

AN·DEO·JREJNE





An Deo-creine :

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,
108 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

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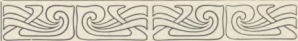
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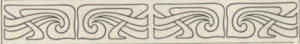
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CAONNTACHD AGUS CRÍONNACHD.

Mu 'n do thachair an cogadh oillteil a tha an diugh a sior thaomadh leir-sgrìos air a chuid is motha de 'n Roinn Eorpa, bha sluagh na Rìoghachd againn fhìn a' dol air adhart 'nan caithe-beatha mar a b' àbhaist—ag itheadh, 'sa 'g òl, 's a cur umpa cho rìomhach 's a dh'fhaodadh iad, mar nach tìgeadh crìoch air sògh no geòcaireachd. Ith, òl agus bi subhach, càrn suas airgead—onarach no mi-onarach! B'e sin, mar gu 'm b'eadh, sgrìobhadh suaicheantais an ama, am beachd a mhòr-chuid. B'e sud an rùn a bha 'riaghladh beatha chumanta nam muinntir nach do ghabh mothuchadh air na tha fillte anns an dòigh bheatha do 'n crìoch nìthan as maireannaiche. An uair a thachras do shluagh iad fhein fhaotainn ann a leithid seo a shuidheachadh, tha iad buailteach air a bhi 'meas giùlain agus béus measarra na 's lugha na bu chòir dhaibh. Is cinnteach gu 'm bheil créutairean anns gach ceàrn de 'n t-saoghal a tha cho math dheth air

gach dòigh, 's nach eil fhios aca ciod e a ni iad riutha fhein; no ciamar a shásaicheas iad gach miann a thig orra a thaobh cridhealais, agus gach faireachadh a bheir sin mu 'n cuairt. Mur a d' fhuair an fheadhainn tha 'n tòir air tograidhean ùra agus annasach, an sùilean fhosgladh leis a' chogadh, tha e na chùis-ìoghnaidh. Ann an seadh sònraichte, thainig sluagh na Rìoghachd (co dhùbbh a chuid is mò dhiù) 'gan iounsuidh fhein, agus s' fheairrd iad e eadhoin ged tha am meadhan gle shearbh.

Tha luchd-riaghlaidh na Rìoghachd a nis a' toirt rabhaidh dhuinn gu 'n d' thainig a t-am anns a' féum sinn uile a bhi na 's gleidhteiche na bhla sinn rianail, ma 's e agus gu 'm bleith sinn na Gearmailtich sìos gu staid strìochdail. A réir beachd luchd-coimhid ionmhais Bhreatainn, tha 'n cogadh a cosg còrr agus £2430 gach mìonaid, no deich ceud mìle punnd Sasannach trì fillte, agus còig cheud mìle a bharrachd, 's an latha! Cha 'n 'eil e soirbh do 'n inntinn méud na suim seo a ghabhail a stigh. Tha e coltach gur h-an aig an rìoghachd do 'm buin an sporan is tomadaiche a bhios a' bhuille mu dleireadh. Càite am faighear na chumas an sporan mór làn? Direach bho sporan beag an t-sluaigh. Mar sin cluinnear anns gach paiper naigheachd an dleasnas tha mar fhìachaibh oirn a thoirt fainear, a thaobh caonntachd, agus a bhi faicealach air ar cosguis; a bhi sìcìr agus crìonnta 'nar giùlan. Thatar 'gar coireachadh a chionn gu 'm bheil sinn a cosg tuilleadh 'sa chòir air rudan a dh'fhaodadhmaid a dheanamh as aonais, mar gu 'm biodhnaid a' dearbhadh an t-seann radh:—"Chaidh cumadh cruinn a chur air an airgead, airson gu ruithleadh e mu 'n cuairt." A nis tha e ro ìomchuidh gu 'm biodhnaid a toirt géill do chomhairle mhath; agus bu chòir dhuinn uile a bhi grundail 'nar caithe-beatha, agus ullachadh a dheanamh air son na tha romhainn; oir tha e cho cinnteach 'sa tha ghrian a' soillseadh, gu 'm bith an rìoghachd

na's bochda an ath bhliadhna, agus gu 'm bith cisean a' dol an truimead. Ach nach faodar fhoighneachd, gun oilbheum, cìod e an eisimpleir a thug àrd Inchead-riaghlaidh na Rìoghachd dhuinn mu 'n chùis? An bheil iad a' feuchainn shìos ann an Lunainn, bearradh a thoirt air duais nan diùlnach a tha 'reamhrachadh o bhliadhna gu bliadhna ann an inbhe àrd anns an t-seirbhis ris an canar *Civil Service*, gun mhòran 'ga dheanamh? 'Sann an àm a' chruidhachais a dhruigheas an fhrìnn a mach, agus tha paipseirean Sasunnach, nach do ghabh riamh gnothuch ris a' phuing, an diugh a' cur an cèill gur h-ann am measg luchd-drèuchd na seirbhis seo bu chòir a' cheud chaomhnadh a dheanamh. Gheibh siun an rìoghachd, arsa' iadsan, a' paigheadh nam mìltean do luchd-lagha àrd a tha air am fasdadh air son gnothuchean a bhuineas do'n Pharlamaid, ach a' dh'fhaodas tuilleadh mhiltean a dheanamh air dòigh eile. An uair a sgrìobhas an càirdean fhein mu 'n timcheall air a' mhodh seo, tha rudeigin càrr. Cha 'n eil aon againn ag iarraidh gu'm biodh spiorad nan spìocaireachd a riaghladh air *Whitehall*, ach bhiodh e chum buannachd, na faighte air ais an seann spiorad a bha cho cìramach mu ionnhas na rìoghachd. "Cìod e, arsa sgrìobhadair anns a *Fortnightly Review*, is ciall do Sheòmar-Comhairle na Rìoghachd a bhi 'socrachadh tuarasdail a ruigeas na mìltean air fear-lagha mòr air son a bhi 'coimhlionadh a dh'èuchd, agus barrachd is sin a chàrnadh air an uair a dh'iarrair a chomhairle mu rudeigin a bhuineas do phuincean eile tha comh-cheangailte ri riaghladh?"

A rithist cluinnear monbhur air gach taobh, gu 'm bu chòir do bhùil na Parlamaid, aig a' leithid seo de dh'àn, a t-suim a shuidhich iad mar dhuais dhaibh fein, a thilgeadh air ais ann an sporan na rìoghachd. Tha àrd cheann-suidhe na Parlamaid de 'n bheachd seo. Gun teagamh tha cuid de na bùill nach robh feumach air an duais, agus aig am bheil airgead gu leòr as aonais, ach tha cuid eile ann nach b'urrainn an gnothuch a dheanamh gun chuideachadh de 'n t-seòrsa. Tha mhuinntir as fèarr aig am bheil fios ag ràdh, gu'm bheil beairt-riaghlaidh na Rìoghachd air a cuartachadh le leithid a' sgaoth de chleirich, de luchd-coimhid, agus de luchd-sgrùdaidh, 's gur gann a theid aig an dara fear e fhein a chumail o bhi dol thar na eriche tha eadar e agus an fear eile, a thaobh an dleasnas a bhuineas d'a dh'èuchd. Nis na 'm b'e daoine ann an inbhe ìosal a bhiodh a' labhairt air a mhodh seo, chluinntè ùbh eile air a' chluais bu bhùithre. Ach 'se tha labhairt a mhuinntir a tha ann an àrd inbhe, agus mar sin bhiodh e ro chubhaigh, an uair a tha iad a' comhairleachadh do 'n àireamh mhòr a tha ann an staid mheadhonach, no an staid ìosal, a bhi gleidhteach agus

caonnta, gu 'n toisicheadh iad le bhi 'toirt eisimpleir nam measg fhein. Tha fios gu'm bheil mòran cosguis coimhcheangailte ri riaghladh na rìoghachd, a dh'fhaoidte a chaomhnadh, gun dochtunn 'sam bith do 'n bheairt. Tha e mar fhiachaidh oirnn uile—àrd agus ìosal—ar dleasnas a dheanamh a thaobh na rìoghachd d'am buin sinn; ar cuibhrionn de 'n uallach a ghiulan a reir ar comais; agus tha féum ann a bhi 'deanamh deiseil air son nam bliadhraich caola, le bhì 'cleachdadh deagh fhearas-tighe 'na thràth. Tha iomadh dòigh air am faod crèutairean a bhi na 's cùramhaiche air an teachd-an-stigh na thà iad. Tha iomadh tasdan 'ga chaitheamh am biadh 's an aodach a bharrachd air na tha féumail, gu h-àraidh ann am bailtean an taoibh deas, far am bheil struidhealachd agus ana-measarrachd a' riaghladh ann an tomas neo-chumanta, cha 'n ann a bhàin am measg nam feadhach a tha beartach, ach am measg na muinntir a tha 'n còmhnuigh gle fhaig air oir na bochdainn. Ged tha na Gaidheil, nach d'fhàg an tìr 'san do thogadh iad, fhathast cliùiteach a thaobh deagh-bhéus, tha iad buailteach an galar a ghabhail o chach; mar sin faodaidh smal a thighinn air an t-seann bhiùthas. Cha 'n eil e soirbh breabadh an aghaidh fasan ar latha. Ma bha àm riamh 'nar n-eachdraidh anns am bu chòir do dhaoine bhi faicealach air na chosgais iad a bharrachd air na beairt beòshlàinte chuibhseach dhaibh, 'se an t-àm tha làthair, oir cha 'n fhios gu dé 'n cruas tha feitheamh.

Tha aon rathad anns a faodte—cha 'n e mìltean ach muilleanan punnd Sasunnach a shàbhhaladh, na 'n gabhadh daoine mothachadh cothromach air a chùis; 'se sin an deoch-làidir a sheachnadh. 'Se barail nan daoine is glie 'san rìoghachd gu 'n d'fhuair an deoch-làidir àite 'nar caithe-beatha cho cumhachdach 's nach eil e soirbh a' tilgeadh an dara taobh, a dh'aindeoin na bheillear a' cluinntinn mu 'n truaighe agus an sgrìos a tha 'ga leantunn. Ged nach eil dèibh 'sam bith againn buintinn ri deasbad a tha roinn na rìoghachd, faodar a' ràdh gu 'm bheil àite aig "deoch" ann an tomas reusonta, nach eil an aghaidh stuamachd anns an t-seachd is farsuinge. Ach 'se cheist, gu dé 'n t-àite? Na's fhaide na seo, cha teid siun, air eagal 's gu 'n toir ar càirdean 'san Chomunn Ghaidhealach an craicinn dhinn! Sheinn na bàird—Gaidhealach is Sasunnach—mu 'n uaisleachd a tha coimh-cheangailte ri mac-na-braiche; 'sann aineamh a sheinn iad mu 'n ìsleachd. Labhair iad mu 'n chridhealas a tha 'g èiridh bho fhion 's bhuaisge-bhealas, ach b'e sin cridhealas na connspoid agus na truaighe. Thuirt am bàrd gu 'm bheil "buaidh air an uisge-bheatha—buaidh nach còir a chleith." Bhiodh e na 'b fhaig' air an fhìrinn, na'n do sgrìobh e; tha buaidh aig an uisge-

bheatha. Tha e air a chur sìos ann an seann rann :—

Cha 'n uisge-beatha ach uisge bàis,
An t-uisg 'a chraidh mo chridh' am chom ;
An t-uisge dh' fhag mo cheannas liath ;
An t-uisge dh' fhag na ciadan lom.

Bho thoiseach a' chogaidh, bha connspoid a' dol air adhart air feadh na rioghachd mu 'n t-seòl bu chòir luchd-riaghlaidh a ghnàthachadh a chum mac-na-braiche a chuir fo cheannais. 'Nuair a ghabh na Rusanach an gnothach as laimh, chuir iad as do *Vodka* le aon bhéum. 'Nar tìr fhìn, chunnacas gu'n robh an "drama" a' tighinn eadar dheasnas agus an obair a dh'fhéumar a dheanamh a chum an t-arm a chumail air ghléus, gun ghuth air dheasnas teaghaich. Mar sin chaidh riaghaltean a chur air chois air son gu'm biodh gnothuichean na bu chumseiche na bhà iad. Chaidh bacadh a chur air mac-na-braiche anns na bailtean móra far an robh e 'na bhuaireadair do 'n dream tha 'g obair air deanamh innleachdan cogaidh. Rinn an t-atharrachadh féum cheana ann an iomadh dòigh, agus 's ann aig nàthraichean agus cloinn tha brath; 'oir se 'n t-dòl "a' rinn am bristeadh, 'se 'n stòp a dh'fhag gun mheas iad." Ma bheir an cogadh seo mu 'n cuairt rian nan stuamachd 'nar measg, cò chanas nach tug e beannachd 'na lùib an deidh a h-uile rud?

—:O:—

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

ANNUAL MEETING AT STIRLING.

The annual meeting of An Comunn took place at Stirling on the 25th of September. Like the meeting at Oban a year ago, it became evident soon after Mr. Macleod, the President, took the chair, that there was little likelihood of a quorum turning up. But though in the case of Oban a number sufficient to form a quorum was eventually secured, conditions were different in Stirling, and it was impossible to secure the requisite number. Doubtless a persistent pour of rain during the whole morning prevented some at a distance from attending, but the main reason lies, we believe, in the pre-occupied condition of people's minds in these times of stress and gloom. The President said it was disappointing that a quorum was not present. According to the constitution they should, he said, adjourn to the following Saturday. He suggested, however, that, in the circumstances, they should hold an informal meeting, consider the reports, and adopt them formally at next meeting. If this met with their approval, he was prepared to go on with the meeting. Dr. MacGillivray, Dundee, agreed that, as matters arising out of the reports were not likely to be of a contentious nature,

they might adopt the President's suggestion. In passing over the reports of the various committees, the two that provoked most discussion were the Education Committee and the Publication Committee. While the discussion throughout was somewhat desultory, a spirit of earnestness pervaded it, and some interesting points were brought out. Mr. Angus Robertson, as convener of the Publication Committee, spoke on that report. He drew the attention of the meeting to the fact that Dr. Watson's book, "Specimens of Gaelic Prose," was at last completed and on the market, and he wished to take the opportunity of congratulating the learned Professor on such a scholarly work. It was sure to prove of immense benefit to their cause. Arising out of the report was the financial condition of the official magazine, *An Deo-Gréine*. The debate on this subject was initiated by Mr. J. S. Mackay, Stirling. Any one, he said, could see from the accounts that the cost of conducting it was great. All agreed that its literary qualities were excellent, but the debit balance was accumulating. He thought there were two ways of dealing with it; either reduce its size or make it a quarterly magazine, larger in size, until the war is over. He admitted that to reduce its size would make it a mere pamphlet, but its continuity could be preserved by making it a quarterly. The President pointed out that this course would be breaking faith with the advertisers, and the advertising was, after all, worth while. Besides, it would not be in accordance with the constitution. The Rev. Mr. Mackay, Killin, deprecated interfering with the magazine. Personally, he would be sorry to see it reduced to a quarterly, and he would recommend the Publication Committee to consider matters carefully. And with regard to revenue, he thought it contributed to bring that about indirectly. Hundreds of people read good Gaelic literature, and the magazine was proving a great stimulus to their cause. In that sense it might be said to bring in revenue. Perhaps they had grown a little too liberal in the way it was being given out. These were questions which the Publication Committee might carefully consider. Mr. H. F. Campbell, advocate, Aberdeen, drew attention to the fact that, recently, a committee was formed in Edinburgh for the purpose of supplying literature to soldiers. Would it be possible to get that committee to buy some copies? Mr. Robertson pointed out that the revenue from that direction could not possibly be great. It would help matters to look to advertisements, systematically done, and the title of the magazine might be changed. By proper canvassing matters could be improved. Mr. Robertson further remarked that general

expenditure could be reduced by curtailing the size of the annual report, which he held was too elaborate for all the purpose it serves. He believed that suggestions to this end were made by the Finance Committee.

An interesting discussion on the Education Committee's Report was raised by Mr. Angus Henderson, Stirling. He drew attention to the fact that the interview with Sir John Struthers was not granted—not that he personally expected it. As they were aware, a committee was appointed to meet Sir John on the subject of Gaelic in schools, but beyond a mere curt acknowledgment, nothing further was heard from him. It was, he thought, an insult to An Comunn, as well as to the other delegates representing the three leading churches in Scotland. Referring to a question put by Mr. Hogge, M.P. for an Edinburgh division, at the suggestion of certain persons, but not at that of An Comunn, he said that while they were indebted to Mr. Hogge, the answer given was not satisfactory. The circumstances of Scotland were said to be different from those of Ireland, but why different? They will always be different as long as An Comunn agrees to take no further action. Really something should be done, and we ought to concentrate upon Gaelic. Mr. H. F. Campbell agreed that the present position was not satisfactory, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to point out that, as there was a dearth of Gaelic-speaking ministers in the Highlands, An Comunn should receive the cordial support of the churches. The Rev. Mr. Mackay said he was heart and soul in favour of a vigorous policy to get a substantial grant for Gaelic. Every Highland M.P. should be approached, and M.P.'s elsewhere, Glasgow for example, which was in a sense the capital of the Highlands. He knew it was difficult to get money just now, but it seems marvellous that the Treasury can manage to give money for certain other things. He advocated that definite replies should be got from the Scottish M.P.'s, and that these should be published. Mr. J. S. Mackay held that it seemed useless to put pressure on Sir John Struthers. Let them go to the fountain head. Approach M.P.'s, certainly, but the best way to succeed was the Irish way—kick up a row! Why not have a direct representative of An Comunn in the House of Commons?

In offering remarks on the debate, the President said that he wished to disabuse the minds of any members who thought that the agitation was anything new. The Comunn Gaidhealach had been hammering at the matter for years, and records could easily show that anything said to the contrary betrayed want of knowledge. As regards sympathy on the part of Sir John

Struthers, he drew attention to the fact that some years ago, during an interview with him, he said—"Get your Highland School Boards to take an interest in the matter, and your Highland people to say what they want." When compulsory Gaelic in schools was advocated by Sir Norman Lamont in the House of Commons, vigorous opposition came from parts of the Highlands. We then sent competent speakers to the Highlands to explain to Highlanders their duty on this question, and since that time we took an active part at School Board elections by distributing thousands of circulars for the instruction of the people, and advising them to elect to these Boards only those in favour of Gaelic. He was disappointed that Sir John Struthers had not received the deputation. Although they could not hope for new grants just now, they must not forget to keep matters before them. As to the phrase, "circumstances are different" with regard to Ireland and Scotland, it meant that in the House of Commons there was a strong, united Irish national party, which acted together in national questions, whereas there was no such Scottish party.

At the close of the meeting, Mr. Robertson drew attention to a case of eviction in Sutherland, where a man, who had two sons at the front, was said to be harshly dealt with. The President pointed out that, while *individually* they might regret the occurrence, they as a Comunn could not interfere.

The preliminary meeting of the Executive Council then proceeded to recommend that the various committees should be as last year.

The formal election of retiring members of Executive was announced, and the re-appointment of auditors was agreed upon.

The Secretary read the following

MOTION BY MRS. BURNLEY-CAMPBELL.

"That a small committee be appointed to organise an appeal to the public for funds to purchase Gaelic books, such as stories, poems, and songs, to be sent to hospitals where Highland soldiers are being nursed, and to recreation tents and huts in the vicinity of Highland regiments, both in Britain and overseas. Also that this committee should undertake the distribution of these Gaelic books by getting into touch with the proper hospital and Y.M.C.A. authorities and working through them. There is a committee of Scottish Churches already in being responsible for sending Gaelic religious leaflets to Highland troops in the trenches, but this would in no way clash or overlap with the above proposal for Gaelic recreative literature in hospitals and halls."

Mrs. Burnley-Campbell has had personal applications for Gaelic stories for Gaelic-speaking patients from hospitals in London, Folkestone

and Arbroath, and from a recreation room in France, and no doubt other members of An Comunn have had similar requests, which show the desire that exists among our Highland soldiers for amusing reading in their own language, a desire which it should be a privilege for An Comunn to be the means of gratifying.

The meeting accepted the motion, and on the suggestion of Mr. Angus Robertson, it was agreed that the committee appoint a secretary and treasurer to carry on the work. The following names were suggested by Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, and approved of:—Mr. Donald Macphie, Cumbernauld; Rev. John MacLachlan, Govan; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Yoker; Mrs. Watson, Edinburgh; Miss Juliet Macdonald, Lochaber; and Captain Kenneth MacIver, who would be very useful as a corresponding member at the front; a member of the Y.M.C.A. co-opted; also a medical officer resident in Glasgow, in touch with the management of medical hospitals.

The meeting also appointed to the committee Mrs. Colquhoun, Miss Mary M. Lamont, Mr. A. B. Ferguson, and Mr. Angus Robertson. Other members may be co-opted.

RECOMMENDATIONS BY THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The committee met recently to consider the remit from the Extraordinary Meeting, and after considering what economies may be effected, they made the following recommendations to the Executive Council:—

Propaganda Committee—They have reason to believe that the work of the Propaganda Committee will be carried on at a much reduced cost, and they recommend that the work of the committee be confined this year to the arrangements made for the County of Sutherland.

Education Committee—That no new bursaries be allocated this year; also that the payment of a third year grant for the teaching of Gaelic in schools be postponed.

Mod and Music Committee—That the Senior Literary Competitions be discontinued meanwhile.

Art and Industry Committee—That the loan be fully repaid before the Committee make any further claim on the funds.

Publication Committee—They believe that the revenue from advertisements could be increased, and they recommend this for the consideration of the committee.

Printing—That the Annual Report, 1915-16, should be reduced to the list of Executive Council, reports of Standing Committees, and financial statement.

Receipts—It is suggested that branches might be asked to contribute more liberally to the general funds of An Comunn.

Taking the Annual Report as a whole, it may be gathered that the membership now stands at 584, and that there are 85 branches established throughout the country. It ought to be borne in mind that the general work of An Comunn has suffered on account of the war. While no Mods have been held since 1913, the part concerned with literary compositions, junior and senior, has been undisturbed. But for next year it is recommended that the Senior Literary Competitions be dropped until the war is over. The children's competitions are to be kept on as formerly. For the last three years the comparative number of entries in literary competitions were:—

	1913	1914	1915
Seniors, -	68	93	22
Juniors, -	227	260	142

The musical side of An Comunn's work was well looked after by Miss A. C. Whyte, Mr. H. Maclean, and Mr. D. MacMillan. It is noteworthy that the Education Department has now granted examinations in the Higher Grade for Leaving Certificates. Less propaganda work was accomplished last year by the Secretary, on account of the absence of the Treasurer and the Assistant Secretary, who are serving their country. New branches were formed at Auchtertyre, Killilan, Furnace and Uisgephort (Oxford). Additional interest is lent to the report this year by the inclusion of a schedule of parishes containing Gaelic speakers in Scotland, showing the population in 1911, number of Gaelic-speaking ministers, Gaelic-speaking teachers, Gaelic music classes, and classes in Gaelic. An Comunn owes this valuable information to the zeal of Mr. H. F. Campbell, advocate, Aberdeen, than whom no warmer friend of the Gaelic cause exists in the Association.

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS, 1915.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SECTION.

I.—LITERATURE.

1.—LETTER, not exceeding 2 pages of Large Post Quarto paper, supplied by the Comunn on application to the Secretary. The time to be taken not to exceed two hours. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 3s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d; 6th, a Book.

1 & 2 { Katherine M. Morison, Tobermory, } equal.
 { Katie MacRae, Dornie,
 3. Jessie M. Macdonald, Broadford.
 4. Bessie Campbell, Dornie.
 5. John MacInnes, Broadford.
 6. Farquhar Kelly, Broadford.

2.—ESSAY (about 1000 words) on the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Prizes—1st, £1;

2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. Prizes presented by the Hon. R. Erskine.

1. Ina Macrae, Dornie
2. Bessie Campbell, Dornie.
3. Maggie M'Lean, Broadford.

3.—ESSAY (about 1000 words) on "Dè a dheanainnsa nan robh mi beairteach." Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. Prizes presented by the Hon. R. Erskine.

1. Betsy Macleod, Broadford.
2. John M'Innes, Broadford.
3. Jessie M. Macdonald, Broadford.

4.—ESSAY (about 1000 words) on Sir Colin Campbell. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. Prizes presented by the Hon. R. Erskine.

NOTE.—Nos. 2, 3, and 4 subject to same conditions as Senior Literary Competitions, except that no entry fee is required.

1. Ina MacRae, Dornie.
2. Bessie Campbell, Dornie.
3. Betsy Macleod, Broadford.

5.—REPRODUCTION IN WRITING of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose, to be read three times in the hearing of the competitors. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, a Book.

1. Jessie M. Macdonald, Broadford.
2. Katherine M. Morison, Tobermory.
- 3 & 4. { Elizabeth Macleod, Broadford, } equal.
 { Christina Mackenzie, Poolewe, }
5. Gracie MacIver, Poolewe.

6.—TRANSLATION, from Gaelic into English, of 20 verses from the Books of Ruth, Esther and Proverbs, chapters 1 to 6; and from English into Gaelic of 10 verses from St. John's Gospel. A special examination will be arranged for Catholic Schools, should application be made by such schools. Former first-prize winners in this competition are not eligible. Prizes—1st, £1 and "Caraid nan Gàidheal"; 2nd, 10s, and "Caraid nan Gàidheal."

1. Christina Mackenzie, Poolewe.
2. Katherine M. Morison, Tobermory.

72.—ESSAY, about 500 words, on any episode in the history of the Clan MacDougall. Confined to those bearing the name of MacDougall or recognised Septs of the Clan. Prize — 10/6, (presented by the Clan MacDougall Society).

Hugh MacDougall, Broadford.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR TEACHERS.

(a) A First and Second Prize of £2 and £1 respectively, will be given to the Teachers whose Pupils win the highest *average* of marks in the foregoing Competitions, Nos. 1, 5 and 6.

1. William Cameron, Poolewe.
2. John N. MacLeod, Dornie.

(b) A First and Second Prize of £2 and £1 respectively, will be given to the Teachers whose Pupils win the highest *aggregate* marks in the foregoing Competitions, Nos. 1 to 6.

1. John Macpherson, Broadford.
2. John N. MacLeod, Dornie.

SENIOR SECTION.

I.—LITERATURE.

A GOLD PENDANT will be given to the most distinguished Prize-winner in the Literary Competitions.

Rev. Donald MacCallum, Lochs, Lewis.

26.—POEM, not exceeding 50 lines, on any subject. Prizes—1st, £3; 2nd, Copy of "The

MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry."

1. Kenneth M'Donald, Contin.
2. Alex. Cameron, Poolewe.

27.—ESSAY on "The future of the Gael in view of possible industrial developments in the Highlands." Prize—£5.

David Urquhart, M.A., Kyle.

28.—THREE SHORT STORIES not exceeding 1000 words in each. Prizes—1st, £4; 2nd, £2.

1. Rev. Donald MacCallum, Lochs.
2. Hector M'Dougall, Glasgow.

30.—FOR THE BEST TRANSLATION into Gaelic verse of 100 lines from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." Lines supplied by the Secretary. The translation to be in the same metre. Prize, £2.

Rev. Donald MacCallum, Lochs.

31.—GAELIC POEM on "A Sunrise." Prize—£2.

Alexander Cameron, Poolewe.

32.—GAELIC STORY, extending to 3000 words or more. The Tale may be based on actual historical incidents or local legends. Prize—£5.

John MacCormick, Glasgow.

37.—GAELIC HUMOROUS DIALOGUE. Prize—£2.

Kenneth M'Donald, Contin.

V.—MUSICAL COMPOSITION AND COMPILATION.

64.—COMPILATION of unpublished GAELIC VOCAL MUSIC. The sources from which the melodies are got must be clearly stated, otherwise competitors will be disqualified. The names, and as many verses as possible, of the songs to which the airs are sung should be given along with the music. The music may be written in sol-fa or staff notation. Melodies composed within the last 30 years are excluded. Prizes—1st, £2; 2nd, MacDonald's Illustrated Gaelic Dictionary. Competitors are requested to collect genuine unpublished Highland Airs, not modern compositions.

Annetta C. Whyte, Glasgow.

SPECIAL COMPETITIONS.

67.—For the BEST GAELIC HYMN of Six Verses to suit Gaelic Air "Màil Bheag Og." The Hymn should be suited to congregational use. Copies may be had from the Secretary. Prize—£1.

Rev. D. MacCallum, Lochs.

FAIRY HORSEMEN.

Did you see the fairy horsemen a-riding o'er the hill
With their lances in the moonlight all a-gleam?
Oh! the music of their laughter leaves a haunting
echo still,
Like the fragrance of a long-forgotten dream.

For the wild Nor'win was blowing, and the leaves
were whirling fast,
And the moon was riding wild and white and wan,
When I saw them in their kirtles green, a-racing
with the blast,
The fairy folk a-flying from the dawn.

B. G. B. MACARTHUR, Abington.

AN OIGH GHÀIDHEALACH.

Cha 'n' eil iad ach tearc de ar bàird Ghàidhealach nach do rinn moladh is luaidh air na maighdeanan òga a bha a' cur lònna is sunnd air coinneamhan caidreach anns an sgìre no anns an t-siorramachd do 'm buinneadh iad.

Tha mi de'n bheachd gu bheil leughadair an leabhrair so cho eòlach air Orain Ghaeil nan Gaidheil agus nach 'eil mi a' dol a dh' ainmeachadh a h-aon diubh. Ach ma tha leughadar air bith a rinn dearmad meòrachadh air bàrdachd ar dùthcha, gabhadh esan no ise nàire agus tàmailt, agus thoir eadhail grad-ionnsuidh air beachdachadh oirre. Fàgaidh mise mar sin iad, agus chi mi cia mar a bheachdaich Wordsworth coir air an Oighe Ghàidhealach. Cha 'n' esan a mhaire de na bàird Shasunnach a chuir ann an rannachd mhaireannaich teist air bòichead, béusalachd, banalas agus stuamach na h-Oighe Ghàidhealaich, ach fòghnaidh e fein agus Byron 's an earrann so.

Tha Wordsworth anns na rannan a sgrìobh e mu "Mhaighdean Ghàidhealach Inbhirsnathaid" ag àrdachadh cliù is dreach na maighdinn sin ann an rannachd is am briathran taghte; rannachd a tha a' faotainn àite am meas nan duanagan is fhearr a sgrìobh e.

Tha sinn a' tursgion bho na rannan so gu 'n robh e air chuairt anns a' cheàrn sin de ar dùthaich a tha sinn a' meas cho àillidh ann an dreach nàduir, agus a tha ri fhaicinn am fad 's am farsuingeachd na h-Alba. Tha beinn is còmhnaidh, srath is uchdan, allt is loch, coille is fraoch ri fhaicinn le aona bhuille sùla. Air feadh nan garbhach is nan stùc tha an damh donn cabarach ag ionaltradh le thréud eilidean; caoraich bhàna is dhùbh-cheannach an lionmhorachd anns na srathan min fheurach; bric a' leum air linne chiùin, is bradan ballabhreac a' dìreadh nan easan casa; eòin dhùbh is ruadha ri tùchan air feadh nan raointean molach, agus gach uile ghnè eile na h-ealtainn ri coireil shòlaseach am preas agus an iarmailt. Tha e ionchuidh gu 'n cumamaid gach nì dhe so far comhar mu 'n beachdaich sinn gu ceart air staid inntinn a' bhàird, agus a' bhuaidh a bh' aig an t-suidheachadh sin air a mhac meannna. Cha robh starrun no gleadhraich a' cur dragh air aigne; bha e aig fois leis a' Cheolraidh.

Cha robh a' chaileag so ach ceithear bliadhna deug a dh'aois, ach dhruidd a dealbh 's a dreach cho mòr air agus gu bheil e ag ràdh gu 'n do thàom na bliadhnanach sin de lànachd am maise air a ceann. Tha e 'toirt fairneir nan creagan glasa, an réidhean caoin, na craobhan mar sgàil-bhrat a bheirteadh a leth-taobh a chum a bòichead a nochdadh; an tuiteam uisge a bha deanamh fuaim ri taobh an lochan chiùin,

agus an ceum-coise fàisail a bha ag iadhadh mu'n cuairt a' chanuis, a' cumail fàsagadh air a h-àite tainh. Bha so uile dhàsan mar dhealbhadh bradaid. Tha e ag ràdh "Aisling is mar a tha thu, beannachd mo chridhe dhuit; gu'n dìonadh Dia thu ré d' uile chuairt. Cha 'n' eòl dhomh thu fein no do dhaoine, ach air do shon, ged is fada bhuait mi, atcheuinge dhùrachdach gu'n cuir mi suas." Bha i leis mar fhras a thuit air thuairream fad as o dhaoine, agus a bathais réidh a' nochdadh an t-saorsa is dual do luchd an t-sléibh; gnàis anns an robh aoibhneas a ghnàth a' dealradh agus fiamh glàire do'm bu mhatthar-aobhar caoimhneas; eireachdas a bha a' riaghladh na flathalachd a bha a' cleas mu'n cuairt di. Cha robh, a réir a' bhàird, mòran eòlais aice air a' chànan Bheurla, ach dl' fhòghlum e gu'n robh clisg-fhiosrachadh is dùrachd smuain gun cheannsachadh aice a bha as ceann a léirsinn fein.

"Co'n lamh nach spionadh dhuit lus-chrùin,
Thusa tha cho mhaiseach, chùin!
O sonas maireann an so bhi tàmh,
Ro fhaig ort ann an gleannan àigh;
Ghabhainn orm do sheòl 's do sheùd
'S sinn còmhla buachailleachd an tréud.

Cia 'n sonas d' eisdeachd agus d' fhaicinn
Bhithinn dhuit am brathar bu taicil!
Eadhon athar ach bhi 'n taic riut,
Tuing do na h-Ardaibh gur ann do'm fhàbhar
A stiuradh mis' do'n ionad fhàs so,
Bha aighear agam, agus na mo thrill
Mi tabhairt leam na rinn mi dhiol."

Tha e ag ràdh nach 'eil e leis a' ghluasad bho'n àite, na dhùil-san, a chaidh a dheanamh airson na h-òighe so, ach saoilidh mi, ars esan, nach éirich fa mo chomhar gus am fàs mi aosda agus gus an glac an t-éug mi, sealladh is àille 'na so; am bothan beag, an loch, an camus agus an eas, agus 'nam measg, gur spiorad iomlan Oigh Ghàidhealach Inbhirsnathaid.

Na 'n robh an t-eòlas a bu lugha aig Wordsworth air a' Ghàidhlig, agus gu 'n tuingeadh e còmhradh na h-òighe mhaisich so—ma dh'fheuch e còmhradh a dheanamh rithe—saoilidh mi gu'n àrdaicheadh e a modh còmhraidh fada os ceann nam buadhan eile a bha cho nàdurra dhith. Iomlan agus mar a mhol e i, cha robh 'na chomas luaidh a dheanamh air "còmhradh tlàth is màran millis, beul bidh nach canadh ach stuaim." Biodh sin mar sin, tha sinn fada 'na chomain airson maise na h-Oighe Ghàidhealaich a thoirt fa chomhar an t-Sasunnach nach fhaic air a shon fein e.

Thug Byron mar an ceudna seal beag de a shaoghal a' beachdachadh air an Oighe Ghàidhealach, agus cha b'ann aige a bha an droch shùil! Bha mòran de fhuil a' Ghaidheil 'na chuislibh, agus a réir a sgrìobhaidhean fein, chaith e mòran de làithean oige ann an

Gaidhealtachd siorrachd Abaradhain. Is ann anns na bràigheachan sin a chuir e eòlas cho mion air Lochan a' Gheàrr, agus cò do'n aithne Beurla, biodh e Gàidhealach, Gallda no Sasunnach, nach mosgail gu fearra-ghleus, an uair a léughas no chluinneas e *Dark Lochnagar* !

Annam bothan ùdlaidh an aisridh nam frithéan farsuing fha "Màiri bhan og" aigean, agus ged nach d' thubhairt e mòran mu déidhinn, is leòr dhuinne aig an am gu 'n do sgriobh e rud-eiginn mar so :—

"Saoil am bu ghaol e, cha b' eol dhomh an t-ainm !
An leanabh, ciod an smuain ghabhas aite 'na chridh' ?
Ach am faireachdain fathast, do m'aigne cha bhalbh,
Mar a bha mi 'nam bhalach an aisridh nam frith.
Aon iomhaigh a mhàin dhomh fathast is léir,
Gun sìreadh air eile 's mi sona mar bhà.
Bha m' iartasan torach, is m' uireasbhuidh gann,
Mo smuaintean gun truailleadh, 's mo spiorad adhail.

Ach faodaidh gu faic mi an sealladh a ris,
Na beanntan ard, corrach, 's an sneachd orra dùmhl',
Iad ag éirigh cho mòraim gun chaochladh le tim,
Ach O ! cha bhí Màiri toirt failt' dhomh as ùr.
Slàn leis gach beinn far an d' àiricheadh mi.
Slàn leis an allt 's le à mhall shruthaibh cùin !
Cha bhí fagsadh do m' cheann ann am bothan na frith,

Cha bu dachaidh e dhomhs' gun thu 'Mhàiri bhí dlùth !"

Sgriobh *Byron* mòran dhuaganan gaoil, ach dhuinne, tha na rannan so a sgriobh e an uair a bha e 'na Ghaidheal òg air chuairt a' eiallach-adh tuilleadh nìor is duanag ghaoil, oir bha tlachd mòr aige do'n Ghàidhealtachd agus b' ionnmuinn leis a bhí siubhal nan sliabh agus a' dèiradh ri "Mòr-bheinn an t-sneachd"

Ann a bhí beachdachadh air "Oighe Ghàidhealach *Wordsworth*" thainig e gu mo chuimhne gu 'n do thachair mi fhéin air Oighe a b'airidh air duanag cuideachd. Feumaidh gu 'n deach mi fhéin agus a' Cheòlraidh thar a cheile air dòigh air choir eiginn bho nach do dh' fheuch mi ri seòrsa duanag a dheanamh dhith.

Is ann an uair a bha mi 'nam mbaraiche a thachair so. Bha an Geamhradh gailbheach air teicheadh roimh an Earrach, agus bha siunne ag uidheamachadh na luinge airson an t-Samhraidh. Bha Gearloch Chluaidh a nis gu sìtheil, agus dhi-chuimhnich sinn uile a liuthad marcachd-sian a chaidh thairis oirnn ag aisg eadar long is fearann. Bha gnothuch beag agam do Bhaile Eilidh agus bho na bha am feasgar togarrach, ghabh mi na buinn an àite a' charbaid bho'n Rudha.

Tha dà rathad a' treòrachadh a dh'ionnsuidh a' bhaile; fear ri cois na mara agus fear troimh 'n choille. Cha robh cabhag orm, agus, bho 'n is toigh leam coille 's ceilearachd, ghabh mi an rathad cùil. Bha a' choille air a h-ùr sgeadachadh an trusan a' Cheitein, agus bha "fàileadh cùbhraidh nam mìltean flùir" 'na ùrachadh

eridhe dhomh. Bha a' ghrian a' cromadh air cùl na Beinne Mòire, agus ann am fionnaireachd an fheasgair bha uain, laogh is searraich a mire-leum anns na h-achaidhean feurach. Am fochann uaine a' cumail bileag mhilis ris a' chòineineach, agus an treun-ri-treun a' cumail ciùil ris. Thar leam gu 'n robh gach géug a' toirt àite do mhìle éun, agus gach fear a' strìth co bu chruaidhe ribheid. Bha a' chòisir, air a shon sin, ann an làn chomh-sheirm agus bha an ceòl da-rìreadh taitneach, a' toirt sòlais do m' chridhe. Chum mi air m' aghaidh gu h-athaiseach, a' mèdrachadh air a liuthad sòlas a dh' fhaodas mac an duine a' shealbhadh anns an t-saoghal so, ma tha a ghluasad fhéin a chòir a' chòirhoim a thaobh a chomh-chreutairean, agus ma chuireas e gu buil mhaith na tàlantan a bhuilcheair air.

Cha deachaidh mi ro-fhada air mo cheum troimh na choille agus na smuaintean cudh-romach so air m' inntinn, an uair a chuala mi ceòl binn a bha tur eadar-dhealaichte bho cheilearachd na còisir-sgiathach. Dh' eisd mi. Bha osag chaoin, chùbhraidh an fheasgair Earraich a' giùlan gu 'm chluais manadh fuinn air an robh mi eòlach—fonn òran Gàidhlig! Sheas mi far an robh mi is leig mi mo chudthrom air mo leth-chois—a thaobh m' éideadh, cha robh e freagarach bata a ghiùlan. Bha am fonn a nis a' faotainn buaidh air mo spiorad agus bha mi, gun fhios domh, a' seinn an guth òsal,

"An tèid thu leam a ribhinn òg,
A ribhinn òg, a ribhinn òg;
An tèid thu leam a ribhinn òg,
A null gu Tir nam Beanntan."

'Nam b' fhonn a bh' ann nach cuala mi riamh roimhe theirinn gu 'n robh e neo-thalhbaidh, gu 'n robh sìth-bhrugh faisg orm, ach a thaobh agus gu 'm b' e aon de dh' òran Nèill Mhic Leòid a bh' ann, ghlaic mi misneach agus chum mi orm gu oir na coille. Bha mi nis a' cluinntinn an roinn :—

Chì thu 'n gleann 'san robh mi òg,
'Nuair bha mo chridhe maoth gun ghò,
Mu 'n d' fhuair mi eòlas riamh air bròn,
No leòn an Tir nam Beanntan."

Chuir an sealladh a' chunnaic mi aig tionndadh an rathaid uibhir iognhaidh orm ris an òran Ghàidhlig. Bha sean each bòn, air theadhar ri carbad ceithear-chuibhleach, ag ionaltradh mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn da, agus nighneag a' chiùil a' figheadh stocainn is i 'na suidhe air tarslann faraidh a bha 'na sheasamh ri deireadh a' charbaid, a bha na ionad còmhnuidh do'n tréubh do'm buinneadh i. B' e mo ghonadh gur e bha 'n so buidheann diùbsan aig an bheil an còmhnuidh ann am bùthan, a' siubhal a sìos agus a suas air feadh na dùthcha, a' deanamh am beò-shlaint air creic is ceannach adhaircean fhiadhi is chraicinn chòinein ! Ach coma leibh, bha i glan, speisealta, gu cìreineach sultmhor ;

agus is lionmhor bantighearna a bheireadh stòras airson a cuilean donn 's a graidhean bòidheach.

Cha do stad i de sheinn an òrain gus an rann mu dheireadh; agus a chur an tuille ioghnaidh orm thug i dhomh an crùnlath anns an *do ré!* Co dhiùbh a dh'athnìch i air mo cheum no air mo ghnùis gu 'm b'fhear Mòid mise cha 'n 'eil math a' ràdh—theagamh gu 'n robh fiosachd aice—ach thug a ceòl toileachadh dhòmhsa, agus theagamh na 'n do thachair sinn fada bho'n each bhàn 's bho 'n charbad gu faodaidh na cèilidhean òran a chluinntinn rudeigin mar so:—

Cha d'èirich snagheadar 's a' Ghréig.
Le acfhuinn ghéur 'chur sgéul an carragh
Air breaghachd géimh no sèimheachd òigh,
Nach fhaic mi d' sheòl 'nam b' eòl domh aithris.

Cha bhiodh e freagarach an còrr a' ràdh, ach a dh'aindeoin a suidheachadh, agus air sgàth an òrain—aig na ròin tha brath c'aite an cual i e—cha chaomh leam a' ràdh gu 'm bu nighean ceàird i!

NIALL MAC'ILLE SHEATHANAICH.

—:O:—

GAELS AND GAELIC AT THE FRONT.

By "CALUM STIUBHART BLATHANACH," LIEUT.

President, Comunn Gaidhealach Uisgephort.

THE TRENCHES, *September, 1915.*

Members of An Comunn Gaidhealach and other true Gaels whose hearts are in the Highland cause, may be interested to hear a few odds and ends of how our Highland soldiers are passing their time at the front out here in France. It is true that during the last few months things have been relatively quiet, with the exception of the two "affairs" at Hooge and Givenchy, but in using the word "relatively" it is necessary to bear in mind that the relativism refers only to comparison with the periods of terrific fighting which has taken place previously in this theatre of war, and which the nearing future also holds in store—compared, therefore, with such former wars as, for instance, that in South Africa, every single day of this so-called "relative quietness," from the losses incurred and the general activity displayed, might well be considered no mean battle. On most sectors of the long-drawn battle line there is not a day of which part is not taken up with heavy artillery duels, often of furious intensity, and on those very frequent occasions when the artillery, instead of bombarding one another, seek to avenge themselves on the opposing front-line and support trenches, the losses sustained mount up to high figures. It is precisely this kind of fighting which is

most tedious and nerve-trying to our Gaelic soldiers. The phlegmatic and matter-of-fact Teuton, whether he hail from Northumberland or Devon, greets the screaming shells, as they whizz past him, or burst on either side, with his usual vehement expressions of delicate language; and, this function having been duly carried out, he is more or less content to sit still and suffer whatever gifts Fate has next reserved. But with our Highland soldiers, blood runs differently. Like their Celtic kinsmen, the French, to their fiery and spirited frame of mind it is a terrible and exhausting trial to be compelled to sit or stand there, stationary and helpless in the mud and rain, like rats defenceless in a trap, to endure fierce bombardments for long days and nights on end, and themselves be unable to retaliate in any way whatsoever. Once, however, released from the leash, it becomes their turn to "rush" the enemy; then, surely, there is no body of fighting men now engaged in the world's whole battle-field who will "let fly" with such an overwhelming display of maddened force, dash and energy.

It is a fact well known by now to most of the readers of "An Deo-Gréine" that, alas! there are no regiments exclusively composed of Highland soldiers. Handfuls of Highlanders and Islanders will be found scattered about in most of the battalions of the Highland regiments, but in every case they are utterly outnumbered by the contingents from Glasgow and the lowland mining and manufacturing districts. It may be claimed that Lochiel's special Fifth Service Battalion of Cameron Highlanders is the most Gaelic of all the units now engaged in fighting for the King. In this Battalion some two-thirds of the men are Highland, and at least a third of the Battalion Gaelic speaking—the districts specially well represented being Skye, Benbecula, and North and South Uist.

When any regiment has finished its spell in the trenches, it goes into reserve or rest billets in the villages and farms at varying distances behind the firing-line, and it is worth calling attention to one or two extremely noticeable and significant facts, immediately observable, with regard to Highlanders when billeted upon the French people. These things, entirely unlooked for, struck the writer as particularly remarkable and significant, owing to the persistency with which the farmers, shopkeepers, and villagers of all kinds, and behind every part of the firing-line, insisted that they were so. Firstly, the esteem in which the Scottish name is held above the English; and secondly, the adaptability of the Scottish soldier to the ways of the country, and his most remarkable ability for picking up the language, its accent and idiomatic expressions.

With regard to the first point, it is a subject which has been instilled into the writer absolutely incessantly ever since he first arrived at the port of debarkation. "Ah! ce sont les Ecossais! Ah! que c'est heureux! nous aimons toujours les Ecossais," etc., etc.; or, as the farmers' wives so often say to the soldiers who have less French than others, and who come round to buy milk, coffee and eggs—"Anglais non-bon, Ecossais très bon." This most intense and enthusiastic attitude in favour of the Scottish soldier, and more particularly for the Highlander in his kilt, has been brought home to the writer on countless occasions. Billeted once at the house of some well-to-do French people in Armentières, the lady of the house discoursed upon the fact of how the people of France appreciated the Scottish, how that the Scottish officers were always so "gentil," how they said "Bon-jour" every morning, and were so quiet and considerate in their ways, whereas "certain other allies" were nearly always arrogant and thoughtless, and would enter a house, monopolise the rooms and furniture, make themselves at home, and utterly disregard the owners of the house altogether. The same thing has been said over and over again by the peasant farmers—how that never once has a Scottish regiment destroyed their orchards, spoiled the furniture and woodwork of their farms, stolen eggs or chickens, or refused to pay its debts.

Before the war, the writer would hardly have believed that this distinction between l'Ecossais and l'Anglais could have been so strongly marked, for, judging from the general assimilation and fusion of culture that has taken place between Scotland and England during the last century; knowing that national ideas and ideals, national customs and manners, have been blotted out by the "increscence" of the more powerful civilisation from the South; knowing, in fact, that the Scottish nation had been so far blended and merged into the English, that the two were, alas! slowly approximating a homogeneous whole, it struck him with a great sense of surprised satisfaction and pleasure to realise that, as in the days of "Marie Stuart and Marie of Lorraine," the same old mutual esteem exists between these ancient allies, France and Scotland, and that our soldiers stand out pre-eminently in the eyes of the French people for their virtue, good manners and charm.

The second point, which must be observed before this article closes, is also most easily noted out here—that, whereas the English Tommy never gets beyond "Wee nong bong" and "Nong bong," the Gaelic soldier, even ahead of his Lowland brother, displays the

most remarkable facility for acquiring more than the mere rudiments of the French language, and he does so with an accent and intonation which shows no trace whatever of Teutonic influence. Not so the officers. The writer has been more than astonished on several occasions to find Skyemen sitting in an "estaminet," carrying on a spirited and continuous conversation, though in admittedly disjointed sentences, on the subject of the duration of the war, or the price of fried potatoes! It is not so much the extent of his vocabulary, but the intonation of his voice, the arrangement of his accentuation, and his expressive exclamations so perfectly acquired and placed, that make the Gaelic soldier such an efficient master of "la Belle Langue."

Not infrequently, also, has it been remarked to the writer what a vast difference of physiognomy, what a great difference of "face-architecture" and expression exists between the Scottish soldier and his ally from South of the border. Whereas the English soldier with his rounded face and his flattened features bears the water-mark of his Teutonic origin, our fellows, with their longer features and more pointed characteristics, approximate more nearly to the French type, whilst in expression the Gael and the Breton are often indistinguishable.

Finally, on the march along these long, straight roads between the poplar trees and through the little red-brick villages of French Flanders and Artois, whilst the English Tommy is making night hideous with his raucous "Stretch ye 'and out, ye naughty boy," "Ere we are, 'ere we are, 'ere we are again," and other ear-piercing vulgarisms and low modern jingle-jangle from the Upper Tooting music-hall stage, you may hear our Highland fellows from the West Coast singing quietly and beautifully the noble songs of the days of long ago, "Tha tighinn fodham, tha tighinn fodham, is foghainteach an euchdan."

* Noble is our enterprise.

[We deeply regret to announce that Lieut. Blane was killed in the Great Advance last week.]

—:—:—

Meath am facal mu'n leig thu mach e, 's cha chuir e dragh ort fhéin no air duin'eile.

Cha'n'eil ian's a' choille nach be greis 'na bhantraich.

—:—:—

HOMESPUN.

TWEEDS—guaranteed genuine by An Comunn Gaidhealach—sold by R. G. LAWRIE, 60 Renfield Street, Glasgow; K. MACLEAN, Son & Co., Tailors, 4 Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Suits and Costumes made.

GLIOCAS AN AMA.

BASLACH BHO RADHAN NAN DAOINE GLICE.

Bheir deasbairleadh gu trice mu'n cuairt eas-aonachd, agus 's e 's aobhar, gu'm bheil daoine buailteach air a bhi 'cur an ceill beachdan air nach do mheadraich iad gu leòr. Is aineamh a dh' eireas connspoid bho bheachdan a tharmaich o throm snuain.

* * *

Is mór an t-eadar-thealachadh a gheibhear ann an cor inntinn a' chinne-daonna. Eadhoin bho làithaireachd chuid tha cumhachd dìomhair a' sruth, agus a' toirt comhfhurtachd agus neart do'n chrìche nach eil fad o eu-dòchas, ged nach can iad aon fhacal. Thàrmaich anns an dream seo an cumhachd-leighis a thig bho'n tosd.

* * *

Feumaidh còmhraidh taitneach beagan de gheur-chainnt a chum sgéimh a chur air, ach thugamaid an aire nach 'eil ann an gèur-chainnt ach, mar gu 'm b' eadh, salann agus rìomhadh—cha 'n e brìgh na cuirme a th' ann.

* * *

Mu'n d' thainig an cogadh cha robh ann an caithe-beatha mhóran ach nàdur de spòrs no feala-dhà; 's e an aon rud a bhla 'cur smuairan air daoine, cho duilich 's a bhà e dhaibh gu leòr de dh' airgead a chruinneachadh, a chum gu'n seilbhicheadh iad gu h-iomlan an cridhealas agus an t-aobhneas air an robh iad an tòir.

* * *

Miann air sògh, fheadhachas agus faireach-duinnean ùra—b'e sin spiorad an ama. Thainig an cogadh agus 'na lorg thainig faireachduinnean eile a chuir an sàs iad. Cha bhi daoine mar a bhà iad an deidh na còmhraig. Thaid mòran de shean bheachdan a sealladh. Tha 'n t-am faisg oirnn anns am bitear a' sgrùdadh bunaitean chùisean.

* * *

Cha 'n eil a' bheatha tha làthair cho goidrid 's nach eil an còmhnuidh rùm airson modh agus deagh-bhéus.

* * *

Arsa duine cothromach àraidh, "chuir mi romham ceithir rudan 's a mhaduinn."

1. Measaidh mi luach mo dhachaidh fhìn na's mò na rinn mi rian, an uair a bheir mi faineart nam miltean a tha gun dachaidh idir aig an uair seo.

2. Gleidhidh mi cunntas air no tròcairean a thainig 'nam rathad, gun di-chuimhne air a chuid a tha 'tighinn orm gun fhiosda.

3. Feuchaidh mi rudeigin sònraichte a dheanamh a chum sonas do gach aon 'nam theaghlach.

4. Socraichidh mi mu' iuntinn a chum agus nach tig aon fhacal mi-chubhaidh, no neo-chaoimhneil, a mach as mo bhéul.

* * *

Cuiridh mi suas le cruaidh-chàs le suigear, do bhrìgh, gu'm bi sinn a' neartachadh nam feartan do'n crìoch beatha chothromach anns an t-seadh is maireanaiche.

* * *

Bithidh an bigridh a bruidhinn air na bheil iad a deanamh, na sean daoine air na rinn iad, agus na h-amadain air na bheil iad a' dol a dheanamh.

* * *

Cho fhad 's nach gabh do choguis naire air gach nì tha thu 'deanamh, coma leat cìod e 'their do nàmhaid. Bheir duinealas buaidh air a' cheann mu dheireadh.

* * *

Rud do-dheanta—sin agad ràdh an amadain. 'Se mairghear cruaidh a th' ann 'san aineolas. Faodaidh cunnart a bhi'n crochadh ri beagan eòlais, ach air a shon sin, 's e eadhoin am beagan seo cùim de'n t-slighe tha treòrachadh a chum co-fhaireachadh agus còrdadh cothromach.

—:O:—

THE "CLAIDHEAMH SOLUIS" ON THE LANGUAGE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

Our contemporary, *An Claidheamh Soluis*, is always interesting. As the organ of the Gaelic movement in Ireland, it holds a prominent place in Irish life and thought. Its articles are characterized by courage and virility of thought. It strikes straight from the shoulder, and strikes effectively, because it has absolute belief in the faith that is in it, and this is an essential condition to success. We take the liberty of quoting a part of an interesting article entitled "Guerilla Warfare," which appeared in its pages in September, because much of it is applicable to the condition of things in Gaelic Scotland. Says the writer—

"Language has been described as the servant of thought, and if we allow the English language to retain the predominant position it has gained by one means and another in Ireland we shall be placed very largely at the mercy of English thought, and we shall be ruled by English opinion. The English language is the big gun for which English intellectual munition factories supply in abundance the most suitable shells. That big gun, worked by the newspaper batteries, plays havoc with the sanity of thought and soundness of opinion in Ireland. It has, even when manipulated by ourselves, the power of transmitting to the quality of English

thought the intellectual shells manufactured in our Irish thought factories, and the New Zealander who will view from London Bridge the ruins of St. Paul's, if he unearths the newspaper files of the British Museum, will find it difficult to discover any difference between the *Freeman* and the *Daily Mail*, or between the *Chelsea Chronicle* and the *Irish Times*. It shall be the same with our books, with literature, and with the Arts generally. Imperialists the world over have discovered many mistakes in the plans of Providence, but those who place their faith in nationality will continue to guard by every means with which Providence has provided them their national rights and possessions. We need not apologise for the possession of a language which Providence bestowed on us. Our duty is to guard the great gift and preserve it. When a man is fighting for his life he must use the best weapon at his command. If he have not a machine gun or rifle or automatic pistol, then a blunderbuss is good. If he possess no firearms, a sword or pike is useful, and a *bata* or stone may disable the enemy and help to gain breathing space. The figures which we published a fortnight ago showed how completely the enemy continues to control the machinery of Irish education. It is only in the bilingual schools that Irish finds an equal footing with English, and there are only 215 bilingual schools. The Irish language army is reduced, if not to the *bata* and the stone, to the conditions of guerilla warfare. Guerilla soldiers are often humbugged into surrender. We must not be vulnerable to humbug. The enemy has on his side the prestige of officialdom, of State grants, of training colleges and inspectors, and he is very fond of laughing and sneering at our little branch classes, at our travelling teachers, at our aeridheachta and feiseanna, and the great Starkie barks occasionally at "ignoramus in education." Now it is vitally important for us to maintain our branches and classes, however small. We are inclined to undervalue their importance. They are necessary because they teach the Irish language and Irish history, vital subjects of national education which are excluded from three-fourths of the schools. But the influences of the branches and classes is not to be measured by the extent of their actual teaching."

From the foregoing quotation the condition of things in Ireland with regard to its language may be understood. Applying the ideas underlying it to our own country, one can see that there is considerable similarity in conditions. In both countries the scheme of education as laid down by the authorities appears to lack elasticity. At any rate it does not seem to do justice to racial aspirations. It may be said

that, generally, the education of a country reflects its spirit, but it can hardly be said that the system which seeks to de-celticize Gaeldom is one fitted to bring about results of a permanent value among even a tame nation like the Gaels of Scotland. English Philistinism has consistently ignored, if not ridiculed Celtic traditions in its attempts to frame an educational system sufficiently scientific in character, and suited to the requirements of a race with a distinct national individuality. What Englishmen have accepted as suitable for themselves is thought to be equally suitable for others. Hence the deadening effect of the Teutonic educational spirit-level, cruel in its cold utility, and soulless in its lack of appreciation of culture or beauty outside its own brand. The Gaelic race, as a distinct social organism, but often fooled and wheeled, demands a system fitted to bring out all that is best in its inherent character. This can be done only through its own language, and by means of a system which will harmonise with Celtic ideas, not by a political structure imposed from outside. It should be evident to thoughtful minds that the function of an educational system suitable for Highlanders is not one that tends to shape him according to a Teutonic image, but one that should rather help him to grow free and fearless, and take his part, with all his national characteristics, in the body politic. This consummation can hardly be looked for from a source which is, for obvious reasons, unable to frame a true educational system which should do justice to racial ideas; or at any rate which has hitherto failed to do it. For, after all, true education is concerned more with ideas that are of value, rather than mere routine, or the letter that killeth. It is unphilosophical to ignore Gaelic as a powerful factor in the education of the Highland child; to sneer at the culture associated with it, betrays ignorance of what is implied in culture in the true sense, as apart from showy and artificial accomplishments. As a writer once said:—"A Highlander is a Highlander, and you can no more change him into an Englishman than you can metamorphose Parian marble into agate." Why seek to shape a Highlander, educationally, into the image of a Teuton? Is there no culture outside of this? Do Highlanders possess a soul beyond an imitation? Is culture hid in English only, and are we condemned to seek it there like a Holy Grail quest? Is the Highlander to become a kind of research student to find out what after all may prove a chimera? We say nothing derogatory of the great wealth of English Literature. To do so would convict us of ignorance, but English Literature is not the literature of the world, nor has it yet proved itself to be the salvation of the world. These

is still need for peoples and nations to discover themselves, if they are not to be mere tools ministering to the fancies of others.

It may be asked, what iniquities has Gaelic committed that it should be shunted in the general scheme of education? Really, it is time for Gaels to show a little more backbone—a little more moral courage—and realise that their own language is an instrument capable of training them in religious, moral, æsthetic and national sentiments. Is there a greater asset to a kingdom than the possession of these virtues? If this is realised by those in authority, they can hardly fail to understand the function that Gaelic can perform in Highland education. Any other plan outside of this is unscientific, and is likely to lead to confusion. It may be difficult for a people so practical and so Philistine as the English to realise that education after a pattern woven in Whitehall cannot meet the mental condition of a fervid and emotional race. It cannot certainly reflect their spiritual condition. Nature is mightier than Whitehall, and nature, for good or ill, has planted a distinct national character in the mind of the Highland people. It is on these grounds that we plead for a recognition of Gaelic as an essential factor in the true education of the Gael, for it would not be for the good of the empire to ignore the peculiarities and traditions of a race that has taken such a prominent part in its building. Education Departments from the beginning have done this, systematically, and the kingdom can only offer “reputation at the cannon’s mouth.” There is, however, something more abiding than that—there are the qualities that make a nation really great. These often escape the observation of statesmen. We are often reminded by the press that things are, to-day, in the melting-pot, and we believe it. Among the questions that will bulk largely in the near future is education. To economise on that is false economy. We wonder if men of vision, able to tackle the question, will arise and substitute for what is dead level, variety and something distinctive. It is merely stating a bald, and oft-repeated fact, that the British Government has failed to give to Gaelic that financial support which the people that speak it deserve. In this respect Ireland has fared better than Scotland. When the Secretary for Scotland was asked, a short time ago, to account for the difference of treatment, the reply was that “the circumstances were different.” What an illuminating example of logic!

—:O:—

Mur ’eil tuigse ’s seòltachd air a’ stìthir, theid an long, air a’ fàbhas a’ mhaslachadh le gaoith ’s le fàirge.

THE REV. DR. MACLENNAN AND GAELIC IN LEWIS.

The Rev. Dr. Maclennan writes us again on the ability of Highlanders to read and write their native tongue with ease, but on this occasion he confines himself to *Eilean an Fhraoich*. Referring to our remarks on his letter in the last issue of “An Deo-Gréine,” he says:—“I feel sure you will not be surprised to hear that once or twice in the course of your criticism my reserve of humour was taxed rather freely. But I wish you would tell us why you are so unwilling to believe that between eighty and ninety per cent. of the Lewismen who are with the colours can read their mother tongue with comfort? Just the other day I submitted the question to one of H.M.’s inspectors—one who, from practical experience, can speak with authority on the subject—and he assures me that my estimate is much *too low*. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of a short intercourse with two other of H.M.’s inspectors—both Lewismen and men of experience and sound judgment—and they, too, confirm my estimate, although one of them was inclined to be less confident regarding general ability to read a *sermon*. As I happened to be on a visit to one of the most successful teachers in Lewis at the time, I was given the opportunity of a practical test. My friend took me into his school. He called up several of his pupils, one after another, and I put into their hands copies of the booklets which we had prepared for the sailors and soldiers. These sermons were absolutely unseen by these children, and yet the reading to which I then listened would have done credit to youths far on in their teens. I felt proud of the manner in which these children of ten to twelve years of age acquitted themselves. If their friends in khaki can only read equally well, the labour and expenditure of my committee are abundantly justified.

I need only add that several of the teachers of Lewis, and at least one of the teachers of Skye, as well as others competent to judge, assure me that very few below the age of forty-five or fifty may be classed as unable to read Gaelic.

There was one point in my letter which I failed to make clear. I did not mean to suggest that any grant from the Comunn’s funds should be made towards the work in which my committee is engaged. I meant to suggest rather that the Comunn would be doing splendid service if it could find a couple of hundred pounds for the purpose of preparing Gaelic literature, other than religious, for our Highland soldiers and sailors. You know how willingly Professor Watson would be to act as convener of a small

committee, consisting of three or four of us, who are members of the Comunn, here beside him, to undertake the work."

Our readers may note that the remarks which ruffled the worthy doctor's equanimity, and served to tap his reserve of humour, were—"The number of Highlanders expert in reading and writing Gaelic is not so great as people imagine." No reference was made to Lewis, which, on the authority of Mr. MacLennan and H.M. Inspectors, is in such a very satisfactory condition with respect to Gaelic. Natives of other parts of the Highlands are with the colours, and the point at issue is not the percentage of Gaelic reading in Lewis or Skye. Several people, who may be presumed to know, are not quite so sanguine in their opinion as Mr. MacLennan is. For obvious reasons we cannot give names; and even if we did, the question would not, after all, be much removed from the region of opinion. The net result of this discussion is that, on the authority of Mr. MacLennan and H.M. Inspectors, over 90 per cent. of Lewismen are expert Gaelic readers. When the attention of certain Lewismen in the south was drawn to this, they received the information with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

Let us add that, however inconclusive this friendly discussion may turn out to be, Dr. MacLennan and ourselves are at one on the main question, viz., that a competent knowledge of Gaelic should be a distinguishing feature of the *whole* of the Highlands. This is the aim of every true friend of Gaelic, and we ought not to rest until it is accomplished. "Ar canain agus ar tìr."

THE ROAD BOARD AND HIGHLAND ROADS.

In the recently issued fifth annual report of the Road Board, it is stated that the amount of road grants to Highland counties for the year to 31st March last amounted to £27,624, out of a total grant to Scotland of £142,000. One-third of this amount (£9000) was applied in the re-erection of Dalfringen Bridge in Glenfalloch. When it is remembered that the area of the Highland counties amounts to one-fourth of the whole area of Scotland, it will be seen that the Road Board has scarcely done justice to the north and west.

In the matter of loans, the Board has been stingier still. The total amount of loans granted to the Highland counties during the year 1914-15 was only £4848 out of a total for Scotland of £79,000. It is no wonder that motorists complain so bitterly of the condition of the Highland roads. One who motored in

August over a great part of the Long Island and round the island of Skye declares that the roads are almost impossible for motor traffic. Indeed, as much has been admitted in the recent discussions between Sir John Dewar and those who have been endeavouring to obtain an improved mail service in the Hebrides.

There is also a very uneven distribution of the road grants. Argyll and Perth each got over £12,000, while the great County of Inverness received only a paltry £847; and Ross is not much better with £1785, of which £750 is for the western district. The attention of the Road Board should be directed by motorists to the fact that there is at present no decent road along the west coast of Inverness and Ross for over fifty miles from the Bridge of Sheil to the Gairloch. There is no finer country in the whole British Isles, and the lack of roads in this region is not merely a local drawback, but is a misfortune for the multitudes who are annually attracted to the Highlands by its glorious scenery. In conclusion, it may be added that no road grants were given during the past year to the counties of Caithness, Sutherland and Bute, and no loans to the counties of Argyll and Bute.

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NOTES, AND COMMENTS.

In August the Scottish Secretary appointed several new professors in the Scottish Universities, including a new Principal of St. Mary's College, a new Professor of Church History at St. Andrews, and also a new Professor of Biblical Criticism at Edinburgh. The memorial of An Comunn suggesting that a Gaelic-speaking candidate should be preferred to the chair of Church History at St. Andrews, did not receive effect. The present position of matters is not satisfactory. There are over 200 parishes in Scotland where the ministers have to conduct services in Gaelic, yet there is not, at present, a single professor in any of the divinity faculties of the Scottish Universities who is able to conduct a religious service in Gaelic. How, then, can Gaelic ministers be adequately trained in these institutions?

* * *

Owing to the war the great autumn herring fishing has this year been transferred from the North Sea to the Minch and the Atlantic. The centres of activity in the herring industry are Stornoway, Ullapool, Mallaig and Kyle. It is to be noted, however, that most of the proceeds of the fishing go into the pockets of East Coast fishermen, and that for two reasons. Most of the West Coast men have gone into the naval service, while the East Coast men have mostly stuck to their boats and their nets. In the

second place, the East Coast men have more modern appliances than are generally to be found among the Gaelic fishermen.

* * *

It is time that some action was taken to cause the authorities to deal more fairly with the West Coast fishermen. During the past few years fully a million has been expended in improving the harbours along the coast from Peterhead to Wick. Nothing has been expended on the west side except a paltry sum to extend the pier at Ullapool. As they have got nothing for harbours, the West Coast men have a strong claim in the first place for grants and loans to provide improved vessels, and in the second place for funds to establish an institute for training the men.

* * *

A large school of navigation is to be established at Aberdeen, and something will have to be done for the West Coast men, whose need is greater and whose patriotism entitles them to receive fair play from the authorities.

* * *

An important Commission appointed by the General Assembly visited vacant Highland parishes during the month of August. At present there are no fewer than seven parish charges vacant in the Hebrides, and no candidates are available to fill them. In the case of some recent vacancies, the church had been enabled to appoint ministers only by admitting Gaelic-speaking ministers from other churches. It appears that there are no Gaelic-speaking licentiates at present on the list of the probationers of the Church of Scotland. A Special Committee of the Assembly is now dealing with this problem.

* * *

In answer to a question put by Mr. Hogge, M.P. (Edinburgh E), the following statement was made in Parliament by the Secretary for Scotland:—In the last complete school year for which figures are available, the additional grant for Gaelic under Article 19b (7) of the Code was paid to 81 schools, with an aggregate average attendance of 3311, and the grant of £10 in respect of Gaelic-speaking teachers under Section 17 (9) of the Education (Scotland) Act (1908) was paid to 163 schools. There were also 12 classes in Gaelic, with a total of 275 students, recognised for the grant under the Continuation Class Code. These figures related as a rule to the school years ending during 1914.

* * *

The Gaelic classes in the High School of Glasgow are this session under the charge of Mr John Macdonald, M.A., at one time master

of Dalmally School, and now in the service of the Glasgow School Board. The late teacher, Mr. Norman Macleod, has joined the 2/4th Seaforths as a second lieutenant.

* * *

The Comunn at Fort-William are hammering at the door of the School Board of Kilmallie on behalf of the ancient language of Lochaber. A largely-signed petition has been presented in favour of Gaelic. Cumabh ris a mhuinntir Lochabair, gus am faigh sibh ar seann mhathair far an coir dhi a bhith.

—:O:—

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All literary contributions, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, should be addressed to Mr. DONALD MACPHIE, The Schoolhouse, Cumbernauld, and should reach him not later than the 18th of each month.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

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Ceud Mios a' Gheamhraidh, 1915.

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FEALLSANACHD AGUS CEALGAIR-EACHD.

Am measg a' phobuill, tha e 'na bheachd choitchionn gu bheil feallsanachd—no mar a' theirear anns a' Bheurla *Philosophy*—dlùth-cheangailte ri sàr-ionnsachadh agus gliocas, do bhrìgh gu bheil an dream a tha taghte ann am buadhan intinn os cionn an comhchréatairean, an còmhnuidh a sior tholladh a stigh ann an nithean dìomhair, mar nach biodh iad toilichte gus an rachadh ac' air sgòd de 'n bhrat a tha eadar an cinne-daonna agus an taobh thall a thogail, a chum rudeigin de 'n dìomhaireachd a chaidh a chleith air an t-saoghal bho thall, fhaotainn a mach. Tha 'n t-annas a' leantuinn mac-an duine re a bheatha, agus a' gintinn ùidhe ann gu bhith 'bùrach mu na rudan air a bheil intinn an geall. Ghabh buaidh-rannsachaidh de 'n t-seòrsa seo greim air na h-intinnean a bu gheàrr a bhla 'san t-sean Ghréig, agus is ann bhuathas an fhuair sinn an dà bhlaid a tha 'deanamb suas an fhacail, "philosophy"—a cheud chrìomag a' ciallachadh

"gradh," agus a' phàirt mu dheireadh a' ciallachadh "gliocas." Ma thainig atharrachadh air sean seadh an fhacail, no ma shleamhnadh e bho a cheud inbhe, tha 'spiorad cho beò 's a bha e riamh, oir cha do stad bùrach no dealbhadh bheachd d'a thaobh. Theirear mu'n dream a tha 'cur suas le 'n crannchur gu socrach, toiniseil, am measg gach tuiteamas is ni-rath a thig 'nan car, gu bheil nadur de spioraid an fheallsanaich ann, do bhrìgh nach eil iad a call an cuimse, agus nach leig iad as an greim air a' bhunait air an do steidhich iad an dlùth-bheachd a dh'aindeoin na thachras 'nan ròd. Bhà, agus thà, feallsanaich anns an t-seachd seo am measg nan Gaidheal, agus 's ann aig an fheadhainn a fhuair cothrom a bhith 'nan còmhradh is fearr brath. Ach tha seadh na 's farsuinge na seo ceangailte ris na tha filte anns an fhacail, "feallsanaich." Tha e 'gabhlail a stigh eòl mu Bhith a' chréutair, agus mu 'bhuidhean intinn; eòlas air na h-aobharan agus na laghanna a tha cuairteachadh gach ni faicsinneach, agus gu h-àraidh a' deanamh spàirn a chum rudeigin fhaotainn a mach mu nithean neo-faicsinneach. Mar bhuil air an spàirn seo, gheibh sinn iad a' cur fo rian laghannan na h-intinn (mar a theirear) agus bho sin a' foillseachadh an dealbhan intinn fein, air chor agus gu bheil creutairean air am bódhradh le beachdan a tha gu tric calg dhìreach an aghaidh a chèile. Tha 'n ùprait seo a sior dhòl air adhart am measg ollamhan urramach anns gach càrn, agus an àite bhith 'fàs na 's glìce agus na 's béusaile, mar tha eòlas a' dol am farsuingeachd, 's ann a tha coslas air gu bheil sluagh is rioghachdan a' fàs na 's amaidhe agus ag à suas le spiorad na fein-spéis agus an uaibhreis. Nach biodh e reusonta gu 'm biodh daoine cho mothlachail, agus cho tuigseach, ri feallsanaich làn de éud airson na firinn co-dlùid, ge bith mar a rachadh iad iomrall 'nam beachdan mu nithean nach 'eil

soirbh an tuigsinn le creutairean is lagchuisiche 'nam buadhan, agus 'nan comas breitheachaidh.

Cha 'n 'eil dùthaich air thalamh a thug barrachd spéis do nìthan a bhuineas do fheallsanachd, agus do gach gnè ionnsachaidh, na Ghearmailt; ni mò a gheibhear, a rèir breith dhaoine fiosrach, rioghachd anns an d' fhuair foill agus cealgaireachd a leithid de àite. Bu dual do Phruisia e. Tha seo soirbh a dhearbhadh, ma bheachdaicheas sinn car tiotan air lùbair-eachd nan innleachdan a tha h-àrd luchd-foghlum a' fighe airson a' choire a thilgeil air Breatunn, Ruisia, agus an Fhraing, a thaobh a' chogaidh a tha 'cur-bèus, càileachd agus cràbhachd na h-Eòrpa gu nàire, agus a tha sgrios a chuid' is fuighanta de ar luchd - dùthcha. Na 'n amaiseadh iad air an fhirinn ghlan an dràsda 'sa rithist, cha bhiodh an gnothuch cho dona: ach 'nuair tha dùthchanan nach do ghabh pàirt idir 'sa chogadh de 'n bheachd nach fhaicear mòran 'nan giùlan ach cealgaireachd, cha 'n 'eil e soirbh a' meas ach mar shluagh a dhalladh leis an fhoill. Ma tha gràdh dùthcha ann freasdal an rùn intinn a mheallas càch, cha mhór is fhaiche do thir 's am bith, agus cha 'n 'eil am bùthas ro eireachdall. Ma choisinn a' Ghearmailt an teisteanas seo, tha e mar fhìrreachaidh oirn a dhearbhadh. Cha 'n 'eil sin doirbh ma bheirear fainear na thachair, agus na tha tachairt.

Faigheamaid an dearbhadh bho bhilean nan urracha mòra fhein. Bho chionn ghoirid, chuir iad a mach gairm fhollaiseach a chum agus gu'n faicheadh an saoghal cho neo-chiontach 'sa tha 'Ghearmailt—an dùthaich ionnsaicht' ud a thagh An t-Uile Chumhachdach (ma b'fhior dhaibh fhein) a chum cinnich through a shàbhaladh bho dhol a dholaidd, agus an stiùreadh a réir an t-soisgeil ùr aca-san, an deidh dhaibh am Biobull a riailadh as a cheile, agus a theagasg a chumadh a réir nam Pruisianach! Fo chuing gheimhlean an stàta, mar a tha iad, is cinnteach nach robh ann ach a bhi 'seoladh leis an t-soirbheas a tha séideadh bho *Photosdam*, eadhoin ged chuireadh e iad air na creagan. An uair a thòisicheas a' ghraing ud leigil mu sgaoil, faodar a bhi cinnteach gu bheil an donas air an stiùir, agus an ailm fo achlais. Shluig an cogadh na h-oileanachan a bha fo 'n cùram, agus a nis cha 'n 'eil car aca ri dheanamh ach, le dubh is peann, intinnean an comb-chreutairean a dhoilleireachadh a thaobh chùisean. Bu mhiann leo gu 'n creideadh a' mhór-shluagh anns gach cèarn, nach d' intrinn e riann an cridhe nan Gearmailteach gu'n raeadh iad thairis air an eirichan fhein; nach do ghabh glòir-mhiann idir greim orra; nach robh iad ag iarraidh ach a bhi tighinn beò mar nàbuidhean slothchail, agus nach d' thainig e stigh orra iad fein a chur fo armachd, nur bhitheadh gu robh an naimhdean an tòir air an sgrios! Nach

faoin na feallsanaich, ma tha iad le 'n uile chridhe a' creidsinn na tha iad a' cur an cèill? Air neo nach faoin a tha iad 'gar meas-ne? Bha amharus—dh' fhaoidte a ràdh fios—aig an Eòrpa bho chionn bhliadhnanach, ciod e bha 'sùil nam Pruisianach, agus an t-ullachadh a bha iad a' deanamh. Cha do chleith iad e! Bha na paiperen làn de 'n t-sanas. Ged bhà, bha Breatunn a' dol air adhart fo bhuaidh dhroch thàladh nach h-eil soirbh a thuigsinn. Arsa na feallsanaich, ma tha Ghearmailt an diugh an tòir air inuir no dhà bharrachd de 'n Eòrpa, ciod e tha sin ach a bhi 'gabhail mheadhonan a chum i fhein a dhion bho 'n ionnsuidh naimhdeil is dual do Bhreatunn chuibheartach? Agus ciod e am meudachadh tire tha dhith oirre? Ciod e ach na dh' innis i dhuinn ciad uair 'na paiper-ean, a' dealbhadh cho cumhachdach 'sa bhitheadh i an uair a shròicheadh i bho na Frangaich stiall mhór de tìr ri taobh na mara a chum gu faigh-eadh i àite-sinteig airson léum air Breatunn, agus a sgiùrsadh thar a chuain! Am bheil an taobh a muigh de chrìochan na Gearmailt nach tuig seo?

A rithist, arsa na feallsanaich ionmhuinn, cha 'n 'eil sinne ag iarraidh idir an saoghal a chuir fo smachd, no làmh-asach-làidir a ghabhail air dùthchanan eile. Nach neo-lochdach an Teutonach còir? Sinn a dh' fhaodadh a bhi 'na chomaine—e cho ion-ghràdhach! Nach h-e an Eòrpa—eadhoin an saoghal air fad—bu chòir a bhi iriosal agus taingeil fo leithid seo de chinnteachas? A nis ciod e tha toinne ann an càil intinn a chuireas a mach baothaireachd de 'n t-seòrsa seo? An Eòrpa a cheansachadh le sluagh nach b' urrainn roinn-dùthcha mar a tha *Alsace-Lorraine* agus ceàrn eile a' riaghladh! Smaoinich air cor na h-Eòrpa fo shàil a Phruisianaich! B' fheàrr a bhi marb na bhi beò an là sin. An Kaiser leis an t-slat smachdachaidh na dhòrn, agus an t-amhasg is mac da air a chorra-blod gus am faigh e greim oirre! Ath-philleadh gu linn allmhara nam paganach; smàladh nam bèusan a tha deanamh air son adhartachadh a' chinne-daonna!

Am bheil dòigh ann a chomharraicheas a mach sluagh no rioghachd ach an gnìomharan? Ciod e theirear mu gnìomharan na Gearmailt gus an seo? Feuch tha iad sgrìobhte ann an litrichean fola air feadh *Belgium*. Tha 'n cuimhneachain ri fhaicinn ann an leir-sgrios na dùthcha-ud, agus tha fuil neo-chiontach ag éubhach air son dioghaltas—fuil naoidheanan is mhnathan. Séididh a' cho-sheim na's cruaidhe le gaoir nan truaghan a chaidh a dhith leis an *Lusitania*, gun bhruidhean air brùicelachd eile.

Na 'n rachadh aig a' Ghearmailt sìth a thoirt mu'n cuairt a réir a rùn fhein, bhiodh an Eòrpa, ann an seadh, ceannsaichte fo eallach na bréige; agus cha bhiodh 's an chùis ach dearbhadh

gu'n do dh'fhuiling a' Ghearmailt na thainig oirre troimh cheilg Bhreatunn!—rud nach creid neach aig a bheil an tomhas is lugha de thoinisg. Is iomadh droch rud a thachras do rioghachdan 'nan cursa, ach tha rudan ann na's miosa eadhoin na cogadh, agus 'se sin gu'n gabhadh an Eòrpa, mar riaghailt shuidhichte, òrduighean a bhiodh stéidhichte air ceilg. Tha sinn buail-teach a bhi di-chùimhneachadh na leasanan a gheibh sinn bho eachdraidh. Tha còrr agus dà fhichead bliadhna bho'n chuir a' Ghearmailt an ruaig air an Fhraing, agus bha bhathais aig *Bismarck* a ràdh nach do ghnàthaich iad do na Frangaich ach caoimhneas agus uaisleachd. Bha fios aig an Fhraing nach robh sud ach na dearg bhriagan—briagan a bha dual do theaghlach *Bhrandenburgh*, agus nach crìochnaich gus an teid na *Hohensollernnaich* irisleachadh gu làr. Gun a bhi 'dol na's fhaide; 's e *Vienna* agus *Berlin* a thug an cogadh truagh seo mu 'u cuairt, agus cha'n urrainn cleas no ceilg seo àicheadh, oir dh'aidich aon de dhaoine móra na Gearmailt thein a cheart ni. Cha d' thainig an cogadh gun fhiosd' air a' Ghearmailt idir. Bha i deiseil air a shon, agus dhearbha i sin. Bha 'na shìl an Eòrpa a chur fo bhèus nuadh a réir a l-iomhaigh thein. Thainig i gu bhi 'creidsinn gu'n deach a taghadh a chum na crìche sin, agus nach ruigeadh i leas, hó-ró a thoirt air mar a shaoileadh an Eòrpa dheth. Mar sin feumar a sùilean fhosgladh, agus cumail rithe gus a' pheilear mu dheireadh.

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

As reported in our last issue, the Annual Meeting stood adjourned until Saturday, 3rd October, there being no quorum present the previous Saturday.

There were present, Mr. Donald Macphie, Vice-President, presiding; Messrs. Donald Macdonald, Peter MacIntyre, J. S. Mackay, Hugh MacLean, and the General Secretary.

No quorum being present within half an hour from the time appointed, the business of the meeting was gone on with.

The minute of previous meeting was held as read and signed by the Chairman.

The reports of the Standing Committees and the Financial Statement were considered, the Secretary giving a resumé of the discussion on the various reports by members on the previous Saturday. The reports were approved of.

On the suggestion of Mr. Donald Macdonald, it was agreed to ask members who

have intimate connections with business firms in large cities to endeavour to secure advertisements for the Magazine. The Secretary was instructed to supply the members approached with copies of advertising terms.

The Auditors for the *Feill* Trust Fund and the General Treasurer's intromissions were re-appointed.

The motion by Mrs. Burnley Campbell, already reported, was considered and approved of.

Note—The next meeting of the Executive Council will be held in the Palace Hotel, Edinburgh, on Saturday, 29th January, 1916.

—:—:—

GAELIC SINGING IN SCHOOLS.

Miss Juliet Macdonald, Lochaber, who has always taken such a keen and practical interest in An Comunn and its Gaelic propaganda, has for the second year, offered a prize of £2 for the teacher of an Infant Department in the Public Schools of Inverness-shire, whose pupils show the best results in the singing of simple Gaelic songs.

The examiner has awarded the prize this year to Miss Annie Gillies, St. Mary's School, Arisaig, the winner last year being Miss Winifred MacFarlane, Roy Bridge.

Miss Gillies in acknowledging the prize, expresses the pleasure it has given the school children and herself to be so honoured and kindly offers to further the interests of An Comunn in her district. Miss Gillies teaches Gaelic in the Continuation Class and is thus helping An Comunn admirably, but we mean to keep in touch with her, and under more favourable circumstances to avail ourselves of her proffered services—services which we know will be of inestimable value to us in a rural district.

—:—:—

POSTAL FACILITIES IN THE HEBRIDES.

As was to be feared, Sir John Dewar received an unfavourable reply from the Postmaster General, to his application for improved postal facilities in the Hebrides. The only concession allowed was that the steamer from Kyle should call daily at Kyleakin on the other side of the ferry. That favoured village will thus have a daily delivery of letters while all the rest of Skye has to be content with a bi-weekly delivery.

LITERARY MOD, 1915.

AN ADJUDICATOR'S REMARKS.

COMPETITION 28.

The results of this competition are disappointing, and the average merit is low. The writers should study carefully the best specimens written in other languages and countries, compare them with their own, and mark their shortcomings. Nor should a vast body of excellently written tales in Gaelic be overlooked in this comparative study.

With the exception of the tales written by *Doran*, the literary sins committed by the other writers are all precisely of the same character and may be commented on as a whole. First, there is that of prolixity. In a tale of this length one must "cut the cackle" at the first line, come to the point, at once and proceed straight to the development whether the subject be some dramatic incident, a dialogue, or a character study. There is no room for padding or discursive reflections about things wholly unconnected with the tale. Of the nine stories submitted by three writers, fully half the matter is non-essential to the telling. Again, the story should be told directly either by the writer or his characters, unless some special point is to be gained by putting it in the mouth of another narrator. This may well be done when the speech, mannerisms, and mental attitude of the second narrator are of such interest as to heighten by their portrayal the effect of the tale. But in the cases where this method has been adopted, the second narrator differs in no way from the author in any essential point, and much space is used up in introducing him. Several of the tales again, are incidents which can be read of in any newspaper and are not distinguished by any study of character or motive or by any brilliance of dialogue or style to render it possible to consider them a literature. At the most they are contributions of amateur journalists. In several tales the writers are more anxious to give their own reflections than to tell the tale. They allude to the action and the dramatic happenings, but for incident they give platitudes. This is a serious fault, and the first thing they must learn to do is to sink their own individuality and let it appear indirectly.

In style a great deal is to be learned. If they have studied any Gaelic writer as a model, it seems to be *Caraid nan Gaidheal*.

This is possibly the worst style a Gaelic story teller can adopt. Dr. MacLeod's style however suited for moralising and reflection, is not a happy one for a short story, and he would be the first to acknowledge it. In manner it has moreover some of the faults of his great contemporaries in English prose, or rather those of a preceding generation. Where MacLeod affords help, over and above a choice vocabulary and felicity of phrase, to the teller of a short story is in his answers to correspondents, and happy are they who can approach him in the sparkle and deftness of touch exhibited there. Some of the best models for imitation for direct narration of incident are to be found in the best of Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, where the critical faculties of succeeding generations have eliminated all the non-essentials and given us highly polished tales of action full of 'go' from start to finish.

Finally, to give verisimilitude to his effort, the story teller must pay great attention to the truth of his details. No matter how improbable the plot, he must have his facts, details and colour correct when dealing with customs, laws and manners whether of the past or the present. A weakness in this point has been observed in all.

Doran's work stands out pre-eminent. Like a good *sgeulachd* it goes from start to final resolution without a hitch. He has the knack of the born story teller, and seldom uses an unnecessary word or incident. His style, too, has an admirable lightness. Unfortunately, his tales have got rather a farcical air which he probably did not intend. This is due not to the improbability of the plots—though two of them are located in the ideal and not the real world—but to a gross neglect of details, unapproached by the others. His three stories are marred by unfortunate slips of this nature. There is no space to allude but to one—*Mac Calum Mor* or the patronymic of the Duke of Argyll. Such a term is pardonable in Scott and even in the omniscient Macaulay, so ignorant of all pertaining to the land of his ancestors, but it is the unpardonable sin in the case of a Gaelic writer. Sundry details of naval life and discipline seem improbable in his third story, at least if judged by what English writers on these matters represent as the case. Here *Doran* seems to have broken fresh ground. One might suggest to him that he should get from Gaelic speaking soldiers and sailors first hand stories of the present war and

after due treatment present them in his present style to the Gaelic public. If he attends to verisimilitude in the minor points alluded to, we should get something good.

To finish up, *Doran* must attend to the conventions of Gaelic spelling. Some of the forms he uses are capable of being construed as faulty idiom and construction.

The only other article of merit is by *Innis Mor*. His first and second tales, especially the second, are pleasant and well told despite unnecessary "padding" and discursiveness. His third is possibly the worst of all submitted, and is the quintessence of all that can be wrong in a short story.

COMPETITION 30.

In considering renderings of imaginative literature from one language to another, it may happen, as in the present case, that the translators and the critic may hold views differing from each other *toto caelo* of what is really to be aimed at in translation. But as the translators here coincide more or less in their aim, there is but little room for miscarriage of justice in estimating their relative merits. Personally, I think they have all erred in trying to reproduce exactly the setting and words of the original and in totally neglecting the mood of the speaker and the general atmosphere one is conscious of in reading the original.

On the whole, *Uilleam an Achaidh* seems to deserve the first place. He gives an adequate translation of the ideas expressed by the speaker in the original, though occasionally he fails to catch his drift. He does not, however, enter sympathetically into his mood. His language is often not that of a poet, and frequently he is too rhetorical. The voice and style are those of the preacher, not of the poet. But considered as an exercise in verse, and in rendering ideas of one language into another, it must be freely admitted that it is well, often excellently, done.

Doran is much more of the poet. His language is better chosen, he knows what poetry allows in the matter of diction and vocabulary, and he comes closer to the original atmosphere. His verse, too, is more flexible. He is not so ingenious in his renderings as the other two are, which is not necessarily a fault, as truth rather than brilliancy should be desired. But in several critical instances, he has seriously failed to understand the original and judged by any

theory of translation he is hopelessly out of the running for the first place.

From some points of view a case can be made out for awarding the first place to *Tor na ciste*. He has in my opinion made even fewer slips than *Uilleam an Achaidh* in grasping the precise meaning of the original, his rendering shows numerous instances of a very happy knack of turning an English couplet into a corresponding Gaelic one, indeed a dozen verses near the close are remarkably ingenious and neat when considered as exercises in verse. But with all his ingenuity and skill, his rendering is too turgid and rhetorical; his diction is often that of prose, the verse is not sufficiently smooth and polished, and entirely lacks flexibility.

All three competitors adhered faithfully to the metre of the original. It is to be regretted that, while doing so, they did not employ the assonance and play upon vowels characteristic of Gaelic verse.

COMPETITION 32.

All three competitors possess a varied and extensive vocabulary and write with full command of easy Gaelic idiom. There is, unfortunately, often manifest a tendency to repeat certain words and phrases, whence arises a monotonous effect causing a feeling of irritation in the mind of the reader. A more serious blemish is a lack of polish. "Never blot a word" seems to have been a maxim often present in the mind of the writers. A great number of sentences would read much better if recast, many expressions and phrases are still in the rough and need turning and polishing, and the force of certain words and synonyms should be judiciously weighed before use. In these points *Dòmhan an Fhraoich* is less open to criticism, than the other two, in fact a good deal of what he writes is highly finished, but he should free his narrative from endless references such as *tha iad a' radh, ma's breug, uam e*, from proverbs and other allusions and tell his tale more directly. *Innis mor* tells his story the best, going straight to the point and seldom swerving from his path. But the style lacks distinction and recalls the dull narrative of a commonplace incident by a commonplace historian. *Roit* lacks precision of vocabulary, he is verbose and pompous, he recalls bad imitations of Dickens at his worst, who at his best is the worst possible model for Gaelic prose.

In matter it must be acknowledged that *Roit* has made the best, indeed the only, attempt, to write what can be properly, termed a short story. He has a plot, some dialogue—too much soliloquy though—and some attempt at characterisation. An air of unreality pervades the whole, unfortunately—one doubts if all the incidents could have happened at any particular period in the Highlands, the whole story turns upon a situation of which I doubt if Scotch law even in the worst times could take cognisance, many incidents and scenes smack of situations depicted by the cinema. *Driom an fhraoich* gives the frame, and a very charming frame at times, of what would be a good story if he only told the story. But the story is left untold and all we get is a prologue and epilogue. *Innis Mor's* contribution, however adequately told, is after all not strictly speaking a 'short story' but a journalist's account of an incident. Balancing one thing with another, I think *Roit* must be awarded the prize, though the other two furnish more interesting reading matter.

—:O:—

BUAIDH COSNAIDH AGUS EALAINN- EACHD AIR COR NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le DAIBHIDH URCHADAIN, Caol Loch Aillse. Choisinn a' bheachdairachd so a' cheud duals aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915.

Ann an t-solus a fhuair sinn air sàilbh a Chogaidh Mhóir tha gach duine breithneachail a' tuigsinn gu'n robh rud-eigin cearr 'nuair a dh' fhag na Gaidheil an duthaich agus an dillsean, agus a chaidh iad 'nan miltean air imrich do na bailtean móra agus do dhùthchannan cèin a' sìreadh beò shlaint na's cotlromaiche na gheibheadh iad aig an tigh. Gun a bhi a' dol domhain a dh' iarraidh nan aoibharan a rinn falamh glinn agus srathan tir nam beann, tha e soilleir gur e dìth cosnaidh aig a' bhaile a dh' fhalamhaich cho mór a' Ghaidhealtachd 'san da-fhichead bliadhna mu dheireadh, ach tha e soirbh a thuigsinn nach ruigeadh cor na duthcha a leas a bhi mar so, na'n do ghabh uachdarain agus luchd riaghlaidh suim dheth sluagh a bhi 's na glinn, agus cha ruigear a leas a bhi ro-dhòchasach ann a bhi a' creidsinn gu'm bi na fàrdaichean a tha 'nan làraichean air an togail agus air an còmhnuachadh, gu'm bi na srathan a tha 'nam frithean aig mac an fhéidh air an comhdach le tréudan, cruaidh agus chaorach, na cladaichean air an àiteach agus na lochan air an iasgach, le glinn còlmhor fonnmhor le guth na cloinne a' cluich, na h-eaglaisean làn agus na sgòilean a' cur thairis, na seann òrain air an seinn, an t-seann eachdraidh air a cnuasachadh

agus air a h-athris, an t-seann chànan 'ga labhairt agus na seann nòsan air an cleachdadh. 'S an là sin cha 'n ann gu diomhain a theid an crann-tara mu'n cuairt, agus an uair a ghairmear air son dhaoine gu seasamh ar dùthcha ann an là a cruadh-chais, chan e géum an fhéidh air na h-aonaichean no mac-talla anns na gleanntan a bheir freagradh.

Tha na Gaidheil an diugh sgaipte air feadh an domhain ach 'nuair a thainig an cruadal, chual iad gairm an dùthcha agus shruth iad a nall thar chuaintean gu seasamh guallainn ri guallainn comhla ri'm bràithrean a bh' aig an tigh. Agus na 'n robh iad 'nan dùthaich fhéin, ma dh' fhaoidte nach biodh an Gearmailteach de'n bheachd gu'n rachadh aige air na h-eileanan beaga riabhach againn a shaltairt fo 'chasan. Tha an Gaidheal ceangailte ri dhùthaich agus 'nuair a chailleas e annas de fhalbh air monaidhean agus machraichean farsuinn-eachd na cruinne, cha bhi e cho tardasach air creagan, glinn agus fraoch na Gaidhealtachd, agus an la a gheibh e cinnt gu'n dean e a bheo gu doigheil an tir àraich, cha bhi moille idir 'na cheum no déur 'na shùil a' tionndadh a chèil ri dùthaich 'eilthireachd agus a' cur aghaidh air "tir nan beann nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach." Ann an gabhail beachd air ciamar a leasaichear chun buannachd na rìoghachd agus a bhuanachd fhein, cor a' Ghaidheil, tha e soilleir do dhuine 'sam bith gur e an talamh am bunait air am beil cosnaidhean dùthcha an crochadh, agus, ma tha sluagh gu bhi 's na glinn, gu feum am fearann a bhi air a bhuileachadh na's fheàrr na tha e a nis, seadh gu 'm feum na Gaidheil bristeadh air falbh bho 'seann dòighean, agus droch cleachdaidhean a tha iad a' leantuin bho chionn ro fhada, agus gu 'n feum uachdarain agus tochdarain oibreachadh an lannan a cheile a chum agus gu 'n toir a' Ghaidhealtachd seachlad a h-uile pùnd air an comasach i.

Tha stiallan móra fearainn 'sa Ghaidhealtachd nach eil gu mòr theum do'n dùthaich air fad no do dhaoine air leth, agus an àite iad a bhi 'nam frithean fhiadh no fàsaichean eoin-sheilge, dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi air an àiteach, no 'nam monaidhean chaorach agus chruidh, agus mur a biodh iad freagarrach do dh'aon diubh sin, dheanadh iad an gnothuich gu gasda air son coille.

N'an rachadh na tha de thalamh fàs a bhristeadh sìos mar ghabhaltasan-beaga ris am biodh an ceangal caob riaghailteach monaidh air son àrach cruaidh agus chaorach, bhiodh na tuathanaich bheaga so gu math dheth, gu h-àraidh na'n cleachdadh iad a bhi a' cur, an àite cuid de'n chorea agus buntata, a tha na Gaidheil a' cur am bitheantas, seòrsachan càil, freumhan (currain, dhearga agus gheala, uinneanan, leigis, lc.), agus measan beaga (dearcagan, gròiseidean,

suibheagan, lc.) Bheireadh oisnean agus cùileagan fàsach barr math dhiubh sin, agus cha 'n' eil mór airgid bhuaitha no obair laidir, ach tha iad ag iarraidh frithealadh agus aire, ni a dh'fhaodadh iad fhaighinn bho chloinn agus seann sluagh. Bhiodh e buannachdail do 'n dùthaich na 'n cumadh a' Ghaidhealtachd ris an rioghachd na dh'fheumas i deth na rudan ud, agus gu'n leigeadh sinn a rithist fo chorca dheth gach seòrsa na pàircachan mòra air a' Mhachair-Ghallda, a tha a nise fo fhreumhan agus mheasan. N' an tigeadh na croitearan air feadh na Gaidhealtachd gus a' bheachd so, cha 'n' eil teagamh nach deanadh iad na's mo a dh'fheum de 'n talamh na tha iad a' deannach aig an là 'n diugh.

Bha a' Ghaidhealtachd uair agus chitear lion agus còrach a' fas anns na h-achaidh, agus anns an dudhlachd bhiodh bean-an-taighe a' sniomh lin agus còrcaich a cheart cho cinnteach ri clòimh, agus bhiodh anart-buid agus anart-leapa baile air fhaicinn anns gach càrn de 'n dùthaich. Cha 'n' eil aobhar air thalamh nach bhiodh ath-bheòthachadh air a dheanamh 'sa chùis so, agus bhiodh e na thoileachadh dhuinn fios a bhi againn nach biodh sinn cho buileach an earbsa ri dùthchannan cèin air son stuth dha ar n-ealaineachd, agus gu 'n robh ar sluagh fhin a' faighinn beò-shlaint dhoigheil ann an obair fhallain, oir cha 'n' eil obair ann as fallaine na obair tuathanais.

Tha rian gu leoir aig na Gaidheil, na'm faigheadh iad am fearann agus cabhair bho 'n àrd-riaghaltais air son chuir gu feum, air tuilleadh cruaidh, each, chaorach agus mhuc, àrach agus anns an dòigh so air mòran na's mo de bhiadheola ar rioghachd a chur air fèillean anns na bailtean mòra. Tha sinn a' ceannach luach muillionan pundo Sasunnach, a h-uile bliadhna, de fheòil, agus ged nach tigeadh an là anns an àrcheamaid anns na h-Eileanan Breatunnach na dh'fheumas sinn de fheòil, faodaidh an là a thighinn anns am bi mòran de 'n airgead a tha a' dol do dhùthchannan eile air son feòil a' sioladh do phocaidean croitearan nan srath 's nan gleann. Tha sinn a' leigeil £50,000,000 'sa bliadhna a mach a' Breatunn air son feòil de gach seòrsa agus tha e a làn thide dhuinn greineachadh air cuid deth.

Tha iomadh àite 'sa Ghaidhealtachd anns an tigeadh rabaidean troimh gu math, agus 'nuair a tha feòil eile ag éirigh am pris, bhiodh e iomchuidh do thuathanais agus do luchd fearainn smuaineachadh am faodadh iad le buannachd tuilleadh talamhainn a chur fodha. 'S iad mòran a b' fheumaile air son bith sluagh, na cearcan-fraoich agus eòin-seilge eile.

Anns na h-àiteachan anns nach siolaich ni 'sam bith ach fèidh, bu chòir cothrom a thoirt do fhear na cròice air fàs lionmhor, agus bu chòir dha a bhi air àrach cha 'n ann air son àbhacas do dhaoine beartach, ach air son biadh

fallain a chumail ris a' mhòr-shluagh. Tha mu £8,000,000 'sa bliadhna a' dol thar cuain air son uibhean a tha muinntir Bhreatuinn ag itheadh. Na 'm biodh na Gaidheil 'nam faireachduinn, nach math a dh'fhaodadh sliosug mhòr dhe an t-sùim so a bhi a' sruthadh tarsuinn na Monaidhean Móra gu glinn, agus srathan, agus lochan an taoibh tuath? Tha Bòrd an Aitich a' toirt misneachd do chroitearan a bhi a' gabhail cùraim de chearcan, agus cha 'n e airgead mòr a dh'fheumar ach aire agus frithealadh.

Tha na glinn agus na srathan againn lusanach, blàthach, ach cha 'n fhaic am fear turuis seilleanan ach ainneamh agus tha so na chall mór. Ach anns a' cheud dol a mach, cha 'n' eil seilleanan glé chosgail, agus tha toradh agus buannachd chinnteach asda. Gun teagamh tha còrr àite nach eil freagarrach air son sheillean, agus 'se gòraiche a bhiodh ann do dhuine tòiseachadh idir orra 's na h-àiteachan sin, gu h-àraidh 'nuair a tha ceud dòigh eile aige air buannachd a' chosnadh dha fhéin as an talamh.

Tha cuid de thalamh air monaidhean agus aonaichean an taoibh tuath, nach eil freagarrach aon chuid air son àitich no air son spreidhe, ach a tha air leth freagarrach do chur agus do fhàs coille. Tha taobh tuath agus an iar na Gaidhealtachd tais blàth a thaobh rian-aimsir, agus 'se tais agus blàths an dà chor a tha dhith air coilltearachd, agus tha fhios gu 'n d'fhàs agus gu'm fàs giuthas, darach, agus iomadh fiodh feumail eile air beanntaichean na h-Alba. Gun teagamh cha ruig sinn a leas dùil a bhi againn ri coilltichean cho nòr no cho luachmhòr 'sa th'air machraichean mòra Chanada no America mu dheas, ach tha cuid de 'n fhiodh a tha 'fàs 'sa Ghaidhealtachd math air son mòran oibreach, agus cha 'n' eil faradh againn ri plaigh-eadh air a' tighinn thar chuaintean.

Bha uair a bha a chuid mhòr de chearcaill bharailean (sgadain) air an deanamh de fhiodh a bha a' fàs am Breatunn, pàirt de air a' Ghaidhealtachd, ach bho chionn gràinne bliadhnaich, tha sinn a' dol an cèin a dh'iarraidh nan cearcall. Fàsaidh seillich math gu léor an Alba, agus na 'm biodh daoine aig an t-saothair mar tha iad an dùthchannan eile, agus na 'n tuigeadh iad gu 'm beil a h-uile ni feumail a dh'fhàsas air an cuid talamhainn buannachdail do 'n rioghachd gu léir, agus dhàsan a tha a' saothrachadh, cha bhiodh uiread de 'r cuid airgid a' dol do threan coimheach.

Tha cuideachda 'san Eilean Sgitheanach a tha bho chionn beagan ùine a' cur seilich agus a' deanamh bhascaidean dheth, agus tha e coltach gu 'm beil an gnothach a' paigheadh gu math, agus tha so a' fosgladh rathad eile dhuinn anns am faod an Gaidheal saothrachadh le buannachd anns na làithean air thoiseach. Cha 'n' eil obair throm comh-cheangailte ri

deanamh blascaid ach feumar saothair agus foighinn.

'Nuair a rachamaid do'n bhaile-mhór, agus a cheannuicheanmaid boidheachan do'n leanabh, ma's ann de fhíodh a bha e, agus gu'n toireadh an leanabh as a chéile e, chitheadh sinn, "*Made in Germany*," no "*Made in Bavaria*" no dearbhadh eile gu'n do rinneadh an ní faoin so ann an dúthaich eile, agus dh'fheudadh gu'n d'thuir sin ruinn fhín, "Carson nach eil sinne a' deanamh rudan de'n t-seorsa sin? Tha coilltean agus fíodh againn. Tha lamhan, sgéahan, agus cainnean againn. 'S cinnteach gu'm beil sinn ro uasal no ro bheartach!" 'Se soilleir-eachbadh a ghnóthuicil nach do ghabh sinn an dragh. Co a bhíodh aig an t-saothair a bhí a' deanamh rudan a tha cho saor? So an dóigh anns am beil sinn 'gar mealladh fhín.

A chum agus gu'm bi buannachd tharbhach a' leantuinn na h-oibreach air an d'rinneadh iomradh, feumaidh an tuath air a' Ghaidhealtachd comun-malairt a chur air chois anns gach sgìre no baile, a chum agus gu'm faigh iad na rudan a tha dlúth orra air a phrìs as lugha, agus gu'n reic iad an goireasan fhéin air a phrìs a's mó.

'Se doigh eile anns am feud a' Ghaidhealtachd adhartas a dheanadh ann a bhí a' gabhail còrr toirt air na tha iad a' deanamh ann an iasgach. Feumar doighean adhartach a chleachdadh, agus cothrom a ghabhail air gach nì an ian riaghaltas no cuideachdan rathadan iarunn no bhàtaichean-smùid gu na feillean a thoirt na 's fhaigse air an iasg. Feudaidd bodaich agus balaich iasg-glas a ghlacadh anns na lochan, agus a chur gu féillean fad an t-Samhradh, agus mar sin gheibh iad am feumaileachd fhéin de bhíadh fallain, agus bheir iad cothrom do dhaoine aig nach eil na comasan a th'aca fhéin air iasg a cheannach dha'n teaghlachéan, agus aig an àm cheudna tha iad a' cosnadh beagan airgid a bhios feumail gu ceannach rud nach eil a' fàs aca fhéin.

Feudaidd cloinn maorach a bhuainn, agus cha bu bheag a' chabhair do iomadh dachaidh 'sa Ghaidhealtachd na bhíodh a chloinn a' faighinn air faochagan agus maorach eile, an uair a bhíodh fórlach aca. Tha seòrsachan Maorach 'sa chladach nach eil gu tric ri aghaidh reic am bùthan eisg, ach a tha 'nam biadh cho math ri iomadh rud air am beil luach gheòmhóir air a chur, agus mur 'eil fortan air thoiseach air an fhear a chuireas f'a chomhair an t-sluaigh na tha de bhíadh math agus saor a' dol a dhòlaidh 'sa chladach, is deimhin leam gu'm bi an t-eòlas so tarbhach do'n t-sluaigh air fad, agus gu'm faigh gach neach an duais dlùitheach.

'Nuair a bhios tuathanas, coilltearachd agus iasgach ann an gléus anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, feumar muilnean de gach seòrsa a chur suas gu ullachadh an toraidh, agus bithidh so cuideachd a' toirt cosnaidh agus teachd-an-tìr do mhóran.

Bithidh 'san àm sin muileann air gach allt, agus chithear na h-uillt a bha mìle biadhna gu'n fheum agus a "chuing" air am muineal a' tionndan muileann a' ghràin," muileann càrdaidh, muilean snìomha, muileann figheadh, muileann sàibh. Bithidh cloinn nan caorach, anart agus còrach nan raon, eòrna, corca agus cruithneachd air an cur troimh na muilnean agus bithidh srann agus fead aig udalan, cnag agus uilinn, bithidh òran luaidh agus iorrain air an cluinn-tinn a rithist, agus bithidh òigridh agus aois aoibhneach ceòlmhor mar bu nòs. Bithidh leann agus uisge beatha air a dheanamh anns na glinn, ach bithidh daoine stuama, agus cha bhí urram ann an deanamh, reic no òl, deoch laidir.

Na'm biodh na Gaidheil teòmach ann an fàs mheas, dh'fhaodadh iad a' dheanadh de mheas-shlamhan na dh'fhòghmadh dhaibh fad na bliadhna agus gheibheadh iad reic air còrr 'sam bith a bhíodh aca dieth. Cha'n eil nì a chuirear air bord as fallaine na measan amha, agus measan grèidhte, agus bhíodh na bu lugha de dhéudadh 'nar measg na 'm biodh na bu mhò de bhíadh nadurrach na dùthcha fo ar carbadan na a tha ann air los na'm biadhan coimheach anns am beil uiread de thlachd againn.

Na'm biodh uiread de chrodh air na monaidhean againn 'sa dh'àraicheadh iad, cha ruigeamaid a leas a bhí a' dol do'n Òlaind no do Dhanmarc (Lochlunn) a dh'ìarradh ime agus càise, no eadhon do dh'Eirinn, agus cha'n fhaiceamaid 'nar bùthan botuill uachdair á Debhon no á Uigton. Ma phàigheas e do na Lochluinnich im a chur do Lìte, is cinnteach gu'm bu bhuannachd dhuinn im a chur gu Gailldachd. Cha mhór nach masladh e an dìngh na tha a' tighinn ilèth Gailldachd de dh'im a dh'ionnsuidh na Gaidhealtachd.

Tha calanas agus dathaidhearachd an dòidh dol á cleachdadh ann an iomadh earrainn de'n dùthaich, ach 'nuair a bhios ath bheòthachadh ann an ealaineachd nan Gaidheil, bithidh na boirionnaich ri calanas mar a bha iad roimhe, agus bithidh iad a' dath na clòimhe, an t-siùath agus an aodaich le dathan nadurrach na dùthcha. Cha'n eil dath 'san rian-datha nach deanadh cailleachan nan gleann mu'n cuallas iomradh riamh air Gearmailtich le 'n innleachd a' toirt dathan á tearr a' ghual. Cha'n eil clach am, braigh cladaich no aghaidh creige 'sa bheinn air nach eil seòrsa crotail a nì dath briagha a reir a ghne, cha'n eil luibh air am beil blàth leis nach deanadh na seana-mhnathan dath, agus tha iad 'ga dheanamh fhathast; cha'n eil freunh air preas no lus às nach toireadh innleachd nan cailleach rian air atharrachadh snuadh na clòimhe; cha robh a mhàin bàrr an fhràich no duilleag an t-seilteir gun fheum, agus cha d'rachadh an t-siùth a bhia a' tachdadh an t-simileir chrochaidh gus na sitig,

na'm biodh aodach buidh-lachdunn 'ga shireadh. Is cinnteach nach eil e os cionn comais ar daoine foghlumte a bhrìgh gu dath a th' anns na luibhean a tharruing asda, agus a reic air dhoigh is gu'n gabh e cur gu feum uair 'sam bith cho math ris an uair a theid am buain. Am fear a nì so, gun teganmh tha fortan a' feith-eamh air, agus bithidh Breatunn 'na chomaine.

