diplomacy we sometimes came short, it was not always through ignorance and indifference to matters of foreign policy, but because we were too honest and too honourable to suspect that we had to deal with knaves and bullies. But now to look at our **DANGERS** and **DUTIES**. In reference to nations as to individuals, nothing was more dangerous than self-laudation. If a young lady stood long at the looking-glass, instead of reading her Bible in the morning, depend upon it she was a fool—or at any rate she would not be an honour to herself, and she would not be a beauty long, because she would not possess a beautiful character. Well, a great nation must have a mass of population. A small State might flame out for a time, but it could not continue to be a great nation. Now, our population was not so great in proportion to other European nations as it once was. Secondly, coal and iron were not inexhaustible, and besides, they were found elsewhere. We could not continue to manufacture for the world, for we were teaching other nations. Next, our cohesive forces were being weakened in several ways, and our harmonies were becoming discords. The monarchical idea and principle was being weakened by theoretical young politicians like Charles Dilke and others of that class. He

repeated that he did not believe in DEMOCRACY. The United States were an experiment, and one made under peculiar circumstances; but at any rate, it was one thing to build a new house and another thing to pull down an old one. Then we had a kind of social war between different ranks—very strong antagonisms, which, if carried on, might result in disaster. There were elements of revolution in this country at the present moment. Our moral force—and that was the main thing—was being weakened; and when a nation had lost its character what remained? The Romans became a prey to despotism because they lost their character. He asked them seriously to think whether, at the present moment, we were not undergoing some changes in our old steady, loyal, British character which were not favourable to a healthy moral tone. The love of money, the increase of luxury, the placing of our glory in outward magnificence and splendour—in gas, or steam, or telegraphs—these things had a tendency to put into the back ground, the grand element of moral force. The wealth of a nation consists not in what it has, but in what it is—not in possessions or wealth, but in character and nobility of sentiment. Individualism too strong; too much eagerness to get on in the world, but not sufficient eagerness for the honour of the nation; rather peace for our shops than war for our honour—these traits were becoming obvious. He thought we were too much Carthaginians and too little Romans. He wanted to see a noble people, living not for themselves and their families alone, not for mere buying and selling, but for the State to which they belonged. The religious force in the country was being weakened by worldly-mindedness and externalism; by science without philosophy and divorced from piety. He honoured physical science, but it was a danger when without philosophy, and yet pretending to be philosophical—as if there should be any philosophy in mere microscopes and telescopes! Another danger arose from the increasing gulf between theological orthodoxy leagued with religious bigotry, and the general spirit of modern literature. Our local varieties, our municipal and provincial freedoms, were also in peril of being destroyed by centralisation and London red-tape, so that we who were men here before, with individual lives and hearts, were to be moved like so many chessmen by the authorities up yonder. Look at the Scotch Education Bill; he did not think we had acted nobly regarding it. He considered it a base, shabby, and low Education Bill, utterly unworthy of the ideas we inherited from John Knox and the Confession of Faith—a bill merely to put a smoothing iron on petty religious and church jealousies, but not a bill to elevate the schoolmasters or to elevate education. And now there was another project—to take away the Post-office

