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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—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

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An Dàmhar, 1923.

[Earrann 1

COINNEAMH NA COMH- CHOMHAIRLE.

Mu dheireadh a' mhìos a chaidh, mar is eòl do 'n mhòrchuid de ar luchd leughaidh, bha coinneamh air a cumail an Inbhirnis airson comh-chomhairle mu theagasg na Gàidhlig anns na sgoiltean Gàidhealach. Bha a' choinneamh sònruichte, oir cha do thachair riamh roimhe comh-chruinneachadh de 'n cheart ghnè, gu bhì a' sgrùdadh cor na Gàidhlig airson coimheangal ri fòghlum na h-òigridh. Bha a' choinneamh mar an ceudna cudthromach, oir thug i am follais iomadh coire agus laigse anns a' mhòd theagaisg a tha dearmad ionnsachadh na càinain. Thugadh fainear cìod e cho lethsgodach is a ta am modh-oilein sin a bha luchd-fòghlum a' leantuinn aig a' robh làmhartas air fòghlum am measg na h-òigridh Ghàidhealach. Cha d'rinn iad riamh feum de 'n chaint air a bheil a' leanabh eòlach air dha dol air tùs do 'n sgoil. Dh'fhaodadh tìr nàdurra fhéin innse dhaibh nach robh ann a leithid sin de dhearmad ach an dearg bhuanasdaireachd. Tha sinn cinnteach gu robh cuid na leughas na faicil so, air an cumail air an ais aig tùs an sgoilearachd, a chionn nach tuigeadh iad a bheag de na theireadh am maighstir sgoile ann am Beurla. Agus chan e sin, a mhàin; ach tha dearbh fhios againn gu robh cuid de chloinn air an smachdachadh gu goirt na 'n abradh iad lideadh Gàidhlig ré am na sgoile.

Tha so a' nochdadh cìod e cho leibideach is a bha ar caint ann am breithneachadh na muinntir ris an do dh'earbhadh stiùireadh an fhòghlum. Bha a' bharail shuarach ud

cumanta gu leòr am measg luchd sgrìobhaidh Sasunnach riamh o bhuanach Alba a saorsa. Nach do chòmhdaich Ard Chomhairle an Rìgh, anns a' bhliadhna 1616, gum b' i a' Ghàidhlig "one of the chief and principall causes of barbaritie and inciviltie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Hylandis!" Fada an déidh sin, nach do chruadaich an t-Ollamh Mac Iain fhacal gu h-aineolach, nach robh rola làmh-sgrìobhta os cionn ceud bliadhna de dh'aois anns a' Ghàidhlig! An robh e 'n a iongnadh ged ghlèidheadh muinntir bu lugha suspain na an t-Ollamh Mac Iain ann beachd tàireil sin air ar caint? Feadh na naodhamh linn deug mhair luchd stiùiridh an fhòghlum fo an mhearachd cheudna. Bha an stùealan gu tur air an dalladh le claon-bhreith. Tha mòran Ghall, maille ri cuid de Ghàidheil nach araidh air an ainm, a' làn chreidsinn, eadhon gus an là an diugh, gu robh is gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig 'n a bacadh do 'n Ghàidheal; agus gu bheil i mar uallach trom ceangailte ris 'g a chumail air ais o shoirbheachadh ann a chrannrach saoghalta. Cha robh mearachd riamh cho faoin is baoth ris a' bheachd so. Agus is e sin am beachd o an d'èirich an t-anacothrom a fhuair a' Ghàidhlig, gu h-àraidh o chionn leth cheud bliadhna.

Chan eil e a chum buanachd a bhì a' cuimhneachadh gach tàmailt a dh'fhuiling ar caint o laimh choigreach. Is aobhar taingealachd gu bheil ar muinntir féin a' nosgladh mu dheireadh a chum gu faigh i cothrom éirigh. Thugadh òraidean fa chomhair na cuideachda mu chor na Gàidhlig an càrnaibh iomallach, agus mar an ceudna an cuid de na bailtibh móra, far an tuinich mltean de na Gàidheil. Mar a

dhearcas an léigh gu mineadach air éucail an duine thinn a chum an locshlaint fhreagarach a chleachdadh, is ann mar sin a bheirear gu follais le sgrùdadh eagnaigh na h-ionnadan anns a bheil a' Ghàidhlig a' fannachadh, agus a dh'fhògluimear gach dearmad a dh'fheumas leasachadh. Mhòthaich cuid de'n luchd-labhairt gu bheil call mòr ag éiridh o mhl-chùram phàrantan nach eil a' teagasg na cànan do an cloinn. Eadhon an teas-meadhon na Gàidhealtachd tha cuid de phàrantan a chleachdas a' chasinnt mhàtharail eatorra féin gu coit-chionn, ach nach do rinn oidhearp riamh air a teagasg do an teaghlaichean. Far a bheil a leithid sin a' tachairt is e an cheud riatanas gu'n tarraingear aire nam pàrantan, agus gu'n dearbhar dhaibh eiod e an dochum a tha iad ag aobhrachadh. Chan eil cainnt sam bith cho measail aig leanabh ris a' chasinnt a labhras e òg. "Is e an t-ionnsuchadh òg an t-ionnsuchadh bòidheach," agus tha sin fathast fìor mu thogail na Gàidhlig leis a' chloinn.

Anns a' cheud dol a mach tha e gu sònruichte iomchuidh gu'n toirear misneach do'n òigridh gu bhi a' fòghlum na Gàidhlig aig an dachaidhean. Agus an déidh sin thig iad fo stiùireadh is fo bhrosnachadh a' mhaighstir sgoile. Chaidh a nochdadh gu soilleir aig a' choinneamh gu bheil luchd-teagasg na Gàidhlig tuilleadh is gann. Tha mòran de'n luchd-teagaisg a chaidh a bhreith is àrach anns a' Ghàidhealtach a' sìreadh mu dheas gu raoin na Beurla. Car son nach biodh luach-saothrach na dreuchd so cho math anns a' Ghàidhealtachd ri àite sam bith eile? Ach tha e air a chantuinn le feadhainn aig a bheil deagh fhios, gu bheil mòran de na maighstirean sgoile Gàidhlig eucomasach air an cuid Gàidhlig a' theagasg gu snasail, eagnaigh. Ma tha sin fìor, is e an dara riatanas gu'n cleachd an Ard Uachdaranachd meadhonan a chum a bhi ag eideachadh nam maighstirean sgoile. Chan fhaod a bhi nach cunntar a' Ghàidhlig co-ionnan ri cuspairean eile a tha air clàr-eagair an fhògluim. Tha i luach-mhor airson dà aobhar mar chuspair oilein. Tha i luach-mhor airson grinneas a litreachais, ged nach eil e tomadach; agus mar an ceudna airson a beartais is a h-èifeachd mar inneal bruidhne. Tha na leabraichean sgoile air an ullachadh; tha lagh na rìoghachd daingnichte as leth na Gàidhlig; agus is e nis am prionn iarratus gu'n uidheamaichear luchd-teagaisg a threòraicheas an òigridh ann am fòghlum an cainnt mhàtharail.

SGEUL FIOR.

BY REV. D. W. MACKENZIE.

Bha Niall MacLeòid na mhac a dh'fhaodadh màthair air bith uail a bhi oirre air a shon, agus bu bheag an t-iognadh ged 'theireadh muinntir a' ghlinne gu'm bitheadh Niall lath'-éigin na mhinistear ainmeil. Bha e cheana bliadhna ann an Oilthigh Dhùn-éideann. Bu ghille sgariteil e, timchioll air dà-bhladhna-thar-fhichead a dh'aois. Bha e àrd, lonta, e clàr-aodainn ceithir-chearnach os cionn dà shùil a bha cho dubh ri gual ceardaich, anns an robh soilleir iongantach an uair a rachadh a chur thuige. Bha 'fhalt dubh, ach bha aghaidh car geal, agus beagan de fheusaig dhonn air a liop uachdraich. Bu ghille sgoinneil gun teagamh e. Na ghnè bha e socrach, ciùin, ach bha seasmhachd, duinealas, agus dìongmhaltachd r'a fhaicinn na ghnòis. Tha'n cliù so math gu'n teagamh na àite féin, ach tha e mar cheò fo bhuaidh maighdin bhòidheich.

"Nach e'n gaisgeach Niall!" arsa Maireard, màthair a' ghille, ri Iain Mór, a fear, aon latha 's iad a stigh le chèile.

"Tha còir aig na h-uile Gàidheal air a bhi na ghaisgeach," fhreagair Iain Mór air a shocair.

"Eadarainn fhéin a nis," ar's ise, "nach e 'sheallas gasda 's a' chrannaig 'nuair a bhitheas e na mhinistear!"

"A bhean," ar's Iain Mór, "cha deach e inne fhathast."

"Tha thusa mar a bha thu riamh," ar's a' bhean. "Ge be gu de their mise bithidh tusa an aghaidh. Ach cluin mise, 'dhuine; tha Niall 's an Oilthigh, agus an sin bithidh e agus am faic mis' e 'n Eaglais a' Ghlinne. Sin agad sin!"

"Tha eagal orm!" ar's Iain. "Am beil thu idir a faicinn cho déidheil 's a tha e air a bhi 'shuas aig an tigh-mhór 'o n' thàinig e dhachaidh? Agus nach fhaic thu mar 'tha Màir, nighean Fhir-a'-bhaile, cho tric còmhla ris? A bhean, is seann loach mise 'chunnaic rud no dhà na m'latha. Ma's nighean a bhitheas ann do Niall, an crann-treabhaidh dha mar an ceudna, ach ma's ionnsachadh bitheadh e mar sin. So am fear a chl' gu'm feum an aon chuid no chuid eile tachairt!"

"Mis' an diugh!" ghlaodh Maireard, "gu dé th'air t-àire, a dhùine? Cha do smaoinich mo leanaibh riamh air a leithid a rud!"

“Trohadh so,” thubhairt Iain Mór, ‘s e breith air ghuailinn air a bhean ‘s ga toirt a null a dh’ionnsaidh na h-uinneig ‘s a’ treòrachadh a h-aire ‘sios gu bruaich na h-aibhne; “faic a nis an dithis aca, Niall is Màiri. Gu dé their thu ri sin?”