Ann an ceann deas an Eilein Fhaide chith-eadh am fear-turuis an t-Samhradh tòrran de stabhan a' tiormachadh agus a' sgrèidheadh le grian is gaoth, no dh-fhaodadh e bhì gun ann a chitheadh e daoine a' losgadh nan dùn air feasgar briagh samhraidh, agus na 'm faighnicheadh e 'de bu chiall do'n obair so, chluinneadh e nach bu ghobraiche idir ris an robh iad, ach gun robh na ceudan punnd 'sa bhliadhna air a chosnadh ris an obair so, gu'n robh an luath air a reic air suim mhòir, agus gu'n robh iomadh cunghadh air a dheanamh dhith. Tha na sorchain air an robh na dùn stabh air an tiormachadh ri fhaic-inn an iomadh àite de'n Ghaidhealtachd an diugh, ach tha na stabhan fhein a' lobhadh air tràigh, luach mìltean 'sa bhliadhna a' dol a dholaidh gun duine 'gabhail dragha inu dheidh-inn. Tha Bòrd an Aitich a' misneachadh dhaoine a nise gu bhì a' gabhail suim dhe deana-mh ceip, agus tha coltas gu'm bi roinn mhatl de'n airgid a bha a' dol thuige so do'n Ghearmailt a' cuartachadh timchioll nan cladaichean againn fhìn.

Tha lighichean ag innseadh dhuinn nach eil nì as fhearr a ghlanas agus a shlànuicheas lotan na còinnteach agus gu h-àraidh còinnteach ruadh (a tha a' fàs gu pàite air na monaidhean againn), agus tha i air a' cleachdadh anns na tighean-eiridinn air son ceangal suas creuchdan nan ceatharnach a sheas anns a' chruaidh air macraichean na Roinn-Eorpa. Agus seach gu'n d'fhuaradh a mach am feum so a th' anns a' chòinntich, car son nach cleachdamaid i an aite na cloimhe cotain a b' abhaist duinn a' chur gus a' bhuil so. Bhiodh an tuilleadh cotain againn air son aodaich, agus bhiodh beagan airgid a' tighinn do'n Ghaidhealtachd air rud a tha an diugh gun mòr math.

Tha sinn a' toirt luach £93,000 de mhòinteach a' dùthchannan eile air son leapaichean each agus cruith. 'Se so an tànaideas as mo a b' urrainn duinn a chur an gnìomh oir tha mòintichean do-àireamh agus gun tonhas am measg nam monaidhean againn, agus tha an stuth as fhearr anna air son an aobhair so, agus tha e a' làn thlde dhuinn ar sporan a' dhùnadh an aghaidh nan còimheach agus an t-ionmhas a chumail an tìr an fhraoich 's na mòna.

'N uair a sheallas na Gaidheil mu'n cuairt agus a' chlàid na còthroman a bha iad a' leigil seachd cha'n eil teaganh nach spiorraich iad suas agus nach tionndaidh iad an lamhan ri nì

'sam bith anns am beil buannachd agus a tha onarach. Gabhamaid leasan bho 'n uamhaid ris an beil sinn a' cogadh, daoine nach do chuir cùl ri obair 'sam bith air son a' bhi iosal, suarach no faoin, ach a thuig air cho beag is 'gam bi an tairbhe gu'r tairbhe e, agus gur ann as a' bheagan a thig am mòran, agus gu'n las éibhleag bheag teine mòr. Tha bhuainne mar Ghaidheil a' bhì a' bogadh nan gad, agus ma nì sinn ar dleasdanas, soirbhichidh leinn a thaobh ar cor 'san t-saoghal, agus soirbhichidh leinn an duinealas agus an uaisle, agus an long sinn uile, soirbhichidh sinn ann an teas-ghràdh do'r dùthaich agus do'r canain, do'r saorsa agus do'r Dia.

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"THE HIGHLANDS AFTER THE WAR."

When the war is over a huge number of men will be thrown upon the labour market, so that for a time there must be much unemployment and disorganization of labour in the Highlands as elsewhere. It may be expected that labour conditions and trade generally will rapidly improve in order to produce what may meet the demands of France, Belgium, and Russia while engaged in restoring their desolated lands. Various home industries, such as shipbuilding, must become very active to make up for losses. Manufacturers will have to extend in order to meet new demands upon them. All this must react upon business conditions throughout the Highlands, and serve to counteract the depression following the conclusion of peace. A permanent adverse influence, however, will be the great scarcity of money. In the Highlands this will tell in a variety of ways. Sporting rents have already fallen heavily, nor can they be expected to recover their former level. Heavy taxation in future years will make it impossible to pay former rents for deer forests or grouse moors. The fall in sporting rents adversely affects local taxation. The number of men engaged by sporting tenants will also be less. On the other hand, the path will be smooth for those who are engaged in extending agricultural holdings. The Development Commissioners may be expected to provide assistance for schemes of afforestation and the reclamation of waste lands. The Road Board will be pressed to aid extensive schemes for improving trunk roads. Large areas in the Highlands are available for afforestation and reclamation, and the improvement of the Highland trunk roads is now largely a national as well as a local interest.

There is a risk that, in the general scramble for public aids to meet the coming economic depression, the case for the Highlands may

receive inadequate attention, as has too often happened in recent years. An Comunn can here perform the useful function of keeping a watchful eye upon the general economic needs of the eight Highland counties. The valuable character of such work was well shown recently when An Comunn intervened to secure an adequate Gaelic representation upon the Agricultural Committees. Its efforts were met with a courtesy which augurs well for future endeavours on the same lines.

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ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY COUNCIL AND A LECTURESHIP IN CELTIC.

The principal subjects considered by the Aberdeen University Council at its meeting in October, were the scheme for honours in education, and the question of a lectureship in Celtic. The Business Committee thought that the present time would not be opportune for pressing upon the Court the desirability of incurring a new item of expenditure. A copy of the minutes of the General Council, kindly sent to us by Sir Donald MacAlister, contains the following interesting note:—"It is of some interest to note the incorrectness of the general belief that it was the late Professor Blackie of Edinburgh who originated the agitation for the Establishment of a Celtic Chair in Scotland. So far back as 1835 the subject seems to have been under consideration by the Board of Directors of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and advantage was taken of the bringing in by Mr. Bannerman, M.P., on 22nd June, 1835, of a Bill uniting King's College and Marischal College into one University, to present a Petition to the House of Commons "That a permanent provision should now be made for the establishment of a Professor [of Gaelic] in the United University of Aberdeen, for so useful, so necessary, and so important a branch of Scottish education." The petition was laid on the table of the House on 27th July (*H. of C. Journals*, xc., 488); but Mr. Bannerman withdrew his bill.

Professor Harrower moved the adoption of the report in favour of a Celtic Lectureship, and Mr. H. F. Campbell, advocate, who takes such a warm interest in An Comunn's work, seconded. Mr. Campbell said the Assembly had been harassed for years with the problem of providing Gaelic-speaking ministers for vacant charges in the Highlands. There were last month no fewer than seven charges of the Church in that part of the country that had been vacant for a considerable time, and there

were no licentiates on the roll of the Church qualified at present to fill those charges. That was a serious matter for the Church. In 1824, in the happy days when there was a united Presbyterianism in Scotland, Parliament gave a large sum of money to endow charges in the Highlands, and now there were no men to fill those places. At present the Church of Scotland could not be said to be fulfilling its trust in respect that Parliament, in giving large sums for the institution of those charges, took it that the Church would provide the necessary men. The Church was not doing so. There had been some disappointment in the Highlands over the recent ecclesiastical appointments of the Secretary for Scotland. In fact, he (Mr. Campbell) had heard it suggested that a memorial should be sent up to the King protesting against those appointments. The dissatisfaction was on the ground that there was not at present, in any one of the four theological faculties, any man prepared to take a Gaelic service, and the Secretary for Scotland, having had his attention called to that fact, had made three appointments which left the proportion undisturbed; there had been nil before, and there was nil now. He might say that it was not for him to weigh the linguistic shortcomings of his nominees with their theological merits, because the theological colleges had to teach theology only, and not languages. That was probably a sound defence. The true cause of the situation that had arisen in that matter was that the University had not fulfilled its trust. It was really the arts faculty, and not the theological faculties, that was providing the men who filled those charges. A fully-equipped *Senatus* ought to be the most essential thing in the University, and that in the five faculties they had there, ought to consist of from 45 to 50 professors, and not the number they had.

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HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES.

BRIDGE OF ALLAN SALE.

Under the auspices of the Art and Industry Committee of An Comunn, a Sale of Home Industries was held in the Hall of the Allan Water Hotel, Bridge of Allan, on Thursday, 30th September.

The Rev. Dr. R. M. Fergusson, Logie, introduced Mrs. Monro of Auchencbowie, and made appropriate reference to the conditions of life amongst the crofting population of the Western Highlands and Islands.

Mrs. Monro, before declaring the Sale open, impressed upon the ladies and gentlemen present the need to help the Highland women

to dispose of their tweed and yarn. The Fishing Industry was practically at a stand still, and husbands and sons had responded magnificently to their Country's Call. It should be a pleasure and a privilege to be able to 'help in this way, those who had given so patriotically their all for King and Country, and not allow them to suffer unnecessary hardship on account of the war. There was a brisk sale for some time after the opening, the Baskets from the Skye Home Industries, Portree, being sold within an hour. The Skye Osier Coy. Kilmuir, were unable to send goods to the sale owing to Government contracts.

A feature of the Sale was the beautiful display of hand-made Lace from the Tarbert (Lochfyne) Lace School, a few pieces of which were sold.

Socks and Mitts found a ready sale, and no fewer than 180 cuts of Yarn were sold. The demand for homespun was most encouraging, and a large number of pieces from the Edinburgh depôt of the Co-operative Council were disposed of in addition to the tweeds from Mr. R. G. Lawrie's Depôt.

A number of Gaelic Story Books were sold and these, we understand, were being forwarded to Highland prisoners of war in Germany. As usual the Feill Cookery Book sold well. Highland Crooks and Walking Sticks were exhibited and a few sold.

Mrs. Warrand, local Convener, and Miss Warrand, local Secretary, carried out the arrangements most satisfactorily and are to be congratulated on the success of the Sale for which they worked so assiduously.

The following ladies were in charge of the Stalls:—Miss Aitchison and Miss Warrand, Glasgow tweeds; Miss Campbell of Inverneill, and Miss Munro, Edinburgh tweeds; Miss Fleming, Wool; Miss Alexander, Books; Miss Seel, Baskets; Mrs. Alexander, Admission money. Mr. Neil Shaw, General Secretary, was present and acted as Treasurer.

The thanks of the Committee are due Sir Henry Lunn for the free use of the Hall, and to the Manager for his courtesy, and for the assistance rendered by his staff.

The Sale was highly successful and realised £88 12s. 11d.

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HOMESPUN.

TWEEDS—guaranteed genuine by An Comunn Gaidhealach—sold by R. G. LAWRIE, 60 Renfield Street, Glasgow; K. MACLEAN, Son & Co., Tailors, 4 Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Suits and Costumes made.

A' PHIOB-MHOR,

Leis an Urr. NIALL ROS.

A' cheud duais Mòd, 1902.

Aia fonn—"An Dubh-gheannach."

Buan gu robh conaltradh ciatach
Air a' cheòl is uaisle diarras;
Brosnuchadh blasda nam briathran,
Dùisgeadh fonn gu seinn mar dh' iarrta
Siùnsair nam pong fuaimneach fialaidh,
Ceòl nam beann nach caill a bhreaghad,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann
Ho ro ghealladh na cò chuireadh i,
Trom orra 'seinn!

Chluinnteach cuis aobhneis nan àrmunn,
Mòrchuis nan ùrlaran stàtail,
Suaicheantas buaireasach Ghàidheal
'Dol le faoilte gu raontan bàsmhor,
Fuaim nan sgiath is toirm na h-àr-fhaich,
'S lannir nan lann liomha stàilinn,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

B' annsa leam inntleachd is deasachadh
Ealdhain nam mèur lùghmhor spreigearra,
'Laimhseachadh nan ùrlar leadarra,
'S a pronnadh nam sìubhlachan greasanta;
B' àluinn sìrd a chrùnluaitheis eireachdail
Mar eunlaith nan crann le fonn a' ceilearadh,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

Inneal cheannsalach na mòrchuis,
Sgeadaichte fo shioda sròlach;
Greadhnachas nam bréid a' seòladh,
Torman dhos air ghleusadh òrdail—
Nualan binn a seirm an còmhail,
Canntaireachd an t-siùnsair cheòlmhòir,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

B' fionnmhor beadrach binn do sheanachais
Anns na caisteil thriathach ainmeil,
Lùchairtean ri taobh na fairge,
Liath le aois nach caochail aimsir;
Fàilte nan ceann-feadhna foirmeil
Air gach mair fo neòil an ana-moich,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

Rogha-ciùil nan cniridh cròdha,
Culaidh-ùgh nan aosmhor breòite;
Dhùisgeadh i le gean a sòlais,
Subhachas an cliabh na h-òigridh:
Moghlair aignidhean an dòlais,
Le caismeachd nan cumhachan brònach,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

Cianail muladach an tùirse
Leis an tog do phoncan drùiteach,
Tuireadh bròin le dream na h-ùnnrain
Airson bàs an càirdean muirneach;
Caoidh nam marbha a dhùin an sùilean
Trom 's a chadal bhuan gun dùsgadh,
'S i' phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

'S minic a dh' àirach t-àrlar dòchas
 Dhiobarach ro-sgith air fògradh,
 'Fulang fuadain cuain, is dòruinn
 Choillean fadhaich cian gun sòlas—
 Eilthirich bho ghlinn an òige
 'Chuimhniceadh air Tìr nam mòr-bheann.'

'S i 'phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

'S tric a chualas nualan allamhor',
 Sgal nam buadh ri uair a gharbh-chath,
 Uamhasach an gleachd nan armailt,
 Diarras nan laoch lùthmhor meannach—
 Chluinntè do ghuth fuaimneach farbhais
 'Brosnuchadh gaisge na h-Albainn;

'S i 'phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

Ghluaisèadh t-aighear fhonnmhor chaitheamach
 Beòthalachd nan dannsair ealanta,
 'Nuair a chruinniceadh òigridh cheanalta—
 Cuirm, is ceòl, is còmhraidh carthannach;
 'Snuadh nam mìlidl grinn mar leannain leò
 'Cosnadh cridh' nan ribhinn meal-shuileach.

'S i 'phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

Buaidh air a' luchd-ealaidhean chùirtel,
 Pìobairean cinneadail dhùthchail,
 Aig an cluinnear eagnuidh mùirneach
 Eòlas a' chiuil-mhòir gun mhùthadh,
 Sealbh nam buadh, is dileab ùrail
 Sinnsearachd nan triath s nam fìuran.

'S i 'phìob-chogaidh a bh'ann, etc.

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NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Recently an important Report upon Agricultural Education in Scotland was issued by the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture. The Chamber has been seriously considering the problem of agricultural education in Scotland for some time, and has now come to the conclusion that the needs of Scottish agriculture are not met by the existing agricultural colleges. The Chamber recommends that, to meet the needs of practical agriculturists, agricultural institutes should be established so that the theory and practice of agriculture may be taught in combination to those young men and young women who are to spend their lives upon the land. It will be noticed that the Chamber of Agriculture supports the organization which has been devised for the Agricultural Institute at Beechwood, Inverness. The Chamber also recommends that the administrative control of these institutes should be retained by the Board of Agriculture. There also the Inverness Institute has set the precedent.

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It is estimated that the number of kilted men on military service has now almost reached 100,000.

According to a recent reply by the Secretary for Scotland to Mr. J. M. Hogge, it would appear that the Government grants for Gaelic amount to something like £2000. Mr. Hogge has been most helpful in pushing the Gaelic cause.

* * *

In his "Ireland: Vital Hour," published in September Mr. Arthur Lynch, M.P. quotes the following on the Gaelic League from the *Waterford News*:

"In 1914, we celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the Gaelic League: we have now completed twenty-one years of constructive national effort for an Irish nation, for the perpetuity of Irish sentiment, for the realization of our forefathers and the cause of Gaelic civilisation. That we have succeeded in making a large section of the people of Ireland take a serious interest in their country; made the grand old tongue of our ancestors respected throughout the land; knocked a good deal of the gilt off the shoneens and the West Britons; and induced a number of wealthy aristocrats to do something positive for Ireland—is a magnificent testimony to the tenacity of purpose of the men who, twenty-one years ago, brought a new soul into Erin."

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The Cambridge University Press includes among its county handbooks of the United Kingdom the following volumes dealing with the Highland Counties:—

Ready.

Argyll and Bute, by J. MacNair F.G.S.E., Glasgow.

Perthshire, by J. MacNair, F.G.S.E., Glasgow.

In Preparation.

Inverness-shire, by Evan MacLeod Barron, Solicitor, Inverness.

Ross and Cromarty, by Professor Watson, LL.D., Edinburgh.

Caithness and Sutherland, by H. F. Campbell, M.A., B.L., Advocate, Aberdeen.

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On the occasion of his marriage in September, Mr. Ian MacPherson, M.P., received gifts from the London Ross-shire Association, and the London Inverness-shire Association as well as from his political friends in the House of Commons. Mr. McPherson is probably the best Gaelic speaker among the half dozen members of the House who are acquainted with the language. Among the only others besides Mr. McPherson who can claim to be Gaelic speakers are Lord Tulli-

bardine and the Lord Advocate. Fortunately however, there are a few Gaelic speakers among the lowland members. It is to be hoped that after the next election the number will be increased both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands.

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At the annual meeting of the Executive at Stirling, Mr. Angus Henderson said that it was a secret of state why all Highland applications for educational improvement were refused and why the circumstances in Ireland were entirely different. The explanation, however, is simple enough. In Ireland there are two parties, one containing about 85 members and the other about 18. Each of these is enabled to secure what it really wants. When there is a firm and loyal Highland party of eighteen in the House of Commons there will no longer be any state secrets of that kind to worry Mr. Angus Henderson's soul.

It may be asked how could there possibly be a Highland party of eighteen, and the answer is simple enough. The one half could be returned by the Highland constituencies, the other half could be made up of loyal Highlanders who should secure representation in Glasgow and other southern constituencies. If such men as Messrs. Donald MacLean, John Macleod, Murray McDonald, Duncan Campbell, and others are able to secure seats in southern constituencies there need be no difficulty in forming a Highland party as strong as the Ulster party not only in numbers but also in intellect and moral force.

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GAELIC IN LEWIS.

To the Editor of "AN DEO-GREINE."

SIR, The discussion on this subject between you and Dr. MacLennan is interesting. Will you permit me to state that I am convinced that your reverend correspondent is right and that you are a little wide of the mark. In coming to this conclusion I go entirely by analogy, for I confess that I have no personal knowledge of Lewis or the intellectual equipment of its people.

Although I have no special acquaintance with *Eilean an Fhraoich*, other parts of the North are very well known to me. In nearly every district with which I am familiar the people, almost to a man, are able to

read the old language with ease and intelligence.

I shall take, for example, my own native region of North Argyll, comprising Ardnamurchan, Sunart, Mull and Tiree. (I leave out Morvern because that parish has, for a number of generations, been a land of strangers, the natives having been almost wholly expatriated). In Ardnamurchan, almost every adult of the old stock is personally known to me, and I am safe in stating that 95 per cent of those who can read anything are able to peruse any work in ordinary Gaelic. Among the old people are to be found considerable numbers who can read the Gaelic Bible without much difficulty, but could not decipher their own names in the other language. The conditions in Sunart, Mull and Tiree are equally satisfactory—satisfactory, I mean, from the point of view of those who love Gaelic.

For myself, I can scarcely remember any time in which I could not read more or less of my own language. Certainly, I mastered it quite as early as I did English. Yet, I never received as much as one lesson at school. I was simply taught by my parents and elder brothers and sisters. The people can read the lingo of Ossian, but are not indebted for the accomplishment to any help offered by Government—or even by An Comunn Gaidhealach!

If 95 per cent of the people of Ardnamurchan—excluding illiterates and a few strangers—can read Gaelic, I see no reason to doubt Dr. MacLennan's assertion—that from 80 to 90 per cent. of the "Lewismen who are with the colours can read their mother tongue with comfort." With the reverend doctor, I would ask you, Mr. Editor, "why you are so unwilling to believe" statements that are so gratifying as they are uncontravertible. Surely you have been very unlucky in the places in which you gained your experience of the Gaels and their literary capabilities. Your lines must have been cast in very exceptional localities. I know an office-bearer of An Comunn Gaidhealach who is constantly iterating pessimistic views similar to yours. From what I know of Gaeldom—and my knowledge thereof is fairly extensive—I am quite convinced that you are wrong.

My calculations lead me to believe that Dr. MacLennan makes rather an underestimate when he sets down at 90 per cent. the number of Lewis soldiers able to read their own language.—I am, etc.,

ANGUS HENDERSON.

[We have pleasure in printing Mr. Henderson's support of the Rev. Dr. MacLennan, and leave

our readers to form their own conclusions. But the question at issue is not "Gaelic in Lewis," but Gaelic in the Western Isles and mainland. Then why fasten on Lewis in particular? The condition of things in the other islands might reduce the percentage considerably. It is interesting to learn on the authority of Mr. Henderson that Ardnamurchan has "kept the faith" and, like Lewis, needs not the help of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Poor Comunn; it gets more kicks than halfpence in these days. Nothing would give greater pleasure to the Editor of *An Deo Greine* than to have evidence that 90 per cent of the youth of the Highlands can read and write Gaelic with ease. After such evidence, he might arrange to clothe himself in a white sheet with the word *peccavi* inscribed on the back; then make a pilgrimage to Edinburgh for absolution; and get back-home by way of Stirling. Our friend Mr. Henderson comes to his conclusion by the argument from analogy, and then confesses that he has no personal knowledge of Lewis. It is hardly necessary to point out that, when we reason by analogy, we reason about one thing from its resemblance to another; consequently, according to Logic, any mal-observation in comparison and contrast between the two things under investigation will vitiate the conclusion. In letting his zeal (which we all admire) outstrip his logic he is unconsciously guilty of the fallacy of "immediate inference." As an optimist he has no patience with those upon whom he looks as pessimists. Few people have; they are not usually a lovable group, but of all earthly things "optimism," says a clever essayist, "is the most undiscerning, for the optimists imagine themselves secure. Optimism never produced a prophet, and one sees the continuity of the pessimistic instinct in the writings of the greatest thinkers." The blame of the present condition of things Gaelic lies with the Government, and the school authorities; and we would add the people, though it must be said that, in other days, when the iron entered deeply into their souls, and when Might was regarded as Right, they could not help matters. Meantime our duty is not so much to argue amongst ourselves on things that are comparatively unimportant, but to see that no stone is left unturned until every school in the Highlands is known to teach the mother tongue as part of the curriculum. If this friendly discussion should arrest the attention of readers for a moment, it may help to expose weak joints in our armour, and eventually be the means of strengthening them.—Ed.]

—:—:—

Chì dithis barrachd air aon fhear,
Ach 's math an sgàthan shìl caraid.

REVIEW.

ROSG GAIDHLIG.

Edited by WILLIAM J. WATSON, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Celtic Languages, etc., in the University of Edinburgh. Published by An Comunn Gaidhealach for use in Schools and Gaelic Classes.

If any difficulty presents itself in the compilation of a book limited to the size of this one, it is in the choice of specimens. As Dr. Garnett once said—"No one of literary taste ever examined a selection of passages from literature without deeming that he could have made a better." If that be so, the compiler of a book of extracts such as we have before us, cannot hope to please everybody, and must select according to his own ideal, leaving the public to criticise as they may. The aim of the book is stated to be "for use in schools and Gaelic classes," and we hasten to say at the outset, that Dr. Watson has shown balanced judgment in the selections. The extracts fall into three divisions (1) Modern Scottish Gaelic from 1700 (2) Early Modern Gaelic, from about 1500 to 1700 (3) Middle Gaelic from about 1000 to 1500. The authors represented in the first division include the late Professor Mackinnon, the late Donald MacEachan, the late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, who wrote in the *Gaidheal* under the pseudonym of "Sgìtheanach," the Rev. Donald Lamont, and Mr. Kenneth Macleod, the stylist of the lot. The editor contributes a concise and interesting account of "*Ainmean na h-Alba*." Other extracts are from our old friend "*Cuairtear nan Gleann*." Had it been possible, one would have liked to see an extract of less "restrained" Gaelic included, but that may find room in the books that are to succeed this one. As examples of early modern Gaelic, we have extracts from the Red Book and the Black Book of Clanranald, together with extracts from "*Foras Fearsa* ar Eirinn leis an ollamh Seathrun Ceitinn, D.D." The rest of the book contains specimens of earlier Gaelic, such as extracts from the Book of Deer, etc. Now, all this is as it should be; for it is desirable that some extracts should be old without being antiquated. If students are filled with the desire to know Gaelic as a study, they must be brought face to face with examples of the literary manner, not habitual, or possible in modern times. This preserves continuity with the past—a very desirable thing in the interests of literature. Besides, students should be able to appreciate the style of their ancestors, so that they may acquire some degree of relish for the graces of even an archaic diction, and grow to have a greater liking for the language as we have it now. The usefulness of this book is enhanced by the addition of fifty-three pages of very helpful notes, historical and philological; eleven pages of appendix (Appendix A being particularly good) dealing with some Gaelic particles, and with Eclipsis, together with a paradigm of the Irish regular verb. "*Ainmean Daoine* is shineachan" receives adequate treatment, and there is a useful list of loan words from Latin and from English. The last seven pages are taken up with a "*Faclair*," or glossary of words not usually found in modern Gaelic Dictionaries. From this outline of the contents of "*Rosg Gaidhlig*" one may be able to gain some idea of the distinct value of the work for

students of Gaelic; and An Comunn Gaidhealach, with the assistance of Dr. Watson, may be congratulated on having issued the first book of its kind in Gaelic—a book which, in the hands of a competent teacher, is calculated to advance the *real* study of our language immensely. Candidates for the Leaving Certificate, the University Preliminary, and even the M.A. degree, cannot afford to be without it.

In reading over the notes, one comes across valuable points and suggestions, which we, who know the spoken language well, are apt to overlook. The modern Gael is perhaps prone to ignore the strait jacket of grammar, which after all is so useful in preventing him from going astray, and wandering about in hereditary lawlessness, as "his friend the enemy" would put it. He plays fast and loose with "*de*" and "*do*," and "*a*" in spite of grammarians, and seems to prove the truth of the adage in old Horace, "*usus est norma loquendi*," and we might add *scribendi*. If he has a partiality for using "*dh*," which Dr. Watson calls "irrational," in the expression "*de dh'airgid*," it is because he finds it a convenient pad or rhythmical slide to the next word; for the Gael has a musical ear, and uses aids such as this "*dh*," leaving it to the grammarians to fight it out. The work of grammarians is, according to a smart writer in the *Dublin Express*, to exhibit and codify the contrivances of particular languages—laws of thought, universal in their application, being given. Now, we are not going to defend this "*dh*" on grammatical grounds, because it cannot be done, but there is a sense in which it is not "irrational." Is there anything irrational, strictly speaking, in the language of a people? English is full of "irrational" things, and the people are not prepared to part with them. *Dh* in this case may be an innocent looking thing, so is the letter "b" in the English word "number"—merely a convenient pad. It will be found that changes, and glides, and pads of this nature are due to physiological causes, and however difficult it may be to codify them, they cannot, strictly speaking, be called irrational. The Gaels paid, and still pay, a good deal of attention to euphony, and in order to prevent hiatus, they threw in this "*dh*" between "*de*" and "*do*," and words beginning with a vowel and f aspirate. It is like a grace note in music. Some call it a reduplicated "*de*." Of course that fits the canons of grammar, but the Gael is not going to spoil form and rhythm to satisfy even the grammarians. He is too artistic for that, and he wants his pad for easy transit from one word to another. This "*dh*" will probably disappear as greater practice in writing grows. Dr. Watson has done well by calling attention to the innocent looking letter "*a*" and "*de*." The latter is getting into its proper function among Gaelic writers now, the former eludes some yet, either through carelessness or want of knowledge. The so-called relative "*a*" is not so in origin, but, for convenience, we call it a relative pronoun, though what its nominative is, if ever it was needed, nobody seems to know. We need a relative pronoun, however, in writing modern Gaelic instead of the old form, and we may as well adopt this particle for the purpose. Its function as a possessive pronoun seems to have eluded Gaelic scholars of such eminence as the late Reverend Dr. Clerk. Many of us, without thinking, write "*a' leithid*" instead of the correct form "*a leithid*" (his

or her like, not *the* like). Dr. Watson shows that "*a*" stands for the preposition in such phrases as "*a mach, a muigh*," and so on. *Verb. sup*: "*a*" is worth watching. Space prevents us drawing attention to many of the good things that the earnest student may find in the notes appended to this book. A warning is given to avoid the use of unnecessary contractions, and, may we add, unnecessary accent marks, which many confound with duration marks. The attention of readers may be drawn to the spelling "*ionnsaigh*." Etymologically this spelling is sound: the "*g*" appears in the root. "*Ar leam*," page 198. The late James Munro, whose grammar has not been surpassed yet, writes "*thàrr leam*." He pointed out, what is well known, that the Irish Imperative of "*thig*" is "*tarr*." "*Thàrr leam*" means, therefore, it came with me (methought). It has other usages, as "*tarr as*"—the Americanism "*skedaddle*;" and "*ma thàrras mis thu*, 's tu 'gheibh e;" that is, "If I get hold of you, it is you that will get it" (You will catch it!) "*Ghaladh*" (page 209) is said to mean a brave lass, root gal, valour. This spelling corresponds more to the way it is usually pronounced than "*galad*" does, but it is used everywhere, so far as we know, as a term of pity. "*Curach*" (page 217) is said to be regularly mas. The dictionaries give it as fem., but "*curachan*," the diminutive, is given as mas. Attention may also be drawn to the extension of "*a*" to "*sios*" and "*suas*" from analogy to "*a nall*." Dr. Watson shows this is without historical warrant.

Finally, those who wish to try their hand at manuscript reading, will find two interesting facsimiles at the end of the book, together with a list of "works referred to." Printing, paper, and general get-up are very good. The books deserve a large sale, and we hope Highlanders will not forget to invest in a copy.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Darna Mìos a' Gheamhraidh, 1915.

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NAIMHDEAN NA GAIDHLIG.

Mu dheireadh an Fhoghair air do'n Fhear-deasachaidh a bhi sràidearachd an Glascho; sùil aige an dràsda 'sa rithist air na h-annasan a bha anns na h-uinneagan; mac-meanmna a' ruith mar a thogradh e, agus an t-srian slaoide; cluinnear mu shlat-no dhà air a chhlthaobh éubh chabhagach; "an ainm an àighe, an tu sud a Dhomh'uill?" Tionndaidhear, gu h-ealamh, agus cò bh'againn ach Seumas Mac Alastair Bhàin a mhuinntir Ch—, duine còir a b'aithne dhuinn bho chionn iomadh là is bliadhna. Coltach rinn fhin, dh'fhàs snuadh an liagh-reothaidh air fheusaig, ged nach robh comharradh 's am bith air gu' robh e 'faireachadh truideid nam bliadhnachan. Cha robh e fada 'n a' cuideachd gus an d'atharraich e an còmhradh, agus an d'fheòraich e mu chor na Gaidhlig 's a Chomuinn Ghaidhealach. Bha sinn cho faicilleach 's a dh'fhaodamaid mu 'n fhreagairt 'bu chòir a thoirt do Sheumas, gu h-àraidh do bhrìgh nach robh sinn ro chinnteach cìod e an rudha air an robh e 'stiùireadh.

Fhreagair sinn gu' ann aige fhein a b' fheàrr fios air cor na Gaidhlig anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus nach robh na Gaidheil a tha chomhnuidh am bailtean mòra, cosmhuil ri Glascho, 'ga d'cluinnheachadh. "Tha mi cluinntinn," arsa Seumas, "gu 'm bi iad a' dol gu cèilidhean, mar a their iad; ach cho fad 's a ni mi mach, 'se an comunn ris an canar Cèilidh nan Gaidheil is fhaig air an t seann dòigh, do bhrìgh nach eil lideadh r'a chluinntinn 'nan cairtealan ach a' chainnt mhàth' reil mar bu chòir an gnothuch a bhi. Coma leam conablach de Ghaidhlig 's de Bheurla greis mu seach, cha do chòrd an cothlamadh ud riamh rium. Cha 'n 'eil spèis 's am bith agam de leithid a rian, agus gu dearbh ma theid againn air na goireasan, air tàileabh an d' thainig mi mu dheas, fhaotainn deiseil, agus an cur fo chlàram clèireach bàta-na-toit, fuirichidh mi gu deireadh na seachdain, agus bheir mi sgrìob suas gus a' cheillidh, fiach am bheil gnothuichean mar a tha na h-eòlaich ag innse' dhomh. "Tha" arsa' am fear-deasachaidh; "cluinnidh sibh Gaidhlig anns an talla aca-san cho glan agus cho snas-bhriathrach 'sa chluinnear ann am bothan Ghaidhealach." "Moire!" arsa Seumas, "mur h-eil i na 's glaine na Gaidhlig bhreac tha 'togail a cinn 'sa pharaist' againne, 's co math dhomh fuireach far a bheil mi. A chagair, 's e th' againne Gaidhlig ùr a chail a dreach, leis an iasad Ghallda. Cha mhòr nach fairich mi greim-cluaise 'gam bhualadh, an uair a bhios mi ag èisdeachd ri goileam na h-òigridh. Cha dean an gnothuch ach facal no dhà a shlaodadh bho'n Bheurla Shasunnaich a chum an gobaireachd agus an seachas a dheanamh na bu ghasda. Droch-fàs air an fhasan shuarach a thainig oirnn o'n taobh-deas! Mar gu'm biodhmaid am meinn a' Ghoill airson deas-fhocal! Dé a shaoileas tu fhein air a chothlomadh seo bho chailleig àraidh:—"Fhuair mi a *Leaving Certificate* am bliadhna as a *Higher Grade School*,

agus bha *meeting* aig a *School Board* ach cò gheibheadh am *bursary*. *Phasaig* mi fhìn ann an Gaidhlig cuideachd, agus tha dùil agam a bhi 'na mo *teacher*. Bhi mi ag anluair air *cousin* do *Chenny Macdonald* an *September*. Tha e na *manager* ann an *Carron Iron Works*, agus *dh' enjoy* mi mi fhìn air an *Tryst* air na *merry-go-rounds* agus an deidh sin anns a *picture-house*. A' tighinn dachaidh fhuair sinn droch *phassage* air a *steamboat*; bha na tuinn a *splashaigeadh* air a *chuartar-deck*, agus theab a *steamer sinkeadh* air a Mhaoil!" "Tha thusa a' gaireachdaich a Dhomh'uill, ach air mo shon-sa, 's ann a tha e a' cur gaoid 'nam fheòil. Tha mise a' ràdh riut, ma tha e fìor (mar tha cuid a' creidsinn) gu bheil nadur de mhothuchadh aig na laich a dh' fhalbh, air na tha 'dol air adhart air feadh na dùthcha anns an do thuineh iad aon uair, cha 'n iognadh ged dheanadh a' ghloir ud an-shocrach iad fo 'n fhòid! Ach de math a dhol na's fhaide? Cha 'n 'eil uair a thig a' bhòileich ud 'nam chùimhne nach cuir e sgreamh orm."

"Is gann gu 'n creid mi a Sheumais," ars' am fear-deasachaidh, gu 'm bheil cor a' càin, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, cho iosal 'sa tha daoine a saoilinn, ge bith mar a ghiùlanas beagan de ghanagan gòrach iad fhein, no na gasanan aig am bheil uaidnean na beirte-Gallda 'nan dorn." "Dh' fhaodadh a cor a bhi na b' fheàrr," arsa Seumas, "na 'm biodh anns na Gaidheil fhein nibhir a *phluck*—" "Ùd, ud, a Sheumais, tha sibh cho dona ri càch, cha dean am facal "*pluck*" an gnotluach. Nach e "duinealas" as freagarraich na "*pluck*." "Tha mi 'g iarraidh maithenais" arsa Seumas, "'s e th' ann cunnart gu 'n gabh mi fhìn an galar, mur a toir mi 'n aire. Ach 'se ceann-fàth mo sgeòil gu 'r h-ann air a' Ghaidhealtachd Thein a gheibhear nainhdean na Gaidhlig! Is duilich leana leithid a chantuinn. Air feadh na tìre tha chuid as motha de 'r Bùird-sgoilean air lùths a chnaimh-droma a chall. Tha iad na 's càirdeile do chànanean coimheach na tha iad 'do shean chànan na dùthcha. Mar a thuit am fàidh Micah mu chloinn Israel, "is iad naimhdean duine muinntir a thighe fein." Ma tha dùil ri atharrachadh chùinean, feumar an dleasnas do 'n cànan a sparradh air a' chloinn, agus an saibheas - intinn a tha folaicht' innte a shoillearachadh dhaibh; agus ciod e an tàit is ionchuidhe a chum na crìche-sin na sgoil."

Thuit Seumas tuilleadh agus seo; an measg rudan eile thug e fairneir gu caoinhneil an 'Deo Greine,' ach tuigidh neach 's am bith am faireachadh a tha 'cur bacaidh oirnn innseadh na thubhairt e. Ach their sinn seo: Na 'm biodh Gaidheil cho dileas ri Seumas, cha bhiodh gleann no clachan 'san tìr nach biodh eòlach air an

"Deo Ghreine" agus obair a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich.

Math dh' fhaoidte gu 'n can ar luchd-léughaidh nach eil seo uile ach ròpareachd no brasseul a rinn am fear-deasachaidh a dheilbh 'na inntinn fhein. Am fear a their sin tha e ceàrr. Tha 'n còmhraidh air a chur sìos cho faisg air mar a thuit Seumas e 's as cùimhne leinn. Ciod e ma ta a theirear mu bharail Sheumais? Is cinnteach gu 'r e éud a thaobh na Gaidhlig a thog a cholg, agus a thug air a chreidsinn gu 'm bheil a cor air an aon t-seòl an àitean eile. Cha 'n 'eil e ceadaidht' ann an deasbud a bhi 'feuchainn cor an iomlain a dhearbhadh bho nithean a tha crochte ri son roinn àraidh. Na 'm biodh Seumas cho eòlach air a' Ghaidhealtachd air fad, 's a tha e air a cheàrrn fhein, 's docha nach biodh e cho dubhach 'na bheachd. Cha d' thuit sin nach feumar aideachadh gu 'm bheil dearmad na Gaidhlig 'na chuis-nàire ann an cuid de chearnan na Gaidhealtachd. Tha a càirdean a' dol an lughad; tha barrachd ùidhe aig na Goill fhein dhì na th' aig an fheadhainn a rugadh 'sa thogadh 'na dhùthaich. Is iongantach an crèutair Gaidheal ar latha (an Gaidheal nodha) cho màirnealach, eadhoin cho neopiradail, 'na dhòighean a thaobh a chànan. Léumaidh e 'na lasan airson rudan faoin, ach luidhidh e cho sèamh ri uan fo shliobadh luchd an t-sodail. Iarr air a ghuth a thogail air taobh cànan a mhatar; thig fianh a' ghàire air. Nach mòr an cion-mothuchaidh seo? Nach ann aig a tha feum air seasamh gu neosgathail, agus a dhà shùil fosgailte a chum nach meallair e. Tha cuid an dràsda 's a rithist a' cagarsaich 'na chluais nach eil anns a' Ghaidhlig, ged bha i mùirneach le aithrichean, ach cànan gun fheum airson margadh is malairt; gu 'm bheil e an dàn do 'n bheurla Shasunnaich lamh an uachdar fhaotainn oirre, agus a' cur as mar theangaidh a bha math gu leoir 'na h-am, an uair nach robh na b' fheàrr ann, ach gu 'n d' fhalbh an là sin; gu 'm bheil an saoghal a nis air atharrachadh, agus nach eil againn ach seòladh le sruth an ama, ma 's e 's gu 'n seallbhaich sinn a bheag no mhòr de na beannachdan tha 'deanamh chàich cho saibhir. Mar gu 'm biodh cànan a bharrachd air a' bheurla Shasunnaich—gu h' àraidh cànan dùthchail—'na h-amhladh ann an slighe soirbheachaidh 's an t-saoghal! A thaobh chànanean, gu dé an cron co dhùibh tha dhà no dhà-dheug aig neach. Gheibhear baodhairean aig a bheil a bhiathais a' ràdh gu 'm bi a' Ghaidhlig; a' milleadh doigh-labhairt na beurla, ach cò a chualas riamh ag ràdh gu 'n robh an Fhraingis, no 'n cànan Gearmailteach comasach air an rud chleudna a dheanamh, ged shaoileadh tu gu 'n tacadh cuid de na focail rìghinn Ghearmailteach crèutairean 'sam bith a rachadh 'nan glaic. Ach a' Ghaidhlig

bhog, mhilis, ruitheach a' nulleadh sleamhnad is fuaim na beurla Shasunnaich! Nach b'e chuisghàire e? Na'n robh a' Ghaidhlig 'san fhasan mar tha cànanain eile, cha chluinnteadh smid de'n bhòilich seo. Chitheamaid na daoine gluic ud a thagh Gaidheil airson Bùird nan sgoilean a tionndagh 'nan cathraichean, agus a' gabhail rithe mar gu'n d'fhuair iad faodail luachmhor. Oh, dèigh a' Ghaidheil air na h-iteagan isasaid! Am miann a' ghabh greim air a bhi 'ga eideadh fhein anns an rionnadh a' bhios a' cleith a dhuthaich 'sa chànanain!

Tha eagal oirnn gu'm bheil ceàrnain de'n Ghaidhealtachd a' fas, ann an tomhas, meagh-bhlàth. Ach is cinnteach gu'n bheil fuigheall ann a tha teth fhlastach, agus b' fheàirde na Laodiceanaich a dhol'gan garadh aig a' ghealbhan aca-san a chum beòthachadh fhaotainn. Ma thachras gu'n leig na Gaidheil leis a' Ghaidhlig sioladh as, gun nìhail a' ghabhail ged chitheadh iad a cuisle fosgailte, agus fuil a' beatha a' spùtadh a mach gus an tràigh i, leanaidh am masladh r'an cinneadh. Thugamaid an aire, na tà, nach bi aig an àl a thig 'nar dèidh r'a ràdh gu'n robh sinn cho an-ìochdmhor agus cho mì-nàdurra a thaobh ar seann mhàthair, agus nach tug sinn làmh air a sàbhaladh. Na leigamaid leis an t-saoghal tighinn eadar sinn agus nithean cudthromach eile a tha na 's maireannaiche; agus a' bhuineas do chàil na h-inntinn. Tha sinn air a' cuairteachadh le ionadh sruth nach eil càirdeil dhuinn, agus a tha buailteach air ar clannach as an t-slighe. Tha beachdan mu chaithe-beatha de gach seòrsa ag iathadh mu 'n cuairt—nithean ùr agus annasach. Tha'n t-àm faisg oirnn anns am bi mòran chùisean 'gair réiteachadh air mhodh nach do thachair riamh. Am measg na h-ùprait a tha gun teagamh romhainn, na èisdeamaid ri tàladh no mealladh a' chuireas ar coir-bhreith an cunnart. Cha'n fhaic slugh luach na nithean a th' aca gus am maoidhear an toirt bluatha. Ma chuireas sinn a luach 'bu chòir a' chur air an aon nì tha 'gar comhararachadh mar chinneadh—ar cànan—dùisgidh sin suas éud mu'r cànanain. agus saoraidh e sinn bho'n tàmailt a' bhios a' leantuinn an dream a tha meagh-bhlàth.

—:O:—

HOMESPUN.

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A PLEA FOR A CELTIC LECTURESHIP IN ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

At the last meeting of the Aberdeen University Council, Professor Harrower moved the adoption of the report with reference to a Celtic Lectureship, and proposed to add to the report that the General Council desires once more to urge upon the Court the necessity for providing suitable teaching in Celtic at the earliest possible opportunity.

He thought that the Council would agree with the first sentence in the representation, which stated:—"That the present time may not be opportune for pressing upon the Court the desirability of incurring a new item of expenditure." All the same it seemed wise to keep the subject before the mind of the Court. Their experience during the last two years gave proof that the subject was not regarded by the Court as vital and pressing. In regard to the representation made by the Council to the Court at last October meeting, that document, it appeared, contained an erroneous statement. It was explained by a member of the Council that the sum of £300 assigned to Celtic in the Court's tentative scheme of allocation had not been diverted to other purposes, but that owing to circumstances, owing, he believed, to a drop in the University revenue arising from the introduction of the inclusive fee, it was found necessary to cut down the scheme by £300. He did not think that explanation made the case any better. The real question from the point of view of the friends of Celtic was, why was Celtic made the victim? It had been declared a pressing want for many years, before the other lectureships were spoken of. The Court clearly thought that Celtic could be sacrificed with least inconvenience. No fewer than three representations had been made to the Court on the subject by the Council. The first was made in 1896, and many subjects had been added to the curriculum since then, another in 1899, and another in 1914. To the last representation no acknowledgment, according to the minute, had been received.

He did not want to put a construction on the silence of the Court, but if the subject had been deeply occupying their attention, such a result was hardly conceivable. The only explanation one could offer for the systematic neglect of Celtic was that the grounds on which the claims of Celtic were based were of the nature of sentiment rather than of expediency. The Court was not a sentimental body, and it turned a deaf ear to the fact that the University was founded explicitly to serve the interests of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. That, of course,

happened long ago, and times were changed. The Court might not be moved by the fact that Celtic could claim to be a major subject, and from the point of view of language was on the same footing as Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin. There were very few subjects in which Aberdeen University men had gained so large a reputation in every University in the world as Celtic. The chair of Professor of Celtic in Edinburgh and the lectureship in Celtic in Glasgow were held by Aberdeen men. The Court might shut its eyes to the fact that Celtic was taught in more than a dozen Universities of the United Kingdom: it was taught in Oxford, Cambridge, London, Liverpool, and Manchester, but not in Aberdeen, which has produced more Celtic scholars of the first rank than any one of these. These might be called sentimental reasons, but there were two reasons that must weigh with the most grimly matter-of-fact, hard, and unromantic University Court that ever existed. They were concerned with revenue and the volume of the students' attendance.

They had a certain hold in the Highlands, Ross-shire, Sutherlandshire, and the Islands, but would it last if they had no provision for Celtic? Celtic was by ordinance a possible subject for the degree of M.A., a subject of the arts bursary competition of the University, a subject for the lower leaving certificate, and for the present year it would have a place among the higher grade subjects in the leaving certificate. People in the Highlands could get almost as cheaply to Glasgow and Edinburgh as to Aberdeen. Would the tenacity of local connection hold out against the attraction of what must be to many a fascinating study, leading to a partial degree? Of the three schools in Scotland in which higher grade work in Celtic had been done for years—Stornoway, Dingwall, and Kingussie—from only one did they get a steady flow of students. The others did not send good Celtic pupils to Aberdeen. A second consideration of expediency, a very serious one, was that the Education Department had intimated its intention to regard a course of study in Gaelic at a University as an essential part of the equipment of every teacher of the subject. What about Aberdeen? It was all very well to say that schools in Celtic were few, and that it was the moribund language of a handful of sentimentalists; but could they afford to neglect even these few in the struggle for existence? He thought the most unromantic Court must have only one answer to that question. The only argument on the ground of expediency that had the semblance of validity was that few would be found to take advantage of the subject, and that it would be a waste of money to found a

chair, but they would not take Celtic only, but possibly would take a full curriculum, and go on to professional studies in the University. The statistics of the last three years for the newly established lectureships showed that in some subjects the number of students could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

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LITERARY SECTION OF MOD, 1915.

AN ADJUDICATOR'S REMARKS.

COMPETITION 32.

Three papers were sent in under this competition, all of them interesting and on the whole well executed. The story in each case is such that lends itself to the art of the story-teller, giving fair scope for the play of imagination and vivid and picturesque writing.

The orthography in each case is worthy of high praise—showing a good grip of the general principles of Gaelic form. A larger acquaintance with the older forms and history of the language would help to eliminate such occasional inaccuracies as do occur. In respect of orthography there is little to choose between these papers, provided that reasonable allowance may be made for obvious slips—although of course the scrupulous examiner is on safer ground when he takes nothing for granted, and imposes upon himself the discipline of making absolute perfection his standard.

Divergence becomes more manifest when one examines into the style and idiom and the general effect of these papers.

Roit tells a good story and tells it well. His style is graphic and realistic. He paints the scene with a hand that manipulates the brush with considerable deftness, until he makes your eyes see the jagged outline of the rugged Highland hills being swallowed by the sombre jaws of night; the lightning flash giving a momentary glimpse of the neighbouring loch as it is being lashed into fury by the sweeping winds; and your ears hear the crashing of the thunder as it reverberates from crag to crag. He portrays the battling emotions of the "patriotic" murderer as he crouches behind the sheltering rock, impatiently waiting the approach of his victim. In the same strain, although with varying degrees of interest, he narrates the events that succeed that dark deed until, some five years after, the murderer is discovered and brought to justice.

The story is well worth reproducing in the pages of our magazine. On the whole the diction is smooth and choice and idiomatic, although one comes across a form of words

here and there that seems unfamiliar, if not incorrect. Two or three specimens will suffice:

ach *chrubain* e anns an fhasgadh—
oilleileachd a' ghnìomha a bha e dol a *chur an ceill*—

mur a seas thu *aig t'fhacal*—

Na 'm fuirgheadh e *sibhse* cha bhiodh duil r' a thilleadh—.

Of course these forms are quite intelligible, but rather unfamiliar within certain areas. It would be interesting to know if they pass current in any area.

Of minor slips in spelling little need be said. *Ardrach* may be a localism for *ardech* or *ardach*. *Doineannach* is the Irish form of *doiminnach*. *Fuirgheadh* (for *fuirigheadh*) is another instance of a leaning to Irishism.

Innis mor also submitted a good story and tells it in plain simple style. A little more imagination would greatly relieve a certain kind of "deadness" that broods over his narrative. His Gaelic is good and he knows how to write it very well.

It may be of interest to give a few instances of usage that strikes one as capable of improvement:

ghabh Eoghainn mòr a leaba—

Domhnall na Beinne a *rinn* gu so àite athar dhoibh—

cha robh an long . . . air nochdadh *gu cala*—

ach cha robh dol as *dha*—

Usage in certain areas known to us varies somewhat from these, and may be given here for comparison:

ghabh Eoghainn mòr *ris a' leabaidh*—

Domhnall na Beinne a *sheas* gus a so àite athar dhoibh—

cha robh an long . . . air nochdadh *ri cala*—

ach cha robh dol as *aige*—

One curious instance of mixed metaphor occurs in the course of the narrative: "N am beachd bhla e (an cuan) nis 'g a sgaoileadh féin aig an casan is, ar leo, a' sméideadh riu gun fhios mar an steud a ghiulanadh iad gu taobh eile an t-saoghail."

But these are minor matters and should not be regarded as in any sense serious blemishes on an otherwise fine paper.

Driom an Fhraoich submits a tale of the sea which he narrates very well. He gives abundant evidence that he possesses a good general knowledge of Gaelic and of Gaelic form. Careful attention to style and the formation of sentences however would greatly improve his composition. One often meets with rather clumsy sentences and even idiom in the course of the narrative.

Dh'fhaodteadh gu 'm faodadh e bhli air a radh—

Dh'fhag e an t-eilean Gioghach 'n a bhàta, agus sgioba math comhla ris cuideachd, air latha sonraichte: latha iomraiteach cuideachd: latha féill Chill-Bhreannain. Bha a sgioba a thri uibhir ann an àireamh ri sgioba na luinge Breatunnaich, 's cha b'fhada gus an robh i ri cliathaich na luinge sin, 's a' streap air bòrd oirre,—

Shir iad shios is dh'iarr iad shuas ach cha robh sealladh ri fhaotainn mu Mhac Neill.

One is unwilling to give examples lest readers should gather the impression that the whole partakes of the character of the examples given. That would be a very wrong impression, for the general character of all these papers is of a high order.

TAING.

Am measg gach taing a thàinig a dh'ionnsaigh an Rùnaire airson duaisean Mòd na bliadhna so, tha sinn a' meas gur h-airidh an dithis so air cùileag anns an "Deo Gréine":—

- (1) "Thàinig an raoir gu'm làmh le rian,
An litir ghrinn a sgrìobh Niall,
Le barrachd speis is le gleus fial,
Mo bheannachd dha gu bràth 's gu sior.

Fàs is comas do na Chomunn chòir,
Gu 'n robh an tigh-tasgaidh pailt dhe'n òr
A bhuilich gu h-uasal duaisean mòr,
Air a' bhàrd chaoin 'san aois 'ga leòn.

DILEAS."

- (2) "A charaid chaoimh,

Cha dean Beurla feum airson taing a thoirt dhuit, Ni do bhriathran caoimhneil math dhomh daonnan. Tha toileachadh mòr agam ann a bhi faicinn cho àluinn 's tha thu a' cumail suas na brataich.

Ma thig thu ré mo là-sa do . . . thig do . . . gun dàil agus gheibh thu aoidheachd chridheil.

Is mi do charaid dileas,

DORAN."

Professor Bottomley has recently given a more detailed account of his discovery in three lectures delivered in October to the Botanical Society of London. These lectures when published ought to have a wide circulation. The Professor claims that the peat contained in a single Irish bog of 800 acres would be sufficient to double the production of wheat for the whole of England. A discovery like this may contain great possibilities for the future of the Highlands, where peat is so plentiful.

ALASDAIR MACCOLLA.

Alasdair MacColla (executed 1647), mhic Ghille-easbuig, mhic Colla (d. 1558), mhic Alasdair (d. 1538), mhic Eoin Chathanaich (d. 1494), [mhic Eoin (d. 1494), mhic Dhomhnaill Bhallaich (d. 1476), mhic Eoin Mhóir (d. circ. 1430), mhic Eoin a h-Ile (d. 1386),] of the family of Dun-naomhaig in Islay, was the most redoubtable warrior of his day. Born in Colonsay early in the 17th century, he was driven out with his father in 1639, and escaped to his kinsfolk in the glens of Antrim. He took part in the Irish rebellion of 1641, at first on the side of the Government, then on the side of the Catholics, for whom he won the battle of Portnaw (Coleraine), referred to in this poem. After much fighting during two years Alasdair was severely wounded at Glenmaguinn. He next appears in 1644, as leader of the Irish forces 1600 in number, sent to support Montrose in Scotland. His remarkable career in conjunction with Montrose is told by the Clanranald historian Niall Mac Mhuirich. While Montrose and he were together, they were irresistible. Alasdair fought at Tippermuir, near Perth; at Crathes near Aberdeen; at Inverlochy; at Auldearn (Allt Eireann), and Kilsyth (Cillsaoithe), with uniform success. Thereafter he went to act independently in Kintyre, and was defeated by General Leslie. He threw garrisons into Dun Abhartaigh, the ancient stronghold on the Mull of Kintyre, and into his ancestral strength of Dun Naomhaig, both of which fared disastrously. Alasdair himself sailed to Ireland and was slain in battle at Cnoc nan Os, Co. Cork, in 1647. In the same year his father Coll was hanged by the covenanting leader in Dunstaffnage Bay.

The following poem, one of the finest of many fine poems in praise of Alasdair MacColla is taken from Gillies' Collection (1786), and the spelling is modernised:—

ROINN DO ALASDAIR MACCOLLA.

Is fhada tha mise ann am chodal,

Is mi tha fulang,

Gun an t-Alasdair òg so a mholadh

Mar threun duine.

Do mhac-sambail mar ealtainn o dhubh bheinn

Dol tríd choille dharaich,

No mar fhrois mhóir ag reubadh tuinne

Air druim cuain mara.

Is leat Clann Alasdair nan arm gineach

As ro-mhaith cinneal:

Sud na fir nach 'eil dhuit fallsa,

Taim d'an innseadh.

Tigidh Raghnaid Dhùn nan Ultach
'N a chraoibh thoraichd,
Am fear nach do ghabh sgàth roimh thi eile,—
B' e an gnìomh doilich.

Tigidh Aonghus mac mhic Raghnaid
Féinnidh, fuileach;
Is cha bhi feum air léigh am baile
An deidh do bhuille.

An uair a thogtadh fraoch is fearg
Air Triath an Todhair,
Chluinnte fuaim do lann 'g an crathadh
An crìochaibh an domhain.

Thug thu an là ud an Cùil-rathain
An tùs t-bìge;
Leagadh leat an sin luchd lastain
Bu mhór bóda.

Ag ailis air Goll mac Morna
Là Uillt Eireann,
Dh'fhàg thu Goill gu brònach
Is mnà gu deurach.

Ag ailis air Oscar nam beuman trice
Là Pheirte;
Cha 'n fhaodadh duine chuca, leis
A' chèo a bh' aca.

Ag ailis air Fionn mac Cùmhaill
Là Chill-saoithe;
Chuir thu eich is Goill le bruthach,
Gu breun, brothach.

An uair thogadh tu do bhratach mhìn ruadh
Rì crann gatha,
Bheireadh tu buaidh air gach rubha,
Is gaoth 'g a crathadh.

Cha robh coineas ann do m' threun fhear
An tùs troide;
O nach saiteadh am mòine bhuig e
Carragh creige.

—:o:—

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Manchester, an important paper was read by Professor Bottomley of King's College, London, upon his recent discoveries with regard to the fertilizing power of peat when treated with a certain kind of bacteria. Professor Bottomley has grown potatoes, tomatoes, and various kinds of vegetables and flowers in bacterised peat, which becomes more productive than the richest leaf mould. Not only is the production greatly increased, but growth becomes much more rapid. Potatoes grow and mature in the course of a few weeks.

THE CHIEF OF A STRICKEN CLAN.

Universal regret is expressed at the news of the death in France of the Earl of Seafield. The house of Grant has suffered a heavy blow. A cruel fate seems to follow the family, for no less than four of those who bore the title died not long after having succeeded to the estate. The late earl was in the prime of life—only 39 years of age. But he died the most honourable of all deaths—"for king and country." The pall that surrounds Cullen House is one that evokes the most poignant feelings among a clan that was deeply attached to a young nobleman who earned general esteem among his clansmen. The policy which he followed in the management of his estates, and the privileges accorded to the public, found a response of affection not usually accorded to more exacting landlords. Probably his early life and education contributed to this sanity of judgment and sense of perspective in general life. His station in life was great, but he interested himself in every movement which had for its object the advancement of his tenantry; and it is little wonder that the old Celtic attachment to a chief of such a nature should find vent in expressions of profound sorrow. His sense of loyalty and chivalry was the compelling motive that made him offer himself as an officer in the Cameron Highlanders. His interest in Celtic matters was sincere, and he was a warm supporter of everything calculated to advance Gaelic matters. Always wearing the kilt, he upheld the traditions of his country as became the chief of an ancient and noble house; and he sacrificed his life for his country, as many of the aristocracy have already done. With the respect inherent in the Celtic blood the sympathy of Highlanders goes forth to the widowed Countess of Seafield.

THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND GAELIC,

At the opening of the session in Edinburgh University, Professor W. J. Watson, LL.D., took as his subject of address "The relations of the Celtic Church to Paganism." Professor Watson referred to two outstanding events of special interest to the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland. Last year he called attention to the very unsatisfactory condition of Gaelic in their Highland schools, and pointed out, among other things, that the Scotch Education Department should grant a paper in Gaelic in the higher standard at their leaving certificate examinations. Since then the Department, on full consideration, had announced that a higher grade paper would

be set at their next examination. That was a matter for congratulation, and it was to be hoped that it would help to advance that scholarly study of the language which was so greatly needed in their midst. There still, however, remained the question of Gaelic in the elementary schools, where they claimed that every Gaelic-speaking child should be taught to read and write the mother-tongue. To that end two things were indispensable—first, the practical sympathy of the Department, and second, the practical co-operation of the Gaelic-speaking people themselves. The other subject to which he wished to refer was the publication of a work of the highest importance by the Rev. D. Maclean, Dunvegan, entitled "Typographia Scotto-Celtica," being a catalogue, with notes biographical and bibliographical, of all books hitherto published in Gaelic. That was a work which was greatly needed, and Mr. Maclean deserved the thanks of all readers and students of Gaelic and their congratulation on the completion of his fourteen years' labours.

TRÌ SGEÒIL GHOIRID.

Leis an URR. DOMHNALL MAC CALUM,
Sgìre nan Loch, Leòdhas.

Choisinn na sgeulan so a' chéud duais aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915.

BEAN A' CHLACHAIR,

'S mòr an conas a ghabh Ruairidh 'Ghlinne 'n uair a theich Anna Dhonn, a bha fo ghealladh posaidh aige, le 'ghille-suiridhe, eadar an rèiteach 's am pòsadh.

"Tha mi," thuirt esan, là ri bean-an-tighe aig an robh e a' fuireachd an Glascho, "'dol a mach a màireach 's a mhaduinn, agus a' chéud nighean bhòidheach, òg, a thachairas orm, feòraichidh mi dhith am pòs i mi, agus ma bheir i freagairt fhabharach dhomh, bheir mi thugaibhse i, agus bheir sibhse àite dhith gus am pòs siun!" A dh'aindeoin gach comhairle 'thug bean-na tighe air a bhi faicileach ciod a dheanadh e, rinn e dìreach mar a thubhairt e.

An deidh dha a thràth maidne 'ghabhail, a la na dheidh sin, chaidh e a mach feadh shràidean a' bhaile, agus air dha a bhi 'coiseachd ùine mhòr, choinnich nighean bhòidheach, òg ris, agus i a' coiseachd, mar bha e féin, mar nach bitheadh a gnais suidhichte air slighe 's am bith seach a chèile—Cha robh an deise 'bha i caith-eadh fàda bho 'n fhasan 'na 'deanamh, ach bha i gu math sgudailte, agus tha eagal orm nach robh na cnapan buileach dìreach fo a sàilean.

"Ho! mo nighean donn," a deir Ruairidh rithe, "'seas mionaid 's gu 'm bruidhinn ni riut," agus air dhith seasamh, chuir e ris: "'Air

son aobhar, nach ruig mi leas innseadh dhuit, thug mi bòid mu 'n d'fhag mi an tigh an diugh, a' cheud nighean bhòidheach òg, a thachaireadh orm gu 'n tugainn dhith tairgse pòsaidh. A nis 'e tusa a' cheud té a tha coimhionadh an dà nì sin, agus tha mi a' tairginn mo chridhe agus mo lamh dhuit-sa." "Pòsaidh mise thu glé thoilichte thuirt ise "ach 's ann air chùmh-nant nach feòraich thu nì 'sam bith mu 'm thiomchìoll ach na thogras mi fein innseadh dhuit." Is cùmhnannt e ma ta" deir esan. "Thoir dhomh do làmh 's do phòg." Rinn i sin. "So dhuit a-nis na deich puinnid Shasunnach deir esan "a bha agam air deise bainnse mo sheann leannan a thréig mi." Ghabh ise sin uaithe. "Thig mar rium a nis agus fàgaidh mise thu, a reir mar bh' air a shuidheachadh, air cùram bean-an-tighe far an robh mi gus an cuir mi gille suiridhe 'gad iarraidh thun a' phòsaidh."

An sin dh'fhalbh iad gu toilichte air gàirdean a chèile, agus dh'fhàg Ruairaidh an leannan àr so air cùram bean-an-tighe for an robh e a fuireachd.

'S e 'cheud nì a rinn e an déidh sin gille-suiridhe eile fhaotainn. An déidh sin chaidh e far an robh am ministear a bha gu bhli pòsaidh a sheann leannain agus a sheann ghille-suiridhe, agus mar so labhair e ris: "Tha mise air ullachadh a dheanamh air son pòsaidh boirionnach eile, agus tha mi toilach gu'm pòs sibh sinne agus a' chàraid eile, o'n Ghaidhealtachd, leis an aon searmoin phòsaidh." "Ceart gu leoir a laochain," deir a ministear, "ni mise sin."

Mu 'n d'thàinig là a' phòsaidh, bha tigh aig Ruairaidh air a ghabhail 's air uidheamachadh, leis gach nì feumach, "Oir 's ioma rud dh'fhéumas tigh is bean òg."

'Nuair a thàinig là a' phòsaidh, ceart air an uair, choisich Ruairaidh 'Ghlinne a stigh do 'n eaglais, le cuideachd, mar bha iomchuidh, agus fhuair e an sin roimhe a sheann ghille suiridhe le cuideachd féin, 's e na sheamsa air beulaobh a' mhinistear a bha feitheamh air an t-snaim a chur. Astar beag uaithe, sheas Ruairaidh mar an ceudna.

An ceann mionaid no dha thàinig a sheann leannan a steach air achlais fleasgach àillidh, agus dh'fhàg e i ri taobh a sheann ghille suiridhe. A' dol seachad air Ruairaidh chuir ise neàpaiginn geal 'na làmh. Ma's fhior: "Bithidh tu 's gal cho mór 's gur fearrdd thu an neàpaiginn sin a thiomachadh do shùilean, a bhalaich bhochd."

Mu 'n gann a ghabh a sheann leannan a h-àite, bha gach neach a bha stigh, an àite 'bhi sealltuinn oirre-se a' sealltuinn ris an dorus. Dé bu chiall dha so? A' tighinn a stigh, 's a' coiseachd a nios eadar na suidheachain bha bean òg cho anabarrach mhaiseach 's nach b'

urrainn dhoibh coimeas na b' isle thoirt dhith na Ban righ Sheba, 's i teachd air achlais fleasgach àillidh. Thàinig iad air an aghaidh agus chuir am fleasgach i ri taobh Ruairaidh 'Ghlinne. Agus a réir mar a gheall an ministear, phòs e an dà chàraid leis an aon t-searmoin phòsaidh.

Cha robh dithis riamh cuideachd a bu shona na Ruairaidh 's a bhean. Agus sheas e ris a chùmhnannt a rinn e rithe gu toilichte. An d'innis mi dhuibh gur e clachair a bha 'n Ruairaidh? 'Nuair a bha iad mu bhliadhna pòda, thàinig droch là air a' chlachaireachd, agus bha Ruairaidh a mach a obair.

"Se mo chuid," deir Ruairaidh là ri 'bhean, "tòiseachadh air obair pàigheadh là air a' phort. Tha 'chlachaireachd a nis ullamh." "Cha ruig thu leis cabhag 'sam bith a bhi ort, a Ruairaidh," deir a bhean, "oir tha agamsa air a chur seachad de do thuarsadal na chumas sinn fad ioma là." Cha 'n eisdeadh Ruairaidh ri sud. Dh'fheumadh e dol a dh'obair, o'n chleachd se e.

"Innsidh mi dhuit, ma ta," deir a bhean, "dé a nì thu. Tha fear ann an Duneideann is aithne dhomh aig am bheil gu leòr de chlachaireachd ri dbeanamh. Bheir mise dhuit litir thuige, agus 'nuair a thig thu thun an doruis leatha bithidh tu cinnteach nach toir thu i do neach 'sam bith gus an cuir thu na làmh féin i. Na gabh diùltadh an duine féin fhaicinn." Sgrìobh a bhean an litir agus dh'fhalbh Ruairaidh leatha. Agus an uair a ràinig e an dorus dh'iar e an duine do'n robh an litir fhaicinn. "O!" deir an gille 'choinnich ris, "'s e sin fear an tighe agus cha 'n fhaod thu fhaicinn. Tha e air an aon leabaidh bho' cheann bliadhna." "Feumaidh mi fhaicinn," fhreagair Ruairaidh.

Dh'fhalbh an gille 's thàinig e le fios gu 'n robh fear an tighe ag iarraidh fhaicinn. Sheas Ruairaidh an lathair fear-an-tighe, agus chuir e an litir 'na làmh. 'Nuair a dh'fhosgail esan an litir thòisich e air a pògadh, agus ghail e an gèur. "Tha tuilleadh 's an litir so" thuirt fear an tighe, "na tha fios agad-sa air. Thoir dhomh do làmh 's do phòg. Is i mo nighean-sa 'th'agad pòda. Tha thu math dhith, agus is tu is oighre orm. Theich mo nighean uamsa o cheann bliadhna. B' fheàrr leatha sin a dheanamh na am fear a bha mi 'roghnachadh dhith a phosadh. Fanaidh tu an so gus an teid mise g'a h-iarraidh. 'Se so do thigh, is leat gach nì ta ann." Thug am bodach a nighean dhachaidh. 'S ma tha iad beo tha iad bearteach.

II.—EIRIG AN IARLA.

Bha Iarl' Earraghaidhail 'na shuidhe 'na sheòmar ann an lùchairt Inbhiraora 'nuair a chual e fuaim dùdaich a thug trì ràin aig an dorus mhór, agus a dli' fhaicinn dé bu chiall dha

so chaidh e agus dh'fhosgail e an uinneag a bha os ceann an doruis. A' sealltuinn a mach chunnaic e duine air éideadh ann an deise sgàrlaid agus e a' giùlan suaicheantais Rìgh Shasuinn. Agus air fhaicinn-san do'n duine sgàrlaid dh' éibh e: "Ho! Ho! dùlan còmhraig! Ann an ainm Eanruig, Rìgh Shasuinn, tha Sir Uisdean Fìts O'Rogedi, curaidh mór nan Sasunnach, a' toirt dùlan còmhraig do'n churaidh 's fearr a chuireas Alba 'mach 'n choinneamh." "Innis dha," deir an triath, "gu bheil mise, Cailean, Iarla Earraghaidheil, a togail an dùlain. Thig a stigh 's gu'n suidhich sinu na h-airm, an là 's an t-àite."

Chaidh an duine sgàrlaid a stigh, agus air dha bhi mealtuinn acidheachd rioghaill, chaidh gach nì a bhuineadh do'n chòn-hraig a chuir air dòigh.

Phill an duine sgàrlaid air ais d'a dhùthaich féin, agus dh'innis e do Rìgh Shasuinn mar bha. Air faiche mhór an taobh a mach de Lunnainn chuir an Rìgh air leth àite air son na còmhraig air a chuartaichadh le suidheachain riomhach air son uaislean móra na rioghachd a bha air an cuireadh gu bhi a' làthair a dh' fhaicinn mar làmhachaidh Sir Uisdean an t-Iarla.

'Nuair a thàinig an là 's an uair, bha an t-Iarla agus Sir Uisdean 'nan àite air an faiche, agus bha uaislean móra na rioghachd 'nan àite air na suidheachain.

A réir na cleachdainn rug na sàir air làmh air a chéile, agus an sin sheas iad air ais beagan o chéile.

Thug an duine sgàrlaid trì ràin air an dùdaich, agus ruith an t-Iarla agus Sir Uisdean gu cheile. Leis a' cheud bhuille sgoilt Sir Uisdean sgiath mhòr an Iarla, agus thuit e le gliong air an làr, agus na Sasunnach ag éirigh 'nan aite, thog iad iolach a bha ruig-eachd nan neamhan; ach leis a' cheud bhuille, air dha éiridh o ghàlùn, mar chaidh a leagail le neart buille Sir Uisdean, sgoilt e clogaid a nàmhaid agus thuit i le gliong air an làr, agus a' faicinn an curaidh-san a' tuitcam 'na sglot as a déidh, oir chaidh a cheann a sgoltadh leatha, thog iad osnadh mhór uamhasaich a chaidh grad air lorg an iolach aobhneach, is gann a chaidh a mach a claisteachd na slighe gu céin.

A' dealradh mar Iupiter ann am meadhon nan diathan, sheas Eanruig, an Rìgh, ann am meadhon nan uaislean, agus dh' éibh e le guth àrd: "Do'n Tùr leis an Iarla!"

Chaidh sud a dheanamh, agus barrachd air sin, thug an Rìgh òrdugh nach faigheadh an t-Iarla a mach as an Tùr gus am pàigheadh e, mar éirig, deich aingeal fìchead. Air eagal 's gu'n tugadh duine thuig' an éirig so thug an Rìgh, mar an ceudna, òrdugh nach fhaodadh

caraid seasamh 'na làthair gun bhi lomnochd mar rugadh do mhathair e.

Chaidh iomradh air na nithe so am fad 's am fairsuingeachd.

Chaidh an aithris ann an Gleann-Urchaidh, agus chual curaidh tapaidh an sin iad. "Theid mise," bhòidich esan, "agus bheir mi a shaorsa do'n Iarla." Thog an curaidh so air, agus ràinig e Lunnainn agus geat' an Tuir. Le bata mór daraich a bh' aige 'na dhòrn thug e trì stràic air a' gheata, a' togail fuaim cho mór 's gu'n do chrìochnaich luchd gleidhidh an Tùir le eagal. Chruinnich iad mu thimchioll, agus dh' fheobraich an ceannard deth ciod a bha dh' easbhuidh air. "Thugaibh mi," fhreagair an curaidh, "an làthair Iarl' Earraghaidheil." "Tha fios agad" thuit an Ceannard, "air an òrdugh gur ann lomnochd a dh' fheumas tu seasamh 'na làthair." "Ceart gu leoir," deir esan, "thugaibh dhìom m' aodach." Rinn iad 'sud. Ach chum e am bata 'na dhòrn.

Thug an Ceannard a thaobh na daoine agus thubhairt e riù: "Am fear a bheir uaitl am bata, gheibh e duais mhór o'n Rìgh." Ach 'nam measg cha robh aon cho amaideach 's gu'n cuireadh e a chlaigean ann an cunnart cho mór. Mar sin cha d' thuit iad dùrd ris mu'n bhata.

Mar sin thug luchd gleidhidh an Tùir e an làthair an Iarla. "Fàilt' oirbh, Iarla," deir an t-doghanach, "tha mi toilichte 'ur faicinn slàn." "Tapadh leat, a làochain," ars' an t-Iarla: "Tha mi slàn; ach cò thusa, cò a's a thàinig thu, agus dé an turus air am bheil thu?" "Is mise Iomhair MacCalum, á Gleann-Urchaidh, agus 's e fath mo thurus bhur saorsa 'thoirt dhuibh-san." "Tha eagal orm, a làochain," ars' an t-Iarla, "gu'm bheil sin tuilleadh na's urrainn tha 'dheanamh." "Bithidh sin ri fhaicinn." "Nach eil fhios agad gu'm feum thu bhi agad deich aingeal fìchead a chum mo leigeil mu sgaol." "S' iomadh àite 's am faod ainglean a bhi 'm falach," ars' an t-dòlach, 's e cur a' bhata dhar-aich ri ghàlùn. Thug e spionadh le dhà làmh air a' bhata, agus a mach as lèum deich aingeal fìchead a toirt gliong air na leaca lom. "Cunntaibh na h-ainglean sin" deir Iomhair, "agus faicibh gu bheil 'ur n-éirig agailb." M' fhreagairt thug an t-Iarla an t-blach 'na bhroilleach, agus phòg se e. "Dé" ars' esan, "a ghabhas tu air son do chaoimhneas mór dhomh-sa? Bheir mi dhuit saor am baile is fearr a tha 'n Earraghaidheil." "Cha ghabh mi nì sam bith ach so," fhreagar Iomhair, "gu'n gabh sibh mar thiodal àrd dhuibh féin agus do'r n-oighreachan 'nur deidh 'Mac Calum Mór.'" "Sin a nì mi gu toilichte," ars' an t-Iarla, "agus cuiridh mi féin ris gu'm bi e am fiachadh air 'Mac Calum Mór' éisdeachd ri glaoch fear de d' chinneadh gu tighinn gu'a

theasraighinn. Ged bhitheas aon chas ann an thesiorap, no aon b'log gun a ceangal, cha toir sin oirnn moille 'dheanamh."

Le b'loighdean a' bhata dharaich, o'n do léum na deich angle fichead, bhuaill Iomhair an dorus tri uairean, agus air do'n cheannard e féin a' nochdadh, thubhairt e ris: "Faighibh dhomh u' aodach agus gairmibh an Rìgh." Fhuair e aodach 's bha e an uidheam 'na dheise Ghaidhealach air an uair a thainig an Rìgh. "Dé is ciall dha 'so?" dh' éibh an Rìgh; "an do leig sibh a steach an t-blach so gun bhi lomnochd mar dh' órdaich mise dhuibh?" "Cha do leig gu dearbh, a Rìgh," ars' an Ceannard, "Tha sinne cho neo-chiontach de theachd nan angle 's ged a b'ann o neamh a thigeadh iad." "So dhuit, a Rìgh," deir an t-Iarla, "m' éirig. Tha mi a nis saor." Ghabh an Rìgh an éirig, agus b' aigh-earrach a ghabh an t-Iarla agus an curaidh Gaidhealach an slighe gu tìr nam beann.

III.—CRÙN 'S AN T-SEACHDAIN.

"Fàilt" a stigh, deir Màiri Bhàn, seana mhaighdean, a bha ann an Srath-nan-laogh, 's i 'dol a steach air stairsnich Seònaid, Bantrach Iain a' Mhonaich. "Thig air aghart, a Mhàiri," deir Seonaid, "tha mi toilichte gu'n tug thu ùmhlaich do'n chuireadh a chuir mi thugad." "Tha mi toilichte bhuir faicinn gu math agns tha m' òdhas gur deadh sgéul a th' aguibh dhomh." "Innsidh mi sin dhuit" fhreagair i, "nuair a thig Mór Bheag agus Bantrach Ruairaidh, agus a shuidheas sibh aig a' chuirin bheag a th' agam air a cur an òrdugh dhuibh."

Air do Mhór agus do Bhantrach Ruairaidh tighinn, agus air dhoibh uile suidhe mu'n bhòrd, rinn bean an tighe an t-altachadh, agus chaidh an còmhradh grinn sin air aghaidh a bhitheas aig an leithid an còmhuidh.

"Tha fios agaibh," a deir bean an tighe, "air mo mhac Ruairaidh, cho ànaideach 's a bha e agus an so. Bithidh sibh toilichte 'chluinntinn gu bheil e 'nis air fàs glic. A chomharradh dhuibh air sin, chuir e pùnd Sasunnach thugam leis a' phost' air an t-seachdainn so, agus barrachd air sin tha e air òrdachadh dhomh crùn 's an t-seachdainn as a thuarasdal fad 's is beò mise agus esan."

Bha latha toilichte aig na mnathan le chéile, agus dheallaich iad a' gcalltainn cuirm eile bhi aca ann an ùine ghearr.

Fad 's a bu bheò Seònaid, Bantrach Iain, fhuair i na còig tasdaìn so 's an t-seachdainn, agus bha aoibhneas mór aic' annta, cha'n ann a mhàin air son cho feumach 's a bha iad dhith, ach mar an ceudna, mar bha iad a' foillseachadh dhith gu'n d'fhàs a mac, Ruairaidh, na dhuine math, agus bu mhór am béud briseadh dùil a bh'aice anns a' nì sin. Ach a nis o nach maireann

i cha'n 'eil coire 'sam bith ann a bhi 'g innseadh mar bha.

'S e duine mór, foinnidh, a bha'n Ruairaidh, ach is duilich leam gu'n feum mi 'radh mar bha e fas ann an làithean nach b'ann glic ach amaideach a bha e a' fas. Cha'n ann le aoibhneas, ach le pian, a bha e 'cur a' chruin 's an t-seachdainn a dh'ionnsuidh a mhathair.

So mar a bhà. 'S ann air long chogaidh a bha Ruairaidh 'na làmh. Bhitheadh an Ceannard a' toirt làithean air tìr do'n maraichean, cho fada 's nach bhitheadh fiachan mór orra air son na gheibheadh iad ri chaitheadh de'n tuarasdal rionh laimh.

A nis le bhi togail a thuarasdail cho tric mu'n bitheadh e coisnnte aige, bha Ruairaidh daonnann ann an fiachan mór aig a' Ceannard.

Là bha sin fhuair mòran de 'chompanaich cead dol air tìr gu baile mór a bha nu choinneadh na h-acariseid anns an robh an long. Ach a thaobh cho domhainn 's bha e ann am fiachan, cha robh dòchas aig Ruairaidh gu'm faigheadh e aon chuid cead dol air tìr no airgead fhaotainn a ch'itheadh e ged a gheibheadh e sin.

"Nach bochd," thuit fear de 'chompanaich ri Ruairaidh, "nach faigheadh tu air tìr leinn an diugh, 's ged a gheibheadh nach faigh thu sgilliun a chaitheadh tu." "Stad thusa," deir Ruairaidh; "cha chreid mi nach 'eil dòigh again air fhaotainn a mach air am faigh mi an dà chuid. Tha innleachd again air a dhealbh."

Ann an cuir an cèill na h-innleachd sin, chaidh Ruairaidh far an robh an ceannard agus thuit e ris: "Le ar cead, mo thriath, fhuair mi litir o'm mhàthair ag innseadh dhomh gu'm bheil i ro thinn, tha eagal orm aig uched bais. Cha'n 'eil caraid 'sam bith aig an truaghan ach mise is urrainn nì a dheanamh rithe. Féumaidh mi aideachadh gu a so gu'n robh mise glé mhi-chuimhneachail oirre, agus tha aithreachas gu leòr ormsa an diugh air a shon sin. Tha mi a' cur romham gu'n dean mi mo dhleasnas na's fearr an deidh so. Tha coltach nach bi ise fada beo co dhù, gu dragh a chuir air duine 's am bith." "Dé," ars an Ceannard, "a bha thu an dùil a dheanamh? Innsidh mi sin dhuibh, mo thriath," fhreagair Ruairaidh, 's e suathadh a shùilean mar gu'm biodh e a' gal, "chuir mi romham gu'm bithinn cho dan 's gu'n iarrainn oirbh fein, na'm be' ur toil e, pùnd Sasunnach a chuirinn thuice 'nuair a rachainn air tìr do'n baile so a tha far comhair." "Tha thu a' deanamh gnìomh duin' uasail," deir an Ceannard. "Dé air bith cho m'chluimhneach 's a bha thu anns na làithean a chaidh thairis, cha'n urrainn thu an còrr a dheanamh a nis ach so, gu'n cuir thu às do thuarasdal crùn 's an t-seachdain a dh'ionnsuidh do mhathair. Am bheil thu deònach sin a dheanamh?" "Tha, mo thriath," deir esan, ann an dòchas gu'm bitheadh

an crùn sin aige féin g'a chaitheamh, ann an ainm a chuir a dh'ionnsaidh a mhathair h-uile seachduinn. "Cainn a th'air do mhàthair, agus c'ait am bheil i a' fuireachd?" dh'fhebraich an Ceannard. Dh'innis Ruairidh sin dha, ged nach robh a' chùis a nis a' sealltainn gu math.

Rinn an Ceannard a suas na paipeiran agus, 'gan cur air beulaobh Ruairidh, thuir e ris, "cuir t-ainm ri sin." Chuir Ruairidh a-ainm ris na paipeiran. "O'n tha t-aintinn a nis aig socair a thaobh do mhàthair bhochd, faodaidh tu dol thun t-obair, a Ruairidh." "Dhi-chuimhnach sibh, mo thriath, le'r cead, am punnd Sasunnach a thoirt dhomh a tha mi gu chuir gu'm mhiathair." "O! tha sin ceart gu leòr, a Ruairidh, air eagal 's gu'm bi do chompanaich 'gad bhuaireadh gu 'chosd orra-sin, thà mi fhéin 'dol 'ga chuir chuire, agus cuiridh mi na còig tasdain chuire mar an céudna h-uile seachduinn fad's is beò i," deir an Ceannard.

Cha robh aig Ruairidh air ach a bhi triall. 'Nuair a dh'innis e d'a chompanaich mar dh'èirich dha, theab 's nach stadadh iad a lachanaich 's a ghaireachdaich idir. Cha chual iad ni riamh a chòrd cho math riutha. "'S fhiach an spòrs so," deir Calum Sgitheanach, 'punnd Sasunnach aig a chuid is lugha, agus nach faic sibh ceart a bhalacha gu'n cruinnich sin eadarruinn 'o Ruairidh an t-suim sin agus gu'n iarr sinn air a' Cheannard cead thuir dha dol air tire leinn." Dh'aontaich iad uile sud a dheanamh. Chaidh leo, cuideachd, agus fhuair iad fhéin agus Ruairidh là cridheil air tire le cheile.

THE REPORT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD FOR 1914.

The report of the general superintendent for the Highlands as usual sheds an interesting light upon various social problems. Out of a population of 349,537 in the eight Highland counties, there were 4928 ordinary paupers with 3127 dependants and 2914 lunatics; in all amounting to 10,069, being 23 paupers and 5·8 lunatics per 1000 of population. This proportion is higher than that in any of the other three divisions of Scotland. In Applecross there are 17 lunatics out of a population of 1440, and 15 of these belong to one district of the parish with a population of 712. The Mental Deficiency Act of 1915, by spreading the financial burden over the whole county, will afford relief to some of the more heavily rated parishes. It is satisfactory to learn that of the 4928 ordinary poor, only 43 suffered from phthisis and 39 from other causes of tubercular disease. Out of 536 children chargeable as paupers in their own right (being orphans, or

deserted, or separated from their parents), only 66 are in poorhouses, while 470 are boarded out.

Upon the industries of the Highlands, Mr. Ellis reports that, in crofting parishes, general conditions tend to improve. The inspector of Tires reports a great improvement in the circumstances of the crofters compared with what it was twenty years ago. He says, (1) The land is cultivated better since fixity of tenure was granted, (2) good prices are now received for all farm stock and produce, and (3) the work on the croft being performed by the family, the high cost of hired labour is saved.

The success of the fishing industry in 1912-13 continued during 1913-14, except in South Uist and Barra, where it was again a failure. In Stornoway the spring herring fishing was a record, and in 1914 a further record was created, resulting in great benefit to the burgh and parish. In the rural districts the chief means of livelihood, apart from the pittance obtainable from meagre patches of land, is the earnings of the fish girls and fishermen at home, and at the east coast and English fishings. In 1913 the amount earned by the men and women was very considerable. The fishing fleet at Stornoway in June, 1914, of locally owned fishing boats was the largest there had been for many years. In the parish of Avoch the herring fishing has developed greatly within recent years, but there are signs of decay owing to the non-introduction of mechanical power. In Duirnish, on the other hand, there is a new departure this year, as three of the local boats have been equipped with motor power. It is reported that there is a good prospect of the herring curing industry being started in a small way in the island of Coll. In Loch Alsh herring and other fishings are said to be complete failures, and in the inspector's view, this is likely to continue until some measures are taken to prevent the break up of the shoals before the inshore lochs are reached by the fish.

The Parishes of Ardcattan and Muckairn, Kilbrandon, Kilfinichen and Kilvieken, and Lismore and Appin in Argyll, and Halkirk, Orlig, and Thurso, in Caithness, have all quarries within their boundaries which, more or less, form staple industries. The Ballachulish Slate Works in the parish of Lismore and Appin do not employ nearly so many as they did twenty years ago. The marble quarries of Iona in Kilfinichen and Kilvieken parish have given employment this year to a number of people. The quiet and peaceful Island of Raasay has become the seat of what promises to become an important industry. The iron ore found in considerable quantities is worked by the "Iron Ore Company." A pier has been constructed and the works are connected there-

with by rail. It is now proposed to commence sending the ore south. Many workmen's houses have already been completed, and other thirty houses are to be constructed. Employment is plentiful, and the works will no doubt contribute to the prosperity, not only of the island and parish in which they are situated, but of the whole community of the district.

An enquiry has been held at Bonarbridge in connection with the slaughter-house and the drainage of that village. There is a report to the Board upon the somewhat serious state of affairs which the enquiry disclosed.

Dr. Mary J. Menzies, the lady medical inspector, has an interesting report upon the treatment of poor children at school. In Tiree and Iona the homes and schools near rock, sand, and sea, productive of so many interests for children, seem to be situated in ideal surroundings. The good financial position of the crofters is reflected in the condition of the children, who could not be distinguished from the native children. In Arran, the crofters have now well-built houses, let during the summer season, which afford good winter accommodation.

We reserve some interesting points upon finance (including Old Age Pensions), poor-houses, and public health. The question of housing is becoming more and more important every year.

—:—:—

THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

Not bright and gay the songs we sing,
Nor frivolous and light,
We sing not of the laughing skies,
Nor of the pale moonlight;
We do not sing of flirting belles
Who from the dance lath fled,
Nor are our songs to merry tunes
Or tinkling music wed.

But oh! our songs are full of thought,
And breathe an atmosphere
Of weeping mists and sighing winds,
Of wailing birds in fear;
Of moaning seas and silent moors,
Majestic hill and dell,
Of salt sea breeze with peat reek mixed,
That holds our hearts in spell.

We sing of lore and legend quaint
Afar from haunts of men,
Of children banished from their homes
In many a distant glen;

With whiles a blink of summer sun
That sparkles in the shower
Upon the hillside's distant brow,
And speaks our wak'ning hour.

But would we give our old sad songs
With such a wealth of thought,
That speaks the freedom of our race
With blood so dearly bought;
That breathe of culture from the heart
Of nature, through her child,
For such as thou would'st substitute,
From all our past exiled?

Oh no, we wish no empty songs
Of music hall or dance,
That have no high or lofty thought
Their music to enhance.
'Tis proud and glad we are to be
Of thoughtful minds possessed,
For, founded fast on such a rock,
Our race will aye be blest.

WM. MALCOLM, Arbroath.

—:—:—

THE SMITH OF THE GREY BOG.

You may rove far on the Fairy Brogues of
Time and not come to a bonnier spot than the
Grey Bog where the brown water of Colluska
has its birth, rushing over the grey boulders,
hewn out by the hand of Time, to join the Red
Lussa.

Here at the foot of the Grey Bog stand two
blackened gables, hollowed like a sheep's skull,
among the peat hags of Bennin Lure.

There was a day once when the Grey Bog
was a place of music and song, but the sobbing
wind round the gables is all the music and song
now—for Mac Nicol, a pretty fellow at sword-
making, is not—his forge is for ever silent, where
once the merry red sparks flew up. But still
his memory lives round many a red fire in Mac
Ailein Mhor's lone kingdom.

He lived in those troubled days when steel
was against steel, and the tartan against the
tartan—when the kirk yards never seemed
satisfied.

Never a day passed that he would not see
broken men feeding the wild peat hags of
Bennin Lure, but never a one came to his door,
for Mac Nicol was never the man he was, since
the day his only son had found the end of life's
queer jaunt in a place kilted by the birch
beside the Barr water, and that had given him
a queer quirk.

For days Mac Nicol would sit gazing into the
red forge, nursing his sword, then he would rise
with a curious look in his eyes and bring his great

hammer down with a clang on his anvil. Soon nobody came to his smithy, for his droll ways spread like fire among the heather, so that the forge remained black, and the music and laughter went with it. But he cared not, and when the moon played on the dark brown pools of Barr water below Amod, he would stand beside a cairn that marked the spot where once a Mac Nicol stood, with his back against a rock, snarling at the tartan of "Montrose's Butcher." "Dhia," he would say, as he would turn homewards, perhaps to-morrow they will come. There are stots still on the Colluska hills, but the morrow never brought the "Butchers" nearer.

As his brogues heavy with sorrow carried him homewards from one of his jaunts in the cairn, he was aware that a light was in the smithy, and the song of the anvil rang clear in the frosty air. "God be about us," said he, as he strode to the smithy, like the hero in the Loch Ranza man's tale. The door stood open, two men were at the forge, one at the anvil mending his basket hilt. Mac Nicol watched them in silence, under the shadow of the thatch, digging his heel into the hard ground. "Fools, said he, under his breath, poor, poor smiths they are at their trade." Then he walked into the smithy whistling a pipe tune such as folks know over Carradale way—as he pushed the man aside from the anvil and grasped the white blade with the pincers, and beat it till the sparks flew about the smithy like falling leaves among the woods of Largie. Then he plunged the steel into a bucket of water, where it hissed, and the white steam rose like ghosts of those it had sent on their last jaunt; again and yet again he thrust it into the forge—where the flames danced upwards, casting long shadows of the men about it on the walls. The smith shot a quick glance at the men beside him from under the thick thatch of his eyebrows and smiled. The day that the Smith of the Grey Bog had so long waited for had come.

"Ilean," said he, "there's too much wind coming in at the door to make a good sword-smith's job of her." One of the men went over and bolted it. "Thank you," said the smith, without lifting his eyes from his anvil.

The hot smithy set the men "dovring" after being out in the keen frosty air. Rolling themselves up in their plaids, they lay on their backs, their faces to the red forge.

Mac Nicol moved like a ghost about his forge, his tall shadow dancing among the cabers on the roof, as he drew his hot pincers from out the glowing peats.

Then came a lonely cry, like as of the craven, as two blind men staggered into the moonlight.

SADDELL.

PAUPERISM AND WASTE.

In every Highland county from Caithness to Bute there are huge dismal erections which, as if intended to illustrate the combination of pauperism and waste, are entitled "Combination Poorhouses." It may not be out of place to give a detailed list of these structures, showing the amount of accommodation provided in them, and the number of inmates on 1st July, 1914, according to the latest Report of the Local Government Board. They are—

Poorhouse, Athole and Bread-	Accommodation on	
	1st July, 1914.	Inmates on 1st July, 1914.
albane, - - -	99	33
Black Isle, - - -	62	33
Campbeltown, - -	100	25
Easter Ross, - -	75	35
Inverness, - - -	147	69
Islay, - - -	48	15
Latheron, - - -	50	16
Lewis, - - -	37	17
Lochgilthead, - -	72	28
Long Island, - -	9	6
Lorn, - - -	181	80
Mull, - - -	125	14
Nairn, - - -	75	35
Skye, - - -	51	8
Sutherland, - - -	114	21
Thurso, - - -	149	17
Upper Strathearn, -	91	43
	1485	497

It is clear from the above list, showing as it does that only one third of the poorhouse accommodation in the Highlands is used, that the Highland people prefer the independence of their cottage homes to the comforts provided for them at these houses by the local authorities. It will be observed that this independence of spirit is displayed with almost equal emphasis in every part of the country, though no doubt the poorhouses are at a specially low discount in Skye, Mull, Sutherland, and Caithness. When it is remembered that the proportion of the number of inmates to the numbers provided for is fairly constant, it will be seen that an enormous amount of money must have been wasted in the erection of these poorhouses. The amount may be anything between £200,000 and £300,000, and it is melancholy to think what benefits might have been provided for the poor of the Highlands by means of the huge sums that have thus been wasted.

—:O:—

Cathair oidheche ann am min dhàn
Faighear gairdeachas 's a bhàrr.

ROSG GAIDHLIG.

ADDITIONS.

- p. 266, *Cill Maoil-ruibhe*, 150, St. Malruba's Church. Malruba founded the monastery of Applecross in 673 and died at Applecross in 722. Dedications to him are numerous in the north and west; the furthest south is at Anulree in Perthshire, (*Ath Ma il-ruibhe*, St. Malruba's ford) near which is *Cladh Maoil-ruibhe*. Maoil-rubha means "lad of the cape" (promontory) from some association unknown to us. *Maoil*, which primarily means "bald one, shaveling," is often used in a sense equivalent to *gille*.
- p. 272, *Na Ranna* 33, the Rhinns of Galloway.
- p. 273, *Teampull na Trianaid*, 19, 145, Trinity Church at Carinish, N. Uist. Erected, according to MacVurich (p. 145) by Bethog, daughter of Somerled, and probably restored by Amy MacRuari, wife of John, son of Angus, Lord of the Isles.
- p. 279, *àrthrach* 144. m.: a vessel, ship; an chuid fhuair airdigh dhìobh, p. 144, such of them as got vessels. Wrongly translated in *Rel. Celt.* p. 155, "a part escaped with their king."
- p. 280, *ceanunsachd* 143; temperance, continence.
- p. 281, *comharba*, 143: a colleague; successor in office.
- p. 282, *furàlaim*, 143: require, enjoin.
- p. 283, *iochtardha* 143: subordinate.
- p. 284, *sgathath* 144: a skirmish, onfall.
- p. 286, *uaim f* 142: a joining together; in poetry, alliteration.
urranta, 143: bold, daring.

I shall be glad to answer in the *Deo-Gréine* (so far as I can) any questions addressed to me by teachers or others using the book. Such communications should be directed to the University, Edinburgh.—W. J. W.

—:O:—

Caora luideagach e theid 's an dris, fàgaidh i a h-olainn 's an dos.

* * *

Bithidh dhùil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhì dhùil ri fear lic.

* * *

Cha'n fhacas riamh muirn nìhór nach ro 'n a deidh dubh-bhròn.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

At a meeting of the Governors of the Highland Trust held in November, reports of the various Standing Committees were submitted, together with the results of the examination of 83 sch.-ols throughout the Highlands. Mr. Fyfe's report on the Higher Grade Schools of Golspie, Invergordon, Ullapool, and Bowmore was also submitted. Grants of the following amounts were awarded for higher education to Bowmore, (£45); Fort-William, (£55); Grantown Grammar School, (£60); Invergordon Academy, (£40); Oban High School, (£40); Tobermory Academy, (£40); Ullapool, (£60); and Kirkwall Burgh School, (£45). A sum of nearly £1000 was allocated in bursaries for higher education to be held at approved schools and Universities. A bursary of £30, tenable for three years, was awarded to a pupil at the Sutherland Technical School, Golspie. It was suggested that the bursary scheme should be widened in scope, and a committee was appointed to consider the matter.

* * *

We wish to direct special attention to the appeal made by An Comunn Gàidhealach for supplying suitable Gaelic Literature to Highland soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. This appeal, which is in the form of a printed leaflet, is now circulated, and it is hoped that the response will be sufficiently liberal to enable the Committee to select the tales and popular songs which the soldiers are desirous of having. It need scarcely be added that anything conducive to lighten and cheer the hearts of our gallant countrymen in the trenches, and those serving at sea, not forgetting those in hospital, ought to find a ready response from friends at home. *Gu'n robh buaidh leis na seòid.*

* * *

The principal Glasgow "Ceilidhs" are now in full swing and well attended, but the palm must go to *Ceilidh nan Gàidheal* for its loyalty to the old language. Cha'n ann air oìl na còmhla a tha 'Ghaidhlig 'san talla acasan. Cha'n 'eil i an taing cainnt choimbeach.

* * *

In an admirable article on Gaelic books in his recently published "Celtic Countries," W. D. Rhys Phillips deplores the attitude of the Highland press to the Gaelic movement. "I do not know," he says, "of a single editor or even a reporter on any paper in Scotland who can read or write Gaelic."

* * *

The attendance of Gaelic-speaking male students at the universities and provincial centres has fallen this session to less than one half of the average in recent years. The number of female students is well maintained.

* * *

Commenting upon the resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, the agricultural weeklies are agreed that the three colleges have failed to meet the needs of the farming community. The proposed agricultural institutes

have become necessary if practical education in agriculture is to be brought within the reach of the sons and daughters of the farm. The agricultural institute at Inverness will thus become a pioneer, as others are likely to be established at suitable centres as soon as circumstances permit. The three colleges will continue to serve the needs of higher education and of scientific research.

* * *

The winter session of the Aberdeen Free Church Students' Association was opened on 5th November, by the Rev. Donald MacLean, Edinburgh, who delivered a lecture upon the "London Diary of the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle (1689 1690)."

* * *

In the years 1689 and 1690 Mr. Kirk paid lengthy visits to London to supervise the printing of his new edition of the Irish Bible. Mr. Kirk diligently attended services at nearly all the churches and took full notes both of the sermons and of the forms of service.

* * *

Mr. MacLean had his attention directed to Mr. Kirk's manuscript by the late Professor Mackinnon, and he has devoted upwards of eighteen months to the laborious work of transcribing the diary. Now that his laborious task is completed we may look for the early publication of what will certainly prove a valuable addition to the historical literature of the seventeenth century.

:O:

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

READERS OF GAELIC.

SIR,—Eagerly do I quaff the sparkling optimism of our friend Mr. Angus Henderson, though I know that, alas! too often, optimism is mainly carbonic acid gas. But I must admit that in the regions of northern and central Inverness-shire and central Perthshire, which I know well, the readers of Gaelic form a decided minority of the population. There are few sadder sights than to see Gaelic speaking people attending Gaelic services in church and sitting with English Bibles open before them.

Would it not be possible to present every church in which Gaelic services are held with a supply of clearly printed Gaelic Bibles, or at least New Testaments and Psalm Books? The presence of these books would be a constant stimulus to young people to learn to read Gaelic. Could not An Comunn help in this matter?

I am, etc.,

LACHLAN MACBEAN.

RECORD OF REGIMENTAL PIPERS.

SIR,—In association with Mr. John Grant, of 27 Comely Bank Street, Edinburgh, I am engaged in compiling a record of pipers of Regiments taking part in the War. Through the courtesy of the pipe presidents and pipe majors of some 60 Units, I have already received a great deal of information regarding the achievements of individual men in action, whether

employed as pipers, stretcher bearers, or on other duties, and I am expecting replies from other Units shortly.

There must at present be many pipers in hospital in this country who could give me most valuable information about casualties which have occurred near them in the field, and I ask you to publish this letter in order to inform these men that I shall be very glad to hear from them if they will write to me. Letters from men at the Front referring to pipers will also be of great value, and if sent to me will be returned in due course. All communications should be addressed to Sir Bruce Seton, c/o Grindlay & Co., 54 Parliament Street, London, S.W.

The record will be published privately, and the entire sale proceeds will be devoted to pipers' orphans.

Yours faithfully,

BRUCE SETON.

54 Parliament Street,
London, 7th Nov., 1915.

- :O: -

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Treas Mios a' Gheamhraidh, 1916.

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A' BHLIADHN' UR, AGUS AN TE A DH' FHALBH.

A bhliadhín a dh' fhalbh! A bhliadhín a chaidh le osna ri àireamh nam bliadhnachan a thréig—le falluinn dhubharach mu ceann. Ciod a their sinn mu timchioll? Bliadhín a' bhròin do mhóran; bliadhín an fhàsgaidh cridhe, fliuch leis na deoir a shileas bho'n chridhe leònta, le tuireadh mu na gaoilean a dh' fhalbh, agus nach "till gu là na cruinne." Thuit iadsan air raoin nan gaisgeach. Dh' iobair iad suas an nì bu luachmhoire a bh' aca air sgàth na dùthcha a thog iad—am beatha. Tha am faireachadh dùthchail toinntè ann am Bith a' Gaidheil. An uair a thig am na h-éiginn cha sheas e an dàrna taobh. Thig an duinealas agus a' ghaigse bu dual da an uachdar le mothuchadh air doimhneachd chùisean. Cha'n 'eil an spiorad seo soirbh a thuigsinn leis an dream 'nach d' fhairich e, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil na feartan a chuireas air glèise e gann.

Tha gaisgeich 'nan suain shiorruidh fo'n fhòid an tìrean céin, air an aon raoin r'an naimhdean. Tha fiabhras a' chogaidh seachad,

ach mairidh fiabhras a' bhriste-cridhe an dream as dlùithe an daimh dhaibh. Cha teid an iomhaigh á sealladh na h-iuntinn gus an dùnar an t-sùil clorporra ann an dubhar a' bhàis. 'Se seo an cùmhneachan as maireannaiche—cùmhneachan neo-chaochlaideach nach faic am pobull. Gabhaidh e an t-uaigneas mar àite-tàimh, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil e dlùth do'n diomhaireachd a tha filte anns gach faireachadh tha 'g iathadh mu chràdh cridhe.

Do gach teaghlach usal agus ìosal air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, agus do ar luchd-dajmh thar chuantan, a chaidh troimh an àmhainn air a' bhliadhna chaidh seachad, guidheamaid le'r n-uile chridhe, "Bliadhna inbath ìr," anns an t-seadh as àirde. Cha'n 'eil seadh eil' ann a chum furtachd do'n chridhe chùrrta. Fàgamaid an gnothuch mar sin. "Tha smùdan fein an ceann gach foid." Do na curaidhnean a dh' fheumas seasamh fhathast ri uchd a' chunnairt, guidheamaid neart agus misneach. Na'n rachadh againn air, chuireamaid seun air a h-uile h-aon aca a chum an dìon bho innleachdan art nàmh. Ach 's e a' ghuidhe as freagarraiche gu'm biodh an dòigh fo dhubhar sgàile sgéith' an Tì as Àirde.

Ciod a their sinn mu'n bhliadhna tha tòiseachadh? Am bi i na's duirche na'n te chaidh seachad? 'S ann aig an Agh tha fios. An robh Nollaig riamh ann an coineas ris an dà Nollaig a dh' fhalbh? Smaoinich air a' cheud Nollaig a ghairm sìth agus deagh-ghean do chloinn nan daoine, agus Nollaig na bliadhín an uiridh 'nuair tha fuil na h-Eòrpa fhathast 'ga dòrtadh 'na sruthan, agus teaghlachaean 'nam miltean air an riasladh 's air am fuadach bho'n dùthaich fhein. Nach fìor mar a thuir Burns:—"Bheir an-ìochdmhòrachd dhaoine air miltean do-àireamh de'n comh-chreutairean a bhi caoidh." Ach a dh'aindeoin an uamhais, 's e teachdaireachd na ceud Nollaige an aon mheadhon fuasglaidh do àmhghar an t-saoghail.

Tha an Eòrpa fhathast air taod aig an droch Spiorad, agus cha'n 'eil fios c'uin a gheibh cinnich fosgladh sùla. Tha'n nàmhaid cho diarrasach 'sa bha e an uiridh, agus mar as mò tha e faireachadh a chèum a' sleamnachadh 's ann as diorrasaiche tha e fàs. Ach cha'n 'eil an seo ach comharradh gu'm bheil a chasan 'ga fhàgail, agus eagal na ruaise a' gabhail greim air. Mar as luaithe 'thig an car eile air a' chuibhle, 'sann is fearr. Cha'n 'eil dol as air àm a' chuntais agus a' réiteachaidh, oir "an ni a shìol-chuireas duine an nì ceudna buainidh e." Tha e éucomasach do rìoghachdan, agus eadhon do chreutairean fa leth, an lagh seo a sheachnadh. Thig àm an diolaidh uaireigin: cha'n urrainn a chaochladh a bhi ann. Bheir àm a chriathraidh am folluis an tomhas anns an d' thainig rìoghachdan gearr mu chùisean. Ach an solus na thachair gus a seo, 'se barail a' mhór shluaigh gu'n do ghabh rìoghachd Bhreat-uinn taobh a' cheartais agus na h-onoir anns a' chùis, agus nach d' aom i bho'n t-slighe 'bha trèorachadh gu dleasnas, ged bha i searbh agus cuartaichte le cunnartan. Ach ciod e 'their sinn mu'n rìoghachd àrdanach ud a thig cinnich na h-Eòrpa an amhaichean a cheile 'nuair a thainig a h-m taitneach? Direach gu'n do chuir an droch spiorad i fo dhriuidheachd a dh'aindeoin àirde a h-eòlais. Is ciatach an rud eòlas saoghalta 'na àite fhein, agus tha e ro fhéumail, ach na chuireas e creutairean ionnall; na ghabhas e a chead de'n eòlas a shruthas bho bhéusachd, agus bho theagasg soisgeul na sìthe, bidh a' bhuil ann. A nise cha'n 'eil móran stà ann a bhi rùsgadh na Gearmailt, tuilleadh, no bhi 'foillseachadh a droch ghnìomharran, oir tha iad aithnichte do'n t-saoghal mu'n iath a' ghrian. Fàgamaid sin aig sluagh nach do ghabh pàirt idir anns a' chòmhraig. Dearbhaidh an t-àl a thig 'nar deidh e 'nan dòigh fhein, agus bheir luchd eachdraidh oidheip air cùisean a chothromachadh air a' mheigh a fhreagras do dhà thaobh a' ghnòthuich. Bidh sgrùdadh ann gun teagamh, ach aig deireadh an fhasgaidh bith tuar eile air a' Ghearmailt. Agus an *Kaiser*! caraid (?) an Turcaich, 's nan amadan eile a chuir e fo 'gheasaibh; ard shagart an tsoisgeil nodha—cothlomadh de bhéus an Turcaich, a' Bhulgairianaich, na Gearmailt agus Austria! Nach e seo a chuireadh an dreach air clàr-dùthcha na h-Eòrpa!

Na 'm biodh fios aig daoine mu'n droch ghur a thug an Dàn gu ìre á nead nam Pruisianach, math dh' fhaoidte nach biodh uibhir de ioghnadh orra a thaoh na thachair 'nar là. Cha'n 'eil dòigh air droch iseanan ach an aon dòigh—an amhaichean a thoinneamh! Mur a gabhar sin a dheanamh, cumt' iad 'nan crò-cheare fhein, air eagal 's gu'm mill iad eòin eile. An dòigh a

ghabh an gur seo làmh-an-nachdar fhaotainn air na cèarnan a b' fheàrr de'n Ghearmailt agus an cur fo'n spàgan, chithear blo bheag no mhór de eòlas air eachdraidh na dùthcha sin. Bha ghnòthuichean a' cuimseachadh mar gu'n bitheadh beairt-fhighe an Dàin fhein ag oibreachadh 'na fàbhar. Mar a bha nithean a' tighinn à filladh, meall-ar-mhean, bha'n t-aomadh a bha iad a' foillseachadh, agus na tograidean a bha ag éirigh annta a' fas na bu shoirleire. Is iongantach lagh an Dàin fhein. Mar a tha e againn 's an t-sean ràdh:—"Tha nuileannan an Dàin a' dol mu'n cuairt air an socair, ach tha iad a' dol mu'n cuairt gus a' cheann-uidhe—a bleith glé uhhin.

Nach iongantach (mar tha ughdar àraidh ag ràdh) gu leigte le grunnan beag de rìghrean agus de dhaoin' uaibhreach ghnòthuichean òrduchadh a chum na muillionan a chur an amhaichean a cheile; mar nach b' ann 's an Eòrpa ach clàr-tàlais mór, agus iadsan a' cluich air le cuirp dhaoine! Is fìor an ràdh a chuir sgrìobhadair Sasunnach (*Haslitt*) a mach iomadh bliadhna roimh'n diugh. Ars' esan:—"Tha e coltach nach 'eil ach aon cheist a' cur dragh air intinnean rìghrean, agus 'se sin, co-dhiubh a bhuineas an cinne daonna dhaibh fein mar sheilbh no nach buin! Cha'n 'eil e soirbh nadur an Duine a thuigsinn, mur an aontaich sinn ri beachd feallsanach mór Gearmailteach a thuirt 'na là fhein gu'm bheil intinn gach comuinn is droing de'n Chruinne stéidhichte air bunait na féinealachd. Na'm biodh a' bheachd seo fìor gu h-iomlan, dh' fhaodamaid cead a ghabhail de gach béus a tha 'cuideachadh adhartais a chuid de'n chinne-daonna a dh'fhàg staid na fiadhachd. Ach tha mór fhéum aig cinnich air stad gus an tig iad g'an ionnsaigh fhein, agus mothuchadh a ghabhail air an olc a tha 'lean-tuinn uaibhreis, àrdain agus glòir-mhianna.

