

AN·DEO·GRÉINE



W. L. GIBSON

U. 4170









# An Deo-Creine :

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*Scotland. - Highland Assocn.*

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,  
114 WEST CAMPBELL STREET, GLASGOW.

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# AN DEÒ-GRÉINE

Leabhar XVIII.] *Treasamh Mios an Fhoghair, 1922.* [Earrann 1.

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## OROID A' CHINN SUIDHE.

[Chaidh an oraid so a liubhairt leis an Urra. S. U. MACAOIDH an am fosgladh a' Mhòid anns a' Ghearasdan.]

Nach muladach gu bheil feadhainn ann fhathast anns gach cearna de'n rìoghachd, eadhon air Ghàidhealtachd na h-Alba, a tha smuaineachadh nach 'eil math sam bith 'sa Ghàidhlig: nach 'eil i chum feum airson oilein no malairt: an aite buannachd a bhi 'na cois gur ann a tha i 'na bacadh agus 'na ceap-tuislidh, a' cumail air ais oigridh an latha an diugh o bhi a' faotuinn làn chothruim 'nan sgoil agus 'nan oileanachadh. Tha iad, mo chreach, a' deanamh dheth ged is i a' Ghàidhlig a' chànain mhàthaireil nach 'eil i idir 'na cuideachadh ann a bhi ag uidheamachadh a' Ghàidheil òig airson aran làthail a chosnadh agus e fhéin a ghiulan gu h-ìomchuidh 'na dbreuchd is 'na chaithe-beatha an uair a dh'fhagas e an sgoil agus a thig e gu ìre.

Tha mi an dòchas nach 'eil neach sam bith an lathair an so an diugh a tha ag altruim a leithid sin de bheachdan. Tha mi

an dòchas gu bheil sinn a' cumail air chuimhne agus gu bheil a' bharail a' cumail greim daingean oirnn gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig 'na cànsain, chan e mhàin aosda agus liath, ach aig an àm cheudna òg 'na spiorad agus blàth 'na cridhe: làn neirt agus spionnaidh, comasach air loinn a chur air dad sam bith ris am bean i, comasach air na faireachdainnean as doimhne 'sa chridhe agus na smuaintean as airde 'san inntinn a chur an cèill, cannt a chur air na barailean as maisiche le snas is eireachdas. Tha sinn a' cumail am mach ma gheibh i cothrom na Féinne gu bheil comas innte féin eòlas agus foghlum a bhuileachadh, chan e mhàin a thaobh nithean a bhuineas do bhàrdachd, cràbhadh, beul-aithris agus sgeulachdan, ach mar an ceudna nithean a bhuineas do ealdhain, do ghniomhachas, do mhalairt agus do fheallsanachd.

A chionn gur ann mar so a tha a' chùis nach mithich dhuinn a bhi a' bogadh nan gad, a' dheanamh ar làn-dìchill chum suidheachadh na Gàidhlig òrdachadh am measg ar co-luchd dùthcha a chum a h-aite féin, a h-aite dligeach, a thoirt dìth 'san dachaidh, 'san sgoil, 'sa bhuth, 'san eaglais, 'sa phaipèir naigheachd, 'san ard-sgoil, 'san oil-thigh, 'san ard-sheanadh. Feumaidh sinn cruaidh-spàirn a dheanamh, feumaidh sinn nochdadh, chan e mhàin gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig taitneach leinne, gu bheil mòr-spéis againn dìth agus mòran ciataich againn dìth: gur gasda leinn a bhi 'ga bruidhinn, 'ga leughadh agus 'ga cnuasachadh, ach cuideachd gu bheil sinn deas agus deònach gu bhi a' cur ar droma ris a chuibhil, a' cuideachadh leis na gaisgich threuna sin a tha cheana a' giulan uallaich agus teas an là; a' dol leosan a chum a chatha air cho fuilteach agus a dh'fhaodas

e a bhi. Tha cruadal agus deadh dhùrachd a dh'ath oirnn 'sa chòmhrag so. Ma dh'fhacas sinn meagh-bhlàth anns a' chath so, ma chailles sinn ar misneach, cha tig an là a gheibh canain ar gaoil a' bhuaidh. Chan 'eil feum sam bith a bhi a' leigeil air di-chuimhne gu bheil a naimhdean lionmhor agus cuid diubb gun truas, cuid gun tuigse. Co dhiubb tha sinn a' cath le biodaig no le clàidheamh mór thig e dhuinn a' bhiodag agus an claidheamh mór a ghleidheadh gear agus deas daonnan. Feumaidh ceannardan na feachd a bhi 'nan luchd-iùil sgileil, tuigseach, comasach, a' taisbeanadh tùrnaduir, ard-dhealas, faighidinn agus siorbhuanaichaidh. Feumaidh an luchd-leannhuinn 'sa chomh-stri a bhi do ghnàth deanadach, treibhdhireach, dìleas. Feumaidh gach saighdear caomhnneas, deadh-ghean agus flor chairdeas a leigeil fhaicinn da chomh-shaighdearan 'san arm.

Tha aobhar na Gàidhlig an crochadh, airson na cuid as mò, air an Aech sin a chaidh a thoirt am mach 'sa Pharlamaid ceithir bliadhna air ais. Tha sinn deas gu bhi ag aideachadh gu bheil cuid de dh'adhartas ann an cuid de chearnan 'sa Ghàidhealtachd an cois agus an lorg an earrainn de'n Aechd a bhuineas do'n Ghàidhlig, ach tha moran, moran ri dheanamh fhathast mu'm faigh a' Ghàidhlig an t-aite, am meas agus an aire a tha dligeach dhith. So agaibh obair shòluimte, chudthromach a tha fa chomhair ar Comuinn. Is éigin gum bi An Comuinn, le sùilean fosgailte, le cluasan biorach, a' cumail faire air gach ni a tha 'ga dheanamh agus nach 'eil 'ga dheanamh leis na daoine air am bheil curam an fhoghlum anns na siorramachdan fa leth; a' gabhail beachd air an deanadas no air an mi-shuim, agus deadh aire a thoirt nach dean iad dearmad air a' chanain a theagasg anns na sgoiltean mar a tha an reachd ag aithneadh.

Is math gu bheil na maighstirean sgoile air a bheil a' Ghàidhlig cha mhòr air fad air ar taobh. Tha gun teagamh corra fhear an sud agus an so a tha meagh-bhlàth ach tha a' mhòr-chuid diubb anabarrach fàbharach agus toileach an culaidh-mhathais a dheanamh. Cleas nam ministearan, am feadh 'sa tha fear an sud 'san so an aghaidh na Gàidhlig, no mi-shuimeil, no coma, tha moran, moran diubb dian, dealasach. Gu deorbh fhéin mur bhith obair nam ministearan as leth na Gàidhlig anns a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealach agus ann an iomadh sgitreachd agus clachan agus gleann iomallach bhiodh aobhar na Gàidhlig agus

suidheachadh a' Chomuinn móran na's fhaide air dheireadh na tha e aig an àm. Taing agus buidheachas ma tha do luchd-teagaisg nan sgoilean: taing agus buidheachas do mhinistearan na h-eaglais airson na tha iad a' deanamh a chum rùintean a' Chomuinn a chur air aghaidh, meuran a shuidheachadh agus buidhnean-leughaidh agus coisrean-ciuil a chur air chois. Ann a bhi a' cumail an cuimhne agus a' moladh na tha iomadh fear teagaisg agus ministear a' deanamh chan 'eil mi idir a' leigeil air di-chuimhne an còmhnaidh mór a thugadh, agus an obair luachmhor a rinneadh, le feadhainn eile de gach inbhe 'sa Chomuinn agus 'san rìoghachd.

Chan urrainn domh tighinn gu mo chodhunnadh gun a bhi a' cuimhneachadh air ar caraid graidh, Domhnall Mac a Phi. Tha sinn 'ga ionndrainn agus bitidh fad iomadh là; duine caomh-chridheach, treibhdhireach 'na ghnè, caraid dìleas seasmhach, fear oibriche air nach tainig sgios gus an tainig sgios a' bhàis, fìosrach ann an gnothuichean, comasach air a smuaintean a chur, ann an Gàidhlig no ann am Beurla, ann an cainnt lònneil, shnasmhor. Soraidh bhuan leat a charaid ionmhuinn. Cha tig an là di-chuimhnichas An Comuinn Gàidhealach thu no iomadh treun-laoch eile a chaidh g'a fhois. Soraidh bhuan leat, a charaid ionmhuinn, "gus am bris an là agus an teich na sgailean."

## THE MOD OF 1922.

"*'Si bratach na Feinne 'ta ann!'*"

It was not the mood of sorrow that lured the multitudes to the Mod at Abertarf, but the call of our race. Ben Nevis stood guard, while the town—Fort William we may not name it, but Fort Gael—that nestles on the coloured shores of Loch Linnie succumbed to those weird words in our language that have the spell in them, and send the sojourner within its gates into the palace of enchantment. Arisaid heard the cry, and tossed the message from the breast of the Coolins to the headlands of Lewis. Barges, loaded with human freight, swung on the waves to the tune of a song that had life in it, as if on their way to Tir nan Og. The magic quiver was on the pulse; and yet there was no unwieldy demonstration.

The ways to the sanctuary were not easy to travel. Moor and mountain, loch and river, chasms and threatening gorges found

the votaries apart, but ineffectual to bar a passage. Gael met Gael on a common foothold to give effect to "the impassioned utterance of a people." There was enthusiasm of a distinctive kind, but without the elements of evanescence. Men and women, as it were, would seem to issue from twilight sleep, and, without the aid of blinkers, looked straight at the sun. For the consciousness of re-birth was manifest on all and to all. Nay, more, there was determination—a determination that will brook no influence that should threaten the extinction of our idealisms or the spiritual mission of our race.

The children of harmony—no longer the children of strife—foregathered that the Gaelic soul may revolve on its truest axis and be, henceforth as of yore, the crucible of poetic fancy, creative culture, ecstatic expression, and a contributory force to humanising morals. Such a claim is neither strained nor over-weening. For the gift of vision is in our language.

Loyal Lochaber it was an is! In the past it had many associations, while the action of its men shaped the destinies, not of the Highlands only, but well nigh of the British Empire. Was it not the birth-place of the "Gentle Lochiel" and the Ulysses of Scotland? If fancy take a flight, Loch Shiel and Glen Finnan lie near as the eagle planes west. And, perhaps amongst the sweetest canticles that searched the breasts of Druid-Albainn were the echoes of Caismeachd Chloinn Chamshroin.

We are not jealous of characteristic Lochaber. It typifies our people. The Mod gripped it firmly, which presages a purpose. There are many earnest men in the Gaelic movement who will watch Lochaber districts with a sense of hope and encouragement. A work so well begun may surely be expected to yield the fruits of its promise.

Well! The 1922 Mod opened on Tuesday, the 26th of September, with junior competitions. The various tests were exacting. And it is of special significance in this connection to note that the youthful competitors showed a deeper grasp of their tasks than their seniors under corresponding conditions. This is all to the good, and reflects immeasurable credit on pupil and teacher alike. Indeed, it is doubtful whether at any period of our history the youth of equal years could make the same cultural appearance. Precocity, however, except in one or two

cases of both sexes, was not strikingly noticeable. But the general demonstrations were captivating enough to be impressive.

Let us take the reciting from memory of "Glaistig Lianachain" as an instance. Now this theme is fanciful in construction, the ideas oddly elongated, and the treatment mystically confined and almost metaphysical, with no simplicity of language to accommodate the juvenile mind. Yet, all the reciters were able to convey the import of the story to their audience.

Wednesday, the 27th, was the official opening day, and the Rev. G. W. Mackay gave a convincing exposition of the claims of Gaelic in the education of the country. His main lines, which will be read with profit, appear on another page.

In the senior literary competitions, the task of the adjudicators was by no means easy. The progress in composition and diction was appreciably marked. Periods were happier rounded, and a general tendency towards style betrayed a distinct improvement on former efforts. But despite this apparent advance, further development is still looked for. Style! style! and then style! is needed, and the elimination of hackneyed phraseology.

Added zest was given to the proceedings by the Ceilidh which was held in the Town Hall at night. The kindly sparkle that lit up the faces of the people assembled was an eloquent tribute to the social atmosphere. An item of competition which gave great satisfaction was the singing of a traditional song. The revival of Clarsach playing was a feature of note.

Thursday was an intensely full day, while the various events were followed by eager crowds throughout the whole day. In the evening, "Mairead," the prize drama of last year, was happily staged. Gaelic Drama is, no doubt, in its infancy, but there is no mistaking its place amongst Highland audiences.

Friday brought an eventful week to a close by two largely attended concerts, ably presided over by ex-President Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, owing to the unavoidable absence through illness of Earl Cassillis, at which the successful competitors made a pleasing appearance.

May we not add as an addenda, that each succeeding year finds the Mod with renewed force, quickening the translation of ideals into practical realities. The supercilious may, indeed, hold aloof awhile, but will



not always remain indifferent to the call of national wakening.

Mar a thuir Gillesbuig na Ciotaig, is thuir e gu math e:—

“Thàinig mi dhùthaich Loch-Iall;

Cha robh iad rium spìochach no bochd;

Fhuair mi uil' iad 'nan comunn gun ghloimh

Làn fial'achd gun chhrìne gun sprochd.”

ANGUS ROBERTSON.

## THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting of An Comunn was held in the Town Hall on the Saturday following the Mod. The retiring president, Rev. G. W. Mackay, M.A., Killin, presided, and there was a large attendance of members.

Mr. Robert Macfarlane, C.A., intimated the election of office-bearers and members of Executive Council as follows:—President—Mr. Angus Robertson, Glasgow; vice-presidents—Rev. Wm. MacPhail, Kilbrandon, and Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow; members of Council—Rev. G. W. Mackay, Killin; Malcolm MacLeod, Ibrox; Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost; Sheriff MacMaster Campbell, Campbeltown; Dr. George Calder, Glasgow University; Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; Major A. J. H. MacLean, of Ardgour; Lord James T. Stewart Murray, Blair Castle; T. D. Macdonald, Oban; and the Lady Margaret MacRae of Feoirinn. The Rev. Hector Cameron, Kilmartin, fills the vacancy on the Council caused by the election of Rev. Wm. Macphail to the office of vice-president.

### SUCCESS OF FORT WILLIAM MOD.

Rev. Mr. MacKay, on behalf of the Comunn, thanked the Local Committee at Fort William for the splendid services they had rendered in connection with the very successful Mod just concluded. It was acknowledged that there were special difficulties connected with the choice of Fort William, and there had been a certain amount of reluctance in accepting any invitations which had hitherto come from that quarter. But partly through the persistence of Miss Juliet Macdonald, who had for years given most loyal and devoted service to the cause of Gaelic in Lochaber, the Mod had at last been held in Fort William, and it had proved a splendid success. He also desired to thank Provost Stewart. He had worked in a quiet and businesslike way all through, and it must

be a great joy to him, as Provost of Fort William and head of the Local Committee, to find that the Mod had been so successful. All the members of the Committee had worked well, and he now thanked Provost Stewart and the other members most heartily for the splendid services they had rendered. He had no doubt the members had already begun to think when the Mod would be next held in Fort William, and he had no doubt that in due time the Mod would be held there again.

### THE RETIRING PRESIDENT.

Before retiring from the chair, Mr. MacKay referred to the necessity of the Association seriously considering the question of relieving the General Secretary, Mr. Shaw, from office work as much as possible in order that he might concentrate on the work of propaganda all over the country. He next thanked the Comunn for the loyal way in which he had been supported during his tenure of office as president. They all dearly loved the cause, and he was sure all the members would rally round Mr. Robertson, the new president, and help him in every way possible. He had great pleasure in handing over the chair to Mr. Robertson. He was perfectly certain Mr. Robertson would bring distinction to the Comunn.

### THE NEW PRESIDENT.

After taking the chair, Mr. Robertson returned thanks for the great honour which had been done him. He paid a tribute to the work of Mr. MacKay, and said no man had brought a more loyal heart and more practical enthusiasm to the cause than he had done. For the past two or three years Mr. MacKay had travelled about the country in connection with the work of propaganda, and this had all been done at his own expense. He (Mr. Robertson) would do his very best in the honoured position to which he had been elected. In concluding, Mr. Robertson asked the meeting to thank Mr. MacKay for the great work that he had done for An Comunn Gaidhealach, and for the cause of Gaelic.

### THE LATE MR. DONALD MACPHIE.

The new President subsequently moved that there be recorded in the minutes the great loss that An Comunn and the cause of Gaelic had sustained by the death of Mr. Donald MacPhie, the Editor of “An Deo Greine,” and one of the vice-presidents,



and that an excerpt from the minutes be sent to the relatives.

#### NEXT MOD AT INVERNESS.

Mr. Roderick MacLeod, who moved that the Mod be held at Inverness, said a resurrection in Celtic things was needed in the North. The Mod had now been for some years in the South, and he hoped favourable consideration would be given to the request made by the Inverness Branch. By going to Inverness the Celtic cause would be benefited all over the North.

Mr. Donald Macdonald, Inverness, seconded.

The meeting unanimously agreed to accept the invitation to hold the next Mod in Inverness.

The following motions were adopted:—

By Rev. G. W. MacKay—"That in Rule 14 of the Constitution (Life Members shall each pay one subscription of two guineas) the word 'three' should be substituted for the word 'two'."

By Mrs. Burnley Campbell—"That An Comunn appoint an Assistant Secretary, so that the routine work of the office should go on during the General Secretary's absence on propaganda work among the branches, and that it be remitted to the Executive to consider what steps should be taken to meet the increased expenditure."

#### HANDSOME GIFT TO AN COMUNN.

The Chairman made the interesting announcement that Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost had offered £250 as a donation to the Comunn funds, the money to be used as might be decided by the Association. He knew Mr. MacLeod too well to thank him to his face, but he was sure the members of the Comunn highly appreciated the handsome gift.

Mr. MacLeod said it gave him great pleasure to see Mr. Angus Robertson—his oldest and greatest friend—in the President's chair. He was sure that Mr. Robertson would preside over the meetings of the Association to the satisfaction of everyone, and that his tenure of the office of president would be marked with distinction. It was to celebrate Mr. Robertson's election to the chair that he had given the sum mentioned to the funds of the Association.

#### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The preliminary meeting of the Executive Council followed immediately after the business meeting, and the various standing committees were appointed.

The next meeting of Executive Council will be held at Glasgow on 22nd November.

#### TUESDAY'S PRIZE-LIST.

##### Junior Section.

##### LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muckairn, and Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., Blair-Atholl; Mr. Angus L. Macdonald, H.M.I.S., and Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., Lochgilphead; Mr. John MacDonald, M.A., Aberdeen, and Mr. John N. MacLeod, Kirkhill.

Letter, not exceeding 2 pages, on a simple subject, chosen from a list sent under sealed cover, to be opened by the Local Examiner after places have been taken for the Competition—1 (10s), Mary MacIntyre, Oban High School; 2 (7s 6d), Helen T. MacMillan, Dervaig School; 3 (5s), Harriet Macdonald, Oban; 4 (3s 6d), Neil Macdonald, Oban; 5 (2s 6d), Johan MacInnes, Broadford School; 6 (2s 6d), Annie Mackinnon, Broadford.

Writing from Distation of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose—1 (10s), Effie A. Mackinnon, Oban; 2 (7s 6d), Helen T. MacMillan, Dervaig; 3 (5s), Flora Nisbet, Oban; 4 (2s 6d), Donald Jackson, Oban; 5 (2s 6d), Mary MacDiarmid, Oban.

Reproduction in Writing of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose—1 (10s), Helen T. Macmillan, Dervaig; 2 (7s 6d), Mary Macintyre, Oban; 3 (5s), Neil Macdonald, Oban; 4 (2s 6d), Annie Mackinnon, Broadford; 5 (2s 6d), Alec Robertson, Broadford.

Translation, from Gaelic into English of 20 verses from Genesis, chapters 1 to 20; and from English into Gaelic of 10 verses from St. Matthew's Gospel, chapters 1 to 10—(£1), and "Caraid nan Gàidheal", Islay S. MacMillan, Dervaig; 2 (10s), and "Caraid nan Gàidheal", John MacDougall, Dervaig.

Special Prizes for Teachers whose pupils won the highest average of marks in the foregoing competitions—1 (£3), Miss M. D. McQueen, Oban; 2 (£2), Angus MacMillan, Dervaig; 3 (£1), John Macpherson, Broadford.

Special Prizes for Teachers whose pupils won the highest aggregate marks in the foregoing competitions—1 (£3), John Macpherson, Broadford; 2 (£2), Miss M. D. McQueen, Oban; 3 (£1), Miss Morg Cameron, Ballachulish.

Special Prizes for Pupils who have not participated in aggregate prize-list—William Kemp, Ballachulish, and Catherine Bissett, Ballachulish.

Translation of an unseen piece of Gaelic Prose into English—1 (£1), Angusia MacMillan; 2 (15s), Mary MacDiarmid; 3 (10s) and 4 (7s 6d), Madge Macleod and Annie MacGregor (equal); 5 (5s), Chrissie MacGillivray—all of Oban High School.

Translation of an unseen piece of English Prose into Gaelic—1 (£1), Effie A. Mackinnon; 2 (15s), Donald Jackson; 3 (10s), Harriet Macdonald; 4 (7s 6d), Mary MacDiarmid and Flora Nisbet (equal)—all of Oban High School.

Gaelic Essay—1 (£1) and 2 (15s), Mary MacDiarmid and Harriet MacDonald (equal); 3 (10s), Catherine Campbell; 4 (7s 6d), Effie A. Mackinnon.

#### MASONIC HALL.

##### ORAL DELIVERY.

Adjudicators—Mr. John N. Macleod, Kirkhill, and Mr. Hector MacDougall, Glasgow.

Reading with Expression a Piece of Prose or Poetry, by Native Speakers—1 (£1), Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2 (10s), Miss Morag Cameron, Oban; 3 (5s) and 4 (2s 6d), Miss Mary MacIntyre, Oban; and Miss Mary Macdonell, Bracara (equal); 5 (2s 6d), Miss Annie Black, Oban.

Reading a Piece of Prose—1 (£1), Miss C. MacPherson, Killin; 2 (10s), Miss H. T. MacMillan, Oban; 3 (5s) and 4 (2s 6d), Miss Peggy MacPherson, Killin, and Miss Mary MacIntyre, Oban (equal); 5 (2s 6d), Iain Urquhart, Crarae.

Reading at Sight an unfamiliar Prose Piece, chosen by the Judges—1 (10s), Miss H. T. MacMillan, Oban; 2 (7s 6d), Miss A. MacGregor, Oban; 3 (5s), Miss Mary MacIntyre, Oban; 4 (2s 6d), John MacPhee, Glasgow; 5 (2s 6d), Miss Sarah Kennedy, Oban.

Reciting from Memory "Glaistig Lianachan"—1 (1s and a copy of M'Dougall's "Folk Tales"), Miss Sarah Kennedy, Oban; 2 (10s and a copy of the same book), Miss Mary MacIntyre, Oban; 3 (a copy of the same book), Iain Urquhart, Crarae.

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—1 (10s), Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2 (5s), Miss Mary MacIntyre, Oban; 3 (2s 6d), Miss Sarah Kennedy, Oban; Miss A. MacGregor, Oban; and Miss Mary Macdonell, Arisaig (equal). Prizes presented by Paisley Highlanders' Association.

For Excellence in Gaelic Conversation for Boys and Girls—1 (12s 6d), John MacPhee, Glasgow; 2 (7s 6d), Miss Peggy MacPherson, Killin. Prizes presented by Miss Malt Williams, West Wales.

## TOWN HALL.

### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.); Music—Mr. D. C. Walker, L.R.A.M.

Solo Singing of a Song—Girls—1 (15s) and 2 (10s), Miss Annie Blair, Ballachulish, and Miss Flora Robertson, Glasgow (equal); 3 (5s), Miss M. Penman, Ballachulish.

Solo Singing of a Song—Boys—1 (15s), Ewen Campbell, Fort William; 2 (10s), Laurence Byrne, Arisaig; 3 (5s), Donald Dunn, Ballachulish.

Traditional Singing of a Gaelic Song (no instrumental accompaniment)—1 (10s), Miss Chrissie Dunn, Ballachulish; 2 (6s), Iain MacInnes, Ballachulish; 3 (4s), Miss Annie MacCorquodale, Oban. Prizes presented by Miss Malt Williams, South Wales.

Solo Singing of a Song—Open to Girls over 16 and under 18 years of age at date of Mod—1 (£1 5s), Miss M. M. Colquhoun, Glasgow; 2 (15s), Miss Peggy Robertson, Glasgow; 3 (10s), Miss Polly Galbraith, Oban.

Solo Singing of a Song—Boys and Girls—Open only to former first prize winners—1 (£1), Miss Phemie M. Colquhoun, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song—Girls—1 (£1, and the Silver Medal of An Comunn), Miss Chrissie Dunn, Ballachulish; 2 (10s), Miss Annie MacCorquodale, Oban; 3 (5s), Miss Morag Cameron, Glasgow, and Miss Annie Foster, Fort William (equal).

Solo Singing of a Song—Boys—1 (£1, and the Silver Medal of An Comunn), Donald MacDonald, Arisaig; 2 (10s), Iain MacInnes, Ballachulish; 3 (5s), William MacDonald, Fort William.

Duet Singing of a Song—1 (£1), Miss E. Cowan and Miss A. MacCorquodale, Oban; 2 (10s), Miss C. Dunn and Iain MacInnes, Ballachulish.

Duet Singing of a Song—1 (£1), Miss Nancy Macdonald and Miss K. MacKinnon, Oban.

Unison Singing Competition for Junior Choirs. The songs prescribed were "Agus Ho Mhorag," "Oran Chloinn Lachlainn" (An Smeorach), and "Port a beul" (own choice)—1 (£3), Abriachan School Gaelic Choir; 2 (£2), Oban High School Gaelic Choir. First prize presented by Mr. John Mackintosh, Inverness.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in two and three part harmony. The prescribed songs were "Caol Mùile" (test song), arranged by J. H. W. Nesbitt, "Thaिम an Gille Dubh" (from "An Smeorach")—1 (£5, retention for a year of the "Oban Times" Challenge Trophy, and a Baton to the Conductor), Abriachan School Gaelic Choir; 2 (£3), Fort William Junior Gaelic Choir.

## Senior Section.

### LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Mr. Angus L. MacDonald, H.M.I.S.; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., Lochgilphead; Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Taynuilt; and Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., Blair Atholl. Mr. John Macdonald, M.A., Aberdeen, and Mr. John N. MacLeod, Kirkhill. Mr. Alister Macdonald, Inverness. Mr. Robert MacLeod, Mus.Bac., Edinburgh.

Poem, not exceeding 70 lines, on any subject—1 (£4), James Thomson, Stornoway; 2, Mrs Kenneth Macleod, Fortrose, and Hector MacDougall, Glasgow (equal).

Essay on "The Highlander as depicted by Sir Walter Scott and Neil Munro"—1 (£5), James Thomson, Stornoway.

One Short Story, not exceeding 500 words—1 (£2 2s), James Thomson, Stornoway.

Essay on "The Games of the Highlands, including the Games of Children"—1 (£5), Hector MacDougall, Glasgow.

Gaelic Story, extending to 2000 words or more—Tale based on actual historical incidents or local legends—1 (£10), Isabella Macrae, Gairloch; 2, James Thomson, Stornoway, and John MacCormick, Glasgow. Prize presented by the Royal Celtic Society.

A Gaelic Humorous Song, 48 lines, set to a lively air—1 (£2), Calum MacPharlan, Elderslie; 2, Malcolm Macrae, Glasgow.

Gaelic Humorous Dialogue, to take not more than 15 minutes in delivery—1 (£5), John MacNab, Kilmuir; 2, John MacCormick, Glasgow. Prize presented by St. Andrew's Society of Valparaiso.

Essay on "The MacMillans in Civic and Ecclesiastical History"—1 (£5), Kenneth Macdonald, Contin. Prize presented by Mr. Robert Macmillan, Glasgow.

For the Best Arrangement in Four-Part Harmony of the Melody, "O's 'u's gur a tu th' air m'aire"—Open to Professionals—1 (£4), George Shortt, Edinburgh.

## WEDNESDAY'S PRIZE-LIST.

### TOWN HALL.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Hector Cameron, Kilmartin, and Mr. John N. MacLeod; Music—Robert MacLeod, Mus.Bac., Edinburgh.

For the best rendering of one of six songs by the late Henry Whyte. Open only to native speakers. Former Mod Gold Medalists excluded—1 (£2), Miss Jean Cameron, Fort William; 2 (£1), Neil

MacKinnon, Perth. Prizes presented by Miss A. C. Whyte, Glenetive.

Solo Singing of a Song by the late John Campbell, the Ledaig Bard—1 (£2 2s), Neil MacLean, Oban; 2 (£1 1s), James C. M. Campbell, Dornie. Prizes presented by the Benderloch Branch of An Comunn.

Solo Singing, "Cuimhneachan air mo ghillean flein." Competition for Men, native speakers. To be awarded only and entirely by judges who are also native speakers—1 (£2 10s), Neil MacLean, Oban; 2 (£1 10s), John M. Bannerman, Glasgow; 3 (£1), Neil MacKinnon, Perth. Prizes presented by the Rev. George C. Macpherson, 1st Batt. Q.O. Cameron Highlanders.

#### MASONIC HALL.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), Lochgilhead; Music—D. C. Walker, L.R.A.M., Kirkcaldy.

Solo Singing of a Gaelic Song connected with the County of Inverness, to be known as the "James Grant Memorial" Prize—1 (£2 10s), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2 (£1 10s), Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban; 3 (£1), Miss Bessie Campbell, Dornie.

Solo Singing of a Mull or Iona Song, the words of which must not have been previously published—1 (£2 2s), Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban; 2 (£1 1s), Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban. Prizes presented by the Glasgow Mull and Iona Association.

Solo Singing of a Song (to encourage the revival of the older or less known district songs)—1 (£2 5s), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2 (15s), John M. Bannerman; 2 (15s), Miss Annie I. MacMillan, Dervaig; 3 (10s), Miss Jean Cameron, Fort William; 3 (10s), John D. MacPherson, Ballachulish; 3 (10s), Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow. Prizes presented by Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge.

#### TOWN HALL.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A.; Music—D. C. Walker, L.R.A.M.

For the Best Rendering of a Song from Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's book, "Songs of the Hebrides"—Male and Female Voices—1 ("Songs of the Hebrides," Vol. III.), Miss Julia Brown, Lochgilhead; 2 (Selected Album from Vol. II.—Presented by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser), Miss Morag MacDonald, Edinbrough.

Solo Singing of a Song with Clarsach accompaniment—1 (Clarsach and £3), Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban; 2 (£3), Mrs. Iain Campbell, London; 3 (£1), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford. Clarsach presented by Mr. W. B. Blaikie, LL.D., Edinbrough. Money prizes presented by the Royal Celtic Society.

#### MASONIC HALL.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—John MacDonald, M.A., Glasgow; Music—Robert MacLeod, Mus.Bac. A Competition for Seniors in Solo Singing of "Pairt á Beul"—1 (£1 10s), Alex. Cameron, Glasgow.

Gaelic Folk-Songs—For the Best Rendering of two unpublished Gaelic Folk-song Airs (no piano-forte accompaniment allowed in this competition)—1 (£1 10s), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2 (10s), Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow. Prizes presented by Paisley Highlanders' Association.

Solo Singing of one of three Lochaber Songs supplied by the Secretary—1 (£2 10s), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2 (£1 10s), Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale; 3 (£1), Miss Jean Cameron, Fort

William. Prizes presented by Miss Juliet MacDonald, Lochaber.

#### THURSDAY'S PRIZE-LIST.

##### ORAL SECTION.

Adjudicators—John N. MacLeod, Kirkhill, and Hector MacDougall, Glasgow.

Recitation of a Piece of Poetry, memorised by competitor (open to all)—1 (£1), Angus M. MacDonald, Glasgow; 2 (10s), John M. Bannerman, Glasgow; 3, John K. MacLean, Glasgow.

Reading of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose chosen by the Judges (open to all)—1 (£1), Miss Nellie Cameron, Oban; 2 (10s), Duncan Johnston, Glasgow.

Ancient Folk-Tale, preferably unpublished, narrated in the traditional style—1 (£2), Duncan Johnston; 2 (£1), Angus M. MacDonald.

For the Best Prepared Original Gaelic Speech on any subject, not to exceed ten minutes in delivery—1 (£2), Angus M. MacDonald; 2 (£1), Mrs. Coutts, Glasgow.

Best Acted Dialogue by two performers. The words may be selected from any published Gaelic work, or may be specially composed. Not to exceed 15 minutes in delivery—1 (£3), Mrs. Coutts, Glasgow, and John M. Bannerman, Glasgow; 2 (£2), John K. MacLean, Partick, and Angus M. MacDonald, Glasgow.

#### TOWN HALL.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—John MacDonald, M.A., Rev. Hector Cameron, and Robert MacLeod, Mus.Bac.

Oban and Lorn Association War Commemoration Medal (open), for the best rendering of a Song composed by a Lorn Bard—1 (Gold Badge and £1), Miss Bessie Campbell, Dornie; 2 (£2), James C. M. Campbell, Dornie. Prizes presented by the Glasgow Oban and Lorn Association.

Solo Singing of an Oran-mór selected by the Competitor from the following list:—"Coire Cheathaich," "Blàr na h-Eiphith," and "Fhuair mi naigheachd as ùr"—1 (£2), Neil MacLean, Oban; 2 (£1), John M. Bannerman, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song. Female Voices. Medal Competition. The songs are "Eilean a' Cheo" (Coisir Chìùil), "Raasay Lament," "Birlinn of the White Shoulders," and "Heart of Fire Love" (Songs of the Hebrides, Vol. II., pp. 102, 51, and 19)—1 (£1, and the Gold Medal of An Comunn), Miss Annie J. MacMillan, Dervaig; 2 (£2), Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban; 3 (£1), Miss Cath. M. Clark, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song. Male Voices. Medal Competition. The songs are "Mì'm shuidhe m' onar" and "Cha dirich mi bruthach" (Coisir a' Mhòid), "The Exile's Dream" and "Mull Fisher's Love Song" (Songs of the Hebrides, Vol. I., pp. 23 and 76)—1 (£1, and the Gold Medal of An Comunn), John M. Bannerman, Glasgow; 2 (£2), James C. M. Campbell, Dornie; 3 (£1), Charles MacInnes, Ballachulish.

#### MASONIC HALL.

Adjudicators—John MacDonald, M.A., and D. C. Walker, L.R.A.M.

Solo Singing of a Song, Female Voices (confined to members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its Branches and Affiliated Societies)—1 (£2), Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban; 2 (£1), Miss Julia Brown, Lochgilhead.

Solo Singing of a Song, Male Voices (confined to Members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its Branches and Affiliated Societies)—1 (£2), James C. M. Campbell, Dornie; 2 (£1), Neil MacKinnon, Perth.

## FRIDAY'S PRIZE-LIST.

Adjudicators—Rev. Hector Cameron, John Macdonald, M.A., Robert MacLeod, Mus.Bac., and D. C. Walker, L.R.A.M.

Solo Singing of a Song, Female Voices (open only to former Mod gold medallists and first prize winners for singing)—1 (£3), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford.

Solo Singing of a Song, Male Voices (open only to former Mod gold medallists and first prize winners for singing)—1 (£3), Neil MacLean, Oban.

Duet Singing of a Song—1 (£2), Mrs. E. B. Halse, Fort William, and Norman MacKinnon, Fort William; 2 (£1), Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale, and Miss Chrissie Campbell, Easdale.

Quartette Singing of a Song, Mixed Voices. (S.A.T.B.) Competitors to prepare two songs of their own choice, either or both of which they may be asked to sing—1 (£2), Inverness Gaelic Choir Quartette No. 1; 2 (£1), Inverness Gaelic Choir Quartette No. 2.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in three part harmony. Male Voices only. The two songs prescribed are "Màiri Bhàn Og" (Coisir a' Mhoid), and "O 's tu 's gur a tu th' air m' aire" —1 (£5), Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association Choir; 2 (£3), Dundee Gaelic Musical Association Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song with or without chorus, in three part harmony. Female voices only. The two songs prescribed are "Fhir a dhreasa am bealach" and "Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd" (Coisir a' Mhoid)—1 (£5), Dundee Gaelic Musical Association Choir; 2 (£3), Oban Gaelic Choir. First prize presented by proprietors "Oban Times."

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in four-part harmony. The songs prescribed are (1) "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" (test song), published by Bayley & Ferguson, Glasgow. "Chì mi na mor-bheana," and "Creag Ghuanach"—1 (£15, retention for one year of the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy, and a Baton to the Choir Conductor), Dundee Gaelic Musical Association Choir; 2 (£10), Oban Gaelic Choir; 3 (£5), Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association Choir.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Dr. R. R. MacNicol and Pipe-Major G. S. MacLennan.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey, and Reel, on the Pianoforte (confined strictly to amateurs)—1 (£2), Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2 (£1), Miss Nellie MacDonald, Craig Machie; 3 (10s), Miss Cicely Ross, Edinburgh.

Playing of Gaelic Song, Air, Strathspey, and Reel on the Violin (confined to amateurs)—1 (£2), Alistair B. Kerr, Creagan; 2 (£1), Donald MacDonald, Bracara; 3 (10s), Archd. MacDonald, Glasgow.

## FAIRE NA GRUAGAICH.

Le SEUMAS MacTHOMAS, Steòrnabhagh.

[A' cheud duais aig Mòd a' Ghearasdain, 1922.]

Tha leadan tais le driuchd na h-oidhche  
Aig maighdean an fhuil bhàin,  
Tha uchd na h-oidh a' snamh le gaol,  
Is suilean deurach thar a' chaoil  
Air tòir an àilleagain, an laoch,  
A chaochail air an tràigh.

"C'uime dh'fhag thu mi leam féin  
Ag éisdeachd gair nan tonn,  
Tha 'g altrum annam fathunn bròin  
Is iargain airteulaich an tòir  
Air m'ulaidh, m'annsachd, tha fo'n fhòd  
An Tìr nan Oig 's nan sonn.

Gheall gun tilleadh tu thar chuan  
Le fonn nan duan 'nad bheul  
A dh'aiseag thugam-sa le mùirn  
An dealas gràidh a chuir rium cùl.  
O'n chaidh mo leannan agus m'ùidh  
Do dhuthaich àill nan treun.

Is sibhshe thonnann bronnach, ciar  
A' teachd o'n Iar le gair,  
C'arson a dhealaich sibh ri m'ùidh  
'S nach d'iomain sibh an so air iùil  
Am fìuran aluinn a chuir cùl  
Ri tìr mo mhùirn 's mo ghràidh?

Dh'fheith mi le foighid mhaith is dh'éisd  
Ri beuc nam mór-thonn àrd,  
An dùil ri naigheachd air mo luaidh  
A chàraich iad leis féin 'san uaigh  
An eilean iomallach a' chuain,  
Far bheil luchd buaidh ri tàmh.

Dh'fhiosraich mi de'n dealan-dé  
Is e leis fhéin gun sgios—  
Saor o uallach, saor o bhòrn,  
Sona 'n cuideachd luis is pòir,  
Aobhach, ait 'san trusgan òir,  
An culaidh sròil tha mìn.

Choinnich iadsan ri mo riar  
'San ionad dhìomhair àill,  
Dh'éisd le cheile gair nan tonn  
Air cladaich céin a' liubhair fhonn  
A dh'fhogradh bròn o uchd nan sonn  
Air bhàrr nam bòc-thonn àrd.

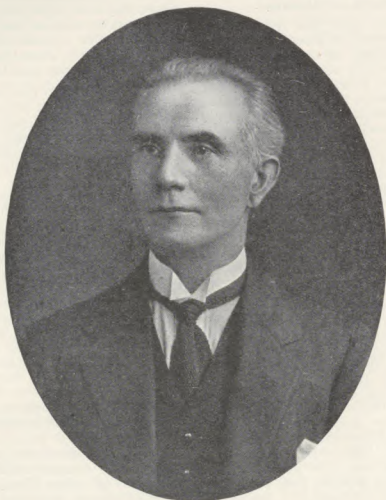
Dh'éisd mi torman seimh nan allt  
Is cagair fhann na gaoith'  
Dh'éisd 's ri ceileireadh an eòin  
Am measg nan geug air ghleus le deòin,  
Dh'fheuch 'n robh teachdaireachd mo rùin  
'Nan ciùil ro-ghasda, bhinn.

Bha cagair fhann mo ghaoil 'nan ceol  
Le cuireadh dhomhs' thar sàil,  
Theich m'aignidhean le luathas air ball  
A dh'ionnsaigh doire dlùth nan crann  
An tòir air m'annsachd a bha thall  
'San tìr a gheall dhomh fàilt'—"

Ach thréig a misneach, shruth a deòir,  
Is sguir a ceol 'sa mùirn,  
Chinn i fann le meud a pràmh  
Dh'eug an snuadh 'na gruaidh a dhearrs'—  
Tha tuineachas na gruagaich fàs  
Is ise tàmh fo'n ùir.

## MR. ANGUS ROBERTSON:

A CHARACTER SKETCH.



Mr. Angus Robertson is vice-president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and has occupied that position for a goodly number of years. His is the spirit that seeks to emulate the heroes of antiquity, and to restore to the Celtic regime much of the glamour and prestige of which it was so sadly divested in mediæval times. He is an enthusiastic upholder of the old-time traditions and the noble conceptions which have won for the Celtic peoples a place of distinction among the cultured nations of the world. He holds a unique record for faithful and unremitting service on behalf of the language and literature of his Gaelic ancestors; and he is perhaps one of the most popular leaders in the Celtic Revival, so far as men of letters are concerned.

When first I met Mr. Robertson, I was a newcomer to An Comunn's Council, and was

at once impressed by the virility and insistence of his advocacy of the claims of Gaelic as a spoken language. In season and out of season, he reverted to his familiar theme—that Gaelic should be used, side by side with English, as a medium of business at all Comunn meetings. At first, he received little or no support, and his was a voice crying in the wilderness. Gradually, however, the Gaelic conscience was awakened; and, after a struggle extending over many years, the walls of reaction were fractured and bilingualism was adopted by Scotland's most representative Celtic convention. It even went so far as to agree incontinently to all its minutes being kept in Gaelic.

These were great victories for Mr. Robertson; and his name will live in An Comunn's annals as the first propagandist who succeeded in reforming our great national



movement by drastic action from within. To him belongs the victor's palm, not only for opening to the vernacular An Comunn's portals, but also for giving it fresh bias and impulse as a spoken language as distinct from its apotheosis in a rival tongue.

Mr. Robertson does not confine his Celtic energies to a verbal pleading for Gaelic rights and privileges on our councils and committees. He is a master of persuasive appeals by means of the written word, and his rapier thrusts in the Celtic press have often turned radically the battle of the talents who differed acutely on vital questions of Gaelic policy. He has a happy knack of getting at the heart of knotty problems, and he spares no effort to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the facts of the case with which he intends to deal. He is, therefore, invulnerable in combat; and I do not remember a single instance in which he was worsted in a literary encounter involving the progress and honour of our national tongue.

It is, however, when he engages in the congenial pursuit of inditing a non-contentious Gaelic essay or romantic tale that my genial friend is found at his best. His is the pen that can weave the most delightful fabrics—varied in texture and artistic in colouring, even as the beautiful tartan of his Perthshire forebears. A kindlier hand never dealt with the fancies and foibles of Highland character than that of the author of "An t'Ogha Mór"; and certainly no story was ever put on paper that more faithfully depicted than does that novel the life and manners of a couple of centuries ago in the North of Scotland. From beginning to end, it teems with terse phrases and poetical allusions that remind one of the splendid styles of Stevenson and Dickens merged into one, and presented with a welcome seasoning of Norman MacLeod and Neil Munro. The idioms are pure and elastic, the word-pictures truthful and delightful, and the narrative full of exciting adventures and dramatic situations. The paths of the desolate homes, the glamour of the cloud-capped hills, the eerie feelings of the benighted wanderers traversing the trackless moor, and the martial ardour and daring spirit of our Celtic people, all find full and fascinating treatment in this masterpiece of recent Gaelic literature. And then there are the subtle appeals to our patriotism and love of kindred; the enticing references to a noble past in art and handicraft, and the wonderful dreams of an

emancipated Celticism that would make Scotland once again less dependent on Teuton culture than she has been for many centuries. The book is, in every respect, worthy of the noble episode with which it deals; and as it is the first, it is likely long to remain the best, of our slender stock of Gaelic novels. A delectable chaplet it certainly is, to adorn the brow of our much-esteemed vice-president.

On the platform, not less than in the study, Mr. Robertson demonstrates his pre-eminence as a Celtic leader and his changeless fidelity to race and language. His voice is clear and convincing; metaphorically as well as physically it "giveth forth no uncertain sound." Sophism and trimming he leaves to others, and in spurious tributes to a waning culture he takes no pleasure. He speaks the truth without haste or rancour, and he would never think of deserting a position for the sake of expediency. It is his sincerity—his devotion to a cause which so many barter for place and pelf—that makes him so popular with Scottish audiences, not only in Perth and Inverness, but also in the urban centres of the South, where Gaelic sentiment is an unknown quantity. This exceptional singleness of purpose has won for him the confidence and admiration of more than one Parliamentary constituency, although he has hitherto declined to enter the House of Commons.

A thrill of pleasure permeated all sections of the Celtic commonwealth when it was announced the other morning that he had permitted himself to be adopted as a candidate for the Kelvingrove division of Glasgow, and that he had pledged himself to come forward at the next election. He commended himself to the selecting committee by his straight and honest dealings—his transparent sensitiveness on questions of honour, and his consistent and life-long abstention from log-rolling or political wire-pulling. A more upright or disinterested aspirant for representative honours never sought the suffrages of a Scottish constituency, and no candidate was ever brought before the voters by less devious methods. His was not the hand to pass a base coin on a trusting committee, and all the promises that he has given will be fulfilled and honoured to the last jot and tittle. He wants no "leg-up" to office or place of profit, for his private means raise him high above the sorry political scramble for soft jobs and simple lucre. If he enters Parlia-

ment, Glasgow will be represented by one more honest gentleman, who will preserve unsullied the best traditions of the city's representation at Westminster. With his political views I have nothing to do in this little essay; but it may be accepted as proven that they are based on a wide knowledge of men and matters, and an equally extensive experience of trade and commerce. He was recently appointed President of the Scottish Land Settlements Association.

As might be expected, Mr. Robertson's name is freely mentioned in connection with the vacancy in An Comunn's presidency, which takes place next September. In my opinion, his victory over any probable competitor is absolutely a foregone conclusion.

I anticipate for Mr. Robertson a magnificent majority. He will prove an ideal president. He has not only enthusiasm and vision, but also a complete knowledge of our language in its spoken form, and a graceful expression both in the printed page and on the public platform. A more suitable president from every point of view An Comunn never had, and a more suitable person for the office An Comunn does not now possess.

His position in Parliament will give Mr. Robertson a great advantage in guiding the affairs of our premier Gaelic organisation, and he may be able to obtain Government concessions which a mere outsider could never expect. I am hopeful that, before his term of the presidency expires, he may succeed in devising ways and means for effecting an amalgamation between An Comunn and the Royal Celtic Society. A small Act of Parliament may be necessary to give to the two surviving members of the latter body ample power and authority to elect a sufficient number of colleagues to meet all requirements, administrative and executive.

Mr. Robertson is the man to engineer such a measure through the House of Commons;—and this would only be one of many cases in which his Parliamentary connection will help the Gaelic movement.

A. H.

[Since these notes were written, Mr. Robertson has been elected President of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and I offer him my heartiest felicitations on his attaining to this distinguished position.—A.H.]

## ULLAPOOL MOD.

The Ullapool Provincial Mod took place on the 22nd of August. There were in all sixty-five entries for the various competitions in both senior and junior departments. The majority of these were for the musical competitions. The literary competitions, notwithstanding the fact that very substantial prizes were offered, were not so popular. In the senior department, none entered for the essay competition, although the subject was an easy one of local interest, nor for the recitation of a local sgeulachd, and there was only one entrant for the reading of an unseen piece of Gaelic prose. In the junior section there were no entries for the competition in writing from dictation. This is to be greatly regretted, as it shows that the number who are able to read and write the language with ease must still be very limited. The ability to sing well a few Gaelic songs is not uncommon among Gaelic speakers in the West Highlands, but, unfortunately, this is too rarely accompanied by ability to read and write the language, and, without that, there cannot be much knowledge of the literature. Our Highland music is undoubtedly beautiful and worthy of preservation, but so also is our literature, and until this becomes as popular as our music is at present, Gaelic will continue to decline.

All the competitors were full of enthusiasm, and, under the able tuition of Mr. Colin Macleod, Inverness, An Comunn Gaidhealach's singing teacher, they had prepared their parts with great care, so that the judges—Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness; Mr. Edward Taylor, London; and the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, Lochbroom—had no easy task in deciding their awards. A special feature of the competition was the number of men who entered and the excellence of their singing. In this respect the Ullapool Mod bears very favourable comparison with other provincial Mods.

In the evening a concert was held, which was very largely attended by the general public. The programme was sustained by the Ullapool Gaelic Choir, the prize-winners, and Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, who was in excellent voice, and, as at the previous concerts, his singing of both serious and humorous Gaelic songs was listened to with the greatest enjoyment. Ruairidh is always welcome to an Ullapool audience, who, living as they do, in the heart of a Gaelic area, know well how Gaelic songs

should be rendered. Miss Betty Fraser, always in demand at Ullapool concerts, performed on the violin with her usual skill, and Mr. J. Mackenzie, a young man who has distinguished himself at Glasgow piping competitions, gave rousing selections on the bagpipes. Mr. Taylor delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on the music of Gaelic folk-songs, with special observations on the singing of the various competitors during the day. Mr. Colin Macleod played all the accompaniments at the concert as well as at the competitions with great skill and sympathy. For him it was a very strenuous day. In the unavoidable absence of Major Fraser of Leckmelm, C.M.G., president of the local Branch of An Comunn, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Ullapool, ably acted in the chair. The prizes were very gracefully presented by Miss Betty Fraser.

The Chairman, with his accustomed eloquence, moved a vote of thanks to the judges, which was heartily responded to. Throughout a long competition in which the bulk of the entrants were singularly equal, they did their part with the utmost faithfulness, discernment, and impartiality. Special reference was made to all that Mr. Roderick Macleod has done and is doing for the Gaelic cause, and the fervour with which he was applauded whenever he appeared on the platform testified that his work is fully appreciated by the people of Lochbroom.

On the whole, the Ullapool Branch of An Comunn have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their Mod, which, of course, was largely due to the assistance given by the parent Association in granting them the service of so talented a teacher and organiser as Mr. Colin Macleod.

Appended is a list of the prize-winners:—

Solo Singing (ladies)—1st prize (£1 and medal), Miss Katie Maclean, Ullapool; 2nd prize (£1), Miss Joan Macleod, Coigach; 3rd prize (15s), Mrs. M. Macleod, Ullapool.

Special prize, presented by Mr. H. F. Campbell, Aberdeen (Book on Highland Reconstruction)—Miss Christis Stewart, Ullapool.

Solo Singing (gentlemen)—1st prize (£1 and medal), Mr. Alick Ross, Ullapool; 2nd prize (£1), Mr. Murdo Maclean, Leckmelm; 3rd prize (15s), Mr. Murdo Macleod, Ullapool.

Special prize, presented by Mr. H. F. Campbell, Aberdeen—Mr. Kenneth Macleod, Ullapool.

Special prize, £1 presented by Captain Hugh Macleod, Ullapool, for traditional singing of a Gaelic song—Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Point, Ullapool.

Solo Singing for Boys and Girls, ages 11 to 14 years—1st prize (10s), Miss Isobel Macleod, Ullapool; 2nd prize (7s 6d), Mr. Murdo Macleod, Leckmelm; 3rd prize (5s), Miss Cathie Campbell, Ullapool.

Solo Singing for Boys and Girls, ages 6 to 9 years—1st prize (10s), Miss Elsie Macmillan, Ullapool; 2nd prize (7s 6d), Miss Netta Stewart, Ullapool; 3rd prize (5s), Miss Joey Ross, Ullapool.

Solo Singing for Boys and Girls, aged 5 years and under—1st prize, Miss Nessie Ross; 2nd prize, Miss Mary Catherine Wallace.

Special competition for prizes presented by Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, for singing of "Gur gile mo leannan."—Ladies—1st prize (£1), Miss Annie Macleod; 2nd prize (15s), Miss Joan Macleod; 3rd prize (10s), Mrs. M. Macleod.

Do., Gentlemen—1st prize (£1), Mr. Kenneth Macdonald; 2nd prize (15s), Mr. Danny Ross, Braes; 3rd prize (10s), Mr. Alick Ross.

Special Prize (5s)—Miss Lizzie Campbell.

Duet Singing (seniors)—1st prize (£1 10s), Miss Katie Maclean and Miss Annie Macleod; 2nd prize (£1), Miss Christis Stewart and Mr. Alick Ross; 3rd prize (15s), Mrs. M. Macleod and Mr. Murdo Maclean.

Literary (seniors)—Reading of an unfamiliar piece of Gaelic prose—1st prize (10s), Miss Joan Macleod, Coigach.

Literary (juniors)—Reciting a Gaelic Psalm—1st prize (10s), Miss Elsie Macmillan; 2nd prize (7s 6d), Miss Nana Ross; 3rd prize (5s), Miss Lizzie Campbell.

## BARDIC INSPIRATION.

Human aspirations have always at first taken the form of poetry. Even in Jewish history, as delineated in the Holy Bible, we find song the first and only medium by which to praise the Almighty, or record the heroic deeds of the Jewish heroes. And so it has been with all nations, the Celtic nation forming no exception. Hence, from the very beginning of the historical Celtic era, we find the people steeped in songs, and rhymes, and lore of all kind, transmitted from father to son by oral traditions for many generations.

Every village or hamlet produces half-a-dozen rhyesters per generation. These, though of local reputation, can hardly claim to be styled bards. Many of them are little known, though the character and the variety of their compositions entitle them to a very high place among the Gaelic bards. We hope to be able, at some future time, to take up one or more of those bards, and show, by references to their own works and published songs, that they thought deeply and composed well.



## NA BEANNTAICHEAN GORMA.

Chuireadh an sgeulachd a leanas chugainn leis an Ollamh MacLauchlainn ann an baile Dhun-Eideann. Bha i air a sgrìobhadh sìos o bheul fr-athris ann an Eilean Mhinlaidh dìth do Bharraidh, agus air a cur a dh'ionnsuidh an Ollamh leis an neach a sgrìobh i. Is aobhar iongantais a faotunn ann an sìod, agus cha bheag a' cheist cia às a thàinig i.

Is e fhéin a bha toilichte an uair a chuala e so. Ghabh e a mach do'n ghàradh an uair a bha an uair a' teannadh air; ach cìod a rinn an gille beag bàn ach dealg mhór a thòirt á a poca fhéin, agus sàthar an cùl a chòta, gun fhios da, agus grad-thuìtear e 'na chadal.

Cha b'fhada gus an tàinig ise le carbad cheithir each. Dh'fhoighnich i de'n ghille an robh a mhaighstir 'na dhùsgadh. Thuirt esan nach robh.

"Is bochd a dh'éirich," ars ise, "tra nach fòghnadh an oidheche leis gu cadal. Abair ris, mur coinnich e mise mu'n àm so a màireach, nach 'eil e gle choltach gu'm faic e mi ri a bheò."\*

A cheart cho luath agus a dh'fhalbh i, thug an gille bàn an dealg á còta a mhaighstir, agus dhùisg e 'sa 'mhionaid. Is e a cheud fhaical a thuirte e ris a' ghille bhàn, "Am faca tu i?"

"Chunnaic, agus dh'iarr i orm a ràdh riut mur coinnicheadh tu i mu naoidh uairean a màireach, nach faiceadh tu gu bràth i."

Bha esan fuathasach dullich an uair a chuala e so. Cha robh e 'tuigsinn cìod bu choireach gu'n robh an cadal a' tighinn air aig an àm a bha ise a' tighinn. Chuir e roinhe gu'n rachadh e a chadal tràth a nochd, gus éirigh moch a màireach; agus rinn e sin, éirigh gle mhoch. An uair a bha e 'teannadh air na naoidh uairean, ghabh e a mach do'n ghàradh 'ga feitheamh gus an tigeadh i, agus bha an gille bàn còmhla ris; ach a cheart cho luath agus a fhuair an gille cothrom, thug e an dealg a mach as a phoca agus stobar e ann an còta a' mhaighstir i, agus grad-thuìtear e 'na chadal mar a b' àbhaist da.

An uair a bha e dìreach naoidh uairean, thàinig ise le carbad cheithir each, agus dh'fhoighnich i de'n ghille bhàn, an robh a mhaighstir air a chois an diugh.

Thuirt an gille nach robh, gu'n robh e 'na chadal, mar a bha e an dé. "Ud, ud!" ars ise, "is bochd leam fhéin mar a dh'éirich dha;

## THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The tale that follows was sent to us by Dr. MacLauchlan of Edinburgh. It had been written down from the mouth of a reciter in the Island of Minlay [or Minglay or Mingulay?], close to Barra, and had been sent to the Doctor by the person who had written it. The fact of its being found there is a matter of surprise, and the question of its origin is no slight one.

He was pleased, indeed, when he heard this. When the time was drawing near, he went out to the garden; but what did the fair little gillie do but take a great pin out of his own pocket, and stick it, unknown to him, in the back of his coat, whereupon he instantly fell asleep.

It was not long before she came in a four-horse chariot. She enquired of the gillie whether his master were awake. He said he was not.

"It is very sad that this has happened," said she, "sad that he should find the night not enough for sleep. Tell him, that unless he meet me to-morrow about this time it is very unlikely that he will ever see me again in all his life."\*

As soon as ever she had gone, the fair gillie took the pin out of his master's coat, and he awoke at once. The first word he said to the fair gillie was, "Hast thou seen her?"

"I have, and she desired me to tell thee that unless thou meet her at nine o'clock to-morrow, thou wilt never see her."

He was exceedingly sorry when he heard this. He did not understand what was the cause of sleep coming upon him at the very moment when she was coming. He determined that he would go to sleep early to-night, in order to rise early to-morrow; and rise he did, very early. When it was getting near to nine o'clock, he went out into the garden to watch for her until she should come, and the fair gillie was with him; but as soon as ever the gillie got an opportunity, he took the pin out of his pocket and thrust it into his master's coat, who instantly fell asleep, as usual.

When it was just nine o'clock, she came with a four-horse chariot, and enquired of the fair gillie if his master was on foot to-day.

The gillie said he was not, that he was asleep, as he had been yesterday. "Ud, ud!" said she, "I think it a great pity that

\* Only two abortive meetings are mentioned in this tale. Other versions mention three. The words of the heroine show that this was the second meeting, and that the first has been forgotten.

nach fòghnadh dha na rinn e de chadal fad na h-oidhche an raoir? Abair ris nach fhaic e mise gu bráth tuilleadh ann an so; agus so dhuit claidbeamh a bheir thu dha 'nam ainm-sa, agus bheir thu mo bheannachd dha.' An uair a thuir i so, dh'fhalbh i.†

An uair a dh'fhalbh i, thug an gille bàn an dealg á còta a mhaighstir, agus ghrad-éirich e. Is e a cheud fhaical a thuir e, "Am faca thu i?"

Thuir an gille gu'm faca, agus gu'n robh claidhearnh an sìod a dh'farr i air-san a thoir da.

Thòisich e an so air splonadh an fhuilt as fhéin le mullach mullaic. Ach sùil de'n tug e thar a ghuallainn, cha robh bad de'n ghille bhàn aige!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bha e an so 'na aonarachd, agus smuainich e dol a stigh do'n rùm anns an robh na daoine 'nan cadal; agus cò am measg na h-uile a bha ann ach an dithis chompanach a bha aige fhéin an uair a theich iad às an arm.

Chuimhnich e an so cìod a thuir Nighean an Rìgh ris—nach robh aige ach an t-slat a thug i dha a bhualadh orra, agus gu'n éireadh iad uile as a' chadal anns an robh iad—cuid dhiubh ann bho chionn shé bliadhna deug; agus co air a bhuail e an toiseach i ach air a dhà chompanach fhéin. Sìod iadsan air am bonnaibh a cheart cho luath agus a bhean an t-slat dhoibh, agus thug e dhoibh an ultach de dh'òr 'us de dh'airgid, agus iad fhéin a thoir às; ach is ann a bha an obair aige mu'n do dhùisg e uile iad; bha dà dhorus a' chaisteil cumhang dhoibh fad an latha!

\* \* \* \* \*

Bha call Nighinn an Rìgh a' cogadh ri a inntinn a latha 'us a dh'oidhche; agus smuainich e gu'm falbhadh e air feadh an t-saoghail dh'fhaic am faigheadh e neach sam bith a bheireadh naidheachd dha oirre.

Thug e leis an t-each a bh'fhearr a bha anns an stàbull, agus dh'fhalbh e. Thug e trì bliadhna air choisachd tre fhàsaichean agus choilltichean, agus cha d'fhuair e neach a thug dha naidheachd oirre. Thuir e mu dhèireadh ann an eu-dòchas cho mòr agus gu'm feumadh e làmh a chur 'na bheatha fhéin. Rug e air a' chlaidhearnh a thug ise

this should have happened to him; would not all the sleep he had last night suffice him? Tell him he will never see me any more in this place; and here is a sword which thou shalt give him in my name, and give him my blessing too." And when she had spoken thus, she departed.†

When she had gone, the fair gillie took the pin out of his master's coat, and he instantly arose. The first word he said was, "Hast thou seen her?"

The gillie said he had, and that yonder was a sword which she had asked him to give him.

At this, he began to tear his hair out of his head, with excess of grief. But upon glancing over his shoulder, there was not a trace of the fair gillie [to be seen]!

\* \* \* \* \*

He was now all alone, so he thought he would go into the room where the sleeping men were; and whom should he find amongst all the men there but the two companions who had been with him when they deserted from the army.

He now remembered what the king's daughter had said to him—that he had nothing to do but to strike them with the wand she had given him, and they would all rise out of the sleep in which they then were—some of them had been asleep for sixteen years; and whom did he first strike with the wand but his own two companions. They were on their feet as soon as ever the wand touched them, and he gave them as much as they could carry of gold and silver, and [leave] to take themselves off; but before he could awaken them all, he had to work hard indeed; all day long [there were such crowds of them going away that] the two doorways of the castle were not wide enough for them [to pass through comfortably]!

\* \* \* \* \*

The loss of the king's daughter was distracting his thoughts day and night; and he determined to go all over the world to see if he could find anyone who would give him tidings of her.

He took the best horse in the stable, and set out. He spent three years travelling through wildernesses and woods, but did not find any one who could give him tidings of her. At last he fell into so great a despair, that he must needs take his own life. He seized the sword that she had given the fair gillie to give him, intending to cut his throat

† The heroine who vanishes, and leaves the hero to find out whither she has gone, occurs in *W. H. Tales*, II., No. 51, and *Ibid.* IV., p. 412, No. 185 (pub. *Guth na Bliadhna*, X., p. 50).

do'n ghille bhàn gus a thoirt da, dol a ghearradh a sgòrnain fhéin leis. An uair a splon e as an truaille e, ciod a chunnaic e ach sgròbhadh air an taobh aige. Sheall e air, agus ciod a bh'ann ach—

*"Gheabh thu mise anns na Beanntaichean Gorma."*

Thug so misneach dha, agus leig e dheth buil a thoirt às fhéin.

Smuainich e gabhail air aghart, an dòchas gu'n tachradh neach ris a bheireadh dha naidheachd air c'àite an robh na Beanntaichean Gorma.

An deaghaidh dha astar gun chiall a dheanamh, chunnaic e mu dheireadh solus fada uaithe, 'us rinn e dìreach air. An uair a ràinig e an solus, ciod a bh'ann ach bothan tìghe. Cho luath agus a dh'fhairich am fear a bha stigh tartraich chas, thàinig e a mach, agus co bha a nìos dh'a ionnsuidh ach marcaiche.

Dh'fhoighnich e ciod a thug an sìod e, agus c'àite an robh e 'dol. "Tha mise," ars esan, "ann an so o chionn thrì cheud bliadhna, agus aon mhac duine chan fhaca mi anns an ùine sin ach thusa 'nad aonarachd."

"Tha mise air falbh o chionn thrì bliadhna,"\* ars an t-Eirionnach, "dh'fhiach am faigh mi neach sam bith a dh'innseas dhomh c'àite am bheil na Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Thig a stigh," ars an seann duine, "agus cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche còmhla rium fhéin. Tha leabhar agam anns am bheil eachdraidh an t-saoghail, agus thèid mi troimhe a nochd, agus ma tha a leithid de àite 'us na Beanntaichean Gorma ann, leòra! bithidh fios agam air."

Dh'fhuirich e an so fad na h-oidhche, agus cho luath agus a thàinig a' mhaduinn, dh'èirich e gu falbh. Thuirt an seann duine ris nach deachaidh e a chadal fad na h-oidhche ach a' dol tre'n leabhar, agus nach robh guth air na Beanntaichean Gorma ann. "Ach innsidh mi so dhuit," ars esan, "ma tha a leithid de àite idir air an talamh, tha bràthair agamsa naoidh ceud mìle á so, agus ma tha fios aig neach air an t-saoghal c'àite am bheil iad, tha fios aige-san air."

*(R'a leantainn.)*

with it. But when he had plucked it out of the scabbard, what should he see on one side of it, but some writing. He examined it, and what should he see written there but—

*"Thou wilt find me in the Blue Mountains."*

This gave him courage, and he dropped the idea of destroying himself.

He determined to go forward, in the hope of meeting some one who would give him tidings as to the whereabouts of the Blue Mountains.

After an interminable amount of desultory wandering, he saw at last a light a long way from him, and made straight for it. When he got to the light, what [did he find] there but a little bothy of a house. As soon as the man inside the house heard the clattering of feet, he came out, and whom [did he see] coming towards him but a mounted man.

He asked him what had brought him there, and where he was going. "I," he said, "have been here for three hundred years, and never a human being have I seen during that time, but thee alone."

"I have been travelling for three years,"\* said the Irishman, "to see if I could find any one who could tell me where the Blue Mountains are."

"Come in," said the old man, "and thou shalt spend the night along with me. I have a book containing the history of the world, and I will go through it to-night, and if there be such a place as the Blue Mountains in existence, by the books! I shall know about it."

He stayed in this place all the night, and as soon as the morning came, he arose.

The old man said to him that he had not gone to sleep all night, for he had been going through the book instead, but there was not a word about the Blue Mountains in it. "But this will I tell thee," said he, "if there is such a place on the earth at all, I have a brother nine hundred miles from here, and if any one in the world knows where the Blue Mountains are, he does."

*(To be continued.)*

Translation and Notes by J. G. MACKAY, London.

\* Some slight confusion apparent here. It was for his lady-love that the hero had been searching all that time, and not for the Blue Mountains, of whose existence he had (apparently) never heard before until that very day.

† *Lit.*, walk; but coisich sometimes means travelling, or travelling hard.

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# AN DEÒ-GRÉINE

Leabhar XVIII.] *Ceud Mhìos a' Gheamhraidh, 1922.* [Earrann 2.

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## THALL 'SA BHOS.

Tha am Mòd seachad airson bliadhna eile agus cha robh Lochabar idir air dhèireadh air aon bhaile anns an do chruinnich sinn roimhe a chumail Féis Ciùil agus Litreachais a' Chomuinn. Tha am Mòd o bhliadhna gu bliadhna a' cur ri eachdraidh a' Chomuinn agus gach bliadhna a' dol am feabhas.

\* \* \*

A réir nam breitheamhan, agus bha iad uile coimhlionta, cothromach, thug òigridh na bliadhna so bàrr air na chaidh rompa a thaobh an ealantachd ann an leughadh agus ann an aithris rosg is bàrdachd. Bha na sgeulachdan agus na còmhraidhean mar an ceudna na bu phong-aile agus na bu tuigseala. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu bheil teagasg na cànaire anns na sgoilean a' dol a ghiùlan toraidh a bhios a chum buannachd do chùis na Gàidhlig agus do'n òigridh iad fhéin. Tha iad cheana ann an seilbh air an ionmhas phrìseil sin a chaidh àicheadh do an aithrichean—an comas agus an cothrom air litreachas an cànaire 'san dùthcha a leughadh agus a thuigsinn dhoibh fhéin.

\* \* \*

Nach taitneach agus nach ciatach an smuain e gu bheil camhanaich latha 'n àigh do ar cànaire a' teannadh dlùth: gu bheil doillearachd nam bliadhnaibh neo-thorach a'

dol a sgaoleadh roimh theas agus neart gréine na maidne àghmhoir sin anns an cluinnte coireil agus ceilearachd nach cualas bho chaidil an Fhéinn.

\* \* \*

Is còir do Mheuran a' Chomuinn a bhi nis ann an uidheam fa chomhar coinneamhan a' Gheamhraidh. Tha céilidhean nam bailtean móra 'nan làn-uidheam agus a' taruing am mach, sean is òg, bho chagailt bhlàth na h-oidhche a dh'eisdeachd ri òraidean, deasbaireachd agus òrain. Tha e mar fhuachaibh air ar Meuran an céilidhean a dheanamh cho oileanach agus is comasach dhoibh. Ged is math céilidh chiùil is òraide is iad prìomh rùintean a' Chomuinn an cothrom a thoirt do gach neach nach urrainn sin a dheanamh mar tha a' Ghàidhlig a leughadh, seadh agus a sgrìobhadh. Ged nach 'eil luchd-teagaisg ach tearc cha chreid mi gu bheil clachan anns a' Ghàidhealtachd anns nach faighear cuid no cuid-eigin a leughas "Caraid nan Gàidheal," no "Am Fear Ciùil," agus ma leughas aon carson nach ionnsaich chò?

\* \* \*

Chan 'eil dòigh as fearr air feasgar Geamhraidh a chur seachad, co-dhiubh air a' Ghàidhealtachd, na an cuideachd a cheile agus aon an dèidh aoin a' leughadh á deadh leabhar Gàidhlig, agus chan 'eil iad cho gann agus is math le cuid a ràdh. Dh'fhàg na bàird dileab againn a' fàgail toirt cead dhuinn ar cinn a' thogail ann an cuideachd air bith, agus na ghabh os laimh sgrìobhadhean eile fhagail againn tha an cuid oibrichean cho airdh air ar n-aire ri obair nam bàrd. Chan 'eil lethseul againn.

\* \* \*

Ma tha mo bhraic ceart a thaobh an aireamh leabhraichean teagasg a chaidh gu



bùthan-leabhraichean air a' bhliadhna so tha mòran teagais 'ga dheanamh an ait-eigin, agus tha dòchas nach 'eil Meuran a' Chomuinn air dheireadh orra-san nach 'eil uile gu léir fo bhratlach a' Chomuinn.

NIALL.

## CALUM IS BANTRACH THARMAID.

### CALUM AG IARRAIDH MNATHA.

Le IAIN MAC-AN-ABA, F.E.I.S., Cille Mhoire,  
An t-Eilean Sgitheanach.

(A' cheud duais aig Mod, 1922.)

Tigh na bantraich—Calum a' gnogadh aig an dorus, is a' tighinn a stigh.

A' bhantrach a' labhairt—Holló! a Chalum is fhad o na seachd bliadhna sin o nach fhaca mi thu!

Calum a' labhairt—Seachd bliadhna! Na'n canadh sibh seachd seachduinean, bhiodh sibh na bu tinne air an fhìrinn.

A' bhantrach—An uair a bhios feadhainn a' gabhail fadachd nach fhaic iad duine is toigh leo, fairichidh iad seachduin mar bhliadhna. An eual thu mar a bha 'san òran?

“Is bliadhna leam gach seachduin

Gus an tig thu nuas,

'S ma ni té do mhealladh

Gu'm bi mi fo ghruaim.”

Calum—Ma tà, sibh a' cheud té air an tainig mi dh'amharc o thainig mi dhachaidh.

A' bhantrach—C'áite 'n robh thu fhad 'sa bha thu air falbh?

Calum—Bha mi 'san arm, thall an Eirinn a' feuchainn ri casg a chuir air a mhi-riaghailt a tha dol air aghart 'san dùthaich ànraich sin, ach dh'fhairtlich sin oirn. Cha bhì na h-Eirionnaich aig sìth ach 'nuair a bhios iad aig aimhreit.

A' bhantrach—Gu dearbh tha mi creidsinn sin, a Chalum. Bha bó againn fhèin aon uair a thainig á Eirinn, is dh'fhairtlich oirn riamh a ceannsachadh. Bha i a' faotainn smachd air a h-uile creutair a thogradh i h-aghaidh a chuir air anns a' bhaile. Dh'fhag sin ise far a bheil i; chaidh i leis na creagan a' ruith gaibhre. Is cìod e bha thu trang ris o thainig thu dhachaidh, a Chalum?

Calum—Ma ta gu dearbh, bha mi ri iomadach rud—a' tughadh an taighe, is 'ga chuir air dòigh 'na bhroinn; a' sguabadh, 's a' sgùradh 's a' nigheadh shoithichean; a' bleoghan a' chruidh, 's a' fuineadh, 's a

deanamh inne is chàise, agus ceud rud eile a bharrachd air a sin.

A' bhantrach—A' bleoghan a' chruidh 's a' fuineadh, a Chalum! 'S e tha sin obair boirionnaich.

Calum—Ma ta gu dearbh, b'fhearr leam fhèin gu robh boirionnach agam, 's a' dh'innseadh na fìrinn duibh 'se sin a ghluais o'n tigh mi. Tha mi 'n déidh an t-arm fhàgail, 's ma theid gu math leam, tha 'na mo bheachd pòsadh air a' gheamhradh so. Am bheil Ceit a stigh?

A' bhantrach—Chan 'eil an dràsda, a Chalum. Chaidh i sìos do'n chlachan gu bùth 'Illeasbuig 'ic Cumraid a cheannach gnothuichean air son an taighe, agus gu dearbh, tha i fuireach cho fada 's gu bheil mise a' smaointeachadh gu bheil i fhèin agus Gilleasbuig mòr aig a' chéile.

Calum—Cìod e tha sibh a' cantuinn? Bheil sibh fhèin a' smaointeachadh gun deanadh Ceit suas ris a' chliospairneach chrotach sin?

A' bhantrach—O! chan 'eil fhios agam, a Chalum. Tha bùth aige, 's tha e gu math dheth, agus dheanadh ise deadh bhean-bùtha, chionn tha i 'na ban sgoileir mhath. Tha M.A. aig brathair a màthar am maighstir-sgoile.

Calum—M.A. ann no as, a bhantrach Tharmaid. Tha mise ag radh ribh, mur a seachainn an ceannaiche Céit, gun cur mise a' chroit imrich air. Bristidh mise a dhruim, 'sa chreideas, ged a bhiodh uidhir a dh'airgid aige 's a bh'aig Rìgh Nòsorus—'s e thu mi ciallachadh Rìgh Croesus.

A' bhantrach—Tut! tut! a Chalum. Cìod e tha agad an aghaidh 'Illeasba' chòir? 'S ann tha thusa a' bruidhinn mar gu robh sùil agad fhèin ann an Céit.

Calum—Nach ann a dh'aon sgrìob g'a h-iarraidh a thainig mi, 's ma theid agam air, cha leig mi le fear eile i.

A' bhantrach—O seadh! 'S am bheil dad a dh'eolas agad air Céit, a Chalum?

Calum—Tha. Bhithinn 'ga faicinn anns an sgoil-sheinn, is bhithinn a' dol dachaidh leatha oidhcheanan, 'nuair a thachradh dhi bhì air banais, no aig bualadh anns an àite.

A' bhantrach—San robh i deanamh taobh riut?

Calum—Uaireannan bhitheamaid a' cordadh math gu leòir, is uaireannan eile bhitheamaid, mar a thubhairt am facal, am mullach nan teud.

A' bhantrach—Cha b'uilear do dh'fhear a bhiodh 'na cheann pòsadh, a Chalum, mogan a bhì aige.

Calum—Ma bhios i cuide riumsa cha bhí dith mhoganan airre.

A' bhantrach—Chan 'eil thu 'ga mo thuigsinn, a Chaluum. 'S e tha mise a' ciallachadh nach b' uilear do dhúine dòrlach math airgid a bhí aige, a bharrachd air tigh, is fearann, is stoc. Ach ciod e an stoc a th' agad, a Chaluum?

Calum—Tha each, is da mhart, is sgotan chaorach —, 's a bharrachd air sin tha stoc-lionraidh agam.

A' bhantrach—Stoc lionraidh! Is einnteach ma tha sin agad, gu bheil cuibheall, is cuigeal, is fearsaid, is crois-iarna agad cuideachd, a Chaluum?

Calum—Tha mi creidsinn gu bheil, ach cha deach lámh a thoirt orra o'n a chaochail mo sheanamhair. Bidh iad ann an cùil air choireigin, mur a tug i leatha iad.

A' bhantrach—Tha eagal orm nach deanadh Céit móran feuma de na h-uidheaman sin. Dheanadh ise barrachd feuma de bheairt-fluaigneal. Bheil gin de 'n t-seòrsa agad, a Chaluum?

Calum—Chan 'eil; 's ann a bha dùil agam dh'fhaoidte gu faigheamaid tè bhuaibh fhéin 'nuair a phòsadam.

A' bhantrach—O! 'se tha thu ag iarraidh nise tochradh. Bha dùil agam gur i Céit a bha thu 'g iarraidh.

Calum—Tha mi 'g iarraidh an dà chuid—Céit 'sa h-uile dad a gheibh mi cuide rithe.

A' bhantrach—O seadh a laochain! Ma tha, 's e 'n tochradh as motha a gheibh fear sam bith a phòsas Céit—*mi fhein*. Ciamar a chordas sin riut, a Chaluum? Chan 'eil teagamh nach b' fheairrde bean òg sam bith té còmhla rithe aig am biodh eolas ann an toiseach taigheadais.

Calum—Chan 'eil fhios agam. 'S ann tha sibhse, a bhantrach Tharmaid, òg gu leòir air son pòsaidh sibh fhéin. Tha mi cluinntinn gum bi Eachunn Camashron a' tighinn air chéilidh oirbh, 's tha mi smaointeachadh gur math a fhreagradh sibh air a chéile.

A' bhantrach—Eachunn Camashron! Dé tha thu ag ràdh? Am bodach sin!

Calum—O, chan 'eil e cho sean sin idir, a bhantrach Tharmaid. Chan 'eil latha aig a bharrachd orm fhéin ach deich bliadhna fichead.

A' bhantrach—O! bha dùil agamsa gu robh e 'na bu shine na sin. 'S ann a bha mise am beachd gu robh e suas ri aois a' phension. Ach, cha do dh'iarra e fhathast mi, 'Chaluum.

Calum—Innseadh sibhse dha, an ath uair a thig e gu bheil Céit dol g'am phòsadh-sa, agus gu bheil sibh gu bhí air 'ur fagail 'n ur n-aonar. Is bitibh ag innseadh dha, cuid-eachd, mar a tha e cur 'nur cuimhne an duine a bh' agaibh fhéin roimhe, is dòcha gu fuaasail sin a theanga.

A' bhantrach—O! ge tà, Chaluum, chan 'eil cinnte sam bith fhathast gu bheil Ceit dol g'a do phòsadh-sa, a laochain. Is dòcha gu'm bi rud eigin aig Gilleasbuig Mac Cumrad ri radh a thaobh sin.

Calum—Saoil an leigeadh sibh fhéin le Ceit an dromlach duine sin a phòsadh, fear a bhios a' cur gainmhich 's an t-siucar, 's a fliuchadh an tombaca air son am barrachd cudthrom a bhí ann? Cha bhiodh e nì na bu mhi-onoraiche dha a lámh a chur 'nur pòcaid agus an t-airgid a thoirt as air a' mheadhon latha gheal gréine.

A' bhantrach—Ma tagu dearbh, a Chaluum, chuala mi gu robh e deanamh rudan neònach de 'n t-seòrsa sin 'nuair a bha 'n cogadh ann. Bha e air fhàgail air gu robh e cuir rud ris an canadh iad *per cent*. anns an fhliur, 's gur e sin a bha 'ga fhàgail cho dubh, agus, ged nach toigh leam a bhí bruidhinn air chuir mi fhéin Ceit do'n bhùthainn aon uair a dh'iarraidh càise, agus thainig i air a h-ais is punnd siabainn aice. Gun teagamh bha e ag radh rithist nach d' rinn se e ach air latha na gogaireachd. Ach coma co dh'uibh, a Chaluum, tha airgid aig Gilleasbuig, co aea 'se chuid fhein a th'ann no cuid dhaoine eile; 's cha bhithear a' foighneachd 'nuair tha airgid aig duine ciamar a fhuair se e, agus cha bhí dith no deireas air Ceit cuide ris.

Calum—Tha sin uile gle cheart a bhantrach Tharmaid, ach ciod e 's fhiaich òr is airgid cuide ri seann chluichdairneach seargta, 's drùim air coltach ri dromadaraidh, agus stròn coltach ri bàna, mar a chì sibh air na h-Iudhaich anns na Gorbals; is bheireadh an lasadh a tha 's na sùilean aige a nuas pris a' pharaffin. Is mi bhiodh duilich Ceit fhaicinn aige.

A' bhantrach—Bì thusa a' càineadh 'Illeasbuig a Chaluum, ach chan 'eil mise a' faicinn ciod e 'n dòigh mhór a th' agad fhéin air bean a chumail air a bhochdas fearainn a th' agad. Ciod e bhiodh té sam bith ach 'na clùd-sguraidh allabanaich cuide riutsa; far nach bi té ach i fhein; cha bhí fois am muigh no stigh aice. 'Sa bharrachd air sin cha robh móran eolais aig Ceit air obair am muigh riamb. 'Se chleachd i ach obair am taighe, 'san uair a bhiodh sin seachad, taruinn dhealbhanan le "shotsnap," agus a

cluich "Dotch," "mitch," "fatch" air bìana.

Calum—An seòrsa obair am muigh a th'agamsa, cha bhiodh i fada 'tighinn suas ris, is ged nach tigeadh i idir suas ris, dh'fhaodadh a lethsguad a bhi air a ghabhail, ach bhiodh e na b'fhearr dha slainte a bhi mach 'sa stigh mar a bhiodh i agamsa. 'S ged a tha i bòidheach gu leòir an dràsda, bhiodh barrachd rughaidh anns na gruaidhean aice, nam biodh i dad a thìde comhla riumsa. Thèid mise an urras nach biodh i fada comhla ri Gilleasbuig starrachd-ach 'nuair a dh'fheumadh i "Twink" air son dath a chur 'na gruaidhean. (Ag amharc air uaireadair.) Ach 's mi tha gabhail an fhadachd nach 'eil i tighinn dachaidh.

A' bhantrach—Nach ann agad tha'n t-uaireadair snasail ann a sin, a Chaluum? An e "careless lever" a th'ann?

Calum—"Se dìreach, rud-eiginn de'n t-seorsa sin a th'ann. (A' deanamh snodha gaire.)

A' bhantrach—Tha mi faicinn gu bheil "Medal" agad cuideachd, a Chaluum. Dé an seorsa a th'ann? 'Ne S.O.S. a th'ann?

Calum—Chan 'e, a bhantrach Tharmaid, ach D.C.M. Saoil sibh an dean e suas air son an M.A. a th'aig 'ur brathair?

A' bhantrach—Dh'fhaodadh e sin cuid-eachd, a Chaluum. Nach e tha briagh. Chunna mi a leithid eile aig Saighdear a' ghlinne, agus 'se an rìgh a chuir g'a ionnsuidh e, a aite ris an abair iad "Packing-room Palace." Bu leòir dhàibh an urram sin a thoirt dha, ged a bhiodh e na "Admiral Airm," fear cho ard 'sa tha anns an rìgh-a'chd ach an rìgh fhein agus "Lying George."

Calum—O! 'se an rìgh a chuir g'am ionnsuidh-sa cuideachd e. 'S a bharrachd air sin, tha rud ann nach do dh'inns mi dhuibh fhathast a bhantrach Tharmaid. Fhuair an Coirneal aig an Réiseamaid anns an robh mi dreuchd dhomh fo Bhòrd an Tuathanais, agus an lùne ghoirid, is dòcha gur ann a chi sibh mi a' siubhal air feadh na duthcha ann an carbad-ola, agus Gilleaspuig Mac Cumraid a' cur a làimhe 'na bhòineid dhomh fiach an cur e sia sgillinn asam.

A' bhantrach—O rugadh mise, a Chaluum! Nach ann dhuit fhéin a rug an cat an cuilean! Mise an diugh! Nach ann dhuit a chaidh am bealach reidh fhosgladh le bhi suas ris na daoine mòra sin? Is docha gur ann a bhios tu fhéin 'na do cheann-suidhe aig Bòrd an Tuathanais fhathast. Nach bu tu e a Chaluum! Cìod thuige nach do dh'inns thu sin dhomh an toiseach do chòmhraidh? Fuirich 's ni sinn *tea*; is

dòcha gun tig Ceit a stigh mu'n goil an coire. Carbad ola! a laochain. Chan fhóghnadh na bu lugha. O! nach iomadh atharrachadh tha tighinn air an t-saoghal a th'ann! Ach caomhain mise o na h-inleachdan cunnart-ach sin nach fan ri'm beannachadh! Ged a b'e 'n cat fhéin a bhiodh air an rathad chan fhaigh e tìde tìomnadh a dheanamh, cho luath 's gu bheil e. 'S air son nan cearc, chan fhag iad ach té no dha diubb agad ged a bhiodh tu cur sìos linn 'san t-seachdain. An diugh fhéin, mu dheireadh, chaidh fear dhiubb seachad an so agus eireag a' sgreaddail ann am fear de na rothan toisich aige. 'S ann dhomh fhéin a thug iad i 'nuair a stad iad, agus o 'n bha na h-itean ach beag air falbh dhi cheana leis an diol a fhuair i, cha bhi againn ri fuireach ri moran spuilleadh a deanamh orra. Cuiridh sinn anns a' phoit i gun dall, is bidh i againn leis an *tea*. Muire! 'S e bha ceanalta, socair na cairtean fhein! Tha cùmhne agamsa Chaluum, 'nuair a phòs Iseabal bheag mo phiuthar ri Alasdair Mór sa chlach-àrd—

Calum—O! tha sin ceart gu leòir a bhantrach Tharmaid, ach 'si cheist an dràsda am bheil sibh deònach gun pòsadh Ceit mise? 'Sin sgeul as motha air a bheil m'aire 'san àm. Agus, gabhaibh mo lethsguail, ma 'se 'ur toil e, na deanaibh *tea* dhomhsa an dràsda chionn chan urrainn dhomh fuireach rithe an nochd. Bidh *tea* mhóir againn an oidheche a bhios an réiteach agam fhein 's aig Ceit ann, ma tha sibh fhein deònach a toirt dhomh. Bidh i air an rathad dhachaidh nis is tha mi air son bhur beachd a chluinntinn mus falbh mi 'na coinneamh.

A' bhantrach—O! a Chaluum a ghràidh, ma tha i fhein deònach cìod thuige a chuirinn-sa eadaribh? (Le guth gearnach.) Ach a chiall, ma tha Ceit mo nighean a' dol g'am fhagail-sa, cìod a ni mise leam fhein?

Calum (theid Calum an null far a bheil i, is fiachaidh e ri a pògadh)—O! cha bhi sibh leibh fhéin idir a bhantrach Tharmaid, fhad 'sa bhios sinn fhéin faisg oirbh.

A' bhantrach (ise a' deanamh snodha-gaire)—O, Eachuinn!

Calum—O! an e sin rathad tha ghaoth a séideadh an dràsda. Gu dearbh tha mi glè thoilichte. Tha mi faicinn nach bi sibh leibh fhéin ged a dh'fhàgadh Ceit 's mi fhein an sgrìe—rud nach 'eil dùil agam a bhitheas againn ri dheanamh. Is e 's docha gur ann a' bhitheas dà bhanaid againn air a' Gheamhradh.

A' bhantrach—O! Chaluum, tha mi air mo



nàireachadh. Feuch nach bl thu 'g innseadh orm.

Calum—Is mór a ghabhainn, agus air son Ceit, is aithne dhomh an inntinn aice glè mhath, is ged nach d'thubhairt i móran mu dhéidhinn tha fhios agam gum biodh i gle thoilichte gun deanadh sibh fein is Eachunn suas r'a cheile. Nise, bidh mi 'gabbail oidhche mhath leibh, is thig mi fhéin agus dithis de mo chàirdean air oidhche Dih-aoin, is ni sinn réiteach laghach mar a tha chleachdadh anns an dùthaich. Théid mi nis an coinneamh Cheit, agus is mi tha toilichte an naigheachd a th'agam ri thoirt dith. (Calum a dol a mach, a' gearradh shùrdagan 'sa seinn.)

"Dh'aindeoin a' cheannach ghràgach  
Dh'aindeoin cho pailt 's a tha stòras  
Cuiridh mise a Thigh Iain Ghròt e  
Is posaidh mi Ceit Tharmaid."

## THE LOCHABER MOD, 1922.

### THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

[The retiring president, Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A. Killin, delivered the following address at the official opening of the Mod at Fort William. His Gaelic address was published last month.]

Each of the four great countries—Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Argyll—contains a large number of children whose mother tongue is Gaelic. If the Gaelic clause was enacted for anything, it was in order to enable these children to receive their birth-right—to be trained and instructed in their mother tongue, to be bi-lingual in the best sense of the term, to leave school able to speak, read, and write both languages with fair intelligence and with cultural effect. This cannot be done so long as teachers are appointed who are non-Gaelic speaking. It cannot be done even so long as teachers are appointed who have only a colloquial knowledge of the language. The Gaelic clause intends something much more than a supply of preceptors who are mere interpreters, and who are able to explain the meaning of the English (foreign) word or sentence to the child who comes to school more or less innocent of any English. The language has got to be taught as a classical subject. It has got to be taught for its own sake, in the first place because it is the language of the child, and in the next place because of its intrinsic and high cultural value. It has been observed that "a good beginning has been

made with the application of the Gaelic clause in parts of Inverness-shire and Argyllshire, but that the progress in Ross-shire is not what might be expected, while Sutherland greatly needs to be quickened." We recognise to the full the serious difficulties connected with the administration of the Act of 1918, and we frankly acknowledge that the County Authorities were set, in some respects, a perplexing task in facing the new situation created in Scotland by the passing of the Act. We are not forgetful for a moment of the delicate problem of finance and rates. But while all that is so, we cannot conceal from ourselves the feeling that some of the Authorities are not regarding the Gaelic clause seriously, and that many members in all the Authorities are not at all alive to its claims. Gaelic is not regarded in some quarters as a subject of the first rank. It is not regarded as one of the very essentials in the time-table, with the obvious result that when the question of money and rates and grants intervenes Gaelic is thrown into a second or third place, or cast aside, because there is no money except for the first-class subjects. Gaelic side by side with French? Oh, no! Gaelic ahead of French? Oh, no! no! And so, after four years of the Act we find, in many cases, injustice still done to the language and to the cultural interests of the people who speak it, as well as of the kingdom. It is sometimes alleged a supply of suitable teachers cannot be got. No wonder! You need not expect a supply, seeing Gaelic is not regularly taught in many of the secondary and higher-grade schools. When one remembers what is done in Wales and in Ireland in this connection, one is ashamed and angry to think that our cultural and educational interests are so grossly ignored, and that so much intellectual impoverishment is imposed upon the Gaelic-speaking area. The regular teaching of Gaelic in the secondary and higher-grade schools is a matter over which the Authorities have power. To-day, from this place, holding this Gaelic clause in our hands, we say to Authorities, Education Department, Provincial Committees and all concerned, face in earnest the question of training suitable teachers. Show us that you are in earnest. You will prove your earnestness when we see a genuine effort making to secure the supply.

