Campbell 2. g. 11

The Celtic Magazine

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you wish it.

Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

June 28/76.

My dear Professor.

You are an angel &
may rush anywhere.
I have just read your paper
and it is clever; but I will not
attempt to answer, for
fear that I might "blow
you away into space"
with all your cloud
wrappings, and so damage
our cause. I would
answer <u>1st Test. Ridic</u>
<u>iculous</u>. MacPhersons

own avowed compositions
prove that he spoke
Badenoch gælic-English
with a highland twang.
He was a highland student
& undetect there Badenough
"Highlander" idioms in his
later English, [more] Ossian. He
was but a student. So
That cloud of yours is
blown away. Puff!.
II. All translators amplify
Professor Blackie, in this
paper amplifies enormously
Judicial Clerk in a less
degree in translating

Gælic. MacPherson in
making Gælic poetical originals with 6
his own English prose compositions,
also amplified upon his
own enormously amplified
prose English work, founded
upon Heroic Gælic ballads,
upon his own college reading,
2 and on his imagination.
"Skipping" falls; like a
shower when the chill 7
blast of common sense
rolls up a Scotch mist.
Puff! Puff! Pour.
To be continued when
the paper is.
Meantime two blasts on

It has ... measured ... 'up' original

... years ago

my own side. I on the face of these quotations of yours the language is English arranged generally in execrable cramped modern gaelic, which every reader of old Manuscripts has pronounced to be a glaring forgery; which many simple speakers of modern gaelic have so condemned lately, & which need no proof but exhibition to any critic who has got rid of prejudice. II The facts proved in Leabhar na Feinne and known to the authors are dead against your argument. "Straidh faoin" are arguments to facts
J.F.C the wolf.

Sent the same by Dr Cumming to J.H.

Oban

23 June

20th June 76

Dearly beloved Doctor

You came too soon for me this morning: besides it was raining in a most unpleasant style If you have not brought the

P.S. I am to be in Edinburgh from Tu 10 - to 15, 183

the book with you, I
have written to MacFarlane
telling him how to
send it; and tell
MacDonald that I
will bring it over
with me, when I pay
my annual visit to
the good Doctor
and the Loving Cook!

I am going on
at a galloping pace
with the Sable [illegible]

[illegible]

I now read fluently.
My book "on the Language
and Literature of the
Highlands" is going
through the press, and
ill, I rather think he
a bit; my trade never
[illegible] so dull. John
Campbell will be
astonished to find
that I have as much verse
in myself and
perhaps a little more;
but

It has
[illegible]measur[illegible]
ed in
'ut
original

[illegible]out
years
ago

at present I imagine
from his late letters, he
takes me for one of those
"fools who rush in where
angels fear to ~~tread~~ tread,"
I am as cautious as
an old fox: and how
could a man born
in Glasgow, and bred in
Aberdeen be otherwise?

Ever
Yours
W. H. Blake

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. IX. JULY 1876.

IS THE GAELIC OSSIAN A TRANSLATION FROM THE ENGLISH?

Extension of a Paper Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh on Monday, 1st May 1876),

By J. Stuart Blackie, *Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.*

—o—

)ur readers are mostly aware that a German translation of Fingal, in the ıeasure of the original, was published by Dr Ebrard in the year 1868, ith an appendix on the general question of the authenticity of the)ssianic poems. Being, from my professional studies as a philologer, well ware of the great amount of learning and talent put forth by the Germans n all questions relating to popular poetry; and knowing also that since Volf's time the great majority of them had leant rather to the sceptical ide, I was anxious to see what they had made of Macpherson. To my urprise I found that the writer concluded a learned critical discourse by ronouncing in favour of the authenticity; and thinking that many Celts, t home and abroad, who might not understand German, would be deghted to read the lucubrations of the learned foreigner on a subject so ıteresting to them, I superintended the translation of the discourse by n accomplished young lady of my acquaintance, and had the translation ıserted in the *Gaidheal* for September 1875. Scarcely had this transıtion appeared than J. F. Campbell of Islay, to whom Gaelic popular .terature owes more than to any other living man, came forward in the olumns of the Edinburgh newspapers, as a decided advocate of extreme epticism on the question, and reviving in the most unqualified terms the ld thesis of Malcolm Laing, that, properly speaking, there was no Gaelic riginal of Ossian: that Fingal and Temora were English compositions, hich Macpherson himself, or some one for him translated into Gaelic. 'his assertion, from such a stout native born Highlander, startled everyody, and made an impression anything but agreeable on the learned entleman's most ardent Celtic friends and admirers. Among these it as not strange that Dr Clerk of Kilmallie should sharply resent the harge of being the translator of a translation; and he accordingly appeared ı the columns of the *Scotsman* with comparative passages from the Gaelic, ıd the English Ossian from which, as he argued, it plainly appeared ıat the English was a feeble and often erroneous version of the Gaelic riginal. Not having at that time myself made any serious study of the riginal, I did not feel in a condition to make any public remarks on the ubject; but I had some correspondence at the time with Principal

Shairp of St Andrews, who was brought up in the midst of orthodo believers in Ossian; and I remember well his words in a letter to me wer that Mr Campbell had often made such assertions, but he had neve *proved* them: and that this was a question which lay within the know province of a scientific philology to determine. I laid up this word in m heart, and resolved, while regularly going through the original, to mak such notes as would furnish materials for a really scientific handling o this question. Accordingly during the last winter I employed every idl hour in carefully comparing the original Gaelic with Macpherson's Eng lish, and the new version by Dr Clerk, and the result of these studies take the present opportunity of laying before that portion of the readin public, who, being familiar with both languages are entitled to form judgment on questions of verbal transference.

They need no proof but these quotations

It is manifest that in any question of this kind the proof may com from two sides, in this case either from the character of the Gaelic or th character of the English; either the English version is marked by sucl peculiarities as distinctly indicate its character as a translation from th Gaelic; or the Gaelic is marked by peculiarities which distinctly shov that no person who knew Gaelic, translating from English, could possibl have used a style marked by such expressions; and on this double basi we should say that the Gaelic is certainly the original. But if, on the advers theory, the Gaelic can be shown to contain peculiarities that distinctl indicate the influence of an English original; or if the English contain peculiarities of which the supposition of a Gaelic original gives no ex planation in this case we should say that the English is the original Now what I intend to attempt in the present paper is simply to attacl the question from the English side; that is to say, from a detailed ex amination of phrases and expressions in the English, I shall make th induction that no man could have written such English unless he had ha the Gaelic before him. To handle the argument from the Gaelic side refrain simply because my knowledge of the Gaelic language is not suffi cient to enable me to attempt such a task; but as I can now read Gaeli books with ease, and have besides had a life-long exercise in the field o poetical translation, I feel pretty confident that I can state the Englisl side of the case with clearness and cogency.*

or from facts which make proof superfluous,

In classifying my observations I found that the philological test which could be applied to the two versions under trial were, in number five.

* It may be as well distinctly to state that the argument in this paper arose altogethe out of my personal position as a philologer, and from a continuous series of origina observations made by me while reading through the Gaelic. It is only, however, strengthening of the argument when we find that the same line of proof has been used b other writers, amongst whom, of course, must be mentioned with special honour Mackenzi in the Highland Society's report, Dr Graham of Aberfoyle, Mr Peter Macnaughton o Tillipourie (Edinburgh, 1861), and Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, in the notes to his great edition Indeed, it would be difficult to name a single writer on the subject (except Mr Campbell who, if he had honestly studied the original, was not prepared in some form to state hi decided impression that from internal evidence he was convinced the Gaelic was th original. My advantage in the matter—if I have any—lies not in my superior Gaeli scholarship, or more warm appreciation of the beauties of the original, but simply in m professional habits as a philologer, and my having treated the question more systematicall as a matter of business.

Both Gaelic and English being the composition of one man they both partake of his failings

5 Texts have be only two.

29th –

I have put on my kilt to finish this and go to a Palace Concert

Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

What is the use of proving & reproving when there is no tribunal – But as to skipping and amplification and language .. In two lines quoted p 269 the english word "echoing" is skipped in the Gaelic translation which is amplified by the words "nan ciar … " ("of the dun ships") which words make the assonance

both

The man was a highlander and spoke Gaelic

Gaelic but not the gaelic

… amplification

He was not an Englishman

required by "ceaoh"
in this couplet.
as to language "og" is
young not "a youth"
otherwise spelt or might
mean a maid.
"Many a maid of heaviest hair"
may be a line borrowed
from some Gaelic song.
But - "gaoh" - took ?
To take the road is a
Gaelic idiom, but to take
the hale means that
the translator from

They need no proof but these quotations

or from facts which make proof superfluous

Both Gaelic and English being the composition of one man they both partake of his failings

5 texts here be only two.

English prose to Gaelic verse did not know how to translate came to so as to make metre, & made a muddle of "gabh" "took the hall", or "the hall took" may be the back translation of this translation from english. "Heavy hair" does not weigh as a feather against this sort of philology Professor Blackie's own couplet is his amplification of his idea, and shows the tendency of a

He was not an Englishman

poetical translator to amplify rather than to strip. It would be easy to "prove" the rest of the "original" to be a copy or a duplicate by the same hand but Cui bono

They need no proof but these quotations

or from facts which make proof superfluo

Sent to Blackie. A copy to Hector MacLean

Both Gaelic and English being the composition of one man they both partake of his failings

Test First—When of two versions presented for examination, the one contains awkward, forced, and unidiomatic expressions which are explained directly by the influence of the other, in this case the version containing these peculiarities is the translation. Applied to Macpherson's Ossian this means, if the English in any case is not pure, easy, natural English, but English arising from the echo of a Gaelic original in the author's ear, then on strictly philological principles we are entitled to say that the Gaelic is the original.

The best practical illustration of the evidence arising from this test is found in the Hebraisms of our English Bible. No doubt these Hebraisms are used sparingly and with excellent judgment, and foreign phrases and ways of thinking may always be adopted and adapted so as to become graces; but in the general case they arise from awkwardness or carelessness on the part of the translator; and whether gracefully or ungracefully used they equally indicate the want of that perfect homogeneousness in every jot and tittle of style which marks a good original composition. It must be observed further that, although it is possible for a translator of great genius, and dexterous accomplishments to make his imitative work so perfect that not the most microscopic criticism shall be able to put the finger on a passage and say *this is translated work*; yet so rare is the talent of good translation, and so difficult is it to avoid the constant influence exercised by an external model on the ear, that ninety-nine translations out of a hundred in the currency of the book world will be found to bear on their face only two obvious marks of the process of their manufacture. Macpherson's English has received its fair share both of laudation and condemnation from adverse parties; but whatever be its quality, one thing has become quite plain to me from long continued minute inspection, that the Gaelic peeps through it everywhere like the under-writing in a Palimpsest. Let us now produce examples :—

(1) Cath-Loduinn II., 177—

S' iomadh og bu truime ciabh,	Many a youth of heavy locks
Ghabh talla Raomhair nan ciar long.	Came to Raomar's echoing hall.
	Macpherson.

Now what I say, in application of the above test, is that the phrase "heavy locks" is not English, *i.e.*, not easy, natural, obvious, idiomatic English. No doubt an original English poet might talk of a "weighty wealth of ringlets," or he might paraphrase the Gaelic here somehow thus—

A rich weight of curls hung down,
Redundant from his head.

