

THE BREADALBANE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

It having been resolved to celebrate and commemorate Annually, the Visit of her Majesty to the Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle by means of periodical competitions in Highland Games, a society for this purpose was recently instituted under the title of the Kenmore Meeting, whose first gathering took place on Thursday last, the 7th of September, being the anniversary of the day on which the Queen and Prince Albert became the guests of Lord and Lady Breadalbane. It is right that an event so novel and interesting should have a yearly remembrance ; and it appears to us that none can be more fitting than a competition in the sports and pastimes that are peculiar to the scene of the Sovereign's visit, and which all classes of the people may take pleasure, and which will help to preserve the manly spirit and athletic accomplishments for which the Scottish Highlanders have ever been famous. The Kenmore Meeting is appropriately presided over by Lord Breadalbane as Patron, and has for President Sir Neil Menzies, and for Vice-Presidents Mr. Maule, Glenfalloch, Mr. Butter of Faskally, Mr. Menzies of Chesthill, Mr. Bowie Campbell of Clochfoildich, &c. ; and we shall now endeavour to present an account of its maiden effort, which we may at once remark was attended by complete success — the games being engaged in, and contested, with great spirit, and the whole arrangements, under the guidance and direction of Mr. Manie, perfect and admirable.

After making a visit to the Falls of Moness on Thursday morning, and enjoying a superb Highland breakfast in the Breadalbane Arms Inn at Aberfeldy, we went on to Kenmore, and on driving into the square of the village about eleven o'clock, found ourselves in the midst of a Babylonish confusion of horses, carriages, gigs, and vehicles of every conceivable description, and of human beings of all ages, sex and condition, from whom was issuing an endless stream of conflicting speech, in shapes of genuine Gaelic, lowland Scotch, and pure English undefiled, from the lips of Southron strangers, of whom a goodly number were present, attracted from all parts of the Highlands to witness the day's proceedings. The usually quiet little village of Kenmore, which, at ordinary times, and in the summer and autumn months, is a picture of rural peacefulness and beauty, was then all bustle, and tumult, and eager expectation, and approached as nearly as may be to the morning of its prototype, when the hum and noise of thousands broke in upon its solitude. There was then too the same striking and effective mixture of dress among the throng — the Lowland garb and the Highland costume, the fashionably dressed lady and the humbly attired dame and lass, some part of whose "gear" bespoke the country of tartans. To the east of the Inn, and on the road leading to the Bridge across the Loch, the Breadalbane Highlanders, wearing sprigs of the bay myrtle in their bonnets, who had formed the Queen's Body-Guard on the same day last year, were being marshalled and arranged ; and about twenty minutes before noon, these men, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, were marched in front of the Inn, from a window of which Mr. Maule briefly addressed a few words to the intending competitors as to their conduct on the field of battle, telling every man to have his ears open, so as to be in readiness when called, and all to do their best.

All preliminaries having been adjusted, and the Pipers prepared to lead the van, the Highlanders were put in motion — one body, who were fully armed with sword, dirk, and shield, taking the lead — a more numerous body, without sword or other weapon, being in the centre — and the Breadalbane deer-beaters, with coats and kilts of shepherd tartan, bringing up the rear. The Kenmore or west gate, leading to the grounds of Taymouth, was then thrown open — the bagpipes screamed forth their piercing music — and the whole multitude in the square, amounting to several thousands, pressed forwards. The first notes of the bagpipes had hardly awoken the echoes in Drummond Hill, when the "rude throats" of a park of heavy artillery, that were planted on an eminence immediately overlooking the ground on which the games were to take place, thundered forth a salute in rapid and equal succession, and drew responsive reverberations from the neighbouring mountains. This part of the proceedings was under the superintendence and direction

of Captain Satroustequi, Military Secretary of the Breadalbane Guard, who managed it most admirably. But what a crush is going on at the gate! The impatient multitude seem fearful lest the delay of a minute should cause the loss of the expected amusements of the day, and push and strive for ingress as though the avenging angel were behind them, or as if they sought escape from some deadly and imminent peril. However, we shall take it easy. To borrow a phrase from one of the characters sketched by the author of Peter Priggins, there are "lots of time," and in the grounds of Taymouth there is room enough and to spare for many thousands more than are here to-day, large as the gathering is.

