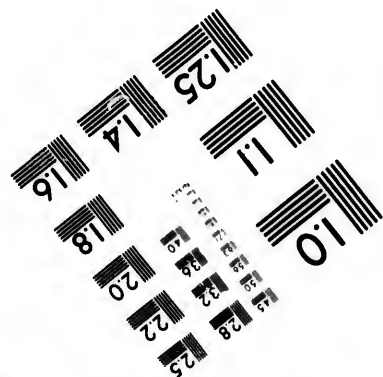
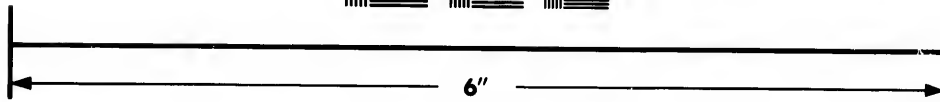
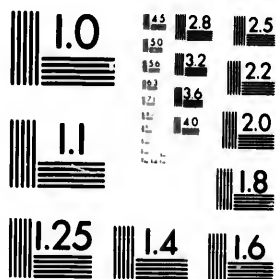


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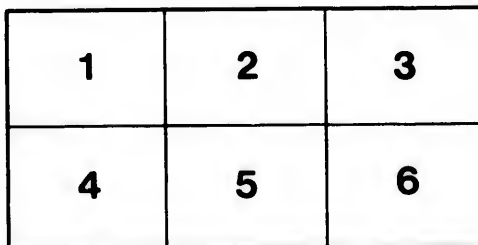
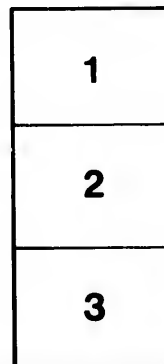
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LECTURE

DUNCAN MACARTHUR, ESQ.

CLAN STEWART, NO. 92, O.S.C.

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7

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER:

HIS ORIGIN, LITERATURE, LANGUAGE AND
GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

LECTURE

—DELIVERED BY—

DUNCAN MACARTHUR, ESQ.,

—UNDER THE AUSPICES OF—

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The Scottish Highlander :

HIS ORIGIN, LITERATURE, LANGUAGE AND
GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WORTHY CHIEF, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I have been asked to give you a short address on the subject of the Scottish Highlander, and I shall consider him briefly as to his origin, language, literature, and general characteristics, but before doing so I would like to express the pleasure I feel in being an Honorary member of Clan Stewart. I am in entire accord with the motives which prompted the organization of these Clans on this continent, and with objects which they all have in view. Our countrymen are celebrated for their tendency to emigrate to different parts of the world ; and they are to be found at the antipodes, under the burning sky of India, amidst the wilds of Africa, in this great Dominion and in the Republic which lies alongside of us—in short, almost everywhere, and as a matter of fact there are Scotsmen residing to-day within the Arctic circle and at certain seasons of the year they are to be found as far north as the shores of the Arctic sea.

Now some of the principal objects of Clan Stewart, and of similar organizations, is to unite Scotsmen into as close a bond of common brotherhood as possible, to establish a sick fund in case of sickness or accident, to provide a bequeathment fund in case of death, and to cultivate fond recollections of Scotland, including its history, traditions, customs, and amusements, and it may well be asked what worthier aims than these could any national organization have in view. We have here a number of social, prudential and sentimental elements, the blending of which should form a cement strong enough to bind our scattered countrymen into a common and lasting brotherhood ; and at the same time leave a permanent and beneficial impress upon their minds and lives. In my opinion these organizations supply a want which has long been felt, a want which they are well calculated to meet

adequately, and I hope that Scotsmen in all parts of the Dominion, and of the neighbouring Republic will rally round the standards which have been recently erected, not as the symbols of war and hate, but of peace, prosperity and good will.

