

# An Gaidheal.



u. 417.

# John Gaidheal:

1872-1944







# An Gaidheal:

(Formerly AN DEO GRÉINE)

*The Monthly Magazine of An Comunn Gaidhealach*

Volume XXI.

Oct., 1925, to Sept., 1926, inclusive.



AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH,

114 WEST CAMPBELL STREET, GLASGOW.

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**II., V., VI., VII., VIII., X.,  
XI. to XXI.**

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# AN GAIDHEAL

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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Dàmhar, 1925.*

[Earrann 1

## CAISMEACHD NAN GAIDHEAL.

Ann an t-sean aimsir, b'abhaist do ar sinnsir an crann-taire a chur a mach air feadh na dùthcha. Rì an tuasaid, no ri uchd cruadail b'e sud an dòigh air na treubhan a thional gu cath. Bha feum air combharradh cudthromach gu aire nan gaisgeach a dhùsgadh. Bhiodh slat fhiodha 'g a tumadh am fuil, agus 'g a dothadh an lasair theine. Rachadh laoch foghainteach a thaghadh, gus an t-slat so ris an cainte an crann-taire, a ghiùlan le cabhaig gu ceàrn-aibh iomallach. Dh'fheumadh an teachd-aire glodhaich le guth àrd, a' gairm nam fear-cogaidh gu raoin a' chatha. Cha robh fear a chluinneadh a' ghairm nach fheumadh an t-òrdugh a ghabhail thuige féin agus dol air aghaidh gun dàil gu comhnadh do a cheann-cinnidh. Am fear sin a dheanadh dearmad air a' ghairm bhiodh e air a chumntas mar ghealtair; agus bhiodh e cheart cho cunnartach dha fantuinn aig a dhachaidh is a bhiodh e dha dol a mach an coinneamh a' namhaid.

A nis a thaobh na Gàidhlig, faodar a ràdh gun deachaidh an crann-taire a chur a mach. Chaidh a' ghairm fada is farsuinn. Chualas i an iomadh ceàrn. Chualas i le Ghàidhil anns gach dùthaich a bheil iad ri fhaotainn. Chualas i eadhon le cuid eile a tha a' tabhairt aire dhi air sgàth an treubhantais is an eireachdais mu bheil a' ghairm a' deanamh iomraidh. Eadhon mar chuala America glodh Bhreatunn an am cruadail agus a thàinig i gu treun gu ar cabhair mar chinneach anns a' chogadh mhór, sin mar tha America an diugh ag éisdeachd ri gairm crainn-taire nan Gàidheal. Cìod e an t-aobhar mun éisdeadh America ris a'

ghairm so? Nach ann a chionn gu bheil a' chaismeachd a' tarrainn aire gu nithibh a bhuineas do dh'òilein agus do dhuinealas? Is iomadh fear a tha tàmh anns an dùthaich sin a rugadh an Alba; agus a thuilleadh air sin is lionmhor iad an sud a tha air an sloinneadh air ar sluagh, aig a bheil ar fuil fhéin nan cuislean, aig à bheil ar nàdur is ar n-aignidhean mar mhuinntir an aoin teaghlaich. Ged a tha iad dealachte uainn car linn no dha, gidheadh is beag an tìne sin an taice ris na miltean bliadhna anns a robh an dualachas sin a' fàs a tha againn le chéile mar chòir-breith—dualachas a tha comhsheasamh an gràdh ar saorsa, is an déigh air loinn is oilein-inntinn. Agus an cinneach càrdeil sin an taobh thall de an chuan, eadhon mar a tha i a' soirbheachadh gu h-aimsireil, tha i mar an ceudna a' fàs an spiorad, an oilein, an bràithreachas, agus an comhfhairreachadh le cor is cunnart nan Gàidheal. Tha an t-ullachadh a tha i nis a' deanamh 'n a chomharradh ciatach gum bu mhiann leis an t-sluagh ud gum biodh cainnt is ceòl nan Gàidheal a' mairsinn beò; agus gu h-àraidh gum biodh mac-neamna agus dealas a' Ghàidhil a' fàs gu bhì tabhairt misneach as ùr do 'n Ghàidheal féin, is do gach neach ris a bheil beatha nan Gàidheal fuaghte air feadh an t-saoghail.

## THE AMERICAN IONA SOCIETY.

It is with feelings of extreme gratification that An Comunn Gàidhealach hails the announcement that the American Iona Society has appointed its officers, trustees, and general and special committees. We reproduce the official circular, containing

the names of the office-bearers. We are impressed by this unique mark of sympathy and co-operation in a movement which is purely cultural and in the realm of the spirit. We are not surprised that the Celtic Revival, like another Renaissance, is making its appeal to intellectual America, as it has already done to intellectual France and Germany. The message which the President of An Comunn conveyed to America was received with cordial enthusiasm. The atmosphere of friendliness was such as to inspire him to deliver a graphic account of the past achievements and the future possibilities of the Gaelic race. Oblivion is threatening the culture of the Gael. To preserve that ancient heritage is to keep alive an influence which will promote peace and goodwill among men. It is a spiritual treasure which can be of international value. The undying charm of Celtic saga, and the lure of Celtic romance, have cast their spell on the scholars of Europe. It was under such a spell that men like Zeuss and Ascoli, Loth and Nigri, De Jubainville and Dottin, Windisch, Vendreyes, and Thurneysen devoted their strenuous lives and strong intellects to the cause of Celtic culture. America will not be the least in that great fellowship; her scholars will bear the torch of Celtic erudition; and her patrons of learning, in the spirit of Maecenas, will do their part to preserve for mankind a noble heritage of music, poetry, and romance.

The following is the circular:—

**AMERICAN IONA SOCIETY, INC.,**  
300 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Society announces the appointment of its committees as follows:—

**Membership Committee**—George Fergusson (chairman), Edward J. Milliken, James Stewart Cushman, S. L. M. Barlow, and Rev. Joseph MacComas.

**Executive Committee**—Nelson Macy (chairman), Col. Alexander R. Fordyce, Jr., Robert E. Dowling, Wm. P. Hamilton, John A. Stewart, Dr. George David Stewart, Prof. John L. Gerig, and Leslie Sutherland.

**Finance and Publicity Committee**—Dr. Christian Brinton (chairman), Major Herbert Graham, Walter Scott, Rev. Donald Millar, Dr. John H. Finley, Cosmo Hamilton, and Vicomte de Frise.

**Educational and Social Committee**—Dr. John H. Finley (chairman), Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, Prof. John L. Gerig, Brander Matthews, Prof. Roger Loomis, Rev. Robert Ellis Jones, D.D., and Dr. J. E. Harry.

**Officers**—Richard M. Montgomery (president), Herbert Graham (secretary), and Nelson Macy (treasurer).

**Trustees**—S. L. M. Barlow, Thomas J. Blain, Christian Brinton, Vicomte de Frise, Robert E. Dowling, George Fergusson, John H. Finley, Alexander R. Fordyce, Jr., John L. Gerig, Herbert Graham, Cosmo Hamilton, J. E. Harry, Joseph

P. MacComas, A. S. MacKenzie, J. J. MacPhee, Nelson Macy, Donald Gunn Millar, Richard M. Montgomery, George David Stewart, and Leslie Sutherland.

**General Committee**—S. L. M. Barlow, Thomas J. Blain, Christian Brinton, A. C. L. Brown, Nicholas Murray Butler, Edward Cox, Tom Peete Cross, James Stewart Cushman, Vicomte de Frise, Robert E. Dowling, George Fergusson, Seumas Chief of Clan Fhearghuis, John H. Finley, Alexander R. Fordyce, Jr., R. S. Fraser, John L. Gerig, Herbert Graham, De Forest Grant, Cosmo Hamilton, Wm. Peter Hamilton, J. E. Harry, Robert J. Jefferson, Robert Ellis Jones, Roger Loomis, Joseph P. MacComas, John MacBain, A. S. Mackenzie, J. J. MacPhee, Nelson Macy, Brander Matthews, Donald Gunn Millar, E. G. Wilmer, Edwin J. Milliken, Richard M. Montgomery, M. A. O'Bryne, E. N. Robinson, Angus Robertson, Walter Scott, Charles H. Schultz, George David Stewart, Leslie Sutherland, John J. Tigert, and Jardine Bell Whyte.

Plans are practically complete for initiating a vigorous movement in line with the precepts of the organisation soon after September 15. Reassured by the readiness with which aid is promised by those individuals already approached regarding the purposes of the Society, Mr. Montgomery is looking forward to very pleasing results.

Annual dues to the amount of five dollars are payable now to the treasurer, whose address is 7 East 45th Street, New York.

(Signed) **HERBERT GRAHAM,**  
Secretary.

◆  
**THE MOD OF 1925.**

**The Official Opening.**

The Provost of Greenock, in extending a welcome on behalf of the community, remarked that it was twenty-one years since the last Mod was held in Greenock; and he thought the Comunn made a wise choice in coming back again, for, to his mind, the town was becoming more Celtic every day. In the Corporation itself more than two-thirds of the members were of Gaelic origin. The monument to their fallen bore a Gaelic motto. Many of their streets bore Gaelic names; and Greenock was taking a decidedly Celtic turn.

The President, who occupied the chair, conveyed the gratitude of the Comunn for the most cordial welcome extended by the municipality. He then addressed the audience in the Gaelic language. He reminded the Comunn of the motives which lay at the root of the movement. The effort to keep the Gaelic speech was not merely of antiquarian interest. The speech, the music, the traditions of our race, were all valuable, but there was something at stake even more valuable than these. There was the humanising and idealistic spirit of our



race. If that were lost, the world would be much poorer. For two thousand years and more the Gael had worked for the idealisation of the world. And the spirit of our fathers could only be maintained by carefully preserving the language and the music and the arts in which that spirit was enshrined. Thereafter the President delivered the official address in English.

### The President's Address.

The call of years—unlike the melancholy experience of Ossian—is crystallising the hopes of those who share his sorrow for the departed glories of the Gael.

To-day, the rainbow of promise hangs resplendent over An Comunn's activities.

But if we give more homage to the soul of Coivi and Ossian than to the memory of the Pretender and Sherifmuir, it is, perhaps, due to the fact that we are, according to our lights, seeking the wisest means for developing the latent powers of our national life, so as to adapt the better influences of our heritage to newer and broader contacts with the world.

Our goal may not always be too clear or specific. Neither were all the great purposes which have gone to the making of history. "A man never rises so high," said Cromwell, "as when he did not know whither he was going." We, however, know our aims, and the road we are travelling.

When, therefore, the broken fragment of the Celtic races are re-united through a genius that has given to modern civilisation a purer message of passionate nobility than the didactic gospel of the Renaissance, the mysterious prophecies of Merlin—passed at one time from lip to lip from Anglesea to the confines of Germany—will be fulfilled in our generation.

"Think you," exclaimed King Henry II., to a Welsh chieftain, "that your people of rebels can withstand my army?" "My people," replied the chieftain, "may be weakened by superior might; but—unless the wrath of God be on the side of their enemies, I deem that no other race or tongue will answer for this corner of the world, before the Judge of all at the last day, save the people and the tongue of Wales."

So may we also answer in part for our Scottish Highlands.

This, then, is the burden of a message—or rather of a monologue—before which even temperate men have given way as before natural events.

Green, in "A Short History of the English People," amongst his many flights of dispassionate eloquence, speaks of the sensibility of the Celtic temper—so quick to perceive beauty, so eager in its thirst for life, its instinct for what is noble, and its inordinate sentiment for discovering the weird charm of nature.

But in submitting his findings to the responsible judgment of the world, he is only—along with others of like discernment—honouring truth by using it.

Lindisfarne, according to this great historian, not Canterbury, was the centre of religious polity during the Dark Ages. Thus Northumbria, the redeemed of Calumille's missionaries, won England from heathendom to Christianity, and, by unifying the warring communities of the southern parts, prepared the foundations of that national spirit which wrenched a Magna Charta from a tyrant Prince, and gave force and sanctity to individual freedom.

What is the secret of this Celtic magic that lays all who come within its orb ambit under an intellectual spell? Is it the spirits of the Eubages and Bards revisiting the scenes of their humanising pursuits?

Or is it because it holds the key to the faith of spiritual rebirth? Is it because life was less a mystery to Coivi the Druid than to the divine Athenian? Or is it because its mythic conceptions are more beautiful, archaic, and fascinating than the great mythologies of either Greece or Vedic India? For if we credit Aristotle, philosophy was derived from—not imparted to—the Gauls by the Greeks.

Does not the learned Julius Leichten protest? "It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls who were our first instructors!"

And so of Imperial Rome, of which it is advanced, with equal emphasis, that while she has produced the greatest and noblest literature of mankind, she has made no original contribution in the region of poetic fancy or plastic art. How different the records of the Celts!

Meagre as their literature is in comparison with the greater literature of other races, their inventive creations, their God-like familiarity with the moods of nature, but withal their effective presentment of imitation and the passionate echoes of the heart are universally conceded to be abreast of the deepest attributes of our being.

By developing their exalted ideals in the alembics of sympathy and feeling, they were able to plant the standard of an ethical code in the fibres of world civilisation

When thus the solemn but chivalrous practices of the Celtic peoples of history are—in the light of modern knowledge—applied to soften international and individual asperities, humanity, with a pulse like a cannon, will co-ordinate in faith and charity, and, with a lofty cheer, swing its aspirations forward towards peace and goodwill to men.

No longer, then, need Cathmor transmit his despairing monody from the Hall of Winds. Tir-nan-Og, indeed, lies west; for we have the flame of day to guide our vision. The choristers in the Palace of Enchantment are again astir. Magnetic clouds raise high the silver shield, that it may re-echo the song of joy. If the Gael has reached his horizon at last, it is to find the shore beyond. For the shades of Gaul and Oscar are taken to the bosom of the most idealistic of nations, and the melody that was tuned by Lora's Falls may henceforth swell with the voice of life on the banks of the Mississippi. The waters of Minnetonka, no less than the fateful vapours of Lego, will harbour the shades of the doomed; while the tears of Deirdre will mingle in sympathy with those of the "Maid of the Moon."

An Deo-Greine, Fionn's banner, is, in the inscrutable working of Fate, saluted by the Statue of Liberty; and "the words of power that rushed forth from Selma of Kings" may from now be re-echoed from the Black Dome of the Appalachian Mountains to the resounding caves of Morven.

Worthy of mighty Ossian's praise is the fellowship of The American Iona Society, which has made our cause its own. The spirit of Calumcille lives again in its purpose—a purpose for which our sense of appreciation is profound and deep.

So, when we turn our gaze—yes, our gaze—towards the setting sun we remember, with a feeling of gratitude and affection, that it is only on its way to illumine The Land of the Living Heart. The birds have come back to Rhiannon.

## The Prize List.

### JUNIOR SECTION.

#### LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Rev. John MacInnes, M.A., Connel; Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muckairn; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., F.S.A., Glasgow; Mr. John MacDonald, M.A., Callander; Mr. George Thomson, M.A., Glasgow; Mr. Alex. Thomson, Glasgow.

Letter, not exceeding two pages, on a simple subject chosen from a list sent under sealed cover,

to be opened by the Local Examiner after places have been taken for the Competition. Prizes—1, 10s; 2, 7s 6d; 3, 5s; 4, 3s 6d, 5, 2s 6d; 6, 2s 6d. 1, John MacDougall, Oban High School; 2, Katie Fletcher, Broadford; 3, Morag MacInnes, Broadford; 4, Neilina MacDonald, Broadford; 5, Alexander MacInnes, Broadford; 6 (equal), Calum I. N. MacLeod, Kirkhill, and Catherine M. Robertson, Broadford.

Writing from Dictation of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose. Prizes—1, 10s; 2, 7s 6d; 3, 5s; 4, 2s 6d; 5, 2s 6d. 1, John MacDougall; 2, Calum I. N. MacLeod, Kirkhill; 3, Catherine M. Robertson, Broadford; 4 (equal), William Kemp, Oban High School, and Neilina MacDonald, Broadford; 5 (equal), Alexander MacInnes, Broadford, and Mary MacRae, Broadford.

Reproduction in Writing of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose. Prizes—1, 10s; 2, 7s 6d; 3, 5s; 4, 2s 6d; 5, 2s 6d. 1, John MacDougall; 2, Neilina MacDonald, Broadford; 3, Annie Macpherson, Broadford; 4, Catherine M. Robertson, Broadford; 5 (equal), Hughina Cameron, Drimmin, and William Kemp, Oban High School.

Special Prizes for Teachers—(a) A first, second, and third prize of £3, £2, and £1, respectively, given to Teachers whose Pupils win the highest average marks in the foregoing Competitions. 1, Miss Harriet Stewart, Drimmin; 2, Miss M. D. McQueen, Oban High School; 3, John Macpherson, M.A., Broadford. (b) A first, second, and third prize of £3, £2, and £1, respectively, will be given to the Teachers whose Pupils win the highest aggregate marks in the foregoing Competitions. 1, John Macpherson, M.A.; 2, Miss M. D. McQueen; 3, Miss Harriet Stewart.

Translation of an unseen piece of Gaelic Prose into English. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 15s; 3, 10s; 4, 7s 6d; 5, 5s. 1, Sarah Kennedy, Oban High School; 2, Mary Macintyre, do.; 3, Annie MacGregor, do.; 4, Margaret MacLean, do.; 5, Sarah MacDonald, do.

Translation of an unseen piece of English prose into Gaelic. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 15s; 3, 10s; 4, 7s 6d. 1, Chrissie MacGillivray, Oban High School; 2, Helen McMillan, do.; 3, Donald Jackson, do.; 4 (equal), Sarah Kennedy, do., and Alexander MacInnes, Broadford.

Gaelic Essay. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 15s; 3, 10s; 4, 7s 6d. 1, Sarah Kennedy; 2, Mary Macintyre; 3, Sarah Macdonald, Oban High School; 4, Annie Macpherson, Broadford.

Translation of Gaelic idioms into their English equivalents. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 15s; 3, 10s; 4, 7s 6d. 1, Donald Jackson; 2, Margaret McLean, Oban High School; 3, Sarah Macdonald; 4, Neilina Macdonald, Broadford.

Gaelic Essay (Boys) on the life of Abraham. This competition is confined to Juniors between the ages of 12 and 16 years. Prizes—1, £3 and Gaelic Bible; 2, £2 and Gaelic Bible. Prizes presented by Mrs Stewart, Simla, India. 1, Calum I. N. MacLeod; 2, Alex. MacInnes, Broadford.

Gaelic Essay (Girls). Prizes—1, £3 and Gaelic Bible; 2, £2 and Gaelic Bible. Prizes presented by Mrs Stewart, Simla. 1, Neilina Macdonald; 2, Hughina Cameron, Drimmin.

Writing an Essay of from three to four pages on a set subject. Competition open to pupils in Intermediate and Secondary Schools irrespective of age. Prizes—1, "Poems of Alexander Macdonald" and Certificate; 2, Sinclair's "Oranaich" and Certificate; 3, "Clarsach an Doire" and Certificate. Special prizes may be given for essays of particular merit outwith the prize list. 1, James Ramage,



Portree High School; 2, Roderick MacKinnon, do.; 3, John F. Steele, do.

Special.—Best Competitor in each School entered in the foregoing Competition, and who do not figure in the prize list—Broadford School, Alexander MacInnes; Cornaigmore School, Mary MacDonald; Dingwall Academy, William MacLean; Dunvegan School, Katie Ferguson; Inverness Royal Academy, Katie MacDonald; Oban High School, Margaret MacLean; Tobermory H.G. School, Jessie Cameron; Ullapool H.G. School, George Ross.

#### ORAL DELIVERY.

Adjudicators—Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., Royal Academy, Inverness; Mr. Hector MacDougall, Glasgow.

Reading with Expression a Piece of Prose or Poetry by Native Speakers. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s; 3, 5s; 4, 2s 6d; 5, 2s 6d. 1, Jessie Morrison, Minard; 2, Douglas MacLaren, Glasgow; 3, Marion Beaton, Minard; 4, Alexandrina MacMaster, Drimnin; 5, Hughina Cameron, do.

Reading with Expression a Piece of Prose or Poetry by Learners. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s. 1, Catherine Rankin, Oban High School; 2, Annie Munro, Minard.

Reading at Sight an unfamiliar Prose Piece chosen by the Judges. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s; 3, 5s; 4, 2s 6d; 5, 2s 6d. Open to all. 1, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin; 2 and 3 (equal), Peggy MacLachlan, Drimnin, and Annie Munro, Minard; 4, Catherine Rankin, Oban High School; 5, Alexandrina MacMaster, Drimnin.

Reciting from Memory "Piobaireachd Dhombh-nill Duibh" (D. MacKechnie). Prizes—1, 15s and a copy of M'Dougall's Folk Tales; 2, 10s and a copy of the same book; 3, a copy of M'Dougall's Folk Tales. Open to all. 1 and 2 (equal), Marion Beaton, Minard, and Jessie Morrison, do.; 3, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin.

Narrative based on some local incident, tradition, or legend, to be followed by conversation on the subject of the narrative, between the competitors and the adjudicators. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. Open to all. 1, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin; 2, Hughina Cameron, do.; 3, Alexandrina MacMaster, do.

For Excellence in Gaelic Conversation, for Boys and Girls. Prizes—1, 12s 6d; 2, 7s 6d. 1 and 2 (equal), Duncan MacLeod, Clydebank, and Douglas MacLaren, Glasgow.

Conversation between Judges and Competitors on the History of the Rising of 1745. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. 1, Hughina Cameron; 2, Alexandrina MacMaster; 3 (equal), Mary MacMaster and Duncan MacLeod.

Acted Dialogue, "Mo Chànain Fhéin," by two performers. Prizes—1, £1 10s; 2, £1; 3, 10s. First prize presented by Mr. Hector MacDougall. 1, Effie MacDonald and Catherine MacKinnon, Greenock; 2, Marie M. MacLeod and John A. R. MacLeod, Greenock; 3 (equal), Peggy MacLachlan and Mary MacMaster, Drimnin, and Marion Beaton and Jessie Morrison, Minard.

Repeating the 103rd Prose Psalm or Chapter 13 of First Corinthians. For children under 12 years of age. Boys. Prizes—1, £2 and Gaelic Bible; 2, £1 and Gaelic Bible. Prizes from Mrs. Stewart, Simla. 1, Douglas MacLaren, Glasgow. Same as above for Girls. 1, Miss Flora MacKinnon, Greenock; 2, Miss Dolina MacKinnon, do.

Acted Gaelic Play. Prizes—1, £5; 2, £3. Presented by Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost. 1, Minard Play Party; 2, Drimnin Play Party.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Gillespie Campbell, and Rev. Alistair MacLean, B.D.; Music—Mr. A. M. Henderson, L.R.A.M., and Mr. Hugh S. Robertson, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song. Boys. The songs prescribed are "Coille Chaoil" and "Mo Ribhinn Choibhneil." Confined to Gaelic speakers. Prizes—1, £1 and the Silver Medal of An Comunn; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. 1, Neil Ross, Glasgow; 2, Alistair MacLeod Cameron, Port-Glasgow; 3, Neil MacNiven, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song. Girls. Competition confined to those able to converse in the Gaelic language. Songs prescribed are "Ba ho mo leanabh" and "Mo Dhomhnallan Fhéin." Prizes—1, £1 and the Silver Medal of An Comunn; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. 1, Sarah A. MacDonald, Glasgow; 2, Emma Brown, do.; 3, Morag MacLellan, do.

Traditional Singing of an unpublished Gaelic Song. No instrumental accompaniment. Confined to Gaelic speakers. Prizes—1, 10s; 2, 6s; 3, 4s. 1, Henry MacGuiness, Tayvallich; 2, Morag MacLellan; 3, Emma Brown, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song. Girls. The songs prescribed are "Cagaran Gaolach" and "Tha mo run air a' Ghille." Prizes—1, 15s; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. Prizes presented by the Glasgow High School Ceilidh. 1, Veronica Smart, Port Bannatyne; 2, Isobel C. Robertson, Ibrox; 3, Annie S. MacLellan, Greenock.

Solo Singing of a Song. Boys. The songs prescribed are "Ochoin cha taobh thille" and "He'n clo Dubh." Prizes—1, 15s; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. Prizes presented by the Glasgow High School Ceilidh. 1, Norman Keay, Aberfeldy; 2, Ian MacGillivray, Connel; 3, Hugh B. Sutherland, Greenock.

Solo Singing of a Song. Boys and Girls. Open only to former first prize winners (learners and native speakers). The songs prescribed are "Rosan an Leth-bhaile" and "Gur gile mo leannan." Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s; 3, 5s. 1, Flora C. Robertson, Glasgow; 2, Mary A. MacDonald, do.

Solo Singing of a Song. Open to Girls over 16 and under 18 years of age at date of Mod. Prizes—1, £1 5s; 2, 15s; 3, 10s. 1, Peggy S. Campbell, Glasgow; 2, Bessie MacDermaid, Greenock; 3, Barbara MacIntyre, Colonsay.

Duet Singing of a Song, "Una Ghil Bhan." Confined to Gaelic Learners. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s. 1, Isobel C. Robertson and Flora C. Robertson, Ibrox; 2, Ruth Turpie and Catherine Kemp, Rothesay.

Duet Singing of the Song, "Mo Nionag." Confined to Gaelic Speakers. Prize—1, £1; 2, 10s. 1, Catherine MacKinnon and Mary C. MacKinnon, Greenock; 2, Margaret MacDonald and Sarah Annie MacDonald, Glasgow.

Unison Singing Competition for Junior Choirs. The songs prescribed are "Oran Seilge," "A' Chuthag," and "Puir a Beul." Prizes—1, £3; 2, £2. 1, Rothesay Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Aberfeldy Junior Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in two part harmony. Confined to Learners of Gaelic. Prizes—1, £5 and a baton to the Conductor; 2, £3. 1, Rothesay Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Greenock Gaelic Parish Church Junior Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in two or three part harmony. The prescribed songs are "Tir nam Beann Ard" (test song) and "An t-Altan," supplied by the Secretary. Choirs had also to prepare a song of their own choice in two or three part harmony. At least 50 per cent.

of the members must be able to converse in the Gaelic language. Prizes—1, £5, retention for one year of the "Oban Times" Challenge Trophy, and a Baton to the Conductor. 1, Greenock Gaelic Parish Church Junior Gaelic Choir. Only one choir entered. The trophy was not presented.

### SENIOR SECTION.

#### TUESDAY.

##### LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Rev. Archd. MacDonald, D.D., Kiltarity; Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muckairn; Rev. John MacInnes, M.A., Connel; Rev. Colin MacPherson, M.A., Glencoe; Mr. A. L. MacDonald, H.M.L.S.; Rev. George MacKenzie, B.D., Kilmore, and Mr. Duncan Shaw, Glasgow.

Gold Pendant given to the most distinguished prize winner in the Literary Competitions. Former winners are debarred—Duncan Johnston, Islay.

Poem on any Subject. Prizes—1, Chaplet; 2, £5. Second prize presented by the Gaelic Society of London. 1, John MacCormick, F.S.A. (Scot.), Glasgow; 2, Malcolm MacRae, do.

One Short Story, not exceeding 500 words. Prize—£2 2s. 1, Duncan Johnston; 2, Iain M. Moffat Pender, Poolewe.

Gaelic Story, extending to 200 words or more. The tale may be based on actual historical incidents or local legends. Prize—£5. Prize presented by the Gaelic Society of Glasgow. 1, John MacCormick; 2, Hector M'Dougall, Glasgow.

Gaelic Dialogue, to take not more than 15 minutes in delivery. Prize—£5 ("Archibald MacCulloch Memorial"). Prize presented by Ceilidh nan Gaidheal. 1, George M. MacLeod Collins, Glasgow; 2, Duncan Johnston.

Translation into Gaelic of selected English Prose Piece. Prize—£5, by Mr. Robert MacMillan. 1, John MacCormick; 2, Duncan Johnston.

Essay on any Subject. Prize—£5. Prize presented by the Gaelic Society of London. 1, Hector M'Dougall; 2, John MacCormick.

Gaelic Play suitable for children, time not to exceed 30 minutes. The play to be arranged to suit five or six characters. Prizes, by Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost—1, £10; 2, £7; 3, £3. 1, John MacCormick; 2, Calum MacPharlain, Elderslie; 3, Mrs. Kenneth MacLeod, Fortrose.

#### WEDNESDAY.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Gillespie Campbell and Rev. Alistair MacLean; Music—Mr. Hugh S. Robertson and Mr. A. M. Henderson.

Oban and Lorn Association War Commemoration Medal (Open), for the best rendering of one of the following Songs by Lorn bards, "Nighean Mo Ghaol," "Ceol nan Cruinneag," "Dhealach mise nochd ri m' leanman." Prizes—1, Gold Badge and £1; 2, £2. Presented by the Glasgow Oban and Lorn Association. 1, Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale; 2 (equal), Miss Janet MacPhail, Luig, and Stewart MacInnes, Inverness.

Gaelic Folk Songs. For best rendering of two unpublished Gaelic Folk Song Airs. No pianoforte accompaniment allowed. Prizes—1, £1 10s; 2, 10s. 1, John MacDonald, Glasgow; 2, James C. MacPhee, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of an Unpublished Uist or Barra Song, open to competitors irrespective of locality. Prizes presented by the Glasgow Uist and Barra Association, £2 2s. 1, Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Gaelic Song connected with the County of Inverness, known as the "James Grant Memorial" Prize. Open. Prizes—1, £2 10s; 2, £1 10s; 3, £1. 1, Miss Elizabeth M. Cameron, Paisley; 2, Miss Bessie Campbell, Ardshraig; 3 (equal), Miss Donalda Robertson, Pollokshields, and Stewart MacInnes, Inverness.

#### THURSDAY.

##### ORAL DELIVERY.

Adjudicators—Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., Royal Academy, Inverness, and Mr. Hector MacDougall, Glasgow.

Recitation of the Poem, "Buaidh an Laoich" (Thomson), memorised by competitor. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s. Open to all. 1, Miss Nellie Cameron, Oban; 2, Miss Nora Unkles, Port Askaig. Recitation of the Prose Piece, "A' Phobaireachd Fhalaich" (John MacCormick). Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s. Open to all. 1, Miss Nora Unkles; 2, Miss Flora MacDougall, Portaskaig.

Reading of an unfamiliar Piece of Prose chosen by the Judges. Prizes—1, £1; 2, 10s. Open to all. 1 and 2 (equal), Miss Cathie E. MacInnes, Ballachulish, and Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale.

Recitation of a Piece of Original Poetry specially composed by the Competitor. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, John MacFadyen, Corkerhill; 2, Duncan Johnston, Islay.

Ancient Folk Tale, preferably unpublished, narrated in the traditional style. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, Duncan Johnston; 2, Miss Chrissie MacTavish, Lochgilphead.

For the Best Prepared Original Gaelic Speech on any subject, not to exceed 10 minutes in delivery. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, Miss Jess H. Ferguson, Morven; 2, Duncan MacCowan, Luig.

Best Acted Dialogue by two Performers. The words may be selected from any published Gaelic work, or may be specially composed. Not to exceed 15 minutes in delivery. Prizes—1, £3; 2, £2; 3, £1. 1, Miss L. M. Cameron and Miss M. L. Cameron, Glasgow; 2, Miss Chrissie MacTavish and Robert Shaw, Lochgilphead; 3, Mrs. Jessie MacMillan and Alex. N. Nicolson, Greenock.

##### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song. Female Voices. Confined to Members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its Branches, and Affiliated Societies. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. Former gold medalists and first prize winners for singing excluded. 1, Miss Elizabeth M. Cameron, Paisley; 2, Miss Isa MacIntosh, Edinburbh.

Solo Singing of a Song. Male Voices. Confined to Members of An Comunn Gaidhealach, its Branches, and Affiliated Societies. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. Former gold medalists and first prize winners for singing excluded. 1, Alex. MacRae, London; 2, John D. MacPherson, Ballachulish.

Solo Singing of the Oran-mór, "Oran Mór MhicLeoid" (old air). Female Voices. Prize—£2. Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale.

Solo Singing of the Oran-mór, "Cathair a' Chul Chinn" (MacLeod). Male Voices. Prize—£2. Stewart MacInnes, Inverness.

Solo Singing of a Song. To encourage the revival of the older or less known district songs. Prizes—1st, £2 5s; 2nd prizes of 15s each; and three 3rd prizes of 10s each. Prizes presented by Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge. 1, Miss Nan MacInnes, Luig; 2, Miss Cath. M. Clark, Glasgow, and Miss Elizabeth M. Cameron; 3, John MacDonald, Glasgow; Donald MacLean, Lochgilphead; John D.

MacPherson, Ballachulish, and Miss Janet MacPhail, Luing.

For the Best Rendering of a Song from Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides." Competitors to prepare the two following songs:—"The Birlinn of Clanranald" and "The Potato Liftin'." Prizes—1, "Song of the Hebrides" Vol. III.; 2, "Songs of the Hebrides," Vol. III. (paper cover). Presented by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser. 1, Miss Isa MacIntosh; 2, Miss Phemie M. Colquhoun, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of a Song with Clarsach accompaniment. Prizes—1, £3. Prize presented by Mrs. Iain Campbell (Airds). Miss Flora Campbell, Edinburgh.

Solo Singing of an Original Gaelic Song and Tune, published or unpublished, both made within the last ten years by a Gaelic versifier and composer, not necessarily by the same person. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1; 3rd, 10s. Presented by the Paisley Highlanders' Association. 1, Miss Mary Campbell; 2, Miss Elizabeth M. Cameron; 3 (equal), Charles MacInnes, Ballachulish, and James C. MacPhee.

Solo Singing of a Mull or Iona Song, the words of which must not have been previously published. Prizes—1, £2 2s; 2, £1 1s. Presented by the Glasgow Mull and Iona Association. 1, Miss Cath. M. Clark; 2 (equal), Miss Cathie E. B. MacLean, Glasgow, and Miss Molly Campbell, Oban.

A Competition for Seniors in Solo Singing of "Puir à Beul." Prizes (conditionally on sufficient number of competitors entering)—1, £1 10s; 2, 15s; 3, 10s. 1, John MacDonald; 2, Gilbert MacPhail, Islay; 3, Miss Mary Leitch, Furnace.

Solo Singing. Female Voices. The songs are "Thug mi mo lámh do'n Eileanach" and "An Talla bu ghnàth le MacLeòid." Prizes—1, Gold Medal; 2, £5; 3, £3. 1, Miss Donalda Robertson, Pollokshields; 2, Miss Mary C. MacColl, Ardgor; 3, Miss Janet MacPhail, Luing.

Solo Singing. Male Voices. The songs are "Miann an Eilthirich" and "An Cluinn thu mi mo nighean donn." Prizes—1, Gold Medal; 2, £5; 3, £3. 1, Stewart MacInnes, Inverness; 2 and 3 (equal), John D. MacPherson, Ballachulish, and Charles MacInnes, Ballachulish.

## FRIDAY.

### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song. Female Voices. Open only to former Mod gold medallists and first-prize winners for singing. Prize—£3. Miss Mary Campbell.

Solo Singing of a Song. Male Voices. Open only to former Mod gold medallists and first-prize winners for singing. Prize—£3. Charles MacColl, Ballachulish.

Duet Singing of a Song. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, Miss Ann Stephen and William Mackintosh, Edinburgh; 2, Miss Mitchell and Miss MacBryne, Ardishaig.

Quartette Singing of a Song. Mixed Voices. (S.A.T.B.) Competitors to prepare two songs of their own choice, either or both of which they may be asked to sing. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, Duart Quartette, Glasgow; 2, Ossian Quartette, Edinburgh.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in three or four-part harmony. Female Voices only. The two songs prescribed are "Mo rùn geal òg" and "Dean ba mo Leanabh." Prize—£5. A second prize of £3 will be given if three or more choirs compete. Prize presented by the Greenock Highland Society. 1, Edinburgh Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in three or four-part harmony. Male Voices only. The two songs prescribed are "Fhuair mi naigh-eachd as ùr" and "Bu chaomh leam bhí mire." Prize—£5. A second prize of £3 will be given if three or more choirs compete. 1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, London Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song in four-part harmony. Mixed Voices. The songs prescribed are "Am Fonn" and "Och nan Och 's mi fo leireadh." Choirs entering this competition must not be composed of any of the members who have passed the Gaelic test for 50 per cent. Gaelic speakers in competition 60. Prizes—1, £5; 2, £3. 1, Edinburgh Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without chorus, in four-part harmony. The songs prescribed are "An Dubh Ghleannach," "O's tu 's gur a tu th' air m' aire," and "Mort Ghlinne Comhann." Prizes—1, £15, retention for one year of the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy, and a Baton to the Choir Conductor; 2, £10; 3, £5. Choirs must consist of 50 per cent. Gaelic speakers. 1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Edinburgh Gaelic Choir; 3, Oban Gaelic Choir.

### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Miss Jennie Given, A.R.C.M., Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach, and Mr. R. M. Montgomery, Glasgow.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey, and Reel, on the Piano-forte. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1; 3, 10s. This competition is confined strictly to amateurs. 1, Mrs. George Sinclair, Renfrew; 2, Miss Cathie Robertson, Aberfeldy; 3, Miss Cecil Ross, Edinburgh Castle.

Playing of Gaelic Song Air, Strathspey, and Reel on the Violin. Confined to amateurs. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1; 3, 10s. 1, Miss A. M. Boa, Appin; 2, John M. MacPherson, London; 3, Allan MacLeod, Maryhill.

## Mr. A. M. Henderson's Report.

Although I have acted as adjudicator at many of our most important musical festivals, and assisted in the same way at the Oban Mod last June, my first experience of a large Gaelic festival of this kind was the great annual Mod of this week, which has proved quite a unique and memorable experience for me.

While I listened with great interest and pleasure to these beautiful Highland songs, so full of character and poetry, it was an experience no less gratifying to hear so high a general standard of performance. In particular, I was very favourably impressed by the general excellence of performance in Class 51 (Oban and Lorne Prize) and Class 52 (Grant Prize), where much of the singing was of a high artistic order.

If attention be now given to the elimination of the few technical faults mentioned in my adjudications, the standard of performance would be raised still higher.

The Mod, I felt, has a character and atmosphere quite its own. This quality I ascribe largely to the spirit of the clan, uniting all in a fine loyalty and devotion towards a common ideal and purpose.

### Mod Donations.

Previously acknowledged ... .. £174 1 0

#### Received at Head Office—

Gaelic Society of London ... ..	10 10 0
Mrs. MacNaughton, Glendaruel ... ..	5 0 0
Glasgow Skye Association ... ..	3 3 0
Oban and Lorn Association ... ..	3 0 0
Edinburgh Gaelic Choir ... ..	3 0 0
Gaelic Society of Perth ... ..	3 0 0
Rev. Duncan MacRae, Edinburgh ... ..	1 16 6
D. MacLeod, Esq., Edinburgh ... ..	1 1 0
Archd. Sinclair, Celtic Press ... ..	1 1 0
The Lady Helen Tod, Dunkeld ... ..	1 0 0
Miss Harriet Stewart, Drimnin ... ..	1 0 0
Malcolm MacCallum, Esq., Aberfoyle ... ..	0 15 0
"N. B." ... ..	0 10 0
A. Smith, Esq., Oban ... ..	0 10 0
Miss Donalda Robertson, Glasgow ... ..	0 10 0
Miss R. T. MacDonald, Craignish ... ..	0 5 0
Dr. Farquhar MacRae, Glenshield ... ..	0 5 0
Donald MacColl, Esq., Glasgow ... ..	0 5 0
John MacKay, Esq., Glasgow ... ..	0 5 0

#### Received at Greenock—

Collected by Miss M. Grant, Greenock ... ..	6 0 0
Orr, Pollock & Co. ... ..	5 5 0
Mrs. Arthur Caird ... ..	5 0 0
Dr. Edward MacKay, Greenock ... ..	5 0 0
John W. Cook, Greenock ... ..	2 2 0
Dr. and Mrs. Lawrie, Greenock ... ..	2 2 0
Dean of Guild J. Campbell, Greenock ... ..	2 2 0
Alex. MacLaren & Sons, Glasgow ... ..	2 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Murray, Greenock ... ..	2 2 0
John Cameron, Greenock ... ..	2 2 0
Anonymous ... ..	2 2 0
Ieach ... ..	2 0 0
Seumas, Chief of Clann Fhearghuis, New York ... ..	2 0 0
Mrs. John S. Wingate, Greenock ... ..	1 10 0
W. M. MacElwee, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
W. H. Morrison, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Rev. Donald Campbell, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Andrew Carmichael, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Miss Grace MacDougall Black, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Major P. M'Intyre, O.B.G., Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
John H. Fraser, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Daniel MacLean, Gourcock ... ..	1 1 0
R. R. MacKinnon, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Misses MacKinnon, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Mrs. W. C. Russell, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Lachlan MacKinnon, Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
Allan M'Kechnie & Co., Ltd., Greenock ... ..	1 1 0
John Macpherson, Jr., Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
W. Gray, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Ex-Bailie D. Orr, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
James Robertson, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Kate and Archie, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. Marion de Ghlen, Bridge of Weir ... ..	1 0 0
D. M'L., Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Lieut.-Col. W. A. Fisher, T.D., Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Miss MacLeod, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
C. J., Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. A. Laidlaw, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
James MacAlister, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
D. M. M., Greenock ... ..	1 0 0

"Romani," Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
W. MacDonald, Greenock ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. A. C. Fletcher ... ..	1 0 0
J. and M. ... ..	1 0 0
Capt. Alex. MacTavish, Greenock ... ..	10 6 0
Wm. MacLean, Glasgow ... ..	0 10 0
"Burnessian," Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
"Muileach," Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
John MacKenzie, Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
John MacLean, Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
Mrs. Graham, Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
Mrs. Henderson, Greenock ... ..	0 10 0
A Friend ... ..	0 10 0
Miss Phemie Marquis, Glasgow ... ..	0 10 0
"Tromra" ... ..	0 10 0
"Glencroe" ... ..	0 10 0
K. Morrison, Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
Miss Effie MacLean, Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
Mrs. Peter Johnston, Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
Cuaritear nan Gleann, Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
B. W., Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
Eilean A Cheo, Greenock ... ..	0 5 0
A. M'Dermid ... ..	0 5 0
R. G., Greenock ... ..	0 2 6
Iain MacLean, Greenock ... ..	0 2 6

£291 0 0

### Mod Impressions.

#### HIGH STANDARD OF SINGING.

The Mod or Musical Festival of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which has been held at Greenock during the past week, has been noteworthy from the great enthusiasm displayed and the high standard of the singing. On the afternoon of Friday, after the competing of the various Gaelic choirs throughout the country, there was a memorable scene when choirs and audience together joined in the singing of "An t-Eilean Muileach."

Each day has been so crowded with events that it is difficult to say which has been the most enjoyable. Tuesday was the children's day, and to some this was the most interesting day of the Mod, for the children's voices are peculiarly suited to the singing of the old-world Gaelic airs, which are always very simple in construction.

And it may be mentioned, in passing, that the decision of An Comunn that for most of the singing events there must be no piano accompaniment is a happy one. It is safe to say that no piano music is in keeping with the old Celtic airs. They belong to an earlier civilisation, and have in their original state always been sung to the accompaniment of wind and sea, the rush of a burn in spate, the lowing of herds of a still summer's evening, or the rhythmic beat of the oars of some birlinn or galley of far off times.



On Thursday, the most important solo singing competitions were held, and all present were delighted that the Mod gold medal was awarded Miss Donalda Robertson, whose father, Mr. Angus Robertson, is the president of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Friday was the day of duets and of the choir competitions, and in the afternoon of that day there was some delightful singing by the Oban Choir and the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, who were adjudged the winners. On Friday evening the prize-winners in the various competitions appeared in a grand Gaelic concert, at which a great and enthusiastic audience was assembled, and heard some beautiful singing from the massed choirs.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the Mod has been the wonderful atmosphere of friendliness and Highland hospitality which has pervaded the large audience. Mr. Angus Robertson, in his speech on Friday afternoon, mentioned this fact, and thanked all those present for their support.

The musical festival terminated on Friday evening in an enjoyable dance, at which a number of well-known Highlanders were present. At eleven o'clock the grand march to the ballroom was led off by the two pipers of the Society, and immediately behind them came Lord Cassillis and Lady Inverlyde, followed by MacLean of Ardgour with Mrs. Robertson; and scarcely was the dancing over when some of those present were crossing the firth to the northern shore, there to pick up the early morning train from Glasgow, which would carry them to Fort-William, and thence to Mallaig, the gateway of the Hebrides, where is the birthplace of so many of the songs sung at the Mod.—*The Scotsman*.

The Mod of 1925 has come and gone, and has left none but the happiest recollections. There, for a brief space, in the fellowship of kindred spirits, we surrendered ourselves unreservedly to the spell which the old speech and the old songs weave about our souls, and indulged in visions of an enduring and expanding future for these priceless possessions and all they represent to us as Gaels.

How, it may be asked, did this Mod compare with former festivals? and the answer is, in many respects, very favourably indeed. The entries in some departments were more numerous than on any former occasion, and the universal opinion appeared to be that the level of attainment showed progress, the superiority of the women as

compared with the men being quite as marked as usual.

The oral competitions in the literary department were extraordinarily interesting. There were four speeches and four dialogues in the senior section, and while all these were good the performances which gained the first places were particularly so. The winning dialogue, a cleverly written sketch, brimful of wit and humour, was delightfully rendered, and it and the first-prize speech should, if possible, have room made for them in the pages of our magazine.

One cannot have in Greenock or Glasgow or Edinburgh the atmosphere and setting which one finds at Fort-William or Oban. When due allowance is made for this, the Greenock Mod must be pronounced a distinct success. The arrangements were excellent, and were carried through without a hitch. The cordial welcome and hospitality of the Corporation and of Greenock friends left nothing to be desired. The Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, the General Secretary, and the officials of the Local Committee are to be heartily congratulated on their organisation and management.

The closing concert, which was listened to by a crowded house, was a magnificent success. The packed audience, the brilliant spectacle presented by the massed choirs on the platform, the excellence of the singing and of the brief appropriate speeches, the impressive ceremony of the crowning of the bard, all contributed to provide an unforgettable experience of unalloyed pleasure.

A tribute of appreciation is due to the President for the ability and dignity with which he discharged his numerous and responsible duties. His speeches were marked by the idealistic quality, the poetic spirit, and the picturesque diction which we have come to associate with Mr. Robertson's oratory.

From the point of view of the great company of scattered Gaels who gather from far and near to breathe the friendly atmosphere of the Mod and to enjoy its rich and varied programme of events, the competitors, whose presence and performance make the Mod, merit special and grateful thanks. Whether they win prizes or not, they earn the gratitude of that great multitude of their fellow-countrymen and women who listened with delight to their efforts, and who will carry with them for many a day the recollection of the supremely happy days spent at the Mod.

A VISITOR.

## Eireannacha aig a' Mhod.

So cuid smuaintean a ruith linn agus sinn ann làthair aig a' Mhod ann an Grianraig an tseachduin so. Tha sinn aig an cur sios ann an seo gun mòran deasachaidh a chur air an dòigh air am bheil iad aig an innseadh, mar ba mhath linn a bhi cuidhte leo sul mu tèid sinn air falbh as an bhaile so.

After a tour of greater part of the Gaeltacht of Scotland, we proceeded to Greenock, only to find that a Highland wave had overwhelmed this Lowland town. We found it difficult—impossible—to find a place whereon to lay our weary heads, until a kindly Gaelic novelist and bard vacated his comfortable room for more Spartan-like quarters in order to oblige us.

Go where we would, we heard Gaelic spoken—on the street, on the tram-car, and in the hotels and various refreshment rooms. It was not spoken for show; in fact, we noticed that many who began a conversation in English lapsed into Gaelic when forcible expression was required. This is a healthy sign. The language still lives.

We never before were present at this Festival of "Ar Cànan agus ar Ceòl," so we cannot compare this with the performances of previous years, but this past week provided us with one long round of pleasure. The arrangements were well-nigh perfect, and reflect the greatest credit on the promoters and the ubiquitous and capable staff of stewards. The town representatives extended to all a hearty Scottish welcome, and the spacious Town Hall was placed at the disposal of delegates and competitors. From Inverness and distant London competitors assembled, gave of their best, and in true sporting spirit unreservedly accepted the decisions of painstaking and conscientious adjudicators and the good-humoured helpful criticisms these gentlemen thought well to administer. These remarks were educative for competitors and audience alike, but we imagine that public individual criticisms must prove a trying ordeal to the aspirants concerned. The audience were appreciative, and heartily applauded each competitor.

Competitions were carried on simultaneously in three rooms. Some of us were sorry that the small room allotted to

language competitions was not always crowded. Nearly all interest centred in that section of the programme devoted to Ceol, and the two large rooms set apart for this purpose were agreeably well filled. A pleasing feature of the musical competitions was the presence of an alert Gaelic adjudicator, who was empowered to allot a sufficiently high number of marks for accuracy of pronunciation and phrasing, etc., to make it worth while for a competitor to aim at perfection in the enunciation of the beautiful sounds handed down to us by our Gaelic forefathers. Gaels of Scotland! do not lose these beautiful, distinctively Celtic sounds, and see that the rising generation acquire and appreciate them. The broad and slender, or thick and thin sounds of the consonants, especially of the liquids, *l*, *n*, and *r*, aspirated and unaspirated, are worth preserving in their purity. Standardisation and simplification can be carried too far, and to our minds it would be as sensible a procedure to construct a language by permutations and combinations of half-a-dozen letters of the alphabet as to reduce, say, the four sounds of *e* to one.

The juvenile performances on Tuesday, both in language and music, were very encouraging, and they gave us a first-rate concert in the evening. The adjudicators and chairman in the oral section had some difficulty in making certain competitors believe that some of us wished to hear what the conversation was all about.

At Friday night's senior prize-winners' concert the platform was occupied by the massed choirs of over two hundred voices. Every seat in the building was either booked or occupied half an hour before the time for commencing. The Féile-beag was much in evidence—a dress most becoming the manly Gael; but why—oh! why should any young man, who wore the national dress during the day, change it for another style at the grand concert?

Our general impression was that the Mod tends to encourage the æsthetic rather than the language side of Celtic life, but it does help both sides; and while present at this year's Mod at Greenock one felt in thorough communion with the spirit of the Gaelic movement, and faces the coming year with courage for the future, and determination to press one step farther next year at Oban.

CRAIG EALLACHIE.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual business meeting of An Comunn was held in the Town Hall Buildings, Greenock, on the forenoon of Saturday, 26th September. The President presided; and there was a very satisfactory attendance, notwithstanding the fact that many members from a distance were obliged to leave the town early in order to reach their homes the same day. The result of the recent voting for office-bearers during the ensuing year was duly announced. Mr. Angus Robertson was elected President. Ten members of Executive were appointed as the result of the election. The annual report of the transactions and activities of the various Committees was submitted and approved. The meeting proceeded to consider the place where next year's Mod should be held. A request was made by Tìr nam Bean Society in Edinburgh that the next annual gathering be held in that city. In a very clear and persuasive speech, ex-Provost M' Cowan advocated the claims of Oban. He showed how in many important respects, as regards hall and hotel accommodation, as well as by being central and more easily accessible from outlying districts, Oban had numerous advantages. The motion was heartily seconded by Mr. T. D. Macdonald, and supported by Dr. Kenneth Campbell. The invitation to Oban secured the unanimous consent of the meeting.

A motion was brought forward by the Rev. G. W. Mackay, Killin, to the effect that ordinary meetings of the Executive Council be held in Stirling. He pointed out how members of Executive, living at long distances from Glasgow, found it difficult to go there regularly to meetings, and how a central place like Stirling would cause the travelling from the north and the south to be more generally in proportion for most members. The previous question was moved and seconded also. A show of hands revealed an overwhelming majority in favour of Stirling. It is much to be desired that members should take advantage of this new arrangement, and that larger meetings of Executive will help to maintain the continuity of the work of the Council.

A motion was submitted by Mr. Duncan Macleod of Skeabost that an annual competition for Ceòl Mór or Plobaireachd be held under the auspices of An Comunn. Mr. Macleod laid emphasis on the fact that Ceòl Mór is a very noble part of the musical

heritage of the race, and that it is within the province of An Comunn to foster and preserve the classic tunes of old that still remain. He did not wish to clash in any way with the work of the Scottish Pipers' Society or the Plobaireachd Society. In a sense the range of the competitions of these societies was limited—that of the Scottish Pipers to its own members, and those of the Plobaireachd Society to professional players. But the competition of the Comunn ought to be confined to amateurs who had already made some progress. The Honourable Mrs. Macdonald of Ostaig had very generously offered to the Comunn a Challenge Cup for Plobaireachd; and Mr. Macleod showed his interest in this matter by assuring the Comunn that he would give a sum of money to provide prizes of adequate value for a number of years. The meeting sustained the proposal, and remitted the same to the Executive.

Helpful suggestions were brought forward in regard to the extent to which melodies prescribed for choral competitions should be harmonised, and also as to the desirability of providing English translations of words of songs sung at Mods. Such a provision, it was urged, would be of much assistance to many a good Gael, who, however, might not be a fluent reader of Gaelic. The desire was also expressed that the oral competitions should be so arranged as to secure larger audiences than have recently listened to the oral side of the Mod syllabus.

The result of the election is as follows:— Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A., Killin; Malcolm MacLeod, Ibrox; Miss J. M. B. Currie, Kilmelford; Rev. George Calder, D.Litt., Glasgow; T. D. MacDonald, Oban; Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Sheriff MacMaster Campbell, Campbeltown; Lord James Stewart Murray, Dunkeld; John MacDonald, M.A., Glasgow, and The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald, Skye.

## MEETING OF EXECUTIVE.

Immediately after the close of annual meeting, the Executive met, and proceeded in due form to appoint the usual sub-committees for the ensuing year, as follows:—

### STANDING COMMITTEES, 1925-1926.

*Finance Committee*—Alex. Fraser (Convener), Mrs. Christison, T. G. Bannerman, J. R. Bannerman, Charles Campbell, Sir Norman Lamont, Iain MacLeod, Malcolm

MacLeod, John MacLellan, Andrew Stewart, George I. Campbell, Angus MacAulay, and The President (*ex-officio*).

*Education Committee*—Mrs. W. J. Watson (Convener), Malcolm MacLeod, Dr. George Calder, Mrs. Burnley-Campbell, Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, Rev. G. W. MacKay, John MacDonald, Donald MacLean, Miss Campbell of Inverneill, Rev. Neil Ross, Colin Sinclair, George I. Campbell, and The President (*ex-officio*).

*Publication Committee*—Malcolm MacLeod (Convener), Dr. George Calder, John R. Bannerman, Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, Rev. G. W. MacKay, Donald MacLean, Sir Norman Lamont, Fred. T. MacLeod, Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Peter MacDougall, Colin Sinclair, Mrs. W. J. Watson, The President (*ex-officio*), and The Editor (*ex-officio*).

*Propaganda Committee*—Rev. G. W. MacKay (Convener), Rev. Neil Ross, Rev. Hector Cameron, George I. Campbell, Miss J. M. B. Currie, Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, T. D. MacDonald, Neil Orr, Fred. T. MacLeod, Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Mrs. Christison, T. G. Bannerman, and The President (*ex-officio*).

*Art and Industry Committee*—Miss Campbell of Inverneill (Convener), Colin Sinclair, George I. Campbell, Mrs. Burnley Campbell, Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach, Mrs. Christison, Mrs. Colquhoun, Rev. John MacLachlan, Duncan MacCallum, The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey MacDonald, Mrs. W. J. Watson, Miss Nancy MacLean, and The President (*ex-officio*).

*Mod and Music Committee*—John R. Bannerman (Convener), Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Dr. George Calder, John MacLellan, Mrs. Christison, Mrs. Colquhoun, Alexander Fraser, Peter MacIntyre, Rev. G. W. MacKay, Malcolm MacLeod, Rev. Wm. MacPhail, Rev. Neil Ross, and The President (*ex-officio*).

It was suggested by Sir Norman Lamont that longer notice of meetings of committees might enable members to arrange their engagements so that they could be present at meetings of committees. A few days' notice was rarely suitable. This was generally felt to be a very good suggestion. The next meeting of Executive was fixed for Stirling, on 20th November, as many as possible of the committees holding their meetings on the same date also at Stirling.

### SOP AS GACH SEID.

In past years the interest aroused by the annual Mod was mainly confined to our own people. It was seldom that the event was

noticed outside the columns of the Scottish press. But the growing influence and importance of the cause is indicated by the fact that the London *Daily Mail* had several articles on the subject during the week of the Mod in Greenock. Slowly but surely the millions who read that journal are made familiar with our patriotic work. It is encouraging to know that our objects are universally commended, and that the stranger, even while he cannot be expected to look at the question with our eyes, is yet very deeply interested in a cultural movement which aims at the preservation of so much that is worthy to be kept. In such words as the following we trace a genuine sympathy:—"It was a rich, emotional experience to hear these relics of ancient passion rendered with the mature imagination of men and women whose birthright they were. The audience applauded with a vigour and sincerity seldom seen or heard in concert halls. The voices, too, were occasionally of thrilling beauty; and yet, although the festival is keenly competitive, it is perhaps the songs more than the singers that rouse the people's joy."

THE BARDIC MANTLE.—The ancient colours of the bards were "corcur is cròc." These old Gaelic words are the equivalents of "purple and saffron." That is to say, the mantle of the professional bard was of purple material; and the robe was lined with saffron. It is fitting that the distinctive dress of the bard at the ceremony of the crowning should be revived. At the Greenock Mod this method was followed. The bard of the year came forward to the crowning, robed in the appropriate mantle of purple and saffron, the mantle being secured on the left shoulder with a brooch of an ancient Celtic design. In all these matters we only revive the mystic symbolism to which our people used to attach no small significance. Wales also adheres to her own historic custom; but our Gaelic order of bards, with their special traditions, affords a picturesque example for our own efforts to reanimate the language of symbols.

### SUTHERLAND PROVINCIAL MOD.

The first Provincial Mod for the County of Sutherland, under the auspices of An Comunn Gàidhealach, was held at Tongue on Wednesday, 9th September.

The adjudicators were:—Mr. Roderick MacLeod, Inverness (Gaelic vocal), and Mr. Robert MacLeod, Mus. Bac., Edinburgh (vocal music), Messrs. J. R. Bannerman,



Glasgow, and Mr. Neil Shaw, Glasgow, for oral, and Mr. Donald Iain MacKenzie, Tongue, and Mr. Neil Shaw, for instrumental music.

It was a delight to listen to the sweet mellow voices of the Gaelic-speaking children from Kinlochberrie and Tongue. The singing of "Chi ni na mor-bheanna" by the young boys from Durness was the treat of the Mod. Their Gaelic was natural and unaffected; their voices beautifully clear and melodious, and the rhythm so marked that the audience kept beating time with their feet.

The Rev. Dr. Adam Gunn, Durness, presided throughout the whole of the proceedings, which he conducted with dignity and tact.

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., M.P., presided at the evening concert, and gave a rousing address. Lady Sinclair gracefully presented the prizes to the successful competitors. Accompanying Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair on the platform were Rev. Dr. Gunn and Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A., Killin, convener of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn.

The Mod was reckoned to be the largest gathering ever held at Tongue, and enthusiasm was the key-note. The local committee worked splendidly towards its success, and to Miss Jessie B. MacKay, the local secretary, and to her band of willing helpers, we offer the most cordial thanks of An Comunn.

It was pleasant and encouraging to see so many members of An Comunn present, viz.:—Mrs. M. H. Gilmour and Miss Gilmour, Rosehall; Mrs. Chevalier Parker (Fairlie), from Bettyhill; Colonel Gilbert Gunn, Rogart, and Mr. Gordon Asher, Thurso. There were also present:—Miss MacDonald and Mrs. Ross, Scourie; Mrs. Grant, Rhiconich; Mr. and Mrs. MacKay, Allnabournie; Dr. Magnus MacKay and Miss MacKay, Bettyhill; Rev. and Mrs. Munro, U.F. Church, Strathly; Mr. and Mrs. Hector MacKay, Strathly School; Miss Youngson, Strathly; Rev. Mr. MacLellan, Free Church, Skerry, etc.

Mr. MacKenzie, the Hotel, spared no effort to make the Mod party comfortable, and this added greatly to the enjoyment of the Mod. All have pleasant recollections of the first Sutherland Provincial Mod.

#### PRIZE LIST.

##### JUNIOR SECTION.

Conversation—1 (equal), Robert MacLeod, Inshegra, and Angus Gunn, Inshegra.

Solo Singing—Girls—1, Catherine MacKenzie, Tongue; 2, Robina MacKay, Strathly Point; 3, Catherine MacKay, Altiphurst (Farr).

Solo Singing—Boys—1, Angus Campbell, Durness; 2, John A. Morrison, Durness.

Solo Singing—Boys and Girls—1, Catherine MacKenzie, Tongue; 2, Jenny MacLeod; 3, Jamesina MacKay, Strathly Point.

Unison Singing—1, Tongue Junior Choir; 2, Strathly Junior Choir; 3, Durness Junior Choir.

##### SENIOR SECTION.

Reading at Sight—1, William S. Munro, Tongue; 2, Charles MacKenzie, Durness.

Recitation (Rob Donn's "Soraidh le t' ionradh")—Charles MacKenzie.

Reading (Piece chosen by Competitor)—1, William S. Munro; 2, Charles MacKenzie.

Sgeulachd—Charles MacKenzie.

Solo Singing—Female Voices—1, Miss Jessie B. MacKay, Tongue; 2, Mrs. James Munro, Tongue; 3, Miss Christina Matheson, Tongue.

Solo Singing—Male Voices—1, George MacKay, Durness; 2, Jack Matheson, Tongue.

Solo Singing—Male or Female Voices—1, Jack Matheson, Tongue; 2, Mrs. James Munro, do.; 3, Miss Jessie B. MacKay, do.

Duet Singing—1, Mrs. James Munro and Miss Jessie B. MacKay; 2, Miss Cathie Gunn and Miss Bessie Morrison, Farr.

Unison Singing—1, Tongue Senior Choir; 2, Strathly Senior Choir; 3, Durness Senior Choir.

Singing of Gaelic Psalm Tune—George MacKay, Durness.

Instrumental—Bagpipe Playing—1, William J. MacLeod, Melness; 2, John MacKay, Halladale.

By ROBERT MACLEOD, Mus. Bac.

A four days' journey for a twelve hours' Mod. Was it worth it? This is the question with which I have been greeted ever since I returned from the far north to the city. Emphatically it was worth it. To witness for oneself the power of song and the appeal of the native tongue in these remote parts was moving in the extreme.

From far and near young and old came, not in any spirit of rivalry, but to sing to one another the songs of their fathers. If Mods curb this natural desire to sing and superimpose a highly artificial rendering of these songs, let Mods be abolished. The Mods have a mission to fulfil, and that is to foster the love of the native song and to foster the love of singing them together. Avoid turning the natural rose into a hot-house plant. Let the people sing together, as they did delightfully in the refrains at the evening concert. When they sing together they obey the laws of rhythm. They find a common note value. They "sense" a common emotion. When they secure these fundamentals their spirits are wafted into these spiritual regions which each individual can enter, only by himself. It is for the adjudicator (I hate the word) to do his best

to open the gates which lead, through song, to this spiritual kingdom, and let the mysterious messenger, "Music," fulfil her God-given function.

Could I have written these words before I visited Tongue? I do not think so. It was like a family gathering.

It is tragic to think how the children are starved of music in these districts. Their performances showed artistry struggling for an outline, and their errors were errors of inexperience.

Their intonation showed inacquaintance with the intervals of the major scale, and they did not reproduce semitones naturally. The results in some cases were extremely interesting, and all went to show how little music they hear in these outlying places. Their tone was often rough, but if their ears be not trained to hear beauty of tone, how can they be expected to produce it?

One could not help reflecting on the apathy of the Education Authority. Surely two itinerant teachers of music could be appointed to cover Sutherlandshire area. Divide £500 by the number of schools in the area and what would the cost be per school? It may be asked why the class teacher does not do this work, and I wonder why too. But Miss Mackay of Tongue showed what can be done in a very short space of time, and Mr. MacLean showed how much can be accomplished by a very few visits to little villages.

If the Mod at Tongue draws the attention of the Education Authority to a means of brightening the homes of the people and developing their innate sense of beauty, it will have done much.

What it did do can never be measured by man. Many a handshake and many a word of thanks from old men and women whom I had never seen before, and whom I am not likely to meet again, told me more than any musical critic could ever tell me. We all at some time or other get glimpses of the unseen power of music, and it is these glimpses which hearten one in his work. It seems so useless at times to keep on making music when the hurry and rush of daily toil is clamouring for attention, but Tongue had a message for all those who could read it.

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**KENMORE BRANCH HONOUR  
DR. ARMSTRONG.**

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An extremely interesting event of last month's was the unveiling by our president, Mr. Angus Robertson, of a memorial tablet

to the late Robert Armstrong, LL.D., in Kenmore Parish Church. It is equally gratifying to record that the promotion of this object was at the instance of the Fearnan and Kenmore Branch of An Comunn; and, for the first time in history, the name of our national association is emblazoned within the sanctified portals of the church. What Dr. Armstrong accomplished single-handed as a dictionary maker is now a part of Celtic scholarship, and we feel proud that one of our own active branches has the unique honour of marking the centenary of Dr. Armstrong's birth in a manner so befitting and dignified.

The tablet was unveiled by Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

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**CUMHA M'AONA MHIC.**

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Air Fonn: "Cumha Alasdair Dhuinn le Bhrathair."

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'S bochd 's a' mhaduinn ar sgéula;  
Dh'fhalbh ar sùgradh 's ar n'èibhneas gu  
bràth;  
Thainig saighead, 's is géur i,  
Agus lot i ar céill is ar cail;  
Ar aona mhac, is be 'm béud e,  
A bhí 'n laidhe fo sgéithean a' bhàis;  
'S goirt an naigheachd ri h-éisdeachd:  
Thig, O! Athair! 's cum fhéin ruinn do  
làmh.

'S ann thall thair' nan cuaintean,  
Ann an tìr fada bhuainn a bha e,  
Dar a thainig an uair air,  
'S a dh'fhàg e cho truagh sinn a dheidh;  
'S ged bha càirdean mu'n cuairt da,  
'S a' bhean ghràdhach a fhuair e dha fhéin,  
Tha a bhàs oirnn na 's cruaidhe,  
'S a bhì ga chàramh an uaigh an uir chéin.

Gaol an t-Aonghus bha usal,  
Gun choire ri luaidh dha ra inns',  
Dha 'n robh béusan is buaidhean,  
'S nach fhuingeadh ni suarach na chridh;  
Gaisgeach curanta 'n cruadal,  
Ach mar mhaighdean cho suaire' agus  
min;  
Is nach iarradh am buaireadh,  
Mar biodh féum air a bhuanachd na sith.

'S mòr an t-ionndrainn e òirnne,  
 'S nach fhaic sinn ar còir e a rith 'sd,  
 'S nach cluinn sinn a chòmhradh,  
 Ged bu bhinn 'e na cèol air ar crìdh;  
 Cha till e tuilleadh na bheò ruinn,  
 Mar bu nìhiann is bu deòin leinn a bhì';—  
 Fear nam meal-shùilean bòidheach,  
 A thug ar cridheachan còmhla 'ris do 'n chill.

Thig an t-Earrach 's an Samhradh;  
 Thig am Foghar 's an Geamhradh mun 'n  
 cuairt;

Thig an t-sobhrach 's an neòinean,  
 'S na lusan a chòmhdach nam bruaich;  
 Thig na h-eòin chun nan gleanntan,  
 A shéinn feadh nan crann is nan cuach,  
 Ach cha tig anns an t-saoghal-'s  
 An t-ionndrainn gaolach 'tha bhuainn.

Ach Thus' tha riaghladh nan saoghal,  
 Cuir do spiorad gu 'r taobh ann ar féum,  
 Tog òirn t-aghaidh is t-aoidheachd,  
 'S biodh ar dòchas a chaoið asad fhéin;  
 Cum a ghnàth 'na do chuimhne  
 A' bhantrach na h-aonar gun chéil';  
 'S Tus' is urrainn a saoradh  
 Bho 'n a' ghalair tha claidheadh a cleibh.

GLEANNACH.

—◆—

**SOPAN A EACHDRAIDH ALBANN  
 AGUS A BEATHA AN IV.  
 RIGH SEUMAS.**

—

Le PETIT BLANC.

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An neach a bhios air son a bhì togail Eachdraidh Albann bu chòir da a shùilean a chumail air na nithean so: mar a thàinig na rìoghachdan coimheach, a bha aon uair nan ceithir, gu bhì nan aon, agus mar a thàinig Gàidheil is Cruithnich is Sasunnaich is Breatunnaich fo riaghladh rìgh Gàidhealach, agus mar a thàinig iad so uile thar fharnad is mhi-rùn gu bhì a' deanamh uail as an rìoghachd Scotach—mar a rinn clann nan Gàidheal Alba; mar a bhac cruth na dùthecha le a beanntan, a monaidhean, a h-cileanan, a caoil agus a h-aibhnichean an co-chòrdadh eadar-cheàrna bho bhì cho dìongunhalta agus a thigeadh as da a bhì, agus, air an laimh eile, mar a bha na nithean ceudna so nan dìon do na h-Albannaich o Lochlannaich agus o Shasunnaich; mar a thàinig Sasunn gu bhì na dubhnamhaid agus an Fhraing na cobhair; mar a

rinn na Cogaidhean Sasunnach, gu sònraichte cruaidh ionnsuidh a' I. Rìgh Eideard maithean na dùthecha so a thogail an inbhe is an cumhachd, dìoladh na saorsa, agus an gamhlas agus an dòrtadh fola a bha ann mar dhleab mun do chuireadh air ais iadsan do an àite féin; agus mar a dh'fhàg an Cogadh Ceudna na rìghrean Albannach lag eucomasach air rian is riaghailt a chumail anns an rìoghachd; an dàimh a bha eadar an Eaglais agus an Staid, eadar an Eaglais an Albainn agus am Pàp, agus eadar an Rìgh agus am Pàp; suidheachadh nan iochdaran an beò-slainte agus an còraichean. Chi sinn snàthlain no dha de an dlùth sin an clò an IV. Rìgh Seumas.

A rithidh, ri linn an rìgh so bha atharrachadh mòr air tighinn, agus a' tighinn; air an Roinn-Eòrpa: agus bha a cuid fhéin aig Albainn de sin. Bha na h-Eòrpaich air teannadh ri dùsgadh, is air ath-nuadhachadh, fo aon de na tograidhean sin a chithear aig aman móra an Eachdraidh a chinne-daona a' toirt mùthadh air cleachdadh agus air aigne dhaoine. Cha bhùineadh e do neach a bhì a' deanamh dì-meas air na Linn-tean Meadhoin (mar a thairear riu an coitcheann) eadhoin an coimeas ri Linn an Ath-leasachaidh, ach anns na linntean sin, còmhla ri grinneas is ealainn is cràbhadh an cuid, bha móran de shalchar is de aineolas, is de bhaoth-chràbhadh. Thòisich ùr-eolas is ùr-sholus air briseadh a mach is air craobh-sgaileadh. Thòisich daoine air togail nan cruaidhean agus air togail a mach bho na seann chladaich agus thàinig iomadh cladach ùr an follais. Fhuair muinntir misneach ùr agus rìoghachdan saorsa. Agus cha robh Alba air cùl cuic no air cùl cuain agus so a' gabhail àite. Is gann a chreideas sinn an co-chomunn a bha eadar Alba agus an Fhraing aig an am. Bha dorus fosgailte air Tìr-mòr na h-Eòrpa aig Albannaich sgoinneil an la ud. Tha e air aithris mu 'n am so gu robh deagh chuid de fhoglum Frangach an Albainn agus gum bruidhneadh móran a chàinain Fhrangach.

An eachdraidh nan Albannach is i bliadhna aimneil a tha anns a' bhliadhna 1502 (mìle coig ceud is a dhà) oir rinneadh sìth agus réite eadar iad féin agus na Sasunnaich. An ath bhliadhna phòs an Rìgh Albannach Mairead Tùdor. Deich bliadhna an deidh sin thuit an Rìgh air raoin Catha Fhlodain. Agus ceud bliadhna an deidh a' phòsaidh chuireadh an crùn Sasunnach air ceann an VI. Rìgh Seumas an Lunainn, agus bu esan ogha an IV. Rìgh Seumas agus Mairead Tùdor.

Tha an t-àgh oirnn gu bheil mion-chunntas againn air an duine Rìgh Seumas. Sgrìobh Eil-Threac, Ayala, móran mu thimchioll, anns a' bhliadhna 1498 (mìle ceithir ceud ceithir fichead is a h-ochd deug). Is e duine fìaitheil a bha ann na chofas, agus duine lùth-mhor làidir na bhothaig. Bha e àrdanach uamhrach na nàdur agus b'ar leis gum bu chòir do rìgh a' bhì cho maith ri fhocal. Ach bha e so-ghluasadach agus rag. An uair a bhiodh e na dheann bhiodh a lamh na bu luaithe na eanchainn, oir thilg se e fein anns a' chomhraig gun òrdugh catha a thoirt roimh an eath—deadh shaighdear ach droch cheannard. Bha nàdur cràbhach ann, is bha e miadhail air ceòl, is air uairibh bhiodh e gruamach. Bu sgoilear geur e agus labhraiche nan iomadh cànan. Bha a' Ghàidhlig aige.

A nis is ann mar thoradh air àr-mach a fhuair e an rìoghachd cho tràth. Dh'èirich buidheann de na mathean an aghaidh athar agus is ann comhla ri na ceanairicich a fhuaradh am mac. Bhriseadh cath air athair agus air teicheadh da fhuaradh marbh e. Cha robh so air taobh a' Phrionnsa an uair a thuit an crùn air an dòigh cho mì-ghealltunnach. Choisinn na mathean cumhachd nach robh aca roimhe agus chuir iad ri an cuid. An uair a chruinnich Comhairle na Rìoghachd thàinig iadsan chon a' cho-dhunaidh gu robh an rìgh ùr is na h-uaislean neo-chiontach, "geal agus saor o na casgraidh ud" agus chuir iad litir a chum a' Phàp agus gu rìghrean cumhachdach na h-Eòrpa ag cur sin an eòil doibh. Ach cha bu sin beachd nan iochdaran Albannach is bha iad a' togairt éirigh an aghaidh an rìgh agus a chàirdean mòra; agus ged a chumadh fo smachd an sluagh chaidh oighreachd a thairgse do an neach a bheireadh murtairean an III. Seumas gu mòd. Ma bha murtair no murtairean ann cha robh guth aig an t-sluagh orra is ann air a' mhac agus càirdean a' mhic a bha iad a' cur coire, agus orra-san a mhàin.

Shoirbhich leis an rìgh so an cùisean an lagha. Cha robh ceàrna de an rìoghachd nach do ràinig e agus air gach cuairt bhiodh mòd aige gu breth is binn a thabhairt. Thàinig an sluagh gu bhì a' tabhairt àite dha mar bhreitheamh ceart agus chaidh aige mar sin air togail a thoirt do na h-ìochdaran gu diombadh nan uachdaran a chosnadh. Gun teagamh bha tarraing anns an rìgh oir cha bu ann le beartas a chum e na tighearnan fearainn réidh—co dhiu cha robh òr is

airgid pailt aige ma chreideas sinn an litir a chuir e chum a' Phàp anns a' bhliadhna 1490 (mìle ceithir ceud ceithir fichead is a deich). Ach anns an litir cheudna tha e ag ràdh gu bheil gach nì eile pailt gu leoir anns an rìoghachd. Agus, gun teagamh, is e so cunntas a tha Don Pedro de Ayala a' tabhairt air an dùthaich. Bha sprèidh mhòr de chrodh anns gach àite agus treudan de chaoiraich. Bha an t-iasg pailt "de gach seòrsa gu leoir airson na h-Eadailt, na Fraince, Flannndrais, agus Shasuinn." Mar sin bha feòil, an Albainn agus ri a seachnadh agus cloimh, bein craicinn agus seicean. Cha robhas a' cur móran arbhair agus anns an fhoghar bhathar a' buain nan dias agus a' fàgail na conlacha air an fhaiche. Bha eisrean ri am factainn. Bha am bradan lionmhor. Thòisich Alba ri malairt agus gu h-àraidh bha i a' toirt agus a' gabhail o Fhlannndrais. Tha Ayala a' cumail a mach gun d' thàinig malairt na dùtcha air aghart cho inath agus gum b' fhiach an rìoghachd ri linn an rìgh so a thri urrad agus a' bhìach i roimhe. Ach gun teagamh chuir an Rìgh Albannach druidheachd air a' Spàineach so! Ach bha an rìgh ri a mholadh airson cho sgoinneil agus a bha e co-cheangailte ri cosnadh Albann a chur am meud. Anns a' bhliadhna 1493 (mìle ceithir fichead agus a trì deug) thàinig reachd ùr gu feumadh gillean leasga nam bailtean-puirt a dhol gu muir agus gu robh e mar dhleasdanas air gach borg bàtaichear thar 20 tunna a thogail "airson soibhreas mòr do-labhairt a' chuain." Agus airson an t-iasg so agus an long-mhalairt a dhion thogadh cabhlach cogaidh 20 soitheach agus bha an cabhlach so agus an da Chaptin-mara Sir Andra Wood a Largo agus Andra Barton ainmeil.

Ri linn an rìgh so thàinig Duncideann fa dheòidh gu bhì na Bhaile an Rìgh. Is e àite ion-mhiannaichte a tha an Dun-eideann agus Cathair cho grinn agus a nì an Roinn-Eòrpa. Bha an Caisteal air a charrag agus an Luchairt shìos aig Iomaire an Rìgh a tighinn ro-mhaith air a chéile. Cha robh spòcnaireachd ga cleachdadh aig Cùirt an Rìgh agus tha duine cho grinn foghluinte ri Erasmus a' moladh na chunnaic e an sin. Bha an rìgh déidheil air foghlum, mar a bha athair déidheil air luchd-ealainn, agus araan ann beurla Ghallda agus anns a' Ghàidhlig bha baird san dùthaich. Bha aon nì de uireasbhuidh air Duncideann aig an am so—cha robh Oil-thigh ann.

(Ri leantainn.)



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Leabhar XXI.]

*An t-Samhain, 1925.*

[Earrann 2

### AN T-ORAN MOR.

Tha e soilleir gu bheil alt na seinn a' faotainn aire shònruichte aig na mòid mhòra bhliadhnail agus aig na mòid bheaga dhùthchasail. Tha an t-òran-mór an deidh greim làidir a ghabhail air a' mhòd bhliadhnail. Is e aon de na comhfharpaisean leis a bheil bonn suaicheantais òir A' Chomuinn 'g a chosnadh. Air an aobhar sin is freagarrach gum biodh a' cheist air a cur agus air a fuasgladh—ciod e òran-mór? ciod e an seòrsa ciùil da rìreadh de 'n au goirear òran-mór a réir gnàths na sinnsir?

Tha na h-uile coltas gu bheil an t-ainm òran-mór air a tharunn o' n cheòl sin ris an canair ceòl-mór. Tha an da nì an dlùth chàirdeas d' a chéile. Is e an aon reachd a tha 'g an riaghladh. Is ann air an aon bhonn a tha iad suidhichte. Tha e fìor mu cheòl nan Gaidheal gu bheil an aon mhodh-roinn air ceòl-inneil agus air ceòl-seinn. Is e sin ri ràdh: mar a ta ceòl na pìoba air a roinn na thri seòrsachan tha an ceòl-seinn cuideachd air a roinn na thri earrannan. Tha e riatanach gum biodh an dà ghnè ciùil sin air an coimeas ri chéile, a chum is gu faighear freagrachd cothromach do 'n cheist, ciod e òran-mór? Chan fhaodar an gnothuch a bhreithneachadh gu h-eagnuidh gun tomhas de dh'èulus each-draidheal air a' chùis. Agus mar sin cha ruigear a leas leth-sgeul a dheanamh air son a' cheist a rannsachadh mar is còir.

Is iad trì gnèthan a chiùil-inneil eadhon ceòl-mór, ceòl-meadhoin, is ceòl-beag. Tha ceòl-mór a' gabhail a stigh na fonn stàtail nuallanach air an do shaothraich luchd-ealadhain coltach ri Clann Mhic Cruinein is Clann Mhic Artuir. Dh'fhàg na pìobairean ainneil o shean

iomadh port oirdheirc, eadar chumhaichean is thionalan is fhàilteachan. Ach is e tha anns a' cheòl-mhór ach cuspair beairteach air a faoidte móran a ràdh. Aig an am foghnaidh e chur sìos gu bheil alt a chiùil-mhoir glé mhineideach, agus gu bheil cor a' chiùil sin ag iarraidh ùrlar is siubhal, taorluath is crùnlath. Gidheadh is anns an ùrlar a tha maise a' phuir a comhsheasamh, agus is e sin an seisd a tha comhfhreagrachd do 'n òran-mhór. Do 'n cheòl-mheadhoin buinidh na fuinn bhreagha mhall sin a tha uas fardas na ceòl-mór; na fuinn a tha còmhnaid binn, anns am faodar faireachdaidhean coitcheinn a chur an cèill air mhodh measarra. Chan eil ceòl-meadhoin cho rinneil acfhuinneach ri ceòl-mór; agus mar sin tha e nas measaile aig an t-sluagh chumanta a chionn gun tuig iad e nas fèarr no thuigeas iad ceòl-mór. Is ann do 'n cheòl-bheag a bhuneas na puirt choiseachd is na puirt aighearrach dhannsa sin mu bheula leithid de dh' othail is de dh' ùnaich an diugh. Ach cha robh ceòl-beag am Boraraig. Chan éisdeadh Clann Mhic Cruinein ri nì cho leanabail.

Is e taobh eile a' ghnòthuich gu bheil ceòl-seinn mar an ceudna air a roinn na thri seòrsachan. Is iad sin an t-òran-mór, am mith-òran, agus am port-a-beul. Coltach ris a' cheòl-mhór fhéin tha an t-òran-mór a' buintinn air mhodh iomchuidh ri na cuspairean sin a tha cudthromach annta féin, agus a dh'fheumar a laimhseachadh air dhòigh eireachdail. Mar nach deanar is nach cluichear port ciùil-mhóir gun bhuidh gun bhàis no gun bhatal cho mho a' dheanar no sheinnear òran-mór mur téid aigne fìor-dhomain a ghluasad le bròn no call no uamhas. Faodar a ràdh gu feum cuspair an òran-mhóir a bhi de'n



ghnè sin a dhruidheas air na faireachdaidhean. Canaidh feadhainn òran-mór an diugh ri duanag air nach eil na comharraidhean so ri fhaotainn. Ach is e so òran-mór na sinnsir—òran a thug barrachd an cudthrom is an inbhe—òran stàitail usal air puinc a tha iomraiteach cudhaidh, mar a ta Mort Ghleanna Comhann, no Brataichean na Fèinne.

Tha am mith-òran a' cuartachadh nam fonn a tha cleachdta am measg an t-sluaigh; na duanagan binne, agus na luinneagan milis a chluinnear anns gach ceàrn de 'n dùthaich. Is ann fo 'n roinn so a dh'fhaodar na h-òrain ghaoil a chur; agus mar an ceudna na h-òrain mholaidh, na h-aoirean agus na h-iorraman, maille ris gach seòrsa saothrach a rinn na bàird a nuas troimh na ginealaich. A' comh-fhreaghadh do 'n cheòl-beag tha na puirt-a-beul a' tighinn air dannsa agus air sunnd. Tha an mith-òran agus am port-a-beul an cor fallain gu leòr an diugh; ach tha an t-òran mór an cunnart bàis. Chan eil an t-òran-mór a' faotainn cothrom éirigh. Bha ar sinnsir fada fada na b'fhoghlumta an ceòl na tha Gaidheal choitchionn ar latha-ne. Tha e mar fhiach-aibh air Comhairle Cìùil a' Mhòid gum bi iad obramach ciod an ghnè òrain a shuidhicheas iad airson comhfharpais an òrain-mhòir aig na mòid bhliadhnail.

### HIGHLANDERS' INSTITUTE OPENED IN GLASGOW.

Sir Alexander Macdonald, Bt., of the Isles, performed, on 15th October, the ceremony of opening the new Highlanders' Institute, which has been established in Glasgow for the benefit of the Highland section of the community. The building is situated at 27 Elmbank Street. The ceremony took place in the main hall, which was crowded in every part. Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, chairman of the Executive Committee, presided. After the building had been formally declared open, a concert was held in the main hall and a dance in the gymnasium.

#### PURPOSES OF THE INSTITUTE.

The Chairman said they were met to celebrate the culmination of the strenuous effort of several years. The idea of establishing an Institute originated in connection with the Highlanders' Memorial Church, and to Mr. Keay belonged the credit of conceiving the idea. The movement, however, soon assumed a wider aspect, and grew from less to more, until he was safe in saying they had organised the

whole of Highland opinion. They set out with the object of raising £20,000. They organised and carried through a bazaar with magnificent results, succeeding in raising £23,000 for the purpose of the Institute.

Mr. Colin Sinclair, architect, presented Sir Alexander Macdonald with a gold key.

Sir Alexander Macdonald, in declaring the Institute open, said that in order to better appreciate the great value of this Highlanders' Institute, which the princely generosity of clansmen in Glasgow and many sympathetic friends had raised as a token of love to the clans, he wished to recall the picture of everyday life in the Highlands and islands as many of them had seen it, and to note the gulf of difference which separated the remote dignity of a Highland home from the welter and haste of life in that great city.

After giving a description of the "black" houses to be seen in the Highlands some years ago, Sir Alexander said that if they transplanted Highlanders from the West Coast or the Northern counties and put them into the big cities, or else took them across the seas, they would find that they were dealing with a race which would win through in almost any walk of life. When they began to transplant the young Highlanders from their homes to other surroundings where their great powers might fully develop they must have some jumping-off place which was in communication both with the Highlands and the rest of the world. In the great majority of cases the city of Glasgow was the starting point. Referring to the Institute, he said that if ever money was well spent, surely it was well spent in that case, where their princely generosity had provided funds to found and endow that magnificent Highland embassy. They called the Institute a memorial to the Highlanders who fell in the war, and they did well to remember them. It was doubtless their great example of self-sacrifice which in the first place spurred them on to undertake that work. But he said they had done far more than erect a memorial. They had planted a tree which he hoped would live, and under the shadow of its branches future generations would come and take refuge. He asked them to forget that they belonged to different clans and for the purpose for which they had assembled they were children of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder.

On the motion of Mr. James Dalrymple, Sir Alexander Macdonald was thanked for his address. Mrs. Hourston proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Chaidh an Mòd mór seachd gu h-òrdail, ciatach agus cha chluinnear air gach taobh ach gun do rinn Grianaig gu h-urrmach. Tha an talla fìor fhreagarrach air son a' leithid de chruinneachadh, agus rinn comhairlichean a' bhaile, cho math ri na Gàidheil, ar turas do Ghrianaig cho taitneach agus a bu chomasach. Bha fialaidheachd agus acidheachd gun dith ann. Bha cruinneachadh mór aig a' chuirn-chiùil air feasgar Di-haoine agus tha na h-uile neach a' moladh cho gasda agus a bha caileagan nan còisir a' coimhead air a' chlàr. Nach ann doibh fhéin a bu dual!

\* \* \*

The syllabus for next year's National Mod at Oban is now in the hands of the printer, and I would respectfully ask intending donors of special prizes to notify me without delay, so that offers may be considered at an early meeting of the Committee. Special prizes for Literary and Oral work will be very acceptable. Competition in the Oral section at Greenock was very keen, and the standard attained unusually high.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Miller, Greenock, has very generously presented An Comunn with a trophy for annual competition. This has been cordially accepted by the Mod and Music Committee, and by the express wish of the kind donor is for Junior Choirs of learners. The trophy will be presented to the Rothsay Junior Gaelic Choir, who gained the prize for learners at the Greenock Mod. Mrs. Miller's thoughtful and generous gift will add greater interest to the competition.

\* \* \*

Mr. Hugh MacLean has made a very auspicious beginning with his classes at Campbeltown and Tayinloan. The number of children who presented themselves at Campbeltown on the first evening of the singing class was about 250. The younger children were not enrolled, but there are still about 170 boys and girls attending. The senior class numbers about 50. At Tayinloan there are splendid classes also.

Ceilidh nan Gaidheal and High School Ceilidh in Glasgow are having record attendances at their Saturday evening meetings. The Paisley Highlanders' Association, under the genial presidency of Mr. John Woodrow, is having splendid gatherings each Saturday evening. This Association will always be remembered with pleasure and gratitude by the many enthusiasts who listened to the novel competition of new songs to new melodies at Greenock. Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale, gained the first prize for a very fine rendering of one of Calum MacPharlain's songs, "Cumha nan Gillean." The song is now available in the new publication, "Clàrsach a' Ghlinne."

\* \* \*

At a largely attended meeting of the Feill Executive Committee, on 12th October, it was unanimously decided to postpone the Great Feill until June, 1927. The destruction of the Kelvin Hall necessitated this step being taken, as no other hall in the city could accommodate the many sections which it is proposed to have. It is hoped that a new Kelvin Hall will be erected in time to house the Great Feill.

\* \* \*

The proceedings at the opening of the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, were interesting in the highest degree. The audience was only limited by the available accommodation, while the speaking was of a high order. The wonderfully fine address of Sir Alexander MacDonald of the Isles made a deep impression. In conception, form, and delivery it could hardly have been improved upon. It gave the Institute an admirable send off.

\* \* \*

The President of An Comunn addressed a meeting of the Glasgow Rotary Club last month. Mr. Robertson said he did not want the Gaelic preserved simply because it was an old language; he wanted it preserved because it spoke a spiritual message to the world. He hoped we would never witness the passing of the language, which was something far more than mere verbal expression, or see the passing of a race which had been soulful in its instincts

and which had imparted a spirit of brotherhood throughout the world. Since addressing the New York Chamber of Commerce on the same subject, Mr. Robertson stated that he had had many practical offers of assistance from Americans who were anxious that the spirit of idealism as contained in the Gaelic language should be preserved for mankind.

NIALL.

AM MOD.

Chuir an Comunn Gàidhealach de mheas ormsa am bliadhna, is bliadhnanach eile roimh so mar an ceudna, m'ainm a chur sios mar bhreitheamh an comh-fharpaisean bheul-aithris Gàidhlig aig Mòd Ghrianaig. Bha mo dheagh charaid a Inbhirnis, Mgr. Dòmhnall Greum, is mi féin le chéile anns an inbhe so. Is docha gu'm faigh sibh a bheachdan féin bhuaite-san anns an earrainn so de'n "Ghàidheal," is theagamh nach biodh e far an rathaibh dhòmhsa, mi a chur sios beagan de mo smuaintean féin ré nan làithean ud, anns a' chànan a bha sinn ag cur an cleachdadh, no co-dhiu a bu chòir dhuinn a chur an cleachdadh, aig Mòd Ghrianaig.

Bha clann is bha inbich air ar beulaibh. Creidibh gur e obair chigailteach a tha ann a bhì ag ràdh, "is e so an t-aon is fearr, is gheabh e an duais; agus leis nach eil an t-aon so eile cho mhath ris ('nar beachd-na), chan fhaigh e ni." Bhiodh e fada na b'fhearr leamsa far am biodh àireamh a bhiodh comharraichte math, duais a thoirt dhoibh uile, ged nach faigeadh co-fharpaisich eile, far nach biodh mòran fearrd orra duais idir. Ach faodaidh mi a ràdh a mach bho aon cho-fharpais an earrainn na h-òigridh—còmhradh mu Bhladhna Thearlaich, nach robh aon eile mu an robh ni de chunnart gu'm biodh na duaisean air an diultainn mar so.

Bha cuid de na chuir a stigh an ainm air-son a' chuspair so, aig nach robh fios air ni saoghalta mu Bhladhna Thearlaich. Dhùil e mór iognadh orm; ach tha mi an dùil ged a dh'fharaidinn dhiubh na ceistean a chuir mi orra anns a' Bheurla nach biodh iad ni na b'fhearr. Leis a' sin, cha b'ann anns a' Ghàidhlig a bha iad easbhuidheach uile gu léir, ach an eolas cumanta air eachdraidh na dùthcha. Thug mi an aire gu'n robh an t-eolas cumanta so easbhuidheach an dòighean eile mar an ceudna. Chan ann a chomharraichadh a mach earrainn seach earran de'n dùthaich a tha mi, ach bha

aon no dhà a rugadh is a thogadh an sealladh Bàgh Thobar-Mhoire, is cha chuala iad riamh ionradh air luig Spàinntich a dhol fodha an sin, no daoine a bhì ri tumadhrodhach a measg a crannaich an geall air gach seorsa ulaidh fhaotainn aise de bho chionn bhliadhnanach. Cha robh fios aig aon eile ciod ainm a bha air an abhainn a bha a' ruith sios troimh Ghlascho gu Grianaig, no ciod am fearann a bha air an taobh eile de'n linne, ged a bha e 'gam faicinn le chéile gach latha a dh'èireadh e. Ach 'nan gabhail thar a chéile rinn a' chlann fìor mhath, is chuir iad urram orra féin, is orra-san a bha 'gam foghlum. Is ni e gu toil-inntinn a thoirt dhuinn, clann bheag fhaicinn is gach facal an Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille Duibh aca air an meomhair cho réidh ri ribeinn, is iad a' tuigsinn nam facal a tha iad ag ràdh. Thug e fianh a' ghàire orm caileag bheag fhaicinn, an uair a thainig i gus na facail, "feithibhse bhreitheamhna, ceileirean Dhòmhnuille," a' toirt sùla amharusaich orn féin is air mo chompanach!

Bha ni eile a thug mi an aire dha, is bha na h-inbich cho buailteach dha ris an òigridh. Tha cuid de fhacail anns a' Ghàidhlig, mar a tha "mór," "bó," etc., is chan eil e gu mutha co dhiubh is e "mòr," no "mór," "bò," no "bó," a their sinn. Tha facail mar a tha "trom," is chan eil mi an duil gun cailleadh co-fharpaiseach ni air co-dhiu a theireadh e, le fuaim na Beurla a ghabhail mar sheoladh, "troum," no "trome." Ach far a bheil bàrdachd, is facail mar sin a' ruith a réir fhacail eile, mar a tha "Dòmhnulle," is "mòr-bheann," tuigear far am biodh dithis cho dlùth air a chéile is nach biodh e furasda aon a chur air thoiseach, gu'n cailleadh an t-aon a theireadh "mòr-bheann." Am "Buaidh an Laoich," bha na facail "throm," "tonn," "sonn" is "fonn," a' tighinn a steach an cois a chéile. Bha "troum" a ràdh an so is "tone" an sud, a' deanamh coire an aoin a theireadh e.

Bha cuid de na h-inbich nach robh ro chùramach ann an ionnsachadh nan earrann a bha air an comharraichadh a mach dhoibh. Bha so gu sònraichte fìor a thaobh rosg; am bàrdachd, bha ruith nan rann féin mar bu bhitheanta 'gan cumail ceart, ach an corr fhacal bha mearachdan beaga 'gan deanamh an sin mar an ceudna. Anns 'A' Pìobaireachd fhalaich," ged a bha na facail aig cuid a' tighinn a réir a' chéile is còthromach gu leoir, fathast bha iad a' dol thar briathran an leabhair, is mar sin ag call air. Bha aon a rinn sònraichte math, is mur bitheadh an leabhar 'nar dòrn gus na mearachdan



fhacinn, theaganh gu'm biodh an dàra duais aice, ach bha na strìachan a' dol na h-aghaidh aon an deidh aoin ri linn nam mearachdan so, is bha i fada a bhàn aig deireadh a' chùinntais. Thug an t-aon a thug a mach a' cheud duais anns an ùr-aithris so leughadh seachad a bha uile gu léir taitneach. Bha i coilionta, is gach facal aice air a teangaich, is air fhuaimneachadh cho cuimseach, cothromach 's a tha mi an dùil a ghabhadh sin deanamh; bha e 'na thoil-inntinn a bhi 'ga h-éisdeachd a' leughadh Gàidhlig.

An co-fharpais nan sgeul, bha mo chluas ri clàisteachd feuch am faighinn no an cluinninn seann sgeul annasach, ach ged a bha na fhuair sinn air an liubhairt gu taitneach, cha robh a h-aon aig an robh a' bheag de ni ùr nach cualas roimhe. An gabh e a bhi gu bheil tobraichean nan seann sgeul uile air an traoghadh? Chan fhaod nach eil seann sgeulachd, is aon no dha, nach do chuireadh riann an clòdh, ri a factainn anns a' Ghàidhealtachd fathast.

Bha na h-àraidean air an liubhairt gu sgoinneil. Bha dearbhadh againn an so féin gu bheil buadhan anns a' Ghàidhlig gu smuaintean dhaoine a chur an céill an iomadh dòigh. Fo mheoir is air teanga an caldhainich, tha ar cànan deas gu dìreach gu àrde, is leudachadh co-ionann ri cànan air bith eile air aghaidh an t-saoghail. Leanamaid an obair is na biodh ni a chumas air ais sinn. Tha buidheann dhealasach air taobh ar cànan; tha òigridh a' togail cinn aig am bheil i gu deas air am bilibh. Leanamaid i, is leinne bidh a' bhuaidh.

EACHANN MAC DHUGHAILL.

### THE ORAL COMPETITIONS AT THE MOD.

Many who are interested in the work of An Comunn not infrequently feel that the Mod is in danger of becoming a music festival pure and simple. We say in danger advisedly; for although words wedded to music must, in the nature of things, possess a paramount attraction, yet it is with the spoken language that An Comunn is primarily concerned. The songs of the Gael form much too important and distinctive a contribution to the folk-music of the world ever to be lost. But, so far as the language is concerned, if it does not survive in speech it will not survive in song. It is that fact which invests the oral competitions of the Mod with an importance which has hitherto perhaps not been adequately

appreciated. An improvement, therefore, in the number of entries for these competitions, and still more in the standard of achievement, is a hopeful feature.

In the junior section the standard was on the whole good, but there were few outstanding performances. The recitation of "Piob-àireachd Dhomhuill Duibh" was somewhat disappointing, but it must be admitted that the piece was by no means an easy one. Yet there was apparent a tendency to speak in lines, to scan—and not to recite. True, in poetry a sense of rhythm must always be preserved—but in proportion; competitors should not be overborne by what has aptly been called "the tyranny of the stressed syllable." That is always a danger with children, for whom the "jingle" of verse has an inordinate attraction. In the narrative and conversation a much higher standard was attained. Here one had the feeling that competitors were using a language with which they were perfectly familiar, and not a medium of expression reserved for special occasions. The dialogue was very well done.

No feature of the late Mod was more marked than the vast improvement, as compared with last year, in the performances in the senior oral competitions. "Buaidh an Laoich" was rendered with that dignity and understanding which the poem demands. We would suggest that in future the piece set should be of such a length as to render it possible for every competitor to repeat it from beginning to end within a reasonable time. The performances in the oraid and in the dialogue were excellent. In the latter competition there was shown not only skill in execution, but a measure of good taste in the choice of matter preferred, which has not always been evident. Not infrequently in former years have dialogues been presented whose one and only recommendation was that they were simply comic. After all, there is a wealth of good dialogue in Gaelic literature, and the humour, if so it can be called, which depends for its point upon the misunderstanding of English words by Gaelic speakers is cheap and shallow. That feature, however, was this year largely, though not quite wholly, eliminated, and adjudication was a pleasure which we would not willingly have foregone.

Several competitors in the singing competitions appeared also in one or other of the orals. In doing so they showed wisdom. We are convinced that singers would find practice in recitation an enormous help towards the good rendering of a song.

Finally, reference must be made to the appearance, both in the junior and in the senior competitions, of competitors whose mother-tongue is not Gaelic. They may not all have been among the prize-winners—some of them were—but infinitely more credit reflects upon them than upon any native-speaking prize-winner. Their efforts betokened an enthusiasm and a degree of application which may well put us who were born and brought up in the Highlands to shame. "Mountains may divide, and a waste of seas," but interest in and enthusiasm for Gaelic, and all that it connotes, may be more than academic.

D. GRAHAM.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of *An Gaidheal*.

Sir,—I have heard people asking, now and again, for Gaelic singing games, and the reply is always a shake of the head and "No, there are no Gaelic singing games for children."

Now, Highland children are just as fond of singing and dancing as are children of any other nation, and I can well remember, when I was a child, playing "Water, water wallflower," to which we sang,

" Uisge, uisge ———,  
A fasail gu mór "

(I forget how we translated "wallflower"), because we preferred to sing our rhymes in Gaelic to singing them in English.

I herewith enclose a few suggestions for "singing games," in the hope that they may inspire others of your readers to send you their ideas on the subject.—Yours truly,

YSHBOL STUBHARD.

3 Park Circus, Ayr.

### I.

Thubhairt an Luchag stigh 's an toll,  
" Cìod e do sgeul 'chait chruinn ghlaiss? "

*Fonn*—Falbhan o, i, rill, ùill a!

" Cairdeas, comunn agus gaol!  
Faodaidh tus 'bhi tighinn a mach! "

Falbhan o, i, rill, ùill a!

" 'S eolach mi mu'n dubhan chrom  
B'abhàist a bhi am bonn do chas. "

Falbhan o, i, rill, ùill a!

" Mharbh thu mo mhàthair an dé,  
'Us thàr mi fhéin air éiginn as! "

Falbhan o, i, rill, ùill a!

(Words and music are published in Dr. K. N. MacDonald's collection of "Puir t beul.")

The children are in two rows, facing each other; one in each row is chosen as "cat" and "mouse" respectively. In one row all take hands, dance forward and back singing the first verse, the second row reply by singing the second verse, and so on, turn about, until the end of the last verse, when the "mouse" runs off, in and out among the other children, and the "cat" after her. When caught, another cat and mouse are chosen, and the game is repeated.

### II.

'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal,  
'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal,  
'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal,  
Leis na fhichead maighdean.

Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheadhaidh,  
Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheadhaidh,  
Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheadhaidh,  
'S coignear air gach taobh dheth.

(I forget to what tune these words are sung, but they go quite well to the "Standard on the Braes of Marr.")

One child, chosen as "Uisdean," dances in the middle, the others taking hands and dancing round him, singing the first four lines. All stand and sing second verse, while Uisdean dances in turn with them, swinging one by the right arm, the next by the left, and so on. Whoever he is dancing with at the end of the verse goes into the middle as "Uisdean," and the game is repeated.

### III.

Dannsaidh na coilich dhubha,  
Is ruidhlihd na tunnagan,  
Air an tulaich againn fhéin,  
Air an tulaich thurad ud,  
Air an tulaich againn fhéin,  
Air an tulaich thurad ud,  
Air an tulaich againn fhéin,  
Air an tulaich bhòidhich.

(Tune, "Lord MacDonald's Reel." Words in Dr. K. N. MacDonald's collection of "Puir t beul.")

Two rows, facing each other. One row of children are "Coileich dhubha," another row are "Tunnagan." The rows advance and retire as they sing. At the end of the song they send forward one coilach and one tunnag to have a tug-of-war. The one who is pulled over joins the other side, and the song is repeated.

### IV.

Có th'ann ach Anna mo nighean,  
'S i 'na ruith air feadh an tìghe.  
Cò th'ann ach Anna mo nighean,  
'S i 'na ruith air feadh an tìghe.  
Cò th'ann ach Anna mo nighean,  
'S i 'na ruith air feadh an tìghe.  
Cò acli i, có ach i, có ach i,  
Feadh an tìghe!

(Words from Dr. K. N. MacDonald's *Puir t beul*. Tune, "The Smith's a Gallant Fireman.")

Can be played as "Fill the Gap." The children stand in a circle while Anna dances round outside. At the last words, Anna drops a handkerchief behind a child, who at once runs round the circle in the opposite direction to Anna. Whichever gets back to the gap in the circle first, stays there, the other going round as Anna.

## SOPAN A EACHDRAIDH ALBANN AGUS A BEATHA AN IV. RIGH SEUMAS.

LE PETIT BLANC.

### II.

A thaobh cor na h-Enlaigne bha Alba an suidheachadh truagh. Bha an rìgh agus am pàp còrda riamh, oir fhuair e maitheanas

grad airson an aimlisg a chuir athair gu bàs. Bha uair mhór air an rìgh mar Fhear-dìon a' chreideamh. Ach nam bu ionnan an creideamh agus an Eaglais chaill e a chliù. Bha sannt an rìgh agus dorchadas agus aineolas nan cléireach a' càrnadh suas airson latha diolaidh. Rinn an rìgh Ard-easbuig de a bhràthair Diuca Rois agus air caochladh don duine sin rinn an rìgh Ard-easbuig de a mhac diolain fhéin agus esan na leanabh! Fhuair mac eile Abaid dha féin. Anns an linn so cuideachd fhuair Glascho Ard-easbuig. Thug am fear so anns a' bhliadhna 1494 (mile ceithir cheud ceithir fichead agus a ceithir deug) daoine a ceann an Iar-dheas na rìoghachd aig nach robh beachdan fallain mu'n chreideamh air a beul-thaobh. Rinn an rìgh beag-seadh de'n chùis ach an solus eachdraidh dearbhadh an ath-leasachaidh chan eil sinn cho amharusach mu fhalluinn-eachd nam fear ud.

Bha an rìgh eòlach air Gàidhealtachd is Gàilldachd agus bha e airson eòlais a chur gu feum. Is i a' chrìoch a bha aige anns an amharc a ghreim air gach Tighearnas a chruadhachadh agus gach samhail ainghearnais a chur as. Tha cuid de luchd leughaidh na h-Eachdraidh de'n bheachd gum bu cheannaireich riamh Domhnallaich nan Eilean agus tha aobhar no dha air a sin. Agus ged a bhiodh an ni fior, ag amharc air le sùilean nan rìghrean Stiubhartach suas gu linn nan Teàrlach, cha b'ann gun fhios carson a thachair e. Air tùs, bha Tighearnas nan Eilean an Albainn mar an roinn shonhraichte nach do ghabh riamh ri Gàilldachd. Bha na Domhnallaich nam fìor-Ghàidheil de'n t-seann chumail agus tha fios againn ma bha cuid aca a fhuair oilean Sasunnach gu robh iad ann agus sin aon bha os cionn chaic aig nach robh facal Beurla. Faodaidh sinn a ràdh an t-seann chomhrag eadar a' Ghàidhlig is a' bheurla an Albainn a lean Mairead Bean Rìgh Calum gun do dh'fhàg i mì-run; agus bha na Domhnallaich air an taobh-deas. Agus ged bu mhór fas nan Stiubhartach, agus an uamhar pailt da reir, an uair a bhiodh clann Domhnall ri sloinndearachd cha robh na Stiubhartach ach air cùl na còmhla. A rithidh mar bu dual do mhuinntir a bha air an iomall agus air cùl nam beann bha clann Domhnall a' deanamh barrachd bun as an neart féin na leigeadh iad a leas, agus sin mar a dhearbhadh a' chùis. Oir cheannsaich rìgh Seumas an teaghlach ainmeil so. Re linn an III. Rìgh Seumas thug Iain triath Inne-

Gall géill don rìgh agus chaill e oighreachd Rois agus an tìotal Iarla Rois. Bha Domhnall Ballach air Ceann-tìre a chall a cheana. Nam biodh eachdraidh mhìon againn o lamh-aithris agus o bheul aithris air sliochd Chuinn an latha so bhiodh i gaisgeanta. Tha aon ni leir gur e droch stèd'nadh a bha air na Domhnallaich. Is e sgiobair-eachd Clann Raghail a bha air Biorlainn nan Eilean, agus bha bhui; cha b'fhada gus na chuireadh an claiginn aise. Fhuaradh Aonghas mac Iain a' creachadh is a' casgradh an Ros. Bha e coltach ma chaill na Domhnallaich an còraichean an Ros nach do chaill iad an cumhne agus is ann a bha a' chuairt ud gle choltach ri bhi ag ath-chosnadh na dùthcha. Ach co dhiu, chaidh Aonghas a chur an comhar a chùil do na h-Eileana agus an sin spadadh le foill e. Bha athair beò ach bha an teaghlach roimte gu leòir. Chaidh an sin Alasdair a dhleasadh an àite a bha aig Aonghas agus thagair e an oighreachd. Anns a' Mhàigh 1493 thug a' Pharlamaid Tighearnas nan Eilean an Domhnallach: agus an ath bhliadhna ràinig Iain Duneideann agus shrioched e. Thug an rìgh còrr air trì bliadhna agus cùisean na Gàidhealtachd aige gun sealltuinn riubhe, oir bha aghaidh air gnothuichean a bhùineadh do Shasuinn, ach anns a' bhliadhna 1498 ràinig e na h-Eileana e fhéin. Bha an gnothaich ag amharc doigheil gu leòir. An ceann còig bliadhna is ann a bha Domhnall Dubh mac Aonghais mhic Iain air fhaotainn am Baideanach a' tabhairt am mach na tòrachd agus a' leigeil fhaicinn do uaislean Taobh an Ear na Gàidhealtachd, a roinn buanachd ri linn call nan Domhnallach, gu robh fichead an Uibhist a dheanadh euchdan fhathas! An ath bhliadhna chuir Seumas le feachd na Rìoghachd Clos air an obair sin; agus bha seanair bochd air a dhruideadh an Caisteal Dhunéideann. An déidh sin bha feachd nan Eilean timchioll air an rìgh air latha bhàis. Cò ach iad. Thubhairt sinn gu robh a' Ghàidhlig aig an rìgh. Chan eil fhios nach e am fear ma dheireadh aig an robh i: ach, co dhiu, ge bu e air bith de a rinn e airson leas slobhailt na Rìoghachd cha do rinn e ach cùl-taice a thabhairt an Ghàidhlig an uair a thug e an cumhachd o Chlann Domhnall. "Ni comhnadh gun clann Domhnall, ni neart a bhi gan eugmhais."

Anns a' chunntas a thugadh leugh—"iar-ogha an IV. Rìgh Seumas" an aite "ogha."

## ORAN DO DH-IAIN BREAC MACLEOID.

(Leis a' Chlàrsair Dhall.)

[Air noted by Mr. John MacDonald, Oban, as sung by his uncle, the late John Johnston, Coll.]

## KEY F.

s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :-: d   d :-: r   m :-: r   m :-: s   s :-: m   m :-: r   d :-:   -
	Their mi ho ro gheall - a - bheag, 'sna ho ro chall-an h-l.
(d)	m :-: s   s :-: s   l :-: d'   d' :-: l.l   s :-: r   m :-: s   l :-:   -
	Their mi ho ro gheall - a - bheag, 'sna ho ro chall - an h-l.
(l)	l :-: s   l :-: d'   d' :-: m   m :-: d.d   d :-: m   r :-: d   l :-:   -
	Chall-an hl ho hu ro bho 's na ho ro chall - an h-l
s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :-: s <sub>1</sub>   l <sub>1</sub> :-: l <sub>1</sub>   d :-: d   d :-: l   s :-: m   r : m : r   d :-:   -
Gur	fad - a bho na tràth - an sin, nach robh mo ghradh 'san tìr.

Tha móran, móran mulaid  
 An deidh tuineachadh am chom,  
 Gur bliadhna gach seachduin  
 Bho nach facas Iain Donn;  
 Na'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn  
 Fear do phearsa thigh'nn do'n fhonn,  
 Gun sgaioleadh mo phràmh is m'airsneul  
 Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

A luchd comuinn so, na'n éisdeadh sibh  
 Rì cuid de m' sgeul gun mheang,  
 'S mi caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,  
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;  
 Cha robh cron ri fhaotuinn ort,  
 Ach thu bhi faoilidh ann,  
 Bho'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu  
 'N Dnneideann am measg Ghall.

Cha robh fuath no greathachd ort,  
 Rì t'amharc bha thu caoin,  
 Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,  
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;  
 Euchdach, treubhach, urramach,  
 Bha'n curaidh glan gun ghaid,  
 Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,  
 Air nach faighte 'n tìotal claon.

Saighdear féarail, fuasgailteach,  
 Fear cruadalach gun mheang,  
 Ceann feadhna air thùs na brataich e,  
 'Ga taisbeanadh 'san Fhraing;  
 Thig arm a réir a phearsa,  
 Air an laoch bu sgariteil greann,  
 'N nair dh'éireadh àirde lasrach ort,  
 'S mairg a chasadh riut 'san àm.