Well, we are through the gate at last ; and we have not proceeded far when we notice a very needful preparation in the shape of a large booth or tent, erected by Walker, the landlord of the inn at Kenmore, where edibles and potables may be had, if not for love, at least for money ; and we predicate that ere the day is over the demand will be fully equal to the supply, for this Highland air is an irresistible provocative to the appetite, and that scorching sun, which excites a profuse perspiration from every pore, will soon render an appeal to bottled porter, or diluted mountain dew, positively unavoidable, and make one or both of them a real luxury, let Father Mathew say what he will. We shall make a descent upon Walker's booth anon, but meanwhile let us move on, and see how matters look on the principal scene of action. Here we are, then, on the battle-ground on which are to be fought some stout contests, and the Highland athletes are to display their skill and vigour. The ground is an oblong circle, shaven smooth, and rolled, and nearly level, and is fenced round by thick iron wire fixed on strong posts. It lies on the south side of the road leading to the Castle, and is within five minutes walk of Kenmore. Flags are planted all around the circle, and the Royal Banner waves from the summit of the eminence immediately adjacent, from which the "mortal engines," who counterfeit the thunders of the king of the gods have recently spoken a noisy welcome. This eminence is thinly wooded on the top, but its slopes are bare ; and as it runs along the whole south east side of the competing ground, it presents excellent facilities for enabling all easily to surrey the sports. On the brow of this eminence, and overlooking the centre of the circle, is erected a magnificent Stand, consisting of three gothic archings, which is formed entirely of heather, at least such as its covering, which is close and equal, as though it were built of stone. Two crowns surmount the centre, and it is otherwise ornamented by handsome devices, while it also carries the family flag of the noble Marquess, for whose accommodation, and the accommodation of his guests and Visitors, it is designed. It is very beautiful — is it not? It is of goodly size, and the seats are laid with cushions, covered with the Breadalbane tartan. This, then, is the scene of the Royal games, and a lovelier spot, or one better adapted for the purpose, could not be desired.

The Highlanders are now drawn up in the centre of the circle – Mr. Maule, Glenfalloch, Chesthill, Faskally, and other gentlemen, standing in front uncovered, while the Pipers play the Royal salute, and are followed by an excellent Brass Band, which is composed of musicians belonging to the district. While the music is pealing, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, and a numerous array of distinguished visitors – "fair women and brave men" appear in the Stand ; and when the salute is finished, the large multitude, signalled by Mr. Maule, "make the welkin ring" with repeated cheers for "The Queen and the Ladies," and scarfs, handkerchiefs, and bonnets, wave cheerily in the untroubled sunlight. The Highlanders are now drawn without the circle, being ranged along the outer side, and preparations are made for beginning the games.

Ere the games commence, however, let us take another glance at the view spread out before us. Last year, we had the pleasure of taking the reader over the same scene, and we shall not at present, therefore, enter upon any particular description of it. From the brow of the eminence on which we are reclining, we look far up Loch Tay, on either side of which are hills, and valleys, and woods, and corn fields, and waving grain, tipped with the golden colour of an auspicious autumn, and ripe almost to an abundant harvest. More near, is the beautiful scenery around Kenmore, and in the

Castle grounds, among which prominently stands Drummond Hill, whose countless trees begin also to acknowledge the influence of the autumn time ; and to the left are the Kenmore bills, irregular in height, and varied in aspect ; and over all is a flood of as brilliant sunshine as ever lighted up a harvest day in Scotland.

“And then the sun shone gloriously,
“ “ “ “ and hill and river,
Were catching upon wave and tree,
The arrows from his subtle quiver.”

A scene it is, indeed, of singular and various beauty, combining the grand, the picturesque, and the lovely, and the finest attributes of Highland scenery. A day it is, too, in which the mere animal sense of existence is fraught with exquisite pleasure, and in which,

“The wandering harmonics of earth and sky.”