But no Englishman writing English, whether poetry or prose, would talk of "*heavy* locks," except from the contagion of the Gaelic *trom* in an original poem which he was translating.

(2) Do. III., 21—

Tog samhla nan laoch nach robh lag,	The image raise of heroes brave,
Air chiar am a chaidh fada null.	On dusky time now far away.
	Clerk.

This is perfectly good English; but what does Macpherson say :—"Rear the forms of old on their own dark brown years." Now it is quite plain that no Englishman composing original English could talk of "dark

brown years." There may be dark brown earth, and there may be dark brown hair, and there may be a dark brown coat, but "dark brown years" were never heard of in the English tongue, from Chaucer to Tennyson. In the Gaelic dictionaries, however, we read that *ciar* means dark brown; but in pure English *dun* or *dusky* are the natural words here, and one might translate the passage freely thus—

> Now through the dark of centuries far away
> Bring back the forms of heroes to the day!

(3) Carraig Thura, 178—

Am aonar tha mise a Shilric, Am aonar iosal an tigh geamhraidh.	Alone am I, O Shilric, Alone in the winter-house. *Macpherson.*

This is like the German compound *winter-garten* which we have adopted, and which, to our English ear at once betrays its trans-Rhenane origin. Had the translator been writing original English he would certainly have said *wintry house*, or *the home of winter*, or somewhat in this style—

> Alone I lie, O Silric far from thee,
> Alone and low where winter dwells with me!

(4) Carthonn, 245—

Dubh chlogaid ag eirigh mu gach ceann.	Let the dark helmet *rise* on each head! *Macpherson.*

This is not English. *Crown* each head or *top* each head would be the thing. The word *rise* here is manifestly a literal translation of the Gaelic *eirigh*.

(5) Temora I., 485—

Shiubhail e'n *a* osaig fein.	He passed away on *his* blast. *Macpherson.* . . . *his own* blast. *Clerk.*

The use of the possessive pronoun in this case is common in Ossian, but is a pure Gaelic idiom. No man writing original English could ever stumble on such a peculiarity; he would say on *the* blast.

(6) Temora II., 260—

> Mòr, fo fhocal ard an righ,
> Gu fhine fein a ghluais gach treun.

Which Macpherson renders—"Tall they removed beneath the words of the king." This is a very obvious piece of literal and vile English. Dr Clerk saw this, and though his version is in general much more literal than Macpherson's he had too much taste to be altogether literal here; so he writes:—

> "At the high bidding of the chiefs,
> Returned each leader to his clan."

The use of *fo* in this passage is an instance of a large class of phrases with the same preposition very common in Gaelic, but which can seldom be translated literally into English.

(7) Do. III., 241—

Aig *a* sthruthaibh chaidh briseadh fo airm. | His armour is broken beside *his* stream.
Clerk.

His shield is pierced by *his* stream.
Macpherson.

This is nonsense; but in both versions we have the same un-English use of the possessive pronoun, as in the previous instance.

(8) In Temora III., 478, there is a beautiful passage full of sunny joy (would there were more such in these sombre Epics), in which Ossian describes his gladness while listening to the strains of the bards. In this passage the line occurs—

A duille a taomadh m' a cheann.

Meaning substantially—

The tree spreads its top leafage to the sun.

Or to make a couplet of it—

And spreads its green tips waving high
To catch the sun's bright virtue from the sky!

But what has Macpherson here?—

It *pours* its green leaves to the sun.

Now this *pours* is again a literal translation from the Gaelic, sufficiently indicating how it found its way into the midst of the Queen's English.

(9) Do. IV., 232—

Tha stri 'g a filleadh fein n'an cliabh. | Strife is *folded* in their thoughts.

This also is Gaelicising English. To make it good English we should require to expand it somewhat thus—

And in his breast the lust of strife
Lies folded like a snake.

(10) Do. IV., 267—

Measg sitheachad anam a stri. | As his soul calmed down in wrath.

Says Clerk, perfectly good English from which no man could conjecture a Gaelic original; but Macpherson betrays the translator—

Amid his settling soul!

This is the English of a raw school boy. That Macpherson who had some poetical genius, should have written thus, is only to be explained by the fact that he was writing under the disturbing influence of a Gaelic original.

(11) Do. VI., 287.

E ag aomadh fo airmibh gu leir. | In full armour he went onward.
Clerk.

This again is English, but the word *aomadh* is not brought out with sufficient force. Macpherson says, "he hangs forward with all his arms," which is more like the meaning of the verb *aomadh*, but it is not English and plainly betrays the translator. In a couplet we might try it thus—

And with his armour's weighty mail
He hangs upon their flying trail.

(12) Do. VI., 313—

> Ro' shiubhal nam bliadhna dubh chiar,
> Bi'dh gorm shruth ag iadhadh m'an cliu.

This refers to a blue stream winding round the base of a green mound or barrow which was raised to memorialize a fallen hero. We might paraphrase it thus—

> And through the dimness of the travelling years
> The blue stream winds around the oblivious mound
> That should have memorized their nobleness.

But Macpherson in the literal servility of his version becomes obscure and awkward.

> The heath through dark brown years is theirs,
> Some blue stream winds to their fame.

(13) Do. VII., 369—

> Taom iad air Eirinn nan buadh,
> Gus an siolaidh a chruaidh fo dhàn.

These lines contain an advice to the bard to bury the harsh memory of recent strife in the sweetness of song.

> Pour forth the praise of Erin loud and strong
> Till the sword sleep beneath the soothing song.

But what says Macpherson?—

> Pour the tale of other times on wide-skirted Erin *as it settles round !!!*

A literal translation of *siolaidh;* what no man would have written writing with the unconstrained spontaneity of original English composition.

(14) Do. VIII., 528—

> Cuirear thairis an oidhche am fonn.

> Spread the board and speed the night
> On wings of song with gentle flight.

Macpherson says—

> Send the night away in song.

Here again it is quite evident that this awkward expression, not English certainly—*Send the night away,* is a literal version of the Gaelic.

(15) Cath-Loduinn II., 121—

> Culghorm air muicaich nan tonn,
> Thar gleannaibh crom an t' saile.

The "winding glens" of the brine is not an English idea. Macpherson felt this, and turned it into "watery vales"; but this also betrays its original. An English writer would have talked of troughs or furrows.

(16) Lastly, to this head I would refer Graham's observation (Essay, p. 316) that Macpherson seems particularly fond of compounding his epithets with the word *half.* I have no doubt he caught this trick from the Gaelic, and exaggerated it, as any one may see from the number of words so compounded in the Gaelic dictionary.

Test Second.—In all works operated upon by translators, difficulties occur, whether arising from obscurity or ambiguity in the original expression, from obsolete words, from errors of transcription, or other causes.

Dealing with these difficulties is of course no easy matter, and his manner of dealing with them not seldom betrays the translator. If he either skips them, or bungles them, or in any way stumbles, he is at once recognised; for it is always to be presumed that the original author wrote sense rather than nonsense; and as to skipping, while it is a most obvious device to a translator wishing to present a clear unencumbered version, there can be no reason, on the other side, supposing the clear version to be the original, why a difficulty should have been foisted into it. The difficulty can shew no cause for its existence supposing it to be in a version from an easy original.

Under this head we have just to remark generally, that comparing the English with the Gaelic, we find it is the manner of Macpherson habitually and systematically to skip. His style is in every respect original; but it is the originality of mannerism, not of true genius. It is a succession of little *staccato* strides repeated to satiety. It is marked by no variety in the rhythm, no richness in the periods, no volume of euphonious flow. Hence a difficulty in saying in any particular instance whether the author has skipped from wishing to shirk a difficulty, or from a general habit of skipping. Nevertheless when words or passages occur which present a difficulty even to good Galicians now, we are fairly entitled to conclude that the skipping or the bungling arose from the weakness or ignorance of the translator.

In reference to Macpherson's practice of skipping, after carefully going through the original, I fell upon a little piece of external evidence worth inserting here. In Graham's Essay (p. 285) we find a letter which he had received from the Rev. Mr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, an excellent Gaelic scholar in his day,* in which the writer says, from personal knowledge, that "it was the general practice of Captain Morrison and Macpherson, when any passage occurred which they did not understand, either to pass it over entirely or to gloss it over with any expressions that might appear to coalesce easily with the context." Examples :—

(1) "Stuaidh faoin"—Cath-Loduinn II. 186.

This word *faoin*, very common in Ossian, is like one of the obsolete words in Homer, of which the Alexandrians knew as little 300 years before Christ as we do now. Of course I mean in the sense Ossian uses it; otherwise the word is not at all strange to modern Gaelic. Such being the case, who can doubt that the version "restless" of Clerk betrays the translator? And as to Macpherson he gets off safely with the "foam of the rolling ocean."

(2) Do. III., 143—

Am foill c' uime ghluaiseadh fear treun?	Why should a brave man walk in guile. *Clerk.*
	It is not harmless through war. *Macpherson.*

Nonsense!

* This is the gentleman who gave to Mr Lockhart those materials for his article on Rob Donn's poems in the *Monthly Review*, vol. XLV., p. 360, which contains the prophecy of the Celtic Chair now being instituted in the University of Edinburgh.

(3) Carraig-thura, 324—

S' a shealladh mu'n chuairt gun clith.

The word *clith* generally means pith, as in the chorus of a well-know song *Duine gun clith* (a pithless fellow); but in the present context i does not fall easily into good English, as the versions of the translato will shew—

While he surveys the walls in vain.—*Macgregor.*

His gaze around is *aimless.*—*Clerk.*

Macpherson in this case followed his safe method of skipping. . similar difficulty occurs in the achreia idon of Homer, Iliad II. I thin we might do full justice to the original here, if we said—

Brooding in his wrath he sate
And blankly looked around.

(4) In verse 396 of the same poem—

Tha mise gun chli 's gun chliu.

Macpherson skips the same word again, and instead of—

Here I stand amid my clan
Spoiled of my fame a thewless man.

Or something to that effect, he gives—

My fame has ceased to arise.

Which is not English, and can be ascribed only to the echo of Gaeli verses in his ears, where the verb *Eirigh* frequently occurs.

(5) Of gross mistranslation there is a curious instance in Macpherson' version of the passage where the two horses of Cuchullin are described— Fingal I. 363. On this it may be sufficient to refer the reader to Di Clerk's note, and to Macnaughton's lecture on the authenticity of Ossian p. 2.

(6) In Fingal I. 426, Macpherson, in the description of a battle says —"spears fall like *circles of light* which gild the face of night." This is nonsense on the face of it; spears cannot fall like circles. There is no such thing in the original. The translator, as the reader may find, has been led into this absurd expression by dragging into his version a line which properly belongs to the next paragraph.

(7)—

Og Roinne nach *lom* cruaidh)	Fair Ryno with the *pointed* steel. *Macpherson.*

Lom is a common Gaelic word signifying "bare," but what it means here is difficult to say. Clerk says it means "steel well-fleshed," *i.e.*, often sheathed in the body of an enemy, and this seems the most probable explanation. But it was not, as we have seen, Macpherson's fashion to confess his ignorance, or to boggle at a difficulty. He might skip altogether or gloss the word over with a common-place. In this case he has chosen the latter alternative.

(8) In Temora VII., 9-10—

Le so eididh taibhsean o shean
An dluth-ghleus am measg na gaoithe.

Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

June 29.
1876.

