

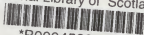
# AN·DEO·JHRÉINE



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# An Deo-Grèine :

*The Monthly Magazine of An Comunn Gaidhealach.*

Volume II.

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ENEAS MACKAY,  
43 MURRAY PLACE, STIRLING.

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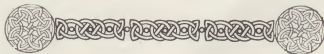
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MAJOR ARCHD. MENZIES, S.S.C.,  
PRESIDENT OF AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,  
1906-1907.



# AN DEO-THRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

Mios Deireannach an Fhoghair 1906.

[Earrann I.

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## EDARAINN FHIN.

CHA b' iognadh leinn ged a bhiodh Tearlach Stiùbhard a' tachais a chinn. 'S iomadh grogag a' fhuair e bho ghabh e air a' litir ud a' sgrìobhadh an aghaidh Gàidhlig a' bhì air a' teagas anns na sgoilean. Tha Deasaiche *The Canadian Scotsman*, (pàipeir ciatach a' tha air a' dheasachadh ann a' Winnipeg air son Albannaich Chanada), a' toirt gead an so 's an sud ann an ceann an duin uasail, anns an àireamh mu dheireadh.

Tha sinn an comain air co-Ghàidheil air taobh thall a' chuain air son cho tapaidh 's a' tha iad a' seasamh. Tha iad fada uainn, ach 's mor a' tha 'nan comas a' dheanamh air son aobhar an seana chànan ann an dùthaich an Sinnsir. Tha sinn cinnteach gu'n dean iad e cuideachd ma bheir sinn an cothrom dhaibh.

\* \* \*

Am faca sibh litir a' Ghàidheil uasail ud, Domhnall MacAoidh, Hereford, a' toirt a' bheannachd air Féil a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich? Sud an seòrsa litrichean agus an seòrsa dhaoine, a' chuireas fonn air càirdean ar canain 's ar dùthcha. Piseach air a' mhullach!

\* \* \*

Tha e cur gairdeachas mòr oirn a' bhì cluinntinn mu uasail ar dùthcha a' bhì tionndadh ris

a' Ghàidhlig. Fhuair sinn litrichean air an sgrìobhadh ann an deagh Ghàidhlig bho'n a' Mhàidsear Mhathonach, Uachdaran Leòdhais. Cha'n'eil ro-fhada bho thòisich am Màidsear air a' h-ionnsachadh. Tha sinn uasal as. Tha sgalachd Ghàidhlig againn a' fhuair sinn bh' uaithe. Bha i ro fhada gun tighinn air son àite anns an àireamh-sa, ach chì i an là anns an ath àireamh.

\* \* \*

An do ghabh thu do bhòid? Dé bhòid? Bha 'eil thu dol a' labhairt Beurla ri neach a' thuigeas Gàidhlig fhad 's a' tha thu aig a' Mhòd.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'm bheil Marcuis Bute ag ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig, agus a' deanamh adhartas ciatach innte. Tha meas air ainm, comhla ri rudan eile, air son an dàimh a' tha eadear e agus misneach do litreachas Gàidhlig, an uair nach robh uiread a' spéis dhi 's a' tha nis. Tha amharus againn gu'm bi cuimhne air a' Mharcuis fhéin ann an linnibh ri teachd air son a' mhisneachd do litreachas Gàidhlig 'n a' là fhéin. Tha sinn a' guidhe a' h-uile soirbheachadh maith leis a' Mharcuis.

\* \* \*

Tha ar co-Ghàidhil ann an Inbhirnis ri 'm moladh air son a' soirbheachadh an coimh-cheangal ris a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealach. Rinn an Rùnaire aca iomradh aig coinneamh gnothuich a' bh'aca, gu'n robh oighd ficead ball anns a' Chomuinn, agus, an deigh a' h-uile cosguis an coimh-cheangal ris a' Mhòd a' bha aca 's an t-Samhradh a' phàigheadh, gu'n robh còig nota deug thar ficead a' chòrr ri creideas a' Chomuinn.

Tha fadachd oirn nach 'eil sinn a' cluinntinn sgiala dhe'n t-seòrsa sin a' baile mòr Steòrnabhaigh. Air cho maith 's gu'm bheil Inbhirnis cha chreid sinn nach 'eil ann a' Steòrnabhaigh

na dheanadh a cheart cho maith a sud 's na b'fhearr. C'arson nach seasadh baile rioghail Steòrnabhaigh air ceann na Gàidhealtachd gu léir ann an strìth air son na Gàidhlig. Cha'n aithne dhuinn baile eile is fhearr cothrom. Dùisgibh bhalachaibh!

—♦♦♦—

## THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL AMONG THE CELTS.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY, INVERNESS.

THE *Carmina Gadelica* of Mr. Alexander Carmichael has a curious and interesting chapter on *Micheil nam Buadh*, whom he calls the Neptune of the Gael, but who was also "the patron of the sea and of maritime land, of boats and boatmen, of horses and horsemen, throughout the West." The cult of the Archangel still survives in the Outer Hebrides—especially among Roman Catholics—and there is nothing more fascinating in the altogether fascinating *Carmina* than its account of the circuiting and cavalcades and other customs which are still observed on St. Michael's Eve and St. Michael's Day, as they were more than two hundred years ago, when Martin Martin, Gent., wrote his Account of the Western Isles. There is scarce an island or a district without its ancient chapel dedicated to the heavenly patron, and the old Gaelic hymns in which he is apostrophised and appealed to are without number. Very interesting are the descriptions applied to him—forexample, *Micheil nam buadh*, Michael the victorious; *Micheil mil nam feachd*, Michael chief of hosts; *Micheil mil nan lanna liobh*, Michael chief of glancing swords; *Micheil aingeal nam buadh*, Michael angel of victories; *Micheil sgiath daingean mo ruin*, Michael the strong shield of my love; *Micheil ard-rìgh nan aingeal*, Michael high king of the angels; *Micheil nan steud geala*, a choisinn cìos air dragon fala, Michael of the white steeds, who gained victory over the dragon of blood. It is interesting, too, to compare these attributes and descriptions with those of the prophet Daniel's "Michael the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people"; Jude's "Michael the archangel, contending with the devil"; "Michael and his angels" of Revelation, who "fought against the dragon"; and "Michael of celestial armies prince," Michael with the sword "from the armoury of God," and "Michael with regard benign" of Milton's Paradise Lost.

In Martin's day the adoration of the Archangel prevailed over a wider district than it does now. Topography proves that it was at a still earlier period common all over Celtic Scotland, for we find dedications to him in

every district in which Gaelic is spoken, or has been spoken since the introduction of Christianity—from the Pentland Firth to the Solway, and from the German Ocean to the Atlantic. Many of these consecrated spots are inland, but the favourite site of a St. Michael dedication was a hill or rock or high land overlooking the sea—such as St. Michael's at Inveresk on the Firth of Forth, known as "The Visible Church." That the Archangel was in early times generally associated in Scotland with high places is seen from the fact that in the ancient Kalendars of Aberdeen, Arbutnott, and Hyrdmanstoun, he is designated in *monte tumba*, or *de monte tumba*. Adam King's Scots Kalendar mentions "Ye dedications of S. Michalis Kirk in mont garganus,"—a reference to the ancient church dedicated to the Saint on Mount Garganus on the Italian shore of the Adriatic.

The Archangel was much esteemed in Ireland, and the Christian name Michael or Mike is as typically Irish as Patrick or Pat. And there, too, the favourite site for a dedication to him was a high rock in or near the sea—such as Skellig Mhicheil, off the coast of Kerry, which rises seven or eight hundred feet above the sea, and is crowned with the monastery and church of St. Michael. His cult was also known among the Gael of the Isle of Man, who dedicated to him their oldest church—Kirkmichael on the north-west coast of the island.

But the strange thing is that other Celtic races, separated from the Gael of Alba and Erin and Man by hundreds of miles of space and thousands of years of time, honoured the Archangel precisely as the Gael did.

The dedications in Wales are numerous—the name appearing as "Mihangel," and the churches as "Llanfihangel." Many of these are, as in Scotland, inland; but some of them, like Llanfihangel-Dinsylwy in Anglesey, and Llanfihangel-y-Traethan near Harlech, occupy prominent positions on the sea. Mr. Willis Bund, in his "Celtic Church of Wales," refers to these dedications, one of which appears on record as early as the year 718, and expresses the opinion that "the Michael churches represent the earliest form of dedicated churches." Mr. Bund proceeds:—"Why should so many churches dedicated to St. Michael appear in Wales? Archdeacon Bevan [in Diocesan History of St. David's] makes two guesses as to the reason of St. Michael's popularity. (1) An association appealed to Welsh sentiment in the significance of the dedication as a symbol of the victorious progress of the Church. It may well be that there was another reason. All Celtic people believed greatly in the spirits and powers of



darkness. Michael was the saint who, according to Scripture, conquered the spirits of evil, and, as such saint, he would be especially venerated at those places where the evil spirits were subdued. Certain spots which had been sacred to the evil spirits had, by the Christian monks, relying, amongst other things, on the power of Michael, been won over from the evil spirits, and on such spots, where the powers of light triumphed over the powers of darkness, a church was built, and to celebrate the victory the monks had obtained by aid of the victorious saint, the church was called after him; hence, the Michael churches, which would represent old pagan places of worship which the Christian monks converted into Christian sites for religious worship."

The most striking feature on the coast of Celtic Cornwall is St. Michael's Mount—an isolated rock rising to a height of about two hundred feet above the sea, having on its summit the ancient fortified priory of St. Michael, now used as a manorial residence. More striking still is Mont St. Michel off the west coast of Normandy and the north coast of Brittany, a solitary cone of granite one thousand yards in circumference and rising to about two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, on which stands the combined monastery and fortress of St. Michel, which has played so memorable a part in the history of France. Further south again there rises from the great plain on which stand the marvellous stones of Carnac, among which you still hear the Breton speech, another Mont St. Michel, looking across the Bay of Biscay, and having on its summit an old rubble-built chapel, mean in appearance, but supremely sacred to the hardy Breton sailors and fishermen, who resort to it with their thank-offerings on each safe return from sea.

I have wandered over these Cornish and French "mounts," wondering the while why and how the Archangel came to be associated with them, and with similar sea-side or sea-girt eminences in Scotland, Ireland, Man, Wales, and even old Celtic Italy, and what ancient Celtic god of the sea—or evil spirit, as the early Christians would doubtless have called him—he so thoroughly vanquished and superseded. So far my quest has not been satisfactory. Will your learned readers help me?

#### "REVIVAL"

Is "revival" the right word to use in connection with the Gaelic movement? Possibly much may be said in its favour, but we still think it is not the right word. Gaelic is not dead, and we doubt if it is dying—save in the sense that it was dying more than two thousand years ago. If the word may be used, should it not rather have reference to the Highlander? The Highlander of the old and true type is sairly wanted back.

#### SITHICHEAN A' RUDHA.

Fhuair sinn a' sgialachd-sa bho ghille a mhuinntir Rudha an Tiompain, an Leòdhas. Cha'n eil teagamh nach gabh mòran de ar luchd-leughaidh neònachas dhith. Cha'n e nach eil iad eòlach gu leòr air a' sgialachd, ach a chionn ghr h-ann a mhuinntir an Rudha ud a bha 'n bodach. Chuala sinn deanamh eile air a' sgialachd, ach so mar a tha i air a h-aithris ann an tighean-cèilidh a' Rudha.

Bha 'n uair ud creipleach de bhodach crùbach crotach a' comhnuidh ann an sgìre a' Rudha, Gus rud-eigin a dheanamh air son a bhi-beò ghabh e mar fhiachaibh air fhéin an crodh a bhuachaillleachd. B'e sud rud, agus anns a' linn a bh'ann, 's iomadach fear agus té a bhàsaicheadh mu'n toireadh iad am bi-beò as, oir bha e air a chumail a mach gu'n robh na sithichean ro dhéigheil air a bhi air sàil na spréidh. Bha e 'na chleachdadh gu bho chionn gann air ceud bliadhna, an uair a dheigheadh an crodh a chur da'n innis, crois a ghearradh anns an talamh, anns an aite am fágta iad, a chum an cumail sàbhailt bho innleachdan nan "daoine beaga."

Bha'm bodach a' là-sa a muigh leis a' chrodh, mar a b'abhaist. Bha e air dol slighe mhòr leotha—ro-fhada air son a sheana chnàmhan-san—agus shuidh e air a' cheud tom coltach air 'na thachair e, gun ni air aire ach anail cheart a leigheil.

Bha'n crodh gu dèigheil a' cosnadh sios bh' uaithe, 's e 'na shuidhe air an tom. Ach mu'n robh de dh' fhois aige air fhaighinn na dheanadh feum sam bith dh' a chnàmhan, thàinig a nuas air as an talamh air an robh e 'na shuidhe ceòl tiamhaidh mar gu'm biodh grunnan de ghuthan binn a' seinn cuideachd ann am broinn an tuim sin. An uair a fhuair e seachad a' cheud chrith eagail, 's e'n t-aon rud a chum e gu'n na buinn a thoirt as, binneas nan guth a bha seinn. Dh' éisd e gu mion, agus rinn e mach gur h-e 'n t-òran a bh' aca,

"Di-luan 's Di-mairt,—

Di-luan 's Di-mairt"—

agus mar sin air adhairt, gun gré facail eile ach iad sin. Ged a bha na guthan binn thug an t-òran gu buileach air falbh uile thlachd a' bhodaich anns a' cheòl.

Ma 's e no nach e gu'n chuir e roimhe an crodh a dhion ge b'e air bith dé thigheadh, dh' fhuirich e air an tom. Ach gus nach biodh e air a shàruchadh na b' fhaide leis an òran 's ann a chuir e mheuran 'na chluasan agus thog e fhéin fonn (cha robh difir co air). Sguir na sithichean fhéin agus dh' éisd iad ris. Am meadhan na sìthe bh' ann fhuair am bodach e fhéin ag éigheach cho aird 's a leigeadh piopan analach dha,

"Di-luan, 's Di-mairt, 's Di-ciadainn."

Di-luan, 's Di-mairt, 's Di-ciadainn"—

Stad e air son anail, agus mhothaich e cho sàmhach 's a bha h-uile ni mu'n cuairt air. Cha'n eil teagamh nach do shaoil leis an uair sin gu'n do chuir e eagal air na "daoine beaga" air son aon uair 'nam beatha. Thug e briosgadh maith as an uair a thòisich an t-seinn as ùr; ach 's ann a ghabh e ioghnadh an uair a thug e gu'm b'e òran fhéin a bh' aca. An uair a bha iad air dol thairis air dà uair no trì thionndaidh ioghnadh a' bhodaich gu uamhas is eagal; oir an sin sgoilt an tom air an robh e 'na shuidhe, agus a mach as an sgoltadh thàinig armailt lionmhor de na "daoine beaga," a' séinn agus a' dannsadh mar a gheibheadh iad a mach. Thòisich iad air dol timchioll air a' bhodach 'san dòigh sin gu's an robh e an impis dol á chòchail a chridhe leis an eagal.

Ach cha robh aobhar eagail fada. Sguir na sìthichean a shéinn 's a dhanns', agus dh'fhaighnich iad dheth gu toilichte sìtheil an robh ni ann a dheanadh iad air a shon a chionn e chur an tuilleadh loinn air an òran. Ghabh an bodach misneach, agus thuir e, nach b'e mhàin gu'n robh a chroit a' cur mihais air a chruth, ach nach robh e comasach dha mòran oibreach a dheanamh leatha. Bu ghann a bha na facail air fàgail a bheòil an uair a fhuair e e fhéin 'na loman aonrachd air an tom, 'na sheasamh, 's e cho dìreach, sùrdail, ris a' ghille a b' fhearr a bh' anns a' bhaile. Chaidh e dhachaidh gu cridheil, ait, a' leum, 's a' ruith, gu mòr-ioghnadh a chàirdéan aig a' bhaile a chreid a h-uile facal dhe sgiala.

Thachair gu'n robh bodach crotach eile nam measg. An uair a chuala esan a' sgiala 's ann a dheigheadh e fhéin a mach an ath là thun an tuim, ach am faigheadh e leigheas da dhruim.

Dh' fhalbh e gu maith tràth, agus shuidh e air an tom—cha b' ann a leigeil analach, ach a dh' fheitheamh agus a dh' éisdeachd ris na sìthichean. Cha do chum iad sin e ro fhada fuireach riutha, gu's na thòisich iad air òran a' bhodaich eile sheinn. Bha esan ro ullaigh gu seirbhis a dheanamh do na sìthichean bho'n bha dùil aige buannachd mhaith a dheanamh asda. Cha do leig e fada air an adhairt iad gu's an do thòisich e air séinn 's air leasachadh an òrain daibh. B' ann mar so a shéinn e—

"Di-luain, 's Di-mairt, 's Di-ciadainn, 's Di-ardaoin"—

Ach cha deach e fada air adhairt an uair a bhriùchd na sìthichean a mach as an tom, 's fìor choltas uile orra. Gu'n fhaighneachd dheth dé bha e 'g iarraidh, ach ag radh gu greannach ris, "c' arson a mhill thu 'n t-òran oirn?" Thilg iad croit a bhodaich eile air, agus b' éigin dha gu tìrsach brùite dhol dhachaidh leis na dhà—a chroit fhéin 's croit a' bhodaich eile.

## CLANN NAN GAIDHEAL ANN AN GUAILLIBH A CHEILE

(HIGHLANDERS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER).

A PLEA FOR UNITY AMONG THE GAELS,

BY

MAJOR E. D. CAMERON.

AN unprejudiced critic of us Gaels, both of Scotland and of Ireland, would probably say that our weakness has hitherto lain chiefly in our dissensions and want of perseverance. In this paper I propose to confine myself to the former of the above causes of weakness in so far as it affects the objects of "An Comunn Gaidhealach." In the first place can it be said that we Scottish Gaels, those of us who do know something of the Gaelic language, are united in the desire to preserve the old language? Unfortunately we must admit that there are among us those who for the sake of what they believe to be the material interests of our people, are prepared to sacrifice the language of their forefathers together with all that is bound up with it. The number of Gaelic-speaking people who hold these ideas is not large, and is undoubtedly diminishing, and I content myself here by merely repeating to them the remark that "there is nothing more unpractical than to ignore sentiment."

Next comes a larger class mostly composed of older people who came long ago to the conclusion that the Gaelic, excellent as it is in itself, is bound to die, and of younger people very often the children of parents who were opposed to the upkeeping of Gaelic. Such people, with the conservatism of all true Highlanders, cling to the opinions of their own younger days, or else to those of their parents. They are not unnaturally loth to admit that after all they or their fathers were mistaken. To such people I would say, watch the signs of the times. Look at what has already been done in Ireland, and even in the Highlands. Recollect too, that the movement for the revival of Gaelic is only in its infancy, and if you are convinced don't be afraid to confess that you were wrong.

After them comes a still larger class which includes the great majority of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. These people in their heart of hearts really love their ancestral tongue, but diffidence and apathy prevent them from speaking out and from taking an active part in the revival. Some of them too, and especially the younger ones and the children are afraid of ridicule, that awful bugbear of the Gael! Others again are faint-hearted. They are afraid that the revival is merely a passing



wave of enthusiasm. To this class I would say, have a little more pluck and confidence. Depend upon it the Gaelic revival has come to stay. Never mind what the Sassenach may say or think. Cultivate and make the fullest possible use of your own language which has been given to you by the Creator Himself through your parents. Above all take care that you hand on to your children their birth-right of Gaelic. Learn to read the Word of God in the language you best understand, and then teach it to others. Give up the old idea that Gaelic or even the Highland accent will keep your children back in the world. This notion has been falsified by the success of many a Gaelic speaker outside of the Highlands. Two members of my own clan, Gaelic speakers of humble birth, were to be Mayors of Bangor and Stockton, and two Gaelic speakers of my mother's clan rose to be Adjutant-General of the British Army and Premier of Canada respectively, while a third rose higher through the ranks than any man in the British Army in recent times. Give up also the idea that Gaelic will spoil your own or your children's English. It will do nothing of the kind. Many of the best Gaelic speakers are also first rate speakers of English, and the possession of two languages in itself sharpens the intellect. And lastly, join the Gaelic Societies those of you who have the opportunity, and in every case take an active part in supporting the old language.

Now I come to those of us who are heart or soul in favour of Gaelic and its avowed supporters. Can it be said that we stand shoulder to shoulder? Alas! no. We are divided into coteries and numerous factions and we do not present an unbroken front. Much precious time and energy which ought rather to be spent in the cause of the Gaelic are wasted in acrimonious discussion about matters of trifling importance, and in petty squabbles. The touchiness of us Gaels is too often manifest, and really capable workers dissipate their energies in trying to prove that they and they only are right. As an instance in point, I may mention that when I was in Wales recently, a Welsh town council held a two-hour's heated discussion over the spelling of the Welsh name of a new road, thereby exposing themselves to the derision of the Sassenach. I have even heard it whispered that a somewhat similar discussion nearer home over a mere trifle threatened to have very serious results. Such squabbles are of course ludicrous; but they also are the cause of great loss of efficiency, and tend to bring the whole movement into ridicule. It is to be earnestly hoped that good Gaels will in the future devote their available time and energies to real work for the Gaelic

cause rather than to vain disputations about trifles, and personal squabbles.

Lastly, apart from internal dissensions in our ranks, there is great need of organization and co-operation among our forces. During the past, Gaelic Societies have been formed in London and elsewhere both in the Highlands and Lowlands. These have done much valuable work not only in collecting and preserving much that would otherwise have been irretrievably lost but also in keeping the interest in Gaelic alive and paving the way for the present revival. As an instance it may be stated that the inception of the Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhirnis and its recent successful Children's Mòd would have been hardly possible had it not been for the previous work of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Nevertheless, valuable and even indispensable as has been the work of the Gaelic Societies, there can be no question that they were wholly inadequate as instruments for a revival of Gaelic. An organization on a larger and more popular basis was required for this purpose, and has been supplied by "An Comunn Gaidhealach," which however, is only in a very elementary state of development. Good Gaels who are already members of Gaelic Societies should not for that reason refrain from joining "An Comunn Gaidhealach." I may mention that I myself belonged to a Gaelic Society before I joined "An Comunn Gaidhealach," and that I have since then joined another Gaelic Society. It is also to be hoped that no jealousy will ever exist between "An Comunn Gaidhealach," and the Gaelic Societies, and that they will always heartily co-operate with each other.

The title of this paper is usually translated "Highlanders shoulder to shoulder," but it ought rather to be rendered "Gaels shoulder to shoulder," thus including the Gael of Ireland as well as the Gael of Scotland. Have then the Gaels of Scotland and of Ireland always stood shoulder to shoulder? It must be confessed that they have not. There has been too much jealousy between the sea-divided Gaels. Let this be a thing of the past. Let us unite with our Irish brothers in their endeavour to revive the language of their fathers which is really our own Gaelic language in a slightly different form. In the past we have been too fond of assuming an air of superiority and laying claim to more fixity of purpose and greater perseverance. We shall do well to look to our laurels in the future and see that we are not left far behind in the language revival by the erst-while despised Irishman. We can learn much from him especially as regards covering the country with branches of "An Comunn Gaidhealach," and introducing Gaelic into our schools.

Some of the readers of this paper may have neither time nor opportunity to work for the Gaelic language. To them I would say then, try to help as regards the music or industries. May the watchword of the coming Mòd be "*Clann nan Gaidheal ann an gaillibh a cheile.*"

### "THE BOOK OF DEER."

So leabhar anns am bheil Gaidhlig Albannach cho sean 's a tha air sgiala an diugh. Tha i dol air ais cho fada ris an aona linn deug, mur a h-eil na's fhaide. 'S e bh' anns an leabhar fhéin, mar a chaidh a sgrìobhadh an toiseach, cuibhrionn de'n Tiomnadh Nuadh ann an Laidinn—an Soisgaul a réir Eoin, a' cheud tri caibdilean ann a' Lucas, a' cheud cheithir ann am Marc, agus a' cheud sia ann am Mata. Bhuinneadh e do'n Mhanachainn a bha ann an Deer, agus tha e cho sean ris a' naoitheamh linn.

Air na bloighean a bha bàn de na duilleagan tha sgrìobhaidhean anns a' Ghàidhlig. Bha na sgrìobhaidhean sin air an deanamh gu bhì cumail air chuimhne tiodhlacan fearainn a bha air an toirt do'n Mhanachainn an dràsda 's a ris'. B'e an Tiomnadh Nuadh an leabhar bu chintich a gheidheadh e, dìreach mar a b' àbhais do mhuinntir 'n ar là fhin a bhì cur ainmean 's latha-breith an teachlaich air duilleig bhàn anns a' Bhiobull.

Tha aois an leabhair air a shealltainn leis an eadar-theangachadh de'n t-Soisgeul a tha ann, na deilbh a tha air fheagh, agus an làmh-sgrìobhaidh anns am bheil e air a sgrìobhadh. Tha an seòrsa Gàidhlig a tha ann cuideachd a' comh-chordadh ris na comharraichean sin. 'S i Gàidhlig an aon linn ri seann leabhraichean na h-Eireann a tha ann.

Ged a tha an leabhar cho sean a sin, cha'n eil ach beagan is dà fhichead bliadhna bho fhuair daoine ar latha-ne eòlas air. Mu 'n àm sin fhuair fear-gleidhidh Leabharlann àrd-thigh-fhoghlaim Chambridge e air sgeilp anns an Leabharlann. Air dha rannsachadh a dheanamh fhuair e mach gu'n robh e cho maith ri ceud gu leith bliadhna 'na luidhe anns an Leabharlann ud gun fhios aig duine air a luach no gu'n robh a leithid idir ann.

B'e Mr. Whitley Stokes a dh' eadar-theangach a' Ghàidhlig a tha anns an leabhar an toiseach 's a chuir an céill do'n t-saoghal cho sean 's a tha an leabhar. So sreith no dhà de'n Ghàidhlig a tha ann:

Columille 7 Drostan mac cosgreg adalta tangator ahi marroalseg dia daibh gonic abordoboir 7 bede cruthnech robomormaer buchan araginn 7 esse rothidnaig doib ingathraig sain insaere gobraith omormaer 7 othosec.

### ONLY A MEDLEY.

We willingly accede to a very general request on the part of our readers that the October number of AN DEO-GHREINE be got ready for publication not later than the 24th September, so that it may be on sale at Oban during the Mòd proceedings. With this issue the magazine enters on the second year of its existence. In order to follow a well-established precedent, it was our intention to devote some portion of the space at our disposal in this number to a review of the past year's work, and to sketch a programme of what, in our opinion, are special and interesting features to be introduced into these pages during the current year. The Mòd, however, is the engrossing topic of the moment, and in view of the keen interest evinced, and the pleasurable anticipations indulged in concerning it, we forego our intention, giving instead some suggestions and facts bearing on this popular festival. As the years pass, it is becoming increasingly evident that the place of meeting of the Mòd is to all true Highlanders what Mecca is to all true Mohammedans. Oban, the birthplace of An Comunn Gaidhealach, the first centre at which the Mòd was held, is the Mecca to which all devout lovers of the Gaelic language and the race who speak it will direct their steps on the last Wednesday of September. Fortunately, Oban is as accessible as it is beautiful in situation, and the visitor to its Mòd will have his sympathies enlisted and his interest in the ancient tongue of Gaeldom aroused, for the enthusiasm which led to the inception of An Comunn Gaedhealach is not a whit abated there. Visible expression of this enthusiasm can be seen in the admirable arrangements made for the comfort of judges, competitors and audience in the halls set apart for the various competitions; in the excellent arrangement of the three days' programme—a programme singularly free from overlapping in the matter of competitions, and making ample provision for filling up every day and evening of the Mòd with competitions or concerts; and in the bold and brilliant idea of utilising the pretty railway station as a concert hall! In this last respect the Mòd will be no less epoch-making than unique, for never before, we believe, has a railway station been temporarily converted into a concert room. The circumstance is so very unique, and the gathering in the railway station will be so remarkable musically, educationally, and socially, that we trust the local photographers will not overlook its significance. A word to the wise, you know!

\* \* \*

The enterprise of the Local Committee of

An Comunn in securing the railway station, and in undertaking to adapt it to its temporary use on the evening of the 28th September, commands our admiration. But admiration is not enough: we must, each and all, do our utmost to help the Committee in this formidable undertaking. The structural alterations to be effected will cost upwards of £100! To meet this expenditure, and leave something over to meet contingencies, an audience of at least 1,500 persons must assemble in the improvised concert hall. Is it impossible to attract so large an audience as this to a Gaelic concert held on the occasion of the Mòd in our Highland Charing Cross? Assuredly not. If all who love the Highlands, the Gaelic language, its literature and music, resolve to be present and bring with them one or two friends each; if all who patronise the competitions during any or all of the days of the Festival make it a *point of honour to attend the concert on Friday evening*, the undertaking will prove a splendid financial success. And it will strengthen the hands, cheer the hearts, and greatly relieve the anxieties of the Oban local executive of An Comunn if those present at the concert who can at all afford it, will forward a small postal order to help defray expenses of the alterations, to Mr. John M. Skinner, secretary of the Oban branch of An Comunn. We should like to counsel all who attend the Mòd to do so in a spirit of love and admiration for Gaelic music and song, for only thus can they thoroughly enjoy the proceedings, and understand something of the inwardness of the language movement in our midst. Unfortunately there come to all gatherings persons so sour in disposition, and so cynical in temperament, that they can see no good in anything. Their *role* is that of the carping critic. Could they gaze for a moment on the pearly gates and golden pavement of the New Jerusalem, they would, doubtless, discover a flaw in these also. We sat beside them in Mòds and at concerts ere now, and their adverse comments so excited us that we might have given winged utterance to inflammatory language did we not restrain our feelings by an incessant though silent repetition of non-Gaelic oburgations, among which "*Anathema and Maranatha*" figured freely. On one occasion we meditated making a physical impression on one of these critics, and only refrained from attempting to do so by respect for his *avoirduois* weight! It is idle to hope that such persons will be pleased or benefitted by the Oban Mòd. Those, however, who can see good in everything, and can appreciate music of a higher type than music hall ditties, coon or coster songs, will thoroughly enjoy the excellent music sure to

be heard at the Mòd. They will be delighted with the bright, spontaneous, unaffected singing of the children at the concert in the Argyleshire Hall on Wednesday evening, over which Mrs. Burnley-Campbell is to preside; and they will be no less pleased than surprised to hear the splendid singing of the senior Mòd prize-winners at Friday night's concert, over which Miss Elspeth Campbell, daughter of Lord Archibald Campbell, will preside. Miss Campbell is much interested in all Gaelic matters, and very specially so in Gaelic music.

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It was Zeuss, the great German Celtic scholar and grammarian, who suggested that "Gael" is derived from a word meaning "wind," and that, therefore, the Gaels are "the violent stormy people." In pursuit of his Celtic studies he came frequently into contact with Gaels whose sensibility, generosity, hot temper, and quickness to resent injuries were qualities so foreign to his phlegmatic German temperament that he must needs dig into the roots of dead languages, if, perchance, he might find some words to explain and express characteristics which were, to him, inexplicable. He thought he discovered the secret in this rather fanciful derivation! The power of quick and strong perception and emotion—"one of the very prime constituents of genius," as Matthew Arnold says—coupled with an occasional lack of patience, which puzzled Zeuss, is still a characteristic of ours. We are passionate, hot-tempered, always ready to resent injuries, but always, we trust, generous, loyal and sympathetic. It is not an entirely unfamiliar occurrence at some of our meetings, any more than it is at some Lowland and English meetings, for acrimonious discussion to ensue over comparatively unimportant matters, with the result that friends become estranged, and the cause so dear to us all suffers. By all means let there be plenty of discussion, plenty of criticism, thorough, searching criticism at all our meetings. But such criticism must be sweetened with charity, toleration, and sympathy, else it becomes an instrument to kill and not to heal. We are engaged in a noble work, our sympathies are enlisted in a glorious cause—that of endeavouring to obtain for Gaelic its proper place in the schools, and its natural place in the lives of our people. It is work which demands strenuous, united effort on the part of An Comunn, and calls for much self-effacement, self-repression, and self-sacrifice on the part of individual members of An Comunn. We shall best show our zeal for, our earnestness in, and our devotion to this work by forgetting our slight differences, and closing our ranks firmly and solidly, so as to present a united

front to the world. For we must remember that our cause has already attracted the attention of friends and foes. These latter will measure the importance of our work by the singleness of aim with which they see us pursue it, and the unity of action with which they see us engage in it. Let us, then, sink our little differences and bury our little vendettas, and as we assemble in Oban at Mòd and committee meetings, let it be as devoted brethren who are consecrated to a noble work which requires their best united action to accomplish it. Thus shall our work and we benefit from following the Gaelic watchword, "*Clann nan Gaidheal an gvaillibh a cheile.*"

\* \* \*

We are indebted to the MANX SUN for the following:—"The lesson of the Carnarvon Eisteddfod is obvious. The Eisteddfod must be Welsh in order to succeed. It must be held in the heart of Wales, and not among semi-English surroundings. And it loses nothing by emphasising its alliance with kindred institutions in other Celtic countries. Its home policy must be Welsh, and its foreign policy must be pan-Celtic." That is a pregnant paragraph, and its teaching applies to us also. Our Mòd is held this year in the very centre of the Highlands. We not only acknowledge alliance with kindred institutions, but we also welcome delegates from such to our Mòd, which is Gaelic all through. But shall we not all speak Gaelic as much as possible, outside the Mòd meetings?

—:O-Φ-O:—

## UNRECORDED GAELIC MELODIES.

MI A'M SHUIDHE AIR AN TULAICH. Compiler J.C. The tune here given differs so much from that already recorded, and sung to the same words, that it can hardly be called a variant.

GLEUS G. RANN.

{	d. d	d	: -	r. m	m	: m	}
	Mi a'm	shuidhe		air an	tulaich,		
{	s	f	: -	m. r	m. -	s	}
	Fo	mhulad		's fo	iomacheist,		
{	s	l	: -	s. l	s	: m	}
	A'	coimhead		a	Ile		
{	r	d	: l	d	r. r. -	m	}
	Air	Dùra		is	Scarba.		

SEIS.

{	s	l	: -	-s	s	: -	-}
	I	hiùraibh			o		

{	f	m	: -	-r	m	: -	}
	Hug	oireann			o		
{	s	l	: -	-s	s	: -	}
	I	hiùraibh			o		
{	s <sub>1</sub> . d	r	: -	-r	d	: -	
	'Sna hug ir			iaig	ò.		

BIDH TUS' A'D CHEARD AGAMSA. Compiler, J.C. There is a story attached to this tune, and it has been written; but where we cannot recall.

GLEUS F.

{	l	s. d	: d	m. m	m.	}
	Bidh	tus' a'd	chèard	agamsa,		
{	l	s. d	: d	m. r	r. r.	}
	'S bidh	mis a'm	bhàrd	agadsa;		
{	l	s. d	: d	d. m	m.	}
	Gur	tus' an	cèard	achfuinneach:		
{	l	s. s	: m. s	m. d	d.	}
	Ud,	ud, cha	leig mi	dhachaidh thu.		

THA BUAIDH AIR AN UISGE BHEATH'. Compiler, J.C. The words of this song have been recorded; but we have not seen any music to the song outside of bagpipe books; and the music there given is not the same as this. The melody is a stirring one.

GLEUS A. SEIS.

{	r	d	: s <sub>1</sub> , s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> , s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> , s <sub>1</sub>	}
	Tha	buaidh	air an	uisge	bheath';	
{	f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	: s <sub>1</sub> , l <sub>1</sub>	d., r	m.	}
	Tha	buaidh	air nach	coir a	chleith;	
{	r	d	: l <sub>1</sub> , l <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub> , l <sub>1</sub>	f	}
	Tha	buaidh	air an	uisge bheath';		
{	s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> s <sub>1</sub> -	m., r	d	d.	
	'S ro-mhath	teth is	fuair	e.		

RANN.

{	d	r., r	: m. m	s., s	s.,	}
	Am	fear a	bhios 'na	thuraman,		
{	s	l. l	: s., m	m. r. -	d.,	}
	A'	ciumhneachadh na	h-uile ri,			
{	d	r. r	: m. f	s., s	s.,	}
	Gu'm	b' fhearr	dha làn	na gusgaig dheth		

D.C.

{	f	m. d	: f., m	r	: f.,	
	A	chum a	chur an	òrdugh.		

## FIDEACHA-DID.

BHA sinn uair air chéilidh ann an tigh bana-charaid. ann am baile beag, le ainm Lochlannoch, air taobh a Siar eilean Leòdhais. Bha sinn a gabhail naigheachd a chéile, 's a' seanachas air seana chàirdean, an uair a thàinig nàbaidh a steach, fear cho briathrach 's thachradh riut air Tuath. Sud far an robh na làidichean de Ghàidhlig mhilis, agus ged nach robh mòran brìgh no spéis anns na bha ruith air bu cheòl do ar cluasan a bhi 'g éisdeachd ris. Cha robh truaillleadh le Beurla air a' Ghàidhlig ud. Anns a' chòmhradh a bh'ann chleachd e am facal, "B'e sin na fideacha-dide." Chuir ar cluas umhail air an fhacal, agus dh'iarr sinn mineachadh air, "Sud ars esan, "am facal a thuit a bhean ri Aonghas òg MacAmhlaidh, a thug air a thigh fhàgail 's a dhol do'n chogadh." A chionn nach cuala sinn an sgiala roimhe, 's nach robh ach ceilidh air ar n-aire co dhù, chaidh ar caraid an ceann a sgeib mar so.

B'AMANNAN triobladaich do Ghàidhealtachd na h-Alba na bliadhnanach sin anns an robh a' cheud rìgh Tìearlach a' cogadh ann an aghaidh iochdarain. 'S iomadh cagailt a chaidh fhàsachadh, agus banntrach is dileachdan a chaidh fhàgail gun taic an lorg a' chogaidh chianail a bha sud. Bha Leòdhais aig an àm ud air a h-àiteachadh le sluagh borb, dalma, agus eas-umhail. Anns gach sgìre bha ceann-feadhna. Dh'asan bha an sluagh a ghnàth ullamh air an dìlseachd a thaisbeanadh. Leanadh iad e gu buaidh no gu bàs.

B' àrd-fhlaith air sgìre Uig aig an àm so Domhnall MacAmhlaidh, de'n goirte gu coit-chionn, "Domhnall Càrn." Bha Domhnall air lèith-shuil. Bha seachdnar mhac aige cho lùthmhor, foghainteach, agus eireachdail, 's a shiubhail monadh. B'e ainm fear aca, Aonghas Oig. Bha esan air thigheadas ann am Mangursta—baile maith chruidh is chaorach, ged nach robh e riamh tacarrach a thaobh éisg.

Air là àraidh ann am mìos Ghibleinn, 's a' bhliadhna 1645, rinn Aongas moch-eirigh, oir bha iomaguin air mu thimchioll nan caorach 's nan uan, a bha meat aig an àm sin de'n bhliadhna. Bha bana-chompanach Aonghais 'na boirionnach eireachdail, ach tha e air aithris gu'n robh i mi-shuairce, agus gu tric a' cur campair air a fear-posda, a bha dheth fhéin, mar a bha clann Amhlaidh air fad, 'na dhuine àrdanach, agus mi-fhaghaidneach.

Bha bràithrean Aonghais Oig, aig an àm-sa, mar a bha moran eile de theun-fhir na sgìre, a' cogadh fo'n Cheann-fheachd ainmeil sin, *Montrose*.

An uair a thill Aonghas dhachaidh bho chuairt am measg nan caorach, bha e fuar is acrach. Labhair e gu cabgach ri bean an tighe, an uair a chunnaic e nach robh a bhiaidh-maidne deis. Fhreagair ise gu h-ana-cneasda, "Och! Och! Cha'n eil thusa far am bheil

curaidhean na sgìre. 'S fhearr leat a bhi trod ri do bhean aig an tigh; ach dh' fhalbh na fir theun, 's dh' fhuirich na fideacha-dide." "Ma 's fhior sin," ars' Aonghas, "thig na fir theun, ach cha tig na fideacha-dide."

Thog Aonghas air gu na bradhainn, 's bhleith e peice mine. Leis a' so mar bhiaidh-turais dh' fhàg e bhean 's a dhachaidh. An uair a bha e mach cùl a' bhaile shuidh e aig claich, ris an abrar gus an là an diugh, clach Aonghuis. Gu trom airsneulach an so shìl e beagan dheur, 's e 'g amharc gu muladach air a dhachaidh, a bha e nis a' fàgail.

As a' sin rinn e a shlighe gu Tairbeart na h-Earadh. Fhuair e aiseag do'n eilean Sgith-eanach. An ùin ghoirid, ann an cuideachd beagan eile, fhuair e suas ri feachd *Mhontrose*, an Ear air Inbhirnis. Bha e air aithris nach robh aon eile a rinn a leithid de sgathadh air na Cùmhnantaich, ann am blàr Allt-Eirinn, ri Aonghas Og MacAmhlaidh. Ach thuit e 's a' chath, agus 's iomadh là bha bhantrach aonaranach duilich air son nam briathran tàmailt-each a chuir fogradh fo a companach.

Bha sinn an comain ar deadh charaid air son an fhacail 's air son a sgiala. Bha sinn duilich nach fhuilgeadh tim dhùinn a bhi fuireach na b' fhaide 'na chuideachd, oir bha sinn cinnteach far an robh sud gu'n robh tuileadh.

AN FHEINN  
AN EADARR-'A-FHAODHAIL.

THEAGAMH gur maith le ar luchd-leughaidh ann an Leòdhais an sgiala bheagsa fhaicinn ann an clò. Tha i ann an so mar a fhuair sinn i bho bheul fear nach maireann. Cha'n fhac i 'n là gus an so, ged is iomadh uair a chaidh a h-aithris an tac an teine, anns an tigh-chéilidh. ann an Creaga na tràghad, an uair a bha sinn anns an aois òig.

An uair a bha an Fhéinn ann an Eadarr-'a-Fhadhail chaidh iad aon là a mach a shealg. Dh' fhàg iad Fionn agus na mnathan agus a' chlann aig an tigh. Bha duine d'am b' ainm an Ciutach a' tàmh ann am Boronis, faisg orra. Tha làrach ionad comhnuidh ann an sud fhathast, air a chomharrachadh leis an ainm, Dùn a' Chiutaich.

An uair a chuala an Ciutach gu'n dh' fhalbh an Fhéinn gu léir, ach Fionn agus na mnathan agus a' chlann, chaidh e gus an àite 'san robh Fionn, agus thoisich e 'g a fhiadhachadh gu sabaist. Dh' iarr Fionn dàil beag gus an deanadh e tiomnadh do bhalachan beag a bha 'na odha dha. Air dha sin fhaotainn shéid e 'n fheadag.

B' ann gu beannaibh Barbhais a stiùir Oscar a chùrsa, Mac a' Luinn air a shliasaid, agus gille comhla ris. Thachair fear orra ann am



Beannaibh Barbhais aig an robh claidheamh air an robh truaill mhaiseach. 'S e truaill ghrannda a bha air Mac a' Luinn. 'S ann a rinn Oscar agus an duine cumha gu'n deanadh iad iomlaid anns na claidheamh gun an toirt as na truaillean. 'S e claidheamh meirgeach a' thachair a bhi anns an truaill bhreagha. An uair a thàinig an oidhche luidh Oscar agus an duine sìos agus chaidil iad, ach cha do chaidil gille Oscar. An uair a bha iad 'nan cadal chuir an gille Mac a' Luinn anns an truaill bhreagha, agus an claidheamh meirgeach anns an truaill ghrannda, agus mar sin bha Mac a' Luinn aig a mhaighistir a ris.

Anns a' mhaduinn chuala iad feadag 'g a séideadh. Dh' aithnich Oscar gu'm b'i feadag a sheanar a bh' ann, agus thuirt e, "Tha cath 'g a chur, agus feum air fir ;

Tha gaoth bhar sluaigh, ach 's truagh gun Mac a' Luinn."

Ghluais iad dhachaidh le cabhaig, agus an uair a bha iad aig sruth Linnshader chuala iad an fheadag a ris.

"Tha cath 'g a chur," ars' Oscar, "agus feum air fir ;

Tha gaoth bhar sluaigh, ach 's truagh gun Mhac a' Luinn."

Dh'fhaighnich an gille dheth dé dheanadh e na 'm biodh e aige. "Chuirinn treas earrainn a' chatha," ars' Oscar. Ghreas iad orra, agus an uair a bha iad iag sruth Loch a' Roag chuala iad an fheadag a ris,

"Tha cath 'g a chur, agus feum air fir ;

Tha gaoth bhar sluaigh, ach 's truagh gun Mhac a' Luinn."

ars' Oscar, mar a thuirt e roimhe. Dh'fhaighnich an gille dheth dé dheanadh e na 'm biodh Mac a' Luinn aige. "Chuirinn dà thrìan a' chatha," ars' esan. Bha iad a' gabhail rompa, a' dian choiseachd, agus an uair a bha iad aig Lag na Clibhe chual' iad an fheadag a ris. Thuirt Oscar mar a thuirt e an uair a chuala e 'n toiseach i,

"Tha cath 'g a chur, agus feum air fir ;

Tha gaoth bhar sluaigh, ach 's truagh gun Mhac a' Luinn."

Dh'fhaighnich an gille dheth dé dheanadh e na 'm biodh Mac a' Luinn aige. "Chuirinn," ars, esan, "an cath 'n am' aonar." "Tha e agad," ars' an gille, agus cha'n e thu fhéin a choisinn dhuit e." Tharruig Oscar an claidheamh a mach as an truaill a shealltuinn an e bh' aige da rìreadh. A dheanamh gnothuch cinnteach dheth, oir cha'n fhagadh Mac a' Luinn fuigheall beuma, tharruig e air a' ghille e, agus sgud e 'n ceann dheth—gnoiagh bu duile leis a rinn e riamh.

Ach ghabh e air aghaidh, agus an uair a ràinig e an t' àite anns an robh a sheanair, bha e 'na sheasamh 's a dhrum ri creig, agus e ri cumail dheth a' Chiutaich. "Sgoch

a mach a sheanair, agus leig mi fhìn greis 'na d' àite, ars' Oscar. Ghabh e àite a sheanar, agus chuir e an ceann bhar a' Chiutach le aon sguab dhe'n chlaidheamh, agus dh' fhalbh e trì iomraichean treabhaidh, 's e sin, mar a their sinne, trì feannagan.

—:O:—

## NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

WITH this number of *An Deo-Ghreine* we are issuing, in the form of a supplement, a list of Members of the Central Association of An Comunn Gaidhealach together with a list of the Members of the local Branches so far as we could ascertain these in the short time at our disposal for making inquiries. At the moment of going to press we have received full and complete lists from only three branches, Inverness, Dingwall and Stornoway. From the Report by the Secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach for the year 1905-6 we copy the names of office-bearers, representatives to An Comunn and to the Executive Council of An Comunn, of the local branches at Oban, Kilmodan and Lewis. Our supplement will appear in the November issue also, and when we have received a full list of the members of these branches we shall add the names to those already given in this month's issue. Local branches of An Comunn are being inaugurated at Ardrishaig, Cantyre and Fort-William, and shortly after the Mod, branches are expected to be started in Bute and Kingussie. Should we, through inadvertence, have omitted any names from the lists supplied to us, we shall be grateful to readers who will indicate the omission which we shall rectify in next issue.

\* \* \*

The wave of enthusiasm which led to the inception of the Inverness branch of An Comunn has already carried it to remarkable success. At a largely attended meeting held in the Educational Bureau on the 3rd September, over which Raigmore presided, the Secretary presented the Financial Report of the First Children's Mod. After paying all expenses incurred by the branch since its inception last March there was a balance of £35 to the good lodged in the Bank. The membership numbers 160, of which 19 are life members. Seventeen members pay the double membership fee of 5s.—thus benefitting the Central Association in membership and finance. The Secretary was able to propose 15 new members and to intimate several donations towards the prize fund, which were received at the Juvenile Mod. She also read very encouraging and complimentary letters from Sheriff Campbell of Portree and Miss Yule of Tarradale. A Committee was appointed to frame the Syllabus for the next Mod and much interesting discussion took place over such details of the Syllabus as age-limit, rural schools, test songs, instrumental music-section, etc. A Committee was also appointed for the purpose of collecting and rescuing old Gaelic melodies, for selecting songs suitable for juveniles, and for considering the advisability or otherwise of publishing a Gaelic juvenile song-book under the patronage of the Inverness branch. These Committees were enjoined to report at an early date so

that practical work might be proceeded with as soon as possible. The Secretary was instructed to ascertain from headmasters of Burgh schools and academy the number of children over 12 years and under 16 who wish to join Gaelic classes this winter. It was suggested that a *Celidh* be held on the *Samhainn*—31st October—so as to encourage the social aspect of An Comunn. It was also suggested that a Conference be held with music teachers interested in An Mòd with the purpose of receiving valuable suggestions from these. Before the proceedings closed a very hearty vote of thanks was awarded to Miss Fraser, the Secretary, who in acknowledging the same declared that her work for An Comunn was one of great pleasure and sincere enjoyment in its every phase.

\* \* \*

The Greenock Highland Society, of which Mr. A. N. Nicolson is secretary, opened its winter session on the evening of the 11th September, when a concert sustained by 18 local entrants for the Mod was given with great *éclat*. The Syllabus for the session includes the following:—Lecture (English) "John Morrison of Harris"—by Rev. N. Munro, Taynult; *Celidh* (Gaelic), members and friends; Annual Gathering (Town Hall); Lecture (English), "The Romance that lies around the lower Clyde," by Mr. A. Kerr Bruce, Greenock; Lecture (English), Dr. Henderson, The University, Glasgow; Annual Gaelic Sermon (Collection for Greenock Infirmary); Lecture (Gaelic), "Na Druidhean agus na Baird," by Mr. Neil M'Leod; Lecture (English), "Life in a Highland Crofting Township," by D. MacLeod, Esq., H.M.I.S.; Annual Business Meeting on 2nd April, 1907. A musical programme will also be arranged for each lecture night.

\* \* \*

A correspondent writing under the *non-de-plume* of Mac-na-Creige offers the following suggestions:—(1) That *An Deo-Ghreine* be for sale punctually on a specified date each month. (2) That it be exposed in the windows of the newsagents who sell it, and otherwise be more generally advertised. (3) That a standard Gaelic Grammar (with pronunciation) be prepared and published in *An Deo-Ghreine* in serial form, which shall remedy the deficiencies of existing grammars, and which shall be suitable for future publication in book form. (4) That the more difficult idioms of the Gaelic language be discussed and fully explained, with examples of their different uses. (5) That variations in Gaelic orthography be discussed, and a standard form of spelling set up." We shall take it as a personal favour if Mac-na-Creige will kindly give us his name. We have been very much struck with his sensible and valuable suggestions and as we feel sure he could help us occasionally, with the work of *An Deo-Ghreine*, we are most anxious to know him personally. In regard to his first suggestion we can assure him and all readers of *An Deo-Ghreine* that it is not the Editors' fault if the Magazine be not published on the first day of each month, for we both have our "copy" in the printer's hands not later than the 23rd day of the month preceding publication. If those over us in authority grant permission we shall in future have the Magazine out on the last day of the month preceding issue. We quite agree with our correspondent that *An Deo-Ghreine* should be

more widely advertised. There is one excellent and inexpensive way of doing this, and it is by every reader of it recommending it to his friends and inducing them to subscribe for it. Our correspondent gives an excellent opportunity to our Gaelic grammarians which we trust they will avail themselves of. Reform in the direction he indicates is much needed. We feel quite sure that discussion and explanation of difficult Gaelic idioms would not only be a very valuable contribution to our columns but be of far greater interest to our readers than much of what we publish. It might be a risky matter to attempt Gaelic-spelling reform, but then who knows but a Gaelic Carnegie or Roosevelt may not enter boldly "where angels fear to tread." Our heartiest thanks are due Mac-na-Creige for the contribution of five shillings he forwarded for the Magazine Fund.

\* \* \*

The editor of the "Scottish Canadian" sends us the subjoined poem by a native of Sunart, Argyshire, who is resident in Canada, and he requests us to give it a corner in our magazine which we do very gladly. We are proud of the fact that our brethren in exile neither forget the dear old land nor the dear old language. With them all it is a case of—

"From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

#### HOME TO SUINART.

Carry me home o'er the ocean foam,  
Carry me home to Sunart,  
Where the billows beat at the mountain's feet,  
And croon the songs of Sunart.  
A wayward star has led me afar,  
Far from my loved Sunart,  
And my lone heart weeps at the leagured deeps,  
That bar the way to Sunart.  
In the maple groves the oriole roves,  
When the aisles of the forest ring,  
As the cat-bird calls and the shadows fall,  
When love and song are King—  
But my heart is away to the driving spray  
That beats on Sunart's shore,  
To hear the thrush when the gloaming flush  
Is brooding on Benmore.  
The prairie smiles with its subtle wiles,  
And flaunts its glory afar,  
As the sky line rests on its dusky breast,  
At the dawn of the evening star:—  
While I pine for the moors at Sunart's doors,  
Where the piping curlew calls,  
Above the caves where the heather waves,  
In Sunart's mountain halls.  
So carry me home on the ocean foam,  
Ere the dream of life be o'er,  
That I may rest on her loving breast  
To the sob of the Skerryvore:—  
With the bens above in pledge of love,  
And the plunging seas below,  
And as a refrain the coronachs strain,  
That the sons of Sunart know.  
Portage la Prairie. D. MACVICAR.

## SUMMARY OF MOD PROCEEDINGS FOR USE OF COMPETITORS.

### Wednesday, 26th September—Juvenile Competitions in Argyshire Gatherings Halls.

#### IN MAIN HALL.

9-10 a.m.,	...	Competition 8 (Memorising).
10-11 a.m.,	...	" 7 (Reading at Sight).
11-12 a.m.,	...	" 5 (Recitation).

#### IN DRAWING ROOM.

9-10 a.m.,	...	Competition 9 (Narrative).
10-11 a.m.,	...	" 6 (Reading).

Interval, 12 Noon to 1.30 p.m.

### Wednesday Afternoon.

#### IN MAIN HALL.

1.30-2.45 p.m.,	...	Competition 10 (Girls' Solo Singing).
2.45-3.5 p.m.,	...	" 11 (Boys' Solo Singing).
3.5-3.20 p.m.,	...	" 12 (Duets).
3.20-3.25 p.m.,	...	" 6 (Mull Song).
2.25-4 p.m.,	...	" 13 (Choral Singing).

**CONCERT BY JUVENILES ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.** MRS. BURNLEY CAMPBELL to Presid., and present the Prizes to successful Winners. Doors Open at 7, Concert at 7.30. Admission—One Shilling.

### Thursday—Adult Competitions in Argyshire Gatherings Hall.

#### MAIN HALL.

9-9.45 a.m.,	...	Competition 18 (Reading).
9.45-10.45 a.m.,	...	" 20 (Sgeulachd).
10.45-12 Noon,	...	" 19 (Narrative).
12-12.40 p.m.,	...	" 17 (Recitation).

#### IN VOLUNTEER HALL.

10.30-11.15 a.m.,	...	Competition 32 (Piano).
11.15-12 Noon,	...	" 33 (Violin).

#### IN MAIN HALL—THURSDAY.

2-3.15 p.m.—Formal Opening. Delegates received. Prizes in Literary Competitions announced. Gaelic Speech by Rev. NIEL ROSS.

#### IN MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS,

The Business Meeting of An Comunn takes place at 3.30. Executive Council, &c.

### Thursday Evening—Main Hall.

6.30-6.40 p.m.,	Competition 1 (Solo Singing of Lewis or Harris Song).
6.40-7.10 p.m.,	" 24 (Solo Singing, former Lady Prize-Winners).
7.10-7.20 p.m.,	" 31 (Clasach Competition).
7.20-7.40 p.m.,	" 25 (Solo Singing, former Male Prize-Winners).
7.40-8.20 p.m.,	" 27 (Senior Duets).
8.20-9.20 p.m.,	" 23 (Orain Mhòra).

### Friday—In Main Hall.

9-10.30 a.m.,	Competition 26 (Solo Singing, Comunn Members).
10.30-11.30 a.m.,	" 21 (Solo Singing, Medal Females).
11.30-12-30,	" 22 (Solo Singing, Medal Males).
Interval, 12.30-1.30 p.m.	
1.30-1.40 p.m.,	Competition 29 (Choral Singing, New Choirs).
1.40-2.15 p.m.,	" 28 (Choral Singing, Ladies' Choirs).
2.15-2.50 p.m.,	" 30 (Choral Singing, for Trophy).

### Grand Concert in Railway Station.

MISS ELSPETH CAMPBELL to Preside, and present Medals and Prizes.

Doors Open at 7 p.m., Concert at 7.30 p.m.

Admission—5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

## GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Corr-fhòd, concluding or outermost furrow of a ridge or field.

Cnaimhean glasa, cnamhnan glasa, green balks (lit. bones). In planting potatoes in lea in Skye, etc., the breadth of a spade only is turned for each drill, and the same breadth is left between the drills to be turned when the rest of the spring work is finished. It is claimed for the method that no weeding is required and that the potatoes grow very rapidly after the disturbance caused by the turning of the green balks.

### PLOUGH GEAR, ETC.

Bànaiche, near horse of a plough team.

Claisiche, the off horse or furrow horse.

Crannach, plough-gear.

Beairt-sheisreach, plough harness. In parts of the West Highlands, plough harness consisting of straw collar, back band of cloth or matting and traces of rope, is or was recently in use. In earlier times the traces were made of thongs or withes.

Cuibhreach, harness of a plough horse.

Suanach, plough-rein.

Druman, drumanach, back-band.

Sinte, plu. sinter; sinteach, plu. sinteachan, a trace, plough trace.

Tarruinn, idem; carriage trace, West Ross-shire.

Gearraiseach, chain from the swingle-tree to the horses M'L. & D.; swingle-chain M'A. (The chain between the swingle-tree and the plough or harrows).

Amall, swing-tree, main swing-tree, or "double tree."

Greallag, small swing-tree or "yoke."

Dreallag, idem; amall-beag, idem, West Ross-shire.

Lùb, lùbach, a loop, the iron loops at the middle and ends of swing trees.

Cadhag, a swing-tree wedge; a double hook or S hook for linking the yokes to the double-tree.

Crann, a plough; crann-araidh, crann-arain, crann-arbhair, idem.

Beart, beart-threabhaidh, idem.

Gall-chrann, a Lowland plough as distinguished from the kind formerly in use.

Seisreach, a plough, a plough with six horses; the six horses in a plough; a team of horses: Early Irish, sesreach, a plough team, from seser (now seisear, six persons). The team was reduced successively from six to four and then to two, and the word keeping pace with the reduction, is now applied *e.g.* in Arran and West Ross-shire, to a pair of horses.

The six-horse plough as is shown by the occurrence of its name in Early Irish was in use in Ireland about 1000 A.D., and no doubt



earlier, and continued to be used in the Highlands until a comparatively recent time. The ploughs of those days of course were not chilled, nor were the horses Clydesdales. The wooden plough continued in use well within living memory, but seeing it did not require a troop of six horses to draw it, it was probably an improved type. The horses apparently were yoked abreast; at all events they were so in the four-horse plough used in Sutherland and Caithness fifty years ago. In Orkney the off-horse was called the furhorse, the next to it the furscam, the third the volarscam, and the fourth or near horse the outend horse. In Breadalbane the wooden plough was in process of being superseded by the iron one between fifty and sixty years ago. The team had already been reduced there to two horses; but two men, a ploughman and a goadsman or driver, were still required to work it. In its palmy days the wooden plough, according to popular tradition, required a third attendant whose duty was to lead the horses, himself walking backwards so as to have his eye on the plough, and whose designation was ceannaire, literally 'header.' His function is referred to by Duncan Ban Macintyre—

"Dhéanainn duit ceann is crann a's t-earrach,  
An am chur ghearran an éill."

For you would I guide and plough in spring,  
In time of putting garrons in thongs.

As ceannaire which naturally means leader, is explained also as goadsman and driver, it would appear that he originally led the team and that when he had learned the more difficult to acquire but more easily exercised art of guiding the horses with long reins from behind, he changed his position. The wood used for the making of ploughs varied no doubt according to the supply which in many parts was of the scantiest, but in Arran, where there was some pick and choice, the elder was considered superior to all other available kinds for the working parts of a plough.

Crann-riaslaidh, crann-rustlaidh, crann-ruslaidh, a sort of rude plough used for paring an uneven surface by means of a sharpened share, and without a coulter; the common plough following in its track.

Risteal, crann-risteil, a kind of plough used in the Hebrides, having the coulter in the form of a sickle, used to cut or pare the surface to facilitate the operation of the common plough. The "ristle" as it is called in Martin's Western Isles where it is stated to be used in North Uist, is apparently the same as the crann-riaslaidh. The "coulter in the form of a sickle" being designed to pare the surface, must have been set horizontally and so would be described more accurately as "a sharpened share." The word means ploughshare moreover in the Norse

—ristill—from which it has been borrowed.

Crom-nan-gad, a certain kind of plough used in the Western Islands. It is the same doubtless as crann-nan-gad still used in Barvas, Lewis, and figured and described in full in E. MacDonald's *Faclair Gàidhlaig le Dealbhan*. It consists of a sloping beam curving upwards slightly at the fore-end which runs on the ground, and fixed at the rear-end to the top of an upright beam which carries the coulter, share, and small mould-board. It has only one stilt which is spliced to the sloping beam.

Uaidne, plough-handle, stilt.

Corrag, corrag-croinn, idem.

Gobhal, space between the stilts; ann an gobhal na croinn, 'at the plough-tail.'

Druim, amhach, beam, fore part.

Coltar, coulter.

Soc, socach, socan, share, 'sock.'

Ceann, ceann-suic, share-beam, the projecting iron that fits into the socket of the share.

Ceadha, ceidhe, ceighe, idem. MacEachen's "ceidhe, coulter-holder" is probably a slip, like MacLeod and Dewar's "coltar" in place of "soc" for "share."

Druide-bord, left earth board of a plough.

Urchaill, furrow board, mould-board.

Urchair, furrow-urchair, idem.



#### MAGAZINE FUND.

We hope that our Appeal for Donations to this Fund will not be in vain. We are meantime doing our best to keep down expenses, and to work up towards a point of efficiency and sufficiency. Mr. Mackintosh, 17 Queensgate, Inverness, will acknowledge any donations for this object that may be sent to him. We very much need your help.

#### NOTICE.

*All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Con-  
vener, Rev. M. MacIannan, B.D., 6 Polwarth  
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*Communications re the Sale of the Magazine  
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## - AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH. -

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2 J. Macmaster Campbell, solicitor, 73 George St., Oban.

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- 6 John Mackintosh, solicitor, 17 Queensgate, Inverness.

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\* These figures indicate the number of Executive Council Meetings attended.

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2. Lewis and Harris Association, Glasgow.
3. Glasgow Highland Club.
4. Greenock Highland Society.
5. Comunn nam Fineachan, Dundee.
6. Gaelic Society of Stirling.
7. Celtic Union, Edinburgh.
8. London Gaelic Society.
9. Dundee Highland Society.
10. Glasgow Highland Society.

11. London Argyllshire Association.
12. Strathmore Celtic Society, Forfar.
13. Glasgow High School Gaelic Class Ceilidh.
14. Tiree Association, Glasgow.
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16. Gaelic Society of Inverness.
17. Clan Mackinnon Society.
18. Gaelic Society of Glasgow.

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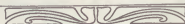
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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

Samhuinn 1906.

[Earrann 2.

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## EADARAINN FHÌN.

Bu bhreagha cridheil am Mòd a bh' againn anns an Oban am bliadhna. Bha gach nì ann an deagh ordugh, agus fàilte is fàin roimh gach neach. Bha sinn ro-dhùilich nach b' urrainn a' bhana-phrionnsa a' bhì air ar ceann mar a bha dùil aice, ach chuir i beannaidh ghriinn eireachdail 'na h-àite, a bhan-tighearna urramach, Elspeth Chaimbeul. Seach nach robh a' bhanaphrionnsa fhéin ann, cha b' urrainn na b' fhearr.

Ghabh sinn barrachd tìde am bliadhna ri obair a' Mhòid. Thug sinn là is feasgar gu h-ìomlan air son comh-strì agus feis-ciùil na clainne. Dh' fhàg sin pailteas tim againn air son lan-cheartas a thoirt do chomh-strì chàich. Cha b' e h-uile feis-ciùil a thigeadh suas ris a' chomh-strì chiùil a bha ann air feasgar Diardaoin. Bha i air leith maith. Bha am Mòd gu léir a' dol na b' fhearr 's na b' fhearr mar a bha là is là a' dol seachad.

Rud eile dheth. Cha robh Mòd a riamh againn aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig cho bitheanta ann an cleachdadh. Bha i air beul a h-uile fear, agus chaidh i faisg air a h-àite fhéin fhaighinn ann an gnothuichean follaiseach a' Mhòid. Fhuair sinn òraid chiatach Ghàidhlig bho Mhr. Niall Ross, agus bhruidhinn

feadhainn eile cuideachd anns a' Ghàidhlig, aig an am cheudna. Chaidh lagh ùr a dheanamh aig a' choinneamh bhliadhnail: nach fhaodar Beurla labhairt aig coinneamh tuilleadh le duine aig am bheil Gàidhlig, ach le cead fear na cathrach. Tha sinn a' tighinn air adhart.

Bha ar caraide còir, "Beirt Fhear," a lathair mar theachdaire a Eirinn, agus gu dearbh bu bhreagha an òraid a thug e seachad. Tha e toirt cunntas air a thurus do luchd-leughaidh a' *Chlaidheamh Soluis* agus a' deanamh iomradh air cho bitheanta 's a bha Ghàidhlig air a labhairt aig a' Mhòd-sa a bharrachd air Mòd sam bith eile aig an robh e. So facal no dhà dhe na sgrìobh e air a chuis:

"Ins an Oban i mbladhna bhì an Ghaedhilg ann go hós-àrd 7 go hós-ìseal. Bhì sí le cloisint ar an árdán; bhì sí i gogair i dtaobh leat 7 laistiar díot ins na suigheachánaibh; 7 bhì sí amuigh i lár na sráide i mbéalaibh na ndaoine. . . . Geallaim-se dhaoibh-se, a Ghaedhil na hEireann, ná fuile an Ghaedhilg marbh i n-Albain fós 'Sí tá go beo beathaidhe ann 7 gura fada a bheidh!"

Tha sinn an comain "Beirt Fhear" air son nam briathran comhard glic a sgrìobh e ann an rathad iomraidh is misnich.

\* \* \*

Faodaidh ar luchd-leughaidh fhaicinn gu 'm bheil spiorad na bàrdachd a' dùsgadh 'n ar measg. Tha sinn a' toirt anns an àireamh-sa de 'n *Deo Greine* bàrdachd a rinn Mr. Domhnall MacIomhair, Maighistir-sgoile Phabail, an Leòdhas, agus a fhuair a' cheud duais aig a' Mhòd mu dheireadh. Choisinn Mr. MacIomhair a' cheud duais air son bardachd an uraidh cuideachd. Tha sinn an dòchas gu 'n cluinn sinn tuilleadh iomraidh air suiridh MhicIomhair air nigheanan Zeus.

Tha mar an ceudna Oran ùr le bàrd òg eile againn—òran a rinn an t-Urramach Uilleam MacPhàil, Kilbrandon. Tha e 'na òran grinn greimeil, anns am bheil an Stiubhardach a' faighinn a theisteanas. Gheibh sinn oisinn dha 'san ath àireamh.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a' gairm aire ar luchd-leughaidh gu sgalachd a chuir Uachdaran Leòdhais, am Moidsear MacMhathain, thugainn. Cha 'n fhada an ùin bho thoisich am Moidsear air ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig. Tha an sgalachd air a toirt gu ìre bhig mar a sgrìobh e fhéin i, a chum gu 'n gabhar beachd air adhartas ann an ionnsachadh ar cànan, agus a chum gu 'n toir e misneach do nìuinntir eile tòiseachadh oirre. Tha am Moidsear ri mholadh air son an tlachd a tha e gabhail 'na oighreachd, agus anns an t-sluagh a tha 'g àiteachadh na h-oighreachd. Cha 'n urrainn e bann is dìomhaire a chur timchioll air an cridheachan no eòlas maith a chur air an cànan.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a nis air tòiseachadh maith a dheanamh air bliadhna eile de 'n *Deo Greine*, agus tha sinn an dòchas gu 'n dean ar càirdean an uile dhìchioll air a chuideachadh. Inneadh iad mu dheighèan do 'n càirdean, agus thugadh iad orra a cheannach. Cha 'n 'eil e ro-dhaor, agus cha bheag an cuideachadh do aobhar na Gàidhlig gu 'm biodh e air a dheagh sgeadachadh. 'S iomadh doigh air am faod neach an *Deo Greine* chuideachadh. Cuidich air an doigh is fhearr is aithne dhuit.

—:o:~o:—

### THE OBAN MOD OF 1906.

THERE is only one opinion regarding the fifteenth Mòd, held at Oban during the last days of September—it was an unqualified success, a success beyond the fondest hopes of the most optimistic members of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Had the Goddess of Futurity appeared to the enthusiastic and patriotic Gaels (Messrs. Mac Isaac, Mac Master-Campbell, Mac Cowan, and John Campbell) who founded An Comunn in 1891, and disclosed to their view the huge gatherings of hundreds during three successive days and evenings of this fifteenth Mòd competitions, and the thousands who assembled in the Railway Station on Friday night for the Gaelic concert, they would have been utterly astounded to think that their small beginnings could have resulted in such astonishing success in so comparatively short a time. And yet they were, as they are to-day, men of hope, with no limited vision into the future, otherwise they would not have worked in season and out of

season as they have done. As one viewed the immense multitude of eager and intelligent faces in the Mòd day after day, one could not help thinking that, even in the modern world, with its variety of motives for human association, the bond of race has still a tremendous power for social coalescence. And that bond is increased a thousand-fold in its power when it is, as it is fast becoming in the Highlands of Scotland, practically co-extensive with the *bond of speech*, which is its most natural outward expression. We yield to no one in our conception of mankind as one great brotherhood, without distinction of race, colour or speech, nevertheless the concrete fact remains that within the human race as a whole, other groups must be formed, drawn together by various ties which have sufficient power to overcome the besetting egotism of the ordinary man. The most powerful ties for forming intimate, affectionate and helpful groups for this purpose, are community of race, country and language. Close as must be the natural bond between members of the same race, there is yet something sadly lacking if all members of that race are not able to express their thoughts in the *language* identified with their race. It was one of our most pleasant experiences, as it is one of our most delightful recollections of the Oban Mòd, to find that the majority of those we met there spoke Gaelic fluently and with evident enthusiasm. The Gaelic language is the outward and visible bond of our race. Let all Highlanders, then, who cannot speak Gaelic—be they peer or peasant—embrace the rapidly increasing opportunities of learning it, so that they may escape the reproach sure to attach, in the near future, to those who bear a Highland name and yet cannot converse in the Highland speech.

Oban, "the fairest spot that e'er held soul in thrall," never looked more lovely than during that week of the great Gaelic festival. Brilliant sunshine, cloudless skies, clear starlight nights, emphasised those scenic beauties for which it is so justly famed. It is impossible to approach Oban by sea or land without being filled with admiration for its magnificent situation. The infinite variety of scenery in its neighbourhood, and the marvellously beautiful effects of light and shade on that scenery, are features which make a deep impression on the soul, but they cannot be adequately expressed in words. We can never forget the magic beauty of the scenery through which we passed on that glorious evening preceding the opening of the Mòd, when, at sunset, our train thundered through the Pass of Brander and along the placid shores of charming Loch Etive. The silvery waters of

that loch reflected with singular accuracy the serrated peaks which sentinel its shores. Away on the north-west, the mountains of Kin-gairloch stood out clear and handsome through the purple atmosphere which surrounded them. Behind the mighty shoulder of Ben More the sun was rapidly descending, but ere he disappeared for the night he raised his head aloft for a moment to flash a dazzling smile over Ben Cruachan, whose twin peaks, uncertain which he favoured most, blushed rosy-red in the gathering darkness! Assuredly we were travelling through a country beautiful as fairyland, but a country redolent of the lays of Ossian, the tale of Deirdre, and the heroic deeds of the sons of Uisneach; a country, moreover, whose brave men of old live in our country's story, and whose poets, singers and writers have made no inconsiderable impression on the Gaelic language and literature. That the fifteenth Mòd of An Comunn Gaidhealach would be a success in the capital of this land of poetry and romance we never doubted, but we did not expect it to be the splendid success it was.

On the evening of our arrival we were told that the tourist season was practically over, and that the Sassenach had returned to his own land, but the streets were by no means deserted. On the contrary, we never remember to have seen Oban more full of people even during the height of the tourist season. For loyal and enthusiastic Gaels had come from all parts of Scotland, from England, Ireland, and even from America, all delighted that the old language was again lifting up its head proudly, all confident of a literary and musical treat of no mean order during the Mòd proceedings. It took us quite an hour to hand-shake our way from the station to our temporary dwelling, and the progress was not unattended with physical pain to our fingers. Even yet it sends a thrill of pleasure through our heart to recall the kindly smiles, affectionate greetings and friendly inquiries of our fellow-Gaels assembled at Oban for the Mòd!

It is impossible to speak too highly of the courtesy and kindness of the members of the local executive who had charge of the Mòd arrangements. These gentlemen seemed to be ubiquitous, and they did everything possible to conduce to the comfort of audience, competitors, and judges. Theirs was no enviable duty on the night of the grand concert, when they had to cope with an audience of several thousands—at least a thousand more persons than they expected—in a building hastily prepared for its temporary purpose, and ill-adapted, from its very nature, for seating so huge an audience. While we, from our "coign of vantage" on the platform stairs, surveyed

that immense audience with delight, and felt a glow of triumph that at last all ranks and classes in the Highlands were beginning to feel the attractive power of Gaelic music and the influence of Gaelic song, the members of the local executive were full of busy care and anxiety because of the discomfort of hundreds who could barely secure standing room within the improvised concert hall! But thanks to their tact, the fine choral singing of the combined choirs, the rousing style in which one or two soloists sang, and the very evident appreciation and good nature of the audience, every thing passed off quite smoothly.

Two important innovations characterised this year's Mòd—the inauguration of juvenile competitions and concert on the first day of the Mòd, and the holding of an "At-Home" by the ladies of the Feill executive. The setting apart of one whole day for the children was a capital idea, and the concert they sustained at night was greatly appreciated by a large audience. Very pleasant was the social function initiated by the ladies, and productive of fruit in the shape of £4 added to the fund of the Feill. We confidently expect that both innovations will form features of future Mòds. We want bursaries and larger prizes for next year's competition, and we believe that such could be greatly assisted by pleasant, social "At-Homes."

Owing to the demand which the Mòd prize lists, speeches and criticisms make on our space, we are compelled to omit the "Medley Notes" from this issue, and accordingly we must say here very briefly what we intended saying in these notes at length, did space permit. While we are of opinion that the musical standard attained to in previous years has been fully maintained, we regret that the number of competitors in some of the musical sections was so small. We confidently expected choirs from Glasgow, Inverness, Easdale, Ballachulish and Tobermory to take part in the Tullibardine Trophy contest, and only *four* choirs appeared, and all these by no means from the most accessible parts of Scotland! Glasgow and Inverness, centres of Gaelic population, and fortunate in having at command musical resources and opportunities which few towns possess, might easily have sent forward splendid choirs. We know of no people more passionately fond of music, possessed of better voices or gifted with a truer ear than those of Easdale and Ballachulish, and yet these places were unrepresented in the choral competitions! Tobermory and Dalmally are Oban's next door neighbours and they ought to have had children's choirs forward, to say the very least. And Oban, with its High School containing a very large

proportion of Gaelic-speaking pupils, could surely have sent forward one other children's choir in addition to the one so excellently trained by Mr. MacDonald in so very short a time. It is far from creditable that only two competitors should appear in the violin contest. We appeal for loyal co-operation and help in these matters from all parts of Gaelic Scotland for next year's Mòd. A specially interesting feature of the Mòd was the sweet and tuneful singing of the Ladies' Choirs. But why have we not a competition for male voice choirs? Nothing could be finer than the robust singing of a choir composed of really good basses, baritones, and tenors. Is it too much to expect such a competition in 1907?

We now proceed to give the results of the various competitions, the criticism of competent judges on these competitions, and a *resumé* of the speeches delivered in connection with the Mòd.

### THE PRIZE LIST.

#### LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

##### JUNIOR SECTION.

Adjudicators—Dr. MacBain, Inverness; Mr. W. J. Watson, Inverness; and Mr. J. N. MacLeod, Larkhall.

Letter, not exceeding four pages of ordinary notepaper, on a simple subject chosen from a list sent under sealed cover by the General Secretary, and to be opened after places have been taken for the competition. The letters are to be written in the presence of the school-master or teacher, and at least one other responsible person; and the time to be taken is not to exceed two hours. Open to pupils attending any school in the Highland counties. First prize, 10s.; second prize, 7s. 6d.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

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- 2 Edward Lawrie, Poolewe.
- 3 Hugh MacKenzie, Bunavullin Public School, Drimnin.
- 4 John Campbell, Easdale.
- 5 Dorothy MacPhee, Finuary, Argyll.
- 6 Alistair F. B. MacKay, U.F.C. Manse, Tiree.

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- 1 Hugh MacKenzie.
- 2 Christina MacLeod, Knock Public School, Stornoway.

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- 1 Edward Lawrie.
- 2 John Munro.
- 3 Flora MacLennan, Poolewe.
- 4 Hugh MacKenzie.
- 5 Catherine Grant, Poolewe.
- h.c. Christina MacLeod, Knock Public School; and Maggie Ann MacPhail, Guisachan, Beaulie.

Reproduction in writing of an unfamiliar piece of prose, to be read three times in the hearing of competitors. Subject to the same conditions and limitations as No. 1 above. First prize, 10s.; second prize, 7s. 6d.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

- 1 Edward Lawrie.
- 2 John Munro.
- 3 Jane Ann Campbell, 34 Easdale.
- 4 Alex. MacKenzie, Poolewe.
- 5 Hugh MacKenzie.
- 6 Maggie MacDougall, 23 Easdale.
- 7 Alistair J. B. MacKay.

Translation, from Gaelic into English, of 20 verses from St. John's Gospel; and from English into Gaelic of 10 verses from St. Matthew's Gospel. The verses to be translated will be intimated in a letter sent under sealed cover by the General Secretary, which must not be opened until places have been taken for the competition. The translations are to be written in the presence of the school-master or teacher and at least one other responsible person; and the time to be taken is not to exceed two hours. Former first prize-winners in this competition are not eligible. First prize, £1 and "Caraid nan Gaidheal;" second prize, 10s. and "Caraid nan Gaidheal."

- 1 Edward Lawrie.
- 2 Hugh MacKenzie.
- 3 John Munro.
- 4 Flora MacLennan, Poolewe.

##### SENIOR SECTION.

Adjudicators—Professor MacKinnon; Rev. Dr. Henderson; and Mr. Donald MacKechnie.

Poem, not exceeding 100 lines, on any subject of Gaelic interest. First prize, £2; second prize, £1.

- 1 Donald MacIvor, The Schoolhouse, Bayble, Stornoway.
- 2 James MacLean, Barnacarry, Kilmore, Oban.
- 3 John MacFadyen, Corkerhill, Glasgow.

Essay on "Mar a tha Bàrdachd na h-òchd-amh linn deug a' cur soluis air Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal." First prize, £3 3s.; second prize, £2 2s.

1 John MacPhail, Guisachan, Beauly.  
Tale of adventure associated with the Gaelic people or their land. First prize, £3; second prize, £2.

1 Donald MacKenzie, U.F. Church missionary, Drimore.

2 John MacCormick, Rutland Crescent, Glasgow.

3 John MacFadyen.

Romance, extending to at least 10,000 words, associated with the Gaelic people or their land. Prize, £10.

1 and 2 (divided), Alex. Stewart, Woodend, Glenlyon; and John MacFadyen.

3 John MacCormick.

Poem on "Na Fineachan Gaidhealach." First prize, £3 13s. 6d.; second prize, £2 12s. 6d.

1 Donald MacIvor, Stornoway.

Romance, founded on a Gaelic historical subject (not the '45), extending to at least 3000 words. Prize, £5.

1 Alex. D. MacLaren, Salen, Aros, Mull.

Play, suitable for being acted by children of school age, with or without music. First prize, £3; second prize, £2.

1 John MacFadyen, Glasgow.

Collection of unpublished Gaelic songs composed in Skye. Competitors are expected to give a short sketch of the life and work of the poets whose songs they submit. No credit will be given for songs which have already appeared in any publication. First prize, £2 2s.; second prize, £1 1s.

1 Donald MacRae, Glasgow.

Collection of the place-names of a parish or locality, with (1) six inch scale ordnance survey map forms; (2) current Gaelic forms (noting the presence or the absence of the article); (3) explanations and legends attached and general description of the district. The donor reserves the right to reduce or withdraw the prize according to the merit or otherwise of the collection awarded the first place. Prize, £5. O.S. maps will be lent on application to the Secretary.

Adjudicators—Mr. W. J. Watson, Rev. C. M. Robertson, and Dr. MacBain.

1 Henry Whyte ("Fionn"), Glasgow.

#### MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

##### MUSICAL COMPOSITION AND COMPILATION.

Composition of a melody, which must not have been previously published, for the song "Fàilte do 'n Eilean Sgitheanach," from Clarsach an Doire by Neil MacLeod. Prize, £2.

Adjudicators—Mr. W. H. Murray, Dr. Bell, and Mrs. Kennedy Fraser; with Mr. Don. MacPhee, Cumbernauld, to decide as to the suitability of the words to the music.  
1 Henry Whyte.

Compilation of unpublished Gaelic vocal music. The sources from which the melodies are got must be clearly stated; otherwise, contributions may be disqualified. The names and, if possible, one or more verses of the songs to which the airs are sung should be given along with the music. The music may be written in sol-fa or staff notation. Melodies composed within the last thirty years are excluded. First prize, £3; second prize, £2.

1 John Cameron, 8 Hannah Street, Paisley.

2 John MacCallum, Tighnabar, Taynuilt.

3 Miss A. C. Whyte, Glasgow.

Collection of unpublished Lewis or Harris airs. First prize, £2 2s.

Adjudicators—Major Menzies, Mr. Waddell, and Mrs. Kennedy Fraser.

1 Miss Jessie A. MacRae, Greenock.

#### JUVENILE COMPETITIONS.

##### ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING MAIN HALL.

Adjudicators—Mr. Osgood H. MacKenzie of Inverewe, Rev. Neil Ross, and Rev. G. R. MacLennan.

Memorising 100 lines of poetry, chosen by the competitors themselves. They must submit copies of the same to the adjudicators, who may select therefrom the passages to be recited. First prize, 10s.; second prize, 7s. 6d.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

1 Raibeart MacDhùghaill, Greenock.

2 Dolina MacPhee, Morven.

3 Katie Grant, Poolewe.

4 Ina MacIver, Poolewe.

5 Seonaid Nic Neacail, Greenock.

Reading at sight of an unfamiliar prose piece. First prize, 10s. second prize, 7s. 6d.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

1 Iain Carmichael, Appin.

2 Raibeart MacDhùghaill.

3 Duncan Brown MacDougall, Oban.

4 Maggie MacDougall, Easdale.

5 Katie Grant, Poolewe.

Recitation of a piece of poetry. Competitors are to submit two pieces, either of which they may be asked to recite. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

1 Ina Munn, Oban.

2 and 3 Dolina MacPhee, Morven, and Iain Carmichael, Appin, equal.

4 Christina MacColl, Easdale.

5 Kenneth J. Macrae, Inverness.

##### ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING HALL DRAWING ROOM.

Adjudicators—Rev. M. N. Munro, and Mr. Neil MacLeod.



Narrative based on some local incident, tradition, or legend, to be followed by conversation on the subject of the narrative between the competitors and the adjudicators. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

- 1 Alex. MacKenzie, Poolewe.
- 2 Raibeart MacDhùghaill.
- 3 Jane Ann Campbell, Easdale.
- 4 Mary Grant, Poolewe.
- 5 Fred Campbell, Easdale.

Reading of a piece of prose. Competitors are to submit two pieces, either of which they may be asked to read. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 2s. 6d.; fifth prize, a book.

- 1 Iain Carmichael, Appin.
- 2 Christina MacColl, Easdale.
- 3 Jane Ann Campbell, Easdale.
- 4 Raibeart MacDhùghaill.
- 5 Fred Campbell, Easdale.

#### ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING MAIN HALL.

Adjudicators—Mr. W. H. Murray, Rev. Neil Ross, Dr. John Bell, and Rev. G. R. MacLennan, Edinburgh.

Solo singing of a song (Girls). First prize, £1 and silver medal of the Association; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

- 1 May L. Smyllie, Oban.
- 2 Isabella Jane MacDonald, Oban.
- 3 Mary Grant, Poolewe.
- 4 A. B. MacLennan, Poolewe.

Solo singing of a song (Boys). First prize, £1 and silver medal of the Association; second prize, 10s.; third prize, 5s.

- 1 Kenneth Maclean, Poolewe.
- 2 Farquhar MacLennan, Poolewe.

Duet singing of a song. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

- 1 Cathie Grant and Mary Grant, Poolewe.

Choral singing of a song, with or without chorus, in two-part harmony. At least three-fourths of the members must be able to converse in the Gaelic language. First prize, £5, and a baton to the conductor; second prize, £3.

- 1 Oban Junior Choir.
- 2 Poolewe Gaelic Choir.

#### JUVENILE CONCERT.

ADDRESS BY MRS. BURNLEY-CAMPBELL.

The juvenile competitions were fittingly concluded with a concert held in the Argyllshire Gathering Hall on Wednesday evening, and sustained almost wholly by the youthful competitors. Their performances during the competitions in the early part of the day inspired the confidence that they would do excellent work at the concert, and the anticipations thus formed were more than realised.

The crowded audience assembled in the hall followed every item with keen appreciation and delight. Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, who presided, opened the proceedings with an eloquent speech, in the course of which she said:—My young Highland friends—A chlànn Ghàidhealach mo ghràidh,—Few sights have ever given me greater pleasure than to watch as I did to-day so many bright young faces gathered here in this lovely centre of the Western Highlands, all anxious to show forth their love and knowledge of their beautiful native tongue. I congratulate, most heartily, those who have succeeded in winning good places in the competitions and are going to perform here to-night; and I congratulate hardly less heartily those who tried and did not succeed, and I trust your attempts will only give you fresh courage to go on, to study and to conquer at next year's Mòd, as I understand these children's competitions will be held annually in Oban. I hope you will all go on as you have begun—reading, talking, and singing Gaelic, and make it a matter of certainty that as long as any of you are alive “cha 'n fhaigh a' Ghàilig bàs.” I hope this, not only because I love the old language of our race and think it should be the sacred duty of every man, woman and child of Gaelic descent to cherish and uphold it, but I am sure also that the study of it is well worthy in itself of your time and intellect. I speak in this way both from my own personal experience and knowing that this high opinion of Gaelic has been held for generations by learned men of many European countries. Perhaps the most noted Gaelic scholar of to-day is a German, Professor Kuno Meyer by name. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say you would not put a daily portion of your time to greater advantage from every point of view than by acquiring a thorough knowledge of our classical old mother tongue, grammatical, colloquial, and literary. You will, no doubt, meet a few people who will tell you that Gaelic has no commercial value, and that the study of it is consequently a sad waste of time. God help us if education is to be reduced to subjects of direct commercial value only. We shall have nothing left but the three “R's”—reading, writing, and arithmetic, with sewing thrown in for the girls! You may point out to these objectors that there are many Highland schools which include French in their curriculum, and time is devoted to forcing a smattering of this language on young people to whom, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it will never be of the slightest use, commercially or otherwise. Music and drawing are also generally taught. They are both charming accomplishments, but

the cases are few and far between where they will bring any grist to the Highland mill. Greek and Latin are taught in most large schools, mainly for the purpose of exercising the mind—in fact, as a mental gymnastics; and public opinion has acquiesced in this use of dead languages. Surely living Gaelic may be made to serve the same purpose, for which it is so abundantly fitted by its intricate and difficult construction, and its complicated system of inflection. If the commercial value formula is to be strictly adhered to, even the teaching of religion and morality are left outside. Fortunately for the welfare of the rising generation, a higher ideal prevails among those who are authorities on education and who have most closely studied the question, and it is generally accepted that the true aim of secular elementary education should be to open the mind, to train the intelligence, and pave the way for the child to acquire more easily any particular branch of knowledge which his special future career may render necessary, and I hold that nothing will conduce more surely to such results among Highland children than systematic, up-to-date teaching of their native tongue. There is a remark in a letter which Colonel Gardyne sent to the "Times" lately, which deserves special consideration. It is this—"He is a very unpractical person who ignores sentiment in the conduct of human affairs." Well, it is not too much to say that on the sentiment of patriotism depends the welfare of a nation. Surely the cultivation of such a virtue is not a matter to be left to chance, but what is the foundation of good citizenship should be the foundation of State education. This idea is well expressed in a recent article in the "Spectator"—"The business of the State should be to train the young to become not only good men and women, but good citizens, and the first step is to recognise this as one of the chief ends of education. The patriotic spirit should be instilled with the teaching of such subjects as history, geography and literature; and the seed thus sown, will grow with maturing intelligence into that steadfast patriotism which, like righteousness, exalteth a nation."

Dear children, listen to me for a moment. That big word "patriotism" only means loving your own beautiful Highlands more than any other place, never forgetting that you are Highland children and owe allegiance to the land that brought you forth and your forefathers before you for untold generations,—this lovely land of mountain and flood, where every hill and glen and river has a Gaelic name, and which you cannot really understand or appreciate unless you also

speak and read the language which is yours by Divine right, and which the callous indifference of one or two generations has allowed to fall into a manner of disuse. Love your own Gaidhealtachd, your own language, your own people, first and best, and by so doing you will come in time to understand the larger issues, to share the greater patriotism, which concerns not ourselves only, but the well-being of the glorious empire of which we form a small but integral part

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#### THURSDAY'S PROCEEDINGS—THE OPENING CEREMONY.

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The Mòd was formally opened at noon on Thursday by the Hon. Elspeth Campbell, who was accompanied to the platform by a large party of prominent members of the Comunn. Provost MacIsaac, who presided, introduced Miss Elspeth in fitting terms, and she thereupon delivered the following address:—

"I have been asked to preside here to-day, as both Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll are unfortunately unable to be present. This is a disappointment to themselves as well as to you all. However, they will read with the keenest interest about this gathering in the papers, so I ask you to make it a very successful one. The Mòd is once more held in Oban, and Oban, most of you will remember, was its birth-place in 1892. I was at that Mòd, and it is interesting and most satisfactory to note the progress made by An Comunn Gaidhealach since then. My father, Lord Archibald Campbell, had the honour of being the first president, and this office he held for the four years in succession that the Mòd took place in Oban. At the first meeting there were but few competitors, and nearly all those were from Argyll or Glasgow; in fact, it was a comparatively local and small affair, but year by year its dimensions have increased, and it is pleasant to see how this year Highlanders from every part of Scotland are entering for the numerous competitions. In 1892 the Mòd was a one day's affair: in 1906 it takes up three whole days, and I think when Gaelic is regularly taught in the schools one of the results will be that competitors will become so numerous that a whole week may be required for Mòds in the years that are to come. I recently read in the "Deo Greine" of the success of the Gaelic classes at Inverness. This success will be repeated at Oban, as the Oban School Board are about to provide facilities for the studying of Gaelic in the High School, and the majority of the parents here are in favour of having their children taught Gaelic. Undoubtedly Highland children who speak Gaelic

will have great advantages over their Sassenach brothers and sisters should they desire to learn a foreign tongue and acquire a good pronunciation. The "ch" of the Germans and the vowel sounds of the languages of the Latin races that have often proved such stumbling blocks to English-speaking children will present no difficulty to the boy or girl who "has the Gaelic." But to-day there is no need to argue in favour of the beautiful language of our forebears being kept up, as every man, woman, and child who is here to-day will cry 'Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig.' So it now only remains for me to draw your attention to a means for helping the cause. My mother, and indeed all the ladies of Argyll, are most anxious for the success of a bazaar which is to take place next year in the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on 31st October, and on the 1st and 2nd November. Its objects are—To promote the teaching of Gaelic; to develop Gaelic literature, music, and arts; and to encourage home industries in the Highlands. A fund has been opened in the National Bank of Scotland, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, called 'Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich Fund,' and it will be expended principally in purchasing Highland home industries to be sold again at the bazaar. Your help is urgently solicited, and the smallest donations of money will be gladly received, or gifts of articles to be sold, and perhaps some of you may be able to arrange work parties for the making of articles. If you will do any of those things you will greatly help the cause—the cause of An Comunn Gaidhealach that has brought us here to-day. It is now my pleasant duty to welcome the Mòd back to Argyll, to thank you all for coming, and to declare the proceedings open."

Dr. Campbell, Oban, having introduced the Irish delegates in appropriate terms, called upon Mr. Doyle to address the meeting. Mr. Doyle did so in a vigorous Gaelic speech, which several in the audience followed easily, and then he went on to say in English that at Greenock he said the Gael should not be satisfied with merely preserving the language in the Highlands; they should extend it to the Lowlands. They should extend their civilisation south. What kind of civilisation had they in the music hall in London? Was it the kind of civilisation they wanted extended here to their clean-living Highlanders? If they had the trust and faith in themselves, they had a people in which they had nothing to lose, but everything to gain. The fight, even if they lost, would be worth something, but it would be impossible to lose. What had they done in Ireland?—and they certainly had had a hard fight. By strenuous efforts

they had now the Gaelic extending. It might be called a language movement. It was also a spiritual movement; there was no doubt about that, because it elevated people's minds. In the big cities nothing had done more for the young men than this language movement. Once the young man left home and went to a city he got to know Gaelic in their Societies, and was taken in hand. If he might be permitted he would extend a little advice to the Gaels of Scotland, viz., in essentials have unity, in doubtfuls liberty, and in all things charity.

Mr. O'Brogan stated that he had little to add to what Mr. Doyle had said. They in Ireland were working very hard in the language movement, because they considered it a duty to the race to prevent any people from destroying its life. They maintained that the Gaelic was too old and too venerable an institution and too great a mark of their people to be blotted from civilisation at the bidding of any man. He believed that the people of Scotland had realised that they would not sacrifice themselves, their race, or their country at the bidding of any man or any people. While coming to Oban he noticed that the names of the stations were mostly in Gaelic. These names had been put there by their own people, and why should they abandon them at the bidding of another. Had the Celtic race served its time on this earth? He as a Celt would not abandon his race so long as his natural life went. They as a race had a right to be proud of the past, and to make posterity proud of them they should be active in the present in order that the nation might maintain its position in the future. He was glad to be there that day. It would do him good when he went back to his people to know, after being separated with a little water for 100 years, that they were fighting the same fight, and with God's help they would fight it successfully.

Rev. Malcolm MacLennan having given an interesting account of his diligence at the Oireachtas, Rev. Neil Ross, M.A., Edinburgh, proceeded to give the following eloquent and and glowing address in excellent idiomatic Gaelic:—

#### THE GAELIC ADDRESS.

A Bhaintigheam' uasal agus a chuideachda chòir!

Tha agam ri aideachadh. gu bheil e 'na aobhar gairdeachais dhomhsa, bhi labhairt anns an làthaireachd so an duigh; agus dh' iarrainn a bhi toirt buidheachas o m' chridhe do luchd-comhairle agus luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich, air son mo chur air leth gu bhi deanamh oidhearp, air a cheud òraid Ghàilg a thoirt seachad aig a' Mhòd.



Ann a bhi 'bheachd smuaineachadh air na nithibh a bu chòir dhomh a chantuinn, thàinig e fa chomhair m' intinn, gu 'm faodainn beagan a ràdh mu thimchioll an aobhair, mu 'm bheil sinn uile cruinn aig an àm so. Tha a nis ceithir bliadhna deug o'n bha a cheud Mhòd air a chumail anns an Oban. Tha cuimhn' agam air an latha gu maith. Tha làn bheachd agam air an eud agus a' mhiseach a bha ri 'm faicinn ann a n gnùis an luchd-rìaghlaidh; agus an àireamh dhiubhsan a tha fathast 'n ar measg agus a tha 'n diugh a làthair anns an ionad so, togaidh iadsan fiannuis o 'n cridhe féin, nach 'eil an eud no an dòchas air am mealladh. Oir shoirbhich leòsan ann a bhi dùsgadh a cheart eud agus a cheart dòchas sin ann am muinntir eile. Sgaoil an nì so mar fhaluig feadh na rìoghachd. Lasadh teine anns gach uchd, air chor is nach 'eil nithibh idir cho fuar agus cho marbhanta 's a bha iad. Thàinig atharrachadh mòr air cùisean na Gàilig; thàinig ath-leasachadh ann a bhi 'ga labhairt; thàinig beothachadh air a litreachas; thàinig loinn às-ùr air doigh sheinn nan seann òran; tha iomadh Gàidheal, d' am b' àbhaist a bhi caoin-shuarach mu thimchioll a chaint mhàtharail, a nis a' gabhail tlachd ann a bhi 'g a labhairt 's 'ga h-éisd-eachd; dhùisgeadh am bàigh agus an gràdh do thir an dùthchais; agus tha sin air a dheanamh làn aithnichte an diugh; oir thàinig sinn uile a dh' ionnsaidh a' Mhòd, cha 'n ann a mhàin gu bhi 'g éisdeachd le taitneas ri sgeul mu gnìomharan nan laoch, no ri òrain bhinne bho na làithean a dh' fhalbh, ach mar an ceudna gu bhi deanamh ar dleasdana is thaobh cainnt agus ceòl ar dùthcha. Is còir dhuinn a bhi treibhdhìreach as leth na Gàilig. Tha buaidh-tharruing innte fein mar chànan a tha ga deanamh airdh air meas. Tha i aosmhor na h-eachdraidh, agus tha i pailt agus fonnmhor ann am briathran. Oir is taitneach ri aithris gu bheil i an diugh air a togail suas gu h-inbhe cho àrd ri cainnt, 'sam bith anns an Roinn-Eorpa. Tha sgoilearan agus luchd-rannsuichidh chànan a sìor fhaotainn nithibh oirdheirc agus luachmhor innte. Tha iad a' dearbhadh gu bheil dlùth-chàirdeas aice ri cuid de na cainntean 'is aoismhoire air am bheil iomradh. Cha 'n 'eil a' Bheurla ach bho 'n latha 'n dé ann an coimeas ris a' Ghàilig a thaobh aois. Tha cànan nan Gall air a deanamh suas ann an cuid mhòr de fhacail air an tarruing bho chainntean eile. Ach tha 'Ghàilig saobhair gu leòir innte féin, agus cha do ghabh i facail bho chainnt 'sam bith eile, ach beagan fhacal bho 'n Laduinn, ri linn Chalum Chille agus a dheisbhuil. Tha nis pailt dà mhìle bliadhna bho 'n a bha

Ghàilig air a cleachdadh le luchd-foghlum agus luchd-seanachais, ann an tìghean mhannach agus ann an cùrtean rìghrean. Agus an déigh beatha cho fada sin cha 'n e coltas crìonadh a tha oirre, oir tha i air a gabhail a nis, ann an Oil-thighean Albainn agus Eireann agus na Frainge, mar aon de na ceuman agus na cuspairean a chum àrd-fhoghlum. Foadar a thuigsinn gu bheil e iomchaidh gu 'm biodh a' Ghàilig air a teagasg do 'n chloinn ann an sgoiltean na Gàidhealtachd. Bu chòir dhuinn a bhi 'leantainn eiseimleir nan Cìmreach anns an nì so. Ann an cearnaibh àraidh de dhùthaich nan Uels-aich, tha 'chlann air an teagasg gu bhi 'leughadh an cainnt féin an toiseach; agus cha 'n 'eil sin a' cumail maille 'sam bith orra ann a bhi togail na Beurla. Tha am Mòd Gàidhealach a' deanamh obair phrìseil ann a bhi a' toirt a leithid de mhìnich do chloinn na Gàidhealtachd, gu bhi 'seinn agus a leughadh Gàilig; agus bu mhath gu 'm biodh an tuilleadh mheadhonan air an cleachdadh gu bhi tarruing aire na h-òigridh ann an ceàrnaibh iomallach; agus ged nach 'b'urrain dhaibh tighinn air astar fada a dh' ionnsuidh a' Mhòd bhliadnail, gidheadh gu 'm biodh deuchainnean air an cumail, agus luach-saothrach air a thairgse leis a' Chomunn Ghàidhealach do sgoiltean ann an ceàrnaibh fad as, mu thuath. Tha na Mòid bheaga, a tha nis air an cumail, a tha fàs mar mheanglain o'n stoc a' deanamh feum anabarrach. Agus tha sinn a' guidhe buaidh agus sonas leis an dream a tha cho treibhdhìreach agus cho saothrachail 'gan cumail air chois. Feumaidh sinn fàs foghainteach gu bhi dìon ar cainnt agus ar dùthaich. Cìod e am beartas 's luachmhoire na iad sin a b' urrainn a bhi aig sluagh 'sam bith ri ghleidheachd? Nach buail mo chuile na 's treise 'n uair a chuimhnichas mi air Tìr m' òige; far am bheil an ceò a' snàmh air a h-aon-aichean, far am bheil na h-aibheachan a' gairich troimh na glinn, agus far am fàs am fraoch geal timchioll air nead na h-ìolaire? Nach las eud 'n am uchd an uair a chluinneas mi fuaim na Gàilig, a' chainnt aosmhor agus shèimh; a' chainnt chumachdach ann am beul a' chaintear, a' chànan chòlmhor ann am fonn nan dàn? Nach mòr an t-aobhar aoibhneas gu bheil clann ar dùthcha a' soirbheachadh anns gach ceàrn de 'n domhain! Cha 'n 'eil latha no uair nach cluinn sinn mac a' Ghàidheil a cosnadh urram agus cliù. Ma thug an Gàidheal buaidh le a chlaidheamh geur agus le a ghàirdèan deas, c' arson mar an ceudna nach toir e buaidh le talantan agus comasan inntinn? Ged a bha ar sinnsir treun 's a' bhlàr, gidheadh cha 'n ann le lotan dearga no le uamhas a chogaidh a dh'fheumas

sinne bhi toirt buaidh anns an àm ri teachd. Ach is ann le gnìomharan òirdheirc na sìthe; le tuiغه agus le gliocas; le cumhachdan sèimhe ciùil agus bardachd; le ionmhasan litreachas agus feallsanachd; le spiorad dùthchaisail agus gràdh bràtharail; le cuimhne mhaireanach an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus dòchas deirach an àm ri teachd, leis na nìibh sin g'ar brosnachadh, feumaidh sinne dùsgadh, agus oibreachadh gu dìleas làidir a chum 's gu 'm bi beath' as-ùr air a buileachadh air cainnt agus ceòl ar dùthcha.