In selecting the "Scottish Highlander" as the subject of a few remarks this evening, it must not be supposed that there is the least intention of ignoring, or underrating, the other great element of the population of Scotland which occupies the Southern part of the Kingdom, but quite the reverse. The population of Scotland is in two parts, having distinct origins, the Celtic and the Saxon, each of which has an illustrious history. It is true that in the course of centuries an extensive intermixture of the races has taken place, and it is very common to find men with Lowland names—Gladstone for instance—who have Celtic blood in their veins, and on the other hand men with Celtic names whose mothers have been Saxons,—an eminent example of the latter—selecting one of many—was Lord Macaulay. Still the general lines of demarcation, where no interfusion of blood has taken place, between the two races, are almost as distinct as the great Grampian range which intersects the country and which forms the natural boundary between the the Highlands and the Lowlands; and I would have liked very much to be able this evening to discuss the Lowlander at the same length as I shall discuss the Highlander, but as this is impossible I can only hope some other member of this Clan will be induced to give us, at no distant date, an address on the Scottish Lowlander, embracing his distinctive history, and the various phases of his character.

The descendants of the ancient Britons—who were mainly, if not wholly, of Celtic origin, and about whom we have heard so much—are now to be found in certain isolated parts of the United Kingdom. We find Celtic populations in Wales and Cornwall; we also find one in the Isle of Man. Ireland, which is largely Celtic now, was still more so at one time. In Scotland we find the Northern and more extensive part of the Kingdom chiefly occupied by a Celtic race; we also find the same race occupying the Hebrides or Western Isles—and these communities, along with the people of Brittany in France, constitute, so far as known, the only representatives of the early inhabitants of the British Isles.

The Celtic race, which is generally supposed to be of Eastern or Asiatic origin, and which is a branch of the great Aryan family of mankind, is undoubtedly one of the oldest historical races of Europe, and though it has been ascertained that a branch of this race, or more probably two, occupied

portions of England, Scotland and Ireland several centuries before the Christian era, the circumstances which led them westward, the routes which they followed, and the exact time of their arrival in these countries remain, and may always remain, unknown. It is probable, as I have just said, that two distinct branches of the Celtic race reached the shores of Great Britain and Ireland in remote times, perhaps at different times and from different quarters; one of which included the Cymric or Welsh, and the Cornish people, by the latter of whom Brittany in France was colonized in the fourth century; the other was the Gaelic or Erse people, who occupied North Britain, Ireland and the Isle of Man.

The Scottish Highlanders of the present day, are the descendants of the early Celts, or Caledonians or Picts as they have been variously named, of North Britain, and of the small colony of Dalriadic Scots who settled on the west coast of Scotland about the fifth century. A good deal has been written by antiquaries and ethnologists to show that the Caledonians came originally from Ireland, but no proof whatever has been forthcoming to establish this theory; on the contrary, many distinguished Gaelic scholars maintain that the Caledonians came either directly to North Britain or found their way there by passing through England. Nor is the theory, that the original Celtic inhabitants of the United Kingdom were driven to the extremities or more inaccessible parts of the country by foreign invasion, by any means established, for we find that when the Romans invaded Great Britain they found the Celtic people occupying nearly the same parts of the country which their descendants occupy at the present day. Doubtless a vast proportion of the Ancient Britons were, in the course of time, absorbed by intermarriage with the various races, Romans, Scandinavians, Danes and Saxons who made successive descents on the shores of Great Britain; otherwise the Celtic population of these Islands would at the present time be greater than it is, but it is still sufficiently great to make its influence felt, and acknowledged, in the literature, arts and sciences, in the moral and material progress, in the military achievements and in the Legislative Councils, of the Nation.

Having thus briefly indicated the origin of the Scottish Highlander, I shall now endeavor to give some account of his language, which is of high antiquity and great scientific interest. The Gaelic language, of which there are four dialects spoken in the United Kingdom at the present day, is one of several tongues which acknowledge the extinct Aryan speech as its parent. It is an extremely interesting and now