With regard to the training of existing Gaelic-speaking teachers with a view to their being qualified to give instruction in Gaelic, classes were formed in 1920 in

Inverness and Glasgow. 100 attended in Inverness and 45 in Glasgow. Fees were paid by the teachers and grants were given in aid of expenses by the Provincial Committees of Aberdeen and Glasgow. Thus far so good. But what happened in 1921? The Provincial Committees gave nothing. The Authorities gave very little assistance. Please note, also, it was left entirely to the sweet will of the teachers whether they joined the classes or not. Please also note that, except under the Argyll Authority, no financial advantage accrued from attendance at the classes; nor did attendance give additional chance of promotion.

We resent this treatment of our Gaelic-speaking people, and of their children. We resent this treatment of sacred right and birthright; we resent this treatment of high and holy and intellectual cultural interests; we resent this most inadequate appreciation of the seriousness and urgency of the Gaelic cause; we resent this inadequate provision made by responsible parties for the full and satisfactory educational and cultural equipment of the Gaelic-speaking lad for the battle of life, for earning his bread, for citizenship, for mental development, for the retention, realisation, and expression of his soul.

We publicly recognise that a good deal in some directions has been done by some of the Authorities, but now, after four years of the Act, we find a great deal yet remaining to be done, and needing to be done soon, needing to be done *now*. If we continue to find that the clause is very insufficiently applied over considerable sections of the Gaelic-speaking area then we must get as soon as possible into direct, firm, and friendly touch with all concerned, Authorities, Directors of Education, Inspectors, Provincial Committees, Highland Committees of the Churches, Education Department, Scottish Secretary, Members of Parliament.

For a time, in the past, the excuse was sometimes made that teachers were hampered for the want of suitable text-books (readers). I cannot quite see that that excuse was well-founded. There was a series of graded readers compiled and edited by a man of remarkable capacity and diligence, who, in days and years when Gaelic culture, scholarship, and music were much less esteemed than they are now, laboured away unremittingly and assiduously producing works, evincing a vigorous intellect, a keen critical faculty, an earnest,

studious disposition and wonderful devotion to Celtic study, a real friend of Gaelic culture. I refer to Calum Macfarlane. If teachers were not quite satisfied with those, let us hope the series of readers now prepared by Mr. Macphie and Professor Watson will surely meet their requirements. Both these editors were teachers themselves. They knew the requirements from the inside and from personal experience in the teaching profession. They were deemed to be two of the very most competent men that could be entrusted with the task. I do not pretend to any Gaelic scholarship, although a daily student of the language. I am not in a position to give judgment on the merits of the books, but from all I can hear from various capable teachers and others who have used them or seen them, they are received with great satisfaction and warm approbation.

The Gaelic-speaking teachers are, to a very large extent, on our side now. From Tongue in the north to Campbeltown in the far south I found them, with a few exceptions of course, interested in the cause, ready to hear about it, willing to regard favourably any approach to them, little or no jealousy of interference on the part of an outside body. What is needed very much, it seems to me, is a re-adjustment of the curriculum and of the time-table, more elasticity in the arrangement thereof, having always in view "first things first." Give less time to second-class subjects, and still less time to third-class subjects. Put Gaelic amongst the first-class subjects. None of the other subjects in the front rank will suffer, as the time apportioned to them will not be diminished.

Much might be done for the cause were the churches to provide for and insist on every student for the ministry attending a course of instruction in Gaelic reading, writing, and composition and devotional literature before receiving licence. This would raise the cultural status of the Gaelic-speaking clergy in Scotland, and give added distinction to their sphere. The clergy of all denominations have great influence in many respects, and many opportunities of access to and association with the people of all classes. A Gaelic-speaking clergyman possessing, in addition to a good English culture, a high Celtic culture, will possess a distinction, a value, a usefulness to Church and nation of a higher order than if he possessed a good English culture with little or no Celtic culture in addition thereto.

If the Gaelic movement is to go on in healthful fashion, not a moment should be lost in pressing the matter of the right teaching of Scottish history. It has been too often, from the English point of view and from the Lowland point of view. This should cease and take end *now*. The ignorance of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Scotland as to what race or races they belong to is deplorable. They have some undefined idea they are Saxon and not Celtic. They have to be taught they are mainly Celtic and not mainly Saxon. In other words, that although Scotland now uses only to a very limited extent a Celtic speech, Scotland is, in blood and temperament and genius, predominantly Celtic. A learned Celtic writer recently urged: "It is really time that we were getting rid of the absurd and mischievous division of Scottish people into so-called Highlanders who are Celts and so-called Lowlanders who are Teutons."

We resent the use of the term Anglo-Saxon. We are neither Angles nor Saxons. It is time that men who ought to know better should begin to use more intelligent and intelligible terms. We deplore that Lord Shaw, a Scot, in addressing the American Law Association at San Francisco, should say, "We men of the Anglo-American race, we must be comrades all, comrades for ever," thus ignoring the very considerable proportion of Celtic blood in the United States and in the British Empire, and the very rich contribution made to civilisation by the Celtic strain.

Our movement will be helped if the leaders of society will come down from the pinnacle of "Highland Gatherings" and "Highland Games" and take and show an interest and a pride in Gaelic mind more than in Gaelic muscle. Not that I undervalue muscle—far from it—but mind and heart and soul are more than muscle. We say to dukes and duchesses, earls, chiefs, landlords, big farmers, monied men, professional men, and all others in positions of influence in society, if you get part of your distinction from being Gaels, learn a little of the language if you do not know it. If you do know it, use it frequently in speech. Honour it in presence of your children, and be its friend and defender in society. The strata in social life below you will be much influenced by *your* attitude and disposition and practice. You simply cannot be a real, a useful, a noble Scot by becoming, through education in England and other influences,

three-quarters an Englishman and a quarter a Scot, even though a Gaelic Scot. In saying so I am not depreciating England or Englishmen. I have a great respect for both, and all the more because they don't become, in three-fourths of their nature and outlook and speech, Scotsmen.

Dr. Maclean Watt, in referring to his visit to Ammanford at the Eisteddfod, and to the generous hospitality in fine old historic houses, indicated all ranks of society met together. "The national feeling was as deep at the fireside of the rich and noble as in the cottage; and the folk of the best blood and highest culture spoke in the language of the little land behind the mountain wall, where the sentiment of a race never really conquered has been preserved from the days of its fight with Roman and Saxon until now. The noble lady who was our hostess was an example. She and her late husband were married in Welsh; she was there in the national costume, and, with many of her kind and class, was identified with the full power of the people to whom she belonged, and in whose life she fully shared."

Great and influential as the national Mod is, it is largely by means of provincial Mods that we think the movement will be promoted amongst the people, reaching to the remotest glens. The Mods at Lochgilhead and Ullapool were eminently successful. Such Mods shed around a considerable area an extraordinary amount of interest and attraction, and foster a healthy emulation amongst the candidates.

We need Gaelic literature, Gaelic books spread all over the land. I wish some rich Gael would give £500 for this purpose. It has been my privilege to visit a good many manses and schoolhouses throughout the Gaidhealtachd within recent years, and, with some exceptions, the bookshelves would benefit by the addition of more Gaelic books. I should like to see selections of standard Gaelic literature placed in the shops in every village. I should like to see two or three columns of Gaelic in all our newspapers. There is great work before the Publication and Propaganda Committees in this direction. Let them be up and doing.

We need badly a good English-Gaelic dictionary, containing phrases, idioms, and technical terms, equivalents for scientific and commercial phraseology. If the language is to receive its due place, and to compel belief in its richness, copiousness, flexibility, and suitability for expressing

abstract ideas or conveying technical knowledge, then such a dictionary must be pushed forward with all despatch. Moreover, we expect to see classes of those learning the language and those wishing to improve or perfect their knowledge of the language increase more and more, and such a dictionary will be indispensable.

An effort must be made to increase the membership of An Comunn considerably, beginning with Glasgow and spreading all over the country. Mr. Shaw must be relieved of a great deal of mere office work, and set free and kept free to organise and speak all over the land and bring his great gifts of speech and tact to bear upon the propagation of the cause.

May I refer with satisfaction to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition and competitions promoted by the Arts and Industry Committee of An Comunn, which are to take place in Glasgow next year, and also to the revival of clarsach accompaniment. For both of these we are indebted financially to Mr. Duncan Macleod of Skeabost.

As time goes on great workers and great personalities pass away from us, some by death, some in other ways. Donald Macphie was one of the greatest. A fine noble-hearted soul, a splendid toiler in the cause, a frank-hearted associate, a gifted writer, a man of high principle, a Gael ever to be remembered with affectionate gratitude and esteem, we bid him farewell on this side until the day break. A chuid de Phàrras da.

Some hope the Gaelic language will die out. Some fear it is destined to die out. Some believe it will die out. Some believe it will not die out. I am of the last number, because I feel some of the Comunn leaders are realising the great danger the language lies under, and are determined to face the great problem of its preservation resolutely, determinedly, and persistently.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great and noble cause with which we are associated. It is well fitted to stir the blood, to awaken our deepest emotions, to call forth all our powers. Surely—oh, surely we will respond heartily and eagerly to the appeal that comes to us from the past, the present, and the future—the past with all its glorious traditions and wondrous history; the present with all its trials, struggles and conflicts; the future with all its splendid possibilities and hopes. Give of your time, your money, your influence, your interest to this great

movement unstintedly, unremittingly. If you see some, yea, many, round about you in daily life indifferent, unappreciative, or hostile, confront it with increasing ardour and devotion and fidelity. Have faith and still more faith in the cause, and show your faith by works.

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## THE LOCHABER MOD, 1922.

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IMPRESSIONS BY SOME OF THE ADJUDICATORS.

### Vocal.

JOHN MACDONALD, M.A., GLASGOW.

“An nochd bithidh mo bhruadar am fuar-bheinn a’ cheo.” The disadvantage of distance did not, as one might fear, seem to affect adversely the numbers of competitors, so that in the midst of the numerous and swiftly succeeding events, and in such congenial company, there was no time to fix things in one’s mind. One can give only general impressions.

One could hardly think of a more fitting setting for this annual festival of our Gaelic movement. Land of bard and soldier, of song and story—does not the very word “Lochaber” awaken in the breast of every true Highlander, all over the globe, “the stirring memory of a thousand years!” Journeying to this classic spot, one felt as if on one’s way to the very shrine of Celtic life and language. We feasted our eyes, and our souls, too, on the gleam of the lovely Loch Treig, and on the autumn colours of the surrounding hills, with the white mists, like angel-woven drapery, hovering on their tops, where Dòmhnall-na-chomhachag sang the praises of his beloved Creag-Ghuanach. It was with a feeling of entrancement that we arrived at the little town that nestles at the base of Ben Nevis of “the steep frowning glories,” and the stir of the Mòd was already there. We were in a mood to understand such felicitous and pregnant phrases as those used by Mr. Angus Robertson in his fine article in the last “Deo-gréine.” We had come to re-affirm the distinctive “idealisms,” and “the spiritual mission of our race,” which we will not willingly let perish. We felt that, as regards both taste and performance, the work of the Mòd shows year by year the promise and potency of better and higher things yet to be.

Mr. Robert MacLeod, of Edinburgh, the musical expert, whom I had the pleasure to assist with the Gaelic, has called his com-

pilations of songs for use in schools by the very suggestive name, "Pictures in song," and his ardent Highland sympathies are very evident from the number of Celtic gems he has arranged and included in those song booklets. I could not help thinking that in the matter of expression, singers and reciters would gain immensely by trying to understand fully the living experience or situation which gave birth to their pieces. Could many of the competitors have written on a half sheet of notepaper a simple, warm, vivid sketch of the story or "motif" of their song? One doubted whether due care had been given to this "picture-in-song" idea, in order to give a sympathetic, not to speak of an impassioned rendering. After all, the higher sensibilities to art and its expression lie in the mind.

The Gaelic adjudicators had to assign marks under practically five different heads:—I. (a) Pronunciation, (b) Enunciation; II. (c) Expression, (d) Style, (e) Phrasing. These points cannot be fully entered into here. There is a fairly well fixed standard of Gaelic pronunciation, regarding which the authoritative books on the subject are in almost complete agreement, but, to acquire it, one should go about with the "hearing ear." Although the Gaelic of our own particular area of the Highlands may have for us the sweet sounds of home, we must beware of priding ourselves too much on our own accent, whether from Tìre or Islay, Ross or Inverness. The best Gaelic or English is that in which local peculiarities are toned down, or are not strongly marked. There are pronunciations in all the places named, which we would reject for the high purposes of the Mòd as we would reject "'am and heggs" or "idear" in pure English. We want to show the artistic powers of our language through the Mòd, so that from it the spirit of beauty may filter down into our every-day Celtic life. The vowel sounds of our tongue have a richness and variety equal to, if not surpassing, those of any other language, and it has deep, rich diphthongal sounds almost peculiar to itself, as ao, eu, oi, etc., gaol, reul, oidheche—the last word makes one understand the Greek idea of "divine night." I would not allow "ao" to degenerate into French "u," for in our speech and song there is often heard the sigh of autumn winds. The question of "nasalism" arose with the music adjudicators. I was glad they said music could meet Gaelic to a certain extent on this point. I wonder how the question is settled

in nasal French? While I would not like the extreme nasalism of Islay, I think the delicate, nasal twang of the educated Highland boy or girl is quite a different thing from the nasalism of the Yankee, or the hideous nasalism of the town boy's snatches of music-hall song, often borne on the night air. The "nn" termination, as in clann, tonn, seinn, ionnsuidh, has a resonant quality, like the hum of the wild bee over the heather bloom. Hear a Lochaber man say:—"Bho'n chuala mi'm Prionnsa thigheinn do dhùthaich Chlann-Ranaill!" Professor Blackie says he would as soon think of removing the right nasalism of Gaelic as of robbing the Highland whisky of its flavour.

Enunciation means the full, easy, distinct utterance of the syllables, both vowel and consonant. Fully trained singers offend in this way. Terminal consonants are allowed to go in a kind of breath, as "fuar" may become "fuath," or a sound "cua" emitted, which may be "cual" or "cuan," or anything else. This was not regarded as very serious in bygone years, if the music happened to be all right. But our leading musical authorities are coming round to the view that the words are most important for a full effect, some of them calling vocal music "glorified speech." Note how men like Plunket Greene and Walford Davies, reporting on the Glasgow Musical Festival, rejoice in the advance in the "purity, euphony and distinctness of the English" in the singing they judged. In the case of some of the singers at our Mòd, one just lay back, and listened with delight, and without effort, to their melodious message. I thought the Gaelic of the drama was spoken in a very clear and pleasant manner.

With reference to Head II., which in a simple way we may regard as the inner side of artistic production, as Head I. is the outer side, I again think of the fine reports on the Glasgow Musical Festival. John Drinkwater does not want cheap histrionic effects, but that one shall deliver his (or her) message as "simply, and, according to one's natural gifts, as beautifully as possible." While there was a touch of genuine feeling in most of the solo singing, one would have liked to see more fervent "expression," more of the play of the various emotions on voice and face, if the main ideas had gripped the heart. There was a lack of "losing oneself in the song." Dainty or spirited pieces were apt to become heavy, and serious pieces somewhat dull and colourless. I confess



that I felt the interpretative side of the song, "Iseabal Nic Aoidh," to be rather difficult. The Port-à-beul singing was most interesting, but being "sui generis," I suppose it ought to be judged by different criteria. One does not apply the rules of grammar and rhetoric to a ballad. The specimens we heard were very good, but perhaps some more abandon and vivacity would set them off better. "O's tu 'sgur a tu th'air m'aire" was beautifully rendered by all the choirs, and that stanza, "Thug thu sear dhìom," with its climax of anguish and its wonderful music, will be a lasting memory.

The question of the Gaelic-speaking and the non-Gaelic-speaking choirs is a real and difficult one. One would not for all the world say or do anything to discourage the non-Gaelic soloists or choirs, for their song radiates an influence which does a great deal to keep alive the spirit of the race in the Gaels who are settled in the Southern centres. But something might be done in the way of different competitive conditions for those very different choirs, especially under Head I. The splendid singing, by the massed choirs, of Creag-Ghuanach, with the old hunter bard's varying moods of joy and sorrow, and of Old French, with its note of sublime resignation, like the sound of a great "Amen," will remain indelible impressions.

The relations between music and Gaelic adjudicators were of the happiest kind.

The very best literary and aesthetic taste was shown at this, as at every Mòd, by the Mòd and Music Committee, in the selection of songs and subjects. Long may we have men on this Committee whose ear and heart have caught the purest and highest in our glorious heritage of Highland poetry, and who will not admit anything that does not bear the hallmark of "Talla nam bàrd."

I conclude by saying that I left Lochaber with a feeling of great pride in the cultured level to which the Mòd is steadily rising, and with the high hope of its being a supreme example and inspiration to the Gaelic movement. Buaidh 'us piseach leis.

### Junior Oral.

JOHN N. MACLEOD, KIRKHILL.

It was, indeed, a very great privilege to judge these competitions, and to come in contact with such an interesting band of genuine Highland boys and girls. A large percentage of the competitors showed distinct signs of careful and continued train-

ing in Gaelic reading, recitation, and conversation, and this fact rendered the task of adjudication at times rather difficult. Reading with *expression* is a tremendously difficult task for most pupils, and when one takes into consideration the meagre practice Gaelic-speaking children have in the reading of their own language in school, the results in this competition were very creditable to the teachers who prepared the candidates for the competitions. In Competition 8, the three test pieces were supplied by the Secretary, and this gave the pupils a good chance of becoming acquainted with the subject matter of the portions prescribed. Competitors require to be thoroughly grounded in the meanings of the words and phrases of the different pieces before their rendering of them is intelligent to the listener; in fact, the judge should be able to follow the complete sense of the passage read without having to look at the text at all, if the reading is such as to commend merit. A few read very lifelessly, and on the same tone all through. This is an evil which is always with us, but a few lessons on the elements of elocution would eradicate this defect. Slovenly pronunciations, probably due to localisms in Gaelic, were common; pupils should be trained to follow the text closely when reading, though localisms, provided they are not atrocious, should be encouraged. In Competition 9, pupils submitted two pieces of their own choice. Many read from "Am Fear-ciuil," some from "Leabhar na Ceilidh," while two competitors read from "Leabhar-sgoile Gàidhlig II." Competitors sometimes did not choose a piece which suited them, and therefore they did not feel at home in the reading of it. Pupils should make a point of choosing a subject which they like, and they will score far greater success, and I would strongly advocate a more liberal use of Watson's Gaelic Readers for this purpose. The lessons in these are short, varied, and self-contained, so to speak, and when one of them is read, the listener is presented with a short but complete theme, and he is satisfied. A competitor in a reading competition must, to a certain extent, satisfy the audience as well as the judge before he or she can expect to win laurels. The "Reading at Sight" Competition was not so satisfactory. This is no surprise, of course, when competitors may encounter words and phrases with which they are not familiar. Wide reading is the only cure for this defect, and when the competitors grow up,

and mix with Gaelic speakers from other parts of Gaeldom, they should be able to master many phrases which at present may be meaningless to them. "Glaistig Lianachain" was rather too stiff, and many phrases, either archaic or obsolete, were not understood by the majority of the competitors. The prize-winners, however, made a very good show. The "seann sgialachd" was, on the whole, well done, and that given by the first prize-winner, Iain Urquhart, Crarae, was beautifully told. The secret of a "sgialachd" is in the telling of it, and competitors for this competition should, in future, try to get local "sgialachdan" from a seanachie in the district—a few of those genial individuals are still to the fore—and imitate, as far as possible, the old-fashioned way of rendering it. "Sgialachd" telling at the Ceilidh is certainly a phase of the Gaelic movement worthy of being kept up.

The "Gaelic Conversation" competition was rather stiff on the whole. The intelligence of the Gaelic-speaking child is at present largely developed through the medium of a foreign language, and though this gives the child a hazy, far-away conception of some abstract ideas, he can never live at home in them, and when the native language is used, the poor child naturally tries to find his basis of thought in English, and is lost. With the new Gaelic Readers, however, much improvement can be expected, but not until the intelligence of the Gaelic lesson is taught through the medium of Gaelic. I tried a little intelligence in the geography of Scotland, but it seemed to be beyond the ken of the majority of the competitors. The geography of Scotland, local place-names, local history and tradition, form excellent themes for Gaelic conversation lessons, and this competition should receive more encouragement from teachers of Gaelic, and more liberal prizes should be offered as an encouragement to competitors.

### Music.

ROBERT MACLEOD, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O.,  
EDINBURGH.

The Mod at Fort William will always be memorable for the fine spirit evinced at all the sessions. The Mod is "The Mod," and must establish standards of its own. As a festival it can have no competitor, because of the exclusive language! But this fact lays a responsibility upon competitors and adjudicators alike of seeing that everything is done to set up a standard, an artistic

standard equal to that of the great festivals now being held all over the country.

Speaking from the musical point of view, the competitors should remember that music by itself is a universal language. It gets beyond the words while emphasising their mood. It has its own laws and inherent expressions. The Gaelic tunes obey these laws and express definite emotional states. While the melodies are plastic, as all great folk melodies are, it must never be forgotten that this plasticity may be so abused as to become distortion. And distortion is always ugly.

This distortion is most evident when the singer becomes obsessed with the individual words instead of the beauty of the verse and the general mood. The songs should be simply sung, with all that warmth of love which begot the tune, and the words should fall simply and naturally into the melodic mould. No explosive articulations should snap the strains, but the words should be as a string of pearls upon an unbroken melodic line.

Speaking generally, all the singers lacked this simplicity of style. Simplicity of style is the result of sincerity. In addition, an ear for beauty of sound must be cultivated. Voice production and good vocal technique is the outcome of the desire to create the beautiful, and this beauty is obtainable at the Mod, judging from performances which I heard.

I used the word "vulgar" once or twice during adjudications, and its import did not seem to be understood. In the instances which I can recall, it referred to singers who attained beauty in, say, lines one and three of a verse, and who lost their sense of beauty in the second line. The contrast was so violent that the second line could only be described as "vulgar." It was quite intentional criticism, but not intentionally offensive.

All the voices I heard had possibilities, but the singers ought to endeavour to hear recognised artistes in other departments of song than their own, and seek to find out what gives them their pre-eminence.

It is a pity that no competition took place in the Port-a-Beul class. Here is a class, from the study of which the singer can improve his articulation and attack. Any lack of rhythm at once destroys the lilt, and every weakness in breath control becomes very evident.

In the choral classes, lack of unified imagination was the real weakness. Here

all singers must agree to accept the conductor's reading, and interpret the piece in the light of his imagination—a very difficult ideal to attain. None of the pieces contained any great technical difficulty, and yet bad intonation, lack of definiteness in time values, and halting rhythms destroyed what would otherwise have been very artistic renderings. These criticisms must not lead one to think that the performances were not enjoyable. They were, and gave great satisfaction to all present, but I must again emphasise that the Mod is not competitive in spirit, but is held to set standards and reveal in all their beauties the art heritage of the Gael. The choirs must realise that they have it in their power to evoke visions of beauty which shall not only inspire the audience for the time being, but create the desire amongst them to share in the expression.

The enthusiasm kindled by such a vision, in an atmosphere like that of the Fort William Mod, might easily have compelled the audience to break spontaneously into song at the chorus of such a song as "Creag Ghuanach."

I cannot conclude these impressions without expressing appreciation of my Gaelic colleagues, who spared no pains to assist me in arriving at what I believe to have been fair decisions in all the classes which came under my review.

I believe the Mod possesses a great power for good. The meetings were a delight, and I trust the movement may become the force in the spiritual and artistic welfare of the Highlands which its promoters anticipate.

D. C. WALKER, L.R.A.M., KIRKCALDY.

"In attempting to describe, even superficially, one's impressions of the Gaelic Mod, the difficulty is to know where to begin—perhaps I should say where to end. . . . The first impression one has is that here we have music of which Scottish people know far too little. It is rich, strong, and original."

I wrote these words eighteen years ago; to-day I would use the same words with, if possible, added emphasis. What was the outstanding feature of this year's Mod from the adjudicators' point of view? Undoubtedly the atmosphere, not only of enthusiasm, but also of friendliness which prevailed. Mr. Robert MacLeod and I felt that, almost without exception, the competitors had the right attitude—enjoyment of the music came before prize-seeking. Disappointments were inevitable—there may even have been mis-

understandings—but such a large measure of genuine goodwill I have never seen at any competitive festival. Possibly this spirit is largely due to the fact that the social element is kept well to the front—as several put it to me, "We feel like one big family." In any case, it is from the musical point of view the biggest thing about the Mod; with it, almost anything is possible in the way of progress: without it, as some of us have witnessed, even the highest technical efficiency is of almost no value. It is significant that the most moving "experiences" were those in which the competitive element had no place. What a sense of uplift one had every time "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig" was sung, when the massed choirs sang "Creag Ghuanach" (that wonderful fragment of a sixteenth century poem), and when the astonishing Abriachan Juvenile Choir (drawn from a school of just over 100 pupils!) sang their songs at the Tuesday evening concert. Taken all over, the standard reached this year was high. Not a single choir could be labelled anything under "Good," and one or two reached a very high level. By the way, is there anything to prevent all choirs gaining at least fair marks for Gaelic? I conducted a Gaelic choir for a short time many years ago, but had the help of that enthusiastic Gael, Mr. Nicolson (now stationed at Inverness, I believe), who attended our practices, and who was responsible for the language. Surely all conductors who, like myself, do not know the language, might do likewise. I mention this, as I understand that some work which we musical judges could only characterise as splendid, went along with some rather bad Gaelic. The faults that were common to solo and concerted work were such as one would expect, but perhaps the worst was "holding up the rhythm." As Mr. Plunket Greene puts it: "Don't interrupt the march of the song." Take "Creag Ghuanach." It is in triple time, and moves along from beginning to end with a magnificent swing, which, *if it is felt*, should positively make it impossible for anyone to pull up till the end of the song. (There are about sixty verses in the full poem!) Yet even Mr. MacLeod, on taking the massed choirs through this, didn't manage to get them out of giving something like two beats instead of one to the last note of the chorus, so terribly possible is it for the ear to accept almost any fault through constant repetition. Shorten the last note of the chorus ("chi"), making it also a trifle



higher than the "diugh," beginning the verse promptly on the third beat of the bar. Similarly shorten the last note of each verse, and so begin the chorus on the third beat. Give this a trial, and you will realise the appropriateness of my expression, "a magnificent swing." Of course there are "pause-notes" to be found, but you must have a reason for each; moreover, you will find it, as a rule, more satisfactory to give a definite number of beats to a pause—how many will depend on one's rhythmic sense. Again, *rallentando* passages should be kept in proportion—one should be conscious of the pulse. As Dr. M'Naught used to say, "You may stretch the rhythm; don't dislocate it." I can only mention briefly other points. Sing on the vowels—don't pass too rapidly to sustainable consonants, e.g., "bhinn."

Not all vowels in Gaelic are nasal—don't confuse nasal resonance with nasality of tone. Avoid the vibrato (wobbling), also excessive gliding from note to note. Consonants need to be clearly defined. Above all, live the song; rather risk over-doing facial expression than have none at all. The syllabus provides for all grades of accomplishment. See, therefore, that you enter for competitions that suit you. You don't need to enter for songs such as those compiled by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser. If you are accustomed to sing unaccompanied, by all means choose accordingly. Many had four-part harmony accompaniments who would have done much better without.

I hope the Editor has room for this last—the clarsach playing was the best I have heard at any Mod.

### NA BEANNTAICHEAN GORMA.

Chuireadh an sgeulachd a leanas chugainn leis an Ollamh MacLachlainn ann am baile Dhun-Eideann. Bha i air a sgrìobhadh sìos o bheil fr-aithris ann an Eilean Mhinlaidh dlùth do Bharraidh, agus air a cur a dh'ionnsuidh an Ollamh leis an neach a sgrìobh i. Is aobhar iongantais a faoimn ann an sìod, agus cha bheag a' cheist cia às a thàinig i.

Thuir an t-Eirionnach nach tigeadh an latha a choisicheadh† esan naoich ceud mìle—gu'n robh an t-each air toirt thairis a cheana.

"Coma," ars an seann duine, "ni mi na's fhèarr na sin riut. Chan 'eil agam ach fheadh a sheinn, agus bithidh tu aig tigh mo bhrathar mu'n tìg an oidhche."

Sheinn e an fhheadh, 'us cha robh fios aig an Eirionnach cìod e an talamh air an robh e§ agus an d'fhuair e e fhéin aig doras an t-seann duine eile.

Thuir an seann duine so ris gu'n robh trì cheud bliadhna o nach fhaca e duine gus am faca e esan. "Innis domhsa c'àite am bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi," ars an t-Eirionnach, "'dol a dh'fhiachainn am faigh mi neach a dh'innseas dhomh c'àite am bheil na Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Ma dh'fhanas tu agamsa a nochd," ars an seann duine, "tha leabhar-eachdraidh an t-saoghail agam, agus bidh fios agam fo latha c'àite am bheil iad, ma tha an leithidean ann."

### THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The tale that follows was sent to us by Dr. MacLauchlan of Edinburgh. It had been written down from the mouth of a reciter in the Island of Minlay [or Minglay or Mingulay?], close to Barra, and had been sent to the Doctor by the person who had written it. The fact of its being found there is a matter of surprise, and the question of its origin is no slight one.

The Irishman said that the day would never come that he could travel† nine hundred miles—that his horse was exhausted already.

"Never mind," said the old man, "I will do something better for thee than that. I have only to blow a whistle, and thou wilt arrive at my brother's house before the night comes."

He blew the whistle, and the Irishman did not know what [sort of] earth he was on§ until he found himself at the door of the other old man.

This old man said to him that up to the time of seeing him, three hundred years had elapsed since he had seen anybody. "Tell me where thou art going?"

"I," said the Irishman, "am going to try and find out some one who will tell me where the Blue Mountains are."

"If thou wilt stay with me to-night," said the old man, "I shall know by the time day comes where they are, if such mountains as they exist, for I possess a book of the history of the world."

§ This probably means that the speed at which the hero travelled was so great that the earth, as he passed over it, seemed not to have its usual appearance. In another tale, it is said, with reference to speed, that the hero could not tell whether he was travelling on land or in the air.

Dh'fhuirich e, ach cha robh guth anns an leabhar mu'n déidhinn. An uair a chunnaic an seann duine cho duilich 'us a bha e, thuir e ris gu'n robh bráthair aige-san naoidh ceud míle air falbh, agus ma bha a fhios aige ri a fhaotuinn bho neach a bha beò mu'n timchioll, is ann uaithe-san; 'agus bheir mise ort gu'n ruig thu an t-àite anns am bheil e mu'n tig an oidhche."

Sheinn e an fhleag; agus is amhuil mar a b'fhlor,\* ràinig e am beul na h-oidhche.

An uair a chunnaic an seann duine e, thuir e ris nach fhaca e sròn duine o chionn thrì cheud bliadhna; "agus," ars esan, "is mór an t-iongantas a tha orm gu'm bheil mi 'gad fhaicinn a nis. C'àite am bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi," ars an t-Eirionnach, "air falbh ag iarraidh nam Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Nam Beanntaichean Gorma!" ars an seann duine.

"S eadh," ars an t-Eirionnach.

"Cha chuala mi ainm riamh orra. Ach ma tha an leithidean ann, bithidh fìos agamsa air. Is mise maighstir a h-uile eòin a tha air an t-saoghal, agus chan 'eil agam ach fìdeag a sheinn, agus chan 'eil eun anns an ealtainn nach tig chugam, agus bheir mi air a h-uile fear innseadh cia as a thàinig e, agus ma tha dòigh air na Beanntaichean Gorma fhaotuinn a mach, is i sin i."

Sheinn e an fhleag, agus ma sheinn, thòisich eunlaith an t-saoghail air cruinneachadh. Bha an seann duine a' cur ceist air a h-uile eun riamh cia as a thàinig e; ach cha robh a h-aon ann a thàinig as na Beanntaichean Gorma.

An uair a ruith e orra uile, dh'ionndrainn e aon iolaire mhór a bha d'a dhìth; agus b'iongantach leis nach tàinig i.

Cha b'fhada gus am faca e tùic mhór a' tighinn a bha 'cur dubhaidh air an speur. Bha an tùic a' teannadh air a lion beagan 'us beagan, agus co a bh'ann ach an iolaire. An uair a thàinig i, throd an seann duine rithe, ag ràdh cìod e a bha 'ga cumail-se cho fad air deireadh.

"Cha b'urrainn mi 'ga leasachadh," ars ise, "bha còrr 'us fichead uiread astair agam r'a dheanamh agus a bha aig eun sam bith a thàinig an so an diugh."

(R'a leantainn.)

He stayed accordingly, but there was nothing about them in the book. When the old man saw how downcast he was, he said to him that he had a brother nine hundred miles away, and if there were any information about the Blue Mountains for the Irishman to get from any living person, he would get it from him; "and I will cause thee to arrive at the place where he is before night comes."

He blew the whistle; and even [as he said,] so it happened,\* he arrived at night-fall.

When the [next] old man saw him, he said that for three hundred years he had not seen so much as a man's nose; "and," said he, "the astonishment I feel at seeing thee now is great. Where art thou going?"

"I," said the Irishman, "am travelling in search of the Blue Mountains."

"The Blue Mountains!" said the old man.

"Just so," said the Irishman.

"I have never heard so much as mention of them. But if such as they exist, I shall find out about it. I am the master of every bird in the world, and I have only to blow a whistle, and there is never a bird in all the flocks that will not come to me, and I will make every one of them tell whence he has come; and if there be any way at all of finding out the Blue Mountains, that is the way."

He blew the whistle, and, if he did, all the birds of the world began to gather. The old man was questioning every single bird as to whence it had come; but there was not one who had come from the Blue Mountains.

When he had run over them all, he noticed that he still wanted one big eagle, that he missed; and he thought it strange that she had not come.

It was not long till he saw a great mass coming that was covering the sky with darkness. The mass was drawing nearer to him little by little, and what was it but the eagle. When she came, the old man rated her, asking what it was that had been keeping her so far behind.

"I could not help it," said she, "I had more than twenty times as far to travel than any other bird that came here to-day."

(To be continued.)

Translation and Notes by J. G. MACKAY, London.

\* Cf. "Mar a b'umhail gu'm b'fhlor. As foreseen, so has been." Nicolson's *Gaelic Proverbs*, 310.

## HEAVEN IS AN ISLE.

Give me the haunt of beauty, my western  
isle,

Cradle of dreams and joy;  
Heart-weary am I of the city's restless  
clamour,

Would God I were a boy!

Give me the lapping of her crooning waters,  
Caressing sea and shore;  
Let me lie 'mong murrain, and a white moon  
shining,

I do not ask for more.

And friendly faces round a ceilidh fire,

And an old man's tale,  
That turns maidens' cheeks, as they list to  
its fierce telling,

To peat-ash, grey and pale.

Give me the homeward path, with its  
heathery dip

To the loch and down;  
Then keep your wealth and glitter and  
leaden streets,

Heaven is an Isle, not a town!

ALISTAIR MACLEAN.

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## CHAN 'EIL CEO ANN AN TIGH NA H-UISEIG.

Bhiodh e euomasach do fhear a' bhaile mhór an sean-fhacal so a thuigsinn. Cìod e dhasan co-dhiubh tha an uiseag a' seinn a h-orain milis ann an tigh no anns an adhar, ceò ann no as. Cha do luidh e riamh air a dhruim dìreach air an fheur uaine 's e air an rathad do'n sgoil a' cumail a shùla air a' chreutair bheag laghach so is i a' sìor shiubhal an aird do'n speur as a shealladh, agus a ceileir binn a' lìonadh an adhair le ceòl lurach. Chan 'eil 'na shaoghal-san, an duine bochd, ach faoghar is gleadhach, toit is ùpraid.

Gach uile urram do na daoine sin bho'n tainig sinn, luchd labhairt na Gàidhlig, a chuir a' leithid de sheadh ann am briathran cho beag. B'iad fhéin na feallsanaich agus na daoine tuigseach. Cha robh eun no creutair gluasadach nach robh iad a' faicinn nith-eigin 'nan shaoghal a bha co-fhreagairt do chaithe beatha mhic an duine, agus ann am briathran freagrach, brìghmhor dh'fhag iad againne gnath-fhocail a chumas cnuasachd rinn cho fad 's is beo sinn.

Bhiodh e glé fhuasda searmoin a sgrìobhadh air a' cheann teagaisg so, ach chan e sin mo dhreuchd-sa, is biodh sibhse, a leughadairean, a' fòghlum as mar a bheirear solus dhuibh. Gidheadh, bheir mi oidheirp air beagan de mo smuaintean fhéin a chuir far combhair ach aig a' cheart am anns a' bheachd gu bheil sibh cho eòlach air an uiseig rium fhéin.

O! nach fada bho'n latha sin a fhuair mise nead uiseig airson na ceud uaire! Cha robh mi ach 'nam rudan crìon ach bha mi cho mòr asam fhéin is ged a gheibhinn duais aig a' Mhòd. Ghabh mi beachd sònraichte air an aite, beachd cho sònraichte 's gun rachainn gu lom dìreach g' a dh'ionnsuidh an diugh fhathast. Cha robh duine beo leam agus cha do thuig mi riamh ciamar a leig mo mhathair mi coig ceud slat bho'n tigh gun neach air choir-eigin a bu mhotha na mi fhéin 'nam chuideachd. Ach tha balaich bheaga Ghàidhealach cho glic, thapaidd; chan ionann doibh idir is tacharain a' bhaile mhór!

Bha mi a' coiseachd ri oir dlige 's mi feadaireachd cho cruaidh 'sa shéidinn, dìreach a chumail cuideachd rium fhéin, an uair a leum eun beag glas a mach á toman beag fraoich a bha cinntinn thairis air bruaich taobh eile na dlige. B'e sud a leum mi mar gun teicheadh am bad fraoich mu'n ruiginn e, O! eudailean, ach an aoibh feumaidh a bha air mo ghùis òig-sa an uair a chunnaic mi an nead cuachach, blàth, bòidheach sin agus a fhuair mi leam fhéin!

Bha ceithir uibhean dorcha-ghlas ann, an cinn chaola a' coinneachadh a chéile anns an teis-meadhoin. Cha do bhean mi dhoibh oir chaidh innseadh dhomh uair is uair nach luidheadh eun air uibhean a chaidh a laimhs-eachadh. Theagamh nach 'eil sin fìor ach



tha sinn a' toirt maitheanais dhoibhsan a thubhairt e mur 'eil, oir dh'fhaodamaid na h-uibhean beaga, 'sam plaosg cho maoth, a bhriseadh.

Chaidh mi dhachaidh ann am fonn cho togarrach is gun do dh'fhoighneachd mo mhathair dhìom cìod a thachair rium. "Fhuair mi nead," fhrèagair mi gu foirmeil is rinn mi dìreach air na bonnaich.

Cha mhisid thu fhein agus mise, a leughadair shuairce, laithean sona ar n-òige a chumhneachadh air uairean. Cha robh ceo 'nar n-iarmailt-ne anns na laithean sin na bu mhòtha, agus is ùrachadh càil is spioraid dhuinn a bhì beachdachadh orra cho tric 'sa dh'fhaodas sinn.

Ach gu tigh na h-uisge. Cìod e sin? Tha dìreach an iarmailt uile gu léir. Chan 'eil tomhas air airde no a leud, agus an uair a dh'èireas i an aird agus a theid i as do shealladh 'san adhar 'se sin a dachaidh, agus nach i tha cur a' mheas air! Cha teid stad air a h-òran gus a bheil i ach beag air a h-ais am measg an réisg a rithis. Oran molaidd dhà-reireadh agus cho durachdach, dheasnach. Is e sin a dòigh-sa air loinn a chuir air a dachaidh agus co is urrainn eisdeachd rithe gun smuaintean àrda, dbrìdhteach a bhì air an dùsgadh 'na aigne?

Tha an iolair, rìgh nan eun, a' seoladh ard anns an speur, gun uibhir agus crathadh sgeithe g'a cur air shiubhal, ach aon dùrd cha tig as a gob crom. Bidh am fiteach a' goracail 'sa cur a mach a theanga ri latha teth samhraidh ach fad a shiubhal tha shùil air an làr a solar cairbh. Thig an t-seabhag le spéid as a' Chreig Mhóir agus is dòcha gur i an dearbh uiseag ris an robh thu ag eisdeachd a bhios aice 'na spuirean a' tilleadh a thoirt lòn da h-iseanan acrach. Gidheadh, tha an tigh-san gun cheo mar an ceudna, agus cìod a their thu ris an t-sean-fhacal? Their dìreach, nach do mheas na daoine glìce, beachdail sin gum b'airidh iad air an ainmeachadh 'na leithid de dhoigh idir. Bha naduir an eoin cho math ri a dachaidh air a ghabhail a stigh leòsan a chearta cho cùramach is ged a robh ceist a bu chudthrom-àiche an crochadh ris.

"Mu'n innsinn sìos gach ni bu mhiann leam, Ann am briathran seòlta,  
Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadhna  
Air ceathramh trian de na b'eol domh;  
Mu ghloir nan speur 'san t-saoghail gu léir,  
A lion le éibhneas mòr mi,  
'N uair rinn mi éiridh maduinn chéitinn  
'S dealt air fear nan lóntean."

NIALL.

## FIONNALT.

### Sgeul Goirid.

LE SEUMAS MAC THOMAS, STEORNABHAGH.

(A' cheud duais aig Mòd, 1922.)

Theich sneachd geal nan càrn a dh'ionnsaigh a' chuain o'n tainig e. Air sgéith na gaoithe thainig am blàthas a chuir fàilte air gach tulach is gleann, agus sgaoidhadh tuis mar dheataich air osaig mhin an t-samhraidh.

Air bhàrr nan tonn uaine tha mire 'sa ghaoith, tha bhirlinn le siùil bhaidealach àrda togt a crann is na shìgh a' dannsadh ri h-earrlainn le gair. Tha Fionnalt troimh cheo nan deur ag amharc 'na déidh air an tràigh.

"M' ulaidh, mo rùn, an d'fhag thu mise am onar an so? Co ghleidheas an lùchairt àill an uair a thilleas an làn? Co nis a bhios leam air mhùirn a' ruith nan tonn barra-gheal an cuideachd luchd-cìbìl air bharrabh nan sgéith?" Cha d'fhuair i fregairt da miann is thill i dachaidh fo sprochd.

Leagh grian an Earraich sneachd geal a' Gheamhraidh is bhrùchd an meas troimh shlios nan geug as trà. Lionadh an t-adhar le ceòl mìlis nan eun, ach tha Fionnalt fathast fo phràmh.

"C'uin a thig thu 's mi sgith 'gad iarraidh; c'uin a choinnicheas sinn anns an lùchairt a tha feitheamh gu fial?" Mar so làbhair i gu minic, ach cha chuala e; cha tainig. Chunnac i a' chuach ag itealaich thar a' chaoil agus calaman lainnearach nan sgiathan gorma air ais 's air aghaidh. Ach chan fhaca iad riar a cridhe is cha chuala air sgeul.

Dh'innis i fàth a bròin do'n dealan-dé bha mire le mùirn anns a' ghràdh; dh'fhosgail i cridhe do gach bith mu'n cuairt ag iargain a rùn.

"O! nach toir sibh thugam air ais m'ulaidh, mo ghràdh. Nach innis sibh c'aite bheil e, sibhse tha siubhal mu chladaichean céine!" Cha robh fregairt an ceol nan tonn da h-ionndrainn.

Mus do chrath gaoth luaineach an fhoghair an duilleach mu dheireadh gu làr leig Fionnalt, nach robh laidir air tús, a ceann air adhart o nach d'éirich i.

Bha i bòidheach mar a' ghrian, is iollagach, susairce 'na dòigh, ach dh'fhàilnic a dreach, is chinn i fann. Am bruillean na



h-oidhche ud bha i air mhùirn le Seumas Og air an tràigh. "Bidh sinn le chéile do ghnath an lùchairt an àigh. Chan fhàg thu tuilleadh am acnar mi." Agus a ris, "M'ulaidh, mo rùn, a dh'eisd ri m'ghuidhe is a thainig."

An oidhche sin féin fhuair i freagairt da miann, is choinnich i a rùn 'san dùthaich ghrianaich, àill.

An dubhar na h-oidhche sin sheid a' ghaillinn, dh'éirich na tonnan uaibreach, agus chualas nuallan na gaoithe troimh an ghleann. Air na stallachan am fianuis a' bhothain lotadh gu goirt a' bhrlinn air a turas á threan céime agus dh'lobair i na bha maille ri Seumas Og air bórd gu bhi air an táladh 'nan cadal siorruidh le ceòl nan tonn. Cha d'fhàgadh fuigheall sgeòil a dh'inns-eadh carson a thugadh do'n luing e air tùs, ach fhuaradh anns a' mhaduinn Seumas sinte air an tràigh agus phaisgeadh e féin agus Fionnalt taobh ri taobh anns a' chill.

### OIDHCHE AIR CHEILIDH.

Thar gach cuspair a ghabhas mi os laimh sgrìobhadh uime is e céilidh as docha leam. Theagamh gur e is cial da sin gu bheil mi fhein cho tric air chéilidh, ach na togaibh dochair mi, a chairdean, chan ann diombhanach idir a bhitheas mi.

Cha robh o chionn leth cheud bliadhna a' chéilidh a' faotuinn an aite urramaich a tha i an diugh agus tha bhuidheachas sin, ann an tomhas mór, aig Meuran a' Chomuinn. Tha fios nach dùth do na céilidhean a bhi mar a bha iad an uair a bha mo sheanair-sa 'na dhurna òg, an uair a bhiodh céilidh anns gach dharna tigh agus gach seanachaidh ag innseadh a rò-sgeul féin. Tha céilidhean an ama so air an uidheamachadh seachdain—tha miosa—roimhe 'n àm agus tha iad am bitheantas a' gabhail aite Sgoil Oidhche.

Chan urrainn dhomh deanamh na's fhearr an drasda na dìreach innseadh dhuibh mar a chuir mi seachad oidhche air chéilidh ann an Diùra o chionn ghoirid. Ged nach 'eil mòran sluaigh air an eilean 'san linn so, mar choimeas ris an linn a dh'fhalbh, tha dà Mheur de'n Chomuinn ann agus tha a' Ghàidhlig air a teagasg aig coinneamhan gach aoin dhiubh. Is ann an ceann tuath an eilein a bha mi agus fhritheil mi aig dà chéilidh. Mar bu dual chan 'eil tigh anns nach 'eil an leabhar aig Domhnall Mac-Eacharna, "Am Fear Cùil," agus is ann a an leabhar sin a thàtar a' teagasg. Chan

'eil neach an làthair a ghabhas os laimh teagasg mar tha am facal sin air a chiallachadh gu coitichionn, ach tha dithis no triuir ann a leughas gu pongail agus mar sin tha cach ag ionnsachadh bhuapa-san. Tha iad a' faotuinn earrainn de'n leabhar ri cnuasachd thairis air ré an chòrr de'n t-seachdain agus 'ga leughadh sin aig a' chéilidh. Tha mar an ceudna òrain air a teagasg dhoibh, an ceòl agus na facail, agus tha iad mar sin a' faotuinn aithne mhaith air ceòl agus litreachas an dùtchea féin mar chòmhla.

A' cheud oidhche bha mise leo bha leughadh agus òrain againn agus, an ruig mi leas innseadh, thug mi fhéin dhoibh facail mhiseachaidh agus beagan iomraidh air obair a' Chomuinn agus Mòd Lochabair. An ath uair a choinnich sinn b'ann air Oidhche Shamhna.

Beagan fheasgair roimhe chaidh triuir de nigheanan a' chlachain do'n Choille Chaluinn agus thug iad dhachaidh eallach chnò. Tha na cnothan pailte air a' bhliadhna so ach chan 'eil mòran r'a itheadh anna. Is cinnteach gur e sin a bu choir-each nach do loisg iad cho math—co-dhiubh cha do shoirbhich leamsa—oir mar a thubhairt am bàrd e "Tha mise 's mi fathast gun té, gun té!" Bhruch boirionnach còir poit mhóir bhuntata is rinn i fhlocadh gun an robh e cho nìn, phronn ri nìn chruithneachd. Chaidh an sin a shuathadh le bainne is chàraich i fàinne, bonn trì sgillinn, putan is rudan eile ann. Cha tainig aon diubb an rathad-sa, is mur a tainig ma thogair! Bha iad uile cho toilichte 's cho acrach 's gu robh mise taingeil làn spàinne fhaotuinn an drasda 'sa rithis. Chuir sinn seachad an còrr de'n oidhche gu sunndach ri orain is lan-aighear. Bu mhór am beud gu racladh na cleachd-aidhean ciatach so air chùl.

NIALL.

### APOLOGY.

Many of our readers who, from time to time, have been made aware in these columns of the beneficent activities of the Royal Celtic Society, must have been surprised, though they may not have been misled, by a couple of ill-informed paragraphs that appeared at the end of an article in our October issue.

We much regret the incident, for which our apologies are due to our readers, as well as to the Royal Celtic Society.

“MORAG MO GHRAIDH.”

(To the air of “’S an cluinn thu mi, mo nighean donn.”)

Oh, hear’st thou me, mo mhùimean dubh,  
When through the gath’ring night I call?  
The shadows steal o’er tow’ring hills,  
The mists of darkness round me fall;

The west wind sighs in pine-tree tops,  
The bracken whispers soft the while;  
A voice lies in the lap of waves  
On silver beach in moon-lit isle.

Far, far away, a distant voice  
From the lone shieling on the hill  
Echoes my strain, “Oh, hear’st thou me?”  
Oh, dear white heart, all, all is still!

All, all is still; the voice no more  
I hear, so loving, calling me;  
Oh, breath of life, oh, soul of love,  
Mhorag mo ghràidh, oh hear’st thou me?

While lonely wand’ring o’er the ben  
Comes back to me with echo sweet  
The soft, the haunting dear refrain,  
With balm the exile’s heart to greet;

My soul is steeped in gloaming dusk,  
My heart is wrapt in love of thee;  
And still I call, and still I hear—  
Harp of my heart, oh, hear’st thou me?

DAVID W. MACARTHUR.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 22nd November. There were present:—W. Bain, Glasgow; T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; John Bartholomew of Glenorchard; Dr. George Calder, Glasgow University; Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban; H. F. Campbell, Aberdeen; Mrs. Burnley

Campbell of Ormidale; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; A. B. Ferguson, Glasgow; Alex. Fraser, Dalmeir; Peter MacDougall, Glasgow; Peter MacIntyre, Glasgow; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Major A. J. H. MacLean of Ardgour; Donald MacLean, Partick; Miss Nancy MacLean, Partick; Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow; Lady Margaret MacRae of Feoirlinn; Lord James Stewart Murray, Blair Castle; Angus Robertson, Glasgow; Rev. Neil Ross, Edinburgh; Colin Sinclair, Glasgow; Andrew Stewart, Partick; George Thomson, Partick; Lady Helen Tod, Dunkeld; Mrs. W. J. Watson, Edinburgh; Robert Macfarlane, C.A., Treasurer; and Neil Shaw, Secretary.

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, presided. The minutes of the extraordinary and preliminary meetings were read and approved.

The minutes of the Finance Committee were submitted and approved. One of the recommendations of the minutes was that a clerkess with a knowledge of Gaelic be appointed to assist the secretary at a salary of £70 per annum.

The minutes of the Education Committee were submitted and approved. The minutes bore that the Directors of Education for the Highland Counties would be invited to confer with the Committee during the Christmas holidays, and that a Conference of a more general character would be held in Inverness in the month of August next.

In the discussion upon the minutes the urgent need for taking steps to ensure that the Gaelic Clause was fully applied was strongly insisted upon.

Minutes of meeting of the Publication Committee were read and approved. The Committee unanimously recommended the appointment of the Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Edinburgh, as editor of the magazine, and this recommendation was cordially confirmed. The Rev. Mr. Ross intimated his acceptance of the office.

Minutes of meeting of Propaganda Committee were read and approved. The Committee was arranging for a Provincial Mod for Perthshire at Aberfeldy. Local Mods in Islay and Mull were also being considered.

Minutes of meeting of the Art and Industry Committee were read and approved. The minutes indicated that the arrangements for the proposed Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts in May next were making satisfactory progress.

Minutes of meeting of Mod and Music Committee were submitted. Some discussion took place on the Committee's proposal that in future choirs competing for the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield must have at least 50 per cent. Gaelic-speaking members. After a division, this recommendation was approved. It was also resolved to increase the marks for Gaelic in the vocal and choral competitions to 100. An important change was made in the conditions attached to the gold medal competitions. In future candidates for the medals must sing in the three following competitions, viz., Oran Mor, Oban and Lorn, and the "James Grant" Memorial, and those gaining the highest aggregate marks in these three competitions will be selected to compete for the medals.

It was remitted to the President, Mrs. Burnley Campbell and Mr. Malcolm MacLeod to interview the Executive of the proposed Highlanders' Institute in Glasgow, to represent to them the importance of embodying in the constitution of the new Institute provisions which would ensure that the encouragement of the study and use of the Gaelic language would always be an essential part of the Institute's work.

The next meeting of the Executive Council will be held at Oban, on Friday, 16th March, 1923.

## EXHIBITION OF CELTIC ART AND HIGHLAND CRAFTS.

In connection with the proposed Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts, Miss Campbell of Succoth is sending out the following letter to those interested in the movement. Copies of the letter and syllabus of competitions may be had on application to the Secretary of An Comunn.

The Art and Industry Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach have decided to hold an Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts next May in Glasgow. The Exhibi-

tion is being arranged with the object of arousing interest in primitive Art, and showing the possibilities of adapting some forms of Celtic Art to the requirements of the present day. To this end the Exhibition will be divided into sections:

1. Competitive, of which a syllabus is enclosed.
2. Display by well-known firms of house furnishings on Celtic lines suited to modern requirements.
3. Loan Exhibition of ancient and modern objects of Celtic Art, including photographs illustrating Celtic architecture and Celtic ornamentation.

The necessary prize-money is already in the hands of the Committee, but they are desirous of raising a small reserve fund to defray expenditure incurred in insurance, printing, hire of halls, etc. Your aid will be greatly appreciated in distributing the syllabus, giving information as to articles and photographs suitable for loan exhibit, and in helping on the reserve fund.

The Exhibition will afterwards proceed to Edinburgh, and it is hoped to other centres.

All contributions or offers of help will be gratefully received.

LUCY K. G. CAMPBELL (of Succoth),  
Convener,  
Art and Industry Committee.

## CEAD DEIREANNACH GHLINNE COMHANN.

[The following verses will be of much interest to natives of Glencoe and district, both at home and abroad. The author, Angus MacDonald, popularly known as "Mic," was a son of the late John MacDonald, for many years Church Catechist at Glencoe, a direct descendant of the MacDonalds of Dalness. "Mic" was a keen all-round sportsman, and will be remembered by the older generations of shinty players in Glasgow, Vale of Leven, Inveraray, Furnace, and Oban. He was also an enthusiastic volunteer, and his ready wit and pawky humour made him a general favourite among the boys at the annual camp. With his wife and family he emigrated to Canada in 1910, where he died

two years later at the age of 58 years.  
—J.M.]

Is mi gabhail mo thuruis  
An Gleann Comhann do'n tug mi mo  
luaidh

A dh'amharc nan glacan, nan stacan,  
Nan leacan, nam bacan 's nam bruaich,  
Bu mhath fhuair mi ann m'arach  
Mar ri òigearan sgairteil 's cruaidh,  
Ged is goirt lean a ràidhtinn

Tha cuid dhiubh a' cnàmh anns an uaigh.

Tha fuaran a' Chaiginn  
A ghnath cur na gainneimh a suas,  
Is boidheach leam bruaich an Làgain  
Mu'm b'òg rinn mi màgairt mu'n cuairt.  
Far 'm bu tric rinn mi cadal  
An dùbhar na h-adaig ri sguuib,  
'N uair bhiodh maighdeanan òga  
Le'n corrain gu dian aig a' bhuaìn.

Inbhir Chomhann gorm, nòsar,  
Le smèdrach 'san Tòrr air gach géig,  
Is cùbhraidh fàileadh nan ròsan  
'S gach fùran as bòidheche 'na éid'.

Le shòbhrach 's le neòinein,  
Dealt meala air duilleach 's air feur,  
Agus seillean le chrònan  
A' solar a lòn ann gu treun.

Chi mi shuas Druim nan Sliabhan  
Am biodh an earbag riabhach a' tàmh  
Stac a' Chlamhain le liath-cheare  
'San coileach 'ga h-iarraidh gu dàn.

Tha na Caghachan ciatach  
Mu bheil fraoch dubh-dhearg dosrach a'  
fàs

Tha Tom Odhar nam fiadh ann  
Is beagan a sios air Glaic Phàil.

Tha Comhann an fhlor-uisg'  
Le cabhaig a' siubhal gu tràigh,  
'San dean am bradan a dhìreadh  
'Sa leumas gun strìth an t-Eas Bàn.

Bidh na gillean ri innleachd  
Is mòrghathan geura 'nan làmh  
'San uair thilgeas iad sios e  
Chan fhaic esan gu dilinn an sàil.

Clach Eanruic mo ghaoil-sa  
Bidh an eachdraidh 'na t-aodann gu bràth,  
Mar a mhortadh ar daoine  
Thug thu fianuis do'n t-saoghal mar bha,  
Gun cuala tu'n caoineadh  
Bh'aig mnathan, 'sa ghlaodhaich bha àrd  
Toirt an clochrain gaol bho'm broillich  
'Gan cur gu h-obann gu bàs.

Chi mi shuas Tom a' Chearcaill  
Coir' Eidheann nan deare 'san Tom Bàn,  
Tha aghaidh na Clèche  
Le fuaran a' sruthadh a mhàn

Le biolaire 's flòr-uisg'  
Am bidh an eilid 'ga thaghadh gu tràth,  
Agus Croit Poll a' Mhige  
Mu'n cualas Catriona bhi tàmh.  
Air Làrach an Aitreibh

'S tric chruinnich na gaisgich gu spàirn,  
'Dhol ri iomain gu sgairteil—  
Cha choinnich sinn tuille gu bràth—  
Chi mi shuas Tòrr na Muice,  
Chuala sibh uile mu h-àl,  
Ach a dh'aindeoin gach torc dhiubh  
Tha cuid againn fhathast an làthair.

Meall Mór nan sruth fuara,  
Sgùrr na Féinne, mo luaidh ort gu bràth,  
Tha'n Ceum Eiginn an taobh shuas dhìot  
'S am Bodach am bi'n eilid le h-àl.  
Aonach Dubh nan damh Ruidha,  
An uamh 'san robh Oisein a' tàmh,  
Agus Bidein nam fuaran  
'S ioma gaisgeach a fhuair aise dhàth.

Achadh gorm nan tri caochan,  
Nan ochd làrach, fur mar am bàs,  
Aite comhnuidh nan uaislean,  
Le droighionn is cluaran a' fàs.  
Baile Sgrìodain mo thruaighe  
'S gun chlach ann as airde nan làr,  
A dh'aràich na gaisgich  
Dheanadh sgiùrsadh le claidheamh 'sa  
bhàrlar.

Bho'n a rainig mi'n t-Innein  
A dh'amharc a' ghlinne dol fàs,  
Tha'n tìm nise dhomh tilleadh,  
Tha 'ghrian a' cromadh bho'n àird.  
Soraidh leat a Bheinn Fhada,  
Cha choinnich sinn tuille gu bràth,  
'S ni mi taghal an Clachaig  
'S ann aig Coinneach tha spiorad nam  
bàrd.

Tha Buachaillean Eite  
Gu soerach, stéidheil mar bha,  
Gur moch ni iad éiridh  
A dh'fhaicinn an treud a bhi slàn.  
Sliochd cabrach na h-eilde  
A shiubhlas gun éislean an càrn,  
An cluasan biorach ag éisdeachd  
Eagal namhaid bhi feitheamh na fàth.

Tha mi'n diugh toirt mo chulthaobh  
Ri gleann ciatach nan stùc-bheannaibh  
àrd,  
A' dol thar cuan na tonn dubh-ghorm,  
Gun dùil ri tilleadh gu bràth.  
'N uair ni 'm bàs mise sponadh  
O'n bheatha tha agam an dràs  
An Eilean Mhunga tha'n ùir sin  
Anns an guidhinn mo chnàmhan bhi tàmh.

## AM MARAICHE FIRINNEACH.

LE CALUM MACPHARLAIN.

(A' cheud duais aig Mòd, 1922.)

GLEUS F.

{	. s <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> . s <sub>1</sub> : d ., d   m . d : d ., d   r . r : r ., m   f . f : m .,	}
	Bha long ro ainmeil ann ri uair A sheòl am mach o Uisge Chluaidh,	
{	. m   f . f : r . r   m . m : d . s . l   ta : l   s : -	}
	'S gach bréid ri crann nuair ghabh i cuan, <sup>Seis</sup> Chall ó - ró - ché—	
{	. d'   t . l . s : f . f   l . l : s . m   d : r   d : -	}
	'Se smìor na firinn gheibh sibh uam, <sup>Seis</sup> Chall ó - ró - ché—	
{	. r   d , t . l : s ., l   d ., r : m ., f   s : r   d : -	
	'S bha mìle geal de chop 'na sguain, 'S na hùg oirnn ó.	

Nuair fhuair i mach seach Maol Chinn-tìr  
Bha'n cuan cho sleamhainn, soilleir, mìn  
'S gu'm facas anns an aigeann shìos—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Na maighdeannan-mara aig an tea—Chall-  
óró-chó.

'S, air m' fhacal, cha do shòr iad i—'S na  
hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dh'éirich gaoth 'san àirde 'n iar,  
A thàinig oirnn le astar dian,  
'S a shrac a sìùil 'nam mìle stiall—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Ach rinn sinn aodach dìth de nial—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Is b'èibhinn mar a rinn i triall—'S na hùg  
oirnn ó.

Ach là bha'n sud shùgh blàths na gréin  
Ar nial 'na smùid a suas do'n speur;  
Ach bhog sinn llon is ghlac sinn béisd—  
Chall-óró-chó.

Is chuir sinn ball mar shrian 'na beul—  
Chall-óró-chó.

'S b' i sud an t-astaraiche treun—'S na hùg  
oirnn ó.

Nuair ràinig sinn na h-Innsean thall,  
Bha 'mhlòl le sgìos a' triall gu fann;  
Ach stob an sgiobair gath 'na ceann—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Rinn ise sìtheadh 's bhris am ball—Chall-  
óró-chó.

'S bha'n long gun ghluasad luath no mall—  
'S na hùg oirnn ó.

Ach dé, ghlac saor na luing a shàbh,  
Is gheàrr e crann is rinn e ràmh  
Bha lethcheud troigh bho liadh gu làimh—  
Chall-óró-chó.

'S air dhuinn bhi pleadhanachd fad ràidh—  
Chall-óró-chó.

Gu'n d'ràinig sinn, mu dheireadh, tràigh—  
'S na hùg oirnn ó.

An sin bha còmhlan mòr de shluagh;  
Bha cuid diubh gorm is cuid diubh ruadh;  
'S gach fear le earball 'n crochadh uaith'—  
Chall-óró-chó.

'S a dhos cho gaoiseideach ri sguuib—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Leis shiabadh iad o'n sròin an druaid—'S na  
hùg oirnn ó.

Air dhuinn bhi bliadhna 's là air tìr,  
Am mór-chuan thug sinn oirnn a ris;  
'S bha iadsan gladhhaich "Hóro hl" 's  
"Chall-óró-chó."

"Slàn, slàn gu'n till sibh ruinn a ris—Chall-  
óró-chó.

Is slàn gu'n till an seanchaidh fìor—'S na  
hùg oirnn ó."

Nis, sheinn mi dhuibh gach ni mar bh'ann,  
'Sa Ghàidhlig chruaidh is toirmeach srann,  
A dh'ionnsuich mi an tìr nam beann—Chall-  
óró-chó.

'Sa ghleann 'sam bheil na breugan gann—  
Chall-óró-chó.

'S, le'r cead, gu'n toir mi nis gu ceann mo  
"hùg oirnn ó."



## NA BEANNTAICHEAN GORMA.

Chuireadh an sgeulachd a leanas chugainn leis an Ollamh MacLachlainn ann am baile Dhun-Eideann. Bha i air a sgrìobhadh sìos o bheul fir-aithris ann an Eilean Mhinlaidh dlùth do Bharraidh, agus air a cur a dh'ionnsuidh an Ollaimh leis an neach a sgrìobh i. Is aobhar iongantais a faotunn ann an siod, agus cha bheag a' cheist cia às a thàinig i.

"Cia às a thàinig thu?" ars an seann duine.

"Thàinig mi as na Beanntaichean Gorma," ars ise.

"S eadh," ars an seann duine, "cìod a tha iad a' deanamh an sin?"

"Tha iad," ars an iolaire, "a' deanamh dèiseal an diugh fhéin airson bainis Nighean Rìgh nam Beanntaichean Gorma. Tha ise, a nis, os cionn thrì bliadhna a' diùltadh pòsadh ri fear sam bith, gus an toir i thairis nach tig am fear a thug o na geasan i. Chan urrainn di fuireach na's fhaide a nise, a chionn gur trì bliadhna an ceann latha a rinn i ri a h-athair a dh'fhanadh i gun pòsadh."

Dh'aithnich an t-Eirionnach gur ann ris fhéin a bha i 'fuireach cho fada; ach cha robh comas aige air a' mhaith a dheanamh dheth. Cha b'urrainn da na Beanntaichean Gorma a ruighinn 'fhad's bu bheò e, 'us cha robh dùil ris. Chunnaic an seann duine cho duilich 'us a dh'fhàs e, 'us dh'fhoighnich e de'n iolaire cìod a ghabhadh i agus am fear s) a thoir air a muin gu ruig na Beanntaichean Gorma.

"Gu ruig na Beanntaichean Gorma?" ars ise.

"S eadh," ars an seann duine.

"Gabhaidh mi," ars ise, "trì fichead mart air am marbhadh, agus àithean a dheanamh dh'ùbh; agus a h-uile uair a bheir mise stùil air mo ghualainn, tilgidh esan àith\* nam bheul."

An uair a chuala an t-Eirionnach agus an seann duine na dh'iarr i, dh'fhalbh iad a shealg, agus mu'n tàinig an oidhche, bha trì fichead mart aca air am marbhadh. Rinn iad àithean diubbh, mar a dh'iarr an iolaire, agus an sin thuir an seann duine rithe, i a dheanamh luighe, gus an càireadh iad air a muin iad, a lion àith 'us àith.

\* Àith, plural àithean. This word is not in *Am* with what is said in a subsequent paragraph.

## THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The tale that follows was sent to us by Dr. MacLauchlan of Edinburgh. It had been written down from the mouth of a reciter in the Island of Minlay [or Minglay or Mingulay?], close to Barra, and had been sent to the Doctor by the person who had written it. The fact of its being found there is a matter of surprise, and the question of its origin is no slight one.

"Whence hast thou come?" said the old man.

"I have come from the Blue Mountains," said she.

"Yes," said the old man, "and what are folks doing there?"

"They are," said the eagle, "making ready this very day for the marriage of the Daughter of the King of the Blue Mountains. For over three years now she has refused to marry anybody, and will still refuse until she gives over [hoping but becomes certain] that he who rescued her from the spells will not come. But she may not now wait any longer, because, according to the arrangement she made with her father, she was to remain unmarried for three years, and in one more day those three years will be up."

The Irishman perceived that it was for him she had been waiting so long; but he had no means of turning things to good advantage. He would never be able to get to the Blue Mountains as long as he lived, nor had he any hope of doing so. The old man saw how sorrowful he had become, and enquired of the eagle what she would accept for carrying him on her back to the Blue Mountains.

"To the Blue Mountains?" said she.

"Yes," said the old man.

"I will take," said she, "three score cows, which must be killed and divided into quarters; and every time I glance over my shoulder, he is to throw a quarter\* into my mouth."

When the Irishman and the old man heard what she required, they went off to hunt [for cows], and, before night came, they had procured three score, all killed. They made quarters of them, as the eagle had desired, and then the old man told her to lie down, so that they could place them in position on her back quarter by quarter.

*Faclair.* I have made it "quarter," in accordance



Rinn an iolaire luighe, agus thòisich an seann duine agus an t-Eirionnach air cur suas na feòla air druim na h-iolaire. B'eadar dhoibh an toiseach ceithir ceummannan deug fàraidh 'fhaighinn, leis am b'urrainn doibh dìreadh air druim na h-iolaire, agus chàirich iad an fheòil cho maith 'us a b'aithne dhoibh.

Thuir an seann duine ris an Eirionnach, e a ghabhail suas air a druim, agus e a chuimhneachadh e a thilgeil ceithreamh feòla 'ga h-ionnsuidh a h-uile uair a bheireadh i stùil air a gualainn. Ghabh e suas, agus thug an seann duine òrdugh do'n iolaire, i bhi 'falbh.

Dh'fhalbh i anns a' mhionaid, agus a h-uile stùil a bheireadh i air a gualainn, thilgeadh an t-Eirionnach ceithreamh feòla 'na beul.

An uair a bha i 'teannadh faisg air crìochan Rìoghachd nam Beanntaichean Gorma, theirig an fheòil, agus sùil de an tug ise air a gualainn, ciod an obair a bha aig an Eirionnach ach a' cur na cloiche eadar bàr a h-earbail agus a h-amhaich!

Chuir i làn char dhi fhéin, agus tilgear an t-Eirionnach do'n fhaige. C'áite an do thuit e ach anns a' bhàigh a bha dìreach mu choinneamh tigh an Rìgh. Fhuair gu fortanach bàrran òrdagan a chas greim air a' ghrund, agus dinnear e fhéin air tìr.

An uair a chaidh e suas, bha sràidean a' bhaile a' lasadh le solus, 'us bainis Nighinn an Rìgh gu toiseachadh. Chaidh e a stìgh dc'n cheud tigh a thachair air; agus ciod an tigh a bh'ann, ach tigh Cailleach-nan-Ceare aig an Rìgh. Dh'fhoighnich e de'n Chaillich ciod am fuaim 'us an solus a bha anns a' bhaile mar siod.

"Tha," ars ise, "Nighean an Rìgh a' dol a phòsadh a nochd an aghaidh a toile, agus dùil aice a h-uile latha gu'n tig am fear a thug bho na geasan i."

"So dhuit gini," ars esan, "agus falbh 'us thoir an so i."

Dh'fhalbh a' Chaillich, agus cha b'fhada agus an do thill i, agus Nighean an Rìgh còmhla rithe.

Dh'aithnich i fhéin agus an t-Eirionnach a chéile, agus phòs iad, agus rinn iad bainis mhór, ghreadhnach, aighearach, a mhair latha 'us bliadhna!

The eagle lay down, and the old man and the Irishman began to carry the flesh up on to her back. They were first of all obliged to get a ladder of fourteen steps, to enable them to mount on the back of the bird, and they placed the meat in position as well as they knew how.

The old man told the Irishman to get up on her back, and to remember to throw her a quarter of meat every time she glanced over her shoulder. Up he got, and the old man gave the eagle the order to be off.

Off she went instantly, and every time she glanced over her shoulder, the Irishman threw a quarter of meat into her mouth.

When she was drawing near to the confines of the Kingdom of the Blue Mountains, the store of meat became exhausted, and when she happened to glance over her shoulder, what was the Irishman about but "putting the stone" in the space between the tip of her tail and her neck!

She turned right round in the air, and pitched the Irishman into the sea. Where should he fall but into the bay opposite the King's house. Fortunately, he got a grip of the ground by the tips of his great toes, and he managed to hitch himself up on land.

When he went inshore, the streets of the town were blazing with light, and the wedding of the King's Daughter was about to begin. He went into the first house to which he came; and what house should it be but the house of the King's Hen-Wife. He asked the Hen-Wife why there was all that noise and light in the town.

"Why," said she, "the King's Daughter is going to marry to-night against her will, though she has been hoping every day that he would come who delivered her from enchantment."

"Here's a guinea for thee," said he, "so now go and bring her here."

The Hen-Wife went off, and it was not long until she returned, and with her the King's Daughter.

She and the Irishman recognised each other, and they married, and they had a great wedding, a magnificent, right merry wedding, which lasted a day and a year!

## NOTES.

FROM *An Gáidheal* (1877), VI., 324.

Dr. MacLauchlan, who forwarded this magnificent tale to *An Gáidheal*, may be the same as the Rev. Mr. MacLauchlan, who lent several other tales to the late J. F. Campbell of Islay. *W.H. Tales*, IV., pp. 406, 408, 410. A study of the variants given below, if undertaken by a skilled folk-lorist, would probably yield considerable results. Our tale is written in the raciest idiom, and was discovered in a little-known island of the Outer Hebrides, and before modern civilization had had time to make its influence felt to any considerable extent. It is therefore probably fairly close to some primitive version.

## VARIANTS AND RELATED TALES.

1. Rìoghachd nam Beann Gorma, *Waifs and Strays*, II., 126.
2. Na h-Amhuisgean, or, Na trì Saighdearan, *T.G.Soc. Inverness*, XVI., 111.
3. The Widow's Son (two versions), *W.H. Tales*, II., No. 44.
4. The Widow's Son the Hunter, *ibid.* IV., p. 394, No. 329.
5. The Widow's Son (Common), *ibid.*, p. 396, No. 349.
6. Mac a' Bhreabadair, *ibid.*, p. 404, No. 44.
7. Nìghean Rìgh an Tulaich Ghuirn, *ibid.*, p. 414, No. 209.
8. The Tsarevna Loveliness-Inexhaustible, *Russian Fairy Tales*, by R. Nisbet Bain.
9. The Nine-Legged Steed, *Larminie's West Irish Folk Tales*, 219.
10. The Three Princesses of Whiteland, Sir G. W. Dasent's *Norse Fairy Tales*.

In Variant 3, the hero is killed three times by robbers. The heroine restores him to life on each occasion. The robbers, who correspond to the mysterious creatures in the mysterious room in our story, are probably substitutes for some unknown supernatural; Campbell of Islay thought that they represented an old arithmetical puzzle. *W.H. Tales*, IV., pp. 422, 424, Nos. 344, 372—*Waifs and Strays*, The Fians, 344. Strange to say, the hero does not seem to offer any resistance to the robbers. Stranger still, it is the heroine who brings him to the robbers' house, the place where he was to suffer. She also brings him to the house where live the mischievous gillie, and the hag, his no less mischievous mother. Thus she brings him into harm's way twice.

In our tale, also, she brings him into harm's way twice, for she definitely asks him to spend the three nights in the mysterious room, where he, apparently unresistingly, suffers a terrible mishandling at the hands of the unknown and mysterious beings. And she also sends the little mischievous gillie to him.

Variant 3 is more than usually interesting. In that version the heroine appears at first as a deer, and the hero as a hunter. While aiming at the deer, the hunter observes that it has changed shape and has become a woman. The change takes place three times. The heroine presently invites him to meet her at a church, but their meeting is brought to nought by the spitefulness of a hag, or of the hag's son, who live in the house to which the heroine brings her lover. These things suggest that the heroine was the priestess of an ancient Celtic or pre-Celtic deer-goddess, and that the priestess wished to forsake paganism and become a Christian, and that the hag, being the Mother Superior of the group or college of priestesses to

which the heroine belonged, and therefore an upholder of the ancient faith, and one who naturally hated heresy, desired that the members of her flock should remain pagans, and laid her schemes accordingly.

It will be noticed that the sufferings of the hero at the hands of a crowd of creatures, probably supernaturals, who are not described, delivers the heroine from the power of enchantments. What connection there could be between his sufferings (which he endures like the martyr he was, and apparently without resistance) and her deliverance, remains a mystery, but the motive appears in other tales, where characters are delivered from enchantments by the sufferings of others, as in Campbell's, No. 83, mentioned below, in which a fairy god-mother is delivered from enchantments through her god-daughter's sufferings.

In Variants 2 and 9, the hero's enemies are "Amhuisgean" or "Awisks" or "Owases." Campbell of Islay thought that these represented a "guardhouse of savage warriors," and that they had "a foundation in fact." *W.H. Tales*, III., 235. The incident of these Berserker ruffians occurs in many tales, but they are always vanquished by the hero. The hero in Nos. 2 and 9 is no exception to this rule. Far from being a submissive martyr, he is a valiant warrior, who defeats his enemies again and again. This seems to be contrary to his essential characteristic of patience under suffering, as portrayed in the other variants. The conclusion is that the Amhuisgean, like the robbers, are substitutes for other beings, and that the mysterious creatures in the mysterious room who appear in our story of "The Blue Mountains" are the real Simon Pures, and nearer to the primitive and charming story that lies at the back of the various versions listed above.

## HEROINES—CASTLES—SPRITES.

The enchanted fairy god-mother in Campbell's No. 83 (pub. *The Celtic Monthly*, XXV., 231) has a room full of teeny, tiny men. They complain to her that her god-daughter had unlocked their room, and had spied upon them. No account is given of the teeny men, neither is the reason or object of their presence explained. The heroine in "Fios an Anraidh" (*The Wizard's Gillie*) lives in a castle, where she is daily pestered by swarms of unknown creatures demanding admittance, and making an uproar. In three tales, then, we have heroines in castles in association with multitudes of sprites. What belief or practice lies behind them all is not even hinted at in any tale.

## THE CARRYING EAGLE.

This bird does not appear in Variant 9, *Larminie*. It is probably own-brother to Sindbad's Roc. As an eagle, it appears in *W.H. Tales*, I., Nos. 9, 16. But it has a different name, or is a different bird, in Variants 3 and 6, where it is called, respectively, Creveenach, Gire-Mhineach. The spelling varies greatly. It is given as Cro mhineach, Ghri Mhineach, greeveen-ach, *ibid.* III., 252, names which Campbell of Islay thought meant a griffin.

Cro-mhinnich (*gen.*), a ghire-mhineach, cri-bhinnich—*ibid.*, IV., 406, 412, Nos. 106, 203, pub. *Guth na Bliadhna*, XII., 229, 363. a'ghrè-bhinnich—*T.G.Soc. Inverness*, XXV., 242. cro-mhinnich is a talking bird, small enough to carry about with one in a box—*W.H. Tales*, IV., p. 402, No. 25.

A hoodie-crow carries the hero in No. 116, *ibid.* IV., p. 406.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Air a' mhìos so chaidh bha coinneamhan air an gleidheadh anns gach baile is sgìre 'san Impireachd mhòir so mar chuimhne air co-ainn an là sin air an deach stad air casgradh oillteil na h-Eòrpa. Is math a bhi cumail an là sin coisrigte, a bhi cuimhneachadh anns an uaigneas no leis a' choinneadh orra-san a rinn an an Iobairt mhòir. Ann a bhi 'gan cuimhneachadh-san a thuit thar leam gur freagrach briathran Bàrd na Birlinn a sgrìobh mu Bhlàr na Pàirce aig Mòd 1905. "An cliù! O, bu mhòr e! is sinn a' togail nan càrn gu h-ard taobh nan uaignean 's iad uaine air a' bhàr; is taibhean nan gaisgeach ann an Innis nam Flath."

\* \* \*

A general meeting of the Inverness Branch was held on 25th November, at which I was present. A large Committee was appointed to carry out arrangements for the 1923 Mod. Mr. Alister MacDonald is convener; Miss Jessie MacKenzie, 48 Wells Street, secretary; and Mr. William MacKay, Jun., treasurer. Hall and Finance Sub-Committees were formed, with Mr. Roderick MacLeod and Mr. MacKay as respective conveners. The Music Hall has been renovated, and the platform rearranged. It has accommodation for about 1100 people, and this being the largest hall in town it will mean the repeating of the grand concert as at Oban and Fort William.

\* \* \*

As will be observed from the report of the Executive meeting, many changes have been made in the syllabus for the forthcoming Mod. Songs are prescribed for most of the solo competitions, and where these are inaccessible to those who cannot pay a high price for certain collections, words and music will be published in this magazine from time to time. The Orain Mhora, which have already appeared, will be printed in leaflet form and supplied from this office.

\* \* \*

Providing that a poem of sufficient merit is sent in, the first prize will be a chaplet, to be presented by the President, Mr. Angus Robertson. The second prize will be £5. It is hoped that our bards, of whom there is a large number, will endeavour to give

us an epic worthy of the age. This class of poetry has given way to the more popular lyric, but it must not be allowed to pass from us. The language of to-day is sufficiently copious and virile to treat an heroic theme, and the deeds of immediate past years call for something noble to commemorate them.

\* \* \*

The enthusiasm awakened at Fort William during the Mod week has not been allowed to die. Gaelic reading and singing classes are held weekly under the auspices of the Lochaber Branch, and the average attendance is 100 to 120 juveniles and about 50 adults. A choir from Lochaber is likely to compete for the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield at Inverness.

\* \* \*

The Rothesay Branch of An Comunn has resumed its fortnightly meetings. The Dunoon Branch is also in active operation, and its syllabus is all arranged. Paisley and Greenock Highlanders are having very successful meetings, and also Tir nam Bann in Edinburgh. Altogether, the Highland Associations are flourishing and doing excellent work.

\* \* \*

It is observed with real regret that so good a Highlander as Dr. Donald Murray has not secured re-election for the Western Isles. The genial Doctor was one of the few Gaelic-speaking members of the last Parliament, and was listened to with attention and respect on all questions respecting the Highlands. He is in full sympathy with the work of An Comunn, and his defeat has lost us a friend at court whom we can ill spare.

\* \* \*

A new and enlarged edition of MacEachen's Gaelic Dictionary has just been published by the Northern Counties Newspaper Printing Coy., Inverness. The first edition contained 10,500 words, and the present about 14,000. The Dictionary has been carefully revised by competent Gaelic scholars, and forms a most useful compendium of colloquial and literary Gaelic. Teachers will welcome this edition, which has been recommended by the Education Department as a standard of orthography to be followed by candidates for the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic. The price is three shillings.

NIALL.

## CEILIDH NAN GAIDHEAL.

A REAL GAELIC SOCIETY.

Ceilidh nan Gaidheal in Glasgow is probably unique in its character and dimensions. It secures the attendance at its weekly meetings of anything between 300 and 500 enthusiastic Highlanders, and its proceedings are conducted from first to last in Gaelic. All ages are represented—children of tender years, young men and maidens, men and women in their fresh, vigorous prime, and old men whose appearance proclaims them to have passed the allotted span.

Long before the starting hour there is a waiting queue, and as soon as the door opens the hall is practically filled. It must be admitted, however, that all ceilidhites are not remarkable for their punctuality; stragglers come sauntering in long after the proceedings have begun, and before the evening is gone standing room is at a premium.

The Ceilidh is opened with an appropriate and reverent prayer, after which the minutes of the previous meeting are read and approved. The lecturer for the evening is then called upon, and at the close of his address the members are invited to discuss it, which they proceed to do intelligently and efficiently in fluent and racy Gaelic. The accents of Tírè, Skye, and Lewis are perhaps those most frequently heard, but Islay, Mull, Coll, Jura, and the mainland have their representatives also among the articulate members of the Ceilidh.

The last half hour is devoted to the singing of Gaelic songs, when what the Mod people call traditional singing is heard to advantage along with the more highly finished vocal efforts of the practitioners of the newer style.

The Ceilidh is closed as it was opened—with prayer.

What brings so many Highlanders of all ages to the Ceilidh so regularly week after week? The meeting is not an entertainment in the usual sense of the word—it is far removed from the Saturday night gatherings of a former generation, which served a quite useful purpose in their day, it makes no appeal to those who are simply out for an evening's fun. It discusses high and difficult subjects, it debates important questions of past controversy and present-day interest, it commands the services of speakers of first-rate capacity—often of

real distinction. To many, doubtless, it is the intellectual pleasure and the mental satisfaction of listening to the lectures and discussions that constitute the attraction of the Ceilidh, but the real Gaelic atmosphere that prevails, charged with the scent of the heather and the peat, is probably the lure that draws the crowd. A common tongue, common sympathies, and a common outlook bind them into one big family.

No one could wish for a more appreciative or more responsive audience. Be the speaker grave or gay, his mood is immediately reflected in his audience; if he has something of the blessed gift of humour, which few Gaelic speakers altogether lack, his sallies are received with a delighted appreciation which makes the rafters ring. The Celtic gloom of which we used to hear so much has no place in Ceilidh nan Gaidheal. There is not a happier, gayer, more light-hearted audience to be found anywhere. No better cure for the despondency that sometimes overtakes the friends of Gaelic could be prescribed than a course of attendance at Ceilidh nan Gaidheal.

Two things account in the main for the success of the Ceilidh. The first of these is the rigid exclusion of English. The fathers of the Ceilidh were wise and far-seeing in laying down very strict regulations on this point, and in forbidding absolutely the use of English. The influence of that language they saw was so insidious and powerful that once admitted it would inevitably in time become the predominant partner. The only safe course they thought was to bar its use entirely, and their policy has been amply justified.

The other feature of the Ceilidh to which its success may be attributed is the practice of opening and closing with prayer. The old Highlanders were wont to invoke the divine blessing on all their undertakings, and their descendants of to-day, in their hearts, like to see acknowledgment of God made in their gatherings. Undoubtedly the opening prayer, which is no mere formality, gives a tone to the Ceilidh which nothing else could impart, and the meetings have been saved from deterioration and maintained at the high level which characterises them by the mood of dignified seriousness and reverence created by the opening prayer.

One could wish that a larger proportion of the University students who hope to occupy Gaelic pulpits took part in the discussions of the Ceilidh. They could have no better

training to fit them for public speaking in Gaelic; they would acquire a facility of expression which they will find it hard to gain elsewhere under existing conditions. Many ministers could be named, and these among our most competent Gaelic speakers, who are ever ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, which, as students, they had the privilege of attending, and which provided them with just these facilities they needed for acquiring confidence and fluency and accuracy in the use of Gaelic.

Ceilidh nan Gaidheal maintains cordial relations with the High School Gaelic Class Ceilidh, which is bi-lingual, and which at this moment is flourishing mightily. The young Highlanders of Glasgow—even those of them who to their own deep regret do not know Gaelic—are proud of their Highland connection, and are anxious to cultivate the Highland spirit, and eager to associate themselves with what is worthy and enduring in their Highland heritage.

One learns with satisfaction that a Ceilidh after the model of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal is about to be instituted in Oban. There are one or two members of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal in that town who may be relied on to secure that the traditions of the older body will be faithfully followed so far as circumstances permit. The friends of Gaelic in Oban will find this new venture a most effective auxiliary to their work on behalf of the language, and all who know the valuable service rendered in Glasgow by Ceilidh nan Gaidheal will cordially wish the Oban enterprise every success. Buaidh is piseach le Ceilidh nan Gaidheal anns an Oban.

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## HIGHLAND MEMORIAL.

AITREABH NAN GAIDHEAL.

BAZAAR FOR GLASGOW SCHEME.

The following report of the proceedings is taken from the Glasgow Herald:—

Glasgow's debt to the Highlands is of long standing. Tributes to their enriching contributions to civic life are frequently made. Now an effort is being put forward to recognise that debt in definite form. A proposal is on foot to provide a Highlanders' Institute and Social Centre for Glasgow. Aitreabh nan Gaidheal it is called in the Gael's own language. In aid of this object, which aims at providing a memorial to the

Highland men and women who died in the war, a three-days' bazaar was opened on 23rd November in St. Andrew's Halls. The idea at the heart of the proposal is to have a Highland Welcome Club, with ample facilities for social intercourse and entertainment, with an up-to-date employment bureau. It is intended further that the Institute should be a central gathering place for the numerous district and clan societies and other Highland organisations in the city. Among other enterprises, it is proposed, by means of ceilidhs, concerts, and similar meetings to develop the use of the Gaelic language and to encourage Highland home industries, and in that way to aid the prosperity of the remotest glens and isles. His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Earl of Inverness heads the list of distinguished patrons, and the leading office-bearers of the movement are:—Lord Provost Paxton, LL.D., chairman of Committee; Colonel D. W. Cameron of Lochiel, vice-chairman; Mr. James Dalrymple, chairman of Executive; Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, convener of Bazaar Committee; Lady MacAlister, Mrs. Paxton, and Mrs Burnley Campbell of Ornuide, vice-conveners; Colonel Norman MacLeod, D.S.O., hon. treasurer; Mr. Malcolm Macleod, hon. secretary; Mr. George Eyre-Todd, acting secretary. A fine display of goods were arranged in the Halls. The articles were attractively laid out on stalls organised as county and district and other stalls, and a Highland atmosphere was provided in the profuse display of tartan on and around the stalls.

The Lord Provost expressed his deep interest in the object the bazaar was intended to promote. The population of Glasgow was largely composed of Highlanders, and he made bold to say that no city ever had better citizens. It had long been felt that provision should be made whereby young Highlanders might have facilities for social intercourse and for meeting their friends, as was provided during the war for the entertainment of British soldiers and our Allies. It was their duty to do everything in their power to provide for the recreative side of their city life and to safeguard from temptation the young men and women who year by year flocked into the city. Should the requisite funds be forthcoming, it was the intention of the committee to have a very complete and adequately equipped institute, which would not only constitute a social centre but also be a gathering place for the numerous district and clan societies



and other Highland organisations which had come into existence in the city. In calling upon Lady Elspeth Campbell to declare the bazaar open, the Lord Provost said that neither she nor her brother were strangers to Glasgow. The Committee greatly appreciated her presence there that day, and they felt sure that it would have the effect of still further increasing the support which the movement had already received from the citizens of Glasgow.

Lady Elspeth Campbell said it was a great pleasure to her to be present, not only to open the bazaar, but also, she hoped, when she had crossed over to the Argyll stall, to collect a few bawbees from each one of them. It was desired by Highlanders and those who loved the Highlands to place a national memorial in that city to those brave Highland men and women who had passed to the beyond, and had given freely of all they had to give in the Great War. They died, as their forefathers died in the older wars long years ago, for the sake of their dear ones, and the love of the Highland hills and glens and the isles of mist and sun. The flowers o' the forest are again a' wede awa', she said—"Chaochail iad air son ar duthaich; airidh air an cliu'" (They died for our country; worthy are they of praise). She did not believe there were any Highlanders in the late war who had not relatives and friends in St. Mungo's great city. Therefore a Highland institute was the best national tribute they could offer, for surely it would be of service to some one dear to each of those brave men and women they now desired to honour. The local memorials in every town and village were completed and unveiled, and now the moment had come for a big national effort. If that effort was successful—and it would be if every Highlander and lover of the Highlands did his or her duty—they would soon see the Highlanders' institute quite near there thronged with men and women, lads and lassies from every part of the Highlands. The Highlanders' "umbrella" in Argyll Street would be deserted. Some people said that that bazaar should have been held over until next season, when they hoped to have more money to give and to spend. She asked the audience to tell their friends who for that or any other reason were not helping this week to send what contributions they could next year—better late than never.

Sir Andrew Pettigrew proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Elspeth Campbell. He emphasised what the Lord Provost had said

as to the indebtedness of the city to the Highlanders, and to the claim the latter had upon the citizens.

On the motion of Mr. James Dalrymple, the Lord Provost was thanked for presiding.

The first day's drawings amounted to £9778.

As well as being interesting from an artistic and attractive point of view, the Highlanders' bazaar was unique in that most of the goods displayed were products of Scottish home industries. The stalls were named after the northern counties, and practically each one had a home industry represented.

The second day's proceedings of the bazaar were inaugurated by the Dowager-Countess of Glasgow. The second day's drawings amounted to £3388.

There was again a large and distinguished company present at the opening ceremony. Mr. M. Pearce Campbell, the chairman for the day, in introducing the Dowager-Countess of Glasgow, said she had had unique opportunities in distant parts of the world, as in New Zealand, when her husband occupied the high position of Governor there, of knowing how much Scotsmen, and among them many Highlanders, were doing in the way of building up this great Empire. Speaking of the objects of the bazaar, Mr. Pearce Campbell said he happened to belong to a very old club in Glasgow, now, he was afraid, in a pretty decadent condition, because it was kept together only by having one dinner a year. It was called the Gaelic Club, and was initiated shortly after the '45 for purposes very similar to those which had prompted the present scheme. That old club was founded to make a home for the sons of West Highland lairds who happened to come to Glasgow, but it had fallen into disuse. Highlanders were now coming to Glasgow in large numbers, and it was a felt want to have some institution where they could find at least recognition on their arrival and during their residence in the city. He had no doubt that the object of that bazaar was one that would appeal readily to the public of Glasgow.