Na'm biodh chùisean mar bu chòir dhaibh, 's ann aig an àm seo a bhiodhmad a' gabhail beachd air cor na Gaidhealtachd a thaobh a cànan agus an crannchur ris am bi dùil aig a càirdean mar bhuil air na laghan a chaidh a reachdachadh mu timchioll. Cha ghabh e àicheadh nach d' rinn an Rìoghachd bho chionn fhada dearmad air na nithean a bhuineas gu sònruichte do adhartachadh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach faodar aideachadh ann an ceartas gu'm bheil i ann an tomhas a' deanamh suas a cùl-fhéich. Ro fhada, bha na buill ris an d' earbhadh iarrtasan nan Gaidheal a chur fo chomhair Parlamaid na Rìghachd mar nach robh teanga 'nam pluic, no gu'n robh an tùchadh orra. Bha a' Ghaidhealtachd ro fhada air a meas mar iomall de Albainn nach b' fhiach mòran a chosd air a son. Ach an uair a thainig am a' chruaidh-chàis, thog luchd-riaghlaidh an sùilean, mar a rinneadh aig linn *Phil*, ris an aon àite, far am

aighe curaidhnean nach diùltadh tighinn air adhart ann an uair na teanntachd. Ged nach biodh an Rìoghachd ach a' deanamh laghannan air son na Gaidhealtachd, a mhaoin, agus an àm seo an ath bhliadhna, is gann gu'n dioladh i a comain. Saoil an leig ar buill-Phàrlamaid seo air dìchùimhne? Ma leigeas, air Gaidheil fein biodh a chuire. Cha mhór féum ann an cù mur dean e comhart.

Tha fàidhean ar là a' gabhail tlachd ann a bhli meòrachadh air an atharrachadh a tha romhainn. Ars' iadsan:—"Bidh atharrachadh air cràbhachd, air caithe-beatha, air giulan nan daoine beartach ris na daoine bochda. Cha bhi ach gle bheag mar a bha e 'nuair a stadhas an cogadh. Tha eadar sinn agus na chaidh seachad doimhne mhór, agus cha tàth an nòs nuadh ris an t-seann nòs. Theid am feall-aithris agus am mealladh a bha 'cuartachadh nan daoine inbheach, mar fhalluin, a sgnabadh air falbh. Bithidh crèutairean a' gluasad ann an saoghal eile, mar gu'm b' eadh, agus a thaobh an fheadhainn aig am bheil, agus an fheadhainn aig nach h-eil, cha bhi eadar-sgaradh cho tur's a b' àbhaist, oir tonhaisir luach nithean air meidh ùir, agus chithear nach e airgead is òr fìor shàibhreas na Rìoghachd, ach Sluagh toilichte." Sin agaibh an dealbh a tha na fàidhean còire a' tarruing air a' cheartachadh ris am bheil dùil aca—linn an àigh! Ach cò 'nar measg a chreideas gu'n tachair a leithid seo uile? Tha nadur an duine na's duiliche atharrachadh na tha cuid air bharaill, agus cha'n eil e soirbh faotainn cuidhte de sheann tograidean is mhodhanan. Air a shon sin thig atharraichean air choreigin an lorg a' chogaidh, oir cha ghabh e chreidsin gu'm bi cùisean mar a bhà iad. Ach ge bith mar a thachras, 's e deasan a's Ghaidheil a bhi furachail a chum cothrom a ghabhail air mar a bhios nithean ag aomadh. An cùisean chinneach, mar an gnothuichean dhaoine fa leth, thig làn-mara àraidh a thredraicheas gu sealbh, ach 's e an t-sùil fhosgailte agus an inntinn thoinseig a ghabhas an cothrom, oir 's ann ainneamh a thig an reothart seo. Air an aobhar sin biodh càirdean na Gaidhealtachd air tìr na faire mu'n glacer iad gun fhios daibh. Cha ruig sinn a leas iomaguin a bhli oirnn a thaobh Shasunn no na Galltachd. Gheibh iadsan, ma theid a' air, an t-iasg is fearr de'n ghad, ach thugamaid an aire nach tilgear oirnn ach an fhuighealach. Cuireamaid an cùimhne luchd riaghlaidh gu'm bheil càrn de'n Rìoghachd ann do'n ainm a' Ghaidhealtachd, dùthaich a bha ro fhoighidneach gus an seo, dùthaich a choisinn a cor a' leasachadh ann an seadh àraidh a nise. Biodh daoine a' meòrachadh ma tà, agus deanadh iad suas an inntinn gu'm bi cànan is crannchur pòda r'a cheile mar bu nòs. Biodh saothair, gnìomhachas is Gaidhlig a'

co-oibreachadh a chum toileachas cuirp is inntinn 'nuair a sgapas na neòil dhorchas, 's a thraoghas an stoirm, agus a thuiteas oirnn feath nan éun.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE.

At the beginning of a new year it may not be out of place to draw the attention of our readers to the claims of *An Deo-Gréine* on their support. What other magazines of greater pretensions occasionally do for themselves in this way can hardly be considered needless for us. As the official organ of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which has done so much in drawing the attention of the country to the claims of Gaelic as a language which ought to form an integral part of Highland culture, we believe it deserves support. For obvious reasons we do not wish to refer to its contents from month to month, though several readers, out of their generosity of feeling, have expressed their appreciation in terms which might be considered too flattering to print. Like some other magazines, its circulation has not been equal to that of pre-war days. No doubt people's minds are so largely preoccupied with matters connected with the great war, that they are apt to overlook what might be considered to be things of less importance. But it may be pointed out that the fostering of our own language is not a matter of small importance. The loss of the language of a people would, for reasons which have been repeatedly put forth in our pages, be nothing short of a national calamity. The smaller nationalities of Europe are alive to this, as regards their own languages, and support them with a zeal that does infinite credit, not only to their patriotic instincts, but to their mental attitude. They are very jealous of any influences calculated to impede their progress. And rightly so. For are their languages not the expression of their thought, and genius, in a sense that no foreign language can picture? All languages are instruments of thought, and there is a sense in which one language cannot claim superiority over another as a means of expressing thought. But in the case of a people desirous of expressing themselves in terms of the traditions that distinctively belong to them from the past, and adding to the culture of the present, there are obviously no means like the native language. A foreign medium fails, no matter how flexible that medium may be; for language mirrors the soul of a people, and if neglected, the culture of the world is to some extent the poorer.

As is well known, the aim of *An Deo-Gréine*, from its beginning and onwards, is to bring the claims of Gaelic prominently before the people,

and to secure a place for it in the ordinary school curriculum. This is the prime object of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, though, at the same time, it does not forget the things that pertain to the industrial life of the people. The object is surely worthy of the support of every Gael, whatever his opinions on other questions may be. With so many currents of opinion—many of them unfriendly—there is the need of keeping the banner unfurled. That banner is *An Deo-Gréine*, and it must not be lowered, if for no other reason than the Gael's own sense of respect for his country and his language. It is the only magazine of its kind in the country sold at the small rate of one penny, although it takes fully 2½d. per copy to produce it ready for delivery. It does not need much arithmetical knowledge to understand that this is a commercial loss, except in so far as the difference is made good by revenue from advertisements. But it has to be borne in mind that *An Comunn Gaidhealach* was, and is prepared to make up the difference, and keep it going because it regards it as the symbol of its activities and essential to its aims.

At the beginning of another year, we desire to impress on all members of *An Comunn* the duty of supporting the magazine, and extending its circulation. As is known, every member is entitled to a free copy in virtue of his membership. But is it too much to hope that members should subscribe directly, and get others to do likewise? Each member might make an effort to secure additional subscribers. The cause is worthy of it, and we believe it only needs a little prudent canvassing throughout the Highlands to secure the success hoped for. The price cannot be an obstacle. No reasonable person can expect it to be issued cheaper. Gaels are often blamed for neglecting the literature that concerns their own country. Probably there is some reason for this attitude when one considers the price (unavoidable no doubt) at which many Gaelic books are issued. These prices would certainly be lowered, if the demand became greater, but it cannot be expected that publisher and author should deliberately incur a serious financial loss. The case is different with a magazine at one penny. Think of it, fellow-Gaels. "Much evil is wrought for want of thought."

We are anxious to make *An Deo-Gréine* expressive of Gaelic thought and feeling, and welcome suggestions to this end. We wish it to appeal to all that is best in Gaeldom, so that it might be the means of helping on those ideas and aims which are connected with the moral and material advancement of the Highlands. In that is implied the advancement of Gaelic—an idea that is by no means inconsistent with

the general progress of our time. In the turmoil of things—a turmoil that will assume other aspects by-and-by—let us not lose sight of what is implied in the old motto—"Ar càinain 's ar tìr."

Bliadhna mhath ùr do' r luchd-leughaidh anns gach àite. Togaibh *An Deo-Gréine* ris a' chrann.

—:O:—

MAL NA BEATHA.

LE LONGFELLOW.

Na can rium am briathraibh dubhach,
Beatha 'n duine 's brudair faoin;
Is tha 'n t-anam marbh a choidleas,
'S cha 'n eil ni réir barail dhaoin'.

Beatha 'n duine 's fìor ni luachmhor!
'S cha 'n i 'n uaigh dhòrach ceann a réis.
Ris an anam riamh cha dubhradh,
"S duslach thu 's gu duslach théid."

Cha 'n e sólas 's cha 'n a àmhghar
'Tha mar àrd-chrich dhuinn fo'n ghréin,
Ach bhì gnìomhach chum bhì fàgail
Aestair ùir gach là 'n ar déidh.

Ealdhain 's mall 's tha ùin' ruith seachad,
'S tha ar crì, ge calm is treun,
Ghnàth mar dhroma 'bhròin a' bualadh
Caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig.

Ann an àrfaich mhóir an t-saoghail,
'N camp na Beatha so na bì
Mar an t-ainmhidh balbh a ghreasar!
Bì mar ghaisgeach anns an strì!

Earbs' na cuir 's an latha maireach!
'N ùin' 'chaidh seach fàg air do chùl.
Saothraich anns an àm 'tha làthair,
Treun an cridhe 's Dia a' d' shùil!

Nochdaidh eachdraidh laoch gu'm faod sinn
Ar beath' dheanamh buadhach àrd,
'S luig ar cos 's an t-saoghail fhàgail
As ar déidh 'n uair 'thig am bàs.

Luig 'n uair theagamh 'chi neach eile,
'S e air cuan na Beath' gun iùl,
Bràthair faondrach 'rinn long-bhriseadh,
Glacaidh thuige misneach ùr.

Eireamaid nis 's biomaid gnìomhach,
Le treun chrì 'bheir buaidh 's gach càs;
'S foghlumaid, tre chosnadh 's leanmhuinn,
Dìchioll 's foighidin gach là.

From "Reliquiae Celtice." Translated by the late Rev. Dr. Cameron, who was one of the most eminent Celtic scholars of his time.

SMALL HOLDINGS AND THE PROBLEM OF LAND SETTLEMENT AFTER THE WAR.

Connected with the problem of larger food supplies in the country is the other problem of land settlement after the war, in view of the large number of disabled soldiers for whom some arrangement must be made, if they are to have an opportunity of earning an honourable livelihood. The problem crops up now and again, at meetings of various societies throughout the country. This indicates that opinions, which must eventually command the attention of the Legislature, are being matured. There is in existence a body called "The Scottish Small-holders' Organisation (Limited)," and it held its first annual conference in Aberdeen last month. Its secretary, Mr. James Scott, S.S.C., Edinburgh, presided, and delivered an interesting address which sufficiently mirrors the mind of the Association. If our country, he said, was to be ensured of a speedy recovery in men and money after a costly but sure victory in this war, we must first and foremost look to the needs of our small agriculturalists. The deficiencies and glaring anomalies of the Small-holders Act of 1911 had become well known, and would, without doubt, after peace was restored, require to be rectified. There are over 53,000 small holders in Scotland, and it was incredible that they should any longer remain without their own organisation for dealing with their own peculiar needs and circumstances. After referring to the want of a democratic Legislature and executive situated in Scotland itself, and also the predominance of landed interests in Parliament with its inevitable result, Mr. Scott proceeded with a reference to the call for increasing our food supplies. He regarded as ominous the silence which has been observed with regard to the large tracts of cultivated land which are, he said, at present devoted to sport. He asked if the crusade for increasing our food supplies is to confine itself merely to asking farmers to endeavour to take heavier or more frequent crops off the land already tilled, and to plough up as much of their pasture land as they can spare. Have we forgotten that there are 4,000,000 acres of land (practically one-fifth of the whole of Scotland) devoted to deer forests alone? Of course there are many mountainous parts included in that acreage, but deer do not browse on rocks or feed on boulders. Deer require to have within their enclosure of solitude the sweet grasses of the low ground, the vegetation of the valleys, and also water courses. These are the sure signs of arable lands, and it is therefore not surprising

that, over 20 years ago, when the Deer Forest Commission presented its report, it scheduled for new crofter holdings, or for moderately-sized farms no less than 1,782,785 acres. This area has since been increased, and it is to these broad acres that people must look, if they want to tackle the question of our national food supplies in a fundamental way. Compared with releasing that area of land from purposes of sport to agricultural uses, all arguments for intensive cultivation of the present limited area of arable land are quite inadequate palliatives for a great national need. Mr. Scott concluded by explaining how small holders could make more than a bare livelihood, provided they took advantage of the benefits which could be derived from associating themselves with certain societies.

Mr. W. Barbour, of the Board of Agriculture, amplified what the Chairman said. There were, he said, two ways in which the Germans could be fought—in the trenches and by every agriculturist putting his back into the matter of food production. He advised farmers to try to keep up their stock, and not be tempted by the offers they got for their best young animals. They must keep up the quality, for they could not expect to breed good stock unless they kept good mothers. If they did that, the Board of Agriculture would provide good sires. This year the Board had been a little later than usual in announcing its stock schemes for next season. He advocated the rearing of pigs as a most profitable business.

Ex-Provost Hilson, Jedburgh, pointed out that in December 1914, applications for small holdings, and for enlargement of existing holdings, had reached a total of 9330. At the same time there had been dealt with, and disposed of, 1496. At that rate it would be doomsday before all were overtaken. The bugbear of the Act, in his opinion, had been the unlimited facilities it provided for raising claims for compensation. An interesting discussion followed on the subjects of poultry keeping and pig breeding, raised by Mr. A. M. Prain. Regarding pigs, he said that the imports in 1914 of bacon, ham, pork, etc., were 353,000 tons valued at 24 millions sterling. That money should and could be kept in our own country.

We are indebted to a specially-contributed report in the *People's Journal* for our facts in this article.

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HOMESPUN.

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MOLADH CLANN CHOLLA.

O h-Eanna do rinne so d' Eoin a h-Ile.

Ceannas Ghàidheal do chloinn Cholla,
Còir a fhògradh;
Is iad a ris 'nan cathaibh ceudna,
Flatha Fòdhla.

Ceannas Eireann agus Alban,
An fluinn ghrianaich,
Atà ag an dreim fhuilich fhaobhraich,
Cuirich cliairach.

Fhuair ceannas na h-aime uile
Eoin a h-Ile;
Fhuair Alasdair, flath na féile,
Rath na righe.

Domhnall Eoin agus dà Aonghus
M'an fhial fhaoilidh;
Ceathrar do bhean riar de rioghaibh,
Is dar ghiall Gàidheil.

Domhnall is Ragnall de 'n rioghraidh
Riamh nar tubhadh;
Somhairle nar mheall a mholadh,
Ceann nan curadh.

Ceathrar o Shomhuirle shùlghorm
Suas go Suibhne;
Ceathrar sin nach fòill an inbhe:
Còir an cuimhne.

Seisear o Shuibhne, riomh rathmhar,
Go rìgh Colla;
Fìon aca mu bhruchaibh Banna
A cuachaibh corra.

Da n-àirmhinn an tàinig uime
D' uaislibh Ghàidheal,
Bhithinn ar èn ghluin uaidh go h-Adhamh,
Nì fhuair aoìn-fhear.

Ag so treas de ghinealach Ghàidheal
Mar do gheallas;
An dreim-sa ris nar chòir coimeas,
Is dar chòir ceannas.

MINEACHADH.

ceannas .i. toiseach .i. far shuidheas Mac
Dhòmhnaill, sin agad ceann a' bhùird.
còir a fhògradh .i. is còir a iniseadh a mach.
cath .i. buidheann shaighdearan.
Fòdhla .i. ainm eile air Eirinn
cuiridheach .i. sluaghmhor, sluaghach; cliairach,
.i. buidhneach. Thoir an aire gu bheil
dreim boireann an so.

Eoin a h-Ile .i. a chaochail anns a' bhliadhna
1386

righe .i. rioghalachd.
do bhean riar .i. a rinn rìghrean umhail dhoibh.
tubhadh .i. cha robh coire riamh r'a faotainn
doibh.

nar mheall a mholadh .i. nach robh air a
mhealladh le moladh; no, nach do mheall
a mholadh daoine eile .i. is ceart agus is
firinneach a mholadh, agus is dòcha gur e
so a' chiall cheart.

fòill .i. iosal, meanbh.
riomh rathmhar .i. àireamh air a bheil rath;
àireamh shealbhach.

Banna .i. abhainn an taobh tuath Eireann far an
robh Clann Dhòmhnaill 'n an uachdarain.

bhithinn air èn ghluin .i. glùn, ginealach .i.
dheanainn gach ginealach àireamh suas gu
h-Adhamh.

treas .i. treis.

còrr .i. màs-chaol cruinn.

Shìolaich Clann Dhòmhnaill, a réir eachdraidh
nan Gàidheal, o Cholla Uais mac Eochaidh
Duibhleinn, mhic Cairbre Lithfechair mhic
Chormaic mhic Airt mhic Chuinn Cheudchath-
aich, a fhuair rioghalachd Eireann anns a'
bhliadhna 123 A.D., agus is ann mar sin a
ghoirear de Chlaun Dhòmhnaill sìochd (no sìol)
Cholla agus sìol Chuinn.

So agad ginealach Eoin a h-Ile, a chaochail
anns a' bhliadhna 1386, "suas gu Suibhne" .i.
Eoin a h-Ile mac Aonghais Oig (ob. 1326) mhic
Aonghais mhóir (ob. 1294) mhic Dhòmhnaill a
h-Ile (ob. c. 1249) de 'n goirear Clann Dhòmh-
naill, mhic Ragnall (ob. c. 1207) mhic Shomh-
uirlle (ob. 1164) mhic Ghille-Bride mhic Ghille-
Adhamhnain mhic Sholaimh mhic Mheargaidh
(no Mheadhraich) mhic Shuibhne.

Annas a' glèid bhàrdachd so tha oich lididhean
agus ceithir lididhean anns gach sreith mu
seach, agus tha gach sreath ag crìochnachadh
air fhocal anns a bheil dà lideadh. Is e an
seann ainm oirre *sneadbairne*.

W. J. W.

—:—:—

Auns an nì sin ris an abair sinn modh, tha 'n
Gaidheal, anns an rioghachd so co-dhiù, fada
air thoiseach air a' Ghall.

Dearbhaidh ar cànan 's ar n-Eachdraidh
gu 'm bu daoine modhail, cùirtel ar n-Aithrich-
ean 'n an cainnt 's 'n an giùlan.

Teaguisgidh ar Bardachd 's ar Sgeulachdan
le eisimpleir; ach 's ann 'n ar Sean-fhocal a
mhàin a gheibh sinn comhairle agus aobhar na
comhairle.

THA 'N CÒTA DEAS AIG RUAIRIDH.

An old song as sung by Angus M'Kechnie, a native of Arisaig, in 1875. Second prize, Mòd 1914, won by John M'Callum, Tigh-nam-barr, for compilation of unpublished melodies.

SEISD.

GLEUS F.

{ , d	m., d : r, d	l. : l. l.	d., r : m., m	s., s : m. }
Tha 'n	còta deas aig	Ruairidh,	Tha 'n còta deas	gu tioram seisg
. s	l., s : m., r	d : d . r	m., d : r, d	l. : l.
Gur	beag 'tha 'theas	mu'n cuairt air;	Tha 'n còta deas aig	Ruairidh.
{ , m	l., t : d', -t	l., s : m. m	d', l : s., m	l : l. }
Cha	tug thu do 'n	tigh òsda mi, 'S cha d'fharaid thu 'n robh	fuachd orm	
, l.	l., l. : d., d	m., m : m. s	l., s : m., r	d : d.
Tha	peigh 'nn am phòca;	's math leam e,	Is neohtar thaing do	Ruairidh.

Na 'm bu chòta tiodhlaic' e
 Bhiodh cianalas mu 'n cuairt air,
 Ach còta fir na bainnse
 'S mi tioram fann 'ga fhuairigheal.

'Si 'n spiocaireachd a chunnaic thu,
 'S cha 'n urrainn thu dol suas air.

Cha mhol mi thu, cha 'n urrainn mi,
 'S beag th'unnadas de 'n uaisle,

Cha dean mi còta tuilleadh dhuit,
 Tha 'n trudaireachd mu 'n cuairt ort,
 Gus an cuir iad anns an ùir thu,
 Cha teid fear ùr nu d'ghuaillean.

Mr. M'Callum adds that more of this song might be found about Arisaig. Lachlan Maclean (Lachunn Gòrach) a native of Mull, had other verses, but Mr. M'Callum failed to take note of them. Would any reader supply the other verses?

DR. WILLIAM DEY.

A LINK WITH THE PAST.

The late Dr. Dey was elected a member of the University Court, Aberdeen, in 1889, to represent the interests of education. For upwards of a quarter of a century he has been the teachers' representative in that body, and the vacancy caused by his death will no doubt be filled by the election of one of the leading lights among our local educationalists. There was, however, another aspect of Dr. Dey's university connection—one wherein he may be regarded as ultimus Romanorum, without any successor on whom his mantle will fall. Himself a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, Dr. Dey represented in the Court the connection between the university and the northern Highlands. This connection has subsisted from the day when Bishop Elphinstone in 1494 received the papal bull authorising the erection in Aberdeen of a university to civilise the wild mountaineers of the north. When Dr. Dey came up to King's College in 1854, it was to all intents and purposes a Highland university. King's College had as close and intimate a connection with the

five northern counties as Marischal College and University had with the four north-eastern counties. The atmosphere of King's College might be described as a Highland atmosphere, and the leading members of the professorial staff were either Highland by descent or Highland in sympathy. The Professor of Greek at that time was not only a Gaelic-speaking Highlander but a Highland chief. In 1855 Professor Campbell (Chief of the Clan MacIver) became Principal of King's College. At the fusion in 1860 he was appointed Principal of the new university, and thus maintained the Highland connection down to his death in 1876. Professor Campbell's successor in the Greek chair was the late Sir William Geddes, who, though himself a Lowlander, was yet much attached to the Highlands and to Celtic culture. In his beautiful residence at Invernauld in Sutherland, Sir William Geddes long upheld the torch of Celtic culture in the north Highlands, as Professor Blackie from his high watch tower at Oban did in the south. After the death of Sir William Geddes, Dr. Dey remained the sole representative of the old Highland connection in the high places of the university.

Some years after the fusion of the colleges,

Dr. Dey returned to Old Aberdeen as Rector of the Grammar School. Just as King's College had for many generations been the university of the Highlands, so the Old Aberdeen Grammar School had been the chief Highland secondary school. Like Dr. Dey, several of his predecessors in the rectorship such as Ewen M Lauchlan and Cosmo Grant had been Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. In those days the only higher schools in the north of Scotland were the academies at Inverness and Tain. From all other parts of the northern counties lads found their way to Old Aberdeen to prepare for the university, and in particular for the bursary competition. For nearly twenty years Dr. Dey maintained with great distinction the ancient tradition as Rector at Old Aberdeen. Of his professional success there is no need to speak here. Large numbers passed through the Grammar School and University to become ministers and teachers throughout the northern area, thus maintaining and strengthening the ancient intimate connection between Aberdeen University and the north of Scotland.

Soon after retiring from the rectorship of the Old Aberdeen Grammar School, Dr. Dey was elected a member of the University Court. The Court also appointed him its representative upon the Highland Trust, then recently constituted by the educational Endowments' Commissioners. From the incorporation of the Highland Trust down to the date of his death, Dr. Dey was one of the most active and most influential members of that body. As Convener of its Education Committee he was enabled to do much to strengthen the old relation between Aberdeen and the secondary education of the Highlands.

During the past quarter of a century very great changes have occurred in Highland education. Instead of two secondary schools there are now from 30 to 40 well equipped institutions in the Highlands providing higher education in all departments. Many graduates of Aberdeen hold leading appointments in these schools, and thus help to maintain the ancient connection with Aberdeen. Educational authorities, however, are no longer much influenced by local associations in the selection of their staffs. Many of the headmasters of the new higher schools are graduates of southern universities, and the pupils of a school generally incline to go up to the university of which they hear most from their teachers.

While the Aberdeen connection with the Highlands has thus to face the increasing influence of the southern universities in the Highland area, it can scarcely be expected that Dr. Dey's successor on the Highland Trust will be able to fill the influential place which he occupied upon that body. The present trend

in matters educational is towards the limitation of the sphere of the University of Aberdeen to the district which, prior to the fusion, had been specially thirled to Marischal College. The students of the northern area in the old days flocked to King's College, but they are now distributed impartially among the four universities.

Dr. Dey was one of the university representatives upon the Board of Governors of the College of Agriculture. By his removal the number of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders upon that Board (consisting of 45 members) is now reduced from four to three.

THE DEAD YOUTH.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;
 Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou
 Air

Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
 thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
 despair.

He is made one with Nature ; there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to his own ;
 Which wields the world with never wearied
 love,

Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

—From Shelley's "Adonais."

Two northern Gaelic-speaking farmers have recently become lairds. Mr. J. R. Campbell, Shinness, has acquired from Mr. Ewing-Gilmour the deer forest of Duchally, in Glen Cassley ; and Mr. Donald Innes, Sandside, has bought the farms of Dounreay and Isauld, in Reay. Dounreay is one of the best farms in Caithness.

"NUAIR THEID NA MEIRLICH A THROD."

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIC, GLASCHU.

Choisinn an sgeulachd so a' chéud duais aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915.

CAIB I.

B'e oidheche nuagach dhorchra bh' ann: an seòrs oidheche a chi sinn gu tric 'san deireadh fhoghair nuair a bhios siantan a' gleac ri chéile, 's an ràidh òg reachdmhor meannnach a' saltairt gach sìon fo chasan 'na theachd a steach. Bha coltas a' gheamhraidh cheana air an tìr. Bha aogasg an fhuachd air gach creutair a ghluais-eadh, 's na craobhan a' fas lom rùisgte mar a bha 'n t-ainmhidh a' fas molach còmhduichte 'na bhian. Ach air cho iargalta 's gu 'n robh coltas na h-oidheche air an do thogadh an sgeul so, cha robh e sìon na bu daicheadh na 'n ni a bha Donnchadh Mór a' Choire ag altrum an uchd nach robh anns an dùthaich na bu leithne no idir na bu làidriche. An dràs 'an rithis chuireadh e mach a cheann cléitach bho thaobh na Creige Glaise ris an robh e am fàsadh, agus chumadh e cluas ri claitneachd. Shealladh e 'n sin a suas an rathad a bha mar shriuchan geal ann an duibhe an fhraoich 's na rainich chaoin nuair a ghluaisheadh neul dubh 's a dhearrsadh rionnag phrionnail troimh a chirbean ribeagach. 'Ga shocrachadh féin am fàsadh na creige mu 'n cuairt an robh craobhan a chuir ceud geamhradh doineannach seachad air an cinn, 's a bha sgaoileadh an geugan loma thairis oirre, chuireadh e a làmh r'a chruichan far an robh sgian-dubh leis an do ghreallaich e iomadh fiadh cabrach a thuiteadh 'san t-slabh le géiread a shùla 's le flor fheabhas a chuimshe.

"A hà! Is iomadh goireas a rinn thu riamh dhomh; ach ged is iomadh latha chum thu a' phoit air ghòil 'sa Choire, tha rud agad r'a dhèanamh an nochd nach deach a leithid mu d' choinneamh riamh roimhe. Tha beum agad r'a ghearradh am breacan uaine nan Caimeulach a bheir am mach dloghaltas air nàimhdean mo dhùthcha-sa."

Thug e sùil gheur eile am mach o chùl na Creige Glaise; ach chrùb e anns an fhasgadh, agus shuain se e féin 'na bhreacan a dh'fheith-eamh 's a dh'èisdeachd. Bheireadh e sùil mu 'n cuairt 'san dorchra, is coltas na h-oidheche a' cur fiamh air. Bha Donnchadh Mór breun agus làidir an com 's an aigne; ach bha de bhoine beò 'na chridhe borb 's gu 'n robh e a' faicinn seòrsa de chomh-chòrdadh eadar oillteachd na h-oidheche a bh' ann agus oillteachd a ni a bha e dol a chur an gnìomh. Fada thall air taobh eile an loch bha na beanntan mòra air an slugadh suas an craos na h-oidheche. Bha mùig air na cnuc agus, fada mach 'san àirde 'n iar

far an robh na tonnan a' beucaich, bha na neòil dhubha mar gu 'm biodh iad a' tional a chum a' chath—a' sputadh na stoirn 's a' taomadh nan uisgeachan. Ghliostair tein-athair air an loch, is chunnaic e na rùidean geala a' casadh am fiacran ris na bruachan coillteach, fraochach. Shrac an tàirneanach na speuran gu h'ard, is shiubhail e thar aghaidh na h-iarmaid, a' toirt spreadhaidhean as a chuir crith air an domhain. Àir a bhréinead bha fiamh an cridhe Dhonnchaidh agus chlisgadh e 'nuair a thigeadh an ioma-ghaoth 'na cuartagan clise mu bhunan nan craobh, 's an duilleach chaoin a' seanndail 's a' dol na tìrreachan do na cùltean fàsach.

Dh' éirich Donnchadh 'na sheasamh is sheall e mu 'n cuairt am frionas. Bha a mhisneach 'ga fhàgail; ach, a chum e féin a neartachadh car a dh'aindeoin, thòisich e air spaisdearachd 's air searsalachadh na sgine mar gu 'm biodh a dhearg nàimhaid mar fhad a ghairdein da.

"A hà! Na 'n tigeadh e a nis nach i 'n nighean dubh so a bhiodh goirid a' toirt am mach aichmheil as leth muinntir a dùthcha. Hò hò! mo ghalad thu. 'S iomadh fiadh mòr cabrach a ghreallaich is dhe 'n d' thug thu a bhian; ach tha gnìomh as eudromaiche aig Donnchadh Mór a' Choire 'gu chur mu d' choinneamh an nochd. Ach ciod e tha 'n sud?"

Chrom Donnchadh is sheall e eadar e is leus. Stad e tharruing analach le dùrachd èisdeachd; ach cha chual e ach an loch a' plodadh ris na bruachan 's a ghaoth a' nuallanaich am measg nan craobh a bha mar thannas oillteil a' crathadh an gairdeanann rùisgte, seacte, loma mu choinneamh a shùl, mar gu 'm biodh iad a' toirt aichmhasan dà air son a' ghnìomha bha e dol a dheanamh. Fada steach am measg nan crann chual e tuireadh tìrsach na callich-oidheche. Cha bu duine Donnchadh a chuireadh na chitheadh no chluineadh e 'n uaigneas nan gileann 's na h-oidheche eagal no giorrag ann; ach air an oidheche so bu mhotha bha de fhiamh ann na a chaochladh. Chrath is dh'altaich se e féin, is shìorsalaich e 'n sgian-dubh uair eile a' neartachadh a mhisnich, is fadal air gus am faigheadh e seachad an gnìomh, math dh'fhaodteadh, a chosgadh a cheann da.

Ach na b' fhaigse 's na b' fhaigse air a' Chreig Ghlaish bha each brògach, cràidheach a' Ghlinne a' tighinn le troatan tartarach bras, is Seòrsa a' Ghlinne, am bàillidh, 'na dhollaid dhosganaich a' sparradh an steud le slataig 's le spuir. "Glog, glog, glog," ghlùil an oiteag gu chasan biorach Dhonnchaidh. Chrom e ri làir is sheall e suas an rathad. Ged bha grùig air an oidheche thigeadh an dràs 's an rithist seòrsa boillsigidh anns am faicheadh e an rathad-mòr grinnealach, geal mar ribean colt ag imeachd am measg nan craobh.

"Sàilidh mi gu 'n cuala mi ceum cabhagach

eich, mur h-e fuaim na tuinne bh' ann a' glogail fo bhruaich. Stad! Sud e rithist! Cuim nach aithinn cum farumach an t-srann-eich aig Seòrsa a' Ghlinne? Hó! sud thu a nis a' cur shradag a mul an rathaid mhóir. Bidh sgeul aig cachaille mhóir a' Ghoirtein r'a h-innseadh air an oidheche so!"

Sgiobaich Donnchadh a bhreacan mu'n cuairt air. Theannaich e 'n sgian-dubh 'na dhòrn, 's le ceum crom, cabhagach an t-sealgair d'am b'aithne liùgadh an measg nan tom, rinn e air a' chachaille. Chrùbain e 'm fasgadh tuim dhris, 's cha b' fhada gus am fac e Fear a' Ghlinne eadar e is leus. Bha 'n t-àm a nis air teachd; 's air cho breun 's gu'n robh Donnchadh mar chaidh a ràdh cheana, thàinig crith 'na fheòil; aeh theannaich e a mheòir fhallusach mu chois na sgine. Ràinig am marcaiche a' chachaille is theirinn e as an diollaid. Thog an teach a cheann is bhioraich e a chluasan, is dh' fhallbh a chobhar 'na sloban, 's e cagnadh a chabstair fo fhiacian. Crom ris an làr, 's an sgian dubh cùl a dhùirne, leum Donnchadh Mór mar eun a' gabhail na h-tìeig a shàthadh na laime 'sa bhàillidh; aeh mar gu 'n tìgeadh nearbhall 'na cheann, cha d' annas e 'n lann a tharruing le cuimse.

"Cìod e tha 'n so? Cìod e tha 'n so?" arsa Fear a' Ghlinne, 's e tuigsinn 'sa mhionaid gu'n robh ionnsuidh 'ga toirt air a bheatha.

Ann an tìotan bha 'n daga mór am mach; aeh mu'n d' fhuair e togail bha 'n ath-ionnsuidh aig Donnchadh mór air a toirt, is thòisich gleac is ruitheachas, 's gach fear de'n dìthis a nìs a dìon a bheatha féin. Gach uair a sgaoileadh iad o chéile bhiodh "glog," "glog" aig an spor air an iarann chluaise. Bheireadh na sradagan dearrasan anns an dorch, aeh cha fhreagradh am fìdar.

"Tha mi 'gad aithneachadh a nis, a Dhonnchaidh mhóir, agus bidh so daor dhuit, neo cha mhise Fear a' Ghlinne" arsa am bàillidh, 's e beirsinn air an daga mu'n bharraille.

"Feuch riut" arsa Donnchadh. "Air ceann na h-oidheche so cha bhì ach mise no sibhse a' truaillleadh na dùthcha."

Thòisich tomhaidhean air gach taobh, is thug gach fear feall bhuille. Bha làmh chll gach fir suainte 'na bhreacan a shabhaladh blo dhaga no leum blo sgian-dubh, is rachadh iad mu'n cuairt air a chèile, a tomhadh 's ag ionairt mar gu'm biodh dà choileach. Aeh le leum sgiobalta air gach taobh chaidh iad an glacaibh a chèile gu reubadh mar dhà mhath-ghamhainn. Fhuair Donnchadh builean is fhuair am bàillidh sgochan, is bheireadh an té bu lugha dhiubh a bhàs ri ùine. Le feirg an fhiadhn-bheathaich is ràn a bha oillt il an sàmheair na h-oidheche, is uaigneas an àite,

thug Donnchadh aon tarruing air a' chuirc a chuir dà òirleach a steach an ceann a' bhàillidh i. Bha 'n cath seachad. 'Na phlub aig casan Dhonnchaidh thuit Fear a' ghlinne 'na chloisach mhairbh.

"Tha sud aig nàmhaid is fear millidh mo dhùthcha, ged is duilich lean a' ghalad, gu'n do chaill mi dà òirleach de d' stailinn mhaith 'na chlaigeann" arsa Donnchadh, 's e sealltainn air an sgian dubh eadar e 's leus.

Shuidh e air cloich a shuathadh fhalluis, is aonach na feirge 's an t-sàrachaidh air. Am fad 's bha e tarruing analach, bha sùil aige air a' chorp a bha 'na shineadh air an rathad mhòr, agus sùil eile mu'n cuairt air gach taobh dheth, is aigne fo fhiamh air tàilleamh a' ghnìomha a rinn e. An ceann greis dh' eirich e ag ràdh ris féin: "Cha 'n eil mo ghnòthuch idir réidh fathast. An gnìomh a rinn Donnchadh cuiridh e crìoch mhaith agus ro mhaith air. Thig mar so, a charaid, gus an cuir mis' thu anns an leabaidh chaoil, cumhang a rinn do dhroeh ghnìomharan féin do chach. Thig mar so, 'ille!" 's e deasachadh corp a' bhàillidh eadar a dha lùmh mar nach biodh ann ach pàisde. Chual e plabartaich chabhagach a nuas an rathad. B' e duine 'na ruith a bh'ann. Cò bhidh ann mu'n àm ud de dh' oidheche?

Cha do dhìrch Donnchadh a dhruim ach gu'm bu mhotha chom se e fém a 'shealltainn. Leig e as an corp, 's gu nàdurra chaidh a làmh dheas gu soerach dh' ionnsuidh a chruachain. Ghlais a mheòir mu chois na sgine is dh' fhan e 'san t-suidheachadh 'san robh e gus an do rinn balach àrd, caol, glas, is anail 'na uchd, seasamh grad làmh ris.

Gun drannadh a thighinn blo fhear seach fear, sheall am balach gu dùr air na bha mu choinneamh, sùil air Donnchadh is sùil air a' chorp.

"A Mhoire, Mhoire! Cìod e tha 'n so?" arsa ean mu dheireadh, 's a shùilean air tionndadh 'na cheann.

"Seall gu math air," arsa Donnchadh an guth garbli, doirbli, reachdail a thug air a' bhalach dol an conhair a chùil. "Seall gu math air, a Sheumais, agus chì thu gu'm bheil ann na chuir thusa mach aig an àm so dh' oidheche dhòl a thogail an taibh as an Linne Mhòir, bho nach leig eagal call do theintin 's do dhùthcha dhuit dol do bheinn no do mhonadh le leus latha. 'Fiadh a' fireach, bréac a linne, is slat a coille,' mu'n d' thubhairt an seanfhacal e. Ach c' àit 'eil an seanfhacal an duigh, a Sheumais? Ged a bhàsaicheadh tu leis an acras, na chuireas tu do chorrach air a h-aon diubh, tha balla is aol mu d' shroin."

"Tha sin fìor," arsa Seumas 's e air chrith leis an eagal; "ach air cho cruaidh 's gu'm bheil e, "NA DEAN MORT."

"An droch ghníomh cur as do fhear-millidh mo dhúthcha" arsa Donnchadh.

"Cha'n e; ach 'NA DEAN MORT.'"

"Nach tric a chual thu gu'n robh e cosnadh so?"

"Is tric; ach 'NA DEAN MORT.'"

"An cluinn thu, ghasrain!" arsa Donnchadh, 's e breith air ghuala air Seumas 's a toirt crathaidh air, 's a' chore mhór an tarruinge aige; "An cluinn thu! cha'n eil mi cur earbsa 'sam bith asad nach brath thu ni. Ach cuimhnich gu'm bheil m'fhacal-sa cho math ri t'fhacal-sa; is co dh'áicheadh nach tarruingeadh thu sgian-dubh air an taobh chùil cho math riumsa no ri fear eile?"

"Cha'n eil mise gabhail gnothuich riut, a Dhonnchaidh, is leig as mi," ars am balach.

"Hò, hò! Geall dòmhsa gu'm bi do bheul cho dùinte ri bonn do chois, 'no théid i sud, dearg le fuil a' Chaimbeulaich, ann an com a' Ghriogairich."

Bha Seumas air chrith cho luath ri duilleig air craobh. Bha fios aige gu'n robh Donnchadh cho math ri fhacal, 's nach leigeadh e as làrach nam bonn e na'm bu chunnart da féin e. Chunnaic e gu'n robh e cho math dha bli air an taobh shábhailte, agus ars esan: "Seadh, ma ta; mur a cuir e 'n cunnart mo chinn is m' amhaich mi féin, cha'n fhosgail mi mo bheul mu aon dad a chunnaic mi an nochd."

"Tha sin cho glic duit, a charaid, agus mur a sens thu aig t'fhacal, cho cinnteach 's ged a bhiodh tu 'gan ràdh air 'Clachan glasa Ghlinn Fraoin' bho'n is Griogarach thu, tha mise ag innseadh dluitse cho cinnteach 's ged a bhitinn a'n sheasamh air 'Clachan dubha Ithe,' bho'n is Leathannach mi, gu'm bi do cheann is e' amhach an geall na's fhiach iad. An cluinn thu sin?"

Am fad 's a bha Donnchadh a' bruidhinn bha làmh a' teannachadh 's a' teannachadh an guala Sheumais gus an robh e 'ga shluimh féin fo ghreim a' fhanhair.

"So ma ta, Dhonnchaidh," arsa Seumas a' suathadh a ghualine, cìod bhiodh gu feum na dùthcha air fad, nach biodh ga'm fheum-sa cuideachd?"

"Sin 'nuair a chòrdadh tu rium, 'nuair a bhiodh tu toileach buille tharruing as leth do dhùthcha 's as leth saorsa do chàirdean; agus biodh na bha eadarainn agus na tha fios againn air tiodhlaichte 'san talamh far am bheil sinn 'nar seasamh mar sud,' 's e cur fodha na sgine sa ghrund gu h-amhaich. "Agus a nis, bho'n thainig sinn gu comb-chòrdadh as leth ar dhùthcha, ni sinn an còrr as làimh a chéile; agus 's e'n ath rud corp a' bhàillidh, Fear uaibreach a' Ghlinne, a chur far nach ruig coin no còimhich air; agus, a Sheumais, 's e sin an Càrn

Mòr. Bidh rùrach na snàthaid 'san tòrr-shìl aca air mu'm faigh iad an sin e."

Chuidich Seumas gu h-ain-deònach an t-eallach a chur air druim Dhonnchaidh an toiseach, oir bha greis mu seach aca dheth gus an d'ràinig iad an Càrn Mòr a bha mu dhà mhìle thar an rathaid am measg chnocan fraochbach, coilteach, garbh.

Bha'n oidhche cho math r'a gealladh, agus thaom an t-uisge nuas 'na mhaoiceannan garbha, troma. Bha'n tein athair a' lasadh 'san iarmailt, is tàirneanach a' sracadh nan neul dubha as an cionn, 's an fhuaim oillteil a' dol bho thaobh gu taobh de'n domhain. Chliss am fiadh air fhaiche am fàsghadh nan tom, is thug a' chearc fhaioich a ceann bho sgéith le gog. Ach eadar an taomadh 's a' bheucaich ràinig na fir an Càrn Mòr le'n uallach, agus dh'fhàg iad e 'na leabaidh bhuain an measg nan sonna-chlach far nach smaointeachd gu bràth gu'm bitheadh e.

Bha nis crìoch air na chur Donnchadh roinhe a dheanamh agus thug iad na tighean orra. Cha deach mòran a ràdh eatorra gus an do dhealach iad; ach cha'n eil teagamh nach bu mhotha bha de chùram am broilleach gach fir dhiubh na chaochladh.

(*R'a leantunn*).

REMEMBER.

Remember me when I am gone away,

Gone far away into the silent land;

When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you planned;

Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while

And afterwards remember, do not grieve:

For if the darkness and corruption leave

A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile

Than that you should remember and be sad.

—Christina Rossetti.

The account of the late Dr. Dey given elsewhere shows that there were two universities in Aberdeen prior to 1860. One was Highland and the other Lowland. It would seem that the Lowlanders contrived to annex King's College and University so as to make an enlarged and more complete university for Aberdeen and the north east. But what of the Highlands? Let us hope that the Highland University is one of the good things in store for us.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

We are indebted to our excellent contemporary *An Claidheamh Soluis* for any knowledge we possess of the progress of the language movement in Ireland. The Irish are working tooth and nail in the interests of their language, but they are "sair hauden doon with a bubbly jock"—to wit, the National Board of Education and the Intermediate Board. But it is clear that they are going to win in the long run. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but there is an end. When the best minds in a country are bent on the attainment of a certain object, there can only be the one result—victory. Whatever obstacles crop up along the path, only spur to greater efforts. We ourselves are in the same boat, and are travelling towards the same goal—Gaelic. The pages of the *Claidheamh Soluis* for some months past make interesting reading. The views expressed are strong, yet reasonable. In plain words they are the right of a people to possess their own language in their own way, and to have it in their schools on the same platform at least as foreign languages. In an autumn issue, we note a striking sentence to this effect (quoted from O'Rahilly in *Gadelica* No. 1) "The danger that threatens Irish is not Anglicism, but death." This is equally true of the Highlands of Scotland. In another issue, Father Corcoran, of the National University, who is a distinguished authority on education, complains that "the extensive programme of the primary school stands in the way of the admission of Gaelic in hundreds of schools, and militates against the progress of the language in schools where teachers are fully qualified to teach it." The "variety" programme, says Father Corcoran, is unsuitable, and almost useless for the practical purposes of life. We may add that Scottish schools are filled with "variety" programmes that leave no room for Gaelic, or Gaelic culture. Newman believed in education for its own sake, but Father Corcoran sets this aside as false. He seems to lean towards utilitarianism. But surely there may be a synthesis between what are called "cultural subjects" and those which are severely practical. As Newman says:—"Christian principles are opposed to that exclusion which would debar from genuine culture of mind all, save a privileged class, forgetting that the philosophers of old could see that the knowledge of the workman is merged in his work." We confess we lean towards Newman's ideal, because, for one thing it involves what is also implied in "the bare essentials" of education. The minds of the humbler classes ought surely to be widened by means of those cultural subjects which render life in the higher sense a

pleasure, as opposed to the things that belong to a cold utilitarianism that ministers to the body only, and leaves the soul lean. Father Corcoran would, doubtless, agree, for he says:—"Food for appropriate thought in history and in literature, knowledge of national music and legend, all these were excluded from the curriculum. Thus neither on the side of the life work of the people, nor on the side of social culture, and intercourse, did the schools of the people furnish any inspiration." That is the true note, and it needs to be sounded more and more, especially when critics have the hardihood to say that the study of Gaelic literature and song affords no means of real culture. Father Corcoran argues for "the essential core of Gaelic civilisation," and does it well.

An interesting remark by Carl Hardebeck, a distinguished musician, is worth quoting:—"I can say from my own knowledge of European languages that a native speaker of Irish (Gaelic), or even a student who had mastered the language, would learn to pronounce any other European language in half the time he should require, had he no knowledge of his own language." Those among us who are silly enough to believe that the speaking of Gaelic interferes with their ability to speak English correctly, should note this statement of a master of several languages.

"Cu Uladh" argues that Irish should be in everyday use, and not merely as an academic school subject. He holds that "the schools were a main factor in destroying the language; they must be a main factor in restoring it. The Intermediate schools are hampered by a programme in which Irish has to be taught virtually as a dead language. While Irish in the schools is by far the most vital in the work of the Gaelic League, Gaelic classes for adults are only second in importance." A similar opinion with regard to Gaelic in the Highlands of Scotland has been expressed in our own columns several times. When money can be spared, let it be spent on the children, and not so much on competitions for adults. Let us keep our eye on the fountain head, and not on that part of the stream which will soon disappear. Who grasps the child grasps the future.

It is from the pages of *An Claidheamh Soluis* alone that one can gain an idea of the earnestness with which the Irish press the language claim. Our own *Comunn Gaidhealach* has probably a good deal to learn from them.

In October last year an immense meeting was held in the Mansion House in Dublin, when all the public bodies of the city were represented. Professor Eoin MacNeill, a distinguished Celtic scholar, presided. Looking at the various resolutions submitted, it cannot be said that the demands were extreme. For example, it was

demand that the national language be raised to the same status as Latin and Greek in the Intermediate examinations; that the language be made an essential subject in the training Colleges. It was contended that the schools of Dublin should be bi-lingual; indeed that a bi-lingual programme should be in force outside Irish-speaking districts. According to Professor MacNeill, their aim was to revive the Irish language throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. The right to lay down what elements should enter into the education of the children belonged, he said, to the parents of those children. This is quite a sound doctrine, but what if parents are indifferent to the contents of the School programme, as many appear to be in Scotland? There appears to be only the one cure—persistent propaganda work, until parents realise their duty to the language, and to the country which reared them. It is with the people themselves that the main trouble lies. A strong and a united demand could hardly be ignored by the authorities.

One of the most interesting pronouncements on the value of Gaelic as a study has been given by Professor Macalister in a December issue of *An Claidheamh Soluis*. The learned professor says:—"One of the greatest assets a man can possess is the power of acquiring foreign languages easily and quickly; and one who has been brought up from the first speaking two languages has that power—I might almost say *ipso facto*. I saw proof of this during my sojourn in Syria. The majority of English residents there spoke Arabic deplorably. But one man spoke it magnificently. He had been born in a Welsh village, and had therefore the advantage of bi-lingualism. That was the secret. Would not French do? It would not. The phonetics of French are among the poorest in Europe, and English runs it very close; that is why the French and the English can hardly ever acquire the sounds of a language foreign to them. Irish (Gaelic) contains almost every sound that can be found in other languages. Not one in ten thousand—not one in fifty thousand—who spend years in studying French ever opens a French book in after years, or could understand it if they did. Yet the time spent is supposed not to be wasted; for in the case of French, Latin and Greek, it is recognised that it is the intellectual process of studying them, not the practical use that may be made of them afterwards, that is the important thing."

The learned professor's opinion ought to make people, who ignore the educational value of Gaelic, pause. Our educational authorities torment young students by prescribing dry manuals on phonetics in order that they may learn by rules, how to humour their speech

organs to enable them to pass for what they are not. They (the authorities) ignore means that lie at their very doors—means superior to all the modern phonetic craze—viz., A language that has "perhaps the most complicated phonetics, the widest and most varied range of sounds of any language in Europe." That in itself is a strong plea for every child in Scotland to learn to speak Gaelic, as well as English.

—:—

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The number of Gaelic-speaking soldiers in the fighting line is reckoned to be over 6000. The Gaelic literature forwarded to them has been much appreciated.

* * *

The controversy about Hill 70 has at last been settled. For weeks it was maintained that Hill 70 had not been taken on 25th September, but that a comma had been misplaced in Sir John French's dispatch about the battle of Loos. This explanation puzzled those who had read at the time in the Inverness papers Lochiel's glowing account of how the 6th Camerons had carried Hill 70 and penetrated almost to the railway line beyond it.

* * *

The Report from Headquarters on 20th November made everything clear, and gave the Camerons the credit of having achieved one of the finest military feats in the war. In fact, the Highland Division captured Hill 70 and even penetrated beyond it. They did not receive the support of the 1st Division on their left (which had been held up by barbed wire) and so they had to retire behind the crest of the hill, where they held on for fifty hours till relieved.

* * *

A large quantity of suitable Gaelic literature and many material comforts have been sent to the Highland regiments in Flanders and at the Dardanelles by the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh. They transmitted also hundreds of copies of the National Anthem, translated into Gaelic by Rev. Donald Mac-kintosh, M.A., St. Kentigern's Church, Lanark. The translation, now slightly revised, was graciously accepted by his late Majesty King Edward VII. Letters from chaplains have been received conveying the appreciation and gratitude of the men, and stating that they will use the anthem in their services.

* * *

Owing to the close time in the North Sea, the western ports have had a prolonged herring season and good prices for all fish caught. At Stornoway, Ullapool, Kyle, and Mallaig, opera-

tions have been carried on right up to the Christmas week.

* * *

Complaint is made at Castlebay, Lochmaddy, and Lochboisdale, that they have failed to secure a fair share of the herring trade this season. The steam drifters go well out into the Atlantic to meet the herring shoals, and then steam into Mallaig with their catches. The handling and curing of the herrings used to yield a considerable amount in wages to the people in the Isles, but this has now been diverted to Mallaig. The West Highland Railway has really been a blow to the fishing and business community in the Outer Isles.

* * *

Not long ago a Glasgow man had a talk with an Irish politician on public affairs. The Glasgow man asked his friend how it was that the Irish contrived to secure liberal grants for education, land purchases, and other public objects when it was so difficult to get even small grants for the Highlands. "Well," said the Irishman, "there may be various reasons, but one thing strikes me in particular. All our Irish members are local men, and they are bound to concentrate their attention while at Westminster upon local interests. On the other hand, nearly all the Highland members are either carpet-baggers or place hunters. So long as that continues," said he, "you need not expect much for the Highlands."

* * *

The recent discussion in the General Council of Aberdeen University, in which Professor Harrower and Mr. H. F. Campbell took part, in favour of a lectureship in Celtic in Aberdeen University, is likely to bear fruit. We learn that Mr. John Fraser will open a class in Celtic there in the next summer session. Mr. Fraser, who is a native of Glen Urquhart, is one of the best known among the younger Celtic scholars of the day. He had a distinguished career at Oxford as a classical scholar, but has devoted himself in recent years with great ardour to the study of Celtic.

* * *

The late William Dey, LL.D., has left £8000 to Aberdeen University. Out of this sum, £1000 is specially earmarked for the Celtic department in the university library. It is a pity that Highlanders have not made more progress in organizing an institution for higher education for themselves. The sooner they do so the sooner they will be in a position to catch stray sums of £1000 like this.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Secondary Education Committee of Inverness-shire, that good friend of Gaelic, Mr. Chisholm, Sheriff Clerk,

proposed to increase the amount of the bursaries given to students in the Outer Isles. There is no doubt that so much of the bursary has to be expended in travelling expenses to Portree or Stornoway that very little is left for the aliment of the student.

* * *

There has been a flutter of excitement in Easter Ross because the Lord Advocate has appointed no successor to the late Mr. Macdaviish, Procurator Fiscal at Tain. For the sake of economy the two districts have been combined, and Mr. William Mackenzie, Procurator Fiscal at Dingwall, has now got the whole charge of the mainland. It is natural that the people of Tain would feel sore at the abolition of the fiscalship for the eastern district. One matter for satisfaction is that in Mr. William Mackenzie the county possesses a good Gaelic-speaking official. It is of great importance that all public officials in the Highlands should know the Gaelic language. It is particularly important that the procurators fiscal should be Gaelic speaking men, as their work brings them continually in contact with the Gaelic people.

—:O:—

COMUNN NEWS.

We publish this month the first list of subscriptions towards the fund for providing Gaelic literature for our Highland Soldiers. The response, so far, is gratifying, and shows that the object is one that makes a strong appeal to our readers.

In the multitude of appeals which are made to the generosity of our members at this time, it is difficult to discriminate and it is not easy to respond to all, but the object which this fund has in view is so deserving of support that we have every confidence the sum required will be forthcoming.

* * *

We are pleased to note that Mr. John N. Macleod, late of Dornie, and now head-master of Errogie School, Stratherrick, is keeping up the cause in the historic district in which he now labours. There is no more enthusiastic exponent of the language movement in our midst than Mr. Macleod, and we are sure that he will arouse the people of the glen to take an interest in the old language of their forefathers. A junior choir is already formed under his leadership, and they gave their first concert last month. Mr. John Campbell, J.P., who presided spoke sympathetically of the Gaelic cause, and said that it would be well for the language movement if there were more head-masters of Mr. Macleod's calibre appointed to Highland Schools. Six months ago the Stratherrick children knew no Gaelic music nor literature, but now they made an excellent start with both. *Soirbheachadh leat, Iain, 's e an t-ionnsachadh òg an t-ionnsachadh boidheach.*

Mr. Neil Shaw, the now well known Secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, appears at various places in the capacity of lecturer in his native language, which he always handles with so much grace and fluency as becomes a close student of his fellow islander, the late Donald Mackechnie (Am Fear Cùil), the leading stylist of his time. Last month Mr. Shaw appeared at a meeting of the Rothesay Branch of An Comunn, and took his audience with him to the haunts of the Fairies (Na Sithichean). It is needless to add that the evening was an enjoyable one. Not only is Mr. Shaw a popular lecturer, but he is also a piper of no mean standing and an attractive Gaelic soloist. It is therefore no wonder that such a versatile Secretary should be often appealed to. In this respect he is a distinct asset to An Comunn, for it is not often that an artistic temperament is conjoined with secretarial work.

* * *

OBAN BRANCH.—Last month the Oban Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was favoured by a visit from Sheriff Mac Master Campbell, Campbeltown, who delivered a lecture of much interest on the story of the Highland Regiments. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Macdonald, President. The Sheriff, who by the way was one of the founders of An Comunn, has a wide knowledge of the subject on which he lectured, as also on the part played by our countrymen in consolidating the British Empire abroad. He is still very much interested in the fortunes of the Association, in the founding of which he took a leading part. The Oban Branch has the distinction of being the mother of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

In the course of the evening songs illustrative of the lecture were capably rendered. The proceeds of the lecture were in aid of the funds of the Oban Branch of the Red Cross Society.

—:O:—

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the paper which appeared in your number for this month headed "A Plea for a Celtic Lectureship in the University of Aberdeen." It is earnestly to be hoped that, when An Comunn Gaidhealach gets into its full pace again, after the war is over, it will not rest satisfied with this aspect of the educational problem until it has seen established fully equipped chairs of the Celtic Language and Literature in the Universities of Glasgow, Saint Andrews, and Aberdeen, and thus put these institutions on the same footing as their sister University of Edinburgh. Gaelic is a very old subject of instruction in the city of Aberdeen, for, from the statutes of the Grammar School, dated 1553, we learn that the boys were strictly forbidden to speak in the *vulgar tongue*, but only in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Gaelic. In those days it was the English language that had to take a back seat, and, besides, it had to submit to a snub by being called vulgar! *Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig!*

Yours, etc.,

AENEASSON.

8th December, 1915.

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Leabhar XI.]

Ceud Mios an Gheamhraidh, 1916.

[Earrann 5.]

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"GORT 'S AN TÌR!"

Na gabhadh ar luchd-leughaidh clisgeadh gu'n do theirg am buntata 's an sgadan, min agus leca, no gu 'm bheil sinn air ar n-ìom-chuartachadh le càbhlach nan Gearmailteach, air chor agus nach 'eil againn a nis ach a bhi snàgail 's an tràigh a' buain bhàirneach, 's a' trusadh fhaochagan, no ag iasgach chudaigean! Abramaid gu h-ealanh, agus gun a dhòl na's fhaide, nach 'eil chùisean cho mì-chneasda ri seo ann idir, agus nach 'eil ceann-ghràbh ar seanchais a' ciallachadh dad de sheòrsa. 'S ann a bhuineas e do 'n chunnart a tha romhainn gu 'n tachair gainnead mhinistirean 's an dùthaich — gu h-àraidh ministirean Gaidhlig—mur a toirear an aire 'na thràth.

Annas an duilleachan mhiosail a thatar a clòbualadh an crochadh ri *Life and Work* fo ughdarras Eaglais na h-Alba, tha am Fear-Deasachaidh coir a' gearan nach 'eil an sluagh a' toirt faineair na tha mar fhìachaidh orra a thaobh an dleasanais do 'n eaglais anns an tìr, agus gu 'm bheil ministirean Gaidhlig a' dol an gainnead. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh ann; agus 's ann as gainne a dh fhàsas iad, mur a toir Ard-

Sheanadh gach eaglais an aire 'na àm. Ann an ceàrnann (mar tha an sgrìobhadair ag ràdh) "tha tuilleadh agus a' chòir de mhinistirean ann an ìomadh sgìreachd." Is aithne dhuinn fhìn oisean de sgìreachd àraidh far am faighear ceithir tallachan-aoraidh mu chairteal a mhìle de astar bho cheile, agus a h-uile searmonaiche a' creidsinn gu 'r h-ann aige fhein a tha àire a' chumhnant an tasgadh! Nach aobhair maslaidh seo! Tha fios againn uile cho buailteach 'sa tha e do na Gaidheil a bhi a' dol a mach air a cheile mu mhodhanan aoraidh. Cha 'n 'eil iad leotha fhein anns an t-suidheachadh seo, oir gheibh sinn grunnan de na Goill an sud 's an seo a cheart cho diorrasach a' roinn cuirp an Fhìr-Shaoraidh. Am fear nach h-eil le Pol tha e le Apollos, agus am fear nach lean aon de 'n dithis, tha e la Cephas—a h-uile fear, mar gu'm b' eadh, a' toirt sgairbh a creagan da fhein, agus a chuid a tha 'n pailliun nan Cinneach a' fanoid. Is mòr am béud ma chaidh spiorad na h-aontachd air chall am measg an t-sluaigh, gu h-àraidh am feadh 's a tha iad ag òl as an aon tobar—am Biobull naomh. Ach ged tha sin mar sin, fèumar aideachadh gu 'm bheil gach buidheann-làn chreidsinn ann an ionracas am beachd, agus 'g an giùlan a réir.

A nis cha chaoil leinn a bhi a' càradh na coire air ministeir no foirfeach airson suidheachadh na h-eas-aontachd. Ach tha sinn a' cluinntinn thall 's a bhos gu 'r h-e an sluagh fein, fo stiùradh cuid de na foirich, is coirreach: gun bhruidheann air an àireamh a thog orra gu bhi 'searmonachadh gun ullachadh riaghailteach air a shon. Is e seo an dream a tha meas gu 'n d' fhuair iad fhein innleachd breithneachaidh nach d' thug colaisde no Talla-Diadhlach riamh seachad. Mar sin cha 'n 'eil iad a' faireachadh feum air aon aca. Ma tha coir air fathunn a chreidsinn, gheibhear mì-rùn is gamhlas eadar buidhnean a tha saothrachadh anns an aon

obair. Is muladach an suidheachadh seo ma tha an t-iomradh fìor. Cha 'n àill duinn idir a bhì a' tòirt breith; nì mò a nì sinn e. Ach faodar a' ràdh, gun mhiòthlachd, gu'm b' fheàrr d' a' Ghaidhealtachd beagan de spiorad an aonaigh a thaobh na nithean a bhuineas do 'm modh aoraidh agus do 'n cràbhadh.

Tha fear-deasachaidh an duilleachain ceart ann a bhia' cur fàr comhair gu'm bheil chirtèan-riaghlaidh 's an taobh deas, agus an aitean eile, na 's deònaiche air airgead a chosg air lùchairtean air son fearas-chuideachd agus fealla-dhà, na tha iad air innleachdan a chleachdadh a chum an soisgeul a chraobh-sgaoiladh. Ged tha eaglaisean, math dh' fhaodte, tuilleadh is lionmhor an cuid a cheàrran, tha iad gann an aitean eile. Tha luchd-turais an còmhnaidh a' gabhail beachd air cho mì-mhaiseach do 'n t-sùil 's a tha mòran de eaglaisean na Gaidhealtachd. Gun teagamh tha e tlachdmhor agus a' taisbeanadh urrainn gu'm biodh an aitreinn anns an gnàth do chreutairean a bhì 'g aoradh a' Chruith-fhear cho maiseach o'n taobh a muigh ri tallachan eile, ged nach 'eil fìor aoradh an taing bhallachan is aol, no grinneas de sheòrs eile.

Tha fear-deasachaidh an duilleachain a' caoidh "nach 'eil an òigridh a' taghadh dreuchd na cleire mar a b' àbhaist," agus 'na bheachd-san b' e tùs na gainne "an uair a thug an rioghachd na sgoiltean à lamhan na h-eaglais." 'S ann aig a' chèum seo a tha sinn fhìn agus e fhein a' dealachadh, oir cha 'n 'eil sinn cinnteach gu 'n do chuir e an t-srathair air a' ghearran cheart. Ma dh' fhàs an càirdeas a bu chòir a bhì eadar an sgoil agus an eaglais fuar bho linn achd 1872, cha 'n i an sgoil a mhàin 'bu choireach, nì mò a bha cuid de na ministerean neo-chiontach 's a' chùis. Ge bith ciod e beachd nan eaglaisean an diugh air staid sgoilean na dùthcha agus an còthrom foghlum a th' anna, cha 'n 'eil a' mhòr-shluagh a' creidsinn gu 'n d' èirich an "galar," a chuir ministerean na bu ghainne, mar thoradh air an achd a chuireadh air chois aig 1872. An lorg an achd ùr thainig beachdan ùr, iartasan ùr, agus mianntan eile a thug air gillean òga comasach an eaglais a sheachnadh. Tha aon rud soilleir do neach nach 'eil leth-bhreitheach; agus 's e sin, nach rachadh aig na h-eaglaisean air ionnsachadh a chur gus na h-ìre 's am faighear an diugh e, mur a faigheadh iad comas-riaghlaidh air cisean na dùthcha, agus bu cho math dhaibh a' gheallach iarradh ri sin! Air ar son fhìn cha deach againn riamh a thuigsinn ciamar a bhiodh sgoilean na b' fhearr fo riaghladh eaglaisean, na tha iad an diugh. Cha 'n 'eil math a bhì bruidhinn. Dh' fhalbh an sean nòs, agus cha 'n 'eil aig an eaglais ach an rud as fheàrr is urrainn d' a dheanamh troimh bhùird nan sgoilean, agus strìochdadh ris an doigh

nuadh. Tha mòran ann a dh' fhaodadh i 'dheanamh ma 's e 's gu 'm bi an tìr—gu h-àraidh a' Ghaidhealtachd—ann an suidheachadh còthromach a thaobh mheadhonan aoraidh a fhreagas do 'n t-sluagh. Agus ma tha dùil aice greim a chumail air Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, na di-chuimhnichheadh i a' Ghaidhlig.

Nis is còir dhuinn, ann an ceartas, a' ràdh gu 'n d' rinn na h-eaglaisean roimh 1872 saothair ionnmholta a thaobh sgoilean agus oileanachadh na h-òigridh 'nuair nach do ghabh an rioghachd ach beagan gnothuch ris a' chùis; agus mar sin is fhiach iad air gach urram agus cliù a thugadh dhaibh. Bha sgoilean paraiste meadhanach pailt, agus is iomadh balach tapaidh a fhuair anna na bha feumail a chum a' stùradh gu soirbheachadh saoghalta, ged nach robh de dhuais aig a' mhaighistir-sgoile a bha 'ga shebladh air an t-slighe ach na chumadh e céum no dhà bho oir na bochdainn—gun dùil r'a chranncur fhein a dheanamh na b' fhearr. Chosg e a neart 's a bheatha a' cuideachadh chaich. An dèidh an Dealachaidh (1843) chosg an Eaglais Shaor còrr agus £600,000 air son sgoilean, ged is fhéudar a' ràdh gu 'n do shuidhichheadh sgoilean ann an aitean far an robh sgoil a' pharaiste uidheamaichte gu leòr air son na h-òibreach. Ach 's an àm ud cha robh comunn aig na h-Iudhaich ris na Samaratan-aich, agus bha 'n d' eaglais a' saothrachadh 'nan dòigh fein, agus an d' thainig an lagh ùr a stigh aig 1872, agus an do ghabh Pàrlamaid na rioghachd an gnothuch as laimh. Cha deach mòran ùine seachad mu 'n d' thainig e stigh air na ministerean gu 'n do chaidh iad rudeigin nach gabhadh faotainn air ais, agus thuig iad nach robh aca a nis ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg!

An uair a bhristear a' chuinneag ciod e math a bhì tuireadh? Le adhart de gach seòrsa, agus farsuingeachd beachd, chaidh seann dòighean a' mùthadh, agus dh' fhéumte seòl ùr a chur air chois a chum agus nach claoonadh an rioghachd air deireadh air rioghachdan eile a thaobh ionnsachaidh. Rinn an rioghachd nì a bha eucomasach do 'n eaglais a dheanamh—an dùthaich a chomhdachadh le sgoilean. Chaidh Bòrd smachdail a shuidheachadh an Lunnainn, agus cha 'n ann an Duneideann far am bu chòir da a bhith. Thoisicheadh air biathadh Alba bho Shasuinn le criomagan de ionnsachadh a bha calg dhìreach an aghaidh oideas gnathail na dùthcha, agus cha chluinntè comhart 's an tìr ach-gle bheag. Suas ri fichead bliadhna roimhe seo, thainig car eile an adharc an daimh.

Thug sinn sanas cheana gu 'n robh sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd aithnichte air son farsuingeachd an ionnsachaidh a bhatar a' tairgse, agus is iomadh balach bochd a chaidh a threòrachadh air an rathad a bhiodh 'ga stùradh gu' suidh-

eachadh measail 's an t-saoghal — aon diùbh searmoineachadh an t-soisgeil. Ghabh iad an cothrom. Ach ge bith cò a chuir an cinn nan daoine còire ud an Lunnainn, a tha deanamh reachdan air son sgoilean Albainn, cha 'n fhòghnadh ach sgoilean na dùthcha a' roinn 'nan dà bhuidheann. Anns na sgoilean cumanta cha robh e laghail dà a theagasg a bharrachd air leughadh is cunntas is sgrìobhadh, agus criomagan de rudan eile a chuireadh nadur de ghréis air a' chaoilte. O's cionn na feadhnaich seo chaidh sgoilean na b' inbheiche a chur air bonn—*Higher Grade*, mar a theirear. Bha an lòn a gheibteadh 's an *Higher Grade* air a thoirmeasg anns an fheadhainn chumanta, agus chaidh a chachailleith a dhùnadh air iomadh balach bochd. Cha ghabhadh i fosgladh ach le òr—rud nach robh ach. Is ann 's an àm sin a thainig Ministear Chinn a Ghiuthais, an t-ollamh C. MacCoinnich, le cobhair do ghillean òga Gaidhealach airson an cur gu sgoilean *Higher Grade*, far an rachadh an uidheamachadh air son a' cholaiste. Is iomadh gille a fhuair cuideachadh troimh shaothair-sa.

Ach mar a bha uine 'dol seachad chluinntè monbhur an sud 's an so nach robh gnòthaichean mar bu chòir dhaibh, agus 's e th'ann an diugh gu 'n bheil cead aig na sgoilean cumanta, ma theid ac' air, an t-ionnsachadh a thatar a' faotainn anns na sgoilean àrd a chur air an clàr. Thainig e stigh air an luchd-riaghlaidh gu 'n deach iad tuilleadh as fada le 'n reachdan toirmeisg. Tha 'n *Department* a' comhairleachadh gu 'n deanadh gach sgoil oidhirp air teagasg a bhi cho àrd agus a b' àbhaist. Mar sin tha 'n sean chothrom air ath dhioladh ann an tommas. Ach tha geata a' cholaiste cunmhag fhathast, agus tha eagal oirnn gu 'm féumar dol do 'n *Higher Grade* an dèidh a h-uile rud. Air an aobhar sin tha dleasnas nan eaglaisean soilleir, mu 'n tachair "Gort 's an Tir."

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Palace Hotel, Edinburgh last Saturday. According to the usual rotation, the meeting should have been held at Stirling, but through an inadvertence on his part, the Secretary had convened it for Edinburgh. He apologised to the meeting. Later on it was decided that the next meeting should be held at Stirling instead of Perth. The President, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Govan, was in the chair, and there was a good attendance.

At the outset, Mr. Macleod expressed his pleasure, and he believed that of the meeting as a whole, at seeing Mr. Roderick Macleod,

Inverness, among them. Mr. Macleod had gone through a long and severe illness, and it was satisfactory to see him in his old place on the Executive. Before coming to the consideration of the reports of the Standing Committees, the Secretary intimated that on account of pressure of business, Mr. Donald Currie, LL.B., Glasgow, wished to retire from the council. Mr. Currie's resignation was regretfully accepted.

COMMITTEES.

(a) FINANCE.—The minutes of meetings of Finance Committee were read and approved. The most important discussion took place in connection with the reports of the Publication Committee and the Propaganda Committee.

(b) PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.—The convener of this committee (Mr. Angus Robertson) had intimated that he was unable to be present on account of business engagements. At the meeting of the Committee held in the morning, Mr. D. Macphie presided, when the point under consideration was the issue of the Senior Gaelic Poetry Book, which Professor Watson has now in hand. In moving the adoption of the Committee's report, Mr. Macphie said that the Senior Gaelic Poetry Book, which was originally in the hands of Mr. Norman Macleod (now 2nd Lieut. 2/4 Seaforths), was now under the care of Professor Watson. If the book, however, was to be of the service which was anticipated, it would need to be larger than was at first contemplated. To give a balanced idea of the literature of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, necessitated more space than that within the limits of 160 pages. This of course would mean a little more money—perhaps £20 more than the original estimate—but the additional expenditure was worth incurring in order to produce a satisfactory and balanced anthology. Mr. Angus Henderson, Stirling, was appointed successor to Mr. Donald Currie on the Committee. Mr. Macphie at the same time gave a short outline of what the committee for supplying Gaelic literature to Highland soldiers and sailors were doing. Some books of tales had already been sent, and it was interesting to know on the authority of an officer who had written to a member on the subject, that the men did not wish bulky books, but something crisp and short, and that the official magazine, *An Deo Greine*, was the most popular literature with them. Arrangements are being made for issuing a special number of the magazine for them, and for sending back numbers as well as bound volumes.

Mr. H. F. Campbell, Advocate, Aberdeen, expressed his pleasure at the popularity of An Comunn's Magazine among the soldiers. Going on he pointed out the desirability of getting a

small map of the Highlands issued; one that would show clearly the precise limits of the Highlands. There seemed to be much confusion in the minds of authorities as to this. Each seemed to define limits of its own. Mr. Campbell is in communication with Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, Edinburgh, on this matter.

Professor Watson expressed his pleasure that the meeting approved of his suggestion with regard to the Senior Poetry Book, which he hoped would be ready in its extended form by the end of the year. It was of importance that young people in the Highlands should have access to a body of literature that was difficult to get at. The bounds of the book would require to be extended to give a balanced idea of the poetry of three centuries. After all, it is only a small instalment of what is due to Highland literature, and to the people. He believed it would be of benefit to the young to have the magnificent poetry produced by the Gaelic-speaking people in the last three centuries in periods, so as to get an intelligent idea of the growth of thought in the language. The material at the disposal of teachers was small. In the past, scholars were more concerned with the philology of the language. But literature now should be made accessible to the people. At this time poetry of a certain kind was quite inaccessible, and the books in which it was to be found were rather objects of antiquarian interest than of practical use. He recognised that it was part of his own duties to see that what he indicated should be done.

(c) PROPAGANDA COMMITTEE.—The Rev. G. W. Mackay, Killin, Convener of this Committee, moved the adoption of the report in a telling speech. One has only to hear Mr. Mackay speaking on his favourite subject to understand how enthusiastic and earnest he is. He began by saying that they had no reply from Sir John Struthers, beyond the mere acknowledgment of a letter asking for an interview. People were getting restless and dissatisfied with this state of things, and at the slowness of our movement. He intimated that the Committee had under consideration a suggestion made by Mr. J. N. Macleod, teacher, Errergie, Stratherrick, viz., "that Gaelic teaching should be put on a satisfactory basis in Highland schools, and that reasonable grants should be given for the teaching of this language." Mr. Mackay pointed out that his Committee had come to the conclusion that notwithstanding the great war, the present time was not inopportune. Some might, and did, think otherwise, and it had been represented that the matter might better be held over till after the war. But if they waited till that time, they might discover that they were too

late, and that other organisations would be approaching the Treasury with equal earnestness to their own. As to the machinery necessary for setting the petition agoing, that could be considered later on. School Boards were there, but experience had shown that they are lukewarm, or of little use in the matter; this is a question for the people themselves. The Highland M.P.'s, as well as the members for the Glasgow Divisions—and Glasgow was the real capital of the Highlands—might be approached. By promoting this petition, they as a Comunn would show that they were up and doing, and would be educating public opinion. It was agreed to promote the petition, and sanction the addition of other names to the Propaganda Committee for the purposes of the petition.

(d) ART AND INDUSTRY COMMITTEE.—Mrs. Burnley-Campbell in moving the adoption of the minutes of the Art and Industry Committee, said, that they were anxious to promote a number of sales this year, and it was thought that two could be successfully held in Glasgow. Miss MacDougall, Bridge-of-Weir, would undertake to organise one in Greenock. The Committee were anxious to pay the workers outright for their goods, and they hoped the Finance Committee would be able to grant them a further loan. The first loan was within a few pounds of being repaid, and it proved a very good investment indeed. The Committee's proposal was recommended to the sympathetic consideration of the Finance Committee.

(e) MOD AND MUSIC COMMITTEE.—Mr. Donald Macphie in moving the adoption of a minute of the Mod and Music Committee said, the teachers desired them to extend the date of examination in Literary Competitions to the end of June, as more work was accomplished in the last few weeks of the school year than during the springtime. This was unanimously agreed to. Applications for permission to publish Mod Prize Papers were intimated from Mr. Donald MacDonald, Barvas, Lewis, and Mr. Neil Shaw, Secretary, and these were granted.

Rev. John MacLachlan referred to the large number of Highland girls who had come south to engage in munitions work, and asked the sympathetic interest of lady members of An Comunn resident in Glasgow for their behalf,

Next meeting, 24th June, Stirling.

HOMESPUN.

TWEEDS—guaranteed genuine by An Comunn Gaidhealach—sold by R. G. LAWRIE, 60 Renfield Street, Glasgow; K. MACLEAN, Son & Co., Tailors, 4 Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Suits and Costumes made.

MARBHRANN COIRNEAL IAIN CAMARAN.

MOD COMPETITION, 1914. Second Prize won by JOHN M'CALLUM, Tigh-nan-barr.

As sung by JOHN MACGREGOR BARCALDINE, in 1866.

GLEUS C.

{	m, m		s : l : s		m' : — : d', d'		r' : d' : m'		r' : — : s		d' : —	}
	'S lionmhor		caraid		's fear daimh Nach		gearain		a cheann		'bhi tinn,	

{	: d, m		s : l : s		m' : — : s, s		m' : d' : m'		r' : — : d'		l : —	}
	Chaidh a		leagadh		'san Fhraing,		'S cha		chuir Bonapart		thall d'ar dith	

{	: m, m		s : l : s		m' : — : d', d'		r' : d' : m'		r' : — : s		m' : —	}
	Ged bha		Wellington		ann		A chuir		sgapadh		'na champ o thir	

{	: d', d'		l : d' : l		s : — : m, m		d' : l : s		m : — :		d : —	
	'S léir ri		fhaicinn ar		call		Dh' fhàg na		Gaidheil		cho gann ri'r	lìon,

Sgeul a thainig as ùr,
 Dh'fhàg na h-Abraich fo thùrsa bròin;
 'S iad gun mhire, gun mhùirn,
 Gnn aighear, gun sunnd gu céol;
 Chaill iad caraid 's a chùirt,
 'S treun bharantas cùil air slòigh;
 'S lionmhor morair is diùc
 A bha cràiteach mu'n diùbhail mhòir.

Chunncas long stigh an caol,
 'S i seòladh le gaoith o'n iar;
 Dol gu Fasaigh nan craobh;
 'S ann leamsa nach b'fhaoin an sgial;
 Corp àluinn an laoiach
 Air a clàr, 's i gu h-aotrom a' triall;
 Dh' fhàg sud gul agus caoidh
 Aig mnathan da thaobh Loch-Iall.

Latha Blàr-Bhatarlù
 Thuit an saoi sin fhuair cliù 's gach tìr;
 Mór Chamshronach ùr
 Choisinn urram an eurt an rìgh;
 Fhìr nach tionnd'adh do chùl
 'Nuair a rachadh a' chùis gu strìth;
 'S tric a dhearbhadh thu do thùrn
 'S a fhuair sinn ort cunntas fìor.

T' fhuil 'ga dòrtadh air mhire,
 Dh' fhàg a' caoineadh do chinneadh gu léir
 Is do chreuchdan a' sìleadh,
 'S cha robh dòigh air an tilleadh le léigh;
 'S gun a'd chòir ach do ghille,
 'S e brònach le tìom as do dheigh;
 B'e leòn an cul slinnein
 Leis na thuit thu 'san iomairt 's le'm beud.

Fear do choltais le cinnt
 Cha 'n fhaicte' 'n cóig mìle air sráid;
 Gun chron cuim ort ri inns'
 O mhullach do chinn gu d' shàil;
 'S do dhaoine gasd' aig do shlinn
 Leis an rachadh tu'n tionnsgnadh blàir;
 Ann an cogadh no'n sìth
 'S tu bhuidhneadh a chùis thar chach.

Bu ghlan rudhadh a'd ghruaidh,
 Air each aigeannach, luath, chinn àird;
 'S tu air thoiseach do shluaigh
 'Nuair a tharruingeadh suas am briogad;
 Claidheamh nochte gun truaill,
 Leis an coisneadh tu buaidh, a' laimh;
 Lann thana, gheur, chruaidh
 Sgathadh chlaighean is cluas gu làr.

An Cille-Mhàillidh nam feart
 Chaidh an laoch bu mhòr neart fo dhìon;
 Na ùir dhùthchasaich cheart
 Ann an tìr nan clach snaidhte, grinn,
 Ce b'e ghabhas dùr-bheachd
 Air sgrìobhadh nan leacan slinn,
 'S léir an sud gur ceann feachd
 'Fhuair urram le ceartas rìgh.

Fhad 's a shiùbhlas a' ghrian
 Dol deiseal nan nial gu h-àrd,
 Gus an leagh le teas dian
 Na beanntainnean sìos gu làr,
 Cluinnear iomradh do ghniomh
 Gus an teirg gach sliabh 's gach tràigh,
 Seasaidh fianuis do bhuadh
 'S do chuimhneachan suas gu bràth.

NOTE.—Another version of the above song is given in 'Binneas nam Bàrd'. The competitor declares that, in his opinion, the above version is the more appropriate one.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Colonial Office list shows that Highlanders continue to occupy a front place in all the dominions. The order of K.C.M.G. has been conferred upon the Hon. Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand in the United Kingdom, and also upon the Hon. Sir Charles Kinnaird Mackellar, member of the Legislative Council, New South Wales, and until lately president of the State Children's Relief Board. The distinction of C.M.G. has been conferred upon Brig.-General James Charles M'Dougall, commanding the training division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

* * *

The honour of knighthood has been conferred upon Sir Lachlan Charles Mackinnon, managing proprietor of the Melbourne *Argus*. Sir Lachlan's father was one of the seven sons of the minister of Strath who all went out into the world to seek fame and fortune, many of them with considerable success. The founder of the Melbourne *Argus* was one of the most influential public men in Australia, and Sir Lachlan Mackinnon worthily maintains his father's reputation.

* * *

It would be impossible to give the hundreds of Highland names contained in the long list of officers and men who were mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch of 15th October. Upwards of thirty Highland officers belonging to the Headquarters Staff are mentioned, and from thirty to forty officers and men belonging to each of the various Highland regiments. Perhaps some day a detailed list of these names will be prepared and published.

* * *

The following are a few of the distinctions awarded to Highland soldiers:—

Victoria Cross.

Lt.-Col. Douglas Hamilton, 6th Camerons.
Corp James Dalgleish, 5th Camerons.

Military Cross.

Capt. J. M. MacLagan, R.A.M.C.
Capt. Norman G. M. Macleod, Lewis, Winnipeg Rifles.
Sec.-Lt. Andrew Fraser, 1st Camerons.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Corp. J. Macdonnell, 4th Camerons.

Distinguished Service Order.

Col. J. H. M. M'Andrew, Indian Army.
Major H. A. Ross, 2nd Gordons.
Major D. Macleod, 8th Gordons.
Major T. W. Cuthbert, 4th Seaforths.

Sec.-Lt. A. Sutherland, 4th Camerons, Inverness.

Sec.-Lt. Norman Martin, 3rd Camerons.

Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Lt.-Col. A. F. Gordon, Inverness.

This list could with ease be greatly extended.

* * *

There is one comment which may be passed upon the honours list. It contains several names of Irishmen and Welshmen who have, like the Highlanders mentioned above, done distinguished service to the Empire. The list also contains the names of several Irishmen whose claim to distinction rests upon the fact that they have done valuable service to their fellow-Irishmen in Ireland. In like manner there are a good many names of Welshmen who have served their fellow-Welshmen in Wales. Let us hope that a time is coming when the list will contain names of those who have earned distinction by work done for Highlanders in the Highlands.

—:O:—

MR. NEIL SHAW.

Mr. Neil Shaw, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the general secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, having been appointed at the executive meeting in Stirling, in May, 1913, in room of Mr. John Maclean, now in Canada. Mr. Shaw is a native of Jura, and is 35 years of age. He was educated in the local school, in which he added to the ordinary education an elementary knowledge of Latin and Mathematics. Like most islanders, he felt the call of the sea, and was employed as ship steward on the Clyde before signing on foreign going passenger steamers. This enabled him to see interesting parts of the world. He has cruised in the Mediterranean, in Sir William Beardmore's yacht, "Zaza," and touched at various parts, including Venice, Athens (Piræus), and Constantinople.

Travel, as everybody knows, widens a man's mental horizon, and in its own way imparts an education which no school can possibly give. Angularities are smoothed off through contact with people of different temperaments and varied points of view, and thus a larger outlook of life is obtained. To those walled up in city offices these things are denied, and from the very necessities of the situation, they are in many cases the victims of dull routine, and are apt to become stereotyped, however competent in mere detail. Mr. Shaw in early life escaped this cramping influence; and though travel is said to make one cosmopolitan in feeling, it, in



NIALL MAC 'ILLE SHEATHANAICH.

his case, served only to intensify his love for the old Highlands, and to awaken a desire for a permanent abode in the land of his birth. The sea was not to be his element. Work of another nature lay nearest his heart, and that work is connected with his present position, where in addition to secretarial duties, he is, it may be said, a perambulating evangelist in the interest of Gaelic and the Gaelic-speaking people.

Mr. Shaw has been an enthusiastic lover of Gaelic from his youth, and has written more songs than most people are aware of. The competitions of An Comunn Gaidhealach attracted him, and he won the prize for the best poem in 1911 and also in 1912. At five successive Mods he had a prize in one competition or another. He taught Gaelic classes in Rothesay at one time, and is yet bard to the Bute branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach and also Ceilidh nan Gaidheal. Mr. Shaw wields a facile pen, and is one of the most popular of Gaelic lecturers. His services in this capacity are much in demand. In propaganda work he is a distinct asset to An Comunn, not only on account of his fluency in Gaelic and English, but of his gentlemanly instincts and tact.

THE ANNUAL VALUATION OF THE HIGHLANDS. THE BOUNDARIES OF AN GHAIDHEALTACHD.

There is a difficulty in stating precisely the amount of the annual valuation of the Highlands arising from the fact that the boundaries for official purposes of "An Ghaidhealtachd" or Gael-land have never been definitely fixed. In recent Acts of Parliament specially affecting the "Highlands and Islands," the area to which the Acts apply has been subject to continual variation. It is now generally understood that the term "islands" in official documents applies to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the western isles naturally going with the "Highlands."

Let us take some recent statutes in order of date and see what interpretation is put upon the term "Highlands." Under the Educational Endowments Act of 1882, a trust was created, entitled "The Trust for Education in the "Highlands and Islands of Scotland." Setting aside Orkney and Shetland as comprehended under the term "Islands," it will be found that the term "Highlands" includes the six counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, Argyll, Bute, and nineteen "specified parishes," of which thirteen are in Perth, two in Aberdeen, and one each in Nairn, Moray, Banff, and Dumbarton. These parishes are Cawdor (Nairn), Cromdale (Moray), Kirkmichael (Banff), Corgarff and Braemar (Aberdeen), Kirkmichael, Blair Athol, Moulin, Dunkeld and Dowally,

Little Dunkeld, Logierait, Weem, Dull, Fortingall, Kenmore, Comrie, Balquhiddy, Killin (Perth), and Arrochar (Dumbarton). This is a precise and definite Gaelic area containing 153 civil parishes.

It is to be regretted that this area had not been officially recognised in subsequent legislation. The Crofters Acts of 1886, 1887, and 1891 applied only to five Highland counties, viz., Argyll, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, so that the people of Bute and of the nineteen "specified parishes" were unjustly excluded from their benefits. The Congested Districts Act of 1897 made a further limitation as it applies only to suchcrofting parishes within these five counties as were defined by the commissioners to be "congested districts."

It would be in the interest of the Highland people if the authorities would in future legislation, and in official reports and other documents, interpret the term "Highlands" so as to include the whole area defined in the scheme of the Highland Education Trust.

When the Medical Service Act was passed in 1911 this principle was disregarded. It may be recollected that a good deal of discussion took place in the House of Commons as to the limits of the area to which the Act should apply. Only after a struggle was the Highland District of Perth included, and even this concession did not apply to the Highland parishes of Kirkmichael, Comrie, Killin, and Balquhiddy, which are not in the Highland district as fixed for the purposes of local government. The attempt of Mr. Henderson, M.P., and others to obtain the inclusion of the specified parishes in the north-eastern counties was unsuccessful. Bute and the parish of Arrochar likewise suffered exclusion. Nowhere can there be greater need of improved medical service than in the bleak highlands of Braemar, Corgarff, and Kirkmichael, yet these Highland parishes were excluded from the Act. In future legislation specially affecting the Highlands, whether dealing with land, education, medical service, or any other matter, let us hope that the area defined in the scheme of the Highland Trust will be officially recognised as "An Ghaidhealtachd."

According to the last report of the Local Government Board, the valuation of this area for 1914 was as follows:—

Argyll,	39 Parishes, .	£551,354
Bute,	6 ..	163,796
Caithness,	10 ..	151,330
Inverness,	33 ..	490,330
Perth (specified Parishes), .	13 ..	239,476
Ross,	33 ..	306,249
Sutherland,	13 ..	101,755
Other specified Parishes, .	6 ..	89,051

£2,096,378

“NUAIR THEID NA MEIRLICH A THROD.”

LE IAIN MAC CORMAIC, GLASCHU.

Choinn an sgeulach so a' chéud duais aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915.

(*Bho thaobh-duilleig 59.*)

CAIB. II.

An la ar-a-mhàireach bha mhaduinn a b' àill ann—an seòrsa maidne ud a chithear 'sa Ghaidhealtachd a mhàin, 's mu 'n d' thubhairt an sean Bhàrd—

“Nuair a dh' éireas grian gu mall

Air slíos sàmbach nan liath bheann,

Loch gun bhruailean fada thall,

Caoin is gorm air ùrlar ghleann.”

Bha grian bhuidhe bhòidheach an deireadh fhoghair a' deàrrsadh troimh èarr nan neul troma, agus stòth bàn ag éirigh as a' ghruinn an déidh a' bhaistidh a' fhuair e an oidheche roimhe sud. Bha 'n ceò geal, mìn ag iathadh gu mall mu ghuailean nan cnoc is slíosan coilteach na Beinne Mòire a' tighinn ris fo “h' earradh de neòil na speur,” 's a' binneanan grúnealach gorma air an stobadh anns a' bhrataich mhìn a bha ghaoth fhann a' gluasad gu mall. Anns an loch gu h-ìosal bha na lachan-fiadhain a' tighinn am mach bho fhasgadh nam bruach 's na luachrach, an fiadh cabrach ag òl a' dheoch maidne gun gheilt, 's a' ghrian a' gliostadh air an uisge bha tuiteam o bheul 'nuair thogadh e a' cheann-cròcach uaibhreach a' shealltainn mu 'n cuairt. Anns gach àit an robh tigh, chitheadh an toit ag éirigh dìreach suas do na speuran, 's a' sgaoileadh am mach gu h-àrd a' chomh-nheasgadh ris na neòil a bha snàmh seachad gu mall réidh.

Thug Donnchadh Mór cuairt mu 'n tigh a' shealltainn chuige 's bhuaidhe Mu choinneamh gach dorus tighe 'na shealladh bha grunnan fhear is bhan an dlùth-sheanchas, is a' h-aon ùr an dràs 's an rithist a' tighinn a' mheudachadh nan còmlan. Chuirheadh na mnathan an làmh na 'n smigean is chrathadh iad an cinn. Bha làmhnan nam fear paisgte air an uclh do an ceannaibh an leas, is ceum air ais 's air aghaidh aca neasg a' chéile; agus thàirngeachd fear a' làmh gu grad mar gu 'n biodh sgian-dubl' 'na ghlaic.

Bho mhoch-eirigh mhoich bha 'n aon chuspair cudtromach am beul na dùthcha. B' e sin “Mort-na-Cachaille Mòire.” Chaidh an naidheachd bho cheann gu ceann de 'n dùthaich mu 'n do bhris neach a bh' innte an t-aran maidne; agus cha robh neach a' thubhairt “Gòdhanuich Mìse!” le urad ionghnadh ri Donnchadh Mór a' Choire nuair a chual e 'n sgeul.

Le luchd-lagha air an ceann thionndaidh muinntir Srath-fhraoich am mach a' rùrach corp Fir-a-Ghlinne. Cha robh loch no lochan, toll no glumag a bha mar astar do 'n Chachaille Mhóir far an d' fhuaras comharran an streup, nach do rùraicheadh; ach corp a' bhàillidh cha ghabhadh faotainn. B' i an ath cheist: “Cò mharbh am bàillidh?” Leigeadh amharus air a' h-aon no dhà; ach thuit e na bu truite air Dòmhnall Ruadh an Fhaing Bhàin. Thug am bàillidh bhuaidhe a' chuid fearainn. Thug e bhuaidhe, cuideachd, a' chuid spréidh air sean òran. Rinn an t-an-tighearnas 'an droch riaghladh a bh' ann duine bochd de Dhòmhnall, agus air tailleamh a' mhiomhachaidh a rinneadh air, nochd e a' bheachd 'na ghuidheachan 's 'na dhùrachd do 'n bhàillidh: Rachadh e trì mìle air a' ghluinean g'a fhaicinn air a' chrochadh. B' e mhiann luaidh laeghte fhaicinn 'ga taomadh 'na bheul; agus sheasadh e 'ga fheitheamh 'ga reubadh eadar da mhatth-ghamhainn air bhoil le acras.

Chual an luchd-lagha so; is b' e Dòmhnall Ruadh an duine. Chaidh Màiri a' bhean chaomh gu ùbraid mhóir nuair chualas gu 'n robhteadh a' tagradh a' fir.

“Obh! obh! a' Dhòmhnall, nach e 'n t-ana-ceartas 's an cruaidh-chàs a' tha leantainn ar lorg. Oehòin! mo thrùir phàisdean, 's gun caraid an athar 'sa chùirt a' thilgeil binn nan Caimbeulach a' leth-taobh!”

“Mur an faigh mise bàs ri adhart, a' Mhàiri, cha 'n fhaigh mi bàs air croich,” arsa Dòmhnall. “Mu 'n cuir iad làmh annaansa bidh mi far nach ruig iad orm; agus mu 'n till mi bidh an ciontaiche an sàs. 'S e ceartas a' sheasas. Cum thusa suas. Mar is faide bhios an lagh gun a' riarachadh le onair—mar nach bitheadh e le mise chur an sàs a' chionn gu 'n d' thug a' mhiomhachadh a' fhuair mi reuson daibh amharus a' leigeil orm, còmhla ri Achan a' dh' aithris cainnt neo-chiontach mo bheòil—'s ann is dòcha an fhirinn a' thigheinn air a' bonn.”

Mu 'n gann a' sguir Dòmhnall de bhruidhinn chualas tartaraich 'san dorcha. Bha 'n tigh air a' chuartaichadh. Dh' fhogail Dòmhnall an dorus. Thàinig dithis fhear m'a aghaidh 's m'a aodann; ach am prìobadh na sùla bha iad air slatraich an droma air a' chabhshair. Thug Dòmhnall am monadh air, is feuch e bheireadh air. Chaidh Màiri gu trioblaid. Cha d' thug an luchd-lagha mòran misnich dith ach a' ràdh gu 'n tuigeadh an cù féin a' chionta.

“Ciontach no neo-chiontach an t-aon air an leigtheadh amharus dioghlair air ged a' bhiheadh e mar tha in' fhear-sa cho neo-chiontach ri leanabh na cìche,” arsa Màiri, 's an còineadh 'ga tacadh.

“Tha sin coltach ri ghiùlan,” arsa an t-earraid,

"nuair a theich e a thoirt na dùthcha fo cheann, 's a bhean 's a chlann fhàgail am mèinn an t-saoghail."

"Rinn e teicheadh na lacha bho 'n t-sealgair; ach tillidh e ri àl 'na dhéidh sin féin. Na 'm fuirgheadh e sibhse, cha bhiodh dùil r'a thilleadh," arsa Màiri gu cuimheadh.

Chaidh an sgeul feadh na dùthcha. Cha robh neach nach do chreid gu 'm b' e Dòmhnall Ruadh an Fhaing Bhàin a bu mhortair. Cha robh neach ach dithis.

Bha nis an lagh an tòir air Dòmhnall. Cha robh uaimh 'san dùthaich air fios duine nach do rùraicheadh. Cha robh bealach a bha giùlan ceum-rathaid am mach as na sraithean gu lìosal nach robh friceadan air. Ach enaimh no craiceann de Dhòmhnall Ruadh cha robh r'a fhaicinn no r'a fhaotainn.

Ach bha cùil dhìonhair 'sa bheinn anns an d'fhalaich se e féin gus an d'fhuair e 'n dùthaich fhàgail. B' i chùil sin Uaimh-a'-bheòil-bhig. 'S iomadh fiadh-cabrach a ghreallaich e 'na dorus 's a shail e 'na broinn, 's cha do bhrath a luchd-tòir riamh e. An oidhe a theich e bha fios aig Màiri c'ait' am fuigheadh i e; is cha robh oidhech, air a mosaiche, nach ruigeadh i Uaimh-a'-bheòil-bhig le biadh. B' iad sud na coinneamhan tùrsach a bhiodh aca, 's nach bu léir dhaibh a chéile 's an dorchas.

An taobh a stigh de cheithir-la-deug chaidh dùil a thoirt gu 'm beirteadh air Dòmhnall, agus shìolaidh an rùrach 's an àbraid. Shaoil iad gu 'n d'fhuair an t-eun as an rib leis an rathad bu ghiorra bheircadh as an dùthaich e. B'e so an t-àm do Dhòmhnall sealltainn an déidh ceann an rathaid sin. Mu mbarh na h-oidheche, air oidheche àraidh, ràinig e a thigh féin a dh'fhàgail na beannachd nu d'heireadh, math dh'fhàgail-teadh, aig a mhnaoi 's aig a chloinn. B' e làrach mhuladach tigh Dhòmhnall air an oidhech sin. Ri solus an teine sheinneadh salm agus leughadh caibideil. Le 'n guthan air chrith le cràdh a' mhuladh chluinnteadh cèol a' bhròin a' deanamh comh-fhuaim chianail ris a' ghaoth annaich a bha 'g osnadh ris an luighear. Bha Dòmhnall ri dealachadh r'a mhnaoi 's r'a chloinn. B'e sud a thòradh. An taobh am muigh bha 'n uaigh anns an rachadh e gun dàil, agus dh'fhairich Màiri piantan bròin na bantraich aig an d'fhàgadh na dìlleachdain laga. Chrom Dòmhnall os cionn na cloinne aig an robh srann shona a' chadail neo-chiontaich, is phòg e a-hon mu seach de 'n trìuir. Ghluais iad 'nuair a thuit a dheòir bhlàth air an aodainn, is bhruidhinn iad air an athair am brudair. Ach bha 'n càs bu mhotha ri tighinn troimhe fathast; dealachadh r'a mhnaoi! Air meadhon an ùrlair ghlais iad mu amhaichean a chéile, agus chomh-mheasg an deòir. Bha neagaid ghoirt aig an dithis, agus is gann gu 'n cumadh

an cleith an cridheachan gun sgàineadh. Ach le spàirn neach a' fàgail an t-saoghail bhris iad bho chéile. Dh'fhalbh Dòmhnall. Sheas Màiri 'san dorus a shealltuinn 'na dhéidh 's a dh' éisdeachd fuaim a chas gus an do shluig an dorchas suas 'na chraos e, 's an do chuir a cheuman astar eatorra.

Sheall Màiri air na neòil sgleòdhach dhubha bha os a cionn; dh' éisd i ri osnaich phràmhail gaoth an annaich 's a' busladh le a bois a h-uchd anns an robh an luchd trom, chaidh i steach do fhàrdaich a' bhròin 's a' mhulaid. Dhealaich i ri Dòmhnall.

CAIB. III.

Chaidh cùig bliadhna seachad. Chaidh "Mort na cachaille Mòire" air dòchuimhn, mur bhi ann beathachadh a bheireadh beul-aithris da aig taobh an teine-ghreamhraidh. 'Cha chualas guth air Dòmhnall Ruadh an Fhaing Bhàin. Ach, mar a rinn iomadh fear treun roimhe, rinn e a rathad do 'n Fhraing agus chaidh e do 'n arm.

An ceann nan cùig bhàdhna bhuail miann agus ciocras do-shàsaichte e a bhean 's a chlann fhaicinn. Ged a chailleadh e a cheann is amhach ris, chuir e roimhe aon sealladh eile dhiubh fhaicinn. Ràinig e 'n t-seann dùthaich am breug-riochd air chor 's nach aithnìcheadh duine e. Chuir e suas 'na shean uamh, Uamh-a'-bheòil-bhig; agus bu tric a ghàiricheadh a chlann féin is clann chàich air a' bhodach mhór nuair a thachradh e orra a' tighinn as an sgòil.

An déidh a bhi mar so cho math ri seachdain anns an dùthaich gun aghaidh a thoirt air a thigh féin, seach amharas a leigeil air, chuir e roimhe aon oidheche e féin a nochdadh da mhnaoi 's da chloinn. Chunnac e tric bhuaithie iad; ach thàinig an t-àm anns am faodadh se e féin a dheanamh aithnichte dhaibh.

Am marbh na h-oidheche nuair a bha 'n dùthaich 'na suain, shìn e mach as an Uaimh. B' iad céuman bu toilichte thug e riamh na céuman so a thug e a dheanamh comh-choinneamh r'a mhnaoi 's r'a chloinn. Bha crònan aig an abhainn mhór far am bu taine i, agus bùirich aig a h-easan a' taomadh an glumagan 'nuair bha e coiseachd gu farumach r'a brnachan tomanach. Thàinig fuaradh froise, chòmhdaich na neòil an speur, agus chaidh Dòmhnall am fasgadh tom seilich. 'Na shuidhe am blàths na rainich a bha cinntinn mu bhun nan crann, leig e seachad an fhras, is dh' éisd e ri torman na h-aibhne mar bu mhinic a rinn e 'nuair thigeadh e le leus 's le morma a dh'iasgach a' bhradain thàrr-ghil, mhear. Nuair dh'aotromaich an fhras, 's a thanaich na neòil chunnaic e coltas duine eadar e 's leus a' tighinn 'na rathad. Shuidh e mar a bh' aige. Thàinig am fear a bh' ann gu taobh an tuim agus sheas e; chrom

e is sheall e sìos do'n abhainn. 'N ann a' freiceadan taibh a bha e? Dhirich se e féin; sheall e troimh 'n dorch a air gach taobh dheth. Sheall e gu mean, is bhioraich e a shùil, an taobh a thàinig e féin. Air a shocair féin, mar gu'm biodh e a' sealg an fhéidh, chroim e sìos air a leth-ghluin taobh an tuim is ràinig a làmh dheas a bhiodag a bh' air a chruachan.

"Tha thusa 'n so ge b' e cò thu; agus cò thu cha'n fhada g'a uair fhios. Tha thu 'n greim mu dheireadh."

Ag ràdh nam facal so ris féin bha e cho luaineach ri cat a bhiodh a' dol a thoirt léum air luch. Rinn e crùban am fasgadh tuim far an robh an raineach 'g a fhalach gu mullach a chinn. Chum Dòmhuill a shùil air. Cha robh math dha gluasad gus am falbhadh na bha 'n làthair 's na bha ri teachd; ged a bha e 'ga ghreadadh e bhì air a chumail air ais bho choinneamh gun fhios a dhèanamh r'a mhaoi 's r'a theaghlach. An ceann beagan mhionaid-ean chual e ceum. An tìotan nochd cumadh duine am mach as an dorch. Rinn e lòn is dìreach air an abhainn mar a rinn a' cheud fhear. Sheall e sìos far an robh an t-uisge 'crònaich am measg nan clach, is far an robh sròn creige air gach taobh a' fàgail anhaich chumhaing anns a' chuid so de 'n abhainn. Chaidh e gu ghluinean do'n uisge, agus an tìotan beag thug e air tìr an tabh agus am bradan a' breaibh ann. Mar chat a' faire radain chum am fear a bh' anns an tom a shùil air an iasgair; agus nuair thàinig e air tìr bha e 'na uchd 's 'na ugan.

"Tha thu 'n so, a Sheumais bhradaich. 'S iomadh oidheche chum thu as mo leabaidh mi; ach tha thu 'n greim a nis agam, a shlaightire!" esan, 's e toirt crathaidhean air fear an taibh.

Leig esan an tabh bhuaith e rug e gu dùlanach air a chomh - fharpuiseach mu 'n bhroilleach.

"An ann 'gam fheiceadan-sa bha thu, a Dhonnachaidh Mhóir a' Choire? Tha thu 'n diugh a'd mhaor-uisge; ach cha bu mhise bu chòir duit a bhrath, a bhéid. Cuimhnich gu'm bheil comain agad orm do cheuman a bhì saor agus a bhì 'san dreuchd 's am bheil thu an àite bhì cnámh 'san ùir an deidh do dhroch ghniomha; agus duine bochd neo-chiontach a' fulang ad àite. Cuimhnich ort féin!"

Leis an so a ràdh thug Seumas crathaidhean air Donnachadh Mòr a chuir ach gann air a dhà ghluin e. Thug Donnachadh làmh air a' chuire; ach rug Seumas air chaol dùirn air is chuir e car 'na ghàirdean a thug crith air.

"Thoir an aire cò 'n làmh a tha 'd bhroilleach, ille. Cha dean thu ormsa nochd mar a rinn thu an oidheche thàinig mi ort an deidh Fear a' Ghlinne a mhort. Cha robh annamsa an uair

sin ach am balach; ach feuch riut a nis. Feuch; feuch!" is chuir e druim Dhonnachaidh ri talamh.

"Leig mis' air mo chois," arsa Donnachadh, "no leigidh mise fhaicinn duit."

"Leig fhaicinn domh na's urrainn duit" arsa Seumas a' toirt plùchaidh eile dha. "Cha'n 'eil fios agad, a bhéid, gu'm bheil am sheilbh-sa na chuireadh a dh' ionnsuidh na croiche an diugh fathast thu."

Leig Seumas air a chois Donnachadh; ach ghleidh e greim teann air bhroilleach air.

"Cho math 's gu'm bheil thu, ille, cha 'n fhaigh thu as an so gus an toir briseadh an latha cuideachadh a'm rathad-sa," arsa Donnachadh.

"Cha do chuir e breacan Leathanach mu chruachan o chionn leth-cheud bliadhna na chumadh an aghaidh mu thoile mi, Dhonnachaidh Mhóir," arsa Seumas. "Agus cuimhnich mar thubhairt mi gu 'm bheil de fhianuis 'nam sheilbh-sa na chuireas soillearachadh air "Mort na Cachaille Móire". Tha agamsa, ille, do sgian-dubh agus a bàrr fathast an claiseann a' bhaillidh, far am bheil an còrr de chnàmhann anns a' Chàrn Mhór. Cuimhnich ort féin. Cuimhnich, a bhéid!"

"So, so, ma ta; na biodh an còrr air," arsa Donnachadh, 's e air miapadh a ghabhail. "Dean thusa roinn mic is màthar air na bheil 'san tabh, 's cha chuir mise 'n còrr dragha ort."

"Bu duillech leam e" arsa Seumas. "Fasgaich le do dhubhan féin; agus maduinn mhath leat an dràs."

Dh' fhalbh a' chàraid. Chum Dòmhnall a shùil orra gun ghluasad gus an do chaill e iad anns an dorch. An sin le cridhe a' plogail 'na chliabh ghlais e 'lámhan 'na chèile. Thog e aghaidh, 's a shùil ris na spéuran, far an robh riunnag a' deàrrsadh a nuas air troimh bhriseadh 's na neòil dhubha, agus arsa esan ris féin: "Glòir; glòir! Ceartas; ceartas! Nuair thèid na mèirlich a throd THEID AN T-IONRACAN 'NA CHUID! Glòir; glòir!"

Leis an so a ràdh dh' éirich e is thug e aghaidh air an tigh le cridhe is ceum glé aotrom. Bha marbh trom na h-oidheche ann nuair a thug e gnog air an doras. Dh' aithnich Màiri a ghuth nuair a thubhairt e: "Am bheil thu 'd chadal, a ghaoil?"

Ciod i a chomhdhail a bh' aca cha ruigear a leas innseadh no aithris. Dh' innis Dòmhnall an drìodart fhortanach a thàinig e troimhe 'san tom sheilich taobh na h-aibhne. Mu 'n do bhlaiss an t-éun an t-uisge an là-arn-a'-mhàireach bha Màiri air an t-slighe gu 'n luchd-lagha. Bha a sgeul cho mhi-choltach, bho 'n a bha i ceiltinn a h-ùghdair, 's nach robhtar ach gann ag éisdeachd rithe ach air sgàth modha.

"Ma ta," arsa Màiri; "mur creid sibh mise, creididh bhur sùilean féin. Cha'n 'eil fios

agamsa na's mò na sibh féin am bheil facal firinn 'sua thubhairt mi; ach a chun dearbhaidh, nach fhadadh sibh an Càrn Mór fheuchainn, agus blur barail a thoirt bhàrr na cuise."

Chaidh an lagh-bheart air shiubhal gu samhach. Rùraicheadh an Càrn Mór, agus fhuaras cnàmhan Fear a' ghlinne. Bha 'n dearbhadh 'nan cuideachd: bàrr na sgine aig Donnchadh Mór a' gliongail am broinn a chlaiginn.

Bha Seumas beag ag éirigh 'sa mhaduinn nuair ràinig an tòir e. Bhreithnich e ceann an seud 's an siubhail, agus nuair dh'iartheadh an sgian-dubb air thug e 'n làthair i gun dàil gun mhoille.

"Sin aigabh sgian-dubb Dhonnchaidh Mhóir mar a splon mi gun fhios i far an do stob e 'san talamh i a chur réite eadar mi fhìn 's e féin an oidhe a thàinig mi air, 's e 'n déidh am bailidh a mhórt. Gheall mè dha, air clachan glasa Ghlinn Fraoin nach brathainn e na bu lugha na rachadh mo cheann féin an cunnart air a shon; agus bu chéarr domh an gníomh a cheiltinn, agus leis an sein leigil le duine neo-chiontach, bochd, fulang air a shon an tomhas, agus bantrach is dilleachdain a dheanadh aig an am cheudna."

Ráineas Donnchadh Mór. Chunnaic e nach robh dol as aige; agus dh'aicheadh e a' clùis an lárach nam bonn. Chaidh a chur an sàs. Shuidh e a' chùirt. Fhuaras ciontach e agus chaidh binn bàis a thoirt air. Chaidh latha a chrochadh a chur am mach, agus thogadh croich aig a' Chlachaille Mhóir far an deach am mort a dheanadh. Thàinig an latha, agus b'e sud an latha air am bheil an t-ainm. Chruinnich sean is òg bho cheithir iomail na dùthcha 'nan eudaichean caomhanta. Bha breacan gach fine an làthair bho bhreacan trom-uaine uan Caimbeulach gu breacan lasrach-dearg nan Leathannach.

