TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLS. III. AND IV.,

1873-4 & 1874-5.

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THE GAELIC SOCIETY

OF

INVERNESS.

VOLUMES III. AND IV.,
YEARS 1873-4 & 1874-5.

Clann nan Gaidheil ri Guaillean a' Cheile.

INVERNESS:
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CONTENTS.

1873-74.

1874-75.

The Gaelic Society of Inverness.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

YEAR 1874.

CHIEF.
Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.

CHIEFTAINS.
Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park
Sheriff Macdonald, Telford Street
John Murdoch, Highlander.

HONORARY SECRETARY.
George James Campbell, writer, Church Street

SECRETARY.
Donald Macrae, High School, ad interim.

TREASURER.
James Fraser, C.E., Castle Street

COUNCIL.
Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road
John Macdonald, Exchange
Jonathan Ross, 4 High Street
W. Mackinnon Bannatyne, Royal Academy
D. Macrae, Charles Street

LIBRARIAN.
Lachlan Macbean, Castle Street

BARD.
Angus Macdonald

PIPER.
Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan

YEAR 1875.

CHIEF.
C. Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P

CHIEFTAINS.
Sheriff Macdonald, Telford Street
Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road
Dr F. M. Mackenzie, 54 Church Street

HONORARY SECRETARY.
George James Campbell, writer, Church Street

SECRETARY.
Alex. Mackenzie, auctioneer, 57 Church Street

TREASURER.
Councillor John Noble, 12 Castle Street

COUNCIL.
John Macdonald, The Exchange
Donald Campbell, draper, Bridge Street
Donald Macrae, High School
William Mackenzie, Free Press
James H. Mackenzie, bookseller, High Street

LIBRARIAN.
Lachlan Macbean

BARD.
Vacant.

PIPER.
Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan

BANKERS.
The Caledonian Banking Company

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan s a' Ghàilig; cinneas Cànaine, Bardachd, agus Ciùil na Gàidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chànain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an cànain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chàileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gàidheal no do thairbhe na Gàidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gàidheal a dhìon; agus na Gàidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghnà ge b'e àit am bi iad.

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

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

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

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

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle là air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciùil Ghàidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gàidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiùltadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gàilig. Giùlainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sònraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha-thrian de nam bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gàilig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's èiginn sin a chur an cèill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrathadh a dheanamh. Feudaigh ball nach bi 'a làthair roghnachadh le lamh-àithne.

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

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giùlainear gach Deasboireachd le rùn fosgailte, duineil, dùrachdach air-son na fìrinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

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

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION.

In introducing the Society's Transactions to the members at this period, we have to express regret for the delay which has taken place. Various reasons may be given, among others the unavoidable changes which have taken place among the office-bearers of the Society. We, however, have not been idle for the last two years, as will be seen from perusal of this volume, which embraces the Transactions up to date. The most important subjects of all to Highlanders and to the Celt generally, in which the Gaelic Society has taken an active interest during that time, are the establishment of a Celtic Professorship in one of our Scottish Universities, and the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools. What we have already done, and are still doing, will be seen in these Transactions, but we think it proper in this Introduction to give a short history of what has been done by others as well as by ourselves, to bring about the present feeling in favour, and we might say, the assured success of the movement for the institution of the Celtic Chair. The Gaelic Society of London stands out pre-eminently among all others for its exertions in this cause, and that single-handed, for nearly half-a-century. It is impossible to give the history of the movement, without according considerable space to the doings of that Society on this particular subject, while they were equally energetic in all movements calculated to benefit the Celt, his language, and literature. James Logan, who was at one time (1835-1838) Secretary to the Highland Society of Lon-

don, says, in a preface to the book-list of the Gaelic Society (1840), that "the name of the first coterie was the *Gaelic Society.* The Society rapidly increased in numbers and respectability. One of their first acts was to obtain the repeal, in 1782, of the repugnant law which made it felony for a Highlander to wear his native dress." After the American War several officers joined the Society, and considering "Gaelic Society" too circumscribed a designation, that of "Highland Society" was adopted.

Although in the original constitution of the Highland Society, one of the objects was the founding of a Professorship in one of the Scottish Universities, the Lowland element became too powerful, and the Celtic sentiments of the Society consequently became comparatively enfeebled. In 1808 the "Gaelic Society" was again resuscitated, through the exertions of Rev. Duncan Robertson, a gentleman to whom also belongs the credit of instituting a fund, amounting to £4000, for the support of a Gaelic preacher in London. In 1816, however, the title of Gaelic Society was again overwhelmed, by the good-natured inclination of the members, allowing gentlemen other than Gaelic-speaking members to attend their meetings. Members from all parts of Scotland were admitted, and by their influence the name was again altered, this time to that of "The Club of True Highlanders." The minority, anxious to have concourse with their fellow-natives, afterwards succeeded in re-establishing their old Society, under the classical title of "The Sons of Morven." Although the name was changed, the Gaelic language was used "in the conversation of all the meetings." Some of the members of the Highland Society joined this body—notably, General Stewart of Garth, 78th Highlanders; General Sir Alan Cameron of Erracht, 79th Highlanders; and General John Macdonald of Dalchoisnie. Among other names are found—Donald Mackinnon, M.D.; Murdo Young, an Invernessian, and subsequently proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper; Dr Andw. Robertson, &c. This coterie pursued a course more decidedly of a literary nature than its predecessors or contemporaries—subjects of Highland interest being regularly debated. Prizes were awarded among the members for the best essays on Celtic subjects. They collected a number of

valuable books, papers, and MSS., which were unfortunately destroyed, along with their minutes, by a fire which burnt the premises. This catastrophe caused the suspension for a time of the regular meetings of the "Sons." A remnant of them, however, kept it from extinction, among whom were Mr Wm. Menzies, musical manager to Nathaniel Gow, and Lewis Macdougal. To these two gentlemen are we indebted for the re-institution of the present Gaelic Society of London, in 1830. They met for fifteen years in the British Coffee-house, Cockspur Street. Their principal object was "to accustom the members to the language, poetry, music, and dress of Caledonia." In 1840 "the Society accumulated 260 volumes of books on various subjects, and in several languages; forty-five essays have been read; besides these the library contains an unique collection of tracts and pamphlets on the state of feeling during the disturbances of 1715 and '45." The library also contains a copy of petition prepared by the Gaelic Society, in favour of the institution of a Professor in the University of *Aberdeen*, for the teaching of the Celtic languages, and presented to the House of Commons in 1835. In 1839 the Society presented another petition for the same object, but withdrawing the selection of Aberdeen. The second petition was taken charge of by Mr Campbell of Islay, M.P. for Argyllshire, W. A. Mackinnon, M.P. for Rye, and Sir George Sinclair, Bart., M.P. for Caithness. On its presentation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Spring Rice, took exception to its being received, for the reason that "petitions praying for grants of money were inadmissible." The following afternoon Mr Campbell obtained the consent of the Chancellor to receive a deputation of the petitioners on the subject of their rejected petition. The deputation consisted of Mr Jas. Stewart, Albemarle Street; Mr Wm. Menzies, Golden Square; and Mr John Cameron Macphee, the present President of the Gaelic Society of London. The Chancellor was particularly struck with astonishment when told that the ministers of Highland parishes received no training in the language in which they expounded the Scriptures to the people, except what they knew of it from reading or general conversation. He then suggested

(addressing himself to Mr Campbell of Islay), that Highlanders should give an earnest of their desire for establishing a Celtic Chair by subscribing to a fund for that purpose, after which the Treasury would consider the alternative of granting an equal sum to that subscribed. This alternative appeared too much for these Celtic pioneers, and the subject was for a time given up. In 1840 the Earl of Aboyne became Patron of the Society, and was taught Gaelic for five or six years by D. Macpherson, one of the members. In 1847 the Society took steps and collected subscriptions to alleviate the distress brought about by the famine in Ireland and the Western Highlands. A ball given in Willis's Rooms alone producing £500, after paying all expenses. Captain Lamont, R.N., was treasurer of this fund, and John Cameron Macphee, hon. secretary.

The Scottish fetes at Holland Park, patronised daily by the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the aristocracy, were supported by the Gaelic Society. Its representatives, Wm. Menzies and John Cameron Macphee, were appointed judges of the competitions.

The Gaelic Society never lost sight of the Celtic Professorship, and in 1869, at one of their monthly meetings, the subject was brought forward, when a committee was nominated to investigate what had been done, and what could be done, to awaken the nation for the removal of this stigma on the language of so considerable a portion of the population of Scotland. A proposition was submitted by P. H. Cameron, then English Secretary for the Society, and now "S.S.C." in Edinburgh, and by the Gaelic Secretary, J. C. Macphee, to address circulars to all the ministers of Highland parishes and of other denominations throughout the Highlands, asking their views on the desirability of establishing a Celtic Professorship in one of the Scottish Universities, and to what extent Gaelic was preached in their respective parishes. The Society adopted the proposal. The circulars, dated 10th December 1869, with forms of reply, were prepared, and despatched (prepaid there and back). The first reply was from the Free Church Manse of Campbelltown, dated 11th January 1870, and signed "John L. Maclean." The circulars were returned in most cases, with de-

tailed information, and the result showed that out of 3395 places of worship of all denominations in Scotland, 461 had Gaelic services once-a-day in the following proportions :—Established Church, 235; Free Church, 166; Catholic Chapels, 36; Baptists, 12; Episcopalians, 9; Congregationalists, 3.

At a general meeting of the Society, held on the third Tuesday of January 1870, further steps were taken to agitate the removal of this flagrant indifference exhibited towards the cherished language of our Highland countrymen. Aware that some of the objects for which the Highland Society of London was instituted were the "preservation of the Gaelic language," and "to establish a Professor of Gaelic in one or more of the Universities of Scotland," one of the first proposals made at this meeting was to instruct the Secretaries "to draw the attention of the Court of Directors of the Highland Society to the desirability of instituting the Professorship for Gaelic, and suggesting a joint committee of the two Societies (the Highland and the Gaelic), to co-operate for the accomplishment *now* of this too long deferred act of justice to the language." To this communication Sir Patrick Colquhoun, the honorary secretary, replied, under date 3d April 1870:—

"Dear Sirs,—There being no quorum of the Highland Society (the 8th March), the consideration of the Gaelic Professorship question was postponed. This need not, however, prevent your proceeding *independently* of the Highland Society."

This reply was not calculated to cheer the smaller but far more patriotic Society, nor was it likely to inspire confidence in the sincerity of ultimate co-operation. At a future meeting it was decided to institute systematic proceedings in the press, and through other public channels, to aid the attainment of this, one of the articles of faith of the Gaelic Society. A consultation at this juncture, with the editor of the *London Scotsman*, resulted in the determination to make arrangements to get together such gentlemen as could be influenced, and thus ventilate the subject through members of the London daily press. Three articles appeared soon after on the subject in the *London Scotsman*, from the

pen of Professor Blackie. Some time afterwards the following circular, dated 3d May 1870, was received by the Society from Professor Macgregor :—

"Extract from the minutes of meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, of date 19th April 1870. The Council remitted to the following committee to report on the question of establishing a Chair of Celtic Literature.

(Signed) "THOMAS GILBERT,
"Secretary of General Council."

The Gaelic Society of London supplied the Committee told off by the University Council with their tabulated statement, and all the other valuable information in their possession. In the month of November 1870, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, now Secretary of this Society, read a paper before the Inverness Literary Institute, on the Gaelic Professorship. In the paper he referred to the work done by the Gaelic Society of London for the establishment of a Chair for teaching the Celtic language in one of the Scottish Universities, the desirability, and even the necessity, of having such a Chair established, and concluded by suggesting that a Gaelic Society should be established in Inverness, having for its objects the preservation and cultivation of the Gaelic language and literature, and by which many other interesting subjects closely connected with the Highlands might receive some amount of attention. The suggestion was laughed at by some, and warmly supported by others. The paper afterwards appeared in the "Inverness Advertiser" and in the "London Scotsman." For a time, the subject of establishing this Society was not pushed, but it was not lost sight of.

In the spring of the following year, a letter appeared in the correspondence column of the "Inverness Advertiser," signed "U'. M'C.," proposing the establishment of a "Celtic Debating Society" in Inverness. Replies were written by "F. D. G.," "J. M'G.," "Caberfeidh, Ross-shire," "Meallfuarvonie," and "Clachnacudain," all enthusiastic in support of the proposal in favour of having some Celtic Society in our midst. Who the

writer "F. D. G." was we have never learned. "U'. M'C." were the Gaelic initials of William Mackenzie, now Inverness representative of the "Aberdeen Free Press;" "J. M'G." was John Macgillivray, Tain; "Caberfeidh" was Mr A. C. Mackenzie, schoolmaster, Maryburgh; "Meallfuarvonie" was Mr William Mackay, now solicitor in Inverness; and "Clachnacudain" was Mr Alexander Mackenzie, the present secretary of the Society. It may be remarked that "Meallfuarvonie" and "U'. M'C." also held that office.

In the autumn of 1871 the Society was established, under most auspicious circumstances, for particulars of which we refer our readers to the first volume of Transactions issued by the Society. Shortly after this, Celtic Societies were established in Oban, Tobermory, Greenock, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and other places, and those previously in existence received an *impetus*, and exhibited an energy and activity in the good cause previously unknown. In 1871 Mr Angus Nicolson brought over his "Gael" from Canada; the "Highlander" made his appearance in the Highland Capital in 1873; *Bratach Na Firrinn* followed. The "Highland Pioneer" appeared two months ago. "Celtic columns" were started in several North-country newspapers, and a feeling was produced which made the tiny rivulet first set forth by the Gaelic Society of London gradually gather volume strong enough to carry before it all previous obstructions in a roaring torrent of "liberal culture," but which was at an earlier stage in some quarters gracefully designated "negative Highland bigotry."

On the 14th of October 1874, Professor Blackie delivered his lecture on the Celtic Professorship, under the auspices of our Society, in the Music Hall, Inverness. The result is already well known, and surprised no one more than the redoubted Professor himself. "Blackie! Celtic Chair! Success!" express more than we could write in a volume.

Among the societies which have not only exerted themselves to procure subscriptions from the public and individual members, but which have subscribed liberally out of their own funds, we may mention the Glasgow Celtic Society, the Greenock Highland

Society, Dundee Celtic Society, Royal Celtic Society of Edinburgh, Skye Association of Glasgow, Highland Literary Association of Glasgow, Glasgow Sutherland Association, Lorne Ossianic Society, Highland Society of London, Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, the Highlanders of Birmingham and of Burrow-in-Furness, our own Society, and others. The Gaelic Society of London has organised a London committee, and are now actively engaged collecting subscriptions.

In concluding these introductory remarks, we would request that members at a distance would send us on papers to be read at the meetings of the Society and for publication in our next volume of Transactions, especially would we urge upon members to supply us with the folk-lore of their district, and with papers and MSS. bearing upon the genius, literature, history, and antiquities of the Celt at home and abroad. We crave the indulgence of our readers for many errors and shortcomings, many of them in consequence of the rapidity with which the volume was hurried through the press.

Inverness, 28th June 1875.

TRANSACTIONS.

15th July 1873.

At this meeting (the first of the session) it was unanimously agreed to ask Tulloch to preside at Dr Mackay's lecture, to be delivered on the following Monday. James Fraser, C.E., was elected Treasurer *ad interim*, in room of Mr Mackintosh, who was leaving Inverness for Oban. A large number of new members were elected, including the Earl of Seafield.

19th July 1873.

A special meeting was held in the Music Hall, to hear a lecture from Chas. Mackay, LL.D., on

"THE SCOTCH IN AMERICA."

Duncan Davidson of Tulloch occupied the chair, supported by Dr Carruthers and Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., Broadstone Park. There were also present—The Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A.; Bailie Simpson; Alex. Mackenzie, Clachnacudain House; D. Maciver, Chas. Mackay; Æneas Mackintosh, Dalmigavie; Councillor Rose; G. J. Campbell, &c., &c. We give the following condensed report of the lecture.

Dr Mackay said—In speaking upon the subject of America, I speak from personal experience, extending over a period of nearly four years. It is calculated that there are ten millions of Scotch men and women in the world—Highlanders and Lowlanders; and that perhaps not less than four, and not more than five millions live at home in their own beautiful and romantic land. The Scotch are scattered all over the earth where there is liberty,

wealth, and honour to be gained—(Hear, hear)—whether it be at the point of the sword or nip of the bayonet. By perseverance and hard work—by head or hand—wherever they go, they prosper. They are not contented with a humble place or station in life, if a higher one is in their reach. Much has been said about their national character, and more perhaps of its effects. Both friends and foes have been led to admit that although the Scotchman is a firm antagonist, he is a dear friend, and that whatever he has to do he does it with all his might. The Scotch are welcome and popular in every part of the world where they go. If any unpopularity exists against them anywhere, it is in England. It was raised in the past century, when Lord Bute rendered his countrymen very unpopular in that country. During the examination of the trade outrages at Sheffield last year, Mr Kinnaird, member for Perth, asked one of the witnesses—a great employer of labour—whether he had any Scotchmen in his employ. "No," said the witness, "I will not have one about me." All the committee laughed at Mr Kinnaird, who, however, asked the witness another question: "Have you any objection to Scotchmen?" "Yes, I have a very great objection to them." "Will you please tell the committee what the objection is?" "Well, it is this. If I get a Scotchman in my employ, he will be either my employer or partner before I know where I am." (Laughter.) This explanation was very satisfactory to Mr Kinnaird. Long before the distress of '45, the Scotch had found their way abroad, some being compelled to do so by poverty, and some for the mere sake of ambition and adventure. It was the unfortunate Charles I. that first sent the people out of the land in any considerable numbers—at a time when Scotch manhood and Scotch womanhood was surrounded by glaring difficulties on every hand. They were compelled to go anywhere where land could be got and an honest living obtained. Emigration was resorted to in more modern days by the Highland poor, but emigration has been more advantageous to them than was perhaps expected. The hill-sides and glens in many parts of Scotland that could once send forth 1000 or more men to war in the hour of danger, are now almost desolate. They have sought honour in other climes. Sent adrift as they were to make way for Nimrods and hunters, they sought in other countries what they were not allowed at home. It was at this time that some of our bravest and best men emigrated. Some went to New Zealand, some to Australia and other colonies, and large numbers to America, and they all found new homes and new friends away from their mother country. A striking instance

of this was shown to me in one of the largest cities in Canada. I was invited to dine with a wealthy gentleman of my own name. There were present on that occasion 120 other Scotchmen, and most of them wore the Highland dress. My host had a piper behind the chair playing the old familiar strains of the pipes. The gentleman told me, in the course of the evening, that his father was a poor cottar in Sutherlandshire. "My mother," said he, "was turned out upon the moor on a dark cold night, and upon that moor I was born." My friend's family afterwards went to America, and my friend became a "dry" merchant, or as you would say in Scotland, a draper. I said to him, seeing that his position had so improved, "Well, I suppose you do not bear any grudge against the people by whose agency your family were turned upon the moor." "No," he replied, "I cannot say that I bear them any grudge, but at the same time I cannot say that I forgive them. If my position has improved, it is by my own perseverance, and not by their good deeds or through their agency." In every great city of Canada—Toronto, Kingstown, Montreal, New Brunswick, St John's Nova Scotia, and in almost every town and village, you will find many Scotchmen; in fact, in the large towns they are almost as numerous as in Edinburgh and Inverness. You will see a Highland name staring you in the face in any or every direction. If you ask for the principal merchant or principal banker, you will be almost sure to find that he's a Scotchman; and no matter in what part of the world your fellow-countrymen may be cast, they keep up the old manners and customs of their mother country. They never forget the good old times of "Auld lang syne;" they never forget the old songs they sung, the old tunes they played, nor the old reels and dances of Scotland. There is one day in the year which seems more dear than any other day to the Scotchman in all parts, and that is the 25th of January. It may be asked why that day is more dear than any other. It is because it is the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. (Applause.) In every city in the Union of Canada there is a Burns Club. No name—not Bruce, Wallace, nor even Sir Walter Scott—is so dear to Scotchmen abroad as that of Burns. (Hear, hear.) Scott might have been greater than Burns, but never so much beloved. They look upon Scott as having a rather aristocratic tendency, but Burns was loved for his defects, absolute independence and firmness, for he maintained that what was his own was his own in all places, and carried out this principle through life. Burns always wrote with spirit and feeling. It is a common saying, when anything had been bought cheap, that it

is bought at the price of an old song, to which it might be replied, "Cheap, is an old song cheap? What is the value of the old song, 'A man's a man for a' that?'" (Hear, hear, and applause.) This has urged thousands on to independence. Well, as I was about to say, on the 25th of January the Burns Clubs in the United States of America and Canada meet to give a toast to Scotland's humble poet, with patriotic fervour. These clubs send messages of greeting along the wire desiring each other to drink to the immortal memory of him whose aim was to teach the poor poverty-stricken man to hold his own against all encroachers, and remember that in all circumstances, though he might be "down in the world," "a man's a man for a' that." (Hear, hear.) The Scotch find in Burns a representative of their own character. If Burns had been utterly unblemished, pure, and with a high station, it is possible his countrymen would not love him as they do. Read the "Bard's Epitaph":

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause, and through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name.

Reader, attend,—whether thy soul
Soar fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

The Scotch are noted in America for what Americans truly call their "grip." They hold fast what they get, and never relax anything they put their hands to. There is another thing which endears the Scotch to American politicians. The Irish politicians are not looked up to in America, for when they vote, they vote altogether, according to the instructions of their spiritual advisers.

All parties try to get the Irish vote, but at the same time they hate it. The way to get at the Irish heart is to abuse England. But the Scotch never give them any such trouble. They do not vote in the "lump," but each Scotchman votes for himself, and nothing that Americans say against England, either with regard to the "Alabama" or anything else, can weigh in his judgment. He must be satisfied in his own mind, and then he goes in for the truth, and that only. The Scotch, especially in Canada, take the Gaelic with them. They have Gaelic newspapers, which have a large circulation—larger, perhaps, than any Gaelic newspaper at home. They have Gaelic preachers. In fact, there is one part of Canada which might be called the new Scotland; and it is a Scotchman who is now at the head of the Canadian Government —John Macdonald. * (Applause.) The lecturer then described at some length the able manner in which the Scotch pilots took the place of the Indians, and their ability as statesmen, merchants, and workmen. He referred to the love of Scotland which seemed to dwell in the minds of not only Scotchmen in America, but Americans themselves.

He strongly recommended Canada to the attention of emigrants. That country could take a million, two millions, or ten millions of people, if we only had them to spare, and they would find scope and return for their energies. He thought he was only doing his duty in pointing out the advantages of emigration to the new Dominion—not the emigration of clerks or shopmen, or of those who wanted to be fine ladies and gentlemen, but of those who had strong hands and backs, and could plough the land. Referring to the threats of the United States, during the "Alabama" dispute, the lecturer said their armies might over-run Canada, but they would find it a very difficult thing to hold; in fact, they would soon be glad to get rid of it. Chatting at a dinner party in New York, he said to an American, who was boasting of what the States would do, "Canada has a defence on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. If the States were to annex Canada, perhaps Great Britain would find means to annex California." A gentleman, who heard the remark, turned round and said—"Sir, I am the Governor of California." "I hope," said Dr Mackay, "I have not offended you." "Offended me," he replied, "you have greatly delighted me. We in California are too far off from the Atlantic side of the United States. We must become independent some day, and if we become independent through the help of Great Britain, all I can say is we shall be very much obliged to her." But feelings of irritation as between England—he begged pardon,

* At the date of publication it is another Scotchman, Mr Mackenzie.

between Great Britain—(Applause)—and the United States had calmed down, and he did not think this or the next generation would see a war between the two countries. The strong Conservative influence of Scotchmen in American politics would always incline the American Government to seek peace and amity with the old country. Mr Reverdy Johnson, late United States Minister to the British Court, deplored to him that he was not a Scotchman, and thought he would insert the letter *t* into his name just to claim the connection. (Laughter.) Mr Seward was also proud of his Scotch descent, and the same feeling was universal in the South. When they could find time to leave their pursuits, the greatest delight of these men was to visit the land of Scott and Burns; and the hotel-keepers of Edinburgh and other places would gladly admit that Americans were their best customers. The late Jefferson Davis—of whom even his opponents would say "he was an American, and he fought like an American"---(Applause)—travelled with the lecturer through a great part of Scotland, and was familiar with the history and traditions of every place they came to. He knew every song that had been written on Yarrow, and he could repeat all Sir Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake. Coming to Killiecrankie, and looking at it with the eye of a soldier, he said, "Your namesake, General Mackay, was a great fool to fight the Highlanders at such a place as that;" and coming to Culloden he said, "What fools the Highlanders were to fight the English at such a place as that." When here, it was his pleasure to call himself not Davis but Mactavish. (Laughter.) He was, he said, of Welsh descent, but then the Welsh and the Highlanders were both Celts. Talking about the war, the lecturer said to him—and he did not think in repeating this he was committing any breach of faith—"Mr Davis, why did you not abolish slavery? Why did you refuse to yield, and so cast away all sympathy from you?" "I am an enemy to slavery," he said, "I always was, but I had no more power to abolish slavery than you had. The Confederate States of America were each sovereign, and no one State had power in any other. If any State by its own Assembly had chosen to abolish slavery, it was welcome to do so, and I should have been glad. But, as chief of the whole Confederation, I had no power whatever. Slavery," he said, "has been abolished, and for my part I am glad of it. I wish it had been abolished a little more carefully, because I am afraid the negroes will suffer from the suddenness of the act; but they are a good people, and with a little patience they will become good citizens. The dearest friend I had was one who had been my own slave. He is ninety-eight years of age, and the poor man has been weeping much about me.

He said, 'I had but two friends in the world, the Lord Jesus and Massa Jeff. They have put Massa Jeff in prison, and I have no friend now but the Lord Jesus.' That man, though free, would not accept his freedom," added Mr Davis. "He considered that he belonged to me, and as long as I have a crust to share with him he shall share it." (Applause.)

Votes of thanks both to the lecturer and chairman were awarded by acclamation.

31st July 1873.

At this meeting the Society received, with regret, an intimation from their excellent Secretary, Mr William Mackay, of his intention to resign office on an early date, in consequence of his leaving Inverness for an appointment in Edinburgh. The following report of the Annual Assembly, held on the 10th instant in the Music Hall, was read, approved, and ordered to be engrossed in the minutes of the Society:—

"The Special Committee appointed by the Council to carry out the arrangements for the Second Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society, have much pleasure in reporting that the assembly was in every sense a decided success. The large Music Hall was full, the music, vocal and instrumental, was of a very high order, and the Committee wish to record their grateful appreciation of the services rendered to the Society by the performers, who so handsomely came forward and gave their services gratuitously, especially the young ladies, also to the dancers, and speakers. They also wish to congratulate the Society on the excellent reports given by the local press of the whole proceedings, and recommended that the *Highlander's* introduction to the Report, and its report of the Rev. A. Macgregor's address, be printed in the volume of Transactions for (1872-73), and that the other addresses, being more fully reported, be printed from the *Inverness Courier*. It is evident that the Annual Assembly of the Society has now become an event which every true-hearted Highlander will look forward to, in future years, and the Society must keep in view the necessity of making it yearly more attractive. The Committee regret that many friends from the West, who intended to be present, did not arrive in Inverness in time, owing to an accident on the Skye Railway. As already stated, the press did its work so well, that it is quite unnecessary to give a fuller report here.

(Signed) "Alex. Mackenzie,
Convener of Assembly Committee."

24th September 1873.

At this meeting, in accordance with previous notice, Mr Wm. Mackay resigned his office as Secretary. The Society unanimously expressed their regret at the loss of so valuable an official, and adopted, by acclamation, a recommendation of Council, that the Society present Mr Mackay "with a small acknowledgment and token of the warm regards which are entertained towards him by the Society." A Committee was also appointed "to draw up a resolution, to be engrossed in the minutes, expressing their views and feelings on the subject" of Mr Mackay's resignation and his past services to the Society.

2d October 1873.

Mr William Mackenzie, 17 Telford Road, was unanimously elected Secretary *ad interim*.

9th July 1873.

At this meeting, after several members were elected, Mr John Murdoch, of the *Highlander*, read a paper on "Charter Rights to the Land."

16th October 1873.

The Society authorised the Council to select and appoint a properly qualified gentleman to teach a grammatical knowledge of the Gaelic language, and to add some Gaelic grammars to its Library. After which, Mr William Mackenzie, the Secretary, read a paper, which produced considerable discussion, on the character of Mac' ic Alastair, "the last *real* chief of Glengarry." Mr Mackenzie declined to give any of his papers for publication.

23d October 1873.

This evening a paper was read by the Secretary (Mr Mackenzie) on "Ossian's Poems," in which he argued strongly against their authenticity. A long discussion ensued, and the general opinion of the members was against that of the essayist.

5TH NOVEMBER 1873.

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. ARCHIBALD FARQUHARSON, of Tyree, in the Association Buildings, Castle Street, on

"HIGHLANDERS AT HOME AND ABROAD,"

including a plea for teaching Gaelic in our national schools:—

Mr Farquharson introduced himself "as true-hearted a Gael as ever was looked upon." He mentioned several grievances his countrymen had to put up with, and ridiculed the idea of men calling themselves Highlanders, and wearing the Highland dress, while they knew not a word of the Gaelic language. "I would have the wives, when they see such going about amongst them, to take out the gridiron, and to ring with it, crying aloud 'Ye great hypocrites, off, off with that kilt, on with the breeks,' le gleangaisaich na greidil ag eigheach 'a chealgar' mhor dhiot, dhiot a' feile, umad a bhriogais."

"These grievances are nothing compared with the treatment which our language receives in our schools, where, with very few exceptions, it is completely laid aside. We might bear with those which I have already mentioned as comparative trifles, although somewhat irritating to our temper, and aware that others are led astray by them; but this we cannot treat so. It is a grievance that reaches the quick, that pierces our very souls, causing us to lose the life-blood of our existence, and which aims at our total extinction as a race. Yes, it makes our heart's blood boil within us with indignation, on account of the disgrace, the cruelty, and the injustice done to us. There are not many races of people on the face of the earth who are greater slaves than the Gaels are by their schools; and were it not that their chiefs have forsaken them, by renouncing their language, they would not put up with it; and I trust that the time has come when they will manifest that they can put up with it no longer.

'Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

'Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!

'Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

'By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

'Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!'

There is a Scotch man for you. What a grasp? What a powerful hold has he taken of his countrymen? Can the polished Englishman, with his artificial English, ever come up to that? Never, never. The power of the whole piece arises from the artless simplicity of the language, which is peculiar to the Broad Scotch and the Gaelic, and which the superfine English cannot imitate.

"In pleading for my countrymen and their language, I cannot do so without giving sore thrusts to the schoolmasters. I do not hate them; any wounds that I shall inflict shall be the wounds of a friend. They are not to be blamed, as I will show afterwards. It would appear, then, that proud Edward has a successor in that system of education in our schools. It is a common saying, that the schoolmaster is abroad; yes, he is abroad through the whole extent of our native country 'with chains and slavery.' He is there as a traitor to his countrymen. He is not intentionally so; neither is he suspected of any evil design. He is generally looked upon as their true friend, whose object is to make them great scholars; but the less he is suspected and the more highly he is esteemed, the more dangerous he is, because he is betraying them, I do not say slyly or deceitfully, but quietly and peaceably, into the hands of a foreign power; certainly nothing has a greater power over any people than language.

"At one period Scotland to a certain extent was under the power of Englishmen; but in those days of darkness their souls were never conquered, they remained Scotchmen at heart, determined with the first opportunity to throw off the yoke; that opportunity presented itself at Bannockburn, when they showed that they would rather die on the spot than remain under their power. Now, I ask you, my countrymen, do you think that those Gaels

who fought at that decisive battle, when forty thousand Scotchmen put to flight one hundred thousand Englishmen with great slaughter? Do you think that they, with their onward, determined, irresistible rush, sword in hand, decided the fate of the day as much as anything else? Do you think that these men would be willing to renounce their own language, and to receive the Englishman's in its place? I am certain they would not, that they would rather die on the spot than do it. And what would they think of many of their posterity were they to see how fashionable and Englified they are become, so much so as actually to be ashamed of their native language. They would be horrified at the sight—would be ashamed to own them as their descendants.

"Whenever our children enter school, they are made slaves by the alphabet that is forced upon them, which is not suited to the Broad Scotch, and not at all to the Gaelic. Our vowels are à è ì ò ù (pronounced as oo, in moon). I pass by o, because it is the humble and obedient subject of both languages, and take up the other four. These vowel sounds are essential to the Gaelic, there is not a single instance in which they have the sounds of a e i u (as in English). The alphabet taught in our schools is not essential even to the English. The short and the long sound of a as we have it in at, that, far, farther, fall, call, I am certain are more frequent in the English than the sound of a as we have it in care, wave. The same may be said of e as we have it in test, send, tell; and of i as we have it in it, is, him, bid. The long sound of u is no exception. Come away and say your lesson. What's the name of that letter? à; it is not so, with a slash from the slave-master's whip, it is a. What's that? it is è; it is not è, with another slash, it is e. What's that again? it is ì; it is not ì, with a third slash, it is i. What's that? it is oo; it is not oo, with a fourth slash, it is u. Mata (weeping) 'se à agus è agus ì agus oo a theagasg mo mhathair fhein domh (it was à and è and ì and oo that my own mother taught me.) I care not what your mother taught you, this is what I teach you, and you must obey, otherwise you will feel the consequences.

"The sound of a is formed by placing e before it, as tearnadh, to save; sometimes in the sound of ei, as gleidh, teach, in safe keeping; also in the sound of e, when used as the first personal masculine pronoun, as è, he; 'sè, it is he; b'è, it was he. The sound of i is formed by placing a before i, as baigh, kindness; traigh, shore. The sound of long u is formed by placing i before u, as cliu, fame; iul, guidance.

"As Mr Campbell of Islay said, that there are sounds in the

English which are not in the Gaelic. I have done my utmost to search them out, and could only find one vowel sound, namely, the short sound of u, as we have it in up, must thrust, which is short and abrupt like the Englishman himself. There are sounds of consonants which we have not: mp, as in trumpet; mph, as in triumph; nce, as in ounce, renounce; also th, as in that with. Now, listen to all these sounds, and you will find them all without the least melody. But we have many sounds which are not in the English at all, and which are full of melody, such as ceann, head; gleann, glen; doigh, manner; cloimh, wool; fadheoidh, finally; seol, guide; ceol, song; eigh, cry; spreidh, cattle of any kind; fuar, cold; shuas, up; and when the i is added to the ua, it makes a sweet sound, as buaidh, victory; fuaim, sound. The short sound of u, as we pronounce it in duine, man; fulang, suffering. Also, the sound of ia is as we have it in fial, generous; criosduigh, christian; sgiath, wing. This sound is frequently heard from birds, and from the chanter of the bagpipe. But the sublimest sound that is listened to is the sound of ao, as we have it in glaodh, cry. None but the true Gael can utter this sound; it is their shiboleth. It resembles the sound of a large trumpet, and of distant thunder. It comes with power and authority, and has a greatness and a majesty in it that no other sound has. Let any man say—the world, the human race, the Redeemer, and how weak and insignificant these sounds are, compared with an saoghal, an cinne daoine, am Fear-saoraidh. The very sound of these words conveys the idea of vastness, greatness. How tame the word wind compared with gaoth. Listen to the wind blowing upon a window, or upon large trees surrounding the house, and nothing could express that sound better than to say gaoth, gao ao aoth. This is a sound that is heard in a rocky glen in the time of a flood, the rocks resounding to the water roar. It is the sound of the Atlantic waves, as they are heard in a calm evening in the island of Tiree, beating upon its rocks and sandy beaches with the sound of thunder. Nothing could express that noise better than the very name they give to it, Gaoirich a chuain, the roaring ocean, gao ao aoirich. The voice of the Son of God is as the sound of many waters—

Mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth.
Like flood of glens His voice divine.

That voice has an echo in the Gaelic language, but not in the English. This is the sound heard from the big drone of the Highland bagpipe, and also from noble stags in autumn, gh, gh, ghao

aoth. It is when he begins to look out for his sweethearts that his voice is heard saying, gh, gh, ghaoil, love, dear. Where i is added to the ao it makes a sound as sweet and as full of melody as any that can be listened to, as aoidh affability; caoimhneas, kindness.

"Now, I ask you, my countrymen, are you willing that a language so sweet, so expressive, so natural, so stirring to the soul, so calculated to warm the heart, and to set you a singing with its melody and music; the language of your forefathers, the language of your hearts, and which has made us what we are, such a warm-hearted race, should be driven from our country by our very schools.

"The English alphabet is not only forced upon them like slaves, but they are also forced to read a language they know nothing about, which is the most stupid, the most absurd, and the most irrational mode that could be; their own judgment will be of no avail to them to put us to keep them right. They are treated as if they were mere reading machines or speaking parrots. They speak and understand a language of their own which is completely laid aside, and not even made a medium for acquiring the knowledge of the English. I am quite confident that their own language ought first to be taught them. I challenge any man to prove that it ought not, convinced that no man will accept the challenge but one who has some moral or mental defect about him. Their own language ought certainly to be first taught them, beginning with the Gaelic alphabet, and when they could read the four Gospels tolerably well, to commence at once with the English alphabet; and then, as reading and writing went along, to translate every word into Gaelic, aided to do so by one another as well as by the teacher. This mode of teaching would give a stimulus in our schools such as does not at present exist. The little folks would become big in their own eyes when they found that they could master the Sassunnach's hard sayings, and convey an impression to their minds that their object was to master the English, and not to become slaves to it by renouncing their own language. They would resemble a hive of bees in a fine summer day. The hum of the busy bees would be heard amongst them. W-h-i-t-e, white, geal; s-t-r-o-n-g, strong, laidir; s-w-i-f-t, swift. De Ghaelig a th' air swift? Luath, swift, luath. S-h-a-l-l-o-w, shallow. De Ghaelig th' air shallow? Cha'n'eil fhios 'am. Master, if you please, give me the Gaelic for shallow? Tàna, shallow, tàna. I-n-f-i-n-i-t-e, infinite. De Ghaelig th' air infinite? Cha'n'eil fhios 'am. Master, if you please, give me the Gaelic of infinite? Neo-chrioch-

nach gun toabh thall aige. There is the master's voice ringing through the whole house, and the young ears listening attentively to it.

"Reading a language they do not understand has a very bad effect upon children. It leaves the mind indolent and lazy; they do not put themselves to any trouble to endeavour to ascertain the meaning of what they read; whereas, were they taught to translate as they went along, whenever a word they did not understand presented itself to their minds, they would have no rest until they would master it by finding out its meaning. And I am pretty certain that were the Gaelic-speaking children thus to be taught, that by the time they would reach the age of fourteen years, they would be as far advanced, if not farther, than those who have no Gaelic at all; so that, instead of the Gaelic being their misfortune, it would be the very reverse. It would, with the exception of Welshmen (were they aware of it), place them on an eminence above any in Great Britain, not only as scholars, but as having the best languages for the soul and for the understanding. And should they enter college, they would actually leave others behind them, because, in the first place, they acquired the habit of translating in their youth, which would make translating from dead languages comparatively easy; and in the second place, they would derive great aid from their knowledge of the Gaelic. If Professor Blackie has found 500 Greek roots in the Gaelic, what aid would they derive from it in studying that language? and they would find equally as much aid in studying Latin, and even Hebrew. There is no doubt that the Gaelic is one of the oldest of the spoken languages on earth, and consequently must be of great advantage for acquiring the knowledge of other languages.

"Were educated Germans to visit our country, and see the treatment which the Gaelic receives in our schools, they would say that we are not only great slaves, but great fools also, because it is a known fact that the Gaelic is the language which many of them first study. They, the greatest scholars in the world, are picking up these pearls which scholars amongst us are trampling, like swine, under their feet.

"It is one of the most extraordinary, and the most unaccountable, facts that has ever been presented to my mind, and which makes me blush for my country, not only the almost total exclusion of the Gaelic, the native language, from our schools, but the place which that dry, dead Latin has found in them. Is it not a fact that all the schoolmasters must not only teach Latin, but that the most of them do actually teach it, and that many of them

cannot even speak the Gaelic. I suppose for one lesson taught in the Gaelic, that there are thirty in the Latin. Mo chreach! mo chreach! 'n do chaill iad an ciall? Alas! alas! have they lost their reason? Certain am I, that the less the English language is Latinised the better, and that, if anything more than another has made skeletons of many of our young men, undermined their constitutions, ruined their health, and brought them to an early grave, it has been the study of dead Latin. Would the glorious Redeemer, would the Apostle Paul, approve of such a mode of training for the ministry? Others may, but I cannot believe it. I am convinced that nearly the one-third of those who go from the Highlands to college suffer in their health. Now, I am certain that Latin is extensively taught in this fashionable town; that boys are well drilled through the Latin rudiments here, and that young Misses are taught French, too; but it does not raise the blush of shame on their faces for not studying the native language of their country, because it is not fashionable to do so; but it is quite in the fashion to study Latin and French. Whether are the children or the parents to be blamed? Certainly the parents. They are for bringing up their children quite in the fashion, which I declare is one of the devil's straight roads to hell. Of all the nations on earth there is nothing dearer to them than their native language, and are the Gaels the only people that do not seem to care for it? Shall they with their eyes open allow their schools to banish it entirely out of the country? For as certain as two and two make four, three and three six, the Gaelic will cease to exist unless taught in the schools.

"Had the brave Poles renounced their own and received the language of the Russians in its stead, their slavery would be complete. The Hebrews, seventy-five in number, entered Egypt, where they remained 400 years. During the latter part of that time they were in bondage to Pharoah and his taskmasters, but although their bodies were in bondage, their souls were comparatively free. They took their language along with them, held it fast, and left Egypt in full possession of it, free men. Had Pharoah succeeded in bringing them under the power of the Egyptian, to the total exclusion of their own language, their subjugation would be complete.

"The existence of all the nations of the earth depends upon their maintaining their own language; it is their life blood as a nation. Losing their language, their nationality would come to an end. Now, it is evident that our language has made us a race distinct from others, so that we have a nationality of our own. When-

ever, therefore, we lose our language we cease to exist. Were an Englishman to be asked—What countryman are you?—he would hold up his head without a blush, and say, I am an Englishman, sir. Were a Scotchman asked the same, with a head equally as high, he would answer—I am a Scotchman, sir. But were a Gael to be asked the question, with a head equally as high as either, he would boldly reply—I am a Scotch Gael, sir. Now I am certain that were the question put to many in the Highlands, that they would be at a loss for an answer. They do not look upon themselves as belonging either to the Lowland Scotch or to the English. I suppose they would be disposed to look upon themselves as Scottish Highlanders. I tell you, gentlemen, that you are mistaken, that it is a delusion that exists only in your own brains. Your nationality is not a reality, you have excluded yourselves from the Scottish Gaels by renouncing their language.

"Another grievance which we feel, and it is a painful one, namely, the manner in which the great body of our landed proprietors and chieftains have renounced our native language. The consequence is that the English is now the respectable, the genteel, the fashionable language of society. The whole united power of rank, and wealth, and fashion is arrayed against us, which carries everything before it like an irresistible current. It is easy to conceive how empty, weak, silly minds are carried away by the stream; wishing to appear genteel, they are for soaring so very high in the regions of fashion, so as to look down upon the Gaelic and those who speak it as vulgar, to gratify the pride and the vanity of their minds. Such I despise in my very heart; I cannot find language strong enough to express my contempt for them.

"Now, I ask, 'Whether have our landlords and noblemen ascended or descended in the scale of true greatness? Has the present race more manly dignity about them than their forefathers had when they spoke the language of their country?' I am certain they have not. Take, for example, the present Lochiel, the Chief of the Camerons (and I have no feelings but those of respect towards that nobleman). Although an M.P., is he a greater man than his forefathers were? Has he a voice of power like them? Do his words pass like electricity through the whole House of Commons, as their words passed through their whole clan? Has the present a key to the hearts and the affections of the Cameron men? Is he exalted as a king there like them? His voice would be equally as powerful, and I am certain would command more respect even in the House of Commons, were it known there that he could address his clansmen in the language of their hearts.

"At one time they were the men of the people, standing with them on a common level, speaking their language, sympathising with them in their difficulties, counselling them in their straits, frowning upon them for their misconduct, and settling their quarrels. But now they are so far removed from them as if they were not the same race of beings at all; so far removed that they seldom see them, and never speak to them but in a foreign tongue; only they feel that they exist, when some of them are unmercifully driven from their homes—when their rents are raised, and when they have to pay them. There is not a class of people on earth capable of showing greater attachment to their landlords than the Gaels, were they properly treated. They have shown, in times past, that they would shed the last drop of blood in their defence.

"Many of our nobility and landed proprietors, in their efforts to vie with Englishmen in their luxuries and extravagances, is what has brought on this painful state of things; which has ruined many of them, and the reason why so much of our native country has passed into the hands of foreigners. I could almost weep for the miseries which several of them are bringing upon themselves and their countrymen, by the foolish gratification of their pride and vanity. I believe that during the last fifty or sixty years, the incomes of most of them have not only been doubled but trebled, and still many of them are as poor as ever. I fear that an awful day of retribution is coming, and will certainly overtake them, unless they change their mode of living. Certainly nothing can add more to the happiness of a landlord than to be the father of a grateful tenantry, whose praise is on all their lips—who is aware that his name is a household word, which is never mentioned but with respect. How very different from the happiness of that man, which arises from spending abroad that money which has been squeezed from them with reluctance. In the one case, they sincerely wish their landlord a long life; but, in the other, a speedy removal by death. Poor, indeed, would be the state of my soul at this moment, had I reason to believe that many of my fellow-creatures longed for my death.

"There is still a more awful grievance that we have to complain of as men, and especially as Christians, namely, that our children are not taught to read the Word of God in their mother tongue. I question if the one-sixth of the Gaelic-speaking population of our country can do so; and the few who can read it, it is not our public schools they have to thank, but the Sabbath schools, and their own efforts. I am told that the whole county of Suther-

land is disgracefully behind in this respect, that very few can read their mother tongue at all. It would appear that that county is riding post haste to England, spurred on by factors, and on by schoolmasters and ministers acquiescing. Are the brave Sutherlandshire men to renounce all connection with the Gaels?

"Words were used in the hearing of some present, the most shocking to my mind that ever I read. The question was put, 'What would be the use of it?' (that is, the children to be taught to read and write the Gaelic in the schools)—'it would in no way promote their prosperity in the world.' Is the individual who put that question a Christian? Does he believe in the great realities of Christianity?—that children have immortal souls?—that there is a great God above them?—that they are hastening to an eternal world of misery or of happiness?—and that that God has given a revelation of His mercy, through Christ, to teach them the only way of escaping misery and securing happiness? Would it be of no use to children to be taught to read that revelation in their own language? Certainly nothing could be of greater importance. Is prospering in the world the chief end of man? Certainly not, but to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever? Would it be of no use to read the rule which God hath given for their direction in that respect? Who will dare say, not? Worldly prosperity without this would be their greatest snare and curse.

"I ask—Were our schoolmasters, and those who have the management of our schools, true Christians, what would be the first thing they would teach our children? Certainly to read the history of the great author of Christianity, as contained in the four Gospels, in their native tongue. I defy any man to give a different answer; any man that pretends to be a Christian can give no other answer. I feel myself standing upon a rock as firm as that rock upon which Edinburgh Castle is built; and standing upon that rock, I pass a sentence of condemnation against our schools. Yea, I go a little farther, standing upon that rock, Christianity, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, I denounce those schools, where the Gaelic is the language spoken by the people, and where it is not taught, as the schools of Antichrist; and I defy any man to contradict or to overturn the statement. I go a little farther still, and charge those schoolmasters, and their patrons, who do not teach the children to read the Word of God in their own language, with the awful crime of withholding the lamp of life from them, which is God's greatest gift to a lost world.

"It is a most extraordinary fact, that our ministers in the Highlands—and many of them such eminent men for piety,

zeal, and talent—never raised their united voices against the schools for excluding the Gaelic. The only reason that can be assigned for it is the known fact that most of them brought up their families without a word of the Gaelic taught them, so that they could not consistently open their lips against the schools for excluding it, seeing that they excluded it from their own families.

"Several noblemen and gentlemen of intelligence, and a high degree of learning, have spoken their minds freely before this Society, stating that the Gaelic, as a spoken language, is destined soon to disappear before the advancing English. Considering the changes that have taken place in many parts of the Highlands during the last thirty years, the conclusion to which they have come is quite correct. But I am not sure that any have attempted to give the reasons before this Society, why the Gaelic is losing ground. Now, what reasons can be given? It cannot be said that it has lost its hold of the hearts of the people. I am certain that it has still a hold of the affections of those who know it properly, such as the English never can, and never shall have, What, then, are those reasons that can be given? Because the united power of rank, and wealth, and fashion, is arrayed against it. Is there not a feeling spreading amongst a certain class, that it is low and vulgar to speak it? It would be equally vulgar in a young woman to wear her own, without false hair! Vulgar to speak the Gaelic! 'N dream a tha 'g a shaoilsinn, 's e stamaig balgair tha aca. I pity the poor deluded creatures who think so. Another, and the principal reason, is because it is not taught in the schools. Why is it not taught? Can any proper reasons be brought forward? I would like to hear them. I am certain, were I to do so, I would have the largest mark for firing at that ever I had. Is it in justice and compassion to our youth that it is not taught? Certainly not. Is it for their benefit either for the present or the future life? I am certain not. Both, especially the latter, are kept entirely out of sight. So that those great men who wound our feelings, who grieve and vex our souls, by telling us that the language of our hearts is destined soon to disappear, and to vanish for ever—it would be much more to their honour were they to unite together in devising means for its revival, for its being taught in the schools, and in that respect setting a good example before others, giving us the weight of their influence, and of their names.

"It is a very easy thing for those who comparatively know very little of our language, to speculate, to reason, and to endeavour to show us, in apparent kindness, that it would be greatly to our

advantage were we to renounce our own, and to choose the prevailing language of the country. We would spit in the face such a kindness—kick it from us, and look upon it as the greatest cruelty. Those who are disposed to treat us in that way, are ignorant of us; they do not enter into our feelings; they have no sympathy for us; they think of us as if we were no men at all—without the hearts, the souls, the feelings of men; as if we had no history, no associations, no songs, nothing at all to make us feel proud of the race of men we have descended from. They think of us as if it was as easy for us to renounce our own, and to receive another language, as to change a suit of clothes; not considering that before we can change our language, we would require to change our nature.

"There are some men, like the Editor of an Elgin paper, in his review of the pamphlet that I published, who think that the great use of the Gaelic is in its dead state, to be brought into the dissecting room of great scholars, there to be dissected and examined. There is one thing evident, however, that should they ever have my venerable mother in that state, they shall not notice the tears of gratitude and kindness dropping from her mild eyes; and neither shall they feel the warmth of the pulse-beating heart. Such unfeeling, such cruel monsters, deserve the treatment which some belonging to this very town met with in their efforts to bring a dead body to their dissecting room, and had I no other spirit but that of the Gael, I am certain that I would be disposed to apply it.

"It is true that the Gaelic will not come up to the English as an instrument in the hands of great scholars, for informing the minds and convincing the judgment of the better educated class—the one-fifth of the population does not reach that advanced education that will make them capable of appreciating a learned discourse in English; but as a language for the great mass of the people who understand it, and on ordinary subjects, it surpasses the English. The English is a language for the intellect, the Gaelic for the soul and its affections. The English, as it abounds so much with hard consonants, is clearer and more distinct in its sounds, and, consequently, more capable of being apprehended by the ear; but, in proportion as it becomes clear and distinct, in the same proportion is it cold and grating to the ear, and, of course, awanting in melody. I love the Gaelic and the Broad Scotch, there is an artless simplicity about them which I cannot but love. The Gaelic is as natural to the Gael, and his native language to the Scotchman, as bleating and lowing are natural to sheep and

oxen.. I cannot love the artificial English, although I were to be cut in pieces. I could not do it. I see the handiwork of the great scholar in every sentence of it. Being artificial, it has a bad effect upon those who receive it, it makes them artificial likewise. It separates them from the rest of the community, raising them high above their heads, looking down upon them and their langage as vulgar. Both parties are injured; the one by their pride and vain conceit, the other by a feeling of discontent, because they are despised.

"Were there a colony of those who spoke nothing but pure English, and who knew nothing else, it would be natural for them to speak it, it would be their native language; they would speak it without pride, or vanity, or fashion. But even in that case their language would be cold; and they could not be called a warm-hearted people. Besides, it would have no melody. Certainly, compared with the Gaelic and the Broad Scotch, it has no melody. I affirm it. It is true that it may be set off and adorned with artificial melody. What is the difference between natural and artificial melody? Natural melody is the appropriate melody with which a piece is sung which has true melody inherent in itself, and artificial melody is that with which a piece is sung that is destitute of real melody. In the former case the mind is influenced by what is sung, the music giving additional force and power to it; but in the latter case the mind is more influenced by the sound of the music than by what is sung. I may explain this by two young females; the one has, I do not call it a bonny face, but a very agreeable expression of countenance; the other has not. Were the former to be neatly and plainly dressed, her dress would give additional charms to her, but in looking at her you would not think of the dress at all, but of the charms of the young woman. But although the other were adorned in the highest style of fashion, with flowers and brocades, and chains of gold, and glittering jewels, in looking at her you would not think of the charms of the young woman, for charms she had none, your mind would be altogether occupied with what was artificial about her, with what did not belong to her, and not with what she was in herself. Both the natural and the artificial melody elevate the mind, the one by what is sung, and the other by the grand sound of the music. There is real melody in 'Scots wha hae,' which is natural and appropriate, which gives additional power and force to the sentiment of the piece. In singing it the mind is not occupied with the sound, but with proud Edward, his chains and slavery—Scotia's King and law—the horrors of slavery—the blessing of

liberty, and a fixed determination to act. Artificial melody, although it pleases and raises the mind, is but a great delusion—it does not move men off their seats—it is but a blast of empty air. But natural melody has a power and is a reality, which sets men a-thinking, a-resolving, and acting. Artificial melody is one of the great delusions of the age.

"But before I conclude, I must do justice to the schoolmasters. We cannot blame them, they are a very respectable class of men. They are acting like their predecessors, and like one another; besides, they are to a certain extent under the control of others. Neither can we altogether blame those who have the management of our schools; they are also a most respectable class of society, who are also acting like their predecessors. Where, then, shall we lay the blame? We must lay it at the door of old long standing custom, which is more agreeable than to blame any men. Should that culprit be brought to the bar and found guilty, he has no conscience; should he be disgraced, he has no sense of shame; and should he even be kicked about like a foot-ball, he has no feeling of pain. I am not very sure, however, that some of those whom he influenced may not complain. It is not a very agreeable thing to renounce old habits. But who are they whom we ought to endeavour to influence? The public generally, and those who have the management of our schools in particular. Let no one say it is a vain attempt, they are not so dull as the knowes, not so unmanageable as the raging sea, and the winds and rains of heaven. 'Cha n'eil iad cho dur ris na cnuic, cho do-cheannsaichte ris a mhuir bhuairte, no ri siantan nan speur.' They are rational men, capable of being reasoned with—intelligent men capable of perceiving what would be a benefit to their countrymen; besides, many of them are native Gaels. But before they will listen to us, we must show them that we are unanimous—that we are sincere and in real earnest, and that we have the welfare of our countrymen at heart for time and eternity."