from Edinburgh. Then they would take away the lawyers perhaps—then perhaps the Universities, and send all our young men to be drilled into Episcopacy at Oxford. He said these things were being done, and we had only to blame ourselves. He once had the honour of being laughed at by *Punch*—as wise men were always laughed at by fools—because he said in Glasgow that the Scotch wanted self-esteem. Now, he repeated, the Scotch did want self-esteem, otherwise they would never allow such things to be done. Take our national Music as an example. He regarded national music and poetry as an noble inheritance of which people ought to be proud. Did they devote themselves to the study of Robert Burns as they ought to do? No—they preferred the Italian opera. What was the opera? A mere magnificent luxury for the ear, but nothing for the understanding and nothing for the heart. He ridiculed false gentility, with its worship of what was foreign and metropolitan. Next to John Knox and the Covenanters, the songs of Robert Burns and a thousand minor singers were the thing we most required. And speaking of the HIGHLANDS, he resumed the strain of his address of Thursday evening, and denounced the extirpation of peasantry from the glens. They would drive away the people and call it improvement. He had known those in the south who would wish to see the whole Highlands turned into one immense Tomnahurich, the Celts buried beneath it, and Saxon palaces piled on the top. This would be a very magnificent, a very selfish, a very despotic, and a very Russian way of governing free men and improving a country. There was a danger of losing that magnificent fellow the Highlander. Could any of the clubs of London turn out such a splendid animal? He wanted as many Highlanders in the Highlands as could be comfortably maintained there. He said there should be no extirpation—except in the way of weeding the turnips; weed but don't exterminate. In this matter proprietors and people had both duties to perform. The duties of a proprietor in the Highlands were quite plain. The wealth of a country does not consist in the number of guineas which found their way with the least amount of trouble into the landlord's pocket, but in the number of well-conditioned people whom, by his superior position in society, he was enabled to cherish, to protect, and to elevate. The landed proprietor was the Bishop of the district in secular matters; and if he thought his only business was to get his rents paid, to spend them where he would, do what he would with his own, then he did not know his duties, and he was a selfish fellow. Observe, he was not speaking against proprietors generally, but supposing there was such a one in the lot, then these terms applied to him. A landlord, he would suppose, got £1000 from one big farmer, and there were no poor-rates and

no trouble about it, and he went and spent that in London at the opera, or at worse places; or spent it in Paris, where it was a gain to France; or in Rome, where it was a gain to the Pope and a loss to us. Would it not be better if the same landlord got £800 or £900 from a number of tenants and spent it among them, than going away with his £1000 and doing with it what he liked? Yes, he might do what he liked according to the letter of the law. The law could not always keep hold of him; but the very constitution of society, and the eternal laws of society, commanded that he should attend to the place where God had placed him, and do his duty there. He (Professor Blackie) hoped they did not suspect he was a democrat; indeed, ever since his famous pugilistic encounter with Ernest Jones he was supposed to be a Tory. But that was not the case; he was not a member of the party who supported Mr Disraeli and passed the late Reform Bill. A Tory he defined as a man who never moves unless he is forced, and then moves too fast. He was neither a Tory nor a democrat, only a thinker, a student, and, in a small way if they pleased, a philosopher. That gave him a certain advantage. His business was to find out truth, to speak truth and justice; and except to do that he would not be there that night. But while he was not a democrat, he would bring in a very democratic kind of measure; he would impose an absentee tax, rewarding those proprietors who stayed at home, and making the fellows who go abroad pay all the poor-rates. Of course he did not object to young ladies going up to London to get husbands—or to the Duke of Argyll and others going, who had business to discharge; what he did object to was the practice of going and squandering money in the dissipation of London and Paris. For himself he was not a proprietor. No doubt he was a feuar, but it was only an acre and three-quarters. He was one of the public; and he considered the public had a duty—not to run after what was foreign, but to cherish self-esteem, to cultivate local independence, to make the most of what we have here. Far fowls had fair feathers—to fools. Let them preserve and maintain their right to *be* themselves. When an Englishman came to Scotland he expected to find a Scotchman—not a second edition of himself, an edition not enlarged and improved, but diminished, dwarfed, and degraded. When he came to Inverness he expected to find a Highlander, and he found him there—(shaking hands with the Provost, amidst loud laughter and cheers). Let them learn a lesson from the wisdom of the unreasoning animals, which were always right because they were always in the hands of God. What animals did unconsciously, let intelligent beings do consciously. Therefore, let the eagle glory in his wings, let the fish glory in his fins, let the hound glory in his swiftness, let the young

man glory in his strength, let the Celt glory in being a Celt, and the Scotchman in being a Scot. Otherwise, with all their civilisation, with all their newspapers, their leading and misleading articles, with all their boasted advance in science, they would be as flat and as dry as the sands of Brandenburg, as monotonous and as unsightly as the interminable moors and morasses of Russia, and as destitute of all vigorous forms of individual vitality as the Dead Sea.