Thionail neòil throma, ghlasa thar aghaidh nan speur; bhà grian thinn, ghlas-neulach a' sealltainn trompa gu pràmbail, fann, is bhà daithéan nam breacan, an earrasaid 's an fheilidh geur-fhollaiseach air raon air an do shearg fear is fraoch. Bha mùig air na cnuc. Chluinnteadh ceilear nan éun fad as. Bha 'm feath a thig roimh 'n t-àirneach ann agus nàdur uile an comh-chòrdadh ris a' ghníomh chudthromach a bhatar dol a chur an céill: stùil mu choinneamh sùla agus faicail nu choinneamh facla. Anns na cnuc mu 'n cuairt dh'aithris, is dh'ath-aithris, Mac-talla fuaim thiamhaidh na laoidh, is chrom an comh-thional mór an cinn an ùmhachd nuair a sgaoil an sean mhinistir am mach a làmhnan is, le shùilean dùinte is aghaidh an àirde, a thaom e a chridhe an mach an ùrnuigh.

Fhuair Donnchadh cead ni 'sam bith bu

mhiann leis a radh. Theannaich an sluagh ri chéile is dh' aom iad an cluasan a dh' éisdeachd briathran deirennach an coimhearsnaich; is mhìchteadh an eridheachan bho chaint.

"Tha fios gu 'n d' rinn mi droch ghníomh; ach ma chuidich a' bhuille a tharruing mi mo dhùthaich a shaoradh o gheur-leannhainn is riasladh is eu-ceartas an-riaghlaidh an-ùghdara is aig an robh an t-slat-smachdachaidh air a druim, 's feàrrde na bhios am dhéid e. Ach 's e aithreachas cho mór 's a th'orm gu 'n d' fhuiling duine neo-chiontach as mo leth. Na 'm facadh mi Dòmhnall Ruadh 's gu 'n d' thug e maith-eanas féin domh, dh'fhàgann an saoghal gu toilichte bho 'n thoil mo ghníomhan féin bàs na croiche dhomh."

Chunnacas am bodach-siubhail 'ga phlùchadh féin troimh 'n t-sluagh, 's gach aon a' fàgail an rathaaid air. Sheas Dòmhnall mu choinneamh na croiche. Thig e dheth na lùirichean, 's mu 'n gann a mhothaich a' chuideachd éideadh an airm Fhrangaich, chual iad a ghuth briste a' toirt maitheanas do Dhonnchadh.

An sin chaidh ceartas a riarachadh a réir an lagha. Thàinig tioma mór air an t-sluagh a bha 'n làthair. Chunnac iad cumhachd an lagha dol an gníomh, is dh'fhalbh iad le trom smointean. Ach bha a cheumannan saora aig Dòmhnall Ruadh bochd; 's cha 'n eil inneadh air a' ghàirdeachas a bh' air a bhi rithist an cuideachd bhlàth a mhnatha 's a theaghlach.

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THE THIRD REPORT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The Board of Agriculture had been barely two-and-a-half years at work when its activities were thrown out of gear by the Great War. The third Report (for 1914) may be accepted as a final statement of the Board's activities during the period preceding the war. Reports in the years to come will deal with an entirely new set of circumstances which will most likely call for a considerable change of policy on the part of the Board.

One or two obvious deductions can be drawn from the figures contained in the Agricultural Reports for 1914. Of the seventy-seven thousand holdings in Scotland, nearly one-third are situated in the Highland area, nine-tenths of these being small holdings. This is one of the most striking features of the agricultural situation in the Highlands, pointing to a marked contrast between Highland and Lowland agriculture. In the circumstances, the Highlands have been seriously prejudiced by the provisions of the Act of 1911 which transferred the powers and duties of the Congested Districts' Board to

the Board of Agriculture, thus placing the agricultural administration of the Highlands and of Lowland Scotland on the same footing. It cannot be fair to the Highland smallholders to be placed in the same position as those of the southern counties where agricultural conditions are widely different.

Up to the end of the year 1914 the commissioner for small holdings had prepared 228 schemes of land settlement. These schemes applied to a total area of 167,143 acres, seven-eighths of this area being in the Highlands, while in all the rest of Scotland only some twenty thousand acres had been dealt with by the commissioner. So far as the creation of new holdings and the enlargement of existing holdings are concerned, the Act of 1911 might just as well have been limited to the Highland counties. The extension of the Act to the rest of Scotland has greatly hampered the policy of enlarging small holdings, and has thus been seriously detrimental to a sound land settlement where it is most urgently required. The enlargements affected by the Board of Agriculture, up to the end of 1914, numbered 239, all of these being in the Highlands. At that date provision had been made by the Board for the enlargement of other 316 holdings, also all in the Highlands. Out of 3,857 applications to the Board for enlargements, no fewer than 3,068 were from the Highland countries. A great proportion of the applications for new holdings also are from the same area. Clearly then the land settlement in the Highlands requires separate treatment, particularly as regards enlargement of holdings and the provision of new holdings.

The smallness of the holdings has always been a distinctive feature of Highland agriculture. The Highland in 1913 possessed 21,446 small holdings, containing 212,361 acres of arable land. In the rest of Scotland there were 30,168 small holdings containing 444,787 acres arable land, being an average of 14.4 acres per holding, compared with 9.9 acres per holding in the Highlands. Obviously, according to these figures, the enlargement of small holdings is a pressing economic problem in the Highlands, whereas in the south of Scotland, from a variety of causes, it is no problem at all.

All this goes to confirm the view that the Highlands suffered a serious injury by the supersession of the Congested Districts Commissioners. When the question of land settlement in the Highlands is again taken up at the conclusion of the war, the Congested Districts Board ought to be revived. The experience of recent years will suggest what improvements are necessary in the constitution of the Board, and whether it should be composed of paid experts or of

elected representative men. Possessing more elastic powers than its predecessor, and placed in a proper position with the Board of Agriculture, a re-constituted Board would be in a favourable position to deal with landlords and tenants, so as to affect some real progress towards the settlement of a long-standing problem. The offers made some years ago by the Duke of Sutherland, Cameron of Lochiel, and other Highland proprietors, are evidence of the fact that there is no longer any serious obstacle to an amicable settlement of this thorny problem. What is needed is a comprehensive and equitable policy carried out with sound and prudent judgment. A specially constituted body of commissioners would be in a position to bring local knowledge and local sympathy to bear upon the business entrusted to them, and would thus be enabled to avoid many of the mistakes which nullified past efforts. The experience of the Board of Agriculture during the past four years has made it manifest that that Board and the proposed Congested Districts Board should have power to deal with landlords by purchase as well as by compensation. It may be that in some cases compensation may be the preferable mode of settlement, while in others a scheme of purchase and sale might prove more suitable. In some recent cases the compensation payable for land to provide new holdings or enlargements amounted to as much as might purchase the additional land required. This is surely a *reductio ad absurdum* of the arrangements provided in the Act of 1911.

—:O:—

COMUNN NEWS.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH BHOID.—The members of this Branch appropriately celebrated the new year by a very successful concert and ceilidh, held in the Good Templar Hall, Tower Street, Rothesay. Despite a wet and stormy night, the hall was filled with an expectant and enthusiastic audience, which included a number of Highland Territorials. Capt. James Kennedy, who presided, opened the proceedings with a few remarks in Gaelic and English, wishing all a happy and prosperous new year. A highly interesting and varied programme was submitted. The Rothesay Junior Gaelic Choir, under the able direction of Mr. James MacArthur, made what was practically their first public appearance, and rendered a number of Gaelic melodies with a fine swing and rhythm, reflecting much credit on their conductor and on the Rev. D. W. MacKenzie, who trains them in the pronunciation of the Gaelic words. Gaelic solos were rendered by Mrs. MacLeod, Mrs. MacPherson, Misses Margaret MacCord, Bessie Kennedy, and Ina MacLeod, Capt. Cameron, Gunners May and Macdonald, while Mr. Harry Leitch sang a couple of popular Scotch songs. Bagpipe selections were contributed by Mr. Colin B. Turner, who also played for the girl dancers. The

programme concluded with the song, "Oidhche Mhath Leibh," sung by the choir and heartily joined in by the audience. A donation was forwarded to the treasurer of the Gaelic Ward Fund to provide comforts for the occupants of the ward in Woodside Military Hospital.

* * *

AN COMUNN AN CHILL-FHINN.—This Branch held its first ceilidh on 19th January, when Mr. Neil Shaw, general secretary, read a Gaelic essay, entitled "Cuairt 'san Fhìrth." The paper is descriptive of a ramble in a deer forest, and interesting facts of the longevity of the deer were recorded. The most interesting parts of an instructive lecture were the old and new methods of stalking and killing the antlered monarch of the glen. The paper was listened to attentively throughout and thoroughly appreciated by the members present. A programme of songs was gone through, and thereafter the customary votes of thanks. The proceedings were carried on entirely in Gaelic, and the attendance in such boisterous weather was excellent, showing how much the old language is appreciated in this Perthshire village.

—:O:—

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Readers of Gaelic.

SIR,—I have been unable to reply earlier to the letter of our friend, Mr. Lachlan Macbean.

He says at the outset that my observations with regard to the state of Gaelic in North Argyll is "sparkling optimism," which is "mainly carbonic acid gas." He does not, however, say whether he derives his superior knowledge of the district in question from personal intercourse with its people or from mere hearsay.

Has he been born and brought up in North Argyll? I have been. Does he pay it occasional and regular visits? I do. Can he give from memory the names, designations, and pedigrees of hundreds of its native inhabitants? I can.

"Sparkling optimism!" I disown the soft impeachment. I indulged in no optimistic or pessimistic assertions. I simply stated—understated, perhaps—certain facts that are within my personal knowledge. As I never asked Mr. Macbean specially to accept these facts, he might reserve his rhetoric for a worthier subject. "Sparkling rhetoric," indeed!

So much for the illuminative effusion of this master of apt phrases, our friend Mr. Macbean.

Will you, now, permit me, sir, to lead some further evidence in support of my contention that Dr. MacLennan's claims for Gaelic in Lewis seem to be by no means extravagant.

My witness is a Portree gentleman, well known throughout the West Highlands. He conducts an extensive business in the capital of Skye, and is a member of practically all the local administrative bodies. He has, for a long period, served as County Councillor, and is a Justice of the Peace, for Inverness-shire. He has been cited as a witness by every governmental commission of inquiry that has visited the Highlands within the past thirty years; is an acknowledged leader in Highland movements, and a prolific writer on Highland questions. I submit that he knows Skye and its social condition as well as any man—and better than most men.

Without any solicitation on my part, this gentleman has come forward and placed at my disposal some very striking facts and figures. He has been teaching a Gaelic class in Portree. His pupils comprised mostly boys and girls attending the High School, and numbered about one hundred and fifty eight. Of this number about fifty were bursars from the landward districts of Skye and from the outer isles. What did he find? Of the town juveniles, about seventy could read Gaelic quite fluently before entering his class. The remaining urban children belonged to parents who used English only, and these could not read, although most of them could speak, the old language. Of the fifty youngsters from the landward areas and from neighbouring islands, every one could read Gaelic, not only moderately well, but with absolute and ready precision, and many had a fair knowledge of its syntax. "In fact," continued my esteemed friend, "the majority had very little to learn from me!" Every one of the fifty—this must be remembered.

Another assertion which he made was that, in the Portree shops, taken in the aggregate, fully nine-tenths of the business was habitually transacted in Gaelic. Nine-tenths of the business—this, also, must be remembered.

Here, then, is another *cuach* of "sparkling optimism" for our friend, Mr. Macbean, to quaff. I wonder if he will venture to pit his local knowledge of Skye against that of Mr. J. G. Mackay—that is the name of my informant—as he pitted his local knowledge of North Argyll against mine. It will be interesting to see.

Dr. MacLennan says almost all the young men in landward Lewis can read Gaelic; Mr. Mackay says all the young men in Skye can read Gaelic, and I say almost all the young men in North Argyll can speak Gaelic. And behold you, Mr. Editor, and our friend Mr. Macbean, say that we are possessed with the devil of optimism. Let any reader who happens to know us all judge whether you two or we three are in the better position to offer a sound opinion from local knowledge.—I am, etc.,

ANGUS HENDERSON.

—:O:—

REVIEWS.

THE "SCOTTISH REVIEW."

1/- net—Perth: Milne, Tannahill & Methven.

The *Scottish Review* maintains its high level, and is worthy of support. Its contributors voice their opinions with no uncertain sound, and whether people can agree with them or not, they compel one to think—a thing much needed in our time. The "bill of fare" in the winter number of this magazine is varied and interesting. The writers show a competent knowledge of their subjects—in some cases wide reading and power of sane deduction. In the number previous to this one we were struck with the wide knowledge of European history possessed by Murdoch MacColla on "Questions of Principle," when he discussed the governing principles of "Centralization and Federalism." The opening article in this number is by Mr. William Diack, and is entitled "Following the Drum." Readers of previous numbers know how lucidly Mr. Diack can set down what he has to say. In this article, while he does justice to the bravery of

Highland soldiers in days gone by, he forcibly points out that "following the drum" has been a costly and profligate game for Scotland, "involving her in aggressive adventures of the predominant partner." He gives estimates of expenditure caused by the wars that began with Napoleonic times to the present, and the colossal sum of £7,300,000,000 staggers one.—There is a learned and interesting article on the "Doctrine of Rest in Irish Mythology," by A. Newman. It is well worth reading.—A "Scots Nationalist" writes on "The Future of Peace" from quite a reasonable standpoint, and argues his case well.—"Robert Burns as a Poet of Scottish Nationalism" makes interesting reading. Though writers have treated on the same theme in a different guise, the article by "Luath" is fresh and informative.—The editor writes on "A Preface"—referring to Sir James Ramsay's Preface—and draws reasonable deductions from the "Banff Charters and Papers," in which the personal names in the index, in spite of disguises, are of Celtic origin. Few are better qualified to deal with subjects of this kind than the editor.—An article entitled "*Scotia Gaelica*" is largely concerned with a letter written to the *Oban Times*, but annotated by B.R.S., who shows competent knowledge of the subject. It is dangerous to write about Picts and Scots without making a study of the subject and examining the opinions and deductions of acknowledged authorities. The labour involved in this is greater than many people are aware of.—The *Scottish Review* only requires to be known to be appreciated.

:o:

THE "CELTIC ANNUAL."

6d.—Edited by Malcolm Macleod, Dundee, and Published by John Leng & Co., Dundee.

The *Celtic Annual*, the Year Book of the Dundee Highland Society, is unquestionably the most wonderful sixpenceworth of its kind published. The beautiful illustrations, printed from pictures in the Free Library, Dundee, are alone worth sixpence. The annual would, we are sure, be a welcome addition to libraries connected with a camp or hospital where Highland soldiers are to be found. Its contents are most judiciously varied—songs with music, tales in Gaelic written by well known writers, together with other items of interest to Highlanders. We unhesitatingly recommend all Highlanders to get the *Celtic Annual*. They will not regret parting with a "saxpence" for it.

:o:

"GUTH NA BLIADHNA."

MacLaren and Sons, Argyll Street, Glasgow.

The winter number of *Guth na Bliadhna* is in its own way quite as interesting as the *Scottish Review*. The article on "The Way of the Celt" is written in sledge hammer style, and perilously near being bombastic. One is almost driven to credit the writer with being anxious to make a display of his own learning. Still, there are several pithy home thrusts in it. "Macawber," as applicable to much that is in the Celtic character, is probably true. The psychology of the Gael has been a favourite theme with several writers, but they find him rather elusive. The writer of the article thinks that "the language movement," at which he apparently sneers, cannot well be separated from politics—(others hold a different opinion)—and he falls foul of those whom he designates as

"the oracles of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*," and similar societies. Doubtless, when these societies develop after the similitude of Mr. Blair and his friends, things will be established on a proper and more "human" basis. Meanwhile they must muddle on, weighted with all the defects that are so patent to Mr. Blair, until their eyes are opened.—Mr. Lachlan MacBean's article on the "Regeneration of the Anglo-Saxon" in the *Scottish Review*, receives attention from this writer. *Fagaidh sinn a' phuinn eadar an dithis*.—An article on Nietzsche (not Neitzche, as the writer spells it) is a creditable attempt to deal with philosophical opinions and expressions in Gaelic.—A. M. E. deals trenchantly (in Gaelic) with the proposal mooted in the *Morning Post* to find an opening in life for soldiers who may return from the war, by sending them to "any of the colonies they may select." Mr. Henderson rightly pleads for the homeland first. He has written much on Gaelic and land settlement, and made a study of the question.—The *Comunn Gaidhealach* gets a whole article to itself. We shall surely be licked into shape when all the hammering is over and Nemesis slumbers.—The article on "The Scots Nobility" is still dragging "its slow length along," but it is comprehensive in grasp, and makes interesting reading.—Mr. J. D. Macpherson contributes a useful article on "Literature and the Kailyard," and scores on one or two points.—"*Le nan Seachd Sion*," by D. M. N. C., shows the writer's well-known power of wielding Gaelic epithets.—In a pleasant, chatty article Mr. Lachlan MacBean writes on Fife Place-Names, and the editor continues his philosophising on "*B'athan is Duilleagan*" in an attractive manner.—The "*Guth*" has a distinct note of its own, and is well worth reading.

:o:

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[Earrann 6.

CLÀR-ÌNNSIDH.

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LITIR FHOSGAILTE GU SAIGH- DEARAN AGUS SEOLADAIKREAN GAIDHEALACH.

A GHAIKHEALA GAISGEIL,

Thug e toileachadh nach bu bheag dhomh an uair a chualas gu 'n toigh leibh a bhi leughadh *An Deo-Gréine* cho math ri miosaichean eile. Ma ruigeas e na claisean, no cuil air choireigin de 'n raoin, agus gu 'n amais balaich bhochd air tiotan beag de thamh fhaotainn, is cinnteach gu 'n taisich cànan a dhùthcha feareigin an sud 'san so. Gun teagamh tha barrachd cothruim anns na taighean-eiridinn is àitean eile airson leughaidh, na th' aig an fheadhainn a tha ri uchd a' chunnairt. Is iomadh dùrachd bhlàth a tha 'ga bhuir leantuinn a dh' oidheche 's a là le nuinntir nach h-urrainn cuideachadh eile a thabhairt. Is iomadh guidhe a tha 'dol suas, mar thùis, bho àrd is ìosal, gu 'm bitheadh sibh air bhuir dìon bho innleachdan naimhdean an-
iochdmhor a dhearbhadh iad fein an comh-chomunn nan murtairean, agus nan deamhan, agus cha 'n ann mar shaighdearan a chumadh suas an

taobh fein le tréantas gun smal—an tréantas 'san robh na Gaidheil conharraichte am measg shaighdearan an t-saoghail.

Tha sinne a th' aig an taigh, an seilbh air sàmhchair na cagailte, taingeil gu 'm bheil air n-innis cuartaichte le cabhlach laidir a tha 'gar dion gu furachail bho 'n ionnsaigh a bu mhiann leis an nàmhaid. Is mór an t-sòchair sin. Agus a thaobh nan curaidhnean a choisinn, agus a tha sìor chosnadh, cliù air an raoin, cìod a theirear ach gu 'n do dhearbhadh le 'n tréantas, le 'm misnich, agus le 'n diorras nach 'eil iad dad air deireadh anns na feartan a rinn an sliochd bho 'n do thàrmaich iad ainneil anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh. "Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid." A Ghaidheala smiorail, thig a' bhluaidh 'na tràth; tha sinn a' creidsinn sin. Thig furtachd; cha dhìthimhneach bhuir dùthaich a comain dhùibhlse. Cha leagair leatha a dhìthimhneachadh; feumaidh i a' chomain a dhioladh air dhùigh shònruichte.

An uair a bha an t-sean Ghréig aig àirde nan laithean aghmhor mu 'n bhà daoine ionnsaichte a' meòrachadh le tiachd agus an la 'n diugh, labhair duine àrd inntinneach agus òirdheirc am buadhan do 'm b' ainm *Pericles* ri a luchd-dùthcha aig àm àraidh mar a leanas:—"Is ginealach saor sibh o'n bhroinn. Buinidh sibh do stàta fìor inbheach. Chaidh bhuir n' oileanachadh an cleachduinnean a réir sin. Mar sin bitheamh deiseil airson cruaidh-chàs—eadhon mi-fhortan—agus a dh' aindeoin gach nì a thachras, cumaidh mòr-chliù bhuir teisteanais gun dochann. Do laimh an Dàin feumar strìochdadh. Cuimhnichibh mar an ceudna, ma dhleas an dùthaich an t-ainm agus an t-urram is àirde 'san t-saoghal, nach do lùb i riamh gu làr mu choinneimh cruaidh-chàs." 'Sin agaibh an spiorad a bha anns na Gréugaich an uair a bha i air a h-aiteachadh le gaisgeich, ged tha e coltach nach 'eil innte an diugh ach

mar a thuirt *Byron*. "Greece—but living Greece no more." Ma shìolaidh an t-sean ghné as na Gréugaich, cha'n eil sin fìor do bhurtaobhsa.

Tha 'n àireamh seo de 'n *Deo-Greine* air a deiseachadh gu sònruichte air son na feadhach na tha 'san chòmhraig an ear 'san iar, cuide ris na tha air muir; agus mar an cèudna, na tha 'gan uidheamachadh fein an campan air feadh na rioghachd; gun dìchuimhn air balaich bhòchd a tha 'nan laighe anns na taighean-eiridinn—cha 'n iadsan as lugha airidh, oir chaidh iad cheana troimh 'n àmhuinn. Tha fios againn gu 'm bheil mòran de leabhraichean de gach seòrsa 'g 'ur ruigheachd, cho math ri mìltean de dhùileagan lìonta le earranan taghta agus tlachdmhor bho 'n Bheurla Shasunnaich. Tha fios cuideachd gu 'm bheil na Sgrìobtairean soirbh r'am faotainn 'n ur measg, cuide ri leabhraichean cudthromach eile. Ged tha sin mar 'bu chòir, tha e 'na aobhar toileachaidh a chluinntinn nach do chail sibh bhur n-ùidh do 'n t-sean chàin; càin bhur màthar—a Ghaidhlig, a tha mar theampull anns a bheil anam na muinntir a tha 'ga bruidheann an tasgadh. Bu mhi-iomchuidh e na 'm b'e chaochladh a bhiodh ann. Tha mi de 'n bheachd gu 'm bu chòir seòl a bhli ann a chum cridhe agus aigne an t-saighdear a bheothachadh eadhon am measg na h-ùprait a tha 'ga 'chuartachadh. An uair nach chluinnear sgàl na pìoba, cìod e is fear a thogas sunnd an cridhe a' Ghaidheil na òran math Gaidhlig. C' àite am faighear òran eile a dh'ruidheas air le seadh cho brioghmhor. "Thig crìoch air an t-saoghal ach mairidh gaol is cèd," agus "theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag."

A rithist, b' àbhaist do Ghaidheil tlachd a ghabhail ann a bhi 'leughadh sean sgéulachdan, no mar a their an dream a tha fo chuing beachd chumhang, faoin-sgéul. Ach gheibh an neach a thuigeas an seadh a tha filite anna eòlas agus teagasg mu rudan eile. An ait' a bhi 'g amlarc oirre le spiorad na fochaid, bu chòir dhuinn a' meas mar nadur de sgàthan anns a faicear staid agus caithe-beatha ar sinnseir. Cha chuala mi riamh gu 'n do mhealladh créutair toinisgeul le sgeulachdan nan sean Ghaidheil, no gu 'm bheil iad buailteach daoine a thoirt a thaobh mar a smaoinich an t-easbuig Carsuel na latha fein. Ars' an sean bhàrd:—"Mar ghat soluis do 'm anam fein, tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh," agus a rithist, "is taitneach leam facail nam fonn, is taitneach sgéul air àm a dh' fhalbh." Cha mhisde sean sgeulachdan ath-airthis. Mar sin chaidh na leanas a thaghadh o'n ionmhas a tha clo-bhuailte cheana air feadh leabhraichean Gaidhealach. Gheibhear iad anns a' "Ghaidheal," 1875; agus ma dh' fhaoidte gu 'n toir iad toileachadh dhuibh 'nuair a dh' fhàsas sibh

seachd sgith dheth na thatar a' taomadh oirbh o'n Bheurla.

Le durachd bhàth do gach saighdear agus seòladair thall 'sa bhos,

Is mise bhur caraid,

AM FEAR DEASACHAIDH.

—:O:—

A SOLDIER'S HYMN.

By *ELSIE FLEMING*.

Our readers will be interested to know that the author of this hymn is a grand-daughter of the late Donald Mackenzie, the "Jura Bard," and is only 17 years of age.

Lord God, in midst of fire and steel
We face the cruel foe,
But ere we fight, to Thee we kneel,
That Thou Thy mercy show
We fight to save a helpless land
From falling 'neath a tyrant's hand,
To lay that tyrant low.
We fight to save the helpless lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
From poverty and woe.

March Thou before us, Lord of Lords!
Our faith is fixed on Thee!
Through blaze of rifles, glint of swords,
Lead us to Victory.
Our hearts are voicing in this prayer
The power to do, the will to dare
To set the captives free;
To raise our comrades from the dust,
To Thee, O Lord, we put our trust,
Lead us to Victory!

The greatest milestone of our lives
We leave behind to-day,
Recorded by the soul which strives
To face the weary way
Unflinchingly, as soldiers should,
In cheerful and unselfish mood.
Be Thou, O God, our Stay!
Steel Thou our hearts to face the fight,
To scorn the Wrong, stand for the Right,
On this our Battle Day!

—:—:—

HOMESPUN.

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SEAN-FHOCAIL.

BHO SGRIOBHAIDEAN AN OLLA MAC
FHIONNGHAIN NACH MAIREANN.

Dearbhaidh ar Sean-fhocail, tha mi meas, gu'm buin geirad cainnt no *uit* do na Gaidheil. Tha na ceudan diubh gu sìubhlach 'n ar measg nach deachaidh fathasd an clò, ged tha fughair nach bi chuis ro fhada mar so; ach anns a' chruinneachadh a rinn Mac-an-Toisich, 's anns na chluinneas sinn am beul an t-Sluaigh, saoilidh mi gu'm faighear lan dearbhadh nach 'eil sinn air thoiseach, air ar coimhearsnaich anns a' bhuaidh so. Tha e fìor gu bheil fuaim nam focal gu tric 'a meudachadh snas an ràdh: "Ceist bradaig air breugaig;" "Bagair 's na buail;" "An t-ainm gun an tairbhe;" "Cha lion beannachd brù;" "Cridhe na circe an gob na h-airce;"—ach is buaidh so a gheibhear ann an Sean-fhocail gach tìre; agus is buaidh ionmholt a ian uair a tha i air a deagh chleachdadh. Ach gheibh sinn 'u ar Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach smuain 'us cainnt cho geur 'sa gheibhear an Sean-fhocail 's am bith. Agus an coimeas ris na Sean fhocail Bheurla, saoilidh mi gur e na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach gu tric is fearr. Tha cuid a gheibhear 's an dà chanain; agus, ma 's e 'n eadar-theangachadh a rinn sinne, rinu sinn an corr—leasach sinn iad an smuain 's an cainnt. Tha na Goill "*A lie hath no leys*;" their sinne "*Cha seas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois*;" a ris, de "*Raw davds make fat lads*" rinn sinne "*S' i 'n tavis bhog a ni' mäs rag*;" agus far an abair na Goill, maol an smuain, 's lom an cainnt "*Far birds have fair feathers*," their sinne "*Is gorm na cnuic tha fada uaim*." Anns gach feart a ni suas Sean-fhocail—frinn an smuain, snas 'us maise cainnt, fallaineachd teagaisg, cha d' thoirear barr air na leanas: "Chluinnidh am bodhar fuaim an airgid;" "Is rìgh an cam am measg nan dall;" "Cha chluinn e ach na 's binn leis;" "S i 'n dias is truite is isle 'chronas a ceann;" "Bithidh duil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi duil ri fear lic;" agus dh' fhaodte na fìchedan eile ainmeachadh.

Cha dearb' ar Sean-fhocail gu'm bu daoine naimhdeil, fuilteach, no sgallaiseach na Gaidheil; agus do bhrìgh so saoilidh mi nach b'e geirad no sgateachd a theirtadh o shean ri *uit*. Tha cuid diubh salach, ach tha mi meas anns an rathad so nach 'eil iad na 's measa, ma tha iad cho dona, ri 'n coimhearsnaich. Gheibhear teagasg mi-fhallain an cuid diubh, agus so air doigh nach biodh fughair ris am measg nan Gaidheil—"Bagair 's na buail;"—ach cha 'n fhaighear ach ainmige. Air taobh frinn, onoir, gloine an smuain, an cainnt, 's an gnìomh tha iad; agus tha mi meas gu bheil na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhealach 'n am fianuis cho urramach air

gliocas, gleustachd 'us deadh-bheus ar n-Aithrichean, 's a tha iad air maise 's air neart na Gaidhlig.

Agus 's e mo bharail gu'n dearbh cainnt 'us co-luadar ar Sluaigh 'n ar latha fein, gu bheil ar beachd air dreuchd geirad cainnt no *uit* mar mhodh-teagaisg na 's cothromaiche na chuireas na focail ghnathaichte an ceill. 'S e gearradh, sgathadh, beumadh, a reir ar cainnt, is crìoch do'n bhuaidh so. Ach cha 'n e so gu leir ar cleachduinn; co-dhiu anns na ceannan 's a bheil mise eòlach. Cha saoil mi gu'm faighear ann am Breatunn deise cainnt na's cumanta na gheibhear ann an Eileanan Iar na Gaidhealtachd; agus tha mi meas gu bheil a' bhuil gus an cuirear am feart anns a' chuid is mò a chum buannachd. Tha 'n teagadh geur, sgòilte; ach saoilidh mi gu'm faicear driuchd na meala cho tric ri driuchd a' phuinnsein air a barr. Cleachdar i air uairean gu mi-laghail a sgaoileadh sgainneal 's a chur smal air deadh ainm; agus gu laghail a sgiursadh a' pheacach nach fairich peanas eile cho goirt. Gheibhear an luath-bheul 's an droch-bheul air uairean 'n ar measg; ach mar is trice 's ann ri cridheile, ri mire, 's ri sùgradh neo-chiontach a gheibhear a' bhuaidh air a cleachdadh. Cha 'n fhaigh meud-mhoir no blathastaireachd moran fathanais; agus feudaidh an gille no 'n nighean a thig dhachaidh thar Galldachd le brieadh Beurla 's le fasain ùra, a bhi cinnteach gu'n teid an cliu a sheirm an rann 's an radh nach taitinn ri. Ach nach ann a bu choir dhuinn a bhi taingeil gu bheil saighhead air chor-eigin ann a dhruigheas air seiche thiugh a' ghurraich 's a' pheasain; gu'n tig oiteag oirnn taobh-eigin a shiabas d' a aite fein an dealan de. Tha 'm bata daraich maith 's an stri ma's diulanach do namhaid; ach bu dona an t-arm e a shealg ghraineag no dheargann. Is beag duil aig an t-Sasunnach a dh' fharas sgìbeadh a thoirt an aigis dha, no bheir leis balach, gun bhròig gun bhoinde, a ghluhan a shaic, gu bheil suil fosgailte ach a shuil fein. Cuiridh an Sasunnach luid-eagan a' bhalaich 's a chainnt thuasteach gu *Punch*; 's bheir am balach teisteanas an t-Sasunnach gu 'mhathair. Co is geire suil is meannach 'n intinn, bhiodh e faoin fheorach; oir leughaidh an Saoghal *Punch*, 's cha teid cliu a' bhalaich seach an t-ath dhorus.

'N ar litreachas gheibhear geirad cainnt gu tric, agus air a chleachdadh gu maith 's gu h-olc. Mar thuir mi cheana, cha 'n fhaighear am feart so 's an intinn is airde d' ar Cinneadh air 'a bheil cunntas againn—Oisean. Ach gheibhear cainnt dheas anns na Sgeulachdan gu minic, agus air uairean air a cleachdadh ann an doigh a tha fìor thoilintinneach. Ach 's ann am measg nam Bard a gheibhear a' bhuaidh so 'n a lan neart, 'n a lan mhaise, agus 'n a lan

ghrainealachd. Anns a' bheagan tha againn de sheana Bhardach gheibhear a' bheag no mhor de gheirad cainnt, air uairean mear, sundach; mar is tricé, salach, breun. Ann an "Sar obair nam bard Gaidhealach" tha 'n glan 's an salach, am millis 's an searbh ri fhaotainn co-cheangailte ris 'a bhuaidh so. Am measg nam Bard is isle cliu, cha 'n aithne dhomh aon a chleachd teangadh dheas airson culaidh-mhagaidd a dheanadh de neach cho maith ri Gilleasbuig na Ciotag ann an "Oran cnàideil do'n Olla Leodach." Am measg nam Bard is ainmeile tha ceathrar gu tric air an comharrachadh airson sgaiteachd an cainnt, Iain Loin, Rob Donn, Donnachadh Ban, agus Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair. Ann am bheachd-sa, cha 'n airidh an dithis mu dheireadh, air a' chliù so. Bha buaidhean ard aca; ach cha robh *uit* aca. Cha 'n aithne dhomh ni cho maslach d'ar cainnt r'in "Aoirean." Ma 's geiread cainnt so, feudaidh neach 's am bith a bhi geur. Tilg firinn, naire, gloine a leth-taobh; rannsaich am Foclair Gaidhlig airson gach focal beumnach, sgainnealach, salach; agus ma tha cluas-chiuil mhaith agad, 's beagan cleachdadh air deanadh rann, ni thu "Di-moladh Moraig," no "Aoir an Tailleir" ann an leth latha. Bha teangadh sgaiteach, shearbh aig Iain Lom, agus bu tric a dh' fhairich a naimhdean fein agus naimhdean na coir a cumhachd. Ach saoilidh mi gu'm b'e Rob Donn a b' fharsuinge intinn; 's e co-dhiu a bu bhlaithé cridhe. B'e 'n dithis *Journal* agus *Horace* na Gaidhealtachd.

Saoilidh mi nach robh ach dà Ughdar Ghaidhealach againn aig an robh beachd cothronach air 'a bhuaidh so mar mhodh-teagaisg. B'e sin Rob Donn agus an t-Olla MacLeoid nach mair-eann. B'iadsan a mhairean a sgùrsadh ann an caoinhneas; a lotadh a chum leigheas. Bha Rob gun teagamh salach air uairean; ach bha e 'n comhnuidh fìor. Airson sgeig, fanoid, àbhachd, cha robh a leithid againn, mur robh MacLeoid.. "Tha 'n osann dheireannach cràiteach;" ach nach iomadh abhaist 'us fasan a chuir an dà dhuine so gu bàs le gàire air an gnais. Na'm biodh tuilleadh de'n leithidean againn, no na 'm biomaid na 'b'eolaiche orra fein na tha sinn, cha b'ann le geiread, sgath, no beum teagaidh a dh'eadar-teangaicheamaid *uit*. Bha 'n dà dhuine ann an iomadh doigh gle eucoltach ri cheile. Cha robh Rob ach 'n a bhuaichille, 's cha leughadh e focal de chanain fein no de chanain eile. Cha robh moran 's an rioghachd a b' airde ann am meas 's an comunn dhaoine mora na MacLeoid; chunnaic e moran dhaoine 's moran bhailean, agus leugh e moran leabhraichean ann an iomadh canain. Ach bu bhrathrean 'n an intinn iad; agus bu leth-bhrathrean 'n an dreuchd iad, oir bha aon 'n a fhoirfeach 's aon 'n a mhinistear. Bha Rob 'n a bhàrd mu'n robh e tri bliadhna a dh' aois; cha

d' rinn Tormod a bheag de rann. Ach 's i an aon bhuaidh a ghleidheas air, chuimhne iad. Bha suil aca a thoirt fainear gach ni iongantach, neonach, àbhachdach; agus bha teangadh dheas 'us cridhe blàth aca airson culaidh-mhagaidd a dheanadh de chleachdainean suarach 'us nishadhar nach robh aig neach 'eile a sgrìobh an Gaidhlig. B'e leas nan Gaidheal crìoch beatha MhicLeoid, 's b'e 'n teagaisg crìoch an *Teachdaire*; agus 's e cliu bhuan Rob Dhuinn gu'n seasadh e 'n fhirinn 's a' choir co-dhiu b'e Morair no Maor a bhiodh 'g an sarachadh.

Tha geiread, deise, 'us snas cainnt, ma ta, dual do'n Ghaidheal. 'N ar measg-ne cha 'n 'eil focal freagarrach againn airson 'a bhuaidh ainmeachadh; ach gheibhear an ni fein 'n ar measg anns gach linn. Mar nìodh-teagaisg mhi-ghnathaich cuid d'ar Baird is ainmeile 'a bhuaidh so; agus lean an eiseimpleir-san ann an tomas g'ar latha fein. Gheibhear an fearm am measg ar luchd-dùthcha fathast; ach 's ann le gruain a sheallas ar luchd-teagaisg air. Bhiodh ard fhear-teagaisg na Greige 'g a chòimeas fein ri bean-ghluin—ag aisead na hinntinn. An 'n e Rìgh na h-Eiphit a dh' orduich dhuinne gach leanabh mic a bheir an intinn thun an t-saoghail a chuir gu bas, co-dhiu ma 's ann 's a' chanain a tha dual dha a chuireas e 'dhuthchas an ceill? D. M'K.

—:o:—

THE FIFTH REPORT OF THE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSIONERS.

The report of the Development Commissioners for the year to 31st March, 1915, is, as might be expected, a somewhat modest document. On the outbreak of the war, the Commissioners at first thought that there would be extensive unemployment, and they looked for urgent calls to be made upon them to meet the expected distress. As is well known, however, all gloomy anticipations of the kind turned out to be entirely wrong. Indeed, the commissioners had to discourage the development of work employing men suited for enlistment. They made an exception in the case of the fishing industry, so as to help the home food supply. Research schemes were financed, only so far as was necessary, to maintain continuity in the work until the war is over. Many of the grants for the past year are what may be termed recurrent grants. Agriculture as well as fisheries called for exceptional consideration from the Commissioners. The report says— "It is evidently desirable that, on the termination of the war, opportunities of agricultural work on a large scale and upon conditions calculated to satisfy men who have been serving

in the army should be forthcoming, and the commissioners have kept this aim in view."

It is to be noted with regret that the unfair treatment of the Highlands which was a feature of the work of this Commission in previous years, has been continued in the year now under review. The grants and loans recommended for the United Kingdom during 1914-15 amounted to £549,947, and of this considerable sum only £2500 is for the development of the Highlands. The amount of the grants for the promotion of agricultural and rural industries is £287,738, and of this, all that the Highlands receive is a paltry £150 in aid of the salary and expenses of a special organiser of agricultural co-operation in the Hebrides. An advance to the Board of Agriculture for Scotland for horse breeding and the improvement of stock will probably benefit the Highlands to some extent.

It is amazing to find that nothing has been given for forestry or afforestation in the Highlands. The total sum recommended in 1914-15 for this object was £78,000, nearly all of which goes to Ireland and England. Well might Lord Rosebery speak of Ireland as the "predominant partner." A loan of £25,000 was sanctioned four years ago for the acquisition of land in that country suitable for afforestation, yet we have it in this report that "the commissioners considered certain offers received by the Treasury to sell estates in Scotland to the Government for afforestation or reclamation, but for financial and other reasons were unable to recommend the acceptance of any offer." It is to be noted that this decision was arrived at long before the war. The glaring partiality with which grants have been sanctioned for the promotion of forestry is unredeemed and is wholly inexcusable. A grant of £250 was made to the Board of Agriculture for a preliminary survey with a view to reclamation of land on the shores of the Cromarty Firth, and a loan of £1500 for the improvement of Cromarty harbour was granted on the security of the harbour revenues and a subsidy from the Admiralty.

The only grant made for the development and improvement of the Highland fisheries was a renewal to the Fishery Board of the grant of £600 for scientific investigations in Loch Fyne. An application by that Board for a motor boat for further scientific investigations was postponed. Nothing was given to help the West Highland fishermen whose needs are so great, and whose public services have recently called forth such unstinted admiration. On the other hand, we read that a loan of £4000 was given to assist fishermen in West Cornwall to install motor engines in their vessels, while the balance of a loan of £20,000 is allowed to the Irish

Congested Districts Board for the provision of modern fishing vessels. It will be seen that in allocating grants for fisheries and for forestry there is the same pitiful lack of fairness which characterises the agricultural grants.

During the year under review, Ireland has received £120,000 in grants and loans, and the Highlands only £2,500. When will the people of the Highlands learn to send to Westminster representatives willing to look after their interests?

—:—

MAR A CHUIREADH SUAS AN FHEINN.

(*Bho I. F. Caimbeul.*)

Bha rìgh aon uair air Eirinn leis am bu duilich cis a leag na Lochlannaich air Alba's air Eirinn. Bha iad a' tighinn air a rìoghachd fhein an am foghair agus samhraidh 'g am beathachadh fhein air a chuid, 's iad 'n an daoine calma, laidir; ag itheadh 's a' milleadh na bha na h-Albannaich 's na h-Eirionnaich a' deanadh ri bliadhna eile. Chuir e fìos air comhairleach, a bh' aige 's dh' innis e dha na bha 'n a bheachd: gu 'n robh toil aige dòigh fhaotainn air na Lochlannaich a chumail air an ais. Thuit an comhairleach ris nach cinneadh sid leis an gradaig, ach na'n gabhadh e chomhairle-san gu 'n cinneadh e leis ri uine.

"Pòs," ars' an comhairleach, "an ceud fhear agus an ceud bhean a's mò an Eirinn air 'a cheile; pòs an sliochd air a cheile a rithist; leig an treas ginealach an coineamh nan Lochlannaich." Chaidh so a dheanadh, 's 'n uair a thainig an treas ginealach gu h-inbhe dhaoine thainig iad a nall a dh-Albainn agus Cumhal air an ceann. Chinnich leo na Lochlannaich a egrios 's a chur air an ais. Rinn Cumhal rìgh deth fhein an Alba an uair sin leis na daoine so, 's cha leigeadh e Lochlannach no Eirionnach a dh-Albainn ach e fhein. Bha so 'n a dhoilgheas le rìgh Lochlann, 's rinn e suas ri rìgh Albann gu 'm biodh cairdeas eatorra thall 's a bhos an uair sin. Chuir iad ri cheile, na trì rìghean, rìgh Lochlann, 's rìgh Albann, 's rìgh Eirionn, gu 'm biodh còisir mhór dhamhsaidh aca, 's gu 'm biodh cairdeas agus reite eatorra.

Bha sgeim eadar rìgh Eirionn agus rìgh Lochlann rìgh Alba a chur gu bàs. Bha Cumhal cho treun 's nach robh innleachd air a chur gu bàs, mar am marbheadh le a chlaidheamh fhein e, 'n uair a bhiodh e dìolta òil agus mnatha, 'n a chadal. Bha 'roghainn aige de dh-aona dhoireannach a bha 's a' chuideachd, agus 's i nighean rìgh Lochlann a ghabh e mar roghainn. Nuair chaidh iad a luidhe bha duine agus a' chuideachd d' anm b' ainm Arcau dubh a shonraich iad airson am mort a dheanadh 'nuair a

bhiodh iad 'nan cadal. Nuair a chaidil iad fhuair Arcan dubh claidheamh Chumhail 's mharbh e leis e. Bha 'm mort deanta 's bha 'h-uile cuis ceart. Bha Alba fo na Lochlannaich 's fo an h-Eirionnaich, 's bha claidheamh Chumhail ag Arcan dubh.

Dh' fhaig rìgh Lochlann a phiuthar aig rìgh Eirionn, 's ordugh aige na 'm bu leanabh-mic a bhiodh aice a mharbhadh, ach na 'm bu leanabh-nighinn a bhiodh ann a chumail beo. Bha fàisneachd ag innseadh gu 'n d' tigeadh Fionn Mac Chumhail, 's gur h-e 'n comharra a bha air so, amhainn a bha an Eirinn, nach marbhteadh breac oirre gus an tigeadh Fionn. 'S e a thionn-daich a mach a thoradh na ceud oidheche a bha 'n sid gu 'n d' rug nighean rìgh Lochlann mac agus nighean do Chumhail. Cha robh piuthar aig Fionn ach i so 's b' i mathair Dhiarmaid. An oidheche a rugadh iad theich a mhuime leis a mhac, 's chaidh i do dh' àite fasail leis, 's bha i 'g a bheathachadh 's 'g a chumail suas an sin gus an do thog i 'n a leanabh foghainteach, tleachdar e.

Smaoinich i gu 'm bu duilich leatha e 'bhith gun ainm aice. 'S e 'n ni a rinn i, dh' fhalbh i leis thun a' bhaile feuch am faigheadh i innleachd air ainm a thoirt air. Chunnaic i sgoilearan a' bhaile a' snamh air loch uisge.

"Falbh a mach cuide riutha siud," arsa 's ise ris, "s ma gheibh thu greim air h-aon cuir fodha e 's bàth e, 's ma gheibh thu greim air dithis cuir fodha iad 's bàth iad."

Ghabh esan a mach air an loch 's thoisich e air bàthadh na cloinne. Thuit gu 'n robh fear de dh' easbuigean an àite 'g a choimhead.

"Co," arsa esan, "am Mac Maol Fionn 'ud, 's rasg rìgh 'n a cheann a tha a' bàthadh nan sgoilearan?"

"Gu meal e ainm," arsa a mhuime, Fionn Mac Chumhail Mhic Finn Mhic Uile-bheurais, Mhic h-Art, Mhic Ard-rìgh Eirionn, 'S tha uams' a bhith 'g um thoirt fein as."

Thainig esan, an sin, air tìr agus sgrìobh ise leatha e. Nuair a bha 'n tòir gu breith orra leum e bhar muin a mhuime, 's rug e air chaol da chois oirre, 's chuir e nu amhaich i. Chaidh e stigh roimh choille leatha, 's nuair a thainig e mach as a' choile cha robh aige ach an dà lurga. Thachair loch ris an deigh tighinn a mach as a' choile 's thig e 'n dà chois a mach air an loch. 'S e Loch nan Lurgann a theirteadh ris an loch as a dheigh so. Dh' fhàs dà bheist mhoir á da lurga muime Fhinn. 'S e siud an cairdeas a bh' aige ri da bheist Loch an lurgann.

Dh' fhalbh e 'n so, 's e gun bhìadh gun dibh, dh' ionnsuidh a' bhaile mhoir. Choinnich Arcan dubh, ag iasgach air an amhainn, e, agus cu cuideachd ris, Bran Mac Buidheig.

"Cuir a mach an t-slat air mo shon-sa," arsa

e ris an iasgair, "s an t-acras orm, feuch am faigh thu breac dhomh."

Luidh am breac ris, 's mharbh e 'm breac. Dh' iarr e 'm breac air Arcan dubh.

"'S tusa 'm fear," arsa' Arcan dubh, "nuair a dh' iarradh tu 'm breac, 's mise 'g iasgach o cheann bhliadhnaichean do 'n rìgh 's gun bhreac agam da fhathad."

Dh' aithnich e gur h-e Fionn a bh' aige. Gus an sgeul a chur an aithghearr mharbh e breac do 'n rìgh 's d'a uhnaoi, 's d'a mhac, 's d'a nighinn, ma 'n d' thug e gin do dh' Fhionn. Thug e 'n sin breac dha.

"Feumaidh tu," arsa' Arcan dubh, "am breac a bhrùich an taobh thall de 'n amhainn, 's an teine 'n taobh so d' i, nu 'm faigh thu mìr deth ri 'itheadh; 's cha 'n faigh thu cead maide 'tha 's a' choille a chur g'a bhrùich."

Cha robh fios aige 'n so dé a dheanadh e. 'S e an ni a thachair, chaidh e air tòir muin shaibh, 's chuir e na teine i thar na h-amhann. Thainig tonn de 'n lasair a nall 's loisg i ball air a' bhreac, ni a bha air a bhacail. Chuir e 'n so a mheur air a' bhall dubh a thainig air a bhreac, 's loisg e i 's chuir e 'n sin 'n a bheil i. Fhuair e 'n so fios gur h-e Arcan dubh so a mharbh 'athair; 's mar am marbhadh esau Arcan dubh, 's e 'n a chadal, gu 'm marbhadh Arcan dubh esan an uair a dhuisgeadh e. 'S e 'n ni a bha ann mharbh e 'm bodach. Fhuair e 'n sin cu 's claidheamh; 's e b' ainm do 'n chu Bran Mac Buidheig.

Smaoinich e 'n sin nach toireadh e 'n Eirinn na b' fhaide, ach gu 'n tigeadh e dh' Alba airson saighdearan 'athar fhaotainn. Thainig e air tìr am Farbaine. Fhuair e 'n sin meal mior a dh' Athaich, daoine gnathasda. Thug e gu 'm b' e na saighdearan a bha aig 'athair a bha ann, 's iad 'nan ciomaich bhochd aig na Lochlannaich, 'a sealg daibh, 's gun iad a' faotainn ach an t-iomall na theachd-an-tìr dhaibh fein. Thug na Lochlannaich uatha na h-airm nuair thigeadh cogadh na ni sam bith eagail eiridh leis na naimhdean. Bha aon duine sonraicht aca airson togail nan arm sin d' am b' ainm Ullamh Lamh-fhad. Chruinnich esan na h-airm s thug e leis iad uile, 's thuit gu 'n robh claidheamh Fhinn 'nam measg. Dh' fhalbh Fionn as a dheigh 's e 'g iarraidh a chaidheimh fein. Nuair a thainig iad an sealladh an airm Lochlannaich thubhairt e.—

Fuill air fear 's fear gun fhuil,

Gaoth thar sluaigh, 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

"Dé a bhith g'am buin sin?" arsa Ullamh Lamh-fhad. "A' choreag chaidheimh bha agam," arsa Fionn, "thug sibh leibh a measg chaich i, 's misde mise gam dlùth i 's cha 'n fheadrde sibhse agaibh i."

"Dé 'n t-euchd a b' fhearr a dheanadh tu leatha na 'm biodh i agad?"

"Cheannsaichinn an treas cuid de na chi mi mu m' choinneamh de shluagh."

Thug Ullamh Lamh-flada lamh air na h-airm. An claidheamh a bu choltaiche 's a b' fhearr a fhuair e ann thug e dha e. Rug e air 's chrath e e, 's thilg e as a nhaide feodain e, 's ars 'e,—

'S e fear dh'an ealtuinn dhuibh a th' ann;
Cha b' e, Mac an Luin—mo lann;
Cha bu lochd a thoirt à truail,
Bhar uain cha tuga dh' e'n ceann.

Thuir e'n dara uair na briathra ciadhna,
Thuir e'n treas uair,

Fuil air fear agus fear gu'n fhuil,
Gaith thar sluagh 's truagh gun Mac an Luin.

"De a dheanadh tu leis na'm faigheadh tu e?"

"Dheanadh gu'n ceannsaichinn uile na chi mi."

Thilg e air lar na h-airm uile. Fhuair Fioun a chlaideamh, 's ars' e'n sin, "S e so fear mo laimhe deise-sa."

Thill e'n sin 'ionnsuidh nan daoine a dh' fhag e. Fhuair e'n t-ord Fann's shein e e. Chruinnich na bha'n taobh deas de dh' Alba de na Fiantaichean far an robh e. Dh' fhalbh e leis na daoine so, 's chaidh iad am bad nan Loch-lannach, 's a' chuid nach do mharbh iad diu sgiurs iad à Alba iad.

—:o:—

AULD LANGSYNE.

Air sgàth na tim o chian a ghraidh,
Air sgàth na tim o chian,
Gu'n òl sinn cupan caoinhneil fhath'st
Air sgàth na tim a chian.

'N còir seann luchd eòlais dol air chul
'S gu'n tigh'nn gu brath gu cuimhn'?
'N còir seann luchd eòlais dol air chul
'S na laithean bh'ann a chian?

Luinnneag.

Bu tric a ruith sinn feadh nam bruach,
A' buain nan neoinean' sgiamhach;
Ach 's iomadh céum a ghluais sinn sgith
O'n tim a bh'ann o chianaibh.

Luinnneag.

Bu tric a luidir sinn le cheil'
'N uair bhiodh an Samhradh grianach
Ach sgar an cuan'o cheile sinn
O'n tim a bh'ann o chianaibh.

Luinnneag.

So dhuit mo lamh, 's thoir dhomh do lamhs'
A charaid bhaigheil fhiachail,
'S gu'n òl sinn cuach air cinneas gràidh
Nan laithean bh'ann o chianaibh.

Luinnneag.

—Adapted from verses which appeared in the "Gael."

THE DEPARTMENT AND GAELIC.

EXPOSURE OF TACTICS.

FREEDOM OF TEACHING.

Mr. W. J. Gibson, M.A., rector of the Nicolson Institute, Stornoway, writing to the *Educational News* last week, switches a strong search-light on the attitude of the Education Department towards the teaching of Gaelic. Mr. Gibson confesses he is not a Gaelic student, but it is easy to see that he is a clear-sighted educationist. Would that every master of a Higher Grade School in the Highlands were possessed of so clear a vision. That a barrier should be set up against a language which is accepted by two of our Universities as a subject for the degree of M.A., is amazing, to put it in the mildest terms. The Comunn Gaidhealach, as well as all other associations having the interests of Gaelic at heart, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gibson for his clear statement of facts. Mr. Gibson says:—

The Teaching of Gaelic.

"The particular subject I wish to speak of is Gaelic. In the school with which I am connected, this language, the mother-tongue of half the secondary pupils, has formed part of their course during the last twenty years. Since 1905 the Department have provided a Lower Grade examination. Throughout a number of years my Managers have periodically sought to have this supplemented by a higher examination. Up to this year such a reasonable concession for a language, not only taught in the schools, but forming a degree subject in two of the Universities, was steadily refused, or at least not granted. One would have supposed that an Education Department which had under its supervision a number of schools of which the pupils were bi-lingual would have shown much interest in the language problem, and would have gone out of their way to encourage any advanced study of Gaelic which the secondary schools were prepared to offer. Not so. Our efforts in this direction have seemed to secure from the Department little of interest and nothing of encouragement, although in this school itself sometimes as many as fifty lower presentations have been made in a year. It was only two years ago that the Department at length seemed to begin to consider the matter seriously. In our efforts to remove their unwillingness to regard Gaelic as having a possible Higher Grade level, we had gradually increased the amount of attention being given to the linguistic side of the study, including the relation of Scottish Gaelic to the other Celtic languages, with, for comparison, some

elementary instruction in Irish and Welsh. The Department now indicated that if they were to be convinced that Gaelic could provide material for a Higher Grade examination, a loading of the paper in Scottish Gaelic with questions on the philology of the Celtic tongues could hardly be looked on as satisfactory.

A Pedagogic Problem.

Here emerged a definite pedagogic problem of a rather attractive character. Could the study of the available Gaelic literature of Scotland be taken up from the literary and humanistic side in such a way as to yield for Gaelic-speaking children a discipline that would be fairly comparable with that given by French or German? To this we addressed ourselves. We had been fortunate in having had a succession of good native teachers of Gaelic, whose accumulated experience was of value. Not being myself a Gaelic student, I further sought the advice of those outside the school, who by their knowledge of Gaelic literature and first-hand acquaintance with the bi-lingual difficulty, might be best able to help. Meantime we ceased the attempt at a comparative study of the simpler usages of the Celtic tongues, confined ourselves to Scottish Gaelic, and set out to broaden the literary aspects of the pupils' study. Ultimately a sample Higher Grade examination paper, drawn up on these lines, was submitted to the Department, who in the meantime were being pressed vigorously by other school authorities to give a Higher examination. Last May it was at length intimated that an examination in Higher Gaelic would be given in 1916. Why the examination should not have been granted half-a-dozen years before is impossible to say: neither teachers nor pupils are more numerous now, and the extent of available Scottish Gaelic literature can hardly be said to have increased during the period of waiting. The lines of recognition were laid down in Circular 471, the tone of which strikes a reader as anything but encouraging. Its main concern seems to be, not to foster the study of Gaelic, but to take precautions lest cheap passes should in some way be secured, or the unfit should try to teach the language. It is a "fencing of the table" rather than a spreading of the feast.

Departmental Difficulties.

But difficulties were not yet over. To be allowed to present candidates the scheme of work must be approved. Accordingly, at the beginning of the current session, a scheme was submitted on the lines already indicated. After this had lain with the Department for two months, they suggested certain changes, including the reading of two additional texts (one by

a 17th century Irish writer). These texts form part of the volume of Gaelic prose specimens recently edited by Professor Watson, and issued from the press whilst our scheme was in the Department's hands. Other modifications were proposed—good enough in themselves for linguistic purposes—which would have had the effect of changing our angle of approach to the subject by bringing us back to some extent to our old practice, and generally of altering our scheme from a unity with a definite aim into something of a patchwork. Reasons were suggested to the Department why these changes should not be pressed. They replied courteously, but urged the alterations. They were then asked if the approval of the scheme, and with it the presentation of the Higher Grade candidates, was conditional on the proposed changes being adopted. The tone of their answer to this question was such that my managers believed themselves to be faced with the alternative of accepting the Department's amendments or having the candidates, now for some time under preparation, debarred from the examination. In these circumstances they, very reasonably, decided to shield the pupils from hardship by adopting the Department's proposals, but under protest.

Want of Freedom.

A priori, one would have anticipated that in the preparation of pupils for this examination, especially as so few schools are concerned, the Department would have desired as much variety of profession and method of attack as possible, would at any rate let each school try to work out its own salvation for a few years, until every one, including the Department, had had some experience of the results produced. But that has not been the method. A school which had been working more or less at the subject for a score of years could not be trusted to run a scheme of its own without emendation to meet the Department's views.

A Test Case.

To some of your readers, Sir, I may seem to be writing of a small matter. But a feather may serve to show how the wind blows. As far as this little test case is evidence, there is not professional freedom even in our class work. Yet a schoolmaster cannot be expected to promote in the young the qualities of initiative, originality, and individuality, if these are denied to himself in his work. The older men of us regret, but can hardly wonder, when we hear that the abler young men from the universities now tend to shun the teaching profession, or, having entered it, are leaving it for other and freer callings."

AIR CLEACHDANNAIBH CIANAIL NAN GAIDHEAL ANNS NA H-AMANNAIBH A DH' FHALBH.

Goirid o cheithir cheud bliadhna roimh so rugadh oighre air Gart, aig bun Ghlinn-Liobhainn do'n d' thugadh ciòch le té de Chloinn Dhiarmaid. Bha dithis mhac aice, aon diubh comh-dhalta do oighre Ghart, agus am fear eile na bu shine na sin. Dh' fhàs an t-oighre suas 'n a òganach sgiamhach agus gaisgeil, agus cha robh a chomh-dhalta a bheag sam bith air dèireadh air, a thaobh misnich agus tàbhachd. Aig an àm sin bha an earrann bu mho de Ghleann-Liobhainn le cloinn Iabhair, cinneach dalma agus cruadhalach, a chaill còir air an oighreachd goirid, an deigil do'n sgeul a leanas tachairt. Dh' éirich aimhreite eadar am mac a b' oige bh' aig banaltrum oighre Ghart, agus aon de chloinn Iabhair; agus air do'n òganach mòran tàmailt fhaotuin thubhairt e ri Mac Iabhair, "Mar is beò mise, a Mhic Iabhair, bheir oighre Ghart ort gu'n diol thu air son so fathast." Dhealaich na fir agus cha do chaill an t-òganach agus a bhràthair ùine sam bith gun an d' thug iad Casteal Ghart orra, a chur an ceill do'n uachdaran mar a thachair. Chual Clann Iabhair gu'n do ghabh na h-òganaich an t-slighe gu Gart agus air ball, chuir iad an ruaig orra. Thàinig iad air an dà bhràthair gun fhios gun aire dhoibh, aen air doibh-san an cuanart feir fhaicinn ghràdeùn iad a stigh do linne dhomhainn ann an Liobhainn, 's an dòchas nach leanadh Clann Iabhair leis an eagal iad. Ach ged nach deachaidh Clann Iabhair a stigh do'n amhainn, gidheadh, thilg fear diubh saighead air na h-òganaich a bha 's an linne—lìonadh comh-dhalta Ghart gu searbh—thuite e sìos do ghrùnn na linne, agus bhàthadh e. B' e Dòmhnall Mac Dhiaruid a b'ainn da, agus goirear "Linne Dhòmhnull" ris an àite gu ruig an là an diugh! Fhuair an t-òganach eile comas teichidh, agus ràinig e Gart. Dh' innis e do'n tighearna òg mar a thachair, agus air da a bhì làn corruich air son mar a bhuin Clann Iabhair ri comh-dhalta, chuir e roimh air ball aichmheil a thoirt a mach, agus a bhàs a dhioladh. Chruinnich o gu h-ealanh a chuid daoine, agus ràinig e Gleann Liobhainn air an ceann. Air do Mhac Iabhair cùisean a thuigsinn, chruinnich esan, mar an ceudna, a luchd-leannmhuinn fein, agus chòmhlaich e Fear-Ghart aig meadhan a ghlinne. Air do na seoid coinneachadh, chuir iad fàilt air a chèile, agus labhair iad dh' fhéuchainn an rachadh cùisean a shoerachadh gu'n bhuille a bhualadh. Bha breacan air guailibh Ghart air an robh taobh dearg, agus taobh dhorch, agus thubhairt e r'a chuid daoine, iad a bhì deas gu bualadh air na naimhdebh gun mhoille, gun

bhàigh, na'n cuireadh esan taobh dearg a' bhreacain a mach! Is gann a thug e an àithe seachad, an uair a rinn Mac Iabhair fead, agus ghrad leum mòran dhaoine fo'n làn armachd à bad coille a bha goirid o laimh, agus sheas iad maille ri'n ceann-cinnidh, agus ris na fearaibh a bha còmhladh ris, a labhair ri Gart. "Cò iad sin," ghlaodh Fear-Ghart, "agus ciod an gnothuch an so?"—"Is iad sin," ars' Mac Iabhair, "treud de na h-earbaibh agamsa, a ta leumnaich air feadh nan tom agus nan creag" "Direach ceart," ars' an t-òigear eile, "ma's ann mar sin tha 'chùis, tha 'n t-àm agamsa a bhì gairm mo mhiol-chon." Ghrad-thionndaidh e an taobh dearg de 'n bhreacain a mach, agus am prìobadh na sùla, bha na fir am badaibh a chèile. Car nìne bha 'n tuasaid m' agus garg, agus bha ciosaichean nam marb 'u an luidhe gu tìgh air an raon. Mu dheireadh, theich a' chuid a bha lathair de chlainn Iabhair—thug iad na beanntan orra, agus a mach o'n là sin chaill iad na fearann. Tha e air innseadh nach bu mho a chaill Gart anns an tuasaid sin, ach gu'n do thuit corr agus seachd fichead de na Liobhannaich thruagha, agus gu'n d'fhàgadh an ciosaichean gu'n deo re na h-oidhche air na raointibh far an do thuit iad.

Tha iomadh cuimhneachan air an là fhuilteach sin fathast anns a' Ghleann an do thachair e. Mu'n do thòisich an cath, thilg fir thighearna Ghart an enarain bhàrr an cosaibh, a chum gu'n ruitheadh iad na bu luaithe air an tòir, agus theirear "*Leac nan cuaran*" fathast ris an àite 's an d'rinn iad sin. Tha mar an ceudna "*Rùisgrach*," "*Lagan a' chatha*," agus "*Camus nan càrn*," mar ainmean fathast air na h-àitibh sin far an do rùisg iad an claidhmhnean—an do chuir iad an cath—agus an d'adhlac iad na daone a thuit. Tha 'n amhainn fein n'a cuimhneachan air an là fhuilteach sin, oir roimh an àm sin, b' e "*Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n amhainn, agus "*Gleann Duibh*" a b' ainm do'n gleann. Ach an uair a phill Fear-Ghart agus a chuideachd o'n ruaig, "*robbh*" no ghlan iad an claidhmhnean fuilteach anns an amhainn, gun an robh an t-uisge dearg; agus an sin, ghlaodh an ceann-cinnidh a mach, ag ràdh, "Cha ghoirear "*Duibh*" mar ainm air an uisge so tuilleadh, oir, o là liobhaidh nan arm, bithidh "*Drobhann*" mar ainm air "*Duibh*."

Féudar a nis canntas a thoirt air là fuilteachach eile a thachair goirid o'n àite chéudna, beagan bliadhnaichean, roimh àm na téugnhaile eadar Fear-Ghart agus Mac Iabhair.

Thàinig tighearn Airdghobhar air sgrìob do Raineach, agus phòs e nìgean do Thighearna Shruthain, ceann-cinnidh Chloinn-Donnachaidh. An uair a thug fear Airdghobhar a bhean fein leis dh' ionnsuidh a' chaisleidh fein, chuir Fear Shruthain coighear ghillean sgairteil maille ri

nighinn, a bha 'n an càirdibh dileas dh' i fein, agus anns am feudadh i a h-earbsa a chur am measg choigreach. Thug uachdaran Airdghobhar seilbh fearainn do'n choighear òganach sin dlùth d' a h-àite còmhnuidh fein, agus rinn e gach ni 'n a chomas chum gu'n soirbhhicheadh leo. Bha iad measail air muinntir Airdghobhar air sgàth na baintighearna, air an robh mor mheas aca, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh, nach gabhadh iad fein, agus an sliochd 'n an dèigh còmhnaidh air fearann Airdghobhar, mur b' e mar a thachair. Bha gach aon de'n choighear a chaidh á Rain-each, tréun agus gaisgeil, ach thug am fear bu lugha dhiubh barrachd air càch uile do thaobh gaisg' agus tapachd, ach gu sònraichte do thaobh a theomachd eucailt le bogha agus le saighid. B' e Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnachaidh a' b' ainm do'n òganach ealanta so, agus cha b' fhad gus an do dhùsg a lùth-cheleas eud agus gamhlas ann an cridheachaibh luchd-leannmuinn Airdghobhar 'n a aghaidh. Là de na làithibh dh' eirich connasachadh eadar Alasdair Beag agus òganach sgiamhach eile de mhuinntir Airdghobhar. Chaidh na fir am fionnsan a chèile, ach cha b' fhada gus an do lag Alasdair Beag an t-òganach gun deò air an làr! Cha deanadh fuireach féum tuilleadh; b' éigin do Mhac Dhonnachaidh am fireach a thoirt air. Thug e na buinn as air ball, agus cha do ghabh e tàmh no fois gus an d' ràinig e a cheann-feadhna euchdach agus cruadalach fein, "Iain Dubh Gear," no mar a theireadh iad ris, "Iain Dubh mun lann," a bha 'gabhail còmhnaidh ann an Gleann Duibh, ris an abrar a' nis Gleann-Liobh-ainn. Dh' innis e do'n tréuplaach Iain Dubh, mar a dh' éirich dha ann an Airdghobhar, agus thubhairt Iain ris, "Cha'n eagail duit, a Mhic Dhonnachaidh; gabh fasgadh fo n' sgéith-sa, agus ma thig mac màthar á Airdghobhar a chur dragh' ort, cha teid e dhachaidh a dh-innsadh a sgeoil."

Fàgaidh sinn a nis Iain Dubh agus Alasdair Beag ann an Gleann-Liobhainn, a' tighinn air an gnìomharaibh gaisgeil fein fa seach, agus theid sinn le 'r sgeul, car tamuill bhig, do Shrathghlais, ann an sioramachd Inbhirnis. Air là àraidh bha'n Siosalach, uachdaran Shrathghlais, agus buidheann thagh-ta maille ris, a mach a' sealgairreachd air feadh na beann. Air doibh a bhith air an sàruchadh le siubhal nan beann, chaidh iad a steach aig cromadh an anoinch, do bhothan bantraiche truaighe, a bha ri taobh an rathaid, agus gun a cead iarr-rìdh mharbh agus dh'ith iad an taon laogh a bha air a seilbh. Cò a thachair a bhi stigh 's an am ach duine bochd á Gleann Liobhainn, a bha siubhal o àite gu aite ag iarraidh na déirce. Cha robh no cùisean a' còrdadh ris an duine bhochd, air chor sam bith, agus thòisich e ri bhi 'cur dheth agus a' gearan. Thionndaidh an Siosal-

ach, agus thubhairt e, "Cìod a tha 'cur ort, a bhodaich leibidich, dhranndanaich?" "Cha'n 'eil a bheag," deir an duine bochd, "ach tha fios agam air aon ni, 's cha bhinn leat a chluinntinn — tha fios agam far nach biodh a chridhe aig an t-Siosalach e fein a ghiulan mar a rinn e 's a' bhothan so." Las an ceann-cinnidh uaibhreach le corruich, agus thubhairt e, "Innis domh, a bhodaich, c'ait nach biodh a chridhe agamsa mo thoil fein a dheanamh?" "Tha," deir am bodach, "ann an dùthaich Iain Duibh nan lann." Mhionnaich an Siosalach gu'm biodh dearbhadh aigesan air sin mu'n racadh mòran làthan seachd. Thug an duine bochd nach biodh cùisean réidh, agus cha do chaill e tìne sam bith gus an d' ràinig e Iain Dubh nan lann, agus gus an d' innis e dha focal air an flocal mar a thachair. Fhuair Iain Dubh coire mhòr do'n duine bhochd air son a luathais theanga, ach thug e maithneas da, agus thòisich e air gach ni a dheanamh deas air son teachd an t-Siosallach. Cha b' fhad a chuir an Siosalach dàil 's a' ghnothach, oir cha deachaidh seachdain thairis, an uair a bha fir Shrathghlais, agus an uachdaran air an ceann air fraighibh Ghlinne-Liobhainn. Bha freiceadan aig muinntir a' Ghlinne a mach a ghabhail beachd air gach beinn agus bealach, agus chunnaic iad na Tuathaich naimhdeil a' tarruing am fagus. An uair a roghnaich an Siosalach àite - taimh freagarrach air a shon fein, agus air son a cheatharnach, chuir e teachdaireachd dh' ionnsuidh Iain Duibh, ag innsadh dha cuirm a bhi deas aige air son beagan cuideachd, a bha teachd a dh' amhairc air o'n airde-tuath; "agus mur bi,"—ars' an Siosalach, ach cha dubhairt e tuilleadh. Fhuair Iain Dubh an tachdaireachd, agus thuig e gu ro mhaith a seadh. Ghrad-chuir e fios air ais gu'm biodh gach ni deas a bha freagarrach air an son, agus iad a tighinn air an aghaidh gu h-ealamh, "ach" ars' Iain Dubh "ma thig,"—agus stad e an sin, Thuig na laoch air gach taobh gu'n robh na cùisean gu bhi garbh, agus air gach taobh rinneadh gach uidheamachadh air a son. Chaidh na Siosalaich gu faiceallach air an aghaidh, agus bha Iain Dubh mar gu'm b'ann air eutromas-céille le mire-chatha, chum deannas cruaidh, teth, a thoirt doibh. Bha seachdnar nìac aige, òganach co ealant' agus clis 's a ghiulain rianh iubhar, agus saighead, agus dòrlach! Chaidh ceathrar duibh air laimh dheis an athar, agus an triuir eile air a laimh chlì, maille ris an robh mar an ceudna, Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnachaidh, a bha comharrachichte 'n a linn fein air son cuimse a ghabhail le saighid. Theirinn an Siosalach air ceann a chuid dhaoine chum na h-aibhne, an uair a bha na Liobhannaich thall fa'n comhair air an taobh eile. Bha ceann-feadhna Shrathghlais air éideadh o 'bhàrr gu

'bhonn le lùirichlannaich, clogaid, agus ceann-bheart, air chor 's nach ruigeadh saighead air a leonadh. Bha'n là soilleir, grianach, teth, agus chunnacs gathanna na grèue miltean air astar, a' dèrrasadh mar ghrad-bhoisgeadh an dealanaich air armachd nan laoch! Thog an Siosalach a chlogaid suas os ceann a shùl, agus air a' mhionaid sin thilg Alasdair Beag saighead a bhuail an clàr an aodainn air ceannard Shratglais! Ghrad spàrr an duine leònta a làmh air an lot, ach ghlaodh Mac Dhonnachaidh, "A Shiosalach, gheibh thu an t-saighead air do chùlaobh," —ach bha'n Siosalach gun chomas freagairt, oir thuit e marbh 's an làraich. Tha'n t-àite far an d' thug e suas an deò fathast air a chomharrachadh a mach le cloich mhoir, ris an abrar gus an la 'n diugh,—"Clach an t-Siosalaich." An uair a chail na naimhdean an ceannard, threig am misneach iad agus thionndaidh iad an cùl air na Liobhannaich. Chuir Iain Dubh Gearr an ruaig orra, agus cha d' fhàgadh mac màthar diubh beò, ach am pioaire a mhàin. Thugadh cead dhàsan dol dhachaidh a dh' innseadh sgèul a' bhròin d'a chàirdibh agus d'a chinneadh. Beagan an deigh sin thug Iain Dubh nan lann a nighean 'n a mnaoi do Alasdair Beag Mac Dhonnachaidh, agus tha e air aithris gu'm bheil an sliochd-san fathast lionmhòr anns na crìoch-aibh sin.

SGITHEANACH (*An Gaidheal*, 1875).

MÀIRI BHÒIDHEACH.

LE ALASDAIR STUBHART, Maighstir sgoile an Uidhist mu thuath (1800).

GLEUS F.

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

Seis—A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach,

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

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur mòr mo ghaol ort;

{ , d : s , m | s : s , s : l , t | l : s , }

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur tu a chlaoidh mi,

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

'S a dh'fhàg mi bròn-ach gun dòigh air t'fhaotainn.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur mòr mo ghaol ort;
Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort, 's mi m' aonar;
Ged shùibhlainn féin gach ceum de 'n t-saoghal,
Bhiodh t-ionnhaigh bhòidheach tigh'n beò gach taobh dhion.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach
An gleannan craobhach, leinn féin, is ceò air,

Is ged bu Rìgh mi 'san Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha 'n iarrainn pòg ach o Mhàiri bhòidheach.

Ach chithear féidh 's iad air sgéith 'sua speuran
Is chithear iasg 's iad air àird nan sléibhtean;
Chithear sneachdadh 's e dubh air gheugan
Mu 'm faicear caochladh tigh'n air mo spéis duit.

A Mhàiri lughdaich thu mo chiall domh;
Tha mo chridh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodann a tha mar ghrian domh.

Do shùilean meallach fo d' mhalaidh bhòidhich;
Do bhilean tana air dhath nan ròsan;
Slios mar chanach an gleannan mòintich,
'S do ghruaidh mar chaorann fo sgéith nam mòr-bheann.

Có ch' Mairi 's is urrainn àicheadh
Gu 'm bheil a chridhe fìor-laist' le gràdh dhi?
Oir thug i bàrr ann an cruth 's an àilleachd
Thar gach maise tha fàs 'san àl so.

Càit' am faicear 'san t-saogh' l' bean t'aogais
Cha 'n 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotainn;
Am maise, 'n tuisge is an deagh bheusan,
Tha thu ro àrd os cionn gach té diubh.

Fhir a shiubhlas thar tonnan uaibhreach
A chum nan Innsean tha cian 'sua cuaintean,
Thoir gach sìoda is nì a tha luachmhor
A dh' ionnsuidh Màiri a rinn mo bhuairleadh.

Eòiu is moiche a théid air sgiathan,
'S a dh'èras suas ann an àird na h'iarmailt,
Na bitheadh là a thig fad na bliadhna
'S nach seinn thu ceòl do mo Mhàiri chiatnach.

Ach cha dean eala air slios nam mòr-thonn,
Cha dean smeòrach am badan bhòidheach,
'S cha dean na h-innealan ciùil ach crònan
An uair a sheinneas mo Mhàiri bhòidheach

Ged a bhiodh mi gu tùrsach, cianail
'S mo chridh' le càran gu mòr air lionadh,
Nì do ghnùis sa, a tha mar ghrian domh,
Mo chridhe sunndach nuair thig thu m' fhianuis.

Gu ma slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidhich,
Ge b'e àite 'sam bi i chòmhnuidh;
'S e mo dhùrachd an fad 's is beò mi,
Gu 'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidhich.

Some alterations from the original are taken from
"Binneas nam Bard" (M. MacFarlane).

Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsear,
'S na dibir a bhlh mar iadsan;
Chuir iad gach cath le buaidh,
Is bhuannaich iad cliù gach teughboil;
Is mairidh an iomradh 'san dàn,
Air chuimhn' aig na bàird an déidh so.

—Ossian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There are 20 "Macs" in the House of Commons, nearly one half of them being Irish.

* * *

An American officer who has fought in the British Army—somewhere in France—narrates his experiences in the "North American Review." "Over and over again," he says, "I have seen squads of Scots swing out in front of those damnable machine guns to certain death as blithely as if they were on parade in Hyde Park. I don't say the English are not as good; all I mean is that disdain for death must have had its origin in the Highlands."

* * *

The German comic papers in their war cartoons usually represent John Bull sporting a tartan kilt and a Glengarry. Carlyle would say that this is "significant of much." Who knows but after the war the kilt may become as popular in England as it now is in the Lowlands. Certainly many hundreds of English soldiers have joined Highland regiments in order to have the opportunity of wearing the kilt.

* * *

The prospects of extensive schemes of afforestation after the war are not at present very bright. The commissioner for small holdings has intimated that, owing to financial obstacles, it will not be possible to embark upon any extensive scheme for some time. The scheme for a demonstration forest area in Scotland has also been dropped meantime, but Mr. Stirling of Keir and Mr. Steuart-Fotheringham of Murthly are to give the use of their woods for demonstration purposes.

* * *

The commissioner for small holdings recently pointed out that, if the authorities had begun thirty years ago to plant a hundred thousand acres annually at a cost of half a million pounds, this country would now be independent of foreign imports of timber for the supply of pit props, and the timber crop of two years from these plantations would more than cover the whole capital outlay of thirty years.

* * *

A detailed account of the battle of Loos forms part 75 of the "Times History of the War." The aim of the battle, which began on 25th September, was to win the rim of the Plain of the Scheldt. Sir Douglas Haig made his assault with six divisions, all with an allotted task in the General's plan. From various causes the only one of these six divisions which fully attained its objective was the Highland division, composed mostly of battalions of the New Armies.

Its task was to capture Hill 70, and beyond the hill the village of Cité St. Auguste. Had the reserves been closer to the battlefield, and had the French begun their attack in the early morning instead of at noon, the brave Highland troops would have been able to hold what they had won. The 1st Division, on their left, had been early held up by barbed wire entanglements, and so their left wing was exposed. The *Times* history says—"Though their left wing was exposed, yet with extraordinary impetuosity and courage, two of the three brigades composing the Highland division, which had left their trenches at 6.30 A.M., followed a few minutes later by their reserve brigade, stormed in the midst of clouds of gas and smoke the redoubt on the Vermelles-Loos track. Before 8 A.M. the right brigade was assaulting Loos from the north, while the left pushed on and seized the chalk pit and Hill 70 with its redoubt, and even reached the village of St. Auguste. The Camerons meanwhile had detached a body of Grenadiers to help the right brigade of the 1st Division, still struggling with the barbed wire entanglements south of Hulluch."

* * *

What the *Times* writer describes as "this amazing charge," was barren in results owing to the fact that the other divisions in General Haig's army had been unable to achieve their objective, so that the Highlanders would have been surrounded by the enemy had they remained in their advanced positions. They, however, maintained themselves on Hill 70, though vigorously attacked, half-an-hour after midnight, and again at 5.30 A.M. on the 26th. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas-Hamilton, was killed at the head of his men, the 6th Camerons, after he had led them four times back into the fighting line when the battalions on his right and left had retired. So desperate had been the struggle that, at the moment when he was killed, Colonel Douglas-Hamilton was at the head of no more than fifty men. The Highlanders remained on Hill 70 till the evening of the 29th, when the position was taken over by the London Territorials.

* * *

Professor Bottomley, London, has arranged with the Manchester Corporation to give a trial on a large scale to his new bacterized peat on Chat Moss near Manchester. Operations are to begin at once, so that a considerable quantity of humogen will be provided in time to fertilise the crops of the current year. The Corporation is to have the benefit of Professor Bottomley's discovery free of charge for three years. At the end of that time the possibilities of bacterized peat ought to be well ascertained.

Recently the Right Hon. Donald Maclean, M.P., addressing his constituents at Selkirk, said that if adequate steps were not taken we should find that we were as unprepared for peace as we had been for war. It was true that Government Committees met and formulated schemes, among which he especially welcomed a national plan of land settlement for discharged soldiers and sailors. The sacrifice of this country in blood and treasure amply justified adequate grants from central funds in order to carry out these after-war projects. But they would be of little use unless they were thoroughly Scottish, worked by Scottish men and women, and independent of supervision from England. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maclean will keep in view the crying needs of the Highlands when schemes now adumbrated will begin to materialise. Settlements in the colonies sound very well, but let us not forget the claims of the homeland first.

—:O:—

LUADH BANTRACH SHEORAI.

Le IAIN N. MACLEOD, Sratharagaidh, Inbhirnis.

EARRANN I.

AN T-AITE—AN GEARRADH-MÓR ANN AN CILLEMHOIRE.

Una Breabadair as a' Bhaile-shios a' tighinn dachaidh leis a' chlo.

UNA—Fàilte 's furan air a' chuideachd 'tha so. BANTRACH SHEORAI—Fàilt oirbh fhéin, Una. Tha sibh sgith leis an eallach mhór sin. Cuiribh dhìbh air an t-seiseich e, 's deanaibh suidhe.

UNA—O cha 'n'eil mi sgith idir. Leig mi m'anail aig "tobar nan agh," 's dh'òl mi deoch agus dearbh fhéine, rinn e feum mór dhomh. 'S priseil an rud am fìor-uisge fhéin, mar a' tha an salmadair coir ag ràdh—

"Is air an t-slighe òlaidh e,
Deoch as na sruthaibh luath."

BANTRACH SHEORAI—O seadh—nach sibh fhéin a tha fìosrach anns an Fhìrinn. 'Bheil naidheachd 'sam bith as a' Bhaile-shios.

UNA—O cha chuala mi mòran. Nach d' thainig Seonaid Sheumais dhachaidh a' Glaschu an dé, agus na'm faic-eadh sibh-se cho spaideil 's a tha i. Nach robh i muigh air a' chul-chinn an diugh a' buachailleachd an tairbh le deise gheal agus "lornes" gheala, 's bha de usgraichean 's de fhàinneachan slaodadh rithe na dheanadh an gnothuch do bhan-rìghinn Maire 'n uair a bha i beò. Ma tà, chuideachd, 's garbh an rud a' mhoit fhéin—"mòrachd gun chuir leis agus maragan gun gheir." Tha cuimhn' agam-sa 'n nair a bhiodh a seanair a' falbh air tighen a'

Bhaile-shios a' cruinneachadh a' bhuntàt-fhuair agus an sgadain, agus rachadh gach inin is eile gheibheadh e, 'chur anns a' phoca ghrànda, ach cha 'n'eil cuimhn' aig Seonaid air an fhasdail agus an do thogadh i 'n uair a bheir i brag air cabhsair mòr Ghlaschu.

BANTRACH SHEORAI—Sin mar a bhitheas, ach 's e caileag ghrinn a th'ann an Seonaid airson sin, agus cha 'n'eil comas aice-se air dol a mach a seannar.

UNA—O cha 'n'eil gun teagamh, ach tha diùbhras eadar ciall agus caothach. Seallaibh fhéin 'n uair a thachair i riann aig Eaglais an Droma-bhuidhe 'n diugh, 's mi tighinn as a' mhóine, nach ann a chuir i fàilte mhór orm ann an Beurla chruaidh Shasunnaich.

BANTRACH SHEORAI—Obh, obh, saoil na chail i Gàidhlig? Dé thuirt i?

UNA—O thuirte duine mar so, "I'm so anonymously glad to saw you, Mrs. Macpherson." Sud a' chiad uair rianbh dhomh-sa, Mrs. Macpherson fhaighinn bho nighean as a' Bhaile-shios. Cha b'urrainn mi gu'n smaoin-eachadh air an t-salm a bh' aig a' mhinistear là na Sàbaid—

"Tigh t-athar 'us do mhuinntir féin,
Na cuimhnic a so suas."

BANTRACH SHEORAI—O tà, Una, n uair nach 'eil ann ach mi fhìn 's tu fhéin, cha 'n'eil mi smaoin-eachadh gu bheil e iomchuidh dhuit a bhi deanamh clud-sgùraidh de'n Fhìrinn mar sin air ceann gach facail.

UNA—Cha bhithinn-se beò gun an fhìrinn air mo bheul mar so, agus tha e 'deanamh feum mòr dhomh. O nach priseil an searmon a rinn Mgr. Domhnall là na Sàbaid—"Is ròs bho Sharon mise, lili nan gleann."

BANTRACH SHEORAI—O 's iomadh searmon a chuala sinn, agus 's mór an dèidh mur a dean sinn feum diubh.

Bean Alasdair Chalum a' tighinn air cheilidh. 'Bheil sibh gu math a stìgh?

BANTRACH SHEORAI—O tha sinn ag eirigh 's a' gearain mar so.

UNA—'S ann a bha sinn a' bruidheann air an t-searmon a fhuair sinn là na Sàbaid.

BEAN ALASDAIR—Nach gasda dh' oibrich e mu lili nan gleann; nach robh a' cùbhraidheachd ri aithneachadh ceart gus am biodh i air a' bruthadh Oich, oich, sinne tha'n ar lùchd éisdeachd dearmadach.

UNA—Cha toigh le ministear an Aonaidh 'bhi searmonachadh an Dàn Sholaimh.

BANTRACH SHEORAI—O tha sinn a' creidsinn gu bheil na ministearan beannaichte a' faighinn foillseachaidh spioradail air na cinn-ghaigsa a bhios aca. Chuala mi fhéin Macrath Mòr uair a' searmonachadh anns an Eaglais Mhòir ud shuas, air "na sionnaich bheaga," agus 's iomadh uair a shaoil mi bho 'n uair sin gur h e

teagasg grod nan Gearmailteach a bha so a ciallachadh.

BEAN ALASDAIR—O's dorra dhuinne gu bheil ar cuid fhéin de'n t-sionnach annainn agus bithidh, fhads' a bhitheas sinn anns an t-saoghal so.

UNA—'N tug sibh an aire do bhoineid Anna Sheoc là na Sàbaid. Feumaidh gur h-ann le airgid a' phension a fhuair i. Nach i dh' fhaodas, 's i falbh 'g a beathachadh fhéin air na tighean agus a' tional gach gusguil a gheibh i agus a' cur chàirdean a mach air a chéile. Nach do dh'innis i do'n mhinisteir an déidh na coinneimh urnuigh oidheche Chiadain, gu'n robh mi 'g a chláineadh airson a bhi air falbh cho tric aig an "exembly," a phacadh ghrànda agus a bial air a guallainn an còmhnuidh.

BEAN ALASDAIR—'S cha robh faeal aice ahl an fhìrinn. Nach cuala mo bhial fhéin thu 'ga chláineadh gu bhrògan, agus 's ann duit nach bu chomain. Cha bhitheadh do shròn riamh air bòrd nam bochd—agus beairt-fhigle agad—mur a bhitheadh e, 's ged do bhitheadh e 'dol a shuiridhe do Ghlaschu, cha bu tusa bu chòir a' chlad chlach a thilgeadh air.

UNA—Glanadh gach duine a starsach fhéin an toiseach—"agus carson a tha thu faicinn an smùirnein a tha 'n suil do bhràthar, ach nach 'eil thu toirt fàinear an t-sail a tha ann do shùil féin?"

BEAN ALASDAIR—O seadh dìreach, Una. 'S fìor an Sgrìobtar gun teagamh, ach mar a thuir Domhnall Bàn 's an dràin—

"Tha 'n fhìrinn ann am beul an aingidh,
Mar tha 'n sgian an laimh an leanaibh."

Sin agad-sa mar a tha, agus bu chòir do luchd—aidichidh glas a chur air am beul, agus gluasad gun oibheum do mhinisteir no do bhàillidh. Oich, oich, 's gann is urrainn mi éirigh. Tha mi cho dona leis a' gheim-lòine, ach chuir murchadh *brocation* 'g am ionnsuidh, agus feumaidh mi shuathadh ri mo ghlu'n 'n uair a theid mi dhachaidh. Oidheche mhath leibh uile.

BATRACH SHEORAI—Mar sin leibh fhéin agus ruigheadh mhath.

UNA—Nach ann aig bean Alasdair a tha 'n droch theanga. Cha bu mhat leam bàrr bliadhna itheadh còmhla rithe. Coma leibh-se. Cha mhise ghoid am molt ann a' Feaull, agus a bha 'g a thulgadh 's a' chreithill leis an taladh "Hu-là, hu-bhà, 's math an onair."

BATRACH SHEORAI—O's iomadh rud a bh'ann, Una, ach 's ann a dh'fhéumas sinne 'bhi 'n ar luchd deanaimh na sìthe. Cuir ùir air sin—chaidh e seachad. 'N do thomhais thu'n clò agam?

UNA—O thomhais le slait thomhais mo sheanamhair. Tha i agam fhathast. Tha dà

fhichead slat Ghàidhealach agus trì chairteil ann, 's cha chreid mi nach bu chòir dha bhì glé bhuan, ma gheibh e 'n deagh luadh.

BATRACH SHEORAI—O féumaidh e sin. Tha e car greosgach air fhigheadh.

UNA—Tha, cha 'n 'eil e chò teann 's bu mhat leam—cha b'urraimn mi 'n t-slinn oibreachadh air uairibh ach leis an aon laimh leis cho dona 's bha 'n greim-lòine, 's tha 'n teannadh air fàs cho sean 's gur h-ann le sreang a tha e 'fuireach ri chéile—sin agaibh na fuigheagan, 's dòcha gu faigh sibh féum dhoibh.

BATRACH SHEORAI—Mòran taing dhuibh-se na tha air chùl pàighidh. 'N e ochd sgillinn an t-slat a tha sibh 'g a chur?

UNA—'S e dìreach. Cha 'n 'eil dad a dh'eagal orm nach fhaigh mi mo chuid fhéin uair 'sam bith—'s iomadh tasdan geal a fhuair mi uaibh bho na thòisich mi ris a' bheairt.

BATRACH SHEORAI—O bhoirionnaich 's e duine bochd nach faigh a rathad anns an t-saoghal so. A' chlad uair a chì mi am maighstir-sgoile nì e suas an cunntas dhomh, agus cuiridh mi 'g ad ionnsuidh e. 'Bheil thu-faighinn eisg, Una?

UNA—O na uaireanan. Bithidh mi faighinn smalagan bho Alasdair Crotach 'n uair a bhios e 'g iasgach air Sgeir-a-lang—'s e sin uile e.

BATRACH SHEORAI—Bheir thu locat an tross so ma tà, 's bitheadh e agad leis a' bhuntàta, ach na' m' b' urrainn thu tighinn Dihaoine airson an clò 'nigheadh còmhla rium. Bithidh an luadh againn an ath-oidhech'.

UNA—Mòran taing dhuibh-se. Tha fhios agam gu'n dean an t-iasg féum dhomh, 's mi cho dona leis an losgadh-bhràghad. Thig mise gun teagamh ma bhitheas mi air a' chothrom idir. Oidheche mhath leibh 's cadal math.

BATRACH SHEORAI—Mar sin leibh fhéin.

(*R'a leantuinne*).

COMUNN NEWS.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH BHOID. —The fortnightly meeting of this Branch was held in the Tower Street Hall, Rothesay, on Friday evening, 18th ult., when Mr. John Macphail, the energetic local Secretary, read a most interesting paper on "Boswell's Tour in the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson." Captain James Kennedy presided over a good attendance of members and friends. The lecture, which was delivered partly in Gaelic and partly in English, was followed throughout with keen appreciation. After a brief description of the famous English lexicographer, the lecturer dealt with Dr. Johnson's experiences in Edinburgh, Inverness, Skye, Mull, and Iona, and his striking comments on the people met, from which a very clear idea could be gathered as to the state of the Highlands in the middle of the 18th century and the social life of the people. Dr. Johnson's remarkable meeting with Flora Macdonald in Skye was well depicted, and the whole

subject was handled in a most fascinating manner. The lecture was followed by a short programme of songs and bagpipe selections by Lieut. Campbell. The proceedings closed with the usual vote of thanks.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH LOCHABAIR.—The General Secretary paid a visit to the Lochaber Branch on Friday evening, 18th ult., and delivered an interesting Gaelic address on Fairy Folk Lore. There was a very large attendance in the Masonic Hall, Fort-William, presided over by the Rev. D. M. Shaw. The address was listened to attentively throughout, and thoroughly enjoyed by members and friends. A programme of songs followed the lecture, in which two members of the local Scouts took part.

Mr. Shaw, in addition to the lecture, addressed the meeting at some length on the proposed petition as agreed upon by the Executive Council at a recent meeting in Edinburgh. The Executive of the Lochaber Branch presented a statement of its efforts to secure advanced Gaelic teaching in the Higher Grade School, submitting the whole correspondence to the General Secretary. The statement shows how assiduously the local members have pressed the claims of Gaelic and how worthily they represent the cause in Lochaber.

AN COMUNN AN CILL-FHINN.—A most successful concert, under the auspices of the local Branch, was held at Killin, on Thursday evening, 24th ult. The President, Rev. G. W. Mackay, M.A., presided. The Gaelic choir, under the leadership of Mr. Hugh Maclean, gave pleasing renderings of Gaelic part-songs, including the "Rassay Lament." Solos were sung by members of the choir with pleasing effect. Mr. Shaw, General Secretary, was also present, and contributed several Gaelic songs. Pipers MacNiven and Dunn gave stirring bagpipe selections during the evening. The proceeds, less expenses, which amounted to about £12, will be equally divided between the local branch of the Red Cross Society and the Committee in charge of Gaelic Secular Literature for Soldiers and Sailors.

HIGHLAND GIRLS IN CITY.—Within recent weeks hundreds of Highland girls have forsaken their homes to undertake munition work in Glasgow and district. In order that the visitors may be made to feel at home, a club is being formed which will be a social centre for them, and other arrangements are being made which will ensure that the best interests of the girls are looked after while they are in the South. The movement has already attracted a fair measure of sympathetic interest. There was a large turnout at a meeting held in the Christian Institute on Friday evening of last week. Mrs. Finlay, convener, presided, and was accompanied on the platform by, among others, the following Gaelic speaking clergymen:—Revs. Evan Grant, Peter MacDonald, D. MacDonald (Glencoe), and D. F. MacLeod, and Rev. John MacLachlan, Hon. Secretary. The Rev. D. F. MacLeod addressed the meeting in Gaelic, to the delight of the Highland girls, who attended in large numbers. Tea was served, and Gaelic songs contributed by Misses Mary Lamont and Flora MacLean, Mr. William May, and Master Francis MacLean.

Am fear a bhios fad aig an aigis, gheibh e thairis uaireigin.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BUADH LIBH, A CHÀIRDE!

Do Fhear Eagair "An Deo Greine."

A CHARA,—Tha "An Deo-Greine" agam 'a léighe le bliain nó mar sin agus is iomdha nì thathnamhach a bhloinn ann. An aiste sin ar "Thomhas nan aimstream" a bhí fé chlo in "Deo Greine" mios meadhanach an Earraich 1915, do bhí go deas, agus do thathnfeadh si le Gaedheal ar bith. Is maith liom mar a chabharuighean sibb leis an aos óg na h-aistí is na sóalta gearra san a scriobhaid a bheith d'a geur fé chlo agaibh. Is mòr mar a ghriusnighean san chung oibre iad. "Mol an óige is tiocfaidh si," mar adeir Gaedhilgeoiri na Mumhan.

Tà suil agam go bheicfidh tuille aistí mar "Thomhas na n-aimsirean" sa' "Deo Greine," mar tá an iomarca daoine ag seri 'agus ag caint than drochchogadh mór.

Mas ag Angus Henderson agus ag a bheirt charad atá an coart i dtaobh. Arra Gaidheal Thuaidh, is liom-sa is breágh san. mar seòal. Is mòr an nì dhòchas agus soibhreus ach is minic a mealltar sinn d'a bhair.

Go mbuadhaidh Dia le Gaedhil, is le Gaedhilg!

Mise,

SEAN TOIBIN.

i g Corcaigh } in Eirinn.
Cois Laoi, }

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—: o :—

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Treas Mìos an Earraich, 1916.

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AN DEALACHADH MU DHEIREADH.

Chuala Tormod Mac Alasdair a' ghairm. Air feasgar ciùin Luain ghabh e cèum air a shocair sios gu iochdar an Lag-Bhuidhe; a dha laimh am pòcan na briogais, agus e 'g imeachd mar gu 'm biodh e a' tomhas nan ceumannan. Sios a ghabh e air fhìaradh, tarsuing air buaile nan gamhna gus an d' ràinig e sgòr creige mu choinneamh Loch —. Shuidh e air oir na creige mar a rinn e iomadh uair beagan bhliadhnachan roimhe seo. Ach cha b' ionnann a staid-intinnu air an fheasgar ud, agus a shuidheachadh anns na laithean a thréig lé 'n aoibhneas 'nan cois. 'S ann ri taobh a' cheart loch a fhuair e bho Sheonaid an gealladh dìomhair ud a mhair gus an deach an ceanglachadh ann bannaibh pòda. Ach a nis bha a thasgaidh fo 'n fhòid 'san chuil ud thall agus a h-aon phàisde lurach sinnte r'a taobh. Thainig tuar eile air an t-saoghal 's na bha ann am beachd Thormoid. Dh' fhalbh 'ionnhas roimh 'n àm, agus bha mar gu 'm b' eadh glas is iuchair air an t-seòmar ud 'na chridhe air an do ghabh isè seilbh, mar gu 'n robh eagal air gu 'n cailleadh e a h-iomhaigh.

Cha tuig neach nach deach troinhn 'n àmhuinn na faireachduinnean a bha 'ruith a cheile an cridhe Thormoid. Mar sin cha ruigear a leas a bhi a' leudachadh orra. An uair a thachras briste-cridhe is gann gu 'm bi leigheas air a shon. Gu tric cumaidh an intinn an lot fosgailte— thig am fasgadh an uair nach bi dùil ris.

Shuidh e mar seo; uilnean air a ghlùnaibh, agus a dhà dhòrn mar gu 'm biodh iad a' cur taic r'a dhà leth-cheann. Bha a smuain cho dìon air an aon chuspair 's nach do ghabh e suim do cheileireadh binn nan eunlaith a bha a' cluich a' phuirt a b' aill leò mu 'n rachadh iad mu thànhan anns na preasan. Mu 'n robh fios aige e 'àite an robh e, bha 'n t-annmoch a' ciaradh timcheall air —an uair anns am bi an là a' dol a' falach am broinn na h-oidliche, no mar a theireadh na sean Ghaidheil fhein, cho brioghmhòr, eadar-dà-sholus. Dh' eirich e gu grad; sheall e mu 'n cuairt; bha 'n gleann uile fo thànhan. Cha chluinnt' ach géum na dhà bho chrodh Sheumais Bhàin, agus té de na cailleagan a' tàladh na bàruaidhe le "pruishi, pruishi bheag"—facail tha 'toirt 'nar cuimhne an t-sean chairdeis a bha eadar Albainn agus an Fhraing nuòran bhliadhnachan roimhe seo. Cha 'n eil anns an fhacal "pruishi" ach a tharrach air an fhacal Fhrangach "approchez;" a' ciallachadh "thig air adhart." Ach ciod e am fios a b' aig Thormod air an t-seadh sin, ged a bha 'n Fhlannais ag èubhach ris, "thig air adhart." Is e bha a' dol roimh intinn gu 'm b' ann aig a cheart àm seo ann an laithean eile—eadar-da-sholus—agus anns a' cheart blad a b' àbhaist d' a fhein agus Seonaid a bhi 'coinneachadh a cheile, agus a' beadrach mar gu 'm fanadh grian an t-sòlais an còmhnaidh air an iarmailt' acasan, gun aon neul a' snàmh tarsuinn oirre.

Air sealltuinn mu 'n cuairt da 's ann a shaoil leis gu 'm fac e iomhaidh Sheonaid eadar e 's a

leus! An uair a bhios mac-meanmna a' Ghaidheil air a ghléusadh teann agus an t-srian mu sgaoil, 's iomadh rud a chi e nach bi idir ann, gu h-àraidh an dubhar bial na h-oidheche. Thig faoin bheachdan is samhlaidhean 'nan ruith as deidh a cheile air chor agus gu'm fàs gaisde fraoich, no bun craoibhe, 'na nadur de bhòcan, no theagamh cuideigin bho 'n t-saoghal eile. Ma bheir thu barrachd sréine do 'd mheanmna, bheir e 'chreidsinn ort nach 'eil ann an srann nan cuileagan is meabh bhiasatann eile, ach an gliong a tha na sìthichean a' deanamh am measg na rainich agus nan lus, am feadh a bhios iad ri fleadh cuirme. Cha 'n 'eil sinn ag radh gu 'u d' thainig Tormod gu faoin-smuain de 'n t-seòrsa, ach mur a fac e cruth Sheonaid gu corporra, bha a dealbh cho riochdail 'na inntinn agus ged bhiodh i mu choinneimh 'san fhèil. Is miorbhuileach feartan na h-inntinn fein. Cò thuig fhathast an toiseach no 'n deireadh?

Ach bha sac eile air inntinn Thormoid. B'e seo am feasgar mu dheireadh a bha 'n dàn da chaitheamh ri taobh an loch—nam bruchan 's nan sgòran mu 'n robh e a' cleasachd 'nuair a bha e 'na bhrogach. An lath 'r na mhàireach dh' fhéumte togail air gu Galltachd, oir ghabh e an t-saighdearachd mar a ghabh gillean tapaidh eile. Cha bu ghealtairidh e, ach bha chridhe 'ga fhàsgadh leis na bha 'dol troimh inntinn. An robh e a' dealachadh gu bràth 'r a chàirdean taobh thall na haibhne? Am b' e seo an sealladh mu dheireadh air an ionad far an do thairg e fein agus Seonaid am bòidean d'a cheile—an t-ionad a rinn a bhòid ud coisrigte? A thuilleadh air sin, bha e 'dol a dh' fhàgail na dachaigh far an d' rugadh 's a thogadh e. Bochd 's mar a bha 'chroit, bha dhachaigh oirre. Dh' oibrich e gu goirt a' feuchainn teachd-an-tìr chùibhiseach a thoirt aisde. Cha ghabhadh e deanamh. Bha gnothuichean a' fàs na bu mhiosa agus na bu mhiosa. Ged bha 'n t-uachdaran caomhneil ris, bha amharus aige gu 'n robh rud eile 'na shùil na 'n gabhadh e dheanamh gun trioblaid. Bha clòimhe a' dol an daorad, agus na 'n cuirte fearann Thormoid ri Paire-a-Chléirich, air dòigh laghail, bhiodh rim do thuilleadh chorach. Ach cha robh lìn' ann aig an àm airson na h-innleachd a chur gu buil.

Cha robh ann ach a chead a ghabhail do chàirdean, agus an dleasnas a chreid e bha mar fhiachaibh air a choinnighnadh— a bheatha ìobradh air son a dhùthcha. Bha e deònach gu leòr, is thog e air, ach 's e an dealachadh agus na bha filte ann a bha 'cur dragh air. Aon oidhch' eile fo na sean chabair; beagan uairean fhathast 'na shineadh 's an t-seann leabaidh. Thilg se e fein air uachdar a' chuibhrige, ach cha tigeadh norra cadail. Ciamar a thigeadh, agus cuibhlichean na h-inntinn 'nan deannaibh! Bha e air a chois mu mheadhon oidheche—deiseil air

son an turuis gus a' phuirt o'm biodh bàta-na-smùid a' leigeil mu sgaoil aig seachd uairean 's a mhaduinn. Ghabh e mach agus rinn e dìreach air an loch mar gu'm biodh cùmhachd diomhair 'ga éigineachadh, no 'ga threòrachadh chuire. Bha sin ann, is dòcha—Seonaid! Dh' fhan e mu na bruchan agus na preasan gus a' chabh-anach. Dh' fhaodadh e, na 'n togradh e, eilem a thoirt a null far an robh Seonaid 'na laidhe fo dhubhar na craoibh-fhearna, oir cha robh an t-astar ach mu leth-mhile. Ach cha robh feum air. Cha sgar astar no tim an ceangal a rinn an dà spiorad ud mar aon, oir tha e na 's treise na 'n uaigh fhein. Bha rud eile 'na shùil. Bha e 'dol a ghabhail cead de 'n loch!—an ceal deireannach, ged nach do shaoil se e. Agus nach robh an t-ionad coisrigte an sud, le boladh cùbhraidh a' chùimhneachain ag ealadh mu 'n cuairt? Am b' iognadh gu 'n d' thainig smuaircan air inntinn; gu 'n robh e fo nadur de bhreislich? Bha 'n oidheche cùin; an loch cho min is ged bhiodh e air iarnaigeadh. Bha 'n cruthachadh naduir uile aig fois ach—Tormod fein. Shuidh e ag amharc mar gu'm b' ann fada bhuaithe, a' feitheamh air bristeadh na faire. Mu dheireadh thòisich sgàile na h-oidheche ri sioladh air falbh, agus bha soilleireachd a' brùchdadh suas mean air mhean air cùl nan cnoc. Dh' fhairich e aileadh de dheò gaoithe a erith duilleach nam preasan. Chual' e big lag bho ribheid eòin air choreigin, mar gu'm biodh e an-shocrach 'na nead; an sin bha h uile rud tosdach a rithist. An dara h-uair thainig osag a thug crith air an duilleach. Bha Nadur 'na leth-dhuig a nise. An ceann tiotain thainig snuadh eile air adann an loch le osnadh na h-òg-mhaduinn. Bha 'n t-soilleireachd a' fàs, agus thòisich na neòil air sgapadh roimh eirigh na greine. Dhùisg ceòlraidh nam preasan, agus shaoileadh tù gu 'n robh an iarmailt air chrith le 'n ceileiradh. Dh' eirich a' ghrian fhein 'na glòir, agus chuir i rughadh air an cnuc mu 'n cuairt. Fhuair Tormod faochadh spioraid, agus cha mhòr nach do ghlaodh e mach le toillintinn. Ach chùimhnich e. Thainig gath greine mar phladhach tarsuinn air an loch. Dh' amhairc e air, agus thar leis gu 'n robh e coltach ri claidheamh a bha 'ga òrduchadh a bhi 'g eiridh agus a bhi 'falbh. Dh' eirich e gu grad. Na 'n deanadh e dàil, thigeadh, 's dòcha, cunnart na h-iargain. Cha 'n 'eil fios ciod e 'thachradh, agus an loch mu choinneamh. Bha 'n t-àm ann a bhi bogadh nan gad. Sios gu oir an loch ghabh e; chaidh e air a leth-ghlùn; bhuin e ris an uisge le bhilean; chuir e boiseag air a bhathais. Suas am bruthach ghabh e gun amharc 'na dhéidh, gus an d' ràinig e lùb de 'n rathad. Na 'n rachadh e na b' fhaide chailleadh e sealladh air an loch, agus an t-ionad 's an robh Seonaid 's am pàisde 'nan sinedh, Thionndaidh

e air a shàil. Bha 'n loch an sud samhach, bòidheach fo lannir na gréine; bha na h-èin a sior cheileireadh, agus shaoil leis gu'n robh boladh nan craobh ua bu chùbhraidh. Bha gach nì làn beatha agus dòchais ach—e fhein! Bha 'ghrian a' deàrsadh gu h-òirdheire air reidhlic Sheonaid. Thog e a lamh agus chrath e i mar gu'm biodh e ag radh; "slàn leat a loch mo chridhe, mo mhìle beannaich leat." An sin laidh a shùil air ionad eile—an t ionad 's an robh ionmhas a chridhe an tasgadh. Sheas e car tiotain, shiab e bhois air a shocair tarsuinn air a shùilean; is gaun gu'm bu "leir dha am bealach le sìleadh nan déur." Co dhùibh bha fios aige no nach robh, thug e a chead deireannach do 'n loch; do 'n dithis a bha fo 'n fhòid, agus do 'n dachaidh anns an deach àrach òg, far an do chaith e iomadh là sona. Bha sin uile air a chùil a nis. agus bha e 'dol 'ga uidheamachadh fein air son seirbhis do dhùthaich air raointean na Flandrais.

Air maduinn àraidh bha reiseimeid Lochbhall am bad nan Gearmailteach, agus chaidh mòran a leòn air gach taobh. Am measg nan curaidhnean a leagadh gu làr bha Tormod. Bha luchd-giùlain nan sineadairean trang 'gan tional gu aite tearuinte fo chùram nan lighichean. Chualas sanas gu robh Tormod air a dhroch leòn, agus an uair a chrath an lighiche a cheann, bha chompanaich làn mualaid, oir bha meas mòr ac' air; bha e cho duineil agus cho uasal 'na dhòigh. Bha shuidheachadh cho cunnartach 's gu'n robh bean-eiridnigh an còmhnaidh r'a thaobh. Rinn-eadh air a shon gach nì a b'urrainn sgil a dheanamh, ach bha deireadh a réise faisg. Tiotan mu 'n d' thainig an anail mu dheireadh, dhùin e 'dhà dhòrn, agus sheall e gu dìon mu choinneamh. Bha e mar gu'm biodh e air a chruth atharrachadh. Leis a' bheagan anail a bha 'na chom, is fiamh a' ghàire air a ghnùis dl'èubh e, "A Sheonaid!" Cha robh an còrr ann; ghearradh snàithnean na beatha. Nach fhac e i? Chunnaic!

—:o:—

"N. M.," writing in the *Times*, suggests that the reason why the Germans now invest John Bull with a kilt and Glengarry is because they are best acquainted with the Highland army, and hate it most of all their adversaries.

* * *

One who has recently visited Sutherland and Inverness expresses the opinion that the war will probably be the means of putting an end to the Highland deer forests. Many forests were unlet in the autumn of 1914, and a still greater number last autumn. Some people expect that sheep will once more take the place of deer throughout the Highlands,

MARAICHEAN NA H-ALBA, O'N BHEURLA.

Air fonn—"Ye Mariners of England."

LE A. M'L.

A mharaichean na h-Alba,
A dh' fhalbhadh leinn le gairm,
Fo 'r brataich riabh bu dileas,
A sheas ri strigh 's ri stoirm;
Le sròl a' srannraich 'mach o thìr,
'Chur naimhdean sìos le buaidh,
Agus sìubhlaidh thar nan sùgh
'Nuair is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain.
'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
'S is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain.

Gu'n eirich riochd nan treun-fhear
Mar èibhlean o gach tonn!
O 'n uaghìbh uaine sàil',
Air 'm bu bhàr dhòibh clàir nan long;
'S far 'n deachaidh Nelson treun do 'r dìth,
Gu 'n las gach crìdh' gu 'r gruaidh,
'Dol gu sìubhlach thar nan sùgh,
'Nuair is gailbhich' smuid a' chuain;
'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
'S is gailbhich' smùid a' chuain.