We extract the following from the Gaelic portion of the lecture:—

"A mhuinntir mo dhuthcha, an ceadaich sibh do aon aig am bheil mor speis duibh labhairt ruibh a thaobh na canain sin o'n d'fhuair sinn ar n-aimn, a labhair ar n-athraichean, agus a dh'fhag iad 'nan daoine cho blath-chridheach, agus cho ceolmhor? Nach uamhasach maslach dhuinn mar a tha ar canain air a cuir gu tur

air chul ann an sgoiltean ar duthcha ? 'Nuair a theid ar cloinn do'n sgoil, 's iad leabhraichean nach tuig iad ach gann aon fhocal diubh a theid a chuir 'nan laimh, agus an aite a' chanain a tha iad a tuigsinn 's a labhairt bhi air a deanamh na meadhon chum ruitheachd air a' Bheurla 's ann a tha i ga cuir gu tur air chul—obair cho neo-thurail, 's cho michiallach 's a b' urrainn a bhi. Tha fios agam cionnas a bha cuisean do m' thaobh fein, 'n uair a chaidh mi do'n sgoil aig aois chuig bliadhna. Cha d'fhuair mi aon leasan 's a' Ghailig ; cha robh facal de na bha sinn a' leughadh air eadar-theangachadh, air chor 's ged a bha mi comasach air leughadh, air litreachadh, air sgriobhadh, 's rud-eigin a dheanamh air cunntas, 's air *Grammar*, 's gann a bha mi tuigsinn aon fhocal. 'Se sud an t-oileanachadh truagh a fhuair mise, 's tha mi fiosrachadh dhibhse cionnas a bha cuisean do 'r taobhsa. Nach eil e dearbhta gar h-i 'r canain fein bu choir a theagasg dhuibh an tuiseach. . . .

"Tha 'maighstir-sgoile coltach ri banarach a bhiodh a' beathachadh da laogh, laogh Gallta's laogh Gaidhcag Gaidhealach. Tha 'darna laimh 's a' ghogan ga chumail ris an laogh ghallda, 's slat 's an laimh eile. Tha 'n laogh mor gallda 'sa bhus fo chobhar, a' crathadh earbaill ; san laogh eile seang 's an deireadh's caol 's an amhaich, agus balg mor air mar mhàla piob, cha'n ann lan de'n bhainne ach lan gaoithe 's ged a bheir an truaghan bochd oidheirp air a bhus a chuir san t-soitheach gheibh e sguidse de'n t-slait. Cha'n'eil fodha ach a theanga chuir a mach a dh'imlich a bheoil, a miannachadh an ni nach fhaigh e. 'S cha 'n e a mhain sin ach 's ann a bhios a bheisd mhor, purradh a' chreutair bhig, ni a tha toirt mor riarachadh do'n bhanaraich ; ach coma leibhse ma'm faigheadh an creutair beag a dhiol mar am fear eile, cha'n e amhain gun rachadh e gu guineach 'na charamh, ach chuireadh e'n teichcadh air a' bhoganach mhor ghallda mar an ceudna.

"Tha 'm maighstir-sgoile mar an ceudna coltach ri ciobair bhiodh a' beathachadh cuig ciad caora, da chiad gu leth dhiubh maol-cheannach ban, 'n da chiad gu leth eile, dubh-cheannach adharcach. Tha na maol-cheannaich ann am paircean, 's fiar aca gu ruig an suilean, 's na dubh cheannaich ann an sliabh monaidh —gu crotach seang air an casan a' sior chriomadh, neo-chomasach air an cuirp a lionadh. Tha na maol-cheannaich 'ri fhaicinn tric 'n an laidhe, an ceann an togail ag cnamh an cire, mar gu'm biodh iad a' toirt taing do'n chiobair. Ma bheir na dubh-cheannaich bhochd oidhirp air leum a stigh do na paircean, tha cu a' chiobair a thiota 'g an ionnsuidh, 's tha iad cho cleachdta ris 's gu'n teich iad air falbh le fead, 'nuair nach caraich cach. 'S cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach thainig a chloimh a steach a'm measg nan dubh-

cheannach mar an ceudna, 's chitear aon 'g a rubadh fein ri bun craoibh, aon eile ri cloich, ri creag, no ri bruaich; aon a' sgriobadh a slinnean le 'cas deiridh, h-aon eile 'spionadh na h-olainn lefiaclan, 's h-aon eile 'tachas a droma le barr a h-adhairce. Tha na h-uile a tha gam faicinn aon sgeulach ann a bhi gradh 'Cha seas na dubh cheannaich—cha chuir iad an geamhradh seachad—gheibh iad gu cinnteach am bas—cha n'eil feum bhi 'gan cumail ni's fhaide.' 'Se sin an cainnt, gun bhi toirt feainear an t-aobhair airson nach seas iad. Tha cuid 'n'ur measg a' gearan air Gailig a bhaile so; 'm bheil sin 'na iongantas? nach eil dearmad air a dheanamh oirre? 'Sann a tha i mar gun tigeadh a chloimh a steach 'nam measg. Cha 'n'eil gearan air a dheanamh air Beurla a'bhaile; C'arson? A chionn 's gu'm bheil an *Grammar* Beurla air a theagasg 's na sgoiltean.

"Tha mi a nise feoraich dhibh, 'm bheil sibh a' saoilsinn gur coir a' Ghailig bhi air a cumail suas le bhi air a teagasg 's na sgoiltean? Air cho cinnteach 's a ni dha 'sa dha ceithir, ni tri 'sa tri sia, cho cinnteach sin, cha seas a Ghailig gun bhi air a teagasg 'sna sgoiltean. Si so mata an fhreagra bheir sibh seachad; 's bheir sibh seachad o le'r n-uile chridhe mas fior Ghadheil sibh: 'Le 'r n-uile chridhe tha sinn ag radh, feumaidh! feumaidh!! feumaidh!!!'

"Theid mata an fhuaim a mach le luathas a' Mhictalla o phriomh bhaile na Ghaidhealtachd, agus se a' chiad chomunn a ruigeas e 'Comunn Oiseanach Lathuirn,' Grad fhreagraidh an comunn sin e mar na seana Ghaidheil, creagan cruaidh an Obain ag eigheach gu sgairteil, 'Feumaidh! feumaidh!! feumaidh!!!' O sin theid e do Ghrianaig leis an luathas cheudna, a ni Gaidheil Ghrianaig a mhosgladh chum an fhuaim cheudna, 'Feumaidh! feumaidh!! feumaidh!!!' a thogail le h-iolaich ait. A thiota ruigidh e baile mor Ghlaschu, agus cha luaithe a ruigeas se e na bhios stair-ir-ir-ich ann a thaobh lionmhorachd nan comunn. Na h-uile comunn a th' ann le aon inntinn togaidh iad an guth ag eigheach, 'Feumaidh! feumaidh!! feumaidh!!!' Ni an fhuaim gun dail leth cheann Mhic Phail 'Mhuile nam mor bhearn,' a bhualadh a 'm baile Dhuneidin a ni e fein is a cho-Ghaidheil a mhosgladh gus an eigh a thogail, 'Feumaidh! feumaidh!! feumaidh!!!' Agus anns a' cheart am 's am bi Mac Phail 'sa chuideachd air an dúisgeadh. Duisgear suas Commun Lunnainn agus meud an aoibhnis cha ghabh cuir a'n ceill a'n fhuaim thaitneach a thainig 'g an ionnsuidh o thir an duthchais agus an sinnsearachd. 'Siad na briathran is ait a labhair iad riamh agus is mo tha tighinn a reir an naduir, bhi 'g eigheach:

"Oir feumaidh ! feumaidh ! ! feumaidh ! ! !
A' Ghailig 'bhi ga leughadh
'S na sgoiltean mar a' Bheurla
'S e ni is eiginn tachairt e.

"Theid an fhuaim mhor bho Ghaidheil Lunnainn a dh' ionnsuidh na h' aird an iar tre *Wales*, agus mar fhuaim tairneanaich a' faotainn freagraidh Pharuig a'n Eirinnn 's an dol seachad, agus le luathas a Mhictalla a null do Cheap Breatuinn, *Nova Scotia*, Gleanngarradh 's Canada uachdrach, a' dusgadh nan Gaidheal le h-iolach 's le caithream gu bhi 'g eigheach le'n uile chridhe : 'Feumaidh ! feumaidh ! ! feumaidh ! ! !' Ath-phillidh an fhuaim air a h-ais, cha 'n e mhain á America, ach mar an ceudna a Lunnainn, Duneidin, Glaschu, 's Grianaig—

"'S gach beinn is creag is sgairnich :
Tha 'n Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba
Ni uile 'n cur gu stairirich
'S crith-thalmhainn 'g an creanachadh.

air choir 's gum bi luchairtean nan daoine mora, taighean nam Ministearan 's na Maighstirean-sgoile air an creanachadh ann an leithid de dhoigh, 's gun teich iad a mach le h-eagal. Bios an fhuaim ud '*feumaidh ! feumaidh ! ! feumaidh ! ! !*' a'n uachdair na h-uile ge b'ois leis, 's gur h-eiginn daibh striochdadh :—

"Dhoibh 's eiginn striochd' is geilleadh,
Do 'n fhuaim ud feumaidh, feumaidh,
Air neo na Gaidheal eiridh
Ri guaillibh cheil' gu bagarach.

"A' boideachadh gu laidir
Nach bi ni 's fhaid nan traillean,
Ri dimeas air an canain
'S luchd riaghl 's gach ait ri tarcuis oirr'.

13TH NOVEMBER 1873.

Mr ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, journeyman tailor, Telford Road, read a paper in Gaelic on "Baird Ghaidhealach an latha 'n diugh." A lively discussion took place, during which the Secretary suggested that the Society take steps to encourage the bards of the present day, by offering prizes for the best poems, and by instituting a Gaelic poetical competition. Several members were then elected.

19th November 1873.

"THE GAEL IN THE FAR WEST."

This evening the Rev. Dr Masson, of Edinburgh, lectured in the Association Hall, the subject being "The Gael in Canada." Provost Lyon-Mackenzie occupied the chair.—

"From his cradle-land, thousands of years ago, in the dim, primeval East, the progress of the Gael has long been westward—by slow and hard-won stages, ever westward. And in the West—far out in that mysterious, ever-sounding Atlantic—Ossian and his heroes sought their heaven. In that same West, across the same western main, mysterious no more, but bridged by steam and telegraph, the Gael of our day has found his rest.

"Through many ages, like the pious Æneas, *multum ille jactatus et terris et alto.* Over nearly half the earth's circumference he has left his footprints. On many a fair isle of the Mediterranean; among the temples of Greece and the vineyards of Spain; on the banks of the Rhone and the Po; around the head waters of the Danube and the Rhine; and down the beautiful Seine, he has left the indelible mark of his progress. And on the Cams and the Avons of Merry England as well as by the side of many a Lowland 'dun' and 'ben' in Southern Scotland, he tarried just long enough to write his name, and then moved on. Rest for his weary feet, through all these long ages of ceaseless migration, there was none. And truly his last estate, behind the Grampian ramparts, at least since fighting times have ceased and the chiefs have learned to rent their lands on 'commercial principles,' has been worse far than the first.

"But now all that is a thing of the past: and, under the bright skies of the New Dominion, the Gael of Caledonia has found, at last, a settled home. Beside the crystal waters of the mighty St Lawrence, and the dark torrent of the Ottawa; on the Thames, the Grand River, and the Saugeen, on the fertile shores of Huron, Erie, and Ontario; as well as, 1000 miles nearer Scotland, though still 3000 miles away, in the fair isle of Prince Edward, on the golden arm of Cape Breton, and among the pinewoods of Nova Scotia, he has found a sure abiding place for his children's children. The land is his own, and, in token of perpetual possession, in his own land he has buried his dead; and there is little fear that failing crops, or lack of bread, or rising rent, or stern, unsympathetic Southern factor, as so oft in Scotland, will ever come to him again with a hard, imperious 'move on.'

"At what time the emigration from the Scottish Highlands to America first took definite proportions, I shall not undertake to say. But there can be no doubt that long ere the close of last century very large bodies of emigrants, from all parts of the Highlands, had already settled in the Far West. Indeed, the emigration at this early period was so extensive as to cause serious concern among the proprietors. The 'clearings,' or forced emigration of later times, had not then been dreamt of; but, on the contrary, the proprietors and the magnates of the Highland Society were using their utmost endeavours to discourage, and, forcibly prevent, the emigration of the Highlanders. You will find a curious proof of this in the Third Report of the Highland Society on emigration (page 4.) You will see, *e.g.*, how two men, by name Maclean and Maclellan, in Barra, were threatened with a legal prosecution for 'enticing the people to emigrate to America.' Among other charges, it was alleged that, while 'conversing with the people at a place of religious worship, they said that the Highlanders in America were not troubled with landlords or factors, but that all the people were happy and on an equal footing, that they had the blessings of the Gospel, and peace in the midst of plenty, and no threatening for rent at Martinmas.' 'Such,' indignantly, exclaims the Report, 'such is the train of sentiments, such the seditious discontents preached by the emigrant traders;' and then it goes on to argue 'that when this traffic draws into its service the preaching of sedition, and even,' tremendous climax, 'the calumniating of landlords and factors, . . . there was at common law full power vested in the magistrate to restrain and punish such irregularities.' One reason why the proprietors at that early period were so hostile to the emigration of their people was evidently that the emigrants were men of substance, for the complaint continually turns up in the Report, that they were 'carrying away the capital of the country;' and one ship is mentioned in which, to the bitter mortification of the landlords, the emigrants had thus carried away with them a sum of not less than £1500.

"In these early times an emigration party from a Highland district would naturally go out together; and together they would settle down as neighbours in the new world, while new arrivals from the native district would naturally join the old neighbours or blood relations who had preceded them. Thus certain districts in the Highlands came to have their corresponding special settlements in America, traces of which may still be found more or less prominently among the people. Let me here present to you very

shortly the results of my inquiries an this interesting topic. Perthshire, and more especially Breadalbane, as well as Badenoch and Strathspey, were chiefly represented, near the end of last century, in the State of New York; and you will still find families not a few representing the old emigrants from these parts of Scotland on the Delaware, Mohawk, and Connecticut Rivers. The people of Inverness settled chiefly in Georgia. The people of Argyll and its islands, of Skye also, and the Long Island, and the opposite coasts of Ross and Sutherland, betook themselves to North Carolina, where they formed the large settlement of Fayetteville. This colony is celebrated in the history of America for its loyalty to the British Crown and its sore misfortunes in the war of independence. Many of these loyal Highlanders removed to Canada rather than live under the Republic. Still, the Carolina Highlanders formed a large and distinctly Gaelic settlement up to very recent times. Mr Duncan Stewart, of Detroit, informed me that he visited them as recently as 1860, when he found them occupying 'four counties back off the Cape Fear River.' He then found amongst them large congregations of masters and their slaves, who regularly worshipped in the Gaelic language. General Wigfall, of the Confederate army, also told me that all through the late lamented civil war 'twixt North and South, he had a regiment of the Carolina Highlanders in his command—'brave, gallant soldiers, of whom you might well be proud,' but, he added, with a tear in his eagle eye, 'they were sadly cut up in the war.' Flora Macdonald, he told me with pride, once lived with her kinsmen in Carolina. Her house, and many personal relics of the heroine, some being relics also of Prince Charlie, had often been shown to him. But Gaelic is now no longer preached in this famous Highland settlement; nor, indeed, anywhere else that I could hear of in the United States, save in one church at Elmira, 100 miles west of Chicago.

"The real home, I had almost said the only home, in these later times, of the Gael in the Far West is Canada; and in Canada from January to August of last year it was my good fortune to be his guest. All that time I lived among Gaelic-speaking people of the Dominion as one of themselves, travelling amongst them nearly 6000 miles on Canadian soil; and if the short sketches I am now to present to you, of what thus I saw with my own eyes among your kinsmen in the Far West, will give you but a tithe of the pleasure I have in recalling the experiences of that memorable sojourn, I shall feel that I have not addressed you in vain.

"Let me say, once for all, that in these eight months I heard

more Gaelic, and met more Gaelic men, in Canada, than in the previous twenty years at home From Chicago to Cape Breton in one direction; and, in the other, from the Georgian Bay to Lake Erie, and from Lake Simco to Lake Ontario; in the great valley of the Ottawa; here and there also among the French of Quebec; and all through the wide maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick, I was never, though often preaching most days of the week, without a Gaelic congregation; and, wherever I have been, the tale was still of out-lying Gaelic congregations which I had not time to visit. Some I heard of, as, for example, the descendants of an Inverness-shire regiment of Frasers disbanded in Quebec at the close of the American War, who spoke Gaelic, French, and Indian, but not a word of English. Alike in the cities, in the older rural settlements, and in the backwoods, congregations almost invariably exceeding 400, and sometimes exceeding 1000, everywhere met me to worship God in the Gaelic language. The very names of places were redolent of the heather—in the land where, alas! the tenderest care has never yet been able to make the heather grow—Fingal, Glencoe, Glengarry, Inverness, Tobermory, St Kilda, Iona, Lochiel, Lochaber, and the rest!

"My first contact with the Gael of Canada was at Kingston, a pleasant, stone-built city, at the foot of Lake Ontario, and once our chief military station in the West. I had just entered the Dominion from the State of New York, crossing the lake on the ice; and who, think you, was my first-foot on the threshold of this Gaelic enterprise? He was a Gael: truly a Gael of Gaels, whose name is not less known and respected in Canada, than it is remembered and revered in the West Highlands of Scotland. My 'first-foot' was none other than the Celtic bard, Evan Maccoll! He was one of the Custom-house officers who searched my baggage on entering the Dominion; and it will rejoice you to hear that though, like Burns, our Gaelic poet is a gauger, he is universally respected as a patriotic, and in every way an exemplary citizen of his adopted country.

"In trade and commercial activity, Kingston has fallen behind her old rival, Toronto, and could never compare with Montreal; but, besides the prestige and academic culture of a university, her society can boast some of the best blood of our old Highland families—Macphersons, Hamiltons, Grants, Frasers, Macraes, and Mackays, mostly descendants of British officers, who, when stationed in the garrison, became attached to the place, and made it their home.

"While waiting in this pleasant city for a few days to adjust

the programme of my mission, we had two Gaelic meetings which, though not numerously attended, were full of interest. To me they were indeed the beginning of an experience entirely new. For the first time in my life, I could feel what it is to be far from many home and dear ones; and the aged people around had not for long years worshipped in the dear old mother tongue. If the truth be told, we all fairly broke down together; and the silent hand-shaking, and the tearful eyes at the close of our little service were more eloquent by far than the sermon. The singing had a strange softening effect on us all. It was so like 'singing the songs of Zion in a strange land.' We did not sing that psalm. I could not venture to give it out. But, indeed, it was in all our thoughts, as with faltering voice, and many a quivering, broken note, the wail arose—

"Mar thogras fiadh nan sruthan uisg',
Le buradh ard gu geur;
Mar sin tha m' anam plosgartaich,
Ag eigheachd riutsa, Dhe.

"Tha tart air m' anam 'n geall air Dia,
'N geall air an Dia ta beo:
O cuin a thig 's a nochdar mi
Am fianuis Dhia na gloir?

Or this—

"'N sin thubhairt mi, is truagh nach robh
Sgiath colmain agam nis!
'N sin theichinn as ag itealaich,
Is gheibhinn tamh is fois.

"One of the strangest incidents of these, my first Gaelic services in Canada, was the presence among the worshippers of a large family of coloured people—father, mother, and grown-up daughters, all dark as Erebus. It reminded me of a kind letter, on the eve of leaving Scotland, I had from Dr Norman Macleod, in reference to the Highlanders of North Carolina, of whom I have just made mention as worshipping regularly, themselves and their slaves, in the Gaelic language. You can well conceive the strange mingled feelings with which I looked on these dark African faces, so full of deep emotion, as we sang the praises of Jehovah, and worshipped His great name in the old Gaelic tongue.

"But I must not linger o'er thy pleasant scenes, fair, hospitable Kingston: so to thee farewell! And, ladies and gentlemen of the Celtic Society, as I bid you a momentary good night at the door

of this magnificent railway carriage—the Pulman's palace sleeping car—in the night train westward, permit me to skip the wondrous incidents of this wondrous journey, 300 miles by rail and sleigh, and in a new chapter let me introduce you to the first real work of my mission.

"This was on the banks of the pleasant Saugeen, a river very much larger than the Clyde. It enters the north-east angle of Lake Huron a little to the south of the opening from that great fresh-water sea into the Georgian Bay, and in an indefinite sort of way gives its name to a district about 30 miles square, now thickly peopled. This district for four weeks was to be my parish. Judge then of my surprise to find that here, 5000 miles from Scotland, Gaelic was the common speech of the people. Three out of every four men you met, spoke the language with ease and purity. Some of these Gaels of the Far West were Canadian born, having hived off in quest of cheaper land and elbow room, from the older settlements further east; many were emigrants from Mull and Kintyre, with a sprinkling also from all parts of the Scottish Highlands. One little colony I found, at a place called Elderslie, who were almost to a man from Colonsay. They were living a sort of simple patriarchal life, under the mild rule of three pious elders, bearing the West Highland names of Bell, Blue, and Macfayden. Everywhere the guest of the people, and constantly moving about among them and living with them as one of themselves, with as little reserve on their side as my own, I had abundant opportunity of acquainting myself with their condition; and as Saugeen may be taken as a specimen of the vast Huron tract from Godrich to Collingwood, it both will save time and otherwise be of advantage, if I give you here, with some minuteness, my impressions of the district.

"But seventeen years had passed since the people entered this wide district by the 'blaze line.' What a change these seventeen years had wrought! For the first few years, as you can well imagine, the life of the hardy pioneers was one of toil and many privations. One noble-looking old Highlander, from Strathspey, told me that for nine weeks he wrought on in the forest solitudes without ever seeing a white man's face. And it was quite a common thing for a man in these times to carry a bag of wheat a distance of twenty miles on his back to the nearest grist mill, and then, in the same way, carry back the flour to feed his family. Most of the early settlers, also, carried with them into the forest no other capital than the strength of their own strong arms. And even, when with sore toil they had cleared and got under crop a considerable

breadth of land, they had no sure market for their produce; while for the small loans from some Jewish usurer, with which they bought a few animals to stock their farms, they had to pay 12 to 25 per cent. But now, in seventeen brief years, all was changed! Everywhere, along the best of roads—main roads and cross roads—it was an unbroken succession of 200 acre lots, all closely adjoining, each with its comfortable homestead, and more than half cleared. And every six miles there is the comfortable schoolhouse, with its band of romping, well-clad children. My friend from Strathspey has his 200 acres all cleared, save what of the bush he must now reserve for firewood and shelter; his farm is heavily stocked; he has money in the bank; his house is comfortably furnished; with his comely daughters and well-built, strong-limbed sons (hard working women and men, but in dress and education ladies and gentlemen), he drives to church on Sunday in a handsome sleigh or waggonette, according to the season, drawn by a magnificent team of fast-trotting greys. And many have prospered as he has; while there be few that lag far behind him. Thus, where seventeen years ago the psalm of the pious Highland pioneer wakened up the echoes of the forest primeval, you have now the well-built churches of but too many denominations, and, side by side with the still surviving wigwam of the Indian, you have all the comforts of the Saut Market everywhere at hand. Five miles from the house which was my headquarters all these four weeks, you have, on one side, the rising town of Port-Elgin, with its three churches, two doctors, two large hotels, and shops where you can buy anything from a needle to an anchor, or from a cake of scented soap to a drift of herring nets; and nine miles on the other side you have Paisley, which boasts, besides the conveniences above specified, two flourishing woollen factories. Port-Elgin has a good harbour on Lake Huron. For this reason, next to Southampton at the mouth of the river, and Kincardine further South, it is the great centre of the district for the export of wheat. In February, therefore, when I was on the Saugeen, the town was thronged with farmers who, proudly independent of roads and bridges, were sleighing their produce to market by tracks smooth as our city tramways, and straight as a bee-line. At that time Port-Elgin was full of wheat. The granaries, indeed, had overflowed into the churches; for it is a fact that one church at least had been converted into a temporary granary till the opening of navigation in the spring. And when I speak of a granary, you are not to picture to yourselves a series of lofts with ventilating windows on either side, and a man with a wooden shovel con-

tinually turning over a thin layer of grain to prevent its moulding. The air in Canada is so dry that a granary may be described as a vast, solid bin, full of grain, 'choke full' from floor to ceiling. Two facts will suffice to give you an idea of the wondrous exuberance of the soil. The first crop of wheat gathered by my Speyside friend from his fresh cleared ground was sixty bushels to the acre; and ever since he has been taking yearly crops of wheat from the soil without any manure! Unfortunately, being but a winter visitor, I could only guess the genial character of the summer from the magnificent preserves of grape, peach, and tomato, which were everywhere set before me. What a change from the wholesome frugal products of 'Caledonia, stern and wild!' What a change, indeed, from the same place itself eighteen years ago! Then: nought but the trackless forest on every side; now: the best of roads to the doors of hundreds of comfortable settlers, and several times a-day, this summer for the first time, a well-equipped railway train speeding its rapid career through fields of golden grain!

"The home of the Gael in his native glen—too often miserably uncomfortable, if not also unhealthy, and sometimes sorely stricken with poverty—is a picture well known to most of us. Let me sketch lightly his home in the Far West. Even in Saugeen the old log shanty has now all but disappeared. The smart brick villa, so familiar to me a month or two later in the older settlements of Ontario, is not yet common in Saugeen; but the comfortable and picturesque 'frame house' meets you everywhere. Now, the main characteristic of the frame house is that it is built of sawn timber. Given this essential condition, and you can have it in what form, size, or style you please. In Saugeen it is usually an unpretending erection of some 40 feet by 25, a storey and a-half or two storeys high, with a verandah and overhanging eaves for its only artificial ornaments. I say 'artificial ornaments,' for, when summer comes, the vine, the hop, and a hundred native creepers, rising from the brightness of the gay surrounding garden, adorn it with a beauty surpassing that of any or of all the orders of architecture. Let me sketch for you the winter interior of such a home. Its chief room is the large, airy, well-lighted kitchen, whose centrepiece is a handsome cooking stove on the middle of the floor, its black, polished stove-pipe piercing the ceiling and warming the room above. The principal ornaments of a Canadian kitchen are the plentiful festoons of dried apples and other good things which hang on its pure white walls. The cellar underneath, opening by a trap-door in the floor, through which the busy house-

wife often appears and disappears like the good fairy in an old play, is also characteristic. Next to the kitchen in importance, and opening from it, is the family eating-room; opening from which again is the nicely decorated parlour, where, in all the luxury of a real Canadian rocking-chair, before a fire of real Canadian rock maple, I oft in these four weeks spent the hours in pensive day-dreams of home, and family, and far-off friends. And then there were the two or three bedrooms up the creaking open wooden stair, carpetted with pretty home-wrought rugs of quaint primitive patchwork, and the sheets and curtains purely white, as only Canadian snows can bleach. Nor can I forget the 'bacon room,' through which, at the head of the stair, I entered my pleasant bedroom. Laugh, gentle friends, if you will; but of that room I cherish warm feelings of respect, and indeed a sort of reverent affection. It looked so comfortable like; it was so grateful and substantial an emblem of the happy change my countrymen had made from the poverty and intermittent famine of twenty years ago in the Highlands, as nightly I passed through it with my coal oil lamp, and marked its goodly array of fragrant hams, sides of bacon, and other cured meats. And, moreover, it was so truly Christian-like, always to observe another bare nail, where good things used to hang, after the visit of some unfortunate brother or sister, who, from accident or disease, was no more a breadwinner—such, for example, as poor Widow M'K., or the one-handed man, with the pretty little girl ever gambolling in and out of the sleigh, in loving horse play with the comfortable rozinante which carried father and child on the beaten round from farm to farm. God bless you, worthy Neil Cairns, best of hosts; you had aye a warm heart towards all distressed and unfortunate ones; and gude be wi' ye, Mrs Neil, his frugal spouse, if withal a wee thing stern and crusty in the rind, yet soft and sweet within as thine own Spitzbergen apples. I will not soon forget the memorable weeks spent beneath your hospitable roof, our reverent morning and evening worship, our pleasant meals, our visits to the sick, our christenings, our pleasant teas and prayer-meetings with the neighbours, our visits to the cows, and to that wonderful black mare, heavy in foal, and therefore to be driven with tender consideration; your patient endeavours to teach my awkward hands the woodcraft mysteries of the axe while chopping the daily firewood; and above all, the delicate, gentle instinct, with which ye saw and humoured the home-sick mood that loved to sit alone in the old rocking chair, with book in hand, but in thought and fancy far, far away!

"But more important even than the dwelling-house on a Canadian farm is the huge barn, which serves for stack-yard, granary, stable, byre, and sheep-cot all in one. This, and a hundred objects more, rise before me as I write, all claiming a place in my picture; the handsome C.P. Church at Port Elgin, where, the church proper falling into a state of arrested development, the congregation made themselves comfortable down stairs in the "basement," or, as we would say, in the cellar; and the fine, well-finished church at Paisley, which one night we had to enter through ten feet of fresh drifted snow; and the church which is in thine house, O venerable elder B——, where, during the service, you roasted me in the place of honour next the stove, but in the evening turned me out into the sleigh, with no better apology for buffalo than a poor miserable bed-cover!

"Fain would I here depict you one and all; but this rapid sketch of the Saugeen kirk, my own church in a special sense all these four weeks, must suffice.

"Drive up with me, then, to the church. It is a clear frosty morning, and the dry crisp snow chirps gently, like the winter song of our own homely robin, under the glancing runners of the sleigh. Round three sides of the church-lot the horses, many of them still in the sleigh, are drawn up facing us, like the three sides of a hollow square. On the fourth side, along the road, and clustering round the door, the congregation awaits the minister. The church is all of wood, almost new, and not yet painted. We enter through a spacious doorway, under a handsome tower, which forms the vestibule, and thence into the body of the church. Right and left, as you enter, is a large roaring stove: opposite, the platform or pulpit; and the whole length of the church, from the stoves at the door to either side of the pulpit, and about seven feet above the floor, the two long lines of stove pipe which there bend up at a right angle and pierce the roof. As the pulpit is elevated about two feet from the floor, the preacher stands up with his head literally between two fires. If he be a 'basswood man,' the caloric thus fiercely radiated from a fiery stove pipe over either ear may stimulate his brain to some advantage; and, possibly, the apparatus may be designed to produce that effect. But, for my own part, I would not recommend its use in the churches or lecture rooms of this country. In the precentor's seat before me sits the trusty elder, Cairns, another tuneful singer by his side; and, as they stand up and lead the praise-offering of the congregation, if their music has not all the grace and delicate light and shade of a well-trained city choir, they at least stood there before God and his people, a visible picture of most Christian harmony; adjacent

arms twined lovingly round each other's waist, and outside arms stretched at full length, and held well up, to grasp the one psalm-book from which together they sing. And they sang; and we all sang, with all our might; sang without restraint, as God gave us voices; sang as men that would say, 'While I have breath I will sing praises to my God;' sang this noble psalm—

'Good unto all men is the Lord,
O'er all his works his mercy is.'

Or this other, in the sweet mother tongue—

'O thigibh agus faicibh nis
Gur maith 's gur milis Dia;
Am fear sin 's bannaicht e gu beachd
A dhearbas as an Triath.'

The parting with these kind Christian friends was no small trial to me, and it issued in a catastrophe. The people wished to send me on to Paisley, where I was to preach in the evening; but a pious man of that place, an estimable tailor, whose wife had once been a member of my church in Edinburgh, came over for the purpose, and claimed the honour as his due. There was no denying the real kindness which prompted this act of courtesy to his wife's old minister; yet, with all my heart I wished that he had stayed at home; for the first glance made it evident that, however expert with the measuring tape, he certainly was not at home with the ribbons. His horse, moreover, a tall, raw-boned, vicious-looking brute, was borrowed from one customer, the sleigh from a second, the harness from a third; and the three an egregious and almost laughable misfit. It will not, therefore, surprise you to hear that less than a mile from Saugeen church I was pitched head foremost into a huge snow-wreath, crushing into a pancake, beneath my aching ribs, a hard leather hat-box with its precious contents. Fortunately, the effects, real and apparent, were not much other than as if I had been pitched into a heap of flour; and, the break-down notwithstanding, I was able to keep my evening engagement.

"My next 'circuit' was 150 miles further south, on the Thames, a navigable river running parallel to the northern shore of Lake Erie, and near it, though entering Lake St Clair. At Glencoe, Dunwich, Chatham, London, Fingal, and Oneida, we had large gatherings of the Gael. The settlements here were older than at Saugeen: the towns were much larger; and in town and country the houses and churches were more largely built of brick.

"The chief difference to me was that, the season being now more advanced, I had to exchange the pleasant sleigh for the cumbersome high-wheeled buggy.

"Leaving the Thames, and preaching in Gaelic by the way at Hamilton; at Niagara, where our Gaelic psalmody was 'organed by the thund'ring cataract;' and at Toronto, a journey of 300 miles brought me to our next large group of Gaelic congregations on the shores of Lake Simco. Chiefs and patriarchs among the Highlanders of this fertile region, had long been, by universal consent, Colonel Cameron of Beaverton, and his three brothers—cadets of the noble family of Lochiel. Alas! that to-day the last of these noble brothers lies cold in an exile's grave, far from the ashes of his fathers. Long the pillar of our large Gaelic congregation at Thora, at the time of my visit he lay on what he knew to be his death-bed. The brothers were excellent farmers, as well as men of taste and enterprise; and their lands would compare favourably with the 'home farms' of our aristocracy.

"In our congregation at Eldon, in this district, I found a few of the North Carolina Highlanders, who twenty years ago came north to join a fresh arrival of cousins from Argyll. One of them was our Gaelic precentor. Among them also was a coloured woman of whom the following anecdote will bear to be repeated. The little slave girl grew up among our countrymen at Eldon without ever seeing a person of her own colour; and if ever she examined her face in a glass, like him in the Scripture, 'she straightway went her way, forgetting what manner of person she was.' By and bye, when the country was opened up by steamers from the Georgian Bay into the lake, she one day happened to see a coloured man on the quay at Beaverton, at which dread apparition she ran home trembling with fear, and gasped out, 'Chunaic mi duine, lethid a dhuinne! Bha e cho dubh; agus chuir a do dh' fheagal orm 's gun d'fhas mi cho bann ri mo leine!'

"Back again by Toronto, to meet an old pupil, an energetic and singularly successful Black Islesman, who, hearing of me at Hamilton, and following me thence to the Ontarian capital, only to find that I had just left for the north, telegraphed me to meet him '*anywhere* in Canada,' my journey lay once more through dear old Kingston, and thence round by Lanark, a distance of full 400 miles, to Ottawa, the political capital of the Dominion. Here, in a large Gaelic congregation, on a week-day evening, I met seven first cousins of my own, who left the Highlands twenty-five years ago with only the blessing and example of eminently pious parents for their whole worldly estate. They are all men of substance

and influence in the land of their adoption; and they told me of many more from our native district who had prospered as they had done. 'In fact,' said one of them, 'any man can do it, if only he is industrious, honest, and, like me, a teetotaller.' Down the valley of the grand, dark-rolling Ottawa—a day's sail, varied by one or two short bits of railway to skirt the rapids—brought me to Montreal, that city of merchant princes—merchants of whom some of the most princely are Highlanders, and were among the 800 who, in the mother tongue, worshipped with me in the beautiful church of St Andrew.

"Crossing the St Lawrence at Lachine, a little above the awful rapids of that name, I had a few days of quiet rest with dear old friends from the Black Isle, in the old Scotch settlement of Beechridge. A day in the old church-yard of the settlement (fifty years in Canada look as old as five hundred in Scotland) was literally a meditation among the tombs. Many of the young men of Beechridge have gone West, and not a few of the old people have followed. But the church-yard is full of the beautiful white marble tombstones of Highlanders who have gone to their long home. Some of these snow-white tombstones had a text, and some a verse, and some a pious epitaph. In this and other respects they differed, as even tombstones will; but in one thing they all were one—these three words, pointing homewards even in death, as the exiled Israelite in his prayers turned ever to Jerusalem: 'A native of'—Stewarts, Finlaysons, Mathiesons, Morrisons, Macraes, Mackenzies, Macleods—'a native of Glenelg;' 'a native of Kintail;' 'a native of Gairloch;' 'a native of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye.'

"About this time there befell me one night an adventure which, for the moment, was a little embarrassing. The good lady whose guest I was occupied a beautiful, well-appointed mansion. But somehow, though it was summer, the stove-pipe from my bedroom to the chamber adjoining had been left in its place; and as it did not quite fill the aperture by which it pierced the partition, you could hear distinctly—and for that matter I suppose you could also *see*—from the one room into the other. Thus it became painfully evident to me, soon after retiring to rest, that side by side with my bed, on the other side of the thin partition, there was another bed. And a most crazy bed it must truly have been, and its occupant the most restless of mortals. For such a creaking and a ceaseless tossing to and fro I never heard before. Still, after some time, I slept the deep, sound sleep of the weary. But at midnight I was suddenly roused up with successive bursts of

violent unnatural coughing. It was a thousand times worse than if the adjoining room had been turned into the whooping-cough ward of a children's hospital. Such coughing surely was never heard before. Yes, thought I, it must be my dear old friend, and she's being suffocated. To start up in bed and hastily whisper through the aperture, 'I've my medicines; shall I bring you something?' was at once my thought and act. 'Oh, yes, and be quick!' I fancied I could make out through the spasmodic, suffocating *cynanché* of my dear distressed friend. To strike a light, jump into my trousers, and snatch the fitting medicament, was the work of a moment, and I darted into the corridor, when, pausing an instant to see my way, I found that the coughing had entirely ceased. All was still as the grave. But again—what on earth can it mean?—that strange, suppressed gurgling sound? Good heavens! can it be that my worthy friend is in *articulo mortis?* Bah! it's but the smothered giggling of some frivolous joker bent on having a rise out of the parson. So I turned on my heel, and half-angry, half-amused, I laid me down again and slept on without further adventure or disturbance till the sun was high in the firmament.

"On the back of the railway guide-books, and on the green cover of the *Gael*, there is a standing advertisement which says.—

'When you are in the Highlands, visit Macdougall's?'

"Gentlemen of the Celtic Society, when you are in Canada, visit Glengarry. This was the advice everywhere given me in the West: if you would see the Canadian Gael at his best; if you would carry back to Scotland any just idea of our great Gaelic communion gatherings in the open air; if you would hear the ceiste opened up in a style worthy of your own 'men' of 40 years ago—then visit the Gaelic congregations of Glengarry. And yet Glengarry, the oldest, largest, and most purely Celtic of all the Highland colonies in the great province of Ontario, I did not visit. At one time it was the miscarriage of a telegram, at another the burning of a large passenger steamer on the St Lawrence, that gave me this great disappointment; and engagements made for me in the maritime provinces, 800 miles further East, put it out of my power to make a third attempt; the Gaelic adage notwithstanding, 'air an trieamh uar bheir a chailleach buaidh.'

"Before asking you, however, to accompany me to the maritime provinces, let me pause here for a moment, and give you one or two examples of the great prosperity to which in the West our countrymen have attained. As an example, then, of the high

general level of comfort, as independent owners of the land they cultivate, easily reached by men who at home could never hope to rise above the condition of crofters or day labourers, take this picture. It is from a congregation of Highlanders to which I preached in the school-house of Oneida, near Fingal. Before me sat a venerable man, who, five-and-thirty years before, left the shores of Lochfyne, with the price of an old boat for all his capital. On one hand sat his three sons, their wives, and children; on the other his daughter, her husband, their children, and their children's children; each the free owner of 200 acres of rich cleared land. Half-an-hour would suffice to gather them all around the old man's hearth. As examples of great mercantile success, take the Hon. J—— W——, an Inveraray gentleman, the leading man of the forest city. Three years ago he paid off principal and interest of a heavy failure, which was the only reward of his previous mercantile efforts in Glasgow. He is now one of the most influential men in the Dominion. Or take the Hon. J—— Mack——, one of the richest, and certainly the most liberal, of the merchant princes of Montreal. On proper occasions he is not ashamed to tell of the day, when a barefooted, friendless boy, he turned with a heavy heart from the smoking ruins of his grandfather's cottage at Kildonan. And from many brilliant examples of the success of our countrymen in the arena of political conflict, take just these two names—the Hon. Archibald Mackellar, another Argyllshire man, and every inch a Highlander, the Minister of Public Works; and the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, a Perthshire man, from the confluence of the Tay and the Tummel, to whom, as Premier of Canada, has been entrusted by Providence the noble work of consolidating the new Dominion, and moulding the destinies of an empire wider and mightier than it ever entered into the dreams of the great Napoleon to rule over.

"These honoured names are but a sample of the way in which the Gael everywhere takes his place in the first rank of professions and of public life. Yet, after all, the great prize of the country, whether to Gael or Saxon, is the land—your own land, free for ever to your children's children—your own land, gloriously independent of factor, landlord, or superior. You remember how our semi-Celtic Professor Blackie has right nobly sung—

'If I had land, as I have none,
The people round me I would gather,
And every lad I'd call my son,
And every lass would call me father.'

Buoyant and versatile enthusiast as he is, I fear the poet-professor is now too old to launch his bark on the Atlantic; and, after a ten days' sail, put his theory in practice on the rich virgin soil of Ontario. But to the chivalrous young men of this Celtic Society, I say deliberately that I do not know an enterprise, in this prosaic nineteenth century, that holds out so many solid, and yet nobly captivating inducements.

"But, now, farewell, Ontario! and, ladies and gentlemen, a glimpse or two in conclusion—skipping the 800 miles between—of the Gael in the maritime provinces. Only a glimpse; for, though we must despatch him in a few short paragraphs, he is at once more numerous, and far more the ideal Gael of our romance, than his ambitious enterprising brother in Western Ontario—far more unsophisticated, more pious and contemplative, and, with many creditable exceptions, immeasurably more the simple counterpart of his unenterprising brother in Ross-shire and the Isles, forty years ago. In some parts of Cape Breton, for example, which, though as mountainous and picturesque as Assynt and Skye, is full of coal, iron, and other precious mineral, you will find the people to this day, even in dress, very much the same as they were in the Highlands when I was a child, and long before some of you were born. The high-crowned, white muslin mutch, the kertch and black silk handkerchief for head-dress; the scarlet cloak; the guidman and guidwife slowly ambling their way to market, mounted on the same palfrey, perhaps a bag in front, balanced over the horse's neck, with a jar of butter in either end; the spinning-wheel and domestic loom; the same unskilled primitive agriculture, aiming only at so much hay and other provender as will keep the stock alive through the winter, and at the sale of the summer's butter, and a stirk or two in the autumn. All this, though in a worldly point of view far behind the enterprise of exuberant, energetic Ontario, has yet a charm and fascination of its own, on which, did your time permit, I would gladly dwell. For, indeed, the Gael of these maritime provinces, happy, and lacking for nothing, as if in his old home his old enemy the factor had laid him down with the seven sleepers of Ephesus, leads a sort of primitive Arcadian life, which, in many respects, is very beautiful. And, moreover, if he has gained something in comfort, intelligence, and independence, he has assuredly lost nothing of the devoutness and keen religious sensibility which he carried with him from Skye and Barra and the lone straths of Sutherland.

"The largest settlements of these simple-minded people are to be found in Cape Breton, Pictou County, and Prince Edward's

Island. Fully the half of them are Catholics—*na h-Uistich 's na Barraich*, as they are still called—but the Catholics have always lived on good terms with their Protestant neighbours and countrymen. Hitherto their common Highland blood has proved thicker than holy water.

"My eight weeks work among our large and numerous Gaelic congregations in these parts, consisting mainly of sacramental services, was one unbroken round of religious excitement, of which, even had there been time, this is not the place to speak in detail.

"A sketch or two, from notes taken at the time, may, however, give you a fresher picture of the people than anything I can now, by an effort of memory, condense into the few remaining pages which must close this lecture.

"Take, then, as an example of many, this sketch of a communion Sunday in Cape Breton. We kept it in a sweet, bosky dell, Broadcove by name, that nestles in a pleasant glen of the grassy Mabow Hills. Unhappily the day was very wet. But, as I entered the tent, the gaze of full 1200 people, from the slopes rising gently around in the form of an amphitheatre, converged on the spot where I stood. What a sight: grandsires of eighty winters and the youth of scarcé twelve summers; strong men in their prime and graceful maidens in their teens; here a clump of old men, head bare of bonnet and protecting locks, each leaning on his staff, eager for the word of life; and there a line of aged women, mutch covered with handkerchief, and the black shawl, with one hand held up to the angle of the mouth, as they rocked to and fro, and wept with deep emotion; their thoughts, doubtless, busy with 'the light of other days' of high communion, and with precious memories of Maighstir Lachlan, and the Kennedies, and the great Macdonald of Ferrintosh.

"For five long hours that multitude sat upon the soaking sward, as if glued to it. For the first two hours it rained incessantly, yet every male had his head uncovered. We had four tables: and to serve the last of them was the most trying duty of all my ministry. The refrain of the few simple words I spoke was, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' and, as I spoke, the feelings of many seemed to master them; a swell of agitation heaved the bosoms of the communicants, and their inmost hearts seemed to gaze through the streaming eyes. Awe crept over me as I looked from face to face; and, as the words rose to my lips, a new light of quickening spiritual insight kindled up the wail of the Psalmist —'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' Oh! what a rebuke to the growing

dilettantism of our fashionable churches in Scotland, and to its petulant, affected cry of 'twenty-five minutes sharp.'

"Or take again this picture of an ordinary Sunday in fair Prince Edward's Island, the garden of Eastern Canada. The way from the manse to the church is through a grove of grand old trees, which the people, with a good taste too rare in Canada, have spared from the axe; and, as we walked up the forest aisles, the over-arching branches closed over us like the roof of some mighty cathedral. We passed upwards of 200 carriages in the wood, and this prepared us for the great congregation which overflowed the church and gathered around the building; windows and doors being all thrown open, not less for the convenience of those outside than to give air to the crowded multitude within. The reverence and wrapt attention of this large congregation all through the service, and the hearty fervour with which they joined in the old-fashioned Gaelic psalmody, carried me back to the days of my boyhood, thirty years ago, when with the multitude I sang the same psalms in the Burn of Ferrintosh.

"As the last extract from my note-book, take this notice of a brave, leal-hearted Highland clergyman, a native of Rannoch, the late Rev. Donald Macdonald of Prince Edward's Island. For forty years this truly apostolic man lived only for his people, knowing no home and drawing no stipend, but living among his flock as one of themselves, and taking such things as they gave him. His published remains show him to have been a man of learning and vigorous intellect; and the present state of his churches, after years of comparative neglect and discouragement, show what a true leader of men, and what powers of energy and wise organisation lie under his fair white monument at Orwell Church. He built his seventeen churches without extraneous aid, and he organised and ministered to them without one brother's help or counsel; yet, though thus labouring single-handed, he peremptorily set his face against lay preaching; and to this day lay preaching is sternly discountenanced by the great body of his followers. They have still, as ordered by Mr Macdonald, a large staff of elders, who hold regular meetings on Lord's-days and week-days for prayer and reading of the Word. As a people they are peculiar for a wondrous gift of prayer, and they are mighty in the Scriptures. Some of them, I doubt not, could preach with power. But with every inducement to take up with lay preaching, and a widely-prevailing example of it around them on every side, preaching without regular Church orders is a thing hitherto unknown among the seventeen churches of the Macdonaldites, most of them practically

vacant since their founder's death. I know not whether this strong repugnance be founded, as probably it is, on their views of Scripture truth. But they have one reason, which to them is almost as valid as Scripture authority, '*he* forbade it.' That the Macdonaldites are 'a peculiar people,' they themselves would be the last to deny; and of certain physical manifestations cherished among them as indicating a work of the Holy Spirit, I shall not venture to express an opinion; but it cannot be denied that they are, as a people, peculiar for good works, and that they maintain a high standard of morality.

"Besides some tractates in controversial theology, Mr Macdonald wrote for his people a volume of 'Hymns and Sacred Songs,' in Gaelic and English, which is highly esteemed among the Highlanders of Eastern Canada. By order of the author, these sacred songs are not allowed to be sung in what he calls the 'solemn' worship of God. They are used only in certain intervals of the long and highly-exciting service of his churches, when the congregation, coming down from the mount, and resolving itself, as it were, into a 'committee of the whole,' is occupied with exercises strictly religious, but still by them counted less sacred than 'solemn' worship. In these intervals of much-needed relaxation from overstrained spiritual tension, the 'sacred songs' are sung by the people with unstinted zest and spirit, to such airs as 'Blaw wastlin' winds' and 'The Banks of the Dee;' after which the congregation reverts to 'solemn' worship, only to be again speedily absorbed in wrapt lofty contemplation, or swayed and tossed with wave on wave of intense excitement.

"Let me now close this lecture with two quotations from the 'Sacred Songs,' simply observing that the fine, sparkling scintillations of 'holy commination' in the last of them is to be set down to a famous ecclesiastical controversy, being, in fact, the Voluntary conflict of our own day, between Mr Macdonald and the great Antiburgher, another Highlander, of whom and of his great missionary work, controversy notwithstanding, we may all be proud, Dr James Macgregor, of Pictou:—

'Air laith'reachd Iehobhah bhi seinn tha e taitneach,
Do dhream a fhuair eolas 'us fiosrachadh geur,
A dh' fhiosraich a bhaigh 'us a ghradh 'us a fhreasdal,
Gan lionadh le solas 's a tiormach' gach deur.
Tha fas air a ghras doibh, le danachd a chreideamh,
Mar dhruchd a tha tla agus blath air an fheasgar;
Cha 'n eil brigh ann an ni' ach le lath' reachd gun teagamh,
Tha toradh a lath' reachd air 'fhagail na dheigh.'

'Dh' eirich Solus 'us aigh oirn,
Dh' eirich Iosa ar Slanuighear on uaigh,
Dh' eirich Grian agus gloir oirn,
Dh' eirich Criosda na mhorachd le buaidh,
Dh' eirich latha na slaint' oirn,
Dh' eirich Prionnsa na sith o gach truaigh,
Dh' eirich Ceannard ar slainte,
Dh' eirich Teachaire grasmhor da shluaigh.

'Siubhlaidh nise na sgailean,
Siubhlaidh dorchadas bais agus truaigh,
Siubhlaidh ceannairc 'us naimhdeas,
Siubhlaidh peacadh gu brath o do shluagh,
Siubhlaidh *teagasg neo-ghrasmhor,*
Siubhlaidh *mealtarachd ghraisgeil gu luath,*
Siubhlaidh cumhachd a namhaid,
Siubhlaidh *teachdairean Shatain gu truaigh.*'"

27th November 1873.

The Secretary read, as proxy, a paper by Alexander Halley, Esq., M.D., F.G., London, and a life member of the Society, on "Letters as the integral representative of intelligible articulation in language, and a brief comparison of Gaelic as a natural tongue, with English as a cultured artificial speech." This learned and interesting paper will be found at page 109 of Volume II. of the Society's Transactions, wherein it was printed by a resolution of the Society.

11th December 1873.

This meeting was devoted to the arrangements for the Annual Supper to come off in January.

18th December 1873.

A letter was received from George Murray Campbell, Esq., Gampola, enclosing a cheque of £5 as a donation to the Society. Mr William Mackenzie, the *ad interim* Secretary, gave notice of his intention to resign office, in consequence of his leaving Inverness, and a committee was appointed to select a suitable Secretary.

13th January 1874.

A special meeting of the Society was held within the Caledonian Hotel, for the purpose of electing Alexander Fraser, Esq., Drummond Estate Office, as a life member of the Society, which was done, on the motion of Mr Murdoch, with acclamation, after which the members adjourned to partake of the

SECOND ANNUAL SUPPER OF THE SOCIETY,

under the presidency of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the Society. Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, and Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway, were croupiers.

On the right of the Chief were—Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Major Donald Davidson, and Bailie Davidson. On the left the Chief was supported by Colonel J. F. Macpherson and Bailie Simpson. Sir Kenneth was supported by Councillor A. Mackenzie, and A. Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmigavie, J.P.; and Sheriff Macdonald was supported by Messrs Davidson, Scott, and Ross, solicitors. There were also present—Mr Noble, Castle Street; Dr Macnee; Mr A. Fraser, writer; Mr Fraser, Mauld; Mr H. Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr J. Macdonald, of Macdonald Brothers, Union Street; Captain Grant; Mr Macrae, High School; Captain Mackenzie, Telford Road; Messrs Tulloch, painter; Peter Falconer, plasterer; Maclennan, of Macdougall & Co.; R. Grant, do.; Barclay, accountant; Huntly Fraser, merchant; Mackay, Dempster Gardens; Macleod, grocer, Huntly Street; Garden, Mackintosh Estate Office; Maclean, coal-merchant; W. Macdonald, plasterer; Rev. Mr Wright, congregational minister; Whyte, photographer; W. Mackenzie, Club Buildings; Sinclair, tailor; J. S. Mackay, Chicago; W. Fraser, Glasgow; John Macdonald, Exchange; Maciver, cabinetmaker; J. Fraser, C.E.; D. Campbell, draper; Couper, Highland Railway; J. Murdoch, hon. secretary of the Society; Kay, Drummond Street; Kenneth Fraser, writer; Young, Royal Academy; W. Macdonald, Maryhall, &c., &c.

As the company was assembling, and during the dinner, Pipe Major Maclennan, Piper to the Society, played some of his finest *Piobaireachd* and quick steps, to the great delight of his Celtic hearers. After dinner,

The Chief gave the toast of "The Queen" in Gaelic—'S e mo dhleasanas agus mo dhurachd a nis iarraidh oirbh 'ur cuachan a lionadh agus deoch slainte na Ban-righ ol. Tha mise cinnteach gu'm beil sibh uile gle thoilichtè sin a dheanadh, oir 's math is airidh i air. Tha i na ban-uachdran mhath, agus a bhar air a sin

tha speis mhor aicè air na Gaidheil agus air a Ghaidhealtachd; agus tha i a cur seachad moran dè a h-uin' nar measg. Air an taobh eile, tha fios agamsa gu'm beil moran urram aicè dha na Gaidheil. Tha iad mar so ann an run math ri cheile. 'S math is airidh ise air speis agus gean math a cuid sluaigh, agus 's math is airidh iadsan air uachdaran math mar tha ise. So ma tha, Deoch slainte Ban-righ Shasuinn, Albainn, Eirinn, agus nan Innsinn, an ear 's an iar. Cha neil Righ, no Ban-righ eil' anns an t-shaoghal aig am bheil a leithid do dh-fharsuinneachd, no aig am beil sluagh cho dileas. Olamaid mar sin a deadh dheoch slainte. Bha e 'na aobhar gairdeachas dhuinn gun d' thainig i n'ar measg an uridh, agus gun deach i fad an rathaid a' Ceann-a-ghiubhasich gu Inbhirlochaidh, gun ghille-ruith gun chas-luath, gun each gun fheachd, ach aon ghille a's aon mharcaiche, direach mar gu'm bi bean tigh-earna no ceile ceann-cinnidh, leigeil fhaicinn an earbsa tha aicè a's na Gaidheil. This speech was greeted from time to time with loud and hearty applause, and the toast was drunk in the most enthusiastic manner.