O! buaidh is sonas leis na laoiח  
 'Tha seasmhach air a sgath,  
 'Chaidh brach suas an Tir an fhraoich,  
 Ge sgaoilt' an diugh an àl;  
 Ged chaidh an sgapadh air gach taobh  
 Cha chaochail iad an gnathas:  
 Cha'n fhàs an eachdraidh lag le aois,  
 'S cha'n fhaigh a' Ghàillig bàs!

#### VOTES OF THANKS.

Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, M.P., in proposing a vote of thanks to Miss Elspeth Campbell, said he felt it a particular honour to have been asked to bring forward the next resolution, which was one of their sincere thanks to Miss Elspeth Campbell for presiding that day and declaring the gathering open. It was difficult for him to understand why—being probably almost the only person present on that platform who had not Gaelic—he should have the honour of proposing that vote. It was perhaps owing to that imperfection on his part that he was able to speak of the value of Gaelic as a language. He would not give them his own opinion or experience, but he would quote two authorities, the first of whom was one of the highest educational authorities they had had in Scotland for many years. He referred to Miss Flora Stevenson, Edinburgh, who had said that a child could have no greater advantages than to be brought up with two languages. This had been confirmed by the Duke of Argyll, who said that he found that Highlanders were invariably selected for frontier posts under the Hudson Bay Company because, having two languages, they were much more likely to pick up the languages of the native trailer. The second authority was Dr. Johnson, who, during his tour in the Hebrides, said there could be no better means of elevating the minds of the people than by drawing their attention to the historical and literary associations of that part of the country in which they happened to live. They would all have noticed that Lord Rosebery had been making one of his delightful speeches in support of the desire on the part of the people of Ayr to preserve the Auld Brig, and surely if it was worth while for Ayrshire to preserve

that memento it was worth while that the inhabitants of the Highlands should preserve their own language, which was a matter of much more importance. There was one reason why they should feel proud of having the gathering presided over by Miss Elspeth Campbell, and that was because a national movement of that kind was not likely to meet with much success unless it carried with it the encouragement of the ladies of the country, and with that help and encouragement in their movement manifested by the presence of Miss Campbell they could not fail to be successful. He was sure they would all agree most cordially and most heartily in wishing her health and prosperity, and according her their cordial thanks for her presence there and for the encouragement she had always given, and no doubt would continue to give, to the movement they had all so much at heart.

#### ADULT COMPETITIONS.

The adult competitions were then proceeded with, the following being the results:—

ARGYLSHIRE GATHERING MAIN HALL—  
 THURSDAY.

Adjudicators—Osgood H. MacKenzie, Esq., of Inverewe, Rev. Neil Ross, Neil MacLeod, Esq.

Reading of a prose piece. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

- 1 A. Munn, Oban.
- 2 Mary MacKinnon, Oban.

Seann Sgeulachd—Folk tale (preferably unpublished)—narrated in the traditional style. First prize, £3; second prize, £1.

- 1 David B. Fletcher, Morvern.
- 2 James MacDonald, Mallaig.

Narration of an original or unpublished story, without written or other aids to the memory. First prize, £2; second prize, £1.

- 1 A. Munn, Oban.
- 2 Catherine R. Galbraith, Greenock.

Recitation of a piece of poetry. First prize, £1; second prize, 10s.

- 1 A. Munn, Oban.
- 2 E. D. Cameron, Gesto.
- 3 Mary MacKinnon, Oban.

#### INSTRUMENTAL COMPETITIONS.

##### THE VOLUNTEER HALL.

Adjudicators—Major Archd. Menzies, Edinburgh; William Waddell, Esq., Edinburgh; Andrew MacIntosh, Esq., Inverness.

Playing of strathspeys and reels on the Pianoforte. Competitors to submit the names of three strathspeys and three reels, any two of which the judges may call on the com-

petitors to play thrice over. First prize, £2 10s.; second prize, £1 10s.; and a prize of £1 to the competitor under 16 years of age who shall have the highest marks.

- 1 Mrs. Bessie Grant Jamieson, Brechin.
- 2 Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Doune.
- 3 Miss Maggie Stewart, Callander.

Playing of Gaelic song—air, strathspey and reel—on the violin. Competitors to submit the names of three song airs, three strathspeys and three reels, any of which the judges may call on the competitors to play thrice over. First prize, Gold medal; second prize, Silver medal.

- 1 Jeannie Campbell, Oban.
- 2 James MacDonald, Mallaig.

#### VOCAL COMPETITIONS.

##### ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING MAIN HALL.

Adjudicators—W. H. Murray, Esq., Rev. Neil Ross, Dr. John Bell, Osgood H. MacKenzie, Esq., of Inverewe.

Solo singing of an unpublished Lewis or Harris song. First prize, £1 10s.; second prize, 15s.

- 1 A. Henderson, Stornoway.
- 2 Annie MacLeod, Stornoway.

Solo singing of a song. Female voices. Open only to professionals, former Mòd gold medalists, and prize winners. Prize, £3.

- 1 Kate MacDonald, Edinburgh.

Solo singing of a song with clarsach accompaniment, to be selected by the adjudicators from a list of three songs to be submitted by competitor. Prize, £7.

- 1 Mary Ann MacKechnie, Dunblane.

Solo singing of a song. Male voices. Open only to professionals, former Mòd gold medalists and prize winners. Prize, £3.

- 1 W. Grant Downie, Langside.

Duet singing of a song. First prize, £2; second prize, £1.

- 1 { Annetta Campbell Whyte, Glasgow.
- 1 { W. Grant Downie, Glasgow.
- 2 { Chrissie MacDonald, Glasgow.
- 2 { Calum Campbell, Glasgow.

Solo singing of an Oran Mòr, selected by the competitor from the following list:—Moladh Beinn Dorain; Cumha Chailein Ghlinn-Iubhair; Blar na h-Eiphit; Blar na h-Olaidh; An Dubh-ghleannach; Morair Glinn-Urchaidh. First prize, £2; second prize, £1.

- 1 W. Grant Downie, Langside.
- 2 Annetta C. Whyte, Glasgow.

#### FRIDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Solo singing of a song. Confined to members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its branches

and affiliated societies. First prize, £2; second prize, £1.

- 1 Kate MacDonald, Edinburgh.
- 2 Mary MacEachern, Edinburgh.
- 3 Miss A. C. MacTavish, Greenock.

Solo singing of a song. Female voices. First prize, £1 and the gold medal of the Association; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

- 1 Kate MacDonald, Edinburgh.
- 2 A. Henderson, Stornoway.
- 3 Chrissie MacDonald, Glasgow, and A. C. MacTavish, Greenock, equal.

Solo singing of a song. Male voices. First prize, £1 and the gold medal of the Association; second prize, £2; third prize, £1.

- 1 W. Grant Downie, Langside.
- 2 K. J. MacRae, Inverness.
- 3 Allan MacLean, Easdale, and W. Cameron, Poolewe, equal.

Choral singing of a song, with or without chorus, in two-part, three-part, or four-part harmony. Female voices only. First prize, £5; a second prize will be given if three or more choirs compete.

- 1 Stornoway Ladies' Choir.
- 2 Edinburgh Ladies' Choir.
- 3 Glasgow Ladies' Choir.

Choral singing of song, with or without chorus, in four-part harmony. First prize, £10, retention for one year of the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy, and a baton to the choir conductor; second prize, £7; third prize, £4.

- 1 Stornoway Gaelic Choir.
- 2 Oban Gaelic Choir.
- 3 Edinburgh Gaelic Choir.

We feel, personally, much indebted to several of the judges in the literary, oral vocal, and instrumental competitions for their courtesy in supplying us, at our request, with expert criticisms on the work of the competitors at the Mòd. We have pleasure in giving such criticism here, and it is our earnest hope that all intending competitors at next Mòd will study it carefully and profit by the valuable suggestions given.

NOTES ON RECITATION AND READING: by Rev. G. R. MacLennan, M.A., of St. Orans.—“The memorising on the part of the juveniles was slightly mechanical, and a little effort at expression would go far to improve this class of competition. In no case did a competitor complete the piece without being prompted by the judges. In the reading at sight competition, certain of the boys showed a remarkable facility in reading pieces of very considerable difficulty. In recitation, two or three of the competitors showed exceptional talent. Their performances were simply delightful, and could not fail to give pleasure to any Gaelic audience.”

## NOTES ON THE VOCAL MUSIC AT THE OBAN MOD.

BY W. H. MURRAY.

THERE was no outstanding excellence in the musical performances this year, as compared with the past two or three Mòds. On the whole the singing—individual and concerted—was good, and quite maintained the standard reached of late years.

To speak first of the children's day, the one disappointing feature was the comparatively small number who answered to their names at the various competitions. Twenty-six girls and boys entered for solo-singing, but of these only eleven—nine girls and two boys—appeared for examination. I am at a loss to find a satisfactory explanation of these non-appearances. Can it be that the very successful children's Mòd held at Inverness in June has had an adverse effect upon the attendances? and yet this would not account for the absence of Oban children (only two of whom entered) at their own Mòd. In the children's singing the good record of quality made at Dingwall last year was not lowered. There was an entire absence of forcing of registers and of rudeness in tone. All the voices showed some evidence of management and wise restraint. With children, even more than with adults, temperament has a good deal to do with success. The shy, self-conscious, country bairn unaccustomed to crowds, is at a great disadvantage as compared with the frank, fearless child of the town, to whom it is easy and natural to speak and sing with freedom. The two Oban girls who gained the first and second places in the silver medal competition sang with charming confidence; the medallist especially distinguished herself, her voice is not only sweet and true but in method she is quite a little artiste.

In the junior concerted singing contest only two choirs came forward. Both sang well, the voices were as pure and full in the one choir as in the other. The winning choir had the advantage in style: there was a dash and freedom about their singing that was very pleasing. The children's concert on the Wednesday evening was in every way successful and enjoyable. It was very delightful to note the appreciation, all through the Mòd, of the appearances made by the Poolewe children. They and their enthusiastic conductor and friend, Mr. Cameron, deserve the greatest praise and encouragement for the large part they have taken year by year in the junior competitions, always with so much credit to themselves and to the Mòd.

In regard to the singing of the adults it is more than ever evident that the singers who succeed in gaining good places in the various competitions are those who have given attention to voice production, and who have to some extent at least succeeded in overcoming nervousness. Even an extra good voice counts for little without proper production and good method. The possessor of the most beautiful voice heard at this year's Mòd did not gain any prize. The young lady referred to—hardly beyond girlhood—will, it is to be hoped, have an early opportunity of learning how to make the most of the gift which Nature has bestowed, and doubtless the confidence gained by training will enable her to

throw off the "stage fright" which so seriously handicaps the timid competitor.

A very satisfactory level of attainment was again reached this year, especially in the competitions for female voices. In the gold medal contest seventeen ladies sang, and of these my figures show that only two received less than 75 per cent of marks, while ten gained 80 per cent. and over, the medallist reaching 93 per cent.

Of the fourteen men who competed for the gold medal, seven were under 75. per cent. and six reached 80 per cent. and over.

In the competition for members of An Comunn Gaidhealach—male and female voices—a good level was maintained. Of sixteen singers only three had marks under 75 per cent. and eleven had 80 per cent. and over, while in the Orain Mhorà competition four had 80 per cent. and over, out of ten who sang.

These general results will, I think, compare well with those of any former year, and are a great advance on the figures of six or eight years ago.

The most disappointing competition was that of the duets. For some reason or other—probably insufficient rehearsal—the voices of several of the pairs got out of tune one with the other, and in one or two cases the two voices were antagonistic in timbre and refused to blend. Most of the two-part arrangements were good—having been specially arranged for the singers—one or two, however, were ineffective, and in more than one instance the accompaniment did not agree with the vocal harmony.

In the choral contests the Stornoway choirs carried all before them. Alike in the ladies' choir competition and in the mixed voice choir contest for the trophy they were unmistakably first. The voices generally were more matured than in any of the other choirs, and they rendered their pieces with a confidence and finish which showed thorough preparation and enthusiasm. Nothing better has been heard at any Mòd than the renderings given by the mixed choir of the two pieces in the principal competition. The Oban choir was, however, a good second, and in their execution they were little behind the first-prize winners. The singing of the Edinburgh and Greenock choirs was distinctly good, the latter choir being distinguished for the freshness and brightness of the ladies' voices. The weaknesses of these two choirs were mainly in respect of unequal balance and blending of parts, and in the matter of spontaneity and abandon in style.

In all the ladies' choirs the tone was fresh and good, the markings of the Edinburgh and Glasgow combinations were very close, and both sang really well.

It would be much to the credit of the Mòd if something could be done to ensure better accompaniments to the solos. Again this year song after song was spoiled by some amateur friend of the soloist vamping an improvised accompaniment of fearful and wonderful chords and progressions often quite foreign to the tonality of the song. I do not mean to say that all the amateur accompaniments were unsatisfactory. One player at least was quite competent, but in regard to many of the songs the above description is not a whit exaggerated. Our Gaelic songs, with their old-world, quaint, and sensitive tonalities, can stand

such treatment less than any others, and, besides being painful to the listener, such accompaniments often seriously handicap the singers.

An accompaniment is intended to be a help to the singer and an embellishment of the song. A bad accompaniment is a hindrance and disfigurement.

If singers only realised the value of a good accompaniment, they would see that a correct copy of their song was provided for the capable, trained accompanist whose services the committee of the Mòd always place at their disposal.



## NOTES ON PIANOFORTE AND VIOLIN PLAYING.

BY WM. WADDEL.

THE Mòd of 1906 has come and gone, and surely another step has been taken towards the fulfilment of the aims and aspirations of the Comunn Gaidhealach. Perhaps a few words from a musician on the musical performances might not be unacceptable to your readers.

The pianoforte playing reached a very good standard; indeed it was difficult to judge between so many excellent players. The playing was bright and spirited, and the tunes offered for selection were all good, and included many of our finest airs. A lack of clearness from faulty execution was sometimes noticeable, and the too continuous use of the loud pedal and an undue forcing of the left hand, apparently from a desire to mark the rhythm, were the chief faults of the performances, which otherwise, as we have said, were hearty and effective, and greatly appreciated by a large audience.

It is disappointing to see so few fiddlers at these competitions. Time was when almost every village in Scotland had its players, often men of exceptional musical talent, whose playing of our national music was quite beyond anything we can in these days produce. This is to be regretted, for if we lose the power of playing these precious heirlooms on the instrument for which they were so often conceived the spirit from which they came will certainly die out. It is also a wonder to us why pipe music does not form part of these programmes. Surely if the soul of the Highlands is anywhere it is in this music; there it lives at any rate, if it lives at all. Indeed, if fiddle and pipe music is not more fostered it runs a great risk of being lost to us.

## MAGAZINE FUND.

We renew our appeal for contributions to our Magazine Fund, and hope generous friends will favour us. The Magazine is making a place for itself, and we are confident that before long it will more than pay its own way. Mr. Mackintosh will acknowledge any donations for this object that may be sent to him. Will you give us the pleasure of your help?

## SÒEULACHD.

ANNS na làithean a dh'fhalbh, bha Clann-'Illeathain Dhubhairt 'n am fir-dìona air I-Choluim-Chille. Is ann nach robh iad 'n an stiùbhartaidh dileas an còmhnaidh, mar a tha an sgeulachd a leanas a' dearbhadh gu soilleir. Thachair, mu'n seathamh linn dèug, gu'n robh Clann-Caimbeul,—nàimhdean dìorasach buanachail do gach fìne Gaidhealach eile— a' bagradh air Cloinn-Mhic-'Illeathain agus a' crìunneachadh an ceann a chèile 'n an aghaidh. Chuir Mac-'Illeathain teachdairean gu Fear-Ghlinne-Garaidh a ghuidhe air gu'n tigeadh e thairis chum a chuideachadh. Chruinnich Gleann-Garaidh còig ceud luchd-leanmhuinn, rainig e an Caol-Mhuileach, agus air dhàsan feachd fhagail fagus air Caisteal Airdthormais, ghabh e null gu Dubhart, chum a chomhairle a chur ri Mac-'Illeathain. Bu mhòr an t-aobhneas a bha aig Mac-'Illeathain a charaid fhaicinn, chuir e fàilte 's furan air, agus rinn e fleadh dha. Mar so chaidh am feasgar seachad, agus 'nuair a thainig crìoch air an itheannaich, chuireadh cupan mu 'n bhòrd, cupan òir, maiseach, loinneil, dealrach, is e làn fionna. Ach cha bu luaithe a chunnaic Gleann-Garaidh an cupan so, na dh'aithnich e an Cupan Coisrigte, a chaidh a spuinneadh o I le sinnsear Mhic-'Illeathain. Dh'eirich e 'n a fheirg agus phaisg e ann an neapaicin e. "A Mhic-'Illeathain," aris' esan, "thainig mi an so chum do chuideachadh, ach a chionn gu'n do rinn thu an t-òle so agus an ceallgoide so 'n aghaidh Dhé, cha'n 'eil comas aig duine sam bith cobhar a thoirt duit." Agus, air dhàsan tionndadh, dh'fhag e talla na fleadh. Is ann mar sin a thug e e fhéin as, agus mu'n d'fhàinig briseadh na faire, bha esan is a luchd-leanmhuinn maille ris fad air astar. A nis bha Mac-'Illeathain fo thrìoblaid mhòr, agus chuir e teachdairean an tòir air Cloinn-Domhnuil. Rug iad orra, thiomainn iad an Cupan Naomh do làimh Fir-Ghlinne Garaidh, agus ghuidh iad air dol air ais. Dh'iult e 'n atthuinge, agus chaidh e dhachaidh, a' toirt leis a' Chupain as a sin. Bha an Cupan so air a ghleidheadh ann an ciste-teaghlach Ghlinn-Garaidh rè moran bhliadh-nachan gus an do bhuilich Ceann-feadhna eile e air Easbuig Earraghaidheal 's nan Eilean. Tha cuid ag ràdh gu'n bheil an Cupan so a' fantainn ann an Eaglais Nh: Mhuire, Ghlaschu, gus an là an diùgh.

Is e so an sgeulachd. Bu choir d'ar arsadairean a bhì a' soilleireachadh a ghnòth-aich so dhùinn. Is aithne do gach Gaidheal an fhàidheadaireachd a chaidh a labhairt leis an Nh: Colum-Cille,—

"... Mu'n tig an saogh' l gu crìch  
Bì 'dh l mar a bha."



Ma's fìor ar sgeulachd, ma thig fàidheadair-eachd Choluim-Chille mu'n cuairt, dh'fhaoidte gu'n tèid a' cheart Chupan gu I-Choluim-Chille rithist, agus gu'n dealraich e bho 'n Altair anns na bliadhnanachan a' teachd, mar a dhears e anns na linn-tea a chaidh seachad. "Eisidibh, O eileanan" tha fàidh eile ag ràdh, "Eisidibh, O eileanan rium . . . tha ar tigh naomh agus àluinn, anns an d' thug ar n'-aithrichean moladh duit, air a losgadh le teine; agus tha ar n'uile nithean tlachdmhor air an lèir-sgrìos." Ach "togaidh suas na seann làraichean, càirichidh iad r' a chéile na h-ionadan sgaoilte o chian: ath-nuadh-aichidh iad na bailtean briste, ionadan fàsaichte nan iomadh linn."

DONNACHADH MAC MATHAIN,

Caisteal Leodhais, Leodhais.  
Seachd-mhios, 1906.

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## NOTES FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER.

THE December number of *An Deo Greine* is to contain a charming article on "Ossian and St. Patrick" from the facile pen of Rev. Archd. M'Donald, joint-author of the History of Clan Donald. Need we assure our readers that the article will contain nothing provocative of a renewed Ossianic controversy? Mr. M'Donald, like ourselves, gratefully accepts the fact that we possess so noble a thesaurus of poetry in Gaelic literature as the poems of Ossian, and however strong may be his opinions concerning the authenticity of these poems, he has taken care to leave no opening in the article for the entrance of any chivalrous Don Quixote and his lean Rosinante to tilt against imaginary wind-mills. It will greatly interest our readers to know that the Countess of Cromartie, at our special request, has written a capital short story for our December number. It is entitled "In the Hour of Victory."

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A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Christian Institute, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, on 5th October. There were present:—Rev. M. MacLennan, who presided, Messrs. MacLeod, Sinclair, Clark, Nicolson, Major Cameron, Revs. W. Macphail and R. A. McDonnell, Lieut. Henderson, Rev. D. Macgillivray, Dr. K. Campbell, Messrs. T. D. MacDonald, P. Macracken M'Donald, E. K. Carmichael, and J. Mackintosh, secretary. The minutes of last meeting having been read, discussed, and approved of, Major Menzies, Edinburgh, was unanimously elected president of An Comunn for the ensuing year. A new departure, though in no way inconsistent with the rules and constitution of An Comunn, was entered upon at the meeting. This was the appointment of patrons of An Comunn, to which office these ladies and gentlemen were unanimously appointed:—The Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Cromartie, the Duke of Fife, Lord Lovat, the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Viscount Fincastle and Major Mathe-

son, of Lewis. Thereupon the following standing Committees were appointed:—EDUCATION—Dr. Campbell, convener, W. J. Watson, vice-convener, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, A. N. Nicolson, Duncan Reid, Rev. W. M'Phail, and Dug. MacLean. PUBLICATION—Rev. M. Munro, convener, Revs. MacLennan and D. Macgillivray, T. D. MacDonald, Lieut. Henderson, R. Moreton MacDonald, of Largie, and Miss Farquharson, of Invercauld. FINANCE AND PROPAGANDA—E. K. Carmichael, convener, Major Cameron, J. S. Clark, Captain MacLellan, Father M'Donell, P. Macracken M'Donald, and J. A. Mackay. Dr. Kenneth Campbell was unanimously appointed convener of the Advisory Committee. The Treasurer's statement, and a report and statement by a Special Committee were then discussed. After careful consideration and explanation, a few alterations were made in the report, which was then unanimously received, and the Committee were thanked and discharged. It was agreed that the auditors for the ensuing year be professional accountants. Dr. Campbell then moved, and Mr. Carmichael seconded, the appointment of a special committee of five persons to be called the "Mòd AND MUSICAL COMMITTEE," to advise the Executive regarding the preparation of the Mòd syllabus, and the appointment of judges, to collect and publish Gaelic folk songs, and generally to help to raise the standard of musical education throughout the Scottish Highlands. The motion was unanimously adopted, and the following were named as the committee:—Rev. M. Munro, convener. Dun. Reid, Miss Kate Fraser, Rev. D. Macgillivray, and Mrs. Watson. Dr. Campbell also moved that there should be a "HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES COMMITTEE" to collect information concerning, to arouse interest in, and help to foster the industrial development of the Highlands. This was agreed to, these forming the Committee, and taking charge also of CELTIC ART:—Jas. Grant, convener, Captain Stoddart M'Lellan, Major Cameron, J. S. Clark, Mr. MacLeod, Rector of Hamilton Academy, Mr. Macgregor-Whyte, and Mr. Duncan, Edinburgh. After much discussion it was agreed that our monthly magazine be continued for the present under the name *An Deo Greine* (the aspirate dropped), the monthly magazine of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and that the translation "Sunbeam" be omitted from the cover. Consideration of the reduction or not of the price of the Magazine was remitted to the Publication Committee to consider and report. The Publication Committee, together with these co-opted members, Dr. Campbell, E. K. Carmichael, A. N. Nicolson, and Provost Macfarlan, Dumbarton, form a Business Committee to manage the finances of the Magazine. At this stage Rev. Mr. MacLennan having to leave the meeting, Dr. Campbell took the chair, and the remaining part of the business was speedily and pleasantly carried through. It was unanimously agreed that the Hon. Miss Elspeth Campbell and Mr. John Anderson, of the Callander and Oban Railway be appointed life-members of An Comunn in recognition of their services in connection with the Mòd of 1906. It was decided that next meeting of the Executive Council be held in Glasgow on 11th January, 1907.

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We have to acknowledge our continued indebtedness to the leading newspapers north of the Highland line for their kindly notices and reviews of *An Deo-Greine* from month to month. Their friendly words cheer us and stimulate us to do work deserving of praise. South of the line the *Stirling Sentinel* has been exceedingly favourable to us. Its accomplished editor is himself a student of the Gaelic language and literature. Our readers will be, we feel sure, greatly interested in the subjoined letter which came to us the other day from the editor of *The Canadian Scotsman*, Mr. J. K. Fraser, a native of Inverness, who has been long resident in the Far West. Mr. Fraser kindly enclosed 5/- for our Magazine Fund, and writes as follows:—"Dear Sir,—For some months past I have been receiving copies of *An Deo-Greine*, and have to say that I enjoyed its perusal very much indeed. In my own case the fact is that it has been the means of stimulating the Celtic spirit which we Highlanders all, to a greater or lesser extent, possess, and which it only requires the proper 'touch' to revive. At first, it might appear that the objections to the movement in which you are so prominent, are well founded. Our own attitude in the matter you will doubtless have seen from the two articles of my own, which I have sent to you. Pride of race is not incompatible with a loyal imperialism. No race has done more for the Empire than Highlanders; again and again, at times of crisis, they have decided the day. Without them who dare say what the result might have been? The enclosed is a moiety for the Magazine. It is more the measure of my means than of my interest in the subject. However, every little helps."

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*The Canadian Scotsman* has done yeoman service these months past in keeping our fellow Gaels in the West informed of the trend of things Gaelic in this country. It has successfully exposed the weakness of the arguments of those who object to the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. In a brilliant leading article on this subject the editor concludes as follows:—"In conclusion we would state that with the falling of Gaelic into complete disuetude, many of the finest characteristics of the inhabitants of Northern Scotland would disappear, and we cannot afford that that should happen. We should bear in mind that, as it has been pithily remarked, 'If the quiet resolution, the sturdy commonsense, the talent for public life, state organization, and political dominion that characterise the modern British nation are Teutonic, on the other hand, their general refinement of manner and feeling, and their high poetic susceptibilities are, to no small extent, due to the admixture of Celtic blood.'" From a recent issue of this journal we learn—and the knowledge will cheer the heart of our energetic and hardworking Feill convener—that a grand concert was organised by the Gaels of Winnipeg a fortnight ago, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Feill a'Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich Fund. The outstanding feature of the concert was the magnificent Gaelic singing of Messrs. John MacLeod and John Matheson, whose efforts roused the audience to a state of the liveliest excitement.

A committee to work in connection with An Fheilil was to be organised forthwith. *Buaidh agus piseach orra. Apropos* of this concert, Mr. W. Gordon, Winnipeg, writes:—"As a native-born Highlander I desire to express the pleasure with which I listened to the recent Gaelic concert, and which was so greatly enjoyed by the large audience. The time is now opportune for the formation of some Scottish organisation in this city, to give an opportunity to those who, like myself, are anxious to make a better acquaintanceship with the ancient tongue of Caledonia, and which for impressiveness and historical association is second to none. There is no reason during the coming winter why a class for the study of GAELIC should not be formed under the auspices of the local Scottish Societies." And in our own country there are found some who deny a desire on the part of young or old to learn Gaelic! Verily our language is surely coming into its rightful kingdom.

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We are indebted to the courtesy of the Hon. Secretary of the Celtic Union for a copy of the syllabus for the ensuing session. The Union meets in the Ladies' Room of the Philosophical Institution, 4 Queen Street, Edinburgh, and the subjoined is the syllabus:—Nov. 1st, Social and Dance; Nov. 8th, Lecture, Very Rev. Dr. Russell on "Men"; Dec. 15th, Lecture by Mr. Macfarlane on "Gaelic Music" (with illustrations by Gaelic Choir); Jan. 10th, Musical Evening; Feb. 1st, Lecture by Prof. Anwyl, "Wales and the Ancient Britons of the North"; Feb. 28th, Lecture by W. J. Watson, Esq., M.A., "Holy places of Scotland"; April 18th, Lecture; May 2nd, Social and Dance; May 31st, Annual Business Meeting.

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We have just received the cheering intimation that a new branch of An Comunn is to be inaugurated in South Kintyre shortly. We shall be glad to publish particulars when these are to hand.

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At the moment of going to press we receive practical proof of the educative value of Gaelic in the school curriculum from no less an authority than Dr. Struthers, of the Scotch Education Department. In his second annual report on Secondary Education in Scotland he says that the result of introducing Gaelic into the Leaving Certificate Examination has been very satisfactory. Last year—the first in which the permission was granted—produced work of so excellent a quality that fears were entertained that the high level then attained to might not be kept up in succeeding years. But such fears proved groundless, this year's papers in Gaelic being of exceptional merit. A twofold explanation is given of the relative excellence of the Gaelic papers—one being that those candidates who take Gaelic are older than the other competitors; the other, that those *taking Gaelic are bilingual*. The italics are ours. In the report alluded to there occur these facts and figures:—"Of the 107 candidates, 50 came from Ross-shire, 8 being from the mainland (7 of whom are from the single parish of Gairloch) and 42 from Lewis. Inverness-shire sends 37 candidates. Of these, only 3 are from the mainland. Skye accounts for 18, North Uist for 8, South Uist for 3,

Harris for 3, and Barra for 2. Only 12 candidates come from Argyll, of whom the mainland supplies 8 and the Islands 4 (Islay 3 and Tiree 1). Sutherland sends 8. On the Western mainland, from Lochinver in Sutherlandshire to Ballachulish and Easdale in Argyll, there is not a single candidate, except from the parish of Gairloch. No candidate comes from the following islands, which are all Gaelic-speaking:—Gigha, Jura, Colonsay, Mull, Iona, Eigg, and Raasay." One feels sorry for the children in the Gaelic area singled out in this fashion. They are all Gaelic speakers, with but a comparatively slight acquaintance with English. Apparently the language through which they might be trained thoroughly is not used to any extent in these schools, much to the children's loss. We know, of course, that there are few Gaelic-speaking head teachers in these islands. But even if there be no assistant or pupil-teacher in some of these schools who can impart instruction in Gaelic, it ought not to be impossible for school managers to secure the services of some competent local persons who could teach the principles of Gaelic grammar, composition, and literature. The children are already steeped in Gaelic idiom and full of the Gaelic language, and a few hours' teaching per week from a capable teacher would give them the preparation requisite for tackling the Gaelic paper at the Leaving Certificate examinations. For every Gaelic-speaking child who is crammed into passing, say, in French or German at such an examination a score could be easily trained to pass in Gaelic, and that with a thorough knowledge of what they were doing. Why should so important an instrument of education as Gaelic be neglected in any Highland school?

\* \* \*

We are delighted to learn that a branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach has been inaugurated recently at Rothesay with a membership of 40 persons. Lady Bute, who is keenly interested in the Gaelic movement, is anxious that there should be a formal opening meeting of the branch, together with a Gaelic concert, either on the 29th November or 3rd December.

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*Correction.*—The poem "Home to Suinart," which appeared in last issue, was copied from the *Canadian Scotsman*, and not from the *Scottish Canadian* as we stated through a pen slip. Gaels in the Far West are under very considerable obligation to the *Canadian Scotsman* for its able advocacy of the keeping up of Gaelic.—EDITOR.

—:o:—

## LITIR.

FHIR DHEASACHAIDH SHUAIRCE,

'Nuair a thogas sibh an *Deo-Gréine* ri crann air son a' mhiosa so, faodaidh sibh innseadh do m' chairdean 's an aird' an-iar gu bheil mise mar is dùth dhomh, 's gun iomagain a bhi orra mu 'm dhéighinn; nam biodh greim tombac' agam a chuirinn 's a' phìob gu 'm biodh a h-uile nì ceart. Ma 's math mo chuimhne, bha sibh fein a' gealltainn uaireigin

cairteal a chur g'am ionnsaidh, ach tha 'n cairteal sin fad' a' tighinn, 's faodaidh a' chaora dol bàs a' feitheamh air an fheur ùr; ciamar a tha sibh fein a smuainteachadh is urrainn dòmhsa sgriobhadh as eugmhais an tombaca?

Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g ràdh gu 'm bithinn a' cléirsinneadh aig an am so mur a bhi gu 'n d' fhuair mi peann ùr; peann òir; peann a sgriobhas leis féin, nach 'eil dhomh ach a shròn a chur ris a' phaireir 'n e fein an còrr. Fhuair mi 'm peann so bho nighinn chòir nach do phòs riamh; nighean cho airidh air fear 's is aithne dhomh, 's cha 'n e 'm fear suarach, ach fear cho math 's a sheas 'an leathrach daimh. Nam bithinn-sa "sgaoil as na còrdaibh so," co aig a tha fhios ciod a dh' fhaodadh tachairt, ach air ghaol sith na tugaibh-se iomradh air so far an cluinn a' bhean agams' e; ma bheir, gheibh mise mo cheann a chireadh leis an t-seicil.

A nis bhidh e soilleir gu leòir dhuibh fein cho snasmhor 's a tha 'n sgriobhadh so, na litrichean gu h-òrdail, a h-uile té na h-àite fein, cha 'n ann a' tuiteam air muinealan a cheile mar a b' abhaist, no 'fidealachadh an casan ann an snaoim do-fhuasgladh mar a chunnaig mi 'an cuid d' ur litrichean fein,—gabhaibh mo leithsgeul, tha 'm peann so cho luath 's nach 'eil e soirbh do m' smuain-sa cumail a suas ris; tha e mar sin, air uairean, a' cur sìos nithean air nach do smuaintich mis' idir.

Leig mi fhacinn am peann so do m' charaid Mghr. Niall Orra, 's thuirt mi ris làn a shùl a ghabhail deth, ach tha esan cho cleachdte ri gnothaichean rionnach 's nach do chuir am peann ioghnadh 'sam bith air; gu dearbh, a reir coltais, ar leam nach robh e ach glé shuarach 'na shuilean. Chuir so diomb orm 's chuir mi romham gu 'n tugainn taobh an fhuairidh o Niall air a' cheud chothrom a gheibhinn. Thainig an cothrom, mar a shaoil mise, 's bho 'n a tha 'm peann 'am laimh, faodaidh mi innseadh mar thachair. Tha caraid duinn, duin'-uasal grinn, aig am bheil àite-comhnuidh shamhraidh air aon de dh' eileanean na h-àirde-'n-iar, far am bi e 'cur seachad greis d'a thim a' h-uile bliadhna. 'Nuair a bhios e air an eilean so, bidh e anns an spiorad, mar a bha Eòin o shean, ach 's e 'n spiorad 's am bi esan, an spiorad gu bhi rannsachadh, 's a' cur eòlais air oibrichean nàdùir, mar a tha iad sin 'g an nochdadh fein do 'n t-sùil bheachdail air muir 's air tìr. Air uairean theid e sìos do 'n doimhne mhoir a dh' fhaotainn a nach ciamar a tha bunaitean nam beanntan air an suidheachadh, 's a sgrùdadh o ghrund an aigean cuid de 'n diomhair-eachd a tha 'n cuan mor a' ceiltinn oirn. Mar sin, chuir e eòlas air moran de luchd-àiteachaidh an t-sluic, 's na 'm measg-san

rinn e daimh shonraichte ris a ghiomach. Air a' bhliadhna roimhe, thug e fear de na creutairean spágach sin g'am ionnsaidh, a leigeil fhaicinn domh cho uamhasach, 's cho miorbhuilleach 's a bha e air a dhealb, 's mar a bhogadh e earball. Cha 'n 'eil cuimhn' agams' air a h-uile buaidh anabarrach a bh' air a' chreutair, ach tha cuimhn' agam, math gu leòir, gur gann a thug an duin'-uasal cùl a chinn ruinn 'nuair a bha 'n giomach 's a' phoit. 'S i phoit ceann-uidhe na thig do 'n tigh so a ghabhas ithe. Dh' ith mise mo chuibhrionn fein deth 's dhiol mi gu daor air a shon. Lean an creutair mi-nàdurra sin air bogadh earbail ann am thaobh-a-stigh gus nach mor nach do chuir e do 'n chill mi. Air a' bhliadhna so thill mo charaid o'n dùthaich, 's fear eile de 'n cheart seòrs' aige g'am ionnsaidh. Air an uair so, 's ann an ceann eile 'chreutair a bha na miorbhuilleach; bha an t-sùil aig' uile-léirsinneach, a réir mo charaid; co-dhiu, bha e comasach air sealltainn roimhe 's na dheigh, fodha 's os a chionn, aig an aon àm, agus sin gun uidhir is car a chur na mhuineal, ma tha muineal aige. Mhìnich mo charaid dhuiunn gu soilleir na laghanan a tha riaghladh léirsinn-sùl; 's e *optics*, ar leam, a thuir esan, ach cha gheidh mise cuimhn' air na facail chruaidhe sin. Gu mi-fhortanach thainig spiorad peasanachd thairis orm fein, 's dh'fharraid mi, ciamar a chaogadh an giomach a shùil? A nis, tha mo charaid na àrd-fhoirfeach 's an eaglais, 's mar sin, 's coma leis peasanachd air dhoigh 's am bith, 's thuir e a "nach biodh a' caogadh an sùl ach muinntir a bhiodh ri sgeig air ni nach robh iad fein a' tuigsinn." Dh' fhàg e sud agam maille ris a' ghiomach.

Cha ghabh a' bhean agam-sa moran suim de nithean a tha os cionn a tuiغه fein; is leòir le, air uair 'sam bith, gu 'n tig an gnothach a tha na laimh gus a' bhuil a shonraich i fein. Mar sin cha robh i cho mothachail air na bha de chulaidh-iognaidh an taice ris a' ghiomach, 's cho luath 's a fhuair i cothrom chuir i e far nach biodh *optics* a chum moran feum da; far nach faicheadh e, aon chuid, roimhe no na dheigh; 's e sin ri radh, spàrr i 's a' phoit e. 'Nuair a bha e deas thugadh cuireadh dhomh teannadh thun a bhuird. Thuir mi nach tugainn pioc as an uile-bheist, creutair a bha cho uile-leirsinneach ris nach robh e cneasda. "Theid mise 'n urras," arsa bean an tìghe, nach 'eil de léirsinn aige nis na ni coire dhuìt," 's i 'cur spàg deth air mo bheulaibh. Bha mis' an imcheist nach bu bheag; cha bu toigh leam gu 'n cluinneadh mo charaid, an déigh a shaothair 's a chaoimheis, nach do bhlaiss mi air a thiodhlac. Bha mi mar so 's an eadar-chomhairl' 's mi sealltainn le sùil an amharuis air na chuireadh fa

m' chomhair, 'nuair, co a thainig a stigh ach mo dheadh charaid Mghr. Niall Orra, 's e air ùr thilleadh o'n Mhòd Ghaidh'leach, far an do choisinn e fein 's a' bhuidheann a thug e leis à Dunéideann, a' h-uile duais a b' fhiach strì air a shon. Bha e mar sinn ann an deadh shaad, ach gu 'n robh a mhuineal air tuchadh, ni a bha 'cur iomagainn air. A nis chuir spiorad an aimhleis cagar ann am chluais sa, ma bha bàs anns a' phoit gu m' b' fhearr dhomh aig mo charaid na agam fein e, 's thuir mi 's a' mhionaid, gu 'n robh agams' an sud, an aon leigheas a b' fhearr a bha r'a faotainn air son tuchadh-muineil. "Cìod e sin?" arsa esan, 'Tha,' arsa mise, 'an spàg ghiomaich so.' "An saoil thu," arsa esan, "an dean sin feum?" "Cha 'n 'eil," arsa mise, 'leigheas eile 's a' *pharmacopeia* a's fearr.—"Cha 'n ann gun dragh a fhuair mi 'm facal slaopach so a shlaodadh a mach, ach bha toil agam spl'amas a chur air Niall le fad is leud m' èblais.—"Ma tha thu cinnteach," arsa esan, "gu bheil sin mar sin, tha mi coma ged a dh'fheuchainn e." 'Cinnteach!' arsa mise 'nam biodh tus' eòlach air sgrìobhaidhean an duin' ainmeil sin a bh' ann o shean, chitheadh tu, air son tachdadh-cléibh, tuchadh-muineil, no gainn'-analach, nach 'eil nì ann a bheir bàrr air spàg a' ghiomaich. "Co, an duin' ainmeil a tha 'n so?" arsa esan, 'Tha,' arsa mise, '*Esculapius*.' "Sgleapaire ann no as," arsa Niall, "ma tha leithid sin de bhuaidh 'an spàg a' ghiomaich, cuir an so i." Ann am prìoba na sùl, bha sud air beulaibh Neill, 's mise taingeil faotainn cuidhte 's i. 'Nuair a chunnaic mi 'phioc mu dheireadh dheth a' dol as an t-sealladh, dh' fhidir mi dhìomh fein an d' rinn mi 'n gnothach ceart; cìod ma bha mi 'cur an duine 'n cunnart a bheatha? Bha fhios agam 'nan tìgeadh e ri m' charaid' cho dona 's a thainig am fear mu dheireadh rium fein, nach biodh a chadal ach luaineach air an oidhche sin, ach ma thogair i c' arson a bha esan cho caoin-shuarach mu 'm pheann. 'Nuair a bha e 'falbh dh' iarr mi air a bhi cinnteach e thigh'n g'am fhaicinn air an la'-ra-na-mhàireach, gu 'n robh gnothach agam ris. Thuir e gu 'n tìgeadh, ach cha d'thainig, 's cha d'thainig e air an la-na-n-earar. Bha m' iomagainns' a' fàs do-ghuìlan; cìod ma bha bàs an duin' air mo laimh? 'S an uair nach robh choltas air tighinn air an treas là, bha mi ions' as mo chiall. Riasanaich mi 'n gnothach rium fein, 's bha e soilleir gu leòir dhomh, ma bha olc deanta, nach ann agams' a bha chaire, ach aig an fhear a chuir am buaireas 'nar caraibh; cìod an gnothach a bh' aige-san a bhi g' a fhòirneadh fein air luchd-tuineachaidh na doimhne, 's a togail chreach à measg chreutairean neo-ghlan an t-sluichd; an robh ann da ach a 'bhi buaireadh an Fhreasdail a bhi smeachranachd r'an leithid.

Air mo shon-sa dheth, ged a bha fhios agam nach taitneadh an creutair uile ri chàil fein, ciod am fios a bh' agam nach taitneadh e ri càil mo charaid, 's mur an taitneadh, an ann agamsa bha choire? Direach mar a bha mi air mi-fein fhìrinneachd anns an dòigh so, co dh'fhosgail an dorus ach an dearbhuine bha 'cur a leithid de bhruaillan orm. Tha mi 'g ràdh ribh ged a bheirte dhomh bo-laoigh air adhair, nach cuireadh e uidhir de thoil-inntinn orm 's a chuir sealladh de 'n duine sin aig an am. Cha robh fhios agam co-dhiu a thuitinn air a mhuineal, mar a b' àbhaist daibh a dheanamh o shean, no deadh stràchd de 'n bhata thoirt da. Thainig e stigh gu sunndach 's moran aige ri ràdh 's ri dheanamh, ach cha robh smid mu 'n ghiomach. Mu dheireadh, dh' fharraid mi ciamar a chaidh an giomach da? "*O, first rate, A I!*" arsa 'es an.—Tha de chàinean aige 's nach 'eil e soirbh dha 'n cumail air leth.—"Cha d' fhuair mi riamh," arsa 'es an, "rud a's fhearr air son a mhuineil; 's fheudar gu 'n robh fìacail-fhiosachd aig an t-sean sglèapair a fhuair a mach an leigheas sin, c' ainn a thuirt thu ris?" "S coma sin, arsa mise, 'ma rinn a leigheas feum.' 'S e bh' ann nach robh fhios agamsa co dhiu bu bheathach, no duine, no aon de dhiathan nan Cinneach a bha 'n *Esculapius*, ach cha robh mi dol a ghabhail sin orm ri Niall. "S e gu dearbh," arsa Niall, "an aon rud is fhearr a fhuair mise riamh, 's ma tha e 'n dàn domh dol gu Mòd eile, bidh spàg giomaich agam 'am phoca 's an earalas ciod a dh' fhaodas tachairt" Dean sin, arsa mise, 's cuiridh sinn air falbh am foirfeach an deadh àm a dh' iasgach nan giomach.

Tha, mar so, a h-uile nì ceart a thig gu buil cheart, ach feumaidh mi aideachadh gu bheil nì no dhà 's an t-saoghal so nach 'eil mi fein a' tuigsinn fhathast. Bidh sibh fein gu h-ùr-labhrach a' bruidhinn air saor-thoil, 's nìthean mar sin, nach tuig sibh fein no duin' eile, ach ciod is fheairde duine a thoil a bhì saor ma thuiteas a h-uile nì a mach calg-dhìreach an aghaidh a thoil. 'Nuair a nì duin' ionraic, onarach, mar a tha mise, toll a chladhach anns am bu mhiann leis a charaid a thuiteam, 's a thach-airas gur e fein a theid ann 's nach e 'charaid, feumaidh gu 'm bheil rud-eigin ceàrr an ait' eigin. Tha 'n gnothach so toirt 'am chuimhne an duin' uasal sin a bh' ann o shean, a chaidh a suas air beinn a mhiomnachd—tut! tut! tha 'm peann so cho luaineach 's nach feith e gus am faigh mise greim air an fhacal fhreagarraich,—a mhallachadh Chloinn Israeil, 's a bheannaich iad da-rìreadh. Cha 'n e gu 'n robh mhiann ormsa dochair mhor 'sam bith a dheanamh air Niall, ach dìreach rùbail bheag a chur na chliabh, a chionn e bhì cho caoin-shuarach mu 'm pheann.

Slàn leibh; cha ruig sibh a leis tigh'n thairis air a so, 's e fìor dhuin'-uasal a th' ann am Mghr. Orra ged a tha mise 'toirt ainm an diomhanas, ach shaoilinn gu 'm faodadh e mo pheann a mholadh gun a choguis a shiachadh, no e fein a chur as na h-uillt air dhoigh 'sam bith.

Bhur faicinn slàn.

Ma tha 'n cairteal tombacca sin goireas-ach cuiribh thugam e gun dàil.

Bhur caraid dileas,

DOMHNALL MAC EACHARN.

Dunéideann,  
Ceud mbiòs a' Gheamhradh.

—:O:—

## FASALACHD NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

(Le Mr. Domhnall Mac Iomhair, Maighister-Sgoile Phabail, an Leodhas. Fhuair an dàn-sa a' cheud duais aig a' Mòd, am bliadhna.)

Tha 'n Gaidheal tùrsach mu thìr a dhùthchais,  
A chionn mar spùineadh a dhlìghe bh' uaidh,  
Am fearann càirdeal san d' fhuair e àrach,  
A' monadh àrd le gach stùc is stuadh,  
An gleannan fianach\* an leacann fhiarach,  
Na sruthain lionmhor o chiachan bheann,  
Na lochan ìosal, gach amhuinn iasgach,  
Is coim na h-iarmaid air dh' iarraidh ann'.

Ghabh aghaidh nàdur oirr' sealladh bàsmhor;  
Tha osnaich shàruicht air gaath nan beann;  
Na creagan àrda tha guileach sgàinte,  
Gach baile fàsaichte 'san robh na suinn;  
Tha grìan na speuran gu tiamaidh leusach;  
Tha srath is sleibhteann fo mhadal trom;  
Iad uile brònach, mar mhnào fo leònach,  
Is gaol a h-oig' air a chur an cuing.

Iad uile an èislein, mar naoi† air threigsinn,  
An cumha a' Ghaidheil 'bha chòmhnuidh inn',  
'Bha aoidheal, gnèitheil, 'bha pairteach, speiseil,  
'Bha fiadhlaidh, feumail 'sna h-uile linn,  
'Bha modhal, beusail, 'bha fearail, gleusta,  
'Bha lùthmhor, eutrom an dìreach tuim;  
An cath nan treun fhear 'bha colgant treubhach;  
A' casgradh cheudan bu gheur a lann.

Chaidh fhògradh tàireil o thìr a mhàthar;  
Thug flath nan àrmunn mor àit do shànt;  
Luchd spòrs a' b' fhearr leis gu màl a phàigheadh;  
Bha lagh is bàirleagadh air a laimh;  
Do reachd an Ard-Rìgh,—am fearann àiteach,  
Do dhìlseachd nàdur cha robh aig' suim;  
Na laòich do 'm b' ghnàth leis bhì caomhneil,  
bàigheil.

Reic e mar thràilleat air sgàth an fhuinn.

C'arson a thàrnaicheadh clann nan Gàidheal  
Cho curant aghmhor an measg an fhroich?  
A' strìochdadh sàmhach do thoil gach nàmhaid  
Ga'n sgùrsadh sàruicht 's gach gleannan caomh,  
An seanair fàilneach, an lag 'san làidir,  
Na mnathan ghràdhach le pàiseadan maoth,  
Na'm bannal fuadain fo bhron 's fo bhuaireas,  
Mar bhàt' ga luasgadh an-uair le gaath.



'Riamh cho deònach an dùbhlán còmhlan  
Am fuil a' dhòrtadh chum glòir na dùthch',  
A nis gun chòir ac air leud na bròige,  
Gun dàimh, gun sòlas, ach deoir is tìrs;  
Nan grunnain bhrònach thar chuaintean sheòl iad  
Gu threan neònach gun doigh gun iùl;  
Ach theich na sgòthan; tha aca dòchas;  
Tha neart is treoir ac an Rìgh nan dùl.

Ma's crìoch as àrda dhuinn stòr a chàrnadh  
Air chosg nan ànrach tha tàmh ruinn dùl,  
Gur tuagh an èarlaid aig làtha bàis dhuinn  
Am fearann fàsaicht', mor mhaoin is tòn:  
'S co-ionann àite' th' aig dùic is traill dheth  
'Nuair tha iad càruicht' gu lag 'san ùir,  
Nan cadal sàmhach gun uail gun àilleas;  
Bu dhileab bhràth'rail dhuinn gràdh is cliù.

Chaidh fuigheal fhàgail de chloinn nan Gàidheal,  
Am measg nan sgairneach 's nan cnocnach b' fhiù;  
Le maor no bàilidh an gairm nam fàsach.  
Chum sult is cràic chur air damh nan stùc;  
Mar iarmad dh' fhàs iad gu lionmhor làidir;  
Tha guth is àit ac an diugh 's gach cùirt;  
Tha reachdan Pharaoh a' call an àbhaich;  
Thig grian nan sàr-fhear gu dears' sna neul. §

Bith' deachach thlathmhòr 's gach tobt' tha fàsail;  
Bith' mairan Gàidhlig 's gach lagan caoin;  
Bith' clann gu gàireach is spreidh ag àlach,  
'S na gleannain bhàigheal tha 'n drast' gun daoine;  
Bith' slios an àitiche mar a b' àbhaist  
Gu torach, pàirteach, ag àrach laoch;  
Bith' bradan crom-ghob air uisg nam beanntan  
Na chobhair sàmhraidh do chlann na dùthch'.

Crodh-laoigh is àrbhar 's na h-achaibh tàrbhach,  
Na caoirich anmoch' tighinn làn do'n chrò;  
Am pobull aoibhneach gu h-òrdal caomhneil,  
Sin crùn gach saoihbheis an glinn a cheò.  
An Tì a thearb dhuinn an t-uisg' tha gaillbheach  
O'n chruinne thalmhainn orr' aig tha còir;  
Nach gròrach dalma do'n chnuimh 'tha dealbht' diu  
'Bhi glacadh sealbh orr chum toic is spòrs ?

\* Fear caol fada na mòintich.

† Naoi = naoidhean.

‡ Anns an thr.

§ No neoil.

## CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

Now that the long winter evenings are once more with us, I want you young people to enter heartily upon these competitions from month to month. Eoghan K Carmichael, Esq., C.E., who gives the prize of 5/- for this month's competition, very kindly proposes the subject also—"Tha da thaobh air a Mhaol, agus seachd sealladh orra." The explanation of this proverb may be made in Gaelic or English, as you choose, but Mr. Carmichael requests that 20 extra marks be given if the composition is in Gaelic. Gaelic spelling will not be too strictly marked if the general style of the composition is good. Do not exceed 150 words; write on *one side of your paper only*: and send

your explanation direct to me to The Manse, Petty, Inverness, not later than the *20th November*. The best explanation—whether in Gaelic or English—will appear in *An Deo-Greine*.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Social and Economic Conditions of the Highlands since 1800* Price 3/6. Stirling: Æneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place.—This well got up and clearly printed little volume, dedicated to Sir Arthur Bignold, of Lochrosque, had its origin in a prize essay written by the author, Mr. A. J. Beaton for the Gaelic Society of Inverness so long ago as 1888. He has since then revised and extended the essay to its present form, and it now appears before the public with a strong "Foreword" of recommendation from the learned minister of Kinloch Rannoch. The author gives some interesting particulars and quotes largely from authorities on cattle-breeding, the development of fisheries and tree planting. His suggestions regarding the extension of light railways and the more extensive utilisation of peat products are worthy of consideration. He does not enter very deeply into the social condition of the Highland people, and one could wish that a book published so recently as March, 1906, had given, at least, a passing notice to so important a social and, we trust, an economic development as the institution of the famous Technical School, at Golspie. One cannot but admire the light, airy disposition of the author who treats of superstitions, ancient customs and festive amusements, religion and education, all in the compass of eleven small pages! But the book is pleasant and easy to read, and it is very nicely illustrated.

## NOTICE.

*All Gaelic contributions may be sent to the Convener, Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D., 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh; and English contributions may be sent to Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D., The Parish Manse, Petty, Inverness.*

*Communications re the Sale of the Magazine should be addressed to the Publisher, Æneas Mackay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, and communications re Adverts. to Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Appin, Argyleshire.*

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

Mios na Nodhlaig 1906.

[Earrann 3.

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## EADARAINN FHIN.

Tha'n Gearmadh air tighinn a steach gu maith a nis, agus tha na Gàidhil anns gach àite ri'g obair gu treang. Tha gach comunn ri'g ullachadh air son an ceilidh bhliadhnail—cuid a chuir seachad i. Bha dha no trì mhiltean sluaigh cruinn aig muinntir Leodhais 'na h-Earadh an oidche roimhe ann an Glaschu—agus uachdaran coir Leodhais air an ceann. Thug an t-uachdaran seachad òraid a bha ciatach agus làn de ghràdh dùthchais.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a' cluinntinn gu'm bheil dùrachd mhòr ann an iomadh àite am bliadhna air son ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig. Tha mòran ag obair oirre an Dunéideann. Tha cead air a thoirt le Bòrd na sgoile a bhi cruinneachadh ann an aon de na sgoilean air feasgar 's an t-seachadhuin a chum Gàidhlig a bhi air a teasgag. Cha droch comharra sin.

\* \* \*

Tha Steòrnabhagh a' cur roimpe nach bi i air deireadh anns a' ni-sa. Tha i mu thràth gu maith fada air toiseach ann a' sgoileir-eachd Ghàidhlig. Chuir Leodhas na h-aonar

suas leith 's na chaidh a steach gu léir air son "*leaving certificate*" anns a' Ghàidhlig am bliadhna. Tha sinn a' faicinn gu'm bheil Bòrd na sgoile aca dol ceum na's fhaide—tha iad a' nis ag iarraidh air an àrd Ofais ceas-nachadh Gàidhlig a shuidheachadh co-ionnan ris an riaghailt is àirde a tha air iarraidh ann an cànan sam bith eile. Comhla ris a' sin tha iad a' fosgladh sgoil-Ghàidhlig fheasgair anns an tigh-sgoile air son sean 'is og leis an àil a h-ionnsachadh.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn an dòchas an uair a dhùisgeas spiorad a' Ghàidheil gu maith gu'm bi gluasad cridheil air a dheanadh le fhior chàirdan air son an Gàidheal a chur air ais 'na àite fhéin air fearann a shìnsirean. Tha sinn dhe'n bheachd gur gann uachdaran fearainn nach bi toileach an Gàidheal fhaicinn air ais, agus a' saothrachadh na talmhuinn mar bu chòir. Ma dhùisgeas an Gàidheal agus gu'n tig e thige fhéin cha'n eagal nach tig ath-bheothachadh air a' h-uile ni a bhuineas do chliù a' Ghàidhil mar an ceudna. 'Se an aon rud a tha dhith oirnn—*fior Ghàidhil*; Gàidhil air nach bi nàire roimh dhuine geal; Gàidhil a ni uail a' currag am màthar agus a' clòth an sean-mhathar. Dùisg an Gàidheal as a chadal, agus cha ruig duine eile a leas a chùis a sheasamh—seasaidh e gu duineil air a shon fhéin.

\* \* \*

Tha ar càirdean an Eirinn air am bonnan, agus air an t-seacaid a thilgeil. Tha iad o chionn fhada a' sabaid ris a' Phost-Ofais air son gu'n cuir iad feadhainn a leughas Gàidhlig anns gach Ofais a chum nach bi moille ann a bhi libhrigeadh litrichean fo ainmean Gàidhlig. Tha iad a nis a toiseachadh air sabaid ris a' Bhanc air son gu'm bheil e diùltadh ordugh a tha air a thoirt fo ainm Gàidhlig. 'S ann a tha sinné gun tòiseachadh

fhathast. Tha làn thìde againn a dhòl a sàs anns na Buird-sgoile air feadh na Gàidhealtachd a chum gu'n gabh iad os làimh maighstirean-sgoile Gàidhealach a chur anns gach sgoil anns am bheil clann Ghàidhealach, agus cha'n e mhàin a' chlànn a theagasg tre'n cànan fhéin, ach an teagasg ann an eòlas litreachail air an cànan fhéin. Dén' gnothuich a tha aig balach no nighean Gàidhealach a' sgoil fhàgail gun a bhì comasach an cànan fhéin a leughadh 's a sgrìobhadh le snas? Gabhamaid iasad do dh'eud ar càirdean air taobh thall a' chaolais.

\* \* \*

So facal ciallach, 's tha pailteas eile ann dhe'n t-seorsa, bho'n *Chlaidheamh Soluis*:—

"Tá cuid de Ghaedhealaibh 7 Gaedhilg aca; tá cuid eile 7 iad gan Gaedhilg. Sinne a bhfuil an Ghaedhilg againn, bhfuil éinne 'gar gcosg ó í labhairt? Níl. Ar bhfeidir d'éinne ar gcosg ó í labhairt? Níor bhfeidir. Iad so atá gan Ghaedhilg, bhfuil éinne 'gá gcosg ó í fhoghlum? Níl. Ar bhfeidir d'éinne a gcosg ó í fhoghlum? Níor bhfeidir."



## IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

TWILIGHT had faded into darkness, and darkness had given place to moonlight and starlight, though hurrying black clouds often hid moon and stars. Over the trampled heather, where Gael had vanquished Dane, trotted a pack of wolves from the adjoining forest.

The Danes had gone to their ships, and their leader's message to Fergus, the King, allowed them to go under truce. The Dane's message had said: "I also have lost my son." And so they had gone, carrying the fair-haired young Olaf on their shields and leaving many dead behind them.

The battlefield seemed very still now, save for the low rustle of the night breeze in the heather, the occasional patter of wolves' feet, and now and then the whirr of a raven's black wings. The fitful moonlight glinted across the weapons of Gael and Norse, on dark head and yellow head that lay low and still; on dented chain-mail that was muddy and splashed with blood and bogwater, touched also the bronze axles of an overturned war chariot, the piteous wide eyes of the dead horses. From the camp of the Gael came the voices of men keening for young Fergus, the King's son. Only one man did not keen, a tall, red-haired kern, clad in skins; his only son had fallen also that day. There was indomitable pride in the poise of the shaggy red head and in the fierce eyes,

that were dim and bloodshot with grief and weariness combined.

"His boy was brave," said someone curtly, excusing the father's tense silence.

At the hour of sunset the King had mounted his horse and gone to find his son. After him came four warriors, with their crossed spears lashed together with thongs of deer hide.

Among the dead Northmen he had slain they found the King's son. The slim young body lay in a way that was curiously like a child asleep, though his sword was still clutched in one hand, and his horse lay in a pool of blood near him. But his eyes were closed, and his other hand lay under his cheek.

The King dismounted, lifted the slim figure in his arms and put it down gently on the crossed spears, jerked loose the golden bosses of his cloak and covered the still body of young Fergus, then turned, mounted and led the way back to the camp.

Suddenly one of the kerns who carried the litter of spears stopped, a low choked cry tearing from his throat. They were going back by a different road to the one they had come; by a road that lay between forest and sea. In the long bracken, beaten down and torn by feet of men and horses, lay another slim boyish figure, clad in scanty wolf-skins, and with tawny red curls that shone brightly in the fading sunset, as the evening breeze stirred them about the set, dead young face.

The red-haired kern looked up at the King as Fergus walked his horse through the trampled bracken. "Pardon, O King, it is my son," he said simply, and would have gone on.

But Fergus had dismounted again. "Wait, there is room for both thy son and mine," he said quietly, and stood leaning against the neck of his big war horse as the men obeyed his imperious gesture and laid the kern's son by the Prince.

So they came back to the camp together, the rough red curls by the silky dark hair that the maidens of the Gael were beginning to dream of.

The men carried their burden into the King's tent and left them, except the red-haired kern, who stayed, with hungry eyes on the red curls that soon would be hidden out of his sight. Men were raising the cairns on the battlefield even now.

Fergus the King sat silent, his eyes on the other man's face. Suddenly he stretched out a hand, and the kern caught it and fell on his knees with a stifled cry.

"The King has done my son much honour, but—he was all I had, all I had," sobbed the man.

"Ay, but forget not *he* was all I had," said

the King quietly still. "'Tis hard to lose them so, but we must remember 'tis for the glory of the Gael." The steady voice choked for an instant, then went on. "Even if our hearts break for them, we must remember that."

The kern had lifted his head, and his eyes caught the light that shone in the King's and he leapt to his feet. "Had I ten such I would not grudge them to thee," he cried hoarsely. Then he lifted his son's body and stood up, his tawny head thrown back. "I thank the King," he said, as quietly as the other had spoken, "may the gods send thee comfort, lord."

Feugus looked at him wistfully. "Can the gods send comfort to men who are left sonless? Nay, brother, *we* know, thou and I," he said.

And the kern bent his head and went out blindly.

On such words and actions have depended the now long-past glory of the Celtic race.



## GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Bord-ùireach, bord-ùr-chrainn, idem.

Spadal, plough staff for removing adhering earth.

Caibe, spaid, a spade.

Cas-dhireach, straight spade used in the Hebrides.

Cas-chaibe, idem, MacEachen; crooked spade, West Ross-shire.

Cas-chrom, crooked spade.

Sgonnan, the peg or foot-rest of the cas-chrom.

Ceaba, the iron part, or iron sheath for the edge of a spade or other implement for turning the ground.

Bonnachan, part of a spade on which the foot is pressed.

The cas-chrom is made of a single piece of wood, consisting of a branch six feet long and two feet or slightly less of the stem below the spring of the branch, where such can be procured. The side of the stem furthest from the branch is cut straight and flat to form the sole or under side of the spade, and the rest of the stem is cut so as to give the whole a wedge shape with an edge, which is sheathed with iron of about four inches or so in front. The branch, sloping upwards and often curving backwards a little, is dressed to form the shaft. When a stout peg, projecting about three inches, has been fitted into a hole in the right side of the angle or heel, the cas-chrom is ready for use. The cultivator, placing the iron-shod edge of the spade in position, with the end of the shaft held in both hands as high as his head

and his right foot on the peg, pushes the sole nearly its own length forwards and downwards into the earth, and then making the heel of the spade serve as a fulcrum by lowering the shaft, and, turning it to the left, he turns over the sod, and with a knock or two to break any lumps, he is ready to repeat the operation.

The cas-chrom is more expeditious than the spade, but does not go so deep. On sloping ground the sod can only be turned downhill. The result of this downward movement of the soil year by year, as may be seen in many places, is that the upper end of a ridge or plot is stripped bare and ceases to be cultivated, while there is a banked-up accumulation of soil at the lower end often to a depth of several feet. The process is aided, of course, by digging potatoes also downhill and by rainfall.

It is maintained that potatoes grow better in lea land when it is turned with the cas-chrom than when it is turned with the plough. The reason is not far to seek. The plough turns lea without tearing up and loosening the earth as the cas-chrom does, and consequently when, as is the custom wherever the comparison is made, potatoes are simply placed with the manure in each alternate furrow as the green lea is being turned with the plough, they do not grow as they would if the earth were more broken up.

HARROW, ETC.

Cliath, to harrow.

Ràsail, idem; properly to rake.

Ràc, idem.

Cliath, cliath-chliata, a harrow.

Cliath-làimhe, a hand harrow.

Ràsail, a rake, hand-harrow.

Ràc, ràcan, idem. Ràcan in West Ross-shire designates a short heavy rake with a head over two inches in thickness and a handle under four feet in length. With it the seed is covered, clods are broken and potato ground before the tops come through, is raked or harrowed to keep down weeds.

Rallsa, a rake.

Damh, part of a harrow or rake in which the teeth are set.

Gearrach, a short trace attaching a harrow to the swing-tree, West Ross-shire.

Cuairsgean, a roller; rolair, idem.

Clach-chuairsgeaidh, a stone-roller.

Comhnardaiche, a roller, leveller.

From information just received as we go to press we are glad to know that the Tobermory Celtic Association is to become a local branch of An Comunn. Branches are being formed at Stirling, Balquhiddy, and Kintyre, while a very flourishing branch was formed at Ardrishaig immediately after the Mod. We hope to give the names of members of all these branches in our January issue.



## OIDHCHE SHAMHNA.

[THA sinn a toirt ann a' so staoig a' Pàipeir a sgrìobh Mr. Domhnall Mac Iomhair, Maighistir sgoil Phabail, an Leòdhas, air son a leughadh aig Cèilidh a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich, an Steòrna-bhagh. 'Se gainne àite 's coireach nach tugadh sinn duibh gu léir e.]

Ann an ùr thimean eachdraidh ar dùthcha tha cunntas againn gu'n robh moran greadh-nachais is toilinntinn 'g an cleachdadh le òigridh gach baile comhcheangailte ri deas-ghnathan oidhche shamhna. Cha'n 'eil e coltach gu'n sgar soisgeul no foghlam saobh-chreidimh gu h-ìomlan o bhuadhan inntinn neach sam bith. Tha an t-astar a 'thair thoiseach cho dorch; an cridhe bochd cho teagmhach; cùrsan ar deanadais cho reachdach; ar beatha cho diombuain, 's cho teagmhaileach is gu'm b' eil ar smuaintean ullamh air gréim a dheanamh air sgàilean, a shaoilas sinn, a tha 'nan comharraidhean cinnteach o shaoghal nan spiorad.

Ann am bailtean beaga ar dùthcha cha robh aitreabh a riamh cho dùbhlaidh, no anns an robh uiread de bhòcain, ris an àth. Bu treun an cridhe òg a dheidheadh seachd gun ghiorrag air an àth oidhche gheamhraidh. Ach an té a bha air son ainm an fhìr a bha i dol a phòsadh fhaotainn a mach dheidheadh ise a steach do'n àth na h-aonar. Bhiodh aice cnocan snàth air a thoinnibh gu math teann. Thilgeadh i an cnocan do'n t-surraig. Bha i a' gleidheadh ceann an t-snathain na laimh is a' tachrais air ais gus an greimicheadh rud-eigin ris a chuireadh stad air. Dh'fhaigh-nicheadh i ann an sin—"Co tha 'n so air ceann mo shnàthain? Na'm faigheadh i freagart b'e sin ainm an fhìr a bha i 'dol a phòsadh. Tha e air aithris gu'n deach' crìoch air an fhasan-sa aon oidhche a chaidh caileag bhochd 'na h-aonar do'n àth. 'Nuair a bha i tachrais, dh'fheòraich i "Co tha so air ceann mo shnàthain?" Thàinig am freagart oillteil air ais:—"Tha 'n slaod mòr, glas, an bàs ann." Cha robh i beò ach beagan làithean an deigh sin. 'Nuair a bhiodh iad greis a' mire 's a' sùgradh dh'fhalbhadh gach tè le balagam bùirn a' dh'ionnsaidh tigh air chor-eigin. Dh'fhuireadh i ann an àit' uaigneach air cùl an talain no aig an uinneig, gus an cluinneadh i ainm duin-eigin air a luaidh. 'Nuair a dheidheadh iad cuideachd a rithist bhiodh gach tè ag innse an ainm a chual i fhéin. B'e sin ainm an leannain. Bha cead aig gach balach is nighean 's a' bhaile 'sna dh' àraicheadh mi stocan càil an neach a thòirt as an lios air oidhche Shamhna. Bhiodh suilean nan clann-nighean air an comhdach roimh dhoibh dol a steach do'n ghàradh. Dh'fheumadh gach tè a' cheud stocan air an

amaiseadh i a bhuain. Ma bha am bun dubh dìreach, na freumhan lionmhor, is luchdaichte le ùir, bha 'n duine gu bhì snasmhor, an teaghlach lionmhor, 'san stòr pailt. Ceirsle mhòr is cridhe milis—duine seasmhach gràdhach; is mar sin air adhart. Bha an stocan càil a' giùlain uile eachdraidh a bheatha. Bha na stocain gu léir air an càradh air an àrdoras, agus air an gabhail a reir siubhal na gréine. B'e ainm suiridheach gach tè ainm gach fear an deigh fir a thigeadh a steach an deigh sin.

'Nuair a bha mi 'na mo bhalach bha bodach ris an abradh iad Niall Gobha ann am baile araidh air taobh a' siar an Eileain. Bha e na thuathanach grunn. Cha robh càl 'sa bhaile bu mhotha na bu mhlè na càl dearg Néill. Fo Bhealltainn gu Samhainn bhiodh am bodach-rocais aige an oisinn a' ghàraidh le aid duibh spàirte mu cheann, a ghàrdannan sìnte a mach, agus a pheallagan a' crathadh as a' ghaoidh. Bha Niall 'na bhodach drann-danach, 's cha tugadh e luthaigeadh sam bith do na balaich ann a bhi cumail suas seann chleachdaidhean na Samhna. Rinn e suas inntinn an oidhche-sa air son cuideachd a chumail ris a' bhodach-rocais ann a bhi dìon a' chàil; ach bha na balaich ro sgìobalt air a shon. Cha robh Niall fada 'sa lios 'nuair a chunnaic e na stocain 'nan dusain a' leum thairis air barr a' ghàraidh. Ach 'sann a bha 'n t-uamhas ann 'nuair a thug am bodach-rocais a mach as an deigh. Bha mòran shreangan aig na balaich air an ceangal ri na bunnan dubha, agus cha do dhi-chuimhnich iad té a cheangal ris a' bhodach-rocais. Chuir na bh' ann a' leithid de chlisgeadh air Niall bochd 's gu'n robh dath na liadhaig air, 'g innse na dubh-sgeul do Mhàiri, 's e boideachadh nach fhaiceadh fear eile esan a rithist a' dol a chaitheirs a' ghàraidh-chail. Cha b' imcheist na suiridhe, no miann a' chàil, a bha toirt air na balaich a bhi briseadh a steach do na liosan air oidhche shamhna, ach an toileachas-inntinn a bh' aca fhéin ann a bhi cumail suas na fearas-chuideachd a bhuineadh do'n oidhche. Dheidheadh iad gu neo-umhaileach a steach do thigh aig nach robh an càl glé phailt. Thilgeadh iad ciumpall stocanan air an starsaich, tabhartas, mu b' fhìor, do bhean an tìghe. Cha robh fhios co a b' àirde beannachdan na caillich no gnùsaich a chruidh. Ach 'nuair a b' fheàrr 's a b' fheàrr a bhiodh a' chuis dheidheadh na balaich 's an càl as an t-sealladh. Bha sreang aca ceangailte ri gach bun dubh leis an robh iad 'g an slaodadh as an deigh.

Bha an ath chleachdadh a tha sinn a toirt air adhart ag innse mu bheusalachd na muinntir a bha dol a' phòsadh. Trì soithichean

air an càradh ri taobh a cheile, le uisge glan ann am fear, anaghas ('se sin sgoladh an t-soithich bhainne) ann am fear eile, 's an treas fear falamh. Bha gach té gu bhi air a treòrachadh le gille-ceann-doill a dh'ionnsuidh nan soithichean. Na'n tachradh di a lamh a thumadh 'san uisge ghlan, bha sin a ciallachadh gu'n robh i a' dol ann an staid maighdeanais a dh'ionnsuidh altair a phòsaidh. Bha 'n t-anaghas a ciallachadh coaclach na staid sin, agus an soitheach falamh bantrachas no gun pòsadh idir. Tha mi de'n bheachd gu'm b'ann bho'n an t-seann chleachdadh a thaobh deuchainnean cuisean lagha a thaobh cionta anns na linntibh céin a lean an deas-ghnàth-sa.

Bha riaghailt chràbhaidh nan srabhan corca a' cur an ceill fiosachd eile de'n aon seorsa ri diomhaireachd nan soithichean uisge. Dheidheadh iad do'n iodhlainn, is tharruingeadh gach té trì srabhan. Na'm biodh an gràine mullaich a dhith air an t-sràbh mu dheireadh, bha sin a' ciallachadh nach pòsadh i na maighdainn.

Bha doighean eile ann air am faigheadh i a mach troimh bhruadar cadail co an cuspair a bha gu bhi na chompanach aice. Na'n robh allt no amhuinn a ruith eadar dà roinn fearainn, bha i a' dol dh'ionnsuidh an uillt-sa aig trà cadail. Ma's ruigeadh i an t-uisge bha a sùilean gu bhi air an còmhachadh. Dh'fheumadh i mar sin an t-uisge a lorg agus clachag a thogail as an t-sruth. 'Nuair a dheidheadh i a' chadal chàireadh i a' chlachag fo a ceann 'san leabaidh. Bha a muinchill gu bhi fliuch agus bha e gu tric a tachart gu'm faicheadh i fear de feadhainn a' triseachadh a muinchill ma's daisgeadh i.

Tha an gnàth-sa dealaichte ann an cleachdadh ris an doigh anns am beil am bàrd, Burns ag innse. Tha esan 'g radh gu'm beil i tumadh a muinchill 'san t-sruth; a' dol a chadal am fianuis téine, aig am beil i a' fàgail na muinchill fliuch a' tiormachadh. Tha i a' fuireach 'na daisg gu as deigh meadhon oidhche, 'nuair a tha samhla a leannain a' tighinn 'sa tionndadh na muinchill air son an taobh eile a' thormachadh.

Bha brudair a' bhonnaich shalainn a cheart cho cinnteach na'm biodh an t-aran fuinte 'san doigh cheart. An soitheach anns am biodh an t-aran air fhuinne dh'fheumadh e bhi na shuidhe ann am bròig a' ghille bu sheana 'sa bhaile. Bha e gu bhi air a dheasachadh ri lic; agus bha aig gach té ri greim maith a ghabhail deth. Cha robh uisge no bainne no tì gu bhi air fhaotainn air son a chur sìos.

Chuala sibh gu leir mu dheas-ghnath nan cnothan. Cha robh Leòdhas a riabh glé phailt anns a phòr-sa. Sìlean eorna no corca

a bhiodh aca. Bha bòrd fiodha no ionad comhnard air a ròghnachadh air son an dà ghràine a chàradh agus chanadh i:—"So mi fhin; sud 'Tarmod." Ghabhadh i ann an sin eibhleag dhearg as an teine, is chumadh i os ceann a' ghràin i gus an leumadh iad taobh-eigin. Nan leumadh iad gu cheile bha'n dithis a' dol a phòsadh. Na sgapadh iad cha robh an t-suiridh a' dol a leantuinn, agus an gràine nach gluaisheadh cha robh pòsadh air a shon.

Bha mòr gheill 'ga thoirt do'n chruth a ghabhadh gealagan an uibhe anns an uisge. Na'n tugadh e am follais cruth sàibh, bha sin a' ciallachadh saor; innean, gobha; sìosar, tàileir; crann, treabhaiche; dubhan, iasgair; 's mar sin air adhart. Bha an t-aon chiall aig na cruthan a ghabhadh an gealagan 'n uair a dheidheadh a fhrasadh air an uinneig.

Air oidhche shamhna bu tric le muinntir cuman fiodha a lionadh le bàrr, is min chorc, is a shuidheachadh ann am meadhon na cuideachd. Dheidheadh fàinne, putan is bonn airgid a chur sa chuman. Bha gach neach airmichte le spàin mhòr adhairc. Leanadh iad deiseil a' gabhail na fuairig 's a' feuchainn ris an fhàinne, am putan, no am bonn airgid a thogail. Bha 'n fhainne a' ciallachadh pòsadh aithghearr; am putan pòsadh tàileir; am bonn airgid beartas. Ach bu tric a chaidh an ceol air feadh nam fìdhle, is a bha chuideachd gu breac stiallach ma's ruigte na bh'air mäs a' chumainn.

Thuilleadh air an so bha iomadh cleasachd chridheil aig oigridh gach baile. Chuireadh iad gamhain Alastair air stéill an tigh Mairi, agus gamhain Mairi air stéill an tigh Alastair, air son an t-seana chupall-sa, a bha di-chuimhneachadh pòsaidh, a thoirt gu cheile. Chuirte cart Thormoid gu dorus lain agus crann-treabhaidh lain air tobhta Thormoid. Na 'm b' aithne dhoibh neach àraidh a bha feitheamh ri càineulachadh an latha air son a dhol an ceann treuchd sam bith, chomhduichte an uinneag aige-san le sgrath, agus ghabhadh e mu dheireadh a' leithid de dh'fhadachd 's gu'n canadh e mar thubhairt a' h-Earach—"Chunna mi rud cho nèonach 's ga'r an tigeadh an là am feasd."

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### ONLY A MEDLEY.

IN wishing our readers a "Nollaig chridheil agus Bliadhna mhatht ùr," we take the opportunity of thanking very cordially all who, by contributions to our pages, by kindly words of appreciation and encouragement, and by sensible suggestions and criticisms, cheered and helped us in our work during the past year. Relying on the continued assistance of our readers, we shall enter on the New Year full of hope and confidence, and, with the determination to make *An Deo-Greine* not only

fulfil its mission as a propagandist organ, but also to make it thoroughly interesting and instructive. Our programme for the coming year will contain papers and articles specially written for our Magazine by writers who have a thorough knowledge of the subjects they discuss. Poetry and fiction will also find a place; while this column will always be available for emphasising any special work in which An Comunn Gaidhealach may, for the time, be engaged in. A very special work in which all true Gaels are keenly interested is the preparation for "Feill a Chomunn," to be held in Glasgow next year, and we have pleasure in giving here a full account of an important and enthusiastic meeting held in London on 2nd November to further this work of An Comunn.

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The meeting was convened by Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, for the purpose of forming a Committee to work for the London Stall, and was held in the drawing room of 59 Eaton Place, kindly lent by Mrs. Thorpe for the occasion. There were present Sir Reginald MacLeod of MacLeod, who presided; the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Archd. Campbell, Lady Marjorie Sinclair, Lady Harriet Lyndsay, Lady Margaret Campbell, Lady Dawson, Mrs. and Miss Thorpe, Miss MacDougall of Lunga, Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, the Lord Justice-General, Lord Dunedin and Stenton, the Earl of Dunmore, Lord and Lady Reay, Lord and Lady Joicye, Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie, Lord and Lady Pirrie, Lady Abinger, Lady Borthwick, Lady Llangattock, Lady Glen-Coates, Sir William and Lady Dunn, Sir Lewis and Lady M'Yer, Sir Henry Dawson, Sir Aubone Fife, the Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. and Miss Campbell of Stonefield, Mrs. Callander of Ardkinglas, Dr. Donald MacGregor, ex-M.P., and Mrs. MacGregor, Mr. Angus Campbell, yr. of Kilberry, Mr. T. L. Corbett, M.P., and Mrs. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Largie, Sir Duncan Campbell, the Archdeacon of London, Mr. Younger, M.P.; Major-General and Mrs. Mackenzie of Foveran, Major-General F. Lorn Campbell, Rev. Alex. and Mrs. Connell, Liverpool; Colonel Macfie, of the "Liverpool Scottish"; Mr. and Mrs. Greenlees, Mr. and Mrs. Knudsen, Miss Dove of Eilean Aigas, Major and Mrs. MacDougall of Lunga, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Davies, Mrs. J. W. Mackay, Mr. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Mackenzie, Mr. Robertson-Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. P. Mathieson, Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, M.P.; Mr. Robert Cameron, M.P., and Mrs. Cameron, Miss MacLeod of MacLeod, Mrs. Duncan M'Kinnon, Rev. Dr. Archibald and Mrs. Fleming, Dr. Kenneth Campbell, of Oban; Rev. D. MacGillivray of Petty, Mrs. Erskine, Mrs. Godsell, Miss Fenwick, Mr. John Forbes, the Misses Kennedy, Mr. D. C. Fraser, Mrs. Clark, the Misses Clark, Mr. J. A. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. M'Connachie, Mr. and Mrs. MacInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Ranald M'Kinnon, Mr. and Mrs. John MacKerchar, Dr. Farquhar M'Rae, Rev. Mr. MacRae, Dr. and Mrs. John Matheson, Mrs. F. Matheson, Miss Matheson, Dr. and Mrs. De l'Horte Ranking, Mrs. Atholl Robertson, Mr. Wyndham Rodda, Miss Small, Miss Young, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Rainy, Mrs. J. MacLennan, Rev. Mr. Bremner, Mr. Arthur Robertson, Mr.

Mackenzie MacKay, Mr. George M'Millan, the Misses Brook, Miss Carlisle, Miss Young, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Rodk. MacLeod, &c. Letters of regret for unavoidable absence were received from the Right Hon. Mr. and Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson of Novar, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. MacInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Grant, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mackenzie, Mr. R. M. Hunter, Mr. Graham, Mr. and Miss Graham Horton Smith, Mr. J. R. Moncrieff, Mr. Ewen McDonald, Mr. and the Misses Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Bibby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brodie and Miss Brodie, Mr. Eric Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse, Miss MacLean, Miss Marjorie Munro, Mr. and Miss Hepburn.

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In the course of a short but eloquent address Sir Reginald M'Leod evinced an enthusiastic interest in the movement at present going on among Scottish Gaels, and he strongly commended the objects for which the forthcoming bazaar is being organised. He deplored the fact that so many in the Highlands had been educated without any consideration for the claims of Gaelic upon them. He referred to the statutes of Iona, and mentioned that one of these enjoined that the Highland chiefs and gentry must send their children to be educated in the South. While that might have been necessary at the time, the enactment was adhered to closely and for too long a time. It did seem an absurdity that Highland children should be taught a mere smattering of French and German, which they speedily forgot, while their own sweet, musical, and ancient language was neglected. Under such a scheme of education progress was not easy, it at all possible. An Comunn Gaidhealach was doing good and necessary work, and he was sure all Highlanders would do their very best to make this bazaar a success. The success of the Gaelic movement would be assured if all Gaels would see that this bazaar was heartily supported. This was one important way in which they could show interest in the welfare and progress of the Gaelic race.

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Dr. Kenneth Campbell then gave an address, in the course of which he said—It is still a far cry to Lochawe, and so it requires considerable courage—more, indeed, than I thought I possessed—on the part of any of us who live in that remote region to leave our mountain fastnesses and travel to London to address a cultured and fashionable audience like this. My formidable though pleasant duty, is not made any easier by the circumstance that I am quite a stranger in London. I did spend two days here last spring, but beyond receiving the inevitable first impressions saw but little. I must, I think, have the blood of some bad, bold sea-rover in my veins, for I remember my very first impression was, "What a splendid city to loot." It is but just to state, however, that I was not thinking of a prospective Highland raid, but of the remote contingency of a foreign army having the city at its mercy. I have come to speak to you about An Comunn Gaidhealach and its work in the Highlands. Miss Farquharson has already enlisted your sympathy and support, but you are entitled to know what our Society has done since its institution in 1891, and also what are the lines of usefulness along which it hopes to proceed in the future.

The objects of An Comunn Gaidhealach are specifically detailed, and may be left to speak for themselves. They are:—(1) To promote the cultivation of the Gaelic language and literature, music, art, and industries by such means as the Association may from time to time determine. (2) To encourage the teaching of Gaelic. (3) To propagate a knowledge of Gaelic history and culture, especially in schools. (4) To hold an annual gathering termed "Am Mod," at which competitions in conformity with the objects of the Association shall take place and prizes be awarded. The Comunn was formed in Oban, where, I think, the first three Mods were held. We claim Lord Archibald Campbell as one of its founders and a pioneer in the language movement among his countrymen. His sympathy and influence have always been with us, and our only regret is that he cannot always reside among us. For a number of years An Comunn devoted all its energies to the cultivation of Gaelic singing and to holding an annual Mod, at which prizes were given for composition, reading, recitation, playing on the harp, solo and choral singing, &c. These annual competitions have proved eminently successful. They have popularised our really beautiful Gaelic songs that were being ignored and forgotten. They have proved that, like other mountain races, the Gael is possessed of great natural musical talent, easy of cultivation, provided adequate instruction is available. And here is one of our difficulties. In the Highlands capable and trained teachers of music who know Gaelic are few and far between. Therefore the latent musical talent of many of our young people receives no encouragement, and remains dumb. It should not be so, and perhaps the Education Department will also do something more to raise the standard of musical education in our Highland schools. All that being said, we claim that much progress has been made, and that An Comunn has done splendid work. Many of our young people commit to memory and learn to sing some of our most beautiful songs. They could not put their leisure to a better use. Many children elsewhere spend their spare time in reading "penny dreadfuls" or learning to sing the latest specimen of music-hall trashy songs, and we feel we are saving our boys and girls from much that may be baneful and injurious when we educate them to know and sing the sweet, fresh, and virile songs of our country that breathe the spirit of the mountains and the tempest and the raging sea, as well as the spirit of noble deeds, self-sacrifice, and love. We claim with reason that our work among the young has been most elevating in its tendencies and results, and that it truly merits the practical support of all who know and love our race. During recent years the work of An Comunn has increased by leaps and bounds. We are fast becoming a large and powerful Association, charged with the ambition of developing what is best in the character and genius of our race. Our Association is non-political and unsectarian. We provide a common platform for all who believe that in virtue of the law of the survival of the fittest the Gael, in increasing numbers, may be educated to take no unworthy share in the world's work. We welcome among us or on our side all who, by ties of blood

and kindred, desire to stand shoulder to shoulder with us, their countrymen, as their fathers did before them. Whatever opens the mind, enlarges the view, improves the temporal and physical and moral condition of our people falls within the scope of our propaganda, and surely all Gaels will not only wish us God's speed, but cast in their lot with us. It is not a question of Gaelic *versus* English, but a question of English and Gaelic together. They are complementary and not incompatible. We are moving ahead. Nothing is worse than stagnation, and any movement having for its object the enlightenment and prosperity of a people is worthy of the support of all thinking men and women. For us the future is full of promise. This large and cultured audience is a guarantee of support which will splendidly assist our cause. We need money, and everything points to the conclusion that the success of our bazaar will prove to the country that the Gael is wakening at last. It is unnecessary to predict that with such support as is augured here to-day *Buth Lunnain* will worthily give expression to the strong and loyal feeling among Gaels in London that it is high time we at home were put in possession of funds to carry out our laudable aims. The Gaels have risen before—not once, but often. Surely we in our day are capable of once more rising in the interests of peace and of all that concerns the intellectual, moral, and physical well-being of our countrymen,

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Dr. Campbell's speech was followed by the first resolution—"That this meeting, approving of the objects for which An Comunn Gaidhealach is established, resolves to aid in providing much-needed financial support to An Comunn by supporting the Feill or bazaar to be held for this purpose in Glasgow on the 31st October and 1st and 2nd November, 1907, and to support very heartily the London Stall—*Buth Lunnain*." In submitting this resolution Mr. Robert Cameron, M.P., said—I suppose this meeting is another proof of the Celtic revival now taking place in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The Highlanders of Scotland have had a history equal to any of the other branches of the race. The Highland regiments made their own name within the British army, although the sad fact at present is—Highland regiments with few Highlanders in their ranks. The people from whom they were formerly drawn have been largely evicted from their native hills. The ruins of old homes we knew and the wilderness that surrounds them on every hand makes it very painful for an old native like myself to revisit the lakes and mountains he knew with the fresh feelings of a child. I am here to-night with this influential gathering to endeavour to do something to preserve the old language, our music and songs, and especially to urge the Government to take steps to preserve the Gaelic language by having it taught in all our Highland schools by competent teachers. Highland poetry should be studied as part of the school course. Our songs should be sung to the pathetic old airs that we heard in our youth. The descriptive poetry of "*Donnachadh Bàn*"—"Beinn-Dorain," and other poems contain a passion for nature and descriptive powers second only to Wordsworth. A Highlander growing up in ignor-



ance of these is mentally the poorer all his life. To deprive him of the use of a language containing such genuine literature must be an incalculable loss to every Highland child. The policy of keeping the Gaelic out of Highland schools is both narrow and short-sighted. Teachers who are born Highlanders can do all this without detriment to as good an English education as the rest of Scottish children receive. Some of us here have gone through the process of being taught two languages in our youth, and we feel to-day how much indebted we are for the knowledge of literature and traditions we received in our youth. It has given us two worlds instead of one to live in. To bring the people back to the land in order to escape the crowded and unhealthy life of towns is now a popular cry everywhere. To help the Highlanders remain on their crofts—to till the land and herd cattle as their fathers did—is our immediate aim. We think some of the old home industries can be revived. To some extent at least the weaving, spinning, dyeing of woollen cloth is understood to be possible in the Highlands at the present time. The member for Argyllshire has had a conversation with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the question of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, as well as on the other aims of your Association. He has commissioned me to inform you that Sir Henry is full of sympathy with the aims and objects of your Association. Your bazaar, I hope, will be a great success, and knowing the efficient committee who have undertaken the London department of the bazaar I feel sure it will be so, and that the wealthy Highlanders in London will help to make the London effort a great success also.

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In seconding the resolution Rev. D. MacGillivray said—I realise very clearly how difficult it is to rise up and follow speakers who are not only full of their subject, but are also eloquent and enthusiastic in expounding it. Such speakers have quite an extraordinary faculty of taking from you the arguments in which you trusted, and they use these arguments with such skill that you feel nothing more can be said on the point. This has been, to a certain extent, my experience here to-day, and I fear I should not have courage to speak at this meeting were it not that I yield to no one in my enthusiasm for the Gaelic language, its literature and music. Some one has said that love for a person or cause makes one as bold as a lion in its defence. I hope it may be so: I do not lack love for the cause I try to advocate. For several decades past Gaelic did not occupy the place in the schools, in the homes, and in the lives of our people to which it was entitled. Pride, the daughter of Ignorance, and Prejudice, the mother of Narrowness, did their utmost to kill it. Those in authority despised it; the very people whose heritage it was became apathetic, and believed the false doctrine that a knowledge of Gaelic was a hindrance to success in life! Even were Gaelic a language without any special distinction in the past and without any educative value in the present, its decay might well be regretted on the ground that for 2000 years it voiced the finest aspirations and expressed the deepest sentiments of a people who are generally admitted to be brave, generous, and loyal. And

the world must always be the poorer for the decay of any language that does that! But look at the past record of our language. Gaelic was the language in which Christianity, the greatest civilising agency this world has seen, was spread through most of Scotland and England, and through a great part of Germany, France, and Switzerland. The Gaelic-speaking missionaries from Iona who travelled far and wide with the message of peace also instructed their converts in such technical arts as were then known. Students from Britain and the Continent flocked to Iona to be taught by the Gaelic-speaking monks there. Oswald, a future King of Northumbria, resided on that isle for 16 years, and on his accession in 633 he at once secured the assistance of some monks from Iona to teach and help civilise his subjects. These monks were the first to Christianise the great Saxon kingdoms of Northumbria, Mercia, and Essex. For several successions the Sees of Durham, York, Lichfield, and even London were filled by Gaelic-speaking Scots. We may feel sure of this: the *language of men who, by their ability, culture, and piety, rendered such service to the cause of civilisation must have been held in esteem.* And the literature of this language, despite what superficial critics say, has been very considerable. Why, the Gaelic MSS. preserved from the eighth century afford evidence of a wonderful literary activity on the part of Gaels at a time when some of the modern nations of Europe had not yet felt the breath of a national life! And if you study the music of the Gael, where can you find more plaintive melodies, more dainty lyrics, more tender love songs? These songs are now being eagerly studied and sung; they are beginning to find a place in our schools; they appear on our concert programmes, and they always delight old and young. Why, then, should we not stand up for a language with so splendid a record in the past? A language that has the freshness and vigour of youth though it is twenty centuries old; whose poetry and music have power to calm as well as to excite the strongest emotions; a language whose extensive vocabulary of terms of endearment show how strong is the Gael's love of kindred and home; a language instinct with the spirit of devotion and chivalry—such a language we have received as a birth-right, and shame upon us if we do not uphold it. The different Gaelic societies in Scotland and London are doing much to uphold Gaelic, and so is the Association with which Dr. Campbell and myself are more intimately connected—An Comunn Gaidhealach. Our objects briefly are—(1) To promote the teaching of Gaelic; (2) to develop Gaelic literature, music, and arts; (3) to encourage home industries. In keeping these matters before our people we are accused by outsiders of being actuated merely by *sentiment*. Well, suppose nothing but sentiment moved us, ought we to be ashamed of that? Sentiment is one of the finest, truest, and deepest traits that exist in the character of an individual or a race. It is to character what the crown of lily-work was to the two tall, stately pillars of brass which Solomon erected before his splendid temple. What great achievement, what noble deed could you expect from an individual or a race devoid of sentiment—granting such an



anomaly could be found? Sentiment has before this decided the fate of nations. For sentiment countless men have gone boldly to death. And it sentiment helps to rescue a fine old language and to preserve the distinctive traits of a race not without honour in the world's history, is there anything to be ashamed of in that? But we have a thoroughly practical reason for desiring to promote the more frequent use of Gaelic in the Highlands, and especially in the Highland schools. There are fully 20,000 children in Scotland for whom we hope to provide Gaelic-speaking teachers—children who are wholly ignorant of any language but Gaelic when they go to school at the age of 5 or 6 years. At present teachers in the Gaelic area are, with few exceptions, unable to understand the language of their pupils. Imagine an English-speaking child of these tender years placed under the tuition of a French or German master who was totally unacquainted with that child's language! What a very absurd thing, everyone would say; for teacher and taught, to begin with, could have no means of communication, no bond of sympathy. That is what has been going on in the Highlands for 30 years and more—children who understand Gaelic only taught by teachers who have no knowledge of that language! One can readily understand how much valuable time must be wasted before teacher and taught begin to understand one another—how much *silent* and, I am afraid, *vocal* martyrdom must be endured by the poor child in the slow process! Is it any wonder that the Education Act of 1872 has not produced better results than it has when these were, and are, the conditions under which it operated in the Highlands of Scotland? That some Highlanders have come to the front under so uncongenial a system of training is a testimony to their ability and mental alertness. Our Association, in common with other Gaelic Societies, is anxious that at least one teacher in every Highland school should know Gaelic pretty thoroughly, and be able to impart grammatical and literary instruction to Gaelic-speaking pupils. If Gaelic is used judiciously in explaining difficult words, phrases, idioms, and synonyms in the English lesson, the pupil will acquire a thorough knowledge of English in the easiest and quickest manner. At present the majority of Gaelic-speaking children leave school with only a parrot-like knowledge of English, which they speedily forget, while they have not been taught to read or write their native language. We are anxious to introduce a better system, a system by which the children shall become bi-lingual. We believe that any one who knows two languages pretty thoroughly is much better educated and far more alert mentally than he who knows but the one language. We desire that our children shall retain the language which is theirs by birth-right, while through it they be instructed in one or more other languages. It is our ambition also to encourage Highland industries, and when we have the means we shall do so practically. We have had much encouragement and a noble incentive to this work from the Duchess of Sutherland, who has done so much for Highland industries in the Western Isles. And her Grace's noble work will be remembered with gratitude if only for her

success in fitting out the splendid Technical School at Golspie, which is already sending out young people well equipped for the battle of life. We also desire to have such schools set up in convenient centres in the Highlands. But to attain this end we must have money, that root of all evil, but that source of so very, very much good! We are anxious to have promising boys and girls in the Gaelic area prepared for the teaching profession. The circumstances of many of these are such that they must be assisted in their education. So we in An Comunn Gaidhealach are promoting a bazaar for next year to enable us assist such boys and girls and help to encourage Highland arts and industries. At this bazaar—to be held in Glasgow on the 31st October, 1st and 2nd November, 1907—there is to be a London Stall. It will certainly be the biggest, grandest, most flourishing stall there. The capital of this Empire, containing as it does thousands of Gaelic speakers, this centre of the universe cannot fail to be true to its character of generosity and liberality, and so the success of *Buth Lunnain* is pretty certain. I am quite sure the ladies here present, assisted by their friends, will see to that.

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In moving the second resolution—"That all the ladies present are elected members of the General Committee for *Buth Lunnain*, and that the appointment of the Executive Committee is hereby confirmed, with power to add to their number"—Miss Farquharson of Invercauld said—After the able addresses to which you have listened it is not necessary for me to add any further plea for the cause in hand. Dr. Campbell has told you the aims of An Comunn, and the objects for which the Feill is held, so perhaps I may be allowed to speak briefly on what more nearly concerns *Buth Lunnain*—the London Stall—and the steps we have taken and intend taking to ensure its success. The convener of An Feill intrusted me with the care of *Buth Lunnain* as long ago as April last, but all felt strongly that the date of the Feill was then too far ahead to make it advisable to do more than prepare the ground. We began by asking the support of the Gaelic Society of London, and it was cordially granted. The Society at once distributed 500 special circulars at their May concert and at other Highland gatherings during the season. Then we went on and approached the other London Societies, and notably the Highland Society, and received several very gratifying promises of help, whilst many private offers of assistance in the future have reached me, amongst others from Lady M. Campbell, Lady Llangattock, Lady Acton, Mrs. Lyons, Lady Helen Forbes, Miss Olive McLeod, Miss Ainslie of Dalgetty, Mr. Joseph Farquharson and Mrs. Farquharson of Finzean, Farquharson of Invercauld, Col. Andrew MacFie, the Archdeacon of London, Mr. Lumsden of Pitcair, Miss Dove of Ailean Aigas, and Miss Marjorie Munro; whilst Lady Aberdeen has given her name as President, and the following ladies and gentlemen sent donations of £1 and upwards:—

Robertson Lawson, Esq.,	£2	1	0
Mrs. William Fenwick,	...	1	0
Dr. Farquhar MacRae,	...	1	1
Miss Juliet MacDonald,	...	1	1

Ranald Mackinnon, Esq.,	...	1	0	0
George Abernethy, Esq.,	...	1	1	0
Miss Edith Stewart,	...	1	0	0
Stewart Hall, Esq.,	...	2	2	0
Sir Aubone Fife,	...	1	1	0
A. Mackenzie Mackay, Esq.,	...	2	2	0

£13 9 0

Then as the beginning of the actual 12 months before An Feill came in sight this meeting suggested itself to me as a way to educate opinion in London on the Feill in general and obtain assistance for *Buth Lunnain* in particular, and Mrs. Thorpe's most kind co-operation and Dr. Campbell's presence have enabled that idea to materialise, and I await great results from your attendance here to-day. A small Executive Committee has to-day been formed to deal with the future organisation of *Buth Lunnain* by Lady Margaret Campbell, Miss Olive MacLeod, Mrs. Wyndham Rodda, Mr John. Forbes, and myself. With many refusals for to-day came many regrets at not being able to be present. I will now venture to suggest how you may help. 1st. By everyone here being enthusiastically certain that Gaelic shall and will live, and by letting their Highland blood answer the call from the Highlands. 2nd. By all the ladies present coming on a General Committee. 3rd. By everyone present using their personal influence with as many of their Highland friends as possible, and sending in the names of all desirous of helping, that help to take the form of objects worked by themselves and friends or goods bought by them and sent to me or the other members of Committee who may undertake to receive them for me, or money for us to invest in goods. It has been decided by the General Bazaar Committee that stalls need not be stocked with one kind of article, the Book and Art Stall and the Industry Stall alone having a distinctive stock-in-trade, so you have a large choice as to your gifts to *Buth Lunnain*. Selling on commission is prohibited, so that all goods will become the property of An Comunn, and anything unsold at Glasgow will be kept to help local sales in aid of the same objects later on. 4th. I should be glad if any lady would get up any little entertainment among her friends during the winter for the benefit of the *Buth Lunnain* Fund, which now reaches £15, or undertake small raffles with the same object. But first and last, I want your personal influence and help. Let me hear from anyone who would like further information or hints as to how the stall can be helped on, and believe me I will spare neither time nor trouble to make our joint efforts a success. The resolution was seconded in a sentence by Dr. John Matheson. \* \* \*

Lord Archibald Campbell proposed the third resolution, which ran—"That our warm and hearty thanks are offered to Mrs. Thorpe for her hospitality and kindness in inviting us all to this meeting in her drawing-room, and in doing so thanked Mrs. Thorpe for her hospitality and enthusiasm for the Gaelic movement. He expressed a hope that Mr. Cameron, M.P., would take round the hat in the House of Commons, and thus start the subscriptions, which all hoped would furnish the needful for the payment of salaries of Gaelic-

speaking teachers. This resolution was neatly seconded by Lady Margaret Campbell. \* \* \*

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Fleming, of St. Columba's, was entrusted with the fourth resolution, which ran—"That our thanks are hereby tendered to Dr. Kenneth Campbell, of Oban, and to the Rev. D. MacGillivray, of Petty, for coming all the way from the Highlands to address us," and in the course of his remarks said that he was very glad to be allowed an opportunity of expressing his sympathy with the purposes of the Association, and in particular with its efforts to encourage home industries in the Highlands and the literary and historical study of Gaelic literature, music, and art. He desired, he said, to express his admiration for the particularly lucid and characteristically Celtic fervour with which Dr. Campbell, of Oban, and Rev. Donald MacGillivray, of Petty, had explained the objects of the Association to the meeting, and the sense all had of the obligation under which they had laid us by coming so far and taking so much trouble in order to do so. In seconding this resolution D. F. De l'Horte Ranking, M.A., LL.D., said—It gives me the greatest pleasure to have the opportunity of seconding this resolution for a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who have come from the North to address us to-day. I owe you an apology for being unable to address you in the language of our forefathers, and I fear that many of you owe me an apology for the fact that, did I so address you, you would be unable to understand me. This is a defect in our education which we may regret, but which, with most of us, it has now become impossible for us to rectify, save very partially. The more we regret this deficiency in ourselves, the more determined we shall be that the rising generation of Highlanders shall not be exposed to the reproach that they are ignorant of the tongue of the race from which they sprang and of all that is meant by the existence of that tongue. There is not one of us here but is proud of the thought that we come of Highland stock, and have a share in the glories that attach to the race. It has not been given to all of us, as it has to Dr. Campbell and to the Rev. Mr. MacGillivray, to live in the Highlands, and to have practical experience of the evil that has been wrought by a system which amounts to a practical penalising of the old Gaelic tongue. Nor can we take, as they do, an active periodical interest in the well-being of the Highlanders, but we can help the cause by showing by our efforts for the success of the bazaar that we have taken to heart their words. My wife and myself love to pass our holiday in the Highlands, and to try to understand in some degree the people and their wants. It seems to us that what the people need most is life: the living sense that they are the representatives of a great race, with an inheritance of glorious tradition, and a living vigour to carry out those traditions in themselves and their children. Nothing could be more calculated to awaken and foster this life than the schemes of which we have heard to-day from Dr. Campbell and the Rev. Mr. MacGillivray, and I feel proud at being allowed to second this motion of a vote of thanks to them for their efforts in the cause. \* \* \*

This influential and important meeting was concluded by Lord Archibald Campbell proposing a vote of thanks to Sir Reginald MacLeod, concerning whom he said that Sir Reginald had ever done his level best and used every means in his power to better the condition of the Highlanders, and that all might look with confidence to Sir Reginald's continuing this good work.