Cha 'n fheum ar dùthaich daingnich',
'S tìr-chaisteil chrann m'a tràigh,
'S ur sìubhlach' air na sléibhtibh cuain
'S ur dachaidh buan air sàil'
Le tìrnanach o'r stàilinn cruaidh,
Theid tuinn a chlaoidh gu suain,
'S iad a' rànaich gu tràigh,
'Nuair is gairbhe gairich cuain;
'S is fuaimneach, fada toirm a' chath',
'S is gairbhe gairich cuain.

A' bhratach bhuadhar, Bhreatunnach,
Gu 'n leum 's gu 'n las r'a crann,
Gus 'dean uainn' oidhele 'chruaidail trial,
'S reul-sith' gu tìr nam beann,
Bidh sin, a gaisgeach' fairge!
Ar ceòl 's ar cuirm le 'r buaidh,
'S fuaim ar ciùil bidh mu 'r cliù,
'Nuair dh' fhàsas ciùin' air cuan;
'S gun tuillidh toirm no teine cath',
Gun strigh gun stoirm air cuan.

—:o:—

HOMESPUN.

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THE SCOTCH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AND GAELIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "AN DEO-GREINE."

In the last issue of "An Deo-Gréine" there is reproduced an article by the rector of the Nicolson Institute, Stornoway, in which he severely animadverts on the attitude of the Scotch Education Department towards the teaching of Gaelic.

Mr. Gibson is an educationist of repute who commands a charming and convincing style. His main argument, which the references to Gaelic are meant to illustrate, is an inviting topic for educational polemics. In quarters interested in the Gaelic movement his views on the Department's attitude will command respect. His article already promises to be used for "Gaelic propaganda" purposes. It is worth while then to examine whether the attitude of the Department to Gaelic is, after all, so very unreasonable.

I would venture the opinion that Mr. Gibson's article is of the nature of a storm in a tea-cup. He lashes out at the Department right and left because it questioned the soundness of his Gaelic aspirations. But did he make any endeavour to ascertain the experience of other schools in which Gaelic is taught? As far as this school is concerned, none of the difficulties referred to by him have at any time been raised in connection with schemes of work or specimen examination papers submitted to the Department. The very opposite has been the case.

If the attitude of the Department to the teaching of Gaelic is to be understood, some rather ugly facts must be taken into consideration.

Gaelic as a subject in a secondary curriculum must, in justice, receive as much time and attention as are devoted to other modern languages. Now, it is notorious that year after year pupils have been presented for the (lower) leaving certificate in Gaelic who devoted but a modicum of time to the subject, certainly not nearly so much as they devoted to Latin and French.

Again (and this fact does not seem to be well known), the general level of proficiency shown in the Gaelic Leaving Certificate examination has always been low, in some years miserably low, "frequent cent. per cent. passes" notwithstanding.

A further apposite fact is that, despite the clamour that was raised for the institution of the Gaelic Leaving Certificate, less than half-a-dozen schools throughout the length and breadth

of the Highlands have taken advantage of it though a paper has been set since 1905.

In view of the foregoing (and more could be written in the same strain), it is not surprising that the Education Department hesitated to grant further recognition to Gaelic, and that, having granted such recognition, it is insisting on the teaching of the language being placed on a sound footing. Efforts on the part of the Department to raise the status of Gaelic should be welcomed, and not cavilled at, by lovers of the ancient tongue. It ought not to be overlooked that the Department has at its command some of the best authorities on the teaching of Gaelic.

By including a Higher Grade Leaving Certificate in the subject, the Education Department definitely placed Gaelic on the same level as other languages in the Secondary curriculum. It is therefore incumbent upon the Department to insist on a standard of attainment that will command the respect of the Universities, and other bodies that recognise the Department's certificates, and a standard that will do justice to the undoubted merits of the language. Gaelic as a secondary subject requires no apologist; it has been a Cinderella for far too long.

Nor is there any need for experimental groping after a scheme of work for Higher Gaelic. Mr. Gibson's intimate knowledge of modern educational thought and his lack of first-hand knowledge of Gaelic have led him astray here. He is the last man to wish Gaelic to be made a sport for the Philistines. The broad lines of study on which the Department is insisting, and, in my humble opinion, rightly insisting, could easily have been foreseen. Higher Gaelic was taught here substantially on the lines desired by the Department, and seemingly deprecated by Mr. Gibson, long before Circular 471, laying down the regulations, made its appearance.

The root cause of the deplorable position of the native language of the Scottish Highlands is not the attitude of the Education Department, but the attitude of the Highland people towards the teaching of it—cold and apathetic where not openly hostile.—I am, &c.,

HUGH A. FRASER.

The Academy, Dingwall,
11th March, 1916.

—:—:—

'Nuair a bhios an sgadan mu thuath,
Bithidh Murchadh Ruadh mu dheas.

Ged tha mi car tamuil
A tàmh meag nan Gallaibh,
Tha mo dhùthaich air m'aire
'S cha mhath leam a h-àicheadh.

LUADH BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS.

Le IAIN N. MACLEOID, Sratharagaig, Inbhirnis.

EARRANN II.

AN T-AITE—SABHULL BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS
ANNS A' GHEARRA-MHÓR AN CILLEMHOIRE.

NA MNATHAN-LUAIDH—

Anna Mhurchaidh a Cille-bhacastair.
Mairi Ruadh a Peighinn-ora.
Sile Niclain as an Loch.
Peigi Chalum a Cnoc-o.
Marsili Bhàn as a Bhaile-shios.
Una Thormoid
Fionnaghal 'Ic Uilleim a' Feaull.
Mòr Alasdair, Seonaid an Fhìdhleir agus
Mairi Chrotach as a' Ghearra-mhór.

*Bantrach Sheòrais, Mòr Alasdair agus Seonaid
an Fhìdhleir 's an t-sabhull a' deanamh deiseil
airson an luaidh.*

MÒR ALASDAIR—C' uin' a chuir sibh an clò
am bogadh?

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—O chuir tràth 's a'
mhaduinn an diugh. Cha chreid mi nach fhearr
dhuibh tòiseachadh air a thoirt as an ùradh.
Cha 'n fhada gus an tig na mnathan-luaidh a
nise—agus seall cho gasda 's a chuir Sombairle
Sheoc a' chliath-luaidh an òrdugh dhomh feas-
gar, 's tha mi làn-chreidsinn gu 'n tig e air
cuibean té-eigin agaibh a nochd. Mo bheann-
achd aige—b' e fhéin an deagh nàbuidh.

MÒR—'S fhearr dhuinn teannadh ri fàsgradh
ma tha, Sheonaid.

*Na nigheanan le aparain phoca, agus na
muilicheanan air an t-riseadh a' fàsgradh a' chlà
's 'g a' chur air a' chliath-luaidh.*

SEONAIÐ—'S garg an t-ùradh a tha so—cha
mhór nach 'eil e toirt m' anail uam.

MÒR—O tha mo shùilean dìreach gu sìleadh
as mo cheann. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam dé chanadh
'Gruaigean,' (far-ainm a bh' air a leanuan) na
faiceadh e mi 'n dràsda.

SEONAIÐ—O gu dearbh fhéine, chanadh mar a
thuit Domhnall Bàn a bha 's an Eileach nu
'bhean, ged nach robh innte ach an luid, "gu'm
b' aithne dhìth an glan agus an salach."

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Sin sibh fhéin, a
chlan-nighean. Tha sin dìreach gasda—
cha 'n 'eil *beatadh* air an deagh ùradh—bha e
agam bho chionn seachdain. Cha mhór an
loinn a bhitheas air a' chlà 's fhearr a leagadh
riamh an beairt mur 'e il e air a thoirt as an
ùradh ceart.

*Na mnathan-luaidh eile tighinn a stigh do 'n
t-sabhull agus a' cur an òrdugh airson a' luaidh.*

MAIRI RUADH (a' fiachainn a' chlà)—N e so
fighe Una?"—'s ann greòsgach a tha e.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—O 's e Una bhochd a
rinn e. Tha i fàs lapach a nise, ach is iomadh
còrn math clò a leag i as a' bheairt bho na
thòisich i ri deilbh an toiseach.

PEIGI CHALUIN—O 's e Una bhochd leis an
Sgrìobtur air ceann gach facail. Nach cuala
mi 'n Dileasta 'raoir gu 'n deachaidh i dh'
amharc air bantrach Uilleam chrùbaich an la
a chaochail Uilleam agus so an Sgrìobtur a thug
i dhith air an starsaich:—

"Ach feith gu fòil ré uine bhig,
'S an droch dhuin' cha bhì ann;
'S cha 'n fhaicear e 's an ionad ud,
An robh e fàs gu teann."

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—O, brònag, chuir i cas
nu sheach an Salm sin, mar a bhiodh Murchadh
Og a' deanamh 'n uair a bhitheadh e 'g eigh-
each nam pòsaidhean ann an Eaglais an Druime-
bhuidhe. 'S fhearr dhuibh tòiseachadh a nise.
'S mòr an luadh a dh' fheumas an clò, agus 's
fhearr dhuibh an oidheche ghabhail as a toiseach.

MAIRI CHROTACH—'S fhearr dhuibh an clò
thomhas na tha.

*Nu mnathan-luaidh a' gabhail an àite aig a'
chliath-luaidh—coighear air gach taobh, agus
Bantrach Sheòrais aig ceann na cleithe a' tomhas
a' chlà.*

MAIRI—Tilgibh na cuibeinean, a Mhòr agus.
a Sheonaid, bho 'n is sibh a bha fàsgradh.

MÒR—Siuthad thusa 'Sheonaid, 's tu 's
fhaigse air na cuibeinean.

*Seonaid, a' toirt deich snaithean as na
cuibeinean—aon mu choinneamh gach nighinn
a bha air a' chlà—agus 'g an tìlgeadh air an
iolar, 's 'g ràth.*

"Sud thusa Anna, sud Mairi, sud Sile, sud
Peigi, sud Marsili, sud Una, sud Fionnaghal,
sud Mòr, sud Seonaid agus sud Mairi."

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Tha mi 'n dòchas a
nise, 'nigheanan gasda, gu 'n bi balach tapaidh
air ceann gach cuibein a thilgeadh a nochd,
agus cha 'n 'eil fhios de dh' fhaodadh leantainn
bho luadh bantrach Sheòrais. 'S ann aig
luadh Alasdair Shumais ann a' Mimeig a
choinnich mi fhìn agus Seòras nach naircann
an toiseach.

MÒR ALASDAIR—Siuthad, a Mharsili, 's tu 's
fhearr air na h-bràin luaidh a tha so—air t-
adhart.

MARSILI, a' seinn gach ceathramh dà uair,
agus na mnathan-luaidh uile togail an fluinn—

"Hùg o laill o ho ro,
Hùg o rò nàill leibh
Hùg o laill o ho ro,
Seinn o ho rò nàill leibh.

Gràinne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu 'n till thusa, Thearlaich;
'S ann tha 'n fhior-thuil gun truaileadh,
Aons a' ghruaidh is mòr nàire.



Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G èirigh suas le deagh nàdur;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithist,
Bhiodh gach tighearn' 'n a àite.

'S na 'n càiricht an crùn ort,
Bu mhùirneach do chàirden,
Bhiodh Lochiall mar bu chòir dha,
'Cur an òrdugh nan Gàidheal."

Iain Uisdean a' tighinn a stigh do 'n t-sabhull.

ANNA MHURCHADH (a' chiad nighean airson an do thilgeadh cuibean, ag ràdh). Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean!

Iain Uisdean.

Na mna-luaidh uile 'deanamh sìrd mór ri Iain.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Do bheatha gu luadh bantrach Sheòrais, Iain. C' arson nach tug thu tuilleadh leat. Tha naoidh cuibeanan air an làr fhathast gun aon ghille air an ceann.

IAIN—O thig iad, thig iad, "S fhad' an oidheche gu latha aig fear na droch mhnatha."

PEIGI—Cha bhi thusa 'faireachadh mar sin gu ta'nuair a gheibh thu do thasgaidh fhéin.

IAIN—O mar a thuirt an dall, "Ma bhitheas sinn beò chi sinn," ach tha 'm buntàta ro ghann am bliadhna 'n Cille-mhoire airson duine bochd sam bith a bhi smaoineachadh air pòsadh.

PEIGI—Hud, a dhuine, nach 'eil iasg gu leòr 's a' Chamusmhór, gearran am Mogustobht agus min aig a' mhuilleir, agus dé tuilleadh a dh' iarradh tu.

IAIN—O, seadh dìreach, a Pheigi, "am peic air an sgillinn gun an sgillinn ann," ach cha mhór is d' fhaicigh tigh gun bhuntata.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Rinn na boirionnaich an gnothuch air Samson roimhe, Iain, ach cum thusa ceann an amuill riutha. 'S fhearr dhomh 'n clò thomhas.

(Bantrach Sheòrais a' tomhas a' chlò.)

Chaidh e dìreach leith orleach a stigh 's a' luadh—feumaidh e suathadh math fhathast.

Murchadh Eachuinn, Padruig Mór, Alasdair Bàn, agus Niall Iain, a' tighinn a stigh.

MATRÌ RUADH—Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean? *Na mnatha-luaidh:* Murchadh Eachuinn.

SILE—Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean?

NA MNATHA-LUAIDH—Padruig Mór.

PEIGI—Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean?

NA MNATHA-LUAIDH—Alasdair Bàn.

MARSILI—Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean?

NA MNATHA-LUAIDH—Niall Iain.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Tha sibh a' deanamh gu math. 'S ann a thilgeas mi fhéin cuibean gun fhios dé dh' fhaodadh tighinn an rathad roimh latha. Cha tug mi na seachd dùilean fhathast nach fhaighinn seòrsa de bhrasiche 'bheireadh dhachaigh an clabh-mònadh dhomh.

Siuthad, Fhionnaghal, suas duanag; Fionnaghal a' seinn—

Hò mo leannan, hé mo leannan,

'S e mo leannan am fear ùr,

Hò mo leannan, hé mo leannan.

'S e mo leannan Gille Calum,
Stiùramach na daraich thu.

S e mo leannan am fear dàna,
Dhreas suas gu bàrr an t-sìil.

'S e mo leannan fear na h-àbhachd,
'S doirbh dhomh 'ghràdh a chur air cùl.

Marbhaig air na gilleann òga,
Tha cuid dhiubh gu seòlta dìuill.

Comhairle bheirinn fhéin air caileig,
Leannain a bhi aice triuir.

'S ged a dheanadh fear a fàgail,
Bhiodh a dhà aic' air a cùl.

Na mnatha-luaidh a' cur Iain Uisdean 's an ùradh. Rug iad air agus shuainn iad e cruinn cothrom 's a' chlò air a' chléith-luaidh. A' chuideachd uile 'g éigheach le toileachas.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Nach d' thuirt mi riut, Iain, gu 'n d' rinn na boirionnaich an gnothuch air Samson roimhe. Cha mhis' thu an riasladh ud. Bithidh cuimhn' agad-sa, cò dhiù, air luadh bantrach Sheòrais.

IAIN—O, stadaibh-se, bi' latha ri cunntas 's latha ri pàigheadh—obair Mharsili mhiogaich—'s math a chunnaic mi i 'deanamh na stiùle bige air càch.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS (a' tomhas a' chlò a ris): Dìreach ann òran eile, 'chlann-nighean, 's tha mi smaoineachadh an dèidh sin gu faod sinn an clò a chur air a' choinnil.

UNA—A' seinn—

Théid i 's gu 'n téid i leam,
Leam-sa gu 'n téid mo leannan,
Théid i 's gu 'n téid i leam.

Chionn 's gu bheil gach gleann 'n a fhàsach,
Théid mi fhéin 's mo Mhairi thairis.

Seolaidh sinn a' tìr ar dùthchais,
Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.

Seoras a' mhinistear, Ailean Ciobair, Lach-luinn Anna agus seann bhodach còir, Domhnall Saighdear, nàbuidh, a' tighinn a stigh. Dh' fhuirich còrr math agus dusan balach a muigh mu 'n t-sabhull—bha nàire orra nochdadh a stigh, agus eagal air cuid aca gu 'n cuirte 's an ùradh iad. An triuir mhnathan-luaidh nach d' fhuair gille "air an cuibean" fhathast ag éigheach, "Cò tha sud air ceann mo chuibean?" —té an dèidh té, anns an òrdugh 's an deachaidh na cuibeanan a thilgeadh air an son, agus na mnathan-luaidh eile 'g am freagairt le ainm nam balach mar a bha iad a nochdadh an doras an t-sabhull.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS, air ais do 'n t-sabhull

agus a' dearcadh do Dhomhnall Saighdear—Cò
tha sud air ceann mo chuibean?

A' CHUIDEACHD GU LEIR; ag éigheach àird an
claiginn—Domhnall Saighdear.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Nàch d' thuir mi ruibh
nach bithinn fhéin falamh, a chlan-nighean.
Cha bu dona chàraid a dheanamaid fhéin
fhathast ged a tha sinn sean a Dhomhnall!

DOMHNALL—O chunnaic mi na bu lapaiche
air a' stòl-phòsaidh ann an Eaglais an Druime-
bhuidhe gun teagamh. Tha mise cho fallain 's a
bha mi riamh, ged tha mi crùbach, agus làn
siataig—ach détha sin ach athadach Bhalacabha.

UNA—A' leantuinn an òrain—

Theid i leam a null thar sàile,
Far an dean an Gàidheal beartas.

'S ged a bhiodh gach latha 'n a shamhradh,
Chaidh bi' tìr nam beann air m' aire.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS, a' tomhas a' chlà—
Chaidh e dìreach leth-chromadh a stigh. Tha e
ciataich. Cha chreid mi nach fhaod sibh a chur
air a' choinnill gun dàil. Fuirichibh gus am
faigh mi lorg-shùise—ni e'n gnothuch ciataich
airson an clò chur air a' choinnill.

Na mnatha-luaidh a' suainneadh a' chlà
timchioll air an lorg-shùise, 'g a theannachadh
gu math 's 'g a ruigheadh air chor 's nach bi
crios anns a' chòrn. Mar a tha filleadh agus
filleadh a' dol air a' chòrn, tha na mnatha-
luaidh 'g a bhualadh gu cròaidh le'm boisean,
agus a' toirt buille bharrachd do bhad sam bith
dheath nach 'eil air a luadh cho math ris a' chuid
eile. 'N uair a tha na mnatha-luaidh a'
bualadh a' chlà mar so, tha iad a' seinn—

Hé 'n clò dubh, hò 'n clò dubh,
Hé 'n clò dubh, b' fhearr am breacan,
Hé 'n clò dubh, hò 'n clò dubh,
Hé 'n clò dubh, b' fhearr am breacan.

Féileadh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earrach gaisgich;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bu ghaad' air faich' thu.

BANTRACH SHEÒRAIS—Mòran taing dhuibh
uille ma tha, 's gu ma fada bhitheas sibh
comasach air luadh a dheanamh; agus ur rogha
gille 'n còmhnuidh air 'ur cuibean. Rachaibh
a stigh a nise do'n tigh 's gu'n glan sibh sibh
fhéin. Stigh sibh-se 'llean gu leir—agus a
Dhomhnall, lean thusa mise, 's bithidh càblruich
agus sùthan againn ann an oisean leinn fhéin.
Fiachaibh a nis, 'llean, nach dealaich sibh ris
na boirionnach chòire gus am faic sibh iad aig
teine am màthar fhéin. Stigh sibh, stigh sibh,
càblruich 'us sùthan gu leòr deiseil agam-sa
nochd, 's ma thogras sibh faodaidh sibh ruidhle
'bhi agaibh a rls air an ùrlar bhualaidh an ceann
shuas an t-sabhuill.

—:o:—

Is fearr eòlas math na droch chàirdeas.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy, when?

Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away—
Their heritage a sunless day,
God save the people.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?

Is it Thy will, O Father,

That men shall toil for wrong?

"No," say the mountains, "No," Thy skies!
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs,
God save the people.

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy, when?

The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the people.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

From Prayers from the Poets (Routledge).

—:o:—

THE NORTH WIND.

Oh! to be out on the hills,
With the north wind blowing free,
When the sun is deep,
In his winter sleep,
With the roses on his knee.

When the summer birds have gone,
When the plovers wheel and cry,
When the burns run white
Thro' the wind-swept night
In the gleam of the northern sky.

Oh! the south wind's passing sweet,
And the west wind's full of glee,
And the east wind bold
Is a warrior old—
But the wild north wind for me!

BESSIE J. B. MACARTHUR.

Elvanfoot.

—:o:—

Were half the power that fills the world with
terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

—Longfellow.

IS UAIN AN FHOID FO 'N D'ADHLAIC IAD.

AIR FIONN—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."

KEY G—*Moderato, with feeling.*

{ . s ₁ s ₁ ., l ₁ : d ., r m ., l ₁ : l ₁ ., d s ₁ ., l ₁ : d ., r m : — }
Is uain' an fhòid fo'n d'adh - laic iad An ainn - ir chaomh 's an ùir;
{ . r d ., d : m ., s d' ., t : l. t, d' s ., f : m ., s l : — }
Le sòbh - raich - ean 's le neòin - ean - an, Am measg nam feòra - ean dlùth;
{ . s l ., s : l ., t d' ., s : m ., s f . m : r . d l : — }
Ach spìol - am 'nuas an fheannt - ag so, Cho coimh - each, feannt - aith, gnù, —
{ . t ₁ d ., s ₁ : l ₁ ., d f ., s : l ., s s ., m : r ., m d : — }
Cha shamhl - adh air an ainn - ir thu, 'G an robh an aig - ne chibin.

Cha shamhladh air an ainneir thu
 'G an robh an aigne chibin,
 Neach deanadh lochd, 's nach tugadh beum,
 Nach nochdadh eud no tnu.
 Bha seirc, 'us gràdh, 'us bàighealachd
 Gu h-àillidh ann ad ghnùis—
 Cò 'chunnaic thu gun ghaol 'thoirt duit?
 Cò 'bhruidhneadh ort gun chliù?

'S trom an diugh mo smacintean,
 Ag cuimhneachadh aig d' uaign
 Am feasgar ciùin a dhealach sinn
 Le beannachdan 'g an luaidh:
 Cha robh lochd 'n ar conaltradh,
 No brosgal, cleith no cluain;
 Ach seirc, 'us gràdh le ceanalas,
 'Us carantachd le stuain.

Bu gheàrr an ùin' 'n a dhéigh sin
 'N uair 'thàinig sgeul a' bhròin,
 Nach faicamaid ri 'r maireann thu
 Air thalamh anns an fheòil.

Tha do chré 's an duslach;
 Tha mis' an so gun trèoir,
 'N am dhuine tuisleach, euslainteach,
 'N am sheasamh crom aig d' fhòid.

'N am sheasamh crom a' dearcadh
 Air na leacan 'tha mu 'n cuairt,
 Le 'm chiabhan liath air tanachadh,
 'S a' ghaillion air mo shnuadh;
 Tha 'n Aois a' teachd am fagus dhomh
 A' bagradh orm gu truagh,
 Le mìle gaoid 'us anshocair,
 'G am theannadh ris an uaign.

Chì mi thar a' mhonaidh ud,
 Air coimhead os mo chionn,
 An duibhre air na mullaichean,
 'S an rionnag a' tighinn dlàth;
 Tha dealt na h-oidhche' a' téurnadh orm;
 Cha léir dhomh nis fo 'm shùil
 Cho uain' 's tha 'n fhòid fo 'n d' adhlacaidh
 An ainneir chaomh 's an ùir.

[This pretty song was composed by the late Dr. John MacLachlan, Rahoy, Argyllshire. Along with a good translation by Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, it was contributed to the "Highland Magazine" thirty one years ago by the late Henry Whyte ("Fionn"). Every Gael interested in his country's songs knows what "Fionn" had done in the collecting and popularising of Gaelic music. "Calum" is continuing the good work, and when his "Binneas nam Bàrd" is concluded; it is likely to rank as the most complete work of the kind.]

James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael," says of Celtic music:—"The manner of the Gaelic seems to have been to make the melody first, and then to adapt words to it. The original poem was often lost, but the air, if a good one, seldom shared the same fate, because a tune is easier learned than a song. The ancients esteemed a knowledge of music an indispensable accomplishment. The Arcadians, a people resembling the Highlanders, reckoned it infamous to be ignorant of music. The youths were taught to sing until they were thirty years of age. . . . The ancient Gaels were fond

of singing, whether in a sad or cheerful frame of mind. Music, as Bacon remarks, feedeth that disposition which it findeth. . . . The attachment which the nations of Celtic origin have to their music is strengthened by its intimate connexion with the national songs. The influence of both on the Scots' character is confessedly great—the pictures of heroism, love, and happiness exhibited in their songs are indelibly impressed on the memory, and elevate the peasant. The songs united with their appropriate music affect the sons of Scotia, particularly when far distant from their native glens

and mountains, with indescribable feelings, and excite a spirit of the most romantic adventure. The Swiss, on hearing the national Ranz de vache, yearn to revisit the ever dear scenes of their youth. . . . Celtic music, like the poetry, is generally of a grave and plaintive character, although cheerful and animating airs are by no means wanting. The love songs compose the chief part of the national poetry of Ireland and Scotland. Of the former country it has been said that its poetry seems considered as designed for love only, an opinion for which there is some reason. The amatory effusions of the Scots' bards exhibit great knowledge of the human heart and delicacy of sentiment, with a spirit of affection, and romantic tenderness and devotion, not surpassed, if equalled, by any other people either ancient or modern. The passion of love is excited by the sensibility and

tenderness of the music; and, stimulated by its influence, the Gaels indulge a spirit of the most romantic attachment and adventure which the peasantry of, perhaps, no other country exhibit."

"Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,

Is tric thog i nios sinn 'nuair bha sinn fo le'n;

'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn tràth ann an làithean ar n-òig,

'S nach fag sinn gu bràth gus an laigh sinn fo 'n fhòid. —*Iain Caimbeul.*

Bha Ghaidhlig ullamh, 'na glòr forghuineach cruaidh,

Air feadh a' chruinne mu 'n thuilich an Tuil-ruadh;

Mhair i fòs 's cha teid a glòir air chall

A dh'aindeoin gò is mì-ruin mòr nan Gall!

—*Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair.*

GRUAGACH AN EILEIN.

LE COINNEACH MACLEOD.

Bha ann uair an sid rìgh air an do chaochail a bhean, agus, mar a tha tric a' tachairt, phòs e a rithist. Bha nighean anabarrach bhriagh aige le 'cheud mhnaoi, agus leis an dàrna te nighean mhaol, charrach. Bha naimhdeas uamhasach aig an dàrna mnaoi ri nighinn na ceud te, agus cha b'è aon nair no da uair a dh'fheuch i cur as di, ach bha an rìgh daonnan a' cur bacail oirre.

Bha eilean beag boidheach mach anns a' chuan nu choinneamh tigh-choimhuidh an rìgh, agus is ann a smaontich a' bhan-rìgh gun cuireadh i an nighean bhriagh gu ruig an t-eilein so. Dh'fhalbh i far an robh an rìgh.

"Mata," ars' ise, "is culaidh naire mhór a leithid de sgonn mòr calleig ri nighinn do cheud mhna a bhì aig an tigh, diomhanach. Na 'm bithinn-sa 'na d' aite chuirinn air falbh i fad' tri bliadhna gu ruig an t-eilein beag ud thall."

Bha robh an rìgh gle dheònach, ach cha robh comas air ach an rud a bha a bhean ag iarraidh a dheanamh. Fhuair e bàta, agus chuir e innte gun fhios d'a mhnaoi badan de dh'eorna goirt, caora, gobhar agus mart. Chuir e an sin a nighean innte agus dh'fhalbh e leatha gu ruig an t-eilein. An uair a rainig iad, thog an rìgh agus a chuid daoine tigh d'an nighinn, agus an sin thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche co thainig a choinhead air an nighinn ach triuir fhleasgach.

"Faitle ort, a ghruagach an eilein," ars' iadsan.

"Mata, faitle oirbh fhein; tha e coltach gu bheil aithne agaibh-se ormsa nach 'eil agam-sa oirbh-se."

"O tha; ach a bheil dad agad a bheir thu dhuinn ri itheadh?"

"O, gu dearbh, cha 'n'eil móran sam bith agam-sa a bheir mi dhuibh, ach am beagan a tha agam tha sibh di beatha ga ionnsuidh."

Dh'fhalbh i agus thug i mach am badan de dh'eorna goirt agus thug i sid daibh. Dh'fhan iad comhla rithe gus an robh e anns a' chuan, agus an sin dh'eirich iad gu falbh. An uair a bha iad a' fàgail beannachd aice, thuirt iad rithe nach leigeadh i leas eirigh an la' r' na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gu 'm faigheadh i na beathaichean 'nan sineadh ri taobh an tighe, dìreach mar a dh'fhàg i iad.

Cha d'eirich ise an la' r' na mhaireach gus an d'eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, 'nan sineadh ri taobh an tighe, dìreach mar gum biodh cuideigin 'gam buach-aillleadh re na h-oidhche. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhac ise riamh roimhe, agus neo-ar-thaing nach d'rinn ise gu leòr de dh'im, de chàise, agus de ghrudh.

Am beul na h-oidhche thainig an triuir fhleasgach air cheilidh oirre.

"Faitle ort, a ghruagach an eilein! A' bheil dad agad duinn an nochd?"

"Mata, tha rud na's fhearr agam an nochd," agus dh'fhalbh i agus thug i mach na bha aice de dh'im, de chàise, de ghrudh agus de dh' uachdar. Bha iad a' caitheadh na cuirme agus 'na cuideachd le solas agus le toilintinn gus an robh e anns a' chuan an oidhche. An sin thog na fleasguich orra gu falbh. An uair a bha iad a' fàgail beannachd aig an nighinn, thuirt iad rithe nach ruigeadh i leas eirigh an la' r' na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian agus gum biodh na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, 'nan

sineadh ri taobh an tighe, dìreach mar a dh'fhàg i iad.

Cha do dh' eirich ise an la'r na mhaireach gus an do dh' eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, 'nan sineadh ri taobh an tighe, dìreach mar a dh' fhàg i iad. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhaca ise riamh roimhe—barrachd eadhon na bha aca an oidhche roimhe sin.

Bha na fleasgaich a' tighinn a' choinhead oirre h-uile oidhche fad an trì bliadhna a bha i anns an eilean. Dh' fhanadh iad comhla rithe gus am biodh e anns an oidhche, agus mu 's falbhadh iad dh' iarraidh iad oirre gun i dh' eirigh an la'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gum faighidh i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, 'nan sineadh ri taobh an tighe, dìreach mar a dh' fhàg i iad. Bha ise a' deanamh h-uile sion mar a dh' iarraidh iad oirre, air chor agus, mu 's do ruith na trì bliadhna am mach, gun robh uidhir de chrodh agus de chaoraich agus de ghobhair aice agus na b' urrainn di iarraidh.

An uair a bha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach, ars' an rìgh ris a' bhan-rìgh:—

“Mata, feumaidh mi an diugh bàta a chur an nunn d' an eilean a dh' iarraidh mo nighinn, oir tha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach.”

“O mata,” ars' ise, “is tusa nach leig a leas bhi aig an t-saoradh. Tha mise ge chinnteach nach 'eil mòran de do nighinn a làthair an diugh.”

“Theid mi nunn a choinhead, co-dhiu,” ars' esan, agus dh' fhalbh e. An uair a rainig e nunn, thachair an nighean ris aig a' chladach, agus is e chuir an fhailte oirre. Bha e air a dhoigh gu h-uamhasach an uair a chunnaig c cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean. Thill iad an sin uile dachaidh, agus thòisich an rìgh air moladh a nighinn ris a' bhan-rìgh, cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean.

“O,” ars' a' bhan-rìgh, “dheanadh an nighean agamsa pailt cho math na 'u rachaidh a cur an nunn d' an eilean.”

“Mata,” a's an rìgh, “is e a cur a nunn a ni sinn.”

Fhuair e bàta, agus lion a' bhan-rìgh i le h-uile seorsa bidh—gu leòr de dh' ìm agus de chàise agus de ghrudh agus de dh' ìm cruithneachd. Chuir iad an uair sin an nighean mhaol charrach stigh d' an bhàta, agus rachar leatha nunn gus an t-eilean. Thog iad tigh briagh di an sin, agus thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche, co thainig a choinhead air an nighean mhaol, charrach, ach an triuir fhleasgach.

“Failte ort, a ghrugach an eilein! de tha agad duinn an nochd.”

“Mach as a so, sibh,” ars' ise, gu math greann-

ach, “tha gu leòr domh-sa biadh a ghleidheadh rium fhein, gun bhi ga thoirt duibh-sa.”

Dh' fhalbh an triuir fhleasgach gun ghuth gun ghabhadh, agus cha d' thainig iad 'na còir tuilleadh.

An uair a dh' eirich an nighean mhaol, charrach, anns a' mhadaoinn, cha robh seùl ri fhaotainn air a' chrodh. Thug i fad an latha 'gan sìreach, agus an uair a fhuair i iad cha robh deur bainne aig a haon aca. Mus d' thainig ceann na trì bliadhna, bhàsaich h-uile beathach a bhi aice, agus theab i fhein bàsach-adh le cion bidh.

An uair a bha na trì bliadhna air ruith am mach, thuir a' bhan-rìgh ris an rìgh gu feumaidh e bàta a chuir a nunn d' an eilean a dh' iarraidh a nighinn. Rinneadh so, agus chaidh an nighean mhaol, charrach, a thoirt dhachaidh eadar a bhi marbh agus beò, gun sion de na chaidh a chuir a nunn comhla rithe.

Bha a' bhan-rìgh air a dorranachadh a chionn agus mar a dh' eirich d'a h-inghinn, agus chur i fios gus an nighinn bhriagh gu feumaidh i dol a chruinneachadh làn soithich de smiaran anns an Fhaoilteach. Thug i di mias, cruimean aodaich leis an comhdachaidh i mhias, agus bhadan de dh' eorna goit, agus chuir i air falbh i.

Ghabh an nighean roimhe, a' coiseachd, fad an latha. Am beul na h-oidhche thainig i gu craoibh; ghabh i tàmh aig a bun, agus thòisich i air ith a' bhadaid eorna. Cha d' rinn i ach teannadh ri ith an uair a thainig trì madaidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Cha robh iad a' coimhead ach gu math caol, acrach, agus dh' fhalbh an nighean agus thug i an roinn bu mhò de n bhadan eorna daibh. An uair a thainig am dol a laighe, chaidh aon de na msaidhean-alluidh 'na chluasaig fo ceann, agus an dithis eile air gach taobh di 'ga gleidheil blàth. An uair a dh' eirich a' nighean an la'r na mhaireach, agus a chuir i i fhein air dòigh, de chunnaig i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mór briagh. Chaidh i nunn g'a ionnsuidh, agus rachar a stigh. Cha robh stigh ach triuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An uair a chunnaic iad an nighean a' tighinn a stigh, thug an triuir ghillean òga suil air a cheile, agus thainig fiamh gàire orra.

“Tha e coltach,” ars' am mathair, “gun robh aithne agaibh oirre so roimhe.”

“O, bha,” ars' iadsan, “is iomadh uair, an uair a bha sinn anns an eilean, agus an uair a bha sinn fo gheasa 'nar madaidhean-alluidh, a thug i biadh agus deoch duinn an uair a bha sinn an impis fannachadh a chion bidh.”

“Feucaibh, mata, gun dean sibhse cacimh neas rithe se a nis.”

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus chuir iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad bhuaipe mias-nan-smiaran air son ga lionadh. Cha robh iad tiota

air falbh, an uair a thill iad leis a' mhèis làn do smiaran nach robh an leithid ri'm faotainn idir anns an t-saoghal. An uair a thainig an t-am gu feumaidh an nighean falbh, ars' a' mhathair ri am mac bu shine.

"Dé tha thusa nis dol a thoirt d' an nighinn so?"

"O, mata, bheir mise di *chruit-chiuil* òir, a chluinneas duine ann an còig coigean na tìre."

Dh' fhaighnich i an uair sin de'n dàrna mac bu shine, de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," ars' esan, "bheir mise di *cìr*, agus an uair a chireas i a ceann le aon cheann di, fasaidd falt òir oirre, agus leis a' cheann eile fasaidd a falt mar a bha e roimhe."

Dh' fhaighnich i an uair sin de mac a b' òige de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," ars' esan, "bheir mise di so: h-uile uair a thogas i a miar, silidh fion aiseid."

Dh' fhàg a' nighean an sin beannachd aca. agus thog i oirre gu dol dhachaidh. An uair a thainig i dlù d' an tigh, sheinn i a' chruit-chiuil.

"O," ars' an rìgh, agus e toirt togail as fhein, "tha mo nighean-sa a tighinn."

Thainig ise an uair sin a stigh, dhòirt i na smiaran ann an sguit a mathar, agus dh' iarr i air na seirbhìsich h-uile soitheach a bha anns an tigh a thoirt ga' h-ionnsuidh. Rinneadh so, agus lion i uile iad le fion. Chaith iad oidhche shòlasach thoil-inntinneach, shoganach, agus bheireadh an rìgh tacan air òl an fhion, agus air moladh cho math agus a rinn a nighean.

"O, gu dearbh fhein," ars' a' bhan-rìgh, an uair a bha i seachd sgith de'n bhruidhinn so, "dheanadh an nighean agamsa cheart cho math rithe-sa, na'n rachadh i air falbh."

"O, mata," ars' an rìgh, "is e a cur air falbh a dh' iarraidh smiaran a ni sin."

Is ann mar so a bha. Thug a' bhan-rìgh d'a h-inghinn gu leor de h-uile seorsa bìdh, agus mias air son nan smiaran. Dh' fhalbh an nighean mhaol, charrach, an uair sin, agus ghabh i air a h-aghaidh gus an d' thainig i aig beul na h-oidhche gu craobh-mhoir. Laigh i sìos aig a bun, agus thòisich i air a' bhìadh ith. Cha d' rinn i ach gann tòiseachadh, an uair a thainig trì na d' àidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Dh' iarr iad cuid de'n bhìadh oirre.

"A bheathaichean grannda tha sibh ann," ars' ise, "tha gu leor domhsa biadh a ghleidheil rium fhein, gun 'ga bhì thoirt duibhse, agus dìreach thoiribh 'ur casan leibh."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus cha d' thainig iad far an robh i tuilleadh. Bha an oidhche anabarrach fuar, agus cha robh dad aig an nighinn a chumadh blàth i. An uair a thainig a mhaduinn, agus a chuir an nighean mhaol, charrach, i fhein air doigh, ciod chunnaic i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mor briagh. Rachar suas. Cha robh stigh ach trìuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An

uair a chunnaic an trìuir ghillean i tighinn a stigh chur iad dréin orra.

"Tha e coltach," ars' am mathair, "gun robh aithne agaibh-sa oirre so roimhe."

"O, bha," ars' iadsan.

Dh' fhalbh iad agus chur iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad soitheach nan smiaran bhuaipe. Rachar an uair sin am mach, agus lionar an soitheach le máganan, dearcan-luachrach, seilcheagan, luchagan, agus le h-uile seorsa salachair a smaontaicheadh duine air. Chuir iad bréid air a' mhèis, mus faicheadh an nighean mhaol charrach na bha na brouinn.

An uair a thainig an t-am gu feumadh ise falbh, thug iad an soitheach di. Is ise a bha air a dòigh, agus dùil aice gur e smiaran a bha aice. Rainig i ma dheireadh an tigh, agus dh' iarr i air a mathair a sguit a ghleidheil agus gun doirtedh i na smiaran ann. Rinn a' bhan-rìgh so, agus dhòirt an nighean mhaol charrach na bha anns a' mhias na sgùrt. Cha bu luaithe a dhòirt na leum h-uile beathach feadh an tìghe. Cha b' urrainn do na seirbhìsich an tigh a ghlanadh, agus b' fheudar fhàgail.

An ceann uine as deigh so, thainig prionnsa mòr a dh' iarraidh a nighinn bhriagh ri posadh. An uair a chual a bhan-rìgh so thug i air a cuid daoine breth air an nighinn bhriagh, agus a' tilgeal a mach air a' mhuir ann am *baraille*. Rinn iadsan so, agus thug a' bhan-rìgh an nighean mhaol charrach aice fhein d' an phrionnsa ri posadh. Cha'n fhac am prionnsa an te a bha e ag iarraidh a phosadh riamh, agus leis a sin cha robh fhios aige gun d' thug a' bhan-rìgh an car as. Ach, co-dhiu, chaidh a' bhanais a dheanamh, agus dh' fhalbh am prionnsa agus a' nighean mhaol, charrach, d' an tìgh aca fhein. An uair a bha iad faisg air an tìgh dh' iarr am prionnsa air a mbaol a' chruit-chiuil a sheinn agus gum biodh fhios aig a chuid daoine gun robh iad a' tighinn.

"O," ars' ise, "tha e trath gu leòr."

"Cuir falt òir ort fhein, co-dhiu, agus gum faic na seirbhìsich co briagh agus a tha thu."

Ach bha h-uile rud tràth gu leor aice-sa, gus mu dheireadh an d' rainig iad an tigh.

"Tog nis do mhiar," ars' esan, "agus sìl fion, agus ni sinn oidhche shunndach, aighearrach a a chur seachd."

Ach bha e tràth gu leor leatha-sa sin a dheanamh, gus mu dheireadh am b' fheudar do'n phrionnsa sgur de iarraidh oirre dad sam bith a dheanamh. An ceann uine rugadh mac daibh, agus mac cho grannda, mi-shlàn, agus a rugadh riamh.

Bha gille beag aig a' phrionnsa na sheirbhìsich, agus bhiodh e daonnan dol sìos rathad a' chladaich. Bhiodh e 'faicinn baraille mach air a' mhuir—aon uair air druim a' chuain, agus uair eile ri taobh a' chladaich. Anns a'

bharail bhá an t-aon bhoiríonnach bu bhriagha a chunnaic é rianh.

Thigeadh i uairean air tír, bheireadh i fion as a miar d' an ghille rí òl, agus dh' fhaighnicheadh i deth—

“An do sheinn i an ceòl,
No an do shíl a miar,
No bheil mac òg a' phríonnasa slàn?”

Agus fhreagradh esan—

“Cha do sheinn i an ceòl,
Agus cha do shíl a miar
Agus cha 'n'eil mac òg a' phríonnasa slàn.”

Aon latha bhá sin, an uair a bhá an gille agus gruagach na mara cuideachd, co thainig orra ach am príonnasa fhein. Theich gruagach na mara, agus dh' fhaighnich am príonnasa de 'n ghille có i.

“Mata, cha 'n'eil fhios agamsa,” ars' an gille,
“tha i daonnán tighinn air tír an uair a tha mise so. Silidh i fion as a miar na mo bheul, agus faighnichidh i diom—

“An do sheinn i an ceòl,
No an do shíl a miar
No bheil mac òg a' phríonnasa slàn?”

Agus abairidh mise—

“Cha do sheinn i an ceòl,
Agus cha do shíl a miar,
Agus cha 'n'eil mac òg a' phríonnasa slàn.”

“Is math a thuirtsa, gille ghasda. Tha mi nis a' tuigsinn gun deach an car a thoirt asam gu tur; ach, coma leatsa, cha teid a thoirt asam a rithist. Thig thusa síos an so am maireach cuideachd agus theid mise a' folach aig cúl creige, agus, an uair a thig gruagach na mara far a bheil thu, beiridh mise oirre, agus theid mise an urras nach leig mi as di tuilleadh.”

Is ann mar so a bhá. An la'r na mbaireach, thainig an gille síos d' an chladach mar a b' àbhaist, agus thainig gruagach na mara air tír a shileadh fion as a miar na bheul. Agus cha bu luaithe a thainig, na leum am príonnasa bho cúl na creige a bhreth oirre. Dh' fhiach ise rí teicheadh, ach bhá esan tuilleadh agus luath air a son.

“Tha thu agam a nis co-dhiu,” ars' esan, “agus feumaidh tu mo phosadh gun dail.”

Thog iad an uair sin orra gu dol dhachaidh, agus an uair a bhá iad faisg air an tigh, sheinn ise a' chruit-chiuil, chuir i falt òir oirre fhein, agus an uair a rainig iad an tigh, lion i h-uile soitheach a bhá anns an tigh le fion.

Rinn iad banais mhór, shuindach, aighearrach, agus chaith an nighean, mhaol, charrach agus a mac a chur dachaidh gus a' bhan-righ.

Dh' fhág mise an sin iad.

—:o:—

An t-uisge glán 's am fáilceadh
Th' air mullach nam beann ársa,
Chuidich é gu fás mi,
'S e rinn domh sláinte is fallaineachd.

MR. CLAUD CHEVASSE CONVICTED FOR SPEAKING IRISH.

To sentence a man to imprisonment for asserting his right to speak Irish in Ireland, where the language is still said to be spoken by nearly a million people, seems an extraordinary occurrence. Yet this is what happened in a district in the south of Ireland. The “criminal” is Mr. Claud Chevasse who takes a keen interest in the language movement. Mr. Chevasse is an Oxfordshire gentleman and a graduate of Oxford University. He is an Englishman, though of French extraction, and the charge against him was that he “unlawfully refused to answer to the best of his ability and knowledge certain questions which were addressed to him by a police sergeant at Ballingarry, contrary to the Defence of the Realm Act, Sec. 53.” It appears that when approached by the sergeant who asked him certain questions he responded in Irish, and as the Sergeant did not understand the language he arrested him. Inspector Egan (an Irish name surely) pointed out that Mr. Chevasse came to Ballingarry and knew the meaning of the Act. If he had spoken English for two minutes all this trouble would have been saved. The questions and answers during the trial were of an interesting nature. Counsel for the defence said that “in Ballingarry and the neighbourhood there were a great many people who did not know English, and could speak Irish only. The only crime which could be alleged against Mr. Chevasse was that he had the temerity to speak Irish in an Irish-speaking district. His father was a distinguished lawyer in England, and this was the man who was held up and pulled fifteen miles over the mountains and thrown into Macroom prison where he was kept for two nights. The point of view he (counsel) presented was that the prosecution was ridiculous, and contemptuous, and by no expedient wise.” The Bench, by a majority, decided to impose a penalty of £4 and costs, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment.

The sequel to this trial was that a great public meeting was held in the City Hall of Cork, “to protest against the outrage inflicted on Cláudia Cheabhassa for insisting on his right to speak the National language of Ireland in Ballingarry,” when strong opinions were expressed by various well-known speakers. Dr. Douglas Hyde (An Craoibhin), who was unable to be present, characterised the action of the police as being “a piece of incredible ignorance, stupidity, and barbarism.” Another speaker declared that this action “had roused a spirit of determination and enthusiasm with regard to the Irish language which would have far reaching effects.” Another said that “what

was done to-day, a thousand would do to-morrow." Mr. Chevasse himself, who was present, protested against being described as an Englishman. He was, he declared, by descent a Gael. He had been learning and speaking Irish for eleven years. In other countries a settler was allowed to become a nationalised citizen after a certain lapse of time. Surely he had established that right for himself in Ireland. The magistrate, said Mr. Chevasse, told him apologetically that the policeman "had a drop taken" at the time of his arrest! After some remarks by other speakers, it was proposed, and agreed to unanimously, "that the citizens of Cork confer the freedom of the city on Clauda Cheabhasa."

As might be expected some of the Irish papers express themselves in strong terms regarding this affair. The *Claidheamh Soluis* writes:—"The Authors of the Statute of Kilkenny, and other penalising statutes had a very definite purpose. So had the Commissioners of Education who excluded the teaching of Irish from the schools for half a century. The same purpose inspires the authorities who refuse to train our primary teachers in the Irish language. The military authorities, notwithstanding their spy fever, have the very same purpose and the same hatred of the subject tongue."

—:o:—

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Dr. Magnus MacLean was appointed interim chairman at the last meeting of the Highland Trust. It is right and proper that the chair of this Trust should be filled by a Gaelic-speaking Gael. A successor to the late Sir William Turner (who was chairman for many years) will be appointed at next meeting of the Governors.

* * *

Only a minority of the Governors of this Trust possess a knowledge of Gaelic. This is not as it should be, but matters are improving. We trust that Professor Watson will be appointed a Governor by the University of Edinburgh in succession to the late Sir William Turner.

* * *

At last meeting of the Trust, the Rev. George Calder complained that the Gaelic papers were set on too high a standard. There ought to be no difficulty now in grading the Gaelic papers.

* * *

The Secretary of the War Office announces that, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the services of an adequate number of properly qualified linguists as censors of postal correspondence, private letters between the United Kingdom and neutral countries may be considerably delayed unless they are written in one of the following languages—namely, English

(or one of the Celtic languages spoken in the United Kingdom), French, Russian, Italian, Japanese, Flemish, and Serbian. Correspondents are therefore advised in their own interests to write their letters in one of these languages, and preferably in English or French. To minimise the risk of delay, English or French should, whenever possible, be used in business letters also. Persons or firms who expect to receive letters from neutral countries are advised to warn their correspondents in this sense.

* * *

Mr. John MacDonald, Askernish, writes to the Inverness County Council that the kelp industry is now successfully prosecuted in South Uist and other parts of the Outer Isles. The Board of Agriculture has promised to erect stores at the chief ports in the Long Island. This will be sure to prove a great boon to those interested in the kelp industry. He states that in North and South Uist all kelp and tangle ash made is marketed by the proprietors. Lady Cathcart finds a market, and pays the proceeds over to the people, less a royalty of 5s. per ton on tangle ash, and 1s. 6d. per ton on kelp. The purchasing company is the British Chemical Company. The annual output of kelp and ash from South Uist is close on 1000 tons. The prices paid last year were quite satisfactory, and about 80 per cent. higher than former prices. The company are prepared to take any quantity that may be manufactured. The drying sheds proposed by Argyllshire County Council would, in his opinion, be useless, and a pure waste of money.

* * *

A tribute to the magic of the pipes is paid by the Rev. A. M. MacLean, B.D., in describing the first occasion on which the set presented by the Scottish Flag Day Committee was used. It was a Sunday afternoon, a sweltering hot day, and the road deep with dust. A long snaky khaki column came marching steadily down the hill, silent under the weight of their accoutrements. As the Scots came abreast, a piper, with the new set of bagpipes, stepped forward and struck up one of the great battle marches of our race. Like a gleam of sunshine sweeping over the ripe cornfield, a wave of delight surged along the column of Scots. A roar of cheering broke from the ranks. Forgetful of military discipline, men clapped their hands and literally danced in the road. From that day no Scottish unit marched out of camp without the inspiring strains of the bagpipes to cheer them on their way.

—:—:—

A chilanna nan con, thigibh an so's gheibh sibb feòil.—Slogan of the Clan Cameron.

COMUNN NEWS.

COMMUNN GAIDHEALACH BHOID—LECTURE ON THE GAELIC.—The last of the regular meetings of Communn Gaidhealach Bhoid was held in the Tower Street Hall on 3rd ultimo, when Captain Kennedy presided over a good attendance.

The speaker for the evening was Mr. Duncan Dewar, who gave an extempore lecture on the importance and value of the Gaelic language. After a few introductory remarks in Gaelic, Mr. Dewar spoke for the most part in English. Compared with English or French, Mr. Dewar contended that the Gaelic was superior to either for preaching, business, or any other purpose. Gaelic was more expressive in every way, and it was a distinction of it that it was a more respectful language when one conversed with a superior or older person, and he gave practical instances in support of his contention. In regard to the expressiveness of the Gaelic, he mentioned that some years ago a plebiscite was taken in Rothesay, and those who were responsible for framing the questions had the greatest difficulty in putting them in a clear enough form to be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." Now, it was pointed out at the time that if the same questions were put in Gaelic their meaning would be so clear that there could be no fear of anyone mistaking it. In drawing out an agreement this could be done in a much clearer and more unmistakable form than in any of the more modern languages.

The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, in referring to the subject, quoted some remarks by the Rev. Lachlan Maclean Watt and Professor Geddes in upholding the value and usefulness of the Gaelic, and the Chairman in following up quoted from Professor M'Allister, who stated that one of the greatest assets a man could possess was the power of acquiring foreign languages easily and quickly, and that one who had been brought up from the first speaking two languages had this power. A Frenchman or Englishman can hardly ever acquire the sound of a language foreign to them, whereas it was much easier for a speaker of Gaelic to do this, because the Gaelic contained almost every sound that could be found in other languages.

The usual musical programme followed, Gaelic songs being rendered by several members and Territorials, while Piper Mackay played popular selections on the bagpipes. Votes of thanks were awarded at the close.

The annual closing tea meeting and ceilidh in connection with Communn Gaidhealach Bhoid, was held in the Tower Street Hall, on Friday evening, 17th ult., Captain James Kennedy, chairman. There was a very crowded attendance, so much so that a portion of the audience had tea served in the lesser hall. After tea, and a short address by the chairman, an interesting concert programme was carried through, opened with a pleasing selection on the pipes by Piper Mackay of the Argyll Battery. Several selections were given by the Junior Gaelic Choir, conducted by Mr. James M'Arthur, Gaelic songs by Misses Maggie M'Cord, Bessie Kennedy, and Ina Macleod, also by Gunners Ross, Logan, and Macpherson, and Mr. Neil Shaw. English songs were sung by the Misses Kirkhope, Mrs Taggart, and Mr. Robert Black, while the Highland Fling was neatly danced by a couple of girls. All the items were enthusiastically received, and in most cases encored. Towards the close Mr. Neil Shaw gave a

short speech in Gaelic, complimenting the local Communn on the work accomplished on behalf of the Gaelic cause from year to year.

AN COMMUNN AN CILLE MHAIRTAINN.—The session was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, 15th ult., by a well-attended concert, held in the Victoria Hall, Kilmartin. The President, Rev. Hector Cameron, presided. Bagpipe selections, were contributed by Mr. Neil Shaw, and songs by the following:—Mrs. R. Crawford, Miss J. M. B. Currie, Messrs. Donald Campbell, Allan Cameron, Malcolm Clark, and Neil Shaw. Miss Currie, in addition to playing the accompaniments, gave inspiring selections of Highland airs on the piano. Mr. John N. MacLeod's sketch, "Reiteach Moraig," was successfully performed by members of the Glassary Branch. The sketch was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, and the performers are to be congratulated on the successful production of a delightful play. Mr. Shaw briefly addressed the meeting, and, after the customary votes of thanks, the programme was closed by singing the National Anthem.

AN COMMUNN AN GLAS-AIRIDE.—A very successful ceilidh under the auspices of the Glassary Branch of An Communn Gaidhealach was held in the Schoolroom, Cairnbaan, on 16th ultimo. Rev. H. Cameron, Kilmartin, presided. The programme was opened with bagpipe selections by Mr. Neil Shaw, general secretary, who afterwards delighted the audience by reading some humorous Gaelic stories. Songs and duets were contributed by the following:—Misses A. M'Neill, A. B. Gilchrist, J. M. B. Currie, J. and M. Smith, A. Gilchrist, and B. M'Lellan; Messrs. D. Campbell, N. Shaw, and M. Clark; and a recitation by Miss Milly M'Callum. The event of the evening was the dramatic Gaelic sketch entitled "Reiteach Moraig." The sketch was performed with great success, and was highly appreciated by the audience. The usual votes of thanks were proposed, and the singing of "Oidhe Mhath Leibh" brought a very enjoyable ceilidh to a close.

HIGHLAND GIRLS' CLUB, GLASGOW.—The Committee of this Club have secured premises in a central position in West George Street, which are now being furnished and made ready for occupancy. The number who have joined is very satisfactory. On the 17th March, a meeting of the members of the club was held in the lesser hall of the Christian Institute. Mrs. Burnley-Campbell spoke, and a Gaelic address was given by the Rev. D. M. Cameron, Archdeacon, who told of his experiences with the interned Highland Seamen in Holland. A considerable number of the girls present had relatives, brothers in some cases, among these seamen.

—:O—

REVIEW.

GUTH-NA-BLIADHNA (1/-). Glasgow: A. MacLaren Argyll Street.

We have received the spring number of this magazine. The contents are varied and interesting, and the writers are capable of somewhat over-critical. The critic, like the satirist, often does useful service, but criticism without sufficient knowledge—perhaps based on hearsay—is apt to lose the end which it is meant to serve. We have certain types of Celts who seem to be never happier, as critics, than when they

swing about in the superlative degree regardless of the general fitness of things. Zeal for a cause is always to be commended; for the lack of some enthusiasm is apt to produce inertia, but zeal, if not tempered with discretion, may defeat the end aimed at. Something of this appears to be the besetting sin of writers in the *Guth* when dealing with the Comunn Gaidhealach. The Comunn is evidently misunderstood, and its critics fire at long range; that is to say, they fail to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with it so as to find out for themselves how those, whom they are pleased to style "the oracles" are manipulating things in order to mystify their fellow-Gaels with Delphic responses. We suppose (for it has been hinted) that Glasgow is regarded as the Delphi of the Gaelic movement—the "omphalos" where the strands of Gaelic things are united in a knot, and the altar from which emanate those ambiguous responses. We assure the *Guth* that there is neither altar nor tripod, nor any veil to screen things at 108 Hope Street; nor is it incumbent on an honest inquirer "to sleep on the skin of a sacrificed ram," as in the good old days of Greece. It is a melancholy state of matters when good Gaels elect to stand aloof, take up the role of the critic, and castigate from a distance instead of uniting in the common cause. If things are deemed to be wrong, surely there is a better and a more acceptable way of putting them right. The Comunn Gaidhealach is open to receive into its ranks any one interested in the Gaelic movement, but if that movement is to suffer injury from the effects of carping criticism, it will not be creditable to the critics. The enemy is quietly taking note of how we Gaels love one another! It seems strange that the Nemesis of disunion should still be following the path of the Gael. Let us all hope that the dark goddess may not overtake us for our destruction. In the article on "A Ghaidhlig agus a Muinntir," under the initials of D.M.N.C., there is a good deal which is calculated to make Gaels ponder. For example:—"Tha ar càinain ann an cunnart, cha'n ann gu h-uile o'n choimheach, ach o a daoine fein . . . dh'ith sinn bonnach a' bhrosguil. Cha chumar beò i idir mur a h-iarr an sluagh leis an leis i a' cumail beò." This sums up the whole matter. The writer proceeds to ask what the Comunn Gaidhealach is doing, and answers the question in this way—"Gu de tha e deanamh ach an aill? Gu de a rinn e riamh ach ag imlich mu bhonnach a' bhrosguil?" Now, when criticism takes this line, one can only leave the writer to his taste. To put it in a well-known euphemistic form, the charge is a gross "terminological inexactitude." And this from a source admittedly anxious to further the interests of Gaelic! An càineadh!—characteristically Highland—mo nàire.

A reasonable critic might be expected to make himself acquainted with the difficulties and obstructions against which the Comunn has been fighting for years, and against which it is still fighting in the hope of ultimate victory. We leave the matter at that, merely adding that there is one obvious way of knowing the work of the Comunn, and that is by entering its ranks. The cause is surely more important than merely cavilling at one another, and affording sport to the Philistines. When D.M.N.C. lays his lash on the Church and the School Boards, and systems of education, he has greater reason for an exhibition

of wrath. We regret that want of space precludes us from quoting what he says so well. Clearly D.M.N.C. is in earnest, but throwing mud on his neighbours can hardly help matters. We like him better in "La Nan Seachd Sion," a poem which has now reached Part V, and is a splendid example of the descriptive power of Gaelic in the hands of a competent writer. A.M.E. writes a readable article on the financial condition of the kingdom, a subject which bulks largely in the press just now. But it is surely possible to be a Scottish Home Ruler without writing the cryptic paragraph which begins at the foot of page 12. It is capable of a meaning probably different from what A.M.E. intended, and it may be left to readers to form their own judgment. For reasons of space we are obliged merely to name the other articles in this interesting number of the *Guth*, such as Mr. Blair's "Celt and Ascendancy," and "Style" by Mr. John Dewar. They are worth reading, as are the other Gaelic articles. But the *Guth* need not persist in swearing at large when dealing with Gaelic affairs, and thus degenerate into a quarterly croaker.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Ceud Mhìos an t-Samhraidh, 1916.

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MIL NAN DAN.

Is e "Mil nan Dan" ainm leabhrachan beag a chaidh a chur g'ar n-ionnsuidh. o chionn ghoidid a Duneidean, agus do bhrìgh gu bheil e toltanach air deagh theisteanas, bu mhaith leinn facal no dha a chur r'a chliù. Mar tha fios againn uile (mur h eil bu chòir) mheas na trì eaglaisean is comharraichte 'nar tìr gu 'n robh e mar fhiachiaibh orra ullachadh a dhicamh a chum agus nach biodh uireasbhuidh air ar saighdearan no air ar seoladairean a thaobh Òin spioradail. Tha sinn an dòchas gu 'n bi luchd-àiteachaidh ar dùthcha a' cur taic ri dleasnas a tha cho iomchuidh; se sin r'a ràdh gu 'n dean iad an dichioll a thaobh an cuideachadh-airgid a dh'fheumar a chum iarrtas ar-laoich a shàsachadh. Tha e ro thlachdmhor a chluinntinn gu bheil iad dèighe a bhi leughadh na Fìrinn 'nan cainnt mhathareil, agus gu bheil iad a' cur meas air searmoin agus laoidhean anns a' chànan chudna. Da rìreadh 's ann an laimh nan ministearan fein bu chòir an gnothuch seo a bhith. Tha sinn an dòchas an uair a thig a chuid mhòr de ar saighdearan air ais, gu 'n cuir iad meas nach d' thug iad faineair roimhe air a' Ghaidhlig, ma dh' fhaireich iad a buaidh air dhaibh a bhi cogadh an tìrean cèin. Biodh iad ag altrum an fhaireachaidh a bheothaich an ìbhleag. An uair a thachras sìth, bidh cunnart

ann gu 'n aom iad do bheachdan nach 'eil idir càirdeil do 'n Ghaidhlig. Cha chan sinn diog an dràsda mu 'n dleasnas a bhuineas do na h-Eaglaisean a thaobh na cùise. Fàgaidh sinn sin aig an coguisan fein, ach cumaidh sinn suil orra.

Chaidh aithris iomadh nair, mar gu 'm biodh e 'na nì iongantach, nach 'eil sluagh am Breatunn cho cràbhach, no cho toigheach air ceòl ris na Gaidheil, ged a thatar a' fàgail orra gu bheil iad ro chumhang 'nam beachdan. Biodh sin mar a dh' fhaodas e, cha bhuin e dhuinne breith a thoirt, ach tha cumhne mhath againn mar a fhreagar bodach còir Gaidhealach Gall araidh a bha 'ruith thall 's a bhos an tòir air Gaidheil bhochda iompachadh mar a bha e fhein. Ars an Gall, làn de 'n fhein-bharail; "a dhuine bhochd 's ann a tha thu air do shàrachadh le cuinge intinn; tha eagail orm gu bheil thu aineolach air an t-Slighe; gabh beachd na 's farsuinge air a' ghnòthuch." "Ma tà laochlain, 'ars am bodach, 's e 'tarruing Biobuill as a phòca, "tha mi ag aideachadh gu bheil mi cho cumhang agus cho farsuinn ris an leabhar ud!" Cha 'n 'eil an Gaidheal soirbh a thuigsinn leis a' Ghall. A dh'aon rud cha toigh leis a bhi 'bòilich mu 'chràbhachd, no a' giùlain a chomharraidh air a mhuilicheann, agus ag èubhlach air na sràidean. A thaobh gnè cràbhaidh, 's ann ris an Ruiseanach is fhaig e na ris an t-Sasunnach, agus tha 'nàdur tur dealaichte bho 'n Teutonach a bhios ag carbsa r'a reusan an uair a bhios e a' rannsachadh mu nithean a chaidh a chleith oirn leis an Uile Chumhachdach. Tha 'n Teutonach dàna mu nithean diùmhair, tha 'n Gaidheal iriosal mu 'n coimeamh do bhrìgh gu bheil intinn a' mothachadh, ann an tomas, airde agus doimhneachd a' ghnòthuich. An àm cunnairt, mar tha cuisean an dràsda, 's ann ris an Ti is Airde a thogas an Gaidheal gu tric a shluil, agus an uair a ghabhas e stigh gu r' h-ann

a mhàin o'n ionad sin a thig a neart, bithidh anam air a lionadh le earbsa agus nìseach, ge bith cìod e 'thachras a' buaidh no bàs. Is iomadh smuain a bhios a' brùchdadh 's a' ruith troimh 'inntinn air raointean na Flandrais. Rinn an cogadh cinnteachd agus làthaireachd a' Chruthfhear na 's soilleire do inntinn no nì 'sam bith eile a thachair air. Agus nach fhaodar a' radh gu 'm faicear toradh an t-sil a chaidh a chur 'na chridhe ri glùn a mhathtar, no anns an sgoil-shàbaid. Am bheil e 'na iognadh gu 'm fairicheadh e ciocras a' dùsgadh 'na chridhe mu 'n chànan ris am biodh e ghnàth ag èisdeachd 's an Eaglais. Ciamar a ruigeadh a' Bheurla Shasunnach iochdar cridhe a fhuair a' cheud taiseachadh le caint a mhathar fhein. Faodaidh a' Bheurla Shasunnach a bhì féumail gu leòir, agus thà i sin, ach 's i Ghaidhlig caint anma a' Ghaidheil. Fairichidh e, ged tha e fad o thir fhein, mar gu 'm biodh e tiotan aig an tigh am measg a luchd-eòlais, an uair a gheibh e greim air leabhar Gaidhlig. Faodaidh a chompanaich air muir no air faiche—Goill is Sasunnaich—a bhì tiorail gu leòir, ach cha 'n amhaire iad air nithean mar a' dh' amhaireas esan. Biodh iadsan a' seinn "Tipperary," ach 's ann is dòcha a bhios esan a crònan ann an eòil :—

'S fada mi 's mi leam fhìn,

'S cian o thir m' eòlais mi

'S fada mi m' òranau.

Tha dearbhadh ann a nise gu bheil na h-uibhir de na saighdearan gur thangeil airson gach leabhar Gaidhlig a tha 'gan ruigeadh. Tha fios aig a chuid duibh is mothuchaile gur h-ìomadh ùrnuigh a thatar a cur suas mu 'n timcheall aig an tigh. Saoil a bheil iad a faireachadh na buaidh a' taomadh orra mar nadh de *wireless telegraphy* an spioraid? A bheil a leithid eu-comasach? 'Se fein-fhiosrachadh de 'n t-seòrsa seo tha dearbhadh do 'n t-saighdear gu bheil neart eile 'ga leantuinn agus mar sin seasaidh e ri cruas 'sam bith. Cha 'n urrainnear solus is soilleire a chur air faireachadh an t-saighdeir mu choinneimh cunnair no na faicil a leanas—faicil a chuireadh sìos ann an litir a fhuair Cinn-Shuidhe nan Eaglaisean o'n Fhraing.

"Even as reminding us that our home folk are a people with a language, these Gaelic books are dear to us. The voice seems to come to us from the direction of the rugged hills—though to us their appeal, merely as Gaelic reading, will not be so intense, seeing we are still so many together who can daily speak and listen to our mother tongue. Oftener than not our reading is roughly interrupted, but quiet moments come round for us, even on the fire-step. These times it is good to be able to pull

out our Gaelic booklet out of our haversacks—as well kept there as possible, though many things make it difficult. Many thanks to the good people who have been remembering us, sending us these. May God enable them yet to send, and may He bless the words to us and to all who read them. We know that the good people follow us with their prayers, and their hearts are with us to do us all the good they can; and we are the stronger for the knowledge."

Ghabh an Comunn Gaidhealach as lèineh litreachas de sheòrs' eile a thairgse do ar saighdearan, agus tha fios againn gu bheil sin a cordadh ri. Tha àite fhein aig an dà sheòrsa ann am beath 'an duine, na ghabhas sinn beachd air iarrtas inntinn chumiseach. Ma thogas bran math Gaidhlig cridhe an t-saighdeir bhochd 'na shineadh ann an cùil de na claisean, cò a dhùraicheadh a chumail uaithe? An còrr cha chan sinn mu 'n pluing air eagal agus gu 'n teid sinn fhin agus na ministearan còire a mach air a cheile!

Aig an àm, 'se an leabhrachan seo—Mil Nan Dan—a tha fa' comhair; agus faodar a' radh le firinn gu bheil an taghadh a chaidh a chruinneachadh, fìor fhreagarrach do na saighdearan—gu h-àraidh do 'n àireamh dhiu (agus tha fios nach eil i gann) air an do bhuilich am Freasdal inntinn chràbhach. Freagraidh na Dain, mar an ceudna, a chuid a thainig gu mothuchadh, trid nan cunnartan a tha 'gan cuartachadh, air na nithean a bhuineas do 'n sìth-shiorruidh. Bheir na Dàin seo comh-fhurtachd agus teagasg fallain daibh, agus tha sinn an dòchas, neart spioraid ri uchd a' chunnairt. Is e ughdar a cheud té an t-Easbuig Carsuel a chaochail anns a' bhliadhna 1572. Tha feadhainn eile nach eil furasda fhaotainn an clò. Anns a chruinneachadh gheibhear dàin le Dughall Buchanan; an Urr. Dr. Domhnullach—no mar a theirte Domhnullach Mór na Toiseachd; Gobha na Hearadh, agus Bean Torra Dhamh (Mrs. Clark). Bha iad seo ainmeil, 'nan là, an measg Ghaidheal, gu h-àraidh Buchanan, bàrd cho còthromach 's a bha riann 's a Ghaidhealtachd. Cha robh aon eile ann a thug bàrr air 'na àite fhein. Cha robh aon 'na latha air an do bhuilicheadh na buadhan inntinn a thuigeadh suidheachadh peacaich mu choinneimh tin agus sìorruidheachd, no chuireadh a chor na bu shoilleadh a reir na firinn. Tha e air binneil leis fhein am measg nam bàrd a rinn dàin spioradail. Gheibh sinn 'nar là fhin daoine còire a' feuchainn rannan spioradail a chur ri cheile, agus is fhiach a leithid a thogradh a mholadh, ach nach amhuinn an oidheirp ri taobh obair Bhuchannain. Is e an dàn ris an canar "An Gaisgeach" a thagh na

Diadhairean air son "Mil Nan Dan." 'S cinn-teach na'n robh aite ann, gu'n taghadh iad cuideachd an dàn air "Là a' Bhreitheanais," agus "An Claigeann." Cò, 'nar linn, nach aontach ri guidhe nan rannan a leanas leis an Urr. Dr. Seumas Mac Griogair a chaochail an Nova Scotia 's a' bhliadhna 1830.

"Cuir gaol na sìochaint am measg nan rìghrean;
Is tric ri etri iad mu nì ro fhaoi;
A' tionail armaid, 's cinn-fheadhna falbh leò,
A' ghlaicadh talmhainn, 's a mharbhadh dhaoi;
Daoi'n nach d' thug fuath dhaibh, 's le'm b' aill bhi snairc'
Ach chaidh sparradh 'n tuasaid le 'n uachdrain thein;
Mo thruaigh' nach b' fhearr do na h-uachdrain àrd ud
Bhì beò mar bhràithrean, an gràdh d' a chéil?

A Dhé na sìochaint, craobh-sgaol an fhirinn,
Measg slògh nan tìrean 's nan innsan cian;
Mar dhaoi'n air chall ann an cèò nam bean ann iad,
An oidhe teann orr' 's iad fann gu bhiaidh;
Thoir solus glé ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhaibh,
Is cridhe gléusd' a thoirt géill do 'n Uan;
Thoir sgeul do shláinte, thoir fios do ghráidh dhaibh,
Cuir fear do ghrásan 'nan dàil le buaidh."

Tha na h-Eaglaisean a' deanamh obair chiatich, agus tha iad r'am moladh air son mar a dh'aontaich iad a thaobh a' ghnòthuic—cùram do chor spioradail nan saighdearan Gaidhealach 'nan canain fhein. Saoil an sgap iad aig deireadh na cùise!—gach cùlman air iteig gu uinneig fhein.

—:—:—

CRIATHRADH; NO AM FASGNADH A A THA TOIRT AN COGUIS NODHA AM FOLLAIS.

Is iomadh rud a thug an cogadh an uachdar. Am measg rudan eile, fhuair sinn fiosrachadh air na beachdan coguisach a tha riaghladh cuid de ar comh-chreutairean, agus gu dearb tha na beachdan sin neònach gu leòr. Mar tha fios againn uile, b' fheudar cùirt a shuidheachadh anns gach siorramachd is baile mòr a chum a bhi taghadh dhaoine air son an airm a tha 'n diugh a' dìon ar Rìoghachd. Is cinn-teach nach d' thainig e stigh air buill nan cùirtean gu'n tionndadh an dleasnas a chuireadh mar fhiach-aibh orra, a mach cho mi-thlachdmhor. Tha iad mar gu'm b' eadh a' sgrìobhadh, no a' tràladh grunnad cuain a' chlinne daonna, agus tha an lion a' glacadh a h-uile seòrs' éisg—feadhainn diu gle neònach, nach do thàrr dol troimh na moguil. Cha'n'eil an fiosrachadh a fhuairadh ro thaitneach, agus cha bhi na beachdan a thainig am follais soirbh a thuigsinn le crìosdaidhean eile 'san Eorpa. Gheibh sinn crèutairean a' cumail a mach gu bheil an coguisan a' toirmeasg

dad 'sam bith cunnartach no draghail a dhean-anh air son na dùticha anns an do thogadh iad, agus troimh an bheil iad a' mealtuinn saorsa agus cothruim beò-shlainte a chothachadh. Cha leig an coguis nodha leò a bheag a dheanamh, cha'n e a mhiàn air son na dùticha, ach eadhon air son an comh-chrèutair ma tha cunnart 'san rathad. Gun teagmh bu chòir dhuinn a bhli faicealach nach toirair béum air coguis fir sam bith tha treibhdhireach 'na 'bheachd. Ach tha 'n Rìoghachd an ceartuair am bad naimhdean a tha, agus a bhà o chionn bhliadhlannach, an geall air a' cur fo smachd. An uair a thachras a leithid sin de shuidheachadh, cha dean e 'n gnothucl gu'm biodh gach fear 'na lagh d'a fhein. Agus ma tha coguis neach a' treobrachadh feadhainn an làmh a phasgadh, agus air a cheud sgileog an leth-cheann eile a thionndadh air son na h-ath sgileog, tha rudeigin cèarr.

Cha 'n'eil crèutair toiniseil a' creidsinn an cogadh ann fhein, ach an uair a thuiteas oirn nì cho uamhasach, cha'n'eil ann ach an claidheamh a ghlacadh, agus ar dleasnas a dheanamh mar shluagh a choisinn saorsa leis a' mheadhon cheudna. 'Nar lath-ne cha bhi mòran meas air an fheadhainn a tha dearbhadh nach 'eil an cnaimh-droma ach lag, agus tha e mi-chubhaidh a bhi a' gabhail fasgadh fo leisgeul coguis a dh'fhaodas a bhi a' stiùradh air fhiaradh. An deidh a h-uile rud, tha lagh ann is àirde na coguis, oir ma bheir sinn fairear air na thachair an eachdraidh an t-saoghail gus an seo, chì sinn gur h-iomadh olc a chaidh a dheanamh gu coguisach, no an ainm coguis. Cha leig sinn a leas eisimpleirean a chur sìos. Tha slighe a' chinne-daonna làn diubbh. Aig an àm ghàbhaidh 'sam bheil sinn beò, tha e coltach gu bheil "coguis" a' deanamh mòran ghealtairan. Cha'n'urrainnear a' ràdh nach do dh'fhoillsich na cùirtean mòran foighidinn a thaobh nan truaghan neo-ghramail a bha iad a' ceasnachadh. Cha 'n'athne dhuinn gu'n do nochd iad eas-urram do neach 'sam bith a bhi 'mineachadh a bheachd mu'n coimeimh. Bha iad cho caoin 's a b' urrainn iad, ged bha iad a faicinn gu robhar a tairgse leisgeulan an ainm aidmheil cràbhaidh nach seasadh roimh rannsachadh. Cìod e 'theirear mu dhòtair àraidh ann an siorramachd Ghaidhealach a dh'aidich nach deanadh e an t-seirbhis a bhuineas d'a dh'rèuchd air son neach 'sam bith an coimheangal ris a' chogadh? Cha leigeadh a choguis leis a làmh a chur 'na phòca air son cungaidd-leighis a tharruing a mach gu cobhair a thoirt do thruaghan leonta! Cìod e an gnè coguis tha'n seo? Ach leigidh an coguis ceudna leis an t-Samaratanach seo paigheadh cothromach a ghabhail o'n Rìoghachd. Eirigh agus laidlidh e gu saibhir socair, agus a chomh-chreutairean, aig a bheil coguisan cuid-

eachd, a' dòrtadh am fola a chum gu'm bi dùthaich air a dìon dhàsan agus d'a leithid. Saoil an toireadh e faothachadh d'a choguis, na'm faigheadh e rabhadh bhò'n ùghdarras a a dh' fhasaidh e nach robh fèum air coguis de'n t-seòrsa 'san t-siorranachd. Dhiùlt fear-teagaisg neònach an Glascho seirbhis do dhùthaich do bhrìgh gu robh a choguis ag innseadh dha nach bu chòir d'a a thoil a chur fo smachd neach eile air thalamh! 'Na obair làtheil tha 'n diùlnach seo a' cleachdadh, ann an sgoil, smachd agus ceannasachd air leth chiad pàise, air eagal gu'm faigh iad an toil fhein. Thuir *Sir Walter Scott* 'na là fhein gu'm b' amadain na maighsteirean-sgoile uile; mar a b' àirde inbhe a' inhaighsteir-sgoile 'sann bu mhò an t-amadan! "Am bheil thu ag aideachadh umhlachd do'n Rìgh agus d'a lagh!"—dh' fhoighneadh a' chùird do neach neònach eile. Ars' esan: "Cha'n urrainn mi a' radh gu bheil, 's e an saoghal mo dhùthaich!" Arsa fear eile: "Cha'n 'eil dhùthaich agam; mar sin carson a rachainn a chath?" Ars' aon de na breitheamhan: "Carson ma tà a tha thu 'tagradh sochairean na dùthcha? Ars' esan: "Gabhaidh mi na sochairean gun chomain air a'son."

Ciod e tha sochairean dé'n t-seòrsa seo a toiltinn? Cha'n 'eil air a' cheist ach an aon fhreagradh. Fagaidh sinn aig ar luchd-léughaidh e. Ach thuir sinn gu lèor mu choguis ean chladhairean. Saoil ciod e 'dheanadh a' ghràisg seo na'n tacradh gu'm faigheadh na Gearmailtich an cas air tìr an Albainn. Na'm biodh iad dileas do'n fhaireachadh ris an can iad "an coguis," cha deanadh iad ach an làmhán a phasgadh, agus leigheil leis an nàmhaid am breabadh le sròin a bhròige, agus an iomain gu ionad air choireigin far am faigheadh iad fhein agus an coguis cothrom air leasan ur ionnsachadh. Tha feadhainn a' sgrìobhadh chun nam paipeirean-naigheachd, agus a' foighneachd le iognadh ciod e is ciall do'n choguis a stiùras cuid de na créutairean seo an car a thoirt, air uairean, á daoine a bhios a coimh-cheannachd riutha, ach a bhacas iad an uair a dh' iarrar orra seirbhis a dheanadh do'n dùthaich. Ma tà cha'n 'eil fhios againne mur h-eil dà choguis aca, mar a tha dà thrusgan aig muinntir—aoon air son na Sàbaid, fear eile air son Di Luain! A nis an deidh a h-uile rud, cha bu mhathe leinn a chreidsinn nach 'eil roinn diu neo chealgach; agus treibhdhreach 'nam beachd, ged thatar 'gam meas cearr leis a' mhòr-shluagh. A dh'aon rud fhuair eadh a nach am noll am measg a' chruineachd trid an fhasgnaidh. O'n a tha a chuid is mò a' dol chun a' Bliobuill mar fhiannais air an taobh, chomharlaicheamaid dhaibh meòrachadh air an treas caibidil deug thar an fhichead de fhàidheadaireachd an Fhaidh Eseciel—ma dh' aontaicheas an coguis ris.

THE TEACHING OF GAELIC.

In our issues of March and April appeared two interesting letters on the teaching of Gaelic in Higher Grade Schools. The writers (Mr. Gibson, Rector of the Nicholson Institute, Stornoway, and Mr. Fraser of Dingwall Academy) are competent educationists, and their views deserve serious consideration. Mr. W. D. Kennedy, Rector of Oban High School, spoke on the same subject at a Ceilidh held under the auspices of the local branch of an Comunn Gaidhealach. We are indebted to an excellent report of Mr. Kennedy's address, which appeared in the columns of the *Oban Times*, a paper which gives a good deal of its space to the affairs of an Comunn Gaidhealach.

"For several years," Mr. Kennedy said, "a paper in Lower Gaelic had been set at the Leaving Certificate Examinations of the Scotch Education Department and this year, for the first time, a paper in Higher Gaelic had been set. Gaelic had therefore now got its place in the Department's scheme of things on an equal footing with other languages. Personally, he believed we should be disappointed in the number of higher passes in Gaelic for some time at least, particularly if the language was to be examined on the basis of a native and not of a foreign language. In illustration of this point, Mr. Kennedy took, by way of comparison, Higher English and Higher Latin, remarking that if the same type of questions were set in Higher Latin that was set in Higher English, the paper would practically become an impossibility to all save the veriest genius. His point was that, if Gaelic is to be treated as a native language and the same standard of pass demanded as in English, the number of passes would not be large for a considerable time to come, because there were not the same facilities for study in the matter of text-books as is the case in English, while Gaelic text-books were too limited in choice and far too expensive. On the other hand, if Gaelic was not to be treated as a foreign language, it would be a particularly soft option for those whose native language it is, and apart altogether from the unfairness in a competition of placing a pupil with Higher Gaelic alongside one with Higher Latin or French, it would mean that a pupil with a pass in Higher Gaelic did not, comparatively speaking, know very much about his native language after all. He held that Gaelic well taught was likely to have quite as much cultural value as French or Latin, provided these subjects were not better taught. On the utilitarian side, there were two classes of pupil who ought to have no hesitation in choosing Gaelic as one of his languages, namely, the junior student from

a Gaelic-speaking area likely to find his or her life work as a teacher in such an area, and the student who is studying for the ministry. The same thing applied to a doctor in such an area. But where they were training a teacher of modern languages or training some one to make use of foreign languages, it was a different matter altogether. For the purpose of commerce, there was no use of blinking the fact that Gaelic was not in the picture at all, and, what was more, was never likely to be. If Gaelic was to be taken as a school subject, it should be taken on the same basis as any other—that is, either alone or along with Latin and French, not in addition to the two. He often found that pupils and parents wished both Latin and French, and to have Gaelic taught at odd times. The result was that none of the three could be done satisfactorily." In concluding, Mr. Kennedy remarked that the subject was one upon which considerable difference of opinion existed, but he had followed the course of examining it on its merits.

The Chairman expressed the indebtedness of the meeting to the Rector for his address. As a branch they were also indebted to Mr. Kennedy for the sympathy which he had shown for the Gaelic cause since he came to Oban.

Mr. T. D. Macdonald said he agreed largely with what Mr. Kennedy had said, but he should have liked if he had stated the case for or against Gaelic in the elementary schools. The fostering of Gaelic in these schools was one of the objects the Communn had in view.

Rev. C. D. MacIntosh, after expressing his appreciation of the Rector's address, remarked that the more languages a child knew the better it was educated. The finest linguists were those who started with more than one language—he referred to the Highlanders, the Swiss, and the Poles. All through his school and college training he had been struck with the fact that the men with the Gaelic were always well to the front in languages generally. He was sure that when these Gaelic pupils now under training went back to do their part in the Highlands, they would be able to carry on this bi-lingual study to the utmost advantage. From the philological point of view, there was no language in the world of greater value than Gaelic. One could also put in a strong plea for the language as literature. He knew very little in any language superior to the lyric poems of the Gael.

Dr. Campbell said, while he listened with interest to Mr. Kennedy, he did not approve of all he said. He had not much sympathy with the statement that Gaelic was not a commercial language. When it came to that English was not a commercial language in

France, nor was French a commercial language in Great Britain. It was a fact that from Campbeltown to the Butt of Lewis and Cape Wrath Gaelic is a commercial language, while English is not. He believed there was a great future for Gaelic after the war.

The opinions expressed at this Oban Ceilidh are interesting. Mr. T. D. Macdonald "touched the spot" when he drew attention to the necessity of placing Gaelic on a satisfactory footing in the elementary schools. On this hangs the whole thing. To begin matters in higher grade schools only, is merely starting too far down stream, and neglecting the conditions at the source. That source is the elementary school and the home. Communs big and small should turn their attention to that, and the rest will follow. If we fail to capture the children of the present generation, it needs no gift of prophecy to foresee the end. With pervid feeling the Rev. Mr. Macintosh declared that very little in any language could surpass Gaelic lyrics. The declaration is sweeping, and implies probably more than Mr. Macintosh intended to convey. We ourselves believe that the lyric poetry of the Gael is not inferior to that of other nations, although we may not be able to prove it. But the main thing for us is, that our poetry mirrors our soul as a people, and therefore we are determined to preserve our language for our successors. We also believe that it has in itself a cultural power equal to that of other languages, and its neglect would be nothing short of a racial calamity. Goethe once said that every nation or race should be permitted to contribute its own note to the chorus of humanity, although his own countrymen have not hitherto acted on this dictum. If that be so we must show the world that our note is not a mere discord, that, on the contrary, we have a right to have a place in the chorus. We agree with Dr. Campbell's remarks. What is to prevent Gaelic becoming a commercial language, especially in its own home? Is word building, or the coining of new words, impossible in Gaelic? Surely it is as flexible for this purpose as English. If the people of the Highlands took a little more of pardonable pride in their language, they would find ways and means of adapting it to commercial purposes. The Germans are under no delusions on this point. When they need a word, they instantly manufacture one, even if it were a yard long. And can anybody with a musical ear fail to see that Gaelic runs much more mellifluously than the guttural German, or that in power of expressive epithets, it is at least equal to it. We are constantly showing up the iniquity of the Germans, and it is great; but we might be the better of getting injected

into us something of their determination and "will to do," when it comes to the question of saving our native language. We believe with Dr. Campbell that the tide is likely to be favourable when the war is over, and that, if we omit to take it "at the flood," the result may be disastrous.

Doubtless we have many things to contend with; among them the apparent apathy of the people themselves, the supineness of School Boards, who, in many cases, do not represent the real interests of the people, and the disinclination of the Education Department, with the Treasury, to do the most elementary justice to the language of a people whose loyalty and patriotism has caught the imagination of the whole kingdom. Add to this the fact that the Scottish members of Parliament do not seem to see eye to eye on matters relating to the interests of the Highlands. When, a couple of months ago, the Irish Educational Grant was threatened to be withdrawn, the Irish members spoke with one voice, and the grant was saved. Perish party shibboleths if they hinder ordinary consideration for a people's language. Electors in the Highlands should see to it that candidates for School Board honours should not be supported unless they are prepared to assist in establishing the language on a satisfactory basis with the help of the Parliamentary representatives. Gaelic would have received its due long ago had School Boards, churches, and Parliamentary representatives made a firm demand in its interest. In what manner is the kingdom going to fulfil its obligation to the Highlands after the war is over? Will it deny a few thousands sterling towards the upkeep of the language of the heroes who have laid down their lives for the country? Meanwhile we have merely to "wait and see," but during the waiting let us have both eyes open. Really, it is high time for Gaels to be a little more assertive, and not be moving about in the spirit of the flunkiey. We ask for nothing unreasonable. Gaels never did so, even when their dwellings were burning before their eyes. But we shall never get ordinary consideration in our present attitude. We hope that the petition soon to be set in motion will awaken an unmistakable response in the heart of every true Highlander, whether he knows the language or not. That is, of course, his misfortune, but he may be true to it at heart for all that. It should be seriously realised that much depends on the success or non-success of this petition. Any apathy in this connection may spell disaster, for the powers that be will certainly take note of the progress of things and act accordingly. Union is strength. Therefore, let all High-

landers, whether they believe in the methods of the Comunn Gaidhealach or not, unite in giving voice to their desire for the upkeep of Gaelic. The object in view is plain, and there can be no room for jealousies. Let there be "a long pull and a strong pull, and a pull all together," and the language may yet receive its due. Agus cha bhi i mar nighean dhiolain 'na 'dàthaich fhein.

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TRÌ SGEÒIL GHOIRID.

LE EACHANN MAC DRUGHAILL, GLASCHU.

Choinn iad so an dara dnas aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915.

AN CEANN TRI-FICHEAD BLIADHNA.

Is e feasgar gruamach an toiseach an fhoghair a th'ann, agus is i a' bhliadhna bliadhna a' chàsgraidh, 1855, a' bhliadhna ainmeil ud an eachdraidh Eilean Chollathuinn. Tha long nan trì crann air tighinn gu acair cùl an Rudha Ghlais is tha ùpraid an da chuid air bòrd is air an tràigh fa comhair air tìr. Cha ruigear a leas fheoraich co i, no ciod a gnothach cùl an Rudha Ghlais. Tha an caoidh is am fàsghadh làmh a tha air bòrd a' leigeil ris, is tha an sluagh a tha cruinn air an Innis Mhór bho mheadhon-la ag innseadh gur e là an fhògraidh, a bha an crochadh os an ceann a nis bho chionn iomad seachduin, a tha air tuiteam orra mu dheireadh.

Tha iad air bòrd à caochladh eilean air taobh siar na Gàidhealtachd, is tha a nis ceud gu leth —seann daoine is paisean, clann, òigridh is meadhon-aois—à Eilean Chollathuinn, a' feitheamh oirre cruinn air an Innis Mhór, is am beagan bochd a bha comas aca air a thoirt leotha sgaoilte mu'n cuairt orra air an fheur. Tha 'eachdraidh is a bhàrr fèin aig gach teachlach. Tha cuid dhiubh a tha a' sniomh na h-eachdraidh sin fhathast, ach tha cuid dhiubh, mo chreach, a chuir crìoch oirre is iad air an claoidh foidh chumhachd an fhiabhruis, is foidh laimh fhuair a' bhàis mu'n robh an long a mach as a' Chuan Inneanach. O! mo dhùthaich, mo dhùthaich, a dh'fhuilingeadh a cuid cloinne is an fhion fhuid d'a daoine a bhi air am fògradh thar nan cuantan gun an t-achmhasan a a b' fhaoinne a thoirt seachad! A chlann sin a bhitheadh agus a bha an toiseach nan sreath an àm i fèin a bhi air a h-uilinn—an dùthaich a bha a nis is a' cùl riutha. O! mo dhùthaich ghaolaich, is iad do riaghlairan a bha gearr-sheallach, ach creanaidh thusa air sin fhathast, 'nuair a shleas do shùilean le deuraibh goirte is a thig fallus fola troimh do ghnùis!

Bha Aonghas a Bhealaich air aon de thruath Chollathuinn a bha air an tilgeadh a mach ri

taobh an tuim air a' mhaduinn sin féin, is a dhachaidh air a cur 'na smál. Mhothaich e deatach nam bailtean ag éirigh gu neamh mar gu'm biodh iad a' cur an gearain ris a' Chruitheir air son na gníomharan an-íochdmhor a bhatar air an là sin a' toirt gu buil foidh chleoca ùghdaraí lagha na ríoghachd. Bha a bhàrr, ris an do shaoithrich e re an earraich is an t-samhraidh, fhathast gun ghearradh san achadh, is bha a chuid spréidhe 'sa mhonadh: bu le neach eile an diugh iad, ged a b' ann gun an neach do'm buineadh iad fúedraich a ghabh e seilbh annta, co dhiubh na b' fhaide na gu'n robh e 'g an gabhail chuige an áite mál na bliadhna a bha esan a nis gu chriochnachadh air taobh eile an t-saoghail—no theagamh fo'n tonn nach fhaicheadh tráigh 'sa Chuan a Deas!

Bha a mháthair, a bhean, is a dhá phláisde, Dómhnall aois sheachd, is Seumas aois cheithir bliadhna, leis. Bu leor iad; is thug Aonghas taing do'n Fhreasdál nach robh an còrr an earbsa ris an am aghaidh a thoirt air an tír chéin. Direach an uair a bha Aonghas is a theaghlach a' fágail beannachd thúsach aig a bheagan chàirdean a bha iad a' fágail as an deidh, is na deoir a' síleadh air gach taobh, có a ráinig an Innis Mhór ach an Cóirneal Ruadh, uachdaran an eilein. Bha a níach is 'óighre, aois sheachd bliadhna aige air laimh, mar gu'n biodh e an dùil à cheud leasan a thoirt dha na ealain an fhòdradh.

"Greas iad, greas na lunndairean!" ghlaodh e ris a' mhaor, "na toir orm an gunna fhaotainn gu an ceumannan a luathachadh; bu chóir dhoibh a bhí air bord bho chionn uair a thlde."

B' iad sin na briathran bu dheireadh a sheirm an cluasan Thuath Chollathuinn an am dhoibh a bhí air tráigh na mara is an cúl gu bráth ri dachaidh is tír an sinnsearachd; agus b' ann bho bheul an fhir a bha e air fhòghlum dhoibh bho 'n òige sealltainn ris mar am fuil is am feoil féin, agus athair a luchd-dùthcha, a thainig na briathran!

Chaidh trì fichead bliadhna seachad. Tha Breatunn 'na cruaidh chás is air a h-uilinn. Tha a naimhdean 'na muineal is an impis a grad-bhualadh gu lár. Tha i a' síreadh nan laoch is tha a cuid mhac ag éirigh 'nam míltean as a leth, ach mo chreach! cha'n éirich iad gu cobhair a dheanamh oirre far nach eil iad.

Ach ciod e so? Iognadh nan iognadh! Farnad nan sluagh nach tuig an t-aobhar! Tha clann is gineil na dream sin a dhearmad i anns na h-amannan a dh' fhalbh, is do'n do dhiult i dachaidh, a nis a' trusadh as gach cearn gu a dion 'nuair a tha ise 'na h-eiginn! O, spiorad a' Gháidheil, spiorad an Albannaich, spiorad a' Cheiltich, nach ághmhor e! Taing do'n Chruitheir gur a Gáidheal mi is gu'n

ceadaichear dhomh sealltainn air na laoiach ud, a tha an diugh a' cruinneachadh as gach cearn gu cath Bhreatunn a chur air achaidhean dearga na Roinn Eorpa, mar mo bhraithrean!

Am measg nan réiseamaid a thainig a nall á Australia, tha aon fhear air am beachdaich sinn is air an cuir sinn eòlas. Tha e 'na oifigeach anns an dara réiseamaid. Tha coltas a' Gháidheil is an Eileanaich 'na ghnùis ged nach fhaca e aon chuid Gáidhealtachd no eadhon Eileanan Bhreatainn féin riamh, ach anns gach sgeul a chual e bho bhilean a sheanar is a sheanamhar, Aonghas a Bhealaich is a bhean, nuair a bha iad fhathast beò. Cha'n aon eile e ach Aonghas Og, mac do Dhómhnall a dh' ainmich sinn cheana mar am mac a bu shine a bha aig Aonghas a Bhealaich a' fágail Eilean Chollathuinn. Tha e nis 'na uigheam 'na na éideadh a sheasamh na seann tíre a thug breith is ainm d'a athair ach a dhiult dachaidh is beo-shlaint dha.

Tha am blár 'na shéisdear. Tha iomad ceatharnach air gach taobh 'ga leagadh gu lár. Tha cuid dhiubh nach éirich, is air nach amhaire sùilean blátha an càirdean tuilleadh, is tha cuid dhiubh air an droch leòn, ach fhathast anail na beatha annta. Am measg na codach mu dheireadh tha Aonghas. Chaidh peileir troimh a ghualainn, is tha droch lot 'na thaobh far an do bhuail sgolb á cochull-teinteach *canaim* e, is tha e nis air a thoirt air falbh air feun-tearsaiginn leòn gu ruige tigh-eiridinn a' cheann-champa, far am bheil sgil nan lighichean, is lumban mine finealta nan ainnean-frithealaidh deas gu an uile chomas a thoirt air an fhear leointe aiseag air ais gu sláinte. Am measg nan ainnean-frithealaidh tha gruagach àluinn òg, is thachair gur ann san t-sebmar-eiridinn a bha foidh a laimh-se a chaidh Aonghas a chur. Dh' fheòraich i ainm dheth is fireagair e i. "Agus am bheil Gáidhlig agad?" ars' ise an Gáidhlig fhurannach bhilth nan Eilean. Bha sin aig Aonghas gu dearbh, oir thug Aonghas a Bhealaich an aire gu'm bitheadh, is aig na h-uile aon d'a ghineil, is mar sin fireagair e 'sa Gáidhlig cheudna gu'n robh is mar sin air aghaidh gus an d' innis e cia as a bha athair is a theaghlach an toiseach. Rì ùine dl' innis ise có i féin. Saoil sibh có i? Bha ogha a' Chóirneil Ruaidh, a dh' fhógair Aonghas a Bhealaich is an còrr de thuath Chollathuinn as an eilean, is nighean a ghiollain a bha aige air laimh nuair a ghlaodh e, air tráigh fhuair na mara, "Greas iad, greas na lunndairean," is a mhaoideh e an gunna orra gu an luathachadh!

Cha mhór nach eil eirich air mo sgeul; co dhiubh bidh crìoch oirre an ceann she seachd-uinean oir tha mi tuigsinn gur ann an sin a tha an gnothach ri bhí air a chur an leth-taobh. Fhuair Aonghas os ceann a dhroch leòn, an da

chuid ri linn na deadh fhuid reachdmhor a bha ann féin, is na h-aire a fhuair e a là is a dh'oidheche re na h-éine a bha e an cunnart. Tha e air an t-slighe gu Albainn an ceart uair, 's mu'n teann e ri aghaidh bláir a rithist tha banais ri bhí againn. Cha ruig mi leas innséadh dhuibh é o i a tha a' dol a thoir a laimhe dha, ach cho fad so théid mi. Chaidh brat a sgaoileadh thairis air gach fuath an là ud an tigh-eiridinn a' champ, 'nuair a dh'fheòraich e ceist shònraichte dhi-se air an robh e an geall, is anns an fhreagradh a fhuair e, chaidh gràdh, deadh-ghean is gaol a leigeil a rithist fa sgaoil.

EOGHAN SAOR.

Bha sruth an òlaidh air tighinn pailt làidir gu dùil a bhí againn a' bheag de iasgach a dheanamh re uair no dha. Mar sin leis gu'n robh fear mo ghràidh an t-acras, fìor chompanach an iasgair air tighinn, dh'iomair sinn a stigh do'n Gheodha Bheag far am faigheamaid an da chuid samhchair bho 'n ghoil a bha a muigh air druim an t-srutha, is cothrom air ar geim a ghabhail gun nì a' cur cùram oirn.

"So agad a nis," ars' Ailein Mac Eoghain, "geodha a chuireas smointean fodham-sa, uair air bith a thig mi a stigh ann, no eadhon a théid mi seachad air. Agus a nis 'nuair a dh'innseas mi an t-aobhar dhuist (cha robh againn ach sinn féin 'nar dithis) tha mi an dùil gu'n aontaich thu leam ann am beachd eile a th'agam; agus is e am beachd sin, gu'm bheil a leithid de nì ann ris an Fhreasdál Mhór a tha 'g ar riaghladh uile a dlol, mar gu'n abairadh tu, a' leth-taobh aig amannan gu creutairean a tha an inpis a bhí air an call a theasraiginn, 'is sin air uairibh, leis na daoine is deirseasach agus is lugha spéird a ghabhadh faotainn 'nar beachd-ne, a thaghadh mar na h-inneilean gu sin a dheanamh.

'Nuair a bha mise 'nam bhalach (ars' Ailein) an Tòr-nam-Fiann sin shuas bha sean duine ris an abairte Eoghan Saor a' faireach lannh ruinn. Cha 'n e gu'n do ràinig e aois mhóir ni bu mhò, ach bha e an droch shlàinte is e 'san àm sin àireamh bhliadhnachan air a leabaigh. Bha e a réir beachd gach duine air leabaigh a bhàis, mar gu'n teagamh am faodar a ràdh a bha e, is cha robh dùil aig neach air bith gu'm faicte mach air dorus e ri bheò. Bha e féin de'n bheachd cheudna, agus is tric a leigeadh e a ghearan ris na coimhearsnach a rachadh a stigh 'g a amharc is a theireadh e. O, gu'm bu truagh esan, gu'n e gu feum dha féin no do dhaoine eile, ach 'na dhragh is 'na uallach dha féin is d'a theaghlach; gu'm b' fhearr, na 'm b'e sin toil a' Chruitheir, gu'n tigeadh a là gu crìch bho nach robh ann dha ach an easlaunt is a leaba ri bheò.

"Na cuireadh sin cùram ort," theireadh Fionnaghal Mhór a bhean ris daonnan, is i a' bualadh na dùirne deise am bas na laimhe clithe, "tha nì eigin agad ri dheanamh 'san t-saoghal so fathast, is tha mise ag ràdh riut nach tig a' chrìoch ort 'san leabaigh sin, no eadhon foidh sparran do thighe, ged is fhada ann do shineadh an sin thu. Cha tig," theireadh ise an sin, is shcalladh i bho aon gu aon de na bhiodh a stigh le sealladh neonach bho a suil. Bha ainm aig Fionnaghal Mhóir gu'n robh fios aice air rud nach ruigeadh gach neach air, is gu'n robh glìocas air a bhuileachadh oirre nach d' rhuair na h-uile, agus 'nuair a theireadh i so, no a leithid, bhiodh daoine 'nan tosd.

Bha là a' dol ri là mar so, seachduin ri seachduin is na mìosachan a' fàs 'nam bliadhnachan, agus bha Eoghan Saor fathast air a' leabaigh gun dol gun tighinn. Ach aon latha an so, latha lurch an deireadh an t-samhraidh—direach mar a tha againn an diugh féin (arsa Ailein), ciod a bhuail 'na iuntan ach gu'n éireadh e! Is gann gu'n creideadh a theaghlach an cluasan, is chomhairlich iad e gun e bhi smaintinn air a leithid, ged nach d' thubhairt a bhean a bheag. Co dhuibh cha robh comhairle no carail ri a gabhail is dh' éirich e. Cha 'n e mhàin gu'n d' éirich, ach bha e 'ga fhaireach-dainn féin cho làidir is gu'm feumadh e dól ceum ann mach am bog no an cruaidh. Cha b'e idir am miann gun an comas a bha aige oir am mach ghabh e gun bhata gun lorg is cha 'n fhuiligeadh e duine beo leis. Bha daoine a' bhaile a' cumail sùla air, is b' i sin sùil an iognaidh, gu mu dheireadh chunnacas e a' suidhe ri aodann na gréine air a' bhruthach sin shuas (is Ailein an so a' seoladh a-chorraige rathad a' bhruthach os ceann a' Gheodha Bhig). 'Nuair a chunnacas e a' suidhe leig iad car as an umhail e re bengan uine, is an ath sùil a thug iad cha robh Eoghan Saor ri fhaicinn thall no bhios. Direach an sin féin chualas a' ghlaodhach chruaidh sin a' tighinn orra a nuas bho 'n Gheodha Bheag, is thug na h-uile bha mu'n cuairt an cladaich orra. Bha mi féin 'nam brod 's 'nam meadhoin. Bha mi mar an ceudna am measg na ceud fheadhainn a ràinig an cladaich, is ma bha cha leig mi as mo shealladh fad 's a bhios mi air an t-saoghal so an sealladh a bha romhainn. Bha Eoghan Saor a mach air a' nhuir cùl na Creige Ghaise is e fodha gu ruig na h-a-chlasan, is gleachd bàis aige ri boireannach an sin.

Leumadh gach fear mar a ruigeadh am mach air an traigh, gu mu dheireadh nach robh fios aig a' chuid a' b' fhaide gun ruigeadh ciod a bha cearr leis na bha cruinn còmhla a' tarruing Eoghain is na mnatha gu tìr, ged a bha e ri

fhàicinn gur e ni anabarrach a thaobh-eigin a bha dol air aghaidh. Fhuaras gu tìr iad le chèile, is b' ann an sin a chualas is a chuinnacas cia mar a bha.

Ciod a bha an so ach cailin og as an ath bhaile ruinn a thuiseil le leanan, is leis gu'n d'fhàg esan an dùthaich js gu'n d' thug e America air mu' na laithean sin, ciod a b' ìomhuidh leathas, 'na cràdh cridhe, 'na h àmhlghar is na nàire, ach gu'n cuireadh i as dhi fèin anns an dòigh so. Ach thachair gu'n robh Eoghan Saor an deidh sealladh a thogail air a' Gheodha Bheag dìreach 'nuair a leum ise am mach thar na Creige Glaise, is mar a thubhairt mi fhuair e grèim oirre mu'n do bhàthadh i, ged a rinn i na bha 'na comas is a h-uile dhicheadl gu i fèin fhaotainn as a lamhan, is an t-uamhas air an do shuidhich i a h-inntinn a chur an gnìomh.

B' ann eadar dhaoine a chaidh Eoghan Saor a thoirt suas gu bràighe a' Gheodha Bhig, is b' ann air a' bhruthach cheudna bho am faca e am boireannach an toiseach, is sinn 'g a shuaineadh am plaidiachan gu ghiulan dhachaidh anna, a thug e suas a spiorad, Shìolaidh e seachad eadar ar lamhan mar gu'm biodh ann pàisde a' tuiteam 'na chodul, le snomha gaire air a ghnùis, ach aig an àm cheudna le sealladh dealasach bho shùil mar gu'm biodh e a' deanamh gairdeachais anns a' ghnìomh àghluinn leis an do chuir e crioch air a chluairt san t-saoghal."

"Tha mi an dùil a nis," arsa Ailein, nuair a chuir e crioch air a sgeul, "gu'n aontaich thu leam ains na beachdan a thug mi dhuit an àm toiseachaidh, is gu sònraichte 'nuair a dh'fhuasas mi dhuit gur i a' bhean a theasaing Eoghan bho udhachd oilteil a thoirt aiseid fèin a bu mhàthair do lighiche cho ainmeil is a tha an diugh an Ceann-a-tuath America, oir phòs i fèin agus a leannan an deidh na h-uile ni. Sin agad a nis (ars' esan), an sgeul a thug an Geodha Beag 'nam chumhne an ceart uair, is cha'n fhaoin-sgeul i ach nithean a chuinn mo dha shùil fèin, ged a tha iomad bliadhna bho'n là ud a nis."

(Bheirear an tress sgeul 'an ath à'reamh).

—:O:—

HOMESPUN.

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MR. JOHN BUCHAN ON THE BATTLE OF LOOS.

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The advance of the 15th Division deserves to be told in some detail, not only because it was the most conspicuous achievement during the first day of the battle, but because it was the type of the actions fought that day in various parts of our front. The plan was for the 44th Brigade to make the direct assault. The 46th Brigade on the left was to fetch a circuit and come in on the north side of the village, and the 45th Brigade was held in divisional reserve. Let us follow the doings of the 44th Brigade where the point of the thrust was the 9th Black Watch and the 8th Seaforths, with the Camerons in support, and the 10th Gordons following.

The gas attack was delivered about ten minutes to six, the men watching anxiously as the whitish cloud moved slowly upwards towards the German trenches near the crown of the slope. At 6.30 the whistles blew, and the Highlanders scrambled up the steps and were over the parapet.

The first rush from the firing trench was a dramatic moment. For months that narrow ditch had been the *ne plus ultra* of movement. From it through periscopes the men had observed day by day the green-grey sandbags of the German entrenchments. In the hours of darkness in the debatable ground between, they had worked at saps and wire entanglements, but in the daylight to show the head over the parapet was to take chances with death. Now what had been the limit suddenly became the starting point. Our own wire had all been cut during the night, and the dark tartans of the Black Watch and Seaforths raced over the no-man's-land and flung themselves on the German lines. The trenches were filled with German dead, but from the deepest dug-outs a gallant remnant who had survived the bombardment brought up machine guns and turned them on the advancing infantry. But nothing stayed the rush of the Scots. By five minutes past seven the whole of the German first position, several trenches deep, was in their hands, and the battalions swept across the 800 yards intervening between the crest of the ridge and Loos. In that sinister mist, reeking of powder and gas and blood, the fury of battle possessed the souls of men who a year before had been sober law-abiding civilians. Singing, cheering and shouting mad encouragements, the Highlanders went down the slope. One sergeant is reported to

have rebuked the profanity of his men. "Hold your swearing, lads," he cried, "and keep your breath. The next stop's Potsdam."

In front of Loos was the German reserve line. The entanglements had been largely destroyed by indirect fire, a fine performance for our artillery. But patches remained unbroken, and these were cut by the Black Watch under heavy shelling. They lost severely, and the ground here was terribly carpeted with their dead, but the brigade did not waver. It carried the reserve position, and at twenty minutes to eight—an hour and ten minutes after they had left their trenches—the Highlanders were surging through the streets of Loos. The clearing of Loos did not take long. The 47th Division was in its southern outskirts firmly holding the flank, and the 46th Brigade of Scots Lowlanders was closing in on the north. Meantime the Highlanders—the Camerons and Gordons now supporting the thinned ranks of the leading battalions—bombed the enemy out of the houses and cellars. "Every house was a fort," wrote one soldier, and from every window belched machine-gun fire. One Cameron sergeant, putting his machine-gun to his shoulder like a rifle, poured a stream of bullets into window after window. Most of the enemy seemed demoralised, and surrendered readily, but there were heroic individuals who stayed in the deeper dug-outs and directed by telephone the German shell-fire upon the British advance. Before nine o'clock all resistance was at an end. The battalion headquarters had advanced, and Loos was in our hands.

But the Highlanders were not content. Their orders had been not only to take Loos, but to occupy the rising ground to the east—the broad down marked in the map as Hill 70. This at least is clear; but there seems reason to believe that a further order had been given, or at least had been so understood by the men, to push on as far as possible, since supports were following. The remnants of the Highland Brigade, with the Camerons and Gordons leading, advanced up the western slope. The fire from the defence for a moment gave them pause, and the German infantry came out of their trenches as if to counter-attack. The sight spurred the Highlanders to a great effort. They streamed up the hill like hounds, with all battalion formation gone. The green tartans of the Gordons and the red of the Camerons mingled in one resistless wave. All the time they were under enfilading fire from south and north, but with the bayonet they went through the defence and at nine o'clock were on the summit of the hill.

On the top, just below the northern crest, was a strong redoubt destined to become famous in the succeeding days. The garrison surrendered

—they seemed scarcely to have resisted—but the Highlanders had no time to spare to secure the place. They streamed onward down the eastern side—now only a few hundreds strong—till they were on the skirts of the village of Cité St. Auguste, and beyond the last entrenched German position. The attack had now passed outside the legitimate operations of war. The Highlanders formed a mad salient, with no supports on south or north. The captured garrison had manned the redoubt on Hill 70, and assailed them with reverse fire, while from Cité St. Auguste, from near Pit 14 *bis* and the Keep to the north-west, from the environs of Lens and from the unbroken positions south-east of Loos came a converging bombardment. The last stage of the Highland onslaught had been magnificent, but it had not been war, for there were no reserves to follow them. Had the supports been there, had their flanks been more secure, the enemy's northern front must have been pierced. In less than three hours the heroic brigade had advanced nearly four miles, and had passed beyond all the German trench lines. Lens had seemed already fallen. The enemy was feverishly getting away his heavy guns, and for one moment the fate of Lille and the plain of Douai trembled in the balance.

