

Breadalbane Highland Games in commemoration of the visit of the Queen's first visit to the Highlands.

Agreeable to the promise given last year, we now proceed to present an account of the second Breadalbane Meeting, held in honour and commemoration of her Majesty's Visit to Taymouth ; and as this is an excursion in which we ourselves take special delight, and from which we derive varied and infinite gratification, we should wish, if possible, to make the reader a sharer in our enjoyment. If our friends, therefore, will give us their companionship, we shall endeavour to cause the time so spent to pass pleasantly, and to sketch a picture as truthful and expressive as we may of a scene whose vivid colouring, and mingled elements, appeal strongly to eye, mind, and fancy, and furnish forth ample food for poet, painter, and philosopher, and the observer of human character. Here the shades are, in sooth, curiously diversified, and embrace all conditions of the social body — from the Peer to the peasant — from the simple and untutored Highlander, following the lowly and unexciting occupations of his class, to the dwellers in Courts, engaged in the exacting and troublous pursuits of politics and diplomacy, ever seeking to unloose a knot that is always untied, and compels to disappointment the subtlest and most persevering energies. But let us on.

A more appropriate memorial of the Royal Visit to the Highlands than the Games we are about to witness could not possibly have been devised. They accord with the tastes and habits of the people, and contribute to preserve the hardy accomplishments, and courageous spirit, that have always distinguished the Celtic character. A bold and powerful race are these Gaels, and dearly do they love the athletic pastimes that occupy a prominent part in this Gathering. These Games, it may be remarked, may now be regarded as thoroughly established. The success that has hitherto attended them has been abundant in every respect — in regard as well to the different competitions *per se*, as to the interest they have excited, attracting vast numbers of spectators, belonging to almost every nation in the world. They promise, indeed, to be as enduring as the remembrance of the event they are designed to perpetuate ; and they already overtop all similar meetings in point of attendance, and otherwise.

The Games came off this year on Thursday, the 5th of September, and necessarily acquired additional interest from the approaching repetition of the Queen's Visit to the Highlands. As we journeyed along to Kenmore on the previous day, the *sough* of coming Royalty, mingled with notes of preparation for the morrow's sports, assailed us continuously. One glance at the countenance of John M'Donald at Aberfeldy might have sufficed to show what was in the wind. There was eagerness and expectation in every lineament of it. and his vast chest seemed to dilate with the hopes and determinations that burned within him. John, honest man, was evidently in a huge state of pleasurable anxiety. His step was more than ordinary proud and elastic, and every movement indicated the swelling aspirations that he was too modest to avow, but which were written in his face as on a title-page. We shall see more of John anon. At Kenmore, we found very decisive evidence of the proceedings fixed for the following day. Every room in the Inn was engaged ; and each moment there were fresh arrivals of strangers, in almost all conceivable modes of locomotion — the luxurious travelling-carriage, humbler vehicles, of kinds, some of them, that would have pulled the most knowing to designate positively, and not a few of the simple and handy character wherewith Nature herself supplies her children. Innumerable were the travellers flocking into Kenmore, driving their own pair, by the aid of an umbrella, or of a stout walking-stick. Not a few of these were smart-looking young Englishmen, many of them with rather "ruin" and "queer" chapeaus, with guide-books, and travelling-maps, peeping from their pockets, and their "kit" on their back, in the shape of small leathern valises or knapsacks. As the day wore on, the village, usually so quiet and peaceful, became more and more crowded, and beds grew in proportionally

greater demand. Every available sleeping-berth within miles around was put in requisition ; “shakedowns” were ardently desiderated ; and the narrowest and hardest sofa rose into a much-coveted luxury.

