

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME X

~~1888-89~~

1861-83

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OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME X.,

1881-83.



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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY
OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME X.,
1881-83.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghuilleann a Cheile.

PRINTED FOR THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS,
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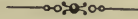
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THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

1881	<p>CHIEF. General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.</p> <p>CHIEFTAINS. Robert Grant, merchant, Inverness. Charles Mackay, carpenter, Inverness. James Fraser, C.E., Inverness.</p> <p>HON. SECRETARY. William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness.</p> <p>SECRETARY. William Mackenzie, 5 Drummond Street, Inverness.</p> <p>TREASURER. Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.</p> <p>MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE. G. J. Campbell, solicitor. Fraser Campbell, draper. Alex. Mackenzie, <i>Celtic Magazine</i>. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage. A. R. Macraill, writer.</p> <p>LIBRARIAN. A. R. Macraill, Inverness.</p> <p>PIPER. Pipe-Major MacLennan, Inverness.</p> <p>BARD. Mrs Mary Mackellar.</p>	1882	<p>CHIEF. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.</p> <p>CHIEFTAINS. John Macdonald, the Exchange. Alex. Mackenzie, <i>Celtic Magazine</i>. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage.</p> <p>HON. SECRETARY. William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness.</p> <p>SECRETARY. William Mackenzie, 5 Drummond Street, Inverness.</p> <p>TREASURER. Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.</p> <p>MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE. Alex. Macbain, Raining's School. Charles Mackay, carpenter. John Whyte, librarian. G. J. Campbell, solicitor. James Fraser, C.E.</p> <p>LIBRARIAN. John Whyte, Inverness.</p> <p>PIPER. Pipe-Major MacLennan.</p> <p>BARD. Mrs Mary Mackellar.</p>	1883	<p>CHIEF. Lord Dunmore.</p> <p>CHIEFTAINS. Alex. Mackenzie, <i>Celtic Magazine</i>. John Macdonald, the Exchange. Alex. Macbain, Raining's School.</p> <p>HON. SECRETARY. William Mackay, solicitor.</p> <p>SECRETARY. William Mackenzie, 5 Drummond Street, Inverness.</p> <p>TREASURER. Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.</p> <p>MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE. G. J. Campbell, solicitor. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage. Charles Mackay, carpenter. John Whyte, librarian. A. R. Macraill, writer.</p> <p>LIBRARIAN. John Whyte, Inverness.</p> <p>PIPER. Pipe-Major MacLennan.</p> <p>BARD. Mrs Mary Mackellar.</p>
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COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.



CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

2. 'S e tha an rùn 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 chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd ; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhìon ; 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-iarraidair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt ; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dlìgheach, 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 riaghlas 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 thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche 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 Bhliadhnaig 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 is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lùgha, roimh'n choinneimh 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, durachhdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, 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 with the tenth volume of the Society's Transactions. It is larger than any of its predecessors, and it is to be hoped that, as regards quality, it will not be found inferior to any of them.

During the period which has elapsed since the publication of Volume ix., many events of great moment, in the Highlands, and in connection with the Highlands, have occurred. Chief among these must be held the Royal Commission, appointed to enquire into the condition of the Highland crofters. With the grievances, and alleged grievances, which were brought before the Commission, this Society, which has invariably endeavoured to steer clear of all political and controversial questions, will not deal. At the same time it is a pleasure to us to point out, and express our satisfaction at, the great amount of native talent, hitherto dormant, which the advent of the Commission has roused and brought to light.

The Commissioners have recently issued their Report. It is divided into six sections—1, Land ; 2, Fisheries and Communications ; 3, Education ; 4, Justice ; 5, Deer Forests and Game ; and 6, Emigration. The one of these subjects which comes specially within the range of the Society's actions is the third—that of Education. It occupies fifteen pages of the Report, and altogether is of a character which ought to give every satisfaction to all who have maintained the views which this Society has always sought to enforce with regard to the education of our Highland fellow-countrymen. The whole question of Highland Education is dealt with in an earnest and sympathetic spirit ; and in the part of this section dealing with the teaching of Gaelic, and the use of Gaelic as a medium of instruction, the Commissioners fully bear

out all that has been said on the subject by this Society. They give a faithful account of the position of Gaelic in schools as at present; and then proceed to make the following recommendations as to its use in the future:—

“If it be expedient to use Gaelic in a Gaelic-speaking district to test the intelligence of the children, and the efficiency of the instruction they are receiving, by a habitual process of oral translation from the one language to the other, the practice ought to be not merely permitted but enjoined. It has, in point of fact, been used by many of the best teachers, and with the best results; but it has not been sufficiently encouraged by persons in authority. We believe it to be a matter so seriously affecting the intelligent education of Gaelic-speaking children, and thereby affecting the whole condition of the district to which they belong, and the future prospects of its inhabitants, that we have no difficulty in making the subjoined recommendations.

“We have the satisfaction of knowing that the Vice-President of the Council on Education, who was recently addressed on this subject in Edinburgh, expressed an opinion in consonance with the view on which these recommendations are founded. We trust that, if approved of, they may have effect given to them in the next edition of the Code in place of the existing references to Gaelic.

“The supply of qualified teachers possessing an accurate knowledge of Gaelic is more limited, we believe, than it used to be. Before the Education Act of 1872 came into force, special encouragements, in the shape of bursaries, were given to Highland students, male and female, entering the Training Colleges of the Established and Free Churches, to qualify themselves for being teachers in Gaelic-speaking districts. This practice has been given up since 1872, and there is comparatively little inducement for Highland students to prefer employment as teachers in their native districts. Much has been done to encourage young Highlanders to devote themselves to the ministry, but very little to encourage them to become teachers.

“It was also the practice, before the Education Code was revised, to give grants in money, for the special encouragement of teachers qualified by a knowledge of Gaelic, for the better instruction of the children in Highland districts, as tested by examination. This practice is not consistent with the system on which grants are now given, but we think that special grants might still be given to School Boards employing teachers so qualified in

Gaelic-speaking districts. It might be expected, as the result, that the services of teachers more highly qualified than can now be obtained could be secured.

“We are of opinion that, in the examination of a school where Gaelic is the habitual language of the inhabitants, the inspector should be required to report specially that in examining the children as to their intelligence, he had satisfied himself that the teacher had during the year made profitable use of their native language in testing their understanding of the English they were being taught. In consideration of the difficulty and disadvantage under which teachers and children in such circumstances labour, we recommend that the grants under Art. 19, c. 1 and 2, of the Code should be increased in these districts from 2s. per scholar to 4s.

“We are further of opinion that the Gaelic language, in virtue alike of its being the vernacular tongue of so considerable a population, and of its now recognised place among ancient languages, is entitled to something more than permissive recognition, and a place in a footnote along with drill and cookery. It seems to us not less entitled to a place among specific subjects, with special grants allowed for them, than any of the languages so classed. Its literature is of limited quantity, and not to be compared with that of the great nations whose languages are exclusively recognised. But it is and ought to be of great interest to the natives of the country in which it sprung, and a due acquaintance with it ought to be encouraged rather than despised. This has been done in Ireland, where the native language is classed among specific subjects, along with Latin and Greek, and a grant of 10s. is given for passes in any of these languages. We recommend that the same grant as is allowed under the Scottish Code for other languages should be given for Gaelic, where the teacher has proved his ability to give suitable instruction, and the pupil has been presented for examination in English literature.

“We think it very desirable that all children whose mother-tongue is Gaelic should be taught to read that language; and the rule of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, that Gaelic should be taught first and English afterwards, seems founded on reason. There are practical difficulties in the way at present, such as the want of suitable lesson-books, and the want of a sufficient number of teachers for the purpose. We believe, however, that these difficulties are not insurmountable; and we think that in the meantime pupil teachers duly qualified might be profitably employed in teaching the younger scholars to read their

native language ; and that a small additional grant for those so qualified and employed would be a beneficial expenditure.

“ We also recommend that teachers should be encouraged by inspectors to submit some Gaelic songs among those to be sung by the children on the examination day, in order to obtain the music grant.

“ We think that the discouragement and neglect of the native language in the education of Gaelic-speaking children, which have hitherto so largely influenced the system practised in the Highlands, ought to cease, and that a knowledge of that language ought to be considered one of the primary qualifications of every person engaged in the carrying out of the national system of education in Gaelic-speaking districts, whether as school inspectors, teachers, or compulsory officers.”

With such a gentleman as Mr Mundella holding the office of Vice-President of the Council of Education, we may confidently hope that the recommendations of the Commissioners will be favourably considered, and that their educational rights will ultimately be conceded to the Highland people.

With respect to the agitations regarding the Highland Regimental Tartans, and the Gaelic Census, in both of which our Society took a prominent part, the reader is referred to the body of this book.

In former volumes of these Transactions the progress made with the movement, so vigorously carried on by Professor Blackie, for the establishment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University, was recorded. It is now satisfactory to note that the Chair has been fully established, and Mr Donald Mackinnon, M.A., appointed the first Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in Scotland.

In conclusion, we entreat members everywhere to aid in carrying out the objects of the Society, as set forth in Article II. of the Constitution ; and we would also respectfully request them to induce their friends who are not now members to become members without delay, and thus strengthen the Society, and make it more powerful as an agent for good in the land.

INVERNESS, May 1884.

TRANSACTIONS.

NINTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Ninth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Caledonian Hotel, on Friday, January 14, 1881. In the unavoidable absence of the Chief of the Society, Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, Edinburgh, the chair was occupied by Provost Fraser, Inverness. The weather was very severe, but there was nevertheless a good attendance. The Chairman was supported on the right by the Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, and on the left by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness. The croupiers were Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, and Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor. Among those present were—Mr Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road; Mr Macandrew, sheriff-clerk; Mr Alex. Mackenzie of the "Celtic Magazine;" Mr Colin Chisholm; Mr Wm. Gunn, draper; Councillor Jonathan Ross; Mr Peter Baillie; Mr Menzies, Caledonian Hotel; Mr James Macbean, Assistant Parochial Inspector; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr John Macdonald, The Exchange; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary; Mr Mactavish, Castle Street; Captain Robert Grant, the Tartan Warehouse; Mr Donald Campbell, draper; Mr A. Macleod, Bridge Street; Mr A. R. Macraill; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland; Mr James Mackay, Culduthel Road; Mr D. Campbell, the "Chronicle;" Mr Murray Campbell, Ceylon; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Allan Macdonald, solicitor; Mr R. Grant, do.; Mr Jenkins, do.; Mr Clarke, do.; Mr John Whyte, the "Highlander;" Mr Bain, the "Courier;" Mr Cruickshank, do.; Mr Nairne, the "Chronicle;" Mr Macpherson, draper; Mr Donald Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr John Marshall, Inverness; Mr W. G. Stuart, draper; Mr D. A. Macrae, Monar.

During dinner, and between the toasts, Pipe-Major Maclellan, Piper to the Society, played selections of Highland music, which contributed much to the making of an enjoyable evening.

After dinner, the Secretary (Mr William Mackenzie) announced apologies for unavoidable absence from Mr Cameron of

Lochiel ; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart. ; Mr John Mackay, Swansea ; Dr Charles Mackay, the Poet ; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach ; Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcudbright ; Mr Wm. Nicolson, Cardiff, &c. In course of his letter of apology, Mr William Nicolson wrote—

“May I beg of you at your meeting to say something on behalf of my endeavour to compile and connect the genealogies of all living representatives of the Clan Macnicol. I don't want coin ; I want pedigrees. I hold scores of genealogies already, and hope (D.V.) some day to give to my clansmen the fruit of thirty years' labour. Fullarton says the clan is extinct. We deserve to be extinguished if the Macnicols submit to the imputation. I enclose my photo., and remain, Cælically yours.”

Mr Alex. Mackintosh Shaw, of London, was also unavoidably absent, but he sent the Society a copy of his history of the Clan Mackintosh, just published. The Secretary laid the volume on the table, and Mr Mackintosh Shaw was awarded the thanks of the Society for his handsome gift.

The usual loyal toasts were proposed from the chair. Thereafter,

The Chairman proposed the “Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces.” We had lately, he said, very great honour in conferring the freedom of the burgh on one connected with the army, of whom we ought all to be proud—I refer to Sir Herbert Macpherson. (Applause.) He is a clansman, and he is connected with the north. Of the army I cannot give you a better idea than in his words. He stated that those who fought with him in Afghanistan, as also the soldiers of the present army generally, were equal to those who fought with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war. (Applause.) I think that is about the highest compliment that could be paid to the army. (Applause.) The march to Candahar was one of the most brilliant of military exploits. The Chairman next spoke of the navy and the reserve forces. As to the reserve forces, he said, I hope they won't have to send them to Ireland, but I know Major Macandrew on my left here, as also Captain Grant, are quite ready for service. (Laughter and applause.) Burns speaks of people that had no other idea in his time but to “kill twa at a blow.” (Laughter.) It is to be trusted, however, that the services of the gentlemen named will never be taken into request in active fight, but that both may be allowed to remain among us as useful and very ornamental. (Laughter.) There is certainly no fear of any enemy coming up the Moray Firth as long as we have the

volunteers. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The toast was coupled with the name of Major Macandrew, and was cordially drunk.

Major Macandrew, acknowledged the toast, and in doing so said—As the Chairman very gracefully remarked, the army needs no commendation from any one, and all that the volunteers can hope is that we may, if ever we are called on, imitate in some respect what the army have done. (Applause.) I remember reading recently some lines by an old gentleman, who remarked generally on the degeneracy of modern times, and went on to say that what he wished to be remembered for was his being one that stood on the heights of Quatre Bras with the gallant 42nd. If we have not done mighty services, we have the authority of General Macpherson for this—that those who stood in the ranks of the 92nd in Afghanistan were as good men as the men who stood at Quatre Bras, and as we belong to the same race as those who stood at Quatre Bras, the volunteers of Inverness will do their duty if ever they are called upon. (Applause.) I should not like to see service of any kind, but I am sure you will not think I am failing in warlike sentiments when I say I hope the Highlanders of the north of Scotland are not going to be called upon to shoot the misguided Celts of Ireland (Applause.) However far wrong these poor men may go, it is not their fault—(applause)—and we must remember that they are Celtic brethren. (Applause.)

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

Bha e mar chleachdadh agam aig an am so, cunntas gearr a thoirt air obair na bliadhna 'chaidh seachad; agus a reir a' chleachdaidh sin, is e mo dhleasnas facal no dha a thoirt dhuibh a nochd mu ghnìomharan a' Chomuinn bho 'n am so an uiridh.

Mar tha fios aig a' chuid mhor agaibh, choinnich sinn an uiridh fo riaghladh Ceann a' Chomuinn, Fear Sgeabost, agus chaith sinn oidhche cho aighearach 's a dh' iarradh cridhe mac Gaidheil.

An deigh sin bha sinn mar bu ghnathach leinn a' coinneachadh bho sheachdain gu seachdain; ach mu mheadhon an Earraich chaidh a' Pharlamaid a sgaoileadh, agus chuir an sgaoileadh sin agus an taghadh a thainig na 'lorg, sgaoileadh ann an coinneamhan seachdaineach a' Chomuinn bho dheireadh an Fhaoillich gu meadhon a' Ghiblein.

An deigh sin bha iomadh coinneamh againn, agus aig te dhiubh thug " Meall-fuar-mhonaidh " coir dhuinn eachdraidh air buidseachd agus air buidsichean an Strathghlais anns na linntean a chaidh thairis.

Aig a' choinneimh mhoir a bh' againn aig am Feill-na-cloimhe, bha am fìor Ghaidheal sin an t-Ollamh Maclachlainn anns a' chathair, agus bha gach soirbheachadh againn mar dh' iarramaid.

An uair a thainig an Geamhradh, bha sinn a' coinneachadh bho am gu am, agus am measg cuid de na nithean a chaidh a thoirt fa chomhair a' Chomuinn ainmichidh mi cunntas air "Oidhche Shamhna" leis na t-sar Ghaidheal sin, Ian Macaoidh, an Loch-na-h-eala.

Bidh sibh air son a chluinntinn am bheil ionmhas mor aig a' Chomunn am bliadhna, agus ni mi mo dhìchioll air innseadh dhuibh mu dheibhinn. Eadar airgid bho 'n uiridh agus na thionail sinn fad na bliadhna, chaidh £115. 10s. 0d., troimh mo lamhan-sa. Phaigh mi dluth air tri-fichead punnd Sasunnach 's a coig, ach an deigh sin, tha mu'n cuairt do leth-chiad punnd Sasunnach agam a nochd. Tha beagan fhiachan agam fhathast ri phaigneadh as an t-suim sin, ach an deigh na h-uile car, bidh a' cheart uidhir a dh-airgid agam air son na h-ath-bhliadhna 's a bh' agam an uiridh air son na bliadhna 'tha nis air dol seachad.

Mar tha fhios agaibh cha 'n 'eil an leabhar bliadhna aig a' Chomunn a mach fhathast; ach is e is coireach ri sin gu 'n do smuainich luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn gu 'm biodh e na b' fhearr gu'n tugadh an' leabhar iomradh air gnìomharan a' Chomuinn gu deireadh na bliadhna, oir smuainich iad gur e sin a b' abhaist duinn. Tha mi an dochas gu 'm faigh gach fear agaibh a leabhar eadar so agus ceann shea seachdainean.

An am dhomh codhunadh, ghuidhinn air gach fear agaibh aig a bheil math a' Chomunn 'na chridhe, toirt air a chairdean aonachadh ris a' Chomuinn agus mar sin a dheanamh airidh air a' chliu a bhuneas do chlann nan Gaidheal. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." (Cheers.) I have, he said, to express the very great regret I feel in the absence of our Chief, the Rev. Dr M'Lauchlan, but the weather being so very severe, it could scarcely be expected that at his time of life he could come. (Applause.) Hence I am here, and I feel very much the compliment of being asked to preside at the annual re-union of this Society—a meeting where so much patriotism and kind, hearty feelings towards the land of our birth are always brought out. (Applause.) But the want of our Chief on such an occasion is a great loss, particularly so when that Chief is a man who has studied the origin of the Gaelic language, and written so much on the subject. (Hear, hear.) His paper recorded in the Transactions is highly valuable, and should make us glad to meet each

other, were it only to have a talk in two languages, which gives those blessed with that privilege a great advantage over many others of our countrymen. (Laughter and applause.) Then you have that indefatigable champion of Gaelic, Professor Blackie, of whom any country ought to be proud. (Cheers.) His exertions to benefit us are above all praise, and I wish we had now got the Celtic Chair filled, for which he has collected the funds. Allow me next to mention Sir Kenneth Mackenzie—(cheers)—whose thoroughly practical remarks on the crofter system are highly beneficial. We have also Cluny and many others, whose names I need not mention; but they assist much in adding to the information they have of our forefathers, information which this Society so carefully records. There is no object which this Society should pursue more zealously than the collection of what it can find of the literature and customs of the people of the Highlands; and I have no hesitation in saying that in this it has a valuable assistant in the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, a periodical, I believe, destined to do much good in its researches, under the management of its energetic and persevering publisher. I should also mention the *Highlander*, as conducted by Mr Murdoch, than whom there is not a more enthusiastic Highlander among us. The report just read by the Secretary is highly satisfactory, and shows the interest taken in the work by the officials. This is a labour of love, and evinces a great amount of patriotic feeling with which parties not members of the Society cordially sympathise. The other societies of a similar kind in the country assist very much. In alluding to the objects of the Society, and the work it desires to forward, I have often thought that there is nothing more interesting than observing the applicability of the names of places in Gaelic. I know a shepherd's croft called "Lagan-a'-bhainne" than which no name could be more appropriate, seeing that this particular place would at once strike one as "a place flowing with milk and honey." I could give many other examples of this, but I must defer to the Rev. Mr Macgregor and the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack, who scarcely ever hear an odd name but they can trace it to a Gaelic origin. (Laughter and applause.) It may be a strong thing for an Inverness residenter to have any opinions as to the crofting system, but my experience is not favourable to the idea of letting crofters have their own way. They should be asked to pay fair rents, and they should be guided as to management. (Hear, hear.) They do not go much from home, and, if they are not told what to do, I rarely find progress among them. Allowing them to continue as they

are, means vegetating. I would give them rules and prices as much as possible for fulfilment of engagements, taking care always that I carry their senses and their goodwill with me. (Hear, hear.) I have no hope of a crofter doing good unless he has enough of land to keep him in work. A cow is necessary to existence, and when he can take such a place as could keep a good horse, so much the better. The west coast crofters are peculiarly placed. They are half fishermen, half farmers. They occasionally get a great haul at the fishing, and the money realised is in hand at once. This spoils them in their work at the croft, and they do not persevere in the fishing. As seamen, they are excellent when properly trained, for they know all the creeks on their own coast where shelter is to be had, and if a wind springs up they know where to go. What Sir Kenneth Mackenzie said is quite my experience—that an east coast fisherman takes three times as many fish as a west coast man, even on his own loch. I, therefore, think that crofts ought to be large enough to give full employment, and the possessors should be obliged to adopt a certain system of working them. In travelling over some land not far from Inverness, I recollect having remarked to the owner that it had a fine face of land, and had a good exposure. "Well," he said, "I will tell you about that. Some years ago I took all the people from the hills—12 or 15 families—I saw they were making no progress. They were existing, but not improving; and I resolved to transfer them down to the low country, and gave each family 20 acres to improve and cultivate. Accordingly, I sent for an Inverness surveyor to plan out the ground, but on going over it with him he dissuaded me very much from the proposal, and insisted that the ground was not fit for culture, and suitable only for an outrun for sheep, being then all in heather. After a good deal of talk, I found I could only get my plan carried out by my saying to my Inverness friend that I sent for him to lot out the land, and not to give me advice—(laughter)—and if he was not prepared to carry out my wishes I would get some one else to do so. (Laughter and applause.) Accordingly the plan was prepared, and the people settled in the place; and there now is the land, than which there is no better in the district, and no more contented tenants or better farmers in the north. And all they asked me to do for them since was merely to assist in leading drains, in regard to which they should be instructed and assisted, as, otherwise, each only does what belongs to his own croft." (Hear, hear.) Guidance is, therefore, beneficial, and after that ordinary competition and rivalry comes in. Progress is effected,

and the people and the country benefited. (Applause.) Planting is a thing that should be extensively carried on in the Highlands. It is a landlord's improvement, and there is plenty land for it, not interfering with that fit for cultivation. In all these things the Society should take a leading part, and in this way it is eminently fitted for doing good. As a race, there is not anywhere a finer or more intelligent, when instructed, than the Scottish Highlanders—(cheers)—but as to this, and in a company of Highlanders in the capital of the Highlands, I am not expected, I presume, to say much. They are known everywhere, and, as to their valour, I may be allowed to quote a passage from a speech of Lord Chatham's, who, though not a Scotchman, was above all prejudices. (Cheers.) Chatham, speaking of the natives of the Highlands, said—

“I care not whether a man is rocked in a cradle on this or the other side of the Tweed. I sought for merit, and I found it in the mountains of the North. I there found a hardy race of men, able to do their country service. I called them forth to her aid, and sent them to fight our battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity could only be equalled by the valour which signalised their own and their country's renown all over the world.” (Loud cheers.)

I need say no more. The Gaelic Society of Inverness has for its object the improvement of this race, as well as the preservation of the Gaelic language and Celtic literature, and I propose that we devote a hearty bumper to its success. Gentlemen, let us pledge with cordiality, “The Gaelic Society of Inverness.” (Loud cheers.)

Mr Allan Macdonald, solicitor, next gave the “Members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs”—gentlemen who discharged very onerous duties with marked ability. (Hear, hear.) Their duties in the past had been very onerous, and there was no indication that they would be less in the session upon which they had entered. The present and many previous generations in this country had been in the habit of priding themselves as being in the land of the brave and the free—a land that was held up to the admiration of all the nations in the civilised world as the land—

“Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.”

(Cheers.) But in one part of our Empire a large section believed that they were suffering grievous wrongs, and, whether this was well or ill founded, it was improper to seek redress by turning

freedom into licence, and order into lawless anarchy. (Applause.) Our representatives in Parliament, he felt sure, would ever be actuated by true patriotism, and would strive to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom. (Cheers.)

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael." In this subject, he said, great interest had been taken during the last ten years. This interest and good feeling must not be looked upon as something altogether new; it is a revival of a state of things which, to some extent at least, existed hundreds of years ago. The glimpses which we are able to get of the distant past are unfortunately few and slight, but they are sufficient to show that Gaelic—or Irish, as it was then called—was held in considerable esteem, even in the Lowlands, for centuries after it had ceased to be the language of the Scottish court. On this occasion it is impossible fully to enter into this subject, but I may be allowed to mention one or two things which show that what I have now said is true. In the fifteenth century we find the Ayrshire poet, Dunbar, singing the praise of Gaelic in the following strain:—

It should be all trow Scottis mennis leid,
It was the gud language of this land,
And Scota it causit to multiply and spried.

Scota, as you will remember, was that daughter of Pharaoh from whom, according to ancient chroniclers, the Scottish nation sprung. (Laughter and applause.) In the sixteenth century the scholars of Aberdeen, who were prohibited from speaking English or Scotch, were expressly permitted to converse in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Gaelic. In the seventeenth century Gaelic formed part of the educational routine of some of the highest in the land. Thus in 1633 Archibald, Lord Lorne (afterwards Marquis of Argyle, and Montrose's great opponent), a man who was not supposed by the Highlanders of his time to be specially Celtic in his sentiments, sent his eldest son (afterwards the Earl of Argyle who was executed in 1685) to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glen Urquhay, ancestor of the Earls of Breadalbane, to be educated; and part of the arrangement was that the pupil's tutor was to be "ane sufficient man quha has bothe Irisch and English." In 1637 the pupil's mother, although a Lowland lady—being the daughter of the Earl of Morton—wrote from Roseneath to Sir Duncan in the following terms:—

"I hear my son begins to weary of the Irish language. I entreat you to cause hold him to the speaking of it; for since he

has bestowed so long time and pains in the getting of it, I should be sorry he lost it now with laziness in not speaking it."

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland early took an interest in our language. In 1643 young students "having the Irish language" were ordained to be trained in the Universities. In 1648 bursaries were instituted for such students; and while each Presbytery in the province of Moray, Ross, and Caithness, were ordained to maintain a Gaelic-speaking student at college, each congregation over the rest of Scotland had to pay forty shillings Scots yearly towards the maintenance of Highland bursars. In connection with these enactments I find that on 23d October 1649, the Presbytery of Dingwall granted a bursary to an "Irish" boy from Alness. Other Presbyteries also maintained their bursars. You all know of the more modern Gaelic bursaries and associations. In our day the most important event in connection with my subject is the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Applause.) That Chair is as good as established. In April last the committee recommended that it should not be established before May 1881, and that lectures should not begin before November 1881. The intention now is to finally place the Chair on its legs in May 1882, and to commence the lectures in the following November. The reasons of the delay are purely financial; and, notwithstanding the impatience of some good Highlanders, for my part the delay has my hearty approval. To us the future is uncertain, and it would be unwise to depend too much upon class fees—(Hear, hear)—and, to insure that the Celtic professorship will command the highest talent, we must allow the amount which our good friend Professor Blackie has collected to increase by the accumulation of interest until we have a principal sum sufficient of itself to yield a fair income. (Applause.) From the Celtic professorship I anticipate important results. In this place it is unnecessary to refer to its importance from a linguistic or philological point of view. On a former occasion I pointed out the necessity of a knowledge of ancient Gaelic to him who would profitably study the early history of our country. Similarly, although perhaps in a less degree, Gaelic would be of use to the student of our family charter-chests, the contents of which throw so much light on the domestic life of our forefathers. Let me illustrate this. In the charter-chest of the Breadalbane family there is an inventory of the year 1603 in which are mentioned four "glaslawis chanyeit with four shaikhillis." Mr Cosmo Innes, who deciphered this document, and printed it in the Black Book of Taymouth, was at a loss what to

make of the four "glaslawis;" but he surmised that they were "instruments of torture." Now, had the learned antiquarian had the advantage of a session or two at the feet of the Celtic professor, he would, without doubt, have been able to see that "glaslaw" was a very fair attempt to write phonetically the word "*glas-lamh*," which you all know is the Gaelic of handcuff. Thus the mysterious sentence becomes "four handcuffs chained with four shackles." (Applause and laughter.) I could multiply instances of this kind, but I must close. I ask you to drink to the Language and Literature of the Gael; and I have pleasure in coupling the toast with the name of our venerable father in Celtic matters, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor.

Rev. A. Macgregor, in replying to the toast, said—The Gaelic language is a language for which I entertain a very great love myself. (Applause.) It is the first language which I lisped—(Hear, hear)—the first language in which, I may say, I spoke for nine or ten years, without knowing very much at all of the English language, and it is a language that is highly worthy of all the best and all the most scrutinising processes of all those who have any regard whatever for philology. (Applause.) It is a primitive language. I believe it is the root of all the languages over the length and breadth of Europe—(Applause)—and perhaps much more—(Rev. Mr Mackenzie—"Hear, hear. That is really so")—and to go a little further than that, I believe we may truly speak of it as a Ghaidhlig—

Bha aig Adhamh a's Eubha
 Gun fheum ac' air aithreachas—
 Mu 'n chiontaich iad an Eden
 Gun eucail gun smalan orr'.

(Applause). Whether that be true or not, it is not necessary for us in the meantime to ascertain. It is frequently alleged that the Gaelic language has no literature. I maintain quite the opposite of this. It has a very extensive literature, as my good friend on my left hand here can testify. (Rev. Mr Mackenzie—"Yes.") The Gaelic language, as you all know, consists of various languages. Take the Welsh, the Irish, the Manx; take your own good Highland language—there are many works published in that. It is preached in the various churches in the Highlands of Wales now—(Hear, hear)—and we all know that it is preached in the Highlands of Scotland. I myself preached in it for upwards of twenty years without hardly preaching at all in the English language. It is, as I have affirmed, a language that I entertain a high regard

for, in respect of its own native qualities and from its being, as I truly believe, the root of the Greek and of the Latin and the various other languages. (Applause.) To see that it has its own literature you have but to look at the various bards in the Highlands who have published beautiful poems, such as Dugald Buchanan and my own namesake, Macgregor, and others. (Applause.) And not only so, but in more modern times we have our own blessed Word of God translated into Gaelic, and I believe that that translation is much more perfect than any other translation we have got—(Hear, hear)—and it is used in all our churches where the Gaelic is preached. And to go further back, as has been already pointed out, we have the old deeds that were written in Gaelic, “The Book of Deer,” “Carswell’s Prayer Book,” and the book of my namesake, the Dean of Lismore. (Applause.) All these we have still, thanks greatly to Dr Maclauchlan. (Applause.) After alluding to local and other Celtic literature, and the interesting book of Highland proverbs which the Sheriff of Kirkcudbright is to publish this week, Mr Macgregor spoke of those, such as Professor Blackie, Principal Shairp, Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen, and Mr William Jolly, who, though they were not Highlanders, and had not a single drop of Highland blood in their veins, sought to pry into the origin of languages, and were most enthusiastic as to Gaelic. The chief, said Mr Macgregor, is that indefatigable beggar—(Laughter)—Professor John Stuart Blackie. I cannot say he is a sturdy beggar—(Laughter—but he is a most enthusiastic one—(Applause)—and by means of his begging and intercession with all those who would supply him with funds you see he has established the Celtic Chair, and it is a matter of certainty that that Chair is fixed—(Applause)—and that it will carry down and spread throughout the world a knowledge of the beauties of the Gaelic language for ages after we are all gone, and after the language has ceased to be spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. And in this respect the Celtic Chair is a Chair as to which Professor Blackie may say in the words of Horace, “Exegi momentum ære perennius.” (Applause.) There is no fear of the Gaelic language being lost. It may be lost as a spoken language, but it will never be lost in regard to its own intrinsic qualities and characteristics. (Applause.) I regret very much that Gaelic is not taught in our Highland schools. I think the School Boards themselves are considerably to blame for that, and I consider that Government is to blame too, because it cannot be expected that teachers will teach a language unless they are paid for it. (Hear, hear.) But

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perhaps through the instrumentality of our members of Parliament, this matter may be rectified. And now, in conclusion, I may say that I hope this Gaelic Society of ours will continue to prosper. In the record of its transactions there are many valuable things that will be handed down to succeeding members of the Society when we ourselves shall be removed from earth's scene. (Applause.)

Major Macandrew proposed "Kindred Societies." I propose this toast with great pleasure, he said, because it is always well to be brotherly and to be mindful of those who are labouring to a like end with ourselves. (Applause.) As regards other Celtic Societies, to which this toast more particularly applies, I am glad to think that they are now bringing their aims to somewhat different objects to what they did when I can first remember. It seems to me in looking back that I can remember two phases of the Celtic Societies. I think that I can remember that the great object of what was supposed to be a Celtic Society was to exhibit the mere outside of a Highlander—(Hear, hear)—kilts and cocked bonnets and feathers and plaids, all beautiful things in themselves—(Laughter)—but yet, perhaps, the attention was too exclusively directed to them. (Applause.) But lately, as my learned friend Mr Mackay has said, the attention has been directed to a better subject perhaps, and that is to the language of the Gael, and within the last ten years there is no doubt whatever—whatever may have been done in past centuries, whatever attention may have been paid to it in past centuries—Celtic scholars have done much to rescue what remains of our Highland literature. (Applause.) But I think I have noticed that within the past few years the sympathy of Celtic Societies has been directed to something better even than that. We have come to recognise the fact that one hundred and fifty years ago the whole of this land was inhabited, and the whole of it was possessed by people of the Celtic race—(Applause)—and we have come also to recognise the fact that the plaids and the bonnets and the targets, the dirks and the broadswords, were the arms of Highland men, that Highland bonnets covered Highland brains, that Highland plaids were belted over true Highland hearts, and that the language which we all wish to preserve grew out of the hearts and out of the feelings and sympathies of Highlanders. (Applause.) I look around with some regret to think that while Celtic Societies were preserving all that remained of the ancient language and its ancient literature a process was silently going on by which the ancient Highlander was fast disappearing from the land—(Applause)—and I think it

has now come to be fairly recognised that one of the best objects which any Celtic Society can set before it is to try if it can in any way devise means by which those who are left of the race in this country may be allowed to remain on their own land. (Applause.) It seems to me that people who some years ago would not have been thought typical Highlanders at all are now coming to the front and being valued for the way in which they have behaved in respect of the preservation of the people on the land. (Applause.) It is not proper, perhaps, here to discuss any question which might verge on politics, to discuss whether the crofter system is the best system that could exist or whether other systems might be better ; but this generally, I think, we all recognise, that under some system, whatever it may be, it is at least an object to be desired and an object to be pursued by all lawful means—that we should try that what is left of the Highland race in the country should remain in it and still have the means to develop it. (Cheers.) And if in no other way, we can at least do it by directing public attention to it, by reprobating in the strongest way we can, by exposing to public contempt if we can any person who in an arbitrary or tyrannical manner tries to turn the Highlanders out of their holdings. (Cheers.) I think there is no more beautiful thing connected with the subject than what has been elicited recently with reference to an event that has taken place not far from here—(Hear, hear, and laughter)—and I think besides, gentlemen, that we all as Highlanders feel strongly about it. (Applause.) But there is one class among us who may perhaps be expected to sympathise more with the rights of property than with men, and I think it is exceedingly gratifying to find that with reference to the Leckmelm evictions not one single proprietor has said one word whatever in favour of what has been done. (Cheers.) Every word that has been spoken by the Highland proprietors regarding the evictions, has been spoken in direct and strong reprobation of them. (Cheers.) I hope, gentlemen, that Highland Societies and Celtic Societies are entering on a new era that they will at least give rise to a strong public opinion in favour of what I have stated, and thinking that, I have much pleasure in proposing the toast committed to me. (Applause.) But, gentlemen, this toast is not confined to Highland Societies alone, but it includes literary societies of all kinds, and while we can sympathise with the objects of other literary societies, I think that for the object we are particularly directing attention to at present we can claim their sympathy, and I am quite sure we will get it. (Cheers.)

The toast was coupled with the name of Mr William Bain, who acknowledged as Secretary of the Literary Institute.

The Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, proposed the toast of "Highland Education." He said—I remember reading somewhere of a schoolmaster of the olden time who was noted for his kindness to his scholars. When he entered his schoolroom of a morning he made a low bow, and treated them generally with a consideration which was less usual in those days than, happily, it is in our own. Being asked by his friends his reason for such singular courtesy, his answer was somewhat thus, "I look upon these boys as the future legislators, judges, and warriors of my country, and I honour them in anticipation." (Applause.) With a feeling akin to this estimable teacher, I am desirous, in moving this toast, of bespeaking the energetic action of this Society, and through you of your affiliated Societies, on behalf of a class of boys, regarding some of whom, at least, if we may judge from the past, the very highest hopes may be cherished—I mean the Gaelic-speaking children of our Highland schools. (Applause.) Need I remind you of Ewen Maclauchlan, who went in his philabeg to Aberdeen from the braes of Lochaber, and won at once the highest bursary for Latin composition, or of Alexander Murray, the son of a Highland shepherd, so poor that he had to teach his son his letters with a piece of burnt stick on the back of a school card, and yet that son became one of the most distinguished philologists of his age. (Applause.) Or, if you will pardon it from me, my own uncle, the late Allan Mackenzie of Knockbain, who went a boy of thirteen from the Parish School of Stornoway to Aberdeen, and won the second bursary of his time for Latin composition. But why mention instances when they can be counted by hundreds who have gone from our Highland glens and villages, and made a name for themselves and for their country. (Applause.) There may be some of you, gentlemen, who have never had occasion to notice the disadvantages under which many of our Highland children labour on going to school. It is no little disadvantage to be ignorant of the language in which the instruction is bestowed. Not to speak of the feeling of irritation, to which they are exposed for a time, therefore the positive inability to understand the questions put to them. If they understand them at all it is as much by the eyes as by the ears. Aye, it sometimes takes them a whole year of hard work ere they are on a par with the others in understanding the work of the school. But more than this, their organs are ill-adapted for acquiring some of the sounds which characterise the English

language. The sounds of *th*, whether in the word *the* or in the word *thick*, cost them no little labour. I have seen a teacher labour for five minutes with the word *thong*, and to little purpose. It was *tong* or *song* or *fong*. Strange to say, the Welsh have those sounds very prevalent, so had and have the Greeks, but the Gael, the Roman, and the German knew them not. I ask you, then, is it fair, is it reasonable, that children born under such a disadvantage should not have some compensation—(Applause)—seeing that it is, to say the least of it, their misfortune and not their fault, and if so I come to the practical remedy. The members of this Society are well aware that years ago, through the exertion of some friends of the Highlands in Edinburgh, aided by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, the Government, through their Education Department, conceded the teaching of Gaelic during school hours. What has come of it? Nothing, so far as I know; I have not heard of a single Gaelic class in any school within the range of my observation. Nor do I wonder, for School Boards are against it, teachers are against it, and even parents are against it, entailing, as it does, additional labour and no remuneration. But now one step further, let it be conceded that Gaelic be made a special subject, and that a pass in it be made equal to a pass in French and German, and why not? Let the pass be first for reading the Gaelic Bible—next for reading and spelling—next for reading, spelling, and writing—and next for reading, writing, spelling, and parsing; and then an act of justice, certainly of tardy justice, will be done to these children. You shall have a class in every Highland school. A mighty change will be effected in the minds of all concerned, and you will secure for the language which you love an additional artery of life. (Cheers.)

Mr D. Campbell, as a former teacher, suitably replied.

Mr Robert Grant proposed the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," and the Provost returned thanks.

Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, proposed the next toast—"Clann nan Gaidheal an Cruaillibh a Cheile." After introducing the toast with a few remarks in Gaelic, Mr Campbell said—The subject of my toast is at once social and patriotic, and to a considerable extent egotistic. In its social aspect this sentiment (which is the motto of our Society) suits in the abstract all societies or combinations of men, and such a gathering as we have present this evening is but an outward and visible sign of that "happiness of life" which goes a long way to negative the supposed truism that "society is no comfort to one not sociable." We come to the festive table once a year to renew our rusty friendships, make new

acquaintances in the march of progress, and thus, as iron sharpeneth iron, we help to deoxidise one another in matters of special interest to our Society. This Society has now lived up to the end of its first decade, and from the small beginning made by a few Highlanders in Inverness in 1871, we have increased year by year until we have now about 400 members on our roll. (Applause.) But this is not the only outcome of the start then made, for we may say that several, if not most of the Celtic Societies throughout the country have come to the front, if not all with new life, at least with renewed energy since our appearance on the stage. (Applause.) This illustrates the prescience of the gentlemen who instituted this Society, and the characteristic trait in the Highlanders, that when they have a good object in view, notwithstanding all obloquy and opposition, they stand true to their purpose and keep shoulder to shoulder, come weal come woe. (Applause.) I apprehend, gentlemen, that this toast means more than can be gathered from the tame and not sufficiently expressive paraphrase of it which can be rendered into idiomatic English. It means more than simply a lot of men standing side by side as our vulgar English version has it—more than simple association or co-operation. I take it to convey the idea not only of cohesion, but incorporation of the various members of the body Celtic into one living mass, so that by its unified influence it can command that admiration and respect which a disorganised body has no power to attract. The Society must be composed of living and active members, and in order to attain the common object they must act with that determination and solidity of purpose represented in the Highland chief's noble reply to his tormenter—

“False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan—
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.”

(Applause). Without this feeling pervading our ideas of our duty as members of this brave and noble race represented by the name Highlander, we shall, with all the counteracting and baneful influences at work for our denationalisation, be very much in danger of falling into that *nomadism* which Carlyle so much detests, and which he “perceives to be prohibitory of any good whatsoever.” Carlyle indeed speaks of “that singular phenomenon” which he calls *swarmery*—or the “gathering of men in swarms,” and with evident irony exclaims, “and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing when thrown into that miraculous condition.” There is much truth, however, under this sarcastic crust, and though we may not attain to the summit of our ambition,

“Highlanders shoulder to shoulder” can yet be a power for good in the special fields which we are now exploring and cultivating as a Gaelic Society, and this field has a wide range as seen from our constitution. (Hear, hear.) The patriotic aspect of the toast is but an enlargement of what I have already said. We are not always successful in carrying out our aims. We recently, both last year and this, tried to procure a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland, a work which could be easily and inexpensively accomplished with the general census, but Government has refused. Probably a little more enthusiasm could have influenced the Home Secretary, but I regret to say we have failed this time. There are important questions connected with the relations of the people to the land under the consideration not only of “Highlanders,” but of Scotchmen in general, though this Society has taken no part in these. I do not see that the Celt should be contemned because he takes a lively interest in a matter of so much importance to him. The Highlander is a peace-loving, law-abiding, loyal subject, but while he does not for ever submit to oppression without grumbling under the yoke, he is not to be classed with knaves and traitors. A writer, to whom I have already referred, puts the question, “Whose land *was* this of Britain? God’s who made it. Who of God’s creatures had right to live in it? The wolves and bisons. Yes, they; till one with a better right showed himself. The Celt, ‘aboriginal savage of Europe,’ as a snarling antiquary names him, arrived, pretending to have a better right, and did accordingly, not without pain to the bison, make good the same. He had a better right to that piece of land, viz., a right to turn it to use.” Highlanders, let us not see our land again under the dominion of the wolves and bisons!—

“Now, chiefs and senators, ye patriot band,
 Born to illumine, protect, and bless the land :
 While loose furies rage in other climes,
 And Nature sickens at her children’s crimes,
 Draw close those ties so fine, and yet so strong,
 That gently lead the willing soul along ;
 Nor crush beneath oppression’s iron rod
 The kindred image of the parent God :
 Nor think that rigour’s galling chain can bind
 The native force of our superior mind.
 ’Twas not from such the glowing ardour rose,
 That followers drew to Wallace and Montrose.”

(Applause.) I must be done, but without exhausting my subject. For how much of liberty and progress is our country indebted to our Covenanters, army, navy, fencibles, volunteers, and the various patriotic—truly patriotic—associations that shed lustre on our national history! Let me close by adapting those glowing lines of Burns—

“Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till slap! come in an unco loon,
 And wi’ a rung decide it.
 Be Highland still, to Highlands true,
 Amang coorsels united,
 For never but by Highland hands
 Must Highland wrongs be righted.”

(Loud applause.)

Mr Colin Chisholm, who was warmly applauded, said—Fhir na cathrach, fhir na bonn-chathrach, agus a dhaoin’-uaisle,—Tha iad a’ cur mu m’ choinneamh-sa facal no dha a radh, an cois na thuir mo charaid Mr Caimbeul, ann an luaidh air “Clann nan Gaidheal an guaillibh a cheile.” Is briagh am facal sin na ’n leantadh gu ’chul e! Ach an aite sin is ann a bu fhreagarraiche dhuinn a radh, “Clann nan Gaidheal air an ruagadh bho cheile.” Anns a’ chiad dol sios is duilich leam gu bheil agam ri aideachadh nach ’eil iad aig a’ h-uile h-am cho dileas “an guaillibh a cheile” ’s a bu mhath leam iad a bhith. Is tric mi smaointeachadh leam fhein gu ’m faodteadh a radh m’ ar timchioll rud-eigin mar thuir Iain Manntach—

“’N uair theid gach cinne a dh-aon-taobh
 Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu chnoc.”

Agus cha ’n e mhain gu bheil cuid de na comuinn Ghaidhealach nach ’eil cho aonsgeulach, aon-inntinneach ’s a bu mhath leinn, ach is trom ’s is duilich leam gu bheil aineart agus foirneart fo ’n leth a muigh gu tric a’ sgaoileadh mo luchd-duthcha gaolach agus ga ’n cur far an doirbh dhaibh a bhi “an guaillibh a cheile.” (Iolach.) Nach bu truagh an t-atharrachadh a thainig air sluagh na duthcha so aig toiseach na linn so fhein, an uair a chaidh 5400 de na Gaidheil fhogradh a Gleann-Garaidh, Onoideart, Srathghlais, agus Coire-Mhonaidh, an taobh a stigh do cheithir no coig a bhliadhnaichean, agus an cur a null thar fairge gu America Bhreatunnach. Goirid roimh ’n am sin thog Tighearna Ghlinne-Garaidh reiseamaid de dhaoine ro thapaidh air an oighreachd aige

fhein. Anns a' bhliadhna 1777, thog Ian Ghlinne-Garaidh reiseamaid anns an robh os cionn mìle agus ceithir fichead fear; agus sin uile ann an duthaich anns nach faighear an diugh fichead Donullach, no tamhanach sa bith ach fiadh-bheathaichean na fridhe, agus caoirich agus coin chiobairean. (Mor iolach.) Bha an *Ceilteach* agus an *t-Ard-Albannach* am measg Ghaidheal America air a' bhliadhna so chaidh, agus tha iad ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil na mìltean de Ghaidheil beo an diugh ann an Ceann Tuath America, a rugadh ann an glinn ar duthcha agus a chaidh fhogar a dh-aindeoin a tìr an duthchais. Ann an cearna Nova Scotia 'na h-aonar, 'sa bhliadhna 1871, bha 14,416, a rugadh ann an Alba; agus ann am Mor-roinn Chanada, 550,000 de shliochd Albannach. Cha d' thug mi dhuibh ach beagan de'n aineart a chaidh a dheanamh am bun an doruis againn a' so, ach cha cheadaich bhur n-uine dhomh dol thairis air na thachair de'n obair sgriosail cheudna ann an aiteachan eile. Ach diubhalach 's mar tha an caramh a thainig air an t-sluagh, neo-ar-thaing mur d' eirich a' cheart cho olc do'n luchd-foirneart, oir air an latha 'n diugh, tha a' chuid mhor dhiubh gun phloc fearainn, agus gun sion a lathair ach an droch ainm a choisinn iad daibh fein, agus an deadh chliu a bha aig an aithrichean. (Caitheam.) Olc 's mar bha bhuil, tha mi toilichte nach deachaidh cur as gu buileach do na Gaidheil, agus a reir coltais, tha an t-am dluth anns an eirich a' ghrian orra fhathast. (Iolach.) Tha iad a' togail an cinn; agus is i mo bharrail-sa ged nach biodh againn ach an comunn cridheil so fhein, cruinn fo bhratach Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis, gu 'm faodamaid misneach a ghabhail a chionn gu bheil comhlan cho tuigseach, gramail a' gabhail os' laimh sealltainn as deigh ar cor agus ar leas a chur am feobhas. (Iolach.) Mar mhisneach, do chlanna nan Gaidheal, agus gu neartachadh an toil gu seasamh, theirinn riu, mar thuirt Donull Gobha, am Bard Glaiseach—

“Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,
 Faicibh mar sgoilt a' Mhuir Ruadh,
 A's cumhachdan an Ti tha shuas,
 An diugh cho buan 's an ceud la.”

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, in proposing the Non-resident Members, asked where would the Gaelic Society be without its non-resident members, who composed more than three-fourths of their number, and whose subscriptions enabled their excellent Secretary to present such a satisfactory report that evening. The fact was the Society received the greater part of its funds and the

best contributions to its Transactions from the non-resident members. These members did not attend the ordinary meetings of the Society, but they were presented annually with our Transactions in return for their subscriptions; and this, apart altogether from the satisfaction they must derive from doing good by becoming members, was a good return for their 5s. subscription. (Applause.) The volumes would now realise 7s. 6d. each in the book market, and, indeed, could not be procured at that. Mr Mackenzie then congratulated the Society on the excellent accession to the membership they had in Mr Campbell, of the "Northern Chronicle;" and thereafter discussed the Gaelic census question.

Mr George Murray Campbell, Ceylon, with whose name the toast was coupled, responded, and said that though the Highlanders in Ceylon were few, yet they did not forget their country nor their language, but were in the habit of meeting together. (Applause.) The fact that they retained the Gaelic language so well after a lengthened stay in a foreign land was owing to the enthusiasm with which they entered into everything that helped to keep alive old associations as to their native country and its ancient language. (Applause.)

The other toasts were "The Clergy of all Denominations," by Mr Charles Mackay, and responded to by Rev. Messrs Macgregor and Mackenzie; "The Press," by Mr Jonathan Ross, and replied to by Mr Whyte, of the "Highlander;" "The Chairman," by Mr John Macdonald, and acknowledged by the Chairman; "The Croupiers," by Dr Mackenzie; "The Secretary," and "The Host and Hostess."

The proceedings were varied by the singing of Gaelic songs—the singers being Mr John Whyte, Mr Colin Chisholm, Mr William Mackay, and Mr G. J. Campbell. The meeting, which terminated about midnight, was throughout of a most enjoyable character.

9TH FEBRUARY 1881.

At the meeting on this date a large amount of routine business was transacted; and among other matters, the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, drew attention to the rumoured proposal by the War Office to change the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments. The part which the Society took in the agitation in connection with this question, will be related at length further on.

18TH FEBRUARY 1881.

A business meeting was held on this date. The following new

members were elected :—Mr Allister Macdonald Maclellan, Viewbank, Munloch; and Mr Duncan Campbell, editor of the "Northern Chronicle"—honorary; and Mr E. Cesari, manager, Station Hotel, Inverness; Mr A. Mackay Robson, Constitution Street, Leith; Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., head master, Raining's School, Inverness; and Mr John Macrae, solicitor, Dingwall—ordinary members.

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS AND THEIR TARTANS.

At the beginning of 1881, a rumour received currency that the War Office was about to abolish the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments, and to substitute some new uniform tartan. The rumour naturally roused the feelings of all Highlanders, and an agitation took place in which the Gaelic Society of Inverness took an active part. A brief narrative of this agitation, and our part in it, may be here given.

In 1877 a Committee on Army Organisation proposed by Colonel Stanley, War Secretary in Lord Beaconsfield's administration, recommended that the connection should be more closely drawn between the line battalions of a brigade, and that "this could best be effected by their being treated as one regiment, such regiment bearing a territorial designation, the line battalions being the 1st and 2nd; the Militia battalions, the 3rd and 4th, &c., of such territorial regiment, the *depôt* being common to all, and being the last battalion of the series."

In 1880 it was found absolutely necessary to determine whether this proposal was to be adopted or not; and Mr H. E. C. Childers, who was then War Minister in the new administration, resolved to refer the matter to a small Committee. This Committee had instructions to consider such questions, as—

"1. The territorial designation which the regiment should bear, and whether it is desirable to re-adjust the combination of the present linked battalions, having due regard to the extreme inconvenience likely to be caused by such alteration.

"2. The record of victories on the colours.

"3. Arrangements for uniformity of clothing for the territorial regiments, including the Militia."

The Committee which the Duke of Cambridge appointed to consider these matters, consisted of Adjutant-General Ellice, Major-General Radcliffe, Major-General Bulmer, Major-General

Elkington, Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, Colonel D. Macpherson, younger of Cluny (Lieutenant-Colonel of the 42nd Highlanders); Lieutenant-Colonel Briggs, 96th Regiment; and Mr George D. Ramsay, Director of Clothing.

While this Committee was prosecuting its labours, the rumour above alluded to spread over the land; and the agitation was begun.

On 9th February 1881, the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, drew the attention of our Society to this rumour; and on his motion the meeting was formed into a Special Committee, with power to add to their number, to watch over the question; and power was given them to convene, if necessary, a public meeting, to which leading and representative Highlanders should be invited, in order to protest against the rumoured proposed change. The same meeting authorised Lord Archibald Campbell to sign on behalf of the Society a petition to the Queen and Mr Childers, which his Lordship was promoting. The petition was as follows:—

“Nemo me impune lacessit.

“To the Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty.—May it please your Majesty,—We, the undersigned, believing that we represent the national feeling of Scotland, humbly petition that the tartan dress hitherto worn by the various Highland regiments as distinctive of the districts in which they were raised, and in which dress they have fought with honour and glory in every part of the globe, be not changed, believing that such distinctive tartans add to the *esprit de corps*, and that such changes as are contemplated are contrary to the instincts of every true Highlander.”

On Thursday, February 20th, one of our leading members, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in his place in the House of Commons, asked whether alterations in the tartans worn by kilted and trews regiments were contemplated; and if so, whether full time would be allowed for the consideration of a matter so interesting to many, before finally adopting any alterations. To this question, Mr Childers replied as follows:—“In reply to my hon. friend, I can assure him and the House that so delicate a matter as any alteration with regard to the tartans of the Scotch regiments will not be decided upon without full consideration—(Hear, hear)—but probably he is not aware of the facts which have led to this matter becoming urgent. Since 1870 all soldiers have enlisted, not for one, but for two regiments, and since 1873 all officers have been appointed, not to one, but to two regiments, and they are liable to be transferred from one to the other at the will of

the authorities. For instance, the 42nd and the 79th are two Scotch regiments, the men and officers of which belong to both. When the 42nd was abroad it was fed by drafts from the 79th to the extent of 452 men in four years; and now that the 79th is abroad vacancies in it have been filled by drafts from the 42nd to the extent of 159 men in one year. So, again, as to officers, two have recently been promoted from the 42nd to the 79th, and the whole body of officers will before long be subject to this liability of belonging to two regiments. It is evidently anomalous and unnecessarily costly that officers should be compelled to keep two sets of uniform, to say nothing of changing the uniform of the men, and we think that the time has come when this anomaly should be put an end to, and the two regiments have the same uniform. I understand that several of these cases are being satisfactorily arranged, and I can assure my hon. friend that we shall act with every consideration for the feelings of the officers and their men in whatever changes may ultimately be deemed necessary."

On Monday, February 14th, a meeting of the Special Committee appointed by our Society on 9th February was held, when Mr Childers' reply, above quoted, was considered, and the following resolution thereanent adopted:—

"The Committee having in view the unsatisfactory nature of Mr Childers' reply to the question put to him by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in regard to the proposed change in the tartans of the Highland regiments, resolves to organise a fuller meeting of influential representatives of Highlanders, to be held in Inverness on or before Friday, 4th March, for the purpose of considering the said proposal, and taking such steps as may be resolved upon with reference to the same."

It was also resolved to largely augment the Committee by the addition of the names of prominent citizens; and Mr William Mackay was appointed its convener. In the first place a circular in the following terms was extensively circulated:—

"Clann nan Gaidheal an ghuillean a cheile.

"Gaelic Society of Inverness,
"Inverness, 22nd Feb. 1881.

"Sir,—The proposal by Government to abolish the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments has caused great uneasiness, not only among Highlanders at home and abroad, but also

among patriotic Lowlanders and Englishmen; and the Gaelic Society of Inverness have considered it their duty to appoint a Committee of their members to watch its progress. In consequence of the unsatisfactory nature of the statement made in Parliament by the Secretary of State for War, in reply to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's question on the subject, the Committee have resolved to organise a public meeting for the purpose of considering the proposed change, and taking such steps in regard to it as may be resolved upon. The meeting is to be held within the Music Hall, Inverness, on Friday, the 4th day of March next, at one o'clock afternoon, and it is the earnest desire of the Committee that as many as possible of our leading and representative Highlanders should attend. The question to be considered is one which affects Highlanders in a special manner, and looking to the glorious part taken by the Highland regiments in the history of Britain during the past century, and the desirability of encouraging enlistments in the Highlands, it must also be treated as one materially affecting the future well-being of the Empire.

"There is perhaps no sentiment that enters so much into the character of the Scottish Highlander, or that has so powerfully influenced his history as a soldier, as that embodied in the oft-quoted Ossianic precept, *Lean gu dluth ri clìr do shìnnisir*; and hitherto it has been the unvarying policy of his leaders carefully to foster everything associated with his forefathers' fame, or tending to preserve the history and traditions of the past. Guided by this policy, and knowing his men, Sir Ralph Abercromby, at the battle of Alexandria, incited the Highlanders with the simple but telling words, 'My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers.' Sir John Moore's brief address to the clansmen who swept all before them on the field of Corunna was 'Highlanders, remember Egypt;' and during the memorable times of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, the Highlanders' deep-rooted reverence for the past and its associations were appealed to by Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Henry Havelock, and others, with a result of which history will not cease to tell. During Britain's greatest struggles, the tartans which it is now proposed to abolish were worn by the Highland regiments and stained with the blood of their greatest heroes; but, notwithstanding this—notwithstanding that the distinctive tartans remind our soldiers of the clans and districts with which their regiments were originally connected, and the brilliant actions fought by those who wore them in the past, and that they have become as dear to them as the colours

which they would die to save, and notwithstanding the alarm and discontent which, it is known, the proposal has caused among the officers and men of the regiments interested—the Secretary for War has declared in Parliament that in the opinion of the authorities the time has come for the abolition of those tartans. If this opinion is to be acted upon, there may be a paltry saving to the national exchequer; but the principal link which connects the glorious past of our regiments with the present will be broken, the individuality of the regiment will be destroyed, *esprit de corps* will be weakened, and the most powerful incentives to voluntary enlistment will be done away with. Our officers and men, although opposed to the change, are not allowed to petition. The people must therefore speak for them.

“I have been desired by the Committee earnestly to request your presence at the meeting on the 4th March. In the event of your being unable to attend, may I ask you to have the goodness to favour me, at least three days before the meeting, with such a letter as the Committee can make use of, stating whether or not you disapprove of the proposed change.

“I have the honour to remain,

“Your faithful Servant,

“WILLIAM MACKAY, Convener of Committee,
and Hon. Secretary of Gaelic Society.”

While the Gaelic Society was actively engaged in the agitation in the North, Highlanders in the South were no less zealous; and on 17th February a most influential meeting was held at Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, where an imitation of the fiery cross was sent round, and resolutions passed to resist any interference with the tartans. This meeting arranged for the presentation of the petition above quoted; and here it may be mentioned that among those who signed it were his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, 66 other Scottish noblemen, a large number of members of Parliament, the Provosts and Chief Magistrates of 124 cities and towns in Scotland, and upwards of 50 associations, and societies of Highlanders in Scotland and England. The total number of signatures obtained was over 16,000.

The petition was presented by Mackintosh of Mackintosh, a member of this Society; and in reply to it, Mr Childers communicated the following letter to The Mackintosh:—

“ War Office, 23d Feb.

“ Gentlemen,—The petition which you have done me the honour to hand to me deserves all respect and attention, but I take this opportunity—the first which has presented itself to me—to state to you, and through you to those who take an interest in the subject in your petition, that the main designs attributed to us in connection with the uniform of Highland regiments have no foundation whatever in fact.

“ It has never been my wish or intention either to abolish distinctive tartans or to substitute new-fangled patterns for the clan tartans now in vogue ; and, least of all, to diminish the number of regiments wearing the kilt. On the contrary, I know enough of Scotland, and especially of Highlanders, to wish to see the number of battalions wearing these picturesque and popular uniforms increase, and whatever may have been the case in past times, when frequent changes in tartans took place, I am anxious to avoid perpetual alterations in the dress of the army, which for the most part only result in the benefit of tailors.

“ But it became necessary to consider whether larger regiments should not be substituted for the inconvenient linked battalion system now in force. We consulted the Colonels of Scotch regiments, in order to see how, without making unnecessary changes, regiments with the same uniforms might be formed out of the existing battalions ; and I am happy to say that, when your meeting was recently held, we had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion with respect to all but two regiments.

“ I hope, when I move the estimates next week, to be able to state that we have reached a complete solution of this intricate question ; but, meanwhile, I am glad to be able to give these assurances to you and those whom you represent.

“ I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

“ Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) “ HUGH E. C. CHILDERS.”

On 25th February 1881, the War Office Committee, which, as already stated, included Sir Archibald Alison and Colonel D. Macpherson of Cluny, issued a unanimous report ; and we cannot do better than quote from it such portions as bear directly on the Highland regiments, which we do as follows:—

“We have considered those recommendations of Colonel Stanley’s Committee (1877) which form part of our reference, and have taken evidence with regard to them from officers of experience, both in the line and the militia. We have also had the advantage of the opinions of Lieutenant-General Sir J. Adye, Surveyor-General of Ordnance, and of Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, Quarter-Master-General.

“The first point which has occupied our attention—in view of the proposals of Colonel Stanley’s Committee for the formation of territorial regiments being carried out—has been whether it is advisable to alter in any way the present combination of linked battalions, previous to their organisation in such regiments. As this organisation may be final, it is evidently of high importance to unite in the same regiment, battalions as closely allied as possible both as regards local connection and regimental feeling.

“There are several reasons for considering a re-adjustment of the present coupling of regiments as desirable. In some cases traditional sentiment, in others local considerations, or questions of clothing and uniform, point to the fact that certain alterations in the existing linking would be attended with advantage. Thus, the 43rd and 52nd, two regiments which formed part of the old light division in the Peninsula, and which are, perhaps, united by closer ties than any other regiments in the service, are separated, while, on the other hand, the 26th Cameronians, a Lowland and originally a Covenanter regiment, is linked to the strongly Highland 74th. As the 26th was originally raised for the purpose of opposing the Highlanders, it is manifest that its regimental traditions, and the feeling which these traditions always engender, must clash seriously with those of the 74th.

“Again, at present the 71st and 78th are linked together, the former wearing the trows and the latter the kilt. Such an arrangement added to the expense of the change of clothing when a draft proceeds from the battalion at home to that abroad, is unsightly on parade, and tends to keep up a feeling of separation between the two battalions, detrimental to the proper working either of the present linked battalion system, or to that proposal of territorial regiments.

“In Appendix No. III. will be found a scheme of re-linking, which it appears to us meets all the cases where it is urgently required, and has the following advantages:—It unites the 43rd and 52nd, and localises the Scotch regiments satisfactorily, doing away with the inconvenience attendant on the localisation of the 75th (a Scotch regiment) in Dorsetshire. It also brings together

regiments willing to wear the same tartan, and in many cases having the same origin. It also adds one fresh battalion to those which have to be recruited in Scotland.

“On the assumption, however, that the present coupling of battalions continues, we have next considered the most suitable titles for the new territorial regiments. Our endeavour in this has been whilst abolishing all numbers (on the principle laid down by Colonel Stanley’s Committee) to maintain to the utmost everything that bears witness either to the local connection or to the honourable distinctions alike of the line and the militia, which united will form the new regiment. We hope by so doing to preserve, as little impaired as possible, that *esprit de corps* which is so marked and so valuable in the British Army. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the fusing together of so many regiments hitherto separate, and the consequent alteration of titles and abolition of numbers surrounded with historical associations will inflict a shock on the feelings of the officers and men of those battalions which thus lose their cherished designations. We trust, however, that this may be temporary only, and that the hope expressed by Colonel Stanley’s Committee may be realised—namely, that in process of time an enlarged *esprit de corps* will grow up, and that the men of the territorial regiments will look back to the traditions of former campaigns with no less pride than their predecessors.

“On the subject of clothing we concur in the recommendation of Colonel Stanley’s Committee, that the uniform of all the battalions of the territorial regiment (whether line or militia) should be the same.

“In the case of Scotch battalions, the proper tartan to be adopted on the formation of the territorial regiment must be a matter for special consideration for each regiment. The question will be much simplified if the re-linking proposed in Appendix III. be adopted. This scheme has been framed after careful consultation with the Commanding Officers of the Scotch regiments, and special regard has been had in it to the strong feeling entertained by the men of various clans for their own special tartans. We have ascertained that if it be carried out the two battalions coupled together are willing in each case to adopt a common pattern for their tartan. It would, however, necessitate the kilting of four additional regiments, which would considerably increase the cost of their clothing. This increase would be counterbalanced if the ostrich feather head-dress now worn by kilted regiments were done away with. This head-dress is costly, and is never worn on active

service. As it has no national origin, we recommend that it should be replaced by the true national head-dress—the bonnet. The saving thus occasioned would more than cover the extra expense caused by the kilts. We would further suggest that all non-kilted Scotch regiments which do not already wear the trews should adopt them.”

This table shows the linking of the Scottish regiments prior to 1881 :—

Proposed Titles of Regiments in Alphabetical Order.				Head-Quarters (present Brigade Depôts).
The Ayrshire and Border Regiment (Royal Scots Fusiliers)	}	21st, 1st Battalion	}	Ayr
		21st, 2nd Battalion		
The Black Watch and Cameron Royal Highland Regiment (Queen's Own)	}	42nd	}	Perth
		79th		
The Clydesdale Regiment (Light Infantry)	}	73rd	}	Hamilton.
		90th		
The Gordon and Sutherland Highland Regiment	}	92nd	}	Aberdeen.
		93rd		
The Inverness and Ross Regiment (Highland Light Infantry)	}	71st	}	Inverness.*
		78th		
The Lothian Regiment (Royal Scots)	}	1st, 1st Battalion	}	Glencorse.
		1st, 2nd Battalion		
The Seaforth and Argyll Regiment (Princess Louise's Highlanders)	}	72nd	}	Stirling.
		91st		
The Scotch Rifles (Rifle Regiment)	}	26th	}	Hamilton
		74th		

The following is the portion of Appendix No. III. referred to above, and which has been adopted :—

Proposed Re-Linking.	Proposed Territorial Title.	Depôt.
26th } 90th }	The Scotch Rifles (Cameronian)	Hamilton.
42nd } 73rd }	The Royal Highlanders (The Black Watch)	Perth.

* Fort-George (temporarily.)

Proposed Re-Link- ing.	Proposed Territorial Title.	Depôt.
71st	} The Highland Light Infantry	Hamilton.
74th		
72nd	} The Seaforth Highlanders	Fort-George.
78th		
92nd	} The Gordon Highlanders	Aberdeen.
75th		
79th*	The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders	Inverness.
93rd	} The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders	Stirling.
91st		

“The above scheme, it is pointed out, has the following advantages :—

- “ 1. It replaces in Scotland the 75th, a Scotch regiment now localised in the South of England.
- “ 2. It removes all difficulties about the tartans of the Scotch regiments, as it couples regiments willing to be united—to wear the same tartan—and, in many cases, having the same origin, thus—
- “ The 26th and 90th are willing to be united, and to become Rifles.
- “ The 73rd was originally the 2nd Battalion 42nd, as which it was raised in 1780. It will gladly return to its original regiment.
- “ The 71st and 74th are both trews regiments, and were both raised in the country round Glasgow. The 74th is willing to wear 71st tartan.†
- “ The 72nd and 78th were both raised by a Mackenzie of Seaforth, and the original number of the 72nd was 78. The 72nd is anxious to revert to the Mackenzie tartan, *i.e.*, the 78th.

“We are informed by the Duke of Argyll that the tartan now worn by the 91st (Argyllshire) is not the true Campbell tartan. This regiment was raised by Campbell of Lochnell, and should undoubtedly wear the Campbell tartan, which we understand from,

* With an expanded Depôt.

† The statement in the above official document to the effect that the 71st and 74th were raised about Glasgow is incorrect. The 71st or Lord Macleod's Highlanders was raised in Ross-shire, and the 74th was raised in the central Highlands. The 71st Regiment wore and wears the Mackenzie tartan.

his Grace is identical with that now worn by the 93rd, being black, blue (two shades), and green.

“ On the other hand, the scheme requires :—

“ 1. The establishment of a fresh depôt in Scotland. There is at present ample accommodation at Fort-George for the depôt of another battalion, or when Inverness is formed, it and Fort-George can be worked as a double-battalion depôt.

“ 2. The kilting of the 72nd, 73rd, 75th, and 91st.”

On March 3rd, the Army Estimates were introduced in the House of Commons; and on that occasion Mr Childers spoke at some length on the question of army organisation. Referring to the Highland regiments and the tartan question, he said—“ The special circumstances of some of the Scotch regiments require particular treatment. I will describe them with a little detail, as some most extraordinary misconceptions appear to exist about projects affecting them and their uniforms which never entered my mind. At present there are nine Highland regiments—the 42nd, 71st, 72nd, 74th, 78th, 79th, 91st, 92nd, and 93rd, wearing the kilt or trews; two double battalion regiments, the Royal Scots and Royal Scots Fusiliers; and three single battalion regiments—the 26th, 73rd, and 90th, all localised in Scotland, and one, the 75th, localised in England. We propose to group these after a new arrangement in a manner which I will now describe. 1st, the 72nd and 78th will form the Seaforth Highlanders, kilted, and with the Mackenzie tartan; 2nd, the 92nd Gordon Highlanders will remain at Aberdeen, and the 75th will become its second battalion, and receive the same dress; 3rd, the 42nd will continue at Perth, and the 73rd, which is a Perthshire regiment, formerly the second battalion of the 42nd, will receive the same dress and form with it the Black Watch; 4th, the 79th will have their depôt at Inverness, and will be the odd battalion of the total 141 of the army; 5th, the 91st and 93rd will form a regiment, with their depôt at Stirling. They will be dressed in the kilt, wearing the tartan which, we understand, is common to the Argyll and Sutherland clans; 6th, the 71st and 74th will be combined at Hamilton as the Highland Light Infantry; 7th, at Hamilton, also, will be the 26th and 90th, formed into a Rifle regiment. The other two depôts—Edinburgh and Ayr—will remain unchanged. There will thus be nine kilted battalions, and two in trews, as against five kilted, and four in trews, as at present.”

This announcement on the part of the Minister of War was hailed by Highlanders everywhere with great satisfaction; and the agitation was at an end. Our meeting at Inverness was called for the 4th March (the day after Mr Childers made his statement), and there was, in the circumstances, little for it to do. It, however, afforded an opportunity for the feeling in the North regarding the question to receive expression, and it is desirable that the same should be placed on record, which we accordingly do.

The meeting was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, and there was a large attendance. Provost Fraser presided; and on the platform were—Mr Horatio Ross of Rossie; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, the Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Mr Charles Mackay, Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr Wm. Macbean, Union Street; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr Fraser, C.E., and Mr Wm. Mackenzie, members of the Council of the Gaelic Society. Among those in the body of the hall were Dr Simon of Glenaldie; Dr Mackay, Ardrross Terrace; Major Fraser; the Rev. Mr Fraser, Petty; Mr Robert Grant, of Messrs Macdougall & Co., &c.

Provost Fraser briefly explained the object of the meeting, which, he said, was called in compliance with the terms of a circular issued by the Committee of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Although, he continued, it is a proper thing that we should not show the slightest indifference to so important a matter as a proposed change in the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments, I think it right to say that the matter about which we are met has been very much settled—(Cheers)—since steps were first taken in regard to it. The object of our wishes has, I may say, been almost attained. (Loud applause.) Such being the case, I think I may add that as soon as this matter was mooted—as soon as it was stated that the War Office contemplated certain changes in the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments—the authorities in Inverness did their very utmost to forward the object that this Society has in view, and to oppose the views that were attributed to the War Office. (Cheers.) I have had a good deal of correspondence on the subject with Lord Archibald Campbell, and that in a manner that should be satisfactory in the extreme to us—(Hear, hear)—as showing the intense interest that has been taken in the Highland regiments in high places throughout the country. I need not enter into details, but I must mention that, on the 27th February, Lord Archibald wrote me this letter—“I would feel greatly obliged if you will let some one read out this letter to the Highlanders who may be present at your forthcoming

gathering of the 4th March." The letter referred to is as follows :--

" 14 Beaufort Gardens, Brompton,
" 27th February 1881.

"Gentlemen,—Though I have reason to think that our prayers have been heard by the War Office authorities, yet I cannot but rejoice to hear you are to gather together on the 4th of March at Inverness. There is, gentlemen, so much that is noble throughout the history of our beloved land, and so much that is worth copying in the conduct of the Highlanders in bygone days, that I feel you will not hold your meeting in vain. The movement begun here in London is not a political one. Our admiration for those who fought of old, down to quite recent times, consists in this—That the Highlander did not know much about or care in bygone days much about politics in the abstract. What he did do, and care to do well, was the bidding of the respective chiefs. *That* made their conduct noble. They did not in bygone days discuss if their chief were on the right side or wrong side. At his summons they were at his side. Gallant days of most unselfish devotion! We, I maintain, in our day ought to carry on the traditions that inspired such love and devotion, and do all in our power to perpetuate the touching, unquestioning, unswerving loyalty and devotion of the true Highlander. It matters little to which party you turn, the clansmen did their chief's work nobly and well. It is this, gentlemen, that in my eyes hallows the tartan plaid of all the clans. The tartan plaid is the outward visible sign and symbol of days of the great and unquestioning loyalty and devotion of your forefathers. (Cheers.)

" I am, gentlemen, yours faithfully,

(Signed) " ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL."

This letter, continued the Provost, is a very satisfactory one indeed, and one which should be acknowledged as valuable to us all. (Cheers.) Nothing could be more gratifying to us than the statement of the number of people who have interested themselves in this whole subject. There signed the petition to the Queen against the proposals that were attributed to the War Office, one Royal Duke—(Hear, hear)—66 Scottish noblemen, many Members of Parliament, 124 Provosts and Chief Magistrates, and from 16,000 to 20,000 other persons. (Cheers.)

Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, read the following report by the Special Committee of the Gaelic Society of Inverness:—

The proposal to tamper with the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments was received by all interested in these regiments and acquainted with their past history with profound regret and surprise; and the Gaelic Society of Inverness appointed a Committee to take such steps in regard to the matter as they might deem necessary. In consequence of the statement made in Parliament by the Secretary for War, in reply to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's question on the subject, the Committee resolved to organise this public meeting; and on the 22nd ult. a circular was issued, and the meeting was advertised in the newspapers. On the 23rd, Mr Childers wrote to The Mackintosh, disclaiming the "main designs" attributed to the War Office, but, as his letter was not considered entirely satisfactory, it was resolved still to hold the meeting. The statement made by Mr Childers last night in Parliament seems, so far as we can judge from the brief telegraphic report, to have been satisfactory, and it is pleasant to hope that there is now no necessity for taking the main steps for which this meeting was called. At this season the most of our leading Highlanders happen to be in the South, and, owing to the inclemency of the weather (all the railways leading to Inverness being to-day blocked in consequence of the snow-storm), a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, who take a deep interest in our movement, are unable to be with us to-day. Some of them have already taken part in the agitation in connection with the petitions which have been presented to the Queen and the Secretary for War. I have, however, received numerous letters, and as these strongly reflect the deep feeling which exists among all classes against any interference with the tartans, I shall, with your permission, refer to some of them, it being absolutely impossible, within the time at my disposal, to read them all.

The Duke of Montrose writes:—

"The idea of changing the tartans of the Highland regiments is repugnant to the feelings of every Scotsman, and I hope from the answer given by Mr Childers to Mackintosh of Mackintosh that no alteration will be made."

The Earl of Lauderdale writes:—

"From my heart I trust that the wishes of the gallant Highland regiments will be respected, and that the proposed abolition by Government of the distinctive tartans will not be carried into

effect. The regiments have worn them on many a hard-fought field in all parts of the world, and in my humble opinion nothing is so likely to discourage enlistment amongst Highlanders as a change in their national dress, for every soldier has a proud recollection of the clan with which his regiment was formerly connected."

The Earl of Errol writes :—

"I am happy to embrace the opportunity of recording my emphatic protest against the determination of the Secretary of State for War, as announced in Parliament, for the immediate abolition of the distinctive tartans as at present constituting the ancient and cherished garb of our National regiments."

The Earl of Mar and Kellie writes :—

"I am entirely opposed to any such change, as I believe it is calculated seriously to impair that *esprit de corps* so essential to efficiency of our army. I have seen lately many letters in the public press taking various views as to the origin and antiquity of the clan tartans. It appears to me that such discussions are of little value as regards the question at issue. It is sufficient for me to know that the tartans now worn by the different regiments have distinguished them for very many years, and that both officers and men value them highly. And I believe the proposed change, dictated by petty economy, is not only distasteful to the army, but contrary to the feelings and wishes of all true Scotchmen."

The Earl of Wharncliffe writes :—

"I cannot attend your meeting on March 4th, but heartily sympathise with its object. As a Stuart by birth, and a Mackenzie by inheritance, I feel entitled to a strong feeling on the subject, and cannot express strongly enough my indignation with the pettifogging economy of the present War Office with regard to the dress of the Highland regiments."

Lord Lovat says :—

"I heartily appreciate the object of your meeting, and my name is on the petition that was forwarded from Stafford House. I hate the idea of our Highland regiments losing their distinctive tartans, or their old names, or numbers, or any individual distinctions. These are the things that keep a regiment, officers and men, together, that rally them in the fight, and make them

mindful of their regimental honour when at home. To a Highlander nothing is so dear as his clan tartan. Whilst a soldier his regiment is his clan. If worth anything, all his feelings, and his hopes, and desires are with his regiment; and instead of doing away with all that makes his regiment dear to him, each thing that increases his *esprit de corps* should be encouraged."

Lord Sinclair writes :—

"In acknowledging your circular of the 22nd, I most sincerely hope that the Highland regiments may never be deprived of the tartans worn by them with such pride in all parts of the world. I beg to express my cordial sympathy with the object of the meeting to be held at Inverness on Friday next, the 4th March, and regret much the impossibility of attending in person on that occasion."

Lord Middleton expresses regret at being unable to attend this meeting, and states that he is strongly against the abolition of the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments; and Lord Archibald Campbell has addressed a spirited appeal, which has already been read to you.

Our northern Members of Parliament—Lochiel, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh—have written strongly deprecating the threatened change; and, as you are aware, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has taken an active part in the agitation.

Cluny Macpherson, himself an old 42nd officer, and the father of the present Colonels of the Black Watch and the Sutherland Highlanders, writes that he highly approves of the object of this meeting, in which he takes the deepest interest.

Professor Blackie writes :—

"I shall deprecate in the strongest terms any abolition of the dress of the Highland regiments. The tartans are the bearers of historical associations; and historical associations are the soul of the military character; whosoever tampers with the traditional dress of the Highland regiments weakens the moral force of the army, which, as Napoleon said, are two-thirds of the battle. Red tape and pipe-clay never yet made good soldiers."

Dr Charles Mackay, the poet, and Dr G. F. Macdonald, London, write vigorously against the threatened change; the latter adding—

“A French general once said, ‘Happily the Highlanders are few or they would conquer the world.’ Truly they have emphatically the qualities which make the best soldiers. Yet a change was proposed such as would blow up the splendid edifice of our army from the very foundation. It has been my lot in life to travel much in various parts of the globe, and whether it be in the United States or the colonies, scarcely a Highlander can be found who does not retain his fond affection and natural pride in the garb which has ever led the van where deeds of prowess and daring have been the admiration and astonishment of the world.”

The officers who have communicated with me are unanimous in their disapproval.

Colonel Ross of Cromarty says:—

“Having had the honour in my youth of serving in one of our most distinguished Highland regiments, I know well what a strong *esprit de corps* exists in them, and I should deeply deplore if anything were done so calculated to impair this feeling as the alteration of those historic old tartans which our Highland regiments have worn victoriously in every quarter of the globe.”

Colonel Duncan Baillie of Lochloy says:—

“I fully concur in the object of the meeting to be held on the 4th of March, but I regret that I shall not be able to attend, as I am not permitted to sign a petition to the Secretary of State for War, being in command of the troops in this district. I trust that Mr Childers has reconsidered the question, and will not alter the tartan of our Highland regiments.”

Major Rose of Kilravock states:—

“All I can do is to assure you of my utter disapproval of the proposed change in the regimental tartans, and of my entire approval of the Society’s patriotic resolution to ward off an innovation so unnecessary, so ill judged, and so distasteful to Highlanders of every rank and degree.”

Major Ramsay of Barra, Banffshire, “cordially concurs in the views entertained by all Highlanders (he may say all Scotchmen) that the proposed alteration in the tartans of the Highland regiments should be resisted.”

Major Rose of Tarlogie “thoroughly believes that it would

be a great mistake in every way to abolish the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments," and

Major Rose of Viewmount says :—

"I can assure you that no person attending the meeting can more heartily condemn the proposed change than I do. . . . I firmly believe that if the old regimental tartans are tampered with, the *esprit de corps* of all the regiments will be so broken that no amends made hereafter will heal the breach."

Captain Hector Munro, younger of Foulis, says :—

"I fully sympathise with the object of the meeting, and no one would be more sorry than I to see the grand old tartans, with their traditions, snuffed out by red tapeism."

Captain Douglas Wimberley, in a letter full of valuable suggestions, says :—

"I thoroughly sympathise with your object, viz., to preserve each of the Highland regiments intact and distinct, and having served for some years in the 79th, and being adjutant of the regiment, I well know how distasteful to both officers and men any approach to amalgamation was, is, and always will be. . . . I hope that your meeting will be unanimous in sending a strong protest against any alteration tending to interfere with the individuality of the regiments we love and revere."

Another officer still on duty says :—

"Being an officer in a Highland regiment myself, it is needless for me to state how totally I disapprove of such a change. Such an interference with the individuality of the Highland regiments means little short of the effacement of these regiments, the extinction of all *esprit de corps*, and the greatest degradation that the officers and men could be subjected to."

Mrs Campbell, yr. of Lochnell, writes, in the absence of her husband, an enthusiastic letter, in which she states that Mr Campbell's whole sympathies are with us.

Brodie of Brodie writes :—

"The object for which the meeting has been called has my full sympathy, as I think it is highly undesirable that the tartans of our Highland regiments should be in any way interfered with."

Mr Mackintosh of Holme says :—

"I have much pleasure in assuring you that the object of the

meeting has my entire sympathy. . . I may say, however, that I have been glad to observe from the later utterances of Mr Childers that the matter is likely to be settled as we could wish, without outraging Highland feelings, which I do not believe was ever really intended, but that the changes which seem to have been contemplated were resolved upon thoughtlessly and without consideration."

Mr Malkin of Corrybrough states :—

"I should join with you in sincerely regretting that anything should be done to wound the just pride of the Highland regiments in their brilliant histories. I trust, however, that better counsels will prevail."

Mr Macpherson-Campbell of Balliemore says :—

"The object of all true Scotchmen should be to preserve the national costume and the regimental tartans of the Highland regiments, and I entirely agree with the object of your meeting."

Mr Dugald Stuart of Lochcarron states :—

"I am very pleased that there is a movement to protect our Highland regiments from invasion, and I trust and hope that we will succeed."

Mr W. Thomson Sinclair of Freswick writes :—

"I will not lose this opportunity of expressing my disapproval of the Government threat to abolish the distinctive tartans of our brave Highland regiments, and hope that such a strong and spontaneous expression of natural indignation will be called forth against this attempt to meddle with the ancient tartans, as will in future prevent any tampering with the beautiful garb of old Gaul."

Dr Cameron of Lakefield says :—

"I much regret that it will not be in my power to be with you in the body on the 4th, but you may be sure I shall be heart and soul with you when you are met for so good an object."

Mr Inglis of Newmore writes :—

"The object of the meeting has my fullest approval, and I trust that the result of the movement may cause the Government to re-consider their, in my opinion, unwise decision."

Mr Robertson of Kindeace says :—

"I am pleased to have this opportunity of publicly express-

ing my deep-rooted conviction of the very undesirable step the Government have taken. I can only look upon it as the work of meddling civilians who know no *esprit de corps*, and fancy *General Service* suits all men, little understanding the feelings of a soldier, and certainly not those of a Highlander."

Mr Henderson of Stemster, convener of the county of Caithness, states:—

"I cordially approve of the object of your meeting. So-called army reformers might pause in the changes so frequently made. . . . I cannot understand how any body of men can overlook the influence in regiments of *esprit de corps*, and what it has done on so many battle-fields, and there cannot be a stronger proof of the immense value of this feeling or sentiment than the fact that, though Highland regiments are frequently composed of recruits from other parts of the kingdom or drafts from other regiments, these Highland regiments have invariably maintained the same character as the finest soldiers in the world."

Mr Douglas Maclean, Northampton, writes:—

"I fully agree with the object for which your meeting is called, and trust it may assist the movement in favour of the tartan. I hope that the intention of doing away with the linked battalion may remove the only reason for such an impolitic and most undesirable proceeding as the interference with the regimental tartans, which are not only loved and valued by the wearers, but highly honoured and prized by the whole nation, English and Irish as well as Scotch, and thoroughly respected by other nations."

Mr Macdonald of Skeabost writes:—

"After the assurance given by Mr Childers, I think we may make ourselves perfectly easy that the talked-of change in the regimental tartans will not be carried out; yet, all the same, I think, you are quite right in having the meeting on the 4th, were it only to show the Government how very strongly and unanimously we feel on the question."

Mr John Mackay of Ben Reay says:—

"I approve most heartily of the object of the meeting—the retaining unaltered the tartans of our kilted regiments. 'My heart warms to the tartan,' is a saying as often uttered by the Lowlander as by the Highlander, and why? Because so many of the Lowland youths have enlisted into the Highland regiments,

that the spirit of the Gael has through them been diffused throughout the whole of Scotland; and thus the people of the Lothians, Tweedside, Annandale and Galloway are as proud of the kilted regiments as the Highlanders themselves, and as tenacious of their distinctive dress as the natives of the North. Hence, when a petition was brought to Dalbeattie the other day praying that there should be no change in the dress, the sheets were filled without any canvassing within twenty-four hours."

Mr John Mackay, Hereford, says:—

"I am certain that the sense of your meeting will be thoroughly Highland, and strongly condemnatory of the intended action of the War Secretary. All Highlanders are agreed that the proposal is a thoughtless interference with their most cherished sentiments and most heroic reminiscences. 'Let well alone' must be the watchword of the Inverness meeting."

Mr Mackintosh Shaw, London, author of the "History of Clan Chattan" and the "Clan Battle of Perth," writes:—

"I am not sure whether, after Mr Childers' letter to The Mackintosh last week, the meeting convened for the 4th inst. will be held. I trust, however, that it will be held, for that letter was not altogether satisfactory, and I think that Inverness should place on record its opinion of the tartans of the Highland regiments. . . . I beg to express my entire disapproval of any change whatever either in the tartans, the names, or the numbers of the Highland regiments."

Mr Sinclair Macleay, London, writes to say that we have his cordial support.

Mr Thomas A. Croal, Edinburgh, says:—

"I am glad to know that the heather is on fire on this absurd project of the War Office. Every member for a Scottish constituency should be called on to assert his independence on this question."

Mr Dixon, Inveran, states:—

"I am entirely with you in opposing the abolition of the distinctive tartans of the Highland regiments. There is a distinct and peculiar history, fame, and glory connected with each particular tartan, and it seems to me a national duty to impress this most important fact on the Government, who appear to be most unaccountably ignorant of it, and I should rather say to ignore it."

Mr John Scobie, Lochinver, Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Sutherland, writes with reference to the threatened change :—

“ I earnestly hope that every effort will be made to avert such an untoward and direful measure, which would certainly be most damaging in its effects in quenching that military ardour which has ever distinguished the Highland regiments in all parts of the world. Their hearts would be cold indeed if they did not warm to the sight of the tartan, and the stirring notes of the bag-pipes. There could not be any greater discouragement to recruiting throughout the length and breadth of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland than the proposed change if carried out.

Mr Mollison, Dochfour, states :—

“ Although not really a Highlander, I sympathise most thoroughly with the united and determined effort now being made to resist any interference with the distinctive tartans of our dauntless Highland regiments. . . . The very idea of such a change shows an ignorance of, and a want of sympathy with, the fiery zeal of the genuine Highland soldier, and must be resisted to the end.”

Mr William Chisholm, Barnyards, writes :—

“ If our Government will be foolish enough to commit this sad mistake, I have no doubt it will create a good deal of bad feeling in all our Highland regiments, as well as all over Scotland.”

Mr Andrew Clunas, Glenmazeran, writes :—

“ What a pity that any member of our Ministry should dream of abolishing any of the distinctive tartans of our brave Highland Regiments.”

Mr John Cameron, Tomchrasky, states that :—

“ ‘ Like every Highlander,’ he entirely disapproves of any change in the direction suggested.”

Mr Mackinnon, Ostaig House, Skye, says :—

“ I highly and heartily disapprove of the proposed abolition of tartans in our Highland regiments.”

Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Dingwall, writes :—

“ Like every other true Highlander, I deeply sympathise with the object you have in view.” And

Mr John M. Nimmo, Wick, writes in similar terms.

Mr Colin S. Macrae, W.S., Edinburgh, says :—

“I highly approve of the step you are taking, and have myself been at considerable trouble in forwarding petitions with the same object to London. The letter of Mr Childers published to-day looks as if the Government had yielded, but it appears to me that the Capital of the North is still bound to declare itself emphatically against tampering with our Highland regiments.”

Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcudbright, writes :—

“I have already expressed my sentiments on the subject in question, and think it unnecessary now to say very little more: I think Mr Childers has got sufficient proof that the abominable proposal which he got credit for, but now repudiates, is utterly offensive to Scottish feeling, Lowland as well as Highland, and that the sooner any meddling with Highland tartans and traditions is abandoned the better for the British army. All this I feel beyond expression.”

I am glad to say that the clergy, who are not usually supposed to exhibit a martial temperament, have on this occasion strongly shown their Highland sympathies.

Thus the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Inverness, writes :—

“The uncalled for movement on the part of Government to modify, and perhaps eventually to do away with, the distinctive tartans of our noble Highland regiments, has justly aroused, not only the universal disapproval, but likewise the heart-felt indignation of all the natives of ‘*Tir nam beann, nan gleann ’s nan gaisgeach.*’”

The Rev. Dr Clerk, Kilmallie, says :—

“I know not that any words of mine are needed to deepen the conviction so generally prevailing (I am glad to see) of the glaring impolicy of changing the long established and venerated garb of our Highland regiments. But let me say that I am old enough to have conversed with many men who suffered from the proscription of the Highland dress by the Government of the day in 1747, and I can never forget the terms in which they spoke of the deep sense of degradation felt by them when deprived of their national dress, nor the bitterness of their hatred of those who had so degraded them. . . . Our regiments possess the feeling which actuated our clansmen. Their dress, their music, and every distinctive badge which goes to constitute their individuality are

all associated in their minds with memories of gallant deeds and heroic endurance in the past. These memories tend much to stir them up to heroism in the present; and the breaking up of these associations is at variance with the lessons of history, as well as of the laws of the human mind, is unpatriotic, and opposed to common-sense."

The Rev. Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh, writes :—

"I have no difficulty in saying that while, as a minister, the question of regimental tartans is not one that touches me much, yet as a question of national interest it does touch me; and I believe that our English statesmen could not do a more foolish thing than to meddle, as they propose, with a matter of this kind in a way to offend all our national sympathies. I wish you all success."

The Rev. Dr Masson, Edinburgh, says :—

"The Highland regiments have made their tartans their own by a history which is at once the pride of the Highlands and the inspiration of the Highlanders. . . . The traditions and *esprit de corps* of the Highland soldiers are woven into the warp and woof of his tartans, and I protest that these ought not to be tampered with, except for reasons of the utmost weight and urgency."

The Rev. Mr Campbell, Glen-Urquhart, says :—

"This is a matter in which every true Highlander ought to take a deep and personal interest, and use his influence in every legitimate way to prevent any change in the time-honoured costume so inseparably connected with the brilliant victories and immortal deeds of our heroic ancestors in every part of the world. . . . I highly approve of the object of your meeting."

I shall not encroach more on your time by reading further extracts, but shall conclude by stating that the Provosts of the Burghs of Kirkwall, Tain, and Fortrose have written in their official capacities warmly approving of the objects for which this meeting is called. (Cheers.)

Mr Mackay added that the statement of Mr Childers, made since the report was drawn up, was satisfactory. Instead of five as before, we would now have nine Highland regiments wearing the kilt. Apparently the Government would have some difficulties in dealing with the 74th Regiment, but our hope should be that, in the modifications that were in view, as little change as possible

would be effected. (Cheers.) Mr Mackay read the following telegrams just received :—

From the Provost of Thurso.—“Your circular intimation has given great satisfaction in the North, but the snow-block on the railway—(Laughter)—has made it impossible for Caithness to be represented at your meeting.” (Applause.)

From Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.—“Statement satisfactory (Mr Childers’.) Nine kilts, two trews, as against five and four. 79th only odd battalion. Headquarters, Inverness. (Applause.) Suggest now, as the practical outcome of this agitation, that your meeting recommend a new regiment, joined to the 79th, styled the Inverness Highlanders.” (Cheers.)

This, added Mr Mackay, if carried out, would give us ten kilts instead of five. (Applause.)

The Chairman said, in looking at the interest taken in the subject throughout the kingdom, he almost felt a kind of regret that Mr Childers’ had taken the wind out of our sails—(Laughter) but if we had lost a great deal of enthusiasm, we had at least gained our object. (Applause.)

Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn, said—Mr Chairman and gentlemen, I have come down from Strathglass expressly for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings of this day—(Applause)—and I do so with great pleasure, particularly in view of the fact that since this agitation—or rather “rising” of the Celtic spirit of the North—commenced, the War Office has made an announcement which all Highlanders will receive with hearty enthusiasm—(Cheers)—for not only are the five kilts regiments to continue to wear their distinctive tartans, but they are also to be strengthened by additional second battalions, with the exception of the 79th ; and further, other four regiments, now wearing either the trews or ordinary trousers, are to be raised to the dignity of kilts regiments—(Hear, hear, and loud applause)—a distinction which I, as an old Highland officer, feel sure they will all highly appreciate. Let me for a moment glance at the new arrangements. To begin with my old regiment, the *Freiceadan Dubh*, you will observe that none of its distinctive features are to be obliterated, and that it is to be strengthened by restoring to it, as its second battalion, the 73rd Perthshire Regiment. (Applause.) This 73rd Regiment, I may mention, was originally the second battalion of the 42nd, but in the year 1786 it was formed into a separate regiment. At the resolution to restore it its ancient tartan, and link it with its parent stem, I for one rejoice. Let me next glance at the 78th

and 72nd Highlanders—two regiments in which I feel sure the North will always manifest the deepest interest. The 72nd, whose original number was the 78th, was raised by Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, and as it was largely recruited by the Macraes of Kintail, you will readily understand that I, being half a Macrae myself, and over and above a Kintail man, have always taken a warm interest in its welfare. (Applause.) In course of time it was deprived of its kilt and Mackenzie tartan, but I now rejoice to learn that both the kilt and Mackenzie tartan are to be restored to it, and that henceforth it will be linked with the gallant Ross-shire Buffs. Both these regiments were raised by the Seaforth family, and under the new order of things they will, as of yore, be called Seaforth's Highlanders. (Loud cheers.) The 79th Cameron Highlanders, you will observe, is to have its headquarters at Inverness—a very fitting arrangement. The 92nd Gordon Highlanders will have their headquarters in Aberdeen, and will receive the 75th (originally a Highland regiment) as its second battalion. The 75th, of course, will henceforth wear the Gordon tartan kilt. The 91st Argyllshire Highlanders will no longer wear the trews, and is to be linked with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, and both are to wear the tartan which is common to the clans of Argyll and Sutherland. The other two Highland regiments—the 71st and 74th—are to wear the trews as at present, but which tartan is not stated.* These, gentlemen, on the whole, are changes which I, as a Highlander—and, I am sure, Highlanders all over the world—hail not only with satisfaction, but with pride and gratitude; and I think that Mr Childers and the War Office authorities deserve the best thanks of Highlanders for these praiseworthy steps to augment the number and generally strengthen the kilted regiments of the British army. (Loud cheers.) The primitive garment of the Highlander is preserved in the uniform of the Highland regiments. (Applause.) The tartan regiments are representative of the clans from which they originally sprang. The tartan embodies a clan name, and represents a district. (Applause.) It is the name, and not the number, of the regiments by which they are famed in history, and that name is the name of the tartan. The tartans are certainly much older than the regiments which have worn clan tartans. The 42nd tartan is 140 years old at any rate. (Cheers.) The first regiment on Britain's battle-roll wearing the tartan was the 42nd Regiment—the old Black Watch. But, gentlemen,

* The tartan worn by these two regiments is the Mackenzie.

when I reflect on the happy culmination of this tartan agitation, I feel that it is now quite unnecessary for me to trespass further on your time, and I will simply conclude by moving the resolution which has been placed in my hands, viz.:—

“That this meeting (called to protest against the reported contemplated changes in the tartans of the Highland regiments) now record its satisfaction at the statement made last night in Parliament by the Secretary of State for War, and express its conviction that the decision now come to by the War Office, not to abolish any of the distinctive tartans, is alike politic and patriotic.” (Loud cheering.)

Mr William Mackay, solicitor—I have been asked to second this as representing the Gaelic Society, which consists of upwards of 400 members scattered all over the world. If we had met yesterday, before Mr Childers made his statement, I have no doubt our resolutions would have been very different from what they will now be ; but as Mr Childers has made a statement which we consider to be very satisfactory, we are very happy to be able to acknowledge it, and to hope that no change will ever be made in the future in the direction lately contemplated. (Cheers.)

The resolution was unanimously carried.

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, in a word, moved—

“That the resolution now passed be signed by the Chairman on behalf of the meeting, and that one copy thereof be forwarded to Her Majesty the Queen, and another to the Secretary of State for War.”

Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, seconded. The War Office, he said, raised a war-cry against the Highlanders, but the Highlanders raised their slogan in Parliament, and that slogan has been heard, and the War Office has been defeated. (Applause.) I think it speaks very well for the enthusiasm of the Highlanders on this important question of distinctive regimental tartans, that even after the War Office has given in, 500 or 600 of the leading citizens of Inverness and the country round come here to attend this meeting at the middle of the day, on a very busy market day. (Applause.) I have no doubt that had the War Office not given in as they did, we would have had an attendance here of some thousands instead of 500 or 600. (Applause.) We could never allow the distinctive tartans to be taken away and the Highlanders stamped out.

The resolution was passed unanimously.

The Chairman—I am glad to see that we are so unanimous ; indeed, I never expected that we would be otherwise. I have now to propose, in terms of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's suggestion, that as a practical outcome of the agitation on this question, we should recommend that a new regiment be joined to the 79th Regiment, and that the body thus formed be styled "The Inverness Highlanders." (Cheers.) That is a proposal which I am sure will meet with the approbation of every one present. (Applause.)

The proposal was seconded by Mr Colin Chisholm, and adopted.

The Chairman—I move next that we accord a hearty vote of thanks to Lord Archibald Campbell. (Cheers.) The amount of correspondence which Lord Archibald Campbell has had all over the country in regard to the Highland regimental tartans has really been enormous. He has, as this shows, taken an intense interest in the tartan question from the beginning, and I am glad to have the pleasure of proposing a vote of thanks to him. (Cheers.)

Mr Horatio Ross said he had come to the meeting to listen and look on, and did not expect to be asked to make a speech. However, he had got on his feet, and would be happy to do his best. (Applause.) He had the pleasure of proposing a vote of thanks to a body of gentlemen who had taken a leading interest in the question as to a change of the Highland regimental tartans, and to whom they were on this account deeply indebted. (Applause.) For himself, he must say that when he heard that the War Office authorities were going to meddle—to tamper with—the regimental tartans to the extent of making them largely uniform, he really did not know whether his indignation or astonishment was the more profound. (Laughter and applause.) All soldiers clung fondly to, and were inspired by, traditions of their regiments, which distinctive uniforms and colours helped to keep continually before them, and among none of our soldiers was the feeling so strong as amongst the members of the Highland regiments. (Cheers.) To ask the officers or men of these regiments to give up their tartans seemed to officers and men about as bad as asking Highland chiefs, like the Duke of Sutherland, and Cluny, and others, to give up theirs, and they had viewed the change recently contemplated with indignation, astonishment, and contempt. (Cheers.) The Highland regiments had ever given a good account of themselves. In the Crimean War they never retired without glory from any battle into which they entered. (Cheers.) And even as regarded the lamentable disaster in South Africa the other day, it was something to be proud of that the small body of Highlanders there—viz., one

company of the 92nd Regiment, stood at their posts like men to the very last, and died there as only the bravest of soldiers could do. (Cheers.) That showed that the old blood still ran in the veins of the men of our Highland regiments. (Cheers.) As to the question of the tartans, when he read an account of the meeting at Stafford House, and noted that the meeting had been attended by so many influential gentlemen deeply interested in the Highlands, he made his mind quite easy as to the result. He was quite sure that the War Office authorities and the Government would see that they had made a mistake. It was a mistake beyond a doubt, but if the authorities now tried to rectify the mistake that was all they could be asked to do. (Cheers.) He moved that the meeting accord a vote of thanks to the Duke of Sutherland, The Mackintosh, and others of the Committee at Stafford House. (Cheers.) He need say nothing to insure that motion being received with approbation by the meeting. And with regard to the meeting it was not absolutely required, as they had carried their point before they met, but he was very glad that they should have had a meeting notwithstanding. Here, in the capital of the Highlands, it would never have done had they not, whenever the proposal to change the tartans was mooted, given sign of their disapprobation. (Applause.) He was glad, he repeated, that they had come there that day, and he was glad also to see that the old spirit had not died out. Neither Highlanders nor Lowlanders had forgotten their old motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

Provost Fraser—We are all glad to have Mr Ross with us. His presence is a token that the old spirit of which he speaks has not died out. (Cheers.)

On the motion of Mr Fraser, C.E., it was agreed to give a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh for the active part he took in calling attention to the tartan question in Parliament. Mr Mackintosh would do more if it were necessary, said Mr Fraser, but he did all that was necessary. (Applause.)

The meeting then ended.

While the meeting was assembling a piper in full Highland costume played at the entrance to the hall, and when the meeting was separating he appeared on the platform, and played "Let Whig and Tory a' agree."

The record of the tartan agitation may appropriately be brought to a close by quoting the following poems—the first by Lady John Manners, and the second by Mr William Allan, Sunderland :—

THE HIGHLAND TARTAN.

Dear to each soldier's Highland heart
 The tartan of his clan,
 Symbol of glory and of pride
 To every Highland man.
 Whether he dwell 'mid Athole's hills,
 Or where the winding Tay,
 By Birnam's glens and forests fair,
 To ocean wends its way ;
 Or nearer to the Northern star,
 Where snows the mountain crown,
 And towering over silver lakes,
 Stern peaks of granite frown.

In every country, far or near,
 Where Highland men are known,
 The tartan plaid is greeted still
 With homage all its own.
 Still to the pibroch's stirring strains
 On many a foreign shore,
 The Highland clans press nobly on
 To victory as of yore.
 True to traditions of the past,
 True to their ancient fame,
 May Caledonia's children add
 Fresh glories to her name.

TOUCH NOT THE TARTAN.

O touch not the tartan our forefathers cherished ;
 Destroy not the emblem they fought in of yore ;
 Though chieftains and clansmen for ever have perished,
 O leave us the badge which in honour they wore.
 Alas ! though the might of the Highlands is broken,
 Still dear to our hearts is their glorious fame,
 The tartan ! the tartan ! we love as the token
 Of men who were noble in deed and in name.

O touch not the tartan, 'tis honoured in story,
 Old Caledon's heroes beneath it have bled ;
 How often on terrible battlefields gory
 Hath victory followed where Highlanders led.

From ties which are sacred, O who shall us sever?
The garb of tradition alone we shall wear :
The tartan ! the tartan ! we'll part from it never—
A foeman is he who our anger would dare.

O touch not the tartan, as Gaels we'll retain it,
A vile foreign garment we'll manfully spurn,
No cowards are we, so we'll bravely maintain it,
While love, pride, and worth in a Highlander burn.
Arise ye bold Campbells, ye Camerons rally,
Ye Gordons and Sutherlands rush to the van ;
Arouse in your thousands from mountain and valley ;
Your slogan—the tartan and name of your clan !

THE GAELIC CENSUS.

About the end of 1880 and the beginning of 1881, this Society took an active part in giving expression to the general desire for a Gaelic census. At first the matter was not, it appears, regarded in the Home Office as of importance ; and the papers necessary for taking the census were all printed without making provision for a Gaelic enumeration. This rendered it exceedingly difficult, after the census was agreed to, to do the work satisfactorily. On 4th January 1881, the Gaelic Society sent a memorial to the Home Secretary, Sir Wm. Harcourt, in the following terms :—

“The Gaelic Society of Inverness, which now consists of 411 members, including many of the most influential landed proprietors and other gentlemen in the North of Scotland, is deeply interested in the well-being of the people of the Scottish Highlands, and has taken an active part in connection with most of the recent movements for the promotion of education in that part of the country.

“Its experience leads it to believe that a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland, such as has more than once been taken of the Irish-speaking population of Ireland, would be of great practical value in connection with several important questions affecting the Highlands, and would hereafter be considered a valuable historical record.

“Such a census, the Society is advised, could very easily and inexpensively be taken as part of the general census of this year ; and the Society earnestly and respectfully prays the Home

Secretary to take this memorial into his favourable consideration, and to make provision for the taking of a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland in a form similar to that on previous occasions adopted in the case of Ireland.

“Signed on behalf of the Society by

“G. J. CAMPBELL, Chairman.

“WILLIAM MACKENZIE, Secretary.”

To the above memorial, the following reply was received :—

“Whitehall, 14th January 1881.

“Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., forwarding a memorial of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, praying that the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland may be included in the census of 1881; and I am to inform you, in reply, that the possibility of giving effect to the wishes of the memorialists is under consideration.

“I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“GODFREY LUSHINGTON.

“William Mackenzie, Esq.,

“Gaelic Society of Inverness, Inverness, N.B.”

At the same time, one of our members, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in his position as a Member of Parliament, was publicly advocating for a Gaelic census; while another of our members, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, was using his influence privately for the same object. Ultimately the Home Office officials admitted the great interest that would attach to a Gaelic census; and it was finally agreed to grant it.

The census as taken is not satisfactory; but it will be of interest to record the general result here, and we accordingly present it to our members as follows :—

GAELIC CENSUS FOR SCOTLAND, 1881.

Sutherlandshire.

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
Assynt	2,781	2,596
Clyne	1,812	1,339
Creich	2,223	1,633
<i>Carry forward</i>	6,816	5,568

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
<i>Brought forward</i>	6,816	5,568
Dornoch	2,525	1,657
Durness	987	780
Eddrachillis	1,525	1,243
Farr	1,930	1,642
Golspie	1,556	742
Kildonan	1,942	1,146
Lairg	1,355	931
Loth	584	213
Reay (part also in Caithness-shire) ...	994	824
Rogart	1,227	1,063
Tongue	1,929	1,791
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Total for Sutherlandshire ...	23,370	17,600
<i>Caithness-shire.</i>		
Bower	1,608	2
Canisbay	2,626	1
Dunnet	1,607	63
Halkirk	2,705	253
Latheron	6,675	1,944
Olrig	2,002	50
Reay (part also in Sutherlandshire)	1,197	477
Thurso	6,217	331
Watten	1,406	167
Wick	12,822	134
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Total for Caithness-shire ...	38,865	3,422
<i>Ross and Cromarty.</i>		
Alness	1,033	485
Applecross	2,239	2,118
Avoch	1,691	129
Barvas	5,325	5,119
Contin	1,422	1,130
Cromarty	2,009	301
Dingwall	2,220	606
Edderton	789	431
Fearn	2,135	1,484
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<i>Carry forward</i>	18,863	11,803

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
<i>Brought forward</i>	18,863	11,803
Fodderty	2,047	1,381
Gairloch	4,594	4,316
Glenshiel	424	400
Killearnan	1,059	558
Kilmuir-Easter	1,146	518
Kiltearn	1,182	649
Kincardine	1,472	1,116
Kintail	688	652
Knockbain	1,866	1,071
Lochalsh	2,050	1,840
Lochbroom	4,191	3,726
Lochcarron	1,456	1,311
Lochs	6,284	6,128
Logie-Easter	827	436
Nigg	1,000	603
Resolis or Kirkmichael	1,424	601
Rosemarkie	1,357	66
Roskeen	3,773	1,272
Stornoway	10,389	9,102
Tain	3,009	1,016
Tarbat	1,878	1,244
Uig	3,489	3,398
Urquhart and Logie-Wester (part also in Nairnshire)	1,639	1,153
Urray (part also in Nairnshire)	2,440	1,726
Total for Ross and Cromarty	78,547	56,086
<i>Inverness-shire.</i>		
Abernethy	1,530	780
Alvie	707	504
Ardersier	2,086	724
Ardnamurchan (part also in Argyle- shire)	1,836	1,722
Barra	2,161	1,937
Boleskine and Abertarff	1,448	1,142
Bracadale	929	855
Cawdor (part also in Nairnshire)	111	45
<i>Carry forward</i>	10,808	7,709

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
<i>Brought forward</i> ...	10,808	7,709
Cromdale (part also in Elginshire) ...	442	215
Croy (part also in Nairnshire) ...	1,075	496
Daviot (part also in Nairnshire) ...	1,133	922
Dores ...	1,148	903
Duirinish ...	4,319	4,103
Duthil ...	1,664	1,138
Glenelg ...	1,601	1,453
Harris ...	4,814	4,646
Inverness ...	21,725	6,211
Kilmallie (part also in Argyleshire) ...	2,716	2,111
Kilmonivaig ...	1,928	1,567
Kilmorack ...	2,618	2,024
Kilmuir ...	2,562	2,521
Kiltarlity ...	2,134	1,721
Kingussie and Insh ...	1,987	1,371
Kirkhill ...	1,480	886
Laggan ...	917	810
Moy and Dalarossie (part also in Nairnshire) ...	803	624
North Uist ...	4,264	4,134
Petty (part also in Nairnshire) ...	1,488	803
Portree ...	3,191	2,859
Sleat ...	2,060	2,000
Small Isles (part also in Argyleshire) ...	291	259
Snizort ...	2,120	2,055
South Uist ...	6,078	5,842
Strath ...	2,616	2,523
Urquhart ...	2,438	2,116
Urray (part also in Ross and Cromarty) ...	34	19
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Total for Inverness-shire ...	90,454	64,041
<i>Nairnshire.</i>		
Ardelach ...	1,117	199
Auldearn ...	1,292	60
Cawdor (part also in Inverness-shire) ...	959	194
Croy (part also in Inverness-shire) ...	634	212
Daviot and Dunlichity (part also in Inverness-shire) ...	119	69
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<i>Carry forward</i> ...	4,121	734

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
<i>Brought forward</i>	4,121	734
Dyke and Moy	18	—
Moy and Dalarossie (part also in Inverness-shire)	19	10
Nairn	5,368	570
Petty (part also in Inverness-shire) ...	43	4
Urquhart and Logie-Wester (part also in Ross and Cromarty)	886	662
Total for Nairnshire	10,455	1,980
<i>Elginshire.</i>		
Cromdale (part also in Inverness- shire)	3,200	651
Other parishes	40,588	408
Total for Elginshire	43,788	1,059
<i>Perthshire.</i>		
Aberfoyle	465	111
Auchtergaven	2,195	163
Balquhiddel	627	445
Blair-Athole	1,742	1,273
Callander	2,167	632
Caputh	2,064	108
Comrie	1,858	303
Crieff	4,852	166
Dull	2,565	1,889
Dunkeld and Dowally	791	308
Fortingall	1,690	1,398
Kenmore	1,508	1,152
Killin	1,277	1,003
Kilmadock	3,012	142
Kirkmichael	849	293
Little Dunkeld	2,175	783
Logierait	2,323	1,523
Moulin	2,066	1,048
Perth	26,236	354
Parishes with less than 100 Gaelic speakers	68,545	1,411
Total for Perthshire	129,007	14,505

Argyleshire.

Parishes.	Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
Ardochattan and Muckairn	2,005	1,558
Ardnamurchan (part also in Inverness-shire)	2,269	2,123
Campbeltown	9,755	1,462
Coll	643	500
Colonsay and Oronsay	397	347
Craignish	451	374
Dunoon and Kilmun	8,002	629
Gigha and Cara	382	334
Glassary, or Kilmichael Glassary ...	4,348	2,991
Glenaray	760	544
Glenorchy and Inishail	1,105	948
Inveraray	946	329
Inverchaolain	407	125
Jura	946	819
Kilbrandon and Kilchattan	1,767	1,621
Kilcalmonell and Kilberry	2,304	1,616
Kilchoman	2,547	2,365
Kilchrenan and Dalavich	504	444
Kildalton	2,271	2,127
Kilfinan	2,153	1,377
Kilfinichen and Kilvickeon	1,982	1,838
Killaron and Kilmeny	2,756	2,181
Killean and Kilchenzie	1,368	901
Kilmallie (part also in Inverness-shire)	1,441	1,282
Kilmartin	811	647
Kilmodan	323	229
Kilmore and Kilbride	5,142	2,816
Kilninian and Kilmore	2,540	2,155
Kilninver and Kilmelford	405	340
Lismore and Appin	3,433	2,968
Lochgoilhead and Kilmorich... ..	870	419
Morven	828	714
North Knapdale	927	635
Saddell and Skipness... ..	1,163	789
Small Isles (part also in Inverness-shire)	259	223
Southend	955	121
South Knapdale	2,536	1,447
Strachur and Stralachlan	932	623
Torosay	1,102	932
Tyree	2,733	2,610
Total for Argyleshire	76,468	46,503

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

					<i>Gross Totals.</i>	
Counties.					Population.	Gaelic Speaking.
Shetland	29,705	12
Orkney	32,044	36
Caithness	38,865	3,422
Sutherland	23,370	17,600
Ross and Cromarty	78,547	56,086
Inverness	90,454	64,041
Nairn	10,455	1,980
Elgin or Moray	43,788	1,059
Banff	62,736	331
Aberdeen	267,990	607
Kincardine	34,464	15
Forfar	266,360	590
Perth	129,007	14,505
Fife	171,931	123
Kinross	6,697	10
Clackmannan	25,680	95
Stirling	112,443	497
Dumbarton	75,333	1,397
Argyle	75,468	46,503
Bute	17,657	3,725
Renfrew	263,374	5,190
Ayr	217,519	649
Lanark	904,412	10,513
Linlithgow	43,510	47
Edinburgh	389,164	2,142
Haddington	38,502	294
Berwick	35,392	30
Peebles	13,822	3
Selkirk	25,564	11
Roxburgh	53,442	25
Dumfries	76,140	17
Kirkcudbright	42,127	11
Wigtown	38,611	28
Total for Scotland					3,735,573	231,594

NOTE.—In the census of 1881, as shown above, the number of Gaelic speakers in Scotland is set down as 231,594. It is perfectly certain, however, that the number is very much greater. From supplementary returns obtained by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., from the registrars in the counties of Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherland, admission is made of

28TH APRIL 1881.

At this meeting Mr Alexander Fraser, Provost of Inverness, was elected an honorary member, and Mr Thomas Hood, assistant chemist, Inverness, an ordinary member. Captain Colin Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., Seaforth Highlanders, read a paper on "The Standing Stones of Scotland--Monoliths raised as memorials." The paper was valuable and interesting; and we learn, with regret, from its gallant author, that it was recently destroyed. We are thus unable to present it to our readers.

16TH JUNE 1881.

On this date, Captain Colin Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., Seaforth Highlanders, was elected an honorary member, while Mr John Munro Mackenzie of Auchenstewart, Mr Alex. Mactavish, ironmonger, Inverness; and Mr D. C. Macdonald, solicitor, Aberdeen, were elected ordinary members.

22ND JUNE 1881.

A special business meeting of the Society was held on this date.

TENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Tenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on Thursday, 14th July 1881. Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P. for Inverness-shire, occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, Lord-Lieutenant of Ross-shire; Rev. Lachlan MacIachlan, Tain; Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Inverness, "Sgiathanach;" Captain A. Macra Chisholm, Glassburn, late 42nd Highlanders; Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society; Mr A. Macdonald Maclellan, Munloch; Captain Scobie, Midfearn; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society;

3,217 omissions for these counties alone. Making a proportionate allowance for the other Highland parishes and districts, a very large addition falls to be made to the above grand total. In the large towns and cities of the South, however, on account of the misleading character of the phrase employed in the census schedule, "habitual" speakers of Gaelic, the return must, in the nature of things, be perfectly worthless. In Glasgow alone the number of people capable of conversing in Gaelic cannot be fewer than 50,000 instead of 6085, as given in the returns. It will thus appear that the number of Gaelic speakers in Scotland cannot be set down at a lower figure than 300,000.

Councillor Charles Mackay, Mr Charles Innes, Inverness ; Mr William Matheson, Chief of the Celtic Society of Hebburn, &c. The Secretary announced apologies for absence from Professor Blackie, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Mackay, Hereford ; Mackintosh of Mackintosh ; Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan ; Major Grant, Drumbuie ; Mr Macdonald of Skaebost ; Dr Chas. Mackay, the poet ; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme ; Mr Davidson of Drummond Park ; Mr Munro Mackenzie of Auchestewart ; Mr Mackay D. Mackenzie of Newport, &c.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in course of his letter, said—

“I regret I cannot be present at your meeting next week, but hope it will go off with wonted success. If some reference could be made in the form of recommending that a correct Gaelic census be obtained in the manner I have begun with the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, I think it would be well. Just imagine the state of mind of those in strongly Highland districts who actually kept no note of the Gaelic returns! On the other hand, while many friends omitted infants and young children, there were several staunch, true men who tell me that not a soul who could lisp or squeal, if of Gaelic parentage, but was duly returned.”

Mr John Mackay, Hereford, sent the following telegram :—

“Piseach air a’ Chomunn! Slainte a’s fallaineachd do na Gaidheil a’s do ’n Cheann-fheadhna urramach, usal! Bithibh duineil!”

Mr George J. Campbell, wrote—

“Could the Society not offer a prize for the best essay, contributed either by Highlanders or Lowlanders, on the best means of attaining the objects we have in view, the essays to be at the disposal of the Society for publication or otherwise? If so, I will be glad to contribute a guinea to the ‘Prize Fund.’”

The Chairman, on rising to open the meeting, spoke as follows :—Ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid that, in occupying the post which I have the honour to fill to-night, I must begin by craving your indulgence, if, indeed, I must not begin by asking your forgiveness, for appearing in a character which I feel I ought not to have assumed. (“No, no,” and applause.) I feel as if I were somewhat of an interloper—(A laugh)—in a Society which has for its name the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (“No, no.”) For I find myself described, in the list of the membership of this Society, as

an ordinary member of the Society. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I should have thought that, if the English language had any meaning at all, an ordinary member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness would have been one who, if not fluent in the Gaelic language, was one who, at all events, was to a certain degree conversant with it. So far from that, I feel that I ought to be called an extraordinary member—(A laugh)—a most extraordinary member—(Laughter)—for I must say to my regret, and, I must also confess, to my shame, that I hardly understand a word of that noble tongue—(Applause)—the existence, the nobility, and the prevalence of which we are met this evening to rejoice in. I believe that it is only Highlanders who really know the fondness which Highlanders entertain for their mother-tongue. I know that when you meet a Frenchman or a German who happens to have a smattering of English, that Frenchman or that German is always most anxious to put forward his English—and to put it forward, I may say, to the very great disgust and annoyance of the British tourist who goes abroad, with, perhaps, the idea or intention of airing what he has acquired of a foreign tongue. With Highlanders it is an entirely different thing. I have often noticed myself—and I am pretty sure that every lady and gentleman here has noticed the same thing—noticed, that is to say, the peculiar brightness of expression which immediately springs into a Highlander's face when, even although he is personally acquainted with the English language, any one happens to address him suddenly in his own native tongue. (Hear, hear, and applause.) He suddenly and unexpectedly appears to become far more confidential in his intercourse; he suddenly appears to become as if you knew him better; he suddenly becomes a brighter and a more cheerful individual. And I, for my own part, attribute very much of that suspiciousness, or shyness, as it might be called, which is generally set down as a characteristic of the Highlander, to his extreme disinclination to talk in any language except that language which he has acquired as early as he has imbibed his mother's milk. (Applause.) Having said this much in the way of an apology for myself, I would now say a word or two as to the intrinsic merits of the Gaelic tongue to those whose business avocations, or to those whose duties in life compel them to reside in the Highlands of Scotland. I could mention many instances of this, but your time will only allow me to mention one instance. It was an old saying—a saying which must be familiar to you all—that in the days of the first French Empire every soldier of France was supposed to carry in his knapsack the *baton* of a Field-Marshal.

And so it is now. For every young man of intelligence and education in this country, if he possess the necessary ambition, may aspire to be, for instance, a member of Parliament. (Applause.) Now, comparisons are odious, and I shall not certainly attempt to draw any comparison between the relative advantages of a Marshal of France and a member of the British House of Commons. Both, doubtless, have advantages. But what I wish to point out to our imaginary young man of ambition and of parts is that, if he wishes to contest a Highland county or a Highland burgh, he ought, if he has not got a knowledge of the Gaelic language, immediately to acquire it—(Hear, hear)—or, if he has it, he should take care not to lose it. (Applause.) I can say this from my own personal experience. And in return for this advice which I have now given this imaginary young man, I hope he will not put it in any way to use in a manner antagonistic to the humble individual who has now the honour of speaking to you. (Laughter and applause.) Well, ladies and gentlemen, besides this, there are various posts of importance—posts besides that of member of Parliament—which, in this part of the country, do require, with a view to a proper fulfilment and a due performance of the duties of such offices, a proper and a thorough knowledge of the Gaelic language. There are Sheriffships which must be filled up, and the duties of which must be thoroughly performed; there are Procurator-Fiscalships which must be filled up, and the duties of which must be thoroughly and correctly performed; and there are especially public school teachers to be appointed, not to say anything of ministers of religion. (Applause.) To each and all of these classes in the Highlands a knowledge of the Gaelic language is, I must say, almost essential to the due and proper prosecution and performance of their public duties. (Applause.) So that you see, putting sentiment aside—I don't think, however, that we Highlanders should put sentiment entirely to one side—there are considerable advantages to be derived from a thorough acquaintance with the language of this part of the country. Well, ladies and gentlemen, this is so far by the way of apology for myself, and I would now briefly allude to the position—to the past usefulness and to the future prosperity—of the Society to which we all belong. With regard to its position, I think, and you will think with me, that it appears to stand in a most satisfactory state. (Applause.) The roll of membership appears to be tolerably full, and I may say it embraces every man—almost every man—of any importance in the North. Now, when I speak of men of importance, or of distinguished persons, I do not do so in the ordinary

sense in which that word, or these words, are usually employed. In the community of Celts it is the men alone who are distinguished who have done something to serve the cause and to forward the interests of Highlanders. (Loud applause.) Here, I may say—here in a Celtic community—peer and peasant, chieftain and clansmen, are all equal; and all, accordingly, are to be judged according to the results of their work, and those who have done most for the good of the Highlands will, not only in the present time, but in the future, be held to be those who are the most distinguished. (Applause.) But, at the same time, we must remember—and our worthy Secretary must remember—that the more you, as a Society, increase your members, the more you increase your power of doing good; and I therefore hope that, when this meeting is over, one result of it will be that many among us may encourage our friends, who are not already members, to associate themselves with this Society, and to take thereby a share of all benefits which have been conferred upon the Highlands in consequence and by reason of its existence. (Applause.) Well, now, as to the usefulness of the Society, I think it may be found to be fully set forth in the eight volumes of its Transactions, which I have been reading, and which I am sure you also have been reading. To those who have not read them, I must say you will find there a most interesting and a most useful compendium of everything relating to Highland subjects. This Society, and these volumes of Transactions, may—if I may use the expression—be considered as the renaissance of Highland feeling, of Highland sentiment, of the Highland language, and of—if I may call it such—Highland self-assertion. (Applause and laughter.) And if these things should do good—as I believe they will do good in the future—it will form, I have no doubt, a lasting satisfaction to those who started this Society, and who showed, by the confidence which they possessed in their countrymen, that they themselves had the courage to embark in, and carry out, such a good and noble work. (Applause.) Now, out of the eight volumes of these Transactions it would seem rather invidious, and it would, besides, take up rather too much time, to dwell upon any one subject, rather than to cast a glance at all the various subjects which are therein referred to. You find there the most eloquent outbursts of the noblest sentiment, and you also will find thoughtful expressions of philosophical principles, and expressions also, thoughtfully laid down, of ethnical and philological truths. You find there a goodly array of curious and interesting legends and ancient traditions, mingled with, I may perhaps say, a not too

flattering commentary upon the present condition of the Highlands. You find there Gaelic poetry ; you find there Gaelic prose ; you find there after-dinner speeches — (A laugh)—and you find, last, but not least, the great Professor Blackie himself—(Laughter and applause)—in his most vigorous and combative form. (Applause.) And, if I may be pardoned in the Professor's absence—though I should not venture to do it in his presence—to make a Greek quotation, I should say, as we find Professor Blackie enshrined in these pages, so we may hope he will prove to us to be, in the words of Herodotus, “A possession for ever.” (Applause.) Well may his name be associated with the Highlands and with this Society, for it was under your auspices that I think I may say the greatest and most vigorous attempt upon the pockets of philologists and of Highlanders that has been known for many a long year was perpetrated by the Professor—(Laughter)—whom many people considered as a very much improved Rob Roy. (Laughter.) Now, then, gentlemen, although this Celtic Chair, which has been established by Professor Blackie, may, to a certain extent, supersede the labours of this Society, it will only do so in one direction, for, in another direction, it will very greatly increase the influence, the usefulness, and the extent of the operations of this Society. The Celtic Chair will bring this Society more into prominence, and it will enable it to found bursaries, and to establish scholarships, and to do a vast deal of good. The exertions of a Society of this kind, without a central spot where Celtic literature may be promulgated, and where a knowledge of its ancient and kindred languages may be acquired, may be likely to fail, as many isolated efforts do fail, when there is no great centre to co-operate with—no great centre to be associated with, to govern and direct its labours. (Applause.) These bursaries are strongly recommended by Professor Blackie himself, and I do hope that, when the Celtic Chair is founded, this Society, and every other society that has objects kindred to ours, will do what lies in them to carry out this proposal. For it must be remembered that the Chair is not a Gaelic Chair alone, but a Celtic Chair ; and, in order to found scholarships and bursaries connected with it for Gaelic youths, assistance must come from the outside as well as from the inside. (Applause.) There is another matter which I think may very wisely and very properly be taken up by this Society. I allude to the publication—by those qualified, of course, to do so—accompanied with an English translation, of the ancient Gaelic legends. I confess that I speak on this subject with some amount of diffidence, I confess that I recommend it with considerable diffi-

dence to the consideration of this Society, for I know by experience what fierce warfare rages around a legend which is not authentic or accurate. Some will remember that controversy well that I, in my innocence, raised by quoting a legend during the late contest in the county of Inverness—a legend which I now admit was not quite so accurate as I could have wished it to be. But at that time, in company with a thousand other gentlemen, I had various things to think about—(A laugh)—and the feelings and the thoughts that were uppermost in our minds were not so much the historical accuracy of any particular legend, as how to score a good point against our opponents. (Laughter and applause.) But however that may be, you will remember that, long after the election turmoil was over, the controversy still raged as to who this gentleman was whom I brought to the surface, and who, if his moral character did not happen to be a bar to his competing at the Northern Meeting would have astonished some of our athletes in the matter of wide jumping. (Laughter and applause.) Well, there is another subject which might be introduced into the Transactions of our Society, and that is that some attention might be paid to the historical monuments, to the many interesting ruins, and to the many ancient castles which abound in the Highlands—objects the history of which, I confess, is to me a blank. Nothing, I think, is so provoking as when you see a castle hundreds of years of age, and when you ask who built it, who it belonged to, who occupied it, the particulars about the siege of it, what are the battles connected with it, and so forth—nothing, I think, is so provoking, when you ask these questions, as to be told that it is all lost in the dim mists of antiquity; and the person of whom you ask these questions has no light to throw upon the subject. I can quote an instance. There is a castle in my own vicinity—the old castle of Inverlochy. We know of the battle of Inverlochy, and we know also something about the castle in the time of Cromwell; but I never heard any authentic account of that interesting old castle further back than the time of Oliver Cromwell. And there are many others—castles and ruins—with a history which must be rooted out, and dragged—if I may be allowed the expression—to light, for the benefit, not only of the present generation, but for the benefit of those who come after us. (Applause.) I believe the honorary secretary of this Society has written a very interesting paper on the Castle of Glen-Urquhart, and I wish his example would be followed by others; for there are people about Inverness thoroughly competent for the task, and willing, I have no doubt, if encouraged, to enter upon it. These Transac-

tions of your Society appear to me to possess a superior interest. They are very much to be preferred to scattered papers or books, and much to be preferred also to what is written in the newspapers; and for this good reason, that very few people file their newspapers, and still fewer people cut out extracts from their newspapers. Now, when articles on the subject I have mentioned are brought together in good form, and in a handy volume with a comprehensive index, any one who wants to brush up his memory, or to obtain possession of some interesting facts, may lay his finger upon them at once. They are superior even to books, and for this reason, that if you were to buy all the books that are published on all the subjects connected with the Highlands and with the Celtic language, it would form such a library that, if you wanted to remove it from one place to another, it would require a caravan to carry it away. (Laughter.) With these few remarks I must now draw to a close, and I will leave it to others to carry on the fun and the amusements of the evening. I have been told that you are to be favoured with something more appropriate than my address has been to a meeting such as this—namely, a Gaelic address from one thoroughly qualified to do justice to the subject. I hope and believe that we shall pass a very pleasant and, I may say, a jolly evening. Before I part I shall just say one word, and that is that, when this meeting is over, none of us will consider that our duties have ceased, but that we shall consider what good this Society, and other kindred societies, have done to Highlanders, and to the Highland cause, by instilling patriotic feelings in the youth of the nation, that you can only incite them to by pointing to those deeds of prowess which we all admire in our forefathers, and which we all hope to emulate ourselves. (Loud applause.) It is not long since this Society carried their point about the tartan kilts—(Loud applause)—in the Highland regiments. (Renewed applause.) Let us not therefore consider that we are weak, for we are not weak. (Applause.) Let us bear ourselves as men. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder. And let us all do what we can to perpetuate the love of our country, and to bring to the front those good qualities of Celtic character, and of so good and noble a race as the Highlanders. (Cheers.)

The musical part of the entertainment was then proceeded with. Miss Watt sang "Cam' ye by Athole," in her usual happy manner; and was heartily encored. The "Highland Fling," by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, Pipe-Major Ferguson, I.H.R.V.; Mr James Reid, do.; and Mr Alexander Dean, Inverness, came next. The "Oganaich" were warmly

cheered and encored. An old friend, Mr John A. Robertson, who had only arrived an hour before from Boston, U.S.A., but who, by previous arrangement with the secretary, was entered in the programme as Iain A. MacRob, then presented himself, to the surprise of all, and sang in splendid style "Is Toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd," in Gaelic and English, the former by John Campbell, Ledaig, the latter by Professor Blackie. Miss Macdonald sang very sweetly, "O, for the Bloom of my own Native Heather," and was encored. "Oran a' Phrionnsa," by Mr Hugh Fraser, followed, and Mr John A. Mackenzie, burgh surveyor, concluded the first part of the programme by an excellent rendering of "The Flowers of the Forest."

An interval of ten minutes followed, during which Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie played, in grand style, a selection of music on the great Highland bag-pipes.

The Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan, of Tain, thereafter delivered the following address:—

Tha latha agus bliadhna o'n a labhair mi anns a' bhaile so ann an cainnt mo mhathar, agus is gann gur urrainn domh a thuigsinn ciamar tha mi an so an nochd, no cionnus a dh'iarraidh orm focal no dha a labhairt ribh aig a' choinneimh bhliadhnail so. Ma dh'fheudte gur ann a chionn 's gun robh mi aon uair a' searmonachadh Gailig anns an t-sean Eaglais Ghaidhealaich 'sa bhaile so—aitreabh nach eil, ma dh'fheudte, ro thaitneach do shuilean a' choigrich, ach a tha ro bhoidheach agus aillidh na m' shuileansa—oir is ann innte a thoisich mi "le h-eagal agus ballchrith" air Soisgeul nan Gras a chur an ceill do shluagh cho baigheil agus blath-chridheach 'sa bha riamh air an t-saoghal—Ni Maith g'am beannachadh! No ma dh'fheudte gur h-ann do bhrigh 's gu'm bheil mi na'm bhall do'n chomunn so—Comunn Gaidhealach Baile Inbhirnis—agus gu'n robh e na chleachdadh domh 'bhi maille riu aig uairean sonruichte na'n eachdraidh. Ach co dhiu, tha mi toilichte a bhi maille ribh air an fheasgar so, agus cuideachd cho mor agus cho eireachdail fhaicinn fa'm chomhair. So an t-am ris an abair sinne 's an duthaich a 's an d'thainig mise, "Faidhir na Cloimhe"—far am bheil na daoine mora, laidir, beartach cruinn a chum na miltean punnd Sasunnach a dheanamh, no ma dh'fheudte a chall. Tha iad ag innseadh dhomhsa gu bheil na tuathanaich a gearan. Ach, Ni Maith a thoirt maitheanais dhomhsa, ma chunnaic mise tuathanach riamh nach robh a gearan! Cha chreid mi nach 'eil e air fas nadurra do'n duine choir sin bhi daonnan diombach. Aig an am cheudna feumaidh sinn aideacheadh gu bheil mor reusan aig na tuathanaich a bhi mi-thoilichte anns na bliadhnachan so.

Tha, gun teagamh, calldaichean mora a' teachd orra ; agus, tha e cruaidh gu leoir a bhi faicinn maoin dhaoine dichiollach agus stuama a leaghadh uidh air 'n uidh air falbh, mar shneachd air aodann Bheinn Nibheis air teachd a steach an t-samhraidh. Cha'n eil teagamh sam bith nach fheum na mail tuiteam, agus nach fheum an t-uachdaran an tuathanach a choinneachadh gu cothromach agus gu cneasda mar a tha rìreadh cuid dhiu cheana a' deanamh. Ach so a' bhoichduinn mu thimchioll nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, a chuid mhor dhiubh co dhiu, nach eil sgillinn ruadh aca ris an t-saoghal, a bhuineas dhoibh fein. Cha'n e 'mhain nach 'eil facal Gailig aca fein no aig an cloinn, ach feumaidh iad falbh do Lunainn ; feumaidh iad tighean mora costail a chumail a suas an sin ; gus mu dheireadh am bheil an sporan a' fas eutrom, agus mo thruaighe, falamh. Tha fhios agaibh uile gle mhaith gur e so smior na firinn. Tha mi creidsinn na'm bithinn a' bruidhinn anns a' bheurla nach bithinn cho fosgailte agus cho briathrach : ach cha tuig na Goill mi co dhiu, agus tha e cho maith. Ach nach 'eil e bronach gu leoir a bhi faicinn oighreachd an deigh oighreachd a bhuineadh do theaghlaichean uasal Gaidhealach re mhoran linntean air an reic ri Sasunnaich aig nach 'eil suim no baigh do na Gaidheil, agus le'n fhearr fiadh agus earb agus coileachdubh agus ruadh na muinntir na duthcha. Ma tha am fearan ann an lamhan uchdarain do'n t-seorsa so, cho bochd ris na luchan, tha an tuathanach a' fulang air doigh no dba. Cha'n fhaigh e na tighean agus na nithean feumail eile a tha dhith air ; agus cha'n islichear am mal aon phunnd Sasunnach air an droch bhliadhna. Na'm fanadh an t-uachdaran aig an tigh, agus n'an tigeadh e beo air fhearann fein agus na tha cinntinn air, na'n labhradh e a' Ghailig, agus na'm measgadh e le 'shluagh fein aig feill, 'us baile, 'us eaglais, bhiodh e fein sona, bhiodh meas aig an t-sluagh air, agus cha bhiodh an oighreachd air a reic. Tha 'n t-oran a' radh :—

Feumaidh mnathan uaisl' an *tea*

'S gur goirt an cinn mur faigh iad i.

Tha *tea* saor gu leoir ; cha'n 'eil sean chailleach 'san duthaich aig nach 'eil a "phoit dhubh" aig taobh an teine. Agus tha ioma ni maith eile saor gu leoir mar an ceudna—na'n tigeadh daoine beo a reir an tighinn a stigh ; ach 'se so dìreach a' cheart ni nach lean iad. Tha 'n t-oran ceudna a' labhairt gu glic agus a' toirt deagh chomhairle anns an rann so :—

An uaisle bhoichd gun chas gun lamh,
Tha 'n dan mar dh'fhag an sean fhacal,
Cha chuir i salann air a' chal,
Bi d' fhaicill tra' mu'n lean i riut.

Ach tha da thaobh air gach ceist. “Tha da thaobh air bean a’ bhailidh, ’s da thaobh air bata ’n aisig.” An deigh a h-uile rud a th’ann, feumaidh sinn a chuimhneachadh gu’n robh bliadhnachan maith aig na tuathanaich roimhe so, agus gu ’n d’ rinn moran diu fortain ged nach aidich iad e. Air an aobhar, so, bu choir dhoibh bhì foighidneach. Tha ’n sean-fhocal ag radh—“Far am bi bo bidh bean, ’s far am bi bean bidh buaireadh.” Cha’n urrainn a h-uile beannachd a bhì aig neach as eugmhais dheuchainnean. Cha’n eil bo no bean agam fhein, agus cha’n urrainn domh a radh gu bheil mi gu as eugmhais buairidh. Ach tha a’ ’ghrian shiubhlach ann an gorm bh’rat nan speur a dearsadh os mo chionn, tha na reultan ciuin an uair na h-oidhche mar shuilean uile-leirsinneach Dhe ag amharc a nuas orm le gradh ; tha eoin na h-ealtuinn a seinn an ceilleirean binn am chluais ; agus tha torman an uillt a toirt gairdeachais do’m chridhe. Mar sin, “Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean, gun chrodh laogh, gun chaoraich agam,” tha mi sona gu leoir.—“Tha mi taingeil toilichte, ged tha mo sporan gann.” Fagaidh sinn a nis na tuathanaich, an spreidh, ’san cloimh, agus beachdaichidh sinn air na croitearan. Tha moran do na h-uachdairean ’nar measg ro chaoimhneil ris an t-seorsa so—ach cha mhor dhiu a’s urrainn a bhì air an coimeas ri Lochiall, a tha ’sa chathair air an fheasgar so : cha’ e mhain nach eil e g’am fogradh as an fhearann ’san d’rugadh agus s’an d’fhuair iad an arach, ach, tha e air innseadh dhomhsa, nach deachaidh na mail a thogail fad mhoran bhliadhnachan. Air a shon so thugamaid cliu dha ; tha beannachd nam bochd aige cheana, beannachd na banntraich, agus an dilleachdain, Ach tha iad ann nach eil cho iochdmhor, baigheil, cneasda. An aite bhì deanamh faire thairis air na h-iochdarain chum an maith a chur air aghaidh, is i an fhaire “faire a chlamhain air na cearcan.” Tha iad ann nach eil a smaointeachadh air ni sam bith ach airgid, seilg agus feineachas —a tha’g amharc air an tuath bhig mar dhrobb dhamh no mhult gu bhì air an iomain agus air am bualadh air aghaidh a dh’ionnsaidh na h-Eaglais-bric. Cha cheil sinn nach robh e na bheannachd do mhoran de na Gaidheil ’bhì air an tilgeadh mar so a mach air aghaidh an t-saoghail, oir shoirbhich moran diu ann an rioghachdan eile air dhoigh nach b’urrainn dhoibh a dheanamh air a chroit bhochd aig an tigh. Agus cha’n eil teagamh sam bith nach robh agus nach eil fathast, ann an ioma aite gillean oga a fuireach anns a bhothan agus a tighinn beo air an acair bhochd, a posadh agus a siolachadh an uair a bu choir dhoibh bhì gramail, sgairteil, dichìollach, ga’n cosnadh ann an aitibh’ eile. Cha’n aithne dhomh ni is truaighe agus is leibidiche na gille og a lundaireachd ’sa

slaodaireachd mu'n cuairt dorsan athar, aon uair a garadh a mhas ris an teine, uair eile na sheasamh le thulchainn ri balla, a lamhann am pocannan a bhrigis gu uillnean, agus piob thombaca 'na chraos. M' anam fhein! dhallain gach mac mathar dhiu so a mach as an dachaidh. Ach se'n doigh 's an spiorad anns an an deachaidh na croitearan a chur a seilbh, tha cianail graineil, tamailteach. Tha casaid nìhor air a deanamh air na h-Eirionnaich aig an am so, airson an ceannairc agus an droch ghiulan. Cha'n urrainn neach sam bith na'r measg an dol air aghaidh a mholadh. B' abhaist do dhaoine fochaid a dheanamh air na bagraidhean eagallach a bha na h-Erionnaich roimhe so a deanamh an aghaidh Shasuinn agus Albainn ann am briathran cosmhuil ris an rann so :—

Thugaibh! thugaibh! Bo! bo! bo!
 Paddy mor 'us biodag air!
 Faicill oirbh an taobh sin thall,
 Nach toir e ceann a thiota dhibh.

Ach an Eirinn aig an am so tha gnothuichean craidhteach a dol air aghaidh, air nach urrainn duinn amharc le fochaid agus fala-dha. Ach cha'n eil mi cinnteach nach b'fheairrde na Gaidheal beagan tuilleadh na tha aca de nadur an Eirionnaich, agus gun diultadh iad cho fad sa tha na'n comas, agus gu riaghailteach, cur a suas leis gach nì a thogras iadsan a dheanamh aig am bheil coir air an fhearann. 'Si mo bharrail nach fhada gus an tig an la so mu'n cuairt. Cha'n eil farmad agam ri cridhe an duine sin a thionndaidh muinntir a mach o'n tighean agus o'n dachaidh, gu sonraichte sean daoine, oir s' ann orra-san a's truime thuiteas a bhuille. O, cuimhnichibh nach b'iad clann Lot, nach b'iad buill og a theaghlach, a dh' amhairc nan deigh, agus a stad 'sa chomhnard, 'nuair bha Sodom gu bhi air a sgrios! Bi an t-sean bhean, a chaith a laithean anns a bhaile mhallaichte, a sheall le suil bhronaich na deigh air an dachaidh a chaidh a mhilleadh. Agus tha so nadurra gu leoir. Tha teaghlach a fagail tir an oige air son duthaich chein. Co dhiubh, saoil thusa, a tha da rìreadh muladach, craidhteach? Co na cridheachan a tha da rìreadh air am fasgadh mar anart le bron? An iad, saoil thu, na mic agus na nigheana oga? O cha'n iad idir! Tha iadsan ag amharc air aghaidh le aoibhneas agus togradh ri fearann ur, ri tir a gheallaidh. Ach tha cridhe an t-sean duine thruaigh briste bruite. Am bothan bochd; an sruthan seimh; an cnocan uaine air cul an tighe, an fhraochbheinn mu'n cuairt air gach taobh; an eaglais 'san d'rinn e aoradh o oige; a' chill 'sam bheil athair agus a mhathair ghaolach a'

gabhail tamh. O tha e cruaidh a bhi dealachadh riu uile gu brath. Ach tha am bata a feitheamh air an traigh; tha'n long air achdair anns a chaol, tha na siuil bhana cheana sgaoilte ris a ghaoith; tha am an dealaichidh air teachd. Tha an long a nis fo lan shiuil, tha'n soirbheas ga deoghal air falbh; agus air clar na luinge tha esan na sheasamh, ag amharc air beanntan agus air cladaichean a dhuthcha gus am bheil a shuilean, luchdaichte le deuraibh, a call an t-seallaidh mu dheireadh air fearann a ghraidh. Tha mi a'g radh gur cruaidh an cridhe chuireadh creutairean bochd mar so mun cuairt. Far a bheil mise a gabhail comhnuidh—Siorramachd Rois—cluinnidh tu na tuathanaich a' gearan nach urrainn iad luchd-oibre air paigheadh-latha fhaotainn mar bu mhaith leo. Ciamar a gheibh 'nuair nach eil na daoine ann; 'nuair a chaidh am fogradh o'n dachaidh agus o'n duthaich? C'ait' an diugh am faighear saighdearan Gaidhealach a lionas suas na reis-imeidean Gaidhealach, nuair a thig am a chruadhail agus a chomhstri 'sa bhlar? C'ait' am bheil luchd an fheilidh nach geilleadh 'san stri? Tha iad an diugh an tiribh cein. Beachdaichibh air ann fhirinn so! Ann an leth cheud bliadhna chaidh tri fichead mile sa deich saighdear do'n arm Bhreatunnach as a Ghaidhealtachd. Agus mar a dh'innis a h-aon do chleir a bhaile so dhuinn, an t-Ollamh MacGriogair, chuir an t-Eilean Sgiathanach chum nan cogaidhean anns an do ghabh an rioghachd so pairt fo cheann corr 'us da fhichead bliadhna, se ceud-gu-leth oifigeach, agus deich mile saighdear do'n arm. C'ait am faigh thu ni sam bith cosmhuil ri sin air an la diugh? Cha'n eil e na ni comasach idir—eadhon ged a rachadh a' ni sin a dheanamh a rinn bean uasal roimhe so—ceile Dhiuc Ghordain—a thalaidh agus a cho-eignich na fir do'n reis-imeid le poig o' beul boidheach uasal fein. Feudaidh sinn a radh “Dh'fhalbh sud uile mar bhruadar, 's mar bhoinne builgein air uachdar na'n tomn.” Ach si a' cheist—Am bheil an rioghachd, luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd, a nochdadh mor ghliocais ann a bhi ceadachadh nithe do'n t-seorsa so tachairt agus dol air aghaidh? Tha'n sean fhacal ag radh, “'S ann an deigh laimh a bhitheas an Gaidheal glic.” 'S mo bharailse gu bheil so fìor mu thiomchioll tuille 'us na Gaidheil. Ann am batail na rioghachd cha robh saighdearan 'san arm cho treun seasmhach, cruadhalach ri luchd a bhreacam agus ma dh' fheudte gu 'n tig an t-am anns am faic an rioghachd so ni's soilleire na tha i a nis a faicinn, agus gu'n amhaire i air bron agus aithreachas diomhain agus gun sta. Feudaidh a Ghaidhealtachd briathran na mnatha ri Ian a chleachdadh ris an Rioghachd—

“’Nuair thig am bothan, le chraos cam,
Am mal, ’sa chlann, ’s an ceannach ort,
Bu taitneach dhuit a bhean ’san am sin
Thairneadh ceann an amuill dhuit.”

A chlann nan Gaidheal, seasaibh an guaillibh a cheile! Bithibh dileas do’n duthaich ga’m buin sibh: mairibh deigheil air cainnt ’ur mathar—agus na biodh naire oirbh gur Gaidheil sibh, agus gur Gailig ’ur ceud chainnt. Naire an dubhairt mi? Dia ga m’ chuideachadh! Nair a m’ dhuthaich! Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil duthaichean ann is blaithe, is tioraile, is beartaiche; ach nam’ shuilean-sa cha’n eil tir ann fo’n ghrein cho aluinn, cha’n eil blath ann cho boidheach ri fluran an fhraoich. Nair a m’chainnt! Ma ni mi taire oirre, ma dhi-chumhnicheas mi i, di-chuimnicheadh mo lamh dheas a seoltachd, agus leanadh mo theanagadh ri m’ ghial! A chlann nan Gaidheal, a rithist tha mi ag radh ribh, seasaibh an guaillibh a cheile! Gradhaichibh ’ur duthaich, iarraibh maith ’ur luchd-duthcha! Ruithibh le foighidion an reis a chuireadh riomhibh. “Dean greim daingean air na bheil agad, chum ’s nach glac neach air bith do chrun.” Buaidh leis a Ghaidhealtachd fhad ’sa sheideas gaoth r’a stucan. A mhuintir mo ghraidh, slan leibh! An la chi ’nach fhaic! (Loud and continued cheers.)

The second musical part of the programme was then proceeded with, the singers and dancers being the same as in the first part. A special feature of the proceedings was the singing by Mr Hugh Fraser of the following original song, composed by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on the Tartan question:—

FLEASGACH AN FHUILT CHRAOBHIACH, CHAIS.