Exercise their soothing and subtle influence with peculiar power, and penetrate both to heart and brain. Ever and anon the hot and sleepy air is slightly stirred by a gentle, and hardly perceptible, wind, which falls warm and soft upon the cheek as though it came from the source of life, or from a more favoured and brighter clime, and which brings along with it, from wood and field, a grateful and pleasant smell.

“Sweet as the perfume of the lips we love.”

No persons possessed of the slightest sense of the beautiful, or who has a drop of the poetical ichor in his composition, could fail to worship the genius of the scene, or to acknowledge the potency of the spell that is over it. And now let us cast our eye for a moment on the living throng that fills up a portion of this imposing picture.

The crowd around the circle, and lining the slopes of the hill, must number, we should think, five or six thousand, and, as we have already said, they are of almost every age and degree. There is youth and age, poverty and wealth, the peer and the peasant, the accomplished and the intellectual, and those who “live and never think.” Tartans and warlike accoutrements flash and sparkle in all directions, and strikingly contrast with the calm and sober attire of such as ourselves, whose limbs no kilt has ever circled. There is the rustling of silks and satins, and of the humbler materials which lowly toil dons on a holiday, and an infinite variety of countenance which tells us of an equal variety of tastes, character, and dispositions, and in which the strongly marked lineaments of the Gael present an unmistakeable contrast to the softer and less angular features of their lowland countrymen. In the centre, and towards the back of the heather Stand, is Lord Breadalbane, attired in a costly Highland dress, glittering with gold and gems, which, in other times, might have formed a prince's ransom. A glance at the well-knit and muscular frame of the noble Marquess will tell that his days are not spent in luxurious idleness, or in enervating pleasures, but mostly in healthful and active exercise among his native mountains. His Lordship looks pleased and gratified, and seems fully to enjoy the scene. There are many bright and lovely faces around, radiant with youth and beauty, or mellow with the ripeness of maturity. Here, at the upper end of the front seat, is the Marchioness of Breadalbane, on whose chaste and delicate beauty a long course of ill health has fixed traces, which, while they shadow its brightness, serve also to make it more touching. The classic outline of features is still there – the small and delicately shaped head, and an eye whose light is clear and pure as the flame of a diamond. There, too, is Mrs Maule, good, gentle, and kind, an ornament to her sex, and the brightest jewel in her husband's crown. Among others, we notice several of our county ladies ; and we are glad to see once more the open, frank, and ingenuous countenance of our old friend, Mr. Arthur Kinnaird, whose young and amiable bride is at this moment whispering something into the

ear of her husband with a bright and happy look. There, too, is Lord Kinnaird, and his amiable and beautiful Lady. But we must not linger longer among these bewitching faces, else we shall probably have no account to render of the principal business of the day. The following is a list of the distinguished company who attended the games, most of whom were also guests at the Castle :—

The Earl and Countess of Sefton.
Lord and Lady Kinnaird.
The Right Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Maule.
Lord and Lady Galway.
The Earl of Lauderdale.
Lord Castlereagh.
Le Vicomte d'Arincourt.
Right Honourable Charles Shaw Lefevre, Speaker of the House of Commons,
The Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Dundas.
Honourable Arthur and Mrs. Kinnaird.
The Honourable E. G. Stanley.
Sir P. M. Thriepland.
Sir Neil and Lady Menzies.
Sir Alexander Campbell.
Colonel and Lady Harriet Lane.
Colonel and Miss Ferguson.
Mr. Mrs. and Miss Baillie.
----- Warrender, Esq.
----- Greenfell, Esq.
Captain Seymour.
Andrew Rutherford, Esq. M.P.
Mr. Ponsonby.
Captain B. Martin. R.N.
Captain and Mrs. Houston Stewart.
P. M. Stewart. Esq. M.P.
Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Glenfalloch.
Mr and Mrs. Campbell, Boreland.
Mr and Mrs. Bowie Campbell of Clochfoildich.
John Menzies, Esq. of Chesthill.
Archibald Butter, Esq. of Faskally.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Killiechase.
Lady Moncrieffe and party.
Mr. Walker. Kinnell, and party.
Mr. Place of Auchessan.
--- Robertson, Esq. Aberdeenshire.
--- Orred, Esq. Dunkeld.