Féumar aideachadh gu robh smaointean mìlis aig an òganach so mu’n nìbhaghdin ud o bha iad anns a’ sgoil le chéile. Ach cionnas a dh’innseadh e siod dhi? Nach robh doinhe mhór eatorra? Nach bu nighean i do phrionh Fhear a’ Ghlinne, agus nach robh gach òganach a b’fhach an t-saothair ‘s a’ Ghleann an tòir oirre? Nach robh eadhon Dòmhnall Og, oighre an Dùin, a shiorreadh a làimhe, agus gu dé idir am math dhàsan, mac tuathanaich bhochd, a bhi ‘smaoineachadh oirre. Ach an déigh na h-uile rud, sheinneadh e rann grinn ‘g a’ moladh, mar so:—

“Hó mo Mhàiri laghach,
 ‘S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn,
 Hó mo Mhàiri laghach,
 ‘S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn,
 Hó mo Mhàiri laghach,
 ‘S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn,
 Màiri bhòidheach lurach,
 ‘Rugadh anns na glinn.”

Bha i bòidheach agus mòran an tòir oirre, ach c’uine nach deanadh esan a dhìcheall gu fàirtlicheadh air? “Am fear nach misnich cha bhuanach,” aris esan ris fhéin. Nach robh e ‘nis na fhear fòghlum; agus, ged bu mhac tuathanaich bhochd e, bha fuil dhaoin’-uaisle na chuislean. A suas a dh’ionnsaidh an tigh mhóir rachadh e! Chrìoslaich se e féin cho snasmhor ‘sa b’urrainn da, ‘s ghabh e’n athghoirid troi’n achadh a dh’fhaicinn Màiri agus a chur ‘inntinn an céill di. Air dha faotainn fagus do’n tigh chunnaic e Màiri tighinn na chòmhail, agus cìosan air a gairdean. Ghabh Niall a leithid do dh’eagal an uair chunnaic e i ‘s gun do leum e thairis air a bhalla choiche a bha ri taobh an rathaid dh’aon sinteig. Bhual a chridhe gu luath, ach sheall e oirre troimh tholl anns a’ bhalla. Chunnaic e an sin gu’m b’e an dòigh shnasail a choisicheadh i an nì bu bhòidheche timcheall oirre. An sin ruith e na dhà lùban air cùl a’ bhalla, is thilg se e féin thairis air dreach fa chomhair Màiri. Bha an dithis an siod aghaidh ri aghaidh, ach smid cha do labhair aon seach aon. Bha Niall a’ cuimhneachadh air an rud ud a bha stùl aige a ràdh rithe an toiseach, ach cha tigeadh na faicail. Air son tiota ruith inntinn uaidhe is dh’fhàg i an siod a na thrughan bochd. Bha e feumail dhàsan nach d’rinn Màiri laghach gnìomh mi-chaoimhneil

riann, air neo dh’fhaodadh i bhi air fhàgail an siod ag amharc glé ghòrach.

“Tha feasgar math ann,” aris ise.

“Tha,” arsa Niall bochd.

“Do bheatha nì dùthaich,” arsa Màiri.

“O,” arsa Niall!

“Tha thu ag ionnsachadh na ministreal-achd,” aris ise.

“Mata gu dearbh chan eil fhios agam fhathast,” aris esan.

“Tha mi dol a thional lusan ‘sios gu bruaich na h-aibhne,” arsa Màiri.

“Tionalaidh mise iad dhuit ma thogras tu,” arsa Niall ‘s a mhìsneach a’ tilleadh.

“An toigh leat fùran?” dh’fheòraich Màiri.

“Is toigh leam,” fhreagair Niall is e ag amharc gu geur air an ròs bòidheach a bha na broilleach.

“An gabh thu e?” dh’fheòraich Màiri, ‘s i fuasgladh an ròis.

Ghabh Niall an ròs gu toileach, agus dreach an uair a bha ise a’ sineadh a mach a làimhe leis an tabhairteas choisich am Prìonh Fhear a suas far an robh iad.

“Is toigh le Niall fùran,” arsa Màiri, “‘s thug mi dha an ròs ud.”

“Seadh, seadh,” aris an duine mór. An sin thionndaidh e ri Niall is thubhairt e.

“Bha thu’n Oilthigh Dhùn-éideann, a bhalaich?”

“Bha,” freagair Niall gu modhail.

“Mata alle,” aris an duine mór, “‘s e mo chomhairle dhuit gun thu ‘bhi ruith nan nighean gus am bi thu ullamh ionnsachaidh, agus an sin math dh’fhaodta gu’m freagradh nighean Chalum Ruaidh ort. Cha sglùrach i, theid mi’n urras.”

Bha soille beag dealrach ann an deireadh sùil Neill an uair a chual’ e so, ach sheall Màiri air le fiamh gàire na sùilean ‘s thug siod air falbh a chorruich.

“Feasgar math leibh,” arsa Niall, ‘s e cur a làimhe na bhoineid.

“Dh’fhàg mi Dòmhnall Og a stigh,” aris a h-athair mi Màiri, “agus ni thu cabhag dhachaidh.”

Chaidh seachd sanhraidh seachad, agus is iomad uair anns an ùine sin a choinnich Niall is Màiri a chéile aig bruaich abhuinn a ghlinne.

“Tional lusan bòidheach, maoth,

Le a rìghinn òig;

Bhiodh na h-eòin air bhàrr nan craobh,

‘S iad ri’n ceilear air gach taobh,

‘N uair a dh’innis e a ghaol,

Do a rìghinn òig.”

Ann am beachd an duine-mhóir, chan fhaodadh neach air bith làmh Màiri

fhaoitainn ach Dòmhnall Og, oighre an Dùin. Shuidhich e a chridhe air an nì so, ach cha do smaoinich Màiri féin riamh air siod.

Bha Niall a nis na fhoghlumaiche tapaidh, ealanta, a' cosnadh clù, onair is glòir ann an Oilthigh Dhùin-éideann. Tha e air a ràdh gu'n obraich duine cruaidh aig aon uair de bheatha air son boireannaich—faodaidh gur i 'mhàthair i, no a leannan, no air uairean a bhean.

Air latha àraid choinnich Màiri air Dòmhnall Og shìos an gleann.

“Tha mi toilichte d'fhacinn, a Mhàiri,” thubhairt e.

Agus an déigh conaltradh beag eatorra, thachair gu'n do chuir oighre 'n Dùin tairgse posaidh fa comhair.

“O, a dhuin-uasail!” ars' ise is a h-anail goirid, “chan e so an t-àm gus a cheist sin a chur rium.”

Cha b'urrainn di a fhreagairt. Bha fhios aice gum bu nì searbh diùltadh, agus cha robh i air son buille ghoirt a thoirt dha. Cha do chuir Dòmhnall Og a cheist tuilleadh rithe. Fhuair e am freagradh a bha sùil aige ris. Bha, aig a cheart àm, eud searbh na chridhe, is bha fios math aige gur e Niall an t-aon neach a bha seasamh na rathad. Theann e am fagus di agus thubhairt e:

“Tha thu air do thoirt a thaobh leis an duine mhosach mhi-clùiteach ud, Niall MacLeòid, a tha 'caitheamh beatha mhibheusach ann an Dùn-éideann. Gabh a nis e ma thogras tu, ach creid mise, gabhaidh tu aithreachas.”

Gun aon fhacal eile dh'fhàg e an siod i. Car tiota sheas i far an robh i, is a ceann na thuainealach. O, ciod a nis a dheanadh i! An robh da-rìreadh eudail a cridhe cho mhibheusach 's a thubhairt Dòmhnall Og? Cha d'fhuair a h-uaisle riamh a leithid de bhulle. Ma'm b'urrainn di sealltainn air taobh eile na cùise, cò chunnaic i a' tighinn na còmhail ach Niall féin. Bha ioghnadh oirre 'm bruidhneadh e rithe. Bhruidhneadh gun teagamh. Duine cho mhi-clùiteach ris, dheanadh e rud air bith. Thog i 'ceann gu h-àrd 's choisich i air a h-aghaidh gu dealbhach, inbheach.

“Tha feasgar àluinn ann,” arsa Niall 'se 'cur a làimhe gu bhoineid.

Ghabh Màiri seachad gun smid a ràdh, gun suim de a bheannachadh. An siod sheas Niall, bodhar, dall, mar gu'm b'eadh, a' fiachainn ri amharc na déidh. Dh'fhàg e an tigh gu innse dhi gu'n d'fhuair e gairm aon-sgeulach o cho-thional mór anns an Taobh Deas gu bhì na mhinistear dhoibh. Bha e làn runaichte an là ud air Màiri iarraidh

mar 'mhnaoi, ach a nis shluig e sìos an dòchas deireannach gu'm faigheadh e i. Nach fhac e Dòmhnall Og a bruidhinn rithe? Agus nach fhac se e a' tarraing dlùth dhi mar gu'm bitheadh e 'toirt pòg dhi? Chunnaic, chunnaic! Bha a chall deanta! Choisich e air aghaidh gu spideil, 's gun nì aige ga fhacinn ach Dòmhnall Og is Màiri a' bruidhinn ri chèile. Fad na sliغه bha e uair ma seach na ghaisgeach is na dhroch dhuine. Chàin se e féin nach robh e uair a thide na bu tràighe aig Màiri. O, nach robh Dòmhnall Og aige air sgòran! Ach a rithist smaoinich e c'ar son nach bitheadh e na ghaisgeach. Mas e is gum bu toigh leò a chèile, c'ume a bhitheadh eud na chridhe-san? Thog e a cheann is chunnaic e gu robh e a' dlùthachadh air an oighre, agus an sin smaoinich e nach robh buaidh nach robh air Dòmhnall Og. Bha gach nì a b'urrainn maighdean a ghràdhachadh ann, shaoil leis, an coimeas ris féin.

Choisich e air aghaidh a rithist, an dara h-uair a' guidhe Dhòmhnall Oig marbh, agus an uair eile a' guidhe dha na h-uile sòlas agus sonas. An sin thug e'n aire gu'n robh an t-oighre a' ruith.

“Tha e faicinn duine éigin an cunnart,” thubhairt Niall ris féin, agus ruith e 'na dhéidh ga chuideachadh.

Labhair a choguis ris an oighre air son nam breugan a labhair e, agus dh'fhàs e cho lag 's nach b'urrainn dha dol na b'fhaide. Stad e is dh'arr e maithneas air Niall air son a nì a rinn e. Ann am prìbe na sùl nochd an fhlirinn fa chomhair intinn Nèill. Rug e gu teann air sgòran Dhòmhnall Oig.

“Aon nì a mhàin a thearnas tu,” ars' esan; “thig leamsa air an uair so, agus aithid do chionta, air neo tachraidh na's miosa dhuit!”