Chorus.—A fhleasgach an fhuilt chraobhaich, chais,

Oig-fhir a’ chuil dualaich;

A fhleasgaich oig an or-fhuilte chais,

Gur i do mhais’ a bhuaire mi.

C’ ait’ bheil sealladh fo’n ghrein,

Co ceutach ri duin’-uasal,

’S a phearsa dhireach, chuimir, reidh,

Fo fheile nam pleat cuaiche!

A fhleasgaich, &c.

C’ aite ’m facas riamh air faiche,

’N am tarruing nan cruaidh-lann,

Fir co sgairteil ris na gaisgich

G’an robh ’m breacan dualach!

A fhleasgaich, &c.

Am bliadhna thainig fios a Lunainn,
 Chuir oirnn uile buaireas,
 Na breacain ur g'an d'thug iad gaol,
 Ga'n toirt o laoich nam fuar-bheann ;
 A fhleasgaich, &c.

Iad bhi srachdadh bhar nan sar,
 Le laimh-laidir uaibhrich,
 Am feile gearr g'an d'thug iad gradh,
 'S a bha mar phairt g'am buaidh dhoibh ;
 A fhleasgaich, &c.

'S an uair a chuala sinn an sgeul,
 Gu'n d'eirich sinn le fuathas ;
 Chaidh crois-tara feadh an t-saoghail,
 'S fios na caonnaig' buailtich.
 A fhleasgaich, &c.

Sgrog gach cuiridh 'bhoineid ghorm,
 Le colg, mu 'mhala ghruamaich,
 A's ghlac e 'lann gu dol do 'n ar
 Mar b' abhaist da gu buadhar.
 A fhleasgaich, &c.

Dh' eirich an Caimbeulach og,
 A's e aig mod nan uaislean ;
 Phog e bhiodag, 's thug e boid
 Gu'm biodh a' choir an uachdar.
 A fhleasgaich, &c.

At the conclusion of the musical programme,

Mr Davidson of Tulloch proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman and performers, and in doing so he said—Ladies and gentlemen, I think I may say, judging by the expressions of approval you have shown, that you have all spent a very agreeable evening. We have had good addresses, capital vocal and instrumental music, and superior dancing. It is a pleasant duty I have to perform, and I hope that in the execution of that duty I shall have your unanimous approval. (Applause.) I am extremely happy to sit in this assembly under the chief who presides, and I am glad to see him in his right place. (Applause.) There is a well known expression, and one frequently used, "the right man in the right place," and here we have an illustration of that saying, for we have the right man decidedly in the right place. (Great applause.) We have also to thank those ladies and gentlemen who have been

kind enough to contribute to our entertainment, our amusement, and our instruction so much this evening; and though I am not able to mention all their names, that is not from want of courtesy, but must be attributed to my want of knowledge of the people. I may, however, mention the Rev. Mr Maclachlan, who has delivered a most admirable Gaelic address to us. (Applause.) I cannot say that I am a good Gaelic scholar, yet such was his energy of style, and distinctness of his pronunciation, that I could understand the greater part of what he said. (Applause.) We are very much indebted to those young ladies who have sung so sweetly. There is one young lady who possesses a charming voice, and who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The songs given by the gentlemen were also well rendered, and, I was glad to see, duly appreciated. I am sure you will all join with me, ladies and gentlemen, in a cordial vote of thanks—first of all to our friend Lochiel—(Applause)—and then to the ladies and gentlemen who have afforded us so much enjoyment this evening. (Applause.) In bidding you good-bye to-night, I will do so by saying, “Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.” (Continued applause.)

Lochiel, in acknowledging the compliment, said—I suppose we will now say good-night, although I must say that the last words used by Tulloch are a better conclusion for a very pleasant evening. I cannot well imagine that thanks are due to me for what I have done. I have had a very pleasant duty to perform, and I require no thanks: but I think your thanks have been very justly and properly given to the performers who have enabled us to pass so extremely pleasant an evening. I think I may state that the gentleman who rendered the song “Macgregor’s Gathering” so well only arrived from Boston, United States, a very few hours before he entered this room. (Applause.) Not having even, like Tulloch, a partial knowledge of the native tongue, I cannot say that I was much instructed by the Gaelic speech we heard from Mr Maclachlan. I only understood one word of it, and that was my own name—(Laughter and applause)—and also, perhaps, the word “sporrán.” The address, however, showed the wonderful power which a man who speaks Gaelic has over an audience who knows what he is saying. This is the first time I have listened to a Gaelic speech, but I have occasionally listened to a Gaelic sermon, and I could not but notice that the language produced an effect upon the hearers, which, I am sorry to say, is not the usual result of an English speech. (Applause.)

On the motion of Dean of Guild Mackenzie, three cheers were given for Tulloch.

It ought to be stated that Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, presided with great acceptance at the piano; and that the arrangements for the Assembly were all successfully carried out by the Secretary of the Society, Mr William Mackenzie. The gathering was altogether a most successful one.

The programme gone through was as follows:—

PART I.

Address—The Chairman.

Oran Gailig—Mr J. W. Macintyre, Glasgow.

Scotch Song—“Cam’ ye by Athole”—Miss Watt.

Dance—“Highland Fling”—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Oran Gailig—“Is toigh leam a’ Ghaidhealtachd”—Iain A. Macrob.

Scotch Song—“O for the bloom of my own Native Heather”—Miss M. Macdonald.

Oran Gailig—“Oran a’ Phrionnsa”—Mr Hugh Fraser, Inverness.

Scotch Song—“The Flowers of the Forest”—Mr J. A. Mackenzie.

Interval of Ten Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Address—Rev. Lachlan MacIachlan, Tain.

Scotch Song—“Macgregor’s Gathering”—Iain A. Macrob.

Oran Gailig—Mr J. W. Macintyre, Glasgow.

Scotch Song—“O Whistle an’ I’ll come to ye, my Lad”—Miss Watt.

Oran Gailig—“Och mar tha mi”—Miss M. Macdonald.

Oran Gailig—“Cumha Phrionns’ Ailbeirt”—Mr Hugh Fraser, Inverness.

Dance—“Reel of Tulloch”—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Votes of thanks to the Chairman and Performers—Tulloch.

DEATH OF THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR.

In October 1881 the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, “Sgiathanach,” who had from the beginning taken an active interest in the Society, and who had all his life been an enthusiastic admirer of the literature of his Highland fellow countrymen, died at his residence, Victoria Crescent, Inverness. His funeral took place on the 24th October; and the members of the Society in Inverness and neighbourhood resolved to attend it in a body. They assembled to the number of over one hundred at the residence of the deceased; and, headed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., an honorary chief-

tian of the Society, marched in a body, in the funeral *cortège*, from Victoria Crescent to the Chapel Yard Burying-Ground.

The following elegy on Mr Macgregor was composed for the Society's Transactions by Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society :—

Tha an sneachda gu dumhail
 Air fluran an reidhleinn ;
 Tha na neoil dhubha dunadh
 Gu dluth mu na speuran ;
 Cha chuirear oirnn aiteas,
 Le aiteal na greine,
 Bho nach gluaisear mo charaid
 Bho sparradh na deile,
 An tir nam beo.

O 's goirt tha mo chridhe,
 'S trom snidh' air mo ghruaidhean ;
 'S mi diu 'n air a chlàistinn
 Gu'n do chaireadh 's an uaigh thu ;
 'S mi 'n diu air e chluinntinn
 Thu fo chuibhrichean fuara,
 Fo ghlais aig an eug,
 A's mo leireadh nach gluais thu,
 An tir nam beo.

Fhir na h-aghaidh bha malda,
 Gu 'm bu chairdeil thu dhomhsa ;
 Fhir a ghnath bha cho ciuin
 Ri osag chubhraidh an og-mhios ;
 Bha do lamh mar an sioda,
 Ann am minead 's am boidhchead ;
 'S truagh nach faic mi 'm feith-gaire
 Bha na d' bhlath-shuil an comhnuidh,
 An tir nam beo.

Tha do theaghlach gu deurach,
 'S tha do cheile trom, bronach,
 Mu d' chluinn gheal, phriseil
 A bhi shios fo na fòdaibh,
 Far nach faic iad gu brath thu—
 'S mor an fath air an deoir e—
 'S nach cluinn iad am manran
 A bha ghnath na bhinn-cheòl daibh,
 An tir nan beo.

Gu 'n bu mhuirneach le d' threud thu ;
 Bu tu fein an deagh bhuachaill ;
Cha do chleachd thu an sgiursadh,
 No le cu bhi ga 'n ruagadh,
Ach ga'n taladh le gràdh
 Gu ait' am Phàrras a bhuannachd ;
'S beag an t-iognadh an drasta
 Iad bhi craiteach, 's tu uapa,
 An tir nan beo.

Tha Comunn na Gaidhlig
 Ann an amhghar mu d' dheighinn,
Fhir a dheanamh na h-oraid,
 A bha 'n comhnuidh beo speiseil ;
Gur beag mi' iognadh mu 'n smalan,
 A ghnuis fhilathail na feile,
'S nach duisgear le piob thu,
 A's nach till thu o 'n reilig,
 An tir nan beo.

So a' bhliadhna a ghuin iad ;
 'S mòr o'n uiridh tha uapa—
Thu fhein 's Tighearna Thulaich,
 Ard cheann-uidhe na h-uaisle ;
Gu'm bu chiatach air sraid e,
 An deise aillidh nam fuar-bheann,
Ged tha e 'n diu anns an uir,
 'S gun iad an duil ri e ghluasad,
 An tir nam beo.

Bha thu de Chloinn-Ghriogair—
 Sud am fine bha uaibhreach—
'S cha bu chrionach na'n coill thu,
 Fhir bha foineil na d' ghluasad ;
Bha thu iriosal, baigheil ;
 B' e bhi cairdeal bu dual duit ;
'S O cha'n fhaic mi gu bràtha
 Aon mhac Gaidheil cho suairce,
 An tir nam beo !

O bu rioghail an Gaidheil thu ;
 Thug thu gradh do na gleanntan,
'S bha do chridhe ro bhilath
 Do 'n dream a dh' araicheadh annta ;

Bhiodh tu deurach mu'n amhghar,
 Bhiodh tu 'd bhrathair na'n teanntachd,
 Is tu sheasadh 's gach càs iad ;
 'S mor do chairdeas air chall daibh ;
 An tir nam beo.

Faodaidh spiorad na Gaidhlig,
 Feadh gach ard-bheinn bhi caoidhrean ;
 Chaill i 'n caraid ro araidh
 A chumadh baigh rithe daonnan—
 Fear a labhradh gu dana,
 Ga cumail ard am measg dhaoine ;
 Mo chreach nach cluinn sinn gu brath i
 Tigh'nn o 'bhlath-bhilean gaolach,
 An tir nam beo !

O gur trom tha mo mhulad,
 An so a' cumhadh an uasail,
 'S mi mar dheoraidh gun taice,
 Bho 'n a thaisg iad 's an uaigh thu ;
 Tha mi 'n gainnead an daoine,
 'S tha an saoghal na's fuaire,
 Bho nach fhaic mi chaoidh d' aodann,
 Fhir bha aoidheil gun ghruaman,
 An tir nam beo.

Bho nach gluaisear mo charaid
 Bho sparradh na deile,
 Cha chuirear orm aiteas
 Le aiteal na greine ;
 Ged bhios eoin a' seinn coireil
 Ann an doire nan geugan,
 Bidh mise ri tuireadh,
 Gu muladach, deurach,
 An tir nam beo.

16TH NOVEMBER 1881.

On this date, after transacting some routine business, the Secretary (Mr Wm. Mackenzie) read a paper by Miss Cameron of Innseagan, of which the following is a summary :—

LIVING CELTIC REMAINS IN SOUTH BRITAIN.

The four typical English surnames are declared to be Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Jones is a Celtic (Welsh) name, and the question arises does Jones stand alone in his Celtic grandeur. Any one who knows Worcestershire must be aware that, although of course geographically much nearer Wales than Kent or than any part of East Anglia, the character of the country and that of the *natives*, I use the word advisedly, is intensely English; there is not a particle of anything that can be called Welsh about the people. It would, indeed, be difficult to find any place more typical of "Old England" than many a Worcestershire village. Suppose a Scotchman were to pay a visit to any such parish, he would hear ploughboys summoned as Ned, Bill, or Dick, Saxon and Norman, till some Saturday he would hear the rector complaining that "Hughes" had not sent home his Sunday boots; then he would admire two fine homesteads with their black and white gabled farmhouses, and be told that Mr Howell possessed the one and Mr Griffiths the other; further, on enquiry, he would discover the forefathers of Hughes the shoemaker, of Howell and of Griffiths the farmers, had never within the memory of man been known to live anywhere but in that parish and the adjoining ones, and very old headstones, with almost illegible inscriptions, would be pointed out in the church-yard bearing their names. This, so far as the names are concerned, is no fancy. The frequency is very remarkable with which surnames of the class referred to above, occur in Worcestershire, to say nothing of Herefordshire. Is it at all improbable that these families are the lineal descendants of the ancient British inhabitants of the southern parts of our island? Those of the Britons, I mean, who allowed themselves to be subjugated by the Saxons, instead of sheltering in freedom among the mountain fastnesses of Wales. They were, we all know, miserable specimens of the Celtic race, enervated by the foreign civilisation of the later days of Rome. I am not sure, however, of the truth of the saying that "it is better to be the head of a lizard than the tail of a lion." The lizard has in his head but the cold blood and the brains of a base reptile, while every wag of the lion's tail is regulated by the beating of the heart of the king of beasts. How numerous Welsh names are in Worcestershire will be seen from the following list of those common among English people there, found of course with common, not to say vulgar, English names, such as Taylor, Higgs, Hunt, &c. It must be borne in mind that to this list must be added

other patronymics ending in s, as Roberts, Edwards, Davies, Williams, &c.

Hughes.	Price.	Lewis.	Llyod.
Evans.	Preece.	Pugh.	Parry.
Rice.	Howell.	Owen.	Thomas.
Reece.	Powell.	Griffiths.	Pritchard.

These names of persons have an important bearing on our present enquiry, not possessed even by names of places, interesting as are these latter. Finding rivers, mountains, and the like called by words from an ancient language, may only prove that the land was in ages long past occupied by a people using the tongue to which such words belong; but to find families still bearing surnames, belonging either to the very same language, or to one nearly related to it, must surely point out some of the present inhabitants of that country as descended from, or at least very near of kin to, those who first called that famous river running across the middle of England, the "Avon," and gave the name "Severn" to that gentle stream rising among the mountains of North Wales, taking its grave course by Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and at last opening into a grand Firth between Somersetshire and Devonshire. There is, however, one name of great interest, both on its own account and on that of the place which bears it, namely, *Malvern*. This is always pronounced by Worcestershire people Mawbern, almost Morvern. True, the name of Ossian's country is spelt Morven, but the natives of Lochaber and Appin pronounce it, I find, nearly the same as the Southern hills are called. Malvern is a single range of hills about nine miles in length; the highest, called the Worcestershire Beacon, is said to be 1313 feet above the level of the Severn; it rises at once from the great plain of the valley of the Severn; even looking westward, the view is uninterrupted, till the eye rests on the dim grey outline of the Welsh mountains, while in every other direction the horizon has no belt of hills to mark the meeting of earth and sky. To Mr Allies it seems more probable that the syllable "vern" is derived from the British "sarn" or "yarn," a pavement or seat of judgment; if so, the name would mean "the mountain of the seat of judgment," or the high court or "seat of judgment;" proving it to have been an important station of the Druids. My own idea is much more simple, only then it is Gaelic, not Cymric. The Malvern range contains what is considered to be an ancient British triangular, or rather irregular, shaped camp, which Allies

considers a corroboration of his view, as the sacred altars appear to have been in some instances within the camps. This is surrounded by other camps, stations, and antiquities, British and Roman. In addition to this it is crossed by primitive roads. Jones, in his "Breckwckshire," makes Moel-y-yarn, which is pure Welsh, signify the high court or seat of judgment. King, in his "Munimenta Antiqua," states that there are a vast number of strong intrenchments in all parts of this island of a very peculiar kind, situated chiefly on the tops of natural hills, and which can be attributed to none of the various people who have ever dwelt in the adjacent country except to the ancient Britons; although, indeed, the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and even Normans, have on certain emergencies made use of them on account of their great original strength. One of the most important and considerable of these is the Herefordshire Beacon, commanding that which was once the only pass through the Malvern range of hills, and which, indeed, is very nearly so to the present hour. Beyond the camp to the south is a smaller entrenchment. Dr Nash says:—"Within the distance of a musket shot of the trenches of the camp, in the parish of Collwall, in Herefordshire, was found in the year 1650, by Thomas Tayler, near Burstner's Cross, as he was digging a ditch round his cottage, a coronet or bracelet of gold, set with precious stones, of a size to be drawn over the arm and sleeve. It was sold to Mr Hill, a goldsmith in Gloucester, for £37. Hill sold it to a jeweller in Lombard Street, London, for £250, and the jeweller sold the stones, which were deeply inlaid, for £1500, as Mr Clough, of Lombard Street, reported. Note MS. in Jesus College Library, Oxford—"The register of Collwall has been searched, and I find that Thomas Tayler lived there about that time; and when his death is entered, there is a mark put to his name, as if something memorable had happened to him."

Several writers have supposed that Caractacus, for a season, made a stand against Ostorius at the Herefordshire Beacon Camp; but finding, after many struggles, that he could not defend his eastern frontier against the enemy, he retreated north-westward towards the mountainous regions of the Ordovices.

In the "Archæologia" there is an account, by A. J. Kempe, Esq., F.S.A., of an entrenched camp at Wimbleton, Surrey, wherein he states that writers on the Military Antiquities of Britain have considered that it was a principle of tactics with the Britons to arrange their forces on concentric circles of ramparts, rising one above the other, and that the celebrated Herefordshire Beacon on the

Malvern Hills is a remarkable specimen of that mode of defence." By a strange coincidence, since Mr Allies's book was published, a *modern* British camp has been established at Wimbledon; for I conclude the places to be the same, and I trust they have left the remains of the former one untouched. In Layamon's "Brut," supposed to have been written in the reign of King John, there is the following passage, as translated by Sir F. Madden:—"In North Wales was a King Cadwan, the Keen (surnamed Cadigan); in South Wales was Margadud, fairest of all men (Knight fairest of all): they held all the good land unto Severn, from the upper end that floweth into the sea. In Malvern, near Severn, Margadud, the King, dwelt with very mickle folk; and Athelstan to him advanced then the king of this nation, and held them exceeding hard, and greeted them with harm, and drove them with his weapons out over the Vye, and took from them the land that was betwixt the Severn and the Wye, and they possessed it not afterwards." The most remarkable discovery which has yet occurred in proof of the Roman occupation of the Herefordshire Beacon, happened in August 1847, namely, a find of a great number of Roman coins, about two hundred one day, and the following morning about fifty more, in a light, red coloured earthen pot, of undoubted Roman fabric. It seems that no coins were found except of the five following emperors:—Dioctletianus, Maximianus Heraclius, Constantius Chlorus, Galerius Maximianus, and Maximinus Daza, and that they fall, therefore, within the period between A.D. 286-311. They are all of the size called second brass, and in excellent preservation. Mr Allies states that about a mile and a-half southward of the Herefordshire Beacon Camp there is another remarkable camp on Midsummer Hill. This camp he visited in July 1842, and found it very perfect. "It has a single vallum all round the crown of the hill, and an agger on the lower side of the vallum. In fact, it has a kind of double vallum and double agger; the ground above the upper side of the main vallum having probably been scooped out to raise a kind of agger on that side of the vallum. This camp is in shape like a high-quartered shoe, and at one part, on the north side (at the instep of the shoe), it runs down one steep part of the hill, and up another part, and terminates southward at the toe of the shoe, which overlooks the deep pass, dividing Midsummer Hill from Raggedstone Hill. The heel of the shoe overlooks the deep ravine called the Gullett, between the north side of Midsummer Hill and Warren Hill." There are many other British remains in Worcestershire; Mr Allies believes, reasonably as it would seem, that whenever we

find a (supposed Roman) road taking its course along the high ridges of the country, it is not a Roman road at all, but a British one. Then there is Crookbarrow Hill, about two miles and a-half south-east from Worcester, a conical elevation, of very regular form, having a beautifully smooth, grassy slope all round, partly natural and partly artificial. Mr Allies says that in the oldest title-deed relating to it, the name is spelt Crug-barrow; Crug in ancient British and Welsh, and Cruach in Irish, signifying a hill or heap. I am ashamed to say I am not Gaelic scholar enough to know what Cruach is in our Gaelic, but find it in Armstrong to mean heap, pile, or hill, while on referring to a Welsh dictionary, I find Allies to be quite right as to Crug. The old title-deeds would lead one to suppose the origin of the word to be Crug, consequently British; otherwise Crook is very like the way English persons would pronounce Cruach—they never can manage the guttural, Lock-iel they say; and that would give the word a Gaelic derivation. Mr Cowin Lees, of Worcester, in the November of 1849 met on Malvern Hill with some of the party engaged in the trigonometrical survey, “who showed him part of a human cranium found three days previously in excavating on the summit of the Beacon to find the mark left as a datum during the former survey. On uncovering the rock, about nine inches below the surface, just on the outer edge, towards the south of the pile of loose stones, a small urn was found in a cavity of the rock, with some bones and ashes. The urn was placed in an inverted position, covering part of the ashes, and the half-burnt bones lay near and around it. Its height is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; breadth at top 3 inches. The bottom of this little vessel is nearly three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The impressed markings are very deficient in regularity. Another deposit of bones, but without an urn, was also found on the north side of the heap of stones marking the summit; and this heap, although renewed in recent times as a kind of beacon, very probably occupies the site of an ancient cairn. . . . On further examination of the spot some bones were collected; and, being submitted to anatomical examination, they were pronounced to be the remains of an adult human subject which had undergone cremation.” Mr Allies, who reported this discovery to the Archaeological Institute in January 1850, observed that no British urns or interments had previously been found upon the Malvern Hills. The little urn in question is of a class of British fictilia hitherto almost exclusively noticed in Wiltshire tumuli, though somewhat different in character to any found there. One is mentioned as being a *double* cup, having a

division in the middle so that the cavity on either side is equal ; another with perforated sides, and covered by rows of bosses like nail heads. These little cups occasionally have only the lateral holes as if for suspension ; sometimes the bottom is pierced like a colander, and sometimes fabricated with open work like a rude basket. Their use seems to be uncertain. These relics, however, might only point to a race, like the Aztecs of Central America, long ago passed away, and their heritage given up to others ; we all know how that race was conquered. King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, so far as those heroes are historical, stood in the same relation to the forefathers of the people of South Britain, as the fatal struggle of the '45, its princely leader, and gallant chieftains still stand to modern Highlanders, peaceful subjects of the present British rule though they be. But may not the very facts of the diffusion of the Arthurian traditions all over the land, and their survival through the whole of the centuries of the middle ages, be a great giant fact in favour of the theory that many a jolly English yeoman is proud to bear a family name not of Saxon, Danish, or Norman, but of purely Celtic-British origin.

4TH JANUARY 1882.

A business meeting of the Society was held on this date.

TENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Tenth Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, on Wednesday, 1st February 1882.* The chair was occupied by Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, who was supported by Captain Chisholm, Glassburn ; Mr H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire ; Dean of Guild Mackenzie ; Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank ; Provost Fraser, and Mr Innes. The croupiers were Mr Charles Mackay, and Mr James Fraser, C.E. Among the gentlemen present were :—

Mr John Cran, Kirkton ; Mr J. Fraser, Mauld ; Mr Morris, Quoys of Keiss ; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness ; Dr Macdonald, Church Street, Mr G. G. Allan, Royal Bank ; Mr Macdonald, Druidaig ; Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness ; Mr Jolly, H.M.

* It may be stated that the practice in the past was to hold the Annual Dinner on Old New-Year's night, or some other night as near that date as could be found practicable. In this year His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited Inverness at that time ; and in order to leave all the members absolutely free to participate in the general demonstrations to welcome the Prince, the Dinner was postponed till 1st February.

Inspector of Schools; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr G. J. Campbell, do.; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk; Mr Macbain, Raining's School; Mr John H. Forsyth, Inglis Street; Mr John Davidson, do.; Mr Whyte, librarian; Mr Mackintosh, commission-agent; Mr Charles Macdonald, Knocknageal; Mr Jonathan Ross, High Street; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr Macraird, writer; Mr Maciver, Church Street; Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Bridge Street; Mr Cameron, ironmonger; Mr Macbean, assistant inspector of poor; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, secretary; Mr Huntly Fraser, Kinmylies; Mr Gunn, draper, Castle Street; Mr Mackintosh, ironmonger, High Street; Mr Mactavish, ironmonger, Castle Street; Mr D. Campbell, draper; Mr Paul Campbell, Bridge Street; Mr Shaw, Caledonian Bank; Mr D. Macpherson, steamboat agent, Drummond Street; Mr Maciver, cabinetmaker; Mr Kenneth Gillanders, Drummond Street; Mr D. Shaw, banker, Bonar-Bridge; Mr A. E. Middleton, Castle Street; Mr Hugh Fraser, Huntly Street; Mr Duncan Chisholm, grocer, Castle Street, &c.

Apologies for absence were received from a large number of gentlemen, including

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart.; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Mackay, Swansea; Mr Forbes of Culloden, Dr Stratton, Mr Cameron of Clunes, Major Grant, Drumbuie; Mr Macdonald of Skeabost, Mr Mackintosh of Holme, Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim, Mr A. Burgess, Gairloch; Rev. James Grant, Kilmuir; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Ferrintosh; Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh; Mr John Mackay of Ben-Reay, Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Silverwells, Inverness; Rev. Mr Maclachlan, Tain; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr John Grant, Cardiff; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick; Mr D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Mr C. Fergusson, Gatehouse, Kirkeudbrightshire; Mr Charles Walker, Skibo Castle; Mr C. C. Glass, St Andrews; Mr John Gillanders, Denny; Mr Geo. B. Simpson, Broughty Ferry; Mr Ewen Macdonald, Church Street, Inverness; Mr Simon Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Mr D. Watt, Volunteer Arms Hotel, Inverness; Dr Mackenzie, Eileanach; Rev. John Macpherson, F.C., Lairg; Mr Ed. Cesari, Station Hotel, Inverness; Mr D. R. Ross, Glen-Urquhart; Mr A. Mackay Robson, Leith; Mr R. Ferguson, Raploch, Stirling; Mr W. B. Forsyth, "Inverness Advertiser;" Dr Fraser, Morven; Mr D. Macdonald, Kirkton Muir; Ex-Provost Simpson, Mr A. K. Findlater, Mr W. H. Balderston, &c.

After an excellent dinner had been partaken of, The Chairman proposed the usual loyal toasts, and in doing so referred to the magnificent reception the Duke of Edinburgh received in Inverness recently. He then proposed "The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," in complimentary terms.

Captain A. M. Chisholm, who replied for the army, said—I have great pleasure in returning thanks for the cordial manner in which you drank to the toast of "The Army." I was glad to see by a recent report that the service is becoming very popular. During the last year recruits were coming in at the rate of 500 per week—men of superior stamp. The education report of the army shows that there are still 7000 soldiers who can neither read nor write; but in 1861 the number was 35,000. These good results are attributed to the short service system, the improved status of our non-commissioned officers, and the abolition of the degrading punishment of the lash. It is matter for congratulation that our vast British empire—containing upwards of eight millions of square miles, and upwards of 240 millions of loyal subjects, is now enjoying a reign of peace in every quarter and corner of the world. In the language of old Rome, the temple of Janus is closed, and long may it continue shut. But for this great boon and blessing we are certainly in a great measure indebted to the courage and bravery of our soldiers, the skill and prudence of our gallant generals, and to the wise councils and Christian forbearance of our talented statesmen. (Applause.)

Major Macandrew, in replying for the Volunteers, said that in the course of a service of 23 years he had now had occasion to return thanks for this toast more than once. The volunteer army, he said, hardly, at the present moment, stood in the same position as it did a few years ago. A good many people a few years ago doubted whether it was really possible that a force such as that of the volunteers, held together by a loose discipline, could be utilised for any active purposes of war. But within the last year the volunteers have shown to the country and to the world that it is not so difficult a thing after all to collect together an army of volunteers, and to make them useful as a force of importance to the empire. (Applause.) At the Scotch Review, he said, every circumstance was against them. He thought he never was out in such a persistently wet and bitter day as that was. As the force was leaving the ground they met, too, with such an interruption as might have upset regular troops; but the whole arrangements were rectified in a few minutes. (Applause.) The whole display in every respect showed that in the volunteers we had a great and

effective army, and showed also that General Macdonald, who commanded, had a head on his shoulders, and evinced all the qualities that were to be expected of him, considering the race from which he sprang. (Applause.)

Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary, then read the annual report as follows:—

Mar is gnàth leam aig an am so tha a rùn orm cunntas a thoirt ann am facal no dhà mu ghnìomharan a' Chomuinn rè na bhìadhna chaidh seachad.

Goirid roimh an àm so 'n uiridh chum sinn ar coinneamh fo riaghladh Probhaist a' bhaile so ; agus ged bha 'n oidhche fuar, bha fearas-chuideachd bhìath chridheil againn.

As deigh sin bha againn aireamh de choinneamhan taitneach o àm gu àm ; agus ann am meadhon an t-samhraidh chum sinn coinneachadh mor, greadhnach, aig an robh—

Lochiall mar bu choir da
'Cur an ordugh nan Gaidheal

--oir air an fheasgar sin shuidh e 'san ard-chathair, agus chaidh oidhche chridheil a chur thairis le oraidean, orain agus ceòl na pioba moire.

Bhuaith sin bha sinn a' tighinn cruinn o am gu h-am mar bha cuisean ga aobharachadh. Is duilich leam aideachadh nach 'eil ar cairdean uile idir cho dìchiollachadh ann a bhi cuideachadh leinn, le bhi sgrìobhadh oraidean Gaidhealach 's a bu mhiann leinn ; agus ghabhainn an cothrom so gu an dleasnas a sparradh orra. Mur cumar suas cuisle bheothail Ghailig ann an cridhe na Gaidhealtachd cha dual do na h-iomail a bhi ach marbhanta. Cuidicheadh ar cairdean leinn, ma ta, anns a' chuis so mar nach do rinn iad riamh fhathast.

Mu ionmhas a' Chomuinn is taitneach leam a radh gu bheil gach coslas air gu bheil soirbheachadh math againn. Chaidh seachd fichead Puund Sasunnach troimh m' lamhan re na bliadhna. Phaigh mi dlùth air coig fichead Puund Sasunnach 's a h-ochd-diag ; a' fàgail da not thar fhichead againn an nochd air son toiseachadh na h-ath-bhliadhna.

Tha fios agaibh gu'n d' thainig leabhar bliadhnail a' chomuinn a mach o chionn ghoirid agus tha dochas againn gu 'm faighear moran ann a bhios taitneach agus buannachdail do na Gaidheil.

Mar tha fhios agaibh uile shuidhich sinn gu'm biodh an cruinneachadh mor so air a chumail ceithir-la-deug bho'n nochd, ach—

“ Moch 'sa' mhaduinn 's mi dusgadh,
 Bu mhòr mo shunnd 's mo cheòl-gaire,
 'N uair chual's gu'n robh Prionnsa
 Tigh'nn a dhùthaich Chlann-Ranuill.”

—agus air eagal gu'n cuireadh coinneamh a' Chomuinn Ghailig dubhar agus neul air “faihte Phrionnsa” mheas luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn iomchuidh an cruinneachadh so a chur air ais gus a nochd.

An àm co-dhunaidh ghuidhinn air gach neach 's an lathair nach 'eil aonaichte ris a' Chomunn gu'n a chuis a leigeil ni's fhaide an deigh-laimh, agus cha 'n e mhaireadach a chur sìos an ainm ach iompaidh a chur air an cairdean agus an luchd-eolais gus an nì ceudna a dheanamh, air chor 's gu'm bi an Conunn, mar bu chòir da, foghainteach agus comasach gu bhli a seasamh as leth leas agus còirichean Chlanna nan Gaidheal. (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, was warmly received. He said—Gentlemen, when I state that I rise with a great deal of diffidence and embarrassment to propose the toast of the evening, “Success to the Gaelic Society,” it is no ordinary routine expression that I may make use of, but simply the outpourings of my heart, for when I was startled by the announcement that the Council had conferred on me the great and unexpected honour of asking me to take the chair at this our annual dinner, my first intention was to refuse it from diffidence, want of knowledge, and from my inability to do justice to such an important meeting. But on consideration, and remembering the many friendly and familiar faces I should meet here, I thought it would show a greater appreciation of the honour you have conferred on me to attempt it, however inadequately, and I trust to your indulgence to overlook my faults of omission and commission, great as I am afraid they will be. It is quite unnecessary for me to enter into any discussion as regards the antiquity of the Gaelic language. Tradition assigns to it a place long prior to historic times, and most of us have met with individuals who firmly believe that Gaelic was the language of Paradise. I need not dilate before a gathering of Highlanders on the courageous attempt of Lachlan Macbean, in his “History of the Celtic Language” and his “Adam and Eve,” to prove that that belief was well founded. But without necessarily pinning our faith to the Adamic antiquity of the language, the comparatively young science of Celtic philology establishes beyond question that it is one of the oldest languages now in existence; nay, more, were not the Celts the first mass of

Aryan emigrants that left their Central Asian fatherland, spreading slowly in their westward march along the south of Russia and Germany, until, at the dawn of authentic history, we find them inhabiting the entire west of Europe from Spain to Scotland? Further, do you not to the present day find traces of them in the Celtic names which crop up throughout the whole south of Europe? But apart from simple theories, I will recommend any one who wishes to study the history and literature of the language, to peruse the Transactions of this Society and the "Celtic Magazine," To the talented editor of the latter, and the writers of the many able articles in the former, we, and all who take an interest in the Highlands, owe a deep debt of gratitude. It is equally unnecessary for me to refer to the time when each Highland clan was a distinct sect or tribe, when an insult to one member of the family was handed down as an heirloom to the unborn babe to avenge; equally was it the duty of a clansman to repay to coming generations where the ancestors had done a good deed in the past. The Highland clans almost down to our own day, as Sir Henry Maine, in his "Early History of Institutions," truly observes, retained many of the characteristics, and, in particular, the political characteristics, of a more ancient condition of the world. If we take from the year 1770 to 1800, and down to the time of Waterloo, when the Highland regiments which then began to take service under the Crown were the flower and pick of the Highlands, what language do we find those brave soldiers speak? They entered the army speaking Gaelic, they fought speaking Gaelic, and their last sigh on the deadly battle-field was a soft low Gaelic murmur as they, the bravest of the brave, were departing from this world. We have only to read history to see what those gallant Highlanders accomplished during that period. Let us briefly glance at the exploits of those Highland regiments in America, and in the many stricken and victorious battle-fields in which they fought against the chosen bands of the First Napoleon in almost every country in Europe. From Egypt's shores to the conquering of our Indian Empire, those real Highlanders were the *elite* of even the undaunted and victorious regiments of the British army, and wherever the latter was, the Highland soldier was always in the van, as, shoulder to shoulder, they rushed against the foe, and there was heard the Gaelic war-cry and the martial strain of the great Highland bagpipe, which incited and carried them on to victory in every field; and I am certain that what we have seen our present Highland regiments do in late years, if they are again called upon, they will not forget the glorious traditions of the

past, and they will remember Sir Ralph Abercromby's words at the battle of Alexandria, "My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers." Let us now turn from these to more peaceful subjects: Is Gaelic a hindrance to success in the ordinary associations of life? Some have the effrontery to say that it is. Gentlemen, I deny it; it is not the knowledge of Gaelic, but the want of knowledge of English, that unfits any Highlander for the ordinary conditions of modern life, and our Society has done in the past whatever was in its power to impress upon the educational authorities the impossibility of imparting a good knowledge of English to the Gaelic-speaking Highlander by the irrational means which in many Highland districts receive the stamp of authority. To my mind, the man who can speak two languages has two weapons at his command, which the man of one language cannot boast of, and apart from questions of accomplishments, I might ask—Is our Gaelic-speaking farmers' stock worse than that of others? Let the Highland Society, our local shows, the prizes at Glasgow and London, speak for that! Who are some of the best and most intelligent of the Canadian colonists? Are they not a Gaelic-speaking race, who have handed down their cherished language to their descendants born in that country. Indeed, in many districts in Canada, Gaelic is at the present day the colloquial language of the place, and talked as purely as in the Highlands. I am certain that nowhere is the cordial good feeling which exists in this country between all classes stronger than in the Gaelic-speaking districts of the Highlands. Is it surprising, therefore, that those who take a real interest in the Highlands should desire the retention of this language? It is impossible to dissociate the ancient history of the Highlands from their own, the Gaelic, language. (Applause.) Let us now turn to the transactions of this Society during the past year. First of all, I feel it is my painful duty—but, however, painful, I am sure you would not be satisfied with your Chairman if he did not refer for a moment to the great loss, not only this Society, but I may say the country, has sustained by the death of so many of its members, two of whom I may mention—the Rev. Mr Macgregor—(Applause)—and Mr Davidson of Tulloch—(Applause)—both of whom were so well known, and so highly esteemed by us all, and whose interest in this Society was so great from the starting of it, some twelve years ago. It is only a few months since, at our last Assembly, that both these gentlemen supported Lochiel on the platform, left and right, who on that occasion was in the chair. Mr Macgregor

I am informed, the last day he visited Inverness, promised our Secretary to read a paper before this Society in course of the present session. That intention, alas, has not been realised. This is no political party, gentlemen. When we come here, we care not what our neighbour's opinions on either side of us may be as regards politics, so long as they are animated by the same desire that we are of doing our best for our country. When we meet here as members of this Celtic brotherhood, we all, in a limited sense, say like Bishop Skinner :—

“ Let Whig and Tory a' agree
 To spend this night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.”

(Applause.) The stronger we can make this Society, and the more representative of all classes and parties in the Highlands, the better, and therefore all Highlanders should join if possible. (Applause.) Let me refer to the action taken by this Society a short time ago, when the country was agitated and alarmed at the report that the War Office intended doing away with distinctive regimental tartans, and put all Highland regiments in a uniform tartan—(applause)—the Gaelic Society appointed a committee to watch the progress of the matter in Parliament, and at last decided in calling a meeting. The meeting, as you know, was duly held, but the statement of the War Minister in Parliament on the night preceding it put our agitated spirits to rest, and we recorded our satisfaction at the conclusion arrived at as being alike politic and patriotic. Similar to our meeting, and beneficial in its results, was one held at Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, on the committee of which was Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and where, as you will remember, the Fiery Cross was passed round, by which they all swore they would carry out the object for which they were assembled, namely, the retention of distinctive regimental tartans. At this meeting our Society was represented. In connection with the regiments it may be of interest to state that exactly one hundred years ago each regiment was directed to take a county name—a system which is reproduced in the territorial regiments of our day. At that time the question of repealing the Anti-Kilt Act, passed after Culloden, was discussed in the House of Commons, and Mr Fraser of Lovat earnestly urged that his regiment might be allowed to legally wear the stripes and party-coloured manufactures of the Highlands, cut in the fashion most suited to the fancy and predilection of the

Highland people. He protested against being compelled to wear more expensive garments—garments which he declared were utterly unsuited for the Highlands—unless an Act was passed to level the hills. (Laughter.) This worthy Highlander also declared, to the great amazement of his honourable hearers, that he himself having recently attempted to ascend his Highland mountains, in the garb of a Sassenach, found it utterly impracticable to do so—that garb being such a barrier to free locomotion. (Laughter and applause.) It was owing also to the strenuous efforts of the Society that the Home Secretary agreed to a Gaelic census being taken in connection with the census of 1881. Unfortunately this concession came rather too late, as the census papers had then been printed, and there was no column for Gaelic, therefore we shall not be able to accept the census as strictly correct when it comes out. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., a worthy life member and honorary chieftain of this Society, states as the result of his investigations that there are 134,000 Gaelic-speaking people in the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland. Now, in matters of this kind where individually we should not be heard, we should remember that collectively and as a Society, with right on our side, we are bound to make ourselves listened to; and as there may be other occasions when Highlanders may be called upon to act shoulder to shoulder, it is important that there should be such a Society as this to guide such movements. (Applause.) But we must not content ourselves with having got the Society up to its present point; we must do our best to add to its strength and its importance. Therefore let each of us induce our friends to become members, and contribute to the patriotic works which it seeks to accomplish. Before sitting down I should like to draw your attention strongly to the circular that our Secretary has sent with his request for literary contributions. It is of great importance that members should collect legends, ballads, songs, and matters of antiquarian interest for preservation in the Transactions; and it is scarcely less important to help in forming a library in Inverness bearing upon the genius, literature, history, and antiquities of the Highlands and the material interests of the Highland people. (Applause.) Let me impress upon you that we should one and all do our best to retain the Gaelic language, and the cultivation of the poetry and music of the Scottish Highlands. (Applause.) We do not, of course, wish to preclude the English language. On the contrary, we do what in us lies, to spread a knowledge of it. But we consider it is essential for the national Celtic character to preserve

the national Celtic language; and in this connection it is with great satisfaction, I am sure, that we observed in the newspapers the other day that our Council has resolved to award prizes for proficiency in Gaelic to the pupils attending the schools in Kilmallie and Kilmonivaig. I understand that it is the intention that such prizes shall be offered annually in different parishes, and I trust that the patriotic efforts of the Society will be supplemented by the members and others, and that pupils and teachers will make a cordial response. I propose then, gentlemen, "The Gaelic Society of Inverness." (Cheers.)

Mr James Fraser, C.E., said he had the honour to propose "The Health of the Members of Parliament for the Highland Counties and Burghs." (Applause.) There is no other institution in this country, he said, so important as the House of Commons. Its members are the special guardians of the constitutional liberties and rights of all classes in the kingdom. And it is to them also that we have to look, in the first place, for keeping up the requirements of the country. Our local members, Lochiel and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, are themselves good Highlanders, and, what is more, they are both members of this Society, and have each in turn presided at some of our meetings; so that they are in a sense representatives of this Society as well as of the county and burgh. I have no fault to find with any of the other members for the North, except one, and that is that they have not followed the examples of Lochiel and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in becoming members of the Gaelic Society—a Society that is thoroughly patriotic, and not political, in its aims, and that well deserves to be supported by them. (Applause.) We all know too well how extremely laborious Parliamentary work has become of late, and we ought to respect the men who devote so much of their time to such arduous public work, and we can all join heartily in giving them the honour to which they are so well entitled for the manner in which they attend to their duties. One great aim of this Society is to promote education in the Highlands, to promote the use of the native tongue, both as a means and a subject of teaching. This object is not yet fully attained; and we, therefore, expect and require from our Parliamentary representatives all the help they can give us until it is got. (Applause.) Since his entry into Parliament, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has been working earnestly, and with considerable success, for this object; and in connection with this matter, and from his being at first, and I suppose still, the only Gaelic-speaking member in the House, he has earned for himself the distinguished title of the "Member for the Highlands." (Applause.) Lochiel

has also given considerable attention to Highland matters ; and although he is ignorant of the Gaelic, as he told this Society himself a year or two ago, the next Lochiel, we are rejoiced to hear, will not be wanting in the knowledge of our Highland tongue. (Applause.) May I venture to say that Lochiel himself might do worse than acquire the language even yet. We all know how much the material interests of the Highlands are indebted to the member for Ross, the great promoter of railways in the north. (Applause.) Gentlemen, let us wish good health, private prosperity, and a long life of public usefulness to the Members for the Highlands. (Applause.)

Mr A. Macbain proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael." He said—The language and literature of a people are of all things connected with them the most significant. The language shows a people's grasp of ideas, their logical talent, and their sense of harmony ; their literature is the best utterance of a people's mind. In respect of both language and literature, considered in all these aspects, I believe it will be found that the Gaels yield to no other people similarly circumstanced with themselves ; but in both respects, too, they have suffered more from detraction than any other race under the sun. The fierce word-battle of last century between Gael and anti-Gael was carried far into the present century, and its echoes have not even yet died out among us. Both parties were, however, fighting in a fog of prejudice and ignorance, from which, thanks to science and social development, we have now nearly emerged. Pinkerton, about a hundred years ago, could compare, amid the plaudits of his countrymen, the language and mythology of the Celts to those of the Hottentots, as savages alike and incapable of improvement. Even Macaulay more lately did not conceal his scorn for the race to whom he owed, not merely his descent, but all the fire of his genius and the brilliancy of his imagination. Neither did friends of the Gael and his language defend them on any more rational principles. It was left for science, for the science of language, in the hands of cool-headed Germans, to rescue the Gael and his tongue, alike from friend and foe. The Gaels can now claim full cousinship and kindred with the best races of Europe, and what is more— with the good help of science, their claim is allowed. The Celtic race is not the pariah of races which John Bull once imagined it to be ; even he has allowed, however grudgingly, the claim of full cousinship with himself, a concession which is already fraught, as we know, with great results both social and political. The word-battle of last century was much more furious over Gaelic literature.

It began in the ever-famous Ossianic controversy, in which the central figures were a typical Saxon and a typical Celt—Johnson and Macpherson. One is tempted to ask, what would have been the issue if Johnson had taken the side of the Gael? Doubtless Gaelic literature would have been perfectly idolised by that discerning public which prostrated itself before Johnson's throne. Johnson's position in literature is really the opprobrium of English letters; it is one he neither deserves nor would be allowed by any other nation than the English. But in literary matters it would appear that the Englishman must take his literary judgments from some bearish and eccentric autocrat or other, whose vulgarity and kicks he receives, and, dog-like, is thankful for. Johnson's opinions would not be worth while considering but for the incalculable harm he did to all Gaelic literature. The poems given to the world by Macpherson have lost caste in the irrational clamour raised against them. And after all what does it much matter whether they are largely composed by Macpherson himself or not, if the poems are really good and have the true Celtic ring about them? Poems that consoled the sorrows of Goethe's Werther, which captivated Napoleon, and have won the admiration of one of the most refined of our modern critics, Matthew Arnold—poems such as these cannot be lost to the world and to Gaelic literature at the bidding of any literary dictator, nor can they be laid aside from doubts as to their origin. In the Gaelic version of them, they possess all the grace and ease of Scott's verse, combined with the lofty and stern imagination of a Milton, and if Macpherson produced them, has not Gaelic literature reason to be proud all the same? But outside the whole range of Ossianic ballads, the Gael can claim for their song writers, satirists, and other bards, a place not far below their kinsmen, the ancient Greeks, whom they equal in feeling and play of fancy, though perhaps inferior in the elegance of form. In this field, too, the Highlanders can hold their own against the Scotch song writers, and Scotch songs are known to be unrivalled. And how does this happen? The Scotch have the Celtic feeling and spirit in them, just as they are mostly Celtic in race. But I suppose the creative period of Gaelic literature is gone by, and though this is to be regretted, it is inevitable in the best interests of the British race. Our duty, then, is jealousy to guard and save the fragments that remain of a mighty feast of soul. The English language and literature holds the foremost place in the world, and well it may, for it has laid the best languages of ancient Europe under contribution to enrich it. It keeps its own form, but takes the materials from all lands and

ages, thus making itself, as no other tongue is, "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." Not merely the language is composite, but the nation also. If the language is mainly Latin in vocabulary and English in form, the nation is mainly Celtic—even in England itself—in material, though English in social and political form. In fact, Arnold unhesitatingly refers the literary imagination of the English to their Celtic descent. And so he may, for what literature worth the name exists among their brothers in blood in Dutchland—yes, or even in Germany itself? The interest in the Gaelic language must soon be mainly literary and scientific—the study of its literary remains and of the language itself. What we need at the present time is judicious collecting and good editing of the works we have. We want a good critical edition of the Gaelic poets, and more especially of Ossian; we want also a scientific Gaelic dictionary dealing with the philology of the language. Hitherto the Highlanders have been too much inclined to guess, and too little inclined to accurate scientific research. But while these things are wanted we have many workers in the field. Campbell of Islay has done incalculable service to the Celtic cause and to general science in Europe through his "Popular Tales." Only last year there appeared one of the oldest works that has yet been produced in the Highlands—"Nicolson's Gaelic Proverbs," a work of tact, industry, and intelligence. The proverbs show the Gael at his best, possessed of keen sympathy with nature, lively imagination, strong feeling, and practical humour. The Highlanders, also, owe a great debt of gratitude to another Celt—an indefatigable collector of legends and tales, who is likely in his clan histories to surpass all others; I refer to Mr Mackenzie of the "Celtic Magazine," with whose name I am happy to couple the toast of the "Language and Literature of the Gaels." (Loud applause.)

Mr Mackenzie, who briefly replied, said that his own humble efforts in Celtic literature, and the success that had attended them, were largely owing to the magnificent way in which he had been supported by Highlanders at home and abroad. (Applause.) To them he should always feel grateful. The Celtic race would yet convince the world that Celtic literature in richness and beauty was equal to any. (Loud applause.)

Mr Macandrew proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands." (Applause.) He was not sure that our Celtic forefathers were the first in this country to know the art of agriculture. He believed that there was a race here in this country before us who knew the art of cultivating the soil, but he

believed also that it was our Celtic ancestors who brought with them from the East most of the cultivated seeds which we now know. Since that time downwards the agricultural interest—and the pastoral interest must also be included—formed the leading feature and the main support of the Highlands, and the same must be said of all other parts of the country. We also know that in the earlier times it was one of the most prominent characteristics of the race that almost every person subsisted on, and was greatly interested in, the land on which they lived. (Hear, hear.) So far as we could now trace it out, the earliest organisation of society—in Scotland as in Ireland—was centered in the land. The land belonged not to a special landed proprietor, but to the head of the tribe in his official capacity. (Applause.) And the land was let out to every member of the tribe, and each member of the tribe took his status in the tribe according to the quantity of land he possessed and the quantity of stock which he could keep, not as a private possession of his own, but in virtue of his membership of the tribe. We all know to what extent that organisation had been modified, not only in this country but everywhere. The idea of private property in land soon grew up. The property which had been in possession of the father, of the son, and of the grandson came, according to the old Celtic law, to be the property of the individual. The old feudal law, which was very different in its genius, intensified the right of property in the land—the right which thus grew up. But, apart altogether from the written law, there was no doubt that the ancient ideas which he had mentioned prevailed, or at least had great weight, in this part of the country until within the last 150 years. That was to say—although, undoubtedly, the chiefs had charters of the land, they did not consider that they possessed their lands in any capacity other than that of trustees for the clan. (Cheers.) With the changes that came over the country, different feelings regarding land came to prevail, and we know with what effect. Every member of this Society must deplore one of these effects, and that was that a great part of the population of the country, who might have subsisted on the land throughout the Highlands of Scotland, had ceased to do so. (Cheers.) On the first occasion on which Mr Macandrew was ever called upon to address this Society he took the liberty of saying that the principal object which this Society should have before it was to encourage those of the population that still remained in the country to continue to live in it. (Loud applause.) He ventured then to say that this object was a more important one than the cultivation of the Gaelic

language. Mr Macandrew was then rebuked by Professor Blackie for advancing such heretical opinions, but he thought that Professor Blackie had now come round to think somewhat in the same way, and somewhat to the same effect as Mr Macandrew had then expressed—namely, that it was more important that the descendants of those who spoke the Gaelic language, and to whom the language conveyed the ideas which animated them and gave expression to the genius which grew up in them, should remain in the land on which they and their forefathers had grown up. (Cheers.) We know, continued Mr Macandrew, that a great many causes connected with the progress of agriculture have led to the dispersion of the population. I think this, although it was not intended or foreseen, may yet be attended with good. The placing of good qualities on new land must always be an advantage; and while we must deplore the great and lamentable extent to which this displacement and dispersion of population were carried on, we can see to-day that much of our blood has grown up in distant lands where, if the people are not preserving the language, they at any rate are preserving the ancient genius of the Celt. (Loud cheers.) The progress of agriculture, as it was looked at some time ago, has not been favourable to the remaining of the Celtic race on their own soil. We have often been told that some people live to eat, and that some people eat to live. Now, I think that for some time back the agriculture of this part of the country has been living to eat. And that in this sense that we have been intent on advancing agriculture as a science without reference to the people who cultivated and who should continue to cultivate that art: we have been, for the sake of the scientific progress of agriculture, turning the country into extensive farms, and turning out the people who should inhabit it, in order, as I have said, that scientific agriculture should advance at the expense of the population. I think that has been a mistake. (Cheers.) Nobody, possibly, may be blamed for it; but I think anybody looking back on the history of the last fifty years, will come to the conclusion that, as I have already said, agriculture has been living to eat, and not living as something to support the population. (Loud cheers.) The result is that now, when reverses have come—when the condition under which agriculture was practised have very much altered, we find that those large farms to which I have referred are things on which capital cannot profitably be expended, and out of which the possessors cannot make a living. Naturally, they complain of this, and naturally the landlords, who have hitherto been getting high rents, don't

like to submit to a reduction ; but I think, gentlemen, that as no evil is without a certain admixture of good, the agricultural depression which we have experienced may have this result—the result, namely, of opening the eyes of all people connected with, and interested in land, to the great truth—I call it a great truth—that the holding and owning of land would be as profitable, that agriculture would be as prosperous, although it would not, possibly, advance scientifically quite so rapidly, if we had been content to wait until the smaller farmers had acquired the scientific knowledge which people say is necessary to the cultivation of the soil, and had still continued to possess the farms which their forefathers occupied. (Loud cheers.) I have some small experience as a factor in connection with land myself. I have made it my pleasure and my business to converse with people of greater experience of land than I possess ; and I believe that within the last few years of depression the experience of everybody has been that the smaller farmers and the crofters are prosperous, are making a living, and are able to meet their rents without difficulty, while the big farmers are not. (Loud cheers.) I do trust that this truth will bring itself home to the possessors of land and to all who have the management of it ; and that they will see that a mistake has been made in making farms too large, and in thus displacing and dispersing the population. (Cheers.) And I hope also that they will see that, if people had had the patience to wait till the smaller farmers acquired the knowledge which it was thought they did require, it would now be more to the advantage of the landlords themselves than the present state of matters. The advantage to the landlords, not to speak of the community at large, would have been very much greater than it is now had there been on the soil a large, contented, and prosperous population. (Loud cheers.) In wishing, then, success to the progress of agriculture, I hope you will keep all this in view : that we consider agriculture as one of the arts calculated and intended by the Almighty for the prosperity of the population, and not an art for the mere ornamental culture of great fields for supplying food for people living elsewhere. We often hear a great deal about the misery and the discomfort of our crofter population. Of course we all know that, perhaps, our crofter population don't live as comfortably as they should, or as they might do in this part of the country. But it stirs one's blood to hear it said that the only remedy is to remove them from the land which they occupy. (Cheers.) Now, I should like to ask anyone who holds that opinion to go first through the Island of Skye and then go through the back slums

of a large city. And I would ask him to inquire whether the poor people who live in Skye or the poor wretched people who live in the back slums of Glasgow are the more comfortable, the more moral, or the more capable of improvement and advancement. Poor people are not pleasant things to see anywhere; but I think that a poor man in his own house in the Island of Skye, or in some of our Highland glens, is an infinitely more pleasant thing to see than the wretched man living in some of the mean, wretched, back streets in Glasgow or other large city—living in one room with a whole family, and in a narrow, wretched slum. (Applause.) The question, you will see, is not to be one as between a man living on a comfortable farm of his own in America, but between a poor man living in his own country, with a chance of improvement, and a poor man living in utter misery in the back slums of a large town. (Cheers.) That is the thing that ought to be considered. And although it is a pitiable thing to see the condition of some of our poorer classes, yet we should realise this fact that the way to improve them is not to drive them away into big towns, but to improve them on the soil on which they are. (Loud cheers.) That this may be done is a matter which, after the experience of farming of the last few years, most people connected with agriculture are convinced of. (Applause.) In wishing success to agriculture, we express our desire for such a steady progress of it as will not displace the population, but will encourage them to improve themselves on the soil on which they live. (Cheers.) Mr Macandrew then passed on to speak of commerce. He illustrated the connection of one important branch of commerce—banking—with agriculture by a narrative that occasioned much laughter. I was to-day, he said, in a distant part of the country among poor people who were making arrangements about their small holdings. One old man was far in arrears with his rent, and I had occasion, therefore, to speak to him seriously—(Laughter)—on this awkward state of matters. “What will you do?” I, at length, asked. “Well,” replied he, “before I’ll be beat, I’ll take it oot o’ the bank.” (Loud laughter.) Commerce, added Mr Macandrew, was thus manifestly helpful to agriculture in more senses than one. (Cheers.)

Mr James Fraser, Mauld, replied briefly on behalf of agriculture, and regretted to say that agriculture was not looking well, either as regards present circumstances or future prospects.

Mr Macmillan, Caledonian Bank, replied for “Commerce.” It was satisfactory, he said, to reflect, as he thought they might do, from improved trade returns and an expanding revenue, that we

had at last reached the limit of the long and severe depression from which we had been suffering for years—(Applause)—and we might cherish the hope that we were now entering on a period of renewed prosperity. As regarded the position of our agricultural interests, which so nearly concerned all in the North, he thought they might indulge in hope. (Hear, hear.) A long series of bad years seemed to find its climax last winter, with its five months of Arctic severity, and to many a farmer it must have seemed as if hope itself had bidden the world farewell. But it was when night was darkest that dawn was nearest—(Applause)—and more genial skies caused us again to hope that, with a succession of better seasons, our farmers might look forward to a return of the good old times, which they must have thought had departed for ever. (Loud applause.)

Mr Charles Innes, in the absence of ex-Provost Simpson, proposed "Kindred Societies," and Mr Kenneth Macdonald, President of the Field Club, replied.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed "Highland Education." Six years ago, he said, when I had the honour of proposing this toast before, I endeavoured to give you some insight into the state of education in the past; and perhaps it will not be out of place if I now for a short time refer to a subject that intimately concerns Highland education in the future. Some years ago the subject of the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools was, as you will remember, widely and keenly discussed. The result of the agitation was that important concessions were obtained from Government; but the question was by no means settled, and that is my excuse for now suggesting that the agitation should be renewed and continued until our demands are fully granted. Shortly stated, the demands we made were, first, that in the case of Gaelic-speaking children Gaelic should be employed in the earlier stages for the purpose of explaining the English they read, and imparting to them an intelligent knowledge of what they read; and, secondly, that in the more advanced stages Highland children should be taught to read Gaelic, and be introduced to its literary treasures. The first concession to us was made in 1875, when Government ordained that in Gaelic districts the intelligence of the children examined in the second and third standards might be tested by requiring them to explain in Gaelic the meaning of the passages read. This concession was intended to put an end to the stupid system which so long prevailed of totally ignoring the only language the Highland child understood. Another step in the right direction was taken in 1878, when Govern-

ment permitted Gaelic to be taught during the ordinary school hours, thus admitting the principle for which we contended. This concession was hailed with great joy. We in Inverness had what was called a great Celtic demonstration, and then—fancying that our work was finished—we slept, and have hardly yet awaked. But the concession has not proved of much practical benefit. In a number of schools it has loyally been taken advantage of, but in the great majority not a word of Gaelic has as yet been taught. The reason for this neglect is not far to seek. School Boards and teachers are naturally anxious to give the utmost attention to those subjects which bring in good money results; no grant is given for Gaelic, and hence it is put aside to give place to a more paying subject. The remedy is a simple one—get Government to place Gaelic in the schedule of specific subjects. A Conservative Government conceded the first two stages in our programme. It is not too much to ask their Liberal successors to yield the third. (Applause.) Unfortunately, two years ago, two of our inspectors of schools (Messrs Ross and Sime) took up in their official reports a position somewhat antagonistic to us in connection with this matter. In the following year Mr Jolly, who I am glad to see here this evening, referred to the subject in his report, and completely answered his colleagues on the question of Gaelic teaching, proving conclusively, and with great force and clearness, that in the early stages Gaelic ought to be used for the purpose of imparting a real knowledge of English, and that in the higher standards it ought to be taught as a specific subject. From Mr Jolly's high position as an educationist, and from his long experience of educational matters in the Highlands, his views will no doubt secure the attention they deserve from the Education Department. But one part of his colleague's challenge has not been answered or attempted to be answered by him—their allegation that we have no literature of any value, or if we have, that it has been stolen from the English. Well, gentlemen, we confess to having not unfrequently lifted the Saxon's cattle without saying "by your leave;" but I have yet to learn that we purloined his literature. As a matter of fact, the stealing here has been all on the other side. If you take up a book on English literature, among the "Englishmen" there you will find that Badenoch man James Macpherson, and among the gems of English literature you will find his translation of Ossian. Not long ago I read an interesting article on the late Dr Norman Macleod of the Barony Church. The writer spoke in the highest terms of his contributions to English literature, and foremost among these were mentioned the

interesting and affecting "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." The writer omitted to state that by far the best chapters of those Reminiscences were translated from the Gaelic works of the elder Dr Norman Macleod. (Hear, hear.) As to the allegation that we have no literature of our own, this is not the place to answer it; but I am decidedly of opinion that, if you are again to approach the Educational Department, a sober and truthful statement on this point must be prepared—a statement in which it must be kept in view that our cause must stand or fall on its own merits. (Applause.) At this time of day it almost seems absurd to be asked to show that we have a literature, but we must remember that the Gaelic schoolmaster has not always been abroad, and that great ignorance still prevails on the subject of our literature and its nature and extent, not only among Saxons, but even among Highlanders. In our statement I would propose that the real question at issue should be distinctly stated and separated from the side issues which have been introduced into the controversy, and that the statement of the inspectors should be answered in their order, and our answers substantiated by reference to facts. In conclusion, I ask leave to couple this toast with the name of Mr Jolly, who, as I have said, has already, to a great extent, answered the questions on which I have been speaking. (Applause.) It is with extreme regret that I learn we are likely soon to lose him. As an educationist he has attained a position of the highest eminence. During his thirteen or fourteen years' residence in the Highlands he has made himself one of ourselves, and entered with characteristic energy and intelligence into all our schemes. For this he has already his reward. At the present moment I cannot point out a man who occupies a warmer corner in the Highland heart than he, or one who will be more missed by the Highland people after his removal from among them. (Loud applause.)

Mr Jolly, in reply, said—Mr Mackay had struck the right chord when he urged that the educational work of this and other Celtic Societies had not been completed. In fact some of the initiatory steps had not been taken and a satisfactory basis for Highland education in view of the whole circumstances of the case had not yet been fully laid, and the programme they had laid down for themselves was far from being carried out. They had succeeded in securing part of what they had asked, but only a minor, and it would be a pity if they desisted in their endeavours till the matter was finally settled. He was afraid that the real nature of the demands made was not fully apprehended by Highlanders

generally, and even by those specially connected with the work, and it was to present their position anew to prevent misconception and rouse to further and more vigorous efforts. The concession regarding the use of Gaelic in the early stages of English was an important one, but it was, he feared, not sufficiently acted upon in Highland schools. It was a common plan in education that the unknown should be reached by the known, and the unknown in this case was the foreign tongue English, and the known was the Gaelic, as being the language of home, heart, and infancy. It was surely the soundest philosophy to rightly utilise the vernacular by which the realities of nature and life were known to them in acquiring the mother language, by successful intertranslation between the two, with an increasing use of English as power over it was acquired. Yet, from facts that came under his own observation and that of his colleagues, this was not sufficiently and wisely acted on in schools—it was not definitely set before himself by the teacher as one of his aims in the early school life of his pupils. There was a tendency on the one hand to the over-use of Gaelic, from its ease and other causes, and on the other to ignoring it and using English, in the mistaken notion that the latter would be better acquired by this means. The true method was a constant intertranslation between the two tongues—a most valuable training—care being taken that every new English word acquired should be based on an intelligent knowledge of the realities they designated—which could only be effectually got by the judicious use of the native tongue. The other aim to which they had addressed themselves was to get Gaelic recognised as a specific subject. That meant more than at first sight appeared. It meant introducing the Gaelic child to the riches of his own literature. The native literature was a special and powerful element in all native culture which no other literature, however relatively superior, could ever wield. It was not meant to confine him to this, but not to leave it neglected as it had too much been, which also burdened his culture through English literature, the finest and greatest in the world. He had entered into this point two years before, and he would not now develope it, but the value of Gaelic literature, with its poetry and proverbial philosophy, was assuredly not understood and certainly not acted as it should be in the latter years of school life and in after study. In connection with this, it would be necessary for the societies concerned to do a great deal to which they had not yet addressed themselves—such as formulating a three years' course for Gaelic, as in the other subjects, making a Gaelic anthology, and an intro-

duction to the grammar of the language, so that in approaching Government on the subject they could clearly say what their real demands were. It was the want of these being definitely presented that let the subject hang in the present indefinite and unsatisfactory state in which it was. They did not seem, he feared, to grasp the practical work they had before them in regard to it, and to talk more than to do. It was time to act. He was happy to see the prizes the Society gave for fostering Gaelic in certain parishes every year. He would suggest them extending them to those who had left school by offering rewards for translation of their best classics to be competed for by young men and women and others cultivating their literature. It would be attended with much good, and help to spread a knowledge and appreciation of their literature, now, he feared, far feebler than it should be. Mr Jolly further urged the Society to more strenuous and active efforts for these and other aims of this Society. (Applause.)

Mr G. J. Campbell, in proposing the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," said there could be no doubt of the great antiquity of the Highland capital, but without examining closely into the mists of ages whether Inverness was coeval with the Roman Empire, he could trace its charters back to Malcolm Canmore, and more definitely to "William the Lion" in the 12th century. Under one of his charters, he agreed with the burgesses that he should make a ditch or "fosse" around the burgh, and they should erect a good paling and maintain it on the edge of the fosse for ever. (Laughter.) Many changes have occurred in Inverness since then. This condition has undoubtedly been contravened, and the ramifications of the burgh have extended considerably beyond the fences or fancies of our forefathers. (Applause.) Macaulay, though of Celtic blood, but not of Celtic sympathies, writing of Inverness as it was some 200 years ago—at which period part of the fence referred to still remained, says it was "a Saxon colony among Celts, a hive of traders and artizans in the midst of a population of loungers and plunderers, a solitary outpost of civilization in a region of barbarians." The magistrates of those days must have had onerous duties to perform, if we can believe this not always reliable historian. (Hear, hear.) Johnston, though even still more prejudiced, writing of his personal experiences half a century later in his journey to the Highlands, testifies that "civility seems part of the natural character of the Highlanders." (Applause.) The lines of our civic rulers have fallen in more pleasant places than we could infer from Macaulay, for a later writer—Dr Maccul-

loch—comparing Inverness with Edinburgh and its surroundings, gives the palm to the Moray Firth, and, in his estimation, “Inverness must take the highest rank.” (Loud applause.) Unfortunately, we cannot conclude that the amenities of the town always afforded so delightful a picture. In 1709 the Magistrates authorised the then Town Clerk to buy a cart of peats “to be burnt in the Tolbooth to remove the bad scent.” The improvements in sanitary matters appear to have been rather slow, for in 1737 they supplied the “hangman” with a spade to clean the same unenviable lodging-house. (Laughter.) Wheeled vehicles appear to have been few and far between in those days, for in 1740 we find the Magistrates advertising for a saddler to settle in town. The spacious mansions of the present day were unknown, for we are informed that after the Battle of Culloden in 1746, the Duke of Cumberland lodged in a house in Church Street, three doors from the Caledonian Hotel, belonging to Lady Drummair of Muirtown—“the only house in town in which there was a parlour or sitting room without a bed in it.” (Laughter.) The first “post chaise” or four-wheeled carriage appeared on the scene in 1760—a clumsy prototype, no doubt, of the luxurious equipages which now roll on our well-paved streets. Our peat mosses and mountain forests supplied the town with fuel until 1770, when the first cargo of coals was imported. Since then what an increase in our coal trade, for though the town is swarming with its agents they can scarcely supply the demand. We must not forget the ladies. (Applause.) They have not been behind in the march of progress. In the beginning of this century the High Church could only boast of *three* ladies who wore straw bonnets. Need I ask what advance has been made in ladies’ bonnets? (Laughter and applause.) We sometimes complain of the state of our streets, but how uncomfortable they must have been even within the last fifty years. It was only in 1831 causewaying the streets commenced in town. Considerable sums have been spent on that work since then. (Hear, hear.) The same recent period has seen deplorable treatment of those who were unfortunate enough to come under the cognisance of our criminal authorities, when offenders were lodged in a vault, which then served as a jail, in one of the arches of the old stone bridge, their condition being rendered anything but comfortable between the roar of the turbulent streams underneath, and the constant tramp, tramp of horses, carts, &c., above them. That phase of “man’s inhumanity to man” has also retreated before the light of later times. (Applause.) Mr Campbell then referred to the Town Hall recently opened. Burt,

who gave a fair, and he thought, truthful account of his observations in the north, refers to the Town Hall of his day, in which he says there was "one room in which the Magistrates met on town business. This would be tolerably handsome, but the walls are rough, not whitewashed, or so much as plastered, and no furniture in it but a table, some bad chairs, and altogether immoderately dirty." (Laughter.) What would he say of the present spacious hall, with its gorgeous gilding and ornamentation, and of the Council Room with its comfortable furnishings? (Applause.) Burt also referred to the custom of the merchants and others meeting for business at the market cross in the muddy street. It is remarkable that there is no improvement in this matter for 150 years. (Hear, hear.) He trusted, now that so handsome a Town Hall was secured, the Council would do something to provide an "Exchange," where farmers and others from the country could transact business with merchants and corn factors, &c., under cover. (Hear, hear.) The old Town Cross seemed to be neglected, but he hoped this also would be preserved as a memorial of the good old days in the past. (Applause.) The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council were our local Parliament. They gave much of their time and abilities, and burnt a considerable quantity of "midnight oil" in devising and discussing measures for the benefit of the community, who owed them hearty thanks. (Applause.) Recently most of us were in doubt and fear, a dark cloud was hanging over us, and we felt very uncomfortable and despondent lest the honour and prestige of the Highland capital should be sullied, but happily the "silver lining" was behind; the Royal touch dispelled the cloud, our civic representatives emerged from the mist, and with the hearty co-operation of the citizens our town was so gaily decorated, and the Duke of Edinburgh got such a Royal reception at the opening of the new Town Hall, as reflected the greatest credit on the subjects of the toast, and could not soon be forgotten. (Loud applause.) The honour and dignity of the town has been preserved and maintained, and we are thankful. (Applause.) Our Provost holds the highest civic position in the burgh, and he is assisted by able colleagues in the Council, and though they are not adorned with the high faluting titles of mayor and aldermen, as those holding similar offices in England are, they hold a far higher place in the esteem of the citizens. They all must command our respect, and while thanking them for the past, we have great expectations for the future. (The toast was pledged with enthusiasm.)

Provost Fraser acknowledged the toast.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed "The Non-Resident Members." In doing so he said—Fhir na Ceann-chathrach, Fhir na Bonn-chathrach, agus a dhaoine uaisle—Chuir luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn so mar fhiachaibh ormsa deoch-slainte nan Seise nach eil 'san lathair a thogail. 'S deonach a ni gach fear againne tha mu'n cuairt do'n bhord so an deoch sin ol. Bhitheadh sinn ro-thoilichte iad a bhi comhla rinn. Ach bho nach d'fhaod iad a bhi aig baile, 's nach do cheadaich an crannachur dhaibh a bhi an so a nochd, tha sinn an earbsa gu 'm bheil iad uile slan fallain gun dith, 's air cheann foghnaidh 's gach aite 's gath cearna de an t-saoghal anns am bheil iad a' cur seachad am beatha. Bu toilichte leam moran a chantuinn air a' bhonn so; ach a reir mo bharrailse, cha'n eil e modhail dhuinn a bhi moladh buadhan a cheile. A bharrachd air sin, tha roinn mhor dhe 'n oidhche air dol seachad, agus tha earrainn mhath do ghnothuichean an fheasgair gun deanamh fathasd. Air an aobhar sin cha 'n eil mi 'faicinn iomchuidh bhi cur tuilleadh eis oirbh. Iarraidh mi nise oirbh an deoch so ol air deadh shlainte gach fir tha air chuairt bhuainn do "Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis."

Mr A. O. Mackenzie, in replying, said—Fhir na cathrach 'sa dhaoine uaisle—Ged a dh-ionnsaich mi Gailig mhath Thàileach fo fhasgadh Eilean-Donnain, aitribh mhor mo chinnidh, tha eagal orm gu'm beil mi cho fad a cleachdadh, 'sa bhi sparradh Beurla ann an cinn muinntir eile, gu'm beil e gle ladurna dhomhsa feuchainn ri oraid a dheanamh an diu an cainnt acuinnich mar chuala sibh bho sheann Chailean Siosal coir; ach cha robh mise coltach risan, da fhichead bliadhna ann an Lunnain ag ionnsachadh Gailig. Tha a' phuig labhairt a thug sibh dhomh cho farsuinn agus gu'm faodadh gu'n teid agam air beagan a chantuinn mu na buill dhe na Chomunn Ghailig a tha 'n tàmh air taobh a muigh àrd bhaile na Gaidhealtachd. Is sinne gu m'òr is lionmhoire na buill a' bhaile agus mur a bhitheadh gu'm beil sinn cho sgaipte feadh an t-saoghail rachadh againn air sibhs', fhearaibh, a chumail ann a' rian, ach cha 'n eil moran againn ri ghearan, bho'n tha sibh a' cumail cuisean a chomuinn ann an doigh cho math 's gu'm beil e na mhòr thoileachadh dhuinne a bhi 'n comh-cheangal ribh. Tha na buill neothamhaicht ri fhaighinn anns gach cearn dhe 'n t-saoghal, cha'n ann a mhain a measg luchd àiteachaidh nan cearnan cian foriaghladh Bhreathuinn, ach anns gach dùthaich eile 'sa' faighear Gaidheil, agus c'ait anns nach eil iad? Tha buill againn anns gach cearn dhe 'n Ghaidhealtachd, agus tha aobhneas orm gu 'n deach sibh, faodaidh mi radh, gu Ceanntàile a dh-iarraidh ceann suidhe na cuirme so. Tha iomadh Tàileach eile ann ar measg, ach cha mhòr dhiubh

a tha 'nis ag aiteachadh tìr an dàimh. Tha iad ag aiteachadh dùchannan eile, agus gu tric a cur "Soiridh gu Sgur-ùrrain, 's an coire th'air a chul-thaobh," ach tha 'n Coire 'nis, tha mi cluinntinn, a' dol fo fheidh, agus cailidh na Tailich a misneachd cho mor 's gu sguir iad a bhi 'seinn mu dheighinn. The mi fada 'nur comain air son na doigh gheanail aigeannaich 'san d'ol sibh deoch slainte buill neo-thamhaichte a' Chomuinn Ghailig.