During the delivery, it is almost needless to say that the learned lecturer was frequently interrupted by hearty expressions of applause.

The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Blackie, and took occasion to express his sense of the value of philological studies, and the importance of Gaelic. He thought that Gaelic should be made a matter of study, and that a Professorship should be established; but at the same time that it should be allowed to die out as a spoken language, and give place to the English tongue.

Professor Blackie wished them distinctly to understand that he had no desire whatever to foster artificially the Gaelic tongue. Its natural destiny, like the Cornish, was to die; but while it existed, he wished it to get fair-play, by being taught in the schools, and he maintained that English was best taught when taught in connection with the mother tongue. He proposed a vote of thanks to Raigmore for presiding, which was awarded, and the meeting separated.

MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.

I. LIFE MEMBERS.

Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson.
Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond.

II. HONORARY MEMBERS.

Anderson, James, solicitor, Inverness.
Blackie, Professor, Edinburgh University.
Bourke, Professor. President St Jarlath's College, Tuam, Ireland.
Cameron, Captain D. C., Talisker.
Carruthers, Robert, jun., of the "Inverness Courier."
Colvin, John, solicitor, Inverness.
Davidson, Duncan, of Tulloch.
Davidson, Donald, solicitor, Inverness.
Ferguson, Mrs. Earnbank, Bridge of Earn.
Farquharson, Rev. Archibald, Tiree.
Fraser, Andrew, builder, Inverness.
Grant, General Sir Patrick, G.C.B., Muirtown House, Inverness.
Grant, John, timber-merchant, Cardiff, Wales.
Grant, William, Bellevue, Shrewsbury.
Grant, Robert, of Messrs Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
Innes, Charles, solicitor, Inverness.
Macandrew, H. C., Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire.
Macbride, James, Cartbank House, near Glasgow.
Macdonald, Allan, solicitor, Inverness.
Macdonald, F., Druidaig, Lochalsh.
Macdonald, Alexander, Balranald, Uist.
Macdonald, Captain D. P., Pen-Nevis Distillery.
Macdonell, Patrick, Kinchyle, Dores.
Macdougall, Donald, Dunolly Cottage, Inverness.
Mackay, D., Holm Mills, Inverness.
Mackay, Charles, LL.D., Fern Dell Cottage, Boxhill, Surrey.
Mackay, John, Mountfields, Shrewsbury.
Mackay, Neil, Dowlais, Merthyr-Tydfil, Wales.
Mackay, James, Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.
Mackay, George F., Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.

Mackay, Donald, Gampola, Kandy, Ceylon.
 Mackenzie, Sir Kenneth S., of Gairloch, Bart.
 Mackenzie, Rev. A. D., Beauly.
 Mackenzie, Colonel Hugh, Poyntzfield House, Invergordon.
 Mackenzie, John, M.D., Provost of Inverness.
 Mackenzie, Major Lyon, of St Martins.
 Mackintosh, Eneas W., of Raigmore, M.P.
 Mackintosh, Æneas, of Daviot.
 Mackintosh, Angus, of Hoime.
 Mackintosh, Arthur P., Dowlais, Merthyr-Tydfil.
 Macmenamin, Daniel, Warrenpoint, Ireland.
 MacIennan, Alexander, of Messrs Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
 Macpherson, Captain Gordon, of Cluny.
 Masson, John, Kindrummond, Dores.
 Neaves, The Hon. Lord, LL.D., Edinburgh.
 Nicolson, Angus, LL.B., Editor of "The Gael," Glasgow.
 Ross, Angus, 11 Jane Street, Blythswood Square, Glasgow.
 Ross, John Macdonald, do. do. do.
 Scott, Roderick, solicitor, Inverness.
 Shaw, A. Mackintosh, General Post-Office, London.
 Stewart, Charles, of Brin and Dalcrombie, Inverness.
 Stoddart, Evan, Burundalla, Sydney, New South Wales.
 Sutherland, Alexander, C.E., Cefu, Merthyr-Tydfil.

III. ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Baillie, Bailie Peter, Inverness.
 Bannatyne, W. Mackinnon, Royal Academy, Inverness.
 Barclay, John, accountant, Inverness.
 Black, George, of Thornhill, Inverness.
 Blue, William, Stronvar Lodge, Campbeltown.
 Cameron, Donald, of Lochiel, M.P.
 Cameron, Archibald, Lintmill, Campbeltown.
 Campbell, Donald, Bridge Street, Inverness.
 Campbell, Alexander, 13 Grant Street, Inverness (deceased).
 Campbell, G. J., writer and notary public, Inverness.
 Campbell, Angus, Dalintobair, Campbeltown.
 Campbell, T. D., Ness Bank, Inverness.
 Campbell, William, 68 Castle Street, Inverness.
 Carmichael, Alexander A., Lochmaddy, Uist.
 Cooper, William, Highland Railway, Inverness.
 Dallas, Alexander, Town-Clerk of Inverness.
 Darroch, Rev. John, Portree.
 Davidson, James, solicitor.
 Davidson, Lachlan, banker, Kingussie.

- Falconer, Peter, Dempster Gardens, Inverness.
 Forsyth, W. B., of "Advertiser," Inverness.
 Fraser, Miss, Farraline Villa, North Berwick.
 Fraser, A. R., accountant, British Linen Bank, Kingussie.
 Fraser, James, C.E., Inverness.
 Fraser, James, Church Street, Inverness.
 Fraser, Alexander, 16 Union Street, Inverness.
 Fraser, Alexander, solicitor, Inverness.
 Fraser, William, jeweller, Inverness.
 Fraser, William, founder, Inverness.
 Fraser, Hugh, Inspector of Poor, Inverness.
 Fraser, Huntly, merchant, Inverness.
 Fraser, Andrew, upholsterer, Inverness.
 Fraser, Alexander, with Messrs Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
 Fraser, Simon, banker, Lochcarron.
 Gollan, John Gilbert, of Gollanfield.
 Grant, Alexander, Church Street, Inverness.
 Hood, Miss, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
 Hood, Andrew, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
 Kennedy, Donald, Drumashie, Inverness.
 Macgregor, Rev. Alexander, Inverness.
 Macdonald, John, The Exchange, Inverness.
 Macdonald, Robert, teacher of Gaelic, Inverness.
 Macdonald, Alexander, Newmarket, Inverness.
 Macdonald, John, officer of Excise, Lanark.
 Macdonald, James, 14 Union Street, Inverness.
 Macdonald, Angus, Queen Street, Inverness.
 Macdonald, H. J. S., student of Divinity, Grantown.
 Macdonald, Andrew L., (ex-Sheriff of the Lews), Inverness.
 Macdonald, John D., M.D., Lochcarron.
 Macdougall, Donald, Craggan, Grantown.
 Macdougall, Archibald, Campbeltown.
 Macbean, Bailie Alexander, Inverness.
 Macbean, Lachlan, Castle Street, Inverness.
 Macbean, John, land-steward, Grantown.
 Macaskill, John, Scourie, Lairg.
 Macaskill, Donald, Long Row, Campbeltown.
 Mackenzie, Thomas, Broadstone Park, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, Clachnacudain House, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, William, Bridge Street, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, William, Office of "The Gael," Glasgow.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, Church Street, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, James Hume, bookseller, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, Rev. Alexander, Falkland, Fifeshire.
 Mackenzie, A., schoolmaster, Maryburgh.