Aig an àm so bha Màiri bhochd na seòmar, a h-aodann paisgte na làmhán, agus i a' sìleadh nan deur gu frasach. Cha b'ann a chionn gu'n do chreid i an rud a thubhairt an t-oighre, ach a chionn gu'n do ghabh i seachad air Niall gun bruidhinn ris. O, gu dé idir a dheanadh i? Ach is beag a bha dh'fhios aice gu dé cho luath 's bha a bròn gu bhì air a thionndadh gu aoibhneas.

* * * * *

Cha robh riamh o sin a leithid a ghàird-eachas anns a' ghleann is a bha ann air banais an Urramaich Niall MacLeòid, Maighstir Ealadhainean, agus Màiri Bhàn, nigean Fhìr a Ghlinne.

Tha an naigheachd bheag so na sgeula fìor nach deach a riamh a chur sìos le peann gu so.

DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

BY AGNES W. WALKER.

Among Gaelic bards—and were a list of them to be compiled, the list would be a very long one—the only one likely, it has been said, to have a permanent pedestal in the great temple of British literature is Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the bi-centenary of whose birth next year will witness. He is certainly one of the sweetest and purest of the Gaelic bards, a writer full of grace and strength, and a true nature-poet.

His birth-place was Druinliaghart, on the borders of the Monadh Dubh, at the head of Glenorchy, one of the most lovely of Highland glens. There, on a March day in 1724, the bard was born. Of his parents, little seems to be known, save that they occupied a very humble position in life, and were very poor. Duncan was, therefore, not one of Fortune's favourites. But it is pleasant to be able to say that the story of his long life—for he died at the age of eighty-eight—if a changeful one, is by no means either a sad or a sordid one. Duncan never went to school. His early years were spent, we are told, in his native glen, engaged in fowling and fishing, of both of which he was very fond. On reaching man's estate, he became gamekeeper to the Earl of Breadalbane, whose service he eventually left to enter that of the Duke of Argyll. In the employment of these noblemen Duncan spent many happy and peaceful years—years which, in one respect at least, may be regarded as being the most important of his life. For it was during those years that many of his finest poems were produced. Like Burns, "Who walked in glory and in joy

Behind his plough, upon the mountain side,"

Duncan's best hours of inspiration were those spent in going about his daily work on the hill and in the corrie. A notable incident in his life was his presence at the battle of Falkirk, fought in January, 1746. Though at heart a Jacobite, Duncan, who at the time of the rising of the Forty-five was living on the lands of Breadalbane, had perforce to join the royal troops as a substitute for a tacksman of the name of Fletcher, who lived in Glenorchy. On joining the army, Duncan was presented by Fletcher with a sword, and this sword, it is said, the bard either lost or threw away during the retreat. In 1793, when his deer-stalking days were over, he joined a volun-

teer regiment, the Breadalbane Fencibles. Six years later the regiment was disbanded, and Duncan, then an old man of seventy-five, entered the City Guard of Edinburgh. This was a corps of Highland veterans, maintained by the magistrates of the city for the purpose of preserving public order. The Guardsmen, whose uniform was a cocked hat and coat-waistcoat and breeches of a dull red colour, were, needless to say, not loved by the citizens, and in more than one of his poems Fergusson mercilessly caricatures them. One of their commanders, it will be remembered, was the Captain Porteous whom an Edinburgh mob hanged on a dyer's pole in the Grassmarket. But this happened long before Duncan joined their ranks. Prior to 1804, two editions of his poems had been published, and these sold so well that in 1806 the bard was able to retire from the City Guard, in which he had served for seven years, and to seek the comfort and ease that his declining years required. Shortly after his retirement he was entertained to a banquet by the Gaels of Edinburgh, who thus sought to pay honour to their gifted fellow-countryman. And an interesting fact in connection with the banquet is that the Provost, who was to have presided, having been unable to be present, the aged bard himself was placed in the chair. The closing years of his life were thus years of tranquil happiness. He died at Edinburgh in 1812, and lies buried in Greyfriars Churchyard, one of the oldest burying-grounds in the city, and one of the most interesting of its many historic spots. His grave lies near the foot of the slope, at the north end of the ground, and is marked by a handsome stone monument, erected, as the inscription upon it says, "by a few admirers of his genius."

It is to the Rev. Donald Macnicol, a native of Glenorchy, that we owe the preservation of Duncan Ban's poems. He it was who committed them to writing, taking them down, we are told, from the bard's recital. For the writing of his poems was a task beyond Duncan's powers. He could, it has been said, write his own name, but this he managed to do only with difficulty. Nor, it may be observed, did he ever have a fair command over English speech. He knew one language only, and that was the Gaelic. But he was born a poet. Moreover, he was a Celt, and doubtless to this fact is due his intense love of Nature, and his close, passionate observation of wild natural beauties. He was ignorant of

letters. His only school, it has been said, was the deer forest in which he spent his boyhood, and his lessons were catching trout and salmon with his fishing-rod, shooting grouse and stalking deer with his gun. But if Nature had much to teach him, he certainly proved himself an apt and willing pupil.

But was the learning he got in Nature's school during those early impressionable years the only mental instruction he then received to fit him for the work which was to be his one day to do? The Céliidh, it should not be forgotten, was, during the eighteenth century, a great institution in the Highlands. The people loved poetry, loved to hear stories of the deeds of their heroes, and they loved music. Thus it was that, round the peat fire in the Highland cottage, there were gathered, night after night, during the long winter months, the tellers of old romantic tales, and the singers of ancient songs. At the Céliidhs held in his native glen Duncan, when a mere boy, was no doubt present, and there, at these happy, social gatherings, the rich stores of Celtic literature were disclosed to him. There he listened to the *Sgeulachdan agus Bàrdachd*, the folk-tales and folk-songs of his race. From admiration to imitation, someone has said, is but a step. And what more natural, as time went on, than that the lad, loving his native poetry as he did, should himself begin to "lisp in numbers." We are, indeed, told that his poetic powers displayed themselves early. It was not till his twenty-second year, however, that he produced anything worthy of note.

Keats has said that if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all. Like every true poet, Duncan sang because he must, gave utterance to what was in him because his heart was too full to be silent. And as he drew at first hand only, from his own experience of life, he has the merit of sincerity, which, as Russell Lowell says, is the chief one in all art. Therefore it is that there is nothing of the artificial in his poetry; it is always natural and true. That he could be satirical as well as vehement when he liked, we know; but he could also be tender and gentle. And in none of his poems is there any touch of cynicism. Nor has he any of the "spirit of the revolutionary." Always humble, wholly without ambition, Duncan, who, like Burns, was "born poor, and born also to continue poor," was not one of those who have a grudge against Fortune's inequalities. Mirrored in his verse, we see

the gentle, unassuming nature of the man, who never sought great things for himself. We learn to honour him for his great poetic gifts, and to love him for his human tenderness.

Of his poems, that which is considered to be his best in his *Praise of Ben Dórain*, a beautiful hill at the head of Glenorchy. The poem is a long one, consisting of five hundred and fifty-five lines; and, adapted to a pipe tune, is, in its plan and construction, like no other poem in the Gaelic language. In a lecture on "Modern Gaelic Bards," delivered at Oxford many years ago, the late Principal Campbell Shairp, himself a poet, said, in speaking of this poem, that the bard dwelt with the "most loving minuteness on all the varied features and the ever-changing aspects of the mountain which he loved, as if it were a living creature and a friend"; and that in no other poem one ever heard of "have all the looks, haunts, habits, and manners of the deer been pictured so accurately and so lovingly." The following lines are from the Principal's beautiful translation of the poem:—

"Honour o'er all bens
On Ben Doran be!
Of all hills the sun kens,
Beautifullest he;
Mountain long and sweeping,
Nooks the red deer keeping,
Light on braesides sleeping;
There I've watched delightedly.
Branchy copses cool,
Woods of sweet grass full,
Deer herds beautiful,
There are dwelling aye.
Oh! blithe to hunting go,
Where white-hipped stag and hind,
Upward in long row,
Snuff the mountain wind.
Jaunty fellows sprightly,
With bright burnished hide,
Dressed in fashion rightly,
Yet all free from pride.

Ah! mighty Ben Doran!
How hard 'twere to tell
How many proud stags
In thy fastnesses dwell.
How many thy slim hinds,
With wee calves attending,
And their white-twinkling tails
Up the balloch ascending,
To where Corrie Chreetar
Its field is extending."

Coire Ceathaich, a corrie in the Maam-lòin, is the subject of another of his poems. This

poem—a very beautiful one, with its minute and vivid description—has been rendered into English by the late Robert Buchanan, the poet. Here are some of his lines:—

“My beauteous corrie! where cattle wander,

My misty corrie! my darling dell,

Mighty, verdant, and covered over

With tender wild flowers of sweetest
smell;

Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,

Soft swell thy hillocks, most green and
deep,

The canach flowing, the darnel growing,

While the deer troop past to the misty
steep.”

It was in his seventy-ninth year, after he had climbed his loved Ben Doran for the last time, that Duncan composed his *Farewell to the Hills*. Full of true feeling, and of genuine poetic vigour and fire, this poem is not only one of his best known, but is also one of his most admired. It, too, has been rendered into English by Buchanan. The following verses are from his translation:—

“Oh, blithely as the bright day gleamed,

I climbed the mountain breast,

And when I to my home returned,

The sun was in the West.

'Twas health and strength, 'twas life and
joy

To wander freely there,

To drink at the fresh mountain stream,

To breathe the mountain air.

Farewell, ye forests of the North hills,

Where the bright daylight gleams;

Farewell, ye grassy dells, farewell,

Ye springs and leaping streams;

Farewell, ye mighty solitudes,

Where once I loved to dwell,

Scenes of my springtime and its joys,

For ever fare ye well.”

But Duncan's muse was a prolific one, and to name his many productions would not be possible here. Besides the poems already named, however, there is one which it would be unpardonable to forget. This is his *Màiri Bhàn Og*, the beautiful song in which he tells how he wooed and won his wife. Of all the efforts of his muse, it is perhaps the most characteristic of his sweet lyrical power. Mairi was the daughter of well-to-do parents, her father having been a baron bailiff and a freeholder. Duncan and she lived near each other; but the fact that he was not of equal rank with her was not encouraging to the young man's hope of being able to win her for his wife, and for

long he despaired. But “faint heart never won fair lady,” and in Duncan's case love was strong and daring. He tells in the poem how he used to stand at his door and watch her as she went about her household work, and how, when at last he ventured to address her, she did not treat him with the disdain he had feared she might treat him with, but was so gentle and kind, that he took courage and grew hopeful. He praises her beauty, but says that what impressed him most was her goodness and her womanliness. They were married, and the flower of his love and hers never faded. It is not too much to say that there is no more beautiful love-story in all literature than that of Duncan Ban and his Mairi Bhàn Og,

“Whose breath was sweet as apples
growing.”