My dear Professor.
The weather is too hot
[illegible] Name

Sample of amplification instead
of words added to ideas to make lines
1. My fame has ceased to arise
2. I am (powerless &) dishonoured
Tha mise (gun chli's) gun chliu.
Macpherson [illegible]
3 Here I stand (amidst my clan)
Spoiled of my fame a thewless man

Take no 3, and no 1 is skipping. Put
the cart before the horse, & go wrong
to Gaelic metre did
exactly that which you

(3) Carraig-thura, 324—

This is execrable Galic) S' a shealladh mu'n chuairt gun clith.

The word *clith* generally means pith, as in the chorus of a well-know song *Duine gun clith* (a pithless fellow); but in the present context does not fall easily into good English, as the versions of the translat will shew—

it means and he peering about without (pith) a body

While he surveys the walls in vain.—*Macgregor.*

His gaze around is *aimless.*—*Clerk.*

Macpherson in this case followed his safe method of skipping. similar difficulty occurs in the achreia idon of Homer, Iliad II. I thi we might do full justice to the original here, if we said—

Brooding in his wrath he sate
And blankly looked around.

(4) In verse 396 of the same poem—

I am powerless & dishonoured Tha mise gun chli 's gun chliu.

Macpherson skips the same word again, and instead of—

from English to Galic

the aurora Corona Borealis

sheathed in the body of an enemy, and this seems the most probabl explanation. But it was not, as we have seen, Macpherson's fashion to con fess his ignorance, or to boggle at a difficulty. He might skip altogethe or gloss the word over with a common-place. In this case he has chosen the latter alternative. in his Galic

"steel pointed" is steel not bare, and may mean

(8) In Temora VII., 9-10—

With this clothe ghosts from gale then close

Le so eididh taibhsean o shean
An dluth-ghleus am measg na gaoithe.

armour with spikes or sword undrawn for a man striving to make Galic verse to fit

3

June 29.
1876.

Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

My dear Professor.

The weather is too hot for going about so I have been hammering at your blessed quotations. The more I look at this matter from your points of view the more manifest it is that the translator from ~~gaelic~~ English prose to Gaelic metre did exactly that which you

This is it there and he heering about without pith) body,

I am p

Joy on the other side.
he skipped & bungled.
Pray to translate the english word "echoing" and set all your Gaelic friends to do it and see a difficulty.
skipped in translating from english
Try your hand on "sudden gestures" you may find a gaelic equivalent to it. you will find in [illegible] anything.

Sleigh = nimble
Glens. = trim

from English to Gael

the [illegible] [illegible] Baven

"steel pointed" is steel not bare, and he mean

armour with spikes in Sword Undrawn for a man striving to make Gaelic Verse to fit

3

The couplet is a strenuous effort to make Gaelic to fit English which is full of metaphors clothe equals hide as understood

Macpherson, but the translator uses the Gaelic word for clothes S.f.?

~~Ed~~ "eididh" as a verb

and ~~the~~ his couplet is ~~such~~ a manifest English Gaelic paraphrase of Macphersons prose text that I cannot be bothered with the subject any more

This is
it dream
and he
peering
about
without
(pith)
a body

I am p

I must go to luncheon
and drink shandy gaff
If you want to write
to me I go to Windsor
July 4th

James
Thomas Fry [illegible]

from
Crofts
to Gael

the
arrow
comes
Baren

"steel
pointed"
is steel
not
bare,
and he
mean

armour with spikes in Sword Indrawn for a
man striving to make Gaelic Verse to fit

3 Bon

29
June

My dear Wolf!

Your double theory that the men of Badenoch based on Cor so infected with Gaelic that he could not write English, and so infatuated with

with English. that he could not write Gaelic as extremely ingenious, and not beyond the bounds of literary possibility. Meanwhile understand that Ossian is so favourite of mine, that I care little what becomes of him, and that certainly I don't

mean

This is it seems me he [illegible] about without [illegible]) body,

I am [illegible]

from English to Gael

the arrow [illegible] [illegible]

"steel pointed" is steel not bare, and [illegible] mean armour with spikes in sword undrawn for a man striving to make Gaelic verse to fit

me to bother myself
with him any more
at present. I say to
all such matters ~~bury~~
~~their dead~~; let the
dead bury their dead;
let the Campbells and
the Campbell chiefs
draw blood on the
matter; and let the
Macleans of Duart
Lochbuie, Ardgour
and

Coll display a mark,
Of their old servant over
the wrought Carcase
of the Badroch bungler
as they please; I am
a Lowlander, and look
on all a serene
smile!

John S. Blackie

This is it seem and he peering about without (pith) a body,

I am p

over Cigar to gol

the ano Corr Brea

"steel pointed in steel not bare, and h mean

armour with spikes in Swore Undrawn for a
man striving to make Gaelic Verse to fit

8

30 June

Altnacraig,
Oban.

My dear Wolff

Your zeal for the enlightenment of my obfuscated intellect is admirable: but it is in vain for you to waste your powder on me at present, as I happen to be busy with other matters and nothing will stick. What I

I should like is that you or
Hector Maclean, or Cameron
of Brodick, should draw
out a regular paper proving
on philological grounds that
the English was made first
and the Gaelic a translation from
the English. Then some impartial
person might judge between
the two pleadings — say
Professor Sayce or Professor
Max Müller in Oxford,
or Professor Cowell in Cam
bridge, or Eggeling in
Edinburgh,

[illegible]

[illegible]
man striving to make Gaelic Verse to fit

Edinburgh, or Aufrecht in Bonn,
or Gaidoz in Paris. Their
decision would have weight
with the public, tho' it will naturally
look upon both you and me
as partisans, and consider us unable to
give a final verdict on the
question. For the result I
personally care little; Ossian
is less than nothing to me;
only I have an interest in
seeing the principles of
philological science, good
taste, & common sense,
applied

applied to the question. You
might communicate with the
Revue Celtique in Paris, who
no doubt would be willing to
publish any article coming
from such a renowned Wolf,
as yourself!

Ever yours

Gu cudthrom agus gu sunndach
agus gu gleusda!

Iain Stiubhart
MacDubhag.

—

... ...
man staging to make Gaelic verse to fit

The word *dluth-ghleus* presents a difficulty on which Dr Graham (p. 300) has a note, and gives as the correct version, "with these clouds the ghosts of old invest their close-gathered forms amid the winds." Clerk has, "with these the spirits of old enrobe their close array upon the wind." Both these versions smell of translation, but they are at least intelligible. What is meant is simply what the fine ladies do when they gather round their flaunting skirts, being overtaken by a blast. The ghosts wrap themselves round with clouds for fear of being blown away into space. Macpherson has, "With this the spirits of old clothe their sudden gestures on the wind." How can a ghost (or a man) clothe a gesture? Macpherson in this case seems to have confounded *gleus* and *gluais*. Anyhow the Gaelic has manifestly led him into writing absurd English.

(9) In Temora VII., 347, we read—

> Ghlaodh e ris an righ a 'ghaoth,
> Measg ceo na mara glais,
> Dh' eirich Innisfaill gu gorm.
>
> The king now invokes the wind;
> Amid the mist of grey ocean,
> Innisfail arose blue.—*Graham*.
>
> Now the king invoked the wind,
> Amid the mist of the grey sea,
> Rose Innisfail in its greenness.—*Clerk*.

Here, I think, Graham is right in the interpunction; there should be a semicolon after "wind." But both Clerk and Graham agree in condemning Macpherson's confusion of the preposition *measg* with the verb *measg* to mix.

> Now he dares to call the winds,
> And to mix with the winds of ocean.

It is difficult to say whether this blunder arose from ignorance or carelessness; anyhow the translator has bungled.

(To be Continued.)

PRINCE CHARLIE AND MARY MACALISTER.

—o—

The fate of the Chevalier and his devoted Highlanders forms one of the most romantic and darkest themes in the history of Scotland, so rich in historical narrative, song, and tradition—

> Still freshly streaming
> When pride and pomp have passed away,
> To mossy tomb and turret grey,
> Like friendship clinging.

In the contemplation of their misfortunes their faults and failings are forgotten, and now that the unfortunate Chevalier's name and memory have become "such stuff as dreams are made of," every heart throbs in sympathy with the pathetic lyric "Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie."

In the present day when it is not accounted disloyal to speak kindly of the Prince or of those who espoused his cause—one cannot help indulging in admiration of the courage and cheerfulness with which he bore trials, dangers, and "hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field," nor wonder at the devotedness of the poorer Highlanders; their affection to his person, the care with which they watched over him in his wanderings; and above all, the incorruptible fidelity which scorned to betray him, though tempted by what, in their poverty, must have seemed inconceivable wealth.

The history of the rising, and particularly of what followed after Culloden, relating to Prince Charlie, although generally minute, gives but little idea of the wonderful dangers he incurred, and the escapes he made. One should, in order to form a moderately correct idea of his hardships, have listened to those who had been out with him, as they, in the late evening of their days, talked of the past and of the "lad they looed sae dearly," or heard their descendants, who were proud of their forbears, having been out in the '45, when—

> The story was told as a legend old,
> And by withered dame and sire,
> When they sat secure from the winters cold,
> All around the evening fire.

His capabilities of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue proves that his constitution was of a very high order, and not what might have been expected from the descendant of a hundred kings brought up in the enervating atmosphere of courts. The magnanimity was surprising with which he bore up under his adverse lot, and the very trying privations to which he was subjected. The buoyancy of spirit with which he encountered the toils that hemmed him round, seemed to gather fresh energy from each recurring escape while wandering about a hunted fugitive.

His appearance when concealed in the cave of Achnacarry as described by Dr Cameron, who was for a time a companion of his wanderings, is not suggestive of much comfort, but rather of contentedly making the most of circumstances. "He was then," says he, "barefooted, he had an old black kilt and coat on, a plaid, philabeg, and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and in my opinion fatter than when he was at Inverness." His courage and patience during his wandering drew forth even the admiration of his enemies, while his friends regretted that one capable of so much was so wanting in decision of character when it was urgently required by his own affairs, and the fortunes and lives of those who had perilled all for his sake. His friends, rich and poor, "for a' that had come and gane" were staunch in his favour to the very death, while his enemies, hounded on by a scared and vindictive Government, and earnestly anxious to enrich themselves by obtaining the reward offered for his capture—left no means untried to secure his person.

Among the many who signalized themselves in these attempts was one Ferguson, who, in command of a small squadron, cruised round the coast in search of the Prince and his fugitive friends, but in reality sparing none on whom it was possible or not dangerous to vent those feelings of oppression and worse, which the cruel Cumberland had made a fashion as

Niddry Lodge.
Kensington.

July 3 76. —

My dear Professor.

Read the Coleraine
chronicle of July 1.
and acknowledge that
I ~~who know something~~
on wish to keep clear
of such assinine ~~controversy~~ bragging
as this last outburst

Hateful Twaddle

knows nothing of
Gaelic & goes in for authenticity
on absurd geological grounds;
~~Campbell~~ Sheriff
knows very little ^of Gaelic & I don't know
what he goes in for
~~[illegible]~~ You who
have lately learned
a great deal ^of Gaelic challenge
me; & you
go in for ~~authenticity~~ or
antiquity ~~A~~ — or
I am not
originality — ~~[illegible]~~
quite sure which.
~~of Gaelic~~. Hector Maclean
who knows more

of Zola and the
Subject that the
whole Wt of us, ~~[illegible]~~
writes his opinions
like a gentleman
and is abused by
Twaddle furiously.
I tell you my opinions
privately instead of
answering your public
challenge publicly
and now you
hand me over to Sharpe
who did not challenge me.

and you propose to smile at the

Let us, ~~scatter~~ battle I propose to d…

sit on our respective

high seats & smile

serene

because I am out of your sight ~~a highlander~~, you

because you are

a Londoner. —

because my mind is serenely

made up, you bec…

it pleases you now.