After every practicable shift had been made, and beds had been planted in corners rarely forced into such uses, the demand still largely exceeded the supply, and numerous parties were accordingly constrained to betake themselves to Aberfeldy, to Weem, to Coshieville, and the other hamlets in the district. We were, fortunately, subjected to less inconvenience. Although much too late to procure accommodation in the Inn, thanks to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Walker we got comfortably located in a room in the village, and thus secure ourselves, we beheld, with a certain sort of pleasure (such is the perversity of human nature), the troubled looks, and anxious consultations, of less lucky individuals as they entered, and discovered the ground to be entirely pre-occupied. The Castle, too, is choke-full, and, notwithstanding its prodigious size, incapable of affording sleeping room to all the visitors of the Marquess. Here is one of them at this moment surveying, from the Bridge at Kenmore, the magnificent scene, now bathed in the calm glories of the setting sun, that spreads out up, and on either side of, Loch-Tay. That is Mr. Everett, the Minister to this country from the United States, and assuredly his own land can offer no finer view than that which now challenges his admiration — presenting, as it does in profusion, all the elements of beauty, picturesqueness, and sublimity, in cultivated fields, umbrageous woods, and towering and rocky mountains, purple with heather, embracing that splendid Lake like the casing of a mirror. [Mr. Everett — Edward Everett — one of the finest intellects of America, was formerly a Unitarian preacher, and has risen to his present eminence by the sheer force of talent and character. He assuredly does honour to his position, and America may pray that she may have many such sons and statesmen.] A large and handsome barge comes too at this time sweeping down the Loch, propelled by eight stout rowers, whose measured strokes cleave the water without noise or disturbance, and is filled with fair women. Lord Breadalbane himself (with the exception of the boatmen) being the only representative of the rougher sex among that congregation of beauty. As the barge nears the Bridge, the music of the Marquess's Band, stationed on the edge of the entrance to the Loch, peals forth through the trees, and mingles pleasantly with the natural harmonics of the time and scene. This Band, composed of young men belonging to the district, has been for a twelvemonth past under the tuition of an Italian musician of superior skill, M. Fogle, who has fought at Waterloo, and heard the agonies of war, mingling with the crash of the drum and trumpet, prove all too potent for the noise that would drown or conceal them. By his able teaching and direction, the Band now discourses very excellently; and the guests at the Castle, as they “drain their draughts of Rhenish down,” will acknowledge that the accompaniment is not unworthy of the rich wines that they are quaffing.

The morning of Thursday, the eventful day, big with the fate of many a longing and hopeful competitor, rises most auspiciously. A thin, slumbrous haze mixes with the atmosphere that surely predicts a hot and brilliant sun, and in due time, the glorious luminary, in “unapproachable divinity,” rides high and clear in the heavens, filling valley and mountain top with his happy radiance, and shining equally into the hearts of the lowly husbandman, as into those of the “favourites of fortune” who are to witness his manly efforts, in contests that stir *his* ambition as keenly as the richest prize in the grander lottery, whose chances are confined to the few — to the very few — to the aristocracy of wealth, birth, and intellect — destined for ever to be as a unit to thousands. By an early hour, all the roads leading to Kenmore are “alive” with parties hastening to the scene of action. From all quarters they come, and they are of all ranks, as their modes of transit range over the universal field of conveyance, from simple pedestrianism, to the easiest style of travelling which ingenuity, prompted by riches, has yet created. The best horse and cart of the farmer are to-day in requisition ; vehicles of strange and antique form, sadly faded from their original freshness, and presenting a dull mixture of very worn hues, ever and anon arrest the eye ; considerable ingenuity must have been applied to fixing and sorting the harness of some of these machines ; a hair or tow