\* \* \*

The interest taken in Feill a Chomuinn Ghaidhealach is increasing by leaps and bounds. Letters pour in from all parts of the earth to which Highlanders have emigrated, full of offers of help and gratitude that Scotland is at last taking steps to preserve what is so dear to the Highland heart all over the world. From WINNIPEG—The Clan Stewart send £7, the proceeds of concert, adding—"This small sum in no measure represents the patriotic enthusiasm and generosity of the Scotch-Celtic people of this city, of which we hope later to give more tangible evidence." TORONTO—There is rejoicing at the efforts now put forth to preserve the Gaelic language and to uphold our Gaelic nationality. We observe from the press occasionally that Mrs. Burnley-Campbell is full of life; she awakens our admiration. Would she could be multiplied by the score, so that the good work could go on! Will Indian relics, arrowheads, mocassins, beadwork, or copies of Gaelic books published in Canada be of use for the bazaar? Please send us 20 more copies of your circular for distribution. From PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND—A cheque. From ONTARIO—The officers of the 91st Canadian Highlanders send a large box full of articles made by the Aborigines, birch-bark boxes, canoes, kettles, and many useful articles made of native grasses and porcupine quills. From IPSWICH, QUEENSLAND—The President of the Caledonian Society sends a case of stuffed birds, with hearty good wishes for success. From SYDNEY, N.S. WALES—A handsome cheque has been sent, and addresses of many interested Highland Societies. From KAIPAI, NEW ZEALAND—The St. Andrew's Caledonian Society are sending a clan tartan rug and many Maori curiosities. From a Highlander in TRINIDAD comes a barrel of West Indian sugar. Promises of articles come from Jamaica, British Central Africa, France, Cape Colony, Pretoria, India, from Highlanders in New York, and from Highland ladies in Bermuda. These are only hurried extracts culled from innumerable letters received by the energetic convener of Buth Chairdean thar a' chuain, Miss Ysobel Campbell, of Inverneil, but they are such extracts as fill us other conveners with admiration and—yes, be it whispered softly, envy. But she thoroughly deserves her success in this work.

\* \* \*

We should like to draw the attention of those desiring holiday quarters in the Highlands in order not only to enjoy the invigorating air of "Tr nam bean s' nan gleann," but also to learn Gaelic or perfect their knowledge of the language, to the fact that we keep a list of lodgings which we can confidently recommend as suitable in every respect for such persons. We shall gladly furnish particulars of places in the Outer and Inner Hebrides where

the visitor will have every attention paid to his comfort, while at the same time he will have the fullest opportunity of learning Gaelic.

## DILEAS.

SGEUL MU BHLIADHNA, 1688.

[Fhuair Alasdair D. Mac'illeathain, Salen, Aros, a' cheud duais air son na sgialachd-sa aig mòd an Olain, am bliadhna.]

ANNS a' bhliadhna 1688 bha mì-shocair agus ubraid air feadh Bhreathuinn uile, agus gu sonruichte ann an Albainn. Dh' éirich an sluagh a dh' fhuiling mòran de gheur-leanmhainn agus de mhileadh fo làimh nan Stiubhartach agus chuir iad riagh Seumas a mach as a rioghachd agus thug iad an crùn do rìgh Uilleim.

Bha mòran feadh Albainn aig an robh bàigh ri seann teaghlach rioghal na dùthcha, agus air an aobhar sin, cha robh na h-atharrachaidhean so a' tighinn riu idir. Bha chuid bu mhotha de na Gàidheil air taobh Sheumais, agus bha iad deas daonnan air son éirigh suas an aghaidh a naimhdean.

'S math a bha fios aig an duine ainmeil sin Iain Greumach ("Claverhouse," air neo Morair Dhundiagh) air a' so, agus 'nuair a dh'fhaic an air toirt air a' Phàrlamaid a bha 'na suidhe ann an Dùn-éideann seasamh air taobh nan Stiubhartach, dh' fhàg e a' Ghalldachd, ghabh e 'rathad mu thuath, agus ghlaodh e mach na Fineachean Gàidhealach a bha dileas do Sheumas.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n ubraid feadh na Gàidhealtachd. A' dh' oidhche 's a latha—airm agus éideadh 'g an cur an òrdugh. Gun teagamh bha mòran guil agus bròin anns an tìr, o'n 's iomadh fear làidir, treun, a bha fàgail a chàirdean, nach tilleadh a chaoidh.

Aig an àm so b' e Sir Iain Mac'illeathain a bha na cheannard air cloinn 'illeathain, agus bha caistael mòr, làidir, aige ann an Duairt, anns an eilean Mhuileach. Bha mòran fear-ainn aige air taobh eile chaoil Muile, agus b' urrainn da an àm strìth agus càs corr agus còig ceud de dhaoine làidir, fearail, a thoirt a mach gu blàr. Bha meas mòr aig luchd-comhairle Sheumais air an duin-uasal so, agus thàinig fios g' a ionnsuidh bho Mhorair Dhundiagh e dheanamh deas a chuid dhaoine air son strìth. Bha Sir Iain làn de thoileachas inntinn agus do ghàirdeachas 'nuair a fhuair e am fios so, o'n bha gaol mòr aige air seann teaghlach rioghal na h-Albainn agus gràinn aige air an luchd-riaghlaidh úr, a fhuair làimh an uachdar air Seumas.

Bha nighean peathar aig Sir Iain d' am b' ainm Morag Chaimbeul. Chaidh a h-athair, Sir Iain Caimbeul, a mharbhadh ann am blàr

mòr anns an Olaind bliadhna no dhà roimh n'am so. Bha Iarla Earra-ghàidheal 'na fhìor charaid do Shìr Iain Caimbeul. 'S iomadh càs agus cumart anns an robh iad feadh na h-Olaind agus na Fraing, agus air uair shàbhail Sir Iain Caimbeul beatha an Iarla. Air an aobhar sin bha bàigh aig an Iarla do mhuinntir Shìr Iain Caimbeul, agus, dheanadh e ni sam bith a b'urrainn d'a air son a' h-aon de chàirdean. Bu mhaith an gnothuch sin do Mhòraig bhochd, mar a chinn fhathast.

Bha Mòrag 'na caileig cho grinn agus cho bòidheach 's bha 'n Earra-ghàidheal uile; agus b'e focal mòr sin a radh anns an àm ud. Bha falt cho buidhe ri òr nan Innsean, no gealach làn an fhoghair. Bha gruaidh cho dearg ri caorann, no ros an t-samhraidh; bha deud cho geal ri sneachd a' gheamhraidh; bha suilean cho gorm ri muir na h-Eadailt; agus bha pearsa àrd caol, cho snasmhor ri Bhenus. Chuireadh aon sealladh de'n ainneir dhreachail so duine air mhisg le gàirdeacheas agus le gaol. Ach barrachd air a bòidheachd, bha nighean tlachmhor, math agus grinn. Thug a h-athair foghlum dhi anns an Olaind agus anns a' Fhraing, mar a bha mnathan uasal a faotainn anns an aimsir sin. Bha dòigh ghrinn, chaoimheail aise a thairneadh duine g'a h-ionnsuidh ged a bhithiadh i cho grann da ri duine dubh.

Bha mòran de ghillean òga na dùthcha an geall air Mòraig, agus gu sonruichte fear Lachainn Dubh Mac'Illeathain, mac bráthar do Shìr Iain Mac'Illeathain. B'e san an t-oighre air Sir Iain. B'e duine dorcha, fiadhaich a bh'ann, fear làn stràic agus uile, nach b' urrainn maitheneas a thoirt do 'naimhdean. Bu truagh an duine a thuiteadh an làmban Lachainn Dhuibh, o'n bha tuille tròcar an cridhe na leòghainn na bha 'na chridhe-san.

Thàinig 'esan aon latha air Mòraig 's i na suidhe taobh na mara a' feitheamh nam bàtaichean a bha seòladh troimh chaol Muile. Thàinig e dlùth oirre 's chuir e a làmh air a gualainn. Thionndaidh i mu'n cuairt agus thubhairt i ris "Is tusa a th'ann, a Lachainn, ciod e a tha air d'aire an diugh?" "An cuala tu idir," ars' esan, "gu'm bheil na Finneachan ri èirigh air son cogadh an aghaidh nan Reubalaich agus an Druitich a tha air a chrùn, agus gu'm bheil sinn uile ri teannadh a mach, le Sir Iain air ar ceann, a chuideachadh Morair Dhundiagh?"

"Mo chreach! mo chreach!" arsa ise, "cha chuala mi gu'n robh Sir Iain 's a dhaoine ri falbh gu blàr. Is eagal leam nach till mòran diubh air ais. Is mòr cumhachd Shasuinn agus na h-Olaind, mar tha fios agamsa, o'n chuir mi seachad mòran ùine 's an dà rioghachd. Chunnaic mise gu'n robh na saighd-

earan aca cho lionmhor ris an fheur, agus cha'n 'eil comas agaibh seasamh 'nan aghaidh."

"Ni sinn orra," ars' esan, "mar a rinn Montrose air na Reubalaich ann an iomadh blàr, sguabaidh sinn as an t-saoghal iad. Ach cha'n ann mu na nithean sin a thàinig mi a bhruidhinn riut idir, a Mhòraig, ach a dh' fharraid dhìot an gabhadh tu mise."

"Is mise," ars' esan, "oighre Shìr Iain, agus bithidh còig ceud duine fo m' làimh. Bithidh Muile agus a Mhàirne agam agus bithidh tusa 'na do bhan-tighearn thairis orra. Sheall Mòrag air le suil fhuar, agus ghabh i beachd air aodann olc cealgach agus thubhairt i ris. "Cha ghabh mise am feasd thu, a Lachuinn, ged bu tu rìgh Albainn. Cha'n 'eil gràdh agam dhuit agus cha bhi."

"Am bheil thu g'am dhiultadh-sa?" Ars' esan — "mise, a thàinig o uaislean agus cheannardan a sheas aig Bannockburn agus Flodden 's iomadh blàr ainneil air son an dùthaich. Am bheil fhios agad gu'm bheil Sir Iain deònach gu'm pòs thu mi, agus nach fhaod thusa a dhiultadh? Feumaidh a thoil-san a bhi deanta."

"Cha phòs mi thusa," ars' ise, "agus cha toir an rìgh féin orm do phòsadh."

Dh'fhàs aodann Lachuinn cho dorcha ri meall tàirneinich agus las e suas le feirg. "Am bheil geall agad air fear eile? ma tha, cha stad mi feasd gus an cuir mi as dha. Cuiridh mi as dhuibh 'nar dithis."

Ghabh Mòrag eagail mòr agus dh'èirich i, 's rinn i air son falbh. Ach bha Lachuinn gu bhì as a riaghailt le eud 's le feirg, agus rug e air ghàirdean oirre gu teann, cruaidh. Sgiamh Mòrag le pian 's le eagail, ach cha robh duine mu'n cuairt a chuidicheadh i. Cha'n fhàg thu so gus an geal thu mise a phòsadh. 'S fearra dhuit strìochdadh, air neo ni thu na 's miosa. Aig a' cheart mhionaid fhuair Lachuinn buille a leag gu talamh e, agus laidh e 'n sin gun tùr car greis. 'Nuair a thàinig e gu mothachadh chunnaic e gille òg sgairleil 'na sheasamh le Mòraig 's e'g a cumail suas le ghàirdean, or bha i fann leis an eagail. Cò bha so ach Domhnall òg Mac'Leoid, a mhuinntir an eilein Sgiathanaich. Chaill an gille so a chuid fearrainn le cealgaireachd a luchd-cinnidh agus b' fheudair dha teicheadh le bheatha gu crìoch an Earra-ghaidheil. Ghabh e seirbhis le fear Dhuairt agus bha meas mòr aig a mhaighstir air, or bha e 'na ghille foghainneach, treun, an teas na comhstri. Dh'èirich Lachuinn Mor air ùilinn agus mhothaich e gur e Domhnall a bh'ann. "Is tusa ma ta," ars esan, "am fear g' an d'thug Mòrag a gaol, ach cuimhnich gur e so an gnìomh is miosa a rinn thu riamh. Cha dhi-chuimhnich Lachuinn Mòr so am feasd, agus, a nighinn, chuir thu di-mheas ormsa an diugh ach thig



an latha 'nuair a thig thu g'am ionnsuidh air do dhà ghluin."

"Dionaidh mise mi fhein," fhreagair Domhnall, "agus mu dh'éireas ni do'n nighinn so, cha'n 'eil fear eadar so agus I cholum chille nach bi agad ged is tu an t-oighre fhéin."

Dh' fhalbh Lachuinn làn feirge, agus cha do stad e gus, an d' ràinig e Sir Iain fhéin.

Thionndaidh Mòrag ri Domhnall 's thubhairt i "Is mise a tha fada 'na do chomain a Dhomhnall, air son na rinn thu dhomh. Theab mi dol seachad leis an eagal." "Ud a Mhòraig" arsa Domhnall, "nach beag na rinn mi dhuit? Nach bu chòir dhomh mo bheatha a chur ann an cunnairt air do shon-sa?" "Tha egal mòr orm," fhreagair ise, "gu'm bheil do bheatha-sa ann cumart mòr, 'Se duine borb a tha ann 'a Lachuinn agus faodaidh e dioghalas dheanamh oirnn. Feumadh tu an aire mhòr a thoirt mu'n dean an duine ud cron ort; tha cumhachd mhòr aig anns an dùthaich so."

"Coma na cò dhùil," arsa ésan, "tha sud seachad. Cha b'urrainn domh gun stad a chur air a bhéisd ud, ged a chaillin mo bheatha deich uairean. A Mhòraig, feumaidh mi innse dhuit nach 'eil suim agam de m' bheatha mur a faigh mi thu fhéin. Cha'n 'eil mise nis ach a' m' dhuine bochd gun airgid, gun òr. Chaill mi fearann m' athar le slaightearachd mo chàirdean. Cha'n 'eil ni air an t-saoghal agam ach mo chlaidheamh."

Cha leig sinn a leas innse am freagairt a' thug Mòrag dha. S fhada 's cian on thug i gaol a chridhe do Dhomhnall bochd, ged nach robh chridhe aige-san bruidhinn air gaol rithe, a thaobh nach robh mòran de'n t-saoghal aige.

Cha leig sinn a leas innse mu'n chomhradh fhada agus thaitneach a bh' aca; a chionn bha eud ann o'n bha Adhamh 's Eubh 'n garadh Eden, agus bhithidh, gu deireadh an an t-saoghal. (*Ri leantuinn.*)

## ORAN.

(Composed by Rev. Wm. Macphail, Kilbrandon).

AN diugh féin gu'n d'rinn mi 'leughadh,  
Na d'fhag deùrach, cràiteach mi;  
A' smaoinninn faillinnean na muinntir  
Tha gun suim do'r cànan-ne;  
Tha gun iochd, gun bhàigh, gun tròcair,  
Ris gach coir is airde th' againn;  
'S a reiceadh saor an coir-bhreith 'maireach,  
'S nàir orra gur Gàidheil iad.  
'S e dh' aobharaich 'n dràsd mo mhi-ghean,  
'S dhol g'a inns' tha nàir orm,  
Neach tha ainm de chinnheadh rioghaill,  
Bhi 'na spiocair' tair-chuiseach,  
'S a chionn nach eil 'na cheann ach Beurl',  
Nach d'rinn feum an Erradh ghaidheil dha.  
A chainneadh cainnt ro ghrinn ar sinnsear'  
'S dheanadh stri gu bàs thoirt orr'.

'S a ghabh thu moladh 'Thearlaich Stiubhaird,  
Gu'm bi diumb nan Gàidheal riut,  
O'n là a chuir thu peann air pàipier  
'Sgriobhadh cainnt cho nàrach sud;  
Cha'n eil thu airdh air an ainm,  
'S cha d'fhuair mac-meanna àit annad,  
'S na duigs n' s' àirde suas ar fearg  
No dearbhaidh sinn ar n' àrdan dhuit.

C'ait 'bheil muinntir 'th 'air an sniomh,  
Nan dualan gnìomhach, bàigheil, ceart,  
'S a 'n ceangal làidir ris an t'ùr,  
Gu dàimheil, dileas, càirdeil, glan,  
A thoilicheadh beum a thoirt do'n Ghàidhlig,  
No gu brath bhi'n dimeas orr';  
Ach thogadh iad a cliù an àird,  
Mu'n tig i mhàn, 's nach dirich i.

Ar cainnt tha ceangailte ri ar cliù,  
R' ar duthaich 'is r' ar sinnsearan;  
Na dealaicheamaid 'sinn aig ar t'ùr,  
Ri smior 'is dluth ar n' impireachd:  
Chaill sinn treis ar coir 's an aite,  
'Dh' araich all bha fìnealta;  
'S ma dhìobras sinn a nis ar cànan,  
'S bas tha'n so da rìreadh dhùinn.

'S e cion 's nach d' mhothaicheadh 'na thrath,  
An fhailinn bh' anns an linn againn—  
'Bhi toirmeasg teagasg ann ar cànan—  
Chuir an dràsd cho ìosal sinn,  
Chaill sinn eòlas air ar cainnt,  
'S gun taing dhùinn chaidh ar n' iompachadh;  
Le teanga ùr 'is fasain Ghallid',  
'Chuir tir nam beann a dhi oirnn.

Tha nis an roth air tigh'n'n mu'n cuairt,  
'S tha uaislean mòr na duthcha so;  
'Toirt oidhirp air a chainnt 'bha uair  
'An cuirtean usal ùghdharais:  
Tha chuir-rhoghluim 'tha 'n ar t'ùr,  
A' deanadh stri ri 'h-urachadh;  
'S a fuaim gu'n cluinnear iomadh là,  
Mu'n duin am bàs an t-sùil aice.

Nis cothaichaibh a chlann 's a bhràithrean,  
'S feuch gu brath nach sgithich sibh;  
Cha'n fhaigh sinn coir air fonn no fardrach,  
'S Gàidhlig a bhi dhi oirnn;  
Ar cànan féin, ar dùthaich féin,  
'S ar fearann féin, chum gnìomhachas;  
Tha sniomhte, tointe, cruaidh 'na chèile,  
So! le cheile stritheamaid.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

FOR

## FEILL A' CHOMUINN GHÀIDHEALAICH.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, £10; Sir Jas. Colquhoun, £2; Mrs. Lamont Campbell, £5 5s; D. Erskine, Esq., M.P., £1 1s; Rev. Mr. McCulloch, Glasgow, £3 3s; Provost M'Intosh, Nairn, £1 1s; N. Spiers, Esq., £5; Don. M'Kay, Esq., Hereford, £3 3s; A. Anderson, Esq., £1; A. Callander, Esq., £1 1s; A. B. Nairn, Esq., 10s.; Countess of Cromartie, £2; Chas. Stewart, Esq., £5; Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, £20.



## FAILTE DO'N EILEAN SGIATHANACH

(HAIL TO THE ISLE OF SKYE).

This melody, composed by Mr. Henry Whyte,  
Glasgow, won first prize at last Mod.

KEY D.

{ : d | m : - r : m | s : - m : s | l : s : m | m : - r }

O failt' air do stùcan, Do choireachan ùdlaidh,

{ : m | d : - r : m | s : - m : s | l : - t : l | s : - }

Do bheanntainnean sùghmhor, 'San sìbhlach am meann !

{ : s | l : - d : l | l : - s : m | s : m : r | r : - d }

Tha'n geamhradh le 'dhùibhlach Mu na meallaibh a' dùnadh,

{ : l | d : - r : m | s : - m : d | r : - m : r | d : - }

'S gach doire le 'bhùirean Air a rusgadh gu bonn.

{ : s | d : - r : d | d : m : - s | l : - d : l | l : s : - }

O chì mì Cu-Chuillinn Mar leòghann gun tioma,

{ : s | d : - r : d | d : m : s : s | l : - t : l | s : - }

Le 'fhiasaig de'n t-sneachd Air a phasgadh m' a cheann;

{ : mf | s : - m : r | r : - d : m | s : - l : t | d : - t }

'S a ghruaidhean a' srìladh Le easannan smùideach

{ : l | s : - d : l | s : - m : d | r : - m : r | d : - }

'Tha 'tuiteam 'n an lùban Gu ùrlar nan gleann.

Do chreagan gu h-uaibhreach,  
Mar challaid mu'n cuairt dhut,  
'S na neòil air an iomairt,  
A' filleadh mu'm bàrr;  
'S am bonn air a sguabadh  
Le srùlaichean gruamach,  
Bho bhàrcadh a' chuain  
A' toirt nuallain air tràigh.

O! c' àit' 'eil na gaisgich  
A dh' àrachd do ghlanan,  
'Bu shuilbhre macnus  
Mu stacan a' cheò?  
Le fùdar 'g a sgaileachd  
Bho 'n cuilbheirean glana,  
'S na mial-choin 'n an deannaibh,  
Nach fannaich 's an tòir.

Na laoch nan robh meata  
Ri aodann a' bhatail,  
Nach aomadh gu taise  
Ri caismeachd an nàmh;  
Cha'n'eil raon agus machair  
Air 'n do sgaoil iad am bratach  
Nach d' fhàg iad an eachdraidh  
Gun mhasladh do 'n àl.

For remainder of words see "Clàrsach an Doire."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Uirsgeulan Na Feinne.* Published by E. MacDonald & Co., Herne Bay, England.—This is the first of a projected series of booklets with the praiseworthy object of popularising Gaelic literature. The price is only two pennies, or post free for three pennies. It contains two interesting tales, with a literal translation on corresponding pages. If we may venture a suggestion we should de-siderate an *English* translation rather than an attempt at giving the English of the Gaelic words in their order. There is also a form or two in the Gaelic text which, though possibly defensible, strikes one as pedantic. Was the translator at a loss for the meaning of the word *imdeal* at page 40? We heartily commend the project, and hope it may receive good encouragement.

*Dain Thaghte, a chum feum an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd.* Published by Aeneas MacKay, 43 Murray Place, Stirling. Price 3d.—This little book is sufficiently described in the title. It is issued under the imprimatur of An Comunn Gaidhealach. It is a carefully-chosen collection from some of our popular modern Gaelic bards—MacLachlainn, MacColl, Campbell, MacLeod, MacKechnie, MacFarlane, and others. It contains two dozen selections, many of them of decided merit. Valuable as this collection is, it would have been very much enhanced if a page or two had been added in prose giving a few personal notes of the bards from whom this collection is compiled. As it is, it should be much in demand at Gaelic classes, in Highland schools, and at Mòd competitions. Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane did the choosing and compiling, and the orthography is very carefully done.

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Leabhar II.]

A' Bhliadhn' Ur 1907.

[Earrann 4.

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## EDARAINN FHIN.

Tha *An Deo-Gréine* a' guidhe "Bliadhna Mhaith Ur" do Ghaidhil an domhan, agus gu h-araidh do a luchd-leughaidh 's a chàirdean. Tha e creidsinn gur maith leo chluinntinn gu'm bheil a fhéin ann an deagh shláinte, agus a' cur roimhe a bhi cho cridheil 's a leigeas cuisean leis. Bhiodh e ro-fhada ann an comain a chàirdean na'n tugadh iad eòlas do thuilleadh chàirdean air, agus gu'n tugadh iad aoidheachd dha. Tha fhios aige gu'm bheil daoine cho blàth-chridheach mu'n àm-sa de'n bhliadhna, agus nach iarr iad ach fideadh air son a bhi fialaidh ri càirdean. An uair a bhios iad a' cuimhneachadh air càirdean eile cha bhiodh e glé choltach ri gné a' Ghàidhil di-chuimhn' a dheanamh air *An Deo-Gréine*.

\* \* \*

Bu bhreagha an Cruinneachadh a bha aig Comunn Gaidhealach Baile a' Mhoid air an t-seachdain a chaidh. Bha a' Marcuis uasal mar cheann-suidhe anns a' Chaithir. Bha a bhan-tighearna eireachdail ri thaobh agus Tighearnan agus ban-tighearnan eile an teaghlach comhla riu. Tha an teaghlach uasal sin a' toirt a h-uile misneach do Ghàidhil an Eilean air son an aite fhéin a sheasamh ann a' stri na Gàidhlig. Tha cuideachadh nach beag aca 'g a fhaotainn bho Nic Chaimbeul, Dhùira, bean-uasal cho dùrachdach cridheil air son a co-Ghàidhil 's anns am bheil an anail. Tha nise da cheud (200) ball anns a' Chomunn Ghaidhealach aca, agus 's iad fhéin a tha Cridheil. Tuilleadh buaidh leis na seoid.

## GU DEASAICHE 'N "DEO-GREINE."

A Charaid Urramaich,

Chunnaic mi brúadar glé neònach deireadh an t-samhraidh so chaidh, agus bhò nach' eil mi riarachtaiche gu faigh mi mach a bhrìgh, tha mi smaoinichadh gu'n innis mi dhuibh pairt dheth, gu'n fhios nach fhaodadh cuid do'r leughadairean a bhreathnachadh dhomh. So na tha ri aghaidh m' inntinn dhet an dràsda.

'S ann an oidhche 'n deigh cuirm-chiuil Ceilidh nan Gaidheal a chunnaic mi 'm brúadar. Thoir leam gu robh mi dol sìos Sràid an Dochais an Glaschu, air feasgar briagha samhraidh. Bha mi deanamh dìreach air Drochaid nan Gaidheal, ach nuair a ràinig mi 'n Ionad charbad Meadhonach, thug mi suil air mo tharsuinn a null gu Talla Waterloo far an do chuir mi iomadh oidhche chridheil seachad, agus thoir leam gu robh atharrachadh mor air a dheanamh air an togail sin. Chaidh mi null a dh' fhaicinn dé rinneadh. Bha'n dorus mòr mar b' àbhaist air Sraid Wellington. Mhothaich mi air ball gu robh os cionn an doruis so, sgrìobhta ann an litrichean òir, "Dachaidh nan Gaidheal," agus fodha sin ann an litrichean ni bu lugha, "Se do bheatha tighinn a stigh." Cha robh fhios agam dé theirinn ach chaidh mi stigh co dhiu fiach a faighinn a mach mu ni mhòr so a rinneadh airson mo luchd-duthcha. Bha, thoir leam, seoladh Gaidhlig air gach dorus. Chaidh mise gu dorus a Chleirich, 's air dhomh bualadh gu modhail, dh' iarradh orm a dhol a stigh. Bhruidhinn mi 'sa Ghaidhlig, 's thuit an Cleireach rium air ball, "O," ar's esan, tha mi 'g aithneachadh gur Sgiathanach thusa cuideachd, 's ann mar sin a b' fhearr leam thu. Dean suidhe. "C' uin" arsa mise, thogadh an luchairt mhòr so nach fhaic mi riamh roimhe. "Thog" ar's esan bhò chionn

dà bhliadha, 's bho 'n is Sgiathanach thu 's fios agam gu bheil speis mhòr agad do d' cho-luchd-duthcha, innsidh mi dhuit, facal air an facal, eachdraidh an àite so, 's na h-aobharan mu'n do thogadh an tigh so.

"Bho chionn còrr agus leth-cheud bliadhna thòisich Gaidheil Ghlaschu ri Comuinn a chur air chois 'na measg fhein. Cha mhor àitean 'sa Ghaidhealtachd aig nach robh Comunn mu dheireadh. Bha na Comuinn so na meadhan air a bhi toirt muinntir an aon àite cuideachd. Bha iad mar an ceudna 'cuid-eachadh luchd-duthcha bha ann an eis le airgid a thoirt dhoibh, agus bha na 'm beachd uile 'bhi deanamh ni b' urrainn iad airson cumail suas na Gaidhlig. Bha iad uile deanamh gu math car greise, ach, mu dheireadh, 'sann a thòisich na comuinn ri eudach ri càch a cheile. Bhiodh iad a comhstri co aige bhiodh an cruinneachadh bhliadhnail bu mho, 's co aige bu Ghallda bhiodh fear-cathrach aig a chruinneachadh sin. Cha bhiodh dad air a sheinn mu dheireadh aig na cruinnichidhean so ach orain Bheurla. 'S docha gu'm biodh oran Gaidhlig ann le blas goirt na Beurla air.

Bha Gaidhlig mar so air a-cur air "chùl na stèille," agus bha sin na dhoilgheas dhoibhsan a bha da rìreamh dìleas air a taobh. Chuir a mhuinntir dhìleas so an cinn cuid-eachd mar sin, agus chuir iad iarrtus air chois gu'n aonadh gach Comunn Ghaidhealach an Glaschu ri cheile, 's gu'n togadh iad Talla mhor dhoibh fein. Rinn iad sin, 's cha robh iad fada ris, agus so i far am bheil thu na do shuidhe.

Faodaidh sibh a thuigsinn gu'n do chòrd an eachdraidh so rium ro mhath, air neo cha d' thugainn leam i cho cothromach. Thug e sin mi troimh 'n talla. Gu h-ìosal bha seomraichean bidhe san suidheadh co dhiu, ceud duine comhla. Bha talla mhor 'sa mheadhoin airson nan cruinnichidhean Gaidhealach 'sa gheamhradh. Anns a cheann eile bha leabharlann aluinn anns an robh gach leabhar Gaidhlig air an smaoinicheadh sibh, agus leabhraichean Beurla cuideachd fosgailte saor agus a nasgaidh do na Gaidheil fhads' a ghiulaineadh iad iad fhein gu cubhaidh. Thoir leam an sin gun d' thug e mi suas an staidhir, 's cha robh ni an sin ach seomraichean cadail taobh ri taobh. A rs' esan. Nuair a thig Gaidheil gun dachaidh gun chairdean a mach do Ghlaschu, tha sinn ga'n deanamh dì-beathta an so, 'toirt dhoibh biadh is leabaidh gus am faigh iad obair, 's tha sinn eadhoin a deanamh cuideachaidh leo ann a faighinn obrach. Tha moran aca tighinn air ais agus ga'r paigheadh nuair a ni iad airgid, ach cuid eile, cha'n fhaic sinn an cùl na 'n aghaidh am feasda. Tha cuid do na Gaidheil,

a charaide, nach mòr as d' fhiach rud a dheanamh riu, ach tha sinne deanamh ar dichill 's tha fhios againn nach caill sinn ar duais. Direach nuair a bha e 'g ràdh nam briathran so, thoir leam gun chuimhnich mi gu robh Coisir—chiuil Ceilidh nan Gaidheal a fhuair a chiad duais aig a Mhòd a bhliadhna sin, dol a thoirt seachad oidhche-chiuil air an fheasgar sin, agus leis a chabhaig a bh' orm a falbh ga 'n eisdeachd, dhùisg mi, 's cha robh ann ach brudar.

Nach iongantach na nithean a chi duine as a chadal, 'ach saoil sibh fhein, nach robh ciall sonruichte aig an aising ud. Bidh mi air uairibh a smaoinicheadh gur h-e chionn gu'm bi mi 'n comhnuidh a meorachadh air cuisean na Gaidhlig thug orm a faicinn, ach feumaidh gu robh barrachd air sin timchioll orra. Ma gheibh sibh mineachadh sam bith bho aon do'r leughadairean, bithibh cho math 'sa chuir am ionnsuidh.

Gabhaibh no lethsgheul airson dragh a chur oirbh mar so. Leis 'gach deadh dhùrachd.

Mise Agaibh,

Gu dìleas,

IAIN M. MACLEOD.

LARKHALL,

16 là de'n t-Samhainn, 1906.

## OSSIAN AND SAINT PATRICK.

BY REV. ARCH. MACDONALD,

Joint-Author of the History of Clan Donald.

Few things illustrate the liveliness of Celtic fancy better than the manner in which these two names have been brought together in our traditional literature. The subject of Ossian is one, of course, over which much ink and temper have been wasted, and controversy on what has been so largely debated is now somewhat of an anachronism. That an individual who bore the name of Ossian existed, and that he composed poetry, are points that need not be disputed, because they amount to so very little that there ought to be no dispute about them. But that one man—Ossian—was responsible for the great mass of Fenian poetry which has floated down the stream of time, or even of the fragments that have been rescued from oblivion, is what surely no one expects us to believe. There may have been intellectual giants in those days, but none of such calibre as that. In point of fact, Ossian has been a convenient peg on which to hang the rich web of poetical lore which was in process of weaving during many centuries. What is the nucleus of fact and what the exact proportion of myth cannot in this late age be determined.

When we speak of Ossianic literature we



remember that the Irish and Scottish ballads of this class were essentially one, or at the most two kindred variations of one homogeneous type. Up to the 16th century the language of the Irish and Scottish Gael was practically one, and it was some time after that a distinctively Scottish type of Gaelic literature arose. The Fenian ballads, as a whole, are the common heritage of Irish and Scottish Gaeldom, and those recovered in Scotland are uniform in testifying to Erin as the original nursery of these lays. The Gael of Scotland need not envy the riches of Innisfail, for they belong to the race of which he forms a part.

Whatever the "Feinn" may have been, whether the pure product of Celtic imagination or historical personages shrouded in mythological mist, they have received a definite chronological position at the hands of the Irish annalists. The Fenian cycle is placed in the third century, in the latter half of which—277 A.D., according to the received chronology—the power of the Feinn was broken at the battle of Gabhra, and the Kings of Ireland recovered their disputed sway. After the battle of Gabhra—a struggle which has left deep marks on the Ossianic Saga—the Feinn disappear from view. In the ballad poetry which relates to that and other sanguinary fights Ossian and Saint Patrick are brought together in colloquies—Agallamh—which, among other points of interest, illustrate the conflict between Celtic Paganism, now uttering its dying voice, and the advancing light of the Christian religion. It is needless, of course, to point out the historical incongruity of an actual meeting between Ossian and Patrick, assuming the former to be an historical personage who survived the battle of Gabhra. Giving the Pagan hero the most liberal allowance of longevity conceivable after 277 A.D., it is not possible that Patrick, who was born in 372 and died in 458, could have interviewed him in the flesh. Conscious of this hiatus, the poetic genius of Gaeldom has been equal to a way out of the difficulty, and this has been provided in one of the finest of the Irish Ossianic ballads, "Laoidh Oisín ar Thír na 'n Og," "The Lay of Ossian in the Land of the Young."

This poem is said to have been composed by Michael Comyn, an Irish scholar and folklore singer who flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century, and is in the usual form of a dialogue between Ossian and Saint Patrick. It is intended to give the Pagan warrior's *raison d'être* so late in Irish history, and although the comparatively modern period of its composition may be regarded as detracting from its value as an evidence of ancient

religious culture, such a view ought not to be seriously pressed. Though its literary form is late, its atmosphere and spirit are of a Pagan type: it is instinct with pre-Christian sentiment. The story is told by Ossian in response to Patrick's inquiry as to how he lived after the "Feinn," and a short sketch of its main outlines may be of interest. The substance of the quotations is given in the narrative.

After the Feinn were decimated at the battle of Gabhra, a few of the surviving warriors, including Ossian, were one day following the chase on the borders of Loch Lene, the ancient name of the far-famed and classic Lakes of Killarney. They had started a fawn, and the hounds were in full pursuit when there appeared in the distance a rider mounted on a beautiful white steed. On a nearer view this was seen to be a golden-haired lady of exquisite beauty, dressed in robes of costly silk, bespangled with gold.

Bu deirge a gruaidh na an ros  
'S bu ghille a snodh na eala an tuinn  
Bu mhillse blas a balsam fos  
Na mil a bheadh rol tre dhearg fhionn.

On being asked her name, she replied to Fionn that she was Niamh of the Golden Head, the fair daughter of the King of Youth.

Niamh Cinn oir is e m' ainm,  
A Fhinn ghasda na mor sloigh,  
Far mnaibh an domhain fuair eas gairm  
Is mi inghean callee Rígh nan Og.

She tells that love for Ossian has brought her from the land of perpetual youth to Ireland, and she hopes to wile him back with her, tempting him with a glowing and detailed picture of the surpassing beauty, riches, and honours awaiting him there if he is responsive and accompanies her on her homeward way. It ends in Ossian yielding to the charms of this princess from the Celtic Paradise, and amid the lamentations of the surviving Feinn he departs with Niamh, mounted on the white steed. Due westward they rode, and came at last to the sea, which ebbed to make way for them, and filled in behind them as they went.

Do thugamair ar g-eul do 'n tír,  
'S ar n aghaidh go direach, glan, siar,  
Do thraigh an mhín-mhuir romhain,  
'S do líon na brolláinibh ionar deigh.

They travelled across the boundless ocean, and saw many a land. There was an episode which enlivened their journey to the beyond. They visited a castle governed by a giant who had carried away the daughter of the King of "Tír nam beo," "The Land of the Living," another Celtic Paradise, but inferior in felicity to the Land of Youth. Ossian chivalrously championed the abducted princess, and after three days' mortal combat slew the

monster, and set the lady free. Ossian was sorely wounded, but the liberated princess put balm and balsam in his wounds, and he proceeded to "Tir nan Og," where he married the fair Niamh. He had two sons and a daughter, and the land of the immortals proved so surprisingly happy that three hundred years seemed but a short time. But despite all, his thoughts would go back to the Feinn, and he asked permission to visit them once more, taking with him the white steed. Niamh consented very reluctantly, on his promising not to alight from horseback, for if he did he would never return.

A deirim leatsa nis gun gho,  
Na thuirlingear fos de 'n each bhan,  
Na tiugfair choidhch go Tir nan Og,  
A Oisín oir na 'n aom 'n aigh.

He then visited the haunts of his mundane life, but the Feinn and their strongholds, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," had passed into nothingness, and he found himself indeed "Oisín an deigh na Feinne," the last of his race. Passing through Glensmole one day he saw a number of people trying to raise a large block of granite to its place in a building that was being reared. One of the officers in charge, seeing this warrior of gigantic stature, and addressing him as a "Princely young hero," requested his aid. He consented, and, catching hold of the stone, lifted it into position. This was his undoing. While he stooped to effect his purpose his foot happened to touch the ground, the white steed flew away, the three hundred years of Elysium were annihilated, and Ossian was left behind, reduced to the extremity of mortal weakness which extreme age produces, worn, decrepit, blind.

Do chaillear amharc mo shul,  
Mo dheabh mo ghnais 's mo sgail,  
Do bhios an sheanair bocht dall,  
Gun bhrìgh gun mheabhair gun air.

Such is the account which Ossian is made to give of himself in this colloquy with Patrick. No doubt there are some incongruities. His sojourn in "Tir nan Og" is 150 years too long for the requirements of the received chronology to enable him to interview the Christian missionary after the loss of his celestial attributes. Fionn, who, according to the more authoritative view, was dead before the battle of Gabhra, takes part in the farewell lamentations uttered by the Feinn on Ossian's departure to Tir nan Og. It may, however, be remarked that tradition is by no means uniform as to whether Fionn died before the battle of Gabhra. In any case, whatever may be said about these and other minor anachronisms, they do not materially depreciate the value of this beautiful ballad

as embodying belief concerning the hereafter which were the common stock of the Aryan race ages before Christianity dawned upon the world.

—:o + o:—

## CUAIRT A LEODHAS DO GHLASCHU.

Air feasgair fuar fann Geamhraidh bha sluagh lionmhor air an cruinneachadh air laimrig Steornabhaigh. Aig taobh an laimrige bha bata-na-smuide a' plogadh 's ag osnaich agus a' dòrtadh deathaich throm dhùbh bho 'luidheair dheirg. Air bord bha buidheann mhnathan-uasal an taic beòil-mòr na luinge, agus air an cul-thaobh sheas duin'-uasal ann am breacan is feile. Is ann a tha a' Choisir-Chiùil Ghaidhealach a' fàgail Leodhais air son Glaschu. Cha 'n ann air son gu bheil am baile mòr sin 'n a bhaile Ghaidhealach, tha a' chuis an ceart aghaidh so. Tha stàirn is stairich nan sràidean agus gleadhraich innleachdan eagalach a' cur uamhas air fear-àiteachadh nam beann sàmhach, agus tha a' Bheurla, mar gu'm biodh i air a tacradh is air a saltairt, a' claidh cluasan nach cuala riamh ach cannt bhinn nan gleann. Ach am measg nithean cho mì-fhreagarrach neo-ghnathach tha àireamh nach beag de fhiòr-Ghaidheil na h-Alba a' fuireach agus ag oibricheadh. Is iad na h-Eileanaich gu h-araidh, na fir agus na mnathan a's deapadaiche 's a's misneach-eile de mhuinntir nan Eilean, a tha ag iarraidh beathachadh agus soirbheachadh anns a' bhaile mhòr so. Tha e 'cur aobhneas air an cridheachan a bhi a' cluinntinn canàin an aithrichean agus ciùil is bardachd an dùthchais. Tha e cur sgath soluis anns na sràidean gruamach a bhi 'faicinn chairdean nach d'fhàg Leodhas ach an dè agus a bhi 'buidhinn mu ghnòthuichean an dachaigh féin. Is e so an t-aobhar a tha 'cur air falbh á Leodhas muinntire a' Choisir-chiùil agus uachdaran Leodhais, oir tha co-cruinneachadh mòr de mhuinntir Leodhais gu bhi ann an Glaschu an ath-oidhche.

Ach tha 'n sgiobar a' fàs neo-fhoighidneach, Chaidh an clag mu dheireadh a bhualadh, chaidh an cead deireanach a labhairt, charaich an t-soitheach gu mall, ghabh i seachad air an tigh-soluis, agus uidh-air-n-uidh chomhdach dorchadas na h-oidhche i le 'sgail. Thuit cadal trom air na cuirp agus air smuaintean na h-inntinn.

Ach is fheudar do smuaintean a bhi ri dùsgadh 'nuair a tha 'n luchd-turms 'nan seasamh air Tir-mòr na h-Alba. Tha 'n oidhche ann fhathast, ach tha solus glaisneulach air a sgaoileadh air an fhaighe, air an tìr agus air na speur. Tha an cuan glas ciùin, is gann a tha e' luasgadh gu fann. Is gann a

tha dath sam bith ann fhathast, ach tha 'n t-athar anabarrach glan seimh soilleir. Tha 'Tir-mòr air ar culthaobh ann an dorchadas, ach tha na h-Eilean anns an aird-an-lar mar gu 'm biodh an slios an air an dealbhadh gu gear air aghaidh nan speur; Eig agus Ruma liath-ghorm, an t-Eilean Sgiathanach agus a' Chuilinn dubh-phurpur, agus fad 'a mach ris an iar-thuath tha ar cridheachan ag innseadh dhùinn gu bheil Leodhas 'n a luidhe fo na neòil dhubha sin a tha briseadh-na-faire gu bhi 'togail gu h-aithghearr. Cia maiseach saoghal nan Siar-Eileanan! Nach feum gu bheil a' mhuinntir a tha 'comhnuidh ann am measg àilleachd cho mòr agus air an cuairteachadh le h-athar cho glan, a bhi iad fèin glan, beusach, treibhireach, agus diadhaidh? Nach feum gu bheil iad 'n am parantaidh caoimheil agus 'n an cloinn dheasach? Nach feum gu bheil—"Paipeir-naidheachd! Paipeir-naidheachd!" ghlaodh balach beag, agus fheargair guth Leodhasaich. "Ne so Am Breugadair Laitheil? Ciamar a tha na h-anmannan bochda ann an—?" ach gheàrr fead sgreadach na briathran agus ghradh tha 'n luchd-turuis a' siubhal troimh dhuthaich anns nach 'eil comas aig na smuaintean a chaidh a dhusgadh aig Mallaig a bhi 'n an tàmh. Seall, is e so Loch-nan-uamh far an d'thainig Prionns' Tearlach air an aon-là-deug de mhios dheireanach an t-Samhraidh 1745, a chridhe làn dòchais aird, agus gus an d'thill e air an naoidheamh-là-deug de 'n seachd-mhios 1746 'n a fhogarach bochd. A nis tha 'n rathad iarruinn a' sniamh a mach's a steach aig iochdar nam beann an feadh an robh am Prionns' air allaban. A nis tha e 'gabhail seachad air Gleann-fionan agus air an tur a chaidh a thogail mar chuimhneachan air an làth 'ainmeil. Nach faod gu'm bi suilean na h-inntinne 'faicinn na brataich a 'snamh gu flathail ris an t-soirbheas agus a' cluinntinn sgread nam pìoban agus buaidh-chaitrim nam Fìneachan! Ach cho luath a's a tha na smuaintean air an socrachadh air cuspair sam bith, is ann a tha 'n rathad a 'cur cuspairean eile fa comhair nam sùla. Tha 'n inntinn a' fàs sgith, tha a' mhaduinn òg fhathast, bu ghoidir an oidhche, agus ma dh'fhaoide gu'n tuit cadal air a' chuid is mò de 'n luchd-turuis mu'n ruig iad ceann-uidhe a' bhaile mhòir.

Tha 'n oidhche ann, ach tha mìle lòchran a' dealradh ann an "Talla-mòid-a' bhaile" far am bheil morshluagh air an teannachadh r'a cheile. Ciod a tha 'n so ach Co-chruinneachadh Bliadhnail de mhuinntir Leodhais agus na H-Earradh. Cha d'thainig ach mu thuairream fichead Leodhasach a' Leodhas a' mhaduinn so, agus so agaibh dlùth do thri mìle agus seachd ceud Eileanach anns an talla mhòr an nochd! Is iongantach am baile mòr

e! Ach bhuail e ochd uairean, ghleusadh ochd pìoban chum fàilte 'chur air a' chuid-eachd agus thoisich an Ceann-suidhe ri oraid a thoirt seachad. Labhair e mu dheighinn a' Chlisam, mu Eirinn, mu Mhorair Ceann-rois (Roseberry) agus mu iomadh ni a' fàgail a mach Leodhais. Fa-dheoidh thainig crìoch air an oraid. "Is ceannach air an ubh an gloc," agus a nis thainig an t-ubh, is e sin ri radh an ceòl. O cia binn solasach an ceòl sin! Cia taitneach brosnachail na h-orain, orain Gaoil, orain Cogaidh, orain ar Duthcha, orain ar Dachaigh! Ach thug a' Choisir-chiùil bàrr air na chualas riann anns an talla so. Bha guth mar chèòl na smèaracha aca, bha guth Leodhais fèin ann! Cha chualas rè na h-oidhche orain ni 's boidhche na "Mo roghainn a' Ghailig" agus "Am faigh a' Ghaidhlig bàs." O Mhnathan-usal Coisir-chiùil Steornabhaig, mo bheannachd agaibh, soraidh slàn leibh gu brath!

Ach thainig crìoch air ceòl agus tha 'n Ceann-suidhe, uachdaran Leodhais, a rithist air a bhonn. "A Chairdean" a deir esan, "bu choir dhomh beagan bhriathran a labhairt mu dheighinn Leodhais. Air feasgar aobhneis agus aighir mar cho, na 'n eil e freagarrach a bhi 'tarruing a mach tuailleasan breugach a chaidh a labhairt le daoine suarach, ach, le 'r cead, cuiridh mi 'n ceill beagan smuaintean a tha agam. Tha cuid a' cur as ar leath nach 'eil na tighean anns na h-Eilean cosmhuil ri na tighean ann an Sasunn. Is amaideach an duine sin aig am bheil dùil gu 'n faigh e àitean-còmhnuidh anns na h-Eilean far am bheil gaoth agus uisge agus sion an taobh-tuait a' sloisreadh a ghnath air sleibhtean loma, cosmhuil ri na h-àitean-còmhnuidh ann an Sasunn far am bheil an t-side ni 's ciùine agus na craobhan a' toirt fàsghaidh. Is i mo bhàrail-sa gu'n deachaidh cuma tighean nan Eilean a dhealbhadh ann an lorg àileadh agus coir na duthcha sin. Is iad so na h-aobharan a tha aig bun doighe-thogail nan tighean anns gach cearn de 'n t-saoghal. Tha fios againn gu math nach 'eil na tighean gu tur mar bu choir iad a bhi; tha sar-fhios aig na croitearan fèin nach 'eil. Ach is i mo bhàrail-sa mar an ceudna gu bheil tigh isosal, aig am bheil ballachan glè leathainn agus tughadh tiugh air a mhullach, ni 's freagarraiche 's a' toirt ni 's mo de co-fhurtachd, na tigh aird aig am bheil ballachan tana agus brat-gaoisideach air a mhullach. Is ann mar so a tha a' chuis ma—agus is brioghmhòr an 'ma' so—bhitheas an tigh isosal air a shuidheachadh air làraich gu h-iomlan fallain agus air a dheadh-thogail gu tur. A nis a thaobh àite air son togail, thubhairt mi uair is uair gu bheil mi togarrach àite air son togail a thoirt do na h-uile

croitear mur eil àite fallain aige air a chroit féin. Ach ma's ann mar so a tha a' chuis a thaobh àite, c' àit' am faighear an t-airgid air son togail? Ar leam nach 'eil an t-airgid r' a fhaotainn ach mar a bha e air fhaotainn anns an àm a chaidh seachad, is e so ri radh bho'n iasgach. Tha moran tighean math' ann (tha na tiolpairean buairesach a' di-chuimhneachadh so—le deòin) agus chaidh na tighean so a thogail tro iasgach fialaidh. O chionn iomadh bliadhna cha robh toil aig Freasdail iasgach soirbeachail a dheanachadh dhuinn, ach ma bhitheas toradh pailt na fairge againn a rithist, chithear moran thighean ùra 'g an togail. A nis a thaobh slàinte, is fheudar aideachadh nach 'eil an gnothuch taitneach idir, ach mur èil mi fad' am mearachd tha a' chuid mhòr de na croitearan a' fàs mi-thoilichte le staid nan tighean a tha aca. Is àill leam fios a bhi agaibh gu'n sgrìobh mi o chionn goirid a dh' ionnsuidh Runaire na h-Alba a dh' iarraidh air £15 Sasunnach a thoirt air coingheall do gach croitear le bu mhiann bàthach ùr a thogail dealaichte o'n àite-còmhnnidh, agus gheall mise a dhol an urras air an t-suin. Smuaintich mi mar a tha an sean-fhacal ag radh—"Is fheàrr fuine thana na bhi falamh uile." Mu thruaighe! cha robh stòras foghainteach aig ar luchd-riaghlaidh air son so. Is bochd nach urrainn iad a dheanamh ni cho beag.

"Ach gun tighinn air dìth airgid, cha 'n' eil muinntir a' cur an cuil gu furasda ri cleachd-annan an sinnsearan; gidheadh is e mo bheachd-sa nach tig atharrachadh bho 'n taobh a muigh, ach bho 'n taobh a stigh. Bu choir do thriuir no ceathrar dhaoine coir, anns gach baile-beag, cuideachd-riaghlaidh a chur suas chum iompaidh a chur air càch agus chum a chur an cèill nach 'eil e slàinteil freagarrach oileanta no treòrach a bhi' fàgail mhnathan agus phàisdean ann an suidheachadh cho mi-shocarach, 'nuair a tha comas aig na fir air an dheanamh tioram glan agus fallain gun saothair chruaidh, gun chosd mòr.

"Agus tha smuain eile agam 'nuair a tha mi beachdachadh air a' chuideachd ro-mhòr so. Nach 'eil anns an talla fharsuing cumhachd glè mhòr air son sin a leasachadh? Tha sibhsè neartmhor duineil deanadach, tha sibhsè 'cur 'ur cuil ri cleachdannan a dh' fhoghainn do 'r sinnsearan o chionn ceud bliadhna air ais; nach faod sibh a bhi 'n' ur teachdairean, an 'ur searmoinichean chum soisgeul ùr a shearmonachadh agus atharrachadh mòr a thoirt a steach ann 'ur duthchais féin? Còrr is tri-ceud-deug Leodhasach anns an talla so! Cia mòr an cumhachd a tha aca air na obair mhath!

"A nis tha mi 'g iarraidh mathanas oirbh,

a Chairdean. Cha 'n' eil mi ach a' cur far 'r comhair smuain mo chridhe, agus tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n gabh sibh ris gu caomhneil. Tha smuaintean mo chridhe air Leodhas daonnan, tha mo làn dhùrachd aige, Eilean mo ghaoil! Slàn leibh a Chairdean, Slàn leibh agus oidhche mhath duibh."

Is ann nach robh na paiperean-naidheachd a' cur a mach na briathran so, ach chaidh iad a sgrìobhadh air crioman paiper a thuit o 'n Ceann-suidhe air an ùrlar, agus bha esan a' cur roimhe iad a labhairt n'an robh an uin aige air son sin. Fhuair duine araidh an crioman paiper so 'nuair a bha e 'sguabadh an talla 'n ath-mhaduinn.

A rithist tha bata-na-sumide 'dluthachadh ri Steornabhagh 'san amoch, agus tha sùil aig an luchd-turmis air leus a' bhaile a tha fhathast fad 'air astar air an iar-thuath. Thainig a nuas orra 's a cheart àm á toiseach na luinge guth binn a' seinn—

"Theid sinn timchioll gob na Cabaig,  
Togaidh sinn tigh-soluis Amish,  
'S chì sinn Steornabhagh mòr aluinn  
'S cairdean caomh bu daimheil duinn."

DONNACHADH MAC MHATHAIN,  
Caistale Leodhais,  
Dudhlach, 1906.

## A SONG OF SKYE.

BY SHERIFF NICOLSON.

Key Aflat.

{ : s | d : m | s : s s | l : s | m : — }  
My heart is yearning to thee, O Skye,

{ | s : — | l : — s | s : — | r : — }  
Dear — est of is — lands;

{ | d : d m | s : s | l l : s | m : — }  
There first the sunshine gladdened my eye,

{ | r : — | r : — m | r : — | d : — }  
On the sea spark — ling,

{ | l : l l | d : d l | s : m | s : — }  
There doth the dust of my dear ones lie

{ | d : — | r : — m | r : d | — || }  
In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden and green fields to me  
Here in the Lowlands,  
Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn tree,  
Snowy with fragrance.  
But, O for a breath of the great North Sea,  
Girdling the mountains.



Good is the smell of the brine that laves  
Black rock and skerry,  
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves  
Down in the green depths,  
And round the craggy bluffs, pierced with caves,  
Sea gulls are screaming.

When the sun sinks on Hunish Head,  
Swimming in glory;  
As he goes down to his royal bed,  
Studded with islands,  
Flushing the Coolins with royal red,  
Would I were sailing.

Many a poor black cottage is there,  
Grimy with peat smoke,  
Where rises up to the evening air  
Purest blue incense,  
And the low music of psalm and prayer  
Rises to heaven.

Blessings be with you now and aye  
Dear human creatures!  
Yours is the love that no gold can buy,  
Nors time can wither,  
Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye,  
Dearest of islands!

This song is an exquisite gem of poetry, and is probably the finest thing Sheriff Nicolson ever wrote. The music I got from a friend, and so far as I know it has not appeared in print before. The rest of the words may be found in the volume, "Poems by A.N." M. N. MUNRO.

### DILEAS.

SGEUL MU BHLIADHNA, 1688.

[Le A. D. Mac'illeathain, Salen, air a leantuin bho thaobh-duill-ig 53]

Rinn iad suas comhla gu'n iarradh Domhnull cead a pòsadh air Sir Iain 'nuair a bhitheadh an cogadh seachad. Rinn Domhnull bòid gu'm faigheadh e urram agus onoir ann na blàir, agus "dh' fhaodte," ars' esan, "gu'n tabhair ri Seumas dhomh air ais, tir mo shinnsearan."

Mar sin bha iad a' deanamh suas cho làn aoibhneis agus toileachais-inntinn mar a bhiodh an aimsir a bha ri teachd, mar is tric a bhitheas daoine òga a' deanamh.

'Nuair a thàinig Lachuinn an lathair Shir Iain, thubhairt e ris "Am bheil fhios agad, a Shir Iain, gu'n do chuir nighean do pheathar di-meas mòr orm an diugh? Dhiùlt i mise agus tha i dol a ghabhail leis an truaghan sin a ghabh thu 'na do sheirbheis."

"Tha mise duilich sin a chluinntinn," fhreagar Sir Iain, "Bu mhath leamsa a faicinn agadsa, ach cha phòs nighean mo pheathar-sa duine sam bith an aghaidh a' toile. Co dhùil,

cha'n 'e na gnothaichean sin a tha tighinn faineach ghomh an dràs. Feumaidh sinn uile teannadh a mach am màireach, leis na finneachan eile gu camp morair Dhundiagh. 'Se cùis air duthcha agus Sheumais is cudthromaiche na cùis duine sam bith eile.

Dh' fhalbh Lachuinn làn feirge, agus chuir e roimhe gu'n deanadh e dioghaltas air Mòrag agus air Domhnull.

Bha camp an t-seanailear ainmeil so air taobh tuath bealach cumhang, fadhaich ris an abair na Gaidheil Rinn Ruari, ach 's a Bheurla 'se ainm "Killiecrankie." Leis bha beagan de na trupairean a dh' fhan dileas dha, agus beagan de dh' Eironnaich fo'n cheannard Cannon; ach b' e Gaidheil bu motha a bha 'na arm. Bha na ceannardan a b' ainmeile 'n Albainn leis, eadhon, Lochial; Fear na Ceapaich; Mac a Phersoin; MacDhomnuill; sir E. MacGriogair. Mar an ceudna bha sir Iain Mac'Illeathain anns a chaimp.

Air ceann shìos a' bhealaich bha feachd rìgh Uilleim fo'n t-seanailear Macaìodh, fear ainmeil a fhuair cliù air iomadh blar anns an Roinn Eorpa. Ach cha robh e eolach air an dòigh chogaidh a bh' aig na Gaidheil, agus cha ghabhadh e comhairle nan daoine "bha eolach." "Se daoine borb, aineolach a tha anns na Gaidheil" ars esan ri fear de na h-oifigich a bha g' a chur na earalas air na Gaidheil, "agus cha sheas iad fada an aghaidh saighdearan lan ionnsuichte."

Dh' orduich e sin na gunnathan mora a losgadh a' mearg na creag, a chum agus gun rachadh na Gaidheil a sgiurseadh a mach à fàsghadh. Thug e an sin ordugh de na reinneadan coise gabhail air an aghaidh, agus thainig luchd nan each as an deigh g' an neartachadh 's g' an cuideachadh. B' e sin an sealladh gasda a bhi faicinn an fheachd ud a teannadh suas ris a bhealach gu ordail agus gu staitel, le drumachan agus le trompaidean a' smuidealh a mach ciul agus le 'm brataichean anns an ghaothaich.

Ach b' e duine a bh' anns 'an Morair Dhundiagh a thuing na Gaidheil agus na doighenan aca cho math ri Montrose. Bha e cuideachd eolach gu leoir air an canain. Thruis e na ceannardan sna h-uaislean mu'n cuairt air, agus labhair e rin mu chliù an sinnsearachd agus mu na blair ainmeil a thug iad a mach o am Ghalgacus gu am Mhontrose. "Deanab an diugh" ars' esan "mar a dh' iarras mise oirbh, agus gheibh sibh buaidh agus bithidh Seumas air a' chrun, agus bithidh cliù onoir agaibh-se 's eig na Gaidheil uile gu sìorruidh."

Leig e le saighdearan Mhic Caoidh tighinn a nuas leth an rathaid. Leum na Gaidheil a suas 's loisg iad deararach orra. Thig iad an sinn dhiubh am boineidean 's am breacan 's



ghabh 'n an caraibh leis an chlaidheamh-mhor, 'cha b' fhada a sheas na saighdearan bochdan ris an sid.

Bha cinn 's cuirp g' an sgoltadh 's g'an reubadh. Cho math 's g' an deanadh na saighdearan dearga, cha b' urrainn doibh na Gaidheil a thilleadh. Ann a' fichead mionaid bha a h-uile saighdear nach robh 'na shneadh air an lár, a teicheadh cho luadh 's a b' urrainn e le bheatha. 'S iomadh ceannard 's oifigeach 's duine treun a thuit 's an strith. Fhuair MacAoidh fhein as gle chaol, agus ghabh e rathad shruileadh. Ghluais sir Iain 's a dhaoine agus mar an ceudna Domhnall og MacLeoid iad fhein gu gleusda an latha ud. 'S iomadh saighdear bochd a fhuair am bas le 'n cuid lannan, fada, geura.

Direach nuair a bha am batail 'na dhreathd bhuaill peileiran Greumach 's an taobh. Chaidh a ghiulan gu tigh a bha dluth air laimh, agus rinn an leigh a mach nach tigeadh e bhuaith. Nuair a chuala na Gaidheil so chaidh stad air an ruaig. Bha Lochial 's na fir eile nan seasamh mu'n cuairt air a leabaidh 's iad lan bróin 's mulad gu'n robh an ceannard treun ri bás fhaighinn.

'S math bha fios aca nach robh duine eile ann a chunnadh an t-arm Gaidhealach ri cheile, oir bha eud mor eadar na ceannardan eile.

Ghlaodh am Morair Dundiagh orra agus thubhairt e riu, "A dhaoine uaisle, fhuair mise leon basmhor, agus tha mi duilich, cha'n ann idir air mo shon fhein, ach air son cuis an righ agus air son ar duthaich. 'S e so am bás bu chorr do'n h-uile saighdear a bhi toillichte fhaighinn, agus cha'n cil mise a gearran idir. Deanaibh-se a reir mar a dh' iarras an ceannard a dh' fhas mis thairis oirbh, agus na deanaibh idir strith 'nar measg fhein, air neo, mu ni millidh sibh cuis Sheumais."

Fhuair e sin litir a sgrìobhadh dh' ionnsuidh righ Sheumais mu chuisleal Albainn, agus chuir e ainm aig a deireadh le lamh shann—lamh a b' abhaista bhi lan neart air iomadh blar.

"Am bheil duine óg sgartail dileas a dh' earbas mi leis an litir so" arsa an t-seanailear.

"Tha gille óg an so" fheargair Sir Iain, "ris an earbainn mo bheatha fhein, agus cha'n e sin a mhaoin ach beatha an righ." "Gabhaidh mi e air t'fhacal-sa" arsa an Morair. Chord so gu mor ri sir Iain agus chur e fios air Domhnall MacLeoid.

Chaidh an litir a thabhairt do Dhomhnall agus se an t-ordugh a fhuair e, gabhail rathad Shruileadh gus am faigheadh e doigh air dol do Dhuneidean, agus seoladh do'n Fhraing.

A nis, nuair a chuala Lachuinn gu'n d' fhuair Domhnall an obair ard, onorach so, las e suas le feirg 's eud. Chuir e roimh nach deanadh Domhnall a mach am feasda baile Dhuneidean.

Ghabh Lachuinn a mach, agus fhuair e each, agus chum e mach ri cach gur ann a' falbh an deigh na naighdean a bha e. Thainig e air feadhain de shaighdearan Mhic Aoidh. Rinn iadsan air son teicheadh a' sinuaintean gu'n robh an corr a tighinn as deigh Lachuinn, ach ghloadh esan riu iad a dheanadh air an socair, agus dh' fhearaich e dhuibh c' aite an robh an t-seanailear aca. "Bithidh e an drasd dluth air Sruileadh" arsa iadsan.

Rainig Lachuinn am baile sin agus fhuair e a h-uile duine ann 'n geilt mhor, mu'n tigeadh na Gaidheil air an aghaidh. Dh' iarr e MacAoidh fhaicinn, agus dh' innis e dha mu bhas Dhundeagh 's chuir e air earalas e a thaobh an teachdaire a chuir e mach. Bha MacAoidh gle thoillichte nuair a chuala e an sgeul so, agus thug e taing do Lachuinn agus gheall e dha sporan lan oir. 'S math bha fios aige nach tigeadh na Gaidheil na b' fhaide bho'n a dh' fhalbh an ceannard. Chaidh saighdearan a chuir a mach air son Domhnall a ghlcadh. Rinn iad sinn ann an uine ghearr. Fhuairadh a' litir aig Domhnall, agus chaidh a chur le gearrd do Dhuneidean. Chaidh a thilgeil anns a phrìosan ris an abrar a "Tolbooth." An ceann beagan uine bha e air a thabhairt mu choinneamh nan morairean dearga, agus thug iad binn a chrochaidh a mach.

An oidhche mu'n robh e ri bas fhaotainn chuala e an luchd-obair a deanadh deas an aite. "A nis," arsa Domhnall, "is e so a' chrìoch bhòchd a bhitheas agamsa, cha'n fhaic mi Morag am feasda, 's cha till mi gu tir m' oige. 'N aite onoir o'm righ gheibh mi ropa na croiche. Tha so truagh, an deigh am bhlair a thug sinn a mach. Ach coinnicheadh mise am bàs mur a rinn m' aithraichean, agus bithidh mi lan dòchais ann an Dia nan gras.

Anns a mhaduinn dh' fhosgal dorus a' phrìosain, agus shaoil le Domhnall gu'm b'e luchd millidh a bh'ann g' a thoirt air falbh gu bàs. Sheas e suas agus chuir e roimhe gu'n giulanadh se e fhein gu dana spioradal agus gu'n leigeadh e fhaicinn nach robh eagal air Gaidheil roimh 'n bhas. Ach nuair a dh' fhosgail an dorus co a chunnaic e ach duine uasal sgeadaichte ann an eudach sìoda agus claidheamh caol, tana ri thaobh. Bha na saighdearan agus luchd a phrìosan a toirt urram dha, agus air a chul co bha 'na seasamh ach Morag fhein. Shaoil Domhnall bochd gur ann 'am brùadar 's an aisluig na h-oidhche a bha e. "Se so an gille" arsa an t-Iarla ('se Iarla Earra-ghadheil a bh'ann) agus 'se duine sgairteil a th' ann. Bu duilich a thoirt do phògan na Maighdinn. 'S fear dha do phògan fhein, a Mhòraig. Dh' fas Morag cho dearg ris an teine, agus a thionndadh an t-seanchuis, shin i paiper do Dhomhnall.

"Sin agad," ars ise, "paipeir a shabhail do bheatha agus thoir taining air a shon do'n Iarla—  
—an duine math a thug eisdeachd do m'—  
—tuirnigh."

"Cha'n e mise is coir taing fhaodainn," ars an t-Iarla ach an nighean so, agus cha'n eil curam nach toir thusa taing gu leor dhi.

Agus dh'innis an t-Iarla mur a chaich Morag air a dà ghluin, agus nach fhagadh i fhianuis gus an gealladh e Domhnall a shabhaileadh.

Bha luchd riaghlaidh Dhuneidean gle thoileach so a dheanamh, an neo bha cumhachd mhor aig fear Earra-ghaidheal.

Roishe so chaich Morag a chur do Dhuneidean le Sir Iain, air curam an Iarla, a chum gu'm biodh i na bu shabhailte, 'n àm mi shocair 's cogadh. Cha leig sinn leas innisidh gu'n do thill Domhnall g' a dhuthaich fhein (an t-eilean Sgitheanach), agus le ughdarras an Iarla fhuair e air ais am fearann a chaill e, agus ann an uine ghearr phos e fhein agus an nighean a shabhail a bheatha. Ach air son Lachuinn, nuair a chualar mar a rinn e air teachdaire Dhundiagh, cha robh a chridhe aige aghaidh a thoirt air Muile, a chionn fhuair e fios gu'n robh ceud biodag deas air a shon. Ghabh e seirbhis le rìgh Uilleim, agus chaidh a mharbhadh air sraidean Dhuneidean, ann an iorguill a thog a dhroch nadur fein.

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### ONLY A MEDLEY.

FROM our very infancy we have been accustomed to hear at the commencement of a new year, "*Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuibh agus mòran dhiubh.*" It is at once a simple and a friendly salutation, and one, moreover, appropriate to the opening days of a new year, when, for most people, hope burns bright, and expectations of coming good are high. Very cordially do we salute our readers at home and abroad in the words of that time-honoured formula, and we express the hope that this year may be one of much prosperity in their business occupations, and much happiness in their homes and lives. In their efforts to achieve success and to "provide things honest in the sight of all men," we entreat them all not to forget their duty and their *indebtedness* to the language of their race. In the homes in which they live, in the school in which they teach or learn, in the sphere of daily activity, in the social circle to which they belong, in the recreations in which they indulge, they will find boundless opportunities of speaking it, speaking for it, and pleading for assistance towards the great movement which An Comunn Gaidhealach has recently set on foot for the greater promotion of the Gaelic language, its literature and music—we refer to *Feill a' Chomuin*. Every true Highlander, whether dwelling at home or from home, must have a deep affection for the county, town, or island to which his forbears and he belong. The *Feill* affords a splendid opportunity of giving

practical effect to such an affection. Stalls are being organised—they are in many cases fully organised already, and are worked for vigorously—for the Counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Perth, Stirling; for the towns of Greenock, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London; and for the Western Isles. There are also a Children's Stall, Book and Art Stall, Home Industries Stall, and last but not least important, Stall of Friends across the Seas, the already remarkable success of which we recorded in the December issue of AN DEO-GREINE. One or other of these must appeal strongly to every Gael. Let him work for that one with might and main. By so doing he will be helping to promote the teaching of Gaelic; to provide funds for giving bursaries and monetary assistance to Gaelic-speaking pupils desirous of being trained for the teaching profession whose circumstances are such as to require help; and to assist the development of Highland industries. In the following quatrain the poet has summed up the duty of Gaels in every age:—

"Seasaibh. mar's na laithean a thréig  
Air son canain laoiach na Feinn',  
'S gheibh sibh buaidh ma bhios sibh treun,  
Bhios chum feum do Thir nan Gleann."

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We are deeply indebted to Miss Farquharson, of Invercauld, the energetic convener of Buth Lunnainn, for permission to publish in this column the able and lucid address on "The Oireachtas and The Mod of 1906," which she delivered, by special request, before the Gaelic Society of London on the 15th November last. Accompanying the MS. of the speech was this letter:—"Dear Sir,—You have asked me to send you my paper for publication in AN DEO-GREINE. I am all the more pleased to do so because on the occasion of its being read to Comunn na Gaidhlig an Lunnainn many expressed a hope that it might appear in print. I must, therefore, thank you most heartily for according me this facility. Eighteen months ago I addressed the same audience, asking them to follow me into Ireland's past. On Thursday, 15th November, I spoke to them of what is happening to-day in Eire and in Alba, trying to conjecture what effect *this present* may have upon the future of our race."

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"*Smaonich air na daoine a thig*"—think of those that come after you. It has been alleged that the Gael errs grievously against his future by dwelling too insistently on the past, but I would like to show you how the two branches of the Gaelic family, all like and unlike as they are, have in ways similar, yet dissimilar set their faces and thoughts towards those who come after, even while they desire to follow closely the deeds of their ancestors—how they desire to demonstrate that in handing on to the generation to come, that which has descended to them from the times of old, they are engaged in a lofty and a patriotic work that no man has a right to despise.

You will not hear from me now or at any time a discussion as to whether or no Gaelic has a commercial value, as to whether it should or should not die, for I ask for its preservation on much higher

grounds than that—I ask it because it is the national language of a distinctive race. If I had Gaelic as my first language I would every day of my life speak it to some one who might be in danger of losing that language. As my Gaelic is not for anyone's ear or eye but my own, I am obliged to be content to tell you in English what I hear other men saying, what I see them doing for Gaelic.

The Gaelic Society of London did me the honour this year to appoint me their delegate at the Irish Oireachtas and the Highland Mòd. I thought it only right to lay before them some brief account of what passed in Dublin and Oban, for the information of those of our London members who may not have seen a newspaper report of these events, and this I was asked to read in the form of a paper on the 15th of November. The Oireachtas in Dublin taking place the week of the 5th August naturally has precedence by virtue of its earlier date, so I will deal with it first.

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Conrad na Gaedhligé has now been in existence for fourteen years, about the same time as An Comunn Gaidhealach, and I do not know when first the Oireachtas became part of its integral organisation, but from small beginnings it has grown to be the chief event of the Gaelic year in Ireland, as the Mòd has in Scotland.

Perhaps few here know Dublin, the ancient stronghold of the Danes during their occupation of the eastern coast line of Ireland from the 8th to the 11th century, but in the language of the Gael Dublin bears another name, *Bla' a Clee*—Baile ath Cliath, the town of the ford of the hurdles—a ford over the dark Liffey now crossed by many bridges. Such is her name in the mouth of every good Gaelic Leaguer to-day.

At *Bla' a Clee*, then, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell and I found ourselves during a bright warm week in August, and up and down O'Connell Street, known as Sackville Street to the Saxon, we walked, morning, noon, and evening, from our hotel to the old Rotunda or public hall, where competitions, lectures, concerts, Ard Fheis, and Irish plays kept us occupied, amused, and astonished too, for five whole days. It was a true feast of the Gael, for all that could be in Gaelic was in Gaelic, notices, programmes, the official newspaper, the speeches, the plays, the Caintín one heard in the street, and indeed one felt a zealous Gaelic-Leaguer drew no imaginary picture when he declared that "soon English will be as much an anachronism at the Oireachtas and at the Ard Fheis as it would have been at the Feis na Teamhrach.

Our first care was to make our arrival known to our brother Albannachs, delegates from An Comunn Gaidhealach, and we were delighted to find that we were to be supported by the Rev. Malcolm MacLennan, of Edinburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Watson, of Inverness; and Mr. MacDonald, of Glasgow; and to present ourselves as delegates from Comunn na Gaidhlig and An Comunn Gaidhealach to the President, An Craibhin, Dr. Douglas Hyde, of the Gaelic League, with whose acquaintance I was already honoured. A truly Gaelic

welcome awaited us from all, and at eight o'clock on the Monday evening we had the pleasure of walking on to the platform in the concert room of the Rotunda, and witnessing the enthusiastic reception by a packed audience of him, whom for the fourteenth year in succession they acclaimed their President.

Dr. Hyde spoke to the meeting in a few words of English and in a great many of Irish. After his own tempestuous reception he introduced the Highland delegates in that language, and I heard him mention *a Bhean uasal Ni-Nic Fhearchar*, whose "Ireland's Ideal" was in the hands of all Gaelic Leaguers; then he presented Mr. Gibson, William Mac Giolla Bhríde, delegate from Wales, Father Fielding, from America, Donchad O'Kelly, from Bolivia. Mr. MacLennan stood up and answered in Gaelic for the Highlands, and after a few moments relapsed into Beurla, saying, "Now, as few of you can understand me, I will continue in English," and from hundreds of Irish throats rose the cry to go on in the Gaelic, for they understood right enough, and he went on, punctuated with cheers. Mr. Gibson in Welsh, and Donchad O'Kelly in Spanish, Irish, and English, gave messages from sympathisers in Wales and South America, and Father Fielding, from Chicago, spoke to them of exiled countrymen in that city—a most stirring and pathetic speech in English, the keynote of which was our language and our country. There were no explanatory paragraphs as to the commercial value of Gaelic, no desire for a purer accent in foreign languages.

When we had shouted and clapped ourselves tired, the concert began. There were sweet Irish songs and humorous songs, purely humorous songs, by Mrs. Clandillon, Mr. Clandillon, and Mr. O'Shee. There was the grand march of Brian Boru on the harp, when you heard all the battalions and all the armies of the Gael marching near and nearer, alas! only to fade away again into the night, far away over the great hushed audience that listened—and then Ruadri MacLeoid—Ruadri from Inverness—roused us again to enthusiasm with "*Cead Deireannach nam Beann*," and over again the Irishmen told me "we have singers, but none to move us like Ruadri from Alba."

Next day all settled to the important work of the competitions. Mr. MacLennan was most constant in his attendance, and his great knowledge of his own Gaelic enabled him to follow and understand recitations, *Sean-Iaith*, and conversations. He said he delighted in the children, in the old men, in the natives. The most famous Seanachies of Ireland were there—Patrick O'Ennery, of Cnoc na Tuagh; Thomas MacKeedy, of Spidal; Eamonn O'Brian, from Inis-maan, in the Aran Islands.

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If statistics mean anything to you, here are a few I drew from official programmes and papers. There were in the syllabus of competitions 83 classes, of which the first 27 were literary ones, and therefore done at home, just as they are under Mòd rules; 7 prose competitions: 2 historical essays; 5 poetry and drama; 4 folk lore; 4 technical terms; 2 collection of airs (I noted that the prize-winner lived in London); 2 art. Then of competitions decided

at the Rotunda there were 15 classes for recitation, oratory, and dialogue; 1 oral history; 3 story telling; 2 reading; 22 musical; 8 dances; 1 best method of teaching. In this last connection I may say that colleges, where teaching methods form an important feature, are now established in each of the four provinces of Ireland.

The entries for these competitions, including the literary competitions, exceeded 700. The same names, of course, figure in several competitions, but still the number is large, more than 40 competitors appearing in some competitions. To one accustomed to Highland Mòds, the absence of interest shown in the four excellent choirs competing in the musical portion marks a curious want of appreciation of what was very beautiful. The hall during the evening the choirs were competing was practically empty.

One evening was spent very pleasantly at the Lord Mayor's reception at the Mansion House, at which from 600 to 700 persons were present. The Mansion House is a fine old house with a beautiful round reception room added to it. There, to the sound of a good fiddle band, the young people danced jigs. Ruadri MacLeod again sang to us, and I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of many prominent Leaguers, literary men, artists, professors and clergy, notably Mr. Seamus MacManus, author of "A Lad of the O'Freels," and "Ballads of a Country Boy;" Miss Milligan, writer on Cuchullin Legends, The Marrows, artist and stage-manager; Mr. Rolleston, Greek scholar and Irish art critic; Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Professor, now Member for Galway; Father Hogan, the well known Irish historian; Miss O'Farrelly, for the third year running at the head of the poll for the Coiste Gnotha (Executive of the League), Miss Butler, author of "The Ring of Day;" Dr. Henebry, Dr. MacTrerny, and Mr. Brennan, Irish scholars; and Mr. Hannay, Protestant clergyman and author of the "Seething Pot" and "An Piorach," and in every room and corner were delighted country lads sitting and kneeling in circles, listening to some well-known seannachie telling some grand tale of old. Mr. MacLennan told me it was one of the best Ceilidhs at which he had ever assisted.

But our interest day and night never flagged—the hours were not many enough or long enough to see or hear all we wanted. By the help of my kind friends, Mr. Fournier d'Albe of the Celtic Association; Colonel Plunket, of the Museum of Science and Arts; and Mr. MacSweeney, of the Royal Irish Academy, we were enabled to see all that is best worth seeing in Dublin, and that under learned guidance. We were thus enabled to see the precious Book of Kells, the priceless Gaelic manuscripts on almost familiar terms, and to have demonstrated to us the marvels of these glories of the Celtic race. Although my acquaintance with them is of ten years' standing, they come to me ever with fresh wonder—wonder at the centuries-old taste and learning of a so-called barbarous people. Trinity College Library, the old Parliament House, the Museum, the Academy, unrolled the history of an unknown country to my friends, and I heard them say, "We never knew Dublin possessed such things, nor that the Celts were such a people."

Then, lest we should suffer from too much learning, we had a delightful Irish play, an historical four-act play, presented to us by some enthusiastic young Dublin workpeople, all got up by themselves. We laughed and cheered when we were meant, we hissed the villain, we cheered when anything stuck, we laughed at the obvious tea-tray noise of battle that raged "off." We were delighted to find the heroine, after a lapse of ten years, still dressed in the same clothes, and every word was Irish, and everyone understood except myself and Mrs. B. Campbell, and to us An Craobhin explained.

There were two other plays which I did not see. One called "The Great Change" dealt somewhat with the idea that Mr. Gillies presented to us in "An Dugda" last spring.

Nor have I yet exhausted the sum of our entertainment. A lecture on Celtic Art by Mr. Rolleston, for the unfortunate people who had less Irish than English, beautifully illustrated with slides of Celtic carving, crosses, gold ornaments and illuminations, and in the same building a refreshing little Art Exhibition, where the beautiful black and white drawings, illustrative of Gaelic tales by Mr. Seagan MacCathmhaoil, well known as the illustrator of his brother (Seosamh MacCathmhaoil's) book of verse, showed me the beginning of a new era in Celtic book-making. Specimens of stained glass from Miss Purser's "Tur na Gloinne" also accentuated the fact that purely modern Celtic feeling in art has not broken short with F. G. Watts, Morris, and Burne-Jones, but is finding a re-awakening on native soil. Art without industry would not further the future of the Gael, so a purely utilitarian exhibition was in progress in a room of the Rotunda, where the good Gaelic Leaguer fitted himself out with tweeds, boots, blacking, lace and linen, all *bona fide* made in Ireland by the supporters of the cause, and last, not least, there were books, Gaelic text books, picture books, story books, history books, copy books, printed not by one firm, but by the Gaelic League, by Sealy Bryers, by Nolan, by Mansel, and by Gill, from children's books at a penny to handsome archæological works.

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But I have kept to the last the most important assembly that sat in Dublin during the Óireachtas week. I refer to the Ard Fheis of Connrad na Gaedhlig. The Ard Fheis sat nearly the whole of the week, the final sederunt being from 10 a. m. on the Friday till 6 p. m. on Saturday, 36 consecutive hours. There attended 400 Teachtaí from the various branches, representing an affiliation of 40,000 members. Travelling in Ireland is neither speedy nor cheap, so this represents a great sacrifice of time and money, and all are drawn from the workers, the young workers of Ireland.

We were allowed to witness their proceedings, but when they were voting for the new executive an episode of "I spy strangers" took place, and An Craobhin descended from the platform and extricated us from among the delegates, and put us on the platform beside him, where all could see we remained harmless and inactive.

What can I say of all those bright young fellows,



earnest, for the most part moderate in their speaking, rising or sitting as the president allowed, speaking to resolutions, with a five minutes' bell tinkling to warn them they were exceeding their five minutes, always speaking in Irish when they could, or if words failed them, asking leave to relapse into Beurla? If the Ard Fheis thought a man's Gaelic good enough to go on, they denied English to him, and amid good-humoured encouragement he stumbled to the end, but for the most part the Teachtaíri were forcible, fluent speakers of Gaelic, and all their desire was for better education and for facilities to remain good Irishmen in their own country.

And they got through a vast amount of business. Great sums, some thousands, were voted for the coming year, and then, in a splendid oration, An Craoibhin reminded them "we have set our hands to no lighter task than the regeneration of Ireland."

Now, how shall I give you an idea of what feeling was produced in my mind by all I have told you? It is not difficult, but the words in which I shall tell you are not my own. They were written of the Oireachtas by a little visitor from an eastern island, the Land of Chrysanthemum—an island which, while it advances in civilisation, has determined not to break with its past.

Did you during the late Russian-Japanese war read a pamphlet entitled "The soul of a Nation?" There you read how the love of country, the worship of ancestors, led an unwarlike people to equip themselves with every modern armament, and go and fight a foe away from their Island home. To do this they have adopted Western ways, but they are to keep their manners, customs, and language; they are to worship the long gone past, yet they are approved of by Englishmen throughout the world, whereas the sons of the Gael who desire to keep the past in remembrance are called visionary dreamers; and this is what the son of Japan wrote after his first experience of the Oireachtas:—

"Did I find the competitions interesting? Sublimely, yes. Most of all I liked the old men and women and little children who came from remote places of your island, and sang or recited or told tales. And here again it seemed to me that their native art did not differ greatly from the art of our country people at home."

If the native languages, art, song, legend, stories of Japan are to live, whilst the nation goes onward with modern civilisation, with no thought in the hearts of these ancestor-worshippers that the past has no commercial value, if the native language and art of Ireland is thought worthy of preservation by thousands of her young men, surely, I say surely at last the Highlander will stand forward boldly for his country and native speech, and say he *wishes it to live because it is his own*.

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I hope I have not dwelt too much at length on what happened in Dublin, but whereas all Highlanders have had news of the Mòd, and everyone of them should have read an excellent account of it in the November number of AN DEO-GRÉINE, I doubt much if any details of the great gathering at Bla'a-Clee reached many in Scotland, and this is how I look at the Oireachtas and the Mòd.

They require to be considered together. The 83 competitions and 700 entries at the Oireachtas are a respectable number, but we can add, pointing to 45 competitions and 400 entries at the Mòd, that together there were 1,100 entries in competitions at the two great Gaelic festivals of the year. See how we strengthen each other's hands, for with five newly started branches, An Comunn Gaidhealach still only numbers about 600 members, yet they can supply material for three days' work at Oban, and every ardent member desires to see the numbers rise until they rival their Irish brethren. And the knowledge of those regiments of young Irishmen working across the narrow strip of water there, does help many of us, members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, to keep our hands to the work, although I fear some still look upon them with distrust. May the years as they go on dispel that feeling.

I looked across that narrow sea one afternoon to where the sun was shining on Cantire, whilst I stood in County Antrim, not far from Fair Head, so short a space dividing the two lands. A few days later I took steamer from Belfast to Glasgow, and thence by the Kyles of Bute and the Crinan Canal to Oban. A beautiful and delightful journey in itself, and the weather, the last week in September was mild and bright beyond words. Oban, emptied of tourists, with its native population of 5,000 standing fast for Gaelic, was perhaps a better setting for an assembly of Gaels than Bla'a-Clee, where the thousands of sympathisers are swallowed up in the midst of 250,000 indifferent souls. Those best qualified to judge, whispered that there was too little Gaelic spoken in and about the hall of meeting at Oban, but I caught plenty of it passing in the street from time to time. What can one say of the setting of the proceedings, the sea, the boats coming and going, the wonderful sunsets over Mull, Dunollie standing as sentinel to the bay, with Etive and further inland seas beyond, with every glen and river teeming with poetry, history, legend, with the spirits of Deirdre and the heroic sons of Uisnach brooding around us?

I fear I stole a few hours to explore some of the nearer beauties of Lorne, but I did my duty as delegate at all meetings and concerts, on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday during which Am Mòd was assembled. How the fifteenth Mòd has surpassed its predecessors! From one to two days it had grown a year or two since, and now it has annexed a third for the very successful juvenile competitions and concert.

These took place on the first day at the Argyllshire Gathering Hall, and the entries were excellent, but for first one and then another reason many of the children had to absent themselves. Those from Poole-ewe, under Mr. W. Cameron, and those from Oban itself gave an excellent account of themselves. Perhaps the most interesting competition was that for narrative, won by Alexander MacKenzie, of Poolewe; whilst Robt. MacDougall told a Jura fairy tale of "MacPhee's Black Dog." The Poolewe and Oban Children's Choirs were a delight to hear and watch, and one may be allowed to hope the young people, whether successful or not, enjoyed it all as much as the listeners. For on Wednesday evening they were



very important little people. They were the only occupants of the platform in the large hall, before a packed and sympathetic audience. And a delightful evening they gave us; Little May Smyllie in "Cumha na h-oighe" was, as the papers said, a little artiste; and Kenneth MacRae, in a song in praise of the tartan, standing bonnie and smiling in his philabeg, looked as though he meant what he sang. Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, in a fine speech, called upon them and upon all Highland children to "go on as they have begun, reading, talking, and singing Gaelic, and make it a matter of certainty that as long as any of you are alive, Gaelic will never die—*cha'n Fhaigh a' Ghaidhlig bàs*," and the sentiment found echo through all the crowded room. Then and all the week all were with us in feeling, meaning to do what they professed, all working, all eager, all prosperous looking, happy and interested.

So this thing must be in the hearts of the Highlanders in the "Gaidhealtachd," for none will deny Oban is the key to the Highlands, and the delight at the end of the concert, when Rev. G. MacLennan gave us a splendid rendering of "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig," was real and spontaneously expressed. Many speakers there and at other Highland gatherings have spoken out for Gaelic—Colonel Gardyne on this occasion, Sir Reginald MacLeod and Lord A. Campbell at our Buth Lunnainn meeting the other day, Lord Dunmore in a letter to the *Oban Times*, Sir Fitzroy MacLean at the Clan MacLean Dinner recently, and the Chief of MacKinnon to his clansmen, have all echoed the same sentiment, and these men, in the words of a well known letter to the *Times*, "these men are neither few nor obscure."

Throughout the next days, Thursday and Friday, the Adult Competitions went on. The Narrative Competitions, as in Dublin, excited much interest, though the reading, perhaps, showed the highest ability. The young Poolewe scholar who instructed the Braemar Classes last year, Edward Lawrie, did very well in several competitions. The Braemar Gaelic Association have been lucky enough to secure him again this winter, and the course opened, I think, on the 13th November, in Castletown of Braemar and Inverey. But it is the musical portion of the programme that gathers the largest audiences in the evenings, and the rendering of unpublished Lewis and Harris songs by Misses MacLeod and Henderson, of Stornoway, were a treat to all who heard them, as were also many of the Orain Mhor. The Stornoway Choir, a choir the London Gaels had the pleasure of hearing one winter, took the two first prizes and the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy for 1906. There were entries of 25, 18 and 20 for solo singing, and four choirs competing besides the Children's Choirs.

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Officially, Thursday was considered the opening day, and at two that afternoon we all found ourselves on the platform, listening to an eloquent address from Miss Elspeth Campbell, who voiced a feeling now growing amongst all the keenest workers for An Comunn Gaidhealach:—

"To-day there is no need to argue in favour of the beautiful language of our fathers being kept up,

as every man, woman, and child who is here to-day will cry, "*Suas leis a Ghaidhlig*."

A magnificent oration in Gaelic was then delivered by the Rev. Neil Ross, of Edinburgh, and I hope that at some future Ceilidh one of our members of Comunn na Gaidhlig an Lunnainn may be persuaded to read it to us, so that the speakers of Gaelic in London may hear what sounded eloquent, sonorous, and soul-stirring even to un-understanding ears.

Dr. Campbell, of Oban, then introduced the Irish Delegates, Mr. Doyle and Mr. O'Brogan. The former you know, the latter is from the Gaelic League, and both made short and stirring speeches in Irish, which were much appreciated.

But the crowning event of the week was An Comunn's concert, which took place in the station, lent and adapted by the Caledonian Railway Coy. I do not know whether echoes of this great feat reached you, but it was a very amazing one. The effect was peculiar and not a little awe-inspiring, for the further and open end was closed in, the incoming trains being denied access, and made to wait humble and silent without, the lines and platform were boarded over, the advertisements covered and draped with flags, and the booking office just inside the entrance was cleverly hidden under the raised platform, on which the combined choirs were literally packed. The papers mentioned that the station provided sitting room for 1,600 people, but I would not like to say how many hundreds more found standing room, and, I trust, made a substantial addition to An Comunn's Fund.

The more crowded we were, the higher grew the enthusiasm, and first the pipes, then the combined choirs in "*Si Luaidh mo chagair*," and the other choirs were heard and cheered again and again. But you all know what a Highland audience is—but here was all Gaelic and more Gaelic and still Gaelic. Miss MacKechnie's clarsach playing and the Stornoway Choir's part singing were the treats of the evening, and once more we heard the Rev. G. MacLennan's splendid voice bid us rally to the cause in a "*Suas leis a Ghaidhlig*," and brought us once more to our feet.

But while most of us were busy with competitions "An Fheil" Executives, where all our great organisations were talked over, concerts, informal receptions, and talks between friend and friend were taking place, and a great deal of very useful work was being done at the Council and Executive meetings in the Municipal Buildings, which will, I hope, have far-reaching results in the future. At the Executive meeting I had the honour of sitting as representative of an affiliated society, Comunn na Gaidhlig an Lunnainn.

It is now the opinion of every earnest Gael who attends the Mod and its councils that the time has come when An Comunn's borders must be enlarged, when it must have a larger organisation, more money with which to carry its propaganda right into the glens and to the islands, right into the hearts of the people. And how is this to be done?

(1) By having an enthusiastic and learned organiser, who will speak to the parents in Gaelic, about Gaelic, who will help the children and teacher to take advantage of whatever teaching facilities have been and will be open to them, pointing out

how and where bursaries for Gaelic may be won, where and how marks for teaching and passing in Gaelic may be claimed.

(2) By helping to get Gaelic-speaking teachers appointed to Gaelic districts.

(3) By collecting, printing, and publishing in a cheap form the great store of oral and unedited literature still available, and the many melodies yet unrecorded, or in M.S.S.

(4) By providing lecturers and adjudicators where needed in competitions.

(5) By starting a branch in every Gaelic centre to arouse interest and form choirs and classes upon whose secretary some, at any rate, of this work would devolve.

(6) By forwarding art and industry in any way that may suggest itself, *more especially by a Technical School at Oban, on the lines of the one at Golspie*, and in order to accomplish all this we aim, as you all now know, at raising a large sum of money by An Fheill next year in Glasgow.

The atmosphere at Oban was so charged with hope, so earnest for success, so positive as to the righteousness of the cause, that I hope the Highlands at large may be infused with some of the enthusiasm, the desire to do something really great for nationality and language.

The programme of An Comunn Gaidhealach contains nothing new, nothing that has not been attempted in different ways by other Associations, but instead of working "here a little and there a little," its members want to raise the whole Gaidhealtachd of Scotland—to appeal to every Gaelic speaker in town or country—at home or beyond the sea—to make one great stand for Gaelic, forgetting to say that they have done much in days gone by the older Societies—for much remains to be done, without feeling of rivalry—without asking what will be the reward. Let each and everyone help this movement through, whatever and whichever organisation preferred—adhering to whichever Buth appeals to the individual—so that all may give as much and as they can to this great effort to keep Gaelic alive. Let us demonstrate to the world that by keeping our language we shall keep ourselves, physically and morally, strong as our ancestors were, and never step down to the vulgar and degenerate level of to-day. And thus we may hand on an inheritance of physical and intellectual strength to "the men that come afterwards."

## GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS

### MANURE.

Mathachadh, manure, anything to enrich or improve the soil.

Leasachadh, idem.

Mathaich, leasaich, to manure, dung, enrich, or improve soil.

Innear, dung.

Aolach, idem; human excrement.

Todhar, dung dropped by cattle on the field; a field so manured.

Todhair, to manure a field by folding cattle upon it. Scot. taid, idem; tath-faud, a fold

in which cattle are shut up during night for the purpose of manuring the ground with their dung.

Buachar, cow-dung. In Skye cow-litter or bedding (after being used?). Dried cow-dung, called buacharan and bàcharan, was used to aid the fire in parts of the Highlands and Islands where fuel was scarce, as in the East the dung of cattle and camels is used for the same purpose.

Bualtrach, cow-dung.

Dùnan iuchair, a heap of cow-dung, grass, weeds, and rubbish fermented together for manure, Lorne.

Dùn-luchair, august dunghill, High. Soc. Dictionary.

Otrach, a dung hill, midden.

Dùnan, idem, a dung heap.

Torran, idem, Arran.

Dùn-aolaich, breunan, idem.

Feamainn, sea-ware; in Arran feamrach.

Feamnadh, manuring with sea-ware; securing and conveying sea-ware to the land.

Tràilleach, a general name for sea-weeds; stràilleach, idem, sea-ware left by the tide, Moray Firth.

Fraileach, sea-weed, MacBain.

Ròd, a quantity of sea-weed cast on shore.

Ròp, ròpadh, a collection of sea-weed floated to a convenient landing-place.

Aol, lime; aol, aolaich, manure with lime.

Ath-aol, lime-kiln.

### GREEN CROP.

Nèip, neup, snèip, a turnip.

Turnaip, tuirnip, idem.

Suaineach, snèip Suaineach, a swede, Swedish turnip.

Buntàta, a potato, potatoes.

Buntàta-tàchair, potatoes that remained in the ground over winter. Cf barr-tachair, crop sprung from seed left on the ground from the former harvest.

Glùineach, a name given to the potato at its first introduction, from its supposed tendency to weaken the knees or joints.

Cnap, a potato; spion an cnap, peel the potato, Arran.

Maoirne, maoirnean, a small potato.

Glaodhan, laodhan, the remaining part of a potato when the seed slips are cut off.

Sgoiltean, a seed slip, a split.

Sreath, a drill, row; sreath bhuntàta, a drill of potatoes.

Riadh, idem, Badenoch; riamh, MacAlpine for Skye.

Ròd, idem, Skye; rang, Perthshire.

Ròd, to blade, come through the ground, of potatoes or anything grown in rows. Tha am buntata a' ròdadh, the potatoes are coming through the ground, Skye.

Coilleag, a potato sprout.

Lus, stem and foliage of potatoes, turnips, &c. Scot, 'shaw.'

Suidhich, set or plant potatoes; planntaich, idem.

Glan, to weed, clean.

Gart-ghlan, gartghlainn, gartlainn, idem.

Cuir uir ri, furrow up, put earth to.

Tobhaig, put earth to potatoes with the hoe, West Ross-shire.

Carr, curl in potatoes, a roughness on the surface.

Galar, disease in potatoes,

Gaiseadh, blight or disease.

Lobhadh, blight or rot.

Breathadh, idem, Sutherland; for breothadh from breath, to rot.

Crodhach, black spots or lumps that form in potato stems, which in consequence break and fall over, Sutherland.

Catag, a potato cellar.

Sloc buntata, toll buntata, potato pit. The potato pits in the east of Sutherlandshire before the clearances, were made about three feet square and nearly three feet in depth. In a shelving bank that greatly resembles an old beach, above the shepherd's house at Learable in Kildonan may be seen in a row some twenty or thirty such pits, now partly filled up by the falling in of the sides, and to the stranger it is very difficult to conjecture what can have been the origin or use of so many square-mouthed, round-bottomed hollows. In those olden times when the blacksmith's customers had to bring him their own coal, an empty potato pit was used to convert the necessary quantity of peat into charcoal. Mr. Angus Mackay, Knockan, to whom we are indebted for these and many other particulars, in order to protect his potatoes from the all-penetrating frosts of Ben Armine, tried the old-fashioned pit successfully a number of years ago.

WE receive cheering reports of the enthusiasm for the Gaelic language movement which prevails among our brethren who are exiles from their native land. Miss Iona Robertson, who is having a most successful tour in Canada, and whose singing of Gaelic songs rouses the Gaels in each town she visits to a pitch of great excitement, is doing much good work for *Feill a Chomuinn*. In the very forefront of all her programmes she prints an appeal for help for "Buth Chairdean thar a Chuain," and in a prefatory note she emphasises the importance of the language movement. In Nova Scotia, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, her advocacy of the claims of the Gaelic language, and the importance of the Feill are bearing much fruit. At home, the most recently formed branch of the Comunn, that of Lochaber, promises to do much useful work in the south-west of Inverness-shire.

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

An Gearran 1907.

[Earrann 5.

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## EADARAINN FHIN.

Tha iad ag radh gur h-ann an Dunéideann a bhitheas an ath choinneamh de'n chomunn ris an can iad *Pan-Celtic Association*.

\* \* \*

Cha bhi, a réir coltais mòran ùine eadar i fhéin agus am Mòd a tha gu bhi againn ann an Glaschu.

\* \* \*

Ma bhitheas i a leith cho maith ris an té a bha againn ann an Carnarvon cha bhi i dona.

\* \* \*

Tha iad ag radh gu'm bheil suil aig na ceudan de ghillean Leòdhais a dh'ol air imrich do Chanada air an Earrach. Nach bochd nach fhaigheadh sinn fearann agus obair dhaibh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd!

\* \* \*

Tha iad ag radh gu'm bheil àite falamh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd air son iomadh mìle teaghlach—na'm faidheadh iad cead àiteachadh.

\* \* \*

Am faca sibh an Oraid a sgrìobh an t-Ollamh urramach Macphàil air *Gaelic Teaching in the Highlands*? Tha e ri mholadh air son a dhùrachd 's a shaothair air son ar Cànan 's ar dùthaich.

\* \* \*

Thàinig leabhran beag a mach fo ùghdaras

a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich o chionn ghoirid. Tha e deanamh iomradh air an àite bu chòir a bhi aig a' Ghàidhlig ann a' sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd, a réir beachdan dhaoine urramach agus eòlach o chionn ceud agus còig bliadhna fichead gus an là 'n diugh. Cha chosd an leabhar ach trì sgillinn ann am bùth Thormaid 'ic Leoid, no Aonghais 'ic Aoidh. *The Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools* is ainm dha.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a' creidsinn nach robh *An Deo Gréine* iomlan o thoiseach. Cha 'n 'eil e iomlan fhathast; ach tha sinn an dòchas gur h-ann a' dol am feabhas a bhitheas e. Tha sinn cinnteach gur h-ann ma leanas còmhnaidh fìor chàirdean a' Ghàidhil.

\* \* \*

B' anabarrach càirdeil cridheil agus glic an oraid a thug Lochial seachad an oidhche roimhe ann am Banabhi. Thug e seachad i aig banais mhòr a rinn e agus aig an robh moran de chleir agus thuath na h-oighreachd. Gu'm bu fada mhealas tuath Lochabar an Uachdaran! Tha e cur roimhe leantuinn ann an ceuman athar, agus cùram mionaideach na h-oighreachd a ghabhail air fhéin. Bidh a bhuil mhaith air fhéin 's air a thuath. Tha sinn uasal as air son an cuideachadh a tha e toirt do Chomunn Gàidhealach Inbherlochaidd.

\* \* \*

Tha iad ag radh gu'n bheil Féill a Chomuinn Ghàidhealach gu bhli glé shòirbheachail. Gabhaidh tu an t-aithreachas mar a bi làmh agad innte.

\* \* \*

Tha iad ag radh gu'm bheil Gàidhil Ghlaschu a' cur rompa a "haoidhla" a chur air an Oban le Mòd na bliadhna-sa. Tha iad air tòiseachadh mu thràth air deanamh ullachadh air a shon.