So ~~I dictate~~ let Ossi…

repose in his books given

~~rest~~. unless you ~~continue~~

that paper of yours ~~I will~~ a publ…

mine sent yesterday I wil…

let MacPherson rest in Westminster abbey. Goodbye…

P.S. I shall just get your second of the 30th. I should prefer a Judge who understands the ~~gr~~ language. ~~It~~ you may appeal to Stokes who is in India, or to Hennessy who is in ~~Ireland~~ Dublin. Maclean is a better judge than either. I don't want to hold an inquest on this body at all

On the morning

but when you my
learned adversary
directed ~~his~~ your pen guns at
me in The Celtic Magazine
I thought it polite
to fire a salute in
your honour & —
so I fired ~~away~~,
blank cartridge
at you : my salute
is done Failte

Highlanders and the Highlands, and a sure recommendation to the of Government.

on after Culloden, Ferguson appeared off the coast and dropped in Loch Cunnard. A party landed there and proceeded up the as far as the residence of Mackenzie of Langwell, who was married ar relation of Earl George of Cromarty. Mackenzie got out of the ut the lady was obliged to attend some of her children who were d by small-pox. The house was ransacked, a trunk containing le papers, and among these a wadset of Langwell and Inchvennie he Earl of Cromarty, was burnt before her eyes, and about fifty f black cattle were mangled by their swords and driven away to hips.

milar depredations were committed in the neighbourhood, without nination of friends or enemies. So familiarized were the west anders and Islanders with Captain Ferguson, his cutter and crew, hey were in the habit of jeering him and them by calling after —"*Tha sinn eolach air a h-uile car a tha na t'earball*"—(We are acted with every turn in your tail), a source of great irritation to the ed commander, who knew well the fugitives were hiding on the coast of Inverness-shire, and consequently resolved to adopt every s of decoy to entrap the Prince and his companions. In order to de- the inhabitants of this wild and extensive coast, Ferguson pretended to over the search and leave for Ireland. The Highlanders, wondering would be the next move, were not deceived, nor did they relax their ful precautions. The dwellers at Samalaman, the most western of Moidart, had been especially harassed, as it was suspected they in the confidence of Prince Charles. The suspicion was correct, and fore, although, they went about their usual employments they kept an anxious look towards the ocean—many a lonely watch and walk aken for the protection of the hunted wanderers.

o those who are not oppressed by anxiety the look-out from this and is of surpassing beauty. Few scenes are equal to that presented midnight walk by moonlight along the sea beach, the glassy sea from its surface a long stream of dancing and dazzling light, no d to be heard save the small ripple of the idle wavelets or the scream sea bird watching the fry that swarms along the shores! In the nights of summer the melancholy song of the throstle has scarcely d on the hillside when the merry carol of the lark commences, and the and the plover sound their shrill pipe. Again, how glorious is the scene, h presents itself from the summits of the hills when the great ocean en glowing with the last splendour of the setting sun, and the lofty of the farther isles rear their giant heads amid the purple blaze on extreme verge of the horizon.

Nothing of all this, for they were sights and scenes of continual re- ence, did Mary Macalister feel. Mary was a bold, spirited, handsome who, in company with her father and two brothers forming the boat's , knew well all ocean's moods, and often braved the storms so common hat coast, and so fatal to many toilers of the deep.

On the morning of the fifth day after the departure of Captain Fergu-

son, Mary arose as usual to prepare the food for the family, and in going outside for a basket of peat fuel was surprised to observe a strange looking little vessel at anchor in a dark creak in the opposite island of Shona which occupies partly the mouth of Loch Moidart. Time was when a circumstance, so apparently trivial, would have created no wonder nor left in the mind any cause for suspicion; but now Mary carefully scanned the low long dark hull of the craft, and her tanned and patched sails, which ill agreed with the trimness about her, and which at once spoke against her being a fishing craft or smuggler. *Cuilean an t-seann Mhadaidh* (cub of the old fox) sighed the girl as she returned to the house to communicate the circumstance to the rest of the family, each of whom on reconnoitring the vessel confirmed her opinion. "Well then," said Mary, "let us advise the neighbours to betake themselves to their daily employment without seeming to suspect the new comer, and above all let us warn the deer of the mountain that the bloodhouds have appeared."

As the Moidart men were about to go to sea they were visited by a couple of miserable looking men from the suspected craft—one of them who spoke in Irish made them understand that they had lately left the coast of France laden with tobacco and spirits, some of which they would gladly exchange for dried fish and other provisions of which they were much in want, having been pursued for the last three days by an armed cutter, from which they had escaped with difficulty, and from which they intended to conceal themselves for some days longer in their present secluded anchorage. The fishermen, pretending to commiserate their condition, replied that they had no provision to spare, and left only more convinced that Mary's suspicions were well founded. Matters remained in this state for a few days, the craft lying quietly at anchor, and her six hands, being, it was said, the full complement of her crew, sneaking about, in all directions, in pairs, on pretence of searching for provision. At last, after an unusually fine day the sun sank suddenly behind a mountain mass of clouds which for some time before had been collecting into dense columns, whose tall and fantastic shapes threw an obscurity far over the western horizon.

The coming storm was so apparent that the fishermen of Samalaman secured their boats upon the beach just as some heavy drops, bursting from the region of the storm clouds showed that the elemental war had begun.

The Atlantic rolled its enormous billows upon the coast, dashing them with inconceivable fury upon the headlands, and scouring the sands and creeks which, from the number of shoals and sunken rocks in them exhibited the magnificent spectacle of breakers white with foam extending for miles. The blast howled among the grim and desolate rocks. Still greater masses of black clouds advanced from the west, pouring forth torrents of rain and hail. A sudden flash illuminated the gloom, and was followed by the crash and roar of thunder which gradually became fainter until the dash of the waves upon the shore prevailed over it.

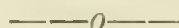
Far as the eye could reach the ocean boiled and heaved one wide extended field of foam, the spray from the summits of the waves sweeping along its surface like drifting snow.

Seaward no sign of life was to be seen save when a gull labouring hard to bear itself against the breeze, hovered overhead or shot across the gloom like a meteor. Long ranges of giant waves rushed in succession to the shore, chasing each other like monsters at play. The thunder of their shock echoed among the crevices and caves, the spray mounted along the face of the cliffs in columns, the rocks shook as if in terror, and the baffled wave returned to meet its advancing successor.

By-and-bye there came a pause like the sudden closing of a blast furnace, or as if the storm had retired within itself; but now and then, in fitful bursts, proclaiming that its power was but partially smothered. During the conflict of the elements Mary Macalister seemed to suffer the most acute agonies of mind; and no sooner did it abate than, wrapping herself in her plaid, she sallied out and proceeded towards the sea shore. There, straining her eyes over the dark and fearful deep, she thought she saw, by a broad flash of lightning, a small speck on the wild waters, pitching as if in dark uncertainty, about the mouth of Loch Moidart. With the speed of frenzy away flew the maiden to the nearest cottage, and grasping a burning peat and a lapful of dried brushwood, she, with equal speed, retraced her steps to the shore. In an instant the beacon threw its crackling flame far over the Loch, and in an instant more the small black craft at Shona had cut from her moorings and stood out to the entrance of the bay. Now rose the struggle in Mary's mind. There stood the maid of Moidart in the shade of the lurid beacon, listening to the fitful blast, like the angel of pity. Something was passing on in the troubled bosom of that dark loch over which she often looked, that drew forth all the energies of her soul; but what that something was, was as hidden to her as futurity. She was startled from this state of intense feeling by a momentary flash on the water, instantaneously followed by a crash among the rocks by her side, and then came booming on her ear a sound as if the island of Shona had burst from its centre. *A Dhia nan dùl bi maile ris* (God of the elements be with him) ejaculated Mary as she bent her trembling knees on the wet sand, and then, like a spring from death to life, a boat rushed ashore, grounding the shingle at her feet. A band of armed men immediately sprung on land, one of whom, gently clasping the girl, pressed her to his heart. "*Failte 'Phrions*" faltered Mary, giving a momentary scope to the woman in her bosom, but instantly recollecting herself, she whispered, "Guide him some of you to the hut of Marsaly Buie in the copse of *Cul-a-chnaud*, and I shall meet you there when the sun of the morning shall show me the fate of the pursuer." By this time the intrepid girl was joined by the villagers who extinguished all traces of the late fire, and carried the stranger's boat where none but a friend might find it. The storm had again broken from its restless slumber, and the rain and sickly sun of the following day showed the pretended smuggler scattered on the beach. She appeared to have been well armed, and the easily recognised body of Captain Ferguson's first mate was one of the twelve who were washed ashore.

TORQUIL.

THE HIGHLANDS AND PRESENT POSITION OF HIGHLANDERS.



There are various reasons why the Highlands and Highlanders should have peculiar claims on the attention of the public. The Highlanders, from the earliest ages, have been a particularly distinguished race. Their remote origin as Celts who emigrated from the far east, and got a holding in this kingdom, has furnished materials for many a dissertation, and casual notice from the pen of the historians. No small interest is attached to the affiliation of languages, as well as to the superstitions and habits, the music and poetry, the condition and character, of this primitive race. It is not intended in this brief article, to furnish a minute narrative of their past and present history, but merely to give a general glance at some of the trials and hardships, which they had all along to endure. It is difficult to trace the gradual substitution of modern society in our mountains and glens, and to compare it with the real circumstances in which the natives were placed in past ages. Many important revolutions have taken place in the history of their social and domestic affairs. These have been materially effected by feudalism, when the feudal chief took the place of the *pater-familias*; and when the liberty of the vassal was entirely in his hands. Eventually, however, civil wars, and the increasing power of the crown, gradually weakened the assumed authority of the feudal superior. Feudalism, in consequence, lost by degrees its autocratic influence over the people, until ultimately it died away under the more benign supremacy of a paternal monarchical government. Need it be told how boisterous and bloody were the periods of feudalism, when might was right, and when the resistless law-giver over the length and breadth of the Highlands, was the sharp edge of the *Claidh Mor*. The Highlanders were, no doubt, rendered obedient and submissive to their feudal lords, by the rivalry which existed among the vassals and adherents of the different chiefs. Each individual clan stood fast and faithful to its federal head, and however severe the discipline, however distressing the hardships to which the vassals might be subjected, there was no dereliction on their part of the duty expected; and there was no failing or flinching in their conduct even in the face of certain disasters and death to themselves. Perhaps no other people would have calmly submitted to such painful endurances, as they had done, or no other people would have proved so faithful and true. These qualities, or characteristics may have arisen from their having been a distinct race, whose virtues were many, and whose vices (if they had any) were intrinsically their own. They were a peculiar people, whose ideas and idiosyncrasies were confined to themselves. They were a separate tribe, who manifested a natural zeal for brave and daring deeds, and who were eminently successful in achieving them. But, to their credit be it said, that the same traits of character cleaved to them, when, in after ages, their services were demanded and given in

defence of their sovereign and country. Possessed of remarkable powers of endurance, their loyalty and fidelity rendered them mighty and valuable allies in fighting their country's battles, and in defending their national liberties and constitution. In this respect, every quarter of the world will bear ample testimony, and every siege and battle-field in which British soldiers were engaged received their *eclat* chiefly through the instrumentality of this people's dauntless bravery. What would the consequences have been in the Peninsular War? what in Egypt and India? and what in the Crimea had it not been for our Highland regiments? Yet after all, the very fates seem to have conspired against this brave and hardy race. Years have rolled on years, and centuries over centuries, since the Highlanders have, in some shape or other become the victims of harassing endurances. They have had frequently to pine under the dire afflictions of famine and want. Not many years have elapsed since it was necessary to appeal to the national sympathy for the means of sustaining the lives of thousands in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and the appeal was munificently responded to throughout every part of the United Kingdom.