The Chief then gave "Prionnsa agus Bana-phrionnsa na Coimreich, Mor-fhear nan Eilean, agus a h-uile h-aon eill de'n teaghlach Rioghail." This also was drunk with great enthusiasm. The Chief said—Tha duilichinn orm gu'm feum mi nis a Ghaidhlig a chur air chul agus tionndadh gus a Bheurla.

The Chairman called for a bumper to the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces. (Applause.) He could not help alluding to the unpleasant war in which we are at present engaged. It was very unfortunate that her Majesty's troops should be engaged in fighting savages. However, such things would happen; and when any insult was offered to the British Crown, the skill and prowess of our army must be felt by any people who dared to offer the insult. (Applause.) He trusted the Ashantees would get a lesson which would prevent their attempting anything of the kind in future. He hoped they would excuse him speaking feelingly on this matter, considering that he had a son engaged in the war—(Applause)—and who was now with that gallant regiment, the 42d Highlanders, as senior major. (Applause.) He was quite sure that the three regiments now on their way against the Ashantees would soon bring the war to an end. These regiments were the 23d Fusiliers, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 42d Highlanders. They were now landed, and were on their advance to the Prah, and he was sure they would soon return with fresh laurels. (Applause.) Without introducing politics, he might say that many soldiers seemed to have a dislike to the present army system;

but Mr Cardwell, the War Secretary, had acted in the most wonderfully liberal manner, and had done everything he possibly could do for the troops on service. (Applause.) Everything had been provided for them—clothing supposed to be suitable for the climate, a liberal commissariat, and, in short, the men had received the greatest attention and encouragement that men could receive. (Applause.) On their arrival, instead of being landed in a swampy country and bad climate, they had been sent to sea to be kept healthy. The soldiers' wives who remained at home got each sixpence a-day, and every child also received an allowance. That was the way to encourage soldiers—(Applause)—and if Government went on in this way, they might depend upon it the British Crown would have cordial defenders, and would stand for generations to come. (Applause.) In giving the toast, he could not help alluding to his own Volunteers. He had the honour of commanding the Inverness-shire Volunteers now for nearly fourteen years. (Applause.) During that time, he was proud to say, he had hardly ever had a difference of opinion with an officer or man. They had all done their duty in the most cordial manner, and his command had been a most agreeable one. He must also allude to the loss the regiment had recently sustained in the retirement of the Adjutant. In him they had lost their right-hand man, and one who was an efficient officer in every possible way. However, after a certain time of life, they must all retire. He supposed he would have to retire himself one of these days. ("No, no.") He might also mention that he had been successful in getting the Commander-in-chief to appoint a very efficient man as Adjutant—a clansman of his own, though not a relation. (Applause.) This officer had served for ten or twelve years as Adjutant of the 93d, and was now a Captain of the service, which rank he would retain in his new position. His name was Captain Fitzroy Macpherson (called after Lord Fitzroy Somerset), and he hoped he would be here one of these days to take the place of Captain Fraser. (Applause.)

The toast was acknowledged by Colonel Macpherson of Catlodge on behalf of the army, and by Captain Grant on behalf of the volunteers.

Mr Whyte sang "Ta Phairsan."

The Chief said Mr Murdoch, Honorary Secretary of the Society, would read the annual report.

Mr Murdoch, on rising, said he had received several letters expressing regret that the writers could not be present—from Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, Professor Blackie, Mr Charles Innes, Sir

Patrick Grant; Raigmore; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Mr Macgregor Rose, Aberdeen; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie, Inverewe; and Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme. He then said that the worst part of his report was the fact that the presenting of it devolved upon himself.

"Since the first annual supper last year, the Society had lost the invaluable services of Mr William Mackay, the first secretary, by the removal of that gentleman from the Highland to the Scottish capital. That was a very serious loss to the Society, and a matter of personal regret to the members. The Society had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr William Mackenzie, one of the best Gaelic scholars of the day, and one of the most enthusiastic of Celts, but just as the arrangements for the supper were becoming most urgent, the Secretary was prostrated by sickness; and thus the Honorary Secretary, whose head and hands were previously too fully occupied, had to step into the breach, which he now so inadequately occupies.

"At the end of the first year of the Society's existence, the membership stood thus—Life members, 2; honorary members, 53; ordinary, 127. The two life members were—Cluny Macpherson, the worthy Chief of the Society, and Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond. Since then the Society has had the honour and satisfaction of adding the names of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., one of the Honorary Chieftains; Dr Halley, F.G.S., 16 Harley Street, London; and Mr Alexander Fraser, accountant, 16 Union Street, Inverness, to the list of life members. So that now the membership stands thus—Life members, 5; honorary members, 67; ordinary, 180; total, 252; being an increase of 70 on last year—125 resident and 127 non-resident.

"Of these there are 25 Mackenzies; 21 Frasers; 17 Mackays; 17 Macdonalds; 14 Mackintoshes; 9 Rosses; 7 Macphersons, including a lady member; 6 Campbells; 6 Grants; and 6 Macraes, and so forth. The Council would earnestly impress upon each member the propriety of introducing a new member, and thus increase the numbers present of his own clan on the list.

"The receipts during the past year were £102. 18s. 6d. Expenditure, £82. 9s. 6d. Balance, £20. 8s. 9d. At the present date we stand—Receipts, £122. 8s. 8d. Expenditure, £113. 17s. 9d. Balance, £52. 17s.

"In men and money the Society has made decided progress during the year. But the Society has to consider how it serves the purposes of its existence. Towards perfecting the members in the use of the Gaelic language, it is satisfactory to know that a

Gaelic class has been formed by Mr Lachlan Macbean, the librarian of the Society, and it is to be hoped that the members will give Mr Macbean all the assistance and encouragement which he deserves. Numbers of old and young should flock to this class, and prove that they are worthy of the name which they bear. Towards preserving the poetry, traditions, &c., of the Highlands, the Society has sent another volume of Transactions to press, which, it is believed, will be deemed equal, if not superior, to the first volume of Transactions. Besides the magnificent address delivered from the chair at last annual supper, that volume will be found to contain papers on a variety of subjects, such as 'Torreachd na Taine,' being the Hebridean version of the famous 'Tain Bo Chuailgne'—one of the most ancient of Irish tales, and purporting to be an account of events which occurred in the first century of the Christian era. For the purpose of making this paper all the more instructive and suggestive, the hon. secretary placed it in the hands of Mr Standish O'Grady, M.R.I.A., one of the leading archæologists of the day. Mr O'Grady has kindly gone over the whole of our paper, and enriched our volume vastly with his notes. In the volume will also be found a sequel to that tale, 'Laodh nan Ceann.' There are also papers on 'The Study of the Gaelic Language,' on 'Gaelic Literature,' &c.; and there is a profound scientific paper on 'Letters,' with a most interesting comparison of Gaelic and English in relation to them, by Dr Halley, illustrated by diagrams.

"And referring to the speech of Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, one of the things which the Chairman at our last annual supper regretted, was the want of a monumental stone over the grave of Ian Lom. That want has been supplied, and that, too, very much through the exertions and munificence of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh.

"It was hoped that this volume would be in the hands of members by this time; but there has been much time lost in the correcting of proofs which had been sent to places, sometimes to which a letter may be 14 days on the way. It should also be stated that in terms of a resolution, no name is to appear in the printed list at the end of the volume against which there is a blank in the column for last year's subscription. The printer has been calling for that list for more than a month; and the Treasurer has been indefatigable in his endeavours to have the blanks filled up. This is a matter which the members have in their hands; but they must place it in the hands of the Treasurer, Mr James Fraser.

"Of the first volume of Transactions there are sixty copies in

the hands of the booksellers, and one in the library. To the library there have been 35 volumes added during the year. But still there are only 110 volumes in all; and that, it must be confessed, is not a library in keeping with the pretensions or actual membership of this Society. The Council would again urge upon the members and friends who havo books, MSS., and the like, bearing upon the object of the Society, the desirableness of making contributions, in kind or otherwise, towards the library. It is a fact, that great numbers of books which should be found in the library of the Society, are being rapidly bought by book collectors in the South; and unless an effort is made very speedily to supply your library, it will have to be furnished, not from the Highlands so much as from English and Irish repositories, and at double the price which would buy them in our own province to-day.

"With regard to the meetings of the Society, the Committee would urge upon the members the necessity of attending in greater numbers. These meetings are of very great importance, not only to the Society and to Celtic literature, but to the material prosperity of the Highlands. If Highlanders do not show their appreciation of, and their zeal for, those objects which are specifically their own —as their language, their sentiments, their traditions, and their literature—what will the powers that be say, but that the Celt must pass away from the face of his own land, and make way for a race which shows a greater, though perhaps a grosser, appreciation of its own importance. Meetings are held every Thursday evening in the Guildry Hall; and if any one is deterred from attending by the fear that the proceedings are not full of interest, he is greatly mistaken. At least it can be safely said, that if they are not interesting, it is his own fault not to make them all that they should be.

"The present Council retires now, and there will be a meeting advertised shortly, to elect a new Council, when a large attendance is now earnestly requested."

The Chief—I think the best thing we can do now is to drink the health of our kind Secretary, Mr Murdoch, and thank him for the trouble he has taken in the affairs of the Society. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk, and Mr Murdoch remarked that the drinking of his health was not in the programme. He, however, thanked Cluny for proposing it, and the croupiers and gentlemen present for drinking it so heartily. (Applause.)

The Chief then proposed, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," saying—Bliadhna mhath ur dhuibh a luchd Comuinn

Gailig Inbhir-nis. Tha e toirt moran toilinntinn dho' a bhi 'n ur measg a nochd, agus a bhi ann am shuidh mar cheann air a chomunn agus air a chuideachd mhor so de dh-fhior Gaidheil. Tha mi ro thoilichte a chluintinn gu'm bheil an communn so a soirbheachadh agus a deanamh math le bhi cuir na Gaidhlig air h-aghaidh, agus le bhi gabhail curam de 'n bhardachd agus de na scriobhannaibh, na sgeulachdan, agus nan eachdraidhean a tha a measg luchd labhairt na Gaidhlig. Tha duilichinn ro mhor orm nach eil e air a chuir mar fhiachaibh anns na sgoilean 's a Ghaidhealteachd, Gaidhlig a theagasg. Tha e gle dhuilich leam a'rath gu'm bheil moran pharanntan a tha an aghaidh an cuid cloinne bhidh ag ionnsachadh na Gaidhlig, a leigil as am beachd gu'r ann le bhi eolach air an canain fhein as urrain doibh canainean agus nithe eil ionnsachadh. Tha ministearan agus maighistearan-sgoile ann an iomadh aite cuir an aghaidh na cloinne bhi ag ionnsachadh Gaidhlig. Ach cho fad 's bha e ann am chomas a dheanadh, bha mise cumail suas teagasg na Gaidhlig anns na sgoilean. 'S gann gu'm bheil guth agam anns na sgoilean a nis, leis na riaghailtean ur a tha an deigh eiridh 'nar measg. Ach tha guth agam a measg luchd a chomuinn so, agus tha mi a togail mo ghuth le m' uile dhurachd, agus a guidhe soirbheachadh math agus moran tapadh don chomunn, agus do na h-uile ball a bhuineas da, agus gu mu mor a math a ni sibh.

Mr Macrae of the High School, then sang very sweetly *Mairi Laghach*, and was greatly applauded.

Mr. John Macdonald being called upon, said—The toast which it is my privilege to propose is one in which I am quite sure you will all heartily join. When I propose "Prosperity to the Highlands and Highland People," you will at once see that the toast conveys a wish which I am sure is the earnest wish of every one here, and a wish that will find an echo in the hearts of the thousands of our scattered countrymen, whether at home or abroad, who feel an interest in the welfare of our Society, and who all retain tics of warm attachment to their native glens. It is a remarkable and yet truly satisfactory fact, that while we are here heartily wishing prosperity to the Highlands, we are at this moment surrounded with numerous indications that the Highlands are really on the verge of a practical era of prosperity. When comparing the extensive commerce, gigantic enterprises, and busy industries of the south, with the scale on which things move in those quieter northern regions, one feels creeping over him a feeling of discontentment; but when the matter is more closely looked at, this feeling at once vanishes, giving place to

opposite feelings of thankfulness with our lot. If in the Highlands our trade is not extensive, or our industries numerous, there is at least this true of them, that they have about them the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. In the southern and larger centres of population everything seems wrought up to the highest pitch, so that it requires really an extraordinary power of wealth or genius to strike out a new path, or bring existing industries to a higher stage of development. Happily with us in the Highlands it is different. Our industries and enterprises, such as they are, are in the bud, and have before them a wide field for development. Our railway system, for instance, is not yet completed; and yet so far as it goes it has created wealth and awakened dormant energies. We have also indications that the Highlands also possess mineral wealth, as may be seen from the coal operations now going on at Brora. I need not refer to our fisheries, facilities for woollen manufacture, and various other industries yet undeveloped. I have said enough to point out that there actually exists fair prospects of progress and prosperity. But, Mr Chairman, we can conceive of much prosperity and accumulation of wealth throughout the Highlands without the great body of the people reaping the full benefit. Such a state of things would not satisfy the wish of the toast. We want not only the Highlands to prosper, but also the Highland people. Now, sir, in the prosperity of the people there are, or at least ought to be, two elements at work. First, the people on their part cultivating habits of industry, self-reliance, and independence. I fear I am correct in saying it is peculiar to the Highland character, especially at home, to cringe too much to everything, presenting a shadowy appearance of superiority. They lack, on the whole, that which the artizan population of our large towns exhibit perhaps too much of, a proper estimate of their own worth, and a readiness to demand from those disposed to overlook it, a fair recognition of their rights and services. But, sir, in the matter of the prosperity of the people there is another element to be considered. They are placed in and surrounded by circumstances beyond their control; and while they do their part, it devolves upon other responsible parties to adjust these circumstances to their wants and welfare, by furnishing them with a securer tenancy and more abundant labour. I do not mean that kind of employment that is associated with sport or amusement, but real productive labour. Much more of this sort than we at present have would go a good way to realise the wish of our toast, "Prosperity to the Highlands and Highland People."

The Chief then requested Mr Fraser of Mauld to give a song. Regarding the songs of Iain Macmhurchaidh, Mr Fraser told an anecdote, showing the origin of the song which Iain composed in honour of the gentleman who sent a messenger after him with a bottle of whisky. The song—"Ho-ro gu'm b'eibhinn leam," was sung well, and received with great applause.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, in giving the "Members of Parliament for the Northern Counties and Burghs," said he might not know all these gentlemen, or might not have attended to their Parliamentary career, but he was sure that any body of gentlemen who had been elected by the free votes of Highlanders must be very good fellows indeed. (Laughter and applause.) He wished, however, very much that some of them would occasionally show themselves in this company, though he had no right to blame them, because he himself had not the pleasure of being present at any of their gatherings since he presided at their inaugural meeting. (Applause.) Still, he thought it would be a good thing to attend, and to enter into those feelings which meetings like this tended to foster. (Applause.) He had no doubt, for his own part, that it was well to encourage that ancestral pride which induced people to emulate the virtues and noble characters of their ancestors. Of course, faults might be found with that pride, but nothing, he believed, tended more to ennoble people than the feeling that they had a right to be noble. (Applause.) *Noblesse oblige*, as the French say; and Dr Guthrie, in his autobiography, lately published, told that though he could not prove himself to be a descendant from the Covenanting Guthries, yet the mere thought that he belonged to that stock had a remarkable influence on his whole public life. (Applause.) So he would be very glad to see some of our northern members there occasionally, and to see them more imbued with the feeling that they were Highlanders; but, so far as he knew, they all discharged their Parliamentary duties very well, and he hoped they would long retain their seats. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr Rose, solicitor, proposed "The Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness." He observed that this was a toast which ought to be drunk with great enthusiasm by those present. The Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness are a body well qualified to rule over their own affairs—(Laughter)—and they took good care that the chariot did not drive too fast. (Laughter.) The present Council were able to discuss their own matters, to take care of the business of the town, to dispense justice on every hand—(Hear, hear)—and to watch and preserve the public rights.

That was what they wanted. No men should go into office for the sake of being a Bailie or a Councillor, but should have the public good alone in view. With regard to Celtic matters, which more immediately concerned those assembled, he need not tell them that the Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness had always done everything in their power to preserve the literature, habits, and customs of the Gael. The burgh of Inverness had been a refuge for all classes, from the King downwards. It had been a harbour of refuge for many a good old chief who had been in trouble, and he was told that even Prince Charlie, although it is not very well known where he rested—and it is as well it is not—found refuge in Inverness. (Cheers.) The burgh of Inverness was a very ancient one, and for the past three centuries its municipal authorities had been very noted. It had stood forth boldly as a royal burgh, and its charter was very ancient. They had an excellent Town-Clerk at present, who was a good chronologist, and he kept them well posted up in matters of dates, &c. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) With this toast he begged to couple the name of Bailie Davidson. (Applause.)

Bailie Davidson responded.

Mr Charles Mackay was then called upon to propose a toast to the "Highland Regiments." He said—I need not recount the many deeds of valour performed by our Highland regiments since the time of the dashing exploits at Fontenoy till the present day (when we are gratified to learn of their arrival on an African shore, where they are certain to do their duty.) We know the 42d is the father of Highland regiments, or we may say the first and the last. The spontaneous spirit in which the Highland regiments were raised is remarkable. The Fraser Highlanders (who did so much service in America) were raised to the number of over 2000 by their chief and chieftains in a few weeks. Others were raised with equal despatch, as the 79th, the 78th, and the 92d. In Lord Macleod's, now the 71st regiment, I will always feel an interest, as my father was born in it, and his father fought and bled with it on the plains of Buenos Ayres, at the Cape, &c. In the memorable retreat from Salamanca to Corunna, it is worthy of note that it was six of the 42d that carried their beloved commander (Sir J. Moore) off the field. We know what these Highland regiments did in restoring the forfeited estates to their proper owners, although we lament that some of their successors have so soon forgotten it. But we are glad that there are chiefs who still hold by their people. Of this we have good examples at this table. It is often said that the martial spirit has degenerated in

the Highland people. Those who say so know nothing of Highland character. They may know a little of Highland statistics. Of the martial spirit of Highlanders we have ample proof from the number of volunteers who joined the 42d from the 79th the other week for the Gold Coast, among them two acquaintances from my own native Glen-Urquhart. This is what would be expected from *Reisamaid Alainn an Earaichd.* I believe there is at the present time a gallant officer from the War Office on a tour in the Highlands, inquiring into the alleged scarcity of recruits for the Highland regiments. It is to be hoped he will meet with the people to give him the proper information. Where I last heard of him was at Oban. It would be well if, ere he leaves that quarter, he crossed the Sound of Mull to the shores of Lochaline, where, in the tumbled homesteads and desolated fields, he will be told in silent, but unmistakeable language, one of the great causes of the scarcity of recruits. He will also find there greater enemies to Highland regiments than they ever met on the battlefield. If, however, he moves northward to the territory of one of our excellent Croupiers, he will find people as thick as midges, and that of the best material for Highland regiments, although we know that in recruiting they would be the better of Sir Kenneth at their head. I will conclude, then, by proposing the toast of "The Highland Regiments."

This toast was coupled with the name of Captain Chisholm of Glassburn, but the Chief responded, thanking them for drinking to the "Highland Regiments." For several years he had led the 42d, and his brother had also led the same gallant regiment. He (Cluny) at present had a son in the same regiment, who had gone with it to the Gold Coast. He had another son in the 93d Regiment. He hoped that some day one of these sons would command the 42d, and the other the 93d. This was his highest ambition. Although he said it himself, he thought they would be the right men in the right places. (Great applause.) Nothing could be more gratifying to him than to know that Highland regiments, when called upon, no matter what part of the world they had to go to, were always ready and willing to do their duty. The 42d, as they had heard, had now arrived on the Gold Coast, and he was in hopes that the men of his regiment would do that duty which was expected of them. He thought that the reason so few recruits were found was that wages at home were so high, and that there was not sufficient inducement offered to those that might be inclined to go. The same blood ran through their veins now as in days of old, and if sufficient were offered, he believed they were

ready to go. (Cheers.) In conclusion, he thanked those present for the manner in which they had drunk to the "Highland Regiments."

Sheriff Macdonald then gave a Gaelic song.

Councillor Davidson then proposed "Prosperity to the Trade and Town of Inverness" in a very appropriate manner.

Councillor Falconer briefly replied to this toast in suitable terms.

Councillor A. Mackenzie, Clachnacudain House, said that he felt himself quite incompetent to do anything like justice to the toast handed to him, for he could lay no claim to any special knowledge of the subject. Before, however, saying a few words to the toast, he would perhaps be allowed to express his gratification at the great success of this meeting under such happy auspices; having, as they had, the great honour of Cluny Macpherson's services, the Chief of the Society, as Chairman on this occasion, and of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, his own chief, and Sheriff Macdonald, as Croupiers. He was glad to say that he had the honour of proposing Cluny as Chief of the Society, and of proposing or seconding —he forgot which—Sir Kenneth as first Honorary Chieftain. The manner in which both acted this evening, and the interest they have always taken in the proceedings of the Society, proved that they had made an excellent choice, and he felt quite sure that all round the table would bear him out in this opinion. (Applause.) He would also say; in fact he felt that he was getting quite egotistical —(Laughter)—that he believed he was the first who suggested the idea of having a Gaelic Society in Inverness—first to Mr Murdoch, and afterwards to many others, some of whom quite ridiculed and pooh-poohed the idea; but now matters have so much changed, that hardly any one who could lay the slightest claim to respectability but was a member of the Gaelic Society. (Laughter.) But to come to the subject of his toast, "The Clergy of all Denominations." No one had a greater respect for them than he had. They held a position in which they wielded, or at least ought to wield an immense power; but he felt, with some of the ablest of themselves, that many of them were not keeping pace with the times. Although they had the peculiar advantage of talking any amount of good sense, or the reverse, without a chance of refutation by their audience, men of great ability and intellectual power, here and in other countries, were raising many difficulties in the present day, and our ministers were shutting their eyes to them. But how could clergymen be expected to grapple with and successfully refute these difficulties, when there were so

many other claims upon them of a different nature. There was hardly a baptism, a funeral, or a marriage, a dinner, tea, or any description of party, but ministers were supposed to grace with their presence, thus wasting the time necessary to prepare able discourses, and cope successfully with the errors of the age. He was glad, however, to have made the acquaintance of a clergyman present, who evidently kept himself well posted up in the literature of the day, and who did not shrink from grappling with the difficulties referred to, and that with considerable ability. He proposed "The Clergy of all Denominations," coupled with the name of his friend, the Rev. Mr Wright.

Rev. Mr Wright, in responding, said it was, of course, not expected that he should endorse all the sentiments expressed by Councillor Mackenzie in regard to religious matters, and as he did not anticipate that any remarks which he might at present make would tend much to modify his opinions in relation to these, he would meantime leave him to his own private judgment. (Laughter and applause.) Referring to the special topic of the evening, he said it had been his privilege to come into pretty close contact with two gentlemen thoroughly enthusiastic on the subject of the Gaelic language and literature, the one was Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, whose name ought ever to be respected by every true Highlander, for his zeal in behalf of the mother tongue, and the other was Monsieur Terrien of Paris, who, in conjunction with Dr Saxon of Oxford, had published a work in four different dialects of Gaelic, viz., Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and French. The latter gentleman used often to assert that in the province of France to which he belonged the Gaelic language was highly appreciated, and looked upon as an indispensable accomplishment by those who laid claim to polite learning, and on this account it was even more cultivated there than in many parts of Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr Murdoch gave "The Non-resident Members of the Society." He observed that in reading the report he made the discovery that there were now 125 members of the Society resident in Inverness, and 127 non-resident. They were largely indebted to the non-residents for the funds of the Society, and for much influence used in their behalf. The resident members were inside, and the non-resident members were outside the tent, and acted as stays to support it. They had members in nearly all parts of the world, and with this toast he would couple the name of a gentleman from Chicago now present—Mr Mackay. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Mr Mackay, in responding, spoke of the Celtic feeling which prevailed in the city in which he resided. They had now formed

a Celtic Association, and were keeping up their Celtic manners and customs much better than is being done in many parts of the Highlands. They did all they could to keep up their language and games. They often had a game of shinty, and sometimes had a Highland fling. (Cheers.) The Chief of the Association belonged to the clan of which the Chairman to-night was Chief, namely, the Macpherson. (Great applause.) So that in that respect the Chicago Association and the Inverness Gaelic Society were on the same footing. (Applause.) When he left Chicago, the Association numbered 50 members, and by this time he expected it would number 100. He thanked this Society for the kind reception it had given him.

Dr Macnee then gave "The Bench and Bar," to which Sheriff Macdonald and Mr James Davidson replied. Mr G. J. Campbell gave "Kindred Societies," acknowledged by Mr K. Fraser, secretary of the Literary Institute; Mr Huntly Fraser gave "The Press," to which Mr Barron replied.

Sheriff Macdonald gave "The Health of the Chairman," and in replying, Cluny stated that he was proud of being Chief of the Gaelic Society. What he could do was but little, but that little was always at their service; and he would continue doing everything he could for the Gaelic language and the Highlands of Scotland. (Applause.) He had now been Chief for two years, and with all deference, he submitted that some one else should now be appointed, and some one who was more accessible than he was. Cluny concluded by remarking, in Gaelic, that he would do everything, so long as in our midst, to keep up the Celt. (Applause.)

Mr Alex. Ross proposed "The Croupiers," and Sir Kenneth, in reply (alluding to the previous toast of the Clergy), said he had been told that he was the chaplain * of the Society. (Laughter.) Now, Mr Mackenzie had said that ministers had, or ought to have, an influence; and he would add that if they wished to improve the Highlands, there was no way in which it could be done better than by raising the class from which ministers were drawn. He remembered saying at the opening meeting of this Society, that one of its objects should be to excite the interest of the upper classes in the language of their forefathers, inducing them to retain that language, or acquire it if lost. Because, when the cultivated classes lost their interest in it, the leaven which leavens society ceased to influence the mass of the people; and it was one of the most unfortunate things in regard to a dying language, when

* Referring to a paragraph in a newspaper, calling him honorary chaplain, instead of honorary chieftain.

the upper classes lost the use of it, and the uneducated classes came to be in a worse condition than in an earlier stage of civilisation, when there was an element of refinement among them. It was an undoubted fact, that the clergy at this moment had a great influence in the Highlands; and although there were persons present of different persuasions, he thought they would all admit that the Free Church was the Church that influenced the great mass of Highlanders. There were Catholics in Mar, Lochaber, the Long Island, and Strathglass, and Episcopalians in Appin; but the people generally belonged to the Free Church, and if they wanted to influence the mass, it was through the clergy of the Free Church they could do it. (Applause.) Now, it was an unfortunate thing, and generally admitted, that the clergy of the Free Church—he believed it was the same in the Established Church—were not rising in intellect and social rank—(Laughter)—that there was rather a falling off in that—that the clergy were drawn not so much from the manse as from the cottar's house; and though he knew a number of clergy, very excellent, godly men, and very superior, considering the station from which they had risen, he thought it was not advantageous, as a rule, to draw the clergy from the lower, uneducated classes. (Hear, hear, and applause.) They did not start with that advantage in life which their sons would start with. There had been a talk of instituting bursaries for the advancement of Gaelic-speaking students. He did not see why they should not start a bursary or have a special subscription—he would himself contribute to it—a bursary for theological students sprung from parents of education—whose parents had been ministers, or who themselves had taken a degree in arts. That would tend to encourage the introduction of a superior class of clergymen. He wished to say nothing against the present ministers. He knew they were excellent men, but he thought their sons would be, in many cases, superior to themselves if they took to the ministry. He was sorry they did not take to it more frequently, and he would be glad if this Society offered them some encouragement.

Mr Grant, Tartan Warehouse, proposed the "Retiring Council of the Society." Mr Couper gave the "Host and Hostess," and the Chairman then wished the company good night. During the evening a number of capital songs were given by Mr Whyte, Sheriff Macdonald, Mr Kay, Mr Fraser, Mauld; Mr Macrae, High School; and Mr Couper; and the evening was altogether of an extremely pleasant character.

15th January 1874.

At this meeting it was decided that a secretary be appointed in future at a salary. It was reported to the Society that Mr Lachlan Macbean, the librarian, had commenced a Gaelic class, and the meeting expressed its hearty approval of Mr Macbean's action, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to him for the same, after which several gentlemen were nominated for office-bearers for 1874.

There was no business of importance at the meeting held on the 22d January.

29th January 1874.

This being the annual meeting for the election of office-bearers, after several accounts were passed and ordered to be paid, the meeting proceeded to ballot for office-bearers. The result will be found in the second part of this volume, referring to 1874-75. A vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring office-bearers for their services during the past year. Thereafter, the meeting unanimously "resolved to record in the minutes a special vote of thanks to the late secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, who, on the resignation of Mr William Mackay, in September last, cheerfully undertook, and since, with the greatest enthusiasm and acceptance to the Society, performed the duties of secretary."

12th February 1874.

A letter was received from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., thanking the Society for the honour conferred on him by being elected Chief of the Society for the current year, after which Mr Donald Macrae, High School, read a paper on

"THE STATE OF EDUCATION IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS,"

from which we make the following extracts:—

"The subject that I have chosen for this paper is one that at the present time attracts a good deal of attention from all who take an interest in the subject of Scottish education. There are several reasons why the educational condition of the Highlands takes up so much more public attention than some of the more favoured localities. Among these reasons are the geographical peculiarities of the country, the poverty of the inhabitants generally, the difference in language, and the sparseness of the population in

many districts. Intersected as the country is by straits, estuaries, and bridgeless rivers, it is very difficult to devise a scheme that can be sufficient to educate all the people.

"At the commencement of the present century the population was more generally distributed over the country than it now is. Then might be seen thickly-populated glens, the habitations of a happy tenantry, who, had they appreciated, could easily have afforded to provide the benefits of education for their children. They did not, however, feel the want of instruction. They were in a manner a people by themselves, and did not mix much with their more advanced fellow-countrymen in the south and east. They lived by the produce of their lands, and cherished an ardent attachment to the owners of the soil, who owned not only the towering hills and picturesque glens, but also the hearts of their tenantry.

"This state of patriarchal happiness (if such we can now call it) was not, however, destined to continue. The owners of the land were beginning to discover that Cheviot sheep and red-deer would be more remunerative than kilted men, and then began that heartless system of Highland clearances, about which so much has been said and written. These smiling vales were depopulated, and the people forced to seek a home elsewhere. A few of the more adventursome spirits sought a home and a market for their labour in the colonies, while others crowded to the manufacturing and mining districts of the Lowlands. But far the greater number merely removed to the various fishing hamlets which stud the coast, and there try to eke out a precarious subsistence by fishing during part of the year, and when this fails them they emigrate to the South in search of employment as labourers. When thus forced to mix more with the rest of their fellow-countrymen, they begin to feel the want of education. This they do to a much larger extent than those whose mother tongue is English. They feel their want of English very much, and they know that the only way by which they can attain this knowledge is to take advantage of whatever English schools may be placed within their reach. It is always a great object with an illiterate Highlander to enable his children to read their Bibles, and communicate with one another by writing. They keenly feel the inconvenience of having to let another person know what they wish to communicate to their friends, or, as one of themselves expresses it, 'It is a hardship to have your tongue in another man's cheek.'

"The district that I include under the general term of 'Western Highlands,' includes the parishes comprised within the

bounds of the Synods of Argyll and Glenelg, and those within the Presbytery of Tongue, with the parish of Assynt, which belongs to the Presbytery of Dornoch. The district extends from Loch Long in the south, round the West Coast to the boundary between Sutherland and Caithness on the Pentland Firth. It includes also all the Hebrides, from Islay in the south to Lewis in the north. When I mention either of the counties included in the district, I wish the Society to understand that any statement I may make regarding them will apply only to the West Coast parishes in each case.

[An Act was passed in 1803 making further provision for education in the West Highlands and Islands.]

"The supplementary schools established under the Act of 1861 are known as side-schools. This provision was never very largely taken advantage of, and there is not much cause to regret it, when we consider that the heritors were not bound to provide accommodation, and that the salaries would be necessarily small.

"When Parliamentary churches were built in remote divisions of the larger parishes, Parliamentary schools were built in connection with each. These differ from side-schools in the source of their salary, those for Parliamentary schools being derived from a Parliamentary grant.

"The various associations at work in these necessitous districts are—

(1.) "The oldest of these is the 'Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge,' which was established in 1709 for the purpose of supplying education in the remote districts of Scotland, especially in the Highlands and Islands. If some of the landowners could be induced to assist in building schools, the usefulness of this Association is capable of much extension. It differs from all the other associations, in having permanent funds instead of being dependent on annual subscriptions as all the others are.

(2.) "The next agency established was the 'Society for the support of Gaelic Schools,' which was instituted in 1812. The object of the Society was to supply circulating schools for the teaching of Gaelic reading in such places as could not be overtaken by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Of late, the directors passed a resolution, authorising instruction in English where it is required.

"These schools are very much appreciated by the people. Not only children, but also adults, come a long distance to attend them. In the island of Benbecula, the Society's report states that they

had the old man of sixty and the young man of thirty learning the same elementary lesson. In Lochs, in Lews, there were no less than nine mothers attending and acquiring the same lessons as their own children. Of the pupils of another school in the same parish, one was the mother of a family, of whom three were sitting round her, and acquiring the same acquaintance with the rudiments of language. In the quarterly report of one of the teachers occurs the following passage :—'I may mention to you that I have attending the school here nine married women, and one of them is 61 years of age; herself and her daughters, and daughter's children, are at school. There are other two of them 51 and 49 years of age.' These are startling statements, and show sufficiently, I think, what an earnest desire for instruction exists among the inhabitants of these remote corners of the land. These schools are a great blessing to these necessitous districts, not only in affording the means of instruction to the young; but in many cases the teachers carry on the missionary work of their district, when far removed, as many of them are, from any church. They are generally chosen with reference rather to their personal piety than to their literary acquirements, and their attention has been directed to the diffusion of religious as well as secular knowledge. The instruction given in Gaelic stimulates the people to seek the acquirement of English, and the late Rev. Dr Mackay, of Harris, in his evidence before the Commissioners, says that Gaelic should be taught in the schools, but exclusively Gaelic schools will not satisfy the people.

"The General Assembly scheme of the Church of Scotland was originated in the year 1825, mainly with the view of supplying elementary instruction in the Hebrides, which was much required at the time. General Assembly schools are now, however, to be found throughout the whole of Scotland, though the most of them are still in the Highlands. In order to provide a supply of suitable teachers for the Highland districts, they afforded much encouragement to young men possessing a knowledge of Gaelic; such of these Highland students as were not qualified to pass the examination for admission to the Normal Schools, and consequently got no scholarships, were put on what was called the General Assembly Free List, and received a sum generally equal in value to the ordinary scholarships. By this means a number of young men were trained, who were appointed to schools in the Highlands, where a knowledge of Gaelic is absolutely necessary in the teacher.

"A great impetus was given to education in the Highlands as

well as elsewhere by the Disruption in 1843. The Free Church was anxious to maintain a school in connection with each congregation. The leaders of the Church were at the time impelled to this course by the necessity for making provision for all the teachers of Parochial, Society, and General Assembly schools who joined them, and had consequently to resign their situations. Much has been said against the placing of these schools in close proximity to existing ones, but this has not been done to a large extent in the Western Highlands, except in the case of large villages. It is a very rare thing to find a Free Church congregational school within a mile of the parish school. There was room enough for all the schools that could be established. It can easily be understood, that when a teacher ceased to be connected with a school at the Disruption, he would be anxious, as far as possible, to retain his connection with his former pupils, whose parents had a common cause with himself. Hence, that in some cases the new schools were set up so near the old ones. In some cases the people supported the Free Church schools so much that the General Assembly and Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge withdrew their schools altogether.

"The 'Edinburgh Free Church Ladies' Association for the Religious Improvement of the Western Highlands and Islands' was founded in 1850. Its objects are twofold, to establish and assist schools in Highland districts, and to assist promising young men in prosecuting their studies for the ministry. The teachers nearly all go to college in winter, and leave the school under substitutes. So that during the school-going period of the year they cannot be but indifferently conducted. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mr Nicholson reports them to be, as a rule, pretty well taught, and but a few really bad. Ministers and other gentlemen interested in education visit these schools, and some of their reports are very gratifying. In 1868 they were visited by the Earl of Cavan; Principal Lumsden, Aberdeen; Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh; Rev. Lewis Irving, Falkirk; Rev. D. Sutherland, Inverness; Rev. Mr Mackay, Lybster; Dr Gibson, Glasgow; and several of the local clergymen. One of the latter was accompanied by the Editor of the *Inverness Courier*, who gave the following account of it in his issue of the 9th April 1868:—

"'Excellent schools have been established in all parts of Kintail and Lochalsh, one of which we had the pleasure of seeing at work. It is probably one of the smallest on the estate; the children belonged to various classes, some of them in easy circum-

stances, and others very poor; but they appeared to be all exceedingly well taught, and the teacher evidently took a pride in his work. In another column will be found the reports of various school examinations in the Highlands; they are all most favourable; so much so that one hardly knows how much of the laudation to believe; and if we were told that in an out-of-the-way place like Ardelve (Sallachy), occupied almost entirely by Gaelic-speaking labourers and crofters, there was a really good school, we should have been somewhat sceptical on the point. But having seen it in operation, our testimony, whatever it may be worth, is very favourable.'

"This reference to schools in the Highlands is gratifying from a gentleman of such standing as the editor of the *Inverness Courier*. The school in question, I consider a fair specimen of the Ladies' Schools. The class of children there, in my opinion, are in better circumstances than in many other districts occupied by the Association. In many other schools I know, more advanced scholars can be met with; but I have no doubt the school will be equal to the rest in that respect through time, as it is one of the newest schools.

"The Glasgow Free Church Ladies' Association was formed in 1852, with objects similar to the Edinburgh one."

19th February 1874.

This evening the following paper, from the Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg, entitled—

"ORIGIN OF THE INDO-EUROPEAN LANGUAGES & THEIR AFFINITY TO THE SHEMITIC CLASS,"

Was read by the Honorary Secretary:—

"Man, as he originally came from the hand of God, his Maker, was endowed with the gift of language. He had occasion for the early exercise of this gift in the Garden of Eden in his giving 'names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field, and in giving expression to his gratitude in the reception of her who had been created that she might be a help-meet for him.'

"The language thus immediately given to Adam, and spoken by our first parents in the Garden of Eden, was the only language

spoken by their posterity during a period of upwards of one thousand seven hundred years. At the time of the building of the Tower of Babel, we are told that 'the whole earth was of one language and of one speech.'

"What the primeval tongue of the human race may have been has formed the subject of much discussion among men of learning. According to some, the primeval tongue has been lost, and it is now impossible to determine to which of the existing classes of languages it made the greatest approximation. According to others, if the primitive language of mankind was not the Hebrew, it was probably a language of the same (that is, of the Shemitic) class.

"The fact of the Hebrew tongue having been made the medium through which the oldest writings on record, the Old Testament Scriptures, have been transmitted to us, *cæteris paribus*, gives it a preferable claim to the distinction of its being regarded as the primeval tongue. We have strong presumptive evidence in favour of its originality, from the proper names contained in the Book of Genesis, and through the Pentateuch. Such names as Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Japheth and Peleg, are there given to those who are so called, because of some notable event in their individual history, or some prominent feature in their character; and the reasons assigned for their being so named are expressly connected with the etymological roots from which those proper names have been derived, which roots unquestionably are pure Hebrew. Thus, *e.g.*, Cain, *possession*, so called by his mother, is from a Hebrew root that signifies *to get*, *to possess*, Gen. iv. 1; and Peleg or Phaleg, *division*, is taken from a corresponding root, which signifies *to divide*, 'And unto Eber were born two sons: the name of the one was Peleg, for in his days was the earth divided,' chap. x. 25.

"The way in which this notable fact is accounted for by those who do not admit the reality of any particular connection between the Japhetic or Indo-European languages and the Shemitic, is by making the highly improbable conjecture that in these parts of the sacred narrative Moses, the inspired penman, has given us a mere translation of the original. This, as the learned Walton observes in his Prolegomena, is an unreasonable conjecture, utterly destitute of historical analogy.

"Those who were engaged in the building of the Tower at the time of the confusion of language were 'the children of men,' as distinguished from 'the sons of God.' 'That Noah himself and all the godly,' says Dr Owen, 'abstained from that insane project,

the sacred Scripture has indicated. Those who undertook that wicked enterprise were "the children of men." These are opposed to "the sons of God," or to those who were pious and feared God. For "the sons of God," from the days of Enos, both before and after the flood, were pious men, adhering to the theology of Adam, and to divine worship. "The children of men were deserters and apostates."'

"It does not appear, therefore, that the primeval language underwent any change in the family of Shem in the line of Arphaxad, Salah, Eber, and Peleg. They seem to have still remained inhabitants of the vale of Shinar. 'And their dwelling was from Mesha, as thou goest into Sephar, a mount of the east.' Hence it is called the Jews' language. Isaiah xxxvi., 11. Out of the same country went forth Terah and Abraham, who were descendants of Eber, Chaldea being situated in the land of Shinar.

"We may reasonably assume that, in the case of 'the children of men,' the confusion of tongues was brought about at this remarkable era, not by the introduction of languages radically new, but as the words of the Scripture narrative appear to signify, by means of a supernatural change wrought upon the minds of the builders, so that they could no longer distinctly remember the words and idioms of their former language, or understand one another's speech. 'Because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.'

"In the classification of languages the Shemite class comprises the following branches:—

1. The Hebrew Branch.
2. The Syriac Branch.
3. The Median Branch.
4. The Himyaritic Branch.
5. The Arabic Branch.
6. The Abyssinian Branch.

"Of all the languages having their origin, either immediately or more remotely, in the confusion of tongues, and at the era of the subsequent dispersion of the families of the sons of Noah, the most important by far is the class denominated the Japhetic or the Indo-European. This class includes the following branches:—

1. The Medo-Persian Branch.
2. The Teutonic Branch.
3. The Sanscrit Branch.

4. The Greco-Latin Branch.
5. The Sclavonic Branch.
6. The Celtic Branch, comprising—

CYMRIC LANGUAGES, viz.:—	GAELIC LANGUAGES, viz.:—
Welsh.	Irish.
Cornish	Scotch.
Breton or Armorican.	Manx.

"These languages, the Indo-European, having been compared one with another, are found to have so many characteristics in common as to leave no doubt of their belonging to the same class, and of their having sprung from one common original. This is shown among others, with much ability, by Professor Bopp, of Berlin, in his Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Sclavonic languages. 'No one, perhaps, now doubts any longer,' he says, 'regarding the original identity of the above-mentioned languages.' 'Even so early as in my system of conjugation, the establishment of a connection of languages was not so much a final object with me as the means of penetrating into the secrets of lingual development, since languages which were originally one, but during thousands of years have been guided by their own individual destiny, mutually clear up and complete one another, inasmuch as one in this place, another in that, has preserved the original organization in a more healthy and sound condition.'

"The argument in support of the common origin of the Indo-European tongues, founded partly on the fact of a large number of kindred words, bearing a close resemblance, being met with in the various languages of the class to which they belong, may also be legitimately employed in comparing this class of languages with the Shemitic. It will not be denied that there is a multitude of words in the one class bearing a close resemblance to kindred words in the other. As an explanation of this, it is not enough to be told that a correspondency so observable and so extensive may have been brought about accidentally. The only rational way to account for this fact is by supposing that both classes of languages had a common origin, or that the one class has been derived from the other.

"But the main difficulty in connecting the Aryan or Indo-European with the Shemitic class consists in the difference of their grammatical structure. How the one class, on the whole, can be so complex and elaborate in its grammatical system, and the other so simple, is the principal philological problem that requires to be solved. The only answer, perhaps, that can be given to this in-

quiry, sufficient to account for so extensive a similarity in the vocabulary, together with a difference so wide in the grammatical forms of those classes respectively, is to be found in the preceding theory regarding the origin of a diversity of tongues. The change wrought on the minds of those designated 'the children of men,' so that they could no longer understand one another's speech, or distinctly remember their former language, would no doubt continue after their occupation of the different regions assigned to them, 'every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.' Supposing that, in the case of the families of the dispersion, the influence by which the new languages then introduced were made to differ from their common original in their vocabulary, to be continuous in its effects, we have no reason to wonder at our finding a somewhat corresponding change in the grammatical forms of those languages.

"In tracing out the origin of the Indo-European tongues, and the relation in which they stand to those of the Shemitic class, the Celtic language appears to afford peculiar advantages. So different is this branch in some of its characteristics from its kindred languages of the Eastern stem, that several eminent philologists refused to assign it a place among the languages of the Indo-European class.

"As the result of able investigation, on the part of men who have made comparative philology their study, we have reason to think that the Celtic has its appropriate place among the Japhetic languages. But we believe at the same time in its having a real systematic connection with the languages that belong to the Shemitic stock.

"A proper exhibition of this affinity would require a lengthened investigation. For the present, taking the Hebrew as a representative of the one class, and the Celtic as a representative of the other, we shall only notice the following particulars:—

"1. In the Hebrew language there is no neuter. The only genders are the masculine and the feminine. These likewise are the only two genders in Gaelic.

"2. The noun in Hebrew for the most part comes before its appropriate adjective. The case is the same in the Gaelic language.

"3. In Hebrew the verb generally comes before its nominative. It is the same in the Gaelic.

"4. In the Hebrew verb, strictly speaking, there is no present tense. The only tenses are the preterite and the future. It is so likewise in Gaelic. For the formation of the present tense an auxiliary verb is required.

"These are a few of the many coincidences that might be ad

duced, and what has been stated in connection with the Scoto-Gaelic might generally be maintained in regard to the other dialects of the Celtic.

"We are aware that the views above indicated regarding the relation in which the Indo-European languages stand to those of the Shemitic class are not according to the prevailing theory, but it cannot be said with propriety, that therefore they are not scientific. We know, moreover, that the most eminent for their philological attainments will not readily aver that success in this direction is hopeless. Much encouragement to the prosecution of inquiries on the principles of this very theory was given by that great theologian and eminent scholar, the late Dr Duncan of Edinburgh."

26th February 1874.

The Honorary Secretary read the following paper, contributed by Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, Edinburgh, entitled

"NOTICES OF BRITTANY."

"On the west coast of France, between latitude 47½ deg. and 49 deg., and projecting into the Atlantic Ocean, not unlike Cornwall on the opposite island of Great Britain, lies the district of France called in French Bretagne, and by us Brittany. The country is divided into three large departments. To the north-east lies that of the Côtes de Nord, the Northern Coasts, a French name. To the west lies the department of Finisterre, a mixed French and Latin name. A portion of this department is called in the native language, Cornwaille, identical with the British Cornwall right opposite. And the third is called the Morbihan, a Celtic name meaning the Little Sea, from *mor*, the sea; and *bihan*, the Welsh *fechan*, and the Gaelic *beagan*, 'little.' This region is occupied by a population of about 800,000, who speak a Celtic tongue called, both by the French and by the natives, Breton.

"The oldest notices we have of Brittany are from Julius Cæsar. From no nation in ancient Gaul did he receive a resistance more resolute than from the Veneti. They were a people accustomed to the sea, who brought large and well-manned fleets to meet the incursions of their invaders. This name suggests an interesting and important historical inference. It has long been a question whether the inhabitants of Brittany were not a colony from Britain, driven over by the later Roman or the Saxon invaders,

The solution of the question may be found, among others, in the very word referred to. The Roman name, Veneti, is a new adaptation of the Breton Guened, a term found to this day in Vannes, the name of the chief city in the Morbihan. The word is a Breton word, derived from 'Guen,' the Breton word for *fair*, a term found in the Welsh, 'gwen,' and the Gaelic 'fionn,' *white*. From this it appears that the Breton tongue was not only spoken in the days of Cæsar, but existed in the topography of the country, a sufficient reply to an assertion as baseless as the one which, on authority of similar value, would derive the population of Scotland from Ireland. Such emigrations were highly popular among historical writers at a period not far distant, however at variance with what common-sense and historical fact suggest with regard to the peopling of countries. The Bretons held Brittany in the days of Julius Cæsar.

"Cæsar's account of these ancient Celts is full of interest. He tells us that the Veneti had more influence than any of the countries on the whole sea-coast, because they had a great many ships with which they were accustomed to sail to Britain, and consequently excelled all the other Gauls in their knowledge of nautical affairs. The Celts have been accused of not being seamen, which, with all other excellencies, has been claimed for the Saxon; yet at this present time the chief nursery for the navy of France is found among the Celts of Brittany. The ships of these people were large, and heavier than those of the Romans, and so high in the sides that the latter could not with effect cast their spears into them. They were overcome by means of a weapon to which they were strangers—a sharpened hook, which cut their leathern sails away from the masts. Their towns were built upon points of land projecting into the sea, which rendered their storming difficult; and upon danger becoming imminent, the inhabitants were able to retire with all their effects to some neighbouring town. They thus were able long to resist the assaults of the Romans, who had never met a braver or more stubborn foe.

"In modern times the most remarkable thing about the Breton population is their religious zeal. They are supporters of the Church of Rome, and in no part of France has that Church supporters so fervent. The churches are large, handsome, and well attended. A church filled at six o'clock every morning by the working population of a small town who congregate there, without any priest or service, to begin the day with prayer, is a remarkable spectacle, and one which speaks much for the religious earnestness of the people. In addition to this, the country is

studded with crosses. Several Calvaires, or representations of the crucifixion—some of them, as that of Pluhastel, near Brest, very famous—exist; while figures of our Lord, both on the cross and with the wounded body in other attitudes, are used to stimulate the religious affections of the people. Nor is the country without its martyrs and its martyrdoms. Near to Vannes is the 'Champs de Martyrs,' where 5000 women and children were shot down in cold blood by the soldiers of the first French Revolution—the wives, and sisters, and children of the men who had fought for the Bourbons, and who, in doing so, believed that they were fighting for their religion. Our history records the meetings of our Covenanters for religious worship on the desolate moors and barren heaths of our land; the history of Brittany records similar meetings of men of a different creed on a no less desolate and barren ocean. Christian worship was forbidden by revolutionary and infidel France. The Christian Bretons, with the ministers of their religion, put to sea at night, and far out on the bosom of the ocean, by the light of a few twinkling lamps, they celebrated the services of their religion. We do not acquiesce in their religious views, but we can the no less admire the firmness and constancy which made them hold, at every cost, by what they held to be pure and true. A generalisation of the facts connected with Celtic religious history brings out with marked relief the strong religious feelings of the race. Usually ethnologists have divided them into two great branches, which are denominated severally with most accuracy the Gaelic and the Cymric branch. The religious condition of each of these is remarkable and suggestive. Among the divisions which constitute the Gael, one section, embracing the Scottish Highlanders and the Manx, are among the most earnestly Protestant population in the world; the other section, composed of the native Irish, are just as devoted to the Church of Rome. The same classification is found among the Cymric. Nowhere will a more earnestly Protestant population be found than in Wales, nowhere will a more earnestly Roman Catholic population be found than in Brittany. Their respective religious history shows how firm is the hold which religious ideas and principles take of the Celtic mind, and with what warmth and devotedness the Celts range themselves on the side which they choose among religious bodies.

"One of the first objects which visitors have to encounter in travelling through Brittany, is the language of the people. It is soon found that while a number of them, especially in the towns, speak French, the body of the people speak a language totally

distinct. And the first feature of the language, as in other languages with which we are brought into contact, is its accent. On listening closely to Bretons speaking French, and then suddenly turning to Breton, it appears as if there were little or no change of accent. When a Highlander passes from speaking Gaelic to speaking English, he carries his accent usually along with him, and that accent appears foreign to the latter. When the Breton carries his accent into the speaking of French, it appears as natural to the latter language as to his own, so much so that a stranger to both languages could not tell by the accent which it was he spoke. A warrantable inference from this fact is, that it is the Breton which has communicated its peculiar accent to the French. The language itself has retired to a corner of the Empire, but its accent remains behind, despite of Roman and later influences from beyond the Rhine. The same fact appears in our own country. The accent of the English in the several districts which border the Highlands, is the peculiar accent of the Gaelic which has retired. The English of the West of Scotland is distinguished by the Gaelic accent of Argyllshire and the West generally. A stranger to both English and Gaelic could not tell by the accent of an Ayrshire peasant whether he spoke Gaelic or English. This statement is the result of close and continuous observation, and the writer is well assured that, in the study of accent as distinguished by words, a field of inquiry is opened up which, cautiously and skilfully cultivated, will yield important results in the interests of historical truth. It is a subject of inquiry on which no man need enter who has not a sensitive musical ear, and has not made himself familiar with musical modulations.

"The Breton language belongs to the Cymric branch of the Celtic tongues. It is rather a remarkable thing that both the great branches of which these are composed divide themselves into three subordinate sections—the Gaelic into Scotch Gaelic, Irish, and Manx; and the Cymric into Welsh, Cornish, and Breton, all these being confined to the United Kingdom except the Breton. The closest affinities of the Breton are with the ancient Cornish. We have heard it said that a Highlander could understand a Breton speak; stories have been told of Highland soldiers conversing with Bretons during the wars of this country with France. The thing is a pure delusion, or else both languages, or one of them at least, must have undergone wonderful changes in a short period. The fact is, a Welshman cannot understand a Breton, and it is very doubtful whether an ancient Cornishman could, except pretty much as a Highlander does a native Irishman. Yet the

Breton language has affinities with the Gaelic, and in some cases approaches nearer to it than to the Welsh. For instance, *a good man* is in Welsh 'dyn da,' in Breton it is 'dyn mad,' in which latter there is a very near approach to the Gaelic 'duine maith.' This is but an instance of several that might be given. It is clear, however, that the Breton does not hold himself to be Gaelic, for the name which the Breton applies to French to this day is Gallec. If a Breton wishes to ask you whether you speak French, he asks you whether you speak Gallec. This is sufficient to prove that, in the estimation of the ancient inhabitants of France, the French is not of Teutonic extraction, notwithstanding all that Pinkerton said of the origin of the race who spoke it.