## CONCERNING TWO BLACK DOGS.

By REV. DONALD J. MACDONALD, of Killean.

The Highland Celt, no less than the Saxon Lowlander, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott for his delineation of Scottish character. His genius enabled the great wizard to span the gap which locality, race, tradition and association placed between himself and his neighbours on the other side of the mountains. The inward features of the Celtic character do not escape his piercing glance. Sir Walter's canvas teems with figures which we instinctively recognise as life-like portraits of our brothers and sisters in "tìr nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach." We feel that the character in which lord and lady, page and vassal, are represented rings true. The men and women put on the stage of Sir Walter's romances are the children of their age. The pride, the generosity, the ruthlessness, as well as the sweetness and nobility of disposition, and the invincible loyalty, are all characteristic. Fergus and Flora and Rob Roy and Torquil with "fear eile ar son Eachainn," at the battle of the Inch of Perth, are all true to the life.

But if Sir Walter did ample justice to the Celt, he egregiously failed to mete out the same measure of consideration to his language. He wrote down the Gael "like an angel," and made him talk "like poor poll." He draws the man to the life; he caricatures his tongue. Sir Walter's Gael is a deeply interesting, even a fascinating personality. But when he opens his mouth to speak his own language, we discover to our horror that he talks the very vilest jargon that ever issued from Babel. Sir Walter writes down his barbarous Gaelic all unwittingly. We come on it, here and there disfiguring his pages, none the less regretfully. How many editions of the Waverley Novels have been published, from first to last, we are not prepared to state. Suffice it to say, that in none have we seen those blemishes removed. An untiring collector, Scott picks up a word, a phrase, a scrap of an old song from Glengarry or Staffa, or from some other notable Highlander who figured in the society of the Northern capital at the time. His authority has a colloquial, but probably little or no literary, knowledge of Gaelic—"Hinc lachrymis illis." Thus we have "Neil Booshalloch," for "Niall Buachail," Neil, the herd; "Kolkitto," for "Colla ciotach;" "Gillespie Grumach," for "Gillespuig Gruamach," and "Roderick Dhu," for "Roderick dubh." At the head of chapter xviii. in "A Legend of Montrose," we come on the following:—

"Piobracht an Donuil-dhu,  
Piobracht an Donuil,  
Piobracht agus s' breittach  
Feacht an Innerlochy."

Could a more ridiculous travesty of the correct version be imagined? It is the mangled form, whose spirit breathes through that most thrilling of war songs, "Piobaireachd of Donald dubh."

A note appended to the first chapter of the second volume of "Peveril of the Peak," contains a quotation from Waldron's "Description of the Isle of Man." It relates a gruesome tale about an apparition, called in the Manx language "the manthe doog." This hound of ill omen had the likeness of a large black spaniel, with curly shaggy hair. His peculiar haunt was a passage that led through a church in Peel Castle. From his mysterious retreat he came forth at night-fall and lay down in the soldiers' guard-room. He inspired the garrison with an instinctive terror. No one had the temerity to face the ordeal of the "manthe doog's" society without a companion, until, in an evil hour for himself, a pot valiant soldier braved the issue.

The words "manthe doog" proved an inexplicable riddle for the author of Waverley. He adds: "It would be desirable to find out the meaning of the word 'manthe' in the Manx, which is a dialect of the Gaelic. I observe that maithe in Gaelic, among other significations, has that of activity or speediness; and also that a dog of Richard II., mentioned by Froissart and supposed to intimate the falling of his master's authority by leaving him and fawning on Boilingbroke, was termed 'Manthe.'" But neither of these things tends to explain the very impressive story of the fiendish hound of Peel Castle."

"Manthe doog" is, of course, equivalent to "madadh dubh," black dog. Sir Walter mistakes the adjective for the substantive, misled by the resemblance of the word "doog" to dog. "Manthe," he, not without justification in this case, relegates to the region of mystery. What grounds there are for associating maithe, in Gaelic, with activity or speediness, we confess ourselves unable to guess.

This legend brought to our recollection another black dog story, current in the Outer Hebrides. The scene is in the island of Benbecula. One crossing the island from the "Machair" land on the west, to the moor and bog land on the east, reaches a point at which the road skirts a loch, a characteristic feature of the scenery of these parts. A curved ridge of moderate height forms the sky line, at no great distance on the opposite side of the water. It is as bleak a spot as one could see

in all his travels. The heather's bloom sheds not its purple there. No sign of life is ever visible. The place looks as if made to be the home of the scapegoat. It is ever black and still and dead. One passes it with a shiver—with a feeling that the place is cursed. Near the middle of the ridge is a little mound, like the boss in the centre of a shield. You ask what it is, and you are told that it is "Airidh na h-aon oidhche," the one night sheiling.

The story goes that a man whose name was MacPhee had a dog who is known to fame by no other appellation than "cu dubh Mhic a' Phi." The dog had the reputation of being a thoroughly useless tyke. All his hours were hours of idleness. He was good for nothing but to gnaw bones and doze in the sun. As cattle dog or as sheep dog he was little of a help and much of a hindrance. For one who followed the chase, his absence was good company. MacPhee's neighbours clamoured for his destruction. There was no ignominious form of despatching incorrigible curs that was not prescribed for the black dog. But MacPhee turned a deaf ear to every entreaty to put him out of the way. His invariable reply to any who spoke ill of or wished ill to his black dog, was: "*Tha leigeadh fein a feitheamh air cu dubh Mhic a' Phi.*" His own hounding awaits MacPhee's black dog.

When the summer season came round and all was now at the prime, there repaired to "Airidh na h-aon oidhche," MacPhee, his three sons, and MacPhee's black dog. That same night there came to the sheiling four of the slender green kirtled maidens, all resplendent and alluring. MacPhee and his three sons fell victims to their sorceries. They were never seen nor heard of more. But near the sheiling was found the black dog, all stark and stiff, and of his sleek black coat there was not as much as one hair left. "*Bean chaol a' chòt uaine,*" had scalded him bare with some hell's broth! In the vain endeavour to save his kind master, "*cu dubh Mhic a' Phi*" had his first and last hounding.

In one of Campbell's "West Highland Tales"—"The Burgh"—Calum MacNeill struck a dog after being warned that it was not canny. He lost the power of his arm. An old woman, Nic a' Phi, gave him "knowledge," by means of which it was restored. Is there to be traced in these tales vestiges of clan totemism? An authority writes: "The totem protects the man. The man shows his respect for the totem in various ways, by not killing it, &c." Gregory places in the second class of the vassals of the Isles, among others, the Macfies, of Colonsay. He says (p. 81) "that the Clan Duffie, after the forfeiture of the Isles, followed the MacDonalds, of Islay."

Had they originally the same totem? The writer has a distinct recollection of a drunken, disreputable and illiterate piper of the Clan Diarmid touching his youthful, overweening pride of race on the raw by a reference to the association of his clan with the canine species. It was done on this wise. "The Campbells have the boar's heid—the bee-autiful ham and eggs—but, fìch! fìch! the MacDonalds, the dock (dog)!"

### DAN.

[The annexed Gaelic poem on the death of the Prince Consort was composed by the late Rev. D. Fraser, M.A., minister of Fearn, Ross-shire, and was the prize poem (selected out of many) at the Northern Meeting competition at the time. The author had the honour of receiving an autographic acknowledgment from the late Queen.]

'Nuair tha 'm fogh'radh air gach taobh,  
A' taomadh sìos le 'tharbhadh lan;  
'Nuair tha faile blath an fhraoich'  
Gu cubhr' a' sgaoileadh air gach laimh;  
Co is a bhain-tighearn 'tha fo ghruaim,  
A' dìreadh suas ri Lochnagar,  
'S a tha 'giulan air a gruaidh  
Dearbhadh gu'm bheil uaip' a sar?

Cò, ach Bhictoria nam beus  
Ban-rìgh aghmhor nan ceud buaidh,  
'S i tuireadh air mullaich an t-sleibh  
A' chionn a' ceile 'bhi san uaigh—  
"O! Ailbeart, annsachd mo ghaoil!  
O'n ionad naomh 'sam beil do thamh,  
An léur leat mis' air lom an fhraoich',  
A' m' aonar an so fo phramh?

"An so, a rùin, is tric leinn féin  
Fo ghorm-bhrat speur, fo fhasgaidh bheann,  
A' chuir thu gu dìomhair an geill  
Do mhòr speis dhomh féin 's do m' chlann;  
Tha mise a' m' bhantraich a' d' dheigh,  
A' sìleadh dheur fo' oisnach throm;—  
Tha iadsan a' cumha' gu'n d'eug  
An t-athair gradhach, seul nan sonu.

"Och nan och! tha'n cridhe fuar  
Is tric a' phlosg le luas ri n' chleith,  
Gun smid tha tosdach anns an uaigh,  
An teanga luath-ghaireach gun bheud.  
Tha chos bu shunndaiche ceum  
Air toir an fheidh ri uchd nan carn  
Gu rag, sinnte,—mo chreach leir!  
Fo chis do'n eug, fo ghlais a bhais!  
"O! cìod e dhomhsa gloir mo chruin?  
Cìod dhomh luchairtean nan srol?  
A' m' feadh tha n' chridhe briste, bruit'  
A' chionn mo Phrionnsa bhi fo n' fhoid!  
Bheirinn m' impearachd gu leir,  
O eiridh grein' gu luidhe sìos,  
A' chionn gun tachradh orm mo cheil'  
Air uchd an t-sleibh so mar o chian."

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

FROM the Conveners and Secretaries of the different stalls and from many workers for FEILL A' CHOMUINN, highly encouraging reports are to hand of the enthusiasm with which our undertaking is regarded at home and in the Colonies. These reports indicate a degree of activity on the part of workers and a response on the part of our countrymen and women everywhere which make us proud of what *Clanna nan Gaidheil ri guailibh a' cheile* can do. Realising the importance of securing for Gaelic the place to which it is entitled in the schools, in the homes, and in the lives of the Highland people, our workers see in the *Feill* an excellent opportunity of giving practical help to the language movement, and they endeavour to impress this point of view upon all those whose assistance they invite for the *Feill*. And they are right in doing so. We have more than once pointed out in these pages what a valuable instrument of education Gaelic can become in the hands of a skilful, bilingual teacher, and how important a means of culture the study of its literature and history is. To provide means and to afford opportunities for utilising the language and its literature in this way, we contend, is worthy of the most earnest efforts of all Gaels. And we go a step further. *We affirm that the language is worthy of preservation for its own sake alone.* The proceeds of the forthcoming *Feill* will, we hope, provide funds not only for fostering the language so dear to us, but also for developing industries throughout the Highlands, and for resuscitating Celtic art and design. We believe the *Feill* will be a magnificent success; the cordial response to the appeal of our workers for help promises that. And though we ourselves are optimistic in temperament, we should yet like to utter a word of caution regarding the work of the *Feill*. While it is true that "a work well begun is more than half done," it is often equally true that the part yet to be done is the most difficult to complete. The *Feill* work already done is splendid in quality and large in quantity, and just because this is so some, believing that success is already assured, may be tempted to relax their efforts and to allow their enthusiasm to cool. Than such an attitude nothing could be more fatal to the success of the *Feill*. There must be unremitting, determined, strenuous work on the part of every individual who wishes well to the cause we advocate. The knowledge that our workers have already been successful beyond their expectations must only serve as an incentive to all of us to work harder—to work "in season and out of season" until the *Feill* has been held and our present object achieved. Do not let us be timid in regard to the sum we aim at. If an appeal to mere sentiment on the part of one or two individuals be sufficient to loose the purse strings of the Scottish people to the tune of £10,000 to repair the "Auld Brig" of Ayr, we, appealing to the practical utility of our movement, as well as to the patriotic sentiment underlying it, cannot be accused of over-daring when we aim at raising, at least, that sum for our undertaking.

To keep our readers informed of the progress of the *Feill* work we here willingly give a synopsis of the reports sent us. GLASGOW STALL—This is under the convenership of the Hon. Mrs. MacKinnon. Ten stallholders and fifty receivers of work are busily occupied, and Amusements, Refreshments, and Bazaar Book Committees have been formed. EDINBURGH STALL—The Countess of Cassilis, Mrs. Hamilton Ogilvy, and Mrs. J. N. M'Phail are conveners, and together with Mr. J. Falconer, LL.B., 29 Rutland Square, Edinburgh, Secretary, are doing all that is possible to secure the success of this stall. LONDON AND ABERDEENSHIRE STALL—Great enthusiasm prevails in the Metropolis. A fund of subscriptions has been formed and has been heartily supported. The Highland Society, the Gaelic Society, the London Argyleshire, the Inverness-shire, the Scottish Clans Association, Coisir Chiuil Lunnain, and the Clan MacKinnon are heartily co-operating. A meeting was held last week with Mr. R. Cameron, M.P., in the chair; and Miss Farquharson, of Invercauld, and Miss Ainslie Grant Duff are receiving great support from London and Aberdeen. ARGYLL—Thirty-nine well-known ladies and fifty receivers of work have already done much valuable work, while sub-committees and work parties are rendering yeoman service. INVERNESS—The Town and County Stall is proceeding very efficiently. Mrs. Ross, wife of the esteemed Provost of Inverness, and Miss Grant, of Rothiemurchus, are indefatigable in their efforts, while many influential ladies and gentlemen help the cause. ROSS AND CROMARTY—Miss MacKenzie of Inverewe did much good work, but on account of her approaching marriage, Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch, and Miss MacKenzie of Kilcoy have taken up her duties. Mr. MacKenzie, Procurator-Fiscal, Dingwall, is Secretary. PERTSHIRE STALL—A number of leading ladies in the county have taken the matter in hand, and much progress is being made. STIRLING—Miss Graham, 20 Allan Park, Stirling, has forwarded a most encouraging report. Quite an army of workers and receivers of work has been already enrolled. GREENOCK—With brightening trade prospects, the good fortune of this stall is becoming more and more certain. Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart, Mrs. MacDougall, Mrs. Walker and others are meeting with much success. INDUSTRIAL STALL—It is desirable that some form of remunerative home industry should be practised in every Highland cottage and district in addition to the ordinary means of livelihood. This has been done in many parts of Ireland. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Plowden of Strachur, Mrs. Nelson of Auchnacloich, Mr. E. K. Carmichael, Edinburgh, are actively engaged in the matter. Twenty-one representatives have been appointed for collecting goods in various parts of the Highlands, and it is hoped that the stall will be a revelation to the South country people of the energy, industry and artistic power that is to be found in Highland homes. CHILDREN'S STALL—Mr. Macgillivray, The Manse, Petty, who is Convener and Secretary of this stall, has many promises of help from parents and children in Scotland, England, Canada, and New Zealand. Lady Munro of Nessmount is to act as President

of the stall. BOOK AND ART STALL—Lady Francis Balfour, Lady Margaret Sackville, Miss Story, Miss Parker, Mr. Neill Munro, the novelist, and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.S.A., are associated in working for this stall, and are receiving many offers of help. A Book of Favourite Quotations (*Sop as gach Seid*), a Cookery Book, and other special productions are being arranged. We feel sure we voice the feelings of all connected with An Comunn Gaidhealach when we express our deepest sympathy for Miss Story, who is an enthusiastic worker for the cause, for Miss Helen and Mrs. Story in the irreparable loss they have so recently sustained in the death of Principal Story. The late Principal was as straightforward and fearless in character as he was brilliant and cultured, and all who had the pleasure of knowing him intimately knew how sympathetic, tender, and affectionate a friend he was. He was keenly interested in the Gaelic language movement. STALL OF FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA—Space does not permit us give this stall the attention it deserves. We can only say that the response in money, promises in money, goods and rare articles are most encouraging. The Colonies, Highland Societies, a Canadian Scottish Regiment, among others have taken up the movement. Miss MacLeod-Campbell of Saddle, Argyll, is Secretary. Lord Strathcona is President of this stall. A FLOWER AND FRUIT STALL is in charge of Mrs. Outram of Forgan-denny, Perthshire, while Major Farquharson of Invercauld is arranging a Loan Exhibition of Highland Antiquities, and the Scottish Patriotic Society are to exhibit a Highland Cottage and to depict Highland Home Life, with songs, &c.

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THE CELTIC ART COMMITTEE, consisting of Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, Mr. John Duncan, and Mr. Eoghan Carmichael, have recently issued the following circular:—"There has been in the present Celtic movement no very prolonged or serious attempt made to continue and develop Celtic Ornamental Art. The style has no rival for ingenuity and beauty. It is wealthier in ornamental ideas than either Gothic or Renaissance. The Book of Kells alone would justify this claim, and we may instance also the sculptured stones of Scotland. These together represent but a small proportion of the art that survives to us. The designs in current use to-day are, on the contrary, poor in character and monotonous to a degree, giving no hint of their noble origin. The tradition was broken and has never been resumed. Scholars have done great service in preserving and reproducing old examples, but for the most part their works are in too expensive a form to be readily accessible to the people engaged in cottage industries. With a view to the forthcoming *Feill*, in order that the subjects exposed for sale be as characteristically Celtic as possible, an Comunn Gaidhealach has offered out of its small funds the sum of £12 for the purpose of eliciting characteristically Celtic designs for *Embroidery, Woodcarving, Metal, and Leather* work. This Committee (Celtic Art Committee) would like to see the Prize Fund increased to allow of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes of £3, £2, and £1 respectively in *four subjects* as above, and it takes this opportunity

of appealing to readers of *An Deo Greine* for a subscription towards this object. *The Competition will be held on the 30th March, 1907.* The prize-winning designs and others of merit will be reproduced in numbers and sold at a small figure *six months* before the opening of the *Feill*, in order to allow of home workers using these designs in the work destined for the Bazaar. In addition to the prizes above mentioned, it is proposed that a minimum sum of 5s. be paid for each design which, although not taking a prize, is considered by the judges worthy of reproduction. Donors to this prize fund are at liberty to indicate which of the four competitions they decide to give their subscriptions to. These have already given contributions:—W. G. Burn-Murdoch, Esq., one guinea; Mrs. I. G. Bartholemew, £1; Miss Alice Sargent, two guineas; Sir Frances Powell, one guinea; Miss Jane Menzies, half-a-crown; the Marquis of Tullibardine, £1. The Committee have also been promised by Mr. Campbell of Barbreck, four copies of Mr. Blunts' book on design, *Arbor Vitæ*."

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A largely attended meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Christian Institute, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 11th January, Lieut. Henderson presiding. The report submitted in regard to the Oban Mòd showed gross receipts of £389, an expenditure of £190, and a surplus of £199. The report was considered most satisfactory, and it was unanimously agreed to record the Executive Council's appreciation of the excellent results of the Oban Local Committee's efforts on behalf of the Mòd. Mr. Reid, who is Secretary of the Glasgow Local Committee to arrange for this year's Mòd, reported that a large and influential Committee, composed of local members of Executive and representatives of Affiliated Societies, was formed on the first day of December, 1906, to make preparations for the forthcoming Mòd. Under this Committee are to work—(1) A Preliminary Arrangements Committee; (2) a Printing, Advertising and Halls Committee; (3) a Prize and Mòd Fund Committee. The Lord Provost of Glasgow, who was waited upon with a view to secure the patronage and support of himself, the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow, expressed his willingness to support the application of this Committee when it came before the Council. Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Convener of the Publication Committee, submitted minutes of that Committee, which were to the effect—(1) The name, size, and price of *An Deo Greine* to remain unaltered in the meantime; (2) an Index for Volume I. of the Magazine, to be prepared by the Convener; fifty copies of it to be bound, and twenty-five additional copies, as circumstances require, to be bound at a time; the price of the bound volume to be 4s. nett. Mr. MacDonald reported that the Magazine was now practically paying its way, and that were it not for the heavy expenditure incurred over the first five issues, would now have been clear of debt. Mr. Carmichael, seconded by Mr. J. A. McKay, moved that the Executive recommend to next General Meeting of An Comunn that the Constitution be so altered as to allow the Executive being



composed of thirty-five instead of twenty-five members as at present, and that the Secretary be instructed to frame the necessary alterations and have them submitted to next General Meeting of An Comunn, which was agreed to. The Duchess of Sutherland, Countess of Cromartie, Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Lovat, and Major Mathieson of the Lewis agreed to accept the office of Patrons of An Comunn for the year. The next meeting of Executive is to be held in Glasgow, on Saturday, 13th April, at 11 a.m.

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To all intending competitors at the Mòd of 1907 the most interesting and important report submitted at this Executive meeting was that of the Mòd and Musical Committee, handed in by Mr. Macgillivray, of which the following is a synopsis:—FOR MIXED CHOIRS, five part songs are to be prepared, of which ONE is left to the selection of the competing choirs, and these four are compulsory: (1) "Cuir a Chinn Dileas." (2) "Cuachag nan Craobh." (3) "Ri guailibh a' Cheile." (4) "Laoidh Oisein do'n Ghréin." For LADIES' CHOIRS: (1) "Fhir a Dhìreas am Bealach." (2) "An Coineachan." There are two new musical competitions instituted: (a) For UNISON SINGING, and (b) MALE VOICE CHOIRS in three part harmony. Two songs must be prepared by choirs competing for Unison Singing, one of which must be "Gur gile mo Leannan;" the other is left to the choice of choirs. ALL CHOIRS are recommended to prepare "Gur gile mo Leannan" in view of the grand concert on the last night of the competitions. No accompaniment is to be permitted for this competition any more than for the other choral pieces. For MALE VOICE CHOIRS, three pieces are to be prepared, one of which is left to the choirs to select and these two are compulsory: (1) "Mairi Bhan Og." (2) "Tuireadh an T-Suirich" (L. MacBean's Bk., p. 12). There must be at least two choirs competing in these two new competitions, and in both there is one prize of £5. CHILDREN'S CHOIRS must prepare four songs, two of which are left to their own selection and these compulsory (all of which are in "An Londubh"): (1) "Bha mi'n raor an coille chaoil." (2) "Iorram-shuidh mi air cnoc." ORAIN MHORA: (1) "Mo run geal òg." (2) "Cumha Chaillein Ghlinn Iubhair." (3) "Ceol 'nan Teud." (4) "Morair Ghlinn Urchuidh." (5) "Fhuair mi Naigheachd as ùr." In order to make *An Deo Greine* thoroughly helpful to our readers, whether competitors at the Mòd or not, we purpose giving one or two of these Orain Mhora each month in this Magazine, and we begin to implement our promise by printing in this issue the first of these, "Mo run geal òg." We shall be glad to give competitors for these songs any information we can, and, if necessary, we shall arrange simple but effective pianoforte accompaniments for the same. In the JUNIOR LITERARY COMPETITIONS the only change on last year's syllabus is the substitution of readings and translations (special competition) from St. Mark and St. Luke instead of St. Matthew and St. John. The Senior Oral, Musical, and Instrumental Competitions remain unchanged, except that the *Literature Competition No. 15* is to be an essay—"Comparison between the Poetry of MacMhaighstir Alasdair and Donnachadh Bàn."

A special prize is offered for the composition of a melody not before published, for "Oran nam buadh" (Carmina Gadelica). As the first verse of this beautiful song is irregular, the music may be set for verses 2, 3, 4, &c. There are other three new competitions—(1) Original Humorous Gaelic Song set to a lively Gaelic air. (2) Short Story of Olden Times in the Highlands, with Historical Setting. (3) A Play suitable for being acted by adults, representing Highland Life. An Comunn Ileach of Glasgow give a prize of one guinea (which may be augmented considerably) for the best rendering of one of George Campbell's (of Coinneabus, Islay) songs. As Messrs. Parlange & Co., Paisley, are printing all the music for the choirs, it is requested that application for music be made *direct* to that firm and not to the Secretary of An Comunn. Competitors in the Junior Literary Section are informed that this competition takes place on Saturday, 15th June, 1907.

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.—The first general meeting of the recently formed branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach in Lochaber, was held in Fort-William, when the following office-bearers were elected:—Hon. presidents—Lochiel, Mrs. Cameron-Lucy of Callart, and Colonel Macdonald of Glenalladale; president—Rev. G. M. Maclean; vice-presidents—Rev. John Mackintosh, Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, and Mr. Colin Livingstone; secretary and treasurer—Mr. Alex. Campbell, solicitor. Arrangements were made for the formation of classes for instruction in Gaelic, the teachers appointed being Messrs. C. Livingstone, D. McColl, and R. Whyte. It is also hoped that in a short time a Gaelic choir in connection with the branch will be started.

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Since going to press we have been informed by Mr. E. K. Carmichael, C.E., that the following contributions have been made to the Celtic Art Committee funds in addition to those mentioned above:—Mrs. Edwin MacKintosh, two guineas; Miss Astley of Arisaig, £1; Sheriff MacLennan, 10s. This Committee's report has been forwarded too late to appear in our January issue.

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## 'AIRIDHEAN LEODHAIS.

LE IMIN M. MACLEOD.

DEAN dealbh 'nad inntinn air raon mòr mointich, ann am farsuingeachd ni's mo na moran de na siorramachdan Albannach, ni's leatha air an taobh a deas, agus a' fàs lion cuid as cuid, caol 'sa cheann a tuath, le beanntan àrda an so, agus glinn làn do shuilch-rithich an sud, air bunaid do chloich a dh'fhàs nuair a bha na h-Alps 'na naoidheanain, agus na Himalaia gun a bhì air am breith. Lion a mhointeach 'tha so le lochan, agus còmhdaich a bruachan le fraoch crìon: biodh tonnan uaibhreach a chuain-an-lar a' slach-



draich ri 'thràigh gus am bheil na creagan air am bleith na milltean de stùcan arda. Timchioll a chladaich 'tha so, suidhich ceithir na cuig dusain do bhailtean beaga—agus sin agad Leodhas—fearann iongantach-fearann annsam bheil taladhspéiseil eadhoin do'n choigreach-fearann a tha, ann an seadh, air leth bho 'n t-saoghal, agus anns am bheil daoine 'tha cumail gu treibh-dhireach anns gach cùis ri cliù agus eisimpleir an sinnsir.

Tha mi làn-chreidsinn nach 'eil ni'shealladh cho cianail ann an sùilbich cuir ri mointeach Leodhais, ach tha feadhainn eile ann a theireadh a chaochladh sin. Romhad faraoen 's a' d' dheigh cha 'n' eil ni ach fraoch: ann an so agus an sud tha asnaichean ruadha na talmhainn a tighinn gu solus, agus an ceann greise coinnichidh tu poll-mònadh na uisge frith-sholusach loch uaigneach. Air na cruic is àirde tha fear uaine 's boidhche snuadh, agus ma sheallas tu gu math, ann a meadhoin na buaile uaine so, chi tha bothag bheag—aon do àraidhean Leodhais, agus bho'n a thainig sinn gu so, beachdaichidh sinn de seorsa bothaig a th' ann, agus fiachaidh sinn ri beagan eolais a thoirt do'n choigreach air na nithean ionmholta 's urrainnear aithris timchioll orra.

Nuair a thainig treun righrean a chuain a nall à Lochlunn na fuar bheann ann an dùil air n' eilean gràdhach, Breatuinn, a chur fo cheannsal, thug iad leo's dh'fhàg iad as an deigh pàirt do sheana chleachdaidhean na duthcha bho'n d' thainig iad. B' e aon de na cleachdaidhean sin a bhi cur a chruidh gu àraidh do'n mhonadh 'san earrach, agus 'se bearchid cuid gur h-ann uathasan a thainig an cleachdadh so, a bha aon uair cumanta air feadh ar Gaidhealtachd air fad, ach a tha nis, mar iomadh deadh chleachdadh eile, air a chur air cùl. Co dhìu, bha na seann daoine coire bho 'n d' thainig sinn a creidsinn ann a bhi cur ma seach airson an latha fhluch—airson àm na h-àirce, agus mar sin nuair a thigeadh na laithean briagha samhraidh, bha 'n crodh 's na gamhna air an iomain do'n mhonadh far an robh raon àluinn do fheur 's do fhraoch 's do luachair fo 'n sròin airson beathachadh orra. Bha gach bile feoir a bh'aig an tigh air a ghearradh 's air a chaoineachadh 's air a chruinneachadh do'n iollain airson bidh do'n spreidh nuair a thigeadh sneachdan teann glaiste 'n Fhaoiltich. Bha 'n cleachdadh ionmholta 'chionn gun robh e sealltuinn stuamachd ar seann athraichean, agus cha robh ni bha cho fallain do'n spreidh ri bhi tighinn beo air an atharrachadh lòn so tre 'n t-samhradh. 'S ann a dh' aithnichteadh tu sin nuair a dh' òladh tu bainne na h-àraidh chitheadh tu 'n eadar-dhealachadh a tha eadar e fhein agus bainne lom gorm Ghlaschu.

Tha sinn a' creidsinn gu robh coire mhòr aig cuid de na h-uachdarain-fearainn ri cur sìos a chleachdaidh so, agus nuair a rinneadh a chuid a b' fhearr de ar Gaidhealtachd na bhlàr-seillg na feidh agus na ruadh-chìrc chuireadh na h-àiridhean buileach gu làn agus nuair a shiubhlas tu mointeach ar Gaidhealtachd, 'n àit'a bhi coinneachadh ri caileagan boidheach le 'n cuman's le 'm buaraich 's e chi thu ann sealgairean inùgach Shassuinn, a bha na 'n aobhar air iomadh Gaidheal tapaidh fhuadach thar sàile. 'S e aon de na truaighean a thainig oirnn' mar Ghaidheil, ar tìr a bhi na h-easar-chas aig umaidhean leis am b' fhearr aon chlosach daimh chabrach no dusan Gaidheal tapaidh onarach. Ach 'se ar guidhe gu'm pillear ar bruid a ris 's gu'm bi na Gaidheil mar bu chòir dhoibh, gabhail comhnuidh anns na glinn.

Ach mar a thuirt mi 'n toiseach na h-òraid lean na Leodhasaich cliù agus cleachdadh an sinnsir anns an ni so, agus gheibh sinn iad fhathast a cur a chruidh gu àiridh s an t-Sàmhradh, ged a tha 'n cleachdadh air bàsachadh tre 'n Ghaidhealtachd air fad—mòran ionadan an sud san so aig am bheil an t-ainm "àiridh" a' sealltuinn far an robh iad aon uair, agus far nach' eil a nis ach totaichean na'm bothagan so.

'S ann timchioll air an treas seachduinn de mhios mheadhonach an t-samhradh a thatar a cur a chruidh do na mhointich. 'Se là mòr a tha so, a chairdean. Tha ullachadh iomchuidh 'ga dheanamh roimh 'n àm. Feumaidh na caileagan òga m'oran de phaiperain-balla 'chur ma seach airson cur suas na h-àiridh ann an doigh 's gu'm bi i glan comhfhurtail agus boidheach, a chum gu faic na fleasgaich ris am bi duil aice troimh 'n t-samhradh grinneas a lann. Tha biadh agus soithichean agus aodach-leapa ri 'n cuir air doigh. Tha buird 'a faotainn airson mullach a chur air an àiridh agus tha gillean tapaidh an comhnuidh faisg air laimh nach bi fada 'buain sgrathan a chuireas dion orra. Tha na h-uile ni a dh' ainmich mi air an cuir ann an cléibh, na 's docha ann an cairtean ma tha rathad dol do'n àiridh, agus tha moran ann an cearnaidhean do Leodhas "nach robh riamh an cairt," agus 's ann air a chliabh fein a 's eolaihe iad.

(*Ri leantunn.*)

#### LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS

For "An Deo-Gréine" should be addressed to Rev. M. MacLennan, B.D. (Gaelic Editor), 6 Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh, or Rev. D. McGillivray, B.D. (English Editor), Manse, Petty, Inverness.

## THE BAGPIPE AND BAGPIPE MUSIC.\*

By Miss YSOBEL CAMPBELL, of Inverneill.

"THE bagpipe," we are told in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is a musical instrument of unknown antiquity, which seems to have been at one time or other in common use among all the nations of Europe, and still retains its place in many Highland districts, such as Calabria, the Tyrol, and the Highlands of Scotland." The wind is generally supplied by a blow-pipe, though in some cases bellows are used. The instrument, it seems probable, consisted at first of the pipes without the bag, and in this form it is mentioned in Scripture in these passages—1 Sam. x. 5; Isa. v. 12; and Jerem. xlviii. 36. The Egyptians, Greeks and Romans also used it as a musical instrument.

There are several indications which go to show that the bagpipe was well known in the time of Nero. It is represented on a coin of that reign, copied in Montfaucon's "Antiquities;" and Suetonius (Ner. 54) speaks of a promise made by Nero shortly before his death, that he would appear before the people as a bagpiper ("*utricularius*"). In mediæval Latin the instrument is designated the "*Tibia utricularia*."

The music of the bagpipe in use in the Highlands of Scotland is divided into two groups—1, "Ceol aotrom, beag, or mineach;" 2, "Ceol mor or trom." The first group consists of light music, that is, of short pieces in two or four parts, each of which is played twice over. All dance music belongs to this group—reels, strathspeys, and jigs, and quick-steps, songs and slow marches. The second group comprises the classical music, which is generally alluded to in present-day conversation as "*Piobaireachd*." "*Piobaireachds*" are long pieces consisting of a theme with variations. This group embraces laments, salutes, and gatherings. These were, as a rule, composed to commemorate some great event, and the traditionary tales attached to their composition are very interesting. In this article it is proposed to recount a few of these legends, in the hope that they will interest the readers of "An Deo Greine" as much as they have delighted the writer.

1. The legend entitled "A' Bhoilich"—The Vaunting—is taken from an unpublished manuscript of Donald MacDonald, and written about the year 1826, and is to the following effect:—

Ronald MacDonald, Esquire of Morar, himself an expert player of the bagpipes, was the

composer of many fine pieces for that instrument in addition to "A' Bhoilich." The circumstances under which this fine piece was composed are interesting. There was residing with Mr. MacDonald a young gentleman, a guest of his during the winter, who was most anxious to learn to play the bagpipes. Under the skilful tuition of his host the young gentleman, much to his own satisfaction, speedily acquired a thorough knowledge of the instrument. Becoming seriously unwell, and little hopes being entertained of his recovery, the young man, believing himself to be on his deathbed, sent for Mr. MacDonald, whom, when he entered the room, he addressed thus: "O my dear friend and master, it would greatly gratify me, who am at the point of death, if you would compose a lament for me after I am dead." Mr. MacDonald promised at once to comply with this request. In the course of a week or so the young man again sent for Mr. MacDonald, and learning that the lament had already been composed he said: "O sir, if you would have the goodness to let me hear the lament before I die it would make me quite happy." Ronald MacAilleonaig told him he feared that his head could not bear the sound of the pipes, to which the young man replied that, far from hurting his head, he believed the music would do him good. MacAilleonaig instantly brought his pipes and tuned them up at the sick man's bedside. The music delighted him so much that the fever soon abated, and in a few days afterwards he was quite well. On his recovery, MacAilleonaig asked the young man what he should like the lament to be called. "O," said the young man, "we'll make a 'Boilich' of it." The word "Boilich" means drollery. It is a fine tune but very difficult to play. It is to be found in General Thomason's "Ceol Mor," and in Angus MacKay's "Collection of Piobaireachd."

2. "Maol Donn," or MacCruimein's Sweet-heart. For the note appended to this tune I am indebted to Mr. John Johnson, of Coll. This tune is the composition of the piper of Clanranald of the day, and was composed in honour of a cow belonging to a widow in Benbecula, which got lost in a bog. The cow was not only greatly loved by her mistress, who apparently had no other cow, but was also a cow of much repute in the neighbourhood. On its loss becoming known, all the neighbours turned out to assist in the search, moved thereto by sympathy for the widow. Clanranald's piper was among the searchers. Unfortunately the animal was not found, neither was its skeleton discovered until more than a year afterwards, and that by mere chance. The whole circumstance afforded the

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piper scope to compose a good tune, to which he wedded these words as if from the mouth of the widow:—

"G'ad ionndrainn a tha mi, si mo ghradh a mhaol dhonn,  
G'ad iarraidh feadh fhraochan, 's gad shladadh a pòll."

Notwithstanding the trifling circumstance to which this tune owed its origin, it was a great favourite with the old pipers because of its undoubted merit as a musical composition and as a beautifully plaintive air.

In the "Northern Chronicle" of 13th May, 1888, there appeared a letter from D. S. MacDonald, Sergeant-piper, 1st Battalion Royal Scots, regarding this tune. MacDonald had access to all Angus Mackay's MSS. (both musical and others), which are now among the Duke of Hamilton's collection. According to Mackay's manuscript this tune, which is there entitled "Cumha Maoilduin," dates back to the 14th or even the 13th century. Mackay, in a note to this tune, says that Maoilduin was the son of Conal, King of Kintyre. According to historical accounts he was the son of Conal II., a Scoto-Irish king, and he himself, after the death of his brother, reigned for sixteen years.

In Reid's manuscript this tune is called "Mhaol Donn"—"Morar's March." It is published in General Thomason's collection of "Ceol Mor;" and in Ross's, J. Bett's, and D. Glen's collections of "Piobaireachd."

3. "Blar Léine," or the Battle of Shirts. According to Allan Sinclair, in the "Celtic Magazine" of 1880, vol. VI., this battle was fought between John Muideartach, commanding Clanranald, and Fraser of Lovat, whose nephew was the rightful chief of Clanranald, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lochy. The weather being hot, they stripped themselves of all their clothing save their shirts and kilts. Hence the name—"Blar na léine"—by which the battle is known among Highlanders. From the allusion to gunpowder in the lines adapted to a piobaireachd composed in commemoration of this action, we infer that firearms must have been used at least to some extent in the battle:—

Friseilich a chail chaoil  
Friseilich a chail chaoil  
Thugaibh am bruthach oirbh.

Chloinn Dhomhnuill an fhraoich  
Chloinn Dhomhnuill an fhraoich  
Chloinn Dhomhnuill an fhraoich  
Cuiribh na'n suibhal iad.

Luaidhe chruinn ghorm  
Luaidhe chruinn ghorm  
Luaidhe chruinn ghorm  
'S fudar 'cur siubhal ri.

These verses may be roughly translated thus:—"Fraser's of the narrow strength, you will take to your heels; Clann Donald in anger will put them to flight; shot (or lead), round, blue, and gunpowder to make it move."

In Captain Fraser of Knockie's collection of Highland music there is another version of this incident which is here recorded. "The song associated with this air describes the battle of Kinloch-Lochy, wherein Lovat and Clanranald were the combatants, and where, owing to a party who promised to help the Frasers not coming up, it is said that the clan would have been annihilated had not the wives of eighty gentlemen of the Fraser Clan who had been killed there; providentially brought forth eighty male children. It is called 'Blar Léine' from the parties having stripped to their shirts."

In a "History of the Scottish Highlands" edited by John S. Keltie, there is a long account of this battle. Ronald Bàn MacDonald had apparently married a daughter of Lord Lovat, and had by her one son called Ronald Gallda, or the stranger, from the circumstance that he was fostered by the Frasers, his mother's relations. Ronald Bàn, the fifth Chief of Clanranald, having died in 1541, the Clan, who had resolved to defeat his son's right to succeed through dislike to his relations, chose the next male heir to the estate as their chief. This was John Muideartach, or John of Moydart, young Ronald's cousin-german. He was the eldest son of Alexander Allanson, second son of Allan Macruari. This John was, accordingly, acknowledged by the Clan as Captain of Clanranald. Lovat, who was apprised of the intentions of the Clanranald against his grandson, marched to Castle-Tirrim before their scheme could be put into execution, and assisted by the Frasers, placed Ranald Gallda in possession of the lands. The Clanranald were assisted by the MacDonalds of Keppoch and the Clan Cameron, and after some skirmishings the battle of Kinloch-Lochy was fought on 3rd July, 1544. Lovat had dispensed with the services of the Grants and MacKintoshes, thinking himself safe, when he was informed that the Clanranald were at hand in full force in order to intercept his return to his own country. To secure an important pass, Lovat despatched Iain Cleireach, one of his principal officers, with fifty men, but from some cause or other Iain Cleireach did not accomplish his object. When Lovat came to the north end of Loch Lochy, he perceived the Clanranald descending the hill from the west. They were fully 500 strong and were divided into seven companies. Lovat was so situated that he could neither

refuse nor avoid battle. The day being extremely hot, Lovat's men, numbering 300 persons, stripped to the shirts, and from this circumstance, the battle was called "Blar nan léine," *i.e.*, the field of the shirts. The slaughter was tremendous, and few escaped on either side. According to a well-known tradition, only four of the Frasers and ten of the Clanranald remained alive after the slaughter. The battle only terminated when night concealed the combatants each from the other.

Dr. Charles Bannatyne says that the tune described as "Nameless" (No. 14), on page 394 of General Thomason's "Ceol Mor," is the Piobaireachd composed to celebrate "Blar léine." He says it is so named in John Mackay's MSS. in his possession. General Thomason adds this note: "A few years ago I was trying to collect information about Iain Cleireach in reference to the Piobaireachd called "Cumha Chleirich," when a friend of mine told me Iain Cleireach was not faithful to his Clan; that Lovat and Lady Lovat were at issue as to the future chieftainship of the Frasers; that Iain Cleireach, at the dictation of Lady Lovat, at the battle of 'Blar léine,' purposely led the Frasers, or a party of them, into something very like an ambush, in the hope of getting rid thereby of the rival to Lady Lovat's protégé. It is possible that Iain Cleireach himself was killed at this battle, as he is not heard of afterwards."

## GU FEAR-DEASACHAIDH AN

### "DEO-GREINE."

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Leugh mi air a mhios so anns an "Naigheachd Ur" (paipeir ciatach th' air a chur a mach an Inbhimis agus aig a' bheil mor-speis do 'n Ghaidhlig), gearan nach robh oran Gaidhlig air a chur sìos anns an "Deo-Gréine" thainig a mach toiseach na bliadhna uir. Fhir - Dheasachaidh! Fhir-Dheasachaidh! Ciod thainig thairis oirbh? An "Deo-Gréine," paipeir a' chomuinn Ghaidhealach, toiseachadh bliadhna ùr le oran beurla! Uhh! Uhh! (Tha mi 'n dochas nach 'eil "cuisen a' tighinn gu aon uair 's an la.") An e gu'n do theirg na h-orain Ghaidhlig? Ma thainig crìoch air na th' againh dhiubh an Duneideann, bheir mi dhuibh an so beagan roinn de lunnag thaitneach a chuala mi air a seinn 'o chionn ghoirid le mnathan uasal coisir-ciuil Steornabhagh, a' luadhach a' chlo, ann an talla mhor Ghlascho aig Co-chruinneachadh Bliadh-nail mhuinntir Leodhais 's na h-Earradh; agus, ma thog mi ceart e, 's ann air an fhonn a leanas chaidh an t-oran a sheinn.

## ORAN LUADHAIDH—"ILL-U ORO U-O."

GILEUS D. *Gu surdail.*

SEISD.

{	s		l	: l	s		l	: l	d	: s	}
Ill	-	ù				ù	-	o	Gur	tu mo	chruinneag
{	m	: d	m		s	: s	m		s	: l	
	bhoidheach	Ill	-	ù		oro		ù		o	

RANN.

{	r	: r	r	d		r	: r	r	s		l	: l	: s	m	}
Dheighinn	dh'an	a	gheallaich	leat	nan	gealladh	tu	mo							

D.C.

{	r	: r	}	
	phosadh.			

Dheighinn leat a dh' Eirinn.  
Gu feill nam ban oga.

Dheighinn leat a dh' Uist,  
Far am buidhicheadh an t-eorma.

Dheighinn dh'an a' ronnaig leat,  
Nam biodh do chuideachd deònach.

Dheighinn leat an Ear no 'n Iar,  
Gun each, gun srian, gun bhotan.

Tha sean-fhocal ag radh "S fearr an g-iomach na 'bhi gun fhear," ach tha mi dearbh chinnteach gu bheil a mhaighdean, a chur na briathran smioral tha 'san oran so ri cheile, na bean-taighe eireachdail bho chionn fhada.

Mo thruaighe! c' ait a' bheil na baird Ghaidhealach gu leir, nach 'eil a h-aon diubh toirt dhuinn oran ur? Tha e nis teannadh air ceathar bliadhna bho 'n ghuidh Iain Mac Faidean coir "Oidhche Mhath" leinn ann an Inbhimis. An e gu bheil e na chodal bho 'n uair sin? Ma tha gu deimhin 's mithich dha eiridh, "Duisge suas, Iain, 's tog do ghuth!" Bho 'n tha thu fìor eòlach air baile mor Ghlaschu, nach minich thu dhuinn ann am briathran cridheil pongail "Am Bruadar a chunnaic Iain MacLeod" (Runaire ceilidh nan Gaidheil)? Bheir mi, le'r cead, sanais do dh' Iain mu 'n toisich e, "s gann ceilidh, no coinneamh Ghaidhealach nach 'eil a nis air a toirt gu co-dhunadh le bhi seinn "Oidhche Mhath Leibh."

Tha mu 'n dochas gu'n tig piseach air "An Deo-Gréine" air a' bhliadhna so.

'Ur Caraid dileas,

"CNOC A' MHADAIDH."

Glaschu,

15 la d'en Fhaoilteach, 1907.

(Tha sinn an comain ar 'deagh charaid "Cnoc a' Mhadaidh" air son a litreach. Fear-deas.)

## ORAIN MHORA COMPETITION.

As we indicated in "Editorial Chat," we have pleasure in giving, in this column, three verses of the song entitled "Cumha do Dh' Uilleam Siseal," and more popularly known under the title "Mo rùn geal òg." The lament was composed by Christina Ferguson, a native of the parish of Contin, in Ross-shire, and wife of William Chisholm, who was flag-bearer of the Clan Chisholm at the Battle of Culloden. This man, after the retreat of the Clans at Culloden became general, rallied his Clansmen and led them to the charge again and again. He then manfully defended a body of his Clansmen who had taken refuge in a barn which was soon surrounded by the English. Eventually he was shot by some Englishmen who got up on the roof of the barn. The lament was composed by his wife in honour of her noble-souled husband. Apart altogether from the pathos of this song, there are in it verses of great beauty and sublimity, and these are wedded to an air that is as suitable as it is original. We strongly recommend this song to lady competitors possessed of soprano voices and endowed with dramatic instinct. The verses we print are particularly touching, but competitors desiring to see the whole poem will find it on page 373 of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." It can be sung in the key of F, or by good sopranos, in G.

## "MO RÙN GEAL ÒG."

KEY F.

{ (m) : m, m }	m : - . r : m	{ d : l, . }
Och ! a	Thearlaich òg	Stiùbhart
{ (d) : d, l, }	l : - . s : s	{ m : s }
'Se do	chùis rinn mo	léireadh,
{ : l, l }	l : - . s : l	{ s : m, }
Thug thu	uam gach nì	bh'agam,
{ (r) : r, d }	r : - . m : r	{ d : l, . }
Ann an	co - gadh ad'	aobhar ;
{ (d) : d, l, }	l : - . s : s	{ l : d }
Cha	chrodh is cha	chàirdean
{ : r, m }	r : - . d : r	{ m : s, }
Rinn mo	chràdh, ach mo	chéile
{ (s) : s, l }	m : - . r : m	{ l : s, }
O'n là a	dh' fhàg thu mi'm	aonar
{ (d) : m, r }	d : - . d : r	{ m : r }
Gun sion 'san	t-saoghal ach	léine—
{ : d }	l : - . : s	{ l : - . }
Mo	rùn	geal òg !

Gur mise th'air mo sgaradh  
 'S ged a chanam, cha bheug e,  
 'S ioma te bha 'na bantraich  
 Nach d'fhuair samhladh do m'chèile ;  
 Fear do cheille 's do thuigse.  
 Cha robh furasd r'a fhaotainn ;  
 'S cha do sheas an Cuil-fhodair  
 Fear do choltas bu tréine—  
 Mo rùn geal òg !  
 'S ioma bean a bha brònach  
 Eadar Tròiternis 's Sléibhte,  
 Agus té tha 'na bantraich  
 Nach d'fhuair samhladh do m'chèile ;  
 Gu'n robh mise làn solais.  
 Fhad 's bu bheò sinn le chèile ;  
 Ach a nis o'n a dh' fhalbh thu  
 Cha chùis fharmaid mi fein daibh—  
 Mo rùn geal òg !

## BEAN A'MHAIGHSTIR SGOIL

No.

## FHUAIR MI NEAD A GHURRAGUG.

[This play is by Mr. John M'Fadyen, Glasgow, and got First Prize at last Mod at Oban.]

FHUAIR a maighistir-sgoil fios gu'n robh gnothach sònraichte aig Fear a bhaile ris ; thachair sud anns a mhaduinn tacaan ro'n àm do na sgoilearan cruinneachadh, 's an uair a bha maighistir sgoil a fàgail a thighe thuirt e ri mhnaoi. "Cùm sùil agus smachd air na sgoilearan gus an tig mise: faodaidh tu'n leasan a thoirt do 'n fheadhainn òga mur bi mi air m' ais ann an àm." Cha robh an àireamh mor aig àm sam bith, sgoilearan a bhaile bh'ann an sud, agus bha iad comharrachichte gann agus mall gu cruinneachadh air a mhaduinn ud, bha iad mar a bha luchaidh an tigh-mhoir, 'n uair a fhuair iad an cat sa bhuideal fheòla, chaidh iad féin a dhannasadh. Cha robh tigh sgoil 'sa bhaile ach seòmar a' mhaighistir sgoil. Cha robh balach no caileag 'sa bhaile a bha os cionn trì no ceithir bliadhna—deug a dh'aois, air nach robh far-ainm, bha dhà dhiu air an robh ainmeannan Rìghrean a bh'ann an Albainn o chionn a fada, b' e sin "Fearachar Fada," agus "Calum a' chinn Mhoir." Thàinig na leanabanan a stigh do'n sgoil aig an àm, ach bha an fheadhainn bu shine a' tighinn mar a thig na càirdinnean, se sin, mar a fhearasg e dhoibh. Thòisich Bean a' mhaighistir sgoil air an leasan a thoirt do na leanabanan o nach d' thàinig càch; 's ged nach tigeadh iad idir, tha mi creidsinn gu'm biodh ise a cheart cho toilichte, ach fhad 's bha h-aire air an fheadhainn a bh' aice, chual' i ceum a' tighinn a stigh an dorus, agus air tionndadh mu'n cuairt dhi, chunnaic i 'n siud "Colla Ciotach" agus "Fearachar Fada" a' tighinn a stigh do'n t-seòmar.



*Bean a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—*

"Ciod e bha 'ga d' chumail a Cholla?"

*Colla Ciotach, 's e seinn.—*

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug

Ann an cùil na mòna.

Fhuair mi nead a' ghurra-gug

Ann an cùil na mòna

Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug

Ann an cùil na mòna

Fhuair mi nead an fhithich ann

'S a rithis nead a gheòidh-ghlais."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—*

"An e sin an dòigh anns an giulain thu,

thu fein ann an tigh sgoil?" a' tionndadh

ri "Mairi Riobach" 's i air tighinn a stigh.—

"Ciod e bha 'ga d' chumail-sa gun tighinn do 'n sgoil gus an àm so latha,"

*Mairi Riobach—*

"Fhuair mi nead aig breachd an t-sil,

Aig ceann shìos na pairce,

Cha robh dh' uibhean ann ach trì,

'S rinn mi fhlin am fàgail,

Beiridh i ceithir no coig,

Foghnaidh sud de dh' àl dhith,

Cumaidh mi riu biadh gu leòir,

Bidh na h-eòin gun dàil aic."

*Na sgoilearan uile a seinn—*

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug," &c.

*Bean a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—*

"Nach tu 'n sgonna-chaile gun mhodh  
gun ionnsachadh, dé 's ciall do leithid sin de  
dhol air adhart 'na leithid so a dh' àite."

*"Calum a chinn mhòir"—*

"Fuair mi nead aig dreadhan donn,

Air taobh thall an lànain,

Gheibh mi stigh thuige air toll,

Th' ann an ceann a' bhàthaich,

Bha deich uibhean ann an dé

Fad 's bu léir dhomh 'n àireamh;

Bidh h-aon eil aice le cinnt—

Theid mi 's chò mi 'màireach."

*Na sgoilearan uile seinn—*

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug, &c."

*"Bain-tighearna Chàrsaig," 's i air ùr  
tighinn a stigh.—*

"Fhuair mi nead a' bhriccan ghlais,

An claise bhuntata,

Ceithir uibhean ann 'us eun,

Bheir i biadh dha màireach,

Cha leig mise neach g'a chòir,

Ann am dheòin cha 'n àil leam,

Biathaidh mi uile na h-eòin,

Bidh an còrr gun dàil ann."

*Na sgoilearan uile a seinn—*

"Fhuair mi nead a' ghurra-gug, &c."

*Coinneach odhar, 's e tighinn a stigh,—*

"Fhuair mi nead na h-iolair-fhionn,

Ann an stùc na h-àrd bheinn,

Chaidh mi troimh 'n uraidh na dhéigh

'S bha mi 'n greum bha gàbhaidh,

Cha d' fhuair mi as ubh no eun,

'S cha b' e mo mhiann am fàgail,

Ach 's aobhar taingealachd dhomh 'nis

Nach do bhrisd' 'mo chnàmhan."

*Na sgoilearan uile seinn—*

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug, &c."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—*

"Mur a stad sibh de 'n bhurraireachd so,  
bidh e fhéin an an ceart uair 's chì sibh cia  
mar theid dhuibh."

*"Colla ciotach"—*

"Fhuair mi nead a ghille-bhrìd,

Tri sa charraig bhàin dhiu,

Nead na seobhaig anns an stall,

'S croman crom an fhàsaich,

Gugarnaich mhòra de dh' eòin,

Agus clòimhteach bhàn orra,

Ach cha 'n eil nead 's an stallà-bhreac

Nach do chreach Mac Phàruig."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—*

"Mur a gabh sibh mo chomhairle-sa gabhabh  
'ur comhairle féin, ach bidh rud ioma so 's cha  
'n fhad thuige—ach," Ars ise si 'g éiridh,  
"Feumaidh mi sealltuinn cia mar tha dol do 'n  
poit-bhrot," 's chaidh e mach 's cho luath sa  
dhùinn an doras as a déigh, leum \* Broineag  
air an ùrlar, sgìobalaich i 'còtaichean cùl bac  
a calpa, mar ga 'm bidh i 'dol a blegohan bo,  
's bha i sìos air a 'corra-cnàmh 's air a  
'corra-beaga 's a beiceartaich troimh 'n  
ùrlar, mar fhitheach air creig 's e 'n déigh a  
leòir itheadh; a' bualadh a bas a' chomh  
fhreagairt ris a h-uile beic a bheir i, 's ma 'n  
gann a dh' fhosgail i beul leum triùir eile,  
chaileag, air an ùrlar 's thòisich Broineag air  
"Tunnag bhàn Moire," ise seinn. "Tunnag  
bhàn Moire" an dàrna te a 'seinn—"na  
gurraban na gurraban," an treasa te 'seinn.  
"Tunnag bhàn Moir," a cheithre te 'seinn.  
"Na gurraban s i gur a bàis."

*Uile—"Tunnag bhàn Moire,*

Na gurraban na gurraban;

Tunnag bhàn Moire,

'S i gur a bàis."

1 "Cia mar gheibh sinn biadh dhith?"

2 "S duilidhe leam, se 's duilidhe leam."

3 "Cia mar gheibh sinn biadh dhith?"

4 "S duilidhe leam an tunnag bhan."

*Uile—Tunnag bhàn Moire, &c.*

1 "An tig thu do 'n bhal-dannsaigh?"

2 "S duilidhe leam, se s duilidhe leam."

3 "An tig thu do 'n bal-dannsaigh?"

4 "S duilidhe leam an tunnag bhan."

\* "Tattered." Sound the "oi" in this word the  
same as in coin (dogs).

† On her hunkers, after the manner of colliers at  
work.

‡ On tip-toe.

*Uile*—Tunnag bhàn Moire, &c.

1 "An tig thu thun na bainne?"

2 "'S duilidhe leam, se 's duilidhe leam."

3 "An tig thu thun na bainne?"

4 "'S duilidhe leam, an tunnag bhàn."

*Uile*—Tunnag bhàn Moire, &c.

1 "An téid thu dh' Ionbharaora?"

2 "'S duilidhe leam, se 's duilidhe leam."

3 "An téid thu dh' Ionbharaora?"

4 "'S duilidhe leam an tunnag bhàn."

*Uile*—Tunnag bhàn Moire, &c.

1 "An téid thu do Dhunéideann?"

2 "'S duilidhe leam, se 's duilidhe leam."

3 "An téid thu do Dhunéideann?"

4 "'S duilidhe leam an \*tunnag bhàn."

[Anns an dòigh so, chaidh iad troimh ruighle dùbailte trì uairean, mu 'n a thill Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil, 'sa chuid dhiubh nach robh 'sa chleas, a' seinn na séis còmhla ris a' cheithreir fad sa bha iad a dol troimh 'n ruighle agus a cheithreir a seinn nan rann, fad sa bha iad a beiceadh mu choinneamh a cheile, anns a' cheart dòigh, anns na sheinn iad an tòiseach, an t-séis.]

*Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil*, si tighinn a stigh 's i togail a làmh.

"Nach b'e so an obair aig sgoilearan."

*Bàn-rìghinn Anna*, 's i leum bhar a corra-cràmh.

"Fhuair mi nead na luchag bhig,

Bha 'criomadh a chàise,

Fhuair mi nead an dealan-dé,

'N uair bha mi 'n dé sa ghàradh,

'S ged tha 'n t-àlach aice crìon,

'S lion-mhor iad ri 'n àireamh,

'S mur a bi sibh mach a thiotadh,

Ithidh iad an càl oirbh."

*Na sgoilearan uile*—

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gùg, &c."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil*—

"Co dh'itheas an càl orm?"

*Bàn-rìghinn Anna*—

"Na burraich."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil*—

"Na burraich?"

*Bàn-rìghinn Anna*—

"S eadh na burraich, co eile? Cha 'n fhaigh mart na muc g'a ionnsaidh."

*Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil*—

"Na burraich ag itheadh a chàil—thigibh uile 'mach 's 'gu marbh sinn iad."

[Dh' fhalbh iad a mach, 's bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil air an ceann 's na sgoilearan a seinn.]

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gùg, &c."

[Dh' fhuirich Dùghal beag a stigh ged a chaidh càch uile mach. Le fùrn a chuir fo chasan, fhuair e ruigheachd air an t-saothach

anns an robh an \*slaman milis anns a chuillidh, agus gun spàin gun dad eile ach a chrògan gabh e dhà mar a b' fheàrr a b' urrainn e cho fad sa fhuair e 'n cothrom, ach bha uibhir de 'n t-slaman a dol air aodach 's air a ghruaidhean sa bha dol na bheul. Cha d' fhuirich an feadhainn a bha mach fada 'n uair a thainig iad a stigh a sgrìachail; na balaich a tilgeil na burrach air na caileagan agus air bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil féin, 's thàinig iad a stigh cho cabhagach 's gu 'n rug iad air Dùghall beag a goid an t-slaman.]

"A mheirlich bhradaich" arsa bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil "an e so an obair a bh' agadas an uair a fhuair thu mach sinn."

*Dùghal beag*, se 'g imlich a bheol, 's an slaman a nùnn gu chluasan—

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gùg

Ann an cuil na mòna."

*Na sgoilearan uile*—

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gùg, &c."

[An uair a bha chluich ud aig a h-àirde, chuala bean Chalum ghriasaiche, 's i aig a doras féin, a' ghleadhraich a bh' ann san tigh sgòil, agus bha fios aice nach robh am Mhaighstir sgòil a stigh, ghlaodh i ri Calum. "Tha upraid fhuathasach, san tigh sgòil, 's cha 'n eil am Mhaighstir sgòil a stigh, agus ma tha olc sam bith a dol, bidh Coinneach do mhac na theis meadhon, 's fear a dhuit sealltainn a nùnn." Bha Calum 'na fhidhleir 's o na bha e a dol gu banais air an oidhch' ud, se 'n obair a bh' aige an uair a bhruidhinn a bhean ris, a bhi cuir air dòigh na fìdhle. Chaidh e mach do 'n doras, gun bhoineid air a cheann, an t-aparan griasachd uime 'sa mhuilichinnean truisgte suas thar nan uilleann, an fhiodhal anns an dàrna laimh 's am bogha anns an laimh eile, anns an dòigh sin ghabh e air adhart ceum an déigh ceum a cheart cho mall 's ged a bhidh e 'g an cùnnadas, 's e feithe 'sa 'g éisdeachd mar a bha e 'dol, gus na chuir e cheann a stigh aig doras seòmair a Mhaighstir sgòil, gun neach de na bha san àite sin a thoirt an aire dha, agus smùid aca air.

"Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gùg"

agus trì no ceithir dhiubh air an ùrlar a' dannsadh, ris a ghleadhar a bha iad féin agus càch a deanadh. Thug Calum tarraun air a bhogha trast na fioghla, san sin, a' toirt air an fhidhle srann a thoirt air "Nead a ghurra-gùg," cho ealamh ris an luch a chuala breab air an ùrlar, bha na sgoilearan uile air am bonnaibh a' seinn 'sa dannsadh ceart còmhla.]

*Bean a' Mhaighstir sgòil* 's i togail a làmh.

"O Calum, bidh e fhéin an so an ceart uair 's gu dé ni sinn."

"Ach ma 'n deach trì cuir de 'n phort air an fhidhle bha am Mhaighstir sgòil na sheasamh air meadhon an ùrlair le crios fada leathar na

\* Their cuid dannsadh na *pìtheid* ris a chluich so.

laimh 's e 'ga tharuinn thar a ghuaile; am fear nach fhanadh ri bhròig, cha 'n fhanadh ri bhoineadh agus 'sann an comhair a chùil a chaidh Calum féin a mach air an dorus, ach cha d' thug e cho fada dol da thigh féin 'sa thug e tighinn as.

— : o : —

## GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS

### HAY.

Feur, grass, hay.  
Saidhe, feur-saidhe, hay.  
Feur tioram, idem.  
Feur-cuir, rye-grass.  
Cuiseach, rye-grass; cuiseag, a stalk of rye-grass, MacAlpine.  
Brèilleann, idem, darnel.  
Diomaras, clover seed.  
Seamrag, seamrag-chapuill, clover.  
Seamair, saimir, idem.  
Tri-bhileag, idem.  
Bainne-nan-each, wild clover, West Ross-shire.

Bun-féoir, hay-stubble.  
Iar-spealadh, after-grass, after-math, rowen.  
Ath-bharr, ath-fhàs, ath-theachd, idem.

### MOWING, WINNING AND STORING.

Buain, mow, reap, shear.  
Speal, idem, cut with a scythe.  
Gearr, searr, cut, shear.  
Ur-speal, cut or mow down quickly.  
Beum, a stroke of the scythe; stràc, idem.  
Spadhadh, the grass or corn cut by one scythe stroke; "swathe of grass" MacAlpine for North. In Perthshire and West Ross-shire the space from which a swath is cut; the bout or course by which a swath is cut.  
Spagh, swath, M.L. and D. Eng.-Gael.  
Stadh, a swath of grass, or what the scythe cuts at a stroke, MacAlpine; a swath of grass or corn, Skye.

Bobht, bot, a swath, a bout, West Ross-shire.

Rolag, a swath of grass, the line of cut grass left by the scythe.

Riadhan, a swath of grass after it has been turned, West Ross-shire.

Caoinich, to make hay, dry hay or corn, Scot. 'win'.

Tior, idem; also kiln-dry.

Tionndaidh, to turn hay.

Fùdradh, tedding, turning and spreading hay.

Gobhlag, a stick with forked end for turning hay, Perthshire.

Ràsdaì, a rake, hand-rake.

Ràc, ràcan, idem.

Ràsdaì, ràc, to rake.

Ralls, rake, as grass, etc.; rallsa a rake, MacAlpine.

Prapag, a hay-cock of the smallest size, about a foot and a half in height, North Argyll.

Curcag; curracag, a hay-cock, in North Argyll about three feet high.

Coileag, gòileag, idem; in Perthshire, còileag, and about three feet in height; còileagaich, make hay-cocks.

Còil, a hay-cock ten feet or upwards in height, a 'tramp-coll;' còil, gather into tramp-colls, Perthshire.

Mulan, hay-cock, small stack of hay or corn.

Rùdhan, small stack of hay or corn.

Tudan, idem.

Ruc, rùc, a rick of hay or corn.

Rucan, rùcan, small rick or stack.

Dais a mow, rick, oblong stack; to build a mow, etc.

Disd, a mow, a rick.

Cruach, a stack, a rick of hay or corn; to stack.

Bun-dubh, bottom of stack.

Sgamhan, a mow, pile of hay or corn in a barn; sgamhainn, to build a mow.

Mir, a mow, built up pile of hay, corn, straw, peats, etc.; a section of a mow.

Acair, part of a *sgamhan* (mow), a small mow put in temporarily from rain, West Ross-shire.

## Books. Books.

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

A' Mhàirt 1907.

[Earrann 6.

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## EADARAINN FHIN.

Tha gnothuichean na Féile dol air adhairt. Cha 'n fhada gus an cluinn sinn cunntas maith air Bùth Dhunéideann. Tha a' bhan-tighearna uasal *Countess of Cassilis* air a gabhail os laimh. Tha Mrs. Macphail air ceann a' ghnothuich comhla rithe, agus cha 'n eagal nach soirbhich leo.

\* \* \*

Fhuair sinn litir bho Uachdaran Leodhais an oidche roimhe. Tha i air a sgrìobhadh ann an deagh Ghàidhlig. Chuir e thugainn, anns a' litir sin, eadar-theangachadh a rinn e air rann breagha a tha ann an leabhar an Ollaimh, Mac 'illeathain, *Literature of the Highlands*. Chord e ruinn cho maith, 's gu'm bheil sinn a' gabhail de dhànadas a shealltuinn do ar luchd-leughaidh. So e:—

'S e 'n Cànan 'dh' àraich Nàdur caomh,  
O shean air' uchd mar naoidhean maoth;  
Cànan nan dùl air tùs gu léir,  
Na tìr, 's na fàirge, 's nèimh nan speur;  
Tha guth a' chuain ard-bheucach ann,  
'S na gaoith' a' ruith le gair' 'n a deann,  
'S cagar an fheoir' 's nan sruthan cas,  
'S a' ghlinne 's duibhre 'n theasgair 'fàs.

\* \* \*

C' arson nach gabhadh sinn mar chleachdadh a bhi sgrìobhadh ar litrichean anns a' Ghàidhlig—'s i sinn litrichean gu càirdèan a thuigeas a' Ghàidhlig? Tha so air a mholadh dhuinn,

tha sinn an dòil, le Comhairle a' Chomuinn. Bu mhaith leinn fios fhaotainn bho gach neach a tha deonach an oidhirp a dheanamh. Tha sinn cinnteach gu'm bheil iomadh Gàidheal a' deanamh so, ach bhiodh e 'n a mhisneach dhuinn eòlas a bhi againn air a chèile.

\* \* \*

"Na Gàidheil an guallaibh a' chèile"—Is breagha an ceann air son rann no dhà bardachd e so. Bu thlachdmhor an sealladh e, gu dearbh, a bhi faicinn nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a' chèile. Ach am faca duine riamh e? "Is fhaigse uillinn na dorn." Tha sin gu tric a réir an duine leis am bheil an uillinn. Leig-eamaid le daoine nach buin duinn a bhi cagnadh 's a' càineadh, ach air sgàth ar cinnidh, 's ar tìr, 's ar cànan, seasadh "Clannaibh nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a' chèile."

—:O—:O—:O—

## HIGHLAND ART.

By J. CAMPBELL, Esq. of Barbreck.

ONE of the declared objects of the Comunn Gaidhealaich is the preservation of the traditional art of our country, as well as its language, literature and music. May I, then, as one who cares deeply for all those venerable things, venture to say a few words to the readers of "An Deo-Gréine" about the restoration of this same traditional art to its right place in our life; since it is once again seen to be no mere idle pastime, but rather a channel—like music, language and literature—through which the small rivulet of ancient feeling is allowed to flow into our dingy, competitive time from the mountain lochs of love and wonder and gladness within us. These channels are choked up with every sort of undesirable rubbish, like a poor little burn course near Aluminium Works; and

only now are these beginning to be cleared.

The language of our fathers—even for those who, through mischance, know it only imperfectly—opens the “dark door” in our hearts leading to “*Tir nan Oig*,” the happy inner world, the world of “great memory,” as they call it in Ireland. A song sung slowly, with the old rhythmic balancings and abrupt changes embodying the words, and chorus kept “as one man” by linked hands and handkerchiefs, open the “dark door.” So does pipe music, with those strange intervals, now cast out by notation and regimental skill. The delicately involved patterns to be found on home-made jewellery, especially on circular brooches, and also on the beautiful memorial stones lying unnoticed in our churchyards, had once the same purpose. They gave delight, they led into fairyland, and had a living value far beyond what is known to-day as “artistic.”

As for the interlaced strap work usually called “Celtic,” except for a few distinct modifications introduced in Ireland, it is not really Celtic at all. It came to us, as it came to Italy, from the East, and is to be seen in great perfection in Constantinople and Venice. Further, when the straps are all of the same width, and are interwoven at regularly-measured distances, as in modern work, the effect is no more interesting nor beautiful than that of actual straps twisted and crossed round a bundle of cloaks or umbrellas. But the interlaced leaf patterns, on brooch and memorial stone, are not borrowed and adapted. They are really Highland, and full of vigorous growth. We follow with our finger the patterning on a stone, from the three-cornered leaf, filling one corner at the top, in and out through all the labyrinth of stalks—not one of them the same height, or passing under its fellow stalk at the same depth as any other; not one keeping an even width for two inches together; up and down, round and round, till we land in the jaws of some fierce open-mouthed monster at the foot, and find ourselves, not in the monster’s throat, but in “*Tir nan Oig*,” on the far side of the “dark gate” that here and in Ireland is always a little open. It is like hearing a “*sgeulachd*” well told. It is like singing in chorus. It is like listening to an old-fashioned piper. It is like dancing a reel! We have gone in and out and round about with the things that grow and twist, and take no thought for the morrow. We have got into the mood which allows us to enjoy the bend of a leaf into its right place in the pattern, and can rest there quietly for a while and laugh at locksmiths. Perhaps we have even learned to scratch a few turns of pattern

of our own on a broad ring of brass or copper or silver, in the way that many of the old breast and shoulder brooches are scratched with a pointed nail. Mr. Alexander Carmichael, to whom we owe the great gift of the “*Carmina Gad-elica*,” has some of these brooches in his possession, and if photographs of the many fine specimens that exist could be had cheaply, they would help us to apply our ornament to the larger purpose of getting back a true national dress, in which man and woman may move and work in the land, and have no fear of being taken for Cockney tourists or startling the “bestial.” The “Highland dress” as at present worn is a fantastic invention of the “tartan warehouse.” If you do not believe me, look at any ancient fragment of red tartan, and compare the quiet, harmonious colour and strong purpose-like weaving with the smoothed-up shoddy that blazes like a fiery furnace, and is positively dangerous for the wearer if he passes a bad-tempered Ayrshire bull! The proportions of the modern “sett” are also arranged sometimes upon the most liberal scale. I remember years ago how I underwent a performance of the national drama of “*Rob Roy*,” of which no vivid impression remains except a vision of the hero’s kilt! It showed in front four enormous red squares and two black ones, while, owing to the pleats, he glowed like live coal through four inch bars behind! Does it not seem tragic that a noble and dignified dress should be thus caricatured? For there is really no special difficulty about the hand-weaving of tartan. Any good weaver can do it if he will take pains enough to count the parti-coloured threads in warp and weft: and clear directions can be had for composing the pattern stitch. But we must begin with the yarn itself, and “gang over the fundamentals,” as the old Glasgow wife told her minister. We must spin a strong tweed and dye it with indigo, madder, and heather, not with chemical dyes. I have seen a piece of hand-spun and hand-woven Campbell tartan turn quite black by candle light, simply because the purples and greens were dyed with aniline. A few years hard wear in storm and sunshine would turn it almost gray by day. To aid in restoring a serviceable and splendid national dress, home-made, for everyday use, is part of the natural work of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and I would gladly do my small part in forwarding the good cause. I do not believe in “competitive stimulus,” but if any six (or less number) people would each take up the making of a fibula brooch with incised pattern, I would gladly give to all of them a copy of the best book known to me on

the subject of "Imaginative Design," and tracing or copy of such fine examples of Highland ornament as I can collect to help them in their work.

Some day I trust the hands will again keep time in weaving and pattern-making, and the feet keep time in dancing on winter nights in every home of the land, and simple decoration flow out from breast-plaid and shoulder brooch and *sgian dubh*, to distaff and shepherd's "cromag," as it did before, and to the memorials of those who have gone away. But let us begin with the things nearest to life and we shall be on the good old way to to "Tir nan Oig," for I assure you from experience that there is some inexplicable magic lurking in these wee quirks and turns and knots—whatever!

### MÓRAG.

(This tale won first prize at the Oban Mòd, 1906. The writer is Mr. D. W. McKenzie, U.F. Missionary, S. Uist.)

Aig àm na Calluinn tha muinntir Eilean Uidhist làn aighear. Tha cuirm na Bliadhn' Uir a' cur suigart is aoibhneas an cridhe sean is òg's an tìr. 'N uair 'tha ghaoth chruaidh a' seideadh thairis air bailtean beaga, aonaranach nan glac, tha griosach mhòr de theine mòna air ùrlar criadha 'steach, agus poit chòir de shitheann eun an crochadh os a chionn.

Mu thimchioll na griosach moire so tha comunn gasda de nigheanan òga le gruidhean dearga; agus còmhla riù mu thuairmeas air uibhir eile de dh'òganaich fhearail, cholgarr, le aghaidhean lachdann air an tobhar le smuit na mara agus gaoith gheur Eilean lòm Uidhist.

Bha phìob mhòr a' toirt nuallan aisid an tràsh so's a rithist. Chaidh am t-slige mu'n cuairt am measg na'm fear, agus an adharc shnaoisean am measg na mnathan. Bha 'n dannsadh a' dol air adhart an measg na muinntir òg, 's chluinntes fuan nan cuaran a' toirt cìod air an ùrlar criadha, ionnus gu robh balla tugh cheap an tighe air chrith 'o mhullach gu bhonn. Bu chridheil an comunn iad. "Se tìm an dannsa 'th' ann, fhearaibh," ghlaodh fear-an-tighe, "'S Calluinn i, 'Chàirdean! Mu'n cuairt an t-slige. Slàint', Iain; slàint', 'Dhòmhnuill; slàint', 'mhàiri; agus a Mhòire, Mhoire! sìth do na dh'fhalbh." Agus mar sin chaidh an aighear air adhart. Is maith na h-uile rud aig am bith crìoch mhaith.

Ann an ùine ghearr tha cridhe nam fear a' fàs trom le cion dighe, ach cha 'n eil an t-astar fada da ionnsaidh—a mhaìnn faodhail bheag 's tha 'n tigh-òsd' agad aig a bruaich thall. Ach mo chreach cha 'n fheadar a bhì cluich ri

eadhon faodhail bheag ann an Eilean Uidhist air oidhche ghailleannach, agus is beag gnothuich ghillean le deoch 'n an ceann a' dhol da h-ionnsaidh. Ach 's tric gur e so a' bhuidheann a gheabhtar toilichte gu dol air an astar chunnartach ud. Faodhail bheag ach meallta! Tha 'n fhaireg tilleadh air gach laimh, ach tha sruthan caol, beag, a' ruith thairis air gainmheach ruitheilich, neosheasmhach. So an sruthan ris an abair na h-Uidhistich an fhaodhail. Cha 'n eil ach aon àit oirre air am faigh bonn taic, agus ma tharlas nach amais thu air a' bhad sin faibhaidh do chasan bhua, agus ann am prìobadh na sùl tha thu air do ghùilàn air falbh le sruth laidir gu ruige glumaig dhomhain, a tha goil le sàl is gainmheach a measg a chèile, coltach ri poit bhrochain os cionn teine mòr mòna.

Am measg cuideachd na cuirme tha trìuir òganaich air an cur air leth gus a' dhol a dh'iarraidh tuilleadh uisge-beatha.

"Cluinnibh 'illean," tha fear an tighe a' glaothaich, "thugaibh an so am buidealan e! Cìod e searrag bheag, ghrannada, dhubb, am measg buidheann fhir Uidhist! Cha bhithiadh e ri radh nach bitheadh buideal an taobh mo thighe air oidhche Challuinn!"

"Ceart a labhair thu, fhir mo chridhe," fheagair na fir òga, "'S buidheann bhochd de fhir Uidhist nach tràigheadh buideal air oidhche de 'n t-seòrsa so!"

Agus leis an spid so thug na fir a' dh'ionnsaidh na faodhail le cridheachan eutrom, subhach, a fagail an cuid leannain am measg na cuideachd gus an tilleadh iad leis an deoch.

"Ailein," arsa Mòrag, "air sgàth Dhé thoir an aire ort féin!" Sheas i mach aig ceann an tighe ag amharc na dhéigh gus an tug an dorchadas a sealladh e. An sin chaidh i 'steach an tigh 's a smaointinn féin aice mu'n luchd turais.

Shuidh a' mhuinntir a dh'fhagadh, mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt, agus thòisich òran is sgeulachd mu seach. Sguir a' phìob mhòr, oir chaidh an dighe 'o chridhe na 'm pìobairean. Bha na crùisgeanan iad féin a' prìobadh le cion ola. Fo dheireadh 'nuair 'bha sgeulachd air muin sgeulachd 'ga h-innsadh thàinig seòrsa do shamhchair am measg na cuideachd, agus cùram sòlaime an gnùis gach fear is té. Dh'amaireid iad air na h-èibhleann dearga air an teintein, 's gach aon 's a smuain fhéin aige 's aice.

"Tha 'n t-àm gu robh na gillean an so," dh'èigh seann bhean a bha na suidhe air carnan mòna aig taobh na beirt-fhighe.

"Tha 'n t-àm gu robh na gillean an so!" ghlaodh i rithist ann an guth na b' chruaidhe. "Tha 'n fhaodhail dùinte 'nis. Seall a mach, a dhuine!"

Cha d'fheagair duine air son tiota. Thug

an t-seann bhean oidhirp air eiridh gu sealltainn a mach.

"Suidh, a bhean," arsa fear-an-tighe, "tha sgeir-dhubh gun 'dhol fodha fhathast."

Dh' eirich an duine a mach, 's leig e thaic ri balla cheap an tighe. 'Na latha fein bu shàr ghaigseach e, 's bhuineadh e do Fhionnghall Dhòmhnullach, ban-charaid a' phrionnsa. Bha 'ghruag thana, liath, a' crathadh anns a' ghaoith. Chuir c'agaidh 's an t-sian, 's sheas e'g éisdeachd, ach nì cha chluinneadh e ach fead caol, cruaidh na gaoithe, agus tairnean-ach nan tonnan a bualadh air an tràigh-a'-sìar. Bha tiugh dhorchadas air sgaoleadh thairis air Eilean Uidhist, ach a mhàin gu robh soillse beag soluis nan crùiseanan a' dearsadh air éigin a mach troimh uinneagan beaga thighean dubha an Silein. Bha ènlaith nan spèur 's na mara air cruinneachadh a steach a' cheann na m' bàgh fagus air laimh. Chrom na caoirich a nuas 'o Ruagheabhal gu fagadh thotachan thighe is iodhlann. Ged bha smaointean bochd eile aig a' bhodach leum e 'steach do 'n iodhlann 's thig e sguab a' dh' ionnsaidh a' bhadain chaorach a bha cnàmh an cìr ri fagadh garadh na h-iodhlainn.

"Sìod agaibh sguab dhuibh, a chreutairean bochd, 's mar 'eil mi air mo mhealladh bithidh a Challuinn agaibhse na 's seasaire na bhitheas i aig fear no dhà 'nochd!"

Chruinnich na caoirich timchioll air an duine, 's mèil acrach am beul gach aoin. Chrom iad an cinn a' dh' ionnsaidh na sguab 's thog gach tè craobh arbhair na beul, 's sheall i an dèigh a seann charaide mar gu 'm bitheadh i toirt taing dha air son a chaoimh-neis.

Cha d' thaitinn soltachd eun is chaorach ris an t-seann duine. Bha gaoir na mara air an oidhebe ud a' glaochaich call. Thàinig crith air, 's thill e steach do 'n tigh, 's dreach bàn air agaidh. Cha d' thaitinn a choltas ris a' mhuinntir a bha 'stigh. Cha robh fear eile deas air an fhoadhail a b' fhearr a bhreithnich-eadh nithe diomhair na 'n seann laoch ud.

"Air 'ur bonnan, fhearaibh!" arsa ean ann an guth sgariteil, "A dh' ionnsaidh na toir! A mhnathan, a mach le 'r leusan, 's thugaibh na fir a' dh' ionnsuidh na sgotha. Air m' fhirinn, fhearaibh, cha 'n obair ro mthath e. Bha e agam r'a dheanamh uair no dhà 'na m' latha."

Thug maighdean an sìod 's an so sgreid cianail caoinidh aise. Air an glùinean thuit iad uile 's iad 'gan croiseadh fein: "A Dhè nan gràs 'sa Mhoire Mhàthair, dìon is gleidh anam nan gillean!"

"So, so!" arsa am bodach, "deanadh a mhuinntir a tha fuireach a stigh an obair sin, ach a mach a so an corr!"

Mo thughaig Mòrag, 's an t-òganach a bha i dol a' phòsadh air an ath-sheachdainn am

measg nan triùir a bha air chall! A sìos a' dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich ghabh i gu'n suim sam bith dhe 'n ghaillinn. Shuidh i an sgor creige 's an sgeir uaine, ach dad cha chluinneadh i ach nuallan na fairge 's fead cruaidh neo-chaoimhneil na gaoithe. Bha gair gheal am bàrr nan stuadh a' dealradh a mach à tiugh dhorchadas na h-oidhche, agus faoileag an sìod 's an so ag iarraidh fasaigh eadar na tuinn 'o onfhada na fairge bheucaich. Bha 'n oidhche fliuch fuar le gaoth an iar-dheas—gaoth a shéideas air leth cruaidh thairis air Eilean lom Uidhist. Bha cuaillein donn, clannach Mòrag air tuiteam sìos mu guailibh, 's dosan eile dhe 'na chuachagan sìobach sìos air a broilleach corrach. Bha sìoban an t-sail air rudha dearg a' thoirt na gruidhean, a bha glé gheal beagan roimh sìod. Thionndaidh i mu'n cuairt 's chunnaic i gu robh am muir a nis an caolas na sgeir Uaine. 'S e latha geal a bheireadh à sìod tuilleadh i. Shuidh i far an robh i. Shluig i sìos a dòchas deireannach gu faiceadh i Ailein a chaoidh tuilleadh. An sin sheinn i ann an guth tiamhaidh:—

"Ailean duinn, a nì, 's a nàire,

I na hug oruinn oho,

I na hìrl, rithù.

Fhaolag a chnàmhas gach calladh,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

Thig a nall is innis naidheachd,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

C'ait' an d' fhàg thu m' rogha d' fhearaibh,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

Dh' fhaig mi e 'n Eilean màra,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

Air a bheul a sìleadh fala,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

O, gur mise th' air mo sgaradh,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

Gu bheil do leab' anns an fheamainn,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

'S do cheòl fìdhle gaoir na màra,

I na hug oruinn oho, &c.

Air dhi na rannan so a Sheinn ann an guth cianail, thuit i ann an sauin cadail, 's bhruadar i. Shaoil leatha gu robh i ann an lùchairt bhòidheach, 's na h-uile sheòrsa dhaoine is mhnathan riomhach a gabhail còmhuidh ann. Cha robh nì a mhiannaicheadh suil no cridhe duine nach robh ann. Bha mar an ceudna aoibh is sonas an cridhe na h-uile a bha còmhuidh 'san lùchairt. Shaoil leatha an sin gun tainig duine far an robh i 's gu'n dh' fheòraich e dhi gu dé b' aobhar mulaid dhi.

"O," arsa 'ise, "cha 'n eil Ailein an so, agus 'se sin fàth mo mhulaid!"

"Thig an so agus seallaidh mise dhuit far am bheil Ailein," thubhairt an duine rithe 'se 'ga treòrachadh gu uinneag mhòr. "Faic am bothan beag bochd ud an cois na tuinne—sin agad mata far am beil Ailein!"

"O," arsa Mòrag, "ciamar a gheabh mi ann?" Agus le so dh' fhosgail i 'sùilean, ach

mo chreach an àite a bhi ann an lùchairt aillidh 's ann a bha i na h-aonar an sgeir bheag, 's muir doineannach mu 'n cuairt dhi. Thuit Mòrag 's an ath shuain.

C'àite an robh an triùir ghillean a chaidh a' dh'iarraidh na deoch? Dhi-chuimhnich iad nach fuiricheadh tide-mhara riutha, agus bha iad fadalach a tighinn a' dh'ionnsaidh na faodhalach. Aig a' cheart àm bu bheag aca faodhail 's innte gun d' ghabh iad, cha bu luaidh na sgaoil iad 'o cheile. An uine ghearr bha 'n triùir gun treòir air an luasgadh a null agus a nall le tonnan sruth na faodhlach. Bha 'n dorchadas eagalach ann, 's leus cha 'n fhaicadh iad. Thog an goth fear dhiubh a mach aig beul na faodhail. Bha fear eile air sgeir, ach càit' an robh Ailein? O càite? Chaidh an goth dhachaidh as eugmhaish!

"Tha Ailein (sith dha), 'ars' am bodach, 'far nach eirich e tuilleadh gus an latha anns an toir an fhaireg suas na mairbh a tha innte."

Bha Mòrag a' dèsgadh 'o 'n t-suain anns an do thuit i. Bha i cluinntinn an tàladh neònach ud:—

"'S i rùn mo chagar Mòrag,  
'S i luaidh mo chridhe Mòrag,  
Gur annsa leam mo Mhòrag,  
'S cha 'n fhaigh neach eile còir oirr.'"

Dh'fhosgail Mòrag a sùilean 's chunnaic i dà shùil Ailein a' coimhead a steach na h-aodann maiseach. Bha latha air briseadh anns an airde-n-ear agus ciùine mhòr air muir agus air tìr. Bha na coilich air toiseachadh a' gairm aig baile, 's bha caolas na Sgeir Uaine air tràghadh. Bha ceò a' tighinn troimh mhullach tìghe an sìod 's an so an Eilean Uidhist. Dh' eirich na caoirich suas ri beinn a dh'ionaltradh. Bha faoileag is lach mu seach air sgéith a mach beul nam bagh a' dol a' chosnadh am bidh-maidne. Bha latha fàs na bu shoilleire, gus fo dheireadh dhealraich a ghrian air an Sgeir Uaine.

## MY SCHOOL DAYS.

(AN INCIDENT).

By LIEUTENANT E. E. HENDERSON,

Author of "Cycle, Camp, and Camera in the Highlands."

We were seven, all boys, wild, romping, and healthy. The writer came in fourth in the list. Our home lay in a lovely green spot by the banks of the murmuring Grudies, and overshadowed by the scraggy peaked Ben Dearg.

How wild we were then, in our secluded life among the mountains. Our nearest neighbour was about four miles away, and we seldom saw the face of a stranger. In the long summer days we played and fished by the many streams in the vicinity of our home, and

oft-times clambered up and down the rocky precipices on the mountain side, with no thought of danger. I look back upon these days with a commingled feeling of joy and sorrow—joy that they once existed, and sorrow that now they are gone for ever.

And yet to me the joyful days of summer were not a whit more delightful than the long winter evenings, when sitting at a cosy fireside I listened to the old Gaelic tales and songs of long ago. Night after night, when all the others had gone to rest, I alone was permitted, as I believe I alone cared, to sit up along with my mother, often until midnight, listening to her store—inexhaustible—of Gaelic lore, Gaelic song and story. To her "Ossian" was no myth, but a genuine reality. Most of his poems she knew by heart; nor had she ever heard of the much-abused "Macpherson." Every song had its story, often of love, sometimes of hate and battle. How vividly she depicted each incident, and with what minuteness she described each detail, even when relating a story of centuries gone, and why not? She had listened to their relation from her grandparents, who had carried them down unbroken and almost untainted from former generations.

It was my misfortune: I had to leave my paternal home in early youth, and by the time I had realised the value of my mother's wonderful knowledge of ancient Gaelic legend and song—it was too late, her extraordinary memory was giving way. Her family had grown to manhood and womanhood, and their everyday language was now English. Everything had changed. No one now cared about Gaelic legend and song. Even Highlanders smiled at their recital, and so, in a vexed spirit, she wrapped her mantle of Gaelic thought closely about herself, and by the time I had realised its value, the mantle had faded: my opportunity was lost. But that by the way.

One fine summer morning my father called the four elder boys together, of which I was the younger, and told us that we must now go to the Public School, four miles away. We were old enough to take care of ourselves, and besides, the young man who, for more than a year, had acted as our tutor, had to leave to prosecute his studies on his own account.

I shall never forget my first going to school. A bright summer morning, three miles of a narrow mountain pass running parallel with the River Grudie, one more mile on "*Rathad mor' an Rìgh*," and we are at our destination.

On that day I saw that wonderful iron horse, a railway train, for the first time. It came roaring along from the Auchanalt direction at



what appeared to me to be a fearful rate of speed. Furthermore, it seemed to be coming straight in my direction. My oldest brother observed my alarm, but instead of reassuring me, he thought it the best of fun to pretend to run away. I ran also, ran in sheer terror, for nearly a quarter of a mile, my heart in my mouth, and finally, as the train thundered past on its metal rails, fell exhausted at the roadside, where my brothers found me a few minutes later. I then for the first time saw the railway line, and young as I was, immediately understood it all, and felt both ashamed and angry.

In school we soon learned that to speak Gaelic was a crime which would not be tolerated. Of the English language I knew very little, and would have known nothing at all were it not for the fact that my father, very wisely, I think, sometimes spoke to us in English, whereas my mother only spoke English when she was compelled to do so, which was not often.

I had not been many months at school when an incident occurred which I am never likely to forget, the relation of which is my only excuse for seeking a page in "AN DEO-GREINE" on this occasion.

Among the few scholars in our little school was a young girl, the daughter of a well-to-do south country farmer. She was then about twelve years of age, I was about eight. My recollection of her is that she was very pretty. I can still remember a pair of bright blue eyes and a mass of lovely fair hair. I then, in my boyish heart, thought her beautiful as an angel, and wondered if, perchance, some day she would speak to me; but, alas! she had no Gaelic, and when one day she did speak, my store of English suddenly evaporated, and I merely stood and stupidly stared at her. She laughed merrily at my vainless effort to answer her, and mixed with the rest of the children in the playground, leaving me feeling very sore about it, and wondering why she could not speak Gaelic, and wishing that I knew more English. One day, not long after, I was standing alone in a corner of the little playground. Behind me was another boy, a few years older. I saw him picking up a handful of mud and throwing it in the direction of another boy with whom he had had a quarrel the day previous. His aim was bad, and to my consternation the mud struck the blue-eyed "Sassenach" full in the chest, playing terrible havoc with a dainty white frock. The culprit, on seeing the result of his bad aim, and being outside of the playground fence, was out of sight in a moment. The soft and disagreeable missile had come from the direction in which I was standing, and

before I could realise the situation the little madam was treating me to an abusive lecture that was hard to bear.

My English once more deserted me, so that I could not explain my innocence, much as I wished to. I could only say "Not me; not me." It was no use, she gave me a look of contempt and stalked towards the school-house. I may have looked guilty, possibly I did, but I can remember that, child as I was, her look of contempt caused me to give a shamed glance at myself. Kilted, barefooted, and that day bareheaded, for I had lost my cap in the Grudie while attempting to get at a hawk's nest that morning, I flushed with shame, and resisted a wild desire to rush from the playground and take a short cut over the mountains for home and mother. Yes, to the mother who could understand me and would not chide me for speaking in the only language I knew.

The whistle sounded, however, and feeling very sore at heart I followed the rest of the scholars into the school-room. I was immediately called up by the schoolmaster, who charged me with throwing a handful of earth at Miss —, pointing out at the same time the damage done to her frock. Yet once more my English failed me, and I essayed an explanation in Gaelic. A cut across the face from a five-fingered tawse reminded me that speaking Gaelic was a worse crime even than that with which I was then being charged. I heard and understood the evidence against me, bursting to explain in the only language I knew, yet knowing that I dared not. The teacher once again asked me if I had anything to say, and not knowing, perhaps not caring to know, that I was unable to reply in English, or perhaps under the impression that I was dour, he again picked up his tawse, saying, "I will soon make you speak," but in this he failed. My face, hands, and legs were bleeding from his blows, but speak I could not. Every blow seemed to drive my little knowledge of English still further away, and speak Gaelic I dared not. He tired at last, and I was allowed to go to my seat. He would tame me yet, he said; he knew how to deal with mountain cats. I well remember that I did not cry; I could not, and perhaps that angered him. The blows I felt not; it was the shame of the thing, the terrible injustice, and the fact that the fair "Sassenach" should believe me guilty of an attempt to injure her in any way. I felt also that the schoolmaster thought me stubborn and rebellious. In this he was wrong, but then he would not let me speak. Oh! the agony of it all! At last we were dismissed, and I was free—free to run home and sob out my sorrows at my mother's knee.

That night she sung me to sleep with one of her sweet Gaelic melodies, and I remember that I wondered vaguely why it was that the speaking of Gaelic was considered such an offence at school. Was English so much better? I could not think so; Gaelic was surely better and easier to speak. What would happen if at any time I had to go to one of the big towns I had heard about? Would I be sent to prison if I spoke Gaelic?

I could not answer, and fell asleep, having made up my mind never to leave my mountain home, never to leave my mother, and never, never to give up my Gaelic.

Alas! for my childish resolution, my home is now in the city. My dear mother has gone to rest, but the Gaelic is still with me, and will remain until that great hour, which cometh to us all, when time is called and the voice is stilled for ever.

—:O ♦ O:—

## SEALLADH O BHEINN NIBHEIS—1906.

[The following lines were suggested on hearing the Lord Advocate's Speech, recently delivered in Inverness, on the Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill.]

GUR e mis' tha gun mhulad, gun sprochd,  
Gun mhiaghean, 's gur sunndach mo lùth,  
A bhith dìreadh nan càrn is nan cnoc,  
Chum sealladh air dùthaich mo ròin.  
Tha mi ceumadh nam fireach 's nan tom,  
Nan lagan, 's nan gleann tha fo fheur;  
Mo chridhe is m' aigneadh fo shunn—  
B' fhada bhuam a bhith nan deur.

Nuair a ràinig mi mullach a' chùirn,  
Is m' astar a shir dol am meud;  
Cha b'e tilleadh gu baile mo smuain,  
Ach mo shùilean togta ri neamh,  
Gus an ruiginn binnean na beinn'  
A bheinn sin is àillidh fo 'n ghreinn,  
'Na ceannard air tìr Inne-Ghall  
Toirt dubhlain d'a naimhdeibh gu léir.

Beinn Nibheis! nan garbh-chriochan àrd,  
Air am bheil cota is finealt' de 'n t-sneachd,  
Do bheul a' sìr phogadh nan reul,  
Is iad a dearsadh mar dhaoimean gu h-ait—  
A' boillsgeadh le làn-sholus iùl,  
'S le 'n caidreamh 'gad chomhnadh le iochd;  
Mu d' iochdar tha pailteas a' tàmh  
A bheir suspainn, is speiread le bliochd.

B' àluinn an sealladh fo m' shuil  
'San ùr-mhaduinn shamhraidh, 's bu tlàth,  
An oidhch' a bhith snàgadh bho 'n ghreinn  
Mar a bha 's mar a bhitheas e ghnàth;  
Na gathan ag éirigh mu 'n cuairt,  
A' soillseachadh shliabh agus mhàin,  
'S na dubh-neoil a' sgaoileadh fo ruaig  
Is a' cromadh an cinn gu an làr,

Ged b' aoibhneach làn sòlais mar bhà,  
An Cruinne le gairich 's le fonn;  
Bha sealladh na 's boidheche nam dhàil,  
A lion m' anam 's mo spiorad gu teann—  
Ard-mhais' air gach coire is gleann,  
Iad sgeadaicht' bho mhullach gu bonn;  
An spreidh air na cluaintibh le 'n àl,  
'S ag ionaltradh timchioll nan tom.

Nan suinn da'm bu dual a bhi mòr,  
Iad fileanta, gaisgeil is treun;  
A' sealbhadh fearainn le còir,  
Fo laghan is reachdan tha rèidh;  
Gu seasmhach, snasmhor, gun tnu,  
Gun ghainne, gun fharmaid, gun bheud,—  
Le ceanaltas, bàigh, agus mùirn,  
Le sìochaint is deagh-ghean da réir.

O, Thusa d'an lubaich gach glùn,  
'Sa chruthaich na saoghail le d' neart,  
Do d' ainm bidh an oinoir 'san cliù,  
Shaor Albainn bho laghan mi-cheart;  
'Sa dh' eirid an cridhe nan sonn,  
Am Bratach a thogail gu h-ard—  
Gus am fograr luchd-ainneart bho 'n tìr  
'S gu mair sith agus sonas gu bràth.

A. M.

INVERNESS, 15th Feby., 1907.

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## EDITORIAL CHAT.—I.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" exclaimed one of the greatest of the Immortals. What, indeed, we re-echo, unless the name happens to be incorrectly spelt by a poor, harassed editor, and *then* there is quite enough in a name to make editing a danger, and to add one more to the terrors which menace an innocent editor's life! So we discovered one day a few weeks ago, and though our discovery is, so far as we know, a perfectly new one in the realms of journalism, we yet announce it with neither pride nor pleasure. Far from it. At the moment of discovery our thoughts were not intent on exploration of the unknown, neither were we anxious to add a new province to the kingdom of human experience. We had no desire of discovering a new route to the East Indies, nor were we concerned with the application of mathematical formula to scientific facts in order to ascertain what cross currents would convey us successfully to the North Pole. We were *only* pursuing the beaten track of editorial duty, when lo! that came upon us which drove sleep from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids—fear of sudden death by means of a terrible instrument, 'yclept a *Sgian Dubh*! We were not ignorant of the fact that editors must at all times be prepared to "endure the contradiction of sinners" in matters of vituperation, personal insult, and grievous injury to their pocket, when an impartial but foolish law declares them to have been guilty of libel. We have even read of rebellious and stiff-necked Americans who entered the sacred precincts of the editorial chamber and threatened its occupant with a cow-boy's whip or a brace of

pistols. These things concerned us not heretofore, for we trusted in our innocence, which we drew around us as a garment, and we felt safe under its folds. But innocence, it appears, is now powerless to protect us. Over our devoted head is poised the instrument of swift and sudden fate—a small, cruel, glittering steel blade, inserted into a beautifully carved handle so gorgeous with silver ornaments and precious stones that to the unwary it might seem an Angel of Light and Goodness rather than what it is, an emissary of the evil one. We ran into this danger without intention, and in the simplest manner possible. Our readers will remember that the February issue of AN DEO-GREINE contained a synopsis of the business transacted at a recent meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach. When preparing the synopsis we thought it right to publish with it the names of those who have consented to act as Patrons of An Comunn for this year. In our anxiety not to let our left hand know what the right hand was doing, we unwittingly lengthened by a hairbreadth the surname of a patron who is a valued contributor to, and a diligent student of, these pages. He vehemently objects to our modest attempt to enlarge the borders of his name. But behold his letter, and judge for yourselves! *Rabhadh!* “Fhir Dheasachaidh, Fhir Dheasachaidh—Tha mi air tarruing a mach na sgine-duibh th’ agam, agus tha mo lamh air dòrn mo bhìodaig a chionn agus gu’n chuir sibh tamail mhòr orm. Cha’n eil eolas agam air Tighearna Leodhais d’am b’ainn “Matheson” a tha sibh ag ainmicheadh air leth-dulleag de AN DEO-GREINE. Is mise, Donnacha Mac Mhathain d’an goirear Matheson’s a Bheurla.” We sincerely trust that Major Matheson will accept our apology for this sin of commission, into which we promise not to fall again. It must be the irony of circumstances which led us to commit it. We ourselves are the bearer of a name which is not too short nor too ununsual, and it is extraordinary the number of permutations and combinations some writers and printers can make out of it. Now it appears on an envelope, considerably elongated beyond what we had any reason to expect; then it appears in so abbreviated a form that the writer thereof could easily be convicted of petty larceny; and anon its letters are so transposed that in cases where we suspect the contents of the epistle to be disagreeable, we are strongly tempted to return it to the Dead Letter Office, bearing the legend “Not known here.” But this must be put a stop to. When we are next in town, it is our intention to purchase a *sgian dubh*, and afterwards we shall use it.

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At the invitation of Miss Ainslie Grant Duff, vice-convenor of the London and Aberdeenshire Stall of the Feill, we had an opportunity recently of giving an address on the language movement to an audience of between three and four hundred persons in the Town Hall of Turfuri. The gathering, which was under the genial presidency of Mr. Ainslie of Delgaty Castle, was distinctly sympathetic towards the aims and objects of An Comunn. The immediate object of the meeting was to excite interest in, and receive support for, the London and Aberdeenshire Stall. Mr. Ainslie, in the course of

an excellent speech, said:—“To think, as some seem to do, of disseminating the use of the Gaelic tongue beyond the limits of the Highlands is, linguistic and philological studies apart, a dream for which life is too short. Far otherwise stands the matter in the Highlands, where there exists an urgent practical need of a greatly extended knowledge of Gaelic on the part of teachers in Highland schools, who are constantly called upon to impart to children knowing Gaelic only a thorough training in English. The common practice of obliging children to learn English verse or prose by heart without their understanding a word of it, is a patent absurdity, an absurdity the greater that a large proportion of these scholars can only hope for advancement in lowland counties, in England, or in a British colony, if equipped with a sound knowledge of the English language. Bearing on this difficulty, it is a satisfaction to know that a new step has been taken by the Education Department, which has announced that Gaelic is henceforth to constitute, along with the usual classics, a compulsory subject in Highland secondary schools. This will, of course, affect the instruction of all teachers in such districts, and in the course of time probably remedy the evil above indicated. The subject of training of teachers, home industries and arts, I leave to Mr. Macgillivray, who can speak from actual experience of the needs of the Highlands. It is obviously becoming year by year more necessary to supplement the sparse and uncertain returns from Highland agriculture and fishing by the exercise of the crafts of spinning, basket-making, carving, harness-making, and divers other occupations which will tend to retain in our midst a very large proportion of the valid and vigorous youth, now not unnaturally tempted to court fortune in Canada, the United States, or lands more distant still.” In the course of the meeting, several Gaelic songs were magnificently sung by Messrs. Roderick M’Leod and Kenneth M’Rae, of Inverness, and were received by the audience with rapturous applause. On Friday of last week Miss Ainslie, who is indefatigable in the interests of all things Gaelic, had a similar meeting in the City of Aberdeen, during which she and Mrs. Watson, of Inverness, delivered admirable speeches.