The Dowager-Countess of Glasgow, in declaring the bazaar open, said they all knew how great was the generosity of Glasgow, and surely no generosity could be better exercised than in a cause like that. Highlanders who came to the city would be very grateful for somewhere where they could go to meet friends, and where men who fought side by side during those four terrible years



which none of them would ever forget could renew their comradeships. That institute would not be given as a charity, but in great measure as a return for what many Highlanders did for them, and she hoped that they would understand that those who used it must take an active interest in it, and try to make it self-supporting. She appealed for support for the scheme not only for the living but as an adequate memorial to the dead.

On the motion of Colonel Norman MacLeod, a vote of thanks was accorded to the Dowager-Countess of Glasgow, and a similar compliment was paid to the chairman on the call of Mr Malcolm MacLeod.

A large and distinguished company again attended the third day's opening ceremony, which was performed by the Countess of Cassillis. Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew presided.

The Countess, in declaring the bazaar open, expressed her pleasure at having the opportunity of sharing in the splendid effort for the establishment of a Highland Welcome Club in Glasgow, more especially as she was herself a Lowlander. They who lived in the remote parts of Scotland looked forward to their visits to Glasgow to give them fresh inspiration intellectually and spiritually to go on doing their work at home, and above all they looked forward to the loving welcome of their friends that never failed them in Glasgow.

On the call of Mrs Burney Campbell, her Ladyship was accorded a vote of thanks.

Lady MacAlister, on behalf of the Bazaar Committee, expressed their deep sense of obligation to Sir Andrew Pettigrew, who as Convener, she said, had from the first been the guiding spirit.

Sir Andrew suitably replied.

#### DETAILS OF DRAWINGS.

The following are the detailed drawings of the stalls:—Hebridean, £650; Inner Isles, £644; Inverness and Nairn, £1190; Sutherland and Caithness, £3077; Ross and Cromarty, £540; Perthshire, £1157; Moray and Banff, £861; Bute and Arran, £190; Argyll, £2414; Glasgow, £1376; Aberdeen, £455; Game, £234; Provisions, £1041; Cakes and Confectionery, £297; Fruit, Plant, etc., £276; Gentlemen, £1467; White Elephant, £775; Fine Art, £138; Refreshment, £519; City Business Club, £566; General Subscriptions, £670; Football Match, £380; Highland Ball, £380—£19,297.

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# GAILIG

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Leabhar XVIII.]

Am Faoilleach, 1923.

[Earrann 4.

## “ GAILIG.”

Bhaisteadh as ùr paipear mìosal A' Chomuinn; is thugadh *Gàilig* mar ainm air. Thaghadh an t-Urramach Mr. Niall Ros, B.D., 'na Oidire. Tha esan cheana air àite-mullaich a shuidheachadh dha fhein ann an rosg 'san ranna cànanain a dhùcha. Is aithne dhuinn, cuideachd, an deachd a tha'n lùib a phlann, somaltas na brìgh 'tha bualadh 'na cuisil' aige, agus, gu sònruicht, 'eòlas farsuinn air béus-litreachais. Bu toileam an còrr a sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll; ach cha cheadaich imire no ùine e an ceartuair. Theagamh gun till mi fhathasd, le cothrom, a dh'ionnsaidh a' chuspair.

Air stairsnich Bliadhn' Uire bu mhiann lè ar sinnsre 'bhi beothachadh an deadh ruin do chàcha-chéile. Nach taig sinne an dùrachd chiadna dhuibhse agus dhaibh-san a tha'n diugh a' ruith an astair maille ruinn.

AONGHAS MAC DHONNACHAIDH.

## OUR NEW EDITOR.

As our readers are aware, the Magazine has now been placed under the editorial care of the Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., of Edinburgh. In this, the first number which has come from the hand of the new Editor, I desire, on behalf of the Publications Committee, to

offer Mr. Ross a cordial welcome, and to bespeak for him the support of the members of An Comunn. The Committee consider themselves fortunate in having secured the consent of Mr. Ross to undertake the work, and they are confident that under his charge the Magazine will grow in interest and usefulness. They know there are many among the members who are in a high degree capable of contributing to the Magazine in Gaelic and English, and they trust that these will deem it their duty to keep the Editor supplied with material from which to fill his pages month by month. There are three main purposes served by the Magazine, viz. :—(1) To furnish members with information regarding the various activities of An Comunn; (2) to create interest in and sympathy with An Comunn's work among the general public; and (3) to make contributions of permanent value to our stock of Gaelic literature. With the active help of our members, the Magazine should prove a powerful agent for the furtherance of these purposes.

The proposal to change the name of the Magazine has been discussed on various occasions, and the matter was ultimately remitted with powers to the Publications Committee. The Committee, after very full consideration, unanimously resolved to drop the title by

which the Magazine has been hitherto known, and to substitute "Gàilig" as its designation for the future. It is hoped the name will commend itself to our readers and to the public; it has the merit of being clearly and directly indicative of the one great purpose towards which all our activities as an Association are bent, viz., the preservation and cultivation of the Gaelic language.

M. MACLEOD, Convener.

### LUACH NA GAIDHLIG.

Is tric a chluinear gu bheil aignidhean an Ghàidhil so-ghluasadach; gu bheil a chuid fhaireachaidhean fada nas treise na a bhreathnachadh; agus gur ann air sgàth a bhàidh ri cainnt a shìnsir a tha e a deanamh oidheirp air a cumail beò. Is taitneach an clù air ar muinntir gum biodh am faireachaidhean 'g an somadh gu cainnt is ceòl an dùthcha. Oir tha iomadh nì 'n an crannchur, gu h-àraidh anns na bailtibh móra, a chum am breagadh air falbh ó nithibh dùthchasail. Air do an Ghàidheal a thir féin fhàgail, agus dol a chosnadh a lòn am measg choigreach, feumaidh e cainnt is cleachdaidhean nan coigreach iunn-sachadh. Co dhùis is e reic na ceannach, còmhradh na naigheachd, foghlum na aoradh, is buailteach gum bi iad sin gu léir air a coimhlionadh leis ann an cainnt a tha eadarthealaichte ó chainnt a mhàthar. Ann a leithid sin de chor, cha'n eil iongnadh ged dh'fhàsadh a chuid fhaireachaidhean meadh-bhlàth a thaobh gnòthuichean dùth-chasail. Tha e nàdurach gum bi 'inntinn air a tlàdh le nithibh coitcheinn an àite anns an do thuit a chrannchur. Tha an neach sin an cunnart gum fàs e, a chuid 's a chuid, d'chuimhneach air a chainnt, agus caoin shuarach mu a dhùthaich féin. A chum an cunnart so a sheachnadh is còir na h-uile d'cheal a dheanamh, agus na h-uile meadhon a chleachdadh. Is còir gum biodh Gàidhil a coimheachadh, far am bheil sin idir comasach, a chum bhi labhairt na Gàidhlig, agus a lasadh eud is dealas an cridheachan a chéile.

Tha e mar fhiachaibh oirn a bhi meòrachadh air luach na Gàidhlig, a chum gum bi crìoch reusanta againn anns an t-sealladh. Tha e iomchaidh gum biomaid, cha'n e a mhàin a blàthachadh ar n-aignidhean anns an aobhar so, ach gum biomaid cuideachd a soilleseachadh ar breathnachaidh. Tha

bàidh is dealas gu math, ach tha iad a ghnàth nas cumhachdaiche an uair a tha iad air am brosnuchadh le smuaintibh fallain ris am bheil ar tuigse a cur làn aonta. Is e aon de na smuaintibh sin gur fhiach an Ghàidhlig a cumail beò air sgàth a cuid litreachais. Tha sinn an dòchas nach meas Gàidheal sam bith an nì so mar ghnòthuch faoin. Ma tha aobhar aig an Ghàil a bhi deanamh uail as a shealbh litreachail féin, car son nach biodh gairdeachas air an Ghàidheal airson an ionmhas phriseil a chaidh fhàgail aige ó na ginealaich a dh'fhalbh. Oir is e litreachas na Gàidhlig toradh-intinn ar sinnsir, leis am faod an saoghal fhaicinn ciod e an t-oilean àrd agus inbheach a thug iad a mach le an tuigse féin; ciod e mar a chleachd iad am macmeanmna a thaobh obair Naduir; agus ciod e an eagnaidheachd smuaine, is an grinneas facail air an do ràinig iad gun bhi fo fhiachaibh do oilean sam bith eile.

Tha earann mhór de luach ar litreachais a comhsheasamh anns an loinn leis an deachaidh a chruthachadh air tùs. Feadh iomadh linn anns an robh cinnich na Roinn Eòrpa borb is fineachail, bha litreachas na Gàilig 'g a shaothrachadh aig aos-bhaird is ollamhan. Bu mhór am beud na'n cailleadh-maid le cion suim an dlleab oirdheir a dh'fhàg iad againn. Is e èifeachd an t-seann oilean a tha eadhon an diugh a cur eireachdas air modh is beus an Ghàidhil, a dh'aindeoin cho iriseal is gum bi a chrannchur saoghalta. Ach a thuilleadh air an ghliocas a tha air fhilleadh ann ar litreachas, tha aon bhuaidh iomaideach a chaidh ainmeachadh, mar a ta lòn smuaine is cainnt, dlùth cheangailte ri litreachas na Gàidhlig. Tha sin air aideachadh le snas-bhreitheamh litreachais mar a ta Matthew Arnold. Cha'n eil an t-eadar-theangair is fear comasach air an loinn sin a ghiulan do chàinain eile. Mar nach dealaichear dathan sgiamhach an bhogha frois ó na braonaibh lloinnhor ó am bheil e air a dhealb le gathan na gréine, cha mho a sgarair an loinn so ó an chruth-bhriathar anns an deachaidh a dealb an t-aiseach. Tha an mhaise chomharraichte so mar fhuaran a tha fathast a sruthadh, ó am faod an Gàidheal deoch fhionnuar ól, a gheuraicheas a chàil, agus a dh'uraicheas a bhuidhan. Bidh am fuaran a sileadh cho fad is a chumar an Ghàidhlig beò. Ach an uair a thig crìoch air beatha na càinain, theid stad air cuiseal an fhuarain. Cho luath is a chailleas an Gàidheal a chàinain caillidh e mòran de a mhìsich. Caillidh e a

bheachd air an duinealas a bu chòir a bhì aige mar oighreachd. Caillidh e gu h-àraidh an loinn a bha fuairte ri dòigh smuaine a shinnsir. An uair a sheasas sinn an taobh a muigh de son de na seann eaglaisean ainmeal, cha mhothaich sinn maise shonruichte sam bith air coltas nan inneag ó an leth a mach; ach is ann air dhuinn dol a steach air an dorus, agus seasamh an taobh a stigh na h-aitreabh, a chi sinn àillidheachd nan inneag, air an sgeadachadh le iomadh dath; is ann ó an taobh a stigh a mhainn a ghlasar ar sùilean an t-inneachd leis an do dhealbhadh gach cruth uasal, agus leis an do mhiasgaicheadh gach fianh, is nial oirdhearc. Is ann mar sin a dh'éirich do sgéimh na Gàidhlig; cha'n fhaicear i gu bràth ó thaobh a muigh na càinain; feumar an Ghàidhlig fhoghlum is a labhairt mun bi neach comasach a bhì 'g-lacadh na loinn, a tha do-dhealaichte ó an t-seann chànain, agus 'n a aobhar aoibhneis an còmhnuidh.

## THE POSITION OF GAELIC.

BY PROFESSOR WATSON.

(First Article.)

When the Education Act of 1918 made the teaching of Gaelic compulsory over the Gaelic-speaking area, it was not to be expected that conditions would right themselves all at once. Evil habits die hard. It had been long implicitly assumed that the sole aim of education in the North and West was to convey some degree of English culture to a people who had no native culture. Gaelic, if recognized at all, was recognized only as a means to the learning of English. The situation would, of course, be greatly simplified once Gaelic had died out; in the meantime, to encourage the teaching of Gaelic as a means of culture in itself was clean against good policy. This view did not go quite unchallenged, but for practical purposes it held the field. The Gaelic people were understood to be acquiescent. Parents were understood to be hostile to Gaelic teaching: the language had no commercial value; it was unsuitable to modern requirements; its literature was negligible, consisting only of a few rude songs. This last dictum is no invention of mine; it was the utterance of a Perthshire

clergyman in course of a serious article. It would not have been surprising if continual suggestions of this sort, backed by official neglect, had led the Gaelic people to distrust their native culture and the language in which it is embodied. That such was not the case, however, was proved by the fact that over 20,000 signed the petition which was presented to Parliament in 1918 in favour of Gaelic being taught in schools.

It would, on the other hand, be surprising indeed if the mere insertion of the Gaelic Clause in the Education Act had led to an instant change of heart on the part of administrators with whom lay the interpretation of the clause and its practical working. Here old tradition has to be reckoned with. The Gaelic clause was revolutionary, and administrators dislike revolutions, because they interfere with traditional routine. Another factor, and an important one to be reckoned with, is ignorance of Gaelic and its possibilities. Every member of every Education Authority knows something at least of English, and is already convinced of its importance. A knowledge of Gaelic, even a nodding acquaintance with Gaelic, is confined to comparatively few, and of these few it is questionable if in all cases their realization of the possibilities of Gaelic has reached the stage of being operative. Since the passing of the Act, it has been apparent that there is need for enlightenment on these points. Something has been done in this direction; much remains to do, and—let it be understood—much will always have to be done. These remarks are merely a recognition of the fact that members of Education Authorities are human beings.

But, apart from such considerations, it has to be recognized that the new Authorities had, and still have, certain problems to face in connection with the working out of the Act, whatever the interpretation they may be disposed to put on the Gaelic clause. The first of these problems is the definition for practical purposes of what is meant by a Gaelic area. The Act might have been expected to define this in a supplementary schedule, but it did not do so, and probably the omission was a wise one. If, on the one hand, it may seem to leave too much to the individual Authority, on the other hand, it affords scope for the influence of local opinion, which, after all, is the decisive factor in the long run. The official report published in the April issue of *An Deo-Greine*



suggests that here there is a wide field for the efforts of An Comunn Gàidhealach and its Branches. It is satisfactory to note that the Argyll Authority has defined the Gaelic area under its charge as co-extensive with the whole county. The other counties show some very remarkable omissions. Most remarkable of all is the case of Perthshire, which is not included in the report at all. Yet, from a fairly extensive acquaintance with North-west Perthshire, I can say that Gaelic is generally spoken over that wide district, that there is a real love of the language, and that very many would rejoice to have it taught in the schools. It is to be observed that all over the Highlands a host of parishes have been omitted in which the Church of Scotland considers it desirable that the minister shall know Gaelic. What have the people to say to this? And what say An Comunn Gàidhealach and its branches?

The second difficulty to be faced is the supply of teachers properly qualified in respect of Gaelic. Under the old regime, training of teachers in Gaelic was practically negligible: the thing would have been against what was regarded as good policy. Consequently, though there were many teachers who could talk Gaelic—better, in many cases, than they could talk English—very few had a literary knowledge of the language: they were, to put it plainly, illiterate in respect of Gaelic.

A third difficulty, fortunately more easily met, was a supply of school-books in a properly graded series. As compared with the wealth of books in all subjects available for the teaching of English, it must be admitted that the supply of Gaelic books was meagre, and no wonder. The wonder is that there should have been any.

To recognize these initial difficulties is only fair to the Authorities. The situation was new. There were no precedents, so far as Scotland was concerned. The position was far more difficult in every way than it would have been in 1872. Direct criticism of the action or inaction of the Authorities seems to me rather an unprofitable business. Their administration of the Gaelic clause may not be satisfactory to us: in my opinion it ought not to be at all satisfactory to us. But we are not entitled to assume that what the Authorities have accomplished so far is satisfactory to themselves. The most hopeful features of the position, to my mind, are that it is only four years since the Act was passed, that these years have been

altogether exceptional in character, that the administration has not yet got into the rut of official routine, and that something, much even, may be done by open discussion. There has been too little discussion hitherto.

Scotland is not the only country where this problem has had to be faced, and is being faced now. Language goes with nationality; wherever there is a national feeling, there is bound to be a demand for the preservation of the national language. It is this that keeps French in the schools of the province of Quebec and Dutch in the schools of the Transvaal. On the continent of Europe it has revived languages which were supposed to be dead or dying. Within the British Isles we have the examples of Ireland and of Wales, both of which are determined to keep and develop their own language and culture. Wales, at any rate, is not indifferent to English; it is doubtful how far Ireland is, or can afford to be, indifferent to it, any more than can, for instance, France or Germany. What both Wales and Ireland are resolved against is being spoon-fed with so-called English culture; they propose to be Welshmen and Irishmen, not imitation Englishmen. For us the question at the root of the matter is whether or not we are content to be denationalized? Have we enough national spirit left to determine us to be Gael and not Saxons? The matter at issue is more than a question of Gaelic; it is one of continuing to exist as a people or of ceasing so to exist. The Gael of Ireland have faced the issue and have made good their claim to be a nation. The Welsh have not pushed their claims to the same extent, but their spirit is as Welsh as that of the Irish is Irish. At one time, not distant, both were in as great danger of Saxonization as we are to-day. That is the decision we are making now, whether we like it or not. It is well that we should be conscious of this.

## BUAIDH NA GÀIDHEALTACHD AIR BEATHA NAN GÀIDHEAL.

BY LACHLAN MACBEAN.

### I.—An dà chuid Iinntinn agus Com.

Tha aig na Gàidheil mòr thoileachas 'nan càinain, 'nam bàrdachd, 'nan gnàth-fhocal, 'nan sgeulachdan agus 'nan ceòl. Tha sin mar bu chòir dha, oir is mòr am buannachd o gach aon diubh. Nuair a thréigeadh sinn iad tréigidh teòmachd ar deas-lamh, is e



sin an teòmachd sònruichte a bhuineas duinn fhéin.

Ach air chùl na nithe sin, tha againn oighreachd eile, a tha cheart cho buadhach ann ar beatha, cheart cho loinneach ar litreachas, is e sin a Ghàidhealtachd féin, ar dùthaich màthrachail, a h-aighe bhrìgheil, bhàidheil, a h-aogas aoibheil, a guth eòlach, chàirdheil. Is toigh leinn a Ghàidhealtachd, a beannta, a h-aìmhnichean, a monadhan réidh, a gleannta dùbhrach, a lochan, a creagan, a fraoch, a frasan uisge (ann an cuimse), a sneachda tiugh (air uairibh), a gaillionn fhìadhaich, agus blàths na gréine air a cluaintibh agus a h-uisgeacha. Is ann asda sin a fhuair ar muinntir na buadhan a bhuineas daibh, agus a choisinn do ar litreachas mòran de a eireachdas agus a lùths.

Oir is sinne fìor-thoradh ar dùthcha, aiseid thàinig sinn, eadar cholladh agus inntinn, co-chàram ar bith agus comas ar deanadais. Is i ar dearbh mhàthair. Ma tha againn boidhig agus inntinn làidir, fhallain, is ann o neart agus fhallaineachd nam beann. Ma gheibhear na Gàidheil gu tric 'nan daoine calma, comasach, thàinig an tairbhe sin, an cuid mhór, o'n dùthaich a dh'àraich iad. Nuair a ch'inn leibidean truagha a snàgadh tre chùilte nam bailtean Gallda, tuigidh sinn nis fhearr ar fiachan fein do'n Ghàidhealtachd.

Ach tha againn nì n'is fhaigse na slàinte ar coluinn. Is ann a réir nàdur ar dùthcha a tha àirneis ar n-inntinn. Cha'n eil againn smuain no beachd nach d'fhuair a chruth agus a dhreach o na h-àitean is aithne dhuinn.

Is ann a chionn gu'm faca sinn beachdan a' t-saoghail o'n leth a muigh is urrainn duinn beachdan a ghleidheadh 'san leth a stigh. Tha ar smuaintean mar gu'm b'iad iomhaighean nan nithe a ta mu'n cuairt duinn; faileasan inntinneach o chusparan talmhaidh—àirneis an anam, air a chumadh ann am muiltear ar tìre.

Nach math, mata, gu'm bheil am muiltear glan? Nach math gu'r tìr i a tha fallain, breagh? Nach math nach d'rugadh sinn an sràidibh cumhann dorcha, ach gu'n d'fhuair ar n-inntinn a ceud altrum agus uidheam ann am broilleach na Gàidhealtachd?

Is ann innte a dh'ionnsuich sinn a bhi a laimheachadh gach comas agus càil a bhuineas duinn, agus co diù a smuainicheas sinn air cluainibh glas agus air sruthaibh cìbin na beatha, no air gleann dorcha sgàil a bhàis, 's e thig fa'r combair na cluainte,

na sruthan agus na glinn a b'aithne dhuinn òg. Tha sinn an eisimeil na dùthcha mu'n cuairt duinn airson gach beart agus inneal inntinneach de'n dean sinn feum.

## II.—Aitean agus Eachdraidh.

Tha ceangalan eadar anam an duine agus caochla àite, gu h-àraidh àitean 's an do thachair gnìomhan sònruichte anns na h-amaibh a dh'fhabh. A chionn gu'm bheil na h-àitean so 'nan cuimhneachan tha teann gheirm aca air ar cridhe. Mar so tha bròn an crochadh ri Gleann Comhainn, cràbhadh ri I Choluim Chille, agus aidhear ri Bail' Ionaraora. Tha a bhuaidh fein aig gach àite dhiubh so, agus iomadh àit' eile, ann an inntinn an duine.

Ach tha doigh n'is leotha na so anns am faicear cruth agus dealbh ar dùthcha a feuchainn an cumhachd ann am beatha nan Gàidheal. Is e sin a h-eadraiginn ann an eachdraidh ar cinnich. Chaidh an eachdraidh fhada sin a stiùreadh a réir cruth ar dùthcha, cheart cho cinnteach agus a tha na h-aìmhnichean air an treòrachadh, anns gach car agus tionndadh, a réir claisean nan gleann 's am bheil iad a sruthadh.

Oir, faicibh, chaidh aithe roghnaichte gach comhraig, timchioll Shruidheal, agus Dhun Eideann, agus Pheàirt, a thaghadh a réir uachdair na tìre, a chionn amhainn no allt, no meall no monadh, agus bu tric a b'ann a réir gnè an àite a bha erloch na comhstri. B'i an dùthaich a bhuaidhaich anns a chath.

Seadh, agus is minig a b'i an dùthaich a choisinn anns an t-sith. Oir chaidh làrach gach baile a thaghadh airson suidheachaidh drochaid no beul-àth, airson goireis rathaid no fàsagaidh caladh. Thaghadh gach dìon agus dìdean, gach grìanan agus gàradh, a reir neirt no claonaidh nan cnoc, agus lean slighe na malairt fiaradh na tìre.

An cogadh 's an sith, b'i an dùthaich a rinn ar n-eachdraidh, agus mar sin a chruthaich an cinneach.

Bha an eachdraidh sin, air uairibh iongantach, agus air uairibh muladach, a ghnàth a'm fianuis nam beann, agus bha srann nan eas agus gaoir a chladaich riamh measgaichte ann an ceòl sinnsreachail. Tha ar creagan làn de mactalla ar dream, agus na monadhan làn de làraichean an gnìomhara. Fad na h-bhine tha na fianuisan so ri ar taobh, agus is mòr am buaidh ann an rùnra agus dòighean a Ghàidheil. Anns gach cuspair dhiubh so chithear na h-ionadan gnìomhach ann ar n-eachdraidh.

### III.—Boidhche agus Bochdainn.

Anns an dùthaich a thuit oirn mar chranncur fhuair Gàidheil na h-Alba dà thiodhlac ainneamh.

Anns a cheud àite tha i gu buileach àilleach, le àille shònruichte, mì-chumanta, uile gu léir eucoltach ri tìr sam bith eile. Gheibhear innte sgiamh mara agus tìre, sgiamh eilein agus mhòr-thìr, sgiamh àiteachais agus sgiamh nam frìthean fiadh-aich, agus ann an sùilibh nan Gàidheal tha i 'n a tìr iomlan, bòidheach, bàidheil, mùirn-each, màthreachail.

B'e an greadhnachas àraidh so o chian sealbhan nan Gàidheal, agus bha e a ghnàth ro chumhachdach 'n am beatha.

Ach anns an dara àite ma tha ar tìr rìomhach cha'n eil i reamhar. Is e tha innte tìr chaol, mhaol, neo-bheartach, neo-thoicheach, neo-thorach; tìr nach meall agus nach mill a luchd-àiteachaidh le àilghios, agus nach geall doibh anns an t-saoghal so sasuchadh do anam neo-bhàsmhoir.

Ma tha i taitneach cha'n ann le taitneas na collaidh. Na creagan gràdhach glas, agus na beannta falamh fàsal, is beag an tairbhe airson sògh no socras, airson biadh no brat, airson maoin na malairt. Ach mar is soilleir a chithear am mì-fheum is ro shoilleir dhuinn an luach, an annsachd, oir is e teagasg nan creag agus nam bruaich bhoidheach ud gu'm bheil ann fìor luach nach teid gu bràth ann an leabhraiche a cheannaiche, nithe a tha daor ged nach ann le duais nam marsanta.

Tha na nithean so a sparradh oirn a cheisd do nach eil freagar 's an t-saoghal—c' àite 'm faighear tomhas fìor-luach anns a Chruinne? Co dha a tha sinn a reic, uidh air 'n uidh, ar beatha? An ann airson beidh agus aodaich, airson tighean agus toileachais do chorpan uineachail? Ma's ann cha mhòr ar buannachd 's an tìr bhochd a bhuineas duinn.

Ach ma's ann o thaobh eile a thig iùl chinnteach na beatha is mòr a tha Gàidheil òga ag ionnsuchadh gu dian anns na bailtibh Gallda a dh'fheumas iad fhathasd a chuir air chùil.

Tre shearbh agus tre mhìlis fhuair luchd àiteachaidh na Gàidhealtachd dearbhachd air an fhìrinn so, nach ann le aran a mhàin a bheathaichear an duine.

Dearbhar an fhìrinn so a rithidh ann an dà sgeul nan Gàidheal, an Eireann agus an Albainn. Is iad Gàidheil na h-Eirinn ar dlù luchd-daimh. C'arson, mata, a tha an cor cho eadar-dhealaichte o ar cor-ne?

Tha an deagh Eireannach sin, Beirne Seathach, ag innse dhuinn gu'r ann á fonn beartach agus sìde chaoin na h-Eirinn a fhuair a luchd-àiteachaidh arson an cor agus an dòighean. Ach is ro shearbh is aithne dhuinne gu'm bheil fonn na Gàidhealtachd Albannach cruaidh, agus a h-iarmaid fuar, agus cha bheò dhuinn idir mar ionnsuich sinn subhailean àraidh m'an coinneamh. Tha an deagh bheusan fein aig ar luchd-cinne ann an Eireann, beusan a chaill sinne tre chruaidh anshocair, ach fhuair sinn 'n an àite seircean seasmhach eile mar thoradh dualach ar tìre.

### IV.—Nearnt na Maise.

Tha an dùthaich bheag, bhochd, bhòidheach againne 'n a Cinderella am measg nan tìrean eile is peathraichean dl. Chòrdadh leinn mu thràth gu'm b'e a cheud tiodhlac a fhuair sinn uaipe, mòr-sgiamhachas. Bha sin ceart, oir tha a h-uachdar breagh le dreach-dhealbhan nach do tharruing làmh cruthaichte, a dearsadh le dathan nì's finealta na thagh gàradair riamh, sgead-aichte le coillean gorma, agus iomadh creag agus sgorr air an litreachadh le sanusan oirdheirc, a chaidh a shnaidheadh le ealantachd a chruinn-ché.

Anns a ghrinneas so uile tha againn cuibhrionn ro-bheartach, ionmhas spioradail, nì's luachmhore na is urrainn duinn a ghabhail a stìgh (ged a ghabhas sinn a stìgh nì's motha na is urrainn duinn a chuir ann am briathran), agus tha e uile cumhachdach 'n ar cridhe.

Gheibhear mòr oilean o bhi a dearcadh agus a meòrachadh air maise, gu h-àraidh nuair a thuingeas sinn gu'm bheil air a phaisgeadh anns gach àilneachd smuaintean o'n ghliocas bharrichte, àrd-bhàrdachd a chruthachaidh.

Na sleibhtean aosda, neo-chaochlaideach, 'n an seasamh o bhith-bhuantachd, 'n am mòr neart, os cionn nam faichean uaine mu'm bun, tha iad a cur an cèil aon fhocal fuaimneach—Siorruidheachd, agus a toirt fianais mu shaoghal far nach 'eil ùine idir.

Tuiltean garbh a gheamhraidh, a brùchdadh sìos le farum anabarrach tre bhearnaibh a ghlinne, tha iadsan ag innse mu chumhachdan mu ar timchioll a tha doirbh ri an tuigsinn, ach cunnartach, agus le sin a brosnuchadh daoine gu aire agus gu sgairt.

Srathan farsuing, fialaidh, 'n an sìneadh gu sona an solus na grèine, tha iadsan a eagar gu caomh mu fhois thearruinte, aobhneach, a lìonadh ar cridhe le sòlas, tuarasdail airson saothair agus tapachd.

Bloidhean móra carraige, a chaidh a reubadh uair-eigin o shlios na beinne, agus a tha 'nan laidhe, tre iomadh linn, fad air astar anns a mhonadh, nach 'eil iadsan leth a cleith agus leth a foillseachadh trom-dhiomhaireachd nan dùl, agus gnìomhara maduinn a chruthachaidh? Cha tuig sinn an sgeul ach tuigidh sinn uatha mór ghloccas na h-irioslachd.

Onfhaidh na faire, ri slor bhuaireas anns a chladach, gun deòin, gun smuain, gun sgar, tha a cheòl mar chainnt an amadain, làn gleadhraich mu fearta móra, gun fheum, gun sobhar, ach glé uamhasach duinne, ged is e uamhas a dh'fhaodar a dhearnadh.

Seann laraichean, aitean-còmhnuidh nan iomadh ginealach, tha an dàn-sa mu chianalas na h-aimsir a dh'fhalbh, manadh nach fhaod duine beò a sheachnadh.

Guthan sìtheil beatha na tìre, ceileir bhinn nan éun, an cùman a ciùcharan 's a choille, meanbh ghluasad anns an fheur, briseadh nam balg anns a bheallaidh, drann nan seilean thar an fhraoch, osag na gaoith am barr nan craobh, fann ghuth nan sruth am feasgar a ghlinne, tha iad uile làn de cheòl éifeachdach an t-saoghail bhèò, ceòl suaimhneach ar cridhe.

Fearata iomadh-chruthach ar dùthcha, tha iad uile buadhach ann am beatha nan Gàidheal.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

## LOVAT OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D.

### I.

The thought and inmost purpose of the human soul may find utterance and manifestation in other form than words. A man's deeds are the alphabet and vocabulary of his invisible being, and sometimes his actions are as difficult of interpretation as words; for both words and deeds have frequently been used as curtains to drape and hide and veil his secret thought. A seal saves itself from its enemies by sudden submarine divings, with reappearances from a direction entirely different from that in which he visibly was swimming when he dropped like a stone from sight. So the deeds of a crafty nature often lead simple minds to follow him along a certain track, and to forget to watch his reappearance after some subterranean flight groping through conspiracies and duplicities unsuspected. In the same way a man's words, like his

smiles, may veil the dagger underneath his cloak.

Especially in periods of political stress and crisis is the soil of a nation's life extremely productive of duplicity; the deed differing entirely in shape from the word, and the word from the purpose.

Now, a man is a living book, and his story stepping from craft to craft and plot to plot, often through manifestations of shining success, skirting many a giddy chance of discovery and failure, may well become a lesson written as it were in lightning and in blood, full of warning to men and ages. A period like the Jacobite period is prolific of such men. The Stewarts, with the charm and prestige of ancient kingship about them, and with the romantic shadow of that persistent tragedy which dogged them, some to the scaffold, most of them to bloody and awful doom, blinded as they were to the issues of disaster involved by their claim to the divine right of kings, which made them interfere wantonly with the religious emotions, rights, and aspirations of the people in their realms, were, as we all know, at last, thrown out of the throne which they had made a weariness to their subjects, and a menace to the most sacred interests of the nation they ruled over. But the moment expulsion and flight became the lot of this royal race, romantic pity and political intrigue joined hands and ran after them.

The Chevalier de St. George, with the influence of the French Court and French money behind him, made an attempt to recover the throne of his fathers in 1715, but, owing to the vacillation of the Earl of Mar at Sheriffmuir, it ended in failure. In 1719 another attempt was made, which was known as the Affair of Glenshiel, when Spanish troops landed in Ross-shire, which only ended in being a demonstration of futility. But, like the waters under the earth, which intermittently manifest their presence by occasional blowing off of steam, the continuity of the old love for the ancient dynasty was proved by plots which, with varying frequency, shewed themselves through the thin crust of political intrigue. Now all political scheming is fraught with curious manifestations of conduct and character. There are always in the ranks of the plotters good, faithful men and true, who are willing, and who are usually permitted, to fling away their life and their possessions for the sake of the cause they have taken to their hearts. The acute politicians always know the method of skil-

fully using for their own ends simple, brave, and honourable souls. But alongside of these there are always some who have a leg on each side of the fence, and a pocket also, in which they hope to secure dividends from either party, according as success or failure oscillates to the one or the other.

Politics, especially at a time of such uncertainty as the Jacobite period, as to whether the Stewarts will succeed in overthrowing the Hanoverians, or the Hanoverians succeed in sitting tight in the throne that they had usurped, will always have burrows from one field to the other, so that, according as it will be of advantage to appear on the one side or the other of the fence, the political dodger may plan accordingly.

John, Earl of Mar, though he lost everything by his venture on behalf of the ancient kings, had not been whole-hearted in the enterprise. Lord Grange, his brother, was another example of those who lived a double life at the period. Before the world he was an austere Covenanter, his diary bearing record of nights of prayer. He was also Lord President of the Court of Session, and openly a notable Whig; but right down below his life, like a sewer, ran base channels in which his hypocrisy lurked, and he was a secret Jacobite and a libertine grovelling in lust.

Now, it is of the essence of the justice of God that they who try to get hold of one or the other world through craft, lose both, when the flood-gates of judgment are opened, and they themselves are carried away to doom with the wreckage of what they have been clinging to. One great form of dishonesty in such a period of plotting and counter-plotting, is the profession of a spy. There have always been found men who have made themselves appear to be foremost amongst the schemers against the powers that be, and often have actually formulated rebellion in order that their fellow-schemers may be captured in the act. Such an one was Father Gapin in St. Petersburg. Of course, these played a dangerous game, running the risk for the sake of one of rewards, first a simple wage from the government which employed them, the second alternative being a reward from that for which the subterranean schemers were struggling; the quality of each reward depending upon the side with which success threw in her favour.

The other set of self-seekers was represented by men, some of them of great influence and strong position, many of them

chieftains and chiefs of important families, who, for the sake of what might be going in the scramble for a crown, kept an open hand on each side of the fence, hoping that at least one of these might be filled when rewards were going.

Some, then, during the Jacobite period, served openly in the Hanoverian militia and army, while at the same time they were pledging in secret "the king over the water," and plotting against the usurper whose wages fed them. Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was one of the most notable examples of this kind of man, pretending to be loyal to each while he was, in reality, a traitor to both. He lived, of course, in an age when a man's principles were put up to secret auction, and the highest bidder bought them, and held them until a higher came along the way. The result was, as one said, that you found "many excellent, strong men, whom yet you could not trust—with many good links in them, yet none of them making a perfect chain," passing from Presbytery to Episcopacy, and on to Papacy, faithful for the time being to whichever religion seemed most profitable to them.

## II.

Simon Fraser was one of the most notable types of the autocrat-chief of a Highland clan, owning vast territory guarded against invasion by wild passes and precipitous solitudes, chief of his name, at war with all the world besides, out-at-elbows with the law which kept the Lowlands in order. In his own territory he stood supreme, with power of life and death over his clansmen. Besides the natural influence which he had over his own people, he had a notable authority and weight in the Highlands generally, in consequence of his family connections. He was a cousin of the chief of the Macleans, that race of island kings whom Lang calls "the Spartans of Scotland"; while Macleod of Macleod, whose war-galleys have sailed the Western Seas for seven hundred years, was his uncle; and his blood touched scores of the greatest names of the North.

It is commonly stated that the Frasers were of Lowland origin. This is the kind of generality in regard to a race which occurs most commonly in clan history, but which often applies to the chiefs and their immediate retainers, the common ruck of the clan being frequently those who, having been conquered by the incomers, were glad, for protection's sake, to call themselves Frasers, or whatever else the master-name

might be, and gradually to forget by what other name their ancestors were known. Hugh, the grandson of the first Fraser, who migrated to Inverness, was made Lord Lovat in 1431. Simon was born in 1676, and was educated by his uncle, Macleod, probably at Inverness. At the age of nineteen he graduated Master of Arts, a worthy title, at King's College, Aberdeen. He was a man who, had he remained constant to his first love, the study of Civil Law, would certainly have risen to the highest post in the bench, or in any profession where acuteness of intellect, cleverness and clarity of expression, were of importance.

Just two years before he entered King's College, the wild dash of Graham, Viscount Dundee, when he hurled, for the sake of King James, his enemies down the Garry's bank at Killiecrankie, into the stream below, had cost the Fraser clan much blood, including the elder brother of Simon, a brave and promising youth, stricken in that glorious rush. He was carried, on a litter of forest-branches, home, on the shoulders of his clansmen, to die. This wandering bullet which pierced Alexander Fraser opened for Simon the door to the succession of the title of Lovat. It was held by his cousin, a weak man, dominated by his wife, daughter of the Marquis of Athole. This cousin had been wheedled into practically handing away from the line of natural heirship the property and title of Lovat, by passing it on as a property to his daughter and her line. This trick of the Athole Murrays debarred Simon's father and himself from the lordship which was theirs by right. He could not marry this young heiress, and so secure the title, for she was only eight years of age. But, he tied his resolution in a firm knot, for he was determined that he would not be thrust out of his rights by a brat of a girl. Suddenly, before him opened an opportunity for the army. The Athole brother-in-law of Hugh, Lord Lovat, was raising a regiment for King William, and he wished Lord Lovat to bring his Frasers into this, the chief himself receiving a commission. But the clan would not follow the chief through distrust of the Murrays, so the chief handed on the commission to his cousin Simon, the subject of our sketch, who, though in his heart was burning the secret flame of Jacobitism, found it expedient to accept this commission with whatever else it might bring in its train. So, now, here he was, captain in the service of King William, pledged against the Stewarts to the very hilt of his sword.

In 1696 Hugh, Lord Lovat, died, and Simon's father, Thomas of Beaufort, as male-heir, assumed the title and the estates. Tullibardine, on behalf of the Murrays, tried to get Simon to sign away his rights, but, when he refused, they passed on to some plain speaking; swords were drawn, and there would have been bloodshed had not some one thrown himself between. Murray got a wiper from Simon's tongue before they parted. "As for the paltry company I command in your regiment," said he, "you may give it to your footman!"

All that the Murrays could do, and the Athole influence achieve, could not draw the Frasers away from their true chief. Yet there was something to be done to secure Simon's position. Having failed to abduct the young heiress, he forcibly married her mother, the Dowager-Lady Lovat, he being twenty and she thirty-one years of age. As Major Fraser describes it in his manuscript, "the lady, not yielding willingly, there was some harsh measures taken, the parson sent for, and the bagpipe blown up." That skirl of the bagpipe was to echo through Simon Fraser's life with something like the sound of a judgment trumpet in it. She was a weak vacillating creature; and, finally, was cajoled by her people to join in prosecuting Simon for violence, although in this the prosecution failed, he being found guilty of high treason.

At the instigation of the Murrays, Lord Saltoun, a low-country Fraser, went up to visit the Dowager in order to secure the young heiress of Lovat for his son, though not without receiving stern warning from the clan that he might repent his rashness. On his return from the visit he was mastered by a body of Frasers who were loyal to Simon's interests, and thrust into the tower of Finellan; while the clan that had rallied to the wrongs of Simon of Beaufort set up a pretty high gallows in front of the room in which Saltoun was confined; and this, perhaps the strongest argument in the matter, made him glad to get out of the Fraser country without further thought of matrimonial agencies and interventions.

At last, with the excuse of a visit to her brother at Castle Downie, she was snatched from Simon's hands; and though the three lairds, Campbell of Calder, Rose of Kilravock, and Cuthbert of Castlehill, got public notaries, and stopped her at the Cross of Inverness, she, nevertheless, met Simon Fraser, her husband, no more.

A military expedition was fitted up to take



him, and his father, and their accomplices, dead or alive; so they had to fly to Dunvegan in Skye for shelter. There, in the old "stark hald biggit on ane craig," they were safe from all law of the Lowlands, and there Simon's father, old Beaufort, died, to be buried in the village kirkyard. In their absence they were condemned to death as traitors. It is as well to be absent when you are sentenced to death. So long as the head is safe on one's shoulders, let men threaten you with ropes. When Simon returned from Skye, it was only to be hunted about his own country. He had now taken the title of Lord Lovat, which was his by right, so sealing the devotion of his clan to him. And one night, by stratagem, he caught his pursuers between two fires, giving them their lives on a solemn vow that they would molest him no longer. In order now to make sure of protection against the Murrays, his enemies, he went to King James, the exiled Stewart at St. Germain's, who gave Lovat a document pledging protection to him against the Murrays, which no sooner had Lord Lovat got than he thought he had better go to see King William in Holland, from whom he also secured a pardon for every conceivable crime of which a man like himself might be held guilty, except just the charge he had been sentenced for. Armed with this modified pardon, Lovat went home to enjoy his own again. He was not, however, long to have this opportunity. The old charges were revived, and the old power of the Murrays set in motion against him. So, having been furnished by Argyle with advice, money, and a swift horse, he galloped, practically for his life, until he reached London.

(To be continued.)

### COMHRADH EADAR OGANACH AGUS OISEAN.

We are very pleased to submit to our readers a Gaelic poem, hitherto unpublished, by the late Mr. Neil Macleod, the Skye Bard. The poem is one of the bard's earlier compositions, and the original bears the date, March, 1868.

#### AN T-OGANACH.

Fearsgar dhomh 's mi air an t-sliabh;  
An ghrian a' tearnadh 's na neòil;  
Aig leabaidh cadail nam fadh,  
Far 'm bu dait' am bian fo an cròichd;

Fhuair mi sealladh chuir orm fiamh,  
A chaochail mo chiall gu bròn,  
A chuir laighe ann mo ghnìomh  
'S glaise ann an sgiamh mo neòil.

Chunnaic mi 'tighinn am chòir  
Curaidh mór bu cholg'rra greann,  
Le 'fhalt trom leadanach, liath,  
'N a shnìomhanan air a cheann.  
Bha 'lann an truail air dhreach an òir,  
Gu h-òrdail ri ceann a leis;  
'Armachd 's a bhuanhan gu léir  
A' gluasad a réir a threis.

Smuainich mi imeachd na b'fhaisge air  
Gu'm beachdaichinn focal de chòmhradh,  
'S gu'm foghlumainn uaidh nam b'e thlachd  
e,

Có am feachd anns an robh e a chomhnuidh;  
An uamhaichean dorcha nan glacan,  
Na shuas ann an stacaibh nam froga;  
'S ma chriochnaich e tiomail a thurus  
Gu'm foghlumainn tuilleadh mu'n ròd sin.

A Phrionnsa na dùisg ann an corruich  
Ma labhras mi goileam gun eòlas;  
Cha'n fheàrr mi ad làthair na faileas  
Gun tuigse, gun aithne, gun steòrnadh;  
Ach dh'farrainn le simplidheachd m' fhacail  
'S le ùmhleachd mo phearsa gu d' bhòrgan,  
Gu'n innseadh tu sgeula mu eachdraidh  
Na tìr anns an d' altruimeadh òg thu.

#### OISEAN.

A òganaich dlùthaich nas faisge  
'S na smuainich air gealltachd na fòirneart;  
Gabh ciall agus rian ann do ghlaicibh,  
Thoir aoidheachd is caidreamh dhaibh  
comhlath;

Faigh tuigse mar stéidh do d' fhacail,  
O's lòchran i 'lasas an comhnuidh;  
'N a h-ionmhasan m'birneach tha pailteas  
Thoirt iùl do gach seacharan eòlais.

Umhlaich do chluas ann an deachdadh  
Is t-inntinn fo smachd gu bhì 'meòrach;  
Is innsidh mi rann air na gaisgich  
Bha ainmeil an aiteas ar n-òige;  
Bha 'n Ghàidhlig an tràth sin 'n a coinnil,  
Mar bhanrigh is muime gach eòlais,  
Ach thràigh i mar sgàile an t-sneachda  
Air a dùnadh mar mhasladh ó 'n comhnuidh.

Bu chliùiteach na fùrain a chleachd i  
'S a ghiùlain mar reachd i fo'n comhdach,  
'S bu chliùiteach an tùrn fo gach brataich  
A smuideadh nam feachdan le fòirneadh;  
Na fiadhairean iargalta, fallain  
Bu chiatach an seallaidhean comhlan;  
Mar dhearrsa na gréine bha 'n lannan,  
A' lùbadh an daraich fo 'm brògan.

Bha an Ghàidhlig an càradh ri 'n innidh,  
Fo lùbadh am fìlleadh 's an cleochda;  
Ann an cùrtean nan rìgh is nam fìll  
Bu shiùbhlach ó bhilean gach seòrs' i;  
Bha lannir ó shaoibhreas a gliocais  
A' soillseachadh ghibtean na h-òigridh,  
'S na h-aosdarean liath-cheannach, geala,  
'Cur sìos ann an ealain an dòighean.

Ach an tràth so tha 'n àiteachan falamh,  
A' caoidh mar a sgaradh an glòir dhui;  
'S luchd-spùinnidh a dìthchannan aineoil,  
A' rùsgadh an talla de'n comhroinn;  
Tha gruaim agus fuachd air na bealaidh,  
Tha truaighe 's na gleannan bòidheach,  
O na chaochail na h-aodhairean glana,  
Nach aomadh le barailean gòrach.

Dh'fhebraich thu àireamh de m' eachdraidh  
Is c'aite an robh aitreabh mo chomhnuidh;  
B' e garbhach na h-Alba ar caisteil,  
'S b' e daingnichean taitneach bu nòs duinn;  
B' armailteach, falbhanach, astarach,  
Meanmnach ar casan air mòintich;  
'S an t-ainm leis na dhearbh iad mi 'n  
toiseach,  
'S e ghairm iad dhìom Oisean ó m' òige.

#### AN T-OGANACH.

Tha 'n Ghàidhlig mar bhàireadh na falaisg  
Air cnàmh, 's cha'n eil caraid 'g a féarach;  
Ach tha eòlas gu leòr ann ar fearann  
Air teanganan aineoil nach b' eòl duinn;  
Tha innleachdan ùra is ealant',  
A' dùsgadh nan seanair 's na h-òigridh,  
'S tha riaghailtean sìobhalt nas fallain  
Na bh'ann anns na h-amaibh a b' eòl duit.

Ach dh'iarraim thu mhineachadh tuille  
Is m' intinn a dh'uireasbhuidh eòlais,  
Gu'n innseadh tu c'ait' an do thuinnich  
An Ghàidhlig an ionad a tòisich;  
Na éirich nas àirde na m' chomas  
O 's léir duit gun annam ach fòtas;  
Ach riaghal mì le briathran so-thuigsinn  
Nach dìbir mo ghliocas 'g am meòrach.

(Ri leantainn.)

### SOP AS GACH SEID.

#### Prizes.

We are glad to be able to announce that, by the generosity of a well-wisher, we are enabled to offer, during 1923, money prizes for the best articles that may be submitted to the editor for publication in this magazine. The special object of the proposal is to encourage the writing of Gaelic prose and

verse. English articles also will be acceptable, and the best of these will be rewarded. The standard of adjudication will be the quality of the work submitted. The papers need not be longer than three columns of the magazine. Compositions in verse will be received for these competitions. There is no limitation as to choice of subject either in prose or verse; but it is understood that the selection of topic should be in accordance with the objects of the journal.

Humorous anecdotes, occupying from fifteen to twenty lines of print, will be very welcome. They form a class by themselves, and a prize will be offered from time to time for the best humorous anecdote. The desired quality in this department is something that will be characteristic of Gaelic wit, or humour, or repartee; or some feature that, by reason of being odd or grotesque, may appeal to the risible faculties of the reader. The editor hopes that full advantage will be taken of these offers, and that he will soon receive a considerable number of contributions under these heads.

#### The Undying Tongue.

Speaking at a banquet recently in London, Mr. Lloyd George referred to the enduring charm of Welsh literature. We are convinced that his words could be applied with equal justice to the native literature of the Gael. Both branches of the great Celtic race have enshrined in their literatures the paths, and the beauty, and the fire that still distinguish the Celtic mind when it moves in a congenial sphere. The particular reference of the ex-Premier was as follows:—"I think the literature of Wales is too great, too vital, too exquisite to die. There is an eternity of theme; there is in it everything which is eternal and universal. Love, nature, and religion are the themes of the Welsh literature. There is love, there is sanity, and exquisite beauty of form in its themes. They cannot die. Beauty of form may be buried, but in ages and ages to come it may be dug up, like pearls in an Egyptian tomb, for the wonder and admiration of generations to come."

#### Four Higher Leavings.

At the conference of the Education Committee of An Comunn with the Directors of Education in Perth on 23rd December, Dr. Phillip, the Director for Ross-shire, drew attention to a case which has aroused indignation and caused some discouragement in that province. Dr. Phillip men-

tioned that a boy in Gairloch has recently passed the Leaving Certificate Examination, obtaining Higher English, Higher Gaelic, Higher Mathematics, and Higher Science. Needless to say, this is a most promising start. But, in spite of the boy's remarkable achievement, the University authorities refuse to accept these four Highers in place of a preliminary examination for Science, simply because the boy did not have Lower French instead of Gaelic! And this is what we have come to in our own country. It is high time we were beginning to enquire what are our rights, not only as Gaels, but as Scottish citizens, who contribute our share to the very means of these same Universities. A more glaring case of red-tape injustice to our language is not likely to occur in a hurry. And shall we rest calmly under the indignity? We should then richly deserve the treatment we and our language receive!

#### The Gaelic Census.

The Gaelic census for Inverness-shire appeared a few days ago. In 1881 the proportion of Gaelic speakers in the county was 70 per cent. In 1921, during an interval of forty years, it has fallen to 48 per cent.—a most startling decline in so brief a period. In all probability it will be found that the state of other counties in the north is somewhat similar. The downward trend of Gaelic makes sad reading. But the fact should not be smoothed over. It should rather be emphasised and duly impressed on those concerned, in order that more strenuous endeavours than ever be made to resuscitate and prolong the life of the language. The case of Welsh is an encouraging example. Not so many years ago its vitality was at a low ebb. But by the earnest efforts of Welsh patriots, that language is in a very vigorous condition to-day. Let us follow the example of our Welsh brothers. The Breton language is another case in point.

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Uair de an robh an saoghal bha croitear còir, a bha cuideachd 'n a leth-iasgair, a suidhe aig a bhòrd féin a gabhail bidh. Bha iasg ris an canair leabag air trinnsear air a bheulthaobh. Rinn an duine caomh an t-atachadh, agus thubhairt e mar so: "Tha mi a tabhairt molaidh nach do rinn-eadh mi coltach ris an iasg sin mu m' choinneamh, agus sin le dà shùil air aon phireal."

#### EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

An interesting and useful conference was held at Perth on the 23rd December between members of the Education Committee and the Directors of Education for some of the Highland counties.

Those present were:—Mr. H. F. Campbell, Convener; Mrs. W. J. Watson, Vice-Convener; Mr. Angus Robertson, President; Rev. G. W. Mackay, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Rev. Neil Ross; Mr. Dawson, Director, Perth; Mr. Morrison, Director, Inverness; and Dr. Philip, Director, Ross and Cromarty.

The whole position as regards the teaching of Gaelic and the supply and training of teachers was fully discussed. Information was freely given by the Directors as to the provision which had already been made and as to the difficulties which stood in the way of more rapid progress. The aim was to have Gaelic taught in every school in which there was a reasonable chance of such teaching being successful. In the County of Inverness no fewer than 120 out of a total of 195 schools would shortly be teaching Gaelic in accordance with approved schemes, while in the County of Ross a Committee was at present engaged in the drawing up of a uniform scheme of instruction which would be applicable to all schools.

Reference was made to the vital importance of making adequate provision for the instruction and training of Gaelic-speaking students both at the Junior Centres and at the Provincial Centres.

In Perthshire no action, it was found, had yet been taken in the direction of applying the Gaelic clause, and it was suggested as likely to serve a useful purpose that the Authorities of Perth, Bute, and Sutherland might be visited by deputation from the Education Committee.

Regret was expressed that the Directors for Argyll and Sutherland had not found it possible to be present. Dr. MacDonald had intended to be present, but, at the last moment, found himself unable to attend.



The singing classes conducted by Mr. Hugh MacLean in the island of Luing have been splendidly attended. These classes are being brought to a close by a series of concerts early this month, when it is hoped a good return will be made to meet the outlay.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Fàilte chridheil na Bliadhn' Uire  
 Do gach dùil a leughas,  
 Is sibhs' tha 'g éisdeachd anns a' chùil  
 Thugaibh gnùis do'n sgeulaich';  
 'S e mo ghuidhe is mo dhùrachd  
 Gum meal sibh ùgh nan ceudan,  
 'S gum bi gach là dhi mar is rùnach,  
 'S nach bi stùil is deur oirr'.

\* \* \*

A meeting is to be held at Aberfeldy early this month to form a local Committee and make arrangements for the forthcoming Provincial Mod for Perthshire. Interest in the event has already been aroused throughout the county, and a successful gathering may be confidently anticipated. There is still a large number of Gaelic speakers in Perthshire, particularly in the parishes round about Aberfeldy. Fortingall, Killin, and Dull have the largest percentage of Gaelic speakers. Blair Atholl comes next.

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Major Sir A. H. M. Sinclair, Bart., Member of Parliament for Caithness and Sutherland, who presided at last year's gathering of the Thurso Branch, has kindly agreed to be the Society's Chief. He does not know Gaelic, but he is keenly interested in all matters connected with the Highlands, and has always been in the habit of wearing the Highland dress when at home in Caithness.

\* \* \*

Many members of An Comunn will regret the death of Colonel Duncan Campbell of Inverneill, O.B.E., D.L., J.P., which occurred at his Highland home on 18th December. There was a large and representative attendance at the funeral, the pall-bearers being eight Campbell lairds. Floral tributes were sent from the Ardrishaig Branch of An Comunn, of which he was hon. president, and from the junior members of the branch. Inverneill became a member of An Comunn seventeen years ago, and two of his daughters, Miss Campbell and Mrs. Stewart (Fasnacloich), are at present on the Executive Council.

\* \* \*

A history of the Clan MacFarlane has been issued in book form, the editor being Mr. James MacFarlane, author of "The Red Fox." The writer has brought the chiefs into their chronological order, and a chapter is devoted to each, while the septs of the clan are given a prominent place.

Besides having a specially prepared map of the MacFarlane country, illustrations of the tartans, and the coats of arms, the history contains many beautiful pictures of the MacFarlane country. The history is published by the Clan MacFarlane Society.

\* \* \*

The annual gatherings of the County and District Associations in Glasgow have been well patronised this session, unemployment notwithstanding. Particularly well attended were the "annuals" of the Tiree and Skye Associations, and the Sutherland folk turned out in large numbers to welcome their Duke. The Paisley Highlanders also had a splendid attendance at their gathering. There are about half a dozen gatherings to come in the new year, and all wish them the same success as attained by the others.

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The original performers in "Maircad" recently formed a society for the closer study of Gaelic drama and elocution, and already have a membership of about 30. The new society is named "An Comunn Aisneis Gaidhlig," and its meetings are conducted entirely in Gaelic. Mr. John R. Bannerman is president and Mr. Donald A. Robertson secretary. Three performances of "Maircad" will be given this month—Greenock on the 11th; Athenæum Hall, Glasgow, on the 16th and 17th. The original caste will appear in all three performances.

\* \* \*

The Tir nam Beann Society in Edinburgh, which is affiliated with the Comunn, is duly carrying on its work in the cause of Gaelic. Weekly meetings are held. On 14th December I lectured in Gaelic on "Am Fear Cìuil," the late Donald M'Kechnie. The 27th December was a "Ladies' Night," and Mrs. Watson was in the chair. She gave a most interesting address, and emphasised a feature which had never yet been properly treated till then, namely, the prominence of poetesses in Gaelic long before an English woman poet was ever heard of. The point is very striking; and every one who is acquainted with Gaelic must know how largely the women poets have contributed. On the 28th there was a concert, the singers being Miss M. Macdonald, Miss Logan, Miss Rhoda Macleod of Inverness, Miss Wilson, Miss Atwell, Mr. J. Carmichael. The Mavor Troupe rendered Highland dances with great elegance; and Miss M'Gee delighted the audience on the violin.

NIALL.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

**MINARD.**—A meeting, attended by about 100 people, was held in the Hall, Minard, on Saturday, 2nd December—Captain George I. Campbell, Yr., of Succoth, in the chair. Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford, member of the Propaganda Committee, and Mr. Neil Shaw, General Secretary, were present. Mr. Shaw addressed the meeting in Gaelic and English, and explained the general work of An Comunn, the duties expected of branch members, how to conduct their meetings, and the many ways by which it is possible to help the language movement. At the close of the addresses a branch was formed and office-bearers appointed. Captain Campbell was appointed president, and at the close of the business part of the proceedings delivered a splendid address. Gaelic songs were sung by Miss Currie, Mr. Shaw, and several of those present. The branch will be known as An Comunn Gaidhealach Taobh Loch Fìne.

**LOCHGILPHEAD.**—This branch resumed its winter ceilidhs on 4th December. The first part of the evening was taken up with the business of appointing office-bearers for the current session. Mrs. Brown was re-appointed president. The General Secretary was present, and helped to make the ceilidh instructive and entertaining. Tea was served near the close.

**TAYVALLICH.**—The first meeting of the session was held in the Schoolhouse on 7th December. Office-bearers were re-appointed and a programme of song and story gone through. Mr. Neil Shaw, Secretary, was present, and read a paper on "Oidhche air Cheilidh." Mr. Hugh Livingston, who presided, was re-elected president.

**ARDRISHAIG.**—This branch has been in active operation for some time, and carries on reading classes for adults and juniors. A ceilidh was held on 1st December and was highly successful.

**SUTHERLAND.**—The General Secretary visited several of the branches in the west of Sutherland recently. At **LOCHINVER**, on 19th December, the Rev. Donald MacKinnon, M.A., presided over a gathering of 80 people in the Library Hall. Mr. Shaw addressed the meeting in Gaelic and English, after which a programme of songs and instrumental music, arranged by Mrs. Bird, was gone through. This was the first time a programme of songs was submitted at a meeting of the branch, and it was much enjoyed. The branch has been meeting regularly during the winter months since its formation. The Rev. Mr. Finlayson, U.F. Manse, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Shaw for his addresses.

By the courtesy of the Rev. Adam Gunn, D.D., and Mr. Henry, headmaster, Mr. Shaw attended the annual Christmas treat to parents and school children in the Higher Grade School, **DURNESS**, on 22nd December. During an interval in the concert programme, Mr. Shaw was invited to speak on the aims of An Comunn, and his remarks were listened to attentively and frequently applauded. Members will be enrolled at a meeting of the branch after the New Year holidays and a syllabus drawn up. It is proposed to have meetings every second month. A number of other local organisations which meet on stated evenings throughout the session prevents the branch meeting often.

At **INSHEGRA** the same evening the Schoolhouse was well filled, notwithstanding the fact that a public meeting of great local interest was being held at Kinlochervie. Mr. MacRae, teacher, presided. Miss Morrison, local secretary, had arranged a programme of Gaelic songs, and the school children sang choruses with pleasing effect. Mr. Shaw gave a long address in Gaelic, and, by request, sang several Gaelic songs, giving short historical and biographical sketches in Gaelic of the various songs and authors. Mr. Calder, in a neat little Gaelic speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Shaw for his lecture and songs.

The meeting at **OLDSHORE**, at a later hour, was more adversely affected by the public meeting, and the absence of the Rev. Mr. MacAskill, who is president of both branches, was regretted by all. Mr. Shaw gave short addresses in Gaelic and English, and was assured that his visit had greatly encouraged the local members. A ceilidh has been arranged for New Year week. Gaelic songs are taught in the schools at Oldshore and Inshegra.

**ROTHESAY.**—This branch meets fortnightly in the Good Templar Hall. The usual concert will be held on 12th January, when prominent Gaelic and Scottish singers will sustain a lengthy programme.

**LOCHBUIE.**—The Gaelic Reading Classes in connection with the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which proved so successful last winter, were resumed recently. The Rev. P. H. MacLean, who conducted the classes so ably last year, will be assisted by Mr. Ronald MacColl. A goodly number of members enrolled, and the meetings are looked forward to with much interest.

**TOBERMORY.**—A very successful meeting of the branch was held in the Higher Grade School last Wednesday. Mr. John Cameron, Drumfin, presided over a very large gathering. Mr. M'Millan, teacher, Dervaig, gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the history of the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore (in which the burgh of Tobermory is situated) from 1791 to 1799, dealing with the population, occupations, and the life of the people at that period. A fine programme of Gaelic songs and recitations was contributed by various members. Mr. McCallum is the conductor of the Gaelic Choir, and under his able leadership the singers are making great progress.

**GIGHA.**—The local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach is particularly interested in the Inner Isles Stall, and is to be congratulated on the success of its efforts. Last month, as a second donation, the sum of £6 3s 6d was forwarded to Mr. Archd. N. Currie, B.Sc., secretary of the Inner Isles Stall, Glasgow, by the Rev. D. Macfarlane, M.A., who is convener for the island. Mr. Macfarlane, who is one of the most highly esteemed figures in the Church, is deserving of the gratitude of those who are endeavouring to make the Inner Isles Stall one of the successes connected with the Highland Institute. The Committee are particularly delighted with the handsome response made in this district.

**THURSO.**—This branch has commenced a new session, with a similar programme to that of the past two years, namely, a number of ceilidhs and lectures and one large annual gathering. The annual gathering is becoming the principal event of its kind in Thurso.

**DUNOON.**—The second ceilidh of the session was held in the Imperial Hall on 22nd December—Mr. D. MacDonald, M.A., president, in the chair.



To a large and appreciative audience an interesting lecture was given by Mr. Small, M.A., English master, Dunoon Grammar School, the subject being "The Influence of the Celt in Literature." A musical programme of Gaelic and English songs followed a selection on the bagpipes by Mr. Simpson. The following contributed songs:—Misses Mary M'Isaac and Margaret Lindsay, Mrs. Rogers, Miss C. M'Kechnie, Mr. Morrison; violin and pianoforte selections were given by Mr. Smith and Miss Daisy Pollock. After the usual votes of thanks had been given to the lecturer and the artistes, the company joined in singing "Oidheche mhath leibh."

LOCHABER.—Under the chairmanship of ex-Provost Macfarlane, a crowded gathering of the Lochaber Comunn heartily welcomed on Monday, 27th November, the Rev. John Macdougall at a ceilidh, when he gave a Gaelic address on the life and writings of the late Mr. Henry Whyte, who adopted the pen-name of "Fionn." Sketching his early life and occupation, the lecturer alluded to his zeal in collecting fugitive Gaelic songs and airs, to which, unlike all previous collections, he added a free and pleasing metrical translation. He was also the composer of many popular songs. Mr. Macdougall gave a charming reading of one of the author's humorous sketches, which delighted the audience. Songs were sung by some of the youthful competitors at the recent Mod, and occasion was taken by the Chairman to offer for Mr. Macdougall's acceptance, from the Comunn Abrach, a sketch of the islands in Loch Eil and Ben Nevis as a souvenir of their warm regard and vivid recollection of his strenuous services as local Mod secretary, his many hours of Gaelic teaching and constant help to the cause all present had at heart. The Chairman's remarks were endorsed by Mr. J. MacIntyre, who regretted the loss to the community of a kindly neighbour, a fervent Celt, and true gentleman. Mr. Macdougall returned his sincere thanks, and a happy evening concluded with the National Anthem.

ULVAFERRY.—The first meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Ulvaferry Schoolhouse on 8th December. The president, Mr. D. N. MacColl, teacher, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. The Chairman, in a few neat words, introduced the speaker of the evening, who was Rev. D. W. M'Kenzie, Ulva. The Gaelic language, the speaker said, was a beautiful and expressive one. There was no language that had finer and sweeter songs, and Mull produced some of the very best poets. Lord Alness, the Lord Justice Clerk, presiding at a Highland gathering in Edinburgh the other evening, said that "the death of the language with all its tradition, its history, and literature, was as tragic as the death of a nation. Let them see to-day that the Gaelic language did not die. It was in their power to make it live." Mr. Mackenzie pointed out that depopulation must be arrested if Gaelic was to survive. Parliament, he added, would require to tackle rural depopulation more earnestly than ever they had done before as the question was a vital one. He hoped the day would soon come when their glens and dales would again be filled with a sturdy peasantry who would speak and sing Gaelic in its purity as they were wont to do in the days of long ago. Then, and not till then, would the old language of the Gael be revived. The programme included bagpipe selections by Messrs. Hugh Macneil and N. Maclean; Gaelic songs by Messrs. J. and D. MacGregor, and H. Macneil, a Gaelic reading by Mr. D. N. MacColl, and Gaelic humorous stories by Mr. Alistair

Macdonald. The usual votes of thanks terminated a most pleasant meeting. The Comunn meets every alternate Friday evening.

OBAN.—The weekly meeting of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal (Obanach) was held in the Oban Parish Church Hall on Saturday, 16th December. Mr. A. Munn, vice-president, presided over a large audience. The Rev. Hector Cameron, president, gave an "Oraid," dealing with the historical and geological interests of the environments of Kilmartin and Lochgilphead. Songs were given by Miss Irene MacCowan, duets by Miss Edith MacCulloch and Peggy MacInnes, and by Misses Ferguson and MacInnes. Messrs. H. MacCowan and MacPhail sang original songs.

GREENOCK.—At a meeting of the Greenock Highland Society, held on 14th December, Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn, read a very interesting and thoughtful paper, his subject being "Neil Munro." There was a large attendance of members and friends, presided over by Mr. Angus MacAulay, vice-president. Gaelic and Scottish songs were rendered by Mr. Neil MacLean, Miss Aitken, Mr. Neil Shaw, and others. Mr. John A. Fraser, treasurer, who spoke in Gaelic, moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Robertson, who replied in Gaelic.

KILLIN.—This branch had a very successful ceilidh in the Public Hall in December. More than 120 were present. The programme consisted of readings, recitations, songs, and instrumental music.

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Leabhar XVIII.]

An Gearran, 1923.

[Earrann 5.

## GAELIC EDITORIAL.

Cluich dhuinn son de phuirt-nhóra Cloinn Domhnuill. Cluich dhuinn Spaidsearachd Dhomhnuill Duibh nan Eilean, Fàilte Dhomhnuill Ghuirn, na Caisneachd Dhomhnuill Ghruamaich. Cha do thàr am piobaire séideadh suas na dh'éirich spioradan nan trì Domhnuill fa mo chomhair. Dh'fheòraich mi ciod a bha cur dragh orra. Fhreagair Domhnuill Dubh nan Eilean gu ceannsgalach: Tha còig ceud bliadhna ó dh'fhàg mise an saoghal; agus anns an ùine sin cha do thachair ri sam bith a thug ormsa éirigh as m'uaigh, gus an do chuir coigreach a mheur air flaitheas nan eilean agus air Lamh Dhearg Chloinn Domhnuill. An uair a bha mise beò, cha bu dàna le coigreach a shùil a thogail ri inbhe agus sochair mo chineil-sa. Ach an ainm an anraith cò e am fearan neònach a chi mi an sud a teannadh dlùth oirn?

Mun do sheall mi thugam na uam chunnacas duineachan air éideadh ann an trealaich cogaidh nan ceann feadhna a bha uaireigin a' naghladh anns na h-eileanan. Tha mi an dùil nach faca mi sealladh riamh cho smaointineach. Bha claidheamh mòr Dhomhnuill Duibh air a chrioslachadh mu theis-meadhon an duineachain; ach bha an truail a' slaodadh an làir mar is minic a chunnacas claidheamh maide air àmhait-each ann an tigh-cluiche. Chruinnich an truaghan na buill a b'fhearr de dh'éideadh catha nan triath, ge b'e air bith am mìshealbh leis an d'fhuair e cothrom air an cruinneachadh; agus mar a sgeadaicheas ròcuil i féin le itean sgiamhach an choilich

pheucaig, sin mar a nochd an duineachan e féin ann an armachd nan gaisgeach. Chan eil fhios ciamar a fhuair e greim air lùireach Dhomhnuill Ghuirn, ach bha i tuilleadh is fada, agus tuilleadh is farsuing dha. Agus bha osan na briogais ri fhaicinn fo oir na lùirich, a bha 'ruigheachd sìos gu aobrannan. Gidheadh is e fhéin a bha pròiseil aise, an dùil gu robh i tighinn dha gu h-eireachdail. Agus ciod e bha air a cheann ach ad mhollach shìoda; oir cha robh de neart 'n a amhaich na ghiùlaineadh clogad Dhomhnuill Ghruamaich.

"Fàilte ort fhéin a dheagh chosgaraidh," arsa Dhomhnuill Gorm. "Bu tu fhéin an laoch air raoin catha na air machair bhua. Cò as thug thu an choiseachd le do bhrògan beaga lainnireach, agus le d'aid bhréagha bhoillsigich? Gum bu h-aighearrach dhuit a chaoimhein, an cogadh no an sìth, oir tha thu pailt cho coltach ri fear-sithe is a tha thu ri fear-cogaidh. Ach eadar dha sgeul, nach innis thu dhuinn ciod e t-ainm, a chosgaraidh. Bu mhaith linn cuideachd do shloinneadh a chluinntinn, agus c'àite an d'rugadh tu. Innis dhuinn gun dàil cuid de t-euchdan féin, agus na ceil oirn gnìomharan is mòrchuis nam flath ó 'n do ghineadh thu."

Thug an duineachan sgioblachadh beag air fhéin agus thug e gnogag do 'n aid gus an robh i air a fìradh air taobh a chinn. Chuir e car beag 'n a smuig mar is tric a chunnaic thu seann seanachaidh ri oir na luathadh, agus labhair e gun urram gun eisimeil ris na h-uaislean:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is e an t-ainm a tha ormsa—ach nach

coma sin—na n-innsinn m' ainm ùr dhuit tha mi deimhin gu 'n gabhadh tu an euthach dearg, agus chan eil fhios ciod a dh'èireadh dhomh. Ach cò dhùis is mi duine cho ainmeil 's a bha riamh air an talamh. Aithnichear m'ainmsa anns gach ceàrn de an domhain, agus ann an iomadh fàrdaich anns nach cualas riamh mu Alasdair Mór Mhacedon. Ach car son a tha thu a' faighneachd cò mo dhaoine. Is e ogha do mo sheanair a chuir an ceann de Mhac Làmhach. An robh fhios agad air sin a bhallaich? Is e caraide eile dhomh a mhill an mhuilleonn-ghaoithe anns an Spàin. Agus ciod e do ghnòthuchsa c'àite an d'rugadh mi. Chan eil feum sam bith anns na ceistean faoine sin. Ge b'e air bith c'àite an d'rugadh mi tha e ro-choltach nach faigh mi gu bràth an t-urram a tha dligeach do mo leithid mur dean mi greim air clùì an chruadaid is na mòrchuis a bha uaireigin agaibh fhéin air an talamh. Ma bhios sibhse riarachtaiche sin tha fhios agam fhéin gu math ciamar a gneibh mi làmh an uachdar air na tha beò de Chloinn Domhnuill, de Shìol Leòid, is de chineil Dhiarmuid, Sìochd Mhic Cailein. Is e fìor fhear-gnòthuich a tha annamsa a laochain. An uair a chluinneas mi bòlaich nan Gàidheal—"lean gu dluth ri clùì do shinnsir"—tha fhios agam gu dearbh nach eil an sud ach 'fhad de bhruidhinn; agus tha fhios agam cuideachd nach eil anta air fad ach daoine a ghabhas ceannasachadh le deagh fhear-gnòthuich. Ach ciod e do bharail air mo dheise? Nach math a tha i a tighinn domh? Gabh leth-sgeul na h-aide. Cha tigeadh an dearg bharr na Làimhe Deirge air an chlogad ged a bha mi seach sgàth 'g a shuathadh le mo ghlanadair eugsamhail fhéin. Agus thug mi leam an ad so mar shuaicheantas na dùthcha anns an d'rugadh mi. Thug mi leam an bhriogais cuideachd, air sgàth mo ghràidh do m' dhùthaich fhéin. Ach mo ghillean matha nach leig sibh leam a nis a bhì mar fhear dibh féin?"

An uair a chuala iad aideachadh-creidimh an duineachain tòisich na h-uaislean air gàireachdaich. Chluinneadh tu an glag gàire a rinn Domhnull Dubh nan Eilean mar cheathramh an mhìle air astar. Cheangladh tu Domhnull Gorm le sop, is e 'n a dhà lùib a' lasgraich; agus chunnacas braoig ghàire air adann Dhomhnull Ghruamaich, am fear sin nach d'rinn gàire riamh roimhe, agus thubhairt e mar so: "Tog ort cho luath is a rinn tu riamh agus theirg far an togar thu, ach cha bhì thu an

so. Fognadh tu airson ceòl-gàire—ach cha dean thu an chbìs mar chompanach."

\* \* \* \*

Thiunnaidh na trì Domhnuill air an sàil, agus dh'fhàg iad an duineachan 'n a aonar.

## THE POSITION OF GAELIC.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

(Second Article.)

In the latter part of last month's article I tried to indicate that the issue before us is whether the Gael of Scotland are to continue to exist as a people or to become a page of ancient history: "bha Gàidheil an uair ann." No people can exist without a language. We cannot conceive of a Frenchman without French, or of a German without German. A Gael without Gaelic is a contradiction in terms. In this connection, too, let us remember the significance to us of the name Gàidheal itself: "Gàidheal, Gàidheal, ionmhuinn ainm," said Colum Cille.

To call ourselves Celts may be all very well; we certainly speak a Celtic language, and we feel drawn to others who speak a Celtic language, even though we cannot understand it. But Gàidheal is a national name; Celt is not a national name: it is, in fact, a term of considerable vagueness. "Highlander," again, is a local and sectional name, which excludes great part of the Gaelic area, as for instance, Lewis. It has the implication that "Highlanders" should be confined to the mountains, whereas in truth the sternest warfare ever carried on by the Gael was for the possession of the fertile plains of the south of Scotland, and their views on the matter are expressed in the Gaelic proverb, "is fear magh na mór mhonadh." The connection of the Gael and the mountains has been a matter of necessity, not of choice. How far the national sense of Gàidheal is being lost sight of has been often forced on my notice by the translation of "Gàidheil Èireann" as "the Highlanders of Ireland." The term "Highlander," though it has the misfortune to be shared by a certain breed of cattle, has honourable associations, but it is not a national name. There is much in a name, especially when it has a great history behind it, and in my opinion we would do well not to forget the great national name of Gàidheal, and we should use it—or its anglicized form—in preference to such terms as "Celt" or "Highlander," however respectable these may appear to be in them-

selves. The Gael of Ireland take good care not to err in this respect.

There is a third matter which cannot be separated from the language, but which does not fall within the scope of these short articles, and that is the land. Here it must be enough to recognize that these three, an Gàidheal, a' Ghàidhlig, a' Ghàidhealtachd, are destined to stand or to fall together. We sometimes hear that "the economic situation" should take precedence of the language question; in other words, that we ought to leave the language to shift for itself till the land question has been settled. History, however, shows that cultivation of the language and the consequent fostering of the national spirit are the precedents, and the necessary precedents, of land reform in such cases as ours.

Ever since the passing of the Education Act of 1872, right up to the Act of 1918, the educational policy in regard to Scotland has been one of standardization. The time-table of an elementary school in Lewis was practically the same as the time-table of a school in Berwickshire; the subjects taught in both schools were practically the same. A Berwickshire teacher might be appointed to a Lewis school without any feeling of incongruity. The fact that the Lewis child knew no English made no difference either in the subjects or in the class of teacher. As regards the Gaelic areas of Scotland, the system was exactly that which a conquering nation, such as Germany, let us say, would apply to a people whom they had conquered. Children were punished in a variety of ways for talking Gaelic, even in the playground. The thing sounds incredible nowadays, but it is well known to be a fact. Now, apart from the moral effect of such a system, we may well ask what were the results educationally? Did it have the effect of producing a superior culture?

As examiner for a number of years under the County Committee Bursary schemes of two counties—Sutherland and Ross and Cromarty—which were then, and are still, largely Gaelic-speaking, I had personal experience of the system at one stage of its workings. The candidates were the picked pupils of the elementary schools. The subjects of examination included English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Latin, French, Navigation, Agriculture, Domestic Economy—not all of these, of course, in the case of any one candidate. A Gaelic paper may have been required occasionally. For English-speaking children this suited well

enough. In the case of children from Gaelic districts, one met the pitiful condition of children struggling to express themselves in a foreign language, children who were in process of acquiring some knowledge of English, and at the same time being forced to learn Latin or French, as well as other subjects, through the medium of English, which was well nigh as foreign to them as Latin or French. How much of this "education" remained effective as a means of culture? A small proportion of the scholars did learn English ultimately, either at secondary schools or by going to English-speaking districts, or to the University. They remained illiterate in respect of their native language, which, be it noted, long remained the language in which they did their thinking. Those who stayed at home soon forgot the shreds of Latin or French; their English was that of the market-place; they, of course, did all their thinking in Gaelic to the end of their days; and they were, most of them, to all intents and purposes, illiterate in both English and Gaelic. It was not only a barbarous system, but a system which flouted the fundamental axiom of education, namely, that all education must, from the beginning, be in and through the mother tongue. The unfortunate thing is that the punishment for outrage of the axiom fell on the innocent victims of the system, not on the so-called educationists who were responsible for the system.

Under the reforms introduced by Sir John Struthers, children in elementary schools were no longer distracted by "specific subjects," and great stress was properly laid on the importance of the mother tongue. Further, it was recognized that in certain cases the mother tongue might be Gaelic, but only to the extent that financial encouragement was given, not for teaching Gaelic as the mother tongue, but for using Gaelic conversationally as a means to learning English. It should be added that to the same reformer was due the introduction of Gaelic as a subject for the Leaving Certificate, at first on the lower grade, afterwards on the higher standard. There can be no doubt that education improved under the new regime, even in Gaelic-speaking districts, principally owing to concentration on English in the elementary school: the children naturally learned more English when they were no longer burdened with "specific subjects." A larger proportion found their way to secondary schools



and to the Universities. But, as before, many of these were illiterate in their native language; we must, of course, except those who possessed the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic. From enquiry among students and graduates, it would appear that it takes two or three years, or more in some cases, before the Gaelic student can think freely in English. It is evident that those who remain at home always think in Gaelic—in which, be it remembered, they are illiterate so far as school facilities are concerned.

I had some correspondence not long ago with a man who composed Gaelic poetry of no mean order; he could not write a letter in his native language, and had no facility in English. Yet we are taunted with the fewness of Gaelic writers. Why, were it not for the self-sacrificing work of some teachers, combined with the love of many of the Gael for their native tongue, we should have almost none capable of writing Gaelic. As it is, there can be no doubt that the cause of many a man remaining mute has been, not want of ability, nor yet any defect in the language itself, but lack of instruction in his mother tongue. It is not too much to say that what has passed for education in the Gaelic areas has failed to produce positive cultural results.

On the other hand, whether consciously or unconsciously, it has been actively destructive. The situation is not as if the Gaelic people were boors, without culture of their own. The courtesy, the hospitality, the loyalty and reverence, and the other good qualities with which they are rightly credited, are the expression of a long-continued culture, the nature of which is known by its fruits, a culture which saturated their character and conduct. Mentally, they were active. Their minds were stored with a variety of lore; they loved music—melodies which are now acclaimed over Britain are theirs; they delighted in the poems and heroic ballads and tales which formed their literature. At the céilidh, where in the evening the people met in social intercourse, each person, as in Athens of old, made his own contribution to the entertainment of the company: it was the spontaneous, effortless expression of active, interested minds. In certain districts of Inverness-shire, a favourite feature of the céilidh used to be the recitation of Ewen MacLachlan's translation of the Iliad into Gaelic, and that within living memory.

In dealing with such a people, one would

have thought that educationists would have welcomed the opportunity given them to maintain and develop this native culture. Instead of doing so, they turned their backs upon it and treated it as if it did not exist. Is it too much to say that the men who initiated this policy, whether they did so from ignorance or from contempt, were not worthy of the people whose culture they denied? It is easy to empty, but difficult to fill. The late Sir Edward Anwyl once told me that among his countrymen those who spoke Welsh were full of interest and mental activity; those of them who lived on the English border, and had lost their native Welsh, were on much the same intellectual plane as the ordinary English peasant. With us the case is similar. Wherever Gaelic lives, the Gaelic speaker retains some hold of his native inheritance. He knows the tales and associations of his district; he has proverbs and lore; he is, as a rule, an interesting man, with good store of mental pabulum. The man who has lost his Gaelic is, as we all know, in a different category: he has fallen between two stools.

## BUAIDH NA GAIDHEALTACHD AIR BEATHA NAN GAIDHEAL.

BY LACHLAN MACBEAN.

### V.—Dualchas agus Dachaidh.

Is ann 'n ar dùthaich a gheibh sinn ar dualchas agus ar dachaidh, an laghadair dà-fhillte sin 's am bheil an Gaidheal air a chumadh. Innte-se tha sinn againn fhéin. 'N a companas tha sinn eòlach, agus tha ar dualchas 'g ar ceangal rithe ann an tuigse diombar. 'N a h-aodann chì sinn iomadh coltas rinn fein. Ann am bathais mhaol na beinne, ann an gualainn chrom a' chnuic, agus ann faobhair na gceir a chaidh a chaitheamh tana le teantachd gaoith agus uisge, eigh agus gréine, chì sinn doilghiosan ar crannchuir, ceart mar a chithear an aodainn an duine lorg chinnteach nam bliadhnachan, na chaisean domhain a chladh-aich tuiltean an fhuilangais, trom dhùbhradh a bhròin 'na laighe fhathasd mu lochan samhach nan sùilean, agus fead reòite a chruas ag crionadh gu bàn nan ciabhan a' b'bhais a bhi dosrach donn. Agus a rithis, ceart mar ann an cor an duine, is luath a thig, thar ghleann agus ròn, braoig an déidh bròin, fiamh-ghàire grianach an déidh gruaim na fraise. Mar so, tre shonas agus tre dheuchainn, tha co-fhaireachadh againn

ri ar dachaidh agus tha a dualchas 'n ar féithean.

Ach tha eatorrainn ceangal dìomhar ni's àirde na sud. Oir a cheart spiorad a tha beò an uèhd na dùthcha tha e lùthmhor an cridh' an duine. Mar a sheinn bàrd eigin ann an cànan eile—

Ni's doimhne na ar deur an smuain

A ghluaiseas anns a' bhlàthan truaigh.

Is aithne dhuinn na smuaintean ud, agus tha togar ar cridhe gu gach taisbeanadh de mothachadh dàimheil ar dùthcha. Gheibh sinn iad anns gach fùr agus faiche, anns gach ceò agus coire—sanasan sàmhach, leth-fholaichte, mu sheòl beatha ni's aotruime, ni's saoire, na bhualicheadh oirne, sòlasan do-aithnichte, rùintean a chaidh an dl-chuimhne. Le gach tadhall agus gach taisbeanadh dhiùbh so tha ar tir ag cosnadh dì féin miann a fìor chloimne, iadsan 's am bheil a dualchas beothail, iadsan a chi innte ionmhuinneachd nach deachaidh a mhùchadh le obair, le cùram agus le ionmhasan faoine.

Is glé mhoch ann an latha a Ghàidheil a thoisich an gràdh agus an co-chomunn so air drùidheadh air. Fada mu'n do thog Oisean fonn, bha Deirdre a' seinn àilleachd Ghlinn Da-ruail agus Ghlinn Masain. 'N a dhéidh sin bha Fionn a' togail cliù na Céitein, agus bha Colum Cille a' briseadh a chridhe mu chiatas tir agus tràigh. Slios tre gach àl bha gaol a dhùthcha cumhachdach am beatha a' Ghàidheil gus an d'rainig e àirde ann an rann Dhonnchaidh Bhàin—

Urram thar gach beinn aig Beinn Dòrain,  
'N a chunnaic mi fo'n ghréin, s i bu bhòidheche leam.

Agus a rithis—

'Se Coire Cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlach  
An coire rùnach as ùrar fonn,  
Gu lurach, miadh-fheurach, mln-gheal,  
sùghar,

Gach lusan fùar bu chùbhraidh leam.

An tarruing dìomhar so a dh'aidich na bàird, bha e riamh dèanadach ann am beatha nan Gàidheal. B'e ar glocas a bhi 'g ar géilleadh dha fhathasd, agus a bhi a factainn ath-nuadhachadh far an d' fhuair sinn ar ceud-bhith.

## VI.—Dà Eucaill; dà Leigheas.

Gidheadh cha d'fhuair maise na Gàidhealtachd a ghnàth am meas follaiseach a b'e a dlìghe, aon chuid am measg nan coigreach no am measg nan Gàidheal; agus sin airson dà aobhar.

Am measg nan Gall, agus eilthirich eile, bha droch chliù air na fàsaichean leathann

gun slighe, na h-aibhnichean domhain gun drochaid, na beannta cas gun dòigh-streap, sluite agus na creagan, far am faodadh iomadh namhaid borb a bhi am falach. Iomadh namhaid bhorb a bhi am falach. Cha robh déidh sam bith aig coigrich air cumnart no air mi-ghòireas. Ach mu dheireadh, nuair a theinig gach cogadh 'n ar rìoghachd, rinneadh drochaidean, rathadan socair agus iomadh tigh-òsd agus tigh-còmhnuid ri 'n taobh, le pailteas bidh agus goiris. Chuir so gean air luchd turuis; dh'amhairc iad air aghaidh na tìre le toileachas, agus dh'aidich iad ged a bha i garg gun robh i annasach.

Còmhla ri soirbheas dh'éirich misneach nan sluagh agus ruagadh air falbh an t-eagal a bha a' ceil oirdhearcais na Gàidhealtachd.

Air taobh a Ghàidheil b'e a laigse riamh a bhi socharach, air a shon fein agus airson a dhùthcha. Bha esan agus ise le chèile Gàidhealach, agus mar sin gun fhìù, gun inbhe, 'n a shùilbh féin, agus an sùilbh nan Gall bha iad 'nan cuis mhagaidh.

Ach nuair a' chuir Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain a mach anns a' Bheurla Shasunaich tionndadh air choireigin de Dhàin Oisein, Ìonadh an Roinn Eorpa le luaidh na Gàidhealtachd agus nam Fian. Thàinig Raibeart Burns agus dh' fheuch e mòr-mheas do ar tir agus do a ceòl, agus thàinig Sir Walter Scott le cridhe fosgailt do gach tlachd a fhuair e anns a Ghàidheal agus a Ghàidhealtachd. Chunnaic e Loch Ceiteirein "boillsgeadh le glòir na h-àird an iar, 'n a h-aon bhrat brèagha air chrith le òr," agus b'ann mar sin a chunnaic e a Ghàidhealtachd gu léir. Cha robh crìoch air na mlorbhuiltean a bha 'n a comas. Mar a sheinn e anns a chànan a b'aithne dha—

B'e sud an sealladh grinn do shùil  
Easbuig no prionns' le mòr-chuis àrd;  
Tùr air a mhullach so gu treun,  
Is bratach éibhinn air a bhàrr;  
Sgàil-bhothan air an fhaich ud thall  
Do dheagh bhean annsail, uasail, òg;  
Tigh-mhanach chràbhach air an raon  
O'n éireadh caoin le binneas ceòl.

Sgaoil Sir Walter cliù na Gàidhealtachd cho mòr 's gun robh anns gach bliadhna mìltean de uaislean America ag gresadh 'n an luingeas a dh' amharc air ar beannta. Cha robh riamh 's an t-saoghal inneal-tarruing ni bu treams na aigeadh meannach an duine so. Ach rinn e gnìomh iongantach eile. Leighis e saidealtas nan Gàidheal!

Ann am beatha iomadh bhalachain bhig tha àm 's am bheil nàir airson a mhàthar

a rug e. Air a ghalair so gheibhear leigheas ma thig neach inbheach a bheir do'n mhàthair sin an speis a bhineas di. Airson dùthcha màthrachail nan Gàidheal b'e an duine foghainteach so Sir Walter Scott. Bha e 'n a thàmailt do ghill òg gun saoil-eachd slugh gun robh e cho Gàidhealach ris an fhraoch, ach rinn Sir Walter am fraoch fhéin uasail. B'e air bheag chaill sinn ar fiamh agus thòisich sinn air tuigsinn cho urramach, cho grinn, cho gràdhach 's a tha tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach. "Fiosaiche an taoibh tuath," a deir iad ris. Cha d'rinn e riamh fiosachd ni b'iongant- aiche na gum d'fhuasgail e an Gàidheal o na geasachan fo'n robh e 'n a laighe. C'ait an d'fhuair am bàrd an drùidheachd làidir a rinn a' mhiorbhuil so? Fhuair ann an seanadh na maise mòraíl a tha a' sgeud- achadh na Gàidhealtachd.

An sin gheibh an Gàidheal a ghnàth a mhiseachd agus an dånadas a chuireas ruair air an t-sochar is tric a mhill e.

### VII.—Sàr Bhuaidh na Gàidhealtachd.

Tha sinn an sealladh ar ceann-uidh. Tha an Gàidheal am fiacha a dhùthcha airson coluinn choimhlinta agus inntinn uidheam- aichte; airson ceasa eachdraidh, an cogadh 's an sìth; airson ceann-sachadh o bhochd- ainm agus meudachadh o mhaise; airson gach ciall agus cobhar a fhuair e o co-fhaireachadh mu'n cuairt da, agus gach samhachadh 's an d'fhuair e foghlum; agus gach a thàinig lagachadh air lùth nan nithe so tre eagal nan Gall o chunnart agus eagal nan Gàidheal o thàmailt, tha nis an da gheilt so slànuchte.

Ann an àitean fathail ainmeil breithnichear buadhan a tha neartmhor ann am beatha dhaoine, 'g an treorachadh gu smuaintean àrda, agus gu gluasad cridhe fùghail; agus eadhon ann an ionadan aonarach gun ainm chan 'eil an leithid de thogaran neo-aithnichte. B'e so creud Uilleam Wordsworth, aon de na bàrdaibh a thàladh a Ghàidhealtachd 'g a h-ionnsuigh— Bheir spionnadh earraich as a choill' "N corr soillseachadh air cridh' nan daoin', Air còir is eucoir amharusach Na feallsanaich le foghlum faoin.

B'e sin do ghnàth fiosrachadh nan Gàidheal, agus gach neach a chuir a chluas ri cuisle na talmhainn.

Tha e fìor gu bheil na luasgaidh so luaineach, sgiathach. Tha e fìor nach 'eil guthan a' chruinne daonnan so-thuigsinn- each. Ginheadh ag èisdeachd riutha fhasaidh sinn ni's faireachail, ni's doimhne,

ni's àirde, ni's leotha, ni's gabhataich, ni's tuigsich, ni's diblidh, ni's àrd-chridh- each; agus mar so bithidh ar beatha ni's làine. A chum na criche so tha ar dùthaich a' sìor dhùsgadh annainn iongnadh agus aire, agus ciall a cho-fhreagras ri a taisbeanadh fein.

Chunnaic sibh màthair a' briodal gu tlà ri a leanabh beag ann an cànan briste nach do thuig sibh, agus maith dh'fhaoidte nach do thuig esan, a bialanachd mar gun robh i gòrach. Ach cha robh i gòrach idir. 'S ann a bha i, le gliocas nan ainglean, a' briodal 's a' briagadh 's a' tàladh an leimibh le leth-fhaclan beaga 's fiamh-ghàire, a' dùsgadh 'anam. Direach mar sin tha an dùthaich as màthair dhuinn, gu balbh ach gu labhar, a' dùsgadh anam a Ghàidheil agus 'g a mhiseachadh le co-chuideachd. Tha doimhne a' chruthachaidh ag gairm ris an doimhne tosdach a tha glaiste ann an cridhe gach duine. Uair no uaireigin thig mosgladh agus ath-fhreagar aoibhneach. Aithnichidh sinn ar màthair agus bheir sinn toirt.