Various causes combined together to bring such unfortunate results to pass. The elements of Nature appeared to have been working together in a manner adverse to the temporal interests of this gallant people. For example, the inclement seasons of 1836-7, and of 1846-7, reduced them to the most abject state of destitution—a state which required a series of years to enable them to rally once more, and to get hold of something like their former position. But the chief cause of this lamentable depression had arisen from an unfortunate policy on the part of many of the Highland proprietors, in contracting the tenements of land held by the great bulk of the population, and in huddling them together in small crofts and patches of land, too limited for their support. The natural tendency of this policy was, either to chain the hapless families down to abject poverty, or to expatriate them, to find more comfortable homes in the distant colonies. The population of the Highlands may be classified into three distinct sections. These are, the owners of the soil, the extensive sheep farmers, and the most numerous of all, the peasantry, or small crofters and cottars. Of the latter class, the crofters hold but very limited tenements, while the cottars, particularly in the Western Isles, have no land at all. How well would it be for the Highlands and Islands if all the landed proprietors were to act on the noble principle of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland! He is using his munificent means, and his mighty energies, to undo on his extensive domains the effects of the imprudent policy adopted by some of his ancestors, and he will eventually enjoy his reward. But not so, alas! with several others.

Every patriot, whether clerical or lay, must feel an absorbing interest in the real well-being of their native land. This arises from no sentimental love of country, but is a feeling founded on genuine Christian principles. It has been well expressed by an eminent Highland divine, when he said—"We do love the mountains, and the lakes, and the woodlands of our native land; and these are associated in our minds by many tender and subduing recollections. But, perhaps, the most subduing of

them all are those which carry our thoughts to other, and to distant climes, where so many of the companions of our youth, and of the friends of our childhood are now located. We gaze upon the land of our birth, as we would on the countenance of a loved and dying parent. The features remain the same; but the cold hand of death is passing over them, and the spirit which animated them is about to depart. All the bold outlines of our country's scenery remain unchanged; but under a relentless mandate the silence of death is fast passing over them. Yes, under a merciless and mercenary policy many a once happy vale has already ceased to be the abode of living men. And thus it is that our thoughts are at this moment almost as vividly directed to the sunny plains of Australia, and to the sombre forests of Canada, as they are to the green glens of Argyle, or the lonely Hebridean Isles!" No sight can be more sad to the eyes of the Highland philanthropist than to traverse those desolated glens and to behold, here and there, the *larachs* of once social and happy dwellings, all dilapidated and clad with nettles and foxglove—melancholy mementos of ancient joyful homes!

It is worthy of observation that the imprudent policy which has led to all this is neither of a temporary nature nor of recent origin. It has existed for ages, and has taken a deep, and it is to be feared, a lasting root. Hence it is that the procuring of a remedy, if at all within the range of possibility, is a matter for grave and anxious deliberation. The unfortunate change which has thus been effected in the social condition of the Highlands is the radical evil which has operated against the amelioration or improvement of that condition. The Highlanders have not now within themselves the means, or the instrumentalities whereby they may expect to be raised, but very partially, in the scale of sacred and secular knowledge. Preachers and teachers possessing a thorough acquaintance with the Gaelic language, the mother tongue of the Highlanders, are become "few and far between." This is to be deplored, but not to be wondered at, under the system of management so long practised, particularly under that portion of the system wherein the Gaelic is not only neglected, but, frequently, is utterly despised by the better classes of the community themselves. Many of our Highland families in the present day, whose ancestors were as ignorant of the English language as of Hindostanee or Persian, are actuated by a sort of fashion, or perhaps rather of a false pride, by which they are led to suppose that to know, or to speak, Gaelic is derogatory to their respectability. Hence the younger branches of the household are strictly watched, and warned under the penalty of a smart castigation, against uttering one vocable of the despised tongue! It is not considered genteel to do so, as it contaminates, forsooth, their English accent, and gives a peculiar Celtic twang to the tone of their speech. The same ridiculous principle has frequently been acted on by schoolmasters in the Highlands, who, instead of giving instruction in that language, utterly excluded it from their schools. It was quite a common thing on entering one of these schools to hear a boy address the master, and cry out, "Hector Beaton is speaking Gaelic here." Poor Hector is dragged up to the teacher's desk, and pleading guilty, receives at once a dozen of sharp "pandies" for his crime!

Now, the result of all this is, that without doubt the Gaelic language

is on the decline in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Whether this fact be a matter of regret or otherwise, is not the subject presently under consideration. Yet, it is a fact, that the Gaelic, like those who speak it, has become compressed into bounds far less extensive than in former ages. But, on the other hand, it has not declined to an extent that supersedes the necessity not only of its being preached, but likewise the necessity of giving preaching in that language a predominant place in our Highland parishes. The Gaelic is still dear to the majority of the people in our mountains and glens. It is the language that cheers their hearts—the language that conveys the final blessing of dying parents to their dutiful offspring—the language that raises their souls in devout aspirations to the living God; and the language which alone comes home to their minds with enchanting power!

It is true that the Gaelic has given way in the Highlands, and that to an extent which renders it a difficult problem to maintain it where it is as yet required. It has given way among the higher and more fashionable classes of society, as already alluded to, while it exists in full power among the lower classes; and in spite of all innovations and changes is likely to do so, for at least a century to come. Then the question is, are these lower classes, which constitute the great bulk of our Highland population, to be left uneducated in that language alone through which moral and religious instruction can possibly be conveyed to them? Can such be permitted by our churches, as well as by such influential parties as have the welfare of a brave and loyal people at heart? Can it be permitted in a highly privileged nation, and beyond the middle of the nineteenth century, that a distinct race of people, numbering hundreds of thousands, should remain unable to read the Word of God in their own language, and should be denied the privilege of listening to a purely preached gospel in that language? The remedy is not easily provided, as the means for obtaining it have been allowed, in a great measure, to pass away. By means of the recent Government School Act, teachers are virtually precluded from imparting a knowledge of the Gaelic in public schools. Although not actually forbidden to do it, more than they are to teach Dutch or German, yet they are not paid for it, and no provision is made for such teaching. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that teachers will devote their time and attention to what is not demanded of them, and to what forms no part of their code of instruction. Besides, in most of our public schools, teachers are already appointed, and the great majority of that useful class of men have no knowledge of Gaelic themselves, and cannot, in consequence, impart that knowledge to their pupils. Hence it arises that three important classes of our Highland community are left in ignorance of a language which, notwithstanding its tendency to decay, is still a language which comes home with a mighty power, and with a pleasing charm to the hearts of our Highland population. The three classes alluded to are, the preachers, the teachers, and the families of our Gaelic parishes. The preachers of the gospel in our Highland districts have but little encouragement, and still less the means for qualifying themselves for their sacred office, and for expounding to the people in their native tongue the marvellous scheme of redemption. Possessed only perhaps of a meagre provincial knowledge of Gaelic, orally

acquired in whatever district may have been their birthplace, they go blundering and stammering through their uncouth addresses, regardless of the idiom, grammar, and beautiful structure of the language, and thereby eliciting the smiles of the heedless, as well as the sorrow of the pious and devout. The second class to which reference has been made, consists of the teachers, most of whom are not Gaelic-speaking men, and such as are, may justly be put into the same catalogue with the preachers as parties who did not themselves receive regular instruction in the Celtic tongue, and who, accordingly, are not sufficiently qualified to teach it to others. In regard, however, to these two classes, there are many honourable exceptions, as in each may be found men possessed of a profound and critical knowledge of this beautiful and ancient tongue. The third class consists of the families of our Gaelic parishes. To them their mother tongue is precious, and although they may speak it, and that fluently, yet they are unable to read it, having never been instructed. The Word of God is in consequence, to many parents and children in the Highlands, a sealed book, as they never received an opportunity of perusing it, in the language which is to them the most congenial of all, to enlighten their minds, and to impress their conscience. The teaching of Gaelic alone is not advocated, as such a course would not be either prudent nor profitable where the English language is gaining ground; but the teaching of Gaelic and English together, and at the same time, is both reasonable and proper. Let the one language explain the other, and thus the reciprocal progress made in both would eventually confer on the pupils, of all classes, a correct knowledge of both languages. On the other hand, that knowledge would be no burden, but a benefit. It would be no bar in the way of improvement, but the very opposite. It would expand the faculties of the mind, and verify the old adage, that "two languages are easily carried about."

Under existing circumstances, therefore, the most availing, and perhaps the only effectual remedy for the deficiencies complained of, particularly as to Highland ministers and teachers would be, what is now looming in the distance, and yet is not very distant, the endowment of a Celtic Chair in one of our universities. Such a provision for Celtic literature is made on the Continent, and now at Oxford. In the same way provision is made in Cambridge for instruction in the Welsh language, while the same is made in Maynooth for the Irish; and why is good old Scotland with its Highlands and Islands in this manner utterly neglected? We have, however, one Celtic philanthropist, one genuine admirer of Celtic lore! Yes, we Highlanders feel proud of having such an earnest devoted champion as Professor Blackie! He is the great defender and fosterer of our mountain tongue, and has all but succeeded, by his indefatigable labours, in conferring upon it the honour of an academical position in Scotland. Although himself of Saxon blood, yet the Celts are dear to him, as a race of peculiar origin, and the teeming beauties of their primitive language are the joy of his heart. Who knows better than he the Celtic fundamental particles on which the classic languages of ancient Greece and Rome were reared, and who can trace with such enthusiastic precision the close kindred relationship that subsists between these languages, as does our energetic and learned friend? It is to be hoped that the worthy gentle-

man may be spared to see, for many years, the increasing efficiency of a Celtic professor in the University of Edinburgh—a professor conducting his classes, not solely in the digging up of dry philological roots, but likewise in the reading, and spelling, and writing of our Scottish Gaelic, according to its beautiful grammatical structure, and its authorised standard.