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At the annual social gathering of the Edinburgh Clan Macleod Society in February, Sir Reginald Macleod, who presided, after treating of the progress of the Society, the question of the Macleod tartan and its rape by the Mackenzies, and the bagpipes, went on to bespeak the active co-operation of his audience for the Feill to be held in October. In the course of his appeal he said that there are 231,000 persons in the Highlands who speak Gaelic, of whom 23,000 spoke no other language. While nothing should be done to discourage the learning of English by any human being in the British Isles, he maintained that the Gaelic language should be preserved among the Highland people. They should be taught to speak English and to use their own native Gaelic. It was a language that was not only spoken, but it was a language, he said, with a literature, a history, a grammar, and a knowledge of it was beneficial not only for sentimental reasons; it was a most splendid

training for a child to be thoroughly familiar with two languages. Highlanders would be better able to work in any direction, either by head or hand, if they were trained to learn these two languages. He could not but feel that if Gaelic were to die out as a language, it would be a very grievous loss. It would be a humiliation to them, and he would be extremely sorry to see it. Going home among his own people, he found that the Gaelic language was the greatest link that attached them to the past, and that they, at least, had not become a mere English speaking people. He urged the Clan Macleod Society to take some practical step to foster the movement which was now spread all over Scotland, and which was taken up with so much enthusiasm.

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Sheriff Ferguson, K.C., of Forfarshire, speaking before the Edinburgh Highland Ceilidh recently, spoke some straight words in defence of Gaelic. There were some people, he said, who maintained that the Gaelic language, if not dead, was a dying language. There was a utilitarian spirit abroad which declared that any time spent upon it was wasted. He did not believe that the time devoted to the study of any language that had a literature and a history of its own was wasted. He believed that any man who had the capacity of being able to talk and to think and to learn in two languages without much difficulty, possessed an advantage over those who were not so favoured. If he thought that the attention paid to the study of Gaelic tended, in any way, to narrow the minds or to unfit the people for the discharge of their duties as citizens of a Great Empire then he would say, perhaps it were better it should disappear. But to his mind it ought not to, and would not, have that effect. He believed that those who were proud of the traditions of their own name, who were interested in the special history of their own part of the country, were none the less worthy Scotsmen and none less worthy citizens of a great nation and empire such as ours. He was confirmed in this belief when he remembered all that had been done for the British Empire in India, in the Colonies, and throughout the world by Highland soldiers, and by Highlanders who had earned success in other lines of life. Equally emphatic as to the value of Gaelic and the duty of maintaining it, was Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, who presided at the Edinburgh Ross and Cromarty Association Social the other night. They would all agree with him, he said, that a Gaelic-speaking county like Ross, where thousands of children did not speak any other language than Gaelic, for there were 5000 people with children who did not know a word of English, must have properly taught Gaelic schoolmasters teaching their boys and girls. It was useless to teach such children through English alone. The teachers must know Gaelic to teach them English through it. His advice to those who knew Gaelic was never to be ashamed of it. Once Gaelic was acquired it was a very easy burden, and to his mind, it was a luxury that ought to be envied by every Highlander. If for no other reason, the Gaelic was worthy of preservation because of the beauty of its music and songs. Mr. D. Munro Fraser, H.M. Inspector of Schools, who was present

at the meeting, cordially agreed with all that Sir Hector said in favour of Gaelic.

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The editor of "The Celtic Monthly" is known to be one of the most genial of men as well as one of the most versatile of editors. Full of a laudable ambition to deserve well of his countrymen, he invariably makes valiant efforts to make his journal at once entertaining and instructive. And he often succeeds admirably. Quite lately, however, that journal simply corruscated with a display of saturnine humour, a circumstance which perplexed his friends as much as it made sport for the Philistines. The remarkable progress made by An Comunn Gaidhealach these few years past was the subject which supplied fuel for the corruscation. It was, doubtless, in order that a fault-finding public should have no occasion to accuse him of over-partiality for the cause he was advocating indirectly, that he modestly headed his leaderette in the January issue of the "Celtic Monthly," under the semi-English designation, "The Highland Association and the Gaelic Mod." This modesty characterises the whole of that issue which contains only a page-and-a-half of Gaelic, inclusive of five verses and a chorus of a Gaelic song set to music. But this is by the way. The point to notice is, the remarkable gift of saturnine humour exhibited in the leaderette. This gift, rare among Highland people as golden eagles among Highland birds, seem to infer a certain tendency to fatalism and to exaggeration in its possessors. The ordinary person must, therefore, read the words spoken or written in this vein in the opposite sense to that which they seem to convey. Applying this rule to the leaderette referred to, we cordially agree with the editor of "The Celtic Monthly" that the affairs of An Comunn Gaidhealach were *never on so sound a financial basis* as they are at the present moment. It will be found that the balance remaining over year 1906 is quite double what it has been since the inception of An Comunn, and this result is largely owing to the phenomenal success of the Oban Mod. While we regret his inuendo that one or two members of the executive of *former* years were afflicted with "phenomenal loquacity," we rejoice with him that the business which could formerly be transacted in an hour or two now requires five or six hours. This is a distinct sign of solid progress. Year by year the amount of business to be transacted becomes greater and greater. To cope with special departments of it, committees and sub-committees are created. Year by year, An Comunn is extending its influence, and is no longer a mere Mòd committee. As the years pass it will not be unreasonable to hope, that a whole day, divided into two sederunts of five hours each, will be necessary to overtake all the business to be transacted. An Comunn is, as the editor of C.M. suggests, particularly fortunate in having on its executive, ladies who are indefatigable in their efforts for the cause, and who take an intelligent part in the discussions at the executive meetings, always speaking briefly, clearly, and to the point, and with good sense and judgment. Should any "animated gramophone"—we confess we don't know what this term means—or person of explosive temper and full of self-conceit ever find his way to the council, the presence of

ladies ought to be an excellent check upon him. We thank the editor of C.M. for pointing out, in *his peculiar way*, the devotion, self-sacrifice, and *entire absence* of self-seeking shown by more than one lady and several gentlemen members of the executive in their regular attendance at these meetings which are often held on Saturdays, and which entails upon them almost three whole days' absence from home. It were passing strange that such persons should countenance "reckless extravagance" of the funds of An Comunn, funds which never yet could be described as "flourishing." It would be still more strange if the capable and clear-headed editor of C.M. and several of his friends who were members of the executive would permit extravagance. It happens, sometimes that even editors do not know everything, so it is possible our friend did not know that the balance sheet which roused his ire was published before a considerable sum of money due to An Comunn was received. His pleasant conceit about the pluck of the Obanites is amusing. In a mad desire to finish up with a pyrotechnic display of his peculiar humour, we fear he has got muddled among figures. We hold no brief for Oban any more than our brother-editor does, yet we cannot help saying that if all branches were as enthusiastic, and all members as devoted as are those at Oban, the Gaelic movement would be a bit further advanced than it is. We can assure him that Mackays, MacRaes, MacKenzie's and Gunns, will be heartily welcomed to the executive, as will any clansman able and willing to do hard work for the cause. If we understand our friend's humour aright, we believe he deprecates the publicity which spells vituperation and reckless assertion. There are, and always have been, persons afflicted with the disease called "*Cacoethes Scribendi*" (itch for scribbling), who can no more be restrained from this form of writing than Tennyson's brook could be restrained from flowing on for ever. They labour under the harmless delusion that they are illuminating the world and reforming abuses. And the old, old world that has seen so much, smiles indulgently at their efforts, and then remembers Dogberry's description of himself! We can assure our friend that "wholesome" or wholesale publicity will help, not hurt, An Comunn Gaidhealach.

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## GAEIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

### GRAZING.

Feurach, pasture, grazing; air feurach, air feurachadh, out at grass.

Feuraich, to feed on grass, to pasture, graze.

Feur (verb), idem, MacAlpine.

Ionaltair, to browse, graze, feed in rough ground, or in the fields after the removal of the crops. The word implies more of movement on the part of the animal than is required in an enclosed field of good grass. When used of animals in such a field the word means that they are eating, not lying down or standing still. The word is used also of poultry wandering about in search of food.

Ionaltair, Ionaltradh, browse, grazing.  
Creim, creidhm, to nibble, crop or pick grass.

Fasair, pasturage, luxuriant pasturage.

Fàsach, choice pasture.

Fàladair, bare pasture.

Feur, grass, pasture, herbage.

Glas-fheur, feur gorm, green grass.

Fèirnean, pile or blade of grass.

Luibhean, blade of grass.

Sian, pile of grass.

Millteach, good grass, tufts of grass or mountain grass.

Milleach, tender sappy grass.

Mineach, tender grass.

Min-fheur, soft or smooth grass; a meadow.

Ula, rank or long grass.

Fionndairneach, rank grass.

Fòghlach, fòlach, "rank grass growing upon dung hills;" manured grass, or grass growing on manured land.

"Cuiseagan is riasg,

Chinneas air an t-sliabh

B' annsa leath' mar bhiadh

No na fòghlaichean."

—Duncan Macintyre, p. 88, 7th ed.

"Far an cruinnich na h-èildean

Bu neo-spèiseil mu 'h fòghlach."

—Idem. p. 93.

Pabadh, an overgrowth or luxuriance, as of grass.

Griomagach, shrivelled grass.

Falaig, a moor burn, a heather-burning.

### GRASSES.

Beitein, mat-grass or moor-grass; the withered or decayed grass of the hills.

Borrach, sweet meadow grass; in Skye, mat-grass or moor-grass.

Brisgean, moor-grass, &c.

Bruchorcan, bruth-chorc, etc., heath-rush, stool-bent, dirk-grass.

Bruim-fheur, couch-grass or switch-grass.

Bun-glas, purple meadow-grass.

Carran, scurvy-grass, garden scurvy-grass.

Cìob, cìb, cìob-cheann-dubh, tufted scirpus, deer's hair grass.

Cona, cat's tail grass.

Cuiseag, a species of grass having a slim, straight stem.

Deideag, rib-grass, rib-wort.

Dùrachdan-moaidh, moor-grass.

Dùr-fheur fairge, sea hard-grass.

Fìneach, rank moor-grass, see garbhach.

Freothainn, bent-grass, Argyll.

Garbhach, "rank moor-grass; (fineach,

*Lew.*)," MacAlpine.

Goinean, couch-grass, quickens, Perthshire.

Goin-fheur, idem.

Mealbhan, sea-bent sea-reed, Easter Ross and Sutherland.

Misleàn, a mountain grass, sweet meadow grass.



Mòin-fheur, mountain grass.

Muran, sea-bent, sea-reed.

Pundglas, a species of purple grass.

Rabhann, a species of long grass that grows in still, shallow water. Cattle and sheep wade in to eat it, and the latter often get entangled and are lost. It is sometimes cut for fodder. West Ross and Sutherland.

Riasg, riasgach, sedge or dirk-grass; a place in which this grass grows.

Sliabh, mountain grass, moor bent grass.

Tràbhach, trabhach, fiorin grass; in Lewis is pronounced "tráthoch," and means the same as *rabhann*, above.

Ultanaich, deer's hair grass, Sutherland.

#### SHEALING, &c.

Airigh, àiridh, a shealing; hill pasture or summer residence for herdsmen and cattle.

Ruighe, idem; skirt of a hill or spreading lower slope.

Aroch, a shealing; summer grazing or residence.

Buailteach, a shealing hut; a dairy-house.

Bothan-àirigh, a shealing hut.

Innis, a field to graze cattle in, pasture, resting place for cattle, choice pasture, etc. In Ross and Sutherland a place low-lying and sheltered, where cows are gathered to be milked and where they lie out at night.

Inseag, detached field or pasture.

Udrathad, ùtraid, 'free egress and regress to common pasture'; a common road to common grazing, to peats, etc.

#### CORN.

Arbhar, corn, corn-crop. The word includes grain and straw and ceases to be applied when they are separated in thrashing.

Biotait, corn, corn-crop; in Perthshire, biteal, 'saidhe agus biteal,' hay and corn.

Corc, coirc, oats.

Eorna, barley.

Cruthneachd, croineachd, wheat.

Seagal, rye.

Cogull, tares, cockle.

Roille, dìthead, peasaireach, tares, McL. & D. (Eng.—Gael.)

Dìthead, darnel.

Doit, darnel, cockle.

Breòilleán, brèòillein, darnel, rye-grass. O'Brien says, "bréòileán, darnel; *vulg.* braghleán."

Peasair, pease, pulse.

Lìon, flax, lint.

Siol, siol-cura, siol-cuir, seed, seed for sowing.

Cuir, siol-chuir, to sow.

Cur, curachd, siol-chur, sowing of seed; act or operation of sowing.

Sadadh, idem, W. Ross-shire.

Modh-siolaich, a remnant of seed left to produce more.

Biodaich, to bud.

Bruidich, to bud as grain.

Fochann, young corn in blade, Scot. 'braird.'

Fo fhochann, bladed, in blade, 'braired.'

Foichlein, a sprout, blade of young corn appearing above ground.

Gart, gort, standing corn, a field of growing or uncut corn.

Goirtean, a little field of standing corn.

#### HARVEST, &c.

Foghar, fogharadh, autumn, harvest; the corn-crop after it has ripened and until it is housed or stacked, In South Argyll and in Arran, as in Ireland, the word is foghmhar (*ogh* sounded *ao* short), written foghar and fobharradh by MacAlpine.

Barr, crop, produce of the fields.

Pòr, idem.

Ath-atodhar, a second crop after a field has been manured by the folding of cattle or sheep.

Barr-tachair, crop sprung from seed left on the ground from the last harvest.

Abaich, ripe; to ripen.

Frois, ros, rois, to cast seed from over-ripeness

Fras, fros, ros, seed, of corn, &c.

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#### NOTES FROM STORNOWAY AND THE LEWIS.

WE are indebted to an esteemed correspondent in the Lewis for these interesting notes:—"The Gaelic class which was started in the beginning of the winter is to be vigorously carried on during the spring. About fifty pupils joined and meet weekly in a room in the secondary department of the Nicolson Institute. The class has been fortunate in securing the services as teacher of Mr. Angus L. McDonald, M.A., of the Nicolson Institute, who is a native of Ness, and an enthusiast for the Gaelic language. By the way, our revered townsman, Dr. Macrae, whose knowledge of the people of the Lewis is second to no living man, has affirmed that the best Gaelic in Lewis is to be found among the people of the small village of Skigersta, Ness. And in this connection we recall having read that Wm. Ross, the Gaelic poet who was reputed to be the best Gaelic scholar of his day, and who travelled through most of the Highlands, was often afterwards heard to say that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of Lewis. The same is probably true to day of the western seaboard of the island from Ness to Brenish.

Everybody here is talking about the trenchant Gaelic article, by Major Matheson, which appeared in the "Highland News" of 2nd February, under the heading, "Duig suas a Ghaidhlig." The gallant Major has done the people of the Highlands a real service, and hit the nail on the head, when he points out in this article the folly of Gaelic-speaking people corrupting their language by

intermixing it with English words in their intercourse with one another. Unfortunately this practice has become a fixed habit with people who are under no necessity of doing it, for if they reflect for a moment, they can express their thoughts much more forcibly in pure Gaelic than they can in English. As the Major so well states, if Highlanders themselves are so extremely indifferent and careless regarding the purity of their language, how can they expect it to survive among them as a living language? It is high time that all Gaelic-speaking people were awakening out of their indifference, and jealously guarding the purity of our ancient tongue. Our forefathers left us, in our language, a noble heritage, pure and unsullied, which we ought to hand on unsullied to generations yet unborn.

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*The following reply has been addressed to the Editor of the "Celtic Monthly" regarding his animadversions on An Comunn Gaidhealach and the Gaelic Mod.*

22nd February, 1907.

To the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR,—We have observed with surprise and regret the imputations on the management of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* in your editorial of January. No public body is exempt from criticism. Your article, however, is, in our opinion, not a fair or true criticism.

As office-bearers of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* we entirely repudiate your statement as to the financial position of *An Comunn*. For the information of yourself and your readers, we beg to authoritatively state that *An Comunn* in this respect has never been more flourishing than it is at the present moment. From 1892 till the present year *An Comunn* has never been without a substantial sum at credit annually, varying from £30 to £196 this year. We should like to ask if this is bankruptcy?

We quite admit that the Bazaar was a "brilliant idea." It was also a practical one, as proved by the way in which it has been taken up, not only in Great Britain, but in the Colonies, by all who have a true interest in the Gaelic cause. The Bazaar was not at all conceived, as you suppose, "to recoup a depleted exchequer," but for the purpose of raising a fund to enable *An Comunn* to extend its sphere of usefulness. Whatever may be realised from the Bazaar, you may rest assured will be judiciously and thriftily expended in the cause of Gaelic.

With regard to the other parts of your letter, we do not think them at all worthy of any real Gael who has the Gaelic cause at heart.—We are, Sir, Yours, &c.,

A. MENZIES, President.

M. MACLENNAN, Vice-President.

KENNETH CAMPBELL, Vice-President.

:o:

## AN EASGUNN GHRANNDÀ.

OIDHCHE fhuar 'sa gheamhradh so chaidh, nuair a bha sinn triuir no ceathrar 'n ar suidhe timchioll air teine math moine, a

buidheann air an aimsir agus air pòsaidhean a bha gu tachairt san àite thachair an còmh-radh a leanas. Bha 'n tìde cho fliuch fiadhaich 's nach robh iad a faotainn a dhol a dh'iasgach. Bha sinn a bruidheann air cho gann agus a bha an t-iasg. Am measg na cuideachd bha nighean chòir aig an robh grian na ceithir fichead bliadhna air a dhol sìos fodh na neoil. Thubhairt mi fhin "Bu mhaith san am so a chàrnag (easgunn) fhéin.

A' NIGHEAN.—Ise a bhiasd ghrannda, cò a dh'itheadh i?

MISE.—Am bheil fhios agaibh gur i an t-iasg is daoire a tha iad a reic an diugh?

A' NIGHEAN.—'S ann aca a tha chàil nuair a chuireadh iad nam beul gréim dhi. Gu dearb tha langa gu math, agus tha mi cinnteach gu bheil i fada na 's daoire na ise, am beathach grannda. Nach i a langa mairt-fheol a chuain?

MISE.—Is i cheana, ach an diugh, am bheil fhios agaibh gu 'n toir iad barrachd mòr air a chàrnaig? Ithidh iad na h-easgunnan dubha a tha sna sruthain.

A NIGHEAN.—Stadaibh! An ith iad iad san aite agaibhse?

MISE.—Direach mar a tha iad an so fhéin-fèadhainn a dh'itheas agus fèadhainn nach ith.

A NIGHEAN.—Sin mar a tha.

MISE.—Dé tha agaibh na h'agaibh?

A NIGHEAN.—Gu dearb is iomadh rud sin. Am bheil sibh féin a creidsinn gur ann as a ghaoisdean a tha i fas?

MISE.—Cha 'n 'eil mi smaointean gur h-ann.

A NIGHEAN.—Gu ta tha mise. Bha mi aig cosnadh cuig bliadhna aig Port-Nis, an Leòdhas, agus 's minic a chuala mi na h-iasgairean ag radh gu 'n aithnìcheadh iad 'ga toirt a stigh na bhata cò am beathach as na dh'fhalbh an gaoisdean as na dh'fhas i. Bhiodh cuid dhiubh a donnalaich mar na coin, cuid eile a sitrich. Agus ciamar a nis nach ann as a' ghaoisdean a tha i fas?

MISE.—Tut! Cha 'n 'eil mi creidsinn guth dheth.

A NIGHEAN.—Ma ta, arsa ise, tha mise dol a dh'innseadh naidheachd dhiubh oirre agus cha 'n 'eil guth bréige ann. Bha faiche anns a' chladach fodh 'n tigh againn, agus bhithinn an combnuidh a faotainn giomach innte, gu dearb cha robh mi ach og. Bha falt buidhe bhàn orm agus e sìos mu mo chluasan, sann orm fhin a bha mhoit air a shon. Agus mur faigheadh e sliobadh agus cìreadh sann glé thinn a bhithinn. Coma co dhùil an là so chuir mi air doigh e, mach a thug mi, agus chum mi dìreach a dh'ionnsuidh na faiche. Bha ise—gu dearb nuair a chuimhnìcheas mi oirre thig gaor na 'm fheoil—na luidhe na cuach aig beul na faiche

Chrom mì sios mo cheann a choimhead an robh giomach ann. 'S ann a leum a bhiast, agus rug i air chiaibhaig orm. Ach ma rug! Chluinntean a' Hìort an eighchea a rinn mise. As á sud cha leigeadh i a greim, gus ma dheireadh gu'n d' thainig brathair m' athar a nuas agus cuaille maide aig 'na laimh a bha e a snaitheadh air son cas-chrom. Nuair a chunnaic e mar a bha cha mhor nach do thuit e ann a' neul leis an eagal. Thug e leis mi mach gu braighe chladaich, agus sann air fhéin bu shuarach. Chuir e mo chean air cloich, agus cho fhada sa rachadh aig air dh' fhiach e buille sa cheann oirre a chuir a'n eanchuinn aise. Sin mar a fhuair mi dealachadh rithe. An iarradh sibh orm a leithid sin a dh' iasg itheadh?

IAIN MACILLAINDRAS,  
Obbe.

—:o:—

### AN SAMHRADH.

FONN—"Moch 's mi 'g eirigh."

B' FHAD 's bu chian an Geamhradh fiat'  
Le gaillionn 'siantan reota;  
Còimheach, gailbheach moch is anmoch,  
Ris gach dealbh 'sa Cheo-chruinn.  
Ach 'n deigh a Gheamhraidh thig an Samhradh,  
Geugach greannmhor ceolmhor;  
Le maise is aigh air feadh gach roinn,  
Gu torach, brioghor, lontaile.

'Sin dhùsgaidh suas le spionnadh nuadh,  
Gu sunndach, cuantail, ordail;  
Na bha nan suain 'an glaic an fhuachd,  
Gu reachdmhor, buadhach, oirdhearc.  
A dol air ghleus gu foirmeil, treun,  
Le neart na grein' 'thug beo iad;  
'S le deoch an àigh a' sìleadh tlath—  
An driuchd o aird na' mor-bheann.

Bi gorm-bhrat reidh air aghaidh neamh,  
Le chùirtean reulach, comhnard;  
De lochran cian an ear san iar,  
Gu maiseach grìanach or-bhuidh;  
'Sa freagairt dà le mìle failt',  
Gu lusach, lan-dhearc, lodail;  
Bi aghaidh naduir anns gach ait',  
Mar cheile graidh na h-oige.

Sgaoilidh brat do iomadh dath,  
Air aodann ghlaic is bhruaichean,  
Sobhrach chubhraidh, tus nam fluran,  
Frogach, cluthor, cluasach;  
Neoinan caoin is Carra bhraon,  
Gu feoirneach caoin-gheal snuadhmhor;  
'S mìle dithean nach gabh innseadh,  
Air srath nan innsean uaigheach.

Bi' gach crann 'bha misgte lòm,  
Gu duilleach, cam-mheur, geugach;  
Torach, brioghor, molach, mìlseach,  
Cnoach, figeach, speurach;

'S iad beo le Eoin is Cinne gloir,  
Air bharr nan og-mheur ceutach;  
A seinn nan duan do Rìgh nam Buadh,  
Gu subhach suaimhneach seisteach.

A sìreadh loin air iomadh doigh,  
A reir an nois gach creutair—  
An seallan strìanach, ballach, riabhach,  
'Tarruing biadh is ceir-bheach;  
Gu ceigach, srannach, leumnach, geallmhor,  
Feadh ghlaic is ghleann gu treubhach;  
A torradh suas fa chomhair an fhuachd,  
Co-ionnan duan is beus da.

Air na lochan bi' na lachan,  
Cra-gheoidh 's ealachan a snamh;  
Anns an aonaich bi na caoirich,  
Air na' raointean an crodh lan;  
Bradan tarra-gheal, cuimr, ceanna-ghlas,  
Leumnach, meamnach, ard;  
Air gach du'-linn ceapadh chuileag,  
Eallamh, ullamh, dan'.

'S moch a dh' eireas, uallach, eutrom,  
'S uaibhreach geum a bheoil-san;  
Fear gun eu-slain' air nan sleibhtean,  
'S air na reidhlean comhnard;  
Feitheach, fuasgailt', soirbh a ghluasad,  
Ceumnach, cluaineach, croiceach;  
Ri dol 'sa chuireadh, cnuic gan smuidreadh,  
Air gach taobh nan roidean.

O thonnaibh uaibhreach air 'ur luasgadh,  
Lonach, fuaimhneach, beucach;  
Leis an sguab-ghaoith o an tuath-aird,  
'S leis gach cruaidh-ghleachd reulach;  
Thainig ordugh o an Mhor-Rìgh,  
'Bhi 'n ur comhnard gle-chiui;  
'Thoir bhur saibhreas do an daibhir,  
'Thoir bhur caoimheas reidh dha.

'S na raointean àitich, braonach, blàthor,  
Craobhach, cairdeil, cubhraidh;  
Leis gach aoibhneas 'thoir an saibhreas,  
'Chum nan saibhlean dhumhlach';  
Coirce is eorna de gach seorsa,  
'S iomradh por ro fhineil;  
Duine is ainmhidh 'bhi gun dearmad,  
Ach nan crannchur lughor.

'Se 'Fein is Ughdar do an Chruitheachd,  
'S do na duilean speurach;  
'Tha 'g orduch' Geamhradh agus Samhradh,  
Earrach 's àm nan geug-mheas;  
"Air an fhìrean 's air an aingidh,"  
Grian le daimh bhi 'g eirigh;  
'Chum na crìch' gum biodh gach tir,  
'Toirt moladh crìdh' gu leir dha.

MR. EOGHAINN.

—:o:—

### ORAIN MHORA COMPETITION.

THE ORAN MOR we publish this month is entitled "Oran do Mhorair Ghlinn-Urghaidh." It is the composition of *Donnacha Bàn nan*



*Oràn*—Duncan Ban M'Intyre—and the music here appended is from the Mòd Competition which gained first prize in 1904 for unrecorded melodies. It may be sung by sopranos, in A flat or G. We remember hearing ex-Provost M'Cowan, of Oban, give a magnificent rendering of this song to a stirring and beautiful melody, in the Drill Hall at Èllenabeich, Kilmbrandon, in 1898. We very much wish he could give us, for publication in "An Deo Greine," his music for this song.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINN-  
URCHAIDH.

KEY A FLAT.

{ l :— s | s :— m | r :— | d :— }  
Sgeul a b'ait leam ri inn - seadh,  
{ d :— d | d :— r m | m :— | m :— }  
Mu'n òg aigeannach riomh - ach,  
{ m :— m | s :— m | r :— | d :— }  
Loinneach, bhasdalach, phris - eil,  
{ d :— d | d :— r m | m :— | m :— }  
Chaoimhneil mhacanta shlobh - alt.  
{ m :— m | s :— m | r :— | d :— }  
Rinn gach beart a bha rìogh-aìl,  
{ m :— m | m :— m | l :— | s :— f }  
Ann an ceartas 's am flr - inn, Fo  
{ m :— s d | r :— m | d :— | d :— d }  
thoiseach na strìth so thàin - ig, Fo  
{ m :— s l | s :— s | m :— | m :— }  
thoiseach na strìth so thàin - ig.

'S iomadh àit a bheil cliù ort;  
Nach robh'm pàirtich do dhuthcha,  
Sheas thu dana gun chùram,  
Gu neo-sgàthach le dùrachd  
Gun fhàilinn gun lùbadh,  
Anns an àit bu rùn leat,  
Far na gheall thu o thùs a bhi cairdeach;  
Far na gheall thu o thus, &c.

Sàr cheannard gach fin' thu,  
Deagh mhaighstir nan gillean,  
'S an còmandair gun tioma,  
An tùs aimhreit no iomart,  
Nach dean parladh a shìreadh  
Le d' lanntaibh geur, biorach,  
Bhiodh calldach a's iomain air nàmhaid;  
Bhiodh calldach a's iomain, &c.

'S iomadh caraid mu'n cuairt duit,  
Eadar Bealach a's Cruachan,  
Leis 'm bu mhath thu bhi 'n uachdar  
Le neart tein' agus luaidhe.  
'S nan lann tana, geur, cruaidhe,  
Rachadh mar riut g'am bualadh,  
'Nuair a thogadh tu suaicheantas àrda:  
'Nuair a thogadh tu, &c.

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Campbells of Argyle	MacLachlans
Campbells of Breadal-	Lamonds
bane	MacLaurins
Chisholms	MacLeans
MacColls	MacLennans
Colquhouns	MacLeods
MacCruimins	Logans
Cumins	Mathesons
Davidsons	Menzies
MacDonalds of Clan	MacMillans
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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

An Giblean 1907.

[Earrann 7.

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## AORADH-OIDHCHE NA NAOIMH, AGNES.

Mu'n cuairt a muigh de'm chill tha'n sneachd  
 Ri gèalaich dhealraich tlàth,  
 Mar chòd tha m' anail 'nàmh gu nèamh,  
 Bu mhiann leam 'leantainn tràth;  
 Tha sgàil 'nan tùr gu slaodach mall  
 A' cromadh thar an lèan,  
 Mar tha na h-uairean sialtach sgith  
 'Gam threòrachadh gu'm Thighearn!  
 Mar speuran fìor-ghlan fionnar fuar  
 Na h-oidhch' is ciùine sìth,  
 Mar 'ghealag-làir so tàmh a'm uchd,  
 O Thusa! Glan mo chridh'!

Is gruamach dubh mo thrusgan geal  
 Ri taobh an t-sneachd' cho glan,  
 Is dorch a leus na coinnle so  
 Ri taobh an t-soluis làin';  
 Mar so tha m' anam anfhann faoin  
 'N Ad làthair, Uain Naomh,  
 Ach 's math mo dhùil 's an àm ri teachd  
 Bhi 'm spiorad glan ri D' thaobh.  
 O Sgàin na speuran, Thighearn', 's bho chein  
 Troimh an reul-sholus geal  
 Thoir suas dhut fhéin mi, Do bhean-bainns'  
 An trusgan ùr gun smal.

Tha E 'gam thogail suas air fad  
 Gu dorsan deàrrsach òir,

Tha bogha na h-iarmailt 'bruchdadh suas  
 'S a' taomadh sìos a ghloir,  
 'S a' fosgladh gheata glormhoir grinn  
 Gu farsuinn; 's Feuch, An t-Uan,  
 Fear-bainnse néimh 'bheir seachad dhomh  
 A ghlaire féin gu buan.  
 Sàbaidean Siorruidheachd gun chrich  
 Aon sàbaid fharsuinn shéimh—  
 Soilleir air cuan ro lainnearach ciùin—  
 Fear-bainnse 's bean-bainns' néimh!

*Air eadar-theangachadh as a' Bheurla bho  
 Tennyson le Donnacha Mac Mhathain, Tighearna  
 Leodhais, 1907.*

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE, F.S.A. Scot.,  
 President of the Celtic Union.

ONE of the chief aims of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* is "to encourage home industries among the Gaels." The object is a most praiseworthy one. The Gaels specially understood are, of course, those whose homes are situated within the Gaeldom of Alba and Innis-Gall, and whose worldly circumstances are not very flourishing. These are the people whom their more prosperous kindred of *An Comunn* would fain help into a higher and less arduous life, by endeavouring to find employment which will yield a better return for labour expended than that to which they are at present accustomed. And this without requiring them to leave their native glens and islands.

Laudable and philanthropic although this desire on the part of well-to-do Gaels is, it may be questioned at the very outset whether they can do much to aid their less fortunate brethren. One thing that is quite clear, at

any rate, is that the worldly success of the latter depends almost wholly upon themselves. The kindly and well-considered schemes devised by their wealthier friends will no doubt be of some use. But if a man is to get on in the world he must rely upon *himself*. Those men of our time who have risen to eminence from small beginnings, our Strathconas and Carnegies, such men were not fostered and tended in their youth by philanthropic friends. Each carved out a way for himself, and never thought of trusting to others to make their paths smooth before them. Had they waited for *that*, they would probably be as poor now as when their lives began.

This truth, the absolute necessity for initiative and individual effort on the part of those who seek to rise, must ever be borne in mind both by themselves and by the friends who would like to give them a helping hand. But, while an essential premise is that the impelling power *must* come from the aspirant, there is no harm, and possibly much good, in talking over ways and means with him in a friendly way.

And, first of all, such "home industries" as wood-carving may be bluntly dismissed from serious consideration. In Switzerland, with its pine-clad hills, the peasantry can fill in their winter evenings profitably by carving various articles in wood, a craft in which they have developed great skill during several generations. But in our treeless northern Highlands and Islands work of this kind is quite exotic. It is vain to talk of the Celtic art of past centuries. That art is represented to-day in the studios of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where it is executed with a mastery that comes from years of study. No doubt the artistic power is latent in many of our Highland fishers and crofters. But the outward manifestation of that power in its incipient stages is not worth looking at, from the business point of view. No possible purchaser would ever think of preferring the work of an amateur to that of a skilled craftsman. As a pastime, wood-carving may be commended to our young Highlanders, but not as an industry.

What we have to do is to take a real, practical view of things. We have to ask ourselves—"Is there anything that Gaeldom possesses that the outside world wants to buy?" So far as the lairds are concerned, there are fishings and shootings; and these certainly pay their owners well, besides bringing rich men into remote districts, where they also benefit the poorer people to some extent. Then there is the scenery, which the Southern artist loves to paint. As a rule, he is not a rich man; nevertheless, his presence means something. Further, there is the "Harris

tweed" trade. Harris tweeds are not made in Harris only. But whatever part of the Hebrides they come from, they are in real demand. This, therefore, is a genuine native industry, which ought to be worked "for all that it's worth." But the chief asset of the Hebridean Gael is "the harvest of the sea." It does not seem to me that he has sufficiently availed himself of his opportunities in this respect. A few years ago a Norwegian company established a whaling station at West Loch Tarbert (Harris), and every year, from April to September, they have devoted themselves to whale fishing in that neighbourhood. The result is that they have made money. I am informed, on excellent authority, that last year they captured 166 whales. Why should that industry have been started by Norwegians, and why should the profits go to Norway? The people of the Long Island ought to have known that whaling would pay, and they were as well able as the Norwegians to subscribe the necessary capital. But they lacked enterprise. And now they have the mortification of seeing one of their natural products, which ought to have benefited them, worked by foreigners to the advantage of foreigners.

Nor is whaling the only industry to be considered in this connection. The position of the whole archipelago of the Hebrides is exceptionally fortunate for the development of fisheries. These islands lie out in the Atlantic, whose waters are teeming with fish, and this ocean harvest is only very partially reaped. No attempt, for example, seems to have been made in the way of *preserving*. Fish are sold fresh, and salted, and kippered. But no one has yet heard of Hebridean *tinned* fish. The tinning of sardines is an immense industry in Brittany. In Cornwall and at Deal, on the Kentish coast, young pilchards and sprats are tinned in oil, like the French sardines, with profitable results. In Norway, all kinds of fish and fish-roe are prepared as "savouries," and hermetically sealed in tins. Nansen's ship, the "Fram," was stored with Norwegian tinned fish and savouries when it set out on its Arctic expedition many years ago. Norway is not better situated than northern and western Scotland for such an industry. It is probably not so well situated. But what have our Highlanders and Islemen done to furnish a British Arctic Expedition with such necessities, filling their own purses in the process? Is this another trade that they are going to allow the Norwegians to capture before their faces? It is a trade that has great possibilities in the near future. The use of savouries, before and after dinner, has increased very much in the British Islands during the last generation, and any well-prepared and tasty

These suggestions are thrown out by one who feels that he may write himself *caraid nan Gaidheal*. Perhaps some of them may be found worth acting upon by his kindred of the *Gaidhealtachd*.

Bha a bhàrdachd a tha 'cur soluis air eachdraidh na ceud leth do 'n linn so ro-lìonmhor agus ro-dhruigheach bho bhàrl Shleibh an t-Siorram gu blàr fuilteach Chuil-phodair. Uapa tha sinn a tuisinn gum b' àm trioblaideach a bh' ann le strì, le streup, le aìmhreit, 's le cogadh-cinn-chinneach a connasachadh 's a tabaid ri cheile mar gu'n b' ann air son fearas-chuideachd; a togail

chreach bho 'n coimhearsnaich, no a deanamh dioghaltais air son eucoir a dh' fhualaidh iad, an uair nach biodh iad gualann ri gualann a cathachadh an aghaidh an airm dheirg.

Ged a chaidh uiread a sgrìobhadh mu na h-amannan neo-shocrach so, bha cuid mhaith dheth nach b' fhiach aithris; ach tha 'chuid as 'fhearr dheth fìor dhealbhadh agus a 'cur mòr-sholus air beachdan agus air faireachduinnean, air cleachduinnean agus air caithe-beatha an t-sluaigh; an intinn anns an robh iad a thaobh innleachdan riaghlaidh na rioghachd, agus a thaobh gluasad agus beus muinntir aig a bhaile.

B' ann diubh so bàrdachd *Iain Luim*. Sgrìobh esan, gun teagamh, mu nithean a ghabh aite roimh 'n ochdamh linn deug, ach aig an robh fìor dhaimh agus co-cheangal dlùth ri eachdraidh na linne sin. Rinn e sgeul air Blar Inbhir-Lòchaidh a ghabh aite air maduinn Di-dòmhnuich, an dara latha de 'n Fhaoileach 1645.

Tha na h-orain aig *Sile ni 'n 'ic Raonuill* mar an ceudna a' comharrach a mach cho daingean 's a bha cridheachan nan Gàidheal air an suidheachadh an aghaidh teaghlach Hanobhair a thighinn a stigh air crùn Bhreatainn, agus cho teth 's cho dùrachdach 's a bha iad air taobh nan Stiubhardach.

Sgrìobh am *Bàrd Mucanach*—Dòmhnallach a bhuinneadh do dh' Earaghadheal ach a bha 'chòmhnuidh ann an Eilean-nam-muc—mun ghnòthuch thàmailteach agus bhrùideil sin, Mort Ghlinn-na-comha, anns am bheil falaidheachd agus munghinn nan Gàidheal air an cur mu choinneamh ceilg, an-ìochd, agus cruas-cridhe na nan saighdearan, ann-truas an comann-daìrean, agus mi-bhaigh an rìgh a chuir air ceann a ghnòthuch bhuirb agus mhaslaich iad.

Bha *Alastair Dòmhnallach*—Alastair Mac Mhaighistir Alastair—beo mu mheadhon na linne so, ach cha 'n 'eil fios cinnteach air àm a bhrèith no 'bhàis. Bha e na dhùine ro-fhòghluimte a chuir a làmh ri ioma rud na latha 's na linn. Sgrìobh e moran do bhàrdachd ainmeil. 'S ann air taobh nan Stiubhardach a bha e na inntinn 's na chridhe ach cha 'n fhaodadh e sin a chur an ceill gu follaiseach. Bha e fhein agus bàird eile a bha 'dh 'aon inntinn ris, uime sin, air an co-eigheachadh gu an cuid oran a sgrìobhadh ro shamhlaidhean agus fo ainneannan nach robh so-thuigsinn do na h-uile. B' ann dhiubh so "Agus Ho 'Mhorag" anns am bheil Prionnsa Tearlach air a chiallachadh agus air labhairt uime le gradh agus le mor-speis fo 'n ainm 'Morag'.

Bha feadhainn eile a bu neo-sgàthaiche nach d'thug ionnsuidh no oidheirp air am beachdan a chleith, ach a chuir an ceill gu

soillear an toilinntinn 's an tlachd ann a bhi faotuinne a Phrionnsa gu bhi na rìgh:—"Thainig mo Rìghsa air tìr am Mùideart."

Tha bàrdachd na linne so mar an ceudna a cur soluis air an daimh a bha eadar an rìoghachd so agus rìoghachdan eile. Sgrìobh *Alastair Mac Fhionghainn* ann an Arasaig, "Dol air tìr san Eiphit." "Blàr na h-Eiphit" agus "Blàr na h-Ollaind." Bha iomadh lùineag, duan, agus dàn air an cur ri cheile aig an am so, agus ged a bha iad gle dhealbhadh nan doigh agus gle fhinealta nam briathran, cha robh mor ghnòthuch aca ri beachdan coitcheinn an t-sluaigh—mar a bha òrain ghaoil, marbh-roinn, aoirean agus an leithide sin. Ach a bhàrdachd as eireachdaile 's as druigichte 'th' againn 's ann mu nithean coitcheinn agus follaiseach—mu chor, 's mu riaghladh na duthcha, mu staid an t-sluaigh, mu 'n eigin a bha iad a fulang; agus bha a bhuaidh a bh' aige so air inntinnean 's air beachdan dhaoine air a cur ann am bàrdachd le luchd deanamh nan òran.

Tha na sreathan a leanas a nochadh gu dé am fuath agus a ghràin a bha aig na Gaidhail an cumantas air riaghladh Rìgh Uilleam agus na thainig na dheidh.

Mu 'n aghd Pàrlamaid a thug cumhachd do theaghlach Hanobhair tighinn a stigh air a crùn thuir Mac Mhaighistir Alastair—

"An t-Uilleam rinn an t-achd dhuit  
Gu'm b' éucorach e fhein."

Mu Dheorsa thuir e thaobh a chòir air crùn Bhreatainn—

"O! 's caol an teud a Dheorsa  
Air an do sheinn thu gu trì rioghachdan;  
Tha leth-cheud pearsa 's corr  
Is faisge fuil a 's tagraichean  
Na thusa 's an Roinn-Eorp."

Tha gradh agus dìlseachd nan Gàidheal do Phrionnsa Tearlach air an cur anns na briathran so.

"Mo chion sa Tearlach ruadh  
Ceart oighre 'n fhior rìgh dhleasannaich;  
Cha toir sinn dhuita fuath  
Gu 'n cuirear sinn san uagh;  
Cha dean croich no tuagh  
Glacaireachd no creachannan  
Gu brath air sracadh uait."

11. Tha so ga 'r toirt a dh' ionnsuidh an dara h-earrann do bhàrdachd na linne so—an earrann a tha cur soluis air "Fuadach nan Gàidheal."

Cha robh air fhàgail ach làraichean loma gun tighean gun àiteach.

Lion so cridheachan nam bàrd le bròn 's le mulad, agus mar an ceudna le feirg 's le anntlachd. Leig iad ris so nan òrain. Tha cuid dhiubh muladach agus tiamhaidh, agus cuid eile feargach agus làn corruich—cuid a' gearan gu goirt suidheachadh agus cor na



dùthcha; agus cuid a' guidhe mallachd air cinn na muinntir a bu mheadhon ris.

Thubhairt *Donnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-Saoir* —a bha beo agus a sgrìobh a chuid òran san linn so—mòran nithean a tha cursoluis air so. Ann an “Oran nam Balgairan” tha e labhairt air cur fàs an fhearainn, agus air a chiochair Ghallda a thainig do 'n Ghàidhealtachd an cois nan caorach maola, a bha air an toirt a stigh do 'n dùthaich aig an am so :

“Gun tighèan ach na 'lraichean,  
Gun àiteach ach na 'raointean.”

“Cha 'n fhaigh gille tuarsadal  
Ach buachaille nan caorach.”

Sheinn an t-Ollamh Mac Lachuinn, Ra-thuaighe, fada na dheigh so air a cheart chospair. Bha e air a leon le bhi faicinn a dhùthcha air a cur fàs, agus gun neach a nis ri fhaotuin ach an

“— ciobair stiallach,

'S gur duibhe 'bhian dhuit na sgiath na rocuis,” agus na 'r latha fhein tha a cheart fhaireachduinn air a cur an ceill leis an duine chliutach Niall Mac Leoid, anns an òran ainmeil agus dhruigheach sin—“An Gleann san robh mi òg.”

A thaobh toirt an armachd bho na Gàidheil tha bàrdachd na linne so ag innseadh gun robh iad air am fagail—

“Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,  
Gun chlàidheamh gun chrios tarsuinn oirnn,  
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn pris nan dagachan :  
Tha comann aig Sasunn oirnn.”

Agus gun robh iad ga fhaireachduinn so cha 'n e mhain mar fhoirmeart 's mar chruaidh-chàs, ach mar an ceudna mar thamailt agus mar mhasladh.

Cha 'n e 'bu lugha tair leo nach robh e ceaduichte dhaibh an deise Ghaidhealach a chur orra, mar 'tha 'bhardachd cheudna ag aithris. Tha 'bhrigis air a càineadh gu cùl agus gearan goirt air a dheanamh nach fheadar an “feileadh beag 'sam breacan” a chleachdadh.

“Gur grannda leinn umainn i  
Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn.”

Agus,

“Coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn.”

An deigh blàr Chuilfhodair bha an-ìochd searbh air a chleachdadh ris na Gàidheil bhochda, gus an toirt gu geill 's gu strìochdadh : agus gu rabhadh a thoirt dhaibh gun iad a dh'èiridh a rithis an aghaidh an rìgh 's a laghannan : ach cha b'fhada gus an do thuig an luchd-riaghlaidh gur h-e doigh moran a b'fhearr air son sìth, riarachadh agus soirbheachadh a thoirt a stigh do 'n Ghàidhealtachd, stad do bhi cur ainneirt an cleachdadh, agus tomhas do chiuineas agus do choimhneas fheuchainn riu, agus misneach

a thoirt dhaibh gabhail nan saighdearan anns an arm dhearg. A chuid a rinn so—agus rinn moran duibh e—cha robh aig an rìgh ni bu dilse, ni bu treuna 's ni bu ghaiseile na iad mar a tha bàrdachd an ama ag aithris dhuinn :—

“Na gleachdairean còmhraig  
Is fearr th' aig Rìgh Deorsa.”

Anns a bhliadhna 1784 fhuair feadhainn de na fineachan air an ais na h-oighreachdan a chaill iad an deigh Cogadh a Fhrionnsa ; agus cha 'n e sin a mhain ach fhuair iad mar an ceudna cead-troimh eadar-ghuidhe Marcus Gheirm, mac Diuc Mhontròs, an da chuid an deise Ghaidhealach a chur orra, agus armachd a ghiulan. Thug so mòr thoilintinn feadh na tìre. Chaigh an toileachadh so a chur an ceill agus fhàgail ann am bàrdachd.

“Deich bliadhna fichead is cor  
Bha casag do 'n chlà m' ar druim.”

Ach a nis (a labhairt mu 'n Mharcus).

“Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm  
A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stùc.  
Comas ar culaidh 'chur oirnn,  
Gun fharraid do phòr nan lùb.”

Agus,

“Togaidh na Gàidheil an ceann ;  
Cha bhi iad am fang ni 's mò.”

Thainig a nis na Cinn Chinnidh 's an luchd-leanmhuinn gu bhi duineal as dileas do 'n rìgh : agus gu bhi ann an seirbhis a chruin, mar shaighdearan calma, misneachail, fearail ; agus nochd iad le 'n deanadas agus le 'n gluasad gun robh iad cho treubhach, cho treibhdhìreach, agus cho seasmhach air taobh Rìgh Deorsa, agus a bha iad fhein agus an sinnsearan air taobh 'Rìgh Seumas, agus air taobh a mhic roimhe so :—

“Le cliu gun cheilg 's le dùrachd dearbht'  
B' e 'n rùn bhi 'n seirbhis Dheorsa.”

III. 'Nuair a thainig lagh as riaghailt a stigh do 'n Ghàidhealtachd, agus a bha beatha agus cuid neach sàbhailte innte, thòisich sluagh beairteach air tighinn, air son ioma seorsa malairt agus buannachd dhaibh fein—a 'Galldachd 's a 'Sasunn—cuid air son tuathanachais, agus cuid air son ceannach oighreachdan, 's air son seilge. Rinn iad so am bitheantas tàir is tarcuis air na Gàidheil bhochda, air an cainnt, agus air an cleachduidhean.

Air an laimh eile, mar a tha neach ann an staid ìosal ro-bhuailteach air deigh a bhi aige air a bhi coltach rìusan as inbheiche na e fhein, bha moran de na Gàidheil a dearmad an cleachduidhean 's an cainnt fhein air son a bhi rud-eigin coltach ris na coirigh a thainig a stigh nam measg. Cha robh e gu call sam bith ged a leigeadh iad dhiubh roinn de 'n gnàthachadh 's de n cleachdadh na 'n ionn-

saicheadh iad doighean a b' fhearr; ach bha iad ullamh gu cainnt am 'mathair, an leana-baidheachd agus an cridhe a dhearmad, agus tàir a dheanamh orra. Bha so a dùsgadh fearg agus mì-thlachd dhaoine pongail, beachdail, dùthchail, aig an robh meas freagarrach orra fhein, air an dùthaich, 's air na daoine 'o'n d' thainig iad.

Labhair Rob Donn gu sgeigeil mu "na fasanan ùra" a bha tighinn a stigh, agus thubhairt Donnachadh Bàn gun robh.

"— h-uile seol a b' abhaist

Anns a Ghàidhealtachd air caochladh."

Chaidh so air aghaidh cho fada agus gun do thairg Comunn Gàidhealach Lunnain duaisean luachmhor air son cainnt, bàrdachd, agus ceol nan Gàidheal a chumail ann an cleachdadh; agus tha 'bhàrdachd a choisinn mòr chliu agus na ceud duaisean anns na bliadhnanachan—bho 1783 gu 1789—a nochdadh, a dearbhadh, agus a leigeil ris gu soilleir gun robh mòr-speis agus àrd-mheas aig fìor uailsean Gàidhealach air an dùthaich air an cainnt agus air an ceòl.

Bithidh e tarbhach do gach Gàidheal eolas maith fhaotuin air bàrdachd a dhùthcha, oir mar so bithidh e comasach air breith cheart agus chothromach a thoirt air a suidheachadh agus air a cor anns na linntean a chaidh seachad. Cha robh aig an fheadhainn a sgrìobh eachdraidh nan Gàidheal moran daimh no cairdeis, trais no comh-fhaireachduinn sir an t-sluagh; agus sgrìobh iad mar eachdraidh na nithean a b' fhearr a fhreagair air am beachdan fhein agus air beachdan na muinntir a chuir a mach iad; ach ann an sgrìobhaidhean an bàrd fhein, tha aig gach Gàidheal fìor eachdraidh a dhùthcha ann an cainnt fhinealta agus gheurchuiseich; agus 'nuair a chuireas e an dara cuid ris a chuid eile-bàrdachd aon chearn agus aon linn ri bàrdachd cearn agus linn eile cuiridh so dha solus air eachdraidh na dhùthcha nach fhaigh e air sheol sam bith eile, chum 's gun lean e gu dlù ri cliu a shinnsear, gum bi e ag iarraidh a bhi leantuinn an eisimpleir anns gach ni a tha ion-mholta agus cliu-thoilleanach: agus a seachnadh gach ni anns an robh iadsan a dol air seachran.

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### EDITORIAL CHAT.

ONE of our poets has re-told in picturesque language and sonorous verse an incident which happened in the year when Persia threatened to destroy the kingdom of Greece and bring its population to subjection. Athens, as the city which stood specially for independence and patriotism in the mind of the Persian King, was to be the first victim of his

attack. Alone, that city could not venture to withstand the countless hosts of the invader, so in her extremity she appealed to Sparta for aid. At the moment, Sparta and she were not on the best of terms. Childish squabbles, petty jealousies, secret and underhand plottings had done much to hinder the growth of a truly national spirit, and gradually Athenian and Lacedæmonian began to drift apart. But in this hour of trial Athens felt that Sparta and she were united by bonds too strong to be warped by their little differences, and so she had no hesitation in calling on Sparta to assist her in the defence of country, freedom, race and language. To Pheidippides, a professional runner of long day-courses, was entrusted the embassy to Sparta. Casting off every weight, athlete-wise, this man passed out of the city gates and started off for the Peloponnesus, in the southern part of which lay Sparta, and began that long and weary journey over miles upon miles of plain, valley, and rugged mountain. Many a time and oft had he raced in the stadium for the honour of winning the crown of laurel leaves, but never as he ran on this occasion. For he was running now to save Athens, yea, to uphold the nationality and freedom of all Greece. Trained by constant exercise to be fleet of foot, the ardour of patriotism lent wing to his steps and strength to his body. In two days he had reached Sparta, delivered his message, received the answer, and was back in Athens within two other days, unexhausted by that mighty race, and in time to take part in the famous fight of Marathon! *Enthusiasm* for his country and his race gave fire to his heart and spring to his heel. And it is enthusiasm for our language, its literature and music, for our country and for our race, that will carry us along over difficulties, and crown our efforts with success. There is no magic like enthusiasm for firing the blood and nerving the heart. It is true that the progress of every important movement is hampered, to a slight extent at least, by the indifference of two classes—the self-satisfied and the cynical. The former, perfectly content with the slight progress already achieved, desire nothing further; the latter, envious at the measure of success attained to, endeavour to arrest further progress by pouring on the work all the oil of vitrol they can command. Nothing but enthusiasm for a cause can counteract these failings. If men and women are possessed of a noble enthusiasm, they will not weary in well-doing. They will not descend to suspect evil motives in others. They will not boast of the great things they have done in the past. They will believe it to be possible for an enterprise with which they are not connected to become a success. And they

will easily understand that a cause is greater than the individual or individuals who advocate it, and thus they will see that, however valuable the services of any individual may be, he is not therefore absolutely indispensable for the success of the cause. This is a lesson which the Gael requires to learn equally with the Saxon. When he has learned it the world will see what can be accomplished by "*Clanna nan Gaidheil ri gnaillibh a cheile.*"

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The Duchess of Sutherland, who spent fully a week in the Long Island in the middle of March, for the purpose of interviewing personally the workers in the Harris tweed industry, and ascertaining their requirements under the new conditions created by the Board of Trade's recent definition of the term "Harris tweed," presided at a concert in Stornoway, and in the course of an eloquent and practical address, made this reference to Gaelic music:—"Gaelic music, in its delightful and mysterious minor keys, is very inspiring and stimulating to the imagination, and I am very sympathetic with all movements that would encourage the expression and use of your native music and your native songs. Great musicians have often impressed upon me the fact that this music, difficult as it may be for the Southerner to understand, is really far purer and more perfect in its quaint and simple form than the complicated music to which the world at large is more accustomed."

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The Gaelic Society of Perth held a most successful gathering of the clans in the City Hall on Friday, March 1st. Mr. J. A. Stewart, chief of the Society, presided, and during the course of an excellent concert, sustained by local singers and the Dundee Gaelic Choir, made this reference to the Feill:—"I would like to refer to the bazaar to be held in Glasgow for the purpose of raising funds for the Highland Association. The objects of the bazaar are to raise funds to promote the teaching of Gaelic and to assist in the training of Gaelic-speaking teachers. Miss Murray MacGregor, the convener of the City and County of Perth Stall, has formed a committee to work with her, and she is anxious to secure as many workers as possible. I would take the liberty of asking each member of the Gaelic Society to make a point of sending Miss Murray MacGregor, before the month of October, an article for the bazaar. That is not asking very much, and I trust you will all do it." Rev. Mr. Benvie, of St. Aidans, Edinburgh, who was present, gave a very humorous address, in the course of which he said that none of the languages could be compared to

Gaelic in two important respects. It was the language that touched the heart of every Highlander. A Highlander might try to make love in English, but he failed to succeed in expressing his feelings until he made use of the old tongue in which Adam courted Eve. He was glad to hear that efforts were being made to preserve and improve the knowledge of the fine old language, their mother tongue. Let them take an example from their neighbours, the Welsh people, who were determined, whatever happened, however many dollars there might be in English, to hold to their Welsh language tenaciously, and who would have their children drink in Welsh with their mother's milk. In the Highlands of Scotland they must do the same thing.

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Much activity prevails among the local branches of An Comunn. The Tobermory branch held a most successful social last week, at which Mr. Bryce Allan, of Aros, was chairman, and Bailie Fletcher delivered an eloquent Gaelic address. The recently formed branch at Stirling was inaugurated in February under the presidency of Rev. Lachlan M'Lean Watt, and at a concert held on the occasion, an inspiring address was delivered by the president, while the Gaelic songs sung delighted the large audience assembled. Oban and Inverness are preparing for their Juvenile Mòds, the Oban Mòd taking place in June, and the Inverness on the 17th May. The syllabus of both Mòds contains many new features. The Gaelic classes at Inverness are attended by fully 200 children, and are being zealously conducted by the teachers, and much appreciated by the children. There is also a Gaelic class for adults, taught in the Academy.

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### GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Laom, to lodge, fall to the ground, as corn or potato tops.

Seargadh, a blasting as of corn.

Gaiseadh, a defect in crops, shrivelling, blasting.

Toran, toranach, a vermin in corn, grub-worm, corn-maggot.

Fuar-dhealt, mildew.

Cnàmhag, remains of corn destroyed by cattle.

Corran, a sickle, reaping hook.

Corran faclach, a serrated or toothed reaping hook. This kind of sickle, like some other implements now known only by tradition in the southern and eastern Highlands, is still in common use in the north-west of Gaeldom.

Searr, a sickle or reaping hook; a scythe.

Speal, a scythe; fàl, idem.

Fàladair, iarunn-fàladair, idem.

Crann, crann-speala, handle or shaft of a scythe, "sned."

Dorn, haft, part held in the hand.

Putag, idem, West Perthshire.

Iarunn, duilleag, blade.

Bann, ring securing the heel of the blade to the handle.

Geinn, wedge tightening the ring.

Snàthad, hook holding the blade at the proper angle.

Stràc, a strickle or strike, Scot. "straik."

Clach, clach-gheuraich, clach-liomhaidh, a whetstone, scythestone.

Clach-lionraidh, a grindstone.

Clach-néaraidh, idem.

Stoth, cut corn high and irregularly; stothadh, a cutting of corn leaving long stubble.

Asbhuain, fasbhuain, stubble. Asbhuain an àite conlach, stubble instead of straw. Exodus v. 12. Connlach (better than conlach) is used less correctly in 1 Cor. iii. 12, and in some districts for stubble.

Stailcneach, fàsach, stubble.

Bunan, plu. idem. This is given with stailcneach on the margin as an alternative to asbhuain in Ex. v. 12, and is sing. there.

#### CUT CORN.

Dlò, dlòth, dlo, a handful of grass or corn in shearing with the sickle, what is cut with one stroke of the hook; dlògh, Mary Mac Pherson (p. 29); dlagh, MacAlpine, Ruth ii. 16 (margin, "glacaidh"); dlaogh, Jeremiah ix. 22 (margin, "làn an duim, dornan"). Cf. dlogh, and dloghainn *sub*.

Sgnab, a sheaf of corn; punnan, idem.

Gibeag, a little sheaf.

Crios, band of a sheaf; bann, idem.

Beinneal, biuding of a sheaf.

Tog, lift, make sheaves.

Orag, orag, a sheaf of corn set up to dry. For òrag, based on ònrachd.

Adag, a shock, stook. The old practice of 'hooding' stooks is still followed in parts of the Highlands. The upper part of a sheaf is divided down to the band into two equal portions and placed with the stubble end uppermost, so as to hang down both sides of the stook. Two or three 'hood-sheaves'—the Lowland name—suffice for a stook. The Gaelic name, adag, probably comes from this *hat*-like covering.

Gurrucag, a shock of corn peculiarly constructed.

Stùcan, stùchdan, a stock or rick of corn.

Ceann-beag, a sheaf out of each shock, as cottager's wages. A certain proportion of crop, dressed in harvest in order to ascertain the probable quantity of the whole, generally called a *proof*.

Dioghluim, to glean. "Dhioghluim i san achadh an déigh nam buanaichean," *Ruth*.

Diasair, lùmhaich, to glean.

Dioghlum, gleaning, gleanings, the remains of harvest.

Diasradh, lùmhach, idem.

Seasgan, a shock or handful of gleaned corn.

#### STACKING, ETC.

Tarradh, carting corn to be housed or stacked, 'leading,' Perthshire.

Arloch, idem; arlogh, feisd an arloigh (arloidh), harvest-home. Irish arlóigh, gathering, *rectius* tárloigh, as féasda an tárloigh, the feast of the gathering; home tárlogh arbhair, a gathering or bringing in the corn from the fields to the barns or corn-yard. Also, tárlaidhim, to draw together, as sheaves of corn to one place in order to make a stack or rick. O'Brien.

Cròidh, to house corn; cròdhadh, a gathering in of corn.

Dlùth, dlùith, to house corn, Outer Hebrides.

Dlùthadh, dlùitheadh, a building of corn-stacks; lit. pressing or packing together (of sheaves).

Sgùman, a corn-stack [misprint for corn-sack?].

Mulan, a stack of corn; "never of hay," says MacAlpine.

Acair, a small corn-stack, Sutherland.

Gath, inner row of sheaves in a corn-stack.

Gath-dubh, foundation sheaves.

Breath, a layer or course of sheaves.

Lòban, lòpan, loban, a frame put in a stack for ventilation, a 'bos.'

Tugha, thatch; tugh, to thatch; tughadair, a thatcher. Sometimes written tubha, etc.

Teagair, to thatch, cover.

Tarruing fodar, to draw straw for thatching, etc. The ends of a handful of thrashed straw are drawn asunder and placed in one hand, and the process is repeated until all the broken straw is dropped and what remains is long, smooth and even. Drawn straw in some districts was used only for placing under the corn on the kiln when the grain was hardened at home, and in consequence some of the terms for it are defined as though they applied only when it was employed for this purpose. Other materials, as rushes, a species of grass, etc., were used for thatch.

Sgathadh, drawing straw for thatching, Arran.

Badadh, drawing straw for the kiln, West Ross-shire.

Buthuinn, long straw for thatching, drawn straw; buthaig, idem, West Ross-shire; sputhuinn, straw not thrashed but seedless, Argyll. The song to which "Aoir an Tàilleir" was a reply is quoted (Duncan Macintyre's Poems, p. 179) as beginning thus:—

"Gu'm b' fhearr gu tarrainn bathainn \* thu  
Na leagadh damh na cràice."

Sladhag, a sheaf of straw prepared for thatching, a sheaf of drawn straw.

Milteag, battle [*read*, bottle] of thatch, MacAlpine (sheaf of thatch).

Staipeal, a handful of drawn straw tied at one end, for thatching, Arran.

Sreathainn, straw on which corn is laid on a kiln; the materials of a bed; *i.e.*, drawn straw.

Castreaghainn, kiln straw, drawn straw.

Strabhaig, lay-straw; sgreothainn. *North.* MacAlpine (*i.e.*, a Northern synonym for sgreothainn); in West Ross-shire, strabhaig-eadh ('strathaigeadh').

Sgreothainn, straw used in place of hair-cloth on a kiln, MacAlpine; drawn straw.

Sioman, a rope of twisted hay, straw, or heather for binding down thatch.

Sùgan, idem. In Skye, sùgan means a straw rope, and sioman, a heather rope.

Corr-shioman, a twist-handle for spinning ropes of straw, etc. Scot. thraw-crook, wave-lock.

Corr-shùgan, idem.

Iodhlann, iolann, iadh-lann, &c., corn-yard.

Gart-lann, idem.

Loinn, idem, Perthshire.

Gàrradh-arbhair, idem, Sutherland.

Sabhal, a barn.

Sgiobal, barn, granary.

Lobht, lobhta, hay-loft, loft.

Feur-lobht, hay-loft.

Feur-lann, idem.



## NOTES OF A LECTURE GIVEN AT THE COMUNN GAIDHEALACH INBHIRNIS.

By MRS. MACKENZIE, Free North Manse,  
Inverness.

ONE often hears it said that there is no Gaelic literature; and from a modern point of view this is true. Although Gaelic speaks so eloquently to the Highland heart, it is quite true that of modern Gaelic literature there is very little worthy of the name. But it is not true that there never were any Gaelic writers whose works are worthy of the attention of the student.

Roughly speaking, there are three periods of Gaelic literature—first, from the beginning of the Christian era to 1000 A.D.; second, from 1000 A.D. to 1500; and third, from 1500 to the present time.

Before 1000 A.D. the literature shows the intensely studious habits of the missionaries in

Iona and elsewhere, and comprises translations of parts of the Bible, hymns, biographies, and treatises on astronomy. Of these writers St. Patrick and St. Columba are naturally the most prominent. St. Patrick's beautiful hymn to the Trinity, which was accepted as a "corset of faith for soul and body," for everyday use, is too long to re-produce. Its last stanza runs thus:—

"I bind myself to-day  
To the power of the Trinity,  
To belief in the all-gracious Three,  
To confession that the Three are One  
In the Maker of the earth and sun."

Of St. Columba's writings, it would be presumptuous to quote one little verse, or even a portion of a work. Suffice it to say that to St. Columba we as Christians owe all we are, all we have—and Iona! of which he so tenderly sings, "*I mo chridhe, I mo graidh*"—Isle of my heart, isle of my love, it is always regarded by the genuine Celt much as David speaks of Zion when he sings, "For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."

In the second period we have literature which reflects the struggle for ecclesiastical freedom and the formulating of definite creeds and manuals of instruction. In the third period we have translations of the Bible, Catechisms, grammars, dictionaries, and more especially poetry—lyric, idyllic, and purely religious. Of books written before 1000, about 200 are still extant, only 20 of which are in this country. The others are in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. There they are at this moment, being eagerly read and studied, not merely by philologists, but by students who have learnt to realise their value.

Early Gaelic manuscripts were richly ornamented, one of the most beautiful being the book of Kells, a gospel written in the sixth or seventh century, and now in Trinity College, Dublin. The first book printed was Knox's liturgy, translated by Carswell, in 1560.

Of the Gaelic language many things have been said and sung, but it seems to me that one eminently fitted, not only by his knowledge of it, but from his general literary attainments, has given it its rightful place. The Duke of Argyll of Sir Walter Scott fame, in assigning to each language, ancient and modern, its place, says:—"If I wished to address my Maker, I should choose Gaelic." It is truly the language of love and devotion. Those who know it will agree with me that nothing in any language surpasses in pathos the description given of the Almighty's tender care of His children, in the second verse of the 127th Psalm, "*Da sheircin bheir e suain*"—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

\* *Read*, buthuinn.



Gaelic has this in common with languages other than our composite difficult English—no one ever heard a Highlander, however uneducated, speak anything but grammatical, idiomatic Gaelic; while everyone knows how often the Lowland Scot and uneducated Englishman give the Mark Twain's, aye, and Max O'Rell's of our generation, too much occasion to quote our English "as she is spoke." The pronunciation is very difficult to anyone but a born Highlander. The famous word for calf—*laogh*—and the terrible alliteration which if a Sassanach can only say, he can say anything in any known tongue—"laogh, mhòr, lom, luath, liadh, l' adharcaich," a large, bare, swift storthorn calf—is terrible enough.

Combined with this, and accounting, I think, for much of the contempt with which so many view our language, is the extraordinary translations of some of our love songs—absolute *bathos*. When I read one of those productions, I am always reminded of Amy, in "Little Women," when she was fired with an ambition to paint "some of those heavenly fleecy clouds." Hers when executed, were like a "choice assortment of feather-beds!"

Of the influence of the Celt on literature, Professor Henry Morley says—"The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected with the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. Certainly Teutonic English could not have risen to that full grandeur and beauty of that expression of all her life, in all her literature, without a wholesome blending of Celtic blood. The Celts are a vital part of our country, and their's were the first songs in the land." Matthew Arnold, too, says—"We are deeply indebted to the Gael"—assuring us that rhyme originated with him.

The much disputed Ossian is well worthy of study, and the translation is very good. Ossian sang of the *Feinne*, about whom we know so little as not to be able to say whether they were poetical myths or real Gaelic heroes of the second or third century. He also has evident allusion to the Druidical worship, and although his address to the sun is in no sense to a Deity, still he, in common with other writers, remembered there was such a Deity, whose hold on the minds of the people was very real, and the remains of it, like an echo of the past, is not unknown even in our own day. I remember when as children we played a round game, my father would laughingly remind us not to go against the sun, "or you will make the Druids rise from their graves!" Probably the "lucky stone" superstition, too, has a Druidic origin. It is supposed to be very lucky to possess a stone with a hole in it, through which you can see the sun.

In one of the poems, Fingal, the king has vanquished a foe, and calls for his sons. He finds the youngest does not respond, and says—"Ryno, where art thou, young son of fame, thou art not wont to be the last to answer thy father." When Ullin, first of bards, has told him that his son is slain, he wails—"And fell the swiftest in the race, the first to bend the bow! Thou scarce hadst been known to me, why did young Ryno fall? But sleep thou softly on Lena, Fingal shall soon behold thee, soon shall my voice be heard no more, soon my footsteps cease to be seen; the bards will tell of Fingal's fame, the stones will talk of me, but Ryno!—thou art low indeed, thou hadst not received thy fame. Ullin, strike the harp for Ryno, tell what the chief would have been. Farewell, thou first in every field, no more shall I direct thy dart. I behold thee not—farewell!"

Gaelic is rich in proverbs and sayings. *An la chi s'nach fhaic*, literally, "The day I see and don't see," is equivalent to our "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," but much stronger is the favourite Highland *adieu*. The proverb, *"Is mis' a bha thall's a chunnaic"*, literally, "I was over and saw," meaning I can speak from personal knowledge, is most emphatic. Some are very amusing, like the old woman's denial about the penny—"Nach e sgillin idir a bh'an ach da bhoinn a-sia," i.e., "It wasn't a penny, it was only two ha-pennies."

If we have a man-body coming to luncheon whose peace of mind for the rest of the day depends on his milk-pudding, who does not know the awful feeling if cook has forgotten herself, and made it—well—*too substantial*? If he knows Gaelic, don't apologise, shake your head solemnly, and quote the proverb—"Cha tugadh na h-eich an casan as"—"Horses couldn't take their feet out of it"—and I promise it will at least make him laugh, which, you will allow, is no mean point gained in the circumstances.

Of all the religious poets, Dugald Buchanan is the admitted chief. His "Day of Judgment," in its vivid imagery and mysticism, is, it is not too much to say, side by side with "Paradise Lost," and Buchanan's poetical conceptions on this subject have woven themselves into the theological ideas of the Highlander much as those of Milton into the religious thought of the Saxon. Duncan Bàn Macintyre is my favourite of the bards. He began life as forester in the service of the Duke of Argyle, and his famous poem is composed on one of the Argyllshire hills, Beinn Dòrain. A story illustrative of the poet's sagacious irony is told. One day a man came and condescendingly said, in Gaelic—"Oh, you made (lit.)

Ben Dorain." "No," said Duncan, "I *praised* it." Professor Blackie has translated the poem very sympathetically. It begins:—

"My delight it was to rise  
With the early morning skies all aglow,  
And to praise the dewy height  
Where the deer, in airy state, wont to go.

And no organ sends a roll  
So delightsome to my soul,  
As the bravely crested race  
As they quicken their proud pace,  
And bellow in the face of Ben Dorain."

Then, speaking of the burn that flows down the side, he goes on to say:—

"Where dark water-cresses grow  
You will trace its quiet flow,  
With mossy border yellow,  
So mild and soft and mellow,  
In its pouring;  
With no slimy dregs to trouble  
The brightness of its bubble,  
As it threads its silver way  
From the granite shoulders grey  
Of Ben Dorain.

Through a country rough and scraggy,  
So jaggy and so knaggy,  
Full of hummocks and of hunches,  
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,  
Full of bushes and of rushes, in the glen."

May I hope that I have said something to induce some at least of those who do not know our language and have not hitherto done so to explore for themselves the so-far hidden well of our Gaelic lore? And for the others who, like myself, even if they cannot say it is their mother-tongue, but who have known it all their lives, because from natural environment, like Topsy, it "grewed" with themselves, may I say—

"Is there a Gael that dare despise  
The grand old tongue and a' that?  
And clips his words in Saxon-wise,  
He's but a cuif for a' that.  
The deep full-breasted Highland tongue,  
Wi' *gairm* and *gladh* and a' that,  
Ere Roman fought or Greeking sung,  
Was sounded loud for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that, their classic lore and a' that,  
On Highland braes the Celtic phrase  
Will hold its own for a' that."

—:O:—

## AIRIDHEAN LEODHAIS.

LE IAIN M. MACLEOD.

THA 'N CRODH 'S NA GAMHNA AIR AN IOMAIN a mach do 'n mhointich rompa, agus ann an cumail a chruidh bho cheile tha chlann beag ro fheumail an latha so—seadh eadhoin 'se beachd cuid do phàrantan nach dean iad an

gnothuich as an aonais an latha sin, agus do bhrìgh sin tha e na chleachdadh aig sgoil gach sgìre 'bhi faighinn "latha-fèile" an latha sin. Mar a thuig eas sibh, ann an cuid do bhailtibh Leodhais tha 'n crodh ri 'n aiseag thar caoilais mu 'n ruig iad a mhointeach 'sam bheil an àiridh. Tha 'n crodh 's na gamhna aon an deigh aon, air an cur air snámh a null air a chaolas aig muir-traigh. Tha buidheann ann an cathair a faire thairis orra gu 'n ruig iad taobh thall a chaolais, mu 'n diobair luths' aon diubb anns an uisge, agus tha na boirionnaich a cur cogar misnich na 'n cluas le bhi 'g eigheach air gach aon diubb air an ainm.

Tha 'n failceadh a tha 'n so na ùrachadh do na brùidean ri agaidh an turais mlior mhonaidh a tha rompa, ach tha 'n crodh 's na daoine eolach air an rathad agus cha 'n fhada gu ruig iad an ceann-aoidhe. Nuair a tha 'n àiridh air a buinnig tha obair shònruichte agus chudthromach an latha tòiseachadh. Tha ballachan na h-àraidh na 'n seasamh bho chionn iomadh bliadhna mur do leag stoirmean a gheamhraidh clach na dhà dhith. Tha na fir air ball a buain na 'n sgrathan agus a cuir a mhullaich an òrdugh. Tha na boirionnaich a buain fhraoich agus fhionaich airson an leabaidh a dheanamh socrach comhurtail. Cha 'bhi mullach fada dol air an àiridh, agus tha moine gu leòr faisg air laimh a bhuain na caileagan air a bhliadhna chaidh seachad, agus mar sin, cha bhi iad fada 'tòigal ceo ann an àiridh agus nuair a tha 'n earnais uile air a sgaoileadh tha 'n *tì* air a deanamh, ach gheibh thu té 's fhearr na so ma thig thu rathad na h-àraidh an deigh beagan laithean. Tha na h-oganaich an sin a deanamh air an dachaigh an deigh na boirionnaich fhaicinn gu sàbhailt anns a phàluinn shamhraidh, ach 'se cheist bho dheireadh a theid fhoinneachadh dhiubh, "C'uin a thig thu air chéilidh orm," agus tha 'la air ball air a shuidheachadh,—na 'n oidhche 'se bu chorr dhomh ràdh.

Tha gseilpe na dha an ceann na h-àraidh airson cumail na soithichean agus caochladh nithean eile dh' fheumas na caileagan na 'n cuairt air a mhointich. Tha trì tuill, mu thimchioll air troidh air fad agus air leud agus air doimhe, ann am ballachan na h-àraidh airson cumail soithichean anns am bi 'n bainne air suidheachadh. Tha iad so air am pàipearachadh gu cùramach cuideachd. Chunnaic sinn eadhoin cuid de na h-àraidhean air an sglàibrich (plastered) le criadh airson an deanamh ni bu chomhartaile.

An ceann na h-àraidh tha 'n leabaidh, na 'n "leid" mar a chanas iad. Tha i toirt suas a chuid a's mo de urlar na h-àraidh. Tha 'n teine ris a bhalla anns a cheann eile, agus eadar e 'san leabaidh tha beinge na aite suidhe do chip, a deanamh da fheum—a

seasamh aite cathrach dhuit far an suidh thu nuair theid thu stigh, agus a falach a fhraoich agus na fianach a tha deanamh suas na leapa. Tha fàlas mòr os cionn an teine, agus gu tric bidh cliabh na dha air taobh an fhuaraidh dheth airson an ceo 'leigeadh a mach. Tha dà dhorus air an àiridh fear air gach taobh mu choinneamh a cheile. Tha fear ma seach aca dùinte suas le cip a reir an taobh a tha ghaoth a seideadh. Tha meudachd na 'n airdhean ag eadar-dhealachadh anns gach sgìre. Ann an sgrì Uige, tha gach àiridh mu thimchioll air dusan troidh air fad agus cuig na sia air àirde, agus seachd na ochd air leud. Bidh dà chaileag a cadal anns gach aon diubh so. Ged a tha airdh aig gach té dhi fhein, tha e coltach nach leig an eagal leatha cadal na h-aonar. Tha mi creidsinn gur h-e eagal na 'm bòchdain gu leor air a mhointinn an uair sin, ach tha mi de 'n bheachd gu 'n gabhadh iad uile aithneachadh na 'm biodh seana mhaor eolach ann. Tha airdhean eile ann anns am bheil triuir na ceathrar nighean combla. Tha e so-thuigsinn gu 'm bi eagal air na bòchdain tighinn a chur dragh air teaghlach mòr mar so, mur bhiodh fios gu 'm bitheadh iad a tighinn.

Tha iad ag ràdh gur h-e 'n dùthaich as fhearr airson suiridhe na 'm baile mòr. Tha sinn cinnteach a so, a chionn gu 'm faighear sìth agus samhchair anns an dùthaich nach fhaighear anns a bhaile. Bheir an t-sithe so cothrom obrachaidh do 'n inntinn agus gheibh neach oidhirp air a ghràdh a chur an ceill, agus anns a bhaile mhor, ged do bhiodh gràdh agad do chaileig cha 'n fhaigh thu fàth air innsidh dhi—tha na h-uile ni cho buaireasach cabhagach mu 'n cuairt dhuit. Ach, a charaide, ma tha thu airson fàth suiridhe fhaighinn rach do àraidhean Leòdhais. 'S iomadh fear a tha chlann 'san taobh-deas a tha 'g amharc air ais air an airdh mar an t-àite anns an do dh' altrum e an gaoch nach fuaraich do chèile dhilis, agus 's iomadh neach eile nach d' fhuair céile fhathast a chuimhnichas air iomadh oidhche shona 'chuir e seachad anns an airdh ann an caoimheas caileig òig.

(Ri leantuinn.)

## FEILL A' CHOMUINN—CHILDREN'S STALL.

THE Convener of Buth na Cloinne reports that the proceeds of the subscription sale arranged for the benefit of this stall, and the drawings for which took place in March, amount to the sum of £19 7s. 6d. This sum remains over after paying cost of the five prizes awarded, printing of 100 subscription sale books of tickets, and cost of advertising in the *Chronicle*, *Courier*, *Highland News*, and *Oban*

*Times*. The first prize, a set of bagpipes, chamber size, valued at £2, fell to Miss Cameron, Greshornish, Isle of Skye, who very generously presented the prize to the convener for sale at Buth na Cloinne, or in any way he might consider best for the benefit of the stall. He has much pleasure in announcing that the money he received up to date for this stall is as follows:—

Proceeds of Subscription Sale, ...	£19	7	6
Mrs. Cameron, of Ardsheal, ...	1	1	0
Mr. Cunningham, School-house, Rosemarkie, ...	1	0	0
Mr. Cecil Bain, Inns of Court Hotel, London, ...	0	5	0
	£21	13	6

## CHILDREN'S COMPETITIONS.

As my young friends have not taken their courage in both hands, and so tackled the proverb, "*Tha da thaobh air a mhaol, agus seachd sealladh orra*," for this month, I propose it again for next month, and on the same conditions as for the December competition. *Apropos* of it, I print the following letter from a young lady who is earnestly learning not only to speak, but to write Gaelic. The letter is a private one to the Editor, but it is so remarkably good that I give it here as it reached me, and entirely without my young friend's permission:—

### A DHUINE-UASAIL IONMHUINN.

Tha mi duilich nach eil mi comasach litir a sgrìobhadh thuaghaib mun cuairt an seann fhacal. Bha e tuillidh sa chor duilich air mo shon. Bi mi gle thoileach fhaicinn air a mhineachadh anns an ath aiceamh d'an Deo Greine. Tha mi guidh oirbh nuair a chi sibh Maighstir Eoghan MacGille Mhichael gun abair sibh ris le mo bheannachd gum bheil mi 'n dochas gun roinich e rudeigin na 's furasda an ath uair!

Le deadh dhurachd, is mise,  
NEOINEIN CHAIMBEUL.

### Gu Fear Deasaichaidh "An Deo Greine."

#### A DHUINE UASAIL,

Chunna mi 's an Deo-Greine air a mhios a tha seachad, Oran Luadhaidh, a thaitinn rium gu ro mhath. 'Nuair a leugh mi e 's a sheinn mi an ceol, 's ann a thug e gu 'm chuimhne fear eile tha glé chumanta 's na h-eileanan an Iar, agus smaoinich mi gu 'n cuirinn d' an n-ionnsuidh e. 'Nuair a leughas sibh an t-oran bhidh fhios agaibh m'as airdh e air aite 's an Deo-Greine.

Chaidh fonn an orain so a' sgrìobhadh sìos le Seirdsean Maidsear Fraing Uilleam Craig, ann am baile Steornabhagh, bho sheinn bean an Doctair Ros, á Miabhaig, Uige, an Leodhas. Cha 'n eil am fonn mi-choltach ri fonn oran eile 's aithne dhuinn—"A Dhomhnill Bhig 's na hu-o-ho."

Mar tha fios aig a chuid mhor d' ar luchd leughaidh, ann a bhi' seinn oran luadhaidh, cha'n eil stad air bith air a' dheanamh, eadar an t-seisd 's an rann, na eadar an rann 's an t-seisd, se sin ri radh, tha'n t-oran air a sheinn bho thoiseach gu' dhearadh gu'n stad air bith. Tha a h-aon de na mnathan luadhaidh a seinn nan rann, agus càch gu' leir an t-seisd. Ach mu'n d' thig crìoch air an t-seinn tha te an sud 's t' eile an so, a' measg na cuideachd, a' cuir rann ur ris, agus 's iomadh ni eibhinn a' bhitheas air aithris mu'n d' theid ceann air an luadhaidh. Tha 'n t-seinn 's a bhardachd a' fagail na cuideachd cridheil aighearach, 's cha'n eil teagamh nach eil an obair a' dol air adhart moran nis sunndaich. Ach tha bhardachd dheiseal so ag aobharachadh eadar-dhealachadh mor, araon ann am brìgh agus ann am focail oran luadhaidh anns gach aite 's a bheil e air a thogail. Gabhadh ar luchd-leughaidh beachd air a so, ma chual' iad an t-oran a roimh.

Is mise, le'r cead, 'Ur Caraìd dileas

Cnoc-nan Gobhar.

16 La de'n Ghearrainn, 1907.

#### MHAIRI DHUBH 'S NA HU-O-HO.

##### ORAN LUADHAIDH.

GLEUS G.—*Gu surdail aighearach.*

{	<i>Seisd.</i>				
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	Mhairi	Dhubh 's na hu - o	ho!		

Tha mo bheannachd aig an tìr,  
Anns na dh' àraicheadh mi fhein;  
Tìr nam beann, nan gleann, 's an fhraoich,  
'S tìr mo ghaoil ged chanain e,  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

Mhairi bheag 's tu m'ùidh 's m' ànnsachd;  
Tha do dha shuil ghorm mar shamradh,  
Dh'aomgach latha gudubhar geamhraidh,  
Bho'n a chaill mi 'n gealladh ort.  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

Mhairi ud a tha leat fein,  
Tìonal chruidh air leathad reidh;  
'S binn do ghuth na fiodhall air ghleus,  
'S na teudan air an teannachadh.  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

Ged tha Mairi dubh le cach,  
Tha i geal le fear a graidh,

'Si mar shneachd ri tighinn gu làr,  
'S mar chraoibh sì lan do dheascagan.  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

'S mhor gu'm b' fheara a bhi' le Mairi,  
'M bothan beag air cul a gharaidh,  
Na le t'eile am palais arda,  
Ged bhiodh sraidean Lunnain aice.  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

Mhairi Dhubh 's tu tha mi 'g radh,  
Dh' an d' thug mi mo ghaol 's mo ghradh  
'S dheoin no dh'an deoin 's de their cach,  
Cha bhi mi slàn mur fhaigh mi thu.  
A Mhairi Dhubh 's na hu-o-ho!

#### ORAIN MHORA COMPETITIONS. CEOL NAN TEUD.

OF William Ross, the author of the Oran Mor we publish this month, the saying is true, "Whom the gods love die young." Born in Broadford, Isle of Skye, in 1762, he died at Gairloch in 1790, at the early age of 28 years. While quite a child his parents removed to Forbes, and in the Grammar School of that town young Ross received an excellent education at the hands of a master who was discerning enough to realise that his pupil was possessed of uncommon ability. His mother, a daughter of the *Piobaire Dall*, yearned for her native Gairloch, and thither, after some years' residence in Forbes, the Ross family betook themselves. Young William accompanied his father, who followed the calling of a pedlar, through Lewis, Perthshire and Argyleshire, acquainting himself with the different dialects of Gaelic and taking mental stock of men, manners and morals.

On his return to Gairloch he was appointed Parish schoolmaster, the duties of which post he discharged to the advantage of the parish, and the admiration of his friends until within a short time of his death. Gentlemanly in appearance and manner, tall and handsome of person, poet, scholar and musician, Ross's society was largely courted and his presence desired at all sorts of festivities. Few men had a larger or more devoted circle of friends than he. As a poet he can be safely ranked beside Donnacha Ban and Ian Lom. There are two songs of his which, in our humble opinion, are unexcelled in the whole range of Gaelic love poetry. One of these is "*Feasgair luain*," commonly called "Ceol nan Teud," and the other, "Moladh na h-oighe Gaelich." The former, with which we have to do in this note, owed its composition to the following circumstance. When on a visit to Lewis he met a Miss Marion Ross, with whom he fell violently in love. Despite an assiduous courtship on

his part, the lady would have nothing to do with him. To his great sorrow he learned that she was about to marry a Mr. Clough of Liverpool, and immediately thereupon he composed this beautiful song in which he idealises the perfections of his charmer. Our readers will find this song on page 285 of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry. We give the music and these verses:—

KEY A flat.

{ l<sub>1</sub> : d., l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub>., m<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | m. }  
Fèasgar Luain, a's mì air chuart,

{ s : r., m | d., r : d<sub>1</sub>. l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>. }  
Gun cualas fuaim nach b'fhuathach leam,

{ l<sub>1</sub> : d.. l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub>., m<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | m. }  
Ceol nan teud gu h-ordail, reidh,

{ s : l., s | m., s : r., d | d. }  
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;

{ d : r., m | m., s : s., m | r. d }  
Thiut m'ìn caochladh leis an ioghnadh,

{ d : s<sub>1</sub>., l<sub>1</sub> | d., d : r., m | s. }  
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null

{ s : l., s | m., s : r., d | r. }  
'S chuir m'ìn ceill gu'n imichinn cein,

{ m : r., m | d., r : d<sub>1</sub>. l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>. }  
Le m'aigneachd fein, se co-streap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,  
An robh òl a's ceol as dàmh's',  
Rìbhinnean, a's fèasgaich òga,  
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang;  
Dhearcas fa leath air na h-òighean,  
Le rosg foil a null' sa nall,  
'S ghlacadh mochridhe, 's mo shuilcò'ladh,  
'S rinn an gaol mo leòn air ball.

Mar gath grein' am madainn cheitein  
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shùl  
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu reidh, iompaidh,  
Do reir pugannan a chiuil;  
Rìbhinn mhòdhail, 's fìor-ghlan fòghlum,  
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhòrghalach mo rùn,  
Reull nan òighean, grian gach coisridh,  
'S i'n chiall chomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, chiuin

Beir soraidh buam do'n rìbhinn shuairc'  
De'n chinneadh mhòr a's uaisle gnàs,  
Thoir mo dhurachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaidh,  
'S m'ìn deagh rùn d'a cùl-bhuidh' ban.  
'S nach brudar cadail a ghluais m' aigne,  
'S truagh nach aidich é dhomh tàmh,  
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an cuan,  
Gu'm bi mi smuainteach ort gu bràth.

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

An Ceitin 1907.

[Earrann 8.

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## EADARAINN FHÌN.

Cha bhàsaich An Comunn Gàidhealach am bliadhna—creid thusa mise.

\* \* \*

Bha coinneamh aig Comhairle a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich ann an Glaschu air an treas la deug de'n mhìos a chaidh. Bha mòran ghnòthuichean air an toirt air beulaobh na Comhairle, agus bha gach nì air a dheanamh gu reidh rianail.

\* \* \*

Bha iomradh air a dheanamh air mar a tha ullachadh air son a' Mhòid a' dol air adhart. Tha h-uile coltas gu 'm bi Mòd ciatach againn. B'iongantach mar a biodh, agus na tha de Ghàidheil chridheil sgoinneil ann an Glaschu.

\* \* \*

Rinn an Dr. Caimbeul iomradh air saothair na cuideachd ris am bheil ghnòthuichean foghlum an earbsa. Dh' iarr e aonta na Comhairle air son coinneamh a ghairm ann an Inbhirnis mar a bha againn anns an Oban an uraidh, agus ann an Inbhirnis a' bhliadhna roimh 'n sin. Thug a' Chomhairle an aonta sin seachad gu cridheil. Tha suil gu 'm bi òraidean air an toirt seachad aig a' choinneamh sin le daoine is urrainn labhairt le ùghdarras mu ghnòthuichean foghlum.

\* \* \*

Fhuair sinn iasad bho charaid urramach an là roimhe de leabhar riaghailt na sgoilean anns an Afric mu dheas. 'S e ar barail gur e Gàidheal a tha ann an ard-ùghdarras os ceann na sgoilean anns an duthaich ud, agus tha bhuil. Is ceart freagarrach na riaghailtean iad. Mar a tha fhios aig moran, tha canan na h-Ollaind air a cleachdadh le roinn mhaith de 'n t-sluagh, ged a tha ceum toisich aig a' Bheurla. Ach, a reir na riaghailtean, tha ullachadh air a dheanamh air son gu 'm bi an canan Ollaindeach air a teagasg do 'n chloinn Ollaindich a cheart cho coimhlionta 's a tha Bheurla air a teagasg do 'n chloinn Shasunaich. C'arson nach biodh ullachadh mar sin air a dheanamh air son clann nan Gàidheal air feadh na Gàidhealtachd? Tha sinn cinnteach nach cailleadh an rioghachd againn air na 'n tugadh i làn cheartas do 'n chloinn aig am bheil a' Ghàidhlig mar an ceud chànan.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn an dòchas gu 'n tig ath-bheothachadh air spiorad a' Ghàidheil anns na maighistirean sgoile Gàidhealach. Tha e cinnteach gu 'm bheil moran air iarraidh orra le Achd na sgoilean. Gidheadh, tha sinn dhe 'n bheachd gu 'm bheil moran 'nan comas a dh'fhaodas iad a dheanamh as leith na Gàidhlig, nach 'eil ann an comas neach eile. Cha bu choir dha bhi eu-comasach dhaibh leasan Gàidhlig a thoirt do 'n chloinn a labhras a' Ghàidhlig dà uair no trì 'san t-seachdain, agus, mar sin, a dheanamh cinnteach nach biodh balach no nigean Gàidhealach anns an sgoil nach biodh comasach canan am mathar a leughadh ma 's fhàgadh iad a' sgoil.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn uile, mar Ghàidhil, ri caoidh le bròn nach 'eil beag bàs an Dr. MacBain. 'S gann ma bha sgoileir Gàidhlig 'na là a thigheadh suas ris. Thàinig call nach gabh leasachadh air litreachas na Gàidhlig an là a dh' fhalbh e.

## THE TEACHING OF CELTIC ART.

BY E. AND A. RITCHIE, IONA.

THIS branch of art training ought certainly to begin in our schools. Up to the present time no effort has been made, so far as we know, to introduce this form of design into their art curriculum. No doubt the free-hand drawing taught is good in its way, but, besides this, would it not be possible to have the Celtic form as well, and so initiate the pupil in a first knowledge of an art which, in all likelihood, would lead to very practical results? It is essential that children should be taught at an early age. It is only what is unconsciously assimilated in the mind of a child which will bear that spontaneous fruit which, and chiefly with regard to art, is of any value.

Occasional or itinerant teaching is seldom or never satisfactory. Unless in the order of school work, few would attend, or could attend extra classes. The short days, and the long distances many of the children have to travel, make other hours than those of the regular school attendance impracticable. One hears a great deal from outsiders about what might be done during the winter; but a couple of months or so of instruction can only rouse a passing interest, and with pupils who have had no previous training it is impossible to get lasting results in such a short time; it is merely sowing seed and reaping no harvest.

The great thing in teaching is to make the pupil independent of his teacher, and so when he gets the length of being able to make a design of his own, he can carry it out in wood or metal, or whatever medium he may have selected; instead of which, through his ignorance, he is handicapped and discouraged, and so is the teacher, and the whole thing falls through, and this is the history of all attempts to teach the application of the Celtic designs without the regular school training, which must be there as a ground work.

And to come to our Celtic art. Here we have something which is entirely our own, peculiar to the people, almost a racial instinct. The feeling for the beautiful is strong in the Celt. We speak from experience, having been struck very often by many a revelation of talent, and by a peculiar aptitude and instinct for handling tools, which have been slumbering for centuries and are inherent in the race. This of itself is a sufficient reason for the Celtic art being incorporated into our system of education. A selection of the more simple of the interlaced and foliaceous patterns could be made, these, sympathetically drawn and coloured, might be placed round the walls of the class-room with the other diagrams, and the

eye of the child would thus become familiar with the forms before he attempted to copy them. The unweaving of the Celtic knots has the fascination of a puzzle to the child. In their movements, too, there is a life and rhythm which appeals to the imagination.

Elementary books could be compiled and become part of a regular art training, in place of the stereotyped examples now in universal use. The suggestion that such books as "Stewart's," "Drummond's," and "Graham's," on the sculptured stones of our country, and examples of the old illuminated manuscripts should be studied, is rather absurd, seeing there are comparatively few copies, and those mostly possessed by collectors and the principal libraries. The cost alone of those books is prohibitive, and how or where is the Highland child to see them?

Apparently our Scotch Code does not recognise racial instincts, and what might appeal to the southern child does not necessarily meet with the same response from the Celt. At present, examples of Celtic design are as foreign to the Highland child as to the Cockney, even in places where the old monuments can be seen daily. Is this not rather a sad truth? The teachers are very often as unfamiliar with those designs as are the children, having as little opportunity for its study, and less leisure. And even if they were to take the initiative and teach Celtic designs, would the Education Department view with equanimity such an unwarranted departure from the cast-iron Code, which selects our history for us in London, and barely tolerates the teaching of the Gaelic language?

An argument one often hears is that the study of an old art teaches the child to be a mere imitator; and that it is much better for the young mind to be led into fresh pastures in order to become original, and to be able to conventionalize, say, a flower or a leaf, or any other natural object. Thus each effort will have at least the stamp of individuality. This, they say, will tend to produce an art distinctive of the time, and with its own characteristics, and so a modern school of decorative art will result. This is only a partial truth. Can an art be modern in the true sense of the word? Is it not simply a long development, an evolutionary wheel, with which, occasionally, a strong and original mind can be so touched as to give us something quite fresh and apparently quite modern. This is a rare gift, and given to the few. It takes centuries to bring an art to perfection, and we cannot close the page on this rich harvest of a past age. It is our inheritance, given to us to enrich our present, mellow from the hand of time, containing all the culture of a wonderful

period, vigorous and strong in its conceptions. If culture is the embodiment of the best aesthetic sense, then here, indeed, in the Celtic School, we have its highest expression.

Therefore we claim, as the very best art training for our schools, the study of those exquisite Celtic forms. They will teach the scholars the first principles of all good design—proportion, exquisite spacing, harmony. They will please the fancy by their endless variety, they will charm by the unexpected, and the application and practice of them will certainly be an education in itself. With such a training the pupil may start any branch of designing. His work will be marked by purity, refinement, and a lack of exaggeration. After all is said, the study of an old art is simply "to know," to absorb the good, in order that what we create may be the better for it.

From this study the pupil will learn another very beautiful lesson—to reverence and approach with veneration an art which is the embodiment of more patience and skill (we are now speaking of the old illuminated manuscripts), than is perhaps obvious in any other school of ancient decorative art. Much of the work is so exquisitely fine that we do not even know how it could be done, the delicacy of the workmanship is so beyond our comprehension! Is it not then rather to our discredit that as a means of educating, all this should be overlooked—left for the study of the specialist; while we go even to the continent for schemes of decoration? We do not wish to disparage any good design, no matter where it comes from, but let us not forget our own.

Why! one of the old carved stones that lie neglected and with nature's covering of moss in a Highland burial ground, would be a revelation to a designer who has never even heard of such, or, if he has heard, has some vague idea that Celtic design means a kind of crude basket-like pleating or an elementary scroll. It is very strange that even in our art schools, where all the classical arts are represented, and rightly so, you will not see a single example of the best Celtic art.

The remedy for this neglect lies in our own hands. By the use of such simple books as have been suggested, and a sympathetic teacher, the children will not only gain a knowledge of their country's art, but of its intellectual history—not the history of its raids and wars, but the quiet history that lives alongside of those turbulent times. Through a loving study of those old designs, one can almost drift into their past and live with the people who created them, can see them working, dreamily, peacefully, and effectively.

Assuming that the children are ultimately taught the Celtic designs, will it not follow

that those among them who have an instinct for art, having already mastered the technique, will settle down during the winter and with a few tools give themselves up to the joy of creating? Then the winter, instead of being a time of gloom, will be full of interest. If the gain of all this only resulted in the fashioning of the simplest pieces of furniture, that in the olden days were to be seen in any Highland cottage—say one of those wonderful old chairs, or quaint kists stamped with the maker's personality—then this training will indeed be a seed sown in fruitful ground. In the Highlands the conditions are perfect for an occupation of this kind—few counter attractions, long evenings, and leisure. Before concluding this article, we should like to make an appeal for the preservation of the old carved stones. Surely it is not asking too much to protect those remaining examples of a great past from the elements, in order that they may be handed down to succeeding generations. This is a duty to ourselves, and more than a duty to those who come after us. When it is a question of preserving the art of other countries, the response is hearty and spontaneous, and yet we view with indifference the decay of our own.

### CREAG NA SGOIR.

(THIS tale is by Mr. D. W. Mackenzie, U.F. missionary, S. Uist. It divided first prize with another at the Mòd of 1905. Several pages of introductory matter are left out to economise space, but the tale itself is given in full.)

Thachair gu'n robh nighean bhòidheach aig Iain-Mòr-MacAoidh, maor a' Ghlinne, do'm b' ainm Seònaid. Cha robh mais' a bha riamh air té nach robh air a chailinn shuairce so. Bha mar so a cliù ionnholta cho maith ri i bhi bhòidheach dealbhach. Bha mar a dh'fhaodas tu chreidsinn, mòran ghilleann ann an toir oirre, ach aon cha ghabhadh air féin làmh Seònaid a shireadh, do bhrìgh gu'n d' rinn a h-athair 's a màthair suas an intinn gur e MacUilleam, tuathanach an Dùin, a gheibheadh i r'a pòsadh, o'n bha ainm airgead is cuid aige. Bha MacUilleam air fàs suas ann am bliadhnanach, agus theireadh cuid gu'n robh e gu maith deigheil air deur do'n uisge 'bheatha, agus nach robh a chliù glé fhallain. Ach dé dheth sin, bha cuid is crannchur aige, agus mar so mheall e cridheachan a' Mhaoir's a mhnatha, ged tha aobhar a bhi creidsinn nach d' smaoinich Seònaid féin riamh 'na cridhe air mar fhear do'm b' urrainn i gaol a thoirt.

Bha maighstir-sgoil a' Ghlinne, fear Donnachadh Domhnallach, mar an ceudna an gaol



's an tòir air Seònaid, agus 's ann agamsa, a rìgh! tha fhios gur iomadh uair a thàrr e còmhla rithe gu 'n fhios do 'n Mhaor no do MhacUilleam. Bha bad sònraichte os cionn tighe a' mhaoir anns an bithleadh a' chàraid òg so a' coinneachadh a chèile, agus gu fortanach, no mi-fhortanach, fhuair mi féin a mach an t-àite. Mar so 's tric a bheirinn sgrìob suas an Gleann a dh'faicinn an dithis òga a' dol a choinneachadh a chèile. Ged a tha iomadh bliadhna 'o 'n dh'fhag mis' an Gleann, rachainn dìreach a dh'ionnsuidh an àite air a cheart uair so. Bha 'n t-àite-falaich ann an sgor creige mu thuairteam ceathramh mìle o thigh a' mhaoir, agus dh'fhoadadh tu bhì anns a' Ghleann fad do bheatha 's gu 'n thu thoirt an aire do 'n sgor; oir aig a beul bha fràoch àrd agus reanach a' cinntinn gu tiugh, agus 's gann gu 'm faicheadh neach gu 'n robh 'leithid de dh'fhalachasan idir 's an àite. Bha Creag na Sgoir dìreach anns an fhrith-rathad mar a dheightheadh Seònaid a dh'ionnsuidh buaile 'chruidh, agus is gann feasgar nach fhaiciste ceann a' mhaighstir-sgoile 'nochdadh a inach troimh 'n fhràoch a' feitheamh ri Seònaid. Bu mhaith dhàsan nach d'ghlac a' maor e còmhla ri na gheibheadh e 'm bata daraich mu 'n chlagann. Fhuair fear no dhà sgàl de bhata 'bhodaich. Bha buille agam féin deth aon uair, agus 's dòcha gu 'n tuig mo leughadair c'arson, mu 'n crìochnaich mi mo naigheachd.

Air feasgar sònraichte, ge bu dé 'chuir 'na m' cheann e, smaoinich mi gu 'n rachainn a dh'ionnsuidh sgor a' mhaighstir. So rinn mi 's leig mi mi féin sìos 'na m' shineadh aig beul na sgoir. Bha 'm feasgar air ciaradh, 's na cruiseanan an deigh toiseachadh a' boillsgeadh an tìghean a' Ghlinne. Dh' amhairc mi sìos an Gleann 's cha chluinninn ach nualan bhòagus meileanaich chaoarach, agus sgreid cruaidh a' bhuachaille laoiagh a' leigeil 's a' casg a' choin. Fo dheireadh chuala mi fuaim anail neach-eiginn. Shaoil leam gur e Seònaid a bh' ann.