"In writing their language the Bretons use the Roman letters, and all those that compose the English alphabet are in use save the w—strange contrast to the Welsh, in which no letter is in more common use than the w, used as a vowel. The Breton undergoes those changes in the initial articulations of words characteristic of the Celtic tongues, and called by Gaelic grammarians 'aspiration.' These, as in Gaelic, sometimes indicate gender—thus, 'un den mad' is *a good man*, 'ur voes vad' is *a good woman*, where the *m* passes into *v*, just as in Gaelic. These changes in the Bretons are called by French writers 'adoucissement,' or softening, a very expressive term, and more comprehensive than our 'aspiration.' In these mutations, for the letters subject to them are called mutable, the letters c k and q pass into g, which becomes softened further into h; p passes into b, which softens into f and v; t has its corresponding d, softening into z; and m makes one change into v. These mutations differ from those which the corresponding letters undergo in Gaelic, but the principle which regulates them is the same. The length of this lecture does not admit of my giving you the corresponding mutations in Welsh, but they are very similar to the Breton. The vowels have generally the same sound as in French. The use of the z gives a peculiar character to the whole spoken language, just like the ll in Welsh. A stranger can hardly conceive to what an extent that particular articulation affects the whole character of spoken Welsh, although it may be found among ourselves, for the writer has the belief that the broad l of the Lothians, so marked in the way in which the word *lady* and similar words are pronounced in this city, is a remnant of the ancient British l, and has come down from the time when the Pictish Britons spoke their language in this very place. The z which gives a sort of buzzing sound to their language, is equally characteristic of the speech of the Bretons.

"As in the other Celtic tongues, the Breton has but one article, the definite, but this article assumes many shapes for euphony's sake, being found as en, er, el, the first of these corresponding to the Gaelic *an*. It differs from the Gaelic article in having no masculine or feminine form, and in being the same in the plural as in the singular number. In Gaelic we have a masculine and feminine form, most distinctly in the genitive, and frequently in the nominative, as 'an duine,' 'a bhean,' although our grammarians ignore the latter as a separate form, by attaching an apostrophe to it. The Bretons make more use than the Gael of the numeral 'un,' *one*, which comes to stand for the indefinite article.

"As in the other Celtic tongues, nouns have two genders, the masculine and feminine. The numeral *two* has a remarkable influence, for it is by the use of it that the gender of a noun is distinguished. In Gaelic it is decided by the form of the succeeding adjective, in Breton by that of the preceding dual numeral. The *two* has the masculine form *deu* and the feminine form diüe. If, in speaking, a noun takes *deu*, it is masculine, as 'deu zen' *two men;* or diüe, it is feminine, as 'diüe vam,' *two mothers*. This can only be decided by the ear, as no fixed rules can be given for distinguishing the gender beyond those of somewhat general application. In the case of adjectives, the gender is indicated almost precisely as in Gaelic, by what we call aspiration in the case of the mutable consonants. Thus, *a strong man* is 'un den bras,' *a strong woman* 'urvoes vras.' The identity of grammatical form is remarkable.

"The Breton plural is formed like the Welsh. The normal method is by the addition of 'en.' As 'aval,' *an apple*, 'avalen,' *apples*; 'amser,' *time*, 'amseren,' *times;* 'tu,' *a side*, 'tuien,' *sides*. But the exceptions, if they should be called such, are numerous, as a large class taking *ion;* thus, 'bugul,' a shepherd, 'bugulion,' *shepherds;* 'mevul,' *a servant*, 'mevulion,' *servants;* others take 'ed,' as 'magueres,' *a nurse*, 'magueresed,' *nurses;* 'avocad,' *an advocate*, 'avocadéd,' *advocates;* 'oen,' *a lamb*, 'oenéd,' *lambs*. Some plurals are abbreviations of the singular, a somewhat anomalous form, as 'piren,' *a pear*, 'pir,' *pears;* 'quelionen,' *a fly*, 'quelion,' *flies;* other forms exist, but most of them follow closely the analogies of the Celtic tongues. There is hardly one of these plural forms whose analogue may not be found in the Welsh and Gaelic.

"The Breton verb appears to the learner inextricably complex, and would almost lead us to believe of the language, what some Welshman said of his own, that he would defy any man but a

Welshman to learn it. The Breton verb, however, suffers in this respect from being presented to us alongside that of the French, which is made use of to represent its power. It would be somewhat easier for us if its power were elucidated by means of the English verb. As presented to us by French grammarians, we find that the verb *to be*, 'bout,' has seven different conjugations. There is the simple form, there is the form representing the use of the French *que*, there is the negative form, there is the form used before an adjective, there is the impersonal form, represented in French by *il y a*, there is the form after conjunctions, and 8th, there is the unimpersonal form after 'mar,' *if*. All these forms include all the tenses. Other verbs, however, are satisfied with two or three modes of conjugation. The Breton, unlike the Gaelic and the Welsh, and like the Irish, has a present tense. 'Gobèr' is the word for *to make*, no doubt the same word with the Gaelic 'obair,' *work*, 'ag obair' being the Gaelic participle *working*. The present tense of the verb 'gober' is 'hra,' 'me hra,' *I do*. There is a curious analogy here with the Gaelic. One Gaelic word for 'res,' 'a thing,' is 'ni.' The representative of 'I do,' being the future in Gaelic, is 'ni.' The Breton word for 'a thing' is 'dra,' and *I do* is 'hra.' This last word is obviously the Gaelic 'rud,' and both are clearly related to the Latin 'res.' But the curious thing is how in both languages the word representing *an object* passes into the form of a verb, and becomes the representative of the action which calls the object into existence. The Breton, again, differs from the Gaelic, the Irish, and the Welsh, in having a verb to represent the English *have*. In the latter languages this idea of possession is represented as in Latin, when *est mihi* has the power of *habeo*. The Gaelic has the representative of *habeo*, 'gabh,' but it means *to take*, and not *to have;* in Welsh, 'cafael' represents the gentler idea of *to get*. But in Breton the 'tha agam,' or *I have* of the Gael, is expressed by the verb 'en dout,' *to have*. Being an irregular verb, *I have* is 'me més.' The Breton verb further differs from the Gaelic in having, like the Latin, the infinitive as the root. This part of the verb has three distinct terminations—'ein,' as in the Gaelic 'faicinn,' 'saoilsinn,' 'mealltainn;' 'at,' the Gaelic 'adh,' as in 'bualadh,' 'magadh;' and 'al,' as in the Gaelic 'faghail,' 'gabhail.' But in whatever form it is, it is the root of the verb, and not the present, as in Irish, or the imperative, as in Gaelic. But without continuing this sketch of Breton grammar further, it will be found that, while the language has its own peculiarities, it is essentially one of our Celtic tongues, resembling most closely the Cymric and the Cornish, but having numerous analogies not found in them with the Gaelic.

"The language follows the general course of the Cymric branch of the Celtic languages in its peculiar articulations. Gu uniformly stands for the Gaelic f. The word 'guen,' referred to already, synonymous with the Welsh 'gwen,' stands for the Gaelic 'fionn,' translated *fair*. It is interesting to find how uniformly the Romans represented this sound by their f or v. The 'guenned' of the Breton became the Roman 'venetia,' a peculiarity pervading their whole nomenclature in Gaul and Britain. It was thus that the Guortigern of the Bretons became the Roman Vortigern; p and c interchange between Breton and Gaelic, as is the case with the Welsh—thus the Breton 'pilme,' stands for the Gaelic 'co,' *who;* as the Breton 'petra' for the Gaelic 'ciod,' *what;* the Breton 'piar' and 'pedair,' for the Gaelic 'ceithir,' *four*, and so forth. In like manner the Breton h stands for the Gaelic s—thus the Breton 'halar,' represents the Gaelic 'salann,' *salt;* the Breton 'hael,' *the sun*, represents the Gaelic 'solus,' *light;* and the Breton 'halogi,' *to defile*, the Gaelic 'salachadh.' In like manner h and f interchange, as may be readily understood in the case of the aspirate and the digamma. There are several other such interchanges, in which for the most part the Breton and the Welsh occupy the same ground. In no class of languages is this change of initial articulations in the same words so marked as in the Celtic, nor can it anywhere else be studied so well. The dialects are all living but one, and they are so near each other in point of locality that the scholar can find little difficulty in making them a subject of inquiry. They teach us the process by which languages having the same origin do gradually diverge more and more from each other.

"The written literature in which this language is treasured up is somewhat more limited than that of your own Gaelic. In prose it is pretty much confined to the Bible, recently translated, and the service book of the Roman Catholic Church, with other religious works. The priesthood are the warm friends of this ancient tongue, notwithstanding the opposition of the French Government. All that the latter can do to suppress it they do, even going so far as to forbid its use in schools. There are parties in Scotland who would not allow a word of Gaelic to be taught if they could help it. Of ancient writings Zeuss refers to chartularies of Breton monasteries so far back as 1162, in which the language is found written, especially so far as its proper names are concerned. He refers also to a life of St Monna or Monnita, the mother of St David, written previous to the 12th century, and edited recently by a well known Breton scholar, M. Legonnidec. Latterly the collection of Breton poetry by the Count de Villemarqué is too well

known to require much notice here. It is a remarkable work, and well worth the attention of the Celtic scholar. The whole style of the poetry, and the music which accompanies it, are purely Celtic, and wonderfully like what was common but a few years ago among the Gael of Scotland. A dictionary, two grammars, and vocabularies of the language exist, and are sufficiently accessible to such as understand French. Specimens of the language may here not be uninteresting. *The world* is 'er bed,' the Welsh 'byd,' and the Gaelic 'bith;' *heaven* is 'en nean,' the Gaelic 'neamhan;' *the sun* is 'en hiaul; *the moon* 'el loer;' *day* is 'en dé;' *night* 'en noz;' *a church* is 'en ilis;' *a town* 'ur guer;' *how are you?* 'ha hiu zon gáillard?' *I am glad to see you,* 'joé, bras e mès doh hiu cùélèt;' *where were you yesterday?* 'mèn é hoèh-hui bet dèh?' *At Vannes, at Mr ——'s, who arrived from Rennes to see his father.* 'E gùénèd, è ty en eutru—pehani e arihué a ruan a huélèt é dad.'

"It will be seen, in examining the structure of the modern Breton, that it has borrowed largely from the French. Half the verbs of the language are French, while a large proportion of the nouns are from the same source. It is at the same time true that the French is largely a debtor to the Breton. Much of its grammar is Celtic, in nothing more clearly so than in the use of the double negative. The *ne pas* of the French is just the *ne quet*, and sometimes the *ne pas*, of the Breton; while innumerable vocables still in use among the French are remnants still existing, invested with a new life, of the ancient language of Gaul.

"The monuments of Brittany are among the most interesting relics in the world. They have been divided into Christian, Roman, and Druidic. It is with the latter that I intend to deal for a little. It has been estimated that there are ninety localities in the Morbihan alone where remains exist of the ancient Armoricans. These are found of various kinds. There is the menhir, or *high stone*, often standing alone, and frequently in groups, variously arranged; then there is the dolmen, or *table stone* (from 'dol,' *a table*, and 'maen,' *a stone*), consisting of a large stone laid horizontally upon other stones standing erect. These dolmens are sometimes exposed to view; at others, deep in the heart of a tumulus. The tumuli are themselves remarkable relics, rising, as they do, to a height of thirty or forty feet from the surface, and covering half-an-acre of ground, the whole being obviously constructed by the hand of man. Other structures are found, thought by some writers to be remains of heathen altars, but so defaced that their condition is accounted for by the supposition that, being peculiarly sacred among the heathen, they were objects

of peculiar animosity to the early Christians. Let it not be imagined that the Reformers were the only iconoclasts. The places and objects dedicated to an abandoned worship are ever objects of marked aversion to the supporters of a succeeding faith, more especially so long as the memory of the former lives in the public mind. Christianity itself was iconoclastic everywhere in its earlier stages, and not without reason, if we allow our forefathers the right which we challenge of judging for ourselves.

"Perhaps the most satisfactory way of presenting you with a view of some of these Celtic remains, is by giving you a short account of a personal visit last June to some of those at Carnac and the neighbourhood, the most remarkable in all Brittany. Two lines of road lead the traveller from Auray, an important town in the Morbihan, towards the great collection of Celtic monuments to the south—the one goes nearly southerly to Carnac and the neighbouring villages, the other south-east, towards Locmariaquer and Gavr-Innis. I and the friends who accompanied me devoted a day to each. On the western route, to the north of the village of Plouharnel, we saw the first specimens of dolmens, but passed them hurriedly, in order to reach the group of three to the west of the village. Here, in a heathery heap, these remarkable structures appear. They are not buried, although some antiquaries are of opinion that in all similar cases the covering tumuli have worn away. But as they exist now, the dolmens of Plouharnel are perfectly exposed to view. The three are placed close to each other, the long passages by which they were entered facing the south. In the middle one this passage is 33 feet long, with an opening of about four feet square. This passage leads to a chamber of about 12 feet by 9, formed of 13 upright granite stones, placed all round, with masonry in some places filling up the interstices. Above are immense covering stones, moved or placed there by a power, the nature of which at the period it is difficult to conceive. The height within is about six feet. The northern dolmen is about a foot lower, with the peculiarity of having a small side chamber, and the southern is upon a smaller scale altogether. Although much of the mind that all these structures are sepulchral, two of these look as if they had been human habitations at one time. They were vividly brought to my recollection as I penetrated a Pict's house the other day in Sutherland, which extended thirty feet under ground. Nor can one forget, in exploring them, although on a grander scale, the recesses of the Egyptian Pyramids.

"To the east of Plouharnel lies Carnac, with the greatest wonder of all. Here one comes on a great heathery plain, covered

with lines or *alignments*, as the French call them, of huge grey stones extending over acres of it. These stones stand from about eight to ten feet high, and at a distance of 25 to 30 feet each way. There are no less than 1200 of them in eleven distinct lines, and hundreds have fallen and been carried away. Perhaps in no spot in the world is the human mind more deeply impressed than amidst this array of monoliths so huge, so grey, so still, the relics of an age two thousand years gone by; and so utterly unchanged by the lapse of ages, that if unmeddled with by the hand of man, and free from the influence of great natural convulsions, they are likely to be as unchanged at the end of 2000 years more. As one surveys them, the questions arise, how came they there, and why? The first question was answered to me very simply by a Breton boy. Once upon a time the holy St Anthony was chased by a Roman army (the anachronism of making St Anthony and a Roman army contemporaneous matters nothing). For a time the Saint fled, but at last he reached the sea, and could flee no further. Shut out from every other hope, he turned and cursed his pursuers; the curse was effectual, for the Roman soldiers were in a moment converted into stone. And here they stand in the gigantic lines of Carnac, monuments of the power of St Anthony. Close beside this array of monoliths stands Mont St Michael, a great tumulus, with a chapel on its summit. Here the Government of the Department have, with great skill and care (and too much cannot be said in favour of what the French authorities are everywhere doing in this direction), succeeded in penetrating, and at the end of a long passage have succeeded in laying open, an enclosure in the form of a dolmen, which, when opened, contained human bones and cinders. The stones, of which the sides of this structure were formed, were not placed perpendicularly, but were laid horizontally; and the bones, instead of being found on the floor, were found laid on the ledges of the stones which formed the walls of the sepulchre. It is a wonderful cavity, suggestive in a measure, too, of the esteem in which the bones there laid were held, and perhaps affording a key to the object of the whole relics at Carnac, which may be a group of what was once 2000 separate monuments in memory of one man or more. If so, there does not exist in the world another such memorial of the illustrious dead. Such monuments leave considerable room for the belief that the men who lived in those early days to which their erection may be traced, were truly giants; and yet Joceline of Furness, in his account of the life of St Kentigern, shows how such monoliths were erected by men of ordinary stature in the earliest years of the Christian Church in Scotland.

"A few miles to the east of Carnac lies Locmariaquer, and on the other side of the Morbihan or the inland sea, which gives its name to the department, lies Gavr-Innis or Goat Island, both of them famous as possessing remarkable ancient remains. Locmariaquer is surrounded with dolmens, and has one remarkable tumulus. The description of the dolmens of Plouharnel may suffice for those here, but they have one peculiarity, that many of them have no figures carved on the stones. There are carvings at Maen-né-lud, but a Celt carved upon the covering stone of what is called 'Table des Marchands' is one of the most remarkable specimens of the stonecarver's art to be witnessed anywhere. The tumulus to the south of Locmariaquer is in many respects like that of Mont St Michael. The side stones of the cavity are laid horizontally, and besides bones and cinders, jewels and several other curiosities of jet and malachite, were found strewed on the floor when the tumulus was first laid open. Diamond and other rings were cast into the grave of the late Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey. What should hinder the ancient Celt from paying similar honours to the remains of the distinguished dead of his day. So-called barbarism and civilisation are not always so far apart as modern vanity would prompt us to assume. Here too are carvings on the inner faces of the stones of a very curious character. But of all the tumuli of Brittany none can be compared to Gavr-Innis. If the greatness of the person interred is to be judged of by the extent and variety of the carvings on the stones which form the enclosed dolmen of the tumulus, none was so great as he whose dust was laid here. The tumulus itself is like a little hill as seen from the sea, and yet every spadeful that composes it was carried there by human labour. Every stone here is inscribed, and all of them, both in the long entrance passage and in the body of the cavity, are placed erect. On one of these granite masses three projections exist like the handle of a stone pitcher placed horizontally. According to our Breton guide, people were in use of getting married here, the parties to the union inserting their hands and joining them within these openings. But of all marriage chambers this must have been the most dismal, and very little observation is sufficient to show that these curious projections must have served some other purpose. I examined closely the carvings upon this and all the other inscribed dolmens I saw, and although prepared to allow the difficulty of interpreting them aright, the impression made upon me was that there is not one of them that does not more or less distinctly represent some warlike instrument. We know that in later times, as may be seen in the burying-ground of Oran at Iona, and other places in the Western Highlands, the

rank of the dead is often represented by carving on their gravestones their weapons and their dogs, with the game which they pursued. Might not the ancient Bretons, by their inscriptions of celts and other weapons on the monuments of their dead, represent thereby also the warlike character and fame of the men who rested beneath or within them. This view is at least consistent with what we know of the customs of the Celtic race.

"In Brittany I picked up, among other fly-leaves, a printed copy of an old Breton poem called 'Ann hini goz, hag ann hini iouank,' or *the old woman and the young;* interpreted to mean in Breton, 'Breiz ha Bro-chall,' *Brittany and France.* The poem must be of the 13th or 14th century at the latest, and gives expression to the strong feelings of national rivalry between the two countries and peoples. No Irishman ever felt a hostility more bitter towards England than did the Breton of that day, as expressed in these verses, towards France. The object of the poet is to show the superior attractions of the old woman, by which he means his native Brittany. Any one acquainted with the modern native poetry of Ireland, where Ireland is represented as a fair, soft youth, or highly attractive young lady, who has been sorely used by a cruel and unsparing enemy, will understand the nature of the allegory. But it is to a note by the editor of the poem that I desire to direct attention. It is to the effect 'that this ancient poem, now printed for the first time, represents sentiments of national rivalry which, thanks to God, have now ceased to exist.' The French have succeeded in governing the Celtic races under their control, and in amalgamating them with the general population of the empire in a way not attained to by the Saxon Government of England. One cannot but contrast the large cities, the well-peopled villages, the fruitful fields and abundant orchards of Brittany with the matchless misery of Celtic Ireland and the desolations of the Scottish Highlands. No colonies of Bretons are found filling, with an expatriated population, the forests and prairies of America; but they will be found a cheerful, prosperous, and loyal people, still occupying their own beloved land, and contributing largely by their industry and naval skill to the strength and prosperity of the French empire. I must own to a very large amount of sadness in passing within a couple of months from the fertility of Brittany to the desolations of Sutherland and many portions of the Outer Hebrides. Whence is this? Is the Anglo-Saxon a less skilful governor of foreign races than the Frenchman? Is he more destitute of sympathy with other nations than his own? Let this be as it may, disloyal

Ireland and the largely desolated Highlands would seem to form a striking comment on his capacity for governing or amalgamating other races. Wales would no doubt seem to argue the other way, for no population in the empire is more prosperous than the Celtic population of that principality; so with the Gaelic Celts of Man, who, however, have been allowed to govern themselves. But the present condition of Brittany speaks loudly in favour of the French method of government, among what is largely a foreign population to the mass of the French people; although the Bretons would probably say that they were the foreigners, as we might of the Anglo-Saxon."

The paper was highly appreciated by the meeting, and it was resolved to record "a special vote of thanks to Dr Maclauchlan for his interesting and learned paper."

5th March 1874.

Mr Charles Mackay read a very interesting paper in Gaelic, "Air Chuairt an Lochaber." We were unable to procure it in time for insertion in its proper place.

12th March 1874.

At this meeting Mr Lachlan Macbean read the following English metrical version of

"DAN AN DEIRG"—DARGO.

Part First.

See Dargo* in the gloomy grove alone,
And listening to the forest's dreary moan;
Crimina's† ghost see on the mist appear,
While on Scoorelda‡ rest the timid deer.
No hunter now the heath-clad mountain tries,
On Dargo and his dog deep sorrow lies,
And with thy story I am filled with woe,
Adown my cheeks the tears incessant flow.

* Dargo (Dearg)—the red, or red-haired man.
† Crimina (Cridh-mìn)—tender-hearted.
‡ Scoorelda (Sgur-eilde)—the ridge of roes.

On yon glad day brave Cuval* heard the strains
Of music with his people on the plain,
(Though 'neath the grassy meadows of the roe
To-day the hero, fierce in wrath, lies low.
Beneath the mossy stones is now his bed,
In shelter of the aged oak tree's shade).
With eyes half closed, and face in attitude
Of listening, leaning on their spears, they stood.
The King and Innisfail's† prowess and might,
When swept they both th' embattled field of fight,
The bard sang, when a ship was noticed near,
That to the cloud-girt coast was seen to steer.
"Yon is the ship of Innisfail, and high
See his crantara‡ raised against the sky.
Swift o'er the white crests of the billows press,
To help the monarch who is in distress."
And from the south strong swept the stormy gales,
Rough wrestling with our tall and white-rigged sails,
When dark descending night to meet us poured,
Upon the sea of waves that round us roared,
"Why should we thus upon the sea be tossed,
When that cool island, with its creeky coast,
To meet us spreads its shield as to invite
Us to its shelter from the stormy night?
Like a bent bow its circling arms compress'd,
And peaceful as my love's soft-heaving breast,
Beneath its wing then let us spend the night,
It is the joyful place of visions bright."
And from her rock we heard the owl's lone cry,
And from a cave a mournful voice reply.
Said Cuval, "'Tis the voice of Dargo's ghost,
Dargo, who in the billowy sea was lost,
When we returned from woody Lochlin's§ shore,
Driven helplessly the stormy blast before.
Among the clouds the waves upheaved their brows,
Mountains of spray upon the ocean rose,
And the grey briny billows of the deep
Were rolled from west to east with ceaseless sweep.

* Cuval (Caomh-mhal)—mild or kindly brow.

† Innis-fail—the isle of the Falans; Ireland.

‡ Cranntara—the muster-sign, or Fiery Cross. (See *Lady of the Lake*, canto iii.)

§ Lochlin (Lochlainn)—Scandinavia.

O Dargo, when ascending on our sail,
Weak was the thong to which thou clung'st, and frail.
Morven,* thou never shalt again behold,
The waves sport with thy wandering hair of gold!
Great is the loss, O storm! wrought by thy might.
Bear him, ye spirits, to your cloudy height.
Our voice," brave Cuval said, "they did not hear.
Sad is thy place, my hero, cold and drear!
Ye hostile ghosts! from Lochlin, land of trees,
Who followed us across the stormy seas,
If 'tis by you that he is here confined,
You can't prevail though many be combined.
For Trenmor† comes with fury, and in wrath,
Like thistles he shall sweep you from his path,
Incumbent on his shield shall Dargo rise
In triumph to the children of the skies.
Let thy melodious voice be heard aloud,
O Ullin,‡ by the heroes of the cloud,
They know thy voice, they oft have heard thy lay,
Tell them that Trenmor comes without delay."

"O! may thy soul have joy and bliss for aye,
Be thy lone stay 'mong rocks or gloomy caves,
O! sad are we that thou art far away,
With Lochlin's ghosts upon the stormy waves!

If 'tis the warring of the cloudy throng,
Or their hard thongs by which thou art opprest,
Great Trenmor comes with lithely blades, and strong,
Tough shields, by whom they shall be quick dispersed.

As the crisp withered foliage is blown
By desert winds from oak trees hoar and grey,
So driven by him their power shall be strewn,
Then may thy soul have joy and bliss for aye!"

"Thy words are wonderful, and strange to me,
It never, Bard of Cuval, used to be,
The wont of heroes of thy house and race
To leave a friend in danger or distress."

* Morven (Mòr-bheinn)—the land of great mountains; the Highlands.

† Trenmor (Treun-mòr)—tall and mighty; the father of Cuval, and grandfather of Fingal.

‡ Ullin—Cuval's bard.

The voice of Dargo, Gyalcos* quickly knew,
And as he used when o'er the plain he flew,
He whined and barked with glad response, and o'er
The surging waves he hastened to the shore.
Like arrow glistened from the bending yew,
His feet scarce skimmed their crests as o'er he flew.
More joy than when behind the roe he pressed,
He showed for Dargo, leaping on his breast.
There was beheld their eager joy displayed,
Seen by the light the stars dim glimmering shed;
'Twas like the meeting of old friends of yore,
That chance to meet upon a distant shore.
And Dargo had our ships forgotten quite,
So great his joy, so ardent his delight;
But faithful Gyalcos led him by the hand,
To meet our coming on the sloping strand.
"And dost thou live, O Dargo, who wert lost,
In the wild sea on which our barque was tossed,
'Tis wonderful that thou art safe restored,
From roaring death by whom thou wert devoured."
"By bursting waves upheld and driven, I lay
Through that benumbing night, till morning day.
Seven weary moons, and each to me a year,
Have waxed, and waned, and passed upon me here.
'Mid tuneful strains I passed the whole day long,
Listening to murmuring waves and birds of song.
At night through gloomy, ghostly nooks I crept,
And treacherous stole on seabirds where they slept.
Slow o'er this gloomy place revolves the sun,
And tardy is the moon her course to run.
Was it not strange, King Cuval, that while here
Each weary month was longer than a year?—
But what is this that causes you such woe?
I see your bursting tears in silence flow.
Are they awakened by my saddening tale?
Alas! you have a sadder to bewail!
Oh! is my love Crimora† now no more?
My loving bride! in sorrow I deplore
Thy death, since floating on the dusky clouds,
That glided round the moon in eddying crowds,

* Gyalcos (Geal-chos)—white-footed; Dargo's dog.
† Crimora (Cridh-mòr)—large-hearted; Dargo's first wife.

I saw thy form; she looking down surveyed,
Through showers, the sea's calm face before her spread,
In many changing aspects she was viewed,
Her waving, shining locks, with tears bedewed.
I knew my love's fair form, and understood
The cause ere she had risen from the flood.
O, pity me, Crimora! Wilt thou go,
And leave me here in solitude and woe?
Fair virgin sprites surround her, whose soft notes
Moaned like the breeze on which the dry leaf floats,
Hushed is the song of birds, unheard the roar
Of waves while on mine ear their voices pour.
'Come with us, Crimora, with joy,
To the hall of blest maidens on high;
Where Soolmault* and Trenmor enjoy
The aerial chase of the sky.'
And sad were heard her sobs and heavy sighs,
As, turning, she looked back with mournful eyes.
The music ceased, the vision disappears,
And I am left all lonely and in tears.
As on the shore an only, lonely wave,
Heard by the mariner within his cave,
So, thus forsaking me, was my love's sigh,
Like hunter's dream, when wakened by the cry.
I shouted after them, but 'twas in vain—
Bootless as water on the level plain.
Like a thin cloud of smoke in forest wide,
On my lone cliff they left me to abide.
My loud lament from early morning's light
Continued to the darkness of the night.
Crimora! when shall I see thee again?
While I have life I shall have grief and pain.
Through wildering mists my soul roams for my bride,
But tell me how my fair, my loved one died."

"When the dark tale was given to thy bride,
In sad and silent grief three days she sighed,
Upon the fourth she to the seashore sped,
We found herself there in her husband's stead.
Like winter snow upon the level wide,
Like the white swans o'er Lanna's wave that glide,

* Soolmault (Suil-malld')—gentle-eyed; the wife of Trenmor.

She by the maidens of her love was found,
Who gathered from their mountain streams around.
With their soft hands they wipe away the tear,
With their soft sighs blow back the flowing hair.
Of stones and green sods from the sea-beach torn,
Thy wife's last dwelling-place we sadly form.
Oh! many a one sobbed cheerlessly that day;
Gentle, but sad, the grief that on us lay,
Like the weird sound that rises soft and slow,
When on the reeds of Lego breezes blow.
Pleasant her fame, and sweet I thought her praise,
It were my choice, my most desired always.
But see! what light is this in Innisfail that glows,
And from the dire crantara this way shows?
Re-set your sails, resume your oars again,
Impel our ship across the heaving main."
Before our faithful mountain wind we glide,
And fast to aid its force our oars we plied,
Against the towering waves they strain and bend,
While all expectant for the strife attend.
Upon his target Dargo's elbow leaned,
While down its face his tears unceasing streamed.
"Silent and gloomy I see Dargo there,
Ullin of chords, dispel the hero's care."

CULTCHA.

In Trenmor's time that chief of shields of yore,
Young Cultcha chased the deer by Aetcha's* shore;
By him the antlered mountain oxen fell,
And his loud shout re-echoed from each dell.
Her love returning home Minvela† spied,
And in her fragile skiff to meet him hied,
But cruel hostile blasts unpitying blew,
And in the deep her hapless barque o'erthrew.
Brave Cultcha coming, heard her wailing cry,
"My love! my love! O help me, or I die!"
But the dark pall of night shut out the day,
And gradually her voice decayed away.
Like murmur of a distant gurgling stream,
Her languid dying cries to Cultcha seem,

* Aetcha (Eite)—now Loch Etive.

† Minvela (Mîn-bheul)—soft-voiced; the wife of Cultcha.

Amid the breakers' strife at dawn of day,
Upon the shore the young bride's body lay:
And there he raised the stone upon her tomb,
Near the sad brook beneath the forest's gloom.
And well the hunter knows the silent glade,
And loves to 'scape the heat within its shade.
And Cultcha, ceaselessly and comfortless,
The livelong day through Aetcha's forest strays;
And through the lonesome night is heard his cry,
From which the startled seafowl frightened fly.
But Trenmor struck his shield a warstroke strong,
And gladly to his side brave Cultcha sprung;
And aye, as for his deeds he heard his praise,
His joy returned and he resumed the chase.

"The hero, I remember," Dargo said,
"Like memory of a pleasant dream that's fled,
At Aetcha, when he used my youth to steer,
And used to wet her tombstone with his tear.
'Why Cultcha dost thou thus lament and fret?
Why are thy aged locks with sorrow wet?'
Cultcha would answer this with streaming eyes,
'Because beneath this turf my loved one lies.'
'Cultcha wilt thou prepare for me a bow?'
'Beneath this sod my love lies cold and low!
O! choose this place, thy resting place to be,
When tired of wandering on the sultry lea.'
And Cultcha, thy request I grant always,
And oft thy praise is mentioned in my lays,
O! if my fame so long as thine should last,
And with my love I to yon cloud were passed!"
"I know full well that it shall last for e'er,"
Said Cuval, who in speech was mild and fair.
"But who are these with shields and bold array,
Thus take the light of the first watch of day?"
'Tis Lochlin's host, if I can see them well,
With their fierce force surrounding Innisfail.
The King looks from a lattice-window high,
On us, his faithful allies, rests his eye.
Like misty clouds he sees us through his tears,
The tears evanish, and our fleet appears.
His gladness glistens in his tearful eyes,
"King Cuval and his ships are near," he cries.

"See Lochlin's people down to meet us pour,
And like a wild ox Armor comes before,
On Erin's shore, though haughty now his hands,
I freed them once from firm-bound captive bands.
Let every one resume his sharp grey brand,
And bind it on his thigh, then leap to land;
Let each remember his own bravery,
And the famed feats of Feinan* chivalry!
Before thee, thy broad shield, O Dargo, spread!
And draw, O Curril, thy white gleaming blade!
O Conell! shake on high thy spear of might,
And Ullin! sing the war song for the fight."
We met with Lochlin then, nor to our weal,
For firm and fast they stood before our steel,
Like the proud oak on Myalmor's† height that grows,
That bends not to the roughest blast that blows.
But seeing that our force did not prevail,
Soon rushing to our aid came Innisfail,
And then was Lochlin scattered far and wide,
And every living branch upon him died.
Armor and Innisfail met in the crowd,
And meeting, glorious was their bearing proud.
The King's good spear the giant's breast at length
Pierced through, despite his targe's solid strength.
Then Lochlin wept, and wept too Innisfail;
And all the Feine there joined in the wail,
And sang his bard with trembling voice of woe,
When thus he saw his chieftain lying low.

ARMOR'S LAMENT.

Like giant oak tree in the valley was thy height;
Thy swiftness as the mountain eagle's fearless flight;
Like Lodda's‡ wrath, when roused to fury, was thy might;
Incurable thy blade as Lego's vap'rous blight!
Ah! soon, too soon, has been thy journey to thy clouds;
Too young, our hero, hast thou fallen, too early died.
Who shall inform the aged that thou art no more?
Or who can now console or comfort thy young bride?

* Feinan, from Feine (Pron. Fainyae)—the Celts of Morven. Written also Finns, Feinn, Fenians, or Fingalians.

† Myalmor (Meall-mòr)—a large hill.

‡ Lodda—supposed to be Odin, a Scandinavian deity.

I see thy father bent beneath his load of years,
Still vainly hoping to espy thy coming sail,
His trembling hand infirm, he leans upon his spear,
His bald and hoary head like aspen in the gale.
Each floating cloud deceives his dark and dazed eyes,
He fondly fancies that thy coming boat he spies;
A flitting sunbeam now across his features flies,
"I see the boat!" he gladly to the young ones cries.
The little children gaze across the ocean wide,
They see the floating mist on the horizon glide,
He shakes his grey and aged head with bitter throe,
His sigh is sad, his downcast face is full of woe.
I see the fair Crimina smiling in her charms,
Expecting on the shore thy coming steps to meet,
And dreaming, in her sleep her rosy lips thee greet,
In ecstacy embracing thee with joyful arms.
Ah me! vain is thy dream, thou young and loving bride;
Ne'er shalt thou see thy noble hero's visage more!
Far, far from home thy love has fallen, and wounded, died.
In Innisfail his beauty is all stained with gore!
Ah! thou, Crimina, from thy sleep shalt wake, and then
Thou shalt discover that thy idle dream was vain.
But when shall he awake from his drear slumber? When
Shall end the grave's quiet sleep? thy hero rise again!
The angry clang of shields, the bark of baying hounds,
Within his narrow house of clay he shall not hear;
And still despite of hunting or of battle sounds,
Beneath the plain the hero sleeps for e'er.
Ye children of the plain! ye need not for him stay,
He shall not hear the peaceful voice of morning gay.
Ye children of the spears! your trust in him ne'er lay,
The battle shout shall never wake him now for aye!
Now with the hero's soul may joy and blessing be,
Fierce was his fury when engaged in field of fight,
Of Lochlin King supreme, head of its tribes was he,
In many a well-fought battle has he shown his might.
Like giant oak tree in the valley was thy height,
Thy swiftness as the mountain eagle's fearless flight,
Like Lodda's wrath, when roused to fury, was thy might,
Incurable thy blade as Lego's vap'rous blight!

We finished his last narrow dwelling place,
His people o'er the waves their way retrace,

The voices of their songs seemed sickening wails,
And to our ken sad moved their silent sails.
Like whistling mountain breezes seemed their woe,
In desert vales through moaning reeds that blow,
When sighs the wind through grasses of the tomb,
And solemn night reigns round in silent gloom.

Part Second.

Like beam of brightness on my soul, the lore
And legends come of times that are no more.
Like beams of brightness on a dreary plain,
While all around the shades of darkness reign.
But sorrow still is near to happiness,
The shadows of the clouds the brightness chase,
They overtake them on the mountain height,
And vanquished are the rays of love and light.
Thus, like a light on which the shades prevail,
Upon my soul comes Dargo's plaintive tale.
Like giant Armor in the fight, my soul
Is like a sail o'er which fierce tempests roll.

In the grey hall of generous Innisfail,
As was our wont we spent the night; the shell
And song went round with sociality,
Nor lacked we wonted hospitality.
But ever and anon a dismal wail
Comes to our ear upon the rising gale.
Ullin and Soolva* searched the place around,
Crimina on the hero's grave was found.
Where fell her Armor in the strife of blades,
She also fell beneath the branch's shades;
But to his grave she crept by night, and made,
Intent to rise no more, her lonely bed.
We raised and bore her back with tenderness,
And with our sighs replied to her distress.
To Innisfail's glad house she was conveyed,
Cheerless and sad by this the night was made.
Ullin at length his frame of music caught,
And soft, with melody and sweetness fraught,
Amid the sounding of the strings he sought,
With gentle finger, every soothing note.

* Soolva (Suil-mhath)—sharp-sighted.

MORGLAN AND MINONA.

Who is he thus from misty clouds descends?
Adown the moaning winds his grief he sends,
O deep is in his side the woesome tear!
O dark beside him looms the airy deer!
Yon is the ghost of Morglan,* lord supreme
Of distant Sliglas,† land of many a stream.
With Sora's daughter, maid of graceful frame,
His loving bride, to Morven's hills he came;
Fearless he went our moorland heights to roam,
Leaving Minona‡ by herself at home.
Dark mists descended with the cloudy night,
Loud roared each stream, and shrieked each wandering sprite.
The young bride raised her eyes to the hill-side,
And through the mist a deer she dimly spied.
She drew the string with well-directed art,
In the youth's breast was found the fatal dart!
We laid the hero in a mountain tomb,
With dart and antlers in his narrow home.
To lay her 'neath his sod Minona yearned,
But to her home in sorrow she returned;
Heavy her melancholy on her pressed,
Till by the stream of years it was effaced.
With Sora's daughters now she's of good cheer,
Unless at times her rising grief they hear.
Who is he thus from misty clouds descends?
Adown the moaning wind his grief he sends,
O! deep is in his side the woesome tear,
O! dark beside him looms the airy deer.

"Methinks the day has brightened clear and grey"
Said Cuval, generous and kind alway.
"Take, Ullin, thy good ship and bear away,
To her own land the stranger maid convey,
And may she yet shine like the moon when seen,
Gazing from nightly clouds calm and serene."
"O Cuval! may a thousand blessings rest
On thee, the help and stay of the distressed,
But what would I do in my land again
Where everything would but augment my pain?

* Morglan—tall and handsome.

† Sliglas (Sli'-ghlas)—the green mountain. ‡ Minona (Min-fhonn)—melodious.

Where every grove, ravine, and waterfall,
My lover's wounded bosom would recall.
'Twere better far with thine own maids to go,
Great is the love and gentleness they show.
And so the youths that once I would disdain
My eyes shall never more behold again;
If one of them should ask, 'Where is thy Armor dear?'
Their conversation I will never hear."
So we brought back with us Crimina, and
We gave to Dargo her smooth tender hand;
But kind and courteous though our maidens were,
Oft was she sad with them, and in despair.
Each mountain cascade heard her grievous wail;
Short was her day, and sorrowful her tale.

And on a day while hunting Lana's deer,
White-rigged and masted ships were noticed near.
'Twas thought that it was mustered Lochlin come
To bring by force the fair Crimina home.
'Twas then mean Conan said, "I do not care
For strife, unless I know for what I dare.
So first investigate with care, and find
How leans to usward now the woman's mind.
Let us her husband's garments redly dye,
In wild boar's blood upon the mountain high.
Then bring his seeming lifeless corpse, and see
If aught of truth in her affection be."
We listened then, but sore repented have,
To the advice that luckless Conan gave;
We felled the savage and ferocious boar
Within the thickset forest near the shore.
"Keep him for me," the mean-souled Conan said,
"And off him by my hand shall be his head."
We covered Dargo with the clotted gore,
And, raised upon our backs, the hero bore.
Heavy and sad, O King! our slow strains were,
As, bearing him, we to his love repair.
Conan ran forward with the wild boar's hide
(For he was always prone to ill), and cried,
"The boar that tore thy spouse fell by my blade,
When his own spear broke in the lonely glade."
Crimina heard the fabricated tale,
And saw her Dargo deathlike all and pale;

She grew like ice in winter on the tops
Of Mora,* of the hard and barren slopes.
Thus, motionless, a little while she stayed,
Then took an instrument in hand and played.
She softened every heart, nor did we yet
Dargo to stir upon his arm permit.
Like the swan's voice in dying agony,
Or like the other's notes that round her cry,
Calling their ghosts from cloudy lakes to come,
That on the wind's wing they might bear her home;
Such the lament Crimina sang and played,
Thus with her Dargo stretched beside her laid.

CRIMINA'S LAMENT.

Ye spirits from the cloudy lakes on high,
Bend down to bring your Dargo to the sky.
Ye virgins of the brave! come from above,
Come from your hall with new robes for my love!
Why, Dargo, were our hearts so interlaced,
So closely intertwined within our breast?
And why thus from me wert thou pluckt away
While I am left in anguish and dismay?
Like two flowers we, that laugh with dew, full gay,
Beside the rock, beneath the sun's warm ray,
Having no root except the one alone
On which the two flowers have so sweetly grown.
For the fair flowerets Cona's † maidens cared,
Beauteous to them they seemed, and blithe they fared.
They were respected by the light hinds too,
But one of them the boar ferocious slew.
O! heavy, heavy, and with drooping head,
Is the weak plant that is not yet decayed,
Like a dried leaf that in the sun did fade;
O happy were it now if I were dead!
And there has crept upon me endless night,
Sudden has sunk my sun in darksome blight,
Early on Morven brilliant was her sheen,
But late unfortunate her course has been.
If thou, the sun of my prosperity
Hast left me, I shall ever cheerless be.

* Mora—the great mountain.
† Cona—weeping; Glencoe.

Alas ! if Dargo from his slumber drear
Wake not, a dark cloud is his wife for e'er.
Pale is thy visage and thy heart is still,
Thy foot lacks strength, thine arm lacks nerve and skill.
Ah! dumb is now thy mouth melodious,
Ah! sad am I, my love, to see thee thus;
Thy cheeks once glowing ruddy, changed are,
Thou of the mighty deeds in every war!
Inactive as the hills on which it leapt,
Is now the foot that nimble deer outstript!
More dear was Dargo than aught 'neath the sky,
My father sad or mother mild, their eye
Is aye to sea, and oft is heard their cry,
But I would rather with my love to die!
And I have followed thee o'er vale and sea,
In the dark pit I'd lie content with thee;
O! let death come, or savage boar to tear,
Or else my state to-night is sad and drear.
Last night for us upon the moor a bed
Was in the mountain of thy hunting spread.
Nor shall a sep'rate couch to-night be made,
Nor torn from Dargo shall my corpse be laid!
Descend, ye manes of the cloudy sky!
From warriors' halls of hospitality.
Upon your mist's grey wings descending fly,
Nor hesitate to take my mist on high!
Within the heroes' halls, ye virgins fair!
Crimina's robes of mist weave and prepare,
But Dargo's flowing mantle I prefer;
In thy skirts, Dargo, let me be for e'er!"

And now her voice forsaking her we hear,
We see her fingers weak and stiff appear.
We lifted Dargo, but it was too late,
Breathless and dead the fair Crimina sate!
The harp fell from her hand, in the lament,
Departing with the song her spirit went.
The hero laid her in the shore, beside
Crimora fair, his former loving bride.
In the same spot he has prepared and placed,
The stone beneath which he himself shall rest.

And twice ten summers have come round again,
And twice ten winters with their cold since then,

While Dargo has been in his grotto drear,
No sound but strains of sorrow will he hear.
And oft I sing to him at noontide here,
Crimina on her bright mist hovering near.
See Dargo in the gloomy grove alone,
And listening to the forest's dismal moan!

NOTES TO DARGO.

PART FIRST.

Line 1.

'And the melancholy fir trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation their complaining, their lamenting."
—*Longfellow.*

Line 25.

"Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
With only seas around and skies above;
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves the main.
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise,
The scattered fleet is forced to several ways."—*Æn.* iii.

Line 33.

"The land lies open to the raging east,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compressed,
Shuts out the storms."—*Æn.* iii.

Line 75.

"Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."—*Byron.*

LINE 121.

"And sudden through the shades of night appears—
Appears no more Creüsa nor my wife,
But a pale spectre larger than the life."—*Æn.* ii.

LINE 195.

"And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest—
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish;
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,
Calling to him in the darkness,
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"—*Longfellow.*

LINE 257.

"As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that, the mountain oak they bend;
His leaves they scatter, and his branches rend;
Unmoved the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or shaken, clings more firmly to the rocks."
—*Dryden's Virgil.*

LINE 279.

"Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming on the furthest edge,
Where the round aether mixes with the waves;
Ships, dim-discovered dropping from the clouds."
—*Thomson.*

"I climb the highest cliff; I hear the sound
Of dashing waves; I gaze around,
But not a speck can my long-straining eye,
A shadow o'er the tossing waste descry,
That I might weep tears of delight, and say,
'It is the barge that bore my child away.'
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my son! my son!"
—*W. L. Bowley.*

LINE 291.

"Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these."—*Tennyson.*

See also Canticles iii. 1.

PART SECOND.

LINE 1.

"This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field."—*Longfellow.*

LINE 49.

"They laid within his peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bows and arrows, and they said,
That he had found new hunting grounds."

See also Æneid vi., 312; Odyss. viii., 11; Ezek. xxxii., 27.

LINE 144.

"Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis,
'O that I were dead!' she murmured,
'O that I were dead as thou art!'"—*Longfellow.*

Mr Macbean received the thanks of the meeting, and his translation was considered highly creditable to him.

19TH MARCH 1874.

There was little business of any importance at this meeting, with the exception of the election of several members. The meeting unanimously agreed that Messrs Maclauchlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, be named as the publishers in Edinburgh on Volume II. of the Transactions, which resolution, by some mistake, has not been carried out.

26TH MARCH 1874.

Mr DONALD MACRAE read a Gaelic paper, entitled "Sgeulachdan Lochaillse," with specimens of Gaelic poetic composition. Mr Macrae declines to give it for publication.

2d April 1874.

After some formal business was disposed of, it was unanimously and with acclamation agreed "that the Society congratulate Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson, the late and first Chief of the Society, on the distinguished conduct of his gallant son, Major Duncan Macpherson, younger of Cluny, in leading the 42d Royal Highlanders victorious through the battle of Amoaful, on the Gold Coast, notwithstanding that he was twice wounded during that action; and further express great satisfaction at learning that he has now safely returned home, and that the Queen has raised him to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel and Commander of the Bath, in acknowledgment of his distinguished services." The Honorary Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the resolution to Cluny, and to get it engrossed in the minutes.

10th April 1874.

The Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbran, Perthshire, read the following paper before the Society, on

THE POETRY OF DUGALD BUCHANAN, THE RANNACH BARD.

"In the following paper, which you have done me the honour of permitting to submit to you, I intend to confine myself to some remarks on the poetry of Buchanan, though his life and prose writings are worthy of serious attention. His autobiography, though of limited range, and occupied chiefly with the mental confusion, disorder, doubt, and struggles through which he passed into inward strength and peace, is a very able composition. The same spirit runs through it as that which informs the *confessions* of Augustine, though, of course, we need not expect a mind nurtured amid the simple associations of a Highland peasant to stand face to face with all the profound questions which agitated and developed the intellect of one carefully trained in all the arts and learning of the mighty civilisations of Greece and Rome, while at the same time in bondage to some of their most degrading vices. Buchanan's mind bore much and suffered much ere it attained to that inward harmony which he so exquisitely describes in his poem called the "Hero," and to a mind in sympathy with him,

his description of the path he trod to it is helpful and instructive in the highest degree. It is no disparagement to say that the African bishop will be more helpful to the man whom culture, learning, and society have brought into contact with facts, with conclusions of which ordinary men are, to the increase of their happiness, comparatively ignorant. Buchanan, Bunyan, and Augustine may have travelled by different paths, one seeing more, another less, but they have all found their resting-place in a firm grasp of the eternal, as the fountain of what is good and nothing but good.

"Buchanan never writes verse merely that he may produce what is artistic and beautiful in form and sentiment. Probably he would have regarded it as trifling, or worse, to use his pen in ministering to the sense of the beautiful, or in creating an appreciation of it, as popularly understood. The remark that poets have learned in suffering what they teach in song, has all the familiarity of a proverb. But it is none the less true for that. Every true poet draws on his own experience for the materials which he fashions into forms of abiding beauty and imperishable influence. We are sure that Buchanan's poetry is an expression of the character of his own mind and heart. And yet, we must so far qualify that sentence, by adding that he has not transfused into his poetry that part of his life which he was enabled to throw off. That he considered entirely inartistic, inharmonious, fit to be forgotten, or only to be remembered as a warning to men, and by no means to be glorified by the art of the poet. Had poets generally been of that view, Plato would not have banished them from the ideal commonwealth which he sketched for the benefit of his race. There can be little doubt that Buchanan too, at one period of his career, was on the verge of joining hands with those who lend their genius to the service of licentiousness, whom, doubtless, he could have rivalled on their own field.

"All the poetry of Buchanan which remains is of a purely religious character. At the time when the great English critic was oracularly declaring that the verities of religion were incapable of poetic treatment, there was a simple Highlander, quietly composing poems, which, of themselves, would have upset the strange view, otherwise sufficiently absurd. But in all justice, we must say that many, very many, both of Gaelic and English poets, who have attempted to embody religious sentiments in poetic forms, have, by their weak efforts, exposed themselves, unarmed, to the attacks of those who would exclude religion from the sphere of the imagination. All good poetry, in the highest

sense, deals with, and appeals to, what is universal and common to all men. No doubt poets there are who deal with thoughts, emotions, passions, which many men are not in conscious possession of, but the blame may rest not with the poet, but with the reader, much of whose nature may be dormant, under the cold of ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest. Poetry is the outcome of man's dissatisfaction with the mere vulgar appearances around him, and of the desire to make the show of things conform to his own conception of what they ought to be. Still, while things as they are are not sufficient to fill the capacities of our nature, we must not, in our search for poetry, cut ourselves adrift from the appearances of nature, either in the informing mind within, or in those things which appeal to our senses from without. Rather, every fact must be regarded as suggesting something more than meets the eye. Poetry, by its own vitality, blends the inward and the outward into unity and sympathy. Thought, feeling, adoration, passion, desire, seem to have their counterpart and interpretation in earth, and sky, and sea. Poetry is thought, but not the thought that is squared and shaped by the cold chisel of pure intellect, that is science. Poetry is thought fused into awe, joy, anger, hope, fear, love. On the other hand, poetry cannot dissociate itself from the deepest thinking, else it becomes the crackling thorns that blaze up and die.

"The careful student of Buchanan will, I think, find the quality of universality in him. His principles in his poetry are those which find an echo in the heart and mind of humanity. Buchanan himself had decided and well-defined views in religion and politics, had his mind made up as to the right and the wrong in ecclesiastical polity, as well as in the relations of high and low, of rulers and ruled; but in his poetry he seeks not to make men Romanists, or Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, or Independents, but Christians. He strives to lay bare in naked beauty and simplicity the true, the good, and the beautiful, in order that men may drink at their breasts and be blessed. Nor does he hesitate to give poetic shape to the infinite evil—if shape that can have which shape has none—so that men may see and escape. There are critics in the present day who say, that every poem is vitiated that reminds men of the infinite issues of wickedness. Robert Buchanan thinks that in the progress of man the hell described in "Paradise Lost" will, as a dangerous leak, cause that great poem sink in the stream of time. What human nature may be in the future, we cannot say, but we know that all the mighty poets of the past have felt that retribution has its roots deep down in the

soul of man. Homer could not get rid of it with all his Grecian love of the sunny beautiful, any more than could the Scandinavian sagas, who sang under the shadows of ice mountains; or the great Puritan, who lost his eyes fighting for human freedom and intellectual and moral culture. Buchanan, too, declares, with fearful power, that there comes a time in the history of the wicked when punishment, not reformation, will be their experience. Still, as a genuine poet, he deals out that punishment, not to those who may offend a rubric, or hold certain ecclesiastical views regarding bishop or presbyter, or who may have certain theories of the universe, or give certain explanations of God's ways to man, but to those who violate the distinctly-expressed commands of God, whether revealed in the nature of man or more clearly in Jesus Christ. Thus punishment with our poet is not arbitrary, but natural, and will be sanctioned at least even by the sufferer's own conscience. With him the final cry of despair comes not from a Calvinist or Arminian as such, but from him who spurns the Son of God, as the embodiment of all blessing in a life mean, sensual, greedy, unmerciful, and tyrannical. The doctrine of the continuity in immortality of the present nature, according to its character, is powerfully illustrated by Buchanan in these graphic and penetrating words.—

'Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghlòir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seomar rìgh,
'Ur nadur neoghlan bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le'r miannaibh bàsachadh chion bìdh.'

"It is frequently charged upon the Celt, that in religion as in other matters, emotion, inward feeling in the shape of awe, adoration, undefined reverence, are more eagerly sought, and consequently more honoured, than the practice of the simple external virtues, of which feeling should be the ministers and fountains. Whether this accusation holds good generally, or whether it applies more particularly to the more recent manifestations of the religious life among us, this is not the time to inquire. One thing we are sure of, that a representative religious teacher like Buchanan never allows that any fulness of inward life can dispense with the duties of every-day life, with mercy, truth, industry, generosity, self-control. The unworthy man who is excluded from the kingdom is not the man of blunt, homely feeling, incapable of ecstatic rapture and exalted emotion, but the man who locks up for himself the gold God gave him for the

general good, who shuts his ear to the cry of the poor, who entrenches his heart behind a cold inhumanity, who permits the naked to shiver unclothed, who lessens not his increasing flock by a single kid to satisfy the orphan's want. Indeed, one who reads carefully Buchanan's *Day of Judgment*, with his mind full of the prejudices or truths regarding the place of honour given by the Celt to inward experience and minute self-analysis, cannot fail to be astonished how small a place these occupy in that great poem. There, at least, mental experience is of no value, except in so far as it blossoms into truth, purity, and love. We cannot, however, pause to illustrate these statements in detail. We shall merely refer to the indignation into which the muse of Buchanan is stirred in the presence of pride and oppression. The lowest deep is reserved for these. The poet's charity for men in general becomes the sublime growl of a lion as it confronts the chief who fleeces but tends not his people.

'An robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuàth,
'S a' tanach an gruaidh le màl;
Le h-agartas geur,
A glacadh an spréidh,
'S am bochdainn ag eigheach dail?

'Gun chridhe aig na daoine,
Bha air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maola truagh;
Bhi seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reota an cluas.

