

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME IX.

1879-80.

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OF INVERNESS.

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1879-80.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailllean a Cheile.

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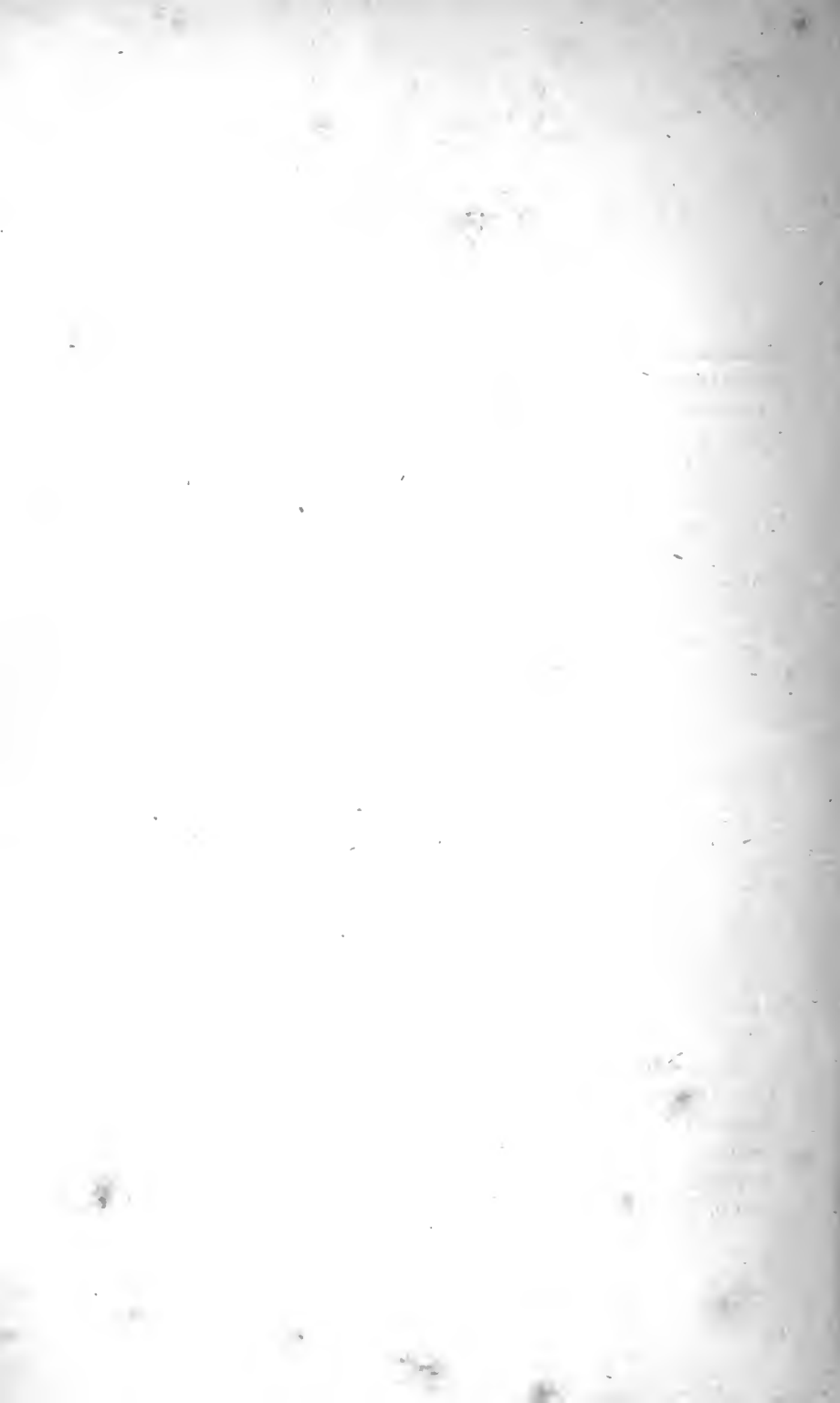
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The Gaelic Society of Inverness.



OFFICE-BEARERS.

YEAR 1880.

CHIEF.

Rev. Thomas MacLauchlan, LL.D., Edinburgh.

CHIEFTAINS.

George J. Campbell, Solicitor, Inverness.

Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road.

Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage.

HONORARY SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor, Church Street.

SECRETARY.

William Mackenzie, "Free Press" Office, Inverness.

TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.

COUNCIL.

Alex. Mackenzie, of the "Celtic Magazine."

Fraser Campbell, Draper, High Street.

James Fraser, C.E.

Alexander Ranaldson MacRaid.

John Whyte, "Highlander" Office.

LIBRARIAN.

John Whyte, "Highlander" Office.

BARD.

Mrs. Mary Mackellar.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Alexander MacIennan.

BANKERS.

The Caledonian Banking Company.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.



CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.



CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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

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

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thois-each an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thois-each Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhair ear gach oidheche mu'n seach aig a chuid a's lugha.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



INTRODUCTION.

WE have now pleasure in presenting the Members of the Society with the Ninth Volume of Transactions. In doing so we may be permitted, as on former occasions, to make a brief reference to matters of interest to Highlanders which have occurred since the publication of our last volume.

The Society itself has been active in promoting all patriotic but non-political movements in connection with the Highlands. In especial it continues to do, as it has always done, whatever is in its power towards extending and popularising the study of Celtic language and literature. In this it has been eminently successful. Twelve years ago, the number of Highlanders in the towns who hesitated to admit that they knew Gaelic—who even denied having a knowledge of it—was surprisingly large. This species of Highlander, it is believed, is now well-nigh extinct; and his successor of the present day takes pride in stating that he can converse in the mountain tongue. The change that has taken place in this way is highly significant, and the Society takes credit to itself for being in no small measure instrumental in bringing it about, and moulding public opinion generally in favour of questions connected with the Highlands.

The Society has always endeavoured to preserve our unwritten Gaelic literature, and we would here appeal to such of our members as may possess unpublished material in connection with the Highlands and Highland people to send the same to the Secretary; and if it be considered suitable and within the scope of the Society's objects, it will be published in the Transactions. The folk-lore and legends of the Highlands are being rapidly lost, for, in every district,

the old people who know these best are gradually passing away. Members would do well to write down as much as they can of the tales, legends, poetry, and song, which are still floating in the Highlands.

Towards the end of 1880 the Society took an active part in urging on the Government the desirability of taking a census of the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland in connection with the general census of 1881. Such a census, it was pointed out, would not only be of value to those who are endeavouring to promote the spread of education in the Highlands, but would also be of considerable interest to the future historian of our country. In the end the Home Secretary conceded our demands. The concession, however, was only made after the census papers had been printed, and no special column for Gaelic was therefore included in them. The instructions, too, to registrars with regard to Gaelic were not so definite as might be desired, and they were differently interpreted in different districts. The result unfortunately is that the census cannot be accepted as strictly accurate. Such as it is, however, it is expected to give a fair idea of the large numbers of the people of Scotland who still speak Gaelic, and to add vastly to the interest of the census generally. Let us hope that in 1891 a more detailed Gaelic census will be taken—a census showing (1) the number who speak Gaelic only; (2) the number who know both Gaelic and English, but who use Gaelic as the language of their homes; and (3) the number whose mother tongue Gaelic was but who now use English. Our large towns would show that the number in the last class is very great, and nothing would better illustrate to what extent the Highlands in every decade supplement the population of these towns. The census of 1881 has not yet been published; but it may be stated that Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, at considerable trouble, took steps to ascertain the number of the Gaelic-speaking population of the three

Counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, and as the result of his investigations he puts it down at 134,000.

Books on matters connected with the Highlands continue to be published. Mr. W. F. Skene has completed his great work, "Celtic Scotland," and, as an official recognition of his services in the domain of Celtic history, he has been appointed Historiographer-Royal for Scotland in succession to the late Mr. John Hill Burton. Mr. Joseph Anderson, of the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, has published two volumes on "Scotland in Early Christian Times," containing a vast amount of matter connected with the Highlands. Among the works of our own members we must not omit to mention the publication of Mrs. Mary Mackellar's *Poems and Songs*; Mr. A. Mackintosh-Shaw's "History of the Clan Chattan;" Mr. Alex. Mackenzie's "History of the Clan Macdonald;" Sheriff Nicolson's "Collection of Gaelic Proverbs," &c. All these are works of great interest to the student of Highland literature and history. Nor must we omit to mention Mr. Macintyre North's "Book of the Club of True Highlanders," just published.

We have already alluded to the honour that has been conferred on our Celtic historian, Mr. Skene. The following, which we quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th inst., is significant:—"The Queen has been pleased to grant £50 a-year out of the Civil List Fund to the Rev. J. Jones (Idrisyn), vicar of Llandysilio, Cardiganshire, in recognition of his valuable services to *Welsh literature*." Students of Celtic literature were formerly looked upon as men who uselessly frittered away their time, but here we have a gentleman pensioned for his services to Welsh literature. Let us hope that ere long a similar reward may be extended to some who have rendered valuable service to Gaelic literature.

In conclusion, we must refer to the sad havoc which death has made among our members since the publication of our

last volume. In the first place we must mention the great loss which Gaelic literature has sustained by the death of the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, of the West Church, Inverness. In him the Gaelic Society has lost a warm and attached friend, while Inverness has lost a man whose place will not be readily filled up. The members of this Society to the number of 200, headed by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., formed a fitting group among the different public bodies that attended the funeral. We have also lost a valued member by the death of Mr. Davidson of Tulloch. He was one of those who joined the Society when it was formed in 1871. He has frequently been present at its meetings, and at the Annual Assembly in July last he supported his friend, Lochiel, by his presence on the platform. The others whose death we lament, but whose names we can only enumerate, are:—Alexander Fraser, accountant, Inverness; Dr. Patrick Buchan, Stonehaven; the Earl of Seafield; Archd. Cameron, Glenbar, Kintyre; John Colvin, solicitor, Inverness; Lachlan Davidson, banker, Kingussie; Dr. G. F. Forbes, late of the Bombay Army, Inverness; John Macdonald, live stock agent, Inverness; R. A. Macdonald, Ullinish, Skye; Alexander MacLeod, grocer, Bridge Street, Inverness; and Alexander MacLure, Birmingham. Let us hope that others will soon join to fill the blanks thus created in our membership.

INVERNESS, *Dec.*, 1881.

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Eighth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on Thursday, 10th July, 1879. The Chief of the Society, Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, presided, and, as usual, there was a large attendance of members and the public. Along with the Chief on the platform were—Professor Blackie, Edinburgh; Provost Simpson, Inverness; Bailie Noble, do.; Rev. Mr. Macgregor, do.; Rev. Mr. Fraser, Blair-Athole; Rev. Mr. Cameron, Brodick; Captain A. Macra Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr. Jolly, H. M. Inspector of Schools, do.; Mr. Burgess, banker, Drumna-drochit; Major Grant, do.; Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr. John Murdoch, do.; Mr. Charles Mackay, do.; Capt. Scobie, Midfearn; Mr. Charles Innes, solicitor, Inverness; Mr. Macleod, Scorrybreck; Mr. Macleod, Coulmore; Mr. D. P. Macdonald, Invernevis House, Fort-William; Mr. Neil Scobie, Lochinver, &c. Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from Mackintosh of Mackintosh; the Rev. Mr. Maclachlan, Tain; Mr. John Mackay of Benreay; Mr. D. Cameron of Clunes; Mr. Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Mr. John Mackay, Swansea; Mr. Macintosh of Holme; Dr. Charles Mackay, Dorking; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch; Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr. Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; the Rev. William Watson, Kiltearn; Dr. Stratton, Devonport; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., Chelsea; Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park, Inverness; Mr. N. Macdonald, Dunach, &c.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen having sung the popular Gaelic song, "Gabhaidh Sinne 'n Rathad Mor,"

The Chief addressed the meeting. My first duty, he said, is to express to the members of the Society my high appreciation of the honour they have conferred on me by electing me Chief, and placing me in the proud position I now occupy. (Cheers). My talking of

chief and chieftains may make some of you yourselves ask who are the chiefs and chieftains. In answer to this, I have the honour to announce to you that I am the Chief on this occasion, and that some of the gentlemen on the platform who brought me here are the chieftains. (Applause.) Converting me from an ordinary mortal into a live Chief—(laughter)—is not a solitary exploit of the kind on their part—(laughter)—for they had other chiefs here before me—for instance, that chief of Celts, Professor Blackie, who presided here on more than one occasion. I need scarcely seriously mention that the chiefs and chieftains of the Gaelic Society have no idea of encroaching on the privileges of other chiefs and chieftains—such as the chiefs of clans—(hear, hear)—and after this explanation, should any one be so minded as to say or think to oneself—why so much about chiefs and chieftains, why this unwarrantable assumption of dignity—to such I say go and invest in the Transactions of this Society, and you will there learn all about the functions and honours pertaining to these orders; and in addition learn in detail what are the objects of the Society over which they preside. The objects of the Society are the encouragement of Gaelic literature, and of Highland matters in general. When the dignity I have just referred to was first intimated to me, I was informed at the same time that my first public duty would be to make a speech to you this evening, so I, of course, looked round for a subject, and, debating in my mind what it should be, I had to consider it must be appropriate and suitable to the occasion, and within the range of the Society's recognised purposes. Should I take up scenery, or refer to ancient deeds of arms? As to language and literature, what need I say, considering we are to have an address from the Solicitor-General of the Celts, Professor Blackie; a speech from my old friend Sgithearach, and another from that chieftain among Celtic scholars, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Brodick? Leaving, then, the language and literature to those accomplished scholars, I shall take up another subject, and that, too, connected with the Highlands. The Highlands, to people in the south means fine scenery, good shooting and fishing, and a holiday; but to us, Highlanders of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the Highlands means more, for we were born in the Highlands, and so were our ancestors before us. We are therefore linked by ties of blood to the past and present, so what more appropriate subject can I take up than the crofter, who is the glory of the Highlands, at any rate ought to be considered so by every Highlander. With this much of a preface, let us see what he is, and what he ought to be. In taking up the crofter as my subject to begin with, I think it will be admitted that in some instances his lot is a hard one, and

in other cases that he is comparatively well off. There is no use now in blaming this or that man, or this or that policy, of thinking of former evictions. Railways and steamers have given the crofter of the present day the means of disposing of his marketable goods (which mean his labour) on much more favourable terms than his ancestors enjoyed. Looking at him as the public see him at present is rather confusing, for he is made out to be something like a chameleon, and does not appear in the same colour to every body. His opponents—and some of them are very hard and clear-headed—see him black as black can be, and recommend eviction as the quickest mode of his extinction. On the other hand, his admirers see him white as snow, and possessed of virtues denied to the rest of mankind. My own experience of him has been that he is just like other mortals, and that any peculiarity in his character may readily be accounted for by bearing in mind that he is the child of almost two centuries of hardships. I, of course, take my own experience to be the correct view of the crofter, and I further think that the general verdict is that his lot might be considerably improved. If this be granted, the next step is how this is to be carried out. First, I think as the laird is the natural leader of the crofter, we should go to the fountain head. Let us convince the laird that improvement is practical—(applause)—and that men will pay—(cheers)—and we have gained a great step, as we shall have his assistance, for he is the chief party interested in the land; and if men will really pay better than sheep, depend on it the laird will not be slow in seeing what is to his ultimate advantage—(hear, hear). Suppose now I were able to show that the crofter pays the laird better than the sheep farmer, does it follow our present system should be abolished? This is a large question and quite another subject, and I shall not refer to it in the course of my remarks, further than to say that this conclusion would not altogether follow. If I were taking up the land question, this might be considered, but in a word I may say that it would be a very great mistake to have nothing but a crofter population. What is best suited for the Highlands would be a mixture of crofts and moderately-sized farms. (Cheers). Now, if what I have said can be considered to have any sense or meaning, the first question is—How is it this has not been discovered before now? Surely all these years this Highland grievance of crofters has been before the public some laird or factor would have endeavoured to change matters, and form a model village that would serve as a pattern throughout the land. In answer to this, I would say we are making great strides in those days, and granting concessions unknown in former ones. What we may now look upon as simply bare justice to a class might be looked

upon very differently by our fathers and grandfathers, and what readily might be conceded by us of these days, would in those days probably have been looked upon as the highest of cheek, which ought to be crushed in the bud as perhaps dangerous to the peace and morality of the country. When such was the attitude, how could reform go on, for we must bear in mind that real improvement must be carried out by the people. But this can't be done without encouragement. Perhaps attempts at reform may have been tried, and failed from not going far enough. Reformers' experience is also sometimes very discouraging. Perhaps a hopeless case of laziness, apathy, or seemingly an invincible case or cases of improvidence on the part of some of the crofters, might convince people who had reform at heart that there was no use going further with it, and to abandon the whole thing in despair; or perhaps a few cases of ingratitude might make a whole class appear ungrateful. Some think that all reform can be carried out by legislation. Let us just glance at how legislation might affect the crofter. On this question I think I can give almost an authoritative opinion from my Indian experience, as the position of the cultivator of the soil in India is towards his proprietor very similar to that of the crofter to his laird. Well, then, let me tell you that just twenty years ago the Indian Government enacted a rent law giving the tenants in Bengal rights of occupancy on certain terms—and fixing their rent rate in other instances. The result of this legislation, and of several Acts since introduced to strengthen the position of the tenant, has not had the effect, as one might fancy, of making him independent of the proprietor and improving his condition. The practical effect of this law has been that he has been harassed in the Law Courts, and his semi-independence has been no gain to him. I cannot give you a logical reason for objecting to legislation between proprietor and tenant—I only ask you to take a rough and ready way of reasoning it out, and bear in mind the simple fact that anything in the shape of legislation would have to be fixed and well-defined, and hard and fast rules would, when equally applied, in some instances work well; in other cases mean confiscation. The only way in which I think legislation could benefit the crofter would be by giving him compensation for improvements. (Applause.) I am sure this would work well, for it would be an inducement to thrift. Perhaps the real reason why our crofters are in such a backward condition is that they are not allowed to participate in improvements effected by themselves. In former times, if one improved his dwelling-house, or made drains, or built walls, &c., all these improvements belonged to the estate, *not* to the tenant. Indeed, he had reason to fear his rent might be raised if

he showed signs of prosperity. This was a great mistake, as it hindered improvement, and experience has proved to us that to ensure improvement there must be some prospect of the party effecting it to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his labour. Having touched on laird and crofter, and referred to where and how the shoe pinches, I shall now say a few words about the principal feature in his case, being his social position and how it might be improved. And this, I think, must depend more on civilization than on legislation, as the social condition of the tenant will always depend on the state of civilization attained by proprietor and tenant respectively. Granted now the laird is alive to the importance of improvement, his desires can be of little avail unless the crofter co-operates in the good work. How to attain this is the question. I think it can be solved by patience and encouragement. The first step in the direction is, I think, to teach the crofter his importance to himself and to others. True, the cow pays his rent, and he likes being near her, as there will be less danger of anything happening to her if she is in the same house with him. (Laughter.) Yet as he is better than the cow—the one is a lower animal, the other a human being—he should have a separate and a better house. (Applause.) While on the subject of dwelling-houses, I may remark that it will not be enough to tell the crofter to go and build a proper house, and that he will get a bond over it. It would be as reasonable to take a man who could not swim and pitch him into the river Ness, and tell him to swim to the shore, as to ask the crofter in all instances to build a good house for himself. He simply could not do it if you made him a present of the land on which it was to be built, but the laird could build a house for him. Good rough houses can be put up for £15 or £20—I mean the walls and roof of it—the crofter himself can do up the inside, and on the outlay for building the walls and putting on the roof he can pay interest to the laird, and it will cost the laird nothing, as he can raise it from the bank. (Hear, hear.) In many instances the crofters themselves build good houses, if assured of compensation for the same in the event of their being turned out of their buildings. (Applause.) Another matter in social reform which should not be forgotten is the importance of each individual of the crofter community in the village council. At present the sheep stock on crofter farms is managed on the joint-stock principle, and regular managers are appointed. I would be inclined to extend this principle further, and have the managers appointed to do all the public business of the village—in fact, in miniature, as municipal matters are managed in towns. This would be a small lesson in self-government which is a thing the Celt, as a rule, is much in need of. Now,

last and not least, there is another matter I would refer to, which I consider would be a great boon, as it would raise them in a social scale, but the question is a double-headed monster, and can be viewed in two aspects—namely, a political and a social one. I beg every one present to understand that I pledge my word, I do not look at it from its political aspect, and if I considered it so it would be out of place to refer to it at a social gathering of this kind where many of us might entertain different views, but I think it would have such a social effect on the crofter that I trust that the bare mention of it will not call for a hiss—I mean giving the rural population a Parliamentary vote, or in other words, what is known as the equalization of the county with the burgh franchise. (Loud cheering).

The following telegram was at this stage read, amid loud applause, from Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Bard of the Society:—"Fàilt, air a' Chomunn! Oidhche chridheil duibh! Beannachd shonruichte do m' chairdean, Blackie, an Sgiathanach, Uilleam MacCoinnich, an Ceilteach, agus an t-Ard-Albannach."

Mr. Donald Graham, Oban, sang in capital spirit "Ho ro cha mi bhi gad' chaidh ni's mo," for which he was *encored*, as was also Mr. J. A. Robertson, who followed with "Macgregor's Gathering." Pipe-Major Mackenzie, Highland Rifle Militia, Messrs. D. H. Ferguson and James Reid, Inverness, and Mr. Donald Graham then appeared in full Highland costume, and danced the Highland fling in a manner that called forth the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Miss Young then sang sweetly and tastefully "Mairi Laghach."

The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., who was the next speaker, was received with loud applause—He spoke as follows:—"Fhirsuidhe urramaich,—Is e so an t-ochdamh coinneamh mhor, bhliadhnail aig *Comunn Gailig Inbhirneis*, agus tha mi 'n dochas gu'n toir i barrachd air a' chuid eile gu leir,—agus gu'm bi i na meadhon air na Gaidheil air fad, a dhusgadh suas chum neart, misneachd, tapadh agus deinead, a chom-pairteachadh ris gach ball a bhuneas do'n Chomunn. Tha uail nach beag orm fein, maille ri toil-intinn do-chur an ceill, gu'm bheil Sgiathanach na cheann feadhna air a' Chomunn so an nochd. Is ni airidh agus cliu-thoilltinneach, gu'm biodh duin'-usal a rugadh agus a dh'araicheadh ann an "Eilean a' Cheo," air a shuidheachadh anns a' chaithir sin an nochd. Tha so a' cur urrainn air an Eilean fein, agus is mor an t-urram a thoill e. Cha'n fhaighear fad agus leud an Eilein Sgiathanaich ann an Rìoghachd na h-Alba gu leir, a sholair co liuthad saighdear, sa rinn an t-Eilean so, chum cuisean na rìoghachd a dhìonadh anns gach cearnaidh dhe'n t-saoghal. O'n am 'san do thoisich cogadh America,

corr is ceud bliadhna roimh so, tha e air a dheanamh mach gu'n do sholair an t-Eilean Sgiathanach aon thar fhichead Scanalair agus Ard-Sheanalair ; oehd aguts da fhichead Coirneal de gach inbh ; a thuilleadh air sin, sholair e sea ceud oifigeach, cadar *Maidsearan*, *Caipteanan*, agus *Oichearan* eile. Maille riu sin chuir an t-Eilean so a mach deich mile saighdear-coise, a thuilleadh air sea fichead piobair. Ach is lionmhor dreuchd chudthromach eile a lionadh le Sgiathanaich anns gach cearnaidh dhe'n t-saoghal. Thogadh ceathrar Sgiathanach gu bhi nan Riaghladairibh fo Bhreatuinn anns na talmhainnibh a mach ; thogadh fear eile gu bhi 'na Phriomh Riaghladair 'sna h-Innsibh ; fear eile gu bhi 'na Ard-cheannard-feachd ; fear eile 'na Phriomh-Bharan air Sasuinn ; agus fear eile 'na Bhreith-eamh ann an Ard chuir 'na h-Alba ! Cha'n iognadh ma ta, ged a bhuilicheadh an t-Eilean ainmeil so aon duin'-nasal ceanalta dhuinne, gu bhi 'na cheannard thairis oirne an nochd. Is fìor Ghaidheal e fein, agus tha e aige mar dhualchas a bhi deidheil air gach ni a bhuineas do na Gaidheil agus don' Ghaidhealtachd. Tha mi, uime sin, an dochas, gu'n dean e gach dichìoll 'na chomus, gu impidh a chur air gach Sgiathanach, o Rutha-Shleibhte gu Rutha-Hunish gu bli 'nam buill do Chomunn Gailig Inbhirneis. An e gu'n robh na Sgiathanaich co cliuiteach air son an gaisge agus an dillseachd anns na linnibh a dh'fhalbh, agus nach dean an sliochd, no sliochd an sliochd, spairm sam bith chum canain agus cleachdanna an sinnsear fein a chumail air chuimhne ? Cha'n fìcum so tachairt, oir chuireadh e bron air an *Olladh Blackie* fein a chuir coman nach beag air a' Chomunn againn le bhì' lathair an so nochd. Is mìorbhuileach an duine e, oir ged nach d'rugadh e 'na Ghaidheal, rinn e gach ni na chomus chum Gaidheal a dheanamh dheth fein. Dh'ionnsuich e a' Ghailig, thog, agus shuidhich e *Cuthair-Ghailig*, cheannuich e oighreachd anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, tha e, uime sin, na Uachdaran Gaidhealach ; agus tha a chridhe agus a thograidhean air an staidheachadh air gach ni a tha Gaidhealach. Gu ma fada beo e agus gu'n robh e air a chaomhnadh re iomadh bliadhna, mar fhear-daimh don' Chomunn so agus mar charaid do na Gaidheil air fad. 'S mor an toil-inninn a tha agam ann a bhi faicinn gu'm bheil an t-Ard sgoilear Gaidhlig sin Mr. Camaran a *Renton* no a nis a Braodhaig, an so. Tha so a' cur urrainn air a choinneimh, air a' Chomunn agus air an aobhar ; agus bu mhath leam gu'm tugadh sibh failte dha nach leig e as a chuimhne. Fhìrsuidhe ionmhuinn, cha lean mi ni's faide,—cha saruich mi foighidinn nan *Gall*—tha moran romhainn fhathast, tha 'n uine a' deann ruith seachd,—agus cha dean maille no mairnealachd an gnothuch. Gu robh buaidh agus beannachd maille ris a' Chomunn, agus ris gach neach a tha lathair. (Cheers.)

The musical party then gave "Gu ma slan a chi mi"—this popular favourite being heartily received. An interval afterwards took place, during which the Piper of the Society, Pipe-Major MacIennan, and Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, late of the 78th Highlanders, and now of the Highland Rifle Militia, played a selection of Highland music.

The second part of the programme was opened with "Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O," which was sung with much spirit. Another song having been given by Mr. Graham,

Professor Blackie was the next speaker. On rising he was received with prolonged cheers. Addressing his audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, men, brethren, and sisters of the Comunn Gailig of Inverness," he proceeded to say he seldom felt more embarrassed in his life, and seldom more pleased, because nothing pleased him more than when he was in the midst of people who were pouring out their souls—gushing out their natural feelings as the waters flow from the breasts of Ben-Nevis. He expressed in sweeping terms the deepest contempt for two classes of Highlanders—those who fawned on the Saxon, who profess they were born to be the humble servants of the Saxon, and who tried to take as much money out of him as possible; and those snobs and sneaks—(laughter)—those fellows who were ashamed of being what God Almighty made them, namely, Highlanders. (Applause.) Highlanders, he said, were the noblest of men—the men who fought the battles of their country in every quarter of the globe, and the men who were ever foremost in promoting the best interests of Great Britain. (Applause.) "I can only say," he continued, "that I am heartily ashamed of those who are ashamed of being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. (Applause.) I know of no creature more contemptible, and God grant that I shall be kept a hundred miles away from all such. (Laughter and applause.) I didn't mean to say this, but I have said it; and now I shall say that it gives me the greatest delight and pleasure to be amongst people who respect themselves, and by their self-respect pass a vote of thanks to God Almighty for having made them as they are, Hielanders." (Laughter and applause.) He next denounced those who depreciated Highland music. "Nothing stirs my indignation so much as the ignorance, the pedantry, and the intellectual pride of professors, schoolmasters, and inspectors sometimes—no, not Jolly, however. (Laughter.) No, no, Jolly is a very good fellow—a capital fellow. (Loud laughter and applause). But, I say those professors, schoolmasters, inspectors—some inspectors, I mean—(laughter)—School Boards, Red Tape managers up in London—and the further away the worse—(laughter)—these fellows imagine and tell you that there is nothing in

music and song." He likened the Gaelic songs to the psalms of David. "But for all that some Hielan' ministers will tell you that you have nothing to do but to listen to their stupid sermons. (Laughter.) But I tell them here that when they try to put down or discourage the cultivation of these fine old Gaelic songs, they stamp out all that is best and noblest in the soul of the Scottish Highlander. (Loud applause.) His real speech, he said, he had written for his friend, Mr. Murdoch, and he would only indicate the heads of it. He agreed with Murdoch in many things, but protested against some of his ideas, especially the idea that a glass of water was better than a glass of wine. (Laughter). "I can't understand that. (Renewed laughter.) He must have borrowed that idea from the ministers who speak against the Gaelic songs and against a glass of wine, because, very often, they have no wine—(laughter)—but David said that a glass of wine maketh glad the heart of man; and so long as he said that, I'll enjoy a glass of wine in spite of Murdoch or any one." The "real speech" which the worthy Professor wrote was as follows:—

There was a notable debate Upstairs last week on agricultural distress. That is a theme which touches the Highlands as much as the Lowlands; we have had agricultural distress to complain of long before John Bull began to dream of it, and something more than distress.

PRODUCTION AND PRODUCERS.

A few remarks on this subject, not specially touched upon Upstairs, may not seem out of season at the present moment. Since the commencement of the present century, and somewhat earlier, Great Britain and Ireland have suffered largely from the taint of a false principle of social science, borrowed from the economists, which, though veiled for a season by a growth of monstrous prosperity in certain limbs of the body politic, is now beginning to reveal its essential hollowness, and to inspire the most sanguine with no very cheerful forebodings as to the future, both of our industrial activity and our agrarian culture. This false principle is that the wealth of a country consists in money, not in men; in the quantity or quality of merely material products, without regard to the quantity or the quality of the producers. As opposed to the old feudal principle by which society was held together for many centuries, it is sometimes called the commercial principle, and is generally represented by the fashionable philosophy of the hour as an immense advance on that which precedes it. But this is very far from being the case. The feudal burdens and the feudal privileges that in France caused the great revolution of 1789, the starting point of our modern

social movements, represented not the feudal system in its natural vigour and healthy action, but in a state of corruption and decadence ; besides that in the Highlands at least it was not the feudal system which was supplanted by the commercial system, but the old system of clanship which had its root, not in military conquest, but in family kinship. Now, what does this commercial system mean as an acting power in the great machine of society ? I am afraid we must distinctly say that if left to its own action, and unseasoned by higher influences, it means mere selfishness. It means money ; it deals with purely material considerations, not only divorced from, but not seldom altogether opposed to what is moral ; it means buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest market ; it means taking every possible advantage of a weak and ignorant neighbour for your own gain ; it means not merely spoiling the Egyptians—which was a very legitimate thing in the circumstances—but it means spoiling the whole world without regard to the happiness, comfort, or well-being of your fellow-creatures, provided you enrich yourself. If you think this strong language, remember what I have just said, that the pure commercial spirit, especially in a country like Great Britain, composed of a remarkable variety and contrariety of social elements, is counteracted by a number of kindly influences which temper its virus considerably, and shorten its range. But fundamentally the proposition stands true—there is nothing generous, chivalrous, or noble in trade ; the striking a bargain and the making of a profit is, or must be, a selfish business ; and if the whole world were constituted up to the highest power on the commercial principle, society would be divided into two great classes, one striving to over-reach the other and the other class too clever and too strong to be over-reached ; generally, however, as the world is constituted, men whose rule of life is the trade principle, find a party on whose weakness and whose ignorance they can act in building up a gigantic fortune for themselves at the expense of their poorer neighbours. For such a state of society, when the whole world is viewed as a bazaar and the people of the world a congregation of shopkeepers, there can be no room for any kindly considerations of human kindness as a cement of society. The only bond of society in a bazaar is cash payment. But the actual world is not a bazaar, neither are all men always shopkeepers, and eager in every transaction of the twenty-four hours for a pecuniary profit ; the world, in truth, were not worth living in if it were so. Society in the proper sense of the word would not be possible ; a virtual war would take its place, of every man against every man to cheapen his neighbour's value and to raise his own. It is plain, therefore, that the commercial system as

a binding principle of human association is a mistake ; it is a principle in its nature essentially anti-social ; for the only natural bond of society is mutual dependence, mutual esteem, and mutual love. Of this true, natural, and healthy bond between the different classes of society, there was a great deal in the so-called feudal system of the clans ; in the modern and commercial system, borrowed from trade, there is none of it ; and we see the consequences. Since the commercial inspiration became dominant in the Highlands, money has increased, but men have decreased. Money, which in its legitimate sphere is a grand engine of social progress, and ought always to mean, when applied to any given country, an acceleration of useful exchanges among the people of the country, has in the Highlands of Scotland asserted its presence by causing the people altogether to disappear, among whom exchanges were to be accelerated. How should this have taken place ? Simply because certain great landed proprietors, taught by their own natural unselfishness, and the doctrines of a certain school of economists, usurping the throne of social science, after losing the authority, and the social status, which previous to the brilliant blunder of Forty-five, they had enjoyed, began to make money their chief god, and, descending from the moral platform of protectors of the people, to the material level of traffickers in land, to look upon the swift increase of rents as the only test of social well-being ; and with this view, whenever the existence of the people or the soil tended to retard the return of large immediate pecuniary profit into their pockets, they did not hesitate to sacrifice the people, and to respect their pockets. Of course, I am not bringing any charge here against whole classes of men, nor do I by any means intend to say that the landlords of Great Britain generally are the wicked class of society, as John Stuart Mill said they were the stupid class. I am merely stating the strong features of the case that you may see how the commercial principle, according to undeniable statistical evidence, did act when it became securely enthroned in the breast of certain of our landed proprietors in the Highlands ; though at the same time I am not so ignorant of the social history of this country, as to imagine that the pure selfishness of the commercial spirit could have achieved the destruction and degradation of our Highland peasantry, which we now have to lament on so portentous a scale, had it not been assisted by other influences all converging in a series of rash, unreasoned plunges to the same disastrous result. But favoured by these de-socialising influences and unhappy circumstances, a certain number, I fear a majority of our landed proprietors, did what they did, and contributed more or less to the agrarian ruin of the people whom it was their duty to protect. And now let us see a little more in de-

tail what forms this unsocial work of rural depopulation in the special circumstances of the Scottish Highlands naturally assumed. The first shape that the commercial inspiration took was in a demand for

LARGE FARMS

of every kind, but especially sheep farms. What is the advantage of large farms? They enable the proprietor to fish his rent at one cast from the pocket of one big tenant, rather than from the pockets of ten small tenants; with this convenience the laird is naturally very much pleased, and his factor more so; one big farm house also with steadings costs less than ten little ones; and further, when you have got rid of the poorer class of the peasantry by shovelling them into the nearest burgh, driving them into the Glasgow factories, or shipping them across the seas, you will have no poor-rates to pay and no poachers to fear. It may be also, in certain cases, that you increase the productiveness of your land by diminishing the number of the producers. But this is by no means either a clear or a general case; and any person who doubts the superior productiveness of small farms in many cases has only to divest himself of the shallow cant of a certain class of easy factors and ignorant lairds, and cast a glance into the agricultural statistics of Belgium, France, Tuscany, Denmark, Germany, and other Continental countries. Besides, even supposing the laird and the big farmer could divide a few hundreds more between them, when the big farmer got possession of the whole district, dispossessing all the original tenants, the State wants men, and Society wants men, and the country demands its fair share of population as well as the town, and granting for the moment that so much greater production in the shape of money is the supreme good, it is not the quantity of money in the pockets of the few, but the money well distributed and fairly circulating through the pockets of the many, in which the real well-being of a district consists. If in one district, with a rental say of £10,000, we were to find a population of two hundred families, small proprietors or small tenants, all resident on the spot, applying themselves assiduously with their own hand to the cultivation of the soil, forming a pleasant society among themselves, and spending their money mostly in the district, or not very far from it; and if in another district of the same rental we found one wealthy laird with only half-a-dozen big farmers, does any person imagine that the latter represents a more natural or a more desirable condition of agrarian life than the other? In all likelihood the proprietor, with such surplusage of cash, will begin to think himself too mighty to live quietly with quiet people in the country; he

must go to London and spend his money in idle luxury, slippery dissipation and perilous gambling there ; or he may go to Florence and buy pictures ; or to Rome and traffic in antiquities ; or to Frankfort and swallow sovereigns for a brag in the shape of large draughts of *Johannis Berger*—all ways of spending money, for which British society is little or nothing the better, and the district of which God made the spender the natural head and protector, certainly a great deal the worse. And in case you should be inclined to think that my advocacy of small farms is the talk of an unpractical sentimentalist, I refer you to the solid and sensible remarks of the Earl of Airlie on the same theme, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. So much for the lamentable results of the commercial spirit which, substituting the love of money for the love of men as the alone bond of connection between the different classes of society, has culminated in that antagonism of tendencies and hostility of interests which are so frequently seen in the Highlands between the lord of the land and the cultivator of the soil. Another inadequate principle adapted by the proprietor from our *doctrinaire* economists is the

DIVISION OF LABOUR :

a principle well-known to Plato and Aristotle, and which, within certain limits, is essential to progress of human beings in the utilities and the elegancies of life, but which, when allowed full swing according to the favourite fashion of our economical materialists, makes us pay too dearly for the multiplication of dead products by the deterioration and degradation of the living producer. To create and perpetuate a race of men who can do nothing but make pin heads, is no doubt a very excellent arrangement for the pin heads, but a very bad arrangement for the heads of the men who make them. Apply this to the Highlands and see how it works. The old Highlander was a man who could put his hand to anything, had always a shift for every difficulty, and has proved himself the foremost man in any colony ; but the existence of such a shifty fellow being contrary to the universal application of the doctrine to which modern society owes the infinite multiplication of pin heads, dolls' eyes, brass buttons, and other glorious triumphs of modern art, we must improve society in the Highlands by his extermination, or certainly by his expatriation ; for according to the great principle of the division of labour scientifically applied to the Highlands, that part of the world once so absurdly populous and so clumsily various, should contain only three classes of men—Lowland shepherds to attend Lowland sheep, English lords and millionaires to run after Highland deer for two months in the autumn, and Highland game-

keepers to look after the deer when the south country Nimrods are not there. No person, of course, will imagine that in these remarks I wish to run-a-muck against such a native and characteristically Highland sport as

STALKING THE DEER.