Let us see now what is going on in the circle. There is Mr. Maule superintending, directing, and acting as Commander in Chief. Mr. Maule is the prime and all-present agent in the days proceedings, and his clear, ringing voice is ever and anon heard directing or stimulating the competitors, or proclaiming the issue of each trial. He is evidently in high health and spirits. His look is bold, open, and careless as ever. Opposition does not appear to have soured his temper. There is here no sign nor symptom of discontent to mark loss of office, or the defeated politician, nor of the fretful and anxious look that is borne of political life, in its changeful and troubled waters. There is here, on the contrary, a buoyancy of spirit, and a self-sustaining determination, that are happier gifts than the noble fortune to which he is heir, and which "the tricks of fortune" will never be able to subdue.

Here, too, is Glenfalloch, unchanged in his look of frank sociality and good humour, along with Chesthill, Faskally, and Mr. Bowie Campbell, as pretty a looking Highlander as you could wish to see, and many others. And here, also, is another countenance that we think we should know. What? surely we are mistaken? No, not a bit. Here is our excellent friend, the City Clerk, Mr. Reid (the Marquess's law agent), in full Highland costume — the peaceful man of law, who is not accustomed to wield a heavier or sharper weapon than a grey goose quill (or, mayhap, some of the patent metallics,) transformed into a warlike-looking Highlander, equipped with sword, dirk, and all things else befitting. And a very good Highlander he assuredly makes. Clean-limbed, sinewy, and well-proportioned, he well becomes the kilt, and among all these kilted men, does no discredit to the Fair City, Lord Breadalbane's Secretary, Mr. Wyllie, his Lordship's Factor, and others, are moving about, assisting the proceedings in some form or another. Mr. Armstrong, the active and efficient secretary of the Society, stands ready with book and pen, and the Games begin by the Pibroch Competition.

A Piper in the Highlands is "no small fish," and the Piper who it now strutting slowly to and fro, and grinding the music out of his instrument, is obviously fully impressed with a sense of the importance of his vocation, and of the contest in which he is engaged, How "big" he looks! Mark his consequential air, as, "with stately step and slow," like the tread of a Monarch, he marches to the measure of his music! Not professing much skill in this species of music, we shall leave the Pipers to the care of more experienced judges, and while each is striving to carry off the palm, apply our attention to the other games.

The first Piper has "blown his blast," and then begins the competition for Putting the Stone, which is of the weight of twenty-two pounds. The competitors, seven in number, strip to the kilt and shirt, and the first who is called to make trial of his strength and skill is John M'Donald, of the Breadalbane Arms, Aberfeldy. A stalwart fellow is John, is he not? Six feet two, we should say, If he is an inch, with bulk (without fat) in proportion. John steps back a couple of paces, poises the stone, and, with a rapid leap, hurls the missile through the air. A capital throw it is. which we hardly think will be excelled Thirty-one feet is not to be easily beaten. The other competitors, however, exert themselves manfully. But none of them can come up to John. One of them, a slightly-made lad from Berwickshire, treads closest on his heels. His mode of throwing the stone is peculiarly graceful, being wholly from the chest and shoulder, and he takes no leap, as do almost all his rivals. But neither he nor the others can reach M'Donald's throw, who is accordingly declared winner of the first prize, the Berwickshire man gaining the second.

Throwing the Hammer comes next, and here, too, M'Donald, is called to make the first effort. The hammer is raised, the "swing" is taken, but — John misses his throw. The hammer, while in the moment of being thrown, slips from his hands, and flies whirling among the legs of the immediate on-lookers! But nobody is hurt, and another competitor steps forward, who makes a fairish throw. Another and another succeeds, until M'Pherson of Birnam Inn steps forth, and as "Lachy" is a powerful fellow, and famed both for throwing the hammer and putting the stone, for which he has carried off many prizes, curiosity is universally excited to see the result. Lachy is a fine-looking fellow, and in that attitude, with the hammer thrown over, and resting upon his right shoulder, might stand for a model of one of the giant Cyclops, who wrought in Vulcan's smithy, shaping the thunderbolts of Jove. The throw is made, and an excellent one it is — considerably beyond the farthest throw of any of the other competitors ; and as Lachy is a general favourite, a loud cheer welcomes the result. Other competitors succeed, all of whom fall short of Lachy's distance, until M'Donald's turn again comes round, and John seizes the hammer. There is determination in his eye and aspect. He evidently means mischief. We fear that Lachy's laurels are in jeopardy, and so it proves. Whiz through the air goes the ponderous missile, and alights fully five feet beyond Lachy's