rope not unfrequently supplies the place of reins or belts of leather ; and many of the horses you see are evidently not accustomed to the description of work in which they are now employed. Many a brute who has usually a cart, or a plough, or a pair of harrows at his tail, finds himself to-day harnessed to a machine to which he has been hitherto a stranger, and to which he is obviously not at all at home. "Troops" of trig lasses, and bands of lithe, stalwart fellows, with the springy, rapid step of their race, come pouring in, the former attired in their "best braws," and great numbers of the latter in the kilt and its proper attendants. You ever and anon hear the shrill skirl of the bagpipes, as some piper marches in at the head of a party, with cheeks alarmingly distended, looking fearfully red about the eyes, and with a strut that proclaims volumes of pride in himself and his instrument. Here, striding up the brae at the entrance to the square of the village is Peter M'Laren, all the way from Lochearnhead, leading a band of both sexes, and grinding his pipes at a ferocious rate. Peter is a first-class piper, as we are informed — for on such a point we can declare nothing of our own knowledge — and he evidently has an impression that the eyes of the world (or of Kenmore and its crowds, which is the same thing) are at this moment upon him. His air and manner are *sui generis*, and inexpressibly distinctive of a piper and a Highlander. There is inconceivable pride in his step and countenance, and the whole man breathes a sort of defying haughtiness, which belongs partly to the idiosyncrasy of the Celt, and to the inspiration of the strains which Peter is now blowing forth. Peter (as he will be sure to inform you ere you are two minutes in his company, especially if he has imbibed any portion of the dew that was wont to be gathered chiefly on the Highland hills) is of the Clan Gregor ; and, assuredly, no monarch was ever prouder of his descent than is Peter of his relationship to this celebrated sept. To-day, however, Peter is not in the tartan of his clan. He has a kilt of the *Bruce* or *Bannockburn* ; and right pithily did he tell a young tourist from merry England, as we journeyed on the following day on the top of "The Queen of Beauty" through wild and savage Glenogle, that "his forefathers paid well for *that*?" at sametime giving his thigh a powerful slap, as though in imagination he were hewing down whole ranks of the Sassenach. Peter, honest fellow, is a type of a spirit that, in its more abstract and essential characteristics, is still in a greater or less degree dominant over all the Highlands. The old memories that belong to the people are as active and vigorous now as there were half a century ago, and centuries more will pass ere the pride they engender will have been much abated. The Highlanders, as a people, are profoundly impressed with a conviction of their superiority in personal prowess ; and as it is in some measure an article of national faith across the Border that one Englishman can thrash three Frenchmen, so, also, a real Highlander thoroughly believes that one Celt can "lick" three Englishmen, at least, any day! National fancies and hobbies are not the least amusing things in this sublunary sphere.

It is now eleven o'clock, and an immense concourse of people, largely intermingled with animate and inanimate means of locomotion, throng the square of the Arcadian-looking village, whose propriety, one may imagine, must be sadly shocked by a turmoil and on doings that are singularly at variance with its customary stillness and routine. There is an awful Babel of speech, within as well as without doors. It would, in fact, need no extraordinary stretch of fancy to suppose that a second confusion of tongues had visited this ordinarily quiet hamlet. Gaelic and French German and English, lowland Scotch, and the mellifluous language of Italy, are commingled in a sort of rapid and changing music, the notes of which, if translated into the mother tongue of the listeners, would, many of them, sound rough and harsh enough. There is a terrible demand in the Inn for breakfast — for "something to eat" — for modicums of whisky for bottles of soda-water, and bottoms of brandy and sherry — and all known varieties of liquid. The wretched waiters are tossed to and fro, as on the billows of a heaving sea, and are nearly incapable of doing anything, by reason of having so much to do. Being called to attend everybody, they hardly manage to satisfy a single mortal. Within the bar, Mrs. Walker, vainly striving to keep note of the Materials that are disappearing like snow in a March thaw, abandons the effort in despair, and prays fervently — "Oh, that the day were over!"

By this time the Breadalbane Highlanders, to the number of about two hundred, equipped, with the exception of the sword and target, as when they formed the Queen's Body Guard, are marshalled, and, headed by an array of Pipers, and the Marquess's Band, await the order to march to the prepared field. Twelve o' clock strikes on the clock of the Parish Church, and simultaneously there commences a discharge of cannon from the Fort. On the explosion of the first gun. the Highlanders are put in motion, the Pipers strike up, the gates leading to the grounds are flung open, and the whole multitude rush with ludicrous disorder and eagerness towards the theatre of the Games.