It is in the school of deerstalking that our best military men and great geographical explorers have been bred. It is only when deerstalking is conducted on commercial principles that it interferes with the proper cherishing of population in the country, and is to be looked upon with suspicion by the wise statesman and the patriotic citizen. Certain extensive districts of the Highlands are the natural habitation of the deer, and no man objects to hunting them or shooting them there. But when extensive tracts of country are enclosed and fenced round, and sent into the market as deer forests, the State has certainly a right to enquire whether this is done in such a way as not to interfere with the well-being of the human population who have for centuries inhabited happy dwellings, along the green fringes and sheltered nooks which belong to these wild districts. Now, the fact I am afraid is, that under the action of commercial principles the human kind are sometimes sacrificed to the brute kind, and a whole district, once dotted with a happy population, systematically cleared of men, that it may be plentifully stocked with deer. For it is impossible not to see that the professed deerstalker is the natural enemy of the human population on his borders; and, if he has paid down some £2000 or £3000 a year for the monopoly of shooting stags within a certain range, he will think himself fairly entitled, on the mercantile principle, to demand from the proprietor, that as many of the poor tenantry as hang inconveniently on the skirts of his hunting ground shall be ejected therefrom as soon as possible, and no new lease granted; while, if he is the proprietor himself he will gradually thin out the native crofters (whom a patriotic statesman like Baron Stein would rather have elevated into peasant proprietors), and plant a few big farmers at a sufficient distance from the feeding ground of his antlered favourites. This is the fashion in which a materialistic economy, division of labour, and aristocratic selfishness, may combine to empty a country of its just population, carrying out logically in practice the anti-social principles of Macculloch and other doctors of that soulless science which measures the progress of society by the mass of its material products, rather than by the quantity and quality of its human producers.

PRACTICAL REMEDIES.

Let us now enquire what hope there may be of recovery from

those errors, and what legislative measures in these reforming days may help us to restore the social equilibrium of our agrarian classes, which has been so one-sidedly deranged. First of all the spokesmen of public opinion in the press and the pulpit, and every man of any social influence in his place should set themselves to preach on the house-tops an altogether different gospel from that which the economists have made fashionable—the very old gospel that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that nothing but evil can possibly spring to a society whose grossly material prosperity grows luxuriantly, it may be for a season, out of such a root of bitterness. Something may be done in this way, especially with a class of people in whom the selfishness of the mere merchant may be considerably tempered by the generosity of aristocratic traditions. But the mere preaching of this gospel, even though all the pulpits should ring with it, will, I am afraid with the great body of those to whom it is addressed, have little effect; for the moral atmosphere of this country has been so corrupted by mercantile maxims that it is difficult to move one man out of twenty to do the smallest thing for the benefit of his fellow-creatures unless you can prove to him that it will “pay.” More hopeful it may be to attempt interesting the manufacturing population of the towns in the welfare of their rural neighbours; showing them how the home trade, when wisely cultivated, acts with a more steady and reliable force on home manufactures than the foreign trade, and that a depopulated country and an impoverished peasantry are the worst possible neighbours that an energetic urban population can possess. An occasional sermon on this text, with a few practical illustrations from European experience in various countries where our monstrous system of land monopoly does not prevail, might no doubt be useful. As for the evil done to the agricultural population by free trade, there seems no doubt that the danger from this quarter, not inconsiderable now, is likely to become greater. But however wise it may be in France and Germany and other countries to protect their native manufactures against the overwhelming activity of British traders, who, for their own aggrandisement, would gladly see the whole countries of the world remaining for ever on the low platform which belongs to the producers of raw material; nevertheless, it is in vain to expect that statesmen in this country will ever revert to the policy of protection, when that policy means the raising the price of food to the seething mass of the people in our large towns, whom our feverish manufacturing activity keeps constantly in an unhealthy oscillation betwixt the two extremes of plethora and want. What then is to be done? Plainly we must buckle ourselves—submitting with a wise grace to a permanent lowering of rents through the whole

country—to the readjustment of our land laws, which, by universal admission, are in some respects the worst possible, and directly calculated to keep up rather than to break down the unnatural antagonism of interests between the lords of the land and the occupiers of the soil, to which our present abnormal agrarian condition is mainly attributable. Our land laws, as a matter of history, were made by the aristocracy, and interpreted by the lawyers for the aggrandisement mainly of the aristocracy, and not for the preservation of the people. This was natural, and, we may say, necessary; for it is one of the most trite maxims of political science, that any class of persons, entrusted for long periods of time with unlimited and irresponsible power, are sure to abuse it. Hence the gradual diminution of small proprietors, the absolute non-existence in Great Britain of one of the best classes in all communities, the peasant proprietors, and the maintenance of law of heritable succession, and certain forms of heritable conveyance, which practically tend to lock up the land in the hands of a few, and to remove it in a great measure out of the vital circulation of the community, and thus we are found at the present moment standing pretty nearly in the same position that Rome stood when Pliny wrote the famous sentence—*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*; “Our big estates have ruined Italy.” Of course no man will suppose that I wish to philippize against all large estates in every case as an absolute evil; here and there as a variety, especially when the proprietor is a public-spirited man, as happens not seldom in this country, they may do good; but in the main they are not to be commended, as tending neither to the greatest utilisation of the soil nor to the greatest prosperity of the people. Every resident proprietor is a centre of provincial culture, and a nucleus of local society; and in an extensive district it is plainly better to have twenty such centres than to have only one. We must, therefore, look upon the accumulation of large estates in the hands of a few as an exceptional phenomenon, which a wise Legislature will think it a plain duty to counteract rather than to encourage; and this can easily be done when the duty is once clearly acknowledged, by modifying the law of succession, by rendering illegal all testamentary dispositions of land under whatever guise to persons yet living, by declaring war, root and branch, against the entail system; by removing without mercy the artificial hindrances which our system of conveyancing lays on the transfer of landed property, by adjusting our laws of land tenure, so as to make them always lean with a kindly partiality to the weaker rather than to the stronger party in the contract; by setting a strict limit to the sporting propensities of idle gentlemanship in every case when it tends to encroach on the industrial use

of the soil, by imposing a swinging tax on all absentee proprietors, as persons who, while they drain the country of its money, make no social return to the district from which they derive their social importance, and finally, if it should be necessary, by establishing a national fund for assisting small tenants and crofters in favourable situations to buy up their tenant right and constitute themselves into peasant proprietors with absolute ownership. This last proposal will, of course, be laughed at by a large class of persons in this country, who think everything unreasonable and impossible that is contrary to their own traditions, prejudices, and consuetudes; but men who have little foresight and no thinking are precisely those who, when the hour and the need comes, are found plunging wholesale into the most violent changes. I said that the reversal of our hereditary land policy in this country implied in such changes would be as easy in practice as it is obvious in theory, if only there was an insight and a will; but as matters stand, I much fear the insight is confined to a few, and the will to oppose all social moves in this direction is for the present at least much stronger than the will to make them. Nevertheless in the natural course of things, if Britain is not to be ruined, these changes must come; and it were the wisdom of our aristocracy, than whom as a whole a more respectable body does not exist in Europe, to take the lead in a series of well calculated reforms tending to give more independence and manhood to the cultivators of the soil, rather than by opposing them to fan the flame of a great agrarian revolution, which may break out volcanically and overwhelm them perhaps at no distant date.

The Professor resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

The Highland fling having been danced by the four Highlanders above-named,

Rev. Alex. Cameron, Free Church, Brodick, Arran, addressed the meeting. He was obliged to the Society, he said, for asking him to attend this meeting, and for the opportunity of expressing his hearty sympathy with them in their objects. It was gratifying to find that the interest in Celtic studies and Celtic objects generally was not diminishing, but, on the contrary, increasing in the Highland capital. Celtic enthusiasm, however, like every other kind of force, in order to be productive of right results, must be concentrated on definite and attainable objects. For example, it might be impossible to keep Gaelic permanently alive among them as a spoken language, but that was no reason why it should not be more earnestly studied by Highlanders than it has ever been, nor was it any reason why its valuable literary remains should be allowed to be buried in inaccessible MSS., or to fade away from the memories

of the people without any record of it being preserved. If he had to do with the starting of another periodical—a quarterly one—to be devoted to Celtic subjects, it was not because those already in existence were not doing their work well, but because he thought there was work to be done which had not yet been attempted by any other in this country, and could not at present be done by a weekly newspaper or by a monthly periodical, if it expects to have such a circulation as will render it self-supporting. The periodical to which he referred, and of which more than half of the first number was now in type, was to be devoted, almost exclusively, to subjects connected with the language, literature, and archæology of the Highlands. The *Celtic Review*, from its nature and aims, was excluded from appealing for support to the general public. It would, therefore, appeal to those who take a special interest in the promotion of Celtic study, and in the preservation of our Gaelic literature. This class of readers, although necessarily limited, was sufficiently numerous to make this new venture, if they think proper, a complete success. In conclusion, he had the greatest pleasure in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to their patriotic chief, who had afforded them all such gratification by presiding over them this evening. Long life and prosperity to him in his noble work of cultivating the land, and of benefiting the people who live upon it. (Applause.)

The Chief returned his obligations, and proposed a vote of thanks to the performers. He hoped that the example set by the young ladies in singing Gaelic songs would be followed by all others in the Highlands. (Cheers.)

The concluding part-song, “Eirich agus tiugainn, O,” having been sung, the proceedings terminated.

The ladies and gentlemen forming the part singers were:—Miss Young, Huntly Street; Miss Macdonald, Armadale Cottage, Greig Street; Miss Macdonald, Denny Street; Miss Forbes, Lotland Place; Miss Chisholm, George Street; Miss Hunter, Inglis Street; and Miss Grant, Drummond; Mr. J. A. Robertson, Newhall, Ross-shire; Mr. Æ. Fraser, Church Street; and Mr. Holms, Crown Street. Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Greig Street, proved a most efficient accompanist on the pianoforte. The whole arrangements for the Assembly were carried out by the Secretary of the Society—Mr. William Mackenzie.

The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Gaelic Song—“Gabhaidh sinn an Rathad mor”—Party.

Address—The Chief.

Song—"Ho ro cha bhi ga d' chaoidh ni's mo"—Mr. D. Graham.
Scotch Song—"Macgregor's Gathering"—Mr. J. A. Robertson.
Dance—"Highland Fling"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Gaelic Song (with translation)—"Mairi Laghach"—Miss Young.
Gaelic Song—"Muile nam Mor-bheann"—Mr. J. A. Robertson.
Gaelic Address—Rev. A. Macgregor.
Gaelic Song—"Gu ma slan a chi mi"—Party.

Interval of Ten Minutes—Bagpipe Music

PART II.

Gaelic Song—"Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O"—Party.
Scotch Song—"Somebody"—Miss J. Macdonald.
Gaelic Song—"Slan gu'n till na Gaidheil Ghasda"—Mr. D. Graham.
Address—Professor Blackie.
Dance—"Reel of Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Gaelic Song—" 'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd"—Mr. Robertson.
Vote of Thanks to the Chief—Rev. Alex. Cameron, Brodiek.
Concluding Song—"Eirich agus tiugainn, O"—Party.

19TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

Some routine business having been transacted at this meeting, the secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read the following paper, entitled—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

V.

This is the fifth occasion, he said, on which I appear before you with a series of "Leaves" from my Celtic Portfolio. Two series of these "Leaves" are published in Vol. VII. of the Society's Transactions, and other two in Vol. VIII.

In now beginning the fifth series, I do not think it necessary to enter into any general remarks regarding it. Suffice it to say, that with regard to the selections which I am now about to lay before you, I will follow the plan adopted by me in the earlier series.

I will begin by quoting a song in honour of our evergreen ex-chief, Cluny Macpherson, composed by our first bard, Mr. Angus Macdonald. So far as I am aware it has not been published anywhere hitherto. The old bard had the greatest admiration for the venerable chief of the Macphersons, and often have I heard him sing

these verses to the air of "Blue Bonnets over the Border," with the utmost enthusiasm :—

TIGHEARNA CHLUAINIDH.

Thoir soraidh le beannachd do Bhaideanach thairis,
Do'n cheann-fheadhna thug barrachd an caithream na h-uailse,
An suairceas, 'an glanaid, cha chualas cho tairis,
Gach duil a sior aithris mu mhaith Thighearna Chluainidh

Chorus—Seinn, seinn, seinn gu caithreamach ;
Fonn, fonn, gu h-aighearach buaghar ;
Leum, leum, leum gu farumach,
Sgeula na h-ealaidh mu'n fhath, Tighearna Chluainidh.

O cuiream an t-oran gu dreachmhor an ordugh
Do'n Ghaidheal a's sonruicht', tha beo, thar na chualas,
Biodh na buidealan comhlath, ga 'n taomadh gun soradh,
Cha 'n fhaig leinn beo 'm fear nach ol Tighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Tha subhailcean aillidh dol thairis air chach ann,
Le modhalachd nadair gun ardan ni suarach,
Uasal, iriosal, baigheil, dheanadh trocair air namhaid—
Cha 'n innsinn gu brath trian do stàth Tighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Tha beannachdan bho chdan 'tighinn dlùth mar chloich shmeachd air
'Nuair tha donionn air leachdan 'us bacan Dhruimuachdar ;
Cha 'n iognadh le chleachdadh, si 'n eiricheas is reachd dha,
'Si chomhnuidh gun seachnadh, an teach Thighearna Chluainidh,
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Na 'm maogheadh an namhaid air ceannas nan Ghaidheal,
Bhiodh glaoth na crois-taraidh, mar thairneanach suas ann ;
Le milltean gun aireamh fo bhreacan an 's sgarlaid,
Do ghaisgich ro laidir ri sail Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Le'n claidh'ean chinn Ilich, 's an cuilbhearan einnteach,
'Cur naimhdean na 'n sineadh le dillseachd am bualaidh,
Ga'n reubadh na'm mirean, mar leomhainn ro mhillteach,
Measg bheathach na frith ann an strith Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Clann-a'-Chatain na'n ceudan o bhailtean Shratheire,
Mar chait agus dreun orr' le teum dol 'san tuasaid ;
Air luchd 'thuath bhiodh an-eibhinn, le 'n dubhannan geura,
'Cur miltean gu eug dhiubh an streup Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Sliochd Mhuirich, na gaisgich, theid gun sòradh 'sa chasgairt,
Cha phillt' air an ais iad, chion tapachd no cruadal :
'S an ceannard bhi faisg orr', 'toirt misneach 'us neart dhoibh,
Chluinnte farum treun spealtaidh, 'an taic Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Thig brataich' Chloinn Domhnull, mar bhras leomhainn òga ;
'Shiubhladh gu deonach, 'san òrdugh bu dual doibh
'Nuair bhuaileadh iad comhstri, bhiodh fuil air a dortadh,
'S iad a sheasadh a chomhraig 'an còir Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Lochiall a's Cloinn Chamshroin lan sgeadaicht' le armachd
Bhiodh buaidh aca dearbhta, le ana-meinn gun uabairt ;
Cha chualas an garbh-chath, bu bhuaireanta gargachd—
Iad a' tionail le anabharr ri gairm Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

'S leis na Caimbeulaich ghleusta, thig an Diuchd le na ceudan,
Bidh an torc anns na speuran cuir spéirid na'n gluasad ;
Sliochd Dhiarmaid nan geur lann, treas ghaisgeach na Feinne,
Gach sonn dhiubh 'toirt éisdeachd do eubh Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Macleoid le fir mheara, 's rogha ceol ac' ga'n tionail,
Piob mhor ac' 's Mac Cruimean 'toirt mine agus fuaim aisd,
C'aite am biodh fine dha'm bu dàna bhi 'sireadh
Dhol an dail na fir iomairt, toirt sìoth Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Mac Choinnich le 'threun fhìr, mar bheithir nan spéuran ;
Gu bras-bhuilleach, béumach, a' teumadh na'n uamhas ;
Fuil naimhdean ro dheisneach na stucan air feur ac'—
Mo chion na suinn ghleust a ta 'n streup Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

C'aite 'm biodh brataichean Ghaidhealaibh gaisgeil,
O thuinn an Atlantic gu cladaichean Shuaine,
Nach sgaoilte le tapachd an eirig an lasgair,
'Sa shiubhladh gun fhaiteachd gu taic Thighearna Chluainidh.
Seinn, seinn, &c.

Bidh dùrachdan chairdean 'na miltean gu brath dha,
 'S thig beannachd o'n Ard Rìgh a's fearr na na luaidh mi ;
 Bheir teachdairean àghair, gu oighreachd a's fearr e,
 'S bidh 'chaidh cuimhne ghraidh air an t-Sar Tighearna Chluainidh.
 Seinn, seinn, &c.

My next piece will be a St. Kilda Lilt, *Luinneag Iortach*. It is said to be the composition of a St. Kilda woman to a gentleman who had visited the lonely isle. This gentleman, it would appear, was one of the Campbells of Islay :—

Cha 'n ioghnadh mise 'bhi uallach,
 O na thainig an duin' uasal,
 Tha do ribeanan mu'n cuairt domh
 'S cumaidh iad mo ghruag air dòigh

Mo ghaol òigear a' chul duinn,
 Air 'n do ghabh mi loinn 's mi og ;
 Dhurichdinn duit pog 'san anmoch,
 Ged robh càch ga sheanchas òirn.

'S gu'n robh Iain Mac-Gill-Iosa,
 Anns an fhoghar rium a' fìdreadh,
 Ach o'n thainig an t-Iarl Ileach,
 Cha 'n eisd mi ri 'bhrìodail beòil.
 Mo ghaol, &c.

Sguiridh mi 'shùgradh nan gillean,
 Cha 'n fhuiling mi rium am mireadh ;
 O'n tha 'n Caimbeulach ga m' shireadh,
 Cha teid mi tuilleadh 'nan còir.
 Mo ghaol, &c.

Ged a gheibhinn fein an taillear,
 'S na choisinn e riamh le 'shnàthaid,
 'S mor gu'm b' annsa 'bhi air àiridh,
 'Bleodhan bhà do Choinneach og.
 Mo ghaol, &c.

Ged a gheibhinn a chuid uile
 Cha bhiodh ann ach ni gun bhuinnig,
 B' annsa giomanach a' ghuuna
 'Bheireadh fuil air damh na cròic'.
 Mo ghaol, &c.

Ach beul sìos air luchd na farchluais,
'S luchd nam breug cha'n iad a's fhasa ;
'S mi gu'n suibhladh fada 's farsuing
Airson *canntannas* do bheòil.
Mo ghaol, &c.

Ach na 'm bithinnsa cho finealt,
'S le ite geòidh gu'n deanainn sgrìobhadh,
Chuirinn litrichean do dh-Ile,
Nach i 'n fhirinn thog iad òirn.
Mo ghaol, &c.

Mo cheisd iasgair na h-abhunn,
Cha tric a thainig e falamh ;
'S cha bu mhios' thu 'm beinn a' cheathaich,
A' toirt fal' air fear nan cròc.
Mo ghaol, &c.

My next song is of a different character. It is one of those weird pathetic pieces which one now and again hears in fragments in different parts of the Highlands. Seemingly it is very old. Tradition states that the author of it was a woman who laid down her infant suckling in a sequestered spot, while she herself sauntered about to gather wild berries. On her return, the child was not to be found, the fairies having gone off with it! and the song describes her wandering by hill and dale, finding the footprints of different animals, but no trace of her fondling. It is, indeed, what the person from whom I wrote it down called a *Tuireadh Tiamhailh*, or Plaintive Lament :—

Refrain—Och och nan och, mar tha mi-féin,
Mar tha mi-fein, mar tha mi-fein ;
Och, och nan och, mar tha mi-fein ;
'S mo shùil an déigh mo chùthrachain.

Mo chùthrachan 'sa chùl ri làr,
A chùl ri làr, a chùl ri làr ;
Mo chùthrachan 's a chùl ri làr—
'S mo shùil an déigh mo chùthrachain.
Och, och, &c.

Och och nan och, 's mo chiochan làn,
Mo chiochan làn, mo chiochan làn ;
Och och nan och, 's mo chiochan làn
'S mo shùil an déigh mo chùthrachain.
Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg an fhéidh 'sa' bheinn,
 An fheidh 'sa' bheinn, an fheidh 'sa' bheinn ;
 Fhuair mi lorg an fheidh 'sa' bheinn—
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhrìc dheirg,
 An laoigh bhrìc dheirg, an laoigh bluric dheirg ;
 Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhrìc dheirg,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg a' bhrìc fo bhruaich,
 A' bhrìc fo bhruaich, a' bhrìc fo bhruaich ;
 Fhuair mi lorg a' bhrìc fo bhruaich,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg an dobhraìn duinn,
 An dobhraìn duinn, an dobhraìn duinn ;
 Gu'n d' fhuair mi lorg an dobhraìn duinn,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg na bà le 'laogh
 Na bà le 'laogh, na bà le 'laogh ;
 Gu'n d' fhuair mi lorg na bà le 'laogh,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg na caora le 'h-uan,
 Na caora le 'h-uan, na caora le 'h-uan,
 Fhuair mi lorg na caora le 'h-uan,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg na goidhre le 'meann,
 Na goidhre le 'meann, na goidhre le 'meann ;
 Fhuair mi lorg na goidhre le 'meann,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg an t-sionnaich le 'àl,
 An t-sionnaich le 'al, an t-sionnaich le 'àl ;
 Fhuair mi lorg an t-sionnaich le 'àl,
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
 Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh
Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh
Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh
'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
Och och, &c.

Fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn,
A' cheò 'sa' bheinn, a' cheò 'sa' bheinn ;
'S ged fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn
Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain !
Och och, &c.

Shiubhail mi 'n gleann bho cheann gu ceann,
Bho cheann gu ceann, bho cheann gu ceann ;
Shiubhail mi 'n gleann bho cheann gu ceann,
'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
Och, och, &c.

Shiubhail mi 'm fraoch bho thaobh gu taobh,
Bho thaobh gu taobh, bho thaobh gu taobh ;
Shiubhail mi 'm fraoch bho thaobh gu taobh
'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg mo chùthrachain.
Och och, &c.

Dh' fhad mi 'n so 'na shineadh e,
'Na shineadh e, 'na shineadh e ;
Gu'n d' fhàg mi 'n so na shineadh e
'N uair dh' fhalbh mi bhuaibh nam braoileagan !

Och och nan och, mar tha mi fein,
Mar tha mi fein, mar tha mi fein ;
Och och nan och, mar tha mi fein
'S mo shùil an deigh mo chùthrachain.

Here are the words of a *Faillte* or Salute—that of the Clan Mackenzie—which is said to have been composed by the Scaforth Family piper early in the eighteenth century, in honour of the then chief, *Uilleam Dubh* :—

Slàn gu'm pill fear 'chinn-duibh,
Slàn gu'n till fear 'chinn-duibh,
Slàn gu'm pill fear 'chinn-duibh,
Slàn gu'n till Uilleachan.

Slàn gu'n tig, slàn gu'n ruig,
 Slàn gu'n tig Uilleachan,
 'S toigh leam fein fear 'chinn-duibh
 'S toigh leam fein Uilleachan.

Tha na céudan a muigh,
 'S tha na cèudan a staigh,
 'S tha na ceùdan a muigh,
 'S toigh leam fein Uilleachan.

Slàn gu'n dìth, slàn gu sior,
 Slàn gu'n dìth Uilleachan,
 'S toigh leam fein fear mo chridh',
 'S toigh leam chaoidh Uilleachan.

Slàn gu'n till fear 'chinn-duibh,
 Slàn gu'm pill Uilleachan,
 Slàn gu'n tig, slàn gu'n ruig
 Slàn gu'n tig Uilleachan.

'S e mo rùn fear a' chinn-duibh,
 'S e mo rùn Uilleachan,
 'S mòr a' chùirt 'bhi ort dlùth,
 Fhir mo rùn, Uilleachan.

'S gaisgeach treun, Uilleachan,
 Claidheamh geur 'n laimh 'n fhir-fheil,
 'S na seòid ag eigeach gu leir,
 Is tròm beuman Uilleachan.

The Highland muse is often plaintive, and *Marbh-rainn* form a large proportion of our poetical literature. The following specimen, which I am informed is the composition of a certain Duncan Macpherson, who was brought up in Rahoy, is well worthy of a page among these "Leaves." The subject of it is the late Dr. MacLachlan, of Rahoy, Morven, of poetic memory :—

Fhuair mi naigheachd do bhàis,
 'S iomadh aon a bha cràiteach ga luaidh,
 Sar cheann-feadhna nan Gaidheal
 An diugh bhi ga chràdh 's an uaigh ;
 Bu tu lighich' na slainte
 'Dheanadh cobhair air càch a bhiodh truagh—
 Och mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot,
 Gu'n d' rinn thu ar fàgail cho luath.

'Nuair thàinig a chrìoch ort
'S iomadh aon a bha cianail gu leòir,
'S mòr mulad do chàirdean,
Ged a's beag tha 's an aite dhiubh beò ;
Bha do phiuthar shean aosda,
Gun fhurtachd no faochadh ga leòn,
'Bualadh bhasan 's a' caoincadh,
'S chuir an tuireadh ud gaoir ann am fheòil !

'S ann air Ceithe Thobair-mhuire,
A bha am bron 's a chuis-mhulaid nach b'fhaoin
Mar ghaoir chorp anns an àraich
Sluagh ag osnaich 's an lamh air an taobh,
Chruinnich maithean an àite,
A chuir onair as aird air an laoch ;
'S ghleidh iad suil air a' bhàta,
'Dol gu Fionn-airidh sabhailt triomh 'n chaol.

'S anns a 'Chnoc chaidh do chàradh,
'Sa Chill-mhoir measg do chairdean 's do sheòrs,
Taobh Chaol-mhuil' aig Loch-àluinn,
Far an tric chuir thu fàilt oirnn beò ;
Tha thu ad chliu dh-Earra-ghaidheal,
'S do'n dùthaich a dh' àraich thu òg,
'S fhad 's a bhruidhneas sinn Gàilig,
Cumar cuimhn' air do bhàrdachd le ceòl.

'S ann so Mhorairne ghleannach
'Fhuair thu d' àrach ad leanabh 's tu òg,
'An Rahuaidhe nan liosan
Far an cinneadh na mìosan 's am pòr ;
'N gleannan nèdineanach sgiamhach
'S uaine lurach do lianagan feòir,
'S do chraobhan aosda fo iath-shlat,
'S na h-eòin a' gairsinn ri grein ann am meòir.

'S iomadh té a thug gaol duit,
'S cha b'ann mìodalach faoin a bha'n gràdh
Rinn thu an cridheachan aomadh,
'S iad air mhìreadh gu d' fhaotainn air làimh
Sgaoil na lasraichean gaol ud,
Mar fhalaisg ri fraoch nam beann àrd,
O'n 's ann diamhain bha'n saothair,
Chunnt iad aighear an t-saoghail na chràdh.

'N àm suidhe 'stigh thairne,
 'N uair a chruinicheadh Gàidheil mu'n bhòrd,
 Cur m'an cuart na deoch slàinte,
 'S tu dheanadh a pàigheadh 'sa h-òl ;
 'S sunntach sheinneadh tu duanag,
 Le botal a's cuach ann ad dhorn,
 'N uair bhiodh bodaich gun sùgradh,
 'San cridhe ga mhùchadh le bron.

'S na'n robh geire gu m' dhùrachd,
 'S gu'm bu leir dhomh gach cuis mar bu chòir,
 Dh' innsinn earran gad' chliu 'dhaibh,
 Bho'n a b'aithne dhomh thù anns gach dòigh
 Crùn lurach nam fluran,
 Tha cliù ort ad dhùthaich o t-òig—
 Gnùis àillidh an fhiùrain,
 'S iomadh te' leis 'm bu chluiteach do phog.

Thuit a chraobh bu mhaith toradh,
 Sar laoch thu gun choimeas measg chiad,
 'S iomadh bantighearna bhòidheach,
 Bheireadh milltean do'n òr dhuit le riadh,
 Cridhe leirsinneach fiosrach,
 Cha bi gheire gun tuigse do mhiann ;
 'N fhuil bha an cuislean do shìnnis,
 'S na gruaidhean bu ghris-dheirge fiamh.

Ged is dana dhomh labhairt,
 Mu mhorachd is flaitheas an rìgh
 Tha mi 'n dochas le aighear,
 Nach robh abhuinn Iordain dhuit cli,
 Gun do threoraich na faidhean,
 Gu geata nan gras thu air tìr ;
 Le deich mìle an aireamh,
 'S iad a' seinn air a ghradh tha gun chrìch.

By way of variety, I will next give you a *Duan Calluinn*. I need not explain to an assembly of Highlanders what a *Duan Calluinn* is, but the following specimen is unique. It differs materially from the ordinary and sometimes meaningless rhymes which, in our younger days, we were wont to chant outside our neighbours' houses at Christmas and New Year time: it is

really a sort of benediction, referring specially to the birth of the Saviour :—

Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e thainig 'san am.
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Beannaich an tigh, 's na bheil ann,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Eadar chuaille, a's chlach, a's chrann,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Thugadh do Dhia e eader bhrat is aodach,
Slainte dhaoine gu robh ann.
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Gu mo buan mu'n tulach sibh,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Gu mo slan mu'n teallaich sibh,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Gu mo lionmhor cabar 'san fhardaich,
Is daoine slana a' tamh ann.
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Nochd Oidheche na Nollaige Mòire,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Rugadh Mac na h-Oighe Muire.
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Rainig a bhonnan an lar,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Shoillsich Grian nam beann àrd,
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Shoillsich fearann, shoillsich fonn,
Chualas am fonn air an tràigh
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ ! Beannaicht' e, Beannaicht' e !
Ho Righ ! Ho Righ !
Beannaicht' mo Righ, gun toiseach, gun chrìch !
Gu sumhainn, gu sior, gach linn gu brath !

The following song is in praise of one of the Mackenzies of Applecross. The word picture of a pastoral scene in the Highlands contained in the first few stanzas is well worthy of the Highland muse :—

An diugh 's mi gluasad
Mu'n cuairt 's na glasraichean,

'S a' ghrian 'cur fuadach
 Fo ghruaim na camhanaich,
 Bha cuach, a's smeorach,
 'S an ro-choill bhadanaich,
 'Cur failt le 'n orain
 Air lò bhiodh taitneach leam.

A thabhairt eisdeachd
 Mo cheum ghrad lasaich mi,
 'S fo bhuaidh na séiste
 B' fhiar éibhinn m' fhaireachduinn ;
 'S bha fead a's eighe
 Ri spréidh 's an langanaich,
 A' falbh o 'n bhuaile, *h/*
 Thoirt cuairt na madainne.

Bha fear 'us flurain
 Le drùchd ga'n caisrigeadh,
 'S bu mhaiseach ùrail,
 Cubhraidh, fallain iad,
 'S na seillein chaountach,
 Gu saor 'toirt meala dhiubh,
 'S a' falbh gu lòdail
 Gu stoir an tallachan.

Gu'n dhiuc fear còlais
 A chomhradh tacan rium,
 'S rinn faoilt a ghnùise
 Deagh rùn a thaisbeanadh,
 'S b' e bridh a sgeula
 A reir mar dh' fharraid mi—
 Gu'n tainig mor-fhlath
 Na Com'raich laganach.

Do bheatha 'n tìr so,
 Fhir chinntich, charthannaich,
 Tha foinnidh, dìreach,
 Deas, fìor-ghlan, aimisgeil,
 Tha seirc a's suairceas,
 O dhualchas d' aithrichean,
 A ghnàth ga d' leanmhuinn,
 'S tu meanmnach, macanta.

Bì'dh tional chairdean,
 Gu d' àros thacaraich,

'S gur ònmhor àrmunn
'Tha tàmh fo d' fhasgadh ann ;
Tha aoidh, a's fialachd,
Gach ial ga'm mealtuinn ac',
Oir 's beag tha dholum
'S a' chròig tha sgapadh orr'.

La-breith an oighre
Bi'dh oidhch' aig ceatharnaich,
'N ad thalla rioghail,
'M bi piob gu farumach,
Bidh gillean òg', agus
Oighean basdalach,
A' ceumadh urlair,
Gu sùrdail, aigeannach.

Bi'dh cuilm 'an òrdugh,
A's doigh am pailteas ann.
Bi'dh òl, bi'dh òrain,
A's moran aiteis ann,
Bi'dh fir gu foirmeil
Ri toirm a' lachanaich,
'S am bannal nionag
Ri stri a' leannanachd.

Thu féin, 's do chéile,
Gur éibhinn cuideachd sibh,
Gu geanail, gaolach,
Glic, faoilteach, furanach,
'S ur meanglain òirdhearc,
Tha bòidheach, cumachdail,
'S 'n an taitneas sula,
'Cur sunnd fo 'n chuideachda.

A' siubhal sléibhe,
Gur eutrom, iullagach,
An deigh an fhéidh thu,
'S 'n a leum gu 'n tuit e leat,
Le d' ghunna cinnteach,
Bi 'dh 'n fhrith gle fhuileachdach,
'S bi'dh damh na cròice
Gun deò le d' chuspaireachd.

Thug so gu m' chùimhne
Na sùinn 'chaidh dhachaidh uainn,

'S an t-ìomradh làidir
 'Th'air fhagail againn orr,
 Gur tu 'n aon uachd'ran
 Mu thuath 's an talamh so,
 Tha cleachdadh dhoighean
 Nan seòd bha barraichte.

Gur cuspair fial thu,
 'S tu ciallach, bunaideach,
 'N ad bheannachd tuatha,
 Gun ghruaim mar bhuineadh dhut,
 Bheir a còir do 'n bhantraich,
 'S gach fann gu'n cuidich thu,
 Thu fearail, caomhail,
 'S mu d' mhaoin 's neo-sgrubail thu.

Gu meal thu cairdeas,
 A's gràdh, a's beannachdan,
 A's slaint, a's sòlas,
 'S a' choir a naisgeadh dhut,
 'S e sud gu'n iarrainn,
 'S do shìol bhi maireannach,
 'An seilbh na h-òighreachd,
 Gu h-aoibhinn, aighearrach.

The following poem on the Gaelic Bards, by my friend, Mr. Farquhar Macdonell, speaks for itself :—

'Bhi toirt ainm, cliù 'us eachdraidh dhuibh,
 Gu beachdail air na Baird
 A thuinich feadh na Gaidhealtachd,
 A's fhearr leibh uam an dràs'd.
 Na faighinn ùin a bharrachd uaibh,
 Bu bhlas-mhoireid an dàn,
 'S gur fheudar dhomh 'bhi sgiobalta,
 A's m' inneal bhi 'n deagh chàil.

Bha baird air feadh ar Garbh-chriochan,
 'Bhios ainmeil anns gach linn,
 Thaobh ghibh-tean ionmholt, sonruichte,
 An òranan ro ghrinn,
 Gu'n chum iad beo 'nns na fineachan
 Deagh spiorad agus grid,
 Nach leigeadh cuing a charadh orr,
 Le namh a bh' air an Tì.

Bha feart air leth 's gach fear aca,
 'S fo 'm meachainn bha gach seòrs',
 Na maithean, 's gaisgich ruatharach,
 An sluagh o sheangu og ;
 Gu stuigeadh iad 's na cumasgan,
 An curaidhnean cho seolt',
 'S gu 'm biodh an nàmh a thiotadh ac',
 'Nan sginichean gun deò.

B'e OISEAN rìgh nam flidhean,
 B'e 'dhligheachas an còt' ;
 Bha Homer carach, geur-chuiseach,
 Gu seideadh suas a sheòid,
 Ach le buaidh a chaismeachd-sa,
 Bhiodh gaisgich bhras fo shrol,
 A sgrìosadh as na Greugaich ud,
 'S gach *legion* bh' anns a' Roimh.

Bu tiamhaidh, gòirt a chaoireanan,
 'N am laochraidh chur 'sa chill ;
 Bu tric a sheinn e oranan,
 Gu solas do Mhalmhin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi, 's cha chuala mi,
 Cho suairce ris 'san t-sìth,
 'S le eachdraidhean gu'n thathaich e
 Na Gaidheil ris an tìr.

Gu'm b' òranach, ro mhànranach,
 Bha MAIRI RUADH NIO LEOD,
 Gu'n d' altruim i seachd uachdarain,
 Cho uasal 's sheas 'am broig ;
 Bu taitneach leath' bhi brìodaladh,
 Deagh innsginn nam fear òg',
 A' sloinneadh dhoibh an sinnsirean,
 'S gach milidh bha dheth 'n seors'.

Bha 'n ceartas uair mar 's fiosrach sìbh,
 Air biodagaibh nan sonn,
 'S gu tional feachd le geur lannaibh,
 'Chur eucoraich fo 'bhonn.
 Co sheas 'am broig bu tabhachdaich'
 Le bardachad no IAN LOM ?
 'S gach neach bhiod foilleil, fein-chuiseach,
 'Se dh-éisgeadh iad ROB DONN.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Bha 'n CLARSAIR DALL gu h-ailghiosach,
 Aig armuinn teach Mhic Leòid,
 An aitim fhearail, dhaonnachdach,
 A b' fhaoilteachaile glòir,
 Cha laidheadh sprochd no càmpar orr'.
 Le canntaireachd a bheòil,
 'S mac-talla 'cluich gu forganach,
 Ri torghanaich a mheòir.

Bha ALASDAIR DUBH DOMHNULLACH,
 A's oigridh greis fo 'iul,
 Gu'n d' fhalbh e measg nam fineachan,
 Ga'n tional dha na Phrionns',
 'S le uirghillean deas, geur-chuiseach,
 Gu'n d' éirich iad gu dlùth,
 'S mur b' e foill d' an sarachadh,
 Bhiodh Tearlach fo na chrùn.

Gu'n mhol e aillt, a's glacagan,
 A's gaisgich ghasd' a dhùthch' ;
 'S tha 'iorraman cho brosnachail,
 'S a' sgoth air bharr nan sùgh,
 'S ged dh-atadh iad gu dasannach,
 A' barcadh air gach taobh,
 'N uair chluinneas fir chul alaich iad,
 Gur tabhachdach an-surd.

BUCHANAN fhuair dheth 'n lanachd sin
 'S a' ghras, nach caith a chaoidh,
 Le creideamh fìor-ghlan dealasach,
 'Rinn barraicht' a chuid laoidh,
 Do'n chreidmheach luaidh e shonasan,
 'S a' mhallachdan do 'n daoì,
 A' cuireach pheacach ardanach,
 Do'n Aros aig na Naoimh.