"An tu tha sìod, a Dhonnachaidh?" arsa guth caol socair fo anail.

"Thig air d'adhairt," arsa mi féin ann an guth a cheart cho ìosal.

Ann an tiota bha i nam ghlacaidh ach cha b' i Seònaid a bh' ann mar a shaoil leam, ach a piuthar, Sìne. Shaoil leatha gur e mhaighstir-sgoile bh' annamsa, oir bha 'n oidhche car dorch.

"Cha bhi Seònaid a' so gu ceann uair fathast," arsa ise; "tha MacUilleam a stigh, 's cha 'n fhaigh i mach an tràthsa."

"Tha mi ro-thoilichte sin a chluinntinn," arsa mi-féin, "oir 's e thu féin is fhearr leam."

Dh' amhairc i orm agus an sin chunnaic i co bh' aice, 's thug i sgàl le bois 's a' leith-cheann dhomh. Dh' rìich sinn le chèile rud beag os

cionn na sgoir agus thoisich sinn air còmhradh, 's chaidh an ùine seachad mar air sgèith feadaig. An sin chunnaic sinn Donnachadh a' tighinn 's a' seasamh am beul na sgoir mar a b' abhaist. Goidid an deigh sin thainig Seònaid. Chaidh beagan ùine seachad, agus an sin chuala sinn cnead caoinidh aig Seònaid. Dh' èisd sinn.

"... Tha mi 'g innseadh na fìrinn le m' uile chridhe," chuala sinn esan ag radh.

"O cha 'n fhaod thu sin a radh," arsa' ise, gu cianail, 's i sìleadh na 'n deur gu frasach.

"Mata," arsa esan, "cha 'n abair mi smid tuilleadh."

"Feuch nach abair, mata," arsa' ise, 's rachd na muineal.

Agus an deigh so bha sàmhchair mhòr ann, ach bha cnead, cnead, cnead goirt caoinidh againn 'ga chluinntinn.

"Bha mi 'n dùil gu 'n innsinn dhuit rùn mo chridhe a nochd," arsa Maighstir-sgoile.

"O, cha 'n innis thu nì 's am bith dhomh," arsa Seònaid. "Cha chan thu guth tuilleadh a nis."

"Feumaidh, mata," arsa Donnachadh, rud-eigin crosda, "gu 'm beil thu 'n gaol air MacUilleam."

Chrith Seònaid ann an glacaibh Dhonnachaidh 'n uair a chual' i 'n t-ainm.

"O Dhonnachaidh!" arsa' ise, "b' fhearr gu 'n robh sin fìor. Cha 'n 'eil, 's cha robh, 's cha bhi gaol agam air, ach 's e 'n fhirinn is fhearr, tha mi féin 's MacUilleam gu bhith pòda feasgar am màireach!"

Thuit làmhnan Dhonnachaidh, a bha roimhe so timchioll air Seònaid, sìos ri 'chliathach. An sud sheas e rag reòta, mar gu 'm b' eadh, 'se bodhar dall, agus fuar-fhallus air a mhala. Bha sàmhchair a rithist ann.

"Ach am beil gaol aig MacUilleam ortsa," dh' fheoraich Donnachadh fo dheireadh thall.

"Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam air nì 's am bith," arsa' ise, agus le sin thainig fras chruaidh chlachan-meallain, agus b' fheadar do Shìne is dhòmhsa 'dhol fo dhian air taobh eile na creige. Cha 'n fhaca sinn Seònaid no 'm Maighstir còmhla ri chèile tuilleadh an oidhche sin. Bha cridhe Seònaid an impis sgàineadh a chionn gu 'n robh a pàrantan a' toirt oirre Fear an Dùin a phòsadh d'a h-aindeoin.

"C'uin tha 'm pòsadh gu bhì ann an ath-oidhch'?" dh' fheoraich mise de Shìne.

"Aig ochd uairean," fhreagair ise.

"S ann thairis air Lon-a'-phuill aig an drochaid fhiodha 'thig fear-na-bainnse le chuideachd," arsa mi-féin, 's mo smaointinn féin agam.

"S ann dìreach," arsa Sìne, agus deòir 'na sùilean air son a peathar.

"Oidhche mhaith leat," arsa mise 's, mi breith air laimh oirre.

"Mar sin leat," aris' ise, 's i tuigsinn' gu 'n robh nith-eiginn air m' aire.

Agus le so dhealaich sinn air son oidhche. Choisich mise sìos an Gleann. Bha griosach mhaith gealbhaigh anns gach tigh, 's cha robh muinntir a chéilidh air dol dhachaidh fhathast. Bha 'n oidhche fuar agus frasach agus coltas iargalta 'mach. Reult cha 'n fhaiceadh tu air adhar. Bha fead aig a' ghaoith a' dol troimh 'n Ghleann. Bha fuaim na fairge air a' chladach mar thairneanach, 's theireadh tu gu 'n robh tigh-soluis a' Chorrain-mhòir a' boillsgeadh na b' fhearr na chunnacas riamh e, mur gu 'm bitheadh e fiachainn ri misneachd a chur an cridhe a' mhuinntir a bha 'n an éiginn air an fhaighe. Bha na coirich a' crámh an cir, 's iad air tional còmhla ri chéile am fasgadh nan gàraidhean, 's ri tota nan tighean. Bha eunlaith an adhair iad féin a' crubadh anns na h-iodhlannan, ag iarraidh fasaigh o'n doinean ghairbh.

Chaidh mise dìreach dhachaidh 's b' ioghnadh le m' mhàthair gu 'n deachaidh, cho tràth air an oidhche. "Tha call aig an oidhche nochd 'g a dheanamh," arsa m' athair, 's e 'g éiridh air uileann, 's ag amharc a mach air an uinneig.

Cha b' ann air an oidhche nochd a bha mise 'smaoinneadh ach air an ath-oidhche'. Chaidh mi do 'n leabaidh acli cha b' ann gu cadal. Tràth air a' mhaduinn chaidh mi dh' ionnsuidh an tigh sgoile, 's fhuair mi 'm maighstir na shuidhe air a' chathair ghàirdeanaich far na shuidh e 'n oidhche roimh a' sin, an déigh Seònaid fhàgail.

"Dé tha thu 'dol a dheanamh a nochd?" dh' fhaighnich mi féin dheth.

Sheall e le ioghnadh orm, 's cha d' fhreagair e smid. Dh' innis mi a' sin dha na nithean air an robh fhios agam. Thàinig snuadh ùr air 'n uair a chuala e gu 'n robh mi féin is Sìne 'dol ga 'n cuideachadh anns a' ghnòthuich chudthromach a bha anns an aire aca le chéile. Dh' eirich e 'na sheasamh 's rug e air laimh orm. B' eireachdail an t-òganach e aig an àm ud. Bha e mu choig bliadhna fichead a dh' aois, agus mu shè traidhean a dh' airde, e lionta ann am pearsa, clàr aodainn ceithir-chearnach os cionn dà shùil a bha cho dubh ri gual ceardaich, anns an robh soillse iongantach 'n uair rachadh a chur thuige. Bha fhalt dubh ach bha aghaidh car geal, agus beagan de dh' fheusaigh dhonn air a' bheul àrd aige. Bu ghille sgoinneil gu 'n teagamh e. 'Na ghné bha e socrach, ciùin, ach bha seasmhachd agus duinealas r'a fhaicinn na ghnùis.

"An téid i leat?" Dh' fheòraich mise dheth.

"Theid," aris' esan, "ma gheibh i mach."

"Mata," arsa mise, "dean thusa do ghnòthuich gu sgiobalta 's air m' fhacal gu 'n dean mise mo dhìchioll."

Dh' fhàisg Donnachadh cho cruaidh air mo mheòirean 's gu 'n saoil mi fhathast gu bheil a' ghaoir a' dol a mach air barran mo mheur. Le so dh' fhàg mi Donnachadh, 's am beul na h-oidhche ghabh mi sìos a dh' ionnsuidh na drochaid fhiodha aig Lòn-a'-phuill, 's thòisich mi air a sàbhadh 'na teis-meadhon. Bha 'na mo dhùil an toiseach a gearradh gu h-ìomlan na dà-leth, ach 'n uair a bha mi 'dol air m' adhart leis an t-seirbhis so, smaoinich mi gu 'm b' fhearr dhòmh a fàgail ri chéile a chum gu 'n saoilleadh iadsan gu 'n robh 'n drochaid slàn.

Chuala mi an sin còmhradh, 's dh' eisd mi. Dh' aithnich mi gur e fear-na-baimse bh' ann le chuideachd. Bha esan air an toiseach, 's companach leis. Bha deur math aca le chéile. Dh' fhalaich mise mi féin aig bruaich na h-aimehne, 's m' anail 'na m' uchd, 's mo cridhe 'na m' bheul.

"Tha sinn gu bhì aig an drochaid," chuala mi an companach ag radh.

"Cha 'n fhaod sinn a dhol do Lòn-a'-phuill air feasgar oidhche mo bhainnse," arsa Fear an Dùin.

An sin chaidh an dithis air an drochaid fear an déigh fir. A' cheud cheum, an dara, an treas—diosgan-brag-plub-plub-plub. Bha 'n dithis an siod a' spàgladh 's a' lòn am measg a' phuill.

Chualas eughachd chruaidh aig an drochaid, 's thionail muinntir na bainnse sìos gu Lòn-a'-phuill. Bha Maor 's a bhean air a' cheud fheadhainn a ràinig, 's a mach air an drochaid ruith iad. Bha iad a thiota còmhla ri fear-na-bainnse 's ri 'chompanach anns a' pholl. Cha robh a nis duine anns a' Ghleann nach robh shìos aig an drochaid, mar an robh aon chàraid òg. Sud far an robh an drip a' slaodadh dhaoine as a' lòn! Cha robh duine ann na bu dìchiollaiche na mise. Mu dheireadh fhuaradh gu tìr thioram iad. Chaidh am Maor 's a bhean a chur ann am fuar-lìean an oidhche ud, 's chaidh an eiridheadh ceudna a dheanamh air MacUilleam 's a chompanach, far an robh iad air an cumail air son seachduin.

Ach c'àite idir an robh a' Maighstir-sgoile 's Seònaid? Bha a' caitheamh làithean sona ann an Dunéideann, agus iad a nis air am pòsadh gu daingeann dligeach le aon do dh' aird mhinistirean ceanna-bhaile na h-Alba. Tha iomradh a dh' ionnsuidh an lath' an duigh air a' bhanaid a chaidh a dheanamh dhoibh le muinntir a' Ghlinne, 'n uair thàinig iad dhachaidh.

Gabhadh an leughadair mo leisegeul, ach tha Sìne, piuthar Seònaid, na mnaoi agam féin, agus is minic a théid sinn le chéile do 'n Gleann a dh' faicinn a' Maighstir-sgoile 's a bhean chòir. Cha téid sinn uair 's am bith dhachaidh gu 'n dhol a dh' fhaicinn Creag na Sgoir is Lòn-a'-phuill.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held within the Christian Institute, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, on the 29th March. The meeting was convened in order to discuss the recently published Memorandum of the objects of the Feill, and especially the Recommendations of the Executive Council of the Feill as to the disposal of the funds to be raised at the forthcoming Feill. As some of the resolutions embodied in the Recommendations implied an alteration of the Rules and Constitution of An Comunn, it was decided that these should take the form of recommendations by the Executive Council to the Annual Business Meeting of An Comunn. Owing to the number, scope, and nature of these resolutions, it was found impossible to overtake more than half of them in the course of the sederunt, and, accordingly, an adjourned meeting of the Council was held in the same place on the 12th April. At this meeting the resolutions were finally amended and endorsed as recommendations to be submitted for approval to the Annual Business Meeting of An Comunn. We have pleasure in giving the resolutions as amended in another column of AN DEO-GREINE.

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Much useful business was transacted at a largely attended meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn which was held in Glasgow on Saturday, 13th April. A very satisfactory report of the progress made by the Glasgow local committee in preparation for the Mòd was submitted by Mr. Reid. It was agreed to ask this committee to secure a chairman who should preside at the Mòd grand concert. Mr. Munro gave in the report of the Mòd and Musical Committee, and after discussion of the same it was resolved that there should be *two Junior Choral Competitions this year*. One of these competitions is confined to choirs, the majority of members of which are Gaelic speakers; the other is open to choirs the majority of members of which are attending Gaelic classes, or are otherwise receiving tuition in Gaelic. The Education Committee's report was submitted by Dr. Campbell. It was agreed to hold a Conference on Education in Inverness on Saturday, May 18th. We desire to draw the special attention of all our readers who are within accessible distance of Inverness, and who intend being present at the conference, to the fact that the Inverness Juvenile Mòd takes place on *the day preceding* the Conference—Friday, 17th May. Thanks, to a great extent, to the impetus given by last year's very successful Mòd, much interest and enthusiasm are being displayed in things

Gaelic in Inverness and in several of the parishes in its neighbourhood. In the landward parishes, as well as in the town, Gaelic classes are being taught, and Gaelic choirs are being trained by teachers who are as competent as they are enthusiastic. Everything points to this Mòd being a brilliant success, and to omit being present at it is to lose a great treat. We feel sure that all who attend the Conference will also attend the Mòd. It is hoped that the new Principal of Glasgow University will preside at the conference. The Education Committee agreed at this meeting to publish suitable schemes of Gaelic instruction for the direction of School Boards. These schemes will be published in AN DEO-GREINE. They also recommended the Executive Council to publish a book for teaching Gaelic on modern lines. Mr. MacDonald submitted the Publication Committee's Report, in the course of which he intimated that his Committee recommended that Mr. D. R. Mackenzie, C.A., Inverness, the auditor for the year, should be asked to prepare a complete statement of the finances of AN DEO-GREINE from its inception in 1905 up to the present date. This recommendation was approved of, as was the other, that "Gaelic as a Specific Subject" should be re-published under the auspices of An Comunn. To enable this committee to meet the expenses incurred in printing and publishing AN DEO GREINE, it was agreed, on the motion of Mr. Nicolson, seconded by Mr. MacCracken MacDonald, that An Comunn, in the meantime, should advance the cost of advertising the Feill in the magazine. In this connection we have much pleasure in announcing that the yearly volume of AN DEO-GREINE has been handsomely bound, and is now on sale at Mr. Eneas MacKay's, 43 Murray Place, Stirling, the price of the bound volume being 4s. 6d. net; or post free, 5s. Those who desire to bind their own copies can have handsome and artistic covers in cloth, and with gilt lettering, from the publisher, for the sum of 1s. 6d. In giving the Celtic Arts Committee's Report, Mr. MacGregor Whyte intimated that the Tìree Association had agreed to give £3 for prizes in Celtic Art Competition, this competition to be confined strictly to amateurs. Among other items of business transacted before the close of the meeting were these:—Oban Local Branch to receive a donation of £5 from proceeds of the Junior Mòd Concert; Poolewe Choir to receive a like sum to help defray their expenses to and from Oban last year; "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig" was adopted as the rallying song of An Comunn, and it was resolved that henceforth all meetings of the Executive Council should be open to the press.

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The death of Dr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, at the comparatively early age of 51, leaves a blank in the foremost rank of Celtic scholarship and research which it will be extremely difficult to fill. Distinguished no less for his modesty than for his surpassing ability, his mind was a storehouse of information as remarkable for its accuracy as for its extent. A successful and inspiring teacher, a devoted student, Dr. MacBain has left behind him works which have already influenced Celtic studies throughout Europe, and will do so, more and more, as the years roll. Very justly did Professor Kuno Meyer say of him at Glasgow the other day—"In Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, Celtic scholarship has lost a most indefatigable worker, a gifted and painstaking student, whose researches, the fruits of which are to be found in his Etymological Dictionary, will long keep his memory green. His proper place would have been, not the byways of solitary research, but the University, where he could have directed students." At the commencement of the business of the Executive Council on the 13th April, Mr. Watson, of Inverness, made feeling reference to the loss An Comunn, as well as Gaelic scholarship, sustained in the death of Dr. MacBain, and he moved that a special minute bearing on these facts be drawn up and engrossed in the minutes of the Executive Council. The motion was unanimously approved of, and Mr. Watson, Mr. MacFarlane, and Mr. John Mackintosh, secretary, were appointed to frame the tribute. We hope to publish in the next issue of AN DEO-GREINE an appreciation of Dr. MacBain by a writer who knew him intimately for upwards of 20 years.

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The following donations have been made to the Magazine Fund since April, 1906 :—

April 24—Mr. Eneas Mackay, per T. D. MacDonald,	...	£1	1	0
July 21—Mrs. Burnley Campbell,	...	1	0	0
Aug. 14.—R. MacKinnon. Esq. Bingley Lodge, Walton-on-Thames,	0	10	0	0
" J. G. MacKay. Esq., London, per Dr. Campbell,	...	2	0	0
Sept. 18—Editor "Canadian Scotsman," per D. MacGillivray.	...	0	5	0
" David M'Ritchie, Esq., F.S.A.S., per D. MacGillivray.	...	0	10	0
" "Mac-Na-Creige," per D. MacGillivray,	...	0	5	0
1907—				
April 25—Dr. Ferguson, Alloa, per J. MacKintosh,	...	0	10	6
" Raonull MacFhionghain, Walton-on-Thames, per J. MacKintosh,	...	0	10	0
" Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormisdale, per J. MacKintosh,	2	2	0	0

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## AIRIDHEAN LEODHAIS.

LE IAIN M. MACLEOID.

CHA'NEIL so idir na iognadh leinn. Cha 'neil mi smaoineachadh gu'm b' urrain duine sam bith cuairt a thoirt tre na h-àraidhean air feasgar aluinn Samhraidh gu'n cuimhne chumail air car uine. Tha maise 'n t-samhraidh air gach ni mu'n cuairt dhuit, tha faile cubhraidh fallain tighinn bhar barr an fhraoich. Tha mointeach gu'n chrich air gach taobh dhìot, le creag bheag an sud 's an so a deanamh criche do chuairt na'n speur. Tha 'n crodh Gaidhealach air gach gearraidh le maighdeanan uallach ga'n ionaltradh, agus nuair a sheideas ort an tlà-ghaoth, tha i toirt thugad air a sgiathan thug binn na'n caileagan a seinn na fuinn Ghaidhlig sin a bu chòrr beothalachd a chur ann an intinn gach fir-Ghaidheal. Ach cha d' thainig a dheireadh ort. Cha'n'eil aon mhaighdean a thachras riut nach fiathaich thu gu h-àraidh, agus an sin, gheibh thu de fhior-thoradh an fhearann. Gheibh thu cuach làn uachdair air am paidheadh d' thu co dhiu tasdan ann an Glaschu. Ma thogras d' thu faodaidh d' thu stapag na fuarag a dheanamh dheth, air neo, mur toigh leat sin gheibh thu càise ùr Gaidhealach na mheas, agus mar a chanadh duine coir an Leodhas is aithne dhomh, "duine nach còrdadh sin ris cha bhiodh *taste* aige." Cha'n'eil an soach toiseach na cuirme. Tha'n *ti* ga deanamh air ball, agus 's iad fhein nach bi fada rithe. Tha 'n cuibhrige-buird air a sgaoileadh air a bheinge-chip air an d' rinn mi iomradh mu thràth, air neo, ma tha cuideachd mhor ann, tha 'm bòrd air a shuidheachadh air cnoc ri taobh na h-àraidh, 'se sin ma bhios an aimsir freagarrach. 'Se so cuirm—chnuic da rìreamh. Cuiridh mi geall riut nach d' fhuair thu leithid na ti sin riann roimhe, co dhiu cha chreid mise gu'n d' fhuair mi *ti* cheart bho 'n fhuair mi air an airdh i mu dheireadh. Tha na h-uile seorsa de "bhuanachd a chrodh-laoigh" air a chur fa'd chomhair—im ùr, càis, agus uachdar, 's aran de gach seorsa, agus do leor dheth, agus mar a h-àt thu le tuille 'sa chòir dhe 'n uachdar cha'n'eil guth agad ri ràdh. 'N deigh na cuirme, tha chaileag da'm buin an àirdh, a cruinneachadh na maighdeanan eile anns na h-àraidhean mu'n cuairt, agus an uair sin tha 'n cridhealas a toiseachadh. Cha 'n fhad gu 'n d' thig gilleas gu leor nuair thuiteas an oidhche, ach cha bhi agad ach thu fhein a sparradh ann an oisean air chor-eigin. 'S iomadh uair a ghabh mi iognadh na thoilleadh ann an airdh glé bheag, ach tha sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "Far am bi toil, bithidh gnìomh." Tha na h-orain bhinn Ghaidhlig a toiseachadh. Tha caileag anns an airdh 's tha gaol aice air

òganach àraidh a tha anns an àirdh cuideachd, agus tha i cur an ceill a gaol le bhì seinn, "Fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais," "Mheall thu, mheall thu." Tha balach eil' ann agus 'se Mairi air chor-eiginn, "cuspair a smaointeanain faoine gach uair," agus cha'n urrain e gu'n a bhì seinn. "A Mhairi Bhoidh-each, na, "Ho mò Mhairi Laghach," na 's dòcha gu bheil fear eil' ann a tha toirt saorsa da 'bhron intinn le bhì gabhail, "O gur mise tha gu truagh."

Tha fear eil' ann aig nach 'eil "sgòrnan binn gu seinn na 'n òrain," ach tha e cuideachadh aigheir na h-oidhche le sgaitearachd a theanga, na le bhì magadh 's ag aithris air cailleadh na bodach àraidh air am bheil a cuideachd eolach. Nuair a dh' fhàsas tu sgith dhe bhì stigh san àraidh 'sa dh' fhàsas i car blàth, faodaidh tu ceum a thoirt a mach tre 'n mhoitich agus ma tha eagal na 'm bodach ortsa cuideachd faodaidh tu té dhe na caileagan 'thoirt a mach combhla riut, agus cuairt a gabhail leatha, agus ma chòrd cuairt a mach Iar Rathad Mòr Ghlaschu riut, canaidh tu rium, an deigh na cuairt so "eadar i fhein agus cuairt air a mhoitich."

Cò nise' chaidhean nach lùigeadh oidhche chur seachad air an airdh, a' measg na'n cail-eagan laghach a tha so, agus gu'n 'bhi claon-bhaigh ri àite seach àite, gheibh thu air airdhean Leodhais, maighdeanan cho snasail 's cho beusach tonaiseil, 's a tha ar Gaidh-ealtachd ag àrach. Ach feumaidh mi sgur air neo, tha eagal orm nach bi duine nach ruith gu araidhean Leodhais aig fèill Ghlaschu, 's cha bhithinn airson gu falbhaidh iad leo uile.

Ach puig na dhà eile air a cheann so. Rinn caileagan àraid cuirm air a mhoitich aon bhliadhna. Bha dannsa gu bhì ann agus gach seorsa cridhealais. Chuir iad fios air fìdhleir, a bha' nn am baile air taobh thall na mointich. Thainig e 'feasgar, thòisich a chuirn 's chaidh gach nì air aghaidh gu òrdail, rianail. Sgaol an comunn mu mheadhoin oidhche, cha' mhòr gu bheil oidhch' ann mu'n àm sin. Thog am fìdhleir air dhachaidh sa mheadhoin-oidhche. Bu neonach leam nach tug na caileagan dha cuid oidhche, ach 's dòcha gur h-e obair éigin a bh'ann. Co dhui, nuair a bha fìdhleir greis air adhart, dé thach-air air ach tarbh fiadhaicha bh'air a' mhòintich. Tha fhios agaibh, tha triuir ghillean an còmh-nuidh a buachailleachd an tarbh air a mhòintich, ach ge b'e air bith e' àit an robh iad an oidhch' ud, cha robh sgial orra. Air ball nuair a chunnaic an tarbh am fìdhleir sud a mach as a dheigh a ghabh e. Shreap am fìdhleir bochd do sgòrra creige far nach ruig-eadh an tarbh air, agus bha dùil aige 'nuair a chitheadh an tarbh an sin e gu falbhaidh e, 's gu 'm biodh esan ceart gu leor,—gu'n toireadh

e car mu chnoc as ach cho fad 's ge fuireadh am fìdhleir an sgorra na creige, cho fad sin bha 'n tarbh 'ga ghur, mar chat aig toll sam biodh luchag, agus cho luath 'sa ghluais-eadh am fìdhleir gu ruith air falbh, cheart cho luath sin bha 'n tarbh as a dheigh. Bha oidhche bhriagha gheal ghealach ann agus cha robh sin a' fàbhar an fìdhleir. Nuair a thug e seachd duilean dhe' bheatha agus eagal air na h-uile mionaid gu'n toireadh an tarbh leam air, shreap e suas gu mullach na creige, agus ma shreap bha 'n tarbh a sior-dhireadh as a dheigh. Thug e mach an fhidheall 's thug e sgriob na dhà orra; nuair a chuala 'n tarbh an ceol, stad e far an robh e, a dìon amharc air a cheol mur gu'm biodh e còrdadh ris, ach cho luath 's a sguireadh an ceol, dheanadh an tarbh ionnsuidh air streap suas far an robh 'm fìdhleir, agus gus an naigheachd a dheanamh goirid, b' eigin, do'n fìdhleir a bhì cluich an sin gu maduinn airson an tarbh a chumail uath. Am briseadh an latha thainig buachaillean an tairbh 's thug iad leo e. Combhla ri iomaidh duin' eile, dhaoir an ceannaich am fìdhleir air a mhoitich an oidhche sin.

Tha 'n crodh air an airdh seachd na ochd de sheachdnean. Chuala mi sau Eilean Sgiathanach gu 'n robh iad 'g an cumail air an àirdh sia miosan san t-seann aimsir, ach ann sgìre Chillemhùire, far an cuala mi sin, bha na h-àraidhean faisg orra, agus dh' fhaodadh iad tighinn dhachaidh na h-uile h-oidhche, ach ann an Leodhas, tha na h-araidhean seachd sa h-ochd, 's a deich do mhilltean a mach 'sa mhonadh, agus mar sin cha 'n urrain doibh an cumail a muigh cho fada, a thuilleadh air gu bheil obair an fhoghair ag agairt an seir-bheis aig an tigh. Ma tha latha air an bheil an crodh a dol a mach na latha mòr, tha'n là air am bheil iad a tighinn dhachaidh na "là na h-imrich" na là mòr da rìreamh. Tha mhoitichean dùbh le daoine 'n oidhche roimh 'n latha mhòr sin.

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### COMUNN GAIDHEALACH CHILLE- MHAODAIN.

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THUG Ban-tighearna Ormadail cuireadh do bhuill a' chomuinn so gu Mòd, aig Tigh Mòr Ormadail, air feasgar an deicheamh latha de 'n mhios so. Bha comhlan laghach ann; agus an deigh dhaibh 'tì fhaotainn, thòisich strìth eadar bheag is mhòr—shean is òg—a' dh'fheuchainn co b'fhearr air gabhail oran, aithris bardachd, agus innseadh sgeulachdan. Chaidh an sin an t-urair a reiteachadh agus thug a chuid Mhor de'n chuideachd greis air dannsa. Bha biadh is deoch air an riarachadh, aig amannan freagarrach, agus chaidh oidhche chridheil a chur seachad.



## ORAIN MHORA COMPETITIONS.

## FHUAIR MI NAIGHEACHD AS UR

BY DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE.

"Fhuair mi naigheachd as ur."

THE Oran Mor for this month is by Duncan Ban M'Intyre, a poet no less distinguished for the magic spell he throws over the ordinary pursuits and scenes to which he is accustomed and which he describes in mellifluous verse, than for his happy choice of idioms, expressions, and words in his composition. We regret that pressure on our space this month prevents us giving a short biography of the poet and pointing out particular features of the song we present to our readers. In the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" (p. 248) the song is entitled "*Oran do'n eideadh Ghaelach*," but it is commonly known under the title which is the first line of the song—"Fhuair mi naigheachd as ur." We here desire to express our great indebtedness to Mr. John McCallum, Tighnambarr, Taynuilt, who has supplied us with the music of this and other songs which we intend, by-and-bye, to publish in "An Deo-Greine."

KEY A.

{ : l | l : - . t | l | l : s : l | d : - }  
Fhuair mi naigheachd as ur,

{ : r | d : l : l | s : - . m | s : - }  
'Tha 'taitinn ri run mo chridh'

{ : s | l : - . t | l | l : s : l | d : - }  
Gum faigheadhlmaid fasan na duth.

{ : r | m : s : m | r : - . d | l : - }  
cha 'Chleachd sinn an tus ar tim.

{ : d | m : - . r : m | s : m : r | r : - }  
'O n' tha sinn le glaineachan lan,

{ : d | r : m : r | d : - . l | s : - }  
A' bruidhinn air ma - ran binn,

{ : s | l : - . t | l | l : s : l | d : - }  
So i, deoch Slainte Mhon-trois

{ : r | m : s : d | r : - . d | l : - }  
A sheasamh a choir so dhuinn.

Chunna mi'n diugh an Dun-eideann,  
Comunn na féile cruinn,  
Litir an fhortain thug seul,  
Air toiseach an éibhnis dhuinn.  
Pìob gu loinneil an gleus,  
Air soilleireachd réidh an tuim;  
Thug sinn am follais ar'n eideadh,  
Is cò a their réubail ruinn?

Deich bliadhna fichead is còrr,  
Bha casag de'n chlà m'ar druim,  
Fhuair sinn ad agus clèòc,  
'S cha bhuineadh an seòrs 'ud dhuinn:  
Bucail a' dunadh ar bròg,  
'Se 'm barr-iall bu bhòiche leinn;  
Rinn an droch fhasan a bh' oimn',  
Na bodaich d' ar 'n òigridh ghrinn.

Togaidh na Gaidhil an ceann,  
Cha bhì iad an fannn nì 's mò,  
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann  
Thug orra bhì mall gun lùgh:  
Siubhlaidh iad fireach nam beann,  
A dh' iarraidh dhamh seanng le'n cu;  
'S eutrom theid iad a dhamhsa.  
Freagraidh iad srann gach ciùil.

—:O:—

## GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

Ceann, a head of corn.

Dias, diasag, an ear. "Air tus am fochann, a ris an dias, an déidh sin an làn arbhair anns an deis."

Diasach, eared, full of ears, luxuriant.

Diasagach, diasdach, idem.

Diasadach, diasfhada, long-bladed M'L. & D. Barradh-dhias, barr-dhias, top of an ear of corn; topmost ear?

Gràinne, gràinnean, a corn, single grain of corn, etc. "Gràinne cruithneachd" a corn of wheat.

Eite, eitean, idem. Eitean peasrach, a pea. Froisnein, idem.

Spilgean, speilgean, idem; in West Ross-shire a thin light grain. From Scot. spilkins. Silean, a single grain; a stunted grain; refuse of grain.

Siolman, idem. Siolag, a stunted grain.

Fàsan, refuse of grain.

Gramur, idem.

Carainnean, "refuse of thrashed barley"; "caruinnean, refuse of thrashed corn."

Gràn, grain, kiln-dried grain.

Calg, awn, beard of corn.

Cuilgean, a single awn, a small awn.

Gath-dubh, beard of (black?) oats.

Dùbhdan, dùdan, beard of dried oats.

Sian, beard of barley.

Moll, chaff.

Sgalpan, idem, Lewis.

Monasg, mosan, chaff, refuse.

Muillean, a particle of chaff.

STRAW, ETC.

Coinnlean, cuinnlean, a stalk of corn, etc., a straw.

Coinnleag, a stalk, bud.

Srabh, a straw.

Sraibhlean, a straw, a small straw.

Siobhag, a straw, a pile of rye-grass.

Gaiste, gaistean, a straw.  
 Connlach, straw, hay, fodder.  
 Siol-chonnalach, straw, fodder, unthrashed straw given as fodder.

Fodar, straw, fodder.  
 Dloghainn, sheaf-corn half-thrashed, given to cattle when fodder is scarce, MacAlpine. The word is an oblique case of the following.  
 Dlogh (genitive dlogha, and dloghann), a handful of half-thrashed corn, MacAlpine.

Dream, dreaman, a handful of hay or corn.  
 Dreamag, a handful of sheaf-corn to lure a horse; a little sheaf corn.

Budhag, a bundle of straw.  
 Suaicean, a bundle of hay or straw twisted together.

Ceannag, a wisp, truss or bottle of hay or straw.

Boitean, boiteal, poitean, idem.  
 Gaisde, gaiste, gaistean, idem.  
 Muillean, a bottle of thrashed straw.  
 Sop, soipean, a wisp, a loose bundle or a handful of hay or straw. "Sop as gach seid," a handful from every truss, or from every pallet.

Seid, a truss of grass, hay or straw; also a shakedown, an emergency bed on the floor.

Seideag, idem.  
 Ciomboll, a bundle of hay or straw, Hebrides.  
 Searrag, a bundle of hay, Provincial, M'L. & D. This use of the word, which means a bottle to contain liquids, is an imitation of the English 'bottle' (bundle or truss).

Paclach, the fill of both arms of hay, straw, etc. Arran.

Fortas, fotras, fartus, straw, litter, orts, refuse of fodder.

Innlinn, provendor, forage, fodder. In Argyll the third part of the straw left by the tenant removing for the one entering a farm, for bedding to the cattle to help manure. MacAlpine.

#### THRASHING, WINNOWER, ETC.

Buail, to thrash.  
 Suath, to thrash out barley by rubbing it with the feet.

Suathadh, a mode of thrashing barley.

Urlar-bualaidh, a thrashing-floor.

Muileann-bualaidh, a thrashing mill.

Each-mhuileann, a horse-mill.

Lamh-mhuileann, a hand-mill.

Sùist, sùiste, a flail.

Uideal, idem, 'MacAlpine,' Eng.-Gael.

Buailtein, a flail. The 'flail' so named consists simply of a rod or staff (cf. Isaiah xxviii. 27). It is held by the end in the hand and the corn beaten with it.

Lamh-chrann, hand-staff of a flail.

Cas, idem.

Buailtean, the striker or swiple of a flail.

Càiteach, cloth or skin on which corn is winnowed; winnowing sheet.

Pill, idem.

Fasgain, to winnow.

Gréidh, to winnow, dress, prepare.

Gilan, to winnow, clean.

Carthuinnich, caruinnich, to winnow, riddle, separate grain from straw.

Sgag, to winnow, filter, strain.

Cath, to winnow, fan, riddle, sift

Fasgnag, asgnag, fasnag, a corn-fan, winnowing fan, fan for hand winnowing.

Beantag, bannag, idem.

Geòlan, geulran, idem.

Guit, idem; a corn basket shaped like a riddle the bottom being of sheepskin. In west Ross-shire a small corn basket.

Dallan, a winnowing fan; a corn basket.

Dallanach, a large winnowing fan. In west Ross-shire a corn basket of the usual size, about 2½ feet in diameter.

Asgach, a winnower, one who winnows.

Criathair, criathraich, to crible, riddle, sift.

Ridill, ruideal, ruidealach, to riddle.

Criathar, a crible, riddle, sieve.

Criathar-garbh, a riddle.

Rideal, ruideal, idem.

Asg, circular wooden frame of a riddle or corn-basket, West Ross-shire.

Gràn-chist, a corn-chest, garner.

Suigean, a place made of straw ropes to contain grain in a barn. The grain placed in a heap on the floor is confined from spreading by straw ropes set round the margin.

Caiteag, idem.

Cat, a heap of potatoes, corn, etc. Cat eòrna, sil, buntata, etc. Islay, MacAlpine. Hence caiteag, *supra*, and catag, a potato cellar.

Cainneag, cainnteag, a corn-bag made of plaits or cloth of straw or rushes. Such bags were in use in Skye well within living memory.

Plàt, cloth made of straw or rushes; a plait of straw or rushes. Mary MacPherson says:—

"Nuair thigeadh an Fheill-Màrtainn,

'S an sprèidh 's am bàrr air dòigh,

Na fir a deanamh cainnteig,

'S na plàtaichean na 'n tòrr;

Ri taobh na brig bhuntàta,

Bhiodh baraill làn de dh' fheadail,

Sud mar chaidh ar n-àrach,

Ann an Eilean ar a' Cheò."

Balg, a bag. "Tri builg sil, da bhalg gràin, aon bhalg mine." Three bags of corn make two bags of (kiln-dried) grain and one bag of meal. The 'balg' was made of the skin of a sheep taken off the carcase by means of a cut round the neck without being cut down the breast and belly, in the same way as the skins of dogs are taken off to be made into buoys by

the fishermen of the East of Scotland. This mode of skinning is called 'feannadh-balgain.' Scot. 'belly-flaught.'

Càiteach, a measure made of rushes for measuring corn.

Deireadh-buana, harvest home; deir-bhuana Mary MacPherson (p. 292).

Muidhe-buana, idem, Arran.

### FEILL A' CHOMUINN GHAIÐ- HEALACH.

THE Secretaries of Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach submitted recently the following report of the progress of the various Stalls:—

**INDUSTRY STALL.**—Under the presidency of the Duchess of Sutherland, and with the active help of Mrs. Plowden, of Strachur, and other well-known ladies, great progress has been made in connection with this stall throughout the Highlands generally, and especially in the Islands. Agents have been appointed to collect industrial products, and it is hoped that the stall will be a great advantage both to the producers and to the Gaelic cause.

**BOOK AND ART STALL.**—A committee has been formed, including several well-known artists, to collect contributions for this stall, under the convenership of Miss Parker, Fairlie, and Miss Story, the University, Glasgow. An artistic and literary book containing contributions from well-known authors and artists will be published in connection with the Bazaar, and a Cookery Book is already almost completed. It will be sold at 1s. in paper, and 1s. 6d. in cloth, and contains a large collection of recipes. The first edition will consist of 6000 copies. A Gaelic Fairy Tale is to be published for the benefit of the Feill. Miss K. Cameron, R.S.W., has very kindly promised to design illustrations in colour. A Quotation Book, entitled, "Sop as gach seid," and giving the favourite quotations of all who care to contribute 1s., is being prepared. Quotations need not necessarily be in Gaelic, although it is preferable that they should be. Friends who are willing to collect quotations should communicate with Miss Parker, Fairlie, Ayrshire, who will forward forms. Contributions of books, sketches, and money will be gratefully received by Miss Story, The University, Glasgow; or Miss Parker, Fairlie, Ayrshire.

**CHILDREN'S STALL,** which is under the presidency of Lady Munro, Ness Mount, Inverness, and is being managed by the Rev. D. MacGillivray, The Manse, Petty, is making very considerable progress. Children in various parts of the country are assisting, and it is hoped that in many ways the stall will be a feature of the Bazaar.

**LONDON AND ABERDEENSHIRE STALL.**—The London Highland Societies have shown a splendid spirit in co-operating towards the success of this stall. Both in London and Aberdeenshire most influential committees have been formed, entertainments have been organised, and in many ways the fund is being enlarged. Mr. John Forbes, 11 Harrington Square, is the energetic secretary of this stall.

**STALL OF EDINBURGH AND THE SOUTHERN GAEL.**—With such conveners as the Countess of Cassillis and Mrs. J. R. N. Macphail, the success of this stall is beyond doubt. A large committee has now been appointed, and all the members are obtaining support for the Bazaar. A number of societies in Edinburgh have organised Work Parties. A great Highland concert will be held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on 20th May, and a ball has been arranged for the end of October. The funds from both of these meetings will go to swell the Feill funds. Mr. John I. Falconer, L.L.B., 29 Rutland Square, is the secretary of the Edinburgh Stall.

**GLASGOW AND LANARKSHIRE STALL.**—The Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon, of Mackinnon, Mrs. Bruce Murray, and Mrs. Tulloch are joint-conveners of this stall. There are about 70 receivers of work, and various sub-committees for arranging the entertainments, refreshments, advertisements, and other departments. A dance in aid of the stall was recently organised by the Misses Mackenzie, 14 Sandyford Place, and it is hoped that other ladies will follow their excellent example. The committee of the Glasgow Stall are satisfied that their department of the Bazaar will be an unusual success.

**ARGYLLSHIRE STALL.**—Both the General Committee and the Sub-Committee for Oban and Lorn have sent very encouraging reports. Everything is going on steadily. Work Parties are being held, and promises of support are being given with great readiness.

**INVERNESS-SHIRE STALL.**—The Inverness Town and County Stall, under the convenership of Mrs. Provost Ross and Miss Grant, of Rothiemurchus, is making very considerable progress. The local branch of the Comunn is to hold a Highland concert and tableaux vivants towards the end of April, and a committee has been appointed to arrange a large garden party in June. Receivers of work are meeting with gratifying responses.

**ROSS AND CROMARTY STALL.**—The committee have appointed receivers of work throughout the county, and the joint-conveners, Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch, and Miss Mackenzie, are enthusiastic in their efforts. They have visited various parts of the county, and done their best to stir up the enthusiasm of the

people. About thirty-five influential ladies throughout the county have agreed to become receivers of work. Public entertainments in aid of the funds are being organised in various places.

**ISLAND STALL.**—Mr. John Macdonald, writer, 103 West Regent Street, Glasgow, has been most zealous in his efforts to promote the Island Stall, and has met with gratifying success in many quarters. In Lewis, Mull, North Uist, Jura, Skye, Bute, and Arran, local enthusiasts are helping the good cause.

**STIRLINGSHIRE STALL.**—The Convener, Miss Graham, 20 Allan Park, Stirling, has furnished the Committee with a cheering report. In most of the centres of population in the county practical work is being done.

**STALL OF FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA.**—Miss Ysobel Campbell reports that the progress during the last two months has been quite satisfactory. She has received help from India, Natal, Canada, Hong Kong, Malay, Queensland, United States, and New Zealand, besides the places mentioned in the last report. Several valuable packages for this stall are already on their way across the seas.

**GREENOCK STALL.**—The Rev. Mr. MacMichael, joint secretary, reports that this stall is doing as well as can be expected. His joint secretary, Mr. A. N. Nicolson, is one of the most enthusiastic upholders of the Gaelic language, and there can be no question of the ultimate success of his and Mr. MacMichael's efforts.

**PERTH AND PERTSHIRE STALL.**—The Marchioness of Tullibardine and an unusually large number of well-known ladies have taken a continuous interest in this stall for many months, and if a demand for Feill literature can be taken as an indication for the future, the stall will be one of the most successful at the Bazaar. Lady Helen Stewart Murray states that she has not had one case of refusal to help. In Dunblane, Doune, Callander, Killin, and Tyndrum, and other centres, special organisations are at work, and the Perth Gaelic Society is doing well in the county town. A dance was organised in Comrie in aid of the Feill, and another will shortly be held at Balquidder.

The reports from the conveners of the Flowers and Sweets Stall, the Game Stall, the Entertainments' Committee, Refreshments' Committee, and Advertising Committee are also very encouraging, and the General Secretaries feel justified in summing up the reports received by saying that the success of the Feill, as a whole, seems to be already assured.

Miss Nelson, St. Leonard's, Edinburgh desires to acknowledge the receipt of 2s. for the Feill from Murchadh MacLeod; and the Convener of the Children's Stall acknowledges receipt of postal order for 5s. from Mr. Thomas Paton, Edinburgh.

## RECOMMENDATIONS AS TO DISPOSAL OF THE FUNDS TO BE RAISED AT THE FEILL, &c.

I.—The whole central funds raised in connection with the Feill prior to its date, and the whole funds actually raised at the Feill, shall be deposited in the National Bank of Scotland, Limited, Glasgow, in name of the Feill Treasurer and two members of the Feill Finance Committee, who must be members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, who shall at once be appointed by the Feill Executive. The Feill Executive shall at once appoint a new representative to replace any one who shall resign or become unable to act. All accounts of Feill expenditure incurred by the Feill Executive shall be paid by cheques signed by two of the said three members, after being passed by the Feill Finance Committee.

II.—The Executive Council hereby approve and adopt the Memorandum as to disposal of Feill funds, which has been submitted to their consideration and amended by them, and recommend that all the free profits of the Feill shall be available for use as therein set forth, and not otherwise.

III.—The Feill Finance Committee shall, as soon as possible, make up a detailed statement showing the net profit of the Feill, and if the resolutions after suggested are adopted, such net profit shall at once be paid over to the Trustees to be nominated at the annual business meeting of the Comunn, who shall hold it as hereinafter provided, for the promotion of the objects of An Comunn Gaidhealach, as these are more particularly defined in a Deed of Trust to be adopted at the said annual business meeting.

IV. (1) The funds to be raised by the Feill shall be invested in the names of seven permanent Trustees to be appointed at the annual business meeting of An Comunn. The said Trustees will be selected from the Life Members or Ordinary Members of An Comunn, but in the event of an Ordinary Member being appointed a Trustee, he shall forthwith become a Life Member. A majority of the surviving and acting Trustees shall always be a quorum. Such vacancies as may take place in any year through death, resignation, or other cause, shall be filled up at the annual business meeting of the Comunn.

(3) It is hereby resolved that the income of the whole Feill funds, and the annual sum which may be expended out of the capital as provided in Article IV. hereof, shall be expended as equally as circumstances may permit among the following objects, namely—(1) to promote the teaching of Gaelic; (2) To develop Gaelic literature, music and art; (3) To encourage home industries among the Gaels—as these are therein more particularly set forth in the Trust Deed, but the Executive Council may, in their absolute discretion, and on consideration of facts which shall appear to them to be special, agree to expend a larger sum on one or more of these objects than on the other object or objects.

(4) The Trustees shall invest one-half of the net profits of the Feill in some trust security, and shall retain the said half of the profits intact and undiminished in perpetuity. The remaining half

of the net profits shall be separately invested in a readily realisable trust security. The investments shall stand in the name of the whole Trustees, but shall be realisable on the decision and signature of a majority of them. It shall be in the power of the Trustees to authorise the expenditure of a sum not exceeding one-tenth of the said second half of the net profits of the Feill in any one year, in addition to the income of the whole profits of the Feill. They shall grant a mandate authorising the Treasurer of the Communn to receive payment of all interest and dividend due to them, and to grant receipts therefor on their behalf.

(5) The Executive Council of An Communn Gaidhealach shall have power to deal with the part of the capital fund that is available in any one year (and which, as above provided, shall not exceed one-tenth of the second half of the Feill profits), after conforming with the following rules, as after-mentioned (1) Notice of motion to expend the said funds as above provided, stating the object and mode of expenditure, shall appear at full length in a circular calling a meeting of the Executive—not less than fourteen days' notice of such meeting being given; (2) It shall be passed by at least three-fourths of the members present at such meeting.

(6) Whenever such a resolution to expend CAPITAL shall have been adopted as above mentioned, the Secretary of An Communn shall transmit a copy thereof to each of the acting Trustees by letter, and if a majority of the Trustees are satisfied that the objects as set forth in the resolution are

within the limits set forth in the Deed of Trust, they shall, within one month from the passing of the said resolution, set free the sum desired by the Executive Council, and pay it to the Treasurer of An Communn, who along with the Executive shall be bound to apply it in terms of the specific resolution only. In the case of the INCOME of the Feill profits, the Executive Council shall be entitled to make ordinary resolutions regarding its expenditure, said expenditure being only in terms of the Deed of Trust.

(7) The Trustees shall not be entitled to refuse any application from the Executive Council unless a majority of five-sevenths shall state in writing their reasons why they think the application is out-with the limits set forth in the Trust Deed. If the Executive of An Communn at its next meeting after the announcement of any decision of the Trustees as to the disposal of funds, or the meaning of this Trust Deed, or of these presents, shall be dissatisfied with such decision, it shall be competent to the Executive Council by a majority of not less than three-fourths of those present, to refer the matter so in dispute to the final decision and decree-arbitral of the Dean of the Faculty of Advocates for the time being, by sending him a copy of the Trust deed, of the Resolution in question as originally passed, and of the Trustees' deliverance thereon, along with a memo of the Council's reason for disagreement with the decision of the Trustees, and the said Dean of Faculty's decision on the premises shall be final and binding on the Trustees and on all parties in any way concerned, and shall not be

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subject to revision or modification by any court of law or any other persons, public or private. Such appeals to the arbitration of the Dean of Faculty shall be the only course competent to the Executive of An Comunn if dissatisfied with the decision of the Trustees, and if no appeal is taken at the next meeting of the Executive Council after such decision, the vetoed proposals shall entirely fail.

(8) An Comunn hereby adopts the Deed of Trust and appoints it to be engrossed in the Minute Book and to be executed on behalf of An Comunn by the Chairman of this meeting and the Secretary.

(9) The accounts of the Trustees shall end for each year on 31st December, and shall within one month thereafter be transmitted to the secretary of An Comunn, who shall submit them to next meeting of the Executive Council. Thereafter they shall be audited by the auditors appointed by An Comunn and submitted to the Annual Business Meeting of An Comunn.

Under IV, sub-section (2). It was agreed that the Executive Council appoint a committee of three to draw up a Deed of Trust to be submitted to the June meeting of the Executive Council and to be afterwards submitted for adoption to the Annual Business Meeting of An Comunn. The committee consisting of Mrs. Burnley Campbell, Major Menzies, and Mr. Malcolm M'Leod is to have the assistance of a law agent in preparing the draft Trust Deed. Major Matheson of Lewis, Mr. J. R. Macphail, Edinburgh, and Mr. Wm. Mackay, Inverness, were added to the membership of the Feill Finance Committee. Bailie Murray of Glasgow was appointed Treasurer of the Feill. The following gentlemen were nominated as suitable for the office of Trustees under the proposed Trust Deed:—Marquis of Bute; Marquis of Tullibardine; Marquis of Graham; Lord Lovat; Norman Lamont, Esq., M.P.; Major Matheson of the Lewis; Wm. MacKay, Esq., Inverness; J. R. M'Phail, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh; MacDougall of MacDougall; Major Menzies; Provost Macfarlane; Macleod of Macleod; Provost Mackay, Grangemouth, Lochiel; J. P. Grant, Esq., of Rothiemurchus; Principal M'Allister; Prof MacKinnon; Prof. George Henderson; Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway; Sheriff Ferguson, Aberdeen; Neil Kennedy, Esq.

#### NOTICE.

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An t-Og Mhios 1907.

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Dun-Eideann an oidhche roimhe. Bha i air a cur air adhairt air son cuideachadh Buth Dhun-Eideann.

\* \* \*

Bha Mòd Dhun-Eideann air a chumail air Di-sathuirn, an ochdamh la deug de 'n Chéitein Bha e 'na Mhòd maith agus soirbheachail.

—IO—

## CEOL MOR LEGENDS.

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## EADARAINN FHÌN.

THA sinn toilichte fhaicinn gu'm beil maighistirean-sgoile na Gaidhealtachd a' deanamh dichioill ris a' Ghaidhlig. Mar a tha fhios aig na h-uile, tha a' "Highland Trust" a' toirt duais air son a h-uile sgoileir a dh'ionnsuicheas am Biobull Gaidhlig a leughadh. Chuir tri fichead sgoil 's a seachd deug a steach air son so an uiridh. Ach am bliadhna chuir ceithir fichead sgoil 's a h-ochd a steach air a shon. Tha sin a h-aon-deug a bharrachd air na chuir a steach an uiridh. Bu mhaith leinn gu'n cuireadh a h-uile maighistiranns a' Ghaidhealtachd roimhe nach fàgadh balach na nighean Gaidhealach a sgoil gun a bhi làn chomasach air leabhar furasda Gaidhlig a leughadh.

\* \* \*

Tha sinn a' toiseachadh anns an aireamh-sa air seanachas breagha, "Nighean Fear na Leitrich." Chaidh a sgrìobhadh le Mr. Iain MacPhaidein, Ghlaschu. Tha e cho fada 's gu'm feum sinn a rinu air iomadh aireamh. Ach tha sinn cinnteach gur h-ann a bhitheas fadachd air ar luchd-leughaidh air son gach aireamh mar a bhitheas a tighinn gus an lean iad an eachdraidh mhaiseach—eachdraidh na bain-tighearn uasail.

\* \* \*

Bha Cuirm-chiùil mhór againn ann an

(4.) "Cumha Chraobh na'n cheud," or "Cumha chraobh na'n Teud"—"Lament for the Tree of Hundreds," or "Lament for the Harp Tree."—According to D. MacDonald's M.S., this long and magnificent melody is supposed to be the oldest of all the *Fiobaireachds* in the possession of any person at the present time. A tradition relates that when the Fingallians lived in the Highlands of Scotland and had a residence in the Isle of Skye, there was an oak near their house under which they habitually feasted. When the shill containing strong liquor had circulated more than once, it was their custom to dance to the harp. During the progress of the feast the dogs were chained, and Fingal's dog, Bran, was chained to a long, narrow stone, stuck into the ground at a little distance from the tree under which the heroes feasted. The Fingallians had a tree and a stone of this sort in many places in the Highlands. Wherever they resided they had also a "*Sornach choir Fhinn*," that is, the three stones on which stood the cauldron for boiling their venison. They invariably remained in one place until the deer of the surrounding hills were consumed, or until they were surprised by the Danes or other enemies. In the course of time the Fingallians all died

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out, their homes were burned, and nothing was left which belonged to them except the historic oak-tree, the three stones for the cauldron, and Bran's stake. Little or no reverence was paid to any of these things. Long afterwards, when sheep took the place of deer, two thieves stole some sheep, and having killed them, they hung them up on the branches of one of these noble oak-trees. An old huntsman, who in his boyhood used to witness the sumptuous feasting of these Fingallians, a feasting always accompanied by music and dancing, happened to pass the place where these carcasses hung from the tree. The desecration of the noble tree filled his soul with sadness, and he went on his way lamenting the days that were gone, alas, for ever! It appears that previous to this period he, as well as others, had a good knowledge of a musical instrument somewhat similar to the bagpipe chanter, and being overcome by the emotion excited in him through the desecration of the sacred oak, he is said to have composed the melancholy melody, entitled, "*Cumha chraobh na'n Teud*." There is no mention made of the bagpipe as being a national instrument in Great Britain previous to that period. Ossian does not make mention of it in any of his poems, neither did any other writer for a long time after him. Yet the term "piper" was used in very ancient times.

Mr. Lockhart Bogle, in a letter to General Thomason, dated 3rd May, 1893, writes as follows:—"When I was in Dornie, Kintail, a few years ago, I was talking to a very worthy old farmer, John MacRae, who said, 'There's a place over in Skye, not far from the *Cailleach Rock*, where, no matter what the weather is, the sun always shines on it through an opening in the clouds. This spot is called '*Grianach*' (sunny). There is also a place not far from this called '*Rudha chraobh na'n Teud*,' or the 'promontory of the tree of strings,' and that is where all the pipers used to gather in order to engage in bagpipe competitions, which generally lasted for some days.' So said old MacRae, and I doubt not both the time and the place referred to have a connection. That coast is now destitute of houses, and is a wild stretch of coast line."

From Angus Mackay's collection of Piobaireachd we take the following note regarding this tune:—"This Piobaireachd, so unlike all others, is evidently, from its style, of very great antiquity. We have not been able to procure any satisfactory account of *Cumha chraobh na'n Teud*, which is usually translated, 'Lament for the Harp Tree,' i.e., the Tree of Strings. It strikes us that this is a bardic expression for the instrument itself, as we should say 'The bag of pipes.' There appears,

however, some superstitious opinions connected with it. In the North it is called '*Bean Sith*'—an evident allusion to the fairies, who were called the good folk or the folk of peace, '*bean*' being a woman and '*sith*' peace—either from being a fairy tune, or so named from a noted hill in Sutherland, distinguished as the Fairy Mountain. The notion that it is a lamentation for the destruction of a tree on which the bards were wont to hang their harps, is too like the practice of the Jews who, as related in Scripture, when in captivity, 'hung their harps on a willow tree,' to permit it being received as the just explanation of so singular an appellation."

*Cumha chraobh na'n Teud* is published in Angus MacKay's and David Glen's collections of Piobaireachd, and in Major-General Thomason's collection of *Ceol Mor*.

(5.) *Bodaich na Sligachain bithidh sinn a nis ga fagail*—Carles of Sligachain. According to D. MacDonald's M.S., this Piobaireachd was composed after a battle fought between the Mackenzies of Kintail and the Macdonalds of Skye. The foster father of Kintail's lady formed one of a boat's company in whose hearing he boasted of the number of Macdonalds he had drowned in the part of the sea where the boat was sailing at the time. This tale so enraged an Isle of Skye Macdonald who was in the boat that he threw the boaster into the sea, bidding him join the Macdonalds he had drowned. To revenge his death, the MacKenzies joined battle with the Macdonalds at the head of Loch Sligachain, in Skye, where they were totally routed. This story of MacDonald's seems a little mixed. Major-General Thomason believes that the foster-father, a MacKenzie, was rowing in a boat manned by MacDonalds of Skye. MacKenzie, he thinks, must have been boasting of some by-gone deeds of his clan, among which would be reference to the drowning of a number of MacDonalds. This appeared to be too much for the MacDonald boatmen, one of whom threw MacKenzie out of the boat into the sea, where he was drowned. This murder led to the battle and wholesale slaughter of the MacKenzies at the head of Loch Sligachain.

The above tune is called *Bodaich dhubh na Sligachain* in John Mackay, junior's, M.S. (in the possession of Dr. Bannatyne), and is published in "*Ceol Mor*," edited by Major-General Thomason.

(6.) *A Ghlas Mheur*—The Finger-Lock.—This difficult tune was composed by Raonull MacAileain Oig, one of the Macdonalds of Morar. It is found in D. MacDonald's and David Glen's collections of Piobaireachd, in Angus MacKay's M.S., and in Major-General Thomason's *Ceol Mor*. Mr. J. Johnson, of Coll,



writes of it—"This is another very ancient piobaireachd, used as a puzzle by the old pipers, and no one was accounted an accomplished piper unless he could play it correctly. There is not a word preserved of its history, only that it was general throughout the Highlands, and was not the special property of any clan." The following verses, taken from an article by Mr. Carmichael, author of "Carmina Gadelica," in "The Highlander" of August, 1881, will give the reader a fair idea of the difficulties, intricacies, and peculiar phrasing of this tune. The words are from "*Cumha an t-sealgair*"—the Hunter's Lament. Most of these verses also were published in the "Scottish Highlander" of 23rd April, 1891, by "Mac 'Ill' Iosa":—

O ho nigh'nn donn,  
O ho nigh'nn donn,  
O ho nigh'nn donn,  
Gheobh mi an crodh leat.  
(a rithist.)

Gheobh mi an crodh donn,  
Gheobh mi an crodh donn,  
Gheobh mi an crodh donn,  
'S an crodh dubh leat.  
(a rithist.)

Ho ro mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn ghaoil.  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn ghaoil,  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn ghaoil,  
'S bhanarach againne  
Bradag nan taod.

Ho mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Ho mo nigh'nn ghaoil,  
Ho mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Ho mo nigh'nn ghaoil,  
Ho ro mo nigh'nn chagair,  
Mo chagaran ghaoil,  
'S i bhanarach againne,  
Dh'oladh am bainne  
'S a dh'fheannadh na laoih !

Cha tugadh crodh Chailein  
Am bainne dha m'ghaoil,  
Cha tugadh crodh Chailein  
Am bainne air an fhraoch,  
Cha tugadh crodh Chailein  
Am bainne dha m'ghaoil,  
Gun chuman, gun bhuarach  
Air an luachair ri'n taobh.

Ho mo lur deurach dubh !  
Ho mo lur deurach dubh  
Ho mo lur deurach dubh  
An teid thu 'Bhraigh Lochaidh an diugh  
An teid thu 'Bhraigh Lochaidh an diugh  
Sealgair a choilich dhuibh  
Sealgair a choilich dhuibh  
Leagar leat lach air luin,  
Leagar leat lach air luin,  
Air stuic nam beann mora.

An teid thu Bhraigh Lochaidh an diubh  
An teid thu Bhraigh Lochaidh an diubh  
An teid thu Bhraigh Lochaidh an diubh  
Sealgair a choilich dhuibh.

Sealgair a' choilich dhuibh  
Sealgair a' choilich dhuibh  
Sealgair a' choilich dhuibh  
Leagar leat lach air luin.

Leagar leat lach air luin  
Leagar leat lach air luin  
Leagar leat lach air luin  
Air stuic nam beann mora.

Mo shealgair gun eirigh  
Gun eirigh, gun eirigh  
Mo shealgair gun eirigh  
'S na feidh air a bhealach.

Na feidh an Gleann Uige  
An Gleann Uige an Gleann Uige  
Na feidh an Gleann Uige  
Mo dhiubhail mar 'thachair.

Mo chrodh air a' chrolain,  
A' chrolain, a' chrolain,  
Mo chrodh air a' chrolain,  
'S na laoih oga m'an casan.

Tha bo dhiu agam,  
Tha bo dhiu uam,  
Tha bo dhiu agam,  
Tha bo dhiu uam,  
Tha bo dhiu agam,  
Tha bo dhiu uam,  
Tha tri ba bhreac  
Air na leacaibh 'ud shuas.

Mo ghearrain air lon tha  
Mo ghearrain air lon tha  
Mo ghearrain air lon tha  
'S fir oga ga'n glacadh.

Tha fraoch Beinn a' Chrulain,  
A' Chrulain, a' Chrulain  
Tha fraoch Beinn a' Chrulain  
'S e ruadh le fulm mhacaibh.

(7) *Cumha Catriona* (Catherine's Lament).  
—This tune is published in Major-General Thomason's collection of *Ceol Mor*, and was composed by Riupert an Ceard (Rupert the Tinker). Catherine was Riupert's wife, and he treated her very badly. Riupert was a very good piper—very nearly as good as the MacCruimeins—and a competition was arranged at Uig, in Skye, between Donald Mor MacCruimein and Riupert an Ceard, to which a great number of people came to listen to the two competitors. Donald Mor won the prize, but Riupert was so filled with remorse at having so ill-used his wife before the competition that he composed "*Cumha Catriona*." (This legend was obtained from Colin Cameron, piper to the Duke of Fife). Dr. Charles Bannatyne says that this tune is the "Fraser's Gathering," also that in John MacKay, senior's, M.S.S., in his possession there is a note saying that it was composed by Calum Mac Robert Ceard.

## NIGHEAN FIR NA LEITIRE.

(By MR. JOHN MACFADYEN, Glasgow.)

CAIB. I.

CHA bu bhan-tighearna fearainn nighean Fir na Leitire, ged a bha a h-athair air ainmeachadh air an àite. Cha robh am baile fearainn sin ach air mhàl aige, mar a bha tri bailtean eile anns a' choimhearsnachd. Mar so bha gabhail mhór fharsuinn aige.

Bha mic aig Fear na Leitire, ach cha robh aige ach an aon nighean, Ealasaid na Leitire, mar a theirte rithe. An uair a thàinig Ealasaid gu aois chaidh a cur do Dhun-Eideann, a chum 's gu 'm faigheadh i ann an sin am fòghlum 's an t-ionnsachadh a bhiodh freagarrach agus feumail dhi a reir a suidheachaidh.

A nis, ged a chuir Fear na Leitire a nighean do Dhun-Eideann a dh' fhaotainn sgoil' is ionnsachaidh, cha robh duil no toil aige gu 'm biodh a nighean-san a cur an fhoghlum agus an ionnsachaidh sin gu gnìomh no gu cleachdadh, ach direach, an uair a bhiodh aice na bha e fhein a smaointinn a bha iomchuidh dhith, gun tilleadh i dhachaidh agus gu 'm fanadh i aig an tigh comhla ris fhein, gu, ma dh' fhaoidte, ann pòsadh i; agus ged nach pòsadh i idir bha esan car coma-co-dhiù—a di-chuimhneachadh, mar is minic a nì mòran de 'sheorsa, gun teid am foghlum am muthadh, agus gun tig meirg air, mur a cumar ann an cleachdadh e;—a di-chuimhneachadh aig a' cheart àm, do thaobh a nighinne, gu 'n d' thuir an sean-fhacal: “Mar mhiann bó air a h-àl, 's e miann mnatha pòsadh.” Bha Fear na Leitire mar a bha iomadh fear agus tè a bharr air, agus mar a tha mòran fhathast, 'se sin, nì iad an dleasnas air sgàth an fhasain, bidh iad a suas ris, no thairis air na coimhearsnaich ma 's urrainn iad; ach faodar crìoch àraid am beatha a chur sìos ann am beagan fhacal—“Bidh mi cho math ri càch.” Cha 'n 'eil iartas is àirde na sin a' gabhail comhnuidh 'nan cridheachan no a togail an intinnean.

Greis mu 'n d' fhag Ealasaid na Leitire am baile-mór gu dol dhachaidh gu tir a duthchais agus a h-araich, dh'fhag i a bhi na caileig as a deigh. Bha i 'na h-ainnir òig mhaaisich, agus cha rachadh i r'a daoine fhein mur bitheadh i mar sin. Bha a cuideachd, air gach taobh, eireachdail 'an gnùis 's am pearsa, agus tha na Gàidheil co-dhiù a creidsinn, mar a tha 'n sean fhacal ag radh, gun teid an duthchas an aodann nan creag.

Tacan mu 'n d' thug Ealasaid a cùl ri Dun-Eideann, chaidh i air feasgar àraidh, comhla ri h-aon de 'luchd-teagaisg, bean-usal a bha suas ann am bliadhnachan, an comhail bana-charaid do 'n bhean-theagaisg so, a bha 'tighinn a stigh thar na duthcha. Dh' fhag

Ealasaid 's a bana-chompanach an tigh-oilein, anns an robh iad le cheile a comhnuidh, aig àm a bheireadh uine gu leoir dhaibh gu bhi aig aite tathaich an eich iarunn mu 'n tigeadh e 'stigh. Ranaig iad, mar sin, cho math ri leth-uair mu 'n d' thainig an carbad 's an t-sealladh, agus bha iad a' gabhail ceum air ais 's air adhart am measg na cuideachd, a feitheamh ris a' mhnaoi-usail ris an robh fuithair aca.

Am feadh 's a bha iad ris a' spaisdireachd so thachair luchd-eolais orra, agus sheas iad a bhruidhinn riu. Cha robh iad fada mar sud 'n uair a chual Ealasaid comhradh ann an Gàidhlig air a culthaobh. Cha tuigeadh aon de na bha cuideachd smid de 'n chaint sin, agus cha d' thug iad an aire gu 'n robh a leithid de nì ri seanachas ann an Gàidhlig a dol air adhart cho dluth orra; ach bha Ealasaid a toirt tuillidh eiseachd do 'n t-seanachas a bh' air a culthaobh na bha i a toirt do 'n bhruidhinn a bh' air a beulthaobh. Ged nach robh i a faicinn cò iad, no dé bu choltas do 'n fheadhainn a bha seanachas, bha i a' tuigsinn air an caint gu 'n d' ionnsaich iad an Gàidhlig ann an àit-eigin car faisg air an àite as an d' thainig i-fhein. Ach, ged bu ghle mhathe le Ealasaid sealladh fhaotainn de 'n fheadhainn a bha ris a' comhradh, cha bhiodh e modhail dhì tionndadh mu 'n cuairt agus sealltainn orra ann an clàr an aodainn. 'S math a bha fhios aice air a sin; ach—car mar a dh' eirich dhuinn uile, no co-dhiù do 'n mhor-chuid againn—rachadh aig Ealasaid air a' char a thoirt as a' mhodh air àm; ghabh i ceum no dhà air falbh o'n cuideachd 's an robh i, mar gu 'm biodh i a' sealltainn feuch an robh an carbad a tighinn, agus an sin thill i air a h-ais. Fhuair i sealladh math de na Gàidheil. Bha iad ann, dithis ghillean òga, air an sgeadachadh ann an doigh nach leigeadh ris do neach air bith co'n duthaich d' am buineadh iad. 'S ann a bha iad ni bu choltaiche, 'nan eideadh 's 'nan glusad, ri daoine-uaile òga a' bhaile-mhòir fhein, na bha iad ri gillean a chaidh a thogail am measg nam beann 's nan gleann. Ach, biodh an coltas mar a thogradh e, bha 'n Gàidhlig cho fallain ri cronan sruth curcagaich nan allt.

An uair a thill Ealasaid air a h-ais far an robh a bana-chompanach, sheas i mar a bha i roimhe—a culthaobh ris na gillean. Bha iadsan a' seanachas mar a bha iad, 's gun smaointinn no fios aca gun robh neach de na bha mu 'n cuairt orra a gabhail suim sam bith dhiu fhein no de na bha iad ag radh. Ach bha Ealasaid aig eiseachd ris an t-seanachas le mòr thoil-intinn: 's ann àinneamh aig an àm ud a chluineadh i caint na duthcha.

Cha 'n eil teagamh nach b'e an t-aobhar a dh' fhag Ealasaid cho deidheil air a' comhradh

a chluinntinn gun robh e làn de dh' aighear 's de dh' fheala-dhà. Bha iad aig innsadh naigheachdan do chach a cheile; agus bha e 'toirt do dh' Ealasaid a leoir r'a dheanadh cumail orra fhein gun ghàireachdaidh a mach air cuid de'n àbhachd a bha i a chluinntinn. Thoisich fear dhiu air innsadh do'n fhear eile mu thimchioll gille òig eile a b'aithne dhaibh le cheile. Bha 'n Gàidheal òg so anns an Oilthigh 'an Dun-Eideann. Bha e a tighinn a mach gu 'bhi' na dhotar. Bha companach aige a bha anns an Oilthigh cuideachd. Bha esan a tighinn a mach gu 'bhi' na ministir. (Ged a bha 'm fear a bha aig innsadh na naigheachd ann an eisdeachd Ealasaid ag ainmeachadh nan oileineach air an ainm 's air an sloinneadh, foghnaidh dhuinn aig an àm am Ministir agus an Dotair a ràdh riu). Bha Comunn Crìosduidh anns a' bhaile aig an àm a bhiodh a' cumail coinneamh ùrnuigh air son Ghàidheal, feasgar 'san t-seachdainn, ann an talla bheag ann an aon de na caol-shràidean. Bhiodh am Ministir a dol 'an sin air uairean, agus a cuideachadh anns an t-seirbhis. Air oidhche de na h-oidhcheannan thug am Ministir a chompanach leis thun na coinneamh, agus 'n uair a sheinneadh an t-Sailm, leugh am Ministir caibidil, agus thug e greis air a mhineachadh. 'N uair a bha e ullamh, thuir duin'-uasal a bh' anns a' chuideachd—"s e cur a laimhe air guala an Dotair, agus duil aige gur h-e Ministir òg a bh' anns an cuideachd—" "An dean sibhe ùrnuigh?" "Gabhaidh sibh a lethsgèul," ars' am Ministir, "cha bhi esan ag ùrnuigh idir." "Tha thus' am mearachd," ars' an Dotair, 's e toirt suil mhi-chiataich air a chompanach. Gun teagamh, 'se a bha 'm Ministir a ciallachadh, nach robh an Dotair a cleachdadh a bhi 'cur suas ùrnuigh fhollais-each, ach 's e 'n ciall a thug an Dotair as a bhriathran, nach biodh e ag ùrnuigh, aon chuid 'an uaigneas no ann am follais, agus gur h-e ana-creideach a bh'ann.

Co-dhiù, 'n uair a chual Ealasaid an sgeul gu ceann, b' fheudar dhi ceum a thoirt air falbh o chàch, a chionn cha b' urrainn i cumail air a gaireachdaidh, agus cha robh toil aice gu 'm faicadh an fheadhainn a bha leatha a gaireachdaidh i 's gun fhios c'arson.

Ach chualas toirm chuibhlean shiubhlach an eich-iarainn, agus a shitirich chruaidh, sgaileach, aig innsadh gun robh e 'tighinn, 's nach b' ann air a shocair. Ghluais Ealasaid agus a' chuideachd a bha leatha ceum no dhà na chomhail, agus rinn na gillean Gàidhealach, agus mòran de'n t-sluagh a bha mu 'n cuairt, an ni ceudna. Chuir Ealasaid a làmh na pòca a thoirt a mach neapaigin, agus ann an deanamh sin thug i mach a sporan leis, agus thuit e air an làr air a culthaobh, gun i a

thoirt umbail sam bith ciod a thachair. Mu'n gann a bhean an sporan do'n làr rinn fear grèim air, agus bha e ga chur na pòca. Bha'n dà ghille Ghàidhealach faisg air an fhear a thog an sporan agus chunnaic iad mar a thachair. Thug fear dhiu—Raoghall Dòmhnallach—leum grad air adhart, agus rug e air chaol duime air an laimh anns an robh an sporan, mu 'n d' fluair am fear eile uine air a chur 'na pòca. "Leig as sin, a mheirlich," arsa Raoghall, 'se tarrauing a laimhe mar gu'm biodh e 'dol g'a bhuailadh. Leig am meirleach as an sporan, agus leig Raoghall as am meirleach. Chrom Raoghall a thogail an sporain, agus 'n uair a thog e a cheann a rithis cha robh sealladh air an t-slaightire. Dh' fhalbh e cho luath ri plathadh de'n deal-anach.

Choisich Raoghall agus a chompanach gu cabhagach air adhart gu an d' rinn iad suas air Ealasaid. An sin bhean Raoghall r'a guailinn, agus thuir e gu modhail, ann am Beurla, 'se 'sineadh an sporain dhi, "Thuit so as 'ur pòca." An uair a thionndaidh Ealasaid mu 'n cuairt, bha i aghaidh ri aghaidh ris na gillean ris an robh i aig eisdeachd a' labhairt na Gàidhlig: ach, 'an aite breith air an sporan agus taing a thoirt do'n ghille, 's ann a sheas i a gaireachdaidh 'na aodann, gus an do chuimhnich i orra fhein. An sin thuir i ann an Gàidhlig, 's i breith air an sporan as a laimh, "Gur robh math mòr agad, 'ghill' oig; dh' fhaoidte mur biodh a Ghàidhlig cho math agad nach biodh tu cho onarach." Sheas an dà ghille agus an nighean, an triuir gun smid aca, 'san gruaidhean a lasadh, 's an sùilean a gaireachdaidh.

Ghlaoth a bana-chompanach air Ealasaid agus dh' fhàg i feasgar math aig na gillean. An sin bhrùchd moran sluagh a mach as na carbadan, 's cha'n fhaca Ealasaid sealladh tuilleadh de na gillean Gàidhealach air an fheasgar ud.

## CAIB. II.

An uair a fhuair a bana-chompanach a bana-charaid fhein a measg na cuideachd dh' fhalbh an triuir comhla d'an aite comhnuidh, agus o'n a bha a bana-charaid comhla ris a' bhana-mhaighstir sgoile fad seachdainn, cha robh a bheag de sheanachas eadar i-fhein is Ealasaid ré na h-uine sin. Ach seachdainn no dhà an deigh do na nithean a dh' ainmich sinn dol seachad, bha Ealasaid agus a bhean-theagaisg, nan suidhe ann an seomar leo fhein. "Ealasaid," arsa ise, "am b'aithne dhuin na daoine uaisle òg ris an robh thu a bruidhinn air an fheasgar ud air an robh sinn an comhail mo bhana-charaid?" "Cha b'aithne," ars' Ealasaid; "cha'n fhaca mi riamh roimhe sud

no na dheigh iad.” “Feumaidh tu,” ars' a bhean-theagaisg, “a bhi fuathsach faicilleach a thaobh co ris a bhruidhneas tu an uair a bhios tu ann an àiteannan follaiseach de'n t-seors' ud, agus, a dh'inneadh na firinn duit, 's ann a shaoileadh neach a bhiodh 'g ar faicinn a' seanachas anns an doigh ud, gu'n robh sibh eolach air a cheile fad iomadh bliadhna.”

“Bha Gàidhlig aca,” ars' Ealasaid. “Gàidhlig aca!” ars' a bhean-theagaisg; “agus ciamar a fhuair thu mach gu'n robh Gàidhlig aca?” “Chuala mi iad 'g a bhruidhinn air mo chul-thaobh,” ars' Ealasaid.

“Agus ann an ag radh riums' a tha thu gu'm bhruidhneadh tu ri neach nach b'aithne dhuit, eadhoin ged a chluinnadh tu a' bhruidhinn Gàidhlig e, air an t-sràid no ann an àite follaiseach sam bith?” ars' an tè eile.

“Tha mi 'creidsinn,” ars' Ealasaid, “gu'm bhruidhninn ri neach sam bith a chluinninn a bhruidhinn na Gàidhlig air sràidean Dhun-Eideann, ach nam bithinn anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus ann am measg sluaigh aig féill no aig ceatha, far an i a' Ghaidhlig a' chainnt is cumanta, an sin, gun teagamh cha rachainn a sheanachas ri neach nach b'aithne dhomh, ged a chluinninn a' bhruidhinn Gàidhlig e.”

“Ma ta,” ars' a' bhean-theagaisg, an uair a bhios mise ann an aon de bhailean mora Shasuinn, ‘s ann an aon de bhailean mora Shasuinn, ‘s ann an aon de bhailean mora Shasuinn, ach nam bithinn anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus ann am measg sluaigh aig féill no aig ceatha, far an i a' Ghaidhlig a' chainnt is cumanta, an sin, gun teagamh cha rachainn a sheanachas ri neach nach b'aithne dhomh, ged a chluinninn a' bhruidhinn Gàidhlig e.”

“Ged a bhithinn air sràid ann an Lunnainn,” ars' Ealasaid, “agus mi ann an carbad, 's gu'n cluinninn Gàidhlig 'g a labhairt, stadainn an carbad agus bhruidhninn ris na bhadaid 'g a labhairt: agus ciod air bith a theireadh iadsan do nach aithne Gàidheil no Gàidhlig, cha'n abradh Gàidheil no bana-Ghàidheil sam bith gu'n d'rinn mi ach an ni a bha ceart agus dheanachail.”

“Ach, ged a dh'fhaodas sin a bhi mar sin,” ars' an tè eile, “tha modh coitchionn na rioghachd, mar a tha e air a theagasc dhuinn anns a' chanain Bheurla, ann an cleachdainnean, 's ann an dol a mach 's a stigh dhaoine ionnsaichte, againn ri géill a thoirt dbà, agus ri bhi air ar stiùradh leis, 's cha'n e bhi gluasad ann an seann fhaireachdainnean a th'aig sluaigh borb, a tha gun sgoil gun litreachas, gun ionnsachadh gun fhiosrachadh mu'n t-saoghal an taobh a mach de'n sgìreachd anns an d' rugadh iad.”

(*Ri leantunn.*)

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE CHILDREN'S MÒD held at Inverness on the 17th May was in every way very successful. The number competing, the quality of the singing, the enthusiasm of the children, and the interest shown by the public, all testified to the thoroughly earnest manner in which the Gaels of the North have been made alive to the beauty of the Gaelic songs, and the duty of maintaining and promoting the use of the Gaelic language. The success of this Mòd is undoubtedly gratifying to all who are interested in the preservation of our language, and who strive to excite the spirit of patriotism in the young. And to the young the function was no less interesting than it was important, for the preparatory training they had in solo and duet singing will be a life-long benefit, as will the instruction they have received in Gaelic reading and recitation. A musical expert who was present informs us that the quality of tone in all the competitions was remarkably good and free from straining and breathiness. He specially commended the good judgment shown in classifying voices that blended so sympathetically as was the case in the duet competitions, and he strongly recommended that *duet singing* should be taken up more generally than it has been yet. The singing of the choirs—21 choirs, including 8 from the country, competed—was uniformly good, and in some cases excellent. Notwithstanding the disadvantages country choirs had to contend against, they were not a whit behind the burgh choirs in point of tone, expression, and correct time. We have never listened to any singing that inspired us more, spoke more to our heart, and stirred up in us pride of race and country more, than did the singing of the combined choir of 350 children at the grand concert at night, when the volume of sound emitted was as fresh and pure as it was powerful. No one who had the privilege of being present will soon forget the impression made upon him by the vigour, enthusiasm, and evident enjoyment with which those youngsters sang “Is toigh leam a Ghaidhealtachd” and “Mac og an Iarla Ruaidh.”

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It is not alone at the centres of population like Inverness and Oban that Mòds are being held. This year there has been held a most successful Mòd at Ormidale, under the auspices of the Kilmodan Branch of An Comunn. Competitions were held in reading, singing, story-telling, and dancing. Miss Campbell, of Inverneill, Miss MacDougall, Greenock, and Rev. Coll MacDonald, of Arrochar, were the judges, and the following distinguished themselves in the competitions:—John Livingstone,

Jane MacFadyean, Malcolm MacDonald, Angus MacDonald, Sydney Sharman, Daisy Lamont, Andrew Scott, Daisy Campbell, Catherine MacDonald, Ruairidh MacThearlaich, Lachlan Gillies, Hugh Brown, James Cameron, John MacLachlan, Janet MacVean, Christina Gillies, Sarah Cameron, Robert Lamont, J. MacNair. We heartily congratulate the branch on their enthusiasm for, and devotion to, the Gaelic language and Gaelic song, and we hope some of these youthful competitors will take their courage in both hands and compete at the *Mòd Mhor* in Glasgow in September. From the branch recently formed in Dunoon we shall also expect some competitors at our great autumn gathering.

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The third annual education conference under the auspices of An Comunn was held in Inverness on Saturday, the 18th May. Ex-Provost MacBean presided, and there were present several of the most prominent educationalists in the North. Illuminative and suggestive papers were read by Professor W. S. Roddie on "The scope and power of musical training in Highland schools;" by Mr. W. J. Watson, M.A., on "The Teaching of Scottish History;" and by Rev. M. N. Munro, M.A., on "Gaelic as an instrument of culture." These resolutions were put to the meeting and carried unanimously:—(1) "That this meeting is of opinion that in the curriculum of Scottish schools sufficient attention is not given to the systematic study of the history of Scotland, and that in order to remedy this defect School Boards and other educational authorities should be requested to see that proper provision is made for the teaching of this subject in the schools under their charge, and that it be suggested to the Scotch Education Department that questions bearing on distinctively Scottish history should have a larger place than heretofore in the examination papers for the Leaving Certificates." (2) "That in view of the distinctive and national character of Highland music, and in view also of the intrinsic beauty and literary merit of Gaelic folk song, this meeting urge upon School Boards and other educational authorities within the Gaelic area the desirability of having the national music and songs recognised as a regular and integral part of the school curriculum; and that the Education and Publication Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach be requested to draw up and circulate a list of songs suitable to be sung in schools, and to publish a book of Gaelic songs and airs of recognised merit." (3) "That this meeting regard with satisfaction the increased importance assigned to the study of Gaelic as a means of mental culture, and as a subject of

general education; and, being strongly convinced of its importance in Gaelic-speaking areas, urges still further the right of all Gaelic-speaking children not only to have instruction in the subjects of the ordinary school curriculum conveyed through the medium of Gaelic, but also to be taught to read the Scriptures, and to conduct ordinary correspondence in their native tongue."

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Deep-seated in the heart of every leal Highlander is a passionate attachment to the language of his race. This attachment is sometimes more strongly expressed by our countrymen who dwell beyond the seas than even by ourselves at home. A bright, cleverly edited paper called the "Port Hood Greetings," which is published in Cape Breton, has a column and a half of excellent Gaelic matter each week. This is a new feature of that journal, and though only commenced on the 10th of April, it has already done much to rouse the exiled Celts to greater interest in their mother tongue, as well as to give universal satisfaction to hundreds of readers. Mr. V. A. MacLellan, of Inverness, Cape Breton, conducts this department, and he has many willing and enthusiastic helpers, one of whom, Mr. Donald Macpherson, suggests that "Mac Talla," the well-known Gaelic newspaper of Cape Breton, which became defunct in 1903, should be resuscitated. Mr. Macpherson also asks his readers to support our magazine, AN DEO GREINE. In this connection we must also offer our hearty thanks to that beautifully illustrated, splendidly got up, and ably edited journal, "The Canadian Scotsman," for the prominence given in its pages at all times to every matter of interest to the Gaels who reside in the Dominion of Canada.

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In our next issue the Earl of Cassillis is to begin the first of a series of articles which his lordship is writing for us on the "Gaels and Gaelic of Galloway." The Earl has made a special study of this subject, and we promise our readers a literary treat of a high order. There will also be the first of a series of bright, chatty articles on "Some Gaelic Proverbs and their associations," by a lady to whom we have been already indebted for assistance in these pages, and who prefers to write under the pen-name of "Erica." The article in this issue, describing the Juvenile *Mòd* at Inverness, is from her pen.

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The Convener of the Children's Stall desires to acknowledge, with much gratitude, a donation of 10s. for that stall from the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir, per Mr. Neil Orr.

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A large and distinguished audience assembled in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on the evening of Monday, 20th May, to enjoy a Gaelic concert arranged on behalf of the funds of the Edinburgh Stall at *Feill a' Chomuinn*. An excellent and practical address on the language movement was delivered by the Earl of Cassillis, who presided. The items on the programme comprised Gaelic songs by the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir (Mr. Orr, conductor); by Miss Margaret Kennedy, Miss Iona Robertson, and Mr. Roderick Macleod. Miss Kennedy's Eriskay lullaby was exceedingly quaint and quite new to the audience. Roderick Macleod sang as he always does—magnificently; and we have never heard Miss Iona Robertson to better effect. Her elocutionary effort was perfect from every point of view, and her singing was, as usual with her, most artistic.

### AIRIGHEAN LEODHAIS.

LE IAIN M. MACLEOD.

THA na h-uile neach dripeil a pasgadh suas earnais na h-àirigh, agus a cur ann an òrdugh na h-uile n' airson na h-imrich. Cha 'n' eil cadal na suain do na caileagan an oidhche sin. Tha 'n ceol, agus 's dòcha 'n dannsa, tòiseachadh 'nuair a tha 'n imrich uile air a ceangal suas, agus tha 'n cridhealas so air a chumail suas gu bial an latha. Anns an t-seann aimsir bha e na chleachdadh aig na maighdeanan a bhi deanamh mulchag b'big air gruth bainne 'la sin fhein agus bha bideag dhith, air a cur mu 'n cuairt air gach duine bh' anns an airdh, airson soirbheachaidh agus deagh-ghean na caileig da'm buineadh an àirigh. B'e so "mulchag imrich," ach tha 'n cleachdadh so a nise air a chur air chùl, mar tha iomadh seann chleachdadh còir eile thuilleadh air. Nuair a shoilleiricheas an là gu math, tha 'n crodh 's na daoine a fàgail beannachd aig a mhointich airson bliadhna, agus ma chi thu 'n còmhlan mòr ag imeachd gu seimh socair, cuiridh e na do chuimhne clann Israel a fàgail air na h-Eiphit, le 'n daimh 's le 'n asail, 's le 'm bùthan na 'n cois.

Tha mi smaoineachadh nach biodh e iomchuid dhomh an òraid so dhùnadh gu 'n fhacal na dhà ràdh air an àite th' aig an àirigh ann am bàrdachd na 'n Gaidheal. 'S ainneamh bàrd Gàidhealach nach'eil a toirt iomraidh uair na uair eigin air an àirigh, a sealltuinn dhuinn, gu 'n robh na h-àirighean anns a Ghàidhealtachd lionmhor san t-seann aimsir. Beachdaichidh sinn ma tha air beagan de na h-àitean anns am bheil an àirigh 'g ar coinn-eachadh 'n ar n' òrain Ghaidhlig. Tha Rob Donn a deanamh iomraidh air an àirigh anns

an òran. "S trom leam an àirigh." Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan Anna Mhoireastan nighean òg air an robh e suiridhe fada 's do 'n d' thug e chiad ghaol. Bha e fada 'g a h-iarraidh agus ise car leam-leat gu 'n bhi 'g a dhiùltadh no 'g a ghabhail; ach turus a thug e chum na h-àirigh far an robh i, 's ann a dhearc e oirre ann an cuideachd an t-saoir bhàin d' am b'ainm Iain Moraidh, agus ghabh e gu mòr gu cridh' e, i chur cùl ris fèin. Phòs i an saor bàn an deigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh nach robh i riannh toilichte gu 'n chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn. 'So leasan do na caileagan òga. Cum dileas ri d' leannan, 's na dealaich ris gu 'n fheadar leat. Tha chiad rann do 'n òran so mar a leanas.

"S trom leam an àirigh,  
'S a ghair so a th' innt';  
Gu 'n a phàirt sin a b' àbhaist,  
Bhi 'n dràs air mo chinne;  
Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,  
Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,  
'S Iseabail a bheoil mhilis,  
Mharanaich bhinn."

Nuair a tha Donnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-saoir-a deanamh an òrain ainmeil sin d' a chéile—Màiri Bhàn Og—tha e toirt iomraidh air an àm sin san robh i òg ag cuallach a chruith air an àirigh. Tha e 'g ràdh:—

"Shiubhladh tu fàsach àirigh glinne,  
'S an àit an cinneadh an sprèidh;  
'G am bleothan mu chrò, 's bhi chòir na h-innis,  
Laoigh òg a' mire 's a' leum;  
Cha mhiosa do lamh 's tu laimh ri coinnil,  
No 'n seomar soilleir ri gréin;  
A fuaidheal 's a' fàitheam bhann is phionar,  
An àm chur grinnis air gréus."

Tha so a nochdadh dhuinn nach 'eil na caileagan uair sam bith na 'n tàmh air àirigh. Tha iad aon chuid a' fuaidheal 's a' fàitheam mar bha Màiri, na fidhe stochdain, na aodaichean eile.

Ann a "Moladh na h-oighe Ghàidhealach," tha Uilleam Ros a deanamh iomraidh fhada air maise agus taitneas cuairt do 'n àirigh. Tha e 'g ràdh:—

"Nuair thig a Bhealltuinn,  
'S an Samhradh Iusanach;  
Bidh sinn air àirigh,  
Air àrd nan uchdanan;  
Bidh cruith nan gleanntan  
Gu canntair cuirteasach,  
Gu tric 'g ar dùsgadh,  
Le surd gu moch-eiridh.

Bidh mise 's Màiri,  
Gach la 's na glacagan;  
No 'n doire glugach,  
Nan eunan breac-iteach;

Bidh cuach is smeorach,  
Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd ;  
'S a' gabhail òrain,  
Le sgormain blasda dhuinn."

Chuala sibh uile an t-òran blasda—Clachan Ghlinn Da-ruail. Rinneadh an t-òran so le bàrd òg Gàidhealach aig sia-bliadhna deug a dh'aois. Ghabh e gaol tròm air caileag ro-bhoidheach a bh'anns an àite, agus chuir meud a ghaoil a ghabh e spiorad na bàrdachd ann. A' meas nithean briagha eile th' ag anns an òran tha e 'g ràdh.

"Ged bheireadh an Rìgh àite dhomh,  
Cho àillidh 's th' aig duinn' uasal ;  
Gu'm b' fhearr leam bhì air àirigh leat,  
Ged theireadh càch am buachail."

Bha cuimhneachan math air chor eigin aige-san air an àirigh mu 'n canadh e na briathran so.

Tha "Murchadh Ruadh na 'm bó" á Loch-bhraoin, ag ràdh, anns an òran "Ho mo Mhàiri Laghach."

"Nuair a thig an Samhradh," &c.

Tha Niall Macleoid am Bàrd Sgiathanach ag ràdh, "Thoir mo shoiridh thar an t-sàile."

"Far am biodh na h-oighean uallach," 's tha Iain Smith, Bàrd Iarseadair, Uige, Leodhais, ag ràdh ann an Orain an t-Samhraidh.

"Eiribh rachamaid do 'n ghleann,  
'S gu faic sinn ann na caileagan ;  
Eiribh, rachamaid do 'n ghleann,  
'S gu faic sinn an na h-oighean.

Tha gruagaichean cho lionmhor ann,  
Le gruagan dualach sniomhanach ;  
Co shealladh air an sgiamh a th' orr',  
Nach miannaicheadh am pòsadh ?

A mhaise bhuilich nàdur orr',  
Cha b' usgraichean 's cha b' fhainnichean ;  
'S cha b' iomhaigh breid na tàileagan  
Mar tha aig luchd na pròise.

Bu ghoirid cuairt na h-oidhche leinn,  
Gu'n deanadh latha soilleseachadh ;  
Ri leannanachd 's coimhnealachd,  
Gur fada thall bhiodh bròn uainn."

Cha dean math dhuinn sgur gu'n Murchadh Mac-Leòid (Murchadh a Cheistear) á Leodhas, a chur air àireamh na 'm bàrd a tha moladh na h-àirigh. Ars' esan, anns an òran sin a ghlac aire gach neach a chual' e—Eilean an Fhraoich :—

"Na faighinn mo dhùrachd," &c.

So gaibh, ma ta, chardean, cunntas aithgear air àirighean Leodhais. Dh'fheumaid barrachd tìde 's a th' againn a' nochd airson gach ni gasda mu 'n timchioll a chur an cèill gu h-iomlan, ach bheirinn a chomhairle air gach neach a tha 'n so a nochd nach do chuir

seachad oidhche air an airigh, iad a dheanamh sin cho luath 's a gheibh iad laithean-fèill an t-Samhraidh, agus gheibh iad a mach air an son fein, caoimhneas agus cridhealas nach d' fhuair iad riamh roimhe, agus thig iad air ais gu Glaschu ag ràdh, "Chuala mi mu àirighean Leodhais ann an Cèilidh na 'n Gaidheal ach cha do chreid mi leth dheth gu'n deachaidh mi fhein a null 's gu faca mi, ach gu cinnteach leithid caoimhneas an àite ud, cha 'n fhaca mi riamh."



## THE SECOND JUVENILE MOD AT INVERNESS.

A LADY'S IMPRESSIONS—BY "ERICA."

THOSE people who tell us—with an amount of earnest assurance, too, which, if it were not amusing, would be appalling—that Gaelic retards the millenium, had better ask immediately for the date of the third Children's Mòd at Inverness! If there were any such persons present on Friday, the 17th May, surely the *sight* alone, to say nothing of the *sound*, would convince the most pessimistic of them that the whole proceedings savoured more, to put the matter at its lowest level—of accepted millenium like amenities than could the most approved Esperanto Congress! The bright faces of the children, who were 400 strong, and the evident enthusiasm with which they took part in the competitions, was quite enough to convince any one that they were taking part in something *very much alive*, and something, too, which, while they live, at least, will not die!

The reading and conversation were, on the whole, satisfactory, and in some cases where the competitors were acquiring Gaelic, it was eminently so. One of the examiners—one who *knows*—told me that he was amazed at the progress made in acquiring Gaelic. The pianoforte playing of reels and strathspeys gave abundant evidence of promise, as did that of the little fiddlers. The medallists in both cases played some reels well. Our own music, like our own language and literature, is worthy of earnest study, and the study will amply repay any student. Just the other day I asked Mr. Roderick McLeod whether certain beautiful little grace notes he sang in "Macrimmon's Lament" were his own. He characteristically replied—"Well, yes—you see, it is just as one feels." Yes, that is the secret; but to *feel* one must know.

In the singing, one could naturally detect an occasional *blas na Beurla*, but on the whole there was wonderfully little of it. Nothing is to me more fascinating than to hear a child

lisp Gaelic. The tiny daughter of an old friend in the arms of a great aunt, who had familiarised her charge with the *Cainnt Mhathairel*, who, when she saw a little foal, shouted delightedly, "*Ah, an truaghan,*" surely deserves better of a Highland heart than the twentieth century young woman of four who turns to her mother, saying com-posedly, *Twigex-vous!*

Looking round the hall in the morning, it was a most interesting gathering to scan. Ladies and gentlemen, mothers and babies, clergy galore, young people of all sorts and sizes congregated, and even the genuine old *cailleach* was there. She came, perhaps, to bring a grand-child, perhaps just to hear *Cèd na cloinne*. At the close of the competitions it was announced that that most indefatigable of secretaries—Miss Kate Fraser—hoped there would be a good attendance at the grand concert in the evening. It was hardly necessary to ask that. In the evening the hall was filled in all parts by a distinguished and enthusiastic audience.

The waulking song, "*He'n clo-dubh,*" was most inspiring, and an encore was insisted on. It was a pretty sight to see the little girls energetically waulking a piece of green cloth as they sang the beautiful song. It is impossible to particularise all the items of the concert programme, all of which were excellent, but the small girl who brought down the house with "*Air fal-a-l-a-o,*" accentuating each "a" with a nod of her very cool, little dark head, not only sang well, but might be the envy of many a nervous debutante. Kenneth MacRae, in response to an encore, sang "*Breacan Mairi Uisdean,*" and sang it well.

An interesting interlude was created by a few words of pleased encouragement from Miss Yule, of Tarradale, and Mrs. Burnley Campbell, whom the former lady described as "one who had done more for Gaelic than any one else in Scotland." All the choirs were good. The rural choirs were excellent. The Kiltarlity Choir struck one by its full volume of sound, and pure accent and distinct enunciation; as did the Petty Choir (trained and conducted by the Editor of AN DEO-GREINE). This latter choir shewed keen appreciation of its selected song, "*Ho ro mo chuid chuidheachd thu,*" and evidently understood well what was meant by "*Do chudthrom air mo ghluainn.*" The singing of the last chorus by all the children—some 400 in all—was a grand effort. Good as last year's Mòd was—and it was very good—this one marked a great step in advance, and every one present echoed the words of genial Provost Ross that the Children's Mòd had "come to stay." Ay, and every High-

lander present echoed with all his heart the closing words of the children's song:—

"*Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig a bardachd 's a ceol,  
Is tric thog i nios sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leon;  
'Si dh'ionnsaich sinn trath ann an lailhean ar  
n'-oig,  
'S nach fag sinn gu bràth gus an laidh sinn fo 'n  
jheid.*"

The following is the Prize List of the Juvenile Mòd Competitions at Inverness:—

#### LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

Recitation of 50 lines of Gaelic verse from some one poem of literary merit.—Adjudicator—The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan.

Native Gaelic Speakers—

1, Donald Macrae, Kinlochluichart; 2, Alexander Macdonald, Inverness.

Gaelic Acquired—

1, Duncan Macdonald, Drumsittall; 2, Christina Macculloch, Bunchrew; 3, Maggie A. Macdonald, Aldourie, and Christina Fraser, Bunchrew (equal).

Reading, with good pronunciation and expression, of the first five chapters of St. John's Gospel or "Posadh an Dealain-De" ("Uirsgeulan Gaidhealach").—Adjudicator—Rev. Mr. Morrison, Moy.

Native Gaelic Speakers—

1, Charles Shaw, Drumsittall; 2, Alexander Macleod, Inverness, and Donald Macrae, Kinlochluichart (equal); 3, Maggie Macaulay, Hilton.

Gaelic Acquired—

1, Morag Melville, Kiltarlity, and Sarah Cross, Drumsittall (equal); 2, Annie Macdonald, Clachnaharry, Annie Macdonald, Inverness, Cathie Macpherson, South Kessock, Maggie A. Macdonald, Aldourie, and Jessie Macrae (equal); 3, Mary Fraser, Kiltarlity, and Christina Fraser, Bunchrew (equal).

Gaelic Conversation.—Adjudicators—Rev. Allan Cameron and Rev. D. Connell, Inverness.

Native Gaelic Speakers—

1, Alex. Macleod, Kinlochluichart; 2, Donald Macrae, Kinlochluichart; 3, Maggie Macaulay, Hilton.

Gaelic Acquired—

1, Jessie Fraser, South Kessock; 2, Annie Macdonald, Clachnaharry; 3, Sarah Cross, Drumsittall, Mary A. Grant, Aldourie, and Maggie A. Macdonald, Aldourie (equal).

Translation at sight from English to Gaelic.—Adjudicator—Rev. Allan Cameron, Inverness.

Native Gaelic Speakers—

1, Charles Shaw, Drumsittall; 2, Alexander Macleod, Inverness.

Gaelic Acquired—

1, Maggie A. Macdonald, Aldourie; 2, Cathie Macpherson, South Kessock; 3, Mary A. Grant, Aldourie.

Recitation of 20 lines of Gaelic verse for those under 12 years of age.—Adjudicator—Rev. T. Sinton, Dore.

Native Gaelic Speakers—

1, Maggie Shaw, Drumsittall; 2, Harry Shaw, Drumsittall.

Gaelic Acquired—

1, Lachlan Maclean, Drumsittall; 2, Tom Fraser, Bunchrew; 3, John Munro, Inverness.

## MUSICAL COMPETITIONS.

Adjudicators—W. H. Murray, Glasgow; John Barritt, Forres; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Kiltarlity; Rev. Alex. Stuart, Daviot. Supplementary judges for Rural Choirs—W. S. Roddie and F. W. Whitehead, Inverness.

## Solo Singing for Boys—

1, Ebenezer Ballantyne, Inverness; 2, Roderick Fraser, Merkinch School; 3, James Ross, Royal Academy (special); 4, Geo. Grant, Central School, and Ivor Campbell, Petty (equal).

## Solo Singing for Girls—

1, Annie Macleod, Merkinch School; 2, Nellie Macleod, Merkinch School; 3, Jessie Macrae, Garve.

## Duet Singing for Boys—

1, Duncan Macdonald and David Mackenzie, Merkinch School; 2, Rod. Fraser and Jas. Cameron, Merkinch School; 3, Donald and Ivor Campbell, Petty, and John Munro and George Grant, Central School (equal).

## Duet Singing for Girls—

1, Nellie Macleod and Minnie C. Fraser, Merkinch School; 2, Nellie Smith and Millie Macdiarmid, Merkinch School; 3, Isabel Mactavish and Chrissie Macculloch, High School; and Chrissie Tolmie and Madge Macbain, High School (equal).

## Solo Singing for former Medallists and Prize-takers—

1, Nellie Macleod, Merkinch School; 2, Ebenezer Ballantyne, High School; 3, Maggie Findlay, Faraline Park School.

## Choral Singing in two or three-part harmony—

I. (Choirs under 14 years of age)—

1, Merkinch School Choir; 2, Bishops' Girls' School Choir; 3, Central School Choir.

II. (Choirs under 16 years of age)—

1, High School Choir (No. 1); 2, Merkinch School Choir; 3, Central and Academy (equal).

III. (Rural Choirs under 16 years of age)—

1, Culcabock School Choir; 2, Lochluichart Gaelic School Choir; 3, Clachnaharry and Drums-mittal (equal).

Playing of Gaelic Song Airs, Strathspeys, and Reels on the Pianoforte.—Adjudicators—Miss Shaw, Thornhill; N. D. Mackintosh of Raigmore, and And. Mackintosh, H.M.C.

1, James A. Ross and K. Macdonald, Inverness (equal); 2, Chrissie Fraser, Inverness; 3, Donald Weir, Inverness.

Playing of Gaelic Song Airs, Strathspeys, and Reels on the Pianoforte (open to former medalists and prize-winners)—

1, Chrissie Fraser and K. J. Macdonald, Inverness (equal); 2, George Miller, Inverness; 3, M. G. Mackenzie, Nairn.

Playing of one Gaelic Song Air, one Strathspey, and one Reel on the Violin—

1, Daisy Fraser, Inverness; 2, Cecil Roberts, Inverness; 3, David Davidson, Inverness.