'Thu nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gun ghearsonn, gun mhàl, gun mhod:
Mor mholadh do'n bhàs,
A chasgair thu trà,
'S nach d' fhuilig do straíc fo'n fhòid'

"There is the ring of the old claymore charge in these lines. I think, with all impartiality, they are superior to Burns's lines on the same subject, beginning—

'Poor tenant bodies lack o' cash,' &c.

"It is not often that death is praised; but we do not, under

the circumstances, grudge it the vote of thanks which the poet so fervently awards it. Perhaps it is but fair that I should allude to the lines immediately following those I have quoted above, for they deal out severe justice to spiritual guides who act as unfeeling stepmothers to their charges, not heeding though the fox might tear, if the wool, all they cared for, were but safe. These are not the words to be spoken to a people who are supposed ignorantly to depute their intellects to a priest as such, unless he has that commanding power which men must acknowledge and follow.

"We have been looking at our poet in connection with his poetic handling of the universal principles of morality and vice, of religion and its opposite, in their profound issues of happiness and ruin. Was Buchanan capable of touching his lyre with a lighter finger? It can be shown that though his heart was given to the serious muse, yet he could, if he so chose, have rivalled, on their own ground, those who lent their power to what ministers to the tender and the convivial. Has not genius been described as vast general capacity applied to a particular subject, but capable of dealing with any. It has been alleged that there cannot be a good song from which wine and love are excluded. Some exquisite lyrics, on both these themes, are scattered up and down amid our shorter Gaelic poems, from the days when Màiri Nighean Alastar Ruaidh tapped her mull, drank her wine, and sang its praise. Of course I don't refer to songs which encourage vice and brutality, but those that embody pleasures that are regarded as innocent. On such subjects Buchanan touches in an incidental and illustrative manner only. What he says of them are the mere sparks that fly from the heated metal he is beating into poetic form. Listen to his description of the drunkard—

'No am fear thu bha pòit,
Gu tric 's an taigh òsd,
'S tu cridheil ag òl an dràm,
Nach iarradh dhut féin,
De fhlaitheanas Dé,
Ach beirm a bhi 'g eiridh a' d' cheann?

'Nach iarradh tu ceol,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhòrd,
Is feuchainn co 'n dorn bu chruaidh:
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
Is tu bruchdadh 's a sgeith mu'n chuaich.'

"The first of these stanzas clearly reveals the fact that the poet could embellish conviviality with the charms of poetry. The second, in its strong realistic imagery, paints excess in all its moral and physical loathsomeness, and makes us thankful that its author was not permitted to use his power in casting an attractive witchery of poetic grace over such hideousness; and so disguising, and therefore making more dangerous, the poison of the debauchee's cup.

"By a touch of his pen, Buchanan gives us another glimpse into his wealth of lyric faculty, as a famous painter once proved his mastery over his art by drawing, with one sweep of his pencil, a circle which, when tested by unerring compasses, was found to be mathematically correct. Is not the verse I am to quote, a beautiful little lyric circle, completed at a stroke, yet revealing a cunning, a native art, which, if it took the trouble, could fill the largest canvass with every form, and colour, and shade, for which we praise the graces?

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgìamhach a' d' ghnuis,
'S deagh shuidheach a' d' shuil da reir?
Le do mhaise mar lìon,
A' rìbeadh mu chridhe,
Gach òganach chì'dh tu fein?'

"Enamoured of this fair creation, the poet hurls his anathema against death for robbing it of the enchanting beauty which rains sweet influence. But, as already stated, Buchanan had more serious work in view than to be the interpreter of what is merely playful and brilliant in the nature of man. He chooses to apply his imagination to other departments of our common humanity—to the lofty and ennobling in religion and duty. In so doing, he plays with all the emotions we are susceptible of, awakening admiration, terror, sympathy, love, awe, for the purpose of disentangling men from all that stands between them and the realization of the perfect ideal that underlies all humanity.

"The genuine poet can never lose sight of human nature. He may, to the unthinking, do so when he casts his plummet into the dark depths of the supernatural; but as the anchor which holds its grip many fathoms down is visibly bound to the ship above, so the true bard never detaches his imagination from the facts, the feelings, the joys, the woes, the hopes, and the despair of the human spirit. This is eminently true of Buchanan. In

his noble poem the *Day of Judgment*, Scripture, nature, human experience are laid under contribution to illustrate the awful circumstances and the mighty issues of immortal life standing in the presence of the tribunal of absolute righteousness. The Roman critic instructs poets to deal with materials equal to their genius, and to guard against the folly of laying upon their shoulders a burden they are unable to sustain. Buchanan has in this poem bent his energies to a gigantic task, and the way in which he has carried it through unmistakeably reveals surpassing poetic strength. The poem begins almost with prosaic simplicity. This in itself is a high merit, for no fire that is to burn with power and effect puts forth at the outset all its force of heat and light. First comes the gentle curling smoke, then the brilliant blaze. In the same true artistic spirit our poet, like the setting sun, softens his splendour before he parts with his readers. The excited feelings awakened by the overpowering incidents of the poem are gradually toned down, by gentle expostulation with those who foresee not the evil day, and by soothing words of hope to all who, through the Son of God, are seeking a life with its root, not in sense, but in the invisible God. I cannot find the heart to analyse this poem in a critical spirit, not because of a lurking suspicion that it would be found wanting when rigidly tested, but because it is of a nature more fitted for deep meditation than for public discussion. We have already indicated that it belongs to no party, no sect, no school of theology in particular, unless, indeed, those who believe in salvation by Jesus Christ, and the eternal issues of good and evil are to be so designated. Direct description, dialogue, soliloquy, the outpourings of hope and ruin, are here pressed together into a splendid unity. We have no space for copious extracts. As an illustration of the felicity of Buchanan's descriptions take the following verse, in which the effect of the advent of the Judge on the stars is set forth :—

'Bidh iad air uideal ann san spèur,
Mar mheas air gèig ri ànradh garbh,
Tuiteam mar bhraonaibh dh' uisge dhì,
'S an gloir mar shuilean duine marbh.'

"That last line has always seemed to me singularly powerful. Nature is dissolving, and the splendour of the heavens assumes the ghastly hue of a dead man's eye. One thing is noticeable amid these sublime musings, and it is this, that the poet assists us to realise his conceptions by images drawn from ordinary experi-

ence. Generally this is done with beauty, dignity, and suggestive aptness, *e.g.*, the parting of the cloud through which the Judge passes is the opening of the King's chamber-door. The flash of the Divine eye is like the lightning; the lightnings themselves wait upon their Lord with the eagerness of the obedient dog waiting to be set free for duty from its leash, &c. It is doing the poet injustice to be detaching his imagery from its setting, and to be forcing them into the associations of another language. We must not conceal the fact, that now and then the image degrades the thought; as when the rising of the dead is compared to the agitation of an ant-hill, or when the eternally lost are represented as fastened on rocks of fire, like limpets; or when the shrinking of the blue curtain of the sky in the all-devouring element is likened to the curling of thin bark on the living coal. The thought here is, of course, taken from Scripture; but the imagery sinks, in its anxiety to be definite, to the level of the mean, the too familiar, and even the coarse, in a manner for which revelation is in no way responsible. It is but fair to add that there are but one or two unsightly shrubs in a glorious garden of beauty and fruitfulness.

"It may be profitable now to follow our bard into poetic fields, where we shall find it easier to hold our footing, and keep our way without being lost in wandering mazes. Here, too, it will be easier for us to measure the poet by the standard which determines the value of other Celtic poets, especially of those who may practically be regarded as his contemporaries. None of Buchanan's contemporaries, so far as known to me, essayed the soaring wing of the 'Day of Judgment,' though the attempt has been common enough in other languages, from the time of that singularly lofty and impressive Latin hymn, 'Dies Irae,' down to its imitation by Scott, in the lines beginning 'That day of wrath, that dreadful day,' &c. The poetry of Buchanan's day was chiefly lyrical and satirical, varied with elaborate descriptions of set themes taken from nature or human life. Much of the former too gave expression to itself in Jacobite songs, and in virulent personal attacks, often offensive to common civility. Buchanan, both by his religion and his politics, was excluded from exercising his genius in that line. On the other hand, the aim of his life—the religious elevation of his countrymen—compelled his muse to make his descriptions the handmaid of religious truth. But we have descriptions of set themes, common to the other poets, from Buchanan's pen. We may detach these for the moment from the instruction which is elaborated out of them in so ingenious, and yet so natural a manner. Take, as an example, that exquisite and

highly-finished poem, entitled *An Geamhradh*. The description of the literal winter occupies about a third of the poem. Here we have an opportunity of bringing Buchanan face to face with other bards well known to fame. Macdonald, Maccodrum, Rob Donn, Macintyre, have all attempted to give poetic expression to the associations and circumstances of the changing seasons. It seems as if they could not feel their laurels secure until their muse paid homage to these diversified divisions of time. That was a fortunate circumstance, for it forced the bard to look on facts outside of his fancy, without doing harm to the informing power within, which interprets and harmonises the appearances of nature in accordance with its own principles and laws.

"In helping us to see poetically the changes of the world around us, I venture to say, after due deliberation and comparison, that no bard of the last century is superior to Buchanan. Would that in this, as in other respects, he had been more liberal to posterity with the fruit of his gifts. In describing nature, the Gaelic poets I refer to are too often the victims of a vicious conventionality, with its consequent weak style and puerile conceits. True poetic insight and warm natural expression are not wanting, nay, found in abundance, for genius will assert its right in spite of the restraints of a false taste. But the evil I mention is undeniable. Macdonald, for example, begins his poem on wonder by telling us very accurately, I suppose, that the king of the planets (*i.e.*, the sun), came to the sign of Cancer on Wednesday, and will soon be in the winter solstice. Taurus, Capricorn, Gemini, have due attention paid to them. The citizens of the sky no longer sing vespers or matins. This may be learned, but it is very unpoetic; for such allusions may interest the understanding, but they touch no feeling. Will it be believed that the author of *Morag, Birlinn Chlann Raonuil*, permits himself to liken the heather, with its blossom and golden dust, to the powdered and oiled wig! The sun, too, is the valet which makes the heather trim and neat, with its powder and oil! Then there is that absurd and ostentatious stringing together of long epithets, *e.g.*—

'A mios cratanach, casadach, lóm,
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's dhonn,"

&c., for six lines more in the chain.

"I am aware that some admire this sort of writing, as showing a command of words. Doubtless, it does that, but for poetry there is as much in the command of the juggler over his muscles. The end of the faculty in both cases is simply to make us stare

with astonishment at clever tricks. Something of a similar style of writing is found, I believe, in some Grecian hymns of the second century, when the ancient poetry was in its decrepitude. From this mode of writing Buchanan is singularly free. He preferred to knit his words together as a living tissue, rather than string them loosely, as a savage his barbaric pearls. Besides all this, Buchanan escapes the minute realism which marks too much Gaelic descriptive poetry. Instead of elaborate detail, we get clear firm lines, which seize and make living the object to be presented, in a way which cannot but gratify our sympathies and emotions. Winter spreads his wings between us and the sun, his cold breath steals the soul of the flower, he strips the trees, and chokes the music of the brooks, he is the merciless foe of those who provided not against his coming, but deals kindly with the prudent. Imagery of this kind go to the heart, and the poet who uses it compels us for ever to see nature in the colours he has clothed it with. After we read Burns's poem to the 'Daisy,' we cannot help somehow transferring our own feelings to the lowly and modest flower. Unlooked-for misfortune and the daisy are inseparably associated, and Buchanan has bound in the same human chain old age and winter. Nature is thus made to minister to man in his aspiration after perfection, and to rebuke him in his levity, his sin, his meanness, or despondency. Listen to this description of old age, in terms furnished by the desolating power of winter:—

'An aois a tha n toir ort,
Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu;
Air do shùilean bheir ceathach,
Is treabhaidh si t aodan;
Bheir i crith reodh mun ghrnaig,
Is neul uain an aoig leis,
Is cha tig aiteamh na grian ort,
Bheir an liath reodh a chaoidh dhiot.'

"I must not, however, follow this subject further.

"Before closing, will you allow me add a sentence regarding that remarkable poem entitled the *Skull*. The subject does not seem a very promising one for poetic treatment. Repulsive as it appears, yet Buchanan arrays it in the richest imagery, and gathers around it fascinating ideas. It would have astonished an ancient Greek beyond measure, with whom the happiness and perfection of his nature was limited to the life that now is, to be told that a poet had sung of a hideous skull carelessly flung from the loathsome grave. Yet so it is, and Buchanan has, among

other things in the poem, softened the hard features of death with the halo of a glorious hope in the case of the worthy, but has intensified its horror and degradation for those who allowed the brute in their nature to triumph. There is in this poem the same wonderful command of appropriate phrase and impressive imagery, the whole flowing as sweetly as the gentle stream. It is remarkable that the introduction to this poem corresponds in idea very much with the scene of Hamlet and the gravediggers, though, of course, Buchanan is too grave to jest and pun, like the philosophic prince, in connection with the emblems of man's mortality. It is probable enough that Buchanan read the tragedy of Hamlet, in which speculations are started regarding those great questions which ever press men hard for a solution, and which Buchanan, too, looked steadily in the face. We know that Hume quoted Shakespeare to the poet, doubtless well aware that the quotation would be thoroughly appreciated. Assuming, then, that the idea of our poet's description of a skull was taken from Hamlet, that will so far detract from his originality. But a perusal of the poem, and of the scene in the play already referred to, will at once show that all Buchanan could have borrowed leaves untouched his absolute originality of treatment and form. Indeed, Shakespeare himself is not original, if the fact of a poet getting the idea of his work from another destroys his claim to originality. Hamlet and Buchanan speak of various persons to whom the skull might once belong, and for whose ends, good or bad, it was the willing servant, and moralise each in his own way on the base uses to which we may return. There is, however, a cynicism, and possibly a despairing scepticism, in the one, which gave way in the other to a tender melancholy, and to a faith that the house which 'lasts till doomsday' does not imprison the essence of humanity. Buchanan does not dwell on what is disgusting in death—though that fact is not concealed—with the same glee as the Prince of Denmark. He paints the grave rather as robbing us of the grace, the attractions, the faculties, the senses, the energies of life, than as converting us to the vile clay, as Hamlet does, that might stop a hole to keep the wind away. For example—

'Gun àille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd;
Air duine theid seach na dhail,
Gun fhiacail na dheud,
No teanga na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas càil,'

"You observe that that graphic description deals entirely in negatives. We think of the varied endowments of man's senses, of his intellect, social capacities, and physical beauty, as having passed away. What dissolution directly produces is less minutely depicted, though from the moral and religious aim of the poem the subject is not ignored. This last way of looking at the grave is introduced with great effect in connection with the death of the brutal and the sensual, as we may see in the lines which remind us of their doom. To the glutton it is said—

'Tha nise do bhrù
Da 'n robh thu a lùb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh'ùir gle làn,
Is do dheudach air glas',
Mu d theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachadh prais a bhais.'

"This quotation gives us also a very good example of the habit of the poet in referring to the grave in figures taken from the character, profession, or general circumstances of the person to whom the skull may be supposed to belong. Is it a physician's, then his skill failed him at the last, and the enemy he fought so long at last made him prisoner. Is it a general's, then his sword, too, had its edge turned, and his last battle was a defeat, &c. This sort of writing runs through the poem to a degree which makes it almost a mannerism, though, be it remembered, a mannerism which makes the poem very easily remembered, and which is a great auxiliary to the didactic intention of the poem. With his usual poetic feeling, Buchanan parts not with his subject, so full of what we do not like to contemplate, until it becomes transmuted with hope into the forerunner of perfect beauty.—

'Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar ghrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath nam beann;
Cur fradharc ro gheur
'S na suilean so féin,
'S iad a dealradh mar reulta a' d' cheann.'

"The clear eye of hope sees that ghastly socket filled once again with an eye still more radiant than the old, those hideous angles and hollows clothed with a more translucent beauty, and that bare forehead beaming with a mightier intelligence than it

ever knew before, if the present debasement was preceded by a life of truth, self-denial, and conformity to the Son of God.

"From what has been already so imperfectly said, I think you will allow that Buchanan deserves a close and sympathetic study from every ingenious member of the Gaelic Society. We are so taken up in the present day with the antiquities of our language, as to be in danger of overlooking what appeals in it to other faculties than the historical or philological. These last are, of course, to be exercised and trained into all fulness and exactness; but let them not, like a mighty tree, overshadow and kill, by drawing all the nourishment and appropriating all the sunshine to themselves, the love of poetry for its own sake, of beautiful and heroic sentiments which help to ameliorate the hard niggardliness of nature where that exists, and to impart still greater fruitfulness to what is already good.

"I think a young Celt thrown into the whirling excitement of our modern life, in which the aim of most men is not to cultivate into full activity the powers and feelings of their nature as rational creatures, but rather to surpass everybody else in material splendour and power. Civilisation with such is not the culture of the true, the good, and the beautiful, with success; but display, mechanical power, and enormous balances. That spirit is to be honoured in its own place, but it must not over-ride what is due to man as a living soul needing angel's food. Buchanan teaches, in songs of magical grace, that no external advancement can bring us fulness and roundness of life, for the royal pillow bears sighs no less than the straw one of the peasant. Nor shall we reach the end of our being by the mere energy of the intellect, the very expansion of which is often the inlet to intensified bitterness. Such energy is the energy of the lamb which has lost its mother, and goes about bleating, repulsed, and wounded at every turn, among those that care not for its wants. In our poet we have an instructor who, with exquisite grace, insinuates into our bosoms all the elements fitted to keep our humanity fresh, strong, and sweet amid all in life's struggle that tend to wither and dwarf its nature. In an age when the glory of the battle-field was the dazzling idol adored, Buchanan sang that men may win battles and not be heroes. He told them, in words still more needed in a time of more selfish personal pursuits, that the hero is the man who sets out on the path of life, in a true spirit, without fear, conquering the cowardice that makes us slaves to what is base, who shrinks not from death itself, and who encounters with a great and glad heart what Providence brings across his path.

Much of this would be grateful to the ears of a warlike people, but to be told that after all a man's great battle has to be fought on the field of his own heart, would not be so welcome. If what our critics say of us be true, that we need more patient, steady endurance to make our natural quickness of practical avail in life, no better antidote to our weakness, and no greater help to our strength, can be found than in incorporating Buchanan's poems into our very life. He would have us to be heroes, capable of all the self-mastery, all the abstinence from passions, all the endurance in misfortune of the old stoic, softened and refined by a harmonious development of our entire manhood, and, as the crown and flower of all, permeated with the life of Christ—the living impulse that bursts through and throws off our old husk.

"Thus we shall not only have the dash which carries us through a splendid charge, the vivacity that creates and enjoys what is graceful and charming, but have, in addition, the mind firm as adamant, and equally patient, so that defeat shall not be despair and collapse, but the occasion of a severer discipline, in which order shall regulate enthusiasm, and enthusiasm shall inspire order with vitality. Buchanan will help us to measure ourselves not by what we possess, but by what we are; to cultivate charity toward all men; to be fearless and independent; but, above all, to be ready to sacrifice every interest at the command of duty, which, with him, was the will of God. He will do this, too, in a style not harsh and crabbed, but musical as the lute of Appollo, where no crude surfeit reigns, at once fitted to ravish the heart, to gratify the imagination, and to satisfy the intellect, except where these are vitiated or debased. In the words of Ben Johnson, a rare poet needs rare friends."

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Sutherland; after which a letter was read from Cluny, thanking the Society for the resolution passed at their last meeting.

16th April 1874.

At this meeting it was unanimously agreed to suspend Rule III., and dispense with a ballot, when Alexander Forbes, Esq., San Francisco, was unanimously elected a life member of the Society, after which Mr D. Macculloch read a paper, entitled "Rambles in the Highlands." It has already appeared in a local paper, and it is therefore unnecessary to reproduce it here.

23d April 1874.

The following paper, from Mr John Macdonald, of the Excise, Lanark, entitled

"AM FEUM A TA AIR AON DOIGH SUIDHICT', AITHNICHTE, AIR SGRIOBHADH NA GAILIGE,"

was read by the Hon. Secretary.

"A dhaoin' uasail, tha eagal orm gu 'n saoil sibh mi ro dhàn' ann a bhi cuir òraid Ghàilig do bhur n-ionnsuidh o'n Ghalldachd, agus tha eagal orm nach mòr a shaoileas sibh dhi 'nuair a chluinneas sibh i. Na'm bithinn math air Gàilig a sgrìobhadh cha bhiodh e idir doilich dhomh mòran innseadh mu 'n chearn so, fada gu deas mar a tha mi, a bhiodh ro thaitneach do Ghàidheil a chluinntinn. Tha againn comharraidhean lionmhòr, neo-mhearachdach, gu 'n robh an dùthaich so aon uair air a h-àiteachadh le Gaidheil. Gu h-àraidh air taobh shuas amhainn Chluaidh tha ainmean nan àiteachan a' cuir an céill cho cinnteach gu 'm bu Ghàidheil sluagh na tìr aon uair, agus a tha dol fodha na gréine air chùl nam beann a' cuir an céill gu 'm bheil an oidhich' a' tarruing dlùth. Ann an sgìre *Lesmahagow*, mu thiomchioll leth mhìle o *Lanark*, ach air taobh eile Chluaidh, tha chuid a's mò do ainmean nam bailtean air an sgrìobhadh agus air an labhairt cho Gàidhealach 's ged a bhiodh iad ri taobh Loch-Nis. Faodar muinntir a chluinntinn gach là a bruidhinn mu Auchlochan, Auchnòtrach, Auchinbeg, Auchmeddan (meadhon), Auchenleck (lag), Auchtool (t-shabhaill), Auchinstilloch, Ardoch, Corramore, Craigenrig (righ), Carngour, Glaickhead.

"Anns an sgìre so tha seann Chaisteil Chraignethan mu 'n do sgrìobh *Walter Scott* ann an '*Old Mortality*' fodh an ainm '*Tillie tudlem.*' Anns na sgìrean mu 'n cuairt tha againn—Drumalbin, Balgray (greidh), Glentaggart, Glendouran, Glendorch, Glencaple, Glenochar, Strancleugh, Liscleugh, Duneaton, agus mòran tuilleadh. Ma theid sinn thairis air crioch shiorraichd *Lanark* gu *Dumfries*, gheibh sinn, Clachleith, Glenbuie, Glensalloch, Glenrae, Glengaber, agus an leithidibh sin. Is tric mise feòrach do na Goill ciod e seadh agus brìgh nan ainmean so, agus cionnus a thugadh leithid a dh-'ainmean do na h-àitean. Ach cha 'n aithne dhoibhsan. Ni mò a's aithne dhoibh no thuigeas iad an t-aoibhneas a tha na h-ainmean so air uairibh a' cuir ormsa, no na smuaintean muladach, tùrsach, trom, a tha air uairibh a' taiseachadh mo chridhe 'n uair a dh-imicheas mi thairis no seachad air na h-àitean ud, far am bheil an Gaidheal an duigh na choigreach.—

'Tha clann nan treun air dol a dhìth,
Is muinntir eil' air teachd do'r tìr.'

"D'fhaodainn mòran innseadh mu 'Chluaidh chaoin,' mu 'Chluaidh nan sruth sèimh,' mu 'Chluaidh nam bruach.' 'S maith a b'aithne do Bhàrd mhilis Shelma an amhainn mhòr, mhaiseach, a tha dol seachad sios fodh *Lanark*. Is tric a choinnich a ghaisgaich agus 'oighean mu bruach, agus is tric, aig an là 'n diugh, a chithear fleasgaichean 's an leannan ri taobh a sruth. Is iomadh seann chaisteal, liath, briste, air a bruachan a tha 'g aithris 'sgeul air àm o aois.' Tha Easan Chluaidh iomraiteach airson an àilleachd 's an greadhnachas, agus chithear 's an t-shamhradh luchd-turuis as gach cearn a' tighinn 'g am faicinn. Is maith a dh-ainmich na Gàidheal an Eas mheadhonach, 'Eas a' Choire.'

"D'fhaodainn innseadh mu 'Tintoc,'—an Tein-chnoc, an cnoc a's àird' anns a chearn so. Chithear air là soillear o mhullach, an dùthaich mu 'n cuairt air son mòran mhìltean. Is iomadh aite-dion Gàidhealach (*British hill-fort*) agus campa Romanach a chithear o mhullach. Ann an àm cogaidh agus cunnairt b'iomadh sùil a bha ri fair' air an Tein-chnoc, agus bu tric a dhears an 'gath' gu lasrach, boillsgeach, air a mhullach, a' tabhairt rabhadh gu 'n robh an namhad a' tarruing am fagus. Mar sin thionail na Gàidheil an gaisgaich gu cuir an aghaidh nan Romanach, mar sin chum na Romanaich am feachdan air am faicill an aghaidh nan Gàidheil, agus mar sin is tric a thugadh rabhadh do dh-Albainn gu 'n robh na Sasunnaich chiocrach a' tighinn a rithist a thabhairt ionnsuidh air a slugadh.

"D-fhaodainn innseadh mu gach gniomh treubhach, gaisgeil a rinn *Wallace* treun ann an *Lanark*; mu na h-àitean folaich a bh'aig ann an Creagan *Chartland*, agus aig Eas a' Choire; mu 'n iomhaigh shnaighte mhòr a tha air a cuir suas dha aig ceann eaglais *Lanark*, a tha muinntir a' bhaile air là àraidh gach bliadhna a' sgeadachadh le breacan, le blathan, le barradh chraobhan beithe, agus le rainneach, mar chuimhneachan air na rinn agus na d'fhuiling e airson a bhaile 's a dhuthaich.

"D'fhaodainn innseadh mu thigh ainmeil, gaisgeil an Douglas, a bha cho comharraichte re iomadh linn do eachdraidh Alba. Tha 'm fearann 's an Caisteal dlùth air *Lanark*. Tha an t-ainm air a labhairt an diugh le sluagh an àite cho Gàidhealach 's a bha e cheud là chualadh 's a bhlàr an glaodh, 'Seall-tibh an Dùbh-ghlas.'

"Bu taitneach innseadh mar fhuair na Cumhnantaich (*Covenanters*) gu tric fasgadh o 'n luchd-geur-leanmhuinn ann an còsan

dorcha Chreagan Chorrach *Chartland*, dlùth air a bhaile; mar a chum iad iomadh coinneamh dhiomhair ann an doimhneachd uaigneach sgoltaidh uamharra nan creag sin—am Mactalla a' tabhairt fianuis leis an earail dhìleas agus leis an urnuigh dhùrachd-ach, agus torman an uillt a' co-sheirm ri fonn bronach nan Sailm.

" D'fhaodainn tionndaidh gu eachdraidh sgriobht' an àite agus innseadh mar a shuidh daoine glic a bhaile so ann an comhairle mu thiomchioll dà cheud bliadhna roimhe so, agus a thug iad geur àithn' agus òrdugh gu 'n rachadh gach diol-deìrce, gach Eirionnach, agus gach *Gàidheal*, a sgiursadh agus fhuadach as a bhaile; mar a chum muinntir *Charluke*, 'san ath sgìrè, là taingealachd air son gu'n do chaill na Gàidheil blàr Chuilfhodar, ach feumaidh mi sguir. Ge taitneach 'sgeul nan laithean a d'fhalbh,' cha 'n fhaodar dearmad a dheanamh air na laithean a tha làthair, agus neo-chomasach mar a tha mi, gun leabhraichean, gun ùine, 's fheudar laimh a thabhairt air a cheann-teagaisg.

" Is e tha mhiann orm a chuir fodh chomhair a Chomuinn, am feum a tha air aon doigh suidhicht', aithnichte, air sgrìobhadh na Gàilige. Cha 'n eil a rùn orm, ni mo tha mi comasach, air ceistean cruaidhe, foghlumaichte a rannsachadh no shocrachadh, no air riaghailtean sonraichte a chuir sìos air son an doìgh sgrìobhaidh a's fearr a fhreagras do chomh-dheilbh na cànaine. Is e tha mhàin a rùn orm beagan bheachdan agus smuaintean mu'n chuis a chuir, gu ro ghoirid, fodh bhur comhair, agus a leigeil leibhs', ann bhur gliocas, a chùis a rannsachadh, agus breith a thabhairt co dhiù is fhiach i deadh-aire agus geur-bheachd no nach fhiach.

" Cha ruig mi leas innseadh dhuibh nach robh aig sgoilearan roimh so aon dòigh suidhichte air sgrìobhadh na Gàilige. Mo chreach gu 'm bheil na dearbhaidhean tuilleadh a's lionmhòr. Mar a thubhairt 'Alpein Og,' o chionn ghoirid, bha 'n doigh sgrìobhaidh cho caochlaideach ri breithnachaidhean an luchd-sgrìobhaidh. Ma choimeaseas sibh leabhraichean Gàilig a chaidh chuir a mach an Inbhirnis, an Glascho, 's an Dùneidin, shaoileadh sibh nach deach riaghailt a chuir sios riamh chum sgrìobhaidh na Gàilige a theagasg, ach gu 'n robh gach aon air fhàgail gu saors' a thoil, gu dheanamh mar a bha ceart 'na shuilean fein. Tha leabhraichean òrain agus laoidhean air an cuir a mach is gann is urrainnear a leughadh na thuigsinn; co dhiù is e coire nan sgrìobhadairean no nan clo-bhualadairean cha 'neil fhiòs agam, theagamh gu 'm bheil iad àraon ciontach. Tha againn fathast ann ar measg beagan do sgoilearan Gàilig, ach tearc mar a ta iad cha chord iad mu 'n doigh a's fearr air sgrìobhadh na cànaine. Cha chord Maclauchlinn, Clerk, no Camshroin; cha chord luchd-sgrìo-

bhaidh an 'Ard-Albannaich,' a 'Ghàidheal,' no na 'Brataich'; seadh —ach na innsibh e ann an Gat—chithear eadhon mòr iomadach anns an leabhar a chaidh a chuir a mach le Comunn Gàilig Inbhirnis Cha 'n eil e idir doilich a thuigsinn cionnas a tha leithid do dh-eadar-dhealachadh am measg luchd-sgrìobhaidh. Cha d' fhuair iad 'nan 'òige foghlum, agus ionnsachadh o leabhraichean freagarrach no a reir riaghailtean suidhichte, agus cha 'n eil e idir iongantach gu 'm bheil muinntir a' leantuinn an dòigh sin a dh' ionnsaich iad 'nan òige anns a chearn do 'n duthaich 's an d'fhuair iad an àrach, agus is e 'nam beachdsan an dòigh a's fearr. Ma chumas sinn ann ar n-aire cho bochd 's a bha 'n luchd teagaisg, agus cho beag 's a bha 'm foghluim a fhuair Sgoilearan Gàilig 'nan òige, is ann a bhitheas iongantas oirnn cho maith 's a tha luchd-sgrìobhaidh na Gàilig' a' cordadh. Is e mo bharail gu 'm faodar sin a ràdh mu Eirinn mar an ceudna; oir ma d' fheuch *Tomas O'Neill Russell* ni sam bith anns na nithibh a sgrìobh e ann san Ard-Albannach o chionn ghoirid, is e cho beag 's a tha dàrireadh a dh-atharrachadh eadar Gàilig Albannach agus Eirionnach. Leugh mi 'n ait 'air cheir-eiginn nach mòr nach tuigeadh Gàidheil Albannach agus Eirionnach gach focal a labhradh iad ri cheile; agus cha robh e idir doilich dhomhsa comhradh a chumail ri Eirionnaich a thachair orm. Ach faicibh an t-atharrachadh mòr a tha eadar ar dòighean sgrìobhaidh.

"Ma ghabhas sinn ann an cearn sam bith do Shasuinn leud dùthcha cho farsuinn ris a Ghàidhealtachd, gheibh sinn a cheart uibhir, mar fhaigh na 's mo, do dh-atharrachadh am measg luchd-labhairt na Beurla. Ach 'n an sgrìobhaidhean cha 'n fhaicear dad do dh-atharrachadh do bhrìgh gu 'm bheil aca aon seòl suidhichte, aithnichte, a tha iad a' leantuinn. Tha fios agaibh ciod a rinn *Addison, Johnson*, agus an leithidibh sin air son na Beurla; cionnas a thug iad a stigh dòigh sgrìobhaidh a chaidh a leantuinn gu mòr mar riaghailt agus mar eiseamplair a nuas o 'n àm sin; agus cionnas is ann a reir seòl sgrìobhaidh sgoilearan comharraichte mar sin a nithear deuchainn a chuir agus breith a thabhairt air sgrìobhaidhean muinntir eile.

"D'fheòraichinn na ta, nach eil sgrìobhaidhean idir againn a d'fhaodar a chuir sios mar riaghailt agus mar eiseamplair do luchd-sgrìobhaidh na Gàilige? Nach eil am measg uil' ionnsachaidh nan Gàidheil sgrìobhadh poncail agus coimhlionta gu leòir gu bhi 'na riaghailt shuidhichte leis an deanar deuchainn a chuir agus breith a thabhairt air sgoilearan Gàilig? Is e mo bharail-sa gu 'm bheil againn a leithid a riaghailt agus a dh-eiseamplair :—Gu 'm bheil againn anns a Bhìobull Ghàilig, a dh'aindeoin beagan mhearachdan

suarach, cha 'n e mhàin dòigh sgrìobhaidh cheart, ghlan, shnasmhor, ghrinn, a thaitneas ris, agus a thuigeas, gach Gàidheal, ach mar an ceudna an seòl sgrìobhaidh a's fearr a fhreagras do chomh-dheilbh na cànaine. Ma tha e mar so, is e am Bìobull na sgriobtuirean do na Gàidheil ann an seadh dà-fhillte, raighailt an caithe-beatha, agus riaghailt agus eiseamplair an sgriobhaidh. B' aoibhneach leam an là fhaicinn anns am biodh sgoilearan Gàilig a leantuinn an seòl sgrìobhaidh a th' againn anns a' Bhìobull. Leanadh ann an Dàin Oisein, mar air an cuir a mach an Dùneidin anns a bhliadhna 1818, le gle bheag atharrachadh, an dòigh sgrìobhaidh a th' againn 'sa Bhìobull. Tha againn mar an ceudna ann an sgrìobhaidhean Thormoid Mhic-Leòid anns an 'Teachdaire Ghaidhealach' agus ann an 'Cuairtear nan Gleann', seòl sgrìobhaidh a tha araon ro cheart agus phoncail, ro shnasmhor, agus ro ghrinn, ma chuireas sinn a leth-taobh beagan fhocail agus dhòighean-labhairt a bhuineas gu h-àraidh do 'n Earra-Ghàidheal. Tha nàir' orm innseadh nach do leugh mi Dàin Oisein mar air an cuir a mach le Dr Clerk, ach tha mi làn chinnteach gu 'm bheil dòigh sgrìobhaidh fear deasachaidh 'Charaid nan Gàidheil,' grinn, glan, agus ceart. Chi sibh uime sin nach e cion riaghailt agus eiseamplair is aobhar do 'n eadar-dhealachadh sin, am measg luchd-sgrìobhaidh na Gàilige, air son am maith a d'fhaodas Gàidheil caoidh agus gearan a dheanamh. Cha 'n eil teagamh sam bith agam nach mòr an cron agus an call a rinn e do 'n chànain, gur iomadh aon a chum e o ionnsachadh cainnt a shinnseara, agus gur iomadh leabhar agus sgrìobhadh Gàilig air an do chum e muinntir aineolach.

"Tha sibh a faicinn nach eil againn aon dòigh suidhichte air sgrìobhadh na Gàilige, ged a tha againn, a reir mo bharail-sa, riaghailt cheart, phoncail, agus eiseamplair glan, grinn, a dh' fhaodas sinn a leantuinn. Ciod e ma ta brìgh na cùise? Nach e gur mithich ionnsuidh chruaidh, dhìchiollach a thabhairt air sgrìobhadh na Cànaine athleasachadh. Agus a chionn nach eil againn fear-teagaisg ann an aon air bith do Ard-sgoilibh Alba, co dha a's fearr a thig sin a dheanamh, no co a's comasaich air a dheanamh, no Comunn Gàilig Baile mòr na Gàidhealtachd, air am bheil a rùn a Ghàilig a chuir air a h-aghaidh, agus 'bàrdachd, seanachas, sgeulachd, leabhraichean, agus sgrìobhana, 's a chànain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad?' Do bhrigh an coimhcheangal dlùth a tha eadar sibh agus a Ghàidhealtachd, buinidh dhuibh an toiseach a ghabhail, agus bithidh aig Comuinn Gàilig Inbhirnis, ughdarras agus cumhachd anns a chùis nach biodh aig Comunn sam bith eil, aon chuid an Glascho, an Dùneidin, no 'n Lunnuin. Gabhaibh mà ta na sgrìobhaidhean a's fearr agus a's comhlionta 's an chànain,

mar stéidh agus mar bhonn, mar riaghailt agus mar eiseamplair, agus cuiribh an cèill gu'm bheil a rùn oirbh fein sgrìobhadh a rèir an dòigh sin, agus gu'n tabhair sibh breith air sgoilearan Gàilig a rèir an riaghailt sin. Cha 'n e sin a mhàin ach gairmibh air gach Comunn Gàilig anns an tìr chum ar còmhnadh agus ar cuideachadh le'n comhairle agus le'm maoin, ann a bhi cuir a mach clò-bhualadh athleasichte, saor, do bhàrdachd agus sgrìobhaidhean eile nan Gàidheil. Deanaibh sin a reir dòigh sgrìobhaidh grinn, glan, a Bhiobull Ghàilig, agus tha mise meallta mar bi an luchd-leughaidh lionmhòr anns gach cearn de'n t-shaoghail. Leagaibh sios stéidh agus bonn suidhichte, a ghabhar agus a dh'aithnichear le luchd-sgrìobhaidh na Gàilige mar riaghailt agus mar eiseamplair, agus cuiribh sibh mar sin air aghaidh cìnneas na Gàilige, coisnidh sibh dhuibh fein deadh ghean nan Gàidheil, maille ri cliù agus meas gach sluaigh, agus saoraibh sibh Baile mòr na Gàidhealtachd o 'n tàmailt ud is tric a thilgear air—nach d'rinn e dad riamh air son leas no cinneas na Gailige.

The meeting expressed strong approval of the writer's suggestion, that the orthography of the Gaelic edition of the Bible should be the basis of Gaelic orthography in general. The Society instructed the Hon. Secretary to convey their thanks to Mr Macdonald for his paper.

7th May 1874.

At this meeting the Committee, appointed at a previous meeting, to procure a Secretary at a salary, reported that Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, declined the office, and they recommended that Mr Donald Macrae, High School, be appointed. The recommendation was adopted; Mr Macrae was unanimously elected Secretary, and being present, accepted office.

The meeting thereafter remitted to the Council to make the necessary arrangements for the Annual Assembly.

6th July 1874.

Several members were elected, and, on the recommendation of the Annual Assembly Committee, it was decided (and as it proved unwisely) to postpone the meeting from the Thursday evening of the Inverness Wool Market to the week of the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show.

The meetings of 22d and 24th July were taken up with further arrangements for the

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY,

which was held in the Northern Meeting Rooms, on Tuesday evening, the 28th July 1874. We take the following report of the proceedings from the "Highlander" newspaper:—

"The third Annual Assembly of this Society was held in the Northern Meeting Rooms, Inverness, on Tuesday evening, when there was a fair attendance. We regret that the demands on our space otherwise render it impossible for us to give that full and fervent account of the proceedings which the importance and native character of the Society and its proceedings would indicate as proper from us. Sheriff Macdonald, one of the Chieftains of the Society, occupied the chair. The Chairman was supported by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A.; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Rev. Mr Wright, Congregational Minister; Robert Carruthers, Esq., LL.D., "Inverness Courier;" Alex. Macdonald, Esq., Balranald; Mr Jolly, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools; Mr John Murdoch, of the "Highlander." Amongst others present were Capt. Rose; G. J. Campbell, Esq.; Bailie Macbean; James Fraser, Esq., C.E.; Captain Stewart, Bialid; — Cameron, Esq., Strone; Donald Davidson, Esq.; David Rose, Esq., Ceylon; James Ross, Esq., solicitor, &c., &c.

"The Chairman rose with diffidence to address the meeting, as it was only the evening before that he was informed of the honour intended for him in asking him to preside at the Assembly, and he had only a short time before got a programme of the order of procedure put into his hands. It was under these disadvantages that he came before them, and he therefore craved their indulgence for a short time. To begin with, the objects of the Society were decidedly patriotic, and by no means exclusively confined to the cultivation of the Gaelic language, nor to interfere with the Gaelic-speaking people from learning the modern and commercial languages. To show this, he would take the liberty of reading the following paragraph from the rules of the Society:—

"'The objects of the Society are—The perfecting 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 manu-

scripts; the establishing in Inverness of a Library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, literature, history, antiquities, and material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of their rights, and the furtherance of their interests, both at home and abroad.'

"The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, now holding its show at their doors, began on a very small scale, although now it included all Scotland in its operations. He held its motto, *semper armis nunc et industria*, 'always foremost in valour, now foremost in industry,' to apply aptly to their Society. He held in his hand the second volume of the Society's Transactions—which would soon be in the hands of the members—from which it would be seen that the number of members was yearly increasing, amounting at present to 261. That number, however, did not adequately represent the number of members, because these numbers were made out before the Transactions of the Society were sent to the printer, and a considerable number had been added to the membership since then. The funds were also prosperous, the Society holding, independently of debt, from £70 to £80. He recommended the members to take a lively interest in increasing the membership. Let each member take a pride in trying to bring in other members year after year. In that way the numbers would increase, and they might be very soon in a position to effect the teaching of Gaelic in their cottages, schools, and colleges, which had been in view for some time past. He hoped that the Society's membership would increase like a snow-ball, and that every successive year would in its roll bring large accessions to the roll of members. From the names of the parties on the programme, the evening's meeting promised to be a success, and he sincerely hoped it would. (Applause.)

"Rev. A. Macgregor, M.A., who was received with several rounds of applause, spoke as follows:—

"Fhir-suidhe Urramaich, a' Bhantighearnan, agus A 'Dhaoinuaillse gu leir, Cha bheag an t aobhar taingeileachd a th'againn gu'm bheil bliadhna eile air toirt a cuairt agus gu'm bheil sinn air ar caomh bheil nadh fathast ann an tir nam beo, agus, gu'm bheil Comunn Gaelig Inbherneis a' fas ann an cumhachd,—a' dol ann am farsuingeachd' agus a' cosnadh durachd agus deagh-ghean nan urramach anns gach aite air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air fad. Tha so ro thaitneach gu'n teagamh, agus is leoir e chum gach anam aig am bheil fuil nan Gaidheal a ruith 'na chuislibh a lionadh le

gairdeachas. Is leoir e chum gach fior-dhuine aig am bheil spèis da dhuthaich fein, a dheachdadh gu bhi 'guidhe le uile chridhe fein mar a leanas :—

"Gu robh buaidh leis a' Chomunn ud,
Cho seasmhach, saor, somalta;
Gu'n cuirt' na miltean comain orr',
Le dol gu'n dail a'm boinn riu.

B'e sud an Comunn ceanalta,
Tha uasal, ard, eireachdail,
Co iad a theid an coimeas riu,
'N uil' bhailtibh mor na rioghachd?

Tha Ghaelig ghrinn 'ga labhairt leo,
'S gu'n agh is gu'n agartas;
A'm measg a' cheil a' tagaradh,
Gach cuis is cleachd mu'n Ghaidhealtachd.

A'm Baile-cinn na Siorramachd,
'S riaghailteach iad a' cruinneachadh;
'N sin thig gu luath na h-uile fear,
'Chur urraim air a' mhor-shluagh.

Air Clach-na-Cudainn chuireadh leo
A'n t-urram is a'm mor-mheas;
A thoill a' Chlach o'n h-uile neach
'Ni 'dhleas'nas mar is coir da!

Co cruaidh 'sa 'Chlach gu'n charrachadh,
Nach brisear leis an ord i,
Co dian ri sin 'tha tairisneachd
Na Cuideachd aluinn, coir so!

An Comunn curant', ceanalta,
'S maiseach agus geanail iad;
Tha feartan 's buaidhean 'leanachd riu,
Nach treig iad 'm feadh is beo iad.

Tha uaislean ard a' cuideach leo,
'S Cinn-fheadhna 'teachd le mor-ghean;
'S gach Fin, a's Treibh; a's Ceannard treun,
A' dol mar aon 'gan comhnadh!

Tha Cluanaidh mor 'nam bras-bhuillean,
Gu h-aiginnsach 'gan seoladh;
'Na chanain bhinn is bhlasda, ghrinn,
'A Ghaelig aosda, oirdheirc,

'S Lochiall nan euchd is caidreach e,
Is Coinneachd Ridir Ghearrloch ;
Is Traith na Tullaich aiginneach,
Is Blackie tla 'nam ban-chiabh !

Gu leir le h-eud is daimheileachd,
Is laidir, tairis, dian iad ;
A'n cairdeas is a'n caoimhnealas,
Cha d' thug 's cha toirear buaidh orr' !

Gu robh rath leis a' Chomunn ud,
Seasmhach, suilbhear, coimhlionta ;
Fearail, fialaidh, solaireach,
Co 'mholas mar bu chòir iad ?

"Seadh, 'Co 'mholas mar bu choir iad ? Chan'neil teagamh agam nach dean an t-Ard-Albanach a dhichioll air clach dhiongmholta a chur ann an carn-cuimhne Comuinn Gaelig Inbherneis; agus nach dean e spairn chruaidh le' bhonait 's le bhreacan-an-fheile, chum an deagh-chliu a chur a'm fad 'sam farsuingeachd. Ach 'Co 'mholas mar bu choir iad ?' Cha'n fhurasd r'a fhaotuinn fear-dan, no filidh, no bard, 'n 'ar la 's nar linn fein, aig am bheil cumhachd uile bhuaidean Gaildhead a leigeadh ris mar a thoill iad. Nochd iad an dillseachd agus an gaisge fein anns gach rioghachd fo'n ghrein, agus cha'n fhurasd an euchdan anns gach cath agus teugmhail a chur an ceill mar bu choir !—Bu chliuiteach, druighteach, cruaidh chainnteach Ian Lom, agus an Ciaran Mabach, Ian Mac Fhearchuir Mhic Chodruim, Donnuchadh Ban, Rob Donn, agus sgaoth gu'n aireamh eile a dheachd na Ceolraidhean ann am mor-thomhas ; ach an deigh sin cha bhiodh an ceileirean ach diblidh, fann chum gaisge shliochd nam beann aithris mar a thoill iad. Is ceart a dh' fheudadh an luchd dan gu leir a radh :—

"Dhiult na Ceolraidh an comhradh binn,
Is cliu nan treun cha'n eirich leinn ;
Is lannan boisgeil, cruaidh nan saoidh,
'S nam flath 'nam feirg, cha seinn sinn chaoidh.

"Ach dh' aindeoin gach saruchaidh agus cruaidhchas a ta iad a fulang—dh' aindeoin mar a ta iad air an ruagadh 'mar na cearcan-coille air na beanntaibh'—an deigh sin uile, cha do chaill iad fathasd am misneach, no'n cruadal, no'n curantachd. Is iad nach do chaill—Cha'n 'eil ach beagan mhiosan o'n nochd na feachdan Gaidhealach an treubhantas, agus an dian-thairisneachd 'san Roinn-Africa, far an do chuir iad an ruaig air na h-Ashanteich, agus far an d'rinn 'Am Freiceadan Dubh' gu h-araidh teuchd do chur an ceill !

"Ghrad chuir iad smuid ri Camassi,
Bha'm baile gu leir 'na lasair;
'S mar nead chonnspeach thuit e 'na smal,
Gach cabar is clach dheth gu lar!

Ochan! Righ Coffi Calcalli,
Bu mhealltach, fealltach am ball e!
Ach fhuair e na thoill e gu cruaidh,
Le gaisg' nach dean briathran a luaidh!

"Cha saruich mi bhuir foighidinn le bhi 'labhairt a' bheag tuilleadh aig an am.—Thubhairt mi ni's leoir, air do fhios cinnteach a bhi agam gu'm bheil deagh run aig maithibh na tire do Chomunn Gaelig Inbherneis. Ach tha Comunn eile a ta air ainmeachadh air ar luchd-duthcha,—comunn eile a ta mor agus cumhachdach, agus tha e 'sa bhaile anns na laithibh so. 'Se so Comunn Gaidhealach na h-Alba,—agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil e ann an dluth-dhaimh ruinne. Is mor agus is cosdail an t-ullachadh a rinn an Comunn so, leis an aitreabh-fiodha a thog e a'm fochair a' bhaile, chum gu'm biodh spreidh de gach gne gu follaiseach air an nochdadh, seadh, crodh, caoraich, eich, mucan, torcan, cearcan, agus gach ainmhidh 'nar duthaich a ta 'feumail do mhac an duine. Ach, a thuilleadh air sin, tha gach ball agus ac-fhuinn tuathnachais, a fhuair innleachd an duine a mach, air an nochdadh an sin:—inneala gu miorbhuileach air an co'-dhealbhadh,—agus ceart co miorbhuileach air an gluasad le gaoith, le teine, le uisge, le h-aile, no le toit! Chithear an sin oibrichean chear-dail de gach seorsa, mar a ta oibrichean-creadha,—oibrichean-gloine, —oibrichean-lin, oibrichean-snaidhte, oibrichean-uairdeadair, oibrichean-chuidhleachan, agus mar sin sios. Chithear ann, innealan air son gach gne ealaidh agus ceairde,—agus geochail gu'n aireamh nach ceadaich uine dhomh fiu an ainmeachadh. Is mor, cumhachdach, agus cudthromach an Comunn so. Se Bun Lochabair fein le' bhriathraibh soilleir, bandaidh, reidh, a leigeadh ris air choir e. Ach mor agus lionmhor 's mar a ta na cuspairean a ta aig an ard-chomunn so 'san amharc, cha'n ionnann na nithe a ta 'san amharc aig 'Comunn Gaelig Inbherneis,'—oir 'se durachd a' Chomuinn sin gach modh, seol, gnath, agus cleachd,—gach buaidh, gne, feart, agus cail a bhuineadh riamh do na Gaidheil a thoirt air an aghaidh, agus a chumail air chuimhne.—

"O! gu mo fad an Comunn beo,
Is gu mo farsuing mor an reachd;
'S gu robh beannachd an Ti a's Aird',—
'Nan cois gu brath, 'nan gniomh' s'nan cleachd!

"Rev. Mr Wright, Congregational minister, after a few introductory remarks, proceeded to give the audience some words of advice with regard to Ossian and his poems. It was somewhat humiliating, he said, to find that in some parts of France and Germany, there were men better acquainted with the times, style, and characteristics of Ossian's poetry than they in the Highlands of Scotland were. They looked upon Ossian as their true poet, and in order that he should be properly understood and appreciated, it was necessary that they should give their literature and his poetry a free and full chance and scope. In Ossian they found the true characteristics which mark the poet. The humdrum of life was oftentimes hard to bear, and they were often willing to go away from society to get to nature. Then they were glad to get a man true to his nature, and the nature by which they were surrounded. Such an one they found in Ossian, whose imagery and the scenes by which he was surrounded, made them feel it was good that they had been born on the earth. They need not expect in Ossian the refinement and polish found in the productions of the highest English poets, who being reared and educated in the quietude of English life, wrote in a similar strain to their surroundings. So Ossian, surrounded by those grand old mountains and hills, whose ears heard the sounds of those mountain streams, wrote in a rough, rugged style, but in a style which spoke with force to them as Scotchmen. Ossian had been styled the Homer of Scotland, lacking truly the vivacity of Homer, but having all the *esprite* which is characteristic of Highlandmen—which had carried them to the heights of Alma and to Coomassie. In Ossian they would find matter to suit all tastes. Among the young the poems of love would be appreciated, while those of a martial spirit should read of the sons of Fingal. He came there simply to show his sympathy with the movement, and to ask them to give the Society a fair chance. (Applause.)

"During the evening the following ladies and gentlemen contributed towards the success of the Assembly in a manner which was evidently highly pleasing to the audience. Pipe-Major Maclennan played 'Failte an t-Siosalach,' 'Captain Campbell's March,' &c., 'Cumha an aon mhic,' and 'The Cameron's Farewell to Gibraltar.' Mr A. Stewart sang 'Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin, O,' and 'Oran Chaptean Huistean.' Mr James Fraser sang 'John Grumlie,' 'Come under my plaidie,' and 'It fell upon a Martinmas time.' Mr W. G. Stuart recited 'Fionnladh Piobaire,' 'Turus Eachain gu Paisley,' and 'Clan nan Gaidheil ri guaillean a' cheile.' Miss Flora Matheson sang 'Failte dhuit, deoch slainte leat,' and 'Ho

ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach.' Professor Morine rendered Gaelic airs on the pianoforte. Mr Sim sang 'Mary of Argyll,' and 'My native land.' Mr D. Wilson sang 'Oran do'n Fhreiceadan Dubh,' and, along with Mr Macrae, 'Ho! mo Mhairi laghach.'

"Mr Jolly, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools, in moving a vote of thanks to Sheriff Macdonald for presiding over the meeting, said it was only the Sheriff's love for the cause the Society had in view which induced him to come forward that evening. He (Mr Jolly) was only sorry that the meeting was not more largely attended to enjoy such a pleasant evening's entertainment. He hoped they would carry forth with them the ideas contained in the grand old songs and music they had that night listened to, and that the result of the evening's proceedings would be that they would take greater interest in the Society, which should command their best attention, and, at the same time, show what they could do in investigating the great philological link which the Gaelic language supplied, which was now for the first time demanding and receiving from scholars and others who appreciate the study of philology the attention which it deserved. (Applause.)

The proceedings were then brought to a close by the playing of Dhia Gleidh Bhanrigh (God save the Queen) on the pianoforte.

[We regret to have to state that the assembly was not the triumphant success which we should have desired. The presence of the magnates of the Highland Society in Inverness; the hospitality due to the strangers attending the show; the rain, hail, and thunder, during part of the day; *and, no doubt, the deviation from the eve of the Wool Fair for holding the Assembly*, all conspired to keep the people from attending. Still the true spirit pervaded the proceedings; and the members present were animated by the hope, the zeal, and the determination, which should sustain *Clann nan Gaidheal ri guaillean a cheile!*]

TRANSACTIONS, 1874-75.

The first meeting of Session 1874-75 was held within the Guildry Hall on Tuesday evening, the 1st September 1874. There was no paper read. Complaints were made as to the delay in printing Volume II. of the Society's Transactions, and the Publishing Committee was requested to report progress.

10th September 1874.

At this meeting Mr Mackenzie, Bank Lane, presented the Society with a handsomely bound copy of his publication of the "Airs and Melodies of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by the late Captain Fraser of Knockie. A vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Mackenzie for his elegant and valuable donation to the Library.

14th October 1874.

This evening a lecture was delivered by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, on "The Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools, and in the Universities." Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P., occupied the chair; supported by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch, Honorary Chieftain; Alexander Dallas, Esq.; Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., Broadstone Park; and John Murdoch, Esq.—Chieftains; Dr Carruthers; Sheriffs Blair and Macdonald; Bailies Macbean and Davidson; the Rev. Messrs A. Macgregor, Dawson, and Wright; Angus Mackintosh, Esq. of Holme; James Anderson, Esq., solicitor, &c., &c.