Gu moladh chnoc, a's choireachan,
 A's monaidhean an fhraoich,
 A's feidh, a's spurt, a's gunaireachd
 B' e 'n urrainn MAC-AN-T-SAOIR,
 Bu taitneach leis bhi sealgaireachd
 'An garbhlaichean nam maol,
 'S nìor leig e falbh nan eud-bheann deth,
 Gu 'n ghéill e leis an aois.

UILLEAM ROS bha 'n Gearloch ac';
Bu mhanranach a dhuain,
Gu moladh feartan ailleagain
Aon bhàrd cha d' thug air buaidh,
Bha 'bhriathran snasmhor, nàdurra,
Neo-fhailleageach gach uair;
'S e 'n gaol a rinn a leonadh-san,
'S thug og e chum na h-uaigh.

Gu'm faodainn tuilleadh ainmeachadh
'Bha 'n garbhlaichean nam beann,
A bhàird nach fhaighte gille dhoibh
'Measg fhilidhnean nan Gall,
Ach 's fheudar dhuibh bhi toilicht',
Le na mhol mi aig an àm :
Bi'dh iomradh fada, farsuinn orr,
Co-mhaireannach ri 'n cainnt.

Gur iomadh neach a dh'aithris dhomh
'Bha thairis seach an Eorp ;
'An talamh teth nan Innseanach,
'S 'an tireabh sneachdach, reot ;
Gur minig thog a bhardachd ac',
An caileachdan o bhròn,
Le 'n toirt air ais 'n an inntinnean,
Do 'n tìr san robh iad òg.

Tìr bhainneach, mhealach, thacarach,
Tìr fhasgach, ghartach, làn,
Tìr channach, chnocach, laganach,
Tìr ghleannach, 's gaisgeil' sàir,
Tìr fhraochach, dhosrach, thiorail i,
Tìr fhialaidh, phàilt, 'na dàimh,
Tìr mheannach, mhartach, fhiadh-ghroidheach,
Tìr sgialachdach nam bàrd.

Norman Nicolson, Scorribreck, Skye, appears to have been, in his day, a poet of no mean order. The following song by him describes his feelings on being deprived of his hunting liberties in the Isle of Mist :—

Seisd—'S gann gu 'n dirich mi chaoidh
'Dh-ionnsaidh frithean a' mhonaidh,
'S gann gu 'n dirich mi 'chaoidh.

Thainig litir a Dun-Eideann
Nach faodainn fhein nis dol do 'n mhonadh,
'S gann, &c.

Padruig Mor an Ceann-Loch-Aoinard,
Rinn e 'n fhoill 's cha d' rinn e buinneig.

Tha mo ghunna caol air meirgeadh
Cha 'n fhaodar a dearbhadh tuille.

Tha i 'n crochadh air na tairgnean—
Cha do thoill i h-aite fuirich.

'S ioma latha sgith a bha mi,
'N am suidhe leath 's i lan, air tulaich.

'Gabhail sealladh air na sleibhtean,
Far am bi na feidh a' fuireach.

Far am biodh an damh 's a chul bruite,
'N uair rachainn-sa le m' run air m' uilinn.

'S tric a mharbh mi fiadh nan stuchd-bheann
Air mo ghluin 's mi lubadh m' uilinn.

Mur a biodh brathair mo mhathar,
Bhiodh fiadh nan ard-bheann a's fuil air.

Ach o'n dh' fhas an lagh cho laidir,
'S fhearr bhi sabhailt' o gach cunnart.

Na 'm biodh mo chrodh-laoigh air buaile,
Dh' fhaodainn luaidh' a chur a gunna.

Ach a nis gur fheudar strìochdadh—
'S fear gun chiall a theid an cunnart.

Fhuair mi litir o na h-uaislean,
Nach fhaodainn luaidh' a chur a gunna.

Bheir mi 'n ruaig so do na h-Innsean
Feuch an dean mi fhein ann buinneag.

Cha 'n fhaic Padruig mi air faireadh,
'S cha chluinn e stairirich mo ghunna.

Seisid—'S gann gu 'n dirich mi chaoidh
'Dh-ionnsaidh frithean a' mhonaidh,
'S gann gu 'n dirich mi chaoidh

As indicated in the above song, Norman did not appreciate the restrictions that were put on him, and he emigrated, never to return to his native land. The following was composed on him about the time he left Skye :—

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhòran cùraim,
'S mo ghaol air cùrtear a' bhroillich ghle-ghil,
Tha mi fo chùram i-ù-ro-éile.

Tha mi fo mhi-ghean,
'S mi 'n iomall sgìre,
'S nach fhéud mi sgrìobhadh
A dh' ionnsuidh m' fhéudail.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhòran cùraim, &c.

'S ma gheibh mi uine,
Gu'm fàg mi 'n dùthaich,
'S gu'n lean mi' 'n cumhnant'
A rinn thu fein rium.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhoran cùraim, &c.

'S ma gheibh mi airgiod
A bheir air falbh mi,
Gu'n lean mi Tormad
'S cha dheala' mi céum ris.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhoran cùraim, &c.

'S mo ghaol an t-àrmunn,
Bu mhaith gu manran,
'S tu le do laimhe,
Air bharr 'nan géugan.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhoran cùraim, &c.

'S ged thig an geamhradh,
Is ám nam bainnsean,
Cha 'n fhan mi ann sin
Gun m' annsachd fein ann.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhoran cùraim, &c.

Mo ghaol an t-oig-fhear,
A's gile, bhoidh che,
'S e 'n diugh a' seòladh
Nam mor-chuan beucach.

Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhoran cùraim, &c.

'S ged thig fear-fuadain
 Cha taobh mi uair ris,
 Oir 's fada uam-sa
 Air chuan na thréig mi,
 Tha mi fo chùram 's fo mhòran cùram,
 'S mo ghaol air cùrtear a' bhroillich ghlé-ghil
 Tha mi fo chùram i-ù-ro-éile.

For the following verses—entitled “Fàilte 'Chait”—which are seemingly very old, I am indebted to my friend, Mr. D. C. Macpherson,* Edinburgh, the “Abrach” of the *Gael*:—

Mile fàilte dhut, a chait,
 Bho'n a thachair dhut 'bhi 'm achd ;
 Cuim' nach leigtheadh móran leat,
 'S a liuthad bean a thug rò-ghràdh dhuit.

* Since the above was written, poor “Abrach” went over to the majority, having died suddenly at Edinburgh, on June 23, 1880. The following obituary notice, which appeared in the *Daily Free Press* of June 25, may be quoted:—

“DEATH OF MR. D. C. MACPHERSON, EDINBURGH.—We regret to learn of the premature death of Mr. Donald C. Macpherson, assistant Librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, which took place at Edinburgh, on Wednesday. Mr. Macpherson belonged to Bohuntin, in the Braes of Lochaber, and was a pupil of James Munro of Kilmornaig, the Gaelic grammarian. In early years he manifested a desire to be well versed in the literature of the Highlands, and under Mr. Munro's tuition he began the study of the Gaelic language. This field of inquiry he never abandoned, but he also devoted himself to English literature, and, being a good linguist, he was well versed in the literatures of Greece and Rome, as well as those of Germany and France. Several years ago he published an exceedingly good collection of Gaelic songs never before published—“An Duanair”—and this volume met with a good market, and will be found in every Gaelic collector's library. Only last year he issued Part I. of an exhaustive Gaelic Grammar, and it is to be hoped that Part II. is sufficiently far advanced to enable the publishers to complete the work. He revisited Lochaber as often as opportunities presented themselves, and there imbibed a fresh store of the song and story of his native country. The Advocates' Library afforded him ample facilities for prosecuting his antiquarian and Celtic researches, and some old Gaelic poems unearthed by him among its archives were contributed to Mr. J. F. Campbell's “Leabhar na Feinne” and other publications. During the publication of the *Gael*, he was an active contributor to its pages, and for a time its conductor. He was also of invaluable service to Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart in the publishing and re-issuing of their numerous Gaelic publications; and, it may be added, that he contemplated publishing an edition of the Poetical Works of Iain Lom, the Lochaber bard, who witnessed the battle of Inverlochry in 1645 and sang the praises of Montrose, and was regarded as a sort of Poet Laureate to Charles II. In religion Mr. Macpherson was a Roman Catholic, and we believe we are not violating a secret when we state that the Very Rev. Father Vaughan, Prior of St. Benedict's Monastery and College, Fort-Augustus, was desirous of engaging him as a Gaelic Professor in the College. In his habits Mr. Macpherson was exceedingly quiet and unassuming, and only those who intimately knew him were aware of his varied accomplishments, and the extensive range of his researches.”

'N tu cat fiadhaich bhiodh aig Fionn ;
Ri fiadhach bho ghleann gu gleann ;
An tu 'bh' aig Oscar an fhuil fhinn,
Dh' fhàg thu laoch fo dhochar ann.

An tu 'bh' aig Lughaidh Mac-Loin,
Ciod is fath nach cumhainn an t-sleagh ;
No 'n tu chuir an t-shùil mu'n tor,
No 'n tu bhuin ri Brian nam bladh.

An tu chaidh fo 'n leirg a null,
An là sin a shealg nam beann ;
No 'n tu chuir an t-shùil fa'n toll,
No 'n tu chrom ga cunntas thall.

An tu chaidh gu comunnach ciùin
Gu bruth-soluis nam ban saor,
Le maisealachd do dhà shùil,
Dh' fhàg thu triùir dhiubh 'n trom-ghaol.

Mo thruaighe thusa, Dhonnachaidh,
Cha do thachair dhut bhi falchaidh
Ma bheirear ort a nochd ionnsuidh,
Ionnsaichear dhut air a' chroich dannsa.

Dona sin, a chait na cluaise,
Tachdar thusa 'n geall a' chàise,
Iocaidh do mhuineal a smuais as,
'S i 'n uair so deireadh do làth'-sa.

A chait chruaidh bu mhath do chliu,
But lùthor thu fo'n am so 'n dè,
Miad nam buillean fhuair do chroit,
Thug iad dhìot an gruth 's an cè.

Dh' aithn'eas nach bu dileas dut
Lamhan Catrìona gu tric ;
Miad nan urchair a chaidh thart,
Dhuts', a chait, cha chunradh glic.

B' fhearr dhut 'bhi 'marbhadh luchag,
An t-sealg sin bu dual do phiseig
Dol do'n bheinn a mharbhadh uiseag
Air feadh chuisseag agus dhriseag.

But I must conclude, and, in doing so, permit me to quote a good Highland song which my friend, Mr. F. D. Macdonell, styles "Oran do Lachlainn Og Mac-Ionmhainn, leis an 'Aigeannaich' Nighean Donh'uill Ghuirm":—

Gu'n tug mi 'n ionnsuidh bhearraideach,
 Mur do mhill thu m' aithne mi,
 Cha b' e d' fhuath thug thairis mi,
 Ach d' aithris air bhì falbh.
 Cha b' e d' fhuath, &c.

Ma chaidh thu null thar linnichean,
 O! gu ma slan a chi ma thu,
 Fhir chuil dualaich, shniomhanaich,
 'S ann leat bu mhiann 'bhi mor.
 Fhir chuil dualaich, &c.

Bu mhiann leat bàta dìonach,
 'S i gu cuimte, fuaighte, finealta,
 A rachadh suas 's nach diobaireadh,
 'S nach ciosnaicheadh muir mhor.
 A rachadh suas, &c.

Le d' sgioba treubhach, furachail,
 Bu ro mhath feum 's na cunnartan,
 A ghleidheadh air bharr tuinne i,
 Cheart aindeoin cur 'us ceo.
 A ghleidheadh, &c.

Gu 'n innsinn cuid dheth d' abhaistean,
 'N am dol air tìr 'am baghan duit,
 Bhiodh fion 'us branndaich laidir
 A' cur blaths air gillean og'.
 Bhiodh fion, &c.

Gu'm faighte cuirm gun easbhuidh
 'S an taigh mhòr nach foghnadh beagan doibh,
 Bhiodh òl 'us ceòl nam feadan
 A' co-fhreagradh mu do bhòrd.
 Bhiodh òl, &c.

Bu dual dut sud o d' shinnsirean,
'N am suidhe gu do dhinneir dhut,
Bhiodh clàrsairean, bhiodh piobairean,
Bhiodh fìdhleirean ri ceòl.
Bhiodh clarsairean, &c.

Gur math thig léine 'n anart dhut,
Thig triubhais chaol ro channach dhut,
Bròg bhileach dhubh ga teannachadh,
M' an troidh nach gearain leòn.
Bròg bhileach, &c.

Thig cota 'n aodach Spainneach dhut,
Theid *guinea* 's crun a phaigheadh air,
O ! cha'n eil cron r' a àireamh ort,
Ach aillealachd do neòil.
O ! cha-an 'eil cron, &c.

Gu'n tig na h-airm gu h-innealta,
Air feileadh 'an crios iomachair,
Lann thana, gheur, ghorm, ghuineach,
A's i fulangach ni 's leòr.
Lann thana, &c.

'N lann ris an caint' an tri-chlaiseach,
I ùr, a's sar cheann Ileach oirr',
Fo'n ghualainn nach diobradh i
'S i dlèas sìos gu d' dhòrn.
Fo'n ghualainn, &c.

Airm eile gu'm bu mhiannach leat,
Bhiodh dag air ghléus sniomhain ort,
Sgian chaol d' an t-seorsa liomharra,
Fior innleachdach o'n òrd.
Sgian chaol, &c.

Gur math thig adharc bhalla-bhreac dhut,
Sreang shiod' 'us stapuill airgid innt',
Gunna caol air ghleus neo-chearbach
Leis an deant' an earb a leon.
Gunna caol, &c.

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Ge b' e chasadh eucoir ort,
 'S tu anns na h-airm 's an eideadh ud,
 Gur barail leam gum feumadh e
 Bhi tigh 'n a' d' reir d' a dheoinn.
 Gur barail leam, &c.

Tha 'ghaoth an iar cho caithreamach,
 'S gu'n chum i 'n raoir a' m' chaithris mi,
 A' smuaintinn air na feara sin,
 'S mo mhile beannachd leo.
 A' smuaintinn, &c.

Gur sealgair geoidh us cathain thu,
 'S ròin mhaoil ri taobh na mara thu,
 Theid mial-choin ann an tabhann leat,
 'S bi 'dh abhaic air an lorg.
 Theid miol-choin, &c.

'S beag ioghnadh thu bhi àilleasach,
 Gur rioghail am mac Gàidheil thu,
 'S a liuthad teaghlach statoil
 'M bi do shlàint' aca ga h-òl.
 'S a liuthad, &c.

'S cha'n ioghnadh sud a thachairt dhut,
 'S tu dearbh mhac ùr nam macannan,
 'S tu 'n leòmhann treubhach, tartarach,
 Ceud oighre Lachluinn oig.
 'S tu 'n leòmhann, &c.

Bi 'dh 'chlann sin Mhic-'ic-Alasdair,
 O Chnoideart 's o Ghleann-Garaidh leat,
 An aon triath neart gach caraid leis,
 Le 'm math sibh a bhi beò.
 An aon triath, &c.

Bi 'dh Mac Mhic Alein Armailtich,
 A's uachdran Chloinn Chamshroin leat,
 A' sior dhol suas an ainmealachd,
 Le 'n aigheadh meanmnach, mor.
 A' sior dhol suas, &c.

Bi'dh Oighre Chaisteil Thioraim leat,
Gur faighneachdail luchd cinnidh air,
O ghrunnd na fola mireanaich,
Tha 'g imeachd feadh do phoir.
O ghrunnd, &c.

Cha-n 'eil mi féin gun chùram orm,
Mu 'n dh' fhalbh air a' chuan Mhuideartach,
Ach thus' a Rìgh bhi d' stiuradair
Air chùl nam feara og'.
Ach thus' a Rìgh, &c.

26TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

The principal business at this meeting was a discussion—
“Whether the Highlanders in Scotland at the present day had
degenerated as compared with the Highlanders of the past.” The
majority of those present were of opinion that the Highlanders have
degenerated.

30TH DECEMBER, 1879.

The meeting having made arrangements for the next dinner
of the Society, the Secretary read a sixth series of Leaves from
his Celtic Portfolio.

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

VI.

In placing before you a sixth series of these “Leaves,” I will
begin by quoting a popular Gaelic song which is known in this
neighbourhood as *Oran Iain Mhic Dhughail*. It evinces the true
spirit of poetry, and effectually disarms the taunt that the High-
landers have no love or appreciation of the beautiful in Nature as
it appears around them. The description here of rural scenes, and
the manner in which their splendour is contrasted with the turmoil
of the city, is, to my mind, truly felicitous:—

Ged is socrach mo leabaidh
Cha'n e 'n cadal 'tha shùrd orm—
B' anns' 'bhi suaint ann a'm' bhreacan,
Ann an glaiseagan Rùsgaich—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

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Banns' bhi suaint ann a'm' bhreacan,
 Ann an glaiceagan Rùsgaich,
 Far am minig a bha mi,
 Iomadh là' air bheag cùram—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Far am minig a' bha mi,
 Iomadh là air bheag cùram ;
 'S bhiodh mo ghunna fo m' achlais,
 'Cumail fàsghadh bho 'n driùchd oirr'—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S bhiodh mo ghunna fo m' achlais
 'Cumail fàsghadh bho 'n driùchd oirr',
 'S air thruimid na fraise,
 'S i gu'n lasadh am fùdar—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S air thruimid na fraise,
 'S i gu'n lasadh am fùdar—
 Cha b'e clagraich na sràidean so
 'B' àbhaist mo dhùsgadh—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha b'e clagraich na sràidean so
 'B' àbhaist mo dhùsgadh,
 'S cha be clag nan còig uairean
 'Bhiodh na m' chluasan a' dùsgadh—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha be clag nan còig uairean
 'Bhiodh na m' chluasan a' dùsgadh,
 Ach a' *mhùsic* bu bhoidheche
 'Bh' aig na h-eoin am Brai'-Rùsgaich—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Ach a' *mhùsic* bu bhoidheche
 'Bh' aig na h-eoin am Brai'-Rùsgaich—
 Bhiodh a' chuthag air chreagan
 'S i 'toirt freagairt do'n smùdan—
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Bhiodh a' chuthag air chreagan
'S i 'toirt freagairt do'n smùdan,
'S bhiodh an smeòrach gu h-àrd ann,
'S i air bharr nam bad dú'-ghorm—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S bhiodh an smeòrach gu h-ard ann,
'S i air bharr nam bad dù'-ghorm,
Agus *Robin* gu h-ìosal
Ann an iochdar nan dlù-phreas—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Agus *Robin* gu h-ìosal
Ann an iochdar nan dlù-phreas—
Anns na' meanganan bòidheach—
'S damh na cròice ga'n rùisgeadh—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Anns na meanganan bòidheach
'S damh na cròice ga'n rùisgeadh—
'Nuair thig oidhch' Fhéill-an-Ròid oirn,
Leam bu bhoidheach a bhùilich—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'Nuair thig oidhch' Fhéill-an-Ròid oirn,
Leam bu bhoidheach a bhùilich,
'S iad ag iarraidh a chéile,
'N déigh éiridh bho'n ùr-pholl—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S iad ag iarraidh a chéile,
'N déigh éiridh bho'n ùr-pholl ;
'S ann an sud 'bhiodh an fhàilte
Ris an leannan bu chùirteil—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S ann an sud 'bhiodh an fhàilte
Ris an leannan bu chùirteil
Es' ag iarraidh a cairdeis,
'S ise 's nàir leath a dhiultadh,
Ho-ró hù-ill ho-ró.

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Es' ag iarraidh a cairdeis,
 'S ise 's nàir leath a dhiultadh ;
 'S ged a laidh iad le chéile,
 Cha chur a chléir orra cùram.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S ged a laidh iad be chéile,
 Cha chuir a chléir orra cùram ;
 Cha teid iad gu seisean
 'S gu bràth cha'n fhaicear aig cùirt iad.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha teid iad gu seisean
 'S gu bràth cha'n fhaicear aig cùirt iad ;
 Cha teid e 'n tigh-òsda—
 Cha mhath a chòrdas an liunn ris.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha teid e 'n tigh-òsda
 Cha mhath 'chordas an liunn ris ;
 Cha 'n òl e diar fiona
 Ged a dh' iarrtair na crùin air.
 Ho-ró hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha 'n òl e diar fiona,
 Ged a dh' iarrtair na crùin air ;
 Cha 'n fhearr 'thig an drama
 Ris an stamaig is cùbhraidh.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha 'n fhearr 'thig an drama
 Ris an stamaig is cùbhraidh ;
 'S mòr gur h-anns' leis am fìor-uisg'
 'Thig o iochdar nan dlù'-chreig.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

'S mòr gur h-anns' leis am fìor-uisg'
 'Thig o iochdar nan dlù'-chreig ;
 Cha be fàileadh nan cladhan
 'Gheibhte 'n doire mo rùin-sa.
 Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Cha be fàileadh nan cladhan,
'Gheibhte 'n doire mo rùin-sa,
Ach tróm fhàileadh nam mealla,
Dheth na meanganan ùra.
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

Ach tróm fhàileadh nam mealla
Dheth na meanganan ùra :
'S co 's urrain a ràidhte
Nach bi' mi rhathasd ann an Rusgaich—
Ho-ró, hù-ill, ho-ró.

The following verses by the Rev. A. Macgregor Rose, long a member of this Society, deserve to be given among these Leaves :—

CLAN NAN GAIDHEAL AN GUAILLNIBH A CHEILE.

“Highlanders, Shoulder to Shoulder.”

The war-cry given to his men by the late Lieutenant-General Gordon of Lochdhu, at the crossing of the Nive, in the Peninsular War.

Long ago when Roman armies,
Under mighty Cæsar came,
To add the conquest of our island,
To the glory of their name ;
Say, who foiled their fiercest efforts,
Made the unconquered legions fail ?
Who ? Our gallant Celtic fathers—
Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Who, when Danish pirate galleys
Poured their hordes on Scotia's strand,
Tamed the Vikings, curbed the Norsemen,
Kept the freedom of the land ?
Who, when on the cherished freedom,
Edward laid his hand of mail,
Reft from Norman grasp their birthright ?
Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Who, when exiled, crownless, homeless,
Sought their shelter and their aid,
Gave him welcome, and, to right him,
Donned the targe and drew the blade ?

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Who, when dark Culloden's tidings,
 Raised the stricken mourner's wail,
 Scorned the traitor's part and saved him?
 Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Who, when Europe's proudest monarchs,
 Trembled at Napoleon's frown,
 Met him, dared him, dimmed his glory,
 Stripped him of his borrowed crown?
 Who, in squares that stood unbroken,
 Spite of horse and iron hail,
 Gained the day that sealed his downfall?
 Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Where the Euxine's stormy waters
 Chafe the far Crimean shore,
 There have sounded Highland pibrochs,
 There has gleamed the red claymore.
 Who were they at Balaklava,
 Made the stoutest Russian quail?
 The "thin red line" of brave Sir Colin—
 Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Who forgets those shrieks of anguish,
 Wafted from the Indian shore,
 When wives and babes were foully slain,
 At Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore?
 Who then, with gallant Havelock,
 Wrecked the vengeance of the Gael
 On the dusky demon rebels?
 Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

Yes! where'er the wrongs of Britain,
 Or oppression's woes and pains,
 Claim redress, the Highland broadsword
 Still the meed of honour gains.
 Heaven then bless the land that gives us,
 From its every strath and vale,
 Free brave hearts to guard our honour—
 Clann nan Gaidheal 'n guailnibh 'chéil'.

The following "Moladh do Fhear na Ceapaich 's do 'n phiob,"
by Iain Mac Ailein, needs no introduction :—

'Ghilleasbuig, mo bheannachd ri m' bheo
Dh'fhear aithris do ghniomh',
Bhrigh os ceann na chual thu de cheol,
Thug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phiob.
Cha chuala luchd-teud s'gairneil do bheoil
'S tu bu ro-mhath gan diol ;
Ach gu'm b'fhearr leat eulaidh a bhrosnachadh slòigh
Na sochair gach sith'.

'S iomadh Iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd
'S dearbhte leam sin,
Ri àm togail armait air chois,
'S a' bhlar dheanadh sgrios,
Chionn a cluinntinn annoch is moch—
Bean am mor-mheas
'Bheireadh mar dhuais dh'araraich a dos
Airgiod gun fhios.

'S dearbh gu'n robh eanchainn mhath throm
Agus subsaint gheur
'S'n fhear smaointich an toiseach gu'n coisneadh i bonn
'Gus fhortan do dhean,
Be 'n obair gach lan-phort 'chur oirr' le fonn
'S nach cluinneadh i bheul ;
Ach ga'n gearradh gu h-ullamh, gach siolladh's gach pong,
Le buillibh a mheur.

Gu'm bheil cliu air abuicheid gleois
'S fada do chaidh
Ionnsramaid mhaidean nach mor
'S coitcheannta buaidh ;
Cuiridh i smaointinn gaisge gu leoir
'N gealtair ga thruas ;
Thogadh a h-ìolach le bras-bhullibh mbeoir
Aigneadh gach sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beusan dhi eiridh le sgairt
'N am blar bhi ga chur ;
Anns gach saighdear sparraidh i neart.

Le eifeachd a puirt ;
 'Nuair sheidear anail a steach
 Cuiridh sin ceol iullagach, ait,
 An rifeid a stuic.

Is ceil' i ni eiridh gun chol,
 Ole cha bhuin dhi ;
 Moran de riomhadh cha'n iarr i chur oirr' ;
 Aodach cha sir.
 Laidh ochdar 'na leaba le toil
 De mhacanaibh fir ;
 'S fiosrach tha mis' nach robh smaointinn air cron
 Innt' ann am bith.

'S fad' 'o na fhuair sinn taisbeanadh shul
 Nach bu ghealtach a gnas ;
 Gu bheil mi dearbht' nach rachadh i 'n cuil
 Gu falach gu brach.
 'N tus gach cath, bith fear brath' air a cul
 Deanadh fabhar do chach ;
 Laoch borb agus gaisge na run
 'S bratach na lainh.

An t-urram de 'n chunnaic mo shuil
 Tha Muile dhuibh 'n drast ;
 Ach airson Mhic-Cruimein, o'n bhuinnig e cliu,
 Leig do 'n duine sin tamh.
 Tha againn Conndulli ; 's e chunntas mi n tus ;
 'S Iain Mac Uilleim, a dha ;
 Agus Padruig, an treas duine 'n triuir
 Nach uireasbhach lamh.

The following verses come very appropriately after the above :—

MOLADH NA PIOBA, LE FEAR NA CEAPAICH.
 'S mairg a dhi-mhol ceol is caismeachd,
 Brosnadh sloigh gu gaisge threin ;
 Mor-phiob leis an duisgear gach misneach,
 A torman moid is misde beum.

Mo ghaol clarsach, ro-ghaol piob leam,
 Miothlachd leam an ti do chàin ;
 'S ole an duais da ceol droch chomain
 'M bonnaibh chluas aig ollamh ri dan.

Cha bhi mi di-moladh an dain,
Ach sann bu mhath an dan 's an t-sith ;
An namhaid cha deachaidh an dan
Riamh cho dan' 's a chaidh a phiob.

Na'm faiceadh tu fir air an leirg
Fo mheirghe' am bi dearg is ban ;
B' fhearr leam spealtadh dhi ri uair
Na na bheil gu tuam de dhain.

Bu bhinn leam torman a dos
'S i cruinneachadh airm fo sgiort ;
An dan nan tigeadh fo brat
Gu ceart gu 'm b' fhearr leath' bhi' 'n Iort.

'Bhean bhinn-fhaclach nach breun sturt,
Chiuin, chinin-fhaclach, 's nior bhreug sin,
'Labhras gu seimh air gach magh
'S a breid air slinneinibh 'fir.

By way of variation, I will give you an Irish song, which will show the close similarity between the Gaelic of the two countries—for any educated Highlander who can read his mother tongue ought to be able to read the Irish with tolerable ease :—

AN PHAISTIN FIONN.

Grádh le m' anam mo Phaistin Fionn !
A croidhe 's a h-aighe ag gaireadh liom ;
A ciocha geala mar blath na n-ubhal,
'S a piob mar eala la Mhárta.

Cara mo chroidhe mo Phaistin Fionn !
Bh-fuil a da gruadh air lasadh mar blath na gerann ;
Ta mesi saor air mo Phaistin Fionn,
Acht amhain gur olas a slainte !

Da m-beidhinn 's a m-baile m-biodh sugradh a's greann,
No idir dha bharraille lán de leann,
Mo chuillín a m' aice 's mo lamh faoi a ceann,
Is sugach do olfainn a slainte !

Bhi me naoi n-oichdhe a m' luidhe go bocht
O blicith sinte faoi 'n dilinn idir dha thor ;
A chumain mo chroidhe 's tigh ! 's me ag smuaineadh ort,
'S na faghainn-si le feadh na le glaoth thu.

Treigfead mo charaid 's mo charaide gaoil,
 A's treigfead a maireann de mnaibh an t-saighil ;
 Ni threigfead le m' mhairtheann gradh mo chroidhe,
 Go sinfeair a g-comhrá faoi clár me !

The following translation of it, by Edward Walsh, may be of interest to some :—

My Paistin Fionn is my soul's delight—
 Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright ;
 The bloom of the apple her bosom white,
 Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness !

Love of my bosom, my fair Paistin,
 Whose cheek is red like the rose's sheen,
 My thoughts of the maiden are pure I ween,
 Save toasting her health in my lightness.

Were I in our village where sports prevail,
 Between two barrels of brave, brown ale,
 My fair little Paistin to list my tale,
 How jovial and happy I'd make me !

In fever for nine long nights I've lain,
 From lying in the hedgerow beneath the rain,
 While, gift of my bosom ! I hoped in vain
 Some whistle or call might awake ye !

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair I'd flee,
 And all the beautiful maids that be,
 But never I'll leave sweet *gra machree*
 Till death in your service o'ertake me.

The following legend and verses, communicated by Mr. A. Carmichael, Benbecula, are well worthy of being recorded here :—“The following little poem—all of it I have been able to recover—is said to have been composed by a native of Benbecula, known as Mac 'ic Thormaid Mhoir. It is an exquisite gem in beautiful setting. The tradition concerning the reputed author is not less romantic than tragic. A young man of personal attractions was in love with a young maiden of great beauty, who warmly reciprocated his attachment. The secret of their love was known only to themselves. The young man's father was also enamoured of the girl, and sought her in marriage, and being a desirable man, and a man of substance,

his suit was strongly encouraged by the parents. Ultimately matters were brought to a crisis, and the young lovers were forced to flee. The disappointed and jealous father followed and overtook them at Oban-Rughunarsaraidh, near Creagorry. The lovers took refuge in a den on an artificial islet on the lake. Not choosing to follow them across the clachan to the den, the father, bow in hand, and eager for revenge, stationed himself on a rocky elevation on the border of the lake, within range of the den. In his youthful ardour, the son took his stand on the castle wall. Both being good marksmen, their first arrows crossed, and took effect at the same moment, and both were shot dead—the son by the father, and the father by the son. They were buried where they fell, and their graves are still pointed out. Tradition attributes these verses to the son. But they seem to me to evince a degree of refinement, an acquaintance with silver, gold, and precious stones, and with exquisite beauty in nature and art, much beyond that which a man living in Benbecula in the time of bows and arrows was likely to possess. Instead of attempting a translation, I will quote a verse by Guido Guinicelli, given in Carey's *Dante*, much resembling these Gaelic verses. But beautiful as are the lines of the Italian poet, they are, to my thinking, much less so than those of the Gaelic poet, whosoever he may have been :—

Mar chìrein nan stuagh uaine ta mo ghaol
A h-eugasg tlàth mar dheàrsa speuran ard
Alar sheudan loinneireach a dà shuil chaoin
Mar arradh air bhàrr sleibh fo ghrein nan tràth.

O ! cait am facas bean is aillidh snuagh
Ca'm facas riamh air cluan le ceumaibh seimh
Do shamhuil fein a gheug nam mìle buadh—
Mar chlach a breathadh 's an òr is aillidh sgèimh.

“To the blue wave I liken her, and sky,
All colour that with pink and crimson glows,
Gold, silver, and rich stones ; nay, lovelier grows
E'en Love himself when she is standing by.”

PURG., *Canto xi.*, l. 95.

The following elegy on the late James Murray Grant of Glenmoriston was composed by the late Angus Macdonald, the first bard of our Society :—

A chruit thiamhaidh nam pong broin,
Dùis gu ceòl bheir deòir na'n taom,

Seinn gu tróm mu'n eug a leon
 Gach Gaidheal comhla air gach taobh.
 A cheolraidh bhroin a' chomhra aigh,
 Dearrs amach ; mo cháil na múch
 'San can mi cliu Mhic Phadruig ghráidh,
 Thar tonn do shàr bha riamh 'nar duich.
 Thuit a chraoibh bu dosraich bàrr,
 Riamh a dh' fhas am frith nan gleann,
 Sguab an osnach mhillt gu làr
 Am fiurain àluin b'airde ceann.
 An t-Ailpeineach a b'uailse méinn,
 Bu mhurraich gne 's bu sheimheil beus,
 Cha chuireadh dàin ceud bhard na Féinn,
 A chliù an ceill ge h-ard a gleus.
 'S gach subhailc dhearbh e 'm modh a b'aird,
 Gach beus a b'aillidh, 'n laith a chuairt,
 Thug esan barrachd glan air chàch,
 'S gach euchd is gras, gnìomh sar is uails'.
 Sliochd nan treun-fhear euchdail cruaidh,
 Rì gaisge nuaireil, buaireant garg,
 Misneach fhoirfidh, bras mar stuaigh,
 'Nuair bhios an cuan na uamhas feirg.
 An codhail naimhdean la a' chath,
 Gun fhiamh, gun athadh dol nan dail,
 Na'n still mar dhealain speur na phlath,
 Le gathaibh millteach tolladh mhail.
 Cha chualas sgeul an euchdradh shonn,
 Nan danaibh fhonnmhor bhardaibh aosd
 'Thug barr air srachdan dhaicheil throm,
 Bha'n Coille-chragaidh lom nan laoch.
 Iain mor a Chreagan bhuail am beum
 Rinn lethean breun de'n trupair chalm,
 Bha spoltradh fola roimh gach ceum,
 'San namh na eigin roimh'n laoch dhalm.
 Laochraidh uasal bha 'san dream,
 Teaghlach cheutach anns gach doigh,
 Dhearbh deagh Sheumas anns gach beus,
 Gun robh e fein air tus a sheòrs.
 Chaill sinn cairid suairce coir,
 Caoimhneil roideil ris gach neach ;
 Rì gaoir a bhochdan dh'eisd air tòs,
 Bhiodh fuasgladh seolt o laimh mu seach.
 Beannachd fheumach mar fhrois shneachd,
 Le dùrachd o'n anam a teachd,

Air toirbheartach fial nam bochd,
Nach imich a chaoidh as mo bheachd.
Tha uaisle is maithean mor na tìr,
Fo mhulad chruaidh da rìreamh trom,
Gu'n chailleadh leo 'm fear comhairl' min,
Fear deanamh sith 'sna h-uile h-ám.
Ceann riaghailt a sheasadh dhuinn a choir,
A thilgeadh foirneart comhla uainn,
Sa chumadh ceartas, glan air seòl,
Dan aimbeartach bhreóite through.
Cha'n fhaicear leinne fad ar là,
Uasal eile b'aghair beus,
An daimh, an gradh 'san gnìomhra sta,
Mar dheagh Mhac Phadruig sar nan euchd.
A bhan-tighearn mheasail, mhodhail choir,
'S trom a león le call a fir,
Leam is oil a culaidh bhroin,
Tha dubhach, deoireach, sròlach oirr.
Do uaislean Shìoin tha i cinnt,
Le cridhe is inntinn lean i'n t-Uan,
Sith dhi, solas, buaidh, 'us slaint,
O slanuighear as lan a chuain.
Tha ann do phobull cumhnant graidh ;
'S le iochd is baigh ni 'n togail suas,
Is bheir fadheoidh gu rioghachd àigh,
Bha cinnteach dhaibh, o ghabh dhiu truas.
Gu'n tachair iad an tìr na glòir,
Se sin mo dhòchas ann an Dia ;
Lan aoibhneis, dearbhachd, sìorruidh beo,
'San du'ich ard-oidheire mar ri'n Triath.

Formerly the Highland Society of Edinburgh was in the habit of offering prizes for the best Gaelic poems on some particular subject. In 1857 the subject was "Fògradh nan Gàidheal," or the Expatriation of the Gael, and the first prize was awarded to the late James Munro, of Kilmonivaig, author of "The Gaelic Grammar," &c. :—

"A Mhic-talla na Gàidh'lteachd,
Cìod a's fáth so do'n ghàir 'tha 'sa' Ghleann ?
Cluinneam ciùcharan phàistean
Agus ochanaich mhà'irichean ann ;
Reachdraich dhaoine fo àmhghar,
Caoidhrean ògan 'us àilleagan fann ;—
Leam is tiamhaidh 'cho'ghàirich
'Tha a' taomadh ad' àros 's an àm !"

'Tha thu d' choigreach 's na Gleanntaibh,
 'Fhir 'tha 'ceasnachadh Seann-ghuth nan càrn,
 No cha b'fhàth dhuit 'bhi feòraich
 Ciod a's aobhar do m' chò'-ghair-s' an trà s' ;
 Tha Luchd-dùchais na tìre
 'S iad 'gam fògairt á innsibh an gràidh !
 'N diugh tha'n Gleann so 'ga sgaoileadh,—
 Agus sin a's ceann-aobhair do'n ghàir !

'S e 'bhi 'g ai'ris gach còmhraidh
 'Thig am' charabh is dògh dhomh o thùs,
 Ach tha m'aigne fo dhòlas
 A bhi 'g ai'ris air bròn mo luchd-dùch' ;
 Rànaich naoidheanan òga,
 Tùrsa sheann mhnathan breòite gun sùrd,
 Cnead nan sean fhear fo dhòruinn,
 Agus ospail a' chròilein gun lùs !

'Gu'n robh m'ath-sgal neo-aobhaidh
 'Nàm 'bhi 'g ai'ris na gaoire 'bha Tuath,
 Agus aitreibh 'gän sgaoileadh
 'Us an lasair 'na caoiribh m' an stuaidh !
 Tailmrich shaighdear 'us mhaora,
 Braghail chabar 'us thaobhan am' chluais,
 Donnal chon, mar ri caoineadh
 Nam panal falt-sgaoilte gun tuar !