Dr Mackenzie proposed "The Clergy of all Demoninations." Mr J. Macdonald proposed "The Press," which was responded to by Mr Mackenzie of the "Free Press," and Mr Bain of the "Courier."

Captain Chisholm, in proposing "The Chairman," said—It is my pleasing duty to propose a toast which I feel sure you will receive with the cordiality it deserves. Luckily for me very few words of introduction are necessary. The mere mention of his name will touch the sympathetic cord in your hearts, make you fill your glasses to the brim, and quaff them off to his honour in proper Highland style, for he is a good and true Highlander, descended from the old stock of an ancient and noble clan, and by his excellent and happy marriage his children's claim to the same good Highland blood is immensely enhanced. He is likewise a general favourite with all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his intimacy with the very highest in the land has not in the least tarnished the manly modesty of his Highland bearing—Bhò'n tha e uasal agus iriosail, 'se Gaidheal gasda 'th'ann. Gentlemen, let us now drink health, long life and happiness to our excellent Chairman, Allan Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail. The toast was drunk with Highland honours, and Mr Mackenzie briefly returned thanks.

Mr Jonathan Ross proposed "The Croupiers," a toast which was responded to by Councillor Mackay.

The last toast was "Mine Host," Mr Macfarlane, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

During the evening, at intervals, pipe music and songs were given, and to the music of Captain Chisholm a number of gentlemen danced a reel. It was past midnight when the proceedings, which were of a very successful character, terminated.

7TH MARCH 1882.

A business meeting was held on this date.

15TH MARCH 1882.

On this date a considerable amount of routine business was

transacted. The following new members were elected :—Mr D. H. Chisholm, grocer, Castle Street, Inverness ; Mr K. A. Gilanders, grocer, Drummond Street, do. ; Mr Donald Maclennan, commission agent, Drummond Street, Inverness ; Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, “The Skye Bard ;” Mr And. J. Macritchie, solicitor, Inverness, Mrs and Mr Hew Morrison, Andover House, Brechin.

7TH APRIL 1882.

On this date the Society met for the purpose of considering recommendations by the Council to the effect that Mr Colin Chisholm, Sheriff Nicolson, and Dr Maclauchlan be elected honorary chieftains. Under Article III. of the Constitution, “the Society has power to elect distinguished men as honorary chieftains, to the number of seven.” A bye-law requires that before any gentleman is elected an honorary chieftain, the council shall recommend his claims for the honour to the Society. The minutes of the Council with regard to these nominations were to the following effect—(1), That Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, be elected an honorary chieftain, in recognition of his manifold services to the Celtic cause both in London and Inverness ; (2), that a similar honour be conferred on Alexander Nicolson, M.A., LL.D., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbright, whose erudite work on Gaelic proverbs display an amount of labour and research that entitle him to the gratitude of all lovers of the language of the Gael ; and also (3) on the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., whose life-long labours in the cause of Celtic literature have earned for him the best thanks of all classes of Highlanders.

At the meeting of the Society on 7th April these recommendations were considered and approved, and the three gentlemen named were unanimously elected honorary chieftains.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The eleventh annual assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday, July 13, 1882. Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Chief of the Society, occupied the chair, and was supported by a very large audience, representing the whole of the northern and some of the southern counties of Scotland. Pipe-Major Maclennan, of the 2nd Battalion Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders (the piper of the Society), played appro-

priate music during the assembling of the audience, and the pipe band of the I.H.R.V. paraded the streets in front of the hall. The Chairman was supported on the platform by Professor Blackie, Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Sir Alex. Matheson, Bart. of Lochalsh; Sheriff Blair, Inverness; Councillor Charles Mackay, Mr Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire; Mr J. Anderson, Procurator-Fiscal; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk; Mr Macmillan, manager, Caledonian Bank; Mr Walter Carruthers, Gordonville; Mr Andrew Dougall, Highland Railway; Dr Aitken; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Alex. Dallas, Town-Clerk; Rev. Mr Mac-echern; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh. Several of the gentlemen by whom the Chief was surrounded wore the Highland dress.

The Secretary read apologies for absence from the Earl of Seafield, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Sheriff Shaw, late of Lochmaddy; Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; ex-Provost Simpson, and Mr Charles Innes, solicitor. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's letter was as follows:—

“Gairloch, 10th July 1882.

“My Dear Sir,—Will you kindly make my excuse on the 13th inst. to the Gaelic Society for my failure to support our Chief, and to take a part in welcoming the author of “*Altavona*” at our annual assembly? Irrespective of the pleasure I should have had in being present with you on this occasion, the Society has such a warm side for the small tenantry of the Highlands that I should have been glad of the opportunity to disclaim views inimical to these, which, curiously enough, have been imputed to me—of all people—from a misunderstanding of a few words I spoke last winter in Glasgow. I have, however, engagements here which make it difficult for me to leave, and I regret I must forego the satisfaction I should have had in attending this Assembly. I hope it will have all the success which the presence of Professor Blackie and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh ought to ensure.—Yours very faithfully,

“KENNETH S. MACKENZIE.

“William. Mackenzie, Esq.,
“Secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness.”

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh then proceeded to deliver his opening address as Chief. On rising to speak he was received with loud cheers. He said—Ladies and gentlemen, I feel very proud indeed to occupy for the second time the position of Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I find that it is now seven years since I occupied that position formerly, and, to use a common expression, a great many things have occurred since that period, and I was beginning to consider myself—so far as this Society was concerned—on the retired list, but when I received information that the Society had been good enough to suggest my name as a proper person to fill the Chief's place for another year, I had no hesitation whatever in accepting the position. (Applause.) If any justification was required for appointing one person twice to be Chief, that justification so far exists in the fact that there is no person who is more fully in sympathy and in harmony and communion with the objects of this Society than myself. (Hear, hear.) At the same time, I think it very important that a Society like ours should, to establish width and due stability, always be recruiting our strength and getting new blood infused into it; and I should have been very happy indeed to have been on your list in the high position of honorary chieftain. However, as I said I would accept the chair, I have no hesitation in doing so, and undergoing the fatigue of coming North from London at this time of the year. The fact is that during the session I have been so wearied and harassed, as other members have been, at the proceedings in Parliament, that this long journey north I looked forward to with delight, almost like a boy who is looking forward with joy to his holidays. (Laughter and applause.) I found, after all the scenes I have seen and fatigue that I have undergone, that it was one possessing all the excellence of foreign travel; it is so different from what I have been undergoing. At our annual assemblies it is usual for the chairman to make some notes of what has taken place during the past year, and offer some observations regarding the future. At our annual meeting we never meet a second time without having undergone the loss of some valued members of the Society. We have met with several losses during the last year, and in connection with that I have to mention a few names. I have in the first place to mention with regret one who has left us and who will not return—one of our chieftains, Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Broadstone. Mr Mackenzie presided at the very first meeting—the meeting that was held to institute this Society, on the 4th September 1871, when thirty-five gentlemen are recorded to have been present, and Mr Mac-

kenzie was voted to the chair. When he was not present in body at our meetings in consequence of failing health, Mr Mackenzie was always with us in spirit in all our gatherings. My recollection goes back to a very remote period—in 1839—when I remembered him in connection with the memorable episode and correspondence that passed between him and Mr Whyte of Cul-laird. Ever since then I knew him, and I can say that he departed from us lamented and respected. He was a man who made a most favourable, most honourable, and useful career. (Hear, hear.) We have to mourn another member—Mr John Munro, one of the Glasgow members of this Society, who was drowned in Islay the other day. He was a native of Sutherland, and gained no little fame by his noting down and harmonising Highland music. He collected many Highland airs. I have also to mention the death of the late Mr Davidson of Tulloch, who took a deep interest in all Celtic matters. We have, however, to congratulate ourselves on the other hand on getting new blood into the Society. I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of a gentleman who has not long since come to reside among us—I mean Mr Campbell of the “Northern Chronicle.” (Cheers.) I have not the pleasure of that gentleman’s acquaintance, but I read with interest the papers that come out in connection with Celtic matters in that newspaper—(Hear, hear)—and I am sure Mr Campbell is very competent to deliver a lecture upon Celtic matters, and if this Society approach him, I have no doubt he would be very glad to do so. I have also another gentleman whose name is connected with Celtic literature—Sheriff Shaw, late of Lochmaddy, who is a thorough Gaelic scholar. Sheriff Shaw has made himself acquainted with the Gaelic of the Western Isles, which is said to be different from ours. From his official experience and long residence in this place, he is a gentleman, I am sure, who must have had very good opportunities of picking up a good deal of information—old anecdotes, legends, and other things in connection with the islands of the West. I am sure if he were asked he would unfold many curious tales and other interesting things which, perhaps, if not taken down in his own lifetime, may be lost to us. I need not, of course, refer—because it has been done already—to the death of the Rev. Mr Macgregor. Every one who was acquainted with Mr Macgregor loved and revered him. I have had an opportunity of glancing over the most valuable work that he wrote about Flora Macdonald. I have often told him, seeing that he was so well acquainted with her history, and with incidents in her

remarkable career, that it was a great pity he did not publish it. That was twenty years ago. But what I was unable to do, my friend sitting near me—the Dean of Guild—was able to do. I know that this valuable work contains the most minute details of a life that is not confined to the locality alone around which interest centred, but was known all over the world. (Applause.) There is a deal of intellectual activity—of literary activity—going on at present in connection with Celtic matters. We have recently published a most valuable work—another edition of Mackintosh's Gaelic Proverbs by Sheriff Nicolson. We have lately also in connection with Highland matters a book—*Altavona*—(Cheers)—published by my friend Professor Blackie—(Long and continued applause)—one of the many powerful weapons that he has brought forward in his day for the purpose of standing up for and preserving Highlanders and the Highlands. I do not think Professor Blackie has ever done anything that did him more credit. At any time when I have occasion to address Highlanders, I always mention the name of Professor Blackie, who has done a great deal for us and received nothing in return except the warmest sympathies and affections of the Highlanders, and as long as he lives his name will be revered among the Highlanders and in the Highlands. (Applause.) I must not forget to mention the name of my friend the Dean of Guild—(Applause)—in connection with Celtic literature, as I understand his name is associated with—on the title-page of—more than twenty volumes during the last seven years, all of them of very great interest and most of them of real historical value. (Cheers.) We have also the most agreeable and instructive letters of the Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the “*Inverness Courier*,” whose information was the result of vast research, and who revived the old stories and traditions in the Highlands of matters connected with ancient civilisation. (Applause.) We should be thankful for the literary spirit which prevails in the Highlands. The Highlanders do get, to use a common expression, “slaps in the face” now and then. I read with surprise the other day that a prison chaplain [Rev. Gavin Lang] had been appointed at Inverness who could not speak Gaelic. Surely, if others fully qualified were applicants, an error in judgment was committed. The Home Secretary, with whom the appointment ultimately rests, is, I know, a great admirer of the Highlanders, particularly the Highlanders of the West, among whom he spends some of his time. (Applause.) I could not at first make out what he meant by this appointment, but at last I came to the conclusion that the

only justification that Sir W. V. Harcourt had was that he had such a high opinion of the Gaelic-speaking Highlander that there is not the slightest chance of any such persons being incarcerated in Inverness. (Loud laughter and applause.) If that were really the grounds on which he went, then I am indeed satisfied—(Laughter)—and shall say nothing more. Now, I want to draw your attention to a matter which I consider is of great practical importance to us in the future. I purpose on this occasion to offer a few observations, which I trust will be of a practical character, in reference to a matter which has always attracted the deep attention of this Society, viz. :—The teaching, or as I should rather put it, the utilising of the Gaelic language as a means of facilitating instruction in our Highland schools. (Applause.) It may be in the recollection of some of you that Dr Maclauchlan, who occupied the chair at the Assembly of 1880, spoke as follows :—“ 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 the Government in favour of such a census. It would be full of interest, and could be made to serve important practical ends. Would this Society send a special memorial to the same effect? It is quite in their line, and would be of great and substantial service to the Highlands. You recollect Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., has promised his hearty support.” Shortly before the taking of the census, after repeated refusals, the Gaelic return was ordered to be included in the census schedules. You may recollect that considerable discussion took place as to the mode in which this Gaelic census was to be taken, and some valuable remarks on the point by the Secretary of our Society occur in the preface of the last issued volume of your publications. This, however, I must say, that had I laid down any hard and fast rule, or waited until every one was satisfied how the census was to be taken, the first Sunday in April 1881 would have passed and the census would never have been taken. (Hear, hear.) No doubt some omissions have been made, but I unhesitatingly assert that for all practical, and particularly for such educational purposes as can be demanded from Government, the Gaelic census for 1881, under the instruction “habitually,” for which we have to thank the registrar of Fort-Augustus, is sufficient and satisfactory. We there find, in a clear and unmistakeable manner, those parishes and districts where the Gaelic overwhelmingly prevails and is the mother tongue. Those who examine the census returns

will find that in Sutherland 11 out of 13 parishes, in Ross 28 out of 36 parishes, and Inverness 27 out of 32 parishes, and in Argyll 41 out of 48 parishes, there is a large majority of Gaelic-speaking people. (Applause.) And in all the island, and many of the mainland parishes, the majority is overwhelming. Now, I say it is tyrannical, it is unnatural, in the Education Department to ignore the Gaelic language as a means of instruction and communication, and to refuse to teach it as a substantive branch of education in these districts. (Loud and continued applause.) How would it be viewed in Inverness among the English-speaking population, who think in English, speak in English, and whose whole life is a part of, and inseparably bound up with, that language, should they be compelled to educate their children in another language to the ignoring of their own? (Loud applause.) The feelings of all such would revolt against so unnatural a proceeding, and they would rise to a man to repudiate any such rules. Precisely the same hardship is committed upon the Gaelic people, and it is no wonder that we find in some cases rather startling results. (Hear, hear.) You have no doubt all observed that the state of educational matters in the important island of the Lews has excited considerable public attention, and on more than one occasion has been the subject of notice in Parliament. It will not be pretended, I think, that the poor Highlander is averse to his children being educated. (Applause.) On the contrary, we have hundreds, nay thousands of instances, where by hard pinching, saving, and sparing, youths have been sent to school and to college whose subsequent career has shed lustre and renown on the lowly home of their birth. (Applause.) Yet we find in the Lews so many parents declining to send their children to school for the specified periods under the Act, that the highest local authority — (Laughter) — [Lady Matheson's factor] was obliged to issue a notice in English and Gaelic (and I would observe in the bygoing that the Gaelic is somewhat faulty) that all defaulting parents must pay additional rent. ("Oh.") Now, I wish to utilise this Lews incident, and I do so by suggesting to the worthy framers to withdraw the circular which has created so much hostile criticism, and to suggest to the School Boards that they petition the Education Department to insert Gaelic as a specific subject in the next code. (Applause.) And then, having got authority from the Department, that they will instruct in, and utilise the Gaelic language. I think then we shall hear no more of declinations to send children to school, of prosecutions before the Sheriff,

or the issue of grandmotherly, but at the same time, illegal notices, like that I have just referred to. (Applause.) To say that the teaching of Gaelic would be no real education or means of instruction and improvement is absurd. (Loud applause.) Why, three hundred years ago the Gaelic language was categorised among the classics. (Hear, hear.) In the "Statuta et leges ludi literarii grammaticorum Aberdonensum," it was enacted that the boys should not speak in the vernacular or vulgar tongue, but in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or *Gaelic*. (Applause.) One simple fact of this kind over-rides the thousands of ignorant and depreciatory remarks regarding Gaelic, so often to be heard of and read. (Hear, hear.) The census returns show where Gaelic prevails, and societies like ours should press forward and use every exertion to make Boards, and the Education Department, act according to reason. (Loud applause.) I fear without this pressure nothing will be done. The same evil, alien influence, which in times past, and even now, evicts or starves out, or forces the poor Highlander to poverty or expatriation, still exists. (Hear, hear.) I say that evil influence has been, is, and will continue strongly at work to discourage, and, if possible, obliterate our language, unless checked with a firm hand. (Loud applause.) The present Vice-President, Mr Mundella is a liberal-minded man in the truest sense, and an admirer of Scotch character. It appears to me that now is the opportune moment to press matters on the Department, and if a small deputation from the Society, and from Edinburgh and Glasgow, should be organised towards the conclusion of the year, to proceed to London and interview the Vice-President, I am not without hope of success. (Applause.) For my own part, I should do what I could in London to promote the objects of the deputation and to facilitate their procedure. (Loud applause.) I would also direct your notice to a matter that has been absorbing the attention of the people in the North. Every one here must be aware of the very unfortunate circumstance that happened lately—(hear, hear)—and many people are of opinion that it is necessary that due protection should be given to the poorer occupants of land in Scotland, and that some remedial measures should be taken in their behalf. (Cheers.) I have myself for a considerable time tried to get a place in Parliament to bring the matter before them, but I have up to the present failed. At the same time I think if a fair representation of the Highlanders' and crofters' feelings were submitted to the Prime Minister—(hear, hear)—by a deputation going up at the same time with the education deputation, I have not the least doubt but that

they would receive a grateful consideration from Mr Gladstone. (Applause.) The notice that stood in my name has created a good deal of interest in the minds of a good many other members of Parliament. I commit myself to nothing, I offer no solution of the question—it is not for me to do so—all I want is that a Commission should be appointed for the purpose of going round the districts disturbed, speaking to the people in their own language, and asking them their grievances, and I am sure Government—considering how much has been done for Ireland—would not object to this very small act of justice. I propose that these remarks may be taken up by the active members of your Society. You will often see it stated that there is something in the Englishman and the English language which makes a person feel himself at home and independent of his surroundings. We Highlanders have greater advantage in this respect than Englishmen and the English-speaking race. We have our own language, our own music, peculiar to ourselves and ours. These three matters ought not to be forgotten by Highlanders in whatever circumstances they may be placed, and societies such as yours cannot fail to have the sympathy of all true Highlanders throughout the world.

The other speakers on this occasion were Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Editor of the “Celtic Magazine,” and Professor Blackie. Dean of Guild Mackenzie was attired in the Highland dress, and on his rising to address the meeting, in Gaelic, was loudly cheered. He said—*Fhir na Caithreach, a bhaintighearnan, agus a dhaoin' uaisle—Is mi tha toilichte comas a bhi agam air focal no dha a chantuinn ruibh a nochd, aig a leithid so do choinneimh ghrinn dhe mo luchd-duthcha. Tha mi air son sin duilich gum beil cuid 'g am eisneachd nach tuig cainnt mhilis, cheolmhor nan Gaidheal, agus air an aobhar sin cha chum mi fada sibh, ged bu ghle mhath leam beagan a' radh ruibh ann an cainnt laithean m'oi'ge 's nan gleann. Ach cha 'n eil leigheas air. 'Se so a cheud chothrom a fhuair mi air labhairt ri coinneamh mhor a' Chomuinn Ghailig, agus tha bròn orm, air iomadh doigh, gu'n d'fhuair mi fhathast e. Co air am measg nan Gaidheal nach 'eil bròn trom agus cràdh cridhe air son bàs mo charaide dileis is minic a thug dhuinn oraid mhilis, shunndach, bhath, aig a choinneimh so—an t-Urramach Alastair MacGriogair, mo dheagh charaide, do 'm math a thigeadh sin. Tha sinn uile duilich e bhi bhuaninn—*

'S nach till, 's nach till, 's nach till MacGriogair.

Ach cha 'n 'eil comas air ; ni sinn mar a dh' fhaodas sinn air son a chliusan, agus cliu nan Gaidheal a fhuair rùm mor na chridhe-

sa, a chumail suar mar bu mhath leis. Agus their mi so ruibh: cha 'n fhiach na Gaidheil an t-saothair mur a cuir iad Carn-cuimhne air, agus sin ann an uine ghoirid. Oir bho chaochail m' fhear-cinnidh fhein agus mo charaide—Ian MacCoinnich, a chuir a mach “Sàr Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach,” cha d' rugadh fear eile a rinn urad air son na Gailig ri MacGriogair. Rinn Ceannard a' Chomuinn, Tearlach Friseil-Macantoisich, mar tha, anns an oraid ealanta, cheannsgalaich a thug e dhuinn, obair mhath an nochd mar a b' abhaist da; agus 'nuair a dh'eireas an Gaisgeach iongantach sin agus an Foghluinnte mor Mac-an-Duibh, Professor Blackie, le chiabhaig leith, 's a ghuth blasda, binn, cuireas e fonn, sunnt is sogan oirnn uile gu leir. C'aite 'm bheil a leithid? Cha d' rugadh mac Goill riamh a rinn urad air son nan Gaidheal 'sa rinn esan, 's gu dearbh cha d' rugadh mac Gaidheil a rinn na bu mho. Rinn e iomadh treuntas air son na Gaidheal; agus bha e dulich gnothuch na bu thapaidh dheanamh air an son na Ard-fhear-teagaisg Gailig a chur suas agus a steidheachadh ann am baile mor Dhun-eidin. B'e fhein sàr charaide nan Gaidheal. [Here Professor Blackie jumped up, and heartily shook hands with the speaker amidst loud cheering.] Ach rinn e, air mo bharrail-sa, gnìomh ni's tapaidh na sin am bliadhna, 'nuair a sgrìobh e agus a chuir e mach an leabhar iongantach, miorbhuileach sin, air an tug e mar ainm anabarach freagarrach, “Allt-a-Mhonaidh;” 's b'e sin an t-allt glan, sruthach, leumnach, fallain, a ni feum do na Gaidheil, cha 'n e mhain an diugh, ach fada 'n deigh bàs a churaidh ghaisgeanta 'chuir a mach e. Cha d' thainig a leithid a leabhar a mach o chionn trì-fichead bliadhna — o na chuir an Stiubhartach coir agus gaisgeanta 'mach *Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal agus nan Reisimeidean Gaidhealach*, ann an 1822. Cha 'n eil Gaidheal is fhiach an t-ainm feadh an t-saoghail gu leir a bhios latha gun an leabhar iongantach so aige, co luath 'sa chluinneas e mu 'dheighinn. Gu ma fada beo Blackie coir—Mac-an-Duibh; ach cha bu dubh ach geal dhuinne e. (Cheers.) A nise bho na rinn mac a Ghoill urad air ar son agus a rinn Blackie, bu choir dhuinne bhì smuaineachadh cìod e 's urrainn agus is coir dhuinn dheanamh air ar son fein. Cha 'n 'eil cion treubhantais, spioraid uasail, no gaisgeantachd, air na Gaidheil fhathast, ged a tha iad, tha eagal orm, a' tuiteam air falbh, a lion beag is beag o an staid naduraich, agus, troimh iomadh anacothrom, a' call pairt dhe an cliù agus moran de am misnich. 'S mò a chuireas earraid, no ablach siamarlain, a dh' eagal an diugh air mo luchd-duthcha na chuireadh feachd *Bhonaparte* orra aig toiseach a cheud so, no na chuireas an t-Afganach, and Tur-

each, no 'n t-Eiphiteach riabhach, fhathast orra. (Cheers.) Agus c'arson tha sin mar so? Mo thruaigh ri innse dhuibh, gur ann a tha moran dhe an t-seorsa—an cinn-cinnidh—a bha air an ceann anns gach math, agus, feumar aideachadh, uairean anns gach olc, anns na linnibh a dh' fhalbh, an diugh coma dhoibh, ach air son na sgrìobas iad a mhàl asda, air son na criomagan is cruàidhe 's is creagaiche dhe an fhearann a choisinn an athraichean do athraichean nan uachduaran trugha leis an docha 'n diugh feidh, caoirich mhaola, agus coin, na sliochd nan gaisgeach a choisinn an talamh dhoibh, agus cliu, le'n gaisgeantachd, do Bhreatuinn uile gu leir, gu iomallan an t-saoghail. Ach, fhearamb, bithidh feum a nise orra 's an Eiphit, agus ma dh'fhaodte, 'nuair 'thig am feum gu'n tig barrachd meas orra. (Cheers.) 'S ann ainneamh a ghabhas Gaidheal an diugh 's an àrm, agus gu dearbh cha'n eil mi an duil gu'n cuir moran guth air air son sin, 's nach 'eil meas nan con aig luchd-riaghlaidh no uachdarain na rioghachd air. 'S mo gu mor a tha mheas air coin nan Gall! Ma ni thu droch dhiol air cu no muc, each no bò, bitheas an luchd-lagha na do sgròban, is e 'm prìosan d'aithe comhnuidh, ach an deamhain guth a chluinneas tu aig na fir ud ged a gheibheadh croitear bochd 's a bhean, 's a chloinn bàs air cùl garaidh no cnuic, le fuachd no acras. (Loud cheers.) Nach nàr so, fhearamh! Cia fhadh sa dh'fhuillegas sinn an diol so a bhi ga dheanamh air nar fuil, 's nar feoil, 's na coin 's na feidh gu rìmhèach air talamh, 's ga'n arach le biadh nan daoine. Mo nàire! mo nàire! Cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach tha-sa fuadach nan daoine as an duthaich mar nach b'fhèarr iad na na madaidh ruadha. Fhearaibh, feumaidh sibh stad a chur air an obair mhallaichte sin rathad air choir-eigin. Agus feumaidh na Gaidheil fhein misneachd a ghabhail agus “am fraoch a chur 'na theine,” ach an atharraich luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd an lagh air dhoigh 's gu'n bi e do-dheanta do na h-uachdarain Ghaidhealach iad fhein 's an duthaich a mhaslachadh, a' deanamh na Gaidhealtachd na fasaich do dh-fhiadh bheathaichean, agus a sgiursadh an t-sluaigh air fogar do threan céin agus fad air falbh. Ged tha mor chràdh oirn air son na tha do dh-obair nàr agus chruaidh-chridheach mar so a' dol air adhart, cha 'n eil sinn idir gun uachdaranan matha, glìce, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Tha Sir Coinneach MacCoinnich Ghearrloch—(Cheers)—Lochiall, agus grainne eile—(Cheers)—'tha na'm brod uachdarain, agus gle mhath, gu h-araid, do'n tuath bhochd, agus do na croitearan; agus tha mise cinnteach na'n rachadh, iad so, agus an leithid air ceann an cuid daoine, nach gann mac Gaidheil a th'air an talamh aca nach eireadh leo agus nach leanadh an cinn-chinnidh do na

h-Innseachan, an Eiphit, no a dh'aite air bith eile am biodh feum orra. Ach tha an seorsa uchdarain so a fàs n'is gainne a h-uile latha mar thlig. (Cheers.) Bithidh sinn an dochas air son sin, fhad 'sa tha beagan diubh againn, gu'n teid iad air taobh agus air ceann an cuid daoine, agus gu'm faigh iad laghan air an deanamh a chumas droch uachdarain o bhi toir mi-chliu agus taire orra-san nach toill sin, agus a pheanaisicheas na droch dhaoine sin air son brùidealas ri 'n cuid daoine nach leig lagh na rioghachd leo dheanamh ri 'n cuid con. (Loud and continued cheers.)

Professor Blackie was the next speaker. We quote from the "Celtic Magazine" the following report of his speech:—The Professor was received with loud cheers, again and again renewed. Amid uninterrupted attention, he spoke as follows:—Ladies and gentlemen of Inverness, Celtic brothers and sisters—(Laughter)—I tell you honestly that there is nothing I like, and nothing that I dislike so much as coming to a Highland gathering. (Laughter.) Nothing, I say, that I dislike. I like it with the right side of my heart, and I dislike it with the left. There is nothing that I like so much as coming here to Inverness, because here I get the very soul of the Highlands—the essential spirit and enthusiasm of all that is Highland; and here I meet with people who are not only Highlanders on the outside, but also possess the quality in far higher excellence in their very spirit and constitution. (Cheers.) But, still, there is nothing that I dislike so much, and for this reason, that I am called upon to deliver that nondescript sort of a thing which people call an address. (Laughter.) I don't know what it is. (Laughter.) If you want a lecture I can give that to perfection—(Laughter)—an hour and a-half if you like without stopping, not only on Greek, but on all subjects whatever—and a few others. (Laughter.) I can also give you a sermon—(Laughter)—perhaps as good a sermon as Mr Moody—(Renewed laughter)—perhaps even as good as Dr Kennedy, of Dingwall—(Applause and laughter)—although I don't exactly like to say that, especially here, and I hope (addressing the reporters) that it will not be printed. (Laughter.) I might give you a song too—even in the presence of Miss Watt. (Laughter.) But to give you an address—that passes my faculty, because it passes beyond my comprehension. What then do you expect from me? Do you want amusement? If so, you are very much mistaken. My fun is only the seasoning of the pudding, and if there be no pudding I'll defy you to get any use of the seasoning. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) What, then, will the pudding be to-night? Like Faust, or some one else, if I was

many years younger, I would have liked to hear myself speak, although that speech, perhaps, as many speeches are, might be destitute of both seasoning and pudding. (Laughter.) Byron somewhere says—

“ ’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print ;
A book’s a book although there’s nothing in’t.”

And so I would have said 30 years ago. Old men become modest. (Laughter.) I would have many years ago thought it a fine thing to splutter out my mind before you—yes, I would have liked it at a time when an expression of it was not one bit better than a puff of wind against the mighty mass of Ben-Nevis. “ It is in the papers,” people would say. “ It is in the papers to-morrow,” and they would add, “ Blackie is a very clever fellow.” (Laughter.) But it is a disgraceful thing to go on talking about nothing, and to show merely that you have a tongue. The first thing that I would say to you, as a friend of the Gael, and as the man whom you have chosen to be a sort of Solicitor-General, or, to use a more serious word, if not more applicable, a sort of Apostle—(Laughter)—speaking, then, to you in these capacities, I say to you Highlanders “ Believe in yourselves, and that is what you don’t always do.” If you don’t believe in yourselves, and if you don’t stand up and say, not only here but everywhere, “ We want to be Highlanders—we think we have not been well treated—we have fought all your battles again and again—we have gained all your glory—we claim to be listened to as Highlanders—we don’t want to go and make money by hanging to the skirts of a few English dukes and sportsmen as mere flunkeys—we don’t want to be sacrificed to the caprice of a few Saxon strangers who come here during a few months of the year.” You may say, “ We are very glad to see their money—(Laughter)—but we don’t want our land to be looked upon as merely hunting ground for a few English dogs.” So far as I can understand the scheme of the universe, it is made up on the principle of variety, and not upon a Chinese or Russian principle of monotony. There is throughout the vast universe as great a variety of type and forms as possible—that is the principle everywhere; and upon that principle you surely can see that it is not for the benefit of the universe that the Highlanders should be extinguished, and his traditions and his very life thus blotted off the earth. (Applause.) If a parcel of botanists go to a Highland glen, and blot out a whole variety, say *mosumula regalis*, a royal fern, it would be a positive loss to the science of botany. And in the same way, it would be

an irreparable loss to the country at large if the Highlanders be overwhelmed and extinguished. (Loud applause.) But I say that that this can never take place, unless the Highlander quietly submits to be kicked out of the world, depend upon it there will be plenty of people who will be very glad to do it. Now, continued Professor Blackie, if you wish to take my advice I will tell you that there are two means by which you must preserve your distinct existence as a people. The first is the Church. (Laughter.) And the second is the School. With the Church I won't meddle, not because I cannot—(Laughter)—but because corbies and clergy are kittle cattle. (Laughter.) And, besides, I have already told you in that most admirable book—(Laughter)—which I understand you are all to buy—(Laughter)—I have already explained my views on Highland theology, and I won't now enlarge upon it. But this I will say, that I think these fellows in the "Saturday Review" and in the "Scotsman" who laugh and sneer at Highland piety don't know what they are doing. (Applause.) It is Highland piety, I tell you, that made Scotchmen; it is Highland piety that made Highlanders. (Applause.) Read you the account of how the Highland regiments behaved in America and in other parts of the world, as you will find it given in Stewart of Garth's book, and you will see how it was that their piety, their sobriety, and their general high moral character made them such soldiers as they were. (Loud applause.) There may be, as some say, things about it which present a gloomy aspect of godliness, but I don't think that even that should be talked of with scorn any more than when occasionally a gloomy day comes over your beautiful atmosphere. This talked of gloom is not the whole of you—not the whole of your religion; it is only part of you—it is only part of your theology. I will now, having said so much, leave the subject to Dr Kennedy; but before I pass from it let me impress upon you what Goethe said when he declared that reverence was the root of all excellence; an irreligious man is only a very small part of a man, and an irreligious woman is simply a monster. (Loud applause.) I now come to the School. I have taken the trouble to look into Highland schools, and, therefore, I may be permitted to deal with them at a little greater length than with the Church. I have never been more disappointed at anything in my life than with what I have seen on looking over the schools in the Highlands. There is not a single spark of Celtic fervour—the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*; there is no Celtic fervour; no Celtic enthusiasm; no Celtic feelings—nothing Celtic at all. I could not know that what I have seen in the Highland schools was not a

thing manufactured up in London for stupid Dorsetshire peasants. (Laughter.) Why, I was obliged in Oban to go and offer two guineas to boys who could sing me Gaelic songs. And they sang, and they got the guineas; but it is not my business to go and give prizes all over the country for the singing of Gaelic songs. And whose business is it? I'll tell you what it is—there's something rotten in the state of the Highlands, or I would not require to do what I have done. (Laughter and applause.) Napoleon Bonaparte used to say that there is nothing calculated to stir the heart of a nation so much as the national songs: they are the very thing to make the pulse beat in the true man—they are the steam and the go of national life—the glorious impulse to national feeling and unity; and yet those very national songs of yours are never heard in your Highland schools except, perhaps, in one school in every twenty parishes. (Applause.) This, I say, is essentially wrong. If you want to be snuffed out by English school inspectors, who come down here with Oxford ideas, in order to turn you into little small Englishmen—(Laughter)—sing all songs except the Gaelic songs. But, on the other hand, if you wish to be sons of your fathers—Macleods, Macdonalds, Campbells, and I don't know how many more—names which are blazing on the roll of British glory—(Cheers)—names that are inseparably associated with British honour in every quarter of the globe—(Cheers)—then sing your own Gaelic songs. (Cheers.) Why, the Greeks knew something better than you, for no Greek was considered a Greek at all unless he knew and could sing the songs of his country, or was able to play on some national instrument. What is your education? It consists of something that is crammed into you, but there is absolutely nothing in it that I can see to bring out your Gaelic souls, and aspirations of a national feeling—nothing at all, I say, for it is pre-supposed by many that you have no Gaelic souls at all. (Applause and laughter.) What is education? What is it to educate? Is it not *educo*? Is it not the very act of bringing out of you what God has put into you? But what is done with your Highland schools? They send down inspectors to the Highlands of Scotland to sneer at the Gaelic, and they look upon you as a mere sheet of blank paper, on which all the dogmas of John Bull may be put down in any way they please, and all things Highland utterly ignored. (Applause.) I say there is something rotten in the Highlands, for you not only ought to have the Gaelic songs sung in your schools, but you should have the Gaelic Bible read in your schools—(Cheers)—

and this should have been the case were it not for the insolence of the English, and the stupidity of the Highlanders themselves. (Laughter.) Why are you ashamed of yourselves? What reason have you to be ashamed of yourselves? None, if you look back on your fathers: a good deal if you look at some of yourselves. (Laughter.) I would have specially written books for the Highland schools—full of Highland traditions, full of Highland history, full of Highland heroism; I would have Highland botany, Highland geology; I would have some special mark upon all that would be used in the Highland schools—a mark upon it all in the same way as you set the kilt upon the man whose knees are worth the showing. (Laughter and applause.) Look, for instance, at my friend the Dean of Guild. (Laughter and applause.) What does the gardener? He does not say—“I’ll make a rose.” But he says—“That thing is a rose, and I’ll pull up all the weeds, and I’ll try to make as good a rose as I can.” So you Highlanders and Highland schoolmasters should make both good Highlanders and good scholars. But does the Highland schoolmaster attempt it? Does he even attempt to touch it with the tip of his wretched little finger? (Laughter.) No. Then act yourselves, and when you elect your School Boards, see that you put in nobody whatever who has not got an enthusiastic Highland soul. (Cheers.) I may tell you that there are many people—people who no doubt think themselves swells—who would wish to extinguish the Highlanders altogether, who have no sympathy with you; and if you allow those fellows to represent you, you will be simply driven as you drive your horses and your asses. (Applause.) You have plenty of the right sort of men to form your School Boards—there’s Chisholm and Mackenzie—(Cheers)—and I dare say the Sheriff there is a very good Highlander. (Laughter and applause.) But, whoever you get, you must have men who have love of, and sympathy with, the Gaelic and the Gaelic speaking people of the country. Put these people on the School Boards, and never mind what other people say. (Applause.) I am glad to hear that you have some spark of pluck after all. I heard a very good story the other day. It is the story of a minister, not far from this, who wrote a book in which he described the people of his parish in a most complimentary style. I believe it is a very good book; but still the people did not like it. They found out, or at least some of them thought, that there were some persons in that book who represented living persons in the parish, and who were written of in a way that was hardly considered respectful enough. And what did they do? Why, the people in a body assembled, went up to the

top of the hill that stands right in front of the minister's manse, and there burned in effigy both the book and himself. (Laughter and applause.) They might be wrong in that. (Laughter.) I would not say they were altogether right in the act. (Laughter.) But I say this, that they were right in showing their pluck. (Laughter and applause.) In the same way I want you all to have pluck in dealing with all those, be they who they may, who desire to ride slip-shod over you. (Applause.) This is the second head of my discourse, and I now come to another head—one that is far more serious. I must say something about the land laws. (Cheers.) Say what you will, the land laws are in the wind just now, and people are beginning everywhere to see that change has at last become absolutely necessary. (Cheers.) And to-night I'll talk about the land laws, about the game laws, about deer forests, and about big farms—a very delicate subject to be sure. (Laughter.) But I don't care how delicate a subject it is. It is the subject that is in the wind—(Cheers)—and I shall speak about it. I know what I am talking about. I have studied the subject for 30 years, and I shall tell you my opinion as briefly as I can. I think that the land laws of this country are essentially unjust. (Cheers.) They were made by the strong for the strong; by the rich for the rich; and made only to support and to protect that which people call the rights of property. (Cheers.) But I think laws should be made for quite a different end. I think the laws should be made to support and to protect the rights of the people. (Loud cheers.) But no such laws as those which ought to protect the rights of the people were made, and therefore people in many places have dwindled away, and left the country a wilderness—a desolation. (Cheers.) And why? Because there is absolutely nothing in our code of laws to prevent any man to-morrow from buying up the whole Island of Mull, and turning that into a vast deer forest. What, at the present moment, is your glorious beautiful country of the Highlands? I'll tell you in a sentence. Sentimental tourists—Cockney poets and poetesses who want to write fourteen stupid lines upon some big mountain—(Laughter)—or some pretty waterfall—(Laughter)—come to the Highlands to see Highland scenery. And what do they see? Highland desolation. (Cheers.) They come to see a great big mountain, and that is all they care about. But I, on the contrary, come to see Highland human beings, and these are they you cannot see throughout the greater part of the Highlands. (Cheers.) They are miserable, shallow fellows who care for nothing but the mountain or waterfall. (Hear, hear.) But still some such fellows there are. Perhaps, it

is well that some such there should be, and we may all admit this, that if they have never seen a mountain it is as well that they should see one in the Highlands of Scotland or anywhere else. (Laughter and applause.) But when they come to the Highlands there should be Highland people for them to see. (Cheers.) Some people come to the Highlands to shoot grouse, to hook salmon, or to run after the deer, preferring the four-footed animal to be biped, whose real home the Highlands are. (Laughter and applause.) But all this is not right so long as the people are not there—so long as it remains a fact that the people have been driven from their homes to make room for that which is only the sport of other people. (Cheers.) All these people—tourists and sportsmen—do not care a single rap if there was not a Highlander in the country beyond their own flunkeys and gamekeepers. They have driven the people away from the Highlands; they have driven the people off the old crofts; and they shall never, if they can help it, allow the people to live on the green hill-sides, for fear they should meddle with the deer. (Cheers.) That, I say, is a thing that ought not for one moment longer be tolerated. (Loud cheers.) And I am here to-night as a man that loves my fellow-beings, and, as one who loves my fellow-beings, I will not silently allow this sort of thing to go on—(Cheers)—for, although I am not an M.P., still I am somebody in a way, and I have a tongue in my head, which will be used to denounce the wrong and to uphold the right. (Cheers.) I will not see the whole of the Highland people—the best peasantry in the world—the staple of the best army in the world—cleared off their own native lands without recording my earnest protest; and I will not see their just rights sacrificed at the altar of a few pleasure seekers. (Cheers.) Against that I shall ever protest, even although the breath of my protest be as a puff of wind against the great mountain of Ben-Nevis. (Loud cheers.) And, therefore, I agree that a commission should come down to inquire into the facts, and to endeavour to find out how it is that our beautiful Highland country is a perfect desolation. (Cheers.) I want them to declare whether it is right and proper that there should be curious laws which take no note of the people, but which are framed to preserve game that belong to nobody. (Cheers.) Deer belong to nobody. They don't, Sheriff (turning to Sheriff Blair); you know that quite well. (Laughter and applause.) I know it myself. I walked seven years on the boards of Parliament House, and I know the old Scotch law under which wild animals—*feræ naturæ*—belong to nobody whatever. (Cheers.) But whether such law exist or not, what I say is, there

should be laws made to preserve the people, and to save them from those people who would drive them off from their Highland homes. (Applause.) What then, would you do? I shall tell you. Suppose, when the first deer forest was made, and that there were people there who had a perfect right to live and to browse their cattle upon the sides of the hills. Suppose that, and I say then, if the Government had cared for the people, the Government should have said to those who wanted the sport—“By all means have a deer forest, but you shall not be permitted to encroach upon the crofts of those people whose sons make our best soldiers, and have won our most glorious battles.” (Cheers.) The Government in a word should have said—“You are not entitled to encroach upon the people. The people are not to be sacrificed to your pleasure.” (Cheers.) There were always deer forests in the Highlands. Duncan Ban sang splendid songs about the deer forests, and about the glory of the deer hunt; but it was not the fashion in those olden days to sacrifice the people systematically to the pleasure of a few strangers. (Loud cheers.) What I want then to get at is this. Let a Commission of Enquiry tell the Government that the people of the country must get justice—(Cheers)—and further, to tell the Government to teach the people at large that no man has a right to do what he wills with his own—(Hear, hear, and cheers)—that no man is entitled to use his talents or his property in a way prejudicial to the public good. (Renewed cheering.) If people are to have these amusements, the rights of the people of the country where it is proposed the sport shall be carried out are not to be sacrificed to the strangers. (Cheers.) I don't object to the amusements—(Hear, hear)—by no means. But they have been over-strained; they have been driven over the people. Therefore, I would have new laws. (Cheers.) I would prevent deer forests being extended in such a way as to encroach upon the old, the established, the just rights of the people. (Loud cheers.) And I would go further. I would have an act of Parliament which would say that, if the deer come down on my croft, I shall have the most perfect right to shoot that deer. (Cheers.) Let the crofter be entitled to say to one and all—“I pay my rent for that croft in order that there I shall feed my cattle and grow my corn; and if deer come down upon it—if wild animals come there—I shall shoot them.” (Cheers.) These laws of ours which foster game against the people are very bad. They are the most abominable thing in the world. And common sense ought to rise up in one vast mass against them. (Loud cheers.) So much for deer forests. But this much yet I have to say. My words may

be only as a puff of wind against a strong rock. I am only a talker: you must act. The whole thing is wrong. Take this other point in your land laws by which landlords are protected in their accumulation, by unnatural means, of monstrously large properties, which have tended to destroy the middle classes of the country. (Cheers.) There is no right and prosperous society that has not got a well balanced distribution of the high, middle, and low classes of the people. (Hear, hear.) But our land laws have destroyed the balance, because they have tended, and inevitably must tend, to pamper the few, and to allow the middle classes to be annihilated altogether. (Loud cheers.) Take, for instance, that monstrosity of the Entail laws. (Applause.) The Entail laws, I tell you, are a swindle. (Cheers.) Suppose I get into debt. All honest people will tell you that I should pay them. But what do your Entail laws encourage, and actually bid me to do? Backed by your Entail laws, I say, when in debt—"Oh, no—I am a Lord or a Duke—(Laughter)—I am not, therefore, called upon to pay my debts. I'll let my debts go where they will, and I shall keep my property for my son." And this son is very likely a spendthrift and a rascal. (Laughter and applause.) In a word, the Entail laws pamper family pride and vanity; but they injure the nation in restricting production, in favouring the accumulation of land too frequently in unworthy hands, and in interfering with the operation of natural laws. (Cheers.) And in the case of the thriftless spendthrift who never pays his debts, but who throws the pictures, the jewels, and all the art treasures of an historic family into the market, for the satisfaction of creditors, is surely poor consolation, wretched consolation, to think, as he drops into the grave, "My son will be there to hold my property, and to remember that his father was a fool." (Loud cheers and laughter.) In the opinion of all great lawyers the Entail laws were contrary, not only to the natural laws, but to natural justice and honesty. (Cheers.) They ought to be abolished altogether. (Cheers.) That, I say, is the opinion of the majority of lawyers just now. They will tell you that they ought to be done away with, and that the House of Lords should be taught that they are not to exist longer upon principles which encroach upon the just rights of the community. (Loud cheers.) Accumulation is the outcome of the dictates of a natural instinct in the human system. People desire to accumulate learning, as the scholar; people desire to accumulate thought, as the thinker; people desire to accumulate money, as the trader; people desire to accumulate land, as the big land-owner. This tendency towards accumulation is a natural result

of an instinct implanted in man. What I say, then, is this : don't give artificial support to that instinct or desire which, by nature, is strong enough, perhaps too strong already. (Cheers.) If laws are to be passed to regulate the possession of property, they ought to be so framed as to assist distribution, and not to protect or to render distribution impossible. (Cheers.) I would, therefore, not only abolish the Entail laws as a cheat and swindle, but I would make such changes in the law as would make such a distribution of land as would more and more reduce it to small and middle class properties. That is to say, I would have no laws that would interfere with the operation of natural laws, particularly while dealing with a subject of such vast importance as the land. (Cheers.) These are all the observations which occur to me to make. I would end as I began, by saying that while some will have it that the Highlands are for Scotchmen, I say "The Highlands for the Highlanders," and not for either grouse, deer, or salmon. (Cheers.) Again, I say "The Highlands for the Highlanders." (Renewed cheers, amidst which Professor Blackie resumed his seat.)

The musical part of the programme was most successfully carried out. Miss Watt charmed the audience with her Scotch songs ; and Mr Paul Fraser's rendering of " Mnathan a' Ghlinne " evoked for him a hearty encore, while the melody itself charmed Professor Blackie, who eagerly enquired about the authorship. The other singers were Mr Alexander Deans, Inverness, and Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, Glasgow, both of whom acquitted themselves well. The pianoforte accompaniments to the Gaelic and English singers were played to the entire satisfaction of performers and audience by Miss L. Chisholm, 46 Telford Road.

The dancers were Pipe-Major D. H. Fergusson, Inverness ; Mr Alexander Deans, Inglis Street ; Mr Gordon, Highland Railway ; and Mr R. Macdonald, Culcabock. The dancing was exceedingly good, and quite electrified the audience.

Mr H. O. Macandrew proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, to the speakers, and the performers for their services, which was cordially given, and the proceedings terminated.

The following was the programme :—

PART I.

Address—The Chief.

Oran Gailig—" A mhaighdean og nam meal-shuilean "—Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Scotch Song—" Cam' ye by Athole "—Miss Watt.

Oran Gailig—"A Mhnathan a' Ghlinne"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Dance—"Highland Fling"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Oran Gailig—"Clachan Ghlinn-da-Ruail"—Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Gaelic Address—Dean of Guild Mackenzie.

Scotch Song—"Jock o' Hazeldean"—Miss Watt.

Interval of Five Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Oran Gailig—"Mo nighean donn is boidhche"—Mr Alex. Deans, Inverness.

Scotch Song—"Willie's gane to Melville Castle"—Miss Watt.

Address—Professor Blackie.

Oran Gailig—"Cruinneachadh nam bò"—Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Song—"The Battle of Stirling"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Dance—"Reel of Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Votes of thanks to the Chief and performers—Mr H. C. Macandrew.

10TH JANUARY 1883.

At the meeting on this date arrangements were made for the Annual Dinner of the Society. Thereafter Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Inverness, read a paper entitled "A Glance at Evictions in the Highlands," which elicited a long discussion, and for which the Dean was awarded a vote of thanks.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Eleventh Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Station Hotel, on Tuesday, 16th January 1883. The chair was occupied by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., who was supported—on the right by Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr of Kintail; Dr Macnee, Inverness; Provost Fraser, Inverness; and Mr William Mackay, solicitor; and on the left by Mr H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire; Mr Walter Caruthers, Gordonville; and Mr George J. Campbell, solicitor. The croupiers were Dean of Guild Mackenzie and Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness. Among those present were—Rev. R. Morison, Kintail; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, High Street; Mr Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Co.; Mr John Macdonald, banker, Buckie; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr Roderick Macrae,

Beauly ; Mr James Fraser, Mauld ; Mr Fraser, C.E., Inverness ; Mr James Duncan, Fern Villa ; Councillor W. G. Stuart ; Mr Jas. Barron, of the "Inverness Courier;" Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk ; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, clothier, Bridge Street ; Mr John Noble, bookseller, Castle Street ; Mr Duncan Mactavish, agricultural merchant ; Mr Andrew Davidson, sculptor ; Mr Finlay Maciver, Art Gallery, Church Street ; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, merchant, Church Street ; Mr L. P. Griffin, Inland Revenue ; Mr Thomas Cockburn, Royal Academy ; Mr D. Mackintosh, commission-agent ; Mr William Bain of the "Courier;" Mr Alexander Mactavish, Castle Street ; Councillor Charles Mackay ; Mr A. R. Macrauld, writer, Inverness ; Mr Fraser Campbell, draper, High Street ; Mr Paul Campbell, Bridge Street ; Mr Duncan Campbell, editor of the "Chronicle;" Mr D. Nairne, sub-editor do. ; Mr W. L. Henderson, of the "Advertiser;" Mr Cameron, commercial traveller ; Mr Alex. Macgregor, solicitor ; Mr John E. Macdonald, Bridge Street ; Mr James Mackintosh, ironmonger, High Street ; Mr John Whyte, librarian ; Mr A. Macbain, M.A., Raining's School ; Mr H. F. Mackenzie, Caledonian Bank ; Mr K. A. Gillanders, grocer, Drummond Street ; Mr Wm. Gunn, draper, Castle Street ; Mr Kenneth F. Macrae, Flowerdale Villa, Greig Street ; Mr D. Ramsay, teacher ; Mr D. H. Chisholm, Castle Street ; Mr A. Campbell, Kyleakin, Skye ; Mr James Macbean, assistant inspector of poor ; Mr T. D. Campbell, draper ; Mr Mackinnon, book-agent ; Mr F. Murray, Sunnyside, Inverness ; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society, &c.

After an excellent dinner, during which the piper of the Society (Pipe-Major MacIennan) played selections of Highland music on the bagpipe,

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie rose to propose the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. In proposing "The Health of the Queen" he said—
 Lionaibh 'ur gloineachan agus olamaid deoch-slaichte na Banrigh. 'S duilich leam nach eil mi cho deas-bhriathrach leis a' Ghailig 's bu mhath leam ; ach ann an cruinneachadh Gaidhealach an Inbhirnis foghnaidh dhomhsa gle bheag a chantuinn mu'n Bhanrigh a tha 'n diu air a' chathair Bhreatuinnich. Mar tha fios agaibh uile tha 'crìdhe 's a' Ghaidhealtachd agus tha meas mòr aic' air na Gaidheil. A measg luchd-aiteachaidh na righeachd cha'n eil dream is dillse dhi na Gaidheil na h-Alba ; a gus anise seallamaid ar morr speis di le a deoch-slaichte òl le sunnd a's crìdhealas. Olamaid deoch-slaichte na Ban-righ, 's a' deanamh sin, traigheamaid ar gloinneachan gu 'n grunn. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Kenneth then proposed "The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family," and thereafter "The Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces," the latter toast being acknowledged by Major H. C. Macandrew.

Mr Walter Carruthers proposed "The health of the Lord-Lieutenants of the Highland Counties," and spoke of the personal qualities of Lord Lovat and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie.

Sir Kenneth, in reply, said Mr Carruthers had spoken a good deal of the personal qualities of the Lord-Lieutenants, but he would remind them that they were not recognised at such a gathering on account of their individual virtues, but on account of the position in which the Queen had been pleased to place them. They represented a certain amount of authority, but their position was very much an honorary one. He quite agreed with the remark with reference to Lord Lovat, that Lord-Lieutenants should become leaders, to a certain extent, in social life. During his short experience it had seemed to him that this was a principal part of their duties. (Applause.)

Mr Wm. Mackenzie, the secretary, read his annual report, which stated that the work of the Society had gone on unostentatiously, but successfully, during the year. The income was £115 19s. 9d.; the expenditure, £94. 13s. 3d., leaving a balance of £21 6s. 6d. to begin the next year with. (Applause.) Mr Mackenzie at the same time intimated apologies for unavoidable absence from Lord Dunmore; the Earl of Seafield; Professor Blackie; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; General Sir Patrick Grant, Chelsea; Capt. Colin Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Cluny Macpherson, C.B.; Professor Mackinnon, Celtic Chair; The Mackintosh; Col. Macpherson of Glentruim; Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William; Rev. Gavin Lang, Inverness; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, &c.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie then rose to propose the toast of the evening—"Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." On doing so, he was received with loud and continued cheers. The cheering having subsided, he said—We are all glad to hear from the Secretary's report (which has just been read) of the prosperity of the Society during the past year. It had of late suffered to a certain extent from the want of a proper place to meet in, but now it has been provided with most suitable quarters in the Free Library Buildings, where its meetings will take place with greater regularity than they have recently been doing, and as we have all seen from the newspapers, a successful beginning was made last

week, when a paper was read by my friend the Dean of Guild. (Hear, hear.) We have had losses in the past year to regret, but we have had no defections from our ranks. Chief among our losses is that of Mr Jolly, whose departure from Inverness, the North of Scotland has had reason to regret. (Applause.) But our constitution has been so interpreted by the good sense of the Society as to avert anything like that tendency to disruption which the "Scotsman" thinks is inherent in Celtic organisations. We have declined to be turned into a political association—(Applause)—have thrown cold water on any attempt to introduce party politics at our meetings, and have so been able to retain a membership of persons of all shades of political opinions. (Applause.) The Society has gone so far in its determination to be neutral as to have practically withdrawn from the Federation of Celtic Societies, because the Federation was identifying itself with certain demands for land law reform and extension of the franchise that partook of a party character. Not that there are not many of our members, who, as individuals, sympathise in these demands, but even they are of opinion that, as a Society, we should have nothing to do with any movement that would risk our disruption, and wisely, therefore, as I think, the Society limits its aims to those which are either of a literary or social character. (Applause.) The objects, as set forth in the second article of its Constitution, may be classed under three heads. There is first, the cultivation of the Gaelic language; then the rescuing from oblivion of unrecorded Celtic literature and traditions; and, lastly, the furtherance of the interests of the people of the Highlands. As regards the first of these objects, the Society did at one time take active steps to cultivate a grammatical knowledge of Gaelic among its members and other residents in Inverness. But it has done indirectly a much greater service than this. It found in existence, among many of those who thought themselves the more educated Highlanders, a false shame of their mother tongue, and this Society and kindred influences have been the means of absolutely and entirely dissipating that feeling. (Cheers.) We have also occasionally offered prizes in school districts for the study of Gaelic. This year we intend to hold a competition in Lochaber, and as that is a thoroughly Highland district, the competition is expected to be very successful. The Society may, therefore, claim to have been fairly carrying out the objects at which it aimed in respect to the cultivation of the Gaelic language. (Cheers.) Hardly so much can be said for it in reference to its proposal to rescue from oblivion Celtic literature and traditions. For the contents of the Secretary's Celtic

portfolio the Society is much indebted to him. But for these, the Society's Transactions would of late years have been, I fear, rather barren. In the way of rescuing traditions that may throw light on national history, nothing has yet been done, and among our members there should be some, I think, who ought to be able to gather up matters of this sort that would be extremely interesting. There is no doubt among Highlanders a delicate sensitiveness with regard to the reputation of their race, and they dread publishing anything that might seem, in the remotest degree, to reflect on the manners or character of their ancestors. This is an estimable sentiment, but it may be carried too far. Under no garb do we find humanity reaching perfection, and if this Society is to carry out its intention of recording tradition, it must be content to show the Highlands of old as they were, not as we might wish they had been; to record the failings as well as the virtues of the time. If unwarranted illusions exist we must not fear to dispel them. No doubt we should sift the traditions as far as we can, always taking care, however, not to colour them by our own prejudices, and remembering that the first of all requirements in writing history is absolute veracity. Now, gentlemen, there are historical questions connected with the Highlands on which we very much want the light of tradition cast. You may have noticed that Dr Cameron, one of our legislators, who takes a warm and generous interest in the Highlands, said lately at Liverpool, and, I think, has said it in the House of Commons, that, "Prior to the rising of 1745, the Highland occupiers had a distinct proprietary right in the soil they tilled." Here you have a historical statement, undoubtedly made in all good faith by a man of reputation, in proof of which there is no accessible documentary evidence that I know of. The statement is no doubt made on the strength of traditions that have come to Dr Cameron's knowledge. Why should not this Society gather up any traditions it can, relative to ancient land tenure in the Highlands? That, gentlemen, would be a distinct object to set before us, and I think, too, that it is one which is worthy of a Society such as this. (Applause.) It is not a political question. It is a question simply of historical interest, and one on which it is well that the world should be enlightened. Rights which have lapsed for nearly a century and a-half can have no practical bearing in virtue of their previous existence on contemporary politics, and their investigation cannot be barred by anything in the nature of party feeling, since the interest they possess is purely historical. Again, we have constant reference to

the military ardour of the Highlanders in the latter half of the last century, as shown in the great number of regiments then raised here. There is no question regarding the number of regiments that were raised, nor is there any as to the excellence of the material of which they were composed. The Highland regiments have always been remarkable for their valour and their good behaviour, and have distinguished themselves whenever brought into action under fit commanders. (Cheers.) But was there really a great deal of military ardour in the Highlands during the last century? We are almost in the dark, so far as printed records are concerned, as to whether, when these regiments were first raised, the rank and file flocked of their own free will to the standard, or whether they were pressed into the service by chiefs and lairds who wanted commissions for their sons. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The time is not yet so distant but that ample traditional information on the subject should be procurable. There are very curious and startling tales in this connection in and around the district whence our Secretary comes, which it might not be difficult for him to get recorded. He has already, I learn, given a lecture on the Highland regiments, which must have turned his attention in this direction. In any case, investigation by those competent to conduct it, whether confirming the belief in the military ardour of the last century Highlander or not, could not fail to produce interesting results. (Cheers.) Other points will doubtless cross your minds on which it would be desirable to gather up traditional history, and in doing which the Society would be carrying out the literary part of its programme more fully than it has of late years done. I cannot pass from the reference to Celtic literature without congratulating the Society that Professor Blackie's Celtic Chair is now filled; a great event for the Celtic scholars of Scotland. Whoever occupies my position here next year will, I hope, be able to speak of the work the new Professor has performed. At present, while looking forward to this with interest and hope, we still find ourselves thinking of him to whose untiring efforts the founding of the Chair is solely due, who never ceases to advocate what he thinks the rights, and to vindicate the character of the Gaelic people, and who in pursuit of this object, has this year published a most interesting work of fiction, dealing with social questions in the Highlands, which in too complimentary terms he has been good enough to dedicate to me. (Applause.) I suppose most of you have read "Altavona," and have seen how warm and generous towards all good Highlanders is the feeling that breathes through it. (Applause.) All honour to Professor Blackie.

(Cheers.) He has now retired from his profession, but may he have long enjoyment of his well-earned repose, and always feel assured that, as sympathy begets sympathy, so Highlanders, whether agreeing with him in all things or not, will never forget what he has done for them, or fail to reciprocate the kindly feelings he has shown them. (Cheers.) He is very keen at present to provide a prize fund of about £140 a year for the more effective working of the Celtic Chair. He is very sanguine about getting it. He does not ask for a capital sum to produce this income, but for an annual contribution from all the Gaelic and Highland Societies throughout the kingdom. The object is a good one, and I recommend it to the Gaelic Society of Inverness—(Applause)—and I cannot leave this subject without calling the attention of the gentlemen here present to the testimonial from Highlanders which is to be presented to the Professor. Our friend is the last man in the world to measure gratitude by a golden standard, and he knows well enough that we have not the wealth of the great commercial centres; yet I hope we shall all do what we can to make this a substantial mark of our appreciation of the Professor's services. (Cheers.) In connection with the Society's relations to Celtic literature, let me remind members that we have a bard of our own—Mrs Mary Mackellar—the most gifted, I suppose, of the Gaelic poets of the day. Rather to our discredit, a testimonial, which it was lately proposed to present her, to some extent fell through. Literary labour is not very remunerative, and I daresay the approbation of her countrymen might not be unacceptably shown to Mrs Mackellar, in demanding for her one of those pensions from the Civil List, sometimes bestowed on literary workers. (Applause.) So far as I know, no Gaelic worker is in receipt of such a pension. One such we might surely have in recognition of the Highland tongue, and I would propose that we correspond with kindred societies, and get up a combined petition for the bestowal of a pension on Mrs Mackellar, and that Mr Fraser-Mackintosh or Dr Cameron be asked to support it. (Loud applause.) The third object of the Society was to further the interests of the people of the Highlands. I have already referred to the fact that we have thought it right not to enter on party questions in doing this. The abstract rights of the existing occupiers of the soil, the rights they ought to have as distinct from those they possess, we leave to others to discuss, satisfied if we can create a public opinion which shall lead the legal owners of land to take a pride in the well-being of their tenantry, inducing them to foster the Highlander in his own country, and to improve

his position, and to advance his interests there. (Cheers.) We think that as a Society we are confining our aims to that with which we are most fitted to deal, when we occupy ourselves with social to the exclusion of political questions, and in so doing we gather strength from members of all political parties which we should otherwise fail to secure. (Applause.) It is perhaps not easy to point to any particular event which marks our success in influencing public opinion, but within the period we have been associated, the more dependent members of our Highland population have come to be regarded, I think, with increased tenderness, and that is, so far, evidence that in this department our Society's influence has not been exerted in vain. (Cheers.) It is not, however, with proprietors only that our influence may avail for good. If the proprietors can do something for their tenants, these may also do something for themselves. We have this year, unhappily, a great scarcity on the West Coast. The unfortunate circumstances which exist just now in the Lews, and to which such prominence has been given, obtain to an almost equal degree through the islands and coasts of the West. Potatoes have been nearly an absolute failure. The grain crop was to a great extent swept away by the gale of 1st October, and the fishing has not been successful. We have had no year that threatens to approach so nearly to one of famine since 1848, and though I feel very strongly that the distribution of public charity is demoralising to its recipients, and that no appeal for it should be made while it can be avoided, yet I am afraid that to prevent starvation it will be necessary to offer some amount of public relief in many parts of the West Coast besides the Lews before the next crop comes in, and I think the Society might with advantage endeavour to ascertain what the extent of the scarcity is likely to be, and to promote, if need be, a public subscription to meet it. But while feeling deeply, as we all must, for the suffering likely to ensue, and doing our best to avert it, one cannot help asking, "Are these West Coast populations always to continue so living from hand to mouth as to necessitate a reliance on outside help when unfavourable seasons occur?" I hope not. We have crofter populations on the East Coast who are as independent as any people of that class in life in Britain. They are no doubt more favourably situated than their fellows on the West for obtaining employment. On the other hand, they have, as a rule, no hill pasture, no fish at their doors, and, commonly enough, no peats. I can show you, in the Black Isle, crofts of five acres as well cultivated as any of the large farms adjacent to them, and

whose occupiers, if they do not live in luxury, are yet never in the course of their lives in fear of want. Individual cases of misfortune there may be among them, but these are all within reach of local effort. But none of these crofters would dream of subdividing his croft among his family, nor does it occur to a young man to marry without providing a home for his bride. Unfortunately it too frequently happens in the West Coast and in the Islands that no such feeling of providence prevents many of the young people from marrying and settling on their parents' crofts, subdividing among two or more families a piece of ground already barely sufficient to maintain one. Overcrowding is there an evil against which proprietors, if they wish to do their duty, must resolutely set their faces, for it necessarily tends to starvation and misery, and to the destruction of that independence which more than anything else incites to the maintenance of law and order. (Cheers.) Outsiders speak of the prohibition of marriage, which is heard of on West Coast properties, as an instance of landlord tyranny, not understanding that it is not marriage that is objected to, but the settling of two families where there is room only for one. (Hear, hear.) It may be contended—and I believe with perfect truth—that the early marriages in the West account largely for the high tone of sexual morality there; but, after all, that is a one-sided morality surely which would encourage the increase of the population without providing for its sustenance. On the crofter question I speak from an experience and from opportunities of observation possessed by comparatively few of those who make it the subject of their criticism. For close on thirty years I have had personal dealings with some five hundred crofter tenants, between whom and myself, I think I may say without presumption, there has been the utmost mutual confidence. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I know their feelings pretty well, and from all I have seen and heard in other parts of the West, I know the people themselves recognise as fully as I do, that their poverty results from overcrowding, though individually they may be unable to resist the temptation to squat on a parent's croft. Now, there may be properties (though they are certainly not so numerous as is frequently assumed), where more elbow-room might be given to the crofters without shifting them from their present homes. (Applause.) There may be others where relief from the pressure of population might be obtained by colonising large farms; but this would require an expenditure beyond the means of most proprie-

tors and crofters. Where, however, such measures are practicable it would certainly be desirable to resort to them. There are strong reasons for not thinning population by compulsory eviction irrespective of its cruelty. (Cheers.) Even did it result in bettering the material condition, both of those who go and those who remain, it leaves with the former a bitter sense of wrong, and creates in the latter a feeling of insecurity. Moreover, human nature, and especially Highland nature, resents improvements forced on it. (Cheers.) The spread of education will, I am confident, have a marked effect upon the position of the West Coast crofter. Already are greater habits of providence showing themselves in the younger generation wherever schools have been efficient, and when these habits have become general, overcrowding will cease, and I venture to think there will then be an end to the necessity for appeals for relief when unfortunate seasons occur. (Applause.) Allow me before I sit down to say a word personal to myself. It has been brought under my notice by more than one individual that a certain ambiguity in words which I last year used in all innocence of heart has led the small tenantry of the North to look askance on me as one who is unfriendly towards them, and who would willingly see them supplanted. If there were any truth whatever in the suspicion that I harbour such thoughts, I should be very much out of place in this chair. (Applause.) The confidence of Gaelic-speaking people in this Society would very naturally and very properly be shaken, and I think it right, in the interests of the Society, as well as for my own credit, to take this opportunity of repudiating any such ideas. (Cheers.) On the occasion I have referred to, I did undoubtedly express the opinion that the tendency of modern agriculture in Britain was to throw farming more and more into the hands of capitalists, but I also took occasion to say that this tendency, which I thought I saw, was one which I personally deplored. (Cheers.) I should be very glad indeed to think that my fears were altogether groundless, and I saw some facts stated lately which certainly lead to the conclusion that I was mistaken. Within the last ten days the "Scotsman" noticed a Parliamentary return, from which it appeared that between 1875 and 1880 there was in the county of Ross an increase of 331 in the number of holdings of less than 50 acres extent. That is a fact which should give us all great satisfaction, because concurrently with this, I think (making allowance for the depression of the times) that there has been no real check to that continuous improvement in the condition of the smaller tenantry and

of the labouring classes, the progress of which has been so marked in the last thirty-five years. (Applause.) Be the tendency of the time, however, what it may, the small tenants of the North have no sincerer friend than they have in me, and I think they may rest assured that the Society is most anxious to use such influence as it possesses for their good. (Applause.) Let us hope that that influence, directed as it is to social reforms, and exerted with a just moderation, may be a power for good among all classes in the Highlands; and let me beg that each and all of you, while firmly resolving to do what you can towards realising this hope, will now join me heartily in drinking success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, who was received with applause, said—Sir Kenneth and gentlemen—The toast entrusted to me is “The Health of the Members of both Houses of Parliament for the Northern Counties and Burghs.” (Applause.) It is one, I am sure, that requires but few words from me to ensure its being cordially received by you. Whether we take those noble lords among whom I may mention the names of Lovat, Dunmore, and Seafield, who have hereditary seats in the Upper House, or gentlemen like Lochiel, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and Sir George Macpherson-Grant, who have been returned to the Lower House, to represent these counties and burghs there, we may safely content ourselves with the conviction that in both Houses the North is well represented. (Applause.) Naturally we cannot all agree politically as to who are the best men to represent our own special views and ideas, and especially at the time of a General Election, but I am convinced of this, that whether we are Whig or Tory, we all agree that our members for the Northern counties and burghs try their best to give satisfaction to their constituencies. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, Parliament under the Saxon kings used to be called the Witenagemont, or the meeting of wise men. Now, though I will not go so far as to say that every member of Parliament who is returned can be called a wise man—(Laughter)—I may safely say that the great majority of them thoroughly understand that to them the country looks up as the guardians of all the constitutional rights and privileges. They, the members of the Houses of Parliament, are our legislators, invested with the powers of making and repealing laws, and to them, along with the Sovereign, belongs the supreme power of the State. (Cheers.) I have often thought that we rather inclined not to give quite enough justice to our members of Parliament. We are apt to forget the amount of work that has to be done, and perhaps I may be allowed

to add the amount of work that is undone. (Laughter.) The late hours that have now become the rule instead of the exception, make a difference between the two Houses of Parliament, which was put, not very long ago, by the member of the county in this way, that whereas the Lords usually adjourn half-an-hour before dinner, the House of Commons usually adjourns many hours after supper time. (Laughter and applause.) Now, only last October, Parliament had to meet; our members had to leave their Highland homes, at perhaps the pleasantest time of the year here, and go to London, at undoubtedly the most unpleasant time of the year there; and this they did to do their duty to their country and to the high position they have been placed in by their constituencies. (Cheers.) I believe, last year, when I had the honour at this dinner of being in the chair, so much more worthily filled this evening by my excellent friend Sir Kenneth, that the gentleman who then proposed this toast said that the only fault with which some of the members of Parliament for the Northern counties could be charged was that they were not members of the Gaelic Society. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, if this is the case, Inverness-shire ought to feel very proud that it is represented by two gentlemen who have no faults, both being members—(Cheers)—and I am certain, if this is understood, that every member for the Northern counties will wish to be in the same category as the county and burgh members of Inverness are, and will embrace the earliest opportunity of becoming members of the Gaelic Society. (Cheers.) I am sure that Mr William Mackenzie will be delighted to do his best to whitewash them from this fault. (Cheers.)

Mr H. C. Macandrew then proposed "Celtic Literature and the Celtic Chair," and in the course of his observations said—Celtic literature is one of the objects which this Society took upon itself to cultivate, and I think many members of the Society are now in the position, as I am myself, of knowing very much more of Celtic literature since the Society began than they did before. I know that it was a very common opinion that Celtic literature was confined to some poems of doubtful origin, known under the name of Ossian, and to some songs which we have heard sung by the people among whom we may have mingled. But now, I have no doubt, many of you know that Celtic literature was of very wide extent, and that, while the Saxons and the Normans, whom we have hitherto been taught to look upon as superior beings, were, as we know now, ignorant barbarians, Celtic literature had attained a high position among the literatures of the world. We know also that, while the ancestors of our Norman aristocracy

were totally ignorant of learning, and, in many instances, were plundering Celtic monasteries, the Culdee monks were wandering all over Europe, planting a literature, the remains of which have enabled a learned German, who never was in England, Scotland, or Ireland, to compile a grammar of the Celtic language—a work not only of great learning, and of great merit as a work of the kind, but one of very high philological interest and value. Many of you know also that, contemporary with that literature, there grew up with our ancestors in Ireland a school of art, which attained a very high degree of perfection, and of which we have many examples. The ornamentations of these days in wood work and metal work are finer, perhaps, than can be seen in any part of the world, and our house ornamenters, our ornamenters of books—ornamental workers of almost every kind—have endeavoured vainly to imitate the work of that simple people who lived in bee-hive houses, or in the wood and stone monasteries scattered among the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland. We can trace to these days—we can indeed almost trace to the hands of St Columba—one of the most beautiful ornamentations of a missal in the world. Since that time very great changes have taken place. We get day by day great contributions to the Celtic literature from the sister country of Ireland, and if anybody might pass a criticism, one cannot but be struck in reading these contributions with the characteristic, in the higher style of literature, of its intrinsic purity. I do not know if there is a high-class poem in any language which a person could read in a mixed assembly of men and women without a blush upon the cheek, except the poem of Ossian. (Applause.) While the poetry of chivalry, which was supposed to teach high ideas of female virtue and military heroism, became foul in its tendency, these old Gaelic poems remained pure as the light of day. (Applause.) How these venerable poetical works have been handed down to us, we all know, and learn more and more every day; but it is an important consideration whether Celtic literature shall continue to be a living literature, or whether it must in future be one dependent upon the records of the past. A foreign language has forced itself in upon us; foreign manners and customs have over-ridden the Celtic life which existed long ago. I have been one of those who have always said that the preservation of the Celtic people was a duty even higher than the preservation of their literature. The first time I spoke to this Society, I got a rebuke from Professor Blackie for uttering this sentiment, to which I still adhere, and I am glad to say Pro-

fessor Blackie and others have now adopted the same view. (Applause.) While it should be the aim of the Society to preserve the native race upon the soil, it would well become the people to cultivate literature, and it is an encouraging thing to find that so many people not only speak the language fluently, but use it to give expression to their highest thoughts. Poetry deals with the highest feelings and actions of a people, as these stand forth in history. The highest and the noblest expressions of the feelings and the actions of a people have come forth long after the existence of those feelings, and the performance of those actions themselves. The poems of Homer were written long after the siege of Troy; and it is only when all that has been known of the life of a people stands out in the forefront that literature begins to express itself. Whether Celtic literature has a future or not, we know this, that Celtic literature has had a being, and we know also that among the Celtic people there have existed feelings and actions which may well inspire hope as to its future. Long after the ideas of chivalry had vanished from the world the people of our Scottish Highlands rose as one man for the cause of a prince whose ancestors no men then alive had seen on the throne. They risked their fortunes, they risked their lives—many of them sacrificed their lives - to restore the representative of that ancient race to an ancient possession. I have often thought that, when the time comes when that story stands forth in all its truth, in all its glory—when the high, noble, and chivalrous feelings of the people shall have been fully and properly appreciated—there can be no nobler theme for an epic poem in the world. We may well hope that the story of that memorable period of the history of the Celtic people of Scotland will yet be chronicled in a way worthy of the actions themselves, and of the chivalrous feelings which prompted them. (Applause.) Mr Macandrew then referred to the Celtic Chair, and commended the wisdom of the Universities in selecting a gentleman conversant not only with modern Gaelic, but the ancient language and its literature. In conclusion, he coupled the toast with the name of Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary of the Society, a gentleman, who, as they all knew, devoted much of his time to the study of Celtic language and literature. (Loud cheers.)