Uaireigin, theagamh gun abair mi sinn— "Tha mi a' call mo sgoinn; theid mi mach a' choimhead na dùthcha." C'arson? A chionn gur math is aithne dhuinn gum faigh sinn an sin cobhar, slàinte, ath- bheothachadh.

Cha robh riamh duine buadhach sam bith —gaisgeach, no foghlumaiche, no naomh, gu ruig an Tl as Àirde—nach do shir ann an glacaibh coibhneil nan aitean-tadhail uaigneach, an ùr neart a bha a dhith air. Cha robh riamh Gàidheal a fhuair e féin aonarach an so. Ma tha àite sam bith 's am faod e a bhi 'n a dhèaraidh tiamhaidh, trugh, is ann an domhlachd sluaigh a' bhàile mhòir, mar bi aige caraid no eòlach an sud. Ach ar measg nan oibre allail a tha fhathasd dealrach le maise nam mèòran càirdeach a chruthaich iad, ciamar a b'urrainn dha a bhi 'n a choigreach?

Air mullach àrd na beinne, air tràigh a' chuain, an tiugh shamhchar na coille thig chugainn am breithneachadh nach 'eil sinn 'n ar n-aonar. Tha làthaireachd eile fa' r còir, agus tha slochaint a' sìleadh a mach air an àile 'g a millseachadh mu'n cuairt duinn, agus a' dhùsgadh annainn dòchais agus treubhantais, a' beothachadh ar gràidh, a' glanadh air falbh ar féimealachd, a' ciùin- eachadh ar bròin, a' nàrachadh ar n-eagal, a' fionnarachadh teasach a' ghionaich agus an t-sannt, a' soillearachadh ar n-imcheist, daonnan ag ciallachadh ni ni's fearr na thuigeas sinn, agus a' dearbhadh gu bheil sinn ni's motha na shaol sinn. Le a' bhì

mealadh nan sochair so tha anam a Ghàidheil 'n a làn dhùisg; tha a cho-fhair-eachadh fann ach cinnteach; tha aige mu thràth ann am feartaibh a dhùthcha seabh bheartach agus bhuan, nach teid a chaoidh am mugha no air chall.

Mar is luaithe a theid na bliadhnanach seachad, mar is doimhne theid sinn fodha ann an seirbheas agus seabhachas an t-saoghail so, is teinne gu mòr ar deasnas gu bhì a' teàrnadh uath' ar na-anama le bhì 'g am failleadh ann am maise agus fallain-eachd ar dùthcha.

O, théid sinn, théid sinn le sugart agus aoibh, Théid sinn, théid sinn, gu deònach, Théid sinn, théid sinn thairis air an t-Srùidh Gu muinntir ar dàimh is ar 'n eòlais.

(*A' Chrioch.*)

### Gaelic and Russian Phonetics in their Relation to Voice Production.

By CYRIL DIECKHOFF.

The remarkable fondness of the Gael for song and poetry, manifested on the one hand by the relatively very large number of native poets, and on the other by the keenness with which that branch of the higher arts has always been appreciated by the people, gives an enhanced interest to the question whether this fact must be attributed merely to ancient customs and mental associations, or also to a physical foundation, viz., to the character of the phonetic laws governing the use of the vocal organs in such a way as to facilitate a melodious flow of the voice.

It seems to me evident that the answer should be in the affirmative.

To show my reasons for saying so more clearly, it may be useful to refer, besides the laws of sound in Gaelic, to those of another language, viz., Russian, which resembles Gaelic phonetically a good deal, and which, likewise, is a melodious medium of poetical expression for a people as keenly fond of song and music as the Gael.

Both languages when exhibited in writing are at a disadvantage as regards a superficial observer, in whom they are apt to create a prejudice, e.g., against Russian with its long alphabet of thirty-five letters, and against Gaelic which, owing to its limited supply of only eighteen letters, has to make up for this deficiency by forming complicated looking groups of them. There is, however, no room for prejudice any longer

when these languages manifest themselves to the ear.

As regards the phonetic laws mentioned above, it seems to me, first of all, clear, that the wide range between sounds of great strength and fulness on the one hand, and extremely thin and delicate ones on the other, as found in Gaelic and Russian, must have a direct connection with an unusual flexibility and adaptability of the voice. Examples of these extremes are, e.g., the broad liquids occurring in words like roid or muir.

This contrast is practically the same in Russian, which distinguishes broad and slender liquids too, although the range is not quite so extensive as the one in Gaelic.

Concerning another important factor in voice production, viz., the handling of the breath, both languages possess certain qualities which tend to promote the supply of a plentiful air current. In the case of the Gaelic language, this is effected by the organic power required to pronounce the numerous vowel sounds occurring in very definite quantities, often of much greater length than the longest English quantity. In Russian, the differences between long and short vowels are incomparably smaller than in Gaelic, but there is another factor which promotes the production of an abundant supply of breath, viz., the frequent occurrence of words of considerable length, owing to composition, inflection, etc. This fact, and also the further one that even these long words are pronounced very smoothly, implies a habitual (and in the case of the native speaker, of course, unconscious) vigorous employment of the breath-producing organs.

If we analyse the phonetic properties of Gaelic and Russian in their relation to the principle that the more the vocalic element of a language preponderates over the consonantal one, or at least over those particular sounds which form an obstacle to the smoothness of the voice, I think it can safely be said that there is no other language in Europe which equals the Gaelic language with regard to variety of vowels and vowel combinations. Besides the elementary five Italian vowels, it contains a number of modifications of these sounds, besides various diphthongs, not to mention the cases in which vowel sounds occur side by side without flowing together into one diphthong.

Although the variety of vocalic sounds in Russian is considerably smaller than in

Gaelic, a smooth and sonorous flow of the voice is facilitated by various phonetic laws affecting the treatment of consonants in particular cases.

First of all, in both languages clusters of consonants are deprived of their obstructive character by the insertion of vowels for the sake of euphony. This process occurs very frequently.

Thus, in Gaelic, *bancharaid* becomes *banacharaid*; *farmad*, *faramad*; *dorchadas*, *dorochadas*; *orm*, *orom*.

In Russian we have similar instances, e.g., in the treatment of the ending of the masculine predicative adjective, e.g., *béden* from *bédnyi* (poor), or the genitive plural of nouns like *puska* (a gun), which becomes *pusok*, etc.

Another feature shared by both languages is the frequent use of the voiced palatal continuant (in English *y* before vowels, e.g., in young), producing a softening of the consonants to which it is attached. Under this heading of consonantal modifications fall also the laws of assimilation, represented in Gaelic, e.g., by eclipses, and in Russian, e.g., by the adaptation of final letters of prepositions to the initial ones of succeeding words. Thus the *t*, of the preposition of is replaced by a *d* in, e.g., *otdat'* (to give away), etc.

A corresponding instance of assimilation in Gaelic is, e.g., the softening of *c* (pronounced *k*), which is replaced by a *g* when preceded by the article *an*, as in *an cu*, *an corr*. In certain cases one of the consonants disappears altogether, e.g., in the genitive of masculine nouns beginning with *s*, like *an t-samhraidh*, *an t-sithein*, where the *s* is suppressed.

The frequent occurrence of the velar continuants, *gh* and *dh*, instead of the corresponding stops, *g* and *k*, must likewise contribute a good deal towards the general aptitude of the voice for smoothness of expression.

Finally, the fact that in Gaelic close attention must be paid to the respective length of syllables (as, e.g., the meaning of a word often depends on its quantity), is bound to have an influence on the development of a sense of rhythm and euphony.

The existence of this faculty can perhaps nowhere be seen more clearly than in those wonderful specimens of poetry, in which full scope is given to the display of vocalic effects in rhythmic assonation, as, e.g., in Duncan Bàn Macintyre's *Coire Cheathaich*,

the songs of *Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*, etc.

My conviction that Gaelic, as spoken by competent natives in touch with their traditional literature, occupies a very high position with regard to melodiousness among the other European languages, has been confirmed by a remark of the late Mr. James Grahame (once Secretary of the Liberal Association of Scotland), who told me that he happened, on one occasion, to be present at an address delivered by Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay (the famous collector of Gaelic folk-lore and heroic ballads) to the people of that place, and that, notwithstanding his own ignorance of the language, he never heard anything so beautiful as Gaelic coming from the lips of that orator.

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"Gàilig."

Sir,—The change of name of *An Comunn's* magazine comes as a shock. There is, in the first place, the mis-spelling, most glaring when the word mis-spelled is the name of our language. It is true that Alexander MacDonald and others have used this mis-spelling, but, as Professor Mackinnon remarked long ago, we have enough of bad spelling in our older texts without seeking to perpetuate it.

Even if spelled correctly, the new title would sound strange. Is there in existence any magazine with a title such as "English," or "French," or "German"? If, by any chance, such a name did occur, we should expect the publication bearing it to be devoted to the discussion of philological or grammatical questions connected with the language in question.

Further, for a magazine written partly in Gaelic, partly in English, the title is directly misleading. It would have to be qualified by prefixing "half" or "some," or some such term.

Instead of this most unsatisfactory name, why not adopt the national name, "*An Gaidheal*"? The magazine which once bore this name is long dead, but the cause goes on. This, as it seems to me, would describe the function of the magazine better than any other would. For the comfort of non-Gaelic people, the sub-title "*The Gael*" might be added.—Yours faithfully,

W. J. WATSON.

Edinburgh, 13th January, 1923.



## LOVAT OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY LAUCLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D.

### III.

The marriage with the Dowager being annulled, Simon was again a free man, a fact he was not sorry for, as he was now in full cry after an heiress with fifteen thousand pounds, who was, besides, a Fraser. The fact was that, from this time forward, Simon, Lord Lovat, was for sale. His soul was open to the service of the highest bidder. In one point of view he was not much to blame, as he had been treated with great injustice and unkindness. A barefaced attempt had been made to deprive him of his blood-rights, and he had no possible chance of receiving justice in the Scottish Courts. He faced the world, therefore, as a desperate man, and, where other men sold their swords, he sold what was sharper than his sword—his crafty brain, full of multiform devices, and his tongue, keen as a razor-blade. Greed and need, together, drove him to kick his heels in the back-stairs of political intrigue, waiting for a buyer.

It was a time most suitable for this kind of work. The memory of the terrible massacre of Glencoe, when the Campbells through the most damnable treachery that ever was recorded turned the dagger against the hospitable hearts which had sheltered them, and the snow-drifts in the mountains became the winding sheet of an outraged clan, still rankled against King William in the Scottish heart. The absolute failure of the Darien scheme now made Scotland's blood run hot, and awoke the hopes of the Jacobites in the North. But nothing came of it. The fighting men were in the Highlands, but the chiefs were sitting still, so the windy brag of the Lowlander soon blew by, having overthrown nothing in its gustiness.

The waters of the political life were "drumly" at the time; and Lovat was left to get out of them what he could. Obligated to leave his own country, he made for Holland, where the King was. And when he returned to the Highlands he tried to raise some money on a pretence that he wanted it for the King. But again the Murrays were on his track, and he was denounced as a rebel at the market-cross at Inverness.

Next, the death of William of Orange, whose horse had stumbled over a mole-hill, set political intrigue in full swing; and Lovat

thought his chance had come at last. But to attempt anything like a rising on behalf of the old kings was, meanwhile, to court failure, so again he had to leave his native country.

Now palavering to the Court of the exiled Stewart, now professing his loyalty at the Hague, he determined he would take up his stay at the French Court, so he thought his truest wisdom was to become a Roman Catholic. For some time he passed under the name of Donald Campbell. He pretended to Louis, the King of France, that he was the agent of the greatest Highland chiefs, particularly of Lochiel, Macdonald of the Isles, and the Stewarts of Appin, and that they, if assisted by France with money and men, would bring ten thousand warriors into the field against England. The scheme was ready to work itself out to fulfilment, Lovat bargaining for a commission as major-general. It is amusing to hear his own estimate of himself in the bargain. "I am a sincere, honest man," he writes, "which is all I have to boast of."

All he could manage, however, was to get a commission as colonel. Suddenly Louis postponed the expedition, but Lovat was soon back to Scotland as a Jacobite agent to endeavour to hold enthusiasm together, and to gather recruits if possible. On this journey he was accompanied by Captain John Murray. But before Simon left France he met Mrs. Fox—suitably so-called—one of the chief political spies of the period, and she tried to find out from Lovat all the secrets which had been entrusted to him. The correspondence which still exists is a study in diplomacy. Mrs. Fox seeking information from Simon, and Simon giving his compliments instead. It was a political game of Fox-craft of the highest degree.

Nothing is more characteristic than the courtly unctious of his flattery. She is "the most deserving of her sex. To live in her friendship is to be the ideal of his life." While she says—and I wonder if she shut her eyes or held her lips lest she should laugh aloud when she said it—"I wish you saw my soul without its disguise." What hypocrites the two of them were! She was well described by one who knew her as "a canny jade, very capable"; and she certainly knew the market value of Lovat's secret knowledge, for she did her best to get hold of it.

Having crossed to Dover, they pushed on Northwards. He was nearly arrested by a

magistrate of Northallerton, but he flattered the local dignitary by passing himself off as the Duke of Argyle's brother, and, leaving the magistrate absolutely drunk, he and his comrade fled northward over the border.

Meanwhile, the young heiress of Lovat had been married to a Mackenzie, the son of a judge of the Court of Session, with the result that Simon was declared to be divested of all claims he ever had either to lands or title!

Two ways now lay open before him. If one failed, he would push the other to its ultimate conclusion. As he himself said, he would take a cart-load of oaths and break them. With him the end would justify the means. Truth and a lie he kept up his sleeve like aces, ready at any time to trump any trick. Of course, he was not the only one that, in his time, or before it, or since, has followed in politics and trade a split code of honour. So he intended to force Louis of France to a Jacobite invasion of England, or, should he fail in this, he would turn to the Hanoverians and sell them what he knew what he had learned in the college of intrigue. And he certainly had, of course, locked up in his heart and head, but ready to slip on an easy leash at any moment, secrets worth the buying for title, property, and pension if need be.

Meanwhile, he pretended that he was a mere informer. Not a plotter. A sheaf of lies will do no harm so long as they are not directed against individuals; so he doubled the edge of the sword of law. The Duke of Queensberry, the Secretary of Scotland, gave him security in exchange for his supposed secrets, while at the very moment he had sanctioned, at the instance of Athole, a commission against Lovat of fire and sword! He blew up his own reputation to a huge size. With Queensberry he was "far ben" in the secrets of the French Court—he was a great man amongst the people in France. But he told too much. His windy brag blew aside a little of the curtain of his pretence. Queensberry got glimpses of the real man, and felt that it was difficult to believe that Lovat should know so much as he said he knew, or, if he did know so much, would so willingly tell it.

Secretly, Lovat ran up to the Highlands and interviewed the chiefs, but they were poor, and they had not forgotten how Charles the Second had used them, and then flung aside them and his promises. And, besides, the glory and pride that had led them and drawn them leaping to victory

after John Graham of Claverhouse—Iain dubh nan cath—whom death had gripped at Killiecrankie, had passed away from above them. Having failed in his message to the chiefs, Lovat went back to Queensberry and told him all about them, making a lie of it also, pretending that he had only gone in order to get information to convey to Queensberry!

It was not long before rumour got it that a plot was afoot in high places, and Lovat had again to fly across the Channel. And now he suddenly found himself in a terrible dilemma, for Sir John Maclean, driven out of France with his wife, through poverty and disappointments at the Jacobite Court in France, in an open boat crossed the Channel, only to be arrested in England. To save his life, and mostly for the sake of his lady, he revealed many of the secrets of Lovat, who, himself up to the neck in treason for gain's sake, was yet much shocked to find that there were other men who could blab for dear life's sake!

#### IV.

In 1707 came the union of the Parliaments, largely achieved through considerable bribes paid to the Scottish members.

Suspicion of his honesty deepening, Lovat was closely imprisoned in the Castle of Angoulêmes; but, in 1714, with his kinsman, Major Fraser, who, with only English and Gaelic, had sought him out and found him, he escaped.

The death of Anne and the distaste provoked by George I. reawakened the hopes of the Jacobites. Now or never seemed to be the time for the venture. The Chevalier James, though scarce of cash, was prevailed upon to face the issue, advised to go with what he could get or scrape. "Providence will do the rest." He had learned, however, to hesitate to trust either altogether in money or in Providence.

The Highland blades were, after all, to be his only reliable assets. Eight thousand of them were trembling to leap to battle for the sake of the old Stewarts who had sat upon the Scottish throne and won the romantic love of Scottish hearts. The Earl of Mar of that period—who, because he was a political wobbler of the most pronounced type, was nicknamed "Bobbing John"—having been snubbed by King George on presenting an address from the chiefs, began to scheme revenge for outraged pride. And on 6th September, in the Highland

wastes of Aberdeenshire, he unfurled the standard of revolt.

Lovat was then thought of by Government as being able, with the Earl of Sutherland and the Chief of the Grants, to make a diversion against Mar in the North, and it was amusing to him how they sought to pet him. He passed through many adventures on his way northward, but the quick wit of Major Fraser won him through it all. When they reached Culloeden House, they found that most of the Frasers had refused to follow to the field, so these were summoned to meet their chief. Lovat's reappearance at the head of his clan for King George entirely upset the calculation of both sides. His summons not only rallied the discontented Frasers, who remained at home, but brought home again two hundred of the clan two nights before Sheriffmuir was fought.

On 19th November, behind the Ochils, Argyle joined issue with Mar, and, after a bloody battle, full of uncertainties, Argyle retired, while Mar remained upon the field; but though neither side could claim the victory, it meant smash once more for the Stewart cause.

Had Lovat thrown in his lot with Mar, it would have been another story.

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### SOP AS GACH SEID.

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In this issue we are able to publish the Gaelic census for the county of Argyll. The figures convey a reliable impression of the state of Gaelic in Argyllshire. In many parishes the language appears to be still in a healthy state; and it is in such districts especially that most strenuous endeavours should be made to keep it strong and flourishing, so that the vitality and vigour of certain areas may impart something of their life to the less active parts. We consider that, with this end in view, the members of the Education Authority of the County of Argyll may find the figures helpful; and that they will see to it that, as far as lies in their power, they will faithfully endeavour to carry out the terms of the Gaelic clause in the Education Act of 1918. Let it be borne in mind, however, that the Gaelic people of Argyll themselves, the voters of the county, are the final trustees and custodians of the language. We cannot

impress this too strongly on every man and woman who has a vote in the county. Let them see to it that they use it effectively to defend and preserve their native speech. What is your representative on the Authority doing for Gaelic? Ask him that question.

### Prize Competitions.

We desire to draw attention to the paragraph in last number regarding the competitions for Gaelic articles, poems, and humorous anecdotes. A few contributions under these headings have already come in; and we shall be very pleased to welcome those which may be forwarded in the near future. We would remind all Gaels who can write their native language well, that a sacred duty rests on them to use their talent rather than bury it in the earth. Surely we have culture and capacity among our people; and why should we not endeavour to maintain our only magazine faithfully and efficiently by giving of the fruit of our thought. Please think the matter over; and do not leave this patriotic obligation to be borne by another, if you yourself are familiar with the language. We may not be able to do everything: but let us at least do what we can.

### "Of the Western Isles."

At the annual general meeting of the Royal Celtic Society in Edinburgh, a motion was brought forward protesting against the use of the words, "Of the Western Isles," attached to the title recently conferred on a certain parvenu. A rule of the Society provides that notice of motions must be given in some time beforehand. On this technical ground the motion had to be ruled out. But general indignation was expressed quite as vehemently as if the motion had been in order. An intense feeling on this matter is growing throughout Scotland, and among Scotsmen all the world over. We understand that the English "College of Arms" arranged the affair. Was our Lord Lyon King at Arms consulted in his office in Edinburgh? Only he has the right to arrange about such things in Scotland. There is an affront to our armorial officer, but this is only a small matter. There is a mortal insult to our patriotic sentiment and *amour propre*, to see a dignity that once belonged to our noble dead, and for that matter does pertain to a noble remnant who are still alive—let me not think of it—to see that dignity placed as it is.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

The mi nis a' t'oiseachadh air cuairtear-achd an da-rireadh, agus tha dùil agam dol thairis uair eile air meuran a' Chomuinn agus is dòcha cuir ris an àireamh. Air fheabhas an dealas 'sam misneach as fheard iad am brosnuchadh o 'am gu 'am. Bidh sgeul beag agam dhuibh air an ath mhios an uair a philleas mi às an airde tuath.

\* \* \*

Miss Mary Fraser, Ardbeg, Islay, was recently appointed to the post of assistant to the Secretary. She is rapidly acquiring knowledge of the many and varied duties which require constant attention in the office. Needless to say, Miss Fraser is a fluent Gaelic speaker.

\* \* \*

The syllabus for the Inverness Mod is now in type, and, after final revision, will be issued very shortly. In the Literary (Senior) Section there are three essay competitions, viz., "Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh: Her Life and Poetry," "Natural Dyes as used by the People of the Highlands," and "The Most Efficient System of Teaching Gaelic" (confined to teachers). A prize of £5 is offered for the best paper submitted in each of the foregoing competitions.

\* \* \*

The MacMillan prize of £5 is offered for the best collection of Gaelic Idioms. I mention these subjects here in the hope that some who may never think of applying for a copy of the syllabus may, in reading these lines, be prompted to make a first attempt at Gaelic essay writing. There must be many who are competent enough to treat one or more of the subjects mentioned in an attractive and scholarly manner. Let them come forward now and help. In no section of the syllabus are new competitors more welcome than in the section referred to.

\* \* \*

The Lady Margaret MacRae of Feòrlinn is offering a prize of £2 for the best collection of unpublished Gaelic songs (with airs) connected with the Kintail district. It is well known that a number of such songs are floating about this historic district, and collectors should get busy at once. Where difficulty is experienced in noting unpublished melodies, the collector should use a phonograph. It records more accurately. Traditional singers, by constant repetition,

are apt to vary, and the final notation, in consequence, may be different from the original.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Kennedy Fraser has again renewed her prizes for the best rendering of selected songs from her collection of "Songs of the Hebrides." The songs selected for this year's Mod are "Na Beannachdan" (The Joy Invocation) and "Cronan Cuallaich" (Uist Cattle Croon). These are obtainable in separate sheets. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser has generously increased the value of the second prize by offering a copy of Vol. III. of her collection in paper cover.

\* \* \*

The Thurso Branch of An Comunn is offering two prizes of £3 and £2 for the best singing of one of Rob Donn's songs. This is very appropriate, and I hope that the bard's native county of Sutherland will be well represented in this competition. "Iseabal Nic Aoidh" is so well known, and so often sung, that competitors should aim at bringing to our notice some of the bard's less known songs. Indeed, they will be considered to have failed in their duty to the donors, and to the cause, if they do not make the attempt. Competitors in the north should find no difficulty in securing the loan of Dr. Adam Gunn's edition (with music) of Rob Donn's poems, and those in the south will find it in any public library of note.

\* \* \*

In connection with the Perth County Provincial Mod, a meeting of the Aberfeldy Branch Committee was held on 24th January. Representatives in the various districts were nominated, and the draft syllabus approved of. Mr. Hugh MacLean is now in Aberfeldy, and will organise Gaelic singing classes in the district. Mr. Donald MacVicar is in charge of the Mid Argyll classes in connection with the Provincial Mod there.

\* \* \*

Mention has already been made here of the enthusiasm which the recent successful Mod at Fort William engendered in Lochaber. This was again manifest at a meeting of the Lochaber Branch, which the President, Mr. Robertson, addressed on 25th January. Miss Juliet Macdonald presided over a large audience in the Masonic Hall. The President's Gaelic address was listened to with great interest, and was much appreciated. The Rev. Mr. MacLeod, in moving votes of thanks at the close, spoke very effectively in Gaelic

The people of Banavie and Corpach, having expressed a keen desire to have a branch formed, I was able to attend a meeting in Banavie School on 26th January. The Rev. Mr. Crawford presided over an audience which completely filled the School. Late comers had to seek sitting accommodation in one of the side rooms. It was one of the finest gatherings it has been my privilege to address, and I have every confidence in the Kilmallie Branch making good. The Rev. Mr. Crawford is president, and Miss Campbell (retired teacher) secretary. Mr. MacAulay, headmaster, gives Gaelic instruction in school.

NIALL.

## SPEAKERS OF GAELIC, CENSUS, 1921.

	Total Pop.	Speaking G. & E.	Speaking G. only.	Percentage of Tot. Pop. G & E G only
Argyll County .....	76,862	24,624	564	32.0 0.7
Mainland Parishes ...	64,242	15,292	138	23.8 0.2
Insular Parishes .....	12,620	9,332	426	73.9 3.4
Ardchattan, Muckairn	2,272	1,023	14	45.0 0.6
Ardgour .....	538	350	9	65.1 1.7
Ardnamurchan .....	1,369	1,085	57	79.2 4.2
Campbeltown .....	8,663	464	—	5.4 —
Craignish .....	255	124	1	48.5 0.4
Dunoon and Kilmun	19,742	735	—	3.7 —
Glassary .....	2,986	1,323	3	44.3 0.1
Glenorchy and Inishail	1,086	596	2	54.9 0.2
Inveraray .....	1,103	334	—	30.3 —
Inverchaolain .....	428	91	—	21.3 —
Kilbrandon, Kilchattan	855	637	6	74.5 0.7
Kilcalmonell .....	1,716	426	1	24.8 0.1
Kilchrean and Dalavach	2,384	189	1	49.2 0.3
Kilfinan .....	2,199	344	—	15.6 —
Killean and Kilchenzie	952	344	—	36.1 —
Kilmartin .....	557	246	2	47.4 0.4
Kilmodan .....	229	73	—	31.9 —
Kilmore and Kilbride	7,324	2,514	—	34.3 0.2
Kilniver and Kilmelford	312	197	1	63.1 0.3
Lismore and Appin ..	3,787	2,079	20	54.9 0.5
Lochgoilhead and Kilmorich	982	141	2	14.4 0.2
Morven .....	590	359	4	60.8 0.7
North Knapdale .....	719	335	1	46.6 0.1
Saddell and Skipness	1,052	301	—	28.6 —
Southend .....	785	61	—	7.8 —
South Knapdale .....	2,576	696	1	27.0 —
Strachur .....	548	110	1	20.1 0.2
Stralechlan .....	233	97	1	41.6 0.4
Coll .....	383	270	10	70.5 2.6
Colonsay and Ornsay	284	236	5	83.1 1.8
Gigha and Cara .....	264	192	2	72.7 0.8
Jura .....	461	361	6	78.3 1.3
Islay—				
Kilchoman .....	1,899	1,509	79	79.5 4.2
Kildalton .....	1,616	1,184	28	73.3 1.7
Kilarow and Kilmenny	2,243	1,682	33	75.0 1.5
Mull—				
Kilfinichen and Kilviecheon	1,319	884	49	67.0 3.7
Kilninian and Kilmore	1,737	1,234	29	71.0 1.7
Torosay .....	698	477	5	68.3 0.7
Tyree .....	1,716	1,303	180	75.9 10.5

## COMHRADH EADAR OGANACH AGUS OISEAN.

Continuation of unpublished poem by the late Neil Macleod. It may be noted that this earlier composition (1868) is marked by force and energy, some part of which may have been exchanged for ease and polish in the bard's later work. All poets have different stages in the development of their poetic style.

OISEAN.

Nuair a shuidhicheadh euan agus talamh  
'S a fhuair iad gu barant an òrdugh,  
B' i Gàidhlig an compaisde daingean  
Chum stiùraidh gach teanga gu còmhraidh;  
Nuair a ghairmeadh gach creutair 's an  
chruinne,  
'S an ianlaith 'n am buidheannan còmhladh,  
Bha Adhamh le Gàidhlig 'g an sloinneadh  
A réir mar a thoilleadh an dòighean.

Bha a dlèab-se dìreach gun ghainne  
Aig na linn-tean do'm b'aithn i'n a h-eòlas;  
A maoin-se gu saor aig gach doras,  
A' traoghadh a searragan sòlais;  
Ràinig a h-àillidheachd sinne,  
Is dh'fhàiltich ar spiorad ó ar n'òige i;  
Bu lòchran 's an oidheche i gun mhilleadh,  
A' soillseachadh iomall gach ròid dhuinn.

Ach is nàrach do'n àl a tha nis ann  
Le'n d'fhàgadh mar lios l fo'n òtrach;  
An cànan a b'aird 'ann an bhèatan  
Bu shàbhailte gliocas gun dòlum;  
Bha 'seòmar an comhnuidh gun ainneis  
A' cuimhreachadh aimideachd fheòlmhor,  
'S ag ùrachadh intinn nan seanaer  
Gu brìghealachd seallaidh nach b'eòl dhaibh.

B'e an cruas leam a gruaidh a bhi smalach,  
Gun fhaighneachd an tionail na comhris,  
Da'm b'abhaist bhi dlùth air an toiseach,  
A sgaioleadh gach dosguin ó 'n comhnuidh;  
Gu buadhara, cruadalach, gaisgeil,  
Gun truaillleadh an taice ri mòrachd,  
'S cha chuala mi tionndadh le gealtachd,  
Na ghiùlan fo 'm brataich gun leòn i.

OGANACH.

Tha iongnadh ag aomadh gu m'aigne,  
Ri cluinntinn do bheachd is do chòmhradh;  
Ach tha aon ni bu mhiannach leam fhaicinn  
Na fhoghlum gu ceart ó do sheòladh;  
Cìod e chuir na treubhan so 'meatadh,  
'S a dh'fhàg iad cho lag agus brèidhe,  
'S an aon rud 'n ar tìr is 'n ar talamh  
'S a bh'ann nuair a b'fhallain ar còmhlain.



## OISEAN.

Tha na Gàidhail air claonadh ó 'naisle  
Is air aomadh gu laigse ann am móran;  
Thug iad riaghladh an duthcha 's am  
fearainn

Do shluagh do nach buineadh an chòir sin;  
Tha an àiteach air fàs ann an gainnead,  
Air ghaol an cuid bhan a bhì sporsail,  
Tha guanagan Gall' a'g gach fear dhiubh  
'S an luirgnean cho tana ri feòrnain.

Tha na raontan 's na shaothraich iad aran  
Aig caoirich gam malairet gu dòlum,  
Is laoch nach robh faoin anns an chabhaig,  
'G an saodach gu aineoil o an eòlas;  
Tha na sléibhteann fo threudan an mhonaidh,  
Tha féidh nan ceann corrach 'g an comhdach;  
Tha sealgairan Gall' air gach tulaich,  
An àite nan curaidh a b'eòl dhaibh.

Mu na tràthan a dh'àraicheadh mise  
Bha àrnuinn gun tuisleadh 'n an dòighean;  
Gun uabhar a buaireadh a fala,  
Nè uail a cur mearachd 'n an ròidean;  
Ach suaiceas le dualaibh, do-cheanaid,  
Is cruadal le bannan 'g an sprèdthach,  
A leumadh mar féidh air an fhreach  
Gu streap ann am mire na comhstri.

Ach thréig iad an spéis a bha cleachdte  
Do threubhan nam breacan ó 'n òige;  
Is ghéill iad do ghreidhneachas Shasainn  
'Chur réisean air fàidh ri 'n còta;  
Chaidh éis air an éideadh neo-lapach,  
Nach cun glaicheadh casan an t-seòrsa,  
Le am b'èibhinn am feile 's an t-osan  
Gu d'eadh ri dosan nam mór-bheann.

Fhad s' riaghlas an ghrian is an ghealach  
Bidh cuimhneachan barant an comhnuidh  
Air euchdan nan Gàidheal 's an charraid,  
Nach dìbreadh a' leantainn na tòrachd;  
Dh'fhàgadh iad àraichean falamb,  
Is dh'fhògradh iad ain-ìochd ó 'n eòlas,  
'S bhiodh féisde a'g farspaich an achaidh  
Mu shàltean an casan air feòlach.

Ach dh'ìarrainn gu dùrachdach sealladh  
Air ùrachadh cleachdaidhean m'òige;  
'S gu riaghladh an Ghàidhlig le aiteas  
Annas gach àite 'bheil beachd air a comhradh;  
Cha chionnadh ar friamhan 's an talamb,  
'S bhiodh blàth air gach meangan a' cròic-  
eadh,

'S na Gàidhail mar reultan gun sùalàn  
Nach dorchaicheadh faileas na sgleòan.

(A' Chrioch.)

## BOOK REVIEW.

"The Elements of Celtic Art," by Captain E. H. Carmichael, M.C. Published by An Comunn Gàidhealach. Price, 1/-. Postage, 2d.

Mr. Eoghan Carmichael's little book on "The Elements of Celtic Art" is all that it should be. In a very small space he has covered the field, given a sense of the meaning and value of the Art, and shown us its underlying principles. The English is lucid and easy, a great merit in a book of this kind—and a rare one. It is the work of an artist. The section dealing with interlaced patterns is of the highest utility, and if that chapter is mastered one is put in possession of a wealth of pattern that can be carried in the head and be at all times available for us. Here Mr. Carmichael has done a solid piece of research work, and all lovers of the Art must be grateful to him. We are redeemed from the fatuity of merely copying old work, and can start off on fresh artistic adventures of our own.

(Signed) JOHN DUNCAN, A.R.S.A.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

CAMPBELTOWN, KINTYRE.—This branch still flourishes, the membership being now 230 as against 180 last year. Last month a very eloquent and interesting lecture on Hebridean Song, with vocal illustrations by the lecturer, was delivered by the Rev. B. B. Blackwood, one of the vice-presidents, to a large and appreciative audience. On Old Hogmanay (11th January) the annual ceilidh, at which the President (the Rev. Norman MacKenzie) presided, was held in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance, the audience numbering nearly 300. Tea was served during the evening, and a fine programme of songs and recitations, both in Gaelic and English, Highland dances, and instrumental music, was contributed by the members, and the entertainment was rounded off with an impromptu dance, which brought in the old New Year. Next month Mr. Angus Robertson, the popular President of An Comunn, is to deliver a lecture on "Neil Munro," and later on there is to be a combined entertainment, consisting of a lecture by the President of the branch, the Rev. Norman MacKenzie, on "Highland Folk Lore," and a performance by members of the Gaelic comedy, "Reiteach Moraig." Mr. MacKenzie's evening Gaelic class in the Grammar School has again been well attended, and promises to be as fruitful of result as its predecessors. Nothing succeeds like success. This Gaelic outlier, which began in 1921 with barely a score of members, has more than justified its existence, and demonstrates how much latent sentiment, even in apparently unpromising localities, awaits development under appropriate stimulus.

LOCAL MODS.—The Gaelic cause in certain districts has been strengthened by the holding of local Mods, where competitions are held in singing Gaelic songs, and in reading and writing the language. In the course of the coming summer, a Mod of this description is to be held in Aberfeldy. The intention is, that Aberfeldy, being central for the Gaelic area in Perthshire, competitors from all parts of the county of Perth may come forward. We understand that a strong Local Committee will help to make the necessary arrangements; and the main credit for the

success of such gatherings has depended in the past on the enthusiasm of the Local Committees. Further information will be given in due time. The Celtic Union in the City of Edinburgh is also organising a Mod in Edinburgh in the month of May. The Rev. Duncan Macrae has been appointed Convener of the General Committee. There should be quite a good representation of competitors—junior and adult—from the City of Edinburgh and district. The competitions will be in two main classes, literary and musical, the latter to be both vocal and instrumental.

**KILLIN.**—The annual social gathering of this Branch took place on the evening of 26th January. There was a splendid attendance, and the meeting was the most successful ever held in connection with the Branch. The Gaelic element in the programme was very prominent. Gaelic songs, readings, and recitations were rendered with great acceptance. The future work of the Branch will undoubtedly be strengthened by the interest and enthusiasm created in the audience who attended this annual gathering. The office-bearers and committee are to be heartily congratulated.

**KINLOCH RANNOCH.**—Under the auspices of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, a most successful ceilidh was held on old New Year's Day, when there was a large attendance, the Jubilee Hall being filled. The President, Rev. J. C. Maclellan, was in the chair. After tea, the President delivered an interesting address. An excellent musical programme which was submitted was greatly enjoyed. A dance followed.

**TOBERNOCHY.**—The classes conducted by Mr. Hugh Maclean, music teacher for the Comunn Gaidhealach, were brought to a close on the evening of Friday, 12th January, when a concert was given in the Public Hall. Rev. Mr. Macphail, vice-president of the Comunn, presided over a large audience representative of the whole island. The gathering was opened with bagpipe selections played by Piper Hugh Brown, and the singing of the rallying song, "Suas leis a' Gaidhlig," by the choir and audience standing. The Chairman explained the objects of the Comunn, and also touched upon the love of the Celt for his native hills, his language, and his music. It was essential that the Highlander should not lose his identity, and towards ensuring this the mother tongue should be fostered through Gaelic song and music. The singing of the choir, as well as that of the soloists, was of a very high standard, and reflected great credit to the talented conductor. The Highland dancing and violin selections were well received. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem. A dance followed, which was well attended, and kept up with great zest for several hours.

**LOCHBUIE.**—This Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach had a very successful social on Friday, 12th January. Rev. P. H. Maclean presided over a large gathering of members and friends, who met in the Schoolroom, and a splendid programme of song and instrumental music was submitted, while during an interval in the programme an excellent tea was served by the ladies of the Committee. Songs were contributed by Mrs. Reid, Misses Margaret Macphail, Mary Macphail, M. Macfadyen, and B. Macintyre; Messrs. Ronald MacColl, Lachlan McLaine, A. Macphail, Neil Macfadyen, George Fairweather, Dugald Maclean, and Roderick McLaine. Interesting Gaelic readings were given by Miss A. B. Macphail and Rev. P. H. Maclean, while pianoforte selections by Mrs. Cormack, Glasgow, and violin selections by Mr. Neil

M'Fadyen received hearty applause. Mrs. Cormack ably accompanied the singers on the piano. In proposing votes of thanks to the ladies who served the tea, the Chairman urged all present to become members of the Friday Gaelic Reading Class, thereby taking advantage of a splendid opportunity given them of learning more and more of their native tongue. On the motion of Mr. A. Macphail, Cameron Farm, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Maclean for the very able manner in which he had carried out his duties as chairman.

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## An Comunn Gaidhealach Publications.

**Rosg Gaidhlig**—Specimens of Gaelic Prose. Circa 1000 A.D. to present day. Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, LL.D. 2s 6d, postage 6d.

**Bardachd Ghaidhlig**—Specimens of Gaelic Poetry (1550-1900). Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, LL.D. 3s 6d, postage 6d.

**An Solaraiche**—A Collection of Four Gaelic Essays for Advanced Reading. 1s 3d, postage 3d.

**Elementary Course of Gaelic**—(Reid's). Edited by NORMAN MACLEOD, M.A. 3rd Edition now ready. 2s, postage 3d.

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Leabhar XVIII.]

Am Màrt, 1923.

[Earrann 6.

### NA H-EILTHIRICH.

Chan eil ceàrn de urad anns an rìoghachd a choisinn buidheachas Bhreatainn mar a choisinn Leòdhas. Thug an t-eilean sin còrr is sia mìle fear do sheirbheis an Chrìuinn anns an Chogadh Mhór. Shaoileadh neach gum biodh e mar fhiachaibh air Uachdaranachd Dhreatainn a bhì deanamh oidheirp air sluagh cho duineal agus cho dileas a chumail anns an rìoghachd. Ach an àite sin is ann a tha mòran de an t-sluagh air an comh-éigneachadh a bhì cur an aghaidh air dùthchanan céin. Gun teagamh tha cor an t-saoghail aig an cheart am gu h-anshocair. Ach is bochd ri innse nach eileas a deanamh dìcheall sam bith air luchd àiteachaidh ar dùthcha a chumail an taobh a stigh de ar crìochaibh féin. Ann an ùine ghoirid tha ocd ceud de dh'òigridh Leòdhais a dol a dh'fhàgail am beannachd le Eilean an Fhraoich gu bhì a gabhail an turuis thar an chuain gu Canada. Agus ged a dh'innseas reusan duinn gur e sin fhéin is buanachdaile dhaibh air an cheann mu dheireadh, gidh-eadh is mairg do an dùthaich a tha a call a cloinne, agus is duilich dealachadh ris an òigridh air an mhòd so. Tha call ann dhuinne mar Ghaidhil, oir tha an tanachadh mòr a stor dhol am meud. Le cogadh is call, air muir is tir, agus a nis le cruadhs an fhortain, tha ar n-àireamh a dol nas lugha, tha an comunn a òl mu sgaol.

Chan eil ach bliadhna na dhà ó bha dùil aig daoine gun do dh'èirich griann an t-soirbheachais air Eilean Leòdhais. Bha dùil gum faigheadh an sluagh cothrom air an lù a chosnadh aig an dachaidhean fhéin gun bhì ro fhada an eisimeil neach eile; gum

biodh an mhisneach is an teomachd a tha dualach dhaibh ann an alt an iasgaich air an cur gu deagh bhuil; gum biodh margaidhean an taobh-deas air am fosgladh; gum biodh buanachd aimsireil aig sean is òg, agus gu rodh linn an àigh a dol a thighinn mu dheireadh. Chaidh iomadh dòchas a dhùsgadh, agus bha geallaidhean bréagha air an tabhairt. An déidh an chogaidh thill mòran air ais do'n Eilean an dùil gum biodh na geallaidhean sin air an coimhionadh. Ach is ann a bha na fir gu mòr air am mealladh. Chaidh na geallaidhean bréagha a chur gu seòlta an dara taobh air leth-seul faoin. Fhuair an sluagh a mach air an cosg gur ann a bha an gnothuch ri coigreach, a dh'iarraidh a thoil fhéin anns gach puing, ach a bha caoin-shuarach is tur-aineolach mu dhòighean is fearachaidhean nan Gaidheal. Mar thoradh air an gnothuch mhìshealbhadh air fad, chan eil aig ar comh-Ghaidhil ann an Leòdhas ach seirbhe agus mealladh, an uair a tha am fear a thug na geallaidhean a deanamh greim cho math is a dh'fhaodas e, air urram is glòir dha fhéin.

Ach ciod e an tairbhe dhomhsa bhì a sgrìobhadh, na dhuitse bhì a leughadh na duilleig so, mas ann a dol a shilleadh dheur a tha sinn? Is e is còrr dhuinn an diugh ach an òigridh ud a leantuinn le ar càirdeas is ar deagh-ghean. Cha dicheumhnich iadsan an Ghaidhlig an uair a théid iad thar an chuain. Tachraidh iad ri iomadh eòlach a labhras riu anns an chainnt mhàtharail. An uair a tha an Gaidheal air 'aineoil tha e fada nas dùthchasaile na tha e ann a dhùthaich féin. Is ann air an stéidh so a leagas sinn ar dòchas gu mair an Ghaidhlig anns gach ceàrn anns an do thog na Gaidhil an tuineachas.

Ach feumar am beothachadh is am brosnachadh aig an cheart am, agus tha sin nas farsuda a dheanamh an taobh thall de na cuantan, na tha e eadhon an Alba. Tha iunndrain an cridhe is an cuimhne 'g an treòrachadh air ais gu tìr is cainnt an òige is an gràidh. Cha do ghabh an Comunn beachd farsuing gu leòr air an chùis so fathast. Is e dleasdanas an Chomuinn a bhi ruigheachd gach ceàrn anns am bheil Gàidhail a tàmh. Is beag an anail a bheothaicheas lasair far am bheil an t-sradag bheò is an connadh tioram, sin ri ràdh, far a bheil Gàidhail a cruinneachadh an t-rean céin, agus far a bheil iomadh cuid-eachda ceangailte le gràdh dùthchasail. Sin far am bu chòir do theachdairean an Chomuninn, maraon do luchd-seinn is do luchd-òraid, a bhi 'neartachadh aobhar na Gàidhlig, agus a bhi 'dearbhadh do Ghaidhail anns na ceàrnaibh iomallach thar chuantan, gu bheil iad 'n am buill a tha a compàrtachadh ann am beatha is an dealas an Chomuinn air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir.

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### THE POSITION OF GAELIC.

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PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

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(Third Article.)

It will be instructive at this stage to give the facts regarding Ireland and Wales which were obtained by me from official sources in 1918, when I was helping to elaborate the argument in favour of the inclusion of a special Gaelic clause in the Education Bill for Scotland which was then about to reach the Committee stage.

#### IRELAND.

For Ireland the most recent statistics then available referred to the years 1915 and 1916. In 1915, then, the number of scholars in elementary schools who were receiving instruction in Gaelic was estimated at about 150,000, out of an average daily attendance of about 699,000.

Out of about 340 Intermediate Schools it was estimated that about two-thirds taught Gaelic. In 1916 the number of scholars examined in various grades was 11,176. Of these, 6,760 were examined in Gaelic, of whom 68.2 per cent. passed "with honour."

In 1915 there were in the Training Colleges 173 students receiving instruction in Gaelic, who underwent an examination for certifi-

cate of competency to teach Gaelic. Of these, 71 received the certificate. The total number of students in 1916 registered as qualified to teach Gaelic was 2,175.

At that time about half the total number of Inspectors of Schools possessed a knowledge of Gaelic. Six Inspectors were specially engaged in organizing, etc., instruction in Gaelic. It may be added that at this period special grants were being paid to schools in respect of instruction in Gaelic, and that the amount so paid in 1915 amounted to £9,800 10s 3d.

#### WALES.

In Wales a special grant used to be made for the teaching of Welsh. By 1918 this was merged in the ordinary grant, and the whole grant was made to depend upon the place of Welsh in the school satisfying the Welsh Education Department. Welsh is expected to be taught, to some extent at least, in every school in Wales.

Wales is divided linguistically into three divisions or districts:

- (a) Where Welsh is the common speech.
- (b) Bilingual parts—*i.e.*, parts where both Welsh and English are spoken.
- (c) Where English is the common speech.

In the first of these, and largely in the second, all infants are taught through the medium of Welsh exclusively. In the higher classes English is introduced gradually. The result is that every scholar can read and write his native language, and leaves school with a fair knowledge of English.

In the third class of district, where English is the common language, the process is reversed: the scholars begin with English and take up Welsh later. But here also it is expected that every scholar will have made a fair beginning in Welsh before leaving school.

Nearly all secondary schools in Wales teach Welsh. In these schools Welsh is expected to be the medium in teaching Welsh and Welsh literature always. In teaching Scripture and Welsh history, Welsh is made the medium where possible.

In the Training Colleges for Elementary Teachers practically every student takes Welsh. At Barry, the new Glamorgan Training College, every student takes Welsh, whether the language was known before or not. Students in training for work in Secondary Schools take Welsh if they are going to teach Welsh, not necessarily otherwise.



These statistics will perhaps come as a surprise to some of us; they certainly helped to impress the members of the Parliamentary Committee. They go to indicate the results of real earnest practical effort, based upon knowledge and a considered policy, with faith and national sentiment behind it. Since that time, so far as known to me, there has been no slackening either in Wales or in Ireland, but it is an easy matter for Education Authorities or for An Comunn Gaidhealach to ascertain for themselves what exactly are the present-day conditions in these countries. And if An Comunn Gaidhealach does this, the results of its investigations should get all the publicity possible. It would also be doing a great service if it were to secure the presence of a representative Welshman or Welshwoman at the Educational Conference which, as I understand, is proposed to be held at Inverness this autumn, who would explain the practical working of the Welsh system. The time has now arrived when some discussion of methods would be welcomed by teachers, and nothing would be more helpful than a frank statement of the methods in use in Wales. Later on, when Ireland has settled down, teachers in this country would no doubt welcome a similar statement from Ireland.

There can be no doubt, however, that the Welsh system, outlined above, is educationally sound in principle. That principle is that, granted that all instruction must be from the start in and through the mother tongue, different conditions require different treatment. With us, the scheme that is suitable for Lewis may not suit Lochcarron; the scheme for Skye may not suit Glen Urquhart, or Badenoch; the scheme for Tiree may not suit Kintyre, and so on. It would be ludicrous on the part of any Education Authority to attempt to impose a uniform scheme all over the area it administers. In view of this self-evident fact, it was rather disquieting to read, in the report of the recent Educational Conference at Perth, that "in the County of Ross a Committee is at present engaged in the drawing up of a uniform scheme of instruction which would be applicable to all schools." I have good reason, however, for believing that the Education Authority of my native county is not attempting anything so foolish, and that the report is incorrect. We in Scotland have to deal with precisely the same set of conditions as they have in Wales. We have districts where Gaelic is

the usual language, other districts where both Gaelic and English are spoken, and others where the usual language is English. The nature and the extent of the instruction in Gaelic will have to depend on the local conditions. The time may come when Gaelic will be taught even in English-speaking districts, as Welsh is taught in similar districts in Wales. In the meantime the requirements of the Act do not apply to such districts, and even if they did, they could not be carried out for lack of teachers.

It is encouraging to learn that already there are certain schools in purely Gaelic-speaking districts in which all instruction is given from the beginning in and through Gaelic, and it is still more encouraging to hear that the new system is working very satisfactorily. It may be taken as certain that the scholars of these schools will leave with a knowledge of English not less than they would have acquired under the old vicious system. If their fortunes are cast later in an English-speaking area, they will quickly master that language; if they stay at home, they will have some literary knowledge of Gaelic and enough English to serve their requirements.

The details of the last census are not yet available, but it is relevant to note some of the Gaelic statistics given for the census of 1911. The percentage of the whole population who spoke Gaelic then was:—For Sutherland 59, for Ross and Cromarty 61, for Inverness 59, for Argyll 45, and for Perth 7.

The percentage of the population who spoke Gaelic was as follows as regards districts:—

Ross and Cromarty—

(a) Insular Parishes, -	90.1
(b) Western Seaboard, -	85
(c) Mid Ross, -	48.6
(d) Easter Ross, -	29.8

Inverness-shire—

(a) Insular Parishes, -	91
(b) Mainland Parishes, -	36.7

Argyll—

(a) Insular Parishes, -	82.6
(b) Mainland Parishes, -	35.7

With regard to the Isles as a whole, there is the official note:—"The fact that in these parishes the proportion of children under school age able to speak Gaelic, but unable to speak English, remains as high as it was in 1901 (namely, 72.7 per cent.) is indicative that the use of Gaelic in the homes is as prevalent now as it was then, and, consequently, that there is little likelihood of Gaelic becoming a dead language for many years to come."

## AIR IUBHRACH NAM FONN LE COINNEACH MACLEOID.

“Cha'n eil e na's fhaide na choigreach ann an tìr chéin; troimh thonnaibh na h-Iar, tha e deanamh air geodha le bàta, far is minic 'na bhalach, a thug e leum-fhailcidh bho'n lamaraig air a' bheil ainm neomasach.”

Thainig mi tarsuinn air na faicil so—a'n cànan eile—le Coinneach Mac Leòid ann an oir-shoillse Orain nan Eilean. Cha chaill iad, airson sin, am brìgh le'n aithris, no idir an calg le aois. Cha'n ùghdair Mr. MacLeòid tha'n eisimeil cléiteig a'n dearga. Bha thiginn do litreachas mar churach bho uchd nan sgleò. Saoileam gu faic mi e, mar thaibhs ann a'n comraich, air Tràigh-nabigeil—co-ionnan ris an t-salamadair bho shean—a' cnuasachd slighe dha fhein. Ag iathadh ma mheamna thoraich

Bha bàrda nan duan ag aomadh  
Thar faoin thoirn an ceud clàrsach.

'Se lunn nan stuadh siar a dh'altrum “claidinn binn-sgeul nam bàrd” na aighe. Fhuair còmhthràth na h-òig' e is sùil spioradail 'na ghnùis. Cha ghuth na h-oidheche 'tha luaidh a dhàin, ach loc-lus gathan an t-Samhraidh. Buan ri alt na cùmhne, dh'fhosgail e air a' mhodh sin, slighe-fhuainneach nan clìar le ealain ùir; is Cluinnidh Goll a cheilair 'sa chèd.

Chunnaic e Gàidhlig 'sa ciabh ri làr: chaislich e ciudha le mheòrean teuma, is thog e a bathais ri osag bheothail Innis-nan-Og. Ma-dh'fhaoidte, nuair bhiodh neòil a' filleadh currachd-suain mu'n Sgùrr gu'n gabhadh esan fàth air duilleagan dìomhair an duibhre a bhreithneachadh. Dh'aomadh e cluas ri tolm a dh'èisdeachd ciùil-sithe 'sa bhrutha; ach bha shùil a-ghnàth air maighdean àille nan tonn, is i a' c'eadh a gruaig air sgeir-mhara.

“Gàir na mara! Gàir na mara!” tha toinnte 'na dhuain. Long a bhruadair tha seòladh siar le gaol is ionndrain. “Iomair do ràmh ri muir-tràigh . . . Iomair do ràmh ri muir-làn” bheir aidmheil air saoitreachadh ceann-uidhe. Is an uair a bhios am fudan-ach ri fadail na aonar air ionaidhean coimheach, bi a “bhruadar am fuar-bheinn a' chèd is fhuaran a' nuallan” 'na chluais, mar bho mhàthair-ghaoil a' cumail a sùla air cèum-seachrain a pàisde.

Cha'n e mulad no imcheist a bheir Coinneach MacLeòid a dh'ionnsaidh cnoc-a'-fhradhaire, ach geasa a' chuain. Leanaidh a shùil iomain an latha do Thìr-nan-Og.

Nuair a dh'uisgicheadh lochan-sgaoilte nan taibhs fa chomhair, bhiodh a chluas a' feitheamh air co-sheirm na mara. Ma thachras Pythagoras air cala na frinn, no gu'n tig cinneas air a chreideamh, bi a sgàile-san ann an Caolas Odrudrum a-meas cadal nan ròn, is “Nighean-an-da-luan-diag” le sonas 'na manadh. Nach dileas a chòir air an comraich?

Is esan toscarire nan tonn ann an da-rìribh. Oir tha gléus a bhriathrachais dlìgheach do gheasaibh an uideil. Tha duatharachd na mara 'na dhàin, 'na dhuain, 'na cheol 's 'na fhacail.

Tha drùidheachd eagnaidh anns a' cheann-pìnn aige. Co-dhiubh bhios e “latha is bliadhna leis na h-eòin” ann an coill no'n ealtainn, no riochdachadh “leannan-cuain” ann an “Tìr-fo-thuinn,” mothaichidh tu gu bheil sloman spioradail a' seirsreadh siubhail a smuainte. Doimhne 'gairm ri doimhne gheibh thu a'n “Duatharachd na Mara.” “Litreachas na beinne” cha dheilbh e 'na bheairt; oir tha i air a' gleusadh ri iomairt nan tonn.

Dh'fhàg bàird Gàidhlig a' mhuir 'san cuan leotha fhéin—bha iad 'nan cuis-eagal daibh—ach ghabh Coinneach MacLeòid ceann air an gnè-iomairt is rinn e, araon, diubh sgàthan-sgeòil is beò-chreutair. Ghiorraich e 'n t-aiseag duinn do dh'Eilean-uaine-na-h-òige. Is ma bhuilich an Dàn cluas-chiùil ort, togaidh e t-aighe dh'ionnsaidh lasgan nan téud ann an coisir nan nial. Dé cho èasgaidh 'sa laimhsicheas e “carbhad cuimir luath Chuchullainn!” Cha luaithe nì e deòraidh dhìot 's “An chlachan a bha!” na chumas e “Mac-Connachie” agad a' leith-sgiathail mar thamhasg a'n sgeòil an Ridire Munchausen.

Nach rùnach a chéilidh a chuireadh e seachad le Hans Andersen air dhaibh an orra-chuain a ghuidhe do dh'allaban duachnaidh chloinn-rìgh fo gheasaibh. Ach ged a tha caochladh an deachd a' sruthadh as an aona shùil-uisge, tha cìsradh an uidhe leathad na suain bho chéile. Bi na sgàilean aig Tor is Odain a biorachadh a dh'ionnsaidh àros-reòidhte na Tuath, is caithream an gloca a' dealgadh nan sgur-dheigheann mu'n cuairt; ach bi triall nan armunn aig Coinneach MacLeòid do Fhlath-innis na h-Iar, far a' bheil pògan Aenguis Oig a' tionndadh 'nan eòin cheileireach, is far a' bheil co-cheirm a' tùrlin bho sgéith-airgid na h-iarmaidt mar earrasaid aingeil air foghar suaimhneis.

Bheir e, air uairean, leum-maidne gu Teamhra le Pàdrùig; ach gheibh cìsradh na

h-oidhch' e a' far-chluais air aighear nan eas 'san àiridh, no a' gléusadh a ribheid ri sumaire nan stuadh mu chòsan Dhun-Sgathaich. Tha cruth-smuaintean trang, trang. Ach tha iteachan-deilbh na h-inntinn aige ghnàth bho thoradh an t-Soisgeil. Ged a phaisgeas e crios-neimh, aig àm, mu'n Trianaid, tha barr-guc a dhòchais ann an liosradh na bi-bhuantachd. Chaidh a dheochas an feothas cha obaig 'sa mheomhraich e rùn na cléir-fhìllich.

Cha'n'eil òran no òraid a léugh mi riamh bho'n pheann aige nach do ghearan mi air an giorad. Is mar a thuir a' Mòraire Mac Aulaidh ma Iain Milton: *The sight of his works, and the sound of his name are pleasant to us.*

Bi sinn uile toigheach air cluaintean Eilean mo chridh; is an uair a bhios Long Bhàn a bhruadair a' fuaradh siar mar bu ròs, cuimhnichidh sinn air Ailleachd Chalum-Chille mun toir sinn cùl ri Gleann nan Druidh. . . . Bi meall 'san ugan nuair a thig dreug 's an adhar, 's a chi sinn sealladh-cuain ma dheireadh air ùghdair ar tlachd, tràth mun leagar na siùil-òir bho chrann, ann an cala shuaimhnic Innis-nan-Og.

AONGHAS MAC DHONNACHAIDH.

## THE STORY OF "CORCUR."

BY DONALD A. MACKENZIE.

Author of "Ancient Man in Britain,"  
"Egyptian Myth and Legend," etc.

A great deal of important work remains to be done in the comparative study of Gaelic folk-lore. The field is a virgin one, and there is room for many workers. I am convinced that one of the ultimate results of this particular branch of study would be to extend an interest in the Gaelic language, which is a rich storehouse of old-world lore of undoubted historical value.

Gaelic speakers are using daily words which preserve, like flies in amber, ancient beliefs, ancient historical happenings, and ancient cultural influences that drifted into the land of our ancestors. Let us take, for example, the colour-term, "corcur," the modern meaning of which is "crimson," and find where it leads us. MacBain gives the Old Irish form as "corcur," signifying "purple." This is the Q-Celtic form of the word surviving in Welsh as "porphor," and

it is of common origin with the Latin "purpura."

In the "Book of Ballymote" is found the stanza:

"Mottled to simpletons; blue to women;  
Purple to Kings of every host;  
Green and black to noble laymen,  
White to clerics of proper devotion."

The sexes and the classes had distinguishing colours in dress, and purple was the royal colour. It is also found that the Milesians were divided into classes, the colours of which were "brown, red, and purple." The "lenas," or "purple girdles," of the earlier Gaelic tales, were held in high estimation, and were worn by royalty.

In Ireland and Scotland purple dye was, until recently, obtained from certain lichens. But it is obvious that the name of the colour did not come from any plant, but from the original source of purple, the murex shell. The point arises whether the ancient Gaels found the purple-yielding plants, which were substitutes for shell-purple, before or after they settled in Scotland and Ireland. Principal Laurie, Edinburgh, has solved this problem. He has found that the purple used in the old Gaelic manuscripts was shell-purple. In the Irish kitchen middens and in the broch of Keiss in Caithness, broken purple-yielding shells have been unearthed. Evidently the ancestors of our people searched for and found purple-yielding shells, and attached a religious value to the colour purple. Bede notes that purple-yielding shells were found in England, and he commends the shell dye.

The ancient Gaelic people coloured the airts. The north was black, the west dun, the south white, and the east purple. They connected the north with winter, the west with autumn, the south with summer, and the east with spring. The north is on the left, the south on the right, and the west behind, while the east, which is in front, is evidently the ancient sacred airt. Fordun, who has mixed up Celtic and classical lore regarding the cardinal points, informs us that Paradise was a mountain in the east. The cult which believed in this Eastern Paradise was obviously in conflict with the one which believed in the floating island or islands in the west. There was a Gaelic "cult of the east" and a Gaelic "cult of the west." In Ancient Egypt these two cults are found to be in conflict in the earliest Pyramid texts, which date back till about 3000 B.C. The original "cult of the east"

was that of the sun-worshippers, while the "cult of the west" was that of Osirins, who was known as the "First of the Westerners."

Did the ancient Gaelic people, at some period in their history, come under the influence of religious cults that had their origin in Egypt or elsewhere? How came it about that they attached a religious value to purple, regarding it as the greatest and most potent of all colours, so that it became the colour of spring, of the east, of Paradise, and of kings? A solution of this problem cannot be found by confining our attention to Gaelic evidence alone. It would be rash on our part to credit our ancestors with spontaneous ideas relative to shell purple. These ideas are precisely the same as those that obtained in the Aegean area at a remote period—long centuries before the earliest Celts reached Western Europe. The history of shell-purple symbolism can be traced on the shores of the Mediterranean. So far as our knowledge goes, the Cretans were the first to extract purple from certain sea-shells. The Phoenician traders exploited the purple industry, and searched far and wide for purple-yielding shells. As purple was scarce, it became very costly, and was used, to begin with, mainly by kings and priests. Both the Greeks and Romans regarded purple as a royal colour. "Its use," writes Mr. J. Wilfrid Jackson, "was forbidden to the common people, and laws were made inflicting severe penalties, and even death itself, upon all under the dignity of an emperor who should presume to wear it."

The ancient Gaels, who regarded purple as a sacred and royal colour, were evidently at one time in touch with the prospectors who visited distant shores and searched for purple-yielding shells. These shells were "worth their weight in gold" in the days of old. There was then a psychological motive for the search for purple-yielding shells, and it is evident that the ancient inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland learned to appreciate the value of purple-yielding shells from those intruders who had attached a religious value to them. Then our ancestors acquired the habit of searching for the shells themselves.

It would appear, however, that the purple-yielding shells were searched for before the fair Celts reached Britain and Ireland. The broken shells in the Irish "kitchen middens" date back to pre-Celtic times.

(We have pre-Celtic as well as Celtic blood in our veins.) Indeed, there is evidence that purple was appreciated by the people who erected megalithic monuments. Some of the Irish "kitchen middens" are associated with rivers in which pearls are found. The ancient prospectors who searched for purple-yielding shells also searched for pearls, for gold, for silver-lead, for tin, for copper, for jet, for amber, etc. Pearls, like purple-yielding shells, had a religious value. One of the Gaelic names for the pearl is "neamhnuid," and MacBain notes that the root is "nem" or "neamh" (heaven). From the same root comes the names of a goddess, a grove, sacred land, a church ("nemed"), etc.

Purple-yielding shells were difficult to find. The motive for the search for them in this country came, like the beliefs connected with purple, and the Celtic word for purple, from an outside source.

When the purple-yielding shell is broken it exudes a milky fluid, which, on exposure to sunlight, becomes first a bright yellow, then a pale green, then bluish, and finally a purple red. As it changes colour, the fluid gives off a garlic-like odour.

Before shell-purple was discovered and used, other fluids were regarded as of great religious value. The history of purple symbolism begins, as can be shown, with a set of highly complex Oriental beliefs of great antiquity. It is of special interest to find that the beliefs and customs connected with shell-purple in Gaelic are the same as those that existed in the Eastern Mediterranean area.

I am informed by Mrs. Carmichael, widow of the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael, that a knowledge of shell-purple and the methods of using it existed in the Outer Hebrides during her residence there. She heard the people tell that the floor of the ocean was supposed to be covered by a particular variety of purple-yielding shell, and that at a certain season these shells were loosened and washed ashore. This evidence is of great importance, because it accords with the evidence of Principal Laurie, who examined the ancient Irish manuscripts and found that the monastic scribes used shell-purple, and with the evidence from the Caithness broch where broken shells, similar to those from Irish "kitchen middens," have been unearthed. Evidently shell-purple was used by the broch-builders, and by those very early prospectors who in Ireland searched for pearls and precious

metals which had a religious value. It is quite possible that the builders of megalithic monuments on the West Coast, and in the Hebrides, were engaged in the shell-purple industry, which was an important one in ancient times.

This is a long story about a single Gaelic word, but it does not exhaust the subject. It shows, I think, that the Gaelic language and Gaelic folk-lore will yield important evidence to investigators of the early history of the British Isles. It is to be regretted that archæologists and historians have neglected Gaelic material. The former have for long been discussing Celtic remains without reference to Celtic evidence. The important problems of the past, however, are not to be solved by guessing. We must have proofs and reasoned opinions for some of the views that obtain in archæological circles. "I think this" and "I think that" will never do. We've had enough of theories, and we have need of facts.

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#### LOVAT OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

BY LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D.

#### V.

James the Chevalier now saw that the failure of his enterprise largely having arisen through the hands of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, whom he had snubbed in France, tried to win again his favour, for Lovat was still at heart a Jacobite. Of course, for the present, the affair ended in smoke; and James and Mar had to leap upon the sea, flying full-sail for France. And, of course, Lovat's service against the Jacobites was not forgotten by the Hanoverians. He had won his pardon and security for his title and estates, but he still had an eye to the Stewarts. So, with his tongue in his cheek, he wrote more than one memorandum recommending the disarming of the Highlanders, and a wonderful farce in this direction was carried out, wretched obsolete weapons being handed over by the clansmen, and a good trade in old muskets with Holland actually going on while it lasted. The War Office of the period must have had as blind an eye and as thick a head as any of modern times. But Lovat's wily tongue got in behind everybody and dragged them past the weak

places. Even in quarrels his acuteness saved his face. For example, Sir William Gordon and he had such a hot time of it that a meeting was fixed, while they were in London, for a duel, but a mysterious man with a loaded gun came on the ground and threatened to shoot whichever of them began first. It was found out afterwards that he had been engaged to do this work by Lovat himself.

Now, Fate's revenge had turned the tables. Lovat had a pension of five hundred pounds awarded to him, with constant admission to the king's presence, to the great mortification of the Duke of Athole, his foe. But he could not rest satisfied with good luck and try to be honest. So he next enticed young Seaforth to enter upon the futile affair of 1719, and afterwards got his own letter, so that he could burn it, in order that he might still profess loyalty to King George! Here, it ever, was a man riding two horses at one time, sitting on two stools, needing all his skill and craft lest he came to the ground between them.

Seaforth, of course, was forfeited; but his clan would not pay their rents to any but their chief. Murchison, Seaforth's factor, regularly collected the money and gave receipts. You can see Landseer's famous picture of this in the National Gallery in Edinburgh.

In 1744, General Wade sought counsel of Lovat, who applied his clever brain and pen to memorials, urging the raising of Highland Independent Companies to act in the glens as a kind of military police. This was the origin of the famous "Black Watch." It was a bit of the old chief's duplicity, that he was getting three or four pounds a head for his old and worn-out clansmen whom he shoved into this service, while at the same time having trained at government expense a band of his younger men who might be useful against the government in the needs of a later day.

#### VI.

In 1730 he had become involved in the cruel abduction of Lady Grange, the wife of the brother of Lord Mar. Lady Grange was a daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, a dark-souled impetuous man who murdered Lord President Lockhart. It was remarkable that she should have married Lord Grange, who succeeded him whom her father had murdered. Grange was a double-dyed hypocrite, openly a Covenanter, spending, as he pretended, nights of prayer while they were nights of debauchery,



and being a judge under the Hanoverian government while he was in secret pledged to Jacobite intrigue. In her evil temper she had threatened to expose him to government; but she was snatched up from the streets of Edinburgh by some of Lovat's clansmen, and carried away to Heiskar, a lonely island to the west of North Uist; thereafter she had to face years of captivity at St. Kilda, where only the catechist knew any English. After wandering exile for fifteen years, some of which she spent as a gibbering imbecile in Macleod's country, she died, and was buried at Trumpan, in Skye.

And now Lovat lived amongst his people the life he loved, a great Highland lord, the father of his race. There was an understatement of debauchery, yet a large exercise of characteristic hospitality. Ferguson the Astronomer visited Castle Downie and saw his manner of life. Sometimes four hundred people were sleeping on straw in the ground-floor of the castle; sometimes four or even six men were hanging by their heels on the trees at the door. At the head of the table, with the chief, sat the neighbouring lairds, somewhat lower down sat the *duin' uasals* or gentlemen, and towards the door and outside of it the ruck of ragged Frasers quarrelling over crusts.

By 1737, however, his Jacobite leanings were being openly discussed again, and in 1738 he took the oath of the allegiance, and next year helped to form a secret Jacobite Association, as he was promised a dukedom of Fraser.

In 1745 Charles Edward, the beautiful prince who charmed the Highland hearts by the tartan, landed in the West Highlands. He was tired of plots that ended in nothing. "Here's deeds for you," he cried, and with the "Seven men of Moidart," he flung himself into Scotland. Lovat was to be a spy then on the Jacobites, but he wavered. He could not make up his mind which side to serve. He thought even of going into France for a change of air. But the Highland fire was kindling round about him; the heather was crackling with enthusiasm; so he sent his son with his clansmen, and thought he would save himself, his title, and his lands. But as he went on wavering, he made others waver. He laid himself open to the suspicions alike of the Hanoverians and the Jacobites, while all the time Duncan Forbes of Culloden was watching him, trying to hold him back, to save him. Arrested on suspicion by Lord Loudon, he escaped by a backway from the house in

Inverness, where he was shut up, and took to the wilds of his own country. Begged to come and throw his influence in with the Jacobites, when he might even yet have saved the situation, he hesitated. At the same time he was an outlaw from the government. His acuteness was blunted. So he lost on both sides. For both doors were shut suddenly upon him. Culloden came, and the Highland army was trampled in its own blood under the cruel anger of the bloody Cumberland, and Lovat could shelter himself nowhere.

So Lovat, who could not even walk, was carried away to hide first in Glenstrathfarar, and thence to an island in Loch Morar. For about a month he evaded all pursuit, but at length, through treachery, he was caught, like the fox he was, hiding in a hollow tree. Carried on a litter to London, he was tried by his peers, the chief witnesses against him being Robert Fraser, his own secretary, and Murray of Broughton, the secretary of Prince Charlie, one of the most notable traitors known in the history of human enterprise. It is recorded how a cloaked figure used to come late at night on mysterious business to Sir Walter Scott's father's house, till the curiosity of Mrs. Scott was awakened, and she brought in a cup of tea to each of them. Going in after the visitor had left, her husband lifted the window and threw out the cup Murray had used. "It was Murray of Broughton," cried he, "and none shall ever use the vessel that has touched the lips of such a traitor!"

There was, of course, one issue, and one alone—death on the scaffold, the end of all his subterfuge, the finish of all his schemes and foresight. At first he tried to see if by his flattering tongue he might lick out a way of escape for himself. He wrote soothing phrases to Cumberland, he lied like a Trojan, with flatteries and compliments to all around him. But when the end came, and it was to be a face-to-face meeting with death, all his hypocrisies fell from him, and he stood up a strong and wonderful man. His wit and humour, the sharp edge of his tongue, came to his aid. Having heard his sentence to the end, he bowed to his judges, and said: "Farewell, my lords. And I am afraid it will be an eternal farewell, for I do not think you or I will ever meet in the same place again."

He joked the Major of the Tower on the morning of his execution. "I am going where there are few majors, and where no

lieutenant-generals come." As he smoked his last pipe, he knocked the ashes out, and said: "Aye, aye, gentlemen, the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco."

He openly acknowledged himself as a Roman Catholic. "But," said he, "I have charity for all mankind."

He had to be helped by two strong men to climb the scaffold. Looking round upon the crowd that had gathered to see this most notable Scottish lord die, he said: "There is a great bustle about the taking off of an old man's head." He took the axe, and felt the edge of it with his finger. And then a trace of the old learning he had received at Aberdeen came into his mind. And with the line of Horace, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," on his lips, he laid his head upon the block, and ceased suddenly for evermore to be a factor in any earthly politics.

He was a born traitor and deceiver. He cheated both sides that trusted in him. He

never had a steady footing in anything. Yet, as has been truly said, "though he lived like a fox, he died like a lion." Fawning with one hand on the Hanoverians, with the other beckoning to the Stewarts, he walked into the pit he himself had dug and forgotten about, and stumbled right through it into Judgment Day.

Was the wage worth the labour? Was the labour worth the wage? If you want the wage the world cannot give, and never can take away from you—if you want to carry a clean hand and a true heart home to God, keep in the way of honour, straight, steadfast. To play with dishonesty is to risk the quagmire and the quick-sands, and the sudden vision of all your labour thrown away in the bitterness of the last hour of exposure, when the lie you trusted in runs from you, and the honour you sold cannot stand up and plead for you.

Such was the experience of Judas Iscariot and Simon Lovat; and such will be yours if you follow the course they chose.

### MAIGHDEAN COIS A' BHILE.

One of the prescribed songs for Perth County Provincial Mod, to be held at Aberfeldy on 29th June.

(Rinneadh an t-oran so le Domhnall MacGhriogair do Chatriona Mheinn an Cois a' Bhile, laimh ri Obairpheallaidh.)

KEY C.

{ : d.m | s : -f | m : s | s : l | d' : -d' | m : - | r : -d | d : - | - }  
'S ro mhuladach, neo-àghmhor, Mo chàradh 'san uair s',

{ : d' | d' : m' | r' : d' | d' : t | l : s | l : - | d' : -l | s : - | - : - }  
An deidh mo leannain fhàgail, 'S a' bhràighe so shuas;

{ : s.f | m : d | m : s | d' : - | r' : -d' | t : -l | l : s | s : - | l : - }  
Gur i mo chruinneag ghaolach, Tha gruidhean mar an caorann, Mar

{ : -d | d : d | r : m | f : - | s : f | m : - | r : -d | d : - | - : - }  
ùbhlan air bhàrr chraobh dheth Nach fhaodar am buain.

Ma's e fear thig ri d'chàirdean  
Is dacha do thoirt uam,  
Nach truagh cho fad 'sa bha mi  
'Gad thàladh gun bhuidh!  
Ma's e 's gun d'rinn thu m'fhàgail,  
'S gur e fear eile 's àill leat,  
Nach b'fhearr dhuit innseadh tràth dhomh,  
Na fàs rium an gruaim.

Ma's e 's gun d'rinn thu m'fhàgail,  
'S gur fhearr leat fear ùr,  
Gun robh gach sonas àrd a'  
Cur blàth air do chrùn;

'S mo dhùrachd fear as fhearr dhuit  
Bhios fearail, toirteil, bàigheil,  
'S a chumas tu bho ànradh,  
Le càirdeas is m'òirn.

Ach e'ait am bheil r'a fhaotainn  
Bean aogais mo luaidh?  
Cho fogsarr' ris an fhaòileig  
Air aodann nan stuadh;  
Gu coibhneil, eridheil, seòlta,  
'S i 'shliochd nan daoine còire :  
Nis eriochnachaidh mi m'òran,  
An dòchas a buain.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "GAILIG."

Sir,—I am bound to submit that Dr. Watson's somewhat untenable dicta on "Gàilig"—the adopted new name of An Comunn's magazine—surprise me. To this extent, I am equally bound to defend the decision of the Publication Committee. Dr. Watson is surely unmindful of a very essential consideration: that organisations as well as grammar have rules to be abided by. "Gàilig," as a name, is not "mis-spelled." That is the deliberative finding of those who were constitutionally appointed to deal with the question of a change of title.

Now, the learned Professor himself has bludgeoned more usages in his own "Rosg Gàidhlig" than most writers, but I am not cavilling at his editing in that respect: he chose expediency. So do we. His reference to Professor Mackinnon may be quite sound; yet I would fain believe that Alexander Macdonald's contributions to the language have been intensely more fruitful than a "Catalogue of Gaelic MSS." Alexander Macdonald, I read, was a classical scholar. Take Eobhan Mac Colla, likewise a relatively educated writer; Niall Mac Neill; Archibald Sinclair, in his *Roimh-ràdh* to "An t-Oranaiche"; Alexander Stewart, the grammarian, who insinuatingly writes *Gàlic*; Norman MacLeod in "Leabhar nan Cnoc," and, by the way, uses *Gaelach* in "An Teachdaire"; Duncan MacFarlane, also Pàdruig Mac Pharlain, together with many another author of enduring creative works—and I find them using the spelling selected by the Committee.

May I further interpolate that Prof. MacKinnon considers Mac Mhaistir Alasdair and Dugald Buchanan, two of the greatest Gaelic men since Ossian, Dugald Buchanan assisted Dr. Stewart with his Gaelic productions. R. A. Armstrong largely followed Dr. Stewart and Dr. Smith for his orthography. Armstrong gives *Gaidheilg* as a lexicographer, but writes *Gàilig* in his dedication. The Highland Society's Dictionary gives *Gaelig*, but, I believe, "Gaidhlig" as an alternative.

So much, indeed, were the pioneers of our literature impressed in this direction, that the compilers of MacLeod and Dewar's Dictionary record their opinion in no ambiguous terms: "There appears no good reason why this word should not be written GAILIG, a spelling more agreeable to the pronunciation than any other, as also to the rules of the spelling, and"—mark the rest—"the general structure of the language."

Would Dr. Watson have us go back to the old Gaelic spelling? Why, then, does he give an electric welding to two words in one voltage, such as "chan," "ata"? Or is he lured by the quiescent consonants of Bishop Carswell's "Gaoidheilg"? Poets and the litterati beget the soul of a language and express its form. English is more the gainer by Shakespeare than Roger Ascham, although Queen Bess would have thrown £10,000 into the sea rather than lose the author of the "Schoolmaster."

Need I say that to use a title without a qualification does not justify Dr. Watson's apotheosis. A cursory knowledge of a newsagent's list would give him from *Eve, Fairplay, M.A.P. to Supervising Hobbies and Light*, etc., etc.

I believe An Comunn will have lost the best part of £2,000 on "An Deò-greine." Something, therefore, had to be done to amend matters; and I submit, with all respect, that if Dr. Watson had really perused the vindication of the action of the Publication Committee, so lucidly set down by its Convener, he would not confine us so readily to the

stocks in the Glacial period. In any case, if and when corrections are presumably implied, I should expect them to be administered in the responsible quarters.

ANGUS ROBERTSON.

Glasgow, February, 1923.

[Note.—Further correspondence on this and other subjects has been received, but the Editor regrets that owing to lack of space the communications cannot be published.]

## LEANNAN-SITH.

Bha bean-shith an de 's a ghleannan,  
 Bean nan cìbhan òir 's nam meal-shul,  
 'S thug i dhomhsa briathra guala,  
 'Thog 's a leag 's a bhruain mo chridh:  
 A chuir beatha 's bàs am mhannadh,  
 'S a chuir ceò air muir is tìr.

Bhuain i dhomh-sa céir na meala,  
 Suthan-làir is blàth nam meangan;  
 Dh'ith mi'm biadh nach fàs a talamh,  
 Dh'òl mi'm fion a ruagas sìth,  
 Phòg mi sùilean ciùine tairis,  
 'S laidh an ceò air muir is tìr.

B'uaire cùbhr an sìthean falaich,  
 'S b'fhada bhuainne fuaim a bhaile,  
 Ceòl a gàire siabadh tharum  
 Nach tog fiodhal, cruil, no piob,  
 Ceòl a bhuair mo shuain 's mo chathris.  
 'S a chuir céo air muir is tìr.

'S buan a chuairt, is fuar am monadh,  
 Bior a ghaol a chaoidh gam ghomadh;  
 'S truagh mo chàs an tòir air sonais,  
 Sìth-bhean òg thar monadh 's frìth,  
 Bean an òir-fhuil 's nan sùl-corrach,  
 A chuir céo air muir is tìr.

Tòir a bhlaiths bha'n raoir 's an teallaich,  
 Tòir nam blàth a dh'fhàs 's a dh'fhannaich,  
 'S dùth dhomh 'n tòir, gun dùil ri sealladh,  
 Luath no mall, a bhos no shìos;  
 Phòg mi beul nach cuimhich gealladh,  
 'S laidh an ceò air muir is tìr.

Bha bean-shith an de 's a ghleannan,  
 'S bhrachd an ceò air saoghal mo mhaireann,  
 Fìridh grian gu àirde fìaitheis,  
 'S laidh i le faoil 's an iar,  
 Ach 's ionnan domh-sa oidhch' is latha,  
 Bho'n a thréig mo leannan mi.

IAN MAC AN ABA.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Ma's fhiach mo bharail-sa is i so Bliadhna Mhòir na Gàidhlig. Eadar Mòdan beaga is Mòdan móra bidh an Samhradh 'na aon chuairt Mhòdan, dhomhsa co-dhiubh. Bhiodh am barrachd ann nan robh fear-ciuil no dha eile againn, oir tha Muile, An t-Eilean Sgitheanach agus Loch Aillse ag iarraidh seirbhis fear-ciuil. Feumaidh sinn strì a dheanamh fa chomhair bliadhna eile gu luchd teagaisg fhaotainn. Tha gach àite ag iarraidh Uisdean ach chan urrainn dhàsan, ged robb e na bu shùmhlaiche na tha e, a bhì 'sa h-uile h-àite.

\* \* \*

A meeting of representatives from the Mid Argyll branches was held at Lochgilphead on 29th January. It was unanimously decided to devote two days to the Mod proceedings—Juniors on 26th June and Seniors on 27th June. A concert will be held each evening, the programme to be sustained by the choirs and prize-winners. Mr. MacVicar, singing master, is having large classes. At Ardrishaig he has an adult class of 53 members, and at Lochgilphead the attendance is much larger than last year.

\* \* \*

The syllabus for the Inverness Mod is now issued, and one more competition has been added since I last referred to the syllabus here. Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach is offering £6 in three prizes for the best rendering of an unpublished Skye song the air of which need not be unpublished. Skye, as every student of Gaelic knows, has been, and is yet, rich in Gaelic poetry. I shall be pleased, with the help of some Skye friends, to verify or otherwise any songs submitted to me.

\* \* \*

The test song for Senior Choirs is the "Raasay Lament," arranged by Professor Granville Bantock. "Luinneag MhicLeoid," one of the prescribed songs in the Ladies' Gold Medal Competition, is printed on the same sheet as the Oran Mhóra. Competitors will find this convenient in view of the fact that aspirants for the medal must also sing an Oran Mór. "Oran Mór Mhic 'ic Alasdair," by Ailean Dall, one of the men's medal songs, will be published with music in our next number. The words are from "Sàr obair nam Bàrd."

Some copies of the Junior Choral Music have been sent to probable entrants. The songs for the part and unison competitions have never before, so far as I am aware, been sung at a Mod, and we are very much indebted to Miss Frances Tolmie for permission to use songs from her collection of folk songs. Anyone desirous of possessing a copy of these five songs may have same from Messrs. MacLaren, Glasgow, price four-pence nett.

\* \* \*

There are two competitions which I should like to see well represented. These are the acted dialogue in the Junior Oral Section and the reciting of the competitor's own composition in the Senior Oral Section. A number of Gaelic-speaking children have already acted in plays, and the chance of competing is now afforded them. If three couples come forward it will prove one of the most interesting competitions at the Mod. Mr. Hector MacDougall is the donor of the prizes in the other competition. It is expected that the pieces will be specially composed for the occasion.

\* \* \*

Members of the Mod Local Committee at Inverness are sparing no effort to make the 1923 Mod a success. Halls have been selected for the various events, and a circular appealing locally for donations towards the prize fund have been distributed. As at Fort William, the arrangements are for four days, commencing on Tuesday morning, 25th September, with junior oral and solo competitions.

\* \* \*

I regret having to record the deaths of three of our members—Donald Thomson, Tonapat, Nevada, U.S.A., a native of Machrie, Arran; Mrs. MacGibbon, Aberfoyle, and the Rev. Donald Macfarlane, Gigha. Mrs. MacGibbon for many years was as regular at the Mod as any of the officials. The late minister of Gigha presided over the meetings of the branch there since its formation, and was beloved by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. An evening at the Manse was a pleasure never to be forgotten.

\* \* \*

It has been arranged that a deputation from the Education Committee will meet with the Bute Education Authority in Glasgow on 7th March, and with the Sutherland Education Authority on Wednesday, 28th March. The meeting with the Perth Education Authority took place on 28th February.

NIALL.

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

It ought to be emphasised that the number of contributions for prizes in prose and verse has been rather small as yet. Attention is again drawn to this department. The literary endeavours of our Gaelic writers ought to be directed to the only Gaelic magazine which is now being published; and we trust that our Gaelic public may have no reason to complain of the scarcity of good Gaelic material. The native gift for narrative has surely not departed, nor yet has the native muse taken wings and fled; and as certainly the faculty for discerning the amusing contrasts of life has not forsaken the present generation. Descriptive sketches of familiar scenes and occasions in Highland life afford a suitable theme. It sometimes happens that the interest of a narrative consists, not so much in the subject matter, as in the happy manner in which it is related. Send us, therefore, an account of wedding or market, of a witty saying or a ludicrous situation. Or, if a more serious topic be more congenial, please let us have the benefit of your meditations.

### "THE GAELIC RACE."

The magnificent oration of Sir John Lorne Macleod, G.B.E., LL.D., ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh, at the annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, is worthy to be treasured by every Gael. Sir John is a Gael of whom we may be proud. Towards the end of his speech, he said: The master contribution of the Gaelic race in Scottish history was the achievement of national unity, the welding together of the various separate parts into a united whole, and the settlement of the geographical boundaries of the country as they existed to-day. They made the divided elements into a political state, they gave their name to Scotland, they gave their royal line to the country, and they could boast that the same blood still continued in the throne of the British Empire. The same branch of the race gave the Christian religion to the country. An interesting study was the influence of religion in promoting nationality, and the parallel and simultaneous growth in both directions. The influence of the Gaelic people in preserving the independence of the country, and in maintaining its existence during the great struggle, had been emphasised by recent research. The

Highlander had been a great builder of Empire. Indeed, in a world sense, that was the most striking achievement of the race, and the greatest contribution it had made to the cause of human progress.

Sir John has kindly promised an article for a future issue of our magazine.

## THE SECRETARY'S TOUR.

On 30th January I journeyed from Lochgilphead, via Glasgow and Inverness, to Ullapool, arriving there on the evening of the 31st. The night was very stormy, but I was gratified to find a large audience awaiting me in the School. Mr. Donald MacLeod, headmaster, presided, and, after some introductory remarks, I read a paper on "Highland Superstition." Songs were rendered by some of the Local Mod prize-winners, and the Rev. Wm. MacNab, secretary, read a report of the previous session's work, which was highly satisfactory.

The following morning I travelled over the "Direadh" to Garve, trained to Auchnasheen, and then per mail car to Gairloch. This night was particularly stormy, and no meeting was held. I had long and interesting conversations with Mr. MacGillivray, headmaster, who teaches Gaelic, and who is a member of the Special Committee to draw up a scheme for the teaching of Gaelic under the Ross and Cromarty Education Authority.

Mr. MacGillivray accompanied me to Poolewe on Friday evening. This evening was more favourable, and the School was well filled when the Chairman, Mr. MacKenzie, announced my presence. I did not press for the formation of a branch that evening. The consensus of opinion was that a few persons who were unavoidably absent, and who are looked up to concerning things Gaelic, would meet later and arrange to form a branch. I am much indebted to Miss Blair, teacher, for arranging the meeting. Gaelic is taught in this school.

I returned on Saturday to Inverness, and spent a pleasant week-end at the Manse of Daviot. The Rev. Alex. MacLean, late of Shettleston, recently started a Gaelic Class, and has already a regular attendance of 35 people, adults and juniors. Reid's Grammar is used, and Mrs. MacLean is preparing Junior Soloists for the Inverness Mod.

On Monday evening I was at Lochcarron, and read a paper on "Highland Music." Mr. Fleming, the new headmaster, presided, and, although a non-Gaelic speaker, encourages Gaelic reading and singing, and conducts the meetings of the branch to the entire satisfaction of the members. He is ably assisted at branch meetings by Mr. Finlay Murchison, who sings some very fine unpublished Gaelic songs. All the branch meetings are very well attended.

On Tuesday night I was at Auchtertyre. I had tea with Mr. Taylor, the headmaster, and had a most interesting couple of hours' talk with him on Gaelic teaching and singing. Mr. Taylor is a fine musician, as was shown by the school children later on at the ceilidh. Miss Urquhart, assistant teacher, gives Gaelic instruction daily in the school. The meeting was splendid. Mr. Murchison, the president, was in the chair. A number of people had to stand throughout the whole meeting, and I afterwards learned that a number had travelled about eight miles to attend. There was a splendid programme





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of readings, recitations, trios, duets, and solos. The children sang two-part songs. Miss Urquhart and Mr. Murchison, secretary and president respectively, performed Mr. MacNab's prize dialogue, "Bantrach Tharmaid," which was published in the November issue of "An Deo Greine." Their performance was really excellent, and I hope to see them forward at Inverness. I was pleased to see the Rev. Mr. MacLean present and taking such an interest in the work of the branch.

On Wednesday afternoon I shipped at Kyle for Applecross. It looked like as if I were to pay an unexpected visit to Stornoway, but somehow I managed to drop into the ferry boat and was landed without mishap—*direach beagan fhuachaidh!* The attendance here was small, but genuinely enthusiastic. When one considers that the place of meeting—the School—is about two miles from the nearest member of the branch, one realises the fine spirit of these people, and their love for all that is best and noblest in our stories and songs.

I was free on Thursday evening, as the meeting at Erbusaig had to be postponed, but I spent some time very profitably with Mr. Montgomery, now headmaster at Kyle, and formerly at Balmacara. The meeting at Erbusaig School on Friday evening was in point of numbers equal to any of my previous meetings. Mr. Murchison, Balmacara, presided here also. I read a short paper on "Oidhche air Cheilidh," and we had a delightful programme of pipe music and Gaelic songs.

A voluntary collection was asked for at all the branch meetings, and amounted, in all, to £8 4s 2d. The branches in these districts are doing excellent work, and the way the various committees are supported by the local people is very encouraging.

NALL.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

**FORT WILLIAM.**—Organised with a view to assist the finances of the Junior Gaelic Choir, which has been steadily practising during the winter in preparation for the forthcoming Mod, an enjoyable dance was given in the Mason's Hall recently. Mr. D. Mackinnon made an efficient M.C., and excellent music was supplied by Miss C. Macdonald, Granite House. About thirty-five couples attended, and the function was a very successful one. After meeting all expenses, the executive were enabled to hand over about £6 to the Mod fund.

**KNOYDART.**—The annual dance in connection with the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held the other evening, when there was a splendid turnout. A pleasing feature of the night's enjoyment was the dancing of a Highland reel, all the gentlemen being in Highland dress. Songs were rendered by Misses Mackay, M. Stewart, M. Macphail, and Messrs. R. F. Mackay, D. Gillies, J. MacLennan, J. A. and A. Macdonald, D. Ross, H. M'Askil. Mr. James Henderson made an efficient M.C. Tea and refreshments were liberally served. Music was supplied by Messrs. Henderson, Macgregor, Macpherson, and M'Kay.

**ARDVASAR.**—Burns anniversary was celebrated by the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, under the chairmanship of Mr. D. Macdonald, contractor, Sasaig. "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. Ian Macleod, Tormore, who gave a most interesting address. Burns, he said, had humanised life's philosophy for the common people in

language which they understood. We do him the honour he would have liked best when we go back to the study of his songs, poems, and prose and endeavour to catch something of his inspiration. Several members sang songs of the poet. The arrangements for the anniversary were ably carried out by the secretary, Miss Mima Macdonald, teacher, Newton.