'O ! cha b'ionann 's na fuaimean
 Sin a b'èibhinn le m' chluais ann o chéin,—
 B'iad ceol-maidne nan gruagach,
 Mar ri ceilearadh bhuaichail, mu'n spréidh ;
 Sgal an t-seannsair 'gam ghluasad
 Agus fathrum na Tuath' 'dol gu féum,
 Moch, 'us ceò mu na cruachaibh,
 'Us an dealt air na bruachaibh fo ghréin.

'Nuair a dhùisgeadh an t-Sàbaid,
 Dh' éisdinn cliù as gach fàrdaich 'dol suas,
 A' toirt molaidh do'n Ard-rìgh,—
 Agus dh'ai'risinn, tlàth, air an fhuaim,
 'S air na h-ùrnuighibh dìomhair
 'Dheant', gu h-ùmhlaidh, aig ìochdar nam bruach,
 No fo sgàile nan craobha
 'Bhiodh ag aomadh ri taobh nan sruth buan.

'S na'm biodh càs ag cur campair
Air an Dùthaich, no 'm Frangach ri strìth,
Dh'éireadh sluagh as na Gleanntaibh
Ann an àm ud, a chambach mu'n Rìgh,
'S sin air iartras nan uachd'ran
'Tha a nise 'gam fuadach á 'n glìnn,
Chionn, le Gionach na Buannachd,
Gur h-annsa na sluagh leotha Nì !

'Sid dol roinn de na Triathaibh
A rinn liansgradh o'n t-sìol a bha ann,
'Meas na Tuath' mar shliochd diolain,
'Us 'gam fuadach gu h-iargalt o'n rann ;
Cha'n eil dèidionn no fialachd
Thus 'us ceanal nan riaghlar ach gann ;
'Rìgh ! cha b'ionann o chian so,
'Nuair bha 'Thuath aig gach Triath mar ä chlann.

'Anaghaol sòigh agus mearchais,
Mar ri mòr-chuis 'us aintheas 'us pròis,
Chuir na Fearainn 'an ainfhiach,
Agus b'éudar àn cearbadh air òr ;
'N luchd-lagh' 'chaidh 'gan teachdadh,
Mar bu nòs, chuir àn anacheart 'am mòid,
Gus am b'éiginn " na sealbhan "
Uile 'mhalairt air airgead na ròic !

'So rinn fàsaichean faoine,
Lóm, gun àiteach gun daoine, 's an Fhonn
'San robh dillseachd 'us daondachd
Ann an cònuidbìbh faoilidh nan sonn :—
'S, far am buainteadh na raointean,
'S cianail mèilich nan caorach ceann-lom
'N ionad dhuaganagan gaolach
Nan gruagach a b'aobhaiche fonn !

'So rinn cònard 'us garbh-lach,
Le ain-dlighe, a thoirmeasg do chloinn
Sin nan sàr-churaidh garga
'Chùm Triatha nan Garbh-chrioch 'nàn greim
Le tréun-chalmachd àn gairdean.
'Us nach d'araich aon àm orra foill !—
'S truagh an diugh leam gu'n d' fhàgadh
An iarmad air fàrsan, gun sgoinn !

- ‘Ach, na’n tòirleamadh Baoghal
 ’Nuas, a bhagradh nam fraoch-bheann ’s nam frìth,
 Bhiodh na Maithean ud faondrach,
 ’Us an Cabraich ’s an Caoraich gun bhrìgh,
 Ach gu lòn do na nàimhdean
 A ghrad-chìosnadh, gun taing dhoibh, an Tìr,
 ’S luchd a sheasamh na h-àr’aich
 (’S do’m bu ghnàthach buaidh-làrach) d’an dìth.
- ‘Tha mo chlann-sa mu’n cuairt domh,
 ’S tha mi ’factainn sgeòil uapa, mar thà
 Cùisean làimh-riu a’ gluasad
 Anns na glinn anns an dual dhoibh ’bhi ’tàmh ;
 Tha mòr-chliù air Triath Chluainidh,
 Chionn e ’ghleidheadh an dualchais mar bhà,
 ’S nach do chuir e air fuadach
 Aon teaghlach de’n t-sluagh ’tha f’a sgàth.
- ‘’S ion bhì ’g iomradh mar chòmhla
 Air cliù Mhic an Tòisich a’ Bhràigh,
 ’S Mhic ic Eòghain nam mòr-chruach
 Nach do fhògair an slòigh as an àit ;
 Cliù Mhic Shimi na h-Airde,
 Agus cliù Mhic ic Phàdruic tha sàr ;—
 ’S bi’dh am brataich-san làidir
 An uair a bhios fàilinn air Càch !
- ‘’S ion ’bhi luaidh, mar an céudna,
 (’Us bu diùbhail mur éight’ e ’san uair)
 Gu’m bi Comunn na Féile
 Còmhla, cruinn ’an Dun-éidion gu luath,
 ’Chumail ciùil agus éideidh
 Agus cainnte nan sléibhteas a-suas ;—
 Gu’n robh cliù agus éibhneas
 A mhaireas gach ré, dhoibh mar dhuais !’

The second prize on that occasion was awarded to my friend, Mr. Farquhar Macdonell, then of Lochalsh, and now of Hawk’s Bay. Mr. Macdonell’s poem is as follows :—

’S fìor airidh air beannachd nam bàrd,
 Deagh Chomunn nan àrmunn fial,
 A bheothaich gach cleachdadh, a’s gnàths,
 A bha aig na Gàidheil riamh,

On' 's toileach leoth' fhaicinn an dàn,
Mar sgapadh 's gach ceàrn an siol,
Nior mheal mi idir mo shlàint,
Mar cuir mi gun dàil e sìos.

Na Gàidheil bha ainmeil 's gach linn,
Gu seasamh an rìgh, 's a chòir,
'S tric dhearbhadh iad le'n armaibh 's an strì,
Nach faighte fo chis an seors ;
'Nàm eiridh na 'n eideadh gu grinn,
Le torman nam piob, fo shròl,
'Siad thilleadh mar bhuinne na still,
Na thigeadh le spid na 'n còir.

Na beathraichean sgaiteach an streup,
A choisneadh le 'n euchdan buaidh,
An caismeachd mar thorunn bho 'n speur,
'Nàm tarruing nan geur lann cruaidh ;
B' aigeantach, sgarteil an ceum,
A leantuinn an deigh na ruaig,
'S 'nuair philleadh iad, 'g aithris an sgeul,—
Be 'm fasan bhi eibhinn, suaire.

Reir naduir 's e thainig mu 'n cuairt,
Gu'n thaisgeadh 's an uaigh na suinn,
'S cha 'n fhaicear an sliochd far 'm bu dual,
Ach aineamh 'measg sluaigh 'theid cruinn,
'S ann lionadh am fearann a suas,
Le coigrich gun truas, gun suim,
'S gur annsa leo' mèilich nan uan,
Na caitheamh bho thuath an fhuinn.

Ghluais acad ro ghuineach na m' chridh' ;
'S gur bras 'frasadh snithe bho m' shùil,
Ri deachdadh na 's fiosrach mi fhìn,
Mu tharruing na sgrìob bha ciuirt,
'Sliochd ghaisgeach le achdan g'am binn,
Cuir aitreabh mu 'n cinn na smùr,
'S ga 'n cartadh a mach as an tìr,
Gun chairid, gun nì, gun iùl.

Bu tuirseach am muigh air an raon,
A chunnaic mi 'n aois, 's an òig,
Is, geurad an acain, 's an gaoir,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi 'o m' smaoin ri m' bheò

Gun dachaidh, gun fhasgadh bho ghaoith,
 Ach tional an taobh nam fròg,
 'Se b'èiginn bhi gabhail mu sgaoil,
 'Sa fagail nan caol fo sheòl.

Is furasd' a thuigsinn, 's gur cinnt,
 Na th' again ri inns' na m' sgéul,
 Gur lionmhoir trioblaid, a 's teinn,
 A choinnich riuth' 'n tiribh céin ;
 Ge b' fheudar dhoibh dealach' ri'n glinn,
 Tha pàirt dheth an crìdh' na 'n deigh,
 'S ged charnadh iad airgead na mhill,
 Cha leighis e mìr dheth 'n creuchd.

O'n threig iad gach fireach, a's gleann,
 Cha 'n fhaicear, ach Gall 's gach cúil
 Am fochair a chaoirich gu tranng,
 'Se cleachdadh a chainnt r' a chù,
 Le bhreacan air fhilleadh m' a cheann,
 Is caogad car cam na rùin,
 'S gur fhearr leis an t-anam a chall,
 Na riobag bhi gann do rùsg.

O'n dh 'imich na gaisgich thar chuan,
 Cha 'n eisdear leinn duan, no ceòl,
 Cha chluinnear caomh chailin gu suaire
 Ri luinneag aig buar mu chro ;
 Cha 'n fhaicear na fleasgaich bu dual,
 A' siubhal gu ruag fir chròchd,
 Am beagan dhiubh sud nach do ghluais
 'Se th' orra 'n diugh tuar a bhròin.

Gun d' fhagadh Mac-talla fo phràmh,
 'S gach ionad 'n robh àbhaist riamh,
 'S ann tha e air leabaidh ri bàs,
 A' cumhadh nan sàr fhear fial
 A chumadh e 'n cleachdadh gach la,
 'S do 'n d' thug e a ghràdh, 's a mhiagh ;
 Cha 'n fhiu leis an dream tha na 'n àit,
 Cha toir e á 'n canran cial.

Ged shiubhlainn bho Ghearr-loch an fheòir,
 Gu'n ruiginn an t-Oban ciar,
 Cha 'n fhaicinn Ceann-tighe air fhòd,
 A dh'fhuirich do phòr nan Triath ;

An aite nan leoghann bha còir,
'Se th'ann an diugh seorsa fiat,
Airson drochart 's airgead na spòig,
A thilgeas á còir an siad.

B'e fasan, a's aiteas nan Triath,
Bha barraich' am miagh 'am muirn,
Bhi fuileachdach, calgach na 'n triall
A leantuinn nam fiadh 's an stùchd ;
Bhi sachd'adh an gillean le h-iasg,
'S toirt bhradan air fiar gu dluth ;
Bhi oranach, coranach, gle fhial,
'Nam tional nan cliar gu 'n Dùin.

'S 'n am b' fheudar dhoibh tachairt 's an àr,
Cha ghabhadh iad sgàth na gruaim,
Bha fir ac' a sheasadh an càs,
'Sa rachadh nam pàirt le h-uaille,
Na milidhnean colgarra, dàu ;
A dheanadh le 'n stráichdan smuais,
'S a ghleidheadh an reachdan bho thàir,
Le iomairt nan stàillinn fuar.

Ach 's mithich bhi crìochn'adh mo dhàin,
Le focal no dhà chuir sìos,—
Mo shoraidh, le durachd mo ghràidh,
A dh'ionnsaidh gach Gaidheal fìor,
'Se m' aiteas gu'm bi iad a fas,
An urram, 's an stàth gach ial,
'S gu'n tionail iad fathast gu 'n àit,
'Sgu'n sgapar a chàth roimh 'n t-sìol.

The following poem on the "briogais" appears to have been composed at the time when the Garb of Old Gaul was proscribed to the Highlander. It is said to be the composition of a gentleman of Lochaber. The old Highlander and a stag—"Fear nan cabar"—meet one day on the hill, and commence a dialogue—the hunter condemning the breeks. The stag, however, has a different appreciation of that garmenture, for in it he sees an obstacle to the annoyance of his species—as it rendered the hunter's locomotion difficult :—

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh anns a' mhadainn,
Gu h-airtealach, pramhail,
A' dìreadh a mach ris a' mhonadh,
Gur inuladach a ta nui ;

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Gun bhi 's an eideadh a chleachd mi,
 Ach mar bhaigear Gallda,
 Cha 'n aithnich uiread nam fiadh mi,
 'S fiadhaich leo a dh' fhas mi.

Ach so mar labhair fear nan cabar—
 “ Stad air t-ais mar tha thu,
 A Naille bheirinn' ort comhairl',
 Mar choimhearsnach cairdeil,
 B' fhearr dhut fuireach aig a' bhaile,
 'S aire thoirt air do phaislean,
 Na bhi 'n duil gu meall thu mise,
 Le d' bhriogais—mo naire !”

“ Ge ro mhath 'n t-eideadh a bhriogais,
 Cha b' i sud a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mor gu'm b' annsa 'm feileadh preasach,
 Gu deas air a charadh ;
 Chunnaic thusa sud orm roimhe,
 Ge coimheach an drast' thu ;
 'S tric a thachair sinn air fuaran,
 Shuas ud mu bheinn Allair.”

“ Gur diombach mi air a' chomhradh,
 Ge boidheach do chainnt ann,
 'S gur buidhiche mi air Rìgh Deorsa,
 Dh' fhag fo bhron 's an ám thu,
 Gu'n do bhreacan bhi air d' uachdar,
 'Chumail fuachd nam beann diot,
 Ach slaodaire dubh de chasaig,
 Am pasgadh mu d' bhraghad.”

“ Na'm faighinn s' thus agus Deorsa,
 Còmhlaith fo'n aon làmhaich,
 'S na tha dhaoine mor 's an rioghachd,
 A bha dìteadh Thearlaich,
 Gar an loisginn sràd air dhisnean,
 Ach mo shith a bhi 'm Paras,
 Naille bhuilichinn mo phearsa,
 Ri cur as duibh 'm maireach.”

“ Cha 'n fhaigh thu sinne le cheile,
 Anns a' bheinn fo d' làmhaich,
 'S ma chluinnear gu'n beil thu fein ann,
 Theid d' eigheachd 'n ad mheairleach ;

Ach na 'm b' aithne dhomh's an rathad
Rachainn do Bhruaich Mairi,
'Dh' innse gu'm beil gunna 's breacan,
Agad 's air an àiridh."

" Air lamh do mhathar 's a ghealtair,
Ge ladurna dan thu,
Ma leigeas mi riut mo chuilean,
Cha 'n urrainn thu fhagail"—
Leig mi 'n eithe ris a' ghille,
'S leig e 'n Eibheis bhan ris,
'S cha do mheall i mi 'n am bharail,
Ghrad chuir i gu bas e.

The following lullaby will be of interest to all who know Glengarry. It is said that it was adduced as evidence in favour of one of the Glengarry's, who had some litigation with Cameron of Lochiel:—

Run fearan, gaol fearan,
Run fearan a bh'ann,
Aonghais oig o Bhun-Garaidh,
'S rioghail, fearail do dhreann.
Run fearan, &c.

Aonghais oig o Bhun-Garaidh,
'S rioghail, fearail do ghreann
'S leat do chinneadh mor, meadhrach
'S leat Gleadhrach nam beann.
Run fearan, &c.

'S leat do chinneadh mor, meadhrach,
'S leat Gleadhrach nam beann,
'S leat islean is uaislean,
'S leat Cuaich o da cheann.
Run fearan, &c.

'S leat islean is uaislean,
'S leat Cuaich o da cheann,
Mar sid 's an t-Sail-chaorain,
'S Coire-fhraoich nan damh seang.
Run fearan, &c.

Mar sid 's an t-Sail-chaorain,
 'S Coire-fhraoich nan damh seang,
 'S tu Ceann-cinnidh Chlann Donuil,
 'S leat Cnoideart nam beann.

Run fearan, &c.

The following poem—"An Gleann 's an robh mi òg"—by Neil MacLeod, of Edinburgh, son of Donald MacLeod, the Skye Bard, deserves a high place in the poetry of the Gael. Mr. MacLeod sings it to the well-known Scottish air, "When the Kye come hame":—

'N uair philleas ruinn an samhradh,
 Bi'dh gach doire 's crann fo chroic,
 Na h-eoin air bharr nam méanglan,
 Deanamh caithream bhinn le'n ceol,
 A' chlann bheag a' ruith le fonn,
 Mu gach tom a' buain nan ros ;
 B'e mo mhiann a bhi 'san am sin,
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.

 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og,
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og,
 B'e mo mhiann a bhi 'san am sin,
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.

'Sa mhaduinn 'n am dhuinn dusgadh,
 Bhiodh an driuchd air bharr an fheoir,
 A' chuthag a's gu-gug aic',
 Ann an coire dluth nan cno,
 Na laoigh og a' leum le sunnd,
 'Sa cur smuid air feadh nan lon,
 Ach cha'n fhaicir sin 'san am so,
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.

 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

'N am an tional do na bhualidh,
 B'e mo luaidh a bhi na'n coir ;
 Bhiodh a duanag aig gach guanaig,
 Agus cuach aice na dorn,
 Bhiodh Mactalla freagairt shuas—
 E ri aithris fuaim a beoil—
 Ach cha chluinnear sin 'san am so
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.

 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

Ann an dubhlachd gharbh a' gheamhraidh,
Cha b'e ám bu ghainn' ar spors—
Greis air sugradh, greis air dannsadh
Greis air cainntearachd a's ceol ;
Bhiodh gach seanair aosmhor, liath,
'G innseadh sgialachdan gun gho
Air gach gaisgeach fearail, greannmhor
Bha 's a' ghleann 'n uair bha iad og.
Bha 's a' ghleann 'n uair bha, &c.

Bha de sholas dhe gach seors' ann,
'Chumadh oigridh ann am fonn,
Cha robh uisge, muir, no mointeach
Air an comhdach bho ar bonn ;
Ach an diugh tha maor a's lann
Air gach alltan agus òb ;
Cha'n 'eil saorsa sruth nam beanntan
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

Tha na fardaichean 'n am fasaich,
Far an d'araicheadh na seoid,
Far 'm bu chridheil fuaim an gaire,
Far 'm bu chairdeil iad mu'n bhord ;
Far am faigheadh coigreach baigh,
Agus ànrach bochd a lòn,
Ach cha'n fhaigh iad sin 'san am so,
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

Chaochail maduinn ait ar n-oige,
Mar an ceo air bharr nam beann,
Tha ar cairdean a's luchd-eolais,
Air am fogradh bhos a's thall ;
Tha cuid eile dhiubh nach gluais
'Tha na'n cadal buan fo 'n fhòd,
Bha gun uaill, gun fhuath, gun ann-tlachd,
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh iad og.
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

Mo shoraidh leis gach cuairteig,
Leis gach bruachag agus cos,
Mu'n tric an robh mi cluaineis,
'N am bhi buachailleachd nam bo ;

'N uair a thig mo reis gu ceann,
 Agus feasgar fann mo lo,
 B'e mo mhiann a bhi 'san am sin
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi og.
 Anns a' ghleann 'san robh, &c.

Such of you as have read the poetical works of Robert Nicol may remember one breathing similar sentiments, viz., "The Toun where I was Born." Nicol was born on the banks of the Tay, in Perthshire, in 1814; Macleod was born and brought up in the "Isle of Mist." It was the lot of both to leave the home of their youth and work for their bread in the south; but wherever they roamed thoughts of home kindled the poetic flame within their bosoms. Macleod, who still sings, composed the foregoing in his native Gaelic; Nicol, who was cut away in his 24th year, composed the following, which, I think, I am justified in quoting as a companion poem:—

The loch where first the stream doth rise
 Is bonniest to my e'e;
 An' yon auld-warld hame o' youth
 Is dearest aye to me.
 My heart wi' joy may up be heez'd,
 Or down wi' sorrow worn,
 But O it never can forget
 The toun where I was born.

The lowly hames beside the burn,
 Where happy hearts were growin';
 The peasant huts where, purely bright,
 The light o' love was flowin';
 The wee bit glebes where honest men
 Were toilin' e'en an' morn—
 Are a' before me when I mind
 The toun where I was born.

O, there were bonnie faces there,
 An' hearts baith high an' warm,
 That neebors lov'd, an' strained fu' sair
 To keep a friend frae harm.
 Nae wealth had they; but something still
 They spared when ane forlorn,
 The puir auld beggar bodies, ca'd,
 The toun where I was born.

The grey auld man was honoured there,
The matron's words were cherished,
An' honesty in youthfu' hearts
By age's words was nourished.
An' tho' e'en there we cudna get
The rose without the thorn,
It was a happy, happy place,
The toun where I was born.

Yon heather-theekit hames were blithe
When winter nights were lang,
Wi' spinning wheels, an' jokin' lads,
An' ilka lassie's sang.
At Hansel-Mondie we had mirth,
An' when the hairst was shorn
The maidens cam'—'twas cheerfu' aye,
The toun where I was born.

I maist could greet, I am sae wae—
The very wa's are gane—
The autumn-shilfa sits and chirps
Upon ilk cauld hearthstane.
Ae auld aiktree, or may be twa,
Amang the wavin' corn,
Is a' the mark that time has left
O' the toun where I was born.

The following has been contributed by Mr. Alexander A. Carmichael, Inland Revenue Officer in the Long Island—a gentleman who is, perhaps, better versed in the old poetry and lore of the Outer Hebrides than any other now living. Mr. Carmichael considers "Na h-Iollaireann" "a veritable Arthurian ballad," which ought to be prized for its rarity. "The version with the chorus," he says, "is sung by women while fulling cloth; the other is sung by men. These two versions seem to me to differ so considerably as to look like two separate ballads upon the same subject, rather than two separate versions of the same ballad." I will quote the two versions as they came into my hands, with Mr. Carmichael's notes and explanations:—

NA H-IOLLAIREANN.

Bho Mhairi Nic an Liallain (*nee* Donullach) bean Alastair 'ic an Liallain, craoitear, Faighearaidh, Uiste Tuath, 22nd Oct., 1868, Aois 44.

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*Gaelic Society of Inverness.**(Oran luadhaidh.)*

Iollaireann 'us o ro i
 An t-aobhar mu 'n taine mi steach
 Iollair o an orach o.
 Ni mi e mu 'n teid mi mach,
 Iollaireann us o ro i,
 La chai Arstar nan sluagh,
 Iollair orach o'no ro
 Gu tulach nam buadh a shealg
 Chunnacas a tighinn o'n mhuir,
 Gruagach is ailli cruth fo'n ghrein,
 Cruit an laimh na h-ineghil uir,
 Ga glan a gnuis 's ro-maith gne,
 Aig feothas dha na sheinn i 'n ceol,
 Gu'n thuit an Rìgh le (a) suain,
 Nuair a dhuisg e as a shuain
 Thug e lamh gu luath eir arm.
 A bhean sin a sheinn an ceol,
 Nach facas a beo no 'marbh.

Dh'imich e fhe' 'sa ghille 'sa chu,
 Eir luing uir a bhreid-ghil bhain,
 Far sheac seacuinean 'as tri mios,
 Bha thu sgith ri siubhla cuain,
 Mu 'n d'fhuair thu cala no fonn,
 Anns an ga'adh an long tamh.

Chunnacas an iomal a' chuain
 Caisteal min-gheal buidheach (*i.e.*, boidheach) gorm
 Uinneagan glain eir a stuaigh,
 Bu lionar ann cuach 'us corn.
 'Sa ghruagach a sheinn an ceol,
 An cathair an or is taigh,
 Strefon sioda fo da bhonn ;
 Bheannaich mise ga gnuis ghil.
 'Sann agam fhein a bha 'n long,
 Is luaith a chuir tonn a deigh,
 'Sann agam fhein a bha 'n cu
 Is luaith a chuir a shuil a (n) seilg,
 Sann agam fhein a bha 'n t-each
 Is luaith a chuir a chas eir feur,
 'S ann agam fhein a bha bhean
 Is deirge leac 's is gile deud,

Na bheannaich thu bria'ras fhir
 Struagh an cion thug thu thar tuinn
 Eir a-laimhsa a ni' bhan

Is coma liom do ghradh is d'fhuath
Dianamaid bruithinn 'us traoghamid fearg
Us cuireamaid cealg mu 'n fhear mhor.
Gu de mar a ni thu sin
'S nach thu laoch is fearr fo'n ghrein?
Chà lais teine, 's cha dearg arm eir an fhear
Ach a chlai geur glan fhein.
Gun ghoid mi 'n clai bho shlios
Thug mi dheth gu'n fhios an ceann.
Ogain ors ise thainig o'n lear
O' sann leat a chuireadh an t-euc.
Innis eir thoiseach do sgeul
Co thu fein no de d' ainm.
Mise *Boine* Boidheach na'm flath,
Agam a tha teac do sgeul
Ma's ail leat mise bhi leat,
Treachaid leac a (do) mhac Rìgh Greig,
Treachaid leac eir ailios mna
Be siod obair fir gun cheil,
Gu'n ghearr i leum as (anns) an lic,
A bhean ghlic bu ro-ghlan snuagh.
A Dhun-duigh sin sa Dhun-duigh,
A Ghrianain aluinn fad o'n mhuir,
Gur moch a ghoireas a chuach
Eir a ghualainsa Dhun-duigh.
Sin agaibh deire mo sgeil,
'S mar a chuala mi o thus.

Bho Fionnaghal Nic Leoid ("Fionnaghal ni' Chalum") coitear, Bailesear, Uist Tua, 23 Mart, 1869.—Aois 67.

"Gu de bh' ann a ghrai, ach ban-druiear bho chionn fhad an t-saoghal, agus ghabh i gaol eir oganach eireacail uasal. Agus de ach a thainig i thun an rìgh na chadal agus bha i comhradh 'sa conaltradh ris fad na h-oidhche. Dh'innis an Rìgh anns a mhaduin an t-ailleagan mna 'chum conaltradh na h-oidhche ris, agus gu'm b' fearr leis nan saoghal mu 'n ia ghrian gu'm faiceadh e rist i. Thairg an gaisgeach og a bh' ann a so falbh eir a toir agus nach tilleadh e gus am faigheadh e i ga d a ruigeadh e cul an t-saoghail. Dh'falbh e 's bha e bliannaichean eir falbh eir a toir, agus chunaig e sin teach, (taigh, mar a thuigeas sibh) a' n an aigeal a' chuain. 'Ann an aigeal a chuain!' 'Ann an aigeal a chuain a ghrai!' Ho! nach robh na bana-bhuitsichean 's na ban-druiearan 'ad coma cait am bitheadh 'ad—bu choingeis leo muir no tir. Dhianadh 'ad taigh mar an fhaoileag (*an ruideag—the kittiawake*) ann an aodan na staca 's

aird an Iort. 'S ann a sin a bha 'n caisteal ann am meadhon a chuain lan innsridh oir us airgid, strolta an t-sioda fodha 'us fo 's a chionn, agus am boirionnach a sheinn an ceol dha'n Rìgh 'na suidhe ann an 'seur' (*chair*) (cathair) oir agus streafon (*carpet*) sioda fo' 'casun; sladhraidhnean loinnearach oir 'us airgid eir chonaibh agus sleaghunn agus clai'-nean caola cruadhach fionntrain (*bronze*) ri 'fraoithibh (*walls*)."

A Dhun-duigh sin, 'sa Dhun-duigh !

Iollair o' an orach o,

A ghrian aluinn fad o'n mhuir

Iollaireann us o ro i.

Ga (fe!) moch a ghoireas a' chuach

Eir a bhuachaille Dhun-duigh.

La chai Arstar mac Rìgh nan sluagh

Iollair n'an orach o

Iollaireann us oro i

Eir tulach nam buadh, nan ruadh, a shealg,

Chunnacas a ti'nn o'n mhuir,

Gruagach a b' ailli cruth na ghrian.

Cruit an laimh na h-inibhin oig

Is milse pog 's is geal deud.

Aig fheothas 's a sheinn i chruit

Gu'n thuit an rìgh na shuain seimh,

Co math 's ga na sheinn i chruit

B' fhearr na puirt a thug i le.

'Nuair dhuisc an Rìgh as a shuain

(Ochadan ! an cadal truagh)

Bha ghruagach a sheinn an ceol

Gu'n fhios co e 'beo no 'marbh.

Labhair Fios Falaich gu fial

Theid mi fhein ga h-iarraidh dhuit—

Mi fhi 's mo ghille 's mo 'chu—

An triuir a shire na mna.

Ghluais e fhe le ghille 's le 'chu

Gu long ur a bhreid ghil bhain

Bha i seac raithean air muir

Mum facas 'ad fearunn no fonn,

No ait an ga'adh an long tamh.

Chunnaig ad an aigeal a' chuain

Caisteal buir'each min'gheal gorm ;

'Nam bhi teurnadh gu 'bhun

Thainig slabhrai dhubb a nuas.
 Eagal cha d' gha e no crith,
 Ghabh e oirre na ruith suas.
 Bha ghruagach a sheinn an ceol
 An cathair an oir is taigh ;
 Strefafon an t-sioda fo bonn ;
 Bheannaich mise ga gnuis ghil.
 Na bheannaich Dia thu fhir
 'S mor an cion thug thu thar tuinn
 Chul nan cleac bu gheal a snuagh ;
 Bha cu an taca ri eir eill
 Eir a dhiana le sheuda buadh
 Bha spuir oir eir a chois dheis
 'S bha spuir eil eir a' chois chli—
 Bha spuir eil eir a chois chli
 A dh-airgiod righ 'sa dh-òr feall
 Dianamid suidhe 's traoghamid fearg
 'S cuireamaid cealg mu'n fhear mhor.
 Ciamar a ni thu sin
 Ged bu tu laoch is fearr fo'n ghrein
 'S nach loisg tein eir 's nach dearg arm
 Ach a chlai geur fo 'shlios ?
 Ghoid 'ad an clai fo' shlios
 Bhoim 'ad dheth gu'n fhios ann ceann.
 Ma's math leat mis a bhuin leat,
 Innis dhomh beac co thu fein.
 'S mi Boine Bo'each nam flath,
 Cheud mhac a bh' aig Rìgh Fraing,
 Ma's math leat mis a bhuin leat
 Treachaid leac a mhac Rìgh Greuig
 Cladhaich an uaigh as a til (*as an dil*)*
 'S bi siod obair fir gu'n cheil
 Thug ise dudar leum dha'n lic
 'S dh' falbh an t-anam na ceo as (*aiste ?*)

Bho, Mai'read (Maireiread) Dhomhnullach (" Mai'read nighean Aonais Duinn ") Geari Iain Malachit, 10th Feb., 1870, Aois 83.

'Noiche chai Arstar nan Sluagh
 Gu tulach nan ruadh, nam buadh a shealg,
 Chunnacas a teurnadh o'n mhagh
 Gruagach a b'ailli cruth na ghrian

**Dil no til* seems to be the root of *dilinn*, the earth world, also that which is embedded in the earth and down beneath the surface.

'S cruit an laimh na h-ingham oig
'S milis pog 's as geal gne,
'S co binn 's ga na sheinn i chruit
'S binne na puirt a leig i leo ;
'S ann le fuaim a teudun binn
A chaidil an Rìgh na throm seimh. . . .
Mu'n ghruagach a sheinn an ceol
Nach facas i beo no marbh
Thuir Rìgh Sola ri Rìgh Fial
Le 'm long bhriagh bhreid gheal bhain. . . .
Far an ga'adh mo long gu tir
Chunnacas an oiteal dhe 'n chuan
Clach fhuar a fiollairean gorm
Far am bu lionar cuach agus *cuirm*
An aisirghalla (? *Bha Sior Ghallabha*) na bhun
'S bha slabhraì dhubh as a nuas
Sin an t-slabhraì nach do gha crith
'S thog i easan na ruith suas.
Bheil fear na creige so slan
An d' idir e cas no truas?
Cuis is fhaide liom nach lig
No corag dhianainn ris gu luath
Cuireamaid cealg mu 'n fhear mhor
Ciamar a ni thu sin
Cha loisg teine e 's cha dearg arm eir an fhear
Ach a chlai geur geala-ghlan fhein.
Goid thus an clai dhe 'n fhear
'S ann a bheir thu dheth an ceann
'S *carpet* sìoda fo da bhonn
'S na bheannaich a Ni thu fhir (*i.e., Nimath*)
'S trom an cion thug thu eir tuinn ;
Chunnacas an deigh ti'nn o'n mhuir
Oganach eir ghuin le airm
Bha spuir oir eir a chois dheis
'S bu leoir a dheiseac 'sa dhealbh ;
'S bha spuir eil eir a chois chli
Do dh-airgiod rìgh no dh-or feall.
Thug mi leum a chum na spuir
De ma thug cha bu mhath a chiall.
Thug easun glacadh eir arm
'S e 'm fear marbh a bhi na niall (*vicinity*).
'S ann agam a nist tha bhean
Is deirge leac ?
'S ann fotham a bhios an t-each

Is luaith a chuir a chas eir feill (? feur)
 'S ann mu 'm chois a bhios an cu
 Is luath a chuir a shuil an sealg.
 'S ann liom dh-falbhias an long,
 Is luaith a chuireadh tonn as a deigh,
 Marcach na fairge gu dian,
 Falaireac* an droim a chuain.
 Bha 'n truir bhraithse mu cheann na mne.
 Sin mar a mhareraich mi 'n t-each
 Bu luaithe 's bu reacar ceum.
 Nach ruig sibh Corra-ri-clach
 Far am faigh sibh beac mo sgeul,
 Gu slia shi'un nam briara ceart
 Far nach ga'tar ceart truas,
 Siod a cheist a chuirinn orst.
 Brath do shloine no co d'ainm,
 Mis an currai nach do gha cosg,
 A chiad mhac a bh' aig Righ Fraing,
 Liom a thuiteas clann Righ Greig,
 O mharbh 'ad fhein an treas fear,
 Mus mail leat mise thoirt leat
 Treachaid leac Chlann Righ Greig,
 Sin 'nuair a threachaid mi 'n leac,
 Gle fharsuin mar b'ail le 'fein.
 Cladhaich an uaigh as a dil.
 O si obair fir gu'n cheill.
 Thug ise leum as an lic,
 'S i bhean ghlic bu ro-ghlan snua.
 'S leum an t-anam as a corp ;
 Ochadan a nochd gur truagh,
 Na'm biodh agams 'an sin leigh
 Gu'n cuirinn e gu feum 'san uair ;
 Dhianainn t-ath-bheothachadh triuir,
 Cha 'n fhagainn mo run san uaigh,
 'S i nighean Righ Cholla ghrinn,†
 A chinnich leinn 's bu mhor am beud

* Falaire, steed (*Steud*) seems equivalent to "turf-cutter," a term applied to a fast trotting horse, more especially to the Arabian horse, I think, which throws his feet forward so close to the ground that it cuts the grass. *Fal* is turf. Is this term again allied to palfrey?

† Righ Cholla Ghrinn—King Colla.

Old King Coll was a jolly old soul,
 Neither read nor write could he ;
 For to read or to write he thought useless quite,
 For he kept a secretarie.—*Old Song*.

Mis an currai nach do gha cosg,
 A chiad mhac a bh' aig Rìgh Fraing.*
 Sin deire mo sgeoil,
 'S mar a sheinn 'ad am Bron Binn.

7TH JANUARY, 1880.

A meeting was held on this date, at which the arrangements for the Annual Dinner of the Society were completed.

EIGHTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Eighth Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Waverley Hotel—Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, Chief of the Society, occupying the chair. He was supported on the right by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., and the Rev. Mr. Bisset, Stratherrick; and on the left by Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, and Captain Scobie, Mid-Fearn. The vice-chairmen were Mr. Wm. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools, and Mr. Alex. Ross, architect. Among those present were—Captain Grant, of the Royal Tartan Warehouse; Mr. Andrew Macdonald, solicitor; Mr. Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr. G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Dr. F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr. James Barron, Bank Street; Mr. A. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*; Mr. James Fraser, Mauld; Mr. Roderick Macrae, Beauly; Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, merchant, Church Street; Mr. Murray, chief constable; Mr. A. Mactavish, ironmonger, Castle Street; Mr. Duncan Mactavish, commission agent; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, the secretary; Mr. Huntly Fraser, Kinmylies; Mr. D. Maciver, cabinetmaker, Church Street; Mr. Finlay Maciver, gilder, Church Street; Mr. Archd. A. Chisholm, Sheriff-Clerk Depute; Mr. A. Cowan, wine merchant; Mr. W. B. Forsyth, Millburn; Mr. Theodore Chisholm, Inverness Tan Works; Mr. William Bain, Heathfield Villa; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr. John Maclean, Inverness Post-office; Baillie Noble; Mr. Charles Macdonald, Knocknageal; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond; Mr. D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr. P. Fraser, contractor; Mr. James Cameron, ironmonger; Mr. D. Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; Mr. Macbean, assistant inspector of poor; Mr. D. Watt, Volunteer Arms Hotel; Mr. Thrift, Drummond Street; Mr. John Whyte, *Highlander* Office; Mr. Macrauld, writer,

* Rìgh Fraing. Which is meant, King Francis or the King of France?—the last I think.

Inverness, &c. Apologies for absence were received from the Earl of Seafield; General Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B.; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, M.P.; Lord Reidhaven; Mr. D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Cluny; Mr. Davidson of Tulloch; Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr. John Mackay, Swansea; Mr. Alan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr. Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, Inverness; Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcudbright; Mr. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; Dr. Stratton, Davenport; Mr. Charles Innes, Inverness; Mr. Burgess, Drumna-drochit; Mr. Mackay of Ben Reay; Provost Simpson, Inverness; Dr. Charles Mackay, London, &c.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly honoured and drunk—Captain Chisholm responding for “The Army,” Captain Scobie for “The Militia,” and Lieut. G. J. Campbell for “The Volunteers” —

The Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read the Annual Report, which was as follows:—“As the members have recently received the eighth volume of the Society’s Transactions, containing a full report of our proceedings during the year, it is unnecessary for me to enter into any details. Our income for the year just ended amounted to £167 8s. 7½d., and our expenditure to £135 7s. 10½d., leaving a balance to the credit of the Society of £32 0s. 9d. The membership continues to keep up well; but it is nevertheless desirable that all who wish the welfare of the Society should induce such of their friends as are not already members to join.”

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—“Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness.” He congratulated the members on the doings of the Society during 1879, and on the publication of the eighth volume of the Society’s Transactions, which showed that a great deal of labour and research had been expended on it, and their congratulations and thanks as a Society were due to those gentlemen who, by a labour of love, contributed in making it the readable volume which it really was. (Applause.) Some might think that Celtic fire was extinct, but this volume showed that, on the contrary, it burned with as great ardour as ever, for it was fully equal to any of the preceding volumes. In fact, it seemed to him that each volume as it came out was more interesting than the one preceding it, and if this be taken as an earnest that as the Society grew in age it might also increase in interest, its future must indeed be a brilliant one. (Applause.) Considering that they as a Society had arrogated to themselves the right of viewing the Highlander in his various aspects—they had seen him as a crofter and in his various other social occupations—to-night it would not be out of place to have a glance at him as he might appear as a soldier. (Applause.)