Such then are some of the adverse circumstances against which our Highlands and Highlanders have to contend. The incessant changes in the ownership of property, the disappearance of not a few of our ancient Highland lairds, who stood as the patrons and guardians of their people—and the passing of their estates and farms into the hands of wealthy *Sasunnachs*, who bear more love to their grouse and deer than to human flesh and blood—are matters that tell depressingly on the well-being, and even on the existence of our Highland population. These superiors, however good and worthy in themselves, and many of them are so, have no natural congeniality with a people widely differing from them in manners, and customs, and language. On the other hand, even some of our Highland landlords, owing to perpetual absence from their estates, have become so much amalgamated with the aristocracy of the sister kingdom that they have almost become one with themselves. It is true that some vestiges of our Highland songs and music still exist as remnants, or rather as specimens, of what prevailed in our country in the days of yore. A learned divine well versed in Gaelic lore, has said—"We have, it is true, our days of pageantry and of poetry; and the inference may be drawn, that the days of Celtic enthusiasm have not passed away; but, alas! our days of poetry are short. Our young chiefs may love to assume the patronymics of their ancestors, and a retinue of plaided vassals may at times be pleasing to the eye; but what then? Those young chiefs, though I know that there are honourable exceptions, remind me of the grotesque structures which we sometimes meet with, exhibiting an order of architecture without, and another within. Externally they are as Highland as buckles and belts can make them; but internally as Saxon in all their views, and tastes, and feelings, as if they had never trode a heatherbell under foot, or breathed the pure air of our mountains."

A desire to be a Highlander, at least in outward form is frequently entertained by gentlemen from England, who have procured either landed properties or shooting ranges in old Scotland. These have no concern for the interests of the depressed natives of our Highland hills and dales. Generally speaking, they have neither sympathy for them, nor any apathetic feelings against them, simply because they never inquired into their social circumstances, or made themselves acquainted with their history and merits. Yet these scions of nobility desire to be looked upon as Highlanders in the Highlands, at least in so far as the external paraphernalia of the Highland costume are concerned. With rigid punctiliousness they procure every article which "The Garb of old Gaul" can claim, according to the dress-lists of Logan, Brown, Skene, and others. Thus equipped, they march the streets, and wander over mountains and moors, apparently quite delighted with themselves and possessing no ordinary degree of self-conceit. Most of these, however, are destitute of the "bone and sinew," and of the genuine "beau ideal" of real and true sons of the

mountains. It may be said of them, that they are, in the words of the bard :—

Le casan càol, cròm, cuàgach, càm,
'S le claignibh greannach, falamh, fàs ;
'S le làmhaibh diblidh 'ghiulan lànn,
Is soirbh do'n nàmh 'sam bi iad 's às.

Le breacan 's féile tha na sùinn,
Ma's fior iad fein, ro làidir, trènn ;
'S leòir cuigeil caillich air an drùim,
Gu'n rùag gu bras air falbh gu léir !

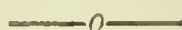
But we have still some noble specimens of Highland chiefs, such as *Mac Chailein Mhoir*, the Duke of Argyle; the Duke of Sutherland; *Mac Mhuraich*, Cluny; *Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh*, Lochiel; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Lovat; Tulloch ; and several others. It is therefore to be hoped that these, and many more, may prove themselves able and willing to sympathise with our Highlanders in their various perplexities, that they may still cherish a tender regard to their best interests, and that they may use their utmost endeavours once more to raise this loyal and patriotic race of men in the scale of social and domestic happiness.

ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

"ABERNESS."—In answer to many enquiries, and to protect posterity from the far-fetched and infantile Philological and Topographical deductions of a "D. C." or "Thomas" of the future ; and at the same time to save our successors, a thousand years hence, from an elaborate proof, founded on this word, unearthed from an early number of the *Celtic Magazine* discovered in the Advocate's Library or British Museum of the day, that Inverness was at one time a Welsh colony, we beg to inform our readers and posterity that the proprietor of the "Aberness Hotel" coined the word from *Aber*, the *mouth*, or confluence of a River, and *Ness*, the name of our noble and silvery stream. *Aber*, he says, is as purely Gaelic as *Inver*, and means the *mouth*, from the word *Abair*—to speak. *Aberness* therefore is simply *Inverness* in another garb.

GAELIC SOCIETY ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.—It will be seen by reference to another column that this Annual Gathering of the Clans will be held in the Music Hall on the Thursday evening of the Great Inverness Wool Fair—the 13th July. Professor Blackie, the present Chief of the Society, will occupy the Chair, supported, as is usual on these occasions, by many of our Highland Chiefs and aristocracy. We have no hesitation in promising those attending a real Celtic treat.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?



O Liberty! thou art a phantom wan,
When hounds usurp what God designed for man.

Mountains! mountains! ye courtiers old of heav'n.
Reft of your sons ye lonely fathers stand,
Mourning for evermore the heroes driv'n,
By stern Oppression from their native land:
Ye everlasting monuments of blood!
I stand on crags where warriors have stood,
Tell me why ye in sorrow darkling gloom?
Tell me why ye in mists your crests entomb?
The mountains trembling shake, and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my dauntless men?

Torrents! torrents! ye minstrels of the clouds,
Unanswered now ye pour death's saddest lays;
Wailing for ever, grief your beauty shrouds,
Deep your lament for other happy days:
Ye ever-sounding messengers of woe,
I listen to your solemn music flow;
Tell me why ye are tuned to sing despair?
Tell me why ye those tearful dirges bear?
The torrents paler grow and whisper then,—
Where are my sons? Where are my plaided men?

Valleys! valleys! ye verdant shrines of peace,
Silence unbroken broods your fields among,
Cold desolation makes your gloom increase,
No voices break your sleep with joyous song:
Ye mountain-guarded sepulchres of death,
I tread with joyless heart your waving heath;
Tell me why ye are lone and smileless now?
Tell me why wild flow'rs o'er your bosoms grow?
The rank grass weirdly waves and whispers then,—
Where are my sons: Where! Where! my mighty men?

Ruins! ruins! ye histories of fate,
Accusers still of bloody-handed foes,
Emblems of tyranny insatiate,
Of Wrong's vile laws, of dark Eviction's woes:
Ye murder-marked remains of happiness,
I wander mid your eerie loneliness;
Tell me why ye are roofless, wrecked and dead?
Tell me why ghostly forms still round ye tread?
The moss-grown stones in sadness whisper then,—
Gone are my sons! Gone! Gone! the noble men:

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

Correspondence.

THE CYMRY IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SUNDERLAND, June 1876.

SIR,—In the June number of the *Celtic Magazine* there was a very interesting paper by Dr Stratton, the object of which was to prove that the Picts were Celts and not Goths, and of the Gaelic branch of the Celts and not of the Cymric or Welsh. Having given some attention to this subject I may be allowed to say I am inclined to differ with the writer, and that for the following among other reasons :—

A considerable number of names of places in that part of Scotland which the Picts formerly occupied, extending from the Firth of Forth to the Moray Firth, along the east side of the island, up to the Grampian water-shed, are easily explainable even by modern Welsh, whereas they do not seem to be Gaelic at all, at least I have not been able to resolve them into that language.

I could instance some scores of such names did your limited space permit, but, perhaps, a few will suffice.

First, then, take twenty places in Angus :—Craigowl Hill (Welsh, craig uchel, high rock) ; Fintry (ffin tre, prosperous village) ; Monikie (mon y ci, the dog's point) ; Carmylie (caer mygol, smoking or reeking fort) ; Benvie (ben ffe, outer hill) ; Lochlee, the pass in the Grampians through which the North Esk flows, (lloch lle, covert place) ; the conspicuous hill of Kinforny (cyn ffor nef, the head of the hollow pass) ; Newtyle, among the Sidlaw Hills (new tyle, new croft, toft, or field) ; Arbirlot (ar ber llud, close, compact, short-ridged, arable land) ; the river Dean flowing through the heart of the beautiful plain of Strathmore (dein, charming) ; Tannadice, a place hilly or rather mountainous, but where gold is said to lie beneath, one spot being called the golden craig (tanodd isg, under the surface) ; Lundie, where there are four small lakes (llyn dy, lake dwelling) ; Gourdie (gwrdd dy, the stout or valiant man's house) ; Pittendriech (pid yn drych, looking-glass well) ; Lethendy (lleithian dy, damp house) ; Estandy (ystaen dy, painted house) ; Dronely (tron elwch, circle or court of joy) ; Kinblethmont (cyn blwth mwnt, top of the gusty or windy mount) ; Kinnordy (cyn oer dy, cold house topping) ; Baldowrie (bal dwyre, eastern hill).

Next, other twenty in Kincardine :—Nigg, a sort of peninsula at the mouth of the Dee (neg, straightened) ; Durries or Durris, a parish rising from the banks of the Dee to the top of the Grampians (dyres, stairs, terraces) ; Cairn Monearn, one of the Grampians (carn mon eirian, shining isolated hill) ; Mount Battock, one of the Eastern Grampians (the mountain of the young boar ; Welsh, baedd og) ; Banchory Ternan (bangor y taranon, the

high circle, seminary or college of the thunderer); Fordoun (ffor dwn, the dark pass); Fettercairn (ffetur carn, wild oat cairn); Gannachie, on the North Esk, where the river is hemmed in by tremendous rocks (gan y chwip, the mortice or cut of the rapid); Balfour (bal ffwrch, forked or bifuercated hill); Monboddo (mon boddu, agreeable or pleasing hill standing by itself); Fiddes (ffedus, exposed, open); Inchmarlo (ynys marliad, marly island); Ardo (arddu, very black); Balmakewan (bal ma cwyn, the hill of weeping); Kerloch Hill (caer lloch, fort of refuge); Auchbinies (awch banwes, the ridge of the farrow cow); Cutty Hillock, where the road from Brechin to Deeside branches off to Banchory and Huntly (cyd y ceiliog, moorcock junction); Dalledies (dal lledu, widening or spreading dale); Drumlethie (trum lledw, broad ridge); and Drumtoughty (trum toedig, covered ridge).

The pass of Bollitar in Aberdeenshire, which forms the eastern entrance into the Grampian Mountains, seems to be the Welsh Bol y tardd, gorge of the vent or issue. Bol is *bealach* in Gaelic, and tardd, *toradh*, but the latter word is used only in the sense of fruit or produce, effect or results.

Forbes, on the Don, I am inclined to explain as ffor bas, the shallow ford; Monymusk as mon y mwsg, mossy point; Putachie, as pwt awchi, a sharp push; Kintore as cyn tor, boss head; Half-forest as hel fforest, holm park; Noth as noeth, naked, bare, exposed; Cairney as carned, a heap of stones; Monquhitter as mon chwydd wyr, extensive swelling heath; Drumblade as trum bleidd, wolf's hill; Auchterless as awch tir lles, the limit of the good land; Tyrie, as tyriad, heaping, piling up; Pitsligo as pyd ys llygod, the mouse well, or pyd ys llygad, the well eye; Aberdour on the Moray Firth, as aber dwr, the water foot.

The cave of Cowshaven, among the rocks on the coast, to the bottom of which it is said nobody has ever penetrated, may be cw ys hafu, the cavern at or near the harbour.

The ancient Castle of Dundargue, overhanging the boisterous surge, may have been originally Dun darguch, frowning castle.

The hill of Mormond, near Fraserburgh, from which there is a fine prospect, mor mund, sea hill.

The river Rathen, flowing through rich haughs, rhath afon, the river of the open plain or clearing.

Crimond, rising almost perpendicularly from the shore, crimp mund, sharp ridge hill.

Ellon, at a turn of the Ythan, elin, angle, elbow.

Rosehearty—Welsh, rhos hwrddiog, rams' meadow, meadow appropriated to rams.

Banchory-Davenick, ban chor y da ffynach, the high court of the two monks.

Abergeldy, aber gell dwr, the mouth of the dun water.

The mountain of Corryhabbie, cor y hab, the circle of fortune or good luck.

Cairngorm, Welsh, carn gwrm, Gaelic *carn gorm*, the azure rock.