**COMUNN GAIDHEALACH NA TOISEACHD.**—On 18th January, at a large meeting of the above, the following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Colonel A. R. R. Warrand of Ryefield; secretary, Mr. David Urquhart, M.A., Ferintosh School; treasurer, Miss Jane M. Macdonald, Ferintosh School; and the following committee:—Messrs. John Urquhart, James Jack, Geo. Urquhart, Wm. Urquhart (Mossend), John MacLeod (Balmabeen), Alex. MacLeod (Dunvornie), Hugh Robertson, and Alex. Skinner, jun. Fortnightly ceilidhs are held, and a reading class is conducted by the Secretary every Thursday. The average attendance is about a dozen. During the session a commencement was made with the teaching of Gaelic in the day-school. There is a good deal of enthusiasm, which may bear good fruit in time.

**TOBERMORY.**—A meeting of the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in Tobermory Higher Grade School on Wednesday, 14th February. Rev. J. Menzies presided over a large attendance of members. Mr. Cowan Morison, Kengharair, read a most interesting paper on the old bards of Mull. Mr. Duncan Macleod opened the programme with bagpipe selections, and songs were contributed by Miss Campbell, teacher; Mrs. Macleod, Mishnish Hotel, and Messrs. John Cameron, Alexander Maclean, John Cameron, Drumfin, and J. M'Kellach, jun., while bagpipe selections were played by Mr. Adam Brown. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Morison for his lecture, and to those who contributed to the musical programme. The meetings of An Comunn have proved very popular during the winter months.

**DERVAIG.**—The Dervaig Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach met in the Memorial Hall on Wednesday, 7th February. There was a large attendance, presided over by Mr. A. Macmillan, vice-president. The first part of the evening was occupied with the annual business meeting, at which the hon. secretary and hon. treasurer gave statements of proceedings and finance for the past session. The former office-bearers were unanimously re-elected. The remainder of the evening was spent with piping, song, and story, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part:—Songs—Miss Mary Morison, Miss Nan Macdonald, Captain M'Laren, Mr. Neil Macgillivray, Mr. Alex. Maclean, Mr. Hugh Macdonald, Sgeulachdan, Mr. Angus Morison, and the Chairman. Captain M'Laren's selections on the pipes were much admired. Rev. Messrs. M'Rae and Gillies, and the Chairman, gave short addresses in support of the Comunn meetings, and expressed their hope that all present would continue to further the interests of the Gaelic language in every possible way. The evening's entertainment was very heartily enjoyed by all.

**SALEN.**—The Salen branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held a gala night on Wednesday, 14th February, in the village hall. The members were welcomed in Gaelic by the president, Mr. M. Macphee, who said they had enrolled and managed to keep interested 75 members, and to send £3 to headquarters at the end of the session, after paying all expenses and providing several prizes for Gaelic to the school children. Mr. Iain Maclean, Gruline,

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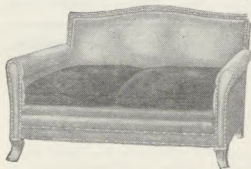
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then played some beautiful music on the bagpipes, after which Mrs. Charles Macdonald, Aros, led the company in singing "An t-Eilean Muileach," without the singing of which no Mall function is perfect. The vice-president, Mr. A. Macfarlane, gave an interesting address in Gaelic. The following sang Gaelic songs:—Mrs. C. Macdonald, Aros; Miss Macdougall, The School; Messrs. W. Jackson, Salen; Neil MacColl, Torloisk; Hugh Lamont, Pennycross; Alex. Macgillivray, Loch Scridan; Hector Macfadyn, Kinloch Hotel, and M. Macphee, Salen, while Mrs. Macphee and Mr. M. Penman, Schoolhouse, played the accompaniments on the piano. The dance music was provided by Messrs. J. Cameron, J. McNeill, and D. M'Lucas, on the violin, and J. Maclean, pipes. A dance followed. The thanks of the branch is extended the ladies' committee—Mrs. M. Macphee, the Misses Ross, McNeill, M'Arthur, and Macdougall, for the evening's enjoyment, and to Mr. D. M'Lucas, jun., for his services as M.C. Sixty-four members were enrolled during the evening.

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Leabhar XVIII.]

An Giblein, 1923.

[Earrann 7.

### AN CLADACH-FEAMUNN.

Tha e coltach gu bheil beanntan teine a' brùchdadh fo 'n fhaire an Achlais Mhór Mheisico. Mar thoradh air an teas a tha ag éirigh ó chridhe an t-saoghail tha abhainn uisge meadh-bhlàth a' srùladh tarsuing na h-Atlantic, agus a' blàthachadh na mara air taobh an iar na h-Alba. Is e so an t-aobhar gu bheil feamunn de iomadh gné a' fàs cho pailt air cladaichean na Gàidhealtachd. Agus an uair a chuimhnicheas sinn cia lionmhór bàgh is rudha a tha air slìos a' chuain, eadar tìr-mór is eileanan, cha bhi iongantas oirnn gu bheil am bàr feamunn cho trom fo thiùbhra an làin. Tha nàdur an fhearainn, is cruth na dùthcha le chéile freagrach; cladach corrach eas; creagan is leacan is clachan cruinne, air an greimich an fheamunn, agus air am fàs i gu tomadach, a' faotainn beathachadh brioghmhor ó uisgeachan a' chuain.

O chionn iomadh ginealach bha e mar chleachdadh aig tuathaisich is croiteirean na Gàidhealtachd, aig a' bheil an comhnuidh an cois na mara, a bhi 'cur feum air feamunn mar mhaitheachadh do 'n talamh. Mu 'n am so fhéin de 'n bhìadhna bhiodh iad a' saothrachadh na feamunn. Rachadh buidheann gu cladach ri muir-tràghaidh, aig seòl-mara na rothairt, le an cuid chorran, is ghearradh iad an fheamunn dubh, no mar theirear an fheamunn bhuilgein. Chruinnicheadh iad an fheamunn 'n a h-aon tòrr, is cheangladh iad i gu teann le buill chainne. An uair dh'éireadh an làn 's an fheasgar thogadh e an ràth-feamunn air flod; is tharruingeadh na h-oibrichean

an ràth 'n a shlad an déidh an cuid eithrichean gu cala. Tha an fheamunn dhearg, no an langadal, a' fàs an iochdar a' chladaich. Chan fhaighear so ach aig ìsle an tràghaidh. Bhiodh na sgothan air an luchdachadh le feamunn dheirg, agus air an iomairt le raimh gu port. Is ann ó 'n chala bha an fheamunn air a giùlan gus an achadh-àitich, far an robh i air a sgaoileadh air an talamh, gus an leaghadh i sìos le gréin is uisge; no air a càradh an clais a' chruinn no na coise-cruime.

Ach a thuilleadh air leasachadh an fhearainn àitich, bha feamunn air a saothrachadh airson ceilp an measg nan Gàidheal ó chionn ceud bliadhna air ais. Bha gnìomhachas na ceilpe a' cumail obair ri àireamh mhór de 'n t-sluagh. Tha e coltach gu bheil a' chuid is mò de na stubhan a bha air an tarruing ó 'n cheilp, 'g am faotainn an diugh ó nithean eile; agus mar sin chan eil saothair na ceilpe cho buannachdail. Is cinnteach gur e sin an t-aobhar nach faighear luchd-fearainn aig a' bheil an oighreachdan làmh ris a' mhuir, a' cur gnìomhachas na ceilpe air aghaidh a nis mar a bha iad a' deanamh uair-eigin. Fadarr fheòrach ciod e an dòigh air an d' rinneadh ceilp; agus is e so am freagradh. Bhiodh an luchd-oibreach a' gearradh na feamunn, agus 'g a tìormachadh air na cladaichean os cionn beul an uisge aig muir-làn. An sin chruinnicheadh iad an fheamunn thioram gu aon àite, agus loisgeadh iad i ann an àmhuinn no slochd domhainn am measg chreagan a' chladaich. Bhiodh an fheamunn thioram a' losgadh anns an teine gus am biodh i air cnàmh gu luathre. Chruinn-



icheadh an luchd-oibreach an luath ann am pocanan; agus bhiodh bàtaichean air an luchdachadh leis an luath, 'g a giùlan gu muiltean an taoibh deas, far an robh an luath air a cur gu feum. Gheibhte iomadh stubh ó luath na ceilpe. Gheibhte glaine; dathan, dearg is gorm is uaine; sòda; iodine; ammonia, agus ceithir seorsachan ola, a thuilleadh air stubhan eile. Bheireadh na feallsanaich ochd puinn de iodine fhiorghlain a aon tunna ceilpe. Ach comhla ri sin bheireadh iad as tomhas àraidh de chloride potassium; deich gallain de ola shiubhlaich; cóig gallain deug de ola mhóir; ceithir gallain de ola naphtha; agus ceud gu leth punn de sulphate ammonia.

An toiseach na naoidheamh linn deug bha an sluagh fada nas lionmhoire air iomall na mara anns an Ghàidhealtachd na tha iad an diugh. Bha saothair na ceilpe a' tabhairt cothrom cosnaidh do 'n luchd-oibreach, an uair a bha cosnadh gann gu leòr an déidh cogaidhean Napoleoin. Bha pris na ceilpe a' ruith eadar seachd is deich puinn shasunnach an tunna. Chaidh àrdachadh air luchd nan oighreachdan a bha làmh ris a' mhuir, far an robh an fheamuinn pailt. Tha e air fhàgail againn anns na cunntais gun d' éirich am màl aig cuid de na h-oighreachdan, ó dhà fhichead gu trì cheud punn Sasunnach. Bha earann de na cladaichean air an leigeil fo mhàl do choigrich; agus bha iad sin a' cur an airgid air iomairt, gu bhli 'pàigheadh an luchd-oibreach, agus cosgais an fharaidh gu muiltean na Galltachd. Cha robh na rathaidean iaruirn fathast air an deanamh, agus bha soithichean malairt air an cleachdadh gu bhli 'giùlan na ceilpe air falbh.

## THE POSITION OF GAELIC.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

(Fourth Article.)

Last month's article contained information about the position of the national languages in the educational systems of Wales and Ireland, including the question of training of teachers. In 1916, it may be recalled, there were in Ireland 2,175 teachers registered as qualified to teach Gaelic, while in Wales practically every teacher is qualified to teach Welsh as a matter of course. In Scotland the position is very different.

Before 1918 no official attempt was made

to provide training in Gaelic, for the sufficient reason that Gaelic formed no part of the official school curriculum. The Summer Schools for Teachers organized and financed by An Comunn Gàidhealach were valuable as a protest against the existing system, but had little effect on the situation as a whole. With the passing of the Act of 1918 it was at once apparent that, if the Gaelic clause was not to become a dead letter, the question of training teachers in Gaelic would have to be faced seriously, both with regard to existing teachers and with regard to securing the supply of future teachers qualified to teach Gaelic.

Now that the provision of instruction in Gaelic had become a statutory obligation on Education Authorities, it was felt that it lay with them, in the first instance, to take the necessary steps toward securing the means for carrying out the obligation that had been laid on them. The necessary provision of qualified teachers was a matter, in fact, that lay between the Education Authorities, the Training Centres, and the Education Department. At the same time, while this was clearly recognized, it was felt that An Comunn Gàidhealach ought not to stand aside and simply let matters take their course in regard to a question that so intimately concerned its own aims and interests. It is unnecessary to go into details here. As a result of the action of the Education Committee of An Comunn, through its Convener, two local Advisory Committees were formed—one in connection with Glasgow, the other in connection with Aberdeen—with the object of keeping in touch with the situation, and of making suggestions to the administrative authorities as occasion arose. It was chiefly through the influence and initiative of these unofficial Committees that the scheme for Vacation Classes in Gaelic for existing teachers was set on foot, with the co-operation of Education Authorities and the Training Centres of Aberdeen and Glasgow.

These classes have now been held for three successive years in the month of August, and it is expected that they will be held this year also. The numbers in attendance were largest in the first year (1920), when about 150 teachers were present. For the following years the numbers were much smaller. The decrease may be, and probably is, due in part to the obvious fact that the number who have not attended the classes becomes progressively

smaller from year to year. Against this, however, has to be set the other fact that a considerable proportion of those who attend can certainly not be considered "qualified" by one month's attendance; even the best would benefit by at least two courses. But there are other reasons.

Before the Act was passed, some doubt was felt as to the attitude of the teachers. I had no such doubt myself; and, in point of fact, when I and others were in London at the Committee stage of the Bill, we received the hearty and most valuable support of the teachers' representatives who were then in attendance at the House of Commons to watch its progress. When the Act became law, the teachers were prepared to be told that a qualification in Gaelic was expected within a reasonable time. They also expected the conditions of the qualification to be definitely stated. Further, inasmuch as the lack of qualification was no fault of theirs—they had no opportunity of qualifying—they naturally expected substantial assistance toward travelling expenses and maintenance.

Hitherto things have not developed quite according to expectation. The Authorities have not, as yet, defined their requirements. The qualification expected of teachers remains rather vague. In the absence of a common policy among the Education Authorities, the question of finance, from the teachers' point of view, has not been put on a uniform or satisfactory basis. The result of the whole situation is that there is no great inducement to teachers to attend the Gaelic classes. Attendance means the sacrifice of a well-earned holiday. It means, also, in many cases, considerable expense, which, of course, varies according to the policy of the particular Authority. In any case, it is no light thing for a teacher to spend a month far from home. Lastly, in the present circumstances, attendance on the classes must seem to teachers to be rather a work of supererogation. John Ross, let us say, a Gaelic-speaking teacher in a Gaelic district, attends classes at the sacrifice of holiday and cash. His neighbour, James Ross, does not attend. The net result is that John, when he returns, is expected to teach Gaelic; James is not so expected. Beyond that, nothing happens. If that is a fair description of the situation, it accounts for the apparent lack of enthusiasm on the part of teachers.

These are problems which will, no doubt,

receive attention at the forthcoming Conference in Inverness, and it is of the utmost importance that they should be discussed fully and frankly:—(1) The desirability of a statement of policy by the Authorities; (2) the question of qualification; (3) the question of finance of the Gaelic Classes, and the desirability of joint action in this connection by the Education Authorities with a view to a uniform policy.

Here another remark seems to be necessary. The time appears now to have come when the Vacation Classes in Gaelic should be put on a regular, permanent basis. The matter cannot remain permanently in the hands of unofficial Committees, without any funds of their own at their disposal. The work accomplished by the Committees has been of the greatest value; they have really saved the situation. The experience, too, gained in course of the work is so valuable that it should be possible to make use of it. But the responsibility ought now to be assumed by those to whom it properly belongs, namely, the Education Authorities, the Training Centres, and the Education Department, the bodies on whom rests the obligation of carrying out the provisions of the Act. Given concerted action on the part of the Education Authorities, it should not be difficult to form a satisfactory and permanent scheme whereby requirements as to Gaelic teachers could be gradually met.

The supply of future teachers qualified to teach Gaelic in our elementary schools depends in the first instance on the local schools which are recognized as Junior Student Centres, and our aim should be to have Gaelic taught up to the Higher Grade standard of the Leaving Certificate in all the centres which are attended by Gaelic-speaking students. Some progress is being made in this direction, but we are still far from the goal desired. Here another point arises: the Junior Student Centres are recruited, in greater or less degree, from schools which, as a rule, have been in the way of working up to the Intermediate Certificate, not to the Leaving Certificate. The Intermediate Certificate is now being abolished, and one regards with some anxiety, which it is to be hoped is not justified, the possible effects of the step on schools of the class mentioned. The Intermediate Certificate has been so useful in a number of ways, apart from the stimulus which it undoubtedly gave to the study of Gaelic, that it may be found desirable to replace it by some other arrangement, as is

being done in the case of the "Qualifying Examination."

The question of Gaelic in Secondary and Higher Grade Schools is all the more important in view of the fact that at the Training Centres, where intending teachers receive their professional training, it is really difficult to find place for adequate study of Gaelic under existing arrangements. This is a matter that deserves attention, but it is at least satisfactory that the subject receives recognition in Aberdeen and Glasgow, and that arrangements are being made in Edinburgh. Here, again, a joint request from the Education Authorities would doubtless have weight. In the meantime it remains rather difficult for the student in training to add substantially to the knowledge which was obtained in school.

University students who take Gaelic as a subject for the Degree are, of course, in a much more favourable position, and it is to these that we must look for a supply of special teachers of the subject in our Secondary and Higher Grade Schools. Hitherto the Education Department, recognizing initial difficulties, has been, on the whole, lenient with regard to the academic qualification expected in the case of such teachers, but it would not be surprising to find a material hardening in that respect—a step which, it is needless to say, would be entirely in the interests of the subject itself. No one can seriously maintain that the requirements which are rightly insisted on in the case of a teacher of English, or Latin, or French, can be safely dispensed with in the case of a special teacher of Gaelic.

## SGEUL BEAG MU DHUALCHAS.

By J. MACLEOD, Scalpay.

An uair a bha mise 'nam bhalach beag cha robh aon 'san ghleann a' creidsinn gum bu mhac mo mhàthar mi ach mo mhàthair féin.

Tha mi an diugh comasach air innseadh dhuibh (le cagair cluaise) gum biodh mo mhàthair eadhon aig amanan fo theagamh nach robh cuid no gothach aice rium. Bhiodh i gu minic a' cumntadh ginealach an déidh ginealach air a corragan. Bha i riarachta gu'n d'fhuaradh mi air pòr mo shìnn-seanar; ach mo thruaighe, b'è creud mo mhàthar gu robh am pòr beag a bha an so a cur bhuidhe barrachd is ainm no

sloinneadh; sùilean dubha, donna; àirde no lse; no ni 's am bith eile a thig air mhodh nàdurra. Bha i làn chreidsinn gu robh còir aig an leanabh cleachdaidhean no brìgh-smuaineachaidh nam pàrantan 'fhoills-eachadh araon am buill a chuirp agus anns an smuain a bha tèarnadh gu eanchainn.

Is tric a thubhairt i rium gu robh an eanchainn a fhuair mise calg-dhreach ris an chuid eile de'n choluinn; agus bi ùimhne agam gu bràth air an t-sealladh mhi-chiataibh a bheireadh i orm leis na faclai so, agus mise bodhar balbh m'a ccinneamh.

"Neo'r thaing tapachd is dillseachd," theireadh i ri cuid-eigin; "ach cha dean e bonn feuma do mhàthair gu sìorruidh."

Thachair gu'n d'fhàinig mi dhachaidh aon fheasgar agus ban-nabaidh a' feòrach c'àite an robh mi. Bha mise air maide-buinn an doruis agus m'anail 'n am uchd 'ga h-éiseachd.

"Is fearr leis an amadan sin a bhì coimhead nam bradan am bolg na h-aibhne, agus na clachan beaga a' deanamh falach-fead air aon a' chéile le neart na tuile, no fìh is beathach éisg a thoirt do m'ionnsaidh bharr na carraige."

Bha casaid mo mhàthar na bu truite, oir bha trìuir bheag eile a cur feum air biadh is caiseart.

"Ged a chitheadh e athair bochd ag giùlan an dà eileid is truite 'sa mhonadh cho thog e uiread is sùil a chinn far am bi e."

Bha na bliadhnaichean a' dol seachad agus mise a streap riutha. Chaochail m'athair mu'n àm a bha mise sé bliadhna deug. Bha beòshlainte mo pharant an crochadh ri aitreabh mhòr tìghe bh'aig ceann eile an ghlinne. Faodaidh tu a cheird ainm-eachadh le gille-coise, gille-ruith, sgalag, no ainm 'sam bith de'n t-seòrsa sin. An latha nach biodh e 'san mhonadh combla ris an t-Sasunnach chitheadh tu e le carbad ola a' ruith 'sa ruagail troimh 'n ghleann. Ged a rachainn air mo mhionnan cha chuimhne leam m'athair fhaicinn ach leis an aon trusgan—sàbaid is seachdain. Bha e cho eudmhor a thaobh na deise Ghaidhealaich is nach rachadh e chum an tobair gun am fileadh ballach ud seachad m'a shleisdean.

Có air an t-saoghal a bhos a lorg dha am breacan chan eil ni de fhios agam, ach bha trom amharus agam an déidh a bhàis gum b'è sud cuid an uachdarain. Bha mi cinnteach gum b'è fuigheach cuid-eigin a bha ann; oir bha tuarsadal m'athair air a

phaigheadh le féidh is min-choiree, meug, bainne, im; agus mar sin air aghaidh.

Bha mi aig obair mu'n tigh air feasgar araid agus tháinig mo mháthair le luth-chabhaig dh'inneadh dhómh gu robh an Sasunnach airson m'fhacinn.

Cha robh gné eblais agam air an duine chóir so. Bha fios agam gu robh e anabarrach carthanta, Gaidhealach 'na chaithe-beatha. Bha dithis nigean gasda aige mar an ceudna. A réir coslais bha iad cho dúthchasach 'nan cleachdaidhean ris féin, oir cha rachadh iad do bheinn no margadh as eugmhais féile beag agus breacan guail.

Ráinig mise an duine cóir gu bog socharach. Bha e 'na sheasamh aig stuaidh a thighe.

"Tha mise airson áite t-athar a thoirt dhuit," thubhairt e. "Ach carson a tha thu díltadh sionnach a ruagadh, fiadh a mharbhadh, no losgadh air meann-adhair?"

Cha robh durd agam.

"Bha mise an cômradh ri mo mháthar gu minic comh-cheangailte ris na nithean sin. Cha tig tonn phisic gu bráth air balach nach cuidich a mháthair," leasaich e le tapachd.

Bha mi air na dearbh fhacail a chluinntinn o'n chubaid greis roimhe sud. Ghrad smuainich mi gum faodadh gu robh an Sasunnach agus an ministear an déidh an cinn a chur cuideachd.

Thoisich am ball beag a bha 'nam cheannsa a' cur saighdean eagail air feadh mo chuirp. Bha mi gu cinnteach eudmhor a thaobh mo mháthar, agus deónach comhnadh a dheanamh leatha. Gidheadh bha ní-eigin ag innseadh dhómh gu robh mo rúintean, mo smuaintean, no m'anam no ciod air bith a their thu ris, a' steórñadh air cùrsa bha calg-dhreach ri smuain an t-Sasunnach agus ri smuain mo mháthar.

A réir coltais dh'aontaich mi leis an duine. Choisich mi steach comhla ris gu seòmair-suidhe a thighe.

Shin e cuaille bata 'n am laimh, féile beag, seann seachdaid bhallach, agus comhdach-cinn ag giùlain ní-eigin amhuil ubh circe air a mhullach.

Chaidh mi air ais a dh'ionnsuidh mo mháthar agus, b'e sin feasgar na dunaidh dhómh-sa.

"A' robh thu an comhradh Annag an t-Sasunnach an diugh," thubhairt i le caise.

"Cuiridh gusgal an ghlinne mhalachtae so," fhreagair mise, "a h-uile neach a

th'air uachdar dh'ionnsuidh tigh-tearmuinn. Ciod a bha mise comasach a ràdh ri Annaig an t-Sasunnach gun facal Beurla 'nam cheann!"

"Tha do cheann agus do chlaigeann loma-làn Beurla. Is ann aig Dia tha brath c'áite an d'lorg thu i. Am bheil thu dol a mhaslachadh 'sa nàrachadh do mháthar le d'theangaidh maille ris gach cleachdadh suarach eile tha thu deanamh le d'chorp!"

Shuidh i sìos an cathair. Bha i coimhead na cagaill le deòir ann a dà shùil.

Ar leamsa gu robh mo mháthair a' smuaineachadh air an fheasgar a cheangail ministear na sgrìre i féin agus m'athair ri chéile.

Thugainn miannon an diugh gu'n cuala mi na focail "snaim mo dhuibheadh!"

Bha mise fad an ràidhe fhoghair comhla ris an t-Sasunnach. Tha mi deimhin gu robh mo mháthair làn uallaich is imcheist fad na h-ùine, ciod air bith aobhar a bh'aic air a shon.

Chaidh mi dhachaidh aon fheasgar ag giulan sacain air mo mhuin. Bha mo mháthair 'na suidhe ri taobh an talainte. Thuit oillt air a gnais.

"Ciod a th'agad an sin?" thubhairt i gu fann. Rug mise air oisein an t-sacain agus leig mi an treallaich a bha 'na bhroinn gu ùrlar an tighe.

"Is e so fuighlich nan Sasunnach. Thubhairt e rium an tigh a thoirt orm, agus nach robh feum aige air mo sheirbhis tuilleadh. 'Chan e cladhair, dhe d'sheòrsa tha dhith orm ach *fior* Gàidheal,'" thubhairt e rium.

Leig mi mo thaic air clàr-aghaidh bha an taobh an tighe. Bha an seòmar cho balbh ri ceum-cille, agus mo dhithis pheathraichean òga 'nan seasamh sgeun-shùileach a coimhead na croislich bh'air an ùrlar.

Cha robh eun 'san ealtainn nach robh an sud. Bha cuid dhiubh paisgte 'san bheuphionnaidh. Cuid eile air an gearradh sìos gu curamach agus air an caireadh eadar sguinn de aran. Bha mac na braiche a' nochdadh a chinn; agus am fear nach robh 'na sheasamh bha dhruim ri làr agus cop bàn suas gu a smig. Agus mó chreach, bha an chungaidh bheannaichte a' ruith amhuil fuaran mall gu teinntean an teallaich.

An ceann leth-uair an uaireadair thubhairt mo mháthair, "C'áite an d'lorg thu an chreach tha air an ùrlar?"

Bha aogas mo mháthar coltach ri pàrant an tigh tearmuinn a' labhairt ri 'ghineil.

"Fhuair mise an treallaich fad an ràidhe



fhoghair. Chum mi lom dreach air seòmar-suidhe a thighe leotha. Thubhairt e rium gu cas an làr-am-miugh a thoirt orm ar neo gu falbhadh e leam leis an charbaid ola dh'ionnsuidh ionad-tearmuinn Inbhirnis."

Thuit an ath shamhchair air an t-seòmar. A measg an chiuneis có thàinig a steach ach boireannach beag brosglach do'm b'ainm "am post." Shuidh i sìos agus dh'innis i gu'n do chuir an Sasunnach còir ceathramh féidh chum a h-uile teaghlach bh'anns an ghleann. Bheireadh i sùil an drasd 's a rithist chum na treallaich bha air an làr. Bha i air m'fhaicinn greis roimhe sud leis an t-sacan. Cha robh fiadh am beinn cho furachail ris an t-é bhig so!

Choisich mise am mach as an tigh agus eanchainn mo chinn a meòrachadh cìod bu gnè do'n Ghàidheal do'm b'ainm "Gàidheal," agus am fear eile do'm b'ainm "fior Ghàidheal."

Math dh'fhaoidte gu'n dean mi oidhirp air brìgh mo chonnsachaidh a thoirt am folais uair-eigin eile!

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Columba Hotel, Oban, on Friday evening, 16th March. The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, presided. There were also present:—The Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon (Vice-President); Mrs. Stewart (Fasnacloich); Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. M. N. Munro, Taynuilt; Messrs. T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Alex. Fraser, Yoker; John MacDonald, Oban; T. D. MacDonald, Oban; and Neil Shaw (General Secretary).

The minute of previous meeting was read and approved.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, Convener, moved the adoption of three minutes of the Finance Committee. These showed that Miss Mary Fraser, Ardbeg, Islay, had been appointed assistant to the Secretary, and had commenced duties on 8th January. The minutes were approved.

Minutes of the Education Committee were read. These reported on the conference with the Directors of Education for the counties of Inverness, Perth, and Ross, which took place on 23rd December. This conference was highly satisfactory. The minutes also reported on the visits of deputations to the Perth Education

Authority on 26th February, and to the Bute Education Authority on 7th March. At both meetings the deputations were sympathetically received, and much good is confidently expected as a result of these visits. On the motion of the Rev. G. W. MacKay, the minutes were adopted.

Minutes of the Publication Committee were read. These reported on the alteration of the name of the magazine, and, on the motion of the President, the minutes were adopted.

The Rev. G. W. MacKay, in moving the adoption of the minutes of the Propaganda Committee, referred to the Mid-Argyll, Perthshire, and Lorn Provincial Mods, which are to be held in June. Reference was also made to the local Mod promoted by the Edinburgh Celtic Union, and which will be held in Edinburgh on Saturday of Assembly Week. The Rev. Hector Cameron proposed that the organisers, at their meetings throughout the Highlands, should, with a view to increasing the interest in the movement, be accompanied by one or more notable artists; but, after discussion, the proposal was dropped. The minutes were approved.

Minutes of the Art and Industry Committee reported that arrangements for the forthcoming Art and Crafts Exhibition, to be held in Glasgow and Edinburgh in May, were well forward. The minutes were approved on the motion of the President.

The Rev. M. N. Munro, Convener, reported on a meeting of the Mod and Music Committee held immediately prior to the meeting of Executive Council. The syllabus for the Inverness Mod was finally revised and completed, and judges were nominated for the various sections. Proofs of the Senior Choral Music had been revised and would be ready shortly. The Junior Choral Music was already available. It was also reported that choral arrangements for the 1924 Mod were now ready for the printers, and would be available for choirs at the close of the Inverness Mod.

Mr. John MacDonald, Oban, suggested that second prize choirs should be given a place on the grand concert programme, and this was remitted to the Committee for consideration. It was also agreed that members of the Committee should be in attendance at the Mod to supervise the proceedings. It was announced that Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge, wished to repeat her prizes for the encouragement of the singing of district songs, and that Col. MacRae-



Gilstrap of Eilean Donan was arranging for two competitions in connection with the Kintail district. These were approved of. On the motion of the Convener the minutes were adopted.

The President intimated a proposal to have a bazaar to raise funds for An Comunn in 1924 or 1925, and it was desired to make a special effort to enlist the interest of Highlanders in the Colonies in aid of the movement. The President was authorised to call a special meeting of the Association when the time was ripe to consider the proposal.

The next meeting of the Council, which will be the Extraordinary Meeting, will be held at Inverness on Friday, 6th July.

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### AN GEALBHONN.

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BY DAVID URQUHART, M.A.

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An tug thu riamh an aire cho coltach agus a tha an gealbhonn 'na dhòighean ris a' chloinn bhig? Ann an àitean anns a' Ghaidhealtachd theirear an glaisean ris an eun so; an àitean eile is e an sporag no an sporas a tha aca air.

Tha seann chraobh phiaras le meanganan fada caola mu choinneimh uinneige mo sheomair agus thug mi fainear gu tric an tlachd tha aig na creutaran beaga so air a bhi 'g an cluich fhéin air na ceart mheanganan sin. An uair bhios oiteag bheothail a' fulasgadh nam meangan, chi mi iad gu subhach sólasach a' gabhail an àite agus a' faighinn an luasgaidh a null agus a nall. Agus mar is fhéarr a luaisgeas an suidheachan is ann a's aoibhniche bhios fiamh a' ghealbhunn agus as cridheile bhios a' chuid feadaireachd. Ach saoil thu an cum gach fear dhiubh àite fhéin mar nì baide sbaighdearan a' dol troimh an cleachdadh? Ma tha thu an dùil gur e sin nàdur a' ghealbhunn, tha thu cho ceàrr ris a' phartan-thuathal agus do mheamhair cho eudionach ri seana chriathar. Faic am beathach beag riabach tha sud agus a shùil air coimhearsnach a tha a réir a bheachd-san air meanglan a's sibhlaiche na fhear fhéin; cum d' aire air agus chi thu e, an uair a gheibh e an cothrom, a' toirt sithidh dheth a shorchan fhéin agus a leum ri taobh an fhir oile agus 'ga phutadh gu sgiobalta as a'

rathad. Is ann an sud a tha an droch cainnt nam biodh neach ann a thuigeadh i!

An uair nach 'eil gaoth idir ann agus a tha na geagan cho socrach sithail ri gàd iarunn, chan 'eil an gealbhonn idir gun rian air driollaig a sholair dha fhéin. Ged tha e aotrom is math tha fhios aige ciod e an dearbh bhall de'n ghéig air an seas e chum a cur air sibhhal, agus chi thu e 'g a thoinneamh fhéin mar dheanadh thusa na mise an uair bha ar cridhe òg, ar column aotrom agus ar n-uilt las. Ma bha thu cho sealbhadh agus gun robh craobhan faisg air do dhachaidh, nach iomadh uair a bha thu a' faighinn toil-intinn an crochadh ri bàrr meangain agus thu a' siùdanadh eadar talamh is adhar gun umbail gun eagal? Agus an uair a bhris am meangan, mar is minic a rinn e, sud thu sios le plaids air an làr, agus shaoileadh neach nach robh riamh 'n a bhalach gun robh do chnàmhan 'n an smodal, ach b'fhada bhuaidhe ghabh thu. Ma tha balach air bheag eagal is seachd lugha tha air a' ghealbhonn; is ann tha esan 'ga thilgeil fhéin dheth an iris agus a cur car-a-mhuiltein dheth 's an adhar mus leum e air spiris ùir mar gum biodh e a' toirt dùlan do laghan nàduir. Chan ann an cùil idir a tha an gealbhonn ri a chleasachd, agus is mór a gheibheadh e agus falach a chur air a ghairdeachas.

Mu'n àm so an uiridh bu ghealtannach le iomadh bachlag an t-seann chraobh phiaras, agus bu shubhach muinntir an tighe an dùil ri meas a nasgaidh aig deireadh an t-samhraidh, agus ged tha mo chiabhagan a' tanachadh, ma chreideas mi bean-an-tighe, agus mo dheudach a' fàs gann, bha uibhir de thogail agam ris na piaras làn abuich agus a bha aig a' chloinn. Bu togarrach a tharruing agus a sgaoil sinn innear aig bun an t-seann chroinn gus a h-uile ceartas a thoirt di, oir cha robh sinn idir cho mosach agus gun dùraigeachd sinn am meas a mhealtuinn gun saothrachadh air a shon. Goidr an déigh ar saothrach, dhùisg mi maduinn ghrianach a dh'éisdeachd cuirm-chiùil cho cridheil is a chuala mi riamh, agus dh'aithnich mi anns an làthair gun robh rud-eigin sònruichte air chois. Cha robh mi fada a' cur mo chasan 'nam bhriogais gus am faighinn sealladh cho math ri éisdeachd ri aobhar-gairdeachais na còisir. Agus is ann an sud bha an sealladh a bheireadh toileachadh do cridhe aig a bheil toil do chreutaran iteach an adhair, ach sealladh nach robh idir cho buailteach air fonn aoibhneach a chur am beul fir leis an bu toil piaras abuich. Bha ficheadan

de ghealbhuint air na meanganan agus fead aca air buain nam bachlag. Cha robh sgios na fadal air na seòid ud aig a' bhuaib. Mun abradh tu "Buntàta pronn," bha bhachlag air a' buain, air a' sgileadh agus an cochul air a' shadadh air an làr. Gun fhios agam gle mhath cìod e theirinn no dheanainn, thoisich mi air cluich air lósanan na h-uinneige le mo mheòirean air son teicheadh a' chur air na mèirlich. Chòrd an ceòl gu math ris na fir riabhach. Air a' cheud làdaich thionndaidh trì fichead ceann beag biorach, agus dhearc se fichead sùil gheur orm an clàr an aodainn. Air an dara deannal a thug mi air a' ghloine, mar gum biodh rèiseimeid air blàr ann, leum leth-cheud air iteig mar gun rachadh peileir anns gach fear dhiubh. Chum an deichnear eile an àite agus chum iad sàmhach stòlda fad deich tiotaidhean agus an robh càch air fad air ais 'n an àiteachan-suidhe. Sheall iad rium a' rithist agus labhair an sin fear thall 'sa bhos agus tha mi cinnteach, nan do chaith mi uread de ùine ag ionnsachadh am bruidhne agus a' chuir mi seachad ri Gréugais, nach do rinn mòran feum dhomh fhathast do bhrìgh an seòrsa criathair a' tha agam mar mheamhair,

gun robh iad ag innseadh dhomh gu snasail, pongail, ged nach cam mi gu modhail, iriosal, nach robh iad fhathast deas dheth an ceud-lomaidh, agus gum bu fhaoin do dhuine nach ruigeadh sin a' leas a' bhi air a' chois aig uair cho fìor thràth, agus nam bu dhuine usail mi gum biodh mo chlaiginn air cluasaig agus srann agam. Dh'fhosgail mi a' chliath agus thuir mi riutha iad an casan, chan e ach an sgiathan, a' thoirt leo, air neo gun cuirinn an cat as an déigh. Shaoilinn gum tàinig meatadh air agais gach eòin agus gun ànn duilich air son mo leithid de bhurraidh bhi 'san sgre bha iad an uair a' theich iad gu h-ealamh air falbh le port no duan air choir-eiginn nam beul agus chan 'eil fhios nach ann 'gam aoireadh bha na ceatharnaich, ach tha dòchas agam gur ann a' toirt tainge dhomh bha iad air son nan tròcairean air an do bhlaib iad na mo leas. Ach a' dh'aindeoin mo throid riu agus maoidheadh a' chait orra cha d'fhuair mi piaras abuib an uridh, ach cha do chuir na gealbhuint cùl rium fhathast agus mur dean mi innleachd a's fhearr na droch rùn is guidheachan is mòr m'eagal nach fhaigh mi fhios blais nam piaras am bliadhna nas mò.

## ORAN DO MHAC-'IC-ALAS DAIR GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

CO-FHARPAIS A' BHUINN SHUAICHEANTAIS (FIRIONNAICH).

LE AILEAN DALL.

KEY D.

{	m . f		s : -	: m . m		d' : -	d' : m . f		s : -	: s . l		s : -	
	Faigh a		nuas		dhuinn am		botul,		Cuir an		deoch		so mu'n cuairt;
{	: d' . d'		l : -	: s . f		m : -	: m . r . d		m : -	: r . m		r : -	
	Lion barrach		an		copan,		Cum		socair		a'		chuacl :
{	: d . r		m : -	: s . f		m : -	: r . d . d		d : -	: m . s		d' : -	
	Tosda		Chòirneil		na		féile,		Leis an		éireadh		gach buaidh,
{	: d' . r'		m' : -	: r' . d'		d' : -	: d' : t . l		s : -	: m . m		m : -	
	Oighre		Chnòideirt		a'		bharraich,		's		Ghlinn-garaidh		bho thuath.

Thig ort measair is adhare,  
 Agus taghadh nan arm;  
 Le do mhiol-choin air lomhainn,  
 'S iad romhad a' falbh;  
 'N uair théid thu do 'n mhonadh  
 Bidh fuil air damh dearg,  
 Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,  
 Leat chinneadh an t-sealg.

'S tu marbhaich' a' choilich  
 'S moch a ghoireas air chrann;  
 Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich,  
 Agus eilid nam beann;  
 'S tric a leag thu 'n a luaths  
 A' chaol-rudhag 's a' mhang;  
 'N uair a ruigeadh do luaidhe,  
 Cha ghluaiseadh iad eang.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Chaidh innsadh dhomh nach 'eil luchd seinn a' tuigsinn gu ro mhath mu na cumhnantan ùra a thaobh Co-fharpaisean nam Bonn Suaicheantais. Neach 'sam bith leis am miann oidheirp a thoirt air an urram mhór so a bhuannachd feumaidh esan, no ise, seinn anns na trì co-fharpaisean eile a dh'ainmicheadh roimhe, oir, an ám breith a thoirt, no roghainn a dheanamh, theid na comharran anns a' cheithir a ghabhail thar cheann. Cha bhac so do neach 'sam bith seinn ann an aon, no 'san trì eile mar a b'abhaist, gun feuchainn air son a' Bhuinn idir; ach air son na prìomh dhuaise feumaidh iad seinn anns a' cheithir.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge, has again kindly repeated her offer of money prizes for the encouragement of the less known district songs. No special district is stated, and competitors have a wide field to draw upon. Seldom or never have such opportunities been offered competitors to distinguish themselves in this class of songs, and it is earnestly hoped that they will take full advantage of them. There are many excellent published songs that have not had a chance of becoming popular. These only require a fair rendering at the Mod to bring them to the notice of the Gaelic public.

\* \* \*

Syllabuses have now been issued for the Mid-Argyll, Perthshire, and Lorn Provincial Mods, and these offer scope for rural competitors who wish to qualify for the National Mod. They include competitions for Seniors and Juniors within their respective areas. These three Mods take place in June, and the Edinburgh local Mod, promoted by the Celtic Union, takes place towards the end of May.

\* \* \*

At the Islay Gathering in Glasgow last month—a gathering which completely filled the large St. Andrew's Hall—the Chairman, the Rev. Dugald Clark, B.D., of Springburn, made a strong appeal on behalf of the Gaelic language, particularly the use of it in the home. It is interesting and gratifying to recall how often the claims of the language have been pressed from the Chair at our Highland Gatherings this winter. There have been few, if any, of them at which the importance of preserving and practising the langugae has not been emphasised.

The following extract from a lecture by Mr. W. J. Gibson, M.A., the accomplished Rector of that well-known Secondary School, the Nicolson Institute, Stornoway, will be interesting to our readers:—"The other point in connection with the language instruction is the extent to which Gaelic has been made an essential part of the secondary course for these pupils whose mother tongue it is. It seems eminently reasonable that those for whom Gaelic is the native language should have it included in their curriculum.

\* \* \*

"There is not only the sentimental claim that such pupils should be able to read and write the language, should have a first-hand acquaintance with the masterpieces of its literature, should, in short, serve themselves heir to a remarkable literature; there is also the educational claim that good use should be made of the valuable linguistic and grammatical material that lies ready to the hand of the teacher of a bilingual child.

\* \* \*

"Properly used, this will not only give him a chance of mastering his native tongue, but should be a valuable help to him in the rapid acquisition of English. It is long since Gaelic found a recognised place in our secondary curriculum. By our present arrangement every genuinely Gaelic-speaking pupil has Gaelic included in his course, and this without dropping any other subject. The number at present studying the language at the secondary stage is about two hundred." Doubtless a goodly proportion of these two hundred will find their way into the teaching profession, and many of them should be available as teachers of Gaelic in future years.

\* \* \*

Attention is directed to the notice accompanying the magazine this month calling a special meeting of An Comunn, to be held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 18th April, at 7.30 p.m., to consider the proposal to have a bazaar in the year after next.

\* \* \*

Remember that the dates of Mod at Inverness are 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th September.

NIALL.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE SCOTS.

By A. D. MACMILLAN, London.

It used to be said, "Every Stewart is no sib to the king," and it is equally certain that not every Scotsman, nor even every Highlander, is a Scot; by which I mean the race who, early in the Christian era, settled permanently in the country to which they gave their name in the eleventh century. Their first appearance in Scotland is usually stated to have happened towards the end of the fifth century, though the Irish historians record many other visits, some of which were of a permanent nature. There is, for instance, that of Cairbre Righ-fhada, 240 years previously. The Scottish Dalriada is attributed to him, and if his visitation was apocryphal, as often maintained, it becomes difficult to understand how a kingdom founded so long after his death could have been called after him, for Dalriada means the portion of Righ-fhada.

The Irish records are very difficult to understand, in their earlier portions. Notwithstanding the scrupulous care that is claimed to have been taken to ensure their correctness, it is perfectly certain that they are at least semi-mythical for the greater part. Settlements before the Flood, persons preserved under the waters for hundreds of years to transmit the memory of times long departed to later generations, races of giants and enchanters—all these are inserted as matters of history.

Amid the welter of invasions and emigrations, of Firbolg and Fomhóraice, Tuatha de Danaan, Nemedians and Milesians, Piets and Firgneat, one fact may be recognised—that is, the very composite nature of the Irish people. One can fancy the small, swarthy neolithic man of some twelve thousand years ago drifting into the country, and, later, the descendants of the men of the old stone age leaving their homes on continental Europe. They would be bound to come into contact, for, if the North Sea and Irish Channel were then in existence, which is doubtful, their boats, rude as they were, would carry them across the narrow seas. Roman and Irish records alike depict the men from the north as huge and fair. If the bones of the men of the Cromagnon cave were fairly typical of palæolithic man, then to the small southern races these would be indeed formidable antagonists, as their descendants (the Norsemen and Germans) were in their day.

Partholon, the earliest invader, is said to

have come from Greece; Nemed, from the Euxine; the Fomhóraice from Africa; and the last, and to us the most important, the Scots, from Egypt, according to one account, and in another from Phœnicia, by way of Spain. The coming of the Scots is said to have taken place about 1000 years B.C., at which time there was undoubtedly a high state of civilisation in the East. A curious corroboration of our eastern origin is given by the Gaelic language. The Scottish Gaelic has eighteen letters in its alphabet. The letter "h," though so much in evidence, seems originally to have been regarded as a breathing, and is altogether wanting in the Irish of the old MSS., which also dispense with "p." The Phœnician alphabet is said to have had sixteen letters, and, by a piece of good fortune, a specimen of the Phœnician language has been preserved. Plautus, a Roman dramatist, who wrote some 200 B.C., in his "Pœnulus," introduces Hanno, a Carthaginian, who is searching for his two daughters, who have been kidnapped. A prayer to his gods, and a dialogue with the children's nurse, are given, in Hanno's own tongue. The prayer is followed in the text by what the editor (Bohn's edition) thinks is the translation. It does not accord with what is believed to be the correct version, but this part may be an interpolation. I give a specimen, from "The Chronicles of Eri," published in 1822, which may interest your readers, as it has me:

Hyth alonim vualonuth sicorathi si ma  
com sith

Chi math chunyth munys tyal mistibarium  
ischi

Lipho canet luth bynuthi ad aedin  
bynuthii.

Turned into Gaelic, this appears to represent:

An iath al a nim, uailonnac socruidd se  
me com sit

Cim laig cungan, muin is toil, mo iochd  
beard iar mo sgit.

Libh a cain atac be mitis, ad eaden  
beannuigte.

Or, O mighty splendour of the land, renowned, powerful, let him quiet me with repose. Help of the weary captive, instruct me according to thy will to recover my children after my fatigue. With thee O let a pure hope be in due season, in thy blessed presence.

Carthage was undoubtedly a Phœnician settlement, and Plautus wrote about eight hundred years later than our ancestors are

said to have left Spain, where they had been resident for nearly 500 years. So far as history knows, there never was the least intercourse between Ireland and Phœnicia; but, of course, there may have been, or there may have been communication between the Phœnician colonies in Cornwall and the Irish people, who, *teste* the records, were of the same race. This, I think, is quite probable, and would account for the puzzling fact that one tribe in Cornwall was known to the Romans as Damnonii, while another in the south of Scotland bore the same name. Moreover, certain place-names in Scotland are of the Cornish type.

I offer these remarks in the hope that some better qualified person will continue them, and throw light on what is undoubtedly a difficult subject, though one that interests all Scots.

### SOP AS GACH SEID.

THE ROYAL CELTIC SOCIETY.—In this issue we publish the list of prizes which will be offered during the present year by the Royal Celtic Society. It is manifest that the Society is endeavouring to fulfil its primary objects as regards encouraging Gaelic literature, music, and the arts and crafts. It may be mentioned that the Society was founded in 1822 by Sir Walter Scott and General Stewart of Garth. In the early part of the nineteenth century the Royal Celtic did good work. Its last substantial contribution to Gaelic was a fourth edition of Stewart's Gaelic Grammar in 1879. Towards the end of last century the members became few in number. Two years ago it was found that only two members remained; and proper measures were adopted to increase the membership and to revive the Society, and widen its usefulness by the wise management of the considerable sum of money in the Society's possession. The first literary undertaking of the Royal Celtic in its revived form is the publication of Professor Watson's book on Cymric and Gælic Place Names in Scotland. The Society is to be congratulated on its endeavour to carry out so well the patriotic intentions of its original founders.

A GAELIC CHAMPION KNITTER.—As will be seen from the contribution in Irish Gaelic in another column, a competition in knitting was recently held by Selfridge's, London. The competition was open to the British Empire. Speed, combined with fine work, were to be the main features. Thousands

entered. Six persons were invited to London for the actual final contest. The article was a knitted coat. The final winner was a lady from the west of Ireland, who has no knowledge of English. She performed the feat in thirty-one and a half hours, being fully three hours ahead of the second person. The interest for us in this incident is that a lady whose only language is Gaelic, and whose culture and point of view are purely Gaelic, won the prize for speed and fine work over all English-speaking competitors. Here is encouragement for the supporters of our arts and industries; and here is a simple proof of the capacity of the Gael when brought face to face with opponents even in the arts of peace.

### SMUAIN.

Air sgiath na smuaine théid mi null do'n Eilean,  
Do'n Eilean ghrinn ud far an robh mi òg;  
Do'n Eilean ghrádhach, far eil bàigh gun deireas,  
Is buaidh nach teirig 'n a chuid oilean dòmhsh.  
Ann tha na glacan, ann na cruic 's na h-òban,  
Gach àit' is bòidheche tha fo iathadh gréin;  
Gach caol is tràigh, gach mol is machair còmhnaid,  
Gach beinn cho òirdheire le 'deagh chomhdach féin.  
An cuan cho fallain, òirnn mu'n cuairt 's an t-Samhradh  
Cho grinn is greannmhor, la is oidhch cho réidh;  
An nochd gur cinnteach mi gur garbh a shamhladh,  
Gach tonn 'n a dheann, is ràn nach fann 'n a bheul.  
Gach fear cho rianail, is gu ciallach dòigheil;  
Gach bean cho còir ann, is i mór na beus;  
Gach òigfhear làidir, 's e mar ùr-chrann stòda,  
Gach maighdean bhòidheach, 's i mar ròs air ghéig.  
Nach bi sibh neartmhor, sibh-se chlann nan Eilean,  
Nach bi sibh uasal, buadhmmhor, suaire is còir;  
Nach cum sibh bratach bhàn ur n-àrach soilleir,  
Grianach na doilleir gus an teich na neòil?  
CALUM DHOMHNUI OIG.



## SPEAKERS OF GAELIC, CENSUS, 1921.

	Total Pop.	Speaking G. & E.	Speaking G. only.	Percentage of Tot. Pop.	
				G & E G only	G only
<b>BUTE COUNTY, .....</b>	<b>33,711</b>	<b>1,453</b>	—	4.3	—
Cumbræ, .....	5,952	73	—	1.2	—
Kilbride, .....	5,293	331	—	6.3	—
Kilmory, .....	3,001	600	—	20.0	—
Kingarth, .....	1,480	45	—	3.0	—
North Bute, .....	2,767	93	—	3.4	—
Rothessay, .....	15,218	311	—	2.0	—
<b>INVERNESS COUNTY, .....</b>	<b>82,455</b>	<b>35,449</b>	<b>4,443</b>	<b>43.0</b>	<b>5.4</b>
Mainland Parishes, .....	54,531	14,600	214	26.8	0.4
Insular Parishes, ...	27,924	20,849	4,229	74.7	15.1
<i>Mainland.</i>					
Abernethy, .....	1,416	330	—	23.3	—
Alvie, .....	670	173	1	25.8	0.1
Ardersier, .....	1,216	85	—	7.0	—
Arisaig and Moldart, .....	1,375	963	82	70.0	6.0
Boleskine and Abertarf, .....	1,966	687	3	34.9	0.2
Croy and Dalcross (part of) .....	501	139	—	27.7	—
Daviot and Dunlichity, .....	853	290	1	34.0	0.1
Dores, .....	687	231	2	33.6	0.3
Duthil and Rothiemurchus, .....	2,458	451	—	18.3	—
Glenelg, .....	1,643	950	48	57.8	2.9
Inverness and Bogna, .....	24,614	3,573	27	14.5	0.1
Kilmallie, .....	3,624	1,742	11	48.1	0.3
Kilmonivaig, .....	1,769	982	17	55.5	1.0
Kilmorack, .....	1,877	647	4	34.5	0.2
Kiltarlity and Convinth, .....	1,817	723	6	39.8	0.3
Kingussie and Insh, .....	2,718	742	—	27.3	—
Kirkhill, .....	1,212	351	1	29.0	0.1
Laggan, .....	664	281	1	42.3	0.2
Moy and Dalrossie, .....	723	212	1	29.3	0.1
Petty, .....	1,202	193	—	16.1	—
Urquhart and Glenmoriston, .....	1,526	855	9	56.0	0.6
<i>Insular.</i>					
Barra, .....	2,456	1,677	464	68.3	18.9
Harris, .....	5,276	3,940	961	74.7	18.2
North Uist, .....	3,223	2,379	575	73.8	17.8
<b>SKYE—</b>					
Bracadale, .....	740	567	52	76.6	7.0
Duirinsh, .....	2,621	2,089	269	79.7	10.3
Kilmuir, .....	1,748	1,371	236	78.4	13.5
Portree, .....	2,120	1,665	101	78.5	4.8
Sleat, .....	1,104	899	94	81.4	8.5
Snizort, .....	1,496	1,234	138	82.5	9.2
Strath, .....	1,778	1,376	172	77.4	9.7
Small Isles, .....	518	315	25	60.8	4.8
South Uist, .....	4,844	3,537	1,142	68.9	23.6

Academy doing best in Gaelic at the Leaving Certificate Examination in April, 1923.

2. Prizes of £3 and £2 for Celtic embroidery, and of £2 and £1 respectively for cromags, at the Exhibition and Competition of Highland Art and Industry organised by the Art and Industry Committee of an Comunn Gaidhealach, to be held in Glasgow in May, 1923.

3. A sum not exceeding £8 in prizes for a short story in Gaelic of not more than 1000 words, open to pupils attending any elementary school in Lewis or Harris. The story to be accompanied by a declaration signed by the competitor that it is entirely his or her own work. The number and amounts of the prizes to be settled by the adjudicators.

4. Prizes of £3 and £2 for the best narrative in Gaelic of one or more unpublished traditions, historical or otherwise, relating to or current in Coll or Tiree. Open to any person permanently residing in one of these islands. The MS. to be accompanied by a statement of the source which the competitor obtained the tradition or traditions.

5. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 for a competition in march, strathspey, and reel playing at the South Uist and Barra Highland Games for local competitors only. Competitors to play the three tunes without interval, and each tune once over only.

6. Prizes for dancing any old Highland dance, excluding Highland Fling, Sword Dance, Sean Triubhas, or Sailor's Hornpipe, which are still remembered in South Uist or Barra. Prizes of £2 each (not exceeding three in number) to be given at the South Uist and Barra Highland Games for each dance in which a competition can be arranged.

7. Prizes of £5 and £2 for singing in Gaelic with clarsach accompaniment, to be given at the Mod of 1923. Special importance to be given, in deciding this prize, to excellence in clarsach playing. The former winner of the first prize not eligible.

8. Prizes of £5 and £3 to be given at the Mod of 1923 for the best papers in Gaelic on native Highland dyes, their preparation and use. The framing of rules for this competition to be left to the Mod Committee.

9. A sum not exceeding £5 in prizes for competitions in home industries, such as the making of cromags, dyeing, spinning, weaving, knitting, etc., to be held in connection with local cattle shows or other gatherings in the Highlands. The selection of the places and the framing of rules to be remitted to Mr. Bartholomew and the Secretary in consultation with Major Ian Stewart, Fasnacloch.

10. A prize of £3 for the best Gaelic story and a prize of £2 for the best Gaelic poem to be awarded at the Mod to be held by the Edinburgh Celtic Union in May, 1923.

## A GAELIC CHAMPION-KNITTER.

## THE ROYAL CELTIC SOCIETY.

STATEMENT OF THE PRIZES WHICH THE SOCIETY PROPOSES TO OFFER DURING 1923.

1. A prize of £5 to the pupil of Nicolson Institute, Stornoway; High School, Oban; and Dingwall

Tamall beag ó shoin chuir Muinntear Selfridge i Lundain comórtais nó comhdheuchainn air shiubhal aig iarraidh a dheanamh amach ga hí a b'fhearr a' cniotail le bioran-fighidh. Chan amháin d'fheuch-faidhe air maitheas na hoibre ach air luathas



The Super  
Leather

for Soles.

*for golf wear*

Footwear is of the greatest importance to every golfer. The best of uppers and the finest workmanship are at a disadvantage unless soles of finest quality are attached. This can always be attained by insisting on 'DRI-PED,' The Super-Leather for Soles which never lets in the wet, are flexible, light, give a grip, and yield a welcome economy by outlasting two or three soles of ordinary leather

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an t-siubhail 'san am cheudna. Bhí duaiseanna an-mhaith le fághail, taobh amuigh de'n ainm mhór a bheith i measg lucht buaidhte na n-duaiseann, agus chuaidh na mílte isteach a' feuchaint le duais 'fhághail.

I measg a t-seiseair a b'fhèarr a fuair cuireadh a ghabhail go Lundain bhí Bean Mhic Shéaghain ó'n Charrraig i dtÍr-Chonaill, Gaidheal nach 'eil air son ach Gaodlac a labhairt, agus b'eigean di bean-chomharsnach a thabhairt i bhfochair léithi chun cadar-theangachadh a dheanamh air a son i dtír nan Gall. D'éirigh léithi an chead duais 'fághail, luach leith-cheád giní de chom buaidhe agus leith-cheád punt d'airgead. Chuir sí críoch air a cuid oibre (a teanamh a' chòta chnìotailte is fhèarr 'san aimsir is goiride) faoi chionn ocht n-uaire go leith is fiche, agus an dara duine b'fhoige di in-éis uaire déag is fiche, 'réir páipear nuaidheachta na seachtmhaine seo chuaidh thart. Nuair a bhí sí a' fághail suaicheantais na buaidhe, ós comhair a lán ban uasal áird-inbhe a bhí i lathair, chuir sí a buaidheachas i n-iul i mbriathraibh caoin Ghaodhlaig a sinnsear.

Ba còir gur lán-dearbhadh é seo nach leibideach an duine an Gaodhal, agus i n-ionad a rádh go bhfeil Gaodhlac a' cur bac air air a' tsaothail seo féadtar a rádh go dtig leis gabhail air aghaidh maith go leor gan Saes-bhèarla má's deas leis. Bhí cead air an domhan agus a mhathair cur isteach air a' chomórtas seo thuas, agus d'éirigh le Gaodhal gan Saes-bhèarla an duais a thogailt i g-ceart-lár Cathair Lundain.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If I may, I would like to express my whole-hearted appreciation of Dr. Watson's letter in a recent issue. I have no knowledge as to how this strange vocable found its way to so prominent a place, but its appearance was to me a surprise and a disappointment, and I very earnestly hope that it will disappear soon and suddenly.

In a linguistic sense, Gailig is not a word at all, any more than if one were to take it by the tail and call it "Giliag." I do not wish to suggest anything but honourable intention on the part of any one, but this strikes me as an offence against literary taste, and the modest but honest native grace of our language. You and I remember the day when the Comunn guarded its own name with such jealous care that no one was allowed to attempt an English rendering of it; but if consistency is a jewel, there ought to be now no objection to its being rendered, not only by translation, but by mis-spelling.

As you know so well, scholars and students are getting weary of the mob, who manage to get the ear and catch the eye of good English neighbours, and who tell them that there is no real standard of Gaelic spelling. I am honestly very unwilling to believe that there is any disposition in any authority of the Comunn to give countenance to that foolish tendency. The Comunn owes itself very jealous regard: for does it not spend a deal of good money, received in trust from a generous public, on propaganda in a variety of forms? Does it not encourage literary effort, and insist on efficient judging of its merits? Does it not lay just claim to a big and an honourable share in the splendid service which has its joy and crown in the "Gaelic clause," as embodied in the education statute law of Scotland? Has it not undertaken a responsible part in putting live blood into that clause, notably by organising the production of standard Gaelic books for the schools? In view of all that, and more, is it not a thousand pities that at this time of day the Comunn should tolerate for a single month a blot like this on the face of its official organ? It commits the whole Comunn, and therefore I confess that, so long as it continues, it puts rather a heavy strain on one's personal loyalty.

I do not wish to say a single word for or against the retention of the old shadowy name. Let us have a good honest Gaelic name, in real homespun, with an alternative in English, if so advised.

With all good wishes while you wield the violet quill,

MALCOLM MACLENNAN.

### BRANCH REPORT.

THURSO.—The annual Highland Gathering of the Thurso Gaelic Society is now recognised, and deservedly so, as the best organised and most enjoyable of our local concerts. This year's concert in the Picture House was no exception, and an enthusiastic and responsive audience filled the house, including a large number of Highlanders from Melvich and the Reay country, amongst whom Scotland's leading Gaelic singer (Mr. Roderick Macleod) is extremely popular.

The Rev. G. R. Macleannan, president, occupied the chair, and, after bagpipe selections by one of our leading exponents of the National instrument (Piper Gordon Asher), the company sang the rallying song, "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig."

The local soloists were all in excellent voice. Mrs. Murison gave a very sweet rendering of the "Herding Song" (an old Highland air), and in reply to an enthusiastic encore sang, with equal success, "Friend of Mine." The Rev. G. R. Macleannan sang "Shipmates of Mine" in a pleasing manner, and in response to a warm encore gave a Gaelic song. Miss J. Coghlin gave a finished and feeling rendering of "A Lament for Hector Macdonald," and had, perforce, to reply. Mr. W. Ross's fine baritone voice was never heard to more pleasing advantage than in "An Island Shieling Song," and in response to a rapturous encore sang "The Road to the Isles." The double quartettes by the Gaelic Singing Class were pleasingly rendered and warmly applauded.

As a soloist Miss Macleod (Inverness) has improved since her visit to Thurso two years ago,

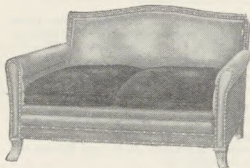
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and in all her numbers was rapturously encored. She excelled herself in both her Gaelic and English songs, and a finer rendering of an encore song, "Cam ye by Athol," was never heard on a local platform. The duets of Miss Macleod and Mr. Roderick Macleod were rendered with exquisite taste and harmony, and in "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," they kept the vast audience enthralled.

Mr. Roderick Macleod was in fine form in his songs (Gaelic and English), and he, like Miss Macleod, got a great ovation, being recalled again and again. Mr. Macleod is a master of Gaelic song, and was heard to perfection in the songs of Rob Donn and the Hebridean and old Highland airs.

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## GAILIG

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Leabhar XVIII.]

An Céitein, 1923.

[Earrann 8.

### BOTHAG NA H-AIRIDH.

“Bothag na h-àiridh hl-ri,  
Gleannan an fhàsaidh ó-hó-ró éile,  
Bothag na h-àiridh hl-ri,  
Chunnaic mi gràdh mo chridhe 's i ann.”

Bu chleachdadh dhuinn riamh an tùs ar n-òige na h-oidhcheanan fada geamhraidh a chaitheamh anns an tigh-chéilidh ri ré-dorcha, agus ri iomain chaman no cleas-na-bonaid an uair a bhiodh gealach gheal air a coinneil. Ach a dh'aindeoin cho cridheil 's gu'm biodh na h-oidhcheanan geamhraidh bhiodh fadachd oirnn uile gus an tigeadh an t-earrach, agus an cluinnte gu-gùg aig a' chuthaig air latha buidhe Bealltainn. Cha luaithe chuirte crìoch air an àiteach na thòisicheadh an t-ullachadh airson imrich na h-àiridh. Bu shunndach a dh'fhalbhadh an òigridh a thogail nam bothag; bu mhór an ùpraid a bhiodh aig a' bhaile; oir bhiodh làn othail air sean is òg a' dol gu dachaigh ùr anns a' bheinn ri teas is bròn an t-samhraidh. Cha robh a faide eile de dh'ùine eadar dà cheann na bhliadhna cho sona cuideachdail, ris an ùine a chuireadh iad seachad air an àiridh.

Is iomadh linn ó thòisich cleachdadh na h-àiridh am measg ar sinnsir. Mu 'n do theann ar muinntir ri dhòl gu Galldachd a chosnadh an lèin. B'abhaist dhaibh an teachd-an-tìr a chothachadh 'n an dùthaich fhéin. Bha iad an crochadh air toradh an fhearainn agus na fairge. Bha an sluaigh gu mór nas pailte na tha iad a nis. Is lìonmhor gleann fásail an diugh anns a' bheil iomairean taomaidh fo fhraoch is fo rainich, a tha 'nochdadh gu robh am fearann 'g a

àiteach ó iochdar nan gleann suas gu uchd nam mullaichean. Cha b'ann leasg ro diomhain a bha na fir a rinn an t-saothair bhliadhnail so. Bha bàrr trom 'g a thogail a chum an spréidh a bheathachadh troimh an gheamhraidh. Tha e coltach gu robh an spréidh lìonmhor; agus cho luath 's a bhiodh iothlann is sabhal falamh, dh'fheumta an crodh-laigh le 'n cuid àil a thogail ri gleann, agus a shaochadh do na monaidhean, far am faigheadh iad sult is neart ó fheur sùghmhor an t-samhraidh. Mar sin b'e uallach na spréidhe an t-aobhar sònruichte mu'n robh cleachdadh na h-àiridh cho coitcheonn ann ar dùthaich.

Am bitheantas bhiodh na bothagan air an deanamh ann an lagán fàsach, làmh ri sruthan uisge. Bhiodh balla na bothaig de cheapan réisg, agus an tubhadh de mhuran no de luachair. Cha robhas a' cur feum air bothaig ach am marbh a' mheadhon oidhche, ri àm tàmh air leapanan eitich agus còinnich. Ri side blàth bhiodh luchd na h-àiridh a' cadal am pàillunn taobh-fhosgailte fo na spéuran samhraidh. Mu'n tac sin de'n bhliadhna cha robh riatanas air teine ach airson bruich bidh a mhàin. Dlùth do'n bhothaig ri bruaich an uillt bhiodh gealhan suilbhearra mònach eadar dà shòrn chloiche. Bhiodh soithichean air na sùirn gu deasachadh airson feum gach tràtha—aran coirce no eòrna; iasg is feòil is uibhean; càbhruich no sùghan, lite no eanraich, a réir mar bhiodh coitcheonn aig an àm. Ach b'e toradh na h-àiridh fhéin bu bhìadh sònruichte—bainne blàth is bainne togalach, uachdar is blàthach, miug is odhann; is a thuilleadh air sin, slaman is

gruth, hn is gruitheam is cáise. A charaid chóir, b'e sud an t-àrach suspainneach. B'e sud am biadh is an t-abhlann a chuir feòil òg mu chnaimh do sheanar.

Thoir faineair obair-latha na h-àiridh. B'e ceud chùram a' bhuchaille, cho luath is a ghoireadh a' smèbrach, cabhag a dheanamh, gu bhì 'cur ma sgaoil nan uan-òga as a' mhainnir, nam meann as a' chrò, agus nan laogh as a' bhualidh. Chruinnicheadh na h-òganaich an crodh-bainne ó gach innis is glaic gu bleoghan an eadraidh-mhaidne. Chite a' bhanarach le a cuman a' leigeil nam bò. Is ann sin a bhiodh a' ruith is an ruagadh an àm cur nan laogh fo am màthraichean. Far am biodh an crodh-laogh lionmhor bhiodh cuinneag is cùdainn làn de bhainne blàth fo chròic. Chuirte imideal chraicinn gu teann mu bheul gach soithich 'g a dhruideadh, agus ghiulainte am bainne mar sin a dh'ionnsaidh na h-àiridh. Shuidhicheadh a' bhanarach am bainne blàth am miasan staoine fiodha; agus air an ath latha thogta an t-uachdar bhàrr na meise.

Rachadh am bainne togalach a bhinndeachadh le deasgann, cuid dhèidh gu slaman airson feum làitheil nan àireach, agus a' mhòr-chuid dheth airson mulachagan cáise, a bhithte a' gleidheadh gu teanntachd na bliadhna. B'e maistreadh an uachdair an ath dhleasdanas a bha an earbsa ris a' bhanarach. Dhòirteadh i an t-uachdar am muidhe, no an crannachan; ghabhadh na h-òganaich mu seach greim air an loinid, agus bheireadh iad làmh-chuidichidh aig a' mhaistreadh. Bu chùbhraidh, ciatach an t-àm ùr, an àm a bhì 'g a nigheadh ann am fìor-uisge an fhuarain, agus 'g a shailleadh ann an erogachan airson abhlann geamhraidh aig baile. An sin ri àirde a' mheadhon latha dh'iomaineadh na h-àirich gu socair a' spreidh do'n t-sliabh, far an ionaltradh iad air gach easgann is làna ghorc a b'fheuraiche na 'chéile. Ri ciaradh an fheasgair dheanta eadradh an annoich; agus thionailte gach laogh gu a bhualidh, gach meann gu a chrò, agus gach uan òg gu a' mhainnir féin.

Tha e soilleir gu robh an àiridh feumail mar aon de mheadhonan beò-shlainte ar n-athraichean. Ach bha an àbhaist ud mar an ceudna sònruichte air dòigh no dhà eile. Bha cruadal is fallaineachd am measg nan àireach le bhì a' cadal fo na speuran fosgailte air a' bhàr a' muigh. Bha càirdeas agus caomhneas a' fàs dìomghalta le comh-chomunn cridheil sundach. Mar dhearbhadh gu robh dòigh-bheatha nan àireach gun fharmad gun fhuath, chan eil againn ach smaoinicheadh air iomadach òran

a dh'fhàg iad mar chuimhneachan air cleachdadh na h-àiridh. Tha mòran de na luinneagan sin a' nochdadh suairecis agus bàigh. Bhiodh òganaich is maighdeanan a' cur eòlas air a' chéile mar bu dual. Tha na duanagair a' toirt dhuinn beachd eagnaigh air nòsan na linn a dh'fhalbh; agus tha iomadach òran gaoil is òran-gnìomha 'g an seinn fathast a dhealbhadh an tùs air an àiridh. Ged a chaidh foghlum Gàlda am farsuingeachd ann ar measg 'n ar latha féin, gidheadh is duilich ri aideachadh gu'n deachaidh foghlum Gàidhealach an lughad. Agus tha sinn a' creidsinn nach eil ar muinntir dad nas modhaile no nas glìce, no idir idir nas fallaine, na bha ar sinnsir a thug trì mìosan air an àiridh anns na làithean sona samhraidh.

### GAELIC PHONETICS AND ENGLISH PHONETICS.

It is well to begin with a clear definition, more particularly when one uses a word of foreign origin. I therefore make the following extract from my favourite English dictionary (Chambers's): "*Phonetics*—The science of sounds, especially of the human voice. *Phonetic-spelling*—Spelling according to sound: the spelling of words as they are pronounced."

One often encounters such a statement as this:—The names Beinn Fhada and Sgeir Mhor, when written phonetically, become Ben Attow and Skerryvore. But that only means "according to English phonetics." They are written phonetically in the forms first given; that is, of course, in accordance with the phonetics of the language to which they belong. Indeed, the English equivalents are not absolutely happy; whereas the spelling in the Gaelic originals is without a flaw. It is astonishing how frequent is this use of the word "phonetic" without the necessary qualification of "English." Even Gaelic writers have been known to make this error. The implication is that Gaelic differs from all other languages in having no phonetics of its own. Nobody would venture to say that "parlez-vous" and "sauer kraut" are only phonetically written when they are spelt "parly-voo" and "sour krowt." Nevertheless, that is the kind of thing that is constantly said about Gaelic. "It is almost impossible to find one word in Gaelic which is spelled phonetically," says a writer in the *Glasgow Herald* of 3rd October, 1922.

Every word in Gaelic is spelled phonetically. It is a curious circumstance that the remarkable statement just quoted was made by a man of education who was lamenting the decay of Gaelic in Scotland; his suggested remedy being the adoption of an English spelling of Gaelic words similar to that introduced a long time ago in the Isle of Man (a most infelicitous parallel, for Manx Gaelic is now only a shadow of a shade).

This heresy, that Gaelic is not spelt phonetically, is widespread; and invidious comparisons are made between Gaelic and English. Only those blinded by prejudice and ignorance could make such a comparison. Whereas Gaelic follows definite rules, by which a learner can be guided, English pronunciation is the terror of foreigners. For example, the letters *oo* are used to represent three separate vowel-sounds in the words *food*, *flood*, and *floor*. What foreigner who had mastered the sound of *oo* in *food* would ever guess that the same symbol had to do duty for a second and a third sound in *flood* and *floor*? A very partial knowledge of Gaelic does not entitle me to speak dogmatically, but I believe I may safely say that no such anomaly exists in Gaelic. Another common criticism is that Gaelic words have so many consonants coming together; a strange objection to come from speakers of a language which has five consecutive consonants in a word of nine letters, the word "twelfthly." Besides, the ground of the objection is largely based upon the frequent occurrence of *h* to denote the aspiration of a labial or a dental, as in *bh*, *mh*, *dh*, and *th*. If the old practice, still current in Ireland, of placing a dot above the aspirated letter existed in Scotland also, that particular objection would disappear. It is, moreover, a little inconsistent that such an objection should be raised at all by those who follow the same practice in such words as *borough* and *through*. Again, it is pointed out that the letter *s* is pronounced as (English) *sh* when it is in close contact with the narrow vowels *e* and *i*, as in *sea*, *seachd*, *siar*, and *milis*. Yet the same thing is done in the English words *sure* and *sugar*; not to speak of the obsolescent or obsolete pronunciations of *assume*, *presume*, *suit*, *supreme*, *superior*, and others of that class.

Out of this last illustration there arises the difficult problem of how to write proper names so that they may receive the right pronunciation. Many a non-Gaelic father has his boy christened "Hamish" without being aware that that represents (according

to English phonetics) the vocative of Seumas, and that he has doomed his son to go through life as "O James!" If it is necessary to use the Gaelic form at all, the spelling "Shamus" would give, to English speakers, the true sound of the nominative. Of course, if the parents and their children speak Gaelic only, the boy will always be "Seumas" in the nominative; the *S* becoming aspirated in the genitive and vocative. A perpetual difficulty is caused, however, by the fact that only a tiny proportion of the British people speak Gaelic, and the number of those who speak Gaelic only is infinitesimal. However much we may regret it, that is the case. A certain class of personal names must therefore be spelt according to present-day English phonetics, from the date of the registration of birth, if the parents desire that their child's name shall receive its true pronunciation. An acquaintance of mine once told me that he had named his little girl "Una," which is a very pretty name when it is rightly pronounced. Whereupon I expressed the hope that she had been baptized "Oona." This precaution had not been taken. "Then," I observed, "she will soon become known as 'Yewna'." He smiled sadly, and said: "They are calling her that already!"

Similarly, the names *Sine* and *Sile* must be transformed into "Sheena" and "Sheela," from the very outset (except when one is writing in Gaelic), unless the parents are prepared to have the names murdered in various ways. One could hardly blame English speakers if they made *Sine* and *Sile* rhyme with "dine" and "tile." If Gaelic were as widely known as French, or even if its principles of pronunciation were as widely known as those of French, a great number of non-Gaelic people would give the correct sound to Gaelic personal names. But, as things are, it is necessary to compromise, if one wants to have such names properly pronounced.

Almost more difficult is the question of how to spell place-names. A good many generations ago, in the eighteenth century and earlier, a process was going on of transliterating Gaelic proper names so as to suit Lowland ears. Thus, *Ru*, *Dubh*, and *Sleibhte* became written Row, Dow, and Sleat. But at that period the letters *ow* had the value of *oo*, and *ea* was generally, if not invariably, held to represent the sound which that diphthong still retains in the words "break," "great," and "steak." In course of time these values altered, and

the surname "Dow" and the place-name "Dowally" are to-day commonly pronounced with the vowel-sound of English "now"; the same sound being frequently given to the "Row" of Rowardennan. More frequently this last name is pronounced "Roe-ardennan"; but rarely "Roardennan." The point at the entrance to the Dumbartonshire Gareloch is still called "Roo"; but it will probably share the fate of Rowardennan, in the long run, unless we revert to the spelling "Ru." As for Sleat, it is becoming increasingly pronounced as "Sleet," an error which could be rectified by a return to the alternative form "Slate," still used by a branch of the Macdonald family.

The Lowland form of "Kin" for "Ceann" is also leading to fresh complications. In such a name as "Kindrochit," it, and indeed the whole word, makes a good enough compromise. But when the "Kin" is followed by a "g" the consequences are fatal; for it speedily becomes confused with the English "king." This is seen in the case of Kingorn, in Fife, which became King-horn a long time ago, although the true pronunciation of Kin-gorn has never been abandoned by the unsophisticated natives of that district. The process is now going on in connection with Kingussie, which is increasingly pronounced King-yewie. In all those cases where Kin is followed by a g, it would be a wise precaution to print the name with a hyphen; thus, Kin-Gorn, Kin-Gusie, etc. In this way many false etymologies, present and potential, would be stifled.

The name of our highest mountain is also in danger. Mary MacKellar writes it as Beinn Nibheis, and transliterates it for readers of English as "Baynn Neev'esh." There can be no doubt that the sound of the sibilant is correctly expressed by English *sh*. Mary MacKellar is a most trustworthy guide in all matters relating to her native Lochaber; but we have also the testimony of Sheriff Nicolson in his quotation of the proverbial saying: "*Beinn Nibheis mhór a' glaothaich 'n a laidhe-siubhla, 's cha d'fhàinig aiseide ach an luchag fheòir.*" A Lowland recognition of the *sh* (English) sound is seen in the "Ben Nevish" of the Rev. John Walker, D.D., in his "Essays on Natural History," Edinburgh, 1808, page 493. Earlier than Nicolson, we have Gordon of Straloch's map (Blaeu's Atlas, 1662), which show "Bin Novesh" (the *o* being

obviously due to a mis-reading of the old scribal form of *e*), "Glen Nevish," and "Avon Nevish." Similarly, the map of Scotland printed for Carington Bowles, London, about 1730-1740, has the spellings "Ben Nevish," "Avon Nevish," and "Loch Nevish"; these three forms being repeated in Dorret's map of 1750 (London). An interesting variant, as regards the initial letter, is given in a Gaelic periodical of 1830,\* with reference to Montrose's route to Inverlochry, where the name of the glen is twice written as "Glen Ibheis." This suggests the possibility that "Ibheis" (or, in English, "Eevish") may be the original form. The author of "The Highlands of Scotland in 1750," published in 1898, whom Andrew Lang conjectures was "a Mr. Bruce, an official under Government," but who is identified by Dr. Walter Blaikie as a certain Inverness minister, makes mention of "Cameron of Glenivas." This may be hyphenated as "Glen-Ivas," thus introducing the simple sound of *s* as the final, while corroborating the *I* of "Ibheis." For in both of these cases it may be reasonably assumed that the *I* had the Gaelic and Continental sound.

A consideration of these citations leads us to the conclusion that "Ibheis" or "Nibheis" was the original name of our famous Ben. According to English phonetics, this is rendered by "Eevish" and "Neevish." The *sh* has been modified into *s*, but this error need not go on for ever. As for the first half of the word, it began to be Anglicized as "Nev" in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and this practice has unhappily gained ground. This alteration illustrates the same tendency that gradually changed "Levenax" into "Levvenax" and ultimately "Lennox," and the cause seems to be that the older form is not quite so easy to say. There is a difference, barely perceptible, between the time respectively occupied in saying "seven" and "seवन." Such changes in nomenclature, from this cause, may be seen in other names. Sir Walter Scott made it fashionable to pronounce "Gael" as a monosyllable and "Achray" as a word of two syllables, in each case shortening the original word by one syllable.

Probably no one would seriously advocate the wholesale use of the true spelling of place-names of Gaelic origin, for it could not be limited to those districts in which Gaelic

\* Cited by a writer in the *Scotsman* of 1st September, 1897.



is spoken, or where it has died out in comparatively recent times. The result would be to alter the map of Scotland to such an extent that only experts would be able to identify many of the names with their modern forms. However, some kind of a commonsense measure might be adopted. For example, we might decide whether *Beinn Nibheis* ought to be correctly transliterated as "Ben Neevish," or whether we ought to adopt the less accurate "Ben Neevis," or the still more inaccurate "Ben Nevvis."

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

## AN T-EILTHIRÉACH—SEUMAS OG.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

Bha fiath nan eun fionn a mach air gach tulach is glèann air an fheasgar àillidh sàmhraidh ud mus do ràinig Murchadh Mór an Eilein am bothan uisgeach a bha falaichte am meòsg duilleach nan craobh. Bha gathan mu dheireadh na gréine 'gan sinedh féin air an raon agus duibhre teachd air sgiath an eóin a bha 'g itealaich gu àite-táimh 'san doire.

Saor mar a' ghaoth bha a' chlànn bheag gun sglos a' mire 's a' ghleann.

Bha sonas is sìth aig cach ach bha Murchadh fo phràmh. Is iomadh bliadhna a bha nis air dol seachad le h-eachdraidh sgriobhta gu bràth o shuidhich e bhùth 'san àite ud. Dh'fhalbhadh e is cha b'aithne do dhùine c'àite; thigeadh e is cha b'aithne do dhùine cia as.

Fad nam bliadhnanach a thadhail e an glèann b'iad a' chlànn bheag bu chompanaich dha gu tric. Bha iad sona 'na chuideachd agus bha esan da rìreadh mùirneach umpa. Gu fìor is ann le mór iongnadh a dh'éisid iad ri a naidheachdan nuair a shuidheadh iad mu'n teine 'san annoch. Agus bha gach turus toirt barr air càch ann an saibhreas na nithean a chunnaic 's a chuala Murchadh 'na imeachd.

Air an fheasgar-sa bha fàilte chridheil ri feitheamh air mar a chleachd, ach cha robh esan 'san fhonn a b'abhàist. Le ceum fann is a shùil air an làr dhirich e a' bhruthach dh'ionnsaigh a' bhothan. Thuig na balachain gu robh iomagain ro mhór 'na inntinn; gun fhaical a radh thill gach aon duibh gu àite féin agus dh'fhàgadh esan 'na aonar.

"Shaoil leam uair," ars esan, 's a cheann crom air uchd, "nach beireadh crìoch mo là orm gus an aisginn do'n chàraidh chaoimh an t-àilleagan gaol anns na chuir iad an ùgh; agus a mheudaich lìon-cridhe dhoibh o thugadh air falbh e le foirneart. Ach a nis tha am fiabhrus a' tagairt a còrach am chuislean agus cò aige tha fìos cò bheir buaidh." Leis na briathran sin leag e a cheann air an adhart, tharruing e osann throm, oir bha smuain thar chuan ann an dùthaich ris an do chuir e cùl o chionn iomadh bliadhna agus nach faiceadh e gu bràth tuilleadh.

Am brusaillean na h-oidhche sin féin bha e ris 'na ghlas ghille a' cleasachd ri Seumas Og air an réidhleìn an Urgha Nan Eas. Dh'ears a ghruaidh le dealas gràidh, ach theich an rughadh air ball is dh'fhàilnich a shnuadh.

Fhuair na balachain e 's a' mhaduinn am péin ro mhór, gun aithne air neach bha 'na chòir. Dh'éisid iad ri eachdraidh nan seann làithean ged nach do dh'fhuasgail sin dhoibhsan dubh-cheisid na sgeòil. Gun dàil chuireadh fìos air an léigh a b'fhaigse. Thàinig e 'na churraich bhig tarsuing a' bhàigh, agus cha d'fhàg e am bothan tuilleadh gus an d'adhlaiceadh Murchadh Mór 'san doire far an ruigeadh air an àile ceòl nan tonn a bha 'gan sinedh fhéin gun tàmh air an tràigh.

Mus do chaochail e thug e eachdraidh a chuairt do'n léigh. Dhùin e shùil anns a' bhàs le sonas is sìth 'na uchd, oir fhuair e nuair bu lugha dhùil an tì sin air an robh e an geall. "Thoir beannachd leat uamsa gu d'athair is do mhàthair thar chuan. Tha m'imeachd-sa sona oir fhuair mi dhoibh cuspair an ionndruinn." "Theid sinn dhachaidh le chéile," ars an léigh, 'g a mhisneachadh ged nach robh dhòchas àrd. "Mise, cha téid. Caidlidh mi far na shaothraich agus an d'fhuair mi." Agus thachair sin.

Cha robh Seumas Og ach seachd bliadhna dh'aois an là ghiùlaineadh o'n trùigh e an sealladh tigh athar le soitheach Lochlainneach bha dol air turus fada gu America mu Dheas, agus cha d'fhuair ead cunnantas beò no marbh air fad nan ceithear bliadhna fichead. Reiceadh e ri seann Spainteach bha pòda aig ban-Innseanach am fear de na h-eileanan a siar. Dh'fhàs e suas 'na ghille modhail, coibhneil, agus bha meas mòr air am measg an luchd-dùthcha. Bha cuimhne aige air Urgha Nan Eas, agus air an tràigh ghil agus air a' chloinn bhig a



b'abhaist a bhi leis air an tràigh. Ach a riamh gu ruigeadh so cha b'aithne dha de thug bith do na nithean sin 'na inntinn.

A nis bha gach ni soilleir. Shruth a dheòir air uaigh a bhràthar fo'n chraoibh.

Roimh thoiseach an fhoghair sheòl e gu dùthaich a bhreith, agus ged thug a theachd sgàile eile air an dachaidh thug e sòlas nach bu bheag do'n dithis a dh'fheith cho fada fo sprochd.

Chaith Seumas Og an còrr de làithean am measg nan seann chàirdean, agus tha ainm r'a fhaicinn air an lie gus an là an diugh an Cladh na h-Araid, far an ruig monmhor an t-sruthain e agus torman nan eas air osaig mhln an anmoich.

### DACHAIDH NAN LAOCH.

O chl mi thall ud thar monadh an fhraoich,  
Chl mi mo dhachaidh 'si dachaidh nan laoch,  
Far an d'fhuair mise m'àrach le àbhachd is aoidh,

Fo chùram mo mhàthar 's i 'gam thàladh  
'na gaol.

Am fasgadh a' bhruthaich fo dhubhar nan craobh,

Gur minig a bha mi le m' chuideachd gu saor,

Bhiodh a' bhanarach ghuanach le duanagan gaol

Le caithream a' cuallach crodh guail-  
fhionn le'n laogh.

O b'òirdhearc an sealladh 'n am éirigh na gréin'

Thar mullach nam fuar-bheann 's thar uabhar an t-sléibh;

Bhiodh an earbag bheag ruadh a bu luainiche ceum

Gu sunndach ri mire le minnean 'na déidh.

'N àm ciaradh do'n fheasgar bhiodh fheasg-  
aich air bonn

Gu mire is sùgradh an lùchairt nan sonn,  
Bu bhòidheach an sealladh an Talla nan Lann

Gach òg-bhean le 'leannan toirt car air an dawns'.

Thàinig caochladh 's na làithean 's chaidh na h-àrmuinn a dhith

'S na gillean gun fhàillinn bha làidir 'san tìr,  
Tha cuid dhiubh 'san àrach 's cuid eile dhiubh slint'

Fo luasgan na mara 's cha ghearain iad sgios.

B'iad féin na treun-ghaisgich nach lùbadh an glùn

'N uair a bhitheadh an nàmhaid a' teannadh dhoibh dlùth,

Le teòmachd an lannan is barrachd an lùgh,  
Chaidh an t-saorsa a cheannach le'n claidhmhnean ruisgt'.

Ghléidh iad an làrach gun fhàillinn mar laoch

'S chuir iad daingneachdan làidir an nàmhaid fo sgaol,

'N uair leum na fir chalma 'nan sealbhan le sùrd

Chaidh an ruaig a bhios maireann air luchd-bagraidh ar dùthch'.

Gualainn ri gualainn ànns gach cruadal is càs,

Air muir no air tìr cha do strìochd iad do nàmh;

'S ged tha cuid dhiubh 'nan sìneadh fo lrean na tràigh

Bidh luaidh air an euchdan, sliochd éudmhor nan Gàidheal.

Tha fiadh-bheathach na h-Eòrpa 'san Olaind fo dhaors',

'Ga fhalach gu diblidh fo mhl-run an t-saoghail,

'N uair ghairmear gu ceartas ùghdar casgairt nan slògh,

'S ole an éirig a choluinn a bha mallaicht' bho òig.

B'e àilgheas a mhòrachd chuir am buaras 'na cheann,

An Saoghal chuir fo riaghladh b'e mhiann e gach àm,

Ged ghairm e chuid fheachdan thoirt gleachd dhuinn 'san Fhraing

Chuir gillean an fhéilidh 'n ratreut orr' gun taing.

'N uair a sheòil e bhi buadh-mhor bha e uaibhreach is àrd,

Toirt brùighean cruaidh gu bhi bualadh gu làr,

Gach lùchairt is dachaidh, oir bha masladh dha'n dàn,

Is armachd Rìgh Deòrsa 'ga leònadh gach là.

Ged bha dhaingneachdan losal làn innleachdan borb,

'Cur puinnsean 's na speuran is déisinn 'na lorg,

Cha do ghéill na fir threuna ged bha bhreunadh ud cruaidh,

Chaidh armachd na Gearmailt 'nan aimlisg bha truagh.

Le arm nis a' strìochdadh 'nam miltean gu luath,  
 Bha mhìsneach 'ga thréigsinn 's e reubadh a ghruag,  
 'S an àite bhì buadh-mhor chuireadh 'uabhar fo chis  
 'S tha 'choguis 'ga léireadh ge b'e leughadh a chridh'.

Bidh mallachd an àil so gu bràth air a shluagh,

Oir 's lìonmhor na ceudan a cheus e gun truas,

Chuir luingeis 'nan éiginn, 'gan reubadh air cuan

'Toirt dhoibhsan toil-inntinn bha dlomhar 'nan smuàin.

Ach a dh'aindeoin an uamhais chaidh an ruaig air na seòid,

'S iad ri sodal gu dìblidh ged bha mì-run fo 'n cleòc,

Mur pàigh iad an éirig chum ri chéile am pòr

Nì gillean an fhéilidh ma's eiginn an còrr.

RUDHA 'N RÒIN.

## AIG COINNEAMH NAN CRABHACH.

"Modh is cubhaidh 's is feàrr

Do dhuin' ùrnuigfì a ràdh,"

Ars' an t-Urramach Dùghall Mac Cuaig;

"Dol air a dhà ghluin

Gu h-iriosal ùmhal,

Agus 'iartus mar sin a chur suas."

"Cha b'e idir mo dhòigh,"

Ars' an t-Ollamh Mac Leòid,

"Ach air mo dhà bhonn, mar bu chòir,

Farsuinn sgaoilte gach làmh

Is, a sealltainn an àird,

Dh'èireadh acradh is lobairt mo bheòil."

"Ach ar sùilean ri làr!"

Ars' an t-Eildeir Mac Phàil.

"Seadh, 's ar làmhnan biodh paisgte gu teann!"

Thuirt Cailean Beag Ruadh,

A labhairt gu luath;

"Is losal biodh cromta ar ceann!"

Ars' Iain Foirbheach gu cìbin,

Feith-ghàire 'n a shùil—

"'N uair a thuit mi 's an tobar am bliadhn',  
 Ma cheann fodham, gu'm léir!

'S mo dhà bhonn ris an speur,

Rinn mi'n ùrnuigh a b'fhearr rinn mi riamh!"

GEARRA-GHOBACH.

## A' BHUTH A'S DOCHA LEAM AN GLASCHU.

By J. R. BANNERMAN.

Bidh far-ainm air baile air uairean ceart mar a bhios e air duine. Tha mòran dhiubb air baile Ghlaschu, ach ar leam gur h-e Baile nam Bùthan fear cho freagarrach 's a th'air. 'S eòlach air a chuid bùthan mì. 'S briagha mar a tha na h-uinneagan aca air an lìonadh leis gach bathar a's coltaiche na chéile, 's is seòlta sin a chuireas an cuid solusan is sgàthanan loinn na h-àilleachd air gach nì feuch am buair iad a stigh luchd-ceannach.

Ach tha aon bhùth, co dhiubb, ann is aithne dhòmhsa nach 'eil le innleachd no lmpidh sam bith dhe'n t-seòrsa sin a buaireadh no a mealladh neach air thalamh. 'Sì sin bùth Alasdair Ghriasaiche, agus an neach do'n aithn' i o'n taobh a stigh cha ghabh e iongantais do m'bhriathran. 'Se Alasdair e fhéin an sean Ghàidheal caoimheil, ciallach, càirdheil is aon chumhachd-tarruing do'n bhuth, 'san duine théid aon uair ga ionnsuidh-san a ghabhail tomhas a choise creid nach téid e dh'ait eile tuille a dh'iarraidh bhòg.