Some thought that a little military drill might improve him, and that as a soldier he would be a much more interesting subject than going about lounging, as at present, with his hands in his pockets. (Laughter.) Considering what the Highlanders were, what they are, and what they might be, and bearing in mind the distinction acquired by our Highland ancestors for military prowess, the present seemingly low ebb of military ardour in the north was a question of some interest. (Applause.) To examine it they must take into consideration three periods. The first period was one of 60 years, extending from 1757 to 1815, when men were in great demand. The second period, from 1815 to the time of the Crimean War, was one of peace. During it men were, so to speak, a drug in the market, and the Highlander was allowed to slip out of consideration and be supplanted by sheep. They might let that period for the present slip out of consideration, and treat it as it treated the men. (Laughter.) The third period was that from the Crimean War, or rather from 1859, after the threat of the French colonels which had put our present volunteer system in motion. During that period, which was our own period, the value of men again began to be recognised. Various Highland societies had started into existence, and wherever Highlanders had congregated in the towns of the south they were determined not to lose sight of the traditions of their ancestors, and through their agency, to a considerable extent, people began to put his true value on the Highlander. (Applause.) Immediately after the "rising" of 1745-6, when as a people the Highlanders were conquered, disarmed, and he might say, undressed—(laughter)—everybody thought the military spirit had been entirely crushed out of the residue of the people. (Hear, hear.) But what were the facts? Only a dozen years after that, when Pitt called on the country, how did the Highlands respond? They all knew how the Highlands responded. In the Highlands regiment after regiment was raised till, in a period of forty years, the Highlander had contributed between forty and fifty regiments, which had greatly assisted the country in maintaining her own among the European nations, and enabled the Empire to extend her boundaries in every quarter of the globe—(cheers)—which really meant the extension of civilisation, the extension of Christianity, the extension of good government, and numerous other blessings besides. (Applause.) There was a very martial song composed by his friend, that well-known Highlander, Alexander Nicolson, Sheriff of Kirkcudbright—(applause)—the chorus of which began, "*Agus ho Mhorag.*" It enumerated, in chronological order, the various actions and battles taken part in by our Highlanders from the days of Bannockburn, when Scotland gained her

independence, to the triumphal entry of the 42nd into Coomassie. (Cheers.) No one gloried in the gallant deeds of our ancestors more than he did. No one was more willing to acknowledge that by these gallant deeds a lustre was raised around them which was even shed on us their descendants at the present day, but in contrasting the past with the present he must say that he thought, with all deference to those gallant actions and deeds, that they had now among them in the Highlands men who had got the hearts to will and the arms to perform similar deeds of valour, if placed in a position where they would be called upon to do so. (Loud cheers.) Seeing that regiment after regiment was raised in those days, how did it come to pass that we cannot raise men in the Highlands in a similar way at the present day? If what he heard was true, the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits for the Highland regiments. Can our nature be changed? or must we account for it by supposing that former clearances of men, for the sake of sheep, had anything to do with it? He should say most decidedly not, because he found that if the population of the Highlands was not so large as in those days, Inverness-shire at any rate had actually a much larger population now than in the days when the tremendous drain upon their resources to which he had alluded had gone on for sixty years. If it was thought that the Highland nature had changed, and that the Highlander was not so fond of military occupation as formerly, he thought that would not bear examination; for he found that wherever the volunteer system had been established Highlanders cordially adopted it. (Cheers.) Then let any of them go to the railway station at Inverness in the month of June and they would find hundreds—he might say thousands—of West Coast fishermen going to the East Coast fishing, a calling which he might term one of the perilous occupations. (Hear, hear.) Again, if they looked at the Highlander as they found him in the large towns and cities of the south, there they would find him engaged in the peaceful occupation of policeman. (Laughter.) They had thus exemplified in the Highland character a combination of order and adventure—the essential qualities of a good soldier. (Cheers.) Looking at figures, he found that in the rural and insular parts of the country there was a great break-down. (Hear, hear.) They did not contribute many men in comparison to what they formerly did. Inverness-shire had at present an insular population of 40,000, and the contributions it made to the military strength of the Empire were very small, especially when they recollected what these districts did in former days, and the large numbers of men they contributed to fight our battles. (Hear hear.) He had heard the numbers computed at large figures, which

it was unnecessary for him to repeat ; but one thing he might mention which they did not perhaps know, and it was this—that the Isle of Skye alone had 1600 men engaged in the battle of Waterloo. (Applause.) It was all very well to state what we did. The question was—What are we doing now ? On looking at the history of the raising of the Highland regiments, he found that in each instance the entire credit was due to the personal influence of the nobles, chiefs, and gentry who took an interest in the matter. (Hear, hear.) The moment these took the initiative they had no difficulty in getting men to follow them. Did they think that if either of the Pitts or the Government of the day had simply expressed a wish that there should be an augmentation of the forces by the Highlanders, or that the Highlanders should join the army, or if they sent a Gaelic-speaking recruiting sergeant to the Highlands, would that be successful in getting men ? He had no hesitation in saying, No. The men did then what they would do now if called upon—they followed their chiefs and leaders. They followed those they knew and in whom they had confidence. The men were asked as a favour to join the regiments, and they did it. Let them look, for instance, at the history of the 92nd, where the historical and beautiful Duchess of Gordon induced the men to enlist with the bounty of a sovereign and a kiss. (Laughter.) Why, if our ladies of the present day emulated that celebrated duchess—(laughter)—they would have the country bristling with bayonets. (Applause.) It must not be supposed, that because the rural populations did not join the Volunteer force, they had lost all military spirit. If the time came when the services of the people were required as they were in former days, the Highlanders would be found to retain their ancient military renown. (Cheers.) This Society had done good work in keeping up the recollection of the past, and stimulating us of the present day to imitate the deeds of our fathers, and he would ask them all to drink cordially to its success. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. F. M. Mackenzie proposed the “Members of Parliament for the Highland Counties and Burghs.” He spoke in highly complimentary terms of all these gentlemen, and raised a cheer by expressing the hope that “the day may soon come when some of us now around this table will grace the House of Commons.”

Mr. Jolly was the next speaker. In proposing the toast of “Celtic Literature,” he said he thought he must have been again selected to speak to this toast as a sort of counteractive to the serious indictment made on the literature of the Gael by two of his Highland colleagues in last year’s Educational Blue Book. It was a subject of the greatest interest and widest range, and one deeply

affecting the interests of the Gaelic people more than many people thought. He could only touch on a few points. One point on which misapprehensions existed both among its friends and foes was its real character and importance. It should be valued for these alone, which were of high merit, and not for intrinsic and foreign elements which some of its too zealous friends arrogated to it. (Applause.) It was not valuable as containing history, philosophy, or science, or the like, the introduction of which into the discussion had complicated it with false issues. These should not be looked for there any more than grapes in Iceland or gooseberries in India. (Laughter.) Its highest merit lay in its being a vehicle for the utterance of the deepest elementary feelings of human nature, which formed nine-tenths of the daily experiences of the race, which the Highlander people uttered according to the genius of their expressive and picturesque tongue, amidst the special colouring of their mountain home, and as influenced by their race and peculiar history, and which had produced a body of lyrical poetry of great intrinsic merit, viewed absolutely, and of still higher value as a cultural element to the people that had produced it. (Applause.) He would refer only to two distinguishing elements of this poetry. First, there was its relation to nature—its character as a branch of the naturalistic poetry of our country. In that it stood high. The Highlander had been always surrounded by natural influences of the greatest power from the country in which he lived, that had brought him into special relations with nature, and had early produced a poetry of nature of a striking kind; and this at a date long anterior to the rise of naturalistic poetry in Britain. (Applause.) Here Mr. Jolly described several of the characteristics of this poetry—its animate descriptions of its various phases from sunshine to storm, its loving appreciation of its beauties both of animal and plant life, its glory in the varied scenery that filled their land, the constant interplay between nature and human feelings that pervaded it, the artistic use of its imagery in all its utterances, and the like. Such poetry wherever it existed was of high value, and an important agent in culture. (Hear, hear.) When it arose in British literature it marked an important epoch, but it had always more or less existed in Gaelic literature. He then referred to its use in early education in generating a taste for natural beauty and grandeur, and the feelings it generated in young minds. The second element of value in this literature he would refer to was its value as giving varied, beautiful, and powerful utterance to the fundamental feelings of the human heart—those of home, daily life, social intercourse, war, and devotion. Here its lyrical poetry had eminent merit.

(Applause.) He mentioned some of its characteristics, from the fiercest battle ode to sprightly humour and deep pathos and genuine passion. Such poetry should form a powerful element in the culture of any people possessing it, and it should be more employed than it had been. If rightly used it would dispel as a black mist before the sun much of the over-sombreness of the life of the Highlander and the over-sternness of his religion. (Applause.) Mr. Jolly would not enter into, was in no way fitted to express an opinion on, the character and contents of the literature as a branch of general literature in itself and as related to others. The indictment against it by his colleagues he would leave to others to answer, and it required an answer. The accusers were men of ability who did not utter themselves rashly, especially in a question bearing so strongly on their relations to their own people. Their statements on the subject were important in many ways, and should be seriously met by competent Gaelic scholars, otherwise they would remain an unanswered challenge seriously affecting their literature, and the success of their own efforts in regard to it and related questions. In regard to this also, he had heard it said that the translations of their poetry were no real expression of the original text, that they were finer than these, and specially as done by their friend, Professor Blackie, were so coloured by the personality of the writers that an outsider such as the speaker could never know what Gaelic poetry really was. Was this true? It was for them to answer that. The Highland people themselves had in general an inadequate idea of their own literature, both as to its extent and nature; that was, he feared, too true, from various causes. That gave the teaching of it to Gaelic children, if adequately done, a special value in opening their eyes, and making it the cultural agent it might become. (Applause.) The chief thing that should be aimed at was less a mere grammatical study of the words than a real insight into the literature, as poetry and beauty. For that purpose a select anthology of Gaelic poetry and prose should be made by a competent Gaelic scholar for the use of Gaelic children in the higher classes, and as a specific subject, which he hoped it would soon become. (Cheers.) He was glad to tell them that an eminent publisher was prepared to issue such a book, even at a loss, from his interest in the Highlands, and that a distinguished Gaelic scholar had determined to take it in hand. (Applause.) If that were done, it would give practical expression to what they proposed to do when approaching Government on the matter. They did not recommend exclusive Gaelic literary culture, but the native literature alongside of the higher and richer English field; but they claimed justice to the native tongue, with its special avenues to the native mind. In

that connection Mr. Jolly hoped that the Northern Meeting would do something far higher than they had been doing in "playing at Highlanders"—(loud applause)—and making a public exhibition of a few professionals—(cheers)—and would imitate the Welsh in cultivating the Highlanders in a broader and higher way, making their literature a special aim. (Applause.) What was done on such occasions was a travestie on the Highlands. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Jolly concluded by wishing all success to their efforts in the cultivation of their literature in all departments, and proposed the toast amidst great enthusiasm, coupling it with the names of Mr. Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*—whom he congratulated on his labours generally in that field, especially on the solid piece of good work performed in his "History of the Clan Mackenzie" recently published—and Mr John Whyte of the *Highlander*.

Mr. Mackenzie, whose speech is quoted from his own magazine, replied. He congratulated Mr. Jolly upon his speech in proposing the toast, and on the position he had taken up in connection with teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, and proceeded to compare his views and disinterested advocacy of the rights of Highlanders on this question, with the crude, flippant, and misleading views expressed by others of Her Majesty's Inspectors in their official capacity in their latest reports to the Education Department. (Applause.) In the capacity in which they there appear, he said, we are perfectly justified in criticising them and in asking if they are even competent judges. Their remarks on Gaelic in the last Educational Blue Book is a public challenge to this Society, and to all who take an interest in teaching Gaelic in schools, and who assert that we have any literature. (Applause.) And it appears to me that the Federation of Celtic Societies would be much better engaged in getting up an effective answer, in the form of a pamphlet or otherwise, to be sent to "their Lordships" and distributed among those interested, than in discussing such burning questions as the Land Question, and other political subjects—(loud applause)—and I trust they, and this Society, will at once take the matter up. (Hear, hear.) For me to stand up at a meeting like this, and occupy the time of the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at this time of day, to prove that a Gaelic literature exists would be quite superfluous. Those who assert the contrary are either ignorant, dishonest, or prejudiced. (Hear, hear.) I am dealing with Her Majesty's Inspectors as public officials and mean to make no personal reflections. I have no great quarrel with Mr. Ross for what appears in his report to the Education Department, for he has been driven in spite of himself to recommend "to place Gaelic in

the schedule of Special Subjects, and thus put it, as regards the country and the Universities, precisely on the same level as Latin and Greek." (Applause.) Personally, I never advocated more than is here conceded, except that the language of Gaelic-speaking children should be used as a medium to teach them English. But I know that Mr. Ross long opposed this, especially in an article which appeared in the second number of the *Ross-shire Journal*, and in a letter which he afterwards wrote to the *Glasgow News*, and to both of which I replied at the time. The "negative attitude" and other choice stock phrases of the report will also be found in his earlier lucubrations. Were it not pitiable to see a really clever Highlander disposing as he does of a great literary problem which has baffled even more distinguished scholars than he—(hear, hear)—it would be amusing to see him giving forth dogmatically, without the slightest doubt, as if he were the Pope himself acting *ex Cathedra*, his inspired conclusions on the poems of Ossian, which he says, "if ancient, would be a noble literary heritage; but unfortunately these poems are a modern fabrication." (Oh!) Get over that if you can, gentlemen of the Gaelic Society. It shows how easily an Inspector of Schools [and, thank goodness, I am not one—(loud laughter)]—can settle a controversy about which other great scholars have, even yet, some little difficulty. His elaborate paragraph on Gaelic Statistics crumbles like a pack of cards by the mere withdrawal of the word "only." I never heard that upwards of 300,000 Highlanders spoke Gaelic *only*, but the introduction of the word "only" by Mr. Ross was, of course, unintentional, though it comes in well as a prop to his otherwise weak-kneed paragraph. Other paragraphs are equally unstable, and could just as easily be tumbled over if time permitted. (Applause.) The man who composed that paragraph is too clever by half. (Cheers.) I am not, however, done with Mr. Ross. This Society has given him twenty-four pages of their last volume of Transactions for an abuse of themselves, which, in my opinion, for this reason alone, they thoroughly deserve. I cannot understand why we at all exist as a Society if all Mr. Ross says regarding us is true; and even if true, to publish his charges in our Transactions and at our own expense is a thing for which I can see no legitimate reason, and a thing against which I strongly protest. At the rate I pay for printing, his two papers cost the Society about £10, and circulation for nothing. (Laughter.) This is a great deal more than in my opinion they are worth. (Applause.) He then, at page 79, goes on to cumulate all the bad things said of the Celt by the enemies of the race for the last century and a half, pretty much as follows:—“That the Celt is an impediment vanishing before civilization like

the Red Indian; that from the dawn of history he has been centuries behind, hugging crass creeds which more enlightened people had abandoned; the best articles of his theology are disjointed fragments [where are the Rev. Dr. Mackay and other orthodox clergymen of the north?—(cheers and laughter)]; they are given to transparent pretence; they possessed incoherent eloquence [perhaps like my own—(oh! and laughter)]; a volcanic tendency to revolt; they have been visionaries dead to the laws of facts; pretentious bards; and when not dreamers, they have been scourges in lands which they failed to conquer or till. The best, the most law-abiding of them, have seldom got beyond a melancholy wail, except when passion, the attribute of animal nature, has driven them into fits of revenge; until they change they can have no kindred with the friends of progress or social reform. Their language is a fitting article for savage imagery, and crude, conglomerate thinking; their philosophies are audacious myths or shreds of savage survivals; and their much-vaunted poetry is stolen or appropriated from more fertile fields whenever it rises above the dignity of scurrilous twaddle, or extends beyond the borders of rude elemental lyric." (Oh!) I did not think that there were such a terrible lot of adjectives in Ogilvie's Dictionary. (Laughter.) He admits that this is a fierce indictment, but he has no doubt that a certain egotistical class of Celts (like the members of this Society) merit this charge. (Oh! oh!) He then goes on to say in the same strain that that ignorant type of Highlander, who sees no manly virtue except beneath the kilt, which, in his ignorance, he calls the national garb; who hears no sweet sound except that of the bagpipes, which, with equal ignorance, he calls the national instrument; and who finds no poetry except in Gaelic, which he regards as the national language. Gentlemen, what an ignoramus the Highlander has always been before we had inspectors of schools—(loud laughter)—to think that Gaelic was his national language. (Laughter.) What was it? This typical Celt is altogether ignorant of the merest elements of his ancestral history; he preaches manliness and toadies to the nearest lord—[Where are you, John Murdoch?—(applause)]—his function is to ignore facts and to over-rule the laws of social polity and national sequence. (Oh! oh!) He calls himself a reformer, and he advocates a return to the kilt, to the bagpipes, to Gaelic, all of which he loudly asserts to possess high national antiquity as well as high national virtues; but the Celtic *savant* in Europe—Mr Ross, of course; and what a blessing it is we have one modest Celt—(great laughter)—knows that the kilt is neither ancient nor Gaelic, that the bagpipe is Slavonic, and not the national instrument of the Gaelic people; and that

Gaelic itself is a very modern and very composite dialect ; and so on through this remarkable article, which you have published in your annual volume. (Hear, hear.) It is not for me to say whether this is all true or not. Indeed I dare not when such a distinguished oracle—(laughter)—proclaims it in our own Transactions. But whether it be true or not, our annual volume is not the place to publish such charges against ourselves and the race in whose interest we have come into existence as a Society. (Loud applause.) As one of the originators of this Society, I strongly protest against its funds and its volume of Transactions being used for such an unpatriotic purpose. (Cheers.) I have left myself but little time to say anything about Mr. Sime's conclusions and the manner in which he expresses them to "My Lords." He "should regard the teaching of Gaelic in schools, in any shape or form, as a most serious misfortune." (Oh! oh!) He then has a dig at the "patriots," [the word is in inverted commas of course—(laughter)] and informs us that Gaelic "is not and never will be of the slightest value in conducting the business of this world," forgetting, if common report be true, that he himself owes his position as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools to what I know to be his very limited knowledge of it. (Laughter and applause.) It must have been of some commercial value to him. (Loud laughter.) He says that there is the strongest reasons for not teaching it ; which is perfectly true from his standpoint, for the double reason, that he has not a sufficient knowledge of it to examine the scholars in it—(hear, hear)—and that most of the teachers are so ignorant of it that they cannot teach it. (Applause.) The cure for this is too obvious to need pointing out. (Hear.) I agree with him that "every teacher so situated would rejoice were Gaelic, as a spoken tongue, abolished root and branch." I know Mr. Sime too well not to know that he is incapable of misrepresenting the facts wilfully. It is, however, equally certain that he does not understand them. His references—for they are not worthy the name of arguments—about the "bread-and-butter point of view" and the comparative advantages of reading the English or Gaelic Bible, and Gaelic as a means of culture, are beneath notice. Mr. Sime would lead "My Lords" to think that we advocated the teaching of Gaelic to the exclusion of English. This is worse than nonsense. (Hear, hear.) No sane Highlander ever went that length. (Applause.) What I want, and what you want, is that Gaelic should be used as a means to teach English, and also made a special subject, as even Mr. Ross and the Educational Institute now recommend. (Cheers.) Mr. Sime most certainly does not understand the position—(hear)—for he entirely caricatures the claims of all intelligent advocates of Gaelic. (Applause.) The reasons which

he gives for his advice to their lordships are misleading and illogical on the very face of them, and they will most undoubtedly be valued accordingly. (Applause.) In conclusion, he thanks the teachers who have so readily and so fully responded to his request for information to be used in preparing his report; but I know those whose opinions, given at his request, in circulars sent out by him to teachers, and most of whom already knew his own views, are quite ignored in the report, just because they advocated that Gaelic should be made a special subject. The existence of such should have been at least acknowledged. (Cheers.) I am sorry that I should have been obliged to have spoken thus, but the challenge was a public one made by public officials in a public report. It is therefore fair game for criticism; and I have no hesitation in saying that if further challenged I shall take in hand to prove that some of these gentlemen, at least, are far too ignorant of Gaelic, and any literature it contains, to justify them in expressing any opinion upon it. (Loud applause.) I have occupied your time far too long, and I will now leave my friend, Mr. Whyte, to do the amiable part of the business. (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr. John Whyte briefly replied.

Mr. Alexander Ross, architect, had much pleasure in proposing "Kindred Societies." As the object of this and kindred societies, he said, is the preservation of records, the elucidation of our early history, and the perpetuation of all that is good and worthy in the nation, we must, I think, heartily wish them God-speed. (Applause.) Unfortunately much of the early history of Scotland, especially before the tenth century, is enveloped in darkness and obscurity, and we have but faint rays of light in the incidental references of Roman and other writers. We are thus left to grope about as we best can. These occasional lights or beacons, faint and distant though they be, serve as a starting point, and daily, through the instrumentality of zealous individuals and the encouragement of this and kindred societies, obscure points are being cleared up, and our knowledge of the early history of our native land extended. (Applause.) When we look at our Transactions, now extending to eight goodly volumes, one feels that the time of this Society has not been misspent, and that in the departments of folk-lore, philology, and song good work has been done. (Loud applause.) I am not one of those people that believe the Gaelic language is destined long to survive as a commercial language; but it is not dead yet, and will not die out in our time, and it is necessary to the very ends of history, to which I referred, that its bones should be preserved, and for this reason I hail with pleasure the successful accomplishment of Professor Blackie's task—the gathering of funds for the endowment

of the Gaelic Chair. (Cheers.) So far back as 1836 this scheme was taken up by the Gaelic Society of London, by such men as Lord Aboyne, Sir George Sinclair, and Campbell of Islay; but it was left to the present generation to accomplish what they had so well begun. The Professor of Celtic Literature should be a strong backbone and guide to the efforts of our societies, and give an impetus to the work which they have on hand. When we look how much has been done to rescue from oblivion and preserve the scattered fragments of archæological remains, and the folk-lore of the people, one must feel grateful to those gentlemen and societies that have gone before, some of them now passed away. We have only to turn to the volumes of the Spalding Club, the Grampian Club, and the Royal Antiquarian Society of Scotland, to realise what a rich field there is in Scotland, and how fertile our Highland hills are in interesting remains. (Applause.) It is true when we examine the work we find that it has been done in a large measure by a few willing hands, such as Logan, Pennant, Gregory, Stewart, Chambers, Campbell, and others; yet I believe that many of them were led to take up the work, and encouraged to go on, from their connection with societies such as this. (Applause.) I am glad to see that the songs and folk-lore are receiving special attention from the members of the Inverness Society, and from their situation in the heart of the Highlands they can, and ought, to do more than almost any other. There are, I am glad to observe, many other stations where societies have been established, notably at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Oban, Perth, and I confess I should like to hear more of similar societies in the colonies. (Applause.) I am not aware of what has been done, or that anything definite has been done in this direction—though social clubs are no doubt plentiful. I have yet to learn that they have undertaken any definite work. Mr. Mackenzie, in his late rambles through Canada, refers to fine libraries of Celtic literature and enthusiastic scholars. Surely they may do something to forward the work. Perhaps he can tell us something of the clubs. I am glad to say we have more than one society in Inverness devoting its energies to the investigation of the early records and history, and also to the collecting and storing of every trace of archæological remains that can be found, and I hope when we have the benefit of our new Museum and Library, to see them both enriched by a full complement of Celtic relics and literature. They ought to be a crowning feature of our collection, and I trust they will be so. (Applause.) When we look around, and find that even within the memory of many here, societies having those special objects in view which we now profess, have grown and passed away, and, what is still more sad, their collections

perished, we ought to make every effort to preserve what is left to us, and I do hope that, with the adoption of the Free Libraries Act, and the establishment of a permanent museum, we shall be able not only to recover, but to preserve every atom and object of interest in Highland history. (Applause.) When I said that many societies and members thereof have passed away, I am glad to be able to point to one exception, and he is a notable one—I mean Mr. Colin Chisholm, for many years President of the Gaelic Society of London, and whose kindly face and reverend appearance, at an annual feast here, adds much to the character and pleasure of the evening. I wish I could give this toast in Gaelic. It would, I am sure, be more to his mind, but in any shape it will be well received by the Society. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Colin Chisholm, in reply, said that, having been attached for the greater part of his life to kindred societies in the south, he might be permitted, at the outset, to express his opinion—as the result of observation and long experience—that it would be both desirable and beneficial for a young man from the Highlands to join a society of his countrymen in any town in which his lot might be cast in the south. The one I joined, he said, the Gaelic Society of London, the oldest of all Scottish societies in London, was a source of much pleasure and information to me. It is now venerable, having celebrated its centenary three years ago. (Applause.) The cordiality with which all present honoured “Kindred Societies” is an earnest of the undying attachment which all Celtic societies have to each other. With no other is that welfare more at heart, better understood, or more efficiently promoted than by the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr. Andrew Macdonald proposed “The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness,” remarking in a word that they continued to do their duty with credit to themselves and satisfaction to the community. (Applause.)

Bailie Noble acknowledged the toast. By the recent retirement of an excellent man, Provost Simpson, a gentleman who had done good work for a great many years, the Council was in a state of transition; but he trusted the office would soon be filled up, and that the next Provost would be a clansman bearing the name of a clan (that of Mackintosh) that had always been intimately connected with, and favourable to, the town of Inverness. (Applause.)

Mr. James Barron proposed “The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the North of Scotland”—a toast which it might be said embraced the entire material interests of the district, for it was either on commerce or agriculture that the population depended. During the past year we had experienced a crisis of exceptional

severity. So extreme was it in commerce that he hoped we might never look upon the like again. (Hear, hear.) No one could remember without a chill the gloom that sat upon men's faces, or the depression that clogged their energies and filled their hearts with dismay. Thanks, however, to the tact, forbearance, and patience of a few skilful men, the worst apprehensions were never realised, and we had now shaken off the incubus, and were rejoicing in returning prosperity. (Applause.) In agriculture, he thought, we had not been so ill-off as people were in some other parts of the country. In the country, as a whole, the wheat crop, which should have returned over 11,000,000 quarters, had failed to yield even 7,000,000 quarters; and he had observed that a farmer stated recently that he had lost £20,000 in five years. In the North their losses were not so large, but they were large enough. Arable and pastoral farmers had both suffered. Wool had fallen so low that it actually became unsaleable, and he need not remind them of the fears that were experienced regarding foreign competition in meat and grain. Happily, if they now got favourable seasons, agriculture promised to share in the revival that had set in. (Hear, hear.) We were alive yet in spite of the Americans, and, indeed, it was curious that returning vitality was in a great measure owing to this very people. The demand from the United States gave the first impulse to activity, and he had been informed that we were actually indebted to American manufacturers for the sudden and wonderful rise in the price of wool. (Applause.) In conclusion, he observed that if any agriculturists deserved to succeed, they were the industrious and intelligent agriculturists of the North of Scotland—(applause)—and if any commercial community deserved to prosper, it was that community which stood manfully together in the darkest hour, and saved an institution which so many powerful elements had combined to destroy. (Cheers.)

Mr. Robert Grant, of the Royal Tartan Warehouse, with whose name the toast was coupled, returned thanks. It was, he said, generally admitted that agriculture had not been paying, but it was difficult to say what had been paying for some time back. (Hear, hear.) The bad times had affected everything, and if commercial men said little, it was not because they suffered little, but because they had learned how unavailing it was to complain. (Applause.) There was, however, room to hope that better times were at hand. It augured well that the local institution referred to by Mr. Barron was again under weigh, and the temporary difficulties of the past well-nigh forgotten in the hoped-for prosperity of the future. (Applause.) This toast was, perhaps, too tame and practical to be very much in sympathy with a meeting of this kind, for in their past

history Highlanders have excelled more in their martial than in their commercial or industrial character. But times had changed, and Highlanders were now applying themselves to more peaceful pursuits, and this had, perhaps, as much to do with the scarcity of recruits for our regular army as the cause assigned by the Chairman. (Hear, hear.) And notwithstanding this aspect of the matter, there could be no doubt it was for the interest and benefit of the Highlands that the attention and energies of its people should continue to be applied in this direction, although the time, he hoped, would never come when the martial ardour of the clans would be extinguished in the Highlands, and could not be called forth on any great occasion. (Cheers.) The opening up of the Highlands by railway communication gave an impulse which had resulted in much material progress and improvement. In the capital business had been increased and extended. And in addition to the large works connected with the railway system itself, other industries had sprung up that gave employment to the people and contributed to the prosperity and resources of the town. (Applause.) Another hopeful feature in the commercial future of Inverness was that efforts having for their object the development of local industry and the employment for the people met with encouragement and support, and that the notion that any growth or extension of public works in the neighbourhood could interfere with the amenity of the town, as a place of residence or education, was being gradually dispelled. (Loud applause.)

Mr. W. B. Forsyth, in proposing the toast of the "Non-resident Members," said it was most gratifying to know that these gentlemen formed a considerable proportion of the Society—nearly one-half in fact—while they contributed largely to the funds, and displayed great interest in the objects and proceedings of the Society. Indeed, they composed perhaps the most enthusiastic class of members. (Applause.) He coupled the toast with the name of a gentleman who had been a member from the beginning, and had shown a lively interest in their affairs, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh. (Applause.)

Mr. Mackenzie, in responding, said that as one of the oldest, though unfortunately also one of the most inactive, members of the Society, he had much pleasure in replying for the non-resident members, who, as Mr. Forsyth remarked, formed the majority of the Society. The country members were inclined to look on the town members as a sort of general standing committee to carry out the behests of the non-residents, and that duty was well and satisfactorily performed. (Cheers.) The action of the Society which interested him most, as a teacher, was the efforts made to secure

the teaching of their native language in their schools. (Applause.) On this subject some strong opinions had been expressed on both sides, but these views were now being modified so much that there was a better prospect of an agreement on the subject. He was sorry to see their Highland inspectors going so far out of their way to decry our Gaelic literature, which, though not extensive, was interesting, and well worthy of preservation. (Applause.) He was not sure, however, that a profound acquaintance with Gaelic literature was required to enable Her Majesty's Inspectors to judge of the requirements of their districts in the matter of Gaelic teaching. Of the five inspectors at work in the Highlands, two were Saxons, and he was not sure but one of them, their friend the Croupier, was in sentiment the most Highland of them all. (Cheers.) The other had spent a dozen years in the work of education in the north, and had a good deal of sympathy with the difficulties and peculiarities of Highland education. The other three were native Highlanders. The senior of them, Mr. Macleod, was a native of the north, and had most of his official experience in his native districts. Mr. Ross was brought up in a picturesque glen of Ross-shire, and had his work in the south-west Highlands of Argyle and Bute; while Mr. Sime, whose youth had been spent in the vicinity of Loch Tay, was now having many opportunities of observing the requirements of the north. Surely, then, these gentlemen, who were men of culture and earnest students from their youth, must be acknowledged as competent judges of the requirements of their respective districts. He strongly held they were; but he was sorry to see that they did not sympathise much with Gaelic. He was, however, well satisfied with Mr. Ross's conclusion, though how he arrived at it from his premises he (the speaker) could not well understand. (Laughter.) It was remarked that Mr. Sime had consulted the teachers, which he knew to be the case; but he also knew that the great majority of them held their inspector's views. He might state that he (Mr. M.) was one of the smaller number. (Cheers.) If Gaelic were to be made a specific subject, of which there appeared to be some slight hope—(cheers)—he had reason to expect that the standard of examination would be pitched pretty high, on the model of the other languages, and if so, he would be inclined to suggest that all Highland inspectors, teachers, and editors should be required to pass the third stage before they could be qualified to examine, teach, or write authoritatively on the subject. (Laughter.)

Mr. William Mackay, solicitor, in proposing the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations," said he might perhaps be permitted to give a glimpse or two of clerical life in the Highlands in the olden

times. In bygone ages, he said, when the law was weak, and rapine and disorder prevailed, the clergy of every denomination were much more militant than they now are, and, not to go twenty miles from Inverness, we find that not only did an Urquhart minister kill a Glenmoriston man for committing a dastardly outrage on a Glen-Urquhart woman, but the Beaully priests slew a man who had unduly interfered with their fishings. Notwithstanding, however, that the Highland clergy did sometimes, in this way, take the law into their own hands, their condition was not always a pleasant one, and I find that some of them resembled St. Paul in this respect at least, that they often were in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness. For example, in 1670, the Rev. Thomas Houston, minister of the parish of Boleskine, put on record that "he had no security for his life or goods, his house being laily seized upon by Lochaber robbers, himself threatened with naked swords and drawn dirks at his breast, his money and household stuff plundered, and seeing that one of their number suffered death laily therefor at Inverness, that the rest of them were lieing in waite for his life, and threatening his ruine and damage, so that in the evening he is affrayed he will be burnt to ashes before morning." Mr. Houston also complains that even his own people fail to pay the stipend due to him, and deny him that "maintenance that the laudable laws of the land allow him, to maintaine himself and his family, and to breed his children at schooles;" and he therefore prays the Church Courts "to grant him the benefit of that remedy which the laudable laws of the Church of Christ have offered his servants in such unsupportable straits by giving a transportation from the ministrie in that place (Boleskine) to anye place quhere the Lord in Mercy may be pleased to call him." (Laughter.) Again, the Rev. James Smith, minister of Dores, in 1671, had no manse, and he complained that "he had no maintenance amongst his hard-hearted people, nor would he get so much of his own stipend as would carry him through the parish to manage his Master's affairs, but was keeped as a poor mendicant ever since he came amongst that people; that they had no inclination to do him the least duty herein though he had sought after it in the most peaceable manner that could be, as if, chameleon-like, he could live upon the aire." The people against whom Mr. Smith made these charges confessed that "they were much refreshed by him Sabbathly, both in the English and Irish languages." In Glen-Urquhart things were not better, I am sorry to say. The Rev. Duncan MacCulloch, minister of that parish, and his people were not on the most friendly terms in the year 1671. The people alleged that he "used no family

visitation," that he did not pray when he lodged in his parishioners' houses, that he neither catechised nor administered the Sacrament since his entry to the parish, that though much of his stipend had been arrested in his parishioners' hands, "he had no care to pay his debts or relieve the gentlemen from hazard of legal executions in their contrar;" and that "he was a reproach to the ministrie and the parish in going with so beggarly a habit." In return, he complained that he had neither countenance nor maintenance among his people, that the little he had possessed had been stolen from him; and that "when he is wronged or injured in his person or means they have not that due regard to him as to resent these wrongs and injuries to him." (Laughter.) The three ministers I have named were Episcopalians, at least they outwardly conformed when Episcopacy was for a short time established; but that the Presbyterian clergy were not exempt from similar treatment we find from the case of the Rev. Patrick Nicholson of Kiltarlity, against Roderick Chisholm of Chisholm, who subsequently fought for Prince Charles at Culloden. (Loud applause.) In 1738, Mr. Nicholson obtained letters of caption against The Chisholm for several years' unpaid stipend, but the caption was of little use, for, in a petition to the General Assembly, the minister complains that he "has been lately threatened by Roderick Chisholm of Comar in very menacing expressions. To witt, in these or other words to this purpose, That if I should apprehend him with caption it should be the last that ever I should use." These, gentlemen, are a few gleanings illustrative of the life of the Highland clergy in the good old times. Let us be thankful that the clergyman of our day is not subject to the same trials and tribulations. There are now no Lochaber robbers, no naked swords, no drawn dirks; and if by chance his habit approaches the stage at which it may be called "beggarly," he is straightway enveloped in a pulpit gown, the gift of the ladies of the congregation. (Loud applause.) He is not expected to live upon the air; his stipend is duly paid, and if that is considered insufficient for his maintenance, the same fair agents go to work, black mail is levied on the male section of the flock, articles of dress and ornament are gathered from far and near, a bazaar is inaugurated, prices are increased, the stipend is augmented, and, like the husband of that model woman depicted by King Lemuel's mother, the clergyman is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. No doubt, this may be, and sometimes is, carried too far; but still, better this error than that of our forefathers, and in drinking this toast let our wish be that Scotland's esteem for her worthy clergy may continue as long as the sun and moon shall endure. (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Mr. Bisset, Stratherrick, replied. It was matter for congratulation that the names of clergymen could now be mentioned in common with those of other people, and that the clergymen can be seen sitting side by side with social men at the social board, enjoying themselves and contributing to the enjoyment of others. (Applause.) We had reason to be thankful that we had seen the dawn of day—freedom and liberty; and that unkindly feelings and asperities between clergymen and laymen were things of the past. (Applause.)

Mr. D. Campbell, Bridge Street, proposed "The Press," and Mr. W. B. Forsyth briefly replied.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who was received with loud applause, proposed the health of the chairman. (Cheers.) One of the advantages which he (Sir Kenneth) had experienced by being present at this meeting was that he had been enabled to form the acquaintance of Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost, whom it was, indeed, a very great pleasure to know, and to have as Chief of this Society. (Applause.) He had been long known as an excellent Highland gentleman, and a most indulgent landlord; and in an age when the necessities of the many are sometimes sacrificed to the pleasures of the few—in an age when game on Highland properties frequently assumed a greater importance, considering the population, than it ought to assume—there was nothing of the kind to be found on his property in Skye. (Cheers.)

The Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment.

Captain Scobie gave the health of the Croupiers, which was acknowledged by Mr. Jolly.

Mr. William Mackay, solicitor, proposed in very complimentary terms the health of the Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, who, he said, conducted the work of the Society in a manner so efficient and admirable that it would be impossible to over-estimate. (Cheers.)

Mr. Mackenzie, in a word, acknowledged the compliment.

The Chairman then gave "Good Night," and the meeting separated.

Gaelic and English songs were sung in the course of the evening by Mr. Jas. Fraser, Mauld; Mr. W. Jolly, Mr. J. Maclean, and Mr. J. Whyte, Inverness; and Pipe-Major Maclellan greatly enhanced the pleasure of the meeting by discoursing some excellent bagpipe music.

The proceedings altogether were highly enjoyable.

28TH JANUARY, 1880.

At this meeting office-bearers for 1880 were nominated.

It was unanimously resolved to send the congratulations of the Society to Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Society's Bard, on the publication of her Gaelic and English Poems and Songs, in a handsome volume; and the Secretary was instructed to send a circular to the members of the Society, drawing their attention to this publication, and suggesting to them the desirability of their becoming purchasers of it.

4TH FEBRUARY, 1880.

Office-bearers were elected at this meeting. The action of the Federation of Celtic Societies, in discussing political matters (such as the land question, and the reduction of the franchise in counties) at their annual meeting was considered. Several of the members expressed themselves as being personally in harmony with the views expressed at the Federation meeting; but they held that it was inexpedient for the Federation to discuss political questions. A resolution was passed to the effect that the Federation went beyond its constitution in discussing these questions. It was, however, unanimously agreed to co-operate with the Federation in dealing with such matters as Gaelic in Schools, the Inspectors' Reports with regard to Gaelic, just then published in the Educational Blue Book, and other matters.