We take the following report, being the best, from the *Aberdeen Free Press*:—

"PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE TEACHING OF GAELIC IN SCHOOLS & UNIVERSITIES.

"Mr Fraser-Mackintosh having introduced the learned lecturer,

"Professor BLACKIE, who was received with loud and continued applause, began his lecture by referring to how he, a Saxon, without a drop of Celtic blood in his veins, stood before them that evening to speak on the subject of Gaelic education. People were now beginning to see that our Scottish Universities were running in a rut. Sometime ago a representation was made that a professorship should be established in the University of Edinburgh, not of Gaelic alone, but of all the Celtic dialects. Several took an interest in this movement, and among others on the committee were Lord Neaves and Cluny Macpherson. Knowing the extreme difficulty of moving the Scotch people, and the extreme practicality of the Scotch intellect, the committee resolved to adopt some measures to bring them to their duty, and there he was in the North among them that evening. The office of convener of this committee was put upon him, and he was therefore determined to do something. He was there claiming their support. A great number of people were rather the better of being told what they should do; they did not always object to do it; but still they had to be told. For the past ten or twelve years he happened to live in the Highlands, and he sang songs there too! Yes, Highland songs, along the running waters, and under the shadows of the fragrant birch. There he learned to weep with those that wept, and to mourn with those that mourned. He had taken up the question of the Highland clearances; he often barked on that question, and gave an occasional bite. He then went on to speak of the Celtic language and literature. This was the moment to state the question. If there was to be a representation of the Celtic language and literature in our Universities, this was the moment—it was now or never; and said the Professor—

> 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,' &c.

There was a grand organisation up in London and Edinburgh, but those fellows did not know anything about your requirements;

and if you allowed them to get the mastery, what would be the case? Speaking of the character and position of the Gaelic language in Great Britain, he said that Gaelic was a branch of one of the great Aryan languages that emigrated from the high grounds of Central Asia to Middle and Western Europe, and had, for at least three thousand years, been spoken by a people of fine qualities and marked character, but which, from its peculiar circumstances, had never been able to assert for itself any prominent place as an organ of literary expression. Gaelic was an old and venerable language—he would not say the mother of Latin and Greek; but he would say the sister, or, if they preferred it, the brother. (Laughter.) Speaking of the literature of the Gaelic language, he said that not to speak of Ossian, we had the Lismore Book of Ballads, and also 'Mordubh,' a poem in the style of Macpherson's 'Ossian.' Speaking of the Education Code, and the duties of School Boards, he said it was their duty to support this language on grounds of patriotism, religion, and sentiment. The Gaelic language was neglected, and that by the very people who spoke it. This neglect of the language was not to be attributed to the Highland Celt alone. The Lowlander did likewise. He also forgot his native Scotch music, and ran after Italian and German novelties, which, whatever their excellencies may be, are not the national element which a Scottish soul should love. For the neglect of the Gaelic language there were several reasons, such as that 'Far away birds had fair feathers;' then there was the novelty of a foreign tongue; and people who wished to be genteel considered Gaelic vulgar; and lastly, there was the question of interest—a very Scotch question—What was the use of the Gaelic language? He would answer that by another question—What was the meaning of 'use'? That would puzzle them. The question was often asked—Would a knowledge of Gaelic help one to get on in the world? Of course, that meant this world. (Loud laughter.) People often gave out in a nasal tone the words—

> 'Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
> Who was a very extraordinary person.'

But that had nothing to do with Gaelic, and getting on in the world. It was said often there was no practical advantage to be got by a knowledge of Gaelic. But whatever the practical uses, Gaelic was rooted in the affections of the people, and, as the mother tongue, maintained its hold like an old tree, holding with many fangs to the soil, and required a force greater than the Duke

of Sutherland's steam engines to tear it up. Notwithstanding all this neglect, it has maintained, and will maintain, a stronghold within the *garbh chrioch*, or rough boundaries, where it has its home. Gaelic was the language of religious life in the Highlands; and they knew that religion was the most radical thing in human nature, and the most closely connected with the noblest expression of the popular life. If there was no Gaelic preaching, Gaelic would die out; but as, being the mother tongue, it would have a welcome in the hearts of all people who had a heart; but God knew there were many people without a heart at all. There was less Irish preaching than Gaelic preaching, and on that account he would predict that Irish would die a hundred years before Gaelic. A few minds of superior patriotism or enthusiasm recognised the value of the mother tongue as an instrument of moral and intellectual training. He referred to such men as Mr Campbell of Islay, who hunted up all the old women, and old sailors, and old tailors and tinkers, for old stories. He would also refer to the father of the late Dr Norman Macleod, who was popularly and deservedly known as '*Caraid nan Gaidheal*.' He was, as Sir Robert Peel said, a model clergyman, a perfectly polished gentleman, and a true Highlander. It has been well said that if that man's heart had come out of his bosom it would be found dressed in a kilt. Again reverting to the Gaelic language, he said that the existence of a peculiar language justified the existence of a peculiar people—of a peculiar type of man, of peculiar traditions, manners, and customs; and to obliterate a language was to erase the memory of the past and to wipe out a peculiar type of men from the face of the earth. Our nationality was in a measure couched up in our Highland Gatherings and Northern Meeting. There were seen the kilt, the plaid, the bagpipe, the dirk, the hose, and exhibition of muscle, but no brain. From this he went on to speak of the Education Act, which he condemned as ignoring the Gaelic language. Some people maintained that the language was harsh, was difficult to acquire, and was barbarous. This he totally denied. If the Education Department wanted Gaelic books, from the poetry of Duncan Ban Macintyre he would make a book which would have a better moral effect on the youthful Highland intellect than any of their English schoolbooks. (Loud applause.) Well, Gaelic was old, but he had no reason to believe that Gaelic was the language of the prayer-book by which Adam and Eve were married in Paradise. (Laughter.) This was said by a great poet of their own—Alastair Macdonald, *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*—but it was calculated to do more harm than good to the cause of Gaelic. A know-

ledge of Gaelic strengthened a knowledge of English; and men who did not know a word of Gaelic were not entitled to pronounce the language as being barbarous, or anything else. Some people said that a knowledge of Gaelic hindered a knowledge of English. He wondered if a knowledge of Latin and Greek had the same effect in the Lowland schools. Here he read a letter from Colonel Gardyne of Glenforsa, which was to the effect that the Colonel, and his father before him, took an interest in the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, and that they always found that the pupil who could best read the Gaelic language was the best English scholar also. Gaelic, it was said, was an extremely difficult language, and its acquirement demanded more time and labour than most languages. No language was difficult to persons who imbibed it with their mother's milk. There is no difficulty in Gaelic. He would, indeed, come to the conclusion that man was a very lazy, a very stupid, and a very cowardly animal. He (the Professor) would not condescend to learn an easy language. What if a man was to pride himself on mountain-scaling, he would not be satisfied with getting to the top of Tomnahurich; he would take Ben-Nevis. The prevalence of *ch* was the only difficult thing about Gaelic; and as for *ch*, everybody in the world except John Bull could pronounce it. It was not his knowledge of Gaelic, but his want of English, that prevented any Highlander from getting on in the world. There was a difficulty in finding teachers in the Highlands able to give instruction in Gaelic. The best teachers could only teach English, Latin, or French, and, it might be, a little Greek. These were all masks for ignorance —an apology for laziness. There was no reason whatever why an elementary teacher in the Highlands should know Latin and Greek; it was only learned superstition. (Laughter.) They should teach Gaelic, English, music, drawing, and botany. For the teaching of Gaelic in schools, he would lay down the following rules :—1. Wherever the majority of the people hear with preference Gaelic sermons, they ought to be able to read a Gaelic Bible, and the reading of Gaelic ought to be taught in the school. 2. Prizes and distinctions ought always to be given for the recitation of Gaelic poems and the singing of Gaelic songs in Gaelic schools. 3. Where the Gaelic-speaking population form only a small minority in Highland schools, Gaelic ought not to be taught as a regular part of school business; but special prizes ought to be offered to those who, in a voluntary way, attain excellence in Gaelic reading and recitation, by private study and extra scholastic appliance. 4. The Education Board, in selecting schoolmasters for Highland parishes, should give a decided preference to such teachers as can show a grammati-

cal knowledge of the Gaelic language, and an increase of salary should be given to all teachers who make a dexterous use of the mother tongue in the teaching of English and Latin, or in the encouragement of correct Gaelic reading and recitation. The learned Professor then went on to speak of Gaelic in the University. He strongly argued for a Chair there, both for training teachers and preachers, and cultivating the language in its philosophical aspect. But the great Scotch question, Will it pay? unfortunately intruded here. If it did pay, good and well; if it didn't, that was the reason why it should be established. He himself had offered £50 towards this end. If we cannot get great names to lead us as they ought to do, let us not neglect what Dr Chalmers said of the power of littles. Let us agitate the clans and county gatherings and associations, and let us appeal to the prosperous Celt abroad. Why not follow the example of the Roman Catholic clergy of the middle ages and of the Free Church clergy of the present day? Let us teach old Celtic leaders and gentlemen to make wise wills, for which purpose there were plenty of lawyers in Inverness and elsewhere. And then, in conclusion, he said—If the Celtic soul amongst you is dead; if you have ceased to believe in yourselves; if you are willing to be snuffed out by a pair of Saxon snuffers; if you wish to be strangled by London and Edinburgh 'red tape;' if you wish to be absorbed into the big body of the beef-eating, grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and salmon-fishing Brahma, called John Bull—in that case I can do nothing for you. You can't steal from a man who is willing to have his pockets picked. To those who refuse to be helped there is no help possible. The Professor then resumed his seat amid thundering applause.

"Dr Carruthers proposed a vote of thanks to the Professor for his interesting lecture; and said that though the Education Code did not prescribe, it did not forbid the teaching of Gaelic in the national schools.

"Sir Kenneth Mackenzie seconded. Speaking of Gaelic in schools, he said that though no mention was made of Gaelic in the Education Code, inspectors were instructed to test the knowledge of the pupils by making them translate the words into Gaelic. He only wished they were all as Highlanders imbued with the enthusiasm which animates Professor Blackie. If they were, a Gaelic Professorship could easily be established.

"Professor Blackie said that inspectors knew nothing of Gaelic, and would only be showing their own ignorance in asking the pupils to translate words into it.

"Sheriff Blair proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for

presiding, and remarked that during the late election canvass he was sure Mr Fraser-Mackintosh found Gaelic of great use to him.

"Mr Fraser-Mackintosh said that he found Gaelic of advantage to him not only during the late canvass but throughout the progress of his life. He hoped that School Boards would look after the interests of the Gaelic language, and see that it was taught in schools in all districts in which it was the language of the people. In regard to the Gaelic Chair, any proposal in connection with it would have his most cordial support. Invernessians would be failing in their duty if they did not contribute speedily to the object Professor Blackie had in view—an object he hoped would receive all manner of success.

"At this stage the Professor was stimulated to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he arose and took the Chairman cordially by the hands to congratulate him."

29th October 1874.

Several gentlemen were nominated members of the Society.

11th November 1874.

The Secretary, Mr Donald Macrae, read a paper on the "Gaelic Language," showing the influence it exercised upon the topography of Gaul, and the place it must have held in that province previous to the invasion by Julius Cæsar; its relation to Latin and English; and its philologic, social, and economic uses. In the debate which followed, the duty of having the Gaelic language taught in Highland Schools, as a special subject, was advanced, and it was proposed that this question should be the subject for discussion at the next meeting, with a view to the Society taking proper steps towards having this important part of its duties carried into effect.

It was unanimously resolved to convey the thanks of the Society to Charles Innes, Esq., for the manner in which he conducted the defence of the so-called Bernera "Rioters," and for giving such publicity to the whole proceedings. After which, the gentlemen previously nominated were duly elected members of the Society.

19th November 1874.

The question of teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools was fully discussed, when it was found that the national system of education, in its present form, is not adequate to meet the educational wants of the Highland parishes; that the Gaelic School Society has done much for the Highlands, and deserves the support of Highlanders; that it was the teaching of Gaelic in these schools that rendered them so successful above other supplementary systems of education; and that the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and kindred societies throughout the world, have done their own cause, and that of the Highlands, a decided wrong, in so far allowing the Gaelic language to be treated with indifference by the Legislature. On the motion of the Secretary, the resolution (which will be found embodied in the circular sent to the School Boards) was unanimously carried. "The Society resolved that the best steps to carry this resolution into effect should form the subject for discussion at next meeting." Several gentlemen were nominated members.

26th November 1874.

After discussing the resolution passed at last meeting, the Secretary was requested to prepare a letter to be inserted in the newspapers, with the resolution passed at last meeting on the subject of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools. It was also agreed to urge upon the Legislature and the School Boards to make provision for teaching children in Gaelic-speaking districts through the medium of their native language; and the Secretary was requested to prepare a circular address to kindred Societies and School Boards, asking their support in favour of this movement. The members nominated at last meeting were thereafter elected.

7th January 1875.

The Secretary produced draft letter and circular, which was approved, and ordered to be sent to the newspapers, and to the School Boards throughout the Highlands. The circular was as follows:—

"Gaelic Teaching in Highland Schools.

"Sir,—The Gaelic Society of Inverness, having for some time past fully considered the subject of teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, passed the following resolution at a meeting held on the 19th of November—'That the national system of education does

not, and cannot, supply the educational wants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, however thoroughly it may be carried out; that it is proved by the experience of generations that a knowledge of Gaelic, instead of being a hindrance to the acquirement of, and progress in, English, greatly facilitates instruction in the English language—no method of teaching languages being so successful as that of double translation; and that the new Act should make special provision for the teaching of Gaelic in the schools of Gaelic-speaking districts as an independent subject of instruction.'

"At a later meeting the Society discussed the best course to take for carrying this resolution into effect; and in furtherance of this object I have been directed to forward the above resolution for the consideration and co-operation of your Board, and beg to subjoin the following remarks :—

"The question whether Gaelic should have a place in the Revised Code of Education as a subject of school instruction in Gaelic-speaking districts, has been duly considered and answered in the affirmative by the most competent authorities; and in fact the reception given to the Celtic Chair scheme warrants this conclusion without further proof. University education is expected to begin exactly where school education ends. But where are we (the Highlanders) to find students qualified to take advantage of the Celtic Chair unless Gaelic be taught in our Highland schools?

"There are many strong reasons why Gaelic should be taught. In the case of the numerous Gaelic-speaking districts, is there anything more irrational than trying to give a child a thorough and rapid training in English without the use of the language with which only he is acquainted? The method of teaching languages by double translation is universally adopted, except in this case of English in the Highlands; and why *it* is an exception has never been explained. This grievance—or mistake—is worthy of the attention of most, if not of all, of our Highland School Boards.

"In the case of Gaelic-speaking children, whose education will be limited to three or four years, the mistake of neglecting their native tongue must be still more injurious. On leaving school they will be found to have acquired a very imperfect knowledge of English, which will avail them little in a commercial, or any other point of view; and of their native tongue they have not been allowed to acquire any grammatical knowledge whatsoever, and cannot even read the Bible with intelligence. With due attention to both languages, the result would be much more satisfactory. It has been found from experience that even incidental lessons in their mother tongue—and, indeed, incidental attendance at school —for not more than three or four years, have enabled children of

very ordinary capacity to master the Gaelic, so far, at least, as reading the Bible is concerned.

"Much might be said as to whether Gaelic ought to receive the same attention in places where it is only partially spoken. But I forbear going into this part of the subject at present.

"The philological importance of the Gaelic language is so well known and admitted by those who have paid the matter any attention, that others may take this for granted, although it were certainly better, and more profitable, to *know*, than to believe from hearsay.

"It is very gratifying to observe, from advertisements in the newspapers, that *some* School Boards in the Highlands are alive to the fact that Gaelic-speaking teachers are more suitable for their schools than those who are ignorant of the language of the place; but unfortunately, many Boards have shown their indifference to, if not their contempt for, this view of the question. By united effort and co-operation, Highland School Boards and Highland societies throughout the country may do much to get the question properly settled by legislation, although as individual bodies the most influential of them can effect but little for a cause so purely local. The press, generally speaking, is favourable to our views; and by its influence, and through it, we can, at least, examine into the merits of the case. Highland School Boards may rest assured that the teaching of Gaelic will in their case prove more profitable than that of Latin or Greek, socially, philologically, and financially. Financially, because if Gaelic were allowed the place assigned to Latin and Greek, the number of Highland pupils who would pass the examinations would be much greater, and the aggregate amount of grant consequently increased, with corresponding benefit to pupils, teachers, and ratepayers.

"The Education Act as it now stands, suggests that school inspectors allow a pupil to express himself in Gaelic in the event of a difficulty of explaining in English any passage in the English reading lesson, warranting the assertion that more is not granted by the Act, simply because more was not demanded by those concerned. We ourselves, therefore, may be blamed for this defect in the Act; and with ourselves also rests the responsibility of its amendment.—I am, &c., "DON. MACRAE,

"Secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness.

"High School, Inverness, 9th January 1875."

ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH SHAW, Esq., London, at this meeting, presented the Society, through the Secretary, with a copy of his work "The Clan Battle of Perth."

13th January 1875.

ANNUAL SUPPER.

The members of the Society held their Annual Supper on Wednesday evening, in the Station Hotel. The chair was taken at eight o'clock by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Chief of the Society, supported on the right and left by Provost Lyon-Mackenzie; Sheriff Macdonald, late of Stornoway; and the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness. The Croupiers were Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, and Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, supported by Mr Mackintosh of Holme; Colonel Macpherson, Inverness; and Mr Jolly, Inspector of Schools. Among the company were:—Bailie Baillie; Bailie John Davidson; Dr Macnee; Mr Dallas, Town-Clerk; Mr G. G. Allan, Caledonian Bank; Mr Andrew Macdonald, solicitor; Mr Menzies, Caledonian Hotel; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Church Street; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Ferrintosh; Councillor John Noble; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr A. Fraser, writer; Mr W. B. Forsyth, of the Advertiser; Mr Ellis, builder; Councillor Donald Macdonald; Mr D. R. Ross, Gas and Water Company's Office; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange; Capt. Mackenzie, Telford Road; Councillor Peter Falconer; Mr John D. Shaw, Union Street; Mr G. J. Campbell, writer; Mr Alex. Macleod, Huntly Street; Mr Fraser, Tomnahurich Street; Mr Fraser, Castle Street; Mr Macdonald, live stock agent; Mr Mackintosh, Post-office Buildings; Mr John Murdoch, Inverness; Mr Kenneth Fraser, writer; Mr Mackenzie, bookseller; Mr Sinclair, tailor, High Street; Mr Charles Mackay, contractor, Drummond; Mr Macrae, High School (secretary); Mr A. Mackenzie, wine-merchant, Church Street; Mr Macfarquhar, sheriff-clerk-depute; Mr Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; Mr Maciver, Church Street; Messrs Barron and Bain of the Courier; Mr Mackenzie, Free Press; Mr Duncan, Highlander, &c.

Grace was said in Gaelic by the Rev. Mr Macgregor, after which an excellent and substantial supper, served up in the best style, was done ample justice to by the company. The following was the printed bill of fare:—

"SUIPEIR NAN GAIDHEAL.

"*Tha i toiseach le brigh*—Sugh mhaigheach, no chreamh.

"*A leantail le taobh-shoithchean grinn*—Eoin fhraoich 'chion nan cnamh; Feoil chaorach mion-ghearrt; 'S taigeis a thaitneas ri suinn.

"*Tha uilt ann gu saibhir*—Feoil roist is feoil bhruich; 'S cinn

nam mult Gaidhealach 'n am biann; Tha turcaich 's eoin ghreight ann; Slios chrochte na muic; Is slias'dean nam mult, mar 'o chian.

"*Nithean milis air dhealbh*—Marag phlumbais nan Gall; Is ubhlan 'an sligeachan taois; Sugh mheasan is caithan; Gach fuinteach is pithean; Is aran is caise maraon."

Pipe-Major Maclennan played appropriate airs in the anteroom during supper, and in the intervals between the toasts.

The Chairman kept up the traditions of the Society by proposing the health of the Queen in Gaelic, as follows—A Thighearna Chluanidh agus a dhaoine uailse, Tha e na chleachdadh gu'n toir am fear a tha 's a chathair so Deoch slainnte na Ban-Righ, ann an Gaidhlig. Chan eil mise ro mhath air a Ghaidhlig, ach cha ruig an deoch-slainnte so a leas moran bruidhinn, gu sonraichte ann an lathair a Chomuinn so. Bha na Gaidheil riamh dileas ri an Uachdarainn, agus cha ro Righ na Ban-Righ ann riamh a bha cho mor an run nan Gaidheal ris a cheann a th' againn aig an am so air an duthaich. So, ma tha, "Deoch slainnte na Ban-Righ." (Applause.)

After the other loyal and patriotic toasts were disposed of,

The Chairman called for a bumper to the toast of the evening —"Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." (Loud cheers.) Though this toast, he said, is one which must evidently commend itself to us, members of the Society, the question may not unnaturally occur to outsiders whether the objects we aim at are worthy of support, and whether we have endeavoured to carry them out in a manner to deserve success. Now, briefly, it may be said that the objects of the Society are—(1.) The preservation of the unwritten history, poetry, and legends of the Scottish Celt, which have thus far been handed down by tradition; and (2) the promotion generally of the interests of the present generation of the Gaelic-speaking race. There can be no question that these are patriotic subjects well worthy of entertainment by this or any other society—(Applause)—and the only point, therefore, for consideration is whether the Gaelic Society of Inverness has fulfilled its aim. It is a proverbial saying that unless you aim high, you hit low, and that nothing great or noble would ever be done unless the aim were something above and beyond the mark which may be reasonably attained. But I must confess for myself, that looking at the programme of the Gaelic Society, at the outset of its career, I had very little hope of its being able to advance, to any appreciable extent, the interests of the existing generation of

Highlanders. In this part of its programme it seemed to be aiming so much too high. There may be instances of oppression or expatriation, but how is a society like this to fight the oppressor or expatriator even if the case is proved against him? And then there are always two sides to a story, and exaggeration on both sides whenever a large amount of feeling is imported into the case. It seemed to me that the Gaelic Society was more likely, in dealing with the misfortunes of Highlanders, to get into trouble itself than to do them any good; but I am glad to say that no such event has occurred, and that, on the other hand, circumstances have arisen in connection with our new Education Act, which have opened to the Society a path of usefulness I had not foreseen, and of which, I am glad to understand, it is now availing itself. (Applause.) The Education Act of 1872, though it recognised to a certain extent the peculiar character of the Highlands, took no notice of the language of its people. Children who knew no word of English were to be put through an educational drill intended for those who knew no word of Gaelic, and it is impossible not to feel that the results of such a system, among a purely Gaelic-speaking population, must be extremely unsatisfactory. Mr John Stuart Mill tells us, in his Autobiography, that he could read Greek at five years old, and did not remember the time when he began to learn it; but, though Highlanders are naturally very intelligent, it cannot be pretended that they all have such very remarkable intellects as Mr Mill possessed. (Laughter and applause.) It stands to reason, in the case of a vast majority of children, that if their education is to be addressed to their intelligence, and not to their memory alone, it must at the outset be conducted through the medium of the language with which they are familiar, otherwise you offer education in the letter but not in the spirit; a dead education, unproductive of fruits, as indeed many of us know a vast amount of the education given in the Highlands at the present day is. (Hear, hear.) Now the Society has very properly taken this matter up, and I most sincerely trust that the efforts it makes, directly and indirectly, may be crowned with success. If so, it cannot be said that its existence has been in vain. In securing the aid of Professor Blackie, and inducing him to lecture here on this question, the Society did much to influence the opinion of persons interested in education, who had, perhaps, abandoned themselves too readily to an acceptance of the existing order of things. That there has been an awakening on the subject, I am glad to think. The letters in the *Scotsman* from Machaon and Messrs Macquarrie and Mackinnon contain most valuable argu-

ments in favour of the recognition of Gaelic by the Education Department, and the fact that these letters have been so largely copied into other papers, shows the subject to be one that has acquired a general interest. Professor Blackie's remark, that the devotions of Highlanders were always conducted in Gaelic, has also led many religious-minded people to feel that a Gaelic-speaking person, unable to read his Gaelic Bible, has been educated, if educated at all, very much without religion; and as secularism meets with no favour in the Highlands, we now find that on religious grounds many good people are anxious to co-operate in the endeavour to secure the introduction of Gaelic teaching to our schools. I have, indeed, heard it argued that any Gaelic-speaking person who had been taught to read English, would be able to pick up sufficient knowledge of Gaelic reading to render his Bible intelligible to him. But who of us would have his children taught Latin and Greek, or other foreign tongues, and allow them to pick up English for themselves? Yet, that would be comparatively reasonable. The education of children who are taught Latin and Greek, and modern languages, is carried on for a much longer time than that of the majority of children who attend our parish schools; the higher education they receive enables them to apply themselves with greater intelligence to any special branch it may be necessary for them to acquire. But a child who leaves school with a mere smattering of education in a foreign language has practically received no education at all, and is rarely fit to apply himself to the study of the literature of his mother tongue. (Applause.) This very day I met a man who was a candidate for an office in my county. He came to speak to me, and said he had sent in an application. I asked if it was in his own handwriting. 'No,' he said, 'it is a long time since I left school, and I don't think I can write very well.' (Laughter.) That was just a specimen how a little learning was soon forgotten. The impediment to the introduction of Gaelic into our schools consists in this, that the schools are supported partly by the ratepayers and partly by a grant given by Government; the greater the grant from the Education Department, the less the burden on the ratepayers, and as that burden is in any case very heavy, every effort is naturally made to satisfy the conditions prescribed by the Education Department, and to secure the full amount of its grant. I feel sure, from what has been told me by persons experienced in the matter, that in a five years' course of education, a child who knows no English loses nothing by first learning to read Gaelic, his subsequent progress being so much more rapid; and what is required is that this

fact should be borne in upon the Education Department, so as to induce them to recognise Gaelic in the Code and in the standards to which the teaching in public schools must necessarily conform. I do hope that this Society will not cease from its efforts to obtain this boon from the Education Department till rewarded with success. (Applause.) I have seen it stated that in the Gaelic schools where children begin by learning Gaelic they never make any progress in English afterwards. But the fact is, that the Gaelic schools—which were very excellent institutions in their way—did not at first teach English. At present they do teach a certain amount, but their educational apparatus is so very limited that the absence of progress in the children is to me no proof whatever against the commencing with the teaching of Gaelic. (Applause.) And with reference to the introduction of Gaelic into the national system of education, I cannot pass over the exertions that have been made by Professor Blackie to secure the foundation of a Chair of Celtic Literature in the University of Edinburgh In his lecture under the auspices of this Society, he explained very fully the value of such a Chair, and he has since then collected a large sum of money towards its foundation. A few years ago it might have been difficult to get up an interest in his proposal in this community; for Inverness, though occupying a central position in the Highlands, has not been a Gaelic-speaking town for a long time, certainly not since the date of Captain Burt's letters, now nearly a century and a-half ago. But yesterday a meeting on behalf of Professor Blackie's scheme was held in Inverness, and what support it then obtained I attribute to some extent to the indirect influence which this Society asserts by its very existence, and to the more or less interest which its creation has excited in Celtic antiquities and literature. (Applause.) I fear we have not done much as yet in storing up and giving to the world the unwritten poetry and legends of the Celt. To do this successfully, it would be necessary that the Society were considerably strengthened. We have two classes of members, ordinary and honorary; the first, the working bees, who pay just a sufficient subscription to cover the expense of the ordinary meetings; the second, supposed, I presume, to contribute the funds necessary for the Society's publications. At least, I do not know on what other footing the distinction between the two classes of members is made. Now, I think that every ordinary member should be taken bound to produce some work, and when a collection of manuscripts worthy of publication were got together, then a canvass should be made to increase the

number of ordinary members. In such case, funds would no doubt be forthcoming to pay for the editing and publication of so interesting a volume. But the first thing to insist on is, that every ordinary member shall once, within a certain cycle of time, produce, either by himself or deputy, some specimen of Gaelic literature worthy of being recorded, preference over original compositions being always given to those that time had stamped with its approval. (Applause.) If our Society has not yet fulfilled all its aims, there is no ground for despair that it may not yet do so. In the direction in which I expected it would hit wide of the mark, it has found a very proper nail to hammer at, which I hope it will continue to hit on the head till driven home. The Society has done less than I expected in adding to the written literature of the Highlands, but its work is yet before it, and it is, as I have said, by its mere existence, exciting a certain interest in Gaelic remains. Without depreciating what has already been done—for we are as yet but a young Society—I look forward to greater exertions on the part of individual members in the future, to a more strenuous endeavour to carry out the objects of their Association, so that the Society may fulfill its entire mission, and both deserve and obtain that success to which I now call on you to drink. (Loud cheers.)

The Secretary, Mr Donald Macrae, was then called upon to read the report. Before doing so he stated he had received letters of apology from Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Raigmore; Tulloch; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; Dr Carruthers; Mr Macandrew; and Bailie Simpson; expressing regret that they could not be present, and gratulations on the rising fortunes of the Gaelic cause. Mr Macrae then read the report, which was frequently applauded, as follows:—

"It is necessary in this, the third annual report of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, merely to mention a few facts sufficient to show the actual position of the Society at this moment. In the previous reports we have an account of its origin and aims. The work done at the ordinary weekly meetings of the Society during the past year was more than usually confined to the discussion of questions referring particularly to the objects of the Society, and of social importance; such as the social and philological advantages to be derived from the study of Gaelic and of Celtic literature; the subject of Celtic professorships; the teaching of Gaelic in our Highland schools, and kindred subjects.

"With regard to the teaching of Gaelic in our Highland schools, your Council have brought the matter before the public generally

through the press; and have taken steps to induce School Boards to have Gaelic taught in the schools under their management; and from the manner in which the Gaelic language is rising in public estimation, there can be no doubt but School Boards and the Legislature will ere long do what is necessary towards placing the mother-tongue of our people in that place on the Education Code to which it is entitled.

"Regarding the Celtic Chair, your Council have the satisfaction to report that the movement, which was inaugurated by the lecture of Professor Blackie in the Music Hall, Inverness, on 14th October 1874, under the auspices of this society, has made most satisfactory progress. Already, the learned and enthusiastic Convener of the University Committee which has charge of this business in Edinburgh, is in possession of above £2000, fully one-fifth of the sum required. The society has reason to be proud of the action taken by the Glasgow Skye Association, which, over and above the sum of £15, the surplus after defraying the expenses of the soiree, subscribed there and then the sum of £239. The Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, Edinburgh, gave £50 out of its funds. The Glasgow Highland Association is getting up a concert in furtherance of the object; kindred bodies are preparing to follow these examples, which may be regarded in some measure, at least, as the fruits of the labours of the premier Gaelic Society, resident in the Highland Capital. The revival of the spirit of the Celt, as indicated by the formation of such a society in Inverness could not fail to produce a beneficial effect on the minds of Highlanders from home; and the facts mentioned are to the point.

"The Council would also recommend that these noble deeds on the part of other bodies, be followed by our subscribing a handsome sum to the same object. The funds are in a flourishing condition, £58. 15s. 5d. being to our credit in the bank.

"The number of members admitted into the Society since its formation in 1871, up to this time, is 268, including 18 members chosen last year; but after deducting resignations, deaths, and those who have allowed their subscriptions to fall into arrear, the number of efficient members is 225. Six are life members :— Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P.; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., the present Chief; Mr Alexander Fraser, writer, Church Street, Inverness; Mr Alexander Forbes, 143 West Regent Street, Glasgow; and Dr Halley, London. There are 58 honorary, 146 ordinary, and 15 junior members. About one-half of the members are non-resident. The Society has a valuable

book-case, and about 120 volumes. Among those received this year are six copies of 'Munro's Gaelic Primer,' procured for a Gaelic class in connection with the Society, and conducted by Mr Lachlan Macbean, the Librarian; copy of 'Carswell's Gaelic Prayer Book;' the 'Airs and Melodies of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, by Captain Fraser of Knockie,' from the publisher, Mr Hugh Mackenzie, Inverness; a copy of 'Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs,' and 'The Clan Battle of Perth,' from the author, Mr Mackintosh Shaw, London, &c. The Librarian complains that the library does not receive the support it deserves, and suggests that any members having old Gaelic books lying on their shelves should hand a few over to the Society.

"Before closing the report, your Council express regret that the ordinary meetings are not better attended, and trust that the current year will show an improvement. The now acting Council retires, and office-bearers for the current year will be elected this month, at a meeting called for the purpose."

Sheriff Macdonald moved the adoption of the report, which was agreed to with applause; and he followed up by proposing the health of the Secretary, Mr Macrae, which was cordially responded to, Mr Macrae briefly returning thanks.

The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, was proposed by Cluny in a neat and spirited Gaelic speech, which was repeatedly applauded. He said:—A Ridire, Choinnich Mhic-Choinnich, Iar-chinn, agus a dhaoin uailse, bu mhath leam an deoch slainnte so a thoirt duibh 's a Ghaidhlig, mar bu choir a dheanadh ann am priomh bhaile na Gaidhealtachd, agus aig suipeir a Chomuinn Ghaidhlig, ach tha eagal orm gainne mo Ghaidhlig a leigeadh ris an lathair nan deadh sgoilearan Gaidhlig a tha 'n so. Tha an t-urramach Mr Mac-Grigair an so; agus mo charaide Mr Mac-Mhuirich, leis am bheil ni agamsa r' a shocrachadh. Tha mise saoilsinn gum bheil mis a 'm cheann cinnidh agus tha easan a deanadh a mach gu 'm bheil e fhein. Nis tha mise toileach an t-urram a thoirt dha. Tha mise eolach air Inbhirnis leth-cheud bliadhna, agus s' e mo bharail nach robh nithean riamh na b-fhearr air an riaghladh na tha iad aig an am so; agus 's mor an toilinntinn a th' agamsa bhi faicinn mar a tha am baile soirbheachadh le an stiureadh. Agus cha 'n urrainn dhomh gun a radh gum bheil ac ann an so am baile agus a choimhearsnachd is boidhche 's aithne dhomhsa anns an duthaich gu leir. A bharrachd air sin, tha Proaist a bhaile, agus na h-urrad do 'n luchd riaghlaidh eile ann an so a nochd a toirt an cuideachd agus solus an gnuis do'n Chomuinn Ghaidhlig a tha deanadh na h-urrad air son math agus cliu na

Gaidhealteachd. Ach cha'n fheud mi bhi g 'ur cumail. So "Deoch-slainnte a Phroaiste agus luchd riaghlaidh Baile Inbhirnis." (Great applause.)

Provost Lyon-Mackenzie, though not understanding what Cluny had said, knew from the enthusiastic way in which the toast was received that great justice had been done to the subject. He sincerely thanked Cluny and them on behalf of his fellow Magistrates, and expressed the delight they always had in seeing Cluny and Sir Kenneth among them. (Applause.)

Mr James Fraser, C.E., proposed the Non-Resident Members, whose good services to the Society were so patent that they did not require any lengthened commendation from him. Among those were included Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Cluny, and others not within visiting distance of Inverness. This section is very widely spread over Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland, Canada, United States, New Zealand, Australia, and Ceylon, and very often those furthest away were heard from sooner than those at the end of the town. Those members supported the Society with literary and monetary contributions, for the former of which he need only refer to the "Transactions" of the Society. (Applause.)

Mr Murdoch, of the Highlander, proposed "Education in the Highlands," congratulating himself and the meeting on the fact that the Chairman had so admirably anticipated what he intended to say. There were just two or three points which he would mention, but not enlarge on. The Chairman's reference to the Society's neglect of the material interests of Highlanders was only apparent; for he held that in bringing Gaelic and its valuable unwritten literature into public favour, the first and best thing was being done to re-inspire our people with the self-respect and self-confidence which were necessary to that enterprise on which so much of their physical well-being depended. Depend upon it, there was nothing more deadly in its effects on their condition than telling them, until they began to believe it, that their speech, traditions, and selves, were worthless. This, he need hardly say, was one of the most important branches of Highland education, and he knew from his intercourse and correspondence with Highlanders that the patriotic teaching was taking effect. Coming to the school part of education, he held that Gaelic should be so taught as to induce the children to take an interest and a pride in their language, lore, and nationality; and not be, as collectors of lore found, so many denying that they could speak Gaelic or tell a tale. The language should be assigned its proper place, by right, and not merely by permission, as an integral part of the course.

Gaelic books must be provided; and the ratepayers must return men to the School Boards who are known to be at one with us on this subject. In everything connected with it they must act manfully, on the understanding that this is the language, and that these are the convictions of the Highland people. From what has been said by Cluny, it was clear that Highland education, like charity, must begin at home. He was glad to say that Mr Lachlan Macbean had opened a class for teaching Gaelic; and he did trust that those inhabitants of Inverness, whose education had been so shamefully neglected, as not to be able to speak Gaelic, would flock to the class, headed by the Provost, who showed himself to be so thoroughly in sympathy with the Society. (The Provost—Mr Jolly should go along with us.) In testimony of their entire concurrence in what he said, he called upon them to fill their glasses and drink "Success to Education in the Highlands," coupling the toast with the name of Mr Jolly.

Mr Jolly, with whose name the toast was coupled, replied. He was glad the subject of education in the Highlands was so largely referred to by the Chairman, who was enthusiastic in the cause of education—(Applause)—and by Mr Murdoch; and he wished to speak briefly on the same matter. With regard to the demands to be made on Government, he observed that one great point to be kept in view while making them was to be temperate. Don't ask too much, especially from a Government Department, or the object might be defeated. (Hear, hear.) In recent newspaper correspondence there was much that required some comment. It was stated that there was an impossibility of inculcating in the children of a Highland school a love of reading, unless they were taught to read in Gaelic. That, of course, held good in every case where a child did not understand what it was reading; and it was not at all peculiar to the Highlands, but common all over the country. And the mere reading, in a mechanical way, without being interested in it, by the teacher, could never bring about that most desirable end of all education—the love of reading. Again, it was stated, as if it were a peculiarity of Highland schools, that there was among children reading without meaning. Of course, if a child read what it did not understand, that must be the result; but reading without meaning was not peculiar to Highland schools, but common all over the country. The merely mechanical reading of the past was to be regretted; but one object of the new Code was to make children intelligent readers, by offering grants for special results in this matter. So that, granted that there was reading without meaning in Highland schools, it was nothing

more than was to be said of schools in every county in this country. One other point he wished to refer to; and, in bringing it forward, he spoke from experience, and after mature thought. In order to teach Gaelic-speaking children, it was not necessary to have a teacher who understood Gaelic. This might sound strange. But by resolving to have none but Gaelic-speaking teachers, they narrowed the field for selection; and it would be a great pity to narrow it too much. The most successful schools in the Highlands might be taught by Lowland men; and ample proof of this had been furnished by his own observation of facts and results. An inspector of schools made it an important point to examine the children on general intelligence. And here Mr Jolly gave five instances of Highland schools that were taught most successfully by Lowland teachers, who knew nothing whatever of the Gaelic language,* and in each of the schools instanced the speaker had noted particularly in examination the very high general intelligence of the pupils. These schools were Lochcarron and Eddrachillis, in Ross-shire; Duirinish and Portree, in Skye; Mr Gordon's (of Cluny) School in Benbecula, which was taught by a Lowland girl. Such was the result of the teaching of those entirely ignorant of Gaelic in Gaelic-speaking districts; and he had given the names in order that his assertions might be fully borne out. At the same time Gaelic had been ignored in the Government Code. Under the old Code, at the first starting of a Government system, it was not ignored to such an extent as now, for there were then grants given to teachers who passed a certain examination in Gaelic. But that arrangement had been discontinued since. They were thus worse off now than before, but he hoped that the present movement would turn out to be a happy event for the Highlands in this matter. (Applause.) Mr Jolly then referred to the meeting of School Boards which is to take place at Inverness next week, under the presidency of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. He trusted this question of Gaelic teaching would be taken up, some practical conclusion come to with regard to it, and some definite scheme adopted for presentation to Government—to be followed up with all the influence that can be brought to bear upon it. He was sorry to differ from the previous speakers upon one important point. He should say, notwithstanding what had been said to the contrary, that Gaelic-speaking children should begin education by reading English. It should be impressed upon all that English

* These teachers have since written to the newspapers that they acquired the Gaelic language since coming to the North, and used it as a medium in teaching.

was the staple language of the country, the language which should be acquired to ensure success in life, and that, compared with it, Gaelic even in Gaelic-speaking parts, was subsidiary. But no good English, with a few exceptions such as he had mentioned, could be taught to Gaelic-speaking children, unless through the medium of the mother-tongue. For the first two years the reading was purely mechanical, without meaning often, and when this mechanical difficulty was got over, the teacher should bring ideas round about what the child reads, and impress a meaning of it by his own speaking. But the Gaelic ought to be preserved as a valuable language; and it was thus most desirable to all that it should be taught. He would make a practical suggestion. There were in the 4th, 5th, and 6th standards, schedules of subjects—Latin, mathematics, even English itself—for which grants were allowed. The speaker suggested that, in going to Government, they should ask them to add Gaelic to this list of specific subjects that are taken up by the teacher at his will. Thus, by making Gaelic a special subject, joining it in a list of special subjects, to which it was quite competent to add to any extent, they would attain success. (Loud applause.)

Cluny Macpherson was surprised to hear the sentiments just uttered. He differed from Mr Jolly as to the teaching of Gaelic; and pointed out that Mr Jolly had stultified his own statements when he wished English lessons to be explained in Gaelic by a teacher, who, he said, should not necessarily have a knowledge of Gaelic. Teach children, he held, in the language they know, and they will make progress. One might as well make an English-speaking child begin education by reading Greek or French, as make a Gaelic-speaking child begin by reading English. (Applause.)

Mr Jolly briefly explained that he was anxious to state that the field for the selection of teachers should not be narrowed by a resolution to appoint only Gaelic-speaking men. He would have stultified his statements, certainly, if he wished lessons to be explained in Gaelic by those who knew nothing of it; but in Highland districts nineteen-twentieths of the teachers would be sure to know Gaelic. In a case where a Lowland teacher was appointed, he thought the aid of an outside individual might be called in to teach Gaelic, as is being done at Kingussie. (Applause.)

Dr Macnee proposed the Clergy, remarking that in this age of attacks on popular beliefs, by Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and others, the clergymen should bestir themselves to a knowledge of scientific subjects, so as to be able to meet the arguments of these

men. (Applause.) The Doctor had observed that two Yankee preachers had recently appeared in this country, on the teaching of whom the clergy seemed to be much divided—some calling them blessed messengers, others denouncing their doctrines as bad, and themselves as agents of one he would not mention. (Laughter.) Between lay preachers and the attacks of Darwin and Tyndall, the clergy would require to look to their laurels. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness, gave the toast of "Kindred Societies," saying :—

"Fhir-suidhe urramaich, tha aobhar taingeileachd againn gu'm bheil sinn cruinn cuideachd 'an so an nochd aig cuirm shoghail mar Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis. Is iomadh atharrachadh a thainig air an t-saoghal o'n bha Chuideachd cheudna cruinn o cheann bliadhna air ais. Is iomadh beatha luachmhor a ghearradh as rè na bliadhna sin. Is iomadh Ard-Uasal, agus neach iosal ann an inbhè a ghairmeadh air falbh anns an uine sin. Gidheadh am measg gach caochladh muladach a thainig air an t-saoghal o'n am so 'n-uiridh, tha buidheachas againn ra thoirt do'n Ti a's Airde gu'm bheil sinn fathasd air ar caomhnadh, agus gu'm bheil sinn mar Chomunn, fathast, dian agus dealasach, chum gach cuis a bhuineas do'n Ghailig agus don Ghaidhealtachd a ghiulan air an aghaidh. Tha ruintean mor 'n'ar beachd, agus cuisean cudthromach againn os lamh, ach fhads' sa bhios an deo anainne, cha diobair, agus cha treig sinn gach ni a ta 'nar comas a dheanamh chum na ruintean agus na cuisean sin a chur air an aghaidh. Mar pheileir sneachda, bha sinn beag an toiseach, agus mar pheileir sneachda ga chuairteachadh agus a' fas mor, tha sinne air ar cuairteachadh, agus a' chuid 's a chuid a' fas ann am meud agus ann an cumhachd. Cha'n 'eil cuspair sam bith a ta maith ann fein, dh'aindeoin co beag suim 's a ghabhar dheth an toiseach, nach fas an an luach, ann an urram, agus ann an cumhachd, mu ghnathaichear gu freagarrach e. Ceart mar sin tha na cuspairean a ta aig Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis 'san amharc. Tha iad 'nan cuspairibh a ta maith annta fein, 'nan cuspairibh a ta le durachd a' miannachadh nithe a ta maith a chur air adhart, agus nan cuspairibh aig am bheil dian-dhealas chum leas aimsireil agus spioradail na Gaidhealtachd a mheudachadh. Gur i so an fhirinn air gach seol agus doigh, aidichidh gach neach a ta lathair. Chuireadh an t-urram oirnne, gu'm bheil Ard-Uaislibh treun agus tuigseach air ar taobh, daoine foghluinte agus daimheil, Cinn-fheadhna dileas agus cinneadail, Urramaich ann an lagh, ann an litrichibh, ann an leigheas, agus ann an diadhachd! Tha againn buill de Ardchomh-

airle na rioghachd, Uachdarain fearainn, agus Cinn-chinnidh aig am bheil speis-cridhe do na cleachdan a bha ann o chein! Cha ruig mi leas bhur n-uine a thogail le bhi 'gan ainmeachadh. Tha Tighearna Chluanaidh an comhnuidh dileas, deas, dian, deas-chainnteach ann am fior Ghailig chum bhur leas a mheudachadh, agus tha Coinneach Ghearrloch, le 'chabar-feidh, 'na aite, air bhur ceann. Ach chan iad na Ghaidheil a mhain a ta agaibh mar chairdean agus luchd-daimh, ach mar an ceudna moran de na Goill fein, aig nach 'eil lide Gaelig nan ceann, ach focal na dha a dh' ionnsuich iad trid durachd agus tlachd a thaobh maise agus oirdheirceas na canain sin. A nis, a Chomuinn urramaich, gu robh bhur cairdean a' dol a'n lionmhorachd mar a ruitheas na laithean seachad. Than t-Ard-Albannach, le bhonait leathann, an comhnuidh deas chum bhur lamhan a neartachadh, agus chum bhur n'eachdraidh a sgaoileadh am fad 'sam farsuing. Chan 'eil aobhar agaibh a bhi eu-dochasach, oir is iomadh Comunn Gaidhealach eile a tha ann an deagh-ruin du'r taobh. Chan 'eil baile mor 'san rioghachd anns nach 'eil Comunn aig am bheil na ceart ruintean sin nan cridhe, a ta lionadh bhur cridhe fein, chum leas na Gaidhealtachd a mheudachadh. Uime sin, rachaibh air 'ur boinn maille rium-sa, chum le cornaibh lana, gu'n ol sinn, leis gach urram, saoghal fad agus deadhbheatha do gach Comunn Gaidhealach 'san Rioghachd Bhreatunnaich air fad, agus gu robh gach cuis a' soirbheachadh leo!"

Sheriff Macdonald sung "Co bhiodh na Righ ach Tearlach," and various other Gaelic and English songs were sung during the evening.

21st January 1875.

This was the annual meeting for the election of office-bearers. There was a good attendance. The Secretary having read a letter from Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart., declining office as Chief for another year, the following office-bearers were elected:—Chief —Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P. Chieftains—Sheriff Macdonald, Dr F. M. Mackenzie, and Chas. Mackay, contractor, Drummond. Honorary Secretary—George J. Campbell, writer, Church Street. Secretary—Alexander Mackenzie, auctioneer, 57 Church Street. Treasurer—Councillor John Noble, 12 Castle Street. Members of Council—John Macdonald, Exchange; Donald Campbell, draper, Bridge Street; Donald Macrae,

High School; William Mackenzie, "Free Press"; and James H. Mackenzie, bookseller, High Street. Librarian—Lachlan Macbean, 6 Castle Street. Piper—Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan.

The following were elected the "Transactions Printing and Publishing Committee for Vol. III.," with full power to arrange and complete the work :— Alexander Fraser, accountant; James Fraser, C.E.; Councillor John Noble, James H. Mackenzie, bookseller; Wm. Mackenzie, Free Press; and the Secretary, the latter to be Convener; after which several new members were nominated.

28th January 1875.

The members nominated at last meeting having been duly elected, the meeting unanimously voted the sum of twenty pounds towards Professor Blackie's fund for establishing a Celtic Chair in one of the Universities. It was agreed to request Lachlan Macbean to go on with a Gaelic class, and to afford him every assistance in the Society's power. Several members were nominated, after which Councillor Noble read the following paper, forwarded by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, General Post-office, London, being a transcript of a pamphlet on the "Behaviour and Character of Samuel Macpherson, Malcolm Macpherson, and Farquhar Shaw, the three Highland Deserters who were shot at the Tower on the 18th July 1743," &c., &c.

"The pamphlet of which this is a true copy is one of a bound collection of pamphlets and broadsides in the British Museum Library, where I discovered it some six years ago. It is of interest to Highlanders from its reference to the early history of the now famous 'Black Watch,' and of peculiar interest to Invernessians from the fact that the three men concerning whom it was written were natives of the county, and belonged to well known clans in it.

"The formation of the independent companies into a regiment, at first numbered as the 43d, subsequently as the 42d, took place in 1740, and the events narrated in the pamphlet in 1743. In this year the Government decided, in spite of the remonstrances of Lord President Forbes,* and other warm partizans, to send the regiment to Flanders, although the men had been given to understand, on their enlistment, that their service would be confined to

* See Culloden Papers, No. 390.

their own country. Reports being spread that it was intended to get rid of them altogether by sending them to the West Indies, some of the men set out to return to Scotland, but were overtaken, brought back, and tried, as related in the pamphlet. Three of them were signalled out for execution; the remainder were distributed among the garrisons in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, and America.

"It is said that the rising of 1745 was accelerated by this episode, and this is very probable; for the 'decoying' of the regiment to London, and the punishment of their crime by death and transportation, would doubtless have the effect not only of impressing the clansmen in the North with a belief that the sufferers had had good reason for their attempt at escape, but of sending through them a thrill of dismay and distrust of the Hanoverian Government. The treatment of the regiment would, of course, be a powerful weapon in the hands of the Jacobite agents in the Highlands. 'The Clan Chattan,' says Henderson (p. 131), 'observing that three of their name, to whom most of them—as the other Highlanders—were related, had fallen a sacrifice for the crime of which several Grants and Monroes were equally guilty, breathed nothing but revenge; however, their resentment was smothered for a while, till it began to burn with the greater violence.' And how the Clan Chattan acted in the '45 is matter of history.

"A. M. S.

"9th Jan. 1875.

"The behaviour and character of Samuel Macpherson, Malcolm Macpherson, and Farquhar Shaw, the Three Highland Deserters, who were shot at the Tower, July the 18th, 1743; with some Observations on the conduct of a certain Stranger, who advised the Prisoners to waive any defence they had, and to plead guilty: Also, a plain Narrative of the Original Institution of the Regiment, now commanded by my Lord S—, containing an Impartial Account of the Rise and Progress of the late Mutiny in that Regiment; to which is added the Two Petitions which they sent to the Lords of the Regency, and to the Duchess of Richmond, by the Clergymen of the Church of Scotland, who conversed with them in their own language, from the time of their sentence till their execution. Nil turpe commitas neque coram alias neque tecum maxime omnium reverere teipsum.—London: Printed for Mr Cooper, in Paternoster Row, 1743. Price sixpence.

"The many inconsistent and scandalous reports that are spread about town, both in print and conversation, concerning the characters and behaviour of the three unhappy young men, who suffered in the Tower of London, on Monday, the 18th of July, make it necessary, as well for information of the public, as out of charity to their memories, to publish the following sheets.

"The author of this tract thinks it necessary to premise that he means not, in the relation he intends to make of the affair, either to justify the crime for which these men suffered, or, in the least, to arraign the justice of the court-martial in their proceedings, or tax the sentence with severity, but, from a motive of Christian charity and love for truth, means to remove from the character of the deceased such false aspersions as are cast upon them either by the malice or ignorance of some, who think it is not only necessary for the vindication of public justice to represent these unhappy men as mutineers and deserters, but must paint them as men void of every other virtue, and addicted to the grossest vices.

"In order to give the reader a just idea of this corps of men, it will not be improper to go back as far as their original institution, by which we shall be better enabled to form a just notion of their character.

"Few that are in the least acquainted with the history or constitution of Scotland but know that anciently all the lands in that kingdom were held of the Crown by military tenures or knights' service; and that the vassals of these great men held their lands of them by the same kind of tenure. By this means the nobility of that kingdom had always a number of men ready to bring into the field, either in defence of their sovereign or to decide their own private quarrels with one another, at which the Crown always connived (for political reasons) until both parties were reduced to an equal and moderate share of power.

"The practice of subjects deciding their private quarrels by the sword, obtained anciently all over Britain and most other countries, until civil polity and more wholesome laws prevailed; and still remained in the south parts and towards the borders of Scotland till near the time of the union of the Crowns in the person of King James the First, when the chief men in those parts were diverted from their private animosities by their necessary attendance on the Court, now removed at a greater distance from them. However, this spirit of family feuds still prevailed in the Highlands and more remote parts of Scotland, who, by their distance from the Court, were unacquainted with the manners of the civilised part of the nation. The inferior chieftains in those parts

still determined their mutual quarrels as usual; and in revenge of any affront made incursions and depredations into the estates of one another, or connived at their followers doing so, to the great discouragement of industry and disturbance of the public peace.

"In this situation were things in that part of the country about the time of the Union of the Kingdoms, when the Government very wisely, by the Act called the Clan Act, abolished these tenures, and for preventing the depredations last mentioned, raised several independent companies in the Highlands, the commands of which were given to some of the most considerable gentlemen in that corner, such as Lord Lovat, Laird of Grant, Lochnell, Fanab, &c., all men of distinction and weight, who were willing to engage their personal and family influence, as well as that of their companies, for suppressing those quarrels, and settling a civil polity in the country. When this levy was made, the officers took a special care that none should be enlisted into that service but the sons of the wealthiest and most respectable farmers in the country; and the second and younger sons of some of the lesser vassals were not ashamed to enlist in a service calculated for restoring of peace, and establishing liberty and property in their country. And as they were allowed to occupy their own farms, or follow any other occupation, except upon muster days, or when they were actually employed in pursuit of robbers or disturbers of the public peace, they, instead of receiving bounty money, made interest with the officer to be admitted. In this shape they continued till they were regimented under the command of the Honourable the Earl of Crawford, a nobleman whose character was every way agreeable to them, and made little or no alteration in their circumstances. When we have taken this view of their original and history, down to the period of their being regimented, it will be no matter of surprise to find the private men of that regiment differing much in their manners from those of other corps, if we consider that when they entered the service it was impossible for them to have the least apprehension of ever being obliged to leave their own country, where most of them had farms or other concerns, and looked upon themselves, and, I believe, were esteemed by the country, only as a regulated militia, at least till such time as they were regimented, which was only a few years ago.