Tha suas ri dusan paidhir bhrog is bhòtainnean 's an unneig aige, paidhir thall 's paidhir a bhos dreach mar a thachair do laimh Alasdair an leigeil as nuair a bha e 'gan cur bhuaidhe an sid 's iad deiseil. Chl duine sam bith do'n aithne bròg gu bheil iad neo-chumanta math; ach cha leig e leas dol a stigh a cheannach paidhir. Cha'n eil iad sid anns an unneig ach a' feitheamh tighinn gan iarraidh leis an fheadhainn a dh'fhasdadh iad. Ma bhios an t-amoch ann, 's dòcha nach téid agad air am faicinn idir, chionn cha bhì tuille 's aon solus 's an unneig nuair a's loinnreiche i. Air uairean dì-chumhnichear an t-aonan sin fhéin a lasadh.

Cha'n eil a bhùth na broinn ach air réir a h-aghaidh. Cha bhiodh mòran feum air aghaidh a bhì oirre idir mur b'e gur h-ann air a sin a tha an dorus 's an rathad a stigh gu'n chùl far am bheil Alasdair ag obair leis fhéin. Tha e an sin 'na shuidhe air bocsa de dh'fhurm a tha deanamh dà fheum—suidheachan dha fhéin agus sgàl airson a chuid uidhim—a dhruim ri taobh a stigh ursainn an doruis chùil far am faod e fhaicinn, le faradh a chuir na amhaich, co th'ann nuair a leigeas glagan an doruis aghaidh gliog as.

Tha'n t-àite eùil so nis na's coltaiche ri uaimh no ri brugh air chor-eiginn na tha e ri seòmar eile. An latha thòisich a ghriasaichd ann, chaidh esan bhuidhe mar sheòmar. 'S cinnteach mi nach leigeadh an t-àilgeas le coigreach sam bith e fhéin a chromadh a stigh ann—'s air a shon sin dheth, co bhiodh 'ga iarraidh?—ach cha 'n e sin do'n charaid eòlach. 'S e ghreasas a stigh ann le sunnd 's le fughair gus e fhéin a chuir aig socair thoilichte air an treasta losail a tha ri taobh a bhalla nu choinneimh Alasdair. Mar is tric' air feasgar, bidh còmhlan beag de luchd-céilidh air an t-suidheachan sin a cumail an t-seanachais a' dol. 'S iomadh cuspair sin air an tugadh sàr tharruing anns a cheart chùil.

Thadhail mi stigh ann an latha roimhe, mar is gnàth leam gach uair a bhios mi dol seachad, ma bhios mionaid idir agam ri sheachnadh.

"'S mise th'ann," thubhairt mi, am buileach a dh'fhosgail mi an doras aghaidh 's a thug an giagan faireachail beum-rabhaidh as ri Alasdair.

Ann an tiota bha mi stigh 's a chùil. Bha Alasdair trang a cur spreigeachan ann an leth-bhonn bròige balaich. Bha na dh'fheumadh a bhròg de na tàirngnean na bheul 's an t-òrd na dhòrn a feitheamh gach tè, mar a thigeadh i mach as a bheul 's a chomharrachaidh e dhi a h-àite. Rinn Alasdair na bha fhathast de thairngnean na bheul oibreachadh gu aon taobh, chas e fhiaclan, 's thuir e mar a b'fhearr a dh'fhaodadh e le taobh a bheòil:

"'S tu fhéin a th'ann, a Shonaidh."

"'S mi," arsa mise; "'s tha sibh fhéin a dol ris gu làidir. 'S gu dé an lre th'air na brògan agamsa nis."

"Tha lre mhath gu leòr," ars' esan. "Brògan, brògan! 'S iomadh rud a bharrachd air brògan a th'anns an t-saoghal. Nan cluinneadh tu esan rium o'n a thàinig e stigh," 's e gnogadh a chinn rathad Eoghainn Theàrlach, a bha na shuidhe air an treasta a cur dheth gu dian ri Alasdair mu dhéighinn Gàidhlig. "Tha e gabhail dhomh mar sud o chionn leth-uair an uaireadair," arsa Alasdair, "'s fios aige nach b'urrainn dhomh a fhreagairt fhad 'sa bha mo bheul ga chuir gu feum eile. Ach leig thusa uige mi nis, o'n a chuir mi iad sid 's a bhròig!"

"'S e na tha mise ag ràdh," ars' Eoghainn, "'s cha'n eil e ad chomas cur 'na aghaidh, gur h-e dh'fhàg againn a Ghàidhlig gus a so gur h-ann an dùthaich fharsuing

astarach iomallach a tha a dachaidh. Nan robh a Ghàidhealtachd cho furasda faighinn air a feadh 's a tha Ghalldachd, 's nan robh bailtean is oibrichean cho lomhhor innte 's a tha iad eadar so 's Port Ghlaschu, 's fhad o'n a chuireadh an teicheadh buileach glan air a Ghàidhlig. Gum a fada bhuan an latha chl mi goireasachd na Galdachd 'nar dùthaich."

"Am faod mise nis bruidhinn, mata," ars' Alasdair. "Feuch thusa, 'Shonaidh, an cum thu rian air Eòghainn gus an innis mise dha an fhìrinn air a ceann. Tha thusa, Eòghainn, furasda gu leòr do riarachadh ma tha thu cho làn thoilichte sin leis mar tha do chànan 'ga tanachadh 's ga fannachadh air feadh farsuingeachd na dùthcha. Ma tha, cha'n eil mise. 'S e cheart rud a tha thusa moladh a tha mise 'g ràdh a dh'fhàg a' chànan chòir air cho beag cl is cothrom. B'fhearr am feum a dheanadh aon bhaile do'n Ghàidhlig no na th'aice de dhùthaich air fad, na ged a bhiodh a thri uiread dheth aice. Smaointich thus air, Eoghainn. 'S ann am bailtean a tha h-uile h-aghartas 'ga chur air dòigh an cainnt is an gnìomh a bhios a dhith air daoine 'n t-saoghail. 'S e beachdan dùthchail a bhios aig daoine dùthchail 's tha sin mar bu chòir dha bhi. Ach tha rian eile de bheachdan ann a bhios aig muinntir baile, agus cha mhòr math a ni slugh as an aonais. Cha'n eil an Gàidheal 's a Ghàidhlig mar a tha iad againn an dràsda ach air fìor dhroch chothrom le chèile. Cha'n iongantach e idir ged nach urrainn do'n Ghàidhlig—a chinn 's an dùthaich a mhàin—amas gu cuimseach air a h-uile puing riamh a bhuineas do dh'oblas 's do dh'ealdhain 's do dh'obair an t-saoghail. Sin rud nach dean cànan sam bith ach té bhios a cinntinn am measg foghlum is Inneachdas bhailtean. Dheanadh a Ghàidhlig a h-uile rud riamh dhe sin nam b'fheudar dhith."

"Cha'n fhòghnadh Gàidhlig do bhaile sam bith," ars' Eoghainn, 's e gearradh a stigh an cabhaig; thionndadh iad gu Beurla an leth-bhladhna."

"Nis, fhuair thusa do chothrom ormsa. Eòghainn," ars' Alasdair; "'s air m'fhacal ghabh thu e. Ach tha mo bheulsa nis aig saorsa a thoile. Dh'fhòghnadh, 's i dh'fhòghnadh. 'S iomadh té 's lugha comas a tha fòghnachdainn. 'S bhiodh meas orra da réir. Feuchadh iadsan ris an àit-éigin. Ged nach biodh an oidhirp ach beag, thigeadh e uige. Bha mise uair a bha sud ann an Sasunn ged nach saoilleadh tu e—no 's a Chuimridh, 's ann a bha mi. Ann

am baile meadhonach mór, chaidh mi stigh do bhùth a cheannach paipeir-naigheachd. Bha na paipseiran air ùr thhìnninn, 's bha naoinear dhaoine 's a bhùth romham a feitheamh ri'n ceannach. An creid thu gum bu mhise an aon duine bha sin a dh'iarra a phaipeir ann am Beurla. Carson nach urrainn dhuinne 's a Ghàidhealtachd rud a dheanamh a ghabhas deanamh ann an Sasunn? 'S chaidh innseadh dhòmhsa an raoir fhéin le duine fiosrach firinneach gu bheil làithean aca ann an cuid de bhailtean móra Eirinn nuair nach faigh thu fìh greim bitheadh ged a bhiodh e dh'ith ort mur h-iarra thu'n Gàidhlig e. Ma tha deireas air càinain, thoir cothrom freagarrach a bhaile dhi, agus ri ùine Ìonaaidh i suas leis gach foghlaim—'s dheanadh a Ghàidhlig sin. Nach cianail na tha de'r muinntir 'gar fàgail air an t-seachdainn so fhéin le cion 's nach 'eil aca ach dùthaich! Na'n robh bailtean de Ghàidheil againne, cha'n fhairicheamaid bhuainn mìle no dhà an dràsda 's a rithist."

"O nach iongantach leam fhéin," ars' Eòghainn, "an dèigh a th'agad air bailtean, 'Alasdair, 's gur tu fhéin a cheud aon de d' dhaoine bha riamh a fuireach ann am baile mòr!"

"Tha thusa measail orra cuideachd, Eòghainn," ars' Alasdair, 's e caitheamh bhuaidhe na bròige a bha nis ullamh 's e toirt laimh' air a phìob thombaca. "'S àluinn do thigh am muigh an sin seach mar a bhiteadh nan do dh'fhan thu ann an Aird-a-mhurain. 'S tha do Ghàidhlig cho math, 's na's fhearr, na bha i riamh.'"

"Ma ta, 'Alasdair,'" ars' Eòghainn, "'s iomadh latha sona chuir mi seachd ann—ach dh'fhalbh sin 's thàinig so. Cha bhì air tuille ach sin fhéin. 'S e am baile bhios ann dhòmhsa tuille.'"

"'S math a tha fios agams' air a sin, Eòghainn, 's gum a fhearr a théid dhuit ann a h-uile latha. Ach mar a bha mi dol a dh'innseadh dhuit na bu tràighe, nan tug thu'n cothrom dhomh, cheannaich mise air a bhòn-dé fhéin tigh Iain Eachainn agus tha mi cur romham dol dhachaidh do dh'Aird-a-mhurain an ath-bliadhna. Dia na thoiseach, ma bha duine riamh ann sgèth de bhaile, tha mis' ainn. Tha do bhrògan-sa an so, a Shonaidh, 'cheist,' 's e deanamh air an uinneig.

Agus sin agaibh a' bhùth as docha leam ann an Glaschu, 's bi mi innte cho luath 's a dh'fhaodas mi rithist.

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

Is ann mu mheadhon na miosa so chaidh a dh'fhalbh na h-eilthirich. Bha an àireamh mu mhìle pearsa eadar na dh'fhàg Barraidh is Uibhist is Leòdhas. Tha e air innse gu robh seallaidhean muladach ri 'm faicinn an uair a bha an luchd turuis a' gabhail cead le an càirdean. Cha b'e turus cumanta air an robh iad a' dol; is ann a bha iad a' fàgail am beannachd deireannach le dachaidh is dùthaich am breith 'san òige. Thachair nithean a thug ann ar cuimhne "'Long Mhór nan Eilthreach"' a sgrìobh Caraid nan Gàidheal o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Tha an sealladh a cheart cho cianail an diugh 's a bha e an uair sin. Ged is duilich a bhì dealachadh, gidheadh tha cor na dùthecha aig an àm a' nochdadh gu bheil na h-eilthirich a' deanamh gu glie air an son fhéin. Chan eil e comasach dhaibh an diugh am beò-shlainte a sholar anns na h-eileanan Gàidhealach. Feumar cumbhachan ùra fhaotainn mus bi an sluagh air an cumail gu socair air an fhearann. Tha prìsean is margaidhean air atharrachadh; agus tha e mar cheist co-dhiù tha fearann nan eilean pailt gu leòr a chum sluagh nan eilean an diugh a bheathachadh le socair.



The main function of An Comunn is to keep alive the Gaelic language. One thousand Gaelic-speaking natives have just emigrated from our shores to Canada. We read in the public press that a large proportion of these people is to be settled on land in the same province, where it will be possible for them to keep in touch with one another, and to maintain their social life and personal acquaintance. Is the Comunn Gàidhealach to sit still, and not to follow these Highlanders to their new homes? If no organised endeavour is made to unite the emigrants by the patriotic tie of a common language after they have settled in their new abodes, then the Comunn will be greatly at fault. At present no proper efforts are being made, so far as we are aware, to kindle specially in the minds of the emigrants, when their hearts are open to vivid impressions, the sense of their duty to maintain their native speech after they have made their homes in Canada. A mere pious wish on our part is not enough. It is absolutely the duty of the Comunn to follow the emigrants, and to keep them in living touch with the general movement for the preservation of Gaelic.

## THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S MS. Collection.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

## AN CAT GLAS.

## THE GRAY CAT.

Bha Rìgh ann roimhe so, is phòs e, is rug a' Bhanrighinn mac dha.

Bhàsaich a' Bhanrighinn, is phòs e Banrighinn eile.

Rug an dara Banrighinn mac eile dha, is bha an dà mhac a' fàs suas còmhla.

Bhiodh an Rìgh a h-uile là 'dol do'n bheinn-sheilg, is am mac a bu shine còmhla ris.

Thuirt an Iochlach Urlair\* ris a' Bhanrighinn, gur h-i bha gòrach nach fhaigheadh rathad air a' mhac a bu shine a chur a dhìth, gur h-e a ghléidheadh oighreachd a athar uile gu léir, agus nach biodh mìr dhi aig a mac-se.

"Cuir thusa," ars ise, "an rud so anns a' chupan aige 'n uair a thig e dhachaidh, agus marbhadh e e."

Agus có bha 'gan cluinntinn ach a bhràthair a b'òige; agus an uair a chuala e a athair agus a bhràthair a' tighinn, ruith e 'nan coinnimb.

Thuirt an gille òg ri a bhràthair gun e a dh'òl na deoch a bheireadh a mhàthair-san da; "chionn," ars esan, "dh'iarr an Iochlach Urlair air mo mhàthair rud a chur ann gu thus' a mharbhadh; ach na h-innis thusa, mu'm marbh mo mhàthair mise."

An uair a shuidh iad, dh'fhalbh an gille le a chupan fhéin, is thug e do'n chù bheag a bha stigh e; agus fhuair an cù beag bàs mu'n d'òl e e.

Cha duirt e facal is cha d'innis e dad; is bha an Rìgh duilich, an uair a fhuair an cù beag bàs.

An là'r na mhàireach, dh'fhalbh an Rìgh is a mhac do'n bheinn-sheilg.

An uair a dh'fhalbh iad, thàinig an Iochlach Urlair far an robh a' Bhanrighinn.

"Cha d'rinn siod feum," ars ise, "ach cuir air teachdair-eachd do m' ionnsuidh-sa e, is cuiridh mi bior nimh ann."

Bha'n gille [a b'òige] 'gan cluinntinn; agus shìn e an coimeas a athar 's a bhràthair an uair a chunnaic e 'tighinn iad; agus dh'innis e dhaibh a h-uile facal a bha eadar a mhàthair agus an Iochlach Urlair. "Ma chuireas mo mhàthair air teachdair-eachd thu, na teirig ann," ars esan ri a bhràthair.

(R'a leantainn.)

There was a King before this. He married, and his Queen bore him a son.

The Queen died, and he married another Queen.

The second Queen bore him another son, and the two sons were growing up together.

The King used to go every day to the hill to hunt, and his eldest son along with him.

The Iochlach Urlair\* said to the Queen, that she was very silly not to find out or devise some way of killing the eldest son, seeing that it was he who would inherit all the estate of his father, whereas *her* son would not have any of it.

"Do thou," said she, "put this stuff in his cup when he comes home, and that will kill him."

But who was listening to them but his younger brother; and when he heard his father and his brother coming, he ran to meet them.

The young lad told his brother not to drink the drink which his mother would give him; "because," said he, "the Iochlach Urlair asked my mother to put something in it to kill thee; but see thou tell it not, lest my mother kill me."

When they had sat down, the lad went with his own cup and gave it to a little dog that was indoors; and the little dog died before he had drunk [all of] it.

He did not say a word, nor tell a thing; and the King was very sorry, when the little dog died [*lit.*, found death].

On the morrow, the King and his son went to the hill to hunt.

After they had gone, the Iochlach Urlair came to the Queen.

"That [poison-drink] was of no avail," said she, "but send thy stepson on a message to me, and I will thrust a poison spike into him."

The [younger] lad was listening to them; and he ran to meet his father and brother when he saw them coming; and told them every word that had passed between his mother and the Iochlach Urlair. "If my mother send thee on a message, do not go," said he to his brother.

(To be continued.)

\* The "Iochlach Urlair," is a domestic witch.



## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Rinneadh toiseach math le Féill a' Chomuinn, agus ma's dà thrian tionnsgnadh theid leis a' chùis gu soirbheachail. Chan 'eil teagamh nach 'eil dùsgadh agus mothachadh air tighinn air slugh na dùthcha do thaobh an cànan, agus feumaidh sinn am beothachadh sin a chumail gun smáladh. Cha ghabh sin deanadh gun airgid agus is e dleasdanas gach neach againn làimh a chur ri gnomh agus an oidhirp shònraichte so a chuideachadh.

\* \* \*

The subjects selected for Col. MacRae-Gilstrap's Mod prizes, to which reference has already been made, are as follows:—

1. "The History of Eilean Donan Castle."
2. "Old Kintail Cures for Diseases."
3. "Place-names of Kintail, excluding Professor Watson's List in 'Place-names of Ross and Cromarty'."

The Constable of Eilean Donan is offering three separate prizes of £2 for a Gaelic essay on each of the foregoing. Competitors may enter for one or all of these subjects.

\* \* \*

The Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts, which will be opened in the MacLellan Galleries, Glasgow, on Friday, 4th May, promises well. The entries are well up to expectations in most sections, but particularly gratifying are the entries in the natural dye section. The Exhibition will close at Glasgow on 10th May, and will be opened in the New Gallery, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, on 14th May, and remain in the Capital until Saturday, 19th May.

\* \* \*

An Comunn has been very fortunate in getting the acceptance of Dr. William MacKay to preside over the Educational Conference which it is proposed to hold at Inverness in August. Dr. MacKay has been so closely identified with education in the Highlands, and with the activities of An Comunn, that his acceptance is sure to give widespread satisfaction. The Conference aims at being informative and constructive. It is hoped that reasonable and reasoned statements will be made that will help to form and educate opinion. Papers will be read on the position of Gaelic in different areas, the difficulties which may exist, and how these may best be overcome.

The recently formed Clan MacIntyre Association is already well established, and promises to become a vigorous body in the life of Clan and County Associations in the city. Several meetings have been held, and a large number of members enrolled. Dr. MacIntyre, the Chief of the Association, is a life member of An Comunn, as also are other prominent officials. Mr. Angus MacIntyre, the secretary, is an energetic clansman, and we may confidently look forward to this new Association giving substantial and practical help to An Comunn.

\* \* \*

I have had several calls from one of our own members who is closely connected with the newly-formed Lanarkshire Highland Association, and have promised to give them every support in their infancy stage. The sudden death of their newly-elected president, Sir Thomas Munro, is a severe blow at the outset. Meetings will be held at Hamilton, but it may be possible to hold alternate meetings at other important centres and diffuse interest.

\* \* \*

In connection with Oran Mór No. 2, Mr. Calum MacPharlain, the composer of the melody, has asked me to make known to intending competitors the following alteration in the third last bar of the verse and coda:—

d'	: —	d'	: d'	d'	. r'	: —	m'
gràdh		gach	filidh		Chaidh		

It improves the melody considerably, and should be adopted by those who intend singing the song in the competition.

\* \* \*

At a meeting of the Lochaber Branch of An Comunn, the following office-bearers were elected:—Hon. president, Cameron of Lochiel; president, Miss Juliet Macdonald; vice-presidents, Canon MacMaster, Revs. D. C. MacMichael, William MacLeod, and D. M. Shaw; treasurer, Mr. John Warren; assistant treasurer, Miss C. MacDonald; secretary, Rev. D. M. Shaw; assistant secretary, Hugh M. Campbell, Glengary Buildings; bard, Mr. D. MacMaster.

\* \* \*

Members will be pleased to know that Mr. Colin Sinclair, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., vice-convenor of the Art and Industry Committee, has been appointed architect for the Highlanders' Institute, to be established in Glasgow.

## GAELIC IN NORTH SCOTLAND.

On the 27th of last month the Sutherlandshire Education Authority courteously arranged to receive a deputation from An Comunn respecting the question of Gaelic teaching. Mr. H. F. Campbell, at the last moment, was prevented from attending through an attack of influenza, and no one deplored this fact more than Mr. Shaw and myself. For being accustomed to listen to and appreciate his lucid and convincing arguments for a case which he has so much at heart, our handicap was naturally obvious. But, as we should expect, the Authority was most cordial in its reception, and Mr. Lindsay, the chairman, though not a Gaelic speaker, expressed a directness of sympathy for the educational value of the language which left us with the conviction that immediate steps will be taken to put the Gaelic clause of the Act into early practice. Members of the Authority would seem to realise, for the first time, that 14 teachers of Gaelic out of 114 do not represent the relative hold of the native language in the county—a view in which we were impressively confirmed at meetings subsequently held with the people. In many respects, we feel that the imputed practical good sense of the Sutherlandshire race will not disappoint expectations raised in our minds at this conference at Lairg. So far as approval of the claims of Gaelic was concerned, the general tone of expression indicated by the various members of the Authority might indeed have been that of An Comunn itself.

Buoyed up by the friendly reception so far extended to us, we left for Helmsdale, where we were fortunate in spending a few informative hours with the Rev. A. B. Scott, a noted scholar, a Gaelic enthusiast, and an authoritative author of whom more will be heard. In the course of our—let us call it—conclave, Mr. Scott must have been amused at and mortified by our ignorance of the existence of the scholarly Rev. Donald MacRae, Edderton.

"Well!" he quizzically ejaculated, "MacRae is now engaged on, if he has not actually completed, a work that will shake the pedestals of some of your luminaries!"

I guessed his inference. Before parting, however, we asked him if he would warn Mr. MacRae that we would take the liberty of

disturbing his retreat on our return to Inverness—which we did.

Our next point of contact with the Gaelic elements was at Thurso. Four Gaelic-speaking ministers and a doctor, along with others equally insistent and equally sincere, gave us inspiring manifestations that our language harvesters are not of one group. Reverends G. R. M'Lennan, A. J. Morrison, W. D. A. Mackenzie, and Dugald MacEchern (Bower), together with Dr. M'Lennan, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Macdonald, and many others, may well be proud of their practical patriotism and the enormous moral support they give to our own sporadic efforts. The meeting at Thurso was in truth a tonic.

On our way to Melvich, the temptation to indulge in a reverie on the varied and variegated scenery was continuously present; but as the hills can well take care of themselves, our topic of conversation was the prospects of Gaelic surviving in Sutherlandshire. Let me confess at once that my own preconceived ideas were of a negative character. Melvich, however, very quickly dissolved any such unfair impressions—as unfair they were. For a more natural Gaelic atmosphere, or a more appreciative reception of the ideals of An Comunn, we could not hope to look for than in the township of Melvich and Port Skerra. And this from the youth, too.

The meeting at Bettyhill was perhaps more intensified in character. Rev. Allan MacLean was in the chair. Mr. Dugald Mackay, the president, and Miss Mackay, the energetic secretary of the branch, showed what organisation and purposeful activities can accomplish. What is true of Bettyhill district is equally true of Melvich, where Mr. MacIntosh, the late schoolmaster, and his namesake, have done sterling work for the Gaelic cause.

We had fully anticipated to complete our tour by visiting the western outskirts of the county, but were obliged to finish at Tongue. Rev. Mr. Munro of Strathy was chairman. The absence, through indisposition, of the genial Rev. D. Lundie, was much regretted. A personal call, however, assured us of his kindly interest; while the genial warmth of his heart revealed in a touching manner, despite the Psalmist's prescribed span, a profound impression of the fact that patriotism is not alien to but the complement of a truly religious mind. A benison on his stately head! Let me further add that, during all my own association with Gaelic things, it was reserved for me to hear,



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in Sutherlandshire, with no unmeaning emphasis, that: "Gaelic shall never die; it cannot die!" The name of the unobtrusive enthusiast who thus expressed himself deserves to be recorded. His name is John Fraser, Bettyhill. History has a habit of perpetuating less inspiring pronouncements. "Verily, I have found no such faith in Israel!"

As previously indicated, we made the threatened call on the Rev. Donald MacRae, who received us with a cordiality, a reference to which, we fear, he would consider as an unfriendly act. Still on the sunny side of life, the soul of the student and scholar could not be concealed from the most casual observer; while the luminous, expressive yet calculating eyes, which caught our fancy, reminded me of the pen-pictures of Phillip Sidney. What this—shall I call him—accomplished knight of the cloister revealed to us during our limited interview will shortly, I trust, become a land-mark in Gaelic scholarship. A man who is a regular contributor to "Alma Roma" and "Vox Urbis," and discourses in Latin on golf, is a power we have the promise of coming into our national literary movement.

We shared with others the enjoyment of witnessing the shinty final for the Scottish Cup. And I must readily subscribe to the comments made to me by ex-Provost Skinner, Oban. Shinty playing without a Gaelic atmosphere may, indeed, produce a spectacular display; but it leaves the imagination stagnant. A donation, generously given, will be referred to in a future issue.

Before I depart from the subject of Sutherlandshire, I believe it will be a pleasurable surprise to our readers to learn that the Parish Council of Farr has the unique, and, let us add, laudable distinction of having made a real start in conducting their business in Gaelic. It will, likewise, be welcome news to know that the Rev. A. MacLean, Daviot, will ere long be able to revive the Gaelic service in his parish.

Our visit to the county of Sutherland has fully convinced us that there will be no lack of response—the silent worker is sowing the seed in very unlooked for quarters—provided you deliver the message of our race.

ANGUS ROBERTSON.

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### SPECIAL MEETING.

In connection with the proposed Feill to augment the funds of An Comunn, a special meeting of the Association was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on Wednesday evening, 18th April, when the President, Mr. Angus Robertson, presided.

Authority to hold such special meeting was given at the recent meeting of Executive Council held at Oban. There were upwards of 30 members present, some of whom had travelled long distances, while others who could not attend wrote offering their whole-hearted support.

The President, in his opening remarks, made a strong appeal in behalf of the project. The following resolution was moved by Mr. Malcolm MacLeod:—"That this meeting approve of the decision of the Executive Council to hold a bazaar in aid of An Comunn funds, and resolve to form itself into a General Committee, with power to add to its number, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements in connection therewith." Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh, seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

Mrs. Colquhoun, Messrs. T. D. MacDonald, Colin Sinclair, Robert Bain, Kenneth MacLeod, Fortrose, and others also spoke in support of the proposal. Mr. Robert MacFarlane, C.A., was appointed Secretary and Treasurer, and it was agreed that the effort be known as "Feill a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach."

An Executive of 40 members, with power to add to the number, was appointed, and nominations made for the offices of chairman of Executive and convener of Committee.

The Executive will meet on an early date to make initial arrangements.

### BRANCH REPORT.

BERNISDALE.—A concert arranged in aid of An Comunn Gaidhealach proved a great success. It was held in the Bernisdale Public School. Dr. Macdonald, Uig, presided, and was supported on the platform by Mr. D. Macleod, headmaster, and ex-Detective Inspector D. Graham. Dr. Macdonald, in a most eloquent speech, impressed on the young the importance of learning and upholding the mother tongue. Piper MacKenzie opened the programme with bagpipe selections. Those who contributed to the evening's enjoyment with Gaelic songs, in addition to Mrs. Kelly, Braes, included Messrs. Duncan MacKenzie, Morag Beaton, John Matheson, Angus MacKenzie, Duncan Corbett,

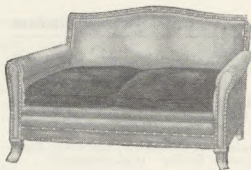
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Flora MacKenzie, and Annie Macdonald. Piper Murdo MacKenzie, Skirnish, played selections on the bagpipes. Miss Morag MacAskill, teacher, assisted by Miss Stewart, with characteristic kindness, served tea to the company. On the call of the President (Mr. Macleod), a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, and also to those who contributed to the musical programme. The meetings of An Comunn proved very popular during the winter months, and it was arranged by the President that the Comunn would re-open again in the first week in November. On the call of ex-Detective Inspector D. Graham, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to our president. We congratulate Mr. Graham on his promotion to vice-president. This concluded a most enjoyable evening, when Mrs. Kelly, assisted by the audience, sang "Oidhe mhath leibh is beannachd leibh."

### An Comunn Gaidhealach Publications.

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# GAILIG

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TELEGRAMS—Runaire, Glasgow.

TELEPHONE—Douglas 1097.

Leabhar XVIII.]

An t-Og-mhìos, 1923.

[Earrann 9.

## CALANAS.

Uair de 'n robh an saoghal bhiodh mnathan na Gaidhealtachd a' cur ri calanas; agus cha robh ar sinnsir an eisimeil choigreach airson aodaich no anairt. Cho luath is a thigeadh lomradh nan caorach gu ceann an àirde an Iuchair chuirte sùrd air nigheadh na cloimhe. Thioramaichte gach rùsg tomadach fo ghathan na gréine samhraidh. Gun dàil shonruicheadh na mnathan na rùsg sin a bu fhreagarraiche airson aodach caitheamh, agus thaghadh iad a' chloimh bu mhine airson aodach oidhche. Rachadh an earrann so a dheasachadh anns an dath nadurrach, an geal mar a dh'fhàs e air na cooraich. Ach bha an t-aodach caitheamh a' togail na h-earrann bu mhò de'n chloimh. Bha an t-aodach so de dhà sheòrsa, eadhon clò is breacan. B'èigin gu'm biodh dathan a' bhreacain suidhichte anns a' cheud dol a mach. Dh'fheumta a' chloimh a dhath mu'm biodh i air a sniamh; agus na'm biodh ceithir dathan anns an aon chòrn breacain bha e iomchuidh gu'm biodh ceithir poitean datha suidhichte, có dhiù b'iad na dathan sin crotal no seilisdhear, roid no gille-guirmein. Agus a thuilleadh air sin cha b'ùilear do na dathan sin iar-dath mar a tha iùnnsgach no cairt-leadhna.

Air do'n olainn a bhi daithe bha saothair a' chalanais a' tòiseachadh. B'e creadh na

cloinne a' cheud cheum, agus an dara ceum an càrdadh. Mu'n ire so mheasgaicheadh na mnathan na dathan airson cothlamaidh. Chuireadh iad dath no dhà anns an aon phearda. Rachadh na rollagan a shniamh air cuibhil-shniamha. Bhiodh roth na cuibhle air iomairt le seòl-coise. Is minic a chuala mi an t-seann mhuinntir ag ainmeachadh gach ball fa leth de'n cuibhle—eadar sheòle is chluaisne eadar fhiacian is fhuaidean, eadar chloch is chuileanan. Is tric a chluinnte srann na cuibhle moch is anamoch. Cha robh na mnathan a' caitheamh nan oidhcheanan gamhraidh an diomhanas. Anns an tigh chéilidh an uair a bhiodh òran 'g a sheinn no sgeulachd 'g a h-innse bhiodh fuaim a' chalanais 'g an còmhlachadh. Bheireadh na sìthichean fhéin, na'm b'fhlor an naidheachd, cuid-eachadh do'n chinneadh daonda an gnìomh-achas a' chalanais. Tha e air iomradh gu robh bean chòir aig a' robh teaghlach mòr, a' caithris na h-oidhche ri calanas. Sheinn i an t-seann luinneag:

Tha dà dheise dhiag agam

Ri shniamh 's ri chàrdadh 's càch 'n an cadal,

Tha dà dheise dhiag agam

Ri shniamh agus ri chàrdadh.

Aig marbh mheadhnan na h-oidhche thàinig na coigrich bheaga 'g a cuideachadh, agus bha an calanas crìochnaichte roimh ghairm choileach.

Fada mu'n robhas a' cleachdadh na cuibhle bha inneal-shniamha eile aig ar sinnsir, agus b'e sin a' chuigeal. Bha a' chuigeal air cumadh slaithe, mu thrì traighean am faide. Bha gòbhlach air bhàr na slaithe

gu teannachadh an tlàim chloimhe. Chuir-eadh a' bhean chalanais a' chuigeal fo a h-achlais chli, agus ghabhadh i fearsaid 'n a laimh dheis. Chuireadh i an fhearsaid mu'n cuairt mar ghille-mirean le aon ghailleig de a meòirean, agus an sin leis an dà laimh bhiathadh i an fhearsaid le snàth ó an tlàm. Dheanadh i a' snàth grunn no calma mur bu mhiann leatha. Is cuimhne leam, mar ann an aising, seann bhean fhaicinn a' sniamh air cuigeil. Bha snàth na cuigeil air leth righinn, agus mar sin bha e buann airson osan gearr fo an fheile bheag. Bha a' chuigeal glé fheumail aig a' cheart àm, gu sniamh ascart a' lin, an deidh a bhualadh is a chireadh. Bha an t-anart lin freagarrach airson léintean is thrusgan ghrinne. Is iomadh curachd eireachdail, cho geal ri sneachd na h-aon oidhche, a dheasaich na mnathan le saothair na cuigeil.

An déidh an t-abhras a thabhairt bhàrr na cuibhle, dheanta a chur air crois-iarna. Rachadh gach iarna a chàradh air crann-lionraidh, agus a thachras 'n a cheirslean. An deidh sin dh'fheumta cur an aodaich a dhealbh air crann-deilbhe. Is e an cur a theirir ris a' chuid sin de'n abhras a tha ruith ó cheann gu ceann de'n chòrn. Agus theirir an dlùth ris a' chuid a tha toinnte mu'n iteachan an spal a' bhreabadair. Tha an t-abhras deas a nis airson a bheairteachadh anns a' bheairt fhighe. Feumaidh am breabadair a bhi faiceallach an àm suidh-eachaidh a' bhreacain. Feumaidh e gach snàthnain fa leth a chunntas, agus an àireamh chothromach a thabhairt do gach urchair is roinn anns a' bhreacan.

Tha e coltach gu bheil alt a' chalanais air seul-thaobh fhathast. Air a' mhios so fhéin rinn An Comunn comh-chruinneachadh de nithean a tha nochdadh ealantas nan Gaidheal. Bha calanas air aon de na h-ealdhainean; agus fhuaradh iomadh eisimpleir de dhathan nadurrach, mar a tha roid is crotal, no fraoch is seilisdear. Chaidh duaisean a bhualachadh air an fheadhainn a thug bàrr am fighe chlòthnan is bhreacan. Gu cinnteach tha na dathan nadurrach grunn; agus tha iad nas tioraile leinne co dhiù, na dathan a gheibhear ó na muilltean móra. Tha An Comunn a' deanamh gu math le bhi a' misneachadh nam mnathan calanais a tha fathast a' leantuinn ris an eòlas a fhuair iad o na ginealaich nach maireann. Tha e mar dhèalanas òirn na h-uile dhioclai a chleachdadh a chum na h-innleachdan a chumail air chuimhne a bha togail àite cho sònruichte ann am beatha ar sinnsir.

## THE BAZAAR OF 1925.

By FRED. T. MACLEOD.

When An Comunn Gaidhealach was instituted, nearly thirty years ago, there was, I doubt not, in the minds of its founders, the hope that the day was not far distant when Gaelic-speaking men and women, the world over, would be united under one common bond with the object of arresting the threatened decay of the Gaelic language. We acknowledge with gratitude the loyal service of those enthusiastic and devoted souls, who, at a time when thick clouds obscured the Gaelic horizon, were not dismayed, but, with unwavering faith, saw in that deep darkness the sure precursor of the brightest dawn. Their work had not been in vain, and to-day it can truly be said that we are materially nearer the accomplishment of that legitimate aspiration. Witness the extension of the girdle of An Comunn around Gaelic-speaking Scotland, the result of indefatigable patient propaganda work. Witness the change that has taken place in recent years in the treatment accorded to the study of the language, culminating in the assertion of the Gaelic clause in the latest Education Act. Witness also the change that has gradually taken place in the minds of the native Gaelic speakers, who no longer—or, at least, not to the same extent as hitherto—treat what should be regarded as a valuable accomplishment as a thing of which to be ashamed. But while we regard with satisfaction this surmounting of past difficulties, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that clouds still continue to gather. No one will ever be able to estimate the enormous set-back to the revival of Gaelic in this country caused by the awful sacrifice of our young manhood during the years of the Great War, and by the continuous stream of emigrants who leave our western shores. It is right, however, to qualify this last remark to this extent: that whereas the former circumstances involves a corresponding annihilation of the Gaelic tongue, the latter circumstance involves merely a change of locality, because nothing is more certain than that for generations to come Gaelic will be spoken in the newly-found homes of our exiled brethren.

The present time, I think, is peculiarly appropriate for the issuing of a world-wide appeal in support of the objects of An Comunn Gaidhealach. We take it that that

appeal will have a far wider significance than the mere ingathering of a sum of money sufficient to meet the increased obligations, the natural result of the developments of the work of An Comunn. The determination to hold the proposed bazaar in the year 1925 is, I think, in the circumstances, wise, because an immense amount of important propaganda work has, in the interval between now and then, to be accomplished. The objects and the past work of An Comunn have to be brought home to the people of this country, and to be appreciated by them. The chilling indifference towards the future of Gaelic, which characterises many of our Highland societies and individual Highlanders, has to be overcome, and changed into sympathetic interest. Practically every one of our Highland, Clan, and County Associations have bound themselves, under their individual constitutions, to preserve and foster their mother tongue. And yet, if the matter were brought to the test, the fact is that not more than six out of several hundred associations in this country have done, or are doing, anything as regards carrying out that particular object. My own personal view is that there is no valid reason why a single Highland Society should decline to affiliate itself to An Comunn. If that is the position at home, what is the position abroad. Infinitely worse. It has been suggested that the proposed appeal for funds should circulate through our Colonies wherever Scotsmen can be found, and where can they not be found! The suggestion is one which I doubt not the Committee will carefully and sympathetically consider. Given a good cause, and at the back of it a body of men and women whose names and reputations inspire further confidence, and success is assured, if accompanied by proper organisation. But the necessities underlying the appeal must be brought vividly under the notice of those whose sympathies are to be aroused, and whose purse-strings are to be unloosed. So far as Scotland is concerned, we can rely upon the headquarters of An Comunn and its various branches in city, town, and clachan, to do all that is required, but we think a different situation confronts us so far as our Colonies are concerned. Across the Atlantic, throughout the cities and towns of the United States, in Canada, Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, there are many men and women whose affection for the language of their youth has never waned, who, indeed,

have done more, amid unfamiliar surroundings, to preserve their mother tongue than we in this country sufficiently realise. Upon them the spoken Gaelic word, the sound of the pipes, or the lilt of a Gaelic song, has a nostalgic effect unknown to us at home. How are we to reach these people who, did we but know it, would meet us with outstretched hands? By the cold language of the printed circular, even though stirringly expressed? Never! Truly, that method proved satisfactorily in the dark days of war, when our Highland lads were known by all the world to be falling as autumn leaves, when the people of America and elsewhere, who were not at war, yet desired to share their practical sympathy to their brothers at home, who, after all, were also fighting for them. In those days the printed appeal brought to our Highland homes a sum of nearly £30,000, but to-day the printed word would fail to bring us as many pence. The human sympathy so simply evoked by the circumstance of war is the one bright relieving feature which stands out strikingly against a background of inky blackness. If success is to attend our appeal to the Colonies, our friends there must receive the message direct from the lips of leaders of the movement at home, who, with the authority of An Comunn behind them, will be able to impart that human touch which, in a matter of this kind, is of vital necessity. If there is any dubiety in regard to the expense, let me say An Comunn is embarking on a scheme fraught with tremendous possibilities. Many excellent schemes have been wrecked or eventually weakened because of the lack of confidence and courage in the venture. Let every necessary expense be unhesitatingly incurred. And may I add that a Gaelic song, straight from the lips of a man or woman from the Homeland, will exercise an influence possibly more potent than the eloquently spoken word. My own view in this connection is that the soil must be prepared before any such representation from this country is decided upon. It is impossible, at this distance, to organise meetings or an itinerary of any kind. Within the next twelve months every effort should be made to establish branches of An Comunn in likely centres abroad, and whose duty it will be, as far as possible, to prepare the way for those who may follow. In the coming months our journal, *Gàilig*, might well be used as an agency of such propaganda work. A special issue detailing the



efforts that are being made at home, and the efforts it is proposed to make abroad, should be broadcasted, as far as possible, in the districts likely to prove fruitful.

We are face to face with a big idea pregnant with enormous possibilities. Let us have the necessary courage to test our true position. Let An Comunn resolve to take its proper place among the really live organisations of the world. Let us remember how keen and marked was the spirit of legitimate assertion of our honoured inheritance at each of the three most recent Mods. Our portraits as regards music, speech, and song have too often been painted by foreign artists. Let us preserve, and, if necessary, with modesty, assert our own individuality.

### SGEUL BEAG MU DHUALCHAS.

By J. MACLEOD, Scalpay.

#### II.

Bha mise a' riasladh mo chinn mu thimchioll an dithis a dh'ainmich mi, Ghàidheal agus Fìor-Ghàidheal, ach bha mi eu-comasach air deò de shuspuin a lorg a thaobh an dithis. Leig mi leotha!

Bha ni-eigin ag innseadh dhomh gu robh còir agam còmhadh a dheanamh leis an té air an robh uallach an tìghe bhig; oir, bochd agus mar a bha e, agus iongantach (leamsa co-dhiùbh) 's mar a bha ise a bha na bhroinn, cha robh eolas agamsa air aitreabh eile 'san robh uiread de bhlàths agus de choibhneas. Is ann a bha achmhasan mo mhàthar a' cur eagal troimh bhuill mo chuirp.

"Chl an duine a bhios beò mar a dh'èireas dha," theireadh i air stairsnich an tìghe, agus mise dh'fhaoidte a' dìon choiseachd a' fianuis a sùl le "Sàr Obair Nam Bàrd" fo'm ahlais, a' steòrnadh air tigh Moire Ruaidhe, no dh'fhaoidte le ceum-sinteig a teàrnadh gu pailiunn a' cheird, a bha suidhichte a' meadhon a' ghlinne.

Ciod a bha mi comasach air a dheanamh? Bha m'ainm air a dhol fad is farsuing. Bha e na bu mhiosa eadhon na dh'fhàg mo mhàthair e. Ni h-eadh, dh'aidich mo mhàthair uair agus uair—air cùl mo chinn a theagamh—gu robh an Tighearna aice ri mholadh.

"Is minic a thug e dhomh ceann crom. Is minic a mhaslaich e mi, agus a b'fheudar dhomh fuireach fo chabair an tìghe le nàire. Ach cha do shìn e a làmh riamh ri gadachd, ni mò a fhuaradh e an obair mi-bheusaich."

Bha an aidmheil sin gu cinnteach 'na deagh mhisnich dhòmhsa; ach, fad an ràidhe gheamhraidh, is minic a bha mi taingeil gu robh an còrd bha gam cheangal ri m'mhàthair na bu treise na fuil is feòil.

Dia gu robh beannachadh gach màthair a th'air an talamh; oir, tha iad a cur feum air mòr-fhoighidin is furtachd an ceann an teaghlach!

Cha b'e aon mhallachd a tharruing mi air mo cheann ri linn an t-Sasunnaich. Thugadh so dhachaidh orm air maduinn àraid agus mo mhàthair air earail fhaotainn comh-cheangailte ri m' àn tìghe.

"Tha sibhse a' giùlan tuilleadh 'sa chòir de uallach an t-saoghail so, a mhàthair," thubhairt mi le ciùneas. "Nach iomadh creutair a th'anns a' cheart suidheachadh? Bha Mòr Ruadh ag innseadh dhomh mu thimchioll boireannach a chunntadh dusan beul mu'n chagailt, agus gun nì a dh'òrdaich Dia aice a phàigheadh fiachan ach damh beag, ruadh, a bha 'cur' an fhionnaidh leis a' chaoile."

Cha d'fhuair mise cead na roinn a sheirm an cluasan mo mhàthar. Ach bhiodh e iomchaidh dhomh rann a sgrìobhadh mar a chuala mi o bheul Mòire e:—

Dh'èirich mi air maduinn chéitein

'S trom mo cheum 's cha nèonach e.

*Seid:*

Hug òrinn ó ro ùrìbh ó,

Chan eil a' chùis a còrdadh rium.

Mo chuid fiachan air fàs dùmhail

Is pàisdean ruisgte air còmhnuidh leam;

Dh'fhalbh mi leis an damh bheag lachdunn

Feuch a' faighainn dròbhair dha.

Cha robh reusan aig mo mhàthair air innseadh dhomh nach robh damh no bò no ceare ann airson falbh leò gu féill. Bha deagh fhios agam nach robh!

Nam bithinn-sa air a bhì tapaidh gu leòr an latha ud, bha mi air innseadh dhi gu robh mi ag altrum deagh dhòchais a thaobh an àma a bha gu teachd. Bha cuid-eigin air aithris dhomh gu robh Mgr. Ruairidh, am ministèir, anabarrach déidheil air obair is deagh thuarasdal a thoirt dhomh. Bha mi cinnteach gu'n d'fhàinig an gusgal gu cluasan mo mhàthar. Agus mar a bha 'san àgh, dh'fhàg mi an sgeul balbh, ged a bha misneach orm gu steòrnadh i mi gu aitreabh na h-eaglais lath-eigin.

An ceann latha no dhà chaidh mi choimhead air Moir Ruaidh. Bha Mòr 'na seann mhaighdin ann bothan beag 'na h-aonar aig ceann a deas a' ghlinne. Bha i a' sniomh le dealas mar bu gnàthach leatha.



Co-dhiubh a bhiodh Mór a' sniomh, a' cãrdadh, a' deanamh bhonnach-boise, no gné 's am bith de obair, cha chuimhne leam a' dhol air a h-àruinn às eugmhais guth a cinn a' chluinntinn. Sheas mi tiota, oir bha focail air a bilean nach cuala mise a riamh roimhe. Is iad so iad:—

'N uair bha mi 'n am ghruagaich bhoidheich bhaganta

M'fhalt nu m'chluais is luaidh aig fear orm, A' cumail rium suas, bu luaineach m'aigne, Cha leigte an cadal air chòir dhomh.

Seisid:

'S gur òg a thachair mi'n ceann na carraid  
An ceann, an ceann, an ceann na carraid;  
'S gur òg a thachair mi'n ceann na carraid,  
'N am chailleig chan fhanainn gun phòsadh.

Choisich mi steach agus shuidh mi air stòl beag m'a coinneamh. Ar leamsa nach robh carraid aig aon a bh'air an t-saoghal ach mo mhàthair; ach, dh'fhoghlum mi o bhilean Mòire nach robh carraid an t-saoghal gu bhì air a' cunlachadh ris a' ghleann ghugalach 'san robh mise. Chuir i a làmh gu roth na cuibhle agus sheall i 'gam ionnsuidh—

"Chuala mi gu robh thu dol air mhuinntearas gu Mgr. Dòmhnall."

"Chan eil lide firinn ann," fhreagair mise; "tha deagh fhios aig mo mhàthair gu rachainn gu mansa Dhòmhuill, ach cha tug i a bilean o chéile."

"Ha, ha: tha mi tuigsinn. Truagh 's mar a bha thu féin agus an Sasunnach, bhiodh e na b'fhearr na oibheum a chosnadh o'n mhinisteir."

Leig i a ceann air fìradh da m'ionnsuidh. "Eisd riumsa. Chaidh am ministeir le dhà chois a chum do mhàthar. Tha e tairgse deagh thuarasdal air claigeann na Samhna, suas gu deireadh an fhoghair. Thubhairt an òinseach ris gu rachadh i chadal 'na trasgaidh na bu riarachtaiche na thusa a leigeil air àruinn a thighe."

Bha mise 'ga coimhead le beul dùinte.

"Bi thusa 'na d'bhàlach math: dean gach nì a thèid iarraidh ort gu h-òrdail, modhail; agus cha dean ministeir no eaglais no màthair coire dhuit."

"Mòran taing," thubhairt mise. "Feumaidh mi na h-òrain a leigeil seachad?"

"Chan fheum thu òran no fonn a leigeil seachad. Cha do thòisich do mhàthair ri cràbhachd agus ri seinn laoidhean gus an deachaidh i gu bòrd comanachaidh."

Thubhairt mise le mullach an aineolaich— "Ged a' bhiodh e 'na mhinisteir ceud uair, thèid mi chòimhead air!"

Chuir mise cùl ri Mòir. Og is mar a bha

mi, bha cleachdaidhean na maighdin ghasda so a cur iongantais orm. Chaidh i gu bòrd an Tighearna air co-aimn an latha a shuidh mo mhàthair, ach bha i nis air cùl a' chur ris an eaglais. Chum mi gun athadh air aitreabh na h-eaglais. Bha mi deimhin ged a bhithinn cho naomha ri aingeal às na faitheis, agus ged a dh'obrainn mo chorp le deagh oibrigh air cagailte a' mhinisteir, gu robh a h-uile ceum a bha mi deanamh a' ciallachadh éibhle beag air ceann mo mhàthar.

Ràinig mi. Chaidh mo thoir a steach gu seòmar suidhe. Bha am ministeir le a làmh slnte air mo choinneamh. Chuir mise an géill mo theachdaireachd.

"Thig air t-ais 'sa' mhaduinn," thubhairt e. "Tha do mhàthair 'na bantraich bhochd. Tha mi anabarrach toilichte gum bheil thu a' cuir romhad a cuideachadh."

Rinn mise oidhirp gu falbh. Nochd bean-an-tighe a steach le aoidh air a gnùis. Rug a air làmh orm.

"So mac na bantraich," thubhairt am ministeir.

Bha sinn a' còmhradh air ais 's air aghaidh tiota. Ghrad thubhairt am ministeir—

"Suidh slòs 'sa' chathair. Carson a tha thu a' diùltadh an t-aoradh a chuartaichadh do d'mhàthair?"

"Cha do dhùilt mise sin idir. Thug mi rabhadh do m'mhàthair. Co luath 'sa dh'fhoghlainn-sa am Blobull thuiteadh i 'na suain chadail."

"Chaidh innseadh dhòmhsa gum bheil creideamh nan Sasunnach agad. Carson a thug i dhi am Blobull?"

"A chum agus gu leughadh i earann air an earainn rium. Bha mi a' smuaineachadh gu'n cumadh am Blobull mo mhàthair 'na dùisg, agus gum biodh i comasach air a' Ghàidhlig fhoghlum."

Bha aghaidhean an dithis a' giùlan féithghàire.

"Tha thu ag ràdh nach eil focal Beurla agad: gidheadh chan éisd thu ri searmoin 'sa' Ghàidhlig! Carson nach rachadh tu do'n eaglais còmhla ri d'mhàthair?"

"Tha mise tuilleadh is òg."

"Carson?"

"Airson searmoin Gàidhlig."

"Dh'fhaoidte gur fearr leatsa a bhì 'g éisdeachd òrain Mòire Ruaidhe! Cìod am foillseachadh a thug i dhuit air an duine òg 'san t-seann duine?"

"Thubhairt i rium gum b'e an duine òg Criosda, agus gum b'e an seann duine an Donas."

Rinn am ministèir glag gàire. Mhothaich mi gu robh nighean a' mhinistèir 'san dorus. Thubhairt am màthair air Beurla—

“Oh; if you could only understand this little man!”

An ceann greise thubhairt am ministèir—  
“Seann duine ri dealbh droch innleachd,  
'San duine òg a' sior chur às doibh.”  
Is cinnteach gum bheil thu tuigsinn nam focal sin?”

Bha mise balbh agus m'aghaidh air a' bhrat-ùrlair. Cha b'ann air innleachdan no air daoine bha mo smuain-sa ach air a' chruaidh fhortan a bha feitheamh orm 'nuair a rachainn dhachaidh. Bha mi a' mèrachadh cuideachd air a' chònsachadh bha eadar mi féin agus mo mhàthair latha no dhà roimhe sud.

“Ma tha e eudmhor a' thaobh na Gàidhlig agus an t-searmoin Ghàidhlig, carson a sgiùrsadh e muinntir a bhios a cleachdadh na cànan o bhòrd comanachaidh? Agus ma tha e de'n bharail gum bheil an Ghàidhlig 'na reult-ihil airson nam Flaithes, carson a tha e a' bacadh na cànan d'a bhean agus d'a theaghlach? Thubhairt e riumsa, a mhàthair, gu'n trebraicheadh an ursgeul agus na h-brain mi féin agus càch gu peanais siorruidh. Am bheil de dhùinealas air a shiubhal na their na focail sin 'san t-searmoin fheasgair ris na Goill!”

Am beagan ùine bha mi 'nam sheasamh air stairsnich a' mhansa agus m'aghaidh air mo dhachaidh. Bha mi eadar dà bharail!

### CULLODEN MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR, "GAILIG."]

Sir,—May I crave the courtesy of your columns to inform your readers that the cairn and other memorials on the Battlefield of Culloden are in a neglected condition? The cairn is in urgent need of immediate repair; the stones which mark the graves of the Clans require cleaning, and the rough heather is encroaching upon the graves. Another object of interest, the thatched house known as the “King's Stables,” is in a ruinous condition, and if not repaired at once will be non-existent within a short time. In view of the fact that it is not incumbent on anyone to see to the upkeep and repair of these memorials of the culminating event in the most romantic adventure in the history of this or any other country, the Council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness have resolved to appeal to members of the Society and others to help by contributing to a special fund, to be called the Culloden Memorials' Fund, which will be devoted solely to the purpose of the repair of the memorials and their future maintenance. If, as my Council hope, the response to this appeal will be such as to leave a substantial balance after the immediate requirements have been met, it is proposed to place it under the charge of competent Trustees. The

repair of the “King's Stables” and the thorough carrying out of the other repairs will, however, entail considerable expenditure.

The Council believe that it is superfluous to add anything of the nature of commendation of the object in view. They believe that the mere knowledge that the spot where their heroic forefathers bled and died is in a state of neglect will be sufficient to ensure a ready response to this appeal from Gaels at home and abroad. Recognising, however, that reverence for the memory of those who fell at Culloden is not confined to Gaels, this appeal is issued to all who can, and do, appreciate the heroism and chivalry which actuated the Clansmen who, 177 years ago, laid down their lives for a “cause” in which they believed.

Small donations will be as welcome as large ones, and no one need hold back because of the smallness of the amount which can be afforded. Contributions will be gladly received and acknowledged by the undersigned.—I am, etc.,

ALEX. N. NICOLSON, Secretary,  
Gaelic Society of Inverness.

6 Queensgate,  
Inverness, 16th May, 1923.

### TURUS DEIREANNACH A'GHAIHHEIL GU GLEANN OIGE.

Le CALUM MACRATH.

*Air Fonn*, “Tha mi fo mhulad 'san àm.”

'N uair thill mi gu baile mo ghaoil  
Far robh mi maoth agus òg,  
Mu'n deachaidh mi shiubhal an t-saoghail  
A chruinneachadh maoin is lòn;  
B'e dùrachd mo chridhe-sa riamh  
Gu'n tillinn roimh chloch mo lò,  
'S gu faighinn-sa sealladh as ùr,  
Air an àit 'sa bheil m'ùigh 's mo dheòin

An uair a dh'eirich a' ghrian  
Gu'n thog mi ri sliabh nam bò,  
'S gu'n dhrlric mi bruthach an Dùin  
Le ceumanan sunndach, beò;  
Bha eireachdas aghaidh nam beann  
Is àilleachd nan gleann fo chrìc  
'Cur subhachais nuaidh 'nam chridh',  
'S mi 'g imeachd leam fhln 'san ròd.

'N uair ràinig mi deireadh mo shlig'   
'Sa dhearc mi na miltean bhuan,  
Chan fhac mi ach atharraichean ùr'  
'S gach caochladh thug ùin' mu'n cuairt;  
Bha'n gleann a chunnaic mi làn  
De dhaoine bha baigheil, suairc,  
A nise gun neach ann a' tamh  
'S na h-achaidhean fàs gun sluagh.

Sheas mi aig dachaidh mo ghràidh,  
Bha ise 'na làraich luim,  
Bha'm balla air tuiteam gu làr  
'S na clachan 'nan càrnan cruinn;

Bha chagailt gun teine, gun bhlàth's,  
 Bho chionn iomadach là cho fuar,  
 'S an teaghlach bha càirdeil mu'n bhòrd  
 'S iad sinte fo'n fhòid 'san uaigh.

Shuidh mi 'nam aonar air bruaich  
 'S mi 'g amharc mu'n cuairt fo bhàrr,  
 Air fearann mo shìnnis fo fhraoch  
 Fàr 'm b' àbhaist bhì rointean pòir;  
 Fàr robh iad gun ghainne, gun éis,  
 Na gaisgich bha treun gun ghò,  
 Ged is sgaoilte 'n dìugh a tha 'n àl  
 Am beagan a tha dhiubh beo.

Ged bha mi leam fhìn anns a' ghleann  
 Cha robh mi 'san àm gun chòil,  
 Bha na h-èibin air bharrach nan crann  
 B' aobhneach leam cainnt an beòil;  
 Bha 'chuthag 'san smèdrach air gheig  
 'San uiseag 'san speur gu h-ard  
 Ag ùrachadh dhòmhsa gu fìor  
 Na laithean a thriall mar sgàil.

Thàmh mi aig tobar Iain Bhàin  
 Is dh'òl mi as làn de'n chòrn,  
 Chuir mi mo chùl ris a' ghleann  
 Gun dùil ri tighinn ann ri m'bhèd;  
 Thug mi leam badan de'n fhraoch  
 Mar chuimhneachan gaol air m'òig',  
 Bidh an t-àit' so air m'aire 's mo chuimhn'  
 Gu'n teirig mi fhìn 'san fheòil.

## SPEAKERS OF GAELIC: CENSUS, 1921.

### PERTHSHIRE.

Civil Parish	Population		Speaking Gaelic		Percent Tot. Pop.
	G. & E.	G. only	G. only	Tot. Pop.	
Aberdalgie, ... ..	300	6	...	2.0	
Aberfoyle, ... ..	1170	140	...	11.96	
Abernethy, ... ..	1282	16	...	1.24	
Abernyte, ... ..	213	3	...	1.40	
Alyth, ... ..	2837	23	...	.88	
Ardoch, ... ..	985	42	...	4.26	
Arngask, ... ..	961	13	...	13.52	
Auchterarder, ... ..	3151	27	...	.86	
Auchtergaven, ... ..	2205	41	...	1.85	
Balquhider, ... ..	875	213	...	24.46	
Bendochy, ... ..	523	13	...	2.49	
Blackford, ... ..	1593	25	...	1.56	
Blair Atholl, ... ..	1824	473	...	25.93	
Blairgowrie, ... ..	4168	41	...	.98	
Callander, ... ..	2764	239	...	8.64	
Caputh, ... ..	1046	29	...	2.77	
Cargill, ... ..	1385	13	...	.93	
Clunie, ... ..	545	18	1	3.48	
Collace, ... ..	349	5	...	1.43	
Comrie, ... ..	2208	140	1	6.38	
Coupar Angus, ... ..	2531	22	...	.86	
Crieff, ... ..	6433	111	...	1.72	
Dron, ... ..	215	6	...	2.79	
Dull, ... ..	2231	560	3	20.75	
Dunbarney, ... ..	1025	10	...	.97	
Dunblane and Lecropt, ... ..	4654	98	...	2.10	
Dunkeld and Dowally, ... ..	1049	100	...	9.53	

Dunning, ... ..	1136	6	...	.52	
Errol, ... ..	2059	21	...	1.01	
Findo-Gask, ... ..	362	11	...	3.03	
Forgandenny, ... ..	678	2	...	.20	
Forteviot, ... ..	532	12	...	2.25	
Fortingall, ... ..	1629	643	5	39.23	
Fowlis-Wester, ... ..	939	31	...	3.30	
Glendevon, ... ..	134	15	...	11.19	
Inchture, ... ..	490	3	...	.61	
Kenmore, ... ..	1008	498	1	49.50	
Killin, ... ..	1498	567	3	31.30	
Kilmadock, ... ..	2363	74	...	3.13	
Kilspindie, ... ..	437	...	...	...	
Kincardine, ... ..	1139	26	...	2.28	
Kinclaven, ... ..	558	11	...	1.95	
Kinfauns, ... ..	528	25	...	4.73	
Kinloch, ... ..	208	4	...	1.93	
Kinnaird, ... ..	193	2	...	1.03	
Kinnoull, ... ..	3600	50	...	1.36	
Kirkmichael, ... ..	1068	87	...	8.14	
Lethendy, ... ..	175	2	...	1.02	
Little Dunkeld, ... ..	2293	244	...	10.60	
Logiealmond, ... ..	433	9	...	2.07	
Logierait, ... ..	1680	369	1	22.02	
Longforgan, ... ..	2033	8	...	.39	
Madderty, ... ..	387	4	...	1.03	
Meikle, ... ..	808	4	...	.49	
Methven, ... ..	1772	26	...	1.46	
Moneydie, ... ..	253	10	...	3.95	
Monzievaird & Strowan, ... ..	630	29	...	4.60	
Moulin, ... ..	3422	428	...	12.42	
Muckart, ... ..	599	3	...	.50	
Muthill, ... ..	1287	45	...	3.34	
Perth, ... ..	28244	293	1	1.04	
Port of Menteith, ... ..	1019	35	...	3.43	
Ratray, ... ..	2115	24	...	1.13	
Redgorton, ... ..	1606	34	...	2.11	
Rhynd, ... ..	210	1	...	.47	
St. Madoes, ... ..	281	7	...	2.49	
St. Martins, ... ..	717	19	...	2.65	
Scone, ... ..	2935	35	...	1.18	
Tibbermore, ... ..	2768	51	...	1.80	
Trinity-Gask, ... ..	340	8	...	2.35	
Weem, ... ..	429	100	...	23.31	

Total for County, 125,515 6303 16 5.03

## T I R N A N O G, OR LAND OF EVER YOUNG.

By A. ROBERTSON.

Sagas have been inspired by the subject dwellers of Tìr nan Òg. The theme, in consequence, has engaged—and very properly engaged—the pen and fancy of writers and Senachies throughout the ages. It forms at once the ballistic curve, so to speak, of Celtic idealism, due to the fact, perhaps, that its symbolisms nearly always play upon the verities of the spiritual and eternal. Vellum and canvas claim its votaries in many lands. But until this year, so far as is known, it had not been attempted in stained glass.

"There is no dark in Tír nan Óg!" might, indeed, be a motto struck from the crucibles of the Sun-God of Faith, and thus, in a manner, it solves the riddle of its message. Mystic associations come trooping on the memory, amidst the playfulness of which a Seer of Patmos may indulge his dream.

The picture proper is a grouping of over a score of subjects, all of which—or nearly all of which—have found a separate exposition in Celtic culture. It is, therefore, but possible to indicate rather than describe its multifarious constituents. To attempt otherwise would only be toying with epics. Imagination, then, and a slight acquaintance with "The Voyage of Bran," or Squire's "Celtic Myth and Legend," will meet the appetite of the curious and interested.

Starting from the base, may be seen the kneeling figure of Ailinn and Baile—tragic emblems of untoward malice. The yew and apple trees, that betoken the intensity of their sorrow, mark their earthly resting-place. Hope, with the Spring of Healing at his feet, points to spiritual reunion. Over this well grew the nine magic hazel trees, the crimson nuts of which imparted to those who ate of them all human and material knowledge. The "Salmon of Knowledge" swallowed these nuts, and knew all things. Finn Mac Cumhail became omniscient through eating a divine salmon. Sea-gull suggests Spirit of the Waves, over which is wafted the crystal boat, guided by Love and Fate, without sail or rudder. Youth, dressed as a pilgrim, is being beckoned by a new conception of the Messenger of Death, bearing on her arm the silver blossom with golden leaves. Birds, always the symbol of love, overhang branches, while the presence of flowers beget a vision of rebirth and spring. The Rainbow of Promise arches the entrance of Tír nan Óg. Fringing the sacred portals is Tree of Blossom, so beautifully emblemised in the "Voyage of Bran." Towering towards the eternal heavens is the Enchanted Palace, with choristers following the seductive echoes of Mac In Oig's harp, the musical emanations of which became invisible birds whispering love-tales to the susceptible youth of Erin. Echo, in the form of bird-flights, revisit Tír nan Óg from the silver shield floating in the clouds. In one corner is the harp of Mac In Oig—the source of the melodic strains that emanate from the enchanted realms of the west. In counter-position the three birds of Rhiannon typify the emotional extremes of Celtic

song, their singing being of such a moving quality that they could move the dead to life and the living to death. Below is the magic chalice that was ever full, though often drained by the heroes and bards of old for the entrancing inspiration that it contained. Intertwining the border the rowan berries, which were the food of the gods; while the golden apples, that made sweet strains on parting from their branches, and could cure all pain and melancholy, form the subject-matter of another corner. Above, again, is the golden Crown of Promise, which was awarded to Connla on his arrival in Tír nan Óg.

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### TUINEAL 'SA CHEANN.

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Theagamh nu cheithir-fichead bliadhna air ais, bha seann Mhac-phàrlain, tuathanach Cheann-loch an Gleann-cuaich, dol dhachaidh bhò fhaidhir Amulruidhe. Bha e na dhuine pongail teoma; is rud ro ainmige measg nan Gàidheal aig an àm sin, cha robh e riamh air an daoraich. Co dhiubh, an tarrauing sud thug e oidhirp aithghearr a ghabhail dhachaidh. Streap e suas ri balladh cloiche. Fhuair e cas-gobhlach air a balladh, ach thàinig tuaineal na cheann, is a sin cha robh e na chomas gluasad. Thuig e nan deanadh e strì ris a chois dheis no ris a chois chlì a thoirt uime gu'n tuiteadh e an comhair a chinn. Gu fortanach an uair a bha e san staid sin thàinig Iain Mac-neachdain, bàrd a ghlinne, an rathad a bha an seann tuathanach, a thuir ris—

"Chan eil fhios agam dé tha air bualadh orm. Cha robh mi riamh mar so roimh, ach chan urrainn domh tighinn air ais no dol thairis."

Chuidich am bàrd e gu làr, is fhreagair e gu seòlta is gu glic—

"Is eòlach mis air t-anhocair."

Ach feuch an dubhairt e gur i a mhìsg a bh'ann!

SEUMAS MACDHIARMAID.

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### SOP AS GACH SEID.

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As many of our readers are already aware, the Rev. Dr. MacLean Watt has been elected to Glasgow Cathedral. It is with sincere gratification that his fellow Gaels have learned that he has been appointed to the principal charge in the West. The

Gaelic cause in Edinburgh will suffer deep loss in his departure from the capital; but we feel at the same time that the large Highland population of Glasgow will be greatly quickened and enriched by his presence. Dr. MacLean Watt is undoubtedly in the front rank of Scottish preachers; and, as a poet, his name is a household word wherever English is spoken. He is a life member of An Comunn, and has a living interest in the preservation of the language and traditions of the Gael. A Skyeman to the core, there is nothing that rouses his eloquence like the land of the mist and the race that hail from it. As a platform speaker, he stands unrivalled among those who speak on Celtic matters. He combines three qualities which are rarely found in one and the same orator, namely, fire, pathos, and humour. Dr. MacLean Watt served as a chaplain with Highland regiments at the front during the war. He was sent by the British Government on a mission of propaganda to the United States. He addressed over two hundred mass meetings in the States and in Canada.

PRIZES.—Money prizes for contributions have been awarded to Mr. Peter Macintyre, 49 Govan Road, Glasgow; Mrs. Grant, 2 Glenshellach Terrace, Oban; Mr. Donald Matheson, M.A., Garver, Lochs, Lewis; Mr. Malcolm Maclean, M.A., c/o Kesson, 140 Marchmount Road, Edinburgh; Mr. James Macleod, Scalpay; Mr. Malcolm MacRae, 32 Plantation Street, Glasgow; Mr. James Macdiarmid, Oakleigh, Comrie.

THE NEW ARCHDRUID.—The Rev. Cadvan Davies has been appointed to the vacancy in the Archdruidship of Wales. He is said to have gained more honours for his poetry than any living Welsh bard. He was the crowned bard at the Eisteddfod on no fewer than three consecutive occasions. He won almost a score of bardic chairs in all. But the new Archdruid has passed the seventy-seventh year of his age; and in making the appointment the College of Bards felt it necessary to nominate a Deputy Archdruid. The Rev. Elvet Lewis was elected to this post. The poetic work of the latter is said to have greatly enriched the literature of Wales. Unfortunately, the difficulty of the Welsh language renders the Welsh literature a locked treasury to the Gael, while conversely the wealth of Gaelic literature is quite obscure to the Welshman. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, both Gael and Welshman feel that they each possess heroic antecedents; and they realise that

both branches of the Celtic race have many things in common. Certainly the Scottish Gael would do well to follow the example of his Cymric brother in all that pertains to the preservation of the native language and traditions. Where are our Druids and our order of bards? Where are our bardic chairs? Where is the mystic symbolism that should belong to an ancient race? There is no imagination in our transactions. We are Gaels with our feet on the earth, in a truly Teutonic fashion!

EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND INDUSTRIES.—The Committee on Highland Arts and Industries held an exhibition under these heads in Glasgow on the second week, and in Edinburgh on the third week, in May. The exhibits were varied in character, and included specimens of home dyes, woven material in tweeds and clan tartans, knitting, rugs (both travelling and carpet), shawls, linens, artistic work in leather and in metal, designs for brooches, fireplaces, mantelselves, seats and benches, cromags, together with a large collection of articles of general Celtic interest. The replicas of such items as the Brooch of Tara, the covering of St. Patrick's Bell, the Cross of Cong, and the Cup of Ardagh, gave distinction to the exhibition. An entirely fresh departure was the beautiful stained window by the Stephen Adam Studio, Glasgow. The subject is Tir nan Og (The Land of the Ever Young). The crystal boat that conveys mortal man to that fair country is depicted in noble style. The echoes of the silvery clouds of the Land of Youth are represented by a flight of birds. At the base of the window is treated the tale of Baile and Ailinn, who both died of love, and two trees intertwine above their contiguous graves. The exhibitions serve a very useful purpose in educating the public as to the character of Celtic art; and also as to the nature and extent of home arts and industries. The skill in handiwork which was peculiar to the older generations of Gaels constitute a portion of the heritage which we ought to preserve. We consider that a similar exhibition once every two or three years would go far to maintain public interest in this side of the activities of the Comunn. The leading workers in connection with the exhibition were Miss Campbell of Sucooth and Mr. Colin Sinclair, F.R.I.B.A., for Glasgow, and Mrs. W. J. Watson for Edinburgh. An article on the exhibition and Celtic art, by Mr. John Duncan, artist, will appear in our next issue.



## INVERNESS MOD, 1923.

## SO MI 'M SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLIABH.

AN LIGHICHE MACLACHAINN.

SEISD. Key G.

Competition 17.—Silver Medal (Boys).

{	: l <sub>1</sub> ., d		r ., m : r . d		l <sub>1</sub> : l ., l		s ., m : r ., r   m
	So mi'm		shineadh air an t-sliabh, 'S mi ri				iargainn na lbeil uam,
{	: l <sub>1</sub> ., l <sub>1</sub>		s <sub>1</sub> ., s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> . d		r : s , l . -		m ., r : d ., t <sub>1</sub>   l <sub>1</sub>
	'S tric mo		shùil a' sealltuinn		siar, Far an		luidh a' ghrian 'sa chuan.

RANN.

{	: s ., m		m ., s : l ., l <sub>1</sub>		d : s ., s		m ., m : r ., r   m
	Chì mi		thall a h-aitéal		caomb, Dearsadh		caoin ri taobh na tràigh,
{	: s <sub>1</sub> ., s <sub>1</sub>		l <sub>1</sub> ., s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> . d		r : m , s . -		m ., r : d ., t <sub>1</sub>   l <sub>1</sub>
	'S truagh nach		robh mi air an		raon, Far an		deach i claon 'san àillt.

'S truagh nach robh mi fhéin an dràs,

Air an tràigh as airde stuadh,

'G eisdeachd ris a' chòmhradh thlàth

Th' aig an òigh as àillidh snuadh.

Aig an òigh as àillidh dreach,

'S gile cneas 's as caoine gruaidh;

Mala shìobhalt', mìn-rosg réidh

Air nach éireadh bréin no gruaim.

O! nach innis thu 'ghaoth an iar,

'N uair a thriallas tu thar sàil,

Cìod an dòigh a th' air mo ghaol—

"Bheil i smaointinn orms' an drasd?"

'N uair a shn mi dhuit mo làmh

Air an tràigh a' fàgail th',

'S ann air éiginn rinn mi 'radh,

"Soraidh leat, a ghràidh mo chridh."

'N uair a thug mi riut mo chùl

Chunnaic mi thu 'brùchdadh dheur;

Ged a shuidh mi aig an stiùir

'S ann a bha mo shùil am dhéidh.

Chaidh a' ghrian fo stuaidh 'san iar,

Dh'fhag i fiamh air nial a' chuain;

'S éiginn dhomh o'n aird bhì triall—

Sgair an ianlaith féin d'an duan.

Mìle beannachd leat an nochd—

Cadal dhuit gun sprochd, gun ghruaim;

Slàn gun acad feadh do chléibh,

Anns a' mhaduinn 'g éirigh suas.

## A MHALDAIG A' BHROILLICH GHIL.

SEISD. Key F. *Moderato*.

Competition 23.—Boys and Girls.

{	. d		m	: m ., r		m, s. - : l ., l <sub>1</sub>		l <sub>1</sub>	: d ., l <sub>1</sub>		l <sub>1</sub> ., s <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>
	A mhàldaig,		a'	bhroillich		ghil, Mar		tha			mi bho'n dhealach sinn:
{	. d		m ., m	: m ., r		m, s. - : l ., l		s ., m : m ., r		d	: d .
	A mhàldaig,		a'	bhroillich		ghil, 'S tu		rinn		mo	chridhe thàladh.

RANN.

{	. d		m ., r : m ., e		l . l : l <sub>1</sub> ., l <sub>1</sub>		d ., l <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub> ., l <sub>1</sub>		d . d : d .	
	Gur ann aig Tigh na				Cachaleith, Tha'n		rlbhinn donn is		docha leam;	
{	. d		m ., r : m ., s		l . l : d' ., l		s ., m : m ., r		d	: d .
	'S chan iarrainn fhìn de				thochair leat, Ach		cead is toil do		mhàthair.	

Gur tric os cionn mo chiste mi,

A' leughadh do ehuid litrichean;

'S an gaol a bha gun fhios againn,

An diugh tha fios aig càch air.

B'e 'n daoimean is b'e 'n t-òmar thu,

Bu lìlidh-ghleann air bhòichead thu,

'S b'e flùran measg nan ròsan thu,

Thug cridhe leònta tràth dhomh.

Mar dh'éireas grian na h-ùr-mhaidne,

Air latha dorcha smùdanach,

An gaol a thug mi aon uair dhuit,

Tha'n diugh cho ùr 'sa bha e.

Cha do throid thu riamh rium,

Cha do throid cha b'fhiach leat;

'N uair bhiodh càch is mì-thlachd orr,

Bidh thusa 's fiamh a' ghàir ort.

## THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

## AN CAT GLAS.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S M.S. Collection.

An làr na mhàireach, an uair a dh'éirich iad 's a ghabh iad an trath-maidne, dh'iarr a' Bhanrighinn air dol air theachdaireachd chun na h-Iochlach Urlair. An uair a chaidh e a mach, thuir e ris a' bhràthair a b'òige, "Bidh mise a' falbh, is biodh an oighreachd agad fhéin, o'n is ann gu cothrom a thoir duit a tha iad ag iarraidh mis' a mharbhadh."

Bha a bhràthair ro dhuilich airson e bhi falbh.

"Théid mis' a stigh, feuch am faigh mi airgid a ghoid air mo mhàthair a bheir mi do d'ionnsuidh, air eagal thu bhi falbh falamh," thuir am bràthair a b'òige.

"Cha ghabh mi airgid nach fhaighinn air dòigh cheart; chan urrainn e feum a dheanamh dhomh. Is fhearr leam falbh ann am freasdal an fhortain,\* o'n nach fhaighinn gu ceart e," thuir am bràthair a bu shine.

Dh'fhalbh an dà bhràthair le 'chéile, agus ràinig iad tulach gorm treis o'n tigh. Thòisich iad air caoineadh còmhla.

Ghabh iad an cead dhe 'chéile.

Dh'fhuirich am fear a b'òige is a bheul fodha air a' chnoc, a' caoineadh fad an latha.

Chaidh am fear a bu shine gu tigh oide aig an Rìgh. Am beul na h-oidhche, ràinig e tigh an oide.

Cha robh a stigh ach a mhuime, is droch theine aice air. "Fàilt' ort, a' mhic a's sine an Rìgh; b'fhurasda a aithneachadh gur h-ann mar sin a bhitheadh mu dheireadh."

Dheasaich i biadh dha. Chuir i uisge blàth air a chasan, is chuir i a chadal e. Chuir i srabh suaine fo a cheann is fo a chasan.†

Chaidh e gun dùsgadh gus an tàinig an là, agus an uair a dh'éirich e, dheasaich i a thrath-maidne.

(R'a leantainn.)

## THE GRAY CAT.

By J. G. MACKAY, LONDON.

On the morrow, when they had arisen and taken their morning meal, the Queen asked him [the elder lad] to go on a message to the Iochlach Urlair. Upon going out, he said to the younger brother, "I shall go away altogether. And the inheritance shall be thine, seeing that it is in order to give thee a clear field that they seek to kill me."

His brother was very sorry that he was going away.

"I will go in, to see if I can steal some money from my mother that I may give to thee again, rather than thou shouldst go away with nothing," said the younger brother.

"I will not take money that I did not get in an honourable way: it cannot do me any good. I had rather go my ways trusting to luck\*, if I cannot get the money honourably," said the elder brother.

The two brothers set out together, and they came to a green hillock a little way from the house. They began to lament in company.

They took leave of each other.

The younger one remained on the hillock, lying on his face, and weeping all day long.

The elder brother went to the house of the King's foster-father. He reached the foster-father's house at nightfall.

There was nobody at home but the foster-mother. It was but a poor fire she had burning. "A welcome to thee, thou elder son of the King; it was easy to foresee that this is what it would come to at last."

She prepared food for him. She gave him warm water for his feet, and sent him to bed to sleep. She put a slumber-straw under his head, and under his feet.†

He slept without awaking until day came, and when he had arisen, she made him his morning-meal.

(To be continued.)

\* Or, "Trusting to Providence."

This sentence may mean that there were two slumber-straws, one for the head and one for the feet. If there were only one, it must have been a very long one. In other tales, the magical apparatus for inducing sleep is a pin. In others, a poisonous prickle, or an apple, or a pear. In J. F. Campbell's unpublished MSS. Vol. X., No. 47) the hero's mother's sister puts a Humming Harp of Harmony at his bed-head to make him sleep the better. The sleeping bag mentioned in the following proverb was probably also at one time something magical: "Chuir iad am balgan suain fo 'cheann" (They put the sleeping bag under his head). Applied, says Macintosh, to a person who sleeps too much, in allusion to the bag or cocoon in which the caterpillar sleeps (Nicolson's *Gaelic Proverbs*, 145). A "hop pillow," or pillow full of hops, is still used in English country places for inducing sleep.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Thug Comuinn Ghàidhealach nam bailtean móra seisean soirbheachail gu crìch, agus aig na Coinneamhan Bliadhnail bha sgeulan taitneach aig Ionmhasairean agus aig Rùnairean r'a innseadh. Cha do dhearmad iad an dleasdanas do thaobh A' Chomuinn agus gun robh mòran math aca air a shon sin. Tha Céilidhean agus Còisirean a nis ag ullachadh air son nan Cuirm-Chnuic abhaisteach agus tha dòchas gum bi a' ghrian a' soilleadh gu boillsgeach, boidheach.

\* \* \*

The final syllabus for the Mod, which begins at Inverness on 25th September, will be issued this month, and will contain the additional competitions to which reference has been made here. The Mull and Iona Association are renewing their competition for an unpublished Mull or Iona song. I again invite members or friends who may know of such songs to forward copies to me, so that I may be in a position to help intending competitors.

\* \* \*

Aspirants for honours in the Clarsach competition will be encouraged to know that Dr. Blaikie, President of the Royal Celtic Society, is again presenting a Clarsach to the first-prize winner. As stated in the Mod syllabus, the previous winner is not eligible to compete this year.

\* \* \*

Branch members in the particular areas where Provincial Mods are being held, will find plenty to occupy their attention this month. The Lorn District Mod takes place at Oban on the 22nd; the Mid-Argyll at Lochgilphead on the 26th and 27th, and the Perth County at Aberfeldy on the 29th. A full report of the Edinburgh Local Mod, held on 26th May, will be given in the next issue.

\* \* \*

The President of An Comunn has accepted the invitation to be present at Pictou, Nova Scotia, to commemorate the landing of the emigrants from the ship "Hector" 150 years ago. He hopes to sail for Canada on 26th June. Turus math dha.

A wide circle of members and friends will regret to learn of the death of Donald Currie, B.A. (Oxon.), LL.B., Glasgow. From 1907 to 1910 Mr. Currie was Convener of the Finance Committee, and in 1911 he acted as Local Secretary of the Glasgow Mod. Another enthusiastic member, Alderman Cameron, Stockton-on-Tees, has passed to the great beyond. He was a prominent member of his Clan Society.

\* \* \*

The Educational Conference at Inverness will be held in the Council Chambers on Thursday and Friday, 30th and 31st August.

NIALL.

## DA NI NACH EIL AN COLOSA.

By IAN MOFFETT-PENDER.

Thachair dhomh a bhi a' bruidhinn an latha roimhe ri Colasach còir. Is ann mu'n Ghàidhlig a bha sinn a' bruidhinn, agus thuit dhomh a ràdh gur e dòigh fìor Eirionnach a tha aca an Leòdhas air son mòran fhacal an cainnt choitcheann. Cha robh e tuigsinn gu ro mhath ciod e a bha mi a' ciallachadh.

"Ma ta," thuit mise, "is e 'mullach na mbeann' a their iadsan ri 'mullach nam beann.' A nis, a Mhurchaidh, ciod a their thu fhéin—nach e 'bha mi air mullach nam beann' a their thu?"

"Chan e," arsa esan; "chan abramaid sin uair sam bith."

"Innis dhomh, ma ta, ciod a their thu," thuit mi.

"Is e 'bhi air mullach nan cnoc' a their sinn; chan eil beinn againn an so idir!"

Goirid an déidh sin, cha robh bean-usal àraidh 'gam thuigsinn an uair a chleachd mi am facal "snaim."

"Och, och, tha sibh eolach air an fhacal ceart gu leòir," thuit mise, "ach is e fuaim eile a chuireas sibh air."

"Tha mi 'gad thuigsinn a nis," thuit i, "ach is e 'snaom' a their sinne ris."

"Sin agaibh a nis," a deir mise; "agus an e 'snaim an da rathaid' no 'snaom an dà rathaid' a their sibh an so?"

A rithidh cha robh i 'gam thuigsinn.

"O, ma tha sibh a' coiseachd air an rathad agus thig sibh air rathad eile—



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rathad tarsuinn—nach e 'snaim (no "snaom," ma is fearr leibh) an dà rathaid' a their sibh ri a leithid sin de àite?"

"Chan e," arsa ise; "chan eil rathad mar sin againn an Colasa idir!"

## NA COLANNAN-GUN-CHEANN.

(Sgeul Firinneach.)

'S ann an uair a bha mi ris a phostachd a thachair e. Mu mheadhon-oidheche, aig fear thoiseach a gheamhraidh, bha a ghealach làn, an speur gun neul, agus ceann an astair mar mhìle dhomh. Bha coille dharaich air thoiseach orm. Bha'n rathad-mór a ruith fad an rathaid taobh na coille; ach aig an oisinn bha slighe ruith suas eadar ceann na coille agus an cladh.

Thug mi'n aire gu'n robh rud-eiginn aig an oisinn nach b'abhaist a bhì ann: mar gu'm biodh colann fada glas gun cheann, 'na sheasamh air a ghàradh. Chumhnich mi gu'm b'e Colann-gun-cheann am bòchdan a bu mhiosa bh'ann, agus chuir e athadh orm, ach ghabh mi air m'adhart. Dh'èirich ceann beag gu faicilleach o mhullach a choluinn, 's chaidh e'm pròba às an t-sealladh. Chuala mi guth Ìosal ag ràdh.

"U, 's e th'ann!"

"A bheil thu cinnteach?" arsa h-aon eile.

"Tha; an tu th'ann, a Dhòmhnuille? Stad 's b'ìdh sinne comh' riut!"

Fhuair mi seachad air an Rud, ach cha robh sniceid de m'adach tioram leis an fhallus. Chunnaic mi gu'n do leum an Rud bhàrr a ghàraidh; chuala mi splaid faoin, 's ann am mionaid eile bha'n Rud aig mo thaobh. An sin thàinig aon an deigh aon gun an robh leth-dusan diùbh bhàrr a ghàraidh 's rinn ad a suas rium.

Cò bh'ann ach mnathan a bhaile, le poca'n t-aon de dh'fheur bàn airson leapaichean a dheanamh! Thrus iad e ri solus na gealaich a chionn nach robh a chridh' aca bhì air ann faicinn 's a choillidh feadh an latha!

DOMHNUL POSTA.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

**FERINTOSH.**—The first session of this Branch was brought to a close with a social meeting, which, in the unavoidable absence of Colonel Warrand, president, was presided over by Mr. David Urquhart, M.A., secretary. After tea had been served, a very enjoyable programme was gone through, and the cordial thanks of the gathering were extended to the performers. The Committee, acting on behalf of the members, decided that some tangible expression of appreciation should be

presented to Mr. Urquhart, not with a view to paying him, but to show their goodwill. Mr. Jack, in the name of the members, presented to the secretary a pipe and tobacco pouch. In his reply, Mr. Urquhart said all the reward he looked for was that the public should enjoy the meetings. He felt it his duty to do what he could to interest the adults as well as to instruct the children; and he concluded by thanking them all from the bottom of his heart.

**GAIRLOCH.**—On April 6th the Gairloch Branch of An Comunn held its last meeting for the season, when Mr. J. M. MacGillivray presided over a full schoolroom. Mr. A. Polson, J.P., F.E.I.S., Inverness, delivered an exceptionally interesting and instructive paper on the "Characteristics of Gaelic Poetry and Music." At intervals songs were ably rendered by local members. At the close of the lecture very appreciative comments on the paper were made by Messrs. Finlayson, Mackintosh, and others. The Chairman, in giving thanks to Mr. Polson for his very able paper, remarked that the meeting was the largest since the formation of the Branch, and, no doubt, he said, this was mainly due to the popularity of Mr. Polson as a lecturer. The meeting closed with the singing of "Oidhe Mhàith Luibh."

**KILLIN.**—Members of the Branch produced the interesting play, "Am Fionn Sgeul Feartach," by Iain MacCormaic, on Friday, 13th April, in the Public Hall. All the performers did their work admirably, showing very decided capacity. The hall was crowded to the door, and the great gathering displayed keen interest and warm appreciation. There is no doubt drama is a most effective means of propagating the Gaelic movement and enlisting interest on its behalf. The following was the cast:—An Greusaich, John Stewart; Iain Ruadh, Ali Stewart Campbell; Dughall Saor, Gilbert Macintyre; Fear-an-Tighe, George Hogg; Gille, Calum Macpherson; Balach, Duncan Macpherson; Bean a' Ghreusaich, Miss M'William; Nighean a' Ghreusaich, Miss J. MacLaren; Curstan Mhór, Miss Ella Walker; Bean-an-Tighe eile, Miss K. Macnaughton; Nigheanan, Misses K. Campbell, M. MacLaren, and M. Stewart.

**LOCHABER.**—This Branch had to regret the preferment of the Rev. J. Macdougall, late president and local Mod secretary, to Aberfoyle. The Mod surplus of £134 owed its existence to his organising powers, together with donations from a wide circle. No Gaelic reading classes have been held since he left. A junior singing class has been held by Mr. Macmillan, who, as heretofore, devotes both time and trouble to it. A petition, organised by the Branch, and signed by upwards of 300 parents and ratepayers, to provide an elementary Gaelic class in the Public School, headed by Lochiel and the four largest ratepayers, has been so far successful that a class is held in Gaelic twice a week, and hopes are entertained that larger facilities may be obtained. A meeting of the entire members of the Branch took place last month, when, on the motion of Dr. Miller, the chair was taken by ex-Provost Macfarlane, and the following were unanimously appointed:—Hon. president, Lochiel; president, Miss Juliet Macdonald; vice-presidents, Rev. W. MacLeod, U.F.; Very Rev. Canon MacMaster, Rev. Donald Shaw, Rev. David Macmichael; hon. secretary, Rev. D. Shaw, St. Andrew's; assistant secretary, Mr. H. Campbell, Glengarry Buildings; treasurer, Mr. John Warren, British Linen Company's Bank; assistant treasurer, Miss Christina M'Donald, Granite House; with an All-Gaelic



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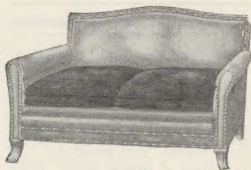
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General Committee, Representative Committee, and Small Committee, to which very many names were added; bard, A. MacMaster; piper, Ewen Cameron.

**RANNOCH.**—The Gaelic singing classes so successfully conducted by Mr. Hugh Maclean at Rannoch were brought to a close at the end of April by a ceilidh held in the schoolroom at Dall. The excellent rendering of the different items by the junior and senior choirs and soloists indicated the progress possible were the short time at disposal more extended. Mr. Duncan Cameron's reading, the bagpipe selections by Mr. Maclean, and those on the violin by Messrs. Ross and Cameron, were greatly enjoyed, while Mr. H. Maclean delighted the audience with a piece, "Domhnall an Gille" (song and story). The president of the local Branch of An Comunn, the Rev. J. C. Maclellan, parish minister, was in the chair.

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### IASGACH NAN GEALAG.

Cha luaithe theannas grian an t-Samhraidh ri dreadh an uchd nan speur na chuimhniceas an Gàidheal a tha fuireach anns a' bhaile mhór air an t-seann dachaidh. Thig na làithean air an ais anns am biodh e feadh nan sruthan a' tionndadh nan clach an déidh nan caibheanach. Is iomadh latha a bhìomaid cas-ruisgte, ceann-ruisgte, ri taobh nan allt is ar feadh nan glumag, a' bruaichaireachd air na h-iasgan luaineach sin, an dubhthabach agus a' bhànag. Agus nach taitneach an obair iasgach nan gealag? Is minic a dh'fhalbh mi le sunnd gu abhainn, is mo shlat iasgaich air mo ghualainn. Sud an t-seirbheis anns am faigheadh an inntinn fois ó shaothair nan smuain. Chan eil ceòl air thalamh cho buadh-mhor ri torman nan allt, gu bhì a' ciùineachadh gach bruillein, agus ag aiseag slàinte is foistinn do'n eanchainn. B'abhaist dhomhsa bhì cho déidheil air an chleachdadh so is gun do ghabh mi beachd sònruichte air na riaghailtean a dh'fheumar a leantainn ri iasgach nan gealag.

Is còir do'n iasgair dùsgadh aig glasadh nan neul ri fìor bheul na cabhanaich. Is còir dha bhì deas, dlùth air bruaich na linne, dreach mu an àm anns am bhì an t-iasg le acras a' tòiseachadh air solar a lòn-maidne. Chan eil uair de'n latha cho buileach fàbharach ris an àm anns am bhì na cuileagan, romh éirigh na gréine, a' teannadh ri gluasad ri oir nan glumag, mar gum biodh iad ag altachadh an sgiathan an déidh fois na h-oidheche. Is i sin an uair anns am bhì iad air bheag faicill a' dol tuill-

eadh is faisg air an uisge. Tha e farasda gu leòr do'n iasg an ceapadh an uair sin le a ghoib corranach crom. Agus is e sin cuid-eachd an cheart àm anns am bhì na gealagan fhéin air am mealladh gu soirbh, le cuileig achfuinnich an iasgair a' slobadh air bhàr an uisge.