11TH FEBRUARY, 1880.

At the meeting on this date the Secretary announced the following donations to the Society's Library, viz. :—John Hill Burton's History of Scotland (9 vols.), and Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland (2 vols.), from Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost; Gunn on the Harp in the Highlands, from Miss Cameron of Innseagan; the Poetical Works of Mary Mackellar, from the Author; Genealogical Account of the Highland Families of Shaw, by Mr. Alex. Mackintosh Shaw, from the Author; and Notice sur les Inscriptions Latines de l'Irlande, from M. Gaidoz, of the *Revue Celtique*. On the motion of Mr. Charles Mackay, who presided, it was unanimously resolved to tender the thanks of the Society to these donors, and specially to thank Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost for the great attention he paid to the interests of the Society during the period he held the office of Chief.

Thereafter the Secretary read another paper, entitled—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

VII.

He said—I have now given you so many selections from my Celtic Portfolio that, while it is becoming well-nigh exhausted, I fear you are being wearied with them. My only excuse for appearing before you for the third time this session is that I was unable to get any one else to read a paper to-night. I will begin by reading a Duanag Chompanais by Mr. F. D. Macdonell. In the note which precedes it the Bard explains the circumstances under which it was composed :—

Rinneadh 'us sheinneadh an duanag so air Oidhche Nollaig o chionn dà bhliadhna air do bheagan chàirdean a dh'fhalbh a Cinntàile 's a Lochailse a thighinn, cuid dhiubh ficheadan mìle, 'chur seachad na h-oidhche sin maille rium. Thachair gu 'n robh beagan a dh-ìocshlaint "Iain Fhaide" 'n Lochabar a stigh aig an àm; 's mar bu ghnàth dha na suinn o 'n tàinig sinn, chaidh tar-ruing a thoirt air a' bhòtùl; 's o 'n bha mi cho toilichte 'n ceann na còisir mhosgail mo mhac-meanmua cho freagarrach 's gu 'n do sheinn mi 'm fonn agus a dhà no trì 'rainn 'n uair chaidh cheud ghloine timchioll; 'so 'n chunnaic mi gu 'n thaitinn iad gu sàr-mhath ris na h-aoidhean, cha robh uair a thigeadh a ghloine m' an cuairt nach biodh rann no dhà eil' agam gu 'n do chrìochnaichheadh an duanag.

Air Fonn—“ Let's be jovial, fill your glasses.”

Co-sheirm.

Hò rò air falldar àraidh,
 Falldar i-o ràraidh hò.
 Falldar ì ri-o ràraidh,
 Falldar i-o ràraidh hò.

Eirich suas a Bhean-an-taighe,
 'Us cuir car dhiot mar bu nòs,
 Cuimhnich gur i 'nochd an Nollaig,
 'S cuir am botùl 'n a mo dhòrn.
 Ho rò, &c

Fair a bhos e le do ghàire,
 Cha mhisde sinn làn na cuaich;
 'Dh-fhàilteachadh nan aoidhean càirdeil,
 'Chuir an dàimh an so air chuairt.
 Ho rò, &c.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Tha sinn a' so à Cinn-tàile,
 'S á Loch-aillse 's àilte snuadh,
 'S ged tha 'n tìr ud ga cur fàsail,
 Theid ar gràdh dhi leinn an uaigh.
 Ho rò, &c.

An tìr bheannach, ghleannach, thiorail,
 Ghlacach, bhiadhchar, thorach, àigh,
 An tìr luibheach, dhoireach, dhosach,
 An tìr chnocach, choireach, bhlàth.
 Ho rò, &c.

An tìr ionmhuinn, còir bhreth àrmun,
 Nach robh 'n àicheadh 'dol fo chruaidh,
 Cha robh teagamh riamh 'n am barrachd,
 'S ceann a' chabraich rompa 'suas.
 Ho rò, &c.

Na fir thaiceil, sgaiteach, ghleusda,
 Sheasmhach, threubhach anns gach càs,
 'Sgathadh naimhdean mar a' luachair,
 'Toirt na buàidhe mach 's na blàir.
 Ho rò, &c.

Anns gach cuis 's an deach an dearbhadh,
 Bha iad earbsach, deas a ghnàth,
 'S gu'm bi iomradh air an euchdan,
 Gus an teid an cé 'n a smàl.
 Ho rò, &c.

'M bodach dona 'shearg, 's a dhithich
 Sliochd nam mìlidh so chaidh luaidh,
 Ciod am fios am faicear iarmad-s'
 Anns na crìochan ud gle bhuan.
 Ho rò, &c.

'S co a sheasas e 's a phàirtidh,
 Ma theid nàmhaid air an tòir?
 'S ciod an dìon a ni na féidh orr'
 Ach a' bhéigleid bhi ri 'n tòin?
 Ho rò, &c.

B'ole a làimhsicheadh ar càirdean,
Faic! an làraichean gun cheò,
Ach gu'm pill sinn 'thìr ar n-éibhneis,
'Nuair theid Herod 'chur fo 'n fhòd.
Ho rò, &c.

Cha chuis-iongantais ar cion d'i,
'S i bhi tric a' dol tro 'r smuain,
'S gur ann innte tha ar sinns'rean,
'N a cuid cilltean deas 'us tuath.
Ho rò, &c.

'S gur i 'n tìr i 'n deach ar n-àrach,
'N tùs ar làithean ait gun bhròn,
'S sinn gun churam oirnn m' an t-saoghal—
'Cheart cho aotrom ri na h-èidin.
Ho rò, &c.

Tha iarmad fhathast 's an tìr ud,
'Seasamh dileas le'r luchd dùthch',
So i deoch-slàinte nan caraid,
'S "Bun-Lochabar" dhiubh air thùs.
Ho rò, &c.

'Us na'm faighinn fhìn an ceart uair
Lan mo ghlaice dheth a dhòid,
Chrathainn i gu cridheil, càirdeil,
Gus an cuirinn blàths 'n a mheadir.
Ho rò, &c.

Sud an curaidh 's pailte buadhan,
Com na h-uaisle 's glaine càil,
Tha e ainmeil anns gach talamh—
'S iomadh clach a theid 'n a chàrn.
Ho rò, &c.

Fhuair e géire, lànachd gliocais,
'S barrachd fiosrachd dheth gach seòrs',
'S gabhair teagasg as na sgrìobh e,
Fhad 's bhios grian a' dol 's na neòil.
Ho rò, &c.

Lion a rithist dhuinn am botul,
 Bheir sinn frogan air an òl,
 'S biomaid fearail, fialaidh, fosgarr',
 Gus an teid am ploc 'chur òirn.
 Ho rò, &c.

Mr. Macdonell also sends me the following two pieces, which I give with his own explanations :—

DUANAG

Le Iain mac Mhur' 'ic Fhearchair 'ic-Rath a bha 'n Cinntàile. Rinn e 'n duanag so air d' a mhnaoi bhi cur as a leth gu'n robh e 'n a lunndaire, 's nach deanadh e dad ach òl 'us caitheamh. Anns a' cheud rann tha e a leth thalach air a staid. 'S an ath dhà rann tha e 'g innse cuid dheth na coireannan leis am beil i 'g a bhodhradh. 'S a' cheathramh rann tha e 'g aontachadh leatha. Ach 's an dà rann mu dheireadh tha e tionnudaidh air a shàil, 's a' toirt gu a cuimhne nach bu bhodach gun stàth idir e ; ach deadh shealgair 'us iasgair bhradan—buadan nach biodh 'an duine sam bith ach ann am fìor cheatharnach.

Fonn—Tha mi tinn, tinn, tinn,
 Tha mi tinn, 's mi fo airtneil,
 Ged nach innis mi do chàch
 Ciod e fath m' am beil m' acain.

Bha mi uair dheth mo shaoghal
 Nach saoilinn gu faicinn
 Mo chomann-dair bhi teann orm,
 'S a' bhall nach do chleachd mi.
 Tha mi tinn, &c.

Mi mar sheann duine gun spéis,
 Ged nach léir dhomh sin fhaicinn,
 'S mi gun fheum fo na ghréin
 Mur a h-eigh mi air cairteal.
 Tha mi tinn, &c.

Mi gun chosnadh na mo nàdur,
 O'n là chaidh mo bhaisteadh,
 'S mòr gu'm b' fhearr mi 's a' chill
 Na no mhill mi de thasdain.
 Tha mi tinn, &c.

'S olc an céile do mhnaoi oig,
D' am bu choir a bhi beachdail,
Fear nach d' chum rithe riamh
Bonn a riaraidheadh ceart i.
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Mharbhainn fiadh, 's dheanainn iasgach
Le siabadh na slaite,
'S cha robh mi chuis ort riamh
Nach bu mhiann leam a chasg dhìot.
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Mharbhainn breac air linne bhùirn,
Agus ùdlaich' an Glas-bheinn,
'S bhiodh coileach-dubh agad o 'n ghéig,
Moch mus éireadh tu madainn.
Tha mi tinn, &c.

DUANAG

Le Iain mac 'Mhur' 'ic Fhearchair 'ic-Rath, abh a 'n Cinntàile,
air do 'n mhnaoi bhi 'gearan nach deanadh e fiù na seilge fein.

Fonn—Their mi ò ho-ri ghealladh,
Hi-ri ù na hu-o éile,
Their mi ò ho-ri ghealladh.

'S muladach mi 'n diugh ag éiridh,
'S airsnealach mo cheum ri bealach.
Their mi ò, &c.

Bi 'dh mi fhìn 'us Nic-a-Ròsaich
'Falbh an còmhnuidh o na bhaile.
Their mi ò, &c.

'S tric a laidh mi gu fliuch fuar leat,
'S gur a cruaidh leam thu mar leannan.
Their mi ò, &c.

Ge tric ag amhare fear nan cròc mi,
Cha do chuir mi dòrn d' a fheannadh.
Their mi ò, &c.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Cha do chuir mi sgian d' a riachadh,
 Cha mho reic mi 'bhian ri ceannaich'.
 Their mi ò, &c.

'Nuair nach fhaigh e air 's a 'ghaoith mi,
 Glacaidh e dhe m' aodann sealladh.
 Their mi ò, &c.

'S bidh na mnathan 'gearan cruaidh orm,
 Fhaidead 's o nach d' fhuair iad blasad.
 Their mi ò, &c.

Mise mo bhuachaille frìthe
 'S iads' fo mhì-ghean a chion annais.
 Their mi ò, &c.

Sguiridh mi nise dhe d' ghiùlain,
 Gus an teid an dùbhlachd thairis.
 Their mi ò, &c.

I will next give you "Deoch-slainte 'n Oighre," the oighre being one of the Glengarry family. The song was composed by John Kennedy, a bard of the district :—

Chorus—Olaidh mi deoch-slainte 'n oighre,
 'S toigh leam fhin e la 's a dh-oidhche,
 'Shùgh an eorna fear mo chaoimhneis,
 'S cha teid fhoighneachd ciod i phris.

'S mi gu'n òladh i 's gu'm pàidheadh
 Do'n stuth chruaidh á cuach nan Gaidheal,
 Olaidh sinn deoch-slainte 'n armuinn,
 Gu seasamh an aite 'linn.

Gar deas an Gaidheal an t-oighre—
 Domhnullach cho ard 'sa shloinntè—
 'S 'nuair gheibh e gu lamh an oighreachd
 Theid na Goill a chur fo chis!

Na biodh dùil aca ri àite
 Na oidhche thorit air an làrach,
 Bho 'na dh'fhogair iad na h-àrmuinn
 'Sheasadh leat an *Guard* an rìgh.

Sealgair feidh am beinn nan stùc thu,
Maduinn cheòthair 's eòin a' dùsgadh,
Giomhanach gunna nach diultadh—
Bi tu air do ghlùn 'san fhrith.

Giomhanach gunn' a' bheòil bhòidhich,
Leagaidh tu 'n damh donn air mòintich,
Sealgair choilich dhuibh a's gheoidh thu
'S mhealladh tu na ròin gu tìr.

Ach na'n tigeadh feum no cruadal,
Dh' éireadh Domhuallaich 's Cloinn Uaraig—
Luchd nan leadan donna dualach—
Choisneadh iad buaidh anns an strith.

Dh' éireadh Stiubhartaich bho'n Apuinn
'S Camronaich bho thaobh Loch-Arcaig,
Le'n claidheanan geura sgaiteach,
'Tighinn a staigh fo bhratach linn.

Guidheam beannachd dhuit 's buaidh làrach ;
Seasamh suas air tùs nan Gaidheal
'Chumail coinneamh air na sràidean,
Far an cluinnte gairich phlob.

Bi òl ann 's bi ceòl 's bi aighear,
Treis air cluich air ùird 's air cabair,
'Ruith as leum aig gillean gasda,
Choisneadh air luchd chasag gill.

Saoghal fada marunn buan dut—
'Togail màil bho do chuid tuatha—
'S seachdainn leinn a h-uile h-uair
A bhios tu bhuainn gun tighnn do'n tìr.

A-uile h-aon nach tog an tòsda
Tionndaibh an taobh mach de'n chòmhl' e—
A bhean an taighe dùn an seòmar—
Cha bhi h-aon de'n t-seòrsa linn.

The following spirited song, by Mr. F. D. Macdonell, needs no comment:—

MOLADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

Co-sheirm.

Hug ò-hò, laill ò-ho,
 Laill ò-hò, ro ì,
 Hug ò-hò, laill ò-hò,
 Laill ò-hò, ro ì,
 Hug ò-hò, laill ò-ho
 Laill ò-hò, ro ì,
 Gur fearail na Gàidheil,
 Mar b' àbhaist 's gach linn.

Bha 'n t-urram a ghnàth
 Aig na Gàidheil, 's gu'm bì,
 'S gu'n canadh na Bàird sud,
 O làithibh mhic Fhinn,
 Na fiùrain neo-sgàthach,
 Bhuaidh-ghàireach 's an strì,
 'S iad cinneadail, dàimheil,
 Ro chàirdeil 's an t-sith.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

Gu faighear deagh chliù orr'
 'S gach dùthaich fo 'n ghréin,
 'S gu'n cuirear air thùs iad
 'S gach tùrn agus éuchd,
 'Am misneach, 'an cruadal,
 'An uaisle 's an céill,
 'An onoir, 'am firinn,
 'S an dìlseachd d' a réir.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

Na giomanaich lughor,
 Bu shunndach 's a' bheinn,
 'S tric dhearbh iad le 'n armaibh,
 Bhì marbhtach 's an frith—
 Bi 'dh 'n coileach 's a leannan,
 'S an eala gheal mhìn,
 An fheadag, 's a' ghuilbneach,
 Le 'n cuims 'dol a dhith.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

Bi 'dh 'n earbag bheag luaineach,
'S a' ruadh-bhoc clis, fiat,
'S an damh a ni 'n crònan,
Gun deò air an t-sliabh ;
'S 'n ám pilleadh gu h-anmoch,
Gur tarbhach an triall,
Aig fleasgaich nam mòr-bheann,
Nach sòr cosg ri fion.
Hug ò-hò, &c.

Gur ait leo bhi 'g iasgach,
'S an fhial-mhadainn chaoin,
Le cuileagan brianach
Ri driamlaichean caol',
Bi'dh 'm bradan, 's a' gheadag,
'S am breac air gach taobh
Gu bruachan 'g an tarruing
Aig clannaibh mo ghaoil.
Hug ò-hò, &c.

Gur maraichean cròdh' iad,
Deas, eòlach air 'chuan,
Nach meataich a' ghaillionn,
'S nach greannaich am fuachd,
'N uair bhitheas na dùilean
'G an sgiùrsadh gu cruaidh,
Bi 'dh iadsan gu làmh'chair,
Gun sgàth air an gruaidh.
Hug ò-hò, &c.

Cha'n ioghnadh am barrachd,
'S an aitim o 'n d' bhuain,
Na fineachan fialaidh,
Bha fiachail 's gach buadh,
Ro ainmeil 'an gliocas,
'Am misneach, 's an cruas,
'S 'n uair b' fhéumail bu sgaiteach
Na gaisgich 'chur ruaig.
Hug ò-hò, &c.

Na 'n cluinneadh iad nàmhaid
'Cur càis air an tìr,
Gu faict' o gach àird iad,
A teàrnadh 'n am mill,

Gu breacanach, armaichte,
 Tarbhanta, grinn,
 Fo brataitchean balla-bhreac',
 'S ri garbh-phort nam piob.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

Bu fhathail na h-àrmuinn,
 A' fàgail an glinn,
 A chosnadh buaidh-làrach,
 Mar b' àbhaist dhaibh bhì,
 'S gur tric thug iad crathadh
 Air cathraichean rìgh,
 'S cha philleadh gu 'n dùthaich
 Gun chùmhantan sith'.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

'N uair thàrladh dhiubh còisir
 'An seòmar nam pìos,
 Bu chridheil m' an òl iad,
 Ri òrain 'g an seinn,
 Fir mhànranach, cheòlraidheach,
 Chòmhruidhteach, ghrinn,
 A thràghadh na buideil,
 'S nach sgrubadh a' phris.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

'N uair ghlacas am Bàs mi,
 'N aon àite 'g am bì,
 Gu'n guidhinn-se Gàidheil,
 Bhì lathair mo chrich'
 Bhì righeadh mo chnàimhean,
 'S a' sgaileadh mo chinn,
 'S mo ghiùlan, 's mo chàradh
 Fo 'n fhàd anns a' Chill.
 Hug ò-hò, &c.

The following is a Marbhrann by a Kintail bard to John Breac MacRae, also a Kintail man :—

Gu'm beil m' inntinn-se trom,
 'Us cha sheinnear leam fonn,
 Thionndaidh 'n aitreabh rium lom 's 'n a claraich.
 Gu'm beil, &c.

Gu'm beil m' aigneadh fo ghruaim,
'Us gur fada o 'n uair,
M' an aitreabh 's an d' fhuair mi m' arach.
Gu'm beil, &c.

An diugh cinneadh mo ruin,
Air an d' imich an cliu,
'S tric mi 'n ionad fir dhiubh o 'n dh' fhas mi.
An diugh, &c.

Cha b' e bhi 'n dubhar gun ghrein,
Fath m' udhair gu leir,
Thuit mi cumha luchd speis mo mhanrain.
Cha b' e, &c.

'S ann dheth 'n fhearann so shios,
Dh' fhalbh uainn ceannas nan cliar,
'S ann fear baile na 'n iartha 'n airidh.
'S ann dheth, &c.

Tur uasal mo ghaoil,
Chaidh thuairgneadh le aog,
'S ann 'nad ghruaidh a bha aoidh nan cairdean.
Tur uasal, &c.

'S na 'm b' fhear ealaidh mi feir,
Mar mo bharail gu geur,
'S ann ort a b' fhurasd dhomh ceutaidh aireamh.
'S na 'm b' fhear, &c.

Gu robh geire ni 's leor,
Ann an eudan an t-seoid,
'S bu cheann reite do ghloir 'an Gailig.
Gu robh geire, &c.

Fath mo chlisgidh 's gu'm b' fhiu,
Uainn a nise 's an uir,
Aon fhichead o'n phus thu—'s gearr e.
Fath mo chlisgidh, &c.

'S mor na gibhtean 's a' chiall,
Chaidh 'nad chiste fo dhion,
Thug sud iteach a sgiath an a laich.
'S mor na gibhtean, &c.

Do bhrìgh mo radhairc o thus,
 Bu tric an tadhal sin dhuinn,
 'N t-slat a thaghainn a grunn na pairce.
 Do bhrìgh, &c.

Cia mar dh' fheud i bhi dhith,
 Ach Dia bhi reiteach gach cuis,
 Bu tric sgeula nan fhiuran aluinn.
 Cia mar d' fheud, &c.

'S geur an snaidheadh o'n tuaidh,
 Bhi cur Iain 's an uaigh,
 'S bochd an naigheachd do thuath Chinntaile.
 'S geur an snaidheadh, &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo ghruaim,
 'S iad air linne leat suas,
 Air an tilleadh bu chruaidh leo d' fhagail.
 Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha do dheirbhleinean broin,
 Mar ghairm sheillein 'an torr,
 'N deigh na meala, no mar eoin gun mhathair.
 Bha do dheirbhleinean, &c.

Nise 's tuirseach an eigh,
 Gun am furtachd ac' fein,
 'S mor a thuiteas dhiubh 'n deigh do laithean.
 Nise 's tuirseach, &c.

'S mor an aireamh 's a chall,
 Cha do thearuinn mi ann,
 'S cia mar thearnas mi 'n ann a phaidhidh.
 'S mor an aireamh, &c.

Tha do cheile fo sprochd,
 'S i neo-eibhinn, gun sog,
 Meud a creuchdan 's a lot ri aireamh.
 Tha do cheile, &c.

B' fhiach a h-uidheam 's a pris,
 Fhad 's a luighigeadh dh' i,
 Ach na ghuidheadh le Rìgh nan Gras thu.
 B' fhiach, &c.

Thuit i 'cumha do dheigh,
Mar bhios puthar gun leigh,
'Us nach suidhich i ceile d' aite.
Thuit i 'cumha, &c.

A Mhic Mhoire nan Gras,
A dhoirt d' fhuil air n-ar sgath,
Gu'm a duinaeil 'n a aite 'phaisdean.
A Mhic Mhoire, &c.

The following spirited verses describe what the old Highlanders regarded as the good points of a Highland cow :—

Ged bha barail uil' aig each,
Gu'n robh mise traight' air tìr,
Bha mo phocasa gle lan,
'S gun mo lamh ri ite pinn.
Bheir mi ho air m' urrainn ho,
Bheir mi ho air m' urrainn fhein,
Bheir mi ho air m' urrainn ho,
Thogainn fonn 's gu 'n ceannaichinn spreidh.

Chuir mi duil 's a' cheird ro mhor ;
Na'm biodh mo stòras d' a reir,
Dh' fhagadh e coig bliadhn' mi og,
Grainnein dhrobb 's iad bhi leam fhein.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

Dh' aithn'chinn an t-agh dubh a's ruadh,
Donn 's air suaicheantas am bein ;
'S na'm fanadh na prisean suas,
Chuirinnse m'an cuairt an ceum.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

I bhi leathann os a cionn,
Goirid bho 'da shuil gu beul ;
Fionnadh fada, dubh, 's e dluth,
'S nach b' airde fo 'glun na mo reis.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

An aiseann fada, domhain, crom,
'S i truiste na 'com air an fheill,
Togail innte suas gu 'barr,
'S i aigeannach na 'nadur fein.
Bheir mi ho, &c.

Adharc fhada, ghorm no dhearg,
 Cluas mhor a's earball d'a reir,
 Speir dhireach 's i molach garbh—
 Bhiodh e searbh mur biodhmaid reidh.
 Bheir mi ho, &c.

The following compositions, in Gaelic and English, on the Thistle were composed by Evan MacColl (the Mountain Minstrel) for a Caledonian gathering in his Canadian home a few years ago, and are all well worthy of a corner here :—

AM FOGHMAN.

'S e foghnan na h-Alba, lus ainmeil nam buadh,
 Lus grinn nan dos calgach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh,
 Seann-suaicheantas morail tir bhoidheach mo luaidh—
 'S tric dh' fhadaidh a deagh-chliu tein'eibhinn 'na m' ghruaidh.

Lus deas nam meur crochdach nach leonar le stoirm,
 Ged 's ionann teachd gearr air 's laoch dana fo arm,
 'S leis cloimh tha cho maoth-gheal ri faoileig na traigh,
 'S barr-guchdan co ciuin-ghorm ri suilean mo ghraidh.

Mo dhuthaich ! cha'n iognadh mor-chliu air thigh'n bhuaith,
 'S a liuthad buaidh-larach 's deagh-ghnath tha ris fuaight',
 An cian is le Albainn luchd seanachais no baird
 Bidh meas air a dhealbh anns gach gorm-bhoineid aird.

Mo bheannachd gu brath air ! Co'n Gaidheal no'n Gall
 Nach seasadh gu bas e, ga thearnadh bho chall !
 Co, iosal no uasal, bheir cluas do mo dhan
 Nach oladh leam "Buaidh leis," a cuachaibh 's iad lan !

THE THISTLE.

John Bull, if he likes, may get smothered in roses—
 The odour of leek give to Cambrian noses ;
 Let Pat praise the grace which the shamrock discloses—
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
 Its stern "Nemo me impune lacessit"
 Has just the right ring for the race who caress it ;
 They aye come to grief who too rudely would press it—
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Fierce kings from far Lochlin, to break or to bend it,
Oft tried all their might—vow'd by Odin to end it ;
Let Luncarty, Largs, show what luck them attended—

The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
The Saxon next tried with the rose to supplant it,
But found a reception ne'er dream'd of or wanted ;
Retreat or a grave was just all he was granted !—
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Our emblem—true blue as the heaven above it—
What bard worth the name would not proudly sing of it ?
What patriot heart would not bless it and love it ?—

The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
Well, well may the sons of St. Andrew revere it,
All Scotsmen delight in their bonnets to wear it,
And proudly defy any symbol to peer it—
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

I will conclude by quoting Sheriff Nicolson's spirited "Highland Marching Song," in imitation of the style of Mhac-Mhaighstir Alasdair's "Agus O Mhòrag :"—

Now we're ready for the march,
Slop your arms, and step together !
Chorus—Agus O Mhòrag,
Horo, march together !
Agus O Mhòrag !

Keep your fours and march in order,
Singing chorus altogether.

Lift your heads and step out proudly,
Look not down, or round about you.

He that wears a kilt should be
Erect and free as deer on heather.

When he hears the bagpipe sound,
His heart should bound like steed for battle.

Think of them who went before us,
Winning glory for the tartan !

Vainly did the mighty Roman
Check the Caledonian valour ;

Still from each unconquered glen
Rose the men no yoke could fetter.

}
A.D. 79-420.
}

With the Bruce they drew the sword,
On the gory field of Bannock.

24 June, 1314.

In the ranks of great Gustavus
With the bravest they were reckoned.

1629-32.

'Neath the banners of Montrose
Like a storm-cloud swept the tartan ;

1644-46.

And when fell Dundee victorious,
On Rinrorie's blood-stained heather.

27 July, 1689.

In the steps of Royal Charlie
Many a laurel did they gather,

From the route on Preston brae
Till the day of black Culloden :

}
21 Sept., 1745, to 16 April, 1746.
}

And in Fortune's darkest hour
Closer round him did they rally

On the field of Fontenoy
They held nobly up their banner.

42nd,
11 May, 1745.

Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh for ever.

42nd,
7 July, 1758.

At Quebec their pibroch shrill
Up the hill went breathing terror.

Fraser's Highl. (then 78th),
13 Sept., 1759.

On the sands of Aboukir
Rang their cheer mid hail of bullets.

42nd, 79th, 92nd,
8 March, 1801.

When Sir Ralph the good and brave,
On Iskandria's plain was stricken,

Heedless of life's ebbing tide,
He stood beside his Forty-Second.

}
42nd, 79th, 92nd,
21 March, 1801.
}

Many were their deeds of arms
'Gainst the swarms of Hyder Ali.

The grim fort of Savendroog
They refused not to adventure ;

And the dizzy rock they scaled,
Which none dared before or after :

} 71st and 72nd,
21 Dec., 1791.

Leagured close in Mangalore,
Tipoo and his hordes they baffled :

73rd,
May, 1783—
30 Jan., 1784.

And the Sahib's cruel power
'Neath Seringa's towers they buried.

73rd and 74th,
4 May, 1799.

First of many a field of war,
Where great Arthur ruled the battle,

Do their colours tell the tale
Of the famous fight of Assaye.

} 74th, 78th,
23 Sept., 1803.

So the story is of Maida,
Where the pride of France they levelled

78th,
4 July, 1806.

On Corunna's bloody shore
Their onset gladdened Moore in dying ;

42nd, 71st, 92nd,
16 Jan., 1809.

And on many a field of Spain,
To their ancient fame they added :

*a*Talavera, *b*Fuentes d' Onor,
*c*Vittoria, *d*Salamanca !

*a*79th, 91st, 27-28 July, 1809.
*b*42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 92nd,
5 May, 1811.

*e*Badajoz, *f*Ciudad Rodrigo,
*g*Pyrenees, and *h*San Sebastian !

*c*71st, 74th, 92nd, 21 June, 1813.
*d*74th, 79th, 22 July, 1812.

*e*74th, 6 April, 19 Jan., 1812.
*g*42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, 92nd,
28 July, 1813.
*h*92nd, 31 Aug., 1813.

When they crossed the *i*Bidassoa,
Still before them Soult retreated :

Nivelle—Nive—Orthes—*l*Toulouse—
Scarce the Muse their steps can follow !

} *i*42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st
92nd, 7-9 Oct., 1813.
*k*10 April, 1814.

On the slopes of Quatre Bras
The Frenchmen saw them stand unbroken.

42nd, 71st, 73rd, 79th, 92nd,
16 and 18 June, 1815.

On the day of Waterloo
The pibroch blew where fire was hottest. 42nd, 71st, 73rd, 79th, 92nd,
16 and 18 June, 1815.

When the Alma heights were stormed,
Foremost went the Highland bonnets, 42nd, 79th, 93rd,
20 Sept., 1854.

And before their "thin red line"
The Cossack rider turned and vanished. 93rd,
25 Oct., 1854.

When on India's burning plains
Dearly saved was Britain's honour,
Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest. } July, 1857—Nov., 1858.

Joyful rang the pibroch loud
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow,
And, like angels sent to save,
Came the brave ones to the succour. } 78th, 25 Sept., 1857.
42nd, 78th, 79th, 93rd,
19 March, 1858.

When Ashantees savage lord
Loosed his dusky hordes for havoc,
Through Adansi's horrid wood
In order good they led the battle ;
And their stately tramp awakened
Thy forsaken streets, Coomassie ! } 42nd (with 135 of the 79th),
31 Jan., 1874.
4 Feb., 1874.

As it was in days of yore,
So the story shall be ever :

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing :

Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

But when they have sheathed the sword,
Then their glory is to succour ;

Hearts that scorn the thought of fear
Melt to tears at touch of pity ;

Hands that fiercest smite in war
Have the warmest grasp for brothers ;

And beneath the tartan plaid
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.

Think then of the name ye bear,
Ye that wear the Highland tartan !

Jealous of its old renown,
Hand it down without a blemish !

Agus O Mhòrag,
Horo, march together !
Agus O Mhòrag !

18TH FEBRUARY, 1880.

The business at this meeting was purely of a routine character.

21ST APRIL, 1880.

At this meeting the Secretary stated that he had received for the Society's Library a copy of a new translation of Buchanan's "Latha 'Bhreitheanais," the translator and donor being the Rev. John Sinclair, Kinloch-Rannoch.

28TH APRIL, 1880.

At this meeting Mr. Mackay D. Mackenzie, National Provincial Bank, Newport, Monmouthshire, was elected an honorary member, and Mr. George Miller Sutherland, Wick, and Mr. D. Cameron, Blairour, Aonachan, by Kingussie, ordinary members. Thereafter Mr. William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read the following paper :—

THE STRATHGLASS WITCHES OF 1662.

In the year 1563 an Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament ordaining that those who dealt in witchcraft, sorcery, or necromancy, and those who consulted with such persons, should be punished with death. This statute, which remained unrepealed till 1736, was the source of untold and incredible cruelty and bloodshed. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the belief in witchcraft was universal. Every one, from the king to the peasant,

lived under its baneful influence, and the clergy—acting up to the express letter of the Scripture precept, “thou shalt not suffer a witch to live”—were specially earnest and diligent in seeking out and bringing to judgment such as were supposed to have intercourse with the Evil One. The principal victims were poor and decrepid old women, vast numbers of whom were tortured to make the requisite confessions, and then, on the plea of those confessions, hanged or burnt at the stake. The General Assembly of the Church issued acts and instructions regarding the sin, which were scattered broadcast over the land; and thus we find that, in 1640, it was ordained “that all ministers within the kingdom carefully take notice of charmers, witches, and all such abusers of the people, and urge the Acts of Parliament to be executed against them”; and three years later the Assembly, “taking to heart the abundance and increase of the sin of witchcraft in all the sorts and degrees of it,” recommended “that a standing Commission for a certain time be had from the Lords of Secret Council or Justice General, to some understanding gentlemen and magistrates within the bounds of presbyteries, that should crave it, giving them power to apprehend, try, and execute justice against such persons as are guilty of witchcraft within these presbyteries.” Days of humiliation were observed on account of the supposed evil, and presbytery and session records bristle with trials of suspected persons who, if found deserving of being cut off from Christian communion, were afterwards given over to the more deadly attentions of the criminal courts.

Strange as it may appear, it was in the southern counties, where orthodoxy of the strictest type held sway in those times, that the full force of the anti-witchcraft storms was felt; but an occasional blast of those southern gales found its way across the Grampians. Thus we find that, at a meeting of the Presbytery of Dingwall, held in that burgh on 28th August, 1649, a communication from the General Assembly was read, ordaining a fast, one of the reasons being “the continuance and increase of sin and profanity, especially of the sin of witchcraft”; and instructions from the Commission of the Assembly repeatedly appear in the Presbytery records to the effect that witches on trial are not to be sworn—the idea apparently being that, as the Prince of Darkness was the only lord and master whom those persons professed to serve, it would be blasphemous as well as useless to administer to them the oath which Christians are considered to respect.

During the troubles that filled the period between the death of Charles the First and the restoration of Charles the Second in 1660, there was a lull in the activity of the witch-hunters, and accordingly the latter event found a great accumulation of old

women whose presence was supposed to curse the land, and whose removal to another place was deemed necessary. The return of the Merry Monarch brought no joy to those poor beings. Immediately on the restoration the Privy Council issued a great number of commissions to gentlemen in every shire, and almost in every parish, in Scotland; and in about two years the land was swept of hundreds of wretched beings, who were tortured and put to death, the most eminent statesmen, clergymen, and lawyers taking part in the proceedings. Of those commissions perhaps the most remarkable was one issued to try a batch of witches in Strathglass, of which the object of this paper is to give an account, and to which I shall now advert.

Previous to 1662 a colony of Macleans had for ages been settled as kindly tenants on The Chisholm's estates in Strathglass. In that year a number of them, if not the whole, were accused of witchcraft, and taken in hand by Alexander Chisholm of Comer (The Chisholm of the time), with the approval, apparently, of the ministers and gentlemen of the parishes of Kilmorack and Kiltarlity, within which the Macleans resided. At that time, as we are told by the Rev. James Fraser of Kirkhill, who probably was an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes, "there came to Inverness one Mr. Paterson, who had run over the kingdom for trial of witches, and was ordinarily called 'The Pricker,' because his way of trial was with a long brass pin. Stripping them naked, he alleged that the spell spot was seen and discovered. After rubbing over the whole body with his palms he slipt in the pin; and it seems, with shame and sorrow being dashed, they felt it not, but he left it in the flesh deep to the head and desired them to find and take it out. It is said some witches were discovered, but many honest men and women were bloated and broke by this trick. In Elgin there were two killed; in Forres two; and one, Isobel Duff, a rank witch, burned in Inverness. This Paterson came up to the Church of Wardlaw [Kirkhill], and within the church pricked fourteen women and one man, brought thither by The Chisholm of Comer, and four brought by Andrew Fraser, Chamberlain of Ferrintosh. He first polled all their heads, and amassed the heap of hair together, hid it in a stone dyke, and so proceeded to pricking."

The witches, having thus been subjected to "a serious and exact enquiry" in the manner customary at the time, and The Chisholm being satisfied that there was what lawyers call a *probabilis causa* against them, an application was made to the Privy Council for a Commission to try them and put them to death. The application was granted at Edinburgh on 26th June, 1662, the Commissioners being The Chisholm, Colin Chisholm, his brother, and

John, Valentine, and Thomas Chisholm, his cousins, to whom a document was delivered, endorsed, "Information how to proceed in y^e tryall of y^e witches after Commission granted to judge them," and dated 12th June, 1662. This document I shall here quote, substituting the modern orthography for that in which it is written—a liberty which I also intend to take with the other writings which I am to quote:—

"An assize [jury] must be summoned by a warrant subscribed by the Commissioners named in the Commission, of fifteen honest men. A dempster of court must be created and sworn; and then the court [must be] fenced. Then the panels brought, their dittay [charge] read. But before the reading of the dittay, the names of the assizers [jurors] must be called. After the reading of the dittay the panels must be asked if they confess the dittay to be true. And if they confess, the assize must be called and sworn; but before they be sworn the panels must be asked if they have anything to say against them. After they are sworn they must enclose themselves where nobody must speak to them till they give out their verdict. The assize must choose a Chancellor [foreman], who must pronounce the verdict and subscribe it. And, after all, the Commissioners must pronounce their sentence.

"Before the Court be fenced, a procurator-fiscal must be chosen and sworn, who must give in the dittay and roll of the assizers to the clerk, and must take instruments upon their [the witches'] confessions, the swearing of the assize and their verdict, and upon the sentence. The sentence must run thus:—'That forasmuch, &c., are fyld [found guilty] by an assize of the horried crime of witchcraft contained in their dittay, therefore the Commissioners appointed by His Majesty's Privy Council for trying the persons, &c., do, by the mouth of _____, their dempster, ordain and adjudge the said persons to be taken upon the _____ day of _____ to the _____, and there they to be strangled to a stake and their body burnt to ashes, and their moveable goods to belong to His Majesty.'

"Before the Court is fenced the Commission must be read, and the Court fenced in the King's and the Commissioners' names."