- Mackenzie, Donald, 31 High Street, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, 2 High Street, Inverness.
 Mackenzie, Malcolm J., schoolmaster, Lochcarron.
 Mackay, Charles, Elmbank Cottage, Culduthel Road, Inverness.
 Mackay, Robert, Hamilton Place, Inverness.
 Mackay, Charles, coal-merchant, Inverness.
 Mackay, Staff-Sergeant George, Royal Artillery, Portsmouth.
 Mackay, Alexander, Rose Street, Inverness.
 Mackay, David, publisher, Union Street, Inverness.
 Mackay, William, bookseller, Inverness.
 Mackay, William, 67 Church Street, Inverness.
 Mackintosh, Charles, commission-agent, Inverness.
 Mackintosh, John, M.A., Drummond, Inverness.
 Mackintosh, Duncan, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.
 Mackintosh, Peter, Hunt Hall, Inverness.
 Mackintosh, Alexander, Drumnadrochit, Glen-Urquhart.
 Mackinnon, Charles, Reform Square, Campbeltown.
 Mackinlay, Donald, Long Row, Campbeltown.
 Macintyre, John, Limecraig, Campbeltown.
 Maciver, Duncan, upholsterer, Inverness.
 Maciver, Finlay, 72 Church Street, Inverness.
 Maciver, Donald, student, Church Street, Inverness.
 MacLennan, Alexander, merchant, Bridge Street, Inverness.
 MacLennan, Alex., Northern Counties Insurance Office, Inverness.
 MacLennan, Ewen, 17 Holmehead Street, Glasgow.
 Maclean, Alexander, Lombard Street, Inverness.
 Maclean, Archibald, New Quay Head, Campbeltown.
 Macleod, Donald, Raining's School, Inverness.
 Macleod, Peter, Saddler Street, Campbeltown.
 Macleod, Captain Norman, Orbost, Skye.
 Macleod, Alexander, Huntly Street, Inverness.
 Macmillan, John, 2 High Street, Inverness.
 Macneill, Nigel, 84 Argyle Street, Glasgow.
 Macphail, Alexander, Drummond, Inverness.
 Macphatter, Angus, Lintmill, Campbeltown.
 Macpherson, Mrs, Alexandra Villa, Kingussie.
 Macpherson, Captain A. F., of Catlodge.
 Macraird, A. R., Inspector of Poor, Lochalsh.
 Macrae, Rev. Alexander, Bay Head, Stornoway.
 Maesporran, Alexander, Saddler Street, Campbeltown.
 Matheson, John, Reform Square, Campbeltown.
 Murdoch, John, 13 High Street, Inverness.
 Munro, James, London House, Inverness.
 Munro, John, wine-merchant, Inverness.
 Morrison, William, of Birchfield, Inverness.

- Noble, John, bookseller, Inverness.
Noble, Andrew, 8 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Noble, Andrew, Academy Street, Inverness.
Noble, Donald, Muirtown Street, Inverness.
Rose, Hugh, solicitor, Inverness.
Ross, James, solicitor, Inverness.
Ross, Donald, Gas Office, Inverness.
Ross, Donald, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Robertson, Donald, chemist, Fortrose.
Rule, W. Taylor, solicitor, Inverness.
Shaw, Donald, solicitor, Inverness.
Simpson, Bailie Alexander, Inverness.
Smith, Alexander, 8 Bridge Street, Inverness.
Stewart, Rev. Alexander, Nether-Lochaber.
Stewart, John C. G., Clunemore, Glen-Urquhart.
Tulloch, John, Academy Street, Inverness.
Urquhart, Murdo, Inverness.
Watson, David, Long Row, Campbeltown.

DONATIONS MADE TOWARDS THE LIBRARY
DURING YEAR 1871-72.