Mr William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society, in replying, alluded generally to some of Mr Macandrew's observations, and then proceeded—In the few minutes allotted to me I will endeavour to glance as briefly as possible at the character of our literature, the vicissitudes it has undergone, and its present state.

(Cheers.) In speaking of Celtic literature, I will mainly confine my observations to works composed in the Celtic languages, and will not trouble you by dwelling on the numerous works written in English bearing on Celtic literature and antiquities. But standing as I do before this meeting in the Highland capital, it would be unpardonable in me if I failed to notice the many good works falling under this category which are published at our own doors. (Hear, hear.) The literary activity of our friend, Mr Alex. Mackenzie—(Applause)—is well known to most members of this Society, but I have no doubt you will all be surprised to learn that during the past eight years he has written and published not fewer than twenty-two different volumes—(Cheers)—all of which, I believe, have been financially a success. (Cheers.) Time will not permit of my dwelling on Welsh literature, and with regard to it, it is sufficient to state that not only is it very extensive, but it is also in a most flourishing condition. (Cheers.) Now, to deal more in detail with our own Gaelic literature—(Hear, hear.) That literature is in the main poetical. Is the Gael, it will perhaps be asked, such a poetical animal—(Laughter)—that he disdains giving expression to his sentiments in prose? Not exactly; but there are certain causes which account for the predominance of poetry over prose in his literature. The first stage of a language is that in which the songs and poems are rehearsed, and rhythmical verse, it is generally acknowledged, is the first form of composition. The rude primeval tribes went forth to war, and the praises of the victors or the lamentations for the slain were recorded in verse. (Cheers.) The bards composed and rehearsed their narratives in verse, and their words were handed down from generation to generation on the lips of the people. The same could not happen in the case of prose. However graphic a prose account the Seanachie might compose of any particular event, it would not be handed down to posterity in the original words: each narrator would employ his own language. (Cheers.) “Is math bu chòir na h-òrain a dheanamh an toiseach ’s a liuthad fear-millidh ’th’ orra” —(Laughter)—(Songs ought to be well composed at first, for those who spoil them are many)—said the bard. If that be in any measure true of poetry, where the memory is aided by measured lines and rhymes, how much more must it be true in the case of prose? (Cheers.) In a country like the Highlands, where the art of writing was not of old general, need we wonder if the bards and Seanachies, who were naturally anxious that their compositions should go down to posterity in as perfect a form as possible, adopted the means best calculated to attain that end, namely,

rhymed verse. And hence the abundance of poetry in the literature of the Gael. (Cheers.) In the case of rising nationalities, the spread of letters carries in its train the cultivation of prose, but that has not occurred in the case of the Highlands. Attempts made to get up an original prose literature were not crowned with success; and the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*, *Fear-Tathaich nam Beann*, *Cuairtear nan Gleann*, *An Gaidheal*, and others, have all failed to secure for themselves a permanent footing. And why has this been the case? There were, no doubt, certain more or less unfortunate circumstances, to which I need not more particularly allude, connected with several of these publications themselves; but the real explanation of their failure is owing to other and more deeply-rooted causes. (Cheers.) Chief among these was the influence exerted by the clergy and the lairds, coupled with the total neglect of the language itself as a medium and means of instruction. (Cheers.) The Act of the Privy Council for the foundation of our parish schools, which is dated 10th December 1616, declared "That the vulgar English tounge be vniuersallie plantit and the Irishe language which is one of the cheif and principall causis of the continewance of barbaritie and incivilitie amongis the inhabitantis of the Illis and Heylandis may be abolisheit and removeit." (Laughter and applause.) That, gentlemen, was the resolution of the Privy Council of 266 years ago, but notwithstanding all the influence exerted to carry it into effect, the "Irishe language"—that is the Gaelic—has not been "abolisheit and removeit" quite yet. (Loud applause.) In the case of the West Highland lairds the want of a knowledge of English was a very serious disability; for the Privy Council in the same year passed an act in which the Island chiefs were accused of "neglecting the education of their children," and declaring that had they been sent "to the inland in thair youthe and traynit vp in vertew learnyng and the Inglis tunge, thay wald haif bene the bettir preparit to reforme thair countreis and to reduce the same to godlines obedience and ciuilitie." (Laughter.) It was therefore ordained and enacted that "the hail chiftanes and principall clanit men of the Yllis that thay and every ane of thame, send thair bairnis being past nyne yeiris of age to the scoollis in the inland to be trayned vp in vertew learnyng and the English tunge." It was also ordained "that no personis quhatsomevir in the Yllis salbe seruit air to thair father or vtheris predicessouris nor ressaint nor acknawlegeit as tenentis to his Maiestie, vnles they can write reid and speake Inglische." (Laughter.) The lairds so completely conformed to this act that

not only did they learn English, but they lost all knowledge of Gaelic, until to-day a Gaelic-speaking Highland proprietor, such as our Chairman of this evening, is a *rara avis* indeed. They are, however, beginning to see their mistake, and although the present Lochiel and the present Lord Macdonald, for instance, are both unacquainted with Gaelic, the same cannot be said of their sons, who are acquiring an intimate knowledge of the ancient tongue. But while the influence of the lairds in the past was more or less passive as against the cultivation of Gaelic literature, the influence of the Highland clergy as a class was actively asserted against it, if I exclude such notable exceptions as the Dean of Lismore in the distant past; Dr Thomas Ross, Dr John Smith, Dr Norman Macleod, and Dr Mackintosh Mackay in more recent times; and Dr Maclauchlan, Rev. William Ross, Rev. Alexander Cameron, Rev. Alexander Stewart, our late friend the Rev. Alex. Macgregor—(Applause)—in our own time; and in the same connection I must allude to the reverend gentleman who is here with us this evening—The Rev. Mr Morison, Kintail—(Applause)—a gentleman who has been interesting himself in all Celtic movements, and from whose manse are now going forth to the public numerous genuine Highland melodies which every lover of Highland music ought to possess. (Applause.) From the days of Bishop Carswell down to our own times, the influence of the Highland clergy has been in the main strongly against whatever was secular in Celtic prose, poetry, and music. Carswell, who was appointed Bishop of the Isles in 1564, set himself in opposition to the bards and Seanachies of the time; and, in the dedicatory epistle to his famous prayer-book, he says that “great is the blindness and darkness of sin and ignorance and of understanding among the composers, and writers, and supporters of the Gaelic, in that they prefer and practise the framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories about the Tuath de Dannan, and about the sons of Milesius, and about the heroes, and Fionn MacCumhail, with his giants,” than to write and compose more sacred things. (Cheers.) The result of Carswell’s attitude was that, instead of his becoming a successful agent in the spread of religion, he became exceedingly unpopular, and a butt for the Gaelic wits and satirists of the time. But his clerical successors in the West did not profit by his example; for to the present day they persist in following the identical course which brought about his unpopularity. (Cheers.) To a large proportion of the West Highland clergy of the present day, anything secular is regarded as unholy. (Laughter.) The bagpipe is a contraband article, which is as carefully concealed from the eye of the pastor, as an illicit

still is concealed from the eye of the gauger—(Laughter)—and woe betide the man who has music or dancing at his wedding against the wish of his minister, if he should ever have occasion to ask that minister to perform the rite of baptism. (Laughter and applause.) I know of one West Highland minister who has not for many a day spoken to his nearest neighbour of the same denomination, because that neighbour committed the heinous sin of attending a soriee or concert where a number of secular songs were sung! (Applause.) Another divine in the same locality has recently been in a state of great agitation because an important personage in the district, whom he had hitherto regarded as pious, had actually so far forgotten himself as to take part in a shinty match, or something of that description! (Laughter.) From this clergyman's turn of mind one would naturally expect to find in him an admirer of works of imagination—(Laughter)—for at no distant date he sought to enlighten his Gaelic hearers by narrating to them a dialogue which, he said, took place between Jonah when in the belly of the whale and a number of little fishes who were his associates there! (Laughter and applause.) To quote the rev. gentleman's own words—"Iasgan beaga groda 's fàileadh loibhte 'n Diabhuil fhein diubh." (Great laughter.) But this interesting conversation came to an abrupt end, for, on account of the rolling of the whale and the raging of the turbulent billows, poor Jonah became sea-sick! (Great laughter.) This climax was narrated in recitative style in these words—"An sin le *rowladh* na muice moire 's ann a thainig an tinneas-mara air Ionah le *motian* a' chuain."* (Roars of laughter.) To this man and many of his class a Gaelic song is simply a work of the devil, and all the influence they possess is asserted against secular Celtic literature. (Cheers.) The result is that healthy secular literature is being banished by them, while it is extremely doubtful if the interests of true religion are thereby promoted. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But notwithstanding all the influences to which I have alluded, the Highlanders have a very considerable literary heritage, of which we well may feel proud. (Cheers.) Our Irish cousins, too, can boast of literary treasures in poetry and prose—works by the way with which all educated Gaelic-

* In course of a sermon on Noah and the flood, a certain preacher gave an almost endless list of wild animals—lions, leopards, tigers, &c., which were with Noah and his family in the ark, with an account of the characteristics of each, winding up that part of the discourse in recitative style, thus—"An sin 's ann thubhairt cloinn Noah ri Noah, O athair, ciod e 'ni sinne ma bhristeas na fiadh-bheathaichean na *slingachan* iarunn!"

speaking Highlanders ought to be more intimately acquainted than they unfortunately are. Such works as the "Annals of the Four Masters"—compiled by Franciscan monks—and the "History of Ireland," by Dr Keating, are relics of antiquity which possess far more interest to me than much of our modern romance. (Applause.) The work of the Four Masters, for instance, which was begun in 1632, gives minute—and also amusing—details of facts and fictions of the remote past. Beginning with the creation of the world, it narrates important events in almost every year, downwards to the time of the Four Masters themselves. (Applause.) We are told, for instance, that forty days before the flood, Ceasair, a grand-daughter of Noah, came to Ireland with fifty girls and three men; and Dr Keating, in his "Forus Feasa air Eirinn," alluding to the same event, quotes the following verse from an ancient chronicler in proof of this statement:—

"Ceasair inghion Bheatha buain,
Dalta Sabhail mhic Manuail,
An cheid-bhean chalma ro chinn
D'inis Banbha ré n-dlínn."

Dr Keating also gives an account of the creation of Adam, and goes on to state that when he (Adam) was fifteen years of age he was blessed with a son and daughter. (Laughter.) Sir Kenneth may regret the prevalence of early marriages on the West Coast, but I don't think the Western Celts can compare with Adam in that respect. (Great laughter.) Twins at the age of fifteen is not an event that is common in these climes. (Laughter.) Adam next adds to his race when he is 30—twins again—(Laughter)—and when he is 130 his youngest son Seth is born—very respectable intervals between the different events! (Laughter.) Among other items of information to which our author treats us, I must not fail to mention his detailed account of the conquests of Ireland before the flood! (Laughter.) And now, in conclusion, let me briefly glance at the present and the future. At the present moment the Celtic field displays considerable literary activity. We have the "Celtic Magazine" in Inverness, dealing with the history, antiquities, and social condition of the Highlands; the "Scottish Celtic Review" in Glasgow, dealing with the language philologically; and the "Revue Celtique" in Paris, in which learned foreigners discuss numerous questions in connection with our race. Two months ago a valuable addition has been made to our magazine literature, for then the Gaelic Union—an Irish Society somewhat similar to our own—started their "Gaelic Journal,"

a publication which bids fair to be a success. (Applause.) But, while all these are of interest in themselves, we, in Scotland at the present time, look, perhaps, with even greater interest to the Celtic Chair, which has just been fully established. (Applause.) The new Professor, who, if he could, would have been with us to-night, is a Highlander, who, by sheer hard work, raised himself to his present honourable position. (Applause.) He is in the prime of life, and if intelligence, activity, and perseverance will ensure success, we may confidently look forward to excellent Celtic work under the guidance of Professor Mackinnon. (Applause.) In particular, we may reasonably hope that the Highland clergy of the future will look upon our secular Celtic literature—whether written or floating over the country—as a treasure to be preserved, rather than as a demon to be suppressed. In this age when a knowledge of English is an absolute necessity to ensure success in life, I do not know that we need look to a great spread of Celtic literature. It, therefore, all the more behoves us to use our every endeavour to rescue from oblivion the literary treasures which our Highland forefathers have bequeathed to us, not only that we may ourselves be benefited thereby, but also that the wit and wisdom which are so characteristic of the literature of the Gael may be objects of admiration, as well as sources of instruction, to generations yet unborn. (Loud cheers.)

Mr William Mackay proposed the “Agricultural Interests of the Highlands,” and in doing so said—On this occasion it may not be out of place to glance shortly at the state of agriculture in the past, and on the relationship that of old existed between landlord and tenant. I am sorry to say that on these points very erroneous ideas prevail, and as no good can come from drawing pictures of the past which, however beautiful and pleasing to us, are historically untrue, I shall endeavour to indicate briefly how matters really stood, as shown by ancient leases, minutes of baron courts, and other original documents. First, the feudal system, about which one hears a great deal of nonsense now-a-days spoken, was established in the Highlands as early as the thirteenth century, since which time the chiefs have held the lands as absolute proprietors under written titles in terms similar to those which were common over the rest of Scotland. In virtue of these titles the chiefs exercised the rights of ownership, and leased the lands to tenants for rent or other consideration. As a fair example of the ancient Highland lease, I may refer to one, granted in 1631 by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy to Ronald Campbell, of the lands of Elrig and others, for a period of five years. By this

document the tenant binds himself to pay to the proprietor a yearly money rent of £15. 13s. 4d. Scots; to supply him yearly with six firlots bear, 172 stones of cheese, the half of a good cow—(Laughter)—six sufficient wedders, a gallon of sufficient aquavitæ—(Laughter)—and a white plaid; to be ready himself, with four good men, to serve Sir Duncan in his wars; and to give the services of himself and other six men “in other employments” when required. The tenant was bound to remove at the termination of the lease, and during its currency he was subject to the landlord’s baron court, the bailie of which sometimes exercised the most unlimited jurisdiction—at one sitting sentencing thieves to death, inflicting fines for killing game or cutting wood or turf, giving judgments in suits for debt, issuing agricultural rules and regulations, and fixing the prices to be charged by weavers and shoemakers. I have only time to give a few examples of the doings of these courts. At various times between 1618 and 1642 the bailie of Glenorchy enacted that a fine of £20 Scots should be paid by every person who would give meat, drink, or house-room to any man guilty of killing deer, roe, black-cock, or black-fish without the laird’s licence; that no person cast peats, except with Lowland peat-spades, under the pain of £10—(Laughter)—that no person have swine, under the pain of confiscation thereof, and a fine of £10; that no broom be cut without the laird’s licence; that every tenant make four “croscaittis of iron” annually for slaying of the wolf, under the penalty of £5; that no tenant suffer rook, hooded crow, or pyat to “big or clek” within their bounds, under the penalty of 40s.—(Laughter and applause)—that every tenant who has any cottar on his land without peats, and a kailyard, and some corn land, shall pay £5 of a fine to the laird; that destroyers of wood shall be subject to a penalty of £20 for each offence, and that informants of such offences shall be entitled to £10 of reward from the laird; that no person labour or manure any kind of land within the space of sixteen feet of any river such as the Orchy, Dochart, or Lochy, and of eight feet of any other great water less than the said rivers; that for every cow found in the forest of Mamelorne a penalty of 40s. shall be paid by the owner to the laird, and a penalty of five merks for each horse or mare found so trespassing; that whoever has a scabbed horse and puts him out unwatched, except on his own grass, it shall be lawful for any man that finds and apprehends the said scabbed horse, to throw him over a crag and break his neck—(Laughter)—that no wife drink in the alehouse except in the company of her husband, and that all tenants pay their ale bills monthly; that all querns be broken,

and that all tenants grind their corn at the mills, and pay the multure ; that no tenant sell any barley, oats, pease, or meal until the rent be paid to the laird, under the penalty of £10 and forfeiture of the thing so sold ; and that tenants at their removals be bound to leave their houses in good order and repair. For breaches of the baron court regulations fines were exacted all over the Highlands ; and as they found their way to the landlord's pockets, they must have been a source of considerable revenue to him. At a court held by John Grant of Corriemony in 1691, seventy-eight tenants were found guilty of various offences, such as the killing of deer, roe, blackcock, and muirfowl, and the cutting of wood and greensward, and were fined in various sums amounting in all to £885 Scots, or £73. 15s. sterling. What that amount really represented in 1691 may be judged from the fact that a good cow then sold for £1 sterling, and a good horse for 30s. sterling. The baron courts continued to exercise full jurisdiction until the heritable jurisdiction were abolished after the '45 ; and instead of the feudal system having been introduced into the Highlands after Culloden, that battle was rather the first nail in the coffin of the system, which, as I have said, flourished since the 13th century. In addition to the oppressive authority of the baron bailies, and the harsh conditions on which the people held their lands, the tenants of the past suffered from other evils unknown to their ancestors of the present day. Wolves and foxes abounded, and on one farm in Breadalbane, four mares, a year-old horse, and a year-old quey were killed by wolves in 1594. Then, the still more formidable cattle-lifters were a terrific scourge, and as an example of their deeds I may mention that during a raid made by Badenoch men on Glen-Urquhart in 1663, they, in the dead of night, carried away forty cattle, burnt down twenty-two houses and barns, with their contents, and severely wounded the poor people who endeavoured to protect their own.

Provost Fraser, Inverness, replied, stating that he was a farmer himself. His proprietor had recently complained that he was an absentee farmer. His lease had since expired, and that proprietor had now a glorious opportunity of converting the farm into crofts, and he hoped he would take advantage of it. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr Barron, of the "Inverness Courier," proposed "Kindred Societies." The societies, he remarked, that existed for the benefit of the people of the Scottish Highlands mostly dated from a period twelve or fifteen year since ; and their establishment was due to the feelings that the Highlanders required to unite and

assert themselves in an age of change and dissolution. This combination, and the energy which marked these societies, had been productive of remarkable results. They had united scattered forces, they had vindicated historical claims, they had stirred the enthusiasm of the Celtic race, they had made the empire familiar with Highland sentiment, with Highland chivalry, and also with Highland wrongs, with Highland sufferings, and with Highland endurance. (Cheers.) Among their accomplishments, positive and substantial, was the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. (Cheers.) He trusted that the endeavours of all these Highland Societies to accomplish their objects would be characterised by firmness, sobriety, self-control, and practical wisdom. Let them show that the taunt of the poet who spoke of

“ The schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt ”

was not true as regards the Highland people, and that they were as well qualified as any other people to carry on their work by patient methods—by a gradual process which step by step improves the present, and yet respects the laws and institutions of the past. (Loud cheers.)

Mr James Fraser, C.E., the president of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, briefly replied.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, in proposing the toast of “ Highland Education,” said—I believe nothing will more astonish a Highlander, on his return to his native glen which he left some fifteen or twenty year ago, than to find the country studded over with palatial schools, and elegant dwelling-houses for the accommodation of the teachers. If he enters one of those schools he will find such furniture and teaching apparatus as he never saw nor dreamt of in his school days. And then such maps, and diagrams, and school-books, filled with pictures and such nice stories, which it is a pleasure to look at and read. “ Why,” he exclaims, “ I wish I was a boy again; but alas! I was born too soon.” He cannot help contrasting this pleasant state of matters with his own school days, when he had to carry his peat under his arm for miles in order to keep out the cold from the dilapidated building which served for a school-house. (Applause.) Through its thatched roof the rain often dropped down upon the heads of the urchins within. The seats and writing-desks were of the most primitive description; and, if I mistake not, the cane and other implements of torture were far more patronised and believed in than is the custom in these days of happy boyhood. (Applause and laughter.) But I fancy I hear some one say

—“But these were the days when good scholars were made.” I agree with my friend that there were larger classes of Latin and Greek under the old system than are generally found in our Board schools; but what was the consequence! The general education of the school was sadly neglected, and more attention was paid to the dozen boys who were grinding away at a dead language, which never did any good to the most of them, than to the three score and ten who were trying, but trying in vain, to master the very elements of education. It has often been said, and said with truth, that Highlanders are not a people given to much reading. But here lies the secret of the matter. At the time the majority of them left school, their knowledge of English was so imperfect that the little they acquired was soon forgotten, and hence English books were to them ever afterwards sealed treasures. The Gaelic, the only language they could understand, was never taught them, and thus from necessity they became a non-reading people. At the expense of the many, the few were pushed forward to enter the ranks of the learned professions; and as there was no testing of scholarship before entering the University, we need not wonder to find that not a few had discovered when too late that they had mistaken their profession. But even with our splendid new schools and trained teachers, there is still room for improvement. There should be provision made for really clever children to continue their education at a secondary school, at which bursaries should be given to the most deserving. (Applause.) One such school should be in each important centre throughout the country. It is necessary that there should be full sympathy between teacher and taught, if the latter are to receive lasting benefit from their daily contact with a trained mind. He must anticipate their difficulties and endeavour to remove them, as a sure and safe guide who travelled the same road before them. But, gentlemen, I would ask you, in all seriousness, how is it possible that this light and leading and sympathy can exist when neither teacher nor pupil understands a word of what the other speaks? If I wish to learn Hebrew, is it conceivable that I should look out for a teacher who did not know a word of English? Yet, strange to say, that is exactly how some of our Highland School Boards act in the matter of electing a teacher. (Applause.) This applies only to the case of schools in the Islands and West Coast Highlands, where the children know no language but Gaelic. This is entirely a matter for the School Boards, or rather the parents who elect the School Boards. It is impossible to act upon the intelligence of a child, or of any person, for that matter, except through what the child understands—

which, on any other subject, would be accepted as truism. One word more. In order to encourage the teacher to cultivate the intelligence of the children, Gaelic must be made a "special" subject. The pocket must be appealed to as well as his love and pride of country. Having first acquired an ordinary fluency in reading English, the Gaelic child will find very little difficulty in mastering to read and write in his mother-tongue. And, now, I would like to ask which is more likely to benefit in after life the average Lewis boy, the smattering of Latin or Greek required to earn a Government grant, or the ability to read and write, and thoroughly understand and admire, the language of his home and heart? Seeing it is the highest duty of every State to make good citizens, you must agree with me when I say that our Government should lose no time in granting this very reasonable and modest request, which I have little doubt would soon be the case if Highlanders were to stand "shoulder to shoulder." (Applause.) In conclusion, Dr Mackenzie coupled the toast with the names of Mr Macbain, Raining's School, and Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh.

Mr Alexander Macbain said—For myself I thank you sincerely for the hearty manner in which you have drunk this toast, and I thank Dr Mackenzie for the very cordial way he has proposed it. The place which Mr Mackenzie and myself occupy to-night on the toast list used formerly to be filled by the name of one gentleman—a host in himself—whose name, next to that of Professor Blackie's, is a household word on the lips of Highlanders. I refer to Mr Jolly. (Applause.) We shall sorely miss the energy, the ability, and the practical enthusiasm which he brings to bear on every subject he takes in hand, and which he especially brought to bear on the interests of the Gaelic language. (Applause.) His presence, stimulating, moderating, and directing our enthusiasm, will be much needed when, as I hope, the Society will take up with all its energy the programme of work Mr Jolly sketched for it last year, and that is, the recognition by the Government of Gaelic as a special subject in the code—(Applause)—a concession which must somehow or other be wrung from them. (Applause.) Small as the concession may appear to some, yet, closely considered, it is one of vast importance in its results. And one of these results will be a reflex action from the higher stages on the lower stages of school work, that is, on the lower standards. If teachers are encouraged to teach Gaelic to the higher pupils, they will not also neglect it at the lower stage of their educational course. It does look not a little anomalous that

children who do not know a word of English should yet be taught that language without any use being made of their mother-tongue. In theory the thing is utterly absurd, and in practice it would be found equally so, were not the Celts of the Highlands a race highly gifted and developed, heirs of ages of intellectual activity and of race characteristics, which rise superior to any blundering and stupidity on the part of their modern rulers. (Applause.) As a matter of fact, and a wonderful thing it undoubtedly is, the Highland counties are, at the very least, up to the average standard of passes of the rest of Scotland. (Applause.) Still more wonderful to say, the Island of Lewis, the most intensely Gaelic of all, makes about the best passes of any rural district in Scotland; a fact which says a great deal for the otherwise well-proven cleverness of the Lewis people. (Applause.) We are tempted to ask what Highland children would have done if they had the same advantages as the English, and not been hampered by bilingualism. But one or two concessions have already been wrung from the Government in connection with Gaelic; the examining of children for intelligence in Gaelic, with the consequent appointment of Gaelic-speaking inspectors, and also the power to teach Gaelic within Governmental school hours. This last is an entirely illusory concession, unless the examination is made less strict in the English subjects. Practically, only one concession has been gained, and the next one to be forced from the Government is the placing of Gaelic among the specific subjects. I cannot understand why we are so remiss in taking action in the matter. It must surely be from the fact that some think the concession too insignificant to worry about. But in reality it is a concession of great importance, as I have already said. The adoption of Gaelic as a specific subject will react on the whole school curriculum, and nearly effect all that the Society has ever been aiming at in the teaching of Gaelic and English together. But in any case Gaelic as a specific subject will be of immense benefit to the higher professional needs of the Highlands. (Applause.) To take the glaring instance of one profession—and that, too, perhaps the highest in the scale—there is great difficulty in getting young men able to preach Gaelic, and this arises from inattention to the language in school days. If they do try preaching in the language, they often neither write nor think in that language, and that no doubt accounts for the soporific effect of many Gaelic sermons. It has been plausibly objected that, in spite of sentiment, teachers won't take advantage of Gaelic being a specific

subject. Let them be tried, and let them also get money for doing it. (Applause.) And, as a matter of fact, some of them are teaching Gaelic under present circumstances to the higher pupils in order to meet the requirements of the annual examinations held for bursaries offered by various benevolent societies, among which I am sorry to see our Society, unlike the Gaelic Society of London, not taking its place. Bursaries for the Celtic Chair, as proposed by the Blackie testimonial, will prove an immense stimulus to the study of the language. (Applause.) There can be little doubt that grants from the Government and bursaries from the societies will bring Gaelic to be the most popular of specific subjects both with teachers and pupils. I think our Society has two duties to perform not yet tried. The one is to follow the example of the Gaelic Society of London, and give prizes and bursaries, and the other, which is still more important, to take vigorously in hand the work of putting Gaelic on the specific list in the code. The Government won't move in the matter until we do two things. The first is to prove the urgent need, not from a sentimental but a practical point of view, of our demands, and then to put before them a draft scheme of the course of study required for Gaelic as a specific subject, and guarantee suitable text-books. There are plenty here to-night quite capable of taking those matters in hand, officials, too, of the Society. (Applause.)

Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh, also responded to the toast. He remarked that education was not so widely diffused throughout the Highlands as it ought to be. The state of school attendance, he said, is far from satisfactory. The difficulties connected with unenclosed Highland crofts, fishings, the poverty of many parents, and, I suspect, the indifference of many more, are defeating the legislative provisions. Compulsion is distasteful, and in many parts of the Highlands well nigh impracticable; but much might be done by the influence of clergymen and other trusted leaders of the people, and even by teachers themselves, to modify an evil which is entailing much pecuniary loss to the community, but much greater loss on the rising generation of Highlanders. It was often said that under the new system the attention formerly paid to higher subjects was not now paid. This may be true, but it is not so much the fault of the system. The great desire is to fit boys for shops and offices, and when a few boys desire classics and mathematics the number is generally so few that with the pressure of other work it will hardly pay to teach them in undermanned schools. Still, there is a good grounding given in many schools, and if there were central

schools properly equipped for secondary classes to which these could be drafted, there would arise among elementary teachers a healthy emulation as to who should send in the best prepared pupils.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed the next toast—"The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council." In doing so, he said—A Thighearna Ghearroch, a tha mar bu dual, 's an Ard-chathair, Fhìr na bonn-clathrach, agus a dhaoine uaisle gu leir—Chuir an Comunn so mar fhìachan ormsa deoch-slainge luchd-riaghlaidh Baile Inbhirnis a thogail—'s e sin ri radh—Ard-mhaor a' bhaile so, gach frith-bhreitheamh 's gach combhairliche tha air an taghadh gu coir a sheasamh 's gu ceartas a dheanamh eadar duine 's duine air feadh Baile Inbhirnis. A reir no bharrail fein tha iad comasach, eolach, deonach, air gach atharrachadh a bhitheas gu feum a' Bhaile a dheanamh. Tha lan-choir aca air deadh-run gach aon tha chomhnuidh an taobh stigh do cheithir chearnaidh a' bhaile so. 'S math an aire tha Comh-chomhairle Inbhirnis a' toirt air na tna 'n earbsa riu. Mo thruaidhe am fear a dh'fheuchas ri uiread aon oirlich do chladach mara, do lon mointich, no do thalamh air bith eile, fliuch no tioram, a ghearradh bho choir dhligheach Inbhirnis. Gheibh e mach air a chost nach cuir geilt, sochair, no aineolas, amaladh air Comhairle Inbhirnis. Bhiodh e ro thoilichte leam moran de'n gleusdachd 's de'n treuntas innse dhuibh. Tha cuid agaibh fein cho eolach air am buadhan 'sa tha mise. Ach theagamh nach 'eil fios agaibh uile gum beil iad a' cur seachad roinn-mhor de'n latha agus earrainn de'n oidhche a' dian chur air adhart maith Inbhirnis. Tha iad fìor-thoilltinneach air toil mhaith 's air deadh-run muinntir a' bhaile so. Lìonaibh na glaineachan gu'm barr 's traighibh iad gu'n grunnad air deadh shlainge Riaghla-dairean Inbhirnis. (Loud cheers.)

Provost Fraser, in a few well chosen Gaelic sentences, replied.

Councillor W. G. Stuart was called upon for a story, and gave "Turas Eachainn do Phaisley," to the intense delight of the meeting. Sir Kenneth here proposed the health of Mr Stuart.

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Editor of the "Celtic Magazine," proposed "The Non-Resident Members." He expressed pleasure at hearing the Chairman, and his own immediate chief, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, proposing the first toast on the list in Gaelic. Mr Mackenzie never heard him making a set Gaelic speech before, but he knew long ago that Sir Kenneth could both speak and read Gaelic fairly well. On his own property he always talked in Gaelic to the hundreds of people on his property, grasping the poor old woman, the decrepit old man, or the youth of those homes of toil, cordially by the hand

whenever he met them, and expressing himself always in the Gaelic language, as was his wont, in terms of kindness and sympathy, that touched the warmest chords in their hearts. (Cheers.) The result was that, in a pre-eminent degree, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie was beloved by every person—from the school-boy to the oldest crofter—that lived on his estates. (Renewed cheers.) The Chairman's exertions in the cause of education were unequalled by those of any other gentleman in the country. As a thinker on social and political subjects he was unsurpassed; as a considerate landlord he had no equal; his heart was full of the broadest and the most generous sympathies; and the result was that not only did his schools produce, even before the days of School Boards, the best achievements among those of the crofter districts of the Highlands, but his crofts produced a class of people as fine in physique and every other respect, as could be found in the world. (Cheers.) In respect that Sir Kenneth lived in Ross-shire, he was a non-resident member; and he, therefore, was entitled to speak of him in proposing the toast; he was, however, always North among his people. The strictly non-resident members were among the best friends of the Society, and in this respect Mr Mackenzie mentioned pre-eminently, amid cheers, the name of Professor Blackie, who was entitled to the warmest gratitude of all Highlanders in every quarter of the globe. (Cheers.) Mr Mackenzie coupled the toast with the name of Mr John Macdonald, banker, Buckie, to whose unobtrusive researches in Celtic topography especially he paid a cordial tribute.

Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, proposed "The Clergy," coupling the toast with the name of the Rev. R. Morison, Kintail.

Mr Morison, in replying, regretted the absence of the local clergy from the dinner. It was somewhat sad to contemplate, he said, that but for the accidental presence here of a solitary wanderer from the West Coast, this toast must have passed unacknowledged. As to the reference made to the clergy by the Secretary, Mr Morison said—I truly believe that the great mass of the clergy of the Highlands sympathise heartily with the objects of your Society, and that what appears to him to have been a desire to extinguish the Gaelic in days gone by, was really a desire to benefit the people by promoting the learning of English. They wanted Gaelic and English to go on hand in hand, and side by side. The clergy saw that the clinging of the people to Gaelic solely was an obstacle to their advancement. Therefore they desired them to learn English also. In other words, the clergy did not want to discourage Gaelic; but to endeavour to get the

people to learn English. If that were so, I can't see how any person can fairly say that they were far wrong. As to those who denounce Gaelic and the bagpipes, I do not stand here as an apologist. (Hear, hear.) I am not one of those who would describe the national instrument as the devil's bellows. On the contrary, I think it would be a very good thing if we cultivated a little more of the national music, the national melodies, amongst us. (Applause.) Mr Morison pointed out that the Highlands owed a very great deal to the clergy—particularly the high education which was characteristic of Scotland; and the voice of the country in recent years, in elections to the Boards which now governed national education furnished abundant testimony that the masses of the people of Scotland still desired that a great part of our education should still remain in the hands of the clergy. The clergy have still some power, some influence for good. They will best promote religion, and discharge their duty, by working in a spirit of peace and good-will one towards another—one Church towards another—by fighting not against each other, but against the common foes of all religion and virtue.

At this stage Mr D. Ramsay, Inverness, sang the following verses to the air of "Caber-feidh." They were entitled "Rannan do Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis," and were composed for the occasion—

Ceud furan agus fàilt
 Air gach àrmunn a chruinnicheas,
 Am Baile Mor na Gàidhealtachd
 Dimàirt—gu ma subhach dhoibh !
 Cha 'n ith mi mir 'ni stà dhomh,
 Cha tàmh mi 's cha sguirear leam,
 Gu'n cuir mi 'n ordugh 'n dàn so,
 Cho sàr-mhaith 's a 's urrainn domh.
 Och nach d' fhuair mi 's a' cheart uair so
 Teanga fhuasgailt', fharumach—
 Cha chaomhnainn duais dha aon do 'n t-sluagh
 A bheir na m' cluasan sanas domh,
 Gu bhi le buaidh a' deanamh luaidh,
 Air ni cho cruaidh ri aithris leam
 Ri cliù a' Chomuinn Ghàilig ;
 'S cha b' fheàrr mi chaidh 'n tarruing ris.

Ach uailsean 's a luchd-dùcha,
 Mor dhùrachd ged a th' agamsa—
 Na 'n ceadaicheadh an uin' e—
 Bhur cliù-sa chur am farsuingeachd ;

Is fhearr leam anns a' chùis so,
 An ionnsaidh thoir gu h-aithghearra,
 Air cliù na Gàilig shùghmhoir
 A sheinn gu sunndach, aigeantach.
 So cainnt mo rùin, a bh' ann o thùs,
 Chaidh dhealbh 's a' Chùirt nach abair mi,
 'Sa dh-aindeoin tnù luchd fuath nach fhiù,
 Bidh 'Ghailig cùiseil againne,
 Is tha mi 'n dùil gach linn as ùr,
 Gu 'n lean gu dlù 's gu 'n altruim i,
 'S gu 'n cum iad beò mar chainnt i,
 Gun taing dha na Sacsonnaich.

'S i Ghailig 'chainnt a's aosmhoir'
 Tha fios gu 'n aontaich *Blackie* leam,
 Ged tha cuid ann, ma dh' fhaoidhte,
 A shaoileas car ladurn' mi;
 Ach biodh sin mar dh' fhaodas,
 So aon ni dh' fheumar aideachadh:
 Gur i a' chainnt is faobharaicht'
 Gu'r smaointean 'dheanamh aithnichte.
 So cainnt nam buadh, a' dol tre m' chluais,
 'Sa cur air ghluasad m' fhaireachdainn,
 An dara h-uair a' dusgadh suas,
 Na m' bhroilleach truas is carthannas;
 Uair eile gluaisidh caochladh fuaim,
 'Na m' inntinn smuaintean dannarra--
 Gach buaidh tha air a' Ghàilig,
 Co 'm bàrd a bheir an rannachd dhuinn!

Gun teagamh 's diomhain dòmhsa—
 'Se goraich dhomh bhi leanailt air,
 'Ri so bhi 'n dùil na m' òrain,
 'S nach 'eil a' Cheòlraidh 'n gean-maith rium,
 Ach 's bochd leam sgur mar thoisich,
 'S nach d' fhuair mi doigh 'thigh'nn thairis air,
 Aon bhuaidh no dhà gu sonnruicht',
 'Bha mi ro dheonach aithris duibh:—
 Do 'n fhear tha 'n gaol air maighdinn chaoimh,
 Nach toir, ma dh'fhaoidhte, sealladh air,
 An so tha raon gu dlù ri 'thaobh,
 A chaidh nach traoigh 's nach tanaich e,

'S am faigh e daonnan briathran caoin,
 A choisneas aont' na h-ainnir,
 'S ma chleachdas e mar 's coir iad,
 Ni is' gu deonach teannadh ris.

Biodh ort am friodh is aill leat,
 An so tha canain ealamh dhuit,
 Gu fao'chadh 'thoir dha d' nadur,
 Ma's càirdeach no greannach thu ;
 Gu connspaid no cùl-chaineadh,
 An so tha lan do theannaidh dhuit,
 Do bhriathran domhain, dalma,
 Le 'm marbh thu na bheanas riut.
 Do fhear le dùrachd 'theid gu ghlùnan,
 'Dheanamh ùrnuigh, 's taitneach i ;
 A beul fir-iùil 'na sheasamh 'n cùpaid,
 'Tigh'n na bruchdaibh 's gasda i—
 Ach tha e 'n ùine dhomh co-dhùnadh ;
 Cha robh mi 'n dùil, air m' fhocal-sa,
 Gu 'm faighinn cruinn ri cheile,
 Na leugh mi an seachdain duibh.

The song was heartily received, and, on the call of Sir Kenneth, Mr Ramsay's health was duly pledged.

Mr J. Whyte gave "The Press," and Mr Walter Carruthers, of the "Inverness Courier," responded.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, in proposing "The Health of the Chairman," alluded to Sir Kenneth as one who is known all over Scotland as one of the best of landlords, and one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent of Highlanders. (Cheers.) To Sir Kenneth the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness were specially indebted. He was one of the original members of the Society, and he had gone to more trouble in connection with the Gaelic Society of Inverness than any other Highland chief. (Cheers.)

The toast having been drunk with Highland honours,

Sir Kenneth briefly replied, and in doing so he remarked that it was to him a great pleasure to meet the members of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and, for the duties he had had to discharge, he did not consider himself deserving of any praise. Sir Kenneth then gave the health of the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, to whom they were not only indebted for the discharge of the ordinary duties of his office, but who contributed largely to the Transactions of the Society. (Applause.)

Mr Mackenzie, in the course of a few words in reply, could not avoid remarking that the Rev. Mr Morison had mistaken the point of his (Mr Mackenzie's) observations regarding the West Highland clergy. He never meant that the Highland clergy, as a body, were against Gaelic, but he maintained that a very large proportion of them had been against whatever was secular in Gaelic literature. That feeling, he regretted to say, was not yet quite extinct among them.

Mr W. G. Stuart gave "The Croupiers," both of whom replied.

During the evening Gaelic songs were sung by Mr Colin Chisholm, Mr W. G. Stuart, Mr John Whyte, Mr Wm. Mackay, &c., and Pipe-Major MacIennan played selections of Highland music on the bagpipe. Altogether the dinner was in every way a most successful one; and the company did not separate until one in the morning, when the Chairman gave "Good night."

24TH JANUARY 1883.

At the meeting on this date Mr Thomas Cockburn, Royal Academy, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member.

The Secretary formally reported that the Annual Dinner of the Society, which was held in the Station Hotel on the 16th inst., with Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch in the chair, and Dean of Guild Mackenzie and Mr Colin Chisholm as croupiers, was from every point of view a success. The attendance was unusually large, and the speeches on the whole excellent, and in accordance with the constitution of the Society. On the motion of the Chairman (Dean of Guild Mackenzie) it was unanimously agreed to tender the thanks of the Society to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie for the able manner in which, at considerable inconvenience to himself, he had discharged the duties of Chairman (in the absence of the Chief of the Society) on that occasion.

Mr John Whyte then read a paper in Gaelic on the "Decay of Social Affection in the Highlands."

31ST JANUARY 1883.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected—Lord Dunmore, honorary, and Mr Alex. MacIennan, flesher, New Market, Inverness; Mr L. P. Griffin, Inland Revenue Office, Inverness; Mr Alex. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; Mr W. Dick, horse-hirer, Inverness; and Mr Angus Campbell, Struy, ordinary members. Office-bearers for 1883 were also elected on this date.

7TH FEBRUARY 1883.

At this meeting the Rev. James Fraser, Erchless, was elected an ordinary member. Thereafter the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, read the first portion of a paper on the Highland Regiments. The second part of this paper was read on 7th March following. Mr Mackenzie's paper was as follows :—

THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

Our subject this evening is the Highland Regiments—a subject which I approach with some diffidence. I approach it with diffidence because I cannot profess to lay before you much that will be new to such of you as have taken an active interest in our Highland regiments and their history ; and also because in the time at my disposal, it is impossible to do justice to the subject. On every battle field in which the British army fought, between Fontenoy and the present time, the Highland regiments have taken an active, a distinguished, and an honourable part ; and, to give details of all their doings, you will readily see, would be a task requiring volumes ; but in the time and space at my command, I will as succinctly as I can, narrate the circumstance connected with the raising of each corps, and briefly glance at the more important wars in which they were engaged.

From time immemorial the Highlanders have been a warlike race, and in the Scottish wars they have invariably acted a distinguished part against their southern foes. Not to speak of the numerous clan feuds and raids which had at all times more or less unsettled the country, the Highlanders took an active part in the wars with England ; while in the wars of Montrose and Dundee they appeared as the most valiant. That being so, it is but natural that the Highlanders of later times should continue to be the flower of the British army. But while the valour of the Highland soldier remains undisputed, and while the large numbers who at the end of last century were enrolled in the Highlands for the defence of the country remains a great and almost marvellous historic fact, yet I do not believe, as is too frequently assumed, that our Highland regiments were originally formed, or for some time thereafter maintained, by men who, from sheer love of war, volunteered to do battle for the country. How so? it may be asked. Did the Highlanders at that period cease to be imbued with their ancient military spirit? Certainly not, but there were other influences which would naturally deter many of

them—all that were Jacobite of them—from enlisting in what they regarded as the English army. It will be remembered that many of those who fought under Dundee at Killiecrankie, and saw that warrior consigned to his last resting-place in the vaults of Athole, fled immediately thereafter to France. They were there nominally in the service of the Stuarts, but really in the service of the King of France, drawing some pay from the French Treasury, and fighting the French battles. At that time the feeling of the Highland Jacobites was French, and intensely anti-English; and until the end of the last century many of the scions of our best families volunteered as soldiers of fortune for service in the French army, and fought in the French wars, not excepting those against England. Why, there were Irish and Highland Celts in the French army fighting against the British at Fontenoy.*

After Culloden the conduct of Cumberland was not well calculated to inspire the Highlanders with love for the victors. Outrages were perpetrated by his troops, every Jacobite district was a vast charnel house, desolation covered the land, while as many important personages as escaped with their lives fled to foreign lands to spend the remainder of their days in exile. These are now historic facts, but at the time our Highland Regiments were raised they were fresh in the memories of the people then living; and the Highland forts then remained strongly garrisoned as a menace to the Highland people. With these facts before us, I believe I am fully justified in saying that it would be opposed to all the characteristics of the Highlanders if they had at that time flocked to fight the battles of England. How, then, it will be asked were all these regiments raised? I answer--mainly through the influence exerted by the chiefs. Many of the Jacobite chiefs who had been involved in the '45 had since then been pardoned, and having ranged themselves on the side of the Government, several of them, by way of expressing their gratitude, volunteered to raise Highland regiments. Their offers in most cases were accepted; and it is to the influence exercised by them over the people that we owe those gallant Highland corps which have

* Conspicuous among the Highlanders on that occasion was John Roy Stewart, of Kincardine, Strathspey, who, after Fontenoy, hurried to Scotland, and to the great amazement of the Duke of Cumberland, appeared at Culloden. He stood in the front ranks on Culloden Moor, and signalled himself in hewing and cutting down the Government soldiers. Cumberland, observing this, enquired who the warrior was. "Oh," said an A.D.C., "that is John Roy Stewart." "Good God," exclaimed the Duke, "The man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here!"

for so long stood as Britain's best bulwark in the hour of need, and been the admiration of all lovers of the brave and noble. As to how those chiefs exercised their influence at that time, our historians are silent, but tradition has handed down accounts which go to show that in many instances their conduct was not in every case of the most humane character. As a rule, each officer who was offered a commission was required to supply a certain number of men, the number varying according to the rank of the commission. In the case of some chiefs the old clan feeling was so strong that they had no difficulty in getting up the required number of men. In illustration of this clan feeling, I may allude to an incident that occurred in Strathglass when one of the Fraser Regiments was being raised. Duncan Chisholm, son of The Chisholm of the time, was offered a captain's commission, and his father called his clansmen together on a given date at the district church. Among those who responded to the call was a widow from Glen-Cannich, locally known as *Bean Iain Bhain an Liatraidh*. She demanded an audience of The Chisholm, and that having been granted, she offered him his choice of her seven sons—all men of noble physique. He chose one named John. Another named Duncan (who was called after the chief's son), felt disappointed, and volunteered; and in course of time, a younger brother, James, followed the example of his elder brothers. These all rose to good positions in the army—the younger one being a lieutenant-colonel, who was not only a distinguished soldier himself, but who secured commissions for many of his poor relatives. He was buried with military honours in Strathglass within the memory of people still living. But all who took it on themselves to raise companies did not fare so well as Captain Duncan Chisholm; and unpopular officers who, after failing to secure recruits either by the *suaviter in modo* or the *fortiter in re*, frequently adopted (as tradition records) rather doubtful expedients to secure their ends. Captain Macpherson of Ballachroan, in Badenoch, was a great recruiter; and, according to tradition, he was in the habit of locking up his unwilling victims in the old house of Biallid until he had a sufficiently large number to be sent away—and when the day of departure came they were marched off under a strong military escort, while their friends and relatives kept up a chorus of *achanaich* and *bas-bhualadh*, and poured their execrations on his unlucky head. He met with his death in the forest of Gaick in January 1800—*Call Ghaig*—and the popular belief in the district was, and is, that it was simply a "visitation" for his misdeeds! Removing from Badenoch to my own native district (Lochbroom), I may observe

that the traditions of enforced enlistments in that quarter are simply innumerable; and so far did some of the lairds carry the practice that they were not regarded as safe even in their own homes. A lady of Gruinard, known in the district as *A' Bhaintigh-earna Bhuidhe*, who was recruiting in order to get a captain's commission for her son William—*Uilleam Mòr*—carried the acts of torture (according to tradition) to an unparalleled extent. She got the tenants' sons apprehended in the dead of night; had them conveyed to Aird House, where she saw their feet greased and then burned, so that they would not succeed in going far away in the event of their escaping from the *Toll Dubh*, or dark hole, in which she confined them until they were removed under a strong military escort! This latter story seems almost incredible, but it is still believed by the common people of the district, and I give it for what it is worth.

I have endeavoured to show reasons why the Highlanders should at first be against enlisting in the Government army.* Their military ardour, their love for their chiefs (and in some cases their fear of their chiefs) overcame in a measure their hatred towards the English, and our first Highland regiments were speedily raised. One would suppose that once the disaffected clans were all enlisted, recruiting in the Highlands would go on with enthusiasm. That, however, was not the case—a further reason for the Highlanders' continued apathy being the breaches of engagement of which soldiers complained. Men were generally enlisted for "three years, or during the war;" but in some cases they found themselves sent abroad to foreign countries for which they had not bargained; while in other instances Highland Gaelic-speaking soldiers were forcibly transferred or drafted to trouser-clad English regiments. Bounty money was often in arrear, and the result of the whole was that in many of our Highland regiments the men for some cause or other mutinied; and for these mutinies Highland soldiers were shot or otherwise severely punished. The ill-usage exercised towards the soldiers became known in the country, and rendered the service in a measure unpopular; and the soldier-songs which narrated the treacheries to which the soldier was

* Since the above was written, and in type, the Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the Highland crofters has appeared. In Appendix A, at pages 509, 510, 511, and 512, under the heading "Military Recruitment," will be found quotations from old writers which confirm most of the opinions which I have expressed. In the "Survey of Ross" 1810, will be found another testimony to the same effect. *Vide* page 298. See also evidence led before Crofter Commission, questions 46006-46035.

subjected, and the hardships which he endured, appeared to meet with as responsive a chord in the hearts of the Gaelic people as those which described our victories in the field. The feeling of many a Highland soldier was well expressed by *Alastair Mac Iain Bhain* from Glenmoriston, when he said—

'S fhad o'n chuala tu 'chainnt
Mar a theirear 'san rann,
" Cha dean aithreachas mall
Bonn feuma."

'S mise dh'aithnich 'san am
Chaidh mo tharruing 'san rang,
Nach robh cairdeas aig ceann
Ri cheile.

Cha'n aithn'hear 'san Fhraing
Co-dhiubh 's Gaidheal no Gall,
'Nuair a thig e le 'pheann
Mar chleireach;

'S nuair a gheibh e'n command,
Tha e coma dhe m' chall ;
'S och tha mis' air mo shnaim,
O'n cheud là !

But although our early Highland soldiers had in some cases their troubles to contend with they were always brave—courageous in battle, and law-abiding in times of peace.

Despite all the discouraging circumstances to which I have alluded, the military enthusiasm of the old Highlanders would appear to have the mastery ; for in one way or another, between the last half of the 18th and the first years of the 19th centuries, there were some 90 battalions with about 100,000 men raised in the Highlands.

After these general observations, we will speak of the raising of the different Highland regiments with some detail.

The first of our Highland regiments is the 42nd, the Black Watch or *Freiceadan Dubh*. In 1729 there were six independent companies raised among the Whig clans, and ten years after, they, along with other four companies, were regimented, and thus was formed the Black Watch—its rank and file being largely recruited from the North, and Highland chiefs and chieftains holding commissions in it. The generally accepted theory with regard to the name of "Black Watch" is that the regiment was so called in

consequence of the strong contrast between their dark uniforms and the scarlet cloth of the other regiments of the line. I, however, heard another traditional explanation of the title, which I may narrate, and which I would like to know if it is known in any other district than some of the Jacobite territories of the West. It is to this effect:—At the time in question the country was intensely Jacobite, and these “six independent companies” were required to perform a sort of police duty in the Highlands. The Jacobites looked on them with supreme contempt—and gave them the opprobrious name of *Freiceadan Dubh*, or Black Watch, not to describe the colour of their uniforms, but to characterise the services which they were called upon to perform.

The Black Watch shortly after being formed into a regular regiment was ordered to England, in breach of an alleged understanding with the men when regimented. An order to send them on foreign service was condemned by the country, and led to a mutiny in the regiment. Rumours had reached them of not being received with favour in Royal quarters, and that their loyalty was suspected. They were told “that, after being used as rods to scourge their own countrymen, they were to be thrown into the fire.” Considering the temper of the two nations towards each other at that time, it is no wonder, in all the circumstances, that the 42nd men rebelled. In May 1743 they assembled on a common near Highgate, and commenced their march northwards. In two days after, however, their whereabouts were ascertained, and they were soon surrounded by the regular army; and some friends having had an interview with them, they agreed to return, but such a breach of discipline would not be pardoned by the authorities, and the deserters were all tried, found guilty, and ordered to be shot. Only three, however, were put to death—three of the handsomest men in the regiment. The regiment soon thereafter embarked for Flanders, and the *Freiceadan Dubh* has since remained one of the most loyal, as it has been one of the most valiant, in the British army.

Hail, gallant regiment! Freiceadan Dubh!
 Whenever Albion needs thine aid,
 “Aye ready,” for whatever foes,
 Shall dare to meet the “Black Brigade!”
 Witness disastrous Fontenoy,
 When all seemed lost, who brought us through?
 Who saved defeat, secured retreat,
 And bore the brunt?—the “Forty-Two?”

So, at Corunna's grand retreat,
 When, far outnumbered by the foe,
 The patriot Moore made glorious halt,
 Like setting sun in fiery glow.
 Before us foam'd the rolling sea,
 Behind, the carrion eagles flew ;
 But Scotland's " Watch " proved Gallia's match,
 And won the game by " Forty-Two."

The last time France stood British fire,
 " The Watch " gained glory at its cost ;
 At Quatre Bras and Hugomont,
 Three dreadful days they kept their post.
 Ten hundred there, who formed in square,
 Before the close a handful grew ;
 The little phalanx never flinched,
 Till " Boney " ran from Waterloo.

The " Forty-Second " never dies—
 It hath a regimental soul ;
 Fond Scotia, weeping, filled the blanks
 Which Quatre Bras left in its roll.
 At Alma, at Sevastapool,
 At Lucknow waved its bonnet blue !
 Its dark green tartan, who but knows ?
 What heart but warms to " Forty-Two " ?

In 1745 another Highland regiment—Loudon's Highlanders—was raised. It continued to do a certain amount of duty down to 1748.

Montgomery's Highlanders, or the old 77, was raised in 1757—its Colonel being the Honourable Archibald Montgomery, Earl of Eglinton. After serving in several parts of the country it was disbanded in 1763.

Simon Lord Lovat lost his head for his conduct in the '45, and his son Simon was exiled, and the estates forfeited. In 1757 Pitt, however, induced George II. to grant a commission to young Lovat to raise a regiment among his clan on the forfeited estates in Inverness-shire. In gratitude that the sins of his father were to be no longer visited on him, the young Highlander at once took to the North, and such was the charm of the old name that in no time he found himself at the head of 800 men from the Lovat estate, and 600 more from the neigh-

bouring gentlemen's estates, whose sons received commissions. This was the 78th Fraser Highlanders—a regiment which must not be confused with the present 78th. The Frasers were forthwith sent to America, with young Simon Fraser as their Colonel. On the voyage across they were being daily drilled on board the vessel. Before their landing an incident occurred which deserves to be rehearsed. One of those who had enlisted was Iain Buidhe Mòr, from Innsemhuilt in Glenstrath-farrar, a noted deer-stalker, and a crack shot of his time. As the vessel was nearing land, some one on board observed a French man, and, believing him to be a spy, exclaimed, "Seall ris an t-slaointire!" Iain Buidhe Mòr, who was at hand, replied, "O, mac an Diabhail, ciod e 'n gnothach a th'aige bli 'gabhail beachd oirune," and no sooner did he utter these words than he raised his "Brown Bess," and aiming deliberately fired, and the poor Frenchman was in an instant rolling down the face of the hill a lifeless corpse. General Fraser, on hearing the shot, was at once at hand to see what was wrong, and, having ascertained the fact, addressed the Innsemhuilt man in a paternal sort of a way, "O, Iain, Iain, cuimhnich t'ekercy. Na dean a leithid gu brath." "An Diabhul ekercy no ekercy ach ekercy an fheidh," replied Iain Buidhe Mòr, "far am faic mise fear de na biastan bidh mo pheilear troimh chorp." At the close of the American war, then in progress, this regiment was disbanded, and many of its officers were allowed to settle in Canada. These officers and men were the progenitors of the Frasers in Canada, who have now formed themselves into what is called the new clan Fraser, and elected one John Fraser de Berry to be their chief. This new chief, I am informed, is such an enthusiastic *seanachaidh* that he traces his own family history back to a period 216 years before the birth of Christ!

The American Revolutionary War rendered it necessary to raise more soldiers, and it was resolved to revive Fraser's Highlanders. In the meantime, in recognition of his (Simon Fraser's) services in America, George III. restored to him the estates of Lovat, and being in possession of his patrimonial lands, he had little difficulty in raising a new regiment. The letters of service were issued in 1775, and in a few months after Lovat found himself at the head of a regiment of 2340. The number of this new Fraser Regiment was the 71st, and it, too, must not be confused with the present 71st. It was discharged at Perth in 1783.

Two regiments were raised in 1759, viz., Keith and Campbell's Highlanders—the old 87th and 88th Regiments. These served principally on the Continent. They were reduced in 1765.

While in Germany an interesting description of them appeared in the *Cologne Gazette*, which is well worthy of being repeated here, as illustrating how very ignorant some foreigners were at that time of the brave mountaineers. In 1762 this newspaper printed the following lines:—"The Scotch Highlanders are a people totally different in their dress, manners, and temper from the other inhabitants of Britain. *They are caught in the mountains when young*, and still run with a surprising degree of swiftness. As they are strangers to fear, they make very good soldiers when disciplined. The men are of middle stature, and the most of them old or very young," and so forth.

The 89th Regiment was raised on the Gordon estates in 1759 by a Major Morris, who had married the Duchess-Dowager of Gordon. After serving for a time, it was reduced in 1765.

Johnstone's Highlanders, or the 101st, was a small regiment raised in 1760. It was never called into active service, and was disbanded at Perth in 1763.

George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromarty, took part in the "rising of '45," and was present with a body of his clan at Falkirk. On the 15th April (the day before Culloden), he was taken prisoner with his son, Lord Macleod, and all his officers, in Dunrobin Castle, by the Sutherlands and Mackays. He (the Earl) was sent to London, imprisoned in the Tower, and after trial was condemned to death. But King George yielded to the passionate appeals for mercy sent to him by the Earl's wife (a daughter of Sir William Gordon of Invergordon), and he was set at liberty. His son, Lord Macleod, was also set at liberty, whereupon he went to Sweden as a soldier of fortune, and worked his way up in the Swedish army. After twenty-seven years' service in foreign lands he returned to Scotland in 1775, and was presented at Court and graciously received in 1777. In gratitude for the Royal clemency and grace towards him, he offered to raise a regiment, pretty much in the same way as young Simon Fraser of Lovat had offered to do on an earlier date. The offer was accepted, and in a few months he found himself at the head of about 900 Highlanders, chiefly raised among his own clan, the Mackenzies, in Ross-shire. This was in 1777. In 1778 a second battalion was raised—both battalions containing about 1800 men from the estates in Ross-shire, once owned by the Cromarty family. This was the 73rd, now the 71st or Highland Light Infantry. And here I may allude to a popular delusion that exists in regard to the original clan connection of the regiment. At first the regiment was called Lord Macleod's Highlanders, from

the fact that it was raised by Lord Macleod, who, as we have seen, was the eldest son of George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromarty. Southerners have imagined that the regiment was composed chiefly of Macleods, but, as a matter of fact, only two Macleods held commissions in it when raised—one of these being a major, and the other a chaplain in the second battalion. On the other hand, twenty Mackenzies held commissions in the two battalions. The regiment proceeded to India soon after it was raised, its first important engagement being in the Carnatic.

In 1778 a regiment of Argyle Highlanders, the number of which was the 74th, was raised. It consisted of about 600 men, went to America, and after doing service was disbanded in 1783.

In 1777 letters of service were granted to Lord Macdonald to raise a regiment, but he declined the commission, and the actual work was done by Major John Macdonell of Lochgarry. A body of 750 Highlanders was thus raised. In March 1778, when it was inspected at Inverness, its strength, between Highlanders and Lowlanders, was 1086. In 1779 it was sent to Burntisland for the purpose of embarking for America. But here the men refused to embark, on the ground that certain promises made to them in regard to bounty money had not been fulfilled. On enquiry it was found that their claims were all good and just. The bounty money having been paid, the *Sgitheanaich* were quite ready to fight anywhere, and had no hesitation in going abroad. They accordingly sailed for America, where they did good service, and were at one time taken prisoners of war. The regiment was disbanded in 1784.

The Athole Highlanders, or old 77th, about 1000 strong, were raised by Colonel James Murray, a son of Lord George Murray, in 1778. They were only noted for some garrison duty in Ireland, and a mutiny, the latter being the result of an alleged breach of faith on the part of the Government. They were disbanded in 1783.

I have already spoken of the raising of the first Mackenzie Regiment in Ross-shire by Lord Macleod. In 1778 the second Mackenzie Regiment, the 72nd or Seaforth Highlanders, was raised by Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, 19th Chief. The regiment at first consisted of 1130. Over 500 of these were raised on the estates—of Seaforth's immediate vassals, and about 400 more from the estates of Scatwell, Kilcoy, Redcastle, and Applecross—the Macraes of Kintail forming a very large proportion of its rank and file. When it was inspected in May 1778, not one man was rejected. In the month of August following it marched to Leith for embarka-

tion to the East Indies ; but it had not been long quartered in Leith when symptoms of disaffection began to appear among the men. They complained of an infringement of their engagement, and that part of their pay was in arrear. The result was that they refused to embark, and marching out of Leith with their pipes playing and two plaids fixed on poles instead of colours, they took up a position on Arthur's Seat. Here they remained several days. Their cause was espoused by the citizens of Edinburgh, and during their encampment they were amply supplied with provisions and ammunition. In course of time the claims of the men were met, and they returned to their quarters. This rising is called the "Affair of the Macraes," on account of the large number of Macraes that took part in it. The regiment soon after sailed for India, but suffered severely on the voyage. The Colonel, Seaforth, and 247 of the men died on the way ; and out of all that landed only 369 were fit to carry arms. The death of Seaforth was the cause of great grief and disappointment to the whole regiment. On their arrival in India very few of the men were fit for service ; and such of them as were fit were transferred to Lord Macleod's Highlanders (then the 73rd). After a time, however, the Kintail Regiment recovered itself, and was engaged in the war with Tipoo Sahib. It was raised for "three years' service, or during the war," and after the cessation of hostilities many of the men claimed their discharge. The number of these was, indeed, so great that in 1784 the regiment was reduced to 425. According to tradition, the men claiming their discharge were paid off without any consideration for their great services, and allowed to find their way home as well as they could. Very few of those who first joined ever saw their native land again, but such of their sons as have come down to us clearly show how eagerly they yearned for their dear Kintail. In connection with this episode, I cannot do better than quote the following song, which is said to have been composed by a Serjeant Christopher Macrae, of this regiment :—

A' cheud latha na Mhàirt,
 'S ann chaidh sinn neo-sgàthach gu tir,
 'Dh-ionnsaidh 'ghearasdoin làidir,
 'S bha *phossession* an tràth sin 'g ar dìth.
 'Nuair a loisg sinn a' làmhach,
 Gu'n deach moran dheth nàmhaid gu dìth,
 'S bhunaich sinne Corðar,
 A choisinn onoir do chòirneil a' Rìgh.

'S iomadh Innseanach bodaich
 Bha 'n a shìneadh 'n a chlosaich 's an dìg,
 'Muigh 's a staigh air a' rampair,
 'S lionar coluinn, 's a ceann bha gu dìth,
 Dh' aindeoin neart Hyder Ali.
 Thug a' reisimeid Thàileach dheth cis,
 D' am bu shuaineas an cabar,
 Shiùbhlas luaineach feadh cbragan nam frìthl.

Ach gur muladach thà mi,
 'S tha lionn-dubh orm an dràsda ga m' leòn,
 Siol na muic air nar fàgail,
 Gun a' luaidhe bli bàite 'n am feòil ;
 Mur b' e luaithead an casan,
 'S an oidhche cho grad air tigh'n oirnn,
 Cha deach aon fhear dhiubh dhachaidh,
 Dh' innse sgeoil ciod a thachair do'n chòrr.

O'n la chaidh ar cur cuideachd,
 Anns gach àit fhuair sinn urram ro mhòr,
 'S fhuair sinn buaidh air na Frangaich,
 Ann an *Gensie* tha thall 's an Roinn-Eòrpa.
 'S iomadh diùc agus àrmun,
 'Bhios ag òl ar deoch-slainnt' air gach bòrd,
 'S bidh iad a' bruidhinn gu bràth
 Air meud ar cliù an deigh bàs Chonnich Oig.*

Bha mo chinneadh-sa dìleas
 Do theaghlach an t-Sìophortaich mhòir,
 'S 'n uair bhiodh ainneart 's an rìoghachd,
 'S iad na Rathaich nach diobradh a' choir.
 'S goirt an naigheachd ri innseadh,
 Gun fhear de'n teaghlach ghlan, rìoghail bhi beò,
 'Sheasas onoir an aite
 Mhic-Coinnich Chinntàile nam bò.

'Nuair fhuair sinn an t-òrdugh
 Bho na *Chonsul*, cha d' chòrd e ruinn féin,
 Nar *discharge* 'thoirt nar dòrn duinn,
 'S cead an t-saoghail gun *phortion* thòirt duinn ;

* Seaforth.

'S iad ag inns' anns gach àite,
 Nach 'eil eathar, no bàt ann, no seòl,
 'S mur a h-'eil na robh tuilleadh—
 Thug mi thairis mo chuid na Roinn-Eorp.

Ged tha rathad air tir ann,
 Tha e fad agus cianail gu leòir,
 Null troimh thalamh Chlann Israel
 Cia mar gheibh sinn greim bìdh ann no lon,
 Asdar lath' agus bliadhna,
 'S gur fear ainneamh 's a' chiad dhinn bhios beò,
 Ciod e nis air a' riagh'l sinn,
 Ach 's math 'n urrainn Mac Dhia gu nar treòir.

'S truagh nach robh mi cho aotrom
 Ris an t-seabhaig theid caol anns a' speur,
 'S dheanainn rathad an fhàsaich,
 'S leiginn m' anail an àirde nan geug;
 'S dh' aindeoin ainneart an Turcaich,
 Rachainn seachad mar uiseig 's a' ghréin,
 'S dheanainn gearan an Lunuinn
 Bheireadh dhachaidh sinn uile gu léir.

The Aberdeen Highland Regiment, or old 81st, was raised by a brother of the Earl of Aberdeen in 1777, and disbanded in 1783. The same difficulty, and for the same cause, occurred with it as occurred with the Athole Regiment.

The Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, or old 84th, was raised and disbanded in America among the emigrants there and the descendants of the men of the older Highland regiments who obtained their discharge and settled down on the other side of the Atlantic. This regiment was raised in 1775, and disbanded in 1783, a share in the capture of Quebec being the only work of note performed by it.

In 1780 a second battalion of the 42nd was raised; and soon thereafter it was sent to India, where it had a distinguished career. In 1786 it was formed into a separate regiment, and numbered the 73rd, and in 1809 it ceased to be a Highland regiment. It is satisfactory to note, however, that its character as a Highland regiment is again restored, and that it is now, as of old, the second battalion of the Black Watch.

In 1787 the 74th Highland regiment of foot was raised, and in it served many men from the central and south western portions of Inverness-shire, and north Argyllshire. Its original dress

was pretty nearly the same as the 42nd, but while in the East Indies the use of the kilt was discontinued. In 1809 the ordinary uniform of the line was adopted, but in 1846 the regiment was permitted to resume the Highland garb, trews, however, being substituted for kilts. It is now linked with the 71st.

Another regiment (the 75th) long since forgotten as a Highland corps, was raised at the same time as the 74th, and as it has now returned to the nursery from which it originally sprang, and donned the garb of the true Highlander, I will classify it as a Highland regiment. It was at first a Stirlingshire regiment, but in 1809 it ceased to be considered Highland. Its early career was highly distinguished. It fought bravely with the 71st, 72nd, 73rd, and 74th in India. In more recent times again (in 1857) it formed a part of Sir Colin Campbell's force for the relief of Lucknow.

In 1793 was raised the 78th Highlanders—one of the most popular regiments under the British crown. This was the third Mackenzie regiment. Its first Colonel was Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, afterwards Earl of Seaforth, and the subject of Sir Walter Scott's stirring lament for the last of the Seaforths—Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail. The notices posted up in the county of Ross, inviting recruits for the regiment, were as follows:—

“SEAFORTH'S HIGHLANDERS

“To be forthwith raised for the DEFENCE of his Glorious Majesty KING GEORGE the Third, and the Preservation of our Happy Constitution in Church and State.

“ALL LADS OF TRUE HIGHLAND BLOOD willing to show their Loyalty and Spirit may repair to SEAFORTH, or the Major, ALEXANDER MACKENZIE of *Belmaduthy*; or the other Commanding Officers at Head Quarters at [], where they will receive HIGH BOUNTIES AND SOLDIER-LIKE ENTERTAINMENT.

“The LADS of this Regiment will LIVE and DIE together;—as they cannot be DRAUGHTED into other Regiments, and must be reduced in a BODY in their OWN COUNTRY. *

“Now for a Stroke at the Monsieurs, my Boys! KING GEORGE for ever!

“H U Z Z A.”

* This paragraph is noteworthy. It clearly shows that the draughting to other regiments was carried on to the disappointment of the people—otherwise how would such a condition be contained in a proclamation of this kind?

A second battalion of the same regiment was raised in 1794, and two years later (1796) it was amalgamated with the first to form one regiment. Another second battalion was raised in 1804, and amalgamated in 1817, since which time, until Mr Childers' arrangements of a year ago came into force, the regiment has consisted of a single battalion. At a later stage I will allude to some of the exploits of the regiment in the field, but here I may refer to a disaster that befell six of its companies. They were on board a troopship sailing down the Bay of Bengal when the ship struck on a rock and was wrecked. At this wreck was displayed the trained, soldierly conduct of the men of the 78th. Although the vessel was gradually sinking, there was no scrambling, no clamouring for the boats, but each man, with the same regularity as if he were on parade, waited and obeyed orders. The ship was gradually sinking, and all hope of saving her was gone. Except the provisions brought up for the following day's consumption, nothing was saved. A few bags of rice and a few pieces of meat were thrown into the boats along with the women, children, and sick, and all sent off to a rocky and desolate island in the neighbourhood. So heavy was the surf that the utmost difficulty was experienced in landing, and the boats could not return to the sinking ship until the following day. When the tide had ebbed a portion of the rock was found to be dried up. A raft was tied to the ledges of the rock at this place, and 140 men placed on it. Here they remained for four days, parched with thirst, famishing with hunger, and drenched by the waves of the sea, and all the time without sleep. The wrecked companies were afterwards about two months on the island on the verge of starvation, the only food partaken of being a glass-full of rice and two ounces of beef to each person every second day at first, and latterly such shellfish as they could gather on the shore. Many of them died, and about £2000 of the regimental funds, not to speak of personal property, went down in the transport.

I will next detail the circumstances connected with the raising of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, or *Reiseimeid Alan an Earrachd*, as it has long been called. Alan Cameron of Erracht was granted letters of service in 1793, and in January 1794 he found himself at the head of 1000 men—all Highlanders, and all speaking the Gaelic language. Indeed, for many years the dauntless Alan declined to accept the services of any recruit who could not speak to him in the mountain tongue, and so very Highland, so very Gaelic, indeed, had the regiment long continued to be that its nickname was the "*Ciamar thàs.*" The following anecdote, illus-

strative of Alan's dauntlessness and outspokenness, may be of interest:—

“In August 1794—a year after it was raised—the regiment sailed to Flanders and shared in all the misfortunes of that campaign. After the return from Flanders, it was proposed by the War Office to draft the 79th into other four regiments. This roused the ire of Alan Cameron, who demanded an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York. Alan was ever dauntless and intrepid, and, at the interview with the royal commander, he did not hesitate to say—‘To draft the 79th, is more than you or your royal father dare do.’ To this bold statement on the part of Alan the Duke demurred, saying the regiment would certainly be sent to the West Indies and drafted by the King's commands. But Alan was not to yield to any behests—not even to those of royalty itself—and in the depth of his wrath he replied:—‘You may tell the King, your father, from me, that he may send us to hell if he likes, and I'll go at the head of them, but *he daurna draft us.*’ Alan's ‘argument’ proved quite effectual, and the 79th was not drafted, but on the contrary sailed to the West Indies with Alan at its head. In the West Indies it suffered severely from the climate, and an offer was made to such men as were fit for active service to volunteer to other corps. The consequence was that about 200 of them joined the 42nd. On arriving in England Alan set himself to recruit for his regiment, and by the end of a few months not fewer than 780 Gaelic-speaking Highlanders joined its ranks.”

In 1804, again, an effort was made to do away with the kilt of the 79th, but Alan remonstrated, and the regiment continues to wear the Garb of Old Gaul to this day.

The 91st was raised in 1794 by the Duke of Argyll, but Highlanders have always called it *Reiseimeid Fear Loch-nan-Eala* from the fact that Campbell of Lochnell was its first Colonel. It has long been wearing the ordinary uniform of the regiments of the line; but, some years ago, the Highland uniform was restored in the same way as was done in the case of the 74th—trews, however, being adopted instead of the kilt; and now, on being linked with the 93rd, it again wears the kilt.

The 92nd was raised in 1794 by the Marquis of Huntly, and there is scarcely anything in the history of recruiting more romantic than the raising of this corps. The Duchess of Gordon espoused the cause which her son (the Marquis of Huntly) had taken up, and, dressed in a regimental jacket, and wearing a High-

land bonnet, she appeared at the markets, and other places in the North, and to recruits offered the irresistible bounty of a kiss and a guinea. In addition to the Duchess herself there were also the "Castle Gordon witches" engaged in the recruiting service. These "witches" were the gay, young, and lovely ladies that often gathered at Gordon Castle, the flower, indeed, of northern beauties, and destined to become the consorts of dukes and nobles. Dressed in Highland bonnets with feathers, tartan petticoats, and bedecked with tartan scarfs, they too appeared at the markets, and to the stirring music of the bagpipe danced with any young man willing to wear a cockade and enlist in the Gordon Highlanders. It is needless to say that candidates for the honour crowded round them, and in this way the 92nd was raised. One of its first captains was John Cameron of Fassifern, who in 1815 fell gloriously at Quatre Bras. When Huntly resolved to raise the 92nd, he called on old Fassifern and offered a captain's commission to young John Cameron. He was, however, unable to raise a company, whereupon Huntly offered the captaincy without stipulation or condition, saying he would be glad to have John Cameron as a captain, although he brought not a single recruit. Events have proved that Huntly acted wisely and well.

" Out from old Scotia's mountain homes of chieftain and of clan,
 Where childhood's mind imbibes the thoughts that form the
 future man,
 Like noble John of Fassifern, the Gordon lions came,
 Fire flashing in each rolling eye, and terror in each name;
 Inspired by native pibroch thrills when martial glory beckoned,
 Onward to death or victory the gallant Ninety-Second."