Playing of Gaelic Song Airs, Strathspeys, and Reels on the Violin—

1, Jessie Roy, Inverness; 2, Sophie Hoare, Inverness; 3, Ian Roberts, Inverness.

Playing of Gaelic Song Airs, Strathspeys, and Reels on the Violin (open to former medalists and prize-winners)—

1, Maimie Macdonald, Inverness; 2, Ian Roberts, Inverness.

## GEARAN NA GAIDHLIG.

(This poem was sent to us from Queensland by Mr. Donald Beaton. He tells us that it was made by his father in 1857, who got his inspiration for it from an advertisement he chanced to see, bearing that a Gaelic periodical was about to be issued from the "Mercury" office, Hobart, Tasmania).

THACHAIR te orm anns a' mhaduinn,

'S maith a thaitinn sinn r'a cheile;

Thuir t'gu grad rium, am bheil thu d'mhac dhomh,

No 'm faod mi m'fhacal chur riut an céill.

Thàinig mise nall a Albainn,

Do 'n duthaich ainmeil taobh deas na gréin;

Tha mi m' bhantraich a nis 's an am so,

'S gun neach ann aig am bheil dhuinn speis.

Tha mo ghineil anns an àit so,

'S iad ag radh nach dean mi feum;

Nach tuig an Gall mi, 's gur searbh a' chaint leis,

Bhì 'g a chluinntinn tighinn as mo bheul.

Ach bha mi roimh ann an cuirt nan rìghrean,

Anns na linntean a tha fo 'n eug;

Aig fheadh an fhìona bu mhór mo phris ac',

Leamsa dh'inneadh iad brìgh gach sgèil.

'S iomadh mac a rinn mi àrach,

Gu h-urmhòr aluinn fo mo sgèith;

B' fhearr na iadsan a tha 'g a m' àicheadh,

'S nach gabhadh tàir bho chach mu'm dheighinn;

Dheanadh feum air muir 's air aiteach,

Sheasamh làrach le lann ghorm gheur;

Bheireadh féidh as na glinn a b' àirde,

'S a' sneachda bàn ann bho thràigh gu beinn.

Sliochd nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan eilean,

Nach maith a fhreagradh dhuibh le chéil,

Cainnt bhuir dùthcha chumail iù ribh,

Cha chuir sud tùchadh air a' Bheurl'.

Tha daoine tùrail, measail, cliùiteach,

Chum na cùis so chur air ghleus;

'S cha mheath 's cha lùgh i, ach milis sùghmhor,

Le beagan cungaidh chur anns a' stéidh.

Cha 'n 'eil feòil nach feum a sailleadh,

G' a cumail fallain agus caoin;

'S an àm bhì deasachadh an arain,

Beagan fallaid chur air an taois.

'S ionnann sud 's mar a dh'èireas dasan,

An "Teachdaire" gradhach agus gaoil,

Mu 'n téid e thairis do 'n àite 's maith leis,

Do thair nam beannaibh, nan gleann, 's nan caoil.

Ma théid e thairis do 'n eilean Mhuileach,

Gheibh e urram bho gu leòr;

An Tobair-Mhoire chur air tìr ann,

Far an islich gach birlinn seòl,

Tha càirdean dileas da àird is iosal,

Bheir dha dhinneir gu grinn air bord ;

'S a ni dha sgriobhadh gu milis brioghmhor,

'S a sheòlas cinnteach e air an ròd.

Mu théid e thairis do 'n eilean Sgiathach,

Le bheanntaibh ciatach fo sgiamh a' cheò ;

Chur air tìr an Ard-a-bhàisair,

Far an islich gach bata seòl.

Gheibh e onoir agus miagh ann,

Bidh na h-iasgairean air a thòir ;

Aig iochdair Glàmaig an Sgadan tràighte,

Gu 'n tig a' làn bheir dha càil is deòin.

Is iomadh aon a ni dha leabaidh,

Mu 'n teid e dh'Asainn fad mu thuath ;

Do Loch-abar bidh a dhachaidh,

An deigh dol thairis air a' chuan.

Tìr nan gaisgeach bhitheadh aoidheil tlachd-  
mhor

Ri daoine thachradh bhi ac' air chuairt ;

A bheireadh dhachaidh am fiadh's am bradan,

'S an earba ghlacta ged robh i luath.

### MUSICAL NOTES—THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

BY REV. M. N. MUNRO.

IN the monthly journal of the International Musical Society, Dr. W. G. M'Naught, one of the adjudicators at last year's Eisteddfod has a critical article on Welsh singing which is instructive to those interested in the development of Highland music. He speaks of the intense love of the Welsh for music, their passionate desire to express strong feeling through vocal music and their executive capacity. Miners and their women folk captivate large audiences with splendid performances. Generally, he says, the style of Welsh music is too fervid and strenuous. It excites and moves the listener strongly, but it too often lacks breadth and repose. Welsh singers are at their best in their own language, with its beautiful vowels. He then describes the great Eisteddfod held at Carnarvon which resembles our own Mod, only that everything is on a much larger scale. He asks, "Does the result show progress? Are there sufficient evidences of the assimilation of the art achievements of other nations, from which new art must spring? I am afraid the answer must be in the negative. Eisteddfodau are apt to stereotype the old ideas and keep back the new ideas. The musical genius of the Welsh race is to a large extent a wasted force. Socially, music is performing a valuable function but as high art Welsh music can claim but a very small niche in the musical pantheon. Yet those who know the musical potentialities of the race best are sanguine that some day the world will be compelled to pay tribute to its genius."

Probably Dr. M'Naught refers to original creative genius in musical composition. Wales has produced in proportion to its population more first-rate singers than England. Many of the world's greatest tenors are Welshmen. It is therefore hardly fair to say that Welsh musical genius is a wasted force.

The proposal to have Herr Richard Strauss as adjudicator at the Llangollen National Eisteddfod has fallen through. Strauss demanded a fee of three hundred guineas for the work. The Committee have appointed an English musician with several Welsh colleagues of tried experience. A musical journal suggests that some American musician of eminence might be induced to act at an Eisteddfod.

The English Folk Song Society have been using the gramophone successfully in taking down songs from native singers. One gentleman succeeded in taking down seventy songs in two days. He had much difficulty in getting the normal tune even with the aid of the instrument. It had to be a process of striking the average from the variations of a dozen verses or so. The labour of writing down the music afterwards was very great though the instrument saved time at the outset, and the records could be repeated until one was sure of the notation. Could we not do this in the Highlands? A machine might be sent round to likely districts in charge of a suitable agent from An Comunn, who could talk to the singers in their own tongue. It would certainly interest the people to hear their own voices reproduced, and new tunes of merit might be recovered.

Here is a new story about musical vanity. "You know, Mr. W., I have a bass voice, don't you?" says Mr. J. "I've often heard of it," says Mr. W. "I understand it is very powerful." "Well," says Mr. J., "to tell you the truth, I had a wonderful dream the night before last. I dreamt I was in the celestial regions, and was asked to join the great choir there. The angel Gabriel was conducting, and oh, it was a grand sight, I can tell you! There were millions and millions of sopranos, crowds and crowds of contraltos, hundreds of thousands of tenors, and—I was singing bass! Oh, Mr. W., you should have heard the singing: it was just grand! We were singing the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' and you know that's a great favourite with me, those bass passages are simply grand, and they take some singing too, Mr. W. Well, we got on all right until we came to the last part where we all sing together in a gradual *crescendo*, when the conductor suddenly stopped us and called out, "Mr. J. the bass is too overpowering!"



## ORAN DO'N MHOD GHAIÐHEALACH.

[By Mr. JOHN MACLEAN, Salen, Aros. Won  
Second Prize at Oban Mòd, 1906.]

AIR FÖNN — "*Gaol an t-Seoladair.*"

'S a' mhaduinn 'an àm éirigh dhomh,  
'S ann fhuair mi sgeul an dràsd  
'Rinn teud mo chinn a ghleusadh dhomh,  
'S gu 'n gheuraich sud mo chàil :  
Gu 'm bi mi nis a' tòiseachadh,  
Air seòl a chur air dàn ;  
A dh' fheuchainn am bheil cùil agaibh,  
'S an cunntar mi 's na bàird.

B'e sud an sgeul a chuala mi,  
'S air leam nach brùadar e ;  
Cò ac' is fìor no tuaileas e,  
'S ann 'fhuair mis' e bho chàich ;  
'S ann thuirt iad gu 'm bi Mòd againn,  
'S an Oban sud gu 'n dàil ;  
A dh' innseadh dhuibh, mar chuala sibh,  
Nach d' fhuair a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

Cha d' fhuair i bàs, cha b' urrainn dhi,  
Ged dheanadh cuid oirr' tàir ;  
'S cho fada 's bho 'n a chualas i,  
An tìr nam fuar-bheann àrd ;

Gu 'm feum sinn seasamh cruadalach,  
'S a' cumail suas gach là ;  
'S i 'chainnt bu tràth a chuala sinn,  
'S a fhuair sinn leis an spàin.

Bidh iarlachan 'us diùcannan,  
Is prionnsachan an àit',  
Ri ràdh gur mòr an cùram i,  
Bhì dol air chùl nan clàr ;  
'S i 'chainnt a bh' aig ar sinnsearachd,  
Tha milis, brioghail, blàth,  
'S their cuid rium gu 'm b'e 'n còmhradh i,  
Bh' aig Nòah anns an àire.

'Nuair thionailas a' chuideachd ud,  
A Lunnuinn gu 'n tig pàirt ;  
'S Louisa 'na ceann-suidh' orra,  
Le furan agus gràdh ;  
Bidh cléirich ann gu dìchiollach,  
Ri sgrìobhaidhean do 'n àl  
A thig 'n ar deigh, 's bidh cuimhn' aca,  
Air obair ghrinn nam bàrd.

Is ioma buidhe,  
'Na luaidh ann an Uibhist,  
Nach itheadh na h-iubhean 'sa' charghus ;  
A rachadh do'n aonach,  
'Sa ghaoideadh na caoraich,  
Ged chrochte' le taod no le cainb e.

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## GAELIC NURSERY RHYMES.

(We are indebted to T. D. Macdonald, Esq., Convener of the Publication Committee, for the following interesting note, the suggestion it contains, and the nursery rhyme he forwards. It will give us much pleasure to afford the necessary space desired, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Macdonald and other readers of AN DEO-GREINE will assist us in rescuing these interesting rhymes.—EDITOR).

The number of Gaelic books for adult reading published within the last decade is encouraging. Publications, such as "An Treoraiche," for infant classes in schools, have not been wanting. But I am not aware that any attempt has ever been made to collect for publication the numerous nursery rhymes with which most of us have been familiar, if not from our mothers, at least from our grandmothers. Grandmothers' rhymes and tunes must still be numerous as a floating quantity over the Highlands, and the DEO-GREINE would do a service in collecting as many of them as can be got. It is to be hoped that every reader will contribute a quota, and that the Editor will give the necessary space. If Gaelic nursery rhymes are kept alive by Gaelic-speaking mothers and nurses, we will always have Gaelic-speaking boys and girls, and, as a matter of course, Gaelic-speaking men and women. Subjoined is a nursery rhyme I can just recall. The one verse, which I give in addition to the chorus, is not much of the juvenile order in substance, but such is its composition all the same. None of them will take up much space.

## NA'M BU LEAM FHIN THU.

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

Thàlann thu;

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

Bhreugainn thu;

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

'Chuilin na ciche,

'Chagairean dileas

Thàlann thu.

Chuainnic mi t-athair

Dol seachad an dé,

Duine mòr, foghainteach,

Làidir, treun;

Le ghunna, le dhaga,

'S le chlaidheamh fo sgeith;

'S mòr m'fheagal gu'n tachair

Do mhàthair ris.

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

Thàlann thu;

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

Bhreugainn thu;

Na'm bu leam fhin thu

'Chuilin na ciche,

'Chagairean dileas

Thàlann thu.

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.] *Mios deireannach an t-Samhraidh 1907.* [Earrann 10.

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## GU FEAR-DEASACHAIDH NA DEO-GHREINE.

A CHARAID,—Tha mi làn-chreidsinn nach e mise 'nam aonar tha toilichte gu bheil An Comunn Gaidhealach agus AN DEO-GREINE a deanamh a' leithid a dh' fheum 's a shaothair air son na Gaidhlig; agus creidibh mise gu bheil sibh a deanamh barrachd air na bheil fhios agaibh fhathast. Tha na ciadan ann an diugh, cha'n'eil fhios agam nach 'eil na mìltean a bhruidheas ann an cainnt bhinn bhlada nam beann air am biodh nàire an craicinn sin a dheanamh bho chionn leth-dusan bliadhna. Agus am bheil fhios agaibh de as aobhar de 'n so! Innsidh mise sin dhuibh. Tha dìreach gu bheil daoine foghlumte, 's daoine tha aird an innbe 's an clù 'ga bruidhinn 's 'ga cleachdadh—morán eadhon a sgrìobhadh an cuid litrichean innte agus tha mi-fhein a deanamh so gu maith tric.

Ach cha'n'eil mi 'g radh nach fhaodadh sinn am barrachd a dheanamh na tha sinn a deanamh. Seall orm fhein. Thainig mi nis do'n Taobh Deas bho chionn aireamh bhliadhaichean. Bha Gaidhlig is Beurla agam agus carson nach bitheadh. Bho chionn bliadhna no dha a' so—agus gu dearbh is maith a dh' fhaodadh cuimhne bhi agam air—thoisich gille Gallda mhuinntir—ach cha'n fhaod mi

innse—suiridh orm. Gille gasda eireachdail, bòidheach na phearsa is maiseach na dhòigh, 's cha'n fhaca sibh-se riamh aona chreutar as laghaich na e. Tha e cho duineal 's cho gradhach, agus tha mi creidsinn gu'n coisich-eadh e fichead mìle choimhead orm. Cha'n innsinn so do dhuine beò agus air 'ur beatha na toiribh guth air. Thuir mi ris, ma tha, 'sa chiad dol a mach gu feumadh e Gaidhlig ionnsachadh, gu'n d' ionnsaich mi-fhein Beurla agus gu fadadh esan Gaidhlig ionnsachadh. "Cha'n'eil durd Beurla aig mo mhathair," arsa mise, agus de ni thu nuair theid thu shealltainn oirre. Ma ta, ar's esan, ma dh' ionnsaicheas tu-fhein sin dhomh-sa bidh mise gle thoilichte. Feuchaidh mi ris. De th' agaibh air ach gu'm bruidhinn e a' Ghaidhlig an diugh cha mhór cho maith ruim fhein. Agus is ann an Gaidhlig a bhios sinn a sgrìobhadh ar litrichean cuideachd. Cha'n'eil fhios agam am bheil moran de ar seorsa deanamh sin—litrichean gaoil an Gaidhlig. Na'm biodh fios agaibh-se de cho mìlis 's tha iad; bu chor dhuibh fiachainn, ach is docha gu'n deach 'ur latha seachd dhuibh. An ainm ni-maith fiach nach innis sibh so.

Agus rud eile thuir mi ris gu feumadh e tòiseachadh dol do'n t-searmoin Gaidhlig comhla riumsa. Rinn e sin agus tha e an diugh cho deigheil air rium fhein. Ach fiachadh sibh-se nach laghach e nuair a' dheanadh e so.

Ach seach gu'n d' thainig mi thairis air, so rud bu choir dhuibhse th' air stiùir na DEO-GHREINE agus do'n Chomunn Gaidhealach gu leir, thoir ta chomhair 'ur luchd-leughaidh. Tha e 'na chuis-nàire dhuinne mar Ghaidheil nach 'eil sinn nas fritheiltich air an t-searmoin Gaidhlig 's na bailtèan mòra. Ma bha aon ni ann 's an robh na Gaidheil air thoiseach air sluagh eile 'sann an aoradh Dhé agus an nìthean spioradail. Ach an diugh cha 'n fhiù



le aireamh mhór de Ghaidheil an Taobh-Deas aoradh a thoirt do Dhia ann an cànán fhein, tha an cànán sin deis agus tha an sluagh deis. So rud 's cha'n fhaca mi an DEO-GREINE ag radh facal mu dheighinn fhathast. Cha'n'eil fhios nach innseadh sibh dhomh co mhiad de luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich a bhuineas do dh'Eaglais Ghaidhlig.

Am bheil sibh an duil nan cuirinn-sa thugaibh te de na litrichean gaoil agam fhein 's aig Tómas—cha'n'eil mise 'g creidsinn nach e ainm Gaidhealach tha an Tómas—am bheil sibh an duil an còrdadh i ribh—ach 's mise tha gòrach—'s eòlach air an leithid sibh fhein agus cha'n'eil fhios nach cuireadh sibh 'san DEO-GREINE i—'s fear a bhi cinnteach no bhi cràiteach. Coma leibh-se bidh feala-dha agam-sa air Tómas nuair dh' inniseas mi dha gu 'n do sgrìobh mi thugaibh-se mu dheighinn cho maith 'sa tha e air a' Ghaidhlig. Slàn lèibh.

Is mise,

Le mór mheas is deagh dhùrachd,

'Ur bana-charaid,

ERIG NIC LEÒID.

Baile-nam-Fiasgan,

An t-Og-mhios 17 la 1907.

—:O-φ-O:—

## THE HISTORY, LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS, RELIGION AND LEGENDS, OF THE GAEL OF GALLOWAY.

BY THE EARL OF CASSILLIS.

### THE HISTORY of the GAEL OF GALLOWAY.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE ancient province of Galloway at one time included not only the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and Wigtonshire, but also all South Ayrshire. It was for a long time an independent country, governed by its own Princes, and by the laws they made. The word Galloway, for the purposes of this article, will be considered to include not merely modern Galloway, but the ancient limits of that country.

Galloway, like the rest of Strathclyde, of which kingdom it was at one time a part, seems originally to have been peopled by Gaelic and afterwards partially by Cymric or Welsh tribes. As in other parts of the British Isles, there seems to have been at least one pre-Celtic race, from whom Professor Rhys thinks the Selgovae or Elgovae who occupied Dumfriesshire, the Novantae who occupied Wigtonshire and the Stewartry are largely descended. North of them again was the great nation of the Damnonii—Ayrshire,

Lanarkshire, and Renfrewshire being part of their kingdom. They seem to have been of the same race as the Damnonii or Dumnonii in Cornwall, and were Gaels or Goidels. The Novantae, Skene thinks, became known as the Picts of Galloway. Mackenzie thinks that they seem to have been the same tribe as the Tri-Novantae of Essex and Middlesex (for the Tri-Novantae who, however, were Brythons, see Rhys' "Celtic Britain.") Professor Rhys supposes the name to be derived from Novios, the name of the Nith in Ptolemy's time, and supports Skene's view that they are the Niduarian Picts of Bede's time, afterwards known as the Picts of Galloway. He also thinks that the Attecotti or Attacotti were formed from a union of the Novantae with the Selgovae after the Roman invasion. It is very significant that the word Attecotti appears to have meant old or ancient, and to have marked them out as of older standing than the Brythons or Cymri, while the word Selgovae is supposed to be the Gaelic word *sealg*, to hunt. Schalloch, a common place name in Galloway, is supposed to be, by some, of the same derivation.

Agricola was the first Roman invader to trouble Galloway, which he did in his fifth campaign in the year 82, according to Professor Rhys (in A.D. 79 in his second campaign, according to Skene). He subdued unknown tribes ("ignotas gentes"), fortified "that part of Britain which looks towards Ireland" ("copiis instruxit"). The expression "ignotas gentes" seems to indicate different races or tribes to those already met with by the Romans in the countries which are now England and Wales.

We have seen that Galloway was about the time of the landing of Julius Cæsar occupied by Gaelic-speaking tribes mixed with some of the aboriginal and pre-Celtic population. But a change now commences. The Brythonic race, or more probably a league of races called the Brigantes, who had themselves probably driven further and further north the earlier Goidel (*i.e.*, Gael), now in their turn found themselves conquered or driven north by the Roman arms. The Brigantes occupied, originally, the greater portion of the later kingdom of Northumbria south of the Tweed; later, however, they either assimilated or conquered the Votadini, also a Brythonic race. The Dumnonii, though a Gaelic tribe, seem early to have adopted the Brythonic or Welsh speech.

Agricola it was who is responsible for having fortified, in A.D. 81 and A.D. 82, the neck of land between the Forth and the Clyde.

After Agricola's recall by Domitian, Galloway, along with the rest of what is now called Scotland, seems to have practically recovered

her independence, and when Hadrian came in 120 he erected his famous wall from the Solway Firth to the mouth of the Tyne.

When Antonius succeeded Hadrian he sent over Lollius Urbicus in the year 139 to subdue the Brigantes between Hadrian's wall and the Firth of Forth; he then restored to the Province the boundary fixed by Agricola, and made an earthen rampart between the Forth and the Clyde.

From this time till A.D. 364 we know very little about Galloway. While North Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, the country of the Southern Dumnonii, had become not only Brythonised, but to a large extent Romanised, and while there are evidences of Roman occupation in the district south of the Doon and west of the Nith, it is exceedingly doubtful how complete and how lasting it was. As far as Galloway is concerned, the occupation seems to have been principally confined to the sea coasts and to the principal roads, which, of course, were guarded by forts, garrisoned by Roman legionaries, or perhaps more often by Gaulish and Brython auxiliaries.

Professor Rhys seems to think that the Pictish dwellers between the Solway Esk and Loch Ryan, who were a highly indomitable race and seldom on good terms with their Brythonic neighbours, the Brigantes (or with their Brythonised neighbours the Damnonii), had not as yet fought it out with the Romans, and that their tributary condition would most likely be of the nature of an alliance.

In 360 we have the attacks on the Roman Province by the Picts and Scots. Skene quotes the historian as saying that the Picts ravaged the country from Agricola's wall to Hadrian's wall (which had been re-constructed by Severus after 208) between the Solway and the Tyne, while the Scots ravaged the coasts of Wales.

In the year 364 these invaders were joined by the Atecotti or Attacotti, a people inhabiting a part of the country between the two walls, and who seem to be none other than the ancient tribes of the Selgovae and the Novantae. The Saxons also at this time appear, and acting, apparently, in conjunction with the Picts and Scots, descended on the coast at various points between the Wash and the Isle of Wight.

Theodosius was sent against them in 369, when the Saxons retreated to the Orkneys, the Scots to Ireland, and the Picts to the country north of the wall of Severus.

The Atecotti, who had been more ferocious in their inroads than the others, were subdued and enrolled in the Roman army, and Theodosius repaired the wall which Severus had re-constructed, while the territory south of it

was garrisoned and made into the Province of Valentia or Valentiniana, in honour of Valentinian, who was then Emperor.

Clemens Maximus, an Iberian or Spaniard by birth, who had served under Theodosius in his campaign, was A.D. 383 in command of the Roman army in Britain, and was proclaimed Emperor by his troops. He repressed the Picts and Scots in 384, and is also said to have invaded Galloway (see Hollinshed, Boethius and Buchanan), and to have won his final victory over the Scots on the banks of the Doon. He also took the British army to Gaul, slew the Emperor Gratian, and in 388 he invaded Italy, where he was defeated and slain by Theodosius in 389. The result of his operations had been to drain the country, including Galloway, of its able-bodied men, and the Picts from the north and the Scots from Ireland continued to harass the Province of Britain for many years.

Stilicho sent over in 396 a legion which drove back the invading tribes, and once more garrisoned the Northern Wall. He also raised fresh bodies of Attacotti. It must have been some of these earlier levies by Theodosius whom St. Jerome saw in Gaul, and who are accused by him of delighting in human flesh. When they hunted the woods for prey, he says, they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock; and they curiously selected the most delicate and brawny parts both of males and females, which they prepared for their hurried repasts. When we remember the stories told in England of the Highlanders of the '45, we must be careful about accepting this statement as strictly accurate, and it may have been that St. Jerome was regaled with grossly exaggerated stories or tales of the past pre-Celtic races.

In A.D. 402 the Roman troops were again withdrawn, and the Picts and Scots once more broke into the Province and renewed their ravages. In answer to the appeals of the Brythons, an army came over in 406 which effectually freed the Province from the invaders. In that year, however, the great invasion into the heart of the empire by the Vandals, the Alani, the Suevi, and other German tribes, alarmed the troops with the fear that the barbarians might cut them off in an isolated Province. They revolted, and selected Marius as Emperor, who, however, was soon slain by Gratianus, who, after enjoying the imperial authority for four years, was slain in his turn by the soldiers, who proclaimed one of their number Constantine, Emperor. He withdrew the troops from Britain, A.D. 407, and counselled the provincial Brythons to abandon the districts between the two Walls. It seems to have been at this period that the valleys on

the north side of the Solway Firth were protected by an earthen rampart and fosse, which extended from the shore of the Firth opposite the western termination of the wall across the upper part of the valleys to Loch Ryan. In the Parish of Annan it is known as the "Britton's Wall," further west it is known in the various districts as the "Deil's Dyke," the "Picts' Dyke," or the "Roman Dyke."

Constantine, having gained a great victory, which now made him master of Gaul and Spain, forced the Emperor Honorius to give him, usurper as he was, a share of the imperial authority.

*(To be continued.)*



### THE THIRD OBAN JUVENILE MOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A VERY significant feature of the Gaelic language movement in Scotland is the holding of Juvenile Mòds at centres where local branches of An Comunn Gaidhealach have been formed. This is a feature which proves the practical aims and sound propagandist methods of the leaders of the movement who institute and promote such Mòds. Day by day it is being more clearly realised that the preservation of the Gaelic language, and the continued success of the movement inaugurated over 16 years ago to assist that object, depends, to a great extent, on the children of to-day, who will be the men and women of to-morrow. If these children are interested in the movement; if they are taught to speak, read, and write their native language; if they are encouraged to recite the stirring poetry and to sing the beautiful songs of the Gael; then, assuredly, Gaelic can never die. Under due encouragement, and with proper instruction, they will grow up imbued with a love for, and a pride in, their language, and they will hand it down to their descendants not as a language to be ashamed of, but as one to be sedulously cultivated and to be freely used in conversation and correspondence. It is not a little to the credit of An Comunn Gaidhealach that classes for giving instruction to children in the language, literature and music of the Gael have been instituted at every centre where a local branch has been formed.

Oban, always in the van of the Gaelic movement, celebrated its third Juvenile Mòd on the 7th June. The Rev. Dr. Blair presided, and in the course of an interesting address said that he was much impressed by the intelligence and cleverness, as well as by the capital manner in which the competitors delivered their recitations. He believed Mòds and the competitions pertaining to them were

excellent means for preserving the grand old language they had learned at their mother's knee. He could not understand families brought up in the centre of the Highlands spending their time getting up a smattering of French and German, which they lost as soon as they left school, and failed to learn the language which was in the air around them, and which could be got up so easily. Passing on to speak of the literature of the Gael, Dr. Blair made eloquent reference to the poems of Ossian (the Rev. Doctor wisely avoided the thorny thoroughfares of the Ossianic controversy); of Duncan Ban MacIntyre, Alexander MacDonald, William Ross, Neil MacLeod, and William Livingstone, the Islay bard. He urged the importance of making translations of the old Gaelic MSS. to be found in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, and in this connection he awarded a due meed of praise to the Irish Text Society for their enterprise and enthusiasm in such work. He suggested that An Comunn should contemplate the institution of a School of Gaelic Music, and do everything to rescue the fine old Gaelic airs which were in danger of being lost. He appealed to all workers in the Gaelic field to unite in thought, heart and hand, and to lay aside all foolish vendettas and paltry grievances in order that this splendid work should go on and prosper. Before concluding his address, he urged on all the duty of loyally supporting the forthcoming Feill.

As already indicated, the Juveniles who took part in the literary competitions acquitted themselves well, their reading and recitation being remarkably good. The solo singing was very good, and while Oban secured first places, it is gratifying to record that second and third prizes in this competition went to Easdale and Tobermory respectively. Only four choirs took part in the choral competition, and Oban again took first place, Easdale, Ballachulish, and Tobermory being second, third and fourth. These three latter places deserve high commendation for their enterprise in sending choirs such a distance, and for the very creditable appearance made by their choirs. It is surprising that places so much in the "centre of the Highlands"—we use Dr. Blair's significant phrase—as Connel Ferry, Taynult, Dalmally, all centres of population, did not present choirs for the competition. Everyone who has had the privilege of being present at one or more of the Juvenile Mòds must have been impressed with the alert and intelligent looks, the bright and happy faces, the refined manners, and the healthy *camaraderie* which obtain among the competitors. The influence of the whole thing, morally and intellectually, is for good. We

would, then, take this opportunity of urging on all districts within reasonable distance of Oban to send up competitors to next year's Juvenile Mòd there. A very gratifying feature of this Mòd was the large numbers of parents, friends and visitors who witnessed the competition with evident enjoyment and interest. The evening concert was well attended, and was presided over by Dr. Blair.

Appended is the prize-list:—

COMPETITION NO. 1—GAELIC RECITATION.—1, Fred Campbell, Easdale; 2, Colin MacInnes, Ballachulish; 3, Jessie Munn, Oban; 3 and special, Ina Munn, Oban; specials, Peter Livingstone, Easdale; Maggie MacDougall, do.; Bella MacColl, do.

COMPETITION NO. 2—GAELIC READING.—1, Peter Livingstone, Easdale; 2, Colin MacLean, Easdale; 3, Mamie Carmichael, Oban; 4, Dollie Currie, Morven.

COMPETITION NO. 3—TRANSLATION.—1, Jane A. Campbell, Easdale, 20s.; 2, Archie Campbell, do. 10s.; 3, Maggie Livingstone, do., 5s.; 4, Charles Henderson, Ballachulish, and Maggie MacDougall, Easdale, equal, book; highly commended, Colin MacInnes, Ballachulish; Katie Rankin, do.; Peter Livingstone, Easdale; John Livingstone, do.

COMPETITION NO. 4—GAELIC CONVERSATION.—1, Mamie Carmichael, Oban; 2, Colin MacLean, Easdale; 3, Jane Ann Campbell, do.; 4, Katie Rankine, Ballachulish.

COMPETITION NO. 5—ORAL EXAMINATION.—1, Peter Livingstone and Maggie MacDougall, equal; 3, Fred Campbell, Easdale; 4, Colin MacLean, Easdale, and Colin MacInnes, Ballachulish, equal.

COMPETITION NO. 6—CHORAL SINGING.—1, Oban choir; 2, Easdale choir; 3, Ballachulish choir; 4, Tobermory choir.

COMPETITION NO. 7—SOLO SINGING (BOYS).—1, Alick M'Callum, Oban; 2, Jas. MacDonald, Easdale; 3, Somerled MacDonald; 4, Colin MacLean, Easdale.

COMPETITION NO. 8—SOLO SINGING (GIRLS).—1, Ina Munn, Oban; 2, R. Smyllie; 3, K. MacDougall.

COMPETITION NO. 9—DUET SINGING.—1, Alick MacCallum and May Smyllie, Oban; 2, Kate MacDougall and Ina Munn, do.; 3, Sarah MacDougall and Nellie Calderwood, do.

—10—♦—01—

## IMPRESSIONS OF INVERNESS JUVENILE MOD.

By MRS. BURNLEY-CAMPBELL of Ormidale.

I AM asked by our good editor to give a brief impression of the Children's Mod at Inverness, and in spite of my assurance that letter-writing about the Feill absorbs all my ideas for the time being, he remains obdurate and unabashed.

I really do not feel I am capable of doing justice to such a theme. Why, it would require a poet, an artist, and a musician combined and I am unfortunately none of these things. But although my power of expression is weak

my heart has laid up for itself a full and joyful memory of bright young faces and lovely melody all blended together by the presence of a mighty influence, which, like a Holy Grail, was hovering over us that day, and consecrating the efforts of teachers and pupils. The reawakening of a love of country and of language and of a pride of race was assuredly the prominent note in that great assembly.

I am told there were nearly 400 young performers present in the big hall on that Friday night in the so-called capital of the Highlands which is evidently waking up and means to assert the position which its name has long implied.

What a feast for the eyes they were—white dresses and tartan sashes, kilts and doublets, piled tier upon tier, faces glowing with health and happiness, that transcendent beauty which we miss so much among the precocious and tired looking children of our southern cities. What an advertisement of Gaelic blood and Highland air, and what a promise for the future of the Gael!

And to think that it was Gaelic words set to Gaelic music that was tuning each voice and inspiring each smile, giving zest to the lives of each of these little ones and to the small army of teachers, organisers, and judges who had helped to bring this Mod about! Zest and enjoyment to all there, there was not a doubt of that, and to many, a great step upwards to a higher plane of existence, where all engrossing interest in a pure ideal gives courage and serenity, and leaves no room for discontented repining, or desire for coarser forms of pleasure.

Learning to sing in a Gaelic choir and loving one's country and working for her welfare—a chasm between it may seem to the careless observer, but I firmly believe that for the Celtic inhabitants of these Isles patriotism without Gaelic is meaningless.

Let us, then, as Scottish patriotic politicians of every party and creed, as Scottish Highlanders of every class, as members of An Comunn Gaidhealach and all other clan and district associations, join hands and work shoulder to shoulder to bring home to the British Parliament, to the Education Department, to the members of County Councils, Parish Councils, and School Boards, School Inspectors, and School Teachers, the vital importance from a practical and a sentimental point of view, of introducing the teaching of Gaelic into every school within the rough borders of the Gaeltachd.

*Fiseach agus buaidh leis a h-uile duine a bha cuideachadh a Mhòd mhòr chloinne Inbhirnis, agus os cean nan uile, leis a bhean nasal shuairc a bha n'a ceann,*

## NIGHEAN FIR NA LEITIRE.

(Le IAIN MAC PHAIDEIN an Glaschu).

*Ri leantuin bhò taobh tuilleag 142.*

“BORR?” ars’ Ealasaid, “’s gann a chreideas mi gu ’m bheil sibh a feuchainn ri thoirt ormsa thuigsinn gu ’m bheil a h-uile sluagh borb do nach aithne Beurla. Agus ma tha na Gàidheil gun Bheurla, gun litreachas, cha’n eil iad gun bheul-aithris o’n d’ fhuair sinn roinn mhór de eachdraidh ar dùthcha. Nan robh sinn gun bheul-aithris bhithreamaid gun litreachas idir againn: agus, mar a thubhairt sibh, mur a’ bheil eòlas aig na Gàidheil air ni an taobh a mach do’n sgìreachd anns an d’rugadh iad, ’s farsuinne sgìreachd na aon de chaoil shràidean a’ bhaile so—Ceanna-bhaile na rìoghachd—agus nach lionnhoir iad anns na caol-shràidean sin a tha gun mhodh gun mhothachadh, ged a tha gu leòir de Bheurla aca? ’S lionnhoir gun teagamh—móran nis lionnhoire na tha’n seòrsa ann an sgìreachdan iomallach na Gàidhealtachd.”

“Ach Ealasaid,” ars’ a ban-chomhairliche, “ma tha Beurla aig muinntir chaoil shràidean a’ bhaile so, tha móran dhù gu sgoil gun ionnsachadh: ach cha’n e sin dhuit-sa; tha thu ionnsaichte, agus, mur a teagaisg modh is mòraltachd an oilein a fhuair thu dhuit nach ’eil e idir freagarrach do nighinn òig a bhi a seasamh air na sràidean no ann an aiteannan follaiseach, a tha fosgailte do na h-uile, a bruidhinn ri gillean òga nach aithne dhuit, tha mi ag radh riut gun robh cho math dhuit a bhi gun teagasg idir.”

“’S nach ’eil cunnart mór ann,” ars’ Ealasaid, “gu ’m faod an t-oilean sin an fheadhainn aig am bheil e a shéideadh a suas ann am mòralachd, agus toirt orra a bhi sealltainn sìos air an co-chreutairean, a chionn nach ’eil iad oileinichte, agus gu ’m bheil iad ann an staid is isle na iad fhéin. Tha eagal mór orm gu ’m faod na nithean so ris an abair sinn modh, mòraltachd, agus ainmeannan ciatach eile, a bhi aig éirigh o phrois, o fhuarachd cridhe, agus o dhroch amharus.”

“Cha dean sinn an còrr deasboireachd mu ’n chùis sin an dràs,” ars’ a’ bhean-theagaisg, “ach faodaidh mi innseadh dhuit gun do chuir d’ athair litir a dh’ ionnsuidh na h-àrd bhana-mhaighstir a bha thairis oim uile ann an so gus o cheann dà bhliadhna, agus ’se an t-òrdugh a thug e dhith anns an litir sin, nach robh i ri ’bhi gad’ leigeil ann am measg Ghàidheal idir, a chionn gum biodh sibh a bruidhinn Gàidhlig, agus nach robh toil aige sin a bhi mar sin, agus nach bu mhat leis gum biodh blas na Gàidhlig air do Bheurla an latha dh’ fhagadh tu Dun-Eideann. Sin agad an t-aobhar a chuir a’ bhana-mhaighstir a bhi cho fuaraidh

ris an t-seana mhnaoi-uasail a b’ àbhaist tigh-inn ann an so ga d’amharc, gu ’n d’ thug i fairnear gu ’m biodh tu fhéin ’s a’ bhean-uasal a bruidhinn Gàidhlig an uair a gheibheadh sibh leibh fhéin.”

“Bidh sinn fhathast ris a sin, mi-fhéin ’s a’ bhean-uasal, a h-uile cothrom a gheibh sinn,” ars’ Ealasaid: “agus ’s math a thuig an t-seana-bhean nach robh a cuideachd a dhith air a’ bhana-mhaighstir, agus aon uair ’s gu ’n do thuig cha do chuir i ’n tuilleadh dragha orra. Tha eagal air m’ athair gu ’m bi blas na Gàidhlig air mo Bheurla, ma bhios mi beo ’s gu math gu dol dachaidh, ach ’s làidir blas na Gàidhlig air a’ bheagan Beurla a th’ aige fhéin. Tha galair a luchd-dùthcha air-san cuideachd, co-dhiu a’ chuid sin a tha de’n aon inbhe ris fhéin. Tha e ’m beachd gur h-e móran is fhasanda ’s is uaisle mi a dhol dhachaidh le blas na Beurla air mo Ghàidhlig, ’sa h-uile neach ’s an dùthaich, aig nach ’eil Beurla, a bhi a fochaid orm: agus cha bu nàr dhaibh.”

“Ach, ged tha, Ealasaid,” ars’ an té eile, “nach ann aig d’ athair, agus aig an fheadhainn sin a tha de’n aon inbhe ris, is fearr a bhios fios ciod a fhreagras air do leithid-sa, na aig an fheadhainn aig nach ’eil Beurla idir? Tha a’ Ghàidhlig a dol bàs a h-uile latha, agus cha chall sam bith sin do na Gàidheil: nam biodh sgoil is Beurla aca cha bhiodh iad am feum a bhi cuibhleadh bararotha, no a stiuradh spàgan a chroinn-threabhaidh, no an greim ’s a’ chaille no ’s an t-sluasaid mar a tha iad. Bhiodh iad ann an dreuchdan cho àrd ri daoine eile.”

“Cha’n urrainn sinn uile a bhi ann an dreuchdan àrda,” ars’ Ealasaid, “agus cha bu mhat gu ’m b’ urrainn. An uair a bhios a’ Ghàidhlig marbh, agus sgoil is Beurla aig na h-uile neach, agus iad ann an dreuchdan àrda—cho àrd ’s nach aithne do dhuine breith air spàgan a’ chroinn-threabhaidh, air a’ chaille no air an t-sluasaid—co’n sin a ni cur agus buain, no bheireas ar beò-shlainn’ as an talamh, as am feum sinn a thoirt an uair sin cho mhat ris air an latha ’n diugh?”

“Na gabh cùram sam bith uime sin,” ars’ a’ bhean-theagaisg: “bidh gu leòir air am fagail againn daonnan a ni obair an fhearainn. Ach coma leinn sin an dràs. Cha’n urrainn móran a bhi anns a’ Ghàidhlig. Cha’n eil innte ach cainnt a bh’aig daoine borb, fìneachan fiadhaich a bha daonnan ri ceannairc ann an aghaidh lagha is riaghailt, agus a mort ’s a marbhadh ’s a creachadh a chèile.”

“An d’ rinneadh uibhir de mhòrt no de chreachadh leis na Gàidheil riamh ’s a rinneadh leis na Sasunnaich air a chèile ré bheagan bhliadhnanach de’n eachdraidh, anns a’ chogadh ris an abrar ‘Cogadh nan Ròs.’ Gu dé a



b' fheàrr cùisean mun chrich eadar Sasunn agus Albainn na bha iad anns a' Ghaidheil eiamh. A h-uile marbhadh a rinn Ghaidheil riamh rinn iad sin ri aodann a' chath le faobhar a' chlaidhimh. Cha b' ionann sin 's do na Goill 's do na Sasunnaich, a mhòrtadh an naimhdean le falach-foill, a chrochadh, a thacadh, agus a phuinsenicheadh iad mar a nìthear an diugh air na radain. Agus a thaobh ceannairc nan Gàidheal, am bheil sibh ag ràdh gu'm bu cheannairc dhaibh éirigh ann an aobhar, agus as leth, oighreachan dlìgheach a' chrùn. Agus a bhàrr air a sin uile, nan do thilgeadh a' Ghaidhlig—a' chainnt bhòrb sin, mar a their a h-uile neach do nach aithne i rithe—a chainnt gun tlachd—nan do thilgeadh i anns an t-slige-thomhais mu choinneamh na Beurla no cainnt nan Gall, mu'n do dhìtheadh i gu h-eucoireach le achd cruaidh Parlamaid Shasuin, agus an do bhacadh a bhi ga labhairt idir anns an rìoghachd, mun do rinneadh e mi-laghal do Ghaidheal labhairt idir mur a b' aithne dha ach Gaidhlig—an uair sin bheireadh i a cuid fhéin as cho math ri cànain 's an t-saoghal: cha robh mòran de choltas bàis orra?"

"Ach feumaidh tu aideachadh," ars' an té eile, "gu'n robh an t-achd sin air a chur a mach an uair a bha riaghlairan na rìoghachd gun fhios cìod a dheanadh iad. Dh' éirich na Gaidheil le Teàrlach ann an aghaidh lagha agus riaghailtean na rìoghachd, agus feumaidh ceannairc laghannan cruaidh ga cur fodha?"

"Cha d' éirich na Gaidheil le Teàrlach," thuirt Ealasaid; "mar is math tha fios aig a h-uile neach do'n aithne eachdraidh ar dùthcha, agus a chòrr aig an àm ud, chuireadh a' Ghaidheil-ealtachd dhà mhìle dheug thar fhichead fear, làn chomasach air airm a ghiùlan do champ a' Phrionnsa a' bhliadhna a thàinig e do dh' Albainn, nam b'e toil nan Gaidheal dol ann; ach tha fios againn nach robh deich mìle fear aig Teàrlach cruinn còmhla fad na h-uine a bha e anns an dùthaich so, agus cha bu Ghaidheil uile an deich mìle sin fhéin. Bha Frangaich, Èirionnaich, Goill, agus Sasunnaich 'n am measg. Ma dh' éirich na Gaidheil le Teàrlach, dh' éirich muinntir Dhun-Eideann leis. Cha luaithe a bhrùchd Loch-Iall 's a chinneach a stigh do'n bhaile na thòisich an sluagh ri iollach 's ri bas-bhualadh 's ri gairdeachas, ag glaothadh, "Gu ma fada beò Rìgh Teàrlach." Cha do dh' éirich na Gaidheil le Teàrlach, no nan d' éirich cha d' fhuair am 'Feòladair' a spàg mhosach riamh air fearann Albainn. Agus a thaobh nan laghannan a rinneadh le Parlamaid an Sasunn 'an aghaidh nan Gàidheal, agus nu'm bheil sibhse 'am beachd gur h-e 'n éigin a thug orra na laghannan sin a chur a mach, cha b'e 'n éigin idir, ach geilt, aineolas, agus stalachdaireachd, am

measg a chéile, mar mheadar làn de bhrochan-càil, làgan, agus cabhruch?"

"Cha ruig thu leas fàs teth mu'n chùis so, Ealasaid," ars' a bhean-theagaisg: "cuimhnich gu'm bheil fuil Ghàidhealach annamsa fhéin, agus, mar tha mòran eile de m'sheòrsa a tha 'n an càirdean do na Gàidheil 's leis am bu mhat cor nan Gàidheal a chur am feabhas, cha'n eil mi a comhairleachadh ni do na Gàidheil ach an ni a tha mi'n duil a bhios a chum am buannachd."

"Tha mòran de chàirdean aig na Gàidheil," ars' Ealasaid: "bha sin aig an t-seann duine chòir Iob ann an laithean a thrioblaidean. Bha càirdean aige a bha anabarrach deis le'n comhairle, agus falaidh mu 'toirt seachad, ach tha mi 'n beachd, 's tha mi creidsinn gum bheil sibhse anns a' bheachd cheudna, 'se sin, gu'm biodh Iob cho math as eugmhais a chàirdean, agus gum b' fheàrr dha uaithe na aige iad-fhéin 's an comhairlean. Agus nach neònach an ni e gu'm bheil càirdean nan Gaidheal aig nach 'eil Gàidhlig anns a' bheachd gur h-e an t-aon ni feumaidh do na Gaidheil a' Ghaidhlig a leigeil bàs, agus luchd teagaisg a chur g'an ionnsuidh aig nach 'eil eòlas aon chuid air cainnt no air faireachdainnean an t-sluaigh. Mar is nàdurra dhaibh cha bhi'n sluagh ach a magadh orra, a chionn, mar a thuirt an t-òran,

'Tha'n comhairlean dhaibh cho diomhain  
Ri tilleadh mara 's e tabhairt lionaidh.'

Nach robh e cho math a ràdh ris an uiseig gu'm b' fheàrr dhi a nead a dheanadh mar a ni an dreolan i, ann an uamha no ann an toll 's mullach orra, an àite 'bhi ga dheanadh air lòn na machaire 's a bheul fosgailte ri sìleadh nan speur?"

"Tha eagal orm, Ealasaid," ars' an té eile, "gu'm bheil thu 'cur teagamh ann an onair chàirdean nan Gàidheal agus gu'm bheil thu fo dhroch amharus mu cìod a th' aca 's an amhar, no cìod is ciall dhaibh a bhi idir 'nan càirdean do na Gàidheil; 's cha'n eil sin idir freagarrach do d' leithid-sa no do nighinn òig air bith aig d' aois."

(Ri leantuinn.)

## SOME GAELIC PROVERBS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY ERICA.

No. 1.—"An là chi 's nach fhaic."

"An là chi 's nach fhaic"—(lit.) the day one sees and the day one does not see. A figure of kingly grace—"So kingly his bearing, so kindly his mien, alike in cottage and hall"—sang one of his clan after he was gone, and it was true.

We see him, even now, giving us greeting

in the "dear mother-tongue," and then the introduction to some wary Saxon—"This is—who can speak Gaelic."

One morning we arrive early—"Oh, here you are, that's right, in time to see the animals before lunch." So we wend our way through the shady "turns" to the home-farm, and inspect them. What most impressed our childish memory was the pigs. Such monsters! So big and white, resting in their straw-filled pens. They always seemed like the pictures of elephants on our nursery walls. Then back to the castle. At luncheon enquiries were always made for various parishioners—"Was Donald's rheumatism better? Had Angus got the new Gaelic Bible he wanted? What was the matter with the precentor on Sabbath?; 'Torwood' went all wrong—really, Mary *must* be spoken to—it was quite enough to put any one out to have her go up and down in the wrong places." A question about blind Kirsty elicited the information that we had called upon her that morning to find out why she was not ready to be taken to a meeting the day before. The Chief greatly objected to English words being used in a Gaelic conversation—"Nach eil Gàidhlig agad air sin?"—but was never proof against a joke, and Kirsty's naive reply hugely delighted him—"Bha mi dìreach a *considerigeadh* air sin fhein, agus bha mi a smuaineachadh, gum bithidh mi air mo *chondemnigeadh*!"

After lunch to the drawing room, and some music. The dear old lady plays with that wonderful touch born only of Highland descent, and long practice. A lament is sung—"Iorram 'n h-Innrich chain." Then the *deoch an-dorais* "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr." At the verse

"Thig cloinn Phearsoin feachd nam buadh  
'S thig cloinn Choinnich o'n Taobh-tuath  
'S maig an dream do'n nochd iad fuath,  
Nuair dh' eireas gruaim nam blàr orr!"

our dear old friend stands by the piano and claps his hands—then good-bye—"An là chi's nach fhaic."

The "Old New Year ball play." The ground covered with a coating of crisp snow—sides are chosen, wild scrimmages, and shouts of "Hail e"—then the question "Do you know *that* man, indicating a spruce young shinty player in rough homespuns. "Of course I do, but I wondered if *you* did." "Of course I do!" Thereby hung a tale—a tale of a worthy life spent among a worthy people. An interest, a real living interest in their interests, a quick sympathy with their joys and sorrows, a living, loving, response to the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." No crofter or other commission in his day, to enquire into their condition: they loved their laird even as he loved them.

Another day—the doctor said he had a cold and must be careful and stay indoors. A cheery goodbye—"an là chi's nach fhaic, and a wave of his hand. Despite his eighty odd years, the gallant old soldier looked so hale, we little dreamt it was the last time.

Another day—the wail of many pipers, the long, mournful procession—would it never end?—the self-constituted waving plumes of the lofty pines round the moss-lined grave—the coffin, covered with the well-known plaid, borne by his clansmen. Oh! those mournful echoes: "*Cha till e gu bràth gu là na cruinne.*" The true-born Celt hugs his sorrows no less than his joys. *His* "heart knows its own bitterness" and no "stranger may intermeddle with his joy." The words are those of a true poet who sang—

"Never the exquisite pain,  
Never the exquisite bliss,  
And the heart that is dull to that,  
Can never be strung to this."

The volley is fired, the mourners reverently file round the grave, one by one. Once more the pipes. Oh! the *intense* pathos of it all! it comes back with a living intensity. Yes, the voice comes too, and once more we hear the well-known and well-beloved words—"An là chi's nach fhaic," and it is true.

—O ♦ O—

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

A MEETING of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which was unusually well attended, was held at Stirling on the 15th June, under the able presidency of A. Menzies, Esq., S.S.C. The agenda, which comprised a large number of items of varied interest and importance, occupied some six hours of keen discussion. The vice-convenor of the Education Committee submitted a report regarding the Education Conference at Inverness. That report recommended that the papers read should be published in pamphlet form and be circulated among School Boards, and that the proposals contained in the resolutions adopted at the conference should be carried out by An Comunn. On the recommendation of the Publication Committee it was resolved to accept Mr. Sinclair's offer for the re-publication of "Gaelic as a Specific Subject." Major Cameron submitted the report of the Finance and Propaganda Committee, following which the Treasurer submitted the annual accounts, duly audited. These showed a credit balance at 31st December, 1906, of £124 10s. Rev. Mr. Munro submitted the Mòd and Musical Committee's report, in the course of which it was announced that several new competitions in Gaelic literature and music would be fully detailed in the amended syllabus to be published in the course of a fortnight. Though £160 had already been given in donations to the prize fund, fully £40 more would be required to meet the demands made on the fund for this year's Mòd. The handsome silver trophy presented by the pro-

prietors of the *Oban Times* is to be competed for annually, and is open to Juvenile Choirs, three-fourths of the members of which are able to converse in Gaelic. The list of musical and Gaelic adjudicators for the Mòd was approved of. Rev. Wm. Macphail was appointed to deliver the Gaelic address at the forthcoming Mòd; while Miss Kate Fraser, Major Cameron, and Rev. N. Ross were appointed delegates to the Oireachtas. It was unanimously agreed to express to the Oban local committee the sincere thanks of the Executive for the splendid results of last year's Mòd. A suitable tribute to the memory of the late Dr. MacBain was ordered to be engrossed in the minutes.

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There comes to us from Manitoba a well-written and eloquent article which the exigencies of limited space prevent us from printing in this issue of AN DEO GREINE. It is entitled "A Great Celtic Scholar," and is an appreciation of Dr. MacBain from the pen of his old pupil, Mr. Fraser, now editor of *The Canadian Scotsman*. We were to have been favoured with an appreciation of this distinguished Highlander from the pen of the late Mr. Nairne, of the *Northern Chronicle*, than whom no one was more qualified in every respect to write such an appreciation, but, unfortunately, before he had finished the article he had crossed the "bourne whence none returns." We shall insert Mr. Fraser's article in our August number. Simultaneously with Mr. Fraser's communication we received the following interesting letter from San Francisco:—"We are talking of starting a Scottish Gaelic Society here, so I wish you to be kind enough to let me know on what conditions it would be affiliated with the Comunn Gaidhealach. If you have Gaelic bye-laws or constitutions, please send me a copy, or any other information or encouragement that would be useful to beginners. We have here a good many Gaels from Scotland, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton, but they lose their Gaelic in a few years if they have no opportunity of practising it. I am a native of Cape Breton, where a good Gaelic paper, *Mac Talla*, was allowed to die out a few years ago on account of the lack of spirit of Gaelic-speaking people who should cherish their language as their hearts' blood. Let us hope the dawn is now with us, never to depart, when a true Gael will not only speak the old tongue, but will also teach it to his children." We gave the fullest possible information on the points referred to in this letter, esteeming it a privilege to have the opportunity to do so, and we enclosed with our communication copies of this magazine and of the rules and regulations of An Comunn.

We have been favoured with a list of lodgings from Lewis to Mull, where boarders will be comfortably lodged, and, if necessary, coached in Gaelic reading and conversation, during the summer and autumn months. It will give us much pleasure to provide visitors with the names, addresses, and references of persons in the Hebrides willing to give the required accommodation.

Lady Mary Grant of Rothiemurchus, assisted by several Inverness ladies, gave a garden party at Culduthel House on the 15th June, on behalf of the Inverness Stall at the Feill. It was a great success.

## TAILLEAR NA MANACHAINN.

BHA taillear ann roimhe so a chuir geall gu'm fuaighheadh e paidhir osan anns an eaglais, air druim dearg a mheadhon oidhche. Aig an àm shuidhichte rainig e'n eaglais, 's bhuail e air fuaigheal nan osan. Bha'n eaglais cho samhach ris an uaigh, 's car greis, cha do thachair nì a chur frabadh air, ach 'nuair a bha 'n t-àm a' tighinn faisg air am bi spioradan fuadain a' gabhail cuairt air uachdar gruinn, chual e gluasad am measg nan cnàmha tioram a bha fo leacan an ùrlair, agus air ball, feuch, ceann mór, liath, ag eirigh gu h-aitheasach as a' ghrund. Sheall an ceann air a tailleur 's thuit e ann an guth neo-thalnhaidh,

"Ceann mór, fada, liath, 's e gun bhiadh a thailleur."

"Chì mi sin, 's fuaighidh mi so, ars' an taillear."

'S fheadar gur duine misneachail a bh' anns an taillear, 's aithne dhomh duine glé spag-luinneach nach feitheadh ri tuillidh seanachais o'n cheann sin, gu sonraichte 'na leithid sin a dh' àite; ach, gun teagamh, bha 'n geall a' sporadh an taillear. Ann an tiota beag, thuit an ceann a rithist,

"Amhach mhór, fhada, liath, 's i gun bhiadh a thailleur."

"Chì mi sin, 's fuaighidh mi so," ars' an taillear.

Tha amharas agam gu'n robh an taillear coltach ri moran de mhuinntir an t-saoghail so, cearta coma cia liugha amhach a bhiodh gun bhiadh, gun deoch, fhad 's nach biodh dìth air an sgomain fein; co dhiù, chuala sinn iomradh air daoine aingidh de 'n t-seòrsa sin, ach, buidheachas do'n Fhreasdail, cha'n'eil sinne mar na cis-mhaoir sin, ged nach biodh againn ach an t-ubh gheibheadh fear-an-rathaid am plaosg. Thog an cruth oillteil sin a ghuth reasgach uair eile 's thuit e,

"Cliabh mór, fada, liath, 's e gun bhiadh, a thailleur."

"Chì mi sin, 's fuaighidh mi so," ars' an taillear.

Bha'n gnothach a fàs searbh leis an taillear, 's thuit e ris fein, "ma tha chliabh falamh, cuireadh e dreamag fheòir ann, no, lionadh e leis a' ghaoth 'n ear e, ma thoilicheas e; ciod e mo ghnathach-sa ris; làn no falamh, co nach 'eil coma." Ach ged a bha, mar so, smuain an tailleur fearail, bha e mothachail air a chùis gu'n robh a mhisneach a' lagachadh, 's gur ann mar a bu luaithe bhiodh crìoch air an osan gur ann a b'fhearr an gnothach.

"Brù mhor, fhada, liath, 's i gun bhiadh, a thailleur," ars' am fear a bha thall. Cha robh aig an taillear ach an aon fhreagairt, 's b'e sin gu' m faicheadh e sin, 's gu' n deanadh e so, ach thainig an fhreagairt sin na b' anfhainne air

an uair so, oir bha e nis fìor choltach gu'n robh mhiann air an fhear so a chasan a thoirt as an uaigh cho math r'a choluinn, 's nan soirbheachadh sin leis, co aige bha fhios cìod a dh'fhoadadh tachairt. Bha 'n taillear a' gabhail an eagail; bha e nis a' faireachdainn toblainn theas 'san eaglais a bha toirt fhalluis nu ghruaidhean. Bha 'n t-osan air bheil a bhi deas, 's bha sin cho math. Cha b' ann a chumail suas chrannalach dhuaichnìdh a bha esan an sin, ach a bhuidhinn gill dha fein, 's ma bha brù an t-slogaire sin falamh dìneadh e boitean connlaich innte, 's mur taitinn sin rithe, ma thogair. Ged a bha 'n taillear, mar so, a trod os ìosal, cha robh e idir dìomhanach; chluich e 'n t-snàthad mar nach do chluich taillear riamh roimhe, 's 'nuair a bha e a' cur a' ghreim mu dheireadh 'san osan, thog am fear a bha thall a ghuth aon uair eile, 's thuit e,

“Cròg mhór, fhada, liath, 's i gun bhiadh, a thaillear.”

“Chunnaic mi sin, 's rinn mi so,” ars' an taillear, 's e grad leum thun an doruis, ach air cho grad 's gu'n d' thug an taillear a chasan leis, bu ghraide na sin a lean a' chròg e, 's mu'n do bhuidhinn e taobh-muigh an doruis, dh'fhàg i làrach nan còig meur na phearsa far nach bu toigh leis a leigeil ris.

Mar so bhuidhinn an taillear an geall, 's fhuair e as le a bheatha, ach le comharra na chuideachd air nach bu toigh leis iomradh 'dheanamh. Ma 's fìor an sgeul, bha 'n taillear iomadh latha na dhéigh sin mu'n do shuidh e socair air bòrd, 's cha deach an cruth oillteil a chunnaic e 'san eaglais as a shùilean fhad 's a bu bheò e.

Cha'n'eil mis' a' creidsinn a h-uile facal de so, 's cha mhò a tha mi 'g a thuigsinn, ach 's cinnteach gu'n robh rud eigin an ceann an fhìr a chuir an ròisgeul r'a chèile; rud eigin a bha toil aig' a shamhlachadh air an dòigh sin. Tha fhios againn gu'n robh sgeulachdan de 'n t-seòrs' air an gnàthachadh mar nìodh teagaisg o shean mar a chì sinn 'an seann sgrìobhaidhean, ach cìod fo na rionnagan a tha taillear na Manachainn a' teagasg dhuinn? duin' a bha cho neo-shuidhichte 'san inntinn 's gu'n deach e air a mheadhon oidhche le a mhogain shuarach a thruaillleadh an teampuill le làthaireachd leibidh. Nam biodh làn spàine de thuigs' aig a' chreutair, dh'fhoadadh fhios a bhi aige nach robh àit' eil' ann cho cunnartach ris an eaglais air meadhon oidhche. Nach ann 'an sean eaglais *Alloway* a thachair *Tam o' Shanter* air a chòmhlán bhuidseach a theab a bheatha fein a ghiorrachadh, 's a spion o'n rumpulllearball a' chapuill a bhae' marcachd. Ma 's fìor fear-aithris an sgeòil, bha 'n comunn uile sin a' dannelsadh gu h-iollagach anns an eaglais, agus Athair-nam-breug le pìob-shìon-

naich fo achlais a' cumail ciùil riutha. Bha coinneamh eile de 'n cheart seòrsa 'n eaglais *North Berwick*, far an d' thug an t-aibhistear fein òraid ghrinn seachad, 's an d' thuit e riu gun chùram 'sam bith a bhi orra nach b' eagal daibh fhad 's a ghlèidheadh iad an gruag air an cinn. 'S nach ann an eaglais *Linlithgow* a chunnaic Rìgh Seumas an taibhs a thug rabhadh dha mu dheighinn *Flooden*; rabhadh, gu mì-fhortanach, nach do ghabh an rìgh. Tha mi 'g radh ribh nach rachainn do'n eaglais air a mheadhon oidhche ged a bheir eadh an taillear dhomh na h-osain sin an nasgaidh, 's tha mi glé fheumail orra.

Chuala mi 'n taillear so air a mholadh mar dhuine treun, gaisgeil, nach cuireadh an Donas fein air amalachd. Theagamh gu'm bheil so ceart, ach co dhìu is e nach d' fhuair mise cadal an raoid leis an dèideadh, no gu'm bheil an spìolag bhrochain a ghabh mi 's a' mhadainn air tionndadh gu domblas air mo ghoile, no gu'm bheil a' ghaoth 'n ear a toirt caoile 'n Earraich ornn, no math a dh'fhaoidte, gu'm bheil na nithe sin uile a' comb-oibreachadh a chum atharrachadh beachd a thoirt dhomhs' air giùlan an taillear. Tha fhios againn gu'm bheil staid chorporra 'n duine, aig àm 'sam bith, buailteach air dreach d'a réir a chur air a smuain, 's theagamh gu'm bheil mise, mar so, a' sealltainn air teistean an taillear tro' neul gruamach m' inntinn fein. Mar so, ma ta, cha shàr-churaidh an taillear 'am bheachd-sa, ach duine ladarna, ain-diadhaidh, agus cruaidh-chridheach, a ghabh os laimh gnìomh suarach a dheanamh, leis an robh an t-ionad naomh air a thruaillleadh, agus sin air son buannachd shalaidh dha fein. Tha e, mar so, a' samhlaich-adh moran de shluagh an t-saoghail so; iadsan a tha ro-dhian air am math fein a chur air aghairt, a gabhail fàth air gach cothrom, laghail no mì-laghail, a tha chum an sochair fein, 's a' cur am mì-shuim an dleasnais a tha mar fhiachaibh orra thaobh muinntir eile. Cìod an t-iognadh ged a dh'éireadh air uairean spiorad math, no olc, a thoirt rabhadh dhaibh? Ach cìod a nis mu dheighinn dara cuspair an sgeòil? Tha sinn a' faicinn nach 'eil air ach blàth na bochdainn; gun bhiadh 'na chom, gun fheòil air fhèithean gun smior no smuais 'na cnàmhan, 's gun chaint' na bheil ach caint na gort,—Làsarùs a' nochdadh a chreuchdan an làthair an duine shaoibhir.—Chunnaic is chuala 'n taillear so gun a bhi air a ghluasad leud na ròineig a chum iochd no trócair. Bha chridhe criomhanach, saoghalta, suidhicht' air ged thigheadh an Mac-mallachd fein le a aingean nach robh esan a' dol a chall a ghill air an son.

Anns an inntinn dhoichìollach 's am bheil mi aig an àm, tha mi sealltainn car fìar air an taillear, 's a' deanamh dheth gur duine gun

chridhe, gun choguis a bh' ann; duine cho fuaighte r'a bhuannachd fein 's nach obadhe 'n teampull a thionndadh gu tigh-marsandachd nam biodh sin a chum a ghoireas fein. Ar leam gu 'n cuala sinn iomradh air muinntir a rinn a leithid sin roimhe, 's a fhuair an sgiùrsadh air a shon, agus ma's math mo bheachd cha'n eil an leithidean cho tearc 's a shaoilear.

Theagamh gu'm bu chòir dhomh thoirt faineair, ged is duilich leam aideachadh, gu'm bheil, math a dh'fhaoidte, taillear eile 'm bheachd is coireach airson trian de'n droch bharail a th' agam air taillear na Manachainn. 'Nuair a bha mi 'm ghill' òg, bha e cur campar orm nach robh, a réir coltais, uidhir meas aig muinntir eil' orm 's a bh' agam orm fein. An deigh dhomh breithneachadh air an nì, b' e 'n co-dhùnadh gus an d'thainig mi, gur e nach robh mi air mo sgeadachadh ann an éideadh grinn a bu choireach, 's mar sin, gu'n robh e buileach feumail, deise de'n chlà a b'fhearr a thig a Sasunn fhaotainn ma bha dùil agam ri meas o dhaoine' eile. Ach ciamar a bha'n deise sin r'a fàotainn? Cha robh de dh'airgid ann am sporan na phàigheadh air son currachd-oidhche do bhreac-an-t-sil. Cha robh comas air, cha robh 'san t-sealladh, mata, ach gu'm b'èiginn dol troimh 'n t-saoghal gun mheas, gun urram mar a b'fhearr a dh'fhaodainn. Direach mar a bha mi 'n deigh a' ghnothaich a shuidheachadh mar so, ciod a thachair ach am buaireadair fein ann an riochd tailleira' thiginn am rathad 'g am chomh-éigneachadh gu deis' aodaich a cheannach uaithe. Thuir mi ris nach robh airgid agam, ach cha deanadh sin mùthadh 'sam bith leis-san, bheireadh e dàil dhomh gus am biodh e freagarach dhomh a phàigheadh. Dh' aontaich mi leis a so, 's dh'òrduich mi 'n deise. Thainig an deise gun mhóran dàlach, 's glé ghoirid na deigh, thainig an cunntas, 's cha b' fhada 'na dhéigh sin gus an d' thainig an taillear. Thainig is thainig e, uair is uair, 's dìreach mar thachair do thannasg na Manachainn a thaobh cainnt, cha robh de chainnt aig an taillear, ach, cunntas mòr, fada, liath, calp is riadh gun phàigheadh; co dhù, b' e so suim a chòmhradh air gach thuri, gus an robh mi ion 's as mo chiall. Thuir mi ri bean an tighe 'san robh mi fuireachd aig an àm gu'n an duine sin a leigeil a stigh air an doras a rithist. " Ciod a their mi ris ma thig e?" ars' ise. " Abair ris nach beò mi; gu'n deach mo bhàthadh an Luba-nan-geadh: rud 'sam bith a thoilicheas tu, ach gun a leigeil a stigh." Thainig e uair no dhà gun faotainn a stigh, ach cha robh mo laochan a' dol a' leigeil dheth a ghnothaich mar sin, thoisich e air tachairt orm air an t-sràid, 's e, ma b' fhuair e fein, air a cheum a' dol taobh-eigin eile, ach ciod air bith ceàrn de'n

bhaile sam bithinn thachradh an taillear orm, dìreach, mar gu'n éireadh e as a' ghrunnnd a dh' aona ghnothach a chumail còmhdaill rium. Tha e air a ràdh gur e gaol an airgid freumh gach uile. Tha amharus agam nach robh am fear a thuir so air a gheur-leanmhuinn mar a bha mise, nam bitheadh chuireadh e car eile 'san ràdh sin. Na smaointean a bu mhiosa thainig riamh am cheann, bha iad air an deachdadh, cha b' ann le gaol, ach le cion, an airgid. Nam biodh an t-airgid agam phàighinn an taillear gu suilbhir 's cha bhiodh tuillidh mu dhéighinn, ach a thaobh cion an airgid, 's ann a smuaintich mi a mhealladh leam do chùil uaignich agus cur as da, ach bha gad na croiche tuillidh 's dlùth d'a leithid sin de chaithe-aimsir. Smuaintich mi 'n sin ciamar a b' urrainn domh bristeadh a stigh do'n bhanc, 's a thoirt leam a sin na phàigheadh an taillear, ach bha fhios agam gu'm beireadh na maor orm mu'n ruigin ceann m' uidhe; leughadh iad air clàr mo bhathais ciod a bh' air m' aire 's chuireadh iad an sàs mi. O! air son crith-thalmhainn a chrathadh an taillear as a sheiche, no oiteag lom, gheur, iomaghaioith a sguabadh e bhàrr aghaidh na talmhainn, 's a dh'fhagadh e far an sgair an t-aingidh do bhuairesas, 's am faigh an claidhte fois. Cha d'thainig crith-thalmhainn no iomaghaioith a thoirt fuasgladh dhomhsa, 's cha robh air ach an taillear a phàigheadh mar a b'fhearr a b' urrainn domh. An deigh a h-uile car, ged a bha 'n taillear leamh, cha robh e a' tagairt ach an nì a bha dligeach dha, 's theagamh nam bithinnsa na bu ghaolaiche mu'n airgid na bha mi, gu'm biodh e na b' fhada dhomh 'n taillear a phàigheadh, cha b' ann le droch ghuidheachan, ach le cùineadh laghail na rioghachd. Bha aon nì a dh'fhòghlum mi uaithe mu'n d'fhuair mi cuidhte 's e, 's b' e sin nach d'àrdaich an deise m' am shùilean fein, 's cha mhò a dh'fhairich mi gu'n robh a bheag tuillidh de mheas aig muinntir eil' orm air a tàilleabh. Theagamh gu'n robh so mar bu chubhaidh, gur ann air an duine fein is còir am meas a bhi 's nach ann air aodach. Thuir Solamh 'na ghliocas, gu'n dean làmh an dìchiollach beairteach, ach ciod a theireadh e ris an taillear nam faigheadh e 'san teampull e gu dìchiollach a fuaigheal osan? Nam biodh Solamh làthair 'nar lathane, chitheadh e na mìltean a' saoitheachadh gu dìchiollach, moch is anamoch, airson na ghleidheas ach gann an deò 'nan cuirp, gun luaidh air beairteas. Bha taillear na Manachainn, a réir coltais, dìchiollach gu leòir a' fuaigheal nan osan, 's cha 'n ann air son a dhìchill a tha mis' a' cur ionchoir air, ach air son nach bu dìchioll laghail a bh' ann. Tha amharus agam nach robh 's a' chruth reangach, dhuaichnidh a thachair air 'san eaglais, ach



agartas ciontach a choguis fein ag éirigh suas 'na aghaidh, 's a' leigeil ris da air cho dichìollach 's gu'n saoihriceadh e air son buannachd eucorach, gur ann gus an staid lom, fhalamh sin a thigeadh e mu dheireadh. Tha dichìoll an deagh-dheanadas ion-mholta, ach cia liugha duine bochd a tha saoihriceadh glé dhichìollach, o thoiseach gu deireadh a là, air son a lom bheòshlaint gun sùil ri beairteas, a dh' aindeoin gràiteannaish Sholaimh. Aig a' cheart am tha moran 'nar measg a tha 'sealbhadhach mor-bheairteas air son nach do shaothraich, 's nach do shniomh iad. B' fhearr gu'n robh an gnothach air atharrach, 's gu'm faigheadh gach neach duais a reir a shaoithreach, ach theagamh gu'm bheil na nithe sin air am filleadh a stigh anns na laghanna nàduir sin a tha riaghladh na cruinne; 's nach 'eil feum a bhi strì ri n leasachadh. Biodh sin mar dh' fhaodas e, tha aon ni a fhuair mi mach leam fein, no, mar theireadh Solamh, "a thug mi fainear fo 'n ghréin;" 's e sin, gu'm bheil pailteas airgid 'san sporan fìor ghoireasach air uairean; cha'n'eil mar sin diomb orm rìusan aig am bheil e, tha fhios agam air mo chosd gur e domblas na seirbhe bhi as eugmhaish. Theirinn, 'san dealachadh, rìusan aig am bheil, 'nuair a chì iad làmh an fheumanaich sìnte mach, gun iad a ghabhail seachad air an taobh eile. Tha làmh an fheumanaich fada, ruigidh i air àitean anns nach 'eil làraidh oirre, 's tha i buailteach, air uairean, gu làrach a cròige fhàgail an nì no dhà a thuillidh air leth dèiridh an tailleir. Is fear dhaibh leis sin frithealadh air guth na h-uireasbhaidh, na dol troimh 'n t-saoghal le comharra na tàmailt na'n cuideachd.

DOMHNALL MACÈACHARN.

## REVIEWS.

THE FEILL COOKERY BOOK.—The promoters of the Feill are to be congratulated on the completion and publication of the Feill Cookery Book. In this venture they give one more proof of their ingenuity and enterprise in using all lawful means to increase the income of the Feill. After deducting cost of production, the proceeds from the sale of the book will be added to the funds obtained at the Feill. Plain and unpretentious as the book is, it yet contains features not always found in more ambitious and more expensive cookery books. Its recipes are very numerous, and are thoroughly practical and reliable, and they are stated in clear and simple terms. Dense, indeed, must be the cook who, following the directions given in the recipes, fails to turn out a successful dish. It is a common complaint against cookery books that the measures and weights mentioned in the receipts are not to be found in all homes. The Feill Cookery Book explains clearly how these weights and measures may be negotiated by means of dishes, spoons, &c., to be found in every house in the land. The

book is thus a cookery book for cottage or castle. Two other excellent features are these:—(1) At the close of each section of the recipes, space is left for the careful housewife to copy down additional recipes from other sources; (2) a clear and concise statement is given of the provisions in season each month. We should have liked to see the majority of the more ordinary recipes translated into Gaelic, but doubtless this will be done in a second edition. The few Gaelic recipes given are translations, and pretty stiff and grandiose at that, and they are not all of the kind the Highland working man's wife requires. The book costs 1s.; is published by MacNaughton & Sinclair, 29 Cadogan Street, Glasgow; and can be had from the leading booksellers in Oban, Stirling, Inverness, and from several of the Feill stall-holders.

—:O:—

## ORAN MHORA COMPETITIONS.

### CUMHA CHAILEIN GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

REGARDING this pathetic Oran Mor we take the following note from the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry":—"The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esquire, of Glenure, would alone immortalise his name (Donnachadh Ban). The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr. Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos, what tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal event were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of unfeigned sympathy." Our youthful competitors who are conversant with R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" will remember the dramatic and picturesque manner in which the story of the Appin murder is interwoven in the wanderings of Balfour and Alan Breac. For the musical setting here given we are indebted to Mr. McCallum, Tighnambarr, Taynuilt. Owing to the irregular rhythm of the lament the bracketted notes and those with dotted slurs are all required for one or other of the ten verses of the song. Competitors will find this a beautiful and touching air. In the *Deo-Greine* of February, 1906 (p. 80) another setting was given for this Lament. That setting was copied from Mr. John Cameron's (Paisley) compilation of "Unrecorded Gaelic Melodies" which gained first prize at the Mod of 1903. In this issue we complete our self-imposed task of giving the music and several verses of the five Orain Mhora selected for this year's competition. Competitors will remember that we gave the first of these songs in the February (1907) issue of *An Deo Greine* and that we printed one in each succeeding month till now, June excepted.

## CUMHA CHAILEIN GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

KEY A flat.

$$\{ (d) : d, r | m : r : r | m : d, d \}$$

Smaointean truagh a th'air m'aigne,

$$\{ : r, m | d : r : d | l_1 : s_1 \}$$

Dh'fhàg orm smuaircan a's airseul

$$\{ (s_1) : s_1, l_1 | d : r : r | m : s, s \}$$

An am gluasad am' leabaidh

$$\{ : l, s | m : r : d | r : - \}$$

Cha chadal ach dùsg :

$$\{ (r) : d, r | m : r : r | m : d, d \}$$

Tha mo ghruaidhean air seacadh,

$$\{ : r, m | d : r : d | l_1 : s_1 \}$$

Gun dìon uair air mo rosgaibh

$$\{ (s_1) : s_1, l_1 | d : m : r | d : l_1, l_1 \}$$

Mu'n sgeula chualas o'n Apuinn,

$$\{ : s_1, s_1 | l_1 : s_1 : l_1 | d : - \}$$

A ghluais a chaismeachd ud duinn ;

$$\{ : d, r | m : r : m | s : m, m \}$$
  
 Fear Ghlinn-Iubhair a dhith oirnn',

$$\{ : m, s | l : s : m | r : d \}$$
  
 Le puthar luchd ml-ruin,

$$\{ (d) : s_1, l_1 | d : r : d | l_1 : l_1, l_1 \}$$
  
 Mo sgeul dubhach ra lnnseadh

$$\{ : d, l_1 | s_1 : d : r | m : - \}$$
  
 Thu bhi 'd shineadh 's an uir,

$$\{ (m) : d, r | m : r : m | s : m, m \}$$
  
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean

$$\{ : m, s | l : s : m | r : d \}$$
  
 O'n a chaidh do chorp prlseil,

$$\{ (d) : m, m | s : m : r | d : l_1, l_1 \}$$
  
 An ciste chumhainn, chaoil, dhloanaich,

$$\{ : s_1, s_1 | l_1 : s_1 : l_1 | d : - \}$$
  
 'S ann an lìon anart ùr.
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 Suairce, foisinneach, fàilteach,  
 Uasal, iriosal, bàigheil  
 Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,  
 Gun chion r'a ràitinn air chùl ;  
 Làn de ghliocas 's de léirsinn,  
 Dàna, misneachail, treubhach ;  
 Gach àit' an sirteadh gu feum thu,  
 Leatsa dh' èireadh gach cùis ;  
 B' e do choimeas an dreugan,  
 No 'n t-seabhag 'sna speuraibh :  
 Co bu choltach r'a chéile  
 Ach iad féin agus thu !

Bu tu cridhe na féile  
 Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach ;  
 An làthair bhreitheamh Dhun-éidinn  
 'S tric a réitich thu cùis ;  
 'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhna ;  
 'S òg a' bhantrach a'd dhéigh i ;  
 Lion campar gu léir i  
 O'n dh' eug a céile deas ùr.  
 Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b' éibhinn :  
 An uaigh mu d' choinnimb 'ga réiteach ;  
 'S truagh gach connunn thug spéis duit  
 O'n chaidh thu féin anns an ùir ;  
 'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh' éirigh ;  
 'S e dh' fhàg mise fo euslaint  
 Bhi 'n diugh ag innseadh do bheusan  
 'S nach tig thu dh' éisdeachd mo chliù.

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# AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar II.]

Ceud mhios an Fhoghair 1907.

[Earrann II.]

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## GU FEAR-DEASACHAIDH AN DEO-GHREINE.

A CHARAID,—An e mis a smuainich gu'n cuireadh sibh 'san DEO-GREINE an litir a chuir mi thugaibh an latha roimhe. Tha mi air mo nàrachadh. An deigh dhomh a radh ribh a rithisd 'sa rithisd gun ghuth a' thoirt air. Agus a sgrìobhadh air clàr-aodainn an DEO-GHREINE! Bial gun fhaitheam cha b'e a chleithheadh càil. Cha'n abair mi an còr. Tha fios is cinnt agam gu bheil 'ur coguis fhéin 'g ur dlèathd air son an rud a rinn sibh. Cha'n 'eil fhios nach ann a bha sibh a' smuaineachadh gur h-ann a thòisichinn-sa sgrìobhadh thugaibh fhéin agus Tòmas fhàgail—gu dearbh is fhad a chithinn sibh. Cha mhotha tha mi dol a sgrìobhadh thugaibh an drasda, ach dh'fhàg am balach a bha cur na litreach agam an clòdh sreath no dha aisdé agus seach gu'n rinn sibh na rinn sibh, bi sibh cho maith agus an cur ceart.

Air taobh 154 'sa chiad sreath thubhairt mi: "Nach b' fhuil le Gaidheal an Taobh-Deas aoradh a' thoirt do Dhia 'nan cànan fhéin." Agus dh'fhagadh so as: "Creidibh mise, an latha sguireas sluagh no cinneach a thoirt aoradh do Dhia 'nan cànan fhéin, tha an cànan sin deis agus tha an sluagh sin, mar shluagh, deis."

Faodaidh sibh-se a' bhi cumail féilltean is mòid, coinneamhan is cruinneachainean, faodaidh sibh na ciadan 's na mìltean not a chruinneachadh air son na Gàidhlig a chumail bèò, ach cha chum sin bèò i, agus cha mharbh e i, aon chuid an dà chuid,

"Ma 'se is crìoch àraid do gach cainnt fo'n ghrèin. Ar smuaintean fasmhor a phàirteachadh ra chéil"

—agus tha mise de'n làn-bheachd gur h-e— an latha sguireas sinne a' chleachdadh ar cànan fhéin ann a bhi pàirteachadh na smuaintean as doimhne ann an doimhneachd beath an duine—aoradh do Dhia—an latha thachras sin, tha a' Ghàidhlig deis. Cha'n 'eil ann ach a bhi togail air a' ghaineamh fiachainn ris a' Ghàidhlig a chumail suas air dòigh 'sam bith eile; ach tog air an so i, air doimhneachd beatha is bithe an duine, agus fhad 'sa sheasas an duine seasaidh ise, co-dhiù cha'n e a' chlach-steidhidh a dhìbireas. Cha'n e sin a mhàin ach togaidh so an àrde i gu inbh uasal, inbh a dhùisgeas smuaintean maiseach, domhain agus seasmhach; agus a thogas neach an àrde gu beatha as eireachdail 's as glòrmhor, Mar a thubhairt Ban-tighearna Ormradail 's An DEO-GREINE na mìos so chaidh, agus i bruidh-inn mu'n mhòd bh' aig an Oigridh an Inbhirnis: "To many," ars' ise, "it was a great step upwards to a higher plane of existence, where an engrossing interest in a pure ideal gives courage and serenity, and leaves no room for discontented repining, or desire for coarser forms of pleasure." Ceart gu leòir. Ma ni seinn òran is ceòl nìgheag neach a thogail suas 'na bheatha mar so, agus ni, de ni na smuaintean a tha togail bithe an duine suas gus an Dé o'n d' thainig e? Tha mi ag radh a rithisd, an latha a chailleas a' Ghàidhlig an onair tha so, a bhi tighinn a steach do chuir an Rìgh, caillidh i am meas 'sa cliù, tuitidh i sìos do chaol-shraidean a' bhaile, fàsaidh a trusgan salach, lùideagach, agus

bàsaichidh i le goirt is caoile, agus mo thogair. Nan robh i air a staid inbheil a ghleidheadh bhiodh i cliùtach ainmeil mar a pheathraichean eile a ghleidh an ciad inbh, agus bhiodh i fhéin 'sa trusgan sgiamhach is maiseach.

"Sluagh mar an sagart." An latha dhi-chuimhnichas an sluagh an sagairt no am ministèir 'n an cànan fhéin, co thilgeadh clach no ploc air-san air son tionndadh gu cànan eile a tha an sluagh ag iarraidh, co-dhiu tre 'n ruig a theachdaireachd air barrach dhiubh. Thuig ar càirdean an Eirinn so agus tha bhuil, cha 'n ann aig searmoin Beurla chithear Gàidheil na h-Eireann. De thog Alba is Eirinn is Sasunn gus an inbh chliùtaich 'sa bheil iad an diugh? Thog dreach Calum-cille agus Pàdruig agus na naoimh eile a thug an Soisgeul do 'n t-sluagh 'nan latha 's nan linn, agus sin ann an Gàidhlig. Cuin a thuigeas an Roinn-Eòrpa na fianach a th' aig a' Ghaidhlig oirre?

'Sì labhair Pàdruig an Innis-fàil nan righ

'S am fàidh naomh sin Calum caomh an I.

Cha chan mi an còr an dràs. Thuirt mi cus. Bha mi dol a dh'innse dhuibh seachas beag mu dheidhinn Thòmais ach cha 'n 'eil ùin agam an dràs agus rud eile dheth cha 'n 'eil mo chreideas annaibh cho làidir 's bu mhaith leam air son a leithid so. Slàn leibh.

Is mise,

'Ur bana-charaid,

ERIG NIC LEÒID.

Baile-nam-Fiasgan,

An t-Iuchar 15 la, 1907.



## THE HISTORY, LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS, RELIGION AND LEGENDS, OF THE GAEL OF GALLOWAY.

BY THE EARL OF CASSILLIS.

### THE HISTORY OF THE GAEL OF GALLOWAY.

#### CHAPTER I. (continued).

ONE of Constantine's ablest generals, a Brython named Gerontios, thinking himself slighted by Constantine and his son Constans, gained over the soldiers in Spain, who, Skene says, were principally Attacotti, incited the Barbarians in Gaul to revolt, and those beyond the Rhine to invade both Gaul and Britain, which they did in the year 409. Honorius, unable to render any aid, wrote letters to the cities of Britain urging them to defend themselves. They did so, and with such vigour that in the following year, 410, they not only rid themselves of their Pictish, Scottish and Saxon invaders, but made a final clearance of the few Roman officials that were left in the

country. Never again did the Roman eagles come to Britain. Rome herself, between the years 408 and 410, was thrice besieged and finally sacked by the Goths under Alaric. After this for some time we know little about what took place in Britain.

The Northern Picts, for all their ravages, apparently only made one permanent settlement south of the Firth of Forth, and that was in Midlothian and the district of the Pentlands. The Welsh called it Manaw (Gaelic, Manaán), of the Gododin. With the exception of Galloway, the rest of the country between the walls was still Brython. It was not till A.D. 547 that a regular State of the Angle invaders was founded on the eastern sea-board by Ida. This State was called Bernicia, apparently after the ancient Brigantes. The exact date when the first of these Angle invaders had formed settlements in the south of Scotland is not definitely known.

Nennius tells us that Octa and Ebba, the son and the cousin of Hengist, came over with forty cnyls, and circumnavigating the Picts, laid waste the Orkneys and occupied several districts beyond the Frisian Sea as far as the confines of the Picts. The Frisian Sea is Nennius's term for the Firth of Forth. Skene holds that the settlements on the south-east coasts of Scotland were before the year A.D. 428, and that the bulk of the invaders were Angles, but that the colony which occupied the northern district about the (Northern) Roman Wall were Frisians. He also states that a part of the northern shore of the Firth of Forth was known as the Frisian Shore.

Nennius proceeds to tell us of the exploits of Arthur, who is a very different person to the monarch of Welsh tradition and medieval romance. He is described as being merely a warrior who was a military commander in conjunction with the petty British Kings who fought against the Saxons. He won twelve victories against them, and the scene of these victories is located in the south of Scotland, from the Lennox to the wall of Hadrian.

The eleventh victory was at Agned, which Skene identifies as Edinburgh, and seems to have been against the Picts. The twelfth was at Mount Baden, in which fight tradition points to Ossa Cylllellaur, a descendant of Octa, as Arthur's opponent. The date is said to be 516, though Bede puts it at 493. Nennius tells us that in spite of Arthur's victories fresh numbers of their opponents came from over the sea, and that the Saxons obtained kings from Germany to rule them, till the reign of Ida, son of Eobba, the first king in Bernicia. Arthur was finally slain in the battle of Camlann, fought in 537 between him and Medraut. It is a noteworthy fact that Gildas,

who was born the same year as the battle of Mount Baden, makes no mention of Arthur.

Ida, it seems, in 547 consolidated the scattered tribes of the Angles and Frisians, occupying the districts on the east coast from the Tees to the Forth into one kingdom. Later on the Deiri, whose country extended to the Humber, formed with the Bernicii one kingdom, Northumbria.

The Celts of Upper Britain still had all the west of the island from the Bristol Channel to the Clyde. The Brythonic races were more numerous in those districts than the Gaelic races. The Barbarian invasions forced these Celtic tribes to act together in the defence of their country, and the fact that the Romans had put them under one General, the Dux Britanniarum, formed a precedent which they seem to have to a certain extent followed, after the evacuation of their country by the Romans. The earliest of the native rulers was, as far as we know, Cunedda or Cunedag. Tradition makes him the son of a daughter of Coel, and speaks of him as a man from Coelen (Kyle). This Coel seems to have been no other than Coel Hen (Henin) (Gaelic, *Colla sean*), Coel the aged, the famous old King Cole. Coel seems to have ruled over Kyle and either to have given his name to the district or more probably to have taken his name from the district he ruled.\* Kyle is spelt Circa, 950 (continuation of Bede), Cyil, c., 1150 Chul, c., 1293, Kyle. Johnstone thinks the name is from the Gaelic *Caol*, a strait, and no doubt *caol* does become often Anglicised as Kyle, as in the Kyles of Bute, Kyle-Akin, &c. But the Gaelic word *coille*, a wood, also becomes Kyle, and *choille shean* would mean old wood or forest, as name probably very applicable.

Dalrymple Wood, on the Kyle side of the Doon, is traditionally said to occupy a portion of this old forest. It is to be noted that Coel Hen is Welsh and not Gaelic, and *sean* being one of the few adjectives which precede the noun, the Gaelic would be *sean choille*. (Cf. Shambelly, near new Abbey, said to be from Gaelic *sean bhaile*, old town, shanty from *sean-tigh*, old house, Shanter in Corrick, from Gaelic *sean tìr*, old land.) Everything, therefore, points to King Coel having been either a Brython or a Brythonised Gael. Nennius speaks of Cunedag or Cunedda coming from

Manaw of the Gododin, 146 years before the reign of Maelgwyn, the most powerful of his descendants. He it is who is represented as, with his eight sons, driving out from Wales the Scots who had settled there from Ireland. This might be at the time when Theodosius drove back A.D. 369 the Picts, the Scots, the Attacotts, and the Saxons, but the date is more probably nearer the time of the final departure of the Romans. Scene thinks about A.D. 470. Even if on the mother's side he was a Brython, it is by no means certain of what nationality he was on the father's side. His coming from Manaw of the Gododin, the country of the ancient Otadini or Votadini, might point to his being a Pict, but much more probably to his being a Brython. Rhys thinks it not improbable that he had Roman blood in his veins, for we find that the names of his father and grandfather were Aeternus and Paternus, and his great-grandfather Placidus. It is not at all impossible that his father was a Romanised Galloway Pict, and that the mere fact of his having Pictish blood in his veins may have made Nennius think he came from the Pictish settlement in the Manaw of the Gododin.

(To be continued.)

## NIGHEAN FIR NA LEITIRE.

(Le IAIN MAC PHAIDEIN an Glaschu).

Ri leantuinn bho taobh duilleig 159.

"THA mi 'faicinn," ars Ealasaid, "gu'm bheil mórán anns an dùthaich so a tha na'n càirdean agus air son ionnsachadh a thoirt do na h-Innseìnich agus do iomadh sluagh eile air feadh an t-saoghail, ach tha mi a toirt fainear gum feun an fheadhainn a thatar a cur a nunn a' thoirt foghlum dhaibh sin, cànan an t-sluaigh gus am bheil iad air an cur a bhi aca: cha'n'eil dad de leithid sin—co-dhiu, a réir beachdan luchd-riaghlaidh na dùthcha—feumail do thaobh nan Gàidheal. Cuirear luchd-teagaisg do'n Ghaidhealtachd, aig nach 'eil facal Gàidhlig na'n ceann, a dh'ionnsachadh sluagh aig nach 'eil facal Beurla. Cìod an teagasg a bhios e comasach fhaoitinn o neach a dh'fheumas a bhi air a leantainn le eadar-theangair a h-uile taobh an téid e, agus ma dh'fhaoide nach 'eil triùir 'san sgìreachd air fad a thuigas e. Mar is bitheanta, bidh e tric air aoigheachd aig an uachdaran, 's tha'm fear sin, mar is trice, cho aineolach air an t-sluaigh 's air an cànan ri fhéin, ach bheir e do'n choigreach cunntas fhada air saobh-chreideamh, gisreagan, agus leisg nan Gàidheal. Cuiridh an coigreach sin uile gu bhuil fhéin. Cuiridh e ann an sgrìobhadh snasmhor e, agus théid a' chlo-bhualadh.

\* King Cole is said to have been defeated in a great battle against the invading Picts and Scots, near the river Doon. A circular mound to the south of the mansion of Coilsfield, now called Montgomerie, in the Parish of Tarbolton, was always traditionally regarded as his tomb. It was opened in May, 1839, and found to contain several cinerary urns, which it is extremely likely may have belonged to the time of King Coel.

Creididh na Goill 's na Sasunnaich a h-uile facal dheth ni 's feàrr na chreideas iad an soisgeul."

"Tha mi ro-dhuilich, Ealasaid," arsa 'a' bhean-theagaisg, "gu'm bheil beachdan faoine an deigh greim fhaotainn ort, a thaobh do dhùthcha agus a sluagh. 'S math 'tha fios aig na h-uile gu'm bheil an dà dhuid, luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd, agus daoine beairt-each eile, a' feuchainn ris na Gàidheil ionnsachadh, agus cha'n eile 'nan comas sin a dheanadh ach troimh 'n Bheurla."

"Tha sin a leigeadh ris gu soilleir," arsa Ealasaid, "an dalladh-ian\* anns am bheil iad a thaobh an ni a tha aca 's an amharc. Ma tha na Gàidheil ri bhi air an ionnsachadh a réir beachdan nan daoine urramach sin—ged 'tha fhios agam gu'n cuireadh e iongantais air na daoine sin fhaicinn cho ionnsaichte 'sa tha na Gàidheil cheana, eadhoin a' chuid dhiu do nach aithne an aibideil—feumar sin a dheanadh, cha'n ann troimh 'n Bheurla nach aithne dhaibh, ach troimh 'n Ghàidhlig is aithne dhaibh. Tha iad agaibh anns an tigh-oilein so fhéin, mnathan-uaisle òg o thir-mór na Roinn-Eòrpa, a tha air an cur a nall a chum a bhi air an teagasg ann an cleachdaidhean 's an cànan chumanta na rioghachd so; ach tha luchd-riaghlaidh an tighe so a' faicinn iomchuidh agus feumail gu'm bi na nigheanan so air an teagasg troimh 'n cànan dhùthchail fhéin, agus tha luchd-teagaisg air an cumail ann an so a tha comasach air a sin a dheanadh. Ach dh' fheum iad cànaean nan duthchanna so eile ionnsachadh mu'n robh iad air an cumtadh comasach air an dreuchd anns am bheil iad a choimhlionadh. Agus am feadh 's a tha iad aig ionnsachadh Beurla do na coigrich cha'n eil iad idir aig iarraidh orra caint an duthcha fhéin a mhùchadh no a leigeil air di-chuimhn'. 'S iad nach 'eil, agus nach faod dad de leithid sin a dheanadh. 'S ann a dh'fheumas iad a' chaint sin a theagasg dhaibh troimh 'n cànan fhéin. O'n a tha sin mar sin, agus aithichidh na h-uile gu'm bheil e ceart agus iomchuidh, ciod a nis an stalachdaireachd gun tuigse a fhuair greim a' ghiomaich air muinntir cinn a deas an Eilein Bhreatannach, a tha 'toirt orra a' bhi 'dol an aghaidh sruith 'us soirbheis a' theagasg nan Gàidheal, agus a thug am beachd dhaibh gur h-e 'n t-aon ni feumail, agus a' cheud cheum gu sin a' dheanadh, a Ghàidhlig a mhùchadh agus a chur as. Ciamar a nis is urrainn neach anns am bheil a' bheag no 'mhor de thuigse, ma bheachdaicheas e air na cùisean sin, fhaicinn dé's ciall dhaibh no dé an ceann gus am bheil iad aig iarraidh, mur a h-e

am miann na Gàidheil fhalach anns na Sasunnaich."

"Ach seall thusa air a chùis mar so," arsa a' bhean-theagaisg: "cha'n eil aobhar sam bith air a bhi 'cumail suas dà chànan anns an Eilein Bhreatannach, a chionn bhiodh sluagh na duthcha ni b'fhearr dheth, ni b' eòlaiche, 's ni bu chaireideile, mur a biodh ann ach an aon chànan."

"Tha tuilleadh is dà chànan ann am Breatann," arsa Ealasaid: "tha'n cànan fhéin aig na Cuimrich fhathast, gun iomradh a' thoirt air gach sluagh eile a tha fo riaghladh Bhreatainn ann an duthchannaibh céin, agus ris am bheil sinn ri malairt agus ris gach co-chomunn a tha 'chum ar buannachd le chèile."

"Tha sin mar sin gun teagamh," fhreagair an té eile; "ach bha sluagh na Cuimri—ged a ghleidh iad an seana chànan—riamh laghail, riaghailteach, agus umhail do reachdan Shasunn; o'n a thugadh fo chis air tùs iad cha d'thug iad an tuilleadh dragha, aig àm sam bith, do riaghlairibh na duthcha. Cha b'e sin do na Gàidheil, a bha 'nan dragh 's 'nan trioblaid do'n righ is do'n dùthaich fad nan linnean, a cur campair agus cosdaibh mhóir air an rioghachd ga'n cumail o chath 's o iorghuill. Agus ged a dh'éirich iad le Teàrlach—ach tha thusa ag radh nach d'éirich—s beag feum a rinn sin do Theàrlach bochd: ged a thug iad a nall e 's a dhòirt iad móran fala na aobhar, thréig iad e—co-dhiu, a mhór-chuid dhiu—an uair a thainig an latha a bu mhotha fheum orra. Ged is pròiseil iad mu'n euchdan 's a' bhlàr, cha robh na h-euchdan sin idir cho mór 's a shealltas iad do neach nach smaointich ciod na daoine a chaidh a chur nan coinneamh—daoine a bh' air an cruinneachadh le cabhaig; ach cha b' fhada a sheas na Gàidheil an uair a thainig iad aghaidh ri aghaidh ri saighdeirean ionnsaichte."

"Ach," arsa Ealasaid, "ma dh' fhan na Cuimrich riamh umhail do reachdaibh Shasunn a thug fo chis iad, co aig am biodh fiuthair gu'm biodh na Gàidheil umhail do reachdaibh sluagh nach d'thug riamh fo chis iad? Air leamsa, ma tha eachdraidh fìor, gu'n d'fhuair luchd riaghlaidh na rioghachd am barrachd dragha a' toirt nan Gàidheal do'n chath na fhuair iad riamh ga'n cumail as. Agus do thaobh an euchdan; bha iad ri aghaidh bualaidh aig Allt-a'-Bhonnaich, agus cha bu chùis aithreachais gun robh. Chliùthaich iad iad-fhéin 's an Fhraing, 's an Olaint, 's an Spaint, 's an Eiphit, mar a dh'aicheadh eadhoin sgrìobhadairean agus seanalairéan Sasunnach fhéin. An deach an euchdan aig Alma agus aig Balaclàbha, 's an fhoghar so chaidh, air di-chuimhn' cheana? Agus ma thréig iad Teàrlach 's ann a chionn gu'n robh Achan 's a' champ, mar a bh' ann an camp

\*Dòigh a bha aca o shean air glacadh ian: solus ga dheàrsadh nan sùilean.

nan Israeleach o shean. Ach an àite nan Gàidheal a' thoirt a nall Theàrlaich, 's ann a thug a nall e breugan nan Sasunnach a gheall éirigh leis—breugan a dhearbh e-fhéin orra an uair a thug na Gàidheil gu buadh-mhor gu Preston e, far a fac' e gu 'n robh e air a mhealladh leis na Sasunnaich. 'Se sin a thug air tilleadh gu Tuath, agus cha b'e mi-chòrdadh air bith a bha am measg a chuid dhaoine. Agus ma dh' éirich na Gàidheil 'an aghaidh ughdarrais, 's ann 'n uair nach robh an t-ughdarras airidh air an ainm. Cha b'ann air son math nan Gàidheal a bha laghan cruaidh agus mi-cheart, ach air son riaghlairibh fhéineil, gun mhodh, gun choguis—muinntir a chuireadh an crùn air gudabochd nam biodh sin 'na bhuannachd dhaibh fhéin 's do'n càirdibh."

"Faodaidh sinn toirt suas de'n deasboir-eachd so," ar's a bhean-theagaisg. "Cha'n'eil mi 'm beachd gun tig dad aise a bhios a chum ar math no ar feum."

Mar sin thionndaidh iad an smaintinnean le chéile gu cùisean eile.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

—:O—O—:

## SOME GAELIC PROVERBS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

No. II.

BY ERICA.

"*TOISEACH sa choille is deireadh sa mhòine.*" (Lit.) First in the wood, last in the moss.

"Come here, Donald, and tell this gentleman the meaning of "*Toiseach sa choille is deireadh sa mhòine.*"

Donald, nothing loth, left his marbles and his friends in the road, and after a preliminary tug at his forelock, and a knowing look at me, said, without a moment's hesitation—

"If you'll go first in the wood, she'll get the slap in the face, and if she'll go first in the moss you needn't go after her"—adding, with a twinkle, after a pause, "unless ye like."

It has long been a moot question as to which would be the more astonished, a Highland boy born far from the busy haunts of men, who had never even seen a railway train (not to mention a motor), suddenly to find himself at the Mansion House crossing Threadneedle Street, or for a London arab to find himself alone in the wilds, say, of Sutherlandshire. At first sight it would seem that, of course, the poor Highlander would be discomfited! I am not at all sure.

Donald, who had lived his first seven years twenty miles from any habitation, and except his parents and small sisters, had never seen

anybody more exciting than an occasional shepherd, or still more occasional pedlar, and once a year the minister, was gifted with the most transcendent coolness. At that age he was brought by his father to the village, where he was to board with an old woman and go to school. The minister happened to be in the school when the hero made his first appearance.

Donald walked straight up to the fireplace, which had a wide chimney, peered up, and turning to the master, remarked, confidentially "*B'fhearr an t-simleair 's a ghlanadh*" (This chimney would be the better of a cleaning). Then, noticing the clergyman, who had black and rather long hair, said, cheerfully, giving his own pate a friendly pat—" *Cha mhòr nach eil m' fhear sa cho dubh ri t-fhear fhéin*" (Mine is nearly as black as yours). I question whether a Petticoat-Lane urchin would score higher.

Donald was a picturesque figure. Clad in a dark, home-spun kilt and jacket, bare head and feet, he carried himself with the air of a General, and all the more that he was a MacDonald. His eyes were his chief feature—eyes whose colour it was difficult to determine, sometimes they seemed black as they flashed defiance at a real or imaginary foe; sometimes grey as they rested on a friendly face, but always in the corners there lingered a twinkle of genuine fun, ready to sparkle out on the slightest provocation, like the present interview.

Humour is never given, nay, it is almost denied as a characteristic of the Gael. True it is that life among the mountains is conducive to sombre meditation and weird imagery, but he, too, can enjoy a joke—ay, and make one.

A modern novelist has said that while all the world will weep in unison, only those socially equal can laugh together. Generally speaking, this is true, but the genuine Celt is an exception. From the humblest born there is an innate alertness as to the fitness of things, and a keen appreciation of true wit and humour. This is seen even at religious services. If, as is often the case, the preacher has the saving sense, he can use it as a most effective weapon, and he does not need the proverbial operation—the audience see the point before it is uttered, and unbend themselves in sheer delight, none the less that next minute they may be in tears.