'S e Tormod Og mo shubhachas,  
 Air bhuidheachas shìol Leòid,  
 Ma's mac an àite 'n athar thu,  
 Thig fathast gu bhì mór;  
 Anns an Dùn gu flathail  
 'N robh do chinne roimhe beo,  
 Mac-ratha dhùisgeas éibhneas domb,  
 Le aighear thréig mi bròn.

Ma thuirtead iad ogha Thormoid riut,  
 B'i sud an fhoirm-fhuil ghlan,  
 Ma thuirtead iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,  
 B'i 'n àrd-fhuil uaibhreach mhear;  
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truaileadh  
 Thug suairceas air gach neach,  
 Mac an fhir nach b'fhuathach leam,  
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

- àthaich:** outside kiln for drying grain: Kilmuir, Angus MacDonald, n.: Islay, Johnston, n.: Coll, Neil MacLean, heard from father a native: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.: cf. torag and below, and sùil na h-àthain. Not known to Lochaber; Gl. Garry (Inv.), S. Uist. Rev. Neil Ross tells me that -ich is simply a dialect termination, and that this is much affected in Mull and Tiree. I have since noticed it in Skye and S. Uist, and cf. on cadha.
- àthaich-aol:** same as àthaich, but for burning lime: Kilmuir, Angus MacDonald, n.: Islay, Johnston, n.: Lorne, MacLean: àth-aoil in Braemore, Tiree, Waternish.
- àthaichean:** a cod's liver (singular): Red Point, Gairloch, Mrs. Ferguson, n.: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: cf. éolan, etc. Comes in port-à-bial to the Strathspey: Cailleach liath Ra'arsa 'g iarraidh nan àthaichean  
Cailleach liath Ra'arsa dol a laighe Ròna.  
(First verse repeated.)  
Cailleach dhubb nan cudaigean (q.v.)  
'S iomadh gin a shluigeadh i  
Cailleach dhubb nan cudaigean  
Is cailleach luideach Ròna.  
Cailleach liath Shligeachan  
A bhias tha mo sgillin ort  
Is cailleach liath Shligeachan  
Is rithid tha mo ghròd ort.  
('Bhit tha mo ghròd ort—Braemore.)
- athain:** quagmire, marshy wet shaky spot: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: cf. athan, sùil-chruthaich.
- athainn:** fire: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: usual form in Waternish. Dial. for aithinne. Cf. athan.
- athainn:** see amhainn: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Waternish, MacAskill, n.
- athainne:** fire: Waternish: MacAskill, n.
- athan:** fire (masc.): Mull, Neil MacDougall: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: cf. braoileag, aithinne. Heard from Mull-man (mason building school in Coll). The "a" is short. W. Skye has a conundrum in pronunciation:  
Bàth m' àtha-sa,  
Bhàthainn-sa na 'm bu t' àth-s' i.  
Cf. English:—  
In fir tar is in oak none  
In mud eels are in clay none.
- athan:** popular catch-word or phrase: Coll, Hector MacDougall, n.: Kilchoman (Islay), Mrs. Johnston, n.: saoilidh thusa sin was an athan for many years in Coll (and Barra, where athan not known). It is rare in Barra in meaning fire. Cf. aithinn.
- athan:** quagmire, any bog-hole a beast may get floundered in: Glendale, W. Skye, Rev. Neil Ross, n.: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n. Irish has an in this sense, says Ross. Cf. sùil-chrithreach, crith, bru-lochan, bógalach, bógalais, bàs-dair. In Lorne more like amhainn (see it above).
- at-peircill:** swelling on jowl of man or beast: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: Lewis, Norman MacLeod, n.: Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: Kilmuir, Angus MacDonald, n.: cf. at-splòiceach, galar, ploc, splòichean, sglopan, grodadh, stùrteag, mlal, tuaindeal, fundrad, etc. At in Islay. At-bràghad is quinsy in Kilmuir.
- at-pusach:** swelling on jowl of man or beast: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.
- at-sglobach:** soft dropsical or watery lump in man or beast: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.: cf. sglopan, splòichean, ploc (sglobach), grodadh.
- at-splòiceach:** a swelling in the jowl, mumps on man or beast, a soft (not hard) lump: Coll, MacDougall, n.: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.: cf. splòichean, sglopan, sglopach, sglobach, ploc, grodadh, splòic, clupad. Galar-plocach in Islay.  
(Ri Leantainn.)



## GAELIC SOCIETY, TORONTO, CANADA.

On Saturday evening, 3rd October, the Toronto Gaelic Society held its first *Ceilidh* of the season, when a large muster of Highlanders attended to take part in or enjoy the varied programme of Gaelic and Scottish song and dance, pipe-music and speech-making. The Chief, Mr. D. Murray, presided, and in his opening address paid high tribute to the loyalty and enthusiasm of all the members who had throughout the past year co-operated with him in the Society's work for the Gaelic cause. Without their devotion, the sports and competitors at the Highland Games and the Canadian National Exhibition might not have proved such a financial success. It was also an æsthetic success, to judge from the favourable impression which the high standard of competing talent had created in the public mind, and the able manner in which the Society had fulfilled all its public engagements. That standard would be maintained in the future, as in the past, and he had every confidence that whatever differences of opinion existed among *Clanna nan Gàidheal*, the members and committees would continue to pull harmoniously together, so as to achieve the best results in all that pertained to the common weal.

Among the speakers called on for an address was a new member, Dr. W. J. Edmonston Scott, who began in Gaelic and finished in English. On a previous occasion he had addressed the members first in English and finally in Gaelic. He found bilingualism had often its advantages. One had no need to express offhand the same ideas in the same way, nor could foretell how they would bark at each other if in death they were not divided. For one whose knowledge of native tongues encircled the whole globe, silence was not a virtue, but a golden opportunity. It was his business, he said, to interpret the spirit and message of the Gael to foreign peoples rather than to the Gaels, whose thoughts and emotions he understood as they understood him. Outside the sphere of Teutonic influence, which was dominated by the autocracy of wealth, he had learned from experience among French, Spanish, Russians, Americans, Chinese, and other alien races, that the message of Gaelic culture and civilisation was always welcome when properly presented.

In the West Highlands there used to be an old saying, whose truth could be taken

with a pinch of salt, or perhaps soda without the other, *Muileach is Ileach is deamhan, triùir a's miosa 'san domhan*. He made no claim to be an Islander, and by the grace of God was not a Campbell, although he had his kith and kin among them. He belonged, no doubt, to the last category, something worse than a Highlander—a strong mixture of Highland-Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, a combination of Scotch plug, Irish roll, and Welsh garlic. It had a political kind of flavour that made the Sassenach change his tune to "O God, our help in ages past!" He personified Celtic unity, which always agreed to differ. Those who had nothing to differ about never got anywhere, but imagined that by keeping stall or marking time they could run their race. The leopard was not the only animal who couldn't change his spots.

*Clanna nan Gàidheal an guallean ri chèile* was too often quoted in derision of the Gael rather than in their favour. We had every variety of difference amongst us, yet there existed throughout Gaeldom at home and abroad a fine indeterminate spirit of unity which pervaded and leavened the whole race. Whatever the psychological or religious outlook might be to-day, the Gaels were in spirit little different from their ancestors who kept Cæsar's legions at bay nearly 2000 years ago, or from those who fought "the sair fecht for the croon" at Culloden and Prestonpans.

We are their children, they our ancestors; and who can say they lived in vain, or cannot share with their posterity the good and evil they bequeathed us? For the Past and Future are incarnate in the Present; and if the cycle of existence be infinite, eternal, indivisible, the living and the dead must travel on together, one in consciousness of soul and mind, imbued with individual variation which but served to reflect the protein humours and ideas of their understanding.

The Gaelic people could not be called a homogeneous race, but the blue-eyed, yellow-haired Celt of ancient history was certainly very far from being the dominant ethnological element in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. In war and peace it made a fast dye and a powerful blend. *An gille dubh ciar-dubh* liked his *nigean bhoidheach nan gormshuil miogach*, and never dreamed of divorce. In fact, divorces were never known in Scotland and Ireland before the coming of those Anglo-Saxons whom a pious Pope described as *Non Angli, sed anguli*

("Not Angles, but crooks"), as soon as he clapped eyes on them.

So it has been in the past that most differences among the Gael originated in conceptions of individual liberty, freedom of expression, and the right to live his own life, which formed an integral part of his heritage and made him a prosperous colonist, respecting the rights of others and courteous in his dealings with the stranger; but a signal failure as an empire-builder, because the desire to dominate the weak or exploit them from selfish motives was alien to the Gaelic spirit of honour and fair-play. When Armageddon had passed into history along with the British Empire, the Gael would be left naked, indeed, and of small esteem in the world's opinion, if he had no language and culture save that of a beaten and humiliated nation. It was the duty of Gaelic societies to foster, more particularly among the young, a love for things Gaelic, but it must be a love with understanding, for without this it could not be enduring.

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### THE FEILL.

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Considerable progress has been made this month, though we are still handicapped by lack of knowledge as to when the new Kelvin Hall will be ready to receive us. Preparations have already begun, both at home and overseas. Every district in the Highlands is being mapped out, and local conveners are assuming responsibility for organising money-making efforts during the coming months. The Feill snowball has already begun, and when the week of our great gathering begins An Comunn's new endowment fund should already amount to many thousands. Districts already adopted include:—Lochearnhead—Miss Stewart of Ardvorlich; Skye—The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald; Colonsay—Mrs. MacPhee; Muick—Mrs. MacEwen; Canna—Mrs. Thom; Campbeltown (North End)—Miss Turner of Kilchamaig; Kilmore and Kilbride—Mrs. Macdonald of Dunach; Taynult—Mrs. Munro; Furnace and Minard—Mrs. Cowley; Lochgilhead, Mrs. Brown; Kingairloch—Mrs. Thuft; Ardgour—The Hon. Mrs. MacLean. Sutherlandshire, a scattered district just stimulated by the Tongue Provincial Mod, has been undertaken by Mrs. Allan Gilmour, and Caithness by Lady Sinclair. Whist drives, dances, concerts, plays, and tableaux are items occurring most frequently on winter programmes, while for next summer come

whispers of sports, regattas, and garden parties.

When the Feill itself draws near, the second side of our activities comes into prominence. During that week we hope to see Glasgow crowded by Scots, and men of Scottish descent, from all over the world, taking part with Scots at home in a great Celtic gathering. Plans for this include performances of Gaelic and Scottish plays; conferences on Celtic subjects; Gaelic concerts; tableaux representing scenes from the story of Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach, and from Scottish history; displays by contingents from Highland regiments, and by troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides; pictures by Scottish artists; exhibition of Scottish antiquities; a Gaelic service with Psalm singing in the old style; a great sale of Home industries; an exhibition of Scottish country dances; a Highland village, people by Gaelic-speaking men and women, showing spinning, weaving, and local occupations; a Highland ball; an overseas night, with speeches from Dominion representatives, and many other attractions.

A bazaar will take place simultaneously, with stalls furnished largely by overseas Scots and men of Scottish descent, and though Glasgow may perhaps plead that during the last few years she has had rather more than her fair share of bazaars, the Feill Bazaar will strike a new note, as stalls will be furnished with products typical of their countries of origin. Thus South Africa, which is being convened by Miss Moor, daughter of Sir Frederick Moor, late Premier of Natal, hopes to send fresh and preserved fruits, native-carved sticks, karosses, and ostrich feathers.

As we want to touch as wide a circle as possible, all readers of an *An Gàidheal* are asked to send to the office one or more names and addresses of friends and relations overseas who might be interested to hear of our proposals. These names, which we should like to have without delay, should be addressed to Miss C. M. Gordon, 114 West Campbell Street, Glasgow.

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### POETIC GRANDEUR OF THE GAELIC.

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#### Address to Rotarians.

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Speaking at the Rotary Club meeting in Glasgow on the Gaelic language, Mr. Angus Robertson said that they did not seek its preservation simply because it was ancient,

but because it conveyed a message of its own. The real spirit of the Highland people did not consist in a hankering after material things.

They lived in a spiritual world, and that atmosphere could be conveyed only through the medium of the grand old language, the language of the spirit, as apart from what the modern world, with its passion for speeding up and bustle, regarded as progress.

There was a romance and poetic grandeur about the Gaelic tongue which gave to it a character and individuality that made themselves apparent in all who were enriched by its possession.

Celtic literature and Celtic culture tended to infuse into all who possessed the key of that knowledge, the highest form of idealism.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, who followed, said Mr. Robertson's address was one that appealed to all of them as Scots. It was not a question of reviving a language that was almost dead, but of preserving something that existed and was very much alive. The Gaelic tongue was spoken to-day by hundreds of thousands of people.

In advocating its preservation, there were two considerations that appealed to them. First, there was the sentimental ground—the fact that Gaelic was one of our most ancient national possessions. It was not a mere dead monument in stone and lime, but a living, breathing thing that was vitally Scottish.

On practical grounds, too, it commended itself, because obviously a man who knew two languages will be better educated and more intelligent than a man who knew only one.

## BLAR IONBHAR-CHEITEIN.

(Mar a thainig naidheachd a' Bhlàir do Mhuile).

Le IAIN MACCORMAIG, A' Cheud Duais aig  
Mòd 1925.

Bha'm feasgar foghair a fàs fann,  
'S an duille 'tuiteam bharr nan crann.  
Bha neòil na h-oidhch 'an àird nan speur,  
'S air acrachadh os cionn nam beurr,  
Mar chrodh buaille 's laoigh nan cois,  
Nan laigh' air faiche 'gabhail fois.  
Bha òin na doire 'measg nam preas  
Ag éisdeachd tòrman trom nan eas  
Is inneal-chiùil gach eòin a gleus  
Gun fhuaim, gun fhoon, gun seis, gun bheus,

An déidh an coireil fad an latha  
Am feadh 'bha grian an aird an athair.  
Bha 'n ré a' drillseadh thar nam beann  
Mar amhuinn dhearg an measg nan reann,  
'S i 'cur fo phràmh nan rionag miogach  
Mar a b' àirde 'bha i d'riadh.

A gaithean sultmhor a' cur brìgh  
'S gach barr am faigh gach crentair ìgh.  
Bha'n clachan beag fo gèill an fheasgair  
Aig bun na beinne, sàmhach seasgar,  
An sluagh somalt eagnaich stuama  
Air tigh'nn glé sgith o'n achadh bhuaana  
Iad a' meas an obair latha,  
Nan grunnain cruinn aig ceann gach tìghe:  
Gach aon a' coimeas àireamh adag,  
No'n urad feòir a chaidh am prabaig.

Bha chlann bheag a' cluich 's a' mireag  
Mun cuairt a' chaibeil bhig 's a' bhile  
A chunnaic iomadh linn de'n daoine  
A' snothadh 's a' searg ré sàmhraidh 's faoilich.  
Bha'n duibhre bh' ann air tigh'nn gu'n  
Imtheachd,

'S am faic an t-sùil gach nì air impaidh,  
'N uair chithear clach no craobh a' gluasad  
'N uair bheachdaicheas an t-sùil mu'n tuaiream,  
'S an oidhche cur an làth air ruag  
Mar cheò a' teicheadh o'n ghaoith tuath:  
'S gach aon rud air an laigh an t-sùil  
Air teachd an làthair an cruth ùr,  
Gus am fàs ar n-aighe cleachdta  
Ri gach nì is léir dhuinn fhaicinn.  
Mar so dh' éirich iomadh sgeul  
A lean a nuas o bheil gu beul,  
Air bòcain, taibhsean agus manadh  
'S nithean dìomhair 'bha ri tachairt.

An oidhche so bha clann a chlachain  
Ri cluich 's ri sùgradh 's ri làn-aighear,  
'S chluinntean a' gaoir-chath sunndach aobheil  
Air an lianaig taic na h-aibhne,  
Far an robh an seann tigh-aoraidh  
A thionail iomadh linn de'n daoine  
A gleann 's a srath 's a clachan sàmhach  
Iomadh maduinn bhoidheach Sàbaid,  
'Nuair chluinnteadh fuaim a chluig 'g a aithris  
O chnoc gu cnoc a beul Mhic-talla.

Ach sguir a' chaothlaid, 's thàinig sàmhchair  
Thainig caoineadh 'n àite gàire.  
'N sin chluinnt' a' chlann a' tigh'nn nan cabhaig  
A' glaochaich cruaidh gu'm fac iad tamhasg  
Shìos 'sa chladh am measg nan uaignean  
Fear air an robh coltas duaichnidh;  
"Uistibh," arsa sean fhear liath  
"Cha'n fhaca dad, nì th'ann ach fiamh  
"A ghabh sibh roimh charragh mar is gnàth  
"Air atharrachadh 's a chomharr-thràth  
"N uair chi an t-sùil gach nì air uairean



“ Mar chreutairean is iad a ’gluasad.  
 “ Uistibh ! togaibh grad de’r faoimeis  
 “ Chan ’eil ni ann mar a shaoil sibh.”  
 “ O sud e ! sud e ! ” ghlaodh a’ chlann,  
 Is sheall an sluagh a nunn air ball  
 ‘S a nall o’n chladh gu socrach réidh  
 Tháinig coigreach a’ chinn lé’th  
 Gu màineach crom, air glé bheag clí  
 A cheum ro mhall, is aigne sgíth,  
 Bha ’dhualan cas gu craobhach liath  
 ‘N an caisreagan nu ghual’ an triath  
 ‘S cho tigh ri maladh fheòir an ilbhinn  
 Far nach deanadh creutair criomanadh.  
 Bha feusag mhór a sios nu ’bhroilleach  
 Mar eas cóbhrach ’dol ri bearradh.  
 A lith mar ghrian na maidne Bealltuinn  
 ‘N uair dhearrsas i air sgúrr nam beanntan  
 Troimh na neoil le ’n earradh órbhuidh  
 ‘S an driuchd a’ dealradh air gach ógan  
 Mar neamhaidean am bràghad maighdinn  
 A’ dearsadh anns a’ ghréin mar dhaoimean ;  
 Da shùil ghlas fo mhaighdean troma  
 A’ boillsgeadh ghan mar theinne-thonna  
 ‘N uair sheideas a’ ghaoth tuath gu feargach  
 A’ cur gluasaid anns an fhaige.  
 Air a dhruim bha sean chruit chrom  
 Mar bu ghnàth do luchd nam fonn  
 ‘N uair shiubhladh iad mun cuairt na dùthcha  
 A’ cluich ’s ag òran ’s ri gach lùth-chleas.

“ Fhìr nan rann, ce ceann do shlighe,  
 Am fògrach thu roimh thòir na dlìghe,  
 Tha ’cur bacaidh ’s grabaidh teann  
 Air gach aon de luchd nan rann  
 A chleachd a bhì ’dol feadh na dùthcha  
 Mar unlaith fhiadhaich anns an dùdlachd  
 ‘Cur móran uallaich air an t-sluagh  
 Le’r n-àmhuiltean gun rath gun luaidh.  
 T’ ainm ’s do shloinneadh innis dhuinn  
 ‘N sin éisdidh sinn ri coireal t’fhuinn ? ”

Mar so do labhair seanair liath,  
 Is dh’éisd an coigreach air bheag fhianh  
 ‘S a’ sliobadh fheusaig le bhois mhìn  
 Fhreasgair e an guth sèimh binn :  
 “ S e their iad rum-sa Cormac Bàn  
 A chluicheas cruit ’s a sheinneas dàn,  
 ‘S cha do tharruing teud an clàrsaich,  
 Ni mo chuir rann ra chéil’ am bàrdachd  
 A chitheadh smùrnean ann am shùil,  
 Mar fhear-fòidhe le cruit-chiùil.  
 Shiubhail mi iomadh ceum ri’m latha,  
 Chuir mi suas aig iochdrain ’s fliathean  
 Air feadh Albainn ’s Shasunn ’s Eirinn,  
 ‘S gach àit’ a thriall mi dhòl mi’m éirig.”  
 Dh’éisd an sluagh gu seirceil blàth  
 Ri comhradh ciùin sean chliar nan dàn,  
 Is thug iad cuireadh dha gu coibhneil  
 Fuireach tràth leotha air aoidheachd.

Chaidh iad uile steach do dh’fhàrdaich,  
 ‘S nochd do’n choigreach usal cairdeas  
 Mar bu ghnàth a réir a’ chleachdaidh  
 ‘Bh ’aig an sinnsear o thùs eachdraidh,  
 Ged ghrabadh do gach bàrd is filidh  
 Le “ *Reachdan Innis Chalvim-Chille.* ”  
 ‘Bhì ’dol mun cuairt a’ chluich air clàrsaich  
 A’ gabhail rann ’s a’ liubhairt bàrdachd.

Chaidh gabhail aig an t-saoidh le muirn  
 Le fialachd bìdh ’s le greadhnas cùirn,  
 ‘S an sin an uair bha lòn-thrath seachad  
 Chaidh ceannu an céilidh, ’s tein ùr fhadadh.  
 Dh’éisd an sluagh, bha gach neach sàmhach,  
 ‘N uair chrom an saoidh, ’s a thog e ’chlàrsach  
 Leig air a ghluin an inneal chrom ;  
 Ghluais na teudan, ’s chualas fonn  
 A thogadh bròn ’bharr cridhe brùite  
 ‘S a dh’fhàgadh aobhneach neach fo thùrsa,  
 Mar theicreas ceò o’ fhàir nan sléibhteann  
 Roimh aital boillsgeach blàth na gréine  
 ‘N uair bhrùchdas i troimh mhùig is sgleò  
 ‘Cur sùrdan anns gach creutair beò.  
 Leum meòir a chlàrsair feadh nan teud,  
 Grad mar phrìobadh reul nan speur,  
 Cha bheireadh sùil oirre le luaths  
 Ged thàin’ an fhuaim gu grinn gu’n chluais.  
 Choimhmheas teudan àrd is isosal  
 ‘S nochd gach te a gnè am binn-cheol  
 A reir a h-àite anns an Abus  
 Co-dhiubh bha i gearr no fada  
 Chualas teudan trom a’ chrùnnluith  
 A’ teachd le sgeig a mach o’ n ùrlar  
 ‘N uair shìoladh sìubhal agus taorluth  
 Am mach o’n chlàr le meòir ’g an sgaoileadh,  
 Mar dh’iadhas ceò ’na dhuail gheal mhìne,  
 Mun cuairt nan stùc mar shròlaibh sìoda.  
 Chaidh am fonn na chòireal àluinn  
 Feadh a h-uile cùil de’n fhàrdaich.  
 Dh’at gach uchd am meas nam ban  
 L’òn gach sùil, is tosdach dh’fhan  
 Iad uile gu’n d’thug Cormac Bàn  
 Criche le urram air an Dàn.

AN DAN.

(AN T-URLAR).

‘S goirt leam an sgeul  
 ‘Fhuair mi moch-thrath an dé  
 ‘S goirt leam an sgeul  
 ‘S gur brònach e.

Fir Dhreolain nam beurr  
 Na Fir ghaisgeanta threun  
 Bhì nan laighe ’san fheur  
 Nam foireannan.

Cha b'è cion a bhi gàrg  
 'Bh'air feachd nam fear gàrbh  
 Ach gainead an àrm  
     'N uair chòmhlaidh iad.

Dh'fhàg oirean an laim  
 Iomadh colunn gun cheann  
 Mu'n deach iad do'n staing  
     An do leònadh iad.

Chluinnteadh tailmrich nan tuagh  
 Mar ghàir goilteach nan stuadh,  
 Is sgairt-ghaoth o 'n tuath  
     'Gan saruchadh.

Chiteadh drill nan gath geur  
 Ceart mar dhealan nan speur  
 'S b'àrd iolach 's beum-sgéith  
     Nan òganach.

Cha b'è idir an rùn  
 Dol an comhair an cùl,  
 Ach seasamh gu dlùth  
     R' an làraichean.

'S e gu'n d'chath iad cho treun  
 'N aghaidh nàmhaid bha breun  
 Chuir cho beag, mo chreach léir  
     Bhi air fhàgail diubh.

Na 'n d'fhuair iad cothrom na Fèinn'  
 Cha robh chosgairt cho geur  
 'S bhiodh atharrachadh sgèil  
     Air a chòmhstri ud.

Dh' iadh cearcall mun cuairt  
 Air laoich Eachainn nam buadh,  
 'S bha claideamh is tuagh  
     Gun chòmhnadh daibh.

Thilg iubar nan sreang  
 Saighdean iteach gun taing  
 Thilg taifeid nan srann  
     Gathan dòruinneach.

Thàinig dreag nam fear treun  
 Mar bheithir sgaiteach o'n speur  
 'S 'rinn iad stad ann an créubh  
     Nan òganach.

Tha nis gillean mo ghaoil  
 'Nan sineadh air raon,  
 'S an leab air nach sgaolteadh  
     Lìon-aodach.

Ach sgàil-bhrat de fhaoch,  
 Le néul-dheòir de bhraon,  
 'N àite ploc de'n fheur chaomh-ghlas  
     Dh'itheanach.

(AN SIUBHAL).

'S iomadh brònag fo mhulad  
 An diugh ann am Muile  
 A' caoineadh 's a' tuireadh  
 'S nach till a gaol tuilleadh  
     A' shiubhal na mòintich.

Nach dirich e'm bruthach  
 Le mhlòl-chu 's le gunna  
 Measg milltich is grunnag,  
 Far an readh e air uilinn  
     'Thoirt fuil air fear-cròic.

'S mu'n sguireadh na beannan  
 De dh' aithris an deannail,  
 Thigeadh clamhan is feannag  
 A thòrachd na greallaich,  
     Air mheaghair chum ròic.

Chan fhaic i 's a' mhaduinn  
 A rùn a' tighinn dachaidh  
 'N déidh siubhal na h-abhann  
 Far an cladhadh am bradan  
     An achlais an òb.

Far an tàrladh leus deallrach  
 Iasg mear na broinn airgid  
 'S nach gluaiseadh e earball  
 Gus an rachadh a thearbadh  
     Le morgath gun snòd.

(AN T-URLAR).

Is lìonmhor bean òg  
 Tha 'g altrùm a bròin,  
 Tha 'g altrùm a bròin  
 Is lìonmhor bean òg  
 Tha 'g altrùm a bròin  
 'S cha cheannaicheadh òr  
     A h-ionndrainn.

I tric leatha féin  
 A' sìleadh nan deur,  
 A' sìleadh nan deur  
 I tric leatha féin  
 A' sìleadh nan deur  
 'S gun fiughair ra céile  
     Fìughant.

Gun fiughai gu bràth  
 R' a coimhleabach gràidh,  
 R' a coimhleabach gràidh  
 Gun fiughair gu bràth  
 R' a coimhleabach gràidh,  
 'S e dh'fhàg i fo phràmh  
     'S a chùirr i.

## (AN TAOR-LUTH).

I na suidhe ag osnaich,  
 'S gur goirt a tha càradh,  
 Is chluinnear a gol-gaire  
 Gointeach is cràiteach.  
 Tha cnead air a cridhe,  
 'S a sùilean a sìleadh,  
 'S a muirichean binne  
 A' mireag 's a' mànan,  
 Tha leanabh r' a broilleach  
 'S e 'deoghal a ciche,  
 'S ni chuireas e umhail  
 Air cosgairt no dìoghail,  
 E' sgaoileadh a chorrag  
 Mun cuairt a h-uchd corraich,  
 'S e 'bladail gu moiteil  
 Le sodan an ionraic.

\* Tha chuid a th' air fàs diubh  
 Gu h-àbhaichdach lùthmhor,  
 A' cluich mar bhios pàisdean,  
 'S a 'cur bàir air an ùrlar.,  
 No 'g iomairt le 'n camain  
 An cleasan a' chlaidhimh  
 Is sgiath 'dol ri gearradh  
 'S an ealain bu dùth dhaibh.

'S iomadh tigh anns an eilean-s'  
 'S a thein' air a smàladh,  
 Gun soillse na uinneig,  
 'S an tughha 'g a fhàgail.,  
 Cha'n fhaicear aon urr' ann  
 Chaidh fhàgail gu buileach  
 Oir thig fàillinn 's a' mhullach  
 'N uair thuiteas an lànain.

## (AN CRUN-LUTH).

'S iomadh té bha cuireideach  
 An uridh anns a' ghleann so  
 'S an uair a chit' an cuideachd i  
 Bu chuideil i 's an dannsadh.,  
 Chluinnteadh séis a lunnige  
 Cho innich ri ceòl uiseige  
 'S cha bhiodh feum air cruiteir  
 'S an àit' an suidheadh deann diubh.

'S tric a dh'fhaodmaid fhairaichduinn  
 Cho carach 's a tha'n saoghal,  
 Eadar breith is fallaireachd  
 Thig atharraichean daonnan.  
 'N uair 's còmhdaich' bhios na failleanan  
 An coille dhlùth nan slatagan  
 Thig sgairt-ghaoth, 's cha bhì anacal  
 Aig darach rìgh nan craobhan.

Thàinig tadhal carraideach  
 An rathad fir na Drèolain,  
 Is leagadh mar an rainneach iad  
 An glacagan na Fòrsaich.  
 Ach nochd na laoch an sgairtealachd  
 'N uair thaom orr' na h-eich thartarrach  
 'N am buidhnean còbhrach cabstarrach,  
 'S nach d' ob iad fad an òirlich.

Cha b' ioghnadh ròin bhi burralaich  
 Air mullach sgeir na maighdinn,  
 Chualas " *La Traigh Ghruinneirt* " iad  
 'S Fear Dhubhairt ann an gainntir.  
 Is thugadh aire tuilleadh dhaibh  
 Gach uair a bhiodh iad usaideach  
 Gur th 'ann an caothlaid chunnairtaich  
 A chluinnear " *Sliochd na Twaighe.* "

Thig an nàmh 's cha'n fhad chuige  
 Mar ghadaich anns an oidhche ;  
 'S bidh crodh le'n àl a' langanaich,  
 Is gasraidh ghath is chraoiseach  
 A gearradh mu na speireannan  
 A' chuid nach teid le creagan diubh  
 Is mnathan ri gul greadanach  
 'S gun eadradh ann 'chur aoibh orr'.

Theid fuirbidhean le'n gunnaichean  
 Do mhunaidhean nam fraointean,  
 Is fuilingidh iad le'n duinealas  
 Gach uireasbuidh chum saorsa.  
 'S ged thigeadh gearmradh gealchotach  
 Le fhrasan fuara meallanach  
 Cha chluinnteadh 'chaoich a' gearan iad,  
 Na fir smearal chruaidhe.

Bidh mnathan òg is caileagan  
 Fo mhasladh is air faontradh,  
 'S na fùrain 'chumadh air' orra  
 An airc 's nach gabh iad faotuinn,  
 Cuid air faiche chàirbhinnich  
 Le lot nan sleaghan stàilinneach  
 'S ann daibh bu dual bhi bàrrcaideach,  
 Ged thug an cearbhall buaidh orra.

Rì gur goirt leam an sgeul  
 Fhuair mochradh an dé  
 'S goirt leam an sgeul  
 'S gur brònach e.

Thug am bàrd a dhàn gu crìch  
 Is dh'fhaig e làmhnan bàna mín  
 'N uair leig e air a ghrunnd a chlàrsach  
 'S e 'toirt stuil mun cuairt na fàrdaich ;  
 Bha'n tigh na thosd ; cha chluinnteadh fuaim.  
 Ach ciùin mar loch, 's an speur gun ghruaim.,  
 No mar chluain tha fagach grianach

N uair chluinnear srann an t-seillein shriannaich  
 A' dol mun cuairt 'na lùban cama  
 Am measg nam flùr a' sireadh meala;  
 Chluinnteadh a shrann am measg nan tom  
 A chionn an t-sàmhchair 'bhi cho trom,  
 Mar sin bha'n tigh 'n uair sguir an dàn  
 A sheinn an clàrsair, Cormac Bàn.

Thuingteadh gach smuain a bh' anns gach cridhe  
 Mar chiteadh faileasan 's an linne:  
 Chluinnteadh ghaoth bog fann mu 'n luthair  
 Chluinnteadh miolaran binn an t-sruthain  
 Chluinnt' an éibhleag air an teintein  
 A' tuiteam sìos 's a' deanamh boillsge  
 A bha lonnrach soilleach soillear  
 Anns gach cùil bu dùth doilleir  
 Is chluinnt an clog le piochan fann,  
 A' cur nan làmh 's an imeachd mall,  
 Ag innseadh dhaibh an rian gun mhearachd  
 Mar bha 'n uine siubhal seachad.

An sin do labhair sean fhear liath,  
 Bu sheargt' a chruth, bu than' a chiabh  
 "A shtol nan cliar! Ce brìgh do sgeoil?  
 Cuir solus dhuinn air cainnt do bheòil;  
 Tha do bhriathran doilleir dòrcha,  
 Thoir dhuinn do sgeul an cainnt bios sòrcha.  
 Tha àrmuinn Mhuile an drasd an caithreim  
 Is sinn gun fhios am beò no 'maireann  
 Na laoch sgairteil aotrom mheara  
 Dh'fhalbh gu treun an cuideachd *Eachainn*.  
 Nis, innis dhuinn an i'n t-sùil nàdur'  
 'Chunnaic na dh'innis dhuinn a' chlàrsach  
 No'n d'thug thu dhuinn cho mean 's cho sàibhir  
 Na chunnaic thu le stùil an tàibhsair?"

Dheasaich fear nan rann e féin  
 Is sheall e air an t-sluagh gu gear  
 Ghlais e dha laimh bhinn mu ghluin  
 'S liubhair e sgeul am briathran ciùin,  
 Is fad na h-uine 'bha e 'bruidhinn  
 Bha shùilean luaineach troimh gach duine,  
 "Chaidh ceitheir fichead trusgan uaine  
 Air gach coill an cluinnteadh cuannal  
 Nan eun sgiabhach, 's iad air géig  
 A' sein an còiseir 's binne teud  
 O'n thug mi—— 's cha deach riamh mo  
 mhealladh

Gur mór mo chuid de'n dàra sealladh  
 'S chi 'n t-sùil ghlas ud ann am cheann  
 Iomadh rud nach miannach lean  
 Mar sin, mar chì sibh crodh air réidhean  
 Chunnaic mi "*Blar Ionbhar-Chéiteinn*."  
 Chunnaic mi 's cha'n fhada bhuaithe  
 Aramach ghoirt air "*Sìochd na Twaighe*."  
 Feachd a' teachd an coinne feachd,

Bu gharg a' chòmhrag, goirt a' ghleac,  
 Mar thonnann mòr air oiteir ghàirich  
 A' teachd gu chéile 's iad a' rànaich.,  
 Is chumadh leotha suas an duan  
 Leis an onfhadh 'bha 's a' chuan.  
 Chunnaic mi feachd àluinn Mhuile,  
 Is dh' iadh an namh mun cuairt orr' uile,  
 'S na fir chàlma làidir threuna  
 A' tuiteam anns a' bhàr nan ceudan.

'S chualas guth àrd-fhuaimneach smearail  
 A' glaochaich "*FEAR EILE AIR SON  
 EACHAINN*."

'N uair bha itean nan geadh-glasa  
 'Tighinn nan maioimean troma casa  
 Gus an robh iomadh colliunn àluinn  
 Mar shlige friodhanach na gràineig  
 Air an faiche bu mhór éirleach  
 Faiche dhosgach Ionbhar-Chéiteinn."

'N uair chual na mnathan ealaidh-bhròin  
 A' chlàrsair léith, fear siubhal shòrn,  
 Air nach b' aineol mùirn na lùchairt  
 Na bu mhò cùirn nan crùlaist,  
 Thog iad éibh is ghlaodh gu cianail  
 "Och! och! ohh! ohh! tha chnead so piantail,  
 'S cràiteach leinn cuirp gheal ar mac  
 A bhi mar thiubhar, *bac-air-bac*  
 Am beul-àth sruthain, 'siad gun fhois  
 'Gan iomairt 's gan tionndadh thall 's a bhos  
 Mar fheamainn thilgte air traigh-mara,  
 'S nach fàg a chon-traigh iad an caradh.  
 Ach tràghadh 's Ionadh bhi 'g an iomain,  
 Ochoin! ochoin! gur goirt an iomairt."

Am feadh bha'n gul dol feadh na fàrdaich  
 Bha'n coigreach liath gu dùbhach sàmhach,  
 A chrut ra thaobh, a shùil 's an làr,  
 A ghnùis gun saod, 's e trom fo phràmh,  
 Bha coltas air' bhi 'n doimhne meanmneachd  
 Is aghaidh mhaldha làn de gheanmneachd.  
 An dràs 's a ris bhiodh fuaim air teud,  
 Ghluaiseadh a bhilean, 's chit' a dheid  
 Bòidheach ibhreach agus snasmhor  
 'N uair 'bhiodh iad a' cumadh fhacal  
 Anns an dàn nach cualas fhuaim  
 A' teachd a mach o bheil na stuaim,  
 Cha chualas riamh ciod e bu bhrigh dha  
 Is tha e gus an diugh 'na *dhiomh' reachd*.,  
 Oir dh'fhalbh gach neach le cridhe làn  
 De'n fhonn a chluich an clàrsair bàn.

'S an mhaduinn, mu'n robh grian air athar  
 Fhuair an clàrsair ceann a rathaid,  
 'S ged dh'fhoighnichte de'n h-uile duine  
 Cha chualas sgeul air *Còrmac* tuilleadh.



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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Dùrlachd, 1925.*

[Earrann 3

### BEUL-AITHRIS AIG A' MHÒD.

Aig na Mòid mhóra chan eil beul-aithris a' faotainn aire gu leòr. Tha an luchd-éisdeachd ro thearc an coimeas ri luchd-éisdeachd na seinn. Bha cunnart mòr gu robh am Mòd a' fas 'n a chuirm chiùil a mhàin. Ach tha dleasdanas àraidh aig a' Chomunn do 'n Ghàidhlig. Is e sin gum bu chòir do 'n Chomunn a bhì glé eudmhor gum biodh a' chànan air a labhairt gu h-eagnuidh. Chan eil meadhon ann is fearr gu so a chur an gnòmh na comh-fharpuisean na beul-aithris. O chionn iomadh bliadhna a nis tha na comh-fharpuisean ud a' fàs nas laige agus nas laige—agus car son? Tha a chionn nach eil an òigridh agus na h-inbhich a tha a' tighinn gus na deuchainnean so a faotainn misnich mar bu chòir dhaibh fhaotainn. Is iad so na comh-fharpuisich a tha ag ionnsuchadh na Gàidhlig iad fhéin; a tha 'g a labhairt màr is fhearr is urrainn iad; agus a tha aig a' cheart am a' nochdadh do mhuintir eile cìod e loinn agus beartas na Gàidhlig. Mar sin is airidh iad air a h-uile cothrom fhaotainn aig a' Mhòd.

Bu mhath leam sobhar no dha a chur sìos gu bhì a' sealltuinn gu bheil an tagradh so reusanta. Tha aithris chothromach a cheart cho luachmhor an dùigh is a bhà i rianh. Tha alt na cainntearachd pailt cho buadh-mhor ri alt na seinn. Tha aithris ealanta a' giùlan cudthrom an Parlamaid, an cùirt lagha, anns a' chrannaig, agus anns na sgoiltean air fad. Ach cìod e am math a bhì an dùil gu bheil àite aig Gàidhlig anns na h-ionadan sin, a mach o an chrannaig a mhàin, agus sin airson beagan bhliadhnaichean fhathast? Mo chreach is i sin an

truaighe, gu bheil tuar a' bhàis air a' Ghàidhlig bho chd, gu bheil i 'g a dearmad gu mòr, agus gun luchd a cabhair ag amas air na cungaidhean a chumadh suas a beatha. Ach a mhic a' Ghàidhlig aig a bheil an fhìor fluil uasal agus shaor a' bualadh fhathast ann ad chuislean, tabhair fairneer gu robh a' Ghàidhlig aon uair gu beò buadh-mhor anns gach ionad a dh'ainnich sinn; agus dh' fhàgadh agad mar dhìleab a' bhuaidh a bhuneadh do 'n Ghàidhlig gu smuaintean shuspainneach a chur an cèill. Chaidh an dìleab sin a thiomnadh dhùinn troimh na seanachaidhean. Is e beul-aithris aig a' Mhòd an aon dul a tha 'g a ar ceangal fathast ri linn nan cainntearan Gàidhealach; agus ma bhrisear an dul sin caillidh sinn an dìleab gu cinnteach is gu h-ìomlan.

Chan eil an teagamh as lugha nach e alt na h-aithris aon mheadhon cho éifeachdach is a b' urrainn an Comunn a chleachdadh gus a' Ghàidhlig fhéin a chumail suas. Tha seinn tàitneach agus feumail gus na séisdean a ghleidheadh air chuimhne. Ach is còir a chantuinn nach eil ach beagan fhacal anns an dà rann a sheinneas na comh-fharpuisich. Agus faodaidh gum bi an dà rann sin air an seinn fichead uair an dèidh a cheile leis gach neach. Mar sin fad na h-ùine chan eil an luchd-éisdeach a' cluinntinn ach beagan fhacal, a dh' aindeoin cho tàitneach is gam bi na guthan. Cuimhnich mar sin gur e glé bheag de 'n chànan mar chànan, a tha muinntir a' cluinntinn aig comh-fharpuisean na seinn. Ach chan ann mar sin idir a dh' éirich do 'n aithris. Far a bheil fear labhairt fialeanta ri rosg no rann, tha na ceudan fìcal air am bruidheann gu grinn snasmhor; agus tha a' chuideachd a tha an làthair a' gabhail tlachd as ùr de



loinn is pailteas na cànan. Mar an ceudna tha cothrom 'g a thabhairt gu bhi ag èisdeachd ris gach gnè Gàidhlig. Is math an comhtharradh air beatha na cànan gu bheil blas fa leth aig gach ceàrn o Pheirt gu Cataobh.

Tha coltas a nis gu bheil luchd-stiùiridh a' Chomuinn a' dol a chleachdadh meadhon a chum is gu faigh an nì so tuilleadh aire agus urram aig a' Mhòd bhliadhna. Tha ceithir comhfharpaisean sonruichte an coimhcheangal ri aithris. Is iad sin gabhail earann o chuimhne; leughadh cuibhrionn air nach eil an leughadair eòlach; innse sgeulachd; agus feabhas air labhairt òraid. Tha na ceithir meanglain so a cur fìor dheuchainn air comhfharpaisich. Bidh gach neach a' faotainn creideas àraidh airson gach meanglain; agus an neach aig am bi an àireamh is airde eadar na ceithir meanglain gheubh esan bonn-suaicheantais òir mar urram. Tha sinn anabarrach buidheach do 'n fheadhainn a thug fainear an ceum so; oir tha am bonn suaicheantais a' togail na h-aithris gus an aon inbhe ri ceòl, mar bu chòir. Tha dòchas gum bi ullachadh deanta a chum gu faigh an luchd-labhairt èisdeachd an làthair na cuideachd anns an talla mhòir. Tha mòran an crochadh air deagh ghean an luchd-stiùiridh; oir an rud a ruinicheas luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn, cuiridh an sluagh an nì sin an cèll gu dileas.

### CELTIC ELEMENTS IN THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY MISS A. LAMONT.

It is a common practice among English people to speak of themselves as "Anglo-Saxons," and to conclude that, because their language is largely Teutonic in origin, they themselves are also necessarily so. In this way is fostered a vague and uncritical belief that the ancestors of the English people all came over from Northern Germany during the fifth and subsequent centuries of our era, and exterminated all of the ancient inhabitants of what is now England, except such as they deliberately drove beyond the present boundaries of Wales and Cornwall. There are signs, however, in recent times, of a revulsion against such erroneous views of history, and the great advances made of late years in the study of pre-historic archaeology, folk-lore, and kindred sciences, are laying foundations on which can be built up, on the part of English people, more sympathetic views

towards the pre-Saxon elements in the history and population of these islands.

Was it not indicative of this coming change of attitude when, in 1902, the people of London erected in their midst that noble bit of statuary by the sculptor, Thomas Thornycroft, in memory of the brave British queen, Boudicca (or Boadicea), who defied the invading Romans? There stands the heroic figure, driving her chariot in full view of one of the most thronged thoroughfares of the great modern city, facing the Palace of Westminster—that heart of the British Empire—a memorial to Celtic patriotism, and an acknowledgment of kinship between the Britons of to-day and those of Boudicca's time. For do not the words of the poet Cowper, "Regions Cæsar never knew thy posterity shall sway," which are engraved on the pedestal of the group, indicate a desire to claim descent from the Britons who fought against Rome? Indeed, English people need not be ashamed to acknowledge their mixed ancestry, or to own their descent in the maternal line from the ancient British stock.

This question of mixed ancestry is referred to by Rice Holmes in his *Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul*, the second edition of which was published in 1911. He discusses the mixed origin of certain European tribes who came in contact with the Romans, and emphasises his point by saying: "We English know that we are neither (Celtic nor Teutonic) but both, and that the blood of pre-Celtic ancestors also courses in our veins."

The same question is approached from a different angle by Seebohm in *The English Village Community* (1896). This writer, in an interesting chapter on "The Tribal System in Wales," adduces evidence derived from systems of land-tenure, and expressions used in connection with this, to show that a considerable Welsh element persisted in parts of England, notably in the Saxon province of Wessex, and affected the composition of the population no less than its manorial customs.

Particularly deserving of attention also are passages in Beddoe's *Races of Britain*, published in 1885. This writer points out how the English language, as the language of the conquering invader, could, when once it gained a footing, gradually spread, and finally gain the ascendancy without any extermination of the Welsh population being implied. He considers that, at a rough estimate, the Celtic elements, even in the population of Suffolk, must considerably

exceed the 2 per cent. computed by Isaac Taylor to be the proportion of Celtic place-names in that county, excluding those of rivers. With reference to Devon, he states that the Saxon element in the blood can be nothing like the 65 per cent. represented by the Teutonic place-names, if, indeed, it be half that amount.

But it is to the linguistic evidence quoted by Beddoe in support of the contention that British *women* survived throughout England that the greatest interest attaches. It is the fashion among anthropologists to decry the value of linguistic evidence in dealing with ethnological questions, but time will show that it is not by the anthropologist alone, but only by means of his co-operation with students of allied sciences, including philology, that a true science of ethnology can be built up.

(To be concluded.)

## BAS BAN-RIGH ALECSANDRA.

Tha buill a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich, maille ri sluagh an t-saoghail gu léir a' caoidh bàs Ban-Rìgh Alecsandra, agus tha an co-fhaireachdainn ann an dòigh shònraichte leis an Rìgh agus an Teaghlach Rìoghail aig àm a' bhròin so a thainig orra agus air an Impireachd.

Choisinn a' Bhan-Rìgh nach maireann àite àrd agus bunaiteach an cridheachan an t-sluaigh a thaobh a beusan ionghràdhach, cho maith ri maise pearsa agus measarrachd giùlain. Rìu-san a bha an éiginn is an suidheachadh an-shocrach bha i a ghnath a' nochdadh bàigh, seirc agus caomhalachd air dhoigh a tharruing i am fagus do'n neach a b'isle staid an measg na muinntire a bha mu'n cuairt oirre.

Air a h-uile dòigh faodar a ràdh le fìrinn gu'n do chuir i loinn air an inbhe ard anns an robh i.

## "MAR THAINIG AN CÈUD CARBAD-OLAIDH DO CHATAOIBH."

Le SEORAS N. M. COLLINS, F.S.A. (Scot.),  
Glascho.

(A' Cheud Duais, Mod 1925.)

*Còmhradh eadar Calum Greusaich agus  
Seumas Og.*

SEUMAS OG—Fàilt na maidne dhuibh a Chaluum. Chan ann tric a chithear sibhse a tighinn bho'n bhaile cho trathail.

CALUM GREUSAICH—Chan fhaiceadh tu an duigh fein mi a Sheumais mur a biodh gnothuich araidh agam.

SEUMAS—Agus ciod e an gnothuich a chuir as bhur leabaidh sibh ma dh' fhaodas neach fharraid. 'S ann a shaoil mi 'nuair a chunnaic mi tighinn sibh gun robh sibh aig a cheilidh an tigh Neill Mhòir an raicir agus gun do ghabh sibh eridh briathran an orain is bitheanta leis a bhi a' seinn:

"Ach leanaidh sonas agus aoibhneas  
Riusan a bhios moch ag éiridh."

CALUM—Cha robh mi aig tigh Neill ma ta agus cha b'e teagasg òrain Neill a chuir as mo leabaidh mi. Ohh, ohh b'e sin an teagasg. Ach innsidh mi dhuit ciod e a chuir a dh' ionsuidh a bhaile mi cho trathail. Chaidh mi a dh' fhaicinn an inneal bhuaireasach sin a thainig gus a bhaile Di-luan gu bhi—

SEUMAS—O an carbad olaidh. Agus ciod e a Chaluum a shaoil sibh dheth?

CALUM—Ciod a shaoil mi dheth! Shaoil mi, agus tha mi a saoitinn agus bidh mi a saoitinn gu bheil lorg òrdagan an droch fhir air na h-uile ball dheth.

SEUMAS—Ud, u a Chaluum, cha chuala mi riamh gun d' rinn esan ni a bha chum; feum an duine, agus gun teagamh is ni ro-fheumail an carbad-olaidh.

CALUM—Feumail; socair ort agus cluinnidh tu ciod am feum a bhios ann.

SEUMAS—Ach ciod e tha toirt oirbh a bhi a smuaineachadh gu bheil lànluh aig "Bradaidh" ann?

CALUM—Innsidh mi sin dhuit ma ta. 'N uair a chaidh mi steach do'n bhaile bha an carbad na sheasamh gu samhach, suaire fa chomhair tigh-na-litrichean. Coma leat, thainig Gilleasbuig Dubh am mach—'s ann air-san tha curam na beisde—agus chuir e car no dha ann an lamhag a bha an crochadh ri toiseach na h-inneil. Ma chuir, bha 'fhios aig mo chridhe 's aig mo chluasan air. Thug an carbad air tús sreathart as, agus an sin thoisich e air farum oillteal agus na h-uile ball de air chrith mar gum faiceadh tu bodach le droch nàdur. Ach cha b'e sin

bu mhò a chuir orm ach an toit a bha a brùchdadh am mach uailh.

SEUMAS—Ach a Chalum, tha toit gu leoir a teachd am mach bho charbad-na-smuide agus chan eil sibh g'a mheas 'na ni mall-lichte no mi-chncasda.

CALUM—Chan 'eil a Sheumais oir faodaidh fios a bhi aig na h-uile ciod e 'tha cuir smuid dheth-sa. Chi thu le do dha shuil na daoine a cuir teine ann-san agus chan e sin a mhaoin ach chan 'eil folach aig a charbad sin air an toit, tilgidh e mach a dh' innsuidh nan speuran e gu h-onarach—chan ann ga fholach air a chul-thaobh a bhios e, mar a ta an carbad-olaidh a deanamh. Agus os barr, bheirinn mo shaoradh air, nach deachaidh lamh dhuine an gar na beisde le teine.

SEUMAS—Gabhaidh air bhuir n'aghaidh ma ta a Chalum. Innsidh mise dhuibh an uair a chrìochnaicheas sibh bhuir sgeul. Ciod e a ta ag aobharachadh toina na carbaid-olaidh.

CALUM—O, a theagamh gun toir thu oidhirp air mo mhealladh eadhon mar a ta thu fhein air do mhealladh le leabhraichean agus luchd-teagaisg neo-fhiachail, ach ged a ghabhadh am Minisdear fhein taobh na beisde ud cha chreidinn e. An cuala tu mar dh' eirich do Dhomhnall Tailleir an dè?

SEUMAS—Cha chuala a Chalum; ciod e 'dh' eirich dha?

CALUM—Bha esan a moladh an fhiadh-bheathaich ud, direach mar tha thu fhein an drasda. Chunnaic e mar a chuir Gilleasbuig car de'n lamhag mu'n do dh' innis mi dhuit cheana agus chan fhoghnadh le mo laochan ach gun deanadh e fhein d'a reir. Socair ort. Rug e air an lamhag agus chuir e car dheth. Thug an carbad da fhead chaol aiseid direach mar fhead na nath'rach agus sud spion i an lamhag a dhorn agus thug i srac cho coimh-each dha 's gu bheil e 'n duigh na luidh ann an tigh-eiridinn Inbhirnis le gairdean briste.

SEUMAS—Ach bha a choire aige fhein.

CALUM—Bha gun teagamh. 'S mi fhein nach cuireadh mo lamh air a ghoireas malllichte. Ach an duigh fhein 'n uair a bha mi am sheasamh ga amhaire thainig mac Iain Mac-Ille-Eathain am mach bho 'n tigh agus chaidh e le lodarnas an taice an inneil is e ag cuir na smuide dheth. Shìn e 'mach a chorrach agus bhcan e ri beartan beag buidh anns an acfhuinn, ach ma bhean, cha dhean e le cabhaig a rithist e. Thug e sgread uamhasach as agus thainig e thugam fhein le snuadh a bhais na aodainn. Ciod a dh' eirich dhuit, 'ars' mi fhein. "O a Chalum," ars' esan, "cha d' rinn mi ach

bheartan bhuidh ud agus chuir e clisgeadh eagalach tre na h-uile ball de mo chorp."

SEUMAS—Ha, ha, b'e an conhairle maith a thug clag Sgàin, "An rud nach buin duit na buin da."

CALUM—B' e, ach b' fhearr gu mor an conhairle a thug an t-Abstol, mar a thubhairt mi ris a ghille. "Na bean ris, na blais, na laimhsich." Agus gu dearbh, an deidh dhonh am baile fhagail, 'n uair a chunnaic mi an t-uamhas a teachd am dhèidh suas Bruthaich Fhionnlaidh is e an Sgrìobtur a thainig thugam fhein, "A ta bhuir namhaid an Diabhl mar leamlan beuceach ag imeachd mu 'n cuart a dh' fheuchainn co 'dh' fhaodas e 'shlugadh a suas."

SEUMAS—"Agus an d' rinn sibh mar a ta an Sgrìobtur ag iarraidh."

CALUM—Ciod e sin?

SEUMAS—Cuiribhas na aghaidh agus teichidh e uaidh?

CALUM—Gu dearbh cha d' rinn a Sheumais. Bha de eagal orm fhein 's gun do theich mi le mo bheatha agus air m' fhaical a Sheumais an uair a ghabh e seachad fa m' chomhair bha sradagan dearg a teachd am mach bho a thoiseach direach mar a tha sinn a leughadh gu bheil teine a teachd am mach bho bheul an Dragon. Chan eil e cneasda a Sheumais, chan eil.

SEUMAS—Ach an saoil sibh a Chalum nach e an carbad olaidh a thug sith do na h-eich bhochda.

CALUM—Sith, nam faiceadh tu iad ag gabhail am mach an Coirc-Buidh' an duigh le eagal na h-upraid. Bha Murchadh Ruadh ag radh an t-sheachdainn s' a chaidh gun robh an làir dhubb tuilleadh agus sean a nis air son ruith a dheanamh. Nam faiceadh e an duigh i. Cha robh earball a b' airde na cas bu luaithe na i. Sith do na h-eich an d' thubhairt thu. Chan fhaic thu each, no caora no fiu coinean am fagus do'n bhaile bho thoisich an carbad malllichte air a bhi dusgadh mac-talla n'ar gleann boidheach.

SEUMAS—Ma dh' fhaicte ma ta gur e an carbad olaidh am lurachail as fearr a fhuair an baile fhathast. Ach bha mi dol a dh'innseadh dhuibh mu thimchioll an teine.

CALUM—Seadh ma ta a Sholaimh, gabh air t' aghaidh.

SEUMAS—Tha cuimhne agaibh air an t-sheòmar iarainn a chomharraich mi 'mach dhuibh ann an carbad na smuide bho cheann bliadhna.

CALUM—An e sin an ni ris an d' thubhairt thu an "Calendar."

SEUMAS—Cha b' e "Calendar" a thubhairt mi ach "cylinder."

CALUM—"Cylinder" ma ta; ach ciod e th' ann ach an aon ni. Gabh air adhart.

SEUMAS—Ma ta, tha seomar de 'n a ghne sin anns a charbad olaidh ach an aite toit a bhi dol a steach ann 's e tha dol ann, mar a their iad "gas." Tha an oladh a chunnaic sibh iad a cuir anns an inneal air a mheasgadh leis an adhar ann an ri ris an abair iad an "carburettor" agus tha sin a deanamh an "gas."

CALUM—An "cabinet-maker." Nach e sin a thubhairt nighean Alasdair an t-Shaoir ri Padruig Sutharlan a Bun Illidh 'n uair a dh' iarr e an t-shaoir fhaicinn, "Chan e saor tha nam athair-sa," ars' ise, "ach 'cabinet-maker'."

SEUMAS—Fag nighean an t-shaoir an drasda a Chaluim; cha b' e "cabinet-maker" a thubhairt mi ach "carburettor." Mar a bha mi ag radh mu'n "ghas"—tha e air a shùghadh a steach bho'n a "charburettor" a dh' ionnsuidh an "cylinder" agus an sin tha sradag air a thilgeadh a steach na mheasg agus a deanamh spreadhadh na "explosion" mar a their iad anns a Bheurla.

CALUM—Bu choma sin gu dearbh nam be aon Mac-Splosan a dheanadh e, ach 's e th' ann MacSplosan an deigh MacSplosan. Feumaidh gu bheil teaghlach mhor aig "Splosan" co air bith e.

SEUMAS—Uist a Chaluim le bhur bearrad-airceadh. Mar a bha mi ag radh, is e na "h-explosions" a tha cuir an carbad air suibhal.

CALUM—Ma ta 's iad a dh' fhaodas ma tha iad cho mor ri 'm fuaim, ach cha d' innis thu fhathast dhomh a Sheumais cia as a ta an teine a teachd.

SEUMAS—Bha mi dìreach a teachd gus a sin. Mar a thubhairt mi tha an sradag a cuir a "ghas" air theine.

CALUM—"Seadh, ach cia as tha an sradag a teachd?"

SEUMAS—Na'm biodh foighidinn agaibh dh' innsinn dhuibh. Tha am fagus do 'n "cylinder" ni ris an abair iad am "magneto."

CALUM—Am "mosquito"; ciod e fo'n ghrein tha ise deanamh an sin. Nach i sin a chuireag breun a thug an sgobadh e Aonghas Saighdear 'nuair a ghabh e am fiabhras "Samaria"?

SEUMAS—"Malaria" agus chan e "Samaria" a Chaluim, agus cha b' e "mosquito" a thubhairt mi ach "magneto." 'S cinnteach nach do ghlan sibh bhur cluasan an duigh.

CALUM—Gu dearbh 's mi a ghlan ach chan 'eil iad air an cleachdadh ri briathran

Shasunnach. 'S math nach 'eil; 's math nach 'eil.

SEUMAS—Ma ta, is e an sradag a tha teachd am mach bho'n "magneto" a tha ag aobharachadh an toit a chunnaic sibh.

CALUM—"Seadh a Sheumais, ach co a chuir an sradag anns a "mosquito" no c' ainm a th' agad air? Innis sin dhomh.

SEUMAS—Is e tha anns a "Mhagneto," eileamaid "electric" agus tha e comasach air a bhi deanamh sradagan as eugmhais teine a bhi ann, dìreach mar a chunnaic sibh an solus "electric" ann an Caisteal Dhunnhobainn.

CALUM—Ach innis dhomh an nis ciod e th' anns an "electric" so a tha deanamh nithean cho iongantach.

SEUMAS—Chuir sibh an nis ceisd orm a Chaluim agus gu dearbh faodaidh mi a radh nach 'eil duine air an t-shaoghail a ta comasach air innis gu mion-bhriathrach ciod e tha anns an "electric."

CALUM—B' e sin mo bharail a Sheumais, 's iomadh ni a bhios iad a cuir air an "electric" ach gabh thusa mo chomhair' sa mar chomhairle seann duine ri duine og, agus na bi air do mhealladh le briathran daicheil nan ollamhan. 'S ole an comharradh air coir an t-shaoghail an carbad-olaidh a bli anns na sraidean. 'S fhada 'o n' chunnaic am faidh Nahum sin oir mar a thubhairt esan. "Bidh na carbad air bhoil anns na sraidibh, buailidh iad an aghaidh a cheile anns na h-ionadaibh farsuinn, bidh an dreach mar leis, ruithidh iad mar dhealan-aich." Na biodh gnothuich agad ris a bheart mhallaicht' a Sheumais. Na biodh de uail annad is gun iarradh tu a dhol na b' airde na chaidh an Ti sin a thainig a marcachd air lath asail. Ach sud agad Murchadh Ruadh a tighinn a null air an àth, agus is fheudar dhomh a dhol a bhuaig na moine maille ris. Slan leat a laochain.

## BOOK REVIEW.

Clàrsach a' Ghlinne—The Harp of the Glen: Twenty-five Gaelic Songs, arranged with simple accompaniments, by Jennie Given, A.R.C.M. Price 3/-; cloth 5/-. 10" x 7": Patersons Publications, Ltd.

This collection of Gaelic songs contains quite a number of old favourites, such as *An t-Eilean Mùileach*, *Croth Chaillein*, and *Màiri Bhàn Og*. The accompaniments are melodious. There is no attempt to introduce any novelty which would be inconsistent with the character of folk song. Miss Given has not tried to paint the lily. She holds that undue elaboration in music of this kind would be an excess. The music is rendered in both notations, staff and sol-fa. The words of every verse are printed in extended form under the relative notes of music. This should help the learner. The Gaelic editing is excellently done

by Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane. A distinctive feature of the volume is a number of new songs, two of which are *Cumha nan Gillean* and *Beannaibh mo Ghraidh*. The melody of both, and the words of the first are by Mr. Macfarlane. The words of the second are by Mr. Neil Shaw. This is a song that ought to be heard on every platform, a patriotic song, and emphatically Gaelic. The collection deserves the warmest welcome. It would be a great advantage to have more of our leading Gaelic songs done in the same way. The paper, printing and general style are worthy of high commendation.

### CAPE BRETON GAELS READ US A LESSON.

The tenth number of *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal* has reached me from Sydney, Cape Breton. It is printed in Gaelic exclusively. This was to be expected from a quarter that for years issued *Mac Talla*. What impresses one in the former publication is its beautiful rhythmical idiomatic Gaelic. Not only is the subject matter happy and varied, but there is a terseness and freedom of diction, with which we are unfamiliar on this side. And I cannot help thinking that if the writers mould their concepts to the mentality of their readers, the editor of *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal* may be heartily congratulated on his venture. The editor is Mr. James MacNeil, and the printer is Mr. Donald MacKinnon, while the annual subscription is 1½ dollars. I have seen it stated in some Nova Scotia publication that there are more MacNeils in one polling section in Cape Breton than in the whole of Barra. There is yet another periodical published in this district, called *Mosgladh*. It is bi-lingual. In submitting the subjoined appreciation, in our magazine, I am obeying a dutiful impulse, and hope *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal* will meet its due encouragement from our readers.

#### TEACHDAIRE NAN GAIDHEAL.

Canam so an toiseach; is toighleam Gàilig *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal* gu h-anabarrach. B' fheàrr leam gu robh a leithid de phaipeir againne ann an Gaidhealtachd Alba. Chanell uair a thogas mi ri leubhadh e, nach éirich nàdur de fharmud annam. Ach carson a dh' éireadh? Oir is tric an t-bran a' cur 'nam chuimhne—le trom dhuilighdeas cuideachd—gur h-ann an iomaill fad-astar nan cuan, tha clann ar dàimh a' còmhnuidh. Ach moladh do'n Fhreasdal, tha sìoman-gràidh nan teaghlach a' cumail na seisrich taghta. Agus fhad 'sa thuigeas 'sa labhras sinn teachdaireachd ar n-oidhe choitichionn—a'

Ghàilig—cha dealaich, 's cha chaill sinn sealladh air a chéile gu bràth.

Tha fios gu soirbhich le *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal*. A-chionn 's gu bheil e airidh air gach misneachd. Ciamar? E san a leubhas freagraidh e: Tha 'n t-oidire comasach—ann an cainnt, eagnaidh, ealanta; agus oirdhearc ann an ceann-plinn. Tha e eadhon nas fheàrr na sin uile: tha coibhneas tuigseach a' taomadh 'na rosg, mar eas chobharach de bhainne blàth. Taitneach tha do shaothair a charaid na dùchaiseachd shoilleir. Is cinnteach gu'n gabh do dhaoine thein ceann oirre. Nuair nach gabh, togaidh osag fhuadain an cumha:

“Chàill na h-ionaidean am blàth;  
Thriall gach àrmunnt aigh da uaign;  
Thréig a' chruit a h-ional-dàin,  
Is leig a' chlàrsach bàs a fuaim!”

Ach chan e sgial-rùn a th' againn. Tha teanga nan Céilteach a' faotuinnt caraig-inbhe 'nar latha-ne nach robh aice riamb roimhe. Oir is lonmhor an àireamh a tha trusadh nan gairdean ga dlion. Agus is iomad iad, mar-an-ceudna, tha deanamh caoith an atharraich, gu'n do chuir tubaist no dl-meas ceal air a h-oilein daibh. Bheir-eadh an t-iomlan so—le ar fios—sùil Iudhaich ann an iomlad air a h-eòlas an-diubh.

Mas fìor an t-aideachadh—oir is buidheach an Sealbh dheth 'n fhìrinn—tha spiorad nan seana Ghàidheal a' cumail bàrr-guc nan àbhaistean ann an liosradh nas toraiche aca-san, na tha e ann an creathail an àraich ann an Tìr-nam Beann. Le so 'san aire, gu robh fàilt Oisein bho Thalla nan Cuach a' feitheamh air *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal*. Oir tha tlachd is oilean 'na bhathais bheò. Is cinnteach, cinnteach nach bi e dheasbhuidh aoidheachd; do-bhrìgh 's gu bheil e toillteannach, gu h-obaig, air fàsghadh-làmh nan càirdean. Cò e san bho shìol nan sonn a sheannas a dhruidheachd? Cuiream mar so e. Cò aig a' bheil cluas do sheirn nan eilar nach taisich ri càinain beairt-dheilbh an smuaint? Càinain an smuaint 'sa meamna; gu h-àraid càinain an ciùil. Càinain an ciùil! their mise agus thusa còmhla. Cia as ar tàladh? Bho oilean nam fear fial, is e 'g iomairt sligean fuaimneach deadh-ghean is chliù. *Teachdaire nan Gàidheal*. Chanell breacadh deth a ruigeas mi, nach ùraich e m' aigne 's mo 'dheachd ri Gàilig ar sluaigh fhìn—Gàilig ar n-eachdraidh—Gàilig ar n-altruim is suaicheantas aosda gineil a' chairdeis.



## THE LONDON GAELIC SOCIETY.

Address by Mr. Neil Shaw,  
Secretary of An Comunn.

The Scottish Corporation Hall at Crane Court, in Fleet Street, was crowded with Highlanders on the occasion of the first meeting for this season of the London Gaelic Society, which took place on the evening of Thursday, the 22nd October. The President, Mr. John Macmillan, was in the chair, and he referred to the great pleasure with which he saw so many of the members reassembled after the vacation, and to the manifest spirit of friendly enthusiasm, which augured so well for the coming season. Mr. Macmillan spoke in terms of high appreciation, which were evidently shared by the meeting, of the work of Mr. Angus Robertson, President of An Comunn Gaidhealach, in the cause of Gaelic, and expressed the regret of the meeting that Mr. Robertson's exertions at the Greenock Mod had prevented him, on medical advice, from undertaking the journey to London to deliver the paper on Neil Munro, to which they had looked forward that evening. He hoped that Mr. Robertson would soon be restored to complete vigour by the breezes of his native isle, and that the Society might soon have the pleasure of welcoming him among them. Mr. Macmillan then referred to the great Feill in aid of the funds of An Comunn, which was to take place in Glasgow in 1927. He hoped that the contribution from London would be of such dimensions as to show that Highlanders in London appreciated the great work of An Comunn at its proper value, and he explained the steps taken by the Society to ensure that that contribution would be the work of the whole Highland community in London working in friendly co-operation. The Chairman then introduced Mr. Neil Shaw as a speaker who needed no introduction to an audience to whom the cause of Gaelic was so dear, as it was to the members of the Gaelic Society. The manner in which the large audience received Mr. Macmillan's words of appreciation left no doubt that Mr. Shaw's fame had preceded him, and that the members appreciated to the full the great services which the popular Secretary of An Comunn had rendered to the cause of Gaelic.

Mr. Shaw opened his address by a short introduction in Gaelic, which was keenly appreciated by the members, and then pro-

ceeded to give an account of the history and activities of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which was listened to with very keen interest. He traced the gradual progression in size and popularity of the annual Mod, from the time when the whole meeting took three hours to get through, until it became a function of the importance and duration of the Mod held in Greenock in this autumn; while on this topic, Mr. Shaw expressed the sense of gratitude felt by all who had attended the last Mod for the bounteous hospitality of the citizens of Greenock. The speaker mentioned the great part which the songs of Gaeldom had played in popularising these functions, and hoped that when a widening circle of competitors had been attracted by the beautiful music and poetry of Gaelic songs, the non-musical part of the competitions would be increasingly patronised. Mr. Shaw described several of his visits to outlying branches of An Comunn, and the audience followed him with keen appreciation while he described gatherings in many a nook and corner of the Highlands—gatherings attracted together by the same bond which had brought the Gaelic Society of London into being as long ago as 1777, and had continued it to the present day. The hardly-won battle for the recognition of Gaelic in schools was then described, and Mr. Shaw made some admirable reflections on the teaching of Gaelic and the value of a thorough knowledge of the language to those who retained it, no matter to what walk in life they might happen to be called.

Mr. Macmillan then moved a vote of thanks to the speaker in appropriate terms, which were received with enthusiasm. Mr. Shaw expressed his enjoyment of the meeting, and the pleasure with which he found such a keen and numerous gathering of Gaels in London, and said how gratefully everyone at the Greenock Mod had appreciated the attendance and performance of the London Gaelic Choir. Mrs. Iain Campbell of Airds then gave the members an account of the Greenock Mod, to which she had been one of the Society's official delegates, and the members heard with satisfaction of the good account which the various competitors from London had given of themselves.

A very enjoyable musical programme was then given by various members, many Gaelic songs being rendered, in the choruses of which the members joined. Mr. Neil Shaw showed that he could sing as well as he could speak, and his contributions were greatly enjoyed.

Sir Murdo Macdonald, the popular Member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, moved a vote of thanks to the President, with the cordial reception of which the proceedings terminated.

W. S. M.

### LATHA ANNS A' GHLEANN.

Le CALUM MACRATH, Glascho.

(An Dara Duais, Mod 1925.)

Nuair dhealraich grian nan speur oirnn,

An dé 'na h-uile ghlòir,

'S a shoilleirich i na raointean,

Is aodann nam beann mór,

Thug mise cium gu sòlasach

Troimh ghleann an fheòir leam fein,

Far 'm fac mi feartan urramach,

Nach cuir mi uile 'n ceill.

Bha fois is sith 'san iarmailt;

Bha tioralachd is blàth 's;

Bha dealt na h-oidhche 'g éirigh,

Le teas na gréin' bho làr.

Bha mhuir cho sèimh gun ghluasad oirr',

'S mar ghloine uain' bha 'n sàl:—

D' e sud an sealladh miorbhuileach,

A riarachadh gach càil.

Bha nàdur caochladh snuaidh, 's a' toirt

Cruth nuadh bu mhaisich' blàth;

Toirt buaidh air gruaim a' gheamhraidh,

'S air a ghreann a bha gun bhàidh,

Le thrusgan aobhach ùr-dhathach,

Ag còmhach dlùth nan còs;

Bho 'n a thill ruinn fàs an t-samhraidh,

Tha gach doire 's crann fo chròic.

Na glacan torrach pàirt-dhathach,

Fo dhithein bàn 's fo ròs.

Na raointean ud bu shùghmhoire

Cur os an cionn a' phòir.

Spréidh gun aire, gun éis orra,

Air réidhleanean an fheòir,

Gach ainmhidh 's creutair sàsaichte,

A réir an gnè, le lòn.

Tha 'n seillein greannach 's gaoir aige,

Gu saoitreach tional lòn,

'S a' deoghal dian a' bhlàth-bhainne,

'S na meala bhàrr nan ròs;

Ag cruinneachadh gu dùrachdach,

'S ag giùlan gu thigh-fòid,

Na chumas beo gun ainns e,

Nuair thig a' ghailleann òirn.

Bha tobraichean 'san isosal,

Bha air a sinnsean fial,

Cur thairis leis an fhior-uisge,

Is priscile na 'm fion,

Bu tric thug neart is spionnadh,

Do neach tinneis agus slàint',

Le 'n cuisleannan cho tana,

Ruith troimh 'n ghainneimh chun na tràgh'd.

An t-sòbhrag is an neòinein beag,

A' pògadh beul ri beul,

Le 'n duilleagan cho fainalta,

'S cho min-gheal ris a' ghréin.

Chan ann air chuairt a thà iad,

Mar tha sinne anns an fheòil;

Ged mharbhas fuachd is teanntachd iad,

Ni 'n samhradh an toirt beò.

Dh' éisd mi le toil-inntinn ri

Guth falainn binn an eòin,

Ri 'n d' rinn mo chridhe gairdeachas,

'S a thàlaidh mi le deòin;

Bha iad seinn air bhàrr nam meoir-chaola,

'S nan ògan bòidheach ùr,

'S a' chuthag le guth subhachail,

An dubhar Beinn an Dùin.

Bha Rìgh nan Solus 'tearnadh,

Nuair a dh' fhàg mi féin an gleann,

'S a gathan dian a' dearsadh,

Air guallean ard nam beann:

Chriochnaich mi mo thurus,

Ann am fionnarachd an là;

'S b' e ùghdair mór mo sheallaidh-sa,

Gun mhearachd, Dia nan Gràs!

### "MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

A Song with some History.

In some editions of Burns' works this well-known song appears with a qualifying note more or less to the effect that the first half-stanza is old, the remainder being by Burns himself. It appears to have been originally set to a tune known as "Fàilte na Mìsg"; but in MacKenzie's edition, edited by Rev. George Gilfillan, it is stated: "An old song enlarged. Instead of the tune, 'Fàilte na Mìsg,' originally set to this song, a much finer one, 'Crochallan,' is here substituted, to which it is now usually sung." I have the impression that this song was to begin with a Gaelic one, and probably sung to neither of the tunes mentioned.

I notice that in an edition of Burns' Works, by Dr. Currie, published apparently about the year 1800, the song is not included at all; and when it does appear in later editions there are three verses of it only, namely:—

## AN GAIDHEAL.

### THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

#### Greenock Mod.

[Owing to a printer's overlook, several typographical errors appeared in this address, and the following is the corrected copy.]

The call of years—unlike the melancholy experience of Ossian—is chrySTALLISING the hopes of those who share his sorrow for the departed glories of the Gael. To-day, the rainbow of promise hangs resplendent over An Comunn's activities. But if we give more homage to the soul of Coivi and Ossian than to the memory of the Pretender and Sherifmuir, it is, perhaps, due to the fact that we are, according to our lights, seeking the wisest means for developing the latent powers of our national life, so as to adapt the better influences of our heritage to newer and broader contacts with the world. Our goal may not always be too clear or specific. Neither were all the great purposes which have gone to the making of history. "A man never rises so high," said Cromwell, "as when he did not know whither he was going." We, however, know our aims, and the road we are travelling. When, therefore, the broken fragments of the Celtic races are re-united through a genius that has given to modern civilisation a purer message of passionate nobility than the didactic gospel of the Renaissance, the mysterious prophecies of Merlin—passed at one time from lip to lip from Anglesea to the confines of Germany—will be fulfilled in our generation.

"Think you," exclaimed King Henry II., to a Welsh chieftain, "that your people of rebels can withstand my army?" "My people," replied the chieftain, "may be weakened by superior might; but—unless the wrath of God be on the side of their enemies—I deem that no other race or tongue will answer for this corner of the world, before the Judge of all at the last day, save the people and the tongue of Wales." So may we also answer, in part, for our Scottish Highlands. This, then, is the burden of a message—or rather of a monologue—before which even temperate men have given way as before natural events.

Green, in "A Short History of the English People," amongst his many flights of dispassionate cloquence, speaks of the sensibility of the Celtic temper—so quick to perceive beauty, so eager in its thirst for life, its instinct for what is noble, and its inordinate sentiment for discovering the weird charm of nature. But in submitting his findings to the responsible judgment of the world, he is only—along with others of like discernment—honouring truth by using it. Lindisfarne, according to this great historian, not Canterbury, was the centre of religious polity during the Dark Ages. Thus Northumbria, the redeemed of Calumcille's missionaries, won England from heathendom to Christianity, and, by unifying the warring communities of the southern parts, prepared the foundations of that national spirit which wrenched a Magna Charta from a tyrant Prince, and gave force and sanctity to individual freedom.

What is the secret of this Celtic magic that lays all who come within its ambit under an intellectual spell?

Is it the spirits of the Eubages and Bards revisiting the scenes of their humanising pursuits? Or, is it because it holds the key to the faith of spiritual rebirth? Is it because life was less a mystery to Coivi the Druid than to the divine Athenian? Or, is it because its mythic conceptions are more beautiful, archaic, and fascinating than the great mythologies of either Greece or Vedic India? For if we credit Aristotle, philosophy was derived from—not imparted to—the Gauls by the Greeks. Does not the learned Julius Leitchlen protest? "It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls who were our first instructors!" And so of Imperial Rome, of which it is advanced, with equal emphasis, that while she has produced the greatest and noblest literature of mankind, she has made no original contribution in the region of poetic fancy or plastic art. How different the records of the Celts!

Meagre as their literature is in comparison with the greater literatures of other races, their inventive creations, their God-like familiarity with the moods of nature, but withal their effective presentment of emotion and the passionate echoes of the heart, are universally conceded to be abreast of the deepest attributes of our being. By developing their exalted ideals in the alembics of sympathy and feeling, they were able to plant the standard of an ethical coda in the fibres of world civilisation. When thus the solemn but chivalrous practices of the Celtic peoples of history are—in the light of modern knowledge—applied to soften international and individual asperities, humanity, with a pulse like a cannon, will co-ordinate in faith and charity, and, with a lofty cheer, swing its aspirations forward towards peace and goodwill to men.

No longer, then, need Cathmor transmit his despairing monody from the Hall of Winds. Tir-nan-Og, indeed, lies West; for we have the Flame of day to guide our vision. The choristers in the Palace of Enchantment are again astrir. Magnetic clouds raise high the Silver Shield, that it may re-echo the song of joy. If the Gael has reached his horizon at last, it is to find the shore beyond. For the shades of Gaul and Oscar are taken to the bosom of the most idealistic of nations, and the melody that was tuned by Lora's Falls may henceforth swell with the voice of life on the banks of the Mississippi. The waters of Minnetonka, no less than the fateful vapours of Lego, will harbour the shades of the doomed; while the tears of Deirdre will mingle in sympathy with those of the "Maid of the Moon." An Deo-Greine, Fionn's banner, is, in the inscrutable working of Fate, saluted by the Statue of Liberty; and "the words of power that rushed forth from Selma of Kings" may from now be re-echoed from the Black Dome of the Appalachian Mountains to the resounding caves of Morven.

Worthy of mighty Ossian's praise is the fellowship of The American Iona Society, which has made our cause its own. The spirit of Calumcille lives again in its purpose—a purpose for which our sense of appreciation is profound and deep. So, when we turn our gaze—yes, our expectant gaze—towards the setting sun we shall remember, with a feeling of gratitude and affection, that it is only on its way to illumine The Land of the Living Heart. The Birds have come back to Rhiannon.



“ My heart's in the Highlands,  
My heart is not here;  
My heart's in the Highlands  
A-chasing the deer;  
A-chasing the wild deer,  
And following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands  
Wherever I go.

“ Farewell to the Highlands,  
Farewell to the North  
The birthplace of valour,  
The country of worth;  
Wherever I wander,  
Wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands  
Forever I love.

“ Farewell to the mountains,  
High covered with snow;  
Farewell to the straths  
And green valleys below;  
Farewell to the forests,  
And wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents,  
And loud-pouring floods.”

There was, however, a Gaelic version, which was as under, and it will be noticed that it contained four stanzas:—

“ Tha mo chridh' air an fhìreach,  
'S cha 'n 'eil e 'n tir ehian;  
Tha mo chridh' air an fhìreach,  
A' dian-ruith nam fiadh;  
A' dian-ruith nan ruadh-bhoc,  
'S nam maolslaichibh 's bòidheh',  
Tha mo chridh' 'n tir nan àrd-bheann,  
Tir àill nam beann mòr.

“ Tir nan Gàidheal 's nam breacan,  
Slàn leat tir mu Thusth—  
Tir nan treun-laoch 's nan gaisgeach,  
Far am faighte 'n fhior-uails';  
Ge b' e àite da 'n téid mi,  
No rioghachd dha 'n seòl,  
Bi'dh mo rùn da t-àrd shléibhlean  
An cian bhios mi beò.

“ Gum a slàn da na beanntan,  
Th' air an còmhach le sneachd',  
Gum a slàn da na gleanntan,  
'S gach còmharnard ghòrm-ghlaic;  
Gum a slàn da na friithean  
Is dlù-choill an crann,  
Gum a slàn da gach gorm-chnoc,  
'S gach torman bhras all'.

“ Gum a slàn airson ùine;  
Cha dichuimhnic mi  
Tir m' aithrichean gràdhach,  
Nach do shàradh fo chis;  
Bi'dh mi caoidh gus an till mi  
Da t-ionnsuidh a rithisid—  
A thir m' athair 's mo mhàthair—  
Mo thir nàdurach fhìn.”

The English rendering of the last verse, which, however, is not old, is as follows:—

“ Adieu for a while,  
I shall ne'er forget thee,  
The land of my fathers,  
The soil of the free;  
I sigh for the hour  
That shall bid me retrace  
The paths of my childhood,  
My own native place.”

Some years ago now, this song was set to a fine air by Mr. F. W. Whitehead, at one time of Inverness, and there is a translation by the late Mr. John Whyte, which reads as follows:—

“ Mo chridh' air a' Ghàidh'ltachd  
Tha 'n còmhnuidh an déidh,  
'S am b' àbhaist dhomh bhì sealgach  
An ruadh-bhuic 's an fhéidh;  
A' ruagadh nan làn-damh,  
'S earb anns an fhriht,  
Mo chion air a' Ghàidh'ltachd,  
Tir àillidh mo chridh'.

“ Mo chead leis a' Ghàidh'ltachd  
'S le beanntan an fhraoich,  
Tir bhreith na fìor ghaisge,  
Is dùthaich nan laoch;  
Gach àite ga 'n ruig mi,  
Air uachdar an t-saogh' il,  
Cha leig mi as m' aire  
Tir mhaiseach mo ghaoil.

“ Mo chead leis na beanntan,  
'S an sneachd air an cinn;  
Mo chead leis na còmharnardan  
Bòidheach 's na glinn;  
Mo chead leis no friithean,  
'S na còilltean cho gorm;  
Mo chead leis na tuiltean  
Is uamharra toirm.”

Would it not seem thus that the Gaelic version is the real original?

It is most interesting to note the number of songs by Burns composed to Gaelic airs, as set forth in various editions of the poet's works, such as “O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the Day” to “Invercauld's Reel,” “The American War” to “Killiecrankie,” “The Banks of the Devon” to “Bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,” “The Young Highland Rover” to “Mòrag,” “Roaring Winds around her flowing” to “MacGregor of Rory's Lament,” “Musing on the Roaring Ocean” to “Druimionn Dubh,” “Of a' the airts the wind can blow” to “Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey,” “The Banks of Nith” to “Robie dona gòrach,” etc., etc.



## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

**ba-bàidh!** go to by-byes! Red Point, Gairloch, Mrs. Ferguson, n.: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: comes in lullaby of which only the following is remembered. The Kinlochive bard was challenged to make a poem to this lullaby's tune, and his own verses are printed with the rest of his works while this old slumber-song has almost perished:

Ba-bà, mo leanabh, ba-bà, ba-bà,  
Ba-bà, mo leanabh, ba-bà, ba-bà,  
Ba-bà, mo leanabh, ba-bà, ba-bàidh,  
'S a feann do ri lù learabh (mngless string  
of words),

Gun till na fearaibh dh'fhalbh bhuainn  
air sàil,

Na'n tigeadh na gillean gu'm biodhmaid  
slàn,

Gun èireadh mo chridhe ged bhiodh e ri  
làr,

'S e bu mhath leis am pearsain gu  
fhaigh sinn bàisdeadh,

'S ged dheirich mar thachair gun gabhte  
mo làmh.

**baban:** hair-'bun': Coll, MacDougall, n.: through Sc. pap:—both often called in English a bun?

**babhran** (air bh.): wandering aimlessly: Braemore, Matheson, n.: cf. turpalais, farsan, tuaimse. Always with air.

**babht:** swath of corn or hay as cut by scythe, the breadth cut by a scythe, the full of the heuk: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: cf. dais, sgath, sgar, tlò, bad. Connected with Sc. bout.

**bac:** bank: Islay, Johnston, n.: B. na h-Eilid, a terraced slope on "Gulvain," i.e. Gaothar Bheinn, from Fraoch Mór to A. a' Cho. Sgreamaich, L. Arkaig, S.W., Donald Stewart, Strathan, n.: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: cf. bacadh, béinc. Known in other districts (not Skye, I think).

**bac:** balk, the unoccupied space between two adjacent fields (baak in Tomintoul): Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n. Means tholepin and timber on gunwale to protect it from oar friction, in Waternish; sand-bank in Lorne and Tiree.

**bac:** hillpath raised somewhat above the surrounding level, banked up track: Torridon, Mrs. MacDonald, n.: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.

**bac:** peat bank: L. Ness W. side, MacDonald, n.: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: S. Uist, MacEachen, n. No need to add na mòine as do Coll and elsewhere. Torridon and Islay say bac mòine. Cf. sgeir-mhonadh, bacadh, poll-, blàr-, bóta, cais-bheag, fad-buinn, etc. Matheson once counted the number of peats cut from his moss and stacked to last over the winter. The total will surprise the reader—37,090. This was the supply for a house of six people and two fires.

**bac:** bank on the meallabhach (q.v.), where the looser sand is blown away, like a cliff, but ever receding with each storm. Grass grows at back and mealtraghach (q.v.) grows as fringe on top of baca, the gusts uncovering the roots (masc.): Coll, MacDougall, n.: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.: L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence, heard from natives: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.

**bac a' bhalla:** see annir: Braemore, Matheson, n.: Barra, Dr. MacMillan, n.: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.

**bacag:** trip in wrestling made by putting foot behind opponent's and bearing him down, 'the link,' 'hank,' inside click—see Harmsworth Encyc. s.v. No. 4: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: Coll, MacDougall, n.: Lewis, Norman MacLeod, n.: S. Uist, MacEachen and Bowie, n.: Barra, MacInnes, MacLeod, and Fr. MacMillan, n.: Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.: Gl. Garry (Inv.), Fr. Dieckhoff, from natives. A specialized sense of Dw.'s 3. MacBain gives 'a tripping,' but all informants interpret it of the foot and keen trip. Cf. crampach, camaicag, cas-bhacaid. Lochaber says cuir a' b. e.

**bacagan:** one who staggers from side to side of a road all the way along: S. Uist, MacEachen and Bowie, n.: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: cf. bagach, tomadach, domadach, donalach, seach, glogach, cas-

(Ri leantainn.)

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held in the Waverley Hotel, Stirling, on Friday, 20th November. The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, was in the chair.

The following members were present:—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale; Miss Campbell of Inverneil; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Miss J. M. B. Currie, Culfail; The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey MacDonald, Skye; Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach; Mrs W. J. Watson, Edinburgh; John R. Bannerman, Glasgow; Thomas G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Captain George I. Campbell, Yr., of Succoth; Alexander Fraser, Yoker; Sir Norman Lamont of Knockdow; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. John MacLachlan, Inveraray; Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Malcolm MacLeod, Ibrox; Lord James T. Stewart Murray, Blair Atholl; Rev. Neil Ross, Laggan; H. S. Shield, Edinburgh; Robert Macfarlane, C.A. (Treasurer), and Neil Shaw (Secretary).

Arising from the minute of the preliminary meeting, Sir Norman Lamont spoke on the proposal which he made at Greenock, and moved that in order to facilitate attendance at meetings of the Executive Council and standing Committees, dates should be fixed beforehand so that members could make arrangements to attend. Captain Campbell seconded, and the motion was adopted. Dates for the meetings to be held during 1926 were fixed, and it was agreed that, as far as possible, Committee meetings be held on the same date, and at the same place.

### PRINCE OF WALES AS PATRON.

The President said it was his privilege to be able to announce at this meeting that since they met last H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had agreed—and agreed with alacrity—to become Patron of An Comunn Gaidhealach. He need not stress the point very much, except to say this: that it is from the Celtic kingdoms His Royal Highness derives his outstanding titles. He is Prince of Wales, Lord of the Isles, Duke of Cornwall, and Duke of Rothesay. He would also say this, that not throughout the wide Dominions of the British Empire will his throne find more loyal supporters, or his Empire stouter defenders, than in the section which is represented by An Comunn Gaidhealach.

The announcement was received with applause, and the President was asked to acknowledge the courtesy and honour thus conferred on the Association.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, Convener, moved the adoption of the minute of Finance Committee meeting. Mr. Malcolm MacLeod seconded, and the minute was agreed to.

Mrs. W. J. Watson, Convener, moved the adoption of a minute of the Education Committee. The minute contained a reply from the Scottish Education Department relative to the teaching of Gaelic to non-Gaelic-speaking children, and was in the following terms:—"In reply to the question asked, I am to point out that while the positive directions of the Code with regard to Gaelic teaching in Gaelic-speaking areas relate only to the instruction of Gaelic-speaking children, it is within the discretion of Education Authorities to make such further provision for Gaelic teaching as they may think expedient, and as can be undertaken, in the circumstances of the school, and by the staff that the Authority see fit to provide, without affecting either the efficiency of the general instruction or the efficiency of the instruction given to Gaelic-speaking children in their native tongue."

Interesting reports were contained in a minute of the Mod and Music Committee. A Committee has been formed at Oban to carry out arrangements for the 1926 Mod. Mr. D. MacGregor Whyte, President of the local Branch, is Convener, and Mr. John MacDonald, 102 George Street, the well-known conductor of the Oban Gaelic Choir, is the local Secretary. The dates suggested for the Mod were 28th, 29th, and 30th September, and 1st October. The Executive approved of these dates.

The remit from the annual meeting with regard to Ceol Mor had been favourably considered, and it was recommended to institute a competition for the playing of Ceol Mor on the bagpipes. The competition is confined to pipers who have not gained a prize for Ceol Mor at any of the Highland Gatherings. The names of two tunes to be sent to the secretary at time of entering. The prizes, which are already assured, are:—First, retention for one year of Challenge Cup, and Gold Medal; second, Silver Medal. The competition will take place on Friday, 1st October.

The Paisley Highlanders' Association offer a prize of £4 4s for the best acting of the children's play, "Am Mosgladh Mor."

The Glasgow Skye Association are offering a prize, probably a Gold Medal, as a

supreme award in the senior oral section. The aggregate marks gained in Competitions 40, 41, 42, and 45 will be accounted in making the award.

For the encouragement of rural choirs, the Oban Branch of An Comunn is offering prizes of £6 and £4. This competition is confined to Argyllshire, and towns of 2000 of a population and upwards are not allowed to participate.

The male voice quartette competition, sponsored by the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir, will be included in the syllabus. The various donors were cordially thanked for their splendid gifts.

The Secretary reported that the trophy gifted by Mrs. Wm. Miller, Jr., Greenock, had been presented to the Rothesay Junior Choir by Miss Lamont of Knockdow at a grand concert held by the Bute Branch in Rothesay.

A suggestion by Mrs. Stewart (Fasna-cloch) that competitions for singing games and folk dancing might be introduced had been considered, and passed on to Provincial Mod Committees with a recommendation to include one or other in their syllabus preparatory to introducing them at the National Mod.

The minutes were adopted on the motion of the convener, Mr. John R. Bannerman.

The Propaganda Committee had met shortly before the meeting of Council and reported on Provincial Mod arrangements. A Mod for the county of Sutherland is to be held at Lairg on a date to be arranged, and the services of a music teacher is to be given. A Mod for the Isle of Skye will be held at Portree next summer, 17th July being tentatively arranged. Major MacLean of Ardgour is meantime preparing for a Mod for the Ardnamurchan district. The Secretary was instructed to give all the assistance possible in connection with this Mod. Applications had been received for the services of a music teacher from Mid-Argyll, Connel and Women's Rural Institute. The Committee recommend to the Mid-Argyll Mod Committee to avail themselves of the services of a fully qualified local enthusiast, if such person be still available. A small grant in aid of travelling and incidental expenses is recommended. The Secretary was asked to obtain further information from the other applicants.

Mr. Hugh MacLean is teaching in Campbelltown and Tayinloan, and the Committee agreed to his time being extended

for a fortnight, to allow of his conducting a class at Carradale.

The minute was adopted on the motion of Rev. G. W. MacKay, Convener.

The Publication Committee agreed that Messrs. Blackie be approached and asked whether they would be prepared to issue two further books for advanced classes, to complete the series of school books published by them. The Secretary was asked to invite estimates for the printing of the re-issue of "Rosg Gaidhlig."

Miss Campbell of Inverneill, Convener of the Art and Industry Committee, moved the adoption of a minute of a meeting of Committee held just prior to the Executive meeting. The sale of home industries at Greenock during two days of the Mod week was one of the most successful sales the Committee ever held, and the total sum realised was £271. The Committee discussed ways and means of making known the establishment of a permanent depot for the sale of Highland home industries as part of the Highlanders' Institute, Elmbank Street, Glasgow, and which was opened by Lochiel on 3rd November.

Dates for statutory meetings of the Executive Council in 1926 were fixed as follows:—5th March, 9th July, 2nd October, and 19th November. The meetings to be held in the evening.

A vote of thanks to the President for presiding brought the meeting to a close.

#### AMERICAN IONA SOCIETY APPLY FOR CHARTER.

Subjoined is a copy of the application for charter made by the American Iona Society:—

TO THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

We, the undersigned, all being persons of full age, desiring to form a corporation under the Education Law, do hereby apply to the Regents of the University of the State of New York for a charter to be granted pursuant to the provisions of Section 59 of such law, and do make, sign, and acknowledge the following statement:—

FIRST: The name of the proposed corporation is American Iona Society.

SECOND: The purposes for which such corporation is to be formed are:

To preserve, encourage, and promote Celtic culture, more especially the culture of the Scots Gael, as embodied in language, literature, music, arts, and crafts, by their teaching and use, study and expansion.

The establishment of a centre of Gaelic culture, to be developed into a Celtic institution of higher learning.

THIRD: The institution to be maintained by the proposed corporation is to be located in Scotland.

FOURTH: The number of trustees is to be twenty.

FIFTH: The names and post office addresses of the trustees for the year.

The charter craved for was granted, and the American Iona Society is now an Incorporated body.

## HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES.

### Depot Opened in Glasgow.

The Art and Industry Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach have for many years been endeavouring to establish a permanent depot in Glasgow, through which goods made by cottage workers in the Highlands might reach a public appreciative of their individual character and conscientious workmanship. At last, through the co-operation of the committee of the Highlanders' Institute and Highland Home Industries, Ltd., this ambition has been realised, and it only remains for the public to become aware of the depot's existence for it to be taken as great advantage of as the depots in Edinburgh and Strathpeffer.

The opening ceremony on 3rd November was a pleasant function. A representative gathering examined with interest the varied assortment of goods on sale, and partook of tea after the formal part of the business was concluded.

Miss Campbell of Inverneill, who was in the chair, called first of all upon Dr. Maclean Watt, who, in a beautifully expressed prayer, asked God's blessing upon this venture. The Chairman then introduced Lochiel, who, in an excellent address, gave a picture of the rise and growth of Highland Home Industries, Ltd. He pointed out that the handloom and spinning wheel had almost disappeared, except in the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The Highland Home Industries was formed of many small local associations and classes to put the sale of these goods on a business footing. The object of the company was to let the crofters get as good a price as possible for their work. The company did not work for profit, but simply to pay running expenses and overhead charges. Only goods of the best quality were supplied. There were more Highlanders in Glasgow than in any other city in the world. He

hoped that they would support this depot, and that they would interest their Lowland, English, and American friends in it. They would find in the depot better clothing, better rugs, and even better salmon flies than they could get elsewhere, and in purchasing these goods they would be helping those who lived in the Highlands to eke out what was often a precarious existence. Anything that could be done to retain the Highlanders on the soil of their forefathers was worthy of every effort.

A vote of thanks was accorded to Lochiel on the call of Mrs. Noel Paton.

The manageress of the Glasgow depot is Mrs. Barron, well known in Highland circles in Glasgow, so customers are assured of being served in their mother-tongue.

Among those present we noticed:—Lady Hermione Cameron, Lady Paxton, Lady Pettigrew, Mrs. MacCowan, Mrs. W. J. Watson, Col. Gunn, Miss Macleod (Ibrox), Mrs. Macleod (Skeabost), Miss Story, etc., etc.

## THE FEILL.

A first list of donations to the Feill is published this month, and we have to announce the appointment of two additional stall conveners—Lady Seton of Abercorn, 12 Grosvenor Crescent, for Edinburgh, and Mr. W. E. C. Reid, Post Office Box No. 302, Dunedin, for New Zealand. Both Sir Bruce and Lady Seton are well known for their interest in matters Scottish, while Mr. Reid has been in this country for the last two years as Assistant Commissioner for the New Zealand Pavilion at Wembley. Both the Glasgow and London stalls are now well in their stride, and the latter has appointed as hon. secretary Mr. W. S. Morrison, who contested the Western Isles at the General Election last year. The work of appointing conveners for the various Highland areas is proceeding steadily, and recent ones include Mrs. Caldwell, Morar; Mrs. Cameron Head, Inverailort; Miss Macpherson, Glentruim; Mrs. Horace Kemble, Laggan, and Mrs. Fraser-Tytler, Aldourie; Mrs. Macalpine Downie, Appin; Mrs. de Glyn, Barra; The Rev. H. Mackenzie, Moy; Mrs. Grant and Miss Morag Cameron, Ballachulish; Mrs. Martin Hardie, Loch Awe; Miss Robertson, Dalnally; Miss Kemble, Kyle and Plockton; Mr. Stewart, Tyndrum; and Miss Maggie Stewart, Callander. The most popular form of money-raising appears to be a concert, often followed by a dance. Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald has already held one, and is arranging a series throughout Skye. A

similar effort on a large scale is being made by the Dundee Highland Association, which is arranging a big concert in the new year. Owing to the Highland Charities Bazaar, which is being held next year, and is supported by many of our active sympathisers, we do not expect to do much in either Inverness-shire or Ross and Cromarty until after September, 1926, although there will be marked activity in individual areas, as in Moidart, where Mrs. Caldwell, aided by Miss Eleanora Cameron, is arranging concerts in Morar, Arisaig, and Mallaig.

FIRST LIST OF DONORS.

Dr. Mackay, Inverness .. .. .	£5	5	0
Dr. Kerr, Hartwood .. .. .	5	0	0
Dr. Reid .. .. .	2	2	0
Mr. J. Mackintosh, Inverness .. .. .	1	0	0
General Stewart, Vancouver .. .. .	10	0	0
Mr. T. B. Macaulay, Montreal .. .. .	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Fraser of Relig .. .. .	2	2	0
	<hr/>		
	£30	9	0



## A PLEA FOR THE ARTS.

Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays, has formally accused us of having done little or nothing towards the Arts, in always "straining after mere emotion." Where, after all, is that delicate metal work of old Celtic Ireland? Under the bogs, as he suggests?

We must admit that we sometimes appear guilty of such a charge, perhaps because the Gael may believe that the Arts are really founded on a life beyond the world, so that they must "cry in the ears of our penury"—till the world has become a vision. However that may be, he is surely wrong in assuming that we have not in our power that "force" or conception (call it what you will) which moulds any great work of art?

The Highlander might be said to love "bright colours, company, and pleasure," like the Greek and Latin races have done, but he certainly has not "gratified" that sense by anything like a Sybaris or Corinth, a Rome or a Baiae—or even a Paris! To the mind of that Oxford don, the Highlander appeared ineffectual—"out at elbows," "slovenly," "half barbarous"—a "colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer"!

The Highlander as he has been presented in fiction might answer this description; but if Matthew Arnold had troubled to make a tour of the Highlands (like Johnson or

Pennant), he would have seen that in *one* of the fine Arts at least, the Highland chief was no amateur. The great castles of Inverary and Taymouth, to name only two, show us that in the domain of *architecture* the Highlands could hold their own, without borrowing from foreign sources as was done in England.

But the Highland crofter was more easily satisfied; and now that excellent little brochure on "Housing" (by Miss Campbell and Colin Sinclair) is a timely publication, which admonishes us to put aside "exotic" features (such as red-tiled roofs, etc.) and and concentrate on our own native style. But architecture though outermost, is not all. Even when we have got our ideal cottage, whence are we to procure the furniture and fittings? From Lancashire or the Midlands of England? We certainly do not want anything elaborate or exotic; but a little decoration need not scare us. At least some wood carving and a good mantel-piece, that had not been imported from the South!

Nothing was more admirable than the way in which the *original* Sinn Feiners in Ireland set out to revive their local industries; and it is encouraging that so much is being done at present towards fostering such industries as spinning and weaving; but we must not stop here. It is time that we did full justice to our artistic tastes (and the Gael is instinctively an artist) by producing such things as metal work, wood work, and possibly earthenware—even if we have not the patience for greater things, like painting and sculpture.

In the romantic past the Highlander had no time to develop his artistic side when he was constantly at the beck and call of his chieftain, or when his home might go up in flames (as in those notorious Sutherland clearances); but nowadays he is clearly giving proof of his genius, both in the realms of literature and music. But in the useful arts the workers are lamentably few! Even such things as artistic hand-printing, etc., and bookbinding are by no means fantastic ideals. There are some exquisite designs, and leather or deerskin enough in the Highlands; but as yet we are content to depend on the English materials and taste.

Of course, it must be admitted that markets and patronage are essential to all this, and even Shakespeare would not have written his plays had it not been for his trading-class audiences; but if our nobility and gentry would only follow the splendid



example set by the Atholl family, this difficulty would soon vanish.

We must add to our gay temperament a certain "measure" and patience if we are to outstrip the dull and "creeping" Saxon.

SINCLAIR COGHILL.

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### AT THE MOD.

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It was a new experience to attend a Mod in any official capacity but that of adjudicator, and it has been suggested to me that I write some of the impressions gathered at the Greenock Mod while filling Mr. Algie's place as accompanist.

My most vivid impression seems to be the inability of many competitors to take their keynote from the piano. Where, as is so often the case, they have no piano to practise this with, I would strongly advise the use of a pitchfork, or a pitchpipe. Competitors can then accustom themselves to taking their own starting note, and, at the Mod, do so either before or after coming to the platform. Several good performances were spoilt by singers starting away from the note they asked for and singing their song too high or too low. Also, it would be well if competitors were quite clear as to the key they wish to sing in. It was good to note the large number who sang without accompaniment, and also the long accurate intonation of those who did have a piano accompaniment.

On Friday I assisted in judging the piano and violin, and I should like to repeat part of my remarks during the adjudication. This is always a difficult competition to judge, on account of the varying ages of the competitors, and this time the difference seemed greater than usual. The performances were excellent on the whole, and there were some most promising young players in this competition. The use of music in the piano section is greatly to be deplored, and I cannot speak too strongly of the necessity for memorizing the music played. It only requires determination to do it, and it can be done. I have never yet seen a violinist at a Mod play from music, so why ought a pianist to depend on the written note? Nothing is easier than to memorize a melody, and the bars of pipe music arranged for piano *ought* to be so simple that anyone

can remember the few chords necessary to fill it in. In some cases a long pause was made while the player took the music for the next set from the top of the piano or from under her chair!

Several otherwise excellent performances were spoilt by the introduction of flourishes, quite out of place in the class of music being played. By next year I trust that we will have greater simplicity, more thought given to the correct speed of the three items played, and some, if not all, in the piano class dispensing with music.

These were the chief faults. The virtues of the performances outweighed them by far. There was good rhythm and fingering from the pianists; good tone and intonation from the violinists, and from all great evidence of a real love for the music played. The full hall at this session ought to be a great incentive to competitors for another year.

J. GIVEN, A.R.C.M.

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### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

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6 NORTHBOURNE ST.,  
GATESHEAD,  
Co. DURHAM,  
SASUINN, Samhan, 7mh, 1925.

Gu Fear Deasachaidh "An Ghaidheil."  
Beatha agus Slàinte,

Is iomadh eadar-theangachadh gu Gàidhlig a chunnaic mi air "Auld Lang Syne," cuid diubh deas nàdurra, agus cuid diubh gu math meadhonach, ach tha mi an dùil nach bi na rannan seo gun suim do Albannaich. Fhuair mi bho ghille òg iad bho chionn còrr 'us dà bhliadhna dheug, agus cha robh fhios aig a' ghille seo nach òran Eirionnach a bh'ann, cha do chual e riamh gur eadar-theangachadh bho 'n Bheurla e. Thuir e gur tric a chual e sa bhaile an Eirinn mar òran dealachaidh am measg luchd Gàidhlig e anns a' Chonndae Mhuigeb, ach nach do chual e riamh am measg luchd na Beurla e, agus ghabh e iognadh tràth dh' innis mi dhà gu 'm b' òran Albannach a bh'ann. Cha 'n 'eil fhios ciamar nò dè 'n uair a fhuair an t-òran seo gu bhi 'n a òran Eirionnach, ach cha rud gun suim dhùinn a leithid a rud a bhi an deigh tachairt, mar taisbeanadh a th 'ann air cho coltach r' a chèile a tha an dà thrèibh 'n am meòn.

AN T-AM FAD O.

An còir sean chàirdeas lignt uainn  
Gan cuimhne air gu deò?  
An còir sean chàirdeas lignt uainn  
Is an t-am bhi ann fad ó?

Cur Fà:—Is ins an am fad ó, a ghrádh,  
Is ins an am fad ó,  
Is ólfamuid deoch mhuintearach  
Ar son an am' fad ó.

Bhì mis' agus tú 'baint neòinfní  
Agus ag imirt oidhche 'gus ló,  
Ach is iomdha chos a shiubhail muid  
O d' imthigh an t-am fad ó.

Cur Fà:—Is ins an am fad ó, etc.

O d' éirigh an ghrian bhì muid araan,  
Is do ruith an sruth le glé;,  
Ach tá tonnta tréana eadarainn  
O d' imthigh an t-am fad ó.

Cur Fà:—Is ins an am fad ó, etc.

Seo dhuit mo lámh a chara dhí,  
Tabhair dhom do lámh go beó;  
Agus ólfamuid-ne gloine lán  
Ar son an am' fad ó.

Cur Fà:—Is ins an am fad ó, etc.

Fhuair mi an rann eile seo bho Ultach, agus  
cha gun suim a tha e duinn-ne a chionn ainmean  
nan uaislean a gheibhear ann.

Lfon sin, ól sin, seinn an ceól sin,  
Nídh ba dhual do d' cháirdibh;  
'S é dubhairt Mac Domhnuill agus Mac Leoid  
Is uaisle móra na h-Alban  
Go n-ófhádh Mac Néill le fearaibh an t-saoghail  
Dá m-ba fíon go léir an fhairge.

Rudan beaga mar iad seo, tha iad ag toirt  
soilleireachaidh dhùinn air an dlúth-dhéilig a bha  
eadar na Gáidheil o shean. B' fheairrde ar  
tuigsinn mu chúisean agus mu eachdraidh na  
h-Alban eòlas bhì againn air litreachas Gáidheal  
Eirionn, agus a nis, nuair a tha an Gháidhlig ag  
togail a cinn gu h-uaibhreach san tìr sin arithist,  
cha bu mhíse dhùinn sùil a chumail air chúisean  
sa chearn sin, mar math dh' fhaod-te gu 'm bi  
leasan ann duinn.

Is mise,

TOMAS MAC NEACAIL.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

**FORTINGALL.**—The local Branch of An Comunn  
Gaidhealach held their opening Ceilidh in the Public  
School, the president, Mr. A. Stewart, in the chair.  
The proceedings were opened by the piper of the  
Branch, Mr. John Fraser, with selections. The  
secretary, Mr. J. W. Ford, reported that the membership  
was 52, and that during the session 25 meetings were  
held for reading and singing, as well as two Ceilidhs  
and one concert. The finances were in a satisfactory  
condition. Mr. MacAulay, headmaster, a well-known  
teacher of Gaelic, expressed the pleasure it gave him

to come to a district where there was such a flourishing  
branch. Tea was served by the ladies, under the  
superintendence of Mrs. Coupar, Post Office. Much  
of the success of the evening was due to them and to  
the indefatigable exertions of the secretary. After  
votes of thanks the gathering broke up with the  
singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

**INVERARAY.**—The Inveraray Branch of An Comunn  
Gaidhealach opened their winter session on Thursday  
of last week. All the former office-bearers were  
re-elected and Rev. J. H. C. MacFarlan Barrow, All  
Saints Rectory, was appointed a vice-president. The  
meetings of the Branch are well attended, and the  
members take a deep interest in furthering its aims.

**LOCHABER.**—The first Gaelic Ceilidh for the season  
took place in the Masonic Hall, Fort-William, the  
Rev. Dr. Mackinnon, Kilmonivaig, giving a very  
interesting lecture on Macpherson, the poet of Ossian  
and Fingal fame. The Rev. R. B. Crawford, who is  
an ideal chairman for those functions, presided, and  
at the close of the lecture moved a hearty vote of thanks  
to Dr. Mackinnon, saying it was a privilege to get  
the benefit of so much research and study of Celtic  
literature. A programme of Gaelic songs and violin  
music followed the address, the following contributing:  
—Mrs. Pert and Miss Annie Foster, Mr. Macleay,  
and Mr. Donald Macmillan, the last named singing  
by special request of the chairman.

Under the presidency of Mr. M. Morrison,  
Director of Education for the County, an  
instructive and enjoyable Ceilidh under the auspices  
of An Comunn Abrach, was held. There was a full  
attendance, and an address by Rev. R. B. Crawford,  
Kilmalie, dealing with place names and past-time  
methods of buying and selling land was attentively  
listened to. Gaelic songs and dancing lent variety to  
the proceedings.

**TOBERMORY.**—On Wednesday of last week the  
Ceilidh was held in the Higher Grade School. There  
was a good attendance of members and friends, and a  
most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. John Cameron,  
Drumfin, was the Orasdiche. Taking for his subject,  
"Geiread agus àbhaich nan Gaidheal," the lecturer  
gave an interesting and entertaining paper. He  
showed that in spite of hard conditions of life, and a  
natural mysticism of character, the Gaels, ancient  
and modern, were by no means devoid of wit and  
humour. An excellent programme of vocal and  
instrumental music, arranged by Miss M. A. Maclean,  
secretary of the Branch, was submitted. The  
following were the principal contributors—Bagpipes,  
Hugh Cameron; piano and violin, Miss MacCallum  
and Neil M'Lean; songs, Misses MacArthur and  
M. N. Morrison, and Messrs. Neil Mackinnon, Allan  
Beaton, and Hector Maclean. A hearty vote of thanks  
was given to the lecturer and other contributors to  
the evening's enjoyment.

**ULVAFERRY.**—A meeting of the local Branch of  
An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Schoolhouse,  
with Mr. Alistair Macdonald presiding. Mr. Campbell,  
Oskamull, gave bagpipe selections, Miss Macdonald,  
Laggan, and Miss Maclean, late of Tormor, played  
organ accompaniment and selections. Gaelic songs  
were rendered by Mr. Macdonald and others.

## NEW MEMBERS.

A list of 60 members held over.



EDITOR.—Rev. NEIL ROSS, B.D., *The Manse Laggan, Kingussie, to whom all literary communications should be addressed; business and other communications to 114 W. Campbell Street, Glasgow.*

TELEGRAMS—*Runair, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

Leabhar XXI.]