well ascertained fact that all the languages spoken to-day in Europe, with the exception of those of the Turks, the Magyars in Hungary, the Finns in Lapland and probably the Basques on the slopes of the Pyrenees, belong to one family—the Indo-European; not only so, but many of the languages of Asia, including those of Armenia, Afghanistan, Persia and Northern India, also belong to the same great family, the common parent of which, called the Aryan, has for thousands of years ceased to exist, and as an evidence of the high antiquity of this mother tongue, neither monument, history nor even tradition remains to give us any definite information about the people by whom it was originally spoken, or the geographical position which they occupied; but notwithstanding many organic differences in structure, the affinities of all the modern languages of Europe, with the exceptions I have mentioned, are such that no other conclusion can be come to than that they are descended from one common stock, and it is one of the greatest triumphs of science in our time that the philologist has been able, by slow and painstaking processes it is true, but all the more certainly on that account, to discover that nearly all the languages of Europe are in their essence and material structure, traceable to one great parent, whose original dwelling place is unknown, except that it was probably in Central Asia, and whose venerable form is shrouded by the mists of a primitive antiquity. Comparative philology is one of the most interesting and instructive of all the sciences, and its investigations and discoveries will well repay those who have the requisite time and inclination to study it. The Celtic language was probably the language of all the tribes who occupied Britain at the time of the first Roman invasion, and it is also probable that the two great dialects of it, the Gaelic and Cymric, were characterized by great differences even at that early time. There is a wonderful intractability, I had almost said clannishness, about the Gaelic language, considering that it is a full sister to the other languages of Europe. Owing to its peculiar organic structure it does not readily assimilate with other languages. During thirteen or fourteen hundred years the Cymric in Wales and the Gaelic in Scotland existed side by side with the Saxon or Gothic, and during that long period, comparatively few words have been adopted by the Celtic people from the Saxon vocabulary, and equally as few Celtic words have been adopted by the Saxons. As a recent writer on the subjects states, “the two languages have in no sense met and become one; there has been no chemical combination between the Gothic and Celtic elements but only more or less

of a mechanical intermixture." The tenacity of life which all languages possess, is nowhere better shown than by the fact that the Gaelic tongue, although encroached on year after year by the English, is still spoken by hundreds of thousands of Scottish Highlanders, and by the descendants of a large number of Highlanders who emigrated to various parts of the world in modern times. If it is doomed to extinction, as we must believe, it will die hard, and the endowment of a Gaelic chair in the University of Edinburgh, a few years ago, under the incumbency of Professor Blackie, himself an accomplished and enthusiastic Gaelic scholar, will not hasten its dissolution but probably preserve it in existence for many generations to come.

The transition from the Gaelic language to Gaelic literature is a natural one. The subject is large and most interesting. The oldest manuscripts extant in the United Kingdom to-day are Celtic, some of them, it is maintained, were written in the second century. A considerable number are in the possession of the Highland Society, including the celebrated Dean of Lismore's book. A number are in the Advocates Library in Edinburgh, a few are in the Harleian Library and a few are in the Bodeleian Library at Oxford. A large number are in Trinity College, Dublin, and a considerable and growing collection is in the British Museum. In addition to this many M.S.S. are still in private hands. Whilst it is doubtful that the claim to such a high antiquity as the second century can be upheld, there is no doubt that the great mass of these Celtic M.S.S. are very old, many of them having been written soon after the arrival of St Columba in Scotland, about the beginning of the sixth century; and when we consider the rude and warlike times in which they were produced, the absence of suitable depositories, the various mutations, accidents, and chances of destruction to which they were exposed, to say nothing of the gnawing and incisive tooth of time, it is a wonder that so many are still left, and we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that in the palmy days of Gaelic literature, probably from the sixth to the eighth century, when Scotland was a Gaelic Kingdom, ruled by Gaelic kings, the mass of its literature must have been very great, and but for the unfortunate circumstance that Edward I. during one of his raids into Scotland, carried away all national muniments, for which his successor afterwards paid dearly at Bannockburn, we should probably have a much larger collection at the present day.

There can be no doubt that the introduction of Christianity into Scotland by St. Ninian, about the end of the fourth

century, and its wide-spread propagation by St. Columba about the middle of the sixth century, gave a great and beneficial stimulus to Gaelic literature, and it is no wonder that the little and lonely Isle of Iona, "on which St. Columba founded his religious establishments, and which at that time and for some centuries afterwards was the centre, not only of religious zeal and effort, but also of intellectual activity in Scotland, has claimed the interest of all succeeding ages," and we may well agree with the remarks of a distinguished writer, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, when he says, quoting and improving Dr. Johnson's remarks, that "that illustrious island, which once was the luminary of the Caledonian regions, still awakens feelings in the minds of every thoughtful visitor such as no other Scottish locality can give birth to, unless a Scotsman might be pardoned if he associates with it—not the plain of Marathon—but the field of Bannockburn."