The popular notion among Southerners is that the 92nd is an Aberdeenshire regiment. That is quite a mistake; it is, indeed, more an Inverness-shire regiment. The Duke of Gordon was then superior over a vast stretch of land extending from Banff and the Highlands of Aberdeenshire on the east to Lochaber on the west, and over all that territory recruiting for the 92nd was briskly carried on. Why, one of its most distinguished non-commissioned officers was Corporal Mackinnon from Arisaig, who was present with it at Alexandria and elsewhere, and sang the praises of Abercromby in Egypt as eloquently as Iain Lom sang the praises of Montrose at Inverlochy.

And now I come to the youngest, but not less illustrious, of our Highland Regiments—I mean the 93rd Sutherland Regiment, raised in 1800.

In addition to the regular Highland regiments above enumerated, there were 26 Fencible regiments. The first of these was raised in 1759 and the last in 1799, and reduced in 1802.

At this moment our Highland Regiments are as follows :—

The Black Watch, consisting of the 42nd and 73rd Regiments.

The Seaforth Highlanders, consisting of the 72nd and 78th.

The Gordon Highlanders, consisting of the 75th and 92nd.

The Sutherland and Argyle Highlanders, consisting of the 91st and 93rd, and

The Cameron Highlanders, consisting of the 79th.

These nine regiments wear the kilt and feather bonnet, while the 71st and 74th, which wear a Mackenzie tartan trews, form a Highland Light Infantry Regiment.

These details are, no doubt, tedious, but I thought it proper to record them before you as briefly as I could, in order to show what a mighty military nursery our Highlands once were. It is impossible to give anything like an accurate approximation of the numbers, but during the period from 1757 down to 1800, regiments, each of them a thousand or more strong, were raised every now and again all over the North, and as the first battalion succumbed to disease or was reduced to a skeleton in battle, a second, and even a third battalion, was raised to strengthen it! The drain on the population at that time must have been enormous, and we find Rob Donn, the Reay Bard, lamenting that the youth of the country were all gone. In a *cumha*, or lament, he sets forth that in all the Reay Country, at the time he composed the song, there were only two unmarried marriageable men! The one was silly and the other not much better. Only a few months before, and these men would not be looked at by the sprightly damsels of Duthaich-Mhic-Aoidh. Now, according to Rob Donn, every girl in the place was after them! The following are some verses of the song :—

Cha robh h-aon diubh so mu Bhealltainn
 Gun bhi 'gealltainn duine dhi ;
 'Se th'ac' uile Oidhche-Fheill-Martainn
 Niall dubh màsach plumaideach.

'Nùair a thionalas na paisdean
 Chum na traigh mu Nollaig ac'
 Far am b' abhaist na daoin oga
 'Theachd a dh-òl nan tunnachan,

'S ann a dh'èireas gart a's greann orr'
 Gun cheum danns ach turraban
 Mar ghrainnean de chearcan Frangach
 'S Niall Macaoidh na Phullaidh orr' !

'S iomadh gille tapaidh coir
 A chàidh 'chur fo na gunnachan—
 'Chuid is foghaintich' 's is boidhche
 'Theid an tos ri cunnard diubh.

Bho nach tig a h-aon air forlach
 Tha na h-oighean muladach,
 'S ged a thairngeadh corr fhear beò dhiubh
 'S cruaidh ri oighean fuireach riuth !

During the 40 years' peace which followed the discomfiture of Napoleon at Waterloo, the Highland military nursery had time to grow up again ; but men began to lose their value from a military point of view, and the Highland lairds having no longer opportunities of distinguishing themselves at the head of Highland battalions set to depopulate the country—to expatriate the descendants of the men by whose claymores they had risen to the positions occupied by them—and the Cheviots began to take the place of the soldiers. *Mo Thruaighe!* A Lochbroom bard of the period—forced to turn his back for ever on the land that bore him—graphically gave expression to the Highlanders' feelings at the time—

“ Ma's e reitheachan chaorach
 Na daoine 'bhios ann,
 Bidh Albainn an trà sin
 'Na fasaich do'n Fhraing ;
 Thig *Bonaparte* thugainn,
 Le 'chuideachd a nall,
 'S bidh ciobairean truagh dheth,
 'S cha through leinn an call.”

The scenes that must have been witnessed in these glens during the latter half of the 18th century must have been truly affecting. Every man of age and in bodily health was in arms or liable to be put in arms at any moment. Every now and again squads of the youth and the beauty of the place would be seen marched away by a serjeant or a junior officer, mayhap never to see their native hills again. The parting scenes there—the aged father and mother bidding a long and last adieu to an only son, a sister in tears separating from a favourite brother, young children cry-

ing on losing their fathers, and the newly married or the betrothed distracted on parting with husband or lover—these, I say, were scenes of no uncommon occurrence at the time—scenes which must have presented themselves to the mind of the great Sir Walter when he penned the soul-stirring lines—

“Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar,
 Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave net and barges,
 Come with your fighting gear, broadsword, and targes.”

While the Highlanders were being marshalled to arms for the defence of our common country, companies of them might be seen here and there at drill, or as they called it themselves *aig an ekercey!* English then was not so common as it is now, and the Gaelic instructions in the use of arms have formed the theme of many a ludicrous story since. Here is a specimen of calling the roll. The company consisted almost entirely of Macdonalds, and there was some difficulty in distinguishing the different men from each other. They were thus known by certain cognomens. No doubt the recorded version is exaggerated ; but it is not improbable, and it is curious :—

Serjeant (bawling at the top of his voice)—“Donald Macdonald, Mor? (No answer, the man being absent.) I see you’re there, so you’re right not so speak to nobody in the ranks. Donald Macdonald, Ruadh?” “Here.” “Ay, you’re always here when nobody wants you. Donald Macdonald, Fada? (No answer.) Oh, decent, modest lad, you’re always here, though like a good sodger, as you are, you seldom say nothing about it. Donald Macdonald, Cluasan mora? (No answer.) I hear you, but you might speak a little louder for all that. Donald Macdonald, Ordag?” “Here.” “If you’re here this morning, it’s no likely you’ll be here to-morrow morning ; I’ll shust mark you down absent ; so let that stand for that. Donald Macdonald, Casan mora?” “Here.” “Oh, tamorst ! you said that yesterday ; but wha saw’t you ? You’re always here if we take your own word for it. Donald Macdonald, Odhar ? “Here” (in a loud voice). “If you was not known for a big liar, I would believe you ; but you’ve a bad habit, my lad, of always crying ‘Here’ whether you’re here or no, and till you give up your bad habit I’ll shust always mark you down absent for your impudence. It’s all for your own good, so you need not cast down your brows, but shust be thankful that I don’t stop your loaf too, and then you

wad maybe have to thank your own souple tongue for a sair back and a toom belly. Attention, noo, lads, and let every man turn his eyes to the Serjeant."

After all these details about the raising of the different regiments, let us now glance at some of their most noted work. In this task we will retrace our steps, and imagine ourselves on Fontenoy. There we behold on the one side the flower of the army of France, under the command of Marshall Saxe, and on the other the allied armies of England, Denmark, Hanover, and Austria, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. In this disastrous battle the 42nd took an honourable part. It was engaged in the attack in the early part of the day, and so rapidly did it advance against the fire of the enemy that it was whispered among the allied forces that the Highlanders were to change sides and fight along with their Irish and Scottish brethren, who were then serving in the French army. As the allies retired from Fontenoy, the difficult task of covering the retreat was assigned to the Highlanders, "as the only regiment that could be kept to their duty." In this battle the 42nd had about 120 killed and wounded. The physical condition of the commander of the French and the commander of the 42nd is worthy of note. Marshal Saxe was such an invalid that he was carried over the field on a litter; but in course of the afternoon, when the fortunes of the French arms became desperate, he mounted his charger, and was supported by men on either side. In this condition he rode over the field cheering his army. Sir Robert Munro, the Colonel of the 42nd, on the other hand, was so very corpulent that when in the trenches his men had to haul him out by the legs and arms. When the Black Watch was under the fire of the enemy in the open field, Sir Robert's orders were that they should all fall to the ground. He himself, however, stood upright, receiving the fire of the enemy. And why? Because on account of his corpulency he could not rise with sufficient rapidity! Although the French won the day, their losses were so great that one of the French officers who took part in it, subsequently wrote:—"We gained the victory, but may I never see such another." And these losses they in a large measure attributed to the "Highland furies," as one of them said, "who rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."*

* But although this battle was disastrous to British arms, we, who pride ourselves in our Celtic ancestry, may find some consolation in the fact that the French victory was mainly owing to the valor of our Celtic cousins of the Irish Brigade. The Irish Brigade originally consisted of the

We will now leap over a period of 15 years, and looking at North America we find the British and French settlers there disputing about their possessions, and where the hatred was mutual the embers of war soon burst forth into full blaze. On 7th July 1758, the battle of Ticonderoga was fought, the 42nd, Fraser's Highlanders, and Montgomery's Highlanders taking a noble part in it. At the commencement of the battle the Highlanders were left at the rear, but as the day advanced—as they perceived the smell of powder, and heard the clang of arms—they became impatient, and like the caged lion, who overpowers his tamer, broke loose on the field of battle, and, pushing to the front, cut their way before them, leaving the enemy dead and dying on every hand. After a deadly struggle they penetrated into the exterior defences, and attempted to scale the breastworks, but being unprovided with ladders the work of escalading was well-nigh impossible, for no sooner did one of our kilted warriors appear at the top of the wall than he was shot down by the defenders. Captain John Campbell, with a small body of men, succeeded in mounting the breastwork and getting inside, but he and his brave followers were immediately outnumbered, and dispatched with the bayonet. This desperate fight went on for four hours, and General Abercromby perceiving that the task was a hopeless one, gave orders to retire. The Highlanders obeyed with great reluctance, for by that time they were reduced to about one-half, and the feeling for vengeance was strong within them. Well might Sheriff Nicolson exclaim—

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

It is impossible even to allude to all the engagements in which we find the Highland regiments now taking part, and I will, therefore, confine myself to the chief events. Accordingly we move on from Ticonderoga to Quebec, where we find the British commanded by General Wolfe, and the French by the Marquis de Montcalm. Wolfe was dauntless—his maxim being that a brave and victorious army found no difficulties—and with a buoyant heart he set to prepare for the Herculean task of breaking the French power in Lower Canada, and driving the French out of Quebec. He had some ten regiments under him, including the portion of Sarsfield's army, which, along with their leader, had volunteered into exile in 1691, after the treaty of Limerick was signed. Sarsfield and his followers were in their graves in 1745, but the brigade was kept up by recruits from home, and at Fontenoy it was commanded by O'Brien, Lord Clare. As I have already stated, there were Highlanders, as well as Irish, also fighting against the British at Fontenoy.

Black Watch and Fraser's Highlanders. After several manœuvres Wolfe prepared for taking possession of the heights overlooking Quebec, with the view of being in a position to direct his cannon to better purpose on the French garrison in the town. The gaining of these heights would be of great strategic value, but a plan more replete with dangers and difficulties could scarcely be devised. About an hour after midnight, on the 12th September, four regiments, including the Highlanders, were embarked in flat-bottomed boats for the purpose of landing at the desired point. The French had sentries along the shore to challenge any boats passing up. The first boat, containing a portion of a British regiment, was so challenged. Fortunately a Captain of Fraser's Regiment, who had served in Holland, was intimate with the French language. On hearing the challenge of the sentinel "*Qui Vive,*" the Highland officer, in French style, replied, "*La France.*" When the sentinel enquired, *a quel regiment?* The Highlander, with equal promptness, responded, *de la reine.* Sentinel after sentinel was in the same way deceived, but one of them more wary than the rest enquired, "Why don't you speak in an audible voice," to which the Highlander naively, if equivocally, replied "Hush! we shall be overheard and discovered!" The first boat having in this daring manner evaded the sentinels, the others were allowed to pass up unmolested. Having landed, the task of ascending the cliffs was begun. This, however, was a duty attended with the utmost difficulty, and the swift, lithe-footed Highlanders from Strathglass and Glenstrathfarrar were selected to lead the way. Standing at the base of the rock they looked up at it, but no one seemed to have sufficient courage to attempt it. Simon Fraser of Lovat, surveying his men, asked—"Am beil duine sam bith agaibh a's urrainn a' chreag a dhireadh. Na 'm faigheadh duine agaibh gu 'mullach le streing 'na phocaid gheibheadh sinne uile ann an deigh sin." No one answered. Then said the Colonel—"C'aite 'm beil an gille tapaidh thug a' mhulchag á mullach Tùr Farbrainn?"* "Tha mi 'n so," replied the "Gille Tapaidh." "Saoil thu bho na thug thu mhulchag a mullach an tùir nach dean thu 'n gnothach air a' chreagan bhreòite sin?" The "Gille Tapaidh" having taken a careful, canny, Scotch look of the rock, replied—"Am beil àlach laidir agaibh a b'urainn duibh a thoirt domh? Na'm faighinnalach agus ord, dh-fhiachainn rithe." "Gheibh thu na dh'iarras tu," replied Colonel Fraser.

* This was a young man who was convicted of stealing a cheese from the top of the Tower of Fairburn. At the time the Fraser Regiment was being formed he was in prison, and from the cell he volunteered to the camp.

Having got nails, a hammer, and ropes, he succeeded in driving two nails, on a level with each other, into the face of the rock. To these two nails he firmly tied a string, and thus he had formed the first step of a ladder. On this step he stood himself, and formed similar steps further up. In this way Gille-namulchaig soon got to the top of the rock. He let down the end of a string he had in his pocket, and soon he had it pulled up again with a strong rope attached to the end of it. The rope was tied round a tree or a rock at the top, and ere morning the whole British force was by these means on the heights. We can well imagine the chagrin of the French General on seeing them so unexpectedly in that important position. He had no means of saving Quebec but by risking a battle, and he accordingly determined to leave his stronghold and face the British in the open field. The battle was one of the bloodiest on record, and at the close British valour had triumphed, and Quebec was ours. The Highlanders here again distinguished themselves, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords in great numbers. But the gain of this battle was accompanied by a national loss, in the death of General Wolfe, who gloriously fell in the moment of victory. A ball had pierced the hero's breast, and soon he was unable to stand. An officer who endeavoured to succour him and soothe his pain, on seeing the French attack fail, exclaimed—"They run! They run!" "Who run?" enquired the dying patriot. "The French," was the prompt reply. "What!" said he, "do the cowards run already? Then I die happy," and immediately thereafter he expired. While we had to mourn the loss of Wolfe, the French had lost their gallant General, Montcalm. In course of the action he was wounded, and on being told that the wound was mortal, he gasped—"So much the better, for I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In the battle which subsequently took place on the Heights of Abraham, the Highlanders were equally successful.

Let us next follow our Highlanders to Egypt, where the British and French are again whetting their weapons of war to have a brush at each other. The efficient British force in Egypt at that time was from 12,000 to 13,000 men. The French were 32,000 strong. The Highland regiments there were the 42nd, 79th, and 92nd. As, on one morning in March 1801, the British were landing, shot and shell fell among them like hail, and the boats were riddled, but the Britons, true as steel, still pushed forward, and ere long set foot on Egyptian soil. Once landed, they rapidly advanced and drove the French from their positions at the

point of the bayonet. In this action all the Highland regiments took an active part, but the Gordon Highlanders, in particular, bore the brunt. Corporal Mackinnon, to whom I have already alluded, described the landing in Egypt in flowing verses—

“ Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
 A' tighinn air snàmh gu'n crioslaichean,
 'Nuair bheireadh làmhach bristeadh dhuinn,
 An duil gu'm bàite 'n tiotadh sinn,
 Gu stailinneach, làn, misneachail
 Gu sgrios as na bhiodh beò,
 Gu stailinneach, &c.

“ Bha 'm Buidheann Rìoghail Gaidhealach,
 (Gu h-inntinneach, borb, ardanach,
 Air thoiseach mar a b'abhaist daibh,
 Gu lotach, pìeach, stailinneach
 Mar nathraichean gun chairdeas
 Do dh-aon namhad a bha beò.”

But although the landing at Aboukir was a deed of arms which would throw lustre on any army, it was at Alexandria, on the 21st, that British valour had gained one of the most remarkable triumphs in the annals of warfare. And there, as elsewhere, it was again demonstrated that

“ Still against a foeman's steel
 No Highland brogue shall turn the heel.”

Throughout this day the Highlanders remained at their posts, firm as a rock—dispatching a Frenchman with the claymore whenever the Monsieur came within arms length. They suffered severely, but no man moved from his position except to fill up the gap where a brother or comrade had fallen. Throughout a considerable part of the action the gallant Abercromby stood by the 42nd, and when the moment for them to charge arrived, he encouraged them by exclaiming, “My brave Highlanders—remember your country—remember your forefathers.”* While the battle was progressing, Abercromby was seen standing aside for a moment, and two of the French dragoons seeing him dashed forward, and drawing up on each side, attempted to take him prisoner. But Sir Ralph was not a man to yield, and a

* This is a true Highland sentiment—“Cuimhnichibh na daoine bho 'n d'thainig sibh.”

struggle ensued, in which he was wounded. A corporal of the 42nd seeing this bye-play, instantly came to his support, but although he had a musket, and had plenty powder, his stock of bullets was exhausted. The Highlander, however, was equal to the occasion, for instead of a bullet he put the ramrod into the gun and fired it at the dragoons. This had the desired effect, for the one Monsieur was killed and the other retreated. Abercromby then dismounted from his horse, but never said anything about himself. Some one of his staff observing the blood trickling down his thigh drew attention to the fact, whereupon it was found that the brave Sir Ralph was wounded by a musket ball. Notwithstanding the severity of this wound he walked across the field with a steady and firm step, directing the order of battle. After victory had declared in favour of British arms, he began to realise the danger of his own condition, and in a state of great exhaustion he lay down, and died in a week after; and thus passed away one of whom it was truly stated in the official despatches—"As his life was honourable, so his death was glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity." After the British successes at Alexandria honours were strewn on the victors, the Highland medal bearing the inscription—"Na Fir a choisinn buaidh 'san Eiphit."

The wars in India towards the end of last century, in which the 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, and 75th took part, and which ended in the overthrow of Tippoo Sahib at the battle of Seringapatam, must be passed over in a sentence. These regiments each and all distinguished themselves, and they suffered severely—some in the field, and some from the ravages of disease. In one of the earlier battles the 71st was so severely cut down that in the accounts of the subsequent battles it is alluded to as "the precious remains of the 71st." In one of the first battles with Tippoo's father, Hyder Ali, in the Carnatic, Captain Baird, afterwards Major-General Sir David Baird, was wounded, and along with several other British soldiers, taken prisoner. Baird was then a young man, full of life and vigour—spirited, restless, and daring. When the news reached Scotland that the prisoners were chained together two and two, Sir Walter Scott narrates that, on hearing it, young Baird's mother exclaimed, "God pity the pair lad that's chained to *our Davie!*" But "our Davie" got over these troubles, and in 1799, by the glorious conquest of Seringapatam, avenged the cruel treatment to which he was subjected. Among the 71st men who were early killed in the Carnatic was John

Donn Mackay, a son of Rob Donn. This son of the bard, we are told, had frequently revived the spirits of his countrymen, when drooping on a long march, by singing the humorous and lively songs of his father. Sheriff Nicolson thus sang concerning the Highland regiments then in India :—

“ 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 dare before or after.

Leagured close in Mangalore,
Tippoo and his hordes they baffled ;

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

We come now to Assaye, where Wellington, with a handful of soldiers (chief among whom were the 74th and 78th) defeated 50,000 of the enemy. His force (incredible as the number may seem as opposed to such odds) was only 4500. This was the keenest battle ever fought in India, and the 74th, which came in for more than a fair share of the brunt of it, suffered severely—every officer in the regiment, with one exception, having been either killed or wounded. This was Wellington's first great battle, and it was also the first great battle of the 78th ; but it nevertheless distinguished itself for its coolness and gallantry, its conduct then auguring well for the brilliancy of its future career. Again, at Maida in 1806, when the French General, Regnier, looked down with disdain on the small but compact body of men which constituted the British force, and which he felt sure would soon vanish before the sabres of Gaul, the young soldiers of the 78th stood the brunt of the battle as firmly as their island shores stand the waves of the Atlantic, and in the end levelled the pride of France, the proud Regnier with his shattered forces being routed and put to flight.

Let us now wing our flight to the Spanish Peninsula, where we find a small British army opposed by the myriad legions of France. In January 1809 they met at Corunna—the Highland forces in that battle being the 42nd, 71st, 79th, 91st, and 92nd. Sir John Moore was in command, and stimulated the 42nd men

by crying to them on the morning of that memorable day—"Highlanders, remember Egypt." Little was it expected that he who uttered these words would, before night, share the same fate as he who led the Highlanders in Egypt. The French General (Soul), with an army of upwards of 100,000 men, was on the heights above Corunna on the morning of the 16th January. The British forces, about 27,000 strong, lay on the plains below. The legions of Gaul began to pour down upon our dauntless little force showers of grape and shell, and as they (the French) advanced sent out a galling fire of musketry. Again and again the French lines charged the British, and again and again each charge was repelled. By night Soul, foiled in every attempt, withdrew his vanquished forces, and another laurel was inscribed on the British banner; and the Highlanders gave another proof of their prowess in battle. But although we gained the day we lost our General, for the gallant Moore was mortally wounded. A cannon ball had struck his shoulder, felling him to the ground. He at once raised himself, and, with unaltered countenance, looked intently at the Highlanders who were actively engaged stemming the tempestuous tide of the French arms. On being informed that the 42nd was advancing, his countenance brightened up. By-and-bye six soldiers of that regiment carried him in a blanket off the field. When moving slowly along towards the village, he made the soldiers frequently turn round that he might once more look on the field of battle. As the sound of the firing grew fainter—an indication that the enemy was retiring—his countenance brightened and evinced the satisfaction he felt. In a few hours he was numbered with the dead, and thus gloriously passed away one of Britains greatest Generals. But although in the body he is dead, his spirit lives to animate and cheer the British soldier in the hour of battle. Soon his earthly remains were consigned to their last resting place in an alien land—

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay--like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

* * * * *

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory."

Moore was succeeded in the command by the Great Iron Duke—then plain Arthur Wellesley. The actions of the British, in which most of the Highland regiments took part, at this time are so numerous, and the heroism displayed by our Highland countrymen such, that it is utterly impossible to convey any idea of its magnitude within the scope of this paper. Wellesley's first battle in this war was Talavera, and in the subsequent campaigns, his was an uninterrupted series of triumphs, routing the French in every encounter, until, finally, the French power in the West was overthrown at Toulouse. Ten days later French arms suffered a serious reverse in the East, at the great battle of Leipsic. Bonaparte abdicated the throne he had usurped, and Europe was for a time at peace.

The Highland regiments engaged in the Peninsula were the 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, and 92nd.

But this peace was not destined to last. In March 1815 Napoleon left Elba, and in twenty days after his landing on French soil, he sat again on the throne of France, and stood once more at the head of the French army. Europe, alarmed, immediately set to meet the French, and regiment upon regiment from Britain and Prussia was poured into Belgium. On the 15th June the British army was in Brussels, and many of its officers were present at a grand ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. Lord Byron, in his "Childe Harold," describes the doings of this night in flowing verse, and he does not omit to mention that the Highlanders were there, too, preparing for the carnage of the next day:—

“ And wild and high the ‘Camerons’ Gathering’ rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With their fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s ears.”

The Highland contingent of the British army consisted of the 42nd, 71st, 73rd, 79th, and 92nd. All of them did their duty, and have all got the word "Waterloo" on their colours.

Of the multitude of good things that could be said about the heroism of the Highland brigade in this campaign, I must forbear to speak. The result of the battle is known to every British

infant as soon as he learns to lisp. But I may allude to the 92nd, under John Cameron of Fassifern. This regiment lined a ditch in front of the Namur Road. On seeing the French advance, Fassifern asked permission to charge them, but Wellington replied—"Have patience—you will have plenty of work by-and-bye." The French continued to advance, and the Duke observing this, exclaimed—"Now, Cameron, is your time; take care of the road." Fassifern spurred his horse, the regiment dashed forward, and like the eagle that swoops on its prey, was soon on the French, who paused, halted, turned, and fled. Cameron, however, was mortally wounded in this action, and died a Highland hero's death. Sir Walter Scott thus sang of it—

“Through battle rout and reel—
Through storm of shot, and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel—
The valiant Fassifern.

“Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends and foemen's gore;
And long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and wild Ardgour,
And Morven long shall tell;

“And proud Ben-Nevis hear with awe,
How at the bloody Quatre Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of conquest as he fell.”

Our friend, Professor Blackie, has also tuned his lyre to sing of the same theme, as follows:—

“At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, like a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, “Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted.”

“Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.

Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
 On his captain brave a lightning glance,
 Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
 Take care of the road to Charleroi,
 Where the Cameron men are wanted."

"Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
 Into the midst of the plunging foe,
 And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
 Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
 And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
 Where a deathful shot had shove its way;
 But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
 Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
 Where the Cameron men were wanted."

But I must halt. The Crimean War, where Sir Colin exclaimed, "We'll have none but Hie'land bonnets here," must be passed over in a line. So long as Alma and Sebastapol continue to be known to history, so long will the bravery of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd be remembered; while the latter earned never-dying fame as Sir Colin's "thin red line" at Balaclava.

Two years further on and we find the Highlanders again engaged in India. On this occasion the regiment, which above all others has shed lustre on British arms, was the 78th Highlanders. The immortal Havelock was in command, and under him the 78th accomplished deeds of arms which history will not cease to tell. On one occasion, addressing the 78th in the hour of battle, Havelock said—"I am now upwards of sixty years old; I have been forty years in the service; I have been in action about seven-and-twenty times; but in the whole of my career I have never seen any regiment behave better, nay more, I have never seen any one behave so well, as the 78th Highlanders this day. I am proud of you, and if ever I have the good luck to be made a Major-General, the first thing I shall do will be to go to the Duke of Cambridge and request that when my turn arrives for the Colonelcy of a regiment, I may have the 78th Highlanders. And this, gentlemen, you hear from a man who is not in the habit of saying more than he means. I am not a Highlander, *but I wish I was one.*"

Not less emphatic in praise of the 78th at the end of the Indian campaign was Sir James Outram:—"Your exemplary conduct, 78th," he said, "in every respect, throughout the past

eventful year, I can truly say, and I do most emphatically declare, has never been surpassed by any troops of any nation, in any age, whether for indomitable valour in the field, or steady discipline in the camp, under an amount of fighting, hardship, and privation, such as British troops have seldom, if ever, heretofore been exposed to."

Sheriff Nicolson, in his well known song, which I gave at length in a former volume of these Transactions,* alluded in the following terms to the later engagements of our Highland regiments, as follows :—

“When on India’s burning plains
Dearly saved was Britain’s honour,
Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest.
Joyful rang the pibroch loud
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow,
And, like angels sent to save,
Came the brave ones to the succour.
When Ashantee’s 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 !
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.”

To their doings in the more recent wars, it is sufficient merely to allude—for they are fresh in our memories. The 72nd and 92nd were in the van of General Roberts’s army during the last Afghan War ; and in South Africa again our Highland soldiers were as usual to the front. In Egypt during 1882 they added fresh

* *Vide* Volume ix., Pages 109-113.

honours to their colours. Indeed, we may well say of them that they are—

“In Egypt, India, Belgium, Gaul and Spain,
Walls in the trenches, whirlwinds on the plain.”

A paper on the Highland Regiments would be incomplete without a reference to the bagpipe. Opinion may differ with regard to its perfection as a musical instrument, or its melodiousness in the drawing-room, but on the mountain side, where the rocks echo and re-echo to its wild strains, what instrument can compare with it. And in the hour of battle no instrument has stirred men in the same manner and with the same effect as the great Highland bagpipe has animated our Highland countrymen—its wild torrents of martial music reminding them once more of heath-clad Caledonia, and spurring them on to victory! There is no music which so much delighted Wellington, or dismayed the French as the stirring war notes of the great Highland bagpipe—

“Pipe of a thousand battle-fields,
Thou music of the brave and free,
The tameless spirit of the north,
Pours forth its thrilling strains in thee.”

And how many curious anecdotes are told of pipes and pipers in battles! What could be more unique than this? A piper of the 74th—a William Mackenzie by the way—was on one occasion playing his company into action under the fire of the enemy. A bullet, which came in the way of the piper, passed through the bag of the pipes, and, this, of course, brought his martial strains to a premature and abrupt ending. The valiant son of Jubal, looking at his wounded instrument, naïvely remarked—“Better in your guts than mine.”

But, however pleasant it might be for me to dilate further on the heroism of the Highland regiments, I feel that I have already trespassed too much on your time, and how can I conclude better than by quoting the poetic lines—

“And, oh! loved warriors of the minstrels’ land;
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And features harder and a mien more grave;
But ne’er in battlefield throbs heart more brave
Than that which beats beneath the tartan plaid;

And when the pibroch bids the battle rave
 And level for the charge your arms are laid—
 Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset stayed.”

14TH FEBRUARY 1883.

On this date, Dr Maclachlan, Beaully, and Mr John Macdonald, superintendent of the Inverness Burgh Police, were elected Ordinary Members.

Mr D. Ramsay read the first part of a paper on Stratherrick. The second part was read on the 28th February. The following extracts from Mr Ramsay's paper will be read with interest :—

STRATHERRICK.

Aig àm sònruicht' dhe na bhliadhna bha sluagh na dùthcha 'glacadh moran do sheors' èisg, ann an Loch Chillinn, ris an canadh iad liathagan—cuid le liontan agus cuid eile le slatan. Cha robh mor dhragh 's am bith ann a bhi ga 'n glacadh. An fheadhainn aig an robh na lìn, cha robh ni ac' ach an cur a mach 's an loch air bàrr cabair fad' a bha ac' airson an aobhair. 'Se bla aig an fheadhainn aig an robh na slatan, dà no trì 'dhubhanan, air an trusadh ri cheile cùl ri cul, agus cha robh ni aca ri dheanamh ach na dubhanan so, gun chuileig gun bhoiteig orra, a thilgeadh 's an loch, cho fada 's a chuireadh slat iad—leigeil leo laidhe gus a' ghrund, agus an sin tarruing sheolta, sgiobalta, a leth-taobh, a thoir orra gu tir. Anns an dòigh so ghlacadh fear a bha 'n airde ri ghnòthuch, agus do'm b'aithne an loch lan sailleir dhiubh ann am beagan laithean. Maith tric, cha b'ann idir ann am *beul* an èisg a gheibhte an dubhan; bhiodh e uairean a sas ann an it-dhroma, no theagamh, it-bhronna, agus uairean ann an earball an èisg. Tha mi a cluinntinn nach eil a bheag 's am bith ri fhaotainn 's an loch a nis dhiubh, ciod e 'sam bith is coireach ri so. Tha fios agam mu'n àm air am bheil mis' a bruidhinn gu'n robh moran féudail—an da chuid crodh-laoigh is seasg—air an cur gu fear a Chillinn, agus bha 'n fheadail so an comhnuidh a tathachadh agus a laidhe mu'n loch; agus tha mi tuigsinn, o 'n am 'san deach' stad dheth bhi cur a chruidh do n' ghleann, gu bheil na liathagan, bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a fas na 's gainne 's na 's gainne, gus nach eil 'n dad idir dhiubh nis ann.

Faodaidh mi an so beul-aithris a tha dol am measg an t-sluaidh gus an latha 'n diugh mu 'Dhail-Chillinn innse dhuibh. 'Se 'tha anns an dail so, cluan briagh, farsuing, comhnard, do thalamh

gorm, aig ceann shuas an loch. Tha e air aithris, ma ta, na'n tar-ladh dha neach coiseachd troimh an àilean so, moch maduinn shamhruidh mu'n eireadh an dealt', gu'm bitheadh an t-im na phluc-anan buidhe-dhearg, gu soilleir ri fhaicinn air barran a bhrògan. Tha iad beo fhathast a their gu'm fac' iad so le'n suilean! Co dhiubh tha so fìor no nach eil, tha e fìor gu leoir gu'n robh iomradh fad' is goirid air'cho tarbhach 's a bha ionaltradh 'a ghlinn agus àileganan Shra-fharrugaig. Cha tigeadh im, no cais, no grudh-im a stigh gu baile Inbhirnis bu luaithe rachadh a reic agus bhù mho tharruingeadh a phris na annlann milis, blas-mhor, reamhar, Shra-fhuarrugaig, agus tha so, cho fada, fìor gus an la'n diugh.

Tha e air a radh gu'n do dhùisg an t-iomradh so farmad nach bu bheag ann am Baideanach; agus tha mi 'creidsinn gu'n cuala sibh cuideachd an ionnsuidh thapaidh a 'thug fear a mhuintir na dacha sin, ma's a fìor, aig an robh buidseachd, air an toradh a thoir à feur Shra-fhuarrugaig, agus a chur ann am feur Bhàideanach. Tha fios agaibh gur ann lethach slighe 'dìreadh Bruthadh-nan-Ceapag a thachair fiosaiche (wizard) Shra-fharrugaig agus am fear so air a cheile, agus mar a bhris e an gad beithe—ma's e gad no pocan a bh'ann—anns a robh e a 'giulan an toraidh air falbh leis, agus mar a shruth toradh so nan seachd glinn sìos gu Sra Chillinn. Is dòcha leam, a dhaoin' uailse, nach do theirig e buileach fhathast, ged is duillich leam a bhi cluinntinn gu 'm bheil e h-uile bliadhna 'dol an duibhead 's an lughad, agus òbh, òbh, b'e sin mor am bèud!

Mr Ramsay finished this part of his paper by relating some amusing anecdotes in connection with Killin, and then proceeded as follows:—

Tha mi nis gu bhi toir oidhirp air beagan dhe cliù agus dhe cleachdainnean slugh na dacha so innse dhuibh; agus ann a bhi deanamh so cha chreid mi gu'm bi e na dhroch dhòigh tòiseachaidh dhomh a bhi 'g aithris an rathad anns am bheil iad a' toir a stigh, mar a theireir, La na Bliadhn' Uire. Feumaidh sibh a thuigsinn gu 'n robh morain sluaigh a chomhnuidh innte s'a 'n àm mu'm bheil mi a labhairt. Eh! bha, Fhir-na-Caitheach, mar a thubhairt bàrd a bha uaireigin a chomhnuidh innte, agus e na choigreach ann an siorramhachd eile mu thuath. Ars' esan:—

Is fhad an trà so tha mi tàmh
O thir mo dhàimh 's luchd m'èdlais—
Tir an àigh 's an deanta bàigh,
Gach oidhch' is la ri fògraich.

Fhuair mi m'arach shuas 'n a bràigh
 Air thùs, 'an làithean m'òige
 Gu beadrach, blà, gun easbhuidh trà,
 Gu seasgair, sàitheach, dòigheil.

'S ann bha mi fuireach 'm bun Beinn Sgurrach—
 'S àrd a mullach cèdthail—
 O linn Nic 'Mhuirich innt bha fuireach
 Ni bha dhuinn' mar bhòchdan.
 Ach 's mis' nach d'fhairich sgrìach no sgailleart
 Biachd no ba-hu bhrònach,
 'Se bh'anns an trughan "bodach" suairc',
 Gun ghuin, gun fhuath, gun do-bheirt.

Bha uair 's bu lionmhor sluagh ga lionadh
 Shuas is shìos gu dòmhlaich,
 Ach dh'fhalbh an uair sin, 's theich an sluagh,
 'S chaidh nunn thar cuan diubh moran,
 Dh'fhalbh na gnàthaich, dh'fhalbh an cairdeas,
 'S dh' fhalbh am blàs riu còmhlà—
 Thainig mùthadh air an duthaich ;
 Gun teagamh 's cuis gu bròn e.

Ri linn mo sheanar, 's sith gu'n lean e,
 Bha muinntir cheanalt', chòir innt'
 Muinntir chiatach, shuilbhir, thiorail,
 Aoidheil, fhialuidh theò-chridh'ch—
 Muinntir chaoinel, shunndach, loinneil,
 Saor o fhoill 's o fhàirneart—
 Dha cheile dileas 'reir na firinn
 'Leantuinn sith 's a còrdadh.

Rìgh ! na 'n rachadh tu na 'n rathad,
 'S pathadh air do sgòrnan,
 Gun urad 's fharraid bheireadh mnathan,
 Bainne dhuit ri òl ann ;
 Bhiodh biadh ga fharruch, 's ort ga sparradh,
 Leis gach cailleach 's òg-bhean,
 Rachadh daonnan trà chur sgaoilt',
 Le gean is faoilt air bòrd duit.

Bha treun-fhir thlachdhmhor, ghleusda, ghasda,
 Theoma, thapaidh, sheòlta,
 'S an t-Sra àlluin ri linn Thearlaich,
 'S dh'eirich pairti mhor leis—

Laoich chalma, daoine dealbhach,
 Dh' fhaidht asd' earbs' an còmhuidh ;
 Gun fhiamh, gun eagal, iarrt'nach, freag'rach,
 Dioghair, deiseil, deonach.

'Sin agaibh mar thubhairt am bàrd so, agus cha dubhairt e facal ach an fhirinn. Bha na daoine bha 'n trà sin a chomhuidh anns an duthaich, moran diubh co dhiubh, na 'n curaidhean garbh-chnamhach, laidir, sgairteil. Agus ma bha iad calma, gramail 'am pearsa bha cridheachan mora, fialuidh, farsuing aca a reir sin. Bha iad caoimhneil, coingheallach, carthannach ri cach a cheile—a dh' aon fhocal, bha cairdeas is blàs is olachas a dol an tra sin nach eil ach gann ri fhaotainn am measg sluaigh idir an diugh. Nis, ged a tha 'n Nollaig gu mor air dol a cleachdadh, bha i air a cumail le moir chridhealas agus ghreadhnachas fhad 's a bha mis' a fuireach 's an duthaich. A Rìgh ! 's ann an sin a bhiodh an fhuaim, 's an odhail, 's an t-ullachadh ! Bha 'chamag bhoidheach sheilich fhein aig gach balachan òg. Eh ! bha agus aig daoine' og cuideachd.

An oidhche mu dheireadh dhe na bliadhna, bha na h-uile sean is og anns an teaghlach a' faotainn am bannaig mu's rachadh iad gu fois. Bhiodh 'an oigridh air an casan fada roimh 'la ; agus air dhoibh an cuid camagan fhaotainn, sud air falbh iad gus an tigh a b' fhaisge orra, agus air dhoibh a thighinn gus an dorus, thoisicheadh iad air bualadh air leis na camagan. Cha rachadh stad air an ealaidh gus an eireadh cuideigin dheth na bha stigh gus an dorus fhosgladh, agus mar bu trice 'se fear-an-tighe dh' eireadh, agus cho luath is a dh' fhosgladh e 'n dorus, chuireadh am fear bu tapaidh dheth na balaich a cheann a stigh agus theireadh e 'an airde 'ghuth '

'Thainig mise le mo dhuan
 Beagan mu 'n do ghluais a' Challuinn,
 'S dheanainn tighean a bhualadh,
 Mur b'e 's nach d' fhuair mi camag.
 Cha 'n eil aon ni th' anns an fhardoich,
 Nach gabh mi 'dheanamh 'n airde m' eallaich,
 Criomagan arain is càise,
 Ni is fhearr leam air thalamb,
 Ach aon ni tha mi 'g aicheadh
 Gràinnean do bhuntata carrach—
 Tha iad cudthromach ri ghiùlan,
 'S cha 'n eil iad sunndach no fallain,
 'S cumaidh iad seachd tràithean gun eirigh,
 Am fear is geura th' anns a bhaile'.

Leanadh iad mar so, a dol c thigh gu tigh, a cantuinn an duain cheudna, gus an tigeadh an la, agus sgaoileadh iad an sin—a h-uile fear gu thigh fhein. Cho luath 's a bha 'n lon-maidne thairis, bha 'n còmhnuidh dleasnas air a chumail mus rachadh soitheach a ghluasad dheth na bhòrd. Cha 'n eil mise gle chinn-teach cia mar a tha chuis so a' seasamh 'an Sra-fharrugaig an diugh, ach cha mhor a bh' ann ri mo lathasa nach robh cumail aoradh-teaghlaich moch is anmoch, ciod e 's am bith a' chabhadh a bhiodh orra, no 'n gnothuch bha measg lamh.

Croftmore, within a mile of White-Bridge, was the place where the country people gathered on Christmas and New-Year's Day to play shinty. He thus described the assemblage:—

Daoine is mnathan, seana mhaighdeannan, gillean is caillean òga, agus sgaoth do bhrogaich—cuid dhiubh, theagamh, ceann-ruist, cas-ruist, gu h-araidh mur robh sneachd ann. Bhiodh iad cruinn an sud a ceithir puirt na sgireachd, agus 's ann an sin a bhiodh an crathadh air lamhan 's an guidhe bheannachdan dha cach a cheile—cuid diubh nach fhaca cheile o 'n trà sin an uiridh, 's nach fhaiceadh, theagamh, gus an tra sin an ath bhliadhna.

After describing the picking of the men by the two captains of the day, and the commencement of the fray, he proceeds:—

Cha ruig mi leas innse dhuibh gu'n robh 'chagair cruaidh 's a chomstri dian, no gu'n robh na h-uile dichioll is diorras air a chleachdadh, taobh air thaobh gu bhi 'toir a mach na buaidhe. Is maith 'tha cuimhn' agam air Uilleam Og, Donacha Plocair, Seonachan Eoghain, agus dithis no thriuir eile a bha anabarrach luath agus 'na 'n cluitheadairean ainmeil. Faodaidh sibh a chreidsinn gu 'm biodh gluinean rag, iosgaidean goirt agus luirgnean dubhghorm aige fear is fear dheth 'an àireamh airson seachduin co dhiù!

Tha aon ni gu sònruicht a bu mhaith leam ainmeachadh mu La na Bliadhn' Uire; 'se sin, ged a bha uisgebeatha gun sòradh a' dol fad an la is fad na h-oidhche, 'se rud iongantach, neo-abhaisteach a bhiodh ann an daorach fhaicinn air na gillean oga, ged, mo chreach! is iad is miosa an diugh na daoine a thainig gu aois—gu h-araidh anns a' bhaile so, agus tha eagal orm gu'm bheil iad a leithid cheudna air an duthaich.

Speaking of the social condition of the people, their independence and industrial habits, he remarked:—

Bha na mnathan—bha agus na cailleagan oga, cuideachd—air an toir gu mor do chalanas, a cireadh, a càrdadh 's a sniomh an cuid fhein cloimh, agus, air Muire! 'sann air an aodach a rachadh a dheanamh mar so a bhiodh an t-eireachdas 's an tlachd—'se a chumadh a mach am fuachd ris an la reota!

The following describes a winter night's "Ceilidh :"—

Bhiodh a bhean choir' an uachdar an tìghe, a cas gu siùbhlach a' dol air a' chuibhle, agus i, le a gairdean subailt 's le a corragan luath-chleasach, a sniomh *ribhean* an deigh *ribhean*, caol no reamhar, a reir an fheum a bha i gu bhli deanamh dheth :—tè dhe 'cuid nigheanan a' cireadh agus t'eile fith' air stochdain, agus theagamh, oganach aig an robh suil air tè dhiubh, na shuidhe gu speiseil, stuama eadar riubh—fear an tìghe agus dithis no thriuir dheth na coinhearsnaich, agus comhradh aca dhoibh fhein—a chlann eile agus na fhuair iad dheth 'n leth-bhreac fhein comhla riu, a feuchainn, aon an deigh aoin, co' bu luaithe agus bu trice theireadh, gun a dhol am mearrachd: "Cha robh laogh ruadh riamh luath," no, "Cha robh reithe liath riamh reamhair," agus mar sin air adhairt'.

Tha mi 'g aideachadh, ged a bha iad na 'm muinntir chiallach, thuigseach, ghasd, ach beag anns na h-uile doigh, gu robh cuid diubh air an toir do ghiseagan, agus gu'n robh iad a' creidsinn, an dà chuid, ann am buidseachd agus ann am bodaich! Bha gu leoir ma' s a fìor dhe 'n da sheòrs' 'an caochladh aitean dhe 'n duthaich, ach cha'n urrainn domh a bhì labhairt air na nithe so, no air rudan eile bh'air mo bheachd, an nochda.

21ST FEBRUARY 1883.

At this meeting Mr Duncan Chisholm, coal merchant, Inverness, and Mr John Thomson, Canal Road Villa, Aberdeen, were elected Ordinary Members.

Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Headmaster of Raining's School, then read the following paper on

THE STUDY OF CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.

Mythology deals with the more or less fabulous belief of a people in regard to the world around and above them. It, therefore, comprises the religion, philosophy, and history of a people dealing on *a priori* and non-scientific principles with the facts and laws of the universe, and with their own heritage of tradition and language. The explanations of natural facts and events by personal and spiritual action; the fabulous adventures and actions of the imaginary beings worshipped and believed in; the exploits of the ancient heroes of the people; the traditions of early migrations and wars; the travellers' tales of foreign and fabulous lands—these are the materials of Mythology. The religious and god-element distinguishes pure Mythology from Folk-lore, where such is

absent. Folk-lore is broken-down Mythology, the detritus, so to speak, of the old myths which dealt with the gods and heroes of the race. It is best exemplified in the "popular" stories and fairy tales of the nursery, and in the superstitions and quaint customs that still survive from a time when such stood for science and religion.

Some preliminary discussion on the nature, origin, and spread of myth must be entered on before attacking the Celtic Mythology. And, first, as to the character of myth: this will be best understood from an example.

There was once a farmer, and he had three daughters. They were washing clothes at a river. A hoodie crow came round, and he said to the eldest, "Will you marry me, farmer's daughter?" "No, indeed, you ugly brute," said she. On the morrow he came to the second one, repeated his question, and met with the same refusal. On the third day, the third daughter accepted him, saying, "I will wed thee, pretty creature." And on the morrow they were married. The hoodie said to her, "Whether wouldst thou rather that I be a hoodie by day and a man by night, or be a hoodie by night and a man by day." "A man by day," said she, "and a hoodie at night." And so he was. He took her soon to his own house. At the birth of the first child, fairy music caused everyone to sleep, and the child was stolen. This happened at the birth of the second and of the third child. Thereafter he went with her and his sisters-in-law to another house he had. He said to them by the way, "Have you forgotten anything?" His wife said, "I forgot my coarse comb." The coach in which they were fell a withered faggot, and he flew away as a hoodie.

But she followed him. When he would be on a hill-top, she would follow to catch him, and when she gained the hill-top, he would be in the hollow on the other side. Tired at night, she had no place to rest in; but she saw a little house of light far from her, and though far from her she was not long in reaching it. There, standing as she was deserted, at the door, she saw a laddie towards whom she yearned exceedingly. The housewife told her to come in, that she knew her cheer and travel. Next day she pursued her journey as before; next night she rested at a second and similar house with laddie and housewife. On the third day and night her experiences were the same; but at the third house she was told not to sleep, but to be clever and catch the hoodie when he would visit her during the night. But she slept; he came and dropped a ring on her right hand; and, waking, she tried to catch him, but only got a feather of his wing as he flew

away. The housewife told her she would have to go over the hill of poison to catch him, and over this she could not go without horse shoes on her hands and feet. She donned man's clothes, learned smithying, made herself shoes, and got over the hill. On her arrival she found her husband was that day to be married to the daughter of a great man in town. She was employed to cook the wedding meal. She watched the bridegroom and let fall the ring and feather in the broth intended for him. With the first spoon he took up the ring, with the next the feather. The cook of the meal, he declared, was his married wife. The spells went off him and he recognised her. They returned home, taking their three sons at the three houses of his sisters, for so the mysterious housewives were, with them, and they lived happy and free from spells ever after.

The above is a good specimen of the present day folk-tale, and it is, as already said, the descendant of an old myth. In it we are in a fairy world ; birds speak and act rationally ; marriage with the bird causes removal, partially at least, of the spells ; supernatural sleep and kidnapping ; disobedience, or stupidity of the wife causes her to lose the man-bird ; pursuit by the wife through fairy realms of spells and charms, with superhuman toils ; forgetfulness of the husband, and stratagem to recall his memory ; and, finally, recovery of human form, of children, and of happiness. This looks all a wild maze of childish nonsense, incapable of scientific consideration. But this is a superficial view ; there must be a reason for such a tale ; it is not a mere piece of imagination. Taken by itself, we should be helpless before such a story, but when we adopt the comparative method, by which myths of a nation are classed and compared with those of others, we can reduce the hopeless and incongruous mass of folk-tales to an order and system that will go far to lend a key to the solution of their origin. The above tale has been found in its main outlines in almost all countries of Europe, and no small portion of Asia. There is even another Highland popular tale cast in the same mould, given in Mr Campbell's book, as "The Daughter of the Skies ;" the hoodie is replaced by a "doggie," and the wife's disobedience is better brought out. The tale also appears in the Norse ; in the story "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," the hero appears as a white bear, who takes the girl to a palace gleaming with silver and gold. At night he is a beautiful young man, but she must not see him by any light. Instigated, however, by her mother she steals a glance of him by lamplight, and he awakens, and vanishes. Then follow her trials, pursuit,

and recovery of him. Parallel to this is the English tale of "Beauty and the Beast," and still more striking is the similarity presented by the old Greek myth of Psyche and Cupid. Psyche, the youngest of the three royal daughters, incurred the jealous wrath of Venus, who sent Cupid to inspire her with love for some mean and wretched person. But he fell in love with her himself instead, conveyed her to a secret cave, and thence to his lordly castle, where he visited her only by night, with strict injunctions that she must not see him by any light. Her jealous sisters persuaded her that she was married to a monster, and to test this she examined him by lamplight, and found that it was the love-god himself she was married to. In her excitement she let a drop of the hot oil fall on his shoulder, and he awakened, upbraided her, and vanished. She suffered woes untold, even undertaking a journey to Hades, ere she was re-united to him. Again, in India, in the Veda, the old religious books of the Hindus, the same myth appears: the story of Urvasi and Pururavas repeats the main features of the Gaelic, Norse, and Greek tales of Beauty and the Beast. This wide distribution of the same myth must still further stimulate our inquiry as to the origin of myth; while, at the same time, it must tend to answer the question by enlarging our field of vision. Other myths are found equally, and some far more widely, distributed among the nations of Europe and Asia. In comparative folk-tales, science has done two things; it has classified them, and accounted for them as to origin and distribution. Von Hahu, about twenty years ago, published a classification of popular tales, reducing them to forty roots altogether. He has divisions, subdivisions, and classes. The divisions are three in number:—(A) Tales dealing with Family Life; (B) Miscellaneous Tales; and (C) Tales of contrast between inner and outer world, as cunning against giant strength. The family group (A) falls into three subdivisions:—I. Husband and wife, as affected by (*a*) desertion on the part of (1) supernatural husband, as in the stories told above, or of (2) supernatural wife, or (3) of a husband recovered by the patience of the wife; (*b*) expulsion of calumniated wife; and (*c*) sale or purchase of the loved one or of access to her. Subdivision II.:—Parent and child; (*a*) Children longed for, which appear in monstrous shape, or victims of a vow, or with some wonder gift attached to them; (*b*) Children are exposed to death by unmarried mother, or by married parents—Paris myth, or mother and babe exposed together—Perseus myth, or daughter exposed to a monster—Andromeda myth; and (*c*) Step-children are persecuted by step-mother.

Subdivision III. :—Brothers and sisters ; (a) Youngest brother is ill-treated by elder brothers ; (b) Youngest sister ill-treated by elder sisters—Cinderella myth ; (c) Assistance rendered by twins, sisters, and brothers-in-law ; and (d) Evil done by sisters. Under the miscellaneous division (B) comes : (1) Bride-winning by cleverness ; (2) Abduction of heroine, as Proserpine, Medea, and Helen ; (3) Various subjects—Swan and seal maidens robbed of garments, Bluebeard, Snake-brought herbs restore life, A giant having no heart in his body, Tom Thumb, Grateful beasts, Disguised hero or heroine, like Ulysses, as a beggar, &c. The last division (C) comprises the Polyphemus and Ulysses myth, and others where the hero tricks the demon ; and lastly, there are the visits to the lower world undertaken by heroes like Ulysses, Hercules, Orpheus, Cuchulainn, and Diarmat.

A myth, then, is a fabulous tale about some god, hero, event, or natural phenomenon. How did such fabulous tales arise ? They are exaggerated real events, say some ; Jupiter, the god, was King of Crete. They are allegories, say others ; they inculcate some moral or natural truth originally. Another class of thinkers consider the god-myths of heathen countries as but the broken-down remembrance of the Jewish religion, originally imparted to man in the Garden of Eden. Of these theories the last is the worst ; it slanders the Greek race, for example, unmercifully, for how does it account for the wickedness and immorality ascribed to the Greek gods but by degrading the Greek race in morals and culture ? Nor do the other theories carry us far ; it is quite true some myths are allegories, but only very few myths can be so considered. Again, some myths have clustered round actual persons, and are at times but exaggerated real events. Charlemagne was a real personage, but in popular tales he figures as a mythical hero. Wallace, even, has not escaped without a touch of myth about him ; witness Blind Harry's and Hamilton's poem about him.

We must look for the explanation of myth in primitive man's mental state, and in his use of that wonderful art he has attained to, the art of speech. Language is, as it were, the physical side of men's early ideas, and by studying their language we get an insight into their beliefs, customs, and condition. In this way we discover that the origin of myth is just the same as the origin of science ; they are both man's attempt to interpret his surroundings. Primitive man explained everything that moved, animate or inanimate, as impelled by a force—a spirit or will force—akin to that which impelled himself. Even stationary nature—the everlasting hills and solid earth—was endowed with life and

feeling. All the mental powers that man found controlling his own actions were unconsciously transferred to nature. A personal life was accordingly attributed to sun, moon, clouds, winds, and other natural agencies; they were looked upon as performing their special functions by means of faculties of mind and of body—limbs, and heart, and head—analagous to those of man or beast. The varying phenomena of the sky, of the day, and of the year, were the product of the life that dwelt in each. The eclipse of the sun—a most dreaded event among uncivilised people—was supposed to be caused by a wild beast attempting to swallow the lord of day; and men poured forth with timbrels and drums, as savages still do, to frighten the monster away. The clouds were the cows of the sun-god, producing as milk the rain of heaven. The thunder was the roar of a mighty beast; the lightning a serpent darting at its prey. Modern savages and children are still in this mythopœic age.

Language was founded on these conceptions of nature, and it stereotyped the personal explanations of phenomena given, and handed them on to future and more practical ages. Language itself worked by metaphor and analogy on comparatively a narrow basis of explanation; actions true of men alone were and are freely transferred to nature, in olden times because such was the method of explaining the facts, and in modern times because habit has made us familiar with the metaphors, and we do not think of their original reference. Mythology is, according to the pure linguistic theory of it, in a large measure based on the metaphors of speech. The phenomena of nature were explained by likening them to those of human actions, with a mental state, and when in the course of time a higher level of knowledge had been reached, and the original meaning of the traditional epithets had been forgotten, they came to be taken literally and interpreted as referring to beings of a supernatural world. The dawn had been likened to a rosy-fingered maiden, the sun to a charioteer, and so the myths of Eos the dawn, the ever-fleeing maiden, and of Phœbus Apollo, the heavenly charioteer, came into existence. Mythology, in this view, which is Max Müller's and Cox's view, is a disease of language, a misunderstanding of its metaphors, and a misconception of the analogical reasoning of our early forefathers. Mr Tylor, on the other hand, considers the metaphors to have been more than mere analogies in the modern sense; the anthropomorphic explanations of the sun's course really supposed a spirit there, like a man, driving on the sun chariot. Both views are right; Mr Tylor's does for the earliest stage of language and

interchange of ideas ; the language theory of myth applies to a higher stage of culture. Therefore both spirit explanation and metaphoric analogies have had most influence in the formation of myth : allegories, conscious myths to account for natural facts, and local or national names, are important but secondary.

Gaelic, even in modern times, presents some very startling personifications of natural objects. The regular expression for "The sun is setting," is "Tha a' ghrian 'dol a laidhe"—"going to bed." Mr Campbell, in his translation of the West Highland Tales, follows the Gaelic even in some of its most personal metaphors. "Beul na h-oidhche," nightfall, is given literally as "the mouth of the night." Gaelic poetry, too, is more instinct with life and feeling than English poetry in dealing with natural objects. Ossian's address to the sun may be quoted to show what a mine of metaphor and consequent mythology exists in our poetic and elevated language :—

An d' fhag thu gorm astar nan speur
 A mhic gun bheud, a's òr-bhuidh' ciabh ?
 Tha dorsan na h-oidhche dhuit reidh,
 Agus pailiun do chlos san iar.
 Thig na stuaidh mu'n cuairt gu mall,
 A choimhead fir a's glaine gruaidh,
 A' togail fo eagal an ceann
 Ri d' fhaicinn cho aillidh 'n ad shuain.

These lines bring us back to the anthropomorphism of the Vedic hymns of India, to which, in their richness of personification and mythic power, they can be compared. Here are a few lines from the Rig-Veda of India, on the rising sun :—

"Behold the rays of Dawn, like heralds, lead on high
 The Sun, that men may see the great all-knowing god.
 The stars slink off like thieves, in company with Night,
 Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams reveal his presence,
 Gleaming like brilliant flames, to nation after nation.
 Surya, with flaming locks, clear-sighted god of day,
 Thy seven ruddy mares bear on thy rushing car."

In fact, our poets' language, even of modern times, is partly conscious, partly unconscious imitation of this earlier and personal but practical view of nature ; unconscious imitation, because the poet looks on nature through emotion and passion, which humanise and personify the relations and forces of nature, and he is, be-

sides, the inheritor of a language which itself is a "mass of buried metaphor."

Why are the same or similar myths so widely distributed in space? In India, in Ireland, and in the intermediate countries we find myths that cannot but have the same origin existing. In similar circumstances, say some, the primitive man's mind worked similarly; this will account for those general myths and folk-lore that we find common to all the world. Jack, the Giant-killer, appears in every nation; little man, by his cunning, overcomes the mighty giant powers of brute nature. But the deep and detailed similarities of the Indo-European myths and folk-lore cannot be so accounted for; and, although many tales have been borrowed from the East, yet the borrowing fails to account for the deep-rooted national characteristics in the majority of myths. What harmonises best with the facts is the theory that the nations of Europe and Western Asia with India are nearly all of the same original stock, at least as far as mythology is concerned. But the science of language has already proved the languages of these people to have a common descent, and much progress is being made in proving a general heritage of customs and institutions; the Brehon laws of Ireland are compared with the village institutions of the Hindus, ancient and modern. Thus three lines of inquiry are brought to bear on the subject—first and chiefly, language, whose roots and forms represent a common heritage of ideas; mythology, which points to a family possession of a common religion and philosophy; and lastly, customs and institutions, which prove an original heritage of political, legal, and social ideas in common.

The race who spoke this ancestral tongue, common to the European nations, with those of Persia and India, is variously called Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, Indo-Celtic, and Aryan. The last is the most convenient name. The language is called the Aryan mother-tongue. This parent race did not begin to split up into its various descendant branches until over three thousand years before Christ, and it lived somewhere in Western Asia—possibly in Bactria. It was possessed of a fairly good civilisation; all family relations were distinctly marked, and monogamy was the rule; society and politics were founded on the family and patriarchal system; comfortable houses—clearings, probably, and stations, existed; the ordinary metals, though likely not iron, were known; cattle was the chief wealth, but agriculture was not unknown; they could count, at least, as far as one hundred; they had divided the year into two main seasons—spring and winter, and reckoned subordinate periods by the moon—"the measurer."

In religion and mythology, the Aryans were equally advanced; they possessed a well-developed religious cosmos; polytheism was the form of religion outwardly, but at times one deity seems to have overshadowed the rest in the worshipper's mind. The gods represented the intangible and lofty powers of nature as presented by day, heaven, light, sun, moon, stars, and the atmospheric conditions of wind, rain, and thunder. To the same class belongs the dieties of the sea and the earth; and slightly inferior were the powers of the mighty rivers and mountains. Forests and trees, wells and streams, and such tangible objects as these also received worship. Spirits inhabited such, and directed their powers. The earlier spirit explanation of near and tangible objects had been extended to the great agencies of light, wind, and fire; and these elements appear not merely to have been worshipped in their simple state, but also as spiritual powers apart from their elements. The character of the element, of course, decided the life-history and nature of the deity directing it. Myth, as a disease of language and bad memory, was not properly begun yet. The chief god was the "sky" or "light," father; the root *div* (shining) appears in all the descendant tongues, and generally as meaning "god," or at least naming the chief god like Ju-piter (*dju-*), and Greek Zeus. The Gaelic *dia* and *an-diu* are from this root. The sun was especially an object of worship. The thunder and rain god had a high position; while somewhat lower stood the storm god Mars, later a war-god, and the wind-god Hermes or Mercury. An ethnical idea underlay the struggle of light against darkness; and sacrifice and prayer, temple and altar—probably only groves and stones, were known. A shadowy existence after death was believed in; the kingdom of Hades was the abode of the dead, and contained various degrees of happiness and pain, doubtless in separate localities.

The actions of the gods were spoken of and their praises sung in epithets derived from the element they ruled, and a full biography of each was known. This is the first stage of myth. The sun-god gathered around him the most suggestive life-history. Offspring of night, whom he slays, he loves the dawn maiden, rosy-fingered morn, who flies from his embrace, but, Cinderella-like, she leaves a silver streak of light behind her, whereby she may be followed and found. The sun has toils, too, in the pursuit; storm-clouds intercept his path, and the eclipse monster dogs his steps, and the spells put on him cause him to toil for men. But, at length, he overtakes in the evening his morning love, the dawn, and then descends to his rest beneath the wave. Here we see in

germ the loves of Apollo and Daphne, Hercules and Dejanira, and still later the story of Cinderella and her glass slipper—a story which also appears in the Gaelic, under the title of the “King who Wanted to Marry His Own Daughter.” But there was another side to the sun-myth; what is the nocturnal life of the god, and how does he leave the dawn behind him? The sun is under spell, and the dawn-maiden tries to relieve him, and she pursues him during the night. This side of the sun-myth we saw in the tale of the “Hoodie Crow,” with which the character of myth was illustrated. The idea of higher powers taking animal shapes is quite common; some tribes worship animals, not as animals, but as embodiments of some “spirit” force which makes them its habitation. The hoodie is a sacred Celtic bird, and represents in Old Irish myths the Goddess of War. Another fruitful source of myth was the great year change of summer and winter. The earth was spell-bound during the winter by the frost king; the lovely summer goddess, Proserpine, was stolen away by the underworld god, and mother-earth got her restored only on condition that she should live half the year with Pluto in Hades, and half the year on earth with Ceres. Here is the germ of the myth of the imprisoned maiden, whom the young hero (the sun-god) rescues from the monster.

Celtic mythology is, therefore, a descendant of the ancient Aryan mythology, and is full sister to the mythic and religious systems of Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia. The importance of this fact is much enhanced by two circumstances; first, Celtic and other enthusiasts have claimed for the language and myth of the Celt a close connection with Hebrew and Phœnician, and many are the wild theories built on false analogies and untrustworthy history. Secondly, the Celtic mythology, speaking in the narrow sense of the term, has not come down to us but in the meagre references of classical writers. The Celtic god-system is lost; one short chapter in Cæsar is almost the only written reference to it. Worship, rites, temples, and statues are only incidentally alluded to, and in such a way as to convey little real information. In fact, the religious aspect of Celtic mythology is practically absent; only the heroic tales and the present folk-lore and folk-beliefs and practices remain to us, and fortunately these are at least as rich as any in Europe. Now, the knowledge that the Celtic god-system and religious practices must have been in their main features Aryan, and hence like those of Greece and Rome, goes a great way to undo the mischief which the ravages of time have caused to Celtic mythology, for it directs us as to what lines to pursue our inquiry upon.

Celtic mythology in its religious aspects has, therefore, to be reconstructed, and the question comes to be whence are the materials for this reconstruction, and how they are to be used. The materials are threefold; we have the accounts, such as they are, of classical writers in regard to the Gaulish religion; we have, secondly, many inscriptions and votive tablets containing the names of deities both in France and in this country, and statues and figures, too, of the deities have been found in both countries; and, thirdly, we have the present folk-lore and folk-tales, and the heroic tales of the past, dating as far back as a thousand years very nearly, for that is the earliest Celtic account we have in their own language of anything Celtic. Subsidiary help is rendered by the history of the Christian Church; saints' names have taken the place of the older deities—indeed, many a deity must be on the Calendar of Saints, for we are certain of one or two, and notably St Bridget of Kildare, the Gaelic Vesta or Fire-goddess. Topography lends its aid; god-names are scattered all over the country, notably those of Angus, Manannan (Mannan), Banba, and Erenn; and at times river names are suggestive, such as the two or three sacred rivers called by the name Dee—“goddess,” which testifies to the river worship. These materials we must use, as Zeuss and Ebel made use of the Celtic language. They reconstructed the oldest forms from the oldest manuscripts, and with the help of inscriptions, both British and Gaulish, and more especially knowing that the Celtic was an Aryan tongue and inflected like the other Aryan languages, they have been able to show us what pre-historic Celtic and Gaelic inflection must have been. Without the knowledge of the other Aryan forms such a reconstruction, I am safe in saying, could never have taken place. In the same way must the Celtic mythology be attacked; we have the detritus of the old mythology in the hero-tales and folk-lore, just as the detritus of the old language is yet extant and spoken, shorn of its inflections in a sad manner; we have the classical references and the old inscriptions and figured monuments. These last, with the knowledge that the Celtic mythology is Aryan in character will enable us to give a fair picture of ancient Gaulish religion, and, with the help of it, we may attempt the restoration of the Gaelic pantheon from the heroic tales and mythical history to which Christian piety and time consigned it.

It is, therefore, of much importance to gain first as clear an idea as possible of the religion of ancient Gaul, and, in this matter, the French writers and antiquarians have done a vast amount. Later writers, such as M. Gaidoz, to whom I must express obli-

gation for my description of the Gaulish religion, have been able to put the subject on a true scientific footing, and consequently the fallacies of the old school of historians and writers have been exposed and rejected. Cleared of such dross, the Gaulish pantheon was somewhat as follows. Our chief, almost only, authority in classical writings is Cæsar. The Gaulish nation, he says, is very much given to the practice of religious rites. People affected with serious disease or dangers, even sacrifice human beings, employing the Druids in the process. They think the deities cannot be appeased but by human life for human life. Criminals are the victims thought most pleasing to the gods, but recourse at times is had to the sacrifice of even innocent persons, if the supply of criminals fail. The god most worshipped is Mercury. There are very many statues of him, and they regard him as the inventor of arts, patron of journeys and ways, and president of money transactions and commerce. After him come Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. About them they hold the same belief as other nations, that Apollo drives away diseases, Minerva teaches the useful arts of life, Jupiter holds the sway of heaven, and Mars rules the department of war. To him they, as a rule, vow and consecrate whatever they take in war, and great heaps of booty may be seen in consecrated places, which no one dares touch from superstition and fear of the severity of punishment. The Gauls consider themselves sprung from Dis (god of the lower world)--a Druidic tenet, and hence they reckon their time by nights and not by days. Their funerals, considering their culture, are grand, and everything that in life was pleasing to the dead they burn along with them, animals even, and, before our time a little, slaves and dependents that they loved in life.

Thus, according to Cæsar, and, as we might expect, the Gaulish pantheon was another presentation of the Aryan polytheism we meet with in Greece and Rome. Unfortunately, Cæsar has not thought it worth while giving us the names of the Gaulish gods corresponding to the Roman deities he mentions, but, despite some difficulty, the native names of these gods can fairly well be made out from the inscriptions of Gallo-Roman times, where we find the Latin god given with the Gaulish name as an epithet attached to the Roman name. Mercury was the chief god and not Jupiter; Mercury, too, is set down as the chief god of German worship, the Odin of Wiking times. So quickly and so completely did the Roman Mercury take the place of the Gaulish that the Gaulish name for him disappeared from inscriptions, but the importance and universality of his worship is proved by the numerous

statues of him, some made of the precious metals, that have been found. His sanctuaries were apparently on high places, and he has left his Roman name in many French place names. A female deity appears with him alone called Rosmerta. Apollo presents himself with many Gaulish epithets, such as Borvo, Maonis, Cobledulitanus, Grannus, Livius, and Belenus. His name and votive inscriptions are connected with the hot springs in use by the Gallo-Romans, while Borvo is historically famous in the "Bourbon" dynasty and Grannus is to us very interesting because a similar inscription has been found in Scotland—"Apollini Granno"—the derivation of the word being the same as Gaelic "grian," sun. Both Borvo and Grannus are independently used for Apollo. Two goddesses appear along with him or Borvo, viz. :—Damona and Sirona, the latter being also alone at times. Mars appears with the epithets Segomo, Camulus, Toutates, Caturix, Albiorix, Cocosus, and others. Segomo and Cannulus may be independent at times without the name Mars. Nemetona appears along with him as female counterpart, a name which meets us on Irish ground as Nemon; and Camulus, who also appears on British ground, especially in place names, is doubtless Cumhal, father of Finn. Belisama was probably the name of the Gaulish Minerva, and Taranis that of the Gaulish Jupiter, a name which appears in Lucan, but which on the inscription, presents itself as Taranucno and Tanaro. The root is the same as Gaelic *torrunn*, Eng. *thunder*, and the Norse equivalent god *Thor* or *Thunor*. The rapidity and ease with which the Roman gods took the place of, and appeared by the side of the native Gaulish deities show conclusively the general similarity, perhaps detailed similarity, of the Roman and Gaulish Pantheon. We meet, therefore, with striking collections of native and foreign deities, such as on an altar discovered in 1711 at Paris, where we see mingled together the god-names Volcanus, Jovis, Esus, Tarvos Trigaranus, Castor, and Cernunus. Hence we meet with the Roman deities Hercules, Neptune, Diana, the Lares, and a little later the oriental gods introduced among the Romans, Mithra, Serapis, Isis, Cybele, the Sun and the Moon.

Other and more local deities found are—Epona, a name formed from the Gaulish word *epos* horse, who often presents herself figured as sitting on a high-paced mare, was a horse or cavalry goddess. The Gauls were noted horsemen, and employed as such in the Roman armies. [C]athubodua, appearing only on one inscription, is equated by Mr Hemmessy with the Irish war goddess Badb, "the Scald Crow." Then there are the numerous "mother" deities (*matres*, *matrae*, or *matronae*) which appear as

a rule with local epithets and place names, such as "Matrebo Namausicabo" "to the mothers of Nimes," and "Matribus Treveris" "to the mothers of Treves." They appear to have been the "good ladies," or guardians of the places, and especially of towns, and are generally represented sitting with one or two children on their knees, prototypes of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, and of the "White Ladies" of Mediæval legend.

Forests and woods received adorations. The Black Forest had the goddess Abnoba; the forest of Arden was deified into Arduinna. The Vosges mountains were worshipped as Vosegus; the gods of the plains had the generic title of "Campestres;" and the rivers were especial objects of worship, as Deae Sequanae "to the goddess Seine." The worship of fountains goes without saying, for it is still among us in survival; Dea Clutonda and Dea Acionna may be mentioned.

Outside inscriptions, we get mention in Lucan of three Gaulish deities—Taranis, Esus, and Teutates, whom he appears to consider the three chief gods. Taranis, we saw, appears in the inscriptions, but differently each time; Esus only once, and his name has been derived from the various roots of "wishing" and "being," but probably the name appears in the title of Aes-Side given to the Tuatha-De-Danann, or Irish Gods—the "Side race." Teutates appears only as an epithet of Mars in Gaul and Britain. Lucian describes the Gaulish Hercules as an old man drawing a large multitude by cords attached to their ears and his tongue, and tells us that he was their god of Eloquence, and called Ogmios; whence "Ogam," the name of the old Irish alphabet. St. Augustine mentions the Düsü as a kind of Gaulish demons.

The Gauls, like all the Aryan races, and for that matter like most barbarian races, believed in a future existence of the individual in another world or part of this world. The Druids may have believed in transmigration of souls, but that the ordinary Gaulish belief was of the usual type of Greece and Rome, is attested incontrovertibly by two facts recorded by classical writers: they buried along with the dead what was dear and useful to them in this life, animals, slaves, and wives possibly, and they threw on the funeral pile letters addressed to the dead, and intended to be brought by the person just buried to them to read. Again, Valerius Maximus tells us that money was lent on the condition that the creditor was paid in the next world. British, Irish, and Gaelic myths place this Celtic Hades in the land of the setting sun, a happy island in the Western Ocean. Ossian sojourned there for three hundred years, along with Niam

of "The Golden Hair," Princess of this Land of the Ever-Young; and the mediæval romance of Olger the Dane, which must be a troubadour and hence a Gaulish version of the same myth represents him as transported to the fairy kingdom of Morgan Le Fay, King Arthur's sister, where he lived two hundred years, and whence he returned to earth, like Ossian, to die at last a withered old man. The gorgeousness of this land is but the remembrance of the glories of the old Celtic Hades, a place in its joyousness and reality which must have been of a much more earthly type than the Greek and Roman abodes of the dead.