A BOYS' KILT CLUB.

BY JOHN L. KINLOCH, M.A.

With the Autumn comes the glamour of the Highlands, and England is drawn irresistibly to the “land of the kilt and the heather.” To the English schoolboy it is the land of romance, the land of Rob Roy and the Lady of the Lake. How glorious to him this land of ancient heroes—aye, of modern heroes, too, those regiments of war-time whose bronzed limbs and swinging kilts drew the awed admiration of the English villager and the adoration of the ladies of the south. How glorious for him to don a kilt and, with free limbs, scale those purple hills, his blood a-tingle with the mountain breeze upon his skin; or in the gayest of tartans, resplendent with lace, brooch, and buckle, display his manly graces in the dance, as in the days of Prince Charlie. So he resolves to visit Scotland and wear a kilt.

But alas for his dreams! Romance has passed from the life of the Highlander, though not from the Highlands. Scarcely a Highland lad can he see in a kilt, and the kilted visitor receives the respectful admiration of a distinguished stranger, conspicuous where he hoped to be at ease. I have just been through the Highlands, and from Tain to Stirling I have only seen three resident lads of any size wearing the kilt—the kilt, the envy and admiration of the world!

It is the tragedy of the Highlands that they have given to the world what they cannot keep for themselves. The Celt has

brought wealth and prosperity to the Colonies and to foreign lands, but poverty is in his own. The kilt is symbolical of this. Highlanders in all the Colonies love the kilt and seek occasion to wear it. In the Lowlands it is much more common. In the Greenock Academy alone more kilts are to be seen than in all the Highland schools together, and from one boarding school in the south of Scotland a hundred and thirty-five boys were counted passing to church in kilts, making the streets gay with their tartans of many clans.

The glory of the Highlands can never fade; mountain, moor, and loch will cast their spell on man so long as human nature lasts. But our Highland towns are drab, and a hundred and thirty-five kilted boys in the streets of a Highland town would delight the eye of Highlanders and tourists alike, and cast a glory again over the lives of the Highland people. Oban or Inverness, with all the boys in kilts, would be the Highland city of the world's dreams, a city of colour and romance that would draw the heart of the world.

So the Scottish Schoolboys' Kilt Club calls to the Highland boys to take to the kilt again. Our Highland boys would do a great thing for themselves, for the Highlands, and for their country, by proudly wearing the kilt. It is the manliest, healthiest, most picturesque dress ever devised for boys, and with its existence is bound up the spirit of the Highlands. So long as the kilt is worn the Celtic spirit cannot die. To-day, through poverty, emigration, and the depression that has followed the war, the spirit of the Highlands is drooping, but not dead. Like a standard to an army is the kilt to the Celts. Their martial fervour is admitted, but in the constructive patriotism of peace they need awakening. For this there could be no more inspiring sight, nothing that would more readily revitalise the Highlands, than a city of kilted schoolboys in their midst.

Most Highland boys secretly love the kilt, but are shy of showing their feelings, so the Kilt Club has been formed that one might encourage another. There is no further duty imposed on members than the wearing of the kilt on all suitable occasions, and the endeavour to be a credit to the Nation whose garb they wear. Even a subscription is unnecessary. But the effect of a large membership would be far-reaching.

Just as a boy wearing his school colours feels that the honour of his school is in his

keeping, and a scout in uniform would do nothing to disgrace it, so a schoolboy wearing the kilt instinctively lives for the honour of Scotland. For though Celtic in origin, the kilt is now by world repute the national dress of Scotland. The kilt will inspire him with a sense of the debt and duty which, as a schoolboy, he owes to Scotland. The Scottish schoolboy is heir to a great educational tradition, and it is for him to pass on unsullied the reputation for grit, hardihood, independence, and honesty with which the world has credited him. If he fails in this he lowers Scotland's place in the world. The Kilt Club does not add new responsibilities, but helps and encourages him in performing his duty.

A grown youth cannot wear a kilt without being inspired with a sense of citizenship, a peace patriotism that has in it no sense of hate for other lands. It is thus in no sense anti-English. Boys who attend English schools, but spend their holidays in Scotland, are welcome members if they love Scotland and wear the kilt. Such boys would be specially welcome as showing our lads how much the kilt is respected outside Scotland. The social culture of our English schools, combined with the grit and thoroughness of our Scottish education, would produce a "super-boyhood" such as the world has not yet seen. The best of both nations in education is our idea.

I have never met a boy who did not see the desirability of such a movement as I have outlined, but all are modest about their ability to start it. It would certainly take courage in some districts, though we have a number of members in others. If those boys who already wear the kilt, even occasionally, would send their names, whether they be young or old, it would greatly help. It only requires a start. There are plenty of boys eager for a lead if someone of their number would only give it. Those boys who can raise a clan of kilted schoolboys in their town, village, or school will be makers of history. I will be glad also to hear from adults who are interested in such a movement. Names and addresses, with age in the case of boys, should be sent to John L. Kinloch, M.A., Lethington, Kilreggan.

CELTIC HARP TUITION.—Mrs. Begbie, 15 Carlton Street, Edinburgh, or Messrs. Paterson, Ltd., Music Warehouse, Glasgow. At liberty for Recitals with Celtic or Grecian Harp.

THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

AN CAT GLAS.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S MS. Collection.

THE GRAY CAT.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

Chunnaic e a h-uile mìr de'n ùrlar comhdaichte le carrannan dughà.* Chaidh e gu dorus eile. Sheall e a stigh air toll na h-ìuchrach.

Fad's a bu léir dha, bha e 'faicinn ghunnan, is chlaidheamhnan, is aodaichean dhaoin' uaisle. Chaidh e chun doruis eile; is chunnaic e bean usal, òg, àluinn, nach fhaca e riamh na bu bhreagha, is i air a sgèdachadh ann an aodach geal. Bheireadh i treis air caoineadh, is treis eile air cireadh a cinn.

An uair a chunnaic e na trì àitean, agus a thàinig an Cat leis na nitheannan a cheann-àich i, gabh e a bhìadh.—'Is e an dòigh a nì sinn, ma bhitheas sinn a' gabhail bìdh mar so gu ceann seachduinn gus am bi sinn làidir, làmh a thoirt air an Fhuamhair mhór a mharbhadh an uair a bhios e 'na chadal,' thuir an Cat Glas ri Mac an Rìgh.—'Gle mhaith,' arsa Mac an Rìgh.

Lean iad air an obair so gus an do theirg na deich tasdain fhichead. A h-uile latha, an uair a bhiodh an Cat air falbh, bheireadh esan an seòmar an robh a' bhean-usal air; is bhiodh e a' coimhead a steach troimh tholl na glaise gus a tilleadh an Cat.

A h-uile h-oidhche, an uair a thigeadh am Fumhair dhachaidh, bhiodh e cho fiadhaich ris a' Chat, is a' coiteachadh uirre gu'n robh farbhalach a stigh.

Chuir iad rompa, oidhche bha an sin, gu'n cuireadh iad ceann crìche air. Thuit e 'na chadal trom. An uair a chaidil e, chuir an Cat Glas teine mòr air, agus chuir i dà bhior ròsdaidh 'san teine.

Bha srann aig an Fhuamhair a bha 'toirt crìth air an uaimh. An uair a bha na biorain iarunn geal, thog i an leac bhàrr Mac an Rìgh, agus leig i a mach e.

Dh'éirich e, agus thug e fear de na biorain as an teine; is spàrr e troimh uchd an Fhuamhair e. Thug an Cat Glas am bioran eile às, agus am beagan a b'urrainn di fhéin a dheanamh, spàrr i troimh àite eile dheth e.

(R'a leantainn.)

He saw that every part of the floor was covered with black pillar-stones.* Then he went to another door. He looked in through the key-hole.

As far as he could peep [for the smallness of the key-hole] he saw guns and swords, and gentlemen's clothing. He then went to another door; and there he saw a young and lovely lady, than whom he had never seen one more beautiful, and she was dressed in white. For a space she would spend her time weeping, and for another space fall to combing her hair.

When he had inspected the three rooms, and when the Cat had come back with the things she had bought, he took his meal.—“This is the thing we will do. If we continue taking food in this way for a week until we become strong, we will make an attempt at killing the great giant when he is asleep,” said the Gray Cat to the King's Son.—“Very good,” said the King's Son.

They continued to act in this way until the thirty shillings had gone. Every day, when the Cat would be away, he would betake himself to the room in which the lady was; and spend the time in looking through the key-hole until the Cat came back.

Every night, when the Giant came home, he would be very savage to the cat, accusing her, and saying that there was a stranger in the house.

So one night, they determined to put an end to him. He had fallen into a heavy slumber, and when he was sound asleep, the Gray Cat put on a big fire, and put two roasting spits in the fire.

The snores of the Giant were making the cave tremble. When the iron spits were white hot, she lifted the stone slab off the pit, and let the King's Son come out.

He arose, and took one of the spits out of the fire; and thrust it through the Giant's body. The Gray Cat took out the other spit, and little though she was able to do, she managed to thrust it through some other part of him.

(To be continued.)

* *carrachan dubha*, in other places. The translation given here, *black pillar-stones*, is in accordance with other stories, but I cannot guarantee it as correct.

THE INVERNESS CONFERENCE.

On Thursday and Friday, the 30th and 31st of August, a very important two-days' Conference, under the auspices of An Comunn, was held in Inverness. The importance of the Conference consists in the fact that it was perhaps the first gathering of the kind where Directors of Education, members of Authorities, teachers, educationists, and a very considerable number of other educated Highlanders, met to discuss exhaustively the present position and future prospects of Gaelic in Highland schools. In view of the significance of the gathering, and the numerous well-considered views that were expressed by various speakers, we propose to devote a few pages of the present issue to a report of the main features of the occasion.