The scene of operations is the same as last year. It is at a brief distance from Kenmore, within the Castle grounds, and, in truth, a lovelier spot, or one more convenient to the purpose and requirements of the occasion, could not be found in broad Scotland. The great majority of our readers are familiar with the scenery, and the disposition of the grounds around Taymouth, and, therefore, we shall not stop to describe particularly the loath of *locale* of the day's sports, or the attractions that surround it. A low hill compasses the half of the oblong circle set apart for the proceedings ; and in the centre, and on the summit, is placed an erection similar to that which, last year, gave accommodation to Lord Breadalbane and his principal guests. It looks like a solid building of heather, and differs from that of the previous season only in this, that on the present occasion, the front is crowned with the Royal arms, supported on either side by those of Lord Breadalbane, both designed and executed with exceeding neatness by, and under the direction of, his Lordship's forester, Mr. Dewar, who, by the way, is a very intelligent person, and "a right good fellow." The bright berries of the rowan tree, which, in the olden time, was regarded as a certain protection against witchcraft,

(Rowan tree, and red thread  
Gar the witches tyne their speed)

might be supposed to constitute a charm to guard from everything evil the beauteous beings who, from the Diana-like bower, look down as goddesses upon the scene below.

The Highlanders are drawn up within the circle, facing the heather temple ; the last gun has spent its clamour ; and as the ladies enter, the Highlanders give the salute, and a host of pipers perform the same ceremony in their peculiar music. These are followed by the Marquess's Band, who play, in fine style, the National Anthem, on the conclusion of which the immense multitude, signalled by Glenfalloch, give three tremendous cheers for the Queen, and a similar compliment to the ladies generally. Now, the heat of the day will begin immediately.

A vast number of superlatives, and much "fine writing" might be employed to describe the scene now presented ; but we shall not attempt to perpetrate either the one or the other. The natural adornments, as enhanced by art and taste, are, in the highest degree, striking and beautiful ; the rich and extensive forest scenery that lies within the grasp of the eye shows in colours of diversified brilliancy, caught from this fruitful and ripening time ; the meadows are sweet with the odour of the new mown hay ; the fields are filled with stooks, or covered with grain fast deepening into hues of gold ; over all is a cheerful sun, and a gracious sky; and there are fully five thousand people present, exhibiting, in many respects, the most singular and effective contrasts — in manners, costume, physiognomy, and speech. The soft tongue of the Saxon, and his sober habiliments, blend with the sharp, hard speech, and the picturesque and flashing dress of the Highlander. At one glance, the eye takes in men and women of all stations — Court beauties, the nobly horn, the stars of fashion, glittering with lace and jewellery, and the country wife and lass, the latter as pleased with themselves as though they had been born to coronets, or were attired in silks of Persia, instead of humble cotton, or the rough fleece of their mountain sheep. Content is, indeed, great gain! The

Stand is literally filled with ladies. The Marquess himself is almost the only gentleman who has a place amongst them. There is no room for the lords of the creation — the fairer and better, if weaker half, fully occupy the Stand, and you may certainly travel a long summer's day ere you will light upon a more perfect assemblage of loveliness. Leaning over the front of the Stand, and evidently absorbed in the novelty of the scene, is the youthful Earl of Durham — a name that suggests all that is noble and upright, and patriotic, in public life. May this young lord, inheriting the name and title, also emulate the virtues of his father, his English spirit, and scorn of political oppression, meanness, and chicane, and be able to leave behind him an equal heritage of character! May he “fill his father's shoes!”

This year, Lord Breadalbane has not donned the Highland garb. His Lordship is in plain clothes — probably in consideration of the recent demise of his near neighbour, Sir Neil Menzies — with a sprig of myrtle in his hat. Here, however, is Mr. Maule, in the full costume of the Gael, with quick, sparkling looks, betokening robust health, and redundant spirits. As before, Mr. Maule is the directing genius of the proceedings, and is assisted principally by Mr. Menzies of Chesthill, whose huge bulk flits to and fro with unceasing restlessness and rapidity. We have this year, too, Sir John M'Kenzie of Delvine, in appropriate garb ; and, of course, Glenfalloch himself — Glenfalloch, of whom everyone has something good to say, and who is truly a fine specimen of a Highland gentleman — frank, considerate, and benevolent, and taking interest in the very humblest who come within reach of his influence. This stout, fine looking man, with a heron's feather in his bonnet, who, though on the shady side of life, appears to be as hale and vigorous as in the first half of his second score of years, is Campbell of Islay, formerly Member for Argyleshire. He is evidently one of Nature's gentlemen — one of those men who are said to carry their character in their face. There is no mistaking its expression. Every feature is full of suavity and kindness. You might indeed, on a glance, take oath that Islay has a good and noble heart, and possesses that catholic largeness of soul which recognises kindred with the whole world. His son is here also — a *swank*, handsome young man, whom we shall soon encounter as a competitor in the Games. Among those present are the following : —