The Chisholms, as I have said, received their commission on 26th June, but their course was checked in a somewhat unexpected manner. The Macleans, in their distress, sought the protection of the chief of their clan—Sir Allan Maclean of Duart, in the distant Island of Mull. Sir Allan heartily responded to their cry, and on their behalf presented a petition to the Privy Council, setting forth their cause and demanding justice for them, the result being that the Council recalled the Commission to the Chisholms, and ordered them to appear in Edinburgh with the

accused. The Council's order is lengthy, but I may be permitted to give it here :—

“ AT EDINBURGH, the Third day of July, 1662 years, anent a petition presented by Sir Allan Maclean of Dewart, Knight, and his curator, for himself and in name and behalf of his kinsfolk and friends aftermentioned, viz., Hector and Donald Maclean; Janet Maclean, spouse to John Maclean; Margaret Maclean, sister to the said Janet Nien ane Coell; Kathrine Nien ane oar vic ean vic Culleam; Jonet Nien Rory voie; Mary Nie Finlay vic comes; Kathrine Nyn owan vic connoch; Mary Dollor; Kathrine Nein Farquhar Macean; Cormyle Grant; Mary Nein goune; Baikie Nien ian dowie vic Finlay; Christian Nein Farquhar vic ean; Baikie McInsh; Mary Muarwrie muish, and certain other persons in prison, SHOWING that Alexander Chisholm of Comer; Colin Chisholm, his brother; John, Valentine, and Thomas Chisholm, his cousins, having conceived an inveterate hatred against the supplicants because he could not get them removed from their lands and possessions in a legal way, whereof they have been kindly tenants these two or three hundred years bypast, they have most unjustly seized upon them, and at their own hand, without any order, yea, expressly against the proclamation issued out by the Lords of Privy Council, have incarcerated the whole women above-written in the said Alexander Chisholm his own house, and the said Hector Maclean, in the Tolbooth of Inverness; and do daily search after the said Donald Maclean, so as he dare not keep his own house; and not being content therewith, upon allegiance that they are guilty of witchcraft, they have most cruelly and barbarously tortured the women, by waking, hanging them up by the thumbs, holding the soles of their feet to the fire, burning of them, and drawing of others at a horse's tail, binding of them with widdies [withes] about the neck and feet, and carrying them so alongst on horseback to prison, whereby and by other torture one of them hath become distracted, another of them removed by death, and all of them have confessed whatever they were pleased to demand of them; all which is done against His Majesty's laws and authority, they being His Majesty's free subjects: Notwithstanding whereof, as the petitioners are informed, they, upon the twenty-sixth day of June last bypast, have purchased from the Lords of Privy Council, upon false allegiances, a Commission to put several of the petitioners to death upon these extorted confessions upon torture more bitter than death itself: Desiring therefore warrant for directing of letters to charge the said Alexander Chisholm and foresaid persons to present the said Hector Maclean and remanent persons above

specified before the Council, safe: And in the meantime to discharge them and all others from proceeding against the said persons by virtue of any former Commission, as the petition bears; which petition being at length heard, read, seen, and considered, the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council ORDAIN the said Alexander, Colin, John, and Thomas Chisholm to be cited before them to answer to the foresaid complaint, and to exhibit the said petitioners to the effect the said Lords may take trial of the truth of the premises, and take such course thereon as the cause shall require, under the pain of rebellion; and in the meantime have discharged, and by these presents discharge the Commissioners appointed for trying and judging of the said petitioners, or any of them, to proceed against them notwithstanding of the Commission granted for that effect, as they will be answerable at their peril.

“Extracted per me,

“PET. WEDDERBURNÆ.”

This order having been served upon the Chisholms, they and the ministers and gentlemen of Kilmorack and Kiltarlity sent the following “Supplication” to Edinburgh, and presented it to the Privy Council:—

“To The Right Honble. The Lords and Others of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

“The humble Petition of Alexander Chisholm of Comer, of the Ministers and other gentlemen of the Parishes of Kilmorack and Kiltarlity.

“Humbly Sheweth,—

“That notwithstanding that we, your Lordships' supplicants, did, upon a most serious and exact inquiry, imprison and examine several persons delated for witchcraft within the foresaid parishes, and upon our address made to your Lordships, and advice taken from His Majesty's Justice-Deputes, did obtain a Commission for putting of them to trial, yet the Laird Maclean, a person noways concerned, upon the information of John MacRorie, *alias* Maclean, husband to one of the confitents, and nearly related to the rest, hath, by libelling most notour and injurious calumnies, obtained a warrant to cite over the said Alexander Chisholm, one of our number, and to bring to Edinburgh the said delinquents who, because of their decrepidness and the length of the journey, cannot, without a long time and much expense, be brought thither; and if they were brought will fix a precedent throughout all the nation, which would undoubtedly burthen the whole leiges with great expense

and vast trouble in bringing of them there, and the town of Edinburgh in keeping and alimending of them when they were brought, especially considering that His Majesty's Justice-Deputes are shortly to hold court in these places, and that in law cognizance of crimes is best taken in the places where they were committed.

“May it therefore please your Lordships to discharge the bringing over of the said delinquents, seeing the said Alexander Chisholm, and the others who are alleged to have tortured them, are content to vindicate themselves before your Lordships from these aspersions wherewith they are so groundlessly charged: As also to discharge the bringing over of Hector Maclean, imprisoned at Inverness for theft and other crimes, seeing it is not alleged that he is tortured, and seeing to bring over such as he is were to settle justice aires at Edinburgh.”

In consequence of this “Supplication” the case seems to have been remitted to the Justice-Depute, and he caused those who were alleged to have been tortured to be brought to Inverness, and their persons to be examined by Finlay Fraser, one of the baillies of Inverness, in presence of John Neilson, notary public. The result, which is satisfactory from The Chisholm's point of view, is embodied in the following “Instrument” by the notary:—

“Apud Invernes sexto die mensis Octobris, anno Domini, millesimo sexcentesimo sexagesimo secundo, et Regni S. D. N. Regis anno decimo quarto.

“That day, in presence of me, notary public underscribing and witnesses afterspecified, Compeared personally Finlay Fraser, one of the baillies of Inverness, who passed with me to the personal presence of Christian nein Farquhar vic Ewen, Marie nein Alister vic Conchie, Christian nein Phail, Marie nein Gowin, Bakie nien Ian duy vic Finlay, Janet nein Ian Chaoil, Janet nien Rorie buy, Donald our M'Phail, Gormell nein duy, and Murell Dow, who were apprehended by Alexander Chisholm of Comer, and panelled before His Majesty's Justice-Depute for the crime of witchcraft; and, at the direction of the said Justice-Depute, did sight and try the hands and feet of the forenamed persons to see if they had any mark of torturing on them, but did see no such mark; and did interrogate them if they had any mark of torturing upon any part of their bodies, and if they had, to show it him, which none of them could show: In respect whereof the said Alexander Chisholm asked and took instruments in the hands of me notary public underscribing: This was done at the door of the prison vault in

Inverness, by nine hours in the forenoon, day, month, and year foresaid, in presence of Simon Fraser, son lawful to John Fraser of Glenvaickie; Alexander Grant and Robert Winchester, merchant burgesses of Inverness; Alexander MacClacher, pyner, and several other witnesses to the premises called and required.

“Et ego vero Joannes Neilson, Notarius Publicus, &c.

(Signed) “JO. NEILSONE,

“Notarius Publicus.”

This instrument is the last document which I have been able to discover in connection with those interesting proceedings; and probably their subsequent history cannot now be further traced. We gather, however, from the Rev. James Fraser, whom I have already quoted, that several of the witches pricked by Paterson at Kirkhill, “died in prison, being never brought to confession”; the rest—for the Commission for their trial was not renewed—escaped that fearful death to which at one time they seemed to be doomed. This deliverance they undoubtedly owed to the patriarchal and practical interest taken in them by Sir Allan of Duart, to whom, as their Chief, they still looked for protection, notwithstanding that they and their forefathers had been removed from his country for at least “two or three hundred years,” and that a journey from Strathglass to Mull in those times was a more serious undertaking than a voyage across the Atlantic in our day. In the annals of our country there is perhaps no case which illustrates better than the one now under consideration the strength of that cord of care and confidence which in the olden times bound together the Chief and the Clan, and which the more conservative of our Highland Chiefs still strive to preserve; nor do I know of any incident that more vividly reflects the best features of the old clan system. In this present age of boasted “progress,” and cold, calculating, and distant dealing between the high and the low, it affords the student of the past no small pleasure to stumble upon such kindly deeds as the exertions of Sir Allan Maclean, the Knight of Duart, to shield from injustice his “kinsfolk and friends,” Jonet Nighean Iain Chaoil, and Bakie Nighean Iain Duibh Mhic Fhionnlaidh, the poor witches of Strathglass.

Paterson, the pricker, we are told, “gained a great deal of money, having two servants. At last he was discovered to be a woman disguised in men’s clothes.” He—or she—was not the only person who flourished on the villainous profession of “discoverer” of witches. At the very same time a wretch of the name of John Kincaid pricked witches and made money in the south of Scotland; and John Dick, another pricker of equal eminence, made

the district of Tain the field of his operations. But the growing intelligence of the nation gradually made it impossible for such men to live; the year 1727 saw the last witch who suffered in Scotland burnt on the Links of Dornoch; and in 1736 the statute-book was purged of the Act on which were founded the cruelties and murders that darken and disgrace the seventeenth century.

5TH MAY, 1880.

At this meeting Dr. Hugh Fraser, Morven, Argyllshire, was elected an ordinary member. The other business was formal.

19TH MAY, 1880.

At this meeting Mr. William Mackay, solicitor, and Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, were delegated to represent the Society at the meeting of the Federation of Celtic Societies to be held on the 21st May, 1880, in Glasgow.

26TH MAY, 1880.

At this meeting Mr. Alex. Mackenzie reported that he had attended the meeting of the Federation of Celtic Societies in Glasgow, on the 21st May, as a delegate from this Society. That meeting, he said, had resolved upon the appointment of a committee to make arrangements for offering prizes for the collection of unpublished Gaelic poetry, folk-lore, and Highland music.

The Secretary produced a copy of the *Oranaiche*, which he had received from its compiler, Mr. Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow, as a donation to the Society's Library, and he was instructed to send Mr. Sinclair the thanks of the Society therefor.

NINTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Ninth Annual Assembly was held on the evening of Thursday, 8th July, 1880. The meeting-place was the Artillery Drill Hall, which was nearly full. Beside members of the Society, there were present a good few attenders of the Wool Market and others interested in the gathering. During the assembling of the audience, Pipe-Majors Maclellan, H.L.I.M., and Mackenzie, H.R.M., played selections of Highland music at the entrance to the Hall; while the pipers of the I.H.R.V. marched through the streets playing. The chair was taken at a quarter to eight by the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, Edinburgh, the Chief of the Society, and accompanying him to the platform were :—

Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Rev. Mr. Lee, Nairn; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Inverness; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr. H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk; Ex-Provost Simpson; Mr. Charles Mackay, Drummond; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*; Mr. D. Ross, Scinde and Punjaub Railway; Mr. F. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr. Walter Carruthers, Gordonville; Mr. Murdoch, *Highlander*; Mr. Alexander Ranaldson Macraird, writer, &c. Mr. William Mackenzie, the secretary, intimated the following apologies:—Cluny Macpherson, Professor Blackie, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Lochiel, M.P.; Mr. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr. Macdonald of Skaebost; Mr. John Mackay, Swansea; Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Dr. Charles Mackay; Mr. Charles Innes, Ballifeary House; Mr. Donald Davidson of Drummond Park; Mr. Mackenzie, Auchindunie; Mr. Mackay, of Ben-Reay; Dr. Stratton, Devonport; Major Grant, Drumbuie, &c.

The following was the letter from Mr. John Mackay, Swansea:—

“I am very much obliged by your favour of the 30th ult. just received. From my heart I regret that numerous pre-engagements prevent me attending the annual assembly of the Gaelic Society on the 8th inst. I regret it the more as I shall be deprived of a fitting opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of our Chief, of a fitting opportunity, too, of paying him the homage of my sincere respect, and great regard for him, for his personal worth, for his labour and works in the field of Celtic literature, for his unswerving devotion to the cause of his oppressed countrymen, and for his persevering advocacy of their interests and requirements, social, moral, and intellectual. He is an Inverness-shire man. You have a right to be proud of him, and I am sure the members of the Gaelic Society will accord him such a welcome, and such a reception, as befit so good a chief, so pure and noble a man, so earnest and true, and so enlightened and persevering a worker and advocate, for everything tending to the advancement and prosperity of the Gael. Wishing you every success possible to be attained.”

The letter from Dr. Charles Mackay, dated from Fern Dell, Dorking, was as follows:—

“It would give me great and sincere pleasure if I could be present at the annual meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, to which you have sent me an invitation. But it is not possible for me to leave London at present. I fear I am but an inefficient member of the Society; but my heart is with you in all your

efforts to keep alive on the altar the old fire of the Celtic language, and to prevent its extinction at the hands of the careless and ignorant people of the present day, who do not appreciate, or even know, the value of the inheritance that has come down to them from the most venerable antiquity. I wish the Scottish Highlanders would show a little more energy in the cause, and would imitate the zeal of the Irish in preserving and disseminating the language, and in enshrining it in the estimation and the memory of the learned. But I am afraid my countrymen are too Saxonised and demoralised to follow where the Irish lead them, and that fewer true Highlanders are to be found in the Highlands, than in the United States and Canada. The more's the pity. I wish I could be present with you to say what I write, though at ten times greater length. But I cannot manage it."

Professor Blackie's letter was as follows:—

" Altnacraig, Oban, 6th July.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that an unlooked-for complication with a previous engagement must prevent me from attending your Gaelic meeting on this occasion. Nothing gives me so much pleasure during the summer months as taking part in such an exhibition of true Highland sentiment as your gathering commands; but I must school myself to bear this and not a few other disappointments. Besides, it is nothing that I can do for the Highlanders now; my task is done; and they must help themselves. The Celtic Chair is now secure, and might be started to-morrow, if we were as impatient as some persons more zealous than considerate would wish us to be. Only let the Highlanders see to it that the *Gaelic Bible be read*, and *Gaelic songs be sung regularly in all the Highland Schools*; and everything else will follow. But if they allow the Highland soul to be sucked out of them by Saxon schoolmasters, Saxon inspectors, and Saxon sheep-farmers, there is no hope for them.—
Ever yours,
JOHN S. BLACKIE."

The Professor was announced to address the meeting, and his absence was the cause of evident disappointment. The musical part of the programme was begun by Mr. Donald Graham singing Ailean Dall's well-known song, "Na m faighinn gille ri 'cheannach." Thereafter, the Chief, Dr. Maclauchlan, delivered the following address:—

I have great pleasure in being present at this meeting this evening, and having an opportunity of speaking a word on Highland subjects in this the capital of the Highlands. I am myself a native

of this locality, as many of you will know ; so were my forefathers before me. I believe that the dust of my ancestors for many generations will be found lying in the burying-grounds of Kirkhill, Boleskine, and Moy ; so that I am a pure Inverness-shire man, almost an Inverness man. (Applause.) Not that I believe this makes me any better than I otherwise would be, but it gives me a peculiar interest in this locality. I would not give much for the man who has no tie to places as well as persons. At least I would not give much for the Highlander who is of that cast. I have another reference to make to what is personal to myself. When asked to take the important office which I now hold in this Society, I was told that I was asked, not as a minister, but as a Highlander who has some claims upon his countrymen of all professions and denominations. Well, I had no difficulty about that. Not that I can cease to be a minister or wish to do it even here. I am proud of my profession. No men have done more than ministers for Celtic literature. I could give you a string of the names of ministers famous in the field. But I have always striven to maintain a position associated with literary and national objects outside the professional field. And I never regretted it or found myself the worse of it. I there had a platform on which I could meet men of every creed and profession. And never will I forget the hearty goodwill with which a worthy Roman Catholic priest came up to me, after the publication of the Dean of Lismore's book, and congratulated me, as a Macgregor which he was, in doing so much to bring honour on his name and Church. He knew well that the Dean was a Macgregor and a dignitary of the mediæval Church. Now, while a minister by profession, and proud to be one, I stand here to-night as neither minister nor layman, neither Whig nor Tory, advocating no distinctive creed, but solely as a Highlander who has been long and warmly interested in the history, the literature, and the general well-being of his Highland countrymen, and who has tried to make his voice, when he could, heard in their behalf. (Applause.) Passing from this, I have to advert very briefly to two or three subjects interesting to Highlanders—and first of all, their past history. There is nothing in it that is not creditable to the race. There is much, no doubt, that savours of the times such as they were, but nothing that brings discredit on the race. They have always been intense, and so they continue to be, and will probably while they exist. The very early period of their history in Scotland comes down to us with the marvellous story of Galgacus, as told by Tacitus. Why, these kilted ancestors of ours measured swords with the Romans ! The incident is as well authenticated as any which Tacitus relates ; and more than measured swords with

them, came off victorious. At least the progress of the Romans northwards was checked, and Agricola retired southward to his winter quarters. Nor did the Romans ever penetrate into the heart of the country again. They sailed round the coasts, and formed a few settlements as far north as the county of Moray, but the heart of the country, and particularly the Highlands, remained untrodden and untouched during the whole Roman period. In later times, too, the Highlanders took their share in the struggles that affected the welfare of the country. They shared in the conflicts of Robert Bruce. No doubt the Macdougalls of Lorn were hostile to Bruce, and showed it. But they were but a section of the Highlanders, and Bruce's own reserve at Bannockburn, on which he relied in case of necessity, was, so far as infantry was concerned, composed entirely of Highlanders, and nobly did they maintain the honour of their name and country. And so down to modern times, when they bore at least their own share in the conflicts of Great Britain, and on every hand they have maintained the credit of the race, and won for themselves an imperishable name in the annals of this great nation. (Applause.) We do not desire to make a boast of all this. Let these things speak for themselves. But there are times when they, as well as others, should be reminded of them. And I think the time and place which I occupy here affords a fitting opportunity which it would be wrong to neglect. We are not ashamed of being known as Highlanders; quite the reverse. I have been often struck by the absurdity of the name which is often given in modern times to the inhabitants of this country. I do not refer to the name *English*, as if we were all Englishmen, and some Scotsmen do try their utmost to conceal their nationality. I refer to the term Anglo-Saxon. Did you ever hear of such a piece of tautology? It is a mere reduplication of what is virtually the same thing. Are the inhabitants of this country Anglo-Saxon? Many of us have not one drop of Saxon blood in us, and don't feel that we are a hair the worse. (Cheers.) Are the Welsh Anglo-Saxons? I say, ask them, and you will find what they themselves think. Are the native Irish Anglo-Saxons? If they were they had been differently treated by the dominant race. I believe the Irish question to be simply a question of race. But we have about six millions of the inhabitants of this United Kingdom Celtic in blood and temperament; and to be called Anglo-Saxon is a contemptible blunder founded in ignorance and prejudice. We are an Anglo-Celtic race, and nothing else. (Cheers.) It is amusing to see and hear what the Anglo-Saxon has done at home and abroad, as if the very soul of every enterprise of his did not largely depend on Celtic energy and life. Your colonists are as much Celts as Saxons, as

every one visiting them cannot fail to observe, and these Celts are not the least successful of them. (Applause.) But the subject of Celtic literature comes up for consideration at a meeting like this. I have often said that Celtic literature is a word that includes much. There are six millions of people embraced in the Celtic-speaking population of Western Europe, and each branch of these has its own literature. You have the literature, oral and written, of Brittany, which is full of interest. It is not abundant, but, taken along with the ancient remains of that beautiful country, it presents a field of observation and study second to none in Europe. It is most exciting for a Highlander to travel in Brittany, and to see and hear what he sees and hears there. Everywhere he meets something different from home and something like it. Above all, it is the region of poetry, of which, as with ourselves, almost all the literature consists. I would advise every Celtic enthusiast to travel in Brittany. He brings home facts and impressions new to him and full of instruction. The literature of Cornwall is, like that of Brittany, not extensive. It is remarkable that these two projections into the Atlantic, the two Cornwalls, one of France and one of Britain, are occupied by a Celtic race, and till recently both by a Celtic tongue. And these two tongues are closely related, and are the possession of what must originally have been the same people. The remains of Cornish literature have only been printed recently, but were it nothing else than William's Cornu-British Lexicon, that literature has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the race. In Wales the literature is abundant. Numerous newspapers and other periodicals exist, and you could fill the shelves of a moderately-sized library with original works in prose and verse. If I were a rich man I would like to collect a Celtic library. But as I am not, I must collect such books as I can. But the Gaelic Society of Inverness might set itself to do a less wise thing than to collect a library of works in the six Celtic tongues. It would be unique and full of interest. (Applause.) Man has its literature—peculiar, but of much value, giving us a special and distinct orthography, and retaining idioms peculiar to itself. I have been in Man, and tried to converse in Manx. But they are hard to understand, these Manxmen. And their profuse admixture of English with the native language makes it more difficult and not easy to comprehend. The literature of Ireland is an honour to the race and country. It gives some idea of what the native Celt really is. I have a great respect for the Saxon. He has proved his worth by what he has done in the history of the world. No race in it has left a broader or a deeper mark. But he does not readily mix with the Celt. There are sources of irremove-

able antagonism between them, and hence they are hindrances and not helps to the progress of each other. The bitterness that fills the Irish native mind is not that of politics or religion. It is, as I said, of race, and will not easily be removed. But hard pressed as the Irish have been by their antagonist, the Irish have noble relics of the past—relics worthy of a great people. In literature were there nothing but their annals, they are a possession such as no other nation has, and the recent publication of large sections of their literary remains, in transcribed MSS., presents us with a literature well worthy of the name. Our Gaelic literature is but a section of the literature of the Celtic race, and is not to be taken alone. In quantity it may be less than either the Irish or the Welsh ; in quality it is behind none. Ossian, as we possess it, is the finest production of the Celtic mind. (Cheers.) I enter here into no controverted question, but take the poems as we have them. Much of the Irish Ossianic poetry is doggerel, though there are fine fragments. But Ossian, as Macpherson gave it to the world, is poetry, rich in all that constitutes poetry, and made an impression to correspond. Saxon jealousy, and some Celtic, broke out against it, as it would to-morrow again in the same circumstances. But there it is, and you might as well attempt to blot one of the stars out of the firmament as the name of Ossian out of the roll of the world's great poets. (Applause.) The very controversies regarding him and his poetry are tokens of his power. Gaelic literature, both prose and verse, is of great antiquity, so great that it was in its period of decadence before the English language existed as we now have it. (Hear, hear.) The remains of it are few, it may be, but they are samples of what must have been a wonderful whole. The MSS. existing—theological, philosophical, medical, astrological, genealogical, topographical, grammatical, &c.—are mere samples, but they are samples that could not have existed did they not represent a great deal more. (Applause.) They all indicate a maturity that could only come of extensive practice. Some of these, such as the Book of Deir, and the works of the Mull Macleans, the physicians of the Lord of the Isles, are unmistakably Scottish. Modern Celtic literature, I need hardly say here, is largely composed of poetry. For 150 years poets have been singing in Gaelic on all the subjects that usually interest their class. From Mac Mhaighistir Alastair and Donnachadh Ban we have a string of them, while even before their day we shall find Eoin Lom and John Roy Stewart. Even now they exist, and two of them I know as connected with my own flock in Edinburgh—Mrs. Mac-kellar and Neil Macleod—no unworthy members of the fraternity of Gaelic bards. We lately lost an admirable Gaelic scholar in the

person of Mr. D. C. Macpherson. I confess to a great love of the Gaelic tongue. People say it is dying. So much the greater the pity. People tell you would it not be better to have but one spoken tongue in the country? Not a bit. Does the British army lose by its variety of nationalities? Quite the contrary. It adds to its strength. Its Irish and Highland and Welsh and English regiments add to the general strength and life of the army, so do the various tongues as they exist among us add to the general power and high spirit of the British nation. They coalesce admirably, and yet each has its own distinctive character and force. Things don't gain in grace and power by being reduced to the level of a common uniformity. It does not do to make a man all head or all heart. He is the better of having a share of both in suitable proportion. So the Gaelic should live, and to live should be taught. (Applause.) A Highlander who talks Gaelic is not educated unless he can read it. I have nothing against the national school system. I believe more of the youth of the Highlands in getting a good education than ever in their history. But I fear that there is less teaching of the native tongue, from what I can hear. It is not justice to the people of the Highlands not to teach them to read Gaelic. (Applause.) How it is to be done I am not to discuss. There are plenty funds to serve the purpose if they could be got at, and I do not know a more patriotic object to devote them to. It is all well to speak of Gaelic literature. But what is the use of a literature that cannot be read. And I speak very emphatically of religious literature, which has done so much for the elevation of our Highland countrymen. It will be useless if it cannot be read. Our Bibles and Catechisms and other moral and religious publications, of which there are so many, will be thrown well nigh away if the people have not the power of reading them. The reading of Gaelic must be taught while the people speak it, and this Gaelic Society of Inverness, which has done good service already, must do more by knocking at every door that offers the slightest hope until the object is accomplished. All faithful and loyal Highlanders must join in this. I have taken my own share of the work, and I am willing to take more. Alex. Macdonald says of the Gaelic :—

“Si labhair Adhamh ann am Parras fein,
 'S bu shiubhlach Gailig a beul aluinn Eubh,
 Och ! tha 'bhuil ann ! 's uireasbhach, gann, fo dhith,
 Gloir gach teang' a labhradh cainnt ach i.”

I must say a word on the social condition of the Highlands. High-

landers may now be divided into two great sections—the home and the colonial. I have seen and perused with interest the accounts given of their visits to America by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Murdoch, your two active and energetic Celtic editors. It is of importance for us to know the lot of our countrymen both in Canada and the United States, and they have given us a faithful picture of it. I have been in America, too, and have visited most of the townships in Canada where Gaelic is spoken. It is, however, six-and-thirty years ago, and things must be changed since. But I saw sufficient to satisfy me that Highlanders had, for the most part, made a good exchange. I took dinner one day in the farm-house of a Skye emigrant. I was made most comfortable, and I asked my host which he liked best, America or Skye? His answer was—“I could not spread such a table before my guests in Skye.” He had improved his condition substantially, and all was his own. He had no fear of landlord, or factor, or sheriff-officer. But America has its drawbacks. I would specially notice the climate. The heat and the cold are both terrific. There are immense distances to travel, bad roads, and a multitude of minor inconveniences. America is no garden of Eden, although a good country for men who practically have no other. But is not this a better country, and is there not abundant room in it yet? (Laughter and applause.) I am no revolutionist. The rights of property may not lawfully be abolished. But I am here to say that our landlords never did a thing more unwise than in driving the people out of the country. The people they have sent adrift are now their great rivals in the produce markets, and they will be so increasingly. All America needs is a market for her produce, and men have immense advantages who have no rent to pay. It used to be said that every man we sent abroad became a consumer of our produce of various kinds. He has turned out a producer, and a very abundant one. When I see our desolated straths and glens, I cannot but think of the infatuation that sent the people who once filled them away to cultivate the forests and prairies of America, enriching another nation, and impoverishing our own—(applause)—and my feelings are the same when I see the back streets and lanes of our cities occupied by a people who once trod independently their native heath, spoke and sung in their native language, and contributed their share largely by their toil to the national wealth. Such things will and must have their Nemesis. (Applause.) It would be better for the land, the landlord, and the people, that the Highlanders had been left to cultivate the land which they called their own, which they won and kept by the sword for their landlords during many generations, and from which they were cast out as a thing of nought. (Applause.)

How the evil is to be remedied I don't pretend to say. But if there is to be legislation in connection with our land laws, the Gaelic Society of Inverness might use their influence in directing it with regard to the Highlands in the way most likely to serve the interests of the Highland people. In many parts of the country they themselves seem to have a very small share of that civil liberty for which as a nation we struggled so long, and may, perhaps, be afraid to act. Their friends must act for them. One other subject. Can we not next year have a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland? The Irish had it last census but one. Why should not we? The Church Committee, of which I am convener, have unanimously memorialised Government in favour of such a census. It would be full of interest, and could be made to serve important practical grades. Would this Society send a memorial to the same effect? It is quite in their line, and would be of great and substantial service to the Highlands. Your excellent M.P., Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, has promised his hearty support. And now let me again thank you for the honour you have done me. I wish your Society a long and prosperous course, and desire that it may serve to promote largely the best interests of our much-loved Highlands. And in taking leave, let me say with the Gaelic bard:—

“ Gu meal sibh breth agus buaidh,
 Gu meal sibh uail agus muirn,
 Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
 'S mo bheannachd fein dhuibh air thùs.”

“ An la a chi 'us nach fhaic.”

“ Ho 'n clo dubh ” was then sung by a party of ladies, who displayed careful training, and received a deserved encore. The ladies were Miss Young, Huntly Street; Miss Macbean, Church Street; Miss Macdonald, Armadale Cottage, Greig Street; and Miss Noble, Bunachton. The pieces sung by the party during the evening were taken from the *Celtic Magazine*, as contributed by the Secretary of the Society. Miss Watt followed with “ In my wild mountain valley,” which was rendered with her accustomed grace and that musical culture for which she is distinguished. She was encored, and gave “ Comin' thro' the Rye.” Next came the “ Highland Fling,” danced by four Highlanders—Pipe-Major Mackenzie, Ross-shire Militia; Pipe-Major Ferguson, Inverness Rifle Volunteers; and Messrs. Reid and Kennedy, Inverness. This also had to be repeated, and then Miss J. Clarke Fraser sang “ The auld Hoose ” very pathetically. Miss Lizzie Macbean gave “ Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn,” and showed herself an accomplished Gaelic songstress, both as regards the music and pronunciation.

Mr. Colin Chisholm, Inverness, then addressed the meeting as follows:—A Dheadh Chinn-iuil, A Bhantighearnan agus a Dhaoine-uaille. A thaobh 's gu'n cuala sibh Gailig mhath agus moran do dheadh Bheurla o 'n Ollamh MacLachlain, cha ruig mise leas guth a radh mu dheibhinn sean eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd—chuala sibh sin o fhear a tha moran nis fiosraiche na mise. Ach feudaidh sinn iomradh a thoirt air beagan ghnothaichean is fhaisge air ar tiom fein. Bho 'n tha saor-shaigdearan a' bhaile so cho math 's gu'n tug iad cead dhuinn cruinneachadh a nochd fo chromagan an tigh is modha 's is fhear a tha aca fein tha duil agamsa gu'm bidh e araid focal no dha a chantainn mu 'n deibhinn anns a' chiad dol a mach. A reir mo bheachdsa, tha e na aobhar uaile 's na aobhar toillichidh do mhuintir Inbhirnis gu'm bheil na ceudan de'n daoine fein ullamh fo arm 's fo eideadh gu iad fein agus an duthaich a dhion. Tha iad cho foghuinteach, cho tapaidh, cho ealanta, 's cho glan-ionnsuichte an cleasachd nan arm, agus anns gach cleas eile ri daoine tha giubhlan cota dubh no dearg, eadar dha cheann na rioghachd. Na 'n tigeadh caonnag, no cogadh 's gu'm biodh ceartas an cunnard, a choir ri sheasamh, no toireachd ri thoirt a mach, dheanadh misneachd, cruadal a's treubhantas saor-shaighdearan Inbhirnis so a dhearbhadh. Tha cuid ag radh gu'n robh na Gaidheil bho shean cho traileil 's gu'n rachadh iad do 'n choille comhla ri 'n ceann-cinnidh gus an taghadh iad a chraobh ris am bu mhath leo bhi air an crochadh. Cha 'n eil dearbhadh ged bha na daoine bho 'n d' thainig sinn fir mhodhail, gu'n robh iad neo-eisimeileach, agus ro dhileas dha na Tighearnan. Mar dhearbhadh air an earbsa as an deadh-bheachd fein dh'islich iad Mac-'ic-Ailein, agus Fear-na-Ceapaich. Chuir iad as an ard-inbhe le cheil iad agus chuir iad daoine eile na 'n aite. Bha Clann-Choinnich cho beachdail 's cho ceannasach 's nach leigeadh iad le 'n ceann-cinnidh, Iarla Sithphort, Caisteal Bhrathainn a leagail gu lar. 'Nuair a ghabh Tighearna Ghlinn-Urachidh na cheann gu'n togadh e caisteal dha fhein shuidhich e steidh air bruthach ri taobh Loch-Ta, ach cha do thaitinn an larach ri na Cambeulaich 's b'fheudar do "Dhonnachadh Dubh na Cuic" Caisteal a' Bheallaich a thogail aig ceann Loch-Ta. Bho so chi sinn nach robh na Fineachan Gaidhealach gun chomhairle na 'n ceann fein. Bha na Tighearnan ag earbsa as an t-sluagh agus an sluagh earbsach as na Tighearnan, fhad sa chitheadh iad ceartas a dol air adhart. Ach bha na Gaidheil laidir daingean na 'm beachd fein. Mar dhearbhadh air so, seall mar rinn iad am Bliadhna Thearlaich air Tighearna Ghrannnd. Thionail e aona-ceud-deug fear 's dh'iarr e orra eiridh le Diuchd Uilleam. Cha do fhreagair duine ach naodhnar as a chiad e. Air an aon doigh, thionail Mac Leoid mile fear mu Chaisteal Dhun-

bheagan 's cha do lean e fein agus Diuchd Uilleam ach an coigeamh earrainn de chuid daoine. Chuir Diuchd Athul, agus Morair Bhraid-Alaba an cuid dhaoine cruinn, ach an deamhan aona mhac mathar idir a fhuair an Diuchd no 'n t-Iarla a leigeadh urachar no bhuaileadh buille an aghaidh Phrionns' Tearlach. Sin agaibh lann-dearbhadh air gu'n robh na Gaidheil saor-inntinneach 'nuair thigeadh a chuis gu h-aon 'sa dha. Cha do shoillsich a ghrian air daoine na bu dilse na Gaidheil Alba. Na 'm biodh dearbhadh bhuainn air so, dh-fhoghnadh dhuinn cuimhneachadh mar leum fear an deigh fear do sheachdnar braithrean a dol eadar Mac-Illean agus saighdean a naimhdean ann am blar Inbhir-Cheithinn. Latha Raon-Ruarai leum a bhrathair-altrum eadar an Ridir Eoghan Camaran Lochial 's fear-bogha bha deanamh cuimse air an Ridire. Chaidh an t-saighdean na chridhe fein ach thearruinn e beatha 'n Ridire. La na Maoile-Ruaidhe 'm Braidhe-Lochabar leum an t-aileach mor eadar Fear-na-Ceapach agus na naimhdean bha 'n comhar a bheatha thoirt dheth. Dh-fhaodainn moran innse de leithid so; ach bha na Gaidheil cho dileas ann 's gach doigh eile 'sa bha iad 'n teas a' bhlaire. An deigh la na dunach air sliabh Chuilodair bha airgiod cheann air a thairgse air iomadh fear, 's deich mile fichead air a thairgse air son Prionns Tearlach. Tha fios agaibh uile ged a thairgeadh iad deich mile fichead millian pundo Sassunnach nach robh duine air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba 'ghabhadh e. Thairg iad mile pundo Sassunnach a ceann tighearna Chluanaidh, 's cha robh duine no gille 'm Baideanach aig nach robh fios gu'n robh e na dhuthaich fein. Thug muinntir Bhaideanach an aire mhath air fad na 'n naodh bliadhna bha e fo 'n choille. Chaidh e sin do 'n Fhraing 's dh' eug e goirid an deigh dha 'dhol thairis. Theagamh gu'n can fear-eigin gur "dan mar dhurachd" a bhi seinn cliu nan Gaidheal, 's gu'n cuir e mar cheisd—"An robh droch dhuine riamh na 'm measg?" 'S fheudar aideachadh gu'n robh aon salachar dhuine an Asuinnt-mu-thuath a bhrath an deadh shaighdear, 's an deadh cheannard, Montrose. Mar dhuais, fhuair e luchd luinge do mhin bhreuite, 's thubhairt Iain Lom—

" Marbh-phasg ort a mhi-mheis
Nach ole a reic thu 'm firean,
Airson na mine Lìtich,
A's da thrìan di goirt."

Bha mile pundo Sassunnach air ceann Mhic Shimidh; 's gu bhi cinnteach gu'n glacadh iad e chuir iad feachd de na saighdearan dearg air Blar-na-Coinlich, feachd eile aig Bail-a-Gheata, feachd eile air an Raon-Fhearna aig Struidh, agus feachd eile air Lon-Bhrodlainn, a chum 's gu'm faigheadh iad e ma bha e aon chuid

air an talamh no fodha. Thug an seann duine an sin Morthir air. Thug iad an aire fad uine anns a Mhorthir aige fein air ; ach mar a bha cham-chomhail air chaidh e thairis air Loch-Morair agus ghabh e tuinidh ann an cos seann chraobh mhor a thuit tarsainn air allt ris an canar Allt-a-Bhearraidh. Bha 's an am ann a Meobul trusdar air an robh Iain mac Raile mhic Lachlain—Dh-fheudainn fhine innse, ach ge 'd a dh-innseadh, tha fhios “nach eile coille gun a crionaich 's nach eil fine gun a diubhail.” Bhrath am fear so an seann duine agus fhuair e an t-airgead cinn ; 's bha e fein agus Uistean a mhac 'n an daoine mora fhad 'sa mhair an t-airgead-fola ; ach, 'nuair a dh-eug Uistean, b' fheudar do na coimhearsnaich a thiolagheadh air an cosg fein ; 's cha 'n eil duine beo an diugh de 'n dream do 'n robh e, ach aon duine a tha mu dheas. Chum am Bard air chuimhne gu'n robh oillt aig muinntir na duthcha roimh 'n bhrathadair agus a shliochd—

“Cha chluinn sinn aca mar cheol cluaise
Ach a moladh uaisle 'n athar—
Am fear a reic an conspunn rioghail
Air son mile dh' airgid bratha.”

'Nuair a bha oighreachd an t-Sruthain an lamhan a Chruin chuir dubhlachd a' gheamhraidh an Seirdsean Mor, Iain Dubh Camaran, a ghabhail cuid na h-oidhche an tigh drochairt a bhrath e ; 's cha do sheas cuid no daoine dha an deigh sin. Bho latha Iudais gu so cha d'eirich gu math do dh-fhear-bratha. Ann an tri-fichead bliadhna 'sa ceithir thogadh tri-deug-'ar-fhichead do reiseamaidean air Gaidhealtachd Alba. Tha e air innse dhuinn le luchd each-draidh gu 'n do thogadh da-mhile-dheug-agus-coig-ceud fear dhiubh sin mu thuath air Peairt agus sin uile ann an aon ochd-mhiosan-deug. Co meud a thogadh iad an diugh feadh nan garbh-chrioch ? Ged a chuireadh iad an ceannard is foghainntiche fo 'n chrùn an diugh a thogail dhaoine, cha 'n eil duil agamsa gu 'm b' urrainn tighearnan na Gaidhealtachd gu leir aon reiseamaid a chur ri cheile. Cha 'n eil daoine ann, tha chuid mhor de 'n talamh na fhasaichean aig fiadh-bhiastan an achaidh agus reir coltas tha cuid de na daoine ro fhuair an talamh air chumhnant bhi na 'n cul-taice dha 'n t-sluagh dheonach an scriobadh as an rathad buileach glan. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. Maclauchlan then left the chair, but before doing so again impressed on the Society that they should petition Parliament in favour of the Gaelic census. The chair was then taken by Captain Chisholm, who called for three cheers for the rev. Doctor as he left the hall, which were most lustily given.