Feumaidh an t-iasgair a bhì socair, seòlta 'n a ghluasad air dha dlùthachadh ri bruaich na h-aibhne. Chan eil fhuaim ri chluinntinn mu'n cuairt ach an fuaim a tha dualach do'n ionad—torman an uillt le gleann, monaghair an t-sruthain a tha air uairibh a leum thar na leacan, is air uairibh 'n a chuinneagan balbha an doimhneachd na linne far nach faicear grunnnd. Faodaidh aig àm gun cluinnear osna na gaoithe am measg mheanglan nam preas ri iomall na linne, agus aig àm gun seinn coileach na smeòraich a phong briosg, beothail fhéin. Ach a réir coltais tha an t-iasg eòlach gu leòr air gach fuaim diubh sin, agus cha ghabh e clisgeadh no sgiòrradh ó aon seach aon diubh. Tha e mar chleachdadh aig an iasg a bhì cumail a chinn ris an t-sruth. Mar sin is iomchuidh gun tilg an t-iasgair a dhriamlach an aghaidh an t-srutha, anns a' cheart àm a' bheil e féin a' seasamh air cùl an éisg. Tha mòran an crochadh air an àird ó an séid a' ghaoth, a chum gum bhì an t-àile a' togail fìodhan mireagach air uachdar an uisge. Tha am fìodhan a' cur folach air an dubhan a tha cho dlùth air cuileig an iasgar.

Ach is ann an uair a leumas a' ghealag air an dubhan a tha a' chabhadh a' tòiseachadh. Is ann air an mhòdh anns an cum e cluich chothromach ris an iasg a

dh'aithnichear an deagh iasgair. Gu tric air do'n ghealaig a bhí gionaidh le acras sluigidh i an dubhan gu tur. Bhíod e feumail a nis do'n iasgair a bhí eagnaídh, ceanalta 'n a dhóigh, oir ma théid e idir 'n a bhoil tha e buailteach air an t-iasg a chall. Tha cudthrom is beothalachd an éisg a' lúbadh bárr na sláite gu uachdar an uisge; agus is e gliocas an iasgair cead a thoir do'n ghealaig i fhéin a chluich air an dubhan. Ma tha farsuingeachd bruaiche is pailteas uisge air gach laimh is cóir aitheamhnan de'n driamlach a leigeil leis an iasg gus am fás e sgith; agus an sin tha e móran nas farsada a charadh air feur glas. Chan eil tiota cho ciogailteach ris an tiota anns am fag an t-iasg an t-uisge, an uair a tha earball an éisg a' deanamh greim deireannach air bárr na linne. Agus ma tha preasan a' fás ri oir nam bruaich tha cunnart gun greimich an driamlach air na meanglain, agus mar sin gun éirich mí-shealbh do'n iasgair.

Ach air dhàsan soirbheachadh mar bu mhiann leis, agus àireamh de'n iasg a ghlacadh, cluinnidh càch ó bhilean féin cùntas fileanta air gach caol-theamhadh a chaidh air an iasg. Tha buaireadh fhacal a' leantainn an fhir a bheir gad math gu baile; oir tha uail a' togail a chridhe, agus chan eil sgeul air irisleachd. Ach coma có dhiubh nach bóidheach a' ghealag air bruaich, le a lannan loinneireach ri gréin; a shíos sleamhain, cumadaíl, le bhallan de iomadh dath—an ruadh air fiamh an óir, is an glas air tuar an airgid. Shiùbhlaínn astar an diugh airson aon sealladh de an ní sin a chuir subhachas cho tric air m'áine; oir is gann gu bheil dad idir a thig gu mo chuimhne cho beothail úr, ris a' ghad ghealag air an òg-mhaduinn Shamhraidh.

### CELTIC ART.

By JOHN DUNCAN, R.S.A.

When I was asked to write on Celtic Art I hesitated for a little, because I was not sure that the subject did not bristle so with controversial points that I would have to tread too warily to suit my temper, or stir up hornets' nests about my ears. I have a definite enough idea, I think, and perhaps I had better out with it at once and brave the consequences.

Well, I do not like the phrase, "Celtic Art," at this time of day, to stand for any contemporary movement. It has a very proper historical use; but for any art of the

hour, it sounds artificial and unreal. I wish we could say Scottish Art instead. We cannot tear the country apart now. There are a good many blended strains of blood in Scotland, in the Highlands as well as in the Lowlands, and even if these strains were distinct and in water-tight compartments, it would be difficult to apportion to each the special artistic quality proper to it. Perhaps it has always been so.

The exterior personality of a man, or of a people, is not an unalterable thing. It is a style that comes into vogue and goes out of vogue. A nation may adopt and maintain a style until one thinks that it is the very complexion of its soul, and then, in some mysterious way, it slips its skin, and we behold it with a new face.

Celtic Art itself has in this country twice experienced this metamorphosis: once with the coming of the Columban Church, and again with the fall of that Church and the coming of the Augustinians.

If we attempt to draw a line across Scotland, we cut off many a good MacLeod, Macdonald, Mackenzie, and Gordon. We have known more than one scion of these clans who really felt that he had no part in the heritage of the Gael because he was born on the wrong side of the Highland line. It is a grotesque idea Gaeltachd is Scotland now, and the line cuts across at the Solway, and the hottest blood will press to the fighting ground, which in these days is in our great cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

Our enterprise, then, is to plant the banners of our ideals in the high places there, to impose our artistic will upon the nation.

This is what is expected of us by other peoples. When I was attending an exhibition of Scottish Art at the Hague a couple of years ago, the Dutch artists told me they were disappointed in the Scottish show. "We thought," they said, "with so strange and beautiful a country as you have, and with so romantic a history, and isolated as you are on a peak in the map jutting into the north-west seas, that you would have developed a native art of some considerable distinction; and your pictures are just like the pictures of everybody else." Abroad it is the Highlands that gives the stamp to the conception of our nationality. The London illustrated papers show that the English take the same view. Their history books show Bruce in the kilt. We must not disillusionise them too cynically, but must

capture our inheritance and make an eternal possession for our children of all that is best in our tradition before it is too late. I am not trying to make too much of the kilt, but I cannot help quoting a story from *Punch* that shows that the English are beginning to get an inkling of what is taking place. "Who is that gentleman," said a Highland laird in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers to his gillie in the same garb, indicating a kilted stranger. "Who is that gentleman dressed like a tourist."

In extending the bounds of Gaeltachd to include Scotland, in capturing the great cities I am not counselling another Highland raid of hungry caterans upon the well-fed plains, but, on the contrary, I am calling an aristocracy to take their proper place as the leaders and inspirers of a nation. Like Zarathustra, the Celt comes down from his mountains this time as a giver, and not as a taker, saying: "Lo, I am weary of my wisdom; I need hands outstretched to take it. I would fain bestow and distribute until the wise have become once more joyous in their folly and the poor happy in their riches."

For if ever any nation was rich in the materials of a great art, we are rich. Together with our sister, Ireland (not our mother, our sister, for the peoples have flowed backwards and forwards as far back as the eye can pierce—did not the Tuatha Dé Danaan come from Scotland, and when Columba came to Scotland was he not retracing the steps of his forefathers?), we have one of the richest stores of heroic saga in the world; we have the religious poetry of the Middle Ages that Dr. Carmichael has preserved for us, and a mass of Gaelic song, the quantity and quality of which is but beginning to be known to the great world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and abundance of ideas and ideals contained in that half-buried treasure, and we have neglected it too long. When it pours forth into the stream of modern Scottish culture, it will brim over, and we shall have a new era of a great art.

Together with all this material for art, we have a high technical tradition, for the Celt has been a supreme craftsman, as well as an inspired singer. The "Book of Kells," wrought, likely enough, in Iona—for was it not called in Kells the "Great Gospels of Calumkille," and what other reason but the place of its origin could give it that title?—is but a flower of a technical tradition continued over a thousand years: a technique

which could bend verse and bronze and singing voice to its most subtle and impalpable purposes; a technique that was as strong as it was delicate, as inventive as it was logical.

So, it seems to me, the circle is complete; we have the ideals, the subject matter, and the technique to our hands; and the only thing that pinions us is this line of constriction about our middle. In the Highlands we have not the apparatus for the production of art, and in the Lowlands we have not the heart, and say: "How shall we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" Like the Feinn under magic bonds, we are upon our elbows. If we would call Celtic Art *Scottish Art*, the spell would be broken; we would spring to our feet, and the day would be ours. Other cultures have invaded our land, bringing stores of treasures to enrich us: literature with the English language, music with the piano, and painting and sculpture with the great exhibitions. Enriching us, but, alas! ruining us at the same time by imposing alien standards, and bringing about the neglect of our own purposes and the suspension of our own creative activities.

Let us, in this time of the relaxation of all authority in artistic as in other matters, seize the opportunity of emancipation from the overmastering powers that have held us too long; let us rally about our national ideals, and dare to develop an art of our very own.

This national art will be, cannot but be, Celtic; what other artistic tradition have we that can dispute the pre-eminence of the Celtic tradition? We are a Celtic people.

### TRI SEALLAIDHEAN.

By the REV. JOHN MACINNES, M.A.

I.—1906.

Bha cragan na dhà dhòrn: bha e crathadh mar pheilear a bheatha. Bha am maistreadh a' toirt na b'fhaide na bha e an dùil. Leigeadh e anail an dràsda 's a rithisd, agus bheireadh e sùil mhiannach air an uachdar a bha a' braonadh eadar an cragan agus an ceann.

Thug e sùil air a n'hàthair a bha a' fuineadh aig a bhòrd. Bha a smuaintean ann an ceàrn eile. Thug e spàin as a phòcaid agus, am priobadh na sùl, bha an ceann de'n chragan agus bha an spàin làn uachdair sìos na bheul.



Có nach deanadh maistreadh air son a leithid so de dhuais. B'fhíach am balgam millis ud an leth-uair fhada phianail a chaith e a' crathadh a' chragain gun guth no coslas air im a bhith tighinn. Ach chan 'eil sonas talmhaidh ach mar dhriúchd na maidne. Eirídh a ghrian agus c'ait a bheil an dríúchd. Chuir duine na's ainmeile na mise—is e Burns is ainm dha—a smuain so an cainnt na's snasaile, na's urrainn dhómhsa a dhéanamh.

Thionndaidh a mháthair a ceann. Ghlac a súil a' spáin agus còrr 's a leth síos ann sgòrnan Dhómhnúill. Bha an cragan gun cheann. Co ach amadan a dh'fhágadh an cat 's an t-iasg combla? Co ach am fíor bhumalair a shaoileadh gun gabhadh an t-uain 's am madadh-allaidh gaol air a chéile, ann an dòigh a chòrdadh ris an uain cho maith 's ris a mhádadh-allaidh? Anns an t-saoghal so, is ann as déidh an tuiteamais a thig an glocas, le ceum mall crúbach.

"A Dhómhnúill, 'fhlor rascail, a spealg na duibheadh, creachaidh tu mi mas crochair thu. Feith thusa agus am faigh mise greim ort."

Thionndaidh i mar air son breith air, ach bha Dhómhnúill a mach air an 'dorus mar shradaig far an teinntin. 'Nuair a bha an gille a mach a sealladh, tháinig snuadh gáire air a h-aodann. Bha solus a' ghaoil a dealradh na súilean dorcha. Cha robh aice ach e fhéin.

Dá bhliadhna air ais, chaidh an long air an robh a fear a' seoladh, fódha air cladach Éireann. Chan fhacas duine de'n sgioba tuilleadh. Tháinig bloighdean de'n chonnalaich air tír air na creagan. Thogadh iad leis na coitearan agus le an cloinn. Ann am beagan úine, cha robh ní air fhágail a dh'innseadh gun robh soitheach usal a laighe gu siorruidh fo na tuinn. Co a chanadh a nis gun robh laighe còmhla rithe dòchasan íomadh cridhe íomagainéach—eagalan, grádhán. Cha d'fhuair Seónaid riamh ceart seachad air a bhristeadh-cridhe a bha sin. Air son fada, bha e mar gu'm biodh éibhleag dhearg a losgadh 'na broilleach. Rachadh i laighe air an oidhche leis an chudthrom ud air a cridhe. Dhùisgeadh i anns a' mhaduinn gun fhios aice ciod e bha ceàrr, leis an son dóruinn ud 'na com.

Ach 'se tlm fhéin an lighiche truasail. Co aig a bheil sgíl no eolas coltach ris! Dh'fhalbh a phian uamhasach. Bha cuimhne chùbhraidh agus neartachail na nitean a dh'fhalbh, a nis a toirt furtachd dhi. Agus a bhàrr air sin bha ionmhas mór aice. Bha Dhómhnúill aice: Dhómhnúill 's a

cheann cho dubh ri fiteach, 's a shùil cho luath s cho aighearrach, sundach, sona. Cha robh balach riamh coltach ri Dhómhnúill an súilean a mháthar. Chan e idir gum b'aingeal e;—cha robh cron no spòrs 'san dùthaich nach robh Dhómhnúill timchioll air.

Thionndaidh Seónaid a' bhreacag a bha air a' ghreideil, agus thug i súil a mach air an uinneig. Bha Dhómhnúill na shuidhe air an lianaig agus e cagnadh túrreap.

"Hé! a Dhómhnúill, falbh agus leig a stigh an crodh air a' chachaileith agus cum súil orra agus am bi am bleoghan ann. Agus ma bheir a' bhó bhàn greim as an arbhar, mo thruaighe ortsa a nochd!"

Dh'éigh Dhómhnúill air a chú: "Scot, Scot!" Bha n cù cho dubh-cheannach agus cho sundach ri Dhómhnúill fhéin. Leum e anns an adhar agus chuir e a spògan air guaillean Dhómhnúill, agus, cho luath agus a dhéanadh an casan, ruith iad le chéile chum na cachaileith. B'iad na cairdean an dithis sin. Tha na sean eachdraidhean a' toirt cúnntais air a' ghaol a bha aig Damon agus Pythias air a chéile—aig Daibhidh agus Ionatan. Cha robh e riamh cho daingean ris an t-snaim a bha ceangal cridheachan Dhómhnúill agus Scot mar aon.

Dh'fhosgladh a' chachaileith. Tháinig iad a steach—a' bhó bhàn air thoiseach mar a b'abhuist agus cron 'na coslas; a bhó ruadh na déidh, cho stòlda ri éildear eaglais. Chrath a bhó bhàn a h-adhaircean. Bha súil ghlumach, luaineach na ceann. Thug i leum no dha aisde agus, mar pheilear a beatha, thug i oirre síos a' bhruthach do'n arbhar. Thachair dròbh thunnagan oirre. Chaidh an sgapadh mar mholl anns a' ghaoith. Dh'éirich cearc no dhà as a' rathad, ag éigheach nan creach. Cha chuir-eadh am Freiceadan Dubh no gunnaichean móra nan gearmailteach stad air a' bhoin bhàn 'nuair a ghabhadh i a leithid so 'na ceann.

"Scot, Scot," arsa Dhómhnúill. Cha ro Scot neo-thoileach. Dé a b'fhearr leis na bhí slaodadh ri seot na bà bàine. Sud síos Scot: sud síos Dhómhnúill as a dhéidh. Bha a' bhó bhàn a' déanamh rathad mór anns an arbhar, greim an sud, greim an so; a stámpadh mar gum b'e a nàmhaid bu nimheile a bha fo casan. Am priobhadh nan sùl bha faclan Scot 'na casan. Leum ise na b'áirde na cheana. Bha na faclan guineach a nis anns a t-seot. Ma bha deamhain 'na cridhe roimhe so, bha deamhain aig a sáilean a nis. Cha robh Dhómhnúill fada a déanamh suas air an dithis aca. Ciod e spòrs a b'fhearr na so? Bha

am bata air druim na bà bàine. Rug e air an t-seot le aon làimh. Rinn iad cuairt agus cuairt air a phìos arbhair. Ged a bhiodh fichead tarbh a sabaid ann cha b'urrainn daibh uread de smuachdadh a dhèanadh.

Through neart na bèisde mu dheireadh. Le h-anail a' tighinn ann an ceò, mar gum biodh teine-sionnachain. Sheas i air beul-thaobh an tìghe, Dòmhnall agus Seot ri taobh. Chòrd an *dìbhearsain* ris an trìuir aca.

"Cìod e tha so; creach is call, call is creach," bha Sèonaid ag éigheach is i ruith a mach. "An e so an earbsa chuir mi annad, a Dhòmhnall. Cha bhì aon ghreim arbhair aig beathach an so air a' gheamhradh so ma thèid so air aghart. Ubh, ubh; óbh, óbh!"

"Cha b'urrainn dòmhsa a chuideachadh, a mhàthair," arsa Dòmhnall. "'Se a' bhò bhàn—"

"O 'se; agus cìod e mu dhéidhinn a' bhlaoghasdair choin a tha an sin agad? Chuir e seachad dunaidean air a' bhóin, dona 's gu bhèil i. Is e an abhainn a lorgsan a dh'aithghearr."

Chuala Dòmhnall an sgeul so roimhe agus cha do chuir e sum mhór 'sam bìth ann. Ach chum Seot, le aodann ciontaeh, a shròn ri 'shàil, cheangail Dòmhnall an dà mhart agus dh'fhàg e a mhàthar 'gam bleoghainn. Bha an cadal air, bha e sgìth; cha robh pàras air an t-saoghal na bu mhille na 'n leabaidh. Thàinig Sèonaid a steach leis a' chuman bhainne.

"Trohad so, a Dhòmhnall, agus faigh do shuipear."

Cha robh e fada ri sin. Thionndaidh e agus an leabaidh a thoirt air.

"A nis, a Dhòmhnall, an do dhlo-chuimhnich thu rithist: trohad so is can t-ùrnuigh."

"Ar n-Athair a ta air neamh, gu naomhaichear t-ainm—"

Cha robh e mionaid 'san leabaidh 'nuair a bha e 'na throm shuain. Sheas a mhàthair car mionaid, an lampa 'na làimh ri taobh na leapa.

"A Dhòmhnall, a ghaoil," ann an guth socair; "mo ghaol 's mo ghràdh. Gum biodh an t-Athair maille riut. Gum beannaicheadh e thu le bheannachd fhéin—"

## II.—1910.

Bha Dòmhnall a' fàgail a' ghlinne. Bha e sea-bliadhna-deug, agus bha e falbh a Ghlaschu a dh'ionnsachadh cèird. Latha mór, latha oirdheare; bha an saoghal a' fosgladh fo a shùilean. Bha e mór as fhéin. Carson nach bitheadh?

Bha deise ùr air; bha léintean ùr aige; bha coileir ùr geal mu amhaich. Bha "'tie'" air a bha àluinn—cha robh dath anns a' bhogha fhroise nach robh innte. Bha brògan ùr air, chitheadh sibh bhur faileas anns gach t' dhiubh. Bha aodann cho glan 'sa dheanadh siabunn is suathadh e, agus, am falt aige, bha e air a shlobhadh cho mìn ri bian laoiigh òig. Agus bha ciste aig, cho làn 'sa ghabhadh i, air a ceangal gu daingean le ròpan ceithir fhillteach. Cha mhór nach robh e 'na fhìreannach, agus bha dòchas an t-saoghail mhóir 'na chridhe.

Bha Sèonaid 'na seasamh aig a' bhòrd; co is urrainn innseadh dé a bha 'na cridhe-se. Bha an cràdh a' tighinn air ais; bha an t-eagal, an t-uamhas, a' brùchdadh a steach air a h-inntinn. Ach cha do leig i dad oirre. Chum i gàire air a h-aodann.

## III.—1914.

Bha Dòmhnall gu bhì a mach as a chèird. Bha e 'na bhalach glic, pongail, ged a bha e cho aighearrach agus cho sunndach is a bha e riamh. Agus bha e cuimhneachail air a mhàthair.

Ach thàinig an cogadh. Bha Dòmhnall 'na shaighdear a nis anns na Camshronaich. B'e a bheachd nach robh réisimeid anns an Arm Bhreatannach a b'fhearr na na Camshronaich, agus mur a robh a leithid anns an Arm Bhreatannach, cha robh e idir coltach gum faighte t' a thigeadh suas rithe air an domhan.

Fhuair e dhachaidh air cead; mòit agus pròis anns a h-uile ceum dheth. Phaisg a mhàthair gu a broilleach e. Bha'n t-eallach air a cridhe a' fàs na's truime; bha saighead na com, ach cha do leig i dad oirre.

Leum na Chamshronaich air aghart, a' ghrian a deàrrsadh air na beugnaidean. Cha robh trenseachan nan Gearmailteach fada air falbh, agus bha bàs anns a h-uile ceum dheth; bha srann aig na peilearan mar speachan neimheach. Bha na sligean a' spreadhadh mu'n casan; bha glag agus torman nan gunnathan móra 'nan cluasan. Bha iad a' tuiteam, ach chum a' chuid eile air aghart, ceum air cheum chum an nàmhaid.

Ach cò an sud a thuit, le peilear na bhroilleach? Is e Dòmhnall—chan 'eil teagamh a nis air. Laigh e fada; tha e a' bruidheann.

"Dé, dé tha ceàrr; feumaidh mi faighinn air aghart còmhla ris na balaich. Cha dean so an gnothach. Ach tha mi fàs sgìth, sgìth. Tha an cadal orm. A mhàthair,

cuiribh a laighe mi; chan 'eil feum air suipear. Tha mi sgìth. Stadaibh; cha d' thug mi cuimhne—'Ar n-Athair a ta air nèamh gu—Ar n-Athair'—A mhàthair—''

Bha boirionnach 'na suidhe leatha fhéin a' cromadh air an teine ann an tigh beag air an eilean a tha cuartaichte leis a Chuan Siar. Thainig sgàile air a ghréin; thainig dubhar air an adhar, agus gu bráth cha bhi an saoghal mar a bha e!

### SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Mu'n ruig an leabhran so buill agus luchd-leughaidh bidh na trì Mòdan Dùthchail seachad. Tha e 'na mhisneach dhoibhsan aig am bheil an dragh agus an cùram gum bheil an sluagh air an cùl. Cho fada agus is comasach dhomh sgrìobhadh umpa aig an àm tha gach ni an uidheam réidh, agus tha móran òigridh is inbheach a' dol air ghleus an streup na Gàidhlig. Gu ma fallain is gu ma slàn iadsan a rinn an t-ullachadh ciatach so fa chomhar làithean nam Mòd. Taing chridheil dhoibh.

\* \* \*

This month is published a list of subscriptions received towards the Mod Prize Fund. It is hoped that members and friends who may have overlooked the appeal will send their usual contribution to the Treasurer of An Comunn at this office, or to the Local Treasurer, Capt. William MacKay, 19 Union Street, Inverness. The expense in connection with the Mod is very much greater than in the years previous to the war, and the Committee will gladly welcome the smallest contributions.

\* \* \*

For the convenience of members and others desirous of securing accommodation at Inverness during the Mod week, 24th to 30th September, Miss MacKenzie, the Local Secretary, has furnished me with the following list:—

Per head per day.

Caledonian Hotel, Church Street, ...	15/6
MacGillivray's Temperance, ...	14/-
Palace Hotel, Ness Walk, ...	14/-
Robson's Temperance, Inglis Street,	14/-
Queensgate Hotel, Queensgate, ...	13/6
Columba Hotel, Ness Walk, ...	13/-
Waverley Hotel, Union Street, ...	12/6
Imperial Hotel, Academy Street, ...	11/6
Commercial Hotel, Church Street, ...	10/-
Glenmoriston House, Ness Bank, ...	10/-
Neish's Temperance, Eastgate, ...	9/-
Glenalbyn, Huntly Street, ...	8/-

Arrangements for the Conference on the Teaching of Gaelic are going on apace. The meetings will be held in the Council Chambers, Inverness, on 30th and 31st August. Papers on various aspects of the teaching of the language will be read by well-known teachers and prominent educationists.

\* \* \*

The silent reaper has been busy among members of An Comunn of late. Sir John Ainsworth, ex-M.P. for Argyll, who died recently, was a life member for many years. His connection with An Comunn will best be remembered by those who were active at the time of the passing of the Scotland (Education) Act of 1908, when he seconded the amendment moved by Mr. (now Sir Norman) Lamont of Knockdow. The amendment sought to make provision for Gaelic teaching a condition of the payment of grants in Highland areas. The amendment, though negatived, received a gratifying measure of support.

\* \* \*

The Oban Branch of An Comunn has lost a sincere and practical supporter by the death of Mr. Donald MacCallum, Duntroon. Mr. MacCallum was for many years connected with the Branch, and served a term as President. He was one of the most respected citizens of Oban, and his passing will be felt by many, and by none more so than by the friends of Gaelic.

\* \* \*

A familiar figure on the Mod platform has been removed by the death of Alexander MacQueen, Ballygrant, Islay. Alasdair followed the Mod for a long number of years, and was rewarded for his persistent enthusiasm by winning the Puirt á Beul Competition at Dundee in 1913. He was in great demand at concerts in his native island, and no gathering was complete without him. His genuine interest in An Comunn was strikingly shown when the ex-President and myself visited Islay some time ago. Finding that he could not be present at our meeting at Ballygrant, he travelled to Bowmore to support us.

NIALL.

## THE CELTIC UNION.

### LOCAL MOD IN EDINBURGH.

#### VISIT OF SIR WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, M.P.

That the Celtic spirit in the Capital is no luke-warm one, was clearly demonstrated on Saturday, 26th May, when, after a lapse of sixteen years, the Celtic Union resuscitated their local mods, the Society having, in previous years, successfully promoted three similar meetings. That there is a wide field for such undertakings was amply proved to the Committee in the short time they had for organising the Mod, there being over 100 entrants for the different competitions. The syllabus was divided into two sections—junior and senior—with competitions for learners, advanced learners, and native speakers in literary Gaelic, and in solo and choral singing, as well as piping, violin, and piano playing. The high standard attained in the competitions was commented upon by the adjudicators, this being particularly remarkable in the learners' section, in one instance a student of four years' standing submitting an original story of 2000 words in perfect idiomatic Gaelic, and showing very high literary merit.

The judges were:—Musical—Robert Macleod, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O.; W. B. Moonie, Mus. Bac.; George Shortt, and Iain C. Menzies W.S. Gaelic—Rev. Dr. Gunn, Durness; Rev. M. Macleod, Lochgilphead; Rev. A. Ross, M.A., Stornoway. Bagpipes—John Bartholomew, Advocate; Lt.-Col. Boswall, Rev. Neil Boss, B.D.,

The principal prize winners were:—Literary Section—Advanced learners—J. Moffat Pender, Miss Lilliac MacNaughton, Miss Augusta Lamont, Miss J. Brown, Miss MacKinnon; Learners (1st year students)—Robert J. Webster, Miss Margaret Fraser, Miss Agnes Nicol. Native Speakers—John Carmichael, Mary Maclean, Morag Maclean, D. Macdonald. Solo Singing—Mrs Currie, Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, Adam Johnstone, Morag Macdonald. Choral Singing—Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association (W. Neil Orr, F.E.I.S., Conductor). Junior Piping—Iain Macintosh. Senior Piping—Miss Williamson, G. T. Balfour Kinnier. Violin Playing—John Mair. Piano Playing—Charles D. MacTaggart.

There was a large attendance of the general public throughout the competitions, but it was totally eclipsed by the audience which crowded the Albany Rooms at the evening concert, many being unable to gain admission. Sir John Lorne Macleod, LL.D., presided, and was supported by Miss Whigham, Rev. Duncan Macrae (convener) and Mrs. Macrae, Dr. Wm. MacKay, Inverness; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. Dr. Gunn, Durness; Professor and Mrs. W. J. Watson, Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A. (Scot.), Rev. David Duncan, F.S.A. (Scot.), Mr. Dugald Maclean, LL.B., and Mr. Donald S. MacKinnon, hon. secretary and treasurer. Apologies for absence were intimated from the Earl of Cassillis, Lord Alness, Lord Abercromby, Lady Helen Todd, General Sir Francis Davis, Colonel MacKinnon, and Dr. W. B. Blaikie. Among those present were:—Mr. Donald MacPhail, B.L., Mr. Mackenzie Shaw, W.S., Mrs. and Misses Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacKay, Mrs. and Misses MacRury, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie Campbell, Miss Augusta Lamont, B.Sc., Miss Morag Macdonald, M.A., Mr. and Mrs.

Neil Orr, Mr. and Mrs. John Macintosh, Mrs. MacKenzie Campbell, Misses Howieson, Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Rev. Malcolm Macleannan, D.D., Rev. Alasdair Ross, B.D., Mrs. and Miss MacKinnon, Rev. Wm. MacPhail, M.A., Rev. J. Duff Macdonald, M.A., Lieut.-Col. MacGregor, Miss Margaret MacKay, Mr. Edw. A. Urquhart, Rev. A. MacTaggart, Glenelg, Mr. Peter Macintyre (Scottish Land Court), Mr. A. M. MacKay (L. & N.W.R.), Mrs. Macintosh (Dick Place), and Miss J. Brown.

Sir John Lorne MacLeod said that this was the third Mod there had been in Edinburgh under the auspices of the Celtic Union, and it was needless for him to say a word about the work the Celtic Union had done to promote interest in all Celtic matters during the time of its existence, some twenty-five or more years. Those who started the Celtic Union were a small band of enthusiasts who had not the support now given in all quarters. They were greatly indebted to those who formed the Celtic Union, to the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael, who was one of the most ardent spirits, and to Mrs. W. J. Watson, his daughter, also associated with his work. He remembered, when he first came as a youth to Edinburgh, being drawn within that charmed circle. The competitors in the Mod had been confined to those able to speak the Gaelic language within the county of Midlothian and the city of Edinburgh. When the census figures came out a couple of years ago there were in that area, in round figures, half a million people, and of these there were approximately 3500 people who were able to speak the Gaelic language in addition to the much inferior instrument of speech. Nine persons spoke only Gaelic. He would have liked to make their acquaintance, and to have shaken them by the hand. It was very remarkable, that considering the Gaelic-speaking element in that area, they should have had such a successful Mod. There were over 100 competitors within the different sections, and all were agreed that the standard and quality of the work—literary, vocal, and instrumental—had reached a very high stage. There was a great enthusiasm behind the movement.

During the evening the audience were favoured by a visit from Sir William Sutherland, M.P. for Argyllshire, who, by a fortunate chance, was spending a week-end in the city, and immediately availed himself of the opportunity of taking part in a function in which his constituents are naturally so interested, and were so well represented, both in the afternoon competitions and the evening concert.

Sir William had a rousing reception on being called by the Chairman to address the audience. He confessed, he said, to a feeling of surprise, that in what he was in the habit of considering the cold legal city of Edinburgh there should be such an enthusiasm for what they in the West were inclined to consider their own particular province—Celtic study. However, he could now understand it when he saw so many of his West friends present—men like Mr. MacKay of Killin, who had done so much to make Gaelic what it was, who would not have it said that all the enthusiasm had its origin in the Northern Highlands. He congratulated Edinburgh on the success of the undertaking, and as he had not been allowed to take part in the competitions, he asked to be allowed the liberty of presenting a prize to be competed for at the next Mod.

This announcement was received with resounding applause.

Mrs. W. J. Watson gracefully presented the prizes.

The excellent programme, under the direction of Mr. Neil Orr, F.E.I.S., was carried through by the principal prize winners in the various competitions, supported by Miss Margaret Stewart and Mr. George Short.

Rev. Duncan Macrae, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, said that what the Castle Rock was to the city, Sir John Lorne Macleod was to the Highland community.

The evening closed with the singing of "God Save the King."

It is proposed to hold the Mod annually.

## MADUINN SHAMHRAIDH AM BAILE MO BHREITH.

By MRS. KENNETH MACLEOD, Fortrose.

Mo ghràdh is mo dhùrachd do bhaile mo dhùthcha,

An Eilean mo rùin, mu'm bi stè-  
thonnann garbh

A' bualadh 's a' beucadh air stacan le leum-  
chrith,

Eich-gheala ga reubadh le éug-laimh na  
stoirn.

Stoirn gheamhraidh théid seachad, 's bheir  
Faoillich an earraich

An nimh as an osag is cothrom do'n  
ghrén,

Toirt air sòbhraichean maiseach bhi fàs air  
na bealaich,

'S uain òga bhi beadradh ri fasgadh an  
t-sléibh.

Bidh daoine 'nan cabhaig ag àiteach an  
fhearainn,

Cha deare iad le beachd air na seallaidh-  
ean nuadh

Tha còmhdach a bhaile fo dhruidheachd an  
earraich,

'Sguir tonnan de'n acainn, 's thilg adhar  
a ghruaim.

Tha'm baile 'na laidhe ri bruaichean a  
chladaich,

Cnuic timchioll 'ga fhasgadh bho neart na  
gaoith tuath,

Bàdhan beag seasgair ag iathadh mu dheas  
air,

Is gorm-eilean Phabuil na laidhe ann fo  
shuain.

Is tric bhith's mi seasamh a rithist na'm  
aigne

Air cnocan beag glas air am b'ait leam bhi  
uair,

Ag òl steach na m'anam nan sòlasan tlachd-  
mhor

Gorm-bhòidhchead na machrach, is  
maisealachd cuain.

Grian shamhraidh a dealradh le cumhachd  
bho'n àirde,

'S le caoimheas a blàiths tha gach blàth  
'g éiridh suas;

Tha'm blàr air a chòmhdach le nèonainean  
bòidheach;

Na h-eòin bheag is ceòl ac': cia glòrmhor  
an duan!

Tha crodh agus caoraich air aghaidh an  
aonaich;

Fraoch uaine gu faoilidh air aodann an  
t-sléibh;

'S mar ghorm-chulaidh rìoghail na gucan a'  
sgaoileadh,

Is ruadh-chearean-fraoich ann 'nan  
sgaothan air sgéith.

Fo chore agus eòrna tha raointean a  
chòmhnaid,

Trom dhealta 'ga 'm pògadh 's an òg  
mhaduinn chiùin;

'S a boillsgeadh mar sheudan fo aiteil na  
gréine

Tha canach an t-sléibh agus géugan le  
driùchd.

Chaidh m'inntinn a ghlacadh fo gheasaibh  
na maise,

Is shuidh mi car tacain mar neach ann a'  
suain;

A null thar an fhearainn 'is tarsuinn na  
machrach

Mo shùilean chaidh seachad, is bheachd-  
aich mi 'n cuan.

Bha tonnan beag beadrach a' cluiche ri  
cladach,

'S ro thaitneach mar chogaraich leannain  
bha fuaim,

Ag simeadh air gaineamh, 's a' bualadh air  
clachan,

Slor mhonmhur mar abhainn an glaic nan  
gleann fuar.

Bha uachdar na mara ri dealradh mar  
ghloine,

'S mar sgàthan toirt sealladh air aghaidh  
nan nèamh;

An t-eilean beag uaine chuir fhaileas mu'n  
cuairt air,

Mar sgàile bheir fuasgladh ó chruaidh  
theas na gréin'.

Bha bàtaichean sgadain a' stiùradh gu  
caladh,

Làn aodach ri'n crannaibh is osag nan  
speur

'Ga llongadh 'san tacadh, 's a' seinn measg  
nam ballaibh,

Is sheòl iad gu h-ealant', muir gheal as  
an déigh.



Dlùth air an fhearann ni té seòladh seachad,

A null ma Bhun-aibhne is tarsuing am bàdh,

Troimh Chaolas-an-eilean bidh ghaoth as a deighidh,

An seòl beag 'g a leagail gu freagairt nas fheàrr.

Nuair shàsaich mi m'aighe a stòras na maise,

Gun d'amhaire mi thairis air astar Cuan Leòidh's,

'S mar sgòthan liath-ghlasa aig iochdair an adhair

Bha beanntan is monaidhean fearainn thr-mòr.

Bha mhaduinn cho sàmhach, a ghrian 's i cho dealrach,

'S mar shìod air a' bhlàr bho gorm-àille na'm pòr;

Binn-cheilearadh bàigheil mar naigheachd bho'n àirde

Rì sruthadh le gairdeachas gràidh ó na h-eòin.

Mar ùrnuigh bha'n sealladh a drùghadh air m'anam;

Ma chridhe 'ga tharruing, 's a' lasadh as ùr,

Le gràdh do an bhaile tha sinte ri cladach,

Gu seasgair an achlais Beinn Phabuil nan stùc.

Freagraidh am fonn "Mo Dhòmhnullan Féin" air an duan so.

### "GAELIC PHONETICS."

It may, perhaps, be regarded as an intrusion for an Irish reader to interfere in this question. Nevertheless, as Gaelic is the common language of Ireland and Scotland, and as Eire and Alba are both facing similar problems with regard to spelling, etc., it may interest the Gaels of Alba to know how the problems of spelling, etc., are being dealt with in Ireland.

Mr. MacRitchie, in his article, refers to (1) Gaelic spelling, (2) personal names, and (3) place names.

As to spelling, the present tendency in Ireland is to leave out letters which are not pronounced, without altering in any way the *system* of spelling. Thus "saol" is written for "saoghal," "fearuil" for "fearamhail" (manly), "athru" for "athrughadh" (change), and so on.

As to personal names, "Sean," "Seunas," "Diarmuid," "Una," and such names are generally written in Gaelic spelling, but few, if any, mispronounce them. English speakers in Ireland nearly always pronounce such names as "Feis Ceóil," "Dáil," "Sinn Féin," "Poblacht," fairly correctly. The most common mistake is to mispronounce the slender endings—*e.g.*, to say "Dawl" instead of "Daw-il," or "Faysh Kyole" (Feis Ceoil) instead of "Fesh Kyo-il." All these Gaelic names have come into such general use, that the most ignorant have, during the last few years, learnt to attempt them without the aid of Simplified (English) "Phonetic" Spelling.

In recent years a number of county councils have reverted to the Gaelic spelling of names. Thus, the papers speak of "Rath Luire," "Port Laoighise," "Dún Laoghaire," and "Droichead Nua," instead of "Charleville," "Maryborough," "Dunleary" (formerly Kingstown), and "Newbridge." Many English speakers find the two middle names hard to pronounce, owing to the "gh" in the centre, yet neither is worse than the Anglicised spellings, "Armagh" (*pr.* Armah) or "Lough" (*pr.* Loch). The schools, however, are a good means of getting the correct pronunciations known, and the confusion is rapidly disappearing. Again, Englishmen mispronounce such Irish names as "Drogheda" and "Lough Neagh" as "Drogg-heeda" and "Lock Nee." They could hardly do worse with the correct Gaelic forms—"Droichead Atha" and "Loch n-Eachach."

Again, Englishmen talk of "Pariss," "Lions," and "Wypers" (Ypres). Yet the French do not alter the spelling to "Pah-ree," "Lee-ong," and "Eeupre," to please them.

In conclusion, let the Gaels insist on the correct pronunciation of Gaelic names in their own districts, and treat those who mispronounce them as ignorant. If they are firm enough, no one around them will be ignorant of the correct form, and it is foolish to worry about what some foreigner might make of them at some future date. A few years ago it was the fashion to mispronounce Gaelic names in Ireland, but ridicule has killed this "fashion," even among the worst "Seóiníni."

DONN PIATT.

Baile Atha Cliath.

## SOP AS GACH SEID.

THE NEW GAELIC SCHOOL BOOKS.—Gaelic Reader No. 4 is now well under way. The printing of the new volume is well advanced. The book contains a number of selections in poetry; and the prose pieces have been specially written for this volume. As in the other books in the same series, the subjects, while of general interest, are at the same time selected for their suitability for Gaelic districts. In the preparation of the volume Professor Watson has had the assistance of Mr. John Macdonald, M.A., Glasgow, who has spared no pains to make the work successful.

HIS LOVE FOR THE BAGPIPES.—A distinguished performer on the pipes has just completed a course of tuition of classes in piping in the Island of Uist. Pipe-Major Ross informs us of a most unique case, in which a young boy showed that no obstacle could prevent him from getting lessons on the chanter. The minimum age for junior classes was ten years. One day a boy of eight appeared, and was disqualified as being too young. The boy was red-headed, and somebody said in fun to him that it was on account of his red hair that he was not permitted to attend the class. My boy immediately goes home, and covers his hair with soot; and, not being quite satisfied with the doubtful shades produced by the soot, he proceeds to smear his hair with black boot-polish. He then returned to the class, and produced such an impression on all who saw him, that there was no alternative but to admit him to the class, in spite of age regulations. Let us hope that this little fellow may yet be heard of.

“STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE SHE DID?”—Certainly not. Poor old Scotland does not stand very high in these days in the estimation of the powers that be. There was a time when the martial story of the Highland regiments used to be kept steadily in the minds of friends and strangers by the swing of the kilt passing through the ancient gates of Edinburgh Castle. But the kilt has been banished from the Castle, and the Highland regiments have no dress uniform; and this is given as the reason why they are not to be in the Castle. Last night I passed through those gates. How it made one's blood boil to think of it all. What have the Highlanders done—what dishonour have they brought on British arms? Is this the fitting reward for the Glorious Fifty-first, that not a son of hers should pass within

that grey historic Castle? We look to all true Scotsmen in Parliament to voice our complaint. Mr. Ian Macpherson has taken the lead in expressing the national indignation. We feel and know that he is not the man to permit the like of this to be tolerated.

THE AUGUST CONFERENCE.—The Conference on the teaching of Gaelic (to be held in the Council Chambers, Inverness, on Thursday and Friday, the 30th and 31st of August) promises well. A number of prominent teachers and members of Authorities have intimated their intention of being present and taking part in the discussions. Some outstanding officials of the Educational Institute also hope to be present. The *Educational Journal*, always sound on the subject of Gaelic teaching, has been making quotations from the series of articles by Professor W. J. Watson which appeared recently in this magazine. It should be duly emphasised that the Conference marks a very critical stage in the modern Gaelic movement. The fortunes of the language in the northern counties may be vitally affected by the decisions which may be reached at that Conference.

## Gaelic in Schools.

The following is an extract from the report of Dr. J. M. Wattie, Chief Inspector for the Western Division, for the year 1922:—

On the teaching of Gaelic in the County of Argyll, Mr. A. L. Macdonald, reporting to Mr. Fraser, supplies a lucid and comprehensive statement. Since the passing of the 1918 Act, steady progress has been made with the development of a policy based on its requirements. At an early stage the Authority resolved that the whole of the County be defined as a Gaelic-speaking area, and thereafter proceeded to develop a plan of operations, which (Mr. Macdonald reports), from the progress already made, promises to work out quite well in practice. A scheme of work, mainly oral and bi-lingual, at the earlier stages, but more literary in the senior and supplementary classes, is now being followed in most of the schools of the Gaelic-speaking districts. The time given to the language ranges from one and a half to three hours per week. The number of schools in which Gaelic was taught during the session is 36, and it is estimated that, as the plan develops, the number may rise to about 50. It should be added that this account does not by any means fully represent the use of Gaelic in the schools of Argyll, as occasions frequently arise in other schools in which bi-lingual methods are resorted to in the course of the ordinary instruction.

One of the initial difficulties confronting the Authority was the inadequacy of the supply of competent teachers. This difficulty has been largely met by the establishment of vacation classes under

Article 55, which were held in the summers of 1920 and 1921. It is to be regretted that a third class, proposed for this summer, failed to attract a sufficient number of students.

"It would be premature," Mr. Macdonald concludes, "to attempt to assess the educational value of the instruction at a stage which is still tentative and experimental. In schools where the subject was specially examined, the impression was formed that the teachers, as a whole, are dealing with the problem in a sensible and practical way. . . ."

"As a rule, methods and treatment appear to be more successful in the senior and supplementary classes than at the earlier stages, where few teachers seem to be able to use their own and the children's bi-lingualism to the best advantage. The teacher seems to err by adhering too closely to the stereotyped form of presentation suitable for the English-speaking child, and there appears to be no valid reason why the children, at the initial stages at any rate, should not be encouraged to express themselves in the medium which is most natural to them. There is an abundance of Gaelic material in the form of folk songs, fairy tales, nursery rhymes, eminently suited to appeal to the imagination of the Gaelic child, which is not being used at all, or used only to an inconsiderable extent. In the hands of a skilful and judicious teacher, versed in bi-lingual methods, this material should prove the most potent factor in the training of Gaelic-speaking children. If it were utilized more generally than it is at present, it is almost certain that the English vocabulary and idiom of the children would also show a corresponding improvement."

The policy of the Authority, as thus briefly sketched, seems to follow a reasonable middle line between the extreme demand for what amounts to nothing short of a reversal of the course of modern development and the ruthless iconoclasm that would march forward, regardless of the ancient sentiments and traditions.

The corresponding reference in the report of Dr. Thomson, Chief Inspector for the Northern Division, is as follows:—

Mr. Barron contributes to Mr. Lang's report an extremely clear and suggestive excursus on the teaching of Gaelic. He begins with a reminder that in the Hebrides and on the western coast of the three northern counties of Scotland there are about ten thousand school children whose mother tongue is Gaelic, but whose instructional language is English. He proceeds to give a full account of the various methods employed to overcome the difficulties inherent in the circumstances, and to point out several weaknesses in these methods, and he notes with satisfaction that a number of earnest teachers are endeavouring to work out different methods, and are ready to try experiments. But until more has been seen of these experiments, and their results, he deprecates any change or recasting of the present system.

Is it too much to hope that, after more than four years' experience of the operation of the clause, the subject will receive fuller treatment in Dr. Thomson's next report?

## EXHIBITION OF CELTIC ART AND HIGHLAND CRAFTS.

The following is the prize list in connection with the recent Exhibition held at Glasgow and Edinburgh:—

### SECTION A—OPEN.

Design Suitable for Embroidery—1 and 2 (equal), Miss Gladys A. Wyllie, Edinburgh, and Andrew Dick, Glasgow.

Leather Work—1, Miss S. Jackson, Dublin; 2, Mrs. Sinclair, Edinburgh.

Metal Work—(b) Miss Marion Wilson, Glasgow.

Jewel or Ornament—1, Miss Kant, Glasgow (deceased); 2, Mrs. Thew, Helensburgh.

Embroidery—1, Miss Winifred Boyle, Belfast; 2 (equal), Miss L. MacEwan, Edinburgh, and Miss Betty Macpherson, Greenock.

Articles of Furniture—1, Wm. Brooman, Bridge of Weir.

Design for Poster—1, Miss Esther Eccles, Glasgow; 2, Duncan Clark, Glasgow; 3, J. C. Davidson, Glasgow.

Design for Book Plate—1, Miss O. Campbell, Glasgow; 2, Miss Esther Eccles, Glasgow.

### SECTION B—HOME WORKERS.

Wicker Work—1, D. MacColl, Cairnbaan; 2, Michael MacAulay, Benbecula.

Cromag—1, William Matheson, Loch Ailort; 2, Alex. MacKeith, Glenbarr.

Caman—1, John MacGugan, Inveraray; 2, Murdo Matheson, Kinlochleven; 3, Ronald MacColl, Kinlochleven.

Handmade Lace—1, Miss A. H. Y. Fraser, Culcabock.

Collection of Dyed Wools—1 (equal), Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie and Miss Hectorina MacKenzie, Gairloch; 2, Mrs. T. D. MacPherson, Cairnbaan; 3, Miss Mary Ann MacCorquodale, Claddach Kirkibost, North Uist; 4, Miss Effie Campbell, Eilean Rìgh, Kilmartin.

Championship—Best Handspun and Hand-woven Web of Cloth—Mrs. Christina Morrison, Scalpay, Harris.

Championship—Best Tartan or Diced Hosiery (Hand-knitted)—Mrs. Stewart of Fasnacloch.

### SECTION C—JUVENILES.

Basket—1, Donald A. Munro, Strathy School, Sutherland; 2, Alex. MacNab, Lawers School; 3, Eoin MacColl, Cairnbaan.

Best Spun Cut Homespun—1, Miss Mary Campbell, Eilean Rìgh; 2, Miss Peggie MacMillan, Carboist, Skye; 3, Miss Marion MacLean, Lochaline.

Set of Three Drawings—2, Miss Dina Sutherland, Strathy; 3, David S. Sutherland, Strathy, Sutherland.

NOTE.—No prizes were awarded in Competitions 1, 2, and 3, Section A.

## THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

## AN CAT GLAS.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S M.S. Collection.

Thug i paidhir bhàrò dha, is thuirt i ris, "Bheir na brògan thu gu dorus beòil na h-uamha agus am bheil thu 'dol; agus an uair a ruigeas tu dorus na h-uamha, cuiridh tu an aghaidh air an eòl is an cùl air an aineol, agus ruigidh iad mise an so.\*"

So agad deich tasdain fhichead airgid; is e sin na bheil agam.

Bheir thu leat iad. Agus an uair a ruigeas tu an uamh is a théid thu a stigh, chl thu cat mòr, glas a stigh, agus ma nì an cat gàire riut, dean dà ghàire rithe."†

Thuirt e ri a mhuime gu'n deanadh e sìod, is ghabh e a chead di; is dh'fhalbh e. Thug na brògan gu dorus beul na h-uamha e.

An uair a ràinig e, chuir e an aghaidh air an eòl is an cùl air an aineol, is dh'fhalbh iad air an ais dachaidh.

Chaidh e stigh do'n uaimh, is chunnaic e cat mòr, glas a stigh an sin.

Rinn an Cat gàire ris, agus rinn esan dà ghàire ris a' chat. "Fait' ort fhéin, a Mhic is sine an Rìgh," ars an Cat, "is iomadh mac rìgh agus ridire thàinig air an astar so nach do thill dachaidh, agus tha eagal orm nach tusa a's fhearr a shàbhalas. Tha fuamhair mòr a' fuireach an so, is tha e 'tighinn dachaidh a h-uile h-oidhehe; is ged nach tig a stigh ach eun athair, aithnichidh e an uair a thig e; ach nì mise mo dhèiclioll riut, air a shon sin."

Thog an Cat leac mhòr bhàrr sluic a bha an taobh shìos de'n teine; agus chuir i an sin e goirid o'n àm a bhiodh am fuamhair a' tighinn dachaidh, agus chuir i an leac air beul an tuill, is dh'fhàg i an sin e.

(R'a leantainn.)

## THE GRAY CAT.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

She gave him a pair of brogues, and said to him, "These brogues will bring thee to the door of the cave whither thou must go; when thou come to the door, thou shalt set the points of the brogues towards the way they know and their backs towards the way they know not, and they will then come back to me here\*."

Here are thirty shillings of silver for thee: they are all I have.

Take them with thee. When thou reach the cave, and go in, thou wilt see a great gray cat within, and if the cat laugh at thee, laugh twice at her."†

He told his [*recte*, the King's] foster-mother that he would do as she said. He then took his leave of her, and departed. The brogues took him to the door of the cave's mouth.

Upon arriving, he set their faces towards the way or place they knew, and their backs towards the way or place they knew not, and they went back home.

He went into the cave, and saw a great gray cat there.

The Cat laughed at him once, but he laughed at her twice. "Welcome to thee, thou elder Son of the King," said the Cat, "many a king's son and many a knight's son have come on this journey who never returned home, and I fear me that thou wilt fare no better than they did. There is a great giant living here, who comes home every night; and though only a bird of the air were to come in, the giant will notice it when he comes; but I will do my best for thee, notwithstanding."

The Cat lifted a great stone slab from off a pit that was by the side of the fire nearest the door; and she put him down into it a short time before the giant was accustomed to come home, and she covered the hole again with the slab, and left him there.

(To be continued.)

\* The usual method of returning magic brogues to their owner. See *An Gàidheal*, IV, 305.

† Perhaps an echo of the Amhuisgean incident. See Carmichael's *Deirdre*, p. 79.



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Civil Parish	Population Speaking		Per cent
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Alness, ... ..	917	141	15.48
Applecross, ... ..	1119	928	93
Avoch, ... ..	1528	62	4.05
Contin, ... ..	1207	586	7
Cromarty, ... ..	1619	93	5.74
Dingwall, ... ..	2551	513	4
Edderton, ... ..	547	141	25.77
Fearn, ... ..	1690	528	3
Fodderty, ... ..	2032	474	23.32
Gairloch, ... ..	2776	2223	222
Glenshiel, ... ..	305	248	8
Killearnan, ... ..	767	263	1
Kilmuir-Easter, ... ..	895	151	16.99
Kiltearn, ... ..	1165	266	1
Kincardine, ... ..	1054	454	1
Kintail, ... ..	394	327	21
Knockbain, ... ..	1381	288	2
Lochalsh, ... ..	1644	1123	57
Lochbroom, ... ..	2319	1651	114
Lochcarron, ... ..	1066	861	37
Logie-Easter, ... ..	730	111	15.20
Nigg, ... ..	867	239	1
Resolis (or Kirkmichael), ... ..	910	146	16.04
Rosemarkie, ... ..	1287	111	8.70
Rosskeen, ... ..	4335	532	12.27
Tain, ... ..	2394	510	21.30
Tarbat, ... ..	1075	299	2
Urquhart and Logie-Wester, ... ..	1934	565	3
Urray, ... ..	1921	672	6
<i>Insular.</i>			
Barvas, ... ..	6654	4963	1258
Lochs, ... ..	4395	3309	821
Stornoway, ... ..	13366	10008	1475
Uig, ... ..	3946	3024	720
Total for County, ...	70790	35810	4860

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Rev. J. C. Russell, D.D., ...	4	7	0
Mull and Iona Association, ...	3	3	0
Proceeds from Concert at Colonsay, per Mr. Neil MacPhee, ...	3	0	0
Lewis and Harris Association, ...	2	2	0
Malcolm MacLeod, Esq., ...	1	1	0
Messrs. Currie & Carrick Anderson, ...	1	1	0
Kinloch Rannoch Branch, ...	1	1	0
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Donald MacGregor, Esq., ...	0	5	0
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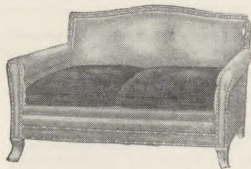
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Leabhar XVIII.]

An Lùnasdal, 1923.

[Earrann 11.

## AN CHABHLACH SGADAIN.

Tha mi an so 'n am shuidhe aig uninneig, ag amharc air cabhlach sgadain Steòrnabhaidh a' deanamh aodaich agus a' togail ri cuan mòr. Tha na bàtaichean iasgaich a nis a' dol air an ais a chum nan seòl, mar b' àbhaist dhaibh ri mo cheud chuimhne. Tha e coltach gu bheil gual is ola tuilleadh is daor an diugh. Tha aobhar eile mar an ceudna gum biodh na bàtaichean a' cleachdadh nan seòl. O chionn bliadhna no dha tha an sgadan 'g a' fhaotainn goirid o laimh, mar astar bheagan mhiltean. Mar sin chan eil an turus cuain cho fada 's a b' àbhaist; agus tha moran ùine air a' caomhnadh leis na h-iasgairean. Thèid aca air dol nas trice gus a' ghrund iasgaich; agus mar sin tha iad a' glacadh, thar a' chéile, tuilleadh éisg na bu ghnàth leo an uair a bha iad a' siubhal fada gu cuan leis na bàtaichean smùide.

Is taitneach an sealladh an chabhlach sgadain a' seòladh an iar aig beul an annoich. An uair a ghluaiseas iad a mach o chala, agus a thogar na siùil ri crannaibh, is a chuirear gach ball 'n a àite, suidhidh an stiùramaich aig an ailm, agus cumaidh e a shùil an cridhe an fhuaraidh. Cha bhí an

t-astar ach mall ri feasgar ciùin; ach cha luaithe a gheibh gach bàta làn an t-siùil de shoirbheas, na shìneas i a guala ri tonn, agus a dh'fhàgas i caoir de chobhar geal 'n a déidh. Gheibhear an t-aiteal-sùl mu dheireadh dhiu fada air astar far an laidh a' ghrian 's an chuan. Is tric a bhiteas na siùil air an òradh le soillese na gréine, agus a chithear neòil dhearga is ghorma is chorcur os an cionn. Tha gach dath fa leth dhiu sin a' measgachadh le a' chéile air dhòigh nach tuigear mur faicear.

Air do 'n chabhlach an grunn iasgaich a ruigheachd, teannaidh iad gun dàil ri cur nan lìon. Chan fhada gus am bi sreath dhreach de bhutaichean air lorg gach bàta. Is aithne do na h-iasgairean na siùil-mhara as freagarrach airson glacadh an sgadain, agus frithealaidh iad an t-àm ceart gu h-eagnuidh. Mar an ceudna tha gluasad nan eun 'n a' chomharradh cinnteach, oir chan fhaicear na h-eòin a' cruinneachadh ach far am bheil iasg ri fhaotainn. Fàgar na lìon anns an uisge mu cheithir uairean de dh'ùine, a réir cor an t-srutha; agus aig gormadh na maidne tòisichear air togail nan lìon. Cha dean an t-iasgair nì sam bith as mò bheir de thoilinntinn dha na bhì feachainn am bheil sgadan anns na lìon. Aig aitheamh no dhà air doimhneachd chithcar coille-bianan an éisg anns a' mhuir. Ma tha urchair chuims-

each anns na moguil ullaichear gun dàil gus na lin a tharruing air bòrd. Is gann gu bheil earrann idir de'n iasgach a tha cho annasach ri bhi a' faicinn nan lìon a' fàgail na mara leis an sgadan a' sàs anns na moguil, agus a' breabadaich beò os cionn an uisge. Air uairibh bidh solus an teine-mhara air itean a' sgadain; agus air uairibh is tlachdmhor a bhi ag amharc air lannir an éisg, a' dearsadh mar an t-airgiod an gathan na gealaich.

Aig briseadh na maidne gabhaidh na bàtaichean an turus air an ais gu cala. Ma chaidh urchair mhath éisg a ghlacadh bidh ùpraid gu leòr car treis de 'n latha anns an phort. Bidh reiceadair ag reic a' sgadain agus na ceannaichean as mò a thairgeas; agus mar is gainne an t-iasg is ann as àirde a' phris. Chan eil margaidhean na Roinn Eòrpa fosgailte an diugh, oir tha na dùthchannan sin air fàs ro bhochd gus na prìsean riatanach a phàigheadh. Ach tha tomhas àraidh de'n iasg air a thogail le margaidhean Bhreatunn féin. Cho luath 's a tha an sgadan reicte tha na cutairean 'g a ghlanadh; agus an déidh sin théid a chàradh le salunn am bairillean. Thig luingeis làn de shoithichean falamh, is fàgaidh iad am port air an luchdachadh leis an iasg a chaidh a shailleadh.

Chan eil saothair an iasgach so an diugh glé bhuanachdail. Tha deagh cothrom agus ceartas a dh'easbhuidh air na h-iasgairean. Is tearc maighistir a tha comasach air aefhuinn mhath a cheannach agus luchd-oibreach a phàigheadh. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan chaidh an grunn iasgaich a mhilleadh le tràlairean. Tha iadsan a' glacadh-an sgadain mun tige e gu làn mhèud. Chan eileas a' ceadachadh do'n iasg a bhi ruigheachd na h-ìre a tha riatanach a chum siolachaidh. Mar thoradh air an tanachadh so tha an t-iasg air fàs gann far am b' àbhaist dha bhi anabarrach lìonmhor. Air an t-seachdainn so shuidh Cùirt Rannsuchaidh o Ard-Uachdaranachd Bhreatunn gu bhi a' sgrùdadh na cùise; agus tha dòchas gun bi obair mhi-laghail

nan tràlairean air a casg, agus na h-iasgairean a' faotainn cothrom air saothair an iasgaich a leanntainn, a tha cho feumail dhaibh féin agus do an rìoghachd.

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### CRODH CAOL PHAROH.

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Bha croitear Gàidhealach uair éigin a' freagairt cheist air beulthaobh Cùirt an Fhearainn. Bha e 'na sheann duine, agus làn de ghearrain. Bha e gearaineach gu h-àraidh air gainne bidh do'n chrodh anns an Earrach. Bha an crodh cho caol le gorta is nach gabhadh iad reic. Tha e coltach gu robh Breitheamh na Cùirte 'na dhuine àbhachdach, agus bha am bodach annasach ri amharc is ri éisdeachd. Ars am Breitheamh ris an eadar-theangair, "Fèdraich dheth ciod e cho caol 's a bha an crodh." Thubhairt am bodach gu robh iad cho caol ri crodh-caol Phàroh. Rinn am Breitheamh glag gàire, agus dh'fheòraich e a ris: "Ciod e cho caol 's a bha iad sin?" Fhregair am bodach gun dàil: "Bha iad sin cho caol is nach gabhadh iad faicinn ach ann an aisling."

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### INIS BUIDHE.

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THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE CLAN M'NAB.

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As is well known, island graveyards are not uncommon in the Highlands; and of these secluded and picturesque spots, one of the most interesting is Inis Buidhe, which lies in the river Dochart, at the entrance to the village of Killin. It is an island with high, steep, rocky sides, covered here and there with shrubs and flowers, whilst on its level surface grow many lovely varieties of ferns and moss and flowers, all canopied by



an avenue of stately beeches, among which are a few lindens and "birks." The island is the ancient burial-place of the Clan M'Nab. Time was when the Clan M'Nab was both large and powerful. But evil days befell it. Its wealth and importance declined; and to-day the broad lands which its chiefs once owned in the Highlands are in the possession of strangers. Acre by acre, these were all sold—all, that is to say, except Inis Buidhe, which the M'Nabs still retain as their own, and where any who bear the name can claim, it is said, the right of burial. The island is shaped somewhat like a coffin. Near its broader end is a square enclosure with high walls, and it is here that the graves of the M'Nabs lie. More than eight hundred members of the clan, including many of its chiefs, have, it is said, their last resting-place on Inis Buidhe. From a gate in the wall of the bridge which spans the island, and over which passes the high road to Killin, a flight of steep stone steps leads down into the romantic graveyard. It is a place which once seen cannot be forgotten. Those who sleep there, it has been well said, have ceaseless requiem. For the winds and the waters are never quite at rest. The former croon and rustle softly, or shriek and howl among the branches of the tall, over-arching trees, whilst the latter ripple and tinkle musically, or brawl and dash and foam down their rocky channels on every side of the little island.

To every M'Nab, therefore, Inis Buidhe is a sacred spot.

Many a story is told of the M'Nabs, but the most characteristic is that which accounts for the curious device—a severed head—to be seen on not a few of the tombstones in the square enclosure on the island. At the foot of Loch Earn, within sight of St. Fillans, is a small wooded island which is artificial, and which is probably, it has been said, the seat of an ancient crannog. Here, away back in the early years of the seventeenth century, dwelt a band of robbers of the name of Neish. Knowing no law but

one, and that a law of their own making, they were the terror of the whole countryside, though none suffered more at their hands than the M'Nabs, who dwelt on the other side of the hills, along the southern shores of Loch Tay. Many an attempt to rid them of their foes was made by the M'Nabs. But Fate, as events proved, was not to be always unkind. What had been so often attempted was at last achieved, and the way of it was this. One Christmastide the Chief of M'Nab bethought him to make merry with his friends; and as his hospitality, as became a Highland chieftain, was always on a generous scale, one or two of his faithful followers were dispatched to Crieff for a supply of food and strong drink. News of this was not long in reaching the Neishes, whose spies were always busy. So what did they do but slip through Glen Lednock and lie in hiding till the heavily-laden M'Nabs appeared, when they sprang out on them and overpowered them, took from each man whatever he was carrying, and left all of them for half-dead. Then, elated by the success of their exploit, they slipped through Glen Lednock again, came, with their plunder, to Loch Earn, and rowed across its waters to their island home, which was the scene that night of a wild orgy. They ate and drank, so the story goes, till they could eat and drink no more, then sleep came down upon them, heavy and deep.

Meanwhile, the M'Nabs, wounded and bleeding, managed, though with difficulty, to make their way home. The story they had to tell their aged chief when they came into his presence was a pitiful one; and as he listened to it his anger against the Neishes waxed hot, and he swore that had the burden of years been less heavy upon him he would have made them pay dearly for that day's work. The doom of the robbers was sealed, however. News of what had happened quickly spread among the M'Nabs, and roused greater indignation in none than in the sons of the old chief himself. There were twelve of them; and, late

in the afternoon, an hour or so after the return home of the robbed and wounded men, the twelve were sitting round the fire in the hall of their father's house, talking of the Neishes, and lamenting the ill-success that had attended every effort to capture them, when their father entered the apartment, and, making his way towards them, sat down with the laconic remark, "The night is the night, if the lads are the lads." None of the young men spoke, but, presently, the eldest of them, the terrible "Smooth John," rose and went outside. His brothers immediately followed his example. One by one, they too rose and went out, and the old chief was left sitting by the fire alone. Outside, the brothers held a short consultation together, then, taking with them a boat, they set off to avenge them on the Neishes. The night was dark; the journey over the hills to Loch Earn was long and toilsome. But, nothing daunted, the brothers proceeded on their way, stepping carefully and cautiously at all times, for they had to be mindful of their burden; and at last the shore of the loch was reached. Then the boat was launched, and in order that its passage across the water might be made with all the secrecy possible, the young men rowed with muffled oars. It was midnight when they landed on the island. To moor the boat at the side of it was the work of but a few minutes; and this done, the brothers set off in quest of the spot where the dwelling of the Neishes stood. With neither light nor sound to serve them as a guide, their task was by no means a simple one. But at length, after much groping and stumbling among stones and bushes, the young men found themselves in front of the dark building. They stood for a moment and listened, but all was silence within it. It was evident that its inmates were unaware of the danger lurking so near them. To gain an entrance into the building does not appear to have given the M'Nabs much difficulty; and once they were inside it, to discover in which part of it the robbers were proved to be an easy matter. For they had

just entered it, and were groping their way along a dark passage, pausing now and again to listen to the sounds of deep snoring and breathing which fell on their ears, when their attention was caught by a glimmer of light which appeared at the end of the passage. The light came from an open doorway there; and on perceiving this, and at the same time becoming aware of the fact that the sounds they heard proceeded from the same spot, the brothers, without a moment's hesitation, moved silently and cautiously towards the doorway, then stood and peered through it into the apartment beyond. The picture which met their eyes was a thrilling one, and had they given way to their feelings they would have burst into shouts of glee. For stretched on the floor of the apartment, some huddled together in one corner, some in another, while a few were under the table which was strewn with the remains of the evening's feast, lay the robbers—all of them at least except one—helpless in drunken sleep. The one exception was the old robber chief himself. He was awake; and though not perhaps quite sober, he had not, it was obvious, been drinking so heavily during the evening as his followers had. He was sitting at the upper end of the long low room or hall, which had little to boast of in the way of furniture—what of this there was being of the rudest description; whilst its only illuminant was the red glare of the great peat-fire which burned in the wide chimney. The old man's face was towards the fire, but, presently, his attention having apparently been roused by something, he turned round, caught sight of the strangers standing in the doorway, stared at them for a moment, then called out:

"Who are you?"

For answer he was asked whom he would be most afraid to meet.

"I would be afraid of no man if it were not 'Smooth John' M'Nab," he replied.

"You do well to be afraid of 'Smooth

John' M'Nab," was the answer, "for it's 'Smooth John' M'Nab who is speaking."

What these words portended the old man instantly realised. With an oath, he sprang to his feet, and stared wildly about him, as if seeking a way of escape. But way of escape there was none. In a moment the M'Nabs, each with his dirk in his hand, had rushed into the apartment and were upon him. But "Smooth John's" was the hand which struck him down. Quick as lightning, and without uttering a word, he raised his dirk and plunged it into the breast of the fear-stricken man, who gave a piercing cry, as he sank to the ground never to rise again.

But not even the death-cry of their chief had power to rouse from slumber any of the bandits who lay around. Despite what had happened, they slept on. To turn from their dead leader to deal with them was what the brothers lost no time in doing; and swiftly the grim work which the latter had sworn to do was done. Not one of the sleeping men but was stabbed to death where he lay. Then, their thirst for vengeance satisfied, the sons of M'Nab left the island and began the long and difficult return journey, rowing across the loch, and carrying the boat, as before, over the hills. Day was breaking when they reached home and came into the presence of their father. They found him where they had left him, and where, it was evident, he had spent the night—sitting by the fire in the dining-hall.

"Fear naught," said "Smooth John," going up to him. Then the young man unrolled his plaid, and, lo, from a corner of it there dropped at his father's feet the bloody head of the old robber chief.

"The night was the night," he said grimly, "and the lads were the lads."

AGNES W. WALKER.

## SGEUL BEAG MU DHUALCHAS.

BY JAMES MACLEOD.

### III.

Rùnaich mi dhol dhachaidh. Chan e mhàin gu'n do rùnach mi dhol dhachaidh, ach bhòidich mi gu'n innsinn do mo mhàthair gach ni o thùs gu éis o'n dh'fhàg mi tigh Móire Ruaidhe gus an do chuidhtich mi seònar a' mhinisteir. Cha do lorg mo mhàthair riamh mi labhairt na bréige; agus chuir mi romham ged chartadh i chum na sitig mi gu labhràinn an fhlrinn.

Bha mi meòrachadh air ni no dhà air an t-slighe cuideachd. Cha robh mise iomlan. A so bha mi cinnteach. Ach sheulaich mi gu robh mo mhàthair seachranach air iomlanachd a cheart cho cinnteach. Cìod an t-aobhar a bha aice air a' bhréig a labhairt ris a' mhinisteir? Ma bha i cho diadhaidh agus cho ionraic agus a bha i féin agus càch a' cumail a mach, carson a thionndaidh i le fiaradh-teangann air mac a cuim agus fios is cinnt aice gu robh an neach sin air slighe na còireach?

Faodaidh mi innse dhuit, a leughadair, gu robh an gnè diadhachd a bha aig mo mhàthair cho suarach leamsa ris an treallaich a fhuair mi greis roimhe sud o'n t-Sasunnach. B'i so mo bharaile agus mo bheachd. Gidheadh cha robh aon smuain bheag de mhl-rùn air mo shiubhal air tàile mo mhàthar—eadhon ged a bhiodh i labhairt le bréig. Ach bha gu leòr air mo shiubhal a toirt fa-near i bhi a' smuaineachadh gu'n robh i féin firinneach, ceart, agus gu robh mise, 'na briathran féin, 'nam "sgolb 'san fheibil."

Cha deachaidh sgeul a' Bhlobuill air dl-chuimhe idir orm. Ar leamsa gu'n d'rinn mi an tula chòir oidhirp a dheanamh air ni-éigin de dhreach na còireach a' chur air an aoradh oidheche; agus bha mi de'n bheachd gu robh còir aig mo mhàthair air

an teanga a fhuair i o Dhia a chur am manntaich na firinn ged a bhiodh e 'na aobhar air i féin is ministear is luchd-dreuchd a chur a mach air a chéile.

Ràinig mi an tigh. Chan eil mi dol a sgrìobhadh an so cìod a thachair air a chagailte. Ach, tha mi deònach binn mo mhàthar aithris a thaobh Móire Ruaidhe. B'e tigh Móire, ar leath-se, am prìomh ionad bha aig Dòmhnall Dubh a chum e féin a dheanamh ainmeil anns a' gleann agus thairis air. Balbh, dubh-dorcha a theagamh, ach le innleachdan bha a' glaothaich dùbhlàn ris gach smuain eireachdail a dh'éirich 'riamh an cridheachan dhaoiné.

"Chan iongnadh idir ged a theireadh am posta gur e na cabair sin an dara neamh agad," leasaich i, an déidh dhomh innse dhi gu robh mi dol gu Mgr. Dòmhnall 'sa mhaduinn.

Bha de ghliocas agamsa na dh'fhuirich sàmhach. Nam bithinn air innseadh na nìthan a bh'air m'aire bhiodh e co-ionnan ri bhi 'g aslachadh air son am pheithire tuiteam gu làr an tighe. Fìthead àm thubhairt Mór rium gu robh i ag altrum deagh-dhòchais araon a thaobh mo mhàthar agus Mhgr. Dòmhnall. "Tha mise a' tagradh ri Dia air an son le chéile," ghlaodhadh Mór 'nam chluasan maatha. Tha mi ag aideachadh nach robh mi tuigsinn ceart cìod a bhi a a' ciallachadh. Rachainn gu ionad nam miannan le aidnheil nach robh i a' ciallachadh olc, ach math.

Chaidh an oidhche seachad. Bha mise aig stairsnich a' mhansa moch-thra. An ceann fìthead mionad bha mi a' stiùireadh càraid each le dà chliabh an urra gu Cluais nam Feadan, nu chusair air dà mhìle 'sa mhonadh.

Bhithinn a' falbh an ceann gach latha le srathair is each a' dh'iarraidh an chonnaidh. Anns an fheasgair bhithinn a' sàs dh'fhaoidte ri siabaich a' chladaich, nu coimhead as déidh a' chruidh is nan caorach.

Thàinig mi dhachaidh aon fheasgar agus ghabh mi iongantans Mgr. Dòmhnall a bhi air mo choinneamh 'san t-seòmardheasachaidh. Labhair e ceud uair rium air taobh am muigh an tighe na'n tachradh dhomh bhi dlùth air laimh.

"Tha mi air son t-fhaicinn 'san t-seòmair aig ochd uairean," thubhairt e.

Chaidh mi dh'ionnsaidh an t-seòmair-shuidhe mar a dh'iarraidh orm an oidhche sin. Bha aodann a' mhinistear am mullach feirge. Chuir e cathair fo'm chomhair.

"Am bheil fios agad," thubhairt e, "gum bheil oileanachadh Móire Ruaidhe air do chorp is t-anam a thiomnadh gu Sàtan?"

"Chan eil ni de fhios agam air a sin," fhreagair mi.

Dh'fheumadh Mór Ruadh no Mór Dhonn a dhol 'nan caiseart mun tiomnadh iad mise gu Sàtan; oir, cha robh mi a' creidsinn gu robh a leithid de chuspair ann. Bha sàtain air feadh an ghlinne—am pailteas. Bha mi a' creidsinn anna-san agus dheònaich mi éisdeachd ri Mgr. Dòmhnall gu cùramach gu'n fhios nach biodh ní-éigin aige ri ràdh mu'n timchioll.

"Tha mise air son gum bi fios agad air; tha'n t-slighe leathann cho sèimh agus nach bi iadsan a tha 'g imeachd oirre mothachail air cunnart gus an tig iad gu crìoch an turuis. Ged nach biodh siorruidheachd idir romhad, cìod a tha thu a' rùnachadh a thaobh do chuirp air an talamh? Ma chuireas mise mach thu gu stairsnich mo thighe gun teisteanas chan eil fo d'chomhair ach bòrd bhoched."

Bha mise balbh. Bha lomhaigh Dhòmhnall a' cur eagal orm.

"Rannsaich do shuidheachadh," leasaich e le ní-eigin de chiùineas.

"Rannsaich mi mo shuidheachadh gu tìmeil o chionn fhada," thubhairt mi;

“cha robh còir aig mo mhàthair a dhol air thigheadas, no ceangal féin ri duine nach d'fhuair talanntan a chum an saoghal a chobhachadh. Ach ged a b'è so a' mhìonaid a rùnaicheadh sibh mise chur gu stairsnich an tighe chan fhalbh mi as eugmhais m'anama.”

“Cìod a tha thu ciallachadh? Labhair a mach gu simplidh.”

—“Tha mi 'ciallachadh nach bithinn coltach ri Iain Ceàrd ged nach lorgainn clù gu bràth.”

Bha am ministèir air a bhi bruidhinn rium greis roimhe sud mu'n cheàrd. Dh'innis mi dha facal air an fhacal. Cho luath 'sa thigeadh Iain am fianuis a' ghlinne phaisgadh e seachad a phìob. Bha fiodhall aige cuideachd; ach a dh'aindeoin mo dhùrachd cha d'fhuair mi riamh na b'fhèarr uaithe na—“Talamh nuadh air am bheil thu an so a charaid. Tha iad a' rùnachadh gach ni a thiomnadh seachad do'n Tighearna, agus gun aon pheighinn ruadh 'fhàgail aig Ceasar.” Bha gàire air lomhaigh leis na focail.

Chaidh an oidheche sin seachad. Bha Mgr. Dòmhnall na bu shìobhalta rium a fàgail an t-seòmair. An ceann beagan sheachdainean a rithisd bha e labhairt rium 'san t-seòmair cheudna le suidheachadh bha gu lre bhig calg-dhlreach.

“Tha thu 'na d'bhàlach anabarach pongail an ceann do gnothaich. Feumaidh mi so aideachadh. Ach tha thu cur iongantach air leth orm a thaobh cho suarach 'sa tha cùisean na sìorruidheachd agad.”

Bha bòrd bhòchd a' cur barrachd orm aig a' cheart àm, tha mi cinnteach. Gidheadh, cha robh mi idir diùid ag innseadh mo bharalach an comh-sheasamh ris an ath shàghal. Bha mi air cluinntinn, cuideachd, gu robh e fhéin air a thoirt gu cunntas a thaobh nì àraidh. Bha Mgr. Dòmhnall a cur cheist orm air ais 's air aghaidh. An ceann tiota thubhairt e:

“An cuala tu mu'n gheall bha eadar mi féin agus Mór Ruadh?” Bha gàire air ionhàigh.

“Chuala,” fhreagair mise.

“Am bheil thu creidsinn gu'n do bhuaicheadh i an geall le ceartas?”

“Chan fhaca mise Mór. Tha mi cinnteach nam bithinn air a faicinn gu'n innseadh i an fhrìnn.”

“Boireannach iongantach,” leasaich am ministèir; “tha tlachd air leth aice annada. Tha mise ag àithne dhuit cumail cuidhteas a tighe gus an téid an troimhe-chéile tha 's a ghlèann an dara taobh.”

An là ar na mhàireach cha robh eò air feadh a' ghlinne nach robh a' ruith 'sa ruagail. Bha an glèann mar gum biodh crith-thalmhainn air a thonn luasgadh. Bodaich a b'abhaist dhomh fhaicinn le bata, bha mi 'gam faicinn a' ruith a chum na h-eaglais. Chunnaic mi mo mhàthair le brat dorcha thairis air a ceann agus a h-aghaidh làn feirge, ar leamsa. Bha Mór Ruadh air a sàil.

“Dia gu'n gléidh sinn!” thubhairt mi am féin-labhairt; “cìod a tha cearr?” Theich mi mach seachad an gàradh-criche.

Chuir mi riamh a dhol gu tigh Mòire an oidheche sin. 'Nuair a ràinig mi bha i 'na suidhe air cathair. Choisich i gu cabhagach 'nam chòmhdaill.

“Dia gu robh maile riut fad làithean do bheatha. Dh'iompaich thu Mgr. Dòmhnall!”

Shuidh mi, agus choimhid mi oirre gu dùrachdach.

“Dh'iompaich, dh'iompaich. Thubhairt e riutha o'n chùbaid an diugh nach robh focal no lide aca ri ràdh an comh-sheasamh ri cùisean na h-eaglais. Cha robh ann ach cuis-mhaslaidh thubhairt e. ‘Thigeadh sibh an so le aon pheighinn agus seann Bhiobull agus bha sibh am beachd gu robh aobhar an Tighearna agus aobhar na Gàidhlig gu bhi air an cumail suas le sin!’”

“Chan eil mise a' tuigsinn na troimhe-chéile,” thubhairt mi.

Dhruid i sìos an doras agus shuidh i mum choinneamh.

“An robh thu labhairt ris mu'n t-searmoin Ghàidhlig?”

“Thubhairt mi beagan fhacal ris.”

“Thubhairt e riut gu'n robh a' Ghàidhlig air a bhi bàs o chionn leth-cheud bliadhna mar a b'è searmonachadh nam ministèaran.”

“Bha e ag ràdh sin.”

“Chuir mise geall ris. ‘Chan eil neach anns an ghlèann,’ thubhairt mi, ‘a sheinneas òran an Gàidhlig, a tha ceangailte ri do choimhthional. Nam biodh an diadhadh a réir an cràbhaidh cha bhiodh anns a' glèann ach meur de na flathis. Am bheil iad nas fèarr na sluagh eile an t-saoghail?’ dh'fhèdraich mi. ‘Théid iad do mhullach nan deud ma chluinneas iad ceòl. Nach bu mhath an ceòl dhaibh pàirt de na cleachdaidhean suarach a ta 'n am measg an sheirm 'nan cluasan!’”

“An do dhùilt Beathag Thormoid an t-òran a sheinn do Mhgr. Dòmhnall?”

“Cha do dhùilt idir.”

“Cìod a thubhairt sibh ris a' mhinistèir



mu thimchioll na nithean sin?" dh'fheòraich mi.

"Chan ann aig sluagh tha choire. Nam biodh oileanachadh na cùbaid air a bhi buadh-mhor cha bhiodh mìr de litreachas ann an Gàidhlig ach ùrnaigh a mhàin. Moladh do Dhia," leasaich mi, "ged a dh'èireadh feachd á ifrinn cha bhiodh iad comasach air spiorad nan Gàidheal a bhristeadh. Tha a' ghloir air Dia, agus chan ann air ministear!"

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Tha càrn chlach tromach-air-h-earrach suas air mò laimh dheis, agus Mgr. Dòmhnall a' sgrìobhadh, "Sgrìos nan Gàidheal." Sud an t-àite 'san d'aidich e dhòmhsa gu'n do chaith e féin a làithean dearmadach a thaobh cànain is cinneasach.

Tha e an diugh fo'n fhòd. Mar charaid truasail, bàigheil, chan fhaic mise a leithid. Chaohail an té a bha còmhla ris cuideachd. Agus ma tha an aon ghineil a dh'fhàg e as a dhéidh a' triall an diugh 'sa charbad maille rium, tha mi 'ga gairm air a h-ainm, Màiri; agus ag radh, "Is anaobhinn dhuitsa ma gheibhear thu a' dol an còmh-dhail an fhir nuaidh-phòsda le lòchran mhèhta. Nach mór na nithean a thàinig ort o dhualchas!"

[A' CHRIOCH.]

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### INVERNESS MOD FUND.

Already acknowledged, ... ..	£80 12 7
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## THE TEACHING OF GAELIC.

The following extract is taken from the *Scottish Educational Journal* of 20th July:—

"We have received the following note from a Gaelic correspondent:—'The Gaelic Educational Conference referred to in last week's notes is timely. Five years have passed since the Gaelic Charter was established by the Education Act of 1918. Can it be said that it has had results at all commensurate with the time and effort spent in securing it? Has the teaching of Gaelic been materially advanced during these five years? Have the number of teachers with a knowledge of Gaelic appreciably increased. To these questions answers can be given according to the views and prejudices of each, but no facts are available to enable the fair-minded enquirer to form a judgment. The Conference should result in authoritative answers being given to these and other questions. There is a fear in many quarters, a hope in others, that the cause of Gaelic is going from bad to worse. Let us know the real facts, however unpalatable they may be. It would, indeed, be a tragedy if, when after years of efforts Highlanders had persuaded the Government to give Gaelic a chance, the fruits of this hard won victory were thrown away by the indifference or neglect of their own people. In any case, let us know the worst. Let us know whether it is the apathy of the Gaels themselves or the obstruction of the Sassenach intruders that is hindering progress. Once the facts are known there is hope of a remedy, but not till then.'"

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held at Inverness on the evening of 6th July. There were present:—Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Messrs. H. F. Campbell, Aberdeen; Alex. Fraser, Yoker; Alister MacDonald, Inverness; John N. MacLeod, Knockbain; Roderick MacLeod, Inverness; Robert Macfarlane, C.A., treasurer, and Neil Shaw, secretary.

In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, the meeting appointed the Rev. G. W. MacKay to the chair.

The Secretary pointed out that, as there was no quorum, any business transacted at the meeting would be subject to confirmation at the adjourned meeting, which, in accordance with the constitution, required to be held in the same place a week hence.

It was agreed to proceed informally with the routine business of the meeting.

The Chairman expressed regret at the loss by death of Mr. Donald Currie, who was for many years a member of the Executive Council, and for some time convener of the Finance Committee.

The Annual Reports of Committees and the Treasurer's Financial Statement were discussed and approved subject to audit.

The meeting was of opinion that better financial returns should be obtained from local Committees for the services of the singing teacher. The value of the teacher's services were fully realised and appreciated, but to continue his work an effort must be made to meet the outlay.

Mr. H. F. Campbell reported on the work of the Education Committee. He expressed regret that there was to be no Gaelic class for teachers at Inverness this year. After discussion, it was unanimously agreed, on the motion of Mr. John N. MacLeod, to appoint a deputation to meet with the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department in Edinburgh to press for the more effective and rapid application of the Gaelic Clause of the 1918 Education Act. It was left to the Education Committee to arrange the deputation, and to enlist the support of all the Scottish Churches.

Arrangements for the Inverness Conference were reported on by the Secretary.

Mr. Alister MacDonald, Convener of the Mod Local Committee, reported on the local arrangements. These were considered highly satisfactory, and a successful gathering is anticipated.

The Chairman expressed sympathy with the Rev. M. N. Munro, Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, who met with a serious cycle accident. It was hoped that Mr. Munro would be sufficiently recovered to allow him to attend the Mod at Inverness.

Mr. Robert Macfarlane reported on the Special Meeting of An Comunn, when it was decided to proceed with the proposed Feill to augment the funds of An Comunn. Arrangements were advanced further at a subsequent meeting of the Feill Committee. The Duke of Atholl's acceptance of the chairmanship of the Feill Committee gave much satisfaction.

Nominations were received for the office of President, one Vice-President, and ten members of Executive Council.

Notices of motion for the Annual General Meeting were received as follows:—

By Mr. Alex. Fraser—"That Rule 23 of the Constitution be amended to read as follows:—'There shall be two stated meetings of the Executive Council in each year. The one of these to be called the "Preliminary Meeting" shall be held at the place of, and immediately following, the Annual Meeting. All meetings of the Executive Council other than the Preliminary Meeting shall be held at Glasgow, with the exception of one meeting annually held alternately at Oban and Inverness.'"

By Mr. H. F. Campbell—"Add to Rule 22 of the Constitution the following:—'Provided that the Branches at Inverness and Oban shall have the right to appoint three representatives each on the Executive Council.'"

"That the word 'seven' be substituted for the word 'ten' in Rule 27 of the Constitution."

By Rev. Neil Ross—"That the name of the Magazine be changed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Alister MacDonald presided at the Adjourned Meeting on 13th July, which was attended by Mr. Roderick MacLeod and Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary.

The business transacted at the previous meeting was confirmed, and the minute signed.

Mr. Shaw reported that the Educational Institute of Scotland were to be represented at the forthcoming Conference on Gaelic Education by Mr. Skinner, M.A., Strichen, Mr. Thos. Henderson, B.Sc., Edinburgh, and Mr. Duncan MacGillivray, M.A., Glasgow.

## LONG-BHRISEADH NA H-"IOLAIRE."

LE COIRNEAL IAIN MACGHRIOGAIR.

{	l <sub>1</sub> : d . r		f : s . f : r . f		d : - . }
	Tha Eil-ean		Leòdh-ais gu tùirs-each,		trom,
{	l : s . l		d' : r' . l : l . s		r : - . }
	Le cridh-e		cian-ail, 's chan iogh-nadh		lean,
{	l : s . l		d' : r' . d' : s . l		f : l . }
	Ri gul gu		cràit-each, 's ri caoidh		nan àr-munn
{	l <sub>1</sub> : d . m		f : s . f : r . f		d : - . }
	A dh'fhàg gach		fàrd-ach cho leòn-ta,		lom.

Tha Eilean Leòdhais gu tùirseach, trom,  
 Le cridhe cianail, 's chan ioghnadh leam,  
 Ru gul gu cràiteach, 's ri caoidh nan  
 àr-munn  
 A dh'fhàg gach fàrdach cho leònta, lom.

B'e sud na fùrain thug buaidh thar chàch,  
 Do nàmh nach géilleadh a chaoidh gu bràth,  
 Bha daingionn, dileas do chliù an sinnsir,  
 Air muir 's air tìr gus an d'fhuair iad bàs.

Tha cuid diubh sinthe gu suthainn, buan,  
 Feadh iomadh rìoghachd tha fada bhuainn,  
 'S tha cuid diubh bàidhte feadh iomadh  
 ceàrna,  
 Gu bràth ri tàmh ann an doimhne chuain.

'S e sgeul ro chruaidh bhi toirt luaidh le bròn,  
 Mo chreach ! mar dh'èirich le léirsgrios mhór,  
 Air maduinn dhùmhlaidh na moch  
 bhliadhn-ùire,  
 A lion an dùthaich le pian us deòir.

Bu mhór a' ghaoir a bha meas an t-sluaigh,  
 Gach clachan reubta le léireadh truagh,  
 Rì caoidh nan sàr bha tigh'n'n dachaidh  
 sàbhailt,  
 An déigh gach gàbhadh air àird a' chuain.

Tigh'n'n dlùth do'n dùthaich do'n d'thug iad  
 spéis,  
 Bu chridheil, sunndach na gillean gleusd,  
 Ach chaill an stiùradar Galld a chùrsa  
 'S air ball gu'n chiùrradh na fleasgaich  
 threun.

Air Biastan Huilm bhuail an long air grund,  
 'S i ruith gu siùbhlach air bhàrr nan tonn,  
 'S gu'n bhrùchd na stuadhan gu garg mu'n  
 cuairt d'ì,  
 A thilg fo uamhann iad, bun os ceann.

Dean sinne sinthe ri d'thoil, a Dhé,  
 Cho fad 's a dh'fhàgar sinn beò 'nan déidh,  
 Gu tric toirt luaidh air na fleasgaich  
 shuairce,  
 A ghairm Thu suas gu do rìoghachd féin.

A Dhé nan gràs, tha cho làn de ghlòir,  
 Cuir Thusa plàsd air gach cràidh us leòn,  
 Gu'm bris an là anns an tèich na sgàilean,  
 'S an coinnich càirdean—gun chuimhn' air  
 bròn !

## LOCH NA GAIR.

A chòmhnardan àluinn 's a ghàraidhean  
ròsan,

Fàgann gu bràth sibh aig tràillean nan sògh;  
Mo ròsan na sléibhteann 'nan éideadh sneachd  
cùbhraidh,

Mu'n tric robh mi sunndach le mùirn agus  
gràdh:

O! thàir nam beann àrda' tha bàidheal le'm  
inntinn,

Ged tha gaillionn nan speuran a' beucaich  
mu'r bàrr

Cha'n ainnhichean samhach ach gàir nan eas  
fuaimneach

Bhiodh binn 'na mo chluasan mu bhruaich  
Lochnagàir.

An sud ruith mi lùthmhor an tùs làithean  
m'òige;

Bhiodh boneid mu m'chiabh, 's breacan  
ciatach an àird;

Suinn nan sean aimsir bha daonnan 'am  
chùmhnè

'S mo cheum gu neo-sgìtheil feadh fhrlthean  
'us bhàr;

Gu tàlla nam pìos ged bu tìm a' bhì tilleadh,  
An àit' nan neul òr-dhearg bhiodh lòchrain  
nan àrd;

Bha m'inntinn-sa meurach' air faon-sgeul  
gu luaineach,

Beul-aithris a' chual mi o thuath Lochnagàir.

Nach cualas leam fuaim ghuthan threun-  
fhèar a' chaochail

Ag éiridh 's an dùbhra air duibh-neòil nan  
speur?

'S mòr aoibhneas nan sonn ud thar fonn an  
cuid shìnsir

A' triall air na gaothaibh, gach h-aon air a  
steud.

An dùltachd an fhaolich, do thaobh geal bì  
reòite,

Is gaoth ruith gu luath-bhras, a' ruagadh a'  
cheò;

Na duibh-neòil ag iadhadh mu sgàilean mo  
shìnsir

'S an chòmhuighd 's an iarmailt, measg sìon  
Lochnagàir.

Bu ghaisgeil 'san àr sibh, ach an dàn dhuibh  
bha dòlas,

Aon rabhadh an d'fhuair sibh gu robh  
cruaidh-chàs 'n 'ur còir?

An Cuil-lodair, 'sa bhàr, am bàs rinn 'ur  
bualadh

Cha d'chrùnadh le buaidh sibh: gur truagh  
leam 'ur dòigh.

Ach, gu sona, l'ur dìlsinn, tha sibh sìnt air  
an aonach,

'N ar laidhe 'n ar suain ann an uamhan  
Bhràigh-Mhàir,

Tha plòbaire buan a' bras-bhualadh nan  
pongan

'S 'ur cumha 'na nuallan mu'n cuairt  
Lochnagàir.

Is cian là is bliadhna o'n thrial mi thar  
m'èolas;

Co dh'fhàodas a' ràdh 'm faic mi 'n t-àite  
nis mò:

Lochnagàir, ged a tha thu gun bhlàthan gun  
chluaintean

Is annsa do gharbhach na Alba gu mòr;  
A Shasuinn ri m' chàil, is e t-àilleachd nach  
còrdadh

O chleachd mi' bhì gluasad roimh chrualach  
nan àrd;

O! 's caomh sgòr 'us sgùrr, thogadh sunnd  
m'òidhe,

Na h-ard-chreagan gruamach mu chrùaich  
Lochnagàir.