Due de Milfort.  
Earl of Mansfield.  
Earl and Countess of Sefton.  
Earl of Durham.  
Countess of Camperdown and Lady Elizabeth Duncan,  
Lord Ingestre.  
Lord Feilding.  
Lord and Lady Ruthven.  
Lord and Lady Belhaven.  
Lord Gray.  
Lady Caroline Barrington.  
Lady Mary and Lady Alice Lambton.  
Sir David and Lady Anne Baird, and Misses Baird.  
Sir John and Lady Mackenzie, and Miss Johnstone.  
Sir Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine.  
Lady Moncrieffe and Miss Moncrieffe.  
Mr. and Mrs. Everett and Miss Everett.  
Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Maule.  
Hon. E. J. Stanley.  
Glenfalloch and party.  
Mr. Campbell of Boreland.  
Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Islay.

Mr. Campbell, jun. of Islay,  
Abercairney.  
Mr. M'Inroy of Lude and party.  
Mr. Menzies of Chesthill.  
Mr. Campbell of Kinloch.  
Colonel and Miss Ferguson.  
Mrs. and Miss Baillie.  
Mr. Stanhope.  
Mr. Craven.  
Misses Blackburn.  
Mrs. Farquharson and the Misses Farquharson.  
Captain Trowbridge and Mrs. Trowbridge.  
Misses Alston.  
Mrs. Dick.  
Mr. Smith, Killiechassie, and party.  
Mr. Burnet, Lawers.  
Mr. Walker, Kinnell, and party.  
Mr. Place and Mrs. Place.

On this occasion there is no pause nor interval, as in the previous year. Abundant refreshments have been provided by Lord Breadalbane for all his people whether they are actively engaged in connection with the sports, or simple spectators, and to these they can have recourse at any time. Mr. Walker, of the Inn, has a large and comfortable Booth, well stocked with meat and drink, where the general multitude may be amply regaled at very moderate cost ; and towards the back of the Heather Stand there is a handsome Marquee, in which the immediate guests of the Marquess may have whatever they can desire. The Games therefore proceed without interruption.

As before, the Pibroch competition comes first in order ; and as soon as the first Piper has finished his effort, the competition proceeds in a corner of the ground while the other contests are going on. Among the Judges of pipe-playing is the celebrated Dunkeld Paganini, and a young man afflicted with total blindness, but who is reported to be a first rate critic of this sort of music. Among the Pipers you will notice our old friend, the redoubtable Peter, who, as the issue will show, does not expend his wind in vain.

The Games are now in full activity, and vigorously indeed were most of them contested. John M'Donald, the victor at Putting the Stone last year, does not compete on this occasion. At the close of the contest, however, John "tries a throw, for fun," but he is short of the winner, who is a young man, named Scott, from Kenmore. Throwing the Hammer succeeds, and here John enters the lists, along with M'Pherson from Birnam, and some five or six other antagonists, none of whom, however, it soon becomes evident, have any chance with these famous champions, save one — a wiry, muscular, fellow, named Cameron, one of Lord Breadalbane's gamekeepers, whose sinewy form does not boast a single superfluous ounce of flesh, but seems to be composed almost entirely of muscle and bone. The first throw of this man shows that M'Donald's laurels are in jeopardy. John, somehow, is not "himself" to-day. He is out of practice, or has grown too fleshy, for his most desperate exertions fall much short of what they accomplished last year, when he threw the Hammer the enormous distance of 83 feet. On this occasion, however, he cannot make beyond 71 feet 8 inches, while Cameron goes 3 ½ inches, and Lachy 3 inches further. John, therefore, is only "third best," and sorely vexed he looks, and out of humour with himself, at the result. Next comes throwing the Cabar ; but although twice shortened, all the competitors, including the three just previously named, who are without doubt the strongest men upon the ground, fail in repeated efforts to toss it straight over. M'Pherson makes the nearest