After some bagpipe music, the party of young ladies again appeared, and sang “'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd.” Mr. J. A.

Mackenzie, who gave "The Blue Bonnets over the Border," was very warmly received; and Miss Young, with the old Gaelic favourite, "Ho ró mo nigheann donn bhoidheach," increased the reputation she has acquired at former assemblies of the Gaelic Society. Miss Watt then, with great success, gave "Thou art so near, and yet so far." The next line in the programme was an address by Professor Blackie, but, owing to his absence, and instead thereof, three cheers were heartily given for him on the call of Captain Chisholm.

Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I hope that you will cordially unite with me in giving a hearty vote of thanks to our reverend Chairman for the admirable manner in which he has presided over us this evening, as well as for the address which he has so eloquently delivered. I find, however, ladies and gentlemen, that I am unable to give such efficient expression to my sentiments as I could wish in the soft, effeminate tongue of the Saxon, so that you will kindly bear with me, while I address you for a minute or two in the pure and powerful language of our native mountains and glens. (Loud cheers.)

A Bhantighearnan agus a Dhaoine-uisle, Cha robh duil sam bith agamsa, air aon lide a radh an nochd anns a' cho'-chruinneachadh aluinn so—ach ceaduichibh dhomh direach focal no dha a labhairt, a chur an ceill am mor-thoilinntinn a tha 'lionadh me chridhe le bhi 'faicinn chairdean co dian agus dealasach a lathair an so an nochd. Bha 'mhiann air moran Ghaidheil eile a bhi, mar an ceudna maille ruinn aig an am, ach chuir iad litrichean, mar a chuala sibh, dh-ionnsuidh an Run-chleirich ghasda againn, a' caoidh nach robh e 'nan comus teachd air an aghaidh. Am measg chaich bha litir ro ghrinn o'n Ollamh Blackie a chuir duilicheadas air a' choinneamh gu leir nach d' fhuair iad an solas a ghnuis fhaicinn, agus a bhriathran a chluinntinn. Ach bu choir uaille gun choimeas a bhi air gach ball de 'n Chomunn againn, a thaobh gu'n d' thainig an t-Ollamh urramach sin a bha 'na shuidhe 'sa' chaithir, gu bhi 'gar stiuireadh an nochd. Ochan! b'e e fein an duin'-uasal caomhail, ceanalta. Biodh uaille oirbh uile, do bhrigh gur moch a chuir aile cubhraidh nan ard-bheann a tha 'cuairteachadh a' bhaile ghrinn so, feoil mu na cnamaibh aige, ann an laithibh 'oige! Bhiodh an gnothuch ceart na'm biodh an t-Ollamh sin eile maille ruinn—an t-Ollamh luaineach, luth-bhallach, subailte, suspainneach sin, Ian Stiubhart Blackie! Is Gall e 'na bhreith, ach rugadh e le cridhe Gaidhealach 'na chom! Is Uachdaran Gaidhealach e—agus le saothair gun soradh, 's le strith gun choimeas, shuidhich e, agus cho-dhainghnich e canain Oisein agus Fhinn air Caithir dhiongmhalta, far an rioghaich i, beo no marbh, mar fhreumh-chanain na

Roinn Eorpa, o linn nan linn gu brath!—Gu mo fada beo esan mar an ceudna.—Is dealaidh, deothasach iad le cheile—treun agus treibhdhreach 'nan suidheachadh—daingean, bunailteach 'nan speis do 'n Ghailig—deas agus deonach air gach cuideachadh 'nan comus a dheanamh chum na Gaidheil agus a' Ghailig eiridinn—agus chum a bhi 'nan cairdibh daimheil agus seasmhach do'n Ard-Albannach ionmhuinn againn fein, agus mar an ceudna do'n Cheilteach chumhachdach sin, a tha a nis, le buaidh agus urram, a' togail a chinn agus a ghuth gu h-eifeachdach, anns gach cearnaidh dhe'n talamh. Tha'n t-Ard-Albannach agus an Ceilteach, agus sgaoth gun aireamh de Ghaidheil na h-Airde-tuath so, ro dheonach gu'n gabhadh an t-Ollamh Blackie (a tha nis' treasa 'na choslas), greim cruaidh air an Olladh Lachluinneach 'na uchd—gu'n togadh e suas e, le acin surdaig ghrad—agus gu'n caruicheadh se e gu seimh, socaireach ann an Caithir na Gaidlig! Nach bu neonach an sealladh e! Gabhaibh mo leisgeul—chum mi tuilleadh's fada sibh. Gu robh gach buaidh leis a' Chomunn so, agus leis na suinn fhoghlumte, chinneadail sin air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air fad, aig am bheil leas agus soirbheachadh a' Chomuinn 'nan cridhe. Faicibh—cluinnibh Cailean Sicsal coir, le bhilibh, binn-bhriathrach, agus leis gach durachd 'na chomas, ag eigheach a mach—"Amen."

Mr. Macgregor then called for three hearty cheers for Captain Chisholm, which were cordially given. Captain Chisholm briefly replied.

Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, presided with great acceptance at the pianoforte. The proceedings throughout were very successful. The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Gaelic Song	"Na'm faighinn gille ri 'cheannach,"	Mr. D. Graham, Fort-William.
Address		The Chief.
Gaelic Song	"Ho 'n clo dubh," Party.
Song	"In my wild mountain valley," Miss Watt.
Dance	"Highland Fling,"	Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Scotch Ballad	"The Auld Hoose,"	Miss J. Clarke Fraser.
Gaelic Song	"Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhan,"	Miss Macbean.
Gaelic Address		Mr. Colin Chisholm.

Interval of Ten Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Song	“ ‘S toigh leam a’ Ghaidhealtachd,”	Party.
Scotch Song	“ Blue Bonnets over the Border,”	Mr. J. A. Mackenzie.
Gaelic Song	“ Ho ro mo nigheann donn bhoidheach,”	Miss Young.
Song	“ Thou art so near, and yet so far,”	Miss Watt.
Address		Professor Blackie.
Scotch Song	“ The Emigrant’s Song,”	Miss J. Clarke Fraser.
Dance	“ Reel o’ Tulloch,”	Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
Gaelic Song	“ Thug mi gaol do’n t-seoladair,”	Mr. D. Graham.
Vote of Thanks to the Chief, &c.		Rev. Alex. Macgregor.

4TH AUGUST, 1880.

At the meeting on this date it was agreed to petition Parliament in favour of a Gaelic census.

The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness, was elected an Honorary Chieftain of the Society, in consideration of his great services to Celtic literature and the Celtic cause generally. The same honour was conferred on Cluny MacPherson of Cluny, in respect that he has, during his long life, taken the deepest interest in Highland matters generally; and that especially when this Society was formed he gave it every assistance in his power, and was its first Chief.

25TH NOVEMBER, 1880.

The following gentlemen were on this date elected members of the Society, viz. :—John MacConnachie, Mayor of Cardiff, honorary; and John Marshall, coal merchant, Inverness; J. A. Mackenzie, C.E., Inverness; A. E. Middleton, *Highlander* Office; and George B. Simpson, Broughty-Ferry, ordinary.

15TH DECEMBER, 1880.

At the meeting on this date the secretary, on behalf of Mr. John Mackay, of Swansea, read the following paper, entitled—

OIDHCHE SHAMHNA.

“ Oidheche Shamhna, tos a’ Gheamhraidh,
 ‘Sa bhail’ ud thall bha ceòl againn.”

—Sean dan.

Cia iomadh smuainte de mhìre, cridhealas a’s sùgradh nach toir an oidheche so gu cuimhne a’ Ghaidheil anns gach cearn de’n

t-saoghal 'sam bidh e—smuaintean a's cuimhne air enothan, ùbhlán, an lios-chàil, an gàradh, cruachan arbhair, àthan, iomadh ni eile, 's iomadh cleas, a's cleachdadh eile bu ghnath le oigridh na Gaidhealtachd, 'san àm a dh'aom, am nan treun, nan sonn 's nan laoch !

Bha 'n oidhche so na feill mhòr measg an t-sluaigh, measg na'n Cinneach, bho linn-tean ro-chian. Bha a riaghailtean, a's deas-ghnathan, a's cleachdaidhean ann am bith, na h-uile aon diubh, air dhoigh samhladh fada, fada roimhe breith an t-Slanuighfhear. Tha iad so fathasd air an coimhead, aon doigh, no doigh eile, anns gach clachan, agus baile, de na duthchanan anns na thuinich aidmheil nan Druidhean—Alba, Sasuinn, Eirinn, 's an Fhraing—gu sonruichte anns gach earrainn de na duthchanan anns na chum an Gaidheal, an Coimreach, 's am Frangach uachdranachd.

Tha daoine foghlumte, 's tuigseach a' co-aontachadh gur Feill Cheilteach, no Feill Ghaidhealach a tha 'n so, a thainig a nuas thugainn bho 'n àm 'san robh an Creideamh Druidheach, suidhichte ann am Breatuinn, an Eirinn, 'san Fhraing, agus anns a mhor-chuid de'n Roinn-Eorpa, oir tha Cicero ainmeil ag radh, gu'm be na Druidhich a thoisich, a dhealbhaich, 's a shuidhich faoin-sheanchas, agus faoin-chrabhadh, ann an ama ro-chein, agus mar sin, be na Druidhich a thug do 'n t-saoghal na cleachdaidhean cumanta bha ceangailte ri faoin-chràbhadh, 's faoin-sheanchas nan Cinneach. Mhéudaich na Greugaich 's na Romanaich, gu h-araidh, na Baird Ghreugach, 's na Baird Ròmanach am faoin-sheanchas so, agus thruaill iad faoin-chrabhadh nan Druidh, le cur an ceill gu pear-santa—(no mar their sinn sa Bheurla “by personifying”)—gach cruth nadurra, gach gluasad, a's dùrachd, a tha 'n inntinn, am beachd, 's an smuaintean an duine. Thainig iomadh de na cleachdaidhean so, a bha feumail a's buannachdail, air tus, gu bhi air an truaillleadh le sluagh aineolach, fada mu'n d' rainig iad gu deadh-bheus, rian, agus modh nan Greugach, 's nan Romanach.

Anns na linn-tean an deigh bàs an t-Slanuighfhear, 's anns, gu sonruichte, na linn-tean meadhonach, eadar an t-àm sin agus an diugh, bha ni sonruichte ri fhaicinn, 's air a thaisbeanadh ann a Morthir na h-Eorpa, ann am Breatuinn, 's anns an Aird-an-Ear cuideachd, an Eaglais Chriosduibh comhraigeadh ri cleasan, 's gnath-aoradh nan Druidhach, bha 'san uair sin ro-chumanta, agus gle thaitneach do'n an t-sluagh, agus, truaillidh mar bha na nithean so, 's na gnàthan sin, bha abstoilean, teachdairean, 's muinntir an t-soisgeul, neo-chomasach, air an cuir as, no air an cuir bun-os-ceann, no air an dith-mhilleadh. Air sin, thoisich fir-dhrenchd a' chreidimh nuaidh air tarruing an t-sluaigh bho na gnàthan a bha aca, 's gu 'n tàladh a dh-ionnsuidh an t-soisgeul, le bhi co-cheangladh nan

gnàthan so, 's nan cleachdaidhean sin, ri gnàthan eile chuir air an chois. Air an aobhair sin dh'ordaich fir-dhreuchd na h-Eaglais Chriosduibh 's shuidhich iad Feill ùr, aig àm Feill nan Druidheach, oir neo, thug iad oidhiep air an fheill phàganach atharrachadh gu àm Feill na h-Eaglais a bha cheana suidhichte. Bho 'n àm so, 's bho 'n sin a mach, tha againn air an latha 's air an oidhche so—Feill Eaglais na Roimh, “Latha na h-uile Naoimh” “Feasgair na h-uile Naoimh” a's “Oidhche na h-uile Naoimh,” air an toirt fainear, agus air an coimhead le Eaglais na Roimh, 's le Eaglais Shasuinn, air a cheud latha de 'n cheud mhios de'n gheamhradh o chionn deich ceud bliadhna, ann an cuimhneachan air na Naoimh 's na Martairich sin, air son nach robh comas aca latha sònruichte chur fa leth, do na h-uile neach dhiubh. Bha na Naoimh so co lionmhor 's nach b-urrainn doibh latha fa leth a chur air taobh air son gach aon dhiubh. Gu dearbh cha robh lathan gu leòr 'sa bhliadhna air son an rùn so. Mar sin anns a bhliadhna 837 bha 'n ceud latha de'n cheud mhios a' gheamhradh air ordachadh airson gach leithid Naomh 's martairach aig nach robh latha sònruichte dhoibh fein. Mar so, chi sinn gu'm bheil bun a's freumh nan cleachdaidhean cumanta na latha, 's na h-oidhche so, a bha cho taitneach dhuinne an laithean ar n-òige, 'sa tha taitneach dhuinn fhathasd, a bha cho cumanta n-ar duthaich fein, 's ann an duthcha eile—seadh, gu'm bheil bun a's freumh nan cleachduidhean sin ann an aidmheil nan Druidheach, 's a thainig gu bhi co-cheangailte ris an latha, 's ris an oidhche so, agus an deigh sin, bha iad ceadachtaichte leis an Eaglais suas gu 'sa bhliadhna 837.

Air tus, bha Latha nan uile Naomh air a chumail air a cheud latha de'n Cheitein (May-day)—latha feill eile bha aig na Druidhich. Bha 'n latha so, suidhichte le Papa Boniface, anns a' bhliadhna 610, 'n uair a thug Impire na Roimh cead dha teampuill nan uile dia breige (Pantheon) a choisrigeadh do 'n Oigh Moire, 's do na h-uile martaireach. Ach anns a bhliadhna 837, dh'atharraich am Papa Gregory coimhead feill an latha so, gus a cheud latha de'n cheud mhios de'n gheamhradh, ann an run, gu'm bitheadh e na bu fhreagarraiche do na creidmhich a thighinn air thurus do'n Roimh, an deigh do'n arbhar a bhi air a chruinneachadh gu compairteachadh ann 'san fheill, 's anns a chuir, a bha gnathail air an latha so. Ann an so, chi sin gu'm bheil am mor-chuid de ghnàth aoraidhean Eaglais na Roimh a's Eaglais Shasuinn, air an suidheachadh air steidh cleachdaidhean nan cinneach pàganach, 'san Aird-an-Iar, 'san Aird-an-Ear, a's taobh tuath na h-Eòrpa—An Gaidheal, an t-Eirionnach, an Coimreach, an Frangach—bha iad uile gu follaiseach na'n Druidhich. Chi sinn so cuideachd, co seòlta, co innleachdail, co glic, a bha, 's tha fathasd, Eaglais na Roimh air cur as gnàthan

nan Druidheach, a's gnàthan aoradh eile, le 'n co-cheangal ri 'n gnàthan aoraidh fein, agus an diugh chi sinn an Eaglais so a' toirt barrachd air na h-uile Eaglais eile, ann am bith 's ann an gnìomh a luchd teachdaireachd.

Ann 'sa' Choimreach (Wales), bha 'n oidhche so ro thaitneach leis an t-sluagh, 's bha cleachdaidhean nan Druidheach gle chumanta. Abraidh iad rithe—"Nos-calan-gauaf"; (Nos—oidhche; calan—a cheud latha de'n mhios, no cheud latha de'n bhliadhna—calluinn, mar their sinne; gauaf—geamhradh). Tha gnàthan na h-oidhche so fathasd cumanta measg nan Coimreach, mar tha iad anns na h-uile duthaich eile a tha aithechte le gineal a's iarmad nan Ceilteach. Ged a chaill an fheill so'mor-chuid de na mheas leis an robh i air a coimhead anns an àm bho chein, tha "Oidhche Shamhna," fathasd, do mhilltean de theaghlaichan nan Gaidheal, nan Eirionnach, nan Coimreach, 's nam Frangach, ann an glinn uaigneach, air taobh an t-sleibhe, aig bun na beinne, anns a' bhaile mhòr, 's a' bhaile bheag, 's anns gach clachan, 'na h-oidhche aoibhneach, shubhach, chridheil, aighearach, agus shuigeartach, 's gu'ma fada bhithas i mar sin do mhuintir mo dhutcha 's mo chridhe!

Air an oidhche so, bu ghnath leis na Coimreich (Welsh) anns na h-ama a dh' fhalbh teine mòr, teine aighir a chur suas, 's a dheanamh, ris an abraid, "Coel-gerth" nach fhaicear a nis ach gle ainmic. Chuir an cion-fath ceudna as di so, 's a chur as, a bhi cumail "Lath Bealtuinn" anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Tha am focal "Coel-gerth" coltach ri freumh focal Druidheach. Coel—comharradh, gath-teine rabhaidh (beacon). Tha e coltach gu'm bheil am focal Gaidhealach, Bealtuinn, ni 's nuadha na 'm focal ud, oir tha e samhlachadh Teine-Bhail, 's maith a dh-fheudta, air a tharruing bho 'n fhocal Dhruidheach, Ab-haul-tau (bho teine, no teas na greine), no mar theireadh an Coimreach—mac na grian dealrach, toirt blaths' a's teas, a's cinneas do'n talamh; mar a thubh-aiirt am Bard Gaidhealach, gu' ro-mhath, 's ro-bhoidheach—

"Beatha 's Calltuinn, Latha Bealtuinn
Gealltanach air blaths'."

'S iomadh gnàth, a's cleachdadh, a dheanadh na Coimrich air an oidhche so: chuirear suas, 's lasar teintein, dheanar mòran de dheas ghnatha mu 'n cuairt doibh, agus trompa bho thaobh gu taobh. Tha Mr. Owen ag aithrs an iomradh nam Bard, gu 'n robh na teintein so air an cur suas aig deireadh an fhoghair, 's gu 'n robh iomadh deas-ghnath, a's cleachdaidhean air an cur an gnìomh. Am measg a leithid sin, bhithheadh sean a's òg duine a's bean, gille a's gruagach, a' ruith 'sa leum troimh an teine, 's troimh na

cheo. Bhitheadh na h-uile aon a' tilgeadh clach gheal, bha 'n toiseach air a comharrachadh, anns' an teine, 's gach neach a ruith troimhe, chum nach glacadh a mhuc ghoirid dhubb iad (samhladh do'n bhan-dia *Annhras*, ban-dia a gheamhraidh), bho 'n so, *ban dia na sgrìos*, an *droch spiorad*, an *diabhul*. An deigh so dh-itheadh iad suiper de churrannan geala (Parsley), ubhlan a's cnothan. An deigh sin, ghlacadh iad le 'm beul a mhain ùbhlan crochte le sreang, 's mar an ceudna, ùbhlan ann an cùdain lan de bhùrn. An uair eile, thilgeadh iad cnothan 's an teine. A chnò sin a loisgeadh le dealrachd, samhhlachd do'n fhear do'm bu leis i, sonas, soirbheachadh, a's fortan, anns a' bhliadhna 'bha tighinn; ach na cnothan a loisgeadh dubhach, no spreadhach le toirm—mi-shealbh, mi-shonas, a's tubaist. Air an ath-mhaduinn, dheanair sireadh airson nan clachan geala a churrair anns an teine an oidhche roimhe. Ma bha aon diubb air chall—thachradh gu h-olc dhàsan nach b'urrainn a chlach fhoighinn. Bha'n cleachdadh ceudna anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Chunnacas an Earraghaidheal 's an Siorramachd Pheairt an ceart chleachdadh so. Ann an Sgìreachd Challandair bhitheadh teine mor air a chur suas 'san oidhche so anns gach clachan. 'N uair a chaitheadh an teine, thionailas an luath gu cùramach. Bha clach a nis air a cur sìos mu'n cuairt do'n luath, airson na h-uile neach de 'na teaghlach-ean a ghabh suim air togail an teine, agus cia b' e air bith a chlach cha ghluaiseadh, no cha mhillheadh roimh an ath-mhaduinn, bha 'm fear no'n te sin do'm buineadh a' chlach air an toirt thairis ann am barail nach bitheadh iad beo, an latha sin, 'san ath bhliadhna. Ann am Bochain, 's ann an taobh Mhorraidh, bha teintean mar so, air am fadadh, air an oidhche so. Anns an taobh deas, 's anns an taobh tuath bha na nidhean so mar an ceudna. 'Nach eil e na ni riongantach, a bhi faighinn mach gnathan mar so, agus co cosmhuil ri cheile, ann an tìr nan Coimreach, 's ann an tìr nan Gaidheal an aon rud? Cìod e tha so ag innse dhuinn? Tha gu dearbh, gu 'n robh uine ann, anns an robh an sluagh 'n an aon shluagh, no gu 'n robh aon aidmheil aca. Cìod a dh-abradh Maois ciuin ris na cleachdaidhean so? A dol troimh an teine!!! Nach bitheadh a chorrach a lasadh!!! 'Ne na Gaidheil, 's na Coimreich, 's na Ceiltich eile—gineal nan Canaanach o' shean, a dh-fhuathaich Maois cinealta co mor? Tha e soilleir gu leoir gu 'n robh diadhachd, cràbhachd, 's creidimh nan Caledonianach, nam Breatuineach, nan Eirionnach, 's nam Frangach 'o shean cosmhuil, 's an aon ni, ris na gnathan, 's na cleachdaidhean a tha Eachdraidh a' toirt dhuinn a bha aig na Canaanach, na Tyrianaich, na Sidoniaich, na Philistinich, na Babilonaich, na Persianaich, na Phenicianaich 's na Carthaginianaich, dearbhadh gu 'n tharmaich, 's gu 'n d' thainig na Ceiltich 's na Gaidheil uile bho 'n Aird-an-Ear.

Dh-Fheudadh crabhadh, a's diadhachd nan Druidh a bhi air a thruailleadh leis na Canaanaich Roimh àm an Exodus, mar bha 'n crabhadh Criosduibh air a thruailleadh (mar tha mise 'creidsinn) ann an Eaglais na Roimh anns na linntean a chaidh seachad, bho 'n fhìor chrabhadh a thaisbeanadh air tus leis na h-Abstoilean, leis na Deisciobailean, 's le Criosd fein. Gu dearbh tha e iongantach nach do thruailleadh crabhadh nan Druidh anns na duthcha so. Rinn na Druidh aoradh do'n Chruithfhear a mhain. Mheas iad aghaidh na greine mar aghaidh a Chruithfhear, a toirt blaths, a's teas, soirbheachas, sonas, a's slainte do dhuine, do bheathach, 's do'n Chruitheachd uile.

Ni eile thainig a m' ionnsuidh. Tha e air aithris gu 'n dean luchd àiteachadh St. Kilda bonnach tri-oisinneach fhuinneadh air an oidhche so, a tarraing claisean innte mar so / \ \. Bha 'm bonnach so gu bhi air itheadh 'san oidhche so. Gu de tha 'n comharradh so a' ciallachadh? 'Se so, comharradh a bha aca, an àm nan Druidheach, a' ciallachadh gathan na greine. 'Se so cuideachd, fuigheal nan gnàthan a fhuair sinn bho'r sinnsear.

Bha cheud latha de cheud mhios a' gheamhraidh air a mheas ann an aitibh, mar an tiom gle fhreagarach airson buidheachas a thoirt do'n Chruithfhear airson toradh an talmhainn a bha nise air a thional. Air an aobhar sin dh'ainmich na h-Eiroinnaich an latha so, "*La-meas-ubhal*," 's choimhead iad an latha mar latha Feill, ag ol deoch a rinnear de ubhlan roiste, lionn, no bainne. Fhuair an deoch so, ann an tiom, an t-ainm so, "*Lamb's Wool*," bho, "*La-meas-ubhal*."

Air feadh 's air fad nan Eileanan Breatuinneach, tha na cleachd-aidh fhleadhach, fheisdeach, aoibhneach, chridheil, comh-ionann a's cosmhuill ri cheile. Sheinn na Baird anns gach tìr cliu na h-oidhche so a's ainmealachd nan gnàthan 's nan cleachdadh. Burns ann an Alba, Gay ann an Sasuinn, Graydon ann an Eirinn, Beranger ann an Fhraing; agus e 'aite am bheil an Gaidheal aig nach eil deadh chuimhne bheothail air "*Oidhche Shamhna*" tos a' gheamhraidh!

Slan leibh a dhaoine mo chridhe! Tha mo dheadh dhurachd maille ribh. Slan leibh! An latha 'chi, 's nach fhaic!

22ND DECEMBER, 1880.

At the meeting on this date the Secretary read a Gaelic translation by Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society, of the "Execution of Montrose." Like the rest of the late Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "The Execution of Montrose" is copyright; but by the permission and courtesy of the

publishers, Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, and of Professor Aytoun's executors, we are enabled to place Mrs. Mackellar's translation of it in full before the members of the Society. It is as follows :—

I.

Thig an so Eòbhain Chamshroin
 Is seas ri m' ghlun a luaidh,
 Tha mi 'cluinntinn toirm na h-aibhne
 'Tighinn le tuil-bheum dh' ionnsuidh 'chuain.
 Tha gàir ri taobh na beinn' ud shuas,
 Fuaim cogaidh anns a ghaoth :
 Mo sheann luchd eòlais 'g amharc orm
 'S iad gabhail seach na'n sgaoth.
 Tha mi 'cluinntinn sgal na pioba
 Ann an toiteal dhian nan tuagh,
 'S air fàireadh ciar na h-oidheche
 Tha m' fhann' spiorad dùsgadh suas.

II.

Is mis' 'bh'air ceann nan Gàidheal
 A treòrachadh am feachd—
 Troimh ghleanntan ard Lochabar
 Is iad comhdaichte le sneachd
 An uair chaidh luchd nam breacan
 A chogadh le Montròs,
 'S gur lionmhor Gall a leagadh leo
 Fo ruinn an cloidh'ean mòr.
 Is tric a dh'inns mi dhuit a rùin
 Na thuit do Chlann-o-Duin'
 Mu chladach Inbhir-Lochaidh
 'Nuair a cho'luich iad na suinn,
 Mar a ghlan sguabadh leinn Dun-dea'—
 Uaibhre *Lindsay* thug gu làr,—
 Ach cha d' inns mi riamh dhuit mar a fhuair
 Am Marcus Uaibhreach bàs.

III.

Reic slaoightire ri 'naimhdean e—
 O gnìomh na nàire bhuan ;
 Tha mi 'g àithne ort a ghiullain
 Mu thachras aon do 'n t shluagh
 A bhuinneas do shìol Assuint ort
 Biodh e air gual' an t-sleibh,

Biodh e le buidheann armuichte,
No siubhal ghleann leis fein ;
Seas ris—mar ris an daoi a chuir
Cliu t-athar fein gu tair,
Cuimhnich an fhuil o'n tainig thu,
Is buail an cu gu làr.

IV.

Thug iad e gu geat-an-uisg'
'Se ceangailte gu teann'
Mar gu'm biodh aca leomhan
'S cha b'e duine claoidhte fann ;
Sin chuir iad e gu h-ard air cairt
'S an crochadair shios fuidh ;
Ruisg iad a bhathais 's cheangail iad,
A lamhan air a chùl ;
'S mar chù a leigeadh tu a eill
Bha guth a bhorb shluaigh dian
Le iollach àllda 'g eigheach ris
E ghabhail seachad 'sios.

V.

O bheireadh e air cridhe laoich
Fas tursach agus tinn,
Bhi 'faicinn nan sùl naimhdeal
A bha scalltuinn as an cinn,
Bha Cuiirse ghlas na h-airde-'n-iar
Na'n suidhe ard le uaill—
Am mnathan preasach maille riu
'S an nigheanan gun tuar,
Gach Cumhnantach le fhalluing dhuibh
Air ealaidh mhath an ti,
'S na h-uile uinneag bha co lan,
'Sa b' urrainn di a bhi.

VI.

Ach 'n uair a thainig esan,
Is ard mhòralachd na ghnuis,
Uaisle na aghaidh dhuineil
Agus ciuine chalm na 'shuil,
Dh'fhuirich am prabar samhach,
An anail mhùch a ghràisg,
Bha fios ac' gu'n robh cri' an laoich
'Cur aghaidh ris a' bhas.

'S chaidh ball-chrith uamhain bhrònach
 Air feadh an t-sluaigh gu tur
 'S ged thaining iad a mhadadh air
 'S ann thoisich iad ri gul.

VII.

Air aghart is air aghart,
 Ann an sàmhchair is an gruaim
 Gus tigh na binn an d' rainig iad
 Chaidh 'n comhlan brònach truagh ;
 Sin chualas ard-ghuth boireannaich
 Ri gaire magaidh geur,
 Is dh' eirich iollach fheargach,
 A suas o'n t-sluagh gu leir ;
 'S 'nuair sheall an aird an Greumach
 Chunnaic e gaire grandd
 An fhir a reic air òr a rìgh,
 An t-ard-dheamhan Arraghaidh'l.

VIII.

Dh' amhaire am Marcus air a namh
 Is ged a bha e balbh,
 Thainig neul a' bhais air Arraghaidh'l.
 Is thionndaidh e air falbh.
 Thuit uamhan air an te gun fhiu,
 Gu daithte shuidh ri thaobh :
 Bha dùirn ga'm maoidheadh ris 's an t-sraid
 'S mar thairneineach bha ghaoir ;
 'S ghlaodh saighdear Sasunnach a mach,
 A chladhaire ga' nùnn
 Tha seachd bliadhna o'n bha chridhe agad,
 Aon sealladh thoirt 'na ghnuis.

IX.

O na'n ro' mis' an sin le m' chladheamh
 'S leth-cheud Camshronach ri m' thaobh
 Roimh shràidean ard Dhuneideann
 Rachadh slògan nach biodh faoin ;
 Cha tilleadh trup nam marc-each sinn,
 No neart nam fear fo'n airm ;
 No h-uile Reubalach 's an deas
 Air ais sinn le an stoirm ;

Bhiodh esan is a chos air fraoch
Co saor ri gaoth nan ard ;
No bhithinnse 's mo chinneadh leis
Na'r laidhe anns a' bhàs !

X.

Cha robh sud 's an dàn. 'S thug iad e ris
Do thalla anns am b'abhaisd
Do rìghrean Albuinn suidhe
Ann am measg an uailsean àrd.
Ach tha 'n t-urlair air a shalachadh
Le duslach cos nan daoib',
'S luchd mionnan breig na'n suidhe
Ann an cathraichean nan saoi,
Le aoibhneas borb leugh Warristun
Binn mort a' Chuiridh mhoir ;
'S an sin am meadhoin an t-seòmair
Ghrad dh' eirich suas Montros.

XI.

Nis air mo bhriath'r mar rìdire,
Is air an ainm is leam,
Agus air crois Naomh Aindreas
Tha 'crathadh os ar ceann,
Seadh, is le mionn is mò na sin,
Bheir mi mo bhòid a nis,
Air an tuil dheirg do dh-fhuil ar rìgh,
Ruith eadar sibhs' is mis',
Cha ro' mi 'n dùil gu 'm buidh'ninn fein
Crun mairtearaich na m' bhas—
Cha d' iarr mi anns an àrfaich riamh
Fleasg ga 'm bheil gloir co àrd.

XII.

Na 'n tamh an seòmair fad air falbh,
'S trom suain nam math 's nan treun,
Ach àit nis fearr tha sibhs toirt domhs
Na 'n uaigh aig m' athair fein ;
Le firinn 's ceart an aghaidh foill,
Thog mise riamh mo làmh,
'San làthair neamh is talamh,
Togaibhs' i na fianuis àrd.
Cuiribh air an tùr mo cheann,
Sgapaibh gach ball o cheil' ;
Trusar le Dia a chruthaich iad—
Uaithse theid mi' thuige fein !

XIII.

Bu dorcha bhris a' mhaduinn,
 'Sam measg nam frasan fuar
 Las beithir agus dealanach,
 Am baile bha fo ghruaim,
 Bhris tàirneanach air aird an speur,
 Oir thainig uair a' bhàis,
 'S bha cuthach air an talamh,
 Agus fearg 's na neamhan àrd ;
 Thainig am bochd 'sam beairteach,
 Is thainig sean is òg
 A dh-fhaicinn an laoch uasail so,
 'S iad a' toirt uaithe 'n dèd.

XIV.

O Dhia ! an ard chroich uamhan ud,
 Gu'm b'oillteil bhi, a ghaoil,
 A' sealltuinn air a chnamhluich àrd,
 Am fàradh is a' chraobh.
 Eisd ! eisd ! tha fuaim nan arm an sud,
 Na cluig tha 'bualadh dian.
 Tha e 'tighinn ! tha e 'tighinn !
 O dean trocair air, a Dhia.
 An sin thainig aon bhragh tairneanaich,
 Is sgap na neoil o' cheil—
 'S bha 'n latha air a lasadh suas
 Le gathan geal na grein'.

XV.

Tha e 'tighinn ! tha e 'tighinn !
 Mar fhear-bainns' á sheomair graidh
 Thainig an laoch á phriosan,
 Chum na croiche is a' bhàis ;
 Bha dearsa' gloir mu 'bhathais
 Is 'na shuil bha lainnir chaoim,
 'S cha ro' a cheum co stàtail riàmh
 'Na thriath air ceann a laoch.
 'Na aodann-sa bha rughadh
 Ged bha càch 's an gruaidhean bàn,
 Is b' ioghna' leo 'nuair ghabh e seach'
 Co moralach 's co ard.

XVI.

Dhirich e chroich, is thionndaidh e,
 Is dh-amhaire e mu'n cuairt,
 Ach cha leigeadh iad leis labhairt
 Oir bha eagal orr' roimh 'n t-sluagh ;

Ach sheall esan ris na neamhan shuas,
Co fìorghlan is co ciùin,
Is suil Dhe a' dearsaidh nuas air
O'n ghorm-bhrat aillidh ùr.
Ged bha barra-bhalla dubh gruamach thall
Os ceann a' chnuic na thamh,
'S coltas tairneanach na chodal ann
Bha 'n corr gu sìtheil seimh.

XVII

Bha ministearan Gheneva 'tighinn
Gu mugach mu'n cuairt dà,
Mar a chitheadh tu na fithich
'Tighinn mu'n fhiadh 's an tarruing bhàis,
Ach cha tug e dhoibh aon fhocal,
'S ann a chrom e cheann, mo ghaol,
'Sa folach aghaidh dh' iarr e gràs
'O Chrìosd aig bun na craoibh,
An sin dh' eirich e gu lainnearach ciuin,
Is thilg e chleòc gu làr,
Is ghabh e 'n sealladh deireanach,
Do thalamh, grian, is là.

XVIII.

Mar ghlòir mu'n cuairt do'n anam mhaith
Dhearrs òr-ghath air gu seimh,
Is dhirich e am fàradh,
Mar gu'm b'e an ceum gu neamh,
Thainig lasair as an dubh-neul ud
Is tairneanach le fuaim,
Is bha eagal air gach anam,
Is cha shealladh neach diubh suas,
Bha fuaim a rith'sd ann, 's tacan tosd—
'Sa rithisd osna gheur—
Obair a' bhais bha deannta,
'S chomhduich dorchadas an speur!



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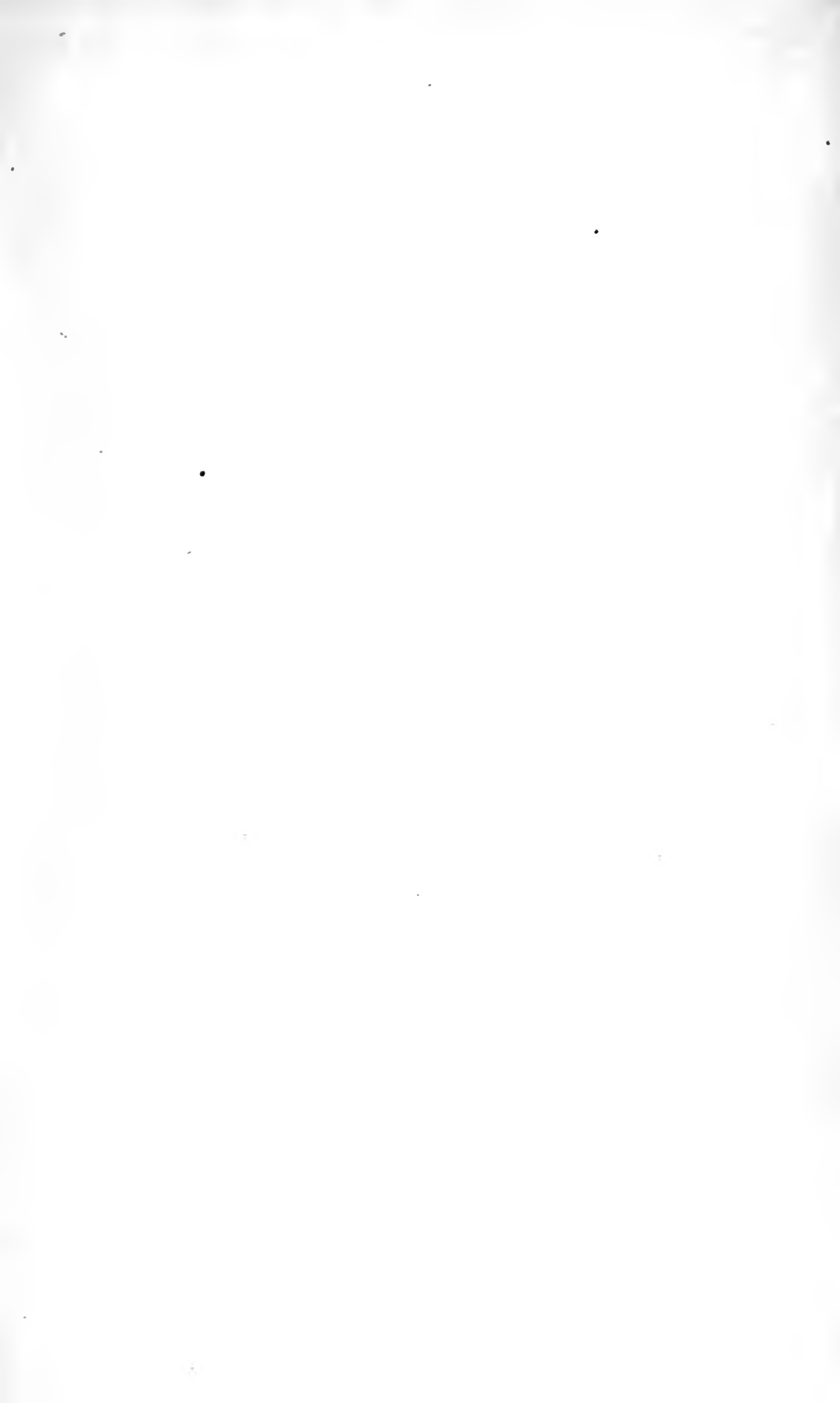
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