The feature of old Celtic religion which has attracted most attention, to the obscuration of its real character as an Aryan religion, is its priestly caste known as the Druids. Druidism, for that is the name of the so-called religious philosophy of the Druids, has been made accountable for all that is unexplained in Celtic archæological history by writers previous to the present generation, and it is only with difficulty and the diligent study of comparative religion that we have got rid of the Druidomanaic notions of the past. But little has been told us by the classical writers as to the character and history of Druidism, and that little has been so interesting that it quite fired the imagination of Celtic enthusiasts, and produced a system of Druidism for the Celts that in religious experience and philosophic breadth could surpass any in the ancient or the modern world. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico est;" the unknown is sublime. But from what the classical writers say, and from our knowledge of Celtic religion as it must have been, we can with fair success put the Druids on their proper historical footing. They were the Celtic priests, monopolising the power of judges, soothsayers, educationists, medicine-men, poets, and priests. Among a superstitious and impressionable people like the Celts, their position was naturally a very powerful one, comparable only to the Brahmans of India, to whom, amid much dissimilarity, they have yet a wonderful resemblance, a fact which must cause us to reject those theories which find in the Druids the survival of a previous non-Aryan race and religious culture. Cæsar again gives us the best and most reliable account of them. All men of any consideration, he says, must belong to either the class of nobles or of Druids. (Compare the Hindu castes.) The Druids conducted public and private sacrifices and interpreted omens, and they had the decision of all kinds of controversies, with power of excommunication, in case of disobedience. A chief Druid presided over them, elected by vote for life, and they met once a year in a sacred place in the middle of Gaul. Druid-

ism was found in Britain, it is said, and transferred to Gaul, and those who wished to perfect themselves in it proceeded to Britain to do so. The Druids had immunity from war and taxes. Hence young men flocked to them, and with them they learned off great quantities of poetry, some being under training for twenty years. They didn't allow these things to be committed to writing, whether for memory's sake or for secrecy, is uncertain, but in secular matters they used Greek letters. Their chief doctrine was the transmigration of the soul into another human being, but they discussed astronomy, the size of the universe and the earth, the laws of nature, and the power and majesty of the gods, wherein they instructed the youth. Such is Cæsar's account. Strabo informs us that there were three classes of men specially revered by the Gauls: the Bards, the Vates, and the Druids. The Bards composed and chanted hymns; the Vates occupied themselves with the sacrifices, divination, and the study of nature; while the Druids, added to this last the study of moral philosophy, and were so highly honoured for their sense of justice that all disputes were referred to them. All three classes believed in the indestructibility of the soul and of the world. Whether the doctrine of transmigration was adopted by the Druids from contact with the Grecian culture of *Massilia*, or it was of native invention, like that of the Brahmins, is a disputed point, but that it was not the ordinary Gaulish belief in future life is, as already said, quite certain. The archaeological remains—*cromlechs* and stone circles—supposed to have been Druidic temples, can never be proved to have been connected with the Druids, and besides the Celts were in a more advanced stage of culture than to use rude stone circles for worship; they were in their iron age and used metal tools. In the middle ages Ireland had three classes of men that were distant echoes of the ancient system: these were the Bards, who chronicled, sang, and transmitted events; the *File*, or philosophers, soothsayers, and magicians, the latter being generally called Druids; and lastly, the *Brehons*, or judges, who sometimes are placed in the class of the *File*. But the Irish Druids were mere magicians, and nothing more; the *File*, however, were highly respected, much more so than the Bards.

Having thus gained a fair idea of what the Gaulish religion must have been, we are in a position to attack the problem of old Gaelic religion as presented to us in the mythical history and heroic tales of Christian times. Irish mythic tales and history are our almost only guides, for Scotland has to a great extent lost its ancient heritage of myth, because the people have been less

literary. Ireland possesses MSS. some eight hundred years old, full of valuable mythology; while our oldest—the Dean of Lismore's—is much less than half that antiquity. Irish epic literature divides itself into three leading cycles—the mythological cycle, the Cuchulainn cycle, and the Ossianic cycle. The first cycle deals with the early history of Ireland down to about the beginning of the Christian era; it begins with the “first taking” of Ireland by Cæsair and her attendants forty days *before* the Flood, and gives a fairly detailed history right onward to Christian times. In the grave narratives of the “Four Masters” and of Keating, these events are recorded with all the seriousness of real history. The old Irish deities, Titans, and giants are consigned to history as so many invaders and colonisers of Ireland. The Firbolg, the earth powers most probably, are harassed by the sea powers, the giant Fomorian race; while the Tuatha-de-Danann overcome them both, and assert themselves clearly as the Gaelic gods. The chief figures of the Tuatha-De are—the Dagda Mor (“great good one”), the Gaelic Jove; Manannan, son of Lir, who appears to be the Gaelic Mercury; Luga of the Long Arms, undoubtedly the Apollo of the Gaels; the war-goddesses Badb, Morrigan and Macha; Brigit, the fire-goddess and saint of Christian times; Angus Mac-ind-oc, the Gaelic Eros, god of love, and patron of Diarmat and Grainne; these and other minor deities are set down as kings and chiefs, working wonderful deeds of magic and sorcery, such that Keating says that hence they “were called gods.”

There is a long break between the god-cycle and the hero-cycles of Cuchulainn and Ossian, filled up in the histories with meagre details, but full genealogies of intermediate kings. A wonderful list it is! Are they shadows conjured from the fervid imaginations of the bards to fill up the gaps? Most of them undoubtedly are, but others doubtless lived in legend and myth, duly handed on by the Senachaidhs and Bards. The Cuchulainn epoch is set down in the Irish history as occurring at the commencement of the Christian era. The central figure is the hero Cuchulainn himself, a Hercules and an Apollo combined, being, indeed, son of the god Luga, as one tale has it, and possessing the far-darting and sunlike attributes of his sire. Cuchulainn is, therefore, a demi-god of the Hercules type; Finn and his heroes are later, and partake rather of the Achilles and Trojan type. Both classes of heroes are but the reflections of the higher god-powers, the incarnations of the national deities in national heroes. The Finn epoch is represented in Irish and Scotch mythic history

as occurring three hundred years later than the Cuchulainn cycle, and the heaviest charge against Macpherson is that he mixed up these two cycles together irretrievably, thus clearly showing signs in his "Fingal" of wholesale manufacture, though many parts of that "Epic" are ancient. The heroes of the Cuchulainn and Ossanic cycles are too well known to require description; I only here indicate their mythical character. They cannot be tied down to history; the most popular incidents are wholly of an unhistorical character; enchantments, fairy scenes and chases, gigantic heroes that over-stride firths and valleys—such are the characteristics of nine-tenths of the tales. The historical part is poor and non-popular. The only historical incident recognised, and that, too, doubtfully, by the popular imagination is the battle of Gaura, where the Feni were overthrown; and that battle, *if historical*, was fought not by the Finn and Oscar of popular tradition, but by some of the numerous chiefs and kinglets bearing the names of these mythic heroes.

These, then, are the leading features of Gaelic Mythology. The Irish hero tales can be equated with those of the Britonic Arthur and his knights as equally mythical and unhistorical. A very rich epic, or rather ballad literature, has clustered round Arthur, Finn, and Cuchulainn; the first is made famous in the verse of Tennyson, founding closely on the older and popular myths; the second has given rise to one of the most remarkable literary contests on record, that over the works of Macpherson and his "Ossian"—a really good work, independent of the question of authenticity. The Cuchulainn cycle is still more remarkable, but much less known; the "Tain-Bo-Chuailgne" contains in it an epic that could completely dwarf any of the rest; but, unfortunately, no complete edition of this remarkable tale, or mass of tales, has yet seen the light. From all these we can form an idea of the Homeric simplicity and grandeur, and the Celtic originality, of our epical literature.

The subject of Celtic folk-lore, with its wealth of tales, customs, and superstitions of quite a characteristic sort, has been glanced at already in its mythical aspect—its folk-tales. Into the wider question of customs and superstitions, it is not necessary, in a paper on the Study of Celtic Mythology, to enter. The field is a rich one, and not beset with the difficulties that surround the purely religious and god-portion of Celtic Mythology, into which I have consequently entered here with all the fulness that the limits of such a paper as this could allow.

28TH FEBRUARY 1883.

Mr William Cameron, keeper of the Castle of Inverness, was on this date elected an ordinary member. After transacting some routine business, Mr D. Ramsay read the second part of his Gaelic paper on Stratherrick, already alluded to under date 14th February.

7TH MARCH 1883.

At this meeting Mr William Macdonald, Sheriff-clerk-depute, Inverness, and Mr Alexander Chisholm, Alexandra Buildings, Queen Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members. A letter from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie was read, suggesting that steps should be taken towards placing the claims of Mrs Mary Mac-kellar to a Civil List pension before the first Lord of the Treasury. The suggestion was heartily taken up. The different steps taken by the Society in regard to the matter will be narrated in a special chapter in another place.

Some business having been transacted, the secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, read the second part of his paper on the Highland Regiments already given.

14TH MARCH 1883.

Mrs Mackenzie, Silverwells, Inverness, and Mr Neil Cameron, carpenter, Ballifeary, were elected ordinary members on this date.

On this date also Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, read a paper on the songs and traditions of Strathglass. Mr Chisholm sang the different songs, and in the case of several of them, all the members present joined in the chorus in thoroughly Highland fashion.

Mr Chisholm's paper was as follows :—

ORAIN AGUS SGEULACHDAN SHRATH-GHLAIS.

Ann's a' cheud dol sìos is coir dhomh innse dhuibh gu'm beil e air aithris am measg seann mhuinntir na duthcha nach robh Tighearna-fearainn air Gaidhealtachd Alba na b' fhearr—ma bha cho math—ri Siosalach Shrath-ghlais. Bha bluaidh so orra, reir sgeoil, bho linn gu linn, gach fear mar a thigeadh a' toirt barr air na bha roimhe--gus an d' thainig Uilleam bochd. Bha iad ro thuisgeach agus ro chaoimhneil air cheann sluaig'è, agus bha 'n slugh ro ghaolach orra ; rachadh iad troimh theine 's troimh uisge airson an uachdarain. So mar thuirtear dhuibh 'nuair a chuala e gu 'n

robh na tri linntean—an t-athair, am mac, agus an t-ogha—ann an Caisteal an t-Siosalaich :—

Aoibheag, aoibheag, ho,
Na bheil romham.

'S aighearach mi,
Dol air mi adhart.

Aoibheag, aoibheag, ho,
Na bheil romham.

'S ait mo sgeul,
'S gur math mo ghnòthach.

Aoibheag, aoibheag, ho,
Na bheil romham.

Tha caisteal an
T-Siosalaich romham.

Aoibheag, aoibheag, ho,
Na bheil romham ;

Tha 'n t-athair, am mac,
'S an t-ogha ann.

After the death of the “ Fair Chisholm ”—an *Siosalach Ban*—in the year 1793, Donald Chisholm, *alias* Donull Gobha, composed the following elegy. It was said in the Highlands, and believed by his tenantry, that this Chisholm was one of the best landlords in all Scotland. It is this Chisholm whom the poets have immortalised for having refused to give his lands at increased rents to the south country shepherds. He was married to an excellent lady, the daughter of a Dr Wilson, in Edinburgh. He left a large portion of the estate for his widow during her lifetime. She lived for thirty-three years after her husband's death, and such were her wise and judicious arrangements that she never turned one tenant off the estate, nor did she deprive them of one acre of land :—

Ach mo thruaighe 'ghiorad 's a mhaireas gach aoibhneas saoghalta. Ged a b' aoibhinn 's ged a b' aighearach am bard a thug sgeula cho taitneach dhuinn mu na tri linntean a bha roimhe ann an Caisteal an t-Siosalaich, cha robh an uine fada gus an robh an t-athair, 's am mac agus an t-ogha air an cur fo lic 'san uaigh ann an Seann Teampull Manachainn Mhic-Shimidh.

'S ann mar so a sheinn Donull Gobha (cluinnidh sibh moran, mu 'n bhard so gu h-aithghear), cuid de na marbhrainn a chaidh dheanamh air an triuir Shiosalach :—

Och nan ochan 's mi fein,
Chaidh mo chadal an eis,
An diugh cha leir dhomh,
Ach eiginn sgleo.

'S tric mi 'n iomadain truagh
Mu'n eug thug Alasdair bhuainn,
Craobh nan abhall
A b' uaisle meoir.

Bas an t-Siosalaich threin,
Bhrist air aisnibh mo chleibh,
Thu bhi ac' ann
An ciste bhord.

Chaill sinn Ruairi an aigh,
Fear dh'fhuasgladh gach càs,
An diugh cha 'n aithne
Dhomh 'aiceadh beo.

Annas a' Mhanachuinn 'san uir,
Dh'fhag sibh tasgaidh mo ruin,
Am mac, 'san t-athair,
Le 'm b' fhiu dhuinn falbh.

Bho 'n a ghlasaich mo chiabh
'S gu 'n do sheacaich mo bhian,
Thug an acad so
Dhiom an fheoil.

Cranm seudmhor nam buadh
Dh'fhag fir Alba fo ghruaim
'N uair a dh'ionndraich
Iad bhuath' thu, sheoid.

'S iomadh fear a bha 'm breis',
Eadar tuath agus deas,
Iad fo ghruaim,
'S ann an deise-bhroin.

Cha b'è ardachadh mail
Dh'fhag do bhancaichean lan,
Ach torc-sona
Bhi ghnath ad choir.

'S gur a fiosrach tha mi
Gu'n robh meas ort's gach tir,
Ann am Parlamaid Rìgh,
'S aig mòd.

'Nuair a shuidheadh tu'n cuirt
Bu leat eisdeachd 's tu b' fhiu—
Chuireadh d'fhocal
Gach cuis air seol.

Bha gach fasan a b' fhearr
Ann am pearsa mo ghraidh,
Ach co mhealas,
An drasd a chòt'?

Bu leat faghaid nan gleann,
'S fuaim nan gaothar na 'n deann,
Fhir a leagadh
Na maing le sgòrr.

Leat a chinneadh an t-sealg,
Ann am frith nan damh dearg,
Eadar Finne-ghleann,
Is Cioch an fheoir,

Eadar Comunn-nan-allt,
Agus garbh-shlios nam beann,
Eadar Fairthir,
'S an Caorunn gorm.

Mar tha 'n sean-fhacal ceart,
Mol a' mhachair 's na treabh,
Diomail fàsghadh,
A' phris 's na fag.

Seall gur Gaidhealtachd Glais,
Na dean Galld' i le lagh,
Tuig a comas,
A's creid mar tha.

Coisinn beannachadh Dhia,
Duine bochd na leig dhìot,
'S thoir lan cheartas,
Do'n Tì 's fhearr.

Ann's a' bhliadhna 1703, chaochail Alasdair Og, no mar their-eadh iad ris am bidheantas, "An Siosalach Bàn." An deigh bas Alasdair fhuair Uilleam, an brathair a b' oige, an oighreachd. Da bhliadhna 'n deigh sin phos Uilleam bean uasal, Lisidh, nighean tighearna Ghlinne-gairidh. Coig-bliadhna-deug an deigh dhaibh posadh rugadh oighre dhaibh. Bho 'n la phos iad bha duil aca gu 'm biodh iad na bu shona le cibeirean 's le caoirich-mhora, na bha iad le deagh thuath 's le crodh-dubh. Bha sluagh na duthcha faicinn agus a' faireachdainn so. Ged bu trom 's ged bu duilich leo tir an eolais fhagail, bha iad a' togail an inntinn ri America. Gu misneachd a chumail riu chuir duine gasda a mhuinntir Mheinne na facail so ann am fonn dhaibh :—

Theid sinn a dh-America,
'S gur e ar deireadh falbh ann ;
Ni sinn fearunn de na choille,
Far nach teirig airgiod.

Gheibh sinn cairdean romhainn ann,
Oifigich ro ainmeil,
Tha cuid aig am bheil storas dhiubh,
'S cha b' fhiach iad grot 'nuair dh'fhalbh iad.

Meoirean chraobh air lubadh ann,
Le ubhlan glas a's dearga,
Gheibh sinn beoir gun chunntas ann,
A chuireadh surd san anfhann.

Marbhaisg air na tighearnan,
An ruith th' ac' air an airgiod,
'S fhearr leo baidean chaorach,
Na 'n cuid daoine 's iad fo armachd.

Is ann bho Mhairi mhath, aon nighean an t-Siosalaich Bhain, a dh'ionnsaich mi 'n ceathramh rann de'n aidheam a sheinn mi dhuibh. Bha i corr is leth-chiad bliadhna air falbh as an Taobh-Tuath mus cuala mis' i 'seinn an orain so. 'S ann an Lunainn a fhuair mise eolas oirre. Bha i posda ri ceannaiche beirteach ann an Lunainn dha 'm b'ainn Seumas Gooden. B'e 'n ceannaiche so athair, agus b'i deagh Mhairi, nighean an t-Siosalaich, mathair Mhaighstir Seumas Siosal Gooden, a dhearbh a dhurachd agus a thoil mhath dha na Chomunn so le 'sheachd ginidhnean a chur ann an cridhe litreach dha 'n ionnsuidh. Chi sibh ainm an duine uasail sin am measg mathean a' Chomuinn so. Agus chi sibh

'ainm am bidheantas am measg na tha do dh-uaislean na Gaidh-ealtachd ann an Lunainn. Mar dh'fhaodas sibh a thuigsinn mu'n dealaich sinn a nochd, bha Donull Siosal, no mar theireadh seann mhuinntir na duthcha ris, "Donull dubh a' bheoil bhinn," no mar theireadh iad ris am bidheantas, Donull Gobha, na dhuine glic, geur, tuigseach. Bha e na oranaiche ro mhath, agus a thaobh 's gu'n robh e na dhuine ro mhodhail, stuama, beusach, na ghiulan agus 'na sheanachas, bhiodh islean a's uaislean deigheil air a chuideachda. Theagamh gu'n cuir e iongantas oirbh 'nuair chluinneas sibh gur ann na bhuaichille monaidh bha Donull Gobha corr a's fichead bliadhna dhe 'shaoghal. Tha beinn mhor aluinn ghorm ann an ceann shuas Ghlinn Afaraig am braighe Shra-ghlais dha 'n ainm A' Chioch. Eadar an uine a bha Donull na bhuaichaille 's na aireach agus an uine a bha roinn de'n bheinn so aige fein air mhal an ceangal ri earrainn de Chnoc-fhionn, tha e fein ag innse dhuinn, mar dh'innseas mise gu h-aithghearr dhuibh, gu'n robh e ceithir bliadhna 'sa fichead air a' Chioch. Ach bha e ro-thuirseach a' dealachadh ri dheagh bhanaltrum. So mar thoisich e air innseadh a mhulaid 's air taomadh a dhosguinn:—

Mi m' shuidhe air a' Pholl-ruidhe,
'S m' inntinn trom fo bhonn bealaich.

Seisd—

Seinn, och ho ro, seinn,
Seinn, och ho ro, chailin,
Seinn, och ho ro, seinn.

An diugh cha dirich mi 'n t-ard-bheann,
'S cha 'n e thearnadh bu mhath leam.
Seinn, &c.

Tha leann-dubh orm a' drughadh,
'S uisg' mo shuilean ga m' dhalladh.
Seinn, &c.

Chuir mo bhanaltrum cul rium,
Chaill mi 'n cupan 'bha fallain.
Seinn, &c.

Fhuair na Frisealaich coir ort,
'S chaidh mis' fhogar le m' aindeoin.
Seinn, &c.

Ceithir bliadhna 'sa fichead,
Bha mi sid air do bhainne.
Seinn, &c.

'S tric a bha mi gu h-uallach,
Air do ghualainnean geala.
Seinn, &c.

Air a' Chrailiche chruadail,
An taobh shuas dhiot 's an earrach.
Seiun, &c.

'S fuar seideadh do shroine
'N uair a thoisicheas gaillionn.
Seinn, &c.

An sin fhreagair a' bheinn :—

De tha 'cur air mo phaisde,
Rinn mi arach gun ainnis.
Seinn, &c.

Gheibh thu crìochan an Dunain,
'S Cnoc-fhionn, 's na bi talach.
Seinn, &c.

An sin fhreagair Donull :—

Cia-mar riarraicheas sin m' inntinn,
'S mi fein cinnteach nach mair e ?
Seinn, &c.

Thainig aona gheamhradh a bha ro ghailbheach, gaillionnach,
'nuair a bha roinn aig Donull Gobha dhe na Chich. Thilg crodh
Dhonuill na laigh. Bho 'n bhitheas an iomagain an lorg a' challa,
leig Donull air deanamh mach gur i Chìoch bu choireach—theann
e ri 'cainneadh, ach cha do leig i fad air adhart Donull gus na
chumhnich i dha gu 'n chuir e roimhe deagh ainm oirre. 'S
b'fheudar dha sgar dhe bhì di-moladh na Cìche :—

A chìochag bhreac riabhach,
'S mor mo dhiombadh-sa 'm bliadhn' ort
'S tu dh'fhag gun laigh mo chrodh ciar-dhubh,
'S mi fein iarguinneach umpa.

Nise bho'n tha mi
'S mi 'm fasgath na fasaich,
Gur fhearr leam mar tha mi
Na t'fhabharsa leam.

Tha'n tigh mor dha do thearnadh
Mar sin 's aonach na Crailich,
Coire fad' Innse-laire,
'S e na sgàth ri do thaobh.

“Tha thu 'g ithe do sheanchais,
Chuir thu roimhe deagh ainm orm,
'S olc air mhath le do dheanachair,
Bidh na banachaigean leam.”

Mar thuirt mi ribh, bha Strath-ghlais sona gus na thoisich Uilleam truagh agus a bhean og ardanach, Lìsidh, nighean Mhic-'ic-Alastair, air cur na duthcha fo na caoirich mhora. Cha b' fhiach duine na 'n suileansa ach fear a theannadh ri stoc de chaoirich a chur suas. Agus mar tha fios agaibh dh' fheumadh na caoirich cead sgaoilidh bhi aca; mar so bha talamh monaidh agus talamh aitich dha reiteach; 's e sin ri radh—bha 'n tuath dha 'n cuir as an rathad air luchd nan caorach. 'Nuair chaidh an talamh thoirt bho 'n t-sluagh cha robh ann an Strath-ghlais ach aite bochd. Cha robh tacar mara no toradh tire aca, ach bha fathast stoc a's airgid aca. Rinn iad an sin gach dìongmhal-tas gu dol do dh-America. Am measg chaich chaill Donull Gobha am fearunn 's e nise na sheann duine. Eisdibh ri 'sheanchas fein:—

Bha mi og ann an Strath-ghlais,
'S bha mi 'n duil nach rachainn as,
Nis' bho 'n chaidh na suinn fo lic
Gabhaidh mi ruith-treuda.
O tha mi nise liath
An deigh na chunnaic mi riamh;
Bho'n a's fheudar dhomh bhi triall,
Siorrachd 's beag mo speis dha.

Ge do tha mo chois eachd trom,
Togaidh mi misneachd le fonn;
'Nuair a theid mi air an long,
Co chuireas rium geall-reise?

An t-uachdaran a th' air nar ceann,
Tha mi'n duil gun chaill e dhaimh,
'S fhearr leis caoirich chur ri gleann
Na fir an camp le feileadh.

Comunn braithreil cha bhi ann,
Cha 'n eil eisneachd aig fear fann,
Mur cuir e caoirich ri gleann
'S ann air cheann na déirc' dha.

Na 'm falbhainn 'nuair bha mi og,
Gheibhinn rud air iomadh seol,
Nise bho'n chaill mi mo threoir
Stòr cha dean mi fhaotainn.

Ach gheibh sinn acraichean bho'n Rìgh,
Tighearnan a ni e dhinn,
Cha b'ionnan 's a bhi mar bha 'n linn
Bha paigheadh cis dha Ceasar.

Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,
Faicibh mar sgoilt a' Mhuir-Ruadh,
'S cumhachdan an Dia tha shuas
An diugh cho buan 's an ceud la.

Tha e soillear ri fhaicinn gu 'n thog Donull Gobha beachd dheth tir a dhuthchais 's gu'n robh e deanamh inntinn suas ri falbh comhla ri comhlan mor de mhuinntir Shraith-ghlais a bha dol thairis gu duthaich na coille, Nobha Scotia. Anns a cheart am sin (1801, a reir mo bharrail) thainig mac dha Donull Gobha air ais an deigh dha bhi beagan bhliadhnaichean ann an America. Thug a mhac misneachd dha 'n t-seann duine gu togail air. Eadar dheoin 's aindeoin dh'aontaich e ri falbh comhla ri mhac 's ri luchd-duthcha. Goirid mu'n do sheol iad bha Donull Gobha aig coinnimh ann an Tigh-a-chlachain an Strathghlais, 's bha e ro mhuladach a bhi fagail tir oige, 's thubhairt e—"Na'm faighinn larach bothain aig bonn Alt-na-h-imrich, cha'n fhagainn Strath-ghlais gu brach." Sith dha m' Athair, bha e 'san lathair mu'n robh fonn no fearunn aige fein, 's chuala mi e cantuinn "Na'm biodh uiread gu no chomhairle san am sa bha ann bho'n la sin cha rachadh Donull Gobha ri bheo thar a' chuain." Ach dh'fhalbh an seann duine, mar thubhairt mi, comhla ri mhac, ri luchd-eolais, 's ri muinntir dhuthchanan eile—mar chluinneas sibh gu h-aithghearr. Bha gach aon dha 'm b'aithne Donull ro thoilichte e bhi air bord

comhla riu, 's iad cinnteach cho fad 'sa bhiodh air chomas dha gu'n cumadh e oranan a's cridhealas riu. Cha robh iad air am mealladh. So agaibh fear de na h-orain a rinn e air aird a' chuain. Mar thuigeas sibh 's e ainm na luinge leis na sheol iad "Flori"—

'Nuair theid Flori na h-eideadh,
Cha bu mharcaiche steud-eich,
Bhuingeadh oirre geall-reise,
'Nuair theid breid fos a cionn.

Failllill ho ro,
Hill uill ho ro,
Failllill ho ro,
Ho gu, oh ho, ro hi.

Tha i barantach, laidir,
Tha i caol as a h-earraich,
'S i gu 'n sgoilteadh muir gabhaidh,
'Nuair a b' airde na tuinn.

Tha chairt-iuil an deagh ordugh,
'S tha na sgibearan eolach,
'S mise dannsa le solas,
Air a bord le ceol binn.

'S mi nach deanadh da phairtidh,
Dheth na dh'fhalbh as an aite ;
Eadar Barraidh a's Aigeis—
Dia mar gheard air an linn !

Thugaibh cuimhn' air bhur creideamh,
Agus seasaibh ri 'r n-eaglais,
Ged a theireadh fear eile,
Gur neo-fhreagarrach i.

'S ann do thoiseach nam fortan,
Bhi fo dhubhar na Croise ;
Am fear a dhiobras a coltas,
Chi e dhochair ri tìm.

Bha Donull Og fo lan-chonaich 'na osdair ann an Tigh-a-chlach-ain am meadhon Shrath-ghlais. Chaidh esan thairis gu Eilean Cheap Breatuinn an America. Ach cha robh e toilichte ann an duthaich na coille 's an t-sneachda. Chaidh a mhac, Alastair, a bhathadh. Ghabh Mairi, a nighean, sgail-bhrat nan cailleachan-dubha, 's chuir i seachad a saoghal mar mhaighdeann-chrabhaidh.

Bha 'n t-aithreachas trom air Donull gun d'fhag e Strath-ghlais.
Ach bha bhean, Fionnaghal, daonnan a' cumail misnich ris. So
mar thuirt iad, ceathramh mu seach:—

Ach na 'm bithinn og,
'S mo phocaid a bhi pailt,
Gu 'm fagainn am *province*,
'S gu 'n seolainn air m' ais;
Gu ruig Inbhir-lochaidh,
Bho na sheol mi mach.
Shealltainn air na seoid,
A tha mu chomhnard Ghlais.

Ho mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn;
Ho mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Mairi bhoidheach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

Thuirt Fionnaghal ri Donull,
'S gorach leam do bheachd,
Ma 's a duine beo thu,
Bidh do phocaid pailt;
Cha'n fhaicear am màl
Gu brach dha d' chur an Glais,
'S chi 'm fear bhitheas a lathair
M' fhaisneachd tighinn gu teach.
Ho mo Mairi, &c.

Thuirt Donull a rithist—
Bu chridheil a bhi thall
Ann an tigh-na-dibhe,
B'aidheamach a chlann;
Bhiodh na tasdain ghlasa
Dha'n sgapadh na'n deann,
Ann am measg nan Glaiseach—
B'ait leinn a bhi thall.
Ho mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha gach ni a' fas dhuit,
Spreidh air àilean glas,
Cruithneachd is buntata,
Cinnidh 'm barr ud pailt,

Oinneanan an garadh
 'S iad mar nadur frais,
 Gheibh thu gach seors iasgaich
 'S cuir do lion a mach.
 Ho mo Mhari, &c.

Bho na dh'fhag mi Alba
 Dh'iomarlaich mi 'n t-ol,
 Cha'n fhaicear mi suidhe
 An cuideachd mu'n bhord,
 Na daoine gasda mileanta
 'S an tir an robh mi og,
 'G obair 'n so mar nìgeir —
 'S e sin brìgh mo sgeoil.
 Ho mo Mhari, &c.

Bha deagh choimhearsnach faisg air Donull Gobha ann an Cnoc-fhionn dha'm b' ainm Ailean. Rinn an duine sin agus Cailean-Og Mhuchdrachd malairt. Chaidh Ailean a thamh do Mhuchdrachd 's chaidh Cailean-Og air ais do Chnoc-fhinn gu dachas athar 's a sheanar. A reir coltais cha robh Donull Gobha deonach dealachadh ri Ailean, 's cha robh e toirt barail mhath air a mhonadh tha ceangailte ri Muchdrachd. Tha ceann garbh, creagach, glas, air a bheinn 's airde do thalamh Mhuchdrachd dha'n ainm "Sgur-na-diolta." So a bheinn ris an d' thuir Donull "a chailleach dhubh liath-ghlas dha'n robh an diollaid gun strìan":—

Ma chaidh Ailean dha'n taghadh
 Threig e an roghainn a b'fhearr;
 Dh'fhag e Cìoch as a dheighidh
 Nach eil ri fhaighinn na's fhearr;
 Bho nach robh e na fhaicill
 'S gun do ghlac e'n da ait'
 Ach ma fhuair e na's sona,
 Cha'n eil dolaidh leam dha.

Ged bhiodh Muchdrachd agam,
 'S mi nach caidleadh ann seimh,
 An doire-liath sa'n fheith-luachrach,
 'S na'm bheil mu'n cuairt dha 'n lub-bhan
 B'annsa bruthaich na cluanach,
 Sios is suas mu na phairc,
 Agus deoch as a chiochaig
 Bho'n 's i lionadh mo chail.

Bha i ciallach na nadur,
 'S i gun ardan gun ghiomh,
 'S gur a geal i fo leine,
 Is dreach na greine air a bian,
 Threig e mharcaid a b'fheile ;
 'S ghabh e an ceile nach b'fhiach,
 Ghabh e chailleach dhubh, liath-ghlas,
 Dha'n robh an diollaid gun strian.

Dh'fhag e long ann an caladh
 Nach deach idir air sail,
 'S gur a boidheach fo sheol i,
 Gearradh feoir air a h-earr ;
 B'fhearr am fasan duine uasail,
 Car mu'n cuairt le sgiath-bheur,
 Na sguaban dha'm bioradh,
 'S uisge sileadh le'm barr.

Ach 's beag an t-ioghnadh leam Ailean,
 Ged robh am pathadh dha chlaoidh,
 Dh'fhag e Cioch as a dheighidh,
 Bu toil-inntinn do Rìgh ;
 Ach ma's a banaltrum thioram,
 Tha nise air a chionn,
 An deis an altruim a fhuair e,
 'S culaidh-thruais e san tìr.

Is ath-chiocharan mise,
 'S bha Iain Friseal am phairt,
 Nise dubhaidh a chridhe,
 Dh'aindeoin frithealadh chaich ;
 An deigh altrum samhraidh,
 'S cha bu ghann a dheoch dha,
 Bho na bhanaltruim riomhaich,
 Nach togadh stri am measg chaich.

Fhir Chnoic-fhinn gu'n robh buaidh ort,
 Mar bu dual dha do sheors,
 Eadar Déäig is Cluainidh,
 Le do bhuaile chruidh oig,
 Ann an aros do sheanar,
 Ann an ard nan gleann feoir,
 Gu'n robh Chioch dhuit mar leannan
 'S do luchd-baile dha h-ol.

Bha duine tapaidh dheth na chinneadh Fhrisealach, dha 'm b' ainm Alastair Og 'na thuathanach cothromach ann an Giusachan 'm braighe Strath-ghlais. Ach ghabh uachdaran na 'h oigh-reachd sin (Mac-Uistein) a chuid a b' fhearr de 'n talamh na lamhan fein, chuir e fo chaoirich e, 's chaidh an sluagh a chubadh sa chrodhadh air talamh neo tharbhach. Mar chi sibh anns an oran so bha Alastair-Og daonnan a' toirt misnichd dhaibh gu togail orra gu dol do dh-America. Ach thainig am bas air an duine threun, thuigseach, Alastair-Og 's chaidh an t-aona mhac a bha aige thairis gu Nobha Scotia.

Ged a tha sinn a' so an drasta,
Cha bhi dail againn fad' ann,
'S ann theid sinn a null air sail,
Shealltuinn air na cairdean thall,
Far 'm bheil coille na fasaich,
'S cha'n fhaicear gu brach a ceann,
'S nuair a ni sinn fearann aiteach,
Cha bhi mal ga'r cur gu crann.

Na'n tarladh dhomh bhith's tigh-osda,
Mu'n a bhord 's mi 'g ol an dram,
Na deocha-slainte dheanainn ol,
Ged a bhitheadh mo phocaid gann;
Tha mo dhuil-s' an Rìgh na Glorach,
Bho'n 'se dh'orduich sibh dhol ann,
Gu'n d'fhag sibh talamh gun eolas,
S' aite-comhnuidh thogail thall.

Bithidh sinn a guidhe le durachd,
An am togail nan seol ri crann,
Soirbheas min bho Rìgh nan dulaibh,
Le gaoith shiubhlaich gun bhi mall,
A chumail rian air a chairt-iuil dhuinn
Gus an stiuradh i 'n crann-dall,
Aiseag cabhagach a null dhuinn,
'S nar deagh chunntais chur a nall.

'S fhada bho'n a bha mo mhiann ann,
Gar a bheil mo thriall ach mall,
Shaoil leam gu'm fagainn na crìochan
Fada mu'n do liath mo cheann ;

Nise bho 'n a chrom an gnìomh mi,
 Air dhroch fhiach's mi'n aite gann
 Paigheadh mail 's a' dol am fiachan,
 Och mo dhiobhail fuireach ann.

Gheibh sinn cnothan agus ubhlan,
 Air lùiseadh air bharr gach crann
 Moran mheasan milis, cubhraidh,
 Chuireadh sunnt air duine fann ;
 Gheibh sinn deoch laidir de'n rum ann,
 Chuireadh luths ruinn ann 's gach ball,
 Airgiod glas air a dheagh chuinneadh,
 'S dolair nan crun a bhios ann.

Gheibh sinn geoidh is eala 's iasg ann,
 'S lachan ris a' ghrian air tuinn
 Bradan air linneachan iasgaich
 Dha'n tarraing le lion a grunn
 H-uile por cho pailt sa dh'iarruinn
 Fas gu lionmhor air an fhonn
 Cha b'ionann sa bhi h-uile bliadhna
 'G ardachadh nan crìochan lom.

Mìle marbhaisg air na h-uaislean,
 Nach fhuiligeadh an tuath bhi ann,
 Ach caoirich 's coin mu'n cuairt dhaibh,
 'S iad dha'n cuallach stigh gu fang,
 Na'n tigeadh cogadh no tuasaid,
 Na eigheachd gu bualadh lann,
 B'fhearr na daoine na na h-uain sin,
 'Se 'n cur uaibh a rinn an call.

Tha sinn ann an so an drasta,
 Ann an càs bho am gu am,
 Ceannach an t-sìol-chuir bhuntata,
 'S gach ni thairear a chur na cheann ;
 Fear dha'n dean am pailteas fas dhiubh,
 Cha reic e iad gu brach gu am,
 Gus a faigh e 'm bonn is airde—
 'S ma tha thusa 'n càs bi ann.

Bheir mi dhuibh a nise oran a rinn Ailean Dall, filidh Mhic-
 'ic-Alasdair, do 'n t-Siosalach, roimh theachd nan caorach mora do
 Shrath-ghlais :—

N' am dusgadh as mo chadal dhomh,
Air maduinn 's toiseach bruidhn' agam,
O! theanga na toir masladh dhomh,
A's dean Srath-ghlais a chuimhneachadh :
'S mo thogradh cha chuir bacadh ort,
A's eigh a mach, 's gu'n cluinn sinn thu ;
Tog fonn air cliu an t-Siosalaich,
Glac misneachd 's na biodh cubhreach ort.

Sàr mharcach nan each innealta,
Gu srianach, criosach, diollaideach ;
'Nuair leumadh tu 's na stiorapaibh,
Cha mhinic iad a thrialladh riut ;
Do phearsa chumach, bheachdail, dheas,
'N ard chleachdainnibh nan Iarlachan,
Mar sheobhag, an t-ian meartuinneach
Air thus na h-ealta 'cliaranach.

'So 'n gaisgeach, euchdach, curranda,
'S gun iomadaidh do 'n mhor-chuis ann,
D' am bheil an stoile urramach,
'S gun uireasaibh deagh fhoghlum ort ;
Gu sgiamhach, fialaidh, furanach
Geur-ghuinideach, cruaidh-chomhragach ;
'S na 'n tairn'gte suas an cumasg riut,
Bu fhrasach fuil 'g a dortadh leat,

Bha bhuaidh sin air do shinnseireadh
'S tha firinn a' toirt sgeoil orra,
Na 'n gealluinnibh bu dileas iad,
Do 'n righ a chaidh air fogradh uainn,
'S fo d' shail cha d' fhag thu 'n di-chiumhn' sid,
'S gun stri cha tillte toireachd ort,
A chraobh nach aom le siantainnibh,
Th' air cinntinn mar bu choir dhi bhi.

'S na 'n eighthe 'feachd na h-Alba thu,
Bu dearbhata do dhaoin'-uaisle dhuit
'S gur mairg a chasadh eucoir ort
Nuair dh' eireadh leat do ghuailleachain—
Na Siosalaich chruaidh, gheur-lannach
Nach geilleadh ri h-uchd tuasaide,
Gu fuileach, guineach, beum-bhuilleach,
Gu reachd'or, treubhach, cruadalach.

Gu seasach, duineil, faoilteachail,
 Mu d' dhaoine tha thu curamach ;
 Air gheard mu 'n eirich baoghal dhoibh,
 'S cha leig thu aomadh cùil orra ;
 'S gur mairg a nochdadh aobhar dhuit,
 Nuair dh' eireadh laoich do dhucha leat
 Chum seasamh ri h-uchd caonnaige,
 Le 'n claidheannaibh cha diùltadh iad.

Nuair thogteadh piob a's bratach leat
 A mach bho chaisteal Eirchealais,
 Bu lionmhor oigeir spalpara,
 Fo ordugh grad chum seirbheis dhuit ;
 Gu dagach, gunnach, acfhuinneach,
 Gu ruinn-gheur, sgaiteach, eirbheartach,
 Ag gearradh smuais a's aisinnean,
 La cruas nan ealt' gun mheirg orra.

Le 'n ceannard uasal Siosalach,
 Gu suairce, measail, giùlanta,
 Cha mheall an t-òr le sitheadh thu,
 Gu bristeadh air do chumhnantan ;
 Cha'n fhàillinnich do ghealluinnean
 De t'fhearann thug thu cùnnradh dhoibh
 Air làraichean a' seanairean.
 A's ceangal ac' air ùine dheth.

Cha 'n iognadh iad bhi dileas dhuit
 'S do chis a dhioladh durachdach ;
 Cha 'n fhaicear coin no ciobairean
 A steach 'na d' thir 'g an iunnsachadh ;
 'S bho 'n chuir thu cul ri tairgseachan
 Bho Ghall-bhodaich nan luirichean
 Gu 'n d' fhag sid cliù an Albainn ort
 'S tha faramad aig gach duthaich riut *

* The poet, Allan Macdougall (Ailean Dall), is in error in attributing the rejection of the offer of the Lowlanders to William. It was his worthy brother, *An Siosalach Ban* (the Fair Chisholm) maternal grandfather of Mr Chisholm-Gooden, London, that, at the instigation of his only daughter, Mary, mother of Mr Gooden, declined the overtures of the South Country shepherds, who had come to him for the purpose of renting the Chisholm glens and dispossessing the native tenantry.—COLIN CHISHOLM.

'S gu meal thu cheile sholasach
 A dh' orduicheadh air clusaig dhuit;
 Bho sgeith nan geug-chrann moralach
 Cha diobair coir air uaisle dh' i;
 Mar ghrian 's a mhadainn shamhraidh i,
 Air slios nan gleann neo-dhuatharach
 A's maisich dearsadh 'foillseachadh,
 Le h-iochd is caoineil cuartachadh.

'S mar reult-an-iuil ag eirigh 'muirnn
 Tha 'n euchdag ur 'nuair ghuaiseas i,
 Le beusaibh ciuin, nach teid fo 'r cul,
 An ceill 's an cliu le truacantachd;
 'S e sid a' chuis nach b' iognadh leinn,
 'S na fiurain as na bhuaineadh i,
 Slat chubhraidh 'n iubhar mhileanta
 'S gur lionmhor mile buaidh oirre.

Mur eil bhur foighidinn air a sgitheachadh mar thà leis na
 thubhairt mi, seinnidh mi seann oran trom, tiamhaidh, eile dhuibh.
 Cha'n urra mi innse co a rinn an t-oran so na co dha chaidh
 'dheanamh; ach chuala mi gur e oid'-altruim a rinn d'a dhalta e
 'nuair a chaidh an duin' og thar a' chuan air cheann an fhortain:—

An am an fhoghair 's an fheoir,
 Thigeadh foghair an t-seoid gu teach,
 Mo chreach do dheigh' gun toir,
 Sgeul nach roghainn 's gur bron dhomh e;
 Na 'm b'ann an eiginn no'n càs
 A bheirt ort air sgath do thir'
 'Righ! na mheal mi mo shlaint
 Mur biodh m' anam aig each dha dhial.

'S tric mi smaoineachadh ort,
 'S mi gu h-uaigneach, tosdail, trom,
 Tha mo chridh air a lot,
 Agus m' airnean gu goirt am chom;
 Cha'n eil ball dhiom tha slan
 Mar ri m'fhabhradan dh'fhas iad lom,
 'S mi 'n cruaidh shruthadh nan deoir
 Ann an cumha 'n duine oig dh' fhalbh 'uainn.

'S tu m'fhiuran finealt fhein 's glan dreach,
 Leis nach b'fhiach a bhi creach ach toir;
 Chaill mi miadh dheth mo phearsa,
 Bho 'n la dhioldadh an t-each ad choir,

Chuirinn cul ris gach càs
 'S cha bhi cumha mu d' bhas na's mo ;
 Mo dhuil ri do theachdsa slàn
 Bhithinn cridheach an aite 'bròn.

B'ann deth d'fhasan 's dhe do cheaird
 A bhi taghal nan ard so thall,
 Bhiodh do ghunna 's do chu,
 Bhiodh do ghillean air chul do laimh,
 'N uair lubadh tu 'n glun,
 'Sa smeideadh tu'n t-suil do cheann,
 Chluinte cragraich nan ord
 'S gu'm bidh fuil mar ri feoil sa ghleann.

'N am a ghreigh leigeadh leis,
 'S an a bheireadh sinn greis air spors'
 Mas a faobhrinn do chuid
 Seal cho deise 'sa mhusg ad dhornn
 Bhiodh a spainneach nach diult
 Air a chrìos aig a' chuirtear og
 'S c'aite 'm b'eol dhomh ri luaidh
 Aona mhac duin thug ort buaidh a sheoid.

'Sheoid bhuaadhaich gun ghiomh,
 Gu'm b'ainneamh fear d'iomh's do dhreach
 C'aite am b'eol dhomh fear d'iomh,
 Ri bhi sealltuinn 'sa ghrian a mach ;
 Fhir a's maisiche ciall,
 Gun do mheas thu mi riamh mar mhac,
 'S ann leam's duilich do thriall,
 'S aobhar mullaigh dhomh riamh gu'm fac.

Sheoid bhuaadhaich gun chearb,
 Gu'n cluinneam deagh sheanchas ort ;
 'S ann bhiodh tu measg Ghall
 Mar an cruithneachd an ceann a' choirc ;
 Bhliadhna thriall thu 'o thir,
 Gur h-i a dh'fhag mi fo sproc,
 'S gur e chaisgeadh mo ghruaim
 Sgeula chluinntinn nach b'fhuathach ort

Moch 'sa 'mhaduinn Diluan,
 An diu a theannaich mi cruaidh mo chàs,
 Bliadhna mar riuts' gach uair
 O'n la dh'imich thu bhuainn Dimairt ;

Gur bochd m'fhachdain ri sheinn,
Agus m'ursgeul ri innse 'chach,
Dh' fhag thu lethtromach mi,
'S dheanainn altrum a chionn do shlaint'.

Bhrist air garadh mo lios
Thuit an t-ubhal ain meas a b'fhearr
Tha mo ghearan cho chruaidh,
'S ged a chuirte san uaigh mo ghradh ;
Ach bidh duil ri beul puirt,
Ge b'e h-uair thig an luchd dhe an t-sàil
'S cha bhi duil ris an uaigh,
Seach gun glachdar an t-sluasaid lan.*

21ST MARCH 1883.

Donald Macleennan, commission agent, Drummond Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member. After some business had been transacted, Mr John Macdonald, merchant, The Exchange, Inverness, read a paper on

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

The present social condition of the Highlands, he said, is very unsatisfactory, and in many respects presents a melancholy contrast with the past. When one wanders through desolated glens, and mixes with the impoverished and broken-spirited remnant of the population that is left, the sorrow one feels is intensified by the recollection of the past, when manhood, mirth, spirit, and social life enlivened the scene now so desolate. You are all familiar with straths and glens, where, in the matter of population, the present presents a melancholy contrast to the past, not only in quantity, but in quality. There is also a decay in social affections, and not only that, but honour in business transactions, fidelity in service, the faithful discharge of filial duties, as well as the generous treatment of the poor and helpless—in these and various other matters the Highlands of the present show an unfavourable contrast to the Highlands of the past. Hugh Miller, in describing the condition of society in many parts of the Highlands nearly a century ago, quotes an eminent Frenchman, who for a time resided in this country, and who, fresh from the revolutionary scenes of Paris and the troubles of France, bore about him in imagination the stains of the guillotine. "Here," this Frenchman

* *Correction.*—In first line on page 224 instead of "1703" read "1793."

said, "during the twenty-five years in which Europe has been devouring herself, the door of the house I inhabit has been open day and night." Those who know anything of the past history of the Highlands know well that the Frenchman's case was not an isolated one—that, in fact, it was the rule and not the exception. Now, look on this picture and on that. Here we are in the Highlands, after nearly a century of enlightenment, education, and religious teaching, compelled to increase our crime-repressing machinery in one county alone to the extent of fifty additional policemen, at an increased annual outlay of £3000.* If one accepts the usual relationship between cause and effect as the only guide in judging of this great change in the Highlands our conclusions would be most unfavourable to the character of the present population. But, fortunately, we have at this moment facts to guide us in believing that this huge increase of the crime-repressing machinery does not quite indicate a proportional increase of crime or a deterioration in the moral character of the people. No stronger refutation of such a proposition could be found than the pleasant fact that we are to have in Inverness two maiden Circuit Courts in quick succession after each other, and that, too, in a circuit covering a wider area than any other circuit in the kingdom.† On behalf of the large population inhabiting this wide district, it must be stated that for the recent increase in the crime-repressing machinery the student of political and social economy must look for causes other than the criminal and lawless character of the people. There is also at present more poverty, widespread want, and greater difficulty in obtaining an honest livelihood, with a reasonable amount of labour and anxiety, than we have any record of in the past—excepting in periods of famine. The Highlanders of the past by no means lived luxuriously, but it is quite clear that they lived well and contented. Their splendid physique, their endurance, their joyful temperaments, finding as it did such abundant expression in music and song, by no means indicated a starving and hard-pressed people; on the contrary, the conditions of their existence seemed more

* This observation had reference to a resolution of the Commissioners of Supply of Inverness-shire to raise the constabulary of the county from 44 to 94, in consequence of disturbances and threatened disturbances in connection with the land agitation.

† There have been three "maiden" Circuit Courts in Inverness in the course of two years—one in the autumn of 1882, another in the spring of 1883, and the third in the spring of 1884. In the autumn of 1883 there was a Circuit Court, but the criminal business before it was disposed of in less than an hour.

favourable to physical development and a happy, cheerful existence than can be said of the conditions under which large masses of their descendants live at the present day.

Referring to the causes which have brought about this state of things, Mr Macdonald went on to point out that the Highlands had peculiarities which were being overlooked. The habits and customs of the people, the unwritten laws, and traditions, no less than the gigantic hills that surrounded their glens, and the rugged rocks that bounded their shores—all have presented formidable barriers to a rapid advance among them of those influences that so readily took effect in other parts of the country. On this account the history of the Highlands is in many respects a history of social, ecclesiastical, and political blunders. In acts of Imperial Legislation affecting land tenure and other matters, these peculiarities were ignored and overlooked. Wisely dealt with and adapting their habits to the new order of things, the Highland people presented perhaps the finest material that ever any nation possessed. Even their follies and shortcomings might have been made the foundation of the highest and most paramount improvements. There was the simplicity of life, the endurance, the capacity for work—all these were qualities which, if wisely utilised and directed into suitable industrial channels, the Highlands of the present would be as creditable and useful to the industrial wealth-producing character of the nation as the Highlands of the past were to our military prowess.

Dealing with the Highland clearances, which Mr Macdonald said were prolific of untold mischief, he proceeded—It is undoubted that this country lost by those clearances a most valuable part of the population. It is equally undoubted that the immediate effect of the clearances has been to form a very large unproductive population in the rural districts, and particularly in the sea coast villages and large towns, between whom and the direst poverty there exists but the most slender barrier at the best, and no barrier whatever in seasons unfavourable to agricultural and seafaring industry. While the large sheep farms were the primary cause of the expatriation of the people, and we were rather frequently reminded of this now-a-days, he thought the extension of the forest system, if it did not originate the evil, certainly perpetuated and intensified it. (Applause.) The alienation of the land from its proper uses and the industry of the people, was as much, if not more, a part of the sporting as it was even of the large sheep farm system. He went on to say that, in consequence of the prevalent mania for deer forests, a fictitious value

was imparted to land, thus almost extinguishing agriculture as an industry in the Highlands. At the present moment perhaps no system found a more powerful advocacy than that of sport.

Now, he continued, there are some who doubt that sport is in itself or in its associations such an ennobling and elevating exercise. There was a time, indeed, in the history of our ancestors when to hunt the chase was an arduous necessity to provide them with food and defend their homes from the savage inhabitants of the forest. To be a good and constant sportsman in those days was a filial as well as a patriotic duty, and required bravery of no ordinary kind. But it is surely a stretch of imagination that would find any similarity in the sport of the present day with the more ancient exercise of which it is but a feeble imitation. Besides, the greatest, the most practical, the best men of this and other lands by no means take an absorbing interest in sport. The Washingtons, Lincolns, Garfields of America; the Gladstones, the Cobdens, the Brights, and most of the best statesmen and philosophers of this country, are not sportsmen: they recognise the fact that if civilisation has delivered society from the necessity of protection from, and war with, the beasts of the forest, it has at the same time called into existence other foes which are equally worthy of the attention, the energy, and spare time of the British aristocracy. To beat back the forces of ignorance and vice—to relieve the distress and misery that mixes itself up continually with all social arrangements—to help those (and they are many) who, either through some fault or weakness of their own, or from circumstances beyond their control, fall behind in the great struggle of life—to guide and regulate the arts, literature, and great industries of this great country of theirs—these are fields wide enough to absorb the superabundant energy and heroism, which, for its present outlet lessens so much of the fertile and food-producing land of Scotland.

In these remarks I have tried to show that sport is not so commendable a thing in itself, and if I had time I might also say something by way of proof that the present development of the system in the Highlands is not at all so productive of wealth as its advocates maintain. All the extensive tracts of land under deer produce little or no food, affords little or no work, and although in these districts there is a considerable circulation of money at short seasons of the year, the benefits it confer are not unmixed with evil. The associations and habits that cluster round a shooting lodge are in certain respects demoralising to those employed. The whole thing as long as it lasts is a violent reaction from the usual method in which the rest of the year is spent, and

the payment is out of proportion to the services rendered. This has the effect of creating a distaste for the steadier paths of industry, and you often find that these men who have been so employed would rather perform the most menial work about a shooting lodge than engage in constant agricultural or other work. (Hear, hear.) Speaking from a commercial point of view, I am bound to say that it is almost the universal opinion of merchants and manufacturers who do business in the Highlands that the existence of crofters and small tenants is far more conducive to a sound healthy trade, either of home consumption or export, than any number of shooting lodges with their uncertain peculiarities.

Hitherto I have just been trying to make out that we have at present in the Highlands an unsatisfactory social condition, and to point out to you a few of the causes. Those who speak on this subject are often taunted with the remark, "It is all very well to point out a state of matters as wrong. It would be much more to the point if a little of the same energy was directed to discovering a remedy." Well, there is a truth there. Our own Professor Blackie has sweetly sung in his *Vision of Ossian*—

"We may weep, but what boots the salt flow of our weeping.
No tears from their exile can win back the men."

Quite true we cannot recall the men, or restore the Highlands to their once condition. Hence it were perhaps wiser and more practical to direct some attention to improving the future. One great step in that direction has been already achieved by the attention directed to the *past* and the *present*. On this account Professor Blackie himself is entitled to the gratitude of his countrymen, and a host of other men whom I might name have acted nobly. Going on to speak of the remedies for the existing evils, Mr Macdonald said he was of opinion that a public and legal prohibition of the further extension of deer forests must be one of the first steps taken towards this end. This done, land would resume its proper agricultural value, and pave the way for the carrying out of such a scheme as Mr H. C. Macandrew, Inverness, recently advocated—namely, the formation of public companies to purchase estates and tracts of land on which to settle a crofter tenantry. On vast tracts, unsuitable for cultivation, wood might, with great advantage and profit, be planted. The value of wood on our estates was something remarkable, and he believed that the wood planted on the Redcastle property, for instance, increased the value of the estate within forty years by £40,000. In the future, property in timber on Highland estates had all the

prospect of an increased value. Another matter which would immensely improve the state of the Highlands would be the breaking down of large farms and the multiplication of small holdings. (Applause.) He knew of no condition more desirable, independent, conducive to mental and physical health than a small holding—all the necessary conditions existing, such as suitable means to start with, security of tenure, incentives to improvement, assurance of compensation for the same. Small farms and crofts, with all the outside assistance by way of labour that these would require, would have a most beneficial effect in absorbing a great deal of labour at present unemployed. They would present means of livelihood to farm servants and agricultural labourers, who, getting advanced in years, get unfitted for the usual routine of hard work.

Mr Macdonald concluded—I am sanguine enough to believe that such changes as I have indicated will sooner or later take place in the Highlands. (Applause.) Public opinion and Imperial legislation will insist on curtailing and removing any system or state of things so unfavourable to the comfort and conveniences of the people as exist at present; and let those sneer who may, give the people land to cultivate, and pasture to feed their cattle on, encouragement to prosecute such other industries as the Highlands are adapted for—I say, grant this, and much of the present poverty, straitened circumstances, and consequent discontent, will disappear, and not only in Skye, but also on the mainland, such scenes as have made the past year memorable will not occur again. (Applause.) There is, however, a point beyond which neither public sentiment nor legislation can assist the people, and that is the point at which they may and can help themselves. (Hear, hear.) We, who know the Highlands, and are Highlanders ourselves are quite well aware that there is not a very great percentage of truth in the charges of laziness and improvidence so freely made against the people. (Applause.) Give them material to work upon, where the reward of their industry is certain, their tenure and social position secure against social tyranny so bound up with present estate management. (Applause.) Grant this, and I think the history of the colonies, the records of the towns and villages at home, will clearly show that the Highlanders are not lazy, and that they can compare with any other section of our countrymen. (Applause.) But while this is true, there is ample room for improvement. With more attention and more improved methods of working their existing crofts they could produce much more than they now do. I don't see why poultry, eggs, pork, honey, dairy produce, and various kinds of

vegetables should not be produced in the Highlands of as good a quality and as abundant as in the Lothians. This could be done, and should be done, for family use; and there is from all the Highlands now such ready means of communication with the large towns that surplus supplies of these could easily be profitably disposed of. The remotest parts of the Highlands are surely as near Inverness, Glasgow, Liverpool, and London as many parts of the Continent of Europe from which supplies of such articles are received now. Another matter of great importance in which our Highland crofters commit a grievous mistake is the want of making some systematic provision against sickness, old age, and death. Among the mechanics and labourers of our large towns this provident habit is becoming year by year more general. There are but few of these who are not now connected with some benefit society or insurance company, and while the burden of contribution is hardly felt, when sickness, old age, or death overtakes the bread winner, the grief and sorrow of the family is not intensified by the embarrassments and distress that follow where no such provision has been made. (Hear, hear.) Throughout the Highlands and among the rural populations such arrangements as these are far too often overlooked. If more widely adopted the result to the following and even present generation would be highly beneficial. Let the people themselves begin in earnest to carry out such social reforms and improvements as come within their power; let wise and practical legislation encourage and protect their industries, and within a not far distant time the Highlands will present different and more satisfactory social conditions than at present. To hasten on that period should be the earnest endeavour of Highlanders and Highland Societies.

“ For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.
Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the State ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold,
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.”

The proceedings of the evening appropriately terminated by Mr John Whyte singing the following sweet and plaintive song by the late Dr MacLachlan, Rahoy, on the Desolation of the Highlands:—

Och ! och ! mar tha mi 's mi so am ònar,
A' dol troimh 'n choill far an robh mi eòlach,
Nach fhaigh mi àit ann am fhearann dùchais,
Ged phàighinn crùn air son leud mo bhròige.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhùisg á m' shuain mi,
'S e 'tigh'nn a nuas orm o chruach nam mòr-bheann,
An ciobair Gallda, 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
E 'gladhaich thall ri cù mall an dòlais.

Moch maduinn Chéitein an àm dhomh éirigh,
Cha cheòl air gheugan, no geum air mòintich,
Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a' chànain Bheurla,
Le coin 'g an eigeach 'cur féidh air fògar.

An uair a chi' mi na beanntan àrda,
'S an fhearann àigh 's an robh Fionn a chòmhnuidh,
Cha 'n fhaic mi ann ach na caoraich bhàna,
A's Goill gun àireamh 's a' h-uile còdhail.

Na glinn bà chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach—
'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean òga,
Cha 'n fhaic thu 'n diugh annt' ach ciobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe 'mhiaran na sgiath na ròcais.

Chaidh gach àbhaist a chur air fuadach,
Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no òran ;
Nach bhòhd an nì e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,
'S na balaich shuarach n' an àitean-còmhnuidh !

An uair a chi mi na lagain àluinn—
A' h-uile h-àiridh 'dol fàs le còinnich,
Fo bhadain chaorach le 'n uair 'g an àrach,
Cha 'n fhaod mi ràidhtinn nach b' fhàidhe Tòmas.

Och ! och ! mar tha mi, etc.

28TH MARCH 1883.

Mr Alex. Macdonald, audit office, Highland Railway, was elected an ordinary member. The Society resolved to take part in the Scientific Societies' Joint Meeting at Banff on 3rd and 4th

August 1883. On this date the meeting assumed the form of a Highland *Ceilidh*, which the "Inverness Advertiser," of March 30, described as follows:—

The gentleman who was to have read a historical essay for the evening was unfortunately unable to fulfil his engagement, and the idea occurred to Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary, that the night might be profitably spent by holding a Highland *Ceilidh*. He accordingly issued notices on Wednesday morning intimating that a *Ceilidh* would be held under the auspices of the Society, in the evening, and inviting the members to contribute Gaelic songs or stories to the evening's entertainment. The idea was unanimously regarded as a happy one, and the more active members of the Society took it up with great good will. Some routine business having been transacted, the Chairman (Mr Alex. Mackenzie of the "Celtic Magazine") opened the *Ceilidh* proper by describing a winter evening in the house of his great grandfather, Alexander Campbell, the Gairloch bard, commonly called "Alastair Buidhe Mac-Iamhair"—a house which appeared to have been a *Ceilidh* head-quarters in the olden time in Gairloch. Mr Colin Chisholm followed with a humorous Gaelic story; and the following Gaelic songs were sung during the evening:—"Ged tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean," Mr Colin Chisholm; "Cha phòs mi-fhin 's cha ghabh mi te mhòr," Mr James Macbean; "Mairi Bhàn òg," Mr Alexander Chisholm; "Oganach an òr-fhuilte bhuidhe," Mr John Whyte; and "Mairi Laghach," Mr Alexander Macdonald. Appropriate stories in Gaelic were told by several gentlemen present. The "programme" was of the most varied character, but every item of it savoured strongly of peat-reek and heather; and altogether the evening's entertainment was in itself not only an interesting revival of an old Highland custom, but was also in every way thoroughly enjoyable. At the close, the Chairman congratulated the Secretary on the successful character of the *Ceilidh* experiment, and hoped that ere long the Society would have another such entertainment.

4TH APRIL 1883.

At the meeting on this date a number of Gaelic songs were sung; and Mr James Fraser, civil engineer, Inverness, read the following paper on

STRATHNAIRN IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

The following notes were principally collected from local tradition, and may serve to illustrate—so far—the condition, cus-

toms, superstitions, and character of the people, in times that are now nearly forgotten. A systematic and historical account of the district: its social condition in the past and present; its clan history; its rather peculiar ecclesiastical history; and its local superstitions and customs at different times, would be well worth writing, and could not fail to be of interest—to Inverness-shire Highlanders at least. These notes, however, do not lay claim to any chronological order, or historical system, and are only to be taken as fragments which may have some interest because they relate to what is still a characteristic Highland Strath not more than six miles distant from this aspiring Highland capital of ours,—now so mixed with a Lowland and Saxon population.

DESCRIPTION OF STRATH.

It is the upper Strath—from Daviot House westward—that these notes have to do with more particularly; and it is to this district—14 miles long, by 7 or 8 miles broad—that the name Strathnairn is applied by the writer, unless otherwise stated. The district is still essentially Highland; while the lower Strath, eastward of Daviot House, has very much lost its Highland characteristics, owing to an earlier and greater admixture of Lowlanders.

A few words as to the appearance of the Strath. Approaching the valley—say by the old Edinburgh Road—and looking towards the upper end, the country is strikingly wild and romantic; and from the general absence of wood, and the prevailing dark, heathy appearance of the hills, the aspect is cold, and, as viewed from a distance, uninviting. A little wood there is at Daviot, Beachan, and Farr: but only sufficient to show how much a greater extent would improve the appearance of the country. I never get into view of this Strath, by Daviot, by the old Edinburgh Road, or by the Gask Road, without thinking how very much it would be beautified and increased in value by extensive plantations on its hill sides. Not only so, but the climate—so liable to these autumn frosts of which we shall hear more—would certainly be greatly ameliorated. It is gratifying that something is now being done in the way of planting: but, oh! how sparingly it is done, even yet!

FAMINES.

Up to the beginning of this century, or even to within sixty years ago, the agriculture of the district was in a very backward state; and, in addition to this, a great part of the Strath was peculiarly liable to mildew in autumn, and more so because the

land was not so well drained as it is now. The result in a time of famine was that the people were in a very bad way indeed. One morning of frost in August or September, was sometimes found to blast the labours and hopes of the farmer for the season. There are, even now, tenants occupying low-lying or flat grounds in the Strath who pass the months of August and September in daily anxiety as to the occurrence of a morning frost.

We have sometimes occasion to regret that the good features and customs of the simple country life of the olden times, are now lost to us. On the other hand, it may not be unprofitable to recall the lamentable state the country was in during the famines, which were by no means of rare occurrence, in the 17th and 18th centuries—a state which we may well hope may never occur again.

From "Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland" it may be seen that not less than twelve famines occurred between 1568 and 1745—most of them general over Scotland. Many of them were followed, in the succeeding year, by what was known as "the plague" and a great mortality among the people. We need not enquire how much of this was due to bad agriculture, and how much to the want of a good inland and foreign communication. Curiously enough some parts of the Highlands passed through some of the famines—that of 1649, for instance—better than the Lowlands, because "they had stores of milk, their cattle thriving, all manner of store grass in plenty, their pastures fertile beyond belief, such abundance of sea and fresh water fish, that men almost lived by it, such shoals of herrings in our Frith that a hundred was sold for two farthings."* The "store grass in plenty," and "the pastures fertile beyond belief," I am afraid did not apply to Strathnairn, for the general character of its pasture land is inferior.

A later famine of great severity has wiped away, from Strathnairn at least, almost all traditions of the famines which occurred before the rebellion of 1745. I refer to the famine of 1784, commonly spoken of in the district as "*Bliadhna na peasaracha bàin*," from the fact that relief came principally in the form of white pease imported from Holland. This famine resulted from frost, and was very general over the Highlands; and so severe was it that a man "might travel a day's journey" and not find a boll of meal to buy. What meal was made of the corn of the district was as dark and nearly as sapless as "mill dust," *i.e.*, the dust

* The Wardlaw MS., quoted in Dr Carruthers's "Highland Note Book."

peculiar to oats which is separated during the shelling of the grain. A kind of bread was made of it; but it was impossible to cook it in any other form. The meal in the town of Inverness was kept within the Meal Market Buildings, where the Post-Office now stands, and then called the Guard House (*An Tigh Geaird*). No one was allowed inside except those in charge. Each buyer handed up his money into a window, which I believe was in an upper storey; and the meal was let down in limited quantities over the wall, or from an upper story door, for fear of a mob. A man, who died at Drumbuidh, near Dunlichity Church, about ten years ago, was a boy of ten or twelve years of age at the time of this famine, and was witness of the following incident:—He was coming from the mill at Dunlichity with his father, when they saw a man coming from the east with a heavy burden wrapped in cloth. This turned out to be the body of a dead brother he was taking to the church-yard for burial. The two brothers had been travelling about the country together in search of food, and one of them succumbed to the famine at Dailveallan, a place below Gask; and the other, unable to find any one to help him—the people having died or left the district—had to carry the body himself, for a distance of about three miles, to the church-yard.

Of one famine that occurred before *Bliadhna na peasaracha bàin*, the following story is related. The dearth was so great that all the people in the Gask and Faillie district died [or left the place], except the families of two brothers. One was in [Canintenal] *Ceann-an-t-seana-bhaile*, east of the Mains of Gask, and the other at the next place east of it. The people that had died, instead of being taken to the church-yard, were buried on a hillock below Gask, in part of the ground for a long time known as "*an talamh loisgt*," where shinty has been always held at Christmas and New-Year. All the stock remaining with each of the brothers at the end of the famine was two ewe sheep. The land around them was empty; the following years were good and fruitful; and the two men prospered so well that each ewe, and afterwards each yearling sheep or hogg, had two lambs apiece, each season. And everything else they had was thriving in the same manner.

Some people now began to come into the vacant lands; and one stranger, in particular, became tenant of Faillie. Having ploughed his lands, he and his lads went west to the man in *Ceann-an-t-seana-bhaile* of Gask to procure oats for seed. Being unable to pay ready money for the seed, they were sent away without it. When they were passing the other brother's house, on

their way home, he asked them if they had got what he knew they were in search of; and being told that they had not, he asked them into his house and laid before them a breakfast of porridge and milk, which, as the tradition relates, "was very welcome." When the men had breakfasted, he asked his wife to fetch his "*boiseid*" [budget]. [The *Boiseid*, as one of my informants got the description, was a broad belt "full of pockets," and worn around the waist, underneath the outer garments, in the olden times, for carrying and keeping the money.] From the "*boiseid*" he gave the stranger enough of money to pay for the corn he required, without even asking him—so the tradition says—when he would pay it back. Sometime after this, when the district had filled up again with people, the two brothers became less and less prosperous, until they were both quite destitute—whether from bad seasons or from the return of the people to the surrounding lands, or other causes, tradition does not uniformly say. The stranger who came into Faillie did not, however, forget the man who had lent him the money for the seed corn. He took him to his own place, and kept him in comfort there all his life; while the other brother had to take to begging round the country. The moral of the story is not a new one.

A later famine occurred about the year 1800, which also arose from mildew, and was severely felt in Strathnairn and the surrounding districts. The crop was so much damaged that there was no meal in the whole Strath—except in two places—good enough for making porridge. As stated in the tradition of the former famine it was not much better than "mill dust," although the people managed to eat it in the form of bread. The two spots which the tradition says escaped, or partially escaped, the frost, were Faillie ("*Faillidh ghrianach Shrathnaruin*"), and Beachan, both spots having a dry, sunny exposure. During this dearth the meal became at one time so scarce in the town of Inverness that two men from Brinmore and Tork came, in their pressing need, to the town for meal, and could not get a pound to buy. Then they travelled through the parish of Petty; but nobody there would sell meal to them. When nothing could be got to buy, one of them said,—“If we cannot get anything to buy, we must see what can be got by begging.” This method proved a little more successful, for they got two pecks between them in the Petty and Croy districts. They divided the meal at the foot of the Tork Hill. While they were doing so, and eating some mouthfuls of the raw meal, one of them cried out to the other—“*Stad, stad, a choimhearsnaich, cha chreid mi nach 'eil mi 'chwinntinn na cloinne 'ranaich airson*

arain." Such, indeed, was the sad fact—their families had quite exhausted their provisions, and the children at their houses, near at hand, were crying for want of food. So keen was the hunger in their homes that much of the meal was eaten without losing time in the cooking of it. So says the tradition of the place.

At the end of one of the famines [when a new crop had grown], the houses of the Dunlichity district were so empty that thirty-three families got a grinding (*tioradh*) done in the Mill of Bail-an-tuim, near Dunlichity church, on one Saturday, from the first ripened corn, each man taking home a small bag for his family under his arm. The night had passed into the Sabbath before the last "*tioradh*" was finished.

During the severest periods of dearth many of the poorer people had to live for part of the year almost entirely on dairy produce and on bleeding their cattle. What help they may have got at such times from the fishing of the rivers and lochs, or from wild animals, does not appear from the traditions as I have got them. In later times, however, it is well known that some houses had each a tub of salmon and trout salted every year. They tried of course to keep up the stock of cattle, and therefore slaughtered a beast only in extremity. The cattle were bled according to some system supposed to have been better understood at the time. A full grown beast had a chopin of blood taken; and beasts so bled were believed to fatten more rapidly on the grass than others that had not been bled. The bleeding was, I believe, more common in Stratherrick, where the cattle were sometimes taken down from the summer grazings of Killin for the purpose, and then sent up again. The blood was boiled, mixed with oatmeal when it could be got, and poured out into dishes to form cakes, or puddings, which were afterwards cut with the knife as required. The long use of such innutritious dishes, without a proper admixture of bread, and of other nourishing varieties of food, often gave rise to disease, and especially to one that is known as "*an rwith dhubbh*"; and in the spring months deaths were frequent. After the occurrence of a famine, it is wonderful how rapidly the people seem to have recovered their normal state of comparative comfort and cheerfulness.

One feature of these old times that may deserve to be mentioned, is that each cottar, of whom there were some on almost every farm, had a few sheep or goats, although they had no land; and the sheep or goats, as the case might be, were milked twice a day, like the black cattle. The cottars have almost entirely disappeared from the Strath.

OLD CUSTOMS.

There was at one time in the Strath a very strong belief in witchcraft, and in the power of the fairies; and the belief in witchcraft at least is certainly not extinct yet. If a child was taken away or "changed" by the fairies, a hungry little wretch, it was believed, would be left in its place that would eat two or three times as much as a proper child ought to do; and to recover the stolen child, it would be necessary to leave the fairy creature over-night at a ford where "dead and living" might pass.

Among the most remarkable of the old customs that prevailed in the Strath was the manner of keeping the "*Tigh faire*," or watching of the dead.

In the Session Records of Croy (this belongs to the lower Strath), it is put on record that, in 1748, one headstrong youth, on the death of a near relative on a Sabbath evening, "called together his ungodly neighbours to testify his sorrow by a dance, which was continued with great glee until Monday morning, for which unseasonable and unseemly mirth he and his fiddler had to appear in sober weeds for six consecutive sabbaths, . . . no doubt to the great edification of the congregation, as the records do not furnish a similar demonstration of sorrow to the present day."*

This may have been the latest instance of such wakes in the parish of Croy. But the old style of showing respect for the dead and sympathy for the living was in use to a much later time in the upper Strath, and was apparently not interfered with by the kirk-session or anybody else, but done as a matter of course, and as the old and proper way of keeping watch and showing sympathy with the mourners. Unfortunately the old session records of Daviot and Dunlichity were lost in a fire, so that much interesting matter of antiquarian value, which they no doubt contained, is lost to us. But other sources of information and traditions are still available. The following notes are gleaned from local traditions.

There is a hale and hearty woman of 78 years of age, from the Aberarder district, still living, who was present at a wake in that locality so late as 1830, when a large party of young people watched all night, singing songs of all kinds and telling old stories, &c., each in his or her turn—whisky and more substantial refreshments going round every two hours or so—in a "temperate and orderly manner," my informant says. She herself, a girl of 24 or 25 at the time, sang three songs in her turn on the occasion. At

* New Statistical Account.

that time, although the proceedings at the wake did not partake in any degree whatever of a religious character, there was no dancing.

Thirty or forty years earlier than this, or about eighty or ninety years ago, the people in the upper half of the Strath were in the habit of keeping the wake, or "*Tigh faire*," in the following fashion:—A large company of the neighbours, from far and near, was assembled in the evening at the house of mourning; a fiddler was secured; and during the whole time, from the death to the day of the funeral, the whole night was passed with music and dancing, and in singing songs and telling tales, in rotation. Indeed, the chief mourner, or nearest of kin, was expected, as a matter of course, to lead off in the first dance. Such a wake was kept in a house near Milltown of Brin about the year 1798, when the following ludicrous incident occurred. A much respected man from the Drumbuidh district, who died some time ago, was present at the wake as a young boy. The house was of the old fashion so common in the district until very lately, and had one or two wings or recesses, called "*cul-tigh*," at the back, just large enough to hold a bed—with, no doubt, one or two wings and a porch of a similar description in front. The corpse was "stretched" on boards laid on the bed in the "*cul-tigh*," which had a window on the one side; and the ends of the boards were let out through the window. When everything was ready, the dance began—the widow of the dead man being the first to take the floor, according to custom. The fiddler had his chair perched up on a table in a back corner of the house. When the dance was in full swing, the corpse was observed to hobble up and down in a most alarming manner; and, without waiting to assist the apparently reviving man, or to make a closer investigation of the phenomenon, the whole party, with the exception of the fiddler, rushed for the door, the strongest trampling over the weakest in the panic. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme. The fiddler, who could hardly see the bed from his perch, peeped into the "*cul-tigh*," and with staring eyes and tremulous accent, exclaimed, "*O! am bheil e 'g eiridh?*" and bounded for the door after the rest. Outside the house the party soon found a simple enough explanation of the apparent revival of the dead man. A large pig,* strolling about the place for his own pleasure, was found clawing his rough hide against the protruding ends of the boards on which the body was laid, and swinging the body in the way

* Or a cow, as another version of the story, in which music and dancing was not part of the programme, says.

that had caused the alarm. On finding out the cause of their alarm, the people returned to the house to keep up the watch according to custom.