*An Faoilleach, 1926.*

[Earrann 4

## TEACHDAIREACHD BLIADHNA UIRE.

Thachair dhuinn o chionn ghoidrid a bhi fad seachdain am Baile Atha Cliath. Ri ùine cho gearr sin cha bhi coigrach comasach, le a mhothachadh féin a phàin, air beachd cothromach a thabhairt mu chor na Gàidhlig an Saor Stàit Eireann. Ach an déidh sin chan urrainn e bhí fad seachdain a measg nau Gaidheal Eirionnach gun beagan a thogail is innse de na chunnaic e. Is e ar teachdaireachd aig toiseach bliadhna ùire—do gach aon a leughas an duilleag so—gu bheil Gàidhil Eireann a' deanamh oidheipr dhuineil air cainnt an sinnsir a chumail beò. Agus ann a bhi a' guidhe slàinte is soirbheachadh, tha sinn an dùil gur math an t-aobhar misnich dhuinne gu bheil ar càirdean an Eirinn a' tabhairt ionnsaigh dhùrachdaich as leth oilein nan seann Ghàidheal. Bhiodh an t-eisimpleir so 'n a bhuanachd dhuinn n' an gluaiseadh e sinn gu saothair dhian air sgàth ar càinain féin an Albainn.

Is e a cheud nì a bheachdaicheas coigrach gu bheil luchd riaghlaidh na Saor Stàit a' rùnachadh gum biodh an càinain 'g a cleachdadh an gnothichean coitichionn. Tha reachdan ùra na Stàit air an clo-bhualadh an Gàidhlig. Tha ainmean nan sràidean sgrìobhta an Gàidhlig air tùs, agus an sin am Beurla. An uair a thèid thu a steach do Bhùth na Postachd chì thu gach sanas folluiseach an Gàidhlig maraon ri Beurla. Chan eil goireas a bhùineas do litrichean, do dh'iomlaid airgid, no do theachdaireachd, nach eil air an cur suas gu soilleir an Gàidhlig fa chomhair do shùl. Air a' mhodh sin tha a' chàinain 'g a tabhairt an dlùth cheangal ri gnothichean làitheil. Is

gann gun tog fear na Beurla a shùil, nach faic e facal Gàidhlig an litrichean móra geala air clàr uaine.

Fhuair sinn cothrom air dol a steach a dh'èisdeachd ri cuid de na h-òraidaichean aig Dàil Eireann. Mhothaich sinn gu bheil móran de na buill 'n an daoine òga. Tha na buill òga gu h-àraidh eudmhor as leth na Gàidhlig. Faodaidh beachd no dhà a bhi aig muinntir mu òrduighean na Dàil a thaobh na Gàidhlig. Ach ge b'e air bith am beachd a bhios agad—tha aon nì cinnteach—chan ann le meadh-bhlàths no cion dealais a thèid a' chàinain a theàrnadh o'n chunnart mhór anns a bheil i aig an am. Tha meadhonan dìana ro-ionchuidh, ar neo bidh gach oidheipr eile tuilleadh is anamoch. Ged fhuair Gàidhil Albann a cheana Achd Parlamaid a tha ag òrduchadh gum bi a' chainnt 'g a teagasg anns na sgoiltean, gidheadh le cion eud is dealais tha móran de Ghàidhil Albann coma co dhiu bhios a' chainnt 'g a teagasg no nach bi.

Tha mu cheithir cheud foghlumaiche a' cosnadh foghluin Gàidhlig an Colaiste an Oil Thigh Chinneachail am Baile Atha Cliath. A thuilleadh air sin tha àireamh mhór eadar Colaiste na Trianaid (Oil Thigh Eireann), agus Colaistean Chorcaigh is Ghallabhaidh, a bhùineas do 'n Oil Thigh Chinneachail. A thuilleadh air na prìomh chathraichean agus an ard luchd-teagaisg a tha anns, tha oidean foghluin eile ann a tha 'deanamh obair luachmhor anns an teagasg. Tha a' mhòrchuid de na foghlumaichean 'g an ullachadh féin a chum bhi a' teagasg na cloinne an sgoiltean coitichionn na h-Eireann. Agus a chionn gu bheil cruaidh òrdugh a mach gu feum a' Ghàidhlig a bhi air a teagasg, tha dòchas

gu faigh a' chànan deagh bhrosnachadh mu'n ruith ùine fhada. Is e so am mìosachan anns an còir a bhi cur air ùil do Ghàidhil Albann ciod a tha na h-Eirionnach a' deanamh airson na Gàidhlig. "Is e farnad a ni treabhadh." Feuchamaid an Albainn an téid againn air a n-iomaire fèin a threabhadh gu dìreach—is e sin ri ràdh—an téid againn air spionnadh nuadh a thabhairt do chainnt is oilean ar sinnsir.

Dh' éisd sinn ri aon de 'n luchd teagaisg a' labhairt fad uair an uaireadair an Gàidhlig, a' mìneachadh modh-ranntachd nam bàrd o shean. Bha so 'n a thaisbeanadh air an dòigh anns a bheil a' chainnt 'g a cleachdadh an ard-fhoghlum. Cha robh feum air Beurla, oir bha a' Ghàidhlig fhéin saobhir gu leòr. Bha na foghlumaichean comasach air an oide a thuigsinn agus air a bhriathran a sgrìobhadh. An uair a chaidh iarraidh oirnn labhairt an Gàidhlig Albann ris a' chuideachda, chaidh innse dhuinn gu robh iad comasach air a' chuid bu mhò de na thubhairt sinn a leantuin. Tha sin a' nochdadh gu bheil an dà mheur de 'n chànan fada nas dlùithe da chéile na tha mòran an dùil. Bu chòir do Ghàidhil Albann is Eireann an cinn a chur cuideachd, agus na meadhanon is glìce a chleachdadh a chum a' Ghàidhlig anns gach dùthaich fa leth, a theagasg do 'n òigridh. Thèid na h-inbhich an taobh a tha iad a' togairt; ach is ann aig an òigridh a tha beatha na cànan ri chumail suas.

### CELTIC ELEMENTS IN THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By MISS A. LAMONT, M.A., B.Sc.,  
of Knockdow.

(Continued.)

When we have seen how this evidence applies, we shall realise that it is no longer possible seriously to suppose that all Britons from one end of England to the other were killed off by the Saxons during the period of the invasions, or that at most a few survivors were driven like sheep across a fixed boundary miles from their original homes. It is more reasonable to believe that some at least survived, and it is not improbable that the numbers of such survivors increased from east to west, and that they maintained themselves chiefly in regions where hills, fens, or forests facilitated defence. No doubt the loss of men of fighting age must have been severe

for several successive generations; but are we to suppose that the war took toll of the lives of women to any similarly large extent? No; surely the great majority of them must have survived, and become subject to the Saxon conquerors, not many of whom, we may suppose, were genuine colonists, bringing their wives and families with them. In support of this contention for the survival of British women, Beddoe quotes several words in the English language relating to the occupations of women, to which a Celtic derivation is attributed. Among these are "cradle," "babe," "hem," "darn," "posset," and collectively they are known as "spindle" words. But important above all the others is one little word—the first which many a British mother all down the centuries has coaxed her baby to pronounce—the word "dad," which is pure Welsh. Ah! what a world of history is bound up in the fact that this little word is embedded like a fossil in the English language! Can we not picture to ourselves how the British woman and her Saxon conqueror talked to each other in a mixed jargon of their respective languages, but how, when left alone with her children, she spoke to them only in the familiar words of her mother-tongue? Thus the Saxon father came to be greeted by his children in Welsh, and was called by them by the Welsh name of "dad."

Later the Anglo-Saxon tongue, no doubt, first gained a permanent footing in the eastern counties where the Teutonic invaders were most numerous. Being the language of the immigrant conqueror, it then became the language of government, and gradually gained the ascendancy throughout the area occupied by the mixed Celto-Teutonic population. Finally it spread beyond the limits of the Saxon invasion, and even became the language of sections of the population who probably have little or no Teutonic blood in their veins.

It thus becomes evident that all who speak the English language, and are proud to call themselves English, are not necessarily of "Anglo-Saxon" descent, for the presence of certain words of Celtic derivation in the English language is conclusive evidence that the ancient Britons were neither exterminated nor expelled from the country, but that they fused in no inconsiderable numbers with the Teutonic invaders.

It is greatly to be desired that competent Welsh scholars should take up this

question, and explore more exhaustively and systematically than has hitherto been done, both literary English and local English dialects for traces of Celtic words and idioms. If this were done, we might hope, in a short time, to see more due acknowledgment given by English textbooks of history and language to the Celtic foundations on which English nationality rests. Surely English people should set special value on all that connects them in language, history, tradition, and blood with the Welsh, because such connection so greatly strengthens the bonds that unite them to their native soil, and alone can carry their title to association with it back beyond the fifth century. The time, indeed, is already ripe when matter brought to light by scholars, such as those quoted above, should be more generally known and made use of in teaching. What child would not listen eagerly to an explanation of how the English language comes to contain three words—"dad," "papa," and "father"—all meaning the same thing? And what student of language or history would not welcome the collating of such matter, and the addition to it of further derivations which might reveal or enforce historic facts of the utmost interest and importance?

We commend this field of research to Welsh students of philology; and to our neighbours of England we commend a reconsideration of their attitude towards things Celtic, and a more discerning study of the early history of their own country.

### BRUADARAICHE ANNS AN FHRAING.

*Latha na Bliadhna Uire!*

Le IAIN MACALASDAIR MOFFATT-PENDER.

Cìod è tha iad a' dèanamh anns Na h-Earadh ann feagar so?

Saoilidh mi—ma dhùineas mi na sùilean—gu bheil mi 'gam faicinn; gu bheil Murchadh Fìdhleir 'na sheasamh aig doras an tighe aige, a' cur umhail air teachd na h-oidheche—tha neul dorcha os a chionn agus chan fhada gus am bi an sneachd a' cur as-ùr; tha an rathad air beulaibh an tighe—(Rathad Mòr nan Searpach)—salach agus sleamhuinn mar tha. Ach tha solus an fheasgair fhathast ann, oir tha an speur soilleir shìos an àirde a' Chuain Shiar agus tha Beinn Dubh agus Eilean Tarasaidh air

an geàrradh a mach gu geur 'na aghaidh. Gun teagamh, bithidh Murchadh a' fair-cachduinn fuar gu leòir, ach dìreach an uair a tha e a' dol a steach thig na nìc daclaidh leis a' mhòine—agus bithidh beagan còmhraidh eatorra:

"Dìreach sin, a Thormoid, bha e duilich gu leòir dhuibh a' mhòine fhaotainn a nuas as a' bhàir an diugh—nach robh?"

Chuir bean-an-tighe an lòchran anns an uinneig a cheana: is e so an ceud solus an nochd an tighean Ardasaidh. Agus an uair a thig Donnchadh Tholmachain seachad air an t-solus so beagan roimh mheadhon oidheche nì e stad fa chomhair. Bithidh trì no ceithir òirlich de shneachd ùr air an rathad an sin.

Agus ciamar tha iad uile an tigh Dòmhnall Chalum, ri taobh Loch Stoc Innis, an nochd? A bheil Cairistiona a nis a' deasachadh an arain-choire an àite Móraig? No a bheil Móraig fhathast 'na coicair? Agus dè an aois a tha Calum òg a nis? A dhà dheug—no a trì deug? Cum greim teann air laithean glana an earraich, a Chalum, agus dèan cobhair air càch, agus bithidh thu 'nad dhuine sona ri do bheò. Oir an duine caoibhneil, bithidh buaidh aige air an t-saoghal. Tha craobhan na cno-frangaich glé phailt anns an Armorique—(tìr Ghàidheil na Frainge). 'Nan sreathan eireachdail tha iad ri gach taobh de na rathaidean, agus chan 'eil na rathaidean gann anns an dùthaich so.

Air feasgar grinn an fhoghair dh'fhàg Marguerite gàradh an tighe mhòir a bha aig a h-athair. Eadar coiseachd agus ruith ghabh i air a h-aghart gus an do ràinig i doire nan craobhan sin, agus an sin shuidh i sìos ri Taobh a muime. Bha an t-arbhar buidhe anns an achadh air an cùl agus bha duilleagan nan geug os an cionn, glòrmhor 'nan dathan saobhair. Bha Marguerite òg agus gaol-gràrdhach. Bha a muime glé shean—bha ise bòidheach cuideachd—ach is i bòidheach na h-aoise a bha òirre-se. Bha i ag obair leis a' chùigeil agus an fhearsaid. Air dhoibh a bhith 'nan suidhe mar so car tamuill chuir Marguerite a làmh bheag an làimh na té eile. Le a sùilean móra bha i a' sealltainn air luighe na gréine. An sin thuirt i gu h-ìosal,

"Air uairibh an uair a chì mi a' ghrian a' dol fodha tha gnè de eagal orm—innsibh dhomh a rìthist an sgeul beag sin air rùn na beatha."



"Chan aithne dhomh-sa ach an t-aon rùn, a ghràidh mo chridhe, agus is e sin an sean sean sgeul as aithne dhuit-sa gu maith—an e sin an rùn a tha thu a' ciallachadh?"

"Is e," fhreagair Marguerite, "an sgeul sin mu thimchioll an duine chaoibheil ris an abair sibh an Samaritanach—innsibh a rithist dhomh e."

Agus thòisich a muine air an sgeul: "*Chaidh duine àraidh sìos o Ierusalem gu Iericho, agus thuit e am meag luchd-reubainn*—" Thàinig na faclair òrach a mach as a beul a h-aon an dèidh a chèile gu binn agus gu soilleir. Chuala a' chailleag bheag gu crìch i: an sin bha iad le chèile glé shàmhach.

Mu dheireadh thog Marguerite a ceann agus thuir i, mar gum biodh i a' cagarsaich, "An e sin da-rìreadh rùn na beatha?"

"Is e," fhreagair a muine, "chan aithne dhomh-sa rùn na's fheàrr na sin. Caoibhneas agus gràdh do chàch."

An sin thàinig an cù mòr, bior-chluasach aig Marguerite suas chuca. Dh' imlich e a làmh, agus chaidh iad uile air an ais le chèile a dh' ionnsuigh an tìge.

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### THE MESSAGE OF BURNS: Its Universality and Significance.

EXTRACTS FROM A HALLOWE'EN ADDRESS TO  
THE BURNS LITERARY SOCIETY OF  
TORONTO, CANADA, BY W. J. EDMONSTON  
SCOTT, M.A., D.LITT.

In the great galaxy of Scotland's bards who have used the Gaelic or doric tongue, the single exception to win for himself a permanent niche among the immortals in the pantheon of European literature is "the lad that was born in Kyle," the people's poet, whose message of brotherhood among all nations and races proved as little acceptable as the theory of evolution, yet is spreading to the ends of the earth in spite of wars and commotions which dispute the universality of its appeal.

Years have not dimmed the "Star o' Robbie Burns." He stands to-day in the forefront of men who snatched success under circumstances that might have excused an egregious failure. By his own efforts he rose to an eminence which has

made him a world-figure perhaps to all time, for as the international consciousness is awakened he seems to make a wider appeal to every generation. He has forced his way into the aristocracy of letters, even entering its most exclusive circle, from which are ostracised the book-writing slave of opportunism, the sex-novelist with his cheap thrills, and the industrious army of Grub Street which proclaims from the housetops that the pen is mightier than the sword.

Reared in "lone poverty's dominion drear"—that unexplored wilderness of No Man's Land, whence the world's greatest teachers have come forth to shake the foundations of belief—he was claimed by Misfortune as her own almost from the hour of his birth. "The child of poverty and care," as he describes himself, Burns started on life's eventful voyage richly endowed with the heritage of Highland-Scottish lore and tradition, which had a subtle and enduring influence over his mental outlook. He possessed a high-powered intelligence, which drove him into poetry when the dictates of self-interest urged him rather to follow some lucrative trade or profession. His unpardonable sin was deep thinking, with its natural concomitant, the penetrative vision, such as in all ages has made the truth-seeker an object of suspicion to be shunned or persecuted. The poet, indeed, had to tread the same path as Galileo, Roger Bacon, Bruno, Maimonides, the Brahan Seer, and countless hosts of witnesses who have been persecuted even unto death because their message of truth was not wanted rather than because it was misunderstood.

Left to his own slender resources, feared by his friends, and hated by foes of all ranks, who were keenly sensitive to his shafts of humour and satire, the bard struggled unsuccessfully through a lifetime of want and woe that made him instinctively avert his eyes from the cold materialism of the world and turn his flights of fancy to introspective fields of vision. Many are the detractors who have damned his name with faint praise, or made themselves unconscious butts of ridicule—the farmer type, that is always more at home in the study of manures than in psychological analyses of human behaviourism. But, notwithstanding all the faults and failings which betray the normalcy, rather than supposed insanity of genius, Robert Burns has taken a unique place in the Hall of

Fame, which cannot be assailed by the mediocrity of human intellect. He ranks with the few of all ages whose right divine to rule mankind is measured by their contributions to the real wealth of nations and the furtherance of human happiness. They wade to thrones of power through deeps of anguish, want, and suffering; burdened with genius, which goads them to the cross, thereon to hang uplifted for the common gaze of scorn and wonder, when their baser judgment points the way to Easy Street, pleasure, and fame, despising the freedom of Sorrow's purse such as ungrateful generations bestow upon their benefactors.

At the early age of ten, the bard's ambition was aflame with the desire to make a song at least "for pur Auld Scotland's sake"—an ambition which absorbed his energies to the end, and from which he never deviated in the effort to succeed. In academic phraseology, he meant to devote his genius and talents to the advancement of literature and learning, more especially Scottish; and the measure of his success is the true test which reveals the character of the man. Among Englishmen he is generally disliked, because his message is the antithesis of imperialism. Among Scotsmen he is too often regarded as irreligious, although true creative art is essentially founded on belief, and few there be whose spiritual faith begets more than words. The poet was, indeed, hard pressed from all quarters when he made the telling remark: "Werena my hert licht, I wad dee." His heart's desire was not achieved save at a great price; and, as far as Scotland's self-esteem is concerned, the impoverishment of his material welfare, which benefited humanity at a stricken bard's expense, will always tarnish the name and fame of a people who professed the most ardent love for the cultivation of literature, even while they affected to despise it as an honourable career.

In his love of country, Burns stands second to none. He has contributed to Scottish literature some of the finest martial songs, without compeer in any language; and when the divine afflatus moved him to adorn his themes with the romantic lore and legends of the Gael, or vitalise the dying traditions of dour Lowland peasantry, no poet of his age could challenge his artistic skill and creative genius in rendering anew the forgotten tales—ballads of ancient Scottish history—into the liveliest verse. He had a deep sense

of veneration for his country's past, but did not neglect its future when he tuned his lyre to the moods of his own age, and interpreted the aspirations of the Scottish people, who were then passing from mediæval conditions into the revolutionary age of industrial rivalry and strife.

Should we criticise the poet's code of ethics, it would be necessary to consider first his parents' character, since no man ever gained for himself an exalted place in any sphere of activity without developing some trait which existed in his ancestry. Heredity will withstand the rocks. What Burns wrote of his father, in an epitaph, seems to strike the keynote to all the maxims and morals he expounded in didactic verse, showing how he played the man:—

"The pitying heart that felt for human woe,  
The dauntless mind that fear'd no human  
pride;  
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;  
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's  
side.'"

It is easy to discover why the bard felt that he lived in a world out-of-joint, in this asylum of Eternity, where to live dangerous takes away the *joie de vivre*. He had a word in season for the worshippers of John Barleycorn, for the solemn-visaged circles of the "unco guid," and the incompetent workmen of the awkward squad. He could draw grim humour out of funerals, and tragedy from comic aspects of courting, heedless all the while of social conventions or false pretence. His arrows found many a mark in presumptive birds of fine feather, among the heterogeneous characters who followed the standards of Auld Clootie and Cutty Sark (the bobbed and shiftless society of "Scots wha haena"), not forgetting the medical profession, ably represented by Dr. Hornbrook, whose No. 9 pill cured everything from a pile to a broken leg; the clerical profession, when it walked in silver slippers to be seen and heard of men; the gossips, whose clattering tongues burned to tell the truth, if it were only a savoury half-truth; and the army of opportunists, whose commercial morality called for a little exposure in the public interest.

As a satiric writer he is unexcelled, and the way he laughed at the follies and frailties of his social equals and superiors seems to have made him more feared than understood. His ruthless style of scalping quacks in Church and State proves that he had a keen sense of justice and equity.

Nor was he so respectful of rank and wealth as to spare the sovereign, whose bitter antipathies towards Jacobite Scotland and the American Republic brought down the poet's ire. He described the Hanoverian dynasty in sarcastic lines, whose boldness of expression surpasses anything which Duncan Ban Macintyre, Alastair Macdonald, and other Jacobite bards had ever dared to pen in a language which Anglo-German rulers could not be supposed to understand. Like them, his store of misfortune was largely increased through the keenness of his satiric touch, which, however, lacked somewhat the analytic refinement of Gaelic satiric bards, who could often convey a world of meaning through cultured innuendo than by direct suggestion of offence against social usage. The coarser style of Burns, either as a humorist or satiric writer, is less characteristic of the man of culture than of the soldier in the trenches, where the spirits of men are hammered in Hell, and pass through fires of torment ere Nature provides a release.

The finest lesson that the world can learn from the life and character of Robert Burns is the brilliance of achievement attainable by a mind resolved to reach its true sphere in spite of social disadvantages, which smother its expression, and rendered steel-proof by its very efforts to withstand the strokes of malignant Destiny. The daily round, the menial task, were essential to his education, however painful was the process, and his best moments of inspiration undoubtedly came to him at the post of duty. His circumstances in life were narrow indeed, yet became so enslaved to his ideals that he who walked all his life in the Valley of the Shadow has contributed more to the mirth and sunshine of human happiness than all the favourites of Fortune.

In him there meet, in happy union, the spirit of the Gael and the Lowlander. The witchery of Highland lore and superstition, music and romance, commingles with Doric elements set in a sterner mould. Together they wield a subtle influence, which has caused the poetry and music of Robert Burns to be cultivated all over the world, far beyond the outposts of Scottish nationalism.

Nevertheless, the Great War has proved once more that the world is still unready to receive his message, or else imperial governments do not wish the policy of subjugating mankind to be disturbed by progressive ideals of equality and brother-

hood among the nations. In this respect Burns was a modernist, gifted with the far-seeing vision of a statesman who has definite lines of policy to pursue, but delivered his message in verse, which still awaits the day when international amity will remove the ban from its true appraisal. It was one such as Cain first received, whose descendants in the earth are legion, sprung from the dragon's teeth, and hack themselves to pieces like men in dread of what goodwill might bring them. It is unrealised in Church and State, which seem to shun it as impractical, yet is cherished as the hope of the downtrodden and oppressed, who leave it for posterity to work out to fruition. It may be called as impractical as the teachings of Christianity; yet the Creator, in His wisdom, chose it as the potent source of human progress, breathing into its ethereal frame an impulsive and abiding energy, which is the mainspring of all past achievement.

The texture of Scotland's national life will never be enriched when its soul is incinerated on the altar of materialism, and our country will cease to be great when the character of its people has been sized down to the Anglo-American level of commercial gain. Doubtless, the Gael who despises his language as an uncommercial asset may better climb his way to place and power; yet he will live a slave to the economic interests which have robbed him of his ancestral heritage, leaving him to die, perhaps, a victim to some foreign Moloch, which claimed the price of his soul.

Let us hope that the people of Canada also will enshrine in their hearts the soul-inspiring message of Robert Burns (who lived to tell it out among the heather in accents rich and unmistakable), that the only real solution to the world's political, economic, and industrial evils was a recognition of the equal rights of every race and nation—black or white, brown or yellow; and of the spirit of brotherhood permeating international relations for the maintenance of the common interests of all. It was an old message, but ever new; and the more it proved unacceptable to European civilisation, the higher would be its casualty lists. The march of world-events, that lame the armies of imperialism, is blazing the trail of human progress as it streams through the toll-gates of sacrifice and colossal suffering towards the throne of their sublimest ideal, whither men are irresistibly drawn by soaring faculties.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow.

- bacadh:** peat bank (masc.): Coire Bhacaidh, L. Ericht E.: MacCook, now retired from L.E. Lodge, n.: cf. bac, bacan, fad-buinn, etc.
- bacadh:** act of horse bucking: Coll, MacDougall, n.; Tیره, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: cf. boeadh, bóthead. Thug e thòin would be verb in Waternish.
- bacan:** parallelogram-shaped piece taken from lower part of sheep's ear, longer downwards than across; sometimes on each ear: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.: Waternish, MacAskill, n.: cf. clipeadh, meurlan, cas-, sùileag, beum, barr-, criomag-slis-, comhar-. The two cone-shaped pieces (tips) cut off both (never one only) ears are dà-bhàrr in S.U.
- bacan:** bank (esp. of peats) (masc.): B. Gorm near L. Ericht Lodge, MacCook, n.; Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: heard by MacEachen in Letterkenny.
- bacan:** small bank: L. Suaineart: Mrs. Spence, from natives.
- bacan-éisg:** string of fish: Braemore: Matheson, n.: cf. gad(-an).
- bachailleag:** sprout of potato: Braemore: Miss Matheson, n.: bachlag in Gl. Garry (Inverness), Coll, Waternish, Barra; and of any sprout in Islay. Cf. sùil, slis, cailleach, sgealb, sgoilteag (glaogan, mun-tàta, plocan-, etc.).
- bac-mòinteach:** peat bank, layer of peat once grass and heather have been scaled off, usable peat hagg: Braemore, Miss Matheson, n.: also bac-mòine, the Lochaber, Torridon, Islay form. Cf. poll-, etc. For 't' cf. còinnteach below.
- bac na creige:** the top of the rock: Braemore, Matheson, n.; Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.: bàrr na c. in S. Uist and Waternish (or mullach na c. in W.).
- bad:** scythe-full, heuk-full of corn: Waternish: MacAskill, n.: cf. babht, etc.
- badag:** the wing feathers of a hen strung together as a brush to dust meal off the girdle: Skye, Mrs. MacDonald, n.; Kilmuir, Angus MacDonald, n. Pots are cleaned by b.-fhraoich (cf. gaois), sguab-, sopachan.
- b.-itean:** same: Coll, MacDougall, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence. Tidying the house is sgioblach an tigh in Skye.
- badan:** sheaf of grain: Tیره, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: cf. buig, etc. Sguab in Lochaber, Waternish. [In L. too sgeallag is the charlock or wild mustard, a yellow flower that grows tall in the corn with seeds and (young) leaf like turnips and often (as it grows among these also) mistaken for turnips, being only easily distinguishable at flowering. Skyowlack in Tomintoul Scotch. Sg. is known to L. Suaineart, Tomintoul (Gaelic speakers)]. Cf. tìd, etc.
- bad-coirce:** oat-sheaf: Lewis, a n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.: (2) handful of oats: Waternish, MacAskill, n.
- bagach:** stumbling or staggering from faintness: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; S. Uist (and Barra), MacEachen, n.: cf. bacagan, seach, glogach, cas.—(2) From drink: MacL., n.; S.U., MacE., n.; B., MacE.: cf. domadach, tomadach, donalach.
- baile e?** eh? what did you say? Inverness-shire: Duncan Matheson, from ns.; Miss Leish MacDonald, n.: cf. dur-da? dao-da? For ciod a b'aill leibh? thinks MacDougall.
- bailleardach(?)** boat: Gairloch, Mrs. MacDonald: cf. còit, làprach, taosg. Informant was not sure if initial letter were b or m, but finally plumped for b. Comes in list of what a father gave his daughter as her dowry—pìob a dos sia bhailleardoch, dà preasain Gheàrr Locha.
- bainne-air-bhinid:** milk renneted: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.
- bainne-bhinnte:** same: Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.

(Ri leantainn.)

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

A Charaid,—Tha mi cuir a d'ionnsuidh paiper a tha 'g-innsceadh a sgeul fein, cho mhath 's a b-urraim mise dheanamh!

Ann's "An Ghàidheal" mu dheireadh bha rannan ann mo luch 's mo *chut* (mar a their sinn ann an Ile). Thug iad am chuimhne mur a b-abhaist do'm mhathair a bh' gan cluith rianan a b'oise na mi. Mu bha tulleadh ann cha 'neil cuimhne agam:—

Ars an luchag 's i 'san toll,  
De do naidheachd a chait ghlais?  
Naidheachd chridheil, chàirdeil,  
Gu'm faod thusa tigh'n'n am mach.

Tha eagal orm roimh'n dubhan inhòr  
Is àbhaist a bh'i'm bonn do chas;  
Mharbh thu mo phiuthar bheag an dé,  
'S marbhaidh tu mi fhéin an diugh.

Cha mhise bh'ann ach cat Dhomhnuail Bhàin  
Is àbhaist a bh'i marbhadh cheare;  
Dh'ith i mhin a bh'anns a' mhéis,  
'S dh'ol i'n deur a bh'aig a' mhart.

Dh'ith i mhin a bh'anns a' mhéis,  
'S dh'ol i'n deur a bh'aig a' mhart,  
Dh'ith i'n caise bh'anns a' chliabh,  
'S dh'ith i'n t-iasg a bh'anns a' "phress."

Gu dileas,

ALASDAIR CAIMBEUL.

24 Stanley Street,  
Glasgow, C. 3, 4th Dec., 1925.

◆

### QUESTIONS.

Do you know the lure of the islands?  
The spell of the mist-clad bens?  
Have you heard the relentless calling  
Of dim mysterious glens?

Have you seen the peat-reek rising  
From a sheiling on the moor?  
Have you felt its fragrant odour,  
And yet not felt the lure?

Do you know the feverish longing  
To be out on the western sea,  
Threading the dim-blue islands  
From Arran to Tiree?

Have you seen the sunset glowing  
Behind the peaks of Rum?  
Have you heard the night-wind calling,  
And yet refused to come?

Oh, dim and beckoning islands!  
Sun-splashed and fleck'd with foam!  
What Celt can gaze upon your shores,  
Nor feel the lure of home?

BESSIE J. B. MACARTHUR.

## MA DH'FHAG THU MI'S MULAD ORM.

Argyllshire Melody. Author unknown.

From Miss A. C. Whyte's Mod Prize  
Collection, 1915.

KEY *Ab Slowly.*

{ . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d., d | l<sub>1</sub>., l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub>. }

Ma dh'fhàg thu mi 's mul- ad orm,

{ ,(s<sub>1</sub>) | m., m | . r., m | s : s }

'S duil - ich às do dhéidh mi,

{ l. l | s., m | r., d | d : d. }

O'n chuir mo leann - an cùl rium

{ , d | r., m | s., l | m., r : d }

Cha téid fear ùr 'na àit - e

*Refrain after Chorus.*

{ . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d., d | l<sub>1</sub>., l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> || }

Ma dh'fhàg thu mi 's mul- ad orm.

'N uair chaidh mi thun a' chladaich leat,  
'S a dh'amhaire mi 'n ad bhàta;  
(Gun robh mo chridhe 'caoineadh,  
Ged rinn mi faoin an gàire.

Bha uair a bha mi cuireideach,  
Mar uiseagan an fhàsaich,  
'N nair chuimhnicinn do shùgradh,  
A fileasgaich ùr nam blàth-shuil.

Ach bho'n a rinn thu caochladh,  
Air faondraidh rinn thu m'fhàgail;  
Bho'n mheall thu le do ghaol mi,  
Chan fhaod mi bhì mar bha mi.

O, chunnaic mi'n raoir bruaдар  
A dh'fhuasgail às gach càs mi—  
Gun robh thu rium ri suaiceas  
Cho usal 's a bu ghnàth leat.

'N uair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,  
'N àm dùsgadh as a' phràmh sin—  
Bu mhuladach mi smaointinn,  
Gur aisling fhaoin a dh'fhàg mi.

Cha bhì mi fhéin an diumb riut,  
A rùn, ma's ise 's fhearr leat—  
Gur h-i do rogha céile  
Ni éirigh leat am maireach!



## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

'S e bhi 'g ùrachadh mo dhùrachd  
Do m' luchd dùthcha tre na "Ghàidheal,"  
Dh'fhàgas nàirneach 'sa Bhliadhn' Uir mi  
Bho nach fhaigh mi 'n dlùths chuir failt orr';  
'S e mo ghuidhe agus m'urruigh  
Gum bi aca cònnradh àluinn  
De gach maithas mar a lùgeas,  
'S Nollaig chridheil, shùnnnach, Ghàidh-  
ealach.

\* \* \*

Provincial Mods are to be held this year at the following centres:—Aberfeldy (Perthshire), Bowmore (Islay), Campbeltown (Kintyre), Lairg (Sutherlandshire), Lochgilphead (Mid-Argyll), Portree (Skye), Stornoway (Lewis and Harris), and Strontian (Ardnamurchan district). A Juvenile Mod for the Lochaber district will be held as formerly at Fort William. Mr. Hugh MacLean, who has just completed a short session at Carradale, is going on to Skye after the Christmas holidays.

\* \* \*

I visited Lairg on 15th December. About sixty people attended a meeting held in the School, over which the Rev. J. M. MacLennan, Free Church Manse, presided. A Committee was formed to make full arrangements for this year's Sutherland Provincial Mod, which will be held early in September. Mr. Hector MacKay, Sydney House, was appointed convener, along with Mr. W. MacLeod. Mr. MacKintosh, Bank House, is treasurer, and Mr. Angus MacNeill, Riverview, is local secretary. The various branch secretaries are being asked to organise their own districts, and an appeal for funds is being issued.

\* \* \*

Major MacLean of Ardgour convened a meeting of representative people from the various districts in Ardnamurchan County Council area, which met at Strontian on 19th December. The object of the meeting was to arrange, if possible, for a Provincial Mod for the district. I was able to be present, and about thirty people attended. Ardgour presided, and it was unanimously agreed to hold a Mod on some suitable date in July. A syllabus was drawn up and office-bearers appointed. Major MacLean of Ardgour is convener, with Mr. MacGlashan, Strontian, as secretary and treasurer. Representatives were appointed from the various districts, and were asked to form local committees in their respective areas. The Convener and Secretary are drafting a

form of appeal for subscriptions towards the prize fund and the conveying of competitors to the Mod where necessary. It was decided to include Moidart for the purposes of the Mod.

\* \* \*

When I visited Skye in August I was asked to draft a syllabus for the proposed Skye Mod, and this I had much pleasure in doing. Proof copies were sent to all the branch secretaries for their consideration. The syllabus will come before a representative meeting at Portree on 28th December for final approval. I have arranged to re-visit Skye on 21st December, and will report in the next number of the magazine, these notes being written prior to that date.

\* \* \*

That the Gaelic spirit is spreading its influence was shown in a marked degree by the large turnout which attended the inauguration of the Kirkintilloch Highland Association on the 30th of November. It will surpris many to learn that there are over 200 Gaelic speakers in this corner of our neighbourhood. That these Highlanders, and what the Gaelic language stands for, are an appreciable factor, was surely demonstrated by the audience which filled the Town Hall to overflowing. The organisers are to be highly congratulated on their successful effort, while the countenance given to the occasion by the Provost and magistrates is an indication, if such were wanting, that An Comunn's activities are in the right direction. Glasgow Gaels were well represented, among whom was the President of An Comunn, who gave short addresses in Gaelic and English.

\* \* \*

I had the honour of presiding over the annual gathering of Comunn nam Fìneachan, Dundee, on 4th December. This society is a very live body, and holds weekly ceilidhs from October to March. A Gaelic class is also held, with an average attendance of twenty-five pupils. The President and Treasurer are natives of Eilean a' Cheo, and Miss MacKay, who has been secretary for many years, is a native of Sutherland. The Dundee Highland Society are holding a ceilidh on 27th January to help the Great Feill fund. The President and myself are invited to attend, and we hope to do so.

NIALL.

## COMHRADH

EADAR

## Ceit Iain Ruaidh agus Màiri Mhór a' phaca.

Le IAIN MACCORMAIG, Glaseho.

(A' cheud duais, Mod 1923.)

CEIT (*ri Màiri Mhór, is i a' dol a steach leis a' phaca*)—Do bhacath 's do shlàinte, a Mhàiri ghalad! Thig air t'aghaidh 's leig dhìot t'uallach. Is math an t-àm 'san d'thainig thu, is mi dìreach an déidh a' phoit a chur taobh an teine le tea MhicLeòid innte. Dean suidhe.

MAIRI—"Is math an t-àm 'san d'thainig mi," arsa 'thusa. "Ach molaidh mi sin an uair a dh'fhalbhas mi," arsa mise ('s i suidhe). O, nach duilich a' chùil so a thoirt am mach. Gu dearbh, mur bhì gur tu fein is Iain a bha romham an Cnoc an t-sionnach cha d'thainig mo chas an rathad ged a cheannaicheadh tu'm paca bhuan. Agus mar as eutromaiche esan is ann as truime mo phòca-sa. Is ciamar a tha Iain?

CEIT—Tha sinn dìreach le chèile, mu'n d'thubhairt iad, eadar an t-bha 's an raineach. Tha mi fhìn latha gearan is latha 'g éirigh. Tha mi o chionn mìos cho slòdach leis an tinneas ùr so, an *epiflensa*, is gur gann a dhùraichdeas mi dol do thigh nan ceare. Tha e cho duilich faotuinm cuibhte 's e ri cunntais Eoghainn Mharsanta. Is gu dé mar a tha thu o chionn fhada? Cha d'thainig thu g'am chòir o chionn mhiosan.

MAIRI—Cha d'thainig, a rùin, ged a b'e mo mhian e. Ach chan urrainn an cu cam a bhì thall 's a bhios; agus tha so, cudail, cho fad as an rathad 's cho duilich a thoirt am mach 's gur e deagh rùn do na bheil ann a chuir 's gu'n rachainn air ceann an rathaid idir.

CEIT—Leòra! Tha so leathoirceach gu dearbh. Chan 'eil daoine a nis cho og 's a bha iad. Is an uair a thig easlainte an cuideachd na h-aoise, chan 'eil e furasda dol ann no às. Thug mi còingheall sgeanar-eachain do Pheigi Bheag an fhigheadair o chionn dà mhios, 's an aite i a thighinn dachaidh leotha is ann a tha eagal orm gur h-ann is eiginn domh fein dol air mo dha chois g'an iarraidh.

MAIRI—Nach ann mar sin a tha, a rùin. An t-aon a shìneas a làmh sìneadh e a chas, mu'n d'thubhairt an seanair e. Tha trì mìosan o'n fhuair bròdag snath bhuanmsa a chum fear de na rudan rìomhach so a bhios nigheanan a' cosg a nis, fhigheadh di féin—

ciod ainm so a th'agad orra nis? Droch fhàs orra! Nach 'eil na *siumpairean*—'s cha d'fhuair mi aon sgillinn ruadh fathast bhuaipe. Theid mise 'n urras, a ghràidh, gu'n ruig dàil dorus; is gle thur mic an dorus dùinte bidh an dòrn. Sin agad sean Pheigi Bheag an fhigheadair.

CEIT—Ciod e a tha thu ag ràdh, a Mhàiri? Peigi Bheag an fhigheadair a' cosg *siumpair*, mar gum biodh aois ficheadh bliadhna de chaileig. O, dhuine chridhe, nach fìor an ràdh gu dearbh gun teid dùthchas an aodann nan creag. Is ann an aodann nan creag a bu chòir di féin a bhì cuideachd, is e a' ghobhar-ghlas! I fhéin 'sa *siumpairean*! Bha a mathair 's a seanmhair a' cheart cho gog-cheannach sud. Am bheil fios agad chan fhada gus am bhì Peigi aois a' *phension*. Is chan abruinn gun gabh i e, no idir gun iarr i e a chum i féin a dhèanamh òg. So, gabh sin, a ghalad, feuch an cum e do chridhe riut an déidh Peigi Bheag an fhigheadair fhaicinn air a rìgheadh ann an *siumpair*. (*Is i sìneadh cupan tea do Mhàiri*.) Is am bheil ùrachadh naidheachd agad, a Mhàiri, 's tu cho sìubhlach air feadh na dùthcha?

MAIRI—Leòra! Chan 'eil dad ùr a' dol ach dìreach thubhairt-thabhairt mar is àbhaist. Ach tha nis, ged thubhairt mi sud. Tha 'n t-ionradh am mach an ceartair gum bheil Eoghan Bàn a' ghoirtein a' dol a phòsadh Màiri a' Chùbair.

CEIT—A' dol a phòsadh Màiri a' Chùbair! MAIRI—Seadh.

CEIT (*le sgreuch*)—Eoghan Bàn a' ghoirtein dol a phòsadh Màiri a' Chùbair!

MAIRI—A reir coltais.

CEIT—Is an d'thug e cùl buileach ri Ceit a' ghreusaiche?

MAIRI—Tha e coltach gun d'thug.

CEIT (*is i togail a lamh os cionn a cinn*)—O, luaidh, a luaidh! Nach esan a chuireas an t-srathair an aite na diollaid 's a shuidheas gu h-ìosal fo fharadh nan ceare, 's e 'n cumnart gun tuit e air. O, a luaidh, a luaidh, nach ann agadsa tha an naidheachd gu dearbh.

MAIRI—Ma's fìrinn i. Ach ma's breug bhuan i creid gur breug thugam i.

CEIT—Thalla, thalla! Ach am bheil dad eile agad a chuireas an droch bhlas as mo bheil? Am bheil thu cluinntinn air do shiubhal dad mu'n uaigh ud a fhuaradh am mach 's an Eiphit: uaigh Pharaoh. Nach neònach an rud sud?

MAIRI—Thug thu dìreach às mo bheil e. Bha mi an tìgh a' chiobair an oidheche roimhe, 's iad a' bruidhinn air an iongnadh

anabarrach an uaigh aig—tha dùil agam gur e'n uaigh aig Dugancamaran; 's gu dearbh cha chuala mi riamh roimhe iomradh air Camshronaich a bhi 'san Eiphit, ged is ban-Chamshronach a tha annam fhéin. Ach bha Donnchadh Ruadh a' phuirt ag radh—ged nach 'eil mórán feairt r'a thoirt air, a chionn bhíde agus daonnair ní leithid de fhealladha—gum biodh na Camshronaich o shean a' dol do'n Eiphit a gheamhrachadh othaisgean. Tha fios gun robh daoine gle fhalbhaideach o shean gun teagamh.

CEIT—O, ghalad! Nach iomadh rud a dh'fhaodadh a bhi ann o shean gun fhios duitse no dhomhsa. Nach mór, a ghaoil, an ní cion na sgoile.

MAIRI—Seadh gun teagamh. Ach ma's e sud Pharaoh, ciod e chuir Dugan Camaran air, cuideachd? Sin an rud a tha cur ionghnaidh ormsa.

CEIT—Chan ionghnadh 'sam bith sin. Nach faigh thu a leithid sin a'd dhùthaich'. Nach fadadh Pharaoh a bhi air an aon chàrnain agus Dugancamaran a bhi air an càrnain eile—an Gàidhlig mar gum b'eadh. Nach e an aon rud Niall MacDhuinn-shléibhe agus Neil Livingstone. Nach abair thu rithis Iain MacCuaraig an Gàidhlig agus John Kennedy am beurla nan Gall, agus nach 'eil do dheagh charaid Eoghan Mac-Lucais 'na Hugh MacDougall an càrnain mhóir nan Sasunnach, air ait, a ghraidh, nach 'eil an rud neònach idir. Agus, co dhiubh, ciod e'n sgeul a th'agamsa no agadsa air gnothuichean dlomhair mar sin? Am bheil againn ach a bhi a' feitheamh 's ag eisdeachd mar a bha an t-each ban an dorus an t-sabhail, agus creid gur h-ioma rud neònach a chual e.

MAIRI—Tha mi deanamh seorsa tuigsinn air a nis. Ach aig an àm cheudna, a Cheit, am bheil thusa a' smuaintinn gun robh e ceart gluasad a chur air uaigh an duine. Nach bochd an gnothuch nach urrainn duine laighe 'san uaigh fhéin! An uair a theid duslach ri duslach chan 'eil e ceart an còrr turuis a gabhail rithe.

CEIT—Ach, a Mhàiri! Cuimhnich thusa nach 'eil an duine còir 'na dhuslach idir. Tha e ann an sud gu samhach, socrach, breagha le làn a chàrnach agus a' sealltuinn cho math, no dh'fhaoidte na's fhearr, na bha e an latha shiubhal e, ged tha e ceithir mìle bliadhna 'san uaigh. Tha fios agad is ann a chum cur ri eolas an t-saoghail, agus a dh'fhaotuinn am mach rud-eigin de sgìl air cleachdainnean slugh na h-Eiphit ri linn Dugancamaran a tha daoine fòghluimte a' gabhail dragha ris an ní idir. Saoil thu féin,

a Mhàiri, nach bu neònach na beachdan a bh'aca 'san t-sean shaoghal ud an uair a chaidh a chur fo'n talamh an seòrsa de phàlais, le biadh is annlann, sròlan gu leòir agus carbadan rìomhach.

MAIRI—O, eudail! An ann mar so a tha? Ciod e, a rùin, an sgìl a tha agamsa air rudan de'n t-seorsa sin, ged is iomadh siubhal a tha mi a' deanamh. Ach nach ann aca a bha'n t-eòlas o shean an uair a rachadh aca air neach a ghlèidheadh mìltean bliadhna.

CEIT—O, bha iad làn sgìl. Chan fhaca mise no thusa dad idir air a ghlèidheadh mar sud ach an sgadan sgiathach a thug Eachann Seòladair a nall thairis. Am bheil cuimhn' agad air?

MAIRI—O, nach robh mi a stigh an latha ghoid ch'glas Nèill Mhóir e; is shaoileadh tu gun togadh iad am baile mu'n ceann as deidh a' choin. Agus am bheil fhios agad, fhuairead an sgadan 's gun làrach facla air.

CEIT—O, cha chuala mi sin idir. Ach stad ort, a Mhàiri, an eual thu iomradh air an rud so a tha iad an deidh fhaotuinn am mach a chum duine a ghlèidheadh beo r'a mhaireann?

MAIRI—Ciod e tha thu ag radh? Rud a chumas duine beo r'a mhaireann! Cha chuala mise guth riamh air. Seadh, a Cheit.

CEIT—Ma ta, tha sin neònach, agus thu deanamh a leithid de shiubhal. Chuala mise e is mi 'sa chùil duibh so. Tha fios agad, tha Iain a' deanamh chladhan 'sa bhaile bheag, 's chan 'eil ní ùr a chithear 's na paipearan nach bithear a' deasbad an uair a shuidheas iad taobh cruic a' gabhail an gréine. Is an uair a shuidheas ní fhìn 's e fhéin taobh an teine 'san oidheche theid e troimh na h-uile dad dhomh. Bha e ag radh rium an oidheche roimhe gum bheil na doctairean a' toirt rud-eigin as na *monkies* a dh'fhagas òg a rithist neach.

MAIRI—O chiall, a chiall! As na *monkies*! Seach creutair eile air an t-saoghal! Innis domh e, eudail.

CEIT—Hà, ha hà, a Mhàiri! Am bheil thu a' deanamh fuighair ris?

MAIRI—Bu ghasda leam cluinntinn uime; rud cho neònach sin. Nach math a fireagradh e le chèile oirn. Seadh, a Cheit!

CEIT—Ol do *thea*, ma ta, 's fhad 'sa bhios sinn ag òl cupain eile innsidh mise naidheachd duit. Nall do chupa.

MAIRI (a' sìncadh a' chupa)—Direach blàithtiche na bheil ann, 's na cuir sìucar idir ann. Ged tha mi gaolach air sìucar, chuir thu tuilleadh 's a chòir 'sa cheud chupa. Sin, a nis.

CEIT—So, ma ta. Is miosa nan t-uireas-bhuìdh tuilleadh 'sa chòir. Feuch an còrd am fear sin riut. Chan 'eil mise a' gabhail sìucair idir.

MAIRI—Sìucair idir! Bha cho math leam, a rùin, làn cupa de shugh na tri-bhillich.

CEIT—An e nach d'thug gainne a' chogaidh atharrachadh 'sam bith asad?

MAIRI—Dh'fheuch mi, eudail, *tea* gun sìucair uair no dhà, 's tha mi ag ràdh riut gun d'thug am blas orm sgraigne gu m'chluasan a chur orm; agus a' cheud uair a chaidh mi do Ghlascho rithis thug mi dhachaidh dòrlach de na grìogagan beaga bàna so a bhiodh muinntir Ghlascho a' cur 'san *tea* an aite sìucair—cìod e ainm a th'oirre nis? Nach 'eil—nach 'eil—Sagmarines.

CEIT—Chunnaic mi iad 's dh'fheuch mi iad cuideachd; ach, gu dearbh cha do chòrd iad rium, 's cha mhò bha iad ro mhath do neach. Tha iad ag ràdh gun robh iad trom air duine fhagail caol.

MAIRI—Ma bha, cìod e nis mu'n fhliùr dubh? Am bheil cuimhn' agad air aran dubh a' chogaidh, a bha cho righinn 's gur gann a ghabhadh e itheadh a stigh? Cha b' iongnadh idir ged a thuir Donnchadh Ruadh a' phuirt, 's e cho éibhinn co dhiubbh, gum feumadh e a ghairdean a shìneadh cho fad 's bha aige mu'm bristeadh e 'na bheil 's an sin gun toireadh e sgaile 's an adann air. Cha n'hór is fhiach dhuinn, eudail, a bhì leantuinn cleachdaidhean a' chogaidh.

CEIT—So, ma ta. Lean do chleachdaidhean féin ('s i a' toirt a' chupain do Mhàiri).

MAIRI (a' cur mu'n cuairt na tea)—Sin, tapadh leat, a ghalad. Seadh, innis domh nis mu na *monkies* is mu Thir nan Og. (Ni an dithis gaire.)

CEIT—Tha gum bheil iad a' toirt rud-eigin as na *monkies*, mar a tha iad a' toirt as a' chrodh mu choinneimh na brice; agus an uair a chuireas iad ort e, dìreach mar a chuireas iad a' bhreac air neach, ged a bhiodh tu ceud bliadhna dh'aois, agus thu a' falbh air bataichean, an uair a theid thu troimh an ùrlainn ud tha thu 'n ad nighinn òig a rithis.

MAIRI (a' bualadh a bad air a glùin)—O, mise, mise! O, a shiorrain 's a righ! Cìod e tha thu ag ràdh, a Cheit? Sin, eudail, mar a bha Cailleach Bheur. Ach b'ann 'ga tumadh féin an Loch Bà a bhiodh Cailleach Bheur. O, a dhuine chridhe! Cha chualas a leithid. Cha chreid mi, eudail, a Cheit, gur h-urraim sin a bhì. Bhiodh e

mi-nàdurra fhéin; a chionn bhithinn an uair sin na b'òige na m'ògha. Chan fhaod e bhì nach deach an innleachd ùr sin fheuchainn air Peigi Bheag an fhigheadair an uair a tha i a' cosg shiumpairean, agus a h-aodach ach gann aig a glùinean, cleas nigheanan nam Bodach Gallda.

CEIT—Tha e 's na paipearan co-dhiubbh. Ach a dh'aindeoin sin, nach iomadh rud gun stàth a tha 's na paipearan. Is ann aig Donnchadh Ruadh a' phuirt a chuala mi mu'n iorail; 's ma tha mi ann, creid thusa gur e cur ris 's nach e toirt uaidhe a dheanadh Donnchadh caomh.

MAIRI—O, ho! eudail, an e so t'urraim, Donnchadh Ruadh a' Phuirt! Seadh 's cìod e bha Donnchadh ag ràdh.

CEIT—Tha fios agad, tha Donnchadh cho làn de fhearas-chuideachd 's de bhlandair-cachd 's gur gann a thuigeas tu c'uin a tha e ri da-rìreadh. Ach co-dhiubbh, bha e 'n so an oidhche roimhe 's bha e ag ràdh gun deach an iorail ùr so fheuchainn air sean ghobhair anns an Fhraing agus an ceann latha no dhà gun robh i a' mireag am measg nam meann.

MAIRI—O, a shiorrain 's a righ! A dhuine chridhe, dhuine chridhe! Tha fios, a Cheit, nach 'eil facal fior 's an rud. Agus ged a bhithheadh, a rùin, cha bhiodh ann ach rud mi-nàdurra mar thubhairt mi. Is dù do gach creutair fàs sean a réir a bhliadhnachan. Agus is comh leam fhein na Frangaich ghrànda sin; bidh iad a' deanamh draoidheachd neònaich co-dhiubbh. Nach eal thu iomradh air an Fhrangach a bha an Lunnainn an uridh? Am fear a bha ag ràdh nam biodh tu tinn nach robh agad ach a bhì ag ràdh riut fhein aon dà fhichead uair; "Tha mi fàs na's fhearr 's na's fearr a h-uile latha," nach biodh dad ort an ceann beagan làithean. B'aill leam féin leigheas an doctair ruaidh fein na gleòid-sealachd de'n t-seòrsa sin. Am bheil cuimhn' agad air léighean an Doctair Ruaidh: "Brandy and Soda?" Cha b'iongnadh idir Eoghan nam mogan a bhì ag ràdh: Ged bhiodh an déideadh an òrdaig mhóir na coise agad, b'e "Brandy and Soda" a dh'orduidheadh an Doctair Ruadh.

CEIT—Hà, hà, hà! O, tha cuimhn' agam air; 's tha cuimhn' agam air an Fhrangach cuideachd, 's air an fhear spàgach a thuir tuilleadh is tric gun robh a chasan a' fàs na bu dhrìche, gus mu dheireadh an robh a ghlùinean is òrdagan a' bualadh r'a cheile 's a chasan coltach ri easan deiridh mairt.

(To be concluded.)

## THE GAELIC.

ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF ARDVASAR  
BRANCH, SKYE, BY THE PRESIDENT,  
LIEUT.-COL. MARTIN MARTIN.

It may be safely laid down that no one can be regarded as having attained the higher cultivation—that is, the best education—who is ignorant of at least one other language besides his own.

The reason for this should be apparent. Every language embodies a type of thought and a manner of regarding every circumstance and detail of life which is peculiar to the race of people who have throughout the centuries developed the language which represents their own views; and this means a very narrow and one-sided view in a life which nowadays brings everybody in contact with persons of other races and holding an infinite variety of opinions. It is quite possible, for instance, for an Englishman, living only in England, and speaking only English, to hold the view that all other nations are inferior and comparatively benighted, such as the French, we will say. But directly this Englishman comes to have some direct acquaintance with the French and their language, he cannot fail to comprehend that there is much in their ways, manners, and habits which is well worth consideration, and even imitation, and the narrow insular Englishman becomes a better citizen of the world and a more sympathetic and pleasanter companion in every sense.

You who possess both English and Gaelic must know that in your Gaelic view a mere Englishman possesses peculiarities—he is a Sassenach—hence you take his measure and decide in your own mind what there is to be said for and against him.

This examination is an excellent means of education in itself, and if carried out with as little prejudice as possible enables you to appraise human characters and form a sound judgment on worth or the lack of it.

For you possess a standard of comparison, and can measure your own opinions and habits formed among Gaelic surroundings with those of the Englishman or other European you are thrown in contact with. This calls for give and take, and creates a wider and more generous view on the part

of one who speaks two languages than is possible to a person having only one language and one set of thoughts, and therefore living in a confined water-tight compartment.

I need not speak of the advantage in learning a third language to the person who already possesses two; nor of the very infinite inflections which exist in Gaelic and are absent in English pronunciation. These enable a Highlander to tackle even the most difficult Oriental and other languages with a comparative ease unknown to the Englishman, who has been taught the careless habit of dropping out the sound of every letter which causes him trouble—the r's, for instance, and the gh's, and so on.

In a literary sense, apart from languages as a medium of speech, it has always been maintained throughout Europe that a knowledge of the classics, Latin and Greek, is an essential to all who claim a higher culture. Latin is chiefly valued for the strong sense which enabled the Romans to rule the greatest empire of olden days.

Greek enshrines the poetic fancies and fables of a more artistic and more intellectual people, who succeeded for some two hundred years in attaining the highest happiness with which any civilisation has ever dowered its citizens.

And it is undeniable that even a slight knowledge of Greek and Greek mythology takes a hold on the intellect of students, which colours their life for ever after giving them a sense of beauty and perfection, which creates a standard of ideals superior to anything to be acquired from our modern and more complicated surroundings.

Such a classical tongue and its perceptions lies at your disposal in your native Gaelic, acquired in your homes, wherein, and not in the schools, you obtain the most valuable of the lessons of life, courtesy, reverence, religion, unselfishness, love and affection, manliness, courage, and endurance—these are all to be learnt or NEGLECTED at the home fireside, and not at the desk. The beauty and imagination to be found in Celtic lore, with its ideals of "Tir nan Og" and other imaginings of the soul, is not excelled by anything in the more famous Greek.

The human intellect has never reached higher development than it did in the brain of that great man, Napoleon I.

Born an Italian of the minor gentry, in the storm-swept mountains of Corsica, an



island so greatly resembling our own, he was fascinated by an Italian translation of the Gaelic poems of Ossian, wherein the tales of conflict, tempest, and struggles of man and of nature were portrayed with a vividness that found its way to his own eager temperament. Taken to the French military school of Brienne, shabby, poor, obscure, and despised, he (speaking only Italian) was forced to learn French and become a double linguist while prosecuting his studies.

By his own admission, throughout his whole life the influence of Ossian never ceased to inspire him. After conquering and re-conquering Europe and dowering France with the Napoleonic code, which remains its juridical system to this day, he fell exhausted and a prisoner into British hands. The officer who received his sword and conducted him on board a British ship was a certain Colonel Campbell, possibly one of the few Highlanders Napoleon had personally encountered. Turning to him, Napoleon said: "You are a Scottish officer?" and was answered, "Yes." "You possess," said the Emperor, "a great poet."

An influence which could so dominate the mind of so practical a man as Buonaparte is not one which lesser mortals can affect to despise.

In your studies of the literature and song of the Gael, you will not, perhaps, come across much that is as ancient as the writings of Ossian are claimed to be; but the inspiration will always be the same—cleanly, lofty, and inspiring.

It has been noted, among those who have the spirit, enthusiasm, and sympathy to join effectively in the activities of these Gaelic and Highland societies, that they also possess the energy requisite for success in life in the material sense.

That is only what might be reasonably expected, and in your gatherings and their camaraderie it may be hoped you will not only find pleasure, but the profit which always accompanies intelligent endeavour.

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### GREAT FEILL, 1927.

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Among those who have recently become patrons of the Feill are the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Breadalbane, Sir

Bruce Seton of Abercorn, Sir Thomas Glen Coats, Sir Godfrey Collins, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Murdoch Macdonald, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. James Ian Macpherson, and Mr. Noel Skelton. The Glasgow Stall Committee has appointed an Entertainments Sub-Committee, with Mrs. Colquhoun as convener and Miss Catharine M. Clark as secretary. They are beginning the new year well by holding a whist drive and dance on New Year's Day in the Highlanders' Institute. Skye is having a spirited finish to the old year by carrying through a series of concerts throughout the island, organised by Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald. In Dundee the Highland Society is arranging for a concert early in January. Edinburgh opens its campaign towards the end of that month with a meeting in the Goid Hall, and Miss Gordon will be glad to have sent to her, at 114 West Campbell Street, Glasgow, the names and addresses of all persons likely to be interested.

Committees are also being formed in the Federated Malay States and in the West Indies, and subscriptions have been received from such distant places as Thursday Island—from the only Gaelic speaker in the island—and from Kenya. But as an effective means of making our appeal really world-wide, we urge every member to write just one letter to a friend or relative overseas, and thus set up a little centre of interest.

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### BRANCH REPORTS.

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**ARDLUSSA (Jura).**—The ceildhs in connection with the Ardlussa Branch of An Comunn have been resumed. A well-attended meeting was held in the Schoolroom on the evening of 2nd December, and a pleasant evening was spent in song and story. The members are practising the humorous play, "Am Fear a Chaill a Ghàidhlig."

**BUNESSAN.**—The first ceildh of the session of this branch was held in the School on 20th November. There was a large attendance of members, and under the chairmanship of Rev. N. Macphail an enjoyable evening was spent in song and story. Gaelic songs were rendered by Mrs. Macdiarmid and Mr. Dunca Mackellar. Mr. Malcolm Macpherson gave selections on the bagpipes, and Mr. John Mackechnie on the gramophone. Gaelic readings were given by Messrs. Donald Morrison and Hugh Macmaster. A Gaelic address was delivered by Mr. T. D. Macdonald, Oban. The President complimented the Comunn on the success of these meetings, the large membership,

and the excellent prospects they had for the future. He also spoke of the stimulus they gave to the Gaelic cause, and to the social life of the district.

**CONNEL.**—At a meeting of this branch, Rev. John Macinnes, who presided, presented Mr. G. M'Isaac with a handsome clock as a token of esteem and gratitude for his many valuable services to the branch, and wished him and his bride long life and happiness. Mr. Macdonald and Mr. M'Gillivray also testified their esteem. Refreshments were afterwards served, and songs and a dance followed.—The annual concert was held in the Public Hall—Rev. Mr. Macinnes in the chair. Misses K. and F. Macdonald were the accompanists, and Captain M'Laren, piper. The programme was also contributed to by Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban, and Mr. Ian Macgillivray, Miss M. Campbell, Captain M'Laren, Miss Peggie Mackechnie, and Mrs. D. Campbell, who gave songs, while violin selections were played by Mr. R. Macdonald, Achnacloich; the Highland Fling was danced by Miss M. Campbell, and a Highland reel by Misses Paterson, Macdonald, M'Gillivray, and Campbell. Addresses in Gaelic were given by Mr. Macgregor Whyte, Oban, and Mr. Mackinnon, Strath. After the concert there was a short dance programme.

**DUNOON.**—The second monthly ceilidh of the Association was held in the Imperial Hall on Friday evening, 20th November. Mr. D. Macdonald, M.A., president, was chairman, and after the company's singing of "Suas leis a Gàidhlig," he introduced the lecturer for the evening, Mr. John Mackechnie, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.). Mr. Mackechnie's lecture, entitled "Deirdre," was an interesting account of the ancient Irish Celts, who long ago visited Argyllshire. He made allusions to well-known localities in the district, such as Glen Mason and Glendaruel, all of which greatly interested the audience. Gaelic songs were rendered during the evening. Major A. J. M. Bennett, hon. president of the Association, proposed a vote of thanks to the artistes, which was cordially responded to. Vice-president Baillie Miller, in proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, hoped that Mr. Mackechnie would soon be back again to the Dunoon Comunn. A successful ceilidh was brought to a close by the singing of "Oidhche mhath leibh."

**HARTWOOD.**—This branch of An Comunn held an enjoyable whist drive and dance in the Hall, Bowhousebog, on 20th November. After the whist, tea was served by the Ladies' Committee, viz. :—Mrs. Haggart, Mrs. Gillies, Mrs. M'Ewan, and the Misses Isa MacVicar, A. Watson, and M. Macdonald. The tables were then cleared, and dancing was engaged in to the strains of the bagpipes and violin played by Messrs. D. Macleod, John M'Millan, and Donald Leitch. During an interval, Mr. James Gillies called on Mrs. M. Haggart to present the prizes. These were awarded as follows :—Ladies—Miss Isa MacVicar, Mrs. Neil Haggart; gentlemen—Mr. Donald M'Leod, Mr. Neil MacSween; sitting prize, Miss A. Ross, and consolation, Mr. Dugald MacVicar. To the M.C.'s, Messrs. J. Gillies and Ian Haggart, credit is due for the efficient manner in which they carried out their duties. Towards the close Mr. Gillies proposed votes of thanks, and thereafter the singing of "Oidhche mhath leibh" brought a pleasant evening to a close.

**INVERARAY.**—At a meeting of An Comunn Gàidhealach, held in the St. Malieu Hall, Mrs. Nicol Macintyre, vice-president, presided. Rev. John

Maclachlan, and Rev. Mr. MacFarlan-Barrow, vice-presidents, were also present, and took part in the proceedings. Songs were sung by Mrs. Dewar, Miss Peggy Ferguson, Mr. Maclean, Glasgow, Mr. Hope MacArthur; and Mr. Francis Peden contributed musical selections. A Gaelic reading by Mrs. Gillies was much appreciated, and piano selections were contributed by Miss Macintyre. Mr. Maclachlan intimated a proposal for forming a Gaelic singing class, and, after consideration, several present intimated their intention of enrolling. Mr. Maclachlan agreed to act as teacher of the class, and arrangements were completed for meeting in the St. Malieu Hall.

**KILMALLIE.**—A ceilidh was held in the Gordon Smith Cameron Hall, on 27th November. Rev. R. B. Crawford, who presided, was accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Cranston, Miss MacAlpine, Messrs. M. MacAulay, D. Macleod, D. Macmillan, R. Carr, and R. Cameron. There was a crowded attendance. The audience showed sympathy with the Royal family in their bereavement by standing with bowed heads while Pipe-Major Paterson played "The Flowers of the Forest." The president called on Mr. MacAulay, who spoke on Gaelic bards, ancient and modern. At intervals Messrs. J. Maclean and J. Livingstone contributed songs in illustration of the lecture. Mr. MacAulay, who is well versed in his subject, delivered a very interesting lecture. Mr. D. Macmillan, Corrybeg, told the story of the conference between the Lochiel and Atholl of their day to decide the ownership of Beinn-a-bliric. He showed how Lochiel was marching to the trysting place without a body guard when he met the famous "Gorm shuil," the wise woman of Moy, who strongly advised him to return and take a strong body guard of his Camerons with him to support his claim. Lochiel took the hint, the sequel proving the wisdom of the advice he received.

**LOCHCARBON.**—A meeting was held for the purpose of electing office-bearers and enrolling members for the session. The president, Mr. D. Fleming, M.A., presided. Office-bearers were elected as follows :—President, Mr. Finlay Murchison; vice-president, Mrs. Little; joint secretaries and treasurers, Miss Margaret Mackay, West End, and Miss Annie Mackay, Post Office; committee—Messrs. D. Fleming and John Stewart, and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Morrison, Nurse Maccowan, and Miss Henderson. Fifteen members were enrolled, and arrangements made for preparing a syllabus for the season.

**ONICH.**—Members of the Comunn Iochdrach Lochabar held this winter's first ceilidh in the Onich Hall—Mr. John M'Neill in the chair. Following remarks by the chairman, the programme opened with songs by the school children. The bard (Mr. Donald Cameron) aroused great enthusiasm with his Gaelic song on local events. A very pleasing part was the Highland dancing by Miss Stewart, who neatly executed the Highland Fling and Sword Dance. Miss Attwell's sweet rendering of "Mairi Mhin Mheal shuilleach" secured her repeated encores, to which she heartily responded, to the delight of all present. Mrs. D. C. Cameron, Miss Chrissie M'Neill, and Miss Mary M'Dougall, all sang with great acceptance. Messrs. Duncan Macintyre, Donald Cameron, and Donald M'Dougall also ably contributed to the success of the entertainment. Not less entertaining was the children's eyesome reel. Selections on the bagpipes by Mr. A. Cameron terminated a most successful ceilidh.

**TOBERMORY.**—The ceilidh was held in the Aros Hall on Wednesday, 18th November—Rev. J. M. Menzies in the chair. The programme for the evening was arranged by Mr. Duncan Macleod and Mrs. Langton. Bagpipe selections, D. Macleod; Gaelic reading, Miss MacCallum; songs by Miss Mary Cameron, Messrs. James Macfarlane, and Neil Mackinnon. There was a large gathering of members and friends to listen to the lecturer for the evening, Mr. John Macdonald, Oban. Taking as his subject "Orain nam Beann 's nan Eileanan Siar," he gave a very interesting talk. The lecturer dwelt particularly with songs but little known connected with the West. With its happy blending of the topical, pathetic, and instructive, the address was much enjoyed. To illustrate the songs, Mr. Macdonald was accompanied by two well-known singers, Miss Molly Campbell and Miss Macdonald. Both ladies were in excellent voice, and the sweet singing greatly delighted the company. We augur a great career in the Gaelic singing world to these accomplished ladies. The next ceilidh will be held on the 27th November, the programme to be arranged by Miss MacCallum and Mr. A. A. Macgillp.

### NEW BRANCHES.

**COLONSAY.**—A meeting, arranged by Mrs. Macphee, Machrins, was held on 20th November in the lounge of the Hotel, Sealsaisg, to form a local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Mr. Malcolm Macphee, Machrins, presided. He stated that by this movement they would in some small measure assist the promoters of An Comunn in their desire to foster interest in the Gaelic—in its literature, songs, and traditions. The following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Mr. Malcolm Macphee, Machrins; vice-president, Rev. Mr. Macfadyen, parish minister; Messrs. Murdoch Macneil, Garvard; Niel Macphee, Screaden; Archd. Macneil, Kiloran Cottages; Mr. A. Macneil, Kilchattan, secretary. Ladies' Committee—Mrs. Macphee, Machrins; Miss Mary Clark, Hotel; Miss Christina M'Allister, Glassard; Miss Mary M'Allister, Oronsay; Miss Flora Macneil, Kilchattan. Mr. Malcolm Macintyre, Mod prize winner, was deputed to take charge of the musical section. Twenty-five members were enrolled, and it was agreed to have meetings throughout the winter months. At the conclusion of the proceedings a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman.

**GOMETRA.**—A new branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach has been started in this island. Mr. R. Maclean of Gometra is president, and Miss Macleod, schoolmistress, is secretary. A most successful opening meeting, with Mr. L. Macpherson, vice-president, in the chair, took place in the School-house, at which Gaelic songs were rendered by several members. Mr. A. Macfarlane entertained the meeting to a selection of the best known Gaelic records on the gramophone. Miss Macleod, by her enthusiasm, has roused the good people of Gometra to make use of their latent singing talents. She has started a continuation class, and good work has been done in the subjects professed. The dance at the close of the session to provide funds for a Christmas tree is looked forward to with much pleasure.

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### NEW MEMBERS.

#### ORDINARY.

A. MacFadyen, Esq., Jesmond.  
 Dr. MacDonald, Uig.  
 Miss Flora MacDonald, Dunach.  
 Hugh MacGillivray, Esq., Connel.  
 Miss Sheila A. MacLure, Coumrie.  
 Robert Miller, Esq., Greenock.  
 Donald MacLean, Esq., Greenock.  
 P. MacNeil, Esq., Helensburgh.  
 Miss C. M. Gordon of Drimnin.  
 John C. MacIntyre, Esq., Glasgow.  
 Mrs. Margaret Stewart of Coll.  
 Charles E. Stewart of Coll.  
 Mrs. G. M. MacNeill, Creagan.  
 W. S. Morrison, Esq., London.  
 Mrs. Morrison, London.  
 Domhnall Moireastan, Na Hearadh.  
 Domhnall C. Moireastan, Na Hearadh.  
 M. Anna NicAoidh, Na Hearadh.  
 Domhnall Stiubhart, Bayble.  
 Murchadh MacLeoid, Na Hearadh.  
 Iain MacLeoid, Na Hearadh.  
 Alasdair Camshron, Drimhin.  
 Iain MacIlle Eathain, Laide.  
 Alasdair Ros, Gruinear.  
 Iain MacDhonnhuill, Na Hearadh.  
 Murchadh MacCoinnich, Inbhirasdail.  
 Niall MacDhonnhuill, Gearloch.  
 Coinneach MacCoinnich, Gearloch.  
 Alasdair Urchaidainn, Polliubh.  
 Alasdair Camshron, Polliubh.  
 Domhnall MacCoinnich, Gearloch.  
 Osgood MacCoinich, Gearloch.  
 M. Mairi Grandd, Melbhaig.  
 M. Mairi NicMhathain, Tournaig.  
 M. Caitriona NicDhonnhuill, Ceann Lochiubh.  
 A' Bheah Uasal NicIonhair, Laide.  
 Uilleam MacCoinnich, Gearloch.  
 Iain MacDhonnhuill, Gearloch.  
 Eachann MacCoinnich, Bad a' Chro.  
 Calum Moireastan, Torridon.  
 M. Seonaid NicFhionnlaidh, A' Chomraich.  
 A' Bhean Uasal NicCoinnich, A' Chomraich.  
 Thomas MacCoinnich, Gearloch.  
 Murchadh MacIlle Eathain, Gearloch.  
 M. NicIllemahoil, A' Mhoraine.  
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 R. W. MacLennan, Esq., Dingwall.  
 Mrs. Mary Holden Bird, Morar.

#### LIFE.

Mrs. Flora L. C. Walter, Dunvegan.  
 G. F. Ross, Esq., Calcutta.  
 Mrs. Cameron Bingham, London.  
 Mrs. C. M. Cameron-Head, Lochailort.  
 The Rt. Hon. J. Iain Macpherson, P.C., K.C., M.P., Chelsea.  
 Sir Murdoch MacDonald, K.C., M.G., C.B., M.P., London.  
 W. Murray Morrison, Esq., London.



# AN GAIDHEAL

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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Gearran, 1926.*

[Earrann 5

## A' CUIMHNEACHADH 'S AG IONNDRAIN.

### II.

O 's e bli cuimhneachadh nan làithean grinn  
 Nach till air ais ged dh'ionndraineamaid iad,  
 A chionn gu bheil gach latha dol gu luath  
 Mar fheasgar foghair no mar chloich le gleann.  
 O nach bu shona nam biodh againn còir  
 Is aont as ùr air maduinn òg ar là,  
 Maduinn na h-òige 'n uair a bha gach ni  
 Binn do ar cluais is taitneach do ar shìl  
 Ri cluinntinn guth na smeoiraich feadh nan gèg  
 An doire nan dos uaine. Chan eil dealbh  
 A dhùisgeas smuain na mais' an uchd na h-aois  
 Nach toir sud cuimhneachan dhaibh mar an  
 ceudn'

Air seallaidhean nam bliadhnaichean a dh'fhalbh.  
 Fàsaidh an t-aosmhor sgìth le saothair chruaidh  
 A shàruicheas a spiorad le an-fhois—  
 Gidheadh chan fhàs an t-aosmhor idir sgìth  
 Bhi còmhradh mu na làithean grinn a thriall,  
 An uair a bha e òg is foghainteach,  
 Mun tàinig tilleadh fradhairc air a shùil,  
 Mun tàinig maille claisneachd air a chluais  
 Mun tàinig cromadh air a ghuaillan treun.  
 Is cuimhne leis na dòchasan gun chrich  
 A bhrosnuich inntinn féin gum biodh e mór;  
 Ach 's e bha sud ach dochas dìomhanach  
 A lion a smuain le sealladh feallsa faoin,  
 Oir cha robh 'thàlant an ach cumanta,  
 Is cha robh 'eud no 'dhìochall dad na b'fhearr.

Ach ged is dual bhi cuimhneachadh mar sin  
 Dòchasan taitneach o nach faigh sinn buaidh,  
 Tha cumart dhuinn nach dean ar saothair feum  
 'S gum bi ar n-ionndrainn baoh mar eun 's a'  
 chèò.

Tha sud mar bhruadar air nach glac thu greim,  
 'S a theicheas uat gu clis aig beul an là.  
 Mar sin tha còir aig Reusan a bhi deas  
 A bhacadh ionndrain dhiomhanaich gun seadh,  
 Oir chan eil luach no brìgh an smuain sam bith  
 Aig nach eil buaidh no éifeachd air ar gnìomh.  
 An uair a thig an t-am 's an cuimhneachadh  
 Gun robh sinn ann 's gun d'fhalbh sinn gu ar fois,  
 Bu taitneach gum biodh ionndrain as ar déidh  
 Do bhrigh gach deagh-ghean a chuir sinn an  
 gnìomh.

Oir éiridh reul an fheasgair mar bu ghnàth  
 'Thoir ionndrain ùr do'n ghinealach a thig,  
 Is gheibh an t-àl nach d' rugadh gliocas nuadh  
 Ri beachdachadh air glòir a' chruinne-cé.  
 Ach mar an ceudna Toil is Breithneachadh  
 Bidh iadsan urramach 'n an àite féin,  
 Aon dhiu mar stiùir a' seòladh slighe réidh  
 Is aon mar mheigh gu tomhas luach nan gnìomh.  
 Is ni ro-fhìor nach téid sinn fada cli  
 Ma leagas sinn ar beachd gu tùrail geur  
 Air obair Nàduir, 's air a dìomhairreachd.  
 Is math an crannlur-san tha fuireach dlùth  
 'S an fhearann shona far am fàs am fraoch.  
 O nach bu chùbhraidh bhi 's na dailean sèin  
 Au dlùths nan doireachan aig taobh nan allt;  
 Tha tormanaich na srùlaig anns a' ghleann  
 Taitneach do'n chluais tha sgìth le fuaim nan  
 roth.

Tha cuimhneachadh is ionndrain anns gach  
 dùil

A chaidh a dhèalacadh o luchd an gràidh;  
 Ge b'e cho tlachdmhor 's gam bi comunn eomh  
 Gidheadh is crioich gad cho nuinn dealachadh;  
 Ge b'e cho aobhneach 's gam bi ceòl nan teud  
 Gidheadh thig tosd air fonn nan inneal binn,  
 'S thig sàmhair air gach guth as milse ceòl.  
 Ach ged tha ionndrain ann an cois na smuain  
 Tha taitneas anns an dòchas a their ruinn

Gun till sinn fathast gus a' chomunn chaomh  
 A shealbhadhachd toil-inntinn mar a bha.  
 'S e 'n dùrachd is a' aobhar gu bheil cruth  
 Is ionghaigh nam marbh a' teachd mar sgèò  
 Fa chomhair sùil na h-inntinn ann ar suain.  
 Air bhì do'n reusan air a chur gu fois  
 Tha cuimhne nis a' faotainn a cead fòin,  
 Is bheir mac-meanmna dealbh na dream a thriall,  
 Is dùisgidh iadsan aignidhean a' ghràidh;  
 Is thig ar càirdean nach eil idir beò  
 A chumail còmhraidh ruinn 'n ar n-aislingean.  
 Tha 'n cruth 's an ionghaigh ann ar cuimhne  
 ghnàth,  
 'S an cuideachd ionnluin ann ar cridhe stigh,  
 Ag innse gu bheil ceangal iongantach  
 Troimh bheil na beòthan ann an caoidh nam  
 marbh  
 A' cuimhneachadh 's ag ionndrain mar is dual.

Ma tha e faoin bhì 'g ionndrain tùs ar n-òig'  
 Fhuair sinn mar iomlaid suim is toradh ùr  
 Nam bliadhnachan nach till air ais nas mò;  
 Dh' ionnsaich stòladh agus foghaidin,  
 D' ionnsaich sinn dòighean Nàduir do ar taobh,  
 Is cha robh 'n tùs sin leinn an tùs ar là.  
 Is dìomhain bhì an dùil gu mair an òig'  
 Mar eidhinn uaine dh'fhanas uaine ghnàth.  
 Oir mar a thuiteas duilleach sheargta sìos  
 O mheanglannan nan craobh 'n uair thig an t-am,  
 Sin mar a shiùbhlaas dreach na h-òig' air falbh:  
 An snuadh ro-mhaiseach a bha air an ghruaidh,  
 'S an solus àgh a dhealraich anns an t-sùil.  
 'S e caomhneas iuchair chumbhadhach nam  
 buadh

A dh'fhoglas cridhe, cuimhn' is breithneachadh;  
 Is ann e caomhneas tha an cinne-daond'  
 Comheangailt ann am banntaibh bràthrachais.  
 Bidh ionndrain dhìomhair anns gach com a  
 ghnàth

Cho fad 's a dh'fhanas math gun bhuanachadh;  
 Cho fad 's a dh'èireas mian an cridh' a' bhàird,  
 No cruth na loinn an inntinn snagheadair,  
 Cho fad 's a chaochlas dath a' bhogha-frois  
 No chrìonas ròs an t-samhraidh an aon là,  
 Co fhada sin bidh ionndrain nach gabh inns'  
 Gu dian a' brosnachadh ar cridheachan:  
 Cho fad 's a chluinnear osna throm a' chràidh,  
 No chithear deur a' mhulaid air a' ghruaidh,  
 Cho fad 's a thaghlas brùadar seimh a' chinn  
 Sàmhchair na cluasaig ann am marbh na  
 h-oidheh';

'S a thig an aising mar am faileas faoin,  
 A ghairir air ais nan càirdean caomh a dh'fhalbh,  
 Co fhada sin bidh ionmagainn an t-sluaigh  
 A' cuimhneachadh 's ag ionndrain. Oir tha so  
 Mar chùmhnannt tha comh-cheangailt ri ar staid,  
 Nach lìonar làn an cridhe tha 'n ar com.  
 Bheir ceòl ar n-aignidhean fo chis mu seach

Le cainnt gùn fhacail ach a labhras ruinn  
 Nas fìleanta gu mòr na briathran beòil.  
 Is o 'n tha ceòl cho maircannach 'n a ghnè  
 Cosmhui ri gràdh tha fìorghlan is bith-bhuan  
 Mar sin tha aignidhean an duine ghnàth  
 Coltach ri clàrsaich 's a bheil mòran theud,  
 Air am bhì meòir nan cumhachdan a' cluich  
 'S a' deanamh ciùil nach tig gu crìch gu bràth.

## GAELIC ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is frequently a subject of comment that no native drama arose in the Gaelic language, while some other Celtic dialects, Cornish, for example, did actually possess a dramatic literature on a limited scale. But the Cornish drama was not by any means a native growth. It was modelled on the English Miracle Play of the Middle Ages. A fifteenth century manuscript in the Bodleian Library contains three miracle plays written in Cornish. The pieces are entitled "The Origin of the World," "The Passion of Our Lord," and "The Resurrection." The religious character of these productions is indicated by their titles. The plays possess a peculiar interest as remains of the old Cornish drama. Richard Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall" (1602), gives a brief description of the manner in which the Cornish drama was acted. Although fourteen different English miracle plays were performed in Dublin at various dates throughout the fifteenth century (S. W. Clarke, "The Miracle Play," p. 51), yet as far as we are able to trace, no attempt was made to imitate these things in the Gaelic of Ireland. The same writer (Clarke) declares that several miracle plays were acted in the North of Scotland between the years 1442 and 1531 A.D. No written imitation of these, however, survives in Scottish Gaelic. But an acquaintance with a scene from a play on "The Nativity" is suggested by a custom which was observed until recently in the Outer Hebrides. The custom is recorded by the late Dr. Alexander Carmichael in "Carmina Gadelica": "Formerly on Christmas Eve bands of young men went from house to house, and from townland to townland, chanting Christmas songs. The 'rejoicers' wore long white shirts for surplices, and very tall white hats for mitres, in which they made a picturesque appearance as they moved along, singing their loudest. When they entered a dwelling they took possession of a child if there was one in the house. In the absence of a child a lay



figure was improvised. This child was called 'Crist, Cristen'—'Christ, Little Christ.' The assumed Christ was placed on a skin, and carried three times round the fire, sunwise, by the 'ceann-snaodh,' head of the band, the songmen singing the Christmas Hail. The skin on which the symbolic Christ was carried, was that of a white male lamb, without spot or blemish, and consecrated for this service. The skin was called 'uillinn.' Homage and offerings and much rejoicing were made to the symbolic Christ." In Christmas Hail, of which three lines are here quoted, the first two lines constitute the refrain, and come in between each verse, which consists of one line, for example:—

"Ho Ri, ho Ri  
Beannaicht' e, beannaicht' e.  
Beannaicht' e 'thainig 's an am."

"Hail to the King, Hail to the King  
Blessed is He, Blessed is He.  
Blessed is He who has come betimes."

(*Carmina Gadelica*, Vol. I., p. 126).

The existence of plays in the Cornish, the Welsh, and the Breton dialects may be accepted as an indication that the Celt is not averse to the use of drama. It may safely be inferred that the absence of drama in Gaelic is not due to any racial antipathy to dramatic form. It is not easy, however, to give a satisfactory answer to the question why drama was not cultivated by the Gaels. Towards a solution of the problem, we may suggest the following two considerations. The first is that the adoption of drama was probably discouraged by the strongly conservative disposition which caused the bards and senachies to adhere to the native literary manner; for the bardic schools clung with tenacity to their traditional style of poetry, while the professional senachies remained faithful to the peculiar form of the ancient saga. The second consideration is, that the need for drama as a means of amusement appears to have been supplied to a great extent by Romance. The interest and charm of Romance, in the hands of specially trained reciters, retained an ascendancy over the Gaelic people; and there can be no doubt but Romance, in conjunction with the fairs already mentioned, fulfilled for them the same purpose which in other lands is met by the drama.

But before proceeding to deal a little more fully with these two factors, it is well to assert that the absence of drama in Gaelic could not have been due to a lack of acquaintance with classical models. The flourishing condition of

classical learning in Ireland from the sixth to the eighth century of the Christian era is admitted on all hands. "The classical tradition, to all appearances dead in Europe, burst out into full flower in the Isle of Saints, and the Renaissance began in Ireland seven hundred years before it was known in Italy. During three centuries Ireland was the asylum of the higher culture, which took sanctuary there from the uncultured states of Europe." (M. Darmesteter.) The high level of classical culture among the ancient Irish points undoubtedly to an acquaintance with Greek and Latin drama. It is not easy to conceive how the case could be otherwise, in view of the fact that from the fifth century onwards, the scholars of Ireland were steeped in the best learning of Europe. From Columbanus and St. Gall to Dun Scotus Eregina—all Gaels of European reputation—the learned men who were trained in Ireland, and who wandered through Europe in the interests of knowledge, had ample opportunity of knowing the Greek and Latin drama at first hand.

There is good reason to conclude that the bards of ancient Ireland derived the traditions of their order from pre-Christian times. Much of the authority which was exercised over the public minds by the druids at an earlier stage appears to have been transmitted to the bards as a heritage. The arbiters of literary fashion, these men became the exponents and eventually the victims of literary convention. A special form of poetry arose, to which the bards adhered with unswerving tenacity. Throughout the creative period of the earlier literature, right on till the tenth century, there was little or no departure from the traditional style. Although the whole body of old Gaelic poetry may be classed under the two extremes of panegyric and satire, yet, within the limits of these two species, there was a wonderful variety of metre and verse. When it is borne in mind that the professional equipment of a chief-bard included an acquaintance with three hundred and fifty different kinds of versification, we may realise to some extent the wonderful complexity of the ancient system. And yet, all the time the elaborate code was guarded by rules beyond which a poet was not allowed to pass. The prevailing system remained so rigid that a literary innovation such as drama had little chance of being cultivated.

It might well be asked why it was that the bardic schools remained so long under the domination of an exclusive custom. We would venture a reply to this question by saying that the strict adherence of the schools to the

traditional style was not altogether a matter of literary taste. Their fidelity to the old system had a utilitarian aspect also. For the old system in many instances furnished a way to affluence and power. The bards were not all dreamers. As a class they were jealous of their power and prestige. They knew the value of their privileges, and were accordingly careful to preserve the exclusive rules by which alone the privileges could be maintained. To gain pre-eminence among the bards, an aspirant was obliged to undergo a twelve years' course of study, and pass through all the lower degrees. Those who attained to the front rank were held in such esteem that their deaths were as carefully recorded as if they had been rulers of provinces. With such a system, which was at once an intellectual test and a path to power, is it likely that the bardic schools would readily abandon the traditional style on which the system was founded? For just as the mandarin in China, and the civil judge in British India, acquire their positions by intellectual pre-eminence, so the bards attained to influence and authority by conserving the supremacy of the bardic schools. And on this account the cultivation of peculiar forms of poetry prevented the encouragement of drama among the Gaels.

A further illustration of the same conservative instinct is furnished by the fidelity with which the professional *senachies* retained their preference for the ancient form of the Gaelic saga. That form was particularly well adapted to oral presentation. There are some Celtic scholars who hold that sagas were originally composed in verse; and that when some part was forgotten for the time by the reciter, he supplied in prose the substance of the missing verses, in order to render the thread of the narrative intelligible. Others, however, maintain that the blending of prose and verse was intentional from the first. But in any case the alternation of prose and verse turned out to be highly effective. It broke the monotony of a long saga. It afforded scope for musical accompaniment to the poetical parts. It gave to the whole composition a sense of perspective, of artistic light and shade, whereby the simpler passages might be rendered with ease and grace, while the more emphatic portions, which were generally in verse, could be delivered in a more elevated style. De-Jubainville observes, "*La Civilization des Celtes*," p. 134, that since the larger portion of each saga is poetical, such metrical parts were chanted to the accompaniment of the harp. He points out that the Gaelic style affords room for greater

variety than does that of the Greek. In the Greek method the singing of one person throughout a whole hour was apt to become tiresome to the listener. And the French writer suggests that it was for this reason that the Greeks were obliged to resort to dialogue for the purpose of securing attention, and to drama so as to multiply their characters. It is relevant to our subject to note how De-Jubainville argues that it was in order to avoid the monotony of the rhapsodists that the Greeks had recourse to dialogue and drama. From such monotony the Gaels were preserved by the pleasing variety which marked the style of the romantic saga. The art of the *senachie* was equal to the demand for an entertainment; and there was not therefore among the Gaels the same need to resort to dramatic contrivances as among the Greeks. Moreover, the Gaels preferred their own literary forms to any other. Throughout the Middle Ages, the Gaelic scholars were familiar with the *Aeneid* of Virgil, the *Thebaid* of Statius, and the *Pharsalia* of Lucan. But in translating these poems into Gaelic, they never adhered to the epic form. Instead of this they adopted the style of the Gaelic saga. And so conservative were they of the native method, that they preferred the story of the classical epics in the manner of the saga rather than in the heroic hexameter, although that measure can be employed with ease and effect in the language of the Gael. Acting on the same principle, the Gaelic scholars would be quite as reluctant to imitate the dramatic form of the Greeks as they were to adopt the epic style of the Romans.

By the time that Ireland was furnished with centres of learning, the professional bards committed to writing the sagas and romances which had been orally transmitted from earlier times. Some idea of the abundance of such noveltic literature may be obtained from the fact that before a man could qualify for the title of "Ollamh" or chief-bard, he required to be familiar with no less than three hundred and fifty separate romantic tales. The Book of Leinster, transcribed from older sources, about 1150 A.D., contains a list of one hundred and eighty-seven of such tales, but of these only sixty-seven have survived. Numerous other tales, however, which are not mentioned in the Book of Leinster, have survived besides those sixty-seven. One is often struck by the epigrammatic conciseness of the records in the ancient manuscripts as compared with the fuller and more elaborate style of later revisions of the same tale. But we must not imagine that the tales were told in ancient times as

briefly and baldly as they are summarised in the old writings. Parchment was expensive; and while a romance might be recited with fullness of diction, and in an elaborate style, yet it was only a short outline or synopsis that was written down on costly material. Every brief digest of that kind was expanded and embellished according to the occasion and the gifts and taste of the reciter. After the introduction of paper as writing material, the tales were more fully recorded. The longer versions contained in later manuscripts give us an estimate of the style in which the mere skeletons or romances found on old vellum and parchment would be amplified and adorned when delivered by a professional *senachie*. Some of the sagas contain traditions from a remote or prehistoric past; while some are survivals of ancient mythology, where mortals assume the place and perform the works of pagan deities. Still others are chronicles of racial and tribal events, or histories of princely or noble houses. The bulk of sagas that are still extant is very considerable; but it is only a fraction of the original output. Professor Eugene O'Curry states that the historical tales known to himself would fill four thousand folio pages, while the Ossianic tales and poems would furnish three thousand more. The titles of no less than five hundred and forty surviving fragments of different romances are given by Jubainville in his "*Essai d'un Catalogue, de la littérature épique de l'Irlande.*"

It has sometimes happened that a quickening of literary activity has followed close on some notable military crisis. The sudden expansion of Greek drama came soon after the Persian invasions; the development of Elizabethan drama took place not long after the defeat of the Armada; and the great revival of romance in Ireland followed the incursions of the Scandinavians. In each of these instances the forward literary movement is generally ascribed to an intellectual stimulus imparted by a struggle with foreign foes. During the Viking invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries, Ireland was ravaged by those aggressive enemies, and the creative diligence of three hundred years was rudely interrupted. By the eleventh century, however, the destructive process came to an end. Then occurred a remarkable awakening of interest in the preservation and rehearsal of ancient romance. Old manuscripts were carefully collected and transcribed; old annals and traditions were duly recorded; and writings on vellum, which remain to this day, attest the zeal and assiduity

of the scribes. The same period was likewise marked by an amazing fertility of production. The unbridled play of fancy gave rise to a great abundance of fiction. The success and popularity of the tales reacted on the intelligence of the people, and imagination "grew by what it fed on." It revelled in the realm of the marvellous. It seized on the beauty of Nature, and imparted the glamour of sea and mountain to its own creations. It touched on the passion of love, and heightened the account of its effect by many a bold deed and dangerous enterprise. The fascinating aspects of nature and of human passion were placed in a new relation, and took on a fresh interest by being associated with wonderful happenings and exciting adventures.

The taste for entertainment of this kind created an increasing demand for the gift of romantic improvisation. The purpose which, among various other peoples, is served by the theatre as a means of amusement was met in Gaeldom by professional reciters of romance. There is a sense in which these men might be called actors, for by all accounts they entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the tales, that for the time being they assumed a part; and so graphic was their descriptive power, so striking was their "word-picture," that they could make their hearers realise a scene as vividly as if it had been shown to them by the raising of a curtain on the stage. The Gaelic rhapsodists who devoted their time and gifts exclusively to the rehearsal of romance, did for our fathers of old, what the tragedians and comedians of these days are doing for the present generation. A peculiar result of the enthusiasm of the ancient story-tellers was the wonderful development of the popular imagination. This faculty is known to attain a remarkable maturity with races among whom the liberal arts have as yet made little or no progress. In order that fancy may have free play it is not necessary that science and philosophy should be cultivated. As a matter of experience it is notorious that these are rather a hindrance than a help to the flight of fancy. The extravagance of the creative faculty is curbed and regulated by the restraints of sober knowledge and good sense.

But, on the other hand, we can have no drama without imagination. It is absolutely indispensable, both on the part of the dramatist and of the spectator. A man, for example, goes to see a dramatic performance. He is resolved to suppress his imagination, and to remain literal and prosaic all the time. As the curtain is raised he can never get over the

fact that the stage consists of wooden boards; that the scene which represents a lake or forest is only painted cloth; that the actor is an individual who does this for a livelihood, and not a man who is supposed to have lived in some other age or country. But behold the difference when the prosaic spectator allows his mind to be consciously deluded; when the faculty of fancy that used to be so strong in childhood is permitted to cast its magic over him. Then he throws the reins loose over the neck of imagination; the stage is no longer mere boards, but a famous spot, perhaps, where some memorable deed was done; the identity of the actor is lost in the character he impersonates; and the hangings and accessories are no longer painted cloth, but a field of battle or a forest of Arden! When we examine the psychology of this transition, it is imagination that makes all the difference. Now, our contention is, that among an imaginative race, where the logical faculty was seldom a regulating force, and where the dominion of fancy was often all in all, it was a comparatively easy thing for a skilful and impassioned reciter to "body forth the forms of things unseen," and to throw a vivid word-picture before the minds of an excited audience, that even the concrete aids of plank and paint could be dispensed with. To this fact, so frequently overlooked, is due, in some measure at least, the absence of an expressly dramatic form in Gaelic literature.

Not only was Gaelic romance a substitute for drama in Gaeldom, but it also contributed some important elements to mediæval romance as a whole. By the end of the twelfth century the themes of early romance had become hackneyed and familiar. The demand for fresh interest created room for a new species of romantic literature—a species which would give a fuller treatment of heroic character, and which would bring into fuller notice the motives of mystery, of adventure, and of love. The ideal knight portrayed in the new type of romance is a facsimile of the chivalrous and adventurous knight of Gaelic legend. Fresh accessions of the marvellous were easily drawn from the abundant resources of Gaelic lore. Gaelic romance furnished in no stinted measure the qualities required, from the spells of druidic art, to the glamour of the fairy world. Above all there arose a demand for a more ample presentation of the romantic motive of love. The literature of ancient Ireland abounded in tales which set in an attractive light the fascination of this particular passion. And the types of womanhood which are portrayed in Gaelic legends became a rich acquisition to the new school of romance

The process of oral transmission had a humanising influence on the legends and traditions of the Gael. It was a process which tended to eliminate the crude, the puerile, and the superficial. There is here, as in other spheres, a law of the survival of the fittest. It is generally the best in the way of saga and romance that survives, while in the course of transmission the material is touched and improved by gifted reciters. Instinctively, the successive generations of narrators perpetuate the valuable parts; and by a similar instinct they also suffer the worthless to sink into oblivion. When a tale has survived by oral repetition for a thousand years, we may safely conclude that it preserves an element that haunts and charms the human heart. In recent times, however, by reason of altered social conditions, the rehearsal of the saga as a means of entertainment has fallen into disuse. The adaption of the saga to the stage is probably now the best means of sustaining the popular interest in the ancient tales. And, while the recitation of romance kept its hold for ages on the Gaelic mind, and served as a substitute for drama for purposes of amusement, there is no reason to think that the romantic saga would lose its power of appeal when transferred to dramatic form.

## COMHRADH

EADAR

Ceit Iain Ruaidh agus Màiri Mhór a' phaca.

Le IAIN MACCORMAIG, Glascho.

(A' cheud duais, Mod 1923.)

(*Air a leantainn.*)

MAIRI—Agus nach fhaod e bhì gum bheil an iorail ùr so a' cheart cho beag feum. Nam biodh sin fior, a Cheit, cha bhiodh feum air doctairean idir. Is ged nach do chuir mi feum air doctair rianh 's fhearr ann no as iad.

CEIT—Chan 'eil teagamh nach fhaod thu bhì ceart. Ged is iomadh rud neònach a tha daoine a' faotuin a suas ris an diugh. An creideadh tu fein mur a fhaicadh tu le d'shùilean e, gun rachadh aig duine talmhaidh nàdurra air itealich mar eun, agus caran-muiltean a chur deth fein gu h-àrd an measg nan neul coltach ris a chaluiman ruadh a thug Dòmhnall Eoghain dachaidh á Glascho.

MAIRI—An truaighe mìr nach 'eil thu ceart. Agus nach 'eil an rud so eile cuideachd—cìod ainm a th'agad air?—nach 'eil an "Listening-in" an Tigh Bàn a' chladaich. Dh'eisid mi fhein ris, agus a leòra, a Cheit, 's e h-aon de mhìorbhuillean an t-saoghail e gun cluinneadh tu neach a' seinn an Lunnainn 's tu ad shuidhe gu socrach 's an t-Srath-mhór.

CEIT—Sin agad sin, a nis, a Mhairi. Is iomadh rud a chluinneas cluas nach toir buaidh air aigne gun an tog an t-sùil fianuis. Agus air cho làn spadaireachd 's gum bheil Donnchadh Ruadh, ciod e fios nach 'eil rud-eigin anns na bhios e ag ràdh, ged math dh'fhaoidteadh, gum bi e fein a' cur ris mar fheala-dhà.

MAIRI—Leòra, chan abair mi dad.

CEIT—Ach, co-dhiubh, bho'n is tu fein a th'ann, agus ged b'e cuid Dhonnchaidh fhein a bhiodh ann, bha e ag ràdh an so aon oidhche gun deach *breac na h-oige* a chur air seann duine a bha cho uireasbhuidheach 's gun robh e a' falbh air bataichean. An ceann caigeann làithean, mu'n d'thubhairt Donnchaidh fein e, an uair a fhuair e mach as an tigh-eiridinn, thòisich e air leumartaidh 's air gearradh-bhoicean mar gum biodh laogh am pàirce.

MAIRI—O, luaidh, a luaidh!

CEIT—(*A' leantuinne*)—Thug e'n sin leum do chraoibh a bha làmh ris, agus, mu'n d'thubhairt Donnchadh math fhéin, mu'n abradh tu “bo-chugad,” bha e 'na shuidhe air a' mheanglan a b'airde dhi.

MAIRI (*A' cur bhuaipe a' chupain agus a' togail a da laimh os a cionn*)—O, luaidh, a luaidh! An ann am shuidhe no am sheasamh a tha mi? Chaidh e do bhàrr na craoibhe!

CEIT—Do bhàrr na craoibhe mar gum biodh ann cat.

MAIRI—Thainig dìreach naduir a' *mhonkey* ann?

CEIT—Dìreach *monkey* eile.

MAIRI—Fhuair e tuilleadh 's a chòir de'n stuth, feumaidh.

CEIT—Feumaidh gun d'fhuair. Cha robh e, a reir Dhonnchaidh Ruaidh ach mar *mhonkey* eile. Rachadh e am falach anns na craobhan is splonadh e speuclairean is curraicean is adaichean a bhàrr na bhiodh a' dol seachad.

MAIRI—O, luaidh, a luaidh! Cum bhuam an stuth grànda. B'aill leat a bhi am chaillich fhein na sin, agus suidhe gu socrach a' turramaich taobh na cagailte a' cumail nan cearc o'n aran choirce a bhiodh 'ga ghreidheadh air an teintean. Nach 'eil fios nach 'eil facal firinn ann!

CEIT—O, ciod e fios domhsa? Ach sud ùr-sgeulan Dhonnchaidh Ruaidh agus innsidh e fein cho blada iad.

MAIRI—O, chiall, a chiall, a Cheit, eudail! Nach bu ghasda an rud Mairi Mhòr a' phaca fhacinn a' leum do mhullaich *poaichean an telegraph* nan tachradh Iain ciobair 's na coin orm. (*Ni an dùthis gaire*.)

CEIT—Nach b'e an sealladh e da-rìreadh! Ach stad ort, a Mhairi, am bheil e dad na's iongantach nan rud a thubhairt thu fein an “Listening-in?” Sin rud nach faic mise bun

no bàrr idir aige. Saoilidh mi gur e seòrsa de bhuidseachas a th'ann. Ciod e nis do bharail fein? Nach robh cho math dhuit a chreidsinn gum bruidhinn thu ris na mairbh; is tha an gnothuch iomraiteach gu leòir 's gun cluinne thusa 'n ad shuidhe 's an t-Strath-mhòr duine a' seinn an Lunnainn.

MAIRI—Thalla, thalla! Chuala mise sin agus bruidhinn agus eadhon a' phìob, cho soilleir 's ged a bhiodh dos mór phìob Dhomhnaill Bhàin ri mo chluais. Na's fhaide na sin chan urrainn mi dol. Ach feumaidh mi, eudail, a bhi falbh. Am bheil dad bhuait an diugh? Tha snàth ciatach agam, agus gheibh thu cunnradh math. (*I a' fuasgaladh a' phaca*.)

CEIT—Tuts! Chan fhalbh thu an nochd. Is fhad o nach fhac thu Iain. Chan 'eil uair a tha thu a' tighinn an rathad nach bi e bho'n tigh.

MAIRI—O, cleas Mhurchaidh Ruaidh: an uair bhios an sgradan mu thùath bidh Murchadh Ruadh mu dheas. Chan 'eil dùil agam dìreach nach fuirich mi. Ach bheir mi leum beag do thigh Mharsali. Tha culaidh churraicean agam di, agus feumaidh mi taghal oirre.

CEIT—Tha i a' cosg nan sean churraicean anairt fathast, a dh'aindeoin gach fasan ùir a thig a steach; agus tha mo chead aice. Chuala mi mo mhàthair ag ràdh iomadh uair nach robh leithidean curraicean Marsali a' dol a steach air doras na h-eaglaise. Bha i comharraichte air an iarnachadh.

MAIRI (*An dùthis ag eirigh 'nan seasamh*)—Cha robh, tha mi creidsinn; agus am bheil fios agad nach teid na's boidhche air ceann sean mhnatha na currac geal anairt air a dheagh iarnachadh. Chan fhaic thu air sean mhnathan an diugh ach lùraicean de churraicean an clòimhe a bha ann ri linn Noah neo cruisean de bhoineid. Agus a leòra, chan fhaca mi riamh rud as grànde na falt rìbeach liath a' tighinn troimh shean churrac tollach, clòimhe. Agus a' bhoineid fein! Gu cinnteach, a Cheit, saoilidh mi gum bheil seana bhean tuilleadh is gog-cheannach le boineid rìomhach làn de fhùraicean is ribeinn.

CEIT—Saoilidh. Ach curidh cleachdadh a h-uile dad an taobh a shanntaicheas e, air dòigh agus, ri ùine, nach faic an t-sùil coire.

MAIRI—Feumaidh mi bhì às, ma ta, feuch am bi mi air m'ais mu'n tìg an oidhche.

CEIT—Slan leat, ma tà, an ceartair is feuch gun tig thu air t'ais; is bithidh còilidh ghasda againn an nochd fathast. Bidh Iain gle thoilichte 'n uair a thig e dhachaidh.

MAIRI—Tha fios gum bi. Slan leat, ma tà, 's cha bhì mi fada.

CEIT—Mar sin leatsa, 's bidh flughbair agam riut.



## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

- bainne-binnte**: same: Braemore, Matheson, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.
- bainne-binid**: curdled milk: W. L. Ness, MacDonald, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.: cf. slomban, uthan-, fuarag, loinid-.
- bainne-briste**: switched cream: Newtonmore, Mrs. MacBean, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: cf. fuarag, etc. Means sour milk in Waternish and Barra=bainne-goiri in Islay and W.
- bainne-bualite**: same: W. L. Ness, MacDonald, n.
- bainne-deasgairn**: curds: Portree, Miss Matheson, Barra, Fr. MacMillan, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Tirce, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Waternish and Skye, MacAskill, n.
- bainne-gruthach**: curdled milk: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.
- bainne-maisridh**: buttermilk: Sutherland, Mrs. Fraser, n.
- bainne-na-cubhaig**: red rattle, a small red-flowered plant growing in wetish moors; flowers in May and June: Braemore, Matheson, n.: cf. deocan.
- bainne-nan-each**: the milky juice that resides in the stalk of a weed which grows in the corn; it has no flower: Coll, MacDougall, n.
- bainne-nan-gamhna**: red rattle: L. Suaincart and Argyll, Mrs. MacVarish and MacMillan, ns.; Kilmuir and Skye, Angus MacDonald and Henderson, ns. Also b.-gamhnach, which is all but in Dw. Cf. deocan.
- bainne-naois**: beestings (ciad-bhainne in Lochaber, S.U., Waternish, Torridon, Braemore): Islay, Johnston, n.: cf. bainne-ùr.
- bainne-nuis**: same: Islay, Johnston, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.
- bainne-plamach**: curdled milk: Coll, Neil and Hector MacDougall, ns.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.
- bainne-plumach**: curdled milk, e.g. by thunder: Jura, Neil Shaw, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Islay, Johnston, n.: v. plumach, and cf. b.-binid, etc.
- bainne-plumaichte**: curdled milk: Islay, Johnston, native.
- bainne-slamain**: curdled milk: Braemore, Matheson, n.: slaman in Lochaber and Braemore is new-made curds.
- bainne-slombain**: curds ready for the table: Waternish, MacAskill, n.
- bainne-ùr**: beestings: [beastie-milk in Leshmahagow (where beastie-cheese is made from it)]: Appin (Argyll), Mrs. MacKerlieh (Gl. Fyne), n.: also bainne-buidhe:—not new milk, which is b.-blàth. Cf. nòis, bainne-naois, ùs, unns. [Beestings is ciad-bhainne in Waternish and S.U. where boiled to consistency of porridge, and then, a thick, white or yellowish mass, it is supped with a spoon.]
- bainnseadh**: wedding: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.: bithidh an t-uisge ann là do bh. is said to girl who scrapes the pot in S.U. Braemore applies the phrase to a bride who, instead of resting, has worked hard during the fortnight before her wedding day, and has had a rainstorm on that day because of her sgrìobadh a' phòit lite.
- bainnteal**: elegant woman: N. Uist, A. MacDonald, n.; L. Suaincart, Mrs. Spence, from natives: thought of as connected with bainais: the first meaning being metaphorical from the fineness of a bride's clothes. Possibly connected with baididh? Cf. steudal, drein, etc.
- bainnteal**: newly wed woman, bride: N. U.: A. MacD., n.: bean-bainnse in Braemore.
- bainnteal**: bird-trap:—horse-hair running nooses pegged down among rotting seawrack piled on shore are all fixed on a heavier cord. Birds coming for grubs etc., which have been turned up by the trapsetter are thus entangled: N. Uist, A. MacDonald, n.: cf. paointeal, etc. Dial for p-: v. Dw. s.v.
- bàiri'nn**: queen: Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n.; Islay, Johnston, n. For bairighinn with usual Isles' dislike of precons. "n."
- bàirneach**: barnacle: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: cf. beàrnach (also MacBain) and below s.v. màthair-, giodhairlein, giùran. Coll has this as word for limpet and so Islay, S. Uist, Waternish.
- bàirneach-bhoirionn**: limpet, size of medium l. but not hard shelled; has dark brown crust or covering (not exactly a shell); sticks to rocks, pullable off by hand; inside is red; shell round (not pointed); not very common in Waternish, MacAskill, n. (*Ri leantainn*.)

## GREAT FEILL.

Replies are now coming in from supporters on the other side of the world, and the St. Andrew's Society of Kuala Lumpur is already at work. We are very fortunate in having so keen a worker in Mr. Stuart MacLeod, whose business carries him to Australia shortly, and who hopes to devote much of his spare time to the Feill. He will find a number of willing helpers already at work, e.g., Mr. L. MacLeod of Raasay, who is organising Tasmania, Mr. Moffat Pender, who has made himself responsible for the Melbourne area, and Mrs. MacKinnon, who, after visiting Scotland on her way back from Geneva, whither she went as substitute delegate for Australia to the League of Nations, is arousing interest in Sydney. The Rev. Dr. Norman MacLean, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, who has been asked to preach in this Dominion, and sails in July, has already asked for a supply of Feill leaflets to take with him.

Among the recipients of Honours this week, members have probably noticed the name of Mr. W. E. C. Reid, Convener for New Zealand, whose work as Assistant Commissioner at the highly successful New Zealand pavilion at Wembley, is rewarded by a C.B.E.

Members in Perthshire who are arranging money-making efforts are asked to communicate their proposals to Lady Helen Tod, who is convening the county, at her new address, Tirinie, Blair Atholl. Other districts are getting to work, Lady Clementine Waring in Berwickshire, Mrs. Stewart in Coll, and Mr. Randal Macdonald in North Uist. The Glasgow Stall Committee held a very successful whist drive on 1st January, in the Highlanders' Institute, at which about 230 were present. Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald organised a concert at Broadford on 15th January, and the Dundee Highland Society had a Ceilidh on the 27th. Mrs. MacArthur at Moffat, Miss Livingston at Whitehouse, Mrs. MacNaughton at Glendaruel, and Mrs. Brown at Loehgilphead have their plans already made. Members are reminded that there are now less than eighteen months before the Feill, and that, if the ground is to be completely covered, there is no time to lose. We are being well supported from Overseas, but it is to the Highlanders in Scotland, whether they reside north or south of the Grampians, that we look for the greatest results.

## OGANAICH AN OR-FHUILT BHUIDHE.

From Miss A. C. WHYTE'S Mod Prize Collection.

[Melody noted down in Mull.]

Key D., Moderato.

{ | d ., d : r . m | d'., t : l . s }  
Oganaich an òr-fhuilte bhuidhe,

{ | m ., m : s ., s | l ., l : s , m .— }  
Leat a chinneadh sealg is sithionn,

{ | s ., s : m'., m' | r'., r' : d'., t }  
'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha

{ | l ., l : s ., m | d ., r : m ., r .— ||  
'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'siubhal bheann.

'Nuair a dh'fheadh tu na stèan.  
Leis a' ghunna chaol nach diùltadh,  
'S i do luaidh ghorm is d'fhùdar,  
Chuireadh smùid air feadh nan gleann.

Dhòmh-sa b'aithne enid de d'Àbhaist  
Ged nach innis mi ach pàirt diubh;  
Sithionn á beinn is iasg á amhainn  
'Nuair a thàirngeadh càeh an t-srann.

Oganaich an òr-fhuilte shnìomhain,  
D'fhag thu saea trom air m'inntinn;  
'S mur a till thu nall do'n tìr so,  
Mo thòil-inntinn bidh air chall.