approach to the accomplishment of the required condition ; but as a good deal of time has been spent in these attempts, the Cabar is finally put aside, and the prize remains accordingly undetermined. We now see a band of Highlanders stripped to the kilt and shirt, and divested of hose and shoon, ready to compete for a standing leap, which certainly formed one of the best contests of the day. Here, young Islay is persuaded to try his agility ; but a lad from Forfarshire (Mr. Maule cries, "Forfarshire for ever!") bears the bell from them all by a jump of nine feet eleven inches. A pretty leaper he assuredly is ; but he unluckily boasts that he is better at a high than at a straight leap, for young Islay goes with him out of the circle, and speedily takes the conceit out of him, thereby, doubtless, considerably embittering his first success. (It is always best to "let well alone ;" but, like this lad, men are marvellously apt to dash their sweetest cup with a drop of gall.) We have dancing next — Reels ; the Highland Fling ; and Gillie Callum, or the Sword Dance — and here the critical skill of the ladies is called in to adjudge the palm. The dancing forms not the least attractive part of the day's amusements ; and on this occasion it is assuredly very fine. It is absolutely cause for astonishment that these men should be able to display such exceeding lightness and activity, considering the life of hard and continuous labour that most of them lead, the tendency of which is necessarily stiffening. Rapid and agile they are, however ; their movements have much grace, as well as marvellous precision ; and we do doubt whether many of the artistes of her Majesty's Theatre can boast greater lightness of foot, or suppleness of limb, than these dancers exhibit. Although unsuccessful, one of the best dancers of *Gillie Callum* is Lord Willoughby's Piper — a splendid looking man, very richly dressed, with an Acre medal on his breast, for he has fought against the old Pacha, and can show his scars, although they have certainly in no degree diminished the beauty of his personal appearance. The last of the Games, properly so called, is the Foot Race, and a desperate contest it is. The distance is sufficient to try the best wind ; but the speed, notwithstanding, is what sportsmen would call killing. Two brothers head the runners near to the goal, and perceiving that they have it all their own way, by an obvious arrangement betwixt them, the last of the two steps in first. This manoeuvre, though not strictly defensible, perhaps, when judged by sporting rules, is at least brotherly, and it has an adequate motive, for if the one who *could* win did so, he would not benefit at all thereby, having taken the first prize last year, and being of course disqualified from receiving it this season ; but he secures the second, and his brother, who was second last year, captures the first. The thing was well managed, indeed, and the brothers certainly deserve their fortune. The other features in the Competition are of a more sober character, such as native manufactures, &c. and need not be specially noticed here. A prize was to have been awarded for length of service ; but owing to the competitors not being ready with their certificates, this was not adjudged.

The Prizes were given as follow : —

#### PIBROCH.

1. Duncan M'Kay, Piper to Mr. Robertson of Foveran — a Pair of Pipes.
2. Peter M'Laren, Lochearnhead — Four Pounds.
3. Archibald Forbes, Killiechassie — Two Pounds.

#### SCOTCH REELS.

1. John M'Kenzie, Piper to the Marquess of Breadalbane — Two Pounds.
2. Alexander Stewart, Drummond Castle — One Pound.

#### PUTTING THE STONE. (22 lbs.)

1. John Scott, Mains of Kenmore (30 feet 11 inches) — Two Pounds.
2. John Cameron, Taymouth — One Pound.

#### THROWING THE HAMMER (16 ½ lbs.)

1. John Cameron, Taymouth (74 feet 11 ½ inches) — Two Pounds.
2. Lachlan M'Pherson, Birnam (74 feet 11 inches) — One Pound.