Although the remains of Celtic literature which have been handed down to us are not so numerous or bulky as the literary remains of many other nations, they are valuable as showing the sentiments of the people of those ancient times, their culture, their modes of life, their occupations and the civil and ecclesiastical polities under which they lived. They carry us back to a time before the patriarchal system of chiefs and clans existed, before the feudal system was adopted or rather imposed—when Scotland was a Celtic kingdom, with a well organized government which was administered by Kings, Marmors and Toisechs. The subjects treated in them are various—Theology, Metaphysics, Philology, Medicine, Poetry and Astrology; and as Dr. McLachlan, a distinguished Gaelic scholar, speaking of that period says, "the nation was by no means in such a state of barbarism as some writers would lead us to expect. They had Gaelic terms to express the most abstract ideas in metaphysics; they had legal forms—for we have a formal legal charter of lands, written in Gaelic. They had medical men of skill and acquirements; they had writers on law and theology, and they had men skilled in architecture and sculpture."

A large proportion of the ancient Gaelic literature was in the form of poetry, much of it, if not most, being of the heroic kind; and the custodians, and in many instances, the authors of this poetry were the Bards, who were also musicians; consequently poetry and music went hand in hand, and from the close connection between these arts it may not be out of place to refer briefly to the music of the Scottish Highlands. Dr. McLachlan, whom I have just quoted, says: "The Gaelic music was peculiarly quaint and pathetic, irre-

gular, and moving on with the most singular intervals; the movement is still self-contained and impressive—to the Celt eminently so." It is not generally recognized that Scottish music has been derived from the Gaelic race. The same writer says further that "the Scottish Lowland music so much and so deservedly admired, is a legacy from the Celtic music throughout; there is nothing in it which it holds in common with any Saxon race in existence. The airs to which "Scots wha hae," "Auld lang syne," "Roy's wife," and "Ye banks and braes," are sung, are airs to which nothing similar can be found in England; they are Scottish and only Scottish; and can be recognized as such at once, but airs of a precisely similar character can be found among all Celtic races."

Much as the scenery of a country has to do in moulding the character of a people, I am inclined to think that its influence is inferior to that of a country's songs and that there is much truth in the saying, attributed to Fletcher of Salton—"Give me the making of a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws." It is a curious fact that the Scottish Highlanders never took kindly to the Psalm tunes which were introduced after the reformation, and which are still in use in Scotland. I do not know that they are much to be blamed for this, for many of them are lugubrious enough. They, however, made a selection of some half dozen tunes and sang them after a fashion of their own. The principal notes of the old tunes are retained, but they are sung with so many variations, that the tune in its new dress can scarcely be recognized. Speaking of these tunes a Scottish minister says that "sung on a Communion Sabbath by a crowd of worshippers on the green sward of a Highland valley 'Old Dundee' is incomparable, and exercises over the Highland mind a powerful influence." Of the many elective affinities of the human mind, the one which selects out of a mass of sacred or other music the elements which are most in accordance with an inherited or an organic taste, is not the least interesting. And now a word about the national musical instrument of Scotland. It is the fashion amongst some people to decry bagpipe music, but it must be remembered that Mendelsshon was not one of these, for when he visited the Highlands he was so impressed with it that he afterwards introduced a portion of a pibroch into one of his finest compositions. The bagpipe is not merely the national instrument of Scotland. It is said to be the only national instrument in Europe. It is true that it is not adapted for the execution of certain melodies, such as "Home, sweet home," or "The last rose of

summer," but for military music it is adapted in the highest degree. To quote the words of an able writer,—“Even Highlanders will allow that it is not the quietest of instruments; but when far from their mountain home what sounds however melodious, can thrill round their hearts like one burst of their native pipe. It talks to them of home and of the past, and brings before them, on the burning plains of India or amidst the world renowned snows of Canada, the wild highland glens and oft frequented streams of Caledonia. Need it be said to how many fields of victory and danger its proud strains have led; there is not a battle field honorable to Britain on which its war-blast has not sounded. When every other instrument has been hushed by the confusion and carnage of the scene it has been borne into the thick of battle, and far on in advance, its bleeding but devoted bearer, sinking on the earth, has sounded at once encouragement to his countrymen and his own coronach.”