Gur leir a' bhlàth air mo ghruaidh-sa,  
Gun tug mi dhuit gaol nach fuaraich;  
Dh'innis iad gu'n tug thu fuath dhomh,  
Aeh eha chreid mi' luaidh 'an cainnt.

Ach nam biodh e mar bu mhath leam,  
Bhiodh tu'd bhàillidh air an fhearann,  
Do chòir sgrìobht' o laimh Mhìe Caillein—  
Cha bhiodh m' earrann-sa dheth gann.

Ged a bhithinn ann an iarunn,  
Fhad 's bu bheò mi 'gam phianadh,  
Cha leig mi do ghaol air dì-chuimhn'—  
So a' bhliadhna 'liath mo cheann.

## SKYE PROVINCIAL MOD.

I set out for Eilean a' Cheo on Monday morning, 21st December, via Inverness and Kyle. The train ploughed its way through the heaviest snow of the year in Perthshire and the Grampians, and I had forebodings of boisterous weather in Skye. However, when Kyle was reached the sun was shining and the nearest patch of snow seemed to be on the top of Sgur nan Gilleann.

Mr. John MacPherson, headmaster at Broadford, arranged a meeting for me at Breakish on the evening of my arrival. There was a splendid turnout in the new Hall at Breakish, over which Mr. MacPherson presided. The proceedings were conducted entirely in Gaelic, and, following my address, we had Gaelic songs, excellently rendered by the young men and maidens of the township. The announcement that Mr. Hugh MacLean was shortly arriving in the island was received with hearty applause.

On Tuesday afternoon I travelled per mail car to Ostaig, where I was the guest of the Hon. Mrs. MacDonald. There was a gratifying turnout in the hall at Ardvassar, and Mr. MacColl, Armadale, presided. A fine programme of Gaelic songs, readings and pipe music was submitted, and during an interval I addressed the gathering in Gaelic and English, making special reference to the Skye Mod and to the Great Feill. The Hon. Mrs. MacDonald is convener of the Skye area, and has already arranged entertainments on behalf of the Feill. Accompanying Mrs. MacDonald at the concert were the Hon. Miss Iona MacDonald and Miss MacLean, Armadale Castle, and Masters Alasdair and Hamish MacDonald, Ostaig House.

I was early astir on Wednesday morning, leaving with the mail car at 7.30. Skye had on its full mantle of snow, and heavy showers swept across from Loch Eishort. I arrived at Kyleakin at 9.30, and, after partaking of some breakfast, visited Mr. Gunn, late headmaster; Miss MacPherson, Post Office, and Mr. MacKinnon, tailor. Very few Gaelic speakers remain in Kyleakin, and it would be very difficult to hold regular meetings of a branch there, but an effort is being made to assist Mrs. MacDonald with the Feill.

I crossed the ferry to Kyle, and after a long wait departed for Portree on the steamer "Glencoe." I was fortunate to meet Col. Kenneth MacDonald, Tote, and Major Livingstone MacDonald of Flodigarry on board. Mr. MacLeod of Skeabost's car awaited us at Portree, and no time was lost in getting to

Skeabost House. I carried on to the school at Bernisdale, where the ceilidh was proceeding enthusiastically under the chairmanship of the Laird of Skeabost.

I was given a rousing reception on entering, and when I was called upon to address the meeting in Gaelic, the audience were so enthusiastic and responsive that I may have exceeded the time I usually allow myself for speaking, but these good people knew that I had come a long way, and with a special message, and they were eager to hear of the work of An Comunn in their own tongue. I often feel that An Comunn is losing much by not being able to send myself, or some other speaker, to visit these far away branches regularly. How they enjoy a Gaelic address, and how much nearer they are drawn to An Comunn, only one who is present at a ceilidh such as we had at Bernisdale, can realise.

I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod at Skeabost House for the remainder of my time on the island, and An Comunn is much indebted to Mr. MacLeod for placing his car at my disposal in order to visit the remaining branches. On Thursday I journeyed with Major MacDonald to Flodigarry intending to call at Kilmuir on the way. The roads were reported to be nigh impassable beyond Kilmuir, and I decided not to risk it. The journey over the Quirang road was wonderful, and for the first time, I think, I saw a flock of Snow-bunting, a rare visitor to the Western Isles.

On Friday I went to Dunvegan, and, finding the headmaster from home, I called on Miss Frances Tolmie. The pleasure of meeting was mutual, and I much regretted that time did not permit of a longer ceilidh with the pioneer collector of Gaelic Folk Songs.

At Edinbane, on my return from Dunvegan, I met Mr. MacIntosh, the headmaster at Dunvegan, and made arrangements for a class to meet when Mr. MacLean arrives. I also called at the Post Office at Edinbane, and Mr. Ross is to arrange for a class there.

The week-end I passed quietly and pleasantly at Skeabost. On Monday afternoon Mr. MacLeod and myself motored to Portree and called on Miss MacDonald at Viewfield. We all had misgivings about the meeting at Portree, owing to many counter-attractions, but when we arrived at the Reading Room the place was packed, and it was with difficulty that we got inside. We learned afterwards that a number of prominent people failed to gain admission.

On the motion of Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost, Mr. John A. Nicolson, M.A., secretary

of the Glasgow Skye Association, took the chair. A splendid programme of Gaelic songs and instrumental music was arranged by the local secretary, Major Donald M. Fraser. There were also present a number of Pipe-Major MacDonald's pupils, who played selections on the practice chanter, and three of the older pupils on the piob-mhor. This was one of the most enthusiastic meetings I have ever attended on behalf of An Comunn. The Chairman made a stirring appeal on behalf of the Mod, and Mr. MacLeod, who followed, spoke very effectively on the objects of An Comunn, and what the preservation of Gaelic meant to every true-hearted native of Skye. I spoke, first in Gaelic and then English, and nothing was easier of accomplishment than the re-forming of the Portree Branch. Office-bearers were appointed, and these form the nucleus of the Provincial Mod Committee. Mr. John MacPherson, M.A., Broadford; Mr. J. A. MacIntosh, M.A., Dunvegan, and Mrs. MacIntosh, and Miss MacDonald, Kilmuir, were present, representing their respective districts.

The proof syllabus was revised and enlarged, and arrangements made for Mr. MacLean's itinerary. Our great regret was the absence of Mr. Angus Robertson, the president of An Comunn, who was unable to attend owing to indisposition. The date fixed for the Mod is Thursday, 1st July, at Portree.

It was unfortunate that my visit synchronised with the teachers' Christmas holidays, and we missed the presence of Miss Bassin, L.R.A.M., and Mr. R. Chisholm, M.A.

The meeting was declared to be the most enthusiastic Comunn meeting ever held in Portree, and we are looking forward to a great gathering and a great Mod.

I left Portree at 6.30 on Tuesday morning, 28th December, and was so unfortunate as to encounter the worst gale of the winter in the Sound of Sleat. The old "Glencoe" had to put back to Kyle, and I faced the overnight journey to Glasgow via Inverness, arriving in the office at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning.

NIALL.

### THE LATE MR A. Y. MACKAY.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. A. Y. MacKay, Bridge of Allan, one of the Trustees of the Feill Fund, and one who for many years was a staunch and generous supporter of An Comunn. Mr. MacKay had reached a ripe old age, and, while in recent years, his health did not permit of his attendance at meetings, his interest in the affairs of An Comunn continued unabated.

### SECRETARY'S NOTES.

Suas e'n t-Earrach! Ann an ùine gle ghoirid bidh blàthan a' togail an cinn an còsan fasgach agus a' cur dreach aoibhneach air na bruachan. Cheana tha a' ghealag làir a' còmhachadh a' ghruinnid am fasgadh nan coiltean 's na h-cileanan siar mar bhrat sneachda, agus leanaidh an t-sòbhrach dlùth 'na dèidh. Tha an sean-fhacal ag ràdh nach fhaigh lusan cead faisgus an tilg a' Chailleach a slachdan, ach tha mòran nach feith ri sin agus is math nach feith. Tha an dùthaich air a' bcairteachadh leis na blàthan bòidheach a thogas an cinn roimh chòmhdach sneachda.

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The National Mod Syllabus is now in the hands of prospective competitors, and several choirs have commenced practising the Mod pieces. By the time the Magazine reaches members and readers, the third Book of Mod Songs (Orain a' Mhòid) will be on sale at Messrs. MacLaren, Glasgow. The price is one shilling. In addition to the test pieces, the booklet contains the specially arranged duets for Junior competitors.

\* \* \* \*

The Treasurer has asked me to remind members who have not sent in their subscriptions for year ending May, 1926, to be good enough to do so as early as convenient for them. The number of new members added to the roll is very gratifying, but we need more, and I shall be glad to send nomination forms to members who are likely to make good use of them.

\* \* \* \*

It will interest our members to learn that the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir was singing at the three Burns' Festival Concerts held in the Usher Hall, Edinburgh, on 22nd and 23rd January. This is the first time a Gaelic choir has been asked to perform at Scottish Concerts of such importance, and it is significant of the interest in and appreciation of Gaelic music by non-Gaelic speakers. Hearty congratulations to Mr. Neil Orr and his choir members.

NIALL.

### THIRD PROVINCIAL MOD.

The Third Perthshire Provincial Mod is to be held at Aberfeldy on Friday, 25th June. Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A., Killin, is convener, and Miss C. MacDonald, High School, Pitlochry, is secretary.

## BUAIN NAN CAMAN.

Le DALBHIDH URCHADAN, M.A.

Is fada bho chuala mi a bhi seinn, agus sin le làn durachd agus beo fhairteachduinn, “Buain nan dearcag ris an spreidh,” agus “Buain na rainich daonnan,” ach cha chuala mise, agus chan fhiosrach mi gu bheil fear eile beo a leugh no a chuala iomradh air bard a bha aig an t-saothair dàn no luinneag a dheilbh a chum “Buain nan caman” a mholadh no a chàineadh, agus is rud e a chuir mighean is dorran orm nach do dhrùidh cuspair cho freagarrach air mac-meanmuin nan clìar; oir cha robh la eile eadar Calluinn is Nodhlaig aig an robh barrachd buaidh air aighe bhalach na Gaidhealtachd na bha aig la buain nan caman. Bha iomadh ullachadh ri dheanadh air chinn Oidhche Shamhna agus bha mórán de shonas an co-cheangal ri deas-ghnathan na h-oidhche bheannaichte ud, ach an uair a bha an t-Samhuinn air a slugadh ann an cuan mór na siorruidheachd, b’e la mór na camanachd an cuspair sonruichte bha tarraing air n-aighe a la agus a dh’oidhche agus a’ brosnachadh ar càile gu euchdan gleusda a dheanadh air an biodh iomradh aig balaich eile an uair a bhiodh sinn fad air falbh thar mhonaidhean is chuaintean an t-saoghail. B’e rùn gach fir greim fhaotainn air a’ chaman a bu ghrinne, bu shnasail agus bu chothromaiche a bha riamh air Gainmheach Smiuthaig air La Callunn.

Bha a’ choille bheithe anns an robh na camain a’ cinneachadh mu cheithir mìle suas am monadh agus cha robh Sathurna bho Shamhuinn gu Nodhlaig nach biodh pragan bhalach le acfuinn fhreagarrach a’ dusgadh machalla agus a’ cur teichidh air cèlraidh nan doireachan, agus tha amharus agam mur a b’e eagal an craicinn gum biodh cuid diubh ag aoradh air ionadaibh arda agus am badanaibh dosrach air làithean toirmisgt’ eadar Di-luain agus Di-h-aoine, ach nan deanadh maor na sgoile casaid gun robh ar n-àitichean falamh ‘san tigh-sgoile cha bhiodh dumb sam bith air ar pàrantan ris a’ mhaighstir sgoile ged a bhiodh comharradh a chròige air na rùdan againn. Bu diomhain dhuinn an lethsgèul gun robh sinn aig àm de’n t-seorsa ud a’ foghlum ann an leabhar Nàdur agus gun robh sinn ag ionnsachadh leasain a bheireadh toilinntinn duinn fada an dèidh dhuinn mórán de ionnsachadh an tigh-sgoile a’ leigeil gu tur as ar cuimhne. Air an aobhar ud bha sinn a’ cumail na h-àithne a chaidh a dhealbh an aghaidh seachnadh na

sgoile agus a’ sonrachadh Di-Sathurn àraidh air son ar cuairt anns na monaidhean, agus ged nach robh NicCòiseam an achlais gach fir againn cha robh sinn idir an easbhuidh uidheam iomchuidh air son “sealgairiachd nam beal-aichean.” Bha luagh bheag gheur an dòrn gach neach de’n chiudeachd, taod na achlais, agus mir tarbhach de aran cruidh coirec air a chalcadh na phocaid le cùl-càise a chumadh a chridhe ris gus an tilleadh e dhachaidh aig tuiteam na h-oidhche. Cha robh feum air an tuilleadh annlainn oir bha ceud caochan mireagach cànrnach air a thurus gu cladach anns an caisgeadh e a phathadh is anns am faigheadh e a shàth.

Bu shuigeartach sinn a’ dìreadh nan aonach agus bu togarrach ar cridheachan. Cha robh ceum de’n astar anns nach robh cùimhneachan air là eile air an do ghabh sinn an t-slighe cheudna a’ dol a bhuaibh chaman, no a shoadachadh an t-seasgaich, no a bhuaibh luachrach. So an Abhainn Ur dheth an tric a thug sinn dhachaidh bacan bhreac, sud Bruthach na Badghóbhraidh anns an d’fhuair sinn nead na circe fraoich, agus seall thallud Druim-Carn-Neill far an do reub madraidh Chlann ‘IeRath as a chéle Niall MacLeod. Tha sinn a nis a’ teannadh air an Fheithe Dhìrich agus Bruthach nan Uirighean anns an robh Gille Dubh Loch a Drùing ‘ga falach fhèin ri linn ar sinn-seanair, agus ma ghreasas sinn oirnn ruigidh sinn Clais a’ Bhuighnich far a bheil an tunna oir a’ dh’fhalach muinntir Thearlaich an uair a bha an ruaig ro theith. An uair a dh’ èirias a’ ghrian air La Bealltan tha an tunna ri faicinn air ceann gach seachd bliadhna, agus nach bu mhath an airidh a bhi ‘sa’ ghlaic a cheud Bhealltain gun fhios nach bi sinn cho sealbhach agus gum faigh sinn na chumas ann am pailteas sinn fad ré ar leatha.

Ach is e tha air ar n-aire na camain agus so againn an t-àrte anns am faigh sinn iad. Gabhaidh gach fear craobh dha fhéin agus toisicheadh e air bualadh gu talamh gach meanglan anns a bheil a shùil chuireadh a’ faicinn rogha is taghadh a’ chaman. Tha eubhachd is deasboid, slacadaich nan tuagh is port-a-beul a’ briseadh na sàmheachair agus a’ cur fuadach air na bòcain a bhios ri marbh na h-oidhche a’ dannsadh air na caithrichean air am faicear fhathast na cuairteagan uaine air an do shaltair casan beaga nan daoine-sithe an uair bha an saoghal òg agus bha a’ Ghaidhlig aig na h-eoin.

Tha gach cualach a nis ullamh. “Tog orm an t-eallach,” agus bitheamaid a’ tarraing oir tha an t-slighe gu baile buan, agus thug àile ùrar nam fuar-mhonadh géirid do ar càil agus



is fada leinn gach éis a chumas bhnaoin blàths na grìosaich agus caidreamh na dachaidh.

Theid a nis na camain a mheigheadh agus cuirear anns an fhàrlas iad gus an dean iad beagan sùghaidh, agus an ceann ceithir na coig laithean bheir tàl is locair dheth na enagan agus gheibh na camain a' cheud snaigheadh. Cuirear greis eile ann an ceo na mòna iad agus tha iad a nis ullamh airson na sliseagan deireannach a thoirt dhiubh agus lith a chur orra a bheir barrachd air cuid chaich. Oir cha bheag an fharpais a bhiodh am measg nan athraichean, dh' fhiach co aige bhios au t-inneal a's boidheche air raon.

Ach mo thruaighe "chan fhaicear sud san am so anns a' ghleann san robh mi òg;" 'se tha a nis againn camain ghallda a cheannaicheas sinn anns na bùthan mar a cheannaicheas sinn pioban no siabunn. Nach ann air a' Ghaidhealtachd a thainig an da la? Ach bithidh la a's fhearr againn an uair a sguireas sinn de chleachdadh ghoireasan a dh' fhaodadh sinn a dheanamh de an bharr tha a' fàs au tir nan bean.

### MARBHRANN.

Thàinig sgeul o thuath thugainn,  
Chuir gruaman air gach gnùis,  
Dh'fhàg iomadh cridh' muldach,  
'Nuair leugh iad mar bha chùis;  
Gun chaochail a' bhean ghràdhach,  
A bha geanail, blàth is ciùin  
'S a nis a' chuid bha bàsmhor dhith  
'G a chàradh anns an ùir.

Chan iongnadh fear bha pòda aice  
Bhi brònach mar a tha;  
Chunnaic sinn na deòir aige,  
'G an dòrtadh gus an làr;  
Gun leigheas air an leòn aige,  
Gun sòlas fad an là,  
Ach na th' aige chomhfhurtachd  
A' còmhnuidh bhì gu h-àrd.

A nis a' seinn an òrain  
Leis na h-òighean a tha shuas;  
An t-òran nach tig erloch air,  
Ach gu sìorruidh a bhios buan;  
Glòir do'n Tì a shaor sinn  
A mach a saoghal truagh,  
'S a chuir an seilbh na h-oighreachd sinu  
Le aoibhneas fad do-luaidh.

A chrùnaich sinn le frinnteachd,  
An Tì do'n tug sinn gràdh;  
A dh' ionraic 'na fhuil phrìseil sinn,  
Oir dh' lobradh e 'n ar n-àit';

A ghlan sinn o ar truaillidheachd  
'S a thug dhuinn buaidh, thar chach,  
Glòir do'n Tì a naomhaich sinn,  
'S a shaor sinn o ar nành'd.

Ach bidh a' chuid a dh' fhàgas iad  
'S an fhàsach so 'gan caoidh;  
Oir tha sin cho nàdurra,  
Is luchd an gràidh 'gan dìth:  
'N uair bhios an ceangal-pòsaidh  
Ann an còrdadh, is an sìth,  
Is sgarachdainn ro-chràiteach e,  
Am bàs 'ga thoirt gu crìch.

A charaid! chan 'eil iongnadh ann  
Do suaintean a bhi tròin;  
T' inntinn a bhi muldach,  
Is iomairt bhi ad chòm,  
Chaill thu còile cheanalta  
Bha geanail anns gach àm,  
A bha 'na comunn dileas duit,  
Gun ruith a tinn gu ceann.

Feuch nach bi thu gearain  
Air do charaide as feàrr;  
A bha ri faire thairis ort,  
'S a lean thu tre gach càs  
A choimhlìonas a ghealladh dhuit,  
Le neart a réir do là;  
Le cobhair an àm feuma dhuit,  
'S cha tréig e thu gu bràth.

Is feuch gum bi thu strìochdta  
Leis an riaghladh mar a tha;  
Tha'n daimh bha iomadh bliadhn' agaibh  
Air crìochnachadh le bàs;  
Cha chéile dhuit nas mò i,  
Ach an daimh gu mór as feàrr—  
'N a piuthar ann an Crìosda dhuit,  
Gu sìorruidh is gu bràth.

'N uair thig do réis gu ceann agad,  
A' dol troimh ghleann nan deòir  
'S a gheibh thu dhachaidh sàbhailte  
Do'n àite nach 'eil bròn,  
Coimhlìonaidh e a ghealladh dhuit,  
Is siabaidh bhuat do sgaraid;  
Sin chì thu na chaidh sgaraid bhuat,  
'S cha dhealaich sibh na' s mò.

ANDREW NOBLE.

The foregoing elegy was composed for the late Mrs. Gillies in Erlish, Skye.

### THE PICTORIAL FACULTY.

The pictorial faculty, as shown in the description of personal attractiveness, is richly illustrated in Gaelic love-songs. The variety of images employed to portray the charm of female loveliness is very extensive. According

to evidence that may be gathered from the observation of numerous love-lyrics, one of the main symptoms of a passionate obsession is the effort to portray, with a warm glow, the real or ideal graces of the person beloved. This is the powerful motive that brings out talent where it exists, and that incites the natural and artistic use of the pictorial faculty in songs of love. The rose, the lily, the primrose; the sunlight and the rolling clouds; the radiance of stars, the murmur of brooks, and the song of birds; the clear blue of pure ice as the emblem of the irresistible eye that belongs to a certain type of Gaelic beauty; things which in themselves are fascinating to the sight or entrancing to the ear, have been abundantly utilised in this connection by Gaelic bards. We quote one instance of exceptional merit from Evvan M'Coll, where he introduces an early discovery of boyhood—the image of the clouds as if beneath the surface of lake or limpid pool:—

“Faileasan a ghaòil 'n a sùil—

Mar tha neamh an grunnid Loch-aic.”

“The reflection of love in her eye—

Like the heavens in the depth of Loch-aic.”

An example of the elegant and spontaneous use of natural objects for the portrayal of personal features is provided in the following verse by Ewen Maclachlan:—

“Mar na neòil bhuidhe 'lùbas

Air stùcaibh nan slaibh;

Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa

Gu sìubhlach a snìomh,

Tha 'gruaidh mar an ròs

'N uair is bòidheche 'bhios fhiamh,

Fo ùr-dhealt a Chèitein,

Mu'n èirich a ghrian.

“Like the golden clouds

Enfolding the mountain peaks;

The locks of my fair one

Bountifully flow,

Her cheek is like the rose

When its tint is loveliest,

Beneath the dew of June

Before the sun has arisen.”

Dr. A. C. Morrison, has, with a rare and happy art, described in his “Duanag do 'n Ghaoith,” “Song to Wind,” the rustling of the breeze in a field of barley, and its moaning in the dead waste of night. The entire poem might be called a study in psychology, for it expresses with unerring power the different feelings that are produced by the wind in its varied moods:—

“Gur binne do chaitheirim  
Na aithris nau teud,  
Air achadh an eorna  
'S e òg anns an dèis;  
'S e 'g aomadh fo d' anail  
'Na ghlinn is 'na mheallan,  
As Inainiche faileas  
Is Iainnir ri grèin.

“'Nuair thuiteas an oidhche  
Air beinn agus cluain,  
'S bhios duin' agus ainmhidh  
Gu balbh ann an suain;  
Bi tusa le d' chlàrsaich  
'S na doireachan fàsaid  
'S gun fhreagrach dha d' mhànan  
Ach gàireich a' chuain.”

“Sweeter is thy rustling  
Than the melody of Strings,  
In the fields of barley  
When it is young on the stalk;  
While it waves beneath thy breath  
In undulating ridges and vales  
Whose shade and gleam are alternate  
In the light of the sun.

“When night has descended  
On meadow and mountain,  
And men and all creatures  
Are in silent repose;  
Thou tunest thy harp  
In the lonely groves,  
To the responsive music  
Of ocean's murmur.”

The graphic element in the following tableau is remarkable. The conception and the utterance both indicate the possession of the pictorial faculty in a high degree:—

“Agus tha ainglean gile-ghil Dè, agus an cas ri barracha biod, an suil ri bonnachach baidh, an cluas ri fonnachach fuinn, an sgiathan a sgairneach, an colann a critheanaich, a-feitheamh ri fios a chur mu'n ghnòmh le buille dhe 'n sgeith a chon Rìgh na Cathair shiorruidh.”

“And the surprisingly white angels of God, with their foot on tiptoe, their eye on the horizon, their ear to the ground, their wings flapping, their bodies trembling, are waiting to send announcement of the deed, with a beat of their wings, to the King of the Throne everlasting.”

(Carmichael: “Carmina Gadelica,” I., p. 205.)

The pictorial faculty as employed in the description of natural objects is happily illustrated in the poem of “Coire-Cheathaich,” “The Misty Corrie,” by Duncan Ban McIntyre:—

“Tha mala ghruamach de 'n bhìolar uaine  
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' anns an fhonn;  
 Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlach  
 'S an grinneal gainmhiach gu meanbh-gheal  
 pronn,

'N a ghluhan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,  
 Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunned eas  
 lom;

Gach sruthan uasal na chuailean cùl-ghorm  
 A ruith na spàta 's na lùba steall.”

“The water cresses surround each fountain  
 With gloomy eye-brows of darkest green;  
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain  
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and  
 clean;

Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling  
 The new-born stream from the darksome  
 deep;

Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling  
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.”

(Translated by Lachlan Macbean.)

An impressive picture of the dissolution of the physical world is presented in the poem, “Latha' Bhreitheanais,” “The Day of Judgment,” by Dugald Buchanan. A striking feature of the poet's description is its terrible realism. His imagination creates a scene on the scale of the sublime; and the awful picture that burdens his own mind is conveyed in language and figures which possess dignity and power appropriate to the subject:—

“Leaghaidh na duile 'nuas le teas  
 Ceart mar a leaghas teine ceir;  
 Na cruic 's na sleibhte 'lasadh suas,  
 'S bidh teas-ghoil air a chuan gu leir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach  
 An storas riamh do neach da 'n deòin,  
 Tha iad gu fialaidh 'taosgadh 'mach  
 An ionmhas leaght mar abhainn mhòir.

“An cuirtean gorm tha null o 'n ghrein  
 'S mu'n cuairt do 'n chruinne-chè mar chleòc,  
 Crupaidh an lasar e r'a cheil'  
 Mar bheallig air na h-èibhlean beò.

“Tha 'n t-adhar 'g a thachd' le neulaibh tiugh,  
 'S an toit 'n a meallaibh dubh 'dol suas,  
 'S an teine mullteach sputadh 'mach  
 'N a dhualaibh cairsreagach mu'n cuairt.”

“With heat the elements shall melt  
 Like wax in the glowing fire,  
 The hills and heights will be wrappee in  
 flames,

In steaming eddies will the ocean boil.

“The gloomy mountains that never yielded  
 But with reluctance their hidden treasures,  
 Now pour forth, of their own accord,  
 The molten gold like a flowing river.

“The azure curtain of the heavens  
 Which envelopes the world as a mantle,

Shall shrivel up and be consumed  
 Like a blade of grass in the furnace.

“The skies are choked with dense clouds,  
 The smoke ascends in black masses,  
 While all around, the destructive fire  
 Is bursting forth in curling flames.”

## BRANCH REPORTS.

BRIDGEND.—On Monday, 28th December, the Bridgend Branch of An Comunn had a most delightful Ceilidh in the Servants' Hall, Islay House. The Ceilidh took the form of a dance, interspersed with songs (Gaelic and English), games, sgeulan, tea and service of fruit. The main feature of the evening, however, was the function of presenting the Secretary, Miss Morrison, and the Treasurer, Miss Carmichael, with handsome travelling bags; and Mr. Cameron, who taught the choir in its initial stages last year, with a beautiful ebony walking stick. Mr. R. S. Macintyre, Bridgend, in rich and mellifluous Gaelic acted as spokesman for the Comunn for the first-named presentation, and Mrs. MacKillop, Ealabus, in felicitous terms for the second. The delighted recipients suitably replied. Thereafter the remainder of the programme was resumed with fresh vigour, and the very delightful evening closed with the National Anthem and “Oidhche Mhath Leibh.” Songs were contributed by Miss Macintyre, Miss MacGeachy; Messrs. J. Forrest, J. Q. Christie, A. Shaw, a Gaelic sgeul by Mr. A. McCalman and pianoforte selections by Mrs. Macintyre and Miss Aird. The stirring music for dancing was supplied by Miss Aird (pianoforte), Messrs. Forrest and Woodrow (violins) and Mr. J. C. Cameron (bagpipes).

BUNESSAN.—The monthly Ceilidh of An Comunn was held in the School, on the 18th December, when there was a large gathering of friends. The president, Rev. Neil Macphail, presided and an interesting programme was gone through. Bagpipe selections were given by Mr. Malcolm Macpherson. Gaelic readings were rendered by Messrs. Donald Morrison, Hugh Macmaster and Rev. N. Macphail. Songs were sung by Mrs. Macphail and Messrs. C. Macdonald, John Campbell, Thomas Carnie, P. Macfarlane, Lachlan Nicolson, and James Thomson. At the request of a member of the Comunn the president brought the question of the observance of the New Year festival before the meeting. He said that some kept the 1st January, while others kept the old time, the 12th, and he wished to ascertain the mind of the Comunn. He believed the 1st to be the time, as probably the other days crept in by a wrong calculation. After Mr. Hugh Macmaster and Mr. Donald Morrison, Parish Councillor, had expressed their views in favour of the 1st, the Chairman put the matter to the vote, and it was unanimously agreed to the 1st of January as New Year's Day.

DUNOON.—The monthly meeting of this Branch was held in the Imperial Hall, on Friday, 18th December. Bailie Miller occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by Vice-Presidents M'Larty and MacVicar. The Chairman, at the beginning of the evening, made feeling reference to the death of Lieutenant-Colonel John MacInnes, a very old member of the Association. A short Gaelic reading was given by Miss Shaw. A musical programme was contributed to by the following artistes:—Gaelic songs by Miss Nan Mackechnie and Mr. John Macphee, Glasgow. English songs by Miss Wilkinson and Miss Helen Macdonald; pianoforte selections by Miss Margaret Mackechnie, who was also accompanist for the evening, and bagpipe selections by Piper Ponton. Mr. D. Buie,

secretary, intimated that the Association proposed having a Gaelic solo-singing competition for juniors confined to Argyllshire.

**FERRINTOSH.**—This Branch held its last Ceilidh on Hogmanay, when a fair attendance enjoyed a programme of Gaelic and English songs, readings and gramophone selections. Gaelic songs were given by Miss W. Urquhart and Mr. John Urquhart. English songs were rendered by Misses M. Hardie, D. Fraser, P. Clarke, and Messrs. J. Alexander and James Urquhart. Messrs. Alexander and D. Urquhart gave readings, while Messrs. J. and Don. Urquhart played selections on the melodeon. The audience thoroughly appreciated the programme submitted, and the usual votes of thanks closed the meeting.

**INVERARAY.**—The fortnightly meeting of this Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the St. Malien Hall. Mrs. N. Macintyre, vice-president, presided. Bailie A. J. Macintyre told stories, and songs were rendered by Rev. Mr. Macfarlan-Barrow, Miss Peggy Ferguson, Mr. William M'Nicol. Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Catherine MacArthur, Mr. Stewart, Maitland; Mrs. M. Dunn, Mr. Hope MacArthur, Messrs. Pedine and G. Farquharson. Pianoforte selections were given by Miss M. Macintyre. Great interest is manifested in these meetings by the members, and the attendance is very good.

**INVERGARRY.**—The third Ceilidh in connection with the Branch of the An Comunn Gaidhealach was held on Hogmanay. In the absence of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Aitken, treasurer and joint secretary, was responsible for the programme. Mr. Macgillivray, president, opened the meeting. Thereafter a long and varied programme was much enjoyed, each item being well encored by the large audience. During an interval a delightful tea was served as usual by the "ten pretty maids." A collection of £1 18s was taken in a stocking at the door to defray tea expenses. Mr. Macgillivray recited a Gaelic piece, and Miss Ella Aitken danced the Highland Fling and Seann Triubhas to the perfect music of Piper Duncan Kennedy, which called forth thundering applause. At the close, Mr. Thos. Mackenzie declared this to be the finest Ceilidh that has taken place since their inception in November, 1924. The applause showed that the audience agreed with him.

**KILLIN.**—On Monday, 28th December, a Ceilidh was held in Killin Public Hall under the auspices of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Rev. G. W. Mackay, M.A., president of the Branch, presided. The speaker for the evening was Mr. John M'Donald, Oban, the conductor of the Oban Gaelic Choir, a choir which has made a reputation for itself, as it has carried off the premier awards at the National Mod. Taking as his subject, "Gaelic Song and Story," Mr. M'Donald gave his audience an entertaining and instructive address on the various types of Gaelic song, orán-mór, port-a-beul, laments and love songs. These were illustrated felicitously by the lecturer, and his two assistants. Misses Campbell and M'Donald, Oban. At the close, Rev. G. W. Mackay expressed his pleasure at the interesting and effective address, and on his motion a most cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer, his two assistants, and the accompanist, Miss Stewart, Killin.

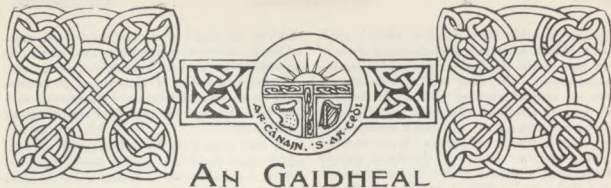
**COLONSAY.**—Since its inception at the beginning of this winter, the Branch has held regular meetings. Miss MacGregor, school teacher, is secretary and treasurer, and deserves great credit for her energetic and painstaking work on behalf of An Comunn, and for the excellence of the programmes submitted at all the meetings. In this she is ably assisted by Mr. Malcolm Macintyre, who has on several occasions gained prizes at the National Mod. The programme is always varied, and each item is full of interest and in complete harmony with the

funds were substantially augmented and the membership brought up to 46. Mr. Murdoch MacNeill, Garvard, read a most interesting and highly instructive paper to the members at the Ceilidh held on 21st January. The title of the paper was "Colonsay Place Names, Conundrums, Proverbs and Stories," and was well worthy of a larger audience, but not a more enthusiastic or appreciative one. The office-bearers of the Branch were so impressed with the treatment of the various subjects that they intend having Mr. MacNeill's contribution published in book form. The Toimhseachain and Sgeulachdan recalled to many present happy childhood days. The Branch is fortunate in having the support of Miss Mary MacKinnon, Baleraomindubh, daughter of the late esteemed Professor Donald MacKinnon, Edinburgh University, who, along with Misses Clark and Christina MacAllister, Rev. Mr. MacFadyen, Messrs. Peter Cameron, M. Galbraith, Harper, M. Macintyre, Neil MacPhee and D. Munn (piper), helped to make the Ceilidh of 21st January a memorable one.

**LOCH CARRON.**—The first meeting of the local Branch was held on 7th January, when a varied programme was submitted. Those who contributed were Mr. F. Murchison, Mr. D. Fleming, Miss Flora Henderson, Miss Annie Mackay, and Miss Maggie Mackay.

**NETHER LOCHABER.**—Members of Comunn Gaidhealach Iochdar Lochabair, held their monthly Ceilidh in the Hall, on 18th December.—Mr. John Macneill presiding. Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of the Comunn Gaidhealach, made a short speech in Gaelic, which was greatly appreciated. Selections on the pipes by Mr. A. Cameron opened the musical programme, which was well sustained by Miss Attwell, Miss Macdougall, Miss Simpson and Mrs. Cameron. The bards, Mr. John Macdougall and Mr. Donald Cameron were also in excellent form. The story of the Candlesticks by Mr. David Macdonald was well received. Cheers for Mr. Neil Shaw, and for those who contributed to the excellent programme, closed a very happy Ceilidh.

**LOCHGILFHEAD.**—The second Ceilidh of this Branch was held in the Masonic Hall, on Wednesday, 13th January. Mrs. Brown, president, presided. There was a good attendance of members and friends, the company numbering about 100. The programme for the evening was arranged by Misses Brown and M'Vean. After the company's singing of "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig," a varied programme of songs, recitations, dances, dialogue, tweed-waulking, was submitted. Highland dances were neatly executed by Misses M'Alister, Rankine and M'Lulich. Gaelic songs were rendered by the following:—Mrs. Kemp, Misses Brown, Ferguson and M'Alister, while Scotch songs were sung by Mr. Jones and Mr. J. M'Vean. Each item was well applauded by the appreciative audience. Immediately before the interval, an amusing Gaelic dialogue (acted) entitled "An Listening In," was given by Miss C. M'Tavish and Mr. P. Macleod. An enjoyable tea was then served by the Ladies' Committee, while gramophone selections of Gaelic and Scotch songs were given by Mrs. MacAlpine, and stirring selections on the piob-mhór by Pipe-Major MacLarty. The second part of the programme was equally good. Especially so was the tweed-waulking exhibition, which was a novelty to the majority of the audience. At the end of the musical programme "Oidheche Mhath leibh" and "Auld Lang Syne" were sung by the company, and the customary votes of thanks were accorded to the artistes by Mr. P. M'Leod. A very enjoyable dance followed, good music being supplied by Messrs. Capocchi and M'Larty, and Pipe-Major M'Larty. The duties of M.C. were efficiently carried out by Mr. J. MacVean. The company dispersed at



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Leabhar XXI.]

Am Màrt, 1926.

[Earrann 6

### CEOL MOR AIG A' MHOD.

Mar a chaidh a rùnachadh le Comhairle A' Chomunn o chionn trì mìosan air ais, bidh deuchainn ùr aig Mòd an Obain anns an fhoghar. Is i an deuchainn sin comh-fharpais anns a' cheòl mhór. Ged a tha an ceòl mór 'g a chleachdadh an àite no dhà an diugh, gidheadh chan eil cothrom no misneach air an tabhairt do 'n òigridh mar bu chòir. Aig na coinneamhan móra comhstri mar a ta gu bliadhnail an Inbhirneis, an Lochabar agus anns an Oban, is gnàth do na pìobairean a bhì aig deuchainn anns a' cheòl mhór. Ach is bochd an nì nach eil na comh-fharpuisean sin fosgailte do neach sam bith nach eil 'n a phìobaire mar dhreuchd. Tha an cumhnant ud a' cumail móran air an ais o bhì a' cluich ciùil mhóir aig na coinneamhan bliadhnail sin. A ris tha Comunn na Pìobaireachd, agus Comunn nam Pìobairean Albannach a' cumail comh-fharpuisean anns a' cheòl mhór. Ach feumaidh neach a bhì 'n a bhall de an dà chomunn sin mu faod e seasamh airson duais a chosnadh aig na deuchainnean a tha na comunn sin a' gleidheadh. Mar sin tha e soilleir gu bheil àite gu leòr fhathast airson deuchainn ùr anns a faod gach aon nach eil 'n a phìobaire mar dhreuchd, a chomas a dhearbhadh agus duais a chosnadh. Tha duaisean àraidh gu bhì air an tairgsinn. Thugadh mar thabhartais do 'n Chomunn Ghàidhealach a chum na crìche so, Cuachdhùlain airgid, a chumar fad bliadhna maille ri bonn-suaicheantais òir airson na ceud duaise; agus bonn-suaicheantas airgid mar an dara duais.

Chan eil teagamh againn nach bì cuid a' faighneachd: ciod am feum a bha air deuchainn

ùr mar so? Nach eil ceòl gu leòr aig a' Mhòd a cheana? Ciod e an riatanas do 'n Chomunn ri bhì a' gabhail gnothuich ri ceòl mór an uair a tha muinntir eile thall 's a bhos a' tabhairt aire dha? A nis tha e furasda gu leòir na ceistean sin a chur; agus tha e cheart cho furasda am fausgladh. Nochd sinn a cheana am feum a tha air an deuchainn ùr so, a chum is gum bì cothrom aig neach sam bith leis an àil, bonn-suaicheantais a chosnadh le feabhas a chuid cluiche anns a' cheòl mhór. Tha An Comunn cleachdta ri comh-fharpais a chumail an cluich na clàrsaich, na piano, agus na fìdhle. Is neònach an nì gum biodh na h-innealan sin air an brosnuchadh aig a' Mhòd, agus gum biodh a' phìob air a h-àicheadh! Ach chan ann gu sònruichte air sgàth na pìoba mar inneal a tha sinn a' deanamh tagraidh aig an am, ach air sgàth a' chiùil mhóir, meur de 'n cheòl a tha comh-cheangailte ris a' phìob na h-aonar; oir ged a chluichear ceòl beag air inneal sam bith a chaidh ainmeachadh, gidheadh cha chluichear ceòl mór ach air a' phìob a mhàin.

Tha An Comunn Gàidhealach a nis air fàs gu inbhe, air chor is gu bheil muinntir ag amharc air mar dhìdean is mar dhìon do gach nì a bhuineas do fhoghlum is oilean ar sinnsir. Tha fhios againn uile ciod e am feum a tha An Comunn a' deanamh a thaobh litreachas is ceòl-seinn. Ged a tha na h-òrain milis binn—na luinneagan taitneach ris a' robh sinn cleachdta o thùs ar n-òige—tha so ri chantuinn, nach ann idir anns a' cheòl-sheinn ged is prìseil e, a tha teomachd is inntleachd ar n-athraichean ri 'm faicinn aig am feabhas no aig an àrde. Ach is anns a' cheòl mhór a chì sinn gu sònruichte ciod e na comasan ciùil a bha aig ar sinnsir. Tha e aithnichte gu faod muinntir



tighinn gu àirde iongantaich a thaobh ciùil, ged a bhiodh goireasan saoghalta gann gu leòr. Sin mar a dh' éirich do ar muinntir anns a t-sean aimsir. Ged nach robh an sporan trom bha an spiorad eutrom, mar a thachair do dh' iomadh Gaidheal Albannach is Eireannach agus an latha an diugh. An uair a bheachdaicheas sinn le tùr is foghaidean air alt a chiùil mhóir—mar a chaidh a thabhairt gu ire iongantaich a thaobh deilbh is loinn, tuigidh sinn ciod e na buadhan, an dealas, an dùrachd is an deachd a bha aig an luchd-ciùil sin a chuir an ceòl mór air ghleus. Is ann a chionn is gu bheil na Gàidhil an diugh ag éisdeachd ri ceòl choigreach a chail iad an tlachd anns a t-sean ceòl. Bha uair ann agus bha an sluagh coitichionn riarachta le ceòl an dùthcha féin, agus gu h-àraidh leis a' cheòl mhór. An déidh Bliadhna Thearlaich thugadh tilleadh anabarrach do shean cheòl na pioba, a bha air a thoirmeasg eadhon mar a bha an t-éideadh dùthchasail. Ach dh' aiseigeadh air ais an t-eileadh beag agus bheothaicheadh an ceòl mór, a dh' aindeòin naimhdean na Gàidhealtachd. Is i aon de chriochan àraidh A' Chomuinn a bhí 'dùsgadh spiorad a' Ghàidhil. Agus tha dòchas againn gum bi a' chomh-fharpais ùr 'n a meadhan air spiorad ar sinnsir ath-bheothachadh an uchd na linn a tha an làthair; agus gun gabh an luchd-éisdeachd annas agus tlachd de na cumhaichean na caitheimean agus na fàilteachan a tha againn fathast mar ionmhas o na ginealaich a dh' fhalbh.

## A NATIONAL GAELIC DRAMA.

By the EDITOR.

We desire to employ the term National Drama as denoting a body of dramatic literature which illustrates the different eras of racial history, and sets them in a vital relation to one another, from the early dawn to the latest period of national life. We maintain that practical use ought to be made of the valuable material that lies ready to hand. We proceed to state explicitly some arguments in favour of a national Gaelic drama. It will probably be conceded that a race is rendered more self-reliant by the consciousness of venerable antecedents. When the link with a heroic past is broken, and the native traditions regarding it are neglected, the memory of the heroic past fades into oblivion, and the race itself is made all the poorer by being gradually deprived of a knowledge of its long ancestry.

Just as the chief of a clan acquires a sense of worth and responsibility from the fact that he represents an ancient line, so an entire race may derive a feeling of dignity, and an inspiration for enterprise, from an acquaintance with its own lineage as preserved in ancestral traditions.

If this contention be well-founded we conclude that there are several useful purposes which a national Gaelic drama could be made to serve. We must not lose sight of the fact that the rehearsal of Gaelic romance has come to an end as a distinctive custom; and that there is now, apart from drama, no sufficiently effective means of keeping alive in the rising generation an intelligent memory of its own antecedents. It is not by any means a problem whether a national Gaelic drama could be created. There can be no doubt that a literary movement of that kind is quite practicable. With regard to such a drama, the material necessary for its creation is abundant, and the talent required for its composition is available. The need for a drama of that description will be shown in the present article. The kindly reception extended to the few published Gaelic plays that have been submitted to the public bodes well for the warm welcome that would await a worthy national drama. In the national drama which is clearly feasible, the heroic ages of the Gaelic race assume a concrete form. Such a drama takes note of the mythology that remains. It enriches the literature of the Gael with interesting types of character and ideals, while it presents an estimate of ancient manners and customs. It encourages patriotism by familiarising the popular mind with examples of that virtue. The heritage of legend becomes once more a living force; the renown of illustrious names appeals to the racial imagination; and the growing sense of national life is intensified by the influence of the storied past.

But how are we to bring the ideas of that heroic past to bear on the intellectual life of the modern Gael? Can we do so by merely selecting for admiration a few literary gems that are rich and rare by reason of their lyric sweetness? Gems of this description furnish a sample, indeed, of the quality of the literary treasure. But stray fragments can never convey the inspiration and the noble proportions of the ancient literature itself. Nor yet is it likely that the object in view can be achieved by a mere narration in prose or verse, of the main incidents in Gaelic romance. The manner of the descriptive poem or story is, for this purpose, too abstract and remote from action. It is

doubtful if ever the average modern Gael will be made by such means to realise his own lineage. He requires to have his imagination kindled by a concrete presentation of the old race; to be made acquainted in a more vivid and impressive way with their life and customs; to be enthused by their ideals and inspired by the best things they have said and done. To furnish the modern Gaelic mind with a practical grasp and appreciation of racial traditions, the most effective literary method is, undoubtedly, a national Gaelic drama. Here we have a literary vehicle that is capable of presenting in a concrete form to ear and eye the richness of the old material, combined with an arresting picture of the life and thought of Gaeldom in ancient times. By such means the old Gaelic world could be rehabilitated; in their new setting, the sagas and tales would acquire a fresh interest; a just estimate could be given of what the Gael has done in the past; a convincing picture could be drawn of his position and his prospects at the present time; and it would be no undue ambition to suggest some excellent things of which he is capable in the future. The revival of racial memory, and the realisation of unexhausted vigour, would here, as in other instances, lead to the resuscitation of racial hope.

It is not to be thought that the benefits which a national Gaelic drama could confer on the Gael are of a mercenary or utilitarian kind. The proper function of literature is higher than the level of utility. What then, we may ask, are those needs of the Gael that could be met by such a drama as we are discussing? We venture to suggest his two greatest needs, namely, that he should retain his own individuality, and that he should preserve the peculiar quality and tone of his imagination. Both requirements are spiritual; but if both were duly met, all else would be well with the Gael. His chief need at this moment is that he should be faithfully kept in mind of the distinctive spirit of his own people, in case he lose his individuality, and become a creature who is neither Gael nor Saxon nor Teuton, but a nondescript, possessing many of the worst features of all these races, with very few, indeed, of their best. To meet with a degenerate being of this type is a mortifying experience. He makes a boast of being a citizen of the world, but he is rarely or never capable of noble ideas or generous deeds. Against such a departure from his racial characteristics, the contemporary Gael would be warned and encouraged by drama, which would properly exhibit the part which his race

is expected to play among the races of mankind. It is not a narrow view that draws a line of demarcation between individual races as units in the world of thought and action. The division is justified by the present variety of national literatures, ideals and civilisations. And the Gaelic race, if it permits itself to continue to be absorbed in other races, will deservedly disappear as a racial unit in the near future, and its once hopeful promise will be as a tale that is told.

With regard to the second need, such a type of Gaelic drama as we are here discussing, would bring the ideals of a heroic past to bear on the intellectual life of the Gael, by helping him to preserve the quality and freshness of his imagination amid the commercial interests of modern life. For the contemporary Gael is threatened with a loss which cannot be expressed in the language of the market place. Nor yet is it a loss on account of which he will receive much sympathy from the Philistine. The loss is an impoverishment of soul, a lowering of the tone of fine feeling through the undue dominance of utilitarianism. The prevention of such a calamity ought to be the chief ambition of every Gael who has the good of his people at heart. Any thoughtful observer may notice the gradual process by which a youth, reared in some Gaelic-speaking district, and familiar with tales and ancient lore as handed down by tradition, becomes in a few years a man of the world, having little genuine sympathy with the atmosphere of romance in which his boyhood was passed. The youth migrates into the city, and soon takes on the city ways. He mixes in the common throng, conforms to the usual conventions, and learns by degree to regard the stern problems of life in the same realistic manner as do those around him. In the arena of competition, whether with brain or hand, he requires to exert his full strength in order to achieve success. That he should thus prove his personal efficiency is surely a matter to be proud of; but the sad and pathetic fact in his case is, that the loss of which we have just spoken is speedily coming to pass. It is not only in the exercise of his energies in serious work that he conforms to the ways of his competitors, but even his hours of relaxation are likely to be devoted to the amusements that happen to be in vogue—amusements which are as far removed from the surroundings of his youth as is the routine of his daily avocation. All this takes place in the midst of a civilisation that has absolutely nothing in common with the old traditions in which his soul had once been steeped. It

is the violent breach of continuity between the environment of boyhood and that of manhood that constitutes the danger to the native quality of his imagination. The inevitable result is, that in his case the "vision splendid," by which he had been accompanied in the earlier part of life's journey, fades into the light of common day far sooner than it ought to have done. But if it were possible for him to find his amusement in witnessing a Gaelic play, in which the associations of boyhood and the dreams of romance could revisit his soul from time to time, the continuity of his life would be partly maintained, and his imagination would be guarded from the materialising effects of a strenuous business life in the city.

The existence of a dramatic censorship in this country indicates that from the ethical point of view, the power of drama is great for good or for evil. It is to our purpose briefly to note the contrast that would exist between the ethics of contemporary drama, and those of a possible Gaelic drama which would be true to the spirit of the old Gaelic literature. It is notorious that recent English plays which have any pretensions to a noble didactic purpose have also an exceedingly short run of popularity. It is no injustice to say that if a contemporary play aspires to create a "favourable" impression and enjoy a profitable vogue, it must resort to some such doubtful devices as the following:—It must lend excitement to the career of the clever rogue; or it must trail the glory of the dramatic art in the mire by borrowing an illicit interest from the violation of the sacred institution that preserves the honour and happiness of domestic life. In contrast to all this, it is no exaggeration to assert that Gaelic drama, which would adhere to the ethics of Gaelic literature, would be marked by a tone of simple and robust integrity. It would certainly avoid the faults of moral decadence that usually appear in any society in which the crude things of sense have acquired a false value, and the faculty of imagination is reduced to utilitarian standards. That Gaelic drama need not adopt unworthy methods in order to be popular is already proved by the fact that Gaelic plays have secured popularity without resorting to questionable devices. Gaelic drama which would reflect the ethics of the Gaelic race, as indicated in their literature, would possess a loftiness of purpose which could never allow it to set in a heroic light the ingenuity of the clever rogue, and we may infer from the spirit of Gaelic chivalry and romance that in regard to the relations between the sexes, the prevailing

motive could be nothing less than that of legitimate and honourable love.

Judging from the analogy of important wars that have been waged with grim earnestness in the past, it is probable that one result at least of the great European War will be a renunciation in the realm of literature of much that is unworthy and insincere. The stern experience that is already beginning to reveal its fruit in the reformation of national character, is sure to make its influence felt before long in literature too. No gift of prophecy is required to forecast that in the dramatic art there may soon be a genuine return to the spontaneity and freshness of Nature. The connection of all this with our theme is, that a national Gaelic drama might be inaugurated in a new era, of which the ethos may be more favourable to the old ideals of the Gaelic race than the ethos of the recent past has been. At a time like the present, when the intellectual life of Europe is undergoing an unparalleled change, there never was such an opportunity for the Gael to assert those peculiar mental qualities that have distinguished him for well-nigh two thousand years. A worthy dramatic presentation of the ideals of his people to his sympathy and intelligence might evoke from him an unexpected response in the not far distant day, when other intellectual ideals that have sprung from alien sources must inevitably compete for his acceptance. One thing is certain—the ugliness of treachery has become so manifest in our time, that if honour is to survive, a fresh emphasis must be laid on the sacredness of the plighted word. The vindication of honour would furnish a congenial atmosphere to the magnanimous code of Gaelic chivalry; and the return to nature in drama would afford an environment wherein there could be nothing more fit than a revival of the varied interests of Gaelic romance.

The influence of heroic legends used to appear occasionally in modern Gaelic poetry and prose. Within the modern period it was customary for poets and prose-writers to illustrate their subject-matter by a happy illusion to some outstanding incident in the old literature. Such references were fully understood and admired by the readers. The artistic use of illustrations from ancient tales preserved the continuity of the literature, and the effort of the individual writer was invested with the dignity suggested by the allusion. But within the past half-century, especially in Scotland, a great change has taken place. Writers of Gaelic verse and prose have practically ceased to refer to instances from the old literature by way of

illustration. The change was probably due, rather to English influence than to any lack of capacity either in the authors or in their public to appreciate the point of a classical Gaelic reference. The consequence of the tendency, however, is, that recent verse and prose in Scottish Gaelic are all the poorer for the omission, while the connection with the heroic past is being gradually severed. But a national Gaelic drama would certainly be the means of checking this unfortunate tendency. It would revive the waning interest of Gaelic writers and readers in those allusions that were once so illuminative; it would restore and maintain the continuity of the literature itself; and it would enrich the popular mind with a wealth of incident and romance from the heroic past.

The essentials of nationality are the inherent affinities of temperament that unite a people as members of the same race. It is the consistent expression of these peculiar affinities that make a literature national. And Gaelic literature has been continuously, for more than a thousand years, the spontaneous utterance of the best things that are characteristic of the Gaelic mind. A national drama displaying such characteristics, and setting forth in the native speech the ideals and career of the Gaelic race, would meet with a warm response wherever a loyal member of that race is to be found. The ordinary Irish or Scottish Gael, who understands his native tongue as now spoken, has rarely the time or inclination to acquaint himself adequately with the literature of his fathers in its ancient and mediæval forms. But Gaelic drama, which would vividly embody the older material in the living dialects, would bring the contents of the earlier records within the reach of the present generation. Such a method of presentation would be concrete and intelligible, nor is there any reason why it should not also be popular. Moreover, there are thousands throughout the British Empire who have Gaelic blood in their veins, although by the accident of circumstances they are not able to understand the language of their fathers. These English-speaking Gaels would soon discover in their own hearts something that would incline them to regard the idea of Gaelic drama with genial sympathy and interest. The Gael has displayed a good capacity for assimilating the literature of some other peoples. He has been able to adapt himself to a certain extent to Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and other types of culture. This he has done, not because these types were necessarily better than his own, but because they offered to him the line of least resistance, and were more accessible to

him than the type which had been produced by his fathers. He has neglected this in the laudable desire to enlarge his erudition. The transformation of his native speech in the flight of ages, together with external interferences of a political and commercial kind, were destined to exclude the Gael from that noble ancestral culture in which alone his versatile nature could find its congenial home.

### THE LATE MAJOR HERBERT GRAHAM.

It is with a sense of deep regret and sorrow that we record the untimely death of Major Herbert Graham, the Editor of "The Scottish-American," and one of our most enthusiastic members. Two years ago, Major Graham—who, by the way, was the youngest Major in the American Army—entered sympathetically into the work of alleviating the distress caused by the failure of crops in some parts of our Highlands. What that sympathy amounted to, we have had ample testimony in the many thousands of pounds contributed through his paper to An Comunn's Distress Fund. His services to our immediate cause did not end there. For during our President's visit to the United States, he rendered him invaluable assistance, and was ultimately made the secretary of the American Iona Society. For his own people he was promising a successful and brilliant future. "The New York Herald," in referring to his tragic death—his car was struck by a passing train—says:—"He moved to Lynbrook about a year ago, and, with Colonel Griscom, a former Ambassador to Italy, purchased "The South Shore Press," which last April was consolidated with "The New Era," a weekly, which Colonel Griscom since has turned into a semi-weekly. The other Long Island publications of Colonel Griscom, of which Mr. Graham was supervising editor, were "The North Hemstead Record" and "The Oyster Bay Enterprise."

"Mr. Graham, as editor of "The Scottish-American," is known by name at least to thousands of Scots in this country and in the homeland. Two years ago his publication endeavoured to raise \$100,000 for the relief of famine conditions affecting 30,000 Scots."

Our movement has, indeed, lost a great supporter; for his very last communication to us was an expression of his intention to devote his wide and effective influence to further the purposes of the American Iona Society—and so of the Gaelic cause. He is laid to rest in his Old Kentucky Home; may he receive the reward of the pure-heart in paradise.



## FIOR GHNE NAN GAIDHEAL.

By LACHLAN MACBEAN

(Author of "Songs and Hymns of the Gael.")

Is e cuspair a chnuasachaidh so sliochd nan Gàidheal, an nì is dlùithe do ar cridhe mar a thuigean sinn o' a ghnàthan, agus a bhuidhan sònruichte.

An seann, seann, sliochd ionmhuinn so, nach esan is òige 'am measg nan trenbh? Nach b'e, ann an iomadh dòigh agus iomadh linn, am fear-treòirichidh, am prìomh-fhear inneleachd, dìreach tre àrd spionnadh ùrail a chridhe agus aigne?

A ròir luchd-beachdachaidh cho dealaichte ris an t-Sasunnach, Matthew Arnold; am Frangach, Renan; agus an Gall Albannach, Sir Walter Scott, is e an sliochd gann bochd so a chunnaic nithean neo-fhaicsinneach, a fhuair eòlas air dùilean a ta neo-aithnichte, agus a dh' amais air an t-seann slighe gu Tìr-nan-Og.

Is ann orra-san a bha rianh loinn na h-òige; b' iad a bha gu minig ag eadar-theangachadh do na slògh smuaintean nuadh usal, àrd-thogta, a bha a' gluasad gu balbh ann an iomadh cridhe. Cha'n e nach robh aig iomadh dream agus teaghlach 's a chinne-daoin' mìn-fhaireachdainn agus iarrtas air eòlas, ach b'e an Gàidheal a mhàin a fhuair eireachdainn agus a chaidh a smachdachadh le fuachd agus ocras, le seirceas agus le maise, ann am foighidinn agus an dechainnean, ann an sòlasan agus dòlasan nan gleanntan Gàidhealach. Is e an Gàidheal a chuala sàmchar nam beann àrda, a chunnaic corruich nan cuanta farsuing agus a bhreithnich annta maraon làthair na s'orruidheachd. Ann an doimhne nan coilltibh dorcha agus aig cùlthaobh an fhàisich sheas e fo shìor-shruthadh na h-ùine mall a dh' fhàg e glé shean agus glé òg cuideachd—ùine, mu'n abair a choimhearsnach tapaidh Sasunnach—"is e ùine airgid."

Seadh, ach do'n Ghàidheal chan e ùine airgid idir.

Is ann an so a gheibhear iuchar diomhair a' Ghàidheil; cha'n ann an ùine airgidodach, cha'n ann an cùineas saoghalta, am beartas no an stòras, no an nithibh an leith-a-muigh. Cha'n e ar n'ùine airgid; is e ar n-ùine beatha—beatha air chlisg 's air chrith le smuaintibh beo, saoihbhir le cothroman, le comasan, le cuimhneachan, le cagairean, le cunnartan, le aisingean 's le ùamhasan o dhiomhaireachd dhomhain nan gleann.

Buidheachas bhuan do'n Chruithear airson ar brogaich Ghàidhealach a chaidh àrach am

measg nan creag, fada o drabhasachd a bhaile mhóir, gun smuain air an ùine sin a dh' fhàsas 'u a h-airgid, ach gle fhaig air mòr-iongantasan diomhar a chruthachaidh, agus na ceàrna sin a ta fo chleth diomhaireis.

Is e so rùn-uaigheach a Ghàidheil agus a shochar a ta gun phris. Ar sochar agus ar dleasdhas. Oir ged a bha an Gàidheal bochd riamh aimbeartach tha e 'na chomas a bhì a' deanamh mòran saoihbhir, 'gan lìonadh le lànachd beatha—ma bhitheas sinn dileas do àrd bheusachd agus àrd smuaintean nam fàidh 's nam bàrd. Cha'n ann a mhàin air a sgàth féin a chaidh an sliochd so a dbùnadh am fàsaichean fann na Gàidhealtachd agus a dh' ionnsaich e a bhì a' trasgadh. Is ann a chum gu'n faigheadh e am foghlum a bhuneas gu h-àraidh dha féin—nach ann o aran a mhàin a thig beò an duine.

Comhla ri so dh' ionnsaich an Gàidheal air a sgàth féin, agus airson mhuinntir eile cuideachd, diomhaireachd na samhllachadh domhan sin a tha a fosgladh trì na h-òige a mhaireas gu sìorruidh ann an smaoin-dhealbh na fìor bheatha.

Oir do'n Ghàidheal cha'n 'eil eadhon ann am beannta a ghaoil ach samhla; cha'n 'eil eadhon 'u a dhùthaich, agus 'u a chànan, 'na theaghlach 's na chàirdean, 'u a chèol 's 'n a fhoghlum ach samhllachan; cha'n iad idir fìor chrìoch na beatha. Do shìnach eile tha gach nì o'n taobh a muigh, gach cuspair faicsinneach gu cruaidh laimhseachail buannachdail, agus tha iadsan 'n am foghlumaiche togarrach, mòran na's ealamh na tha an Gàidheal bochd ann an deanadachd na beatha. A bhuaidh féin do gach neach!

Ach a'm measg a bheartais sin a ta fìor agus buan is e an Gàidheal am fear-luaich, an taisbeanar, am fear eadar-theangachaidh; is e sin fhad 's a tha e dileas. Ma bhitheas e idir 'n a ghealtair, no dearmadach, no coma-co-dhiù cha mhaireann a chliù no a shoilse.

Tha cosg na beòtha nì's daoire do'n Ghàidheil na do shluagh eile. Cha shàsuichear e le nì nì's lugha na buan-mhaireannachd, no le nì gun luach na beatha. Do cras anam agus intinn is beag fiù buannachdan airgid, agus is beag a mheas air brosgul gun stàth.

C'arson a ta an Gàidheal 'an tòir air nithibh a ta prìseil agus fòluichte o shùilean na coluinn? A chionn gu'n leir da gu soilleir gu'r ann do'n dùthaich sin a ta fòluichte a bhuneas na trì nìthe a ta a mhàin fìthail—maireannachd, ciall agus maise. Cha'n 'eil feum sam bith aige do chuspar anns nach 'eil rud-eigin diubh so uile.



Seadh, agus feumaidh e nì eile; feumar 'n a shaoghal gu daonnan ath-nuadhachadh, oir is e sin beatha. Is e so a cheart nì is dual do'n Ghàidheal fein. O gach ruag coisnidh e buaidh. O gach irioslachd glacadh e àrdachadh. Gu bràth cha'n fhairtlich air gu tur. Seall mar tha an t-seann chàinain Ghàidhealach a ghnàth a call agus a call agus tha i an còmh-nuidh an so. Gu ma fada mhaireas i! Is binn leinn a fuaim o bhilbh nam ban òga; is taitneach a ceòl anns an aoradh. Na'n cailleadh sinn i gu buileach c'àite 'n robh fàilte mhilis bhàidheal ar càirdean? Tha againn gu leòir de'n Bheurla airson Gall-Gàidheil an latha 'n diugh. Ach ge b' thoil leotha uile, tha fìor anam a Ghàidheil an diugh nìs foghaintiche anns an t-saoghal na bha e riamh roimhe. Ma tha luchd-labhairt. na Gàidhlig nas tearca na bha iad o chionn tacaìn, tha iad nas lionmhoire na bha iad ann an làithean Oisein no Cholaim-cille. Cha'n e mhàin sinn, ach tha a cumhachd a' sìor dol am meud ann an litreachas na h-Iompaireachd so, agus ann an gnothucha chlann-daoine. A riamh o'n latha sin (a nis ceithear linn deug as ar déigh) 's an d' thàinig na ceud Ghàidheil a dh'ionnsuidh na h-Alba cha deachaidh an cumhachd aon òirleach air ais. Tha e a sìor dol air adhart ged is ann fo dhreach eile. Seall ri litreachas càinain Beurla na Machrach Albannaich; an toiseach nuair a b' iad bàird inbheach na tìre Henryson, Dunbar agus Douglas agus a rithis 's an latha, tri cheud bliadhna na dheigh sin, nuair a bha Ferguson. Rìabart Burns, agus Walter Scott a sgrìobhadh òrain agus dàin na h-Alba, agus innsibh cia an linn anns am mótha a dh' fhiach smuaintean agus beachdan nan Gàidheal iad fein? Nach ann 'san linn bu deireannaich? Seadh, anns an linn so fhein tha imtinn agus faireachdainn agus dealbh-chainnt a Ghàidheil nas faiceanta na bha iad riamh. No, gabhaibh aon de na leabhraiche treòirichidh 's am faighear sloinneadhan agus còmhnuidhean nan luchd-cèird agus luchd-malairt anns a bhaile mhòr agus deanamh àireamh air na h-ainmean Gàidhealach 'n am measg. Am bheil iad a fàs nas tearca no nas lionmhoire? Tha iad a ghnàth a fàs nas pailte! Mòran nas pailte. Ann an ainmean an t-sluaigh tha a Ghàidhlig a' sìor theannachadh a greim. Cha'n 'eil aobhar sam bith againn air a bhi fo mhulad a thaobh neart imtinn nan Gàidheal agus buaidh na Gàidhlig.

Is i a cheisd chudthromach am, bheil sinn, a réir ar neart, dìleas do gach aobhar a dh'earbadh ruinn? A réir dòighean agus smuaintean threibhdhreach ar sinnsir? Cìod

e a leughas sinn? Cìod e ar déidh? Cha fhreagair gach uile seòrsa bìdh airson an anama a fhuair sinn.

Tha e an comas iomadh neach a bhi a' sùsasachadh 'inntinn agus 'anam le fodar tioram, a chumas iad sàmhach. Ach, mar a chunnaic sinn, am measg nan Gàidheal tha cosg na beòtha nas àirde. Cha bheò leo am beò mar bi e buan brìgheil. Cha soirbhich iad uile gu leir air duaisean agus air buannachda'n saoghaila, air tighearnas thar dhaoinne, air innleachdan faoine, agus saobh—chliù falamh. Cha'n 'eil susbaint anna so, airson an t-seòrsa anam a fhuair sinn o ar sinnsir; o bhàrd, o cheann-feadhna, agus o luchd iùil ar dream. Bu mhath leotha sa teòmachd, dìlse agus dealasachd, dealbhan-intinn, dìanas, mac-meanmna, ard-smaointean, snas, agus buadhan comh-lionta eireachdail—nithe air nach 'eil mór-thoir no meas aig a cheart àm so.

Thug am Freasdail dhuinn gu soilleir mar ar cuibhrionn a bhi a' riarachadh, do'n t-saoghal nithean a ta ainneamh agus oir-dheirc a chum foghlum, a chum tuigse agus a chum leasachadh anns gach dòigh is aithne dhuinn.

Ma ni sinn ar 'n aigne fein eòlach ann an sàr oibre nam bàrd, ma chuireas sinn an luach bu chòir dhuinn air na gnothachan a ghradaich is a bhreithnich iad, gheibh sinn cobhar duinn fhein agus do ar coimhearsnaich.

Ma leugh sibh an òraid chumhachdach a thug Mac Dhonnachaidh, Ceann—feadhna a Chomuinn Ghàidhealach do'n Mhòd ann an Grianaig chi sibh gu soilleir mar a bheil ard-smuaintean a Ghàidheil mór-neart agus maise eadhon do chàinain choitichionn nan Sasunnach, agus nis motha gu mór do 'n chàinain so anns an dean cumhachd agus maise lasadh suas ann an cruth-atharrachadh a ta boillsgeach beò.

Nis, ciamar a chumas sinn fein òige nan comasan a fhuair sinn mar ar tiodhlaic sonruichte anns an t-saoghal? Nach ann le a bhi tabhairt cuireadh agus a' deanamh àite do smuaintibh àrda agus do ghnòthaichean agus chleachdaidhean ùra? Le bhi a ghnàth am fìor thoiseach gach eòlais, gach ùr-innleachd, gach nuadh-chuspar-foghlum, gach oidhirp agus gach feuchainn is urrainn dhuinn? Cumaidh an Gàidheal òige le bhi ag altrum dòchasan na h-òige; beachdan, deaneadas agus sòlasan na h-òige, mar so a sìor chruthachadh comasan nas treasa.

Ann an cridhe a' Ghàidheil bha beò o chian dian iarrrtas air an eòlais is dual da, sìreadh a chum na h-uailse a bhuineas dha, agus breithneachadh do gach cuimhne agus ciall,

gach loinne agus luach, gach feart agus frinn a b' oighreachd dha, maille ri gliocas agus tuigse. Gheibh e fhathasd iad, oir is iad so dian eud nan Gàidheal air nach gabh diùltadh. Ach na biodh e tosdach nuair a bu chòir da labhairt. Na tugadh e geill do shadailteas, no fiamh, no leisg. Is oirdheire an solus a fhuair e, ach ma ni e a dhearmad, dorchnaichear a latha gu dreach odhar an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt da.

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### AFTER THE '45.

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The principal author and instigator of the merciless policy which followed the suppression of the rising of 1745 was unquestionably the Duke of Cumberland, who hurried impatiently from the massacres and conflagrations with which he had devastated the North to press and insist on legal murders in the South. But, in condemning that memorable monster, we are not necessarily bound to acquit the reigning monarch, George II., of whom, though exclusively possessing the glorious prerogative of mercy, no single trait is recorded of his having ever sympathised with the many widows and orphans whom he had made, or of his having volunteered to extend the hand of pity to save a single wretch either from the gibbet or the axe. It may be argued, indeed, that his position being a novel and insecure one—feeling himself to be in the precarious position of a sovereign of convenience, and not by legitimate right—and moreover, contrasting, as he could scarcely fail to do, the luke-warm attachment and unromantic policy which maintained him on the throne with the impassioned devotion displayed towards the House of Stuart—it may be argued, perhaps, under the circumstances, that it was natural he should listen to the persuasions of his son and his ministers, when they assured him it was only by setting a terrible example that he could hope to prevent future rebellions, or to transmit his sceptre undisputed to his heirs. Still, it must always be a matter of astonishment and regret that no spark of compassion should have lighted up his soul, and that he should have betrayed no single feeling of admiration for that all-devoted and all-sacrificing attachment to an exiled race, for which the House of Hanover would at any period have given the brightest jewel in their diadem, had it been displayed towards themselves. When he took up the pen to sign the order for their execution, did no tear fall on

the death-warrants of those gallant men? or when he approved of the expatriation of so many of the hardy children of the North—when he sentenced them to be torn from their native mountains and valleys to wear out a life of slavery beneath the scorching tropic—had he no thought that the misery which he inflicted rested not there alone? had he no care for the homes which he consequently rendered desolate, the wives whom he made husbandless, and the children fatherless? Alas! it is to be feared that compassion and generosity of feeling were not the distinguishing characteristics of the House of Hanover. The Stuarts, indeed, may have had their vices, their follies, and perhaps their crimes; but certainly the hand of no scion of that ill-fated race ever signed so inhuman an order as that for the massacre of Glencoe, or ever approved of such a frightful retribution as that which followed the suppression of the '45.—J. H. JESSE, in "The Jacobite," New Zealand.

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### SUILEAGAN NAN OIGH.

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By the President.

'S ann muin air mhùin an t-ànradh trom,  
Ach mean air mhean an t-slàinte chaomh.  
Fhuair mise léireadh fuath nam fonn—  
An dòchas lom is cliabh le gaoid.  
Bhrist mi bho mheanglan caol an ròs,  
'Nuair sheas i beò-cheassach ri m' thaobh :  
Thog i ri bilibh caoin e, 's phòg,  
'S thuit mise sòlalach an gaol.

Oich o a rìgh, tha mi gu sgìth,  
Oich o a rìgh, sin rium do làmh.  
Oich o a rìgh, tha mi gu sìth,  
'S ged tha mi sgìth, chan fhaigh mi tàmh.  
'S ged tha mi sgìth, chan fhaigh mi tàmh.

Tha réit nan aingeal sèimh 'na gnùis ;  
Tha h-anam dlùth ri iùil gach àigh.  
Bheir téud nan crann dìth fàilt le mhùrn,  
'S an canach lùbaidh dìth le bàigh.  
'Si sùileagan measg oigh nan loinn,  
Mar bhogha-soills' air eilean cuain.  
Thèid aoibhneas caitain leath' do'n choill,  
'S cha till an oidhch' is i mu'n cuairt.

AONGHAS MAC DHONNACHAIDH.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

**baiseach**: beautiful: Glen Feshie, Finlay MacIntosh, n., now at Ben Alder Lodge. More usual than bòidheach. Related to boaiseach? or for maiseach—so Skye, Lewis, etc., say monnach by eclipsis for (a)m bonnach. Cf. on bàinidh and àilleán.

**bàithir**: after-birth, i.e. the membrane or skin ejected by cow half an hour (or an hour at most) after dropping calf, the placenta: S. Uist, MacEachen and three other ns.; Harris, Ferguson (Salen, Mull), n.: for baothair? The 'r' sound is very attenuated in this word, almost equals 'th.' I am told by my learned friend, H. MacDougall, that the lipping of 'r' extends down the islands from the W. Lewis to Barra, but that 'r' is normal in Coll, etc. [I mean the 'r' after thin vowels only—other peculiarities affect that after thick vowels.] Cf. remarks on mus-, bòsd; and see glanadh, salachair, linnseag, batharr, pàithir, bolg-uisge (ballag).

**baladh**: ford (masc.): Gl. Moriston, Coille Bhaladh Dó (q.v.) above confluence of Dó with Moriston, Sinclair, Torgyle Bridge, n. 'Local for beul-àth? Cf. Bealadrum ford-mouth ridge' (Watson). Not known Abriachan way to A. J. MacDonald, n. Cf. fas, etc.

**balcach**: clamp-sole, i.e. sole put on or in place of original one: Lochaber, D. MacDonald, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n. Cf. breaban-bròige, gearra-.

**balgair**: dirty dog: not clever fellow so much as one who would do you a dirty trick if able: Lewis, Norman MacLeod, n. Means fox in Lochaber and Badenoch, but cunning fellow, clever one in Tiree; thievish fellow in Islay. Cf. mìobochd, slaightear, slimirc. Along L. Awe and Gl. Etive it is sounded balággur, with so-called svarabhaktic vowel, as also are e.g. urchair in Feadan na h-'ooroochar' (Gl. Dessarry); Albannach in Stob Coir' 'Aláppanich' (L. Etive, etc.), starbh in Beinn 'Staráv' (L. Etive); siomrag acc. to Prof. Watson in 'je-márag' (L. Ness-side)—but see diomarag; [cf. dire (cf. G.S.I. Trs. 16, 184; 24, 342) in 'jirreechk' (Garva Bridge, W. Badenoch); páirc (q.v.) in 'páhreechk' (Gl. Lyon); gaibheach in

'gallyoch,' 'galláyrch' (Braemore) cléithe as calláy (Ballachulish), cf. dorch as dórròch (L. Lochy), tairbhe as Tàrr-eye 'a' as in Harry, marry (Braemore). See also àbasaidh.]

**b.-ruadh**: fox: L. Awe and Gl. Etive, natives; Islay, Duncan Johnston, n.

**balga-losguinn**: toadstool, puddick-steel: Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n. Cf. buallag-l., biadh-, bolgag-, bolgan-, balg. Svarabhaktic a before g. The form is an Irish pl.

**balgan-buachar**: mushroom: Waternish, MacAskill, n.; Jura, Neil Shaw, n.: so called from cow-pats from under which they grow. Not eaten in W. Cf. buallag-, etc.

**balgan-buarach**: mushroom: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. Cf. balga-, biadh-, buallag-. Svarabhaktic a before g. Is buarach a metathesis for buachar?

**balganta**: sparkling, spicy, bubbling: Braemore, in a Loch Broom story: Matheson, n.: leann balganta breaca (see cuilgeanta). ? = balcanta.

**balganta**: conceited, lively, aigeantach: Tiree, Mrs. N. MacLeod, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n. Cf. biast, ainmhìde, aotraman, sglìnrach, sglògaid.

**balg-losguinn**: toadstool: Jura, Neil Shaw, n. Cf. balga-, etc.

**ball**: at once, instantly, without delay: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.; Islay, Johnston, n.; Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Lewis, Norman MacLeod, n.; Waternish, MacAskill, n.: theid mi ann air b.; falbh air b., etc., phrases known to Br., T., L. Cf. sgrìob.

**ball**: subject, theme: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Lewis, Norman MacLeod, n. See example under amadan. Cùis in Lewis also.

**ball**: a 'character' in a rather derogatory meaning, a foolish body: Tiree, Mrs. M., n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; Waternish, MacAskill, n. Cf. eabaistear, oinisd, cùl-, etc. Droch bh. of a mischievous 'character.'

(Ri leantainn.)

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Tha na coinneamhan aig na Comuinn Ghaidhealach anns na bailtean móra a' tighinn gu crìch air son bliadhna eile. Bha iad uile soirbheachail, agus tha dòchas gum lean maith 'nan lorg. Bha meuran a' Chomuinn fìor dhealasach air a' Gheamhradh so. Is rùn dhoibhsan a bhì a' misneachadh agus a' brosnuchadh ar muinntir fèin far am bheil an combhuidh an tìr ar graidh. Tha aobhar againn air saòilsinn gum bheil na meuran a' deanamh feum mòr anns an doigh sin. Tha an dùsgadh a' dol air aghaidh gu socair, seimh agus an àm iomchuidh cirigh an Fhèinn bhàrr an uillean.

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Great interest is being taken by the people of Oban in the forthcoming Mod. Committee meetings are well attended, and arrangements are going on apace. To aid the local fund, a whist drive and dance was held on 12th February, and there was a large attendance. Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach is Convener of the Ladies' Committee.

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Miss Margaret M. Duncan is teaching singing classes in the Duror and Appin districts under the auspices of the W.R.I. Choirs are being prepared for the National Mod, and there is every indication that the competition promoted by the Oban Branch of An Comunn for Rural Choirs will be well supported.

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Mr. Hugh MacLean has gone from Ardsvar to Dunvegan and Edinbane. Owing to an epidemic of measles his classes at Broadford and Breakish terminated abruptly, but he will return to these places sometime before the Mod. Seniors are attending the classes in large numbers, and keen rivalry prevails. Skye children are fortunate in having a qualified music mistress who visits the schools periodically from the Portree centre.

\* \* \* \*

Capt. W. S. Morrison, one of our members, who presided at the Uist and Barra Gathering, on 29th January, made a strong appeal for the preservation of Gaelic. It is worthy of note that references to the value of Gaelic, and the need for its recognition is received with hearty applause at gatherings in the city.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Patrick Gillies, a well-known Gael, made fitting reference to An Comunn, at the Oban and Lorn Annual Gathering. He said:—"If Gaelic is of little use for the commerce and

industrialism which brought about the chaos existing in Europe, we need not be unduly concerned. Previous languages that were co-existent with the commercial world of their day have fallen and been debased. On the other hand, young nations of to-day that secured self-government are doing their utmost to preserve their native languages. A great danger to the permanence of Empire is uniformity, for uniformity often entails mediocrity, and suppression of language is a short-sighted educational and Imperial policy. The greatness of our Empire should indeed be like a diadem of jewels, but the jewels should be of varied hues. It was gratifying to observe the measure of success that had attended the efforts of An Comunn Gaidhealach to arrest the decay of Gaelic."

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The University Gaelic Service on the afternoon of Sabbath, 31st January, passed off very successfully. The attendance was even larger than last year, and the sermon preached by the Rev. J. M. Munro, M.A., of St. Columba Parish Church—simple, earnest and eminently practical—was listened to with deep interest, and was greatly appreciated. The singing was, as formerly, led by the St. Columba Gaelic Choir. It is safe to predict that interest in this service will continue to grow.

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The Paisley Highlanders' Association has lost one of its oldest and most ardent members by the death of ex-Bailie John MacKay. Bailie MacKay was secretary of the Association for many years, and he was most energetic in furthering the aims and interests of the Association. He was Rector of the Highlanders' Academy, Greenock, and associated himself with the Musical Festival there. His pupils from the Academy took part in the Gaelic section. His loss will be much felt by Paisley.

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A wave of Gaelic enthusiasm has followed the Mod in Greenock, and it is pleasant to note that two new societies have been formed in that town recently. Tir nam Beann Ceilidh meets every Saturday evening, and the attendance justifies its formation. Ceilidh Gaidheil Ghrianaig had their first meeting on 19th February, when the Rev. Duncan MacArthur delivered a Gaelic address. The Annual Ceilidh of the Greenock Highland Society, held on 11th February, was largely attended. It was an all-Gaelic Ceilidh. Buaidh leò uile.

NIALL.

## TUIREADH BEAN MHIC-ANT-SAOIR.

(From Miss A. C. WHITE'S Mod Prize  
Collection, 1915.)

KEY F. *Beating twice in the measure, slowly.*

{ : s | s : — : s | m : — }  
A      phiuthar    ud      thall,

{ : m | d' : — : d' | s : m }  
Na                    hùg                    ó

{ : m | s : — : s | m : — : s }  
An            cois            na tràgh - ad

{ : | d : — : d | m : r }  
Hao                                    ri,

{ : m | r : — : d | d : — } ||  
Na            hoir-inn            ó!

Nach truagh leat mise, na hùg ó  
Bean 'ga bàthadh, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Thig a nall, na hùg ó  
Sin do làmh dhomh, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Cha truagh, cha trnagh, na hùg ó,  
'S beag mo chàs dhiot, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

'Sin do chasan, na hùg ó,  
Fair do làmh dhomh, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Feuch bheil agad, na hùg ó.  
Buille snàmha, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

'S daoir a cheannaich, na hùg ó  
Mì na bàirnich, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

An duileasg donn, na hùg ó,  
'Rinn mo bhàthadh, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Mo thruaighe nochda, na hùg ó,  
Mo chuid phàisdean, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Fear dhiu bliadhna, na hùg ó  
'S fear a dhà dhiu, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Beir fios uamsa, na hùg ó  
Gùm' thriuir bhràithrean, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Ach dean a cheileadh, na hùg ó,  
Air mo mhàthair, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

'S fiuch mo chluasag, na hùg ó  
'S fiuch 's cha nàir dhi, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Fliuch le'm' dheoir, na hùg ó.  
Is fliuch le sàile, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Bidh m' athair ann, na hùg ó,  
'Smo thriuir bhràithrean, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

Gheibh iad mise, na hùg ó  
Air mo bhàthadh, hao-ri na hoirinn ó!

[This sad and simple wail is well-known in the West Highlands, and the tragedy is supposed to have taken place somewhere about the Sound of Islay.]

◆  
“ THE WAR IS AGAINST CLAN  
RANALD.”

A Tale of South Uist and Skye.

By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR  
(Author of “Behold the Hebrides!”)

The spiritual pilgrimage to Lochlainn of Til and his fellow-countrymen brings to mind the curious manner in which a dispute on a matter now forgotten was settled between MacLeod and Clan Ranald, after the death of the chiefs actually concerned. During their lives these chiefs agreed that the question at issue would be decided by strength of arms; and, so as to give both contestants ample opportunity of equipping and mustering their forces, they specified a day on which their warfare was to have commenced. Howbeit, both chiefs died unexpectedly, with the result that this arrangement fell through. But from the strange story I am about to relate, it would appear as though the dispute had not terminated with their passing hence.

A Skye man in his own house at Fearann an Leatha (sometimes called Fearann an Chatha, the Land of Battle) was one day in the act of flaying a sheep, when, suddenly, there came upon him a strong impulse to go to the door in order to look out. In an instant he was carried off his feet and borne away to the churchyard at Eynort, where a great concourse of the dead awaited his arrival. From Eynort he and his



ghostly company floated in the air until they came to the churchyard at Loch Harport. There they were joined by another band of spectres. Thence they all visited Loch Bracadale, Kilmuir, in Dunvegan, and finally Truimpan, in Vaternish, having had their numbers considerably augmented by spectral contingents from each of these localities. From Vaternish this vast multitude, led by a short, dark man, sped across the Minch to South Uist, where it encountered an identical "rising" assembled from all the burying-grounds throughout the extensive territories of the MacDonalds. It, likewise, was commanded by a living man, who, on the contrary, was ruddy in complexion and tall in stature.

#### CLAN RANALD'S CAPTAIN IS KILLED.

Now, the captains agreed that they would wrestle out the dispute between them, while their spirit armies would see that no foul tactics were resorted to by either of the contestants. This they did; and very nearly was the short, dark captain overpowered by his tall, red adversary, when he remembered that in his hose was the *sgian-dubh* with which he had been slaying the sheep. Thereupon he drew it, and stabbed to the brisket the tall, red man, who dropped dead at his feet.

Then there arose from the spectral forces of the MacLeods a tremendous shout; and thrice they called out—"The war is against Clan Ranald (*An cogadh an aghaidh Chlann Raonuill*)."  
When all the spectres had returned to their own lairs, the MacLeod was suddenly deposited at the door of his house at Fearann an Leatha. He had gone out for a moment to look at the sky, as it were; and his wife was wondering why he was so long in returning to the flaying of the sheep.

#### HOW THE BLACK KNIFE WAS RECOVERED.

When he *did* come in to complete his task he discovered that his *sgian-dubh* was missing. But a few days after the spectral gathering, it was recovered in South Uist in rather a remarkable way, when some Uistmen were horrified at finding one of their own clansmen dead on the machar, with the *sgian-dubh* piercing his side. So it looked as though the captain of the MacLeod host had overcome his Clan Ranald victim by unfair means, since they had agreed to wrestle honourably.

Perhaps, some of you may read into what I have said the meaning of this obscure, unfinished story. It does not do to tell the whole of everything; *something*, at times, must be left to the imagination!

#### DOMHNULLAN.

Dàn an ceithir earrannan.

An rud a tha san "Dàn" thachair c!

An uair a bhiodh na seana bhàird a' cur bàrdachd ri chèile bha brod an luchd-éisdeachd aca. Agus bha an sgìreachd aca-san farsuinn, eadar Alba is Eirinn; anns gach àite anns am biodh Gàidhlig bhiodh e dualach gun togadh deadh bhàrdachd ceann. Bhiodh na seana bhàird iad fhéin a' siubhal o chrìoch gu crìoch; agus far am biodh iad fhéin bhiodh am bàrdachd! A rithidh, eadhoin ri linn Dhonnchaidh Bhàin bha sgìreachd na Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig farsuinn. Fhuair Bàrdachd Rob Dhuinn agus Mhic Mhaighstir Alasdair agus Dhonnchaidh Bhàin luchd-éisdeachd thall is a bhos. Gun teagamh bha so ann, gu robh rud anns na daoine sin a chluinnadh daoine eile air a' chluais bu bhuidhre. Ach tha sgìreachd na Bàrdachd air fàs cumhann; agus foadaidh bàrd a bhi am Barraidh, an diugh, air nach chuinn muinntir Mhuile sgeul am feasd. Agus tha so ann, o theann no baird ri am bàrdachd a chur an leabhraichean chaidh iad chun na bochdainn! Na tog mi gun tuit mi. Bha mi aon fheasgar an co-labhairt ùghdair ainmeil, agus thuir mi ris, "Nam biodh sibh-se air an leabhar sin a sgrìobhadh anns a' Ghàidhlig bhiodh e eadhoin na bu taitneiche." "Ma tha ùghdair airson gum bris air cuireadh e mach leabhar Gàidhlig!" os esan. Is e duine fiosrach a bha ann. Cha robh am fèill fhein riamh fhathas air leabhraichean Gàidhlig. Car son? Air tùs, airson cho caoin coma agus a tha il-iomadh, anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, mu leabhar idir. Sin agad cion oileanachaidh; agus an uair a fhuair am Bàrd eile gu robh an slugh aineolach agus "ionnsachadh gann nam measg." saoil thu nach robh an fhìrinn aige? Agus a thaobh na Gàidhlig, tha so ann, chan eil againn ann ach fuigheal a tha deanamh cleachdadh de bhi leughadh Gàidhlig ann; agus, mar sin, chan eil e idir annasach ged a tha mòran gam milleadh fhéin le cion a chleachdaidh. Tha an gnothaich a' dol am feabhas—ach is iomadh làn-dhuine eadar Ceann t-saile Mhic Aoidh is Ceann-tìre nach saoilleadh mòran de dheich tasdain a thoirt air an tombaca dhubh an uair a dheanadh e amadan dheth fhein airson leth-chrun a thoirt air leabhar Gàidhlig. A nis, fhuair mise leabhar ur agus co mhead aca a cheannachadh pundo tombaca—chan eil e ach tasdan is sia sgìlinn? Is e ainm an leabhair "Domhnullan"; ainm an ùghdair an

t-Urramach Domhnall Mac Chalum, agus bha esan aon uair na mhinistear sgìre na Loch, an Leodhas. Tha an leabhar ri fhaotainn an Glascho aig Alasdair Mac Labhrainn is a Mhic, 360 Sraid Earra-Ghaidheal. Leabhar seadhail, anns a' chaman mhatharail. Cha leig duine leas a bhi ag radh nach eil focal a' buntainn ri fuam aige. Is e a chi sinn ann duine aig a bheil ni eigin ri chur an geill agus a tha ga chur an geill gu h-ordail, doigheil. Tha ni eigin urail, fionnar, anns a' bhàrdachd. Tha cuid di anns an rian Ghàidhealach, is cuid eile air a cumail anns an rian chaisgeannta aig na Sasannaich. Is e Mac Gille-eoin, a' moladh na Gaidhlig, a nochd air tus duinn co cinnteach, puncail, agus a ghluaiseas a' Ghaidhlig le caismeachd na ranutachd so. A' chuid a tha na sgeulachd de bhàrdachd an leabhar so tha i fò'n rian so; agus a chuid eile, anns a bheil a' chuideachd ri seinn no ri mcorachadh, tha e fo luinneagan. Bidh fios aig gach leughadair air a shan fein cia mar a tha an da ni so a tighinn ri cheile. Aran is bainne.

An naidheachd: chaidh òganach do'n chogadh far na dh'èirich gu maith dha; ach, air tilleadh dhachaidh da, fhuair e bristeachd dùil. Airson uine ghleidh e a dhualchas, ach reic e sin airson bunachd shaoghalta. Fhuair e a leòir de an t-saoghal agus an sin chunnaic e so, "am fear aig a bheil fortan tha crois aige na cheann." Tre thais beanadh, au brudair, air Gilleasbuig Bàn, companach òige, tha e air iompachadh gu inntinn cheart, agus chur e cùl ri mòrachd is maoin airson caombalachd is samchair a dhaoine. Leugh mi an leabhar o thùs gu éis far na dh' fhosgail mi e. Agus mar a b' fhaide chaidh mi air aghart is ann a b' fhearr a bha an leabhar.

So agaibh as an Treas Duan, Domhnallan ri drobhaireachd agus e ro ionuraic airson na ceird sin:—

"Dhomhnuillein nach tu tha faoin,  
Cha bhi maoin aig fear tairis,  
Cha bhi aig ach bothan fraoich,  
Nuair a b' aotrom air caisteal.

Mar a bi thu greannach, cruaidh,  
Cha bhi buaidh ort ri d' mhaireann,  
Air do chlaigeann anns an uaigh,  
Cha bhi sluagh togail carraigh.

Thug thu tuilleadh 's an da phris,  
Air na slochairean dhamha,  
Cheannaich thu bho Chalum Shìm,  
'S tu bhi shìos, 's math an airidh.

'N ann mar sin a dh' éirich n' àird  
Calum Cràgach gu onair,  
Rinn a mbile luideag slàn,  
Mu'n deach chàradh 's an roilig ?

Nuair a thainig e do'n àit,  
'S e na bha air a chreideas,  
Leth cheud tasdan 's cota-bàn,  
'S sin cha b' àill leis gu'n ceilear.

Is nan d' fhan e gun bhi 'g òl,  
Sugh an iòrna mar ghamhainn,  
Dh' fhaodadh e bhi fathasd beò,  
As na bròn toirt nan caran."

Sin agad e a chealgairc, co nach innseadh thu fein dhuit!

"'S mar so 's an fhonn gu durachdadh gun sgios  
A' tilleadh cruas nam beachdan sin bla 'n  
eridh:—

Nach èisd thu rium a Dhomhnuillein,  
'S gun dean mi beagan comhraidh riut,  
'S gur h-eagal leam gu rògairachd,  
Gu'n toir an drobh a thaobh thu.

Ma leanas tu mar tha thu nis,  
A' giulan cleòca cràbhaidh ort,  
Gu toirt an car ad nabadbean,  
Gun tig ort là nach saoil thu."

Chaidh Dhomhnallan Bochd suas an sruth,  
is fa dheòidh, na lan-uasal, rinneadh Ridire  
dheth!

"'S ann bho dhaoine treun 's a chomhraig,  
Fuil an naimhdean gu bhi dòrtadh,  
Dh' èirich triath mo ghaoil Sir Domhnall;  
'S anns a' cheòl dhiu cuiream trian.

Uilleam cosgarach, an Spainnteach,  
Chuir na mìlt' gu grunn na sàil  
Thar an deile shleamhainn ghàbhaidh  
Chi mi deàrrsadh anns an liath.

Fearchar na Straillich-Dhruidhtich,  
Cheud fhear rugadh dhiu 'n ar duthaich,  
Ann an leir sgrios bha cho cliùiteach,  
'S a chuir smùid ri baideal riamh.

Gu bhi sgoltadh chinn 's na blàraibh,  
Is na dh' fhagadh anns an àr chur,  
Cò a chual thu riamh thug bàrr air  
Calum-Gearr-nam-Mogan-iall? "

"Na daoine do am buineadh mi," is "an glòir nan àire." Which things are Parables  
Agus is ann mar so a tha an leabhar gu léir.

Cia mar a chòrdas e riut? Direach mar a chòrd bàs an rìgh Albannaich ris an t-sluagh, "ri gach duine fa leth a reir a chàil fein." Thuir sinn gu robh am bàrd so ag cleachdadh seòrsa bàrdachd ris an canar "heroic couplets." Sin a' Ghalldachd! Ach carson nach tugadh a' Ghaidhlig iosd—mar a thug, agus nach iarrad uatha—mar a dh' ian? Chan eil ann a bhi a' cumail a mach a'chaochlaidh ach a bhi cho bòsdail agus a ni aineolas. Tha a' Ghaidhlig fo fhiachaibh trom aig iomadh canan. Agus stad ort, ma tha an obair anns a bheil an Gaidheil an sas gu bhi soirbheachail is eigin di a bhi beo agus a bhi air a càradh na h-aite fhein anns an t-saoghal do am buin i. Cha dean fiodan de uisge tàimh an gnothaich idir, cha bhi an sin ach am bàs. Is e a tha a dhìth oirnn am fuaran is an sruthan. Agus anns an leabhar so tha caochan maith againn. Tha iomadh cuspair air a laimhseachadh, cùisean a bhuineas de'n am a ta làthair de'n t-saoghal mhór, cho maith ris an t-saoghal bheag, air an toirt am folluis anns a' Ghaidhlig, an cogadh, malairt, greadhneachas na staid a bhuineas do na h-inbheich, is na bailtean móra, cho maith ri sealg nam fiadh is buain an arbhair anns an Taobh Tuath. Is e a tha againn an so duine teo-chridheach foghluinte, duine cruaidh cuideachd, aig a bheil eòlas ag cur eòlais an cèill am bàrdachd Ghaidhlig; agus tha sinn usal as airson grinneas is conbhalachd a shaothair.

Anns an dealachadh, cha bu chòir duinn a bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu robh làmh aig an Leòdach dhurachdach, a chuir iomadh neach na chomain le "Bàrdachd Leodhais" is litrichean Alasdair Mhóir, ann a bhi ag toirt an leabhair so am follais.

PETIT BLANC.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BUNESSAN.—The monthly meeting of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the School on 22nd January, when there was a good attendance of members and their friends, including a number from Fionphort. Rev. Mr. M'Phail was Chairman, and an interesting and enjoyable programme was gone through. Selections on the bagpipes were given by Mr. Malcolm M'Pherson; Gaelic readings were given by Mr. Hugh MacMastor and Rev. Neil M'Phail; and Gaelic songs were sung by Mrs. M'Diarmid and by Messrs. T. Carnie, Lachlan Nicolson, John Campbell, Charles MacDonald, Donald Morrison, and James Thomson.

DERVAIG.—The Dervaig Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held a successful Ceilidh in the Memorial Hall, on 13th January. Mr. C. R. Morison, Keugharair, presided. The following contributed

towards the programme—Misses Nan Macdonald, Sheila Macintyre, and Neiline Cowan, and Messrs. A. Maclean, Robert MacFarlane, A. Macmillan, D. M'Quarrie, J. Beaton, A. Morison, A. M'Neill, and Hugh M'Neill.

DUNOON.—The monthly Ceilidh, which was also the first Ceilidh of the year, was held on January 29 in the Imperial Hall. Mr. D. MacDonald, M.A., President, took the chair, and was accompanied on the platform by the Vice-Presidents, Councillor MacFarlane and Mr MacLarty. The proceedings began by the company singing "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig," and Mr. MacDonald, in his opening remarks, which were in Gaelic, wished the company and the members of the Association the compliments of the season. Gaelic songs were sung by Miss Janet MacNab, Miss Jane Gallacher, and Mr. Donald MacIsaac, Glasgow; English songs by Misses Cameron and Leckie, and pianoforte and violin selections by Miss Dolloch and Mr. Smith. The accompaniments were played by Misses Stewart and Campbell, and Piper Henderson played bagpipe selections. During the evening tea was served by the members of Committee, and dancing was engaged in to music supplied by Messrs. Fergus and Smith and Piper Henderson. Mr. Mathieson was Master of Ceremonies.

FERINTOSH.—Mr. D. Urquhart presided on Thursday evening over the fortnightly gathering of An Comunn Gaidhealach, when a good attendance of members and others enjoyed a nice programme. Mr. James Jack, Wellhouse, gave a short account of "General Gordon, the hero of Khartum." The paper, though short, was well constructed, and the fine traits of Gordon's character were acutely sketched. The Chairman pointed out that the date of the meeting, 28th January, was the anniversary of the day in which the relief expedition learned that Khartum had fallen and its heroic defender was dead. The musical programme consisted of Gaelic songs by Messrs. A. Macleod and Joe Urquhart; English songs by Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Matheson; while Mr. John Ross gave delightful selections on the melodeon. The repeated encores and applause fully proved that the audience enjoyed themselves.

GOMETRA.—This Branch of An Comunn held a meeting in the Schoolhouse, when there was a good attendance of members. Mr. Alistair Macdonald, who happened to be in Gometra, presided, and by special request sang one or two of his own favourite Gaelic songs. Miss Macleod, teacher, contributed several songs, and other members present helped to sustain the programme. These Comunn meetings so prevalent in outlandish places help to while away leisure hours most pleasantly, and the members patiently await the arrival of the "Oban Times" on the Thursday, to see how other branches are progressing.

INVERARY.—The members of the Inverary branch of An Comunn held a most successful dance in the Territorial Hall on the evening of Thursday, 28th January. The Branch has passed through a most successful session, and the members have been most active in making the fortnightly meetings both profitable and pleasant. The Lady Elspeth Campbell is President of the Branch, and Mrs. Nicol Macintyre, Rev. John MacLachlan, and the Rev. H. J. MacFarlan Barrow are Vice-Presidents, and those officials have done much to bring about the success of the meetings.—The fortnightly meeting of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the St. Malieu Hall on the evening of Thursday, 21st

January. Rev. J. H. Macfarlan Barrow, Vice-President, presided. Apologies for absence were read from Mr. N. MacIntyre, Vice-President, and from Mr. A. J. Macintyre, Secretary. An interesting and enjoyable programme was gone through as follows:—Gaelic reading and bagpipe selections, Rev. Mr. Macfarlan Barrow; piano selections, Miss M. R. Macintyre; songs by Miss Annie MacGugan, Mr. Wm. MacNicol, Miss Peggy Ferguson, Mr. Hope MacArthur, Mr. Wm. Stewart, jun., and Mr. Robert Morrison. At the close, a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and to those who sustained the programme, was moved by Mr. Hugh MacVicar, Cherry Park.

INVERGARRY.—The fourth Ceilidh in connection with the local Branch took place on Friday evening. There was a fine turnout, and a long programme was presented by the Messrs. J. Livingstone, J. M'Phee, A. M'Phee, A. Gall, J. M'Lean, P. Grant, W. Matheson, D. M'Donald, James M'Donald, and D. Campbell, along with Miss Joyce Grant, who is to be congratulated for coming forward with Gaelic songs. Mr. Campbell is a Mod junior singer, and he charmed the audience with his sweet natural voice. All were pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. H. Grant, of Rhiconich Hotel, Sutherland, and late of the Hotel, Invergarry. Mrs. Grant played some selections on the piano to the strains of fine music on violins by Messrs. P. Grant and J. Maclean. It is hoped that Gaelic singers will come forward to help at the last Ceilidh this session, which is to be held on 19th February, when a tea and short programme, followed by a Highland dance, will take place.

INVERNESS.—The Inverness Branch of An Comunn was revived at a meeting held in the town recently. Office-bearers were appointed, and arrangements made to hold a series of meetings. Mr. Donald Macdonald, Cawdor Road, Inverness, an elected member of the Executive Council of An Comunn, is President, and Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., Gaelic Master, Royal Academy, Inverness, is Secretary.

KILLIN.—One of the most successful Ceilidhs in the history of the local Branch of An Comunn was held in Killin Public Hall, where the President, Rev. G. W. Mackay, presided over a crowded hall. Proceedings began with tea, after which a musical programme was gone through. Solos were contributed by Misses M'Pherson and M'Dougall, Rev. Mr. Mackay, and Mr. G. Cameron; duets by Misses M'Naughton and M'Dougall; a trio by Messrs. M'Intyre, Walker, and Cameron; and quartettes by Mrs. M'Diarmid and Misses M'Dougall and M'Naughton, along with Messrs. M'Intyre and Cameron; a recitation by Miss Ella Walker; a sgeulachd by Mr. John Stewart; a reading by Miss M'William; and piano and violin selections by Miss Stewart and Messrs. Christie and Wright. At the close, the votes of thanks to the ladies who provided the tea, and to the contributors to the programme were moved by Mr. J. M'Raw.

KILMALLIE.—A Ceilidh was held in the Gordon Smith Cameron Hall, Corpach, on Friday, 29th January. There was a good attendance. Rev. R. B. Crawford presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Messrs. Ewen Macpherson, Banavie; D. Macleod, Erracht; Alex. Robertson, Banavie; A. Macdonell, Torcastle; R. Carr, Dalnacarry; D. Cumming, Upper Banavie; J. Macdonald, Putachan; and R. Cameron, Station House. Pipe-Major Allan

Paterson opened the proceedings by giving selections on the Piob-mhor. Violin music was supplied by Mr. George Maclean. The feature of the evening's programme was a lecture on Robert Burns by Mrs. D. Macleod, Erracht, whose appreciation of the poet was warmly received. Mr. Allan Macdonell enlivened the proceedings with Puir-t-a-beul, being called repeatedly, and Mr. Robert Carr gave a sgeulachd in his usual racy manner. Songs were also contributed by Mrs. Campbell, Miss Mackenzie, and Miss Wilson, Messrs. Doig, George Livingstone, Macpherson, Robertson, Thomson, Miller, Macleod, Macdonald, Maclean. On the call of Mr. D. Cumming, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the various artistes, and to the Chairman. The singing of "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor" brought a successful Ceilidh to a close. A local competition in singing and reciting will be held on a date to be fixed later.

KILNINVER.—On January 22, this branch held a successful Ceilidh and dance. The night being favourable, there was a good attendance. The Chairman, Rev. Wm. MacPhail, Kilbrandon, gave an interesting address in Gaelic and English. The programme opened with bagpipe selections by Mr. Donald MacDougall, Park, and the rallying song, "Suas leis a Gaidhlig," was sung by the company. The soloists were Miss Mary Campbell, Mod medallist, Easdale; Miss Craig, Melfort; Mr. John Galbraith, Kilchoan; Miss MacLeod and Miss Clark, Kilniver; and Mr. Archibald Campbell. Tea was served during the evening, and before dispersing, "Oidheachd math leibh" was sung. An enjoyable dance followed, the music being supplied by the Craignish Band, and the duties of M.C. were carried out by Messrs. J. MacLean, Knipoch, and J. J. Currie, Cullfail.

LEWIS.—On Friday evening of last week, the second Ceilidh of the session 1925-26 of the Lewis Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Masonic Hall, Stornoway. The function was a great success, over a hundred and forty members and friends being present. The President, Mr. James Thomson, M.A., Bayle, occupied the chair. The musical programme was opened in traditional fashion with bagpipe selections, given by two members of the Lewis Pipe Band, and after the Gaelic Choir, conducted by Mr. John Maciver, Laxdale, had sung "An teid thu leam a righinn og," a delightful tea was served by a Committee of ladies. Thereafter, the audience was entertained to a lengthy and varied programme, rendered by all the artistes in their happiest vein. Special reference must be made to Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, Breasclote, who was as entertaining in the language of the Gael as Sir Harry Lauder is in Broad Scots. After Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Sandwick, had moved a vote of thanks to the Committee of ladies, who took charge of the catering, to the various singers, etc., and to the Chairman, Miss Annie Macleod sang "Oidheachd math leibh."

LOCHABER.—An enjoyable Ceilidh was held under the auspices of the local Branch of An Comunn on Monday, 1st February, in the Masonic Hall, when the large attendance testified to the interest being taken in these meetings. Most of the old favourites appeared, and with them a representative number of younger artistes, who showed great promise of proving worthy successors to their elders. That we have plenty of local talent is undisputable, and our local Ceilidhs are the surest means of bringing to the front a representative team of artistes to uphold worthily the traditions of Lochaber in song and story at the forthcoming Mod at Oban.

**PORTREE.**—A musical evening, under the auspices of the Portree Branch of An Comunn was held in the Reading Room on Monday, 8th February. The Rev. D. Morrison, President of the Branch, presided. After having made suitable reference to the occasion which had brought them together, Mr. Morrison thanked the members for the honour they had bestowed upon him. Thereafter the following programme was gone through and greatly appreciated:—Miss Macdonald, Viewfield, pianoforte selections; Miss Ferguson, song; Miss M. Nicolson, song; Miss Bassin, song; Miss J. M. Jagger, song; Mrs. Macarthur, song; Miss Morag Macdonald, Dunvegan, song; Miss Lexy Macrae, song; Mr. Macinnes, Mod medallist, song; and Mr. Walker, pianoforte selections. At the close of the evening's entertainment, and on the motion of Mrs. Macdonald, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the artistes, while a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Mr. Walker, was heartily responded to. The function was largely attended, and was of a most sociable and entertaining nature.

**SALEN.**—A successful meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the School-room, when the President, Mrs. Archibald Macfarlane, occupied the chair. Mr. C. R. Morison, Kengharair, gave an instructive discourse on "The Mull Bards," on which topic Mr. Morison is a recognised authority, and Mr. Angus Morison gave several Gaelic recitations as illustrating the various points of the lecturer's subject. Mr. Morison was accompanied by Mrs. Morison, and by the Misses Cowan and Macintyre, Dervaig, whose rendering of Gaelic songs were much enjoyed. Mrs. Charles Macdonald, Aros, also sang, and the accompaniments were played by Mr. Penman, the Schoolhouse. On the call of the Chairman, a cordial vote of thanks was given to Mr. Morison, and Mr. Macdonald, Aros, paid a similar compliment to the artistes.

**TOBERMORY.**—The fortnightly meeting of the local Branch was held in the Schoolhouse on 3rd February, when an interesting paper on "Old Highland Customs," was given by Mr. Macmillan, schoolmaster, Dervaig. Mr. Macmillan impressed upon the audience the desirability of making themselves familiar with the customs of their forefathers, which, in a great degree, were not the offspring of mere ignorant superstition as looked upon by many to-day, but were the legitimate outcome of a much closer acquaintanceship with nature and her laws. In many cases they were symbols which held a deeper meaning now lost to the superficial gaze of the present generation. An excellent musical programme, arranged by Mr. Neil MacKinnon, was submitted. Songs were rendered by Misses Flora Macdonald and Flora Maclean, and by Messrs. John Maclean, John Cameron, L. Macneil, James Macfarlane, John Robertson, and Adam Brown; violin and piano selections by Miss MacCallum and Roderick Maclean, and bagpipe selections by Hugh Cameron and Adam Brown.

**ULVAFERRY.**—A well-attended meeting of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held at Ulva-ferry School last Friday evening, Mr. Alister Macdonald, Lagganulva, in the chair. Bagpipe selections were played by Mr. Campbell, Oskanull Farm, and Miss Morag Macneilage played the melodeon. Gaelic songs were sung by Messrs. Alister Macdonald, D. Campbell, Alister Fletcher, Ulva; Donald Macneil, Gometra; and Miss Macleod, teacher, Gometra. A pleasant evening was spent.

## GREAT FEILL, 1927.

The Edinburgh Stall Committee held a preliminary meeting on 5th February. Those present were asked to send in lists of likely workers, so that the meeting to form the General Committee and elect the Executive may be thoroughly representative. This is to take place on 26th February, and a number of schemes for raising money have already been put forward. These include a Highland Ball in December in the Assembly Rooms, a Bring and Buy Sale in the early summer, for which Mrs. Ogilvie is very kindly lending "Bonaly," Colinton; a Benefit Night at the Embassy Club or Palais de Danse; a theatrical performance, which Miss Orphoot has undertaken to arrange; a Concert in the Usher Hall, and a Whist Drive in Patrick Thomson's Rooms.

Our February postbag gives proof of the vitality of the national spirit in many places. Eastbourne, which is co-operating enthusiastically with Lady Macdonald, has a Reel Society and a band of 14 pipers. Miss MacLean, who went from Tiree to Canada after the war, is working hard for June, 1927, writes from Ottawa:—"It may interest some of your people to know that while waiting for a Division in the Federal House here last week, the French members, according to tradition, sang 'Allouette,' but were drowned by the chorus of 'Ho ro mo nighean doan bhòidheach.' It was thrilling to hear the dear old air re-echo in the halls of our beautiful Parliament Buildings."

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

#### LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Lucy H. M. Bruce, Currie.  
Mrs. Marjorie Bullough, Onich.

#### ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Rev. Dugald Bell, Kilmelford.  
Mrs. Hiorace Kemble, Laggan.  
Mrs. Agnes M. Wragg, Sheffield.  
Alex. Jamieson, Esq., Arbeg.  
Gen. Sir F. Davies, Perthshire.  
R. (Shisholm, Esq., Portree.  
Capt. R. Wolrige Gordon, of Esselmont, Ellon.  
Mrs. Robert Munro, Lochawe.  
Miss S. C. MacIntyre, Lochawe.  
C. S. Crichton, Esq., Aberfeldy.  
Ranald MacDonald, Esq., Skirinish, Skye.  
Miss Margaret MacDonald, Skirinish, Skye.  
Miss Anita MacDonald, Skirinish, Skye.  
Miss Margaret Stewart, Fort Augustus.  
John Shaw, Esq., Cornhill-on-Tweed.  
Francis Cameron-Head, Esq., Lochailort Castle.  
Mrs. Cameron-Head, Lochailort Castle.  
Mrs. Greenshields, Lochgilphead.  
Miss Nan Greenshields, Lochgilphead.  
Miss C. Macrae, London.  
Miss Vera MacKenzie, Nigg.  
Archibald Smith, Esq., Dalnallyn.  
John Lindsay, Esq., London.  
Campbell MacAulay, Esq., M.A., Fortingall.