The chair was occupied by that veteran champion of the Gaelic cause, Mr. William MacKay, LL.D., chairman of the Inverness Education Authority. It was fitting that he should preside, for he has been a tower of strength to the movement from his youth onward. Before proceeding to deliver his own address from the chair, Dr. MacKay called upon Provost Petrie of Inverness to speak. The Provost extended to the Conference a hearty municipal welcome, and thereby associated the interest of the civic authorities with the object with which the Conference was to be occupied. The Provost found at once a personal link with all the professional teachers present by informing them that he once served his apprenticeship as a pupil teacher. He also was not ashamed to mention the very meagre salary with which pupil teachers were encouraged in the "good old days." It was an advantage that the speaker knew at first hand a good deal about the problems that were to be handled. He insisted on the very sound and sensible view that, when the Gaelic child was old enough to benefit by a course of instruction, full use should be made of the language with which that child was already familiar. He welcomed the Conference in the name of the town, and congratulated the meeting on undertaking the investigation of a question which must mean so much for the Highlands. While maintaining the value of Gaelic as an instrument of education for the Highland child, the Provost did not neglect to emphasise the necessity for a good knowledge of English. After all, this was a really essential thing if the young Highlander is to make his way in the world. It was a compliment to the worth of Highland character that the Highlander, as a rule, came out very high wherever he went. He considered that in many outlying parts of the Highlands there was more time given to study than was given in the city, with all its distractions.

In a very illuminating address, Dr. Mackay adopted the historical method. There is no other method so convincing in illustrating the continuity of Gaelic culture, which was the highest form of culture here at the time when the first ray of historic light rises on this land of ours. In regard to the position of Gaelic down to the eve of the Reformation, it was interesting to note that, by the Statute made in 1553 for the introductory classes taught by the Humanists of King's College, Aberdeen, all the students must speak in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or Gaelic, never in the vernacular (Scots or English). In the new educational schemes after the storm of the Reformation there was no place for Gaelic, which, according to an Act by the Privy Council in 1616, was "one of the chief and principall causes of barbaritie and incivillitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Hylandis." Dr.

Mackay referred to the work of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. In 1871 the Gaelic Society of Inverness was founded, and it soon took an active interest in the question of Gaelic in Highland schools. Three years later it passed resolutions bearing that the national system of education in operation in the Highland counties was inadequate, protesting against the Gaelic language being treated with neglect by the Education Authorities, and insisting on the importance of having English taught to Gaelic-speaking children through the medium of their own native language. The outcome was a numerously signed petition to Parliament and an agitation in favour of the intelligent and reasonable use of the language. The Education Department yielded to the extent of allowing pupils to express themselves in Gaelic if they found it difficult to do so in English. That was the first concession made upon the Gaelic question, but it was not found in the Code itself, but in a foot-note. The agitation still continued, and in the Code of 1878 the further concession was made that Gaelic might be taught in school hours every day by a certificated teacher, or by any person certified as qualified. That was the first recognition of Gaelic as a subject to be taught for its own sake and not merely as a medium for teaching English. Dr. Mackay dealt in detail with the various concessions granted by the Department up to "the most valuable step forward" in the Act of 1918, the effect of which is to make the teaching of Gaelic in Gaelic-speaking areas compulsory. Concluding his most interesting address, Dr. Mackay said it was to himself personally gratifying, after fifty-two years' plodding for rational educational methods in the Highlands, that the language of the people had at last been placed on a fairly satisfactory legal basis. It was for the Highland Education Authorities and the Highland teachers, and, above all, for the Gaelic people, to see that the full fruit was now reaped.

Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, said he was sure the first thought that was uppermost in their minds was seeing their esteemed chairman able to take part in those proceedings. Dr. Mackay had lately a spell of ill-health, but they were glad to see that his good Highland constitution and his alert mental vigour had enabled him to pull through, and they hoped he would continue in his present good health for many a long day. He desired to ask them to accord Dr. Mackay a very hearty vote of thanks for his able and convincing address.

The vote of thanks was heartily accorded.

The Chairman, in a sentence, acknowledged the vote of thanks.

A paper, contributed by Mr. James Thomson, M.A., headmaster of Bayble Public School, was, in Mr. Thomson's absence, read by Mr. Shaw. The paper, which dealt with the position of Gaelic in Lewis, stated that the population of Lewis was over 28,000 people, and of these at least 25,000 heard nothing else in the home but the good old language. Outside the town of Stornoway and its immediate suburbs Gaelic was the medium of thought and communication. English was rarely used in conversation except by professional men and those who had been away from the island for a time, and who wished to proclaim the fact. English was, of course, the medium of instruction in the school, except with the very young, but Gaelic was the language of the playground. In Stornoway English was the prevailing language, and was spreading. The use of Gaelic among the young of the town was dying out rapidly, although most of

them still understood it when they heard it spoken. The same process was at work in the neighbouring villages, although here English continued to be subsidiary. There was a growing tendency among the rising generation to use many loan words, principally English words with a tartan dress. The pernicious practice involved the gradual dropping of numerous words and fine expressive phrases, and would eventually, if no attempt was made to combat the disease, produce a jargon which would be neither English nor Gaelic, something very unworthy of their ancestors, and certainly not worth preserving. The most effective cure would be to have Gaelic taught systematically in the school. The purity of Gaelic as spoken in Lewis during the past fifty years owed much to the minister and the Bible, the Sunday school teacher, and those day school teachers who were enthusiastic enough to sacrifice themselves in the interests of a language which received such scant attention from official quarters.

Although five years had passed since the passing of the Gaelic clause, nothing had been done in Lewis to help the position of Gaelic, except that facilities were given to teachers to attend vacation classes in that subject. A good number took advantage of those classes, but many who could have benefited by the instruction stayed away, fully aware that no material gain would accrue from additional qualification of this nature. Notwithstanding this fact, there were few, if any, schools in the island where there was not a teacher capable of imparting instruction in Gaelic, and in more than one of those schools as many as half-a-dozen members of the staff were quite efficient Gaelic instructors. The Education Authority for the county had not, so far, insisted on the teaching of Gaelic in the Lewis schools, but they learned with pleasure that a scheme of work in the subject had been drawn up by a special committee of the Authority. An Comunn Gaidhealach, whose avowed object was the furtherance of the interests of Gaelic, had also done nothing to strengthen the position of Gaelic in Lewis. They were told An Comunn had done noble work elsewhere. Why neglect so important a field as the Lewis? They had, they gratefully admitted, recently put within the reach of teachers an excellent series of school readers, but these were not yet in use in the island, except in the writer's own school and one or two more. Gaelic instruction was given in practically all the 36 Lewis schools, but with one or two exceptions such instruction was confined in the main to the reading of portions of Scripture. The capitation grant given by the Highland Trust had helped materially to secure even this small recognition. With the exceptions referred to, Gaelic was not studied from a literary point of view, and the grammatical aspect received little attention. Indeed, the writer was not aware that a practical scheme of work in Gaelic had yet been submitted for approval to the Department by any of those schools outside the Secondary school except his own.

In the Nicolson Institute, the only Secondary school in Lewis, an opportunity was given to every child whose mother tongue was Gaelic to study the subject throughout the entire Secondary course, and very few failed to take advantage of this privilege. About 160 pupils were studying Gaelic at various stages in this school at the present time. The results of the recent Leaving Certificate Examinations gave an indication of the good work done. There were about thirty passes in Lower Gaelic, and seven passes in Higher Gaelic. Most of those candidates enter the teaching profession, so

there need be no serious shortage of Gaelic teachers if these were induced to pursue the study of the language at the Universities or Training Colleges. While it was absolutely necessary to tackle Gaelic seriously in the schools, and every persuasion used to move the Education Authorities in the matter, and every inducement given to enlist the sympathies of teachers, it was equally important to convince Gaelic-speaking parents of the loss to their children in not giving them an opportunity in the home of acquiring the language, and the gain to the nation in maintaining to the full the Highland element in population, and this could hardly be done if the language was allowed to die. It was in the home that the leakage occurred. Large numbers of Lewis men and women drifted into the cities every year. They settled down there, and the children of those people were not encouraged to use Gaelic in the home. Was it to be wondered at that the number of those who spoke Gaelic was rapidly decreasing? Many parents in Lewis had never learned to appreciate the true value of the legacy handed down to them from the distant past. Many regarded Gaelic more as a hindrance than a help in life's struggle, and they attributed their failure to find the rosy paths of life more to the possession of Gaelic than to the lack of English. Until parents began to take pride in the beautiful language of their ancestors, and regarded it as a sacred duty to give their children the benefit of what had been to themselves a great gift, though frequently unappreciated, until the home became the guardian of this sacred trust, the school, although its portals be open, would not be filled with those who could benefit by instruction in Gaelic.

Rev. Mr. Mackay, Killin, said parents were to blame to a certain extent with regard to lack of interest in Gaelic, but how could they expect the children of those parents to increase their interest in Gaelic if they had not been taught, in the first place, to read the language in school and so become acquainted with the splendid Gaelic literature. His plea was that it was impossible to promote the cause of Gaelic instruction as they would like unless they gave the children the opportunity to read the Gaelic language and enjoy its literature as the children of the Lowlands enjoyed their Burns and Scott.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell said Mr. Thomson had referred to the use of Gaelic readers. They were most excellent books, and were not as much used as they ought to be. Should not the Education Authorities inform the schools that they could requisition those Gaelic books just the same as they requisitioned English school books? The desire to read the Gaelic language would be greatly increased by the use of those delightful Gaelic books.

Dr. Philip, Director of Education for Ross-shire, spoke of the efforts in the county of Ross in connection with the teaching of Gaelic. He stated that the Education Authority were thoroughly sympathetic in the matter of doing everything they could to foster the study of Gaelic in schools. They had to keep in mind two separate and distinct points in so far as the teaching of Gaelic was concerned. They had to recognise Gaelic as a medium of instruction first and foremost; and, secondly, as a cultural work to be studied from the literary and linguistic point of view. Dr. Philip, in his further remarks, said he would like to see the Training College authorities directing their attention to the proper method of dealing with the instruction of Gaelic-speaking children—the method teachers should adopt in teaching the ordinary subjects of

the curriculum to purely Gaelic-speaking children. Education Authorities could law down schemes, but until they got teachers enthusiastic it was of no use.

Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, Glen-Urquhart, expressed the view that they should endeavour to ascertain whether Gaelic-speaking teachers in the Highlands were really anxious to teach Gaelic or not. How, he asked, were methods of training in Gaelic teaching to be carried out in Training Colleges unless they had their classes of children? Were they to transport classes from Barra to Aberdeen, or from the Butt of Lewis to Edinburgh in order to afford teaching facilities? He thought they could overcome the difficulty by taking a school where the teaching methods in Gaelic instruction were actually practised.

Mr. Macgillivray, Glasgow, speaking on behalf of the Educational Institute of Scotland, said the Institute would always abide by the two principles (first) that the child was entitled to receive instruction in its native tongue and (second) that there should be a sufficiency of teachers for providing that instruction.

Mr. Murdo Morrison, Director of Education for Inverness-shire, said their Authority had sent in a scheme of Gaelic teaching to the Department which left the Authority and the teachers a good deal of latitude.

Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn, said his position was that the people of the Highlands were a Gaelic-speaking people, that they had a language of their own, and they ought to be allowed to teach that language in their own way.

Mr. David Urquhart, M.A., headmaster of Ferintosh Public School, read a paper on the position of Gaelic in Easter Ross and the Black Isle. He said the condition of Gaelic in the east of Ross-shire differed very materially from the situation that held in the west and the islands. In the latter, with a few exceptional spots, Gaelic was the language of the home, the playground, and the sanctuary. So when the child of English-speaking parents began to mix with his Gaelic-speaking contemporaries he must either remain outside games and conversation or use the medium of expression in vogue around him. Perforce he soon acquired a practical knowledge of the new language. In Easter Ross Gaelic was in many cases the language of the parents for ordinary discourse when by themselves or when they had secrets of which they desired to keep their offspring in ignorance. The result was that the children were quite ignorant of their parents' mother tongue. In short, in Easter Ross and the Black Isle Gaelic was a foreign language to the vast majority of the young. The obvious conclusion seemed to be that the people of this district were either absolutely indifferent or openly hostile to the Gaelic language, and yet he ventured to submit that this conclusion was devoid of foundation. People who had neglected to teach Gaelic to their children hailed with delight the introduction into the schools of instruction in Gaelic. Of his own immediate neighbourhood, of which he could speak with more intimate knowledge, those observations were particularly true. During the last year he started a Gaelic class in his school, and he had found the children fully as interested in the subject as in any other part of the curriculum. The goodwill of the parents led to the belief that generally speaking the people of Easter Ross were favourable to the introduction of a scheme of Gaelic instruction in the schools. Those parents who know no Gaelic, and whose own parents, though Gaelic-

speaking, failed to give them an opportunity of learning the language, bitterly regretted the opportunities they had lost. They recognised the value of the Gaelic and its culture, and they were strongly in favour of giving their children the advantage that was denied themselves. The only means of affording the young the advantage was by having the language taught in the schools. Of the native children in Ferintosh School when he took charge eighteen months ago there were only two pupils who could be said to know any Gaelic. Even they could not carry on a conversation, but they could tell the meaning of very simple familiar expressions. He did not think Ferintosh differed materially from the rest of the district in this respect, and one was forced to the conclusion that the number of Gaelic-speaking children in the district must be very small indeed. Speaking on the methods of Gaelic teaching, Mr. Urquhart said both in Easter and Wester Ross it was a first duty on the part of Gaelic-speaking teachers to acquaint themselves with the literature of their tongue if only to convince themselves that there did exist a literature of the most absorbing interest. The substance of his remarks was that Gaelic and all it involved was in a very low condition in Easter Ross, but that there was life and a strong desire to live, and that the application of the proper remedies would make Gaelic equally with English the language of the home and the market place. There was no need to give up hope while they believed the old adage: "The darkest hour is that before the dawn."

Mr. Macgillivray spoke of the pleasure with which he had listened to the paper.

Rev. Mr. Mackay said it appeared to him the dawn was nearer than they thought.

Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn, said, speaking as a layman, he was not so much concerned in the preservation of Gaelic as what the Gaelic meant to him. The mere academic preservation of Gaelic would not be a great asset to any Highlander like himself if they divorced from it those impulses which were inherent in the language. He looked upon Gaelic not from the cultural side, but from the spiritual, sinuous, creative sense that made the Highlander quite a distinctive and distant being from those who had not been so specially gifted. The reason he took a very sincere and heartfelt interest in the language was because it meant something infinite—the spiritual thing. He felt that, unless they endeavoured to preserve their language as a patriotic duty, they were bound as a nation and a race to lose their identity.

Rev. Dugald Macfarlane, Kingussie, said they were dealing as educationists not with the adult but with the juveniles, and they must adapt their teaching methods to suit their needs. He had the good fortune to pay a visit to Canada last year. He was taken to the district of Glengarry in the Province of Ontario, and was welcomed by the Highland people. During the whole time he did not think he spoke any English, because Gaelic was the tongue of the people. He visited many homes, and Gaelic was the language from beginning to end. He held that the maintenance of the language was a very great thing in the racial life of the people. They were met as a conference on that occasion to discuss the cultivation of the Gaelic language on its educational side. He thought they should re-assert for their own encouragement the basal principle which governed their discussion, and that was that it was a legal obligation upon the existing machinery of the Highland area to give the children

of that area their native language. It was an educational problem, and must be governed by the conditions that governed all educational development. He would urge that the Highland Education Authorities concerned should aim at some unity of purpose with regard to the whole matter, and thus obtain the best possible results. He did not want spoon feeding for the language. Here was a subject of educational value—their own native language. Mr. Macfarlane proceeded to give details of the number of schools in Inverness-shire where Gaelic was being taught. Their Education Authority, he said, had been favourably disposed to the Gaelic movement since its inception. The Authority could not be otherwise with Dr. Mackay in the chair.

Mrs. Burney Campbell of Ormidale said it was very encouraging to hear of the work in Inverness-shire. She desired to know what scheme was being followed in the schools.

Mr. M. Morrison, Director of Education for Inverness-shire, said their scheme in the county of Inverness was a general one, and it had been approved by the Department.

Mr. John Macpherson, headmaster of the Broadford Higher Grade School, read a paper on the position of Gaelic in Skye. He stated that instruction in Gaelic was receiving attention in Skye.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, who is a member of the Argyllshire Education Authority, spoke regarding Gaelic instruction in Argyllshire. She pointed out that while there were many Gaelic-speaking parts in Argyll, there was a large portion of the county where no Gaelic was spoken. The vice-chairman, Dr. Campbell of Oban, was a tower of strength in the matter, and was extremely helpful. She asked what was the advantage of French to a Highland child? She agreed that a second language was necessary and useful, but in the Highlands they had their own native language, and why in the name of goodness not make use of this God-sent gift? She could not understand the prejudice against the language. She would be glad if that conference would give some guidance in the matter.

Dr. Mackay said Mrs. Burnley Campbell had given them a most delightful and interesting speech, and they should accord her a special vote of thanks.

A discussion followed regarding securing an adequate number of qualified Gaelic-speaking teachers.

Dr. Philip said he did not think they should be despondent with regard to the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers.

Mr. M. Morrison agreed with Dr. Philip. He said he found, as a rule, that their Gaelic-speaking teachers were very glad to come back to Inverness-shire.

Mr. Fraser, Glen-Urquhart, expressed the view that they would never make progress in regard to Gaelic-speaking teachers unless they tackled the financial question.

Dr. Mackay said he would like, before they closed that day's proceedings, to express sincere sympathy with Professor and Mrs. Watson, who were to take part in the conference, but were prevented owing to the serious illness of their son. They all hoped he would soon recover.

On the motion of Rev. Mr. Mackay, Killin, a cordial vote of thanks was awarded Dr. Mackay for presiding.

The conference was resumed on Friday—Dr. William Mackay presiding.

Dr. Mackay said they had the pleasure of having with them on that occasion Miss O'Farrelly, who was very well known in Ireland for her work in

connection with the language movement. He was sure they would be glad to hear her address.

Miss O'Farrelly, who was received with applause, first addressed the conference in Erse. Her remarks were followed with close interest. Subsequently addressing her "fellow Gaels" in English, Miss O'Farrelly said she was not going to deliver an address in the proper sense of the word, but she desired to have a talk and to consult with them with regard to the language movement, and to give them the benefit of their experience in Ireland. She thought the idea of holding a conference was a sensible, practical one that ought to be encouraged. It was better than having "show" days, although they had their uses. She did not know whether the people of Scotland were in earnest about the language. In her view they had to educate public opinion. If the people of Scotland were not in earnest about the Gaelic language, and considered it to be a fad for some enthusiasts, she then thought it was a great waste of energy to be spending time over safeguarding the language. They had the nucleus of 200,000 Gaelic speakers in Scotland, and the question came to be how were they to make use of them in the best way in the language movement? Unfortunately, in Scotland and in Ireland, the Gaelic speakers were among the poorest of the people—the vast majority were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They must get the parents enthusiastic about the language. Until they got public opinion behind them it would be an uphill fight and a hopeless struggle. They must get the people to have a passionate longing for the language. Energy ought to be spent on the schools. They found that effective in Ireland. Was English pressing in so much in districts that they could not conserve the Gaelic? They must conserve Gaelic.

An important step would be the establishment of Gaelic colleges to train teachers. Those colleges should be established in Gaelic-speaking districts, and she would recommend that the students be boarded with people who spoke Gaelic. They found that experience successful in Ireland. She knew that the conditions in Scotland were different from Ireland, and that they had to work out their own salvation in their own lines. She congratulated them in having come together to advise each other and in considering the best means of saving the Gaelic language.

Rev. Dugald Macfarlane, Kingussie, said he had been asked to return the thanks of the conference to Miss O'Farrelly. There had been many occasions, he said, when emissaries came from Erin's Isle, but none had been so entertaining as Miss O'Farrelly. They were delighted to hear her speak in her own language, the greater part of which they followed and picked up with considerable ease. She had unfolded a fascinating drama of the renaissance of the language which had taken place in Ireland. The problem in Ireland was different from theirs. Their effort in Scotland was to maintain the Gaelic language in its purity. They were indebted to Miss O'Farrelly for her remarks as to the instruction methods in Ireland and the lessons they could learn from them.

Mrs. Burney Campbell of Ormidale spoke to visiting Ireland and to attending Gaelic conferences in that country. She did not think that in the Highlands they possessed the energy and push that existed in Ireland to keep the language alive. In Ireland there were hundreds of teachers who delighted to give up their summer holidays to go to the colleges and who spoke Gaelic all the time. She considered they ought to use the Gaelic in all

their meetings in connection with An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Dr. Mackay conveyed the thanks of the conference to Miss O'Farrelly for her interesting and useful address. As Miss O'Farrelly had said, their circumstances in Scotland and in Ireland were to a certain extent different, but there were points that were similar, and what she had said would receive their careful consideration.

Miss O'Farrelly, in reply, said they were both very largely of the same Celtic stock. They possessed a great asset in the power that was given to them for the education of the children.

Mr Hugh A. Fraser, Glen Urquhart, expressed the view that the position of Gaelic as a secondary subject in Secondary schools in the Highlands was quite satisfactory.

Mr. Norman Macleod, M.A., Gaelic master, Glasgow High School, spoke of the waste of Gaelic-speaking material in Glasgow. Glasgow, he said, was really a highland county, probably the most Highland from the Gaelic point of view of the lot of them. There were Gaelic speakers and a large number of Gaelic-speaking children in Glasgow. At the present moment all that material was running to waste. Was there anything that could be done to secure that material in Glasgow? Could they not get the men, who wished to build colleges in Iona and in Inverness, to establish one in Glasgow? It might in the near future prove a valuable asset to An Comunn in connection with the training of teachers.