"The Earl of Crawford enjoyed that Regiment but a short time, when it was given to their present Colonel, the Honourable Lord Semple. They were quartered last year, the one-half of them at Inverness, and the other at Perth. Sometime in spring

the Regiment was informed by their officers that they were to be reviewed at Musselburgh, a village within four miles of Edinburgh, and afterwards to return to their quarters. Accordingly, they had a route given them to that place, and arrived there; but were told they were not to be reviewed there, but at Berwick-upon-Tweed; when they came to this place, they were told that his Majesty designed to review them in person at London, and that then they would return to their families. When they arrived at London and found that his Majesty was gone, the Regiment was universally dissatisfied, that, after so long a march, they were disappointed of the honour of being reviewed by his Majesty. Some time after their coming here, a report was currently spread that the Regiment was to be sent to some parts of the West Indies, and broke, or divided, amongst the colonies, which raised in the private men, who believed this report, a very great animosity against their officers, whom they groundlessly blamed for not informing them truly where they were to go before they carried them from their own country, and not allowing them time to settle their concerns, of which some had very considerable, which they were obliged to leave in great disorder. They thought the interest of the Government did no ways require that they, more than any other Regiment in Britain, should be left ignorant of the route they were to take, and by that means be disappointed of an opportunity of settling their private affairs in a manner suitable to so long an absence; that they had been so long settled in that country without any view of being so suddenly called from it, that it amounted to as great a hardship on them (comparatively speaking) as it would be to the militia of the city of London to be shipped for the Indies on an hour's warning. The officers took pains to allay this flame, by assuring the men that as soon as the review was over they would be allowed to return home. But when the report of their embarkation prevailed, they were out of all patience, and looked upon the design of sending them to Flanders only as a blind to get them on board, in order to ship them really for the West Indies. Though their officers attempted to undeceive them, yet they had been disappointed so often, and filled so long with hopes of going home, that they had no credit with them. Add to this, that there was another complaint pretended for the ground of their discontent, that some small arrears were due to them, that they had been obliged to use their own swords, and that their clothing, especially their shoes and plaids, were remarkably deficient—these last being not worth sixpence per yard, whereas they used to be allowed plaids of more than double that value,

"This spirit continued after the review, when the discontented agreed, upon Tuesday night* after, to meet at Finchley Common, where a great number of them convened and waited till their number increased. In this interval some of their officers came up, and by their persuasions a great number returned. However, about 100 of them continued their first resolution of returning to their own country. Here it is remarkable that the night was so dark that they scarce could distinguish faces or make any computation of their number, and that Malcolm Macpherson, one of the deceased, had never hitherto given any consent to go away, but came within some distance of the place where the men were assembled, and, with another in company, continued irresolute what course to take until the coming up of the officers had raised some ferment, upon which he came into the crowd and allowed himself to be hurried along without knowing where he was going. Next morning, when by daylight they could discern their number, and not finding the desertion so general as they expected, Samuel Macpherson, another of the deceased, advised the whole body strenuously to return to their duty, which advice he continued to inculcate during their march to Ladywood; and in a short time after they came there, he applied to a Justice of the Peace to propose terms of surrender; and during all their stay there used his utmost endeavours to prevent things coming to the last extremity. At last, being in some hopes of a pardon by the intervention of his Grace the Duke of Montagu, to whom application was made in their behalf, they surrendered on discretion, in which Samuel Macpherson was most instrumental, as will be acknowledged by the officers to whom he surrendered. They were brought soon after to the Tower, and a court-martial appointed to try them. The first day the court-martial sat, a person, a stranger to all the prisoners, came to the grate, and, pretending a great deal of concern for their misfortunes, advised them not to mention on their trial any complaint they might have against their officers, intimating that he was certain such a plea would not avail them, and without serving them would expose their officers. That the wisest course they could follow for their own safety would be to acknowledge their guilt and plead mercy of the court-martial, which, he assured them, would effectually work their deliverance that no punishment would be inflicted on them, and, at the same time, presented them a petition which he had already drawn, addressed to the court-martial, in these terms, and they, very frankly

* 17th May.

relying on these assurances, signed and delivered the same to that honourable Court. One of the officers came next day and inculcated the same doctrine unto the prisoners that the stranger had done before, assuring them that they would all be liberate in a short time, when all justice should be done them. The prisoners were examined before the court-martial one by one. The questions asked them were to this purpose:- -Was you enlisted? Have you taken the oath? Have you received your pay? Had you your clothing regularly? To all which they answered in the affirmative. They were asked if they had any complaints against their officers. They all answered in the negative, and, in general, pleaded nothing in alleviation of the crime before the court-martial but inadvertency, and that they were moved to it by a report which prevailed of their being to be sent to the West Indies, into a climate destructive of their health.

"I cannot help in this place to take notice of the remarkable officiousness of this stranger. He takes upon him, without being asked, or the least apparent interest in the prisoners, to advise them in matters of the last consequence to them, their lives, and reputations; has the rashness to prejudge the opinion of the honourable the court-martial in a point of law, which is at least a moot point amongst the lawyers themselves. How unreasonable was it for any man to pretend to determine what weight any plea would have before a Court of Judicature determining in a case of life and death; and how unjust to the prisoners to advise them to conceal any circumstance in their case that might have the smallest tendency towards alleviating their crimes, or raising the smallest motions of compassion towards them in the breasts of their judges! Suppose there had been but little weight in the plea of their want of pay, yet still it was a circumstance closely connected with their crime, without which it was impossible to form a just judgment of the heinousness of that action. For it must be granted on the one hand, that a soldier who deserts, and cannot plead want of pay, &c., is less excusable, and consequently deserves a greater degree of punishment than he who has such a pretence; this must be granted, though it should be admitted, on the other hand, that there is not so much in this plea as to screen the criminals totally from punishment. But how much or how little is in it, is a case few wise men will determine dogmatically, especially against the prisoner, since history, either ancient or modern, does not afford any one instance of capital punishment inflicted on soldiers who mutinied for want of pay. It is true, the pay they want is but small: by their own account, ten or twelve shillings, some less,

some a trifle more, which I mention out of justice to the officers, because it was currently reported in town that the deficiency was much more considerable. But however trifling this and their other complaints may seem to men not concerned, yet I cannot but reckon it barbarous to have advised them to conceal these circumstances, the relation of which could not be supposed to have been capable of making the court-martial less merciful to the prisoners, if it had not the contrary effect. But, however, that plea was waived, and did not fall under the cognizance of the court-martial, who made their report, the consequence of which was that on Tuesday, the 12th, a warrant was directed by their Excellencies the Lords of the Regency to the Governor of the Tower, for the execution of Samuel Macpherson, Malcolm Macpherson, both corporals, and Farquhar Shaw, a private sentinel, all three of the number of the deserters, upon Monday, the 18th of July last.

"Having thus impartially traced this mutiny from its rise to this period, it remains that we give some account of the character and behaviour of these three unfortunate criminals, from the intimation of their sentence to their execution. Samuel Macpherson, aged about twenty-nine years, unmarried, was born in the parish of Laggan, in Badenoch, and shire of Inverness. His father, still living, is brother to Macpherson of Breachie, a gentleman of a considerable estate in that country, and is himself a man of unblemished reputation and a plentiful fortune. Samuel was the only son of a first marriage, and received a genteel education, having made some progress in the languages, and studied for some time at Edinburgh with a writer (that is, an attorney) until about six years ago he enlisted as a volunteer in Major Grant's company, where he was much respected both by the officers and private men, and was in a short time made a corporal. Malcolm Macpherson, aged about thirty years, and unmarried, was likewise born in the same parish of Laggan, was son of Angus Macpherson of Driminard, a gentleman of credit and repute, who bestowed upon Malcolm such education as that part of the country would afford. He enlisted about seven years ago in my Lord Lovat's company, where his behaviour recommended him to the esteem of his officers, and he was soon made a corporal. Farquhar Shaw, aged about thirty-five years, unmarried, was born in the parish of Rothiemurchus, in Strathspey, and shire of Inverness. His father, Alexander Shaw, was an honest farmer, but gave his son no education, as living at a distance from schools, and not in a condition to maintain him elsewhere. Farquhar lived some time by droving, but, meeting with misfortunes in that business, was reduced, and

obliged for subsistence to enlist in this Regiment, where he has lived till now without any reproach.

"The sentence was intimated to them upon Tuesday before their execution. This unexpected change of their fortunes, from hopes of life and liberty to that of a short preparation for a violent death, very much shocked their resolution, but Samuel less than any of them. When the warder went to acquaint Samuel of this melancholy news, he carried with him two sentinels, for fear any accident might happen; and, after expressing his concern for being the messenger of such unhappy news, acquainted him he must die. He started with surprise: and asked with some emotion, 'How must I die?' 'You are to be shot, sir.' Then he replied, pretty composedly, 'God's will be done; I have brought this upon myself.' He then asked if he might be allowed pen and ink, and when the post went for Scotland? The warder told him the night, but that he could not live to receive any return. He said he did not want any. He very pleasantly gave the warder what weapons he had, which were only a small penknife and a razor; and, before the warder parted with him, seemed to have assumed his usual calmness of mind; and he and the other two, after some reflection, and the conversation of the clergy (who from this time attended them) were reconciled so much to their circumstances as to be able to bear the thought of death with great decency, and Christian resignation to the will of God.

"Samuel owned he had been active at the beginning of the sedition; but he could not help sometimes thinking that the great pains he took to influence the men to return to their duty afterwards, in a great measure alleviated his first crime.

"Malcolm, to the last, declared that he never advised any person to go away; on the contrary, that he never was resolved himself till the moment he joined the men in their march from Finchley Common, and then his reflection was so short that he scarce knew what he did.

"Farquhar Shaw in the same manner declared that he was no way active in raising the meeting; that he never advised any man to desert; denied that he presented his piece to any of the officers, as it was reported. He owned that he might have uttered some very passionate and indecent expressions to some of the officers who commanded him to return, but that these expressions did not import a threatening to strike any of them.

"But notwithstanding that they all three imagined themselves no more guilty than the rest of the prisoners, yet they never once uttered the least reflection against the sentence, the court-martial,

or the Lords of the Regency; in short, they did not attribute their death to anything else but the Divine providence of God, to which they cheerfully submitted, and acquitted all men of their unhappy end, of which Farquhar Shaw gave a lively instance. It being reported to him that one, Serjeant Macbean, had deposed before the court-martial that he (Shaw) had presented his piece to him when he commanded him to return to his duty, and that this deposition had determined the court-martial to fix upon him in particular, he sent for the serjeant, and very calmly questioned him concerning this fact; who told him that he had never been on evidence against him, but owned that he told some of his officers that he (Shaw) had threatened to strike an officer who commanded him to return to his duty; and that it was probable the colonel might receive this intelligence from the officers, and that by this means it might come to the knowledge of the court-martial. The serjeant expressed his regret that he should be any way instrumental to his misfortunes. But Shaw, in an affable manner, desired him to give himself no uneasiness on that head; that he had neither spite nor ill-will at him for what he had said, but would die in perfect love and friendship with him and all mankind; that he had sent for him on purpose to make his mind easy, and not to trouble himself with needless reflections, since he heartily forgave him; and accordingly parted with him in the most friendly and amicable manner; and frequently after expressed to me his concern for the serjeant, lest his reflections on himself should prejudice him or make him uneasy. This behaviour of his to the man whom he was convinced had been the principal cause of his death, must argue a most charitable, forgiving, and generous temper and disposition of mind, very seldom to be met with in men of more elevated station in life.

"They all three were men of strong natural parts, and religiously disposed, both from habit and principle, the natural result of a good example and early instruction in the doctrine and precepts of Christianity; for I received from all of them a great deal of satisfaction when I examined them on the grounds of our holy religion; and even Shaw, who was perfectly illiterate, and could neither read not write, was ignorant of no Christian doctrine necessary to salvation, or from whence he could draw comfort in his present circumstance. They were educated, and died members of the Church of Scotland, though they cheerfully embraced the opportunity of receiving the Sacrament from the hands of the Reverend Mr Paterson, who officiated for the Chaplain of the Tower, after the form of the Church of England, on the Sunday preceding their execution.

"As their notions of religion were sincere, so they expressed the greatest regard for honesty and integrity, and thanked God, though they were great sinners, that His restraining grace had enabled them to avoid all vicious and profane courses, or the offering any injury to their neighbours in their persons or properties; that they hoped they had not only the approbation of a good conscience, but the testimony of their officers, friends, and acquaintances, that they have lived all their lifetime without scandal to themselves, or reproach to their friends, until this unhappy period, when rashness, without any mixture of malice, cowardice, or disaffection to his Majesty's person or Government, had brought their lives to this miserable catastrophe.

"They applied themselves diligently to the duty of prayer and reading the Scripture, from the time of their sentence, which they said they had but too much and too long neglected.

"When they were all three brought to one ward near the place of execution, about four o'clock that morning, they expressed the greatest affection and sympathy for one another, each regretting the case of the other two more than his own; at the same time encouraged one another to constancy of mind, and a dutiful resignation to the hand of God.

"Samuel Macpherson ordered three coffins to be made, of fifteen shillings value each, for which he paid; and Malcolm made a will, which he deposited in the hands of three of his own name among the Highland prisoners some days before their execution.

"These three were admitted to visit the prisoners, who told them that they thanked God they had got the better of the fears of death, and were prepared to embrace it cheerfully; that they thought their case better than that of their fellows, as they were leaving this world in hopes of eternal peace and happiness. Whilst they were to remain here exposed to new temptations and new troubles in distant and unknown countries, where they would not enjoy life, but a lingering death. They applied by petition to several persons of quality, of which the two following are true copies:—

"'*To their Excellencies the Lord Justices.*

"'The humble petition of Samuel Macpherson, Malcolm Macpherson, and Farquhar Shaw.

"'*May it please your Lordships*—

"'That whereas your poor petitioners lie under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion, and have nothing to hope (under

the Almighty) but from your lordships' favour on our behalf, which we do most humbly entreat. And as we are sincerely sorry for base conduct and misbehaviour, and it being our first crime, we hope for your lordships' kind indulgence, which, should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our misconduct by a steady attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King George, by defending him and his royal house with all our power, where, and in whatever manner, we shall be directed.

"'SAMUEL MACPHERSON.
"'MALCOLM MACPHERSON.
"'FARQUHAR SHAW.'"

"'*To her Grace the Duchess of Richmond.*

"'The humble petition of Samuel Macpherson, Malcolm Macpherson, and Farquhar Shaw.

"'*May it please your Grace—*

"'That, whereas your poor petitioners lie under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion, and have nothing to hope (under the Almighty) but from your Grace's charitable intercession to the Lord Justices on our behalf, we do most humbly entreat your Grace's good offices. And as we are sincerely sorry for our base conduct and misbehaviour, and it being our first crime, we hope for your Grace's kind indulgence, which, should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our misconduct by a steady attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King George, by defending him and his royal house with all our power, where, and in whatever manner, we shall be directed.

"'SAMUEL MACPHERSON.
"'MALCOLM MACPHERSON.
"'FARQUHAR SHAW.'"

"Upon the Monday morning,* the Governor ordered them to put on their shrouds below their clothes, which when done, they immediately began to pray, and continued in that exercise very devoutly and fervently till six o'clock, when they were called out to execution. They walked to the place, close up to the chapel in the Tower, without expressing the least horror or despondency in their gait or countenance, but with a Christian composure and resignation of mind. Here Samuel Macpherson, standing on the

* 18th July.

plank which was appointed for them to kneel on, with an assured countenance and in an audible voice, in his own language, addressed his fellow-prisoners that were drawn up round the place of execution, in this manner:—

"'My Friends and Countrymen—

"'You are not strangers to the cause of my sufferings with these, my companions. I hope the anguish you must feel at the sight of this shocking scene, will be the last of your punishment, for I am convinced you must think it a punishment to see us bleed: but my blood, I hope, will contribute to your liberty; that thought affords me as much satisfaction as a soul prepared to take a flight to eternity can receive from any earthly concerns. Take example from our unfortunate ends, and endeavour to conduct yourselves so, both before God and man, as your lives may be long, and your deaths natural. Next to your duty to God, discharge what you owe your King and country; wipe off this reproach by a steady loyalty to his sacred Majesty, and a respectful and obedient conduct towards your officers.'

"Having uttered this speech, he, with his cousin, Macpherson, and Shaw, kneeled down, whilst the Reverend Mr Paterson and myself joined in prayer, kneeling before them on a plank. When prayers were over, their faces were covered, when eighteen soldiers, in three ranks (twelve of whom were appointed to do the execution, and the other six for a reserve, had been kept out of sight for fear of shocking the prisoners), advanced on their tip-toes, and, with the least noise possible, their pieces ready cocked for fear of the click disturbing the prisoners. Serjeant-Major Ellisson (who deserved the greatest commendation for this precaution) waved a handkerchief as a signal to present; and, after a very short pause, waved it a second time as a signal to fire; when they all three fell instantly backwards as dead, but Shaw being observed to move his hand, one of the six in reserve advanced, and shot him through the head, as another did Samual Macpherson. After the execution, an officer ordered three of the prisoners, namesakes of the deceased, to advance and bury them, whom they presently stripped to their shrouds, put them in their coffins, and buried them in one grave, near the place where they were shot, with great decency. The officers on duty appeared greatly affected, and three hundred of the 3d Regiment of Scotch Guards, who were drawn up in three lines, in the shape of a half moon, attended the

execution, many of whom, of the hardened sort, were observed to shed tears.

"Thus ended this melancholy scene, which raised compassion from all, and drew tears from many of the spectators. They had, by their courteous behaviour, gained so much upon the affections of their warders, the inhabitants of the Tower, and others that conversed with them, that none were so hard-hearted as to deny them their pity, nay, nor hardly any had resolution to see them executed.

"What made this spectacle still more moving was, that mixture of devotion, agony, and despair that was seen in the faces and actions of the remaining Highland prisoners, who were ranged within-side the guards. When prayers began, they all fell on their knees and elbows, hanging their heads and covering their faces with their bonnets, and might easily be observed that they could not refrain from the loudest lamentations. Such a number of young men, in so suppliant a posture, offering their prayers so fervently to Heaven, with such marks of sorrow for the fate of the unhappy criminals, had a prodigious effect upon the spectators, and I am hopeful will influence the practice and conversation of all that saw them; and to the praise of these poor men (take from them the account their heinous transgression of mutiny and desertion). I believe their courteous and modest behaviour, their virtuous and pious principles, and religious disposition, would be no bad pattern for men above the rank of private sentinels, and ought to be a severer reproof to many who live here, and have all the advantages of a liberal education, and the example of a polite court; that men they esteem barbarous, inhabiting a distant and barren country, should outdo them in real politeness, that is, in the knowledge and practice of the doctrines of Christianity.

"From hence, we may remark, that those who published or propagated so many scandalous reports of these unhappy young men, must either have taken little pains to inform themselves of the truth, or must be possessed of little charity, when they load their memory with so many assertions no way connected with their crime. But, as this relation is published from the prisoners' own mouths, and attested by a person whose profession and character ought to screen him from the imputation of partiality or falsehood, it is hoped these impressions will wear off the minds of the public, and give place to sentiments of charity for their crimes, and compassion for their sufferings.

"'*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*'"

4th February 1875.

Contributions towards the history of the Third Charge of Inverness, commonly called the Gaelic Church of Inverness, by Alex. Fraser, Accountant, Inverness.

On looking about me hurriedly for materials for the subject of my paper of to-night, I found I had to wander a good deal to and fro, over many books and manuscripts. The more I examined, the more I found the materials were increasing, and I had to call "hold; enough!" There was not sufficient time allowed me to put these in the order I should have liked to present them here, and sooth to say, I had no time to do the subject the justice it requires. My object, in giving the present paper, was entirely to fill up a vacant evening, and if any of you feel wearied with my dry-as-dust details of bygone days, I hope such of you as so feel will come forward as I have done, at as short notice, and give something more interesting. On the spur of the moment, when urged to give a paper, I agreed, especially as I had some materials ready. Had I to do the same work over again, I should have called my subject, "The Church in Inverness since the Reformation," and then the Gaelic Church and all the other churches in Inverness might have got equal justice meted out to them, and all would be represented in their proper colour, bearing, and influence. Such a course, however, would necessitate not a paper for one night, but for at least three or four nights, and, after consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it is by such a simultaneous treatment of the Church in Inverness, that not only the position of the Gaelic Church may be best understood, but that there is no other way of appreciating its position and influence.

So much by way of introduction; and, before starting, I beg leave to add that my information is gathered from various sources. I have laid under contribution every book, rare or otherwise, that I could command. I have also had recourse to various manuscripts. The result of all and whole of which, as lawyers say, follows:—

According to one authority, the third charge, eminently the Gaelic one, was erected in 1641, in consequence of the minister of the second charge not being able to speak Gaelic. From another source we learn that in 1643 a third clergyman was engaged for a short time for the Gaelic congregation, by authority of the General Assembly. He was soon after discontinued for want of stipend—

a very natural resolve. From a third party we gather that in 1643 a third minister was appointed to preach Gaelic to two regiments that had been stationed here for some time—the one Irish and the other Highland; and in consequence of there being no room for them in the Gaelic Church, this minister addressed them every Sabbath in the Chapel-yard, but on their (the regiments') departure the appointment was discontinued. It is from the circumstance of this burying-ground becoming, as it were, a chapel-of-ease to the Gaelic Church, that it ever afterwards was called the Chapel-yard.

[This is a mistake. The Chapel-yard was so called because in it stood the original church of Inverness, of which the Abbot of Arbroath was patron.—See Chart. Morav.]

In 1706 a third minister was permanently appointed by Government, the stipend then being only £73, secured in the ancient Bishop lands of Moray and Ross. The stipend was in 1775 advanced to £110, and recently, at the general augmentation, to £150. To this permanent appointment I shall refer more fully hereafter.

From a small and scarce book by Mr Maclean, called the "Nonagenarian," I extract the following:—"In Nonagenarian's youthful days, two Gaelic congregations at one time assembled in separate parts of the Chapel-yard, listening to the discourses preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the open space in the centre, along which the tables are still ranged."

"One of the most eminently pious and useful ministers in my day," says Nonagenarian, "was Mr Murdo Mackenzie, connected with whose death is the following remarkable circumstance:—Lodie Ross, the head beadle of Inverness, was a perfect original in his way, of whom some amusing stories might be told. Lodie, on going one night into the High Church steeple to ring the ten o'clock bell, heard the most delightful music and singing, distinctly hearing the words repeated of the 118th Psalm and 19th verse:—

'O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness,
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.'

Finding no one was in the church, and knowing Mr Mackenzie to be in ill-health, he immediately ran to his house in Bridge Street. On arriving there, however, he found that this exemplary minister

was just departing from the scene of his earthly labour, to partake of 'the rest which remaineth for the people of God.'"

Now-a-days we don't believe in ghosts and such like stuff. The superstition of the present age lies in the belief in mediums, table turnings, spirit-rappings, and such like. Query—Are we less superstitious than our forefathers, or is ours a less ignoble age than theirs?

I shall now give a list of the ministers of the third charge, with some remarks—

In 1642 Duncan Macculloch was ordained, prior to 4th October, with 500 marks (£16. 13s. 4d.) of stipend.

In 1705 William Stuart, from Kiltearn, was called on 21st December 1704, and admitted after 9th April 1705. He is alluded to by Burt.

In 1720 Alexander Macbean, A.M., from Douglas, was called on 16th February, and admitted 6th December.

In 1727 Daniel Mackenzie, A.M., from Petty, was called on 10th May, presented by the Magistrates, and admitted 10th October.

In 1731 William Baillie was called on 28th April, and ordained 22d July 1731.

In 1741 Murdoch Mackenzie, A.M., from Dingwall, was called on 23d February, and admitted 13th July.

In 1752 James Grant was called, son of Mr George Grant, minister of Kirkmichael.

In 1754 Alexander Fraser, A.M., from Avoch, was called on 25th September, and admitted 13th November 1754. In order to show the regret of the Avoch people at his removal, I may state that the fishermen of that place refused to bring fish to the Inverness people, against whom they were highly incensed.

In 1763 there is mention of Robert Rose, as minister of the third charge.

In 1775 George Watson, A.M., from Kiltearn, is presented by George III., in April, and admitted 20th December.

1778 Alexander Fraser, A.M., presented by George III., and ordained 22d September.

In 1798 Alexander Rose, A.M., from Moray, is presented by George III., and admitted 18th September.

In 1801 Thomas Fraser, A.M., is presented by George III., and admitted 15th December.

In 1822 Alexander Clark, A.M., is presented by George IV., and ordained 21st March.

In 1834 Robert Macpherson is presented by William IV., and ordained 23d September.

And in the following years, I find that the following ministers were inducted—

In 1842 Simon Mackintosh.
In 1844 Donald Macconnachie.
In 1848 Hugh Mackenzie.
In 1860 Duncan Stewart.
In 1862 John Stewart.
In 18— Peter Robertson.
In 1874 Lachlan Maclachlan.

Having so far proceeded in chronological order, I shall now give some desultory observations.

The old Gaelic Church, at the bottom of Church Street, stood on the site of the present structure. The latter was built in 1792 at the expense of the heritors—the old one in 1649, at the joint expense of town and parish. The principal event connected with this building was its being converted into an hospital and prison for the followers of Prince Charles, immediately after the battle of Culloden. Among the prisoners were Provost Hossack, and the ex-Provost Fraser, of the Achnagairn family, who were supposed, from their lukewarmness to the House of Brunswick, to have been secret supporters of the Stuarts. At the intercession of the Rev. Mr Macbean, who, with President Forbes, possessed great influence with the Duke of Cumberland, on account of their known loyalty, these civic prisoners were released the following day. Numbers were taken from this prison to the Churchyard and shot, kneeling upon the stones still standing. On the south side of the church was a vault, in which I remember often having seen the large common oak coffin, or, as it was called in Gaelic, *chiste chumante*, which was used to convey the bodies of common people, or strangers, to the grave, into which they were slipped *sans ceremonie*. Although the old coffin was in existence in my day, the last time it was used was in burying those who died of their wounds received at Culloden. Connected with this church, I may mention a circumstance that occurred many years ago, which was nothing else, than the whole congregation of the Gaelic people, including, I must own, myself, being frightened out of propriety, on beholding the Rev. Mr Watson, our very pious and celebrated minister, enter the church wearing the Geneva gown, now common in other Presbyterian Churches. The reverend gentleman had always worn it in the High Church; but no sooner did he enter the Gaelic Church with it on him, than the congregation rushed out of the building,

lustily crying out, "Popery! Popery!"—the minister being left with the precentor and empty pews.

The Gaelic Church was usually the place in which the bodies of drowned persons were deposited, to give time for being claimed. With one such person there is a remarkable case of second-sight connected, which I will relate as it was current eighty years ago—*i.e.*, 1762:—The Rev. Mr Morrison, minister of the parish of Petty, six miles from Inverness, was a man of remarkable devotion in his ministerial labours, and was looked upon by the people as a prophet. He had often, in vain, exhorted a wild and ungodly fisherman in his parish to attend the means of grace. Walking one evening near the manse with an elder, the Rev. Mr Morrison, naming the fisherman alluded to, said—"Well, that poor unhappy man has often been invited to attend the ordinances of the Gospel, which he will never have an opportunity of doing again, as he is at this moment drowned at the new pier of Inverness, and his body will be taken to the Gaelic Church, and remain there during the night." There are very minute particulars connected with this case of second-sight, which were verified by the fact occurring, and being mentioned in Petty, the fisherman's relations went that same evening and claimed the body.

I must, however, pass to the subject of Kirk discipline. Nonagenarian remembers seeing, in addition to the cutty-stool, the *brangus*, or iron collar, affixed near the entrance, and the last person said to have been exhibited as an example to offenders, was a military officer, at the instance of the Rev. Mr Macbean.

The interior of the building under description was decorated in places with black velvet, ornamented with gilded Scriptural and other devices. The pulpit and desk, at present one of the most elaborately-carved pieces of workmanship we have ever seen, is said to have been the work of a herd-boy, who resided ages ago at the Muir of Culloden, and to have been all effected with one knife, and put together with one pin. Tradition states that the Incorporated Wrights of Inverness offered him the freedom of the craft, if he would show them how he had put it together, which he refused. The seat occupied by the elders was also a piece of beautifully-carved workmanship, by the same hand. An attempt was made, at the rebuilding of the High Church in 1772, to remove this curious pulpit to that structure, but the workmen could not do so without breaking it to pieces, and the heritors being against the removal, their interference was effectual. The Laird of Macleod having contributed very largely to defray the expense of building the Gaelic Church, a seat very handsomely ornamented, having his

arms emblazoned above, was appropriated to his use. The following extract will show how the pulpit and desk came into the possession of the Kirk-Session. It will be observed that it is called the *little desk* :—

"At Inverness, the first day of August, one thousand six hundred and seventy-six years—The said day there was a supplication presented by Mr William Robertson of Inches, making his humble address to the Session of Inverness, regretting his inconvenience for himself and family in the High Church of the said burgh, for the reverend and incumbent attention of the said ordinances, desiring he might be licensed and impowered to cause build and erect two sufficient pews next to the Guildry's desk, whereupon which application, after ripe and grave advisement, was found very reasonable, and knowing him to be a deserving person; The whole members of the Session did unanimously grant the said two pews and thereby, to inherit and enjoy them peaceably and quietly in all times coming, without any controlling, questioning, or back-calling thereof: But to remain in his possession as an undoubted heritage: For which two pews the said Mr William did give the little desk belonging some time to his mother, and to be given to Hugh Robertson, treasurer, and James Cuthbert, late bailie; Ordaining these presents to be insert and registered in the principal Session Register of the said burgh, therein to remain for the future security and preservation thereof. Extracted by me,

(Signed) "John Innes, Clerk to the Session."

We may here remark that this pulpit will ever be connected with the name of the late Rev. Alex. Clark, in his denunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome, and of the first mode of assessment under the Poor-law Act.

1719—In 1719 I meet with the name of the precentor of the Highland Kirk of Inverness—"John Mic-Ian-dubh" (John, son of John the Dark.)

The following document is very interesting. It has never before seen, what I may call, day-light, and will, I hope, be so appreciated:—

"1720—At Inverness, the twelfth day of October 1720 years, in presence of John Forbes of Culloden, Provost; David Fraser, James Thomson, and John Hossack, Bailies; James Dunbar, Dean of Guild; John Fraser, Treasurer; William Maclean, late Bailie; William

Mackintosh, Thomas Alves, and Jonathan Thomson, late Treasurer, Gilbert Gordon, Robert Rose, George Forbes, Duncan Grant, William Wilson, Robert Innes, and James Kinnaird, Councillors of the said Burgh. The Council convened anent the Town's affairs.

"The said Magistrates and Council taking to their consideration that the benefices to which the several ministers of this burgh and parish are entitled by law are not only small but also ill-paid by some in the parish, that prosecutions therefore by the ministers themselves must be vexatious and disagreeable to their inclinations, and may possibly tend to alienate the affections of their people from them, and hinder the success of their labours; and considering that it is the duty of a people, who are blest with suitable, faithful, and laborious ministers of the Gospel, to provide for their more comfortable living, and take care to have the same duly paid them, that their thoughts may be wholly taken up with the work to which they are called, by which the Gospel cannot fail, through the blessing of God, to be more successful in this corner, and thereby the glory of God advanced: therefore, and for the love, honour, and respect that are due to the merit of our worthy present ministers—Mr William Stewart, Mr Robert Baillie, and Mr Alexander Macbean—and for preserving that agreeable harmony betwixt the said ministers and them and their people, they, the said Magistrates and Council did, and hereby do, enact that from and after the term of Martinmas next 1720, and during the continuance of an Act of the 5th session of this present Parliament, laying a duty of two pennies Scots on every pint of ale or beer brewed or sold within the said burgh and liberties thereof, for the ends therein mentioned, the stipends of each of the said three ministers shall be augmented to 1600 merks yearly, attour their present manses, and of the said duty, the first year's augmentation to be paid at Martinmas 1721, provided the said ministers give a true and faithful account of the amount of their parsonage and vicarage tithes and other legal settlements, and the yearly extent of their glebes, and by whom payable, and a factory to a collector to be named by them, the said Magistrates and Council, for inbringing and receiving the saids stipends and produce of the saids glebes, which collector so to be named shall be obliged, by his accepting of the said factory, at the term of Martinmas yearly to give in a true account of the extent of the haill stipends and produce of the glebes for that year to the Council, that the sum to be payed by them out of the said duty

for making up the said sum of 1600 merks to each of the saids three ministers may be known, and shall also be obliged to make payment to and retire discharges from the ministers six months after the ordinary terms of payment, and report the saids discharges, or extracts thereof, to the Council, to be kept by the Town Treasurer: Declaring, nevertheless, that if the said factor so to be nominated shall improve the saids glebes, or either of them, the saids improvements, as well as the present produce of the glebes, shall be applied to diminish the addition of stipends intended by this act; and the said Magistrates and Council, having confidence in the fidelity and management of Alex. Baillie, Town-Clerk of Inverness, do nominate and appoint him to be collector of the said stipends and produce of the said glebes, in virtue of the factory to be granted him by the saids ministers, of all years and terms bygone resting unpaid, and in time coming, aye and until his factory and commission be recalled by them, the saids Magistrates and Council; and they statute and enact that the sum of 200 pounds Scots money shall be paid yearly to the said collector during his service, out of the said duty of two pennies per pint arising by the said Act of Parliament, beginning the first year's payment of the said salary at the term of Martinmas 1721 years, for the preceding year: Providing, notwithstanding, that this Act shall not be construed to extend to any minister who shall hereafter be called to, and settled in, this burgh and parish, on the demise or translation of any of the saids three ministers above named, without a new Act of Council entitling any such new incumbent to the augmentation designed by this Act. And because this Act cannot take effect without the approbation of the overseers mentioned in the said Act of Parliament, therefore they appoint the same to be laid before them at their next meeting for their approbation thereof. Whereupon act. "J. Forbes, Pro."

"Memorabilia anent the Third Charge—

"Disposition by Hugh Munro of Teaninich, 'as heir in special served to the deceast John Fraser, merchant burgess in Inverness, my uncle,' in favor of John Fraser, merchant in Inverness, brother-german to James Fraser of Auchnagairn: 'That desk or piew, presently belonging to me as heir foresaid, lying within the new kirk of Inverness, and in the body thereof, betwixt the dask belonging to the Laird of Mackintosh at the south, the dask belonging to Mr David Polson of Kinmylies at the north, the kirk wall at the west, and the common passage from the east door of the said kirk to the north end thereof, at the east parts respectively,

. . . . . with full power to the said John Fraser, and his foresaids, to obtain themselves confirmed in the said desk, be the Kirk Session of this burgh and parish of Inverness.'

"Witnesses, Mr David Scott, burgess of Inverness; Lachlan Mackintosh, merchant there; and Thomas Fraser, wryter there.

"Dated 3d March 1713."

The following paper was kindly lent by Captain Dunbar Dunbar of Seapark, near Forres. It will be observed that there is much valuable information conveyed, and great minuteness displayed. The town of Inverness, as will be observed, is designated as the "City of Inverness," the Latin word used being *urbs*, in contradistinction to the more usual terms of *villa*, *burgum*, or *oppidum*. Places with similar royal privileges as Inverness are usually burgh; in low Latin *burgum*. *Villa* means a town, from a farmsteading and dwelling-house upwards to, say, a place like Beauly or Auldearn. The terms *urbs* and *oppidum* seldom or never occur in old charters:—

"Anne, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; To all good men of her whole realm, cleric and laic; Greeting: Since we, considering the condition of the city and parish of Inverness, and parish thereof, and from information that there are therein about four thousand persons above the age of fourteen years, three thousand and more (of whom) can only speak the Gaelic language, and that said parish is very wide, and very many of the parishioners are eight miles distant from a church, whereby the ministerial duty is rendered too heavy for two ministers, especially since one of the present ministers of that parish is ignorant of the Gaelic tongue, and the other who can speak in the Gaelic is obliged to undertake the cure of one-half only of these Gaelic people, on which account about fifteen hundred of these poor Gaelic people have, to their great loss, no one to superintend them: And considering the great influence of said city and parish throughout the North Highlands of Scotland, and that the placing of a third minister at Inverness is right and necessary, which would tend greatly to the glory of God, the good of souls, and the promotion of the Reformed Protestant religion, and that it would contribute much to the preservation of peace and good order in those quarters; and also that the foresaid city and parish have been lately reduced to very great poverty through the decay of commerce and other causes; and the tiends thereof have been exhausted, and so no fixed fund can be found as a stipend for a third

minister in that place; and the magistrates and heritors hitherto are agreed as to the necessity for a third minister in said city and parish, and that they have given an invitation to Mr William Stewart, minister at Kiltearn, which afterwards was considered by the National Synod of the Church of that our ancient kingdom of Scotland, and the said National Synod finding it necessary that a third minister be established at Inverness, have translated the said Mr William Stewart from Kiltearn to be one of the ministers of Inverness: And we desiring much that ministers of the Gospel have every due and requisite sustentation in the faithful administration of their office: Therefore, we, of our Royal bounty and from our maternal care for the Church and zeal for the promotion of the true Protestant religion, with special advice and consent of our very trusty and beloved cousins and counsellors, James, Duke of Queensberry, our Chief Commissioner; James, Earl of Seafield, High Chancellor; James, Marquis of Montrose, President of the Secret Council; James, Earl of Galloway; Archibald, Earl of Forfar; David, Earl of Glasgow, Lord-Depute of the Treasury; William, Lord Ross, and Master Francis Montgomery of Giffan, Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and Comptrollers of our new augmentations: And also with advice and consent, with the rest of the Lords and other Commissioners of our Exchequer, have given, granted, mortified, and disponed, and for us and our successors for ever confirmed, as also we, with advice and consent foresaid by the present charter give, grant, mortify, assign, and dispone, and for us and our successors for ever confirm, to the foresaid Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness for the time, and to their successors in office in all time to come, for the use and benefit of the said Master William Stewart upon his admission to the office of one of the ministers of Inverness, and of his successors in office in all time to come, provided always, that they be lawfully called and admitted to the incumbency of the cure, as one of the ministers of Inverness, according to the constitution of the Church as presently established: All and whole the sum of eight hundred and eighty-one pounds one shilling and sixpence of the money of Scotland, to continue as a constant modified stipend yearly, for the foresaid Master William Stewart, and his successors in office; and which stipend we ordain to be paid yearly at the Feast of St Martin, beginning the first term of payment at the Feast of St Martin in the year of the Lord 1706, and thereafter to continue to be paid yearly in all time to come at said term, to the foresaid Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness, or to any others whomsoever having their mandate, from the rents of the Bishoprick of Moray, and particularly

from those lands undermentioned, viz., from the ecclesiastical lands of the Lord of Gordonston, lying within the parish of Kinnedar, the sum two hundred and eighty-eight pounds and twelve shillings of money foresaid: *Item*—From his lands of Kirkton of Dallas six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence: *Item*—From the ecclesiastical lands of the Lord of Brodie, in said parish of Kinnedar, £129. 12s.: *Item*—From the Lord of Muirton for his lands of Blairvie, lying in the parish of Rafford, £81. 7s.: *Item*—From the Lord of Muirtoun for his lands of Myreside, in the parish of Spynie, £20 : *Item*—From said Lord of Muirtoun for his lands of Sheriffmiln, in said parish of Spynie, £2 : *Item*—From the Lord of Bishopmiln for his lands of Bishopmiln, in said parish of Spynie, £66. 13s. 4d.: *Item*—From the Lord of Miltounbrody for his lands of Inverlochty, in the parish of Elgin, £52. 2s.: *Item*—From Master David Polson of Kylmilie for his lands of Kylmylie, and other lands formerly belonging to Hugh Baillie, in the parish of Inverness, £60 : *Item*—From the Lord of Kilravock for his temple lands in the parish of Ardclaugh, £40 : *Item*—From the said Lord of Kilravock for his lands of Kildrummie, in the parish of Nairn, £16 : *Item*—From the Lord of Dipple for his lands of Dipple, £24. 11s. 4d.: *Item*—From the Sherift of Moray for the lands of Inchbraik, in said parish of Spynie, £15. 16s. 10d.: *Item*—From said Sheriff of Moray for his lands in the parish of Rothes, £4. 14s. 8d.: *Item*—From Abraham Lesly of Findrartie for his lands in the parish of Spynie, £36. 7s.: *Item*—From the Lord of Innes for his lands of Essell, £10. 12s.: Extending in whole to the sum of £881. 1s. 6d. of the money of Scotland foresaid, as part of the rents of the Bishoprick of Moray, which fell into our hands and came into our donation and disposition by the laws and acts of the Parliament of this kingdom, which ordained the abolition and suppression of Episcopacy, and ordained the rights, duties, and superiorities thereof, to pertain to us and our successors in all time to come, and we, with advice and consent aforesaid, give power, grant, and require the hereditary vassals, tenants, and possessors of the lands above written to make exact payment at said term, or at other terms used and wont, of the respective proportions of money to the foresaid Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness, who, for the time, may be in office, and to their successors in all time to come, or to their treasurer, or to any one having their mandate, for the use and benefit of said Master William Stewart and of his successors in office, ministers of Inverness, who have been lawfully ordained, admitted, and called to the incumbency there as said is : Declaring by the present charter that the receipt

of the city of Inverness or their treasurer, or of any one having their mandate, shall be received, and be sufficient for the proper payment of the stipend to Master William Stewart and his successors in office because of said lands, and the receipt or exoneration shall contain the obligation of the city of Inverness, which shall be bound to bestow the sums of money above mentioned according to our intention, giving and delivering them to the said Master William Stewart, or the ministers his successors in office at Inverness; and which obligation must be immediately registered, and an extract thereof given to said minister, and which payment must be instructed by a registered receipt or exoneration from the said Master William Stewart or his successors in office; or if said Magistrates shall neglect or procrastinate to levy the sums foresaid for the use and benefit above mentioned, then the foresaid Master William Stewart and his lawful successors shall be at liberty immediately to levy them by themselves, and to grant receipts, which shall sufficiently exoner said persons liable in payment. And that our bounty and pious intention may be more effectual, we, with consent foresaid, constitute and ordain that in all assedations and commissions of said Bishoprick to be granted hereafter, the foresaid lands destined for payment of said third stipend shall be expressly excluded from said assedation or commissions; and decern or ordain said Lords Commissioners of our Treasury to cause the premises so to be done and effected; to be held and had the aforesaid annual stipend of us and our successors as pure charity, freely, quietly, and without any revocation; giving therefor, yearly, the foresaid Master William Stewart and his successors in office, ministers of Inverness, prayers and supplications to God omnipotent, both publicly and privately, for perpetual benedictions to us and our successors in all time to come; and this for every other burden, exaction, question, demand, or secular service whatsoever, which can be demanded of the said Master William Stewart and his successors in office; and in fine, we, on the word of a prince, faithfully promise to ratify this present charter in the next session of this Parliament, if there be any, or in the next following, or of any other Parliament of our said ancient kingdom, by requiring the States of Parliament to ratify the same. Moreover, to the Sheriff of . . . . . and his bailies, and also to our beloved . . . . . and to any of you conjunctly and severally, Sheriffs of the sheriffdom of . . . . . in that part specially constituted (we send) greeting; and command and order you that without delay ye cause sasine to be justly given of the foresaid annual stipend to be levied as is foresaid to the fore-

said Magistrates and Town Council of Inverness for the time, and their successors in office in all time to come, for the use and benefit of the said Master William Stewart upon his admission to the office of one of the ministers and of his successors in office, or to their certain attorney, bearer of these presents, according to the form and tenor of the aforesaid charter which they have from us thereupon, under the above-written provisions, and that this ye in no way omit; for the doing of which to you and each of you conjunctly and severally, our Sheriffs of the sheriffdom of . . . . in that part aforesaid, we commit power; in testimony of which thing to this our present charter we have commanded our great seal to be appended: Witnesses—our very beloved Counsellors, Lord James Murray of Philipshaugh, our Clerk of Archives and Registers; Adam Cockburn of Ormistoun; and our beloved Lord Charles Kerr, director of our Chancery: At our Palace of Newmarket, the 4th day of the month of October, the year of the Lord 1706, and fifth year of our reign.

"This is a true copy of the principal charter above set forth, registered in the Registers of Charters of the Chancery of our supreme Lord the King, and from the same extracted, copied, and collated word for word by me, Master John Russell, junior, Clerk to the King's Signet, and depute of the honourable man, Robert Kerr, Esquire, director of said Chancery, under this my subscription, "JOHN RUSSELL, Dep."

1707, Oct. 27.—"That day was read in Council a representation directed to them by Mr Robert Baillie, one of the ministers of Inverness, mentioning that where it hath pleased some piously devoted persons in and about the city of London, from a public spirit and principle of zeal for promoting the knowledge of God through the world, to bestow liberally of their substance for advancing that great end, and particularly with other things, not only to provide their colonies in the East and West Indies with valuable libraries, but to extend their bounty this way to the savages and heathens in their native language, and to erect schools to the utmost end of the earth, for the good of mankind, all being their brethren in Adam. In the meantime, not to forget the Highlands of Scotland, and specially minding those bounds, as is to be seen by the catalogue and register of books allotted to this place, as the said petition here held as repeated, containing sundry weighty and pregnant reasons, bears. Therefore, craving that it might please them to take the premises to consideration, and now

and then, by a committee of their number, to give a visit to the library, and of their bounty bestow something worthy of the honourable Court for the further providing thereof, that the inhabitants may be encouraged to follow that laudable example; that, according to the rules, they, with the Magistrates, may have access to call for any book; for since strangers have so generously laid the foundation, your petitioner is persuaded we will not be so unnatural to ourselves as to shirk the advancing a part of the superstructure, as also that you would be pleased to advise and concur with your petitioner in some effectual method for addressing of private persons for obtaining donations from them, thus wishing that a bountiful God may enrich your Lordship and Honours with all blessings, temporal and eternal, and that your Government may be a blessing to this place. With all due respect, a favourable answer is expected by your petitioner.

(Signed) "Ro. Baillie."

Which representation, on being at length read and considered by the Council, and they being well advised therewith, they approve and grant the desire thereof *pro presenti*, that is, "they ordain John Taylor, their present treasurer, to pay to the said Mr Robert Baillie, petitioner, the sum of £10 sterling money, when in cash, and that for the better encouragement of the said library, and for the more promoting of the good design for which the same was appointed, and that the said sum shall be allowed to the said John Taylor in his treasury accounts."

1714.—The Rev. Wm. Stewart was one of the "considerable persons" who in December 1714 signed a petition presented to his Majesty in behalf of Lord Lovat. He also was the friend of Lady Balnagown. (See Antiquarian Notes.)

1751, Mar. 18.—Translation of Mr Murdoch Mackenzie, minister, from the signature stipends to the parochial stipend.

1752, June 27.—The vacant stipend of the third minister's living appointed to be recovered for behoof of the town.

1754, Mar. 25.—Orders given to defend the town from any augmentation of stipend.

1754, November 18.—500 merks allowed Mr Alex. Fraser, minister, for expenses of transporting himself and family from Avoch to Inverness, and one and a-half year of the signature stipend, vacant since the death of Mr Jas. Grant, appointed to be preserved for behoof of the town.

1760, Jan. 7.—One and a-half year's vacant stipend of the third minister recovered, and one year thereof ordered to be paid

to the Rev. Alex. Fraser, who succeeded the late Mr Jas. Grant to that living—the other one and a-half year's stipend to be left in the treasurer's hand, but afterwards disposed of.

1766, Nov. 10.—Petition from the Rev. Mr Robt. Rose, for the interest of the town, to procure by royal grant an augmentation to his living as third minister, from the rents of the Bishopric of Moray, and application from the Magistrates and Council to Sir A. Grant, their M.P., to endeavour to bring about this desirable event. Mr Rose says there are 9000 catechisable persons in the town and parish.

Of same date, though not regarding ministers, I find a resolution passed to discountenance and discontinue the practice of meeting to drink on the evenings before and after funerals. Such resolutions were frequently made, but with little effect.

1777, April 7.—A grant is reported from his Majesty, in reply to the foregoing petition, of an additional stipend to the third minister of Inverness, of £36. 10s. per annum. The expense incurred by this grant, and in passing the seals, &c., amounting to £22. 17s. 10d., was paid by the town, and an allowance was made to Mr George Watson, third minister, of £10, for the purpose of transporting himself and family from Kiltearn, in Ross-shire.

Mr Fraser received the thanks of the meeting for his valuable paper.

11th February 1875.

At this meeting the Secretary reported having sent the circular anent Gaelic Teaching in Highland Schools, prepared by his predecessor (which will be found at Page 136), to all the School Boards in the counties of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Argyll, Perth, and part of Moray, Banff, and Nairn shires; and produced the following correspondence, being a letter received from the Rev. Kenneth A. Mackenzie, in reply to the circular addressed to him as chairman of the School Board of Kingussie, and the Secretary's reply thereto :—

"Manse of Kingussie, 8th February 1875.

"Dear Sir,—I received your circular anent 'Gaelic Teaching in Highland Schools,' on Friday last. From your sending such to chairmen of School Boards at this date, I take for granted that the 'Gaelic Society of Inverness' are not satisfied with the amount of

aid asked from Government for the encouragement of Gaelic teaching, by the meeting of representatives of School Boards held in Inverness on the 23d ult.

"Much has of late been said and written upon this subject. No scheme or plan has been published to show how what is recommended as reasonable and beneficial can best be carried out in practice.

"Advertising for a Gaelic teacher is an easy matter; many such teachers, however, do not know how to use their knowledge of Gaelic for the benefit of their pupils, and the interest of some managers in this important matter seems to cease with the despatch of the advertisement. Will you, therefore, kindly propose a scheme by which practical effect can be given to the ideas of your Society on this subject, and, in doing so, clearly define the place which Gaelic teaching ought to occupy in the daily work of a school? This, to you, will be an easy matter, as you state that 'for some time past you have fully considered the subject of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools.' That you may be understood by all, draw out a school time-table, as is required by the Education Department. Take as your example—a not uncommon case—a school which meets for five hours on five days of the week, with an average attendance of 50, taught by a master who has pupils in each of the six standards--three Latin classes and one mathematical—and suppose that the youngest children attending know no English, with the exception of those of two families, who know not a word of Gaelic. When you do this, I shall have pleasure in calling a meeting of our School Board to consider your circular, as you request.

"I am aware that there are several managers of schools in the North who approve of your ideas, but know not how to carry them out. I shall therefore send a copy of this letter to the *Inverness Courier*, with a request to the editor to publish your reply and time-table, which I hope you can send him in time for this week's issue.

"I may add, that I cannot imagine how your Society calculate that the education of Gaelic-speaking children 'will be limited to three or four years,' when the law of the land renders eight years' instruction compulsory, and Government offer pay for 14 years. How can they fancy that members of Highland School Boards can be such traitors to their trust as this would imply?

"KENNETH A. MACKENZIE.

"A. Mackenzie, Secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness."

"Gaelic Society of Inverness, February 9, 1875.

"The Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, Manse of Kingussie.

"Dear Sir,—I have just received your favour of yesterday, acknowledging receipt of copy of circular issued by this Society to chairmen of School Boards in the Highlands.

"In reply to the first paragraph of your letter, I would point out that the circular is dated the '9th of January,' and that the resolution of the Society repeated therein was passed on, and is dated, the 19th of November 1874. These dates are some considerable time prior to the meeting of representatives of School Boards held at Inverness, and the circular appeared in most of the newspapers North and South, and was read by many of the representatives *before* attending the meeting. Therefore, although it may be, and probably is, true that 'the Society is not satisfied with the amount of aid asked from Government at that meeting,' this must not *necessarily* be assumed from the date on which you received the circular.

"Upon such short notice, you can hardly be in earnest when proposing that our Society should publish a complete scheme, such as you suggest, in the *Inverness Courier* of Thursday next, particularly in the face of your own remark that 'so much has been said and written already, to so little purpose,' much of which was from your own pen.

"I have not been able to submit your letter and proposal to a meeting of the Society. The first meeting at which I can possibly do so is on Thursday evening next, *after* the *Courier* appears in which you request me to publish our scheme and my reply. Under these circumstances, I cannot, meanwhile, commit the Society; but I feel sure that they will not shrink from what you propose.

"In reference to this, however, I would remark, that I do not consider it the *duty* of the Society to relieve gentlemen (members of School Boards elected for the purpose) of their unmistakable duty under the Act, to frame rules and complete schemes, and it is most clearly their duty 'to show how what is recommended as reasonable and beneficial can best be carried out in practice.'

"Your plan of removing the *onus* from School Boards, and laying it on the Gaelic Society of Inverness, is an old one, and one for which you can find precedents in higher quarters, when those in office, obliged to admit evils which they found difficult to meet and remedy, exclaimed, 'It's all very fine to demonstrate the necessity for improvement; show us how to do it.' It is admitted

on all hands that a change in the present system of teaching in Highland schools requires attention and improvement, and I'm afraid that the ratepayers will hesitate before they allow the School Boards to shirk their responsibility in the matter in the manner you propose.

"Undoubtedly a great difficulty exists about teachers qualified to teach Gaelic in Highland schools, but this only proves that the language has been too long despised and neglected by the ministers and heritors who had the management of the schools in the past. Most teachers in the Highlands are quite unable to teach Gaelic—many of them are quite ignorant of the language, even as a spoken tongue. This being so, it is hardly very wise to put a high value upon the opinion of such men as to the desirability of teaching Gaelic in the schools. They will naturally oppose the teaching of a language of which they are entirely, or almost entirely, ignorant. This is *one* of the difficulties connected with the question of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, but it must be kept in mind that the Education Act was not passed professedly merely for the benefit of teachers, but primarily for the education, moral and mental improvement, of the scholars. What most people understand by this, is the bringing forth, cultivating, and quickening of the *natural* powers of their minds, and they believe that no medium is so suitable for attaining this as the natural and, in many cases in the Highlands, the only tongue known to the pupils. The system generally practised is not education in this sense. It is a mere *cramming in from without*, and we know that often this kind of education (?) is forgotten in a much shorter time than is taken to acquire it.

"There is also another difficulty to contend against. Few of our Gaelic-preaching ministers are Gaelic scholars, many of them cannot even spell it as it is written in their Bibles; and we know as a matter of experience, that very few, indeed, can preach a Gaelic sermon without mixing it up with English terms, to an extent that appears ridiculous. I know others who compose their sermons in English; and translate them into Gaelic. It is only natural, then, that even ministers should be prejudiced against teaching Gaelic in Highland schools.