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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Giblein, 1926.*

[Earrann 7

### AN FHEILL.

Mar is aithne do ar luchd leughaidh a cheana tha An Comunn Gàidhealach a' dol a chumail Féill mhór an Glascho air a' bhliadhna so a' tighinn. Is ceart gum biodh mhosachan a' Chomuinn o am gu an, a' deanamh iomradh air an Fhéill an Gàidhlig maraon ri Beurla a chum gum biodh buill anns gach ceàrn a' gabhail beachd is suim, agus mar sin gum bi an Fhéill an uair a thig i, a' factainn a h-uile cothrom air a bhli soirbheachail. Cha deanar gnothuch mór sam bith an diugh gun sirgidh. Cha deanar obair a' Chomuinn a choinhionadh feadh na rioghachd agus feadh an t-saoghail gun ionnhas leis an seasar gach cosguis. Agus tha e mar dhleasdanas air gach ball de'n Chomunn comhaidh a dheanadh leis an Fhéill anns na h-uile dòigh auns am bi sin comasach dha. O chionn beagan bhliadhnan air ais chaidh Féill a chumail airson na crìche ceudna. Leis a' bhuannachd a rinneadh air an turas sin thugadh togail mhór do'n Chomunn gus an aghaidh a thabhairt air oidheipean ùra. Ach an déidh gach ni is iomadh rùn nach b' urrainn a' Chomhairle chur an cèill a chion sirgidh. Agus tha cuid de na rùnan ionchuidh sin fathast gun choinhionadh. Tha leabraichean ri chlo-bhuailadh airson leughaidh is cùil. Tha litreachas ri chraobh-sgaoilteadh. Tha luchd teagaisg seinn ri an ullachadh is ri an cur a mach feadh na Gàidhealtachd—ach a dh' easbaidh ionnhais chan eil e an comas na Comhairle aon de na rùnan riatanach sin a choinhionadh aig an am. Is e sin crìoch àraidh na Féille. Mar is fhearr a shoirbhicheas an Fhéill is ann is fhearr a

soirbhicheas An Comunn Gàidhealach.

Chan e cleachdadh ùr idir a tha anns an Fhéill. Bha tionalan de'n t-seòrsa so cumanta gu leòr a measg nan seann Ghàidheal. Is e Aenach a cheud ainm a theirte ris na cruinnichidhean sin. Ach is ann fo bhuidh na h-Eaglais a dh'atharraich-eadh an t-ainm gu Féill. Bha an t-Aenach air a chumail aon uair anns na trì bliadhna. Mar bu trice bhiodh rìghrean is àrd-uaislean aig na coinneamhan ud. Chan fhaodadh neach sam bith dearmad a dheanadh gun a bhì a' frithealadh aig an Aenach. Is ann aig an tional so a bha na laghanan air an leughadh gu follaiseach. Agus bha e mar fhiachaibh air gach ceann teaghlaich gun éisdeadh e gu cùramach, a chum is gum biodh fios aige air a dhleasdanas mar fhear-baile agus mar fhear-dùthcha. Agus mur tugadh e aire dhùth do na riaghailtean bhiodh e air a thabhairt gu Mòd, no cùirt ceartais, agus bhiodh cain throm 'g a' càradh air. Aig na coinneamhan ud mar an ceudna bhiodh na seachaidhean a' sloinntaireachd nan teaghlach uasal. Bha an t-sloinntaireachd air a h-innse gu follaiseach. Bha na leabraichean a' dol fo dheuchainn; agus dh'fheumadh na h-ollamhan gach mearachd a chur ceart. An uair a dh'èireadh ainmheir mu dhualachas is ann o chunntas an Aenach a bheirte breith air an chùis. Is ann mar an ceudna aig na cruinnichidhean ud a bhiodh na bàird aig comb-fharpuis; agus an luchd-seinn a' stri airson buaidh. Mu dheireadh thainig caochladh air an Aenach, gus an d'fhàs e 'n a' fhéill aig am biodh reic is ceannachd 'g an cleachdadh.

Ged nach eil a' leithid so a' tachairt aig Féill a' Chomuinn, gidheadh tha e

iomchuidh a bhi a' tabhairt fainear gu bheil feum sònruichte dhuinn anns an Fhéill a thuilleadh air reic is ceannachd. Ged a tha buannachd ri dheanamh air Féill mar mhacadh gu cosnadh airgid, tha i feumail air dòigh no dha eile mar an ceudna. Tha i feumail gu bhi a' tarraing muinntir nis dluite ri chéile an eòlas agus an comh-fhaireachadh. Tha eud na Féille 'g an ceangal ann an oidheip choitcheinn. Tha e gu tric 'n a aobhar misnich do'n Ghàidheal dhùrachdach, a bhi faotainn dearbhadh gu bheil na ceudan thall 's a bhos de'n aon rùn is dhùrachd ris fhéin. An uair a thionalas càirdean a' Chomuinn an Glascho an ath-bhlaidhna gheibh iad dearbhadh as ùr gu bheil buill a' Chomuinn lionmhor agus làidir; gheibh cuid dhiubh tuigse as ùr air an obair a tha an Comunn a' deanamh; theid an eud is an dealas fhéin a lasadh le bhi a' coinneachadh ri feadhain a tha làn de dhòchas. Le bhi a' tabhairt thiodhlacan gus an Fhéill a chuideachadh bidh iad a' nochdadh agus a' dearbhadh an deagh-ghean. "Cha ghlòir a dhearbhas ach gnìomh." Tha sin fìor anns gach cor, ach tha e fìor gu sonruichte mu iomadh Gàidheal, a *their* an pailteas aig cuirmean ciùil anns a' gheamhradh, ach a *ni* glé bheag aig Féill anns an t-Samhradh. Bidh an Fhéill 'n a meadhan deuchainn do mhóran, gus a bhi a' foillseachadh có dhìu tha iad an da rìradh no nach eil a thaobh an caoidh airson na cànan a bhi dol bàs. Rachadh iad a dh'ionnsaigh na Féille gu togarrach; deanadh iad a h-uile ni is urrainn dhaibh as a leth; agus an sin tillidh iad gus an dachaidhean nas eudmhoire na bha iad riamh gu sothair is ùine, is eadhon airgead a thabhairt gu deònach air sgàth an aobhair.

### THE MAIN ESSENTIALS FOR GAELIC DRAMA.

By the EDITOR.

In urging a plea for Gaelic drama, it is manifestly desirable to show that there is no valid reason why such an institution should not become an actual fact. In addition to suitable material, there are three main essentials for Gaelic drama; the first being the dramatist, the second the actor, and the third the instrument, which is the Gaelic language as used by the dramatist. It is appropriate, therefore, that an attempt should be made on constructive lines to estimate the dramatic possibilities of agent

and instrument—of the Gael as dramatist and actor, and of his language as the vehicle of drama. We shall endeavour to ascertain whether the educated Gael is adequately endowed with judgment and imagination, since these are the leading qualities required by the dramatist; whether he possesses the histrionic gifts which are necessary for the dramatic exponent; and, lastly, whether his native speech is sufficiently picturesque and copious to be the vehicle of standard drama.

With regard to the Gael as composer of drama, one special point requires to be made clear. It must be made clear that an educated Gael does not necessarily, because he is a Gael, have certain mental limitations which would always prevent him from being a competent dramatist. An opinion has gone abroad among readers of English that the Gael is cursed with certain natural disabilities. For there are critics like Matthew Arnold who allege that the sentiment of the Celt (of Gael and Cymri alike) is so extraordinary that it has warped all his other powers, and made him unfit to do any literary work whatsoever on a noble scale. The critic clearly states that on account of excessive sentiment, which is always ready to react against the despotism of fact, the Gael has not the aptitude for these things. "Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions of high success, and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had" (*Celtic Literature*, p. 82). Arnold's impeachment of the Celt's capacity for important work is most destructive, although the whole thing is so blandly and chastely put that many a deluded Celt has read the slander with satisfaction merely because it is well-seasoned with some flattering truths on minor points. The result of Arnold's attack is to leave the Celt a fitful, spasmodic, and purposeless creature. The Saxon, of course, has "energy with honesty"; the Teuton has "steadiness with honesty"; but neither energy nor steadiness, nor even honesty, is to mark the Celt. He must be content to be labelled "sentiment, infinite sentiment." The Celt has too long been content to accept criticism of this kind as truth.

We feel that no confidence can be placed in the Gael as dramatist unless some evidence is adduced to show that these aspersions on his intellectual ability are unjustifiable. In the higher walks of literature, the Celt's "vivid imagination" and "quick, strong perception," are not

denied even by the critic; but these gifts are rendered ineffective through the lack of "balance, measure, and patience" to apply them. This, above all, is the very lack that would for ever discredit the capacity of the Gael as dramatist. But does he really lack these qualifications, or is Arnold simply begging the question? The balance, measure, and patience, the grasp and interpretation of the facts of life displayed in plays written by Celtic dramatists in the recent Irish dramatic movement, are surely such as to show that Arnold's criticism is erroneous. Or to indicate from a particular example that the Gael does possess these qualities, take a well-known work like *John Splendid*, by Neil Munro. Here we have all the essentials of magnificent drama. There is certainly no lack of balance in estimating the varieties of human character, or in judging the significance of the facts of life. There is no lack of measure in putting characters and facts in their proper relation. No sane man can say that there is any want of artistic patience in the unerring portraiture of character, in the masterly interpretation of motive and passion, or in the securing of intense interest by the skilful handling of situation and plot. A play as powerful as any that has appeared in this generation can be produced by the mechanical adaptation of that work to dramatic form. And the author is a Gael with a thorough command of Scottish Gaelic. Even the single illustration which we have here adduced is a sufficient refutation of Arnold's damaging aspersion.

It is on the basis of an antiquated system of psychology, which used to divide the mind into cut-and-dry compartments, that these erroneous criticisms have been founded. Just because the Gael does have sensitive feelings, it was too readily concluded that he must be controlled by feeling entirely. But a truer psychology now teaches that the human mind is a unit, and that what are called its faculties are the whole mind working in certain directions. In a "critical" survey of human life, it is not enough that the mind should use the rational side alone. The glow of feeling is also necessary along with reason to take a balanced, sympathetic view of the subject. It is well known that any dramatic or philosophic interpretation of life which is made by reason only is always cold, unsympathetic, and inadequate. If that be so, the calculating survey which the

critic by implication prefers, would not be any more successful than the survey of mere "sentiment." The truth of the matter is that reason and feeling must co-operate if the dramatist is to do justice to a theme like human life, in which feeling seems to be quite as powerful as reason. Shakespeare combines logic and sentiment in the ideal proportions. His clear, strong grasp of fact commends him to the intelligence; but the spell of sentiment endears him to the heart. Sentiment does not appear to be any drawback to the Celt in his daily calling. In those professions in which learning and mental ability are required, the honours of success go to him as frequently, man for man, as to his competitors. The same is the case in the avocations which demand an aptitude for practical business. For example, when the British Empire, in the most serious crisis of her history, desired to organise her industries to one great practical end, she did not appoint a Saxon, but a Celt, to undertake the colossal task. And yet that Celt is not without sentiment. If sentiment then be no hindrance to the Celt in the exercise of the professions, or in a sphere of action where "balance, measure, patience," and we may add "energy, steadiness, and honesty" too, are supremely necessary, why should sentiment be supposed to be a drawback to him in judging the facts of life, as in drama?

It was pointed out in the article on Romance how Gaelic imagination imparted such vividness to tale and saga that the rehearsal of these took the place of formal drama among the Gaels. The quality of that imagination became refined in a long process of development; and the Gaelic dramatist of the present day finds himself well equipped by his nature and his traditions as far as this noble faculty is concerned. It is by means of imagination that he puts himself in the position of his characters, to see with their eyes; to think with their minds; to trace the likely ways in which passions find expression; and to exercise a creative ingenuity in securing freshness and interest of plot. It was this faculty that endowed his fathers with such dramatic sympathy that they gave us dialogues of beasts and birds, and ennobled the horse and the dog as friends and allies of man. The same dramatic sympathy, prompted by a lively fancy, belongs by right of birth to the modern Gael. As dramatist he may utilise his noble gift to suppress unworthy prejudice; to feel for the weak

and innocent; to dignify the commonplace, and cast the glow of poetry over the stern realities of life.

The second essential for Gaelic drama is the competent actor. The absence until recently of formal Gaelic drama has hitherto been a sufficient reason for the absence of conventional histrionic lore and accomplishments in Gaeldom. But it is safe to say that there are very few callings in which the Gael, by his temperament and by the traditions of chaste artistic utterance in his race, would be so likely to excel as in that of the actor. The typical Gael has that kind of imagination which may be called realistic, and which has a tendency to illustrate the abstract by means of the concrete. On this account it would be no uncongenial task for him to project and visualise in his own mind the picture of dramatic character which has been portrayed in words by the dramatist. And it is equally certain that his quick sensibility would enable him to render a successful impersonation. It could have only been by an instinctively correct study of character on the part of professional reciters that the prominent figures in tale and saga have retained their well-defined identity through many centuries of oral transmission. And the natural tendency of the Gael to use dialogue in literature which is not directly intended to be dramatic, leads one to think that it would be congenial for him to realise with enthusiasm that instinctive tendency on the stage.

In addition, however, to these "inward" qualifications of temperament, there are graces of elocution, expression, and deportment, which have been developed in another connection in Gaeldom, but which, at the same time, would be such an advantage to the Gael as actor that he would feel as if "to the manner born." We believe that justice from the artistic point of view has never been done to the excellence of elocution attained by the professional reciters of romance. Following the manner prompted by Nature, and not misled by rules of sophistry, they developed the art of beautiful utterance. The result became evident in their control of vocal modulation and facial expression, as well as in the accomplishments of gesticulation and stately deportment, which are a histrionic language by themselves. To the general effect of this development is to be traced the elegant utterance and courtly manner which surprise

the stranger on addressing the average Gaelic peasant. When one remembers that such acquirements cannot be accidental, and are rarely or never associated with the lower classes in any other country, there is some ground for the assumption that the Gael must have derived the graces of a refined manner and address from an aristocracy of culture in Gaeldom. That aristocracy was the literary class who left their mark even on the humblest among the Gaels. The mark survives in the power on the part of the typical Gael to appreciate, and occasionally to illustrate, the graces of a natural delivery. A faithful exposition of the traditional manner would be hailed with delight by a Gaelic audience. The Gael as actor would derive a great advantage therefore, not only from his temperament, but also from his racial antecedents. Non-Celtic peoples admire the proverbial "Celtic fire" that can ennoble speech and electrify the listener; they admit the effectiveness and power of the Celt as orator. Gaels, and especially Irish Gaels, like Terry, Toole, and Garrick, who achieved distinction on the English stage, have always been observed to possess a unique style of their own; and it is a just inference to say, that they owed their intense passion and magnificent style to unconscious transmissions of heredity.

And the third essential for Gaelic drama is the instrument, namely, the Gaelic language as employed by the dramatist. Briefly, to suggest the pictorial power and the copious diction of Gaelic is all that is here necessary. It is rarely that a competent dramatist relies merely on a process of reasoning to impress and convince his audience. He has mainly to rely on word-pictures. He needs to make his thoughts real and concrete through verbal images. And in order to accomplish this end he requires to resort to graphic forms of expression. He is all the more likely to succeed if his instrument is a language that is rich in descriptive and pictorial qualities. We have already characterised the fancy of the Gael as being of the realistic type which is never satisfied with a remote or abstract idea, but must bring it if possible within the range of the visible, the audible, or the tangible by means of some figure of speech. The vivid imagination of the Gael prompted him to use with natural ease the main figures of speech to be found in the best poetry and rhetoric. It is not perhaps too much to say that no important embellish-

ment of human language is unknown to the native resources of Gaelic. We are here concerned, of course, with those figures only in so far as they are capable of being employed by the dramatic artist. The most effective word-picture is that which is drawn with brevity. Chaste, artistic, and beautiful metaphors like the following frequently occur in Gaelic literature: "Is barr sobraiche folt and," "There the hair is the blossom of the primrose" (Tochmarc Etaine—Windisch's *Irische Texte*, I.). And illustrations equally happy and picturesque of the other leading ornaments of speech abound in the language of the Gael. In addition to these, its numerous metres and rich assonance, its technical equipments of rhyme and alliteration, provide it with adequate means of expressing so many different shades of sense and feeling.

The abundant vocabulary of Gaelic is another feature that gives the language a great advantage as the instrument of drama. With regard to the copious diction of Gaelic, it has been definitely ascertained that, for example, in the county of Roscommon, a vocabulary of three thousand words is employed by people who can neither read nor write. In Kerry the number of words employed is believed to be about five thousand. In those parts of the Scottish Highlands which have been least affected by English influence, the same conditions still prevail as in Gaelic Ireland. One may well appreciate the extensive range of the language on the higher levels of literary usage, when the dialect spoken by unlettered individuals is thus abundant in its decadent state. Many of the uneducated peasantry in England use a vocabulary of about five hundred words only. The abundant diction of spoken Gaelic is partly accounted for by the fact that the professional senachies mingled with the common people. To listen to the popular tales with all their linguistic wealth was a favourite form of entertainment. The habitual use of the polished language of men whose life-work it was to recite romance with grace and eloquence, had the natural effect of enriching the vocabulary of the auditors. From the educational point of view, this unique circumstance must have contributed largely to produce in the average Gael a stronger mental grasp and a wider intellectual range than could otherwise have been the case. It is sad to think that with the decadence of the language an educational asset of no small importance is disappearing

at the same time. But the institution of a Gaelic theatre would tend to foster and prolong the life of the language; would conserve to the people their ancestral heritage as far as at least as the language is concerned; and would still maintain in some degree of efficiency the educational asset that has proved so beneficial in the past. Although the peculiar nomenclature of science and philosophy has not been cultivated in modern Gaelic, yet that nomenclature is not the kind of diction most essential to drama. But, on the other hand, it so happens that the phraseology which drama demands, namely, the language of emotion, passion, and description, is the very feature in which the vocabulary of Gaelic is particularly strong. From its abundance of appropriate terms, and from its sensitive appreciation of beautiful and varied utterance, we infer that the Gaelic language, even in the form in which it is spoken at this hour, offers itself as an efficient and pliable instrument for the art of dramatic composition.

### FAR-AINMEAN IS INNISGEAN NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL  
A' cheud duas, Mod, 1925.

"Is cuilean leoghainn Iudah; o'n chobh-artaich, a mhic, chaidh thu suas, chrùb e mar leoghann, agus mar sheann leoghann; cò a dhùisgeas e?"—GEN., XLIX, 9.

Tha mi ag creidsinn gur ann mar fhar-ainm a fhuair a' chuid mhór de gach cinneach is de gach treubh an ainmeanan an toiseach. Tha e mar sin an iomad seadh gle dhullich a ràdh ciod a tha sinn ag ciallachadh leis an ràdh "far-ainm," no "frith-ainm," mar a theirear an cuid de àitean. Their sinn an diugh Caimbeulach, no Camshronach ri neach mar ainm, is cha ghabh e fearg no dorran as; ach bha uair a b'ann mar fhar-ainm a fhuair iad na h-ainmeannan sin, ged nach eòl dhoibh an diugh ainm ach e. Tha mar sin, air uairean is glé thrice am far-ainm a' tighinn gu bhì 'na ainm coitcheann do 'n treubh uile.

Is e, matà, am breithneachadh a dh'fhaodta a dheanamh air an fhocal "far-ainm," ged nach eil mi a' dol a ràdh gu bheil sin daonnan ceart, ainm a theirear ri duine no ri sluagh, mar innisg no air sheòl eile, is ainm so-aithnichte



eile aca mar thà. Agus faodaidh far-ainm an seann ainm a bhùneas do dhuine no do shluagh gu dùthchasach a thilgeadh an leth-taobh no a chur, co-dhùin an tomhas, an di-chuimhne. Ma theirear iomradh air “Caraid nan Gàidheal,” “Eachann Ruadh nan Cath,” no “Lachunn nam Mogan,” tha sinn fiosrach ‘sa mhionaid co thatar ag ciallachadh; ach le an ainmeannan féin fo an do bhaisteadh iad, Tormad Mac Leoid, Eachann Mac Ghill’eachainn is mar sin air aghaidh a ràdh, feumaidh sinn, mar gu’n abairinn, ar meur a chur ri ar mala, is smaoin-teachadh car tacain feuch có a bha air a chiallachadh. Tha fios againn air fad có e an t-Abstol Peadar, ach thoireadh am fear-teagaisg iomradh air an Abstol Simon is seallaidh a choimh-thional air le iognadh feuch ciod no có idir a tha e ag ciallachadh.

Chan eil teagamh nach ann air a’ cheart aobhar sin a tha sinn ag call seallaidh air na seann Chaledonaich an eachdraidh Albann, is na Cruinnich, no na Pictich mar a theirte riu ‘sa chànan choimhich ag gabhail an àite; agus cha ruig sinn a leas dol na’s fhaide air ais na an t-àm ‘sam bheil sinn féin beò gu so a dhearbhadh. An uair a bheir an Gall iomradh oirnn féin, is e “Heilan’ man” is fearr is aithne dha na “Gàidheal,” an t-ainm fìghail a bhùneas dhuinn gu coitcheann; agus tha am focal “Yankee” brath lamh-an-uachdar fhaotainn gu buileach air an fhocal “Americanach.” Chan eil e do-chreidsinn nach faod e tighinn gu crìch gur ann fo’n fhocal “Bolshevist” is fearr is aithne dhuinn slugh na Ruis anns na linntean a tha air thoiseach oirnn, ma sheasas am modh-riaghlaidh sin fathast a’ bheag de ùine. Mar sin tha mi an dùil gu bheil e soilleir gu leoir ri thuigsinn, mar a thubhairt mi, gur ann mar fhar-ainm a fhuair a’ chuid mhór de threubhan an domhain an ceud bhaisteadh.

Tha mòran de na h-ainmeannan so, is tha ciall an ainme ri fhaicinn sgrìobhte air clàr an aodainn. Gheabhar iad anns gach tìr—na h-Eabhraich, iadsan a thainig thar an uisge; na Cruithnich no na Picti, iadsan a bha a’ dath is a’ dealbhadh an craicinn féin; na h-Esquimaux, luchd itheadh éisg; na Loch-lannaich, luchd-tadhail nan loch, is mar sin air aghaidh. Cha ruig sinn a leas ach sùil a thoirt thairis air ainmeannan nan seann Cheilteach anns na h-Eileanan so féin is chi sinn e mar an ceudna; dhiubh-san a dh’fhaodamaid ainmeachadh bha na Laigh-innich, na Sgotaich, na Cataich, na h-Epidii, is mar sin air aghaidh. Tha an ciall féin aig gach aon dhiubh, is e soilleir gur ann bho shluagh eile a fhuair siad iad mar fhar-ainmean

bho thùs. Agus mar a bheireadh cinneach ainm air cinneach eile, bha na ceart aobharan a’ teumadh is ag co-éigheachadh fine no luchd-àiteachaidh taobh-dùthaich gu far-ainm a thoirt air an coimhearsnaich, an dara teaghlach air teaghlach eile, aon duine air duine eile, is eadhon an t-athair air a mhac, is le an bràthair air a bràthair féin.

Is e a tha bhuam an ceart uair, matà, gearr-chùntas a thoirt air far-ainmeannan, innisgean is gnàth-fhocal co-cheangailte ri earrannan sònraichte de’n Ghàidhealtachd, sgìreachdan, eileanan is bailtean, is mar an ceudna beagan mu na fineachan fa leth is mar sin air aghaidh. Tha mi an dùil gur e tòiseachadh anns an dara ceann de’n dùthaich is fearr, agus a gabhail as a leth-oir; ach chan eil teagamh nach feum sinn leum a thoirt thall ‘sa bhos air uairean a réir nam beachdan a thogas ceann.

Le tòiseachadh anns a’ cheann a deas, matà, oir is ann “deiseil” mar a theireadh na seann Ghàidheil is còir teannadh ri ni ‘sam bith co-dhùin, faodaidh sinn sùil a thoirt rathad an eilean àluinn, Arainn, oir am mach bho’n Eilean Mhanannach, is e is fhaide deas de na h-eileanan Gàidhealach. Tha sinn uile eòlach air a’ ghnàth-fhocal Bheurla ud a dh’fhàs cho ainneil bho chionn bhliadhnanach an so: is e sin mar a dh’fhaodamaid a chur ‘sa Ghàidhlig, “Cùm do shùil air Pàisleadh.” Ach a réir coltais bha àitean eile a bha air an cur mar fhìachaibh air daoine an sùil a chumail orra is a bhì air an earalas ‘gan taobh. Tha trè càrnan eile air an snaoinn ri Arainn anns an dòigh so. “Collach, Ileach, Ceann Tìreach ‘s Arannach,” arsa aon-eiginn, “cùm do shùil orra.” Ach ma bhùneas aon againn do àite no àit-eiginn dhiubh so, cha ghabh sinn farran as a leithid sin de ràdh; is an t-àite mi an dùil gu bheil e a’ leigeil ris gu’n robh aigne is toinigs nan daoine a bhùinneadh do na h-àitean so daonnan ‘nan dùsgadh, is iad geur-chuiseach an eanchainn is am bodhaig; eadhon gu’m biodh e cunnartach dol ro theann orra, no far an ruigeadh aon chuid an teanga no an lann. Theireadh na h-eileanaich eile “an Coinein Mór” ris an Arannach, ach cha b’esan a mhàin ris an abairte an t-ainm so; theirte mar an ceudna an t-ainm sin ri aon á Ceann-loch Chill-a-Chiarainn, is ris a’ Chòladh-asach, mur abairte ri tuille e. Is cinnteach gur còir dhomh aithris mar a fhuair iad, co-dhùin an t-Arannach, an t-ainm so.

Bha e air a ràdh, matà, gu’n robh aon latha dà Arannach a’ siubhal a’ chladaich. Bha aon diubh do am b’ainm Ruaraidh, ach cha d’aiseig eachdraidh a nuas ciod a b’ainm do’n t-sàr eile. A nis, anns an àm sin co-dhùin, cha robh asail

eadar da cheann Arainn, is chan fhaca na h-Arannaich aon de'n treubh sin riamh. Cìod matà a fhuair am fear gun ainm, is e rud beag air thoiseach air Ruairidh, ach asail a thainig air a' chladach. Sheall is sheall e oirre; chaidh e mu'n cuairt oirre; ghabh e beachd air gach ball dhi, is gu sònraichte ghabh e beachd is sàr-bheachd air a cluasan. Tha cluasan asail bheo fada, ach asail is i bog fiuch, bàite, tha an rosad buileach air cho fada 's a bhios a cuid chluas.

"A Ruairidh, a Ruairidh," arsa esan, ag glaothach àird a chinn, "thig an so gu luath; thig an so gu luath, luath, is greas ort 's gu'm faiceadh tu an coinein mòr. A bhuil, a bhuil, chan fhacas a leithid so riamh!" A réir coltais dh'inns Ruairidh an sgeul, is lean an t-ainm "an Coinein Mòr" air a luchd-dùthcha 'na dhéidh.

Bha "a' bhéist a bu mhotha ag itheadh na béist a bu lugha, is bha a' bhéist a bu lugha a' deanamh mar a dh'fhaodadh i," arsa am fear-sgeoil; agus anns an t-seadh so, ma bha ainm aig a' chòrr air an Arannach, bha ainm aige-san air a' chòrr; bha eadhon ainmeannan aca féin air a chéile. Is e "na meabh-chuileagan" a theirt ri muinntir Acha Rà; "na collich dhubha" ri muinntir Dhubh-gheàrraidh; "na Stùcanaich" ri muinntir Acha Charra, is "na cuileagan-ime" ri muinntir Chataigill.

Tha sgeirean ann an Caolas Shana ris an abairtear "Baraillean an Arannaich." A réir coltais, an uair a tha an làn aig àrde shònraichte gu bheil iad ro choltach ri baraillean air snàmh air uched nan tonn. Tha na Ceann-tirich ag ràdh gur ann mar a fhuair iad an t-ainm, gu'n robh bàta Arannach a' dol troimh an chaol, agus an uair a chunnaic an sgiobair na creagan so, is e aineolach air an àite, gu'n do shaoil e gur e baraillean uisge-bheatha a bha annta. A réir coltais bha e déidheil air deur beag de shùgh an eòrna is leig e ruith leis a' bhàta a steach do mheadhon nam baraillean fad a droma gus a chuid féin a bhì aige dhiubh. Ach is e a thachair gu'n deach am bàta air na creagan is a bristeadh.

Bha ràdh aca mu Arainn is chan eil e ro mholtach air na mnathan—"Mur a faigh mi bean 'san t-saoghal, gheabh mi claob an Arainn." Chan eil am facal "claob" anns an fhoclair Ghàidhlig, ach tuigear nach e facal molaich a tha ann co-dhiù. Is docha gu bheil an aon chiall aige ris an fhacal Ghallda "Clippe," boireannach dalma, bruidhneach, speacharra. Chan urrainn dhomh a ràdh co-dhiù a tha na subhailean sin fuaighte ris na mnathan Arannach no nach eil, ach is docha

nach eil iad na 's miosa no na's fearr na mnathan eile an t-saoghail.

Tha sean-fhacal eile air Arainn, ach chan eil mi ro-chinnteach cìod a tha a' chuid mu dheireadh dhe ag ciallachadh. "Arainn bheag, mhiodalach, bhreugach, a cùl ri a caraid 's a h-aghaidh ri 'nàmhaid." Faodaidh gur e a tha e ag ciallachadh, gu bheil aghaidh Arainn an tomhas, no a' chuid is fearr de'n eilean, fa-chomhair Galdachd Ionair-Air, is a chùl ri fearann Cheann-tìre. Bha Arainn is Ceann-tìre anns an t-seann aimsir, mar a tha fios, fo riaghladh Shomhairle Mhóir is a ghineil, is cha b'ann aig sith a bu bhitheanta leo féin is do luchd-àiteachaidh Ionair-Air is Renfriuth a bhì. Faodaidh gu bheil stéidh an ràdh ri fhaotainn an sin.

Chan fhiosrach mi gu'n robh a' bheag aig an coimhearsnach ri ràdh mu na Bòdaich, is ma bha far-ainm orra cha chuala mi e. Ach a réir coltais cha robh an t-àite bòidheach sin saor bho'n olc anns an t-seann aimsir na's mò na tha e an diugh féin. "Chan ann am Bód uile a tha an t-olc," arsa aon-eiginn, mar gu'm biodh e ag gabhail leisgeul nam Bòdach, is mur a b'urraim e am moladh is an togail suas, bheireadh e oidhirp co-dhiù, air a' chòrr a tharraing a mhàin cho faisg orra is a ghabhadh sin deanamh.

Their iad gu bheil "làn siùil Bòdaich" de ghaoith ann, an uair a tha catrach mhath am mach air cuan. Dh'fheòraich am Bòdach de'n Arannach is e air tighinn a stigh gu cala an robh dad de ghaoith am mach. B'ann le nàdur de mhadadh a dh'fheòraich se e, oir bha e a' faicinn gu'n d'fhuair am fear eile searbhag a' tighinn a stigh, is gach sreath anns an t-seòl-mhór ceangailte aige. "Tha làn siùil Bòdaich ann ged a ruigeadh an crann-sgòid an Sgat," arsa an t-Arannach. Is e "an Sgat" a theirear ri sgeir mhara a tha thar cladach Bhòid, is bhiodh iad ag cur air na Bòdaich gu'm biodh iad ag cur nam bataichean oirre gle thric, gu sònraichte na'm biodh "deur 'san t-sùil."

Cha robh a' bheag ri ràdh mu Chòmhal air tìr-mòr taobh eile a' chaoil na bu mhò, ach am beagan a bha ri ràdh bu leor a dhonadas. "Còmhal creagach, far am bheil na daoine bradach." Bidh na Còmhalacha féin a' feuchainn ri chumail am mach gur e "Colla creagach" etc., a bha ann; ach chan e. Tha Colla air ainmeachadh air a bhì creagach, ni a tha e, gun teagamh, is an uair a ruigeas sinn e, chì sinn gu'n robh rud-eiginn mu'n bhraid air a ràdh riu 'san eilean sin mar an ceudna, co-dhiù a thoill iad e no nach do thoill

Ach is leor do gach là olc féin, agus is cinnteach gur leor do gach dùthaich a h-innisg féin.

Is e “na mucan biorach,” a theireadh na Sgitheanaich ri muinntir Loch Finne, gu sònraichte ris na h-iasgairan a bhiodh a’ dol do ’n loch gu iasgach an sgadain—“Gilbich is ‘mucan biorach,’ ’s ‘fithich-dhubha’ an Tairbeart.” Their cuid mar an cendna “na gallachan” ris na Tairbeartaich. “Chan eil ach aon chù ‘san Tairbeart,’ their iad, “is e ‘gallachan’ a tha anns a’ chòrr.” Is e an aon chù a tha an so “an Madadh Buidhe” bogha a tha am mach am beul an locha. Tha gearradh-cainnte a bha eadar Tairbeartach is Arannach air innseadh mar so. Thainig an t-Arannach a stigh do loch na Tairbeart is a teannadh aig a’ bhàta fo làn a cuid sheol, ’s an beul-mór ‘san uisge.

“Nach ann oirre a tha siuchan an fhalbha,” arsa an Tairbeartach, “cha mhór nach toireadh i an cirein bharr a’ ‘Choilich,’ na’n tigeadh e teann ort.” B’e an rudha ud ris an abair ear “An Coileach Arannach” a bha e ag ciallachadh le so. “Bheireadh, ’s an t-earball bharr a’ ‘Mhadaidh Bhuidhe,’ mur biodh e umhail ’s fuireach far am bheil e,” arsa an t-Arannach mar thionndadh na boise.

Their muinntir Chreiginnis “na h-òigich” ris na Finnich. “Uaislean a’ Bhaile Uachdraich, tuathanaich a’ Bhaile Mheadhonaich is òigich Loch Finne.” Is e “na h-òigich” a theirear ri muinntir Mhionaid mar an ceudna. Tha an nis an t-ainm so ‘gar toirt gu ni ro shònraichte co-cheangailte ris na far-ainmean so. Is e “na h-eich” a theirear ris na Ceann-tirich is ris na Diùraich, cho math ris na h-àiteannan a dh’ainmich mi, is aiteannan eile mar an ceudna, gu sònraichte I Chalum Chille mar a chi sinn na’s fhaide air aghaidh. Is e an ni so a tha mi ag ciallachadh gur e na h-Epidii, na h-eich, no luchd nan each an t-ainm fo am b’athue do na Ròmanaich muinntir Cheann-tìre is a’ chearn sin de’n dùthaich, ‘san àm anns an robh an sluagh sin an Albainn. Tha so a’ dearbhadh nach ni snarach air sheol ‘sam bith a tha ann am far-ainmean dùthcha no dhaoine, ach ni is fhiach beachdachadh air gu mean. Tha an so ainm a lean le làn chinnt ri sluagh re ùine a tha glé dhlùth air dà mhìle bliadhna. Chan fheuch sinn ri chreidsinn gur ann le tuiteanas a tha am far-ainm ag co-fhreagairt do’n ainm ud a dh’fhàg na Ròmanaich againn. Chan eil fios cia-mar no cuin a fhuair iad an t-ainm sin an toiseach, ach chan eil teagamh nach d’fhuair na Ròmanaich e an dara cuid aca féin no aig an coimhearsnaich. Tha so mar an ceudna a’ dol an aghaidh an nòis àbhaistich a tha a’ riaghladh fhar-ainmean.

Tha am far-ainm am bitheantas a’ tighinn ri ùine gu bhì ‘na ainm coitcheann, ach tha an so a h-aon far an do thill an t-ainm coitcheann gu bhì ‘na fhar-ainm. Agus chan e sin a’ h-uile far-ainm a chuireas uiread feirg is dorrain air sluagh ‘s a chuireas a’ cheart aon so, co-dhiù air cuid de mhuinntir nan àitean a dh’ainmich mi.

Cho math ris na Tairbeartaich, theirear “na fithich dhubha” ri muinntir Chreiginnis.

“Fithich dhubha Chreiginnis,  
Is Coilich Chill-a-Mhàrtainn,  
Liath-chearcan Taoibh Loch Odha,  
’S Coin-odhar an Atha.”

Tha rann eile a tha a’ tabhairt a stigh Chreiginnis, ach chan eil mi ro chinnteach am bheil ciall aige ach a’ leigeil ris mar a bha gach àite de na tha air an ainmeachadh comharraichte gu togail gach earradh fa leth.

“Tha pònaire ann an Creiginnis;  
Tha peasair an Ceann-gheàrrloch,  
’S tha uisge-beatha feadanach.  
’Ga leagail ann an Aros.”

Bheir so, ‘nar cuimhne an rann Gallda—

“Glasgow for bells,  
Lithgow for wells,  
Falkirk for beans and pease.”

Is e Cill-a-Mhàrtainn “dùthaich nan ceard,” cho math ri bhì na dhachaigh do “na coilich.” Is e “na Caffirs” a theirear ri muinntir Charr-eibhe, ach is cinnteach nach eil ach glé bheag ùine bho’n a thugadh an t-ainm so, no aon eile de a sheorsa an mach, agus is gann gur fhiach e ainmeachadh bho nach cualas an t-aobhar a bha air e bhì air a thoirt seachad.

Theirte “an crodh maol” ri muinntir Chnapadail. Bha ràdh aig an coimhearsnaich ‘gan taobh coltach ris an ràdh ud eile a thug mi iomradh air mar thà co-cheangailte ri Arainn. “Mur an faigh mi bean ‘nam dhùthaich, gheabh mi brùid an Cnapadal.” A réir na sgeoil is e fear air an robh e a’ fairtleachadh bean fhaotainn a thubhairt an toiseach e. Co-dhiù, cha robh e ag cur mór urram air mnathan an àite sin, no am fear eile air mnathan Arainn mar an ceudna, agus tha mi làn-chinnteach gu’n do thoill iad fada na b’fhearr, eadhon gu’n robh iad cho math ri mnathan eile na Gàidhealtachd, is bha sin math gun taing. Bha e air a ràdh mar an ceudna gu’m biodh bean á Cnapadal “cho dùr ris a’ mhuc;” is air a caigeannachadh rithe bhiodh bean á Cill Bheiridh “cho math ris an dealnach.” Bha fathast ràdh eile mu Chnapadal. “Cnapadal a’ bhuntata mhóir, far am biodh iad a’ strìochdadh nan each òga.”

Cha d'fhuair mi cinnt air an robh ciall fada thall aig an ràdh so barrachd air na chithear ann an toiseach. Gun teagamh bha "na h-eich" mu'n cuairt orra is siar orra an Diùra. Is ann aig Diùrach a chuala mi am facal, is ma 's iad a luchd-dùthecha féin a bha ri bhì air an strìochdadh chum e a shàil air.

Is e "na Gamhna" a theirear ris na Gioghaich, is tha sin coltach gu leoir is an t-eilean beag sin 'na laighe cho dlùth air fearann a "chruidh mhaol." Mar a thubhairt mi is e "na h-eich" a theirear ris na Diùraich, ach is maireg a thubhairt ri u e, co-dhiù le dimeas, ged nach àraicheadh an t-eilean bòidheach sin, "Diùra chreagach, chiar," mu'n d'thubhairt e féin e, ach an Gàidheal fughail nach maireann, ùghdair "an Fhir-chiùil."

Chan eil ach caol gle chumhang againn gu leum a null do Ile, an Lanndaidh, "Ile ghorm an fheòir," is bha am bitheantas luchd nan innisg coibhneil ris an eilean bhòidheach sin; ged tha, chan fhaod sinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh gu'n robh an t-Ileach air aon de'n dithis a bu'n mhiosa na an donas féin, agus a réir gach iomradh bu leoir a dhonadas. "Is mhiosa am Muileach na 'n t-Ileach, 's is mhiosa an t-Ileach na 'n deamhan." Tha caochladh naidheachdan air an innsadh air mar a fluair an t-Ileach a' chuid a b'fhearr de'n donas. Is ann aige-san a bha an fhior chruadal; ma fhuair am Muileach a' chuid a b'fhearr dhe féin bha e, co-dhiù, ag cur ri fuil is feoil, ach an t-Ileach gramaid, mo cheatharnach e! Bhiream an t-urram dhà-san gun teagamh. Bhiodh na h-Ilich is na Muilich daonnan a' stri ri càch-a-chéile co-dhiù; is chan eil mi a' dol a ràdh nach biodh am fear beadrach eile a' stri ri u le chéile. Chan eil fios nach e a bhiodh 'gan cur triollainn, oir a réir gach sgeoil is e sin a mhiann daonnan co-dhiù.

Bha ràdh eile air mar so—"chan eil an cùil no'n cuilinn nach faic sùil a' Mhulich; 's chan eil àrd no ìosal nach faic sùil an Ilich."

Tha mi cinnteach gur e Rannach féin a thubhairt, "Na'm b'Eileanach mi, b'Ileach mi, s na'm b'Ileach mi bu Rannach mi." Tha sean-fhaic ag ràdh, "An uair a thréigas na dùthechasaich Ile, beannachd le sith Albann," agus gu dearbh is e a tha ag abachadh gu làn fhirinn, oir mar a thubhairt an dùthechasach dealasach Uilleam MacDhungleibhe—

"Ged a thogar feachd na h-Alb'

Is cliùiteach ainm air feadh an àir,

Bidh bratach fhraoich nan Ileach

Gun dol sìos 'ga dìon le càch.

Sgap mì-run iad tha faireg

'S gun ach ainmhidhean balbh 'nan àit;

Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,

Thoir am fios so chun a' Bhàird."

Seadh, tha na Gàidheil air chall, is tha creutairean ar leinn air uairean is mhiosa na na h-ainmhidhean féin 'nan àite. Thaid againn air an ainmhidh nach tig ri ar càil a chur gu margadh, no a chur do 'n tigh-spadaidh; ach tha daoine a' siolachadh an Albainn an diugh a tha 'nan eire-thruim air an fhonn a dh'àraich seann ghaisgich na h-Albann, is chan eil e 'nar comas, aon uair is gu bheil iad a' faotainn fàsagaidh taobh a stigh ar crìochan, an cur ma chùil an gnothaich.

(Ri leantainn.)

## BOOK REVIEWS.

Na Ràithean : Dealbh-Chluich Cùil Cloinne (Children's Musical Play) le Cairistiona Nicleoid (Mrs. K. Macleod, Fortrose). Price 6d. An Comunn Gàidhealach.

Mrs. Macleod's short musical play for children is composed in correct idiomatic Gaelic suited to the range of the subject. The subject, "The Seasons," is itself of such a nature as to afford scope for the language of description. Being also of a poetical quality, the theme gives play to the imagination. It is here that the aid of music is so valuable. The fancy of an intelligent child is vivid and realistic. The author appreciates this, and adapts the words and the parts accordingly. We listened to this play rendered by clever children. The impression was most refreshing, and still remains with us as a very pleasant memory. There could hardly be a happier way of making the language and the music interesting to young people. The Comunn does well to publish such compositions, which deserve a wide circulation. These short plays for children provide suitable subject-matter for children's competitions at provincial Mods.

Peigi Bheag : Dealbh Chluich (Little Margaret). A Play by John MacCormick. Price 6d. An Comunn Gàidhealach.

In this play the author shows his power in graphic dialogue. The characters are distinctly drawn—which is the final test of the dramatic quality. There is no denying that the conversation is true to life. But the plot is conventional, the kind of plot that is so familiar in Gaelic dialogue for the past century. A matrimonial motive of a certain humorous type is prominent. There is a little comedy of errors in this connection—a bargaining over an animal is taken up wrongly by an eavesdropper. But there is no love interest in the play at all. There is the familiar feature, the old folks agape at new inventions, as if it was the Gaelic peasant alone who marvelled at new discoveries. This is a conventional little play. It would be well if plot and treatment could be got out of the old fashioned rut. We need novelty, adventure and passion, as well as good Gaelic. It is, of course, quite probable that the author did not intend his play to be anything more than a light, humorous sketch. But the competitions of the Comunn are a good opportunity for producing serious work. There are good prizes awarded, and encouragement is given to authors to produce plays that will be a step in advance of the familiar subject-matter of the type of dialogue which was useful in its day, but cannot keep its fascination always.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

- ball:** circular bing of black seaweed dragged behind a boat already overlaid; or left at low tidemark to be pulled ashore at the ebb; seaweed-float: Barra, MacInnes and MacLeod, natives; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: maois in S. and N. Uist is square bing tied to boat already loaded full; or else left for tide to float in (it is used as manure eventually). Cf. ràth, ba-roc, etc. Peursa is long pole with cloth or the like on the end hoisted by watcher to show that feamainn is now gatherable (S.U.). Watcher's reward is a cart of seaweed given by each member of the community (S. Uist). Cf. also on sinean.
- ball:** in phrase air ball, suddenly: Coll, MacDougall, n.; Morvern, Mrs. Spence, heard from ns.: see éisde.
- ball:** of dramatic suddenness, unexpectedness; a picturesque word and a very strong expression, the most emphatic in Gaelic: Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.: thàinig a steach air ball.
- balla:** outside of peat-stack: Braemore, Matheson, n. Cf. gnloimh, bréideadh, cais-bheag, fad-buinn, stéidheach, etc.
- ballachar:** eagle: some man at L. Ericht Lodge: qs. the spotted one?
- ballag(?)** blister: Braemore, Miss Matheson, n.; N. Tolsta, Lewis, Miss Mary Murray, n.; Waternish, MacAskill, n.: dial. for balg, but second syllable has its vowel clearly defined—balag?
- ballag:** slime on calf new born: S. Uist (Garryhill), Lindsay, n. Cf. linnseag, batharr.
- ballag:** membrane or caul on new-born calf: Braemore, Matheson, n.: butter used to be salted in it just as lard is now put up in a bladder. Currac-rath of caul on babe in Coll. Cf. bàithir, batharr, etc.
- ballan:** round staved vat for keeping urine (used for fulling) in: Coll, Hector MacDougall, n.; Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.:—but in S. Uist (MacEachen), Kilpheder, S.U. (Mr. and Miss MacKinnon), and also known to Neil MacDougall of Coll and A. J. MacDonald of Abriachan, Tìree, so too ballan is a two-eared round vat or tub with two holes at top for running a stake through and is thus carried by two who have to go a distance to fetch water. [Whereas the cuinneag is a narrow-mouthed bucket with handle across for one person to carry water in.] These descriptions add to Dw. and so seem worth being incorporated here. Why called obsolete by Henderson Norse Infl., p. 119?
- ball-dòbhrain:** black birth-mark: S. Uist (Garryhill), Lindsay, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Jura, Neil Shaw, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; Waternish, MacAskill, n.: S.U.'s very strong accent on dò- would justify only one l, not so Jura. Cf. sian (déislean). Of mole on skin in other parts of S.U. and Barra, Jura, Braemore, Waternish.
- ball-éibhinn:** a great 'character,' a noted wit: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.; Waternish, MacAskill, n.: not ball alone—g.v.
- bana-bhuisleach:** witch: Waternish, MacAskill, n. Cf. buis-, bean.
- banag:** spawning grilse: Torridon, Mrs. MacDonald, n.: not just the ordinary grilse as in Dw. Act of spawning is shladh in Islay—presumably covered by Dw.
- banndaich:** womanly, modest: Jura, Neil Shaw, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: dial. for bairidh the Coll form, so Lewis.
- baobach:** untautful gossiping woman, blabber: Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n.; Barra, Miss M. from n. Cf. sglànhaiche, bladag, sgeulag, blabhdail, gleomhag, bleedaraich, sglànach, etc. Gobag in Waternish.
- baoid:** bait for fishing of any constituents: Islay, Duncan Johnston, n.; Lorne, Neil MacLean, n.; Little L. Broom, heard by Matheson, n. Cf. solt, etc.; boiteag, fuid-eagar, biadh, maodh. Common to W. Highlands says J. (not Lochaber). Connected with baoiteag fishing-bait given by Dw.? But my spelling correctly represents the sound, for it is that given by Duncan himself, a Mòd prize-winner.
- baoid:** same: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.
- baoise:** metal lining inside nave for axle to play in, the bush: S. Uist (Garryhill), Lindsay, n.: plural is boaiseachan. Cf. cairt-, fòlag, strap, sgifear, faollaisean, feillios. From Eng.
- baositeag:** caterpillar: Jura, Neil Shaw, n. Cf. boiteag (of which this may be dial.) [beustag, also biastag], burrach, burras.
- bara-ceapag:** wheelbarrow with solid wheel for taking peats: Braemore, Matheson, n. (cf. bodach-bac, cairt-, fad-buinn, etc.)



## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Sneachda mór eadar dha Nollaig,  
Earrach tioram gu tobhar chrann;  
Baile mbór eadar dha Bhealltainn,  
Tart air deireadh Samhraidh thall.

Fhuair mi an rann so bho chompanach  
siubhail an la roimhe. Is tric a' tachairt air  
luchd labhairt Gàidhlig mi ré mo chuairtean  
ach thug am fear so bàrr orra uile. Bha e  
cho deaschainnteach, thuigseach 'na chòmhradh.  
Tha dochas agam gu'n tachair sinn gu goirid  
a rithis. Thug e dhomh an dùrachd a leanas:—

DURACHD NAN LEODACH DO NA  
DOMHNALLAICH.

Gaoth an iar-dheas air na teiste,  
Ceo is uisge;  
Clann Domhnaill air bòrdan briste,  
Leam cha mhise.  
Eathar caol, corrach.  
Seol ard, biorach;  
Luchd de bharraillean falamh,  
Tuim gu tobhtaichean  
Sgioba fann, frionasach  
Gun urram do chàch a cheile.

This month is published the first list of subscribers to the Mod Fund. It is earnestly hoped that all who value the work of the Mod, and all who enjoy its sessions will respond heartily to the appeal which is being issued on its behalf. The Committee at Oban are sparing no effort to make the Thirtieth Mod a success, and I ask readers to support them and us.

I would refer readers to the report of the Executive Council on another page for new Mod Competitions, and shall be pleased to hear from anyone interested in Captain Campbell's competition. Copies of the songs will be supplied to genuine competitors, who will be asked to give a guarantee that they will come forward. The "Mrs. Quintin MacLennan" prizes will also be included in the new syllabus.

Concerts in aid of Feill funds have been held in several places, and all have been well supported. The Dundee Highland Society gave the first of these after the New Year. During March concerts were held at Moffat, Lochgilphead and Hartwood. Mrs. MacArthur is to be congratulated on the success of her Gaelic concert in such a Lowland town as Moffat. The weather kept many from attending at Lochgilphead, but Hartwood was splendidly supported. The thanks of An Comunn are due all who are helping to swell the funds.

The Glasgow Stall Committee are holding a series of whist drives and other forms of money-making efforts. "Mile of Pennies" Scheme cards are being distributed to Glasgow Associations from this office, and applications are solicited. The end of the concert season is at hand, and, no doubt, the younger element will welcome occasional gatherings during the close season.

As we go to press the news of the death of Mr. John MacCallum, Tighnambarr, Taynuilt, reaches us. Mr. MacCallum was in the front rank of folk-song collectors, and many songs from his collection appeared in this magazine. Next month we will give a sketch of his work in this and other connections.

## MEAL MONDAY, 1926.

Fàilt' ort fhaoilinn aotrom bhàn,  
Thug thu fàth an Earraich uat;  
Chuala mise guth an àigh  
Theich mo chànan, dh'fhalbh am fuachd.  
Thug an smeorach fathunn ùr,  
Thog à ùir an fàir a ghloir;  
Rinn mi furan ribh as ùr,  
Thàinig ùrachd chùbhraidh orrnn.  
Chuir an cuan air dathan nuadh—  
Gorm-liath trom is uaine sàil;  
Chaidh am muir an glasan suain,  
Chuir mi sìos mo bhirlinn bhàn.  
Chunnacas òigh an Earraich àigh,  
Maighdean mhalda bhàn nam buadh;  
Earlais iad ar tìm is fhearr,  
Ag teachd na thràth air anradh sluaigh.

PETIT BLANC.

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

## LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

## LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Margaret MacLeod of MacLeod, Kentwyns.

## ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Miss Peggy S. Campbell, Rutherglen.

Angus MacGougan, Esq., Gigha.

## OBAN MOD DONATIONS.

Captain Colin Campbell, Ardrossan	..	£5	0	0
Gaelic Society of Perth	..	3	0	0
Anonymous	..	2	2	0
Captain Campbell, Ardrossan	..	2	2	0
Atholl and Breadalbane Association	..	1	0	0
James Craigie, Esq., Perth	..	0	5	0

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 £13 9 0

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held in the Waverley Hotel, Stirling, on Friday, 5th March. There were present:—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormdale; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Mrs. W. J. Watson, Edinburgh; Messrs. John R. Bannerman, Glasgow; Thos. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Charles Campbell, Glasgow; Alexander Fraser, Yoker; Colonel Gilbert Gunn, Edinburgh; Mr. John MacDonald, Oban; Rev. G. W. Mackay, M.A., Killin; Messrs. Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh; Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Angus Robertson, Glasgow; Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Laggan; Messrs. H. S. Shield, Edinburgh; Donald Sutherland, M.A., Scone; Robert Macfarlane, C.A. (treasurer), and Neil Shaw (secretary).

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, was in the chair.

Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod suggested that a short summary of the minutes, which are written and read in Gaelic, should be made in English for the benefit of those members who were not Gaelic speakers. This proposal was agreed to.

The President referred to the tragic death of Major Herbert Graham, Secretary of the American Iona Society, and it was agreed to send an expression of sincere sympathy to his relatives.

The President made reference to the work of the American Iona Society, and indicated his intention to make an early return visit to the United States in connection therewith.

The Rev. Neil Ross drew attention to a letter addressed by Professor Gerig to the American Iona Society, a copy of which had appeared in certain home newspapers, in which he said statements were made which appeared to do less than justice to the labours of An Comunn and of individual workers on behalf of Gaelic. Mrs. Watson supported Rev. Mr. Ross. The President read the letter referred to, and pointed out that it was obviously written in a friendly spirit and with the clear purpose of helping the movement in America.

The discussion then dropped.

The minutes of the Finance Committee were submitted by Mr. Macfarlane, the treasurer. From this it appeared that the accounts of the Greenock Mod for 1925 show a surplus of £8 11s 11d, after allowing an honorarium of £20 to the local Secretary.

The Committee recommended that for future Mods the question of advertising and renting of halls be most carefully considered. A small

advisory Sub-Committee was appointed consisting of Messrs. Alex. Fraser, T. G. Bannerman and Charles Campbell, and the Committee recommended that all the large items of proposed expenditure in connection with future Mods be submitted to this Sub-Committee for approval.

### QUINTIN MACLENNAN'S TRUST.

The Treasurer reported that he had received a sum of £1706 0s 9d from the agents for the Quintin MacLennan Trust. The following is an excerpt from the Dr. Quintin MacLennan Trust Disposition and Settlement giving the terms of the bequest:—

To be applied by them in giving prizes annually until said sum is exhausted, videlicet. For singers, a first prize of £3 and a second prize of £2; for violin and strathspey playing, first prize, £3; second prize, £2; and I further declare that said prizes shall be known as "The Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes," and that all candidates for the same must be under 20 years of age, and shall be natives of Glenmoriston, Glenurquhart and Stratherrick districts.

The Treasurer reported that this sum was on Deposit Receipt, and he was instructed to invest it in Government stock.

This, the Treasurer stated, had now been done.

A short minute of meeting of Education Committee, held previous to the Council meeting, was read and adopted on the motion of Mrs. Watson, Convener.

The Publication Committee reported that estimates for the re-printing of "Rosg Gaidhlig" had been considered, and that of Messrs. Alexander MacLaren accepted. It was recommended that more use might be made of "An Solaraiche" as an advanced reader in schools. A considerable stock of this book is on hand.

The Propaganda Committee reported progress with regard to various Provincial Mods. Mr. Hugh MacLean, who has been teaching in Skye since New Year, is to be transferred to Sutherland at the end of March. He will return to Skye in June to complete training for the Provincial Mod to be held at Portree on 1st July.

The Secretary was asked, if time permitted, to pay a visit to Uist to make known to the people there the aims and activities of An Comunn.

The Secretary read a minute of meeting of Mod and Music Committee held on the previous evening.

In connection with the Ceòl Mór competition, it was reported that on the motion of Rev. Neil Ross, the condition qualifying for entrance to this competition was altered,

and now reads as follows:—"Open to all who have not entered for a money prize for such at any Highland Gathering."

Capt. Colin Campbell, Ardrossan, had augmented the first prize for the best reproduction of the children's play, "An Mosgladh Mór," by two guineas, and an anonymous donor had given two guineas towards the same competition. The prizes for the reproduction of "An Mosgladh Mór" are now—1st, £6 6s; 2nd, £4 4s.

A letter had been read from Capt. Campbell, Ardrossan, offering three prizes of £2 10s, £1 10s and £1 for the best rendering of one of three specified songs composed by the late Captain Anderson, a native of Lismore. The offer was accepted, and Capt. Campbell thanked for his gifts and his interest in the mod.

The Quintin MacLennan Trust Competition was reported on. Conditions as to number of members in Male and Female Choirs was considered and decided upon as follows:—"Ladies and Male Voice Choirs to consist of at least ten, and not more than twenty-five voices." The conditions for mixed choirs remain as per syllabus.

Names of Gaelic adjudicators were read and approved. Mr. Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., was co-opted a member of the Committee.

The meeting closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman.

## NA CEARCAN.

Le DAIBHIDH URCHADAN, M.A.

Tha chuid a's mò de'n bheachd nach eil mòran ri ràdh mu chearcan ach gur còin iad a tha tabhairt duinn uibhean agus feòil, dà sheòrsa bidh a tha air leth freagarrach air son slàinte aiseag air ais do dhaoine tinne agus air son smior a chur an cnàmhan muinntir a tha cho fallain ris na cnothan. Bheir iad iomradh dhuit am briathran achfuinneach air gach seorsa chearc a tha air an cumail ann Breatunn agus an duthchannan eile, air na seorsachan a's còir dha-san àrach aig a bheil toil ann a fhortan a dheanamh air uibhean, agus bheir iad rabhadh dhuit mu an fheadhainn nach fhiaich a bhì bruidhinn orra a thaobh am feòla.

A nis tha an t-eòlas so anabarrach feumail do neach sam bith aig a bheil a theachd-an-tir an dòigh air bith an crochadh ri tuathanas chearc, agus shaoladh tu an uair a thèid thu troimh chùrsa de òraidean fileanta air a' chuspair

so gur e rud ùr a tha ann a bhì ag àrach chearc, agus bithidh tu buailteach air a ràdh gur e glé bheag a dh' fhoghlum thu a thuilleadh air na dh'ionnsaich thu bho do sheannhair, am boireannach còir, nach do smuainich riamh gun robh feum air sgoilean agus colaisdean a theagaisgeadh do na Gaidheil ciamar a chuireadh iad uibhean fo chirc. Gun teagamh bha aon ni mu thimchioll air an dleasdanas so a bha a' cumail cagnaidd ris na seanmhairan agus b'e sin ciamar a dheanadh iad a mach, an àm cur uibhean-choileach air churam na circe-guir, co dhiubh a bu choileach no eireag a thigeadh as an ubh. Agus bha cuid de na cailleachan a bheireadh oidhirp mthath air a' cheist a fhreagart air dhòigh a bheireadh sàsachadh dhaibh fhein co dhiubh. Is iomadh uair a chunnacas deich eireagan agus dà choileach an linn, agus cha dean na h-oileadairean a's ionraitiche mòran na's fhearr fhathast. Dé math a bhì ag iomradh air an linn air nach biodh ach da eireig? Cha chualas lagh riamh a fhreagradh a h-uile cor agus is maigr a thagradh ionlanachd ann an gothuichean saoghailta.

Chan-eil fhios agam an tug thu fainear an tlachd a tha aig na cearcan ann an rùmhar agus gach obair eile a tha an comhcheangail ri fearann. Tha mise co dhiubh de'n bharail nach eil creutar eile a tha an comaidh ri clann nan daoine tha cho deonach air an deagh rùn a nochdadh dhaibh agus a tha chearc. Mar tha fhios aig mo chàirdean chan eil mi fhéin glé dhéidheil air obair chruaidh agus foghnaidh glé bheag rùmhair gus an caoldruim agam a chur an ire brisidh, agus mar sin tha mi glé thric nach bi mòran ri fhaicinn an déigh mo shaothrach. Agus caidlidh mise 'sa' mhaduinn earraich gus am bi a' ghrian an aird an adhair ach chan ann mar sin do mo chàirdean na cearcan e. Bithidh iadsan air an cois mas math a chuir a' ghrian a h-aghaidh fhlaithheil os cinn faire, agus cho luath agus a ghabhas iad cuairteag a chireadh an itean agus a gheibh iad deoch, sud iad nan sgud an stigh do'n lios agus toisichidh iad, cho trang agus ged bhiodh iad air am paigheadh anns an t-slaic, air pronnadh agus mineachadh na h-oibreach a dh'fhag mi car cearbach an raoir. Chan e mhàin gum pronn iad gach ploc ach ràcaidh iad gach troigh gus am bi e ullamh air son an t-sil a chur ann.

Co a dh' iarradh dearbhadh a b'fhearr air gliocas na circe agus a dùrachd ann a bhì a' toirt cabhair do a seallbadair? Ach dh'fhaodainn iomadh dearbhadh eile thoirt air a' ghnòthach. Mar thuir mi cheana cha b' urrainn do mo bhràthair a ràdh le frinn

gur mi taghadh nan gàradairean, agus an uair a chuireas mi leapaichean le sìleanan de iomadh gnè, feumaidh mi aideachadh nach bi iad uairean idir cho min briagha agus a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi. Ach feuch thusa an leig a' chearc le mo ghàradh a bhi na chuismhagaidh. Eiridh iad mun tog an leisgean a leth-cheann de'n chluasaig agus ni iad na leapaichean a sgrìobadh agus a sgrìobadh gus am bi iad cho rèidh comhnard ri anart-bhàrd air ùr iar-naigeadh.

Tha na cearcan cuideachd làn fhiosrach nach cil mòran toiniseag againn ann an cur leapaichean fhìlraichean an òrdugh. An seòrsa chuireas mise nan sreathan co-shinte, their iadsan ri chèile nach coimhead iad ceart idir an uair a dh'fhàsas iad, gur e tha annta sud seòrsachan anabarrach freagarrach air son rionnagan, agus gun dragh sam bith a chuir orm air eagal gun cuireadh e tamailt orm ni iad na sreathan nan rionnagan agus an cumaidhean eile a bhios ro bhòidheach an uair a dh'fhàsas iad.

A rithist an uair a ghearras mi cridheachan, cuairteagan, cearnagan agus a chuireas mi an siol annta gun mòran sùim a ghabhail ciamar a sheallas iad meadhan an t-samhraidh cha ruig mi leas deo eagail bhì orm gun toir an sealladh maslath dhomh, oir an uair a dh'èireas mo luch-cabhrach theid iad an toiseach agus fiachaidh iad de an siol a chuir mi. Crathaidh iad an sin an cinn agus their iad 'nan cainnt fhein, "O, nach soilleir gur beag eòlas an duine bhochd air siol. Tha a h-uile seòrsa dhiubh so air an cur cearr, ach siudamaid agus cuiridh sinu iad mar as còir mu'n eirich e." Agus an uair a chi mi obair cho snasail tuigseach bheir mi bòid nach fhìach am fear a chàineas bruidhinn air. Nach aidich thu an deidh na dh'innis mi dhuit gu bheil an seanfhacal a thuir, "Ceann mòr air duine glie is ceann circe air amadan," air fear deth an fheadhainn air nach còir buileach feart a thabhairt?

#### WITH APOLOGIES TO THE TRUE BELIEVER!

There's a fashion that is growing, much as other fashions do,

From the blatant admiration of the many for the few,

From the ardour of the multitude for everything that's new.

Now this fashion that I speak of is a better thing by miles

Than many of those cults or vogues that curse us with their wiles,

And the name that I shall give it is the "Passion for the Isles."

And the object of this modern craze has cause for growing vain,

For she carries poets, authors, and composers in her train,

And they vow that they adore her both in sunshine and in rain.

But I wonder, when I hear the wind come tearing down the lum,

And the rivers running riot till their roaring makes me dumb,

If I asked them to go with me to Loch Boisdale, would they come?

It is easy to sit tight at home and rave about the west,

The mist that makes the glamour, and the colour, and the rest.

But would they go and live there, if we put them to the test?

There's an artificial note about this cult of Island fame,

That makes the true believer suffer silently in shame,

For he would see the Islands loved in spirit as in name.

And tho' there may be many one might designate as true,

The glory of the Islands must be ever found anew

A fashion for the many—but a passion with the few!

BESSIE J. B. M'ARTHUR.

#### TAISDEAL OIHDHCE (Bho'n Beurla).

Le AONGHAS MACDHONNACHADH.

Bha'n oidhche gabhaidh le tein-adhair liathghlas a' bruchdadh an drasda 'sa rithid bho uchd nan nial. Troimh choille mu laimh, dh'èirich gaoth le oshaidhean bristeach; agus cha bu chuideachadh bruailein a' bhalbhanaich dhlomhair a bha, air uairean, a leanalt mar riochd nam marbh. Chan fhios domh mar a thachair, no ciamar; ach is leor e, gun d'fhuair mi mi-fhìn ann an carcair de phriosan, gun solus gun soills', ach crùisgean meanbh a bha le smùran fann, an crochadh air cromraig. Aonaranach is mar a bha'n t-àite, ar-leam gu faca mi òigh fhlatail a' seasamh mu'm chionneimh, 'sa gruag 'na dhuillibh trom a' taomadh gu làr. Na'n robh an solus na bu treise, tha mi cinnteach gun do laidh mo shùil air ainneir cho deanta, cumadal 'sa dh'fhuasgail beò bàird no snaidheadair. Thug mi 'n aire gu robh drùidh-shlat aice 'na laimh. Smeid i orm, ach is gann a thug mi ceum 'na rathad na dhrùidhichd fuar-flallus na deigheach troimh

mo phòiribh. Oir beag's gu robh leus a' chruisgein, chunnaic mi claiginn sgaipthe air feadh an urlair, is cinn gun chloisach le dréin an aoig a' magadh orm. Bha nise farum nan tairneanach a' crith na h-aitribh; ach a' bhuille bh'aig mo chridhe 'nam bhroilein, smàl e gach fuaim eile bho'm mhothuchadh. Gheimich gaoir na déisinn air m' fheòil; dh'ùraich mi-ghnath's mo chaitheabh-beatha air lasair mo chumhne is chlaon mi thairis aunn an laigse.

Nuair a thainig mo thùr air ais, bha mhaduinn àluinn gu math a-stigh 'san latha; oir bha gathan na gréine a' sgiolcadh troimh tholl de dh'aiginn a' phiosan agam. Ach bha cuspairean na culaghràin fhathasd mu'n cuairt domh. An àite na maighdinn bhriagha, lionneil bha seana chràin sheargta, is a sula beaga mùgach 'gam shior choimhead. Bha peirceal claiseach fada, fuaraidh; is tuar mo ghothaidh air a gnus. Cha bu chuile a bha 'na dòrn ach biodag lainnreach. A' sreamadh a mallaidhean, is deamhain a' ghambhlais a' sprìodadh 'na sùil, labhair i, mar a sgòrnan biataich: "A mhic a' chroin, tha t'uir air tighinn!" Chuir an t-eagal mi thuige gu h-obann. Thug mi dudar-leum air mo bhonnaibh, is rug mi air claiginn gu mo theanachdas; ach bha a crodhanan cnàmach cheana toinnte mu uga mo sgòrnain mar ghad seilich. Thainig tacadh tairt 'nam shlugan, is cuartag neonachais 'nam cheann; bha fuar-fhallus a sruthadh le'm bhathais. Leig mi sgrìach na dòrninn asam a dh'aisig mo chiall air ais; is an uair a dh'fhalbh a' bhreislich bha mise 's mo gheirm air cois-na-leapa.

### TEACHING OF GAELIC.

The following is an abstract from the Annual Report for 1925 of His Majesty's Chief Inspector of Schools for the West of Scotland:—"In accordance with the requirement of Section 6 of the 1918 Act, the Argyll Authority have, since their institution, been making steady progress with the provision of instruction in Gaelic in their area. The number of schools with an acceptable teacher of the language has risen from 36 in session 1921-22, through 54 and 70, to 73 in the session under review. The latter figures seem to indicate that a point of maximum expansion is approaching. In the insular and western portions of the county, where the hold of Gaelic is strongest, the provision may now be considered fairly complete. The supply of teachers is still rather scanty, and the difficulty of maintaining it is accentuated by the frequent changes of staff that occur among the many one and two-teacher schools in the county. A fairly steady stream of

bi-lingual probationers is issuing yearly from the training colleges and the university, and it is interesting to note that within recent years graduate teachers with Celtic as a degree subj't have been secured for each of the higher grade schools at Bowmore, Lochgilphead, Tobermory and Tyree. This session, at Oban High School, an unusually large number of candidates of good ability were successfully presented in Higher Gaelic at the Leaving Certificate examination; and at Oban, Tobermory and Tyree several candidates for the Day School Certificate (Higher) gave evidence of attainments in Gaelic appropriate to this stage of advancement. In a few of the primary schools a beginning has been made with the study of Gaelic as a constituent element in a two-year Advanced Division course. Owing to the almost prohibitive price at which Gaelic books are usually published, access to literature of his mother tongue has always been difficult for the Gael; and Mr. A. L. Macdonald, to whom I am indebted for my information on this subject, notes with satisfaction that the Authority have been taking steps to provide for the schools a supply of Gaelic books suitable both for reference and for general reading. There is a distinct advance in the scope and effectiveness of the teaching, particularly in the upper departments of the schools where it is in the hands of teachers with good academic qualifications."

We still await a report on the progress of Gaelic teaching in the Northern Division.

### BRANCH REPORTS.

JAMESTOWN (Vale of Leven).—A most enjoyable evening was spent in Jamestown Parish Church Hall the other evening, when a large and enthusiastic company of over two hundred Highland folk and friends gathered to a Ceilidh. Mr. Archibald MacGregor, postmaster, presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach; Mr. J. R. Bannerman, Mr. George MacLeod, registrar; Mr. Duncan Macintyre, ex-rector of the Vale of Leven Academy; and Mr. John MacCallum, organiser of continuation classes. The hall and tables were beautifully decorated by Mr. David Isdale. After tea was served, a programme of song, dance, and story roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. It was a revelation to many to find that over a hundred and fifty of those present spoke Gaelic, and the soft, mellow sounds of the fine old language brought back to them all happy memories of auld lang syne. Mr. Shaw addressed the meeting in Gaelic and English, and outlined what had already been done in Jamestown evening school to foster the study of Gaelic in the district. After mentioning that it was proposed to form a Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, he pointed out that one of the objects of the Association was to promote the cultivation of the Gaelic language and Gaelic literature, music, arts, crafts, and Highland home industries.



Mr. J. R. Bannerman made an eloquent appeal to all those present to support the movement. Addresses were also given by Mr. Duncan Macintyre and Mr. D. M. Murray. Gaelic songs were excellently rendered by Miss Fraser, Croftamie, and by the popular city artistes, Miss Cathie Clark, Miss Mary Nicolson, Mr. John MacLean (Kaid). The Vale of Leven Pipe Band played selections during the evening, and Highland dances by Miss Jessie Stewart, Balloch, and Miss Helen MacNaught, Alexandria, completed the splendid programme. The Branch has since been formed, and will be fully reported in the next number.

**DUNOON.**—Singing Competition.—Under the auspices of Dunoon Branch, a singing competition was held in the Imperial Restaurant, on Friday, 5th March, when the following were the awards of the judges for solo singing:—Seniors—1, Miss Mary MacIsaac, Jura (75); 2, Miss Margaret Lindsay, Jura (72); 3, Miss Janet MacNab, Minard (68). Juniors—1, Jack Urquhart (70); 2, Flora MacLeod (65). The winners are students in Dunoon Grammar School.

**GIGHA.**—The opening Ceilidh of this session was held on Tuesday, 29th December, 1925, when the usual opening business was transacted, and a choice selection of Gaelic songs were sung. The Rev. Kenneth MacLeod presented prizes from Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, for the best unpublished Gaelic songs found in Gigha. On each succeeding Tuesday night a Ceilidh was held, when Gaelic songs and readings were rendered to good audiences. On Tuesday, 12th January, a very successful Ceilidh and social was held, at which many friends of the Society were present. The session closed on Tuesday, 24th February, when a concert was held. Proceedings were in Gaelic and English, and in consequence a large percentage of English-speaking people attended. A presentation was given to the ex-Secretary, Mr. D. Smith, in recognition of his services to the Comunn during the past years.

**INVERNESS.**—Under the auspices of the local Branch of An Comunn a Ceilidh was held in the Columba Hotel, on the evening of Friday, 19th February. Mr. Donald MacDonald, the president, was in the chair, and there was a crowded attendance. Songs, in Gaelic for the most part, a Gaelic dialogue, an exhibition of Highland dancing, violin and pipe selections were received with evident appreciation by a most sympathetic audience. A special feature of the programme was a Luadh, or Waulking of the Cloth, performed in a charmingly natural manner by a party of ladies under the direction of Mrs. Gall. The atmosphere was altogether very refreshing to the friends of the Gaelic cause in Inverness, and seemed to indicate that the local Branch has not been too previous in renewing activities. The following were the artistes:—Pipe-Major Meldrum; Mr. Grant (violinist); Miss Soutar (dancer); Misses Cameron, Rhoda MacLeod, Mr. Stewart MacInnes (vocalists). Miss Morag MacDonald and Mr. Wm. MacDonald rendered the Gaelic dialogue on the very modern subject of "Listening In," to the evident appreciation of the audience. Rev. Alex. Boyd and Mr. Donald Graham proposed votes of thanks to the artistes and to the Chairman respectively. The appeal of the Chairman for members was heartily responded to at the close, when a large number were enrolled. It is hoped to hold another meeting in the near future, when, probably, a lecture on a subject of Highland interest will be delivered.

**KILMALLIE.**—A Ceilidh was held in the Gordon Smith Cameron Hall, Corpach. Rev. R. B. Crawford presided, and supporting him on the platform were the following—Messrs. D. Macleod, M. MacAulay, E. Macpherson, A. Robertson, D. Cumming, L. Macdonald, John

Macdonald, Robert Carr, J. Thomson. Pipe-Major Paterson opened the proceedings with selections on the pib-mhor. Violin music was supplied by Messrs. Lachlan Wynn and George Maclean. Mr. Lachlan Macdonald, an old favourite, delighted the audience with a Sgeulachd. The lecturer for the evening was Mr. Gray, The Glebe, Kilmallie, who gave a learned discourse on the planets. A Banavie lady, Mrs. Crichton, home from Canada, on a visit, appeared among her friends at the Ceilidh. She sang "Moladh an Laidaidh," and "Tha Tighinn Fodham Eiridh," in a way which showed that voice and Gaelic did not suffer by exile from her native land. Songs were also rendered by Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Campbell, the Misses Campbell, Miss Wilson, and Miss MacGhie, and by Messrs. George Donnelly, Gilleau Maclean, John Livingstone, Duncan Maclean, and J. Thomson. Mr. Macleod, Erracht, called for a vote of thanks to the president, and various artistes, which met with a hearty response.

**LEWIS.**—The Lewis Branch of An Comunn met in the Nicolson Institute, Francis Street, on Friday, 20th February. Mr. J. Thomson, M.A., President, presided over a representative, though not large, audience. Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Sandwickhill School, who was the speaker for the evening, took for his subject, "Gaelic Idioms." Grouping his rich store of idioms under various headings, namely, general idioms, idioms relating to fishing, the moor and airigh, religion, courtship, etc. Mr. Macdonald gave a most interesting and profitable treatment of the subject. Several of those present took part in the discussion which followed, all of whom expressed their deep appreciation of Mr. Macdonald's lecture. We feel certain that many Gaelic readers at home and abroad would appreciate the privilege of seeing in print such an interesting collection of idiomatic phrases and expressions still current on the lips of Lewis men and women. It is to be hoped the "Stornoway Gazette," which has all along been so sympathetic with the efforts of An Comunn in furthering the cause of Gaelic, will get a hold of Mr. Macdonald's paper. The next monthly meeting of An Comunn will take the form of a Ceilidh, and will be held on 26th March.

The Lewis Provincial Mod will be held this year in the Stornoway Picture House, on Wednesday, 16th June. The syllabus has now been published, and copies can be had from the Hon. Secretary (A. Macleod, 47 Keith Street, Stornoway). The syllabus comprises oral and written competitions, Gaelic solos, choruses, waulking songs, and instrumental music, etc. A special money prize will be awarded by the Royal Celtic Society of Edinburgh for the best unpublished Gaelic story, and the Celtic Society of New York award a prize of £5 to the best individual singer. We would draw special attention to the items open to senior competitors, and it is to be hoped that a number of seniors will come forward this year. The written examination will be held on Saturday, 22nd May. As the expenses incurred in connection with the Mod are very heavy, contributions from friends at home and abroad will be gratefully acknowledged.

**TOBERMORY.**—The local Branch of the Comunn Gaidhealach held their final Ceilidh for the season on 3rd March, in the School, when Mr. C. R. Morison, Kengharair, gave an interesting address on the religion and beliefs of the ancient Highlanders. Harping back to the time of the Druids, he illustrated his subject by instances of the survival of their ancient rites up to comparatively recent times. The lecture was listened to with rapt attention by a large audience, and Mr. Morison was cordially thanked at the close. Musical items were contributed by various members.



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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Cèitein, 1926.*

[Earrann 8

### NA MOID BHEAGA.

Tha na Mòid Bheaga a' foillseachadh rian is iùil A' Chomuinn. Cha leigear a leas ainmeachadh gu bheil na Mòid dhùthchasail ag aithris modh-seòlaidh na Coimneamh mhòr bhliadhnail, agus gu bheil iad uile coltach ri chèile mar chlànn an aon teaghlaich. Mar is treasa agus is lionnhoire a tha meanglain A' Chomuinn a' fàs, is ann is pailte a gheibhear na Mòid dhùthchasail. Is math gu bheil luchd oibreach dhùrachdach anns gach ceàrn, oir as eugnais an luchd oibreach ciàmar a theid an obair a dheanadh? Tha an luchd dreuchd aig a bheil cùram de na mòid bheaga airidh air taing is moladh; agus feumar ainmeachadh gur mòr an t-saothair a rinneadh anns na bliadhnaichean nu d'heireadh le Fear-gairme Comhairle an Chràobh-sgoilidh, agus le Rùnair A' Chomuinn ann a bhi a' cur mheanglan air chois, agus ann a bhi a' dèanamh a' chomhairleachadh a thaobh na Mòid Bheaga. Is mòr an t-aobhar buidheachais mar an ceudna gu bheil na maighstearan sgoile cadar fhìr is mnathan cho toilich is cho saothrachail gu bhi a' tabhairt na h-uile misneach is earail do'n chloinn aig na Mòid dhùthchasail. Tha iad fhéin mar is trice làn dùrachd as leth na cànan; agus bidh teagasg na Gàidhlig anns na sgoiltean a' faotainn brosnachaidh an uair a chumas iad anns an t-sealladh, maille ris a' chloinn, gu bheil an Mòd Beag faisg air laimh, agus gum bidh gach neach a' miannachadh a bhi a' deanamh mar is fhearr a dh'fhaodas e.

Chan eil meadhan sam bith cho éifeachdach ri Mòd Beag gu bhi a' dùsgadh ùidh is dealas. Ma ghluaisear ùidh na cloinne

gabhadh iad tlachd sònruichte de 'n chuspair a tharruingeas an aire. Tha fios aig deagh oide-fhoghuin gu feumar dèigh an leinibh a chosnadh a chum gu 'n tabhair e deadh aire do 'n ionnsachadh. Agus ma theid an Mòd Beag a stiùireadh air chor is gu 'n tarruinge e aire na h-òigridh bidh sin 'n a chuideachadh mòr gu toighe is tlachd na cloinne a dluth cheangal ris a' Ghàidhlig. Is minic a fhuair muinntir eòlas mu 'n Chomuinn le bhì frithealadh aig Mòd Beag. Mar gum biodh teime air fhadadh a' sgaoileadh teas, mar sin tha na cruinnichidhean dhùthchasail a' lasadh eud is dealas an spiorad an luchd àitichidh. Chan eil neach a thig fo bhuaidh an fhaireachaidh so nach cuir eòl ris an nàire aineolaich a b' abhaist a bhì air cuid a thaobh na seann chainnt. An àite naire is ann a ni iad uail as a' Ghàidhlig. Gheibh iad a mach gu bheil mòran eile a bharrachd orra fhéin a' gabhail cùram de 'n chànan. Aig coimh-fharpuisean nam Mòd Mhóra tha an luchd strì, mar is trice, 'n an coigrich do chèile; agus mar sin air uiribh chan eil a' chomhstri cho buileach dian. Ach aig an Mhòd Beag tha iad uile eòlach air na coimhearsnaich, agus tha sin ag aobhrachadh gum bidh gach aon dìcheallach is dian gus an duais is an t-urram a chosnadh. "Is e farmad a ni treabhadh." Ach tha farmad a' Mhòid gun ghanhlas.

Tha na Mòid Bheaga feumail a chum a bhi a' cumail beò beul-aithris na sgreachd na an cheàrna anns an cumar e. Gu tric tha deuchainn air chois airson sgeulachd a bhuineas do 'n dùthaich mu 'n cuairt. Is ann an sin a tha cothrom aig muinntir aosda tighinn a dh'innse sgeulachd no a tabhairt òraid aig Mòd Beag; agus is math

a dh' fhaoidte nach b' urrainn iad idir dol air astar fada gu Mòd Mòr. Air a' mhòd sin tha taghadh na Gàidhlig 'g a labhairt an òisdeachd na h-òigridh; agus tha sin a' nochdadh do 'n chloinn seann nòs is cleachdadh na cànan. Air a' mhòd cheudna cluinnear òrain shònruichte a chaidh a dheanamh anns a' cheart cheàrn de 'n dùthaich; agus faodaidh nach cluinnte iomradh tuilleadh air na h-òrain sin, agus gu rachadh iad air di-chuimhne, mur bhiodh gu 'n deachaidh an seinn aig a' Mhòd Bheag. Chithear gu tric toradh na saothreach aig luchd-teagaisg na seinn a tha a' dol a mach fo ùghdarras A' Chomuinn. Gu h-àraidh an seinn nan còisirean tha obair an luchd teagaisg ud faiceinneach. Agus bu mhór an còthrom is a' bhuannachd nam biodh e an comas A' Chomuinn tuilleadh luchd teagaisg seinn a chur a mach feadh na dùthcha. Ach bidh sinn beò an dòchas gu 'n gabh so deanamh uaireigin. A thuilleadh air seinn is labhairt, tha air uairibh dealbh-chluich cloinne ri fhaicinn; agus a thuilleadh air sin comhfharpaisean an ceòl 'g a chluich air innealan.

Aig na Mòd Bheaga is e brosnachadh na h-òigridh a' cheud ni agus a' chrìoch àraidh. Chan fhad sinn dearmad a dheanamh air so, gur ann air òigridh an latha an diugh a tha beatha na cànan an crochadh. Is dìomhain gach òidheirp eile na leigear oiltean na cloinne air di-chuimhne. Is còir do 'n Chomuinn Ghàidhealach an earail so a ghabhail gu dùrachdadh gu eridhe, gu bheil an Mòd Beag anabarrach luachmhor a thaobh eideachadh na h-òigridh; agus mar sin gur dligeach do 'n Chomuinn aive shònruichte a thabhairt gun biodh luchd seinn a' dol a mach, cho luath is a chead-ùicheas sporan A' Chomuinn e, gu bhi a' teagasg na cloinne an seinn na Gàidhlig. Agus chan i a mhàin seinn a tha iomchuidh, ach leughadh is còmhradh. Leis gach meadhan a ghabhas cleachdadh tha e mar fhiachaibh air càirdean na Gàidhlig, na Mòd Bheaga a neartachadh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus anns gach baile is ceàrn feadh an t-saoghal anns a bheil Gàidheil a' gabhail còmhuidh.

### THE U.S. IONA SOCIETY.

#### A Gaelic University in Scotland.

Having watched, for fifty years, the efforts of Scottish enthusiasts to awaken an interest in old Celtic culture, and stem the rout of Gaelic in the country where it is

still a living language, the Americans are now coming to its rescue. Dissatisfied, it might seem, by the results of their own and Europe's culture on traditional classic lines, and rooted wholly in old Mediterranean civilisations, they want to try what an infusion of old Northern blood will do. The war has, for many thoughtful Americans, sadly discounted the claims of conventional academic education to be the only instrument, next to genuine Christianity, that will really civilise the world. The northern races, they think—particularly the Celtic races pushed back into the fringes of Europe by invasive hordes far mightier than themselves—might actually be destined by Providence to be the ultimate saviours of a world from delusions about conquest, imperial power, the value of material wealth, mechanical progress, frontier loves and hates.

The Celts "always went forth to battle, and they always fell," is the Ossianic saying. But such duels as those in which they fell never decided which was right and which was wrong. A man may hold the Truth like a citadel, and yet for a time be unable to defend it. It is dawning on America that the races called Celtic in the West of Europe, for all the tumult of their lives in ancient times, were never *conquistadores*, and loved their own lands without any jealous eye on others.

#### THE UNDYING VISION.

Whatever the lives of the ancient Celts may have been, they cherished great ideals and had the undying vision of a human state in which men should be at peace, have the health and content of forest creatures, individual freedom, and lives unperplexed by a beguiling but useless multiplicity of possessions and irksome social and communal tasks. But those races first to get at the pen and the printing press have more power than a million swords; Celticism, as a culture distinguished from Classicism, has never had a chance.

What the Iona Society of America proposes now to do is to come back to the old Gaelic wells and see if there be any health and refreshment in them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The American Iona Society is distinct entirely from those Caledonian and Clan organisations that flourish in the United States; it has nothing to do with kilts and pipes and haggises, or vernacular Scots. In its executive, and among its most enthusiastic supporters, are men who have no Scots

blood in them, though this is exceptional, and its whole inspiration is intellectual. Men like Mr. Brander Matthews, or the Vicomte de Frise, for example, are unlikely ever to be found wearing Tam o' Shanter bonnets. Yet they are on the committees.

#### Gaelic Culture.

Briefly stated in the Constitution of the Society, its objects are:—

- (a) To preserve, encourage, and promote Celtic Culture, more especially the culture of the Scots Gael, as embodied in language, literature, music, arts, and crafts.
- (b) The establishment in Scotland of a centre of Gaelic culture.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the memory of men now living, the old native language of the Finlanders, for ages neglected and treated with contempt by its inheritors, has become for Finland vastly more important than the Swedish which had supplanted it. The Magyar renaissance is another example. In the University of Toulouse, the old Provençal language and literature is rapidly becoming the leading subject of study. Spain has recently created a university for the sole purpose of studying and preserving Basque.

The University of the State of New York has now given to the American Iona Society a charter as "an educational institution for the preservation and encouragement of Celtic culture, and particularly the culture of the Scots Gael, . . . to be developed into a Celtic Institution of higher learning under the corporate name of American Iona Society, due to be located in Scotland, with its principal offices to be located in the City of New York."

#### COMPREHENSIVE SCHEME.

Involved in the scheme are several sensational projects beyond teaching Gaelic, and in Gaelic, in Scotland to American students. "Instruction," writes Professor John L. Gerig, of Columbia University, "is first necessary to have competent men to carry on the great mission," and the Society contemplates as an early step the erection and endowment of a college in some Gaelic-speaking district of the Highlands. Iona was first suggested as its location, but some inconveniences of an island settlement, however hallowed by history and Scottish sentiment, are realised, and alternative mainland positions for the college are being considered. Last autumn an official from

the Society in New York surveyed many parts of the West Highlands.

The development of Highland industries—fisheries, crafts, arts, and agriculture—is regarded as corollary to the scheme, for the preservation and increase of native Gaels in their own country is considered vital to the project. To acquire land, erect college buildings, endow an adequate teaching staff, etc., are recognised by the Americans as likely to involve great expenditure. Figures are mentioned which show that the Americans contemplate beginning on a very generous scale, but they feel convinced that the Gaelic movement in Scotland has hitherto languished mainly for the want of adequate capital, and this they have no doubt of their ability to provide.

#### CELTIC CULTURE IN U.S.

It is an interesting fact that American Universities—notably Harvard, Columbia, and the Catholic University at Washington—were offering courses in Celtic at least as early as Professor Blackie's campaign for its recognition in Scottish Universities. At least eight U.S. Universities at present have courses in Irish Gaelic, but so far no single institution on that side of the Atlantic makes Scottish Gaelic a subject. The Iona Society intends to remedy this.

Notable Americans, in University circles, the Church, Law, Commerce, Journalism, etc., are members of the new Society, which is in *liaison* with the Comunn Gàidhealach of Scotland. All Scottish societies in the U.S. are confidently expected to help in bringing to realisation aims which are absolutely non-political and non-sectarian.—From *The Glasgow Evening News*.

#### FAR-AINMEAN IS INNISGEAN NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL  
A' cheud duais, Mod, 1925.

"Is cuilean leoghainn Iudah; o'n chobh-artaich, a mhic, chaidh thu suas, chrib e mar leoghann, agus mar sheann leoghann; có a dhùisgeas e?"—GEN., XLIX, 9.

#### II.

Seach aon de na h-eileanan eile, chan eil mi an dùil gu bheil a' bheag air a ràdh nu Choladhasa. Thairleadh cuid "an coinein nór" ris a' Choladhasach cho math ris an Arannach, is bha a' cheart sgeul air a h-aithris co-cheangailte

riu is a dh'aithris mi mar tha mu Arainn. Theirte "na piocaich" ri muinntir Luing; ach tha na Luingich féin a' cumail am mach gur iad "na piocaich" muinntir Bheul na h-Uamha, is nach e iad féin idir. Co-dhiù is ann air na Luingich a bhiodh an t-ainm aca suas rathad an Obain. Bha facal eile a bhiodh iad ag eubhach ri muinntir Eiseidil an uair a thigeadh iad a stigh rathad an Obain. "Feoil, feoil, a bhalaich! raineach is feoil, feoil a bhalaich." Fhuair mi fiosrachadh air ciod a bha so a' ciallachadh, ach chan eil mi cinnteach gu bheil e ceart. Is e sin an uair a bhiodh an geamhradh a' tarraing dlùth, gu'm biodh na h-Eisdealaich daonnan air mhiann gu leoir de fheoil geamhraidh a bhi aca, gur ann air leapanan rainich a bhiodh iad ag cadal is gu'm bu nìth leois an fheoil, gu leoir de raineach a chruinneachadh dhachaidh thar na dùthcha mu'n cuairt. Bha facal eile aca, "Eisdeal dubh nan bonnach far an d'fhàs na balach," is tha mi an dùil gu'n robh barrachd de'n mholadh na de'n chàineadh ann. Chan eil teagamh far am biodh gu leoir de na bonnach, biodh an t-ionad anns am faighte iad dubh no geal, nach biodh smior an cnàghan nam balach. Tha Eisdeal féin air a roinn 'na dhà leth le iosal beag a tha 'na mheadhon, is tha far-ainm aig muinntir gach leth dhiubh so air a chéile. Is e "eireagan an Rudha" a theireadh clann an taoibh an iar-thuath ri clann a' chinn eile; agus is e "coilich dhubha an stàbuill" a bhiodh aig clann an taoibh eile orra féin.

Is e "na losgain" a theirte ris na Lathurnaich an coitcheannas. Is e "na h-eireagan" a theirte ri muinntir Chearara, is bha aon uair a ghabhadh na h-eileanaich fearg gu leoir as a' phort—"Tha trì casan deiridh air na h-eireagan tha'n Cearara."

Is e "na h-eireagan daithte" a theirte ri muinntir Mheadarloch, is "na coilich riobach" ri muinntir Acha Liobhan. Thug mi iomradh mar tha air "hath-chearcan taoibh Loch Odha," agus is cinnteach gu'n euala sinn uile mar a bhiodh "fàileadh an smiùraidh de chiobarean taoibh Loch Odha." Bha rann eile a' dol mar so.

"Mnathan biorach, biorach, biorach,  
Mnathan biorach taoibh Loch Odha;  
'Se bhi 'g òl na cabhruich  
Gun anlann a dh'fhàg iad odhar."

Chan fhios dhomh co-dhiù a bha mnathan taoibh Loch Odha toigeach air a' chabhruich anns an dèigh so, no nach robh, no an e cho cùramach 's a bha iad mu'n bhainne a bha ann. Tha sean-fhacal ag ràdh "gu'n teirig Cruachan féin gun ni a dhòl 'na cheann";

is faodaidh leis gu'n robh Cruachan cho faisg orra, gu'n robh barrachd buaidh aige air mnathan a' chearn sin, is gu'n robh iad mar sin na bu chaomhnaiche air a' bhainne.

Is e "na gearra-ghobaich" a theirte ris na Muc-càrnaich. Tha e coltach gu'n robh iad anabarrach sgaiteach, geartach 'san teagaidh, is freagairt aca ciod air bith taobh a thigeadh orra. Bha e ro-dhùilich am mac-samhuil fhaotainn.

Is e "na carcan-tomain" a theirte ris na h-Apunnaich. Theirte mar an ceudna "Stiùbhartaich bhuidhe na h-Apunn" ris e teaghlach rioghail sin a bha cho ainmeil 'san dùthaich, is cho fada innte.

Chan eil ach leum as an Apuinn gu Gleanna-Comhann. Bha Gleanna-Comhann ainmeil air sheol no dha, ach mar iomad àite eile, tha e coltach gu'n robh na mèirlich ann.

"Gleanna-Comhann, sloc domhain nam mèirleach," a theireadh iadsan aig nach robh ro-mhòr de ghràdh do'n ghleann sin ris.

Tha e coltach gu'n robh Calum is Iomhar 'nan ainmeannan a bha ro bhitheanta ri an faotainn an Gleann Falaich. Is ann mar a leanas a tha an rann ga chur, "An uair a theid thu do Ghleann Falaich chan fhaic thu ann ach Calum is Iomhar, Iomhar Mac Dhuinn is Calum, Calum Mac Dhuinn is Iomhar." Bheir so 'nar cuimhne seann ràdh eile mu Chloinn Ghilleathain, "Mar mhadadh ag òl earraich tha ainmeannan Chloinn Ghilleathain, 'Eachann, Lachuinn; Eachann, Lachuinn; Eachann, Lachuinn, Tearlach."

Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil fios aig na Gàidheil uile gur e "na h-òisgean" a theirear ri muinntir Lios-mòr. Chuala mi e air innseadh gur ann mar a fhuair iad an t-ainm so, gu'n d'fhaing orra aon latha tighinn an nall do'n Oban a phàidheadh a' mhàil, oir is ann 's a bhaile sin a bha bùth-gnothaich a' bhàillidh, is a' cheud fhear a thug aghaidh air an dorus, thug e an aire do chearnaig neònaich an sin. Chan fhaiceadh e lèir de rud aig dorus riamh roimhe, is leis gu'n robh an rud a bha ann cho glan, ùr, bòidheach, smaointich e, is a chasan làn puill gur e an aon ni a b'fhearr dha a dhèanamh leum thairis air. Is e sin a rinn e, is mar na caoraich neo-chiontach lean an còrr e. Ciod a' chearnag a bha aig an dorus ach bas ùr notha a chuir an bàillidh còir aig an dorus gu feum sònraichte nan Liosaich an uair a thigeadh iad! Tha sin gle mhath mar sgeul; ach is docha leam nach b'e sin toiseach an fhar-ainme idir, ach gu'n abairte "na h-òisgean" ris na Liosaich fada, fada



roimh am nam bàillidhean, is gu bheil ciall eachdraidheil is ro-shònraichte air an ainm sin a bhì orra. Is iomad sabaid a dh'aobharaich, "mè," a ghlaodhach ri Liosach air sràidean an Obain, is chan eil mi a' dol a ràdh gu bheil a leithid sin de nì air fhàgail 'nan déidh eadhon an diugh fathast.

Thubhairt mi mar tha gu'm biodh am Muileach 'ga chur air an aon ghàd ris an Ileach iomad uair, is an iomad ràdh. Tha mi an dùil gur e a b'aobhar dha so, an tomhas co-dhùit, gu'n robh re ùine mhòir cònsachadh is ainmheir eadar Clann Dòmhnuille an Ile is Clann Ghilleathain am Muile. Bha an dà fhine iad féin anns a' cheart tomhas air an cuimseachadh le chèile an iomad ràdh, mar a bha, "Leom nan Dòmhnullach is òinnealachd Chlann Ghilleathain," facal Leodhasach, is mar sin air aghaidh. Thug mi cheana dhuibh a' cheud chuid de ràdh ann an robh an t-Ileach 's am Muileach a' faotainn àite. Is e so e uile:—

"Chan eil àrd no ìosal nach faic sùil an Illich;

Chan eil an cùil no 'n cuilinn nach faic sùil a' Mhuilich;

Na dh'fhàgadh am Muileach, ghrad sgobadh an Collach uaithe,

Ach is mairg a dh'earbadh a chuid no anam ris a' chealgair Bharrach."

Bha brìgh na cùise an dòigh eile aca mar an ceudna, is car mar so:—

"Chan fhaic am Muileach nach sanntaich am Muileach;

Na shanntaicheas am Muileach goididh an Collach,

'S na ghoideas an Collach cuiridh an Tiristeach am folach."

Bha feist a' Bharraich 'na dhéidh sin air an aon dòigh.

So comhairle a thaobh a' Mhuilich, ach chan abairinn gur comhairle ro ghlic i idir:—

"Sliob am Muileach is sgròbaidh e thu;

Sgròb am Muileach is sliobaidh e thu."

A rithist theirear, "Ged a bhiodh tu cho carach ris a' Mhuileach, gheabhar am mach thu"; agus, "is ann 'na dhòrn féin a tha lagh a' Mhuilich." Tha an ràdh mu dheireadh so a' toirt 'nar cuimhne na sgeoil ud a tha air a h-inneadh mu Bhrianus an Ceilteach, an uair a thog e eis anns an Ròimh, is a thilg e a chladheamh anns an t-slige a bha 'a' tomhas am mach an ionmhais, "Voe Victis!" no "mo thruaigh na thugadh fo chis!"

Mar a theirte ris na Liosaich, theirte "na h-òisgean" ri muinntir Bhun-easain; theirte

"na gamhna" ris na Rosaich uile, gu sònraichte ri muinntir Chrèidhich, "na h-eich" ri muinntir Ghriobuinn, is "na h-eich dhonna" ri muinntir a' Chrògain. Ris na Muilich an coitcheanas uile gu léir theirte "na Doideagan." Bha an t-ainm so 'g an leantainn ri linn na buidsich ainmeil ud "an Doideag Mhuileach," a chuir an Long Spàinnteach do'n ghrùnd.

"Is treise Dia na Doideag," arsa facal eile, "ach is treise Doideag na Mac Ghilleathain."

An cainnt nam bàrd theirte, "Muile nan Craobh," "Muile nam Mór-bheann" agus "An Dreoilinn" ris an eilean ainmeil so. Chan eil dùil agam gu'n gabh cinnt toirt air cìod is ciall do'n ainm mu dheireadh so, agus is docha leam gu bheil ciall ro shònraichte a thaobh-eiginn aige.

Theirte "I nan ban bòidheach" ri cìlean naomh Chalum Chille chaomh. Ach cuim air bith a fhuair e an t-ainm cha b'ann an linn a' Chalum cheudna, oir cha robh e air a cheadachadh, mar a chualas, do mhnaoi idir, bòidheach no air atharrachadh, a bhì an I anns an linn fada as ud. Tha sinn uile mar an ceudna eolach air an rann:—

"I mo chridhe, I mo ghràdh;

Far am biodh glaoth manaich bidh geum bà.

Ach mu'n tig an saoghal gu crìch, Bidh I mar a bhà."

Cha bu toil le Calum naomh na bà, oir thug e féin fa-near "far am biodh bó gu'm biodh bean, is far am biodh bean gu'm biodh dragh"; sin mar a thoirmeis e aon seach aon dhuibh a bhì an Eilean I. Ach is cinnteach gu'n do dhi-chuimhnich e gur i bean a fhuair an t-urram Calum féin agus eadhon Slànuihear a thoirt a dh'ionnsaidh an t-saoghail, is mar sin 'nam meadhan air mórán de'n dragh a tha fuaighte ris an t-saoghal bhronach so a thilgeadh as an t-sealladh.

(*Ri Leantainn.*)

## THE LATE MR. JOHN MACCALLUM, TIGHNAMBARR.

As noted briefly in our last number, there occurred at Tighnambarr, Taynuilt, on 20th March, the death of Mr. John MacCallum, "Bard Taobh Loch Eite."

Mr. MacCallum was born at Balindeor, Taynuilt. He had a first-hand knowledge of Gaelic folk songs which was almost unrivalled in the North. He learned the songs of the

Muckairn woodcutters and bark-strippers in his boyhood, and stored them in his memory, which was of extraordinary retentiveness. It will be of interest to our readers and all interested in the Mod to know that this year's Mod piece, "An Cronan Muileach," was noted by Mr. MacCallum from the singing of the woodcutters. Later, after gaining a thorough knowledge of music, he wrote down the airs, and collected many more from Highland people during his many years' residence in Glasgow. He gave to others generously from his rich store of music and poetry.

Mr. MacCallum won several first prizes at the Mod for these collections of unpublished airs, and they have been, and are being, published in this magazine. Some also have appeared in the Mod Collection of Gaelic music. He supplied airs to "Modern Gaelic Bards," and wrote new ones in large numbers. His original tune for the late Duncan Reid's song "Ri Guaillibh a Cheile" has become widely popular.

Mr. MacCallum joined the Glasgow Police Force in 1875, and received rapid promotion. He attained the rank of Detective-Inspector in 1893, and in 1906, owing to ill-health, he retired from active service.

While in Glasgow, Mr. MacCallum took a special interest in the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, then, as now, so well known as one of the most successful and highly trained combinations of Gaelic singers in Scotland. He was President of the Association, as also of the Oban and Lorn Association.

Mr. MacCallum was a Life Member of An Comunn for many years, and frequently adjudicated at the Annual Mods.

A new Gaelic Hymnal is being prepared by a Joint Committee of the Churches, and for this he composed over thirty original airs, suited to sacred words. In gifts and character Mr. MacCallum was indeed a fine type of the true Gael.

### THE GREAT FEILL.

Both at home and abroad, considerable progress has been made. Canada, where so many Highlanders have recently gone, is the fourth of the Great Dominions to undertake to organise a Stall at the Feill. The Convener is Dr. Fraser, Dept. of Public Records, Toronto, with whom all willing to help should at once get into touch. The London Stall Committee has held two meetings, and subscriptions are beginning to come in. One-fourth of the Scottish Societies in England replied at once to Lady MacDonald's request for their

co-operation—all in the affirmative—and others are replying now, after having consulted their Committees. The Edinburgh Stall Committee held its first General Meeting in Dowell's Rooms at the end of February. Over forty were present, despite a perfect deluge of rain. An Executive Committee with power to co-opt was elected, consisting of:—Mrs. Bartholomew, Miss Bruce, Miss Augusta Lamont, Miss MacNaughton, Mrs. Ogilvie, Miss Orphoot, Mrs. Pitcairn, Mrs. Calum Seymour, Mrs. Spence Thompson, Mrs. Watson, General Craig Brown, Lord Cassillis, Col. Gunn, Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod, Rev. Dr. MacLennan, Mr. MacPhail, K.C., Mr. C. M. Macpherson and Sir Bruce Seton.

Mrs. Herdman (Miss Lucy Campbell of Succoth) has undertaken to convene Roxburgh; Mrs. Gardyne of Glenforsa, Mull; Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, Ross and Cromarty, of which Lady Marjorie MacKenzie of Gairloch has consented to be President.

### SECRETARY'S NOTES.

Preparations for Provincial Mods are going on splendidly in the various districts, thanks to the enthusiasm and energy of local Committees. The first of these has already taken place at Campbeltown. The Kintyre Mod extended over two days, and was a great success. Seven Junior Choirs took part and twenty juveniles presented themselves in the Recitation and Bible Reading Competitions. A full report will be given in our next number.

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Classes are already organised in Sutherland awaiting the arrival of the Music Teacher. Scourie and Durness will receive first attention, and afterwards the Dornoch and Rogart districts. Mr. Hugh MacLean has covered a lot of ground in Skye, and is due to revisit the various centres there before the Mod takes place at Portree on 1st July.

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For the benefit of those who contemplate competing for Captain Colin Campbell's prizes for singing the late Capt. Anderson's songs, I have to state that the following are the songs selected:—"Oran do Liosmór," "Oran Bàta" and "Caiptean Calum MacThòrcadail." Competitors are to select one of these three songs. The Final Syllabus will be ready about the end of the month.

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I am glad to report that at a recent meeting of the London Gaelic Choir it was decided to compete at Oban this year. This is very heartening, and I hope that friends of the

cause in the Metropolis will give the Choir the support it deserves. With the revived choirs in Inverness and Kinlochleven coming forward, the choral section of the Mod should be of outstanding and widespread interest.

NIALL.

### SPREAD OF GAELIC ENTHUSIASM.

It is intensely gratifying to those who are interested in the revival of Gaelic to have such practical demonstration of such as is taking place in Wick and other parts of Scotland. Last month a magnificent start was made, when Mr. R. I. G. Millar presided at a concert of the recently formed branch in Wick. His address to the meeting was so sane, and even inspiring, that the best comment is to reproduce his own language. Commencing with an analogy between Burns and other poets of nature, who "tuned their wild and artless notes as she inspired," he emphasised the fact that Rob Donn and all the other Gaelic poets have done the same in their native language.

Continuing, he said that during the past few years there has been a distinct revival in Scottish art and letters, and in that revival it is particularly pleasing to note that the beauties of Celtic poetry and song are being more and more recognised and appreciated. For this we are largely indebted to the Comunn Gàidhealach and its various branches, and to other Highland Societies both at home and overseas. And we of the Wick branch—a very young organisation—are proud to be able to contribute our little help to this great and praiseworthy movement.

I would like here to take occasion, on behalf of the branch, to thank the public of Wick for their very cordial support. We began with modest expectations, but we found the appreciation of our public ceillidhs to be such that we have ventured at this early stage of our existence as a branch to organise this concert; and in your splendid patronage to-night our hopes and efforts have again been fully justified.

#### AN INVITATION.

I have referred to the good work of An Comunn. By its annual Mods, or festivals of Gaelic music and literature, it is doing much to restore the Celtic spirit and sentiment to its rightful place. On Friday, 10th September next, a provincial Mod will be held at Lairg, in the neighbouring county of Sutherland. I have in my hand a syllabus of the various competitions, and I find they

are open not only to all that county, but to the members of the Wick and Thurso branches as well. I am sure it would greatly delight the promoters if any of our members will come forward to take part. We are, as I have said, a very youthful branch, but we have some members who would no doubt distinguish themselves; and our good friend and teacher, Mr. Mackenzie, would, I am sure, do his utmost to coach them up to concert pitch.

Our work, I may say, is being favourably noticed far afield; indeed, not only at home but far overseas. In a personal letter which I received from a good friend and correspondent, that loyal son of the North, Dr. R. Gordon Macdonald, Dunedin, New Zealand, he says:—"I see you are president of the Gaels in Wick. Out in the great world two or more languages are most useful, and help to open doors that otherwise would be closed. Please to preach this fact in and out of season. Only those who are out in the world know the value of it."

In such an assurance there is encouragement for every one of us, and especially for the younger members, to persevere in their efforts to acquire a fair knowledge of the Gaelic tongue.

Our indefatigable secretary, Mr. Neil Shaw, who was present, was accorded a very cordial welcome, while he, with Miss Rhoda MacLeod, and Mr. Stewart MacInnes, made special contributions to the evening's entertainment.

### LADY ARTISTS' "AT HOME" AND CONCERT.

An evening of great interest and enjoyment was spent by the members of the Lady Artists' Club, Glasgow, when Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale arranged a concert of Highland music for the last "At Home" of the season. Piper John M'Intyre opened the programme, and then Miss Jennie Given gave a short address on Gaelic song. The Quartet, Miss Donald Robertson, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Kenneth Galloway, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. J. M. Bannerman, contributed to a splendid concert. Many present had never heard a Gaelic song before, and all were charmed with the wonderful melodies. Special interest was taken in the singing of Oran Mor by Miss Robertson and Mr. Bannerman, and in the clarsach accompaniments played by Miss Given. Mrs. Burnley Campbell spoke briefly, and made a special appeal for support of the Feill in 1927.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

- baran:** lasting, durable: Kinlochewe, Duncan Matheson; S. Uist, MacEachen, n. Dw. has *barant* = surety and *maireann* everlasting.
- baranta:** same: Braemore, Rory Matheson, n.; S. Uist, MacE., n.
- barantach:** same: Braemore, R. M., n.; S. Uist, MacE., n.
- barantachd:** certainty: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n. Lewis has also *barantas* and the adj. *-ach*.
- bar-cur:** red tangle (see *ba-roc*): Coll, MacDougall, n.; Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: accent on last syll. Cf. (*gliùrach*) *bracarra*, *feamainn*, *barr-dearg*, *liathg*, *liana-raich*, *ba-roc*, *dreamaichean-bracaire*, *stamh*, *roc-gruagan*, etc.
- ba-roc:** raft of sea-ware, bing of seaweed: E. Tìree, MacDougall, from native. Accent on last syllable. Cf. *ràth*, *ball*. Evidently shortened for *bàrr-roc*, says MacD.
- ba-roc:** the red sea-wrack that comes ashore in April; it is always 'cast' at that time of year, just as leaves are in Oct. and Nov.: W. Tìree, MacD., from n.; Coll, MacD., n. Cf. *feamainn-cìreìn*, *liathg*, *liana-raich*, *bracarra* (*gliùrach*), etc. Neither sense known to Mrs. MacLeod, a native of E. Tìree. *Gruagein* in S.U. is 2 fathoms long ribbon or sash-shaped ware, both sides curled, but middle smooth, 4in. broad and stem  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long.
- barrach:** branched (adj.): *Gleann Càrn Garaidh Bharraich* (true name of map's Gl. a' Ch. Dhoire) Gl. Mallie, L. Arkaig side, Ròbert Stewart, Strathan, Gl. Dessarry; Jura, Neil Shaw, n.: qs. broom-like? so MacDougall suggests. [*Càm Garaidh* sounded *camgarry*.] Cf. *bioran* (meuran).
- bàrr-cluaise:** see *b.-na-cl.*: Islay, Johnston, n.
- barr-dearg:** (1) red sea-tangle when newly washed up—it soon fades: Islay, Johnston, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n. (2) seaweed that grows like corn: N. Uist, a native. Neither description seems to suit Dw.'s—but I am very ignorant in seaweed-lore.
- barr-fhad:** first stratum of peats under grass, top layer of peat: Staffin, MacDougall, heard from native: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n. First 'a' is sounded short, so I dare not put duration mark. Cf. *fòid-uachdar*, *cais-*, *fad-buinn*, *bodach-bac*, etc.
- bàrr-na-cluais:** top cut taken off sheep's ear in marking, tip, crop: Braemore, Matheson, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.: see *beum*, *clipeadh*, etc. *Sgoltadh* in Islay for slit, split, and Braemore also uses it for this ear-cut and so S. Uist.
- bàrr-na-cluais-dheas:** top cut off sheep's right ear, together with a nip taken from each side: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: private mark in MacE.'s family which has passed down from father to son since generations. Cf. *clipeadh*, *bacan*, *beum*, *sùileag*, *criomag-*, *slis-*, *cas-chaibe*, *comhar-a'-mhèirlich*, *corran*, *meurlan*, *ceithir-*.
- barr-roc:** sunken rock: Islay, Johnston, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n. In Coll *roc* is any rock, especially those half-submerged even at low tide, but also one that only appears at low tide. Islay use is similar. Whereas *bogha* is usually quite or nearly unsubmerged. But in practice there is no clear line of demarcation, so that the words get used interchangeably in Coll. So S. Uist.
- bas:** door mat made of bent grass, *bass*: Coll, MacDougall, n.; Islay, a n.; Tìree, heard from n. by MacDougall; Braemore, Matheson, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: *peallag* in Islay according to Johnston, a native, who denies *bas* as Islay word, and Mrs. MacLeod denies it for Tìree (E.). Made of rushes or straw also in Braem. Made also of *muran* in S.U.
- bàs-dair:** hill-bog, a veritable trap for sheep and sometimes cattle; swampy ground: Jura, D. Shaw, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. See *amhainn*, and cf. *amhuinn*, *sùil-*, *bóta*, *athan*, *crith*, *làpan*, *briamhlach*, *sgumban*, *còinnteach*, *botach*, *léig-*, *bodhtadh*, *pollag*, *aibhin*, *athainn*, *bru-lochan*, *breu-lochan*, *bogalaich*, *bogalais*. "From *bàs* + *duir*, water": S.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

## SELECTED ENGLISH PROSE.

From Nigel MacNeill's "Literature of the Highlanders."