throw! Again cheers salute the successful effort, for John likewise is a favourite, and has “troops of friends” who are anxious for his triumph. Lachy makes another manful endeavour, and rather improves upon his first throw, but John is still a good way ahead, and at the close of the trial is declared victor, his throw being eighty three feet, than which, we believe, a longer throw has never been made in Scotland at any similar competition. M’Pherson’s throw proves to be seventy eight feet, and Lachy accordingly gains the second prize.

The competition for a Standing Leap succeeds, and is engaged in by no fewer than eleven competitors, lithe, supple fellows, whose naked limits show muscle, symmetry, and agility. The winner of the second prize at putting the stone here proves the best man, and carries off the first prize by a leap of nine feet. A leap of three inches less secures the second prize to a man named M’Intosh from Pitlochry, who, in a subsequent part of the day, proved still more successful in another competition.

Next comes Tossing the Cabar, which is of great weight and length, so that none of the competitors are able to turn it. The effort of John M’Donald approaches nearest to success, but the ponderous tree proves too much for even John’s Herculean strength, and its length is accordingly reduced by a foot and a half, or two feet. Still, however, it is too long and heavy, and it is a second time reduced, when John tosses it fairly over on the first attempt. All the others, however — even Lachy fail ; but in subsequent endeavours, John, Lachy, and a man named M’Intosh, are equally successful — that is, all of them turn the cabar, but M’Intosh is judged to have done so with less of deviation to either side than the others, and so gains the first prize, while the second is awarded to M’Donald, who is evidently disappointed at the issue, and quite satisfied in his own mind that he is capable of beating the victor “all to sticks.” And we have a shrewd suspicion that so he would ; but fortune is a frisky jade, and John has already been so far successful that he may patiently endure the partial defeat that has overtaken him in this case.

A pause in the Games now takes place, in order to permit of rest and refreshment ; and while the guests of the Marquess hie off to the Castle to lunch, we take our way on a similar errand to the foresaid booth of Walker’s, which we find crammed to overflowing. At length, by dint of elbowing and perseverance, we manage to secure a seat, and get time to look around us. What a strange and noisy scene it is, with the click of corks, the clatter of knives and forks, the rattling of glasses, tumblers and bottles, the tumult of conversation in Scotch, *Erse*, and English, and vain shoutings for waiters! There is no time nor room for ceremony here. See, at the corner of that end table is a well-known functionary, with a lump of beef and bread in his hand, and a tumbler of porter at his elbow, to which he alternately pays his devotions with evident gusto, while a friend is seated *vis-à-vis*, and similarly accoutred. There, also, is “the Treasurer,” deep in the mysteries of ham-sandwiches, and looking anxiously for the much-desired fluid! Every one is busy, eating, drinking, and talking, while the distracted waiters run vehemently to and fro, like disturbed ghosts, pleasing nobody, not, we daresay, even themselves. A seat is no sooner left than it is occupied by another, and so for more than an hour proceeds the busy din. But we, too, by this time, have got something to eat and drink. How grateful is that draught from the cool pewter! The broiling of the last three hours is more than compensated by that most delicious and refreshing libation!