Where the Cymric and Gaelic forms are nearly identical, there being only a dialectic difference, as in the last words, and in many others that might be quoted, the former is assimilated to the latter in the names of places—very naturally. Where the Gaelic has no corresponding word to the Cymric, the latter usually remains unchanged or nearly so, so as to be still pure Welsh, after the lapse of ten centuries.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

THE FAITH OF OSSIAN.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—On reading the article on the "Faith of Ossian" in your impression of last month, it at once brought to my recollection what I read some sixty years ago in a *then* old magazine. The magazine was published when the Ossianic Controversy was hot; when the Irish laid claim to the nativity of the bard—for, at that time, the Irish published some poems which they maintained were Ossian's. The proof given in the article I read was, that these poems could not be genuine, as in all the poems of Ossian as published by us there was not one single allusion to a Deity from first to last, whereas the Irish, in what they called, "Urnaighe Ossian," or Ossian's Prayer (but which is more of a theological discussion with St Patrick than a prayer), showed that their Ossian had an idea of a Deity, a heaven, and hell; but from such ideas I know most people would say, "Good Lord deliver us."

I know it made such an impression on me that, even now, at this distance of time, I recollect every word of it as well as when I read it. It ran as follows:—

Ge de t'aite do Iutharna fein,
A Phadruig a leughas an Scoil,
Nach eil cho math ri *Flaitheanas* Dhe,
Na faithead ann feidh 'us coin.

The translation given was exactly,

What part of hell itself
Thou Padrig of great learning,
But is as good as the Heaven of God
If there are therein deer and dogs.

I have no doubt proof of the truth of the above is to be found in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.—Yours truly,

COLIN M'CALLUM.

FOREST GATE, ESSEX.

GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON, K.C.B.,

COLONEL 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

—o—

CHAPTER XVII.

IN continuing an outline of the operations by Britain during the twenty-two years of hostilities with France and her allies, and with which the subject of our memoir is so inseparably connected, we arrive now at what may be termed the beginning of the Peninsular War. A few words as to its causes.

The King of Portugal having refused to enforce the "Berlin Decree" against Britain, Napoleon determined to attack that country; and that he might be aided by Spain, he promised that part of Portugal would be added to it.

The French Marshal Junot took possession of Lisbon (November 1807) with a large force, upon which the Prince Regent and thousands of its inhabitants fled to the Brazils, and thereupon Napoleon was able to proclaim that "the monarchy of Portugal had ceased to reign." No sooner was Bonaparte in possession of Portugal than, through the treachery of the Spanish Minister (Godoz), he was able to turn his arms against that country, while General Murat was sent to occupy Madrid with a French division. The imbecile King of Spain was induced to renounce his throne in favour of Napoleon's brother Joseph for a pension and a palace in Navarre.

England having traded with Portugal (1808) on amicable terms for more than a century, considered her ally entitled to protection. It was therefore agreed to make an effort to expel the French from the country. Spain up to this time had been a willing agent in the French occupation of Portugal, to which, although a neighbour, she bore no love; but when Napoleon's soldiers commenced to shed the blood of Spaniards in the streets of Madrid, an insurrection broke forth; their patriotism took fire, and war to the knife against the aggressors was proclaimed all over the kingdom. This established an identity of interests between Spain and Portugal, and a scheme was laid down for the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. The amount of the British contingent for this object was 20,000, of which the first division was dispatched to Lisbon in July, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He landed at Mondego Bay, and marched towards Lisbon, but had not proceeded far when he was met by Marshal Junot at Roleca, determined to drive Wellesley into the sea, which feat he was unable to accomplish, for after a conflict of a few hours Junot's generals were beaten back. The Rifle Brigade led the way, followed by the 29th and 9th the latter two losing their colonels. The encounter was a desparate one.*

* In this the first fight of the Peninsular War, two Lochaber gentlemen, Ferrad, Major John Cameron of the Ceillchcuna family, commanded a wing of the 9th Regimont, and Captain Alex. Cameron had a company in the Rifles. The first died a Lieut. General, K.C.B., and the second a Major-General and K.C.B.

Wellesley continued his forward progress with an augmented force (1809) now numbering some 17,000 strong. He was posted at the village of Vimiera, where Marshal Junot came with all his disposable forces (about 20,000). Victory again favoured Sir Arthur. The French were completely routed. The British commander was bent upon pursuit to the gates of Lisbon, but was interdicted by Sir Hew Dalrymple, who entered into negotiations with Junot, and allowed him, with his Frenchmen, to evacuate the country. Sir Arthur Wellesley was not pleased at this interference and obtained leave to return home. The enemy was cleared out of Portugal for the time, and the British took possession of Lisbon.

Chapter XVIII.

Soon after the battle of Vimiera Sir John Moore was appointed to the command of 20,000 men destined to co-operate with the Spaniards in driving the French from the north of Spain. Of this force the 79th and other Highland regiments formed a part. This period closed the services of Colonel Cameron as a regimental officer, the appointment of Commandant of Lisbon, together with the rank of Brigadier, having been conferred on him. His personal command of the regiment therefore ceased, after fifteen years' unremitting and unwearied zeal, sharing its every privation; *and his almost paternal care for his native Highlanders, had never permitted him to be absent from their head.* He finally resigned the command of the regiment into the hands of his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Philips Cameron.*

Moore's plans for the campaign were well conceived. He advanced into Spain, but could get no assistance from its Government, nor was there any reliable information respecting the enemy attainable. The Spanish troops were beaten and dispersed by the French. Meanwhile Napoleon himself had entered Spain at the head of some chosen troops, so that, including those under Soult, their number would amount together to more than a quarter of a million. Bonaparte went to seek Moore that "he might drive the English leopards into the sea." Owing to false intelligence which Moore received from Mr Frere (formerly the British Minister at Madrid) he advanced with his diminutive force, in hopes that he might attack and separate Soult's force from Napoleon's, but Soult had withdrawn. Moore, now apprehensive of being surrounded, commenced a retreat. Napoleon was at his heels with 70,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 guns; and so near was he that, at one time, he could descry the British rear. Fortunately the career of this ruthless invader was checked before he could come up with the devoted band of British soldiers retreating before him. He received news that his arms in Austria had encountered reverses, which he considered could only be repaired by his own presence, and he accordingly turned with the best part of his force towards that country, leaving the pursuit of Moore to Marshal Soult. The story of the retreat on Corunna during that wintry month of January 1809, and the sufferings experienced by the army, together with the fall of its illustrious commander at the subsequent battle, are too familiar to require repetition.

* Historical Record, page 20 (Jamieson's).

The 42d and 50th were eminently distinguished. Sir John Moore went up to the one and bade them to "remember Egypt," and the other he approved by—"Well done Fiftieth." The 79th under Lieutenant-Colonel Philips Cameron, and the 92d under Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, were in the brigade of General Fraser, "a fine specimen of an open generous Highland chieftain, a good soldier, with plain common sense, whom everybody loved."* The British—or rather the remnant left from the retreat and the fight—embarked for England the same evening, and left Spain, for a season, a prey to the French.

Chapter XIX.

General Cameron, who had been relieved as Commandant of Lisbon by General Sir John Craddock, was advancing towards Spain with a reinforcement to Moore's army when he was placed in a most critical position by the unexpected retreat on Corunna. Nevertheless he succeeded in conducting his force back to Lisbon, undergoing great difficulties from the nature of the country, and the inclemency of the weather. It was considerably augumented by the stragglers from Moore's army, collected, as they went along. For this act of perseverance General Cameron received the acknowledgments and personal thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. The preservation of so large a number of men under the circumstances was fortunate, inasmuch that after the delay of a week Sir John Craddock, with them and those at Lisbon, was able to be of considerable assistance to Wellington on his return to Portugal.†

After the Battle of Corunna, Soult set forward with the design of seizing Oporto and so advancing upon Lisbon, in which object he had the aid of Generals Victor and Lapisse. The resistance of Oporto was slight, and the French soldiers took advantage of the tumult prevailing by indulging in indiscriminate plunder. Soult, in the first place, announced by proclamation that he was the representative of the French Emperor; and that he intended to afford them just laws and personal liberty. Finally, he assured them that the hour of their deliverance from the bondage of England had arrived, and invited them to place confidence in him. Such was the state of the Peninsula when the British Government decided on making another effort to clear it of its invaders. The chief command was conferred on Sir Arthur Wellesley, who arrived in Lisbon in April. A force under the direction of Sir John Craddock had previously moved from the capital towards the imprisoned city of Oporto, in which body General Cameron commanded a brigade, consisting of the 79th, 83d, and 95th regiments. Sir Arthur overtook this body at Coimbra, and immediately set about dislodging Soult from Oporto. His army amounted to 20,000, six thousand of whom were allotted to act as a separate corps under Marshal Beresford; Generals Hill and Cotton, with brigades, were directed towards it by way of Aveira, and Generals Sherbrooke and Cameron by Ovar; while the chief himself, and the remainder took another route. All arrived at the rendezvous as designed, but found that

* Stocquler's History of the British army—London 1854.

† Annual Register for 1828.

as the bridge for crossing the Douro had been destroyed, and every boat removed, it became no easy matter to effect a passage. This difficulty was shortly removed by Colonel Waters finding, at some distance higher up, a small boat, and standing near it, the prior of a convent, and three peasants. He prevailed upon these to row him across. The deed was a daring one, for the patrols of the enemy passed to and fro constantly. Colonel Waters returned with the peasants, and four barges, into which General Paget and three companies of Buffs threw themselves. The French were surprised, became confused, and before they scarcely realized the state of matters the British force had crossed; and soon after they were pursuing Soult out of Oporto. The slaughter was great, for a panic had evidently fallen upon them. The enemy was not far advanced when head-quarters were established in the house which Soult had so recently occupied, and Sir Arthur and his staff partook of the dinner which had been prepared for the French Marshal.*

The British now entered Spain to form a junction with the Spanish forces, but the condition of the latter was so miserable that no dependence could be placed on their co-operation. Both were in position before Talavera, when two French *corps d'armée* (Victor's and Sebastian's) attacked them with the utmost fury. The Spaniards, from the nature of the ground, were nearly out of harm's way, so that the weight of the combat fell entirely on the British. The battle occupied two days (27th and 28th July), and is reckoned to have been the best contested during the war. The French lost 7000 killed and wounded, and the British upwards of 5000. The victory gained Sir Arthur the title of Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Writing to his friend, Mr Huskisson of the Treasury, he says "We have gained a great and glorious victory, which has proved to the French that they are not the first military nation in the world;"† also adding that nearly every one of the generals were seriously wounded. And in his despatch he says, "I have particularly to lament the loss of General Mackenzie, who had distinguished himself on the 27th ‡

Brigadier Cameron is included among the general officers mentioned, as "meriting the Commander-in-Chief's unqualified praise for their gallantry during the contest." Cameron had three horses killed under him—two on the first, and one on the second, day, and he himself was twice wounded—severely on the 28th.

(To be Continued).

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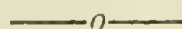
* The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative, vol. I. (Colburn, London).

† Greenwood's Select Despatches, Nos. 296 and 315.

‡ General Mackenzie had commanded the 78th, and will be recognised in the North as of "Suddie" (Ross-shire). A monument is in St Paul's to his memory.

GAELIC SONGS.