I come now to speak of some of the personal characteristics of the Highlander. Eminent amongst these are his ardent attachment to his kith and kin, his love for his native land, his courteous manners and hospitality, his manly independence, his honor and fidelity, his courage and coolness in the hour of danger, and his contempt of death. In common with other mountaineers, but perhaps to a greater degree, the Scottish Highlander is imbued, both at home and abroad, with an intense love of his country; this sentiment never leaves him, never weakens or decays. It is an abiding passion during life, and ends only with his death. It is therefore no wonder that when called to emigrate, either from choice or by necessity, his heart should be rung with throes which never cease to be felt so long as that heart continues to beat.

The Highlander's spirit of independence is shown throughout the whole course of his history, and is nowhere better exemplified than in his early struggles with the Romans. The speech which Tacitus puts into the mouth of Gaius on the eve of the momentous battle of the Grampians, and which in substance, if not in form, is no doubt authentic, breathes the very essence of national independence and liberty. Gaius, addressing the Caledonians, says,—“Let us therefore dare like men. We are all summoned by the great call of Nature; not only those who know the value of liberty, but even such as think life on any terms the dearest blessing; and shall not we, unconquered and undebased by slavery; a nation ever free, and struggling now, not to recover but to ensure our liberties; shall we not go forth the champions of our

country. Shall we not, by one great effort, show the Romans that we are the people whom Caledonia has reserved to be assertors of the public weal. All that can inspire the human heart, every motive that can incite us to deeds of valour, is on our side. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors; and let us, each man, remember that upon his sword depends the fate of all prosperity."

Galcagus may be regarded as a prototype of Wallace and Bruce, and it would almost seem as if the echo of his address to the Caledonians was in the ears of Burns when he wrote his great national ode. The comparison is close between the sentiments of Galcagus and those expressed in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The Caledonians according to Tacitus, were defeated in the battle which followed, but they were not conquered; their haughty spirit was unbroken, and notwithstanding the many and vigorous efforts made by the Romans to subdue them during the remaining 300 years of their occupation of Britain, they signally failed to do so, and hence the occasion of the poet's lines on the Scottish thistle

Triumphant be the thistle, still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild, on freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the Tyrants of the world
And Roman eagles left unconquered foes.

The thistle was not, however, at that time or for many centuries afterwards the national emblem of Scotland. The legend runs that it was instrumental in betraying to the garrison of Slains, the stealthy approach, under cover of night, of an army of cruel-hearted Danes. The castle moat was dry and over-grown with thistles which pierced the naked feet of the ghost-like multitude, whose cries of pain, as they were on the point of effecting an entry, alarmed the garrison and frustrated the execution of their design. The event cannot be better described than in the poet's words:

"Each clansman started from his couch and armed him for the fight,
As eagles on avenging wings from proud Ben Lomond's crest
Swoop fiercely down, and dash to earth the spoilers of their nest;
As lions bound upon their prey, or as the burning tide
Sweeps onward with resistless might, from some volcano's side,
So rushed the gallant band of Scots—the garrison of Slains
Upon the tigers of the sea, the carnage loving Danes.
Claymore and battleaxe, and spear were steeped in slaughter's flood,
While every thistle in the moat was splashed with erinon blood.
In memory of that awful night, the thistle's hardy grace,
Was chosen as the emblem meet of Albion's dauntless race;
And never since in battle's storm, by land or on the sea
Has Scotland's honour tarnished been, God grant it ne'er may be."

It is perhaps worthy of mention that the defeat of the Caledonians at the battle of the Grampians was mainly owing to the tactics of the mercenaries in the service of Rome, whose swords were sharpened to a point whilst the swords of the Highlanders were not so sharpened. The former fought with the point, and the latter, with the edge of the sword; and, by the way, it is a curious fact, not generally known, that the disaster at Culloden was partly owing to the tactics of the Duke of Cumberland, who when lying with his forces at Aberdeen during the winter of 1745, took pains to instruct his troops how to receive the terrible onslaught of the Highlanders, with the point of the bayonet. It was the custom of the Highlander at the commencement of an engagement to discharge his firearms, and throwing them away, to rely on his strong right arm and broadsword for victory, and he uniformly followed this course in fighting. Cumberland's men were trained to receive the Highlander's charge with a newly devised thrust of the bayonet, of which they had no previous experience, and for which they were not prepared, and this was one of the causes which lost them the day.