It is interesting to find that, meagre as Gaelic literature is—and the great wonder is that what we have should have been produced in so unpromising a field—it extends over sixteen centuries. Its stream issued from the fount of Gaelic heroism, which began to burst forth in the first centuries of our era, when the ground of the old European world was on every side shaken by the heavy tramp of the Roman legions, and by the consequent disturbance of equilibrium among the clans and races everywhere. Epic products of genius, of course, there are not in Gaelic literature. Perhaps the pure Celtic genius, as Matthew Arnold held, is incapable of producing epic works—is too emotional, and is only rich in lyrical and ballad power. Great works requiring leisure, quietness, and perseverance there are not; the life of our ancestors, active, earnest, and practical—its energies ceaselessly being called forth to combat the ruthless forces of nature—did not admit the necessary cultivation and ease of such productions. Extensive fruits of Gaelic thought and letters we do still possess, however, although much has been lost, especially of what was produced in earlier days. But these should not for a moment be spoken of in comparison with the magnificent monuments of intellectual endeavour which Greece and Rome and Anglo-Celtic Britain have reared. But Gaelic literature will compare favourably with that of many other countries, especially when united with its sister product, Irish literature. And Welsh literature, no doubt, should also be added. English literature, because of the basis it has in the soil of Christianity, is the grandest product of the human intellect, the master works of Greece and Rome not

## GAELIC TRANSLATION OF SELECTED ENGLISH PROSE.

By JOHN MACCORMICK.

First Prize, 1925 Mod.

Lom 's mar a tha a' Ghàidhlig a thaobh litreachais—agus is e iongnadh a th'ann gu'n d'fhainig am beagan a tha innte a grund cho neo-choltach—tha e na rud glé annasach gu'm bheil sgrìobhaidhean innte a tha dol sè ceud déug bliadhna air ais an t-àm. Bhruchd a cheud srùlag de a seann litreachas a mach cho tràth ris an dara no an treasa linn, a sgeoil-gaisgeileachd a' Ghàidheil, an uair a bha machraichean na h-Eòrpa fo chasan armaithean tartarrach na Roimhe, agus 'n uair a chuir an tionnsgalachd sin gluasad an cinnich 's an treubhan anns gach ceàrn. Ach tha aon easbhuidh an litreachas nan Gàidheal. Chan eil ùr-dhàin gaisge r'am faotuin ann, ach mar *Matthew Arnold*, thubhairt math dh'fhaoidte nach eil fior spiorad a' Ghàidheil suidhichte gu leòir a chum e féin a leigeil ri smuainteanan cudthromach de'n ghnè so. Tha e grad-ghluasadach, agus nochdaidh e a bhuan-inntinn an duanagan 's an h-inneagan a mhàin. Cha robh suidheachadh air sinnsearachd anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh freagarrach a chum suidheadh a sìos ri maecannnachd chudthromach, an sìochain 's an socair, agus le dìcheall. Bha iad daonnan air ghluasad agus 'g an cothachadh fhéin an suidheachadh nach robh fàbharach a thaobh Nàduir.

Chan eil teagamh nach eil cuibhrionn mhór de bheadh litreachas bunaitheach 'n ar seilbh fhathast, ged a chailleadh mòran de anns na seann linntean, ach an coimeas ris an oirdhearca a tha ra fhàin ann an seann litreachas na Gréige agus na Roimhe, 's an litreachas Bhreatainn Ghall-Ghàidhealaich, cha bhruidhnear air aig an aon àm. Ach air a shon sin, theid aig litreachas nan Gàidheal seasamh guala air guala ris an litreachas is eireachdaile an ioma dùthaich eile, co dhiu an uair a chuireas sinn na chuideachd, litreachas na h-Eireann. Faodar litreachas na Cuimrigh a chur ris mar an ceudna.

Cha do chuir maecannnachd duine ra chéile rianh an àite air an t-saoghal, eadhon anns a' Ghréig no anns a Ròimh, litreachas anns am bheil an t-oirdhearca a th'ann an litreachas na Beurla Shasannaich, agus sin a chionn a bhunaitean a bhi air an leagail anns a' chreideamh Chrisduidh. Tha e dìreach maiseach. Tha e an seadh Ceilteach na



excepted. It is great; it is partly Celtic; and we, as Anglo-Celts, admire it. But we may with advantage look beyond the bounds of our English studies, and then see more clearly the foundation of our Anglo-Celtic empire when we have examined with tender and sympathetic care the interesting relics of Celtic thought enshrined in the ancient language of the British Islands.

It ought perhaps to be acknowledged that the English-speaking peoples of these islands are at present peculiarly ready to accept any authentic information respecting Celtic history and literature. The same remark applies to Continental scholars. In our own islands the stirring of nationalities in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and that simultaneously with the movements of the practical politics of the parties of the day, and the advocacy of the reform of our land laws, has deepened the interest in all questions relating to Celtic life and thought.

It is a mere truism to remark that the language and literature of the Gael have been much neglected. All attempts to bring their claims before the English-speaking world were, till recently, treated with systematic indifference, if not with contempt. The national, historical, and scientific value of the study of both does not appear to have occurred even to many who ought to know better. Interesting and inviting as the field was, it lay long unoccupied. Highlanders conscious of some talent were attracted by the rich prizes and honour obtainable within the sphere of English letters. A few who dipped into Celtic studies found them either unprofitable or turned away with disgust from a path in which they were met on all sides with petty jealousies and ignorant pretence. The English republic of letters could not be blamed for disregarding the intellectual history of a people who ignored their own productions, and all that they inherited from their ancestors. Yet it is a reproach to Irish and British scholars that Continental students should be the first to create interest in Celtic studies and place them on a scientific basis. The real parties, however,

ghne, agus tha sinne mar Ghall-Ghàidheil mór as. Ach bhiodh e na bhuanachd dhuinn ar sùilean a thogail car greis bhàrr litreachas na Beurla agus sealltuinn taobh a muigh a chrìochan. An sin, an uair a bheachdaicheas sinn gu mean air na fuighill-chuimhneachain a th'air an tasgadh an sean chàin nan Eileinean Breatunnach, 'chi sinn gu soilleir a chlach-stéidh air am bheil an impeireachd Ghallda-Cheilteach so air a togail.

Feumar math dh'fhaoidte aidaeachadh, gu'm bheil luchd na Beurla anns na h-Eileinean Breatunnach so aig an àm fìor thoileach gabhail ri ni sam bith a bhunneas do eachdraidh is do litreachas nan Gàidheal. Tha foghlumaichean Tir-mór na h-Eòrpa anns a cheart ghnùis. Anns na h-Eileinean Breatunnach fhéin dh'fhag an gluasad a bha feadh an t-sluaigh, an Eirinn an Alba is anns a' Chumrigh, agus mar an ceudna gluasad iomlaideach nam buidhnean sluagh-riaghlaidh, a bhàrr air an tagradh as leth athleasachadh an fhearainn, an slugh na's geanaiche a chum luas a thabhairt do nithean a bhunneas do chaithe-beatha agus beaclaid nan Gàidheal.

Chan eil is cinntiche na gu'n deachaidh càinain is litreachas nan Gàidheal a leigeal mu thuaiream. Gus o chionn ghoirid cha robh agartas no tagradh a rachadh a dheanamh as an leth le chèile, nach rachadh a chur gu neo-ni, no a chur a thaobh an suarachas. Bha mòran ann aig am faodadh fios a b'fhearr a bhi, nach d'thug an aire do na luachan nàistinneach, eachdraidheal agus ealadhanta a th'air am fìlleadh anna le chèile. Ach air cho taitneach 's air cho tiorail 's gu'n robh am fonn, thug e ùine mhòr gun aiteach. Bha a' chuid de na Gàidheil fhéin aig an robh mothachadh air buadhan a bhi aca, air am buaireadh leis a' bhuanachd a bha comh-cheangailte ri càinain nan Gall. Thug cuid diubh tumadh 'n an càinain fhéin, ach chuir iad a thaobh i, an dara cuid, a chionns gu'n robh cho beng tairbhe an déidh an saothrach, no a chionn gu'n robh e na chulaidh-ghràin leotha a bhi gabhail dragha ri ni a bha na aoibhar air iad a bhi air an cuartachadh air gach taobh le sluagh làn de fharmaid 's de aineolas.

Chan fhaodar a bhi tagar nan Gall a chionn iad a bhi 'cur an suarachas buadhan-intinn sluagh aig nach robh déidh air tabhartasan an litreachais fhéin, no air aon ni a thainig nan luib a nuas o'n athraichean. Ach aig an àm ceudna am bheil e 'na chulaidh nàire do sgoileirean Eirennach is Breatunnach, gur iad oileinich air Tir-mór na h-Eòrpa, a chuir a cheud làmh ann

who ought to bear the blame are the Celts themselves—the Kymry of Wales and the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland. It is with much propriety that Professor Geddes of Aberdeen thus addresses British Celts with regard to their languages:—"Your advantages are great. To you it is a mother-speech, whereas to others like myself it has to be laboriously learned, and after all imperfectly, so that it can hardly be said to be a speech at all in such mouths as mine. It is otherwise with you; you are within the shrine, such as I am without, and just as the radiance of a cathedral window, rich with the spoils of time, looks blurred and poor to the eye that seeks it to comprehend it from without, but streams in full glory on the eye that gazes from within, so your native speech rightly studied ought to be to you resplendent with linguistic treasures, such as no stranger can be expected to unveil." The Highlander alone can fully know and appreciate the language and literature of his race. But if he takes up the obsolete harp of his fathers, and rehearses in melancholy strains that his people are perishing, and that his language is dying, it is quite natural that his Teutonic neighbour should chime in with an emphatic and not always a sympathetic amen.

an càinain nan Ceilteach a chum a cur air dòigh ealadhannta? Anns an t-seadh so chan eil duine ra thagradh ach na Ceiltich fhéin—na Cuimrigh, agus na Gàidheil an Eirinn 's an Alba. Bu chùiseal a labhair an t-Ollamh Geddes an Abaireadhain ri Ceiltich Bhreatainn mu dheidhinn an càinean fhéin. "Tha cothrom air leth aguibhse. Dhuibhse is canain mhàthrail i. Ach 'g am thaobhsa agus a thaobh mo leithid, 's ann le saothair mhóir a theid sinn ra h-ionnsachadh, agus an déidh is gu leir, tha ar greim oirre cho leibideach, 's gur gann a dh'fhaodar càinain a ràdh rithe idir, 'n uair a labhrar i le beul mar mo bheul-sa. Tha sibhse an suidheachadh air atharrachadh. Tha sibh taobh a stigh an teampull. Tha mise 's mo sheorsa air an taobh a muigh, far nach faicear dealbhan maiseach nan uineag gréiseach, ach mùchta dòrcha. Ach sibhse 'th'air an taobh a stigh! chi sibh na gathan soilseach a' boillsgeadh gu glòir-mhór. Air a mhodh cheudna, is còir gu'm bi 'ur càinain fhéin dhuibhse làn de sheudan luachmhor nach 'eil e comasach do'n t-sùil choimhich fhaicinn idir." Chan eil neach air bith is fear a thuigeas càinain is litreachas a' Ghàidheil na'n Gàidheal fhéin. Ach ma bheir e làmh air seann chruit-chiùil atraichean, agus ma thòisicheas e air seinn chumhachan, mu a dhèisean a bhì 'dol an dith, 's a chàinain a bhì 'basachadh as, tha e nàdurra gu leòir gu'n tog a choimhearsnach Gallda a ghuth leis agus gu'n cuir e "Amen" a bhios làn durachd 's air bheag truais, r'a dhuain.

## TOWARDS THE GAELIC IDEAL.

By D. H. SINCLAIR COGHILL.

The beauties of the Gaelic literature have been duly pointed out—even by critics of other races than our own; but the hidden shrine of *Gaelic Art* still awaits another great antiquarian, like Winckelmann of the Renaissance, who may escape from abstract theories and lay open a new *sense* and a new "organ" so to speak, for the human spirit. It is true that delicate specimens of our art have been here and there unearthed, such as that beautifully carved cross at Tongue, or that exquisitely proportioned brooch of Glenlyon, for example; but except for these few that rise up out of the mist, the broad level is not permanently changed.

Now, to understand a nation's art, it is necessary first of all to know the mythology out of which it arose. Only the beautiful

Greek mythology has been given adequate appreciation in our times, and who indeed could deny that this was "gay and graceful," as Cardinal Newman himself admitted? But this devotion to the Greek culture and ideal, however attractive, is, after all, a *partial* and one-sided one.

It has been said that the broad foundation of all mythologies is a sentiment that existed long before the Greek polytheism; and which has lingered on to this day, since its seed is an "element of the very soil" from which it springs.

However, the Celtic art does not, like the Greek, ever strain after touch and sight, and the worshippers of the "debonair Apollo" would have melted before such as the dim Ossianic divinities. There is no self-consciousness or self-reflection in our art, and consequently it is freer from that weariness that must always accompany realisation.

It strives rather to express or symbolise thoughts that are *beyond* what is here and now.

Some trivial thing is, as it were, transfigured—a simple leaf out of the wood, or a bird perhaps; but the *effect* is none the less pure.

We are as yet closely limited, and building up a "house not made with hands"; but we must first escape into the light of the *antique* age, and with that transparency and simplicity of the Gaelic nature, which itself reminds us of the earlier world. Merely to pore over colourless books like the student, in the oppressive atmosphere of a college or a library, can never really emancipate us. We must also *feel* that same "ardent attraction" that imaginations have felt for places of classical antiquity; and if we are faithful to the artistic interest, we shall be saved from that *mediocrity* which always observes a "bloodless routine." It is less the desire of discovering something new as of regaining something that is lost—buried, as it were, in some plague pit, and waiting to be unearthed so that the world can once more take the contagion of life.

Let us hope that, by the decline and withdrawal of Gaelic art from the world, the threads may have been preserved unbroken, and that the human mind may have reposed itself; so that, when the day comes, it will "awake with eyes refreshed to those ancient ideal forms."

### ◆

#### "AN SOLARAICHE" AS AN ADVANCED READER.

At the March meeting of the Publication Committee in Stirling, the question of advanced School Readers was discussed. It was felt that two Readers are still necessary between Reader IV. and "Ros Gáidhlig." Reader IV. is the last of the series of Gaelic school books which have been published by the authority of An Comunn. There is, however, a very considerable gap between that book and the "Ros." It was agreed that, in the meantime, until that gap can be bridged over, Gaelic teachers be strongly recommended to use "An Solaraiche" as an advanced Reader. "An Solaraiche" is a collection of four Gaelic essays for advanced reading; and can be secured from the office of An Comunn, or from MacLaren & Sons, 360 Argyle Street. Price, 1/3; postage, 3d.

#### TEIST AN T-SEANADAIR VEST AIR A' CHU.

Uaislibh a' bhreithinnh, tréigidh, madh'fhaoidte, an caraid is fhearr a tha aig duine 's an t-saoghal, is éirigh e 'na aghaidh mar nàmhaid. Am mac no n nigean sin a dh'àraich e ann an gràdh 'san coibhneas, theagamh gu'n tionndaidh iad coimheach, neo-dhleasal; iadsan, a tha dlùth dhuinn ann an fuil 'san dàimh—iadsan ris an do dh'earb sinn rian ar sonais, faodaidh iad fas cealgach do'n aidmheil. Math-dh'fhaoidte, gu'r h-ann an uair is mo ar n-éis a theicheas ar n-ionnhas leis a' ghaoith. Faodaidh neach, le gnìonh cin-faicill, a chliù 'sa chreideas a chall. An uair a thuiteas neòil a' mhi-fhortain mu'r ceannaibh. Nach dòcha gu'r h-e iadsan a shléuchdadh an suil ann an ionad ar soirbheachaidh, a thilgeas clach an fluadain, an toiseach.

'Se an t-aona charaide dileas neo-fhéineil a tha aig duine 's an t-saoghal fhéineil so—an caraid nach dìbr am feasd e —an caraid nach d'fhuaras riamh mì-thaingeil no cealgach—a chù a-mhàin. An uair a bhios ospagan aingealach a' gheamhraidh a' sitheadh thairis—'s gun am biadh ri sheachnadh—ni esan faire-cadail air an achadh reòidhte, toileach ma tha e fagus do laimh a mhaighstir. Imilichidh e gach loc is créuch a thachair le druim-dhrùiseach an t-saoghail. Caithrisidh e cadal a dhìol-deirce maighstir, co-ionnan is ged bu mhac an rìgh e. An uair a dhi-chuimhniceas na càirdean uil' e, ni esan fuireach. An uair a ghabhas beartas an iteag, is a dh'fhalbhas urram 'na chlàraibh, tha esan cho dìbilidh na ghràdh 'sa tha grian an cearcall nan spèur. Ma chuireas ana-còist an dàin a mhaighstir air alaban na h-éiginn, gun dachaidh gun charaid, chan iarr a chù dileas sogan is fhearr, na falbh ri chois a chùm a theasraigan bho chunnart agus naimhdean a ghealach.

Is an uair a thig an dealachadh mu dheircadh, 'sa phaisgeas bàs a mhaighstir 'na uched, 'sa leagar a chorp ann san leaba bhuan—chan'eil e gu mùthadh gu'n do thriall càirdean uile air falbh, gach aon d'a rathad fein—ann a' sid, air bruaich na h-uaghach, gheibhir an cù càr-chaomh, sonaranach, a cheann eadar a dhà spòig, a shùil mbuladach fosgailte, dileas agus earbsach eadhon ri dìblilan a' bhàis.

## ORAN LEANNANACHD.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

Le AILEAN DALL.

From A. C. W.'s Mod Prize Collection.  
Melody as sung in Glencoe.

KEY D. *Moderato*.

{ : 1, 1. d' | r' : 1 : r' | d'. t : 1 }  
Na'm faighinn gill - e r'a cheann-ach,

{ : s, s. 1 | d'. t : 1 : s. f | m : 1 }  
A bheireadh beann-achd gu Màiri

{ : d, d. d | r : r : f | m : s }  
'S mo shoraidh le coibh-neas,

{ : 1, 1 : s | m : d : r | m : r || }  
A dh'fhios na maighdinn a chràidh mi

Ged nach tug mi dhuit faidhreach  
Ann am foill dhuit cha d'fhàs mi :  
'S mur a math leam thu fallain  
Nar a mheal mi mo shlàinte.

Gun fheòraich de'm chairdean,  
'S fada dh'fhalbhainn ad choinne,  
Far an deanainn riut còmhail,  
Cha bhithinn beò gun a cumail.

Tha mo dhùil anns a' maighdean  
Nach treig do choibhneas mi uile ;  
'S mur do chaochail thu àbhaist,  
Gheibhinn t'fhàilt' agus t'fhuaran.

Chan 'eil òibhneas air thalamh  
Mur a faigh mi thu 'Mhairi !  
Cha dual domh bhì fallain  
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi.

Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalair  
Do m'charaid no m'namhaid :  
Chaidh acad am chridhe  
'S cha dean lighichean stàth dhomh.

Beul milis, dearg, daithte,  
Deud snaighte mar dhisnean,  
Sùil ghorm as glan seallaidh  
Fo'n chaoin mhal' aig an rìbhinn.

Tha cùl buidhe mar òr ort,  
As bòidheche na'n dìthean ;  
Blas na meal' air do phògan  
'S 'e mo dheòin bhì riut slinte.

ARDGOUR.—Under the auspices of the local Branch and in preparation for the forthcoming Arduamurchan Mod, a weekly singing class is being held in the School, Ardgour. The class is being conducted by Miss D. C. Macintyre, the School, while Rev. A. D. Maclean, the Manse, supervises the Gaelic.

ARDVASAR.—A successful concert was held in the Ardvassar Hall under the auspices of the local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. The Hon. Mrs Macdonald, Ostaig, occupied the chair, and referred to the success attending the efforts made for the Skye Stall at the forthcoming Feilid, and also made reference to the steps to be taken in the near future to ensure further co-operation. She mentioned that each district was to bear the expense of their choirs competing at the Mod at Portree in July and hoped efforts would be made towards that end. A lengthy programme followed. At the close, Mrs Macdonald and the artistes were accorded votes of thanks on the motion of Mr MacColl, Home Farm.

BUNESSAN.—The closing meeting of the above Branch was held in the School, on the evening of the 19th March, when there was a large gathering of the members and friends, including some from Ina, Fionnport, and Pennyghael. The president, Rev. N. Macphail, presided, and made reference to the proposal to build a Celtic College at Iona, and the forthcoming Mod to be held at Oban, in September. Thereafter a varied programme, arranged by the secretary, Mr M'Kechnie, was gone through. Bagpipe selections were given by Mr Malcolm Macpherson. A Gaelic reading was given by Mr Hugh Macmaster, and Gaelic songs were sung by Mrs Macphail, and Messrs Angus Macphail, Lachlan Nicolson, Andrew Nimmo, J. Campbell, Charles Macdonald, and also by a party of four schoolboys. Mr Macphail, Iona, gave a humorous Gaelic address, and two songs of his own composition.

DUNOON.—The presence of Mr Angus Robertson, the esteemed president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, added a special interest to the proceedings at the last Ceilidh of the session, which was held on 19th March. Major Bennett, who presided during the first part of the evening, extended a welcome on behalf of the members of An Comunn to Mr Robertson. Mr Robertson, who spoke in Gaelic and English, said he was surprised and delighted to see such a large gathering of those interested in the Gaelic movement in Dunoon. He then spoke of the work that was being done and what should be done to keep the Gaelic language living and strong. An interesting programme was submitted by the following artistes:—Gaelic songs by Miss Nettie Stewart, Glasgow, and Mr Livingstone; a Junior Quartette party, Misses M. Macneill and J. Galbraith, Masters A. M'Phater and D. Galbraith; several Gaelic pieces, and a Gaelic duet by Misses Ferguson and Clark; English songs were contributed by Miss Gallacher, Kinn; pianoforte selections by Miss J. Gray, and bagpipe selections by Hector Macneill. At the request of Mr Macdonald, Mr Robertson presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the Gaelic singing competition which was held a fortnight before. After the usual votes of thanks, a successful meeting was brought to a close.

FERINTOSH.—The Ferintosh branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach concluded the session by holding a social meeting in the Ferintosh School. After tea, Mr Alex. Macleod, vice-president, presented to Mrs Urquhart, Schoolhouse, a beautiful tea set from the

branch in recognition of the interest taken in the people of the district by herself and her husband in establishing and maintaining the meetings that gave so much pleasure to the people of the district. In accepting the valuable gift, Mrs Urquhart recognised the generous spirit that prompted the gift, disclaimed the praise bestowed upon her by Mr Macleod, and called attention to the claims Ferintosh and its people had made upon herself and family in the cordial welcome offered to them on coming there, in the friendship showed since on countless occasions, and in the true sympathy offered when illness broke up the family. She accepted their gift with joy and pride, and offered her sincere thanks, rejoicing that the gift was such as she could share with the givers as well as with older friends. Mr Urquhart also thanked the branch for the honour done to Mrs Urquhart, and stated that anything they had been enabled to do to give pleasure to their neighbours had been a source of purest pleasure to themselves.

**FORTINGALL.**—A successful concert was held in the Recreation Hall, under the auspices of the Fortingall branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach, on 19th March. The president, Mr A. Stewart, presided over a crowded house. He said that it was most appropriate that every effort should be made to preserve the Gaelic language in the district which had done so much for its literature and music in past generations. In Glenlyon, St Adamnan, the biographer of St Columba, preached the gospel there in the 7th century in the ancient tongue. In the early part of the 16th century the Dean of Lismore began at Tullichruhilinn, and wrote his valuable collection of "Gaelic Poetry," and wrote his interesting "Chronicle of Fortingall." Literature, both Gaelic and English, had been successfully cultivated in the parish by a succession of able writers. To mention only a few, the poet, Robertson of Struan, Dugald Buchanan, General Stewart of Garth, and Mr Duncan Campbell, were names of which any district might be proud, and to these many more could be added. In music, the Macintyres of Rannoch, and the Macgregors of Fortingall, were second only to the MacCrimmons of Skye as players on the piobhonor. Duncan Mackerchar, the Scottish Paganini, was considered the foremost player of Strathspeys and Reels in his day, in Scotland. In military circles, in the learned professions, and in commerce, Rannoch, Glenlyon, and Fortingall had produced many able men and women.

**GLENELG.**—The last Ceilidh of the season, under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Association and An Comunn Gàidhealach, was presided over by Mr A. Stewart, Barnhill. Gaelic and English songs were sung, humorous Gaelic stories were told, and selections on the bagpipes were played by the local pipers, including Mr D. Macellain, Morar. The Ceilidhs proved very popular and were well attended.

**GOMETRA.**—A dance to mark the winding up of the local branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach meetings and of the Continuation Class conducted by Miss Macleod, teacher, was held in the Schoolroom, recently, and there was a good gathering of the young people of the district present. Mr Allan Maclean, Achronich, supplied the dance music. Miss Macleod, assisted by Mrs Roderick Macneill, carried out the catering. At an interval in the dance, Miss Macleod handed the prizes to the evening class pupils as follows:—Catherine Bowie, for perfect attendance, "Uist Bards"; Charles Macdonald, first in class, "Celtic Lyre"; Mary Macdonald, best in English, "Fancy Farm"; Angus Macfarlane, jun., mental arithmetic, "In Highland Harbours." Good progress has been made in all the subjects professed. Although the smallest

branch of An Comunn, the secretary has been able to forward a donation of £1 14s to Headquarters for general purposes.

**INVERNESS.**—The concluding Ceilidh of the season held in the Columbia Hotel on Wednesday evening, was a great success. Mr Murdo Morrison, M.A., Director of Education, who presided, gave a speech which delighted the audience. He expressed pleasure at the progress which was being made by the new branch of An Comunn under the presidency of Mr Donald Macdonald, and hoped those present who were not members would enrol and help those who were working enthusiastically for the Gaelic cause in Inverness. An excellent programme, arranged by Mrs Gall, was submitted by the Junior Gaelic Choir, Mrs Colin Macleod and Mrs Stewart, and Misses Davidson, Macphee, Macleod, and Souter, and Messrs Macinnes, Macaulay, and Macgregor, and Pper Ian Cameron. Misses Macleod and Kennedy ably accompanied the singers. Miss M. Macdonald and Mr W. Macdonald gave an amusing dialogue entitled "Listening-In." The "Luathadh" or "Wauking the Cloth" was the principal feature of the entertainment. The Chairman made special reference to the "Luathadh," and gave great praise to the nine ladies who took part for the realistic and natural manner in which it was presented. The singing of the "Orain Luathaidh" was excellent, while the "Comhradh" caused much merriment.

At the formation of the Inverness branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach, it was noted with regret that there was no mixed Gaelic Choir in Inverness, and, further, that the only representative from the town at last year's Mod in Greenock was the Ladies' Gaelic Choir, under the able leadership of Miss Jessie Mackenzie. It was agreed that the branch would do everything in its power to rectify this omission, and, as a result, a very large and enthusiastic meeting of those interested was held—Mr Macdonald, president of the Branch, presiding.

It was unanimously agreed to form an association called "The Inverness Gaelic Musical Association," and, further, that the Choir enter for the various competitions at the Mod to be held in Oban in September of this year. The difficulty of finding a conductor was happily solved by Mr J. L. Neil, Abriachan, very kindly agreeing to take up the duties of leader.

The following office-bearers and committee were elected:—Hon. president, Mr Murdo Morrison, M.A.; hon. vice-presidents, Mr D. J. Macleod, H.M.I.S., Rev. Abstair Maclean, B.D., Mr W. S. Rodde, F.E.I.S., Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M.I.S., Mrs Allan Gilmour, Miss Berton, Dunain House; president, Capt. Wm. Mackay; vice-presidents, Mr Donald Graham, M.A., Mr John Mackintosh, Mr Roderick Macleod, Mr Donald Macdonald; conductor, Mr J. L. Neil; hon. secretary, Mr William A. Macdonald; hon. treasurer, Miss Jessie Mackenzie; auditors, Mr Alex. Murchison, Mr Malcolm Mackenzie; general committee, Mrs Fridge, Mrs Fraser, Mrs Gall, Misses Fowler, Donaldson, and Macdonald, Messrs Lee Fraser, Neil Macleod, Stewart Macinnes, Alex. Murchison, Malcolm Mackenzie, and James Cameron.

**KENMORE AND FEARNAN.**—Although little has appeared in these columns about this branch of An Comunn in Breadalbane, it has had a very busy season. Several ceilidhs were held, all of which were well attended. Mr Alexander Campbell of Boreland, president, gave address by which he enthused his audiences for Gaelic and kindred subjects. Mr J. J. Coull, M.A., the headmaster of Acharn School, who has developed a rare love of the old language and its music, went to great



pains with the training of choirs for juniors and seniors. Classes in the reading of Gaelic were conducted by the Rev. William A. Gillies, B.D., of Kinnore Parish. These are to be continued until the Perthshire Mod comes off at Aberfeldy at the end of June. Thus in this old Highland district much profit and enjoyment has been derived from the activities of the Gaelic movement.

**KILMENY.**—A pleasing function was held in the Ballygrant Drill Hall on the evening of "Lady Day," when Mr Duncan M'Indeor, merchant, was made the recipient of a handsome gold watch in appreciation of his services as secretary and treasurer of the Kilmeny Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Mr M'Indeor, president, occupied the chair. The programme was opened with selections on the bagpipes by Mr Angus M'Geachy, Ballymartin. After tea, the Chairman gave a short address in Gaelic. He expressed his pleasure at being able to be present on the occasion, and made appreciative reference to the tact, zeal, and discretion invariably manifested by Mr M'Indeor in his conduct of the work of the Branch. Mr Gillespie, postmaster, Bridgend, said he was much gratified that he had been invited to do honour to Mr M'Indeor, who was an old and valued friend. Mr M'Indeor had taken an active part in "Comunn" work ever since the formation of the Kilmeny Branch. He congratulated him on the fact that he had won and retained the esteem and confidence of the subscribers. In a speech bristling with wit and humour he presented a watch to Mr M'Indeor and assured him that the gift was accompanied by every good wish on the part of the donors. Mr M'Indeor thanked Mr Gillespie for his complimentary references, and expressed his gratitude to the subscribers for the handsome testimonial with which they had so generously presented him. Song and dance followed, with refreshments from the capable hands of Mrs M'Intyre and Miss Spalding. Dance music was supplied by Mr Duncan Cameron (bagpipes), and Messrs M'Calman and Spalding (violinists). Mr A. M'Geachy acted as M.C. The artistes who contributed materially towards the success of the entertainment were Mrs M'Millan and Messrs N. Campbell and G. M'Phail (songs), and Miss Unkles (recitations).

**KILMINVER.**—The local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held a Ceilidh at which ex-Provost Hugh MacCowan, J.P., Oban, presided, and delivered an interesting speech in Gaelic. He was supported by Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban Parish Church, who also addressed the gathering. After the rallying song, "Suas leis a Gaidhlig," sung by the whole company, Mr Alex. Dow, Corrylorn, played stirring selections on the pibhòr. Gaelic songs were rendered by Miss Mary Campbell (Mod gòd-medallist), Easdale; Misses Nan MacInnes and Janet MacPhail, Cullipool; Miss MacColl, Winterton; Miss Chrissie Campbell, Easdale; and by Messrs M. Macdonald, Balvicar; A. Campbell, Kilminver; Galbraith, Kilchoan; and A. Campbell, Easdale. These singers were all in excellent form. Mrs Mitchell, Schoolhouse, Easdale, played the accompaniments. A Gaelic reading was given by Mr A. Campbell, Balnace. The usual votes of thanks terminated the Ceilidh, the speakers being the Chairman, Rev. Mr Cameron, and Mr Hugh Macdougall. Tea was served. The committee in charge of the arrangements were Misses M'Colloch, L. B. Macleod, M. Clark, Messrs J. Maclean, A. Macdiarmid, and D. Macdougall.

**KINTLOCHIEL.**—A Ceilidh of the above branch of An Comunn was held in Lochielside Hall recently, Mr Donald Macmillan, Corrybeg, presiding. A special item on the programme was the performance

of the Gaelic play "Reiteach Moraig." It was well acted, the parts being rendered with Highland vigour. The parts were sustained by Mr Hugh Stewart (Iain), Mrs Cameron (Seonaid), Mr Alex. M'Donnell (Callum Beattin), Mr John Lowrie (Murchadh Osain), Miss Mary Macdonald (Moraig), Mr John Macintyre (Alasdair Sheumais). All the performers acquitted themselves creditably. After the sketch, Mrs Stewart, Drumfern, gave a successful Gaelic reading. Songs were sung by Mr MacLennan, Giendaly; Mr Lowrie, Garvan; Misses Macmillan, Drumfern; Mr Adam Macdonald, Wachan; Mr John Macintyre, Corrybeg; Mrs Young, Corrybeg; and Mr Duncan Cameron, Fass'ern. Several Gaelic recitations were given by the school children.

**LOCHABER.**—At the last meeting of An Comunn Abrah the Rev. Mr Crawford lectured on the "Land in Ancient Times and its Burdens," this being a continuation of his former paper on "Ancient Land Measurements." Mr Crawford drew attention to some words describing institutions now forgotten. To realise the social state of the period, he said, it must be remembered that when the Scottish Gael came from Erin as conquerors and colonizers they imported their code of Brehon Laws and social institutions, which were of age-long standing in Ireland, together with their literature, art, and martial skill. Their influence increasing, they gave their name of Scots to our country. Argyle, being nearest to Ireland, was first colonized A.D. 505, under three leaders, one of whom "Angus," of the Royal family of Ulster, a representative of Clan Donald, left his name to future ages. The men under each leader consisted of their kith and kin, the relationship being that of a father to his family—thus a "clan" or children. The land was divided between the leaders, who apportioned it to their followers. No question of individual ownership arose. Each head of a house cultivated his portion, but all were under certain obligations or burdens in respect of their land. Some centuries later came the invasion of Scotland by the piratical Norsemen, who lived on the high seas by plunder, sparing neither age, nor innocence. Their cruel raids culminated in the burning of Iona with all its priceless archives and the massacre of its guardians. From A.D. 888 till 1265 these incursions prevailed. But at the battle of Largs in 1265 Haco of Norway and his fleet were finally routed. This had the effect of replacing the Patriarchal by the Feudal System. The struggles between the two caused much of the suffering endured in later times. Some music and song followed the address, and a vote of thanks, moved by Mr Macphail, M.A., to the lecturer and artistes was warmly accorded.

**LOCHGILHEAD.**—The local branch of An Comunn held its last Ceilidh for the session in the Masonic Hall on Friday. The chair was taken by Mr D. Campbell, who as "fear-an-taighe" was the genial host; the hostess being Mrs Brown (Achambrac) who as the "cailleach" acted as Donnachadh's coadjutor in entertaining the members in the proper Ceilidh manner. An excellent programme was submitted. Gaelic songs were sung by Misses Crawford, M'Alister, MacNair, Wilkinson, and Mrs Kemp, while English songs were given by Mr J. M'Vean. Gaelic songs were also sung by a visitor, Mr Morrison, and his contribution to the programme was well applauded. Good exhibitions of Highland dances were given by Miss Marion M'Alister and Master Crae M'Intyre. The reading by the Chairman of local news from an anonymous paper was greatly enjoyed. The humorous dialogue, "Calum agus Banrach Tharmaid" was given by Miss C. M'Tavish and Mr P. Macleod. Good

bagpipe selections were given by Pipe-Major M'Larty. At the end of the musical programme tea was served by the ladies of the Committee. Votes of thanks were then accorded to the office-bearers by Mr Campbell, and to Mrs Brown and Mr Campbell by Mr J. M'Vean. An enjoyable dance followed. The branch's activities for the session are now at an end, and it is gratifying to find that the session has been so successful. The membership for the session was 80, an increase of 15 over last year.

**OBAN.**—This branch held its annual "Donnchadh Ban" Night on 19th March in the Argyllshire Gaitting Hall. Mr D. MacGregor Whyte, president of the local branch, presided, and gave a rousing address in Gaelic. The programme which was arranged by Mr John MacDonald, the popular conductor of the Oban Gaelic, comprised a varied selection of Gaelic songs, including several compositions by Donnchadh Ban, also bagpipe playing and Highland dancing. The Gaelic sketch, "Am Fear a chail a Ghaidhlig" (by John MacCormick) was ably reproduced by local members and evoked hearty applause from the large audience.

**PORTREE.**—A Ceilidh under the auspices of the Portree Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Reading Room, Portree, on Monday, 22nd March. In the absence of the Rev. D. Morrison, president of the Branch, Mr Angus Nicolson presided. There was a large attendance of enthusiastic supporters of An Comunn and a most enjoyable and entertaining evening was spent. The following were the artistes who contributed delightful items to the evening's entertainment, viz.:—Master Ian Nicolson, bagpipe selections; Mr Hamish Graham, Gaelic song; Mrs MacIntyre, Gaelic song; Miss Bassin, Gaelic song; the Misses Falconer, duet—piano and violin selections; Miss Macdonald, Miss Fraser, and Mr Angus Nicholson, Gaelic sketch; Mr W. Nicholson, song; Miss Agnes Nicholson, song; Mr John Harrison, song; Miss Kennedy, song; Miss Lexy Macrae, song; the Misses Falconer, duet; and Miss Bassin, song.

**LEWIS.**—This branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held its last Ceilidh for the session in the Masonic Hall, Stornoway. Mr James Thomson, M.A., Bayble, presided over a record attendance, the hall and both the ante-rooms being packed. It is highly gratifying to find that at all last sections of the community are taking an enthusiastic interest in the activities of An Comunn. The Committee were delighted to see so many of the old folks thoroughly enjoying themselves in the proper Ceilidh way, in an atmosphere permeated with Highland wit and jollity. Besides the usual songs, special mention must be made of piobmhor selections by the members of the Lewis Pipe Band, Highland dancing (Highland Fling and Seann Triubhais) by the Misses Maclean and Sime, an original Gaelic sketch by members of the staff of Shader School, and comic songs by Mr K. Macaulay, Brexetele. Misses Murray and Macleod as bodach and cailleach occasioned endless merriment, while Mr Macaulay was a host in himself. His parodies of well-known songs, culminating in the tocher of a "a' ghrugach m'um bheil an othail," including St. Columba's night cap (curraic oidheche bh' aig Calum Cille) made the audience rock with laughter. The success of the evening augurs well for the future of An Comunn, and encourages the Committee to anticipate a large increase in the membership. At a meeting of the Executive of the Lewis branch of An Comunn held on Tuesday, 30th March, it was decided to invite Miss J. Given, A.R.C.M., Glasgow, to act as adjudicator in the musical competitions at the Mod in June. Mr J. N. Macleod, Knockbain,

will assist in the language part. Mr D. Maciver, F.E.I.S., Carrabest, has agreed to adjudicate in the oral language sections, and Messrs A. L. Macdonald, H.M.I.S., and D. J. Macleod, H.M.I.S., have been asked to judge the literary competitions. To encourage competitors from a larger number of schools than in former years to enter for the literary competitions it was agreed to offer a special prize to the best competitor in every school which does not participate in the general prize list.

**TOBERMORY.**—A grand closing concert was held in the Aros Hall, on the 31st March. The Rev. J. M. Menzies presided. Among those who assisted were Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale, and Mr Neil Shaw, Glasgow. Bagpipe selections were rendered by Mr Neil Morison, Kenharair, and Mr Hugh Cameron, Tobermory. Mrs M'Gill, Clydesdale Bank, presided at the pianoforte and the String Band gave selections which were much appreciated. The Gaelic play, "Beitidh" was successfully presented. The parts were taken by Miss M. A. M'Lean ("Beitidh"), Mrs Langton (R. s. e. Connell), Miss Christie Campbell (Mòr), Miss M. A. M'Lean, teacher (Matri); Mr John Cameron Drumfin (Donnchadh); Mr Neil M'Kinnon (Seumas), Mr John Cameron, Erroy (Dr. Grant); Miss Mary Cameron (Anna). During an interval in the programme Mr Shaw gave short addresses in Gaelic and English, complimenting the local members on their zeal and exhorting them to further effort on behalf of the great Feill. At the close of the programme Miss M. A. M'Lean was presented with a beautiful dressing case as a token of appreciation for the branch for the efficient manner in which she had carried on the duties of secretary for some time past. The concert was followed by a dance.

## AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

### OBAN MOD DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged	£13 9 0
High School Ceilidh	3 0 0
Lady Helen Tod	2 0 0
Anonymous	1 0 0
John Boyd, Esq., Scotstoun	0 5 0
Donald MacGregor, Esq., Crianlarich	0 5 0
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Finlay Ross, Esq., Glasgow	0 5 0
	£20 9 0

### FEILL DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged	£20 2 0
Concert at Moffat, per Mrs B. J. B. MacArthur	42 15 4
Comunn nam Fìneachan, Dundee	20 0 0
Kilmoran Branch, Glendaruel	16 0 0
Misses Buchanan, New Zealand	5 0 0
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Mr F. H. C. MacEwen, Yr. of Bard-rochat	3 3 0
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Sr Thos Glen Coates, Ayr	3 0 0
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Leabhar XXI.]

*An t-Og-mhìos, 1926.*

[Earrann 9

### AN TAIBHSEAR.

Có nach cuala mu'n taibhsear, am fear sin aig a robh an dà shealladh? Le fradharc a shùl nàdurach chitheadh e solus na gréine; ach leis an fhradharc neònach eile chitheadh e iomadh sealladh a chuireadh iongnadh air na chluinneadh an t-ìomradh. Is tric a gheibh sinn cunntas mu nithibh neònach an cuid de chainntean, ach thug an taibhsear Gaidhealach bàrr air gach cuspair de 'n t-seòrsa so an dùthchann eile. An uair a tha muinntir a' comhnuidh an àitean iomallach am measg nam beann no ri taobh a' chuain, tha an intinn buailteach air samhlaidhean is dealbhan a chruthachadh. Agns mur eil a bheag de eòlas no fiosrachadh aig muinntir, is dualach gun gabh na cruthan feallsa riochd a tha gle choltach ri ni a tha fìor is ceart. Có dhiu ma tha mineachadh ri fhaotainn idir air an dara sealladh, is ann air a' mhòd sin. Oir cha ghabh e àicheadh nach robh rud éigin diomhair ann, an déidh gach mineachaidh—còmhlan a' dol seachadh le ciste-laidhe gu balbh samhach am marbh na h-oidhche; aghaidhean nan coisichean cho eagnuidh anns an taisbeanadh is gu'n aithnicheadh an taibhsear gnùis a chuid nàbuidhean is a luchd-eòlais féin; long fo a làn sheòl air a' chuan a' dol fodha am priobadh nan sùl 's an uisge réidh air an latha ghalc ghrianach; a bhi faicinn lùchairt air cnoc far nach robh lùchairt riamh gus an déidh bàs an taibhsear; a bhi faicinn na feadhainn a bha beò slàn 'g an éideadh an tiota an anart nam marbh—sin cuid de no nithean iongantach a tha gu coitcheonn 'g an aithris; agus ged nach biodh annta sin ach mac-meanmna féin, chan fhaodar àicheadh nach eil iad neònach.

Cha b'ann an diugh no an dé a thòisich na cunntais ud. Tha seann sgrìobhadh Gaidhlig ann a tha corr mór is mìle bliadhna de aois. Tha an leabhar ag innse mu chogadh a bha eadar muinntir Chonnacht is Uladh an Eirinn. An uair a bha Meadhbh, ban-rìgh Chonnacht air ceann a feachd, a' dol an aghaidh sluagh Uladh, chunnaic i maighdean 'n a suidhe air toiseach a' charbaid. Dh'fheòraich a' bhan-rìgh có i. Fhreagair a' mhaighdean gum b' i ise ban-fhàidh Chruachain, agus gu robh i a' faicinn dath dearg na fala air feachd Chonnacht. Dh'innis a' mhaighdean roimh laimh mu an sgrios a bha gu tighinn air feachd Chonnacht le gaisge Chuchulainn, a bha air taobh sluagh Uladh.

A nis tha sinn an dùil gu bheil so frinneach—nach ann idir leis na bàird a chaidh na sgeulachdan sin a dhealbh, ach leis an fheadhainn a chunnaic na seallaidhean iad féin. Cha robh e air a mheas 'n a urram a bhi 'faicinn sheallaidhean. Cha robh an taibhsear 'n a chùis fharmaid. Bha eadhon na bàird iad fhéin a' creidsinn anns a' bhuaidh mhi-chneasda so; agus is ann tearc a gheibhear luaidh air an taibhsear an ranntachd a rinneadh leis na bàird. Tha mòran fhathast ri thabhairt fairneir mu dheidhinn an dara seallaidh. An nair a bheirear aire do'n chuspair so le luchd-eòlais na h-inntinn chan eil teagamh nach faigh iad comharradh gu bheil mac-meanmna bheothail a' Ghaidheil cunntachail airson an dara seallaidh. A nis chan eil sinn a' cleachdadh an fhaicil mac-meanmna an seadh sgeigeil no mar fhanoid iad.

Is e tha sinn a' ciallachadh gu bheil a' bhuaidh so air a neartachadh gu mór an measg nan Gàidheal; agus gur e sin an t-aobhar mu bheil

an dara sealladh nas bitheannta 'n a measg na tha e ri fhaotainn aig cinnich eile. Is e sin an t-aobhar mar an ceudna gu bheil a' ghibht so ag oibreachadh troimh an *chluais* mar an ceudna. Is iad na Goill a mhain a thug an t-ainm 'an dara sealladh' air a' bhuaidh ud. Is anns an inntinn air tùs a tha freumh na buadhna; agus oibrichidh an cumhachd so troimh an chluais maraon ris an t-sùil. Dlùth air a' Pharbh, an Cataibh, an uair a bhios tiodhlacadh ri tachairt is tric a chluinnear am facal "Faothaich" mu mheadhon oidhche, far am bi an luchd-giùlain a' dol fo na lunnan. Is minic a chualas fuaim an ùird is na locair an uair a bhiodh an saor gu ciste-laidhe a dheanamh. Ged a bhuineadh sud air fad do sheann bhaoth-chreideamh, chan eil leagadh laimhe nach eil e neonach, annasach.



## THE HOPE OF GAELIC IS WITH THE YOUNG.

By JOHN MACDONALD, M.A., Glasgow.

"The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety."

This brief article on a really big topic may at least show deep and fixed conviction, not of a pre-historic Gael, suddenly risen from some peat-moss for a day, but on the part of an ordinary Gael, moving about in the streets of the city, and living normally the life of modern times in the twentieth century. As he has not the tongue of the learned, the article may be regarded as being something like the white horse in the tale, standing at the mill door, "thinking more than it is saying," and likely wishing it could say something definite of what it is thinking.

Our Gaelic movement has for its main object to make the old watchword, "Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnair"—"Hold fast the name and fame of thy fathers"—take possession of the souls of our children, so that they may grow up with the living, active consciousness that they are "members of a mighty nation, scions of a ruling race," a consciousness which will not make them less useful or less loyal members of the British Empire, in the founding and maintaining of which they have already

played their part well. The pious Japanese believe that the spirit of an ancestor is more powerful than that of his living representative on earth. To acknowledge and realise the link that binds you to him is a primary duty, to carry on and extend his fame would be your greatest glory. Can the world to-day say that the Japanese lag behind in the march of what the world itself to-day calls "Progress"?

To many of us the doctrine of "Nationalism," so ardently and so eloquently propounded by that great man, President Wilson, was a star of hope in the darkness of the Great War. It is an essential condition of an advancing civilisation that any people with peculiar, worthy racial traditions and ideals should not only be allowed, but called upon to contribute its distinct share to the common stock for the welfare of humanity. Brightly written little histories of such countries as Finland, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary and Italy, and nearer home, Wales and Ireland, would read like romances of the "racial spirit," and would thrill the minds of the young in our Gaelic schools, although our Gaelic "nationalism" differs from that of the above countries in being confined to a spiritual rather than a political realm, "Nationality is sacred to me," wrote the great and noble Mazzini, "for a nation's life is not her own, but a force and a function in the universal scheme of Providence. Humanity is a great army, marching to the conquest of unknown lands; the peoples are its corps, each with its special operation to carry out."

We believe that as industrialism spreads more and more, with its inevitable concomitants of urbanisation and materialism, the need for the "special operation" of the Gaelic spirit in our British national life will be more urgent than ever before. "And ye who fill the places we once filled, and follow in the furrows that we tilled, young men, whose generous hearts are beating high, we who are old, and are about to die, salute you." We must, then, strive to pass on to our successors the torch, in the light of which alone our "special operation" can be carried on. Our children must be taught to know and love the ancient and aristocratic language through which alone the spirit of the race can communicate itself to their young spirits. At the outset, let us say that we are fully aware, and freely admit that Gaelic is not adequate to express all the forms of thought and activity in our ever-changing, complex modern life, but we profoundly believe that it has expressed in life and in literature, and can still express the deep insight of the Gael



into those big things that are unchanging in the human spirit to the end of time, and abiding in the life of man, whatever be his race.

The above title has nothing startling about it as a newly discovered idea for the furthering of the Gaelic movement, for it seems much like saying that with the young buds of spring, is the hope of the ripe fruits of autumn. But though the title sounds like a truism, truisms often supply the momentum of the most important kinds of human activity. It is, like many other truisms, one of those simple but fundamental truths on which great issues depend, a truth, the importance of which is apt to be forgotten, and which has to be reiterated, yes, dinned continually into the ears of our people. Commonplace as our "text" may appear, its importance is proved by the various forms in which it has been expressed in the proverbs of most nations.

In our own Gaelic we have, "When the twig is tender it is easiest bent;" "The early learning is the pretty learning;" and our Gaelic mothers should note this one, "The child you teach not at your knee, you won't teach at your ear" (that is, when grown up). Then, from the great proverbs of the Jews, from whom we might learn valuable lessons in Nationalism, their nationalism being one that has existed through centuries, with no local habitation, except in the soul of the people—from their wonderful proverbs we have many weighty sayings about the training of the young. These sayings give no small part of the secret of the marvellous persistence of race solidarity in a landless people, scattered all over the earth, although it looks as if they had delivered their distinctive, sublime message.

Besides giving solemn warning as to youth being the time to begin the quest of the "highest" and best in life, and also a grand promise as to the certain success of the quest if so begun, the wise man goes on to say, "Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Scholars tell us that for the words, "in the way that he should go," the more accurate rendering is, "in his way," which latter phrase may mean training that not only suits his individual capacity and aptitude, but that will also give free play to the best of his hereditary qualities, for it is held that children begin life with inborn qualities peculiar to the race from which they are sprung; "And not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God."

Let it be said here at once that, interesting as our Célidhs may be in keeping race senti-

ment alive, and educative as our Mòds may be, for song is always potent to kindle the patriotic flame in old and young, and story and essay greatly help to preserve heroic memories (the Mòds deserve all the praise given them in the last Gàidheal), our Gaelic movement is out to foster the distinctive ancestral qualities in our Gaelic children, to make them living, active factors in the formation of their mind and character, and to perpetuate those qualities in the life and thought of our people; and, as a corollary, we must preserve the Gaelic language as the only effective instrument by which these aims can be attained, in which the Gaelic spirit lives, and through which alone it can operate fully. It is significant that in the case of every people who fought for freedom, their language was the mainspring of the movement.

A conspicuous feature of our time is the attention being directed to the training of the youth of our country, and this new interest and attention appear very strikingly in the manifold agencies connected with the young which are now busy all round us, such as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Socialist Sunday Schools, and so forth. All these movements amongst the young, whether they have a religious, political, or any other objective, mean that the keen-sighted leaders of such movements have grasped the truth of our "text," and are translating the apparently simple, old proverbs into action, and that, with great effect; they are in real earnest. This should rouse all interested in our Gaelic movement to go and do likewise.

The hope of the Gaelic movement being with the young arises from the well-known obvious fact that youth is the season when the plasticity of the mind is at its maximum, and when receptivity is greatest. That wonderful power, Imagination, is strongest and most vivid in youth, and in Gaelic there are stores of song and lore which would so appeal to it that enthusiasm for race ideals and devotion to the ancestral language would be permanently kindled.

Youth means freshness of outlook, aspiration and romance. Age often looks pensively through western windows, towards the setting sun. Youth gazes eagerly through eastern windows, towards the sunrise. We are told that it is the sign of the revival of the spiritual life of a nation that "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." The eye of the old tends to the backward look at the achievements of the past, that of the young to the forward look at the



possibilities of the future, but the two views are complementary in fixing a sure and great goal for the onward march. It is in the "light of other days" that the "vision splendid" can be seen. Let us see to it that some at least of the roots of the mental life of our Gaelic children are in the way of striking deep into their Gaelic past, which they will cherish and reverence, and we will be in a fair way towards the fulfilment of our hopes for the future of Gaelic.

For our Gaelic movement, the hope of the Gaelic language, and all that is therein involved, being with the young, means in plain prose that our Gaelic associations, large and small, must combine with purposeful determination, and organise all their forces to get Gaelic spoken throughout Gaeldom, at every fireside at which it still lives; to make the instruction in Gaelic in the School and in the College a real, live thing, in a word, a full Gaelic culture; all three—home, school, college—are essential in the three-ply rope which we must pull with all our weight. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the corn in the ear," until the ripe fruit is brought forth.

Indeed, after the manner of Wordsworth's paradox, "Foundations must be laid in heaven," one might reverse the order of growth, and get the "full corn" first. Scholarship of the living, fructifying kind is the flowering of the thought and speech of a progressive people, and besides being the strongest proof of their intellectual vitality, as well as of the artistic potentialities of their language, it reacts powerfully in raising to a higher plane the whole mental and spiritual life of the general body of the people from whom it grows. Of course, in the college training one expects that a distinction is made between the philological study of the language, valuable as that may be, and the literary study of it, which, gripping heart as well as head, gives the student a deep sense of the spiritual beauty and power of the language, as well as of its historical applications.

Then may we look for young men and women coming from our colleges giving us music, art and literature, breathing the very spirit of the "Land of the buns and the glens." We may hope for Gaelic drama, worthy of the name, for which there is a wealth of material now, and more to be still disclosed, in the history of the Gael, when the artist comes who can shape it into forms of beauty. We do not want the college training to give us any "Aufklärung" drama, the aim of which is quite alien to the traditions and ideals of Gaelic. The loves, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the

fisher and crofter homes have wonders of meaning and greatness, which should yield us something more dignified and enduring than comic "scullery" dramas, even if they do make us laugh for the passing hour. Then, in Art, we have to-day more than one distinguished Gael whose works in painting and in sculpture, prove that the artistic genius of our race did not exhaust itself in producing the Book of Kells, or the Glenlyon Brooch, or the Celtic Cross.

The proposed raising of the school-leaving age, and the great increase of facilities for Higher Education, will put most of our Gaelic youth beyond the "a little knowledge is dangerous" stage, and a sure result of a higher intelligence will be a more real understanding of the spiritual and intellectual value of the vernacular, and a lasting appreciation of the value of the whole Gaelic heritage. Lads and lassies from the Secondary Schools will go in greater numbers to the Gaelic colleges, and there should thus be a full supply of competent and enthusiastic teachers to give Gaelic instruction in our schools. At this time of day we dismiss, as not worth consideration, the groundless objection that our Gaelic movement would result in cutting off our bairns from the great and glorious empire of English thought and literature; never, but they will have a kingdom of unique interest and beauty, peculiarly their own, within that empire.

The old, foolish delusion that the native tongue, spoken by warriors, bards and saints in days of old, is a hindrance to a proper English education, a handicap in the race of life, and generally a badge of inferiority, is fast being dispelled as true knowledge spreads—that kind of knowledge the good Paisley weaver possessed, who, when a corpulent, worldly bailie said to him that cabbages would be more useful than flowers in the little plot in front of his cottage, quietly replied that a cow would most likely be of the same opinion. Some Gaels, not worthy of the name they bear, may disown their mother tongue through that ugliest thing of all—snobbishness. That is a sure sign that they will never speak euphonious, distinguished English, and we leave them to the scorn poured upon them by "Caraid nan Gaidheal."

"The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world." Let us appeal more and more to our Gaelic-speaking mothers, to have their first tender, little talks with their children in the vernacular; telling them the fairy stories, and crooning to them the rhymes and lullabies of the old days. Such Gaelic upbringing will be

a moral safeguard to the children when they grow up, and, perhaps, go away to the cities or the Colonies. A distinguished artist of our blood said, in giving a speech recently on Art, that although woman did not so far do all that man has done, yet "she was the cause of the best that was in him; his treasures of beauty and ideality had been created in the light of her eyes." So may we not also say that by the music of her voice, the sweet old Gaelic will reach the hearts and be on the lips of our little Gaels.

Many of our clergy have done valiant work for the Gaelic cause, a work crowned by the part they played in putting our case before the Government, and thus helping to secure our Magna Charta of 1918. But have the rank and file of our Gaelic-speaking ministers done all that might have been done to rescue Gaelic from neglect in those past years? Some of us think that they gave way too easily to those of their flock who began to imagine that English was more up-to-date in worship, and so got Gaelic relegated to the second place as suitable only for "old-fashioned" folks. Let all our Gaelic-speaking ministers join our ranks, for in Gaeldom, as well as elsewhere, the life of a large part of the people is losing its religious contact, and is becoming a poor, mean thing in proportion as it does so. Gaelic can make a wonderful appeal to the soul, and it might have a grand chance in the Sabbath Schools.

"The years that the locust hath eaten," when it seemed as if every memory and symbol of our racial heritage might be stamped out, have happily passed away, and we believe we are now living in days of great opportunities for a Gaelic revival. Statesmen, scholars, literary writers, and most of the enlightened people of the land, bear testimony to the value and interest of our race and language. Let all Gaels rise as one man to make the forthcoming Féill a triumphant success, so that there may be money and more money for the propaganda work of the Comunn Gàidhealach. Our faithful Secretary will then have a band of helpers of the right kind to go in the "missionary" spirit to every corner of the Gaelic land; we will be in a position to put libraries and little museums, bearing on Celtic life (Scotland, Ireland and Wales), in every school; and our Féill may also create a great enthusiasm in which our Gaels, old and young, will be caught up, making the high resolve that the Gael, Gaelic and Gaeldom are still to live. As Professor Watson, of the Edinburgh Celtic Chair, says in his admirable four articles which appeared in the *Gàidheal* of 1923, and

which should be published and broadcast in booklet form, "These three—an Gàidheal, a' Ghaidhlig, a' Ghàidhealtachd, are destined to stand or to fall together."

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### BALLAD OF RUAIRI MACNEIL OF BARRA.

By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR.

There was once a daring thief,  
Who did plunder ships at sea:  
He of Barra was the Chief,  
And his name was Ruairi.

And he much annoyance gave  
To Good Queen Elizabeth:  
He so reckless was, and brave,  
That she wearièd for his death.

In his stables were three pairs  
Of black steeds, with golden shoes  
Made from oriental wares,  
Captured on some rieving cruise.

And they say that in his stores  
He kept wines and Spanish foods:  
From the ceilings to the floors  
There were casks and foreign goods.

Now, the King of Scotland\* swore  
That, if he this thief could seize,  
Ruairi would be no more  
Pirate of the western seas.

So he planned for his arrest;  
And a galley sailed one day  
To make Ruairi a guest,  
As it lay in Castlebay.

When it came 'neath Kishmul's wall,  
They invited him aboard  
To inspect their galley tall,  
And to see *their* handsome hoard.

And, when he had stepped inside,  
Where he thought a feast would be—  
"Where's my *gian-dubh*?"† he cried,  
"Traucherous and vile are ye!"

So the ship sailed out to sea,  
And its captive's heart was sore;  
And in Barra, Ruairi  
Was a daring Chief no more.

\* James VI.

† A small, black dirk once carried in the hose by Highlanders.

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Is e so miosa nam Mòdan Dùthchail. Cho fada agus is urrainnear fhiosrachadh aig an àm so tha e coltach gu leoir gum bi iad soirbh-eachail. Bidh sùilean agus aire gach neach air Mòd Airdnamurchan bhò'n is i so a' cheud oidheirp. Tha an dùthaich sin farsuing ach tha toil agus dùrachd a' stiùradh nam feadhnach a ghabh os laimh am Mòd a thoirt gu buil shoirbheachail, agus ni iad sin. Ged nach cluinneadh neach aig a' Mhòd sin ach òrain MhicLachainn, Rathuaidh, agus rosg Charaid Nan Gaidheal saoil nach b'è am féisd ciùil agus òraid e.

\* \* \* \*

In accordance with instructions from the Propaganda Committee and Executive Council, I have prepared for an extensive Propaganda tour in the Outer Isles, and by the time this number reaches members, I hope to have it completed. I begin at Lochmaddy and will hold four meetings in North Uist, then on to Benbecula, South Uist and Barra. I also hope to call at Tiree on my way home, but much depends on the steamer service, and I must be back at headquarters early in June. All going well with me, I shall give a full account of the tour in the July number.

\* \* \* \*

Musical Festivals are giving every encouragement to Gaelic singers, and at the Arran and Bute Festivals, prominent places are given to Gaelic readings and recitations, also to bagpipe playing. At the Monklands Festival, held this year at Airdrie, there was a good entry in the adult sections for Gaelic singing. The Junior section was not so well taken up, but the standard was very high. Most of the competitors appeared at one time or another at the National Mod.

\* \* \* \*

By special arrangement, Miss Margrat M. Duncan has taken up Singing Classes at Scourie and Durness, in Sutherland. An effort will be made to get a class at Kinlochbervie. Miss Duncan will remain in that district until Mr. Hugh MacLean completes his session in Skye, which terminates with the Provincial Mod at Portree, on 1st July. Classes in Skye were much interfered with by outbreaks of measles, but it is pleasing to know that the epidemic has now been overcome.

The marriage took place at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, London, on 29th April, of Captain George I. Campbell, Yr. of Succoth, and Miss Clematis Waring. Members of the Executive Council of An Comunn presented Capt. Campbell with the four Volumes of Songs of the Hebrides as a token of their esteem and regard for his services on the Council and as an earnest of their wishes for his future happiness. In acknowledging the gift, Capt. Campbell expressed his sincere appreciation of the kind feeling which prompted the gift. Anything, he added, that he had been able to do for the cause had always been a pleasure to him. The Rev. Malcolm MacLeod assisted at the service, and officiated in Gaelic.

\* \* \* \*

During the year which closed on 31st May, the number of members added to the roll has been 21 life members and 104 ordinary members. Miss Eleanora Cameron, London, and Mr. Iain Moffatt-Pender have secured the largest numbers, and on behalf of An Comunn I thank them and the other members who have helped for their zeal and practical interest in our behalf. There are yet many more books in the hands of members, and I again ask them to make good use of them. Next year we shall close with the Great Féill, and a golden opportunity is thus offered to members to make it a record year in every respect.

\* \* \* \*

The first annual report of the Highlanders' Institute in Elmbank Street, Glasgow, which was submitted and approved at a general meeting of members held on 28th April, disclosed a satisfactory state of affairs. The Institute has now been in full working order for seven months, and the result for the past year was a net surplus of £26. As a general meeting place and centre of interest for the Highland societies of the city, the Institute has been very largely taken advantage of, and as a reception-house for young Highlanders coming to Glasgow the hostel has proved of effective service. As a meeting-place for Highlanders the Institute has also played a valuable part. The meetings of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal every Saturday night in the main hall have been attended constantly by from 400 to 600 Gaelic-speaking persons. It has been well supported by the societies of the Highlands, Islands, and Northern counties.

## SUILEAGAN NAN OIGH.

Words by ANGUS ROBERTSON. Melody and harmony by JOHN MACDONALD, Oban.

Duet arrangements for Soprano and Alto may also be had.

KEY Ab. With dignity, giving third beat in the bar full time value in verse.

## VERSE.

$\dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : s_1 | m_1 : - : s_1 | m : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : s | s : - : m | r : - : d | \dot{1}_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | d : - : f : m | d : - : m | s : - : f | m : - : m | f : - : f | m : - : s | f : - : m | f : - : m$

'S ann muin air mhuin an t-àn - radh trom, Ach mean air mhean an t-slàin-te chaomh.  
Tha réit nan ain - geal sèimh 'na gnùis; Tha h-an - am dlùth ri ìibil gach àigh.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : - : m | r : - : \dot{1}_1 | d, s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d | m : - : f | m : - : f | m : - : f | s : - : s | m : - : s | f : - : f | m : - : s | f : - : m | f : - : d$

Fhuair mis - e lèir - eadh fuath nam fonn - An dò - chas lom is cliabh le gaoid.  
Bheir téud nan crann dìth fàilt le mùirn, 'S an can - ach lùb - aith dìth le bàigh.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : m | s : - : m | r : - : d | \dot{1}_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | d : - : r | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : s_1 | s_1 : - : d | m : - : f | m : - : m | s : - : s | m : - : m | f : - : f | m : - : s | f : - : m | f : - : m$

Bhris mi bho mheang-lan caol an ròs, 'Nuair sheas i beo - chleasach ri 'm thaobh  
'Si sùil - eag - an measg òigh nan loinn, Mar bhogh - a - soills' air eil - ean cuain.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | m_1 : - : s_1 | s_1 : - : d | m : - : m | s : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : s | s : - : m | r, s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d | m : - : f | m : - : d | m : - : m | s : - : s | m : - : d | t_1 : - : d | m : - : f | f : - : m$

Thog i ri bil - ibh caoin e, 's phòg, 'S thuit mis - e sòl - as - ach an gaol.  
Theid aoibh - neas eal - tuinn leath' do'n choill, 'S cha till an oidhch' is i mu'n cuairt.

## CHORUS.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | s_1 : - : m_1 | s_1 : - : d | m : - : m | s : - : m | r : - : \dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d | m : - : f | m : - : d | m : - : m | s : - : s | m : - : d | t_1 : - : d | m : - : f | f : - : m$

Oich o a rìgh, tha mi gu sgith, Oich o a rìgh, sin rium do làmh.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | s_1 : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : s | s : - : m | r, s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d | m : - : f | m : - : s | f : - : m | m : - : r | d : - : m$

Oich o a rìgh, tha mi gun sith, 'S' ged tha mi sgith chan fhaigh mi tàmh.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | s_1 : - : d | m, s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d$  Soprano Hums.

$\dot{1}_1 | d : - : \dot{1}_1 | s_1 : - : d | m, s_1 : - : \dot{1}_1 | \dot{1}_1 : - : d$  Tenor has the melody in last line.

'S ged tha mi sgith, chan fhaigh mi - tàmh.

## GATHAN BEALLTUINN.

Tha Samhradh air tighinn, tha chuthag air tilleadh;

Tha iarmaid an fhirich cur luinneag an gléus.  
Thriall samhchair a' ghlinne mar sgàilean an t-silidh,

'S than' duilleag air mhìre le siudan nan géug.

Tha Samhradh air tighinn, cha bhì mi leam fhein:

Tha Samhradh air tighinn, theid mise gu'm nighinn;

'S bhì iarmaid an fhirich cur luinneag an gléus.

Tha Samhradh air tighinn, cha bhì mi leam fhein.

Nach caomh leat an t-sobhrag mu aodainn nan òban!

Nach caomh leat a' neòinean a' còmhach an t-sléibh!

An druid air an ògan, an driùchd air an ròsan,  
Is ceileireadh sòlais tigh'n beò anns an spéur.

Tha Samhradh air tighinn, etc.

Bi sumainnean geala mar chulaidh na mara  
Ag iomairt gu cala le'n aignidhean réidh:

Thoir an eidheann bho'n chuilionn 'san leòghann bho cuilein,

Ach fag mi air m'uilinn air mullach Dun-Sgéith.

Tha Samhradh a tighinn, etc.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

**bàs:** death of animal (only): Islay, Duncan Johnston, n.; L. Ness, W. side, A. J. MacDonald, n. Chàillig e of animal in Uist, bhàsaich of person (thead e in Pths.). Básaich is never used of human being in Islay, and so to speak would cause great amusement—and so Dw. s.v. Shiubhail an duine is Islay expression for persons. (Cf. nòibiseach, ambach, and tomasach.) But in Coll bàs used of persons, e.g., in proverb “chan eil am bàs na thàmh,” and L. Ness, though not using bàs of person usually, would do so in order to say death stalked about in their midst, etc. MacDonald says that the reason is because bàs implies absolute dead-and-done-for-ness, a death with no resurrection, no knitting severed friendships up where partings are no more. Hence his district prefers to euphemize a man's death into a statement that a change cochail has come over him. This is also Bannerman's opinion. Whereas MacDougall says he has never felt that to be the meaning of bàs, nor does his island, nor has he met any Highlander who so thinks. He further believes that this distinction comes from Sassenach ideas and poetry having infiltrated into and contaminated Gaelic ones. S. Uist with Braemore says quite naturally: fhuair an duine bochd bàs, though chaochail e is more usual, but bhàsaich e would be disrespectful and is kept for animals—Gl. Garry (Inv.) agrees. However, in sentences like: death stalked through the islanders' midst, there were many deaths of men and women by plague (and the like)—here bàs and bàsaich would be used naturally by even Islaymen, and with no sense of unfitness. Perh. all in Dw.?

**basdar:** deep-split rock adown whose cleft one can hear a stone jingling for a long time: Am B., near Gl. Lichd house, Kintail, and Glac a' Bh. above it: the keeper. This must be the same word as appears in the famous “Bàsteir” of the Coolins, usually translated “executioner.” But basdar, if it existed, would mean a “die-er,” and to render it “killer” would be as strange as the word “deather” would be in English. [Sounded bassadur with svara-

bhactic vowel.] Cf. Sc. Mount. Cl. Journ. xvii. 223 sq.

**bas-leathainn:** broadly built, of stout build, thickset: Braemore, Matheson, n. In poem by Coinneach Ruadh am Plobaire, who lived at Letters, concerning Ken. MacKenzie (Trusan), a cooper:—  
ho na 'n d' thigeadh fear goirid na fèasaig  
tiugh-bhasach (q.v.) cnapanta (q.v.) bas-l.  
deanta,  
finealta, cinealta, fileanta (q.v.), fiailaidh,  
bheirinn na chunnaic mi a dh'urram dhut  
air fiailaidh (q.v.).

**bàta na smùid:** steam launch: ?Glen Kingie, Donald MacLennan, now in Glenn Duibhlighe, formerly in Glen Kingie at [Lochan i.e.] Sùil Odhar a' Bhince. Comes in song on Burton's departure from Gl. Quoich forest, unpublished as yet, transcribed by me. I don't know of what district Donald is a native. Also reported to me by natives of Gl. Urquhart, L. Ness W. side, Skye—and, in fact, said to be common everywhere.

**batharr:** slime on new-born calf: N. Uist, A. MacDonald, n.: see linnseag, cf. ballag.

**beabhar(?)**: water: Glen Ey: Carn a' Bheabhair (given in 1 inch as Bhithir), Mitchell, n.? O. Ir. bethra, adj. -ach (Prof. Watson). Spelling doubtful. Cf. glais-eadh, brùchd, coileach.

**beach-each:** drone-bee: Balquidder, MacGregor (stationmaster at Ballachulish), n.: qs. gelded bee. Cf. enèil, dròmhag, -mhòr, màthair-, etc.

**beairtin:** trace-chains of plough harness; the theeks or thates or rigwiddie: Islay, Johnston, n.: greallag is stretcher or trace-chains in Islay. Cf. tarrauing, cròmag, smuiseall, drolag, séiseireach, braoide, dreallag, srian-, gobbal-, bòrd-, cairt-, duain, guailleagan, botrachan, goille, sinteachan, adhastar.

**beairt-thuairnear:** turning-lathe: Islay, Johnston, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.: cf. beairt-thuairneil.

**beairt-thuairneir:** same: Tیره, Mrs. MacLeod, n.

(*Ri leantainn.*)



## TAISE AN AILE.

Le D. URCHDAIN, M.A.

An uair a bhios móran sluaigh cruinn an àite dùinte mar tha sgoil, eaglais &c., thig sgleò air an uinneig agus an ceartuair chithear boinneagan uisge a' ruith a chéile gu bonn na gloine.

Bheir sinn fairear mar an ceudna gun tig sgleò air gloine de uisge fuar ma bheir sinn i a steach do sheòmar blàth, agus ma shuathas sinn ar meur ris an sgleò bithidh am meur fiuch.

Chi sinn gu tric sgleò air aghaidh na speur agus tha fios againn gum brùchd tuil as an sgleò so. Is e sgòthan a bheir sinn ris na sgleothan a tha a' snàmh anns an adhar.

Tha gach neach eòlach air gluasad nan uisgeachan air aghaidh na talmhainn, agus tha fios aig a' chloinn bhig gur ann as an adhar a thàinig an tuil a tha an diugh a' sruthadh 'na caochanan, 'na h-uillt agus 'na h-abhnaichean air an talamh, ach chan 'eil e cho soilleir gur ann deth an talamh a tha an t-adhar a' faighinn an uisge. Ach is i an fhirinn gu bheil an t-uisge a thuit air an talamh, an déigh 'obair a dheanamh an sin, air a thilleadh air ais do'n àile. Am briathran eile tha an t-uisge a sior ghluasad sìos agus suas eadar neamh is talamh.

Ma dh'fhàgas sinn coire uisge a' goil air an t-uisge gheibh sinn e tioram ri tìde, agus ma chumas sinn spàinn ris an t-srùp (mar rinn Seumas Uatt) chi sinn an toit air a thionndadh 'na bhoinnean. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu bheil an t-uisge a tha an toit a' giùlan as a' choire a' dol do'n àile a tha mar chuan 'gar cuartachadh.

An uair a chuireas bean-an-taighe an t-aodach a nigh i air na ròpan, c'àite an téid an t-uisge bha 'deanamh na aodaich fiuch? Theid dìreach do'n adhar mar rinn an t-uisge bha anns a' choire. Agus mar sin tuigidh sinn gu bheil teas na gréine a' sior dheoghal suas an uisge d'heath uachdar an t-saoghail.

Tha an t-àile mar so a' sior shùghadh uisge nach gabh e an còrr, agus an sin sguiridh an sùghadh. Tha an ìre gus an téid an sùghadh air adhart an crochadh air teas an àile. Mar as mò an teas is ann as mò a ghleidheas, no chumas, an t-àile de uisge. Ma tha gaoth a' séideadh is ann as sgiobailte tha an t-uisge air a' ghiulan air falbh 'na thoit. Tuigear bho so gur ann ri aimsir ghaothaich, ghrianaich as treise an sùghadh, agus gur ann ri aimsir fhuair, dhubharraich a' tuisge e. Air an aobhar, tha mòran toit ag éirigh anns na cearnan teithe de'n t-saoghal agus glé bheag anns na h-earrannan reodhta.

Nam biodh an t-àile làn-thioram daonnan bhiodh an talamh móran nas fhuaire na tha e, ach tha am brat toite a tha eadar a' ghrian agus an saoghal a' cumail an teas gun a bhi air a sgapadh air feadh na h-iarmailt, agus as eugmhais na toit bhiodh gathan na gréine a' spùtadh teas cho mór air an talamh agus gum biodh gach ni air 'uachdar air a losgadh.

Ciamar tha an t-àile a' leigeil tuiteam do'n uisge aon uair agus gun éirich e suas do'n adhar? An uair a sheideas gaoth dheth an chuan a dh'ionnsaigh fearainn aird, fumaiddh an ceathshruth éiridh suas gu mullach nam beann agus an uair a thachras so tha an t-àile air fhuarachadh. Tha am fuarachadh so a' tionndadh na taise a tha anns an àile 'na bhoinneagan beaga agus a chionn gur truite na boinnean na an t-àile tuitidh iad chun an làir. Tha mar an ceudna duilleach a' fuarachadh na gaoithe air an oidhe agus tha na boinnean a' laidhe air an duilleach. Is ann ri so a their sinn dealt. Ma bhios am fuachd glé mhór reothaidh e na boinnean agus tuitidh iad mar shneachad.

Tha an rud ris an can sinn uisge comasach air trì cruthan a ghabhail. Aig teas cuimseach is e uisge tha ann ach ma thig fuachd mór fo 32° F. cruadhaichear e mar chloich agus ri so their sinn eigh. An uair a theasaichear uisge gus an goil e (os cionn 212° F.), teichidh e air falbh do'n iarmailt mar thoit agus chithear e mar cheò no neòil.

## "LATHA 'CHOIN DUIBH."

LE DONNCHADH MACLAIN, Ile.

(A'cheud duais, Mod, 1925.)

Air do'n ghaisgeach ainmeil, Mac-a-Phì Cholasa, bhi air seacharan-seilg anns an Eilean-Dhùrrach, thachair air—am mullach monaidh bha comhdaichte le ceò,—Beanshith agus gala-mhadaidh leatha aig an robh cuain chuillean.

Dh'innis e dhi an càs anns an robh e, agus gun robh e strì r'a rathad a dheanamh gu ruige leithid so de lamaraig, anns an robh am bàta agus a chuid ghillean 'ga fheitheamh.

Thoilich i threòireachadh dh'ionnsuidh a' chladaich, agus ghabh iad air falbh, ceum-air-cheum tro' gharbhach nam beann, agus a' ghala 'sna cuileinean a' mireag 'sa miolaran mu'n cuairt orra. 'Nuair bhi iad mar so a' triall air an aghaidh, bheireadh Mac-a-Phì an drasd 'sa rithist sùil shanntach air cuilean dubh, àluinn, bha meag nan cuilean eile. Thug a' Bhean-shith an aire dha, agus ars' ise,—“A Mhic-a-Phì! Na cur do shùil 'sa chuillean dubh.”

“ ’S leamsa an cuilean dubh.” arsa Mac-a-Phi.

“ Cha leat.” ars’ ise.

“ O ’s leam.” ars’, esan.

“ O cha leat.” ars ise.

Cha d’thubhairt Mac-a-Phi an còrr, ach ’n uair rainig iad an lamarraig agus a chunnaic e am bàta agus a chuid ghillean an dlùths, ghrad sgioblaich e leis an cuilean dubh, agus a dh’ aona leum bha e anns a’ bhàta, a bha ann an tiota air a tarruing air falbh gu h-èasguidh a mach às a’ phort leis an sgioba ealamh a thuig mar bha cùisean.

Ghabh a’ ghala air an t-sràmh as déidh na Birlinne, agus sheas a’ Bhean-shith air carraig na tuinne ’si ’glaodhach,—

“ A Mhic-a-Phi nan con dubha,  
Ma fhuair thu ’chliù chail thu’n t-urram,  
’S ole an nì a rinn thu’n diugh,  
Chur thu’m dhith an cuilean dubh,  
Na’n d’ iarr thu ormsa e gu réidh.  
Thug mi dhuit an cuilean-cléibh,  
’S sheasadh esan thu rid’ mhaireann,  
Ach thusa cha sheas an cuilean dubh.  
Ach aon latha.”

Thug Mac-a-Phi an cuilean dubh dhachaidh agus chur e e air cùram a’ chòcaire. Cha robh an cuilean dubh fada an Tigh-Cholasa, ’n uair bha e cho loireach, peallach, robach, ri cuileanan eile. Cha robh cron anns nach bitheadh e, ’s an uair nach biodh e ’g iomlaich nam poit, bhiodh e stròicheadh aodaich, air neo cagnadh bhròg. Bheireadh té thall ’sa bhos sgiùrsadh air, ach cha robh uair a chluinneadh Mac-a-Phi an cuilean dubh a’ sgalartaich, nach tigeadh e làthair agus, bheireadh e achmhasan do na mnathan air son a bhi ris, ag radh riù, “ Leigibh leis! leigibh leis! Tha latha a’ choin duibh ri tighinn fhathast.”

Bliadhnachan ’na dheidh so,—agus an cuilean dubh a nis air fàs ’na chù mòr làidir, eireachdail, agus e ’na chompanach dileas d’a mhaighstear anns gach àite an bitheadh e,— thainig an t-anmoch air Mac-a-Phi ’se sgith an deidh na faoghaid anns na Beanntan Diùrach. Rinn e air “Uamh-na-cròige” an dùil an oidhche leigeil seachad, agus gun ’na chuideachd ach an cu-dubh.

Ann an uaigneas na h-uamha, mu mheadhon oidhche, thainig ua-bheisd air Mac-a-Phi, agus ged a bha e ’n a fhear-claidheimh barraichte, thuig e gu làn mhath nach robh dol às aige bho’n bheitheire uamhasaich anns an robh meud agus neart do-thuigseach.

Ach mar shaignead bho’n bhogha, le sitheadh oillteil, leum an cu-dubh an dàil na béisde, agus car-air-char, chaidh iad le chéile mach as an uamh, agus bha toirm a’ chatha a bha eatorra an cluasan Mhic-a-Phi fad na h-oidhche.

An uair bhrist an latha, ’s nach robh sion r’a chluinntinn ach balbh-bhuille na mara air sgeirean a’ chuain, tharruing Mac-a-Phi mach as an uamh, agus air a’ mhuir-chlach aig beul-an-làin, fhuair e an cu-dubh, dearg le fuil, ’s e fuar marbh. Thionndaidh e air falbh ’s na deòir a’ sìleadh gu frasach bho shùilean, agus thar leis ann an gàir nan tonn gur cuala e rithis an glaoth,—“Cha sheas an cuilean dubh thu ach aon latha.” Ach bu mhath ’s bu ro-mhath a choinmlion an cù dubh na chaidh earbsa ris. Cluinnear fhathast measg nan Eileanach, ’radh Mhic-a-Phi.’ “Tha latha a’ choin duibh ri tighinn fhathast.” Ach ’s cian bho’n thainig ’s a dh’fhalbh, “latha ’choin duibh.”

## CHUNNAIC MISE LA EILE.

Air seann fhonn.

Chunnaic mise la eile,  
Ged nach ’eil mi mòr aois,  
Gu’m biodh aighear is àbhachd  
Agus gràdh anns an t-saogh ’l;  
Gu’m biodh coibhneas is càirdeas  
A’ blàthachadh dhaoin’,  
Agus mnathan ri mànrán,  
’S cha b’ann gun bhàigh na gun ghaol.

Co-dhiùbh a’ treabhadh an achaidh,  
No a’ tional nan sguab;  
Co-dhiùbh a’ siubhal an fhirich,  
Na ’s an innis air chuarit;  
Cha b’e droch bheairtean millteach  
A bhiodh an inntinn an t-sluaigh;  
No trom rùintean diomhair  
A bhiodh a’ riaghladh an smuain.

Cha robh iarraidh air beairteas;  
B’fheàrr an pailteas na’n còrr;  
Cha robh cùram na breacaig  
A’ milleadh taitneas bhi beò;  
Ann an sìth agus slàinte,  
Gun bhi àilleasach, mór,  
Bha an cridheachan aotrom,  
Is cha b’e ’n saoghal an glòir.

Ge b'e chitheadh an t-bigear  
 Anns an òg-mhaduinn Chéit,  
 Le céum aighearach pròiseil  
 A' cur dolgh air an spréidh;  
 'S a' dol cuairt air na rsointean,  
 Ge b'ann ri braon na ri gréin;  
 Cò bu toilichte beò-shlànt  
 Fo àrd-chòmhdach na spéur?

Agus, maise gach maise,  
 Ainnir channach, le cuach,  
 A' bleoghann chruidh chaisfhionn  
 Ann am fasgadh nam bruach;  
 Caileag mheall-shùileach bhòidheach,  
 Is dath an òir air a gruaig,  
 Agus ceileir binn ceòlmhor  
 A' tigh 'nn bho ròs-bhilean suaire'.

'S mo cheist air an dachaidh,  
 'N uair a rachamaid suas,  
 Gu suidhe aig an teallaich  
 Far nach luigheadh am fuachd;  
 Bean an tìghe ri coibhneas,  
 Gun fhaighneachd mu dhuais,  
 Agus cuspair a gaoil-sa  
 A' sgaioleadh aoidheachd mu'n cuairt.

A' chlann bheaga ga 'n caradh  
 Air na faicheagan min,  
 'S greis a' tional nan neòinean  
 Feadh nan còsag gun sgios;  
 'S a' ruith 's a' léum le céum sùrdail,  
 Ann an dùrachd an cridh';  
 'S le aignidhean aotrom,  
 Gun droch smaointean mu ni.

'S c'ait' an deachaidh 'n dibhearsan  
 'S an t' aiteas a bhà?  
 C'arson a chaidh iad a cleachdadh?  
 Is ciod a th'againn 'na 'n àit  
 Trom chuideam is dorachadh  
 Ga ar lorgadh a ghnàth—  
 'N ann is miosa tha'n saoghal  
 Mar is aosmhoir e fàs?

GLEANNACH.

### FAR-AINMEAN IS INNISGEAN NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL  
 A' cheud duais, Mod, 1925.

"Is cuilean leoghainn Iudah; o'n chobh-artaich, a mhic, chaidh thu suas, chrùb e mar leoghann, agus mar sheann leoghann; cò a dh'uisgeas e?"—GEN., XLIX, 9.

#### III.

Bha seann daoine a' creidsinn gu bheil e 'san dàn seachd bliadhna roimh dheireadh an t-saoghail, gu'n tig tuil air an domhan

gle dhlùth air a bhi cho sgriosail ri tuil an t-seann t-saoghail. Theid gach eilean 'sa chuan shiar fodha, ach I Chaluim Chille a mhàin, oir:—

"Seachd bliadhna roimh 'n Bhràth,  
 Thig muir thar Eirinn re son tràth,  
 'S thar Ile ghluirm ghlais,  
 Ach snàmhaidh I Chaluim Chléirich."

Ach gu tilleadh a dh'ionnsaidh nam mèirleach a rithist, oir tha e coltach gu'n robh mòran de'n luchd-ceird-sin anns na h-Eileanan 'san t-seann aimsir, tha rann eile a thaobh luchd-àiteachaidh bhailtean sònraichte am Muile a' ruith mar so:—

"Burg is Tàbull, is Baile na h-Aird an Grlòbunn,  
 Tri bailtean mhèirleach is fearr a th'anns an tir so."

A réir coltais, "bu diù Mhuile Bròlas, ach bu diù Bhròlais an t-iomaire crom." Bha e air a ràdh gu'n robh "ceithear àrde-fichead am Muile," is "ceithir busa fichead an Ile," ach gu'n robh "uiread àirighean an Colla 's a bha anna le chéile." Is iad na "busan" a bha an so, ainmean àitean a bha ag crìochnachadh leis an lide "bus," mar a tha Earabus, is mar sin air aghaidh.

Bha na rann a leanas a' leigeil ris nam buadhan (no an t-atharrachadh) a bha air àitean sònraichte am Muile:—

"Burgh beannach nan clach corrach,  
 Tàbull mòr na mine,  
 Coille mhór an t-seanail,  
 Sgobull an fheòir mhìn,  
 'S Tir Odhrain mòr a' ghallain."

"Na Fidean is Aird Tunna,  
 Créidhich dhubb nan calleach,  
 Tri àitean is miosa am Muile,  
 Dhol a dh'iarraidh mnatha."

Tha da bhaille bheag am Muile, aon ris an abrar Inne-bhéidh, is an t-aon eile Arainn. Bha da bhòireannach chòir a mhuinntir Arainn, matà, aon latha anns an tràigh, agus is e so an seanachas a chualas aca:—

- (1) "Chan eil fios a nis co-dhiù is motha Eirinn na Arainn."
- (2) "Cuid òinseach; is motha Eirinn na Inne-bhéidh 's Arainn!"
- (1) "Chan eil fios agam féin nach eil Eirinn cho mór ris an Ros."
- (2) "Chan eil fios a'm de an Ros; ach tha mi cinnteach gu bheil i cho mór ri I Chaluim Chille co-dhiù."

Thubhairt a' bhana-bhàrd, "Is maing a choimeas Colla Creagach ri Dun-Bheagain no Dun Tuilm"; ach bha feadhainn eile a thubhairt na b'fhearr is na bu mhiosa ris an

cilean sin. Cha b'urraimn na bu mhiosa a bhi air a ràdh na "an rud a chithceadh am Muileach (am Muileach seach fear 'sam bith, oir 'cha robh an cùil no an cuilinn' nach faiceadh e) gu'n goideadh an Collach e." Co-dhiù, bha aon ni a bha e a' leigeil ris, is b'e sin gu'n robh a réir coltais barrachd misnich aig a' Chollach gu a smuaintean a thoirt gu buil le gnìomh. Bha an Tiristeach gle throm air a' Chollach, ach theagamh gu'n robh an Collach trom air-san mar an ceudna. Na'm faiceadh an Tiristeach ni 'sam bith de shaothir làn an duine, cha robh e gu mutha biodh e 'nà bhad aodaich, 'na bhroig, 'na chuaidh, 'na chliabh, bàta, no ni 'sam bith air an t-saoghal a bha cuma air a toirt air, is gun a dheanamh a' cordadh ris. "A," theireadh esan, "nach ann air a tha a' chuma Chollach."

Theireadh cuid "na siolgan" ris na Collaich, dìreach air an aon aobhar is a theireadh iad "na doideagan" ris na Muilich. Bha na trì eileanan air an trioblachadh cuideachd anns an t-seadh so, "an doideag Mhuileach," "an t-siolag Chollach," is "an làdhrag Thiristeach." B'iad trì buidseichean ainmeil a bha an so. Bha ainm eile aca air na Collaich agus is fìor thoil leam e; is e sin "Dubh-chas an Fhraoich." Tha mòran fraoich is mòintich an Colla, is glé bheag dhiubh le chéile an Tirithe. Tha mi an dùil gur ann Tiristeach a bhiodh am fear no an tè a thug an t-ainm dhaibh an toiseach.

Ma tha gu leoir de fhraoch an Colla, chan eil ni idir de choille anns an eilean, an diugh co-dhiù, ged a bha aon uair a bha e air atharrachadh. Bha e air a chur air Collach a' cheud uair a chaidh e gu Tir-mór is a chunnaic e astar bhuaithe a' choille bhòidheach dhosrach a tha mu'n cuairt an Obain, gu'n do thòisich e air moladh "a' chàil ghasda a bha aca ann an Lathurna am bliadhna." Ach tha na briathran so air an cur am beoil Eileanaich eile cho math ris na Collaich. Mar a thugear, chan eil mòran coille anns na h-Eileanan am mach, agus bidh na Mór-thirich a' deanamh bòsd dhiubh ri linn sin. Bha an Sasunnach mór, Mac Iain féin a' deanamh spòrs air gainnead an fhiodha anns na h-eileanan.

Bha e air a chur air Collach eile an uair a chaidh e gu Galldachd, is a thugadh dha each is cairt gu an oibreachadh, gu'n do theann e anns a' cheud thoiseach ri clachan a chur anns a' chairt mar chudthrom-laist. Shaoil leis gur e dol nam bàta a bhiodh aig na cairtean, is bha e air fhonn a bhi tearaintne! Faodaidh am Mór-threach a bhi a' magadh air an Eileanach, ach b'fhearr

leam e bhi air a ràdh gu'n do chuir mi cudthrom-laist ann an cairt na mar a bha an Mór-threach a cheud uair a chunnaic e bàta. A' cheud uair a chunnaic esan long b'ann am Baile Inbhirnis. Dh'fheoraich e ciod an aon ni fo'n ghreim a bha ann; is dh'innseadh gur e long-sheòlaidh a bha innte. "Am bheil i beò?" thubhairt e. "Tha." "Is ciod an nis an aois a tha i?" dh'fheoraich e. Thubhairt an t-aon de an d'fheoraich e nach robh i ach suas ri dà bhliadhna. "O, a Rìgh is a Shiorraidh!" arsa esan, "dà bhliadhna; nach i bhios mór mu'm bi i seachd!"

Tha mi ag creidsinn nach eil eilean eile air taobh siar Albann ris an abrar uiread de ainmean bòidheach 's a theirear ri Tir-ithe, agus chan iognadh e, oir tha e féin bòidheach. Gheabh e mar ainmean "Tir an Eorna," "Tir iosal an Eorna," "Tir a' mhuirain," "Tir fo thuinn," "Rìoghachd fo thuinn" is mar sin air aghaidh. Is e an t-eilean a bhi cho iosal a chuir an da ainm mu dheireadh so a bhi air. Chuala mi m'athair féin ag ràdh gu'm faca e seann duine an Tirithe a chunnaic an t-eilean, le làn mór a thainig, 'na sheachd eileanan, le còmhnuidh dhaoine anns gach eilean dhiubh. Chunnacas Colla ged nach eil e idir còmhndar 'na thri eileanan.

Ach ma theirte ainmean bòidheach ri Tir-ithe leo-san a bu chaomh e, cha rachadh a chàineadh air iomrall air cuid eile. Bha na Collaich an dùil gu'n robh na Tiristich na bu duirche 'nam folt is 'nan snuadh na bha iad féin no an còrr de na h-Eileanaich a bha anns a' choimhearsnachd. Bha am focal ud a bha aca, "Is rìobagach robagach dubh an Tiristeach," ag ciallachadh so. Rinneadh oran-molaidh do uaislean an eilean an uair a dh'fhalbh iad gu banais an Diuc (athair-céile na ban-phrionnsa Louisa). B'ann air fonn "Chaidh na gillean grinn fo'n armachd" a bha e air a chur. Rinn fear an sin òran-magaidh, agus is treun ma's ann air a leabaidh 's e "làn de làithibh" a dh'fhàg e beannachd aig an t-saoghal. Tha mi an dùil gur ann mar a leanas a bha a' cheud rann:—

"An comunn ceanna-ghlas a dh'fhalbh a Sgair-innis,

A 'Tir an Eòrna' 's nan ròdan feamannach;  
Tha dreach an ùilidh 'nan gnùis am falach, is  
Chan abair càch ach na 'cearcan-mara' riu."

Theirte mar an ceudna an uair a rachadh Tiristeach do chuideachd mheasail anns an t-seann aimsir, is e air innseadh gu'm bu Tiristeach e, gu'n abaireadh an neach a bheireadh a steach e, mar gu'm biodh e ag

gabhaíl a leisgeíl a chionn Tiristeach a bhí an láthair idir, "Tiristeach, le cead na luideachd."

Ach na bha a leithid sin de latha ann, tháinig caochladh air cúisean, is tha e 'na mbeas an diugh do neach ma tha e 'na chomas cáirdeas no cóir-fala a thagar air Eilean Thir-ithe.

Ged is e, mar a thubhairt mi, "na laoragan" a theirte an coitcheannas ris na Tiristich, bha ainmneannan fa leth air a' chuid mhór de bhailtean an eilean mar an ceudna. Is e "na tunnagan" a theirte ri muinntir a' Chaolais, am baile do am buineadh sinnsearachd m'athar féin:—

"Tunnagan a' Chaolais,

Le'n cinn fhada mhaola

Dh'itheadh iad am maorach;

Cho caol ris na cudainnean."

Theirte "na Duich" ri muinntir a' Chaolais, mar an ceudna. B'iad "na ròn" muinntir Rudhaig. Is e "na mnathan" a theirte ri muinntir Chill Choinnich.

Tha fearann Thir-ithe cho beairteach 's cho torrach is gu'n robh ràdh aca air a' chùis— "Mur biodh eagal an dà mhàil, bheireadh Tir-ithe an dà bhàrr." Chuala mi m'athair ag ràdh gu'm faca e féin an dà bhàrr 'ga thogail mar so; buntàta an toiseach is túirneap an sin. Ach is dócha leam nach b'iad an da bhàrr so, oir chan eil an ùine fada bho'n a tháinig iad le chéile do'n Ghàidhealtachd uile gu léir, air an do stéidhicheadh an sean-fhacal, ach an t-eòrna is cál gearmhraidh.

Is e "na luideagan" a theirte ris na Morairnich. Bha iad air an cur air an aon ghad ris na Muilich is na Ceararaich mar so,— "An Doideag Mhuileach," "an Luideag Mhorairneach" 's "Eireagan Chearara." Cha d'fhuair mi cinnt air co-dhiubh a bu bhuidisich a bha anns an "luideig," no ciod. Is e "na cnòdain" a theirte ris na Murchannaich, agus am mach bho sin cha chinnt leam gu'n cuala mi riamh na bu mhiosa na:—

A' Mhorairne bhoideach ghleannach,

Ardnamurchan nam beann uaine,

"Is Suainneart dhubb-ghorm a' bharraich."

Bha cóig bailtean anns a' Mhóirairne aca mar so air aon ghad:—

"Fionn-airigh, Sabhairigh, Salachan,

Cill-Fhionntainn nam bonnach beaga,

Is Fliuirinnis a' gharbhain."

Bha facal eile aca anns an dùthaich so is chan eil mi ro chinnteach ciod uile gu léir a bu làn chiall dha:—"Sùrd air Suainneart, chaidh Ardnamurchan a dhòlaidh." Ann am intinn féin tha e a' togail dealbh dhomh—tha am feachd ge air bith có e, ag cur ris an dùthaich, thug iad am mach Ardnamur'

chan, is an nis iad ag cur seòil air cur ri Suainneart. Saoidh mi gu bheil mi a' faiceinn Shomhairle Mhóir Mhic Ghille Bhríde air ceann an fheachd bhuaidhach so. Gáidheil an taoibh shiar air a shàil, is Lochlannaich nuagarra nan sloc ag gabhaíl na ruaig! Chan eil ann ach dealbh a dh'éirich 'nam intinn, is faodaidh gu bheil ciall no aobhar na's so-fhaicsinniche is na's dlúithe d'ar linn féin na sin air a thabhairt air, ach gabhadh e bhí gur e leithid so a b'aobhar dha.

Mar a bha nádurra gu leóir, is e "na gobhair" a theirte ri muinntir Aird-ghobhar, agus "na buic" ri muinntir Chinn Ghearr-loch, Chan eil math dhuinn dol seachad air Loch-abar, oir tha móran, math is dona, air a ràdh uime, Is e "Loch-abhar nan caorbh" ainm is trice a gheabh e, is cha b'urraim a bhí na bu ghrinne, ged nach eil uiread chraobh ann an diugh is a bha ann aon uair. Anns an t-slann aimsir bha coille cho pailt ann is gu'n robh "tarraing giuthais do Loch-abar," coitach ris an ràdh a tha aca anns a' Bheurla Shasannaich, "carrying coals to Newcastle," air a chur gu feum uair sam bith a bhíodh saothir mhór 'ga dheanamh a' tabhairt ni 'sam bith do áite eile anns an robh gu leóir is am pailteas de'n ni sin mar bha. Bha tabhairt each do Innse-Gall ag ciallachadh an aon ni.

Am bogha a b'fhearr a gheabhadh an t-Abarach, b'e:—

"Bogha dh'íubhar Easragain,

Ite fir-eòin Locha Fréig,

Céir bhuidhe Bhaile na Gaillbhinn,

Is ceann bho'n cheard Mac Pheadarain."

Na'm biodh ni aibhseach air bith, no a bhíodh an-mhór thar a' chumantaís, bhíodh e "cho mór ri bráth mhór nan Abrach." Cha d'fhuair mi idir gu bun a' ghnóthaich ciod a' bhráth mhór a bha an sin. Na 'm biodh ni a bha a' dol a sheasamh ionnas gu maireann buan, sheasadh e "cho fad 's a bhíodh clach an Creag an Fhithich no boinne uisce a' ruith le Fréig." Ach chan fhaca am fear a chùinn am facal cho fada air aghaidh do'n tim a bha roimhe is nach faodadh e a thuisinn gu'n robh e an dàn do Thréig féin caochladh bho a seann nòs, ni a tha a' tachairt an diugh féin 'san linn anns am bheil sinne beò.

Cha b'urraim moladh na b'fhearr na tha ri fhaotainn anns na rainn a leanas a bhí air tair 'sam bith, no air slugh dùthcha fo'n ghréin:—

"Gleann Ruaidh, sin gleann nam buadh,

Gleann Spitheain an gleann aobhach,

Gleann fada faoin gu feurach.

Gheabhtheadh sud air na maghannan glan,



Lach a' chinn uaine, is eala gheal,  
Fleasgaichean nan cuach fhalt tugh,  
Meanmach, togarrach, àrd-ghuth,  
'S leigear dhoibh a bhi mar sin."

Ach so agaibh taobh eile na duilleig air  
Gleann Neibhis:—

"Gleann Neibhis, gleann nan clach,  
Far am biodh an gart anmoch,  
Gleann fada, fiadhaich, fàs,  
Le thuath bhraidaich a' mhi-ghràis,

\* \* \* \* \*

Tha an rann so air a chur air Aonghas nan  
Aoirean. Ghleidh Camshronach Ghlinn Neibhis  
e air thigheadas fad seachdain no dhà, is e  
an dùil gu'n deanadh Aonghas òran molaidh  
dha. Is e so cuid de'n òran molaidh a rinn  
e dha féin 's d'a ghleann!

Tha Sgur Finneisgeig, is Allt Finneisgeig  
tuath air Beinn Neibhis. Tha an Sgùr ainmeil  
a thaobh na h-ìomradh a tha orra an sgeul  
Glaistean Lianachain. B'ann mar a leanas a  
bha an comharradh a bhiodh aca an àm  
thuiltean, mu'n toireadh iad aghaidh air  
Uisge Cùrr, àite cunnartach 'na leithid sin de  
am, mar a thuigear air na briathran:—

"An uair a bhios laogh aig Finneisgeig, theid  
gille Cùrr.

An uair a bhios dà laogh aig Finneisgeig,  
theid each is gille Cùrr,

Ach naur a bhios trì laoiagh aig

Finneisgeig, cha teid Feachd na Feinne  
Cùrr!"

B'iad na "laoigh" a bha an so, easan a  
bhiodh air an allt an uair a bhiodh tuil 'sa  
ghleann.

(Ri Leantainn.)

## KINTYRE PROVINCIAL MOD.

The third Provincial Mod was held in  
Campbeltown on Thursday and Friday, 22nd  
and 23rd April. Hitherto one day has sufficed  
for the competition, but this year, owing to  
the large increase in the number of entries,  
two days were required. The competitions in  
the junior classes were held on Thursday.  
Here there were 86 entries, including seven  
choirs, and the competitors were drawn from  
all parts of Kintyre. The utmost enthusiasm  
prevailed, and a very large audience attended

throughout all the events. The proceedings on  
Thursday concluded with a concert in the  
evening, which was largely attended. The  
chair was occupied by Miss Hall of Tangy,  
president of the local Branch of An Comunn  
Gaidhealach. The programme was provided  
by the successful competitors, supported by  
Miss Margrat M. Duncan and Mr. Kenneth  
MacRae, who had travelled specially from  
London to give their assistance in the proceedings  
connected with the Mod.

The senior competitions took place on  
Friday afternoon in presence of a very large  
audience, who followed the events with tense  
eagerness. In this section there were 38  
entries, including choirs from Carradale,  
Rhunahaurine, and Southend. In all the com-  
petitions a high musical standard was attained,  
and in respect of Gaelic it is apparent that the  
Mod movement is rapidly effective in reviving  
interest in the ancient tongue. A feature of  
the Kintyre Mod is a series of competitions in  
the rendering of Celtic songs in English, and  
in this section outstanding competitors were  
two brothers, Messrs. Archibald and David  
M'Kerral, Southend, who secured 98 and 95  
per cent. respectively of the possible marks.

On Friday evening the proceedings concluded  
with a concert of Gaelic and English song,  
held in the Victoria Hall, which, capable of  
accommodating 1000 people, was packed to  
its utmost capacity. Fittingly enough, one of  
the founders of An Comunn Gaidhealach,  
Sheriff Macmaster Campbell, occupied the chair.  
As in the junior concert, the programme was  
sustained by the prize-winners and by Miss  
Margrat M. Duncan, Mr. Kenneth MacRae and  
Mr. Neil Shaw.

The adjudicators were:—Music—Miss Margrat  
M. Duncan; Gaelic—Mr. Neil Shaw, General  
Secretary of An Comunn.

### LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

Unison Singing, Gaelic—1, Whitehouse Choir;  
2, Dalintober School Choir, No. 1.

Solo Singing (girls)—1, Agnes Young, Whitehouse;  
2, Margaret Watsham, Rhunahaurine.

Solo Singing (boys)—1, Duncan M'Conachie, Rhuna-  
haurine; 2, Arthur Muir, Rhunahaurine.

Memory Recitation (boys and girls)—1, Agnes Young,  
Whitehouse; 2, Margaret Watsham.

Bible Reading (boys and girls)—1, Rose M'Conachie,  
Rhunahaurine; 2, Betty Currie, Rhunahaurine.

Celtic Songs in English, Unison Singing—1, Campbel-  
town Boys' Choir; 2, Dalintober School Choir, No. 2.

Celtic Songs in English, Solo Singing (girls)—1,  
Agnes Young, Whitehouse; 2, Margaret Coffield,  
Dalintober. Boys—1, Arthur Muir, Rhunahaurine;  
2, Alex. M'Callum, Southend.

Prize for Highest Aggregate (girls)—Agnes Young, Whitehouse. Boys—Duncan Stalker, Campbeltown.

SENIOR COMPETITIONS.

Part Songs, Gaelic Choirs—1, Rhunaharine Choir; 2 (equal), Carradale Choir and Southend Choir.

Gaelic Solo Singing (male voices)—1, J. Graham M'Kinlay, Campbeltown; 2, Donald Galbraith, Campbeltown. Female voices—1, Miss C. Sinclair, Rhunaharine.

Memory Recitation, Gaelic—1, Miss Jessie MacLaren, Southend; 2, Miss Marion Falconer, Campbeltown.

Bible Reading—1, Donald Galbraith, Campbeltown; 2, Miss Marion Falconer.

Reading at Sight—1, J. Graham M'Kinlay; 2, Miss Marion Falconer.

Celtic Songs in English (male voices)—1, Archd. M'Kerral, Southend; 2, David M'Kerral, Southend. Female voices—1, Miss Catherine Muir, Rhunaharine; 2, Miss Cathie Thomson, Campbeltown.

Prize for Highest Aggregate in Gaelic Competitions—Mr. J. Graham M'Kinlay.

◆  
**BOOK REVIEWS.**

Oban Mod, 1926. Music for Choral Competitions. Published for An Comunn. Alex. MacLaren & Sons, 360 Argyle Street, Glasgow. 20 Pages; price, 1/-.

This collection gathers in a handy and readable form the songs appointed for the Oban Mod, for Mixed Choirs, Ladies' Choirs, and Male Voice Choirs. The music is in both staff and sol-fa. The songs for Mixed Choirs are—"Gael na h-Oighe," and "Fallain's gun dith," both arranged by Robt. Macleod; and "Och nan Och i tha mi fo mhulad," arranged by I. T. MacDhonnchaidh. For Ladies' Choirs—"An Gille gunnach," arranged by T. S. Drummond; and "An Crònan Muileach," by the late John MacCallum. For Male Voice Choirs—"Tha 'n cota deas aig Ruairidh" and "Thug mi 'n Oidhoche n' Raoir Sunndach," both arranged by T. S. Drummond. The words and music are beautifully printed, and the paper is strong and heavy. Along with this booklet, may be mentioned a separate song, "Cruachan Beann," arranged for Male Voice Quartette, by T. S. Drummond. Price 3d, also published by MacLaren & Sons, in the same good style as to printing and paper.

Scottish Gaelic Studies. Vol. I. Pt. I. April, 1926. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press; 109 pp.; 9/- net. Annual subscription, 15/-, post free; twice yearly.

The new periodical announces its aim to be the collecting of oral literature; the publication of literary texts; and the study of metrical form. The sounds of Gaelic at different stages of its history will be studied from phonetic spelling in older texts, and Gaelic words in Lowland Scots, and in ancient records. There will be a study of living dialects and place names; and lexicography, archeology and history will receive attention.

There are two articles by F. C. Diack on the ogam stone in Gigha, and on Aber and Inver in Scotland. He insists that the Gigha Stone is not Irish, as held by Irish epigraphists, but Scottish, and of the Pre-Dalriadic period. But no mortal man can properly decipher the Gigha Stone. The arguments brought forward in this article are intended to maintain a certain theory, namely, that Scottish Gaelic was independent of Irish in very early times.

Professor Watson contributes a fine bardic poem, by Giolla Crìost Bruillegach, from the Book of the Dean of Lismore. Needless to say, Dr. Watson achieves

with distinction the difficult task of restoring the literary text from the Dean's phonetic version, which is also given. There is a spirited translation. This is an example of how the editing of the older Scottish texts ought to be done.

There is a very interesting article by Professor O'Rahilly, of Dublin University. It is on some words which have different meanings in Irish and Scottish Gaelic. The contrasts are remarkable. It is curious to observe, for instance, that the English word, "pet," is borrowed from the Scottish Gaelic, "peata," and that the Gaelic word is a native one which was in existence many centuries before the word turns up in English.

Professor Fraser, Oxford, has an article on the sounds of the Gaelic in the Fernaig MS. It is very doubtful, however, whether Professor Fraser's interpretation of Macrae's phonetic spelling is always right; and it is also doubtful whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the Kintail dialect. Professor Fraser criticises unfavourably the recent edition of Alexander Macdonald's poems. But he also unfavourably criticises Alexander Macdonald as a poet. For two centuries, Gaelic people have considered Mac Mhaighstèir Alasdair a fine poet. Professor Fraser's low estimate of Macdonald discounts the value of the critic's pronouncements on modern Gaelic poetry.

The Magazine is issued from the Celtic Department of Aberdeen University. The Editor is Mr. John Macdonald, M.A. Ever since the *Celtic Review* ceased to be published, there has been a need for such a periodical as this in Scotland; and this new organ, if conducted on right lines, can give a great uplift to the study of Scottish Gaelic.

◆  
**AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.**

NEW MEMBERS.

LIFE.

- Mrs. Ellen Stuart, Edinburgh.
- Miss Norma MacGregor, Tain.
- Miss K. M. Grant, Tain.
- Mrs. W. Blaine, Nairn.
- Mrs. B. G. Forman, Loch Goll.
- Miss Sheila Macdonald, London.

ORDINARY.

- Sir Torquil Munro, Kirriemuir.
- Miss Isabella Bell, Port Askaig.
- William A. Macdonald, Esq., Inverness.
- Miss Jessie E. MacKenzie, Inverness.
- A. J. MacNeil, Esq., Inverness.
- C. D. Bridge, Esq., Inverness.
- Miss Christina Fletcher, Inverness.

OBAN MOD DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged .. .. .	£20	9	0
Glasgow Mull and Iona Association ..	3	3	0
Dunoon Branch .. .. .	3	3	0
"N. M." .. .. .	2	2	0
Sir Norman Lamont, Bart. of Knockdow	2	2	0
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Malcolm MacLeod, Esq., Ibrox .. .. .	1	1	0
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Mrs. Margaret Stewart, Dalry .. .. .	1	1	0
Rob Craig Cowan, Esq., Inveresk .. .. .	1	0	0
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Thomas Glen, Esq., Glasgow .. .. .	0	5	0
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*Received at Oban—*

Ceilidh nan Gaidheal Obanach .. .. .	9 0 0
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T. M. MacDonald, Esq., Barguilean .. .. .	2 0 0
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	£68 15 0

## FEILL DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged .. .. .	£126 11 4
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Glasgow .. .. .	10 0 0
Mrs Maggie Urquhart, Crookes .. .. .	10 0 0
	£146 11 4

## BRANCH REPORTS.

**DERVAIG.**—The Dervaig Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held the closing meeting of the season in the form of a concert and dance on the evening of the 7th April, in the Dervaig Hall. Mr. C. R. Morison, Kenharahr, presided. The programme was sustained by Messrs. Hugh McNeill and John Macdougall, bagpipes; Messrs. R. and N. Maclean, Tobermory; D. Cameron and N. Beaton, Glengorm; Miss M. B. Macmillan. Violin and piano solos were rendered by Sheila Macintyre, Helen T. Macmillan and Mr. Alex. Maclean, and duets by Misses M. B. and H. T. Macmillan. The dance which followed was largely attended and very much enjoyed. Messrs. Maclean, Tobermory, and N. Beaton, Glengorm, supplied the music, and Mr. N. MacLaine acted as M.C.