Being suitably refreshed, and so prepared to encounter another two hours of wearing heat, we resign our seat to one of the wearied expectants who await such an opportunity, and outside the booth, throughout the park, we find a second edition of the Games in active progress, and carried on amidst a most admired disorder, that is not unattended by risk to life and limb. Here, a host of eager aspirants are toiling at the Putting-Stone ; there, another party are labouring away at the Hammer ; and in another quarter a mob of Highlanders, in kilts or hoddie blue, are vainly, most of them,

striving to turn the Cabar. What an excitable people are these Highlanders! "Their blood is up." How "raised" is the look of some of those ardent but unrecognized competitors? In that spirit of rivalry and indomitable emulation, and love of athletic contests, you perceive some of the elements that enter most largely into the Highland character, which render the Scottish Highlanders singularly successful in almost every field of exertion, and make them the finest and most reliable soldiers in the world. But an awkward throw of the Hammer, which spins past us with dangerous and uncomfortable proximity, warns us to seek safer ground, and as we perceive preparations going on for resuming the Games, we shall take our station once more on the hill-side.

The parties who have been lunching at the Castle have returned, and taken their seats in the Stand, or within the Circle, for the remaining Games consist, principally, of Dancing, and of this Ladies are to judge. Accordingly, you will observe Mrs. Maule, Lady Menzies, and other ladies "fair and gay," seated at the side of the circle, underneath the Stand, and fronting the platform for Dancing, who are to decide on the merits of the competitors; and the Marchioness drives within the circle in her carriage, from which she is to survey the motions of "the light fantastic toe." The Dancing Competition begins with common Reels, which are succeeded by *Ghillie Callum* or the Sword Dance, the *Rill Thullachan*, and the Highland Fling. And we venture to say, most courteous reader, that you have never witnessed finer dancing in your life, nor in any other condition of being, or no-being. That is to say, you never saw finer dancing of its kind, and we question much whether Taglioni in her best days, or the "immortal" Fanny Essler herself, could excel the grace, rapidity, and precision of some of those "steps."

The Piper loud and louder blew ;
The Dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carle swat and reekit.

Good Scotch Dances they are, impregnated with the very spirit of the Highland idiosyncrasy.

Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*.
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

How nimble and active they are — how supple, quick, and easy arc their movements? The Ladies will have a difficult task to detect the superior merit where all are so good. Do you see that smallish but well-made lad in greenish tartan, with his shirt-collar laid over on his shoulders, in schoolboy fashion? He is a splendid dancer, is he not? His name is John M'Alister. He was recently Davidson of Tullich's Piper, and has carried off the Prize Pipes to-day in the Pibroch Competition, and we suspect is destined to count his day's success by more than the singular number. He is now performing the Sword Dance, which John had the honour of dancing before her Majesty at Taymouth last year, and an irrepressible shout of admiration acknowledges his skill and agility. That young, ingenuous-looking boy is Donald M'Kenzie, son of the Marquess' Piper. The little fellow dances well, does he not? Yes, and he plays the Bagpipes too, and is to receive an extra prize in consideration of the promise exhibited in his playing to-day, for Donald is ambitious, and has done his best to win the prize in the Pibroch Competition. There is another very good dancer at this moment on the platform, performing the Highland Fling. That is John M'Dougall, Turner in Perth (everybody knows John), who can both make Pipes and "gar them skirl;" and his dancing is certainly good, very good — chaste and easy — and he "times" well.

The Dancing is now finished, and we are at the close of the Games, which are terminated by a Race, for which seven competitors start, divested of coat, hose, and every article of dress, save shirt

and kilt. The word is given, and they are off! That tall, *swank*-looking fellow has missed the start, but he gains rapidly on the others, and very soon heads them. If his endurance equal his fleetness, he will win. Aye, he has good “wind,” and maintains his position to the last, winning by at least a dozen yards. That is Lauchlane M’Intosh from Pitlochry, who took the second prize at a Standing Leap.

The last feature in the gathering is the competition for the prize to be awarded to the best-dressed Highlander in tartan of his own, or his family’s manufacture, for which there are three competitors, who soon get to loggerheads about the merits of their respective articles ; but the “high debate” is speedily quelled by the good-humoured intervention of Mr. Maule, and the Judges decide that prizes shall be awarded to all of them, in order to encourage competition in this useful department.

The Games being now finished, the prizes, and the names of the successful competitors are read over by Mr. Maule.

They are as follow :—

PIBROCHS.