STANDING LEAP.

1. Andrew Ramsay, Forfar (9 feet 11 inches) — Two Pounds.
2. John Ferguson, Pitlochry — One Pound.

REEL DANCING.

1. Charles Monro, Killiechassie — Two Pounds.
2. John M'Lachlan, Back of Drummond Hill, and John Cameron, Blair-Athole (equal) — Ten Shillings.

GILLIE CALLUM, OR SWORD DANCE.

1. John M'Lachlan, Back of Drummond Hill — Two Pounds.

HIGHLAND FLING.

John Cameron, Blair-Athole — One Pound.

HIGHLAND DRESS OF NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

1. William Dorward, Coshieville, Appin — Two Pounds.
2. Robert M'Callum, Luib Inn — One Pound.
3. Thomas M'Callum, Luib Inn — Ten Shillings.
4. Robert Dewar, Bonskeid, Fincastle — Five Shillings.

NATIVE MANUFACTURE IN THE WEB.

1. James M'Donald, Dyer, Burn of Kiltney, Appin — Five Pounds.
2. Donald M'Kay, Dyer, Killin — Two Pounds.

FOOT RACE.

1. John M'Lachlan, Braes of Foss — Two Pounds.
2. James M'Lachlan, do. (brothers) — One Pound.

The proceedings being thus brought to a close, three cheers, such as may have been heard for miles around, were given for the Queen, and another three for Lord Breadalbane. The curiously-mingled multitude now began immediately to disperse in all conceivable directions ; and dreadful, for a time, was the noise and confusion of departure at Kenmore. No accident, nor unpleasantness, however, occurred. Good-humour was in the ascendant, and numerous were the manifestations that might have been witnessed of that courtesy and politeness for which the better class of Highlanders are especially distinguished. The whole proceedings of the day were indeed of a very gratifying character, and were marked by perfect order, and decorum, and propriety of conduct, on the part of all classes present. The arrangements connected with the Games were well conceived and carried through ; and the Committee, and all others concerned, were certainly much indebted to the Secretary, Mr. Armstrong, for his arduous and most successful exertions.

At six o'clock, a magnificent dejeuner was served at the Castle, to which about a hundred sat down. This was followed by a Ball at nine o'clock in the Baron's Hall, at which about a hundred and fifty were present, including those already named. There was a splendid Quadrille Band from Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Dewar ; and the first freshness of morning had long gone off ere the gay throng fairly separated.



With the amusing incidents that came under our notice in Kenmore, on Thursday evening, we might fill a column or two. Rooms in which to dress for the Ball were in prodigious request, and many a luckless wight had his gallantry sorely taxed in giving his apartment for this purpose, when he ardently longed to turn in, and go to sleep, having probably risen early, and travelled far. We especially commiserated the case of one unfortunate gentleman, whose room had been taken possession of by a host of ladies'-maids, after they had got their mistresses off to the Ball, and from which he in vain essayed to eject them. The fair besiegers were not to be driven forth, and by raillery and perseverance nearly made the poor gentleman mad. Ultimately, we believe, he had recourse to very extreme measures, which only succeeded in clearing the coast of his tormentors after he had been wrought into such a state of anger and excitement as thoroughly prevented his receiving a visitation from sleep that night. Some will, perhaps, say that he was justly punished for not exhibiting greater consideration for the gentle dames!

Of our journey homewards by Loch-Tay, Killin, Glenogle, Callander, &c. we might also say something — of the fearful gorge where Lady Glenorchy “got the fright,” that caused her to endow the Chapel in Edinburgh known by her name — of the spot where young M’Nab, “smooth John,” slew the famous Irish Robber, who long infested Glenogle, and whose grave still marks the road side, surmounted by an enormous lump of rock — of these, and other interesting localities and circumstances, we might be able to indite some readable and entertaining matter, but we must pause until some more convenient season, when time and space shall be in greater abundance. This week, we have nothing to spare of either.