"Edward Garrett" (Mrs. Fyvie-Mayo) some years ago, in an article in *Good Words* on a "Highland Out-door Communion," speaks of the appreciation of humour as manifesting itself in the faces of the congregation. And, ignorant as she was of the language, it was all the more significant.



"*Toiseach sa choille is deireadh sa mhòine!*" Yes, Donald's explanation was a true and vivid one, one which should commend itself to my readers' consideration (as it has often done to mine) next time they meditate a walk through a "pathless wood," or hesitate before trying the effect of a quaking morass.

"Thank you," said my friend, vastly amused, "but surely that is a very selfish proverb for a Highlander. I always understood that Highlanders were a proud race, who scorned anything selfish or mean?" Quoth Donald, nothing abashed, "Yes, sir, but that was made for the Sassenachs before they knew how to behave."

—:—

## Gaelic Technical Terms.

### SWINE.

Fail, foil, fail-mhuc, a pig-sty; a pig's lair or bed.

Crò, crò-mhuc, a pig-sty.

Mucaireachd, swine-herding, dealing in swine.

Mucraidh, a herd or number of swine.

Speil, a herd or drove, particularly of swine.

Muc, a pig, hog, swine.

Aitheach, a sow or boar, Irish.

Torc, a hog, a boar.

Cullach, a boar.

Cràin, a sow.

Banbh, a brood sow, is said to have been in use in Atholl within living memory.

Siolag, a brood sow, Perth, Sutherland.

Mucag, a little sow, a pig.

Torcan, a fattening pig, a porker.

Uircean, a sucking pig, young pig, grice; oircean, in Arran.

Siolag, a young pig, East Ross.

Banbh, bainbh, idem.

Bainbhinn, a suckling pig, Armstrong.

Bainbhidheachd, bainbheachd, farrowing.

Tha mhuc teannadh ri b., the sow is near farrowing, Armstrong.

The following terms, given by different authorities, appear to be a familiar use of the calls to the animals to designate the animals, as when in English, for example, a cat is called a "pussy":—

Boitidh, *n. m.* a sow; *int.* boitidh! boitidh! *Skye*; in Argyll duradh! duradh! MacAlpine.

Durradh, *n. f.* a pig, sow; *durradh!* *durradh!* grumphy! grumphy! MacAlpine.

Durraidh, *s. f.* pork, *Highland Society's Dict.*; a sow, M'L. & D.

Durrag, *n. f.* a little pig, MacAlpine.

Gius, a name given to a sow; giusaidh, *s. f.* (*Corn. guysan, an old sow*), a name given to a sow or pig, Armstrong. These, which are from Scottish gussie, are the calls to the animal

in Perthshire, but the longer form is used in familiar talk to designate it. In East Perthshire giusaidh, when thus used, is masculine. An do bhiaidh sibh an giusaidh, have you fed the pig? but the pronoun may be feminine, an d'thug sibh a biadh do'n ghiusaidh, have you given the pig her food?

† Deileang (*Ir. id.*), a pig; a young sow; a two-year-old sow, Armstrong (from Irish?)

Deile-thore, a hog of two years, Armstrong (from Irish?)

Gnos, snout, mouth of a beast, particularly of a pig.

† Cara, a jaw; cara muice, a hog's cheek, Irish.

Tosg, a tusk.

Gnùsguil, gnùsgul, grunting.

Sgiamh, *s. & v.*, squeal; sgiamhail, squealing.

Rùchd, *s. & v.*, grunt; rùchdail, grunting.

Dogs.

Cù, a dog.

Madadh, idem, fox, wolf, &c. This is the usual word for dog in Arran, &c., cù being seldom heard.

Cù-chaorach, a sheep-dog.

Balgair, a dog, a fox. An opprobrious term, at least in origin, from balg, belly.

Galla, a bitch.

Saidh, idem.

Cuilean, a pup, whelp.

Cuain, a litter of pups, whelps, kittens, pigs, &c.

Lir, a litter, MacAlpine, Eng-Gael.

Lodhainn, "a number, as a pack of dogs." Properly lomhainn, a leash, see below.

Conbhair, a dog-kennel.

Lomhainn, a cord or thong to lead a dog, a leash; lomhainn chon, a leash of dogs or hounds; lomhair, idem, Armstrong.

Con-taod, a dog-thong or cord, a leash.

Cupull, a dog-chain; from Eng. couple.

Sgairn, a howling of dogs or of wolves.

Donnal, howl of a dog.

Ulfhart, idem, Armstrong, who gives also dualart and gulfhart under 'howl.'

Sgal-fhart, idem.

Donnalaich, howling.

Ulrtaich, ulfhartaich, idem.

Sgalartaich, sgal-fhartaich, idem.

Tabhann, bark of a dog.

Comhart, idem.

Tabhannaich, comhartaich, barking.

Meaghal, the barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, &c.

Meaghalaich, a continued barking.

Deileann, dealunn, loud sharp barking; deithleann under 'yelp' (noun), M'L. & D., MacAlpine.

Deithlinn, *v.* yelp, M'L. & D., Eng-Gael.

Blabhd, a loud bark, West Ross; blobhsd in Sutherland.

## MOLES.

Fath, famh, a mole.

Ath-thalmhainn, famh-thalmhainn, idem.

Ath-mhùgach, fath-mhùgach, famh-mhùgach, idem.

Uir-fhamh, idem.

Uir-reathadh, uir-reothadh, idem; for ùir-theabhadh? Cf. following.

Dubh-theabh, idem, Perth. Armstrong gives "dubh-reotha," and in Eng.-Gael. "dubh-reabh—a corruption of ùir-fhamh." 'Dubh-reabh' represents the pronunciation, which does not differ locally from that of dubh-reotha, black frost, but the name plainly is dubh-theabh (or dubh-theabha), and may be rendered black digger, or dark digger (digger in the dark?) or may be akin rather to such names as dubh-ghiuthais, black of fir, or destroyer of fir.

Garluch, a mole.

Caochan, idem, Shaw; from caoch, blind.

Criadh-luch, idem.

Dùn-faimh, dùnan-fhamh, a mole-hill.

Dùcan faimh, dùcan ùir-fhaimh, idem.

Carnan caochain, idem, Shaw.

Famh-thorr, idem.

Tom fhatha, ùir fhatha, idem.

Dùcan dubh-theabha, idem, Perth.

Fathbhan, idem, Shaw; *i.e.*, fahman, fathbh being an old spelling of famh or fath.

Famhair, a mole-catcher; famhoir, *High Soc. Dict.*, from O'Reilly; famh'ear, Macfarlane.

Famh-theabhadh, a mole track.

Famh-shlighe, idem.

## GADFLIES.

Creithleag, a gadfly, horse-fly.

Creathall, creadhall, idem, Armstrong, Perth.

Gleithir, idem; cleithir, E. Macdonald. Irish, cleabhar.

Creithire, idem, Kintyre; "for Greighire, a gnat; from greigh, uncommon heat of the sun," says MacAlpine, who gives the latter words in their alphabetical place as greigh and greighire. The vowel, however, is short in Kintyre, and the word might be written creathaire, as it is in Irish; middle Irish, crebar.

Cleighe, idem, Arran (Scottish cleg).

Beach-each, beachan-each, beach-chapull, idem.

## CALLS TO ANIMALS.

Siuc, a word by which horses are called, *High Soc. Dict.*

Pru-siuch, call to a horse, West Ross.

Progaiddh, idem, Badenoch, Perth, North Argyll; from French *approchez*, through Scottish, Dr. MacBain (*Gaelic Dialect of Badenoch*).

Prog, idem, Perth, North Argyll.

Pruiddh, call to cattle, Perth, North Argyll, Mull; call to cow or calf, West Ross; call to calf, Arran.

Pruiddh-dhé, call to a cow, Badenoch.

Pruiddh-é, call to a calf, Perth.

Pruiddh-dhé, or pruidh-dhé bheag, idem, North Argyll.

Pruiddh-dhé bheag, idem, Mull.

Pruis-o, or pruidh-so, idem, Mull.

Pruis, pruisidh, call to a cow, Arran.

Pruegan, call to a cow or calf, West Ross.

Tu-ruì, idem, West Ross.

Thuiridh, thuiridh mhìneig, call to a cow, Arran; Scot. hurly hawkie, the call by which milkmaids use to call the cows home to be milked.

Some of the Lowland calls are—

Ptru, ptoo, pruu, to horse or cow; Welsh ptrue, a noise made in calling cattle.

Prutchy, prutchy lady, ptruchie, prutch lady, proochie, ptrua, ptruita, prush; hove, hove lady, troush, troush hawkie, &c., to a cow.

Tairis, teiris, teirisd, milkmaid's call to quiet a cow.

Husgus, the dairymaid's call, Sutherland.

Tuadhi, call to a bull, Sutherland.

Tòraidh, cry to excite a bull, MacAlpine.

Tóra, cry to enrage a bull, Arran.

Stór, idem, Perth.

Ciridh, call to a sheep.

Sloc, call to a goat, West Ross.

Boitidh, call to a pig; poitidh in Sutherland. Cf. boit, a feed, as when an animal is turned in for a short time amongst long grass (Glenlyon); from Eng. bait.

Durradh, duradh, idem, Argyll.

Gius, giusaidh, idem, Perth.

Poich, poichidh, call to grice or young pigs. Poichidh is used sometimes to designate a young pig; am fac thu na poichidhean, have you seen the grice? East Perth.

Poichean, idem (call and designation), East Perth. Cf. poichean, puichean, a little impudent stinking fellow, Shaw; a sickly, pithless fellow, Armstrong.

Sto-foil, cry to drive away a pig, East Perth; for stigh foil?

Soil, idem, Glenlyon.

Cuilidh, call to a dog; to a pup, Glenlyon.

Iosg, iosgas, iosgaidh, iosg-thad calls to a dog to drive away cattle, are identical with the Lowland terms isk, iskie, iss, hisk, hiskie, hiss, and, indeed, retain the English sounds of the letters.

Thirr, thirr thad, cry to incite a dog when it is driving away cattle. Scot. hirr, Welsh hyr, pushing or egging on, the snarl of a dog.

Bios, bios thad, cry to incite a dog after any animal, tame or wild.

Ios, ios thad, idem.

Truis, cry to silence or drive away a dog; in Arran, drois.

Tiuth, idem, Arran.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

So long ago as the middle of June last we were favoured with a letter from Mr. J. K. Fraser, editor of the "Canadian Scotsman," in the course of which he said some very kind things regarding AN DEO-GREINE, and with which he enclosed the following appreciation of his old teacher, the late lamented Dr. Alexander MacBain. We much regret the exigencies of the limited space at our disposal prevented us printing the appreciation in the July number of AN DEO-GREINE, but we give it now as it appeared in the May issue of "The Canadian Scotsman." The appreciation is entitled "A Great Celtic Scholar," and is as follows:—

"The announcement of the death of Dr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, will be heard with the keenest regret by a large circle of friends and admirers, at home and abroad. The deceased gentleman, as a Celtic scholar, was of world-wide fame.

Some idea of the scholastic standing of Dr. MacBain may be gathered from the fact that he was often referred to as "the greatest living Gaelic scholar."

The deceased gentleman was a native of the Highlands. At the early age of 16 he was in temporary charge of a school with 57 pupils. He studied at the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and thereafter at Aberdeen University, where he had a brilliant career, graduating M.A. in 1880 with honours in philosophy. He then became assistant in the Old Aberdeen Grammar School, where he remained until he was appointed Rector of Rainies School, Inverness, an institution which, under his able guidance, became famous throughout the North of Scotland. Many of his former pupils are to-day filling prominent posts throughout the Empire, and not a few in Canada. As a teacher he was most successful, and was always on the best terms with his pupils, who were greatly attached to him. With his great scholastic powers he combined that choicest of Nature's gifts, a spirit of geniality. To the outside world he will be known best by his magnificent contributions to Celtic literature. Some of his more important works were his "Disproof of the Authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian," "Highland Surnames, Ancient and Modern," "Ptolemy's Geography of Scotland," and "The Norse Element in Highland Place Names." He edited a new edition of the late Alexander Mackenzie's "History of the Mathiesons," and also a second edition of Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland."

In addition to this he contributed to Chambers's Encyclopædia articles on the Picts, and was joint editor of the late Dr. Cameron's "Reliquiæ Celticæ." In consideration of his extensive researches in the field of Celtic literature, his Alma Mater, Aberdeen University, conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and just a few years ago he was put on the civil pension list by the British Government.

The expediency of the study of Celtic literature is often subjected to severe criticism. Much of that criticism is uncalled for. Language is the medium by which the mode of life of one generation passes on to another. The greatest losses in the study of history have occurred from the loss of

this connective medium. That is the reason why men spend their lives in studies such as that of Egyptology so as to gather from ancient script some idea of the lives of the people who lived, loved, and died in those eastern countries, which are often referred to as being the cradle of the human race. The study of any branch of the British or Anglo-Saxon races is one of the first importance. Often languages have been suppressed or crushed out from political causes. Thus, at the time of the Norman conquest, the language of the natives was superseded by the Court language, French. In later times the study of Gaelic has been discountenanced for much the same reason. As a means of study it can be strongly recommended. Some critics of the Celtic literary renaissance are somewhat superficial in their arguments. It is possible for a man to advocate the discontinuance of one language in favour of another where he is in a position to show the points of advantage in the one and the weaknesses of the other. From a literary standpoint, for instance, it is often argued that the French language has many advantages over English, one of the chief being in the point of finesse. But a man, in order to maintain his attitude, must have a knowledge of both languages, or he must learn from some one who has that knowledge. One of the chief faults to be found with the critics of the Celtic tongue is the fact that they do not understand it, and know little or nothing about it, or are prejudiced against it. Such critics, and they are legion, dismiss the whole thing as being a bore. The fact that men like Dr. MacBain, who attained to European prominence as a scholar, should have devoted his life to studying Gaelic, disproves this attitude.

Professor Meyer, of Glasgow University, himself a great Celtic scholar, commenting on Dr. MacBain's death, said it was unfortunate that the abilities of a man like him should not have secured better recognition. He also remarked that his proper place would have been in the chair of one of the universities, and stated incidentally that in that respect Britain had something to learn from Germany, which provided for learning in all its branches.

Great English men of letters have also studied Celtic literature. Tennyson, in his poem "The Dying Swan," uses the word "Coronach" to great effect in the line where he says—"Prevailing in weakness the Coronach stole."

\* \* \*

We feel sure the subjoined letter from an American lady, on a visit to Inverness, will interest our readers. The lady, though born and brought up in America, is of Highland parentage. This is the letter:—"I wonder if you allow outsiders to enter the sacred precincts of a Highland magazine? If not, throw this effusion into the waste paper basket. I venture to ask a hearing, and I put on a little American 'cheek' to do so. I see the editorial brows drawn together in a frown, but when I timidly say something about my mother, and that she spoke Gaelic, I fancy I see the door open wide, and, yes, I am sure I hear the usual welcome words, 'Come away in, come away in.' I was not brought up in Scotland, but I had a Highlander mother. Perhaps that is why I always thought I saw a halo round Scotland and the Scottish people, and after being the wife of a most enthusiastic Highlander

for more than twenty years, I find my interest in, and admiration of, dear old Scotland not one whit diminished. I never visited the Highlands till last summer, and my experiences, the beauty of the hills and glens, haunted by the ghosts of ages of history and romance, the quaint customs, the wonderful people with hearts as big as their mountains, the Highland welcome, the great kindness shown by everyone, are very dear, and never-to-be-forgotten memories. And then the music, the beautiful Highland music, what a privilege to have been able to attend the Highland Mòd, and to have heard it (the music) sung in the Highlands by the Highland people!—that wonderful music which goes straight to the heart, that music which needs no words to tell even a Sassenach what it means, because it was created by the people, it was the outpouring of their joy or sorrow, their love and friendship—it needs not words to make the shivers run down your back, and the tear come to your eye when you hear a thousand Highland voices sing together ‘*Cha till Mac Crìomain.*’ Go on, Highland people, keep up your grand old language and your beautiful music. Those who have gone far away, to make homes in distant lands, whose hearts often turn so yearningly and so lovingly to their old home, are watching with interest, and are appreciating your efforts. Could they join you in your gatherings they would say—‘Keep on, brave hearts; Scotland and the Gaelic for ever!’—I am, AN INTERESTED OUTSIDER.” Brows knitted, puckered, scowling, after reading a letter so eloquent, so patriotic as that! Why, such a letter would smoothe the puckers and fill in the crow’s-feet of any face which had not seen seventy revolving years! Using the language of a famous character in literature, we say “without prejudice” we should be delighted to receive a dozen such letters daily for the next dozen years. Instead of rebuffs, we offer our warmest congratulations to the writer, and will be glad to hear from her again.

\* \* \*

The Gaelic Society of Inverness is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent concert given under its auspices in the Music Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 12th July. The audience, which comprised many of those attending the Wool Market then in progress, officers and marines from the second division of the Channel Fleet anchored in the Inverness Firth, townspeople, and many from the surrounding country districts, was enthusiastic and large, the hall being packed. Lord Tullibardine, D.S.O., presided, and gave an interesting address, in the course of which he adduced several strong reasons why Gaelic should be esteemed and considered a precious heritage by all of Highland blood. It ought to be sufficient for them, he said, to know that Gaelic was their own language, and that was a good enough reason for them to encourage it and keep it up. It was their duty to do what they could to prevent the language from being squeezed out of existence. They all ought to teach the children their own language, and impress upon them that they ought to be *proud* to learn it. The noble Marquis said some handsome things regarding the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and he bespoke the interest and goodwill of his audience in the forthcoming Feill. Rev. D. MacGillivray,

B.D., gave the Gaelic oration. The programme was sustained by the Inverness Gaelic Choir, Mr. Roderick M’Leod, Mr. R. Burnett, of Edinburgh, and others, who one and all sang in a manner to deserve the very high encomiums accorded to them.

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## CEOL MOR LEGENDS.

Collected by Major-Gen. THOMASON, R.E., and Edited by Miss YSO. CAMPBELL, of Inverneil.

(8.) “*Crònna na Caillich*”—“The Old Woman’s Lullaby.”—According to J. F. Campbell’s “*Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach*,” Cailleach na Beinne Mhor lived in Jura at Largie Breac, and had a ball of thread by which she could draw towards her any person or thing, if only she could throw the ball beyond them.

She got MacPhie, of Colonsay, into her toils, and would not part with him. Every time he attempted to leave her she intercepted him, and even after he got into his biorlunn, or barge, and got off from the shore, she would get him ashore again, by throwing the ball into the boat. At last he pretended perfect contentment in his bondage, and got the secret from her that she had a hatchet which would cut the thread of the enchanting clue. He watched his opportunity and stole the hatchet, having previously ordered his boat to be in waiting at Cnoc Breac at the foot of Beinn a Chaolis. He set out at the dawn of day, and was seated in his boat before the cailleach got to the top of the hill, which she had climbed with speed as soon as she missed him. When she saw him in the boat, she cried out most piteously—

A Mhic a Phie  
A Ghaol’s ‘thasgaidh  
An d’fhag thu air a chladach mi?

(Oh, Mac Phie,  
My love and treasure,  
Hast thou left me on the strand?)

And this she often repeated, throwing at the same time the *Ceirslè druidhchachd*—magic clue—into the boat, and drawing it towards the shore. But when she saw the thread cut, and the boat rowing off beyond her reach, she became desperate, and slid down what is called “*Sgrìob na Caillich*,” crying out—

A Mhic a Phie  
Charrich ghranda  
An d’fhag thu air a chladach mi?

(Oh, Mac Phie,  
Rough skinned and foul,  
Hast thou left me on the strand?)

“*Sgrìob na Caillich*” is a very curious and conspicuous mark on the north-western side of

the highest of the Jura hills. Two rocky gorges begin at the very top of the hill, which were made by the Carlin's heels, and two strips of bare grey boulders extend across the side of the lower hills almost to the sea. In her time the Island of Jura was under the sway of MacDonald of Islay, but this Carlin was so powerful that she would not allow the Islay post to pass through Jura, for she killed him as soon as he crossed the ferry. MacDonald spoke to a Jura man of the name of Buie, who lived at the ferry, and promised the farm of Largie Breac, where the Caillich lived, to him and his heirs for ever if he could kill her.

Buie told his wife the offer that MacDonald had made him, remarking at the same time that he would never attempt to encounter the giantess.

Their eldest son, however, overheard his father, and set off the next day to offer battle to the Cailleach. They had wrestled hard and long, when at length the Carlin brought young Buie to his knees, and she said—"Thou art in extremity, *A Mhic Meadh Bhuie*, and pity it is so." He replied—"My grandmother, on the hinder side of Alba, is here, and will come to help me if I be," and put his hand on his dirk.

They engaged again, and she brought him to his knees once more, saying the same words, whereupon young Buie drew his dirk and stabbed her to the heart.

MacDonald performed his promise of giving Largie Breac to the Buies, who held it for centuries after.

There is a song about this same personage, whoever she may have been. Though not very comprehensible, it runs thus—

Cailleach Bheinn a Breic horo  
Breic horo, Breic horo,  
Cailleach Bheinn a Breic horo  
Cailleach mhor leathan ard  
Cha deachaidh mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh  
Cha deachaidh mo bhuidheann riamh  
A dh'iarraidh chlaba do'n traigh.

(Carlin Ben Breac horo, &c.;  
Carlin great, broad, high,  
There went not my troop of deer,  
There went not my troop ever  
To seek her clack to the strand.)

This old woman, or set of women, guarding a sword, or owning magic clues, and living in an island, are surely the same as the Groach, of whom many stories are told in Brittany, and these are supposed to have been Druidesses (*vide Foyer Breton*, vol. I., page 157), and if so, the Carlin may be a fiction founded on fact.

Major-General Thomason adds a note to this piobaireachd to the following effect:—"The construction of this beautiful piobaireachd is

unlike that of any other known to me. If Campbell is right in connecting the Carlin with Druidesses, extreme antiquity may account for its being so unique." This piobaireachd is to be found in Major-General Thomason's "*Ceol Mor*," and in Ross's collection of piobaireachd.

Dr. Charles Bannatyne says that there is a sett of this tune named "George Donn MacKenzie's Lament," in John MacKay's M.S.S., in his possession.

(9) "*Cumha Mhic Shuain a' Roaig*"—"Lament for Mac Suain (Sween) of Roaig."—According to Donald MacDonald's M.S.S. (prepared Circa 1826, and unpublished), this tune is a lament for the death of Mac Suain of Roaig, in the Isle of Skye. It was composed by Mac Suain's piper, and is a very sweet and beautiful piobaireachd. It is found also in Angus MacKay's M.S.S., and published in Major-General Thomason's collection of *Ceol Mor*.

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## FEILL A' CHOMUINN GHAIÐHEALACH.

### List of Subscriptions received.

#### GENERAL PURPOSES.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, ...	£5	0	0
Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Lamont Campbell, ...	5	5	0
D. Erskine, Esq., M.P., ...	1	1	0
N. Spens, Esq., ...	5	0	0
Charles Stewart, Esq., ...	5	0	0
Committee of "Ceilidh nan Gaidheil," Edinburgh, per Murdo Macaskill, Esq., Secretary, St. Andrew Hotel, South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh,	2	0	0
Peter Kennedy, Esq. (amount collected),	3	0	0

#### INDUSTRIES STALL.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, ...	£5	0	0
Rev. Principal J. D. McCulloch, ...	3	3	0
A. MacIntosh, Esq., ...	1	1	0
A. Anderson, Esq., Jamaica, ...	1	1	0
A. Callander, Esq., ...	1	1	0
A. B. Nairn, Esq., ...	0	10	0
Countess of Cromartie, ...	2	0	0
Marchioness of Bute, ...	20	0	0
The Hon. John Abercrombie, ...	1	0	0
Miss Anne Macfarlane (amount collected), ...	10	0	0
Sir Robert Findlay, Bart., ...	5	0	0
Lord and Lady Inverclyde, ...	3	3	0
Wm. MacLean, West Hartlepool, ...	0	10	6
Donald Mackay, Hereford, ...	3	3	0

#### MULL DIVISION OF ISLAND STALL.

Capt. Malcolm MacNeill, late A. & S. Highlanders, per Mrs. MacLaine, of Lochbuie, ...	£5	0	0
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#### CHILDREN'S STALL.

The Convener of this Stall gratefully acknowledges receipt of 2s. 6d. from scholars at Glendaruel, and one guinea from Miss MacAllister, Hall of



Tangy. The subscriptions for this Stall amount to £26 10s.

The Editor will feel obliged if Conveners and Secretaries will be so good as to forward list of subscriptions received for their Stall to him by the middle of each month, in order that such lists may appear in AN DEO-GREINE the following issue.

:O:

### MOD COMPETITION MUSIC. ROWING SONGS.

A NEW Competition, which ought to be as interesting as it is unique, is announced in this year's Mod Syllabus and Prize-list. This is unison singing of an *Iorram* or boat song by juvenile choirs. Two songs are prescribed—"Tha m'fhearann saoihbhir," and "*Moch di luain ghabh i'n cuan.*" Only six verses are to be sung of each *Iorram*. The chorus is to be sung by all, and the solo may be taken by a different voice for each verse. The songs are to be sung in unison, with well marked accent and strict time, in the traditional style, somewhat after the manner of waulking songs. The above airs have not hitherto been published, and they are taken from a Mod compilation.

#### IORRAM CUAIN.

LE MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

CHORUS.

{ S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>, d. - : r., r | m. r, d : r., }  
Tha m'fhearann saoihbhir' hìthraibh bo-ro,

{ m | f., f : m., r | d., l<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub>, }  
Na hìu ill ó na'm b'hàill leibh è,

{ S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>, d. - : r., r | m. r, d : r., ||  
Tha m'fhearann saoihbhir' hìthraibh bo-ro,

VERSE.

{ S<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> : d., d | r., d : l<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> }  
Tha m'fhearann saoihbhir' air gach taobh dhiom

{ f., f : m., r | d., l<sub>1</sub> : S., ||  
'S mo chrodh-laoigh air àirighean.

Gaoth a' séideadh, muir ag éiridh  
'S fear ag eubhach àrd-ghuthach,

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shìne,  
'S stòirm nan sìon 'gan sàrachadh.

Iorram àrd-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,  
Ann an cléith ràmh bràghada.

Lunnan mìne 's dùirn 'gan sìneadh,  
Sìleadh sìos air dheàrnainnean.

Gaoth 'na deannan 's i ri feannadh,  
Nan tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.

Chaidh cha mheataicheadh am misneach,  
Na fir sgìbidh thàbhachdach.

Sgaoil na neòil, bha tonn-ghorm ciar-dubh,  
'S shoillsich grian mar b' àbhaist dhi.

Mu dheireadh mhothaich iad do dh'fhear-  
'S ghlac iad cala sàbhailte. [ann

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LE AONGHAS MACLEOID.

CHORUS.

{ : r. d | r : m, s. - | d }  
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{ : r | m : s., m | l., s : s., m. - }  
Té bhàidheach nan gaothan gaoth,

{ : r. d | r : m, s. - | d ||  
Moch Di-luain ghabh i'n cuan.

VERSE.

{ : d., l<sub>1</sub> | d., d : r., m | d., d }  
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{ : f. m., f | s., m : l., s | s., m. - ||  
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'Nuair a chuartaich sinn an Tiompan,  
'S ise 'bha sunndach 's muir 'na meallan.

A dol seachad Eilean Diarmaid,  
Bha i o'n iar oirnn le clach-mheallain.

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Ged a bu dòruinneach an lath.

:O:

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AN DUTHAICH.

A dhùthaich dhoirbh nangleann, nam beanntan  
àrd 's nan còs

Le iomadh sruth is allt na steall gu poll gach  
òs;

Do mhala chruaidh gun sgàth ri siantan fairge  
tuaith,

Do shàiltean faobach, stàbhach sàithe an  
uisge Chluaidh;

Do chùl gu stùrrach ard ri fearann miath  
nan Gall;

Do bhràighe tòbach, fiar, a sìar mu Innisghall,  
Le iomadh rudh' is bàgh, le sgeirean sàil gun  
chlos

Aig onfhadh buaireis cuain, is gaillion fhuair gun fhois;  
 Dubhlaidh, gruamach, corrach, pallan, sgàint' do stuaidh,  
 Fraochach, feurach, molach, leodain cas gach gruaidh;  
 Do shléibhtean pailt an spréidh, is d'achaibh làn de ghoirt.  
 O! thusa thir nan sàr, gur h-iomadh àgh a bh'ort;  
 'S ann mar tha plaosg a ghràin do'n eitne tha e dìon,  
 Ga altrum maoth o'n làr, ga chumadh àrd san dias,  
 'Nad chreitheil bheathail, thlàth bha thusa 'g àrach fhian  
 Co'm fear do'n tug thu tàmh a mhiannaich d' fhàgail riamh?

## AN DACHAIDH.

Ged bha 'n fhàrdoch diblidh, mar dhachaidh bha i caomh,  
 Fuibht' le sgùd an fhàsaich, i suaint le geug an fhraoich;  
 Cha robh clach na làrach bha fuaight' le trùghan aoil,  
 No spreod de dh' fhiodh an àrd' oirr' ach na dh' fhàs ri taobh;  
 Bha i fiadhlaidh, fàilteach do dh' anrach' bhiodh fo leòn;  
 Gun ghruam, gun uail gun tàire 'bàirig blàths is lòn  
 Gach feumalachd is ailleachd riamh 'san robh a shùil;  
 Nach robh iad uile làmh ris? Cha robh càs sa chùis;  
 Eilid ruadh nan àrd bheann, is coileach fraoich nan stùc,  
 Am boc 'sa chaora 'fàs ris, bradan tàmh ris dlù.  
 Anfheannag bha e 'g àiteach togail bàrr gu sùgh  
 Na braiche chuireadh àgh air 'nuair bhiodh càch fo mhàig;  
 Bha sgiamh air aghaidh nàduir a bha ghnàth na bheachd  
 Maisel, beathail, slàinteil a dh'aindeoin ceò no sneachd;  
 Bha neòinean airan àilean caorunn anns an eas,  
 Uiseig seinn 'sna h-àrdaibh, is smeòrach air gach preas;  
 Bha triath na speur gu bàigheil 'g àrach blàth le 'theas;  
 Gach ionad 'n robh e stàrrachd b' e sin àit a leas.

## IONNSUIDHEAN CHOIMHEACH.

Ach 'se is geall do'n duan, mar chualas leamsa 'n reachd,  
 Na suinn a dh' éirich uath gach fine an òrdugh feachd;  
 Bu chliùiteach mór an euchd do'n bhàrd bu-ghleusd an teang;

Gach feart rinn clann nan Gàidheal chur an cèill gun mheang.  
 Rinn Griogalach nam buadh le stàilinn chruaidh 's le lann,  
 Mar theachdaire o'n Ròimh, dhoibh dòlas nach robh gann.  
 Air monadh fiadhaich Ardoch bha 'n t-àr cho teann;  
 Thug seòltachd 's innleachd ghnàthaicht' bàrr air neart nan gleann,  
 Ach mar tha 'chraobh a's ard' aig doirionn gaoth nam beann,  
 Ged thug gach oiteag laidir duilleach bhàrr gach meang,  
 Mar bu mhotha 'n t-ànradh is ann a b'fhearr an gréim,  
 Is ann bu dosraich dh' fhàs i, 's ann bu làn am freumh.  
 Thuig gach armailt nàmhaid gu'n robh iad dàna treùn,  
 Deas gu dioladh tàmailt is brais gu pàigh-eadl beun;  
 B' iomadh ionnsuidh shàruicht', is b' iomadh spàrn gun fheum  
 A rinn coigrich stràiceila chum an cur foghéimh.  
 B' ann mar thonnann àbhach a' slachdradh chreagan cruaidh,  
 H-uile fear cho stàtail ag at 's ag éiridh suas;  
 Mar tha 'charraig sàbhailt an deighidh onfhadh cuain,  
 'Dion an dachaidh ghràdhaich a riamh cha d' chaill a' bhuaidh.  
 Ròmanaich is Frangaich, na Goill le mòran sluaigh,  
 Lochlainnich 'nan cabhlaich a nall o chrioch na Suain,  
 An duil mar fhuair iad 'n còrr de Bhreatuinn mhór fo smachd,  
 Gu 'n géilleadh clann nan Gàidheal do gach cis is reachd;  
 Sasuinn bha dhoibh striochda, is Eirinn bha fo smaigh;  
 Ach aon de shliochd nam beann a riamh cha bhiodh na thràill.  
 'Nuair 'bhitheadh feum air laoch gu nàmhaid chur air theich,  
 Bha breithimh, seanchaidh 's bàrd le clàrsair air an deis;  
 Air mullach maol nam màrn bha lasair dearrs' na crois;  
 'Toirt earal do gach treubh bha iomadh leus is dreòs.  
 Bho thalla mhòr nam prìomh, bho thuraid àrd nam flath  
 Bha àithne cabhaig dhian gach fine 'bhi 'n òrdugh cath.  
 A' lagan ciùin nam bàgh, air slios an séimh nan srath  
 Bha othail 'measg nan sàr, bha sgàth am measg nam ban.

## AM FEAR CATH.

Le bhoineid gorm mu cheann fo it' an fhìreun duibh,  
 Le bhreacan stiallach teann mu nìhineal fillte' nuigh,  
 Crochte ri ghualinn chli le bràist bha 'n iom-adh cath,  
 Mun mheadh' bu chuimir dealbh bha féileadh beag nan dath,  
 Air iosgaid cutag gheur, a bhrògan éill fo bhuinn,  
 Le chlaideamh mór 'san truaill, a sgiath sa lòn ri dhruim.  
 Faic e gun mhoill gun sgeimh, gu siubhlach, luthor, bras,  
 Ach stad chaidh air a cheum aig sgòrr na h-uchdaich chais;  
 A' sealltuinn air a chùl bha' bhean sa phàisdean math  
 Gu tiamhaidh air an tom 'sna phòg e iad gu caomh;  
 Cha d' thill an rosg an deur no neart a chléibh an cnead;  
 Bha crùn a dhàimh na dheigh, bha gion nan treun 'g a ghreasd  
 Thar sruth is monadh àrd, thar coire is bealach fiar,  
 Tha astar garbh gun phràmh thar shléibht' nan earba ciar.  
 Aig camhanaich nan tràth bhuail sgàl na pìob' a chluas  
 Le fonn is caithream àrd cur suinn gach fine air ghluasd  
 O'n lagan anns an fhraoch 'sna chaith iad duibhre is fuachd  
 Gun fasgadh dìon no sgàth, ach blàths nam breacan suaint.  
 Mar sheilleanan sa Chéitein 'solair air gach preas,  
 A' tional sear is siar, a' sgapadh tuath is deas,  
 Gach sgaoth fo iùl a thriath, gach fine fo iùl am flath,  
 A' dioghluam saothair nàmh, a sireadh fàth gu sgath;  
 Clann Amhlaidh an Taobh-siar, fuil àrdain Dhomhnuill Chaim  
 'Bha tric an carraid dhian ri Moirs'onaich nan greann;  
 Gach taobh' toirt spréidh bho chàch mar dhròbh a' dol gu féill;  
 Cha 'n fhàgte caor air blàr, no crodhan bà air stéill.  
 'Nuair dheidh na seòid an sàs le tuadh is sleagh gu cas,  
 Bha taobh air taobh an càs, bha' chabrach slàn' dol as.  
 Fir Choinnich o' Chinn-tàile bha gogaideach àrd san strìth,  
 'Chuir gu tric an tàire bagraidhean cruaidh an rìgh,  
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Siosalaich is Grannadaich, cha bu ghann diubh  
as gach fine,  
Stiùbhartaich na h-Apunn is Caoidhich geur  
an cleachd;  
Iarmad Dhonnchaidh Athuill fo Ghreumach  
gleusd' nan gleachd.  
Bu mheasail aig na h-armuinns' a bhi ghnà  
an cleas,  
Gineal 'n aghaidh bràthair a' dearbhadh co  
bu treas;  
Ach 'nuair a thigeadh nàmh a chum am foirn  
le 'neart,  
Bha mac an Toisich 's Dha'idh 'g aicheadh  
còmhrag Pheart.  
Tha iomadh fine ri h-àireamh nach bu chòir  
a' cleith,  
Gach té a' tagart càirdeis uaisleachd thaobh  
a breith;  
Troimh linn-tean cian nan àl bha' spiorads'  
àrd 'san fhuil;  
Aithnichte an sior Ghàidheal a' toirt na cliù-  
sa 'n cruth.  
Ma bha 'n ceann-feadhna gnèitheil; gleusda  
mar bu chòir,  
Ma bha e sgilear, eudmhor geurchuiseach 'san  
troir,  
Bu churant, meamnach, àghmhor, fathail,  
làidir, teth,  
Na suinn a bha e 'g àireamh, colgant, slàn,  
'san t-sreath.  
Cha b'ann am fùdar daith' no' musgaid chaol'  
bha'n dòigh;  
'Nuair 'chaitheadh i cheud làdach, thilgt' i'm  
bàrr an fheoir.  
Mar thuil a bhrùchdadh làmh riut' caiseal  
chreag sa ghleann,  
Fuaimneach, luaisgeach, càireach, ri ruith gu  
sàl na deann;  
Thar gach bacadh stàbhach sann ruitheadh  
sàir nam beann,  
Le iolaich chruaidh 's le stàilinn 'fàgail nàmh  
gun cheann;  
Aonaicht' sheas iad làidir, ach roinnte dh' fhàs  
iad mall;  
Le chéile bha iad sàbhailt', bhi pàrtaicht' fàth  
an call.  
Dh' éirich coigrich an ard le'm b' fhearr am  
màl nan leas,  
'Fasgadh buannachd nàisgte nach b' ghnàth  
do'n àit thoirt as.  
Thug sannt na sgillinn ruaidh mun cuairt le  
foill an cleachd  
Fàsalachd an àite 'sna dh' fhàilnich nàmh le  
fheachd;  
Mhuth an ceangal càirdeis, an dillseachd dh'  
fhàs i faoin;  
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Leabhar II.]

Mios Meadhonach an Fhoghair 1907.

[Earrann 12.

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## GU FEAR-DEASACHAIDH AN DEO-GHREINE.

A DHEAGH CHARAID, —Nach 'eil mi an drasd air a' Ghaidhealtachd! Agus ma tha, 's mi fhuair an droch t-side bho thainig mi ann; air a fluichead cha 'n fhaca mi na bheir am bàrr oirre fhathast. B'e sealladh e, ma dh' fhòghnas glinn is cnuic is glaic. Ach cà bheil an sluagh? Dh' fhalbh iad, theich iad, mar a' cheò roimh osag nam beann, chaidh iad thairis! Chaidh iad thairis, dh' iarraidh fearainn! Uhh! Uhh! am faigheadh iad fearainn an so fhein idir? Cha 'n fhaigheadh gun bhi cho daor ris an aran mhilis.

So briathran seann duine còir a thachair rium an latha roimhe ri taobh an rathaid agus e ri bristeadh chlachan. "Bha am fearann sin shios," ars' esan, "agam-sa 's aig m' athair. Bha sinn a pàigheadh trì fichead punnd Sasunnach a mhàl air. Fo dheireadh cha robh e pàigheadh dhuinn agus dh' iarr sinn leigeadh sios 'sa mhàl, air an uachdaran, ach 'se rinn esan thug e am fearann 'sa mhionaid do Ghall; agus tha e aig an duine sin an diugh air dà fluichead got 'sa cóig." "Ged tha, tha mi ag creidsinn gu 'n tugadh e dhuibh gabhail bu lugha na i sin." "Cha toireadh liad mo choisie. Bha deich teaghlachean eile timchioll oimn, a bha pàigheadh eadar dusan is fichead not a

mhàl, agus thruimich e am màl aca-san agus b' fheudar dhaibh fàgail." "Càit an deachaidh iad?" "Cuid dhiubh thairis agus cuid dhiubh do na bailtean mòra."

"Agus an robh teaghlach agaibh fhein?" "Bha. Mharbhadh mac leam an cogadh Africa agus gu dearbh b' eireachdail air faiche e. Bha e stigh a coimhead oirn an t-seachdain mus do shèol e; agus bha e glé chuimhnach oirm cuideachd. Cha robh mios eadar fhalbh agus naigheadh a bhàis nach robh sinn a faighinn ceithir nota 'sa mhios bhuaithe. Bha a mhathair lag, breòite, a roimhe ach cha do rinn i car ceart rianbh bho thainig uaireadair Alasdair dhachaidh. Ach tha sinn sean le chéile. Bidh mi fhein ceithir fichead, La Fheill Martainn agus tha bean-an-tighe trì fichead 'sa sia diag; tha ar latha seachad agus cha mhór a nì chùis dhuinn." "Am bheil duine tuilleadh a theaghlach agaibh." "Tha mac is nighean agam fhathast, tha esan air a' pholis 'san Taobh-Deas agus an aon nighean 'na ban-sgoileir eadar Glaschu 's Dun-eideann, 's ise chunnaig sibh a dol sios an rathad an sid, i-fhein agus caileag Ghallda tha teagasg 'san aon sgoil rithe. 'Se iadsan a tha 'g ar cumail-ne suas agus bidh iad a' tighinn a choimhead oirn mar so cho tric 'sa tharas iad. Taing do 'n Tì tha riaghladh ged bhios sinn a caoidh fhad 'sa bhios sinn ann, nach maith dhuinn a bhi 'gam faicinn an drasd 'sa rithid mar so." "O seadh! seadh!" arsa mise, 's mi cuimhneachadh air 'Long mhór nan eilthir-each' 's an t-seann duine liath, dhall, a caoidh a nighinn 'sa pàisdean. Thainig na deòir fo mo shùilean 's cha b' urrainn mi seasamh ni b' fhaide. "Beannachd leibh an drasd," arsa mise. "Mar sin leibh fhein gu dearbh," ars' an seann duine còir. Aì, Aì! agus 'sì so rioghaich is riaghladh Bhreatainn anns am bheil sinne deanamh uimhir a dh' uail. A Ghaidhealaibh amaidheach, co chuir druidheadh oirbh agus gu fuilingeadh sibh a leithid!

Ach chaidh mi bhàrr mo thraigheir, 's ann bha mi dol a dh' innse dhuibh rud-eigin de na bha mi leughadh mu'n Oireachtas, no 'm Mòd, a th' ac am Baile-àth-cliaith air an t-seachdain-sa 's an t-seachdain a chaidh, ach féumaidh mi stad. So aon rud bu mhaith leam innseadh; bha seòmraichean ac ann, far am faigheadh tu biadh is deoch agus gu h-àraidh téa nan iarraidh tu an Gàidhlig i. Cha robh durd Beurla air a labhairt idir 'san aite so. "Tae is comrad" sgriobhta os cionn an doruis. Nach bu chòir a leithid so a bhi againn aig a' Mhòd againn fhein, aig an Fheill co dhiù. Ach tha iad ag innse dhomhsa nach 'eil feum 'sam bith air Gàidhlig aig a' Mhòd againne; cha'n 'eil fhios agam-sa, cha robh mi aige riamh ach mur thuit an dall, chi sinn. Tha mi fhein is Tòmas a dol thuige am bliadhna, na'n fhaigh esan tàmh no fois mu'n téid e thuige. Ma thogras sibh, innsidh mi dhuibh dé chi 'sa chluinneas mi, agus dé mar a chòrdas e rium. Beannachd leibh.

Is mise,

'Ur bana-charaid,

ERIG NIC-LEÒID.

Acha-na-crois,

An Lunasdal 14 1907.

—:o:—

## THE HISTORY, LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS, RELIGION AND LEGENDS, OF THE GAEL OF CARRICK AND GALLOWAY.

BY THE EARL OF CASSILLIS.

### THE HISTORY of the GAEL OF GALLOWAY.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

CUNEDDA, the Welsh form of Kenneth or Cineaeth or Cineda (*cf.* Gaelic Ceannadach for Kennedy), had his court at Carlisle, according to Welsh tradition, and he is said to have ruled as far east as Caer Weir, supposed to be Wearmouth. The Welsh title given him is that of Gwledig, which is the equivalent of the Latin *dux*, *ducatus*, and means originally a supreme military leader, and he was the ancestor of the Princes of Wales.

It is about or soon after his time that the Celts of Upper Britain adopted the name of Kyniri, which meant fellow-countrymen, and their country was called Cumbria, or less correctly Cambria, and among the Saxons Cumerland or Cumberland, and also Cumbraland. Later on the word Cambria came to be applied to Wales, and Cumbria to the country of the Britons of Strathclyde.

In the Northern or Cumbrian division there were a number of small tribes, many of the

princes of which claimed descent from Coel or a Roman ancestor, but in what relation they stood to each other or to the Gwledig cannot be clearly made out. Their wars were mostly connected with the Angles of Bernicia. About the year 567 we read of four kings of the Britons—Urbgen (Urien), Riderchen (Rhydderch), Guallau and Morcaunt—fighting against Hussa, third son of Ida, and the fifth king of Bernicia.

Unfortunately these princes could not agree among themselves. Skene maintains Rydderch being of supposed Roman descent, was at the head of the so-called Roman party. The other three princes belonged to the native or more warlike party among the Britons. This native party seems to have apostatised to a considerable extent from Christianity. Gwendolew became the head of this Pagan party, and the dissensions between it and the Christian party finally broke into open rupture, and a great battle was fought between them in the year 573, termed the Battle at Ardergydd, identified by some with the Knowes of Arthuret, on the banks of the Esk, about nine miles from Carlisle. It is also said that the name of Gwendolew can be recognised in the stream of Carwhinelow, which flows into the Esk four miles to the north of the Arthuret Knowes. Others identify Arthuret with Airdrie, in Lanarkshire. This battle resulted in the defeat of the Pagan party and the establishment of Rydderch as the king of the Cumbrian Brythons.

Hitherto Carlisle had been by far the most important town of these northern Cumbrians; but Rhydderch now fixed his headquarters on a rock on the Clyde called in Welsh Alclud, whence it was known to the English for a time as Alclyde, but the Goidels called it Dunbrettan, or the fortress of the Brythons, from which we have its present name, Dunbarton. He prevailed on St. Kentigern to return from Wales to take the primacy of the Cumbrian kingdom as Bishop of Glasgow. Rhydderch is the Rodericus or Roderick of Adamnan.

Urien and his sons fought with valour and varying success against Theodoric, who reigned over Bernicia from 580 to 587.

In 603 Rhydderch appears to have died, and Aidan, king of the Scots, with a very large army, composed of a combined force of Scots, Brythons, Picts from Manaw, and men from Ireland under Racluma, the son of Baedan, King of Ulster, invaded the territories of Aethelfrith, King of Bernicia, but were defeated by him at a place called by Bede Degastan, supposed by some to have been Dawstone, near Jedburgh, and by others Dalston, near Carlisle, if not Dawstone Rigg in

Liddesdale. This defeat resulted in a great weakening of the Celtic races, and a corresponding strengthening of the Angles of Bernicia, which was still further enhanced by the fact that at the death of his kinsman, Aella of Deira, Aethelfrith succeeded in adding his kingdom to his own, Aella's son, Aedwine or Edwin, with his friends, having to seek refuge in other lands, A.D. 606.

Aethelfrith severely defeated the Welsh at the battle of Chester (the true date of which appears to be 616, and not 613, as given in the Welsh Chronicle), although he himself seems to have suffered severely. The Angles about or before this time appropriated the district of Teyrnllwg, described by Welsh tradition as reaching from the Dee to the forests of Cumberland and the neighbourhood of the Derwent, which was once the boundary of the diocese of Chester, the tract consisting of the level part of Cheshire and South Lancashire must have been taken from the Kymri soon after, possibly before, the battle of Chester. The country of the Kymri was thus for the first time wholly cut in two. Soon after the battle of Chester, Edwin took refuge with Raedwald, king of the East Angles. Aethelfrith tried to persuade Raedwald to slay the fugitive, and on his declining to do this, invaded his country, but was defeated and slain in a battle with Raedwald and Edwin, in the year 616 or 617, soon after his victory at Chester. Edwin succeeded him as the king of Northumbria, and he extended his authority over both the English and the Kymri, taking from the latter the small kingdoms of Loidis (Leeds) and Elmet in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He also conquered the Islands of Man and Mona (Anglesey). He also occupied the Lothians, where he appears to have driven out the Picts and to have captured their city, Edinburgh, or Edwinesburg. Nennius calls this place Iudeu, which word we seem to have both in Carriden and in Edinburgh.

Edwin became a Christian in 627. Cadwallon, the Welsh king who had, according to the Welsh Chronicle fled from Glannog, now known as Priestholm or Puffin Island, off the coast of Anglesey, to Dublin, in 629, returned, and in conjunction with Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, is introduced by Bede as rebelling against Edwin, whose army was cut to pieces, and he himself slain at a place called Hethfeld, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, (A.D. 633).

The year after, Edwin's son, or, according to some authorities, cousin, Osri, then king of Deira, tried to besiege Cadwallon, in the City of York, and was slain with his men in a rally made by the Kymri.

All Northumbria was for a year under Cad-

wallon, who killed Eanfrith, Aethelfrith's son, who had been in exile during Edwin's reign, and had come back after his death to be king of Bernicia. This was followed by Eanfrith's brother, Oswald, collecting a force and giving Cadwallon battle, in which the Angle won a great victory at a place called Hefenfelth and Catscraul, by Bede and Nennius respectively, in 635. The scene of the conflict was near the Roman wall and the present town of Hexham, and has been identified by some with a place called St. Oswald's. Both the above writers and the Welsh Chronicle assert that Cadwallon there met his death.

Oswald himself was slain in 642\* in battle with Penda, and probably his allies, the Kymri, under Cadwaldr, Cadwallon's son, at a place called Maserfelth, by Bede; but Coiboy, by Nennius, in the Welsh Chronicle. It is believed to have taken place at Oswestry, formerly Oswaldstone, in Shropshire.

His brother Oswiu succeeded to Bernicia; he killed Oswin's son, a kinsman of Edwin's, king of Deira, and re-united the kingdoms. Penda, however, still harassed Oswin and the Northumbrians, but in the year 655 Penda was defeated and slain at the great battle of Winwaed, or Gai's Field, which would seem to have been in the Pictish part of Manaw. According to Nennius, Cadavael, the king of Gwynedd, had escaped with his army by night, and this seems to have been the cause of Penda's defeat, and the Cumbrians, like the other Cimbri, fell under Oswiu's sway.

Of events in Galloway during this period (A.D. 400-655) we know very little. They had few towns, and these only in or near the coast. In early days the chief towns of the Selgovae seem to have been Carbantorigan, which Professor Rhys places on the east bank of the Nith, but Skene in the Haugh of Urr, between the Nith and the Dee, Uxellon at Wardlaw Hill near the mouth of the Nith, and Blatobalgion near the Annan. Trimontium is also placed by Skene on the Birrenswarkhill in Annandale, and Corda is also given at Sanquhar.

The Novantae had Lucopibia at Whithorn and Rerigonium on the eastern shore of Loch Ryan. Originally the headquarters of the native tribes, they became the sites of Roman forts.

St. Ninian, a bishop of the Brython race who had been trained at Rome, built A.D. 397 at Lucopibia a church of stone, commonly

\* This is the year in which Domhnall Breac, King of Dalriada, was slain by the King of the Strathclyde Brythons, in the forest of Strathcawin, in the upper valley of the Carron, near the Fintry Hills, in Stirlingshire (Skene's "Celtic Scotland," I., pp. 249-251.)

called Candida Casa, and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours. He laboured among the Southern Picts, but their conversion seems to have been for the most part of a partial character. The monastery of Candida, under the name of Magnum Monasterium, or Monastery of Rosnat, however, became famous. It is also known as "the house of Martain," and the "monastery of Cairnech." It is also called "Alba" and Candida, and many resorted thither from Ireland, and the town round it became the chief town of the Galloway Picts.

The Picts of Galloway, seem, however, after the withdrawal of the Romans, to have, like their Cymric neighbours, relapsed into idolatry. St. Kentigern, it is narrated, when recalled by Rydderch from Wales after the battle of Arderydd in the year 573, addressed both king and the people who had come out to meet him at Holdem, near Hoddam, in Dumfriesshire, and from the address handed down to us it seems their religion was a cross between the old Celtic heathenism and that derived from their Pagan neighbours, the Angles, as he informs them that Woden, whom they and especially the Angles believed to be the chief deity, was most probably a mortal man, king of the Saxons. At Hoddam he first fixed his See, before transferring it to Glasgow. It was while his See was still at Hoddam that he is said to have gone into Galweithia and to have purged the land of idolatry.

Oswiu's victory at Winwaed, A.D. 655, and his subsequent dominion over the Scots and northern Picts, the Britons of the Alclyde kingdom, and the southern Picts, including the Picts of Galloway, seems to have been the means of extending Christianity, and it was during his reign and that of his son, Ecgrith, that St. Cuthbert laboured. Bede mentions St. Cuthbert as going on one occasion ("*ad terram Pictorum qui Niduari vacantur navigando peruenit*") to Niduarian Picts, the Picts of the Nith from his monastery of Melrose. The traces of his visit have been left in Kirkcudbright, or Church of St. Cuthbert.

(To be continued.)

## NIGHEAN FIR NA LEITIRE.

(Le IAIN MAC PHAIDEIN an Glaschu).

*Air a leantainn bho taobh duilleig 173.*

CAIB. III.

AIR maduinn bhoidheach Shamhraidh, tacan an deigh an fheasgair ud, dh'fhag Ealasaid an tigh-oilein anns an robh i bliadhnachan a tàmh, agus ghabh i an carbad-snuide gu Tuath.

Chaidh a dhà no trì de 'bana-chompanaich agus a' bhean-theagaisg comhla rithe g'a

faicinn air falbh; agus an uair a shuidh i 'sa' charbad sheas iad lamh rithe a sheanachas, cho fad 's a bha 'n cothrom aca. Thachair gu'n deach Raoghall Domhnallach air a' mhaduinn cheudna ud, comhla ri fear-eolais dha a bha air thurus do'n Ghaidhealtachd, g'a fhaicinn sàbhailte air falbh. O'n a bha cabhag air Raoghall, b' fheudar dha dealachadh r'a charaid mu'n d'fhalbh an t-each-iaruinn, agus bha e a dol seachad air an charbad 's an robh Ealasaid 'na seasamh, 's a ceann a mach air an vinneig, a' bruidhinn ris na bha leatha, 'n uair a thug e'n aire dhith; agus mhothuich e gun d' thug ise an aire dhasan. Thog e ad 'san dol seachad, agus, a' tionndadh rud beag air a shàil, thuir e, "Tha'n ceum so gu Tuath?" "An Iar-thuath," ars' ise. "B'fhearr leam na ceannach gu'n robh mi air an turus cheudna," arsa Raoghall. "Cha mhise," ars' Ealasaid, "a tha ga d' bhacadh." "Bacaidh," ars' esan, 's e falbh, "an sruth fann an long air latha fhathail."

Shéideadh an fhìdeag: chaidh na cuibhlean mu'n cuairt: dh'fhalbh an carbad: crathadh anairt car tiota: dh'fhag Ealasaid Dun-Eideann as a deigh.

Rainig Raoghall an tigh-tasgaidh 'san robh e ag obair. Bha e fhathast ann an car de cheò. Bha a smuaintinnean fad air falbh. "C'ait an caidil an ribhinn a nochd?" thuir e ris fhéin 's e 'fosgladh an doruis. Shuidh e air aite-suidhe gnàthaichte gun smid a radh ri duine, gus an d'thuirt e, mar gun fhios dha, "Co aig am bheil fios? Tachraidh na daoine, 's cha tachair na cuic?" "Dè b'áill leat?" ars' am fear 'bha làmh ris, 's e 'togail a chinn o na paipirean a bha mu choinneamh. "Cha robh fhios agam gu'n d' thuir mi dad," fhreagair Raoghall. "Agus an ann air toiseachadh air bruidhinn ruit fhéin a tha thu?" ars' am fear eile. "S gann dà," thuir Raoghall, 's an sin theann gach fear ri obair fhéin, gun tuillidh seanachais.

Fhuair Ealasaid dhachaidh sàbhailte. Bha i toilichte gu leòir ann fad mhiosan an t-Samhraidh, fad 's a bha na glinn fo'n trusgain mhaiseach, 's a' choill fo 'croicean dosrach; na h-eòin a seinn fo sgàil nan geug, 's an spréidh air lóintean nan isleach, no air maolan uaine mu ghuaillan nam beann. Bu shòlas leatha 'bhi dol mu'n cuairt air feadh nam bruch 's nan cluaineag, far am bu tric an d' thug i tacan sona a cluich le a companaich fhéin ann an laithean a leanabais: agus bu taitneach cuideachd a bhi 'taghal 's a dol air chéilidh air seann mhuinntirich an àite, a bha sean eadhoin aig an àm sin fhéin, 'n uair nach robh ise ach 'na caileig.

Bha, gun teagamh, so uile math gu leòir, a chionn, mar a thuir Gaidheal sonruichte a chunnaic iomadh cearn de'n t-saoghal, "Cha



'n'èil àite air an t-saoghal cho maiseach ris a' Ghaidhealtachd na 'm biodh daonnann an Samhradh agus sid mhath againn.' Ach, co-dhiu, dh' fhalbh an Samhradh, agus bha'm Foghar le 'gharbh fhraas an agus le 'fheasgair ghoirid, fhann, a' cumail Ealasaid air taobh a' stigh nan dorsan gu math tric, an uair a bu mhiath leatha 'bhi' mach.

Ach thainig oidhche Shamhna. Bha Ealasaid na suidhe aig taobh an teine, ann an tigh a h-athar, a leughadh leabhair, gusan do theirig solus an latha, agus mu'n do lasadh na coinnlean. Bha Mairi Bhàn, bean an airein, mar bu ghnàth leatha, a mach 's a stigh—"eadar cuilidh 's cruach mhòna," mar a their iad—a cur gach ni an ordugh mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh i. B' i Mairi a rinn àite màthar do Ealasaid. Cha'n fhaca Ealasaid a màthair fhein riamh: shiubhail i 'nuair a rugadh ise, agus b' i Mairi Bhàn a thug cìoch dhi—a muime-ciche, mar a their iad. Leis a sin, b' i Mairi an aon mhàthair a b' aithne do Ealasaid, agus bu mhath a mhàthair i d'a teaghlach fhéin, agus gu seachd sonruichte do Ealasaid.

An uair a chunnaic Mairi gun do dhùin Ealasaid an leabhar, agus gun robh i na suidhe a sealltainn 's an teine 's gun snid a' tighinn as a ceann, ghabh i a null gu failidh air a cùlaobh, agus a cur a làmhnan air guailleann Ealasaid, thuirt i, "'S truide do smuain na d' acaid, Ealasaid. Co dhiu b'fhear leat, mar a thuirt an seann ràdh, "Im as muidhe, gruth as meadar, 'us breacag air dheagh ghreidheadh, na d' òganach 'th'aig féill 'bu mhath leat agad féin a nochd?'"

Thog Ealasaid a ceann, 's sheall i air an té eile 's i a' gaireachdaidh, agus, ars' ise. "A thaobh na bheil anns a' mhuidhe agus anns a' mheadar, a mhuime, cha ruig mi leas a mhiann a bhi orm: agus cha'n'èil òganach aig féill a nochd, le m' fhiosrachadh, is aithne dhomhsa."

"'Si 'nochd oidhche Shamhna," arsa Mairi: "'s fada o nach robh oidhche Shamhna roimhe 'san Leitir: feumaidh tu teannadh a mach le càch, 's dol troimh na h-uile cleas mar a b' àbhaist dhuit: dol thar nan trì crìochan, agus gu bruaich na Linne-leith, feuch am faic thu faileas innte ach d' fhaileas fhéin. Bidh an oidhche 'nochd freagarrach; tha a' ghealach aig eiridh."

"O! tha cuimhn' agam," ars' Ealasaid, "a bhi aig an Linne-leith air oidhche Shamhna roimhe, agus bha iad uile a magadh orm a chionn nach rachainn a sìos a dh'ionnsuidh na bruaiche leam fhein, mar a rinn an fheadhainn a bha cho òg rium. Ach cha rachainn-sa ann leis an eagal. Nach robh e air a radh gu'm biodh iad a' faicinn no a' cluinntinn rudan neònach mu'n Linne-leith?"

"Bha na sgeòil sin air an aithris," arsa Mairi, "ach cha'n'èil neach—co-dhiu cha'n'èil

iad ach ainneamh—a chreideas dad dheth sin an diugh."

Thòisich an sin fuaim ann an tigh-a-bhainne a leig a thuigsinn dhaibh gu'n robh na banar-aichean air tighinn dhachaich; agus, ard os ceann gleadhair nan cuach 's nam meadar, chluinnte guth na té a b' òige dhiu, Anna Nèill, a' seinn gu luineagach, "Dh'fhalbh mi leis na lùban laghach," fìor sheann òran a tha aig innsaidh a sgeòil mu àm 's mu 'latha fhein.

"'S fèarr dhomh," arsa Mairi Bhàn, "dol a mach a dh' fhaicinn ciamar a tha 'dol do na banaraichidh." "Leigibh leo an drasd," thuirt Ealasaid: "stadaibh gus an cluinn sinn an t-òran; 's fhada o nach cuala mi roimhe e." Agus shuidh Mairi air caithir lamh r'a banamhaigstir, direach 'g a toileachadh, fad 'sa bha Anna a seinn an òran.

"Dh'fhalbh mi leis na lùban laghach;

Dh' fhalbh mi leis na lùban; "

Dh' fhalbh mi leis na lùban laghach,

'S chaidh mi leo dh' Eirinn.

Dh' fhàg mi'n t-subhag\* taobh an tochair,

Fo chromadh nan geugan;

Dh'fhàg mi 'bhuarach 's a' chuach-bhleathainn,

Mu choinneamh a chèile.

Dh' fhàg mi gach buachaille galach,

'S gach banarach deurach;

Dh' fhàg mi an crodh-laigh 'san eadair,

'S na laoi'g bheaga 'geumnaich.

Dh' fhàg mi m' athair air a' chomhnard,

Mu òg-àl na spréidhe;

Dh' fhag mi mo mhàthair gun phògadh,

'S cha bu choir dhomh fhéin sud.

Dh' fhalbh mi leis na briathran milis

'Bha nìar mhìl o'n chéir leam;

B'eutrom bha mo cheum 's m' imeachd,

'S m' imiric do dh' Eirinn.

Thuirt e gu'n robh aige caisteal

'S an teacadh na ceudan;

'Se th'ann botan bun-a-bhruthaich,

'Fuireach le m' phiuthair chèile.

Thuirt e gun robh aige buailtean,

'S buachaillean nan ceudan;

Aon bhò chrom a chaidh thar sliochd,

'S a their a bliochd air éigin.

'S mi gu'n tilleadh dhachaidh fhathast

Nam biodh m' athair réidh rium,

Dheanainn am bualadh 's an t-sabhal;

Chraithinn agus ghréidhinn."

Dh' éirich an sin Mairi agus chaidh i far an robh na banaraichean, a' fagail Ealasaid na h-aonar.

An uair a fhuair i i-fhein gun chuideachd thòisich i air smuaintinn air an òran a bha i an deigh eisdeachd ris, agus a sgeul a tha air a fìleadh ann. B'e brìgh na sgeòil gu'n robh an sud, uair éigin o cheann fada, nighean òg a

\* Suidheachan beag.

theich as a duthaich le coigreach air an do ghabh i gaol, a' fagail gach caomh is caraid as a deigh air a sgàth. Cha robh a suidh-eachadh idir cho math 's a bha duil aic' a bhiththeadhe. Bhuail an t-aireachas i, ach "cha leighis aithreachas breamas." Rinn i-fhein a leaba, agus dhi-fhein b'fheudar laidhe orra.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

THE sixteenth celebration of our great Highland festival, the Mòd, takes place within the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th September current. All the omens point to an exceedingly successful gathering. The Mòd is very popular with all who love the Gael, his language, and his music, and it is year by year assuming more and more the aspect and the dimensions of a Scottish National Festival. Celtic Glasgow—we use the term advisedly—is stirred to its inmost depth with the desire to make this Mòd an unqualified success, and an enthusiastic and large local committee are determined to make such arrangements for the comfort and convenience of competitors, judges, and audience as shall eclipse all previous efforts in that direction. The varied and interesting syllabus, issued by sanction of the Executive Council of an Comunn Gaidhealach, gives ample scope for competitors to make such a selection in the Literary, Musical and Art Competitions as will best exhibit their special talent. Upwards of 400 names have been enrolled for the competitions, which embrace several new features. Every Gael who has the time and the means ought to consider it a sacred duty and a privilege to attend the Mòd—a duty, because the Mòd affords a practical means of showing his devotion to, and his interest in, the language, literature, and music of his people; and a privilege, because he will have an opportunity of listening to, and being inspired by, some of the tenderest and most beautiful songs that have ever been composed. If it be objected that the Mòd is not comprehensive enough in scope, that its horizon is low and parochial, and that its awards do not always give satisfaction, we reply that such objections can as truthfully be brought against every earthly institution. The Mòd is not perfect; we are only aiming at perfection. We can, however, say of the Mòd that it sums up and sets clearly before our eyes many of the aims and much of the ambition of our race. It appeals to what is highest, best, and most patriotic in our people. Many of the interests of our life find in it clear, even adequate expression—especially in music, poetry, and letters. These things help to create the perhaps mystic, certainly spiritual, atmosphere in which the Gael delights to live, move, and have his being.

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Edinburgh has been selected as the meeting place of the Third Pan-Celtic Congress, which is to be held in that city on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. This Congress meets triennially, and is composed of members interested in the lan-

guages, literature, traditions, and art of the Celtic race. The first of these Congresses was held in Dublin in 1901, the second in Carnarvon in 1904, and both excited much interest in Celtic matters. The Edinburgh Congress is to have the patronage of the municipal authorities, and the arrangements for it are being seen to by a local committee, of whom the Marquis of Bute is chairman. On the evening of the 24th instant there is to be an official reception of the members by the Lord Provost, Council, and Magistrates of Edinburgh, in the City Chambers. The programme comprises the ceremony of building the *Lia Cinnel* at Edinburgh Castle; meeting of Council of the Celtic Association; meetings of Celtic Language Section, Customs and Folklore Section, Musical Section, Archaeological Section, &c., besides a plenary meeting of the members and delegates of all the Celtic nations. Nor is the social element to be confined to the reception given by the Civic Fathers. Afternoon excursions to places of interest outwith the city are being arranged, historic buildings in the city itself are to be visited, and on two nights—Wednesday and Thursday—members will have an opportunity of enjoying a Pan-Celtic concert and ball. Members and delegates are admitted free of charge to all the meetings, and others not members desiring to be present, will receive tickets entitling them to all the privileges of members, except admission to the official reception, on payment of the sum of 7s. 6d. On receiving vouchers from Mr. Fournier, honorary secretary, Chapelizod, Dublin, members and ticket-holders will be entitled to receive return tickets for a single fare and a quarter. Mr. Donald Shaw, 53 George Street, Edinburgh, will be happy to give intending members full information regarding hotels and boarding-houses. Lord Castletown, president of the Celtic Association, is to be specially honoured by the Welsh members and delegates during the course of the Congress. The honour is to take the form of the presentation to his Lordship of the portrait of the late Arch Druid, Hwfa Môn. The portrait, which is an excellent likeness of the much lamented Arch Druid, is the work of the world famous artist, Professor Herkomer.

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It is delightful to observe the prominence given to Celtic matters all over the British Isles this autumn. So many and so varied are the directions in which interest in, and attachment to the languages, literature, art and music of the race are being displayed that we may confidently say that autumn, 1907 marks the beginning of a new and hopeful era for our people. For never surely have there been crowded within the limits of *two* short months events of so much significance to the Celtic world as these—the Eisteddfod in Wales, the Oireachtas in Ireland, the Pan-Celtic Congress in Edinburgh, and the Mòd in Glasgow—all taking place in the months of August and September. And there is another event taking place in Glasgow in October, an event not by any means the least important to the success of the Gaelic movement in Scotland—we refer to Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich. The Feill gives an excellent opportunity to all lovers of the Gaelic language and music to further the movement in a very practical fashion. *Every one can help.* Hard-working con-

veners, secretaries, and receivers of work will be much cheered and helped by receiving for their respective stalls donations of money and contributions of work of all sorts. And no one need be ashamed to offer any contribution, however small, for "*Nithear càrn mor de chlachan beaga.*" We bespeak a hearty reception for a unique series of post cards for the Feill, consisting of photos of chiefs and chieftains of Highland Clans, prepared by Mrs. Randal Mackinnon, of Walton-on-Thames, a lady who has done much excellent work for the Feill already, and is most keenly interested in all things Gaelic. The cards contain excellent likenesses of 32 gentlemen and they are most artistically got up. The whole series can be had at 5s. 6d., post free, from Mr. Jordan, Bridge Street, Walton-on-Thames, up till the 31st October. They will be on sale during the Feill at the London and Aberdeen Stall, and the charge will be twopence per card. They will make excellent mementoes of this, the biggest effort ever undertaken on behalf of our dear language. In this connection we are very pleased to know that at a largely-attended meeting of Highlanders in the office of the *Canadian Scotsman*, Winnipeg, Manitoba, it was resolved to give a concert on September 2nd, in "aid of the bazaar to be held in Glasgow this fall, to promote Highland home industries and the perpetuation of the Gaelic language."



## I CHALUIM - CHILLE AGUS LINDISFARNE.

Tha fios aig gach Gàidheal gur ann o I-Chaluim-Chille a chaidh an Soisgeul a sgaoileadh air feadh Albainn, agus gu'n d' fhalbh manaich o' I gu Sasuinn, do'n Fhraing, do'n Eadailt, do'n Ghearmailt agus do dh-àitean eile, a' teagasg an I-Soisgeil. Bha aig an àm so seachd rioghachdan an Sasuinn agus b'e *Osualt* ainm an rìgh a b' fhaide tuath. 'N uair a bha esan 'na òige dh' eug athair agus thòisich feadhainn eile air sabaid a' feuchainn am faigheadh iad an rioghachd. Theich an rìgh òg gu I-Chaluim-Chille agus dh' fhan e an sin gu an robh e fagus air fheadh bliadhna 's a deich a' dh-aois 'n uair a thog e air mu dheas gus rioghachd athair a' thoirt 'o namhaid. Chaidh aig' air sin a' dheanamh, agus cha bu luaithe bha 'n rioghachd aige na chuir e fios a dh' I, feuch an tigeadh fear de na manaich 'g a chuideachadh a craobh-sgaoileadh an I-Soisgeil am measg muinntir na rioghachd agus 'g an ionnsachadh anns gach nì a bha na manaich a' cleachdadh. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach robh na manaich ghasda ro-thoilichte 'n uair a fhuair iad an cuireadh sin. Bha iad daonnan deas gu obair mhaith sam bith a' dheanamh. Ach a dh' aindeoin sin cha deachaidh mòran a dheanamh a' cheud bhliadhna. Bha muinntir Shasuinn rag, agus bha iad ro dhèigheil air a bhi cogadh; cha 'n eisdeadh iad ris an duine còir a bha 'g an teagasg. Thill esan gu chàirdean an I

agus dh' innis e dhaibh mar a bha dol leis. Thubhairt Aidean gu robh e'n dùil gu'n robh a Bhraithair tuilleadh is brasa 'fàgail na h-òibre ris an do chuir e lamh, gu'm b' ann air a socair a bhitheadh a leithid sin a dh' obair air a buileachadh agus gu'n robh an t-ionnsachadh a bha e toirt seachad mu 's duilich a thuigsinn air son dhaoine neo-fhoghlumichte.

An sin chunnaic na manaich air fad gu'm b'e Aidean fhéin a fhreagradh air muinntir Shasuinn agus dh' iarr iad air a dhòlas agus a dhìchioll a dheanamh. Chaidh e gu Eilean Naomh *Lindisfarne*—no mar a their na seann leabhraichean ris *Innis Chathaig* no *Innis Medcoit* air an taobh an ear de'n rioghachd—agus thòisich e an sin mar a thòisich Calum-cille an I.

Thug e ionnsachadh de gach seòrsa do'n mhuinntir mu'n cuairt, oir dh' ainmich e na'n robh e gu ionnsachadh Chrìosdail a' thoirt daibh gu'm feumadh e cuideachd ionnsachadh sgoil, agus ionnsachadh chiurd is ealainn, a thoirt daibh. Bha iad nan daoine borb, a' sabaid agus a' marbhadh a chèile.

Thagh e mach da ghille deug do'n tuge ionnsachadh gu h-àraidh air son a bhi na'n cléirich chum gu'n deanadh iad obair mar a bha e fhéin a deanamh. Agus rinn iad sin gu gasda; bha a chuid a bu mhò dhiubh ainmeil—'s e fear diubh a thog an Abaid ann am *Melrose*—Tigh-manach cho mòr 's a bha 'n Albainn.

Bha Aidean an comhnaidh a' toirt daoine 'o dhaorsa agus a' cuideachadh nam bochd. Gach fear a thug e 'o dhaorsa thug e ionnsachadh dha, feuch an ionnsaicheadh esan càch.

Gach duine bochd a thachradh ris bheireadh e dhà an rud a b' fheàrr a bh' aige. Aon uair thug e seachad mar sin each le diollaid bhriagh agus gach nì feumail, a bha an rìgh an deigh a thoirt da, agus dh' fhaighnich an rìgh dhe an robh idir each a bu shuariche no nithean a bu shaoire a dh' fhaodadh e thoirt seachad do dhiol-déirce. Fhreagair Aidean: Ciod è tha sibh a' ràdh, a rìgh? Am bheil am mac lair ud na's luachmhoire agaihbhe na tha 'n duin' ud a tha na mhac do'n Tighearn?"

"Bha Aidean 'na dhuine tròcaireach agus caomhneil; bha e mar athair do gach truaghan bochd, an comhnaidh a toirt seachad an nì a b' fheàrr a bh' aige. Bha e glic agus seasmhach, ciùin, fial, farsuin, gun eagal sam bith, agus neo-fhéineil." Tha *Bede* a' ràdh gu'n robh gach beus a chinneadh aige, gun dad de 'n olc a bhuinneas dhaibh. Bha e an comhnaidh ag obair—"N uair a bhitheadh e siubhal 'o àite gu àite bhitheadh e ag ionnsachadh na sailm agus a' leughadh nan sgrìobtur—agus dh' fheumadh neach sam bith a bha comhla ris a bhi ri ionnsachadh mar an ceudna. Na'n robh dòigh air, choisicheadh e do'n àit an robh e dol, a' teagasg agus ag ionnsachadh an

t-sluaigh mar a thachradh iad ris. Dh'eug Aidean air an là mu dheireadh do cheud mhìos an fhoghair 660—là ris an canar 'o sin *Quies Aidan*—Tamh Aidean—an deigh a bhì fìchead is sia bliadhna ann an *Lindisfarne*.

Fhad 's a bha e beò chuidich rìgh *Osuall* Aidean anns gach doigh. Cha 'b' ainne dh-Aidean cainnt nan Sasunnach—'s e Ghaidhlig a bha e cleachdadh, ged a bha Laidionn agus dh-fhaoidte cànannean eil' aige cuideachd; agus gus an d'ionnsaiche a' Bheurla bhithheadh an rìgh ag eadar-theangachadh do'n t-sluaigh na labhradh Aidean—agus ann an iomadh dòigh eile chuidich an rìgh am manach. 'N uair a dh'eug *Osuall* bha an ath rìgh *Oswin* a cheart cho math ri Aidean. Bha mòran chumhachd aig an rìgh 's an àm sin agus chuir an dithis so gu feum math an cumhachd a bha aca.

Bha cuideachadh eil' aig Aidean—boirean-nach gasda d' am b' ainm *Hilda*,—a fhuair ionnsachadh agus baisteadh 'o *Phaulinus* an teachdaire Pàpanaich, 'n uair a bha i na h-inghean. An deigh a dh' Aidean tìghean rinn i gach nì a bha 'na comas air son a chuideachadh anns an t-sar-obair ris an robh e. Thog i Abaid far an robh na Caillichean-dubha anns an dara ceann agus na manaich anns a cheann eile, agus bha *Hilda* fhein 'na ban-uachdaran air an dà chuid. Chaidh còignear easbuig as an sgoil aice a mach air feadh Sasuinn. 'S ann as an sgoil aig *Hilda* a thainig an ceud bàrd Sasunnach 'n ar beachd-ne; 's e sin *Caedmon*.

An deigh Aidean thainig Finan, agus 'n a dheigh san thainig Colman, 'o I-Chaluim-Chille, agus lean iad an 'obair a thoisich Aidean.

Ri linn Cholmain bha coinneanbh *Whithy* ann, 'n uair a choinnich na clérìch Cheiltich agus na sagairt Phàpanaich am fianais an rìgh gus an toireadh e breith co 'n eaglais a bha ceart. Bha an da eaglais a trod mu dheighinn an là air an còir Féill na Càisg a chumail, agus ciamar a bu chòir na clérìch a mhaoladh, agus na Pàpanaich an comhnaidh a' feuchainn an toireadh iad air an Eaglais Cheiltich teachd fo smachd a' Phàp. Cha robh fios aig an rìgh ciod è a chanadh e, gus an d' thubhairt na Pàpanaich gu'n tug Criosda iuchraichean néimh do Pheadair agus gu'm b' esan ceann-iuil an Eaglais aca-san. Dh' fhaighnich an rìgh an robh iuchraichean aig Calum-Cille cuideachd, agus 'n uair a chual' e nach robh, thubhairt e gu'n toireadh esan feairt air Peadair 's gum faigheadh e stigh a neamh 'n uair a thigeadh am bàs air, agus thug e seachad a bhreith air taobh nam Pàpanach.

Air sin dh' fhalbh na manaich Cheiltich 'o *Lindisfarne* agus thill iad gu I, ach ged a dh'

fhalbh, bha fhathast an cuid obair beò agus bha an t-ionnsachadh a thug iad seachad a sgaoileadh air feadh na dùthcha.

Ged nach tug mi facal ach air na Ceiltich a bh' ann an *Lindisfarne*, bha manaich Cheiltich ann an iomadh àit an Sasunn a bharrachd orrasan. Tha an t-easbuig *Lightfoot* ag radh nach robh ach aon rìoghachd de na seachd, far nach robh na Ceiltich a' craobh-sgaoileadh an t-Shoisgeil; ann an àitean bha na Pàpanaich ris an obair cheudna, an àitean eile cha robh ris ach na Ceiltich.

—:o:—

### A FOOT-NOTE TO CULLODEN.

BY REV. FATHER A. MACDONELL, O.S.B.,  
FORT-AUGUSTUS.

"An officer, being afterwards examined in a proof which was led in order to prove the viscount's (Strathallan) death before the act of attainder, and being questioned as to his reasons for knowing that that nobleman died on the field of Culloden, gave for answer that he had thrust his spontoon through the viscount's body on that day. It appears, however, that his lordship did not die immediately after his wound. He lived to receive the viaticum from a Catholic priest who happened to be on the field. The sacred morsel was hastily composed of oatmeal and water, which the clergyman procured at a neighbouring cottage. This clergyman went to France, became an abbé, but revisiting his native country mentioned the circumstance to one of my informants—the Scottish bishop so often quoted."

Note to Chambers's History of the Rebellion  
of 1745-46, page 311.

It is not the object of this paper to discuss whether or not a priest was likely to celebrate Mass on the field of Culloden, neither is it our object to show that a priest could never for any reason whatsoever use other than wheaten flour in the celebration. It is possible that one of the priests on the field carried all that would be necessary for administering the last rites to the dying.

The priest referred to in the above note will most likely be the Rev. Robert Gall Leith, O.S.B., who afterwards became Abbot of Ratisbon.

It may be interesting to readers of "An Deo GREINE" to have a short sketch of the above and the other Catholic chaplains who accompanied Prince Charlie's army into England, and to that fatal field where the hopes of the Stuarts were for ever utterly shattered.

The Rev. Allan MacDonald accompanied the MacDonalds of Clan Ranald during the

whole campaign, and Rev. Aeneas MacGillis was chaplain to the Glengarrymen. They were the only two priests, according to Bishop Geddes, who accompanied the Highlanders until after the battle of Prestonpans. On that field the Rev. James Leslie took part in succouring the wounded and assisting the dying.

On the march into England two other priests joined the forces, and remained until after Culloden. They were the Rev. Father Tyrie, and the above-mentioned Benedictine the Rev. R. G. Leith.

The Rev. Colin Campbell, brother to Loch-nell, was present during the battle and seems to have been killed there, as he was never heard of afterwards.

The first-mentioned, the Rev. Allan MacDonald was a native of the West Highlands, and was of the Clan Ranald family. Being of a somewhat roving disposition, visiting the various Scottish Colleges in France and Spain, his superiors would not ordain him priest until a course of teaching in the Bishop's School in the Highlands—that is, the Seminary of Buor-blach, Morar, had given him a more settled disposition. He was ordained in 1736 at the age of 48 years by Bishop Hugh MacDonald.

He accompanied the Clan Ranald regiment throughout the rising of 1745-46, and after Culloden was apprehended and sent to London, where he was confined for eight months on board a man of war, then in Newgate, and finally banished in 1747.

Through the good offices of Cardinal York he received a pension of ten crowns a month, which he enjoyed all his life.

He wrote an account of the affair of 1745, which, however, has unfortunately been lost.

The Rev. Allan MacDonald returned to Scotland in the year following his banishment and laboured on the mission until his death about the year 1781.

The Rev. Aeneas MacGillis was also from the West Highlands, probably from Morar. He went to the Scots College, Rome, in 1730, and returned to the Scottish Mission in 1740. He accompanied the Glengarry MacDonalds throughout the campaign. He seems to have escaped apprehension after Culloden, and served many years in Glengarry and Lochaber. In a report sent to Rome in 1764 we are told that the Glengarry Mission, containing 1500 communicants, was then served by Mr. Aeneas MacGillis, a devout and prudent man.

The above were both dressed in the Highland dress with sword and pistols, and held the rank of captain in their respective regiments.

Whilst the Highlanders of the west were clearing the south country of Sir John Cope and his dragoons, Mr. Gordon of Glenbucket raised all the men he could in Glenlivet and

Strathavon, and as these were mostly Catholics it was determined that a chaplain should accompany them.

The choice lay between the Rev. John Tyrie of Glenlivet and the Rev. William Grant, priest in Strathavon. It was decided that they should cast lots, and the lot, to the regret of Rev. Father Grant, fell upon the Rev. J. Tyrie.

This gentleman was the son of David Tyrie of Dundeer in the Garioch. He went to the Scots College, Rome, in 1711, aged 17 years, and left it as a priest in 1719.

He followed the Highland army into England and was at the battle of Culloden, where he received two wounds on the head from a horseman's sword, and got off with great difficulty. He was in concealment for several months and managed to escape apprehension. His house, books, etc., in Glenlivet were, however, burnt by a party of soldiers.

An interesting account of the life of Dom Gall Leith was given some years ago in the "Inverness Courier" from the pen of the late Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, then Prior of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort-Augustus.

"Robert Leith, in religion known as Dom Gall Leith, the son of Alexander Leith, was born on December 26, 1706, at Colthilly, and when twelve years old was sent with eight other youths from Scotland to the ancient and famous Scotch Benedictine Abbey at Ratisbon. In 1726 he became a monk of the order of St. Benedict; in 1728 completed his philosophical studies; entered upon divinity 1731; and was sent to Salzburg to prosecute the study of Canon Law. He then paid a visit to Rome, returning to St. James', 1737, where he remained director of the College till September, 1740, when he crossed the seas as a missionary, and once more set foot on his native land: '*in mense Septembris perrexit missionarius in Scotianis.*'"

The old monastic chronicle says—"He was a man of singular cast of mind, and was endowed with exceedingly good natural parts; he had an unrelenting application. As master in speculative sciences he taught philosophy and theology with honour, and was an able orator. He had a penetrating head, an honest heart."

From 1740 till 1747 he shared in the religious and political sufferings which afflicted Scotland. The annalist tells us—"In the troubles of 1745 he served Prince Charles as priest and soldier, by which last (he dryly adds), he received a wound in his foot for his pains. After the battle of Culloden, it was no longer safe for him to remain in the country. '*Anno 1747 coactus est relinquere Patriam ob tumultus bellicosos.*'"

Returning later, he was apprehended and



thrown into prison. After a confinement of four months he was set at liberty. Whilst acting as chaplain in Wales to the Duke of Powis he received news of his election as Abbot of St. James', Ratisbon, which he governed till his death in 1775.

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## Gaelic Technical Terms.

THE series of Technical Terms now concluded, contains some additions to the original prize collection and makes some omissions. Besides individual words in other departments, all the terms given last month (pp. 174, 175) have been added, while a number of words connected with dairy work, grinding corn, and materials for spinning have been reserved for the succeeding series. The second competition in the collection of Technical Terms related to women's work, and the third to trades or crafts. The divisions between the three groups of terms are not everywhere clearly marked and the dividing lines have to be drawn more or less arbitrarily at some points. Words may thus chance to be assigned to one group or to another according to the view taken at the moment of dealing with them. The terms for the different parts of a plough, for example, have been given above, and very properly so, as farming terms; but they may, with at least equal propriety, be held to pertain to the blacksmith's craft. So the putting out of the cows to graze by day and the housing of them at night, though belonging properly no doubt to the men's department, yet often fall to the women's lot. In this way the papers on women's work and on crafts contain words that would connect themselves with terms or groups of terms given already as belonging to farming, and the most convenient course seems to be to subjoin such words below before the terms pertaining to women's work are entered upon. Mrs. K. W. Grant, and the Rev. Neil Ross (1900 Mod) and Mr. Alex. Mackinnon (1901 Mod) are the authors of the several papers selected from here and the name of each of those prize-winners, to avoid repetition, is given only after each group of terms taken from her or his paper. [The additions in square brackets are by the editor of Technical Terms.]

### CATTLE-HOUSE, ETC.

Bac, stall-tree.

Ceangal, tie-band, stall-tie.

Geinne, wooden wedge for fastening the *buarach* or cow-fetter.

Cròcach, a board with a projecting spike tied on a calf's forehead to prevent it from sucking. [Macalpine; cròcan, North Argyll.]

Bùthach, idem.

Calpa, the part of a tether between the stake and the swivel.

Dornan, the part between the swivel and the animal.

Udalan, the swivel of a tether.

Corthollan, idem.

Buaile-thadhair, an enclosure for cattle.

All from Rev. Neil Ross.

### CATTLE.

Barr-suime, overplus; number of cattle over what the farm or pasture can feed.

Laogh-gogain, a calf brought up by hand; a "mammie's pet."

Both from Mrs. K. W. Grant.

Siogladh, sucking until milk is all taken out of dam's udder. [Sioglachadh, milking or sucking to the last drop, Sleat. From English, *suckle*?]

Casg, to wean.

Gléidh, to herd cattle.

Bothag, the hut of cowherd;

"Bothag na h-àirigh, i rì."

Iomain, to drive cattle slowly;

"Tiugainn, a luaidh, a dh' iomain nam bó,"

Seann phort-a-beul.

Usgartraich, idem.

Lonaig, a lane for cattle. [So. Perthshire also; from Scottish *loaning*.]

Gnoigean, a ball of worsted and tar put on the tips of horns to prevent injury to other cattle.

Bruid, to stab with the horns.

Bonnach-luig, bannock given as a reward to boy who finds a new calf.

Bonnach-iomaineach, idem.

Caislich, to prepare the beds of cattle, to "bed" cattle.

Cairt, to clean out a byre or stable.

Galar, na-beinne, a disease among cattle.

Galar-dearg, idem.

Geum, to low; a low.

Mòthail, loud lowing. [In Perthshire, repeated or continued lowing.]

Bùrein, angry bellowing. [Bùir to bellow; bùireadh, bùireinich, bùirich, bellowing.]

Raoic, sound made by cattle when fighting.

Gnòsad, the low of a cow to her calf. [Also gnòsd, gnùsad, etc.; gnòsadaich, etc., gnòsadaich, etc., making this lowing sound.]

[Nuall, nuallan, the lowing of cattle.]

Bàirich, lowing, bellowing.

### SHÉEP.

Fangadh, enclosing sheep in fanks.

Lomadh, sheep-shearing.

Fioltag, a fastener for sheep while being shorn. [Cf. fuiltag, a fetter for keeping two sheep together, a forefoot of each being tied to either end, *Faclair le Dealbhan*.]

From Rev. N. Ross.

## LAND.

Baile-Geamhraidh } 'B' i'n àirigh am baile-  
Baile-Samhraidh } samhraidh air son  
feudail." "Bha a' chleachduinn a bhi 'dol air  
àirigh a' toirt fois do thalamh a' bhaile-  
Gheamhraidh." [The sheiling was the *summer-  
town* for the herds. The custom of going to  
the sheilings allowed the land of the *winter-  
town* to rest.] From Mrs. Grant.

## HORSE-SHOE.

Carcair, the calk of a horse-shoe.

## HARNESS.

Muran, rope of grass plaited or woven in  
horse-collar.

Lub-mhurain, idem.

Crios, a belly-band.

Guaillnean, traces of a carriage, etc.

Clair-shùl, blinders.

Ceum, a stirrup.

Gabhail, a stirrup-strap.

## PLOUGH GEAR, ETC.

Bonn, bottom of a plough.

Bord-taobh, the perpendicular piece to the  
left; [left earth board, 'bosom-plate.']

Mullach, main dorsal portion, beam.

Fuaidean, hands of plough.

Corragan, hafts.

Tarsanain, cross-bars.

Slat, the stay.

Muiseal, the muzzle.

Gòbhlachan, iron joining furrow-board to  
left-hand board of plough.

Iaruinn amail, irons for swing-tree.

Iaruinn ghreallag, irons for trestle-trees.

From Mr. Alex. Mackinnon.

## GRAZING.

Monadh, hill pasture.

Aonach, idem.

"Tiugainn a ghille dhuibh, tiugainn an  
*aonach*."

Meòdar, luxuriant pasture; [a variant of  
miadar, meadow; Arran and MacAlpine  
miodar.]

Olach, rank grass growing near steadings  
where manure abounds. [Same as fòghlach,  
fòlach.]

From Rev. N. Ross.

## CORN.

Coirce cumanta, common oats.

Coirce beag, dwarf oats for light soil.

Coirce dubh, potato oats, are of rank growth,  
and the stalks are weighed down by the bushy  
heads.

From Mrs. Grant.

Buthaige, a sheaf with seed thrashed off.

## GATE-WAY.

Bearna, a breach in an enclosure, a gateway.

Cachaileith, sticks or bars individually move-  
able to close such breach; a gate.

Cliseach, idem.

From Rev. N. Ross.

The following errors of the press may be  
noted.

Vol. I. p. 85, for 'gruip' read grip; p. 86, for  
'sine' read sine; p. 96, read Uirsgartadh, so  
High. Soc. Dict., but cf. usgartraich from Rev.  
N. Ross, *supra*, for 'hard feeding' (a misprint  
in M'L. & D.'s Dict.) read hand-feeding (High.  
Soc. Dict.); p. 113, for 'quiet' read quiet; for  
'buingich' read Cuingich; p. 169, for 'gàdag'  
read gadag; p. 170, 'airgheannachs,' delete s,  
for 'braighdsach,' read braighdeach; read bord-  
toisich; read bord-deiridh; p. 171 read felloe.

Vol. II. p. 99, read Ath-todhar; p. 112 read  
Sguab read Orag, drag, (Stùcan etc.) 'stock'  
read shock.

—:—

## FEILL A' CHOMUINN GHAIÐHEALAICH.

TO THE EDITOR AN DEO GREINE.

4 Cadogan Court Gardens,

LONDON, 14th August, 1907.

DEAR SIR,—You ask Conveners of Stalls in  
your last issue to send in reports of work done  
before the middle of the month. I enclose  
my subscription list up to date. Work and  
articles for sale are also coming in slowly.  
The promise of Regimental Badges from the  
Cape Town Highlanders, and of a large con-  
signment of pure vegetable soap from Messrs.  
D. Brown & Sons, Donoughmore, County  
Tyrone, Ireland, will show that the Executive  
of Buth Lunnainn agus Abaireadhaich have  
worked a wide field, and the stall thinks itself  
very fortunate in having secured a notable  
feature in a beautiful little oil painting by  
Mr. Joseph Farquharson. A.R.A., of Finzean,  
"The Old Mill." There will be many in  
Scotland anxious to acquire this little *chef  
d'œuvre* from the brush of a true Highlander  
and great artist.

A second feature in connection with the  
stall is Mrs. Ranald Mackinnon's series of  
post cards, "Highland Chiefs and Gentlemen."  
These will only be on sale at the Feill at two-  
pence a card, or on order up to the time of the  
Feill from Mr. E. Jordan, The Library, Bridge  
Street, Walton-on-Thames, price 5s. 6d. the  
set. Mrs. Mackinnon, with the help of the  
Executive, has tried to make the series as  
representative as possible, but if loyal clans-  
men do not find their chief amongst the post  
cards, they must conclude he has been asked  
to honour the cause in this manner—but from  
various reasons has preferred that his portrait  
should not appear. These post cards will form  
a very unique set, as the great majority of the  
gentlemen are in Highland dress, and it is  
hoped they will find a ready sale.—Yours  
faithfully, LOUISA E. FARQUHARSON,

Convener, Buth Lunnainn agus Abaireadhaich.

**List of Highland Chiefs and Gentlemen who have given their Portraits to be reproduced on Post Cards for sale at the London and Aberdeen Stall Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach.**

The Duke of Argyll.	
The Duke of Sutherland.	
The Earl of Airlie.	
The Earl of Aberdeen.	
The Earl of Dunmore.	
The Earl of Kinnoul.	
The Earl of Mar.	
Lord Reay.	
The Right Honourable R. Farquharson, of Finzean.	
The Honourable Atholl Forbes of Brux.	
Sir Fitzroy MacLean of Duart and Morvern, Bart.	
Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, Bart.	
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagowan, Bart.	
The late Sir Reginald MacDonald, K.C.B., of Clanranald.	
Sir Reginald Macleod.	
Sir Colin Macrae.	
Cameron of Lochiel.	
Mackintosh of Mackintosh.	
MacLeod of MacLeod.	
MacLaine of Lochbuie.	
MacDougall of MacDougall.	
MacKinnon of MacKinnon.	
MacLachlan of MacLachlan.	
MacDonald of Glengarry.	
MacKenzie of Allengrange.	
The late Cluny MacPherson.	
Major Matheson of the Lews.	
Norman Lamont, Esq., M.P.	
Grant of Glenmoriston.	
Stewart of Appin.	

To be had from Mr. Jordan, Bridge Street, Walton-on-Thames. To be posted till end of October at 5s. 6d. the set; or twopence a card at the Feill.

**List of Subscriptions received.**

*Buth Lunnainn agus Abaireadhain.*

Collected by Miss Farquharson and Miss Juliet MacDonald—

Mrs. Fenwick, ...	£10	10	0
Miss Juliet MacDonald, ...	1	1	0
Miss Edith Stewart, ...	1	0	0
Lady Napier of Magdala, ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Balfour, ...	1	1	0
Miss A. MacColl, ...	1	0	0
Reginald Gordon, Esq. of Abergeldie, ...	5	0	0
Right Honourable T. Shaw, ...	5	0	0
Miss M. Anderson, ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Thorpe of Ardbrechin, ...	5	0	0
Major Farquharson of Corrichree, ...	1	1	0
Gordon Frazer, Esq., ...	2	0	0
Sir Duncan Campbell of Barcalaine, ...	2	0	0
Right Honourable Herbert Gladstone, ...	1	1	0
Colin MacIver, Esq., ...	1	1	0
Miss Stewart, ...	1	1	0
Miss MacDonald of Dalchosnie, ...	1	0	0
Lord Kinnaird, ...	0	10	0

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<i>Highland Society of London,</i> ...	£26	5	0
G. N. Abernethy, Esq., ...	1	1	0
Robertson Lawson, Esq., ...	2	2	0
Stuart Hall, Esq., ...	2	2	0
Sir Aubone Fife, ...	1	1	0
A. Mackenzie Mackay, ...	2	2	0
John Mackinnon, Esq., ...	2	0	0

£36 13 0

*Per Gaelic Society of London—*

Dr. Macartney, ...	£3	3	0
Dr. Macrae, ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. MacConnachie, ...	1	1	0
Miss MacBean, ...	1	1	0

£6 6 0

Other subscriptions to follow.

*London, Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine*

<i>Association,</i> ...	£5	5	0
A. Watt, Esq., ...	1	1	0
Lord Mountstephen, ...	10	0	0

£16 6 0

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*Per London Inverness-shire Association—*

Sir Reginald MacLeod, K.C.B., ...	£5	0	0
Colonel Wright, C.O., 92nd Gordon Highlanders, ...	10	0	0

*Per London Perthshire Association—*

Sir R. Pullar, M.P., ...	£2	2	0
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*Per London Caithness Association—*

Sir Arthur Bignold, M.P., ...	£1	1	0
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Collected by Mrs. R. Cameron and R.

Cameron, Esq., M.P., ...	£3	16	6
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<i>London Clan MacKinnon Society,</i> ...	£21	0	0
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Ranald Mackinnon, Esq., ...	1	1	0
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*Entertainments—*

Concert organised by Miss Y. Mac-

Donald, ...	10	0	0
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Concert organised by Lady Margaret

Campbell, ...	43	10	5
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These are all sums actually paid in. Many other sums are promised, and the London Association are working well.

Note.—When all the contributions are added—£41 7s. 0d., £59 5s. 0d., and £100 16s. 5d.—the amount is £201 8s. 5d.

*The Stall of Highland Home Industries.*

Mrs. Needham, ...	£2	0	0
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## "SOP AS GACH SEID."

(A STRAW FROM EVERY SHEAF.)

DEAR SIR,—May we bring to the notice of your readers the "Book of Favourite Quotations," under the above title, which is being got up in connection with the Feill? It promises to be a very interesting collection, and to show how comprehensive the book aims at being, the following contributors, among many others, may be mentioned:—Professor Kuno Meyer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Ainsworth, M.P., Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Neil Macleod, Alastair Camshron, Piobaire.

Two examples may be given:—

"*Cha dean a phluic a' phìobaireachd*"

(Puffing doesn't make piping),

and "For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind."

As we are anxious to make the book as thoroughly representative as possible, we shall be very grateful for help in collecting quotations. Forms may be obtained from Miss Parker or Miss Forbes.

It would add to the interest, and avoid repetition, if contributors would send quotations bearing upon their trade or profession, or their native district. Quotations may be in any language, though preferably in Gaelic, and each contributor is asked to send a shilling with his quotation to pay for printing. Printed receipts will be sent for all money received.—Yours truly,

WINIFRED M. PARKER,

(Convener of Book Stall), Fairlie, Ayrshire,

MABEL C. FORBES, Tarbert, Loch Fyne,  
*English Editors.*

JOHN WHYTE,

1 Kyllachy Gardens, Inverness,  
*Gaelic Editor.*



## THE INDUSTRIES STALL OF FEILL A' CHOMUINN GHÀIDHEALACH.

AMONG the objects which the promoters of the Highland Association Bazaar has had in view, that of encouraging Home Industries among the Gaels will perhaps appeal to the largest section of the public, and it may interest our readers to have a short account of what is being done by those responsible for the organisation of this Stall.

It will be obvious at once that this section had to be conducted on quite different lines from the usual bazaar stall, and the first difficulty that faced the Committee, was, that practically all material would have to be paid for as soon as received, because the cottage workers could not be expected to give material and work for nothing, not could they be expected to wait for payment till after the date of the Bazaar.

To meet this difficulty a subscription fund was

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started, but in order to save time in placing the necessary orders, a guarantee fund was raised mainly amongst the Members of the Committee.

This guarantee fund together with the subscriptions received has enabled orders to be placed throughout the Gaelic speaking districts, and the Committee have reason to hope that the result will be the largest and most representative collection of Highland Home Industries yet brought before the public.

After having to some extent met the financial difficulty as explained above, the Committee was faced with the question of getting into communication with the enormous number of cottage workers spread over the Highlands and Islands, many in very inaccessible places. Fortunately, the universal interest taken in the movement by the Highland families and others resident in the districts to be covered, brought a solution. The country was mapped out, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen were written to and asked to act as District Representatives for the purchasing and forwarding of articles and materials to be paid for by money provided by the Committee. In almost all cases a cordial assent was given, and as this implied no light amount of work and correspondence, the Committee felt much encouraged by this ready response and assistance, in what must prove, in some districts at all events, a somewhat arduous and responsible task.

The list of District Representatives is too long to be given here; it will be published shortly in full in the Bazaar Book, and will show that this important part of the work has been taken up by those who thoroughly understand the questions involved. A complete list of the manufactures to be represented would be also too long for publication, but some may be mentioned:—Tweeds of all kinds, plaids, shawls, druggel, wincey, blankets, stockings, ties, waistcoats, homespun yarn, cromags, chairs, nets, boots, shoes, rugs, fishing flies, woodcarving, wrought iron work, copper work, basket making, mats, pottery, buttons, jewellery, &c. In addition to the above there will be a section for the sale of home-made butter, scones, oatcakes, honey, &c.

The Committee has come in touch with most, if not all, the existing Home Industry Associations. It is intended that everything offered for sale shall, wherever possible, have the name and address of the worker attached. It is hoped that the final outcome of this Stall may be to bring the workers into closer touch with the public, and that a permanent organisation may result for the mutual benefit of the cottage workers and of that section of the public which prefers to buy home made articles.

Any information as to where special articles of home industry may be procured will be gratefully received by the Hon. Secretaries of the Stall—Messrs. Carmichael & Sharman, C.E., 14 Queen Street, Edinburgh, and any donations of articles or money, however small, will be of the greatest possible assistance at the present time. The Secretaries would also be glad to have the names and addresses of any who may be willing to assist the section of edibles by the donation of suitable articles, and they would at once forward the necessary instructions.

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—: Prospectus. :—

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*31st Oct., 1st & 2nd Nov., 1907.*

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- To promote the Teaching of Gaelic ;
- To develop Gaelic Literature, Music, and Arts ; and
- To encourage Home Industries among the Gael.

A Fund has been opened in the National Bank of Scotland, St. Vincent Street Glasgow, called

## Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich Fund,

which will be expended principally in purchasing Highland Home Industries to be sold at the Feill. Subscriptions to this Fund, a list of which will be published later, are earnestly solicited.

---

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