D. I. MACDHOMHNAILL.

Cill-Sheathainn.

## AN DEICHEAMH AITHNE.

Fagus do chiald bliadhna air ais smuainich  
ministear Chillfhinn gu'm b'fheàrrd a  
chrodh is eich tuilleadh feòr a bhì aca.  
Uime sin, leis gu'n robh e measail aig  
Morair Bhraid-albainn is aig a bhàillidh,  
fhuair e còir air Coire-nam-bonnach, a bha  
roimh sin aig cuid de na croitearan. Tha e  
furasd a chreidsinn nach robh na croitearan  
toilichte de'n mhinistear.

Ach thàinig oidhe mo feasgar a cheas-  
nachaidh, is chruinnich na fir is na mnathan  
an tigh croiteir. Chaidh ceist an déidh ceist  
a chur, is bha roinn duibh air am freagairt  
ceart, is cuid duibh dh'fheum am ministear  
a fhreagairt. Bha gach nì ro shlàimte, is  
ro chiùin gus an tàinig tràth Iain  
Chamshroin, duine gear, neo-sgàthach.

Thuirte am ministear ris—"Cia meud  
àithne th'ann, Iain?" Fhreagair Iain le  
adainn coltach ri lomhaigh cloiche, "Naoi,  
a mhinistear."

"Ud, ud, Iain!" thuirte am ministear,  
"smuainich a rithisid. Nach eil deich  
ann?"

“O chan eil ann ach naoi,” thuir Iain. “Thug sibh féin air falbh an deicheamh, an nuair a mhiannaich is a thug sibh Coirean-bonnach o na croitearan!”

Sgaol an sluaigh gu h-eallamh, is gach neach a' cumail a stigh an gaire mar a b'fhearr a dh'fhaodadh e.

SEUMAS MACDIHARMAID.

## AN GALL 'NA GHAEDEAL.

“Beidh Gaedhil 'na nGallaibh agus Gaill 'na nGaedhil,” aduairt file Eireannach fadó agus is cosmhal go raibh cuid mhaith den cheart aige. Pé sgeul é, bhí daoine ann cupla bliain o shoin, a thug Eireannaigh orra féin, ach a bhí ró-leisgiúil le Gaedhil ar bith a dh'fhoghlaim. Lá amháin, léigheadar (léigh iad) ar a' bpaieur go rabh ainm nua—Dún Laoghaire—ar “Khingstown.”

“Och,” ar siad “cha dtig linn é sin a rá—Dun—och, Dun-lay-gaire, nó Dun-le-haire, nó—och, nach cruaidh an teanga an Ghaedhil?”

Ach, bhí daoine ciallmhara ann, is ba líonmhara iad ná an chuid eile is chrom siad ar an bhfuaim Gaelach dh'fhoghlaim. Orra súd do bhí Sasannaigh. Bhí mé ag dul abhaile, oiche, sa rian-charr (tram) is tháinig beirt saighdiur Gallda isteach. Chuir fear diobh lámh 'na phóca is thug amach rael (6d).

“Dun Laoghaire!” ar séisean, leis an reachtaire (conductor), is ba dhóigh leat air gur i gceart lár na Gaeltachta a rugadh is a tógadh é. Ach, gach focal Beurla dár labhair sé—bhi blas an Cockney air!

Ach, má thig le Sasannach ainm Gaedhil ge rá mar sin, carson nach ndéanfadh Gaedhil é? Agus féach, nár ghábh “Dhoon Layera,” nó rud ar bith mar sin a sgríobha. *Bhí an fhuirm Gaelach maith go leor don nGall sin!*

Baile Atha Cliath.

DONN PIATT.

## PROVINCIAL MODS.

### FIRST OF THE SERIES AT OBAN.

Under the auspices of An Comunn Gaidhealach, a Provincial Mod was held at Oban on the 22nd of June. A series of such provincial Mods is being arranged for at suitable centres in the Highlands, and this was the first to take place. The proceedings were held in the Argyllshire Gathering Hall, and entries were confined to the Lorn and Mull areas, with the parish of Morvern. Very great interest was taken in the event in these districts, and there was a large attendance of the public throughout the day. The number of competitors surpassed the expectations of the promoters, and the high standard

of the work of the competitors was very gratifying. The judges for music were Mr. Robert Macleod, Mus. Bac., Edinburgh; the Rev. Malcolm N. Munro, Tainuill; and Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; and for literature and Gaelic the Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Tainuill; the Rev. D. C. MacRae, Duror; the Rev. A. MacDiarmid, Morvern; and Mr. Neil Shaw, Glasgow. A concert was held in the evening. The prize-winners were:—

#### JUNIOR SECTION.

Letter writing—1, Margaret MacLeod, Oban High School; 2, Hugh MacInnes, Oban High School; 3, Joan Cameron, Tobermory.

Translation—1, John MacInnes, Oban High School; 2, Norman Macaskill, Oban High School.

Readings, open to learners only—Poetry—1, Ian MacInnes, Ballachulish; 2, Hugh MacInnes, Ballachulish; 3, J. B. Whyte, Oban. Prose—1, Margaret Vance, Ballachulish; 2 and 3 (equal), Grace MacGill and Hugh Ross.

Reading at sight of an unfamiliar piece of prose—1, Cathie E. MacInnes, Ballachulish; 2, Catherine Rankine, Oban; 3, Margaret MacLean, Oban.

Reciting from memory—1, Samuel MacTaggart, Ballachulish; 2, Joan Cameron, Tobermory.

Narrative of a local legend or tradition—1, Cathie E. MacInnes, Ballachulish; 2, Lachlan MacLean, Lochaline.

Gaelic conversation—1, Donald Dunn, Ballachulish; 2, Katie Cameron, Tobermory; 3, Joan Cameron, Tobermory.

Vocal music—Solo singing, girls—1, Flora Cameron, Tobermory; 2, Cathie D. MacPherson, Tironan; 3, Morag Macarthur, Island of Luing.

Solo singing, boys—1, Ian MacInnes; 2, Donald Dunn; 3, John A. Smith, Tobermory.

Solo singing, boys and girls—1, Chrissie Dunn, Ballachulish; 2, Lily Macphail, Luing; 3, John A. Smith, Tobermory.

Duet singing—1, Chrissie Dunn and Ian MacInnes; 2, Catherine Macphail and Morag Macallister.

Choral singing in two-part harmony—1, Luing Junior Choir; 2, Tobermory Junior School Choir.

Unison singing—1, Luing Choir; 2, Ballachulish.

#### SENIOR SECTION.

Reading at sight of unfamiliar prose—1, Duncan MacCowan, Luing; 2, Margaret MacLeod, Oban; 3, Christina MacGillivray, Oban.

Recitation, poetry—1 and 2 (equal), Duncan MacCowan, Luing, and Mary Macintyre, Oban; 3, Sarah Kennedy, Oban.

Sgeulachd—1, Duncan MacCowan, Luing; 2 and 3 (equal), Chrissie MacGillivray and Margaret MacLeod.

Vocal music, solo singing, female voices—1, Nellie Cameron, Oban; 2, Margaret MacLucas, Benderloch; 3, Lily MacLeod, Kilmilver.

Solo singing, male voices—1, Dan. M'Donald, Ballachulish; 2, Duncan MacCowan, Luing; 3, Dugald MacQuarrie, Luing.

Solo singing, male or female voices—1, Nellie Cameron, Oban; 2, Dan. MacDonald, Ballachulish; 3, Paul MacColl, Ballachulish.

Instrumental music, amateurs only—Highland march, Strathspey, and reel on pianoforte—1, Jessie Mackinnon, Tobermory; 2, Margaret MacCallum, Ballachulish.

#### MID ARGYLL MOD.

The second annual provincial Mod of the Mid Argyll and Nether Lorn district was held in Lochgilphead on Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th June, and the large gatherings who listened to the competitions, and who attended the concerts each evening, left no room for doubt as to the popularity



of the event, which may now be regarded as thoroughly established. This year the number of competitors in all sections was considerably increased, and all the judges commented on the excellence of the talent of the district; indeed, the opinion was freely voiced that *Mod Dhailriada* has become a close rival of the National Mod itself. As usual, special interest centred in the merits of the respective senior choirs, especially as this year a handsome challenge trophy was offered by Sir William Sutherland, M.P. Taking the hint from last year's criticism, *Ardrishaig* came forward with an admirably balanced choir, and, led by Mr Malcolm, they made an almost faultless appearance both as regards harmony and expression, and were duly complimented by the judges. On this occasion the *Minard* choir came second, largely owing to the superiority of their Gaelic pronunciation, and *Lochgilphead's* combination (last year's first prize-winners) were, along with the *Kilmartin* choir, relegated to third place. The efforts of the various choirs were received with enthusiastic applause, showing that the audience was drawn from all parts of the district, and there was general approval of the judge's comment that very little separated the various competitors.

#### JUNIOR CONCERT.

On Tuesday evening the leading winners in the Junior Section provided an excellent entertainment in the Drill Hall, and were warmly congratulated on the ability they displayed. Rev. Dr. Robertson presided over the large audience, and in presenting the prizes to the successful competitors Mrs. Watson, wife of Professor Watson, Edinburgh, referred to the great value of gatherings of that description in promoting and propagating the Gaelic language and the traditions and aspirations of the Highlands. She also commented on the desirability of having Gaelic-speaking teachers in the schools.

Professor Watson also gave a short address on the necessity for educating public opinion with regard to the objects of the Mod.

#### ENTERTAINMENT BY SENIORS.

On Wednesday evening practically the whole hall was reserved for first seat ticket-holders, and although the crush was scarcely as great as last year there was a crowded attendance, the platform being occupied by the combined choirs, numbering close on 100 voices. Opening with bagpipe selections by *Piper Angus M'Lean*, *Craignish*, and "*Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig*" by the choir, a splendid programme of song, recitation, and story, entirely sustained in Gaelic, was provided by the day's first prize-winners, with the aid of Messrs. R. MacLeod, *Inverness*; Neil Maclean, *Oban*; and Capt. Alastair M'Laren, *Dervaig*, each of whom was vociferously encored, and responded time after time. A couple of duets were also contributed by Miss J. M. B. Currie and Mr. MacLeod.

In the course of the proceedings the prizes won during the day were presented by Lieut.-Colonel D. Campbell of *Inverneill*, in introducing whom Rev. M. MacLeod paid appropriate tribute to his father's memory, and commented on Miss Campbell's admirable work on behalf of the Highlands, and especially in the interests of disabled soldiers and sailors.

At a later stage Mrs. Burney-Campbell of *Ormidale* addressed the gathering both in Gaelic and English. She remarked that it would be difficult, indeed, to hear finer music than they were listening to that evening, and the whole entertainment was extremely creditable to *Lochgilphead* and the district. Their main object was, of course, to encourage and propagate a love for their beautiful Gaelic language, and the history and traditions of

the Highlands, and An Comunn *Gaidhealach* had a scheme in view to have a gathering in Scotland in 1925 which would be representative of the Gaels in all parts of the world, and they had also a desire to establish a Gaelic centre of some sort at *Iona*.

A rousing and eloquent address on the objects of An Comunn was also given by Rev. Mr. MacKay, *Killin*, who joined in the congratulations to the competitors, the secretary (Rev. M. Macleod), and to all who had worked so magnificently to produce the admirable results they had witnessed. He hoped that provincial Mods such as theirs would be multiplied over Scotland, and said he was sure that if they sent representatives to the National Mod they would give a very good account of themselves.

The accompaniments were played by Misses Currie, Ford, and Brown, *Lochgilphead*, both of whom were leaders of junior and senior choirs, and generally contributed largely to the success of the Mod.

The concert was followed by a dance, in which about 100 couples took part. The music was provided by MacGregor's *Quadrille Band* and *Piper Nicol M'Callum*, *Kilmartin*, and the duties of M.C. were in the experienced and capable hands of Mr. J. M'Vean.

Appended are the prize-lists:—

#### JUNIOR SECTION.

Reading with expression a piece of poetry—1, *Jessie Morrison*, *Minard*; 2, *James Crawford*, *Minard*; 3, *Marion Beaton*, *Minard*, and *John Gray*, *Minard* (equal).

Reading a piece of prose—1, *James Crawford*, *Minard*; 2, *Willie Crawford*, *Minard*; 3, *Jessie Morrison*, *Minard*.

Reading of an unfamiliar prose piece—1, *Iain Urquhart*, *Minard*; 2, *Mary Jane MacRae*, *Tayvallich*.

Reciting from memory "Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealteachd"—1, *Jessie Morrison*, *Minard*; 2, *John Gray*, *Minard*; 3, *James Crawford*, *Minard*; 4, *Iain Urquhart*, *Minard*; 5, *Marion Beaton*, *Minard*.

Narrative based on some local incident, tradition, or legend—1, *Iain Urquhart*, *Minard*; 2, *Mary Jane MacRae*, *Tayvallich*.

Excellence in Gaelic conversation—1, *Iain Urquhart*, *Minard*; 2, *Mary Jane MacRae*, *Tayvallich*, and *James Gillies*, *Ford* (equal).

Solo singing, girls—1, *Nan Green Shields*, *Lochgilphead*; 2, *Mary Jane MacRae*, *Tayvallich*; 3, *Sarah Geddes*, *Ford*.

Solo singing, boys—1, *H. Crawford*, *MacAlpine*, *Ardrishaig*; 2, *Alastair Gillies*, *Lochgilphead*; 3, *James Gillies*, *Ford*.

Solo singing, boys and girls—1, *Nan Green Shields*, *Lochgilphead*, and *Buntie Harrison*, *Ford* (equal); 2, *Mary Jane MacRae*, *Tayvallich*; 3, *Netta Gillies*, *Tayvallich*.

Duet—1, *Nan Green Shields* and *Susan M'Allister*, *Lochgilphead*; 2, *James Gillies* and *Grace Johnstone*, *Ford*; 3, *M. G. Green Shields* and *Mary L. MacLachlan*, *Lochgilphead*.

Special prize for solo singing by girls under 10 years, presented by Mrs. Brown, *Lochgilphead*—1, *Mary Crawford*, *Minard*; 2, *Catrona Macleod*, *Lochgilphead*; 3, *Margaret MacLachlan*, *Lochgilphead*.

Choral singing in two-part harmony—1, *Minard School Choir*; 2, *Ford Junior Choir*; 3, *Lochgilphead Junior Choir*.

Choral singing in unison—1, *Ford Junior Choir*; 2, *Tayvallich Junior Choir*; 3, *Minard School Choir*.

Special prize by Mrs. Burnley-Campbell of *Ormidale*—*Tayvallich Junior Choir* and *Lochgilphead Junior Choir*.

Special prize by Professor W. J. Watson, Edinburgh, for the highest aggregate marks for the whole Junior Section of the Mod—Mary Jane MacRae, Tayvallich.

Highland Fling—1, Mary MacLean, Tayvallich; 2, Nellie Gillies, Lochgilphead; 3, Mary M'Allister, Lochgilphead.

Gille Calum—1, Mary MacLean, Tayvallich; 2, Mary MacAllister, Lochgilphead; 3, Isabel Rankin, Lochgilphead.

#### SENIOR SECTION.

Letter written in presence of the judge—Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale.

Reading (judge's choice)—1, Miss Mary Campbell; 2, Mr. James Mackellar, Tayvallich; 3, Miss Alena MacLean, Craignish, and Mr. D. Urquhart, Minard (equal).

Recitation (competitor's choice)—1, Miss Mary Campbell; 2, Miss Christina MacTavish, Lochgilphead; 3, Mr. Neil M'Lean, Craignish.

Sgeulachd narrating an old Gaelic tale—1, Miss Christina MacTavish; 2, Mr. D. Urquhart.

Solo, females—1, Miss Bessie Campbell, Ardrishaig; 2, Miss Jessie A. Gillies, Lochgilphead; 3, Miss Mary Leith, Minard.

Solo, males—1, Mr. D. Ferguson, Craignish; 2, Mr. Allan Cameron, Kilmichael, and Mr. Archd. Cameron, Ardfern (equal); 3, Mr. D. M'Lean, Lochgilphead.

Solo, males and females—1, Miss Jessie A. Gillies; 2, Miss Mary Campbell and Miss Annie M'Nair, Lochgilphead (equal); 3, Mr. John Carruthers, Lochgilphead.

Duet—1, Miss Jessie A. Gillies and Miss May Drummond, Lochgilphead; 2, Miss Annie MacBrayne and Miss Cathie Mitchell, Ardrishaig, and Miss Annie M'Nair and Miss Julia Brown, Lochgilphead (equal); 3, Miss Colina MacLachlan and Miss Isabella MacLachlan, Lochgilphead.

Choral—1 and winner of Sutherland Challenge Cup, Ardrishaig Choir; 2, Minard Choir; 3, Kilmartin Choir and Lochgilphead Choir (equal).

Bagpipes—march, strathspey, and reel—1, Mr. Colin MacLachlan, Tayvallich; 2, Mr. Ernest Turner and Mr. Duncan Turner, Minard (equal); 3, Mr. Neil M'Lean, Craignish.

Special prize by Mr. H. F. Campbell, Aberdeen, for highest aggregate in the Senior Section—Miss Mary Campbell. Parchment certificate will be presented to the competitor (Junior and Senior) from each Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach who has got the highest aggregate of marks.

The following were the judges:—Vocal music—Mrs. Watson, Edinburgh, and Mr. Roderick MacLeod, Inverness; Oral—Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow, and Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach; and Instrumental Music and Dancing—Capt. Alastair M'Laren, Dervaig, Mull, and Mr. J. Graham Campbell, yr., of Shirvan.

#### ABERFELDY MOD.

Judged by the large an enthusiastic gathering at the first Perthshire Provincial Mod held at Aberfeldy on Friday, 29th June, there is a very decided renewed interest in the Gaelic language, its music, and its arts. Gaelic speakers, and those interested in the language, flocked in from practically all parts of North Perthshire to hear and to see, and the result was one of the finest gatherings of its kind, probably ever held in the Big County. The Mod was in every respect highly creditable to the committee of Aberfeldy branch of An Comunn, and its president, Major Scott, along with its joint-secretaries, Miss Katie Menzies, Rannochles, and

Miss M. Munro, Breadalbane Villas, were warmly congratulated upon the highly successful result of their labours. They all took up the suggestion that a Mod should be held at Aberfeldy very heartily, and worked very hard for its success.

During the past winter and spring months a strong effort has been made to stimulate a greater interest amongst the young folks in the northern districts of Perthshire in the Gaelic language, and in this effort the lead has been taken very largely by the Aberfeldy branch of An Comunn. Mr. H. MacLean, a well-known Gaelic teacher, has been conducting classes in most of the districts of Northern Perthshire, giving every assistance and encouragement to those willing to learn, and to intending competitors at the Mod. His services have been highly valued, and the successful result was reflected in the large number of 210 entries for the various competitions at the Mod on Friday. In all the sections—oral delivery, vocal and instrumental music, and dancing—there was keen competition.

The Mod judges were:—Mr. Neil Orr, F.E.I.S., Liberton; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mr. W. B. Moonie, Mus.Bac., Edinburgh; Miss MacDonald, M.A., Edinburgh; Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane, Elderslie; and Pipe-Major MacDougall, Glasgow.

The following is the full Mod prize-list:—

#### JUNIOR SECTION.

##### ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading, with expression—1, Colin MacDonald, Logierait; 2, Peter Seaton, Ballinluig; 3, Jessie MacDougall, Killin.

Reading prose—1, Isabella Stewart, Blair Atholl; 2, Mary Menzies, Dull; 3, Colin MacDonald, Logierait.

Reading unfamiliar prose—1, Alastair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Robert Irvine, Ballinluig; 3, John Cameron, Ballinluig.

Reciting from memory—1, Peggie MacPherson, Killin; 2, Maggie Stewart, Killin; 3, Isobel Ferguson, Pitlochry.

Narrative based on local incident—1, Margaret Stewart, Killin; 2, Archibald Macgregor, Killin; 3, Helen MacGregor, Killin.

Gaelic conversation—1, Maggie Stewart, Killin; 2, Archibald Stewart, Killin; 3, Peggie MacPherson, Killin.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo singing, girls—1, Rena Robertson, Pitlochry; 2, Mary Leslie, Aberfeldy; 3, Mary Campbell, Pitlochry.

Solo singing, boys—1, John Macfarlane, Killin. Solo singing, girls and boys—1, Mary Campbell, Pitlochry; 2, Mary Leslie, Aberfeldy; 3 (equal), Jessie MacKenzie, Aberfeldy, and Teanie MacPherson, Killin.

Duet singing—1, Rena Robertson and James Taylor, Pitlochry; 2, Willie Watson and James Macnab, Grantully; 3, Hilda Keir and Jeannie Inglis, Pitlochry.

Choral singing—1, Pitlochry High School; 2, Grantully; 3, Aberfeldy.

Unison singing—1, Pitlochry; 2, Dull; 3, Aberfeldy.

#### SENIOR SECTION.

##### ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading unfamiliar prose—1, Miss MacWilliam, Killin; 2, Miss Nicholson, Struan; 3, Mrs. MacGregor, Milton of Derulich.

Recitation—1, John Ford, Fortingal; 2, Isobel Robertson, Pitlochry; 3, H. MacGregor, Pitlochry.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo singing, female voices—1, Miss A. Scott, Lawers View, Aberfeldy; 2, Miss E. Macmartin, Woodlands, Aberfeldy; 3, Miss M. Robertson, Rannoch.

Solo singing, male voices—1, James MacLaren, Killin; 2, John MacDougall, Fortingal; 3, Christie McDonald, Acharn.

Solo singing, male or female voices—1, Miss E. Macmartin, Aberfeldy; 2, Mrs. Lumsden, Glenlyon House; 3, Miss M. Robertson, Rannoch.

Duet singing—1, Miss E. Macmartin and Miss A. Gordon, Weem; 2, Miss A. Scott and Miss MacDiarmid; 3, Mrs. J. MacDougall, Killin, and J. MacLaren, Killin.

Choral singing—1, Pitlochry; 2, Blair Atholl; 3, Fortingal.

#### INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Bagpipes—march, strathspey, and reel—1, A. Struan Robertson, Killiechonan; 2, John Fraser, Fortingal; 3, Christie MacDonald, Acharn.

Violin—Gaelic song, strathspey, and reel—1, John Fraser, Fortingal.

Pianoforte—Highland march, strathspey, and reel—1, Miss C. Robertson, Aberfeldy; 2 and 3 (equal), Miss N. Macintosh, Aberfeldy, and Miss N. Stewart, Killin.

#### DANCING.

Dancing Highland Fling—1, Nellie Robertson, Pitlochry; 2, Katie Smollett, Aberfeldy.

Dancing the Sword Dance—1, Nellie Robertson, Pitlochry; 2, Katie Smollett, Aberfeldy.

Solo singing (senior section) of a song connected with Rannoch—1, James MacLaren, Killin; 2, Mrs. MacGregor, Milton of Derulch; 3, Miss M. Robertson, Rannoch.

Sgeulachd (narrating an old Gaelic tale)—1, John Stewart, Killin; 2, A. S. Campbell, Killin; 3, John Ford, Fortingal.

#### CONCERT.

A splendid concert was held in Aberfeldy Town Hall in the evening. The hall was packed to overflowing, and a first-rate programme was sustained by winners in the various Mod competitions. The large audience also immensely enjoyed the appearance on the platform of Miss J. M. B. Currie, Ford; Mr. Neil MacLean, and Mr. A. S. Robertson, who contributed solos.

Lord James Murray presided, and, in the course of a few remarks, which he began in Gaelic, read a telegram he had just received from Provost Haggart, in which the Provost expressed his deep regret in being unable to be present. Lord James also apologised for the unavoidable absence of Lady Helen Tod, who was to have been there that evening to present the prizes. She took a great interest in An Comunn, and she much regretted not being there, but, unfortunately, she had caught a chill on the previous Sunday, and had still to exercise care. Lord James thought Lady Helen would be doubly sorry in not being present that day when she heard of the unqualified success of the Mod. (Applause.) He believed that some people did not expect very much from Perthshire. Some people seemed to think the Perthshire Gaelic was not very good. They had been able to show them something that day. (Laughter and applause.) He could remember the time when the majority of the people of the Perthshire Highlands spoke Gaelic. They were intimately acquainted with the folk-lore of the country, its traditions, and its history. There was really very little they did not know about their own country. Then the new way of educating people came in, which, in his opinion, made people more of machines than anything else. (Hear, hear.) They were discouraged to study the past. He thought, however, that a new movement was setting in. There seemed to be a reaction coming, and they were now being encouraged to do those things which not so long ago they were told not to do. (Laughter and applause.)

He was glad to think that certain sections of the Highlands of Atholl and Breadalbane had managed to weather the storm of the second phase, and were coming back again to old things. There was now a desire on the part of parents to have Gaelic taught in schools. But it was not to the schools they must look, but to their individual efforts. (Hear, hear.) He would particularly ask the parents to take a little more interest in teaching their children the Gaelic language. The reason why children did not speak Gaelic was because the mothers did not speak it—(hear, hear)—so he thought that those mothers who could speak the language should now get busy. (Laughter and applause.)

Lord James received a very hearty vote of thanks on the call of Major Scott, and votes of thanks to Major Scott, the judges, the secretaries, and the competitors were proposed by Mr. A. Clow, solicitor.

Mrs. Stockwell, Strathtay, presented the prizes.

#### BRANCH REPORTS.

**LOCHABER.**—The series of Gaelic lectures held by this Branch for many years past at its "Ceilidhean," were never more successful than during last winter. The unusually large attendance always present testified the appreciation of the listeners. The sincerest thanks are due by the Comunn Abrach to those who bestowed so much thought and trouble on the various papers, which combined much interest with literary charm. Those who lectured included:—The Rev. R. Crawford of Kilmalie, the Rev. J. Macdougall of Aberfoyle, the Rev. Cyril Dickhoff of Fort-Augustus; Mr. Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach; Mr. MacAulay, headmaster, Banavie; the Rev. J. Macfarlane, Barrow of Kinlochleven; and the Rev. D. MacRae of Duror.

**MINARD.**—*Lecture.*—This was on the Gaelic language, tracing its history through the ages. *Classes.*—Voluntary classes in Gaelic have been held by Miss MacNab throughout the winter for the children, senior and junior. These have been well attended all through, although held out of hours at the end of a day in school. The children have shown real interest, and they have been well supported by their parents, who desire that Gaelic should be put on the curriculum in the school. An effort is now being made to get this done, and the matter is at present before the Education Authority of Argyll, and it is hoped that in this case they will see their way shortly to carry out the law of 1918. *Singing Class.*—When Mr. MacVicar arrived, this was taken up with real enthusiasm. Choral singing, either in Gaelic or English, has never before been attempted in Minard, but under Mr. MacVicar, whose cheery presence and real keenness was a delight to everyone, steady progress was made from the first, both among the children and the younger grown-up members of the community, who willingly came to practise three nights a week, and on many occasions gave up their usual Saturday evening occupations to sing the old songs. Since Mr. MacVicar left, Miss MacNab has added the schooling of the choir to her other numerous efforts in the good cause. The work she has put in during the first winter—teaching, organising, conducting, and rounding up members—is enormous. We all hope that Mr. MacVicar will come back next year. He made himself at home at once, and all were sorry when he had to move on. Whatever the results of the forthcoming Mod at Lochgilphead may be, and Minard has great hopes, the branch would seem to have justified its conception, and next winter it will hope even to enhance its first efforts.

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Leabhar XVIII.]

An t-Sultuin, 1923.

[Earrann 12

### MOD INBHIRNIS.

Mar is aithne do mhòran de ar luchd-leughaidh bidh Mòd bliadhnail A' Chomuinn air a chumail an Inbhirnis an ceann beagan sheachdainean. Tha iomadh comh-fharpais air a suidheachadh airson litreachas is ceòl. Is e so aon de na meadhanan a tha An Comunn a' cleachdadh a chum an cànan a bheothachadh; agus tha dòchas gu bheil am Mòd a' cuidicheadh gu mòr gu bhith a' coimhlionadh na crìche so. Chithear aig aon am an aon àite còmhlan de luchd na Gàidhlig. Tha an cridheachan a' lasadh le gràdh do'n aobhar. Tha am briathran dealasach is dùrachdach as leth na seann chainnt. Tha na nithean sin 'n an cuideachadh do'n mhuinntir leis am miann an eòlas air a' Ghàidhlig a mheudachadh. Ann am bailtean mòra na Galldachd, agus an ceàrnaibh iomallach air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, tha luchd-sgrìobhaidh a' deasachadh an oidheirpean, eadar rosg agus rann; tha còisirean na h-òigridh is nan inbheach ag ullachadh an cuid òran. Oir is e tha anns a' Mhòd ach latha dearbhaidh, a nochdas cìod e an obair a rinn na comh-fharpaisich fad na h-ùine a bha iad 'g an uidhimeachadh féin airson na strì. Agus mar is trice bheir an luchd-deuchainn làn dearbhaidh air am foghainteachd.

Labhairidh cuid mar gum b'è crìoch àraidh A' Chomuinn—eadhon a bhith cumail coinneamh chiùil aon uair 's an bhliadhna. Tha cuirm chiùil gu math, ag ùrachadh dealais agus càrdeis. Ach an dèidh gach nì chan eil anns a' Mhòd ach earrann bheag de shaothair A' Chomuinn. Tha e ro iomchuidh

gum biodh buill A' Chomuinn anns gach 'aite a' cumail sin air chumhne. Tha e fàs nas soilleire dhuinn gach latha gur e prìomh dhleasdanas A' Chomuinn a bhith cur uile neart air aon phuing shònruichte—agus is e sin, gum biodh a' Ghàidhlig air a teagasg do chloinn na Gàidhealtachd. Chuala sinn iomradh air Achd an Fhòghluim. "Chan eil feum am piob mur cluichear i." Chan eil feum an Achd Parlamaid mur téid a chur an gnìomh gu h-èifeachdach. Is e so an gnè na cùise. Am bidh sinn riarachtaiche le Achd air paipeir a mhàin, an uair a tha a' Ghàidhlig 'g a dearmad gu mì-laghail. Tha moran an crochadh air Ughdarais an Fhòghluim anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Am bheil na h-Ughdarais bodhar a thaobh na Gàidhlig. Faiceamaid gum bi deagh gheallaidhean air an coimhlionadh gu h-onarach. O am gu am thachair comh-labhairt is deasbaireachd eadar luchd-stiùiridh an fhòghluim, agus a' bhuidheann sin de'n Chomunn ris an earbair ceist an fhòghluim. Tha aon nì deimhin. Chan eil sinn a' dol a ghabail diùltadh no dòicheil. Seasamaid ar grunn. Seasamaid ar còirichean. Agus ma nì sinn sin, théid an latha leinn.

Aig a' Mhòd so tighinn tha rud no dhà a tha annasach anns na riaghailtean. A thaobh na seinn tha luchd-dreuchd A' Chomuinn a' faireachadh cìod e cho riatanach 's a tha e, gum biodh iadsan a gheibh urram airson seinn, comasach co dhìu air Gàidhlig a labhairt. Anns na bliadhnanach a dh'fhalbh thachair e ro thrìce gu'n d'fhuaras duais airson seinn òran Gàidhlig le muinntir a bha aineolach air a' chànan, agus nach do rinn dìchioll riamh air a h-ionnsachadh. Cha robh sud ceart.



Bha a leithid sin a' toirt air falbh misneach an luchd-deuchainn a labhradh Gàidhlig, ged nach robh an cuid seinn cho ealanta. Ach a nis rinnadh riaghailtean ùra, gu h-àraidh a thaobh còisirean nan inbheach. Feumaidh, air a' chor as lugha, dara leth na feadhnach a tha anns na còisirean, a bhi comasach air Gàidhlig a bhruideann. Is e so an t-innleachd as fearr gu flor spiorad na seinn Ghàidhealaich a chumail beò. Tha an dòigh sheinn sin cho dùthchasail ri ceò nam beann, agus gu tur eadardhealaichte o dhòigh nan Gall. Freagraidh alt a' Ghoill airson feumalachd a' Ghoill fhéin; ach cha dean e idir a' chùis airson òran Gàidhlig a sheinn a réir a' mhodha shinnseireil.

Air a' bhliadhna so mar an ceudna tha ceud duais na bàrdachd a' dol an riochd nuadh. An àite suim airgid is e ceud duais na bàrdachd a nis—fheasg no crùn, a théid a chàradh air ceann a' bhàird. Saoidh sinn gu bheil an t-urram ùr so de nàdur a dhùisgeas macneamna a' Ghàidhil. Ged a tha suim airgid glé fheumail, gidheadh is cinnteach nach ann air sgàth airgid a rinn-eadh a' bhàrdachd a mhaireas beò, agus a dhruigheas air a' chridhe. Tha sinn an diugh ro-bhuailteach air a bhi tuilleadh is fada fo bhuaidh airgid, agus air a bhi a' meas luach nam bàrd leis a' cheart chùineadh leis ann measar badhar nam marsantain. Gabhamaid beachd air na Cuimrich, ar bràithrean an fuil is an cainnt. Is e crùnadh a' bhàird tachartas cho eireachdail is a chithear aig Coinneamh Mhór nan Cuimreach. Chan eil an airgid ach brosnachadh bochd air inntinn a' bhàird an coimeas ris an onair a tha leantainn gnàths a' chrùnaidh.

Gun teagamh sam bith tha sinn mar Ghàidhil anabarrach fada air ais anns na modhan loinneil tha dualach do chinneil aosmhor mar a tha sinne, aig am bheil ar n-eachdraidh a' ruigheachd air ais gu cian nan cian. Chum na Cuimrich beò An Ghoirseid—is e sin seann chomunn nam bàrd, le sochairean is éideadh fa leth a nuas troimh na ginealaich. Ach tha Cliath-Sheanachainn nan Gàidheal a cheart cho sean is cho eireachdail ri Goirseid nan Cuimreach. Carson nach duisgeadhmaid A' Chliath-Sheanachainn? Carson nach athbheothaichamaid an Dàmh—sin ri radh Sgoil nam bàrd Ghàidhlig? Cha leig sinne a leas dad sam bith a ghabhail an iasad o na Cuimrich. Tha na seann chomuinn is na seann ainmeanan againn fhéin. Ghlacadh na nithean sin aig na linn òige, agus bhiodh an òigridh a' gabhail tlachd is uail as an seann chànan. Mar rachadh na

bàird a chrùnadh aig na Mòid bhliadhnaibh bhiodh fear is fear 'g a chur ris an àireamh. Air a' bhonn sin bhiodh Gàidheil fhoghlum-aite a' toirt aire do shaothrachadh na cànan, agus bhiodh breathnachadh nan linntean deireannach a' faotainn snas o an loinn a bha air cairnt is smuain ar sinnsir.

## LITIR A CANADA.

Inbhirnis, Albainn Nodha,  
Ceud la do Lùnasdal, 1923.

### A CHARAIDE,

Is fheudar dhomh feuchainn ri facal no dhà a chur ri chèile air son aobhar na Gàidhlig, agus innseadh mu dheighinn féil a bha air a cumail ann a Siorramachd Phictou, air a mhòs a chaidh seachad, gu bhi a' cumail cuimhne air a cheud luchd soithich a thàinig a mach à Alba a dheanamh dachaidh dhaibh féin 'san àite so. Thàinig a' bhuidheann iomraiteach so air a' luing "Hector," bho chionn ceud gu leth bliadhna air ais; agus bha carragh-cuimhne eireachdail air a chur suas, le lomhaigh Gàidheil na sheasamh air cloich mhoir, teann air ceithir troidhe fichead a dh'àird, air a sgeudachadh le féileadh beag 's a' bhoineid, gunna 'na laimh dheis, is tuagh air a ghuailinn eile. Tha a' sgrìobhadh a tha air a' chloich 'sa Bheurla agus an Gàidhlig, mar a leanas:—

"Na chuimhneachan le uail air misneach, creideamh, agus cruadal nan Albannach gaisgeil sin a sheòl air imrich air a' luing 'Hector,' agus a ràinig Pictou air a' chòigeamh là deug de September, seachd ceud deug trì fichead 's a trì deug, a cheud chuideachd de'n armait mhóir à Alba, muinntir, mar an sìochd nan déigh, le'm beachdan àrd, le'm beusan urramach, agus le'n oibrichean buanachdail, a bha na'n sàr chuideachadh ann an deagh riaghladh agus togail suas Chanada. Air a thogail an 1923 agus air a chur fo chùram maireanach Baile Phictou le Comunn Naoinh Aindreas, Glascho Nuadh. Bi leinn, O Dhia air n-aithriche, 's na dòbair sinn gu bràth."

Bha cruinneachadh mór ann de Ghàidhil às gach àite, agus bha a h-uile nì air a chur air adhairt gu h-òrdail, réidh mar a thig-eadh do chlann nan Gàidheal, le iomairt a bha duineil, glan mar a tha cur na cloiche, gearadh leum, ruith, tilgeadh a' chabair, agus a leithidhean sin. Bha àireamh mhór de phlobairean ann, is dannsairean, caileagan òga bòidheach bho dheich bliadhna

suas gu ocbd-bliadhna deug agus a dhanns cho loinneal 's a chunnaid duine riamh. Bha iad uile cho taitneach do 'n t-sùil is gu robh e doirbh do na breitheamhan Innse có a bha dligeach air an duais a b' àirde.

A bharrachd air sin, bha òraidean eireachdail air an toirt seachad 'sa chainnt bhriagha sin, a thug a' luchd-imrich a nall, agus a chluinnear an iomadh ceàrn 'san dùthaich so, an òrain 'sa fearas-chuideachd. Bhruidhinn Ard Uachdaran Eilean Prionns Eideard, an t-Urramach Murachadh Mac-Fhionnghain (Lieut. Gov.), a dol thairis air an fheum a rinn na h-Albannaich leis a' chànan sin, agus cho priseil 'sa bha i aca, agus a' toirt eairail air muinntir a' latha an diugh iad a chur am barrachd suim innte air son a togail suas aon uair eile na h-inbhe fhéin. Thug e smàdadh na dunach do'n muinntir a leig seachad i gu buileach is a tha gabhail orra fhéin a bhí 'nan Gàidhil.

An déigh sin bhruidhinn an duine-usal á Glascho, Aonghas MacDhonnachaidh, agus is ann aige fhéin a bha an gnothach a dh'ol an ceann òraid Ghàidhlig, a thoirt seachad. An uair a bha e labhairt bha na beanntan air an toirt mu choinneamh na cuideachd, is nach mòr nach faiceadh iad an ceò ag iadheadh mu na stéic, is chluinneadh iad torman nan allt is ceileireadh nan eun an uair a bha e toirt seachad dealbh-fhacal air Tir nam Beann. "Agus," ars' esan, "chan eil a' chànan a bha sibh ag éisdeachd a chiad chuid de'n là ach mar chuireagan a la an dé an coimeas ris a' Ghàidhlig a bha miltean do bhliadhnachan a dh'aois mu robh guth idir air a' Bheurla. Tha ceileireadh nan eun san' doire, torman nan allt agus langanaich an fhéidh ri'n cluinntinn an diugh a cheart cho ceòlmhor 's cho taitneach sa bha iad a' latha a dh'fhàg ar sinnsear Tir na Fìràn is nan Armunn; is tha a' Ghàidhlig 'ga cumail beò a dh'aindeoin na chaidh a dheanamh air son cur as dhith, anns na linnéan a chaidh seachad. Deanadh sibhse air deasdanas ris an dileab a dh'fhàgadh gaibh, a thàinig a nuas thugaibh troimh mhiltean de bhliadhnachan gun ghaiseadh, gun mheirg, a chainnt anns an do dh'altrum Alba na gaisgeach sin a tha'n ainm sa'n cliu fad is farsuing anns gach ceàrn dhe'n t-saoghal, is a rinn àite, agus a fhuair urram anns gach rìoghachd fo'n ghréin. Togaibh bratach na Gàidhlig agus cumaibh suas na h-àite fhéin i anns an dachaidd is anns na tighean aoraidh; agus leanaihb an deagh obair air adhart gus am bith i air a teagasg 'sna sgoiltean is anns na tighean-oidh. Tha e na ni nàr gu bheil feadhainn ri faighinn a bha air am bualadh

le pròis amaidich a feuchainn ri Goill a dheanamh dhui féin, a leig uatha an aon chomharra as fheàrr a ghabhas toirt seachad air an nàistinneachd. Ged a tha Tir nam Beann na cruthachd mar a bha i ri linn Oisein is Fhinn tha i a' fàs lag na sean aois, agus tha i a' cur glaoch a mach a dh'ionnsuidh na cloinne iad a dheanamh cuideachadh leatha anns an oidhirp a tha i deanamh an dràsda air son ath-beothachadh a thoirt do'n Ghàidhlig, 'sa cur taobh ri taobh ris na cànaean eile. Carson, a chàirdean, nach seas sinne ar son na cainnt mhàtharail sin a bha cho priseil aig ar sinnsear, a bha mar phàirt dhui fhéin, anns an robh an t-anam aca taisgte suas? Ma chumas sibhse, a Chlann nan Gàidheal, ri guailibh a chéile, cha chùram nach fhaigh i cothrom na Féinne."

Chaidh gairm air fear de'n chuideachd, ministear a tha ann am Port Hastings an eilean Cheap Breatuinn, an t-Urramach Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach, no mar a thug e a shloinneadh seachad Dòmhnall MacRaonuill 'Ic Iain 'Ic Dhòmhnall Bhàin 'Ic 'Ileasbuig, á Cille-bhaestair 'n Cill-mhoire an Trodairnis. Is e an duine-usal so a rinn an t-eadar-theangachadh a tha air a chloich a dh'ainmich mi. Anns a cheud àite chuir e fa chomhair an t-sluaigh an cumadh a tha air Eilean Cheap-Breatuinn, mar tha e sgoilte 'na dhà leth gu ire glé bheag agus an dà thaobh dheth mar dhà làimh mhóir sinne mach sa chuan a null a dh'ionnsuidh Alba, mar gu'm bitheadh a' toirt cuireadh dhaibh iad a thighinn a nall an so, far a bheil saorsa fearainn, pailteas oibrichean, agus teachd an tìr mhath, a tha mar thoradh air an obair a rinn na gaisgeach a thàinig sa ghabh àite 'sa "Chuille Ghruaimich," sa dh'fhàg dùthaich fhosgailte aig an cloinn. Tha an t-urramach na dhuine ionnsuichte, agus chaidh e thairis air mòran nithean a bha taitneach ri 'n cluinntinn, agus tha sinn an dòchas a bhitheas tarbhach 'san deagh obair.

An déigh na h-òraidean a bhí seachad, bha an t-àm againn sealltuinn air son greim suipear, agus an uair a fhuair sinn sin seachad chaidh sinn do thalla na céilidh, far an robh a chuid a b'fheàrr de'n chuirm air a gleidheadh gu deireadh. Bha Màiri Nic Mhathain a Steornabhagh ri bhí seinn, agus tha mise ag ràdh ribh gu robh cuirm an sin a dh'fhochnadh do na rìghrean, anns an robh Ard-Uachdaran Chanada, Baron Byng, agus mòran de dh'uaislean na tìre. Bha mu thri mìle pearsa a stigh, agus sheinn ar bana-charsaid mar nach do rinn i riamh roimhe, orain Bheurla agus Ghàidhlig. 'Se a

Ghàidhlig a bu mhotha sheinn i, agus a' fonn ga thogail aig an t-sluagh le iollach àrd. Cha robh an sluagh idir toigheach air i a stad, 's b'fheadar dhi ceithir no coig eile a chaidh iarraidh orra a sheinn. 'Nam measg bha "Horó mo nighean donn bhòidheach," agus "Oidhehe Mhath Leibh." Tha sinn uile duilich gu bheil ar bana-charaid ri seòladh a null gu Eilean an Fhraoich an ùine ghoirid; ach tha sinn an dòchas gu faigh i gabhail rithe gu math nuair a ruigeas i, mar a thubhairt Bàrd Bharbhais, "Eilean mo ghaoil 'se Eilean ma ghràidh." Rinn i obair mhath 'san dùthaich so airson na Gàidhlig, agus bithidh sinn an dòchas gu'n tig i nall là air choir-éigin eile. Tha e na nì taitneach tachairt ri leithidean Màiri agus Aonghais 'Ic Dhonnachaidh, a tha cho eudmhor, agus a tha a' deanamh na h-uiread air son Tir is Cànain nan Gaisgeach.

Gum bitheadh iadsan agus a h-uile duine eile a thogas suas a bhraatach a soirbheachadh 'nan obair, is e dùrachd agus guidhe

IAIN MHC'DHÒMHNULL.

## CAOIDH NAN TUNNAGAN.

Rinneadh an t-òran a leanas mar gu b'ann le bean-tighe àraidh air taobh an Iar an Eilean Sgitheanaich mo chall dà thunn-àig air mhòd dhiomhair nach tàinig gu solus riamh, a dh'aindeoin iomadh sanas a chuir na coimhearsnaich agus a teaghlach féin na ceann mar a ta an dàn a nochdadh. Faodar an t-òran a sheinn ri fonn "A mhàldag a bhròillich ghil," a thainig a mach an "Gailig" an Oig-mhios so chaidh.

Seisid:

Mo thruaighe mar tha mi 'n diugh,  
Cìod dh'èirich do mo thunnagan;  
Mo thruaighe mar tha mi 'n diugh,  
Gur' muladach a ta mi!

'S ann moch Di-Iuain thuirt Uilleam rium,  
"Cìod thachair do na tunnagan?  
Chan-eil iad anns an iodhlainn no  
'San luba mar a b' àbhaist."

Thuirt Alasdair le plneas air,  
"Se'm feocullan a mhìll iad oirn,  
'S ma rannsaichear gu dìchiollach  
Bidh mìrean diubh an àit'-eigin."

Ach 's ann a fhreagair Seònaid,  
"Se madadh-ruadh le sheòltachd  
A dh'fhalbh leatha air sgòrnain  
Mar bhèò-shlainne d' a àlach."

Thuirt Iain Ruadh, "Cha'n fheòcullan  
No sionnach ghoid na h-eòin agaibh,  
Ach ceàrdan bradach Bhòranais  
Di-dòmhnuch moch nuair dh'fhàg iad."  
Thuirt Mór nigh'n Nèill a fanaid oirn,  
"Is ann a thog an clambhan iad,  
'S ma dh'fhàg e anns na h-Earradh iad  
Gheibh fear-eigin na dhà ud."  
Sud far'n robh na h-àilleagain,  
Iad uaine 's breac is tarr-gheal,  
Ma chl thu iad cuir bàirleigeadh  
Gu Anna Bhàn an "Gàilig."

MURACHADH CAIMBEUL.

## LOCH GHRABHAIR— CUIMHNEACHAN.

By DONALD MATHESON, M.A.

Is gann gu robh a' ghrian air teachd am follais o pàillinn 'san àird an ear ag òradh ceann na Creige Fraoich, na bha mi ullamh air son gluasad air slighe bha na mo shealladh a rannsachadh o laithean mo leanabais. Air leagadh an eithir o h-ionad taimh a dh'ionnsuidh na mara, agus faighinn m'iomadh ghoireasan an òrdugh, thog mi orm triall air an fharsuingeachd de mhuir ciùin air mo thurus a dh'ionnsuidh Creagan na Càbaig. Cha robh dòigh innt agam ach na dheanadh dà ramh dhomh, ach cha robh sin gu deibhir, oir bha mi ullamh air son uile iarratasan duine ré an latha.

Bho'n àite san robh mi bha'n dealbh a bha sìnte mach fa chomhair mo shùil 'san àite iomallach so gu dearbh iongantach ra fhaicinn is duilich a chuir stòs an cànain. Oir, gu cinnteach, cha robh sùil a chuireadh eadar-dhealachadh eadar dathan nàdurach na talmhainn is an sealladh bha air a thoirt orra le solus dorcha-bhuidhe na grèine a nis ag éiridh; agus gu cinnteach cha robh feallsan a leughadh na smuaintean a bha an sealladh iongantach so a togail annam.

Bha a' chuachag gu socrach ach gu h-aoibhneach a' seinn le a guth tha an còmhnuidh ceòlmhor—saòileam a' comh-fhreagairt do'n mhaduinn lìllidh so, oir gu cinnteach dh'feumadh i seinn. Aig ceann eile a' bhàigh bha'n seann tigh-sgoile air a chòmhdachadh 'san cheò bha laighe gu h-ìosal agus a bha sìneadh a mach a sgiathan troimh Ghleann Odhairn cho fada sa dhearcadh sùil. Shaoileam an sgàilean bha so ri còmhdachadh tigh sgoile làithean m-bìge bhì nochdadh mòran nis modha na sgàilean aimsireil. Thug ni eigin a thaobh

mi re tamull a choimhead air an t-sealladh neònach so. Rinn sin is a leithid de smuaintean iad féin aithnichte, ach rinn ath-smuainteachadh nochdadh an gliocas a ta 'san rádh, nach dean tìm no seòl-mara fuireach ri aon duine. Dh'imir mi mòr àmh le spionnadh, oir dh'fhòglum mi gun deanadh beagan mhìonaidean coimh-lìonadh mo mhian na mhilleadh orm. Mar so bha mi a' treabhadh mo rathaid, astar ràimh o thìr a dh'ionnsuidh "Leac a' Sgrìobhaidh," mar gum biodh i air a suidheachadh le nàdur air son teagais is geur-mhòthuchadh thoirt do fhear-turuis 'sam bith air obair iongantach a' chruthachaidh.

Tha sgeulachd neònach gu minig air a h-ìnnse ann an ceangal ris a mhullach thomadach ud, "Creag na Mulchaig." Tha cnap càise air a thaisbeanadh le clach chruinn na fhìor teis-meadhon. Tha faoin eachdraidhean a' toirt barail gu robh e air a thilgeadh tarsuinn o thìr mòr le seann bhean usail. Tha'n dath a tha air a' chlaich tuille no na's lugha ann an combhionnachd, liath-ghlas; ach tha'n cnap càise ann an eu-coslas fìor gheal, is a' laighe an uaigneas, maith dh'fhaoide an fosgladh deanta leis a' ghrad dhlùthachadh. Tha na faoin eachdraidhean ud gu dearbha cuid-eachail ann a bhi meorachadh air obair a' chruthachaidh; agus, mar so a' smuain-eachadh, dlhùthaich mi am fagus do shealladh cho mìorbhuilleach sa tha e nam fhiosrachadh fhaoicinn riamh—Leac a' sgrìobhaidh. Tha sgrìobhadh, gun fhiosachd air mathair aobhair, an so air a leigeadh ris, is air fhòlach le seòl-mhara an-shocrach a Mhìnach. Tha'n doilleireachd gu h-àraidh sònruichte anns an t-seachd gu bheil e mhàin ra fhaoicinn o'n mhuir, is sin aig astar àraidh o thìr. Ann a' làithean fad air falbh, tha mi tuigsinn gu'n d'fhuair a chlach so geur-rannsachadh o iomadh foghlumaiche ainmeil, ach, gu mi fhòrtanach; gun tairbhe no buannachd. Am feum a' bhrìgh bhi am bitheantas an dubhar? Tha'n sgrìobhadh meadhanach soilleir ach 'sann tha'n trioblaid a laighe 'na lorg gu aobhair ionannachd. Cha'n ann air a ghearradh 'san chloich a tha e, ni mo tha e daithte; an àite sin tha'n comhar de dhath nàdurach ga chumadh féin na leithid a dhòigh thuigseach, 's gu bheil e do-thuigsinn e bhi rùnaichte 'san dòigh mhìorbhuilleach, gidheadh mhi-chiallach, so. Am feud e bhith gur e sud obair rìomhach cumhachd mhòr intinn, no bheil e ann mar iongantasan eile na cruitheachd air son mealladh eanchainn inneachdach an duine?

An urrainn geur-chuiseachd smuaintean ùr bhi air a thoirt gu bhi ag eadar-theangachadh barailean nas lugha, maith dh'fhaoide, a bhuineas do linn bhorb? Bhitheadh e na dhànadas' an tràthsa' faisteachd a dlèanamh mu bhrèith lìnntean a leanas mu thimchioll; ach a bhòichead is a shuidheachadh gun choimeas, is gann gun urrainn e bàsachadh ann an eadar-theangachadh. Chaidh mi air tìr, agus, air gabhail aig an eithear dhomh, laigh mi sìos a sìreadh fois agus beathachadh. Bha m'uaireadair a cunntadh uair as déigh uair, a bolgadh a mach doimhne lìnntean a chaidh seachad am feadh sa bha mise ag éisdeachd, am measg nithibh eile, ri céilearadh neònach iseanag 'og 'nan nead air sgor os mo chionn. Bha nuallan domhain nan tonn a beucaich a rathaid troimh 'Gheodha na mnà ri chluinntinn fad air falbh a' deanamh mall fhreagairt cosmhuil ri trom dhubbhas. Ma dh'fhoadas neach eòlas fhaoitinn air suidheachadh intinn a bhàird, is cinnteach gur e cùisean mar so thug dha cuir an céill fhairachdain 'san dòigh so:—

"An aitearachd bhuan cluinn fuan na h-aitearachd àrd,

Tha torunn a chuain mar chualas leamsa e nam phàist,

Gun mhùthadh gun truas a sluaisreadh gainneamh na traghad,

An aitearachd bhuan cluinn fuan na h-aitearachd àrd."

Air neul 'san dòigh so bha mo cheann a snàmh le fàileadh làidir an fhraoich, is iomadh boladh cùbhraidh eile a bhitheas nàdur ri àm blàiths a' brùchdadh.

Air dhomh a bhi ag amharc 'san dòigh mhòr-aobinnich shubhaich so, dh'bisg mi gu geur-mhòthachadh air m'aonarachd. "Rinn Dia na h-uile ni maith," arsa mise. "Am measg beatha tha sinn ann am bàs." Mar sin a' briseadh an tosd òidheire so, thog mi orm a dh'ionnsuidh an eithir. A' gluasad o thìr choimhead mi aon uair eile na creagan àrda, cas ud, a tha òrdichte gu bhi deanamh faire air an t-sealladh uaigneach so. Leamsa is ceol neamhaidh torman muladach bith-bhuan a' chuain ga bhualadh féin air na stècan ud. Air mo shonsa, maise na carraig-se ri lasadh mu dhòl fodha na gréine, na tallan mharbhor, no beartas iomadh rìgh.

Bha'n t-slighe air ais fionnar leis an amnoch, ach an so is an sud am fagadh nan rugha bha faile cùbhraidh an latha nis gu maireann a' bàsachadh, ach a' deanamh moille fathast. Bha'n cladach gu h-ionnan

ag iadhadh leis gach seòrsa éisg am measg air robh mucan-mara gu furachar a ghuasad air ais is air adhart, toilleadh a réir coslais 'nan comharadh ùr; am feadh sa bha faoileagan an còmhnaidh a' tomadh is ag éirigh le caithream, air dhoibh biadh fhaotainn air son an àil acraich anns na mullaich faig air laimh. Air ruigsinn "Creagan na Ceap" dhomh, bha ghrian a' deàrrsadh gu sèimh le dealradh neo-thruaillidh thairis air an talamh a bha nis fàs dorcha, am feadh sa bha ise ga h-ìsleachadh féin thairis air na beanntan 'san taobh an iar.

## THE CLASSICS OF CEOL-MOR.

By GEORGE MACKAY.

"Old Scotia's wild, romantic pipe,  
Long linked with many a stirring tale,  
I love to hear thy martial notes  
Come swelling on the gale.  
Pipe of a thousand battlefields  
Thou music of the brave and free,  
The fearless spirit of the north  
Pours thrilling forth in thee."

—Calder.

The culture of the Celtic race of Albion is brilliantly exemplified in its *piobaireachd*, the beautiful classical music of the Highland pipe—a music entirely its own, and one that cannot be attempted on any instrument but the *piob mhor*.

The story of the pibroch is an arresting theme that might well inspire the pen of the poet, the brush of the artist, the finger of the musician, or the bulky volume of the historian.

Think of its associations, its traditions, its antiquity. Consider its compositions, their variety and diversity of character, and the wealth of thought enshrined in their music.

Ancient battle pieces, that tell the tale of other years, of far-off days, and battles long ago, spurring the mind to heroic deeds, quickening the pulse and thrilling the heart with the stirring memories of a thousand years; proclaiming the story of a people who for ever went forth to battle and for ever fell.

Plaintive laments, that wail in accents of great beauty and poignant grief the cry of the heart for those loved and lost, impressing the mind with the pathos and mystery of life, as in the beautiful tune, "*Cumha na Cloinne*," in which M'Crinmon laments the untimely death of his seven sons; or the

pathetic "Sister's Lament," expressing the frantic grief of the youthful lady of Keppoch in the terrible tragedy that befel her brother.

Another distinct class of composition in *piobaireachd* is what might be termed the "impersonal" lament. Here it was often necessary to give expression to mixed feelings, righteous indignation in addition to sorrow and regret, at many injustices done, and very finely and effectively has the composer succeeded in giving expression to his feelings in this subtle form of composition, as in the "Lament for the Union" and the "Unjust Incarceration," both outstanding examples of this type of lament, and beautiful works of art in the gallery of the old masters of *ceòl mór*.

Then there is "The Gathering"—the wild cry of the *cruinneachadh*, with its sudden, swift summons to battle—at the familiar call of which men hurriedly buckled on sword and dirk, and the fiery cross sped o'er moor and glen.

The stately "Salute to Chief" and "*Duine Uasal*," dignified and delightful, proud and pleasing to the ear, or the "*Faillte*," the sweet and sonorous melody of welcome, voicing the hospitality of the Gael.

Many of the descriptive and miscellaneous pieces are inspired by the beauty of fair women and lyrical with the sweet music of nature. The blackbird's note of love in the bush; the lark's song of joy in the sky; the tinkling of the burn in the woods; the plashing of little falls in the corrie; the sighing of the wind in the trees; the monotone of mountain torrent; the symphony of the breeze in the forest; the whispering leaves in the green canopy like the rustling of a woman's garment. Others, again, with the sound of the sea in them—the restless sea, with its ceaseless surf-beat, and melancholy refrain—moaning at midnight round *Eilean a Cheò*, or thundering at the gates of the mighty Cape Wrath.

The "Lament for the Union" has been mentioned as an example of the type of tune commemorating an injustice. This may sound strange and paradoxical to those accustomed to regard the Union of Parliaments, in 1707, as an unmixed blessing and a special dispensation of providence to Scotland—an event that they think ought to have inspired anthems of rejoicing rather than lamentations. But whatever be the divergence of opinion in the present day regarding the beneficial results of union, there is no doubt whatever as to how it was looked upon in Scotland at the time of its



consummation. Intense indignation was universal at this bartering away of the nation's distinctive nationality; also the despicable manner in which the act was brought about, and became law in defiance of the will of the people, further incensed the populace, and filled them with a sense of disgust and humiliation. Possibly the event is now generally regarded as a profound illustration of the wisdom of the Biblical saying: "That which was sown in dishonour is raised in glory"—a philosophy, the truth of which, in relation to the Union of Parliaments, need not be dwelt upon in an article of this nature, concerned only with a composition made on an event which, in the composer's day, was rightly regarded as a fit subject for lamenting over.

One of the finest and most remarkable of *ceòl mòr* compositions is that known as the "Lament for the Harp," a noble epic poem of the pipe, and a great tribute to the sister instrument which it superseded. Little is known of this great masterpiece, "*Cumha Craobh nan Teud*," except what is traditional and legendary, but the name is suggestive, and is reminiscent of the time when the beautiful Highland harp reigned supreme, when the strings of the clarsach were pulled in hall and castle, delighting the ears of noble lord and lady fair with its melodious mellow music.

The harp, however, was much too tame an instrument to alone satisfy the aspirations of so virile and warlike a race as the Gael of Alba, whose martial instincts demanded a powerful and more characteristic instrument, and one better adapted to lead them in the field. So, in time, it came to pass that the "tree of strings" had to make way for the "bag of pipes," and great would be the stir caused thereby, and great the jealousy of the old harper at the youthful usurper of his kingdom. One can well imagine that the coming of the pipe would cause universal rejoicing in the Highlands, and the perfecting of it would be entered upon with great enthusiasm, its birth would be hailed with delight, and its first accents of childhood listened to with joy.

Here was no effeminate strum of string, no gondolier's guitar, but a lusty child of their very own, born of the Mountain and the Flood, with a voice strangely familiar, its chords in their own tongue, the music of their language in its breath.

There are those who maintain that the bagpipe never originated in Scotland, and

that its adoption by the Highland people is of comparatively recent date, but those "historians" have no ground whatever for any such assertions. It has been proved conclusively that the pipe, in its present form, has been in existence in the Highlands for centuries, and the beginnings of it are lost in the mists of time. The *piob-mhor* belongs exclusively to the Highland people, is their own invention, and is the fruit of their early culture and artistic aspirations. Some of the earlier compositions are sufficient evidence in themselves of the instruments antiquity and exclusiveness to the Highlands, as, for instance, "*Bealach nam Bròg*," fought in 1298, and the *piobaireachd* made on the battle is one of the finest examples of pipe classical music that we have. There are many others, some of unknown origin, but bearing unmistakable evidence of even greater antiquity. But, alas! there were always found people ready to deprive our Highland ancestry of every vestige of right to the things which gave them a distinct nationality. Witness the controversy recently on the matter of the Highland dress, it being asserted that the kilt was unknown in the Highlands before the '45.

After which, we are prepared to learn that the original language of the Gael was Scandinavian, and not Gaelic, our learned etymologists being so fond of looking to other countries when seeking the sources of their own country's place-names. In this connection it may be remarked, *en passant*, that observation is often blind to the obvious.

Beauteous Caledonia! Wondrous in wealth of colour, peerless in poem and song, the children of thy pristine pride and beauty, the first fruits of thy early genius, and the golden glory of thy youthful years, would be denied the place of their birth, pensive poet and plaintive pipe, patterned plaid and pretty place-name.

"Fingal NEVER lived, Ossian NEVER sung;

The piper NEVER played, the kilt NEVER swung;

And the language of our fathers

Was NOT the Gaelic tongue

In the purple Scottish Highlands

When all the world was young."

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**CELTIC HARP TUITION.**—Mrs. Begbie, 15 Carlton Street, Edinburgh, or Messrs. Paterson, Ltd., Music Warehouse, Glasgow. At liberty for Recitals with Celtic or Grecian Harp.

## CELTIC ART A MISNOMER.

By Lieut.-Colonel MARTIN MARTIN.

The eloquent article by Mr. Duncan, the eminent artist, in the July "Gäilig," has much to recommend it. The only question is whether our brethren domiciled south of the Highland line are yet ready to receive our gospel, either in Art or in other matters.

The last line of this Scottish epistle read: "We are a Celtic people."

The Emperor William, who up to 1914 had been wont to speak of the British as "The greatest Teutonic Empire out of Germany," had an awakening in that year, and explained his bewilderment by saying: "They must have been gained over by the Celts." It is extremely likely that he was at least partly right, though, German-like, he under-valued the influence of Latin civilisation and of the Norman-French aristocracy who had hammered the Anglo-Saxon element into something rather different from their German cousins.

The persistence of a belief in Teutonic excellence is still, despite experience and warning, excessively strong in many British quarters.

History, as taught everywhere in Scotland, represents Malcolm Caenmore as an unmitigated savage, redeemed from barbarism by the heaven-sent advent of a Saxon wife. The improbability of any such influence, and the existing evidence of considerable culture in Malcolm himself, are alike rejected.

Macaulay, who described Inverness as an oasis of Saxon civilisation in a wilderness of barbarism is still listened to, despite the complete refutations of his impudent statements published by Dr. William MacKay and other modern scholars—and scholar Macaulay never was.

The late Lord Salisbury was permitted to refer to our peoples as "The Celtic Fringe," lumping them all together as troublesome interferers with the central government; and, more recently, the *Scotsman* permitted a contributed article which referred to us as "The remnants of an alien race."

These quotations are not made in any spirit of annoyance, but to show how strongly the Teutonic myth is still believed in, and how small an abiding influence has resulted from our awakening to German designs on us in 1914. To all present appearance there might have been then no conspiracy to

destroy European, or Latin, or Celto-Latin civilisation.

The general indifference to the root antagonism between Teutonic and Celtic ideals, whether the Teuton is called a German or an Anglo-Saxon, and whether the Celt is called a Gaul or a Gaël or whatnot, leads us to be blind to conditions still threatening our existence—questions even more important than the Genesis of any school of art.

Does it occur to our people to speculate on what are the present pre-occupations of the Prussian aristocracy or Junkers, who do not figure at all in the controversies between Herr Cuno and Monsieur Poincaré?

Being what they are, this large class has no occupation except war and the preparation for it. Commerce or trade has no attraction for them whatever—it is degrading to their "caste," as military leaders, to indulge in either, and, even if they did so, they would be no match for the more astute Jew, whom they so utterly despise. The Junker is, however, well read, well taught, industrious, and painstaking to a degree, and a brave, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic, and competent servant of the state—the German State. What is he doing now?

There is no opportunity for his services in the present Republic nominally existing; and the activities of the Allied Commission, and chiefly of the French section, prevent secret armaments or organisations being conducted in Germany, or at any rate, to any great extent.

In Russia conditions are different. The country is at present a sealed book to us. It contains, as we know, millions of discontented people; rendered desperate by tyranny and misgovernment, and ripe for any promising enterprise which can possibly open out a road of escape from public and private disaster. There are rumours of the preparation of fleets of aircraft, numbered in thousands.

Are the Junkers—those trained leaders of men—entirely absent from these preparations, or are they to be found at present in Muscovy, also in their thousands?

Here, indeed, is a field for the Celtic imagination to search for a solution, more necessary at the moment than any question of revivifying artistic impulse.

It is not contended that the Anglo-Saxon is less patriotic, or that he is consciously traitorous to the Empire, but he is certainly less far seeing, more easily duped.

## CRONAN-CADAIL.

LE "BARD NA CLOINNE."

Air fonn: "Dean Cadalan Sámhach a Chuilein an Ròin."

Tha 'ghrian nis air siaradh  
Gu Innsean a cheò,  
Ach c'aithe 'eil na reultan  
Nan leapaichean òir?  
Gus am faic sinn a mhaduinn  
Air dathan an ròis,  
Dean cadal, mo chlocharan  
Fo mhìlse mo phoig'!

Luidhe dluth do mo chridhe,  
Mo chlocharan gràidh,  
Cuir ùr-ros do ghruaidhean  
Ri m'uchd sneachd-bhàn,  
Mar fhùirein 'nam bhroilleach  
Gus an soillsich an là,  
Gus an till fear mo ghaoil,  
'S mi ag iondrainn a bhàt'!

Dean cadal, dean cadal!  
Gun d' athair ri m' thaobh,  
'Se a mach air a chuan  
Ri h-uisge 's ri gaoith,  
Cha'n eil iomhaigh mo fhluir-sa  
Air uachdar an t-saoghail  
Ach thus', O! mo leanaban,  
Mo shuaicheantas gaoil!

Gu dorch' tha e seoladh  
Gun lochran nan speur,  
Gu dorch', O mo leanabh,  
Gun gealaich, gun reult.  
O! dean cadal! tha làmh ann  
A stiùireas mo chéile  
Gus an till e fo òg-ghathan  
Or-bhuidhe na gréine.

O caidil! Mo léir!  
Mar a shéideas an stoirm!  
A' marcachd gu trom  
Thar na tonnan dubh-ghorm'.—  
O! 'Chruithfhir nan cuantan!  
Gabh truas de mo dheòir,  
Gabh truas de mo leanabh  
S de leannan mo bhòid!

O! fosgail do shùilean,  
Ged a thuiteas mo dheoir,  
A rùin, air do ghruaidhean  
Mar dhriùchd air an ròs.  
Feuch! a mhaduinn! Tha gaineamh  
Na tràgha mar òr,  
Tha am bàt' aig a chladach,  
Tha d'athair 'nar coir!

## MOD DHALRIADA.

By MRS. W. J. WATSON.

Mòd Dhalriada, happily named, was an experience on which one looks back hopefully. The competitors and the audience alike were so thoroughly in earnest, and so evidently taking a pleasure in their several parts, that success was inevitable.

I was very much struck by the high quality of the competitors, and on that account found it difficult to assess values. It was only by close attention to minutiae that Mr. Macleod and I were able to prevent an undue number of "ties." It was quite easy to see that there had been careful study and preparation by most of the candidates. And that was only right, for there is nothing in this connection more annoying than to find people thinking that because they are native speakers of Gaelic they are therefore perfect speakers of the language. Every native speaker of English is not by that fact a perfect speaker. Why should a native speaker of Gaelic consider himself above improvement? But it is the case that he often does. I suggested at Leòchgilhead that promoters of mòds might state on the syllabus the points to which attention should be paid by competitors—pronunciation, articulation, phrasing. This, I feel sure, would be a help to competitors, and would raise the standard on the Gaelic side. We have all been jarred by slovenly pronunciation, and Gaelic—one of the most beautiful and melodious of languages, full of harmonious sounds—can, on the lips of a slovenly speaker, be made a hideous jargon. But this does not refer to Mòd Dhalriada—there was no slovenly speech there, even if there was room for some improvement.

This is not the place to be critical, and what few official remarks I felt were required I said by word of mouth. It was delightful to see the spirit at these competitions, and also to see the older people coming forward. They did not let the younger people have it all their own way either. I hope that another year there may be still more of the elders competing. I spoke with two or three men who, I am sure, could give a good *sgèulachd* and a good recitation, and probably a song.

The churches may not be doing all they could do for Gaelic, but Mòd Dhalriada seemed to me at periods to resemble a synod meeting at least. I remarked that I

had never seen so many ministers together, except during the General Assembly!

While the Mòd was an uplifting experience, it was even more encouraging to meet, during succeeding days, with school managers and parents fully alive to the loss their children are suffering in not being taught Gaelic, and determined to enforce the teaching of Gaelic in the schools of the district. Minard School showed what is possible, even in a short time, under a good teacher. Miss Macnab is fortunate in having a headmaster who, though not a Gaelic speaker himself, is sympathetic, and through the understanding liberality of Captain and Miss Campbell of Garscube she was fortunate in being able to attend the summer class in Inverness. The results were shown at the Mòd, and the attitude of the parents and others in the district was shown in the display of flags with which they greeted the return of the children. This attitude was otherwise expressed by a gentleman from the body of the hall on the last evening at that wonderful concert, when he called out: "Cuir a mach iad!" "Co a chuireas sibh a mach?" "An authority," ars' esan.

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## TWO NOTED HIGHLANDERS.

### The Late Mr. Archibald MacCulloch.

It is with sincere regret we record the death of Mr. Archd. MacCulloch, one of the best known among those who have recently become prominent as writers of Gaelic. Mr. MacCulloch was the author of the prize play, "Mairead," and of a large number of sketches and dialogues, such as "An Gille Sin," "Domhnall san Tombaca," "An rud a thair a mhathair se fheumas a bhi deanta," and others. He had a keen wit and a rich vein of humour, and a remarkable command of expressive idiomatic Gaelic. There was more than humour in his sketches; there was shrewd wisdom and sound good sense. He had a gift of genial satire, with which he poked fun at the weaknesses and foibles of certain types of men and women, but there was nothing of malice behind it. He was no cynic; on the contrary, he was a man of markedly kind, wholesome, and tolerant nature. He possessed a delightful personality, was modest and unassuming, habitually underestimating his own powers and deprecating praise of his achievements. Mr. MacCulloch was one of the founders of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, of which

he remained to the end a faithful and enthusiastic adherent. His annual papers at the Ceilidh were looked forward to with keen interest. They blended humour and homely philosophy in an extremely attractive fashion, and no addresses were listened to with greater pleasure. Mr. MacCulloch leaves a widow who shared with him in fullest measure his love for and interest in Gaelic. She has our sincerest sympathy in her loneliness and sorrow.

### The late Dr. Donald Murray, Ex-M.P.

The death of Dr. Murray has caused profound sorrow throughout the large circle of those who enjoyed his personal friendship. The sorrow is sincerely shared by the great company of those who knew him only by repute, but admired him as a fearless and powerful advocate of Highland claims and Highland interests. The Doctor achieved for himself, in the 1918-22 Parliament, a position of exceptional influence. His personal popularity, among men of all parties, was unbounded, while the intellectual ability and debating power he displayed, his genial wit and pawky humour, his absolute straightforwardness and honesty of purpose, secured for him at all times an appreciative and respectful hearing. Highland questions, and particularly questions affecting his constituents, he made peculiarly his own. Never had constituency a more devoted and disinterested representative than the Western Isles had in Dr. Murray. His rejection at the last election—a rejection utterly inexplicable to those not familiar with local circumstances—was a severe blow to him, though he bore it with characteristic fortitude. Dr. Murray was a Gaelic speaker, and had a warm love for the language, and, since going to London, had been an ardent supporter of Gaelic causes in the Metropolis. He was buried with his own people in the Sandwick Cemetery at Stornoway.

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## ABERFELDY MOD.

### IMPRESSIONS BY ADJUDICATOR IN ORAL DELIVERY.

Although I have acted as adjudicator in Gaelic at the first Mod, and at many others since then, and although I have been present at most of the great Mods, and at some of the local ones, the interest awakened in me

at the Aberfeldy one was as fresh as on the first occasion, mainly, I think, because the field was a new one. Higher Perthshire it was which for centuries withstood the advancing tide of foreign folk and foreign culture, and kept them from overwhelming the Gaelic folk and their native culture, which had been dominant in the Highlands during a long era. The fight put up is evidence that the Gaels of Perthshire were not wanting in grit and intelligence; and the question arises in my mind: Could those behind the Perthshire defence have done it with smaller loss to the native cause. For, when we think of the enormous pressure of outside influence against the continuance of Gaelic in the border land, it is astonishing to find so much vitality in the language as was manifested at Aberfeldy Mod.

It was my privilege to meet with and hear young and old folks delivering themselves in the language of their ancestors; and I was enabled thereby to measure—as far as it can be done at Mod competitions—the degree of vitality in the language of Higher Perthshire. Forty appearances were made by boys and girls in the competitions devoted to oral delivery, and fifteen were made in the senior section. The seniors included some men and women well advanced in years, and that fact enabled me to note the falling away in grasp of the language which had taken place within the last thirty years or so. It is, I regret to say, very considerable; but the ground lost is not irretrievable. The older competitors knew their mother tongue in the Perthshire form familiarly. The young competitors, except in a few cases, gave little evidence of heedfulness on the part of parents in keeping up the use of Gaelic among their children. There were evidences of coaching now and again, in some cases good and in others hardly worthy of the name. But there was no competitor so backward that he or she could not, by judicious teaching and practice, be brought to a creditable stage of excellence before another Mod. The children in a few cases made very promising appearances. Numbers of them made their long vowels much too short. Their l's were made with the tongue-point when the tongue-blade was the proper thing to use. Some used English d's and t's, and some began with proper Gaelic d's and t's and fell into the English way towards the end of their effort. In all the junior competitions there was the usual lack of voice modulation, without which expression is poor.

Some of the juvenile competitors were woefully behind in conversation; but there was none who appeared to be dull or unimpressionable—good material for moulding by the hands of capable teachers. One young purist showed the proper spirit by using “carbad-uillidh” for “motor-car,” which I heartily commend as an object lesson to the grown-ups. The senior competitors, like the juniors, failed in voice modulation. The taker of first place in recitation did put forth some effort in expression by means of his hands, and the fact that he did helped in giving him first place. But gesticulation is of little account except to emphasise voice modulation. The hands alone are ineffective as a means of expression. If the competitor referred to would cure himself of the drawback now being pointed out, there is no reason why he might not, on a future occasion, command success against formidable opponents. Nor is there any reason why any of the competitors should become hopeless. Good example would put most of them on their feet in a very short time. The sgeulachd competition is always a very trying one to decide. One competitor tells a story of a good class; another renders one of an indifferent kind. With one competitor the tale is committed to memory from a book; with another the phrasing is partly evolved in the telling. One competitor delivers his story as if from a hall platform to a large audience; while another has the fireside style. Consequently, the adjudicator, in the absence of written guidance, is tied down to giving effect to his personal predilection, or acting according to his experience of sgeulachd at other Mods. The adjudication in this case was based on former experience.

Sgeulachd, as presented at Mods, is of little or no use in promoting a Gaelic literary revival. Many of the old stories are worthless from every point of view; and few have any literary value. Surely, originality in the composition of a story, purity of style in its phraseology, and art in its delivery, are the proper objects to aim at; and I would recommend to the Perthshire branches of An Comunn Gaidhealach to lead the way towards a better task in oral delivery—aye, and in musical delivery—by inviting lecturers to discourse at their winter ceildhean on the best ways to elevate Mod art and make it a standard of excellence for all.



## THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

## AN CAT GLAS.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S MS. Collection.

Cha b'fhada bha iad mar sin, an uair a chuala iad a' ghleadhraich sin a' tighinn, is an talamh a' dol air chrith! Cò bha'n so ach Fuamhair Mór nan còig ceann, is nan còig meall, is nan còig muineal—gad flior-iasg anns an darna làimh, is gad chailleacha marbha anns an làimh eile!\*

"Imh! amh! amh! amh! tha fàileadh an fharbhalaich a stigh!" ars am Fuamhair.

"Chan'eil ann ach eun beag a thàinig a stigh; is mharbh mise e, is loisg mi anns an teine e," ars an Cat Glas.

"Chan'eil fhios agam nach e sin fhéin a th'ann," ars am Fuamhair. "Greas air an iasg sin a bhrùich dhomh-sa."

Bhrùich i an t-iasg da, is chaidh e a luigh air beinge. Cha robh srann a dheanadh e, nach saoilteadh gu'n leagadh e an tigh.

Anns a' mhaduinn, an làr-na-mhàireach, ghabh e a' chuid eile de'n iasg, is dh'fhalbh e.

An uair a dh'fhalbh am fuamhair, leig an Cat Glas Mac an Rìgh a mach as an t-sloc. Dh'fhoighnich e de'n Chat an robh biadh sam bith ann a dh'itheadh e.

Thuit an Cat nach robh blas ach iasg mossach a bha'n sìod. "Tha baile mòr goirid uainn; agus gheabhar rud sam bith a dh'fheumas sinn ann," ars ise.—"Tha airgid an so," arsa Mac an Rìgh.

Thug e rud de'n airgid do'n Chat, agus dh'fhalbh i do'n Bhaile mhór, is cheannaich i fion is aran.†

A neas‡ a bha an Cat Glas air falbh, smaointich esan gu'n rachadh e air feadh na h-uamha, feuch gu de chithheadh e. Chunnac e doras an sin, agus e glaiste. Sheall e a stigh air toll na h-ùchrach.

(R'a leantainn.)

## THE GRAY CAT.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

They were no long time thus, when they heard such an uproar approaching, and the earth beginning to tremble! Who should it be but the Great Giant of the five heads, and the five humps, and the five necks—in one of his hands he had a withy on which salmon were strung, and in the other a withy on which black sea bream were strung!\*

"Eev! ahv! owragaich! The smell of the stranger is about the place!" said the Giant.

"It is nothing but a little bird that came in; but I killed it, and burnt it in the fire," said the Gray Cat.

"I don't know but what it is that same," said the Giant. "Hasten and cook that fish for me."

She cooked the fish for him, and he ate it, and went to sleep on a bench. Never a snore did he give, but what you would have thought he would have knocked the house down.

In the morning, on the morrow, he ate the rest of the fish, and went off.

When he had gone, the Gray Cat let the King's Son out of the pit. He asked the Cat whether there was any food there which he might eat.

The Cat said there was not a taste of anything but some nasty fish. "There is a town a little way off; and anything we need can be got there," said she.—"Here is some money, then," said the King's Son.

He gave some of the money to the Cat, and she went off to the town, and bought some wine and bread.

While the Cat was away, he thought that he would go all over the cave, to see what he could find there. He saw a door there which was locked. He peeped in through the key-hole.

(To be continued.)

\* gad flior-iasg, a withy of salmon. The word *flior-iasg* may indicate that the salmon had been caught in fresh water: cf. *flior-uisg*, fresh water.—gad chailleacha marbha, *lit.* a withy of dead old women. A note in the MS. runs—"cailleacha marbha, a kind of fish according to reciter." The fish is probably the black sea bream, *sparus vetula*, *sparus lineata*, called in some English books on fishes, *old wife*. The "dead carlins" which a giant brings home attached to his shoe-ties in *W. II. Tales*, I, No. 6, were probably a brace of black sea bream. For giants with seven or five heads, humps, and necks, see *ibid.*, I, No. 4, var. 2—IV, p. 410, No. 170.

‡ "A neas, while; probably from an *fheith*'s. *Fheith*, to wait, is used as a noun in the expression '*fheith romh'n bhàs*.' An *fheith*'s a dh'fhan e. [=] An *fhad*'s a dh'fhan e." Note in MS.

† wine and wheaten bread occur in *W. H. Tales*, II, No. 51.

**SECRETARY'S PAGE.**

Is e so mhos mór a' Mhòid, agus gun dàil bidh sinn a' cluinntinn 'fuaim nan dàn air an robh sinn eòlach' an talachan baile Inbhir-Nis. Bidh an cruinneachadh so neo-air-thaing ris na chaidh roimhe, agus is taitneach gu sonraichte mar a tha sean agus òg a' sior leantainn air aithris agus seinn bàrdachd agus òran. A' mhuinntir sin a thig a stigh do'n bhaile ré laithean a' Mhòid bheir iad dhachaidh leo cuimhneachan air maise agus luach na càinain nach dealaich riu ri 'm beò.

\* \* \*

Arrangements for the Mod are now practically completed. The order of competitions is similar to that of previous years, viz., Junior Competitions on Tuesday, with Concert in the evening, Senior Solo Singing all day Wednesday, Oral and Gold Medal Competitions on Thursday, and Choral Events on Friday. The Grand Concert on Friday evening will be presided over by The MacKintosh of MacKintosh.

\* \* \*

Interest in the production of the Gaelic play, "Domhnall 'san Tombaca," is very keen locally. This humorous play, written by the late Archd. MacCulloch, and produced at the Edinburgh Mod, will be given on Thursday evening. In addition to the play, the first-prize dialogue will be given, also Gaelic songs by Mod singers.

\* \* \*

Competitors singing "Tir nan Og" in the medal competition, please note that in certain places the timing does not always suit the Gaelic words, and it is recommended to give the Gaelic words such as *toun*, *bron*, etc., the value of a full beat.

\* \* \*

A pleasing fact in connection with this year's Mod is the number of districts represented. A senior choir coming all the way from London at once arouses interest and speculation. This also brings individual competitors from the Metropolis. The Scottish rural districts—north and south—are sending their quota, both senior and junior, so that this year's gathering may be considered one of the most representative of the series.

\* \* \*

The prices of admission to the Grand Concert on Friday evening are the same as at Lochaber, viz.:—Reserved Seats, 5/9; Unreserved, 3/6 and 2/4, all including tax. Tickets will shortly be available, and may be

ordered through the local secretary, Miss J. E. MacKenzie, 48 Wells Street, Inverness, or direct from the treasurer here.

\* \* \*

For the Gaelic Play, the prices are:—Reserved, 2/4, and Unreserved, 1/3, including tax. The doors on this evening will be open at 6.30. Owing to limited accommodation in the Wesleyan Central Hall, the Grand Concert will be repeated as at Oban and Lochaber. Doors open at 5.45 and 8.45 respectively. Town people are requested to attend the late concert, so as to afford people from rural places an opportunity of attending the first concert and getting to their homes in comfort.

NIALL.

**AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.**

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Miss Malt Williams, ... ..	2	0	0
H. F. Campbell, Esq., ... ..	1	11	6
A. J. Sinclair, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0
John MacLennan, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0
Capt. Campbell of Succoth, ... ..	1	0	0
Alex. Fraser, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0
Archd. MacDonald, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0
Coliu Sinclair, Esq., ... ..	0	10	6
Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., ... ..	0	10	0
David MacRitchie, Esq., ... ..	0	10	0
Miss A. Macphie, ... ..	0	10	0
Neil S. Campbell, Esq., ... ..	0	10	0
Rev. G. W. MacKay, ... ..	0	10	0
MacIain, Nairn, ... ..	0	10	0
"Charaid," ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Stockwell, ... ..	0	5	0
Received at Inverness—			
Town Council of Inverness, ... ..	10	0	0
Hugh MacKay, Esq., ... ..	2	2	0
Brig.-Gen. D. A. Macfarlane, ... ..	2	0	0
Miss Juliet Macdonald, ... ..	1	1	0
Major A. C. H. MacAllauby, ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Davidson, ... ..	1	1	0
B. Geo. Hoare, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0
Messrs. Alex. MacKenzie & Co., ... ..	1	1	0
D. MacCallum, Esq., ... ..	0	10	0
D. Grant, Esq., ... ..	0	10	0
John MacKintosh, Esq., ... ..	0	10	0
J. MacNab, Esq., F.E.I.S., ... ..	0	10	0
"A Friend," Edinburgh, ... ..	0	10	0
A. Ross, Esq., ... ..	0	5	0
The MacKintosh of MacKintosh,	5	0	0
Miss Campbell of Inverneill, ... ..	0	5	0
Target Branch of An Comunn			
Gaidhealach, ... ..	1	10	0
Lt.-Col. Hugh Rose of Kilravock, ... ..	1	0	0
Edward D. Fraser, Esq., ... ..	1	0	0
Lady Helen Tod, ... ..	2	0	0
D. J. MacLeod, Esq., ... ..	1	1	0

£181 5 1

## THERE IS NO DARK IN TIR NAN OG.

There is no dark in Tir nan Og—

Through the green tracery of the trees  
The golden rays fall night and day;  
And there eternal melodies

Throb in the throats of singing birds;

The sapphire seas sing evermore  
The song the morning of the world  
Heard golden-break upon its shore.

There is no dark in Tir nan Og—

The harpers' music sounding still  
Doth waken echoes sweet afar,  
That float from emerald glen and hill.

There is no dark in Tir nan Og—

Oh, there my soul would ever be!  
Forever past all storm, all tears,  
Would 'list the singing of the Sidhe!

MARGARET THOMSON MACGREGOR.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I would be much obliged could you, or any of your readers, give me the Gaelic name of the Spirit, which, according to heretofore prevalent belief in the Highlands, was connected with certain families—at least, with some of the more outstanding families—in the Highlands, and which, for instance, was credited with frequently giving warning, by hideous howling or other unearthly sounds at night, of impending death in those families.

The name and instances connected with the belief would be of great interest to the

INQUIRER.

## SPEAKERS OF GAELIC: CENSUS, 1921.

### SUTHERLAND.

Civil Parish	Population Speaking			Per cent Tot. Pop.
	G. & E.	E. only		
Assynt, ... ..	1755	1327	21	76.81
Clyne, ... ..	1616	671	1	41.52
Creich, ... ..	1506	558	2	37.05
Dornoch, ... ..	2475	949	16	38.98
Durness, ... ..	606	455	1	74.75
Eddrachilles, ...	1135	817	21	73.83
Farr, ... ..	2151	1432	3	66.57
Golspie, ... ..	1518	377	—	24.86
Kildonan, ... ..	1518	295	—	19.43
Lairg, ... ..	1046	444	—	42.44
Loch, ... ..	321	72	—	22.43
Rogart, ... ..	803	389	—	48.44
Tongue, ... ..	1350	1047	3	77.55
Total for County, ...	17800	8831	68	49.99

## BRANCH REPORT.

LOCHABER.—For the first time since its inception, the Comunn Abrach had the satisfaction of witnessing a competition where both the junior and senior Gaelic classes in the Public School took part.

Before the close of the session the pupils assembled in the Masonic Hall. The competitions were restricted to reading and reciting, and to both classes a book prize was offered. The junior class was examined with great care in the reading of St. John's Gospel by the Rev. William Macleod, U.F., vice-president of the branch, who expressed himself much pleased with the progress made in view of the short time since the class was started, and that instruction was only given bi-weekly. For the recitation, the judges were Mrs. Coll Mackintosh of Mulroy and Mr. J. MacIntyre, Buccleugh Villa. It is hoped that in future more attention will be paid to this art. Pure pronunciation, correct expression, and distinct enunciation are a great gain to the "power of the spoken word," and may well be called the "true foundation for the singing voice." Two very young pupils made an excellent impression by their efforts—Margaret Macbean and Morag Macdonald. In both competitions the prize was awarded to Isabel Macdonald, and four other pupils were much commended—Alice Cameron, Mary Cameron, Annie MacGillivray, and Alec Foster. The senior pupils gave a short dramatic sketch, followed by a dramatised version of "Cinderella," translated and adapted by Mrs. Coll Mackintosh, which promises well for the future.

## BOOK REVIEW.

PLACE NAMES, HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND, by Alexander MacBain, M.A., LL.D., with Notes and a Foreword by William J. Watson, M.A., LL.D. Published by Eneas Mackay, Stirling. Price, 21/-.

The essential qualifications for a successful treatment of Celtic place names in Scotland are a profound training in philology combined with sound common-sense. These qualifications the author and the editor of this volume possess. And Scottish topography is fortunate in having enlisted the sincere interest of these two men.

It is only fair to state that the bulk of the volume was written by the late Dr. MacBain a generation ago, at a time when mere surmise was still rampant, and the scientific methods of scholarship were only beginning to be brought to bear upon the question of Celtic place names in Scotland. In the interval, great strides have been made in Celtic scholarship. Dr. MacBain was a pioneer in the department of scientific topography; and we must not be surprised if many discoveries in recent years have brought more knowledge to light. If Dr. MacBain were still living, we are confident that he would be the first to revise a number of his own estimates. There are about one hundred and fifty instances in which the editor modifies the position taken up by Dr. MacBain. There is probably no man living who can be compared to Dr. Watson for his deep knowledge of Scottish Gaelic at all the stages of its history. He has made the subject of place names a life study, as his forthcoming volume will show. And the modifications which he suggests are based on adequate knowledge. When the giants of philology differ, it is not for pigmies to step in. How can the vexed question of the early races in this country be settled apart from an adequate treatment of the surviving evidence. That evidence is partly furnished in the ancient place names. A scholarly sifting of the evidence may finally provide the key to the problem of Scottish ethnology.

## An Comunn Gaidhealach Publications.

**Rosg Gaidhlig**—Specimens of Gaelic Prose. Circa 1000 A.D. to present day. Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, L.L.D. 2s 6d, postage 6d.

**Bardachd Ghaidhlig**—Specimens of Gaelic Poetry (1550-1900). Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, LL.D. 3s 6d, postage 6d.

**An Solaraiche**—A Collection of Four Gaelic Essays for Advanced Reading. 1s 3d, postage 3d.

**Elementary Course of Gaelic**—(Reid's). Edited by NORMAN MACLEOD, M.A. 3rd Edition now ready. 2s, postage 3d.

**Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject**—Grammar with Vocabulary. 3rd Edition. 1s, postage 2d.

**Coisir a' Mhoid**—Mod Collection or Part Songs (1896-1912). Either Notation. 1s 6d, postage 2d.

**New Gaelic School Text Books** (5). Edited by Donald Macphie, F.E.I.S., under the direction of Professor W. J. Watson, LL.D., published by Messrs Blackie & Son, Ltd. Children's Primer, Children's Reader, 7d Postage 1½d. Readers 1, 2, and 3, 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 10d, Postage 3d.

**The Elements of Celtic Art**, by E. K. Carmichael, M.C. 1s, postage 1½d. "In a very small space he has covered the field, given a sense of the meaning and value of the Art, and shown us its underlying principles."—John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

**Housing in the Highlands**—by Miss Campbell of Succoth and Mr Colin Sinclair, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., with introduction by Mr Neil Muir, LL.D., price 7½ post free. "House planners would be the better of reading and digesting the recommendations contained in this brochure." D. M. P.

**Gailig**—Official Magazine of AN COMUNN. Free to Members. Subscribers, 1s 6d per annum, post free

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Calder's Togail na Tebe. A Gaelic MS., -	42/-	9d
Inverness Mod Music: Senior Choirs, -	1/-	1d
Inverness Mod Music: Junior Choirs, -	4d	1d
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