Between nine and ten, Lieut-Col. Sandilands of the Camerons, arrived on the hill. Being the senior officer present, he took command, and planted the headquarters' flag of his battalion on the top. It was his business to recall the van of the advance now lost in the fog and smoke of the eastern slopes, and to entrench himself on the summit. To retire the van was no light task. Two officers whose names deserve to be remembered, Major Crichton of the Gordons and Major Barron of the Camerons, volunteered for the desperate mission. They fell in the task, but the order reached the stragglers, and they began to fight their way back in the midst of encircling fire. It was a forlorn hope, and few returned to the British lines on the hill. All down the slopes towards Lens lay the tartans—Gordons and Black Watch, Seaforth and Cameron—like the drift lying on the shore when the tide has ebbed.

—:O:—

Captain Ian Mackay Scobie, the historian of the Reay Fencibles, after recovering from the wound received last year in Gallipoli, joined the 1st Seaforths in France in the autumn. At the New Year he proceeded with the 1st Battalion of that regiment to Mesopotamia, and he had been there only a week when he was again severely wounded. He is now making a good recovery at a hill station in India, and expects to rejoin his regiment at Kut at an early date.

CEILIDH TIGH DHOMHNUILL SGAITICH.

An t-àite—

Bòstadh, an eilean Bhearnaidh Leodhas.

An luchd-cèilidh—

Calum Dhonnachaidh á Tacleit.

Murchadh Breabadair á Breacleit.

Ailean Cluasach, balach òg á Croir, agus

Gormull Phàdruga a' Crùilbhic

Dòimhnall Sgaiteach a' deanamh fraoch siomain, Barabal, a bhean ag iarraigeadh churraicean, agus Anna, an nighean aca, a' fàsgadh shùthain airson na suipeir.

Calum—Seadh, a Dhòimhnall 's dé mar a thachair dhuibh fhéin aig a' Chomission an Gearra-na-h-aibhne an dé. Chuala mi gu'n robh sibh air am bial-thaobh.

Dòimhnall—O bha, 'mhic, 's ma bha, cha bu mhór a rinn sin dhomh. 'S e siubhal gun sìcar a bha ann dhomh-sa có dhù, ach, a mhic, bho 'n is tu fhéin mac an deagh athar agus m' fhuil 'us m' fheoil fhéin, innsidh mi dhuit facal air an fhacal mar a thachair dhomh-sa. Dh'éibh iad orm an déidh Mhurchaidh Chrùbaich, agus dh' fhoighneachd Siorram Bran dhìom dé 'n t-ainm a bh' orm. "Donald Macaulay, my Lord," arsa mise. Creid thusa nach d' thuir mi, "My Lord God," mar a thuir Alasdair Donn á Cnoc-a-charamig leis a' bhrosul, ged nach do sheas sin dad dha. "Bheil Beurla agad," arsa Uilleam MacChoinnich. "O tha," arsa mise, "tha beagan de Bheurla chluaise agam a dh' ionnsaich mi aig an iasgach, ach 's i Ghàidhlig chòir air an do thogadh mise 'm Bòstadh, 's i bhithas agam gus am bàsaich mi, agus dé 'n fhios nach i bhithas thall agam." "Tha cus agad ri ràdh," arsa MacChoinnich rium. "Na cuireadh sin iognadail oirbh-se, 'mhic," arsa mise, "'s mise aon de dhubh-oghaichean Dhomhnuill Chaim 'Ic Dhùghaill." "O ni thu 'n gnothuch," arsa MacChoinnich, "tha Beurla gu leòr agad." "O," arsa mise, "mur a dean mi spàin, millidh mi adhare. Cha do sheas mise air ùrlar tighe sgoile riamh, agus mar sin cha 'n eil agam rud nach d' fhuair mi."

Calum—Sin sibh fhéin. Cha do thuig iad cò thachair riu—seadh.

Dòimhnall—Chuir iad an sin air mo mhionnan mi, agus bha mi 'deanamh mablaich air na faclan a' ràdh á bial an t-siorrain, ach 'n uair a thainig e gu na faclan, "and nothing but the truth," bha egal orm gu 'n toireadh iad mo char asam, agus airson a bhi cinnteach asan fhéin thuir mi, "and nothing but the Gaelic for me." Na 'n cluinneadh tusa 'n éigheach agus am bas-bhualadh a bha sin, chluinneadh

tu air mullach Shuaineibhal gu cothromach iad, ach, a mhic 's ann a dh' fhàs Siorram Bran fiadhaich, agus fhearaibh, 's e 'chìrean a bhiodh greannach 'n uair a thogradh e fhéin, ach 'n uair a bha e seachd sgith 'donnalaich, rinn mi seòrsa euthaigidh air na faclan ceart a ràdh, 's thòisich an ceasnachadh, agus b' fheudair do Mhac Choinnich tighinn le furtachd na Gàidhlig mu'n robh mi deiseil.

Calum—'S dé na ceistean a chuir iad oirbh?

Dòimhnall—Hud, a mhic tha mi creidsinn gu 'n do chum iad suas ri uair a thide, am bucus na mionnan mi, tha fhios agad bha mi 'toirt an dùbhlain dhoibh cho math 's a b'urrainn mi, "Bheil crodh agad?" arsa esan. "Tha," arsa mise. "Dé na tha chrodh agad?" arsa esan. "Tha trì mairt agus gamhuinn" arsa mise. "'S carson a tha na tha sin a chrodh agad agus fios agad nach tog a' chroit iad?" arsa esan—ah, dhuine, 's pongail an t-eadar-theang-adair MacChoinnich fhéin. "O ta," arsa mise, "cha 'n e crodh nàdurach a tha agam-sa ann." "Ciamar?" arsa 'n Siorram. "Tha," arsa mise, "tha iad uamhasach caol." "Tha 'n Siorram a' foighneachd," arsa MacChoinnich, "dé cho caol 's a tha iad?" "Tha," arsa mise, "cho caol ri crodh caol na h-Eiphit." "'S dé cho caol 's a tha sin?" arsa esan. "Tha," arsa mise, "cho caol 's nach fhaiceadh Siorram Bran fhéin iad ach ann am brudair."

Barabal—O dhuine bho chd, cha 'n eil guth agad gu 'm bheil thu cromadh ris an ùir a nise —bu chòir dhuit sgar dhe do dhi-mothaiche, agus a bhi seinn shailm anns a' chualach-shiomain, 's cha 'n e bhi 'g innse mu 'n Chomission mhosach sin, nì gun stàth.

Dòimhnall—O seadh, a Bharabal, mar a thuir Shonni Phàdruga còir a bha 'n Iarsh-iadar:—

"Saoilidh foirmealaich a' chràbhaidh,
Gur h-e sprochd 'us bròn as fhearr dhuinn
Gur h-e gaoth nan osnan làidir,
Soirbheas fàbharach gu glòir."

(Ailean Cluasach a' tighinn a stigh agus a' suidhe air stòlan aig clach an teinntein.)

Dòimhnall—Tà, Ailein, an là bha iad a' roinn nan cluasan fhuair thu fhéin do chuid mhath dhuibh, cò dhù.

Ailean—Fhuair.

Barabal—An deachaidh do mhàthair gu òrduighean Bharabhais, Ailean?

Ailean—Chaidh. Dh' fhalbh i fhéin agus Seonaid Alasdair, Donnachadh Uisdean agus Niall Bàn.

Dòimhnall—Tà fhearaibh, tha cuimhn' agam-sa air a' chlad òrduighean aig an robh mi am Barabhas bho chionn còrr 's dà fhichead bliadhna. Chuir an "Sgùgaire" á Arnol a' mach a' cheist Dìlaoin, agus mar a tha cuimhne aig a' chaillich an sin glé mhath, cha

robh meas mór aig Murchadh Dubh, an t-àrd eildear air. 'N uair a dh'érich Murchadh a dhùnadh na ceist, so mar a thòisich e, "N uair a chuireadh a mach a' cheist an diugh, cha b' urrainn mi gun a bhi smaoineachadh air Eliah, 'nuair a bha na fithich 'g a bheathachadh le aran agus feòil bho bhòrd Abah, mar a tha cuid a' smaoineachadh. Bha 'm biadh glé mhath ged is e an t-ian neòghlan a bha 'g a ghiulain, agus sin mar a thachair do 'n biadh a fluair sinn an diugh."

Barabal—O nach robh còmhstrith am measg nan deisciobul fhéin agus de 'n t-ìoghuaidh ged a bhiodh e 'measg eildeirean.

Dòmhnall—Agus a Bhabaral am measg chailleachan Bhòstaidh cuideachd.

(Ailean Cluasach a' feadaireachd.)

Dòmhnall—Ta, Ailein, a bhalaich, na 'm b'aithne dhuit do sheannair 's do sheana-nbair cho math 's a b'aithne dhomhsa, cha bhiodh t-fheadh cho tur binn.

Barabal—O, Dhòmhnall, nach uamhasach dhuit fhéin nach cuir thu srian ri do theangaidh. Carson a tha thu ris a' bhalach blochd mar sin —ach dh'fhairtlich thu orm-sa có dhù.

Dòmhnall—Seadh a mhic. A Bhabaral tha mi creidsinn gu 'm bheil thu cho dona dheth ri Raonull Uisdean a bha 'm Pabaidd, 'n uair a bha e 'g ùrnuigh airson a pheathraichean Hannah agus Seonaid.

Murchadh—Dé bha e 'g ràdh, Dhòmhnall?

Dòmhnall—O 's iomadh uair a chuala Barabal ùrnuigh Raonull, "Dean trèc air Hannah 's bi gu math dhithi, brònach, ach airson Seonaid dheth, cha chan mise dad. Dean do thoil mhath fhéin ri the. Dh'fhairtlich i orm-sa có dhù."

Barabal—O Raonull bochd gu dearbh bha theannadh aige leotha.

Gormull—An d'fluair sibh fiodh airson ceann a chur air a' bhàthaich fhathast.

Dòmhnall—O cha d'fluair, 's tha mi creidsinn nach flaigh. Chaidh mi dh' aon sgrìob gu oifish an t-seumairan an Steornabhagh airson cead flaighinn air pàirt de 'n fhiodh Shuaineach a thainig air tìr air tràigh mhór Bhòstaidh, agus 'n uair a chaidh mi stigh do 'n oifish thainig Dòmhnall (Dòmhnall Mac an Rathaich), agus aogas fir ainme air, 's dh'innis mi mo ghnòthuch dha. "Bithidh tasdan de chàin ort airson nach do dhùin thu 'n dorus as do dhéidh," ars' esan. Phàigh mi 'n tasdan do na mhadadh, 's duil agam gu 'n cuirinn air a dhòigh e. "Gabh dhachaidh an dràsda," ars' esan. "Thig uair eile, cha 'n eil tìde agam airson bruidheann riut an dràsda." Sheas mi greis 'g a choimhead an clàr an aodainn agus thuit mi ris mar so, "Chunnaic mi trì seumairan air eilean Leodhais. A' chiad fhear 's e 'n fhlòir cheard a bh'ann; an dara fear 's e smior an trusdair agus a' bhlaigaird a bh'ann, agus bha mi 'n dràsda fhéin ag ùrnuigh

ri Dia, gu 'n gleidheadh e thu fhéin anns an oifish so, dìne fhada fhathast mu 'n tìgeadh an donas fhéin 'n ad àite."

Barabal—B'e fhéin an trusdair, gu dearbh, agus 's iomadh uair a dhearbhadh e sin, ach b'òc a dheireadh, mar a tha Shonni Phadruig ag ràdh:—

"'S e sud is deireadh suarach dhuit,
Thus' fhrì an uamhair mhoir,
Le d'shunanain 's le d' bhàirliginn,
A' cumail chàich fo leon.
'N uair gheibh thu 'n oighreachd shàmhach sin
Bi' t-àrdan beag gu leor,
Cha chluinnear trod a' bhàillidh ann,
'S cha chuir maor grànd, air ròig.

Sin molaidd a' chnuinn shàigeach thu,
Cho tàireach 's a bhios t-fheoil,
'N uair gheibh i air do chàradh thu,
Gu sàmhach air a bord.
Their i, "'S e fear miath tha so
Tha math do bhiasd nan eòs,
Bho 'n rinn e caol na ciadan
Gus e féin a bhiathadh dhomh-s."

Gormull—An cuala sibh Dòmhnallach na Tòiseachd riamh, a Dhòmhnall?

Dòmhnall—O mhic, 's mi chuala, 's b'e sin an saighdear. Bha mi uair 's an Tòiseachd ag amharc air Alasdair Chaluim a bha 'n Eadar-dhà-fhaodhail, 'n uair a chail e 'chlas, agus bha mi 'g éisdeachd an Dotair là na Sabaid. O dhuine, 's e bha sgairteil agus b'e 'fidhleir e, ged a tha Barabal agam sa an aghaidh ciùil 'us daunsa. Thug e leis an fheidheall do 'n choilaiste 'bhliadhna mu dheireadh a bha e ann. 'S e breabadair a bha 'n a athair agus theann e ri trod ris, 'n uair a chunnaic e 'n fliidheall a' dol 's a' chiste còmhla ris an aodach aige. 'S e thuit an Dotair ri 'athair, "Tha 'n Fhirinn ag ràdh gu 'm bi ceòl ann a' nèamh, ach cha 'n eil cunnas sam bith againn gu 'm bi beart-fhighe ann."

Barabal—Tà, Ghormull, chuala mi sin aig Mairi Sheorais á Bragair. Bha i greis 'g a cosnadh an Ruigh-shaluis agus bha i 'g ràdh rium gu 'n tug an còimhlathional bocsa snaoisein airgid do 'n Dotair aig àm òrduighean a bha e aca. Thainig e timcheall greis an déidh sin, agus thug e searmon mòr seachad. Bha bodach 's an àite nach biodh a' dol do 'n éisdeachd uair sam bith, agus thachair duine no dithis ris an là ud, 'n uair a bha iad a' dol do 'n t-searmon. "Bheil thu dol a dh'éisdeachd an Dotair an diugh a Sheumais," arsa fear dhiubh. "Ach, cha 'n eil," ars' esan, "cha 'n àbhaist dhomh-s 'bhi 'dol do 'n eaglais ann." "O tà," ars' an duine ris, "'s iomadh duine tha dol do 'n eaglais an diugh nach àbhaist a bbi dol imte." "O seall thu, gu tà," arsa Seumas, "gus an fhirinn innse dhuit-sa, cha do chuir mise dad anns an tional ud a rinn iad airson bocsa snaoisein an Dotair, 's mar sin cha 'n eil mi airson dragh a chur air an duine chòir an diugh."

Dòmhnall—Bha 'm bodach bochd onarach,

fhearaibh—cha b' ionnan is iomadh slaoightire 'chuireadh na duthan air na dathan. Cha robh 'n diadhachd aige air bàrr maide, mar a bh' aig Una Uilleim a Callanis, 'n uair a bha i aig òrdughan Nis. Dh' fhoighneachd fear de na ministirean dhithi cò as a bha i. "O," ar's ise, "'s mise tè de chaoraich Challanis." "Fiach ma thà," ar's esan, "nach e gobhar a th' annad." 'S iomadh caora phlucaich a th' ann, fhearaibh. 'N cuala tu, Mhurchaidh, ciannar a tha 'n leanabh aig Tormod Uidhisteach sin thall?

Murchadh—O cha 'n 'eil e dad na 's fhearr. Bhuaileadh as e oidheche Haoine, 's cha d' fhuair iad laic chadail leis ag èigheach 's a' rànaill bho 'n uair sin.

Dòmhnall—Ah, mhic, cha bu toigh leam-sa mòran a' ràdh, bho 'n is e coigreach a th' ann an Tormod bochd, ach 's mór m' eagal gu 'n do laigh an droch shùil air an leanabh leis mar a tha iad ag ràdh rium-sa. An robh 'chailleach sin shuas air a' chreagan an rathad blo chionn ghoirid?

Barabail—Ud ud, a Dhomhnuill a rise, nach bi thu sàmbachl. Nach garbh dhuit a bhi deanamh droch dhuine dhìot fhéin am measg do nàbuidhnean mar sin. Dé'n gnòthuch a th' agad-sa ri cailleach no bodach fo na ghréin fhads' a chumas iad uat fhéin.

Dòmhnall—O Bharabail, cum ort gu là mar a chanadh Iain Sheoc a bha 'n Cùl-a-choduin ach b' àrd do ghuth fhéin 'n uair a bha 'm "paddy" agad 's an fhéith aig garadh Chroir, agus tha fhios againn glé mhath cò air a bha thu cur na coire.

Barabail—O tha mi 'cur Dia eadar mi 's gach duine air an t-saoghal aig am bheil an droch shùil.

Dòmhnall—'S tusa dh' fhaodas sin ma thogras tu, ach a cheart cho cinnteach 's gu 'n tug iad "Dòmhnall Sgaiteach" orm sa mar fhar-ainm, tha 'n droch shùil ann.

Calum—Tha, gun teagamh sam bith, fhearaibh, agus 'n uair a bha mise aig an iasgach an-uiridh, bha balach gasda a Barraidh anns an aon bhàta rium, agus bha e 'g ràdh rium gu 'n robh cailleach mhòsach an ath-dhorus riutha aig an robh 'n droch shùil cinnteach gu leòr. Thainig i aon oidheche stigh air cheilidh orra, agus 'n uair a bha iad a' bruidheann a null agus a nall, 's a phluithar bheag a bha mu cheithir bliadhna dh' aois, a' cluich timchioll air clach an teinntein, thuirte ise, "O nach gràdhach Peigi Bheag. Cha 'n fhaca mi boinne fala riamh na 's bòidhe-che." Mu 'n do thàrr a' chailleach ghrànda 'casan a thoirt leatha, bhuaileadh as am pàisde le tinneas trom agus acain uamhasach, agus bha 'bràthair ag ràdh rium gu 'n cluinneadh tu 'n cnead a bha aice fada bho 'n tigh.

Dòmhnall—O mhic, 's mise chreideas na h-uile facal dheth. Dé rinn iad rithe?

Calum—O chuir iad fios air an t-sagart, agus chnir e 'n ola-bhàis oirre, ach cò thigheadh an oidheche sin fhéin ach MacGuirnein, an ceann-aiche-siubhail, agus cha do thàrr e amharc oirre, 'n uair a dh' iarr e orra uisge bharr airgid a chrathadh oirre, agus toll a dheanadh ann a' sia-sgillinn agus a cur air sreang mu h-amhaich. Rinn iad sin, agus chaidh a' chailleag, agus bha i cho slàn ri breac na linne 's a mhaduinn.

Dòmhnall—Tha fhios gu 'n robh. Rinn uisge 'n airgid an gnòthuch air sùil rògach na caillich. Chunna sinn nair a bhitheadh Barabail fhéin a' cur na sia-sgillinn anns a' mheis far am bith-eadh i suidheachadh bainne "phuddy."

Murchadh—Saoil sibh am bheil dad de 'n t-seorsa sin aig Nic Fhraing fhéin. Chuala mi gu 'n robh poca-buisneachd aice 'n crochadh os cionn an teime.

Dòmhnall—'S mise nach rachadh idir an urras oirre. Bithidh droch shùil aice 'n còmh-nuidh air crodh Uisdean an uair a bhitheas i tighinn as a' Mhòine. Fhearaibh, an cuala sibh riamh gu 'n do chuir a seanamhair a mach a' cheist uair.

Barabail—Obhan, dèhan, a Dhomhnuill, c'ait' o 'n t-saoghal an cual' thu sin?

Dòmhnall—Tà, chuala aig Anndra Uilleim a bha 'n Carnis. 'S ann a' Lealhar an Taisbean-aith a thug i 'cheist—"Bha tosd air nàml mu thimchioll leth-uair." Dh' eirich fear de na ministirean agus thuirte e nach robh 'cheist freagarrach 's nach robh duilgheadas sam bith aige-san an earrann a mhìneachadh do 'n bhean a dh' eirich—gur h-e b' aobhar tosd a bhi air nàml nach robh boirionnaich ann aig an àn!

IAIN N. MACLEOD.

—:—:—:—

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is computed that for the last quarter of a century rural Scotland had decreased by 30,000. How will matters stand when the war is over? Will the process of depopulation go on by alluring such of our soldiers as may survive to the colonies, or arranging for settling them in their own country. "Wait and see."

* * *

A little more than half a century ago, when the political face of Europe was very different from what it is to day, Mr. Frederic Harrison, the well-known Positivist, in an essay on England and France, showed considerable political sagacity when he pled for a "settled understanding and a healthy co-operation between the two Powers." This is now an accomplished fact.

* * *

"The splendour of the old literature of Gaeldom is too little known, especially among

native Gaelic speakers, strange to say. It is one of the most copious and magnificent literatures in Europe. When the rest of Europe was plunged in intellectual darkness, there shone a brilliant light in Gaeldom. Scholars flocked from all quarters to their schools."

* * *

Ten years ago the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., wrote in his "Jottings of a Naturalist" that, while the consumption of timber throughout the world is increasing at a prodigious rate, the visible supply is vanishing. France, Germany, Austria, and even Russia are husbanding their forests. Smaller States are doing likewise. Britain alone is the exception, being the most treeless country in Europe. Germany has 35,000,000 acres of woodland, and yet imports timber to the value of £15,000,000 a year. That was, of course, before the war. Russia has a woodland area of 447,500,000 acres. Belgium used to derive £4,000,000 from 1,700,000 acres of forest. In Great Britain and Ireland it is estimated that there are 3,000,000 acres of woodland. Comparing this with Belgium, British woodlands ought to yield £7,000,000 a year, but the yield is far behind this. It has been pointed out that there is not a single pulping mill in the United Kingdom, and that we import £3,000,000 worth of wood pulp and wood paper annually. Sir Herbert Maxwell and other authorities showed that there are thousands of acres in Scotland, once valuable sheep pasture, now rented at from sixpence to two shillings an acre. If our waste lands were brought under forest, it would mean the employment of at least one woodman to every hundred acres, besides the multitude of hands required in sawmills, pulping mills and other forest industries which would spring up, thus giving employment to a healthy rural population. It is said that we import into the United Kingdom annually timber and wood products to the value of £32,000,000, every cubic foot of which could be grown on our own soil. Arguments have been put forward several years ago in favour of State forests. We rely on Canada, Sweden and Russia for four-fifths of our coniferous timber supply. Objections are urged that this country is not suitable for the growth of what is called "clean timber," on account of the furious storms to which it is subject. Thus it is held that it would be futile to establish State forests. But when one observes the beautiful trees adorning the parks of the rich, it can hardly be said that the soil and climate of the country is unsuitable for the growth of timber. The subject may receive additional attention from naturalists when the war is over, and when many men, accustomed to an

open-air life, return home. Sociologists may turn their minds to it as a means of relieving the congestion in towns, and affording a healthy and remunerative employment to a considerable number of the population, thus saving them from the physical deterioration usually inseparable from town life.

* * *

The vogue of the kilt is still spreading. Recently two battalions of the Middlesex Regiment formed regimental pipe bands, and dressed their pipers in MacPhie tartan. "An Deo-Gréine" accepts the compliment.

* * *

A London correspondent, writing in mid-April, says:—This afternoon three Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders asked a policeman in Pall Mall the way to the House of Commons. He answered them immediately in Gaelic, for he happens to be a Lewisman. Two of the soldiers came from Skye, and the third from Tiree. All of them were Gaelic speakers, and the policeman beamed with delight. It may be added that the correspondent is a worthy scion of Clan Chattan.

* * *

In these days Gaelic may well be a familiar tongue in the precincts of Buckingham Palace, for the King rarely holds an investiture for conferring military honours without the presence of one or two representative Highlanders. During the past month several officers of Highland regiments had the D.S.O. or the Military Cross conferred upon them by the King.

* * *

At the ensuing General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, important proposals are to come up for promoting the education of Gaelic-speaking candidates for the ministry. The United Free Church and the Free Church are also energetically tackling the same problem.

* * *

The Highland fishing ports have had a practical monopoly of the spring herring fishing this year. Highlanders must regret, however, that as usual the lion's share of the proceeds goes to the East Coast fishermen. One of the great economic problems awaiting solution is that of bringing the Highland fishermen into line with their East Coast brethren.

* * *

This year motor fishing boats have increased by nearly fifty per cent. Again it has to be said that the increase was mostly on the East Coast.

GARBH MAC STAIRN AGUS DUAL.

Dh' inich Garbh mac Stairn agus Dual a dh' fhaicinn Fhinn agus a threun fheara colgach, iomraiteach ann an gnìomharaibh arm. Bha Fionn 's an àm sin 'n a thigheadas samhraidh am Buchannti. 'N an turus d'a ionnsuidh, ghabh iad beachd air gach gleann agus faoin mhonadh, air gach all agus caol choirean. Ghabh iad sgeul de gach coisiche agus gach fear a thachair 'n an còir. Ann an gleann nan cuach agus nan lon, chunnaic e bùth taobh sruthain; chaidh a steach, dh' iarr deoch; dh' eirich ribhinn a b' aluinne snuadh a dh' fhàilt-eachadh an turuis le sìth. Thug i biadh dhaibh r'a itheadh, dibhe ri h-òl; dh' iarr sgeul le cainnt thlà. Bhuail gaol o a sùil an Garbh borb, agus dh' innis cia as daibh. "Thainig sinn o thir nan crann, far an lionmhor sonn—mac rìgh Lochlann mise—m' ainm Garbh na'm b' aill leat—esan Dual, o thir nam beann, a thuinich an Albainn o thuath—a ghabhail cairdeis gun sgàth agus aoidheachd o'n àrd rìgh Fionn, sid fàth ar turuis, a chhiab na maise—cìod am bealach am buail sinn? seol ar cas gu teach Fhinn, bi dhuinn mar iùl, us gabh duais." —"Duais cha do ghabh mi riamh, ars' an nighean bu bhlàithe sùil 's bu deirge gruaidh; "cha b' e sid àbhaist Theadhaich nam beann èilde, 'g am bu lionmhor dàmheach 'n a thalla, 'g am bu tric tathaich o thuath—ni mise dhuibh iùl."—Gu gleann-sìth tharladh na fir; gleann an tric guth feidh is loin; gleann nan glas charn is nan sgor; gleann nan sruth ri uisg is gaoith. Thachair orra buaghar bhò, is rinn dhaibh iùl; thug daibh sgeul air duthaich nan creag, air fir agus air mnaibh, air fàs shliabh agus charn, air neart feachd, air rian nan arm, air miann sloigh, agus craobh-thuinidh nam Fiann.

NOTES.

SALE OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

A Sale of Tweeds, etc., was held in Glasgow on the 23rd of March last. Mrs. Dunlop, wife of the Lord Provost of the city, very kindly gave the use of her house, at 6 Park Terrace, for the sale. Lady Stirling-Maxwell, in a few words, declared the sale open, and, after votes of thanks, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell made brief reference to the industries of the Highland cottars and their need of help to dispose of their splendid homespun. There was a large attendance of ladies, and immediately after the opening there was a very brisk sale. Miss Campbell of Succoth, who organised the sale, with her assistants were kept very busy for a couple of hours, and also the Treasurer.

The sale was the most successful held since the beginning of the war, and special thanks are due

the Lord Provost and Mrs. Dunlop for placing their rooms at the disposal of the committee, and for their assistance and entertainment of the guests. Miss Campbell of Succoth carried out the arrangements most satisfactorily, and is to be congratulated on the success of the sale.

The total sum realised amounted to £169.

—:O:—

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Lieut. Alasdair O. MacLaren (Crianlarich), A. & S. Highlanders, recently wounded, has returned to duty in the firing line. Lieut. MacLaren was wounded in both legs, but has made a very quick recovery. In a letter, recently received, he tells us that there are about 350 Gaelic-speakers in the battalion, and the chaplain has no Gaelic!

"S e mo rùn an Gaidheal Jagbach,
Is tu thaghainn 's cha b' e 'n Gall,
Ort a thig na h-airm gu sgìbhidh,
Os cionn adharc chrìos nam ball,
Fàilte dhuit 'us slàinte leat!"

—:O:—

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Darna Mios an t-Samhraidh, 1916.

[Earrann 9.

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MÒINE.

Arsa bodach còir, Gaidhealach air a cho'-la-déug 'sa chaidh, 's e 'deanamh deiseil gu dhol dachaidh; "Ciod e nise air am bheil thu 'dol a sgriobhadh anns an ath aireamh de'n *Deò*? "Mòine" arsa mise. "Ma ta gu dearbh," ar' esan, tha éis cinn-teagaisg ort. Na'n robh thu ann am poll-mòna a liuthad samhradh riumsa bhiodh cùimh'n' aig do chaol-drom agus do dha shlinnean air. Is iomadh feasgar a bha mi seachd sgith 'ga buain, 'ga cruachadh, agus 'ga tarruing dhachaidh, gun bhruidheann air mo dhragh 'ga dìon o na ceàirdinnean—na meirlich! Ach 's cinnteach nach deanar an gnothuch as a h-aonais, oir na 'm biodhmaid a' freasdal a' ghuail, 's e cho daor, bhiodh creutairean air a' meileachadh fad a' gheamlraidh. Gabh air adhart a laochain; cha'n fhàs do bhodhaig rag leis a' pheann mar a dh'fhàsas mo chruachanan-sa leis an toiriseil, ach chl sinn dé th'agad r'a ràdh air mòine. B' fhearr leam gu'm faigheadh tu mach inneal air choireigin a ghearradh i leis fhein, agus nach biodh agam-sa dheanamh ach 'na mo shuidh' air bruaich a' feitheamh ri am dinnearach."

Gun teaganh bha 'm bodach a' bruidheann leis an eòlas a thig bho aithne cleachdaidh, oir tha obair na mòna sgitheil fhad 's a mhaireas i. Ach theid aig nigheanan is gillean òga, gu tric, an là a chur seachad gle shunndach le ceathramh no dha òrain, gearra cainnt, no feala-dha. Mo thruaighe! cha bhi na gillean ach tearc am bliadhna. Sluigidh an cogadh iomadh balach eireachdail is flathail, mar sin bidh cagailt an sud 's an seo fuar ann an seadh nach dean blàths an teintein suas.

Tha seanachaidhean a' cur an cèill 'nan sgriobhaidhean gu 'm b' fhéudar do sheann luchd-àiteachaidh nam bailtean móra a thogadh 'san Aird'-an-Ear fada, fada, roimh linn Chriosda, cùl a chur riutha, agus a dhol air imrich gu ceàrnan eile. Cha'n e gu'n robh iad na bu truailidhe na cuid eile de'n chinne-daonna, no gu'n do thuit iad fo fhaobhar claidheimh an naimhdean, ach gu'n do thachair cion connaidh. Anns na ceud linntean 'nuair a fhuair am fiadh-dhuine, an sealgar, agus na prìomh-athraichean a mach an dòigh air teine a dheanamh, cha robh gainne connaidh orra. Loisg iad coiltean far am faighteadh iad, agus réitich iad an dùthaich gun chùram mu fhéum a' ghinealaich a thigeadh 'nan déidh. Mar a bha linntean a' dol seachad, agus slòigh a' cruinneachadh gu bailtean a thogail, dh'fhàs na h-ionadan far am faighte connadh gann, agus mean-air-mhean b' fhéudar fhaotainn o àitean na b' fhaide air falbh. Bha trioblaid is cosgais ceangailte ri seo. Gus an là diugh, a dh' sindeoin innleachdan, tha e draghail ann an cuid de cheàrnan de'n t-saoghal goir-easan a ghiùlan bho àite gu àite. 'Nuair a dh'fhàs gnothuichean na bu trioblaidiche agus na bu duilghe, cha robh air ach bailtean móra a chaidh a shuidheachadh fada bho oir na mara a thréigsinn, ge bith cho breagh 'sa bha iad le'm ballachan rìomhach. Thogadh Tadmor o shean anns an fhàsach. Cha'n 'eil a làrach ri

fhàicinn an diugh. Tha sinn a' leughadh an eachdraidh gu'm bheil na fineachan is bochda 'nan cor 'san t-saoghal a' cleachdadh gach innleachd is urrainn daibh air son connadh a chruinneachadh. Bidh na h-Innseanaich fhathast a' tiormachadh buachar a' chruidh. Cha 'n 'eil aig na h-*Esquimaux* ach buaic is ola; cha 'n 'eil seòl eile aca, oir cho fad 's a ruigeas sealladh na sùla cha 'n fhàicear ach sneachd agus meallan reòdhta. Am measg mòran de chinnich an diugh, gu h-àraidh a mhéud 'sa tha ag àiteachadh dhùthchanna teth, cha 'n 'eil gainnead connaidh a' cur a bheag de dhragh orra ma gheibh iad na dh'fhòghnas airson tigheadais. Mur a biodh ann ach sin, is gann gu leigeadh iad a leas a bhi 'deanannh earalas mu choinneimh na tha rompa. Ach an càrnan eile 'nuair a thòisich gnìomhachas de gach seorsa a' còmhachadh na dùthcha, agus an lorg sin beairtean is obair ealanta a dh'fhéumas connadh a chum an cur air ghléus, b'fhéudar innleachdan a chleachdadh air son bùrach is tolladh na talmhainn an tòir air gual. Mar tha fios againn uile 'se seo an connadh air a bheil a chuid is motha de Bhreathunn a' cur féum an ceart uair, agus is ann a sior dhòl an daoiread a tha e. Tha aon sochair aig Gaidheil na h-àirde tuath a thaobh connaidh. Tha mòine gu leòr aca ach beag a nasgaidh an coimeas ri gual, ged tha dragh mu timcheall mu'm faighear a' cruchadh agus a' tarruing dhachaidh.

A nise ma bheir sinn tuairam air a' cheud seòrsa connaidh a ghnàthaich crèutairean ann an ceud linntean an t-saoghail, cha bhi sinn fad' am mearachd ma chanas sinn meanglain nan coilltean, agus an deidh sin nadur de mhòine. Math dh'fhaoidte gu'n do mhothaich cinnich nan seann linntean gu'n robh crìomagan àraidh de'n fhearann freagarrach air son connaidh, mar a mhothaich na h-Arabianaich do 'n ghainmhich a dh'fhàs mar nadur de ghloine am measg na luaithe an deidh teine a' smàladh. Biodh sin mar a dh'fhaodas e, faodar a chreidsinn gu'm mhothaicheadh truaghain a bhiodh an còmhnaidh air allaban o àite gu àite ri linn an t-sean t-saoghail, mar a rachadh crìomagan tioram de'n talamh 'nan teine an drasda 'sa rithist. Cha bhiodh iad fad' a' tuigsinn gu'n deanadh seo connadh ann an àm an fhéum.

An measg nam muinntir a tha 'cur féum air mòine air feadh an t-saoghail, cha lionmhor iad a ghabhas mòran suim de na h-aobharan a thug oirre fas cho pailt ann an càrnan àraidh seach àitean eile. Tha mòinteach cho cumanta 's gu bheil iad am barail gu'n faighear i an càrn 'sam bith. Ach cha 'n ann mar sin a tha. Tha i na's pailte ann an roinnean fuara na talmhainn, agus ma gheibhear mòine an diugh ann an cuid de chearnan teth, is e is aobhar gu'n robh na càrnan sin fuar aig linntean céin an t-saoghail. An uair a thachras gu'm fàs

luibhean de gach seòrsa, agus còinneach a chithear gu tric ann am boglaichean, grod, agus gu'n teid an càrnadh suas r'a cheile troimh mhìltean thair mhìltean de bhliadhnanach, gheibhear mòinteach. Tha 'n tasgadh seo a sior dhòl air adhart air a shocair gun fhios duinn. Is anns na boglaichean seo a gheibh sinn an seòrsa còinnich ris an canar *sphagnum*, a thatar an diugh a' meas ro fhéumail air son faothachadh lotan. Bha fios aig na sean Ghaidheil air an fhaothachadh a bheireadh plàs còinnich do lot, ged tha lighichean ar n-àm a' smaoinicheadh gu'r iad fhein a fhuair a mach an toiseach cho feumail 's a tha *sphagnum*. Fàsaidd a' chòinneach seo na's braise na luibh air bith am boglaich. Tha i còsagach 'na gné, mar sin leanaidh buigead na's fhaide ri the na còinneach de sheòrs eile. Tha 'taobh iocrach a sior sheargadh 's an bhuigich. agus tha 'n taobh uachdrach a' fàs gun tàmh agus 'ga shìneadh fein a mach clo fad ri ceithir troidhean 'sa bhliadhna. Cha 'n fhaic an t-sùil mhothachail 's an chruthachadh air fad ach atharrach agus seargadh. Nach e seo lagh Naduir?

Na'm biodh mòine freagarrach airson biadhadh an eich-iaruinn (mar a threiar), is cinnteach gu'm biodh barrachd meas oirre. Co dhìubh bhiodh i na bu daoire. Ach cha 'n 'eil a theas innte na chuireas an t-eich-iaruinn na dheann-aibh mar a ni gual, agus tha i cho tomadach agus gu feum i barrachd rùm na dh'fheumas gual. Gidheadh dh'fheuch a' Ghearmailt féum a dheanadh dh'air na rathaidean-iaruinn, ged a b'fhéudar daibh na cairtean-giulan a dheanadh na bu mhotha na b' àbhaist, mu'm faigheadh iad na dh'fheumte de chonnadh. As deidh sin dhèibh iad innleachd airson a' fàsadh 's a brùthadh a chum a tomad a lughdachadh. Sheòl sin iad gu bhi 'ga cheadh is 'ga stròiceadh as a cheile airson féum eile a dheanadh dhi. Tha e coltach gu bheil fearthan ann am mòine, troimh nan stuthan a tha measgaichte innte, a ni fhathast i na's fèumail na bhi 'ga buain air son connadh a mhàin. Anns an linn 'sa bheil sinn beò, faodar a ràdh ann an seadh nach h-eil ceann-criche air na h-innleachdan a fhuairheadh a mach a chum math an t-sluaigh. Cho fad air ais ri 1810 thionndaidh daoine geur inntinneach an aire air na bha 'n tasgadh ann am mòine, agus tha, 'n t-àl a thainig 'nan deidh aig an obair cheudna. Tha 'mhuinntir is ealanta an eòlas a' tolladh anns gach ni le'n glòineachan-fiosrachaidh air a leithid a dhòigh agus nach cuir dad 'sam bith annas orinn. Da fhichead bliadhna agus a sia roimh an diugh, dh'fheuch Sir Seumas Mac Mhathain an Leodhas *paraffin* agus céir a tharruing a mòine, ach b'fhéudar stad an uair a fhuairheadh a mach tobraichean *petroleum* an America. Chosd Sir Seumas mòran airgid a' sabaid ri boglaichean Leodhais a thiomachadh,

agus cha robh ann ach call air a' cheann mu dheireadh,

Ann an cearnan de 'n Eorpa tha na h-uiread de nithean 'gan deanamh air na gheibhear á mòiine. Ann am mór roinnean na Gearmailte, thatar a' figheadh bratan-ùrlair, bratan-folaich, agus earraidean bhlo na freumhan a thatar a' faotainn 'san mhòine, agus tha 'n obair sin 'na meadhoin beartais do 'n t-sluagh. An uair a bha 'n cruinneachadh mòr ris an canar *Exhibition* ann a Bhienna ch'ionn sheachd bliadhna deug chunnacas le iognadh tigh ann a chaidh a thogail gu riomhach le mòine—ullaichte air mhodh àraidh air a shon—agus cla 'n e mhàin sin, ach bha 'n àirneis a bha 'na bhroinn air a deanamh o na tharruing iad á mòiine! Ni daoine sgileil nadur de thaois di, agus brùthaidh iad ri cheile i cho teann agus gu 'n fàs i coltach ri fiodh lioibtha cho dubh ri *ebony*. Gabhaidh i cumadh no dreach 'sam bith a chuir oirre. Tha i freagarrach air son paiper a dheanamh, agus tha mòran de sin 'ga dheanamh anns na h-uiread a' chearnan de 'n Eorpa, ach Breatunn a mhàin a tha 'n còmhnaidh air deireadh air càch ann an innleachdan oibreach. Sin ag'ibh beagan de 'n t-saibhreas a tha folaichte ann am mòine, ged nach 'eil ear 'cur fèum oirre 'nar tìr-ne ach air son connaidh.

Thug daoine fiosrachail an aire o chionn fada gu bheil buaidh chomharraichte ceangailte ri mòine, a thaobh na stuthan a tha innte, a chum nithean a chumail o ghrohdadh. Tha mhuinntir aig a bheil ùgh do àrsaireachd, agus a bhios a' bùrach mu chreagan, mu bhruchan, agus mu sheann laraichean gu tric ag amas air rudan a bha 'n tasgadh, no tiodhlaichte, fo bhruchan mòinteich ré mòran bhliadhnanach, agus ged chaidh na ceudan bliadhna seachad cha mhothaichear mùthadh orra. Tha e air a dhearbhadh nach tachair malcadh do uisge mòinteich. Mhothaich Captein Cook seo am feadh 's a bha e'an tòir air uisge ann an aon de na h-eileanan fuara a mach o cheann-a-deas America, Lion e baraillean dheth, agus bha e cho blasta 'nuair a' rainig an sgioba dùthchanna teth 's a bha e 'nuair a chuireadh 's an bharaill 'e. Tha stuth àraidh ann an uisge mòinteich a tha 'ga shàbh-aladh o ghrohdadh—sùgh a tha tighinn as a' mhointeich fhein. agus a tha 'na gné.

Ni mòine deagh inneir airson fearann criadhach, righinn, leanailteach ri soc a' chrainn. Mar sin tha meas aig tuathanaich tuigseach an diugh air mòine thioram. Pronnaidh iad i airson a' cur fo 'n chrodh 's an bhàthaich. Tha oibrichean-iaruinn a' cur fèum oirre 'nuair a bhios leaghadh a' dol air adhart, agus airson faobhar a mhaireas a chur air agéanan. Tha daoine foghlumte a' deanamh a mach gu bheil deatach na mòna fallain, agus gu 'r e sin aon de na h-aobharan a tha eifeachdach a chum slàinte an t-sluagh air

a' Ghaidhealtachd a dh'aindeoin an t-salchair a mhothaichear mu 'n tighen. Co dhùibh tha seo fìor no nach eil, cha ghabh e àicheadh nach faicear a' còmhnaidh anns na tighen dubha gillean sgairteil agus caileagan breagh, aigh-earach. Ma tha 'n toit 'gan cuideachadh, tha gu leòr aca dhi air amannan. A dh'aon rud cha 'n eil i cho salach ri toit a' ghuail, agus nur a' còrl i riùtha cha 'n eil aca ach cèum a ghabhail gu cnocan nu choinneimh an doruis, agus suidhe 's an aileadh nach faighear am baile mòr.

A nis ma tha mòine cha fèumail 's a thatar a' cumail a mach, tha e 'na iognadh nach do ghabh ar Rìoghachd barrachd suim di, agus nach do chuireadh oibrichean air chois feadh na Gaidhealtachd mar a rinneadh an cèarnan eile de 'n t-saoghal. Gidheadh na thachras seo, math dh'fhaoitde nach bi suidheachadh a' Ghaidheil dad na 's fheàir dheth a thaobh connadh, oir fasaidh mòine daor. Ma tha dùthchannan eile 'ga cur gu lethid a bhuil, cha 'n eil e soirbh a thuigsinn e'arson tha Breatunn air deireadh mu 'n chùis, mar a tha i an diugh a thaobh dhathan riomhach, agus air an aobhar sin an eisimeil na Gearmailte.

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THE IRISH MIND.

The following remarks which appeared in the "Claidheamh Soluis" in its issue of the 1st of April last may be read with interest in the light of what was brewing in Ireland during the same month. The writer is reviewing "Tracts for the times, No. 10, Ghosts" by P. H. Pearse. "These Tracts," he says, "set out the fundamental principles of Irish Nationality as expounded by Tone, Davis, Lalor, and Mitchell—the four ghosts raised by the author. But there are points on which the author's statements seem to differ from the facts. For example he says: *The Irish mind is the clearest mind that has ever applied itself to the consideration of nationality and of national freedom.* (The italics are ours.) "If he had said that the Irish instinct of nationality was strong, everyone would agree; but if the contention is that clear thinking accompanies that strong instinct of nationality, the exact opposite is the case. In all times it has been the misfortune of Ireland that, broadly speaking, her nationalists were not clear and practical thinkers, and her astute business men were not nationalists in any true sense. The author says: "I am seeking to find, not those who have thought most wisely about Ireland, but those who have thought most authentically for Ireland, the voices that have come out of the Irish struggle itself. But why not select those who have

thought most wisely *for Ireland?* for some who have thought sincerely thought wrong. Indeed with Irishmen the lack has at all times been of a sound, sane, constructive policy, neglecting no assistance that could further the cause; *whether that assistance was unworthy or interested, or otherwise.*" Again the italics are ours, and we offer no comment.

Another article on "The Gaidhealtachd" appears in the same number, and we take the liberty of quoting some of it, for, if we substitute "Scotland" for "Ireland, and "Gaelic" for "Irish," it is quite applicable to the condition of things among ourselves. Says the writer: "A lot of sentimental rubbish has been written on this subject (Gaidhealtachd). One would think that the Gaidhealtachd was palpitating with a desire to perpetuate its language, but was being coerced and prevented by a wicked Galdachd. The fact is as anyone acquainted with the facts know, that the biggest enemies of Irish are the Gaels of the Gaidhealtachd. They have it in their power, without leave from anyone, to perpetuate it by the simple process of speaking it, but we know that 99 per cent of them try to throw it away as soon as they have got some knowledge of English, and especially when they have acquired some measure of wordly prosperity. Any check that has been given to the decay of the language has been due to the driving force of example given by persons in the Galdachd. How many native speakers in the Gaidhealtachd are active workers in the language cause outside of those who have acquired Gaelic ideas by contact with workers in Dublin, London, Belfast, and other places where Irish is not the vernacular? Very few. It would be interesting to count how many branches in the Gaidhealtachd have owed their origin and permanence to local initiation, or to stimulation from the Galdachd."

"It is quite true that to perpetuate Irish we must preserve it in the districts where it is still a living tongue, but these districts will never move of their own initiative. They must be rushed by the Galdachd. In the past the towns have been the centres from which anglicisation has spread. To succeed we must reverse the process and Gaelicise the towns, especially near the Irish speaking districts, and make these centres from which Irish influences will radiate. At present the chief anglicising influences in the Gaidhealtachd are the clergy, doctors, lawyers, the schools, and public officials of all kind. That, there are brilliant exceptions does not alter the case, and that some of those who are not exceptions are native Irish speakers, only makes the matter worse. Most of those who Anglicise through ignorance of Irish come from the towns or from prosperous districts,

where Irish is not the home language. If we can Gaelicise the next generation of those, they will be missionaries for the preservation of Irish instead of propagators of Anglicisation. In the meantime, of course, every effort must be made, especially through the schools, to keep Irish the home language in all these districts where it is still the vernacular."

It does not require much penetration of mind to see how applicable most of the arguments put forward by the writer of the above quotation are to the condition of Gaelic things among Gaels in Scotland. The initiative of the language movement in the Highlands has come from the South, and not from the quarter from which it is natural to expect it. The reasons are not far to seek. The writer of the above article hints them. One still meets, in travelling, decent Highlanders trying hard to conceal their knowledge of their mother tongue, forgetting that their pronunciation in many cases gives them away at once. We are talking from experience. On railway platforms in Scotland, Frenchmen or Belgians talk their own language fearlessly, and fall back on English only when required. But some Highlanders, if they use Gaelic at all in public, do so in an undertone, as if they felt guilty of a crime. When will this cringing spirit disappear? Will the war cure it along with all the other ills which are going to disappear according to our sapient prophets? We have often hinted that the future of Gaelic does not lie with those who are approaching the period of the "sere and yellow leaf," but rather with the young. We have done it so often that there is a danger of becoming monotonous on the subject. Let us however not be misunderstood. The middle aged and the old can do much by precept and example, although we cannot look for them becoming real students of Gaelic, except in rare cases. The only hope of success therefore lies in attending to the young, not so much by enticing them to Mods, but in their own parishes and schools whether government helps or not. If this necessitates a reconstruction of our programme and our methods, it will have to be done. By this time next year School Board elections will be over in the Highlands. Our munition workers must therefore begin to organise so as to be prepared for assault. These workers, naturally, ought to be mainly those who are resident in Gaelic-speaking districts. The compelling power of the influences of a great war on men's minds, real and sad as it is, need not drive us to neglect duties which are inseparably bound up with our very life as a race that ought to endure with its distinctive characteristics. A language struggle of a severe nature may lie before us, but that is no reason why we should not face it. Even though we

fail (and this need not be, if only we are true to ourselves), the struggle in itself may produce eventual good. As A. H. Clough wrote, "Say not the struggle nought availeth, the labour and the wounds are vain." Were the people of the Highlands, reinforced by such of them as live in the Lowlands, to make an united demand for reasonable assistance towards the maintenance of Gaelic in the schools of the country, it is difficult to see how a government could ignore it.

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COMHRADH.

Le COINNEACH DOMHNUILLACH, Cunnadainn.

Choisinn an comhradh so a' cheud duais aig Mòl Litreachais 1915.

Comhradh àbhachdach eadar Alasdair Ruadh agus Dòmhnall Bàn.

Alasdair Ruadh—Cha bhi mi 'grèadh.

Dòmhnall Bàn—C'ar son a' bhiodh? Thigibh a nios Alasdair, agus deanaibh snidhe.

Alasdair—Tha mis a' tighinn gu h-athaiseach. Nach 'eil agad ach thu fhéin?

Dòmhnall—Cha 'n 'eil.

Alasdair—C' àite 'n do chuir thu a' bhean?

Dòmhnall—Chaidh i null rathad Inbhirnis an diugh a cheannach goireas do 'n taigh. Tha bith ann an sid an drasd, agus gheibh sibh rud sam bith a tha innte air son sia sgillinn agus bonn-a-sia.

Alasdair—Féumaidh am bonn-a-sia a bhi ann. Ach an d'fhaireich thu gu dé seòrsa rud a tha iad a' cumail anns a' bhùith annasaich sin.

Dòmhnall—O! tha iad a' cumail iomadh rud féumail ann—miasan, 'us ùird, tuaghan 's spaidean, 'us rudan mar sin.

Alasdair—An d'fhaireich thu am beil iad a' cumail barachan innte?

Dòmhnall—Cha d'fhaireich. 'S cinnteach nach eil féum bara oirbh; suarach cho fad 's bho chunnaic mi sibh a' ceannach bara ùir de roup Mhic-an-Tòisich.

Alasdair—Ma chunnaic, cha 'n 'eil dad di air sgèil an diugh.

Dòmhnall—Gu dé thachair di?

Alasdair—Thachair an tubaist. An là ud a bha mi a' tighinn dhachaigh bho 'n t-Sealladh Spréidhe, chaidh mi steach a choimhead air Iain Gobha gus am faicheadh e a' chearc, 'san coileach a fhuair an tucaid dhearg—a' chiad duais, agus dh'fhàg mi am bara, 's na bh'ann aig taobh an rathaid mhòir. Fhad 's bha mis a stigh chaidh carabad ola seachad, agus nuair a thainig mi a mach bha 'm bara, 's na bh'ann 'na bhloighean aig taobh an rathaid.

Dòmhnall—Na 'n robh sibhse air an àireamh ac' a ghabhail bheireadh sibh air na h-uaislean an call a phagheadh.

Alasdair—Uaislean! ceàrdan, cead na cuid-eachd! Tha na h-uaislean ceart furasd' am faineachadh.

Dòmhnall—Cia mar sin?

Alasdair—Innsidh mi sin dhuit. Chaidh an t-Uachdaran còir againn fhìu seachad là roimh 'na charabad, agus mharbh e gun fhios da ceare leis a' bhàntraich bhig a bha sgrìobadh air an rathad mhòir. Chuir e stad air a' charabad anns a' mhionaid, agus chuir e'n stiuradair gus an dorus leis a' chirc mhairbh agus bonn leth-chruin.

Dòmhnall—Bha sin uasal cheana. Ach gu dé seòrsa circ a tha againh Alasdair?

Alasdair—Tha seòrsa ùr a thainig bho America air ainm—*Rhode Island Reds*.

Dòmhnall—'S cinnteach gu 'r ann a mach bho na h-Innseanaich Ruadha a thainig iad.

Alasdair—Tha, mi coma ged b'ann a mach bho na daoine dubha a thigeadh iad, fhad 's a bheireas iad gu math.

Dòmhnall—Am beil iad math air breith?

Alasdair—Tha ainneamh, dà unusa anns a h-uile h-ugh.

Dòmhnall—Cha robh fhìos agam gu seo gu 'n robh iad a' cothromachadh nan uighean; ach chuala mi bho chionn ghoirid gu 'n robh iad a tomhas, agus a' cothromachadh na cloinne anns na sgoiltean.

Alasdair—'Se sin obair as gàbhaidh na bhi a' cothromachadh nan uighean. Tha mis a' cantainn riut gu 'r e obair gle mhi-nàdurach a th'ann a bhi 'cur cloinne air sligean. Gu de 'n t-aobhar a th'aca air son a bhi ris a' chleachdadh ùr seo?

Dòmhnall—Tha iad an dùil gu 'm beachdaich iad na 's fheàrr air fàllaineachd na cloinn, agus co dhiùbh am beil iad air àrach ceart, no nach eil.

Alasdair—Agus an ann a réir an tomaid a bheir iad eòlas doibh. An neach a's motha chuidream an e sin an neach is motha a gheibh foghlum?

Dòmhnall—Cha 'n e. Ach tha iad a' deanainh a mach gu 'r e 'n neach as tupaidle a bhitheas, agus is motha a dh'itheas de bhìadh, gu 'r e 's fheàrr a ghabhas foghlum.

Alasdair—Tha iad fada am nearachd ma ta. Ged a bheireadh thu fhéin an còrr bidh do throichean an toireadh sin air gu 'm fàsadh e oirleach na bu mhotha na bha e roimh?

Dòmhnall—Cha do smuainich mi air sijn. Chuala mi naigheachd ùr eile là roimh. 'S dòcha leam gu 'm beil iad a' dol a thoirt speulcairean agus fiacalan ùra do 'n chloinn a nis.

Alasdair—Thalla! Thalla! A dhùine cha robh thu riamh gun do bhraich 's a' mhuillean. Cha 'n iongantach cloinn an làtha 'n diugh a bhi ailleasach. B' fheàrr dhoibh pailteas lite 'us

bainne a thoirt dhoibh, agus cha ruigeadh iad a leas faclan ùra a reisd.

Dòmhnall—Cha ruigeadh. Faodaidh iad an lite 'sam bainne a shlugeadh mar a thig e as a' nheis. Cha ruig iad a leas a bhi 'ga phronnadh, 's ga chagnadh mar a dh'fhéumas iad a dheanamh air aran tioram no mairt'fheibh ruighinn.

Alasdair—Na'm bitheadh iad air an àrach le lit' 'us bainne chuireadh e 'sior, 'us spionnadh anna, agus blitheadh clann an làtha 'n diugh cho càlma 's a bha ar siunsrean. Chagnadh ar sinnsrean an t-aran ruighinn eòrna mar a chagnas iad briosgaid an diugh.

Dòmhnall—Tha sibhse a reisd de'n aon bheachd ri Mòrair Ròisberi.

Alasdair—Ciod am beachd a th' aige-san?

Dòmhnall—Bha e a' cantainn bho chionn, ghoirid gu' r' ann air lite agus bainne, agus Leabhair Aithghearr nan Ceist a bha 'ghineal-ach-san air an àrach, ach ginealach an làtha 'n diugh gu' r' ann air té, agus cluich ball-coise a bha iad air an àrach, agus gu' n robh a' bhuil ann.

Alasdair—B' fhiur dha e. 'S e duin' uasal gle ghlic a tha 'nn am Mòrair Ròisberi; cha'n'eil esan air son nan cis àtharrachadh.

Dòmhnall—Cha d' thuit mi gu' m' beil sin 'na chomharradh air gliocas mór. Tha e gle chruaidh orusa nach urrainn domh baraille sgadain, no bolla buntata a reic anns na dùth-channan céine gun chis throm a phaigheadh, agus gu' m' faod iadsan na thoilicheas iad a reic an seo saor bho chis.

Alasdair—Cha 'n'eil mi a' faicinn cruais 'sam bith mu 'n cuairt da. 'Nuair is inòtha a chuireas iadsan an seo 's ann as mòtha a bhitheas againn, agus 's ann is saoire a gheibh sinn ar teachd-an-tìre.

Dòmhnall—Ach! gu' dé math dhonhsa a bhi bruidhinn. Tha sibhse mar as àbhaist ann 'ur seann radical dugharra.

Alasdair—*Ridicule* ann no as, cha bhitheadh e ceart cis a chur air aran an t-sluaigh.

Dòmhnall—Ach Alasdair, an robh mórán còmhstri aig an t-Sealladh Spréidhe a bha 'n sud?

Alasdair—Bhà, an t-uamhas. Bha co-fhar-paisean ann air son each, érodh, 'us caoraich, agus air son bleoghann a' chruidh.

Dòmhnall—Tha iad air fàs gle ghéur mu'n a' chrodh bhainne a nls.

Alasdair—Cha 'n'eil sin gun fhios domh idir.

Dòmhnall—Chunnaic mi anus a' phaipier naigheachd an là roinn gu' n robh duine foghluinte anns an taobh deas a' cantainn gu' m' bu chòir do bhrìgis gheal a bhi air leth-deiridh na boin 'nuair a bhitear 'g a' bleoghann, air son an bainne a dhion bho na biastan lobhte, neo-

fhaisiuneach a tha gabhail fasgaidh anns a' chalg.

Alasdair—Agus cia mar a bha mis a' dol a dh'ionnsachadh do'n bhó a cas a chuir ann am brìgis trì uairean 's an làtha.

Dòmhnall—Cha ruig sibh a leas sin a dheanamh. Faodaidh sibh a cheangal oirre le iallan, 'us butannan.

Alasdair—Cha robh mise na mo bhalat ro mhath riamh ma ta, agus an là a thig e gu' sin, cha bhi mi a' bleoghann boin idir.

Dòmhnall—Ach gu' dé a tha sibh a suailsinn de Achd an Urrais Alasdair?

Alasdair—Na bì a' bruidhinn rium mu dheidhinn. Sin an t-Achd as lugha orm air an cuala mi iomradh riamh.

Dòmhnall—Ged tha, tha e glé fheumaile 'nuair a thig tinneas an car duine gu' m' faigh e deich tasdain 'san t-seachdan, an lighiche, agus iochd-shlaintibh saor.

Alasdair—Cha 'n'eil iad cho saor 'sa tha thu 'm barail. Tha e glé chruaidh ormsa an là a bhitheas mi ag obair domh fhin, gu' m' féum mi seachd sgillinn a phaigheadh, agus an là a bhitheas mi ag obair do'n uachdaran nach ruig mi leas a phaigheadh ach gròt. An duine a rinn an t-Achd sin cha do bhreithnich e ceart air idir, idir.

Dòmhnall—Ma ta, 's e an duine mór sin Lloyd MacShebrais a rinn e.

Alasdair—Tha mi coma co rinn e. Bha tinneas ann riamh; ach cha robh dol air urras uime.

Dòmhnall—Agus ma thig Achd na Brigise Gile a mach Alasdair, ciod a ni sibh leis a' bhó 'nuair a sguireas sibh de bli 'ga bleoghann?

Alasdair—'S math a tha fios agam air sin. Cuiridh mi laogh 'g a cnamh, 'us paighidh sin a cheart cho math mi, o' n tha pris nan laogh ag éirigh.

Dòmhnall—Tha mi toilichte sin a chluinntinn ma's e'n fhirinn a th' ann.

Alasdair—An fhirinn ghlan. Tha fios agam gu' n d' fhuair iad uidhir ri ciad, 'us dà chiad punnd sasunnach air an son aig *roup* a bha am Peairt bho chionn ghoirid, agus na 'n àrachinn-sa beathaichean de 'n t-seòrsa sin gheibhinn an leithid cheudna orra.

Dòmhnall—Uhh! Uhh! cha bhitheadh fios agaibh cia mar a chaitheadh sibh an t-uamhas aigrid sin.

Alasdair—'S ann agam fhin a bhitheadh. Bheirinn a sheilbh socair do mo sheana chnàhan, agus "ann an dàbhlachd garbh a' Gheamhraidh" rachainn air turas gu dùthaich bhàth, coltach ris a' chuthaig.

Dòmhnall—Dh' fhaodadh sibh a dhol air astar sgeith còmhla rithe cuideachd na 'm faigheadh sibh beart-adhar.

Alasdair—Cum bhuamsa na h-innealan mi-

chneasda sin ; cha chuirinn cas annta air son an t-saoghail.

Dòmhnall—Pif ! siubhlaidh iad leotha an diugh cho rèidh 's a dh' fhòghnas, agus nì iad rud nach fhaca mi cuthag a deanamh riamh, nì iad cara-mhuiltean 's an adhar, agus siubhlaidh iad air an druim leotha leis an taobh-fodha os an cionn.

Alasdair—Nì iad rud eile leotha nach cuala mi gu 'n d' rinn cuthag riamh. Theid iad a' falt na h-amhaich leotha, agus uairean eile falbhas i na lasaraichean anns an adhar. Thoir dhòmhsa an talamh cruaidh fo mo chasan, agus gheibh thu fhéin am beairt-adhar ma tha tlachd sam bith agad innte.

Dòmhnall—'S ann as fheàrr duinn le chèile fuireach aig a' bhaile an dràs gus an teid ceann air a' chogadh oillteil a th' air feadh an t-saoghail.

Alasdair—Tha thu ceart a chasaid. Cha bhitheadh e sàbhailt a dhol air astar anns na dùthchan céine an diugh. Cha shaoileadh iad nì dheth peileir a chuir unnainn.

Dòmhnall—Na 'n saoilleadh na Gearmailtich gu 'r e gòrradair a bha umaibh, chuireadh iad an gunna ribh ann am mionaid.

Alasdair—Cha shaoileadh iad dad de sin. Sluagh òrbanach an-ìochdmhor a th' annta ; cha chualas an àicheadh riamh.

Dòmhnall—Sin agabhis toradh an droch eismpleir a tha an Luchd-Riaghlaidh a' toirt dhoibh, agus gu h-àraidh an Céasair mosach.

Alasdair—Ho ! ho ! ged tha, Leig thusa leis. Cha do shoirbhich an t-écorach riamh agus cha shoirbhich esan. Dh' fhaodadh gu 'm bidh esan air a cheannsachadh na 's luaithe na shaoileadh tu. Gheibh Arm nan Càirdean làmh an uachdar air aig a' cheann thall.

Dòmhnall—'S fhiadhaich coltach an duine an Céasair sin. Fhuair mi paiper an là roimh ris an can iad an *Sketch* agus tha a choltas air a dhealbhadh ann gu gasda.

Alasdair—Faic sealladh dheth ?

Dòmhnall—Sin agabhis e anns an teis mheadhon. Chì sibh feusag a bheil-uachdair tionndadh an àird ri taobh a shròin coltach ri tosgan cullaich.

Alasdair—O ! an e sin bradaidh grànnda. Gu dé an dà shuil cholgarr a tha 'na cheann. 'S ann a tha mis a' sàmlachadh feusaig a' bheil-uachdair aige ris an fhriog-nimh a bha an tore Dhiarmaid. Saoilidh tu gu 'm beil an droch blith tighinn a mach air bhàrr gach ròineag dheth.

Dòmhnall—Tha gu leòr de 'n droch blith ann ; ach nu 'r tigeadh e a mach, ach air bhàrr fheusaig cha robh comas air.

Alasdair—Tha thu ceart. Ach bidh là 'g a chunntadh, 'us là 'g a phaigheadh, agus is cruaidh a dhiolas esan air a shon fhathast.

Dòmhnall—'S mór an call, 's an éiginn a nì na Gearmailtich air muir, agus tir mus tig sin.

Alasdair—Faodaidh iad gu leòr a' chall a dheanamh air tir ; ach fìor ghealtairéan a th' annta air a' mhuir. Tha 'n cabhlach mòr aca 'na laidhe a stigh fo dhion nan gunnacha móra anns a' chalahd bho shìn an cogadh. Cha d' thainig a mach ach an còrr thé dhiubh, agus cha robh iad fad a' gabhail an ruaig 'nuair a chunnaic iad loingean mhór Bhreatainn air an tòir.

Dòmhnall—Cha tìgaon a mach ach an culaidh-fo-thuinn. 'S iongantach an t-innleachd an culaidh sin fhéin. 'S ann a tha mi 'g a sàmlachadh ri muc-mhara mar a shiubhaileas i a' sealg anns an fhaireg ; agus cuireas i urchair anns a' long-mhallairt cho luath ris a' long-chogaidh.

Alasdair—'S ann a tha mise 'g a sàmlachadh ri easgainn mar a theannas i steach ris a' chladach, a' rannsachadh gach caolas, 'us baigh. Cha teid fhiachainn as bhuaithe.

Dòmhnall—'S iongantach an caithe-beatha a th' aig an easgainn fhéin. Bha mi a' léughadh ann am paiper an là roimh gu 'r ann am meadhon a' Chuain Siar a tha iad air am breith, agus coimhead sibhe cha mhòr sruth no òb anns an dùthaich anns nach eil iad. Nach iomlaideach an turas a dh' fhéumadh a bhì aice.

Alasdair—Na creid thus a h-uile rud a leughas tu. Dh' fhaodadh mus tig ùine glé fhada gu 'n leugh thu rud a bhios calg dhìreach an aghaidh sin. Tha cuimhne agamsa 'nuair a bha mi 'nam bhalachan bha seann each crùbach aig m'athair, a thuiseilich air bruthach locla bhig anns a' mhòintich, agus bha e bàite anns a' pholl. Thachair seo anns a' Gheamhradh, agus an ath Shàmhradh bha 'n loch beò le easgannan, agus bha 'n t-àllt beag a bha ruith aisde gu ruig a' mhuir breac leotha.

Dòmhnall—Bha iad ag itheadh closach an eich.

Alasdair—Ud ! cha robh. Ach a h-uile gaoisid a bh' anns an each thionndaidh e gu bhì 'na easgann.

Dòmhnall—O Alasdair ! Tha e trom orm sin a chreidsinn.

Alasdair—Dean an rud a thogras tu ; ach chùnnac mise na h-easgannan le mo shùilean. 'S fhéudar dhomh a nìs a bhì a' triall dhìcheadh o 'n tha 'n oidheche 'fas anmoch.

Dòmhnall—Cha 'n eagal duibh.

Alasdair—Tha mi air son an taigh a' ruigsinn ged tha mus teid a' gheallach fodla.

Dòmhnall—Theid mi fhìn caob de 'n rathad còmhla ribh, dh' fhiachainn an coinnich mi a' bhean. Tha mi a' gabhail fìor iongantais nach eil i a' tighinn.

Alasdair—Thig ise air a socair fhéin. 'S iomadh gnothuch a bhios aig na mnathan 'nuair a theid iad 'na bhaile-mhargaidh.

Dòmhnall—Cha do leag mis á mo chùimhne fhàthast an troimh-chéile anns an robh mi a' bhliadhna roimhe 'nuair a chaidh i 'na bhaile.

Alasdair—Gu dé an troimh-chéile a bh'ann?

Dòmhnall—Bha mis air m'fhàgail aig an taigh leam fhìn, agus 'nuair a thainig an oidhche bha mi air mo thurraman air ais, agus air adhart gus an doras dh'fhaichinn an faicinn i a' tighinn, agus cha 'n fhaiceadh sealladh. 'S ann a' bhéadar domh reisd falbh 'na coinneamh mu mhéadbon oidhche, o'n bha eagal orm gu'n do thachair alltapadh dhith; ach cha deach mi fada 'nuair a chuala mi mo bhàintighearn a' tighinn, 'us cròban drain aice.

Alasdair—Bha cùisean a' taitinn rithe.

Dòmhnall—“C' àite fo 'n adhur,” arsa mise rithe, “an d' fhuirich thu gus an àm seo de 'n oidhche?” “S ann as bochd,” arsa 'ise, “nach robh sibh còmhla rium,” 's i a' gaireachduinn. “A bhoirionnach gun nàire,” arsa mis, “cha 'n e aobhar gaire a th' ann.”

Alasdair—C' àite 'n d' fhuirich i cho anmoch sin?

Dòmhnall—Db' fhuirich aig Mòd a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealach. Bha Ruairidh Mac Leoid an sin a' seinn nan òran briaghl'. Gaidhlig, agus dh' fhuirich i ann gus an do sgaoil iad.

Alasdair—'S dòcha lean gu'r e fìor sheinn-eadair Gaidhlig a tha an Ruairidh.

Dòmhnall—Faodaidh sin a bhi; ach tha coire no dhà agam fhìn da.

Alasdair—Ciod na coirean a bhitheadh agadsa dha?

Dòmhnall—Tha an choire agam a chuala mo dhà chluais. Cha sheinn e ach rann no dha de òran.

Alasdair—An ann da rìreadh.

Dòmhnall—An là a chuala mis e, sheinn e dà òran—“Cead deirèannach nam Beann,” agus “Mairi Bhan Og,” ach cha do sheinn e ach dà rann de Mhairi Bhan Og, agus tha seachd rann deug innte.

Alasdair—Ceann an aigh Ruairidh! Cò shaoileadh sin dheth?

Dòmhnall—Rud eile. Cha shaoilinn gu 'n cuireadh e ar cànain mhuirneach fo uidhir a' dhi-measa, agus gu seinneadh e na h-òrain ghòrach aig *Harry Lauder* ann an Gaidhlig. Nach suarach leat fhéin a bhi 'cluinntinn an òrain sin “Sguir de do dhìocladh a Sheoc” ann an cànain ghrinn na Gaidhlig?

Alasdair—Seadh gu dearbh. 'S ann a tha 'n dàrna rud a' fanaid air an rud eile.

Dòmhnall—Bidh mi nis a tilleadh Alasdair, o'n tha mi a' faicinn a' bhean a' tighinn thall air an fhrith-rathad, agus tha eagal orm gu 'n ruig i 'n taigh romham. Oidhche mlath leibh, agus greas oirbh air ais.

Alasdair—A h-uile h-dìche dhuit a bhròidean, mar sin fhéin.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The danger of including politics in what was originally, or ostensibly, a literary movement, has met with the inevitable result in the case of the organization known as Sinn Féin in Ireland. For one thing, they have succeeded in making certain that the historian of the future will secure a kind of immortality for them—not by any means an enviable one. It was secured at a high price. The idealism, amounting to a kind of moral insanity, that developed in the intellectuals of the Sinn Féin movement, is a melancholy commentary on the vagaries of human nature. In their case the language question seems to have been only a cloak to cover the dark things of which Germany sought to take advantage. How those distressing happenings may affect the language movement in the future, time alone can tell. Noxious influences at home and abroad seem to find a fruitful soil in the “distressful country.” It need hardly be said that An Comunn Gaidhealach has not a shred of sympathy with language movements weighted with accretions that make for ruin only. We try to steer clear of the devious paths of politics as understood in our time, and would as soon seek naturalisation with the Huns as play the traitorous rôle that Sinn Féin took with such disastrous consequences to themselves and their country. No language movement wedded to disloyalty and racial hatred can hope or deserve to succeed. Dr. Douglas Hyde, “An Craoibhinn,” resigned from active duty in the language movement in Ireland some time ago. Can it be that he saw the shadow of coming events?

* * *

Universal regret will be felt that Jessie N. MacLachlan (to give her platform name) died at the early age of 49. The place she held for many years among Gaelic vocalists was undisputed. She was not merely “primus inter pares,” she was “facile princeps.” She was not merely a beautiful Gaelic vocalist, she was equally successful in Scottish songs. With the exception of India, she toured the British Colonies and the United States of America. In all those places she got a magnificent reception. In Sydney the beautiful white Town Hall was filled for nine consecutive nights with an appreciative audience, while in New York she could draw an audience of 5000. To a voice of exceptional richness of timbre, there was added a fine personal appearance. Celtic sympathy all the world over will go out to her husband, Mr. Robert Buchanan.

* * *

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Norman Macleod, who joined the Seaforth Highlanders

last year, on his promotion to a first Lieutenancy. Mr. Macleod is known as an enthusiastic and successful Gaelic student. He is the author of a revised edition of Reid's Gaelic Grammar—an excellent piece of work. Mr Macleod is a *Leòdhasach*, and before enlisting was a teacher under the Govan School Board. Gu'n dìonadh an Freasdal e bhò gach cunnart.

* * *

Rolls of Honour have been, or are being prepared by several Highland Associations. "Loyal Lewis Roll of Honour, 1914 and After," is the latest, and a handsomely bound copy has been presented to, and graciously acknowledged by, His Majesty the King. The volume has been compiled by Mr. Win. Grant, Stornoway, and Dr Robertson, H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools, contributed a suitable introduction, in which he recommends the erection of a memorial and cenotaph to the brave men who laid down their lives. Lewis has contributed 4298 men to the colours, and of these over 300 have been either killed or missing.

* * *

The Tuberculosis Medical Officer for the County of Argyll had an unpleasant half hour before the Military Appeal Tribunal. He wished absolute exemption on conscientious grounds. The logic used was peculiar, to put it mildly. But "the times are out of joint, my masters."

* * *

It has been revealed to an English renegade of the pame of Houston Chamberlain that the holy German language was the vehicle ordained by the Almighty to bring a rebellious world into subjection to modern "kultur." He fervently prays that his eyes may not be closed before he sees the great dawn that heralds "a universal Teutonism, and by degrees educate other nations in so far as nature has granted them the capacity to understand liberty, and thus enter into its possessions." English, according to this marvellous Englishman, who by the way has elected to make Germany his home—and otherwise—"is but a clumsy, rusty armour; French a kind of metallic machine (whatever that means); and the rest are not worth noticing"—not even the language of Sinn Fein! "No German," he says, "must abandon his language, neither he nor his children's children. He should endeavour to force it on others. Abroad let no German commit the crime of abandoning his language. He who does not know German is a pariah. As I believe in God, I believe in the holy German language!" Some of us are accused of being Celtomaniacs, but this leaves us hopelessly outclassed.

Scottish Radical members of Parliament have sent a memorial to the Secretary for Scotland and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of the grant for the Scottish Board of Agriculture. The Vote on Account of the Civil Services and Revenue Departments, 1916-17, has again, the memorial states, brought up the question of the grant for the purposes of the Board of Agriculture for Scotland. This grant, which in 1914-15 was £244,000, was reduced last year to £66,500, and the estimate for 1916-17 now put forward is £68,900, an increase on last year of £2400, but a decrease upon the sum voted in 1914-15 of £175,100. It seems to the memorialists unfair to Scotland that she should be called upon to bear a diminution in the grant of £175,000, while in the case of England and Ireland nothing approaching this sacrifice is asked for from them. While England is asked to sacrifice £8840 upon an original grant of £344,000, and Ireland is asked to sacrifice £6527 upon a vote of £1,078,365, Scotland is asked to sacrifice £175,000 upon a vote of £244,000, and the case is even worse than this, because neither England nor Ireland has the same statutory right to the amounts voted which Scotland can put forward, for a sum of £200,000 was to be provided under the provisions of the Small Landholders (Scotland) Act. There are, the memorial states, thousands of applicants for small holdings registered for Scotland whose claim for small holdings is unsatisfied, and for whom there is no prospect at the present rate for the creation of small holdings of getting their desires met. "While vast schemes are being adumbrated for the settling of soldiers returning from the war upon the land, and while the claims of the remaining civil population are so far from being satisfied, it seems an unwise economy to stop the machinery of settlement from going forward."

* * *

A prayer for conscientious objectors to help in the war:

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is filled."

COWPER—*The Task*.

* * *

The Inverness County Council is devoting its attention to the kelp industry, and the condition of the roads in Skye and Uist. Mr. John Macdonald, Askernish, has made a study of tangle and seaweed, and as regards drying sheds, he is of opinion that it would be of greater service to have stores at suitable parts

to protect the Kelp pending shipment. On the authority of Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, Inverness, Uist will put out about 300 tons of ash. A good season is anticipated. The price of Kelp is said to be £6 per ton.

* * *

The city of St. Mungo forgot to ring its bells, when Colonel Donald Cameron of Lochiel, visited the city recently to inspect the Boys' Brigade. But Glasgow has reason to think well of the Camerons, for in 1746 the town ran the risk of being plundered and burned but for the intercession of the "gentle Lochiel." Tradition has it that the magistrates were so grateful, that they decreed that bells should be rung every time the Chief of the Camerons was in the city. The present Chief is a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. At court functions he is graded with Marquises. The MacKintosh of Mackintosh has the same precedence. The present Lochiel is the son-in-law of the Duke of Montrose. The battalions of Lochiel's Camerons have won imperishable fame in the present war.

* * *

At the Annual Dinner of the London Inverness-shire Association, Mr. J. Ian Macpherson, M.P., said that he had perhaps unusual opportunities of knowing what magnificent work the Highland regiments had achieved in this devastating conflict (the war), and he felt that, in after years, whoever are privileged to write the true story of the heroism of their race would have to reserve a special chapter for the Cameron Highlanders, whose losses had been great, but whose spirit was unconquerable.

* * *

A successful meeting was held at Dingwall on 5th May, for the promotion of the Gaelic Petition. There was also an evening meeting of the local branch at which vigorous addresses were delivered as may be seen from another column. Possessing such good stalwarts as the Rev. Norman Campbell and Dr. Galbraith, Dingwall has been able to give a good lead in one or two ways, and no doubt will continue to do so.

* * *

The Assembly Reports of the Free Church refer to the quantity of suitable Gaelic literature provided for Gaelic speaking sailors and soldiers. The joint-committee of the Churches distributed upwards of 7,000 copies of Gaelic sermons all over the world "from Holland to Hong-kong, from France to Mesopotamia, from Lerwick to Sidney in Australia." The committee received many cordial acknowledgements for this literature.

The Report on the Highlands and Islands always forms an important feature of the Free Church Reports, and this is only natural seeing that, of the twelve presbyteries of that Church, all are within the Highland line except those of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Three-fourths of the settled ministers of the Free Church are in the Highlands, and more than three-fourths of her congregations. It is natural then that the Free Church should take a profound interest in the promotion of the Gaelic language.

* * *

In the reports for the Assembly of the Church of Scotland there are one or two items of special interest. The Commission which visited the vacant charges in the Islands last autumn furnishes an eloquent report in which Dr. Russell, of Campbeltown, pleads for improved conditions for the Highland ministry. A carefully framed scheme for promoting the education of Gaelic-speaking candidates for the ministry is to be laid before the Assembly by Dr. John Smith.

* * *

In the United Free Church an effort is to be made to secure that a Gaelic-speaking minister will be elected as Moderator for next year. It is now 30 years since Dr. Aird was Moderator of the Inverness Assembly, and he was the last Gaelic-speaking Moderator in the Free Church prior to 1900. There has been no Gaelic-speaking Moderator of the U. F. Church since the Union.

* * *

Seeing that a movement has been initiated for pressing upon the Government the urgent need of promoting Gaelic education, it is of interest to note that it is precisely 300 years since the first attack was made upon Gaelic by the Government. In 1616 the Scottish Privy Council ordained "that the vulgar Ingleshe tongue be universallie planted, and the Irish language which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivillitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Hylandis, may be abolisht and removt."

—o:—

Chuala mi 'chuthag gun bhiahd 'am bhroinn,
Chunna mi searrach 'sa chùlthaobh rium,
Chunna mi seilcheig air lic lùim,
Is dh' aithnich mi nach rachadh a' bhliadhna sin leam.

—o:—

HOMESPUN.

TWEEDS—guaranteed genuine by An Comunn Gaidhealach—sold by R. G. LAWRIE, 60 Renfield Street, Glasgow; K. MACLEAN, Son & Co., Tailors, 4 Bridge Street, Aberdeen. Suits and Costumes made.

EILEAN AN FHRAOICH—THE ISLE OF THE HEATHER.

(This popular Lewis song is inserted by request of soldiers on active service; and the words are copied from Sinclair's "Oranaiche." Music from "The Celtic Lyre.")

KEY B $\flat$.—*Boldly, beating twice in the measure.*

SEISD.

{ : l $\flat$ | d : - : t $\flat$: l $\flat$ | s $\flat$: m $\flat$: s $\flat$ | m : - : r : d | d : - : d : r | m : - : d : l $\flat$ | l $\flat$: s $\flat$: m $\flat$ | s $\flat$: d : l $\flat$ | s $\flat$: - :
A chi - all nach mis - e bha'n Eil - ean an Fhraoich, Nam fiadh namh brad an, nam feadag, 's nan naosg,
{ : m $\flat$ | s $\flat$: l $\flat$: s $\flat$ | s $\flat$: l $\flat$: s $\flat$ | m : r : d | r : r : - : d : r | m : m : s | m : - : r : m | d : r : t $\flat$ | l $\flat$: - : ||
Nan lochan, nan òban, nan osan 's nan caol—Eilean inn - is nam bò, 's àite còmhnuidh nan laoch.

Tha Leòghas bheag riabhach—bha i riamh 's an
Taobh Tuath—

Muir tràghaidh a's lìonaidh 'g a h-ìadhadh mu'n
cuairt ;

'N uair a dhearras a' ghrian oir' le riaghladh o
shuas

Bheir i fàs air gach sìol air son biadh dha' 'n
t-sluagh.

An t-Eilean ro mhaiseach, gur pailt ann an
biadh ;

'S e Eilean a's àillt' air 'n do dheàlraich a' ghrian ;

'S e Eilean mo ghràidh 's e, bha 'Ghàidhlig ann
riamh ;

'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu bràth gus an tràigh an
Cuan Siar !

'N àm éiridh na gréine air a shléibhtibh bidh
ceò,

Bidh 'bhanarach ghuanach 's a' bhuarach 'n a
dòrn.

Ri gabhail a duanaig 's i 'g uallach nam bò,
'S mac-talla nan creag ri toirt freagairt d'a
ceòl.

Air feasgar an t-samhraidh bidh sunnd air gach
spreidh ;

Bidh 'chuthag is fonn oirr' ri òran di féin ;

Bidh uiseag air lòn agus smeòrach air géig,

'S air cnuic ghlas a's leidean uain òga ri leum.

Gach duine 'bha riamh ann bha ciatamh ac' dha,
Gach ainmhidh air sliabh ann, cha 'n iarr as gu
bràth ;

Gach eun 'théid air sgiath ann bu mhiann leis
ann tàmh ;

'S bu mhiann le gach iasg a bhi 'cliathadh ri
thràigh.

Na 'n faighinn mo dhùrachd 's e 'lùiginn bhi òg,
'S gun gnothuch aig aois rium fhad 's a dh'
fhaodainn bhi beò ;

Bhi 'n am bhuachail' air àiridh fo shàil nam
beann mòr'

Far am faighinn an càis 's bainne blàth air son
òil.

Cha 'n fhacas air talamh leam sealladh is
bòidhech'

Na 'ghrian a' dol sìos air taobh siar Eilean
Leòghais ;

'N crodh-laoigh auns an luachair, 's am buachail'
'n an tòir,

'G an tional gu àiridh le àl de laoigh òg'.

Air feasgar a' gheamhraidh théid tionndadh gu
gnoimh

Ri toirt eòlais do chloinn bidh gach seann duine
liath ;

Gach iasgair le 'shnàthaid ri càradh a lìon,

Gach nighean ri càradh 's a màthair ri snìomh.

B'e mo mhiann bhi 's na badan 's 'na chleachd
mi bhi òg.

Ri dìreadh nan creag anns an nedaich na h-èin ;
O'n thàinig mi 'Ghlaschu tha m' aigneadh fo
bhòrn,

'S mi' call mo chuid claisneachd le glagraich
nan òrd.

MURCHADH MACLEOD.

Carl Hardebeck, writing about Irish music in the "Claidheamh Soluis," holds that "as the musician and poet have long ago ceased to be one and the same person, and as music and poetry each have developed on their own lines, the musician will take a poem which has one form of accentuation and set it to music which has another form of accentuation. In the earlier stages of music it was the word accentuation which governed the music, that is, the accent in the music came where the word or syllable accent came in the prose or poetry to which the music

belonged. This was so in the Troubadour music, in Church chant, in Hungarian and Gaelic music, and traces of it undoubtedly exist in English folk music. To stand true to traditions means the absolute adherence to the correct accentuation of the poetry. All Gaelic singers regard singing as a glorified form of recitation; singing takes the place of recitation, and our singers outside Gaelic circles might do well to pay a little more attention to the meaning of what they are singing, instead of being self centred on their own voices or themselves."

TRI SGEOIL 'GHOIRID.

LE EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL, GLASCHU.

Bho thaobh-duilleig 121.

TAGHADH MNATHA.

Cha b'urrainn do Dhòmhnall Bàn a ràdh uile gu lèir gu 'n do bhuail an gaol e. Bu toil leis na cailean riamh, agus b'fhuil thoil leis aon sam bith de thruir nighean Sheumais a Chnuic, ach cha d' thubhairt sin gu 'n robh e an gaol air aon seach a chèile dhiubh. Is ann is dòcha gur a deadh argumaid e, nach robh e an gaol air aon seach aon dhiubh, leis gu 'm bu toil leis iad uile, is nach b'urrainn dha a ràdh cò dhiubh a b' fhearr leis.

Ach an déidh na h-uile ni a bh' ann, bha e a nis a' teannadh suas gu maith seachad air na deich biadhna fichead is dh'fheumadh e bean-tighe fhaotainn gun dàil; no bhiodh e féin is a stòras a dhìth. Shìubhail e an dùthaich air thòir mnatha uair no dha 'na inntinn fhéin, ach daonnan b'ann 'a Chnoc a stadairh e, is sin aig triuir nighean Sheumais.

Bha Mór an te a bu shine maith gu feum is bha i bòidheach cho maith ri bhli slàn fallain: ged tha, ràinig e an tigh uair no dha car tràch san latha is a ceann gun chireadh! Ach ciod e sin, bha i coltach ri h-obair.

Bha Seonaid an te a b'òige glan sgiobalta; bha i maith gu feum is deas gu a làmh a thionndadh ris gach car; neo-ar-thaing nach robh an fhallaineachd innte, ach saoil nach robh i ro ghaolach air rìomhadh, is fìor dhéidheil air a bhli a' sealltainn anns an sgàthan? Ach co i an te nach 'eil, nach ann a tha an sin dara nàdur nam ban!

Bha Anna, an te mheadhoin, a'ram butanaibh ri a peathraichean a thaobh cuid a coltais, bha i beothail, aotrom is deas gu a char a thoirt a laimh an fhuir thraing, ach nach robh i air uairean nì beag tuilleadh is a' chòir cùranach mu nìthan gun fheum, is nach cùiradh i seachad ùine nach ruigeadh i a leas ris na caran beaga?

Bha iad uile mèineil mar an t-uan, iriosal, glan 'nan nàdur, is blàth, coibhneil 'nan gné agus mar sin co idir de 'n triuir a chuirte air thoiseach. Is fìor gur i te dhiubh a dh'fheumadh a bhli aig Dhòmhnall na 'm biodh te idir aige, ach co i, no ciod a' mbeidh air an toimhseadh e iad gus a' chùis a chur a' leth-taobh?

Air a' cheann mu dheireadh thall leig ar caraid a ghluh ri Murchadh Muilear, is sgaol e inntinn dha, an da chuid a chor bochd fhéin mar a bha e a' dol a dhìth, is gach uile lònna is mhaise a bha co-cheangailte is a' gabhail comh-nuidh am pearsa gach aon fa leth de nighnean Sheumais a Chnuic.

Ach a dhuine! nach saoghalta fhéin an dòigh anns an seall fear na comhairle air cùisean de 'n t-seorsa sin. "Is ann a theid mi leat air chéilidh do thigh Sheumais a Chnuic oidhche eigin," arsa Murchadh air a' cheann mu dheireadh, is gun dàil rinneadh suas an oidhche a ruigeadh iad an Cuoc.

Cha ruig sinn a leas feitheamh a rannsachadh a mach ciod suidheachadh inntinn Dhòmhnall a' sealltainn air aghairt ris an oidhche so. Thubhairt mi cheana nach do ghabh am fìor-ghaol fathast greim air is theagamh mar sin gu'n deach an ùine seachad gun e aon chuid a chail a chadail no a shuaimhneis; co dhiubh thainig an oidhche is ràinig Dhòmhnall is Murchadh tigh Sheumais a Chnuic ains an àm ghnàthaichte gu ruigeadh nan tighean céilidh.

Neo-ar-thaing nach do rinneadh an beatha, oir cha robh sin te eile cadar an dà rudha a b'oidheile 'na tigh féin na bean Sheumais, is cha b'ann air deireadh oirre bha Seumas féin. Thainig am suipreach is chaidh am bòrd a shuidheachadh. Cha b'ann falamh a bha e ni bu mhò; chaidh mulachag chàise ioma shlàn a thoirt thar an fhàraidh is a càradh air ceann a' bhùird, is bha gach nì eile da réir. Cha robh am pige-ruadh fhéin falamh, is thugadh am follais e. Theagamh gu 'n do thug bean Sheumais gu 'n robh rud-eigin am beachd nan gillean, is nuair a dh'òl Dhòmhnall air "an tuilleadh eolais" thug i crathadh cridheil air a laimh, mar gu 'm biodh i a' toirt tan chuireadh dha "an tuilleadh eolais" a chur orra gun teagamh.

"Seadh" arsa Dhòmhnall, nuair a bha iad leitheach rathaid a' dol dhachaidh an déidh oidhche chridheil a chur seachad. Cha deach e ni b'fhaide, ach thug Murchadh ciod a bha "seadh" a' ciallachadh.

"Ma ta, innsidh mi dhuit mo bheachd," arsa esan. "An do chum thu do shùil orra aig a' bhòrd (an t-eucorach saoghalta) no an d' thug thu fa-near ciar a ghiullain siad iad féin?"

"Muire," arsa Dhòmhnall, "cha do sheall mise air aon aca an clàr an aodainn re na h-ùine bha sinn aig a' bhòrd, cha leigeadh an nàire leam."

"Mata," arsa Murchadh, "cha mhór nach d' thug mi suas an gnothach buileach gus an do rinn am bodach an t-atachadh, ach fhuair mi a' mbeidh a chur gu feum an uair sin. Thog gach te dhiubh nìr de 'n chàise a leagadh sìos. Bha gach mìr air a ghearradh bho'n chùil, is dh'ith Mór a mhir a thog i mar a bha e. Ghearr Seonaid an cùl deth a mìr féin leis an sgein-bhùird, is thig i an leth-taobh e. Ach is e a rinn Anna, thog i a mìr féin is sgrìob i gu cùranach an cùl de gach smùr a bha air, is dh'ith i an còrr air a socair.

A nis (arsa esan) creid thusa gur i Anna bean an duine bhochd. Chumadh Seonaid caistéal

diuc a' dol, far am faigheadh i mar a dh'iarradh is a chaitheadh i mar a gheabhadh. Tha Mór cho gasda ri aon dhiubh, ach creid mise aon uair is gu'm faigh i fear is gu'n suidh i aig a teine féin, cha'n ann air maduinn no air meadhan là, ach gle annoch san fheasgar a gheibh thu i's a ceann gun chireadh.

Nis (ars' esan) bho'n a tha mi féin an aois a tha mi, biodh Anna agadsa is cha bhi an t-aithreachas ort, is dannsaidh Murchadh Muillear aon ruidhail air a' bhanaidh.

Mu'n deach miosa eile seachad bha Anna 'na mnaoi aig Dòmhnall Bàn, ach cha do dh'innis e riamh dhì gur ann a chionn gu'n do sgrìob i am rìth càise a thag e i seach aon d'a peathraichean, is eadar ruinn fhéin nach beag fios a tha aig na cailean air cho suarach is a dh'fhoadas an ni a bhi a chuireas an leth taobh co dhiubh a tha iad gu bhi "sona ri'm beo," neo "air an fharadh fo leon."

—:—

AN OIÐHCHE.

Leis an URK. NIALL ROS, Dunéideann.

(A roir ranntachd na h-Iliad Ghréugaich.)

Ghluais rìgh mór an àigh troimh gheatachan dealrach an fheasgair,
Dh'èirich soills' a thriall air Flaithinnis shona nam beannachd.

Thraoigh a shnuadh bho 'n far mar a shìubhlas dathan a' bhogha
Aoibhinn mar shùil na maise, no seallaidhean spiorad na h-òige.

Shuidh an Oidhche gu ciùin mar bhanrigh air cathair na cruinne.

Slat a suaicheantais shin i thairis air aodanu an domhain.

Eadhon mar shineas druith slat-dhruidheachd 's a chanas e geas—
Sin mar a chàitras an Oidhche suain air sùilean nan cinneach.

Eiridh gealach nan tràth le 'tuar mar lainnir an airgid.
Fuar ach maiseach tha 'gathan air gorm-thonnan luaineach na fàirge;

Maiseach air ceò nam beann, an tùis bho altair an t-saoghail;

Fuar air lann a' bhradain, mar bhoisgeadh neamh-nuidean prìseil;

Maiseach air pobull na sìth', a' dannsaidh 'n an culaidhean uaine

Timchioll nan tolmair cruinn, ann an tosd nan làraichean aosmhor.

Taitneach mar roghainn nan ceòl, no aising air òran nan aingeal,

Dhaibhan uile 'tha sgith, tha tiodhlacan ùrail na h-Oidhche,

Banrigh nan sochairean seimh do'n dream a tha claidhte le cruadal,

Sochairean mìlis a' chadail, mar dhealt' ann an tioram-achd an t-Samhraidh.

Closaidh luchd-oibre nan làmh ann an dùsal domhain gun bhruaillan.

Eutrom ni tàmh an osna dhaibhsan 'tha leointe le mulad.

Gluaisidh airsneal na smuain bho cheann fear-saothair na h-inntinn.

Siùbhlaidh aigneadh a' bhàird gu tìr nam brudaran subhach.

Dhùidh an ròs a dhuilleagan, 's paisgear pleatan an neonain.

Buillichear treòir as àr le fois air beatha gach crèutair;
Caidlidh am fiadh 's a' bheinn, 's an t-éun 's a' choill gus am faicear

Dealradh daoimean an drùchd ann an greadhnachas glòrmhor na maidne.

C'air' am bheil triall do chéum, romh ghnùis rìgh flathail nan spéuran

Aoibhneach a' siùbhal bho'n Ear, fodh shuaicheantas àghmhor a chumhachd?

Teichidh an Oidhche roimh' ghnùis, gidheadh tha i 'ghnàth air a chùl-thaobh

'G iarraidh a coirichean féin, 's a ruagadh an t-soluis roimh h-aogas.

Cò 'chuireas cainnt air do shlunsireachd Oidhche dhorecha gun toiseach?

Agad bha 'n riaghladh 'n a d' aonar, cian mu 'n do ghairmeadh an solus.

Chum thu cogadh ris riamh, le fuath gun taise gun diobradh—

Cogadh a lion gach cèarn, bho iomall gu iomall na cruinne.

Claidhidh tu grìantan le aois; agus paisgidh tu saoghail 's an dorcha

Dh'fheuchainn le cumhachd fadheòidh an slànuch thu crìochan do rìoghachd.

Nochdaidh soills' na gréin' do'n t-sùil mór-mhaise na talmhainn;

Nochdaidh an Oidhche dhuinn sealladh, air iognhaidhean glòrmhor nan neamhan.

Eiridh feachd nan spéur fodh thrèorachadh rionnag an fheasgair,

Armailt dhealrach nan réal, a' triall ann am buidhnean gun àireamh.

Chì sinn cuibhrionn àigh, do ghloir an astair neo-chrìochnaich;

Freagraidh ar cridh' ann ar còim le aoibhneas nan cumhachdan bithbhuan!

Eiridh spionnadh na smuain gu inbhe taigs' agus réusain,

Annsa a dhearcas le tùr air oibrichean iongantach Nàdur.

Eadaidh a' bheatha so féin a bhi cosmhuil ri solus na gréine,

Folach nan lòchranan laist' a dhealraich 'n uair thàinig an Oidhche.

Ciraidh feasgar na beatha so, siùbhlaidh an Oidhche' agus chì sinn

Soills' nan coimneirean òir, ann an rìoghachd shiorruidh an t-soluis.

—:—

"Do gach cainnt thugamaid an urram do'n Ghaidhlig. Tha i liath-aosda, gidheadh is lèghmhor, laidir, luraich i,—is fallain, fiachail, sìorghlan i. Mar òigh gheamnuidh, cha'n aill leatha gnothuch a bhi aice ri ni'sam bith a tha truallidh, no drabasda no drochmhuinte. Ann am beul nan laoch is binn, blasda a fuaim; agus is tiamhaidh, than a guth ann an gearan gach dream a ta fo bhròn."

COMUNN NEWS.

MEETING OF DINGWALL BRANCH.—The annual general meeting of the Dingwall Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, was held in the National Hotel, Dingwall, early in May. Captain Finlayson, president, was in the chair, and there was an attendance of over forty.

At the outset, the Secretary, Mr. Macdonald, Architect, read a letter from Major-General Cameron, Hon.-President of the Branch, enclosing a guinea towards the funds, and wishing the Society every success in its endeavours to foster a spirit of camaraderie, and to develop a feeling of strong local patriotism.

Mr. Neil Shaw, Organising Secretary of the parent Association, was present by invitation of the Branch, and delivered an interesting address on the aims of An Comunn Gaidhealach, with particular reference to the work of the Education Committee.

Dr. Galbraith, Vice-President, while recognising the excellent services rendered by An Comunn to Gaelic music and literature, held that the Association lacked driving power. Let them apply to the work of An Comunn the supreme test; for all its efforts during the past quarter of a century was there a single additional word of Gaelic spoken in the Highlands? He knew Ross-shire well. During that time Gaelic had decayed in the county to an alarming extent. The Comunn must be held to fail in its aims until it had developed in the Highlands a strong feeling of patriotic nationalism. The population of Britain was predominantly Celtic. Yorkshire was probably more Celtic than Ross shire. The fact that Englishmen had forgotten their Celtic lineage, and prided themselves on their Teutonic connections was no reason why the Highlanders of Scotland should allow their Celticism to die out, and tumble over each other in their anxiety to adopt the English language, English manners and customs. While agreeing with Mr. Shaw that it would be deplorable should the aims of the Comunn become the sport of party politics, he considered the Association was making a distinct mistake in not making its policy a political issue on which all shades of opinion in the Highlands could agree. To him it was ludicrous that An Comunn Gaidhealach should go hat in hand to the Scotch Education Department, humbly soliciting a paltry £10 grant for Gaelic-teaching, while the Irish Nationalists had no difficulty in getting £17,000 per annum for the teaching of Gaelic in Ireland. The Gaels of Scotland were at least as deserving of recognition at the hands of the British Government as the Gaels of the Emerald Isle. The Comunn must make its aims more practical if any permanent good is to come of its efforts.

The Rev. Mr. Mackay, Killin, convener of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn, congratulated Dr. Galbraith on his speech, with almost all of which he heartily agreed. He only wished the Executive Committee had been there to hear it. Proceeding, Mr. Mackay gave an interesting resume of the Comunn's educational policy, for which policy, however, he was in no way responsible. He thought the Comunn would be amply justified in asking the Education Department to urge on School Boards the desirability of introducing Gaelic into the school curriculum in Gaelic-speaking areas. School Boards

were compelled to make provision for the teaching of other subjects, even if they disapproved of them. Why could not the same attitude be adopted towards Gaelic?

Mr. Macdonald, Secretary, deplored the apathy of the people towards the teaching of Gaelic, an apathy which, he considered, was due to the fact that the advantages of a knowledge of Gaelic had never been really brought home to the Highland people.

Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.A., Organising Secretary of the Dingwall Branch, thanked Mr. Shaw for his address, which was excellent at once in phraseology, matter, proportion and perspective. He enigmatised what An Comunn Gaidhealach had done for Gaelic music. The folk songs of the Highlands had now a recognised position among the folk songs of Europe. If the literary side of the Comunn's work could not compare, from the point of view of intrinsic importance, with the work of the Inverness Gaelic Society and other bodies, it had done more than any other Society to popularise Gaelic literature among the rank and file of the people. It was all the more regrettable, therefore, that anything the Comunn attempted outside these aims it almost invariably messed. He strongly deprecated the Comunn's dabbling, in matters that could be much more effectively dealt with by the elected representatives of the people. He instanced the recent agitation for the institution of a Higher Grade paper in Gaelic, where the Comunn's ill-advised action took away the ground from beneath the feet of those who were behind the movement, and resulted in the hands of the clock being put back a twelve-month. The lack of effectiveness in the Comunn's propaganda work was largely due to the Association's being out of touch with the real state of matters in the Highlands. In the straths and glens of the north, the Comunn was but a mere name, where it was even that. Mr. Fraser's criticism of the educational aims of An Comunn led to a number of good-humoured parries with the Rev. Mr. Mackay, to the great enjoyment of the audience. While agreeing with Mr. Mackay that the Comunn would be amply justified in urging on the Department, and the School Boards, that in Gaelic they had a first-class educational instrument ready for utilisation, he considered no amount of extension of Gaelic teaching in schools would arrest the decay of the Gaelic language so long as parents neglected to teach Gaelic to their children. Getting at the parents was the crux of the matter. The person who could bring home to the Highland people that bi-lingualism was an advantage and not a drawback in the education of their children, would solve half the problem.

Captain Finlayson, in summing up the discussion, hoped that the songs and music of the Gael would not be shelved. In the recent tour in Easter Ross of the Dingwall Gaelic Choir, he had noted with interest the pleasant surprise with which Gaelic-speaking people realised that their own songs were as capable of artistic treatment as the songs of other lands. The Highland people could be got at through their music as in no other way.

From *The Ross-shire Journal*.

COMUNN GAIDHEALACH AN OBAIN.—The annual business meeting was held last month, Mr. J. Macdonald, President in the chair. After dealing

with the financial statement for the year and the efforts made by the Branch in aid of various war funds, the meeting proceeded to consider the Gaelic position.

Gaelic Books.—It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. T. D. Macdonald, that contributions from the Branch to the Central Association should be reduced to a minimum, if not entirely suspended, as the money could be used to better purpose by the Branch itself in furthering the objects of An Comunn, and it was agreed to communicate with teachers in Argyllshire who were presently giving instruction in Gaelic with the view of assisting in providing text books for the Gaelic pupils in all such schools. The reluctance of School Boards to provide free books for this purpose seriously contributed to the difficulties in the way of teachers who were able and willing to teach Gaelic. Gaelic books being so much more expensive than English ones. It was proposed to raise a special fund for this purpose.

Junior Student Bursaries.—It was also felt by the meeting that the money now spent on An Comunn's bursaries to junior students could be more usefully employed, and the following motion by Mr. W. D. Kennedy, Rector of Oban High School, was unanimously agreed to, viz.:—"That in view of the fact that many of those students who get An Comunn's Supplementary Bursaries of £5 per annum do not fulfil their obligations, viz., to give the first three years of their professional careers in Gaelic-speaking districts, and in view of the further fact that many of those who do fulfil those obligations do not or cannot for various sufficient reasons, give effect to the ostensible object of such obligations, viz., the teaching of Gaelic, this Branch recommends to the Executive Council of An Comunn that the money, instead of being paid in bursaries, be utilised to supplement the salaries of teachers who teach Gaelic in Gaelic-speaking districts." It was pointed out that such a course would impress the Gaelic-speaking people with the knowledge that money collected from members' subscriptions, or from donations on behalf of the Gaelic movement, was put to practical use for its ostensible purpose, and as a result more money would be received both from the subscriptions of members and the donations of friends. It was believed that there was an ample supply of capable Gaelic teachers being produced, but, as is the case with Gaelic speaking ministers, the difficulty is how to keep them in the Highlands.

The Office-Bearers.—The office-bearers and members of Committee were all re-elected as follows:—Hon. President, Mr. Donald MacCallum; President, Mr. John MacDonald; Vice-Presidents, Dr. K. Campbell and Rev. D. MacKenzie, M.A.; Treasurer, Mr. P. Fletcher; Secretary, Mr. T. D. Macdonald; Representative on Comunn Executive Council, the President.

Mionach a' bheathaich is maoile,
Air adhairecan a' bheathaich is bioraiche.

'S ann an sud a bha 'ghriobhag,
Le luaidh ghrad—leannaibh biorach

'S claidh' ibh sgaiteach 'gan iomairt,
Le dream chalma gun tìoma.

Seachd bliadhna, saoghal a' chait,
Sin gu h-èibhinn agus ait,
Seach sin eodal agus turchardaich.

Ma's dubh ma's odhar no ma's donn,
Is toigh leis a' ghabhar a meann.

Chaidh siol Alba gun ghioraig,
Anns an t-searbh-chath air mhìreadh,
'Creuchdadh chorp is 'gan liodairt,
Is 'gam fàgail 'san ionad gun deo.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss L. M. Campbell, of Succoth.
Mrs. B. J. B. MacArthur, Elvanfoot.
John Forbes, London.
Andrew Gilchrist, Burnbank.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Donald Cameron, Ibrox.
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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Treas Mios an t-Samhraidh, 1916.

[Earrann 10.

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DH' FHAODADH E BHITH.

Bu chiatnach an smuain a chinn an inntinn a' bhàird Shasunnaich, *Tennyson*, an uair a sgrìobh e: "A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." Cha'n 'eil aon againn a dh'fhaireach a bheag no mhór de na tha fillte 'san ràdh seo nach aontaich gu'r h-e an doilgheas a tha comh-naisgte ri bhì cùmhnachadh air an t-sonas a bhà, coron-cinn bròin.

Bha là bruicheil foghair ann, agus bha na buanaichean trang ris a' choice. Bha Mairi-nio-Choinnich (Màshag mar a theireadh caill-eachan a' ghlinne) a' faireachadh na bruicheal-achd cho math ris a' chloinn a bha fo'cùram ann an sgòil a' chlachain. Chiteadh brogaich bheaga a' turranan 's a' miananaich air na suidheachain agus a' tionndadh dhuilleagan gun fhios c'arson; an dràsda's a' rithist ag amharc troimh na h-uinneagan, mi fhoisneach gus an tigeadh an uair a bheireadh saorsa dhaibh gu bhì a' ruith's a' ruagail, a' cluich falach-fead mu na h-adagan. Fhuair iad cobhair na àm, agus an tiota bha 'n taigh-sgoile falann. Sios am bruthach, mar sgaoth de sheilleanan, ruith a' chlànn le ìolach is le aighear a' deanamh dìreach

air na buanaichean. Nach taitneach an sealladh, aighear neo-chiontach chloinne bige, gu h-àraidh air cliathaich cnuic.

Shocraich Mairi i fein 'na cathair, agus phaisg i a dà laimh mu chùl a cinn, mar gu'm biodh i 'g a faireachadh fein rag, agus gu'm b'fheàird i a bodhaig altachadh. Bha i fann leis an sgìos nach tuig aon ach a neach a bhios o bhliadhna gu bliadhna a' strì ri teagasg cloinne. Is cinnteach gu'm biodh na buanaichean sgìth cuideachd aig a' cheann thall, ach cha b' ionann gnè an sgìos sin agus sgìos leithid Mairi. Bha e'na chùis-ìoghnaidh do mhuinntir a' ghlinne gu'n gabhadh sgìos no fannachadh tighinn an còir bana mhaighstir sgoile 'na suidhe gu seasgair ag èisdeachd ri cloinn a' leughadh. Air an aobhar sin cha robh bheag de chom-fhaireachadh aca rithe, ga bith cho caoimheil sa bhiodh iad mu rudan eile, agus bha iad sin. Nach robh taigh saor agus paidheadh suidhichte aice? "Ciod e an còrr a bhiodh a dhith air leddi 'sam bith," arsa iadsan. Cuin a thuigeas muinntir nach ann le aran a mhàin a bheath-aichear an creutair? Airson bòrd na sgoile, cha do mheas na buill gu'n robh e mar fhiach-aibh orra a dhòl na b'fhaide a thaobh an dleasnais na gach inleachd a chleachdadh airson cìsean a lùghdachadh. Bha barrachd uidh aig a' mhaor air gamhna agus muil, na bh' aige air nithean a bhuicheadh do adhartachadh na sgoile, agus bha am ministear, an duine còir, toilichte le cùisean mar a bha iad; ach an t-seinn. B'e mhiann (na'n aontaicheadh Mairi leis) gu'n ionnsaicheadh i do'n chloinn sailm agus laoidhean an àite na h-orain Bheurla agus na luinneagan Gaidhlig a bhiodh iad a' cleachdadh. Cha'n fhadar a' ràdh gu'n d' thainig i gearr 'na dleasnas a thaobh nan dalm, ach bha fìor uidh aice de na h-dràin Ghaidhlig, agus bha

guth grinn aic' air an son. A bharrachd air sin bha i ealanta ri'n cluich. Cha mhór nach do ghabh buill a' bhuird an dearg chaothach an uair a dh' iarr i òrgan beag air son na sgoile. "Rud gun chéill," ars' an ceannaiche, a bha na cildair, "faoinas is peacadh." Cha robh guth gu'n robh *piano* aige fhein agus aig a' mhinistear air son an cloinne. Bha brogaich na sgoile cho làn de chèil 'sa a bha na h-eoin a bha ceilearadh mu'n cuairt daibh, agus am fear aig nach robh fheadan, bha feadan. Chaidh an t-òrgan a thoirmeasg, ach chum ise air a dòigh fhein.