The deep attachment of the Highlander to his friends and his unrelenting enmity towards his foes are proverbial and are two of his most marked characteristics. As a rule he never turns his back on friend or foe. The well known story of the Highland Chief, who when dying was exhorted to forgive his enemies if he hoped to be forgiven, and could only do so by transferring his deep and hereditary hate to his son, with injunctions to wreak speedy and signal vengeance on his enemy, is a good illustration of the Highlander's hatred.

There are some phlegmatic races whose passions seem to run on a dead level and seldom rise to exalted and ennobling sentiments on the one hand, or fall much below the line of tame propriety on the other, but the Highlanders are not one of these; their love is ardent and their hate intense. Their attachment to their relatives and friends, which is nowhere better or more beautifully exemplified than in the devotion of children to their parents, and to each other, and in the respect shown to the aged, is sometimes called "clannishness;" it would not, however, be a bad thing if this spirit were to become more wide-spread, not only amongst the Highlanders but amongst all other races. But, whilst the Highlander is clannish, he is at the same time generous to a fault and hospitable to all. His guests, no matter whether they be acquaintances or strangers, are treated with the utmost cordiality and bounty; nothing is too good for them. His entire resources are laid under contribution to serve

them, and the welcome they receive is not the welcome of an hour but of days or weeks if need be. It is in short a welcome from the heart—a real Highland welcome.

Speaking of the honour and fidelity of this race, there is perhaps no higher illustration of these qualities in the history of any people than that shown in the protection which was given to Charles Edward after the battle of Culloden, when he was compelled to wander as an outcast in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland—a protection which was given always at the risk, and sometimes at the expense of life. With a reward of thirty thousand pounds upon his head, this illustrious but ill-fated prince spent months amongst the Highlanders, being personally known to hundreds of them, without ever running the slightest risk of being betrayed. The noble spirit of the Highlander contemned the reward and despised the motives which prompted it. If revenge is sweet to the outraged feelings of the mountaineer, the price of blood is an abomination to him. Nor was it men alone, but women also, who evinced these noble feelings; and there is no greater honour on the head of any woman that which rests on the heroic and self-sacrificing Flora Macdonald, who as is well known, took her life and reputation in hand, when she set forth to guide her prince, through hair-breath escapes, to a place of safety.

Probably the most distinguished characteristics of the Scottish Highlander, are his courage, endurance, coolness in the hour of danger, and his contempt of death. History furnishes many instances of these qualities, both in civil and military life; but I can only in the short time at my disposal, make mention of a few of them. Such of you as remember the Crimean war will recall the thrill of emotion which passed through the entire British nation when the news of the repulse of the Russian cavalry on the heights of Balaclava by the Highland Brigade under the command of Sir Colin Campbell, was announced. The "Times" correspondent, who witnessed the action, says, "The Russians in one grand line charge on towards Balaclava; the ground flies beneath their horses feet; gathering speed at every stride they dash on toward that thin red streak tipped with the line of steel. As the Russians come within 600 yards down goes that line of steel in front and out rings a volley of minnie musketry; the distance is too great; the Russians are not checked but still sweep onwards through the smoke with the whole force of horse and men. With breathless suspense everyone in the valley waits the bursting of that wave on the line of Gaelic rock, but ere they came within 200 yards another deadly

volley flashes from the levelled rifles and carries terror into the Russians; they wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. Brave Highlanders! Well done! shout the spectators. But events thicken, the Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten. Men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep; the ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of those Muscovite cavaliers."

Take another instance, when the mutiny broke out in India, the British forces in that country amounted to a mere handful of men, and it devolved upon Sir Henry Havelock to take such measures as would best protect the British residents and hold the country in subjection until adequate reinforcements should arrive. His entire force consisted of a light field battery, a portion of the 1st Madras Fusileers, the 64th regiment and the 78th Highlanders; with this force, numbering a little over 1800 men, and a few Sikhs, he set out under the most intense heat, and the monsoon having shortly afterwards set in, rain fell in torrents, rendering the whole county one vast morass—to retake Cawnpore and rescue Lucknow. He encountered and defeated the rebels at Futteh-pore and at Aherwa from which place Havelock wrote in his dispatches to the War office, as follows,—“The opportunity had now arrived for which I had long and ardently waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. The guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet well entrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and have never witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the bagpipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled; the village was taken and the guns captured. During the course of this action General Havelock exclaimed, “Well done, 78th! You shall be my own regiment. Another charge like that will win the day.” Another and a bloodier charge followed and the day was won. Addressing the officers of the 78th at the close of this action, General Havelock said,—“Gentlemen, I am glad of having this opportunity of saying a few words to you, which you may repeat to your men. I am now upwards of sixty years old. I have been forty years in the service. I have been engaged in action about seven and twenty times, but in the whole of my career