THERE are certain varieties of music which may be described as belonging peculiarly to the Highlands of Scotland. The bagpipe stirs up the enthusiaism when it sounds the *war cry*, enlivens the spirit when it plays the *quick step*, and when it peals the wail of the *lament* the effect is sad and mournful. The fiddle is the only instrument equal to elicit the exhilarating turns of reel music. The harp, in its day, was the instrument for keeping time and tune to the voices of our fair Highland maidens when singing their songs in our Highland glens and valleys. It may be said that the first is the only one remaining now among the natives. The fiddle, the harp, and even msuical voices have almost disappeared, and undoubtedly the cause is, the depopulation of the country. The professional piper is as plentiful as ever He was the appendix of chiefs, chieftains, and other cadets, and not the chosen discourser of music in the habitations of the country people. They preferred the sprightly springs of the fiddle when intent on the dance; or if pouring forth the sweet melody of song, their choice accompaniment was unquestionably the *clarsach* (harp). If the art of printing has been slow in exhibiting itself in the northern portion of Scotland, that of music-printing has scarcely yet passed the bounds of the capital of the country. While there remained a succession of tenantry, with their *Seanachies*, bards, and minstrels, to perpetuate our Highland melodies, by transmission from one generation to another, we might feel no alarm for their safety, whether printed or not; but, desolate with desertion, and with the other consequences of cruel evictions, as our Highlands have now become, the notice which has appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* that the Gaelic Society of London were engaged in committing as many as they could gather of our Highland songs and melodies to print possessed much interest for their votaries. Although the inhabitants of the Highlands are now few and sparse, yet their offspring are found in multiplied numbers in the southern portion of the kingdom, in India, and in the American and Australian colonies. To these descendants a collection of the songs of their ancestors, arranged for modern musical instruments, with the words for the voice, cannot but be acceptable. This exordium, brief and imperfect as it is, on the importance of contributions to one of the most engaging sections of art, leads us to notice a rehearsal of some twenty of the songs in their forthcoming collection, which the Gaelic Society recently gave at a concert held in St George's Hall, London. The critics of the London and provincial press have already written of it, and in every instance gave favourable reviews of the beauties of the songs and melodies. Independently of the chroniclers of general information, we have it, in this communication, from a reliable source, that the Gaelic nativity and origin of the melodies, in an English dress, sung by professional artistes, and accompanied with the graces of appropriate symphonies by a skilled pianist, were unmistakable,

We will instance more particularly "Macrimmon's lament;" "Lullaby to the Infant Chief" *(Cadul gu lò)*; "Sad and Weary" *(gur trom trom a tha mi)*, rendered by Miss D'Alton with a pathos, which elicited well deserved applause. The dirge-like sound of the piano accompaniment to the first of these was as striking as that of the "Dead March in Saul," and had a most impressive effect. Miss Annie Sinclair gave the "Black Haired Laddie *(An gille dubh, ciar-dubh)* with her accustomed taste, and was acknowledged by the audience with general applause. Some reviewers gave special prominence to the "Boatman" *(Feara Bhata)*, sung by Miss Risley as soloist, while she was joined in the chorus by a trained choir of thirty voices, which aided her materially, and perhaps imparted a certain *gusto* to the song, and made it more effective than the others; yet in our opinion it did not possess the chaste melody of those already mentioned. Of those confided to the gentlemen singers, "The Melody of Love" *(Gur gile mo leannan)* was most tenderly sung by Mr Albert James; and almost equally so was "Young Mary so Fair" *(Mairi Bhan Og)*, rendered by Mr Arthur Thomas (who had the advantage of studying its air last year while on a pleasure trip in the Highlands); "Salute to Prince Charlie" *(Moch sa Mhadainn)* was delivered with an enthusiasm that would have delighted *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* (the author) himself. The humorous song of the evening, "The Martial Weaver" *(Bha Claidhean air Ian)* was well treated by Mr Weige. Others need not be specially mentioned. The concert on the whole was quite equal, in the estimation of those who have a taste for the plaintive sweetness of our Highland melodies, to any entertainment produced in London for many a day. There are plenty more where the melodies and songs came from, and a repetition of such a rehearsal will, we have no doubt, receive the patronage which the subject itself, and the patriotic and plucky action of the Gaelic Society of London, and its president, deserve in preserving our Highland melodies from oblivion. All patriotic Highlanders should save the Society from a financial loss, and so encourage them to another effort in the same direction by at once subscribing for the remaining copies of the "Songs and Melodies."

LITERATURE.

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THE GAELIC CLASS-BOOK. By GEORGE LAWSON GORDON, Halifax, N.S., *Published by the Author*, 1876.

IT is well known that strong exertions are being made to foster and support the Gaelic in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In almost all the Scottish towns, as well as in the metropolis of the kingdom, there are societies full of enthusiasm to preserve the manners and customs, as well as the music and language of the ancient Gael. It is almost unnecessary to allude here to the persevering and indefatigable zeal of Professor

Blackie to institute a Celtic Chair. That desirable object is all but attained, and indeed may now be looked upon as certain—and all this, by the inexhaustible energies of the learned gentleman alone. Had it not been for him, although of Saxon blood, that chair would never, perhaps, have been endowed. No one knows better than he, the great advantage of such a chair, not only to the philologist, but likewise to Highland preachers and teachers, and to all who love a language once spoken over the greater part of Europe, and a language which has stereotyped itself on the topography of these extensive regions. The Highlands and Islands are fully alive to the advantage of having instruction in Gaelic introduced into their schools, and to have it therein taught, hand in hand, with the English language. Strong representations have been made to the Legislature to alter the new educational code, in so far as to give countenance and support to the teaching of their vernacular tongue to Highland children. It may be interesting to know that this plan was advocated one hundred and thirty-five years ago by Mr Alexander Macdonald, *i.e.*, *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, the Gaelic Bard of Ardnamurchan. This distinguished poet and Gaelic scholar was born about the beginning of the eighteenth century, received a classical education, and was the first teacher employed by the Society in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge. At the request of the then Synod of Argyle, he prepared and published a Gaelic and English vocabulary, being the first of that kind that ever appeared. He dedicated his work in 1741 to his patron Society, and in his preface he said:—

"The instruction of the youth in the English language is thought necessary to promote the charitable purpose of this Society, and to make those, who can speak only Gaelic, more useful members in the Commonwealth; and it is certain that if this were to be carried on by teaching from books entirely English, without any mixture of the mother tongue, it would not be so speedily got done.

"I know that by your orders we, your schoolmasters, are not to carry our scholars forward in reading, but as they understand what they read in English; and most reasonable it is; but then 'tis a great task both to master and scholars, and takes long time; whereas, we can oblige our scholars to get these vocables by heart, as is done in Latin schools, which will very much further them in their progress, and also spread the English language through the country, and make those young ones more useful the sooner, as servants at home, and also when they come abroad to the Lowlands, and be employed in the navy, or army, or in any other service in the Commonwealth."

"It is well known that the method of teaching any language by books not written in people's own language, has been very uneasy to youth and discouraging to their endeavours in the prosecution of their studies; whereas a regular vocables (vocabulary) in both languages put in their hand is a great help, not only to the masters and the scholars themselves, but also to those with whom they converse, and it makes the English language to spread the more quickly. I, therefore, presume so far as to offer the following Gaelic-English vocabulary to your protection for the use of your schools."

These remarks by the poet and teacher of Ardnamurchan were sound and reasonable. His vocabulary was a work of acknowledged merit, and proved to be of great service in Highland schools. For a number of years thereafter, nothing appeared in print for the benefit of the Highlanders until the publication of the Gaelic Scriptures. Stewart's Gaelic grammar was the first deserving the name that issued from the press. Then as to dictionaries in that language, those of Armstrong and the Highland Society, with grammars prefixed, made their appearance. Soon thereafter the dictionaries compiled by Macleod and Dewar, as well as that by M'Alpin were given to the public, and all are works more or less creditable to their authors. In the same way two good Gaelic grammars were subsequently published by Munro and Forbes, which proved useful volumes to the acquirers of that language.

While the Gaelic is presently warmly cherished in many quarters of our country, and faithfully taught in some of our schools, it is pleasant to know that it is not neglected in our distant colonies. For the last few years Mr George Lawson Gordon, student in divinity, taught a class in Gaelic grammar and literature in the province of Nova Scotia, North America. It was with the view of benefitting his pupils there that this young gentleman thought of compiling "The Gaelic Class-Book" above alluded to. We respectfully think that the title which Mr Gordon has given to his book is entirely a misnomer. With unmerited modesty he calls his work "A Gaelic Class-Book," whereas he ought to have styled it by the more dignified title of "A complete Grammar of the Gaelic Language." This excellent and useful little volume the author has dedicated to "The Officers and Members of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia." We cannot speak of it in too high terms of commendation, as a concise, plain, and intelligible guide to every student desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the Gaelic language. Mr Gordon has been successful in presenting a complete system of Gaelic grammar, and that in the simplest possible forms. He has prudently avoided swelling his little volume with critical disquisitions and hair-splitting criticisms in regard to certain words and phrases of the language, which are calculated more to perplex than to instruct the Celtic student. His etymological classifications are very distinct and legitimate, while the different parts of speech are communicated with much distinctness, and impressed on the memory by a variety of plain and suitable exercises. The author has undoubtedly devoted a large amount of labour in investigating the subject of the different sections of his *multum in parvo*. The grammar is really a valuable work of the kind. It is a small volume which ought to be in the hands of every youth desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the mountain tongue, and of its beautiful structure. It is a book which should be acceptable, in a special manner, to all Highlanders, and one that is well fitted to rouse the interest and curiosity even of such persons as have not hitherto studied the language nor spoken it. A few errors have crept into the work, which are evidently to be laid to the charge of the printer, but which may be corrected in future editions. In one word, we strongly recommend the tiny volume before us to the favourable attention of all Highland ministers, teachers, and students; and wish it every success.

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The following are among the Contributors to the Magazine:—The Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN; The Very Rev. ULICK J. CANON BOURKE, M.R.I.A., President of St Jarlath's College, Tuam; CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, Esq., M.P.; P. HATELY WADDELL, LLD..; The "NETHER-LOCHABER" CORRESPONDENT of the *Inverness Courier;* The Rev. JOHN DARROCH, M.A., Portree; The Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, Lairg; Professor BLACKIE; Principal SHAIRP, St Andrews; ALEX. MACKENZIE, late Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness; ALEX. FRASER, Accountant, Inverness; The Rev. A. SINCLAIR, Kenmore; WM. ALLAN, Sunderland, author of "Heather Bells," "Hame-Spun Lilts," and other Poems; Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness; Dr CHARLES MACKAY, the poet; Dr THOMAS M'LAUCHLAN, Sheriff NICOLSON, WM. JOLLY, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools; ARCHIBALD FARQUHARSON, Tiree; H. GAIDOZ, editor of the *Revue Celtique*, Paris; The Rev. WALTER M'GILLIVRAY, D.D., Aberdeen; The Rev. A. C. SUTHERLAND, Strathbraan; KENNETH MURRAY, Esq. of Geanies; JOHN CAMERON MACPHEE, President of the Gaelic Society of London; D. R. WILLIAMSON, Maidenkirk; EVAN G. MACKENZIE, Inverness; MINNIE LITTLEJOHN, ALASTAIR OG, KNOCKFIN, and other well-known writers on Celtic subjects, Traditions, and Folk-lore.

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