Dh' fhan Mairi fad an fheasgair 'san taigh-sgoile a' sgioblachadh 'sa' cur nithean an òrduigh airson a' cheasnachaidh a bha dlùth. Chuir i a h-uile dad 'na àite fhein mar a b' àbhaist, oir bu chomharradh oirre nach faighteadh sgòd air ni 'sam bith ris an cuireadh i a làmh. Ghlas i an dorus agus ghabh i snas am bruthach cas air a socair gu h-àite còmh-nuidh—cha'n fhaodar am facal blàth sin, "Dachaidh," a chantuinn ri àite taimh an dileachdain. Air an fheasgar seo gu h-àraidh, bha i fo throm smuain, agus ma dh' fhaoidte na'm febraichteadh dhith e' arson, nach rachadh aice an gnothuch a mhineachadh 'na fhad 's na leud. Is dòcha gu'n d' fhàg an sgios agus a' bhrùichealachd fann i, agus an uair a bhios a' bhodhaig 'na leithid sin de chor, tha e buailteach do'n inntinn tòiseachadh air meòrachadh mu nithean. Bha 'ghrian a' tearnachd 'na glòir gu h-ionad 'san Iar—grian a da fhichead bliadhna! Chuir e smaointean oirre. Thug i thairis a' chuid a' b' fheàrr de h-ìge do chloinn a' ghlinne, a' strì ri bhi stiùradh chaic anns an t-slighe a bha 'treòrachadh gu adhartas saoghalta, ged nach robh dùil aice nis gu'n cuireadh cuibhle an fhòrtain car fàbharach tuilleadh d'a taobh-sa. Ach b'e 'dleanas e, mar is e 'dleanas cheudan eile a thagh an dréuchd cheudna. Choinnìon i an dleanas sin gun mheang. Grian a da-fhichead bliadhna a' dol as an t-sealladh!—'na lùib, gath deireannach an dòchais a bha i 'g altrum, agus a bha 'na chùl-taic rìthe 's i na h-ònrachd. Gus an seo cha d' fhaireich i a cor cho fìor chruaidh, ach o chionn ghoirid, ged nach robh a céum a' fàs idir na bu mhoille, shaoil leatha gu'n robh an saoghal a' fàs na b' aonaraiche. Cha'n e gu'n do shuidhich an Dàn a cranncur ann an t-ìr nach b' aithne dhi, oir rugadh is thogadh i anns a' ghleann taobh thall na beinne a bha nu coinneimh. Ach mo chreach! thainig sguabach na dunach tarsuinn air a' chagailt nu'n deach a h-arach òg. Ghlac an t-Eug, cha'n e mhaìn a b-hathair 's a mathair, ach a peathraichean agus a h-aon bhràthair. Bha i 'na dileachdan mu'n do thuig i ceart na bha filte 'na leithid a shuidheachadh. Fhuair i i fhein am meinn chàirdean a dh' fhoillsich an daimhealachd bhlàth a bha riamh comharrachichte

an gnè a' Ghadheil, an uair a thachradh àn na h-éiginn. A dh' aindeoin na thachair, dh' fhàs i 'na maighdinn mhaissich am pearsa agus an inntinn, fìor fhreagarrach airson na dréuchd a roghnaich i. Cha robh ach an aon bharail aig bodaich is cailleachan a' ghlinne mu Mhairi—"Mashag lurach"—agus b'e sin nach biodh i fada 'ga pianadh fein ag oileanachadh brogaich is caillean a' ghlinne. Bha gillean na sgìreachd aice, mar gu'm b' eadh, air gad; dh' fhaodadh i aon 'sam bith diubh a thaghadh. Ach gad ann no as, gabhadh an guol a rathad fhein, ge b' oil le lagh no reachd. Chluinnteadh cagar fo'n anail am neasg nan caillean a bu bhioraiche mu Mhàshaig agus Tearlach Bàn, mac fìr Holmadail—tuathanach math dheth a bha 'san nàbachd—agus mar a bha laithean a' dol seachad dh' fhàs an t-amharus gu cinnteachd. Cha robh ach an aon bharail 'sa ghleann. B'e sin gun deanadh iad càraid eirichdail. Mur an robh stòras aig Mairi, chinnich innte rud nach ceannaich airgead no br; rud a gheibhear ann am bothan bochd cho math ri aitreann riomhach—gnè na mna uasail. Bha i fhein agus Tearlach mòr aig a chèile, agus a reit coltais bha'n iarmailt réidh, gorm, gun uiread agus leud na lùdaig de neul ri fhaicinn. Ach mar is minig a thachair, chaidh slighe na suiridhe beagan air a fìradh. Dhùisg sanas is cagar far nach robh dhùil; mar gu'n tigeadh e le nimh na gaoithe n-ear, agus dh' aithnich muinntir a' ghlinne nach robh cùisean a' dol cho réidh 's a bhatar a' saòilsinn. Bha snuadh Mashaig fhein 'ga innseadh; cha ghabhadh e 'chleith. Bha'n ruthadh bòidheadh ud a bha'n còmhnuidh air a gruaidh a' sìoladh as, mar gu'm biodh e ag iarraidh a dhòl a falach roimh na bha faisg. Rinn puinnsean nan teanganan cagarsach an obair a bu dual da—chaidh an fhìrinn a chur a leth taobh.

Ghabh i giùlan Thearlach mu'n ghoileam a bha 'dol mu'n cuairt, 'san t-sròin, agus nochd i rudeigin de spioraid an àrdain (cò chuireas coire oirre) air feasgar àraidh aig an drochaid, is iad air coinneachadh. Cha b'e an t-àrdan a shruthas o fhein-speis, no an uailh nach 'eil fada bho ladarnas, ach an t-àrdan a tha'n companas ri deagh-bhéus, agus a lasas mu choinneimh casaid mhearachdach. Dh' fhaodteadh aithneachadh gu'n deach Tearlach a thoirt a thaobh le luchd a' mhi-rùin. Cha leigear a leas a dhòl a stigh 'nan còmhradh aig an àm. Dhealaich iad gun dol tur a mach air a chèile, ach bha amharus aice nach robh 'sa chòmhdhail ach an dubhar a bha mar mhanadh air a' bhròn nach gabhadh seachnadh. Mu dheireadh thainig am peileir!—sgriob lîtreach bho Thearlach ag innseadh gu'n robh e 'deanamh daisiel gu ìmrich a ghabhail gu Astralia, far an robh brathair athar. Dh' iarr e oirre an litir a mheas mar

bheannachd leatha, gu àm a b' iomchuidh, agus nach di-chùmhnichidh e i. Màshag bhochd ! chaidh a grian fodha, agus thòisich nèoil a' bhròin a' tighinn tarsuinn air a h-iarmailte. Fad o'n t-suil, fad o'n chridhe. An do shaltair e air aon de na nithean is luachmoire air thalamh ?—gaol neo-thruallidh caileig òig—brìgh a beatha. An robh ann uile achi a' bhreisleach a tha gu tric a' leantuinn faoin dhòchas—ciòcras nach robh an dàn a shlasachadh—fàsagadh cridhe mar dhileab. Air sgiathan a neamha dh'fhalbh i gu na laithean a bhà, 'nuair a dh'fhaireach i a' cheud ghluasad diomhair a stiùir i gu Tearlach, ach mar eun air iteig choinnich i an t-saighdear a thionndaidh d'a taobh-sa 'na gath cràdhaidh spioraid. Fhuair an cùlman a lot, agus le sgeith chiùrta, agus dos-mullaich crom, tha e nise ag iarraidh gus a nead deireannach.

Chaidh còrr agus dusan bliadhna seachad gun ghuth o Thearlach. Bha gruaidh Mairi a' fas na bu taine, agus ghabh i nadur de chlisgeadh an uair a mhothaich i a' cheud ròineag liath am measg nan canagan donna a laigh iomadh uair air uclid fir a gràidh. An uair a rainig i doras a bothain, an àite dhol a stigh mar bu ghnàth, thionndaidh i gu suidheachan beag a bha faisg, agus thilg i i fhein air, trom airmnealach. Sheall i thar a gualainn air a' ghleann. Bha àm suipreach a' teannadh dlùth, agus bha gach luidhear a' cur a mach a dheatach 'na rollagan 's 'na clamaigan gorm, a' toinneamh agus a' cur nan car dhiùbh, mar gu'm biodh iad air mhìreadh mu'n rachadh teintean a' smàladh. Sgap-an deatach air a socair gus an do sgaoil i 'na brat os cionn a' ghlinne mar gu'm biodh i airson a dhion o dhochunn air choreigin. Bha luidhear taigh Mairi am braigh a' bhruthach gun toit, gun bhlàths. Bha i 'g a faireachadh fein fann air an fheasgar seo ; 's docha gu'm b'e cion a bhidh a bu chuireach, oir cha deach greim fo dèud o mhaduinn. Bha na buanaichean a nis a' sgioblachadh rudan air na raoinean, agus a' deanamh deiseil airson a dhol dachaidh—a' chlann bheag le othail a' ruith 'sa leum mun cuairt. Cha b' urrainn d'ise dachaidh a chanuinn ri taigh fàs, gun fhàilte, gun fhuaran a' feitheamh oirre. Air a h-àite suidhe, leig i srian a meamna as, agus thòisich an trom smuain—sùilean leth-dhùinte, mar gu'n robh i ann an plathadh. Bha i air ais gu laithean sona na h-oige, ach cha do mhair air brudair ach mar am faileas a ruitheas tarsuinn air aodann na beinne air an robh i ag ambarc 'sa cheart uair. Bha bheinn ud 'na cruth, agus 'na coslas dubhach, aonarach neo-chaachlaideach dìreach mar a bha a cor fein. Shaoil leatha gu 'n d'atharraich a snuadh seach mar a b' àbhaist—gu 'n do thionndaidh am fraoch fein gu nadur de dhath liath coltach ris na cnapan

creige air a gualainn. Thar leatha gu'n robh ceangal diomhair eatorra, agus dh'fhaireach i déireach a' dol rompe o sàilean gu mullach a cinn. Dh'ath-bheothaich sin e, agus feuch an t-atharrach ! Bha ghrian faisg air a dhol fodha 'na glòir 'san Iar gu Tir-nan-Og, ach bha 'ghloir leis an robh i ag òradh nan neul folaichte bho Mhairi do bhrìgh gu'n robh i 'na suidhe an dubhar an taighe fo throm smuain. Ann am priobadh na sùla dh'atharraich aodann na beinne, agus aigne Mairi leis. Sheas gach bidein agus sgòr a mach mar gu'm biodh iad 'nan teine. Bha 'n t-adhar an Iar còmhdaichte le stiallan a thumadh ann an dath òir. Thaign seo uile mu'n cuairt cho ealamh is ged bhuailteach an iarmailt le slat-dhrùidheachd. Dh'fhaireach Mairi i fein mar gu'n robh i fo gheas-aibh. Shaoil leatha nach fac i sealladh cho àillidh, no cho neamhaidh riamh. Is iomadh uair a mhothaich i le tlachd do àilleachd laighe gréine, ach cha do fhreagair a h-aigne rianh ri leithid an t-seallaidh seo anns an t-seadh 'san do mheas i e an uair ud. Thaom aoibhneas miorbhuileach air a cridhe, agus theich am bròn a bha laighe oirre. Bha i fhein 's a bheinn air an cruth-atharrachadh agus 'nan luchd com-pàirt air a' ghloir a bha 'gan cuartachadh. Cha labhair Nadur ach ris an spiorad air an do dhruigh a brìgh 's a seadh, agus bha 'n spiorad sin rianh an tasgadh an cridhe Mairi—deiseil air son e fhein fhoillsachadh 'nuair a thigeadh an t-àm taineach. Mar sin ghabh àilleadh na h-uarach seilbh air a h-inntinn agus air a cridhe, agus leig i le 'meamna ruith mar a thogradh e, gus mu dheireadh an do chruthaich e innte dealbh an rud a bha fuaighte r'a Bith le snaim nach leigeadh as a' ghreim gus an rachadh an t-anam a sgaradh o'n eorp. Cha 'n'eil e duilich tuaiream a thoirt air na riochdaich a h-inntinn—dealbh an aoibhneis a ghabh seilbh oirre, diombuan ged bhà e.

Cha robh am bothan tuilleadh falamh ! Bha ean do 'n d' thug i gaol nach d' fhàilnich, bliadh-nachan roimh seo, a' comhnuidh ann. Bha i a' frithealadh d'a iarrtasan, bha i a' gabhail pàirt 'na shaothar, agus 'na fhulangas, ach a' tabhairt agus a' faotainn gràidh. Ghabh mi-shonas an ruaig, an uair a thaom gaol m'a cridhe. Chaidh a cruth-atharrachadh mar a cruth-atharraich glòir na grein'-fheasgair a' bheinn. Air a gnùis dh' éalaidh nadur de fhiamh gàire—cha robh e ach fann, mar gu'n robh eagal air tighinn air gruaidh nach b' aithne dha. Lionadh a h-anam le brudair caomh. Chunnac i pàisdean maòth a' cluich 'sa' bhothan, dh'fhaireach i lamhagan beaga a' greimeachadh r'a h-aodach, no a' streup suas r'a broilleach, agus shaoil leatha gu'n cual' i am facal ud is mìlse air thalamh—Mathair ! Is gann gu'n deanadh i a mach co dhiùbh bha i 'na cadal no 'na dùisg ; a dh'aon rud bha i an

glais a ghaoil, agus fhuair miann is ciòcras sàsachadh. O, Thearlaich, a Thearlaich, amadain, is beag a bha fios agad an ulaidh ris an do chuir thu cùl!

Ach cha do mhair am faireachadh ach gearr. Bha suaidh na beinne ag atharrachadh mar a bha deàrsachd na gréine a' failneachadh às, bha'n t-anmoch a' ciaradh mu na cnuc, agus thill am boillsgeadh neamhaidh ud, mar gu'm b' eadh, gus na flath-innis bho'n d' thainig e. Bha a' bheinn 'na suidhe gruamach, neo chaochlaideach, mar a bha i o shean, agus laigh an t-sean ghruain air Mairi bhochd. Dh' fhairich i an ath dhéireach a' dol roimpe. Dhùisg i a buadar an t-sòlais. Thionndaidh i chun an dornis. Chuir i car 'san iuchair, agus shaoil leatha gu'n d' rinn an iuchair sgreid na bu ghéine na b' àbhaist. Ghabh i a stigh air a socair. Cagailt fhuair! —taigh falaunh! Le osna fhann, thiamhaidh, thuir i fo h-anail—

“Dh' Fhaodadh e Bhith,”

—:—

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

This meeting was held at Stirling on the 24th ult., Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, President, in the chair. There was a good attendance. The minutes of last Executive Meeting were read and confirmed. The printed annual report, with which members had been previously supplied, was approved. It gave as usual a concise account of the general work of the Association during the year. It need hardly be said that the work has been considerably interfered with by the unprecedented circumstances of our time. Taking the committees in their order, the Finance Committee regretted that the balance sheet still shows a debit balance; but they are gratified, however, to find that the adverse balance has been reduced from £270 to £84. It was also satisfactory to note that the revenue from members' subscriptions has increased, and it was hoped that the revenue from this source would continue to grow. The deficiency on the working of “An Deo-Gréine” showed a decrease as compared with last year. Some questions were asked regarding one or two items in the balance sheet. These were satisfactorily explained by Mr. Stewart.

The Education Committee, though it had not met during the year, were co-operating with the Propaganda Committee in making the necessary arrangements for the preparation of the proposed petition on the subject of Gaelic teaching in schools. It noted with pleasure the issue, under the auspices of the Publication Com-

mittee, of “Rosg Gaidhlig.” With regard to bursaries, the Executive Council had resolved to award none during the war. At present there are eleven bursars on the committee's list. Of this number four are on military service.

The Propaganda Committee (Rev. G. W. Mackay, M.A., Killin, convener), had been busy throughout the year, though its work had been interfered with like the others on account of the war. Branches had practically discontinued their work owing to the absence of the men at the front. The committee has taken over the work of the Celtic Society of Sutherland. The Rev. Mr. Mackay, in submitting the report of this committee, referred particularly to the work in connection with the petition in favour of Gaelic. Three sub-committees had been appointed, one in charge of the northern counties, one in charge of the central counties, and the other in charge of the southern area. These met respectively in Inverness, Dingwall, and Glasgow, and have arranged to make necessary preparations before the petition is submitted for signatures. It was felt that the signing should not take place until the war is over. Meanwhile, every one interested is expected to help. Mr. Colin Sinclair, Glasgow, pointed out that a copy of the petition should be circulated among the people, so that they might understand what they were asked to sign later on. Mr. Mackay said that the sub-committees would see to that. At this stage Mr. Angus Henderson took the opportunity of referring to the committee that had been appointed last year for the purpose of interviewing Sir John Struthers with regard to the teaching of Gaelic. He moved—“That having once again taken up consideration of the proposal of interviewing Sir John Struthers with the view of laying before him certain claims, financial and otherwise, for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, the Executive Council learn from the Special Committee that Sir John has refused or delayed to grant the interview sought; that the Council considers that, in view of the regrettable fact, it is inexpedient and useless to proceed further with said proposal; that the committee be thanked for their efforts and that it be hereby discharged; and that the Council place on record its appreciation of the friendly action of the leading Scottish Churches in associating themselves with said representatives to the projected deputation.”

This was unanimously agreed to.

The report of the Publication Committee notes with satisfaction that “Rosg Gaidhlig” is now in the market, and that over 200 copies are in circulation. They look to the early appearance of the Poetry Book. The committee met an hour before the Executive Meeting (Mr. Angus Henderson in the chair), and had under

consideration a letter from Dr. Watson with regard to the copyright of the "Rosg." It was decided that Mr. Henderson and the President interview Dr. Watson on the question.

The convener of the Mòd and Music Committee reported that the work for the past year was confined to the organising of the children's examinations in Gaelic composition and translations, in various centres in the Highlands. The committee recognises the good work done by the teachers who train the children for these examinations. The Revs. Coll A. Macdonald and M. N. Munro, and Messrs. John Macdonald and D. Macphie were appointed adjudicators for this year's competitions. It was agreed to give £3 in aid of the Children's Mòd recently held at Stratherrick.

The Art and Industry Committee reported successful sales held during the year, and the valuable assistance given by ladies and gentlemen in connection therewith was recognised.

All the reports were approved.

A recommendation from the Oban Branch regarding bursaries and financial aid to Highland teachers in schools where Gaelic is taught was submitted. It was pointed out by the chairman that it had already been decided not to award any new bursaries while the war continued. The question as to whether they should be renewed after that should be left over. The suggestion was adopted.

"AN DEO-GREINE."

In the course of a general discussion on the working of "An Deo Gréine," a more vigorous and up-to-date policy in the advertising department was advocated. The revenue from advertisements was described as ridiculously low, and it was suggested that the ban on "liquor" advertisements should be removed, and discretion regarding advertisements left with the editor.

THE COMUNN AND THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

A notice of motion sent in by Mrs. Burnley-Campbell of Ormidale regarding the Comunn's Ward in Woodside Military Red Cross Hospital, Glasgow, gave rise to some discussion. The motion was to the effect that whereas the Red Cross Society and the War Office had failed to implement, or take any reasonable means to implement, the agreement entered into by the former with the Comunn Gaidhealach, when they accepted a proposal that money should be collected in the Highlands to endow a ward at Woodside, under the condition that the Comunn Gaidhealach Ward should be in charge of Gaelic-speaking nurses, and that a preference should be given to Highland Gaelic-speaking soldiers, the Comunn Gaidhealach should request that the money collected by them and handed over by them to the Red Cross Society, to the amount

of £1000, should be refunded, so that it might be expended in a manner conformable to the aims of the Comunn Gaidhealach and the objects for which it was collected. The chairman read a statement from Mrs. Burnley-Campbell as to correspondence and interviews with the Red Cross Society and Army Medical authorities. Nothing had been done, no excuse even had been offered to the Comunn for the failure to fulfil the conditions on which the money was accepted, not a single Gaelic-speaking soldier had ever been placed in the ward, and only one or two men belonging to Highland regiments had found their way there by chance. Even the Gaelic-speaking nurses had been discontinued for some time. It was decided by the Executive that the question should be continued for consideration until the Annual Meeting in September.

The Executive gave its approval to a proposed application to the Feill Trustees by the Art and Industry Committee for a loan of £300. It was pointed out that the Trustees might not be disposed to lend, and that it might be necessary to apply for a grant rather than a loan.

The next meeting, which is the Annual Meeting of An Comunn, will be held in Glasgow on the 16th of September.

TALLA LOCKSLEY.

Eadartheangachadh bho bhàrdachd Tennyson.

Choisinn na rannan so a' cheud duais aig Mòd Litreachais, 1915,

Leis an Urr. DÒMHNELL MAC CALUM, Sgìre nan Loch, Leòdhas.

'Chompanaich 'so fàgaibh mise
'S nach 'eil ann ach maduinn tràth,
Agus ormsa fèum nuair bhitheas,
Thugaibh air an dùdaich ràn.

So an t-ait' 's na raoint' mu 'n cuairt air
Anns an tog an fheadag èibh,
Agus dubhradh's aiteal fhuar-lon
Talla Locksley thar an téid.

Talla Locksley 's fhada sheallas
Thairis air na molan buan,
Is na tonnan sléibhteach, gleannach,
'Dòrtadh thar nan stac le fuaim.

'S iomadh oidhch' 's a bhalla ghorm ud,
Anns an nead 's an robh mo mhian,
'Chunnaic mi Orion glòirmhor
'Dol a sìos 's an àird an iar.

'S tric an Grioghlachan air oidhche
Dh'èirich dhomh 's an astar uain',
Mar an dealan-dé nì soillse
Anns an rioban shìoda fuaight'.

'S tric an so mi féin a chaill mi
'G altrum aigne uaibhreach, árd,
Anns na h-úr-sgeulan 'bha 'gealltuinn
Sealladh air an tinn a bha.

Nuair a chlos na linnt' chaidh thairis
Mar an tìr 's ro thorach ta,
Nuair a ghlac mi na bheil agam
Air son meud a' ghuilleag àidh.

'S air an tim ri teachd mu'n d'amhairc
Mi cho fad' 'sa chitheadh sùil,
Sealladh air an t-saoghal ghabh mi
Leis gach ioghnadh bh'ann o thùs.

Anns an earrach, broilleach bhrù-dearg
Móran na bu deirge dh'fhàs,
Anns an earrach fhuair a' chubhag
Còta, thoirt dhith tuilleadh stàid.

Anns an earrach, bogha 's òirdheirc
Bheir air amhaich calmaid deàrrs',
Anns an earrach intinn òig fhir
Tionndaidhidh gu smuaintean gràidh.

Na bu taine dh'fhàs a gruaidhean
Na bu dual bhi 'thé cho òg,
Is bha 'shìl air m' uile ghluasad
Gun bhi còmhraideach na 's mò.

Agus thuirt mi, "Ghaoil ghil Ami,
'Innis nis an fhìrinn dhomhs',
Creid mi tha gach cuisle m'anam
'Bualadh le do ghràdh gach lò.

Air a gnùis 'sa gruaidh neo-neular
Dathan thàinig agus soills',
Cro dhearg mar a chì thu 'g éiridh
Air an airde tuath 's an oidheh'.

'S thionndaidh ise, h-uchd a' plogadh
Leis na h-osna minig trom,
'Feadh bha h-anam air a nochdadh
Ann am fàir a sùilean donn.

'G ràdhtuinn : " Dh'fhalaich mi mo chàileachd
Eagal lochd ann dhomh-sa bhi,
A luaidh nam fear, an tug thu gràdh dhomh,
Thusa 's bho na roghnaich mi."

Gloinne tim 'na làimh thog Cupid,
'S chuir e'n ceann 'bha fodha 'suas.
'S anas a ghainmbeich fòs roimh 'n t-slugan
H-uile mionaid ruith gu luath.

'Rithist thog e clàrsach beatha,
Agus bhuail e air gach téud,
Bhuail e féin-streang a chaidh seachad
Ann an crònan tiamh gu céin.

'S iomadh maduinn air a' mhachair
'Chuala sinn na coillt' tciirt fuaim,
'Ruith roimh m'chluasan 'feadh bha 'cagar
Leis an làn 'bheir céitein nuadh.

Ioma feasgar taobh nan tuiltean
Chunnaic sinn na luingis mhór'
Agus ruith ar 'n anam cuideachd
Ann am measgachadh nam pòg.

O ! mo rùn is staoine riamh bh'ann,
Ami nach leam fein na's mò,
O ! a' mhachair uaigneach, cha'n 'eil,
O ! an cladach chaill a ghloir.

Foilleil thar na chaidh 's an aithris,
Thar na chualas riamh 's an dàn,
Mearagan do mhàoidheadh athair,
Eismealach fo theanga màth'r !

Mar an duine truagh a bhean ta
'S ann ri umpaidh tha thu pòsd',
Agus bheir a nàdur reamhar
Chun an talaimh thu fa-dheòidh.

Mallaicht' biodh na fasain shuarach
'Pheacaich 'n aghaidh neart na 'b'ig !
Mallaicht' biodh na breugan usal
'Falach uainn tha 'n fhìrinn bheò !

Mallaicht' biodh na modhan fàilneach
Fad' o nàdur a ghabh ròd,
Mallaicht' biodh an t-òr 'tha deàrrsadh
Air clàr-aodainn 'bhurraidh mhóir !

'Measg nam marbh a cunnt' am faod mi,
'S 'bhi 'ga caoidh air son a gràdh ?
O ! b'e sin dhomh féin an fhaonais,
Gràdh 's e gradh gu latha bràth.

Misneach ? thuirt thu tàir nan deamhan,
So an fhìrinn sheinn am bàrd,
Gur e coron-cinn gach dòruinn
Cuimhneachadh an aoibhneis bha.

'S còir dhomh buaidh thoirt ? Och nan ochan
'S gu'n mo shùil a bhi na déigh,
Feumaidh mi le càch 'bhi 'g obair
Chum 's nach searg mi anus an éis.

Choimh-luchd oibrichean, mo braithean,
Riamh 'bha 'buain ni-eiginn ùr,
Ciod a rinn sibh nach b'e càrlais
Air na nithe thig ri tinn' ?

Air an tim ri teachd mu'n d'amhairc
Mi cho fad' 's a chitheadh sùil,
Sealladh air an t-saoghal ghabh mi
Leis gach ioghnadh bh'ann o thùs.

Chunnaic mi 's na néamhan malairt
Cábhalach fo dhruidheachd sheòl,
Trèdraichean 's a ghlàmuinn 'tairuing
Luchdan luachmhor thar an beòil.

Chuala mi 's na néamhan éibheachd
Agus b' oilleil shil an drùchd,
O na feachdan mara tréubhach
'Ghreimich ris a' ghorm gu dlàth.

Fad' is cian dol thar a' chruinne
Cagar na gaoith deas do sgaoil,
Suaicheantais nan tirean uile
Troimh an dealan 'dol le straon.

Gu'n do chiùinich plog an drum
'S gu'n do phaisgear na sìubhl-streup,
Ann am Pàrlamaid an duine
Braithreachas an t-saogh 'l gu léir.

Far an gléidht' le tuigse nàduir
Cinneadh buaireasach fo chis,
Is am bi an talamh sàmhach
Ann an reachdan coitcheoin fillt'.

Mar so choisinn mi mo dhùrachd
Mu'n do shearg mo bhoile mi
Cùibhrichte le cridhe ciùrrta
Is fo'n iadach leagta 'sios.

Eòlas thig, ach dàil nì gliocas,
'S air a' chladach nì mi dàil,
Pearsantachd a' seargadh bìthidh
Ach an saogh 'l na 's mò nì fàs.

Céin 'an diomhain cha'n 'eil 'sméideadh,
Dol air aghaidh fòs bith sinn,
Agus ruileadh chaois an cé so
Sios troimh chlaiscean caochladh bin.

Dol troimh sgàile 'chruinne théid sinn
'Steach do 'n là 's an robh e òg,
Leth-cheud bliadhn' 'san Eorpa 's ceutaich'
Na'n Cathay bhi eadhain crò.

Biodh na nithe so mar thogras,
'Thalla Locksley soraidh buan,
Caillt' ged sheargadh 's mis' tha còma,
Lanann ged a thuiteadh 'nuas.

Thar na h-oir tha 'g éiridh deatach
Dubhadh as gach machair 's sléibht
Doirionn tha tigh 'nn oirn gu reachdach
Is tein' adhair aig fo sgéith.

Teinteadh e air Talla Locksley,
Tabhairt airson tein' no dil,
Oir ag éiridh tha ghaoth fhloiseach,
Tigh 'nn thar fairg' 's a trial tha mi.

COMHRADH.

*Ealair Dòmhnall Eachainn agus Anna, Ban-
trach Chalvim Iseabail, á Airdghobhair.*

Dòmhnall—Dé do naigheachd fhein an diugh,
Anna?

Anna—O cha'n 'eil i ùr, a Dhomhnall, ach
nach math an naigheachd a bhi gun naigheachd
idir. Am bheil Sine agus an teaghlach air an
casan.

Dòmhnall—O tha, gu'n robh math agaibh.
Tha iad uile gu slàn, agus bu chòir dhuinn a bhi
taingeil, an uair a tha leithid de thrioblaid agus
de bhròn anns an t-saoghal. Tha Alasdair
beag a' dol do 'n sgoile a nise, agus gu dearbh,
tha e 'deanamh adhartais blo'n a thainig am
maighstir sgoile ùr. 'S e gille foghlunaichte an
Gàidhlig 's am Beurla th'ann, agus is fhuasda
sin aithneachadh air a' chloinn bho'n thainig
e. Cha b' ionnan agus an Sasunnach gliogach,
cuagach a bha ann roimhe, a bheireadh an
deagh stialladh dhoibh na'n labhradh iad dùrd
de'n Ghàidhlig.

Anna—Dearbh ma tha, cha'n 'eil agam fhein
mu na mhaighstir-sgoile ùr idir. Cha'n 'eil
fhios agam idir dé th'air aire bho na thainig e
do'n àite. Cha'n 'eil dad 's ann sgoil ud a nise
ach Gàidhlig, Gàidhlig, bho mhoch gu dubh.
Tha mi 'n impis mo bhòdhradh a latha 's a
dh'oidheche le orain Ghàidhlig, 's litrichean
Gàidhlig is treallaich eile mar sin nach 'eil gu
nì mhat air an talamh do'n chloinn 'n uair a
dh'fhàgas iad an sgoil.

Dòmhnall—'N e sin do bheachd, Anna? Ma
tha 's ann a shaoilinn fhein gur h-ann a bhiodh
do chridhe 'deanamh gairdeachais, 'n uair a
chitheadh tu do chlann ag ionnsachadh do
chànain fhein agus cànain do dhùticha. 'S e
Gàidheal glé bhoich a th'ann an duine 'sam bith
nach bruidhinn agus nach leugh a chànain fhein.

Anna—Fuidh! dé 's fhiach a' Ghàidhlig do
dhuine 'sam bith a tha airson faighinn air
adhart anns an t-saoghal so. Tha mo chlann-
sa gun chùl gun tacas mar a tha làn fhios agad-
sa, Dhomhnall, agus 's e dh'fhéumas iad làn
an cinn de Bheurla ionnsachadh, chor 's gu'n
seall iad as an deidh fhein cho luath 's as
urrainn iad. Cha'n urrainn mise an cunail
's an sgoil mionaid an deidh dhoibh a bhi ceithir
deug, agus mar sin, cha b'e dh'fheumadh iad a
bhi caitheamh an ùine ag ionnsachadh bràin
agus gràmar Gàidhlig; rudan gun seadh.

Dòmhnall—O, Anna bhoich, tha thusa mar
a tha mi fhein, a bhrònag, gun sgoil, agus tha
sin 'g ar fàgail dall, ach saoil nach tuig thu
fhein a nise, 'n uair a sheallas tu ris a' chàis gu
ceart, nach 'eil e comasach do chlann aig nach 'eil
a' Bheurla dol do'n sgoil, a h-ionnsachadh ceart

am feasda, ach troimh 'n Ghàidhlig, a' chànain air an bheil iad eòlach. Mar sin ma tha thusa airson làn an cinn de Bheurla bhi aig do chlann, feumaidh iad a' chànain sin ionnsachadh troimh 'n Ghàidhlig—cha'n 'eil dòigh eile fo shìleadh nan speur air ach sin. Cha robh mi fhéin ach aon gheamhradh 's an sgoil, ach tha mi faicinn firinn an nì so cho soilleir 's a tha mi faicinn na gréine a' sìubhal nan speur.

Anna—Cha'n fhaic mis' e, ma tha. Nach bu mhath an dà mhaighstir-sgoile bh' againn roimh 'n fhear so, ma tha. 'S iomadh sgoilear math a chuir iad do'n sgoil mhór 's a' Ghearasdan, 's cha robh dùrd Gàidhlig aig a h-aon diubh.

Dòmhnall—Chuir iad dithis no trìuir ann gun teagamh, ach dé 's fhaic sin. 'S e tha dhithi oirne 's a' Ghaidhealtachd gu'm faigh gach balach 's gach nighean aig am bheil a' Ghaidhlig ionnsachadh 's a' chànain sin. Cha'n urrain do mhaighstir-sgoile Gallda clann na Gàidhealtachd a theagasg ceart am feasda. Cha'n 'eil co-fhulangas 'sam bith eatorra. Tha iad 'n an coigrich d' a chèile, dìreach mar gu'm pòsadh tu fhéin Ruisianach, Anna—'s e sgoil-mhiar a dh' fheumadh a bhli agaih, 's cha bhiodh sin ach sgòdach. 'S nach math tha fhios agad fhéin mar a bha am maignistir sgoile bho dhèireadh a bh' againn a' sealltuinn sìos air a' chloinn; agus a' tilgeadh orra ann an clàr an aoidain gu'm biodh fàileadh na mònachd dhiubh, 's gu'n robh iad a' tighinn beò air buntàta 's sgadan. Robh an diol a bha sin air clann bho chd ceart!—'s dé thuirt e ri Peigi agad fhéin an uair a dh' fhàs i tinn 's an sgoil!—gur h-e mar a bha i 'lìonadh a stamaig le *brosse* agus lite rinn tinn i. Saoil na chòrd sin riut fhéin?

Anna—O cha do chòrd, ach 's e 'n fhìrinn a bh' aige. Tha fhios gu'm bheil a' chlann againne bochd, luidheach, agus cuid diubh air droch bheathachadh.

Dòmhnall—Dé'n gnothuch a bh' aige san ri sin. Na'm biodh fìach snaoisean de'n duin' uasal ann san, 's ann a dh' fhaicheadh e gach seòl a bhiodh 'n a chomas airson an crannchur a dheanamh na b' fhearr. Cha dean e 'n gnothuch, Anna, cha bhi clann na Gàidhealtachd ann feasda air an ionnsachadh ceart gus am bi maignistir-sgoile Gàidhlig, aig am bi co-fhulangas ris a' chloinn, air ceann gach sgoile, agus Gàidhlig an toiseach, agus Beurla rithist, air an ionnsachadh dhoibh. Sin agad mo bheachd-sa, 's cha do sheas e am bròig leathair a chuireas as mo bheachd nì.

Anna—Cha'n fhaic thu 'n latha. C' àit' am faighthead iad de mhaighstirean-sgoile aig am bheil Gàidhlig, na lìonadh sgoilean na Gàidhealtachd.

Dòmhnall—'S ann tha thu bruidheann gun fhios agad dé tha thu 'g ràdh. Gheibheadh iad

de mhaighstirean sgoile Gàidhlig na thuthadh na tighean, gun tighinn air na chumadh a' dol na sgoilean Gàidhealach, ach 's ann a tha na balaich chòire 's an Taobh-deas a' teagasg nam peasanan Gallda. Cha toir na Bùird spìocach againne dhoibh na nì an teachd an tìr am measg an luchd-dùtha, agus mar sin tha iad a' saothrachadh a' measg nan Gall, ach thig an latha, Anna, anns an toirear bairighdean Bhabiloin air ais.

Anna—Coma leam dhìot fhéin 's dheth do shearmonachadh. Tha e cheart cho math dhuit teannadh ri taomadh na Linne Dhuibh le cliabh maoraich, agus a bhli smaoineachadh gu'n dearbhu thu orm-sa gu'm bheil feum 'sam bith anns a' Ghàidhlig. Seall, balach Mhic-an-t-saoir. Tha esan a nise trì bliadhna ann an Ard-sgoil a' Ghearasdan, agus cha'n 'eil e faighinn dùrd Gàidhlig. 'S e Frangais agus Laidionn a tha e 'g ionnsachadh, agus am bheil thusa smaoineachadh na'm biodh feum 's am bith 's a' Ghàidhlig nach fhaigheadh e i an sud.

Dòmhnall—O, Anna, 's ann a tha thusa air chùl na h-eachdraidh. Rach thusa ann an còmhraidh mo charaid-sa, agus fear m' ainme 's a' Ghearasdan is aithne dhuit glé mhath, agus innisidh esan dhuit, facal air an fhacal, gu dé 's coireach nach 'eil Gàidhlig air a teagasg ann an Ard-sgoil a' Ghearasdan. 'S iomadh duine aig am bheil cridhe goirt airson nach 'eil an clann a' faighinn foghlum na Gàidhlig an sin, ach stad thusa, cha'n fhada gus am faic thu car eile air ruidhle bhodaich, agus tha de Ghaidheil thapaich fhathast ann an Lochabar, a chi sin ceart ma gheibh iad ùine air an talamh. 'S e rud maslach a th' ann gu'm biodh ard-sgoil 'sam bith anns a' Ghaidhealtachd far am bheil an uibhir de fìodhlumachan aig am bheil Gàidhlig, agus gun ionnsachadh air a thoirt 's a' chànain sin, agus nach d' thubhairt am ministear sin thall riom an dé fhéin, gu'n robh Gàidhlig air an aon bhonn a nise anns na sgoilean ri Laidionn 'us Grengais, 'us Frangais agus na cànain mhòir sin eile nach urrainn mise ainmneachadh.

Anna—Ta, cha robh nì dh' fhios agam-sa air sin, agus tha mi glé thoilichte 'chluinntinn bho bhliad fìrinneach a' mhinistear, ach a dh' aindeoin sin uile, 's e Frangais agus Laidionn is uaisle na Gàidhlig, agus nach bu mhath leinne ar gineal a bhi suas ri clann nan daoine móra anns na rudan a bhiodh iad ag ionnsachadh. Bha nighean an t-Sasunnaich mhòr a bha 's an *Lodge* a' faighinn Frangais an uair nach robh i ach naoidh bliadhna dh' aois, agus carson nach biodh a' chlann againne suas riutha an uair a tha 'n cothrom aca. Thuirt Mrs. Brunweller riom fhéin nach b' fhaic clann dad an duigh mar a faigheadh iad *French* anns an sgoil.

Dòmhnall—Uill, Anna, 's nìodach leam fhéin

thu bhi cho gòrach 's a tha thu. B' eblach do sheanair—agus mo sheanair, sa cuideachd—air *French* agus air Laidionn. 'S iomadh pàranta gòrach a th' ann, a tha smaoineachadh gu 'n dean cumail suas ri clann nan Sasunnach sgoil-eirean de 'n cloinn. Faodaidh Frangais a bhi ceart gu leòr 'n a h-àite fhéin—dé 'n fhios a th' agam-sa—ach innis dhomh-sa cia lion balach no nìghean anns a' Ghàidhealtachd a dh' iarras an dinneir am feasda ann am Frangais. Cha bhi iad leth bhlaidhna mach as an sgoil an uair nach bi facal aga dhith na 's mò na th' agam-sa, 's dé rithist am feum a ni i dhoibh. Bha thu buidheann air balach Mhic an t-saoir a tha 'n Ard'Sgoil a' Ghearasdain an dràsda. Tha esan ag ionnsachadh Frangais, agus 's iomadh oidhche chaithearsas e mu 'n dean e mòran dhith, agus sin ged a tha e 'n a bhalach tùrail, achfhuinneach, ach seall thusa nise na 'n biodh e faighinn Gàidhlig an àite na Frangais, agus gu 'n seasadh e 'n aon rud dha air a' cheann thall, bhiodh e na fhìor sgoilear Gàidhlig anns an deicheamh cuid de 'n ùine, agus cha b' urrainn dha Ghàidhlig a dhi-chuimhneachadh, a chionn 's gur h-i dh' ionnsaich e 'n a leanabh. Sin agad far an bheil an call tìde ann am foghlum ar Gàidheil bga.

Anna—Tha mi dol leat an sin gun teagamh, a Dhomhnuill, agus feumaidh mi aideachadh gu 'n do chuir thu a' chùis ann an solus ri dhomh-sa. Cha robh agam-sa ach mar a bha mi cluinntinn, ach tha mise nise faicinn gu 'n robh mi air mo mhealladh. 'S mi tha toilichte gu 'n do thachair tha rium, agus cha dhi-chuimhnich mi air chabhaig ar coinneamh. Stad thusa gus am bi mise nigheadaireachd a ris aig *Mrs. Brunsveller*—cha bhi teud rèidh 's an fhiodhaill. Cha 'n aontaich mise tuilleadh leatha, nar a b' àbhaist dhomh ann an cur sios na Gàidhlig. Latha math leat.

IAIN N. MACLEOD.

—:O:—

The Late Mr. MALCOLM MACKENZIE, THE CROFTERS' FRIEND.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the stirring times in Skye in 1882, when the whole island was seething with discontent, and when the "Battle of the Braes" looked like ending in tragic results. Evictions and disputes regarding rights to grazings had produced such a tense feeling, that serious happenings were anticipated at any moment. Sir William Harcourt (the then Home Secretary), had been advised to send troops to enforce orders of ejectment. It was at this critical moment that Mr. Malcolm Mackenzie, then living in Guernsey, sent the following telegram to Mr. Alexander Mackenzie,

Dean of Guild of Inverness:—"Tender by telegraph to Lord Macdonald's agent all arrears of rent due by Braes Crofters, and to stay proceedings. I write by post and send securities for £1000 on Monday." In the letter which followed up this telegram, Mr. Mackenzie wrote:—"I trust that Lord Macdonald will be advised to accept payment of arrears, and to leave the people of the Braes in peace until the government of the country can overtake measures to judge between him and them. It will be a heavy responsibility, and a disgrace, to call soldiers to Skye at the present time. Her Majesty has more important work to do with her soldiers than to place them at the service of the Court of Session in vindication of an unconstitutional law which is not based on principles of justice, and which has, by the progress of events and the evolution of time, become inoperative. Our dual system is no longer possible. Lord Macdonald does not know what to do. Nobody knows what to do. Are they going to send for the Highland Brigade from Egypt to slaughter the people of Skye?" This munificent offer was not accepted. However, counsels that made for peace fortunately prevailed, and tragic results had been averted.

The death of Mr. Mackenzie took place in Edinburgh a fortnight ago, at the ripe age of 84. His career was a remarkable one. A native of a village in Ross-shire, he set up business in Stornoway. After saving some money, he found his way to Burma, and started a business in Mandalay, and soon became known as "the English lord." His business capacity and integrity did not escape the attention of King Mindoon Min, with the result that he received an important financial appointment from His Majesty, as well as other marks of royal favour. It is said he was presented by the king with a gilded state barge and forty Burmese rowers. He was asked to procure "a thousand pounds' worth of mirrors so that the ladies of the harem might admire their charms in the palace at Mandalay!" Mr. Mackenzie has been credited with exerting powerful influence on the commerce of Burma, notably in connexion with the Irrawaddi Flotilla Company. He discovered a process by which "cutch"—a substance used by fishermen for making their nets waterproof—was placed on the European market. It is understood that he was twice asked to stand for parliament in this country, but refused. If he cannot be placed on the roll of empire builders like other distinguished Gaels, it may be claimed for him that few surpassed him in business capacity, and none in strict integrity of character. For men of this stamp, Ross-shire in particular, and the Highlands in general, may well cherish a feeling of pardonable pride.

AN NOCHD IS TRIC A' FAIREACH MI.

LE GILLE ÒG D' A LEANNAN AGUS I AÍR FIIAGAIL.

Miss A. C. Whyte's Collection of Unpublished
Melodies, 1st Prize, Mòd, 1914.KEY Eb—*Slowly, with Expression.*

{ : s₁ | d :—: d | d :—: d | r : m :— | s₁ :— }
An nòchd is tric a' faireach mi,

{ : l₁ | d :—: d | d :—: r | m :— }
Le cabh-aig as mo shuain;

{ : m | m :—: d | d :—: d | d' :—: s | s :— }
Mi car-ach-adh 's a' tionnd-adh

{ : l | s :—: m | m :—: s | l :— }
'S ag ionndrainn na bheil bhuam

{ : m | s :—: s | l :—: s | s : d' :— | m :— }
Gur i an ribh-inn bhanaid ud

{ : m | s :—: m | r :—: m | l :— }
A dh'atharr-aich mo shnuadh,

{ : s₁ | d :—: d | r :—: m | l :—: s | s :— }
Bho'n ghabh mi cead le duil-ich-inn

{ : l | s :—: m | r :—: d | d :— }
Gle mhoch-thràth dhi Di-luain.

Cha 'n 'eil uair a chi mi thu
Nach lion thu mi le bròn;
Mo chridhe trom le duilichinn,
'S e muladach gu leòir,
Mu'n té ud a bha feitheamh orm,
Le foighidinn ro-mhòir,
B' fheàrr mu'n d' riinn thu m' fhàgail
Am bàs gu'm chuir fo'n fhòid.

Ochòin! is ciod e dh' fharraich mi
'N uair chaidil mi cho mòr,
'S a leig mi dhomh le di-misnich
An ribhinn aoibheil òg!
B' fheàrr a bhi gun aodach,
An ciste chaoil nam bòrd,
Na bhi faicinn d' aodainn,
'S nach fhaod mi dol ad chòir.

Cha'n àicheidh mi ach aidicheam,
Gun fhacal ann de bhréig,
Nach d' fhuair agus nach faighinn-se
Na b' fheàrr na thu fo'n ghréin,
Ma bha thu riamh tràth foilleil dhomh,
Bha choire agam féin;
Mo ghaol a' mhaighdean ùraiteach,
'S ro mhladach mi d' dhéigh.

Do dheud tha mar na neòinean,
Do phògan mar a' mhlil;
Do chùl tha bachlach, òr-bhuidhe,
'S e 'n òrdugh air do shlios;
'N uair theannadh tu ri 'sliogadh
Gur fada 'chilt' a dhreach;
'S 'n uair leagadh tu le cir e
Leat mhealltadh mìle fear.

Is diombach mi do'n bhalach ud,
Thàinig oirnn á machair Ghalld';
'S rinn le stòras buaireasach,
Do mhealladh bhuam 's an àm;
Na 'n tachrainn anns a' bhealach air,
No anns a' ghleann ud thall,
Gur ann mu dhéigh na gruagaich,
A rachainn 'bhualadh lann.

Ach bheirinn mionnan firinneach
Co cinnteach ris a' bhlas,
Ged a leagteadh 'm Bìobull,
'N a shineadh air mo làmh,
Nach cualas dad de mli-chliù ort,
Ach sòghail, caomhneil; blàth;
Cha b' ioghnadh thu bhi dileas dhomh,
Bho 'n thug mi féin dhuit gràdh.

Gu'm bu slàn do m' ghruagach;
Is milis cainnt a beoil—
Dh' fhàg thu bho'n Di-luain ud mi,
Fo bhruaileadh is fo leon.
Cha 'n fhaod mi féin a ràidhtinn,
Gu 'n d' fhag thu mi le d' dheòin;
Ach bhiodh do chàirdean diombach,
Mur aontaicheadh tu leo.

—FROM SINCLAIR'S AN T-ORANAICHE.

:o:

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Highland Breakfast was one of the outstanding features of the Church of Scotland Assembly this year. Lochiel, who is a son-in-law of the Lord High Commissioner, delivered an interesting address upon the achievements of his men at Loos. The Moderator, in an impressive address, urged that, owing to the lack of Gaelic-speaking ministers, the Assembly should be urged to ordain lay missionaries. A novel feature at the Breakfast was the presence of the Rev. Adam Gunn, of Durness, representing the U.F. Church; and the Rev. Donald Maclean, St. Columba Church, Edinburgh, representing the Free Church. In an interesting address, Mr. Maclean urged that the three churches might act in common upon educational schemes, as they had already done to good purpose by providing Gaelic literature for the troops.

The condition of matters in regard to Gaelic-speaking preachers has now become highly critical. The Rev. Finlay A. McInnes is the only Gaelic probationer on the official rolls of the U.F. Church. The U.F. Highland Report, after reference to war services, proceeds:—"More serious is the continued diminution in the number of Gaelic-speaking students for the ministry . . . the filling of our Gaelic vacancies becomes steadily more difficult. The Committee are impressed with the necessity of exercising increased vigilance and tackling new sources of supply."

* * *

Mr. J. N. MacLeod's "Bàrdachd Leodhais," which is receiving very favourable notice from the press, deserves a warm welcome not only in the Lewis but all over the Highlands. Mr. MacLeod has substantially improved his literary reputation among Gaels by his new effort.

* * *

The second report of the Highlands and Islands Medical Board has been issued. Owing to the war, there is an exceptional dearth both of medical men and of nurses throughout the Highlands, and the board is meantime doing what is possible to contend with this difficulty. The arrangements embodied in the Second Report are then largely of a special kind, otherwise we might give a fuller resume of what the report contains.

* * *

Now that the Congested Districts Board has been absorbed by the Board of Agriculture, and the Crofters' Commission by the Scottish Land Court, the Medical Board is one of the few remaining bodies which are distinctively Highland, so that its proceedings will always be of interest to our readers.

* * *

It has to be recorded with regret that, in the severe fighting at Ypres during the first half of June, the Canadian Highland regiments suffered severe losses. Their record for courage and tenacity stands very high, and they are fully entitled to share the military honours with the Highland regiments of the home land.

* * *

German enterprise in this country is no new thing. Canon Rawnsley, in a recent book on the "English Lakes," points out that German miners from the Tyrol, worked the ores in Cumberland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Bess seems to have granted rights and privileges to such an extent that a flourishing German colony got established in England and Wales, and displayed in those early days the same thoroughness that characterizes them yet.

Of course they intermarried freely with the English girls. Why not? The names still to be found in Cumberland bear unmistakable proofs of this.

* * *

In periodicals and the daily press we occasionally come across opinions on religious and social subjects in relation to the present war. Divines, in particular, seem to be anxious to enter the public confessional box in order to tell us that things ecclesiastical have not been satisfactory in the past, and that true religion was suffering from the limitations of formulae. The "man in the street" had a shrewd suspicion for a long while that this was so, but in the case of our religious guides and creed-makers, it looks as if it needed a cataclysm like the present great war to bring them back to the simple elements, as set forth by the Divine Founder. One of the latest pronouncements on the subject was that of an English bishop who declared that, what is wanted after the war is a "simple religion, and not a religion of frills." Emerson, in one of his essays, wrote that "the religion of the English is a quotation; their church a doll—by taste are ye saved." The Presbyterian Churches in Scotland—the Highlands especially—have no need to apply the shears, for there are no frills to clip, and never have been. Critics often hold that Scots in their worship carry austerity of manner and baldness of service too far. But as good wine needs no bush, the Celto Scot believes that true religion needs no foreign adornment. Thus he already comes up to the ideal of the Bishop of Stepney. Those who deal with social and economic questions are discussing the nature of the life that people ought to live after the war. The philosophers treat the matter in their own abstruse way, and ordinary mortals do not seem to be much the wiser. Socialism, collective ownership and control, individualism, with all the other isms, are going to be readjusted to fit into the new age. Our own concern is with the neglected Highlands, which is needing a generous and equitable land settlement, so that comfortable conditions may induce men to remain in their native land, rather than risk uncertain conditions abroad. The homeland should have the first claim.

————— :O: —————

HOMESPUN.

TWEEDS—guaranteed genuine by An Comunn Gaidhealach—sold by R. G. LAWRIE, 60 Renfield Street, Glasgow. Suits and Costumes made.

NA TRI BANTRAICHEAN.

Bha triùir bhantraichean ann roimhe, agus bha mac aig gach té dhiubh. 'S e Dòmhnall a b' ainm do mhac a h-ann diubh. Bha ceithir daimh aig Dòmhnall, 's cha robh ach dà dhamh an fhir aig càch. Air son sin bha iad daonnan a' trod ag radh gu'n romh 'n còrr feòir aig Dòmhnall 'na bha ca fhéin. Oidheche dhe na h-oidheachan chaidh iad do'n mhainnir agus mharbh iad na daimh aig Dòmhnall. Air do Dòmhnall éiridh 's a' mhaduinn chaidh e 'choimhead a chuid dhamh, agus fhuair e marbh iad. Dh'fheann e iad, 's shail e iad, agus thug e leis té dhe na seicheachan do'n bhaile-mhòr air son a reic. Bha 'n t-astar cho fada 's gu'n d' thàinig an oidheche air mu 'n d' ràinig e 'm baile-mòr; agus chaidh e 'staigh do choille 's chuir e 'n t-seiche mu 'cheann. Thàinig grunnan ian 's laidh iad air an t-seiche. Chuir Dòmhnall a mach a làmh, 's rug e air fear dhiubh. Mu shoilseachadh an latha dh' éirich e 's dh' fhalbh e. Ghabh e gu taigh duine-nasail. Thàinig an duine uasal gu an doras, 's dh' fheòraich e do Dòmhnall dé bh' aige 'n a achlais. Fhreagair Dòmhnall gu'n romh fiosaiche. "De'n fhiosachd a bhios e 'deanamh" ars' an duine uasal. "Bithidh na h-uile seòrsa fiosachd" arsa Dòmhnall. "Thoir air fiosachd a dheanamh," ars' an duine uasal. Dh' fhaig Dòmhnall an t-ian gu's gu'n d' thug e ràn às. "Cìod e 'tha e 'g radh?" ars' an duine uasal. "Tha e 'g radh gum bheil toil agadsa, 'cheannach, agus gu'n tabhair thu dà chiad punnd Sasunnach air" arsa Dòmhnall. "Mata, gu cinnteach!" ars' an duine uasal, "tha e fìor agus na'm bithinn a' smaoinseachadh gu'n deanadh e fiosachd bheirinn sin air." Cheannaich an duine uasal, an sin, an t-ian o Dòmhnall air son dà chiad punnd Sasunnach. "Fiach nach reic thu ri duine 'sam bith e" arsa Dòmhnall, "gun fhios nach d' thig mi fhéin fhathasd ga iarraidh. Cha d' thugainn d'ut air son trì mìle punnd Sasunnach e mar bithedh gu'm bheil mi ann an éiginn." Dh' fhalbh Dòmhnall dachaidh 's cha d' rinn an t-ian an còrr fiosachd.

'N uair a ghabh Dòmhnall a bhiadh, thòisich e air cunntadh an airgid, agus co 'bha 'ga choimhead ach na fir a mharbh na daimh; agus thàinig iad a steach. "A Dòmhnall" ars' iadsan "cia mar a fhuair thusa na tha 'n sin de dh' airgead?" "Fhuair mar a gheibh sibhse e cuideachd. 'S mi 'bha toilichte gu'n do mharbh sibh na daimh oru" arsa Dòmhnall. "Marbhaibh-se na daimh agaibh féin agus feannaibh iad; thugaibh leibh na seicheachan do'n bhaile mhòr, 's bithibh ag éigheachd, 'co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?' agus gheibh sibh palteas airgid." Mharbh is dh' fheann iad na daimh. Thug iad

leotha na seicheachan do'n bhaile mhòr, 's thòisich iad air éigheachd "co 'cheannaicheas seiche daimh?" Lean iad air éigheachd sin fad an latha, 's muinntir a' bhaile mhóir a' deannach spòrs orra; agus mu dheireadh thill iad dhachaidh. Cha romh fhios aca 'n so cìod e 'dheanadh iad, 's bha aithreachas orra chionn na daimh a mharbhadh. Chunnaic iad màthair Dòmhnall a' dol do'n tobar, rug iad oirre 's thachd iad i. Bha Dòmhnall a' gabhail iongantais nach ro 'mhàthair a' tighinu. Chaidh e 'choimhead air a son, 's fhuair e i marbh aig an tobar. Cha romh fios aige dé 'dheanadh e; ach thug e leis dhachaidh i, 's a la'r na mhàireach sgeadaich e i anns an aodach a b' fhearr a bh' aice, 's thug e do'n bhaile mhòir i. Choisich e suas tu taigh an rìgh 's i aige air a mhuin. Air dha thighinn gu taigh an rìgh thachair tobar mòr ris, agus stob e 'bhata 'm bruaich na tobarach, 's chuir e a mhàthair 'na seasamh ri 'thaic. Ràinig e doras taigh an rìgh; bhual e, 's thàinig searbhanta 'nuas. "Abair ris an rìgh" ars' esan "gu'm bheil boireannach còir thallud 's gu'n bheil gnothach aice ris." Dh' innis an t-searbhanta so do'n rìgh. "Abair ris a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars' an rìgh. "Tha 'n rìgh ag iarraidh ort a radh rithe tighinn a nall" ars' an t-searbhanta ri Dòmhnall. "Cha téid mise; siubhal fhein ann; tha mi sgith gu leòr" arsa Dòmhnall. Dh' fhalbh an t-searbhanta 'n so, 's arsa Dòmhnall, "mar a freagair i thu, put gu math i, oir tha i bodhar." Ràinig an t-searbhanta agus labhair i. "A' bhoireannaich chòir, tha 'n rìgh ag iarraidh oirbh féin tighinn a nall." Cha d' thug a' chailleach feairt. Phut i i 's cha d' thubhairt a' chailleach facal. Bha Dòmhnall a' faicinn mar a bha 'mhuigh. "Tarruing an bata o h-uchd" arsa Dòmhnall, "s ann 'na cadal a tha i." Tharruing i 'm bata o h-uchd, agus sid a' chailleach an coimeamh a cinn do'n tobar; agus aig an àm dh' éigh Dòmhnall "O m' eudail! m' eudail! mo mhàthair air a bàthadh anns an tobar! cìod e 'ni mise 'n diugh!" Bhual e 'n so a bhasan, 's cha robh ràn a bheireadh e às nach cluinnte miltean air astar. Thàinig an rìgh a mach, agus ars' esan ri Dòmhnall "O ghille na toir guth gu bràth air is pàighidh mise do mhàthair.—Cìod e 'n t-suin a bhios tu 'g iarraidh oirre?" "Chig ciad punnd Sasunnach" arsa Dòmhnall. "Stu' gheibh sin gu'n dàil" ars' an rìgh. Fhuair Dòmhnall an t-suin airgid a dh' iarr e; dh' fhalbh e far an romh a mhàthair; thug e dhi an t-aodach a bh' oirre; 's thilg e 's an tobar i.

Chaidh e sin dhachaigh agus thòisich e air cunntadh a chuid airgid. Aig an àm co 'thig-eachd ach an dithis eile, 'choimhead an romh e brònach an déigh bàs a mhàthair; agus air dhoibh an t-airgead fhaicinn, dh' fheòraich iad

c'áite 'n d'fhuair e na bha sud. "Fhuair" arsa Dòmhnall "far am faigheadh sibhse pailteas na 'n toilicheadh sibh féin." "Cia mar a gheibh sinn e?" "Marbhaibh-se 'ur máthraichean; thugaibh leibh air 'ur muin iad; rachaibh thun a' bhaile mhóir leotha; bithibh ag éigheachd, 'Co cheannaicheas seanna chailleachan marbha?' 's gheibh sibh 'ur fortan."

'N uair a chuala iad so chaidil iad dhachaigh 's shin gach fear diubh air a mháthair fhéin le clach 'am mogan gus an do marbh e i. An la 'r na mháireach, dh'fhalbh iad do 'n bhaile mhór leotha; 's thoisich gach fear diubh air éigheachd, 'Co' cheannaicheas seana chailleach mharbh?' agh cha romh duine 'cheannaicheadh am bathar sin. 'N uair a bha muinntir a' bhaile mhóir sgith a' gabhail spórs orra, chuir iad na coin 'nan deigh dhachaigh.

Tháinig iad dhachaigh fann, sgith, 's chaidil iad gu maith an oidche sin. An la 'r na mháireach 'n uair a dh'éirich iad tháinig iad far an robh Dòmhnall, rug iad air, 's chuir iad ann am baraille e. Dh'fhalbh iad leis gus a thilgeadh sios o mhullach creige. Bha iad a' dol air an aghaidh leis—'s fear mu seach aca 'g a ghiulan. Ars' an dara fear diubh "O'n tha 'n t-astar cho fada, 's an latha cho teth, bu chóir duinn a dhol a staigh do thaigh a ghabhail drama." Chaidh iad a staigh, 's dh'fhág iad Dòmhnall anns a' bharraille air an rathad mhór a muigh. Chual e tristich a' tighinn, 's co 'bha 'n so ach cibear le ciad caora. Ghabh an cibear air aghaidh agus shin Dòmhnall air seinn trúp a bh' aige 'sa' bharraille. Ars' an cibear 's e 'bualadh a bharraille le a bhata "co tha 'n so?"—"Tha mise" arsa Dòmhnall. "Ciod e 'tha thu a' deanamh an so?" ars' an cibear. "Tha mi 'deanamh an fhortain ann" arsa Dòmhnall, "'s cha'n fhaca duine riabh a leithid so de dh'áite le òr 'us airgead. Tha mise 'n deigh nuile sporan a lianadh 'an so, agus tha m'fhortan an coinneamh 'bhi deanta." "S' truagh" ars' an cibear, "nach leigeadh tu mi-fhein a steach treis." "Cha leig; 's mòr a bheireadh orm e." "S' cinnteach gu 'n leig thu ann mi air son aon mhineid, agus gu 'm faod pailteas a bhi agad féin co-dhiù." "An leòbhra 'dhuine bhocht o'n tha thu cho feumach, leigidh mi ann thu, cuir fhéin, an ceann às a bharraille 's thig an so; ach cha 'n fhada 'gheibh thu 'bhi ann" arsa Dòmhnall.

Thug an cibear an ceann às a' bharraille, 's tháinig Dòmhnall amach, a's rug e air dhà chois air a chibear, 's thilg e an coinneamh a chinn 's a' bharraille e. "Cha-n-éil airgead no òr an so" ars' an cibear. "Cha'n fhaic thu dad gus an d' theid an ceann 's a' bharraille" arsa Dòmhnall. "O cha'n fhaic mise ni air bith an so" ars' an cibear. "Mar a faic, biodh agad," arsa Dòmhnall.

Dh' fhalbh Dòmhnall 's chuir e air am breacan a bh' air a chibear, 's an uair a chunnaic an eù an breacan, lean e Dòmhnall. Tháinig na fir a bha 'g òl amach, rug iad air a' bharraille, 's thog iad air an guallibh e. Dh' fhalbh iad leis; agus theireadh an cibear 'an ceann na h-uile mionaid, "Mise 'th'ann, mise 'th'ann." "O 's tu bhraidean, 's math gur tu." Ráinig iad beul na creige 's leig iad sios am baraille leis a' chreig 's an cibear 'n a bhroinn.

Air dhoibh pilleadh, co chitheadh iad ach Dòmhnall le 'chù 's le 'bhreacan, 's ciad caora aige ann am páirc. Ghabh iad a null far an robh e, agus ars' iadsan, "O Dhòmhnall, cia mar a fhuair thusa tighinn an so?" "Fhuair" arsa Dòmhnall, "mar a gheibheadh sibhse na'm fiachadh sibh ris. An deigh dhomhsa 'n saoghal thall a' ruigsinn, thuit iad rium gun d' ráinig mi ro thrá, 's chuir iad a nall mi 's ciad caora 'n a mo chois gu airgead a dheanamh dhomh fhéin." "Agus an d' thugadh iad a leithid sin dhuinne na 'n rachamaid féin ann?" ars' iadsan. "Bheireadh, 's iad a bheireadh" arsa Dòmhnall. "Ciod e 'n dòigh air am faigh sinn dol ann" ars' iadsan. "Direach air an aon dòigh air an do chuir sibh féin mis' ann?" ars' esan.

Dh' fhalbh iad, 's thug iad leotha dà bharraille gu iad fhéin a chuir unnta gu h-àrd. 'N uair a ráinig iad an áite chaidh fear diubh ann a h-aon de na baraillean, 's thilg am fear eile sios leis a' chreig e. Thug am fear sin ràn às shios 's an eanchainn an deigh dol às leis a' bhuille 'fhuair e. Dh' fheobraich am fear eile de Dòmhnall ciod e 'bha e 'g ràdh. "Tha e 'g éigheach, 'Crodh is caorach! maoin is mathas!" arsa Dòmhnall. "Sios mi! sios mi!" ars' am fear eile. Cha d' fhan e ri 'dhol anns a' bharraille ach ghrad leum e sios, 's chaidh an eanchainn às. Thill Dòmhnall dhachaidh 's bha 'm fearann aige dha fhéin.—*Sgerlachdan Gaidhealach.*

—:O:—

MUNN NEWS.

MÒD AT STRATHERICK.—The first Juvenile Mòd was held in Etrogie School in June. The competitors were pupils from the senior division of the school. It will be remembered that our well-known friend, Mr. John N. MacLeod, was appointed master of this school about a year ago, and lost no time in rousing up the glen to its duty to the Gaelic tongue. Mr. MacLeod's enthusiasm never cools. He is sure of the faith that is in him, and acts in the spirit of that assurance. The Gaelic cause in the Highlands would be the better of a few more of the John N. type in order to remove the inertia from which several places are suffering. We look for a bigger Mòd at Stratherick next year, and we hope that friends of Gaelic will not forget that undertakings of this nature require financial support. Our hopes for the future are closely connected with the children in all parts of the Highlands, and Mr. MacLeod may

be relied on doing his "bit" in the cause which we all profess to push. At this Mòd Mr. Roderick MacLeod acted as adjudicator. Pressure of work prevented Mr. Neil Shaw, the Secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, from being present. The little Mòd was an unqualified success. At a concert held in the evening, Mr. Thomas Fraser, factor, presided, and congratulated Mr. MacLeod on the success of his first venture. The Mòd programme consisted of Gaelic reading, translation of English into Gaelic, writing to dictation, and Gaelic conversation. A unique item in the music competitions was the precenting of the old tunes "Dundee" and "Stornoway." The following are the first prize-winners:—Mary MacDonald, Dhubhallow, is first in reading, translation from English into Gaelic, and from Gaelic into English, dictation, Gaelic conversation, original poetry, solo singing, and precenting Gaelic Psalm tunes; Duncan Campbell was first in solo singing (boys' competition), and second in all the other contests; Donald Macgillivray was first for singing "Gu ma glan a chi mi." We regret that, for want of space, we cannot give the other prize-takers.

HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES.

SALE AT GREENOCK.

—A sale of tweeds, etc., was held at the Craigs, Greenock, Provost M'Millan's residence, on Friday, 16th June. Mrs. Arthur Caird presided, and in declaring the sale open, she said she regretted the absence of Mrs. Burnley-Campbell of Ormidale, who took such a keen and practical interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the people in the Highlands. Mrs. Caird referred to the women of the Highlands having to do extraordinary work owing to their husbands and sons being away fighting for King and country. She hoped that the sale would be a financial success, and would result in a substantial return on behalf of the women of the Highlands. Rev. Donald Campbell proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Caird and to Mrs. M'Millan, who had given the use of her house. The sale was organised by Miss Ella MacDougall, Bridge-of-Weir, who is well-known for her work on behalf of Highland affairs in Greenock, and Mr. Neil Shaw, the General Secretary of An Comunn. The sale is expected to realise about £100.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BARDACHD LEODHAIS.

Fo Laimh IAIN N. MACLEOD. Glaschu: Alasdair MacLabhruinn agus a Mhic 360 Sraid Earraigh-aideal. Price 6s.

THE friends of Gaelic, and especially the people of Lewis, owe a distinct debt of gratitude to Mr. John N. Macleod, the schoolmaster of Errozie, for providing them with this collection of Lewis poetry. Fate, as he says in his preface, directed him to Bernera during his earlier career as a teacher, and few have made better use of their leisure time than he did there. He has rescued from comparative oblivion a body of modern Gaelic poetry that deserves a place alongside other well-known Gaelic collections. Many

people seemed to be under the impression that, beyond a few fugitive songs, the muses preferred the other Hebridean Islands rather than visit hoggy "Eilean an Fraoich." How wrong the impression is, this collection will amply prove. According to Mr. Macleod, every parish in Lewis has its nest of "singing birds," though their notes have not been much heard beyond the island itself. We may well believe it. These notes vary from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." In an island which had passed through the furnace of affliction, like other islands in the Hebrides, it need not be a matter for surprise that its sentiments and aspirations should find vent in pathetic poetry, and telling denunciation of general oppression, and emigration in particular. And yet, such is the gamut of the Gaelic spirit, livelier and homelier notes are not absent. As the late Stopford Brooke said of Irish poetry, "the better food and pleasanter delights of poetry will be found in the daily life of men and women spiritualised by natural passion into that eternal world of Love where the unseen things are greater than the seen." The only fitting vehicle for expressing the emotional element in the life of the Gael is Gaelic poetry. Any other vehicle fails.

We rise from an examination of this volume with genuine pleasure. The poetry throughout is of high quality, and much of it is far removed from the stuff that one occasionally meets with in our time. It is clearly the production of men who not only thought effectively, but had the power of expressing those thoughts in choice Gaelic and smooth versification. It is refreshing to find that it is not a mere mosaic of well-known Gaelic epithets—a kind of permutations and combinations from the old Gaelic hards. It is in many respects original in treatment without losing any of that flavour which one demands in all Gaelic poetry, and which stamps the singer as one upon whom the divine afflatus has been breathed in a large measure. The limits of our space debar us from noticing the efforts of each bard in particular, but we hope the other writers will not consider it invidious if we award the laurel wreath to the late John Smith. He brought the influence of the cultured mind to bear upon his verses, but did not forget the true Gaelic atmosphere. He was at his best in "Spiorad a' Charthannais," and "Spiorad an Uahhair." The humorous side of his character is seen in a delightful song entitled "Oran an t-seana Ghille." A certain type of Highland religion was never better depicted in four lines than in the following:—

"Saoilidh foirmealach a' chràbhaidh,
Gn' r' h-e sprochd 'us bròn as fhearr dhuinn,
Gu' r' h-e gaoh nan osnan làidir,
Soirbheas fàhharach gu Glòir."

How applicable to the present time are the following lines from "Spiorad an Uahhair":—

"Cuiridh 'Tu na rìghrean mòra
Mach a shìreadh glòir 'us beartais.
Crimnichidh iad am feachd gu comhraig,
'S 's fiachaidh iad cò'n t-blach 's neartmhor.
Deasaichear innealan hais leo,
'S cuiridh iad na blàir gu tartar,
'S cluichidh iad le anamaib dhaoine,
Cheart cho faoin 's ge' h'ann le cairtean."

The Rev. Donald MacCallum, Parish of Lochs, contributes seven songs, thoughtful and smooth in versification. The Rev. D. W. Mackenzie, Rothesay,

has ten, four of them being very successful translations from Burns and Tennyson. Select fugitive songs are given in sixty pages, and there are a number of spiritual songs breathing deep piety. It should be mentioned that the volume has an outline of the history of Lewis, and that the work of each bard is prefaced by a well written outline of his life, with a portrait in black and white. Every "Leòdhasach" should add this book to his collection. It will prove a perennial source of pleasure to him. Considering the labour involved in compiling the book, the price is reasonable. We again congratulate Mr. MacLeod. His prefaces, etc., are written in idiomatic Gaelic as becomes an enthusiastic student of the language, untiring in his efforts towards its promotion.

GUTH NA BLIADHNA.

MACLAREN & SONS, Argyle Street, Glasgow. 1s.

THE summer number of "Guth na Bliadhna," like previous numbers, is virile in tone and trenchant in criticism. The gospel which the "Guth" continues to preach is thoroughly democratic, and may be summed up in the words, Land, Language, and a Scottish Parliament, involving, of course, the abolition of the "wanchancie covenant," as the late George Outram put it many years ago. Despite what critics say, the "Guth" is well able to defend its faith, and does it fearlessly. The leading article in this number is by A.M.E., who writes on "Soldiers and the Land." It is written in Gaelic, and it need scarcely be added that style and diction are on the high level that usually characterises his articles. He has no faith in schemes that seek to tempt soldiers or others to foreign climes so long as land is available, or out of cultivation in their own country, and so long as they are desirous of staying in the homeland. What patriotic Scot has? Colonial settlements may be suitable for those who prefer to make a home there, but every encouragement ought to be given to those who elect to remain in their motherland. How Scotland has suffered from emigration, enforced or otherwise, is known only to those who have given some study to the problem. It is the duty of all who are interested in the development of the Highlands—land and language—to keep both eyes open when things call for adjustment after the war is over. Mr. Alasdair Blair contributes a very readable and informative article on "Land and Language." The trend of opinion now is towards a union of the two. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the one can be divorced from the other. If politics stand in the way, then let politics perish. "La nan Seachd Sion" ends in this number. It is all a meritorious performance. The Editor contributes three articles. In one he discusses "Christianity and the War," and notes the opposition of some writers to the Christian religion. This, of course, is not a new thing, but the present European turmoil has brought it into greater relief. "The Present State of the Scots Nobility" is to be concluded in the next number. The eight parts that have already appeared are rich in suggestion, and trenchantly written. The Editor falls foul of his critics in the article "A Critic on the Wheel." This sort of thing rarely does any good, for truth will always prevail in the long run. T. D. M. continues his criticism of the Comunn Gaidhealach. The Comunn is expected to survive. "A' Ghruag

Uaine" is a capable translation of a Russian tale, and is contributed by A. M. E. "The Palace Garden," a poem attributed to King James I., is translated by the Rev. D. MacCallum, Lewis.

ORAN A' CHESAIR.

MACLAREN & SONS, Argyle Street, Glasgow.

THE All-Highest Prussian War Lord has been the subject of many verses in English and French. A M. "strafes" him in eighteen Gaelic verses, in a booklet published at 3d. It is designated as a humorous song. The proceeds of sale are to be set apart for a most worthy object, to wit, the Red Cross Society. If any one wishes to find out where the humour lurks, or what the nature of the verses is, the quest is worth threepence.

—O—

Comhairle an t-sean-duine d'a ruac air dha bhi
'dol a dh'iarraidh mnatha:—

Té uallach nam fàinean,
Té cnap air muineal,
Glog air sitig,
Pìobaire na totach, ach,
Té bheag odhar
An dorus a sabhail fein,
Na sir 's na seachain.

—:—

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All literary contributions, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, should be addressed to Mr. DONALD MACPHIE, The Schoolhouse, Cumbernauld, and should reach him not later than the 18th of each month.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Ceud Mhìos an Fhogharaidh, 1916.

[Earrann 11.

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NA H-ORDUIGHEAN.

Is ann mu'n aimsir seo de'n bhliadhna a b' àbhaist do na chomanachadh a bhi air a chumail ann am mòran cheàrnan de'n Ghaidhealtachd, agus cha'n 'eil seirbhis chràbhach eile ann a mhaireas cho fada an cùimhn' an t-sluaigh, no aon a dh'fhàgas boladh cho cùbhairidh 'na deidh. Dùisgidh i urram sònruichte am measg shean is òg, nach faighear ach tearc an àitean eile.

Latha grianach gun àile gaoithe—an sgìreachd uile fuidh thàmh, ged tha 'n sùid ro-fhreagarrach airson obreach—an sluagh 'nan aodach sàbaid—grunnan an sud 's an seo ag imeachd air an socair air na rathaidean mòra, no air an fhrioth-rathad tarsuinn air cliathaich na beinne—a h-uile neach a' deanamh dìreach air an aon cheann-uidhe; agus seo air la seachdain! Cìod e is ciall d'e? Abraidh Philistich Shasuinn agus na Galltachd nach 'eil ann ach

anacaitheadh air tràth—dimeas air a' chothrum a thug side math do dhaoine gu bhli saothrachadh mu 'n chroit no mu iasgach. Cha'n 'eil e soirbh do shluagh, a chaidh a thogail am measg straihlich is malairt nam bailtean mòra, a chreidsinn gu'm bu chòir laithean 'sam bith a choisrigidh do nithean spioradail ach là na Sàbaid a mhàin; agus tha'n là sin fein an cunnart dol a mùthadh am measg chrèitairan a thug iad fein thairis—anam is corp—do Mhamon. Tha seadh nan cleachdainnean cràbhach a bha measail aig Gaidheil, agus mòran de Ghoill, leth cheud bliadhna roimh'n diugh, annasach leo. Tha 'chuid nach gabh ris na nòsan nuadh acasan cumhang am beachd. Faodaidh gu bheil cearnan de'n Ghaidhealtachd a' leantuinn eisimpleir nan Gall a thaobh seo, mar tha iad 'ga leantuinn an dòighean eile gun mhòran buannachd 'na lorg. Bu chòir do Ghaidheil a bhi éudmhor a thaobh an rian agus an dòighean fein, cha'n e 'mhàin a thaobh cràbhaidh, ach a thaobh rudan eile air nach bi sinn a' leudachadh an dràsda.

Ach beachdaicheamaid air an là seo—là na traisg—mar a b' àbhaist a bhi 'ga chumail. Bidh a chuid is mò de 'n t-sluagh a' deanamh deiseil air a shon mar gu'm bu là Sàbaid e. Féumaidh luchd-còmhnuidh iochdar na sgìreachd—seann daoine is sean mhnathan co-dhiù—ullachadh a dheanamh air son a' rathaid. Am fear aig am biodh cairt agus gearran, bheireadh e cuireadh do neach a bhiodh ro laghuiseach air son coiseachd. Air son ghillean is nigheanan, cha chuireadh coiseachadh deich no dusan mìle dragh 'sam bith orra. A dh'aon rud bha iad air slighe dhealsais, an cuideachd a' cheile suas an rathad air an socair, a' seachnas fad an t-siubhail, no 's dòcha 'nan suidhe air bruaich, car tiotain, an deidh ùrachadh fhaotainn a' tòbar

fior-uigse a bha brùchdadh a stuth fhallain faisg orra. Co dhù 'se na bha rompa a b'fhaig air an inntinn, no dùil ri bhi a' coinneachadh ri sean chàirdean, cha'n abair sinn. Ach na'm mothaicheadh iad air, dl'fhaodadh an sealladh a bha mu 'n cuairt an cridhe a' lìonadh le 'bhòidh-cheid. Nach h-eil am monadh fein, ged tha e air amannan gruamach do t-tùil, air amannan eile, mar an aimsir seo, fo bhlàth le fraoch is còinneach is luibhean?—badanan buidhe is uaine a' deàrrsadh na's àilne le gathan na gréine. Fad air falbh tha binneinan sgorach, creagach nam beann, mar gu'm biodh iad fein agus an t-athair air coinneachadh r'a cheile—dubhar maoth mar choreuir air an aodann. Saoil nach drùigh tomhas de sheadh an t-seallaidh seo; òirdheir, farsuing, làn de'n dìomhaireachd a tha ceangailte ris na nithean tha folaichte, air iuntinnean sluagh air an do bhuillicheadh cuibhrionn shònraichte de spiorad a' chràbhaidh. Chuireadh an ceill gu tric le muinntir a bhios a' gabhail mothuchaidh air aighe an comhehréutairean, gu bheil nadur de chomhchomunn eadar sluagh na h-àrde tuath 's nan eileanan, agus an cruthachadh Naduir mu choinneamh an sùl—na siantan; an dubhar a bhios a' laighe air glaic nam beann; na sgàilean a bhios a' ruith air an aodann; gair tiamhaidh nan tonn, no nuallan na fairge 's i 'ga maistreadh fein am broinn nan uaimhean. Ach bidh an anam ag ath-fhreagradh ris an t-samchair a thuiteas air Nadur 'na h-am fein, mar a thachair aig an àm seo.

Is e là na traisg là mór an ullachaidh air son na cuirm-naomha tha rompa air an t-Sàbaid. Bidh an eaglais làn de choimhthional stòlda, rianail. 'S e ministear a mhuinntir sgìreachd eile a bhios a' searmonachadh, agus gu dearbh 's e dh' fhéumas a bhi faicealach mus tuit lideadh o bhilean a bheir oilbheum do na daoine còire tha 'nan suidhe faisg air a' chùbaid, no an crò nam foirfeach. Tha iadsan cho domhain 'nan eòlas air an Fhlirinn; tha'n comas breithneachaidh cho géur, 's nach e a h-uile ministear a ghabhadh air an ladarnas sanas bu lugha a thairgse an aghaidh bheachdan a ghabh greim orrasan o'n cheud là 's an d'fhuair iad eòlas spioradail. Abradh diadhairean nan colaisdean mar a thogradh iad, shuidhich na daoine còire seo dòchas am beatha air bunait nach gabhadh carachadh. Biodh càch a' seòladh mar a stiùras sruth an ama iad, tha 'n acairsaid acasan dìongmhalta, agus tha 'm beatha spioradail crochta rihte.

Mar is trice 's e Di-haoine là na coinneamh-cheiste—là tha ro thaitneach leis an t-sluagh. Is e gu h-àraidh "Là nan Daoine," mar a theirear—daoine diadhaidh a mhuinntir na sgìreachd, no bràithrean o sgìreachdan eile tha astar fada air falbh. Tha iad deas-bhriathrach,

agus ainmeil 'nan crìochan fein. Cha'n 'eil an teisteanas folaichte. Ciamar a bhitheadh, 's iad aithnichte mar dhaoine a chaith mòran de'n tìr ri fein-rannsachadh? Bidh cuid a' cur as an leth gu bheil iad air an séideadh suas le h-uabhar spioradail, ach faodar a ràdh gu'n do chinnich anna feartan a chaidh a chleith air càch, air chor agus gu bheil iad uidheamaichte air son deasnaid an dréuchd. Ma dh'fhaoidte nach 'eil mòran eòlais ac' air leabhraichean, no air rudan a bhios a' cur imcheist air crèutairean a tha 'gleachd ri nithean saoghalta. Tha aon leabhar ann air am bheil iad mion eòlach, agus tha mòran dheth aca air am meomhair—Leabhar nan leabhraichean. Ma tha leabhar eile ann fosgailte dhaibh, 's e sin leabhar an doilgheis agus a' chraidh-intinn—leabhar a tha, a thaobh cuid, do-sgaradh o'n bheatha tha lathair. Ann an seadh, faodar a radh nach 'eil aig a' chinne daonna ach an dà leabhar seo.

Air Di-haoine, tha 'n raon aig na daoine doibh fein. Cha'n 'eil am ministear ach mar fhear riaghlaidh air a' choinneamh, ged a sgiob-laicheas e suas air deireadh na seirbhis na beachdan a chuireadh fo chomhair an luchd éisdeachd. An uair a dhearcas e mu 'n cuairt, iarraidh e air fear de "Daoine" a bhi 'g éirigh—"bitibh ag éirigh a Choinnich." Cha bhi Coinneach còir ro dhèanach; tha e 'ga mheas fein neo-airidh, ach cha dean diùltadh an gnothuch. Mu dheireadh tilgidh e a bhreacan bhàrr a ghualainn; putaidh e a mheòran roimh fhalt cràsach, liath, ach glan-shnuadhach air a shon sin—duine tlachdmhor, ged bha aghaidh comhdaichte le preasan na h-aoise, agus air a seachdadh le uisg, is gaoth, is grian, a' srl' am measg bochduinn is uircasbluidhean a chrann-chuir. Na'n robh an t-suil leisrineach aig neach chiteadh spiorad na h-irioslachd ag iathadh m'a cholainn, air dha a bhi a' dol an glaic nithean diomhair. Eiridh e gu diùde, mar gu'm biodh e fo throm uallach le truimeid an deasnaid a ghabh e o's laimh, agus bidh gach sùil 'sa choimhthional air. Ma dh'fhaoidte gu'n robh e fo imcheist a thaobh puig spioradail air choreigin, agus b'e 'mhiann solus fhaotainn o na bràithrean. Gheibheadh e sin, agus ùrachadh 'na chois. 'Na dhéidh dh'èireadh fear mu seach, agus rann-saicheadh e a' phuig, agus sgrùdadh e na beachdan. Mar chul-taic d'a bheithneachadh dh'fhosgaidh e suas fein-fhiosrachadh a bheatha—fiosrachadh beatha an neach tha 'na chòmh-nuidh ann an ionad diomhair an Tì is Aird.

Bitear a' cur as leth nan "Daoine" air a' Ghaidhealtachd, gu bheil iad cumhang 'nam beachdan, agus gu bheil uabhar spioradail a' faotainn lamh an uachdar orra. Biodh sin mar a dlh'fhaodas e, cha ghabh e chleith gu bheil an caithe beatha a reir an aicheadhaidh. 'Choirig iad an aire 's an aighe gu bhi 'cnuasachd air an

Fhirinn, agus tha i a' riaghladh an dol-a-mach agus an teachd-a-steach. Cha'n 'eil neach a dh' éisd ri aon diubh a' gleachd ann an ùrnuigh, nach aithneich seo. Tha'n athcheuinge làn de dhìomhaireachd ann beatha; dùrachdach, brìgh-mhor leis an t-seadh a thig o bhi meòrachadh air nithean neo-fhaicsinneach—guidhe nach 'eil fad o dhèireadh na rèise, iriosal 'na h-iarrtus, macanta 'na spiorad, ach làn de 'n dòchas air an do ghabh iad greim an toiseach. Chl gach aon de'n luchd éisdeachd an cor anns an ùrnuigh ud mar ann an sgàthan, oir 's e h-innte taomadh anama neach do'n aithne a h-uile cèim de'n t-slighe. Faodaidh gu'm b' ùrnuigh duine neo-fhoghlumte i—mar a mheasas daoine an t-saoghail foghlum—ach foillsichidh i toradh na gleachd air nach 'eil e aineolach, agus tha i air a blàthachadh le ungadh an Spioraid Naoimh. Tha mòran de shean cleachduinnean ciatach a' dol a mùthadh 'nar linn, ach cha'n 'eil cor na dùthcha a' dol na 's fearr.

Is e là na Sàbaid là mór na Cuirme. Bidh an coimhthional na's motha na air na laithean eile, agus ma bhios an slide idir freagarrach theid pàillium a shuidheachadh air linaig ghluirm, gu tric aig iochdar enic. Tha na "bùird" air an còmhach le lion anart cho geal ri sneachda na h-aon oidhche, ach bidh iad falamh an toiseach—agus an tig an cuireadh. Air amanan bidh suas ri dà mhìle 's an éisdeachd—an cnoc còmh-daichte le gillean oga, agus nigheanan cho riomhach 'nan éideadh 's ged b'e bean-baile a bha 'nn 's gach té. Cha'n fhaicear an diugh na curraicean geala air na sean mhnathan mar a b' àbhaist, ged a b' eireachdail an sealladh e 'san àm. 'Nan aite thainig itean, is ribeanan, is flùraichean, is rudan riomhach eile. Is cinn-teach gu bheil cuimhne aig cuid de ar luchd léughaidh air mar a loisgeadh na sean mhinistearan air luchd nan "*gum floors*," s nam bòt-unnean dlosganach. Cha leigear a leas a ràdh nach d' thainig am pobull a tha 'nan suidhe cho stòlda air na linaig, uile fo bhuaidh an rùn a tha'n cridhe an athraichean agus an màthraichean. B'e mìorbhuil a bhiodh 'na chaochladh. An uair a bhios foghaidinn a fàilneachadh, éiridh grunnan no dhà an dràsda 's a rithist a mach as a' choimhthional a chum cèim a ghabhail mu chùl a' chnuic, oir mairidh an t-seirbhis o dhà-'réug gu còig uairean. Ach fanaidh a' chuid is motha 'gu deireadh na cuirme—cuid diubh mar a bha 'bhuidheann aig lochan Shilòaim, a' feitheamh air a' ghluasad a thig o spiorad an Dé bheò. Cha'n urrainn crèutair toiniseigil amharc air a' leithid seo de shluagh ach le urram—sluagh a tha fo bhuaidh inntinn nach tuig ach an neach a dh'fhaireich e 'na bheatha fhein. Mu'n toir am ministear cuireadh chun a' bhùird do'n tréud leis an àill Suipeir an Tighearna a ghabhail gu h-ìomchuidh, cuiridh e an cèill gu neo-

sgathach comharradh na muinntir tha freagarrach, agus an fheadhinn nach h-eil. Cha'n fhaod an cogull a bhi am measg a chruithneachd. Tha'n gàradh-eriche soilleir. Is ann air an uair seo a thòisicheas imcheist spioraid air an luchd-comanaiche, agus cha'n iognadh ged bhiodh iad 'ga meas fein neo-airidh air an t-sòchair, an déidh éisdeachd ri briathran teinnteach. Ach cuirear impidh ri cuireadh, agus am feadh 's a bhios salm 'ga seinn, thig fear air adhart, air a shocair, leis fhein. Leanaidh càch e air an aon dòigh, agus theid an t-seirbhis shòluite 'thòiseachadh. Cha'n 'eil deas-ghnathan 'gan cleachdadh a bharrachd air dòigh na ceud suip-eireach, agus cha'n fhaicear fraoidhneas de sheòrsa 'sam bith. Tha h-uile rud aon-fhiltach agus rianail.

A nis an uair a bheirear fairnear gu bheil seirbhis nan Orduighean a' tòiseachadh air Diardaoin, agus a' sgur air oidhche Luain, agus mar an ceudna gu'n teid mu dhusan searmon a chuir a mach, tha e soilleir gu'm bi uallach na seachduin ro chudhthromach, agus trom air a' mhinistear a ghabh an t-seirbhis naomh fo 'churam. Bidh dùil aig an tréud gu'n tagh e aodharean a bheathaicheas iad leis an fhìor mhana, oir tha iad cho géur 'nam breith, agus cho èolach ann an nithean spioradail air chor agus nach e h-uile ministear a shàsaicheas iad. Thainig iad chun na cuirme an tòir air ùrachadh spioraid, agus féumaidh an teachdaire a bhi 'na dhuine fìgh-aill a chladhaich gu domhain anns an diomhair-eachd a tha a' cuartachadh am beatha—fear a chaidh troimh chràdh spioraid 'na fhàireachadh fhein—teth o'n innean mar gu'm b'eadh, ma tha fughair aige gu'n còrd a theachdaireachd ris an fheadhainn tha feitheamh oirre. Ma thachras gu'm bi iad air am mealladh 'nan dùil, cha chan iad a bheag mu'n t-searmoin aig an àm. Chaidh a thomhas air a' mheigh, agus fhuaradh eas-bhuidheach e. Tha'n tosd, air amanan, snas bhriathrach!

Aithnichidh am fear a rinn gu neo-chearbach gu'n do chòrd e riutha an uair a gheibh e crathadh laimhe blàth 'san dealachadh, agus a chluineadh e na faclai:—"Na bithibh fada gun taoghal oirnn a rithist." Cha chan sinn dad mu'n aoidheachd a bhios a' gabhail àite am measg chàirdean aig am comanaiche. Tha fios aig an dùthaich uile air.

Is e seo a ghnè dhaoine—neo-ealanta, agus bochd nan crannchur, ach saibhir air mhodh eile—tha coigrich a' sòillsinn saobh-chràbhach, aineolach, agus fo bhuaidh cumhangachd inntinn! Cha'n 'eil guth air cuinge na foirmealachd a tha mu'n amhaich fhein. Steidhich na daoine ud am muinigh air nithibh tha sìorruidh. Ged nach deach an inntinnean a ghéurachadh an colaidean, tha faobhar orra a dh' aindeoin sin, agus gheibh neach a thig 'nan

caraibh a mach e. Tha iad 'nan eisimpleir do'n àl a thig 'nan deidh. Chuir iad eireachdas air a' Ghaidhlig, agus air a cumhachd gu cridhe an t-sluaigh a ruigsinn. Am bheil na h-Eaglaisean a' tuigsinn na cùise? An gabh iad rabhadh 'na àm?

—:O:—

LAOIDH.

Leis an URR. DÒMHNALL MAC LAOMAINN,
Sgìre Chnapadail mu Thuath.

Choisinn an laoidh so a' cheud Duais aig Mòd
Lìtreachais, 1914.

Fonn—"Aberystwith."

Pill a ris a rìgh na glòir,
Pill le tròcair rium 's le bàigh,
'S ged nach gléus mi téudan òir
Eisd o d' ghloir ri m' òran gràidh.
Pill 's bi leam a' triall na s' dluithe,
Air mo chrioch o tràth gu tràth,
Gus an teich na neòil a chaidh
'S gus am bris le aoibh an là.

Thriall mi sgith troimh threan cèin,
Is fad mo chéum á tir mo thaimh;
Treòraich mi ri d' thaise fein,
Céum air chéum is làmh an laimh.
Sgàil a' pheacaidh dh' fholaich d' aoidh,
Thoir air falbh 's bidh sith dhomh ghnàth,
Gus an teich na neòil a chaidh,
'S gus am bris le aoibh an là,

'S iomadh aon thug thu air laimh
Troimh na h-aimhnichean bha làn:
Làmh do neart O! shìn thu dhaibh,
Bochd no saibhir, tinn no slàn.
Riamh 'nad ghràdh o'n chuir iad ùigh,
Fhuair iad saor e 's gheibh gu bràth,
Gus an teich na neòil a chaidh
'S gus am bris le aoibh an là.

Sud an gràdh a dhearbhu thu rìgh—
Cuspair cliù nam mìle bàrd—
Lubt' fo sgàil Ghetsemene,
Crocht' air Calbhari an àird.
Chaill am bàs a ghath 'gad chlaoidh,
Thug thu 'n uaigh fo chis do d' ghràdh,
Gus an teich na neòil a chaidh
'S gus am bris le aoibh an là.

Naomhaich thu le d' chorp an uaigh—
'S iomadh gaol fo bruaich tha tàmh!
Shiob thu fein na deòir o'n ghruidh,
'Leag sinn sìos aon uair fo phràmh.
'S càirdean gaol a bha ri caoidh,
Coinn'chidh 's bidh ri aoibh mar bhà;
Teichidh 'n sin na neòil a chaidh,
'S brisidh oirn le aoibh an là.

Pill rium aon chéum eile, pill—
Céum mo chrich an tìr do ghràis,
'S trom na neòil 's is dorch na mill
Dh' iathas isal 'n gleann a' bhàis.
Pill mo chéile gaol 's mo rìgh,
Is fuarr'achd Iordan bi dhomh blàth,
Teichidh uam na neòil a chaidh
'S brisidh orm le aoibh an là.

—:O:—

LAND AND THE SOLDIER.

Opinion seems to be increasing in volume that, at the end of the war, the country will be faced with many social problems that were largely in the background during the piping times of peace. Many prophesy that the most insistent cry will be that of land settlement, and that it will get entangled in the politics of the time. This magazine, as representing An Comunn Gaidhealach, is not expected to view questions, which sharply divide public opinion, through any kind of coloured spectacles, and it does not seek to do so now. We are well aware that a policy of looking at things through colourless spectacles lays us open to the charge of offering merely colourless opinions. In the circumstances, however, the Editor may side with Pope when he wrote—

"In moderation taking all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory."

It was the late and genial Professor Blackie who was fond of advising people to "follow the golden mean of Aristotle." We scarcely need to repeat that the advancement of the Gaelic cause is the prime object of this magazine. At the same time, it is difficult to see how the success of a language movement is to be obtained without taking into account the material prosperity and contentment of those who speak it. A people cannot wholly live on idealism, whatever intellectual pleasure may follow in its train. The stern facts of life have to be reckoned with, and, in the case of Highlanders at home, land and language are likely to join hands eventually. Is it impossible to bring this about without entering into the muddy stream of present-day politics? It is for the parties concerned to settle this, and we leave it at that.

It is a mere platitude to say that the question of land in our time is a thorny one, and that the war, with what is expected to follow it, has given a considerable flip to its consideration. It may be true that the failure of our statesmen in the past to realise fundamental principles has produced dilatory or ill-considered methods in tackling such a big question. Even the Small Landholders' (1911) Act, which was expected to achieve wonders, has scarcely a friend on either side of politics. It is said to

be hopelessly inadequate to deal with the problem of rural re-population. The expenses connected with the enforcement of its terms have already been great, and they are likely to continue so. Examples will at once occur to those who have been paying attention—the Lindean case for one. Several schemes of land reform are being suggested by parties who are dissatisfied with things as they are, but, unless a common meeting ground for various shades of opinion can be found, progress must necessarily be slow. Certain long-standing hindrances will be found difficult to surmount. Among the schemes likely to be put forward by a section of reformers, that of State Ownership is expected to receive considerable support. But whatever plan may be settled on, finance will form an important element, for it is hopeless to expect success without a working capital, even after the land has been acquired. In any scheme, the State is expected to assist. It is a moot point whether the tendency to look to State aid in every difficulty destroys effort, and along with it independence of spirit. The late Charles Bradlaugh used to declare it did. But events have pushed the question of land settlement into one of national importance in our time, with the result that the State can scarcely ignore it. The establishment of Land Banks, Co-operative Clubs, and other organisations has much to recommend it when smallholders get a fair start; and those who are working out the problem seem to be in agreement on this, though they may not be able to see eye to eye on other points. In any case it would be a great day for the Highlands if, in the general scheme, the people could be enabled to live in the land of their fathers, a happy contented race, using their own language in their daily work, and grafting the newer civilisation on what is best in the older.

The problem which the country will have to face after the war is, however, that of settling soldiers on the land when they return. Is it to be our own land for our own men? Influential parties in England—the Colonial Institute, for example—are already at work, and a well-known writer, Sir Rider Haggard, is off to the Colonies to seek out a paradise in Australia to which soldiers and their families may be transported—perhaps we should say transplanted—so that they may end their days in peace, and, shall we say, forget their native land! Of course, if soldiers desire this voluntary exile, none can prevent them. The dark days of enforced emigration have disappeared with all their cruelties and terrors. Our Colonial authorities seem to think that their duty to the Colonies is greater than the claims of the home country. If it could be proved that the land at home is

fully developed, then the claim of colonial settlement would be irresistible. But this cannot be done. Further, it was a matter of universal regret that, during the years preceding the war, people were leaving our shores in thousands because there was no outlet for their energies at home. Indeed, it assumed such large proportions that patriotic Scotsmen began to hint that the tide of emigration ought to be stopped. Then came the great war, and it stopped many things.

Much more, to our mind, is the Departmental Report of the Committee appointed by the President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, with Sir Harry Verney, M.P., as chairman. That committee outlined a scheme by which ex-soldiers can be settled at home. Let it be observed that this is not the Board of Agriculture for *Scotland*. The report of the Verney Commission refers only to England and Wales. Perhaps the Scottish Board may deal with the subject by and by, as it affects Scotland. Patriotic Scotsmen can have no difficulty in deciding between the competing schemes; then Sir Rider Haggard may be left to weave the whole affair into a readable novel, a task for which he is eminently qualified. Scotland has done her share nobly, and more than her share, in proportion to size, in supplying soldiers for the needs of the empire. So have the Colonies. Scotland could have done even more, but for an antiquated land system. The drain which this war has caused in our rural districts has to be faced, and the proper remedy must be found, but the bait of colonial settlements is surely not the remedy. People are already talking of the other war that is to follow this war, before things can be straightened, and the ideals of the new era can be realised. Let us all hope that this aftermath may be tackled in a generous and broad spirit.

In an interesting pamphlet published a few years ago by a Scottish M.P., it is pointed out that two-thirds of the area of Scotland is held by 350 persons. Seventy persons own 9,000,000 acres—an area equal to the whole of Denmark. There were 42,000 fewer agricultural labourers in Scotland in 1901 than in 1881. There were fewer farmers, fewer agricultural holdings. While in Denmark there are 73 persons per 1000 acres cultivated, in Scotland there are only 39. We add no comment. Let those who are best able to judge seek for the remedy. If it can be found only in Parliamentary legislation, then the duty of Scottish members is clear, if the well-being of the country is to be placed above party politics. At the moment, while the energies of the nation and its rulers should be given to the task of carrying to a successful end the terrific war in which we are engaged,

some thought should be given to the problems which will certainly face us. We may not enter upon the prolonged period of distress that began after the struggle with Napoleon in 1815, and reasonable forethought may avoid the panic which Disraeli described in "Coningsby." "When the peace came," says Disraeli, "the people found themselves without guides. They went to the Ministry, and asked to be guided. The Ministry fell into a panic." There must be no panic after this war. The situation must be prepared for, and its difficulties faced. We owe a debt of honour to our soldiers, and their self-sacrifice must not be rewarded by destitution. Hence, if they wish to settle on the land, there should be no obstacles in the way, financial or otherwise.

Another matter which is rapidly commanding attention is that of afforestation—a matter which is intimately connected with the future well-being of the Highlands. In earlier days the question was kept alive by the Right Hon. Sir R. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, but Government turned a deaf ear, and Novar's voice was as one crying in the wilderness. It seems now to be taken up by one of the leading authorities on trees and their culture, viz., Sir John Stirling Maxwell. He pertinently asks if the country is making right use of the 16,000,000 acres of rough moor and hill land. He answers that it is not. In a series of striking articles to the *London Times*, he declares that the value of spruce crops per acre, even at pre-war prices, was about treble what could be brought from the same area in mutton and wool. While a tract of 10,000 acres under sheep or deer supports only ten or twelve families, the same area, under trees, would support a hundred families at the very least, and as State afforestation on such a scale necessarily involves, according to the *Glasgow Evening News*, small holdings in conjunction, there can be no question as to the vastly greater economic value to the nation. A vast number of people have, for the first time, come to Sir John's conclusion, when he says that it is difficult to defend the perpetuation of deer forests, which are of no national value whatever, and that the economic advantages of the great sheep-runs will call for re-consideration. Sir John is arguing from a national standpoint, and not from the point of view of landlords who still possess old family properties. Mr. E. P. Stebbing, Lecturer on Forestry in Edinburgh University, recently spoke on the subject, and among other things, said that, in 1913, the timber imports were valued at 42,000,000 sterling, and large industries were dependent upon this material coming into the country. We ourselves, he said, could grow a considerable part of this material on land which

at present brought in not much more than 1s. down to 2d. per acre per annum. The amount we grow at present was practically negligible. We had only 3,000,000 acres under woods, mostly kept for sporting or ornamental purposes, and there were in Great Britain and Ireland 16,500,000 acres of mountain and heath lands, much of it suitable for afforestation, from which could be provided our pit-wood, wood-pulp, and other needed material. Of the acreage mentioned, at least 5,000,000 acres could be more profitably used for growing crops of trees than for any other purpose.

The subject under consideration is one that might well be discussed, and even settled, outside of party politics. If it is thrown into that dubious arena, it will suffer from the usual prejudices and dictates of self-interest. In the case of the Highlands, adjustments and reforms are still needed, if high and low, rich and poor, are to live in harmony. Let us hope that we are on the eve of a re-constructed Highlands, re-peopled by a prosperous peasantry who will conserve what is best in the old civilisation, and who will recognise that their ancient language is a factor which is essential to their distinctiveness as a race—indeed, a *sine qua non*. Gun tigeadh an là gun dàil : mar is luaithe 's ann is fearr.

—:O:—

SGEULA MU'N RIDIRE ISAAC NEWTON.

Aithrisidh mi sgeul beag a thainig chun mo chuimhne air an teallsanach ro fhoghluinte sin, an Ridire Isaac Newton. Ma 's fìor an sgeul, ma ta, bha e air la àraidh a 'dol thar beinne air muin eich, agus ri taobh an rathaid chunnaic e balachan a' gleidheadh chaorach. Bha 'n là grianach, teth, air chor 's gu 'n robh fallus air an Ridire agus air an each! Stad e 'dè tamuill bhiig, agus labhair e ris 'a ghiullan bhuachaille. Thubhairt e gu 'm bu taitneach, grianach, blàth an là a bh' ann. Fhreagair am balachan, agus thubhairt e ris an Ridire, "Tha 'n là mar sin, le d' chead, tha 'n là tioram, teth, grianach gu 'n teagamh; ach ma tha fad agad r' a dhol, a dhuin-uasail, bu choir duit do chasan a thoirt as, oir cha mharaich thu cuig mìle gus am bi thu cho fliuch 's a ni uisge thu, mur an ruig thu ceann t-uidhe roimhe sin." Rinn an Ridire snodha-gaire ris a' bhalachan, gun a bhi creidsinn focal de na thubhairt e, ach air da bonn beag airgid a thilgeadh d' a ionnsuidh, thug e an rathad mor air, a' greasadh an eich mar a dh' fheadhadh e. Cha bha an teallsanach urramach trì mìle air falbh o 'n aite far an do chomhlach e am balachan, gus an do thuit an t-uisge 'n a thuitibh as na speurabhh, agus air

da a bhi ann an àite far nach robh tigh na fàsghadh ri 'n faotuin, bha e fiuch dh'ionnsuidh a' chraicinn ann an uine ghoidid. Ach, fiuch mar a bha e, bha iongantais co mór air a thaobh an rabhaidh a thug am balachan dha, 's gu 'n do thionndaidh e ceann an eich agus mharcaich e air ais chum am balachan 'fhaicinn, agus chum fios 'fhaotuinnaidh mu 'n dòigh air an d' aithnich e gu 'n robh an t-uisge gu teachd. Rainig se e, agus fhuair se 'n a shineadh e am fàsghadh 'cloiche. "Thig an so, mo ghiullann math," ghlaodh an Ridire, "thig an so, agus bheir mi bonn cruin duit, ma dh' innseas tu dhomh cia mar a bha fios agad gu 'n robh an t-uisge gu tighinn." Ghrad léum an t-oganach suas air a chosaibh loma, agus thubhairt e ris an duin 'uasal, "Chunnaic sibh gu 'n d' thainig an t-uisge ged nach creideadh sibh mise 's an àm." "Thainig e gu 'n teagamh, a bhalachain, ach innis domh gu saor cìod an seol air an robh fios agad-sa, air sin." Thug e am bonn airgid an sin do 'n bhalachan air son an robh e ro thainig, agus thubhairt e ris an ard-uasal, "Am bheil thu 'faicinn an reithe dhuibh sin thall air a' chnocan ud fad' chomhair? Gach uair, ma ta, a chi thu e a' tionndadh earbuill ris a' ghaoith, feudaidh tu a bhi co cinnteach ris a' bhàs gu 'n tig an t-uisge trom an ath-ghoidid." Dh' eisd, agus dh' fhalbh an Ridire foghlumte, an dùil gun teagamh nach d'fhuair e anabarr fiosrachaidh aon chuid o 'n eolas a thugadh dha leis a' reith dhubh, no leis-san a bha 'gabhail curaim dheth, agus a' creidsinn ann.

ALASDAIR RUADH.

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THA AN FHEINN AIR A H-UILINN.

Tha seann ràdh 's a' Ghaidhealtachd agus is e sin, "Tha an Fheinn air a h-uilinn." A reir an ràdh so bha an Fheinn aig aon am fo gheasaibh ann an uamh àraidh nach b' fhiosrach do neach beò. Aig beul na h-uamha bha dùdach, agus na 'n robh de mhisnich aig an neach a gheobhadh a mach iad an dùdach a sheinn trì uairean, dh' eireadh an Fheinn beò, slàn. Air do shealgair àraidh dol air seacharann ann an ceò, thainig e air an uamha ann an robh an Fheinn. Chunnnic e an dùdach, agus chuimhnich e air an t-seann ràdh, gu'n robh an Fheinn fo gheasaibh, agus ge b'e neach a shéideadh an dùdach trì uairean gu'n d'uisgeadh e iad. Bha e 'g am faicinn 'n an laidhe 's an uamha : rug e air an dùdaich, agus, shéid e sgál chruaidh oirre. Is ann le mòr iognadh a thug e fainear gu 'n do dh-fhosgail gach aon duibh an suilean agus iad a' dùr-amharc air 's an eudan, le oillt, gu 'n robh an suilean mar shuilean dhaoine marbh. Thog e a mhisneach, shéid e sgál eile air an

dùdaich, agus ghrad dh' eirich gach aon air 'uillinn. An uair a chunnaic e sin chaill e uile gu leir a mhisneach, agus theich e. Air dha a dhachaidh a rugheachd dh' innis e a sgeul d' a chàirdean, agus ghabh iad a mach còmhlaidh, ach cha b' urrainn doibh amas air an uainh tuille, 's cha d' fhuaras riabh i gus an latha 'n diugh. Theirair bho sin, "Tha an Fheinn air a 'h-uilinn." A nis, a Ghaidheala tha nì ann an dochas gu 'm bi sibhse a' séideadh dùdaich ann an cluasan sliochd na Feinne, sliochd nan beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach, agus nach stad sibh le da no trì sgalan a shéideadh, ach gu 'n lean sibh air, gus am bi iad air an casan a sheasamh an còirichean 's an dlìghe fein; agus 'n a dheidh sin, air eagal gu 'n teid iad a rithist a chadal nach sgair sibh a shéideadh gus am bi na Gaidheil air an cruinneachadh as gach cearna de'n chruinne, do dh-aon tìr, far am bi iad 'n an aon sluagh, a' labhairt agus a' deannan an gnothuichean gu leir anns an aon chanain bhinn, bhlasda, a' Ghaidhlig!

D. B.

—o:—

CANADIANS AND THE KILT.

If criticism could have "killed" the kilt, it would have disappeared long ago. An army surgeon recently declared that the bare knees of the men (the Liverpool Scottish) looked blue, and the kilt was not a good winter dress. "Why Highlanders choose to expose their knees is quite beyond me. The knee-joint is a big and complex anatomical structure, and is easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, so why cover up every other joint in the body and leave this bare?" This opinion may have influenced the Dominion Militia Department, when they decided, recently, that for the overseas force no more kilts will be issued, and the units which have kilts now will have to wear trews when their present clothing has been worn out. The chief reason given is that kilts are not suitable for trenches, particularly in cold and rainy weather. It is known that many Canadian battalions wear the kilt. In Nova Scotia there are entire brigades of Highland battalions. But it is one thing to frame hard-and-fast regulations—it is a different story to get the people to agree. The kilt question is a "kittle" one, and the authorities appear to ignore the psychology which seems to be associated with it. We all know the old tag—"Nemo me impune lacessit," and there is an older one in the poems of old Horace, who said that you may drive out nature with a fork, yet it will still come back. Scottish sentiment is as much alive in Canada as it is in the old

country. Circumstances have probably concurred to make it more so. Be that as it may, the Canadian Government have not been long in discovering that, whatever they may do with trews, they cannot touch the kilt with impunity. A storm of popular indignation has arisen, and, what is regarded as one of the national symbols, is too sacred to be cast aside by the mere fiat of any governing body. General Sir Sam Hughes is doing all he can to throw oil on the troubled waters by declaring that the Government was not actuated by any personal feeling in the matter. It was rather a question of expense, and he declined to yield to any opposition. But the people of Toronto and Ottawa had their backs up, and intimated that, under no circumstances, should the prohibition be allowed to take effect. It was a square fight between sentiment and materialism in the form of expense, and the former has won—medical opinion notwithstanding. Sentiment, after all, largely rules the world. It even ignores the hard logic of facts. It is a law unto itself, and this incident lends it additional reinforcement. In this case, what looked like an *impasse* has, however, been got over. The prohibition is to be withdrawn, and the kilt is still to flap on Canadian legs. But the cost is to be met out of a fund subscribed by the people themselves, who do not seem to mind the burden so long as the kilt is preserved.

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A MORVEN SONG.

The author of the following verses, Donald MacKinnon, locally known as "Domhnall Ruadh," was a native of Morven. He died at a comparatively early age some sixty years ago. It is said that he composed some captivating lyrical songs; but unfortunately, like many other local bards, few if any of his compositions can now be accounted for. At the period when this song was written, Morven, like many other districts in the West Highlands, was harassed by the cruel hand of circumstances; her loyal sons and daughters were being evicted and driven from their possessions to make room for sheep.

At the present day almost the whole of Morven is under deer, pheasants; and its once cultivated fields are swarming with rabbits. A pathetic incident attaches itself to this song. Donald's parents had, previous to this, removed from Morven to the opposite shores of Mull. The author had for some cause been an inmate of one of the Glasgow Infirmarys, and during

his confinement he appealed in his loneliness to his brother Peter in these lines:—

"Cha'n fhios, cha tamh dhomh
Gun charaid baigheil tighion am fheòraich
Tha mi'n dòchas gu'n tig thu Pharaig,
Thoirt mo chànannan do'n aite 's còir doibh."

He was taken home incurable, there to await the end. One fine day he desired to be taken out to the side of the house to get another sight of his beloved Morven, and it was there and then he composed this touching and, what ultimately proved to be, this prophetic song. No one who reads this song, and looks at the solitude and desolation of the glens and straths along the shores of Morven at this moment, but must say that the bard had a real vision of the future state of "Woody" Morven—loved by all her sons and daughters scattered far and wide, but still retaining enduring memories of youthful happiness when roaming about the shores of A Highland Loch—Lochaline:—

"All shadowed there as in a spiritual world;
Where time's mutations—come, shall never."

DON'ULL EACHAINN.

A MHORAIRNE BHOIDHEACH GHLEANNACH.

Seisid—Ho rò 'se fàth mo dhuilichinn
'Bhi sealltainn air do thulaichean
Sìos ri taobh Chaol-Muile
Sheòlas luingeis le 'n croinn àrda.

A Mhorairne ghlas nan tulaichean,
Tha neul a' blùròin 's a' mhulaid ort,
Tha 'chùis air fàs cho cunnartach
Gu 'n tèid thu uile 'd fhàsach.
Ho rò, etc.