1. John M’Alister, late Piper to Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tullich, Ross-shire - A Pair of Pipes.
2. John M’Gregor, Piper to Sir Niel Menzies, Baronet, Castle Menzies —£5.
3. Alexander Stewart, Rannoch.
4. Archibald Forbes, Killiechase, Strathhtay.
Donald M’Kenzie, Taymouth — An extra Prize.

REEL PLAYING.

1. John M’Lennan, Piper, Troop House.
2. Peter M’Laren, Piper to Thomas G. Stirling, Esq. of Strowan.

PUTTING THE STONE.

- 1 John M’Donald, innkeeper, Aberfeldy — 31 feet.
2. Charles Belaney, Ayton, Berwickshire.

THROWING THE HAMMER (SLEDGE.)

1. John M’Donald, innkeeper, Aberfeldy — 83 feet.
2. Lachlane M’Pherson, Birnam Inn — 78 feet.

STANDING LEAP.

1. Charles Belaney, Ayton, Berwickshire — 9 feet.
2. Lachlane M’Intosh, Pitlochry — 8 feet 9 inches.

TOSSING THE CABAR.

1. James M’Intosh, Ballinluig, Athole.
2. John M’Donald, innkeeper, Aberfeldy.

REEL DANCING.

1. John M’Alister, Ross-shire.
2. Alexander M’Ewen, Kenmore.
3. Peter Fisher, Kenmore.
James M’Donald, Crieff - Extra Prize.

SWORD DANCE.

John M'Alister, Ross-shire.

HIGHLAND FLING.

John M'Alister, Ross-shire.

TO THE BEST-DRESSED IN THE HIGHLAND GARB, HOME MANUFACTURED.

1. Alexander Sinclair, Glenbeich.
2. Donald M'Kay, Kesler, Malcolm M'Pherson, Strouferwaw, William Sibblie, Dull, equal.

FOOT RACE.

1. Lachlane M'Intosh, Pitlochry.
2. John M'Lachlan, Drimnacoil, Foss.
3. James Scott, Glenfincastle, Alex. Robertson, Edradynate, Strathtay, equal.

So ends the first Breadalbane Gathering in honour of the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to Taymouth. We have no doubt that the reader who has perused this account will think with us that the meeting was eminently successful, and a most prosperous and encouraging beginning. The whole arrangements were assuredly excellent, and do credit to the Committee and gentlemen by whom they were formed and conducted. The services of Mr. Armstrong, the Secretary, and of Mr. Walker, the Treasurer, on the ground, and otherwise, were likewise most efficient, and deserve praise. We trust that the Meeting next year will be equally harmonious and successful, and that then also "we may be there to see."

A numerous and distinguished company enjoyed the hospitality of Lord Breadalbane at the Castle in the evening ; there was a Ball in the Baron's Hall, which was kept up long, long after the sun had risen from sleep, and resumed his daily round ; and the tenants, and others, on the estates, including the competitors, to the number of seven hundred, were entertained to an abundant refreshment in the magnificent avenue immediately behind the Castle, where his Lordship and the Marchioness appeared in course of the evening, the Marquess expressing the gratification that he had experienced in the proceedings of the day, and his hope that their future meetings would be similarly cordial and successful. The healths of the Queen, of Prince Albert, and of Lord and Lady Breadalbane, were given, as may be imagined, with a hearty will, and with cheers that spoke volumes for the strength of Highland lungs.

We left Kenmore for Perth the same evening, and a happy party we were. Jest and repartee flew merrily round, intermingled now and then with a touch of sentiment, for the night was transcendently lovely, and Nature, with her eloquent though voiceless tongue, spoke her "holy meanings" loudly to the heart. Our journey was lighted by a glorious harvest moon, which illumined the way as though the god of day, instead of the "pale mistress of the night," had held possession of the heavens, which were without cloud or speck, and radiant with her silvery lustre. We should desire nothing better than to make a similar journey once a week, in such propitious weather, and to have you, dear reader, as a companion. We trust that in this our first excursion together to these Highland Games, you have not wearied by the road! Next year, we hope to meet again at Philippi.

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Researched and Transcribed by Alasdair MacDonald – R.S.H.G.A.