**GLENELG.**—Under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Association and An Comunn Gaidhealach, the last concert of the session was held in the Public School, on 16th April. The schoolroom was well crowded. The Gaelic sketch, "An t-agh odhar," the composition of Mr. John MacCormick, was a feature of an enjoyable programme. The chairman, Mr. John Macleod, Kirkton, expressed the indebtedness of the community to the enthusiastic band of workers who had provided so many Ceilidhs, concerts and dances throughout the winter. The usual vote of thanks brought the concert to an end.

**KILMALLEE.**—A Ceilidh was held in the G.S.C. Hall, Corrach, on 23rd April. Rev. R. B. Crawford presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Cranston, Miss M'Alpine, Messrs. M. M'Aulay, D. McLeod, D. McMillan and A. M'Donnell. There was a crowded attendance. Pipe-Major Paterson opened the proceedings with selections on the piob-mhor. The feature of the evening was a competition for singing and reciting in Gaelic in three classes. Honours went in the following order:—Under 12 years to age—Singing—1, Minnie Campbell, Badabaie; 2, Cathie Campbell, Badabaie. Reciting—1, Archie

Cumming, Kinlochiel; 2 and 3 (equal), Allan Campbell, Kinlochiel, and Cathie Campbell, Badabaie. 12 to 16 years of age—Singing—Mary Macdonald, Kinlochiel. Reciting—1, Mary Cumming, Kinlochiel; 2, Annie Cameron, Kinlochiel. Over 16 years of age—Singing—1 and 2 (equal), Miss E. Wilson, Kilmallie, and John Livingstone, Badabaie; 3, J. Thomson, Moy. Story—1, A. M'Donell, Torcastle; 2, D. M'Millan, Corrybeg. Special prizes were awarded to Mr. Jeffrey Thomson, Moy, for being the most enthusiastic and loyal member of the Branch, and in consideration of the distance he has to travel. The judges were Mrs. D. McLeod, Erracht; Mr. Donald M'Millan, Fort William; and Mr. M'Phail, Higher Grade School, Fort William. Pipe music was supplied by Pipe-Major Paterson and Mr. Thomson, and violin music by Mr. George M'Lean. Songs were rendered by Mrs. Campbell, Miss Dolly M'Alpine, and the Misses Wilson, by Messrs. Gillean M'Lean and John Livingstone. Mr. A. M'Donell delighted the audience with "Puir-t-beul." At the conclusion of the Ceilidh, Rev. R. B. Crawford, president, to the great regret of all, intimated that he was resigning from the presidentship, but before vacating the chair, conducted the business of appointing office-bearers for the next season. Mr. Donald McLeod, Erracht, was appointed president; Miss M'Alpine, Montrose Mansions, and Mr. Donald Macmillan, Corrybeg, vice-presidents; Mr. Ronald Cameron, Station House, secretary; Mr. Donald Cumming, treasurer.

**VALE OF LEVEN.**—This newly-formed Branch of An Comunn held a Ceilidh in the Bank Street side rooms of the Alexandria Public Halls, on 30th April. The President, Mr. Archibald MacGregor, presided over a large gathering of members. He was accompanied on the platform by Messrs. Neil S. Campbell, Glasgow; Mr. Neil Shaw, General Secretary; Mr. M. Murray, Mr. Donald Aitken, and Mr. R. Ritchie, secretary and treasurer. Gaelic and Scottish songs were finely rendered by Miss Peggy S. Campbell, Glasgow; Mrs. Peterkin, Alexandria, and Mr. James MacPhee, Glasgow. Humorous readings were given by Mr. John MacLean (Kaid), and pipe music by Master Roderick Campbell. Mr. James MacGregor made an efficient accompanist. Tea was served by the Committee. Gaelic and English addresses were delivered by Messrs. Campbell, Murray and Shaw. A picnic has been arranged for 26th June, and will take place at Luss, the home of the hon. president. The membership is now over 100.

**NEW BRANCH AT TAIN.**—On 30th April, a meeting took place in the Town Hall of Tain, to consider the desirability of forming a Branch of An Comunn in the town. The meeting was called by Provost Ross, who gave the inspiration of his own personality to the proceedings. Miss Farquharson of Invercauld presided, and in a short but eloquent speech enlisted the sympathies of the audience in favour of the project of founding a Branch in Tain. She briefly described the activities of An Comunn in recent years, and showed that the movement was spreading surely if slowly. Rev. Neil Ross of Laggan, who came specially to Tain for this meeting, addressed the audience, explaining the uses and aims of An Comunn, and urging the duty of all Gaels to further the cause. Speeches on similar lines were made by Rev. Mr. Mackenzie and by Rev. Mr. MacEachern. It was unanimously carried that a Branch be formed. Miss Farquharson was elected President. It is anticipated that the new Branch will give a good earnest of its fresh enthusiasm by a combined effort on behalf of the Great Fèill next year.



EDITOR.—Rev. NEIL ROSS, B.D., *The Manse, Laggan, Kingussie, to whom all literary communications should be addressed, business and other communications to 114 W. Campbell Street, Glasgow.*

TELEGRAMS—*Runair, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

Leabhar XXI.]

*An t-Iuchar, 1926.*

[Earrann 10

### BEO-SHLAINTE NAN GAIDHEAL.

Thachair dhuinn o chionn ghoirid beinn a dhreadh an Bàideanach. Fhuair sinn sealladh air glinn bhòidheach, anns am b' àbhaist tuath a bhì uaireigin; ach tha na glinn sin fàs an diugh, gun duine 'g an taghal ach sealgair an fhéidh. Agus dh'éirich eist shònruichte fa chomhair ar n-inntinn—cìod e an comheangal a tha eadar beò-shlaintean nan Gàidheal agus beatha na Gàidhlig? Bha uair ann agus bha e comasach do'n Ghàidheal a theachd an tìr fhaotainn 'n a dhùthaich féin. Tha eumntas againn gu robh tuath shoirbheachail an iomadh eòrn a tha fala mh a nis. Faodaidh nach robh goireasan cho lìonmhor deiseal is a tha iad an diugh. Ach bha na nithean riatanach goireasach an comhnuidh. Chì sinn o làrach nan òimàirean gu robh iomadh acair 'g an àiteach, agus gu robh coire is còrna pailt a chum biadh do dhuine is do ainmhidh. Bha nìin is feòil chaorach cumanta, gun ghuth air sìothann is iasg. Agus a thaobh aodaich is éididh cha robh gainne cloimhe; agus bha calanas is fighe coitcheann gu leòr. Bha ar n-athraichean mar an ceudna cleachda ri an eais-bheart fhéin ullachadh agus a chumadh. Bha ceaird an tailleir is a' ghreusaiche soirbheachail. Their cuid an diugh gu robh sud uile fada air ais agus borb. Ach tha sinn deimhin gur ann gu h-aiceolach a thèicear sin. An uair a bheachdaicheas tu gu dìun air an aodach a bha ar sinnsir a' deanamh le an làmhnan féin, ann breacan bòidheach ballach, an lion-anart geal grunn—is dàna neach a their gur ann borb fiadhach a bha muinntir a dheanadh gnìomh làmh cho eircachdail. Le cleachdadh is dòigh na

Gàidhachd an déidh làmh an uachdar fhaotainn oirnn tha e cho farusda dhuinn dlneas a dheanaidh air ealantas ar sluaigh féin. Is ann mar sin a nì cuid dlneas air an t-seann chainnt gu h-aiceolach, agus gun iad a' tuigsinn gu bheil oilean is uaisle anns an t-seann chainnt eadhon mar bha alt is grinneas anns an t-seann ealadhain làmh.

Cho fad is a bha an Gàidheal a' tighinn beò air toradh na h-àirdh is buannachd a dhùthcha féin bha cothrom aig a' Ghàidhlig nairsinn gu fallain 'n a cor nàdurra. Cha bhiodh sin idir 'n a aobhar bacaidh air foghlum, eadhon air foghlum anns a' Bheurla. Oir tha e aithnichte gu bheil neach a leughas agus a sgrìobhas a chainnt mhàtharail nas foghaintiche gu cànan eile a thogail. Bha mòran de na Gàidhlig deas an Làidhunn is am Fraingeis an uair a bha sgoiltean Gàidhlig anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Ach is e an cuspair a tha ann ar sealladh gun tàinig caochladh mòr air an dòigh anns a bheil an Gàidheal an diugh a' cosnadh a lòn làitheil; agus gur e an caochladh sin, an tomhas mòr a thug laighe cho eunnartach air a' Ghàidhlig.

Anns an naoidheamh linn deug thug innleachdan ùra atharrachadh air leth air Breatunn gu léir. Leis an inneal thoit, le gual, le iarrunn, le cotan, le iomadh umha is eòlas thàinig an dùthaich air a h-aghaidh an saobhreas is an cumhachd, gus an robh an Impireachd cho farsuinn air feadh an t-saoghail is nach do laidh a' ghrian fhathast air fearann Bhreatunn. Ach bha aon chor a' leantainn a' chinnichidh so, agus b'e sin, gun d'fhàs an sluaigh cho lìonmhor is gum b' éiginn daibh a bhì an crochadh air dùthchannan eile airson bldh, agus airson aodaich. Cruineachd America is tea Shìona,

cotan is cloimh, fiodh is feòil, agus fichead is ceud ni nach cualas an ainm gus an tàinig iad—sin mar a chaochail Breatunn air fad a cleachdadh is a modh beathachaidh. Is ann o'n cheart aobhar a thàinig caochladh cho mòr air a' Ghàidhealtachd. An sluagh sin a bha roimhe a' tighinn beò air bainne, sìothann, aran coire is iasg—biadh brìgh-mhor anns a robh neart is fallaineachd—is ann a dh'fheumadh iad a bhì 's an fhasan, biadhan is aodaichean annasach a dùthchanan eile fhaotainn. Bha na cothroman cosnaidh a' dol am meud, air muir is air tìr, agus gun teagamh bha so a' tarraing nan Gàidheal do'n bhaile-mhòr agus do threan céine. Anns na suidhichidhean ùra sin cha robh a' Ghàidhlig cho feumail am measg Ghall is choigreach; agus mar nach robh an Gàidheal is e air aineoil a' bruidheann a chaint fhéin, bha e ro-bhuailteach air a dh-chuimhneachadh. Chan eil àicheadh nach ann mar so, mean air mhean, a thàinig ar cànan ionmhuinn a dh'ionnsuidh na staid anns a bheil sinn 'g a faicinn an diugh. Ach is fortanach gun gabh caint sam bith cumail beò, ma tha gràdh is dùrachd ann-tasan a tha 'g a labhairt. Seall air an Eabhra a bha gun dùthaich o chionn da mhìle bliadhna, agus tha i beò fhathast. Thoir faineart Esperanto aig nach robh dùthaich riamh. Agus cuimhnich gun gabh Gàidhlig bruidheann is seinn air muir no air tìr far an coinnich Gàidheal ri Gàidheal. Agus cuimhnich os cionn gach ni nach dearmaid thu a labhairt gach uair a gheibh thu an cothrum.

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### SCOTLAND'S ISLAND OUTPOSTS.

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By SETON GORDON, B.A. (Oxon.).

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Fifty miles west of the mainland of Scotland the Outer Hebrides lie. They are a long chain of islands, extending from north-east to south-west; most of them mountainous; all of them swept by the salt and vital breezes from the Atlantic.

The Outer Hebrides are a country by themselves. The language of the Isles is Gaelic; English is never spoken by one isleman to another, and many of the old people are unable to speak or understand a word of it. The people are simple and primitive, and many of them are possessed of unusual good looks and natural charm of manner. The old Highland customs persist here, and many of the women spin and weave. They make the

so-called Harris tweed, which in reality is made not only in Harris, but in the other islands of the Outer Hebrides also.

The tweed is made of the wool of the island sheep. The wool is dyed by means of natural dyes—yellow from the bog myrtle, green from the heather, black from the roots of the water lily, which grows plentifully in most of the lochs of the Outer Hebrides, red from the fruits of the bilberry.

Most of the men have small crofts, on which they grow potatoes, "small oats" (the usual varieties grown on the mainland could scarcely stand the gales that sweep the isles during unsettled weather), bere, and very occasionally barley.

There are no fences to divide one crop from another, and as the pasture land adjoins the corn crops, the sheep, cattle and horses must be tethered, or else must be herded and carefully watched all the time they are grazing.

The ponies of the Outer Isles are celebrated. They are rather smaller than those of the mainland, very sturdy, and often beautifully coloured. They have many uses. Men ride them from the distant clachans to the nearest port or village; they are employed for carting the peats, and for collecting seaweed from the shore to manure the land. They also drag from the shore cartfuls of "May weed." This seaweed is spread out on the grass to dry, and is then burned for the valuable properties in its ash.

In winter, when fishing is usually impossible because of the bad weather, some of the isles-folk gather the stems of the laminarian seaweed from the shore, on which they have been cast by the heavy seas. These stems are placed on low stone walls to dry, and are left thus throughout the winter. By early summer they are dry and shrivelled, and then are burnt for their ash, known as kelp. During the war as much as £9 15s per ton was given for this ash; nowadays less than half this price is obtained, and the money received scarcely compensates the people for the hard work of collecting the weed in winter, often in bitter weather.

In the Outer Hebrides coal is almost unknown, and peat is used for fuel. The peats are cut in May, and, if the weather be fine, are sufficiently dry to stack in July. Peats are improved by keeping, and the more energetic do not burn them the first season after they are cut.

Most of the houses in the Outer Isles have earthen floors, on which is sprinkled fine sea sand gathered at the tide-mark, and often carried several miles in sacks on the backs of



the women folk. Some of the older houses have no chimney. Here the peat fire burns in the centre of the room, filling the wee house with blue pungent smoke, which causes the eyes of the stranger to smart painfully. The smoke escapes partly through a hole in the roof. Beside the fire the old lady of the house sits at her spinning wheel, her cats and dogs beside her, and as she spins she sings old Gaelic songs with a lilt in them as her forebears sang them in bygone days.

And all the while the Atlantic winds drift swiftly past outside, and in the distance is heard the deep roar of the surf as it breaks upon lonely Hebrid shores.

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### BUAIN NAN CAMAN.

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Air fonn: "Pòsadh Piuthar Iain Bhàin."

'N uair thigeadh an t-Samhainn gu'm buainear iad,

Theid an cur air an fharadh g'an cruadhachadh;

'S air m'onoir 'n uair shnaigheadh Mac-Ruairidh iad

Bhiodh buaidh 'gan leantuinn 's gach àit.

*Seisid:*

Buain nan caman 'sa bhadan ud thall,  
Buain nan caman gu h-àiteasach;  
Buain nan caman 'sa bhadan ud thall  
'S i 'n tuagh aig Buigean a b'fheàrr.

Air maduinn La Calluinn gu'm b'uallach iad,  
Bhiodh stuig anns a' chlachan 'n uair ghluaisheadh in;

Bhiodh fir agus innathan is gruagaichean

Air bruaich a' feitheamh gach stràc.

"Buailidh mi ort," ars' an Spuagalach.

"Leigidh mi leat," thuirt Domhnall Ruairidh ris;

'S gu'n cluinneadh tu'n t-ìolach 'n uair bhuaileadh iad

Aig guala Beinn Airigh Chàrr.

Bhiodh an Deasach gu h-aigeannach clis-chasach

An cùl ceann-taghail gu dicheallach;

Bho'n ghoid e Caman nan sìthichean

Cha do dhìobair esan gu bràth.

Bhiodh balaich a' Bhlàir ann gu cruadalach—  
Iain Molach is Cathail 's an Tuathanach;

'N uair chuireadh iad uile an guailleann ris

Bhiodh ruaig air gilleann an Fhàin.

Bhiodh MacRuairidh Uilleim Mhoir 's Daibhidh ann

'S 'nan aghaidh an Gallach 'san Ràthaire;

Bhiodh Stic agus Cleamaidh 's Iain Gàidhealach

A' fuadach dhachaidh fir Naast.

Aig meadhan an là bhiodh fànadh ann,

Bhiodh dram agus aran is chàis aca;

'N uair rachadh an stamag a shàsachadh

Sud suas an t-ìomain gun dàil.

'N uair thigeadh iad dhachaidh bhiodh aoibhneas ann,

Bha 'n dinneir ro-ainneamh an cìdhe sin,

Deoch slàinte nam balach a bhuaidhaichas

'Ga h-ol le gloineachan làn.

IAIN MAC GILLE FHEINNEAIN  
(Iain Dubh Mac Dhomhnaill 'ic Iain).

Brisbane, Australia.

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### AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

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#### LIST OF NEW MEMBERS.

##### LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Hugh Rose, Glasgow.  
Mrs. Jeanie Gow, Calvine.

##### ORDINARY MEMBERS.

John MacInnes, Esq., Stornoway.  
Evan Guest, Esq., London.

#### OBAN MOD DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged .. .. .	£86 15 0
Glasgow Inverness-shire Association ..	4 4 0
Mrs. Burnley Campbell, of Ormidale ..	3 0 0
Glasgow Lewis and Harris Association ..	2 2 0
Ferintosh Branch .. .. .	1 0 0
Miss Cath. Cameron, St. Andrews ..	0 2 6
<i>Received at Oban—</i>	
Hugh MacLean, Esq., Greenock .. ..	5 0 0
Viscountess Massereene .. .. .	1 0 0
T. M. MacDonald, Esq., Taynuilt ..	2 0 0
A. M. Lees, Esq., Gruline, Mull .. ..	1 1 0
	<hr/>
	<b>£88 4 6</b>

#### FEILL DONATIONS.

Previously acknowledged .. .. .	£146 11 4
Mrs. Godfrey MacDonald, Skye .. ..	37 17 6
Miss L. C. Turner, Kilchamaig .. ..	22 10 0
H. G. A. Leech, Esq., Nigeria .. ..	0 5 6
	<hr/>
	<b>£207 4 4</b>

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

**b.-cùl:** back-bit: same.

**b.-dubh:** kn.: L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence.

**b.-mòr:** same: C., M'D.

**b.-tuairnear:** same: Coll, MacDougall, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.

**bean Draighnidh:** only in phrase *ge b' oil le b. D.*: willy nilly [in spite of the Drynie woman, literally]: Braemore, Matheson, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: cf. *ambach*, *casa-* (*bana-*), *buille-trot*. Dw. has *bandraoi* sorceress. His appendix spells Drynie Droi-. *Ge b' oil le b. D.'s c daoimean* is triumph: S.U., at cards.—She was wife of Seòras D. 100 years ago + innkeeper at Dingwall; they had the farm of D. near there; she was of enormous size. *Ge b' oil, etc.*, was always said if diamonds were trumps (Matheson, June, 1926).

**beàrnach:** barnacle: Braemore, Matheson, n.: cf. *bàirneach*, *giùran*, *màthair-a'-mhaoraich*, *giodhairlein*.

**beàrradh:** limpet: same: v. *maorach*.

**beàrradh:** edge, brink, *e.g.* of cliff or table: Waternish, MacAskill, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n. Cf. *cliubh*, *bac-na-creige*. Also in W. in Dw.'s, 8.

**beart:** burden of hay, corn, rashes, heather (only): Waternish, MacAskill, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence: other burdens are *eallach*—and see *boitein*, etc.

**beart-thuairneil:** turning-lathe: Braemore, Matheson, n.: qs. *trundling-machine?* Cf. *bcairt-thuairnear*.

**beastag-ghòbhlach:** carwig: Coll, MacDougall, n.: cf. *biastag*.

**beatheach:** you: used in addressing woman (no disrespect at all implied or intended); hypocoristic term if anything: Lewis, N. Tolsta, Miss Murray, n. Man will say to wife, So, an *beatheach*, *gabh a' leanabh!* or child to mother, *Hai 'm beatheach!* *tha e tarcuais oirm*, or: *trobhad beatheach!* Does the usage date from time when live stock very dear and precious and of *pecunia-ry* value. Islay and Braemore are shocked. Cf. *biast*, *béist*, etc. In Torridon of cows, sheep, etc.

**beatheach-nan-ciad-cas:** centipede: Coll, MacDougall, n.: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: cf. *fiolan*, *madadh-ruadh-nan-gàg*, *piolan*.

**béinc:** bank (m.): real name of keeper's house given as *Lochan* in map, is *Sùil Odhar a' Bhéince*, near confluence of *Kingie* with (Inv.) *Garry*, *Angus Stewart*, *Gl. Dessarry*: accent is needed, as the long *ei* sound is much drawn; final "e" not heard in gen. Cf. *bac*.

**being:** settle, long seat in kitchen placed along window side of house, dogs sent under it: Braemore, Matheson, n.; Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.: cf. *trust*, *siaoisear*, *sunmag*, etc.

**beinge:** outward side, front, of bed, the part of a bed facing outwards: Islay, Johnston, n.; Jura, Neil Shaw, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: also bank in Islay. Cf. *port-bòrd*, *bial*, *tarsuinnein*.

**being-na-leapadh:** front boards of box-bed: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: Coll, MacDougall, n.: cf. *port*, *bial*. *Bial thaobh na leapadh* in Braemore.

**béinntéal:** see *paoinntéal*, *bai-* (bird-trap made by nooses in sea-wrack): Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; N. Uist, A. MacDonald, n.

**beirt:** cast (in fishing line): S. Uist, MacEachen, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: see *robach* and cf. *gad*, *snòdalachadh*, etc. Usually in Coll called *driamlach* and so Lochaber. *Snòd* in Braemore.

**beirt:** any fishing-tackle: Lewis, Norman MacL., n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.

**beirt-deirich:** the cruppers, *i.e.* strap under horse's tail preventing collar from slipping forward: Coll, Neil MacDougall, n.: cf. *treallaich* (and *botrachan*) and *Dwelly* p. 4<sup>th</sup>.

**beirteachadh:** yoking up a horse: S. Uist, Mrs. D. Stewart; Coll, MacDougall, n. Cf. *goille*.

**beirtich-nan-each:** horse-harness: Kinlochleven, Elliot, n.: cf. *beairtein*, etc.

**béist** (a' bh.): (1) the man, that one, *is, sìròp*: Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.: as colourless as *biast*, *q.v.* (2) hefty, coarse-featured virago: Coll, MacDougall, n.; Jura, Neil Shaw, n.

**b.-dhubb:** otter: Coll, MacDougall, n.: or *b.-dubh*. Cf. *madadh-odhar*.

(Ri leantainn.)

## SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Is ann agam a bhà a' chuairt thaitneach anns na h-Eileanan Siar. Daoine coibhneil, càirdeil; pailteas aoidh is Gàidhlig. Cha do thachair mi roimhe air sluagh a tha cho déidheil air òrain Ghàidhlig agus cha do chuir e iognadh sam bith orm gu bheil an stòr dhiubh cho pailt agus cho luachmhor. Tha iarrtas air son Mod beag dhoibh fhein 'nam measg agus ma ghabhas e idir deanadh bidh sin aca bliadhna eile.

\* \* \*

My visit to the Outer Isles was a very pleasant one, and everywhere I was received with great cordiality. The season of the year was unsuitable for meetings, but I feel that the object of my visit was achieved, and that the way is clear for a more intensive tour at the beginning of the winter session, when I hope to return and form branches. My first meeting was at Lochmaddy—Mr. Dugald MacTavish, J.P., in the chair. A bi-lingual Ceilidh has been carried on there very successfully, thanks to the enthusiasm of Mr. Ronald MacDonald, mine host during my stay at Lochmaddy. An Comunn will be well supported in that quarter.

\* \* \*

Along with Mr. MacDonald I motored round the island, addressing meetings or interviewing individuals at Sollas, Figharry, Bayhead, and Carinish. There were over 30 people present at the latter place, and Mr. Alex. Ferguson, J.P., presided. The proceedings were conducted entirely in Gaelic, and I was much impressed by the enthusiasm of all present. I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson over the week-end at Cladaeh, and early on Monday forenoon I crossed the North Ford to Benbecula. I was hospitably received by Dr. and Mrs. Rankin at Sorrel Lodge, and in the evening addressed a meeting in Torlum School, kindly arranged by Mr. Malcolm MacPhee, headmaster.

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On Tuesday morning I crossed the South Ford to Carnan, and in the evening held a meeting, over which the Rev. Malcolm Laing, M.A., presided, in Iochdar School. Later I went on to Howmore, and addressed a small gathering in the school. I am indebted to the Misses MacPhee for arrang-

ing these meetings for me. From Howmore I went direct to Lochboisdale. On Wednesday evening I had quite a nice meeting in the School at Daliburgh—Mr. Lomax, headmaster, presiding. Several spoke in favour of forming a branch of An Comunn, and I was assured of a large meeting for that purpose on my return. I have to thank Father Gillies for attending to the posting of bills advertising the meeting.

\* \* \*

It was my intention to hold meetings in Barra and Tiree, but owing to the restricted steamer service I had, very regretfully, to forego that pleasure, as it would mean another week or ten days. I, however, was fortunate enough to meet Miss Annie Johnston, teacher at Castlebay, on our arrival at that port, and was given assurance of a good meeting in the autumn. The steamer called at Tiree, but at too early an hour for interviews. Harris will be included in my next tour to the Isles.

\* \* \*

Gaelic is taught in all the schools within the area visited, and I found the teachers in complete accord with the aims of An Comunn. The children, I was astonished to learn, have no Gaelic rhymes for their games in the playing ground, and the teachers who mentioned the fact to me would be glad to have suitable Gaelic rhymes. I have recommended the Mod and Music Committee to offer prizes for collection of Gaelic rhymes and plays, and I hope there will be a good response. To Mr. Ranald MacDonald and all the kind friends I give cordial thanks for hospitality and help at meetings.

\* \* \*

The following extract is taken from the minute of the "Joint Education Committee" submitted at the last meeting of the Council of the Educational Institute, and reported in the "Educational Journal," of 18th June, viz.:—"Regarding the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools, it was reported that Islay Branch only had replied to the Committee's circular of 21st January, and the General Secretary was instructed to communicate again with Branches asking for an immediate reply. It was remitted to the Convener and Mr. MacKinnon, after replies had been received, to meet again with An Comunn Gaidhealach and report."

On the evening of 3rd June, Highlanders gathered in large numbers at the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, to do honour to Mr. Hugh MacCorquodale, F.S.A. (Scot.), who has acted for many years as Glasgow correspondent for the "Oban Times," is secretary for the Gaelic Society, and an active and valued member of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal. Mr. MacCorquodale was presented with an illuminated address, a combined writing desk and book case, the four volumes of the Songs of the Hebrides and a wallet of treasury notes. Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, ex-President of An Comunn, made the presentation, and spoke in eulogistic terms of Mr. MacCorquodale's worth and work. Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost presided.

\* \* \*

It is with profound regret we learn, as we go to press, of the death of Captain Eoghan K. Carmichael, M.C. Captain Carmichael gave distinguished service in the Great War, in which he was severely wounded. He was deeply interested, from its earliest days, in the work of An Comunn, and gave it valuable help in various ways. A true Highlander, with a sincere love and pride for the literature, music, and art of his people. His death in the prime of life is greatly to be lamented. We offer his sorrowing relatives our profoundest sympathy.

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The final syllabus for the Oban Mod is now issued. The dates of the Mod are 28th, 29th, 30th September, and 1st October. Entries close on 31st July. Ardnamurchan Mod takes place at Strontian on 16th July.

NIALL.

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## GREAT FEILL, 1927.

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Meetings of the Convener's Committee and General Executive of the Feill were held in the Highlanders' Institute on 15th June. Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale presided over a gratifying attendance of members.

Miss Gordon, organiser, reported on the progress made since last meeting. She stated that each of the four great Dominions were providing stalls. Mr. Stuart MacLeod had gone to Australia and New Zealand on business, and hoped to set up committees in each town visited. Several additional patrons had been secured, notably Mr.

Stanley Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. As shown from time to time in our donations list, several individuals, societies, and branches have contributed substantially to the Feill funds. Mrs. Parker was preparing a new edition of the Feill Cookery Book, which she hopes will bring in about £200.

Mr. John MacDonald, M.A., gave a report on the progress of the Feill Book, which he is editing. Mr. MacDonald asked guidance on the matter of publication, and a sub-committee consisting of the President and Mr. Colin Sinclair was appointed.

The question of forming separate stalls for areas outside those already arranged was considered. The Committee consider that if any district felt itself strong enough to undertake responsibility for a separate stall they should be encouraged.

Members present representing Highland Societies reported on the efforts of their respective societies, and these were very encouraging. Sir Norman Lamont spoke of his efforts in the West Indies.

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## THE CELTIC CONGRESS.

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It has now been arranged that the proceedings of the coming Celtic Congress will commence on Wednesday, 21st July, and will conclude on Thursday, 29th July, the sessions of the Congress being held at Penzance, Cornwall. A most interesting programme of papers by distinguished Celtic scholars has been arranged, dealing, amongst other matters, with:—

- "Cornish Antiquities."
- "Cornish Saints and their Relations with Ireland, Scotland, and Wales."
- "Early Celtic Missionaries," by Dr. Hartwell Jones.
- "The Early Church in Ireland."
- "The Problems of the Celt," by Prof. the Rev. Patrick Power.
- "The Influence of Welsh Culture on European Culture, as Illustrated by Welsh MSS. in Continental Libraries," by Mr. Timothy Lewis, M.A.
- "Brittany and the Arthurian Legends."
- "Cornwall and Brittany in Ancient Times."
- "The Scottish Universities and Celtic Studies."

"The English Universities and Celtic Studies."

"The Irish Language Commission and Irish Educational Policy," by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A.

"The Welsh Language Commission and Welsh Educational Policy."

Excursions to places of notable archaeological interest are being arranged, together with concerts of Celtic music and performances of Irish, Scottish, Manx, and Welsh plays, with other social functions.

The meetings have been happily arranged to precede the Welsh National Eisteddfod, which opens at Swansea on Monday, 2nd August. Visitors to Cornwall will probably be much tempted to extend their holiday to another week or more, in the picturesque Gower Peninsula, in such convenient proximity to Swansea, with its great Cymric Festival.

Normally the demand for the available accommodation in and around Penzance during the latter part of July is very considerable, and all intending to attend the Congress are urged to communicate, as promptly as possible, indicating their requirements, with **Mr. Howard Preston, 40 Howard Place, Penzance.**

## FAR-AINMEAN IS INNISGEAN NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le EACHANN MACDHUGHAILL  
A' cheud duais, Mod, 1925.

"*Is cuilean leoghainn Iudah; o'n chobh-artaich, a mhic, chaidh thu suas, chrùb e mar leoghann, agus mar sheann leoghann; cò a dhùisgeas e?*"—GEN., XLIX, 9.

### IV.

B'iad na Camshronach "Clanna nan Con," agus 'ga thaobh sin is e "coin Lochabar" a theirte ris na h-Abarach an coitcheanas. Lean an t-ainm so riu ri linn na còmhhdail ud a tha cho ainmeil am beul aithris, is a bha eadar Mac Dhòmhnuill Duibh is Morair Athail, air do eu-còrdadh a bhi eatorra mu na crìochan. Chan eil teagamh nach abairte "na coin" ris na Camshronach roimhe sin, ach bha a' còmhhdail so 'na abohar air an fhar-ainm so a dhaingneachadh orra.

Dh'fhoadainn an sgeul a chur sios gu h-aithghearr air an sgàth-san nach cuala i.

Bha an dà dhùlnach so, matà, ri coinneachadh gun nòach 'nan cuideachd ach iad féin a' mhàin.

Ach chomhairlicheadh do Mhac Dhòmhnuill Duibh àireamh de cheathairnich thaghte a thoirte leis 'na chois, ach an cumail am falach eùl cnuic dlùth do laimh gus an tigeadh feum orra. A réir coltais rinn am Morair an cleas ceudna, agus an uair nach robh an dà cheann-cinnidh a' tighinn air a chéile, thug esan am follais a chuid dhaoiné gus an Camshronach a chur bho thapadh.

"Co iad na daoine a tha an sin?" arsa Mac Dhòmhnuill Duibh.

"Sin agad," arsa am Morair, "muilt Athail air tighinn a thoirte am mach an cuid féir féin."

Thug an Camshronach a shanas féin seachad, is tha e air a ràdh gu 'm b'e sin an taobh cearr de a bhreacan, no de a dheocsa a thionndadh am mach, is thog na laghairean ud an cinn dlùth do laimh.

"Ach co iad na daoine a tha agad féin an so?" arsa Fear Athail.

"Sin agad," arsa an t-Abarach le sealladh uaibhreach 'na shùil, "coin mo dhùthcha-sa air tighinn a dheanamh feòlaich am measg mholt Athail."

Tha beul-aithris ag innseadh gu'n do shocraicheadh na crìochan gun an còrr dàil, is gun na laoiach a bha air chùl na cuideachd a thabhairt na bu dlùithe air a chéile.

'Ga thaobh so lean "na mult" 'na fhar-ainm air na h-Athallaich mar an ceudna.

Tha naidheachd air a h-innseadh air ban-Abarach chòir do am b'èiginn a dùthaich fhàgail is falbh do America. Is e an aon ni sònraichte a bha ag cur cùraim oirre an anastachd a bha a' feitheamh oirre air a turus thar a' chuain; bha i eadhon air a h-oillt-eachadh a thaobh gach sgeul is iomradh a chuala i mu stoirmean is mu uamhas nan tonn fo shéideadh gallinn. Dh'fhalbh i co-dhùib, is chaidh i air luing an Gearasdan Ionar-Lòchaidh. Cha bhuileach a bha an long 'na h-uidheam 's i air falbh na theann am boireannach còir ri fheoraich c'àite an robh iad an nis, is c'àite an robh iad an nis, 's mar sin air aghaidh. Dh'fheoraich i an sin de aon de na seoladairean c'àite an robh iad an nis, is arsa esan rithe.

"Tha sinn dìreach an déidh Corran Aird-gobhar fhàgail as ar déidh."

"Taing do Dhia air a shon sin," arsa a' chailleach bhochd, "nach eil an sin féin bramlach a' ghnothaich seachad mata." Tha e coltach gu'n cuala i iomradh air Corran Aird-gobhar roimhe sin, is nach b'i an iomradh a b'fhearr.

Is e "na piatain" a theirte ris na Mucanaich; "na fachaich" ris na h-Eigich;



"na ròcaisean" ris na Rumaich, is "na eudainnean" ris na Canaich. Cha chuala mi riamh far-ainm air an Sgitheanach, mar Sgitheanach. Theirte "Sgitheanach ma tha sheoid" leis na Deasaich, is mar an Caimbealach, bha an fhoill ann "fad 's a bhiodh an t-slat 'sa choill." Chuala mi Peach ag ràdh gur e Sgitheanach a tha anns an Donas! Thubhairt e gu'n robh fios glé mhath aig na seann daoine air sin, is gur ann 'ga thaobh a bha an ràdh ud air a chùinneadh, "Muileach, Ileach is Deamhan," is mar sin air aghaidh. Cha b'urrainn dha innseadh dhomh cia-mar a bha gach fear a' toirt bàr air an fhear eile.

Ach mur robh far-ainm air an Sgitheanach mar Sgitheanach, bha gu leoir is ri an seachanadh air muinntir nan sgìreachdan fa leth. Theirte "na maothagan," is air uairean "na coilich" ris na Sléibhtich. Theirte "na faochagan" ri muinntir an t-Srath. Is ann a thaobh Chloinn Fhionghain, "Clann Fhionghain nam Faochag," a theirte an t-ainm so ris na Srathaich. Bha an da sgìreachd air an ainmeachadh le ehéile an dòigh notha. B'iad "mnathan Shléibhte" is "clachan an t-Srath" a b'fhearr de an seorsa féin 'san eilean. Cha robh ainm a bu ghrinne air Sléibhte na "Sléibhte riabhach nam ban bòidheach." Mar so bha Sléibhte coltach ri I Chaluim Chille, is ri baile Ionair-air a mhol Burns anns an aon dòigh. B'e "céilidh nam ban Sléibhteach" fuireach gu madainn.

Ma bha na mnathan ri an moladh an Sléibhte bha iad air atharrachadh anns an t-Srath a réir coltais, oir b'e so "Srath Mhic Fhionghain ghil, far an cruaidhe clach, far an guirge cù, far an caise bean, ach far an fhearr uisge."

B'iad muinntir Thròdairnis "na coin." "Mo chuideachd féin coin Thròdairnis." Theirte "na potagan" riu mar an ceudna mar fhar-ainm. Is e "na coin" a theirte ri muinntir Bhatàin mar an ceudna, is "na madaidh" ri muinntir Bhrèacaidail, ach cha d'fhuair mi idir cinnt air ciod an t-eadar-dhealachadh a bha eadar madadh is cù anns an Eilean!

Theirte "na geoidh" ri muinntir Bhàtain air uairean. Bha iad mar so air an snaim ri muinntir Roaig is Ghleann-dail. "Cearean Roaig, geoidh Bhàtain is moirbhearan Ghleann-dail." Cha rohh "maide cam no dìreach" nach "faigheadh feun an Roaig." Bha so a' leigeil ris nach robh an fiodh ro phailt-ann. Bha an rann a leanas aca air na Dailich.

"Dailich a' chinn bhric,  
Chan fhàg iad bàirneach air lic,  
No luchag an toll,  
No ceann crom air cìre."

B'iad "na sgallaich" muinntir Bhàtain, is theirte mar an ceudna "na cait" riu; bha iad mar sin gle bheairteach anns na far-ainmean. B'iad "na giomaich" muinntir Bhoraraig, is "na fuainnich" muinntir Bhàlagaidh. Dlùth air Flòdagaraidh tha "an dig," is b'iad muinntir an àite sin "blàragan na Dige." Bha e air a chur orrasan gu'n d'ith iad aig aon àm 'nan eachdraidh, muc-mhara a thainig air a' chladach, is iad an dùil gur e mart a bha innte! Rinneadh òran air a' chùis is arsa esan air an do thuit fallain na bàrdachd, "A' mhuc a thainig 'san dig, gu'm b'fhearr i na'n t-im leis an aran."

Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil fios aig a' chuid mhór de na Gàidheil, gu sònraichte muinntir nan eileanan mu thuath, ciod e far-ainm nan Ratharsach. Bha gu leoir aig an robh fios air, air an cosg, anns an àm a dh'fhalbh, oir is iomad buille ghoirt a dh'aobharaich an aon fhocal "saoithean" cubhach ri fear à Ratharsaidh! "Bu mthach an sgadan an uair nach faighte an saoithean," ma's fìor gu'n d'thubhairt an Ratharsach leis cho miadhair 's a bha an t-iasg dùthechasach 'na shealladh is ri chàil. Is ann mar a leanas a tha e air innseadh a fhuair iad an t-ainm.

Anns an t-seann aimsir, an àm Mhic Ghille Chaluim, leis nach robh cairidh iasgaich ro mhath aca féin, bha na Ratharsaich a' tagar còireach air cairidh a bha air cladach Mhic Neacail 'san Eilean Sgitheanach thall f'an comhair, aon oidheche, co-dhiu, an àm an fhoghair, an uair a bhiodh an sgadan a' tighinn a stigh do na lochan. Cha robh Mac Neacail ro thoileach a' chòir sin aideachadh am bog no an cruaidh, ach air a' cheann mu dheireadh eadar na h-uile ceannag na maoidheadh a bha ann, chaidh an cead aon oidheche sin a bha iad a' tagar a thoirt do na Ratharsaich. Is ann an sin a bha an fhoghair. An uair a bha an oidheche a' tarraing dlùth, bha poiteann is tubachan saillidh 'g an faotainn deas air cheann an sgadan, agus gach bodach ann an Ratharsaidh 's a shùil anns an iarnailt feuch ciod an t-sid a bha i dol a dheanamb! Thainig an oidheche is thog na fir am mach. Chuir eadh a' chairidh air dòigh; lion i; theann i ri tràghadh is bha an tarraing a mach. Nuair a thoirigh a' chairidh neo-ar-thaing nach robh gu leòir de iasg innte, ach aon lann sgadain cha robh innte bho cheann gu ceann!

Is e saoithean a bha anns a' h-uile deargadh air an d'rugadh, is cha robh aig na Ratharsaich ach deanamh leis "an t-srathair an àite na diollaid." Mar sin, lean ainm an éis air an do rinn iad a leithid de shlad an oidheche sin riu ri am beo tuille.

Bha e air a chur air na Ratharsaich mar an ceudna, leth-char coltach ri "Blàragan na Dige" 's a' mhuc-nhara, gu'n deach làir air trì air a' chladach aon uair, is leis nach faca na h-eileanaich beathach eich riamh roimhe gus a sin, shaoil iad gur e mart a bha anns an làir, roinn iad air a chéile i is dh'ith iad i. B'i so an "làir-mhairt," air an cuala iad iomad ionradh bhuaithe sin. Tha iad ag innseadh dhomh gu bheil baile an Ratharsaidh ris an abrar "Baile nan cipean"; agus mar an ceudna dh'innseadh dhomh (ma's breug bhuan e, is breug chugam e) gur ann mar a fhuair e an t-ainm so gu'n robh na tighean cho dlùth air stallachan a' chladaich is gu'm feumte a' chlànn bhcag a chur air theadhair an uair a leigte am mach iad air cagal gu'n rachadh iad leis na stallachan!

Chan eil tir-mór Shiorramachd Rois fada air falbh a nis, is bheir sinn sùil an rathad a tha i. B'e "baile na bochduinne" Ploc Loch Aillse," ach bha bailtean beaga eile air an cur air an aon ghad ris mar so:

"Baile na bochduinne Ploc Loch Aillse,  
Druim-buidhe nan deargan,  
Earbusaig nan con clambach  
Tighean dubha Rèidhrig,  
'S phàlaisean Bhaile Mhic Ara."

Bheir so 'nar cuimhne an rann Beurla mu dheidhinn Sgìre Fenwick:

"Floak and Bloak, and black Drumbog,  
Hungry Gree, and greedy Glashogh,  
Dirty doors in Wannockhead,  
Mouldy siller in Wylieland,  
Taupy wives in Brunthland,  
Witch wives in Midland."

B'ann mar a leanas a bha iomradh air cuid de bhailtean an taoibh shear:

"Baile Dhùthaich an eòrna (bhòidheach, a réir cuid),  
Dòrnach na gorta,  
Sgiobal nan ùbhlán,  
Is Bil an arain choirec;  
Earabull nan adagan,  
Dun-Ròbain a' chàil  
Golspaidh nan sligean dubha,  
'S Druim-uidhe an t-sàil."

Tha so a rithist coltach ris an rann Bheurla, mu Sgìreachd Hutton air a' Ghàldachd:

"Hutton for auld wives,  
Broadmeadows for swine,  
Paxton for drunken wives,  
And salmon so fine;  
Crossrigg for lint and woo',  
Spittal for kail,  
Sunwick for cakes and cheese,  
And lasses for sale."

Na's fhaide ris an taobh an iar-thuath tha Loch Carrthon, is a réir coltais mar an Caimbealach 's an Sgitheanach, bhiodh an fhoill am muinntir na dùthcha sin fad is a bu bheo iad, oir "fad 's a bhios an t-slat 'sa choill bidh an fhoill 'sa Charrthonach; 's mar an ceudna:

"Tha'n Carrthonach 's an car ud ann,  
Car 'na dhrum is car 'na cheann,  
Is fad 's a bhios an t-slat 'sa choill,  
Tha'n car a bh'ann ri mhaireann ann."

Tha an sean-fhacl ag radh "an car a theid 'san t-seana-mhaide gur doirbh a thoirt as," is mar sin tha e gle choltach gu'n robh beagan de ghnè is de nàdur an t-seana-mhaide anns a' Charrthonach. Theirte "na fithich dhubha" ris na Carrthonaich mar an ceudna.

B'e muinntir Loch Bhraoin "na clambain"; muinntir Loch Bhrainn Beag "an crodh"; muinntir na Cbraich "na buie"; muinntir Ghearr-loch "na truisg"; muinntir Allt-beatha "na rodain"; muinntir Chamus-luinne "na tamhaisg"; muinntir Ionair-ionaid (mar na Rumaich) "na ròcisean," is b'e "na ruiseagan," ainm Rosach air sgrall de bhuntàta beag, a bhiodh aig clann nan bailtean eile mu'n euairt air clann Chill-taraghlain. B'iad muinntir Ghlinn Eilge "na h-òisegan" (mar na Liosaich); is b'iad muinntir Chnòideart "na gobhair"—"Beinn Fhionnlaigh mhaol odhar, 's Mam Sodhal an fheoir; mur eil mo chuid ghobhar an sin chan eil iad idir beo!

Mu'm fàg sinn Tir-mór, faodaidh sinn iomradh ghearr a thoirt air na daoine neonaich sin "Bodaich Abar-riodhachainn." Bha an rann a leanas againn anns na h-Eileanan an Iar, agus is iomad aon a chuala is a dh'aithris e aig nach robh fios gu'n robh a leithid de àite ri Abar-riodhachainn idir ann, is co-dhiu aig nach robh fios gu ro mhath c'àite am bheil an t-àite. Agus an déidh na h-uile ni, cha robh anns a' chleachdadh a bha fuairte riu ach cleachdadh, tha mise cinnteach a tha fuairte ruinn á ceannan eile mar an ceudna.

“Siop, seop, sioman,  
Bodaich bheaga bhail' ud thall,  
Bodaich Abar-rìodhachainn;  
Nuair a dh-bladh iad an draim,  
'S mor a bhiodh de bhruidhinn orra.

Hù rà, rù rà;  
'S iad a dhannasadh air a' bhàl,  
Leumadh iad gu ruig an spàr,  
'S thràghadh iad na siolachan.”

Is e Mac Iain Ghearr a thubhairt, “Ged is fhada a mach Barra, ruigear e!” Is ann an uair a thug Mac Nèill Bharra tàir dha a thuir e so; is chum e ri fhacal, oir ràinig e Barra, is dh'fhaithrich Mac Nèill gu'n d'ràinig. Faodaidh mise na faacil cheudna a ràdh, is faodaidh mi Barra a ruighcachd gun mòran cruadail fhulang air a' chathair air am bheil mi 'na'n shuidhe, mur e is gu'n dùisg mi dìumb dhomh féin le m' chòmhradh.

Is e “na h-eoin” is trice a gheabh na Barraich mar fhar-ainm. Thug mi iomradh mar tha air an t-seann innisg:

“Chan eil àrd no ìosal, nach fhaic shìl an Ilich,  
Chan eil an cùil no cuilinn nach fhaic shìl a' Mhuilich,  
Chan fhaic am Muileach nach sanntaich am Muileach,  
Na shanntaicheas am Muileach goididh an Collach,  
Na ghoideas an Collach cuiridh an Tirsteach am folach,  
Ach gu'n dìonadh Dia m'anam air a' chealgair Bharrach!”

(*Ri leantainn.*)

## THE LEWIS MOD.

The third Provincial Mod under the auspices of the Lewis Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Stornoway Picture House on Wednesday, 16th June. There was a substantial increase in the number of entries except in the Oral Delivery Section, which showed a decrease. Practically all the competitors, however, were from the few school districts represented in previous years. There is room for a widening of interest in this worthy cause, and it is to be hoped that at subsequent

Mods more schools will participate. The Mod, apart from the strenuous work involved in preparing for the various competitions, has a beneficial effect upon the young who are fortunate enough to be able to take part in the day's proceedings, and, judging by the large number present during the afternoon session, and at the grand concert in the evening, it makes a strong appeal to the general public. The standard of attainment in all classes of competitions showed a marked advance on that of former years. This was very noticeable in the case of both solo and choral singing. The musical adjudicator commented very favourably on the quality of the work done, and paid generous compliments to the pupils and teachers alike on the very creditable standard of attainment.

### PRIZE LIST.

Results of the various competitions are given below:—

#### LITERATURE (WRITTEN WORK).

Gaelic Essay—Nicolson Institute—1, Mary Morrison; 2, Hector Maciver; 3, Mary A. Mackenzie. Other Schools—1, Margaret Campbell, Bayble; 2, Alice MacLennan, Sandwick; 3, Isabella Macdonald, Lionel.

Dictation—Nicolson Institute—1, Mary Morrison; 2, Hector Maciver; 3, Mary A. Mackenzie. Other Schools—1, Catherine Murray, Bayble; 2, Margaret Campbell, Bayble; 3, Mary A. Smith, Laxdale.

Reproduction in Gaelic of a Story Read in English—Nicolson Institute—1, Hector Maciver; 2, Mary A. Mackenzie; 3, Mary Morrison. Other Schools—1, Catherine Murray, Bayble; 2, Isabella Macdonald, Lionel; 3, Margaret Campbell, Bayble.

Translation of Gaelic into English—Nicolson Institute—1, Hector Maciver; 2, Mary Morrison; 3, Marion Macsween. Other Schools—1, Alice MacLennan, Sandwick; 2, Johanna F. Mackenzie, Laxdale.

Translation of English into Gaelic—Nicolson Institute—1, Hector Maciver; 2, Mary Morrison; 3, Marion Macsween. Other Schools—1, Isabella Macdonald, Lionel; 2, John Macsween, Bayble; 3, Margaret Campbell, Bayble.

Translation of Gaelic Idioms—Nicolson Institute—1, Hector Maciver; 2, Mary Morrison; 3, Mary A. Mackenzie. Other Schools—1, Catherine Murray, Bayble; 2, Donald Morrison, Lionel; 3, Mary Macdonald, Lionel.

#### ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading with Expression—1, Mary Ann Smith, Laxdale; 2, Catherine Mackinnon, Sandwick.

Reading with Expression—1, Margaret Macgregor, Beck; 2, Calum Mackenzie, Beck; 3, Catherine Mackinnon, Sandwick.

Reading with Expression (by learners)—1, Sadie Munro, Sandwick; 2, Ian Murray and Angus Macdonald, Sandwick (equal).

Recitation—1, Catherine Mackinnon, Sandwick.

Telling with Expression a Traditional Story—1, Hector M. Maciver, Nicolson Institute; 2, Alice Macleannan, Sandwick.

Royal Celtic Society Competition—1, Hector M. Maciver, Nicolson Institute; 2, Alice Macleannan, Sandwick.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

Choral Singing of Three-Part Songs—1, Laxdale Choir; 2, Back Choir.

Choral Singing in Unison—1, Back Choir; 2, Bayble Choir.

Waulking Songs—1, Laxdale No. 3; 2, Sandwick.

Solo Singing of Prescribed Songs—Boys—1, Joseph Maclean, Sandwick; 2, David Macdonald, Sandwick.

Solo Singing of Prescribed Songs—Girls—1, Etta Macleod, Laxdale; 2, Annie Macleod, Laxdale; 3, Kennethina Macritchie, Laxdale.

Solo Singing of a Song—Own Choice—Boys—1, David Macdonald, Sandwick; 2, Roderick Macdonald, Sandwick.

Solo Singing of a Song—Own Choice—Girls—1, Isabella Smith, Knock; 2, Kenina Campbell, Bayble; 3, Kennethina Macritchie, Laxdale.

Best Rendering of Local Traditional Song—Boys and Girls—1, Alexander Mackenzie, Sandwick; 2, M. J. Murro, Knock.

Duet Singing of a Prescribed Song—1, Christina Mackay and Mordina Smith, Bayble; 2, Kennethina Macritchie and Orsova Macleod, Laxdale.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Bagpipe Playing of March, Strathspey and Reel—1, Charles Hunter; 2, Hugh Graham; 3, Alister Maciver; 4, Angus Maciver.

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

Shield for Choral Three-Part Singing—Laxdale Choir.

Silver Cup for Choral Singing in Unison—Back Choir.

Aird-a-Bhaigh Cup for Piping—Charles Hunter.

£5 from Lewis and Harris Society of New York and Vicinity for best individual singer at the Mod—Isabella Smith, Knock.

Prizes from Lewis and Harris Association, Glasgow—£1 1s., Best Boy Singer of Prescribed Songs—Joseph Maclean, Sandwick. £1 1s., Best Girl Singer of Prescribed Songs—Etta Macleod, Laxdale.

Prizes by Royal Celtic Society—£2, Hector Maciver, Nicolson Institute; £1, Alice Macleannan, Sandwick.

#### THE EVENING CONCERT.

Mr. James Thomson, Bayble, presided at the evening concert, when there was a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

In introducing Mrs. Macleod, Aird-a-Bhaigh, who presented the Shield, Cups, and other special prizes, the Chairman, speaking in Gaelic, said:—Tha am Mòd a nis air ùite fhaighinn an cridhe an t-sluaigh air dhoigh 's gum biodh ionndruinn 'nar dachaidhean, agus air mhodh sonruichte anns a' bhaile-sa mur biodh Mòd Gàidhlig againn tuilleadh.

Is e sin am freagairt a bheir sinn do 'n mhuinntir leis am bu mhiann a chreidsinn nach maireadh an rùn a bhrosnuich sinn no an spiorad a ghluais sinn mar Chomunn o chionn trì bliadhna gu bhì co-oibreachadh anns an doigh so leis gach buidheann Gàidhealach eile gu bhì leasachadh cor na Gàidhlig 'nar tìr. Tha a' chrìoch a tha an sealladh a' Chomuinn airidh air saothair agus toilteanach air comhnadh gach neach leis am math a choir-bhreth a bhì aig an dlìgheach. Is i chrìoch sin, ann an aon fhocal, gum bi na subhallean na ionmholtan an cliù 'san eachdraidh nan Gàidheal air an àrach an uchd na h-òige, agus gum bi na feartan sin a bhuineas gu sonruichte do na Gàidheil mar shluagh air am beathachadh agus air an neartachadh 'nan cloinn. Ma's i crìoch luachmhor a tha againn—agus co their nach i—feumar am meadhan a tha freagarrach a chleachdadh gu bhì toirt na h-oibreach gu foirfeachd. Cuimhnicheamaid gu bheil dlùth dhaimh eadar an Gàidheal, a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus a' Ghàidhlig. Seasaidh iad no tuitidh iad an cuideachd. Agus is i a' Ghàidhlig am bann a tha ceangal nan trì rì cheile. Chan fhearr Gàidheal gun Ghàidhlig na Gall caol-chasach le feileadh-beag. Mur do dh'fhag air n-athraichean òr no airgid againn thug iad dhuinn dìleab luachmhor far an do thaisgeadh leo an eòlas, an gliocas, agus an creidimh—nithean as fearr na òr a theid am muthadh. Tha na nithean sin air an aiseag thugainn anns a' chanain a labhair iad. An là dhi-chuimhniceas sinn a' chainnt a chleachd iad agus anns an do sheinn iad gu fonnmhor milis, an là dhearmadas sinn an dìleab aiseag do 'n àl thig 'nar deidh no a' cur gu buil sinn féin, caillidh sinn còir air taingealachd na chaidh romhainn, agus buinidh dhuinne an call. Tha an t-am air dol seachd nuair bu nàr le Gàidheal an tìr choimhich aicheadh gum b'ì Gàidhlig a labhair e ri glùn a mbathair. Mar a sgaoil an t-eòlas theich an fhaoinbheachd. Cha nàr dhuit co air bith thu tha deas bhriathrach an cànan fonnmhor, reachd mhor do dhuthecha, cànan a labhradh le gaisgich, le foirbhich, agus le bàird; cànan tha aosda an laithean, saobhair an smaoin 's am briathran, agus sultmhor reachdmhor am buadhan. Chan fhiach e luaidh air beachd an fhir a their gum bac eòlas na Gàidhlig foghlum coithionn na Beurla. Tha rum do rioghachd na Gàidhlig an impireachd litreachas is rian smaoin na beurla. An treig neach a rioghachd féin airson dìon na h-impireachd do 'm bheil i an dlùth dhaimh? Mar sin tha deasmas

soilleir air a chur oirne mar shluagh, air gach aon againn fa leth agus gu sonruichte air pàrantan is luchd teagasg na cloinne. Ma chailleas a' chlànn an coir caillidh sinne 'n la, agus mar shluagh cha chuimhnichear sinn na's motha. Seasamaid mata gu dlùth ri cliu ar sinnsir!

Mrs. Macleod, handing the cup for piping to Master Charles Hunter, said she was glad to see he was able to win a cup at the Stornoway Mod, but she wanted him to persevere till he was able to win one at the Scottish Mod. To Mr. Maciver, Laxdale, she said he well deserved the shield. She only wished that more of the teachers in Scotland would be as enthusiastic as he was in all things Highland and Scottish.

Mr. Duncan Macdonald, Sandwickhill, in moving the votes of thanks at the end of the programme, said that the branch was greatly encouraged by the response made by the public that night, and in the name of the audience he wished to thank those who had so well sustained the evening's programme.

#### ADJUDICATORS.

The adjudicators were:—For music, Mr. Macconachie, Glasgow; for language, Mr. J. N. Macleod, Knockbain School; for oral work, Mr. D. Maciver, Glennan, Garrabost; written work, Messrs. A. L. Macdonald, H.M.I.S., and J. D. Macleod, H.M.I.S.; piping, Pipe-Major Macleod, Lewis Pipe Band, Pipe-Major Kenneth Macleod, Arnol, and Mr. W. Ross, Marybank.

#### Lewis Provincial Mod.

The third annual Lewis Provincial Mod—the culmination of the labours of the officials, the day of ordeal and opportunity for the competitors, the day of great experiences for so many of the children of the island, the 16th of June—is over. What of that day? Have the toil, the preparation, the drudgery (for that is unavoidable), the tension, the suspense, been worth while?

Suppose there had been no advance from last year's accomplishment; suppose the achievement had been less even, who would be so rash as to say, "Of no avail"? How great then must be the satisfaction of all who laboured towards that day, if not only there was no retrogression, no stalemate, but progress all along the line!

This year I had the same advantage that Mr. Shaw had last year, of being able to compare the performances of a year ago.

Sitting in the same building, although gazing at a stage background less suggestive of the Minch (and this earned my gratitude), almost in the same spot, and hearing the "shrill clarion" of perhaps the same chanticleer butting into the competitions unwelcome and uninvited, it was no hard task for me to bring back to my mind the performances of a year ago. It was with intense gratification that I found a marked advance in every class. I congratulate all concerned on their most creditable achievement, and I thank all for the pleasure they gave me, in spite of the exacting duties of adjudication. The Mod brought forth an abundance of vocal material of charming quality, and gave evidence of strenuous endeavour along sound lines, and I feel sure that all this talent will refuse to allow itself to be confined to the island, and I believe that when it emerges to the bigger arena it will return bringing honour.

But the reproach of a senior section of the Mod, with no competitors, still lies on the island. I wonder if my colleague, Mr. Macleod, cannot do something with his pen to remedy this state of affairs. I commend it to him as a duty.

J. N. M'CONOCHIE.

### THE ISLAY MOD.

#### LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

##### JUNIOR SECTION—ORAL.

Reading at Sight an unfamiliar Prose Piece chosen by Judge. (First Prize presented by Mr. J. T. Christie, Bridgend, Islay.)—Angus M'Kinnon, Bowmore.

Reciting from Memory Psalm 7—1, Colin Logan, Bowmore; 2, Flora Campbell, Keils; 3, Angus M'Kechnie, Bowmore.

##### VOCAL.

Solo Singing of a Song—Competitor's own choice (girls)—1, Patricia Cameron, Bowmore (Gw. Islay Assoc. Medal); 2, Marion M'Farlane, Bowmore; 3, Agnes M'Farlane, Bowmore; 4, Jessie M'Gillivray, Craignis; 5, Joan Shaw, Portcharlotte.

Solo Singing of a Song—Competitor's own choice (boys)—1, Donald Campbell, Keils (Gw. Islay Assoc. Medal); 2, Alex. Sutherland, Portnahaven; 3, Alastair Hay, Portnahaven.

Canntaireachd—1, Alex. Sutherland, Portnahaven; 2, Neil M'Gillivray, Portnahaven; 3, Patricia Cameron, Bowmore and Agnes M'Farlane, Bowmore (equal).

Duet Singing of a Song chosen by Competitors—Patricia Cameron and Agnes M'Farlane.

Choral Singing of a Song in Three-part Harmony (Mr. Morrison's Challenge Cup)—1, Bowmore Junior Choir; 2, Port Ellen Junior Choir; 3, Kilchoman Junior Choir.

Unison Singing of a Song—1, Kilchoman Junior Choir; 2, Bowmore Junior Choir; 3, Keils Junior Choir.



## INSTRUMENTAL.

Pianoforte (playing of a Gaelic Song, Air, and Highland March)—1, Ian Paterson, Portcharlotte; 2, Patricia Cameron.

## SENIOR SECTION—ORAL.

Recitation of a Piece of Poetry chosen by the Competitor—1, Flora M'Dougall, Keils; 2, Nora Unkles, Keils; 3, Duncan M'Niven, Rockside.

Recitation of an Original Piece of Poetry composed by the Competitor—1, Duncan M'Niven.

Royal Celtic Society's Competition (Narrating of hitherto unpublished Historical or Traditional Story belonging to Island of Islay)—1, Arch. M'Calman, Lenanbuie.

## VOCAL.

Solo Singing—Female Voices (Competitors' own choice)—1, Jessie Mathieson Lightbody, Bowmore (Gw. Islay Assoc. Medal); 2, Nora Unkles; 3, Barbara M'Intyre, Bowmore; 4, Jean M'Gilvray, Port Ellen; 5, Janet Buie, Keils; 6, Mary Blair, Keils.

Solo Singing of a Song—Male Voices (Competitors' own choice)—1, Gilbert M'Phail, Ballygrant (Gw. Islay Assoc. Medal); 2, Hugh Duncan, Bridgend; 3, William M'Kenzie, Jura; 4, Colin S. Carmichael, Portcharlotte; 5, Duncan M'Gilvray, Bowmore; 6, John M'Iver, Portnahaven.

Canntaireachd—Gilbert M'Phail.

Duet Singing of a Song—1, Flora M'Indeor and Jeanie Glen, Bowmore; 2, Sadie M'Geachy and Eliz. H. Aird, Bridgend; 3, Elsie Marshall and Mary Blair, Keils; Misses M'Gilvray and M'Eachern, Port Ellen (equal).

Quartette—Male Voices (Competitors' own choice)—1, M'Naughton Quartette, Bowmore.

Choral Singing—Four-part Harmony (Mr. Morrison's Cup)—1, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 2, Bridgend Gaelic Choir; 3, Keils Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing—Three-part Harmony—1, Bridgend Ladies' Choir; 2, Port Ellen Ladies' Choir; 3, Portcharlotte Ladies' Choir.

## INSTRUMENTAL.

Violin—Playing of a Gaelic Song, Air, Strathspey and Reel (each tune to be played twice)—John Gordon, Port Ellen.

Pianoforte—Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (each tune to be played twice)—1, Islay M'Eachern, Port Ellen; 2, Mary M'Dougall, Bowmore.

## Islay Provincial Mod.

The Islay Committee could not have chosen a better day for their Mod than 17th June. Early in the morning, in glorious sunshine, eager competitors were on their way from all parts of the island to the rendezvous at Bownicre. The adjudicators had to face the task of doing in one day what occupied two days at the previous Mod. So good, however, was the organisation, and so promptly did the competitors succeed each other, that the work was accomplished sooner than was anticipated. Throughout the proceedings the large hall was packed with an audience who followed the proceedings with unflinching interest. A high level was reached in individual and combined singing.

It was most gratifying to listen to singers who understood thoroughly what they sang, and gave a straightforward, natural rendering of songs new and old. It was surprising to find the male outnumber the female soloists. There was some fine singing in this competition. Seldom was there a failure in intonation, and when there was it was due to nervousness. The chief defect was the chopping of phrases so as to alter the shape and character of a melody. The choral singing was distinctly good. The tone was occasionally rough, and there were some outstanding voices. With due attention to quality, attack, and release, the singing would be very fine. There was agreeable variety and finish in the winning ladies' choir. But the most promising feature of the festival was the singing of the juniors. Whether they sang singly or in groups, the effect was most impressive. Their choral and unison songs were sung with great spirit and keen enjoyment. Great praise is due to the choir conductors, senior and junior alike, for their careful and successful training. There was some fine duet singing, and a remarkably good performance by a male quartette. Seldom has such promising vocal material been heard at a Provincial Mod, and there is nothing to hinder Islay taking a high place in the solo and choral competitions of the National Mod. The competition in violin and piano playing was very keen, and the winners gave a splendid interpretation of their pieces. A most delightful concert, contributed by the leading prize-winners, crowned the labours of an arduous but enjoyable day.

ILEACH.

## MOD DHAILRIADA.

The provincial Mod of Dalriada was held in Lochgilhead on Tuesday and Wednesday, 22nd and 23rd June. Under excellent weather conditions there were large attendances, not only of competitors, but also of the public. The movement has now become very popular, a proof of the effective way in which enthusiasm is spreading. Dr. Ross, the energetic local secretary, and the committee, made all arrangements well, so that the proceedings went on without a hitch. There has been a marked increase in the junior oral side. A children's concert was held on Tuesday evening, presided over by Mr. Colin Sinclair, M.A., president, Mid Argyll Association, Glasgow, a native of

Lochgilthead. The senior competition on Wednesday evinced genuine enthusiasm. It is evident that the people of Lochgilthead are in earnest in the cause. The choral work was on a high level. The judges were Mr. Esplin, accompanist of the Orpheus Choir; Mr. J. R. Bannerman, Mr. Neil Shaw, and Rev. Neil Ross. The concert on Wednesday was presided over by Lady Elspeth Campbell. The committee are highly gratified at the results of this year's Mod.

## PRIZE-LIST.

## JUNIOR SECTION.

## LITERATURE.

Letter—1, Mary Crawford, Lochgilthead H.G. School; 2, James M'Intyre, Lochgilthead H.G. School.

Dictation—1, John Urquhart, Lochgilthead H.G. School; 2, Phemie M'Dougall, Lochgilthead H.G. School; 3, Annie Cumming, Lochgilthead H.G. School.

Translation (Gaelic to English)—1, Mary Livingstone, Tayvallich; 2, May Wilkinson, Lochgilthead; 3, Mary M'Lulloch, Tayvallich.

Translation (English to Gaelic)—1, Phemie M'Dougall, Lochgilthead; 2, Annie Cumming, Lochgilthead.

## ORAL.

Reading—1, Morag Ferguson, Minard; 2, Mary M'Lachlan, Lochgilthead; 3, Ian MacNab, Minard.

Reading Prose—1, Margaret MacMillan, Minard; 2, Duncan M'Lulloch, Tayvallich; 3 (equal), Morag Ferguson, Minard and Ian MacNab, Minard.

Reading (unseen)—1, Phemie M'Dougall, Lochgilthead; 2, Morag Ferguson, Minard; 3, Annie Cumming, Lochgilthead.

Reciting—1, Phemie M'Dougall, Lochgilthead; 2, Willie Crawford, Minard; 3, Morag Ferguson, Minard.

Reciting (own choice)—1, Morag Ferguson, Minard; 2, Mary Livingston, Tayvallich; 3, Margaret MacMillan, Minard.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo (Girls)—1, Mary M'Lulloch, Tayvallich; 2, Lily M'Coll, Tayvallich; 3, Mary Eileen Crawford, Lochgilthead.

Solo (Boys)—1, D. M. MacAlpine, Ardrishaig; 2, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich.

Solo (Open)—1, Robert Sinclair, Minard; 2, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich, and D. M. M'Alpine, Ardrishaig (equal); 3, May Wilkinson, Lochgilthead.

Solo (under 12)—1, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, Mary Crawford, Minard; 3, Margaret M'Callum, Lochgilthead.

Gaelic Rendering of Special Song—1, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, D. M. M'Alpine, Ardrishaig.

Canntaireachd—1, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, Ian MacNab, Minard.

Duet—1, Lily M'Coll and Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, Mary and Duncan M'Lulloch, Tayvallich, and Mima G. Greenshields and May Wilkinson, Lochgilthead (equal).

Choral Singing—1, Minard Junior Choir; 2, Lochgilthead Junior Choir.

Unison Singing—1, Minard Junior Choir; 2, Lochgilthead Junior Choir; 3, Ardrishaig Junior Choir.

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Playing on the Pianoforte—1, John Smith, Lochgilthead; 2, Jean Mitchell, Lochgilthead; 3, Janet Leckie, Lochgilthead.

## DANCING.

Highland Fling—1, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, Christina M'Lellan, Lochgilthead; 3, Marion M'Allister, Lochgilthead.

Sword Dance—1, Henry MacGuinness, Tayvallich; 2, Marion M'Allister, Lochgilthead.

Country Dances—1, Lochgilthead Girl Guides, "Pixie" Troop; 2, Lochgilthead Girl Guides, "White Heather" Troop; 3, Lochgilthead Girl Guides, "Daffodil" Troop.

## SENIOR SECTION.

## LITERATURE.

Letter—1, Miss Christina Ferguson, Lochgilthead. Place Names—1, C. R. S. Malcolm, Lochgilthead. Translation of Song sung at this Mod—1, C. R. S. Malcolm, Lochgilthead; 2, Miss Christina M'Tavish, Lochgilthead.

## ORAL.

Reading—1, Miss Christina M'Lulloch, Kilmartin. Recitation—1, Miss Christina M'Lulloch, Kilmartin; 2, Miss Christina M'Tavish, Lochgilthead, and Miss Christina Ferguson, Lochgilthead (equal). Sgeulachd—1, Miss Christina M'Tavish, Lochgilthead; 2, Miss Christina Ferguson, Lochgilthead.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo (Ladies)—1, Mrs Fraser, Inveraray; 2, Miss Margaret B. Ferguson, Ardrishaig, and Miss P. Ferguson, Inveraray (equal).

Solo (Gentlemen)—1, Mr John Carruthers, Lochgilthead; 2, Mr Donald M'Lean, Lochgilthead; 3, Mr Neil M'Lean, Killochnoch Farm.

Solo (Open)—1, Miss Annie M'Nair, Lochgilthead; 2, Miss Harriet Johnston, Inveraray; 3, Miss Nan M. Greenshields, Lochgilthead.

Canntaireachd—1, Mr L. M'Arthur, Inveraray; 2, Miss Annie M'Nair, Lochgilthead.

Gaelic Folk-songs—1, Miss Nan M. Greenshields, Lochgilthead; 2, Mr Donald MacLean, Lochgilthead; 3, Miss Harriet Johnston, Inveraray.

Oran Mor—1, Duncan M'Callum, Ardrishaig.

Duet—1, Misses MacBrayne and Mitchell, Ardrishaig; 2, Misses N. M. Greenshields and S. M'Alister, Lochgilthead.

Quartette—1, Ardrishaig Quartette.

Choral Singing—1, Lochgilthead Senior Choir;

2, Ardrishaig Senior Choir.

Waulking Song—1, Lochgilthead Senior Choir;

2, Inveraray Senior Choir.

## THE PERTHSHIRE MOD.

On Friday, the 25th of June, the Perthshire Mod took place at Aberfeldy. Various competitions were conducted at the same time in different rooms of the Town Hall buildings, and in consequence of this arrangement all the competitions were duly carried through.

There was a great advance in the number of entries in both senior and junior departments. A remarkable improvement has taken place in the work of the senior choirs.

The musical judges were Mr. Robert Macleod, Mus. Bac., and Miss Phemie Marquis. Judges for Gaelic were Rev. Neil Ross, Miss Morag Macdonald, M.A., Mr. J. R. Bannerman, Mr. Donald J. Macleod, M.A., H.M.I.S., Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., and Mr. Neil Shaw.

A most successful concert was held in the evening, when Lord James Stewart Murray presided, and Lady Helen Tod presented the prizes.

#### PRIZE LIST.

##### JUNIOR SECTION.

###### ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading piece chosen by Judge from lessons in "Leabhraichean Sgoile Gaidhlig"—1, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Robert Irvine, Ballinluig; 3, Mary Ferguson, Rannoch Station.

Reading at sight prose chosen by Judge—1, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Robert Irvine, Ballinluig.

Reciting from memory "Am Bothan Boag" by Donald MacKechnie—1, Ellen MacGregor, Killin; 2, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 3, John D. Fraser, Strathummel.

Repetition—Prose Psalm or St John's Gospel. Open to all—1, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Robert Irvine, Ballinluig.

Narrative based on some local incident, tradition or legend to be followed by conversation between Judge and Competitor—1, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Jeanie Robertson, Killin; 3, Jessie MacDougall, Killin.

For excellence in Gaelic Conversation—1, Alasdair Carter, Ballinluig; 2, Robert Irvine, Ballinluig; 3 (equal), Jessie MacDougall, Killin, and Ellen MacGregor, Killin.

Reading with expression Piece of Poetry chosen by Competitors. Confined to learners of Gaelic—1, George Coull, Acharn; 2, Tom MacLauchlan, Struan; 3, Hamish D. Stewart, Struan.

Reading Piece of Prose chosen by Competitor. Confined to learners of Gaelic—1, Betty Balmer, Struan; 2, Tom MacLauchlan, Struan; 3, Cathie Taylor, Struan.

Special—Conversation or Reading for children of 10 years of age and under—1, Rachel Ferguson, Rannoch Station; 2, Jeanie C. Robertson, Strathummel.

###### VOCAL MUSIC.

Choral Singing in two-part harmony—1, Perth Junior Gaelic Choir (Girls); 2, Kenmore Junior Gaelic Choir.

Solo Singing. Song of Competitor's choice. Girls—1, Dolly Cameron, Glenlyon; 2, Jessie MacKenzie, Aberfeldy; 3, Helen Robertson, Pitlochry.

Solo Singing. Song of Competitor's choice. Boys—1, George Coull, Acharn; 2, Norman Keay, Aberfeldy; 3, James Gillies, Acharn.

Solo Singing. Girls or Boys—1, Jessie Mackenzie, Aberfeldy; 2, Teenie Macpherson, Killin; 3, Dolly Cameron, Glenlyon.

Duet Singing. Song chosen by Competitors—1, Chrissie Coull and George Coull, Acharn; 2, Mary Ferguson and Rachel Ferguson, Rannoch Station.

Unison Singing—1, Junior Gaelic Choir, Killin; 2, Junior Gaelic Choir, Kenmore.

##### SENIOR SECTION.

###### ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading at sight Piece of Prose chosen by Judge. Open to all—1, Miss Christine MacDonald, Dunalastair; 2, Miss Jessie A. MacMillan, Rannoch Station.

Reading passages selected by Judge from pages 5 to 46 (inclusive) of Book II. of "Leabhraichean Sgoile Gaidhlig" to be followed by simple conversation on the passages read. Confined to learners of Gaelic—1, Mrs MacRae, Kenmore; 2, Miss Phemie Dewar, Kenmore; 3, Mrs MacNiven, Kenmore.

Reading of passages selected by Judge from "An Cat" by Donald MacKechnie (Am Fear Ciuil) to be followed by conversation. Confined to Native Speakers—1, Miss Jessie A. MacMillan, Rannoch Station; 2, Mrs D. MacIntyre, Kenmore; 3, Miss Agnes Paterson, Kenmore.

Sgeulachd narrating an old Gaelic tale in the traditional manner—1, Mr J. Fraser, Fortingall.

Acted Dialogue—1, Miss Christine MacDonald and Miss D. MacMartin, Dunalastair; 2, Mrs D. MacIntyre and Miss Agnes Paterson, Kenmore.

###### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song. Female voices. Competitor's own choice of song—1, Mrs J. Reid, Blair Atholl; 2 (equal), Miss MacLennan, Perth, and Miss B. Menzies, Blair Atholl; 3, Miss M. Robertson, Pitlochry.

Solo Singing of a Song. Male voices. Competitor's own choice of song—1, Mr John MacDougall, jun., Fortingall; 2, Mr James Scott, Kinloch Rannoch; 3, Mr Gilbert Cameron, Killin.

Solo Singing. Male or female voices—1, Mr James Scott, Kinloch Rannoch; 2 (equal), Mr D. Campbell, Pitlochry, and Mr John MacDougall, jun., Fortingall; 3, Miss M. Robertson, Pitlochry.

Solo Singing of an unpublished Perthshire song. Male or female voices—1, Mr John MacDougall, jun., Fortingall; 2, Mrs Panton, Pitlochry.

Duet Singing—1, Miss MacNaughton and Miss J. MacIntyre, Killin; 2, Miss Hilda Keir and Miss Jean Inglis, Pitlochry; 3, Miss B. Menzies and Mrs J. Reid, Blair Atholl.

###### INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Violin Playing of Gaelic Song Air, Strathspey and Reel—1, Mr Ian Morgan, Aberfeldy; 2, Mr Edmund Andrew, Kinloch Rannoch.

Piano Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel—1, Miss Madeline Robertson, Aberfeldy; 2, Miss M. Ramage, Glenfincastle; 3, Miss L. Ross, Struan.

###### ORAL DELIVERY.

Recitation of Gaelic Poetry chosen by Competitor—1, Mr Christie MacDonald, Achianich; 2, Miss Christine MacDonald, Dunalastair; 3, Miss E. Walker, Killin.

###### VOCAL MUSIC.

Choral Singing in harmony—1, Killin Gaelic Choir; 2, Fortingall Gaelic Choir; 3, Fearnan and Kenmore Gaelic Choir.

###### INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Bagpipes. Playing of a March, Strathspey and Reel, each tune to be played twice. Confined to lads under 19 years of age—1, Alastair Robertson, Killiechonan; 2, James MacKerchar, Aberfeldy; 3 (equal), Angus MacDonald, Ardtalnaig, and James Menzies, Kinloch Rannoch.

###### LITERARY SECTION.

Gaelic Story and Poem—Miss Alexandra M. Stewart, Woodend, Fortingall.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your April number you had an article on the Gaelic Drama that aroused my interest, as I fully realise that the efforts to express ourselves as a race which we are making at present should be sustained by every art at our command. As we Gaels are in the belief that we are still artistically virile, I venture to suggest a more far-reaching medium for Celtic expression or propaganda than the legitimate theatre. I refer to the art of the kinema, or "movies." The best plays on the stages of any of our greatest cities claim their thousands of devotees, while the poorest of films claims its tens of thousands of spectators. It is not absolutely necessary to have a kinema studio established in our midst to express ourselves racially thereby—it should be merely necessary to encourage writers of screen plays that are correct to the last detail of Celtic thought, motive, or ideal, but if such plays were produced we must see that the "directors" knew their business both topically and historically. We are all aware of the universality of the American film. Simultaneously in the West Highlands and the Dutch East Indies you get the same programme in the picture houses showing, let us say, prospectors along American lakes (featuring the scenery), a wild "sudden-death" sort of romance of the wild-and-woolly type, a comedy lampooning the San Francisco police, a comedy of "hay seeds" and "moonshiners," and still some. The titles even affect our speech. Could one not with as much pleasure, and perhaps more profit, spend an evening in Vancouver or Shanghai enjoying a romance of the '45, the cattle-lifters, the Vikings, the Covenanters, a comedy of the "Para Handy" type, a deer-stalking trip, a climber's day on Ben Nevis, or the dramatised version of some of our genuinely Celtic novels? We are told that the kinema companies demand fresh stuff. Could the clan days of old not provide us with a few situations as dramatic and thrilling as any Wild West gold rush? Surely the "duine-usal" we have ever with us would make the ideal "good man" of the matinee child. With a producer who could see to the correctness of every detail, we could have at least a few films embodying Celtic ideals of thought and conduct that would "tell the world" what our race was, and is, and, with God's blessing, will continue to be.—I remain, etc.,

BANARACH.

15th June, 1926.

## BOOK REVIEW.

**Gaelic Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings, with English Translations,** by T. D. MACDONALD; xxi. + 156 pp.; 5/- net. Eneas Mackay, Stirling.

This volume is one of the most readable books that have appeared from the Celtic press for a considerable time. In his introduction, the author does not claim to add much to the collections of Gaelic proverbs already published; but we were delighted to discover in the volume a great deal of fresh material which has all the piquancy and originality of the standard Gaelic proverbs. It is manifest that the editor has a perfect familiarity with his subject, and that he must have covered a wide field of literature to be able to gather this amount of new and pithy sayings. We meet with such beautiful aphorisms as "Thig crìoch air an t-saoghal, ach mairidh gaol is ceòl" (The world will pass away, but love and music last for ever). Mr. Macdonald does well to give to this couplet of John Campbell a due place among our fine proverbs. The translations are happily rendered. The book is divided into seven chapters, and the sayings are grouped according to the nature of the subject

matter. The arrangement is a great improvement, for it appears to us to give more logical coherence to the material. That is, of course, an advantage, in contrast to the merely alphabetical order, irrespective of contents. The book has a quality that tempts the reader to read on—an excellent quality in a book. Printing, paper, and general get-up are on a high level. In a future edition certain slips in orthography should be rectified.

## BRANCH REPORTS.

LOCHABER.—The Lochaber Junior Mod, arranged to take place on 8th May, had to be postponed till schools reassembled, owing to the General Strike. The series of Gaelic Ceilidhean held last season was highly successful, and always crowded. The excellence of the Gaelic lectures given was appreciated to the full, and every speaker bore testimony to the interest and deep attention shown by the hearers. The Comunn Abrach is much indebted to those who gave so willingly of their time and trouble. The Rev. Mr. Crawford, who presided at the opening meeting, took occasion to voice the feelings of all present in their deep regret for the passing away of the late ex-Provost Macfarlane, whose interesting personality, fine Lochaber Gaelic, and kindly offices for the benefit of the Comunn, would be a cherished memory. The lectures included one from the Rev. Dr. Mackinnon, on "James Macpherson's Life;" from Mr. John Macdonald, on "The Gaelic Poetesses;" from the Rev. Mr. Crawford, on "Ancient Land Measurement," and a second on "The Ancient Burdens on Land;" "Old and Modern Gaelic Poetry Contrasted," by Mr. M. MacAulay; and the Very Rev. Canon MacMaster, "Manners and Customs in Spain," where he was for many years a professor. Newcomers from the West provided a variety of songs, some with uncommon airs. A sweet native singer, whose departure elsewhere is a loss, sang at New Year a song forgotten for nearly a century, composed during the Peninsular War by a Brae Lochaber man, whose three soldier sons return at the Calluinn unexpectedly—"Gilleann Lochabair." A contingent of the 71st (Fraser's) recruited here, as the allusions to Spain and the Baltic Expedition indicate.

BRIDGEND.—On Wednesday, 26th May, the Bridgend Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held a most successful concert in the Drill Hall, Bridgend. The committee were fortunate in getting Hugh Morrison, Esq., of Islay, M.P., the popular laird of Islay, to preside. He was supported on the platform by James MacKillop, Esq., factor, Eallabus, and Dr. Macintyre, Ceannloch. The proceedings opened with bagpipe selections by Mr. Ian C. Cameron, and thereafter a most enjoyable programme was carried through, each item being enthusiastically received and applauded. The following artistes kindly contributed:—Mrs. MacKillop, Misses M.Phee, Harkness, Aird, M'Calman, M'Geachy, Macintyre, Morrison, and Messrs. M'Phail, Duncan, Kerr, Gunn, Hampton, Shaw and M'Kinnon. Mrs. Lightbody and Miss Aird acted as accompanists. The Bridgend Gaelic Choir and Ladies' Choir gave several songs during the evening, which were much enjoyed. Mr. Morrison, addressing the audience at the close, made eulogistic reference to the splendid services rendered by Mr. M'Gibbon in training the choir, and proposed a cordial vote of thanks to him and to Mrs. Lightbody, who so kindly acted as accompanist to the choir. On the call of Dr. Macintyre, a most hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Morrison for presiding. The programme concluded with the singing of the National Anthem. A dance followed the concert, and was well attended, although the weather conditions were anything but favourable.





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Leabhar XXI.]

*An Lunusdal, 1926.*

[Earrann 11

## LEUGHADH IS LABHAIRT NA H-OIGRIDH.

O chionn beagan mhìosan air ais thug sinn oidheip air aire a tharruing gu comhfharpuisean na labhairt aig a' Mhòd. Anns an duilleig so tha sinn a' dol a dh'ainmeachadh nì air an do ghabh sinn beachd sònruichte o chionn ghoirid—gur e leughadh is labhairt na Gàidhlig leis an òigridh an meadhon is cinntiche an diugh gus a' chànan a chumail neò. Faodaidh gu 'n cuir a' chuid mhór an aonta gu toileach ris a' bharail sin. Ach is e bu mhiann leinn aobhar no dha ainmeachadh gus a bhì nochdadh cia mar tha am beachd so cho fìrinneach. Air a' mhìos so chaidh fhuair sinn deagh cothrom a bhì ag éisdeachd ri obair na h-òigridh aig cuid de na mòid dhùthasail. Fhuair sinn cothrom gu bhì a' mothachadh cìod an t-eadar-dhealachadh a bha eadar blas na Gàidhlig am beul an luchd seinn agus am beul an luchd aithris. Mhothaich sinn gu bheil earrann mhór de 'n chloinn a tha dol air an aghaidh gu deuchainn na seinn gun eòlas idir air a' chànan. Chan eil facal againn ach moladh airson na feadhach aig nach robh cothrom air an chainnt ionnsuchadh agus a tha nis a' deanamh mar is fhearr a dh'fhaodas iad. Ach tha fios gu bheil cuid ann a tha riarachtaiche gu leòr le glé bheag de Ghàidhlig. Ma theid aca air na facail aig aon òran no dhà a sheinn, saoilidh iad gu bheil am pailteas an sin, agus nach eil feum air an tuilleadh oidheip gus an còrr a thogail. Ghabh sinn beachd gu bheil sin fìor a thaobh mòran de 'n luchd seinn aig a' Mhòd Mhór agus aig na mòid bheaga. Tha e comasach do neach, cò dhiù is òg no inbheach, duais a chosnadh airson seinn, ged a bhiodh iad gu tur aineolach

air na briathran, an seadh agus an spiorad a bhùneas do 'n òran, ach mar theid innse dhaibh le neach éigin eile.

A nis tha e mar cheist oirne a tha 'n ar buill de 'n Chomunn, cò dhiu a tha sin air a' cheann thall gu buannachd no cuideachadh do 'n aobhar airson a bheil an Comunn a' seasamh. Gun teagamh tha sinn taingeil an uair a chì sinn cuideachd eireachdail is talla làn aig ar cuirmean ciùil a shamhradh is a gheamhradh, ag éisdeachd ri guthan binne. Ach an ainm na toinnisg cìod an leas a bhios an sin do 'n aobhar mur tuig an seinneadair diog de na facail no càil de 'n t-seadh ach mar theid a chur roimhe le fear stiùiridh? Chan ann air a' mhòd so a dh'fhoillsichear maise is diomhaireachd a' chiuil Ghàidhealaich le neach nach eil a' gabhail a stigh cruth no crìoch nam facal? Is faoin a bhì 'n dùil gun cumar beò eadhon an ceòl-seinn féin air an dòigh so; oir tha suspainn nan òran air fad co-cheangailte ris an fhaireachadh anns an do dhealbhadh iad air tùs; agus cia mar idir air an t-saoghal is urrainn am faireachadh sin cur an cèill le seinneadair a tha tur aineolach air na briathran agus air a' chànan. O chionn bliadhna no dhà a nis tha coinneamhan móra ciùil air fàs lionmhor feadh na rioghachd, tuath is deas. Tha oidheip shònruichte 'g a deanamh gu bhì ag ath-bheothachadh nan seann òran a tha anns an Bheurla Albannaich. Tha na h-òrain sin anns an aon chànan ris an chainnt a tha air a bruidheann eadhon an diugh leis a' chuid-mhór de 'n luchd oibreach air a' Ghaldachd. Ach tha an fheadhain a tha air ceann nam fèisdean ciùil sin de 'n bheachd, nach faodar spiorad is maise nan seann òran Albannach fhoillsachadh le coigreach. Cha ghabh e deanamh ach le



neach a labhras le deagh bhlas seann Bheurla na Galdachd. Thachair an ni ceudna aig na Cuimrich, agus eadhon an Sasuinn. Chan urrainnear seann cheòl na dùthcha a sheinn gu cothromach ach le muinntir a thuigeas caint na dùthcha sin mar an ceudna.

Ach a nis a thaobh labhairt is leughaidh leis an òigridh chan eil ni sam bith de 'n t-seòrsa so anns an t-slighe. An uair a shuidheas sinn aig Mòd ag èisdeachd ri ùr-labhradh is fileantachd na h-òigridh is ann a tha sinn air saoghal eile—anns an t-seann t-saoghal Ghàidhealach. Chan eil a nis lide ri chluinntin a bheir fuaim na Beurla gu ar cuimhne. Ged is gasda làn a' Bheurla 'n a h-ionad féin, chan eil ionndrain againn oirre aig mòd Gaidhealach. Is ann a tha sinn an dùil gur e so an ni luachmhor—smior a' ghnòthuich—a' Ghàidhlig 'g a buidheann gu poncail deas leis an òigridh. Ma theid iadsan a theagas agus a dhainn-eachadh anns a' bheachd so air taobh na cànan cha bhi eagal gu faigh i bàs am feadh a bhios iadsan beò. A thuilleadh air sin is dualach gum bi iad eudmhor cuideachd agus gun teagas iad a' chànan do 'n cloinn. Ach is brònach an ni nach eil briathrachas na h-òigridh a' faotainn làn aire mar bu chòir aig na mòid. Theid an sluagh a dh'èisdeachd na seinn biodh i blasda toinnsgeil no na biodh, ach is ann ro thearc a tha luchd èisdeachd na h-òigridh aig am na h-aithris. Cha leasaichear an ni bochd so gu bràth gus an gabh an luchd stiùiridh sealladh glie air an ni. An uair a theid riaghailtean ùra a dheanadh airson cuid de na comh-fharpuisean tha sinn an dòchas gu faigh ùr-labhradh na h-òigridh ionad dligheach an làthair na prionh-chuideachda.

### EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held in the Waverley Hotel, Stirling, on Friday, 9th July. There were present—Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach; Messrs. J. R. Bannerman, Arrochar; T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Alexander Fraser, Yoker; Donald Graham, Inverness; Donald Macdonald, Inverness; John Macdonald, Glasgow; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. John MacLachlan, Inveraray; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Malcolm MacLeod, Ibrox; Rev. M. N. Munro, Taynuilt; Lord James Stewart Murray, Ballinluig; Messrs. Angus Robertson, Pollokshields; Robert Macfarlane, C.A., treasurer; Neil Shaw, secretary, and Miss Mary Fraser, assistant.

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, was in the chair.

The President made sympathetic reference to the death of Capt. Eoghan K. Carmichael, M.C., who had been a member of An Comunn from its earliest years, a loyal Highlander, an ardent lover of the Gaelic language, and an authority on Celtic Art. The secretary was instructed to record the Executive's sense of deep regret in the minutes, and to convey to his relatives the sympathy of the Council.

Mr. Robertson congratulated Miss Olive Campbell of Inverneill on the honour which has been conferred upon her. The President also conveyed the thanks of Capt. Campbell of Succoth to the Executive for their gift and good wishes on the occasion of his marriage.

The minute of Finance Committee was read and approved.

Minutes of meetings of the Mod and Music Committee were read and approved. These contained the first draft of the 1927 syllabus, and Mr. J. R. Bannerman, Convener, gave a full report on the songs suggested for the prescribed events.

The President referred to the present rallying song, "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig," as being not altogether the type of song to create the most appropriate atmosphere at the opening of the Grand Concert of the Mod. Something more dignified, and in keeping with the great occasion was required. Several members spoke in similar terms and it was remitted to the Mod and Music Committee to consider the matter fully.

The Annual Reports of the various Standing Committees and the Treasurer's accounts were submitted. The loss on the year's working was £326. Mr. Fraser, Convener of the Finance Committee, urged upon conveners of committees the necessity of economising as far as possible, until the funds of An Comunn were replenished by the proceeds of the forthcoming Feill. The position of the magazine, on which there was a loss for the year of £131, was considered, and various suggestions made with the view of putting it on a paying footing. The reports were approved.

The Secretary submitted a most gratifying report on the Provincial Mods held at Campbeltown, Stornoway, Bowmore, Lochgilphead, Aberfeldy and Portree. Reviewing the entries at the various Provincial Mods this year, and comparing them with National Mods previous to the war, the Secretary said the Ardnanurchan Mod to be held at Strontian on 16th July was equal to Oban in 1906 and Rothesay in 1908, making, of course, allowances for Literature

and Crafts sections. The aggregate entries for seven Provincial Mods this year was 1500.

On the motion of the Rev. G. W. Mackay, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to those who had been responsible for arranging and conducting these Mods which were proving themselves such a valuable propaganda agency, and were arousing a wide-spread interest in the language, its literature and song.

Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach reported on the progress of local arrangements at Oban in connection with the forthcoming National Mod. The stewards of the Argyllshire gathering had given the free use of their hall for Mod purposes, and other halls had also been acquired at nominal figures. The Executive received this report with much satisfaction.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod reported on the Great Feill arrangements. Committees had been formed at various centres, and conveners were busy arranging schemes of work, and a good deal of work was being done in the Colonies. Miss Gordon was proving herself a capable organiser. People at home must make up their minds to work in order to make the home contribution worthy of the cause. Mr. MacLeod urged upon conveners to send whatever money they had in hand to the Treasurer, so as to keep down the bank overdraft. Mr. Donald MacDonald, Inverness, reported that the Branch there had been completely reorganised, and that splendid meetings had been held during the past session. In connection with the Feill they had formed a Ladies' Committee with two Conveners, Mrs. Fridge and Miss Morag MacDonald. They had about fifty ladies on the Committee, and the Branch had contributed £10 to give the work-party a start. It is proposed to hold concerts at convenient centres during next winter, the services of the newly-formed Musical Association being requisitioned for that purpose.

Mr. Robertson gave a short report of the activities of the American Iona Society, and said that when their campaign was definitely launched on the other side, the Executive would be kept informed of the progress made.

Reference was made to the reported withdrawal of the special payment to teachers of Gaelic in Argyllshire and to the appointment of a non-Gaelic speaking teacher to the Kilchoan School Ardnamurchan. The discontinuance of the Highland Trust Grant was also reported on, and in this connection Mr. Donald Graham referred to the incentive this grant gave to teachers and pupils alike. Consideration of these matters was continued for further information.

The Secretary, while calling for nominations for offices on the Executive Council, intimated that Mrs. W. J. Watson, Edinburgh, had intimated her resignation from the office of Vice-President. The Executive regretfully accepted Mrs. Watson's resignation, and recorded in the minutes their appreciation of the services which she had rendered to An Comunn and the cause for which it stands. Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod had also intimated his resignation from the Council, which was regretfully accepted. Nominations for election to the Executive Council were received as follows:—President, Mr. Angus Robertson, Glasgow; Vice-President (two vacancies), Miss Olive Campbell of Inverneill; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., Glasgow; Sir Norman Lamont, Bart., of Knockdow; Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Laggan, and Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow. Council—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale; Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban; Mr. Colin Sinclair, M.A., Glasgow; Rev. M. N. Munro, M.A., Taynult; Capt. George I. Campbell, yr., of Succoth; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., Glasgow; Messrs. Alexander Fraser, Yoker; John N. MacLeod, Kirkhill; Donald MacDonald, Inverness; Rev. John MacLachlan, Inveraray; Mr. Norman MacLeod, M.A., Glasgow; Dr. A. C. Morrison, Larkhall; Mr. Peter Grant, Glasgow; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Campbelltown; Mrs. W. J. Watson, Edinburgh, and Miss Louisa Farquharson of Invercauld.

A letter was read from Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Oban, protesting against the unsuitable hour of the meeting, and giving notice of the following motion for the Annual Meeting:—"That it be an instruction to the Executive that hours fixed for Executive meetings at Stirling be such as will best suit the travelling facilities of members coming from all quarters, and that the convenience of members coming from one quarter, or direction, only to the disadvantage of all others."

A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting to a close.

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### MOLADH FLORAIDH.

Le IAIN MACLEOD, nach Maireann.

The following poem was taken down from the author's dictation about thirty years ago by Mr. Ranald Macdonald, C.M.G., Lochmaddy. Mr. Macdonald had the MS. with him in Africa for twenty-seven years. The

MS. is probably the only copy surviving of this remarkable poem.

## URLAR.

Eisdibh ris a' bhàrd tha 'na sheòladair;  
Seinnidh mi le dàin agus òranan  
Teiste na té bhàin is grinne na càch,  
'S a ghoid mo chridh' o Mhairi Di-dòmh-  
aich.  
'N uair thug thu mi dha'n phàire feadh nan  
sòbhrachan;  
Flùraichean fo'm blàth agus neòineanan.  
Na h-còin a' seinn do'n àl air uehdanan nan  
àrd,  
Ach bu bhinne 'n dàn a bh'aig Flòraidh leam.  
Ged a bha daoin' uaisle 'nan còmhlanan  
'S boirionnaich ri'n guailibh ri stòireannan,  
Cha robh gin 'san t-sluagh, fhad's gu'n seall-  
ainn bhuam  
Cho maiseach ann an gruaidhean 's an  
còmhдах riut.  
Bha mathan a' cur uail 'na do dhòigh-  
eannan,  
'S rionnag na speur shuas am measg òighean  
thu;  
Ged a bhithinn tinn, thogadh tu mo chridh',  
'S e bhì riut a' brìodail a chòrdadh rium.  
Tha cluich annad is ciuil a tha taitneach  
leam,  
Thogadh tu mo shunnd le d' chuid òrachan.  
Mu'n do mheall an t-sùil a bh'aig Flòraidh  
mi  
Bha Mairi ann an dùil mi bhì pòsd' aice;  
Tha i laghach ciùin, eireachdail 'na gnùis,  
Ged a chuir mi cùl rithe dh'fhòghnadh i.

## SIUBHAL.

Ach 's docha leam, 's docha leam, 's docha  
leam Flòraidh,  
Tha maise 'na pearsa theid seachad air  
mòran.  
Rinn faileas a mala 's a grinnead mo  
mhealladh,  
Chan aithne dhomh ciamar a ni mi car  
stòlda.  
Tha dreach 'na mo shealladh mar lannir nan  
ròsan,  
Deas dìreach 'na ballan, gun aomadh, gun  
chamadh,  
Cho gile fo h-earradh ri canach na mòintich.  
Tha seideadh dhe h-anail mar chraobhan a'  
chaineil,  
'S a binnead ri ealdhain mar chaithream nan  
òrgan.  
Bhì pògadh do bhilean, mar lòn tha mi  
sìreadh,  
'S iad dhomhsa cho milis ri mil ann an  
còinntich.  
Rinn t'urram 's do ghrinnead mo bhuinnig  
le dòruinn;

'S a mhaiss' tha 'nad chumadh o'd mhullach  
gu d'bhòrgan,  
Gun dad air an talamh a philleas mo ghalar  
Ach thusa thoirt geallaidh gun dean thu  
mo phòsadh.

## URLAR.

'S mór a thug mi spéis dhuit le gòraiche  
Bho chunnaic mi do cheum ann an Steòrna-  
bhagh;  
Mheall thu bhuam gu léir m'aighe thugad  
féin,  
Cha dean ni dhomh feum ach bhì còmhla  
riut.  
'S binne leam do theud na na smeòraichean,  
Chan 'eil cliu air té nach 'eil stòld' annad,  
Mar bhàn-righinn ann am beus, maiseach  
'n a do sgéimh,  
'S d'aghaidh mar gath gréine ri rògh'  
mhaduinn.  
Tha do bhàn-fhalt craobhach 's an t-òr dhath  
air,  
Sùilean donna 'caogadh làn sòlais leam;  
Sgarlaid bhilean gaol, 's fiamh a' ghàire  
caoin  
Leam an còmhuidh ort;  
'S fhad rachainn aotrom g'ad chòmhlachadh,  
Dh'fhanainn ann am fraoch Eilein Leòghais  
leat.  
'S truagh mi 'ga do dhìth 'n uair a theid mi  
Lid',  
Bidh mi 'ga do chaoidh 'n uair a sheòlas  
mi.

## SIUBHAL.

Hurabhainn, hurabhainn, hurabhainn Flòr-  
aidh,  
Chan aithne dhomh t'urram a chuir ann an  
òrdugh,\*  
C'ait a bheil cruinneag 's na h-eileanan uile  
Cho lurach ri m'ulaidh tha fuireach an  
Leòghas  
Chan fhaca mi h-calaidh an dùthaich no'm  
baile,  
Gin idir cho banail 'nan caran 's 'nan  
còmhradh,  
'S cho maiseach 'na cuma, gu h-intinneach,  
cuireideach,  
Lionta le grinnead, làn ullamh le fòghlum.  
Thog thu mo mhulad le gaol air mo  
bhuinnig  
A thug dhìom mo chulaidh, mo chridhe 's  
dath m'fheòla.  
Mo chridhe le buillean cho truime ri tunna,  
Bho'n chunna mi chruinneag 's nach urrainn  
mi pòsadh.  
Chaidh mail' air mo shealladh is stad air  
mo shòlas,  
An stiùradh na mara chan aithnich mi  
'chòmbaist.

\* oran.

Chuir ionhaigh na h-ainnir mi'n galar a  
mhaireas,  
Gu'n teid mi fo'n talamh le anart is  
bòrdan.

## URLAR.

Bha Mairi laghach, grinn agus còmhraid-  
each;  
Fasanan cho riomhach 'na còtaichean.  
'S tric a chaidh sinn sgrìob dha'n choille  
leinn fhìn,  
'S mi 'ga deanamh cinnteach gu'm pòsainn i.  
Shiubhlamaid an oidhech', Mairi ri mo laimh,  
Gun mhealladh 'na mo chainnt ri a stòir  
eannan.  
Duilleagan nan craobh eadar sinn 'sa ghaoth,  
'S bileagan an fhraoich fo ar bòtainnean.  
Ach a nise chaochail mo bhòidean dhith,  
Ged a bha mi saòilsinn gu'm fòghnadh i;  
Chaidh saighdean an aoig eadar mi 's a gaol,  
'N uair a chaidh mi shaorsa ri Flòraidh-sa.

## SIUBHAL.

O 's coma leam uile gin tuilleadh 'nam  
chòmhradh  
Far òighean na cruinne 's e m'ulaidh-sa  
Flòraidh.  
Ròs samhraidh 'nam shealladh do bhàn-  
aghaidh thana,  
'S do dhòigheannan banail a thaiseadh 'nam  
fheòil mi.  
Be'n t-aileagan seallaidh do sheang-  
bhothaig fhallain,  
'S gile fo d'anart na'n eala air an lònán.  
Deas dìreach 'nad bhallan, gun chromadh,  
gun chamadh,  
Gun mhealladh, gun fhòtus.  
Air dùbhlán le m'ealdhain a bhàrdan gach  
fearainn  
A their gu bheil mearachd an aithris an  
Leòdaich,

## CRUNLUATH.

B' fhearr leam na na's aithne dhomh, de  
fhearann na de stòras,  
An òigh so bhi 'na bean agam,  
Is fantuinn leatha 'n Leòghas;  
Chan fhaic mi gin cho binne riut,  
No idir gin cho gile riut,  
Chan fhaic mi gin cho grinne riut,  
O'd mhullach gu do bhòrdan;  
Chan fhaic mi gin cho eireachdail  
Air tìr-mór no'n eileanan,  
Na uile ged a theirinn e  
Air fearann na Roinn Fòrpa.  
'S tu ulaidh ghaoil nam firionnach,  
'S tu aileagan nam fineachan,  
'N uair theid thu dha na chruinneachadh  
Le ribeanan Di-dòmhaich.  
Bho'n oidheche ghabh mi beannachd leat,

Chaidh stad air tarruing m'analach,  
'S gach cuisle 'na mo bhallan a' toirt uile  
gu ruith còmhla.

Chaidh bior 'nam fheoil a dh'fhairich mi  
Mar lanns an at 's e anabuich  
Le gaol a rinn mo charachadh, gun dad a ni  
mo chòmhnadh.

'N uair chaidh mi'n de' gu gearanach  
A dh'ionnsaigh Dotair Alasdair,  
'S e thuir e nach robh dad aige  
'Na thalla chumadh beò mi;  
Ach dh'orduich e na'n togarainn  
A dhol 's bliadh'n' thoirt aig na tobraichean,  
Ma bheir dad idir togail dhomh  
'S e greis an Inbhir-pheoth'rain.

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## THE HIGHLANDER AND THE GOOD HIGHLANDER.

Highlanders or mountaineers are, naturally, not confined to Scottish Gaels, and have characteristics in common wherever they may be found. Those who set themselves to maintain, cherish, and hand on the best of these characteristics are known as "good" Highlanders. We all know that to many Lowlanders, and other unobservant persons, the mark of the Scottish Highlander is the kilt, and, perhaps, the dancing of reels and such like, and surely neither of these are to be despised. The dance gives agility, grace and poise to those that practise it, and is more worthy and dignified than the negroid contortions now become so fashionable, based on African psychology.

The wearing of the kilt forbids slouching or lounging or any inelegance in carriage, obliges men to brace their knees, hold themselves upright, and practice the free gait of the mountaineer, swinging the limbs from the hips, freely, an action as observable among the Basques of the Pyrenees and the tribesmen of the Himalayas, as it is at home.

"Can you explain to me," said an American tourist-cleric to me in Inverness, "why all these kilted gentlemen have invariably such very fine knees?" I was only able to answer him that persons who are defective in their lower extremities are not so markedly fond of exhibiting themselves in the garb of Old Gaul.

Fine feathers make fine birds, in a superior sense to giving them the mere strut of the peacock, and it is well understood that the custom of clothing "corps d'élite" and especially cavalry) in somewhat gayer apparel than ordinary, is preserved to give them that pride in themselves which will enable them the better to close with the enemy, or, in other words, to carry out their specially appointed duties.

Dipping a little deeper, the great Lord Salisbury, no friend of our race, who was apt to speak of us as "the Celtic Fringe," just awaiting the last push into the western seas, said further—"Mountaineers are the same everywhere, they dread the power and resources of the plainmen, while individually despising them."

They have every reason for dread, if contact brings with it the loss of any excellence which should rightly be cherished, and especially that power of gold, against which the ancients have warned us—"Et dona ferentes."

The spread of mere materialism, the race for wealth, the maxim, "Get rich, honestly if you can, but get rich," as well as the words of the Marquis, which we have quoted, should lead us to examine whether we are indeed, as regards our character, in any fear of being injured by extraneous example to the loss of our ancient estimation and inheritance.

And, surely, if an antidote is required, where could it be better sought than in the precepts and incentives embalmed in our ancient tongue, and only to be found by the study of it? To claim that such study is only narrowing and a retrograde process towards isolation, is to deny the benefit of all study and the widening cultivation to be found in its prosecution.

The civilisation of Western Europe (presently threatened by the materialism of the Teuton and his descendants in the land of the "Almighty Dollar," wherever they may dwell) may be said to be the Latin culture, based on the wisdom, literature and art of the ancients, and, though less extensive, Celtic literature is even purer and less gross in the ideals presented; to some extent cognate to the Latin, and even to the Greek, but in no way related to the Teutonic.

Nor do we find that among the more intellectual minds in the newer countries across the seas, that Celtic study is in any way despised.

Many, and in increasing numbers, are turning to it, in the hope of finding some relief from the feverish struggle for mere comfort and opulence, and are inviting and seeking our aid.

Whether a man can truly describe himself as "a good Highlander," when entirely ignorant of the Gaelic, may be a question, but, assuredly, he can hardly be such if he belittles the cultivation which has made him the inheritor of its influence, and desires to see the extinction of the old tongue.

MARTIN MARTIN,  
Lt.-Col.

O, ceol ar dùthcha, is spiorad ùil e  
A tha 'g ar stiùradh air cùrsa mòrachd;  
An cumail ùrail nam beusan fùghail,  
A choisinn cliù dhainn an cùis na còrach.

'Na fhann-ghuth gràs-mhor, biodh ceol nan  
àrd-bheann,  
Am chluais 's an là bhios gun mhàireach  
dhòmhsa;  
'S mo bheannachd dh'fhàginn an cainnt mo  
mhàthar,  
Do'n tìr rinn m'arach an làithean m'ùige.



## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow.

**beithir:** (1) fire-ball, ball of electricity that comes down in the lightning: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.: thunderbolt in Coll. (2) the supposed invisible force hid in the lightning which does the damage attributed by the more educated to the visible power of the lightning itself; the beithir is not the lightning itself but rather its destructiveness, and so is absent when lightning causes no harm: S. Uist, MacEachen and Bowie, ns.; Barra, MacLeod and MacInnes, ns.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. Lightning is dealanach in Islay, S. Uist, and Lochaber and Lorne. Beithir is dragon in Beinn a' Bh. above Ballachulish and in Lorne (e.g. thàinig e a stigh (steach) coltach ri beithir).

**beuc:** roar of sea: Lewis, MacLeod, n.; perhaps not represented in Dw.—and v. biach infra.

**beum:** (1) V-shaped nick on sheep's ear caused by cutting triangular piece out (not piece itself): Coll, MacDougall, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n. If done with a knife the ear is folded and the result is a V-shaped nick (sùileag in Lewis at top of ear); but if done by the proper instrument (as in Braemore) the mark is a symmetrical U. (2) cut across top of sheep's ear at one side, fairly deep in: N. Tolsta, Lewis, Miss Maggie Murray, n. Cf. slisinn. (3) the triangular piece taken from sheep's ear in different parts according to custom and tradition: S. Uist, MacEachen, n.: not same as Dw's. Cf. bacan, bàrr-, sùileag, clipeadh, criomag-, slis-, comhar-a'-mhèirlich, cl, cas-, meurlan, ceithir-, corran, sliseag, bìùstadh, slisinn, gearradh.

**beum-aghaidh:** front-bit: Gl. Garry (Inv.), kintail, Lochaber, MacRae.

**beum-fo-'n-a'-chluais:** back bit: in marking sheep's ear: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.

**beum-os-cinn-na-cluais:** forebit, semi-circular piece taken from upper side of sheep's ear: Braemore, Matheson, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.

**beum-sùileag:** the evil eye: Knoydart, Mrs. Ferguson.

**beun:** skin: malformation back from bian: in song by Hugh Campbell, Gl. Peighinn: —b' e dheirg am b. 's bu bhuidhe na céir 's [h]unnadh. Cf. on cia.

**beustag:** bait-worm, i.e. red earthworm: Coll, MacDougall, n.: béisteag in Jura, Islay. Cf. biastag, biast, boiteag, sgiolag, (beastag).

**(air) bhàineadh:** needlessly excited, nearly daft with quite unnecessary excitement: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. MacBain derives from Ir. máinigh, Latin mania: so cf. on baiseach, buir- (and mun-tàta).

**(air) bhàinidh:** excited, agog with curiosity, in a flutter with excitement: Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n.; Tiree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. Miss MacIntyre gives version (three verses only were known) of song as known to her mother—a corrupt version (and word not well known in district):—

*Chorus:*

Breacan bòidheach fasanta  
Nach fhaighear anns na bùithean  
bidh dubh is geal is sgàrlaid ann  
am breacan Màiri Hùisdean.

1 Tha naidheachd mhór an Ile  
Cinn Tìre, Diùra,  
tha Muile 's Col' air bhàinidh air-  
son breacan M. H.

2 Thig gach gùn 's an Fhianadh  
bidh deis aig mac an Diùca  
theid fios air gùn dh'an bhàiri 'nn (q.v.)  
de bhreacan M. H.

3 Ceann tuire is bradan tarra-gheal  
làmh dhearg is dealbh a' chrùin air  
bidh 'n t-eudach blàth do chlànn na'  
Gàidheal breacan M. H.

**bheanu:** mama, mammy: Little L. Broom, heard by Miss Matheson from old n. Cf. dea-dea, bhoban, (m')itheach (biast, béist). Cf. Scotch wife.

## SECRETARY'S NOTES.

Tha na Mòdan Dùthchail seachad a nis gu Sultuin an uair a thig an gairm gu Cataobh. Aig an àm so tha Mairearad NicDhonnchaidh agus Uisdean MacGilleathain anns an t-siorramachd fharsaing sin. Tha feum orra oir chan 'eil mòran aire air a thoirt do cheòl, Gàidhealach no eile, anns a' chearna sin. Tha na Mòdan a' deanamh cuideachaidh mór ann a bhi a' teagasg do shean is òg an saobhreas priseil a tha aca 'nan ceol is 'nan litreachas. An uair is comasach dhuinn cur ri aireamh nam Mòd bidh dùsgadh an measg nan Gàidheal féin a chuireas iognadh orra, agus a chuireas sunnd oirne.

\* \* \* \*

Everything points to an interesting Mod at Oban next month. Already entries have been received for the Rural Choir competition from Portree and Fortingall, and I have good hopes that Bowmore will also send a choir. I cannot write of the other districts until the entries close, but that Provincial Mods are beginning to make their influence felt at the National Mod cannot be gainsayed, and it is all to the good. It is really what we expect of them.