Their iad tìr na coille riut,
Bha uair 's e sud a thoilleadh tu,
Ach 's lom an diugh do dhòireachan
Fuidh luchd nan aghadh bàna.

Bu tìr nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach thu
B' ionraideach an eachdraidh thu
Co chualas riann do mhaca-sa
'Bhi maslaichte le nàmhaid.

Gur ìosal do chuid chaistealan
'San d' fhuair na rìghrean cairtealan
Ach 's truagh an diugh a' phacarsaid
'Tha spaisdearachd 'n an àite.

Tha sàmhchair feadh do mhunaidhean,
Do ghlinn 'dol fàs gun duin' annta,
Cha 'n fhàitichear fear-turais innt'
Le furan mar a b' àbhaist.

Do chlànn air clach an turaimain,
 Gun àit ac' anns am fuirich iad,
 Tha buille an déigh buille
 'Cur a bunait as a laraich'.

An còmhlan beag a dh' fhuirich dhiùbh,
 Cha 'n eil au cor ach cuigealach
 Fuidh sgiathan an eòin lunnanaich
 'An doire dubh Loch-Aluinn.
 Ho rò, etc.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

How the "predominant partner" regards things Scottish may be gathered from a remark by the parliamentary correspondent of the *London Times* on the appointment of Mr. Tennant. "Mr. Tennant," he says, "enters the Cabinet as Secretary for Scotland, though it is one of the mysteries of our system of government why the holder of this dull, but blameless, office should necessarily be a member of a war cabinet. After being for two years the most questioned member of the government, Mr. Tennant will now become the least questioned." "Dull, but blameless!"—what a nice certificate from the Boss. Now to "become the least questioned!"—an equally nice certificate for some of our inarticulate Scottish members. Scotland has no grievance! It follows therefore, that there is no need for questions! Puir auld Scotland. In the days when Sir William Harcourt was Home Secretary, Lord Rosebery was appointed Under Secretary, with Scotland under his special care. This "special" consideration drew out the humour of *Punch*. "What is wrong?" said the English humourist, "when special treatment is needed for Scotland." "Were the bagpipes out of tune?" "Had the kilt become too short?" "If so, it was an affair for the Lord Chamberlain to consider!"

The new Secretary for Scotland is a Highland laird. He owns the sporting estate of Edinglassie in Strathdon. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. T. G. Gordon Duff of Drummuir, near Duftown. Mr. Tennant ought therefore to lend a more sympathetic ear than did his predecessor to the aspirations of the Highland people.

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For some months to come Mr. Tennant is sure to have a lively time at the Scottish Office. The permanent officials of the baker's dozen of Central Boards and Departments over which he rules, are already tumbling over one another to ingratiate themselves with their new chief. Supporters of the numerous schemes for the

public benefit, which were cold shouldered by Mr. M'Kinnon Wood, will eagerly seize the earliest opportunity of submitting their respective hobbies to his successor. Already land reformers, forestry experts and others, have been moving to enlist Mr. Tennant's interest in proposals for settling returned soldiers on the land.

* * *

The Highland Trust has applied to the Court of Session to sanction amendment of its scheme or constitution. An Comunn will probably seize this opportunity to claim representation upon the Board of Governors of this Trust. Certainly, in the hands of the present Governors Gaelic has fared but indifferently. If a vigorous effort is made, the Court might be induced to sanction a slight increase in the number of Governors by adding representatives from the chief existing organization for promoting the Gaelic language and literature. The Highland Trust should be the means of providing most important aid to the promotion of the Gaelic cause.

* * *

Sheep farmers in the Highlands—great and small—are much disappointed with the prices they are getting from the Government for their wool. The last one or two seasons have played havoc on lambs and sheep alike. Wintering has become more expensive and shepherds are meantime scarce. It may be hoped then that the Government will give the extra ten per cent. asked for. Meantime the home tweed industry suffers from the scarcity and high price of wool.

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According to Lord Selborne (who by the way thinks that Britain's task is only beginning), Germany is fighting this war with her agriculture as well as her army. She had increased her production to such an extent, that she had been able to feed her armies and people on the food she produced within the empire. In the opinion of many, Britain has seriously neglected her duty in this direction, though large tracts of land are available. But we are so busy with "compensations" of various kinds, that there is little time for the thing that is needful. We are no doubt getting experience, and as Carlyle said, "experience is a good schoolmaster, but the fees are sometimes heavy." It is an old platitude to say that the country, as a whole, could produce a great deal more food than it is now doing. But it is in chains.

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During the discussion in the House of Commons last month, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald glorified the old "dominie," and the wonderful

samples he turned out from his ill-supported school. Mr. Macdonald himself is a product.

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According to a writer in the *Claidheamh Soluis* those, who are not Gaelic speakers should bear in mind, that there exists a whole world of thoughts and ideals to which they never had access. "They can approach this world only through the Gaelic language. The language links us up with a civilisation and a culture, an art, a music, a spiritual outlook of rare excellence. It puts us in touch with, rather than in possession of, a priceless endowment, the heritage of our race, an invaluable legacy from the past, without which we are bankrupt, and the world is the poorer."

* * *

Arrangements have been made by the military authorities for providing farmers with the temporary services of soldiers in view of the approach of the hay and cereal harvest. As is well known already, there is serious shortage of male labour in the Highlands and Islands, where, in many places, the only labour available is that of the aged and the school children.

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At the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, recently held in Manchester, two pens of sheep of the St. Kilda breed were exhibited. The St. Kildas are sometimes called Hebridean sheep. By some they are supposed to have been introduced into this country from Norway; others say they came to this country through the wrecked ships of the Spanish Armada; others again say that the black faced sheep has had a share in their production. They are of a black or bluish colour mostly. The rams are mostly four-horned, though sometimes they have been known to throw five horns. The mutton is good, and when dressed will average 32 lbs.

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The *Scottish Smalldoer* for July, contains a clear map of Scotland, showing in black the places that are set apart for Deer Forests and lands exclusively devoted for sport. It gives the total area of Scotland as 19,200,000 acres. Of this 3,559,928 acres are now under Deer Forests. The area now under Deer Forests, but suitable for smallholdings and extentions (*vide* Royal Commission, 1892 Report), is 1,782,785 acres. Grouse moors and rabbit warrens are not included in the above areas. The number of separate Forests is put down at 177.

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L.S.D. We all know what these letters stand for. Like the poor they are always with us, and will be till the crack of doom. They are inseparable from our lives, and they are

going to enter into partnership with other three letters; L. S. T. that is Land, Sport, Trees. This trinity will undoubtedly command public attention in a very special manner when the great war is over.

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The School Board of Arbroath had the question of Gaelic teaching in the continuation classes under discussion last month. The old thread-bare arguments, or rather assertions, were trotted out by the enemy. The friends of the language were dubbed as mere enthusiasts—a decent, sentimental body seeking to bolster up a decadent speech. It does not seem to enter the heads of some of the hard-headed men of Arbroath, that the world owes its most important advances to those who have been styled "enthusiasts." Gaelic does not seem to pay its way in Arbroath. What other subject in the school curriculum does? If Gaelic were subsidised by Parliamentary Grants like these other subjects, there would be no talk of loss. And it has a right to be thus supported. As a writer to the *Arbroath Herald* points out; it was "the ancient language of Scotland," and we hold it is quite capable of being used as a medium in modern civilisation—especially in the Highlands, and among Gaels resident in towns like Arbroath. We are glad to know that Gaelic emerged triumphantly in this discussion. But as the attack may be renewed at a more convenient season, it behoves the friends in Arbroath to set about enlightening the minds of those who are in darkness on the beauty of the language, and its claims as a medium of culture in our severely materialistic age.

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CAILLEACH AN LAGAIN.

'Si cailleach an Lagain, a' bhan-bhuidseach mu dheireadh air an d'fhuair mi iomradh 'san dùthaich; agus air son sithichean, cha'n'eil duine am Bàideanach a chunnaic a h-aon diubh riamh: ma tha, cha chuala mise mu dhéighinn. Theagamh gu'm bheil feadhainn de'r luchd-leughaidh nach cuala an sgeula mu bhean an Lagain, agus air an aobhar sin, their mi focal no dhà mu'n uilebhiast. Ma tha gach sgiala fìor s' i 'chuir as an rathad Iain Garbh Mac'Ille-Challuim Ràrsuidh; ach air an latha 'rinn i sin fhuair ise acaid is galair a bàis. Air d'i pilleadh, an deigh "Iain Garbh" a bhàthadh, thug i am monadh oirre agus a steach gu'n deach i do bhothan anns an robh fear de 'cuid nàbuidhean a' gabhail tàimh. Bhiodh an duine seo gu math tric a' sealg agus na'm biodh stoirm ann (mar a thachair gu'n robh air an là ud) bu chleachdach leis 'anail a leigeil; agus ma-dh-fhaoidte, an oidhche 'chuir seachad anns a'

bhothan a dh-ainmich mi. Air an là seo bha e stàigh 's an deagh ghealbhan air a bhial-thaobh, agus e 'g a thiomachadh 's 'ga ghaireadh féin. Sùil 'g an d' thug e air an doras cìod e chunnaic e ach cat peallach, odhar, agus gur gann a bha e 'leantuin' a chèile leis a' bhlochduinn. Bha dà chù aig an t-sealgair, agus leum iad air a' bhéid cho luath 's a thàinig e gus an doras. Cha bu luaithe 'leum na coin air, na thug e ràn as, agus aig an àm cheudna dh-iarra e air an t-sealgair trèair a dheanamh air. Ghabh an sealgair mòr-ìoghnadh air do 'n chat labhairt ris; agus a chum 's gu 'm faicheadh e cìod an seòrsa beathaich a bh' aige chaisg e na coin; 's an uair a chaisg, cha 'n fhac e ach an cat mar a bha e 'n toiseach. "Thig gus an teine 's dean do gharadh" deir an sealgair. "Cha d' thig" ars' an cat, "oir tha eagall orm gu'n gearr do chuid chon mi." Thug an cat an seo ròineag fhada do'n t-sealgair, ag iarraidh air aig an àm cheudna na coin a cheangal leatha ris a' mhaide-cheangail. Chuir an sealgair an ròineag mu'n mhaide-cheangail, agus leig e air ris a' chat gu'n do chuir e air na coin i mar an ceudna. An seo thàinig an cat thun an teine; agus cha bu luaithe 'thàinig na shin e air fas mòr. Thug an sealgair an aire do seo, agus ars' esan, "droch shiubhal ort a bhiaist leibideach, 's tu tha 'fas mòr;" agus ann am prìoba na sùla bha 'n cat cho mòr ri mial-chu; agus an ath shealladh chruth-atharraich a' bhiaist i-féin, 's co bh' aige ach té de 'bhan-nàbuidhean ris an canta gu coitchionn "Bean an Lagain," agus air an robh e cho èlach 's a bha 'n hagh air a' phoit. "A shealgair nam beann" deir ise, "thàinig crìoch do làithean-sa. 'S fhada le b' fhuathach leat mi-féin 's mo sheòrs', ach a nise gheibh sinn buaidh." Léum i air, 's rinn i greim air a sgòrnan; ach cha bu luaithe 'léum na léum na coin oirre-se; "teannaich is tachd a roineag" ars' ise—'s i'n dùl gu'n robh an roineag nu abhaicean nan con—'s cha bu luaithe 'thuir, na 'ghearr an roineag am maide-cheangail. Bha na coin an sàs innte, 'g a caobadh 's ga réubadh, ach mu dheireadh fhuair i uapa, 's ann am prìoba na sùla dh-fhalbh i air iteig 'an cruth fithich. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh dhuibh, fhuair i bàs an oidhche sin. Thachair do dhithis choisichean a bhli, aig a' cheart àm, a tighinn seach a' Monadh-liath eadar Srath-eire 's Bàideanach; 's cìod a chunnaic iad ach boireannach 'n a ruith 's 'n a teann ruith, a' tighinn 'n an coinneamh, agus chaidh i seachad orra gun aon fhocal a ràdh. Cha deach iad fad air an aghaidh an uair a choinnich dà chù dubh iad 'n an teann ruith air lorg a' bhoireannach. Goirid an déigh seo, choinnich duine dubh iad, a' marcachd air each dubh. Stad am marcaiche dubh agus dh-fheòraich e am faca iad am boireannach 's na coin 'n a déigh. Thuir gu'm fac'. "Saoil sibh

am beir iad oirre mu'n ruig i 'n cladh?" Thuir na fir nach biodh iad fada 'n a déigh co-dhiù; 's an sin dh-fhalbh am marcaiche. Cha b' fhada gus gu'n d' rug e orra tighinn air ais agus am boireannach seachad air a bhial-thaobh air an diallaidh—an dara cù an slaoda ri 'sliasaid air taobh clìth an eich, agus an cù eile an slaoda ri 'cloich air a thaobh deas. 'S an dol seachad thuir fear de na choisichean "Rug thu oirre," "Rug" ars' am marcaiche "direach aig doras a' Chlaidh."—Thàinig na fir do Bhàideanach agus dh-innis iad mar thachair doibh air an t-slighe; is bu mhuladach e, oir cha 'n eil teagamh nach e spiorad cailleach an Lagain a chunnaic iad a' ruith thun a' chlaidh (oir b' àite seunta e) agus am Fear-millidh air a tòir.

CUARTEAR AN CINN-A-GHIUTHSAICH.

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IAIN AGUS ALASTAIR.

Bha rìgh ann uair aig an robh dithis mhac do'm b' ainm Iain 'us Alastair. An uair a shiubhail an rìgh, bha cileadairan 'us clérich ùine mhòr a' cur ceart a chuid chunntas, gus mu dheireadh an d' fhuaradh, an deigh a h-uile ni 'chur ceart, nach robh dad gu ruighinn air Iain 's air Alastair, ach aon choileach agus seann fhàradh. 'S e Iain bu shine de 'n dithis. Thuir Alastair ris gu 'm bu chòir dhoibh bàrr a chur 's an talamh. Dean thusa sin, ars' Iain 's e 'breith air a' choileach 's 'g a chur 'n a achlais. Dh' fhalbh e mar so 's an coileach aige 'n a achlais, gus an d' ràinig e 'chùd bhaile mòr. Bha e fad an làtha 'coiseachd air ais 's air aghart tre 'n bhaile, 's cha do thachair neach air a thairg sgillinn air a' choileach. Cha robh fhios aige cìod a dheanadh e an uair a thigheadh an oidhch' air—cha robh peighinn ruadh aige 'n a phòc a cheannachaidh leabaidh no biadh.

An uair a bha e fad a' dh' oidhch' agus a ghabh am baile mu thàmh, chunnaic e uinneag an sin 's an robh solus, ghabh e null g'a h-ionnsaidh, 's cìod e chunnaic e tre tholl a' chùirte a bh' air an uinneig, ach bòrd air a shuidheachadh air meadhon an urlair, agus a h-uile seòrsa bidh air, agus duine 's bean ag itheadh deth. Bha e 'miannachadh pàirt a bh' aige fhéin deth. Bha e 'feitheamh a h-uile ni a bha iad a' deanamh, gus mu dheireadh am fac e an duine 'cur dheth a chuid aodaich 's a' gabhail a laidhe. Ach sùil dh' an d' thug e, cìod e 'chunnaic e ach duine 'tighinn a nuas an t-sràid, agus ghabh e lom 'us direach a dh-ionnsaidh doras an tighe aig an robh e fhéin 'n a sheasamh, agus bhual e e; ach ma bhual cha d' fhuair fosgladh. Bhual e rithist 's cha d' fhuair fosgladh.

Bha Iain, fad na h-ùine bha 'n duine 'bualadh an doruis, a' feitheamh air an uinneig; agus cìod

e an obair a bh' aig a' mhnaoi, a' cheart cho luath 's a chual i 'bhi bualadh an doruis, ach a' cur a' bhidh am falach am preas beag a bha 's an leabaigh, thug i air éirigh, agus chuir i fo bheul togsaid e ruisgte mar bhà e. Is ann an déigh dh' i sin a dheanamh a chaidh i dh' fhoghladh an doruis do 'n fhear a bha 'm muigh.

Ach ciod a mhothaich am fear a bha 'bualadh an doruis ach duine 'n a sheasamh aig an uinneig. Ghabh e far an robh e, 's dh' fhaighnich e dheth. ciod e a bha e' deanamh an sud. Tha mi an so, ar's Iain, 's mi gun fhios agam c'aite an teid mi; cha-n 'eil sgillinn agam a gheibh biadh no deoch, 's tha mi gu bàsachadh leis an acras. Thig a stigh do m' thigh as, 'ille bhoichd, ar's an duine, agus gheibh thu do leòr bidh. Tha mi gle dheònach, ar's Iain.

An uair a dh' fhogail an doruis 's e 'cheud fhocal a thuir am fear a bha 'm muigh rithe, i thoirt bidh do 'n ghille bhoichd so; agus co am fear a bh' ann ach fear an tighe. Thuir a' bhean, Ciod e an gille boichd a th' agad an sin mu'n àm so dh' oidhche, nach 'eil fhios agad nach b' urrainn biadh a bhi bruch agamsa cho annoch 'us so. Ach, arsa fear an tighe ri Iain, Ciod e an coileach a th' agad an sin fo d' achlais? Tha, ar's Iain, fiosaiche. 'S e 'n coileach so tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fiosaichd. Cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain bruthadh air a' coileach fo 'achlais, agus leig an coileach neochoireach gog as. O, ciod e tha 'n coileach ag ràdh an dràst, arsa fear an tighe. Tha e 'g ràdh, ar's Iain, gu'm bheil am preas beag ud thall lom-làn bidh. Am bheil, arsa fear an tighe. 'S e sin a tha 'n coileach ag ràdh, ar's Iain. Dh' fhalbh fear an tighe agus dh' fhogail e 'm preas 's bha e cho làn bidh 's a ghabhadh e. Thug fear an tighe a leòr do dh' Iain deth. Ach coma, cha b' fhada gus an d' thug Iain an t ath-bhruthadh air a' choileach, agus rinn e gog eile 'g a ghearan fhéin. Ciod e tha 'n coileach ag innse dhuit an dràst, Iain, arsa fear an tighe. Och, och, is coma sin, ar's Iain, tha e 'cantainn gu'm beil an t-abharsair fhein ruisgte fo'n togsaid mhóir a th' air meadhan an ùrlair. Innsidh mise, ar's Iain, ciod a ni sinn : seas thusa aig an doruis agus thoir leat deagh bhata ; agus an uair a thogas mise 'n togsaid, bheir esan an doruis air cho luath 's a th' aige, agus bi thusa cinnteach gu'n toir thu dha tarraing mhaith de'n bhata 's an druim. Rinn fear an tighe sud, sheas e 's an doruis; agus a' cheart cho luath 's a chuir Iain car de'n togsaid, sud a mach an t-abharsair. Tharraing fear an tighe am bata air cho làidir 's gu'n do lean craicinn a dhroma ris. Thug an t-abharsair an t-sràid air dearg ruisgte mar a bhà e agus a dhruim air a bristeadh leis a' bhuille a thug fear an tighe dha. Cha do thug fear an tighe co b' e an t-abharsair a bh' ann—cha d' aithnich e idir gur h e bh' ann fear de

mhuinntir a' bhaile a bhiodh a' tighinn an còmhnaidh a dh-ionnsaidh a thighe a h-uile cothrom a gheibheadh e, 's e sin, an uair a bhiodh fear an tighe o 'n bhaile. O, arsa fear an tighe, 'S ann agadsa 'tha 'n coileach fiachail, Iain—na 'n reiceadh tu riun fhéin e, bheirinn dhuit tri cheud punn Sasunnach air. Ciod a ni mi fhéin, 's gur h e tha 'g am chumail suas le 'chuid fiosaichd. Ro cheart, arsa fear an tighe, ach bithidh e fuathasach riatanach dhòmhla a leithid a bhi agam. Tha mise coma o 'n is tu am fear a th' ann, ar's Iain, ged a bheirinn dhuit e air an tri cheud punn Sasunnach. Thug fear an tighe dhà an tri cheud agus thuir e ri Iain, e dh' fhuireach an oidhche sin 's gu'm falbhadh e an là air a-ath-mhàireach. Cha robh Iain deonach fuireach leis an eagal bh' air gu'n iarraidh air a' choileach fiosaichd a dheanamh. Thug fear an tighe an coileach do'n mhnaoi gus a ghlèidheadh. Dh' fhalbh ise 's chuir i an ciste mhóir e, ach, ciod is droch uair ach a dh' fhàg i an ceann aige air taobh a muigh claruachdair na ciste, agus thachdadh e. 'S e Iain còir a bha toilichte ged a bha e 'cumail a mach ri fear an tighe gu'n robh e duilich; ach dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh le 'thri cheud punn Sasunnach. An uair a ràinig e 'n tigh bha Alastair ag itheadh bhidh, 's dh' innis e dha gu'n d' fhuair 'e tri cheud punn Sasunnach air a' choileach. Is maith sin, ar's Alastair: cumaidh sin suas siun fhad 's is beo sinn. O, ar's Iain, cha laimhsich thu sgillinn ruadh dheth fhad 's is beò thu, faigh rud dhuit fhein. An uair a chuala Alastair so smaoinich e gu'm falbhadh e leis an fhàradh. Rinn e sin agus a' cheud bhaile mòr a thug e mach, chruinnich a' chlanna bheag mu'n cuairt da, agus thòisich iad air a ribeadh thall 's a bhos. Theich e as a' bhaile so agus thug e baile eile air, ach ged a bhiodh e anns a' bhaile fhathast cha 'n fhaigheadh e duine a bhreidh tairgse dha air an fhàradh. Bha 'n so an oidhche air tighinn, agus Alastair air ais 's air aghart air feadh na sràide. Mu mheadhon oidhche chunnaic e solus ann an uinneig gu h-àrd os a choinn. Chuir e am faradh suas ris a' bhalla dh' ionnsaidh na h-uinneig, 's ciod a bha 's an t sedmar ach ceathrar bhaintighearnan 'nan suidhe mu'n bhòrd. Chual e an seanchas a bh' ann, agus 's e sin, thuir an té bu shine dhiubh, nach b' fhuilear leatha gu'n tigeadh làn basaidh de 'n bhlonag aise dhéin. Thuir té de na baintighearnan a b'oige, gu'n robh gu leòr leatha fhéin làn truinnseir a thoirt aise. Chual' Alastair iad ag ràdh gu'm bhfada le bha 'n lighich gun tighinn, agus an ùine mhòr a bha o 'n a dh' fhalbh fear an tighe g' a iarraidh. Dh' aithnich Alastair gur h-ann a' feitheamh an lighich a bha iad, agus dùil aca ris a h-uile mionaid, los pairt de na bha anna de bhlonag a thoirt asda;

agus ciod a smaoinich e ach gn'n gabhadh e stigh far an robh iad, agus gu'n cuireadh e am fiachaibh dhoibh gu'm b' e e fhéin an lighich. Amhuil's mar a b' fhíor, ghabh e stigh. Shaoil leasau gu'm b' e an lighich a bh' ann. Dh' fhaighnich e dhiubh an robh iad deas. Thuirt iad gu'n robh. Ma ta, ars' Alastair, is obair gle dhuilich a tha sibh a' cur mu m' choinnimhsa an nochd, ach is fhéudar gu'n deanar i air a' shon sin. Cheangail e iad gu' tóiseachadh ri toirt diubh na blonaig. Dh' fhaighnich iad deth, c' áite an d' fhág e fear an tighe. Ghabh e choimhead caraid 'th' ann an áite tha'n sud, ars' Alastair, 's o'n nach 'eil d'ail aige tighinn dhachaidh an nochd, thuirt e riumsa sibhshe dh' innseadh dhómhsa an aite's am bheil an t-airgid an gleidheadh. Tha eagal orm nach urrainn duihbh innseadh dhomh an déigh a' bhlonag a thoirt asáibh. Thuirt mi ris gur fíchead punnd Sasunnach a bhithinn ag iarraidh air son mo shaothrach. An uair a chuala na boiríonnaich so thuirt iad ris, tha preas an sin air do chúlaoibh agus so dhuit iuchair, 's foscail e. Ghabh Alastair cóir an inchair, agus dh' fhosgail e 'm preas, 's ciod e a fhuair e ann ach míle punnd Sasunnach, 's a mach thug e cho luath 's a bh' aige.

Ach cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig fear an tighe 's an lighich, 's mur do ghabh iad iongantas an uair a fhuair iad na baintighearnan ceangailte air meadhon an lobhta. Cuidich mise! arsa fear an tighe, ciod a tha sibh a' deanamh ceangailte mar sin? Nach 'eil, ars' iadsan, an lighich 'chuir sibh fhéin a thoirt dhinn na blonaig. An e mise? arsa fear an tighe; cha do chuir mise lighich 's am bith thugaibh. Nach 'eil an lighich chaidh mise dh' iarraidh agam an so.

Dh' aithnich na baintighearnan nach robh an Alastair ach am mealltair mór. Seall, ars' iadsan, thuirt am fear a cheangail sinn an so gu'n d' iarr thu fhéin air a radh ruinne, sinn a thoirt dha a thuarasdail. Dh' innis sinn dha an t-áite 's an robh an t-airgid an gleidheadh, agus a' cheart cho luath 's a fhuair e e, am mach ghabh e. O! tha mise briste, arsa fear an tighe 's e leum a dh-ionnsaidh an áite 's an robh an t-airgid an gleidheadh aige, agus fhuair e gu'n deach a h-uile sgillinn deth a ghoid.

O! am bheil fada o'n a dh'fhalbh e, ars' esan. Faighear each dhómhsa, agus theid mi dh' fheuchainn am beir mi air. Bha Alastair úine mhath air falbh mu'n am so; ach ged a bha, bha amharus aige gu'm biodh an tòir air. Thachair duine air aig taobh a' mhíne, agus e 'buain feòir. 'S eadh, ars' Alastair, an dean thu fasdadh rium fad thri uairean an uaireadair, air chuig sgillinn Shasunnach? Ni mi, ars' an seann duine. 'S e an t-seirbhis a dh' iarras mi

ort, ma ta, ars' Alastair, thu 'dhol air do dha ghlùn fad thri uairean a thim, agus gun aon fhocal a thigbinn a mach as do bheul fad na h-uine; cuimhnic, ma their thu smid nach fhaigh thu sgillinn. Gu dearbh cha'n abair mise guth, ars' an duine agus an ruith na tri uairean. Rach air do ghluinean, ma ta, ars' Alastair. Rinn an duine sud, agus thòisich Alastair air cur an fheoir air a' mhuiu. Ach mar a bha an t-amharus aig Alastair, agus fios aige nach b' fhada gus an tigeadh iad air a thòir, thòisich e air cur an fheoir air muin an duine mar gu'm biodh e 'deanamh cruaiche dheth. Amhuil's mar a b' fhíor, co nochd a' tighinn air an rathad ach marcaich, agus is ann air fhéin a bha am fraoch. Dh' fhaighnich e de dh'Alastair am fa e duine dol seachad an rathad an diugh. Chunnac mi, ars' Alastair, agus 's ann air fhéin a bha 'chabhag. O! am méirleach bradach, ars' am marcaich, sin díreach am fear a ghoid mo chuid airgid; an urrainn duit innseadh dhoibh ciod e an taobh a thug e air? Is urrainn, ars' Alastair; agus tha fios agam na'm falbhainn fhéin as a dheigh leis an each sin a th' agad gu'n deanainn a mach cia an taobh a thug e air. Falbh ma ta, ars' am marcaich, agus beir air, agus bheir mi dhuit fíchead punnd Sasunnach an uair a thig thu leis. Bí-sa ma ta, ars' Alastair a' deanamh gurrucaig de'n fheur so gus an tig mi. Bithidh, ars' am marcaich. Dh' fhalbh Alastair; ach ma dh' fhalbh cha b' ann gu tilleadh ris a' mharaich. Ruith e'n t-each cho cruaidh 's a bh aige; ach an uair a bha e gu bhí aig na tighean leig e an t-each as —bha e'n so cinnteach gun robh e sábhailt. An uair a fhuair e am measg nan tighean, cha b' fhrasda 'dheanamh a mach tuilleadh. Ach am marcaich dh' fhuirich a' deanamh na cruaiche feòir gus an tigeadh Alastair air ais, 's e ghabh an t-uamhas an uair a thòisich a' chruach air gluasad. Co bha 'toirt oirre 'bhi gluasad ach an seann duine a rinn fasdadh ri Alastair, an uair a shaoil leis gu'n robh na tri uairean air ruith. Ach bha am marcaich 'cumail na cruaiche fotha cho maith 's a b' urrainn da, gus mu dheireadh an do leig an seann duine an éigh "murt." An uair chual 'am marcaich so, leig e leis an t-seann duine éirigh. An uair a dh' éirich e, thòisich e air iarraidh a thuarasdail, agus e'n duil gun h-e Alastair a bh' aige. Thuirt am marcaich ris. Cha'n fhaca mi riabh thu, dhuine. A thruthaire bhradaich, ars' an seann duine, nach d' thuirt thu rium gu'n d' thugadh tu dhomh cuig sgillinn Shasunnach, na'm fanainn an so fad thri uairean an uaireadair gun smid a thighinn a mach as mo bheul. Cha d' thuirt mi, ars' am marcaich. Nach ann agad a tha'n t-aodann dalma, ars' am bodach. An uair a chunnac am marcaich na fhuair e de dhroch cainnt, rug e air a' bhodach, agus rug am

bodach air. Bha iad an so a' gabhail da chèile gus an do leth-mharbh am marcaich am bodach. 'S e am marcaich bh'ann an so fear an tighe as 'n a ghoid Alastair an t-airgid. 'S e dh' éirich do 'n mharaich gu 'n deach a chur an làimh air son an diol a rinn e air a' bhodach, agus fhuair e sia miosan prìosain, a thuilleadh air a dhean-amh a mach gur h-e Alastair a ghoid a chuid airgid. Bha coguis gle fharsainn aige—shaoil leis gu'n robh e onorach gu leòr dha airgid an duine eile ghlèidheadh. Cha'n fhac e sgàth lochd ann.—*Sgeula Bharrach.*

:o:

THE REPORT ON PRISONERS FOR 1915.

The recently issued Report of the Prison Commissioners points to a marked diminution of crime since the outbreak of the war. Compared with lowland Scotland the Highland counties are singularly free from crime, even after allowance is made for the new offences under the Defence of the Realm Act and the application of naval and military law in such places as Cromarty, where men are assembled in large numbers.

The only regular prisons in the Highlands are those at Inverness and Stornoway, and the figures for 1915 make it clear that Stornoway Prison is no longer required. Prisoners may be detained for a period not exceeding five days at police cells in Lochgilphead, Inverary and Dunoon, and for a period of three days in the ordinary police cells at Campbeltown, Dingwall, Fort-William, Lochmaddy, Oban, Port Ellen and Portree. The number of persons committed to prison in 1915 was less than in any year for nearly half a century. In the Highlands the total admissions in the course of the year to places of detention were as follows:—

	Males.	Females.
Inverness,	569	50
Stornoway,	61	3
Campbeltown,	24	13
Dingwall,	59	11
Dunoon,	75	17
Fort William,	17	5
Inveraray,	1	0
Lochgilphead,	13	7
Lochmaddy,	3	1
Oban,	67	9
Port Ellen,	1	0
Portree,	7	1

897 127

The total admissions to Scottish prisons in 1915 amounted to 16,572 males and 4,879

females, and the Highland proportion of that total is eminently satisfactory.

Two explanations are given for the improved moral tone during the war period. In the first place lads of irregular habits have been absorbed into the naval and military forces, and into the next place the liquor restrictions improved matters particularly in populous places. No one had anticipated that there would have been such a diminution in poverty and crime as has occurred since the outbreak of the war, and this diminution provides a justification for the humane legislation which has been passed in recent years. Convicted persons now receive time for payment of the fines imposed upon them, and this enables many of them to avoid the penalty of imprisonment. Sometimes employers pay fines for their workmen in order to get them back to work. Such influences as these operate more in the industrial centres than in the Highlands, but it is all the more satisfactory to find that moral and social improvement in the Highlands keeps pace with that in the rest of the country.

The average daily number of persons in prison throughout the year 1915 was as follows:—

Inverness,	-	-	44
Stornoway,	-	-	2
Campbeltown,	-	-	1
Dingwall,	-	-	1
Dunoon,	-	-	1
Fort William,	-	-	0
Inveraray,	-	-	0
Lochgilphead,	-	-	0
Lochmaddy,	-	-	0
Oban,	-	-	1
Port Ellen,	-	-	0
Portree,	-	-	0

A daily average of only 50 persons under detention for crime throughout the whole Highlands (out of a total of 1724 for Scotland) is creditable evidence of the high moral standard of the Highland people.

:o:

Am fear aig am bi Ìm, gheibh e Ìm.

Cha 'n fhaodar a' bhò reic 'sa bannin òl.

Cha dean corrag mhilis Ìm.

:o:

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GLEUS E.

{ : r., m | l., t : l., s | m, s. - : d., d | s., s : m., m | r, d. -
 Seis—A ho rò, mo Mhàiri lurach, Do 'n d' thug mi mo ghaol cho buileach,
 { (d) : s., l | s., s : m., r | m, s. - : d., s | l., s : m' r' d | r : ||
 'S e dh' fhàg mi am bliadh'n' fo mhulad Nach fhaod mi fuireach ach gann a 'd chòir.

Nàile ! 's i mo ghaol a' ghruagach,
 Seang chorp fallain, thug mi luaidh dhuit,
 'S o nach fhaod mi deanamh suas riut
 Bidh mi togail suas nan seòl.

Bidh mo smuaintean anns gach àm ort,
 Ged a b' ann am bàrr nan crann mi ;
 Chuir thu seacharan am cheann sa,
 'S cha 'n amais mi air ceann nan ròp.

Bidh mi smuainteach ort 'nam leabaidh ;
 Bidh mi brùadar ort 'nam chadal ;
 Cha leig mi thu, ghaoil, as m' aire
 Fhad 's tha mi air thalamh beò.

'S tu mo chadal, 's tu mo dhùsgadh ;
 'S anns a' mhaduinn 's tu 's cruil-chiùil domh ;
 'S ann ort a leagainn mo chùrsa
 An uair a blithininn dùite 'n ceò.

Nàile ! 'S i mo ghaol an ainneir—
 Do dha ghruaidh mar chaor air mheangan,
 Fàileadh an t-subl-chraoibh de d' anail :
 'S gur tu m' aighear de 'n tha beò.

Moire ! 'S i mo ghaol an ribhinn—
 Com is deise leam a chl mi
 Mala chlaol mar it' an fhioreoin—
 'S toigh leam fhìn mo Mhàiri òg.

Na biodh cùram ortsa Mhàiri,
 Cha 'n ann 'ga do mhealladh tha mi,
 'S dòcha leam thu na mo mhàthair,
 Ged is i rinn m' arach òg.

Na bi thusa 'n dùil a ghruagach
 Gur h-e do stòras bha mi ruagadh ;
 Tha do thoichradh ann ad ghruaidhean ;
 B' fhèarr leam sud na buaile bhò.

REVIEWS.

The summer number of *Scottish Review* makes excellent reading, and, in comparison with other magazines, is cheap at a shilling. This is now the tenth part of the new series, and it more than maintains the promise of the earlier parts. The whole series is an excellent tonic for those who are liable to the disease of national decadence, or if you like lukewarmness. That it is boldly aggressive goes without saying—merit that is not common in our time. The articles in this number are varied and well written. The editor goes for the Union—hammer and tongs. He declares that the Union Treaty was passed by fraud and force, and is therefore, *ipso facto* null and void. It is a naked statement, but let those who can prove the contrary. The year 1717 was certainly a year of "shifts and subterfuges" in Scotland. The editor contends that the terms "Anglo-Celtic Empire" should be substituted for "British Empire," and "Anglo-Celtic forces" for British forces." The term "English Army" is correct, he says, when one wishes to particularise. It seems to be a difficult job to label a nation. Mr. William Diack writes with knowledge on "Scotland and War Finance." He evidently knows his subject, and we recommend our readers to peruse the article. There is an interesting and restrained article on the Newspaper Press by the editor of the *Ayrshire Post*. "The Degradation of Edinburgh," by Lewis Spence is trenchantly written.

George Moore in his novel "A Drama in Muslim" does the same thing, though in a different style, with regard to the city of Dublin. Both cities have fallen from their old estate. There is a tragic interest in Eoin MacNeill's scholarly article, "A Chapter of Hebridean History." There is a breezy, but well informed article, on the "European Importance of the Scottish Kingdom," by the Duke of Marr, and a delightful letter of delicate sarcasm under the name of "Philathes," the subject being "The Tree of Tradition." Altogether the *Scottish Review* makes excellent and stimulating reading, and deserves wide circulation.

NOTICE.

All literary contributions, accompanied by the name and address of the writer, should be addressed to Mr. DONALD MACPHIE, The Schoolhouse, Cumbernauld, and should reach him not later than the 18th of each month.

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AN DEO-GRÉINE

Leabhar XI.]

Darna Mios an Fhogharaidh, 1916.

[Earrann 12.

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AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

Na'n robh cùisean na rioghachd mar a b' àbhaist, 's ann mu'n àm seo a bhiodh luchd riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn a' deanamh deiseil airson a' Mhòid bhliadhnail. Ach thilg an cogadh mìlteach, a thainig oinn, nithean am broinn a cheile, cha'n e a mhàin am Breatunn, ach feadh na h-Eòrpa. Faodar a radh gu'n deach cùrs' an t-saoghail as a rian, agus gu bheil fìor fhéum aig créutairean a bhi a' stiùradh air cùrs' eile, ma 's e 's nach cail cinnich an toinise gu h-iomlan. Ma chuireas luchd riaghlaidh rioghachdan dìmeas air a' chàileachd 's an deagh bhéus a bhuineas do mhath an t-sluaigh anns an t-seadh is àirde, cha bhi ann ach an truaighe air a' cheann mu dheireadh.

Chuir an cogadh bacadh, car ùine, air rùntain iomadh còisir de gach seòrsa, agus cha b' urrainn gu'n seachnadh an Comunn Gaidhealach na thachair do chàch. Ged tha'n obair a ghabh e os laimh mòran bhliadhnachan roimhe seo ro-chudhthromach innte fhein, cha'n iognadh ged thiondaidh aire an t-sluaigh bhuaipe ann an

am gàbhaidh is bròin. Ach tha'n Comunn a' deanamh mar a dh'fhaodas e, agus mur deach aige air gach nì a bha 'na shùil a choimhlionadh, cha'n esan is coireach. Tha sgeirean 's an rathad nach 'eil soirbh a sheachnadh. Tha na càirdean a bhios 'g a ghriobadh an dràsda 's a rithist, mar gu'm b' àill leo a bhi a' cur 'na chuimhne nithean air an d'thainig e geàrr, a' smaoineachadh nach h-eil aig an long ach, mar gu'm b' eadh, iteag a ghearradh thar gach sgeir, an seòl-mór a thogail ris an t-soirbheas, agus seòladh gu h-uilleagach chun a' challa. Ach cha b'e sin mar a thachair.

Tha'n Comunn a nise mu chòig bliadhna fichead a dh'aois, agus gheibh sinn cuid a feòraich; ciod e idir a rinn e a thaobh na Gaidhlig re nam bliadhnachan sin. Cha bu mhathe leinn an dream seo a mheas buileach mar eascairdean. 'S ann tha amharus againn gu bheil iad làn dealais a thaobh adhartachadh ar canain agus math na Gaidhealtachd, agus gur h-e am faireachadh dealasach seo a tha 'gan brosnuchadh gu bhi faotainn coire far nach 'eil e soirbh gnothuichean a' leasachadh. Ma rinn an Comunn ach e cearbach (rud nach d' rinn) anns na bliadhnachan a dh'fhalbh, cha'n 'eil mòran stà ann a bhi a sior shealltuinn 'nar deidh, no a' monnmhur mu chùisean a dh'fhaodadh a bhi air a chaochladh. Leanaidh barrachd buannachd ri 'bhi sealltuinn romhainn agus mu'n cuairt duinn ma's miann leinn amas air an t-slighe 'tha treòrachadh gu tairbhe. Cho fad 's is aithne dhuinne, cha robh an Comunn o thoiseach a laithean 'na thamh, ged nach do lean piseach a h-uile oidhirp a ghabh e os laimh, no gach rùn a bh' aige 's an t-sùil. Is iomadh rud air an d' thug e ionnsaigh o àm a leanabais agus an ìre seo. A reir aois, faodar a' ràdh gu bheil e an diugh an àirde a neirt, cho smiorail

's a bha e riamh, agus cha bu mhisde do'n mhuinntir a bhios ag amharc cho biorach air na dh'fhiach e 'dheanamh, agus an seòl a ghabh e, a thoirt faineair an robh seòl eile ann a bheireadh mu'n cuairt barrachd de bhuannachd. Mur deach leis a reir a chuimse, no mur do lean a' bhuil ris an robh dùil, nochd e gràdh, agus deadh rùn, mur chor na Gaidhealtachd. Gheibhear a shaothair air a clo-bhualadh anns an *Deo-Gheine* a chaidh a thogail ri crann aon-abliadhna deug roimh 'n diugh, agus a' chuid eile ann am paipeirean Gaidhealach mar tha 'n *Oban Times*. Air an aobhar sin cha ruigear a leas a' phuig a' leudachadh. Cha ruig an Comunn a leas naire a ghabhail n'a obair. Bho thoiseach a laithean, bha e am bad Bòrd an Ionnasachaidh an Lunnainn, agus shaoil cuid, nach b' aithne an còrr, nach robh ann ach breith air amhaich air na daoine' uaisle, agus toirt orra an sporan a lirigeadh seachd gun smid! Ach cha dh'fhuair a' Ghaidhlig na bha dhith oirre, no na b' airidh i air. Co bu choir-each? Fagaidh sinn an toimheachan aig ar cairdean a tha taobh a muigh còmhla a' Chomunn. Cha bhi iad fada 'ga chagnadh mu 'm faigh iad a mach an gearran air am bu chòir an t-srathair a chur. Anna a bhi tagradh mu chòir dhligeach na Gaidhlig agus na Gaidhealtachd, cha 'n 'eil e soirbh a thuigsinn ciamar a rachadh an Comunn na b' fhaide na chaidh e, gu h-àraidh 'nuair a bha, agus a tha fhathast, mìoran de na Gaidheil fhein meagh bhlàth a thaobh an dleasnais. 'S e sin an cunnart is innta tha bagradh na Gaidhlig 'nar là—spiorad a' choma-co-dhiu. Na 'n mothaicheadh daoine air an t-suidheachadh-inntinn ris am bheil iad ceangailte, na 'n tilgeadh iad bhuatha na beachdan mi-duthchasach do 'n d' thug iad àite, agus gu 'n aontaicheadh iad air an aon ràmh; na 'm foillsicheadh iad do 'n Ghaidhlig an duinealas is dual daibh mu rudan eile, gheibheadh ise a còir 'na dùthaich fhein, agus cha bhiodh i mar a tha i an diugh na banoglaich air cùl na còmhla. Chuireadh an ceill uair no dha ann 'sa mhios-achan seo, gu'r e dleasnas nam muinntir a tha de 'n bheachd nach h-eil an Comunn a' deanamh na dh' fhaodadh e, co-bhann a dheanamh ris mar bhuill de 'chomhairlean. Tha 'n dorus farsuinn, fosgailte, agus 'se lan-diam-beatha tighinn. Is e sin is cubhaidhe na bhi ag èisdeachd ris a h-uile coileach a' gairm air a dhùnan fhein. Thigeadh iad ma ta ann an aium an aigh, agus gabhadh iad an sguabach, ma tha iad de 'n bheachd gu bheil feum aig an taigh air a reiteachadh, agus cuisean a shoerachadh air mhodh eile.

Anns na laithean mu 'n deach an Comunn Gaidhealach a chur air chois, cha robh cor na Gaidhlig ach dhlidh gu leòr, eadhon ged bha comuinn bheaga an cuid de bhailtean a' deanamh

an d'chill, agus grunnan beag de Ghaidheil àraidh a' strl ris an lasair a chumail beò 's a chrùisgein. Ach ionmholtas ged bha 'n obair, cha robh i a' ruigheachd bun a' ghnothach—cor na Gaidhealtachd. Cha 'n e ceòl, no ceilidhean, no coinneamhan àbhachdach air Galltachd (gasda ged tha sin uile) a mhaìu a tha 'dol a shabhaladh na Gaidhlig, ach comuinn is còiseiran anns gach sgìreachd air feadh na dùthcha. Is e seo an dòigh bu mhiann leis a' Chomunn Gaidhealach. Phlanntaich e meanglain is meòir mar a dh' fhaodadh e, agus chosg e mòran airgid ris an obair. Ach a dh' aindeoin plann-tachadh, is uisgeachadh, is cosgais, 's e spiorad na Gaidhlig a mhaìu—an seann spiorad dùth-chail—a bheir cinneas; rud nach 'eil comasach do chomunn 'sam bith a bhuileachadh mur duigs e ann an cridhe a' Ghaidheil fhéin. Ghnàthaich ar Comunn na meadhanan air son seo. Na b' fhaide cha b' urrainn e dhòl. Ach thatar 'ga bheumadh a chionn nach deach aig air a dheanamh rudan a bha do-dheanta! Nach leth-bhreitheach cuid de na Gaidheil fhein 'nuair a dh' èireas an cogull.

A rithist nochd an Comunn gle thràth a ghliocas, an uair a thug e faineair gu 'm feumte an bigridh anns na sgoilean a chumail 's an aire. Bha cunnart ann, agus tha sin ann fhathast, gu 'n cailleadh a' chlànn an greim' air cànan an sinnsre—an aon mheadhon trid an togadh iad eòlas eile an toiseach. A rithist bha enap-tuislidh—'san rathad. Cha robh bùird nan sgoilean càirdeil do chànan na dùthcha, ni mò tha cuid diubh fhathast. Aig iomadh àm mhinich an Comunn daibh an dleasnas. Cha tugadh iad feart. Cha robh a' Ghaidhlig fasanta gu leòr. 'S ann a bhatar 'ga meas mar nighean dhiolan an coimeas ri Fraingis is Laidionn. Chuireadh impidh air an t-sluagh troimh dhuilleachain àraidh a chaidh a chlo-bhualadh, agus a chraobh-sgoileadh, air a son. Chuireadh sìos anna gu soilleir, agus gu h-eagnaidh, an dleasnas a bhuineadh dhaibh mar Ghaidheil. A chuid nach do leugh an duilleachan, las iad a' phìob thombaca leis! 'S e sin a thatar a' cur orra co-dhiùbh. Agus tha feadhainn a' coireachadh a' Chomuinn a chionn nach 'eil barrachd Gaidhlig anns na sgoilean. Bu cheart cho math dhaibh a bheumadh a chionn nach do stad e an cogadh. Gun teagamh cha deach leis mar a bha dùil aige a thaobh 'oidhirpean airson cuideachadh airgid faotainn o luchd-riaghlaidh an fhoghlaim an Lunnainn. Ciamar a rachadh, 'nuair nach robh sluagh na Gaidhealtachd, troimh na Bùird Sgoilean, a' cur an taic ris a' chùis. Tha e aig an obair chéudna an dràsda, agus mur lean buil an ionnsaigh seo, cha 'n 'eil e soirbh fhaicinn roimh laimh cìod e 'thachras. Ach ge bith na thachras, ni an spàirn athnichte gu 'n d' rinn an Comunn Gaidh-

ealach a dhleasnas. An bi càch cinnteach gu'n d' rinn iad fhein na dh'fhaodadh iad ?

Faodar a ràdh an ceartas gu'n robh an Comunn 'na mheadhon air cinntinn nach bu bheag a thoirt mu'n cuairt a thaobh litreachas na Gaidhlig, agus a' chùil a' tha' n' còmhluaidh 'na cois. Is ann ri linn a' Chomuinn a rainig an ceol gu àirde na h-ìre aig am bheil e an diugh. Ghlac a ghrinneas aire dhaoine a bha tur aineolach air gus an sin, agus bha annas orra gu'n robh a leithid a sheadh fillte an ceol na Gaidhealtachd. Chaidh barrachd a leabhraichean Gaidhlig a chlo-bhualadh o chionn còig bliadhna fheadh na chaidh a chur a mach leth chlad bliadhna roimhe sin. A rithist chuidich an Comunn litreachas na Gaidhlig le bhi 'cur air chois co-fharpuisean aig na Moid, agus bha seo 'na mheadhon air an rathad a' reiteachadh airson leabhraichean beaga tlachdnhor, agus roisgeulan, a chur fa chomhair an t-sluaigh. Ged tha na leabhraichean sin air an reic aig pris a fhreagras do'n sporan is bochda, tha e 'na aobhar nàire aideachadh nach 'eil Gaidheil a' deanamh an dleasnaid d' an taobh. Caithidh iad sia sgillinn no tasdan, gu toileach, air roisgeulan Beurla gun bheag brìgh, ach is suarach le leabhar Gaidhlig. Cha cheannach iad eadhon an *Deo-Greine* fhein, ged tha e air a thairgse dhaibh airson sgillinn ruadh 's a mhios —pris nach-pàigh mòran a bharrachd air na duilleagan a tha 'ga dheanamh suas, gun bluruidhinn air cosgais a chlo-bhualaidh. Gu cinnteach 's iongantach an car a tha'n càil Gaidheil ar latla. Mur bhitheadh an aireamh thaghta tha mar shalann 'nam measg, bha Gaidhlig fo lùc fada roimhe seo. Ma sheallas sinn air ais air mar a dh' éirich do'n *Teachdaire Gaidhealtach*, do'n *Chuairtear*, do'n *Ghaidheil*, do'n *Cheiltach*, agus miosachain eile, chì sinn gu'n do bhàsaich iad uile an ìre an leanabais, math mar a bha iad. Agus ged tha'n *Deo-Greine* a nise aig toiseach a dhusan bliadhna, bhiodh e fo lùc mar tha càch mur bhitheadh gu bheil an Comunn 'ga bheathachadh agus 'ga chumail air a chasan. Cha'n 'eil fios aig na Goill air seo, agus is dòcha gu bheil e cho math. Dh'fhaodadh na Cuimrich agus na h-Eirionnaich leasan a theagasc dhuinn—gu h-àraidh na Cuimrich. Tha iadsan a' dol air adhart 'nan dòigh fhein, air an socair, ach dleas do'n dùthaich 's do'n cànan. Tha na h-uraid a phaipeiran acasan 'nan cainnt fhein. Ach tha e coltach gu bheil Gaidheil Albainn air fàs cho spìocach 's nach dùraichd iad fù sgillinn a chosg air dad a bhuineas do'n dùthaich fhein. Gu dearbha tha e coltach gu bheil Ephraim ceangailte r'a iodhalan, agus cha'n 'eil againn ach leigeadh leis.

Mar chomh-dhùnadh air na thubhairt sinn, gabhaidh sinn an cothrom seo air son facal

rabbaidh. Tha'n Comunn a' dol a ghabhail os laimh, cha'n e rudeigin, ach rud sònraichte air dòigh shònraichte, a dheanamh an ainm na Gaidhealtachd. Tha e 'dol a thoirt cothrom do gach Gaidheal, air Galtachd's air Gaidhealtachd, ainm a chur ri paipeir-tagraidh a theid a chur fa chomhair nan uasal sin ris am bheil cùisean foghlum an earbsa. An uair a thig an t-àm, tha dòchas againn nach diùlt neach 's am bith, a dh'fhaicreas urad agus aon bhoine de fhuil a shinnse a' bualadh 'na chuise, a dhleasnas a dheanamh. Mur dean, cha'n 'eil aig a' Gaidheal, 'nar beachd-ne, ach a lèmhnan a phasgadh, a shùilean a dhùnadh, an teine a smàladh, agus am bàs a leigeil air fhein. Tha àm an dearbhaidh dlùth oirn. Feumaidh sinn ar roghainn a dheanamh aig dealachadh nan roidean. An ann deiseal no tuathal? Ma's ann tuathal, is gath na h-ionndrainn ar cùibhrionn—cinneadalachd air chall—a' Gaidhlig air a tacadh le guth na Beurla—an t-sean chagait fuar—na h-eibhlean as—Solas coinneach air lùc an teinntein—seann nòsan air an dubhadh as, agus an grinneas a ghlac aire nan daoine bu ghéire breithneachadh air a dhath le càil an ama! Ciamar tha'n dealbh a còrdadh ribh a Gaidheala? Thugaibh aon suil air an sgàthan. Ciod e an ionhàigh tha'n sud? Mo chreach, ablach Goill, measan eadar da-ghnè, agus feileadh beag air! Hach, arsa fear an sud 's an seo—anam cailte cheana le malairt agus gaol an airgid—ciod e am math a bhi bòilich mu Gaidhlig? Cha'n fhaic sinne cunnart aon. Tha fios nach fhaic; ciamar a chitheadh 's an suilean air an dalladh.

Creideadh daoine no nach creid, tha'n t-àm am fagus anns am fèin sinn sàil a chur an greim, agus ar duirn a dhùnadh, ma's e 's gu'n ath-choisinn sinn ar dùthaich, agus gu'n sàbhail sinn an comharradh leis an còir a h-aithneachadh. Cha'n e sin feileadh beag no pìob ach A' GHAIDHLIG. Am bheil sinn a' dol a reic ar dùthaich? Am bheil sinn a' dol air faighe, no iasad flaotainn o'n t-Sasunnach? An sinne an aon chinneadh am measg chinnich na h-Eòrpa a shuidheas gu socair, màirnealach, 's ar beatha a' sìodlad as? Cha do chaisg an cogadh glaoch cinnidh nan Litluanianach, nam Polach, nam Bohemianach, ge searbh mar tha'm fulangas 'san àmhuinn. Air ar son-ne cha chluinnear ach biog an dràsda 's rithist. Ma dh'fhàs an t-isean 'na choileach tha'n t-àm aige gairm. Dùisgibh a Gaidheala, deannamh iorghuill, a chum agus gu'm faigh bhur cànan a coir dhlighreach, agus gu'n gabh sibh seilbh air bhur dùthaich.

—:O:—

Iasgach amadain—corra bheathach mór.

Is lom an cladach air an cunntar na faochagan.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

I have pleasure in offering the members of An Comunn through the pages of "An Deo Gréine" hearty congratulations on the occasion of the Association's Semi-Jubilee. Had times been normal doubtless other and more adequate steps would have been taken to celebrate the event. But we are completing the first twenty-five years of our existence at a time when the country is in the midst of the most stupendous conflict it has every waged, and when the minds of men and women are oppressed by anxiety and sorrow. Happily the anxiety is relieved by hopefulness, and the sorrow tempered by pride in the heroic achievements of our men at the front, and by the splendid fashion in which the nation as a whole has responded to the needs of an unprecedented situation.

No part of the country has given more freely of its young manhood to the Army and Navy than the Highlands of Scotland; in no region were there fewer gleanings left to be gathered by conscription. The patriotism of the Highlands, which was never in question has been signally illustrated in this war. From the homes of gentle, and simple, the men of the North and West have freely gone forth to do battle in this great struggle for civilization and freedom. In many hundreds of these homes there is at this moment mourning and sorrow for those who will never return. But the majority, please God, will return, and when they do come back, it will be to a country and a people, it is earnestly to be hoped, eager to show practically their gratitude for the magnificent service rendered by these heroes. It may confidently be expected that many of these battle-scarred veterans, when the hardships and dangers, the terrific strain and stress of these fateful years are past, will welcome the prospect of settling down in the serene atmosphere of the glens, and under the restful shade of the Highland hills. By the goodwill and co-operation of all concerned, we look for a speedy re-settlement of the waste spaces of the Highlands, and when the new holdings are being allocated, the claims of native Highlanders will, it is hoped, be satisfied before those of strangers are considered. New communities will spring up, we trust, in places that are now desolate, and, in these new settlements, it must be our business to see to it that the native language has a chance. The restoration will be sadly incomplete, unless the Gaelic is also re-instated.

I do not propose to attempt any review of the work of the past twenty-five years. It would be impossible to do it satisfactorily in the few sentences to which I must restrict myself. The retrospect, while it contains dis-

appointments, presents many features fitted to encourage us. From the modest beginnings of five and twenty years ago, the Association has grown into a powerful and influential organisation, known and respected for its work's sake, wherever Highlanders who love the Gaelic are to be found. It has been the most effective force in educating public opinion regarding the claims of Gaelic, and in creating among Gaelic speakers a livelier appreciation of the trust they have inherited, and a clearer conception of their duty to bequeath it unimpaired to their successors. The war has, for the present, laid an arresting hand upon its work, but the war will not last for ever, and it may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the Association will be in a position to resume its usual activities.

There will be considerable leeway to make good, and enterprises, temporarily suspended because of the war, must be taken up and prosecuted vigorously. Especially must the Association persist in its endeavours to persuade the people of the Highlands to take a deeper interest in the welfare of their own language. Gaelic will not be kept alive by the Gaels of the cities, let them be ever so active and enthusiastic. If the language is to survive, it must be by the devotion to it of the Gaelic speaking men and women, especially the fathers and mothers, of the Highlands. It is a truism, but one that cannot be too often repeated, that the Gaelic speaking people of the Highlands and Islands have the matter in their own hands, and the business of our Association must be to stir them into a worthy enthusiasm regarding it. It was on recognition of the fact that everything depended upon local interest, that prompted the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn, a few years ago, to devote their main energies to the establishment of branches throughout the country, whose business it would be to promote the interest of the language in all legitimate ways each within its own area. Many of these branches have done excellent work. At present they can do but little, but, after the war, when normal conditions return, much will be expected of them.

May I take this opportunity, Mr. Editor, of congratulating yourself upon your successful conduct of the Magazine and especially upon the high excellence of your Gaelic contributions to its pages.

—:—:—

Is olc an t-aoidh is misd' an tigh.

Beathaich thusa mise an diugh 's beathaicheadh mise thusa am maireach.

Is ionadh m'ir a thug thu do'n bheul a mhol thu.

'S E MO CHEIST AN GILLE DONN.

GLEUS F.

{ | m ., r : d ., d | r ., m : d' }
 Seis—Hithill - en na hillean i,
 { | t ., l : l ., d' | t , l . - : s }
 Hithill - en na hillean ó;
 { | m ., f : s ., s | l ., t : d' ., }
 Fàill - ill éil - e's hò - ro i,
 { , l | l . s . m : r . d . r | m , d . - : d || }
 Mo thruaighe mi mur faigh mi thu!

'S e mo cheist an gille donn
 Théid do chrannaibh árd nan long;
 'S ged bhíodh tu gun nì, gun fhonn,
 A t'aodach lom gu'n gabhainn thu.

M'eudail, m'aighear is mo luaidh
 'Seòladh árd air druim a' chuain;
 Saoidh mi an ceann gach uair,
 Gu'n tig thu nuas g'am amharc sa.

Tha mi 'n so mar dhruid an crann
 'S ise 'n déigh a h-èòin a chall;
 Seacharan air dol a'm cheann;
 'S ged thig an t-àm, cha chaidil mi.

Litir fhuair mi bhuait a nall
 Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' phann;
 Thàin' an Nollaig 's dh' fhalbh an t-am
 O'n gheall thu tighinn a'm amharc-sa.

Thasgaidh bhlaith mo chridh' 's mo chléibh,
 Chuireadh tu air feadan gleus;
 Dhannasadh tu air ùrlar réidh
 Gu lùghor, eutrom, aighearach.

Gur e mise tha gu truagh
 'S caolas eadar mi 's mo luaidh,
 Na'm biodh e 'na rathad cruaidh
 Gu'n ruiginn uair 'san t-seachdain thu.

Tha mi gun airgead is gun òr;
 Cha 'n e so a rinn mo leòn,
 Ach nach fhaic mi thu ri m' bheò
 A' seòladh taobh an fhearainn so.

Cha b'e airgead, 's cha b'e òr
 An robh mi òg an t-òir;
 Ach na dh' fhalbh air long nan seòl,
 'S a choidhch' ri m' bheò nach fhaigh mi thu.

—From "Binneas nam Bard."

—O:—

Cnuasachd uircein—buain is itheadh.

GAELIC LITERATURE IN THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY.

An Comunn Gaidhealach this year attains its semi-jubilee. The time seems appropriate for furnishing a brief survey of recent achievement in Gaelic literature. No attempt is made in this article to cover the whole ground, yet, while the Gaelic achievement will receive the larger measure of attention, some note will also be taken of the contribution made by Gaels to English literature and to science.

In Gaelic poetry as in English nearly all the brighter stars of the nineteenth century went down beneath the horizon before the new century came in, while the younger orbs have perhaps not yet reached their full brilliancy. Of the older poets Neil MacLeod, the Skye bard, died in 1913, and Henry Whyte, "Fionn," in the same year. Editions of the "Clarsach an Doire" appeared in 1902 and 1909, while a fair share of "Fionn's" work belongs to this century. The poetical contributions of John MacFadyen, Glasgow (Poems 1902), Colonel John MacGregor and Rev. Neil Ross, Edinburgh, appear from time to time in Gaelic periodicals. Malcolm MacFarlane has also published a good deal of Gaelic verse. Mr. MacFarlane is a prolific editor and his "Binneas nam Bard" has been described as a storehouse of Gaelic music and song. In 1906 he published "Selected Poems," and in 1908 "An Londubh," "Am Brudhearg," and "An Smerach." The "Translations and Poems" of T. D. Macdonald appeared in 1903. The "Dusgadh na Feinne" of Mrs. K. W. Grant and her cantatas "The Infant School" and "The Mermaid" combine musical and dramatic talent. Mrs. Grant has also furnished a vigorous rendering into Gaelic of the National Anthem. Other examples of her power as a translator may be seen in her book "Aig Tigh na Beinne." Hector MacDougall's Gaelic comedy "The Conquering Love" (1911) was a popular feature at the Glasgow Clachan. J. N. MacLeod and J. MacCormick have published numerous Gaelic dramatic interludes. Highland verse in an English dress is to be found in the specimens given by Malcolm C. MacLeod in his "Modern Gaelic Bards" (1908); in Dr. Dugald Mitchell's "Book of Highland Verse" (1912), (a well selected anthology arranged in order of date); and in the songs and croons published by Alice C. Macdonnell of Keppoch, Frances Tolmie and Mrs. Kennedy Fraser whose "Songs of the Hebrides" are the fruit of careful gleanings in the outer islands. There are other happy examples of such collections of regional poetry. The Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan, collaborating with the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity, enriched

Gaelic literature with "The Macdonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry" (1911), a monument of patient scholarship developed from "The Uist Bards" of 1894. The two historians of Clan Donald deserve well of all Gaels. Dr. Sinton's "Poetry of Badenoch" (1906), a welcome addition to the same class of poetry, was the fruit of many years labour in the glens of the eastern Highlands. Recently there has been a further accession in J. N. MacLeod's "Bardachd Leodhais" (1916), in which the work of recent Lewis poets is set forth along with the poems of the late John Smith of Iarsiaider.

Much has been done in recent years to furnish scholarly texts of the classical Gaelic poets. Dr. Hew Morrison has provided a careful edition of "Rob Donn" (1904), whose poems had been edited by the Rev. Adam Gunn and Malcolm MacFarlane in 1899. As the original edition of Rob Donn's works (1829), by Dr. MacIntosh Mackay left much to be desired, admirers of the northern poet ought to be thankful for the labours of recent editors. The Rev. George Calder, in editing Duncan Ban MacIntyre (1912), not only furnished a careful text of the original, but also a metrical English rendering in which the form of translation imposed somewhat severe limitations upon the translator. The Rev. Donald MacLean has issued a scholarly edition of Dugald Buchanan (1913), while a new edition of "Mac Mhaighstair Alastair" is included among the recent announcements.

The new century brought with it a sustained advance in every department of Highland music. Here the stimulating influence of An Comunn is clearly marked. Not only within the Highlands but far beyond its borders, Celtic music is a conquering power. The influence upon English music, begun by the late Sir A. MacKenzie in the last century, has been powerfully continued by the late Hamish MacCunn, and Professor Granville-Bantock. The war rendered Highland pipe music familiar in every quarter of Europe, and on battle fields the world over. In 1901 Dr. K. Norman Macdonald whose "Gesto Collection" is now so well known published "Mouth Tunes" (songs for dancing).

A stalwart beginning has now been made with the production of Gaelic fiction. The romantic stories of Dr. Neil Munro breathe such an intensely Gaelic atmosphere, that it seemed but a step of transition to pass from the English of these stories direct to the Gaelic itself. Mr. John MacCormick may be said to have led the way. "Breezes from the West" and "A Soldier's love" appeared in 1908. Three years later came the "Storyteller of the Shore" and "The Storyteller of the Sheiling," and in 1913 that widely appreciated romance "Dunaline" which shewed what could be done

in Gaelic fiction. Mr. Angus Robertson's "An t-Ogha Mor" (1913), worthily takes rank by the side of John MacCormick's romance, while meantime the stories of Hector Macdougall have been acquiring an ever growing popularity.

In general literature many names would require mention if the whole field were covered. Dr. Cameron Gillies, after publishing several useful Gaelic text-books, issued in 1906 his "Place names of Argyllshire." Books on Celtic place names have been frequent in recent years, but no one has handled the subject with more acceptance than Professor Watson, LL.D., whose "Place Names of Ross-shire" (1905) has become a classic among books of the kind, and "Rosg Gaidhlig," recently published, also deserves notice. In the "Races of Scotland" (1916), Mr. W. C. MacKenzie bestows much research and learning on the subject of place names, as well as upon that of racial origins. Mr. Alexander R. Forbes treats of "Gaelic Names of Beasts" (1905). Foremost among Gaelic essayists are the late Donald MacKechnie, whose poems and essays entitled "Am Fear Ciuil" (1910) earned for him the title of the Gaelic Addison, and Mr. Kenneth MacLeod, who yields in charm to no living writer of Gaelic. Mr. MacLeod's valuable assistance in connexion with the "Songs of the Hebrides" is widely known. Dr. Geo. Henderson, whose untimely death deprived Gaelic literature of a promising ornament, besides editing the poems of "Iain Gobha" and "Leabhar nan Gleann," published his Glasgow lectures in two volumes entitled "Religious Beliefs of the Celts" in which he sets forth the more philosophical aspects of primitive rites and beliefs, and "The Norse Element in Celtic Scotland." Dr. Magnus MacLean has published lectures on the Literature of the Celts (1902), and the Literature of the Highlands (1910); the Rev. Donald MacLean has written carefully and concisely upon the same topic, while Malcolm C. MacLeod has limited his critical attentions to the bards. William Mackay, LL.D., Inverness, whose "Urquhart and Glen-Moriston" (new edition 1914), is a model of what a local history should be, combining a broad general grasp of national history with a meticulous attention to local detail, has for forty years been a pillar of the Gaelic Society of Inverness which contributes from year to year valuable original work in Highland history, archaeology, and philology. The new edition of Dr. Fraser MacIntosh's "Antiquarian Notes" (1913) also reflects credit upon northern scholarship, while Mr. Alexander Macdonald's "Story and Song from Loch Ness-side" (1914) provides, in a blend of Gaelic and English, an attractive account of old time life in the Great Glen. Other worthy names in the field of philology and history deserve to be

noted. Though the published work of the late Professor Donald MacKinnon does not adequately disclose his profound knowledge of Gaelic, yet his personal influence has been widely disseminated by generations of students. The dictionaries of Malcolm MacFarlane, Dr. Alexander MacBain, and Ewan MacDonald have enshrined the Gaelic vocabulary for future generations, and at the same time disclosed its wealth of scientific interest. Norman MacLeod's work in Gaelic Grammar is widely appreciated. Biographies in English by Dr. Donald MacMillan (of Dr. George Matheson) by Rev. Alexander Macrae (of Dr. Aird), and by Evan MacLeod Barron (of "Prince Charles's Pilot"), are examples culled from the ever growing department of Highland biographical literature. Dr. James MacKinnon has written worthily upon "Culture in early Scotland" and William C. MacKenzie's carefully compiled "History of the Hebrides," was welcomed not only in the Islands, but by all who are interested in Highland history. The late Dr. Dugald Mitchell aptly described in its title his "Popular History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland." The "History of the Province of Cat" by the late Rev. Angus Mackay, while it adheres to the older authorities and feudal traditions, gives evidence of research and independence. In general Scottish history no recent writer is more esteemed than Mr. William L. Matheson.

The work of J. F. Campbell of Islay in the field of folklore was worthily continued by Dr. Alexander Carmichael who in 1901, published "Carmina Gadelica," a book which at once took a front place in the estimation of all lovers of old Highland custom and tradition. Dr. Carmichael in 1905 published "Deirdre," which revived the interest in Ossianic poetry, while he made many charming contributions to periodical literature. The folktales collected by the Rev. James MacDougall of Duror (1910), continued work upon Highland lore and superstitions by which the Rev. J. Gregorson Campbell of Tiree gained a wide reputation. The late Lord Archibald Campbell also worked in this field. Among current writers upon folklore Mr. J. MacRitchie and Miss F. Tolmie are always welcome writers; Canon J. A. MacCulloch (formerly of Portree), besides his "Misty Isle of Skye" (1905), has written copiously upon folklore and the history of religion.

Gaelic has never developed a strong periodical literature. Compared with what is done in Wales and Ireland the output is meagre. Mention has to be made however of one or two who have struggled manfully to maintain a creditable periodical literature, and in doing so have too often had to encounter the chill of apathetic support. The pages of the "Celtic

Review," consecrated to the more abstruse themes of philology and archaeology, do sometimes contain matter which is down to the level of the Gaelic man in the street. The Hon. R. Erskine has for twelve years gallantly maintained "Guth na Bliadhna" whose growing vitality may justify one in believing that it has now been firmly established. In the "Celtic Monthly," long maintained by the late John Mackay, and since his death continued by Mrs. Mackay, are set forth old Highland history and tradition in Gaelic and English prose and verse. It should not be out of place to refer here to the Gaelic articles of Mr. D. Macphie in "An Deo Greine," always read with much acceptance. Angus Henderson, Stirling; the Rev. D. Lamont, Blair-Atholl, and Dr. M. Sinclair, London, names familiar to all Gaelic readers, invest their writings with the charm ever attaching to idiomatic Gaelic. The growing reputation of Dr. Norman MacLean as a charming English essayist, is to be ascribed in no small measure to the Gaelic influence which pervades his style.

In conclusion reference must be made briefly to the achievements in the domain of science. Scientific results are usually set forth in English, but at least one Gaelic work falls to be referred to. In 1911 Dr. Cameron Gillies published a scholarly edition of "Regimen Sanitatis" a Gaelic medical manuscript of the early 16th century, which had been a sort of professional commonplace book of the Macbeaths, physicians to the Lords of the Isles. Coming to later day achievement, Sir Donald MacAlister and Principal J. Y. Mackay made useful contributions to Anatomy and Physics before devoting themselves to academical administration. The research work of Professor J. A. MacWilliam, F.R.S., in Physiology is to be found in his papers communicated to the Royal Society. Dr. Magnus Maclean's name is as familiar to students of physics as it is to students of Celtic literature. Dr. Angus MacGillivray ranks among the leading exponents of ophthalmology. No European scholar occupies a higher position among archaeologists than Sir J. G. Fraser of "The Golden Bough" while in Scottish archaeology and numismatics there is to-day no more esteemed name than that of Dr. George Macdonald. Sir William MacGregor, G.C., M.G., in his official Reports for many years from various parts of the empire, particularly New Guinea, Nigeria, and Queensland, has enlarged the bounds of the sciences of geography, zoology, and anthropology.

H. F. CAMPBELL.

—:O:—

Is maith a sheòladh an rathad am fear nach bi maith air an aoidheachd.

CÓMHRADH EADAR CATRIONA 'S ANNA.

An t-áite—HÓ-GEARRAIDH AN UIDHIST A TUATH.

Tha Catriona 'n a bantrach, agus Anna a piuthar 'n a seanna-mhaighdean. Tha iad a' fuireach còmhla ann am bothan beag. Cha tric leo 'bhi' còrdadh uair 'sam bith, agus ge b' e toll a ni Catriona, cuiridh Anna tarrag ann.

Catriona — Anna, 's fhearr dhuit cliabh mònadh a thoirt dhachaidh, agus bheir mi fhéin sgriob air an tigh gus an tig thu.

Anna—Tà, éudail, 's iomadh òrdugh tha mi faighinn uat, bho mhoch gu dubh. Bu chòir gu mòr dhuit fhéin a dhol ann. 'S e do dhruim mór as fulangaiche air a' chliabh—ach 's dona rud an leisg fhéin, agus 's mór do chuid dhith.

Catriona—Uisd, a nis, Anna. Na bi togail buairidh mar sin, 's fìos glé mhat agad gu 'm bheil mo dhruim-sa gu sgàineadh leis a' ghreim-lòine—rud tha eagal orm nach dealaich rium. Tha 'n cliabh-mònadh 'g a mo mharbhadh buileach, 's a' toirt ceadail na h-oidhche uam.

Anna—O thà. “Tha thu dona, dona leis. Cha deach' thu raoir bho 'n teine leis.” Tà, bu ghlé choltach sin riut an raoir gun teagamh, agus srann agad a chuireadh na h-eich as a' choirce. Cha d'fhuair mi laic leat bho ghairm an coileach, agus 's gann is urrainn mi 'n aon chas a shladadh an dèidh na t-éile 'n diugh.

Catriona—Nì sud an gnothuch a nis, Anna. Cha 'n 'eil math a bhi mu dheighinn. Theid sinn do 'n mhòine còmhla a' maireach, 's na cluinneam an còrr dhe do chonnsachadh mosach. Na can an còrr.

Anna—Uill, uill, ma tha, 's math an t-sith am measg chàirdéan. Nach fhaca mi Mairi Ailein an dé 's bha i 'g ràdh rium gu 'n robh i fhéin agus Eilidh Mhór a' gearradh feoir a' chlaidh air an t-seachduin so chaidh, agus 'n uair a bha iad aig uaigh a' Cheannaiche Ruadh, nach ann a chuir Eilidh a cas air an uaigh, agus ars' ise, “'s iomadh ubh breagha thug mi dhuit gun mhóran air a shon.”

Catriona—O mo chreach mhór 's mo léir-eadh. Nach b' oilteil sin—seadh air an uaigh aige, agus an Ceannaiche Ruadh 'n a ùir 's na thalamh bho chionn fada.

Anna—Cha robh guth bréige aice. Cha robh ann ach an triuthaire gu 'bhrògan—smior a' mhadaidh, 's cha b' e cheannach a dheadh e—mac samhail 'athar. Nach tug e air bantrach Dhonnachaidh cunntas a bh' air an duin' aice phàigheadh dà uair. Na a chuireadh an cèard na duthan air na dathan !

Catriona—O salachar nan seachd sitgean a bh' ann, duine cùthach sanntach, ged is beag a thug e leis de na bha 's a' mhogan ghrànda. Dia

eadar mi 's an samhla aige. Cha b' iognadh idir ged a thuit Gilleasbuig a' ghlinne nach robh ann am móran de na ceannaichean ach “ràcanan leis an diabhull.”

(Domhnall Mór na Créithich a' tighinn a stigh)—

Bheil sibh air 'ur casan uile so ?

Catriona—O 's math nach 'eil sinn na 's miosa. 'S dàna 'bhi gearrain agad sinn air ar caomhnadh fhathast, 'n uair a tha 'm bàs cho tric mu 'r timcheall. An robh thu fhéin air an tiodhlacadh an diugh, a Dhomhnall ?

Domhnall—O cha d'fhuair mi ann. Rug a' bhó bhàn an diugh, 's tha mo mhàthair cho leth-sgòdach leis an ròs air caol a dùirn bho chionn seachduin.

Catriona—O tà, Dhomhnall, cuimhnich thusa mar a tha 'n Sgrìobtar ag ràdh, “Na di-chuimhnich na tiodhlacan.”

Anna—Uisd a nise, Chatriona. Thòisich thusa le do dhi-mothaiche. Cha 'n e sin an ciall a th' aig an t-salm sin idir.

Catriona—Dé math dhuit a bhi bruidheann a nise. Nach cuala mo dhà chluais aig a' mhinistear e là na Sàbaid, agus am bheil thu gabhail ort a ràdh gu bheil esan briagach. Tha meomhair agam fhéin pailt na 's fhearr na th' agad-sa, ged nach d'fhuair mi cothrom air sgoil 'us leig 'n uair a bha mi òg mar a fhuair thusa.

Anna—Sguir dhe do ghlagadaich, oinnseach. 'S e tha “tiodhlacan” a' ciallachadh mar gu 'n canadh tu “*présantan*”—nach e Dhomhnall ; 's math tha fhios agad-sa.

Domhnall—O 's e gun teagamh—'s e “*présant*” a tha cumanta 'n ar measg-na.

Catriona—O fhearaibh, féumaidh gur mór an rud a' foghlum fhéin. 'S iomadh searmon mór a chuala mise. Chuala mi 'n Dotair Aird aig trì òrduighean, 's cha chuala mi iomradh riamh aige air “*présant*” no dad coltach ris, ach stad thusa gus am faic mi Mgr. Domhnall, théid fhoigheachd d'èth an clàr an aodainn dé 's ciall do 'n rann. Tha mi deimhinn nach 'eil a' facal “*présant*” eadar dà chlàr a' Bhiobuill ó dhiù. Sin agad Anna cnaimh dhuit agus fìach t-fhiacail air, ged is beachdail thusa 's do mhinneachadh air na h-uile ni.

Anna—Siuthad, siuthad ma tha. Dean do thoil mhat fhéin. 'S math leat sgairbh a thoirt á creagan dhuit fhéin cò dhiù. Dé mar a chòrd an t-iasgach riut am bliadhna, Dhomhnall ?

Domhnall—O glé mhat. Rinn sinn móran sgadain 's bha prìsean ciatach ann.

Catriona—An robh ministearan móra agaibh ?
Anna—'S e thusa 'n na ministearan ! Gu dearbh fhéine, 's ann bu chòir do Mgr. Lee “*Bible woman*” a dheadh dhiot fhéin. 'S tu chumadh an connsachadh ri clann-nighean an sgadain.

Domhnall—O bha, daoine sgairteil. Ah, bhoirionnaich! chunnaic mi aon fhear Gallda searmonachadh air an t-sràid air oidhche Shàbaid 's cha chreid mi gu'n robh Fionn na Féinne fhéin na bu sgairteile. Tha mi deimhinn gu'n robh 'n ceann a bh'air uibhir ri cliabh maoraich, 'san uair a dh' fhosgladh e 'bhial, chluinneadh tu air sheachd bealaichean e.

Catriona—'Dhuine chridhe, bu mhath a bhi 'g a éisdeachd.

Anna—'S mór a thuigeadh tu dheth Chatriona —thuigeadh dìreach a cheart uibhir 's a thuigeadh tu de aifrionn an t-sagairt. An robh 'n t-òrgan agaibh, a Dhomhnall?

Domhnall—O bha, Anna's b'e sin an t-òrgan. Chitheadh tu mu dhusan de phìoban móra coltach ri puist airgid suas gu mullach na h-eaglais, agus a' fuaim a bhiodh a sin 'n uair a bheireadh a' fear-cluich srann air—dh'fhéumadh tu do mheòran a chur 'n a do chluasan. Cha 'n 'eil mise tuigsinn air an t-saoghal ciamar a dh' ionnsaich e 'chluich. Cha 'n e mhàin gu'n robh e cluich le dhà lismh air teudan dubha 's geala measg a chéile, ach bha e 'g obair le 'chasan cuideachd, agus bheireadh tu do mhionn-an gur h-e casaichean beairt-fhighe Sheorais Dhuinn a bh' aige. Bha cnagan 's cinn gheala orra air taobh an òrgain 's tharruingeadh e mach fear, dhiubh an dràda 's a rithist, 's cha bu luaithe bha stob sin a mach 'n a chuireadh e fear eile stigh gu h-ealamh—dìreach Anna, mar gu 'n rachadh tu gu dorus mór Mgr. Domhnall agus gu 'm buaileadh tu an clag.

Catriona—O dhuine. "'S lionmhòr t-òibre iongantach," mar a tha Daibhidh còir ag ràdh. Bu ghlé thoil leam fhéin òrgan mar sin fhaicinn.

Anna—Sin thusa. Thòisich do chorp ort. Thu fhéin 's "t-òibre iongantach." Na faiceadh tu am *Broomielaw* agus na soithichean, gu dearbh fhéine bhiodh rud-eigin agad ri 'ràdh.

Catriona—O seadh dìreach, Anna chòir, nu chunnaic thu fhéin am *Broomielaw* 's bochd nach do chum iad ann thu. Cha 'n iognadh sinne bhi bochd dheth nach robh na b' fhaide air falbh na Loch-na-madadh 'n ar beatha. 'S e 'm *Broomielaw* fhéin! 'N ann an sin a bhiodh Sìle Bharraidh a' dol airson *fresh air* mar a chanadh a màthair. Cha 'n iognadh sinne 'bhi trangh dheth nach d' fhuair *fresh air* riamh 'n ar beatha.

Anna—'S mór an easbhuidh a th' ort fhein, a Chatriona bhoichd! Cha robh sgòil ann 'n a do latha 's cha 'n fheaird thu fhéin sin. Am bu toil leat a bhi 'g éisdeachd an òrgain a Dhomhnall?

Domhnall—O cha b' eadh, gu dearbh. Cha deachaidh mise tuilleadh do 'n eaglais ud. Ma 's e ceòl feadaireachd, bha gu leòr an sud dheth air mo shon-sa. Cha b' urrainn am ministear *Amen* fhéin a ràdh gun an t-òrgan a' ròmhansach

còmhla ris, mar gu 'm biodh eù a bhiodh 'g a thacadh ann. Cha 'n 'eil an dol-a-mach ud Sgrìobturail.

Anna—O Dhomhnall, cha rachainn cho dàna sin air an Fhìrinn idir. Seall Daibhidh 'n uair a tha e 'g ràdh:—

"Air inneal-ciùil nan téuda deich,
'Us air an t-saltair ghrinn."

Agus a ris:—

"Le òrgan togaibh suas a chliù,
'S le inneal-ciùil nan téud."

Domhnall—Tà, Anna chòir, stad thusa ort. Cha 'n e sud inneal-ciùil nan téuda deich—'s fhada uaithe ghabh e. Cha robh anns an uidheam ud ach téudan 's cnagan 's maidean-coise gu h-àrd 's gu h-ìosal. Ceol marbh, marbh a tha sud, Anna! 'S e th'air iarraidh oirne ceòl a dheanamh leis a' chridhe.

Anna—Saoil thusa ma tha, nach robh Daibhidh beannaichte a' deanamh ciùil le 'chridhe ged a thuit e sud.

Catriona—Hud, na can an còrr a nise, Anna. Thu fhéin 's Daibhidh! Dé 'n coltas a th'againne ri Daibhidh! cha 'n 'eil nl. Tha cheart uibhir a dh' eadar-dhealachadh eadar an là 's an oidhche, agus a bharrachd air sin uile, tha mi creidsinn nach e seòrsa òrgain a chunnaic Domhnall a bh' aig Daibhidh ann.

Anna—O seadh, a Chatriona. 'Se mìneachadh Iain Dhughail, a th' agad fhéin, 'n uair a a bha e fiachainn ri brìgh a thoirt á ceann-teagaisg Mhic Rath Mhóir, "leaghaidh na dùilean le dìon theas."

Domhnall—Cha chuala mi 'n té sin idir. De'n dìreach spioradail a chuir Iain còir air sin.

Anna—O thuit e, na 'm biodh dùil againn ri ni sam bith agus nach fhaigheamaid e, gu 'n leaghadh an dùil sin as.

Domhnall—O dìreach, féumaidh gur h-ann 's a' Bhiobull Bhreac a fhuair e mìneachadh sin, no bho 'n chreideamh ùr a rinnadh 's a' Ghearmailt. Cò bh' agaibh fhéin am bliadhna 'n uair a bha ministear aig an iasgach?

Anna—O bha ministear taitneach á Muile againn aon Sàbaid, agus bhiodh na bodaich chòire 'cumail coinneamhan -ùrnuigh agus bhiodh an Saor Mór a' leughadh searmonan MhacCheyne.

Catriona—O gu dearbh fhéine b' fheàrr leam fhéin gu 'n toireadh iad greis air a' "Chogadh Naomh" le Iain Buinain—'s glé thoigh leam fhéin e!

Anna—O bhrònag, ged a dheanadh e sin 's mór m' eagal nach biodh ball armachd ort-sa.

Catriona—O Anna, na tog thusa mi gus an tuit mi. Ma tha 'n armachd ort fhéin, tha mòr-eagal orm gu 'h-ann caoin air ascaoin a bhitheas i gu math tric, agus gu 'm bi thu 'g a tilgeadh 's a' chùil-mhòndach air uairibh, 'n uair a bhitheas "an duine mi-fhéin"—mar a th' aig

Anndra Nòbul còir 's an òran—air uachdar.
Cha chanadh tu fhéin, a Dhomhnuill, gu 'n
robh mórán de choltas na h-arnachd oirre, 'n
oidhche roimhe, 's i 'gabhail na leabhráichean.
Thainig “Hardy,” an cù mosach aig Shìne
Beathaig, a stigh, dìreach 'n uair a bha sinn a'
seinn, agus thug e 'phoit-lite air, a bha fo bhonn
an dresser, agus bhò nach do dheare mise dha 'n
a àm, an àite do dh' Anna na faclan ceart de 'n
t-salm a chur a mach, nach ann a chuala mi
seisd bhinn aic' air, “Sud Hardy anns a'
bhrochan thall.” Dé th' agad air sin a nise ann
a' meadhon aois de shailm Dhaibhidh.

Domhnull—O uill, nach e sin a b' fhéarr na'n
lite leigeadh le cù connadail, agus cearcan
agaibh fhéin.

Anna—O charaid, cha 'n 'eil air Catriona
againne ach gur math nach 'eil i na's mìosa.
Bha 'n deagh shrann aice 'n oidhch' ud 'n uair
a bha mise 'cuartachadh an deasdanais, ach 's
e 'mhuc shámhach as mo dl'itheas an còmhnuidh.

Catriona—Bha srann agam. Cha robh iogh-
nadh ann, an déidh a bhli 'cur a mach an tochair
fad an latha, agus thusa 'n a do sgleog aig clach
an teinntin, gus am bheil seachd dathan a'
bhòtha-frois air do luirglean le breacadh
an teine. Eirich as a sin agus deasaich aran
na Sàbaid.

Anna—O Dhomhnull, nach uanhasach cho
daor 's a dh' fhàs a' mhin. Cha 'n 'eil fhios
agam ciamar a bhithleas daoine beò idir, 's am
buntàta air fàs cho gaun a nise.

Domhnull—O 's ann tha sin garbh! Tha i
dìreach cho daor ris an aran-mhìis fhéin. Cheart
cho luath 's a' chuala 'n ceannaiche sin thall,
gu 'n do chuir Uisdean, an Loch na-madadh
suas i, rinn esan an cleas ceudna.

Catriona—O rinn! Sannt an airgid, a dhuine
chridhe! Cha b' ioghnadh idir ged a thuirp
Padruig an Càrinish là na ceist, na'n cuireadh
an duine b' an-diadhaidhe an Uidhist tasdan air
a' bholla mhine, gu'n leanadh an duine bu
diadhaidhe 'eiseimpleir ann an coig mionaidean.

Domhnull—Tà, 's còir a bhli falbh. Tha e
dorch, tha nì creidsinn—tha ceann-dubb air a'
ghealaich.

Anna—'S fhearr dhuit clobha teine thoirt leat.
Domhnull—'S e sin as sàbhaithe dhomh gun
teagamh. Oidhche mhath leibh uile, 's cadal
math.

Catriona's Anna—Mar sin leat fhéin, a
Dhomhnull, agus do chur dhachaigh gu math.

IAIN N. MACLEOD.

—:—:—

Is fearr fuine thana na bhli uile falanbh.

Is call caillich a poca's gun tuilleadh bhi aice.
Bheirinn cuid oidhche dha ged bhiodh ceann
fo achlais.

THE SPINNER OF LIFE.

She sits beneath the moonlight a-spinning thro'
the years,

A rosy web of laughter, and a shining web of
tears,

She weaves them of the sunlight and spindrift
from the sea,

And binds them with a moon-white thread of
ancient memory.

She wove a mist of rainbows and hid it in her
hair,

Nor any twilight wanderer but sees it gleaming
there,

And far adown the Valley where the dream-
white shadows lie,

It turns them all to rainbow gold beneath a
phantom sky.

She borrowed of the twilight, and stole the
midnight gloom,

To weave them in as shadows within her secret
loom,

She caught the sunset fairies a-dancing in the
West,

And rob'd them of the colours that poets love
the best.

And so she sits a-spinning throughout the silent
years,

A rosy web of laughter and a shining web of
tears,

She weaves them of the sunlight and spindrift
from the sea,

And binds them with a moon-white thread of
ancient memory.

BESSIE J. B. MACARTHUR.

Elvanfoot.

—:—:—

Bha dithis fhear uair a bha sud a' gabhail
an rathaid dhachaigh 'san odhar-dhorcha agus
gu dé a chunnaic iad ach àth-aoil ri theine.
Cha robh fhios ó dhiubh d'am buinneadh i oir
bha àth aca le cheile, agus cha robh fear seach
fear de'nach air àth an fhir eile a chuir as. “Is
i t-àth-sa th' ann,” theireadh fear. “Cha 'n i
ach t-àth-sa,” theireadh am fear eile. Cha
chuireadh na beumannan so as an àth agus a
thighinn gu aona-cheann thuirp fear dhiubh
mar so:—“Ma's i t-àth i, bàth i. Bàthaidh
mis' i, ma's i m' àth i.”

—:—:—

HOMESUN.

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Costumes made.

NA TRI FÁINNEACHAN.

O chionn fada an t-saoghail, ma's fhior na chuala mi, bha iomadh rud a' tachairt a bha ro iongantach. Bha buidsich agus bana-bhuidsich ann a thionndadh le buille de shlaclaidan draoidheachd carragh cloiche gu h-òr, agus duine gu riochd aon a dh'ainmhidhibh an achaidh, no eadhon gu sgonn maide. Bha iomadh dòigh ann air bacadh a chur air tinnis 's air a' bhàis fhéin. Bha dòighean ann air muinntir a chumail òg a ghnath, agus air an deanamh aoidheil, ciùin, tlachdmhor anns a h-uile nì air chor agus gu'm biodh sìth agus sonas a ghnath a' riaghladh nam measg. Dheanadh iad so gu léir le fàinne druidheil a chur air meur neach, no le trusgan-sithe a chur uime. Bithidh sinne a tha beo 's an linn as-creidmheil so gle mhall gu creideas ann bith a thoirt do sgeul faoin dè'n t-seorsa, ach tha, aig a' cheart am, iomadh leasan maith ri fhaotainn uath. A bharrachd air sin bithidh sinn ullamh air a bhith 'g ràdh nach robh anns an t-sluagh am measg an d'èirich na beachdan faoine so ach slugh dorcha, borb, amaideach, aineolach. Tha eagal mòr orm gu'm bheil sinne, moiteil 's mar a tha sinn as ar cuid foghlum, mòran na's fhaide air ais ann an iomadh nì na iadsan. Innsidh mi sgeula beag no dha a nochdas gu soilleir cho glic 's cho tuiril 's a bha'n seann slugh so.

Bha duine uasal ann aon uair aig an robh fàinne ro luachmhor a bheireadh air duine sam bith aig am biodh e gu'm biodh speis mhòr aig a h-uile neach dheth. Aig am a bhàis thug se e do'n mhac bu docha leis air chùmhanta gu'n gleidheadh se e agus am fàgadh se e mar an ceudna aig a' mhac bu docha leis aig am a bhàis, agus mar sin air aghaidh fhad 's a bhiodh mac a' tighinn an ionad an athar. A bharrachd air a so, am mac a gheibheadh am fàinne 'sann aige bhiodh riaghladh an teaghlach agus a chòir-bhreth, eadhon ged a b' e b' òige dè'n teaghlach. An dèigh do'n fhàinne a bhì air a liubhairt a nuas o athair gu mac fad iomadh ginealaich thachair mu dheireadh gu'n robh e aig athair aig an robh triuir mhac a bha anns a h-uile nì anabarrach umhail, agus dheanach. Bha e cho miadhail orra 'nan triuir 's nach robh fhios aige co aca d'an tugadh e'm fàinne. Mu dheireadh thall 's e bhuail 's a' cheann aige gu'n rachadh e far an robh an t-òrcheard 's gu'n tugadh e air dà fhàinne eile dheanamh cho coltach 's a b'urrainn da ris an fhàinne bhuadhach. 'S ann mar so a bha. Ruineadh an dà fhàinne, agus bha iad cho coltach ris an fhàinne bhuadhach 's nach robh e'n comas do dhuine bha beò eadar-dhealachadh air an t-saoghal a chur eatorra. 'N uair a bha e air leabaidh a

bhàis dh'iarr e a mhac bu shine a thoirt 'na làthair, agus air dha comhairlean maith a thoirt air agus a bheannachd fhagail aige thug e dha fear de na fàinneachan. Chuir e fios air an dara mac agus air an treas mac agus rinn e'n t-aon ceudna riutha. Beagan uine na dhéigh sin dh'éug e. Thiodhlaic a chuid mac e, agus an dèigh do gach nì b' thairis dh'innis am mac bu shine gu'n d'fhuair esan am fàinne o athair, agus mar sin gur ann aige bha còir air gach nì a dh'fhàg 'athair. Bha mòr-ioghnadh air a dhithis bhraithrean an uair a chuala iad so, ach 's ann a bha'n t-ioghnadh orra nuair a dh'innis gach fear mar a thuirt athair ris. Thug gach fear 'fhàinne fhéin a làthair, ach cha robh e 'nan comas a dheanamh a mach co aig a bha'm fàinne buadhach. Bha'n dithis a b'òige 'g am meas fhéin a h-uile buille cho maith còir air aon dad a dh'fhàg an athair ris an fhear bu shine. Mu dheireadh thall chaidh na fir cho fada thar a chèile 's gu'n tug iad a' chùis an làthair a' bhreitheamh. Thug gach fear a thaobh fhéin dè'n chùis air aghaidh le inneadh mar a thuirt 'athair ris. Cha chreideadh fear seach fear dhiu gu'n tug an athair fealag asda; ach bha gach fear car ann am beachd gu'n d'fhàg a bhraithrean ionnsuidh air a char a' thoirt as le fàinne meallta thoirt air aghaidh. Ach an dèigh a h-uile rud, bha leithid a dh'earbsa aca na chèile 's nach b'urrainn doibh so a lan chreidsinn. Bha'm breitheamh e fhéin ann an iom-chomhairle nach bu bleg mu'n chùis, ach mu dheireadh thug e breth mar a leanas: "Cha'n urrainn domhsa dheanamh a mach cia e'm fàinne ceart, agus mar sin cha'n urrainn domh ràdh co aige tha còir air a bli 'na cheann thairis air an teaghlach. Ma tha e fìor gu'm bheil buaidh shònraichte anns an fhàinne cheart a chum an neach aig am bheil e a dheanamh ionnuihn ann an sealladh nan uile dhaoine, tha e mar an ceudna cheart cho fìor nach urrainn gu'm bi a' bhuaidh shònraichte so anns an dà fhàinne eile. Tillibh dhachaidh, agus sguiribh dhe'n a-simhreit. Creideadh gach fear agaibh gur h-ann aige fhéin a tha'm fàinne ceart, agus a chum sin a dhearbhadh dh'a fhein 's do mhuinntir eile, deanadh e strì a chum e fhéin a dheanamh ionnuihn leis na h-uile. An neach a bheir bàrr agus is mo choisneas de ghràdh muinntir eile dearbhadh e gu soilleir gur ann aige a tha'm fàinne ceart." Lean iad a' chomhairle ghlic agus mhat so a thug am breitheamh orra, agus rinn iad strì feuch co bu ghràdhach e 's bu neo-fhéineile gus mu dheireadh thall an deachaidh gach aimreit a bh'eatarra mu na fàinneachan air dicuimhne. Chaidh iad am beatha gu réidh agus gu sona maille r'a chèile.

BODACHAN A' GHARADH

anns a' Ghaidheal.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

When Sir William Haldane retired from the Advisory Committee on Forestry upwards of a year ago, it was suggested in these Notes that he would do well also to retire from the Development Commission. That view appears to be spreading, and even the Chairman of the Royal Arboricultural Society hinted as much in his recent correspondence with Sir William. Scotland has only one representative on the Development Commission, and it is vain to attempt to defend the treatment which Scotland has received from the Commissioners. They have trifled with forestry as well as with everything else.

* * *

So far as the Highlands are concerned—and the Highlands contain the most important forestable areas in the United Kingdom—nothing whatever has been done to carry out the purposes for which the Development Commission was constituted. No demonstration or municipal forest has yet been established; no effective arrangements for aid or co-operation in forestry have been concluded with any of the Highland landlords; no forest survey has been accomplished (although the survey of the Great Glen by the Arboricultural Society pointed the way); nothing has been done to promote education in forestry, or to provide for the training of working foresters in the Highland forests. The fact is that the Development Commissioners have simply frittered away the Development Fund in peddling schemes such as the afforestation of the catchment area of the Edinburgh Water Supply. Yet in 1909 the public were led to believe that one of the chief purposes of the Development Act would be to promote afforestation. Surely, in the face of these facts, Sir William Haldane ought to see that it would be a misfortune for the country if he persists in retaining his seat as a Development Commissioner.

* * *

In the recent memorandum submitted by the Arboricultural Society to the Scottish M.P.'s, it is pointed out:—

- (8) That during their forest excursions abroad, the members of the Society were much impressed with what had been successfully done by the various Continental countries visited, in combining schemes of small holdings with afforestation, to the great advantage of both.
- (10) That at the close of the war a large number of men will be returning home, and may not be able to resume their former

occupations, and would prefer to settle upon the land, if they could be assured of a healthy out-door life and a comfortable home, and that the return of such men will form a peculiarly suitable opportunity of making a beginning with the afforestation schemes which are so necessary to provide timber for our national requirements.

* * *

The scheme of afforestation combined with small holdings would be specially suitable in the Highlands, and it is to be hoped that the Highland representatives in Parliament will make a special effort to secure a scheme of the kind.

* * *

There is perturbation of mind at present among certain Lowland Scots. They consider that undue attention and honour have been bestowed upon the Highland regiments, and a society, with Lord Salvesen as president, has been formed in order to set forth the achievements of the Lowland regiments. One grievance is that Highland regiments are always selected to garrison Edinburgh Castle—the national citadel. Sir Herbert Maxwell has undertaken to edit an adequate history of the military achievements of the Lowland Scots.

* * *

By the death of Professor Nicol, Aberdeen, following that of Professor Alan Menzies, St. Andrews, two theological chairs in the same subject are vacant, and both are Crown appointments. Here, then, another opportunity is given to the Secretary for Scotland of appointing a Gaelic-speaking Professor of Divinity. At present there is no Gaelic-speaking Professor in any one of the four Scottish theological faculties. Perhaps Mr. Tennant will be more amenable to reason than Mr. MacKinnon Wood.

* * *

According to the new Report of the Board of Agriculture, the total number of applications prior to 31st December, 1915, for small-holdings and for enlargement of existing holdings was:—

	New Holdings.	Enlargements.
Caithness, - - - -	277	297
Sutherland, - - - -	244	585
Ross, - - - -	1061	684
Inverness, - - - -	1339	1250
Perth, - - - -	126	22
Argyll, - - - -	861	361
Bute, - - - -	32	47
Total for the Highlands, -	3940	3246
Total for the rest of Scotland, -	1809	799

Out of 3940 applications for new holdings, only 332 have so far been granted, and the holdings occupied by the new applicants. In other 377 cases arrangements are being made for the occupation of new holdings. It is but a modest achievement in four years, and the Board declares that the meagre results are due to the heavy claims for compensation to landlords.

* * *

Only 172 new holdings have been created and occupied outside the Highland counties. It is clear that, so far as concerns the formation of new holdings, the Act is mainly a Highland Land Act.

* * *

School gardens maintain their hold. The Board supplied seeds and plants to 250 Highland schools in 1915. As a result, many pupils have laid out garden plots at their homes.

* * *

The Board promoted Highland pony breeding by providing stallions at Oban, Easdale, Glencoe, and Glen Etive in Argyll; Staffin, Kilmuir, Dunvegan, and Broadford in Skye; in each island of the Outer Hebrides; in Assynt, Durness, Tongue, Farr, and Rogart in Sutherland; and at the Board's farm at Bechelwood. There has been a great demand for Highland ponies by the army authorities. In order to improve the breed of cattle, 270 bulls were distributed among the townships of the Highland counties—mostly Highland, but including 20 shorthorns and as many Aberdeen-Angus. The improvement of sheep breeding was continued on the same lines as in previous years. Owing to the war, only two shows were held last year (one at Kilfinichen, the other at Lairg). The co-operative societies continue their work on more moderate lines, and there was a further decline in the amount of kelp produced.

* * *

Professor Scott, of Glasgow, has recommended a technical investigation with a view to establishing a Highland dye industry. The Board is employing a field botanist and a chemist to carry out these investigations.

* * *

The Board's Report for 1915 concludes as follows:—"The Board were satisfied that the work accomplished by the Co-operative Council of Highland Home Industries under the scheme, and in other directions, was helping in a practical way to ensure the continuance of Home Industries in the Western Highlands and Islands, and they therefore made a further grant of £100 towards the Council's administrative expenses."

* * *

The estate of Borgie, which the Duke of

Sutherland has gifted to the nation for the settlement of sailors and soldiers on the land, lies between Strathnaver and the Reay estates, sold by Lord Reay in 1826 to the Marquis of Stafford. Strathnaver and Borgie were acquired by the Earl of Sutherland from the first Lord Reay 300 years ago. The Borgie River drains the beautiful Loch Loyal into the Bay of Torrisdale, which also receives the Water of Naver. The rental of the rod fishings on the Borgie (which have been reserved) amounts to about £100 a year.

* * *

It was inevitable that this generous action of His Grace of Sutherland should turn people's minds to the story of the Sutherland clearances in the early part of the nineteenth century. It would be cynical to regard this generous gift as a belated "amende" for the blunder of a century ago, which substituted sheep and deer for the thousands of hardy peasantry who had to go into exile during the years that followed the end of the Peninsular war. While that story of broken hearts is not likely to be forgotten for many years to come, it would be absurd that the stain of those proceedings should follow beyond the parties immediately concerned. The present Duke would probably be among the first to confess that the whole affair was the result of ignorance and bad management. It will always be regarded as a colossal and cruel blunder, which cannot possibly be repeated. As a first instalment towards the re-population of the Highlands, this munificent gift deserves handsome appreciation, and we join in the hope expressed by others, that other big landlords may follow suit. Mr. Tennant, Secretary for Scotland, is optimistic as to the results expected. There is room in the Highlands for land settlement combined with forestry. The spirit of patriotism is abroad, and it will contribute very largely to the realisation of the desire of all true Gaels, viz., that the Highlands may be re-peopled as of old, but under happier conditions.

—:O:—

Bac, Steornabhagh,

13 de Dhara Mios 'n t-Samhraidh, 1916.

Am Fear-deasachaidh, "An Deo-Gréine."

FHIR-DEASACHAIDH SHUAIRCE,

Seach nach dual domh 'bhi bàrdachd,
'S nach d'fhuir mi ach tuailas
Do chuairt 'san gcoil Ghaidhlig,
Gabh mo leth-sgeul 'n aon uair so
'S mi 'nam thuairtidh, gun eolas,
Airson gach ni tuathail,
Tuaisdeil, gun chothrom air
'Tha na mo dhàn;

'S bheir an t-soraigh so bhuamsa
Gu an urramaich, usail
'S gu 'n cainealach l'uain.
Bíodh mí usail 's mo chairdean,
"An Deo-Gráin."

T A I N G,

Do Mhr. Iain N. Macleoid, a chur ri 'cheile
"Bárdachd Leódhais."

O cheòlraidh, bhàdhach, mhilis, shuairce,
Bhriathrach, uallach, usail, ghriinn,
Ged 'thug Eibhe bás 'us léir sgríos,
Le 'mac Éug air ceudan linn,
Chur thusa duinn air cul ar n-ámhghar,
Le ceòl aghmhor, 's manran bin :
'S a nise bheirinn táng do n t-sàr fhear,
A chuir duinn a' "Bhàrdachd" cruinn.

An ainm Eilean An Fhraoich,
'S nan daoine 'tha ann ri tàmh,
Fhìr-cinnidh mo ghaol
'S faoilich', carranaich' gnàs.

Dhùt onair, 'us urram, 'us maoin,
'S fad shaochal guidheam gach là,
Fear is spionnadh, a laoch !
Gu tional dhuinn laoidh is dàin.

Gu togail na Gàidhlig ri crann,
Gu cumail nan Gall fo snàig,
Air Canan cuiridh nam beann
Tha 'n geall a luidir san làib.

Mìle mìl air do bheil,
Thug ridheadh air teud' nam Bard
'S gu nedaich a' chuthag san theur.
As éugmhais furan is bàidh.

Cha bhí'dh thu á Eilean An Fhraoich,
Nan cuiridh, nan laoch, 's nam bàrd,
Bu tréine curachd 'san raoin,
'S bu chaoimhneil' fhileanta dàin.

M. MACLEOID.

—:O:—

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON SINGING IN
WAR TIME.

The Eisteddfod, which was held this year at Aberystwith, appears to have been singularly successful. No fewer than seven thousand people were present at the ceremony of "Chairing of the Bard." A considerable number of Welsh notabilities, including Members of Parliament, were present, and Mr. Lloyd George delivered a characteristic speech, in which he defended the holding of such a meeting in those times of stress and trial. His remarks might be considered equally applicable to the Comunn Gaidhealach, though events have compelled us to view matters in a different light. The Welsh do not believe in any interruption on account of the war in the continuity of their old National Institution. As Mr. Lloyd George

said:—"It is too valuable an institution, it has rendered too great services to our country to risk its life by placing it into a state of suspended animation for an indefinite period. The British Association has held its meetings every year since the war began, and, much as I esteem the services rendered to research by that gathering, I claim that the services to popular culture by the National Eisteddfod has been even greater." This is the true light in which to regard the Eisteddfod and our own Mòd. We have often argued for the upkeep of Gaelic on the same grounds—the cultural aspect. Proceeding, Mr. Lloyd George said—"Let any man look through the programme, and see for himself what the Eisteddfod means—prizes for odes, sonnets, translations from Latin and Greek literature, essays on subjects philosophical, historical, sociological. Forsooth, all this effort should be dropped on account of the war! To encourage idle persons to compose poetry during the war is unpatriotic, promoting culture amongst the people a futile endeavour at all times, during the war something every Welsh M.P. ought to snub. To excite the interests of people in literature during the war is a criminal waste of public money. Above all, to sing during a war, and especially to sing national songs during a war, is positively indecent, and the powers of the Defence of the Realm Act ought to be invoked to suppress it. (Laughter.) Why should we not sing during the war? The blinds of Britain are not down yet, nor are they likely to be. Why should her children not sing? There are no nightingales this side of the Severn. We do not need this exquisite songster in Wales. We can provide better. There is a bird in our villages which can beat the best of them. He is called "y cynfro." He sings in joy; he also sings in sorrow. He sings in prosperity; he sings also in adversity. He sings at play, he sings at work, he sings in the sunshine, he sings in the storm, he sings in peace. Why should he not sing in war? Hundreds of wars have swept over these hills, but the harp of Wales has never yet been silenced by one of them, and I should be proud if I contributed something to keep it in tune during the war by the holding of this Eisteddfod. Our soldiers sing the songs of Wales in the trenches, and they hold their little Eisteddfod behind them. They don't ask us to stop singing. They want to feel that, while they are upholding the honour of Wales on the battle-fields of Europe, Asia and Africa, we are doing our best to keep alive all the institutions—educational, literary, musical, religious—which have made Wales what it is to them. They want the fires on every national altar kept burning, so that they shall be alight when they return with the

laurels of victory from the stricken fields of this mighty war. When this terrible conflict is over, a wave of materialism will sweep over the land. Nothing will count but machinery and output. There is nothing more fatal to a people than that it should narrow its vision to the material needs of the hour. National ideals without imagination are but as thistles of the wilderness—fit neither for food nor fuel. A nation that depends upon these must perish. We shall need at the end of the war better workshops, but we shall also need, more than ever, every institution that will exalt the vision of the people above and beyond the workshops and the counting-house. Why should we not sing? It is true there are thousands of gallant men falling in the fight, but let us sing of their heroism. There are myriads more standing in the battle lines facing the foe, and myriads more behind ready to support them when their turn comes. Let us sing to the land that gave birth to so many heroes."

—:O:—

RANN AN AGHAIDH AN OIL.

The following powerful temperance lyric was found among the papers of a Highland clergyman, and brother of the late Rev. Donald MacColl, minister of Glenorchy. These papers came into the hands of Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne Bard, who sent this lyric to the *Highland Monthly* in 1890. Mr. MacColl suggested that the author must have been a contemporary of the author of "Miann a' a' Bhàird Aosda":—

Am measg comunn an òil
'S mór a bhios de sgleò 's de spleagh;
'S leat sa 'n saoghal fo d' sgòd,
'S thoir dhoibh òl an taigh nam fleadh!

Mo ghaol! 's mo charaid! 's mo bhràthair!
'Nuair a bhios an stàirnich shuas;
'N am tarruing nan sporan am maireach,
Cinnidh am bràithreachas fuar!

Gleidh do chomhairle agad fein,
Cha dean i feum 'nuair dh' fhograr tuigse:
Mar chomhairle do chù conghaigh
Comhairle 'n àm donblas misge.

Duine leis am miann àgh
'S nàir dha suidhe 'm prabar lonach;
Tha 'n t-sùil a dh' iarras thun nan stòp,
Cho dall 's nach leir dha chòir sonais.

Cha nàir leis a bhi 'g a spionadh
As an dig mar shioman grod—
Mionach nan stòp 'g a shior-thaomadh,
Muc 'g a h-aoirneagach an lod!

An geòcaire 's motha bha riann,
Deir e "'S miann leam cuideachd chòir;
Cha ghabhainn airson duais nach faoin,
Bhi 'g òl deoch sgleup an taigh an òil."

Cha lighiche 'n cat air an diar,
Cha lighiche 'n t-iasg air an t-sruth
Na 'm misgeir air dràthadh nan corn
An taigh òil no 'm frog gun ghuth!

Ni copagach 's iteotha cinntinn
Ma dh' fhàgar friamhach dhiubh 's an talamh:
Co 's urrainn a bhi saor de 'n daorach
'S gun a chridhe de a gaol falamh!

'S faoin dhuit a' mhuic a nigheadh,
'S ni 'n deanar an fitheach bàl leat;
Mar dhrichear seann mhaide crotach
Tréigdh Crom-nan-copan 'abhaist!

Mar shionnach a' gleidheadh nan giadh,
Mar ghiadh a' gleidheadh an t-sil,
Mar mheairleach a' gleidheadh an òir
Tha 'n pòiteir a gleidheadh an fhion.

Guidheam ain gach saoidh còir,
Na tuiteadh e air òl an deigh,
Ma 's àill leis sonas r'a bheò,
Agus glòir an àros Dé.

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