DONATION.	DONOR.
The Book of the Dean of Lismore, edited by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh	The Editor.
The Early Scottish Church, by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan	The Author.
Celtic Gleanings, by the Rev. Dr Maclauchlan	The Author
The Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary, 2 vols.	Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch.
Ritson's Annals of the Caledonians, Picts, & Scots, 2 vols.	"
Stewart's Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, 2 vols.	"
Skene's Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, &c.	"
Walker's Economic History of the Hebrides and Highlands of Scotland, 2 vols.	"
Macleod and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary	Colonel H. Mackenzie, Poyntzfield House.
The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic, with a literal translation into Latin, by Robert Macfarlan, M.A. 3 vols.	"
Dr Smith's Gaelic Antiquities	"
Dr Smith's "Sean Dana"	"
The Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian Dana Oisein Mhic Fhinn	"
Orain Nuadh Ghaeleach, &c., le Domhnul Macleoid	"
The Gaelic Messenger—1829, 1830	"
Fingal (Macpherson's first edition)	C. F. Mackintosh of Drummond
Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry	The Rev. Wm. Ross, Rothesay.
Photographs of Gaelic Charter (date 1408), and fac-simile of Portion of Dean of Lismore's MS.	"
Macfarlan's Choice Collection of Gaelic Poems	Miss Hood, Inverness.
Campbell's Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans	John Murdoch, Inverness.
Macnicol's Remarks on Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides	"
Descriptive and Historical Sketches of Islay, by Mr Murdoch	"
How best to Cultivate a Small Farm and Garden	"
Cameron's History and Tradition of the Isle of Skye	"
Gaelic Messenger	"
Letters from the Highlands, or the Famine of 1847	"
Bardic Stories of Ireland	"
Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Life	"
Antiquity of the Gaelic Language	"

DONATION.	DONOR.
The Wolf of Badenoch	John Murdoch.
Primitive Christianity in Scotland	"
Livingston's Gaelic Poems, &c.	"
Chemistry of Agriculture	"
Review of "Eight Days in Islay".	"
The Kilchoman People Vindicated	"
The Rev. John Darroch's Caraid a' Ghaidheil	"
Highland Clearances the Real Cause of Highland Famines	"
A Review of the Language of Ireland	"
Logan's Concealment of the Scottish Regalia	"
Lecture on the Life and Times of Hugh Roe O'Donnell	"
Co-operative Farming	"
Sketches of Highland Character	"
Something from the Gold Diggings of Sutherland	"
Campbell's Popular Tales of the Highlands, 4 vols.	Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness.
Eachdraidh a' Phrionnsa, no Bliadhna Thearlaich	"
Large Old Irish Bible (partly MS.)	Provost Mackenzie of Inverness.
Archbishop Machale's Irish Translation of the Bible— Genesis to Deuteronomy	Prof. Bourke, Tuam, Ireland.
Archbishop Machale's Moore's Melodies—Gaelic and English	"
The Bull "Ineffabilis" in Latin, Gaelic, French, and English	"
Professor Bourke's Easy Lessons in Irish	"
Professor Bourke's College Irish Grammar	"
The Celtic Language and Dialects	"
Lord Neaves' Helps to the Study of Scoto-Celtic Philology	The Author.
The Apocrypha, translated into Gaelic by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness	The Translator.
Collection of Pipe Tunes as verbally taught by the Mac- corminens.	Rev. A. Macgregor.
Dr Stratton's Celtic Origin of Greek and Latin	"
A collection of Poems, 2 vols.	Duncan Mackintosh, Inverness.
Dain agus Orain le Gilleasbuig Grannda, Bard Ghlinne Morasdainn, 2 copies	Chas. Mackay, Drummond.
Connell's Astronomy (Gaelic)	"
St. James's Magazine, vol. i.	W. Mackay, bookseller.
Buchanan's History of Scotland (Latin)	William Mackay, 67 Church St.
The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland to the com- mencement of the thirteenth century	"
The Catholic Epistles and Gospels, in Breton, Welsh, Gaelic, Manx, &c., by Christoll Ferrier and Charles Waring Saxton, D.D., Ch. Ch., Oxford.	John Mackay, Mountfields, Shrewsbury.
Caledonec Anthology, by Christoll Ferrier, translated into English, by T. Cadivor Wood.	"