Mr Hugh Fraser said in the county of Sutherland nothing was done. The position in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire was quite satisfactory.

Rev. Mr. Mackay—There is no provision in Sutherland.

Mr. Fraser—That is so.

Rev. Mr. Mackay said in the northern and western seaboard of Sutherland there existed as strong a Gaelic-speaking element among the children as in Wester Ross or in the Lewis.

Dr. Philip alluded to the difficulty of getting Gaelic teachers qualified in the eyes of the Department. He did not know that there were more than four teachers in Scotland who had the Chapter 5 qualification in Gaelic.

Mr. M. Morrison said instruction in Gaelic had taken a distinctly promising advance in connection with the evening schools. The Department were trying to meet the case of the vast number of children who left school at 14 and 15 years of age. He did not see why the Gaelic should not get a very distinct advance from the Department's new regulation. It might meet the point raised by Mr. Macleod as to the difficulty experienced in Glasgow. When there was the offer of alternative courses, he did not see why the Highland-speaking children in Glasgow should not have the offer of a Gaelic course. A weapon of considerable importance had been introduced by the Department in the new regulation.

In the absence of Mrs. W. J. Watson, Rev. Mr. Mackay read her paper on "The Claims of the Mother Tongue in Education."

Mrs. W. J. Watson, in her paper on "The Position of the Mother Tongue," said that the Highlander had not been improved by the kind of education provided for him during the past two or three generations. He had been taught by the schoolmaster's rod, and by other means, that his

language was to be despised, and that all that the language contained and implied was to be dropped along with it. It was small wonder that some, at least, came to believe that their own and their children's future depended on forgetting it. Education in the Gaelic area has been like that in India—camouflaged by "remarkable feats of memorisation," and by the success of those few who went south to college and did well in spite of difficulties. She had been told by a Gaelic-speaking student that after leaving the elementary school he set to work with a dictionary and a Gaelic and an English Bible to learn English before presenting himself at the secondary school. He had been taught little or no Gaelic. What was the condition of his fellow-scholars who stayed at home? They were illiterate in both languages. Our Gaelic-speaking children passed through the elementary schools, and while they were at school they made quite a good show in English. But those of them who stayed at home soon forgot the parrot English of the lesson books. Gaelic remained the language in which they thought and expressed themselves naturally. Unless they had learned to read and write their own language they were shut out from reading.

What was the object of this "parrot" education? Was it, as she was informed recently, "that they may become civilized (!), and then come south as servants"—an ideal almost as noble as that Stornoway should become "like my native town of Bolton"! There were, of course, different ideas of what constituted civilization, and there were some of them who thought that the civilization of, let them say, Lewis, even at the present day, was a nobler and cleaner thing than that of any of their large centres. But they might suspect, in so far as the Gaelic area was concerned, the idea at the back of the education has been, not civilization at all, but standardization. What was the attitude of the Gaelic-speaking people themselves to the question? It had been expressed, and with no uncertain voice. Unanimity was rare on any subject, and they did not claim it for this one, but her experience—and it was fairly wide—was that it was the exception now to meet a Gaelic-speaking parent who did not desire his or her children to learn to read and write the language. The old idea of Gaelic as a handicap was well nigh exploded. No one in this country, so far as they know, advocated a curriculum which included no English. What was required was one which began with the mother tongue and worked toward bilingualism. At present it was understood that the Education Authority of Inverness-shire, which dealt with a large Gaelic-speaking population, had two schools under its jurisdiction in which the children began with Gaelic. This was a good beginning, and when last she saw Mr. Morrison he said they were satisfied with the results. In Wales such schools were found everywhere. The Welshman who could not read and write Welsh was reckoned no sound Welshman, and the intellectual standard of Wales had not suffered. In conclusion, Mrs. Watson said that she invited Sir Michael Sadler to the conference. Had they managed to hold it last year he would probably have come, but this year he was in Canada on educational affairs. He said he had made no study of education in the Highlands of Scotland, but that his views on vernacular languages in India were applicable to any area where there were such problems as ours. The native language first and all through—English by degrees till the pupils had acquired a mastery over it.

Mr. John Macleod, headmaster of Knockbain School, gave an able address in Gaelic. Addresses in Gaelic were also given by Mr. John M. Macgillivray, headmaster of Ferintosh Public School; Mr. Norman Macleod, Glasgow, and Mr. David Urquhart, Ferintosh.

Mr. H. F. Campjbell, advocate, Aberdeen, gave an address on the training of teachers, and asked how were they in the Highlands to secure an adequate supply of teachers of Gaelic for the schools in Gaelic-speaking areas? An obvious step in the right direction was to see that students in training were equipped for the teaching of Gaelic. He spoke of the technical difficulties with regard to training, but he thought with goodwill these could be overcome.

Mr. Skinner, Strichen, said he welcomed the Gaelic movement from the point of view that it was going to broaden the culture of the Highland country, and was going to improve the status of the country as a whole. The idea, however, that they could establish training centres in the Highlands was, in his opinion, a foolish one. Were they going to pay for those colleges themselves or were they to ask the rest of Scotland to pay for them? He thought the wise course was to use the present colleges to serve their purpose.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

(1) "That where Gaelic is the mother tongue children should be taught at first in and through Gaelic, and should begin the formal study of English at a later stage; that bilingual children might begin with either Gaelic or English, whichever is deemed more suitable in the circumstances, and take up the formal study of the other language later; and that the schemes of instruction drafted by Education Authorities should be arranged to suit the requirements of various localities accordingly."

(2) "That existing teachers should be provided, free of charge, with facilities for qualifying themselves in respect of Gaelic; and that to this end Education Authorities should combine to arrange a satisfactory and permanent scheme for the whole area."

(3) "That Education Authorities take into consideration (1) the best means of securing an adequate supply of Gaelic-speaking junior students; (2) adequate instruction of them in Gaelic while attending Secondary schools."

(4) "That Education Authorities should press on the National Committee for the training of teachers the necessity of making adequate provision for the further instruction of Gaelic-speaking students in the Gaelic language, and also in methods of instruction appropriate to purely Gaelic-speaking children."

It was resolved that copies of the resolutions be sent to the Education Authorities of Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness-shire, Argyll, Perthshire, Bute and Arran, and Glasgow, the Scottish Education Department, the Training Centres of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews, the National Committee for the Training of Teachers, the Secretary for Scotland, and all the Members of Parliament for Scotland.

Dr. Mackay proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Macgillivray, Glasgow, and the other representatives of the Educational Institute of Scotland for their presence.

Mr. Macgillivray acknowledged the vote of thanks.

Rev. D. Macfarlane proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Mackay for the able and genial manner in which he had presided over the conference. No one, he said, could be fairer or more courteous than their Chairman, and they trusted he would live to see the fruition of his work.

The vote of thanks was warmly accorded.

Rev. Mr. Mackay, speaking on behalf of An Comunn, said they were exceedingly grateful to the Directors of Education and to the teachers who had attended the conference and gave them their help. If they did not, he said, obtain the goodwill of the teachers, they could not make progress.

Dr. Mackay said they were specially obliged to Miss O'Farrelly in coming over from Ireland and giving them the results of the language movement in that country.

SIDHICHEAN IS TAIBHSEAN.

A dhuine-usail,

Le bhur cead their mi focal no dhà ri "Enquirer."

Tha mi faicinn gu'm beil e ag iarraidh eòlas mu "spiorad" air chor-eigin. Deir e gu'm bi an spiorad sin air a fhaicinn tamull roimhe àm bàis usail, ach nach eil eòlas aige air ainm an spioraid sin. Saoileam féin gu'n robh iomadh sgeulach mu chreatairean taibhseach mar sin air an creidsinn am measg an t-sluaigh anns gach àit anns an robh dream Ceilteach a' chòmhuidh o thùs an domhain gus an là an diugh,—oir chan eil creideamh air taibhsean marbh fhathas. Ma's fìor an sgeul, tha bith ann ris an abair iad a' bhean-sidhe, agus tha e air a ràdh nach d'fhuair fìor Ghàidheal bàs riaml gun a' bhean-thaibhse sin a bhi a muigh san oidhche 'na seasamh air balla éigin agus a caoidhearan air a chluinntinn san t-seòmar-bhàis. Air an aobhar sin, cha chùis loghnaidh e ma ghlac duine cròdha fàiteachas agus e ag cluinntinn gu'n robh a' bhean-sidhe a' dol seachad air an doras.

Tha cuid an Eirinn a' sgrìobhadh "banshee" air son an fhocail sin sa Bheurla, agus tha an fuirm sin ceart gu leòr san teanga sin. Bha Sir Ualtar Scott eòlach air a' bhean-sidhe, agus thubhairt e na briathran so leanas sa "Bheantighearna an Lochs":

"Late had he heard, in prophet's dream
The fatal *Ben-shie's* boding scream."

'Se "Cha till Mac Cruimein" am marbhraun air am beil an clùis as mò ann an Albainn, agus tha an luinneag so leanas air a tarruing asda:

"Dh'iadh ceò nan stùc mu aodann Chuilinn,
Is sheinn a' bhean-shidh a torman mulead,
Tha slùean gorm, ciùin san Dùn a' sìleadh,
Bho'n thrial' thu uainn, 's nach till thu tuilleadh."

An dòchas gu'm bith an litir bheag so air a taitinn ri "Enquirer,"

Is mise, le meas mór,

FEAR SIUBHAIL.

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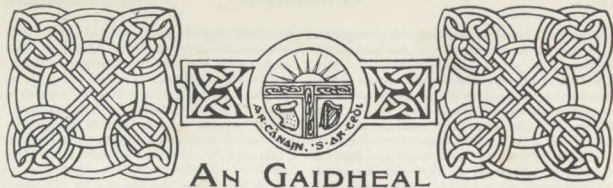
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Leabhar XIX.]

An t-Samhuin, 1923.

[Earrann 2

CRUNADH A' BHAIRD.