\* \* \* \*

I would remind intending subscribers to the Mod Fund to send their contributions either direct to Mr. Macfarlane here, or to Mr. J. M. Skinner, Oban. There is a big falling off in donations from individuals, and in view of the increased expenditure in an effort to extend the influence and scope of An Comunn it is sincerely hoped that friends of the movement will answer the call. The Committee will gladly welcome the smallest contribution.

\* \* \* \*

The Anchor Line steamship, "Transylvania," is landing a contingent of 1200 members of the Order of Scottish Clans of America at Glasgow on 2nd August. With the help of District and Clans Associations in the city, An Comunn has organised a welcome in the form of a concert and dance in the City Halls on the evening of their arrival. Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss is to preside, and a high-class programme of Gaelic and Scottish songs, piping and dancing has been arranged. A small party of prominent Gaels will meet the ship at Greenock and welcome their kinsmen to Bonnie Scotland.

NIALL.

## FAR-AINMEAN IS INNISGEAN NAN GAIDHEAL.

Le EACHANN MACDHEUGHAILL

A' cheud duais, Mod, 1925.

"Is cuilean leoghainn Iudah; o'n chobh-artaich, a mhic, chaidh thu suas, chrìb e mar leoghann, agus mar sheann leoghann; có a dhùisgeas e?"—GEN., XLIX, 9.

V.

Bha sinn dona air fad, ach a réir coltais thug am Barrach barr oirnn uile gu léir. Theireadh na h-Uibhistich, "am bleidire Barrach 's an sgeigire Baoghlach." Is e "na giomaich" a theireadh muinntir Eirisdh ris na Barraich, is anns an eilean chendna is e "na Porelaich" a theireadh iad ri Uibhistich a' Chinn-a-deas. Bha an fear a dh'innis so dhomh ag radh gur ann leis cho gaolach 's a bha iad air brochan is min sheagail, a fhuair iad an t-ainm so, ach chan eil mi a' tuigsinn eiod an co-cheangal a b'urrainn a bhi aig an dara facal ris an fhacal eile. Is e "na crùbain" a theirear ri muinntir Eirisdh féin leis na Barraich. Na'n tilgeadh an t-Uibhisteach air an Sgitheanach "fad 's a bhiodh an t-slat 'sa choill" gu'm biodh an fhoill ann, bha ràdh aig an Sgitheanach deas air a shon, "Fad 's a bhios bainne aig boin duibh, bidh da chridhe aig an Uibhisteach." Bha so ag ciallachadh gu'n robh an t-Uibhisteach cho da-aodannach is gu'm biodh an gàire air a ghnùis, 's a bhiodag deas gu a cur air an sgòrnan! Ach is fearr leinn gun a leithid sin a chreidsinn mu Ghàidheal air bith biodh e 'na Eileanach no 'na nìohr-threach.

Bha na bàird sgaiteach agus so agaibh eiod a thubhairt son aca féin mu na h-Uibhistich:

"Is iomadh fear buidhe 'na shuidhe an Uibhist,

Nach itheadh na h-uighean 'sa Chargas,  
A rachadh do'n aonach 'sa ghoideadh na caoraich,

Ged chrochte le taod no le cainb' e."

Bha e air a chomhairleachadh do dhaoine, "gun bó a thoirt á Paibeall, is gun bean a thoirt á Boirearadh"; agus is ann mar so a sheinn an "smeorach" aca féin:

"Smeorach mis' air ùrlar Phaibeall,  
Far am bheil na daoine bradach,  
'S nuair a thigeadh long air cladach,  
Ghoideadh iad na h-iarainn aisde."

Is e “na seacalaich” a theirte ri muinntir Chill-Pheadair; agus so mar a bha rann a’ dol mu bhailtean eile feadh Uibhist a tuath:

“Fithich dhubha Chaolais,  
Is faoileagan Phort nan Long,  
Coinneinich Bhaile Mhic dinir,  
Is loireagan Bhaile Mhic Phàil.”

Ach is gann gu’n ruig mi a leas a thoirt fa-near ‘san dol seachad an so, a thaobh an rann so féin, is rannan eile a thug mi seachad mar tha, gur e fuaim an fhacail féin a tha, gle thric a’ tarraing chuige innis no far-ainm an toiseach. Tha e furasda gu leoir “mòirleach” a ràdh ri “Tearlach”; no a ràdh mu “ghreusaiche” gu bheil e “breugach.” Leis a sin cha bu chòir do dhaoine, is chan eil aobhar aca air, farran no diumb a ghabhail a ranntachd de’n t-seorsa so, ged is tric a ni iad sin.

Tarraingidh sinn a nis am beachdachadh so gu crìch le beagan a ràdh mu “Eilean an Fhraoich,” agus cha b’urrainn ainm a bu bhòidheche a bhì air eilean no ionad anns am biodh Gàidheil a’ tuineachadh; ach chan eil gach far-ainm a liubhradh dhoibh air feadh an eilean cho so-mhiannaichte so. Cha ghabh an Leodhasach idir gu math ionradh a chluinntinn air “Steornabhagh mhór a’ chaisteil, am baile is motha air an t-saoghal,” is gu sònraichte an uair a theid a chur ris “gur a neonach nach eil a’ Bhan-rìgh féin ag gabhail còmhnuidh ann.”

Tha cuid de bhailtean an eilean air an cur sios mar so:

“Siabots baile nan cruachan mònadh,  
Bràgar baile nan cruachan eòrna,  
Arnal ‘s e gu h-àrd air ereig,  
Brùl baile gun sìgh gun seadh,  
Barbhas baile nam balbhan àlainn,  
Siadar a’ phuill ‘s a dhruim ri mol,  
‘Fir’ a’ chladaich, ‘s ‘bodaich’ Nis.”

Bheir so a rithist ‘nar cuimhne an ràdh Deasach sios rathad Chill-Chuithbeirt.

“Dusty pokes o’ Crossmichael,  
Red shanks o’ Parton,  
Bodies o’ Balmaghie,  
Carles o’ Kelton.”

Tha mi cinnteach gur e aon-eiginn á Uig a thubhairt, “Daoine-uaile Uig, Sùlairean Bhràgh na h-Aoidh, ‘s aoidheachd Sgìre nan Loch”; ach faodaidh sinn a bhì dearbhte nach e aon chuid e féin no an Niseach a thubhairt, “An Niseach brùideil, ‘s an t-Uigeach aineolach.” Tha baile am meadhon Leodhais ris an abrar an t-Acha Mór. Tha e air a ràdh nach fhaicear an cuan

idir as a’ bhaile so, is gu’n robh daoine ann anns an t-seann aimsir nach fhaca an fhaireg riamh. Chuala iad, ged tha, gu’n robh mòran cruaidh aig maraichean, ach ma bha iad ‘ga chreidsinn cha robh e a réir coltais ag cur mòran cùraim orra. Tha e air innseadh mu sheann loach a mhuinntir a’ bhaile so, gu’n d’fhuair e féin is a bhean aon oidheche mòran sàrachaidh ag cur a laighe nan ceare. Mu dheireadh thall fhuair iad an treud iteagach a chur fo dhion, is arsa an seann loach, is e a’ suathadh an fhalluis thar a bhathais, “A Mhór a ghalad, nach beag fios a tha aig fear na mara air gach cruadal a tha aig fear-tìre!”

Mu choinneamh so, faodar a ràdh gu bheil baile beag eile an Leodhas dlùth air Steornabhagh ris an abrar Sandaig, is tha e air a ràdh nach eil àite eile d’a mheud air cladach Bhreatann a dh’àraich uiread de sgiobairean fairge ris.

Is e aithne an “Leodhasaich mhóir” air an “Leodhasach beag,” “aithne gun chuimhne.” Bha facal eile aca mu Steornabhagh, “Is iomad fear a ghoid caora nach deach air thaod do Steornabhagh.”

Mar iomad àite eile, is e “na h-eich” a theirte ri muinntir Bhriarsclait. Bhiodh gillean a’ bhaile so glé thric a’ dol a null do Chàlarnais, is an uair a dh’aithnichte air a’ chloinn-nigean a thaobh na h-ùpraid a bhiodh ‘nam beachd ag cur luim air na tìghean is orra féin gu’n robh fughair ri cuid-eiginn, is a dh’fheoraichte dhiubh co ris a bha sùil aca, “O,” theireadh iadsan, “tha fughair againn ri cuid de ‘eich Bhriarsclait’ a nall an nochd.” Cha bu toil le gillean Chàlarnais, is bha e nàdurra gu leoir nach b’eadh, balaich Bhriarsclait a thighinn an rathad idir, is an uair a thuigeadh iad mar bhiodh cùisean, bheireadh iad an aghaidhean air Drochaid Chàlarnais is sop conlaich an achlais gach fir. Bha na sùip so ‘gan crochadh mu ursannan na drochaid, no an àit-eiginn dlùth do laimh a chùim is gu’m faigheadh “eich Bhriarsclait” gréim a chumadh an cridhe ri uair cheann an astair! Tha mi an dùil gur ann ri muinntir Chàlarnais so féin a theirte “na ceithir-bhliadhnaich,” agus gu dearb is aithne dhomh aon no dha dhiubh nach toir mòran taing seachad le chur ‘nan cuimhne gur e sin an ainm.

Is e “na banachagan” a theirte ri muinntir Bhabhais. Bha facal eile aca a thaobh muinntir na dùthcha so, ‘Tasgairean Bhabhais, is ann an uair a chluinneas iad

gu'n d'fhuair càch an t-iasg a thogas iad a mach." Tha an Siorram Mac Neacail, a tha a' toirt ionraidh air an ràdh so 'na leabhar, ag gabhail an leisgeil, is ag ràdh gur e droch cladach a bhi aca is aobhar dha so. Tha sin aca gu teagmhas droch cladach is ma tha an gluasad is faoine anns a' chuan shiar, feumaidh iad na bàtaichean a tharraing do bhàighe a' chladaich no bidh iad an cumnart a bhi air am bristeadh. Cha bu ni ach an fhaoinis aige sin bàta a chur a mach gus am biodh neach glé chinnteach gu'm biodh rud de iasg ri fhaotainn.

Theirte "na polaigean" ri muinntir Bhràgair. Bha radh aca a thaobh muinntir Shiabois is an taoibh shiar an coitcheannas, mar so:

" Labhanaich bheaga an taoibh shiar,  
Is fhaclan daraich anna,  
Da bhòrd càrdaidh  
Is làraidhean Narobhaigh."

Is e loth bheag ghiobach a bha anns-an "labhanach," aeh chan eil mi ro chinnteach uile gu léir ciod a bu bhun-stéidh do 'n radh. Faodaidh gu bheil e a' dol gle fhada air ais do eachraidh an eilean, eadhon gu ruig an t-am anns an robh an Lochlannach le fhaclan daraich ag cur cladaichean ar dùthaich fo'n smàig, is an alla-ghniomhan 'nan oillt do Albainn uile.

Ann a bhi a nis ag crìochnachadh a' bheachdachaidh so, chan eil mi idir ag gabhail orm gu bheil crìoch choilonta air a cur air. Tha roinn mhath de an dùthaich ris nach do bheanadh idir, agus tha fios gu bheil iomad far-ainm is rann neonach a b'fhiach an cumail air chuimhne, chan ann a mhàin mu àitean, ach mu na finneachan fa leth. Cha do bhean mi ris an taoibh sin de'n chuspair fathast, ged a tha mi a' sior chruinneachadh gu tionndadh ris uair-eiginn. Is gan a ruigeas mi a leas a ràdh, nach do bhuail a leithid de ni 'nam inntinn is buintinn ri far-ainmean a bhiodh air aon neach, no air urra air bith gu pearsanta. Am bitheantas aon uair is gu'n caochail aon mar sin air am bi far-ainm, tha am far-ainm a' dol a mach á cleachdadh is a cuimhne. Chan ionann sin is far-ainm sluaigh fa leth; a dh'aindeoin có a thig no dh'fhalbhas tha a leithid sin de ainm a' sior leantainn. Co-dhiù, leis an uiread so féin a chur fo aon cheann còmhla, tha stéidh ann gu tuille a chur ris, air cuspair nach eil cho faoin no cho beag stàth idir 's a shaoileas cuid.

(A' Chrioch.)

## THE ISLE OF SKYE IN GAELIC LEGEND AND LITERATURE.

Under the auspices of the Toronto Skye Association, Dr. W. J. Edmondston Scott, M.A., Ontario College of Education, gave a lecture recently on the "Isle of Skye in Gaelic Legend and Literature." There was a large attendance of natives of Skye and their friends in the city, besides members of the Gaelic Society and other Highland organisations. During intervals Skye songs, pipe music and Highland dances were rendered by various artists.

In his opening remarks, Dr. Scott said that Canadian educationists fussed a great deal over Canadian history—which was only a century old, and had to be heavily subsidised by the State to keep it in the papers. He was going to review 3000 years of Hebridean history for the purpose of illustrating the continuity of Gaelic culture and the progress of Gaelic democracy.

In these days, multitudes of half-baked bricks were stamped in the colleges of Teutonium, whose professors were little more than spineless jellyfish, with white collars round their necks. They babbled to any length about the ancient races and civilisations of Western Europe. It were better if they copied the old man of Lorn—"N uair nach robh ni aige ri ràdh, dh'fhanadh e sàmhach." Their ignorance of Basque and Iberian speech only tickled the humour of the learned in France and Spain, and seemed to be a phase of *Kultur* among Teutonic races, who could not fathom the psychology of the Gael, the Gaul, and aristocratic Iberian.

The pages of modern *Kultur* were filled with hooliganism, which sought to govern the nations by rope and bullet. They record the tragedies of human error, whose harvest of organised strife and the rule of force was accepted as the supreme test of a people's merits or demerits. The ultimate ruin of imperial civilisation would be interpreted by posterity to mean that Good was man's chief end, though every other avenue of experiment be tested. The world pursued its daily round, unheeding men's complaints of Herculean labours, bloody sacrifice, and wars of conquest—self-imposed, that Mammon's grinding yoke of government may be more tightly rivetted upon their shoulders; while such as covet place and power, to which they were not called by Destiny, are snared in toils of their own setting, when

some golden glitter in the sloughs of self-indulgence allured their sordid fancy.

The ancient history of the Gael was enshrined in music and song, legends and ballads, folk-lore and romance, literary and artistic remains of every kind which preserve the wisdom and experience of past generations. Its theme is the progress of the whole race advancing to higher levels of achievement, unchecked by individual deeds of barbarism, and little influenced by the devastating wars of dynasties and nations, which fill the barren voids of civilisation. It reads like the storied record of our common pilgrimage, when the path of duty, right and reason proved the straightest way towards that Light which is for ever beating on a world of tumult and forgetfulness, where God's first ordinance is little comprehended.

Its armies of interpreters and intelligence officers were scholars and princes, known by their learning instead of their pleasures—leaders of the people who lived and laboured among them, or spread abroad through Europe the light they received from home. That Gael was, indeed, to be pitied who despised the heritage of his ancestors for an English education, the better to cultivate acquaintance with the rich lepers, or political and martial Aunt Sallies, lacking free minds and wills of their own, bedecked with degrees, lace, and golden gewgaws, garters and medals; who strutted like marionettes across the stage before admiring throngs until the Secret Service arranged their time to fall, when they vanished through the trap-door.

The bonds of kinship between the peoples of Ireland and the Isle of Skye reached down to the very foundations of Gaelic civilisation and culture, where lay concealed their common springs of intellect in action. One could hardly discuss their remote beginnings without placing Skye in the first chapter, for *Eilean a' cheo* was formerly the *Ellis Island* of Gaeldom, the Open Door of Spain and Ireland to Scotland and the Orkneys. Its name appeared in the oldest historical legends of Ireland, such as the "*First Battle of Moytura*," where it was called *Scéithiachda* (Sgiathach), chief of the "northern islands" (*iridsi tudiscertacha an domáin*). The Celtic origin of the island names—*Skye*, *Mull*, *Islay*, *Iona*, and others mentioned by classical geographers could not be proved, and Gaelic literary tradition, therefore, was substantially accurate in attributing the colonisation of Skye and other Hebridean islands about 1200 B.C., the supposed date of

the Battle of Moytura, to Irish aborigines of pre-Celtic race and speech.

The lecturer then proceeded to draw comparisons between Hebridean and Highland place-names mentioned by Ptolemy with similar forms in Iberian topography. *Nerigos*, "end-height," was pure Basque, and must have been given to the Butt of Lewis originally by a pre-Celtic people. There was a river *Deva* in the Basque country and in Aberdeenshire, its Celtic or Sanscrit etymology was open to dispute. Analysis of other well-known names in old British topography showed that they had been derived from an indigenous pre-Celtic source, or else dated from the age of Roman occupation, when Cantabrian and other Spanish regiments patrolled the Roman walls and roads.

There was not a scrap of evidence to prove that the Gaelic people of the Hebrides were of Celtic race, for their literary traditions dated back about a thousand years before Brennus fought with the fire of old Rome. If their language was Celtic, it was spoken according to the rules of a phonetic system which had isolated Gaelic from the rest of Aryan speech. The regular changes of stops or explosives to spirants—which went by the erroneous name of "Aspiration," was the dominant feature of Basque phonetics, and, apart from this, were elements of Iberian speech that could be traced throughout the Gaelic vocabulary and grammar. The ethnic name, *Gaid-el* or *Goid-el* was itself formed like *Eusc-al*, "Basque people," and resembled the Iberian word for "warrior." Celtic philologists claimed it to mean "Goats." The ancestor of the race was *Milidh* or Galamb, a legendary king of Biscay, who fought fifty-four battles with the Gauls in defence of his Spanish throne, but on losing the game, he fled to the islands of the northern world. Whatever truth lay hidden in such tales of antiquity, they were at least consistent in associating the isle of Skye with early Spanish culture and the remote origin of the Gael.

The Celts of Spain were Pictish-speaking bands of marauders who went west in search of wives and fortunes. Celtiberian speech was a mixture of Basque and Pictish, as in the Portuguese place-name, *Eburo-britium*, where *britt* was cognate with Welsh *brith*, "speckled." It was a gloss on the Iberian name, *Eburo-bisingusia*, where *bisingu*, "speckled," survived in Spanish Basque, *baxtanga*, "smallpox."

(To be continued.)



## SKYE PROVINCIAL MOD.

The Mod held at Portree, on Thursday, 1st July, proved to be one of the most successful events of its kind ever held in the town. Long before the scheduled time, large numbers of Gaelic enthusiasts from all parts of the Island flocked to the hall in which the senior competitions were held, while a similar crowd went to the Schoolhouse, where the junior competitions and musical sections were conducted. Major A. D. Mackinnon, O.B.E., occupied the chair at the senior competitions, and Mr. Angus Nicolson at the junior competitions.

There was a large number of entries in the various competitions. The rendering of the best songs and the various songs chosen by the competitors bespoke high talent and remarkable musical abilities. Expression was not lacking, and, without exception, the songs were sung with true Highland feeling and in a manner which evoked the admiration not only of the audience, but also of the judges, who time and again expressed their appreciation.

A concert, at which the principal prize-winners took part, was held in the Drill Hall in the evening. The hall was packed to the door, and many of those who were refused admission had to take up positions outside the windows. Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, himself a native of Skye, occupied the chair. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Robertson spoke in flattering terms of the great talent which had been brought together that day, and complimented the competitors on their excellent Gaelic and musical abilities. A long and varied programme was submitted to the audience, whose appreciation of the various items which constituted the programme was very evident throughout. A pleasant feature of the evening's entertainment, and one which attracted much attention, was the distribution of prizes by Miss Macdonald of Viewfield to the numerous prize-winners.

Great credit is due to Miss Macdonald of Viewfield, the worthy president of the Portree Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and the committee which assisted her in making the Mod, and also the concert, the success they undoubtedly were. In this connection special mention should also be made of Captain D. M. Fraser, secretary, and Mr. Peter Boyd, treasurer, who spared no efforts in order to bring the proceedings to a successful issue. The function

was an outstanding success, and Gaelic enthusiasts and many who do not even understand the language, are already looking forward to next year's Mod, which, it is understood, will be held on or about the same date next summer.

The judges were:—Literature—Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Laggan; Gaelic vocal—Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., Royal Academy, Inverness; oral—Mr. John Bannerman, Glasgow; vocal—(music)—Mr. George Short, Edinburgh, and Mr. Neil Shaw, Glasgow; piping—Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A.; piano and violin—Mrs. Murray and Mr. Hunter.

The following were the prize-winners:—

## JUNIOR SECTION.

## ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading with expression a piece of poetry of not less than sixteen and not more than twenty-four lines, chosen by the competitors (Learners of Gaelic)—1, Cath. M. Robertson, Broadford; 2, Morag Macinnes, Broadford; 3, Margt. Macleod, Broadford.

Reading at sight an unfamiliar prose piece to be chosen by the judges—1, Flora Campbell; 2, Flora MacLeod.

Reciting from memory, "Am Bothan Beag"—Native speakers and learners—1, Katie Fletcher, Broadford; 2, Alick Campbell, Dunvegan; 3, Margt. Maclean, Broadford.

For excellence in Gaelic Conversation (between judge and competitor)—1, Lach. Matheson, Broadford; 2, Flora Munro, Broadford; 3, Cath. Hay, Broadford.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing (girls)—1, Flora Munro, Broadford; 2, Cath. Hay, Broadford; 3, Flora Macleay, Portree; 4, Cath. M. Robertson, Broadford.

Solo Singing (boys)—1, Edward Bullock, Broadford; 2, George Harrison, Portree; 3, Hector Macdonald, Broadford.

Solo Singing (girls and boys)—1, Rebecca Macleod, Broadford; 2, Katie Fletcher; 3, Sheila Macdonald, Uig; 4, Mairi Nicolson and Sarah Bain, Portree.

Duet Singing—1, Mairi Nicolson and Sarah Bain, Portree.

Choral Singing—1, Broadford School Choir; 2, Portree Junior Choir; 3, Dunvegan Choir.

Unison Singing—1, Broadford School Choir; 2, Portree Junior Choir; Edinbane School Choir.

## SENIOR SECTION.

## LITERATURE.

Collection of unpublished Skye Songs—1, Miss C. A. MacNab, Kilmuir; 2, Mr. D. M. Fraser, Portree.

Gaelic Poem on any subject—1, Thomas M. Murchison, Portree.

Essay on any historical local incident—1, John M. Matheson, Portree; 2, Hugh Macaskill, Portree; 3, Thos. M. Murchison, Portree.

## ORAL DELIVERY.

Sgeulachd narrating an old Gaelic tale in the traditional manner—Mrs. Angus Nicolson, Portree.

Acted Dialogue by two performers—1, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Nicolson, Portree.

Luathadh in character—Portree party.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song (female voices)—1, Miss M. Nicolson, Portree; 2, Miss Joan Macinnes and Miss Betsy Campbell, Broadford; 3, Miss Bella Macleod, Portree.

Solo Singing of a Song (male voices)—1, Thomas Bain, Portree; 2, Hector Kelly, Portree; 3, Hector Macdonald, Kilmuir.

Solo Singing of a Song (male or female voices)—1, Miss Betsy Macleod, Broadford; 2, Miss Joan Macinnes, Broadford; 3, Hector Kelly, Braes, Portree.

Solo Singing of unpublished Skye song—1, Hector Kelly, Portree, and Joan Macinnes, Broadford (equal); 2, Hume D. Robertson, Broadford; 3, Kenneth Macleay, Portree.

Duet Singing of a Song—Misses C. A. and May MacNab, Kilmuir.

Unison Singing—1, Breakish and Kilmuir Senior Choirs; 2, Ardasar Senior Choir; 3, Portree Senior Choir.

Choral Singing in four-part harmony—1, Portree Senior Choir; 2, Kilmuir Senior Choir.

## INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Bagpipe (Strathespey and Reel)—1, Angus Mackinnon, Portree; 2, Ian Nicolson, Portree; 3, A. Stoddart, Portree.

Bagpipe (Marches)—1, Angus Mackinnon, Portree; 2, Ian Nicolson, Portree; 3, A. Stoddart, Portree.

Practise Chanter (playing of simple march)—1, A. M'Farquhar; 2, Peter Campbell; 3, William Smith.

Violin (playing of a Gaelic song, air, Strathespey and reel)—1, Miss Campbell, Portree; 2, Miss Macdonald, Skirinish; 3, Miss Falconer.

Pianoforte (playing of a Highland March, Strathespey and Reel)—1, Miss Pack, Portree; 2, Mrs. MacNeil, Uig; 3, Miss Louisa Mackay, Portree.

## The Skye Provincial Mod.

The Skye Mod was held at Portree, on 1st July. It was a very delightful event, perfect weather, a large gathering of people from other districts and a fine array of competitors altogether made the occasion a memorable one. Portree was *en fête* on this day. People in the south, who are unfamiliar with Skye think of the Island mainly as consisting of inaccessible mountains, desolate moors always in mist, a surrounding of turbulent, stormy seas, and the people of the island very much the reflex of these natural conditions. But, had any of these people from the south been present at Portree on the day of the Mod, they should have formed quite a different impression of Skye. The view all around on mountain, moor and sea, so picturesque and beautiful, made one well imagine himself in some "Paradise Garden," or transported to some fair isle in southern Italy, where they say the folk sing to the nightingales. Surely an ideal setting for a Gaelic Mod! There were nightingales, too, in Portree that day; such a wealth of beautiful natural singing one did

not expect to hear in a district so remote from the voice-training centres. Clearly the Gael is a natural and poetic singer, and as regards Gaelic songs, he is a law unto himself, and very largely independent of the musical conventions in other places.

All the singing at this Mod was of a surprisingly artistic quality. There were no "duds." Each competitor possessed real musical instinct, and many of them would have made a fine impression at Highland concerts in the large halls of the cities. I am an enthusiast about the Skye singers, and when they elect to appear at the national Mods, I am certain they will all do well—to say the least.

It was an interesting speculation to try to trace the source of this well-developed and dignified school of Gaelic singing. I am, unfortunately, unacquainted with the history of music in Skye, save that of the MacCrimmon school of pipers, but should very much like to learn the traditions in regard to singing. Possibly there have been singing contests in Skye from time immemorial, and it is also likely that congregational singing in the Highland Church has had its share in developing it.

It would be unkind almost to specialise, especially as a comparison would be made between female and male singers, but though many of the ladies sang charmingly, with delicacy and sensibility (real Celtic qualities these), the honours of the day, I thought, were with the male singers. These were a most convincing body of vocalists, fine, big, natural voices, full of music, and singing seemed an instinctive part of their constitution. I do not remember hearing such uniform excellence at any of the national Mods I have had the privilege of attending, and will not forget these male singers for a long time. There is excellent material here for a fine male choir and for another mixed choir. I hope these will duly be formed. One should like to see Portree one of the centres of Gaelic music; everything is favourable, if only some enthusiastic expert in the language and music-idiom will come along and gather together the resources. An Comunn having brought this about, we will watch its further development.

As regards criticism on conventional lines, the performances were not entirely technically faultless, but this is a comparatively secondary matter, when so much real musical quality is exhibited, technical and theoretical errors can always be eliminated.

As there was no time to review the individual performances, owing to always being up against

the time schedule, and as these remarks may come before the notice of the competitors, it may be well to enlarge on the general remarks made at the Mod.

Rhythm infringements seemed more common. Celtic melodies are particularly of the lilt type, and are generally formed on rhythmic pattern, and if the sequence of these is not rhythmically maintained, something is felt to have gone wrong; somewhere the swing and flow has got out of joint. Certain singers held too long to notes and waited often too long at line ends. Obviously this was in attempting to give colour to certain words; this should have been accomplished within rhythmic limits. In other cases the speed was either too fast or too slow for the mood of the poem. Some competitors made a "stunt" feature of the rhythm, and appeared to have "clocked" it, to use an athletic term, in preparing the songs.

Several of these, however, gained the sympathy of the audience, who accompanied them with toe-tapping on the floor! This practice is not to be commended—like distant thunder on a summer day—it is an intrusion. There were also singers who neglected the rhythm entirely, and the result was prose recitative instead of metrical verse; these, no doubt, had intelligent reasons for doing so, but were ignoring a fundamental law of music. Again, the lack of descriptiveness in renditions was a somewhat common failing. It was apparent that these singers realised in their own minds the import of their songs, but they failed to make this objective or create interest in the narrative sufficient for the listener. Probably the Gael is dramatically shy, but if he will "lose himself" in the songs, these will gain in interest. Getting out of tune was noticed at times, mostly in songs with pianoforte accompaniment; probably these singers are unaccustomed to sing with a pianoforte. They should, however, take all opportunities to do so, and should listen carefully to their own voice in conjunction with a piano, in the same manner as a piper is always attending to the tuning of his drones. Unaccompanied songs were frequently taken at too high pitch, which resulted in straining for notes outside the compass of the voice at the high parts of the song. Beauty of tone and evenness of line is the ideal that should always be before the mind of the singer. Other singers again used over much tone in their songs; half of the volume given would have made a more pleasing effect. These songs became overweighted and did not flow easily and lost interest before the finish. Light and shade could have been more in

evidence (*crescendo* and *diminuendo*). It occurred to me that the mood presented sometimes was that of the Gaelic tune and not that of the poem.

A humorous note was added to the proceedings, I thought, in the matter of the choice of songs by some competitors, especially where this was left to the individual, and some topsyturvy effects were witnessed. For example, one giant proclaimed in stentorian fashion the incidence of "Thug mi no lànfh," and gave the song a significance somewhat different from the author's intention. This song in public performance at least is only suited for a lady singer. "Comin' through the Rye" would be absurd if sung on a platform by a male singer. The subject of "ornamental notes," to my mind, presents matter for debate. I do not know Ann Comunn's ruling in regard to these. In certain minor instances these appeared in songs. The attaching of ornamental notes to main structural notes of a melody is idiomatic and traditional in Gaelic songs, and these often give charm and beautiful effect to the simple lines of melodies. I do not believe that singers outside of the Highlands could accomplish these with similar dexterity. To condemn and eliminate them in conventional criticism will destroy, I imagine, what is one of the characteristic features of Celtic music. These appear also in harp and pipe music. If they were systematised and admitted and even printed as arabesques along with the tune notes and at the option of the singer, this might be a wise measure in regard to their preservation. Probably some enthusiastic collector will yet take the matter up.

Slurring was in evidence at times, sliding up or down to the tune notes sounds "untidy" and mars the beauty of line. The voice should pass neatly from note to note, or at least fuse all notes together into a line unit and then made rhythmic.

But when all is said about these technical errors, there still remains a fine impression of the beautiful qualities of the Skye singers, and, after all, these technical and theoretical matters are secondary to real musical and poetical qualities.

Possessing so much talent, one desires to see Portree a centre of Gaelic music; undoubtedly this could be attained if set about in the right way. All the singing was excellent, and I shall not forget it quickly. I should like to say also, if I may, to the Executive of Ann Comunn—"Keep eyes on Skye."

GEORGE SHORT.

## ARDNAMURCHAN PROVINCIAL MOD.

The first Provincial Mod for the district of Ardnamurchan was held at Strontian, on 16th July. The entries totalled 297, and competitions went on simultaneously in the two rooms of the local school from 10.30 in the forenoon until 6.30 in the evening, with only a short interval for luncheon. People gathered from far and near, while competitors attended from Kilchoan, Moidart, Acharacle, Lochieside, Ardgour, Loch Aline, Drimnin and Salen (Loch Suinart). Strontian was well represented, and as will be seen from the prize-list, gained many honours. Private cars were generously placed at the disposal of local conveners for the conveyance of competitors to the Mod, and Mr. Kenneth Clark sent his yacht with the Glenborrodale contingent.

The day was ideal for such a gathering, and although accommodation was very limited, those unable to gain admittance, good naturedly listened with rapt attention at the windows and around the open doors. The Oral Section was predominant, and the judges had great difficulty in coming to a decision. Only in one or two instances was there any lapse from the genuine Gaelic *blas*. The singing also was of good quality, and some fine performances were given in the open class. There were no choirs forward, but this will be remedied next year if a music teacher can be procured.

The grand concert in the evening was held in the open, the people sitting on grass-covered terraces in front of the school. When all stood up to sing the Rallying Song, the spectacle was most inspiring. Lt.-Col. A. J. H. MacLean of Ardgour presided, and during an interval Mr. Angus Robertson, President of An Comunn, gave a rousing address. The prizes were presented to the successful competitors by the Hon. Mrs. MacLean of Ardgour. Prize-winners were assisted at the concert by Mrs. Scott (Miss A. C. Whyte), Capt. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. John M. Bannerman (Mod Gold Medallists), Miss Mary C. MacColl, Ardgour, and Mr. Neil Shaw, general secretary.

The Committee, under the convenership of Ardgour, are to be congratulated on the splendid success of the Mod. The organisation could not have been improved upon, and, as in all other centres, lack of accommodation is a serious drawback. Miss D. C. MacIntyre, Ardgour, and Mr. A. MacGlashan, Strontian, were the secretaries, and Major N. B. MacKenzie, Fortwilliam, who attended all day, was treasurer.

The following acted as adjudicators:—Vocal—Miss Mary C. MacColl, M.A., Ardgour; Mr. John MacDonald, Oban; Capt. Alastair C. MacLaren, Connel, and Mr. Donald MacMillan, Fortwilliam. Gaelic—Miss Mary C. MacCallum, M.A., Tobermory; Messrs. Rev. J. R. Bannerman, Angus Robertson and Neil Shaw, Glasgow. Piping—Capt. A. C. MacLaren.

## PRIZE-LIST.

## JUNIOR SECTION.

## LITERATURE.

Letter on a simple subject chosen from a list sent under sealed cover—1, Ina Cameron, Drimnin; 2, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin; 3, Ina MacMaster, Drimnin.

## ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading with expression a piece of poetry—1, John Cameron, Acharacle; 2, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin; 3, Christina Cameron, Glenborrodale, and Isa MacKenzie, Strontian (equal).

Reading at sight an unfamiliar prose piece to be chosen by the Judges—1, Ronald MacDonald, Mingarry; 2, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin; 3, Isa MacKenzie, Strontian.

Reciting from memory, "Am Bothan Beag" (50 competitors)—1, John MacDonald (a), Mingarry; 2, John MacDonald (b), Mingarry; 3, Isa MacKenzie, Strontian, and Flora A. Cameron, Glenborrodale (equal).

For excellence in Gaelic Conversation (between Judge and Competitor)—1, Ena F. Cameron, Acharacle, and Isa MacKenzie, Strontian (equal); 2, John MacDonald (a), Mingarry, and Ina MacMaster, Drimnin (equal); 3, Bella MacDonald, Mingarry, and Mary MacMaster, Drimnin (equal).

Acted Dialogue by two performers—1, Hughina Cameron, Drimnin, and Ina MacMaster, Drimnin; 2, Mary MacMaster, Drimnin, and Peggy MacLachlan, Drimnin; 3, Colin Palmer, Morven, and Rita Ferguson.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song (girls)—"Mo Chubhrachan" or "Am na h-Oige."—1, Peggy MacLachlan, Drimnin; 2, Dolina MacDonald, Trislaig; 3, Christina Maclean, Trislaig.

Solo Singing of a Song (boys)—"Braigh Rùsgaich" or "Moladh na Lannaidh"—1, John MacDonald, Mingarry; 2, Ewen Kennedy, Fionnary.

Solo Singing (girls and boys)—Song composed by local bard of the district whether published or unpublished—1, Hughina Cameron, Drimnin; 2, Margaret MacLennan, Kilchoan; 3, Dolina MacDonald, Trislaig.

## SENIOR SECTION.

## LITERATURE.

Poem or Song on any subject composed by Competitor, not exceeding 50 lines—D. B. Fletcher, Lochaline.

## ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading at sight of an unfamiliar piece of prose to be chosen by the Judges—1, Miss Katie Cameron, Drimnin; 2, Miss Bessie Cameron, Drimnin.

Recitation of Dr. MacLachlan's "Na laithean a dh'aom."—1, Miss Jessie Cameron, Strontian; 2, Miss Bessie Cameron, Drimnin.

Reading a piece of prose chosen by the Competitor—1, Miss Jessie Cameron, Strontian; 2, Miss Katie Cameron, Drimnin; 3, Miss Bessie Cameron, Drimnin, and Mr. Alastair Cameron, Strontian (equal).

## ROYAL CELTIC SOCIETY'S COMPETITION.

Sgeulachd—Narrating of a hitherto unpublished historical or traditional story belonging to the district



embraced by the Mòd—1, Donald Cameron, Conaglen; 2, Miss Bessie Cameron, Drimnin; 3, Mr. Alex. Cameron, Drimnin.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of a Song (female voices)—1, Miss Catherine C. M'Coll, Ardgour; 2, Miss Agnes Atwell, Blach; 3, Miss Bella Cameron, Strontian.

Solo Singing of a Song (male voices)—1, John M'Diarmid, Strontiau; 2, Allan Cameron, Drimnin; 3, Dugald Cameron, Drimnin, and Archie MacNaughton, Acharacle (equal).

Solo Singing of a Song composed by local bard of the district whether published or unpublished—1, Miss Catherine C. M'Coll, Ardgour; 2, Dugald Cameron, Drimnin, and Miss Tomasina Lowrie, Trislaig (equal); 3, Miss Bessie Cameron, Drimnin.

Solo Singing of a Song (male or female voices)—Competitors to sing their choice of the three songs prescribed—"Mo run geal dileas," "Au gille duhb cha treig mi," and "Gur noch rinu ni dusgadh"—1, Archie MacNaughton, Acharacle; 2, Allan Cameron, Drimnin; 3, Miss Catherine C. M'Coll, Ardgour, and John M'Diarmid, Strontian (equal).

Duet Singing of a Song—Miss M. C. M'Coll, Ardgour, and Miss C. C. M'Coll, Ardgour.

#### INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Bagpipes (playing of March, Strathespey and Reel)—1, Neil S. Smart, Kinlochmoidart; 2, John Robertson, Morven; 3, Alex. Cameron, Strontian; 4, Angus Beaton, Blach.

Pianoforte (playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel)—Miss M. C. M'Coll, Ardgour.

### THE ISLAY PROVINCIAL MÒD, 1926.

All roads in Islay led to Bowmore on Thursday, 17th June. In glorious weather, the green, grassy Isle, girt with summer seas, looked its loveliest. From every quarter, motor vehicles of all sizes conveyed their quota to the Mòd. The young that see visions and the old that dream dreams, gathered themselves together to celebrate the annual Gaelic Festival that is now an established institution in a community where, happily, old and young are proud to know and speak the language of their fathers. The large, comfortable public hall in Bowmore, sufficient to meet the demands of the common day, is quite inadequate to accommodate all who seek admission to the Mòd. From ten in the morning, with but a brief midday interval, till seven at night, a crowded audience listened to competitions in reading, recitation, solo and choral singing, which, from a Gaelic adjudicator's point of view, reached a higher general average of merit than can be found at any Mòd, National or local. "Blas na Beurla" was conspicuous by its absence, and while as lovers of the language, we rejoiced at the excellence of the native product, our task as adjudicators was an anxious one. The qualities of enunciation, expression and phrasing became the deciding

factors in arriving at decisions, and in these respects there was sufficient variety to enable us to select those entitled to receive the highest marks.

Even the casual observer cannot fail to realise that in Islay, Gaelic is not only alive, but is still the language of the people. The materialistic critic, who, in his soulless incapacity to realise that man does not live by bread alone, bases his hostility to the Gaelic movement on the theory that Gaelic has no commercial value, might find salvation in Islay. Here, in one of earth's fairest spots, is found a community, prosperous, contented, carrying on its social, commercial and religious life through the medium of a language spoken with much greater purity than English is spoken in Glasgow.

With or without encouragement from An Comunn, Gaelic will still be a living tongue in Islay when this wondrous twentieth century is numbered with its predecessors. An Comunn does not claim any credit for that. But what An Comunn may justly claim to be achieving, is a measure of success in teaching the Gael that in his native tongue he possesses a heritage that is worth preserving. We are laying a sound foundation upon which a Gaelic Academy or a Gaelic College may safely build by the time they get to work.

T. S. MACPHERSON.

### BRANCH REPORT.

VALE OF LEVEN.—This Branch of An Comunn held its first outing, which took the form of a Cuirm Chnuic, on Saturday, 26th June, to Balloch. It was originally intended to travel to Luss, but owing to the restricted transport on account of the Coal Strike this had to be abandoned. The Railway Company, however, gave the use of their ground near Balloch Pier. The company, which numbered over 150, fully appreciated that it had to transplant itself into a real Gaelic atmosphere. This was not difficult, the weather conditions being ideal, and in the distance the towering outlines of Ben Lomond and Ben Vorlich suggested associations of poetry and history of a not inglorious past. Of course, having the picturesque Loch Lomond at hand, the juvenile members immediately took possession of the foreshore and lapping waters, some to build their Caistealan na Feinne on the sands, others to watch the changing figures as they paddled gleefully in its rippling waves. Sports and games, naturally, being arranged, everyone present joined heartily till the call for departure was announced. Prizes were presented to the successful participants by Mrs. Walter Macfarlane, wife of Captain Macfarlane, Commodore Captain of the Loch Lomond steamers, and who is a very keen supporter of the Gaelic cause in the Vale district. The sports arrangements were in the capable hands of Messrs. D. M. Aitken and D. M. Murray, assisted by willing workers.





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Leabhar XXI.]

*An t-Sultuin, 1926.*

[Earrann 12

## A' GHÀIDHLIG ANNS AN EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

Ghabh sinn o chionn ghoirid ar cuairt bh'adhnail do 'n Eilean. Chan eil turas a theid sinn ann nach faic sinn atharrachadh ùr. Is iomadh caochladh a thàinig air cor an àite o chionn aon ghinealach air ais. Tha tighean ùra 'g an togail a tha fada nas fallaine no na seann tighean; agus tha am fearann féin air a roinn agus air a shaothrachadh nas fhèrr na b' àbhaist. Ach aig an am is ann bu mhiann leinn beachdachadh air caochladh sònruichte a chuir gairdeachas nach bu bheag oirnn air an turas so anns an Eilean. Is e sin an tlachd is an toilinntinn a tha òigridh an Eilean a nis a' gabhail ann an nithibh dùthchasail, mar a tha labhairt is sgrìobhadh is seinn na Gàidhlig, agus foghlum is cleachdadh a' chiùil, gu h-àraidh ceòl na pìoba. Is beag a bha de dhùil againn uaireigin gu faiceamaid feabhas cho dearbhta so a' tachairt an ùine cho goirid. Gidheadh chan eil teagamh nach robh am beothachadh so a' dol air aghaidh gu sàmhach o chionn deich bliadhna is còrr. Da bhliadhna roimh thòiseachadh a' chogaidh chur An Comunn sia meanglain air chois anns an Eilean; agus an ath bhliadhna, 1913, chunnacas toradh air saothair nam meanglan sin anns a' mhòd chridheil eireachdail a bha am Portrigh air a' bhliadhna sin fhéin. Agus ged a thug an cogadh buille throm do òigridh an Eilean, tha e nis coltach nach do mhill sin an spiorad dùthchasail. Oir ghlac na seann mheanglain beatha as ùr; chaidh misneach na h-òigridh a bheothachadh le cuid de na maighstearan sgoile; thugadh brosnuchadh do sgrìobhadh is leughadh na seann

chànain; fhuaras dealas is deachdadh nach bu bheag o fhear teagaisg na seinn a tha air a chur a mach leis A' Chomunn. Bha toradh a' mhosglaidh ud aithnichte aig a' mhòd dhùthchasail am Portrigh air an t-Samhradh so chaidh. Chaidh iarraidh oirnn breith a thabhairt air sgrìobhaidhean na h-òigridh; agus ann bhi meòrachadh air na sgrìobh clann an Eilein ann an deagh Ghàidhlig fhuair sinn féin dòchas as ùr, agus eadhon dearbhadh nach bàsaich a' chànain anns an Eilean air chabhaig.

A thaobh seinn nan comhfharpuiseach aig mòd Phorthrigh, co dhùit is òigridh no inbhich, eadar seinn aoineach is choisir, fhuaras cunntas ciatach anns an àireamh mu dheireadh de 'n "*Ghaidheal*." Is gann gu leigear a leas ainmeachadh a rithist gu bheil so gu léir a' nochdadh ciod an dùrachd is an dìcheall a tha na Sgiathanaich a' taisbeanadh a nis, eadhon mar a tha luchd-àitichidh gach eilein anns an do thog An Comunn bratach. (Tha cuid de dh'eileanan anns nach do thogadh a' bhrratach fhathast, agus mar is luaithe is ann as fheàrr.) A rithist a thaobh ceòl inneil, thàinig dùsgadh air leth air an Eilean o chionn da bhliadhna. Tha comunn ùr a nis air a shuidheachadh airson misneachadh ceòl na pìoba anns an Eilean air fad. Tha pìobaire sgileil a' teagas nan gillean beaga air feadh an Eilean; agus is iongantach cho tùrail agus cho dian is a tha a' chlann òga gu bhi 'togail a' chiùil. Fhuair sinn cothrom air òraid ghoirid fhearagarrach a thabhairt do na h-òganaich bheaga a tha ag ionnsachadh na pìobaireachd am Portrigh; agus bu mhòr an tlachd a bhi faicinn cho stòda 's a dh'èisdeadh iad agus cho gleusda 's a chluicheadh iad. A' cheart ni a tha fìor a thaobh chiùil tha e fìor mar an ceudna a thaobh foghlum na Gàidhlig an àrd-

sgoil Phorthrigh, oir fluair an sgoil ud urram sonruichte am bliadhna airson na rinn i de dheagh obair am foghlam na Gàidhlig.

A nis faodar fhaighnacadh cìod an t-aobhair mun robh an t-Eilean Sgiathanach cho fada gun dùsgadh suas anns an obair so. Thachair gu bheil sinn mion eòlach air na coran agus na bacadhean a bha a' cumail air ais na h-oibreach riamh o thòisich An Comunn Gaidhealach. Tha sinn a' creidsinn gu faodar a chuireadh a chur air cuid de na h-eaglaisean agus air cuid de 'n Inlaid teagaisg a tha labhairt fo dhion nan eaglaisean sin. Tha fios againn uile gu bheil ministearan ann a rinn obair mhòr air taobh A' Chomuinn agus as leth na Gàidhlig. Ach tha ministearan eile ann a rinn gach ni a bha 'n an comas a chum deagh obair A' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich a bhacadh agus a mhilleadh. Is bochd an gothaeh gur e cuid de luchd-crabbaidh anns an Eilean na naimhdean a bu diana an aghaidh ciùil agus bàrdachd "dhiamhain." Gus an latha an duigh tha cuid dhiu cho dian agus cho dalma is a bha iad riamh, a' mallachadh obair A' Chomuinn, agus a' cleachdadh a leithid so de bhriathran anns a' chhàbaid, "Cuideachd an diabhail cuideachd a' mhòid." Tha sin a' cur bacadh air pàrantan agus air cloinn. Tha sinn ag innse nam briathran neònach so gus a bhì nochdadh an aobhair mu robh an t-Eilean cho fada gun dùsgadh. Ach o chionn ghoirid chaidh càin a chur le cùirt lagha air fear de na ministearan so airson na cainnt a chleachd e. Riamh uaidh sin fhuair an òigridh misneach. Tha aineolas a sior dhol air chùl, agus tha eòlas a faotainn lamh an uachdar a chuid agus a chuid.

### THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CEILIDH."

By JOHN MACCORMICK, F.S.A. (Scot.).

One of the Gael's most persistent institutions, is the "Ceilidh." His situation, leading a pastoral or an agricultural life among the lone hills and valleys, caused the "Ceilidh" habit to grow on him like his long hair and bushy beard. The origin of the word by which he describes his social evenings in a neighbour's house has been discussed by many eminent etymologists, and it has been agreed that—"Ceilidh"—is not Gaelic, but has been derived from some unknown language, spoken by a vanished race, from whom the Gael borrowed it in the course of his march across the plains of Europe.

There is much to be said in favour of this argument. The "Ceilidh," and the long winter

nights, go hand in hand, and the Gael, while in his Asiatic home had no experience of "long nights," nor of a "Ceilidh" to while them away, in a social capacity.

Within historic times, the Gael borrowed copiously from the Latin through the medium of the Church, but in the pre-historic state of Europe, Gaelic was the first cultured language spoken on the plains of the great Western Continent. During that hazy period, the Celt and the Latin lived side by side. They would, no doubt, have intermixed to some extent, especially on the borders. In this situation they would have borrowed words and customs from each other, long before the mist cleared away to enable the historian to see things which were hidden before. I am, therefore, of opinion that the word, "Ceilidh" in Gaelic is the same word, and has the same origin as the word, "Coelum," older "Caelum," in Latin. "Coelum" in Latin means the sky, the firmament, a place of happiness. Originally this word had probably an earthly significance, like the Gaelic "Ceilidh" at the present day, a sociable meeting place. Whether the Gael borrowed the word from the Latin, or the Latin from the Gael; or whether both borrowed it from an older, and now vanished race, one cannot say, as each would have appropriated it, and moulded it according to the genius of his language. Yet it is significant that the Gaelic "Ceili(dh)" is pronounced exactly as we were taught to pronounce the gen. of "Coelum," viz., "Coeli." On these grounds I think it can be admitted that the two words, "Ceilidh" and "Coelum," have sprung from the same root, and originally meant the same thing, a happy place, a social meeting, where music would be much in evidence. We have the same root apparent in the Gaelic "Ceilir" and "ceilireadh" which mean singing. I often wonder whether "Ceol"—music—enters into the basic elements of these words.

As an illustration of what I mean, let me say that when we use the word "temple," we think of a handsome building, imposing architecture. Yet the origin of "Temple" is found in the Latin, "Templum," a clearing in a grove, where the old Druids used to preach. "Nemus" in Latin, and "Nemos" in Greek mean the same thing as "Templum," and from these roots, probably from the Latin "Nemus," we find a "Church" called "Nemed" in Old Irish. On the same root is based the Gaelic name for "Heaven"—*Neamh*. Arguing from these co-relatives, I think it quite admissible to suppose that the Gaelic word, "Ceilidh" is the same word as the Latin "Coelum." I think the late Dr. MacBain was

in error in assigning to "Ceilidh" an origin based on "*Ceile*" a spouse, giving "Ceilidh" a "gossipy" meaning, on account, probably, of the activities of the women folk at such a meeting place. I rather think that the origin of "Ceilidh" is more musical than that. Song and story, especially song, enlivened the "Ceilidh" at all times.

## THE RACES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

By Lieutenant-Colonel MARTIN MARTIN.

Many various races have contributed to the mixed population now inhabiting our islands. We are not such a homogeneous people as some few purer races, such as the Basques, the Jews and so on.

It is now, however, the habit to assume that the British people as a whole can be generally described as the Anglo-Saxon race, the indomitable Anglo-Saxon, etc., or otherwise, as the English-speaking peoples, which includes the United States and most of our Colonies, and refers to the great bulk of our attributes, customs, characteristics and mentality to this Teutonic stock.

Such an assumption, and the supposed general unity which would be based on its acceptance, appears to be wholly fallacious. The ancient inhabitants of all our islands (Ancient Britons) were in the time of Cæsar Celts or Gaels, very similar to the Gauls or inhabitants of France at that time, and that country, still largely populated by Gauls, is now called the country of the Franks, who were subsequently invaders.

For 400 years, most of Great Britain was ruled by the Romans, and some attribute the present difficulty of placating the Irish to the fact that they missed the salutary discipline and civilisation that England and Southern Scotland imbibed from the Romans.

Then came the Saxons, about whom we know very little, and perhaps there is very little to know. They were apparently a very rude people, indeed, and in no way civilised or intellectual. That during 100 years they entirely extirpated the Celts in England, or even in Wessex is wildly improbable, and it is now considered that Yorkshire and other eastern counties of England are mainly of Danish blood.

Then follows the Norman Conquest, and we begin to get clearer light on these Norman-French people and their influence over our islands.

Unlike the Saxons, they never attempted to extirpate the inhabitants they found in England

when they arrived, but they most thoroughly subdued them and relegated them to the lower orders of the community they established. All through the wars in France and in Ireland, the Normans thoroughly hammered their English vassals into something very different from the Teutonic boors whom they first met with, and again continued the process through the Wars of the Roses. As rulers, they (and not the Saxons) promulgated the laws, customs and forms of development which moulded England. In the Civil Wars, Cromwell and his Ironsides (who were of the lower and partly Saxon variety) temporarily overthrew the Norman-French gentry or upper classes, but the Roundheads were no longer Saxons, owing to the dressings they had received from the Barons from 1066 to 1640 A.D., while in 1660 the Norman aristocrats re-established all their old pre-eminence, which was continued up to perhaps 1860 or 1870.

By that time the ruling classes of England had been reinforced by many not of Norman blood, who had made their way up from vassal-dom to seats among the mighty, and no longer would all the rulers say, "We came over with the Conqueror."

All the same, these *parvenus* were obliged to accept the manners, habits, customs and methods of the Norman-French seigneurs among whom they were admitted. Even up to 1880, for any lady or gentleman in England to show a glaring ignorance of the French words with which society interlarded its conversation, was sufficient to raise a smile and a hoist of the shoulders—as much as to say, "Who are these low-born louts who presume to mix among us—the elect!"

With the progress of democracy and the advent of so many newly-rich from the middle classes into contact and equality with the old Norman aristocracy and society, these French airs and graces have been largely abandoned, and society has become more English as the newcomers became strong enough to make their own ideas prevalent in England.

It can hardly, however, be claimed that in this change there has been any advance in civilisation or culture, or that, for instance, the manners or the legislative ability of the House of Commons has improved in the last fifty years.

There has been a relapse, indeed, to the more material, gross and animal instincts of the Saxon or Teuton. But if this is so, we cannot grant that the British civilisation, which, generally speaking, has advanced greatly since 1066, is due to the Saxon civilisation which preceded this era.

Everything points to the superiority of the Norman-French element in the moulding of the mixed races among whom all modern Britons have to live, and even a backward glance of three centuries and more to the pages of Shakespeare reveals no evidence of Saxon culture, although there is plenty of allusion to Norman or Frenchman. Shakespeare has no reference to Germany.

To sum up, England owes her whole civilisation to the Norman-French, who again derived it from the Latins, and where this element is less powerful, as in the United States or the Colonies, civilisation retrogrades—except in its material and mechanical aspects. There has been no literature, art or poetry of any consequence evolved from either the United States or from our Colonies in the century and a quarter of their existence, nor is it apparent that there ever will be. Neither do we remember any product of intellectual value as a bequest from Saxon times.

Hitherto only England and Lowland Scotland have been mentioned. Ireland (or rather the southern three quarters of it) has had a different history. This section escaped the Roman Conquest, said to have been in some respects favourable to England, and in the main escaped the Saxon also, but was thoroughly conquered by Norman knights, who parcelled out the country between them, but their descendants neglected Ireland for England whenever they could get away, and there was practically no merging between the two elements. The landlords are now themselves evicted or immensely weakened in influence, and the Free State has the opportunity of developing a truly Irish Celtic civilisation.

Whether such can be hoped for from a race so long enslaved is doubtful, but this may be said—the fragments of Irish literature and art dating from the time when Ireland held a high place in European culture, are far more valuable and important than anything that has descended to us from Saxon sources, of which there is almost a complete lack. Saxon times have, indeed, left us nothing to remember. It may even be said that only quite recently has there been any contribution to European civilisation from Germany or any Teuton source, and of this the principal yield has been music, while German composers have themselves very frequently been Jews.

The Caledonian Gaels or Picts are in another position. They escaped the Roman Conquest and the Norman one, throwing off both invaders, but have in recent years been influenced greatly by their neighbours, while also influencing them.

Scotland, as some think, is more Celtic than ever, owing to the vitality and penetrative force of the Gael eastward and southward, and the same claim is made by the Welsh, who have so penetrated across their border into England.

There is a ridiculous and somewhat impudent fable current in the Lowlands, and very dear to Edinburgh, that the Saxon Queen Margaret civilised Scotland as well as her barbarous husband. Modern research shows that Malcolm Ceann Mor was at least as cultured as his wife, probably more so.

The Scottish Highlanders have no remains of ancient literature or art to compare with the Irish inheritance. They have, however, shown more signs of revival in the last two centuries in these matters than have the Irish, rising indeed to considerable eminence in the 18th century, when poetry and music, both of high character, was produced in some abundance. Great hopes may therefore be entertained of Scotland as a factor in the present Celtic revival.

It has to be remembered in estimating the comparative anticipations from Celtic and Saxon sources that (1st) there is no sign whatever of a Saxon revival, and (2nd) from what has been left to us from the Saxon in every form of civilised endeavour, it may be doubted if there is any Saxon characteristic requiring to be revived.

#### THE SEAL-WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

It is the grey wind I am hearing,  
The grey wind among the rocks.  
By night and by day it is calling—  
When I will be at the spinning-wheel,  
Or at the carding of wool,  
It is a little eddy about my feet.  
My ears are after ringing with the sound of  
the sea.  
Grey waves breaking on the shore!  
Grey wind among the rocks!

Oh! Heart-of-me, it is leaving thee that I am,  
And thy manhood not yet come upon thee.  
Wilt thou be understanding in the years to come,  
Oh! thou with sea-salt mixed in thy veins?  
Wilt thou be hearing the sea-music in nights  
of summer,  
When the moon is at the full,  
And the clan of Lochlann sporting among the  
waves?  
Wilt thou be hearing thy mother's voice, and  
thou not knowing her?  
Oh! hard it is for the clan of Lochlann,  
When the wind and the waves are calling,  
And they torn between their own!

BESSIE J. B. MACARTHUR.



## AN T-OICHEAR BÀN.

Le IAIN MACCORMAIG, A'cheud duais, Mod 1925.

B'e "An t-Oichear Bàn" ainm bu bhitheanta a gheibheadh Fear Dhuin-duibh, agus theirte an t-Oichear Bàn ris a chionn 's gu'm b'oiseagach airm e, agus gu robh e glan soilleir 'na chruth.

B'e Dun-dubh ainm na h-oighreachd a bh'aig a shinsearachd fad iomadh linn, agus theirte Dun-dubh rithe a chionn 's gu'm b'e sin ainm na daingnich làidir a bu dachaidh do gach gluin de'n teaghlach a bhiodh a' seilbh na h-oighreachd r'a àm.

Bha Dun-dubh air gob rubha dosgach creagach, ris am biodh a mhuir a' mánran 'sa briodal san t-sàmhradh. Anns an dàrlachd bhiodh aogasg eile air an rubha gharbh air an robh caisteal Dhuin-duibh air a steidheachadh. 'N uair a leigeadh an geamhradh a srian mu chluasan na stoirme, bhiodh an sean mhùir air a dheadh sheisdeadh. Theicheadh na tonnan le oillt roimh mharcach-sine na h-iarmailt agus, a' tighinn muin air mhuin a' bhàraidh, agus 'nan cathan geala, thilgeadh siad iad fein air rubha nan soc sgoltach. Dh'eireadh an sioban 'na mhill gheala, rachadh a' ghaoth mu'n cùl, agus le neart na h-oiteig bheireadh iad sgualc air na turaidean a b' airde, gus an crathadh iad an fhàrdach gu'n steidh. Thilleadh na tonnan càireach air an ais ri aodan sgorach nan creag duaichnidh, agus bhiodh ficheadan eas còbhrach a' rànaich ris na h-uirighean.

Sin dealbh na fàrdaich a bu dachaidh do iomadh gluin de'n teaghlach air an do shloinneadh an t-Oichear Bàn, oir thainig e o dhaoine air an robh cuid is cuideachd, agus meas is urram aig an tigh is bhuaithe. B'iad sin Dòmhnallaich urramach Dhuin-duibh. Bha'n t-Oichear Bàn, no mar theirte ris 'na bhalach, *Seamas Oig*, air leth air a h-uile duine on d'thainig e air gach taobh de'n tigh. Bha e cho faoin ris na h-eoin, agus cho beag suidheachaidh 'na cheann, 's nach biodh sgeul bheò no mhàrbh air fad bhliadhnachan, eadar a thurasan dachaidh. Cha robh e ach mar spàl an fhigheadair, thall 's a bhos, a nunn 's a nall, eadar airmailtean na h-Eorpa: an drasd 'san Fhraing, 'sa rithist 'san t-Suain, a sin 'san Spàin, gus nach robh iolair no fitheach anns an ealtuinn, a bha deanamh uimhir dichill ris, a chum a bhì anns gach àite am biodh slatraich.

B'e brathair athar a bha'n seilbh na h-oighreachd ri linn an Oicheir Bhàin. Be'n t-Oichear Bàn fhein an t-oighe dligheach,

na'm b'airidh air an urram e. B'e cuideachd an gluin mu dheireadh de fhior sheann teaghlach a bha ach gann air bàsachadh as, agus bu leir do'n t-seann triath, brathair athar, na'n leanadh an ruith air an ruaig gu'm biodh oighreachd Dhuin-duibh, na'm beadh 's gu'n tigeadh i fo làimh Sheamais Oig, mac a bhrathar, air falbh gu grad leis na h-uisgeachan is leis na gaothan. Leis an sin air bàs an t-seann laoich, bha'n oighreachd fo làimh coimhich.

Air dòigh no dòigh-eiginn, ràinig naidheachd bàs brathair athar an t-Oichear Bàn, agus cha bu luaithe ràinig na chaidh e 's na goid a chum an t-seann oighreachd agar. Thill e dachaidh, ach ma thill, fhuaire e mach nach robh aige ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg. Be'n gad sin an t-seann mhùr anns nach do thogadh smùid fad codhù, ceud bliadhna, oir chuir Teaghlach Dhuin-duibh, a suas aitreabh bhreagh' eile. Cha robh 'san t-seann chaisteal leis an sin ach am plaosg a dh'fhagadh anns a' chuachan, 'n uair threig na h-eoin e. Ach bha'n t-Oichear Bàn 'na dhuine cruadalach smearal, nach obadh e fein a shineadh taobh an tuim, am fuachd 's an gaillinn, a cheart cho deas 's a rachadh iomadh fear do leab iteag, agus a ghabhadh *brot a brothlaich*, cho deas 's a shuidheadh e aig bòrd an luchairt rìgh. Cha b'e leis an sin ballachan maola loma an t-seann Dhin a mheataicheadh e—sean fhàrdach a dhaoine, far am biodh a ghaoth ag iomairt a measg a thrannsaichean fraoidhneach, far am biodh na cadhagan nan ceudan a' sgrìachail mu na turaidean anns an nedaicheadh iad 's an t-sàmhradh, agus anns am faigheadh iad fagadh nam fròg seasgar anns a' gheamhradh, far an d'fhuaire a' chailleach oidhe 's an ialtag aite folaich anns gach stuadh mhaoil, bho'n tigeadh iad 'san oidheche le siuthaidhean a' shealg nan luch, 's gach creutair màineach air fonn gu h-ìosal. Far an robh lusan fiadhain a' cinntinn eadar gach cloich 'san aitreabh, an lithean a' greiseadh nam ballachan, agus grian an t-samhraidh a' gliostradh air gach boinne de dhealt na h-oidheche, a bha mar dheoir mulaid air gach duilleig ghuirm. Far am biodh nuallan nan tonn a deanamh co-sheirm ri crònan na gaoithe a measg nan craobh, agus far an gabhadh an ròn fiadhta fois eadar dha shruth.

Cha b'e iargaltachd mar sud a chuireadh miabhadh air Oichear Bàn a chruadail, buil mhath a' dheanamh de na dh'fhàgadh aige de chuid athraichean. Cho math 's nach b'e, fhuaire e seomraichean a chuir air dòigh 'san t-seann fhàrdach, agus le comhnadh an t-sluaigh, anns an robh dillseachd nan seann laoch, cha b'fhada gus an robh e air a dheagh shuidh-



eachadh 's an t-sean mhùr mar *FHEAR DHUIN-DUIBH*.

CÀIB. II.

B'è cùlaidh smuain a bh'ann do mhuintir na dùthcha smùid 'fhaicinn as an t-sean fhàrdaich, aon uair eile, agus an t-Oichear Bàn mar shàmhladh air na seann laoiach a sheas iomadach làrach le faobhar a' chlaidhimh.

Le rùn aobhar nan seann Dòmhnullach a chumail a suas, thug mnathan is fir, a bha suas am bliadhachan agus aig nach robh ro-dhachaidhean daibh fhein, an seirbheis seachad an nasgaidh, agus biodh e air a chur r'an creideas gu'm b'è dillseachd a mhaiu, agus nach b'è foidheachd, no idir mòrlanachd, a bu phrìomh aobhar do'n ghniomh sin, dillseachd a chumail a suas mòralachd oighre lom Dhuin-duibh. Is e 'thainig as gu robh an t-Oichear Bàn air a cheann nu d'heireadh air a shuidheachadh mar nach b'òle idir. Bhuilich an t-uachdaran ùr slìos fearainn air, air alt 's gu robh e 'na dheagh thuathanach le crodh is caoraich is eich. Agus 'na cheann aotrom 's mar a bha e, bhiodh e mar a h-aon 's mar a dha, le chuid daoine air blàr mònadh, no air achadh buana, an teas oibre.

Aig amannan mar sin, cha robh ceann as nach tigeadh cuideachadh, oir b'è rùn na h-oigrìdh, gillean is nigheanan, a bh'ìn cuideachd an Oichear Bhàin. A bharr air a bhì iriseal 'na ghiulan, agus làn de dh'fhearas-chuideachd, bha e eireachdail 'na phearsa—àrd, deas, dìreach; smearal mar shaihgheir, agus cho lùthach sgairteil air a chasan, no an diollaid, 's ged nach biodh cnaimh 'na chom.

Bha fhalt cleiteach buidhe, mar dhearsadh na greine, 's a mhaduinn shamhraidh. O'n dh'fhàg e'n t-àrm leig e leis an fheusaig cinntinn, mar bu dual da dhaoine, gus an robh i a' còmhach a bhroillich mar eas cobhrach a' dol ri bearradh, agus còmhla ris an sin, bha dà shùil lanrach gheur nan Dòmhnullach, fo mhalaichean caol na seire 's a chaoibheis.

B'è sealladh a bh'ann, àrmunnt Dhuin-duibh fhaicinn an diollaid, agus stend gruileamach fo rian a chabstair, a' beiceadh fodha, le amhaich chruinn mhuingich, is beul luineach còbhrach, air bàn no air grinneal: agus air cho usaideach 's gu'm biodh an gearran, cha deach riamh crubha air ceithir-chasach, a chuireadh gu làr e.

Leis an sin, na bha'n t-Oichear Bàn gann de stòras seach a chomh-impeirean feadh na dùthcha, bha'n ceann 's na guallean aig orr' nìle am beus 's an grinneas 's an dreach. Cha robh còdhail 's am bitheadh e nach biodh stùil nan òg bhan air. Cha robh gruagach 's an dùthaich nach robh an eud ra chéile air a shon,

ged a bhiodh màthraichean uaibhreach a' feuchainn ri'n cuid nighean a' stiùireadh taobh an fhuaraidh de, a chionn 's nach robh a spréidh cho lionmhor ri mòran 's an dùthaich.

CÀIB. III.

De chruinneagan rimheach na dùthch' uile b'è Iseabal Og Ghlinn Aibhnic roghainn an Oichear Bhàin. B'è mar an ceudna an t-Oichear Bàn roghainn Iseabal, ach ma b'è cha b'è roghainn a màthar di. Leis an sin mar bu teotha 'dh'fhàs an t-suiridh eadar na leannain, b'ann a b' fhuaire bha'n fhàilte roimh 'n Oichear Bhàn, agus a bu chumhainne an tigh da, gach uair a rachadh e do Ghleann Aibhneach. Dh'fhàs leis an sin a thadhail tearc agus aon tadhail a dheanadh e, b'ann sgàth coimhearsnachd. Cha d'fhuaraich ach gu'n do theasaich, sin an gaol a bha eadar a chàraid, mar is glé thric a thachair, anns a cheart suidheachadh.

Cha b'fhada gus an robh fios aig an dùthaich uile gu'n robh cùl agus dubh-chùl ga chuir ris an Oichear Bhàn, an Tigh a Ghlinne, agus Tearlach Stiubhart na Creige 'ga thatadh aig athair 's aig màthair Iseabal.

Cha robh sin 'na iognadh air dòigh le sluagh na dùthcha, oir ged a b'è gille air leth snasar a bha 's an Oichear Bhàn, agus e de'n fhuil a b'uaisle 's an dùthaich, no air son na cuid sin de, 's an rioghachd air fad, cha robh ann riamh ach an t-eun siubhail, gun stath gun chuid. Chaidh an sàmhradh 's am foghar seachad, agus chaidh an geamhradh 'na thigh. Thainig Oidheche na Callainn air an tric an do rinneadh còrdadh is reiteach bainne.

Bha sùrd na Nollaige an tigh mòr 's am bothan. Cha robh seann fhàrdach an Dùin air deireadh. Bha'n cistin air ghleus a cumail suas mòralachd Dhuin-duibh, 's gach nì 'g an cuir an eagaibh a cheile, 's an t-seann nòs. Ged bu sheanndaidhean iad uile, bha'n guthannan cho àrd, 's an giulan cho cridheil luinneagach r'an uimhir de dh' oigrìdh. Bha Eachann ruadh a' spaisdeireachd air an ùrlar leachdach, le piob mhòr na seirm, 's bha fuaim a' chiuil mhóir ag iomairt feadh nan tranntaichean, gus an do ghluais a' chadhag 'na fròig, a' cur car 'na ceann a' dh'èisdeachd: agus air gob an rubha gu h-ìosal, thog an ròn a bha'n cois na tunne, a cheann an iargain. Bha "huigh" aig na mnathan a bha frithealadh eadar bòrd is teallach, is ghearradh iad gaillean an comh-sheirm ri ceum aotrom air an ùrlar chruaidh. Gach fear de na fir air an iartte goireas, dh'èireadh e le làmhan an ceannaibh a leas, no iad ag éiridh gu gunnach as a ghuaillean, is shiubhladh e a' beiceadh am measg nan sean a bhan, an rian riudhle.

Ach an t-Oichear Bàn. Bha esan 'na shuidhe mu choinneamh an teine an seomar leis fein, 's gun e toirt cluaise do'n cheol-gaire bha stigh, no do'n t-sion a bha muigh. Bha e 'na shuidheadh air cathair mhóir bhuig, air a suaineadh gu grinn le cònaich. Bha 'chasan bac-airoireig mar their iad, a làmh fo leth-cheann, 's e'n trom smuain. Bha buille aig an lasaig a teine mór mònachd, agus gliobraich de sheachda a podraich ris an uinneig, ach bha smuaintinnean an Oicheir Bhàin air rointean cath na h-Eorpa, 's air gach siubhal luaineach a rinn e riamh.

Bha'n teine 'cnàm, agus mar choimeas air slighe an duine 's an t-saoghal, chairicheadh eibhleag agus thuiteadh foid do ait' ùr. Thigeadh baobisgeadh ùr as an teallaich agus dheanadh an lasag còmhnaidh leis a choinneil mhóir ghairbh gheire, a bha gu miogach air a' bhòrd, agus an drasd 's an rithist a' dearasanaich 's a' spreadraich, mar a bha'm buaic a' cosg, 's a ruigeadh an lasag an smùr dubh, a bha snàmh an copan na coinnle. Tharruingeadh an t-Oichear osna is shocracheadh e a leth-cheann air a bhois. Ràinig a smuain a shuidheachadh fhéin s an Dùin. Ràinig i euideachd Tigh Mór Ghlinn Aibhnic, far an robh an rihbinn a bu shnasaire air an do dhearc a shùil riamh, agus i 'na leanntàlaidh do dh òigridh na dùthcha, ach cheana, air a grabadh dhasan.

Bha'n tein' a' crionadh. Thuit eibhleag a sios is chaidh car de fhòid air an teallaich. Ach ged a bhaoisg an lasag as ùr 's a sheall a' ghealach le mùig fo chìrb nan nial a bha 'cur réis 's an iarmailt, cha d'thug an t-Oichear Bàn an aire do'n mhùthadh.

(Ri leantainn.)

## THE ISLE OF SKYE IN GAELIC LEGEND AND LITERATURE.

### II.

Other evidence of old Spanish topography was adduced to prove that this Celtic element was of Gaulish extraction, whose language could not have been the father of Gaelic. France was no Garden of Eden in Milidh's day and generation, so the Gaulish origin of Gaelic was an untenable theory.

Aboriginal ideas and superstitions cling to localities in Ireland and Skye, which to be interpreted aright required some knowledge of the aboriginal tongue. For instance, all the wonderful legends about the were-wolves of Os-raige merely signified that a Basque-speaking tribe of Ossory in Kilkenny had adopted the wolf for its totem, which was called *oss* (Basq., *otso*, *ozo*, wolf). The Irish word, *os*, "deer,"

was from a Celtic source which threw no light on the *raison d'être* of such legends. Similarly, the name *Itris* for the Sound of Sleat pointed to the existence of a bull-totem among pre-Celtic ancestors of the Macleods, whose posterity still believed that to dream of a bull meant—*cobhar a'Neachd*.

The *daoine-sìth* of Skye belonged to the history of oriental ethnology and civilisation, their old Irish name, *aes-side* being pure Iberian which was in use to-day from the Hebrides to the land of Sina. They were a hill-race, which enjoyed life much better than did the fighting tribes of Nordic blood, and to its industry and intelligence are ascribed in Gaelic literature, ancient and modern, Irish and Scottish, much that stands for the best and highest in Gaelic culture and religious belief. Quotations from early Irish literature and the works of Skye bards were adduced to illustrate the popular opinion that the finest exponents of pipe-music or harping, song and dance, industry and amusements came of the race of the *daoine-sìth*.

Skye traditions and fairy-songs, which also claimed them as skilled farmers and cattle-breeders, were in accord with the earliest legends of the Gael. The beehive houses of stone, or *clochans* as they were known to Irish archæology, undoubtedly belonged to a race of small stature, which probably called them by their Iberian name, *Aregia*, "stone-house," the prototype, according to Dr. MacBain, of Gaelic *airigh*, a mountain-shieling. A reminder of this prehistoric style of domestic architecture survived in the local riddle—*Tigh beag cruinn 's a dha dhoruis duinnte*; which is still the most universal and popular conundrum among the children of Central and Southern Africa. It was a riddle that had come down from the early Stone Age, when children were familiar with the round type of hut or wigwam.

Gaelic literature ranked the pre-Celtic or "Gaelic" people as *par excellence* a race of farmers, and whatever titles the natives of the Hebrides went under—*Fir Falga* or *Fir Bolg*—their industrious habits passed as a byword into Celtic tradition. The *Domnann*, or ancestors of the Macdonalds, were said to take their name from an uncanny enthusiasm for intensive cultivation of the soil (*domhan*), but this popular etymology from the *Corr Annmann* happened to be unscientific though illuminating. The Iberian plough, *oper* and *oter*, was simply a tree-branch (Basq., *abar* and *adar*) which name served in Highland topography to denote an estuary or "branch" of the sea. The former appeared in place names with *Aber-*, and the latter in the compound-word, *Bod-otria*,

Firth of Forth, the "deep estuary." The Skye plough was known by an epithet, *Cas-chrom*, which was evidently the Celtic translation of the Native term. This, the lecturer argued, had survived in Gaelic, *ceaba*, the iron point of the *cas-chrom*, whose cognates in Iberian and its related tongues signified either "crooked" or "plough." It was the implement with which the aborigines used to cultivate the hill-terraces of Neolithic Britain, and had helped to support a larger and hardier population in the Highlands than any of its modern successors.

A variety of the superstitions and occult beliefs of Skye was next discussed in the light of early Irish texts, whose evidence revealed the wide celebrity of Skye as a centre of religious instruction, like Mona and Iona in later ages. Its druidic schools were attended by the greatest names of pagan Ireland, princes, soldiers, priests, scholars, and women of royal descent; and travelling must have been safe under Gaelic rule, for no mishaps on their many voyages between Skye and Ireland are recorded. The *Imbas forasnai* and other occult rites and practices formed a large part of the druidic educational code, along with the worship of pagan gods and goddesses, among whom was St. Bride, the Virgin Mary of the pagan Gael.

The druid was a scholar and man of science, who, in the Christian era, became an apostle of light and learning throughout Europe. The hymns of the Hebrides were full of his ideas that had no Biblical authority, and there was much truth in the late Dr. Carmichael's opinion that "some of the hymns may have been composed within the christened cells of Derry and Iona, and some of the incantations among the cromlechs of Stonehenge and the standing-stones of Callarnis. These poems were composed by the learned, but they have not come down through the learned, but through the unlearned—not through the learned few, but through the unlettered many—through the crofters and cottars, herdsmen and shepherds, of the Highlands and Islands." The best that was in paganism had been preserved by the people.

The civilisation of the Gael had always been shaped by their scholars and men of learning, rather than by foreign adventurers among them, who strove for place and power. It was too deeply rooted in antiquity to be overthrown by any empire or combination of people, but would have been extinguished long ago had it been so savage as it was painted by Roman and English imperialists. The

continuity of Gaelic culture had been maintained throughout the distant past because political power rested in the hands of the people, and the crown was too weak to menace the welfare of the State. Dane and Northman, Saxon and Norman, were assimilated with an ease that had kept England's rulers alarmed since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The processes of absorption were, however, civilised, needing no appeal to extreme measures of coercion. The time-worn phrase, *Sìth ocus comand ocus cairdine*, "Peace, Goodwill, and Friendship," embodied the secret of their success in dealing with subject races.

If the Saxon roused their antagonisms, he had himself to blame for discovering the rugged foundations of the Gaelic temperament—truculent, vindictive, implacable and determined, on which the whole stability of a people's character, behaviour and personality was surely established. He mistook good qualities for weakness, but respected the show of force. That was the barbarian all over. The *Times* had gleefully thundered before the War that the Celt was going with a vengeance. The wish was father to the Empire. To-day, a free Gaelic State had sprung into new life under the direct ægis of the greatest of world-democracies, and its ancient enemy had recoiled with an economic crash from the outmost rampart of Gaelic resistance. The people had a free choice. The tale of clearances in Skye and the Highlands generally—"the scourging of the people from the land of their birth"—as Neil Macleod described the policy of England, was conclusive proof that since the '45, the Scottish Gael had lost their political power. All the jeremiads of modern Gaelic literature had amply shown that the people must look elsewhere than to Westminster if they are to save themselves. The Gaelic bards had a message to give, but the people's ears were dulled to its meaning.

The lecturer concluded by saying that the near future would see a great change in the awakening of the Gael. The Bosch had awaited the death of the "Dying Gaul" for the last 2000 years, only to receive another rude shock when the *Vumultus Gallicus* restored the balance, and had again overthrown or shaken hostile empires to their foundations. The Gaelic language would not die until its men of letters neglected it for ever. Its stable foundation of 3000 years of literary tradition, through which the living soul of the race expressed its protean ideas and desires, could support a greater edifice in the future when the people were masters of their household, with the power to foster Gaelic letters.

## A GAELIC GLOSSARY.

By RONALD BURN, Humanity Department, University, Glasgow

- bhéinn!** to tell horse to go left: *hie min!* in Buchan: Coll, MacDougall, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence; Islay, Johnston, n.; Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n.; Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n. Cf. *ho-bag!* *haigh!* *uistear!* *hup!* *tì!* *ho-bof!* *hob!* N. MacLeod says from adverb *bhàn*—*thig air bhàn*, come down (Islay says *bhéin* for *bhàn*); now *thig air bhàn*=come towards me, which is just what a horse does when man (as always) sits on left side of cart. Note too that Dw. has *bàn*, left-hand side of furrow in ploughing as distinguished from the dearg side. Now (though this *bàn* seems to be from *bàn*=white) *bhéinn* is used as much by ploughmen as by carters.
- bhiodaidh!** to call chickens: Kinlochewe, Miss Matheson; S. Uist, MacEachen, n. Cf. *bìod!* *bigein!* and see *diu-clag!* *biacail.*
- bhoban!** *papa*, *dada*: Lewis, Rod. Matheson; N. MacLeod, n. Dial. for *boban*—Dw. also has *bhobagan*. *Bhoban* I am told occurs in M.Ir. Cf. *dea-dea*, *bheanu*, *pabaidh*, (*m'*)*itheach*.
- biacail:** (1) chicken's peep-peep; (2) cry when it cannot find its mother: L. Ness W. side, A. J. MacDonald, n.; Lochaber, Donald MacDonald, n. Used as if participle:—*Tha na eòin a' biacail* (L. Ness and Lochaber): Cf. Dwelly, s.v. *beu*, and *bhiodaidh!* *bigein* below. Connected with *beu*??
- biach:** (1) roar (of stormy wind), *sgùrn*, *gùir* (fem.): Braemore: *Clach Mòr na Biachlaich* (pron. *biach-coliech*), boulder on Am Biachaich, Rod and John Matheson, ns. Not *biachd*. Am Biachaich is grassy tract on col between Meall a' Chrasgaidh and Càrn na Criche (Fannich range). The name is etymologized by John into *biach* + *clach*; Rod disagrees. But I mention this merely to explain meaning of *biach*. *Biachaich* (fem.)=roar of deer in rutting season, in Braemore. Braemar has *dámhaireach*; *dámhair* of season in Lochaber. Cf. *bùireach*, *laganaich*, etc. (2) roar of sea: Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.;
- beuc* in Lewis. (3) any high-pitched sound; screeching, shrill screams (cf. *beuc*): Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod.
- biadh:** fish bait of any kind: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n.; Lorne, Neil MacLean, n. Cf. *solt*, *sonn*, *fuidearag*, *biathadh*, *macdh*, *baoid*. Of food of persons in Lorne—cf. Scotch meat. Of food of persons or animals and not of bait in Braemore.
- biadh-na-crùbaig:** roe of any crustacea (not crab alone): Lewis, N. MacLeod, n. Cf. *bróg*, *u-chair*, *triubhas*, *faoisg*, *mealag*, *céir*, *glasag*, *sporan*.
- biadh-nam-bodach-sith:** any toadstool or mushroom: Coll, MacDougall, n.; Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n. Cf. *buallag*, *bolgag*, *balga*, *bolgan*.
- biadh-na'-partan:** roe of any crustacea: Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.
- biadhtaiche:** the person in charge of the whisky at a feast: Braemore, Matheson, n. Cf. *fear*, *nillein*, *deoch*, *còsgais*, *calaire* (*cloerachd*), etc.
- bial:** *gunwale*: Waternish, MacAskill, n.; Knoydart, Stewart, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence.
- bial:** the *gunwale*: Knoydart, D. Stewart, n.: Coll, MacDougall, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence; Waternish, MacAskill, n. Cnagan is rowlocks in K., W.
- bialach:** a plausible woman nice and sweet to your face, garrulous and false but fair-spoken, flatteringly talkative: Lewis, N. MacLeod, n.; Tìree, Mrs. MacLeod, n.; Braemore, Matheson, n.; Moidart, Miss MacIntyre, n.; Coll, MacDougall, n.; L. Suaineart, Mrs. Spence. Cf. *sgleogaid*, *sglogaid*, *sgleogach*, *gobairneach*.
- bial-mòr:** *sag.*: Coll, MacDougall.
- bial-na-leapadh:** front part of bed as opposed to that next wall: Lochaber, Mrs. Spence, n. Cf. *beinge*, *bòrd*, *port*.

## A FHLEASGAICH GHRINN.

[From the late JOHN MACCALLUM'S Mod Prize Collection.]

. m | s . d : m | m' r' d : s | d'., l : s, l. = | r : r  
 A fhleasgaich ghrinn, fhir a chùil duinn 'S truagh nach robh sinn còmhla;

. m | s . d : m | m' r' d : s ||  
 A fhleasgaich ghrinn, fhir a' chùil duinn.

| m., m : s., l | d' : d'., l | s., m : d. d | m : r ||  
 'S truagh nach robh mi 's m'èudail, An Gleann Eite bharraich bhòidhich

'S mise tha fo mhulad dheth,  
 Air m'uilinn 's mi am ònar.

Cuimhneachadh do shùgraidh  
 Lùb ùir a' bhroillich bhòidhich.

Ann am dhusan bliadhna  
 Bu mhiannach leam bhi còmh' riut.

Marbhaig air a' ghaol sin  
 Nach faoduinn chur air fògradh.

Cha robh ann ach faoineis,  
 Bha'n aoraibh na cloinn òige.

Ghabh thu'n taobh bha t'aomadh  
 A dh'fhaotuinn té le stòras.

Tha do chàirdean deurach  
 'S gun fheum dhomh fhéin bhi brònach.

Feuch am bheil thu toilichte  
 Le t'fhortan ged a phòs thu.

## A BOOK OF PIPE MUSIC.

Mr. Alexander Macdonald, Inverness, is about to publish a reprint of Joseph Macdonald's "Compleat Theory of the Scots Bagpipe." The work is now in the printer's hands, for early issue. Joseph MacDonald was the brother of Rev. Patrick MacDonald, Kilmore, who compiled the valuable collection of Gaelic melodies published by himself in 1784. His treatise on bagpipe notation was compiled during years 1760/1763, and was published by his brother in 1803. It is a work of unique importance. It sets forth in modern notation the ancient bagpipe scale as played by the old Masters in Skye and Mull, etc., with reference principally to Pibroch playing, along with much valuable information regarding the bagpipe not now obtainable elsewhere. The book contains a large number of valuable plates, which are being faithfully reproduced. The price is 5/- per copy, with postage 5/6, and copies may be obtained from Mr. Alex. Macdonald, Glencona, Southside Road, Inverness. Mr. MacDonald deserves much credit and encouragement for making this rare volume available for modern pipers, and for lovers of Gaelic music generally.

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## SECRETARY'S NOTES.

Tha am a' Mhòid am fagus agus tha beag is mór a' cunntas nan là gus an coinnich iad anns an Oban Lathurnach. Tha aireamh mór a' dol do cheist—“Co aig a stadas e?” ag eirigh 'nar n-intinn bliadhna an deidh bliadhna. Cha bhì stad ann gus am bi Mòd aig gach ceàrna is eilean dhoibh fhéin agus Mòd mór air son nan uile am baile mór air choir-eigin far am bi àite suidhe is seasaidh do mhiltean.

\* \* \* \*

Preparations for the great gathering at Oban, commencing on 28th September, are well nigh complete. The opening day will be one of the most important days in the history of An Comunn, as the following Junior entries show:—Literary, 206; Oral, 205; Duet and Solo singing, 146; Choral singing, 18; Gaelic play, 2—total, 577. For the recitation of MacKechnie's “Am Bothan Beag,” 59 boys and girls are competing. 38 Gaelic-speaking boys and girls have entered for reading with expression, and 30 girls and 15 boys, all Gaelic speakers, have entered for the Silver Medal of An Comunn.

\* \* \* \*

The Senior entries are as follows:—Literary 36; Oral, 35; Duet and Solo singing, 403; Choral singing, 37; Instrumental, 15; Unpublished song collection, 1—total, 537. This is 69 less than last year, but is accounted for by the exclusion of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Choir, who won the Trophy on two successive occasions. The total entries from the Choir and members last year was 96. For the Gold Medal series, 24 ladies and 23 gentlemen are coming forward. The total entries is 1114.

\* \* \* \*

A most interesting item on the programme this year is the competition for Rural Choirs. The Oban Branch is responsible for this welcome addition to the syllabus, and they are also giving money prizes of £6 and £4. The “Oban Times, Ltd.,” are giving a third prize of £2. The competition has been splendidly supported by country choirs, nearly all of which have competed at one or other of the Provincial Mods. Choirs are coming from Ardrishaig, Bowmore, Connel, Dalmally, Duror, Fearnan and Kenmore, Fortingall, Killin, Portree and Tobernochy. This competition will take place on Thursday, and the massed choirs will sing at a concert on that evening.

The evening entertainments will be as follows:—Tuesday—Junior Concert, with Play, “Am Mosgladh Mór;” chairman, Sheriff MacMaster Campbell. Wednesday—Ceilidh, open to members and competitors. Thursday—Concert; chairman, Lt.-Col. A. J. H. MacLean of Ardgour. Friday—Grand Concert; chairman—First House, Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost; Second, His Grace the Duke of Argyll. Prices for the Grand Concert are—Reserved seats, 5/9; unreserved seats, 3/6. Mr. Hugh MacDonald, stationer, Oban, has charge of the bookings.

\* \* \* \*

The holiday months are now over, and townspeople are asked to concentrate on the Great Feil. A sharp campaign will be started immediately the Mod is over, and friends in the homeland are urged to spare no effort at the commencement of the winter session to organise all kinds of money-making efforts. Mrs. Gardyne of Glenforsa held a sale of work on behalf of the Feil at Salen, Mull, on 27th August. Miss E. K. Alexander, Bridge of Allan, is co-convenor with Mrs. de Glehn for the Island of Barra.

NIALL.

### HIGHLAND GAMES AND THE LIFE OF THE HIGHLANDER.

By JOHN L. KINLOCH, M.A.

Greek Culture and Celtic Culture have much in common; both owe their greatness to their humanism. Both base their life on a robust manhood in intimate touch with Nature. Ancient Greece had a larger literature, but the Celtic Culture-impulse is still a life force in our blood to-day, only awaiting development, and capable of giving the fire of inspiration to our youth. That is sufficient justification for teaching Gaelic in our schools rather than Greek, and even more for bringing Gaelic culture into the lives of our school children.

Olympic and other “Games” were a vital element in the Greek civilisation; and, in the past at least, the Gatherings, or “Games,” must have played a very important part in Celtic race life. For the revival of the Gaelic spirit, Games might be made a great factor. They have all the appeal of the picturesque. From aristocratic Braemar with its Royal presence, to popular Cowal, with its thousand pipers, they draw many thousands of spectators from all classes. If all this interest could be turned into work for the Gaelic race, which has produced these picturesque games, then An Comunn Gaidhealach need have no further anxiety. Yet, I am sure, most readers of

"An Gaidheal," who attend those games must have left them, as I always do, with a feeling of profound disappointment. The form is Gaelic, but the spirit is not there. It is so different from a Mod; there one always feels an uplift and an inspiration, a new enthusiasm for things Gaelic, and a desire to know more of its language, its literature, and its music. Yet that music and that poetry could never have been, but for the life which those Games represent. The wail of the pipes is in the lament; the spirit of the reel is in the song; the impulse of clean, healthy manhood and womanhood is in the love lilt; and the oneness with Nature, impressing itself into their everyday habits, is in their poetry. Their dress itself is an inspiration to romantic expression. An enemy, Lieutenant Cleland, once satirised his bare-legged captives thus:—

"Their head, their neck, their legs, their thighs  
Are influenced by the skies.

Without a clout to interrupt them,  
They need not strip them when they whip them,  
Nor loose their doublet when they're hanged."

(*The Scottish Highlands*: JOHN S. KELTIE)

As so often has happened, more enlightened thought has turned the ridicule on the satirist, and his lines become a tribute to the men he despises. For these first two lines show that these simple soldiers lived under the great poetic impulses which Wordsworth taught the world to reverence in this song:—

"Come forth and feel the sun.

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth,  
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of reason;  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season."

These men had drunk at every pore the spirit of the spring and the summer season, and the rain, and the mist, and the snow-men of the love lilt, and the children of tempest:— Their head, their neck, their legs, their thighs, their whole beings were influenced by the skies.

This garb, which seemed so barbarous to the southerner, was one of deliberate and sound choice. Captain Burt reported in 1721 that he had seen men, whose only garment was a scanty kilt, scarce reaching to the middle of the thighs, with the ends drawn over the shoulders, sleeping in deep snow till the heat of their bodies melted a space. Not poverty, but a tremendous pride in physical endurance

made them live thus, for they had refused proffered tents. That is the testimony of an enemy. From infancy they had been allowed to wear nothing that would hamper their limbs, and they had been taught to regard their bodies as pure and honourable—taught by habits more thoroughly than by precepts. Marvellous men physically! and with what a capacity for "feeling," in the Wordsworthian sense, "Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health!"

Modern medical research and the study of radiology have proved the instinct of these men right in their exposure of limbs to sun and air, and lads whom I have persuaded to follow mildly their example, have soon added inches to their height, pounds to their weight and energy to their habits. "They were generally tall swinging fellows," admitted another enemy of the Highlanders before the '45; while an admirer wrote, "Nature never fails to act her part bountifully with them; perhaps there is no part of the habitable globe where so few bodily imperfections are to be seen."

The Gaelic movement depends for its success as much on a revival of its life and spirit as on its literature, and the Games are a means of getting at its life. The reel, the caber, the pipes, the kilt, the robust physique of the mountaineer and the fisher are all inextricably interwoven with its literature, its language, and its song.

But before the Games can be any real use to An Comunn Gaidhealach, a new spirit will have to be infused into them. They are fancy-dress shows for the entertainment of visitors. They are notoriously the rendezvous of "pot-hunters," and barely touch the lives of the districts in which they are held. Look at those dancers. They are girls dancing a lad's dance, and dressed in a travesty of the boy's clothes. These dances are the most exacting and vigorous of all folk dances, and only to be enjoyed by youth glorying in its strength. These girls dance with marvellous precision and grace, but the physical joy is not there, the spirit of abandon, combined with perfect control of limb, which makes the Highland dance almost unique, is lacking. They are well-drilled pupils working assiduously for the cup which they covet. They have no conception of interpreting Celtic art, or of making it a living and inspiring force. Among these confident girls are a few depressed looking boys. It is a warm summer day in the open field, but they are in full evening dress, looking the most uncomfortable and over-dressed boys on the

field, for their kilt suit is usually worn on top of their ordinary clothing. With unconscious irony, too, no boy is considered now to have correct Highland dress unless his neck is encased in an Eton collar. In which Highland county is Eton? Yet only a generation ago the schoolboys in many a Highland village, on such a summer day, barefooted, barheaded, would have thought shame even to have buttoned their shirt which, with a scanty kilt, was the only garment permitted by a tradition as rigid as the laws which regulated the single garment of the Spartan youth. To those village boys physical hardihood had been taught as a first principle of life, and freedom of throat and limb was a prized heritage of their race.

I have dealt at length with the dance and dress, for there it is easier to illustrate my meaning; but it is the same with all the events. The games had their origin in the impulse to physical health in the everyday life of the people. Everything that came to hand was instinctively used to develop strength and agility. The stone, the hammer, the fallen tree-trunk, the speed of the deer in running, the gully or the dyke to be jumped, the fence to be vaulted. Centuries ago they anticipated in their lives and habits the modern Swedish discovery that gymnastics should be used for the development of man, and not man used to display his strength in gymnastics. The games were made for man, not man for the games. In education and culture, as in religion, it is the attitude and not the form that counts. The form of the Games remains, but the spirit which should bring health to the community is hardly felt. Competition is the compelling interest of the spectators; the prize, the driving force of the competitors. The games are degraded to the level of a show, and, without an awakening of spirit, could not bring about a Gaelic revival. They come like a circus to a district; they are interesting; they are spectacular, but they do not touch the lives of the people.

Fortunately for the world, if the Gaelic race has lost its old sense of the importance of physical development and the honour of the human body, the Scout movement has caught something of its spirit. It is a sad comment on the work of An Comunn among boys that although it has had for thirty years at least "the encouragement of the Highland dress" as one of its objects, hardly a kilted schoolboy is to be seen in the Highlands, but two thousand Scouts would proudly wear the kilt at Wembley. The Scottish Scout jamboree is the lineal

descendant of the old Highland Games, and the Scout movement is restoring to its members something of the life of the Gael. At the jamboree is the music of the pipes, the joyous spirit of the reel, the folk song and dance, the Celtic tunes, the love of woodcraft and of open air, the pride of the kilt. But because the Scout movement and not the Highland schools have given them these things, their gratitude and allegiance is to the scouts and not to the race from which they had their origin. Our schools have disparaged the side of Celtic culture which appeals to boys, and these boys now in turn disparage the language and the literature of a race they have never been taught to understand. Hundreds of scouts will trek through Britain and across the Continent every summer, clad only in shirt and kilt, the simple garment of their schoolboy forebears, and find it an honoured and admired garb. Not one of these boys would so attend his school, for he has never associated Celtic culture with his school. An Comunn, like the schools, tries to teach culture through books; the scouts teach culture through life. There is the truer method of education. The Scout Council has made the kilt the regulation dress for Scottish Scouts, and among the older boys, at least, it is now almost universal. If An Comunn saw to it that Highland Authorities and Highland teachers regarded the kilt as the regulation dress of all Highland schoolboys, and encouraged its regular wear, there would at once be fostered a new enthusiasm, a race consciousness, which would secure the desire for Gaelic language and literature. This is not a silly dream of a man with a "bee in his bonnet." The Scout movement considered this thing worth while, and the Scout movement is too big to be lightly ridiculed. The Scouts have done it, and what the scouts have done, surely our schools could do. Three thousand kilted school boys in our leading Highland towns would show the world more convincingly than anything else could do that the Celtic culture is alive. Gaelic then becomes in the eyes of these boys the living language of a live people. Language and literature are the vehicles of the middle-aged and the old, Life is the vehicle for the young. Gaelic life with its picturesque garb and its romantic traditions makes a peculiar appeal to the young. If in conjunction with a Mod, An Comunn could run Highland Games for the young, with the spirit of the Scout Jamboree and the inspiration of the Mod, then, I feel sure, we would capture the imaginations and the hearts of our young people and bring a new hopefulness into our movement.

## DOMHNULL NAN TRI LAMH.

## THREE-HANDED DONALD.

Bha Rìgh Eireann ann, is rugadh mac dha, is bha tri làmhan air a' mhac; is rugadh nighean da [Màiri],<sup>1</sup> is bha i 'na boirionnach bòidheach, is bha i 'tighinn air a h-adhart gu math.

Agus gu de [ach] a chaidh an Rìgh a mach latha, is fhuair e leanabh nighinn air a fàgail anns a' *chlose* aige fhéin. Is thug e dhachaidh an leanabh, 's cuirear air altrumas i, [s thug e Silc nar ainm oirre],<sup>1</sup> agus, an uair a dh'fhàs i mór, chan aithnich-eadh e, is seach a nighean fhéin, mur an aithnicheadh e air a cuid aodaich i.

Agus thàinig aois pòsaidh d'a nighinn fhéin, is dh'fhàs Dòmhnall nan Tri Làmh 'na bheist mhòir, làidir, is cha robh a chridhe aig gin tighinn a dh'iarraidh a pheathar, ach duine a chumadh cath ris-san. Ghlacadh e tri airm anns na tri làmhan, is bha e 'marbhadh a h-uile duine a bha 'tighinn.

Dh'fhalbh e o'n teaghlach, is cha robh fios c'àite an deach e.

Gu de a rinn mac bantraich a bha anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, ach togail a thoirt air a dh'iarraidh nighean Rìgh Eireann [r] 'a pòsadh.

"Gu de," ars a-mhàthair, "an gnothuch a tha agad dol ann, 's gu'm marbh Dòmhnall nan Tri Làmh thu?"

Dh'fhalbh e, is ràinig e Eirinn.

Bha e 'na dhuine breagh, is chan fhacas duine an Eirinn a b'eireachdaile na e.

Thàinig Rìgh Eireann a mach, is thug e a stigh e, is dh'fhaighnich e dheth ceann a thuruis, is thuir esan ris, gu'n d'fhàinig e a dh'iarraidh a nighinne.

"Gheabh thu sin," ars an Rìgh.

"Thoir domh air làmh i," ars esan.

Dh'fhalbh e, is thug e da air làmh i, agus gu de an té a thug e dha, ach [Sìle] an té a fhuair e anns a' *chlose*,<sup>2</sup> is cha leigeadh an nàire do'n Rìgh a thoirt uaidh, o'n is e fhéin a rinn e.—Phòs iad, is thàinig iad dachaidh gu ruig a' Ghàidhealtachd.

An uair a bha na boirionnach a' dealachadh ri 'chéile—"Tha mi' cur de gheasaibh ort, gu'n tig thu dha m'fhaicinn an ceann bliadhna," arsa [Màiri], Nighean an Rìgh.

Dh'fhàs i [Sìle] trom, agus an ceann tri ràithean, rug i leanabh-mic. Ann an ceann

There was [once] a King of Erin. And a son was born to him who had three hands. A daughter [Mary]<sup>1</sup> was also born to him; she was a beautiful creature, and she was coming on famously.

Now, what should happen, but that the King should go out one day, and find a girl-child that had been left in his own *close* [or alley or court]. He took the child home, and put her to nurse [and gave her the name of Sheila]<sup>1</sup>, and when she had grown big, he could not distinguish her from his own daughter, except it were by her clothes.

And his own daughter came of age to marry, and Three-handed Donald was changed into a monster, great and strong, and none dared to come and ask his sister [in marriage], unless able to hold battle against him. He used to wield three weapons in his three hands, and he killed every one who came.

He left the family, and there was no knowing whither he had gone.

Well, there was a Widow's Son in the Highlands, and what should he do but bestir himself to go and seek the King of Erin's daughter in marriage.

"What," said the lad's mother, "what concern is it of thine to go there, seeing that Donald of the Three Hands will kill thee?"

But he went off, and arrived in Erin.

He was a fine braw fellow; and a handsomer man than he had never been seen in Erin.

Out came the King of Erin, and took him indoors. He enquired of him the object of his journey, and he replied that he had come to seek his daughter.

"Thou shalt have her (*lit.* that)," said the King.

"Give her to me by the hand," quoth he.

The King bestirred himself, and gave her to him by the hand; and, which one should he give him, but [Sheila] the one he had found in the *close*.<sup>2</sup> [Afterwards] shame would not allow the King to take her away from him, because he himself had done the thing. Well, they married, and came home to the Highlands.

When the women were parting from each other—"I am laying charms [or spells] upon thee, to come and see me at the end of a year," said [Mary] the King's daughter.

She [Sheila] became heavy [with child], and at the end of three-quarters of a year,

<sup>1</sup> I have given the two girls Christian names, in order to distinguish them, and make the story clearer.

<sup>2</sup> Whether the King does this in error, or on purpose, is not clear.

na bliadhna, chaidh i gu bròn 's gu leann-dubb.

Dh'fhaighnich esan [Mac na Bantraich] gu de an rud a bha oirre, is cha robh i deònach innseadh, air eagal gu'n tàinig Dòmhnall nan Tri Làmh gu tigh. B'eudar di innseadh, gu'n do gheall i dol a dh'amharc na té eile, [Màiri, a dh'fhàg iad an Eirinn].

Dh'irich esan 'na charbad,<sup>3</sup> 's thug e leis a bhean 's an leanabh.

Chuir e a chlaidheamh  
Geur, lannach, diasadach,  
Glog-ghaorrach,<sup>4</sup> sàbhailte, so-bhuailte  
Air a [sh]léisid].  
Mharbhadh e naoidh naoinear air 'ais,  
'S naoidh naoinear air 'adhart leis,  
'S ghlacadh e 'san làimh cheudna  
A rithisd e.

Dh'fhalbh e an so, agus ràinig e Eirinn, is cha robh Dòmhnall nan Tri Làmh aig an tigh. Bha [Màiri], Nighean an Rìgh, air a goid, 's cha robh fios air an t-saoghal gu de'n taobh a ghabh, no's<sup>5</sup> tàinig i.

Dh'fhalbh e fhéin, a bhean [Sìle], 's a leanabh, agus ghabh iad an turus, [a dh'iarraidh Màiri].

Bha e 'falbh gus an robh  
Neòil dhubha, dhorchra na h-oidhche 'tighinn,  
'S neòil sheudaidh, sheimhidh an latha  
'Ga fhàgail, a' falbh.

Gu de a dh'fhairich e ach duine breagh air chulaobh a' charbaid aige, agus thug e stad air a' charbad, is thog e uinneag, is cò bha an so ach Dòmhnall nan Tri Làmh.

"Chan'eil eagal agamsa romhad," arsa Mac na Bantraich, "ach an làmh sin air t'uchd, ceangail sios air do chorp i, agus oibrich le do dhà làimh, is oibreachaidh mise riut."

(*Ri leantainn.*)

she bore a male child. At the end of the year, she gave way to grief and melancholy.

He [the Widow's Son] asked her what was troubling her, but she was not willing to tell, for fear that Three-handed Donald might have returned home. [However] she had to tell that she had promised to go and see the other woman, [Mary, whom they had left in Erin].

He mounted his chariot, and took his wife and the child with him.

He girt his sword  
Sharp, gleaming, and leaf-shaped,  
Deadly-gashing,<sup>4</sup> trusty, and easily-wielded  
Upon his thigh.  
He could kill nine times nine behind him,  
And nine times nine before him with the sword,  
And he could catch it again  
In the same hand.

So he set out, and came to Erin, but Three-handed Donald was not at home. But [Mary], the King's daughter, had been stolen, and in all the world there was no knowing which direction she had taken, or whither she had gone.

He, his wife [Sheila], and his child, departed, and set out on their travels [to search for Mary].

He was travelling until  
The clouds of night, black and dark, were coming up,  
And the clouds of day, jewelled and tranquil,  
Were leaving him, and going away.

What should he now perceive at the back of his chariot but a handsome man. He brought the chariot to a standstill, and lifted the window, and who should it be but Three-handed Donald.

"I fear thee not," said the Widow's Son, "but as to that arm [it. hand] that grows upon thy breast, bind it down upon thy body, and make play with thy two hands, and I will fall to with thee."

(*To be continued.*)

<sup>3</sup> In MS., "Mhuntaig esan 'na choidse," he mounted into his coach.

<sup>4</sup> Glog-ghaorrach, the quality of making wide and therefore fatal, gashes. Presumably, the hero used to throw the weapon referred to in the latter half of the run, and as he would scarcely have done so with a sword, the conclusion is that the latter half of the run refers to some other weapon mentioned in some intervening lines, now lost. The *catena* of the classical writers was "a club-shaped weapon of the Celts and Germans, which was said to return to the thrower when discharged at the enemy." See R. C. MacLagan, *The Games and Diversions of Argyleshire*, p. 21. On some Gaulish coins, a horseman is seen throwing a lasso, to which a hammer-shaped missile is attached. This might explain the hero's ability to catch it again in his hand. See C. I. Elton, *Origins of English History*, p. 113. Cf. the Australian boomerang, a model of which I possess; when thrown, it returns to the thrower. In Islay's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, III., No. 84, a hero kills nine nines before him and nine nines behind him with a sword, but there is no suggestion of throwing it. In *An Gàidheal*, 1876, V., 262, a hero performs the same feat with a shield, and it is there said that he catches it again in the "same" hand. Heroes in several tales possess more than one shield, and it is to be supposed that one of these was used as a missile, or else that "shield" stands for a missile, the actual name for which has been lost.

<sup>5</sup> No's tàinig i: So in MS.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

Am Bard: Orain, Sgrìobhadhean agus Litrichean Bard Thurnaig (Alasdair Camshron), air an Deasachadh agus air an cur a mach le Iain Macalasdair Moffatt-Pender: Dun-Eideann, U.M. Urchadainn agus a Mhac. Prìs 10/- net, 232 pp.

The fame of the Bard of Turnaig has already prepared the way for this acceptable volume. Every Scottish Gael, who knows modern Gaelic poetry, is familiar with the name of "Bard Thurnaig," whose songs have been well known for a whole generation. It is now many years since we heard the song in praise of Turnaig, of which the following verse provides a specimen:—

Turnaig aobhinn, Turnaig àgh  
Turnaig shaoibhir, Turnaig làn  
Turnaig bheairteach, 's paitte bàrr,  
Turnaig ghàitheach, ghrànach, throm.

Do not imagine, friendly reader, that the frequent recurrence of the beloved name is due to lack of words or of poetic art! On the contrary, Cameron is one of those Gaelic poets who combine great command of language with a sure artistic technique. In this respect we have always been inclined to put Cameron and Campbell of Ledaig in a class by themselves, as having an innate sense of form and a happy secret of casting a poetic charm over places or events. Behind the structure of the verse there is the richly gifted mind, the seeing soul, and that surely is the main thing in poetry.

Like many a "mute inglorious Milton," whose genius was never made known, Cameron is also one of those who never sought publicity; and Mr. Moffatt-Pender has done the Gaelic cause a great service in bringing the works of the Bard before the public. It will be evident now to all Gaels who love Gaelic poetry, that the racial heritage is not yet played out, but that the spirit of our fathers is alive, producing true poetry even in the twentieth century. This book also contains prose writings by Cameron. These are marked by the traditional style, and are moulded on the Gaelic models, uninfluenced, so far as we can judge, by English literary form. The volume is illustrated with some excellent drawings. The book should be a welcome addition to the Gaelic library of every lover of Gaelic books.

Dain Spioradail: Gaelic Spiritual Hymns, by Peter Grant, edited by Hector Macdougall. 167 pp., 3/6 net. Maclaren & Sons, Glasgow.

The present edition is a carefully edited reprint of Peter Grant's Hymns by Hector Macdougall. This is the twenty-third edition, a fact which proves that Grant's poems must have been popular ever since their first appearance in 1809. They have occupied a distinct place in the religious life of the Highlands. Grant was a preacher. He could state certain evangelical doctrines in poetic language. The hymns were particularly valued by those who came under religious impressions. On this account the works of Peter Grant have a striking history apart from their literary value. As a poet or artist, Grant must not be classed with Alexander Macdonald, Duncan Bàn or Rob Donn. And yet to thousands of Gaelic readers in the past century, his name was a household word, and his hymns a source of guidance and consolation. Grant made a rich contribution to Gaelic literature, if literature be defined as a help to earnest thought

and practical life and duty. In its new garb the book should take a new lease of popularity. Paper and printing are excellent, and the price is very reasonable. There is a biographical chapter by Annie Grant Robinson, and J. A. Grant Robinson, descendants of the author.

Cùisir a' Mhòid, II.; The Mod Collection of Gaelic Part Songs, 1913-1925. Published for An Comunn by Alex. Maclaren & Sons, Glasgow. In both notations, 1/6 net.

This collection of thirty part-songs and four Psalm tunes, brings under one conspectus the songs that have been sung and popularised at Gaelic Meòs for the past twelve years. It is a very great advantage to have at hand so many excellent things in one volume. In a brief review it is impossible to notice the music of each song in particular. We can merely state that the harmonisers are musicians of standing, and that the various pieces have been successfully rendered by choirs, and enjoyed by the Gaelic public. The individual pieces have all been duly tested; and this fresh grouping of the scattered published sheets of the past ten or twelve years is a fine service which the publishers have rendered to the musical public. The book is in two forms, one in staff and another in sol-fa. This, too, is an important feature, making the volume equally suitable for all, according to their favourite notation.

"Over the Sea to Skye." By Alasdair Alpin Macgregor, M.A. 352 + XXIV. pp. Price, 7/6 net. Published by Chambers.

We had just paid a visit to Skye, and driven past the foot of the Coolins before reading this volume for review; and having so recently seen and felt the grandeur and the gloom of Skye, we realised all the better the remarkable word-pictures the author has drawn. A graphic style is a leading feature of the book. As Mr. Ramsay Macdonald says in his foreword to the volume: "The magic of Highland story of ghost or fairy, battle or adventure, chivalry or pillage is not in the tale itself, but in the way it is told." There is no doubt the author has the art of investing the sublime scenery of Skye with the glamour of native romance. Not a glen or a corrie but has its own lore, and Mr. Macgregor has faithfully recorded the traditions as we used to hear many of them long ago round the peat fire in Skye. The description of scenery is powerful and accurate; the historical and literary references are stated just as simply as the author found them; and the result has an appeal to the imagination and the emotions, like a well-played pibroch, or a fine Gaelic song. Now we conceive this to be the distinctive literary flavour which a skilful writer is able to impart to his material. The facts are there, and the mystic quality is there too. On this account we congratulate the author; and we also congratulate the visitor to Skye, who is now able to secure such a *vade-mecum* as this for his journey. The volume is illustrated with forty beautiful photographs. The tourist who desires to pass a few days in Skye could not possibly choose a better companion than this volume; while to the Skye man in the city or across the seas, the book will form a refreshing link with the hills of home. If the reader has not felt the lure of Skye, let him read this new book, and he too will feel the fascination which held even Dr. Johnston, who confesses to have said farewell to Skye "with some heaviness of heart."