"The Rev. Kenneth Macdonald, Applecross, boldly states in last week's *Courier*—'I never got a Gaelic lesson, and I did not feel the disadvantage of it.' I know that Mr. Macdonald gives great satisfaction to his people in Applecross, but I heard him at Inverness using several English terms in his Gaelic sermon. Is it possible that any man can preach as well in a language he never

studied as a minister ought to do? If it were suggested that a man educated entirely in French and German, but who never got a lesson in the English language, could preach to the satisfaction of an intelligent English congregation, the idea would be considered simply preposterous. To be able 'to speak, and read, and write in Gaelic as well as Professor Blackie,' is not saying much, for I'm afraid from what I know of the Professor's Gaelic, that he would make but a poor appearance preaching in that language in Applecross. The fact, however, that Mr Macdonald acquired such a knowledge of Gaelic without ever receiving a lesson in it, goes far to prove how easily *it can* be learned by the natives, without 'wasting' much time in acquiring a sufficient knowledge of it to help them in their English.

"I have, as you requested, sent a copy of this to the *Inverness Courier*, and to other papers.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, *Secretary*."

Considerable discussion followed, and the opinion of the members was freely expressed that the rev. gentleman was barely justified in calling upon the Society to publish such a scheme on twenty-four hours' notice, and in sending a copy of his letter for publication in *next day's Courier*, before the Secretary received the original, at the same time requesting the publication of an important educational scheme, and a public reply to his letter the following morning; after which the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"The Secretary having read correspondence between the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kingussie, and himself, with reference to the circular of date 9th January 1875, issued by the Society to School Boards, the Society approved of the Secretary's reply to Mr Mackenzie, and find that the Society having, in that circular, directed the attention of School Boards to defects in the present system of teaching in Highland schools, the Society is not called upon to formulate a scheme for remedying these defects, that being an important part of the duties devolving upon Highland School Boards; and that the Secretary forward a copy of this resolution to the Rev. Mr Mackenzie."

The Honorary Secretary read a paper on "The Highlanders, Past and Present," which was of a very interesting character, and highly commended.

18th February 1875.

The Secretary reported having forwarded to the Rev. Mr Mackenzie the resolution passed at last meeting, with the following additional remarks, which were approved: —

"In my reply of the 9th, I overlooked to notice the last paragraph of yours of the 8th, in which you say, 'I cannot imagine how your Society calculate that the education of Gaelic-speaking children will be limited to three or four years, when the law of the land renders eight years' instruction compulsory. How can they fancy that members of Highland School Boards can be such traitors to their trust as this would imply?'

"You have taken a wrong view of our meaning, or you would never have written thus. We argued from our knowledge of the present state of things what the 'limit' would be, but we certainly did not mean to imply treachery to members of School Boards. We knew, as a matter of fact, that not more than half the children of school age in many parishes in the Highlands attended school. We therefore calculated that if *some* School Boards did not enforce a better attendance than they now do, the education of children would *practically* 'be limited to three or four years.' We leave the public to decide whether your remarks are applicable to the Society, and whether they point with most force against them or against the School Boards."

The following is the rev. gentleman's reply:—

"Manse of Kingussie, 16th February 1875.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letters of the 9th and 13th insts., and of the extract minute of meeting of Gaelic Society of Inverness, held on the 11th inst.

"I deem it a loss to education in the Highlands that your Society have, contrary to your own expectations, declined to grant my request. By publishing the system of Gaelic teaching you would most approve of, you could not, as you seemed to fear, relieve School Boards of responsibility, although you might aid them in improving education. No Board would adopt your system simply because it was a system recommended by an influential Society, without duly and carefully considering its merits, and coming to the conclusion that it was better than that they had in operation previously.

"I trust your Society will soon be able to look more hopefully to the future. It is impossible at this moment for any one to judge with certainty what that future may be, even as to school attendance. I, for one, believe there are bright days in prospect for our too long neglected Highland youth, and I hope these days will not be retarded by your remarks on attendance, leading parents and others to fancy that they do very well when they keep their children as long in school as the Gaelic Society of Inverness calculated they would do. You are mistaken in thinking that I have written upon the subject of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools. Could I, like your Society, say that I had 'fully considered the subject,' I would not only not grudge the trouble of doing so, but look upon myself as no friend to education in the North, did I refrain, if called upon at a time so critical and important as the present.

"My only object in writing you having been to procure, for the benefit of myself and others, a statement of your Society's views as to the amount of time and attention they would wish paid to the teaching of Gaelic under the proposed new regime, and as you have not given me any information on the point, I must now take leave of the correspondence.—I am, your obedient servant,

"KENNETH A. MACKENZIE.

"A. Mackenzie, Esq., Secretary, Gaelic Society of Inverness."

The following special committee was appointed for the collection of folk-lore, namely, Mr A. Mackenzie, secretary; Mr Donald Macrae, High School; and Alex. Fraser, accountant, with power to add to their number gentlemen outside Inverness who may be willing to collect lore in their respective districts; the Secretary to be convener. It was also unanimously decided that a sum of money be given annually by the Society to pupils in different schools in the Highlands for proficiency in the Gaelic language. The details and conditions of competition were remitted to the Council. The recommendations of the Council regarding Gaelic teaching in Highland schools was then discussed and unanimously adopted by the Society, and a copy ordered to be sent to Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., Chief of the Society, with a request that he should use his influence with the Education Department of the Privy Council, and in the House of Commons, to give effect to the views of the Society on this question. It was also resolved to send him the following petition, signed by the Chairman and Secretary on behalf of the Society, for presentation to the House of Commons:—

"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament Assembled, the Humble Petition of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—

"Your petitioners having fully considered the present method of teaching in Highland schools, find that it is unnatural and erroneous, in so far as it entirely ignores the native language, and consequently, instead of facilitating, retards education, and produces most unsatisfactory results. So far as known to your petitioners, a system which, contrary to all reason, takes no advantage of the mother tongue, as a *medium* for imparting and acquiring instruction in a language quite unknown to a majority of the pupils, is not adopted anywhere out of the Highlands.

"Your petitioners would therefore—*First*, Humbly pray that your honourable House will make due provision for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, in all districts where that language is spoken by the greater portion of the people. The natural intelligence of the pupils would thus be quickened, and they would the more easily acquire an *intelligent* knowledge of the English language.

"*Second*—In order to encourage teachers to qualify for teaching in and through the Gaelic language, your petitioners humbly pray that certificates of competency in the language be granted, entitling teachers to a small grant when placed in districts where the Gaelic is the prevailing tongue, and where her Majesty's Inspector of Schools reports that it is taught beneficially to the scholars.

"*Third*—That Gaelic be recognised as a special subject.

"In order successfully to carry out the objects of, and give proper effect to, the prayer of your petitioners, and do full justice to the pupils and teachers, your petitioners are of opinion that it is absolutely necessary that all inspectors of schools in the Highlands should be able to understand, and speak and examine in and through the native language of the scholars.

"Your petitioners humbly beg that your Honourable House be pleased to give effect to their prayer in the revised code, and

"Your petitioners will ever pray.

"Signed in the name, and on behalf of, the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the 18th day of February 1875, at Inverness.

"Charles Mackay, *Chairman.*
"Alexander Mackenzie, *Secretary.*"

A large number of members were nominated at this meeting.

25th February 1875.

Mr Lachlan Macbean read an English Metrical Translation of "Gaol-nan-daoine," which was very favourably received by the meeting, and considered highly creditable to the translator.

4th March 1875.

Mr William Mackenzie, "Free Press," read a paper, in Gaelic, on the subject of "Teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools," which brought about one of the best discussions of the session. A letter was read from the School Board of North Uist, in reply to the circular issued by the Society, in which it was stated, "The Board concur fully in the opinion that a knowledge of Gaelic on the part of teachers in Highland districts is desirable, and renders it more easy for them to communicate explanations to their classes."

11th March 1875.

Steps were taken at this meeting for getting petitions signed throughout the Highlands in favour of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, and for procuring information as to the number of Gaelic-speaking children in the country; after which Mr Donald Macrae, High School, read two very old Gaelic poems. We have only been able to procure one of them for publication.

"Oran Dhomhnuill Daoilig le a Bhean.

"'N am dhomh ùileach 'mo leabaidh,
'N deis dhomh dùsgadh a codal;
'S ann a dh-ionndrain mi caidreamh
An t-seoid uam:
Fear foinneamh, deas, dìreach,
A dheagh shloinneadh nam biatach;
Cha bu chlagharra crion an
Tigh n-oil thu.

"Cha bu chubaire gealltach thu,
'N am togail na feachda;
Leat bu mhiannach bhi glacadh
Pìc chor-chuill;

Pìc a dh-iuthar na cr'é,
Ur fallain nach leum'adh;
Chitè faileas la greinè,
Do dhorlaich.

" Bidh cinn-iùil ort 'on t-sliosnaich,
Chuil bhuidhe 's glan sliosa;
'S dos na h-iolaire bricè
Ga seoladh:
Bidh ceir dhaithtè 'on gheilbhinn,
Chuireadh dreach air na h-airmibh;
Cìnn chruadhach 'on cheardaich,
'S deagh cholg orr'.

" Slat a n-iuthair bu dirich,
Air 'bu ro-mhath cur sìdè,
Agus leistear Ghleann-Libhinn
Cur smeoirn orr'.
'N aill leibh ! shealgair a chreach-uill,
A choillich 'sa ghlas gheoidh,
Fhuair thu t-fhoghlum air gaisgeachd
As t-oigè.

" 'N am direadh na bruthaich,
Cha bhi sgios na da shiubhal,
Agus pìc a chuil bhuidhe
'Ad dhorlach:
Gu'm bi d-eudan air lasadh,
'S do dheud mar a chailcè;
Tha falt dubh ort, 's chan fhacas
Nis boidhchè.

" 'Nuair a rachadh tu d-eideadh,
Ann am breacan-na-feilè;
Gum bu leannan mna breid-ghìl
Bu bhoidhche thu.
Og chridhè na feilè,
Slan do thighinn gu reidh dhuit;
Bu tu m'aidhir 'us m-eibhneas,
'S mo mhor-chuis.

" Ach a nisè ma sguir thu,
'S gun do li'bhraig thu'n gunna,
Chaoidh cha dìrich thu uillinn
Na mor-bheann:

Ma choisg iad a fiadh ort,
Le àr smachd an Iarla;
Cha bhi mhanntal nan t-slias-aid
Air d-òlach."

We believe the last stanza of the song is wanting; but Mr Macrae having declined to give us the MSS. of this, or of the other read by him, we are at present unable to give the one complete, or give any part of the other. We hope, however, to be able to procure both from another source, for the next Volume of Transactions. During the evening Mr A. MACKENZIE, the Secretary, exhibited an old manuscript given him by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, entitled "The Blind Piper's Salute to the Laird of Gerloch, when he brought home his lady, 1730." The best authorities assert that the paper and the writing thereon are at least 130 years old, and Sir Kenneth "believes that it is the presentation copy" given by the bard to the Laird of Gairloch at the time. We may state that nine verses of this poem are given in Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." We have here fifteen; and in the version in the "Beauties" some of the stanzas are made up of two lines out of two *different* verses in ours. We give an exact copy of the original MS. (which is written phonetically), on one page, and a modern Gaelic rendering, by A. Mackenzie, the Secretary, on the opposite page.

Old Version.

"Biaunachk Baird.

1. "Chea piaunich in Teach sin Ture
'Tie hanig ure nur keaun
Keak honn 'holt you cliu
Nhi puonachk Duchi gun chaule.

2. "Cheak i hanig Rhi deach uoire
Cham bu vuochich muirne is keole
Ho Chenich na rhune rhea
Is ho Barron Straspe nam Bho.

3. "Who Earli Shivort in tose
Yuchk i noi 's glan grea
is won Teitar Halloch i riste
Subject in Rhi aunse cach glese.

4. "Phei Grauntaich uim nach time
Spuochach in nimort 'scach paule
Wo spe cham bemitoch leine
Toirt ffea de chirichin viaune.

5. "Spe won dickig an teask ear muire
Agus ffeachach rhi tu glan
Gu pratenach poul chom stra
Prein vrechd du wo veine go Stra.

6. "Yout a shitt eak Clann elpan na fiach derik
Lesh im bo vien vhi shealig cach ffree
ffirr vashoch chast i cunchelik
'Naum chul i shelive na stree.

7. "Saun wo na kininin nach faune
Hanick i noi is glan grea
Gruoy chorkan is rask maul
Malloch chile chaume is cule slime.

8. "Ha i sliss mur Iall i na stru
is ha i Cru mur chanoch in iore
Cule clechky ear chriach nan teade
Mur aittal grene i na oire.

9. "Ha eiten gial mur' Chailk
'Corp Sneachtive ear deach Chelive
Mhi lennu lhe keittu Sirc
Ear nach facis ffrich cho ferik.

(Modern Version.)

"BEANNACHD BAIRD.

1. "Dhia beannaich, an teach 'san tùr,
'N te thainig ùr 'nar ceann;
Geug shona, sholt', gheibh cliù,
Ni buannachd duthch' gun chall.

2. "Gheug i thainig rè deagh uair,
Dha 'm bu bhuadhach muirn, is ceòl,
Ogha Choinnich na ruinè rèidh,
'S ogha Bharan Sthraspè nam bo.

3. "Bho Iarla Shiphoint an tos,
Dhiuchd an oigh is glaine gnè,
'S bho 'n Taoiter Shaileach i rithisd,
'S oibid do'n righ anns gach gleus.

4. "Bha i Ghranntaich uim nach tioma,
'S buadhach an iomairt 's gach ball,
Bho Spè dha 'm b-iomadach linnè,
Toirt fhiadh do dh-fhirichean bheann.

5. "Spè bho'n tigeadh an t-iasg thar muir,
Agus fiadhach ri taobh glan;
Gu bradanach poll chum stru,
Priomh-abhainn bhreac dubh, bho bheinn gu strath.

6. "Dhuit a ghibht' aig Clann Alpein na fiadh dearg,
Leis am bu mhiann a bhi sealg gach frith;
Fìr mhaiseach, ghasta, gun cheilg,
'N am dhol a sheilbh na strì.

7. "'S ann bho na Cinnidhean nach fann,
Thainig an oigh is glainè gne;
Gruaidh chorcair, 'us rosg mall,
Mala chaol cham, 'us cūl sliom.

8. "Tha slios mar eala na stru,
'S tha cruth mar chanach an fhcoir,
Cūl cleachdaidh air dhreach nan teud,
Mar aiteal grein i, na òir.

9. "Tha h-eudan geal mar a chailc,
Corp snaightè air deagh dheilbh;
Maoth leanabh le gibhtean seirc,
Air nach fhacas fraoch dho feirg.

10. " Ga miall shive na hure ven oig
Rheich Chiarloch na Corn ffiell
She toill Chairten as cach tiere
Go miall shive I is piaunachk chea.

11. " Go miall' shive prhe is puoy
Go mhiall shive uoisle is cliu
Go mhiall shive cach piaunachk i kean
Smo vheaunoch ffene chuive ear huse.

12. " Shimug Bheaunachk agus Teiste
Eak i noi is killi slise
Is pheaunach eak i n Tie hug lesh
Chanon keast cha feacht rish.

13. " Po chiole cattil i cho swone
Is I na puochil ear i vese
Nha cail holish ffiech do hiach
Rhealig gach neach mur eame.

14. " Spuochach in Turris i vaune
Chorte rish i nuoisle in deach hime
Hug u lett woy vonug viaune
Ealtichkin nach gaun chan tire.

15. " Con in dro mish ear i vanish
Smalliume gun drein shive deach huris
Huk u lett I Choni vaill i
Geak na giall Lave, Sma i Hurri.

10. "Gu meal sibh na h-ūr bhean og,
Thriath Ghearr-loch nan corn fial;
Se toil chairdean anns gach tīr,
Gu meal sibh i, 'us beannachd Dhia.

11. "Gu meal sibh breth agus buaidh
Gu meal sibh uaislè 'us cliu,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
'S mo bheannachd fhein duibh air thūs.

12. "'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Th' aig an oigh is gilè slios,
'S beannachd aig an ti thug leis,
Dh-aindeon ceist dha fiachtè ris.

13. "Bu cheol codail i gu suain,
'Us i na buachaill air a bheus,
Na coinncal sholuis feadh a theach,
Frithealadh gach neach mar fheum.

12. "'S buadhach an turus a bh' ann,
Chord ris an uaislè an deagh thiom;
Thug thu leat bho mhonadh bheann,
Eilteachdainn, nach gann, dha'n tir.

15. "Chon in robh mis air a bhanais,
'S math leam gun d' rinn sibh deagh thurus;
Thug thu leat i chon a bhailè
Geug nan geal lamh, 's math a h-urra.

18th March 1875.

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, the secretary, read the following paper on "The Prophecies of Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiché, the Brahan Seer":—

"The gift of prophecy, second-sight, or *Taibhsearchd*, claimed for, and believed by many to have been possessed by, Coinneach Odhar, is one the belief in which scientific men of the present day accept as evident signs of looming, if not actual, insanity. And who is not scientific in these days? I must therefore be careful, in reading a paper on such a dangerous subject, to guard against any suspicions on your part that I believe in what I am about to relate, however unsatisfactory the question may appear to my own mind, or however difficult it may be to explain away what follows. The prophecies were known in the Highlands for generations before they were fulfilled, some were fulfilled in our own day, and many are still unfulfilled. It would even be unwise to bring the Bible to my aid, as I might well do, to prove that second-sight, visions of a supernatural kind, and witchcraft were believed in of old by the sacred writers. Indeed, on more important subjects the Bible is laid aside by many of our would-be scientific dabblers, whenever it treats of anything which is not within the range of the puny mind of the reader. We have all grown so scientific, that the mere idea of anything being possible which is incomprehensible to our cultured scientific intellects cannot be entertained, even although it be admitted that in many cases the greatest men of science, and the mightiest intellects, find it impossible to understand or explain many things as to the existence of which they have no possible doubt. Those who preach and believe that angels are hovering about and ministering to the saints, would never acknowledge that the presence of the spirits was felt, or that any human being could see any signs indicating the early departure of an intimate friend. With these few remarks, I trust that you will allow me to proceed with the prophecies, without expecting me to acknowledge any belief in them, and so endanger whatever small reputation I may enjoy of possessing a small modicum of common sense.

"Coinneach Odhar was the great prophet of the Highlands, and lived near Loch-Ussie, on the Brahan estate, some 200 years ago. The Highlands are still full of his prophecies, floating

about among the people. Some have been fulfilled, and others have not. It may be well that the Gaelic Society should put some of them on record, and so give an opportunity to future generations to test their faith in second-sight by comparing what may be fulfilled in their day with the unfulfilled prophecies which I am, in this paper, about to record. The Seer predicted many things which unbelievers in his supernatural powers will attribute to natural shrewdness. For instance, when, 150 years before the Caledonian Canal was thought of, he prophesied that ships would sail round the back of Tomnahurich Hill. Another of his predictions was that Tomnahurich, or, as he called it, 'Cnoc-na-Sithichean,' would be under lock and key, and the fairies secured in their home. Although natural shrewdness might help in predicting that ships would sail round the back of the hill, it would hardly help him in foreseeing a cemetery under lock and key, and the spirits chained within. Such as the following might also be attributed to natural shrewdness:—'That there would be a road among the hills of Ross-shire, from sea to sea, with a bridge over every stream,' and that 'the people would degenerate as their country improved.' 'That the clans would become so effeminate as to flee from their country before an army of sheep,' has only been too true.

"Another of the prophecies refers to 'Clach-an-Tiompain,' at Strathpeffer. I have no doubt this stone is well known to some of you. It is one of those pillar-looking stones standing on end, which when struck makes a great hollow sound or echo, hence the name. The prediction was that the time would arrive when ships would ride with their cables attached to it. This has not yet come to pass, and the only way by which we can imagine it to happen is by a canal being some day made through Strathpeffer, or the stone being removed to Dingwall Pier.

"There is another unfulfilled one about 'Clach-an-t-seasaidh,' near Muir of Ord. This was another upright stone, angular and sharp at the top, but I am told it is now partly broken and lying on the ground. The day would come when the ravens would, from the top of it, drink their full of the blood of the Mackenzies.

"Another is that the canonry of Ross (which is still standing) would fall when full of Mackenzies. This may happen in two ways. It is the burying-place of the Mackenzies, and the canonry may be filled with dead Mackenzies, or it may fall when a funeral is taking place, and a large concourse of the clan present.

"He also predicted that the natural arch, or 'Clach tholl,' near Storehead, in Assynt, would fall with a crash so loud as to cause

the Laird of Leadmore's cattle, twenty miles away, to break their tethers. This was fulfilled in 1841, Leadmore's cattle having strayed from home one day, to within a few hundred yards of the arch, when it fell with such a crash as to send them home in frantic fright, tearing everything before them. 'The day would come when people would be picking gooseberries on the walls of a stone bridge across the Ness.' This happened in our own day, for gooseberry bushes grew on the stone bridge carried away some years ago by one of the Ness floods. There is another unfulfilled one in connection with the bridges on the Ness. He predicted that, when two false teachers came across the seas who would revolutionise the religion of the land, and when nine bridges spanned the river, 'the Highlands would be full of ministers without grace, and women without shame.' We already have seven bridges, and we are likely soon to have the fatal number—nine. Let us, then, watch the realisation of Coinneach's prophecy. Another unfulfilled one is that a '*long mhaol-odhar*" would come round by Carr Point in Gairloch, and, on her first '*geum*' or boom, the six chimneys would fall off Gairloch House. His prophecy that a white cow would calf in 'Tigh-an-Teampuill'—old Gairloch House, but now occupied by the gardener—has been fulfilled; also that a *Bo mhaol dubh*, 'a black, hornless cow,' would have a calf with two heads, in Flowerdale, happened within my own recollection. Among others are the following:—'A fox would rear a litter of cubs on the hearthstone of Castle Downie. A fox, white as snow, would be killed on the west coast of Sutherlandshire. A wild deer would be caught alive at Fortrose Point. A river in Wester Ross would be dried up. There would be a dire persecution, by which there would be such bloodshed that one could ford the Oykel, in Sutherland, over dead men's bodies. A raven, attired in plaid and bonnet, would drink his full of human blood on Fion-bheinn three times a-day for three successive days.'

"I take the following from the *Highlander*, supplied by a correspondent in the district:—'About fifteen years ago there lived in the village of *Baile-Mhuilinn*, in the west of Sutherlandshire, an old woman of about ninety-five, known as Baraball Nic Choinnich, It was known that Coinneach Odhar predicted her death of the measles, but having come to such a great age, and there being no appearance of her ever having that disease, the seer was in danger of losing his credit in the district. However, when the district was, so to speak, convalescent, the measles paid her a visit, and she departed, leaving no doubt whatever as to the trouble of which she died.'

"There are hundreds of Coinneach's prophecies floating about the country, and I hope this will lead to the recovery of more of them. I will, however, leave his general and more unimportant predictions after giving one about Fairburn Tower, when I will proceed to give you all the important prophecies which have already come to pass in the unfortunate history of the Seaforth family. The unfulfilled prophecies in reference to this family have not yet been published, but there are various people to whom they are known, and I hope yet to procure them.

"Coinneach predicted that a cow would calf on the top of Fairburn Tower. This happened twenty-four years ago, during a wet harvest. Some unthrashed corn was carried up the winding stone stair to the top room to dry. Some of the straw was dropped on the stair as it was being carried up. The cow followed, picking it up until she found herself at the very top. Being heavy in calf, it was considered dangerous to remove her, and she was left there until after she gave birth to a strong healthy calf. This prophecy was well known to my father and mother, and to many others I could mention, years before it actually came to pass.

"I will now proceed to give you those of the prophecies regarding the Seaforth family which have been literally fulfilled.

"It will be necessary to follow the history of the family somewhat closely, as it is intimately interwoven with, and is itself really the fulfilment of, Coinneach's predictions. The Seaforths were great Barons for many generations before Kenneth Mackenzie was raised to the peerage by James IV. in 1609, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. His son Colin was created Earl of Seaforth in 1623. Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth, distinguished himself in the service of his king, and suffered imprisonment and privation in consequence. On the Restoration, he obtained his liberty, and married Isabella Mackenzie, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, and sister of the first Earl of Cromartie. To her cruelty and violence may be traced the fearful doom which subsequently overtook her house. After the Restoration, the Earl had occasion to visit Paris. He left his Countess at Brahan Castle, while he was enjoying the gay amusements of the French capital. Lady Seaforth became very uneasy, for her lord had already prolonged his absence much beyond his original intention. Not hearing from him for a length of time, she became very anxious concerning him, and sent for Coinneach Odhar, who was famous throughout the whole North for his intimate relations with the invisible world. He was in truth a prophet of no mean reputation, consulted far and wide. It is reported that Kenneth was a

great teaze to his mistress, for he constantly expended his wit upon her, much to her annoyance, so much so, that one day she determined to poison his food and finish him. His master sent him away to cut peats, and some time before the dinner hour, having pretty well exhausted himself, he sat down on the heath to rest, when he fell asleep. He suddenly felt something cold in his breast, woke up, and found a round white stone, with a hole through the middle, placed there. He examined it, and on looking through the hole, the treachery of his mistress was made clear to him, and his life saved, for he declined to eat his dinner. Ever after, Coinneach could foresee coming events by looking through the white stone or *clach fhiosrachd*.

"Kenneth obeyed the orders of the Lady Seaforth, arrived at the Castle, and presented himself to the Countess, who required him to give her information concerning her absent lord. Coinneach asked where Seaforth was supposed to be, and said that he thought he would be able to discover him if he was still alive. The *clach fhiosrachd* was applied by Kenneth to his eye, when he laughed loudly, saying to the Countess, 'Fear not for your lord, he is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy.' Being now satisfied that her husband's life was safe, she wished Kenneth to describe his appearance, to tell her where he was, what he was doing, and all his surroundings? 'Be satisfied,' he said, 'ask no questions, let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry.' 'But where is he?' demanded the lady, 'with whom is he? and is he making any preparation for coming home?' 'Your lord,' replied Coinneach, 'is in a magnificent room, in very fine company, and far too agreeably employed at present to think of leaving Paris.' The Countess finding that her lord was well and happy, began to fret that she had no share in his happiness and amusements, and to feel even the pangs of jealousy and wounded pride. She thought there was something in the Seer's looks and expression which seemed to justify such feelings. He spoke sneeringly and maliciously of her husband's occupations, as if to say 'that he could tell a disagreeable tale if he would.' The lady tried entreaties, bribes, and threats to induce Coinneach to give a true account of her husband, as he had seen him, to tell who was with him, and all about him. Kenneth pulled himself together, and proceeded to say, 'As you will know that which will make you unhappy, I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have little thought of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay-gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, and silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees

before a fair lady, and his arm round her waist, with her hand pressed to his lips.' At this unexpected and painful disclosure, the rage of the lady knew no bounds. It was natural and well merited, but its object was a mistake. All the anger which ought to be directed against her husband, and which should have been concentrated in her breast, to be poured out upon him after his return, was spent upon poor Coinneach Odhar. She felt the more keenly that the disclosure of her husband's infidelity had not been made to herself in private, but in the presence and before the principal retainers of her house; so that the Earl's moral character was blasted, and her own charms were slighted, before the whole clan, and her husband's desertion of her for a French lady was certain to become the public scandal of all the North of Scotland. She formed a sudden resolution with equal presence of mind and cruelty. She determined to discredit the revelations of Coinneach, and to denounce him as a vile slanderer of her husband's character. She trusted that the signal vengeance she was about to inflict upon Kenneth as a liar and defamer would impress the minds, not only of her own clan, but of all the inhabitants of the counties of Ross and Inverness, with a sense of her thorough disbelief in the scandalous story, to which she nevertheless secretly attached full credit. Turning to the Seer, she said, 'You have spoken evil of dignities, you have villified the mighty of the land, you have defamed a mighty chief in the midst of his vassals, you have abused my hospitality and outraged my feelings, you have sullied the good name of my lord in the halls of his ancestors, and you shall suffer the most signal vengeance that I can inflict, you shall suffer the death.'

"Coinneach was filled with astonishment and dismay at this fatal result of his art. He had expected far other rewards of divination. However, he could not at first believe the rage of the Countess was serious; at all events, he expected that it would soon evaporate, and that, in the course of a few hours, he might be allowed to depart in peace. He even so far understood her feelings that he thought she was making a parade of anger in order to discredit the report of her lord's shame with the clan; and he expected that when this object was served, he might at length be dismissed without personal injury. But the decision of the Countess was no less violently conceived than it was promptly executed. The doom of Coinneach was sealed. No time was to be allowed for remorseless compunction. No preparation was permitted to the wretched man. No opportunity was given for intercession in his favour. The gallows was forthwith erected, and the miserable Seer was led out for immediate execution.

"Such a stretch of feudal oppression, at a time so little remote as the reign of Charles II., may appear strange. A castle may be pointed out, viz., Menzies Castle, much less remote from the seat of authority and the Courts of Law, than Brahan, where, half a century later, an odious vassal was starved to death by order of the wife of the Chief, the sister of the great and patriotic Duke of Argyll!

"When Coinneach found that no mercy was to be expected either from the vindictive lady or the subservient vassals, he resigned himself to his fate. He drew forth his white stone, so long the instrument of his supernatural intelligence, and once more applying it to his eye said—'I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a Chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live care-worn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future Chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East; and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—viz., Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay, of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth; and when he looks round him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end.'

"When the Seer had ended this prediction, he threw his white stone into a small loch, by the side of which the gallows was erected, and declared that whoever should find that stone would be similarly gifted. Then submitting to his fate, he was hung up on high, and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.

"I must offer an explanation concerning the fragmentary nature of Coinneach's prophecy. He uttered it in all its horrible length; but I at present suppress the last portion, which is as yet unfulfilled. Every other part of the prediction has most literally and accurately come to pass; but let us earnestly hope that the course of future events may at length give the lie to the avenging curse of the Seer.

The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition, and I trust that it may remain unfulfilled. With regard to the four Highland lairds who were to be buck-toothed, hare-lipped, half-witted, and a stammerer —viz., Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch; Chisholm of Chisholm; Grant, Baronet of Grant; and Macleod of Raasay—I am uncertain which was which. Suffice it to say, that the four lairds were marked by the above-mentioned distinguishing personal peculiarities, and all four were the contemporaries of the last of the Seaforths.

"In due time the Earl returned to his home, after the fascinations of Paris had paled, and when he felt disposed to exchange frivolous or vicious enjoyment abroad for the exercise of despotic authority in the society of a jealous Countess at home. He was gathered to his fathers in 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the fourth Earl. It is not my purpose to relate the vicissitudes of the family, which are unconnected with the curse of Coinneach Odhar, further than by giving a brief outline of them; and they are sufficiently remarkable to supply a strange chapter of domestic history.

"The fourth Earl married a daughter of the illustrious family of Herbert, Marquis of Powis, and he himself was created a Marquis by the abdicated King of St Germains, while his wife's brother was created a Duke. His son, the fifth Earl, being engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, forfeited his estate and titles to the Crown; but in 1726 his lands were restored to him, and he and his son after him lived in wealth and honour as great Highland chiefs; and the latter, who was by courtesy styled Lord Fortrose, represented his native county of Ross in many Parliaments about the middle of last century. In 1766, the honours of the peerage were restored to his son, who was created Viscount Fortrose, and in 1771 Earl of Seaforth; but those titles, which were Irish, did not last long, but became extinct at his death, in 1781. None of these vicissitudes were foretold in the Seer's prophecy; for, in spite of them all, the family continued to prosper. That ruin which the unsuccessful rising in 1715 had brought upon many other great houses, was retrieved in the case of Seaforth, by the exercise of sovereign favour, and restored possessions and renewed honours preserved the grandeur of the race. But on the death of the last Earl, his second cousin, descended from a younger son of the fourth Earl and his vindictive Countess, inherited the family estates and the Chiefdom of the Mackenzies, which he held for one short year, but never actually enjoyed, being

slain at sea, in the south of India, by the Mahrattas, after a gallant resistance, in 1783. He was succeeded by his brother, in whom, as the last of his race, the Seer's prophecy began to be accomplished.

"Francis Humberstone Mackenzie was a very remarkable man. He was born in 1754, and although he was deaf and dumb, he was able to fill an important position in the world, by the force of his natural abilities and the favour of fortune. He may be said to have quite recovered the use of speech, for he was able to converse; but he was totally deaf, and all communications were made to him by signs and in writing. Yet he raised a regiment at the beginning of the great European War; he was created a British Peer in 1797, as Baron Seaforth of Kintail; in 1800 he went out to Barbadoes as Governor, and afterwards to Demerara and Berbice; and in 1808 he was made a Lieutenant-General. These were singular incidents in the life of a deaf and dumb man. He married a very amiable and excellent woman, Mary Proby, the daughter of a dignitary of the Church, and niece of the first Lord Carysfort, by whom he had a fine family of three sons and six daughters. When he considered his own position—deaf and formerly dumb; when he saw his three sons all rising to man's estate; and when he looked around him, and observed the peculiar marks set upon the persons of the predicted four contemporary great Highland lairds, all in accordance with Coinneach's prophecy—he must have felt ill at ease, unless he was able, with the incredulous indifference of a man of the world, to spurn the idea from him as an old wife's superstition.

"However, fatal conviction was forced upon him, and all those who remembered the family tradition, by the lamentable events which filled his house with mourning. One after another his three promising sons were cut off by death. The last, who was the most distinguished of them all, for the finest qualities both of head and heart, was stricken by a sore and lingering disease, and had gone, with a part of the family, for his health, to the south of England. Lord Seaforth remained in the North, at Brahan Castle. A daily bulletin was sent to him from the sick chamber of his beloved son. One morning, the accounts being rather more favourable, the household began to rejoice; and a friend and neighbour, who was visiting the Chief, came down after breakfast full of the good news, and gladly imparted them to the old family piper, whom he met in front of the Castle. The aged retainer shook his head and sighed—'Na, na,' said he, 'he'll never recover. It's decreed that Seaforth must outlive *all* his three sons.' This he said in allusion to

the Seer's prophecy: thus his words were understood by the family; and thus members of the family have again and again repeated the strange tale. The words of the old piper proved too true. A few more posts brought to Seaforth the tidings of the death of the last of his three sons.

"At length, on the 11th January 1815, Lord Seaforth died, the last of his race. His modern title became extinct. The Chiefdom of the Mackenzies, divested of its rank and honour, passed away to a very remote collateral, who succeeded to no portion of the property, and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by a white-hooded lassie from the East. Lord Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, the Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie, had married, in 1804, Admiral Sir Samuel *Hood*, Bart., K.B., who was Admiral of the West India station while Seaforth himself was Governor in those islands. Sir Samuel afterwards had the chief command in the Indian seas, whither his lady accompanied him, and spent several years with him in different parts of the East Indies. He died while holding that high command, very nearly at the same time with Lord Seaforth, so that his youthful wife was a recent widow at the time, and returned home from India in her widow's weeds, to take possession of her paternal inheritance; so that she was literally a white-hooded lassie (that is a young woman in widow's weeds, and a Hood by name) from the East. After some years of widowhood, Lady Hood Mackenzie married a second time, Mr Stewart, a grandson of the sixth Earl of Galloway, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, and established himself on his lady's extensive estates in the North. Thus, the possessions of Seaforth may be truly said to have passed from the male line of the ancient house of Mackenzie. And still more strikingly was this fulfilled, as regarded a large portion of these estates, when Mr and Mrs Stewart Mackenzie sold the great Island of Lews to Sir James Matheson.

"After many years of happiness and prosperity, a frightful accident threw the family into mourning. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was one day driving her younger sister, the Honourable Caroline Mackenzie, in a pony carriage, among the woods in the vicinity of Brahan Castle. Suddenly the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to check them, and both she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage much bruised and hurt. She happily speedily recovered from the accident, but the injury which her sister sustained proved fatal, and, after lingering for some time in a hopeless state, she died, to the inexpressible grief of all the members of her family.

As Mrs Stewart Mackenzie was driving the carriage at the time of the accident, she may be said to have been the innocent cause of her sister's death, and thus to have fulfilled the last portion of Coinneach's prophecy which has yet been accomplished.

"Thus we have seen that the last Chief of Seaforth was *deaf and dumb;* that he had *three sons;* that he survived them all; that the four great Highland lairds who were his contemporaries were all distinguished by the peculiar personal marks which were predicted; that his estates were inherited by a *white-hooded lassie from the East;* that his great possessions passed into the hands of other races; and that his eldest daughter and heiress was so unfortunate as to be the cause of her *sister's death.* In this very remarkable instance of family fate, the prophecy was not found out after the events occurred; it had been current for generations in the Highlands, and its tardy fulfilment was marked curiously and anxiously by an entire clan and a whole county. Seaforth was respected and beloved far and near, and strangers, as well as friends and clansmen, mourned along with him in the sorrows of his later years. The gradual development of the doom was watched with sympathy and grief, and the fate of Seaforth has been, during the last half-century of his life, regarded as one of the most curious instances of that second-sight for which the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland have been so long celebrated. Mr Stewart Mackenzie, the accomplished husband of the heiress of Seaforth, after being for many years a distinguished member of the House of Commons and a Privy Councillor, held several high appointments in the Colonial Dominions of the British Crown. He was successively Governor of Ceylon and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and he died, universally beloved and lamented, in the year 1843.

"I am indebted to 'Burke's Viccissitudes of Families' for those of the predictions referring to the Seaforth family, and have given most of them pretty freely in Burke's own language. The following was kindly sent me by a Lochalsh friend:—

"Bheir Tanaistear Chlann Choinnich
Rocus *bàn* às a choille;
'S bheir è ceilé bho tigh-ciuil
Le a mhuinntir 'na aghaidh;
'S gum bi' n Tanaistear, mor
Ann an gniomh 's an ceann-labhairt,
'Nuair bhios am Pap' anns an Roimh
Air a thilgeadh dheth chathair.

"Thall fa-chomhair creag-a-chobh
Comhnuichaidh taillear caol odhar;
'S Seumas gorach mar thighearn,
'S Seumas glic mar fhear-tomhais—
A mharcaicheas gun srian
Air loth fhiadhaich à roghainn;
Ach cuiridh mor-chuis gun chiall
'N aite siol nam fiadh siol nan gobhar;
'S tuitidh an t-Eilean-dubh briagha
Fuidh riaghladh iasgairean Aūch.

"Nuair a bhios da eaglais an Sgire na Toiseachd
A's lamh da ordaig an I-Stian'
Da dhrochaid aig Sguideal nan geocairé
As fear da imleag an Dunean
Thig Milltearan à Carn-a-chlarsair,
Air carbad gun each gun srian,
A dh-fhagas am Blar-dubh na fhasach
Dortadh fuil le iomadh sgian;
A's olaidh am fitheach tri saitheachd
Dé dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal, bho clach nam Fíonn."

"Nuair a ghlaodhas paisdean tigh Chulchallaidh
'Tha sligè ar mortairean dol thairis!'
Thig bho Crò̀idh madadh ruadh
Bhi's 'measg an t-sluaigh mar-mhadadh-alluidh
Re' da-fhichead bliadhna a's cò̀rr,
'S gum bi na chotá iomadh mallachd;
'N sin tilgear e gu falamh bronach
Mar shean sguab air cul an doruis;
A's bithidh an tuath mhor mor eunlaith sporsail,
'S an tighearnan cho bochd ris na sporais.
Tha beannachd 'san onair bhoidhich,
A's mallachd an dortadh na fola!

"Nuair bhitheas caisteal ciar Chulchallaidh
Na sheasaidh fuar, agus falamh,
'S na cathagan 's na rocuis
Gu seolta sgiathail thairis,
Gabhaidh duine graineal comhnaidh,
Ri thaobh, mi-bheusal a's salach,
Nach gleidh guidhe stal-phosaidh
'S nach eisd ri cleireach na caraid

Ach bho chreag-a-chobh gu Sgir na Toiseachd
Gum be Muisean air toir gach caileag ;
A's ochan ! ochan s' ma leon
Sluigidh am balgaire suas moran talamh !

"I would give a translation of these verses, but feel the exigencies of space forbids. It will be noticed that a peculiar reference is made to the Mackenzies of Rosehaugh in the first and second stanzas—'Bheir e ceilè bho tigh-ciùil.' He will take a bride from a dancing-house or saloon. And again—'Cuiridh morchuis gun chiall, 'N aite Siol nam fiadh, Siol nan gobhar.' 'Foolish pomp will put in the place of the seed of the deer the seed of the goat.' The deer and the goat being the coat of arms respectively of the Mackenzies and of the Fletchers. The third and fourth verses are only too true regarding the Mackenzies and the Castle of Kilcoy.

"Having said this much of the Seer of Brahan, and of the second-sight, it may be amusing to many to know how far the prophecies of other seers and their fulfilments agreed. For this purpose I select an instance or two recorded by an English nobleman in the seventeenth century, who, previous to his going to the Highlands, was one of the sturdiest unbelievers in the second-sight.—

"'Sir,—I heard very much, and believed very little, of the second-sight; yet its being assumed by severall of great veracitie, I was induced to make inquirie after it in the year 1652, being confined to abide in the North of Scotland by the English usurpers. . . . . I was travelling in the Highlands and a good number of servants with me, as is usual there. One of them going a little before me, entering into a house where I was to stay all night, and going hastily to the door, he suddenly stept back with a screech, and did fall by a stone which hit his foot. I asked him what the matter was, for he seemed to be very much frighted. He told me very seriously that I should not lodge in that house, because shortly a dead coffin would be carried out of it, for many were carrying of it when he was heard to cry. I neglected his words, and staying there, he said to the other servants he was sorry for it, and that surely what he saw would come to pass.

"'Tho' no sick person was then there, yet the landlord died of ane apoplectick fit before I left the house. . . . I shall trouble you with but one more, which I thought the most remarkable of any that occurred to me. In January 1652, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander

Munro and I were in the house of one William Macleud, of Ferinlea, in the county of Ross. He, the landlord, and I were sitting on three chairs neir the fire; and in the corner of the great chimney there were two islanders, who were that very night come to the house, and were related to the landlord. While the one of them was talking to Munro, I perceived the other to look oddly toward me. From his look, and his being an islander, I conjectured him a seer, and asked him what he stared at? He answered me by desiring me to rise from the chair, for it was ane unluckie one. I asked him why? He answered, because there is a dead man in the chair next to me. Well, said I, if he be in the next chair to me, I may keep mine own. But what is the likeness of the man? He said he was a tall man with a long grey coat, booted, and one of his legs hanging over the arme of the chair, and his head hanging dead on the other side, and his arm backward, as if it was broken. There were some English troops then quartered near that place, and there being at that time a great frost after a thaw, the country was covered all over with yce. Four or five of the English were ryding by this hous some two hours after the vision, while we were sitting by the fire, we heard a great noise, which proved to be those troopers, with the help of other servants, carrying in one of their number, who had a very mischievous fall, and his arme broke; and falling frequently in swooning fits, they brought him into the hall, and set him on the verie chair, and in the verie posture that the seer prophecied. But the man did not die, though he recovered with great difficulty.

"'Among the accounts given me by Sir Norman Maclud, there was one worthy of special notice, which was thus:—There was a gentleman in the Isle of Harris, who was always seen by the seers with an arrow in his thigh. Such in the isle who thought these prognostications infallible, did not doubt but he would be shot in the thigh before he died. Sir Norman told me that he heard it the subject of their discourse for many years. At last he died without any such accident. Sir Norman was at his burial at St Clement's Church in the Harris. At the same time the corpse of another gentleman was brought to be buried in the verie same church. The friends of either came to debate who should first enter the church, and in a trice from words they came to blows. One of the number, who was armed with a bow and arrows, let one fly among them. (Now, everie familie in that isle have their burial place in the church in stone chests, and the bodies are carried in open biers to the burial place.) Sir Norman having appeased the tumult, one of the arrows was found shot in the dead

man's thigh. To this Sir Norman was a witness. These are matters of fact which, I assure you, are truly related.

"Succinct Accompt of my Lord Torbott's Relations, in a Letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esquire, of the Predictions made by Seers, whereof himself was Ear and Eye-witness.

"Armstrong says—

"'I have seen a work on the second-sight by one who styles himself "Theophilus Insulamis," wherein is recorded a great variety of cases where these visions were exactly fulfilled, and in so satisfactory a way, that many of the Highland clergy became believers in the existence of this faculty. Either Dr Beattie must not have been aware of the circumstance, or he threw out a galling sarcasm when he said that none but the most ignorant pretended to be gifted with the second-sight.'

"These cases of shadowy prediction will enable the reader to balance the conflicting opinions entertained on the curious subject of the second-sight; the one by Dr Beattie, of Aberdeen, and the other by the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson. The former ascribes this pretended faculty wholly to the influence of physical causes on superstitious and uninstructed minds. He thinks that long tracts of mountainous deserts, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather, narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents, the mournful dashing of waves along the firths and lakes that intersect the country, the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape, by the light of the moon, must diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude; that it is not wonderful if persons of a lively imagination, immured in deep solitude, and surrounded with the stupendous scenery of clouds, precipices, and torrents, should dream (even when they think themselves awake) of those few striking ideas with which their lonely lives are diversified, of corpses, funeral processions, and other objects of terror; or of marriages, and the arrival of strangers, and such like matters of more agreeable curiosity; that none but ignorant people pretend to be gifted in this way, and that in them it may be nothing more, perhaps, than short fits of sudden sleep or drowsiness, attended with lively dreams, and arising from bodily disorder, the effect of idleness, low spirits, or a gloomy imagination. Nor is it extraordinary, he observes, that one should have the appearance of being awake, and should even think one's-self so, during those fits of dozing, that they should come on suddenly, and while one is

engaged in some business. The same thing happens to persons much fatigued, or long kept awake, who frequently fall asleep for a moment, or for a long space, while they are standing, or walking, or riding on horseback, add but a lively dream to this slumber, and (which is the frequent effect of disease) take away the consciousness of having been asleep, and a superstitious man may easily mistake his dream for a waking vision. Beattie disbelieves the prophetical nature of the second-sight, and does not think it analogous to the operations of Providence, nor to the course of nature, that the Deity should work a miracle in order to give intimation of the frivolous matters which were commonly predicted by seers; and that these intimations should be given for no end, and to those persons only who are idle and solitary, who speak Gaelic, or who live among mountains and deserts.

"To these objections it has been powerfully replied by Dr Johnson, that by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they presuppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has hitherto acquired; and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension, and that there can be no security in the consequence when the premises are not understood; that the second-sight is only wonderful because it is rare, for considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses or visionary representations has prevailed in all ages and nations; that particular instances have been given with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Boyle have been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publish them; that the second-sight of the Hebrides implies only the local frequency of a power which is nowhere totally unknown; and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony. By pretension to second-sight, no profit was ever sought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Those who profess to feel it, do not boast of it as a privilege, nor are considered by others as advantageously distinguished. They have no temptation to feign, and their hearers have no motive to encourage the imposture."

Several members took part in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper (which was well received), and gave additional predictions of Coinneach Odhar. We trust to get another instalment next session, and that parties in possession of them will kindly forward them to the Secretary.

25th March 1875.

This meeting was wholly taken up with the arrangements for the competition for the Society's prizes for the best Gaelic composition, which is to be given annually in different parishes throughout the Highlands. It was unanimously agreed, "in consideration of the very active interest taken by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, by the School Board of which he is chairman, and by the schoolmasters of Gairloch, in forwarding the movement for teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, that the parish of Gairloch receive the *first* opportunity to compete." After which the Secretary produced a letter from the School Board of Knockbain, in reply to the Society's circular, in which "the Board agreed with the Society that it was necessary to have Gaelic taught in the schools in districts where it was the prevailing language; and that a grant ought to be given for teaching it as a special subject."

1st April 1875.

A long paper by the late Mr Gowie, Inland Revenue, on "The Fingallian or Parallel Roads of Glenroy," was read by the Secretary, on behalf of Mr Noble. In the paper it was stoutly maintained by Mr Gowie that the roads were made by man, but the Society unanimously held that they were the work of nature, produced by the action of water. The paper was, however, exceedingly interesting. It was agreed to discontinue regular meetings for the remainder of the session, but the Secretary was requested to call special meetings at any time if circumstances required it.

The following resolution was brought up by the special committee appointed for the purpose, unanimously agreed to, and ordered to be engrossed in the minutes:—"The Gaelic Society having learned, with sincere regret, of the untimely death of Alexander Halley, Esq., M.D., F.G.S., London, unanimously resolve to record in their minutes the high estimation in which he was held by all the members of the Society. He was one of the earliest life members of the Society, and was a gentleman who not only took a very lively interest in its proceedings and contributed to its volumes of Transactions, but also at all times gave his warm support to every movement calculated to raise the Celt, his language, and literature."

5TH JULY 1875.

This was a special meeting for the election of members and making the final arrangements for the Annual Assembly. A letter was read from the School Board of Jura, in reply to the circular regarding teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, in which they say, "The Board approve of said resolution (embodied in circular), and are willing to co-operate with other Boards in promoting the object in view." The Clerk of the School Board of Salen, Mull, writes, under date 4th June, in reply to the same circular—"I am instructed to state that this Board had already resolved that Gaelic should be taught in their schools." The Publishing Committee was re-elected, with full powers to print and publish the Transactions for 1875-76. Mr William Mackay, solicitor, was added to the committee, and Alex. Mackenzie, auctioneer, was re-elected Convener.

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Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.
Professor John Stuart Blackie, Edinburgh University
Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P.
Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch

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Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson
Forbes, Alexander, 143 West Regent Street, Glasgow
Fraser, Alexander, 74 Church Street, Inverness
Fraser-Mackintosh, Charles, of Drummond, M.P.
Halley, Alex., M.D., 19 Harley Street, London (now deceased.)
Mackenzie, Sir Kenneth S., of Gairloch, Bart.

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Campbell, George Murray, Gampola, Ceylon
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Maciver, Finlay, carver, Church Street, Inverness
Macinnes, John, innkeeper, Invergarry
Macinnes, Neil, hotel-keeper, Kyleakin, Skye
Mackay, Alexander, carpenter, Rose Street, Inverness
Mackay, Charles, builder, Culduthel Road, Inverness
Mackay, David, publisher, 33 Bridge Street, Inverness
Mackay, D. J., solicitor, Inverness
Mackay, George, Royal Artillery, Gun Wharf Barracks, Portsmouth
Mackay, Robert, merchant, Hamilton Place, Inverness
Mackay, William, solicitor, Church Street, Inverness
Mackay, William, bookseller, High Street, Inverness
Mackenzie, Alexander, auctioneer, 57 Church Street, Inverness
Mackenzie, A. C., teacher, Maryburgh, Dingwall
Mackenzie, E. G., solicitor, Inverness
Mackenzie, C. D., 102 Linthorpe Road, Middlesboro'-on-Tees
Mackenzie, Finlay Matheson, 208 Stirling Road, Glasgow
Mackenzie, Hugh, bookbinder, Inverness
Mackenzie, Captain John, Telford Road, Inverness
Mackenzie, James H., bookseller, High Street, Inverness
Mackenzie, Malcolm J., teacher, Parish School, Lochcarron
Mackenzie, Murdoch, Inland Revenue, Tulloch, Strathdon
Mackenzie, Thomas (late of High School), Broadstone Park, Inverness
Mackenzie, William, "Aberdeen Free Press"
Mackenzie, William, draper, 19 Bridge Street, Inverness
Mackenzie, Rev. Dr, Silverwells, Inverness
Mackinnon, Charles, Back Street, Campbelton, Argyll

Mackintosh, Charles, commission-agent, Church Street, Inverness
Mackintosh, Donald, The Hotel, Glenelg
Mackintosh, Duncan, Bank of Scotland, Oban
Mackintosh, Duncan, draper, 3 Hill Place, Inverness
Mackintosh, Ewen, Roy Bridge Hotel, by Kingussie
Mackintosh, John (Divinity Student), Mauld, Strathglass
Mackintosh, Lachlan, Milton of Farr, Daviot
Mackintosh, Peter, Messrs Macdougall & Co.'s, Grantown
Maclachlan, Duncan, publisher, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh
Maclean, Alexander, Lombard Street, Inverness
Maclean, Roderick, Alness
Maclean, John, Holm Mains, Inverness
Maclennan, Kenneth, clothier, Colchester
Macleod, Alexander, grocer, Huntly Street, Inverness
Macmillan, John, Kingsmills Road, Inverness
Macneil, Nigel, 3 Kinning Street, Glasgow
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Macphater, Angus, Lintmill of Campbelton, Argyll
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Macrae, Rev. Angus, Glen-Urquhart
Macrae, Donald, High School, Inverness
Macrae, Duncan A., Fernaig, Lochalsh
Macrae, Duncan, Braintrath, Lochalsh
Macrae, R., postmaster, Beauly
Macrae, Roderick, Island of Eigg, by Greenock
Macraild, A. R., inspector of poor, Lochalsh
Matheson, John, supervisor, Alness
Menzies, Duncan, Ness Bank, Inverness
Menzies, Rev. John, M.A., Fort-Augustus
Morrison, Robert, jeweller, Inverness
Morrison, William, rector, Dingwall Academy
Mundell, John, Scallisaig, Glenelg
Munro, John, wine-merchant, Inverness
Murdoch, John, "The Highlander," Inverness
Murray, William, chief-constable, The Castle, Inverness
Noble, Donald, baker, Muirtown Street, Inverness
Noble, John, bookseller, Castle Street, Inverness
Rhind, John, architect, Inverness
Rose, A. Macgregor (Divinity Student), 15 College Bounds, Old Aberdeen

Rose, Hugh, solicitor, Inverness
Ross, Alexander, architect, Inverness
Ross, James, shipowner, Portland Place, Inverness
Ross, Jonathan, draper, High Street, Inverness
Ross, —— Inland Revenue, Alness
Shaw, John D., accountant, Inverness
Simpson, Bailie Alexander, Inverness
Sinclair, Duncan, teacher, Parish School, Lochalsh
Sinclair, Roderick, High Street, Inverness
Smith, Thomas A., clerk, Waterloo Place, Inverness
Snowie, W. M., Inverness
Stewart, Rev. A., Ballachulish
Stewart, Colin J., Dingwall
Tulloch, John, painter, Inverness
Watson, William (Assistant Professor), 22 Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh
Wilson, George, S.S.C., 14 Hill Street, Edinburgh
White, David, Church Street, Inverness

APPRENTICES.

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Macdonald, Murdoch, with Maciver & Co., Church Street, Inverness
Macgillivray, William, assistant grocer, Hamilton Place, Inverness
Mackay, James John, Drummond, Inverness
Mackenzie, Alexander, assistant grocer, Hamilton Place, Inverness
Maclennan, Alexander, clerk, Goods Department, Highland Railway, Inverness
Macpherson, William, with Maciver & Co., Church Street, Inverness
Matheson, Alexander, stonecutter, Academy Street, Inverness
Noble, Andrew, assistant grocer, Bridge Street, Inverness
Ross, Donald, Union Street, Inverness
Smith, Alexander, assistant grocer, Bridge Street, Inverness
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