In the Dunmaglass district, which is within the united Parish of Daviot and Dunlichity, although outside the watershed of the Nairn, there was an exceptional arrangement in use at one time for holding *Tigh faire*. The body was taken to a large building or barn—one end of which was the usual corn kiln, at a place called Druim-a-Chlaidh—the building being cleared out for the occasion. Here the people of the district, it is said, assembled each evening and kept the wake, with music and dancing, and, I suppose, the usual songs and stories of the past, until the burial-day. The burying-ground of Druim-a-Chlaidh was close at hand—perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. This manner of keeping *Tigh faire* at Dunmaglass is said to have been abandoned before the time of the other wakes referred to. The old burying-place is out of use for a long time.*

The "*Tigh faire*" is still kept in the Strath; but the meetings are now, and for many years back, entirely of a religious character.

Logan, in "The Scottish Gaël," says that "when the Highlanders met to watch the corpse of their friends, most part of the night was spent in repeating their ancient poems, and talking of the times of Fingal. On these occasions they often laid wagers who should repeat the greatest number of verses; and to have acquired a great store of this oral knowledge was reckoned an enviable acquisition. Dr Macleod says he knew old men who valued themselves much for having gained some of these wagers." In the appendix to his dissertation on the authenticity of the poems of Óssian, Sir John Sinclair says—"It is a fact perfectly well ascertained that, in former times, the Highlanders were accustomed to act the poems of Ossian at their festivals and other public meetings." In a note he also quotes from a letter, dated July 27, 1806, he received from John Clark (who refuted Shaw's attack on the authenticity of Ossian) as follows:—"Your idea of Ossian's poems having been originally recited in a dramatical form, is very correct. I remember, when I was at Ruthven School with Mr Macpherson (when he was collecting the original Gaelic poems), to have gone with him to several late wakes in Badenoch, when it was customary for one person to represent one character, another a second, and so on, each person representing their respective parts, just as

* Pennant found the same manner of keeping the wake with bagpipes, or fiddles, and dancing, in the Rannoch district, in 1769.

our players do upon the stage." Returning to our Strath, it would seem that the old customs that have been mentioned in connection with wakes were the last relics of the more heroic customs of a still older time when Ossianic poetry and Fingalian tales were transmitted from generation to generation, by oral tradition. It is to the ludicrous incident of the (pig's, or cow's) interference with the proceedings of the wake at Brin, that we are, no doubt, indebted for its being kept in memory at all.

OLDEN JUSTICE.

The Mackintoshes of Aberarder, at the extreme upper end of the Strath, according to Strath traditions, acted as bailies, or local judges of the district. Of one of them, at least, several instances of rather strong-handed justice are related in the Strath.

Duncan Mackintosh, the 15th son of Lachlan Mòr, the 16th chief of the clan, was the first of the Mackintoshes of Aberarder. He died in 1651, and according to the Kinrara MS., was buried "in the Kirk of Dunlichity,"—because Cromwell's troops were in Petty or its neighbourhood, so that "there was no safe passage to bury Duncan in his father's sepulchre."*

Duncan of Aberarder does not appear to have been buried "in the Kirk of Dunlichity." In the kirk-yard is probably meant here. It is the fact, however, as I am told, that many burials were at one time made within the building itself, whether from the overcrowding of the church-yard or not. The last that was so buried within the church was Miss Ann Macgillivray of Aberchalder, the last of the Macgillivrays of that place, about 100 years ago, when Aberchalder was acquired by Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass.

Duncan was succeeded by his son, William Mackintosh. The next laird was Lachlan, son of William; and then another William, who was "out in the '15."

The local traditions seem to be mostly about the first William, who was known as *Am Baillidh Dubh*. (There is, however, some confusion of names in different versions of the Aberarder tales.) William's name is still, or, was until lately, to be seen on the door lintel and on a chimney lintel of the old house, with the date 1663. Another relic of his time also remains—*carn-na-croiche*—a cairn of stones about a quarter of a mile west of the house, where criminals were executed by Aberarder. Not very long ago, a stump, which was supposed to have been part of the gallows, could be seen in this cairn.

* "Antiquarian Notes" and "History of Clan Chattan."

According to the local tale, the Black Bailie came into possession of the neighbouring property of Glenbeg by the following very questionable method. The proprietor of Glenbeg was a very tall and strong man, and withal very passionate. Aberarder was very desirous of adding Glenbeg to his estate; and knowing the passionate and hasty nature of the man in Glenbeg, resolved to tempt him into some rash deed. Accordingly he told his servant one day to take a sledge cart, and take a load out of the Glenbeg stooks home to Aberarder. The servant objected to do so, but when the Bailie said he would stand between him and all danger, he was persuaded to go.* When he was making up the load, Glenbeg was told what was going on in his field, seized his club and rushed to the corn field, and killed the man who was taking away his corn, with one stroke of his club. On reflection, he was so horrified at the rash deed he had done, that he left the country immediately, and never came back; and the Bailie took undisputed possession of Glenbeg; and it is part of the Aberarder estate to this day. Such is the tradition of the Strath. There may be a simpler and more legitimate explanation of the acquirement of Glenbeg; but if so, it is not known in the district.

The Black Bailie (*am Baillidh Dubh*) had an attendant in his house, who was somewhat of a bard. This man had committed an offence against decency, that gave great offence to the laird, who condemned him, as the tradition relates, to be drawn by horses—although it is not very clear what this form of punishment meant, or how it was to be carried out. The man, however, managed to escape, and composed a song or rhyme of considerable length in record of the incident, and which could be recited by many of the old people of the Strath until a short time back, although the event took place more than two hundred years ago. All that I have found in the recollection of the people now are the following few lines, which do not seem to be quite consecutive:—

“ Uilleim oig Abarardoir,
 Cha b' thu Baillidh na còrach.
 'S ann a dh' iarr thu mo spealtadh
 Le eich ard Mhic-an-Toisich;
 Mo thoirt timchioll a' chabhsair,
 Gun mo chairdean bhi còmhl' rium.

* According to another version of the tradition, the man was a former servant of Aberarder, who was setting up in a croft for himself, and was thus sent to the Glenbeg field by Aberarder.

'S mòr gum b' annsa bhi 'm *Flanders*,*
 Na bhi 'n lathair a' Mhoidear.

* * * *

“ Gur e 'n t-ìomadaidh uaigneas
 'Rinn de'n ìonnracan meirleach ;
 'S e bhi mu bhruachan do leapa
 'Chuir mi cho fada bho m' chairdean.”

* * * * *

There are different versions of the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines. While the same vowel sounds and rhythm are preserved, some of the words appear to have been altered in a way that leaves it doubtful what the original words and meaning were. One version of these lines was—

“ Le geaird (*or*, tre gheaird) Mhic-an-Toisich ;
 Mo thoirt tarsuinn na sraide,
 Gun mo chairdean mo chòdhail.”

Another version of the fourth line was—

“ Eadar eich Mhic-an-Toisich.”

This is a curious instance of the meaning being partially lost, while the sounds are retained through some two hundred years of oral recital. In one instance, too, the name William was altered into Angus. But there seems to be very little doubt as to “William” being the Black Bailie. After his escape, the man who composed the song, it is said, became a respected and prosperous citizen of Edinburgh.

Lachlan Mackintosh, who was the son of William, the Black Bailie, was the next laird of Aberarder, and married to a daughter of Cluny. He appears to have inherited a share of his father's rough-and-ready character. A local bard who wanted to flatter the laird, addressed him on some occasion as follows :—

“ Abarardoir a' chiùil,
 Arois mo rùin,
 'S e àbhuis na h-aoidh' tàmh ann.
 Tigh Chluanaidh nam mac,
 Taobh uasal do leap' :
 'S dual duit gum leat cairdeas.”

* That is, at the war in Flanders.

"A mhic na bana-bhuidsich," says Aberarder, "is dual domh gur lean nainhdeas," and knocked him down with his stick. It may be concluded that he got no more flattering rhymes from the obsequious bard. Lachlan was killed in 1688, in the battle of Maol-Ruaidh [Mulroy] at Glenroy, the last clan battle in Scotland.

William (*an Bailidh Dubh*) of Aberarder had an attendant called Calum Luath (Malcolm the swift). The laird, being engaged in a law suit, sent Calum Luath to Edinburgh with certain papers. When he arrived there he was told that it was very important that his master should be in Edinburgh on an early day; and, instead of taking some rest, as he had intended to do, in Edinburgh, he started back at once at his best pace to give his master the message he had received, and reached Aberarder within fifty hours from the time he left it. So the tradition says. The feat seems, now-a-days, scarcely possible, for, assuming he went straight across the hills by Kingussie and Gaick; and then by Athole and Perth; and in a straight line from Perth to Queensferry, the single journey would be fully a hundred miles. But, in any case, the journey was so rapidly accomplished that when his master saw him returning he could not believe he had reached Edinburgh, and was so enraged at the apparent neglect of his orders that he stabbed him with his dirk. When the papers requiring the laird's attendance in Edinburgh were found, he shed tears over the wounded man who had proved so faithful to him. It is not stated whether the man recovered from his wound or not.

As no space can be found in these notes for any detailed account of the local superstitions, the foundation of one ghost story connected with Aberarder may be given here. According to the old custom, the tailor went from house to house as his services were required, and was boarded in each place until his work was done. In the time of Lachlan, the third laird, who has been already mentioned, the tailor was in this way at work on a large table upstairs, in the house of Aberarder. The laird kept a gun always loaded in the house. A herd boy, wishing to have some fun out of the tailor, and not knowing it was loaded, seized the gun and threatened to shoot the tailor. The latter, in the same spirit of fun, mocked the boy for his shooting, and challenged him to fire. The lad pulled the trigger and killed the tailor. So long as that part of the house was standing, the people of the place always maintained that they often heard a thump like the fall of the tailor, followed by the jingle and rolling sound of a thimble, which occurred when the man was killed. The mark of the blood was always to be seen on the floor, and also on the

table, until the top was taken off it, and it was sent to Brinbeg, made up as a kitchen dresser, in 1828.*

DUNLICHITY CHURCH, ETC.

Dunlichity is the upper part of the united parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity. The first Protestant minister appears to have been settled in the parish in 1569. After the struggle against Episcopacy, a Mr Porteous was appointed to the parish. On his first appearance at Dunlichity church, the women drove him away with stones, following him for about a mile. On his way to Daviot he found the Episcopalian clergyman preaching in the open air, to a few people at the side of the river, below the Mains of Gask, and stopped to hear the sermon. When the service was over, the two ministers had a long conference, walking for hours eastward and westward on the road between Gask and Daviot. The Episcopal minister asked Mr Porteous how he had got on at Dunlichity; and, when the latter told him he had been stoned, he said he was very sorry to hear it. What further conversation they had, does not seem to be much known. One version of the story relates that the "clerk" of the Episcopal parson, who was witness to the lengthy conference of the two clergymen, asked his own master what their conversation was about, and said how much he wished he had been close to them to hear their talk. He was told he would make very little of it, even if he had heard it. Still curious to get some scrap of gossip, he asked again, "*O a righ! co b'fhearr agaibh?*" When his master reproved him again by very high praise of the Presbyterian clergyman, generously placing him much above himself. Mr Porteous was stoned at Daviot church, also, and never settled down, or preached in the parish.

The church of Dunlichity was originally at the south side of Creagan-an-Tuirc (or Tork Hill) at Brinmore, where traces of a few graves are still to be seen. According to the New Statistical Account, the church rebuilt at Dunlichity in 1759 was the third church built at the present site. There is a tradition that the former building had a porch in which the men of the district used to leave their bows and arrows during the services of the Sabbath. The marks of the sharpening of the arrows, it is said, were to be seen on the sandstone cheeks on the porch door. Such a mark is still to be seen on a corner stone in the wall of the burial en-
clo-

* The lairds of Aberarder that have been here referred to are not of the same Mackintoshes as the last family of Mackintoshes that held Aberarder.

sure of the Shaws of Tordarroch and Macphails of Inverarnie, near the east end of the church. This enclosure corresponds with what was once the east end of the original church. The bow-and-arrow sports which were practised at the church on Sunday were finally stopped by one of the Presbyterian ministers, who was a very strong man. On one day, the tradition states, he decided to join in the sports going on near the church on Sunday morning, and then prevailed upon the people to go into the church, and told them that not one of them was to leave the church until the services were over. One man, however, a very strong fellow, got up and went out with his bow. The minister came down from the pulpit, took up another bow, followed him, and shot an arrow into his thigh, and returned to the pulpit; and, when the service was over, he tied up the leg of the man he had wounded. From that time, it is said, the Sunday sports were stopped. There appears to have been a similar period in the history of several Highland parishes, when the minister was specially selected for his physical powers, as a very likely qualification for gaining the respect of his hearers.

Mr Michael Fraser, who was minister of the parish from 1673 to 1726, was "admonished" by the Synod in 1675 "to abstain from all limning and painting, which diverted him from his ministerial duties."—"History of the Province of Moray." New edition).

In connection with the Dunlichity district may be mentioned a large stone at the side of the Branch Road, about three hundred yards south-east of the church, and which has a hollow or basin, about 9 inches diameter and 4 inches deep cut into it. It appears to have been used as a baptismal font, in the time when the Roman Catholic Church was dominant in the country. Until a recent time some of the more superstitious of the people used to bring their sick children to this stone, to have them cured by being washed or sprinkled with water out of the basin. This stone was taken away 50 or 60 years ago to Milltown of Tordarroch, by James Davidson, then miller and farmer there, who, it is said, used it for keeping water for his hens. It was afterwards returned. And another stone with a hole or hollow cut out of it used to lie at Crask (from Croiseag?).

Other relics of the olden times, not far from the Dunlichity Church, are the two watching stations on the tops of the adjoining hills, for following up cattle-lifters going towards the west. These spots are marked by two large perched blocks or boulders, one on the top of Carn-an-Fhreicheadain, half-a-mile south of Loch-a'-

Chlachain, and the other called "Clach-na-Faire," on the top of Creag-a'-Chlachain. The former station overlooked the east end of Loch-Duntelchaig and the pass of Coire-na-Lorgaidh, which passed behind the hill on the south side of the loch, and the latter overlooked the open ground on the Bunachton or north side of Creag-a'-Chlachain—so that men or cattle leaving the Strath in that direction would be seen from one of the two watching stations. The two stations were also within hail of one another in favourable weather. It is said that a sentinel was one time placed on Carn-an-Fhreicheadain whose alarm was heard at Leitir-chuilinn, some distance along the south side of Loch-Duntelchaig; and the *creach* was quickly rescued from the free-booters. His alarm cry was,—“Creach gun chobhair aig Calum Odhar, 's e na 'ònar, hò!”

BARDS, ETC.

Many odd bits might be put together regarding bards and men of mark and “characters” belonging to the Strath. It cannot be said, however, that there were any men of great genius as poets in the district. Among the men of marked character belonging to the Strath ought to be mentioned the late “Parson Duncan” [Mackenzie] of the Episcopal Chapel of the upper end of the Strath, who, while opposed to the religious persuasions of the very great majority of the people, made himself a friend and medical benefactor of many throughout the whole country. Others—ministers and laymen—might be noticed. But this subject cannot be taken up in these notes. William Mackenzie, who is generally known as the “Leys Bard,” is claimed as a bard of the Strath. Although not exactly a native of the place—having been born at Culduthel, he spent a considerable part of his life as a tenant at Baile-dubh, and afterwards at Cnoc-buidhe, both near Dunlichity Church, before he became school-master at Leys. Another bard of a different class and of less culture was Farquhar Shaw, Dalvourn. It is said that Farquhar was reproved by his neighbour, William Mackenzie, who was a religious bard himself, for the silliness of the songs he composed, and that this reproof put an end to Farquhar's bardism. Another local bard was James Macculloch, from Gask, who was dubbed “MacCullach-nan-Cearc,” by a brother bard, on account of his being employed collecting “kain” fowl. Other local bards, of more or less talent, were at Dunmaglass, Aberarder, and Brin. It would be difficult to give a fair specimen of William Mackenzie's poetry without giving one of some length; and there is less occasion, because his works are published. One verse, however, may

be given of his advice to his son, and three verses giving his experience of money-lending:—

The advice to his son was—

“Caithriseach, faicilleach, dileas,
 Gun sannt, gun innleachd, 's gun lib,
 Oibrich air do ghairm le dichioll,
 'S cum an fhirinn roimh' do shùil.”

The lines on lending were—

“Bha mo charaid ann an eiginn,
 'S o'n bu mhath leam a bhi réidh 's e,
 Fhuair e m' airgiod 's phaidh e' fheich leis,
 'S rinn e fuasgladh a bha féumail.
 'N uair a thug mi dha e'n iasad,
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu mhath an gnìomh e ;
 Ach 'n uair a chaidh mis' ga iarraidh,
 'S ann a dh' fhas e coimheach iargalt.
 An sin chunnaic mi mo mhearachd,
 Do nach tug mi tràth an aire ;
 An àit' an cairdeas a bhi maireant,
 Chaill mi m' airgiod a's mo charaid.”

The song—“Young Munro, Charlie *agams'*”—which was composed by a Ross-shire lady, refers to the murder of a promising young man belonging to the Strath. He was, in fact, the son of ——— Munro, one time tenant of Cabrich, a small place above Upper Lairg of Strathnairn, and afterwards tenant of Faillie, before the time of Alexander Fraser, known in the Strath as *An Dròbhair Bàn*.

POPULATION.

Strathnairn was peopled at one time, almost entirely by branches of the Clan Chattan,—Mackintoshes, Macgillivrays, Gows (now Smiths), Macphails, Macbeans, Tarrils (now Mackintoshes), Macqueens (or Davidsons.) There were also a few Frasers, and also Forbeses and Maccullochs. The population, and, indeed, the whole state of the Strath, is now much altered. The population is much less than it was ; the names are more mixed ; and the character of what remains of the original population is said to be less marked than of old—more mediocre—and is certainly less pronounced in its own special characteristics, which the writer has not been able to enter upon. In the “Survey of

the Province of Moray," written by the Rev. John Grant and the Rev. William Leslie of Morayshire, in 1798, there is the following rather quaint account of the character of the people:—"The people are devout and regular in their profession of religion, disposed to rest somewhat on external forms, which, however, does not appear to have any bad effect on their morals, although in some of the less essential duties they are not wholly pure. They have, however, a sense of shame and honour in a high degree for their station. They are frugal, and they would be industrious if the climate and other particular circumstances offered the same excitements which happier situations possess. There are about 60 young men who migrate southward for employment during the seasons of spring, summer, and harvest; but by this means they have not generally increased their stock. They have introduced expensive dress and other luxuries among the labouring class; they have raised the price of labour at home; and they live through the winter a burden on the common stock of their families." In the Old Statistical Account (1795), these migratory young men are said to have been called the "South Country Lads." In 1532, the Earl of Moray obtained a commission from the King to proceed against the Clan Chattan, and (as we learn from the New Statistical Account of 1842), assembled them "at Tordarroch in the parish of Dunlichity, where in one day he had 200 of them hanged in a barn. . . . None of these 200 could be induced to confess where their captain, Hector, was, although life was severally promised to every one of them, as they were led to the gallows. This was called the *Raid of Petty*."

The comparative population, at different periods, of the united parish Daviot and Dunlichity, (which by the way is 22 miles long, while the Strath proper is only 14 miles) was:—

In 1755.....	2176	population.
In 1831.	1641	„
In 1851.....	1857	„
In 1881.....	1252	„

The number of Gaelic speakers in the Parish, according to the census of 1881, was 991.

18TH APRIL 1883.

Mr Alex. Macdonell, prison warden, The Castle, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member. Mr James Macbean read a humorous paper in Gaelic on Strathdearn, which elicited much laughter.

25TH APRIL 1883.

At this meeting, Councillor William Simpson, Inverness ; Mr James Gray, slater, and Mr John Macdonald, Shore Street, were elected ordinary members. After transacting some business and approving of a draft memorial in favour of the proposal to get a Civil List Pension for Mrs Mary Mackellar, the meeting assumed the form of a *Highland Ceilidh*.

The *Ceilidh* was opened by Mr Colin Chisholm, who narrated a humorous story, followed by a song. Thereafter story and song alternated in quick succession—the proceedings throughout being of a most enjoyable character. The *Ceilidh* was brought to a close by Mr Charles A. Walker, a member of the Society, playing in excellent style a selection of Highland music on the bagpipes. This being a novel feature in the Society's meetings, it was highly appreciated. Among the songs of the evening was "Posadh Piuthar Iain Bhain." It was sung by Mr Fraser Campbell, and it is given here as follows :—

I-hù-ro-o, i-hó-ro-o
Cuiridh mi luinneag an ordugh dhuibh,
I-hù-ro-o, i-hó-ro-o
Air posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.

'N uair chaidh sinn a mach ri na h-aonaichean
Bha ceo, bha sneachda, bha gaath againn ;
Bha sinne cho geal ri na faoileagan
Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
I-hu ro-o, &c.

'N uair rainig sinn urrad bha'n oidhch' againn,
Tigh mor gun solus, gun soills, againn,
Cha'n fhaigheadh sinn fiu nan coinneirean
Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Ach chuireadh gu grad ann an ordugh sinn,
'Us shuidh sinn 'n ar prasgan mu'n bhord a bh'ann ;
'S bha droch mhac-na-bracha ga ol againn,
Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Bha sgianan air dhroch fhaobhar againn,
'Us forcaichean--cha robh aon diu againn !
'S bha'n t-im gu ròmach, gaoisideach
Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Bha cearcan air dhroch spionadh ann,—
 Cha d' thug iad fù na'n sgiathan diubh—
 'S an caolanan na'n siomanan
 Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o &c.

A bharr air sin bha gruidheam againn,
 Bha caise laidir ruighinn againn,
 'S bha aireamh de na h-uibhean againn
 Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Bha iasg againn, bha feoil againn,
 'S gun mhir di saor o roineagan ;
 Bha taom de dh-arain eorn' againn
 Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Am beagan a bha dhe na h-uaislean ann
 Cha'n itheadh iad ni le uaibhreachas,
 'S mu'n d'thainig a' mhaduinn bu truagh leibh iad,
 Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Ach marbh-phaisg air an fhear-chiuil a bh'ann,
 'S cha b'fhearr dad idir an t-urlar a bh'ann—
 Dol fodha gu ruige na gluinean ann,
 Aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Bha cuid a dh'fhas sgith le fadal ann,
 'S cuid a bha'n ti air cadal ann,
 'S chuir sinn air taobh gu'n rachamaid
 Gu leabaidh le piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

Ach 'sann a bha 'n sealladh bu chianail' ann
 'N uair thugadh na h-aodaichean-iochdair d'i—
 Bha breac-an-teine na stiallannan
 Gu sliasaidean piuthar Iain Bhain !
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

'Nis dh'innis mi dhuibh mar a chriochnaich
 An t-ol, an ceol, 's am biadh a bh'ann ;
 'S na siribh an corr de'n diomhaireachd
 Bh'aig posadh piuthar Iain Bhain.
 I-hu-ro-o, &c.

2ND MAY 1883.

Mr William Macdonald, master carpenter, Douglas Row, was elected an ordinary member. Mr D. Campbell addressed the meeting on the desirability of teaching Gaelic to the young, and concluded by moving that it is desirable classes for the teaching, reading, and spelling of the Gaelic language, should be instituted in connection with the Society. Mr John Whyte, seconded; and after an interesting discussion, in the course of which all the members expressed their approval of the object in view, the motion was unanimously agreed to. Thereafter a special committee was appointed to consider as to the best means for carrying out this resolution, and report to a future meeting of the Society.

9TH MAY 1883.

At this meeting, Mr Donald Ramsay, read a paper in Gaelic on the parish of Croick.

TWELFTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Twelfth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Town Hall (which was granted for the occasion by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness), on the evening of Thursday, July 12, 1883. Sheriff Nicolson, of Kirkcudbright, was to have presided; but, owing to the arrangements of the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the Highland Crofters, he was not able to fulfil his engagement. In his absence the chair was occupied by Mr H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire. On the platform were—Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; Bailie Smith, Inverness; Bailie Macbean, Inverness; Bailie Elliot, Inverness; Bailie Melven, Inverness; Councillor W. Simpson, Inverness; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Inverness; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass; Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness; Mr Charles Mackay, Drummond, Inverness; Mr Malcolm Mackenzie, of Guernsey; Mr George Swann, of Burmah; Major Macleod, R.A., Edinburgh; Mr Samuel Maclaren, merchant, Leith; Mr George Miller Sutherland, Wick; Mr John Macdonald, The Exchange, &c.

In introducing the proceedings, Mr Macandrew said he was very sorry to announce that he had been asked to take the chair in consequence of the unavoidable absence of Sheriff Nicolson, who intended to have been present, but, unfortunately, the ar-

rangements which were made latterly by the Crofters' Commission had rendered it impossible for the Sheriff to fulfil his duty upon that Commission and also his promise to preside at the meeting that night. He was quite sure they would agree with him that, if they had lost such a gifted Chairman, they could not have lost him in a better cause than attending to his duties upon that Commission. (Hear, hear.) The council of the Society had been good enough to ask him (Mr Macandrew) to take the place of Sheriff Nicolson, and, while he was proud to occupy the position, he expressed his own regret and the regret of the Committee that it had been necessary to make the change.

The secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, then intimated that apologies for unavoidable absence had been received from the following gentlemen:—Lord Archibald Campbell; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch, Bart., M.P.; Mr Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart.; Professor Mackinnon, of the Celtic Chair; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny; Mr Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Lord Dunmore; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Mr Macdonald of Skaebost; Mr Mackintosh of Holme; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr A. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; Mr D. Forbes of Culloden; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk; Ex-Provost Simpson; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, &c.

Mr Macandrew then proceeded with his opening address as chairman. He said—On the first occasion on which I spoke at a meeting of this Society, I ventured to say that the object and the duty of societies like this ought to lie in the direction of endeavouring to preserve the remnant of the Highland people in their native land. (Applause.) At that time this question had not come so prominently before the public as it has since; but what I said then I still maintain—what I said then is still true—that our paramount object ought to be to preserve the remnant of the Highland population on their native soil. (Applause.) We know that, not very long ago, there were a great many people who thought that the best thing that could be done for the Highlander was to transplant him from his native soil to somewhere else. In my opinion, great wrong and mischief were done by the carrying out of that idea. And I say that, while we may give all possible credit for the motives of the people who, in times past, acted in ways, the result of which we strongly disapprove and deplore, we cannot help expressing our opinion that wrong was done, that

mischief was done—wrong and mischief which, in great part, can never be repaired. (Applause.) At the same time, we must recognise that there is much that may yet be done for the people that now live on the soil, and it is, therefore, our duty to consider carefully the position in which we stand in relationship to them. Not so very long ago, it was a common opinion on the part of travellers from all parts of the world, that the Highlanders of Scotland were a barbarous race, and had always been so. Now, I think that the researches that have been going on for a long time, and which are still going on, tend to show us, and to show us very conclusively, that even our remote ancestors were not such barbarians as they are too generally supposed to have been. We find that there existed in remote ages, amongst our forefathers, a native school of art; and we all know that many of the materials of the art of these remote ancestors would do no discredit to the art of the present day. (Applause.) And although architecture was never the forte of the Highlanders, still we know that there are remains in this country of things which were undoubtedly constructed by our ancestors, which show excellent skill in adapting the scanty means within their command to the ends in architecture which they had in view. (Applause.) In metals we know that, even as long ago as the Roman occupation, a system of art was developed which has expression in the fact that the people—even these barbarians, as they were called—who fought against the Roman soldiery, fought with weapons constructed with considerable artistic skill. So that, considering these and many other well ascertained facts regarding our ancestors, it is perfectly clear that we are descended from a race who, at neither a remote nor at a comparatively recent time, could, with any sense of justice, be designated as savages or barbarians. (Applause.) And while we hear and read a great deal from a class of travellers, who came into the country in recent times as to the wretchedness and barbarity which characterised the lives of the people, still I think we find that, when the Highland people came into contact—even into hostile contact—with the people of the Southern country, they did not appear to be either the wretched or the savage people they were supposed to be. There are, for instance, several remarkable occasions on which Highlanders have marched into the South country, even into England; and while some there are who say that in disbanded bodies they were ready to commit ravages, yet their conduct with those in the South with whom they came in contact was such as to be remarkably the reverse of all this. It is a trite story that, when the Highlanders were retreating from

England, after the march from Derby, they received far more kindness and consideration from the people than did the King's soldiers, who were pursuing them. (Applause.) But, coming to a more recent time—the time when the ancient system of things in the Highlands was breaking up—and when a great Minister found it to be to the advantage of this country to recruit, as soldiers, from those wretched subjects—from those barbarians—(A laugh)—we find that the regiments then raised—I say nothing about their bravery—had, in all the virtues of modern civilisation, attained a very high standard. (Applause.) Their conduct in the field and in the barracks was very much higher than that of any other regiments in the service, and all those qualities—prudence, temperance, self-denial—which go to constitute a good man and a good soldier—which go to constitute a good soldier, because they tend to preserve in the man the physical and moral fibre—all these qualities, I say, were displayed by those Highland regiments in a very remarkable degree indeed. (Loud applause.) There is no finer example of these characteristics in any soldier in any other country in the world—not even in that remarkable German army which invaded France a few years ago. (Loud applause.) These being some of the facts regarding the people from whom we are descended, and whose characteristics we trace in our blood, I think that I am right in saying that we ought to be possessed of the means of preserving that race on its native soil, under the conditions with and by which their virtues, their manliness, and the temperance and prudence which characterised them grew up. (Applause.) Now, what were these conditions? What I said before, and I repeat now, is that the conditions which produced the virtues which distinguished the people of the Highlands was a state of pastoral and agricultural life, and that the Highlander appeared in that state in his true and best character. He was master of his own house and household, he was a cultivator of the land, and he was the owner of flocks and herds. Now, if we wish the people to remain on their native soil, and to retain that degree of civilisation—not the highest, certainly—but that degree of civilisation which produce the most admirable qualities in men, that ancient state of society and land distribution to which I have referred must be restored. The subject is now demanding the attention of the Crown, of the Legislature, and of the people of the country, and, while I express no opinion as to the results which may accrue from the Royal Commission that is now pursuing its labours, I venture to hope that

these results may be such that they will aid such societies as this in the object that ought to animate them—the object, namely, of preserving these people in their native land. (Loud applause.) One thing has come very prominently before us already, and that is that, among the people of the Highlands themselves, at all events, the idea is that they require to be restored to that state to which I have referred, under which they were masters of their houses and households, cultivators of the soil, and masters of flocks and herds—that state which, it is conclusively proved, was that of their ancestors, and which developed a people of the most admirable character. (Applause.) That opinion was expressed by many long before the Commission sat. It is one that has been frequently stated, and it is one which the little experience I have had, as a business man, and as a man residing here, led me to form long ago, and to form very strongly indeed. I expressed that before the Commission sat, and I express it now more confidently than ever—that, if the people must be what their forefathers were, there must be an entire change in the system by which land is distributed among the people of this country. (Applause.) My own opinion may not coincide with that of many, but I think you will all agree with me in expressing the hope that it may be brought about without division among classes, without strife among contending interests—that it may be brought about by men of ancient families, who still possess land, reverting to the policy of their forefathers, and cherishing the people before their pockets—that is, looking to the people rather than to the material revenue which they derive from their estates. (Applause.) The mistake of the past has been that land and money were put before the people that lived upon the soil. The policy of the future will be to put a man above his meat; and to see that the production of men will be of greater importance than the production of food for men who live elsewhere. We hear that there are too many people in the land, and that a great many of them are very poor. Well, the land at one time did maintain a great many more people than it does now. Very frequently, no doubt, there was a great want of food in the remote districts, but I have not the least doubt, I have not the least hesitation in saying, from all that I know, and all that I have read, that, while that may have happened, and it did happen oftener in times past, perhaps, than in late years—I have no hesitation in saying that I feel that the people led happier and more cheerful lives than they now do. They recognised that man did not live by bread alone, and that there is a great deal more required for human life than

the mere clothes that one wears, or the bread that one eats. Those who constantly cry about poverty, and the want of riches among the people, and who urge poverty as a reason for driving the people out of the country, remind me of a saying of Dr Johnson, who, out of his contempt for mere money, said, when he was told of a man who had married a lady for her riches, "Poor devil, he can only eat three meals a-day, and wear only one suit of clothes at a time." (Laughter.) All that we can eat, or drink, or put on is a small part of the life of man; and I have no hesitation in saying that, with the advantages which our forefathers possessed, they led much happier lives than we do. The wretchedness they endured was temporary and not general. On the whole, I think they had much more of what went to constitute the happiness of life than we have. What may be the reason of the change I cannot say, but there is no doubt that the joyousness has gone out of the life of the Highland people, and societies of this kind, with all other kindred bodies, ought to keep the cultivation of music, of sports, and all things that lend life and joyousness to the people continually before their minds and inclinations. (Applause.) As I have already said, if we are to keep the people, there must be some change in the system by which land is to be distributed. It is said there are too many people in the country, and that those that are in it are poor. That, no doubt, is very true. But there is no man living, no sane man certainly in any society, who will suppose, or who can expect that, in days like these, we shall have no such thing as poverty, or no such thing as wretchedness. But, I should like to ask, are poverty and wretchedness confined to the Highlands? Are poor dwellings confined to the Highlands? (Hear, hear.) It is only lately that I read appalling statistics regarding the people in large towns, and that I found that half the population of Glasgow lived in one room—whole families in one room. Now, we don't see it proposed—it has never, so far as I know, been proposed—that, because these people are poor, and because these people live in wretched houses, they ought to be prevented from living there, and that they should be forced to go where they don't want to go—(Applause)—and where, probably, they might be better off. I would put no bar in the way of emigration, but all the virtue and all the good are taken out of emigration unless it is undertaken voluntarily, or as the result of the spirit or aspiration of the man himself. (Applause.) My point is this—that because we have poverty in the Highlands that is no reason why we should not have people. (Renewed applause.) We have the highest authority for the saying that the

poor we shall have always with us, for no system will prevent the idle, the intemperate, or the improvident from degenerating into poverty. I fear, however, that there is no sufficient inducement to people in the condition to which I refer—the people of the Highlands—to be provident, to be saving, to be industrious. It would be wrong to blame one class of men for this. But there can be no doubt that the great part of the population of the Highlands has been reduced to a dead level, from which there is no outlook. If there was a re-distribution of land to something like what was the case, as we see in the evidence before the Commission, in the times of our fathers and grandfathers—times when there was something from the Chief lower than the Chief, and something lower than that, and something lower still, and all actually possessing some home and some cattle—if there was some distribution of that kind there would be something for the people to look out for; whereas now, the outlook is merely the possession of a croft of the smallest dimensions with no possibility of improvement in condition, no matter what degree of thrift or industry a man may exercise. And the great reason of this is that there is nothing between this little croft and the great sheep run which requires thousands and thousands of pounds to stock it. (Applause.) This is the burden of my song. I wish that the people would remain at home, a considerable number of them at least, and would be happy and prosperous in their native land. And if we cannot reform the laws, and if we cannot find any scheme of laws which might carry out what in this respect we wish, yet we can all hope for this—we can all, by turning our mind and energies to it, bring about at all events a state of public opinion which will make it the pride and the honour of the men who have the power to raise on the soil a comfortable and an independent class of small farmers. (Applause.) I say, in conclusion, to all who have power to make laws, to all who have the power or money at their command, to all who have property to defend, to take to heart the lines addressed to Cumberland—

“ But you and yours may yet be glad
To Trust an honest Highland lad;
Wi’ bonnet blue, and belted plaid,
He’ll stan’ the best o’ three, man.”

(Loud cheers.)

After Mr Macandrew’s address, a programme of music and dancing was gone through. Mr Hugh Fraser, Inverness, introduced the musical part of the proceedings with “*Traghadh mo*

dhuthcha," which he rendered with animation and all his facility of expression. Miss Watt followed with "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," and in response to an enthusiastic encore she sang "Home, Sweet Home," a popular melody which she interpreted with a freshness and sweetness that could scarcely be surpassed. Mr Paul Fraser gave "Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd" in good voice; and Miss Hutcheson, Lombard Street, Inverness, sang very gracefully "Bruthaichean Ghlinn-Braon." Mr John Whyte concluded the singing in the first part with the song "Fògradh nan Gaidheal," and scored a success. The Highland Fling was a performance very much enjoyed, and the dancing was all that agility, spirit, and skill could make it. An interval of five minutes passed very quickly through the masterly playing of Pipe-Major MacLennan, whose rendering of familiar airs was charming. The old man was lustily cheered. "A Highlandman's Toast" was, as a song, all that could be desired. It was creditably sung by Mr Paul Fraser.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie then addressed the meeting as follows—
 Fhìr-na-cathrach, a bhaintighearnan, agus a dhaoìn-uaisle,—Cha'n fhios domh cìod a chuir an cinn luchd-riaghlaidh a Chomuinn m'ainm-se chur sìos airson oraid Ghailig thoirt dhuibh air an fheasgar so. Aon ni tha mi 'n dochas nach eil an Comunn tinn, agus uime sin a' cur feum air lighiche. Cho fada 's is leir dhomhsa tha e ann am brod slàinte. Ged nach eil am balachan dusan bliadhna dh'aois tur fathast, tha e air fàs na ghille tapaidh, le rudhadh na slàinte na ghruaidhibh, agus a shuil gu soilleir, beothail, glan. Aig an aois sin, mar tha fios agaibh, bidh an gille beag gle dhualach air a bhi 'g iarraidh a thoil fein, agus a' deanamh tàire air muinntir is sine agus is glìce na e fein. Ma dh' fheudta gu'n dean e dimeas air lighte agus bainne, agus aran coirce; agus gu'm bi e am barail gur aran cruithneachd agus cupan deth 'n ti gu mòr is fearr. Is aithne dhomh moran muinntir a tha corr us dusan bliadhna dh'aois a tha dheth 'n bharail amaidich so. "Ach is olc a' ghaoth nach seid seol cuideigin." Tha iad sin a' toirt moran oibre do lighiche, agus mar sin tha iad nam muinntir ro-fheumal 'san t-saoghal. Bidh an gille beag dualach cuid-eachd air tàir a dheanamh air cainnt a mhathar—a' Ghailig bhinn cheolmhor. Mur dean e sin, gu dearbh cha'n e sin coire cuid de luchd-teagaisg. "You canna get on if you speak the Gaelic" ars iadsan. "Get on" ann, no "get on" as, innsidh mi so dhuibh—cha chum a' Ghailig air ais aon agaibh gu bràth. Biodh Beurla aig na h-uile neach gun teagamh; ach ma bhios dà fhaobhar air a' chlàidheamh, 's ann gu cinnteach is mo ni e mhar-

bhadh. So their mi—ma tha balachan am eisdeachd a runachadh a bhi na lighiche 'san Taobh-tuath, biodh fios aige gun cuir a Ghailig iomadh punnd Sasunnach 'sa bhliadhna na sporan, mar is urrain dhomh a dhearbhadh o m' fhiosrachadh fhein. Ni àraidh eile, agus se so e—mo thruaigh an gille beag ma ni e tàir 'us dimeas air an aois agus an ceann liath! Cha chreid mi ni math gu brath as a leth ma bhios e ciontach do ghiulan cho maslach. Anns a' bhaile so, 's gann là nach eil comhradh agam ri seann mhuiantir—daoine 'us mnathan a rugadh 'sa dh'araicheach 's na glinn. 'S gann tha focal Beurla na'n ceann. So seann duine agaibh, le chiabhan liath, le aodann air preasadh, a dhruim a bha aon uair dìreach mar chraoibh ghiuthais a nise air cromadh gu làr. Tha sporan aotrom, agus uime sin tha chridhe trom. Tha e gearan laigse agus dith cail. Dh'fheoraich mi dheth ciod a thug na bhaile so e. Gu dearbh cha b' ann le m' dheoin, ars esan, am baile grannda, 's bochd gu 'm faca mì riamh e. Cha'n fhaighear ni gun an sgillinn an so, agus gu tric cha'n 'eil an sgillinn ann. 'S bochd nach robh mi 's an *Achadh Bhuidhe*, le mo ghearran math eich, mo dha mhart bainne, agus mo leth-cheud caora. 'Se achadh *dubh* a bh'ann an là fhuaire mis' e, le fraoch, 'us pris, 'us conas; ach le fallas mo ghruaidh thionndaidh mi e gu bhi na achadh *buidhe*. Carson a dh'fhag sibh e? ars' mise. Thainig uachdaran ùr a stigh do 'n oighreachd, ars' esan, agus cha b'fhiach leis ach frith fheidh a dheanamh deth 'n talamh; agus, ged bu chruaidh e, b'fheudar fhagail. Cha chuirinn dragh fada orra, oir tha mi fagus do chrich mo thurais. Na'n robh e na m' chomas, arsa mise, so an leigheas a bheirinn dhuibh, sibh dhol air ais gus an *Achadh Bhuidhe* far am faigh sibh pailteas ìme agus bainne; agus an aite glagraich nan sraid ga nur bodhradh, bithidh ceilearan an eoin agus cronan nan srutl ri 'r cluais. Tha fios agaibh gu'n d'ordaich a' Bhan-righ choir do dhaoin' uasal urramach teachd a rannsachadh a mach aobhar-gearain croitearan na Gaidhealtachd—agus is cinnteach mise gu'n comhairlich iad ceartas a dheanamh eadar duine agus duine. Tha aobhar-gearain agaibhse, a dhuine choir, bhur cur a mach as an dachaidh a rinn sibh le bhur lamhan fein, 'n 'ur seann aois, 'nuair nach robh sibh comasach air dachaidh eile dheanamh. Cha tachair a leithid sin tuilleadh 'n tir. Tha ghrian ag eirigh air na Gaël. Tha na laithean mu'n do sgriobh am bard gu cinn-teach air teachd dlu:—

“Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
 A's mealaidh sinn sonas a's sith,
 Gun fharmad no strì 'n ar fonn ;

Theid sgoilean chur suas anns gach cearn,
 Bidh leabhraichean Gàelig pailt ;
 Bidh eolas a's diadhachd a' fàs,
 Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath.

Nis 'togaidh na Gàeil an ceann,
 'S cha bhi iad am fang ni's mò ;'
 Bidh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na chòir :
 Theid innleachdan 's oibrìbh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
 Bidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn,
 'S am bochd cha bhi lom le aire !"

The Dr having resumed his seat, "Moladh na Lanndaich" was sung with great pathos by Miss Hutcheson. Miss Watt was very happy in "Doun the Burn, Davie, Lad." Mr Paul Fraser sang another Gaelic song, "'Gruagach Dhonn a' Bhroillich Bhain," after which the "Reel of Tulloch" was tripped by kilted Highlanders in a most artistic fashion. Mr Hugh Fraser delighted the audience with a Gaelic song, showing originality of style, as well as dramatic power. Mr Fraser was re-demanded, and, as before, his performance caused genuine pleasure. Miss L. Chisholm, Telford Road, presided very skilfully at the pianoforte.

The Highland dancers were Pipe-Major D. Ferguson, Inverness ; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Castle Street ; Mr Donald Munro, Millburn ; and Mr John Fraser, Highland Railway Station. On the motion of Mr William Mackay, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to the Chairman and the performers. The meeting was altogether a great success. The following was the programme :—

PART I.

Address—The Chairman.

Oran Gailig — "Tràghadh mo Dhuthcha" -- Mr Hugh Fraser, Inverness.

Scotch Song—"The Standard on the Braes o' Mar"—Miss Watt.

Oran Gailig—"Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Oran Gailig—"Bruthaichean Ghlinn-Braon"—Miss Hutcheson, Inverness.

Oran Gailig—"Fògradh nan Gaidheal"—Mr John Whyte.

Dance--"Highland Fling"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Interval of Five Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Song—"A Highlandman's Toast"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Gaelic Address—Dr F. M. Mackenzie.

Oran Gailig—"Moladh na Lanndaigh"—Miss Hutcheson.

Scotch Song—"Doun the Burn, Davie, Lad"—Miss Watt.

Oran Gailig—"Ghruagach Dhonn a' Bhroillich Bhain"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Dance—"Reel o' Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Oran Gailig—Mr Hugh Fraser.

Votes of thanks to the Chairman and Performers—Mr William Mackay.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

The Society held various meetings with the view of getting up a testimonial to Professor Blackie. At this stage it will be sufficient to quote the following circular, which was extensively circulated, and which speaks for itself:—

"GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO
PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

"INVERNESS, December 1883.

"At a public meeting held some time ago in the Town Hall, Inverness, and presided over by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., it was unanimously resolved that some public recognition should be made of Professor Blackie's services in the cause of the Gaelic Language and Literature, more especially in establishing the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh.

"The matter was then remitted to the Council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness; but, pending the appointment of the Celtic Professor and the commencement of the Celtic Classes, no active steps were taken towards carrying out the proposed Testimonial.

"The first occupant of the Celtic Chair—Professor Mackinnon—has now entered upon the public discharge of the duties of his office, and, in the opinion of the Council, the present time seems a most opportune one for taking active steps towards acknowledging the services of Professor Blackie, to whose exertions the existence of the Chair is due. With that object in view, this appeal is now issued.

"The Council are of opinion that the Testimonial should take the form of Bursaries in connection with the Celtic Chair, and a Portrait or Bust of Professor Blackie.

“As will be seen from the annexed List, a number of well-known Highlanders have joined the Provisional Committee.

“The co-operation of all Highlanders is respectfully solicited, not only in subscribing to the Fund themselves, but also in inducing their friends to do so.

“A Subscription Form is annexed; and parties favourable to the object in view will oblige by filling it up and returning it to Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., Honorary Treasurer, 5 Clarges Street, London, W.

“On behalf and by the authority of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. ▽

“WILLIAM MACKENZIE, *Secretary.*”

“*Provisional Committee for promoting the Blackie Testimonial.*
—The Right Hon. the Earl of Dunmore, Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, chairman; the Right Hon. the Earl of Breadalbane; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Lord-Lieutenant of Ross-shire; Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson, O.B.; Lachlan Macdonald, Esq. of Skaebost; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.; the Right Rev. Angus Macdonald, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles; Alex. Nicolson, Esq., M.A., LL.D., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbright; Donald Mackinnon, Esq., M.A., Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Edinburgh; H. C. Macandrew, Esq., Provost of Inverness; Kenneth Macdonald, Esq., F.S.A., Scot., Town Clerk of Inverness; John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Hereford; Major Colin Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders; Rev. Donald Macdonald, Glenfinnan; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Ex-Provost Simpson, Inverness; Councillor W. G. Stuart, Inverness; and the Council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. *Honorary Treasurer*—Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., 5 Clarges Street, London, W. *Secretary*—William Mackenzie, Esq., 5 Drummond Street, Inverness.

“*The Blackie Testimonial.*—To Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., Hon. Treasurer of the Blackie Testimonial Fund, 5 Clarges Street, London, W. Sir,—Please enroll my name for
£ : : as my subscription to the Blackie Testimonial Fund.

Name.....
Address.....
Post Town.....
Date.....”

12th DECEMBER 1883.

On this date the meeting assumed the form of a Highland *ceilidh*, the members present contributing songs and stories, and Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, playing a selection of Highland music on the bagpipe.

SONGS BY ALASDAIR MAC IAIN BHAIN,
THE BARD OF GLENMORISTON.

We will conclude the literary part of the present volume of Transactions with the following paper by Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness (Hon. Secy. of the Society), on the songs of Alasdair Mac Iain Bhain :—

Alexander Grant, the author of the following songs, was the second son of John Grant (better known as *Iain Ban na Pluic*), Achnagoneran, Glenmoriston, and was born about the year 1772. He early joined the army; and as we gather from his "soldier's song," and other productions, he saw service in Denmark, Portugal, Spain, France, and the West Indies. During his wanderings he was solaced and cheered by the fellowship of the Highland muse; and the songs which have come down to us possess great merit, containing vivid glimpses of the life of the British soldier during the great events which followed the French revolution, and breathing burning affection to the scenes and companions of his happy childhood and youth. Of his native Glenmoriston, and the joy of revisiting it, he sang and dreamed for years; but, alas! his dreams and hopes were not to be realised. The long longed-for furlough came, and the happy soldier travelled northwards; but at *Seann-Talamh*, above Drumnadrochit, and within a few hours' journey of his father's house, he was suddenly taken ill, and, unable to proceed further, he sought shelter under the hospitable roof of "Bean a' Ghriasaiche Ghallda," and there expired. It is said that he was buried in the first instance in Kilmore, Glen-Urqubart, and that while a young woman, whose heart he had won and retained, lay on his grave weeping, she imagined she heard moans from beneath her. On her reporting this, the grave was opened by the bard's friends, and it was found that the body had turned in the coffin, and was lying face downwards! It was removed to Glenmoriston, and the church-yard of Invermoriston now holds the dust of Alexander Grant.

The first song which I shall give is *Oran an t-Siosalaich*, and I may be permitted to mention the circumstances under which

it was composed. Towards the end of last century, young Grant, a handsome fellow, in the Highland dress, crossed from Glenmoriston to Strathglass with the object of buying a cow for his father at a sale on The Chisholm's estate. He purchased the cow, but when reckoning time came he was unable to pay down the price, and the auctioneer, unwilling to give him credit, was about to re-expose the "beast," when The Chisholm (William), observing the young Highlander's troubled face, enquired when he would be able to pay. On a day being named, the Chief became his security, and sent him home rejoicing. On the appointed day, Grant appeared at Erchless Castle, and handed The Chisholm the price of the cow; and a cheering glass having been offered him, he accepted it, and proposed his benefactor's health, and gave expression to his own gratitude, in the spirited words of The Chisholm's song. Delighted with the splendid tribute thus paid to him by the young bard, The Chisholm returned the money, and made him a present of the cow; but the Chief's lady—a proud daughter of Glengarry—although complimented in the song with exquisite delicacy, did not conceal her displeasure that the compliment was paid *in the last verse!*

It is right that I should acknowledge that for the following songs, and for the few facts which I have mentioned, I am indebted to the Bard's nephews, Mr James Grant, Mussady, Stratherrick, and Mr Duncan Grant, Lewistown, Glen-Urquhart; to the late Mr Alexander Macdougall, Bullburn, Glen-Urquhart, and his brother, Mr Donald Macdougall, now residing at Lewistown; to Mr Grigor Scott, a native of Glen-Urquhart, from whom, notwithstanding his absence in England for a quarter of a century, I have received the most perfect version of *Oran an t-Siosalaich*; to Mrs Angus Macdonald, Achnagoneran, and her son Mr Alexander Macdonald, of the Highland Railway, Inverness, both of whom have gone to great trouble on my account; and last, but not least, to my own father and mother. Other songs by Grant are being collected for me, and these I hope to give on a future occasion:—

ORAN AN T-SIOSALAICH.

'S i so deoch-slaime an t-Siosalaich,
 Le meas cuir i mu'n cuairt;
 Cuir air a' bhord na shireas sinn,
 Ged chosd' e moran ghinidhean,
 Lion botal lan de mhir' an t-sruth,
 'S dean linne dhe na chuaich—
 Olaibh as i, 's e bhur beath',
 A's bithibh teth gun ghruaim !

'M beil fear an so a dhiùltas i ?
Dean cunntas ris gun dàil !
Gu 'n tilg sinn air ar culthaobh e,
'S a' chuideachd so cha 'n fhiu leinn e,
An dorus theid a dhunadh air
Gu drùidte leis a' bharr,
'S theid 'iomain diombach chum an dùin
Mas mill e 'n rùm air càch !

Is measail an àm tionail thu,
Fhir ghrinn is glaine snuadh,
Le d'chul donn, 's suil ghorm cheannardach,
Cha toirear cùis a dh-aindeoin diot,
A's cha bu shùgradh teannadh riut
An ain-iochd no 'm beairt chruaidh—
Is mi nach iarradh fear mo ghaoil
Thighinn ort a's e fo d' fhuath !

Na 'n tigeadh forsa namhaid
Air a' chearnaidh so 'n Taobh-Tuath,
Bhiodh tusa le do phairtidh ann,
Air toiseach nam batàilleanan,
Toirt brosnachaidh neo-sgathaich dhaibh,
Gu càch a chur 's an ruaig—
Is fhada chluinntè fuaim an làmhach
Toirt air an làraich buaidh.

'S na'n eireadh comhstri ainmeil,
A's na 'n gairmeadh oirnn gu buaidh,
Bhiodh tusa le do chàirdean ann—
Na Glaisich mhaiseach, làideara—
A's cha bu chulaidh-fharmaid leam
Na thachradh oirbh s' an uair—
Le luathas na dreige' 's cruas na creige,
A' beumadh mar bu dual !

Is sealgar fhiadh san fhireach thu ;
Le d' ghillean bheir thu cuairt,
Le d' cheum luthimhor, spioradail,
Le d' ghunna ur-ghleus, innealta,
Nach diùlt an t-sradag iongantach
Ri fudar tioram cruaidh—
'S bu tu marbhaich damh na croic'
A's nàmhaid a' bhuic ruaidh.

Cha mhios an t-iasgair bhradan thu
 Air linne chas nam bruach ;
 Gu dubhach, driamlach, slat-chuibhleach,
 Gu morghach, geur-chaol, sgait-bbiorach,
 'S co-dheas a h-aon a thachras riut
 Dhe 'n acfhuinn s' tha mi luaidh,
 'S cha 'n eil innleachd aig mac Gaidheil
 Air a' cheaird tha bhuat.

Is iomadh buaidh tha sinnte riut
 Nach urrar innse n' drasd ;
 Gu seimhidh, suairce, siobhalta,
 Gu smachdail, beachdail, inntinneach,
 Tha gradh gach duine chi thu dhuit,
 'S cha 'n ioghnadh ged a tha—
 Is uasal, eireachdail do ghiùlan,
 A's fhuair thu cliu thar chach.

A's ghabh thu ceile ghnathaichte
 Thaobh naduir mar bu dual ;
 Fhuair thu aig a' chaisteal i,
 'S ga ionnsuidh thug thu dbachaidh i,
 Nighean Mhic 'Ic Alasdair
 Bho Gharaidh nan sruth fuar—
 Slios mar fhaoilinn, gruaidh mar chaoruinn,
 Mala chaol gun ghruaim !

IS CIANAIL AN RATHAD 'S MI GABHAIL A' CHUAIN.

Is cianail an rathad
 'S mi gabhail a' chuain,
 Sinn a' triall ri droch shide
 Na h-Innseachan shuas—
 Na croinn oirnn a' lubadh,
 'S na siuil ga 'n toirt uainn,
 An long air a lethtaobh
 A' gleachd ris a' stuagh.
 Diciadain a dh'fhalbh sinn,
 'S bu ghailbheach an uair,
 Cha deach sinn moran mhiltean
 'Nuair shin e ruinn cruaidh ;
 'S gu'n chrìochnaich part dhinn
 'S an aite 'n robh 'n uair,
 'S tha fios aig *Rock Saile*
 Mar thearuinn sinn uaith !

Seachd seachdainean dubhlach,
 De dh-uine gle chruaidh,
 Bha sinn ann an cùram,
 Gun duil a bhi buan—
 Sior phumpaigeadh buirn aisd
 An cunntas nan uair,
 'S cha bu luaith dol an dìosg' dhi
 Na lionadh i suas.

Tha onfhadh na tide
 Toirt ciosnachaidh mhoir
 As a' mharsanta dhileas
 Nach diobair a seol ;
 Tha tuilleadh 's a giulan
 Ag usbairt ri 'sroin,
 'S i 'n cunnart a muchadh
 Ma dhuineas an ceo.

Tha luchd air a h-uchd
 A' toirt muirt air a bord,
 Neart soirbheis o'n iar
 A' toirt sniomh air a seol—
 Muir dhu-ghorm eitidh
 Ag eirigh ri 'sroin,
 'S le buadhachd na séide
 'S tric eiginn tighinn oirnn.

Tha gaoth 'us clach-mheallain
 A' leantuinn ar cùrs,
 Smuid mhor oirnn ag eirigh
 Do na speuran gu dlùth ;
 'S e *quadrant* na greine
 Tha toir leirsinn do 'n t-suil,
 Co 'n rathad a theid sinn
 Le léideadh na stiuir.

Stiuir thairis i, *Adam*,
 Ma tha e do run ;
 Cum dìreach do chàrs
 Ann an aird na cairt-iuil,*
 'S ma ruigeas sinn sabhailt
 An t-ait tha ar duil,
 Gu 'n ol sinn deoch-slaichte
 Na dh' fhag sinn air chul.

* Or, Cum dìreach an talau air bharr na cairt-iuil.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

B'i sin an deoch-shlainte
 Nach aicheadh'nn uair
 Ged dh' fheumainn a paigheadh
 A bharr air a luach—
 Do ruma mhath laidir,
 G'a sharr chur mu 'n cuairt,
 Mar chuimhn' air na cairdean
 Tha thamh 'san Taobh-Tuath.

Fhir a theid a dh-Alba
 Tha m' earbsa ro mhor
 Gu'n taghail thu 'n rathad
 Thoir naigheachd na s' beo—
 Thoir soraidh le durachd
 Do dhuthaich Iain Oig *
 O dh' fhagas tu Rusgaich
 Gu Lundaidd nam bo.

AN DIUGH 'S MI FAGAIL NA RIOGHACHD.

An diugh 's mi fagail na Rioghachd
 'S mor mo mhulad 's mo mhi-ghean nach gann,
 'S mi bhi seoladh thair chuaintean
 'Dol na h-Innseachan Shuas air an àm,
 Cha robh 'n soirbheas ud buadh-mhor,
 Dh'eirich gailleann 'us fuathar ro theann,
 'S nuair a thainig a' sguala
 Thug i leatha 'bho ruadh o'n a' ghleann !

Mios an deigh na Samhna,
 'S goirt an sgapadh 's an call a bh' air cuan,
 Dh'intrig toiseach a' gheamhraidh
 Ann an gaillinn 's an campar ro chruaidh--
 Chunnaic mise le mi shuilean,
 Daoine dol anns a' ghrunnd, 's gu'm bu truagh !
 'S cha b'e sin bha mi 'g acain
 Ach an tonn 'thighinn 's mo leabaidh thoirt uam

Sud an oidhche 'bha eitidh—
 Bha muir dhu-ghorm ag eirigh gu h-ard,
 Chaidh a' *fleet* as a cheile,
 'S dh'fhagar sinne na 'r n-eiginn 's na'r càs :

* *Iain Og*.—Colonel John Grant of Glenmoriston, who succeeded to the estate in December 1773, and died in September 1801.

Chaill sinn buaile na spreidhe,
 'S dhiobair stopan a cleith as a tarr,
 'S cha dean mulad bonn feum duinn
 Ged nach faiceadh sinn feudail gu brath !

Dh' fhalbh a' cheardach a dh' urchair,
 Eadar innean 'us bhuilg agus uird,
 'S thug i boid nach bu tamh dhi
 Gus am faiceadh i c' ait an robh 'n grund;
 Ma bha teas anns na h-iarruinn
 A bha 's an teallaich 'cur rian orr' as ur,
 Chaidh easd', tha mi 'n dian daibh,
 Greis mu'n d' rainig iad iochdar a' bhuirn !

Tha rud eil' air mo smaointean—
 Thugaibh barail am faod e bhi ceart—
 Dh' fhalbh an cu le na caoraich,
 'S cha robh 'n ratha ach faoin, tha mi 'm beachd;
 Cha 'n urrainn mi innseadh
 Co dhiu chaidh iad gu tir no nach deach,
 Ach na m' b' aithne dhaibh iomradh,
 Thug iad bàta fo' n' imrich a mach.

Thainig sgrios air an Ebus *
 Bhris' a croinn agus reub a cuid seol,
 Leig an t-Admiral taod rithe,
 Dh' fheuch an tearuinn na daoine dhi beò,
 Ach 'nuair a dhealaicht 'm bàta
 Chuir iad a mach gu'n toir sabhailte leo,
 Cha luaith 'thuainichd a' *hawser*
 Na chaidh i' fodha mar smaladh an leòis !

Na 'm biodh fios aig mo mhathair
 Mar tha mis air mo charamh, 's mi beo—
 Gu bheil sruth o mo ghuaillan
 Tighinn le farum tromh fhuaghal nan cord—
 Cha b' fhois 's cha bu tamh dhi,
 Bhiodh a leabuidh air snamh le na deoir,
 'S bhiodh a h-urnuigh ri 'Slanuirgear,
 Rìgh nan Dul mo thoir sabhailt gu *shore*.

Feumar innse dhuibh nise
 Brìgh mo sgeoil, tha mi fiosrach gu leor,
 O' na dh'ardaicheadh Crìosda,
 'S o'n a shoillsich a' Ghrian ud 's na neoil,

* Abas (?)

Seachd ceud deug 's a' ceithir fichead
 Coig deug tha mi meas do 'na chorr,
 'S ma gheibh sinn uine gu faicinn,
 'S i bhliadh'n ur a' cheud mhaduinn thig oirnn.*

ORAN AIR GLEANN-NA-MOIREASTUINN. †

Thoir mo shoraidh le failte
 Dh'fhios an ait 'm bheil mo mheanmhuinn,
 Gu Duthaich mhic Phadrùig
 'S an d'fhuair mi m' arach 's mi 'm leanaban ;
 Gar am faicinn gu brath i
 Cha leig mi chail ud air dhearmad—
 Meud a' mhulaid bh'air pairt dhiubh
 Anns an dàmhar 'an d'fhalbh mi.

Chorus—Thoir mo shòlas do'n duthaich
 'S bidh mo rùn dhi gu m'eug,
 Far am fàsadh a' ghiubhsach
 'S an goireadh smudan air ghéig ;
 Thall an aodainn an Dùnain
 Chluinnte 'thuchan gu reith
 Moch 's a' mhaduinn ri driuchd,
 An àm dusgadh do'n ghrein.

'S truagh nach mise bha'n drasta
 Far am b'abhaist domh taghal,
 Mach ri aodainn nan àrd-bheann,
 'S a stigh ri sail Carn-na-Fiudhaich,
 Far am faicinn an lan-damb
 'Dol gu laidir 'na shiubhal,
 'S mur beanadh leon no bonn-craidh dha,
 Bu mhath a chail do na bhruthach.
 Thoir mo sholas, &c.

Gheibhte boc ann an Ceannachroc,
 Agus earb anns an doire,
 Coileach-dubh an Allt-Riamhaich
 Air bheag iarraidh 's a' choille ;

* According to this verse, the tempest which the bard describes in this and the preceding song occurred in December, 1795. This agrees with the date of the destruction of Admiral Christian's fleet in the English Channel, on its way to the West Indies. See General Stewart's Sketches, vol. i, p. 411.

† This song is printed in vol. viii. of these Transactions, p. 112. The version now given is slightly different.

Bhiodh an liath-chearc mar gheard air
'G innse dhàn dha roimh theine,
'S ma'n ceart a bheanadh an bas dha
Thug ise 'gradh do dh-fhear eile.
Thoir mo sholas, &c.

Gheibhte ràc 'us lach riabhach
Anns an riasg air Loch-Coilleig,
Coileach-ban air an iosal
Mu rudha 'n iath-dhoire 'taghal—
Tha e duilich a thialadh
Mur cuir sibh 'sgialachd na m' agaidh—
Is tric a chunnaic sinn sealgair
Greis air falbh gun dad fhaighinn
Thoir mo sholas, &c.

Gheibhte gruagaichean laghach
Bhiodh a' taghal 's na gleanntaibh,
Ag iomain spreidh 'us dha'm bleoghann
An tim an fhoghar 's an t-samhraidh ;
Am por a dheanainn a thaghadh—
'S gur iad roghuinn a b'annsa—
Briodal beoil gun bhonn coire
Nach tigeadh soilleir gu call dhuinn—
Thoir mo sholas, &c.

Tha mo chion air mo leannan
Leis nach b' aithreach mo luaidh rith'—
Tha a slios mar an canach,
No mar eala nan cuaintean ;
Tha a pog air bhlas fhiogais
'S gur glan sioladh a gruaidhean,
Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
A's caol mhala gun ghruaimean,
Thoir mo sholas, &c.

Fiach nach eil thu an duil
Gu bheil mi, 'ruin, 'us tu suarach,
No gu'n cuir mi mo chul riut
Airson diombaidh luchd-fuatha ;
Tha mo chridhe cho ùr dhuit
'Sa' chiad la 'n tùs thug mi luaidh dhuit,
'S gus an càirear 'san uir mi
Bidh mo shuil riut, a ghruagach.
Thoir mo sholas &c.

'S iomadh aite 'n robh m' eolas—
 Chaidh mi oga do 'n armachd—
 'S luchd nam fasan cha b' eol domh,
 O 'n a sheol mi thair fairge ;
 An caithe-beatha, 'san stuaimeachd,
 Ann an uaisle gun anbharr,
 Thug mi'n t-uram thair sluaigh dhaibh
 'San Taobh-Tuath as an d' fhalbh mi.
 Thoir mo sholas &c.

THEID MI LE 'M DHEOIN A DHUTHAICH IAIN OIG.*

Theid mi le m' dheoin a Dhuthaich Iain Oig,
 An luingeas fo sheol gluaisidh mi ;
 Fàgaidh mi 'Spainnt, o'n dhiobair mo shlaint'
 Cha'n urrainn mi tamh suas innte.
 Tha bliadhn' agus corr o'n fhuair mi mo leon,
 'S tha 'n teas a' cur mor ghluasad orm,
 Ruigidh mi 'n t-ard, is fallain an t-ait,
 'Us gheibh mi ni's fearr, 's dualach dhomh,

O'n dh'eirich dhomh bhi anfhann gun spid,
 Gun chomas an Rìgh 'dhuaiseachadh,
 Tha mo dhuil anns an Ti 'tha os mo chinn,
 Gu'n stiuir e gu tir m' uaigneachd mi ;
 Tha m' aighear 's mo mhiann daonnan, gu fìor,
 'Toirt brosnachaidh gear gu gluasad dhomh,
 Cha'n arda mo leum, dh'fhaillig mo cheum,
 Stràc e nach gleidh buannachd dhomh.

Ghabh miotailte throm comhnuidh na m' chomh,
 Dheonaich a bhonn tarmachadh,
 Dh' fhuirich e buan, dh' fhuiling e cruas,
 Gaoth tha toir sguab lairich leth' ;
 Tha 'm balla cho ùr 's nach tuit e na bhrùchd,
 Air a thogail le ùird sharbhuilleach,
 'S ma chairear a bhonn an aite gun pholl,
 'S deacair da 'bhonn failligeadh.

Is duilich an ni 'fhuadach a frith,
 Ma gheibh e na fìor fhasaich i,
 'S miann leis a clith barra 'thoirt di,
 Mur gabh e le' sgios grain oirre ;

* *Duthaich Iain Oig*—Colonel John Grant's country ; i.e. Glenmoriston.

'S ionnan d' a bhrìgh sud mar tha mi,
 Snaighte, gun mhir fhagail orm,
 Loma-ruisteach lom o m' mhullach gu m' bhonn,
 Mar asbhuaìn fo throm fhaladair.

Is gorach a' seol a dh'aon neach tha beo,
 Bhì daonnan air thoir danadais,
 A siubhal gu treun, na bharantas fhein,
 Anbharrach, gle tharmuiseach ;
 O'n is miannach le miann riobadh dhe'n lion
 Thionnd'neas gu 'rian abhaist e,
 Nis cha'n eil feum sealltuinn 'na 'dheigh,
 O'n is gnothach a leum a damhair e.

Ma theid thu 'na choill, chi thu ann craobh
 Sniombte o ghreum a h-alaiche,
 Is duilich dhi treum seasamh romh thé 'il'
 Mar prop i 's an te tha lamh rithe ;
 'Nuair laidheas i sìos grodaidh a friamh,
 Spùtag no nuar cha'n fhas oirre ;
 Tuitidh i pronn lann bhroileag us tholl,
 'Na mosgan 's an tom o'n d'thainig i.

'Us fhir theid air chuairt, a null do 'n Taobh-Tuath,
 Thoir teachdaireachd uam, 's na di-chuimhnich,
 'Us innis mar tha m' ire 's mo chail,
 Sin daonnan gach la a dhuisgeas mi:
 Tha saighead o 'n eug, mar is barail leam fhein,
 Fo m' aisnean a'm pein dluth riutha
 Ga m' sparradh cho geur, 's cho teotha ri *flame*,
 Teachdair gu feum dusgadh dhomh.

MARBHRANN DO THIGHEARNA GHLINNE-MOIREASTUINN.*

Fhir-leughaidh an sgeoil
 Thoir eisdeachd do m' ghloir—
 Mo gheur latha broin
 Mu dheibhinn Iain Oig,
 Bho chaistéal a' cheoil,
 'S bho ghleannan an fheoir—
 'Chaidh thasgaidh fo'n fhod,
 Ann an clar chiste bhord ;
 'S ma's a leir dhomh a' choir
 Cha'n innis mi sgleo mearachdach.
 Fhir-leughaidh, &c.

* Colonel John Grant of Glenmoriston, who died in 1801.

'S ann tha 'n t-aileagan bhuainn
 O' Dhimairt anns an uaigh ;
 Gur a craiteach dha 'n tuath
 Thu dha m' fagail cho luath,
 'N am a' mhaile a thoirt uath'
 Bhiodh iochd 'us blaths le le mor thruas an ceangal riut.
 'S ann 'tha 'n &c.

'N osag dhosguinneach fhuar,
 Lom nochdaidh gun truas,
 'Fhrois an cruithneachd 'na sguuib
 Bhrist thu bearn a's Taobh-Tuath
 Ann an aireamh dhaoin' uaisle,
 'S gach aon aite mu 'n cuairt 's 'an teanail iad.
 'N osag dhosguinneach, &c.

'S i 'n ruaig chailteach gun chliu
 'Thig air muinntir do dhuthch';
 Bho'n chaidh 'n ceannard thoir dhiubh,
 Ataidh 'n dam leis a' bhurn,
 'S gheibh e am air an cul,
 'S bidh iad baite na'n duisg gun fhaireachadh.
 'Si 'n ruaig chailteach.

Ach gloir do 'n Ard Righ
 'N t-oighre dh' fhag thu,
 Do 'n ainm Padruig
 Tha 'tighinn 'na d' aite,
 'N fhior-fhuil aluinn,
 Rioghail, àghail, aighearaich.
 Ach gloir do 'n, etc.

'S tu 's na-Innseachan Shios
 Fhuair thu 'n onair, 's tu b' fhiach,
 'S tu 'n *command* air leth chiad ;
 Bho 'n bha 'n t-Ard Righ dha d' dhion
 Gu'n do shabhail do bhian ;
 'S thug e sabhailt' thu nios
 Gus an d' thainig a' chrìoch air d' thalamh ort.
 'S tu 's na h-Innseachan, etc.

Grant's "Oran an t-Saighdeir" is printed in the seventh volume of the Society's Transactions, page 52.

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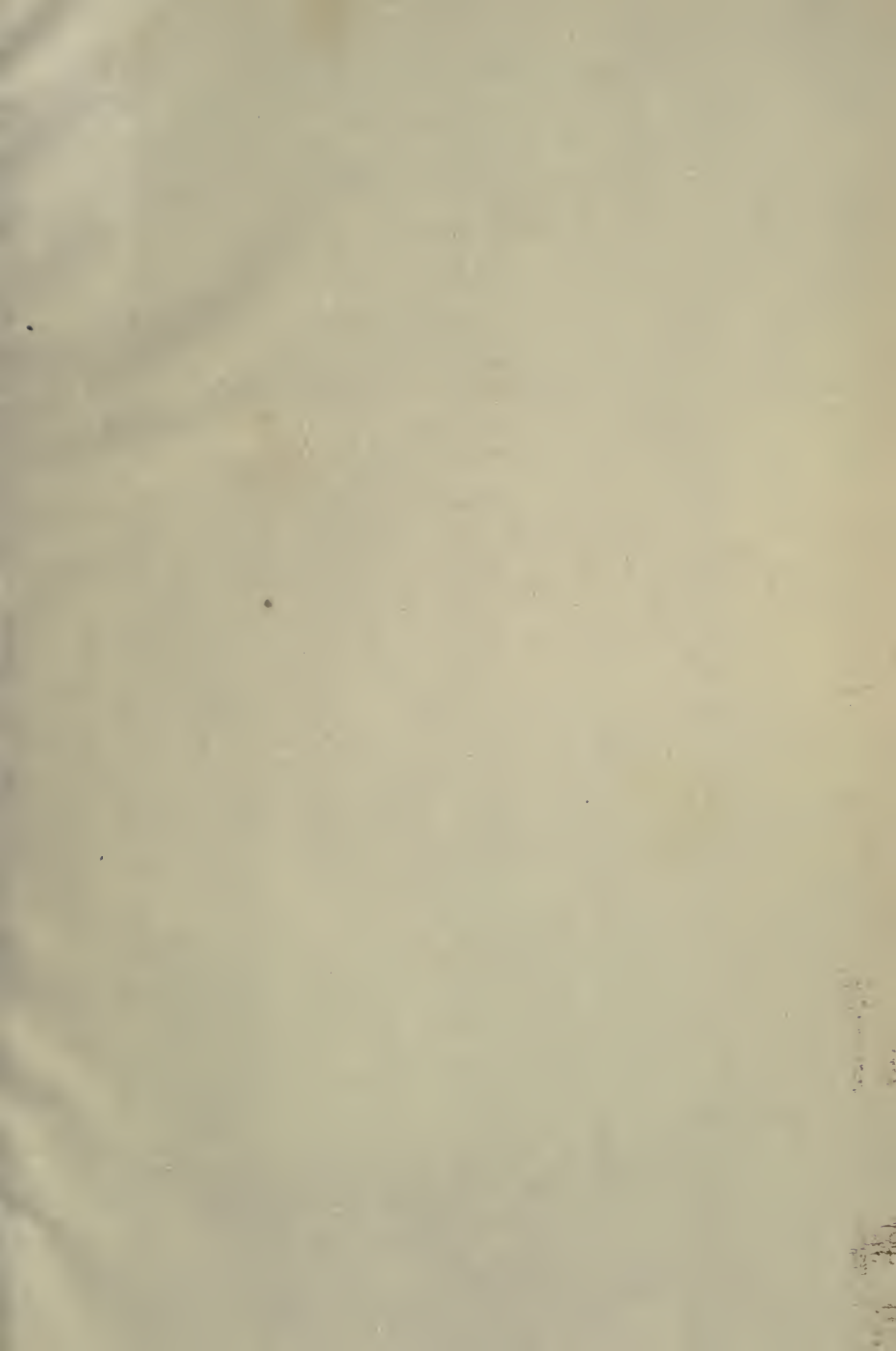
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