I have never seen any regiment behave better; nay more, I have never seen any behave so well as the 78th Highlanders this day. I am proud of you, and if ever I have the good luck to be made Major General, the first thing I shall do will be to go to the Duke of Cambridge and request that when my time arrives for the colonelcy of a regiment I may have the 78th Highlanders. And this, gentlemen, you hear from a man who is not in the habit of saying more than he means. I am not a Highlander, but I wish I was one." To come down to the present day, General Lord Roberts was recently, on the occasion of his resigning the Indian command, entertained at a farewell dinner, when he paid the following splendid tribute to the heroism of the Highlanders. He said,—speaking on this occasion and in this company, I think I may venture to express my personal admiration for the kilted warriors of the North. Never shall I forget the 93rd Highlanders at Sikunder Bagh, or the 72nd Highlanders at Piewar Kotul, or 92nd Highlanders at Candahar. Nor shall I forget the advance in the line of the 42nd, 75th and 93rd Highlanders going straight for the enemy's battery at Cawnpore. It was a splendid sight—one of the most heart-stirring military spectacles I have ever beheld." It would be an easy matter to multiply instances of the courage and endurance of the Scottish Highlanders, and to dwell on many other characteristics which I have not even alluded to, but I have already trespassed too much on your patience, and I shall now draw rapidly to a close.

The Scottish Highlands, the physical features of which have been epitomised by Sir Walter Scott in his well known lines

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
Land of the mountain and the flood."

although beautiful and romantic, and eminently adapted to produce a hardy and heroic race, are not extensive in point of geographical area, and they are still less so in point of productive space, such as would sustain a large population, and I am sorry to say that the land which is available for the support of man is still being reduced by the establishment of deer forests for the sport of the rich, thus affording a sad illustration of the poet's complaint, when he speaks of "a country where wealth accumulates and men decay." Hence immigration to foreign lands and dependencies of the empire set in at an early date, and still continues; and it is not improbable that at the present day, there are many times more Highlanders, or people of Highland descent, abroad than there are at home. The wild independence which they

enjoyed, and the rude warfare in which they were engaged in the past, may have been the means of fitting them for the battle of life in the wider spheres in which they are found to-day.

The characteristics which I have referred to, if preserved in their integrity, will be invaluable to them in every land in which they are scattered, and in every occupation in which they are engaged. As Crolly says of Edmund Burke, when the latter arose in his might to combat the destructive spirit of democracy which was awakened by the French Revolution, "Burke arose. His whole life had been an unconscious preparation for the moment." So should I like to say and believe, that the whole past career of the Scottish Highlander, has been an unconscious, but a very thorough, preparation for the world-wide career which now lies before him; and it is a matter of gratification that in this comparatively new career the old animosities which prevailed between clan and clan are buried never to be revived, in the remembrance of a common blood, a common nationality and common characteristics. Many of the standards around which the Highlanders were called upon to rally in the past, will never again be raised. The fiery cross will never again be borne, as a call to arms, from glen to glen, and the beacon will never again be lighted upon the mountain tops, either as a signal or as a warning of internecine feud, but there may still be occasions to rally round new and common standards, and who will venture to limit the possibilities of daring and doing which may lie within the bosom of a grand confederacy of the Highland Clans, scattered though they may be, or the power for good which may be contained within the organization of this new and natural commonwealth.

I have unbounded faith that the Highlanders' future history will neither belie nor belittle his record in the past. I believe that he will ever be found on the side of civil and religious liberty, on the side of patriotism, on the side of true progress, on the side of all the finer sentiment and aspirations of human nature, and that should the occasion again come, as it may, to seal his testimony with his blood, whether at the call of patriotism or at the call of principle or in any other just cause, his courage will be as conspicuous, his sword as keen and his arm as strong as of yore, and that he will in such event reflect continued credit on the land which gave him or his forefathers birth; a land which has long been famous in song and story, and which has been well described in native phrase as "Tir na Beinn na Gleann S'na Gaisgeach."