Tha e riatanach gu sgrìobhamaid earrann mu chrùnadh a' bhàird. Thug An Comunn Gàidhealach faineir gum bu chòr an seann nòs ùrachadh, agus rinneadh an t-athbheothachadh o chionn ghoidir aig Mòd Inbhirnis. Tha rùn sonruichte an sealladh A' Chomuinn a thaobh na cùise. Chaidh a shuidheachadh gum bi còron de dhùillich air a thairgsinn gach bliadhna mar am prìomh dhuais an comb-fharpais na bàrdachd. Bidh gach aon a choisneas an còron an dèidh so air àireamh na buidheach sin de an goirear An Dàmh, an t-ainm a bha air Sgoil nam bàrd o shean. Ma dh'ùraicheas sinn an tairbhe carson nach togamaid an t-ainm. Is e bàrd na bliadhna so Seumas Mac Thomais, A.M., agus is esan a' cheud fhear a fhuair an t-urram. Is ann air oidhche dheireannach a' Mhòid a thachair an gnothuch eireachdail. Tha cuirm ehibil freagarrach airson a leithid so de nì. Thàinig am bàrd gu àrd ùrlar na talla air èideadh am falluinn sgoileir, mar is dlùgheach dhàsan a dhearbha a làmh air alt na bàrdachd. Shuidh e an cathair an làthair an choimhthionail. Dh'inntig Ceansuidhe A' Chomuinn gnìonh a' chrùnaidh le òraid fhileanta Ghàidhlig, agus an dèidh sin chàraich e fleasg na buaidh air ceann a' bhàird. Bha an deanadas cho grinn agus cho annasach is gun d'èirich a' chuideachd gu léir nan seasamh de an saor thoil, agus sheinn na còisirean còmhladh rann de'n òran dhùthchasaill "Sua leis a' Ghàidhlig." Fhreagar am bàrd am briathraibh blasta, agus dh'antaich an sluagh gun d'amhairc iad air sealladh cho taitneach is a chunnacas riamh aig Mòd.

Is cinnteach sinn gu bheil fear thall 's a bhos a dh'fheòraicheas ciod e idir a' bhuannaich a tha anns an deas gnàth so. Their iad rinn gu dùrachdach o an uile chridhe, ciod am feum a tha anns an fhaoineis ud. Chan eil ann air fad ach aimeadas, deir iadsan, cluiche cloinne bige, gun seadh gun stàth.

Anns a' cheud àite tha e aithnichte gu bheil deas gnàthan àraidh an combheangal ri àrd fhoghlum airson nan dreuchdan. An oiltighcean an t-saoghail tha làithean air an suidheachadh air an cruinnich an luchd teagaisg, air an sgeadachadh le culaidhean rìomhach. Tha iad a' giùlan suaicheantas de gach dath is maisie na chèile. Càraidh ceansuidhe gach oiltigh air ceann gach oileinich còmhdach a tha samhlachadh ceum fòghlum air choreigin. Agus an Gàidheal sin a dheanadh taruis air crùnadh a' bhàird cha dean e aon ghàire fanaid ri deas gnàthan nan coigreach. Cha dean e dìmeas ach air a mhuinntir féin. Ciamar a chaidh e cho fada ceàrr? Ciamar a dh'fhàs e cho aineolach? An tug e idir faineir ciod a' bhrìgh a tha ann an gnìomh samhlaichail? An do chuimhnich e gur e alt na bàrdachd an aon mheanglan a tha fathast beò fo bhlàth de sheann chraoibh ar fòghluim sinn-sireil? Faodaidh gu bheil a' cheist a dh'fhaighneachd e na dearbhadh soilleir air an dòigh anns an d'fhòghlum e beachd nan coigreach a thaobh na Gàidhlig. Cha deanadh an dearg Ghall fhéin na bu mhiosa na giùre fanaid ris na gnàthan eireachdail a bha aig ar sinnir mun cualas ionradh air litreachas inbheach am measg nan Gall.

Leis an nòs thlachdmhor so tha sinn a' cur fa chomhair ginealaich an latha an diugh

comharradh faicsinneach air an ìre iongant- aich agus an tug ar sinnsir alt na bàrdachd. Is e sud an seadh eachdraidheil anns am bheil bàird na ficheadamh linn air an dlùth cheangal le dualachas ris na flidhean is na seanachaidhean o chian nan cian. Cha b'ann idir le tuiteamas ach le cruaidh shaothair a thugadh seann litreachas na Gàidhlig gu feabhas cho cliùiteach. Agus a chionn gu robh meas air bàrdachd bha onair a' feitheamh air na bàird. Bha uair ann, o chionn suas ri da mhìle bliadhna, agus b' e an t-ollamh companach is comhairliche rìghrean. An cogadh no an sìth is gann gu robh neach sam bith cho urramach ri ollamh is aosdana. B' éigin do'n oileineach a dhol troimh sheachd ceumanan fòghluim mu ruigeadh e air ùghdarras an ollaimh. Bha ainn fa leth air gach ceum. Bha modh-rannaigheachd fa leth mar chòir aig gach ceum. Theirte gràdh agus òrd ri inbhe nan saor bhàrd. Buinidh na seann fhacail sin do na facail Laidiunn *gradus*, ceum, agus *ordo*, inbhe. Cha do ghabh a' Ghàidhlig isad de na facail, ach tha e soilleir gu bheil càirdeas dlùth eadar an dà chaint. Dh'ainmich Thurneyen, sgoileir Gearmailteach, corr is trì cheud gu leth modh-rannaigheachd a tha ri lorg anns an t-seann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig (*Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, Vol. III.), Buinidh riaghailtean eagnuidh do gach modh. Tha cuid dhui fathast ainneil ma a ta seadna agus deibhidhe. Dh'fhàgadh dileab iongantach aig bàird Ghàidhealach an latha so; agus ni iad gu math ma choisneas iad a bhi air an coimeas ri an sinnsir a thaobh snas smuain agus oirdheirceas bhriathran.

Bu mhór a' bhuanachd na'n aimiseadh-maid air innleachd a bheireadh spionnadh as ùr do ar sgoileirean òga. Tha sinn de'n bharail gu bheil crùnadh a' bhàird air aon de na h-innleachdan so. Tha ar nàdur daonnda miannach air urram; agus ma tha an t-urram ionmholta, carson nach biodh a h-uile misneach air a tairginn dhaibhsan aig am bheil gibhteas nàdurra, a chum an tàlant an chur a dh'ionnsaidh na buil as àirde? Agus nach bu mhath na'm biodh an dealas dian agus a' chomhstri chliùiteach air am brosnuchadh as leth feabhas na Gàidhlig. Mhosgladh sud na bàird gu bhi a' mèorachadh air eisimpleir an sinnsir; gu bhi a' beachdachadh air sgèimh Naduir; agus gu bhi a' cleachdadh an comasan mar is fheàrr is urrainn dhaibh gu litreachas is ceòl an dùthcha a thogail gu beatha nuaidh. Tha fios againn nach riarach an argumaid so iadsan a bheir breith air fòghlum a réir dòigh

bheirtheachaidh nan saoghaltach. Ach thoireamaid an còmhnuidh fairneir gu bheil luach ann is àird na luach airgid. Tha an Gàidheal a' dearbhadh o am gu am gu bheil e foghainteach gu leòr a thaobh malairt is gnothuichean talamhaidh. Ach tha oirdheirceas na h-inntinn nas fearr na sud gu mòr. B' e uail a' Ghàidheil a ghnàth gu'n do shaoil e barrachd de loinn na h-inntinn mar chrìch àraidh na shaoil e riamh de dh'airgid na de dh'òr. Agus tha spiorad na bàrdachd, agus gach urram a bhùineas da sin, a' cumail sealladh air nithibh maiseach na h-inntinn, saibhreas nach ceannaichear le airgid, ach saibhreas anns am bheil oilein is uaisle a' Ghàidheil a' comhsheasamh.

THE MOD OF 1923.

The annual Mòd of An Comunn for 1923 took place at Inverness on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of September. The numbers of competitors in the numerous competitions were satisfactory. The attendances, especially at the afternoon diets and the social functions, compared quite favourably with the Mòds of previous years. A warm welcome was extended by the municipal authorities of the town, a feature which enabled the Comunn to feel that their efforts on behalf of Gaelic received the most significant encouragement which it was in the power of the Magistrates to give. The official opening took place on Wednesday, 26th.

THE GAELIC OUTLOOK.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Angus Robertson, the President, delivered the following address:—

Chan ann mar a bha Oisean ri taobh na tràghad tha Mòd a' tighinn fo aire sluaigh na Gàidhealtachd. Tha deachd agus togail-einn earbsach a' misneachadh a' ghluasaid. Gabhaidh sùil fuadain iongantais ri toradh ar saothrach, agus tàlaidh e aigidhean a' Ghàidheil chéin a dh'ionnsuidh cagailte mhàthral a chànan 'sa chinnidh.

It is unfortunate that I should have to continue my address in what is, after all, a foreign tongue. That, however, is one of the consequences of the state of matters, which it is our business to remedy. So I look forward to the time when my successor, on some such platform as this, will be forbidden by our constitution to speak to his own people other than in their native tongue.

This imperfectly expressed aspiration has already been realised by our brethren in Free State Ireland. We had recently before our eyes the inspiring spectacle of Gaelic's being used by the head of a Gaelic State at a world Council of Nations. An Comunn came into existence with the object of preserving the language and literature of our people thirty-two years ago. It is instructive to remember that, at that period, Irish Gaelic was at a lower ebb, and would seem to have offered less prospect of revival than Scottish Gaelic. On the other hand, we have to face the depressing fact that the last census reveals a very serious decline in the Gaelic-speaking population of the Highlands. One reason may, perhaps, be that we have not any incentive in the form of prohibition and proscription to give militant and united direction to our movement. In the absence of exterior stimulus, we have to depend upon a positive and spontaneous inspiration from within ourselves. The strength of that inspiration depends upon our sense of what the preservation of Gaelic means to us as individuals and as members of the Highland community.

From this point of view, I may be permitted to ask what end is served by these gatherings, if they do not represent a genuine determination to advance, and not merely a spurious sentimentalism? It is all very well, and indeed quite laudable, to form societies for the wearing of the kilt, the practising of bagpipe music, and the authentication of details of clan weapons and brooches and buttons. But to indulge in such activities while neglecting the things that really represent the core and spirit of Highland life, is only to play at being Highlanders. Kilts and sporrans and pibrochs are, so to speak, only the carved work of the sanctuary. They have only an antiquarian value if the temple of Highland life, of which they are the natural and seemly ornaments, has been allowed to crumble away. The twin pillars of that temple are the economic independence of the Highlanders on their native soil, and the perpetuation of the Gaelic language among Highlanders.

It is with the second of those twin pillars, and, perhaps, the more important—since its solidity almost implies that of the other—that An Comunn is concerned. What we have done in this direction may be indicated by the fact that when the *Mòd* was instituted, thirty-two years ago, its proceedings barely occupied a whole day. To-day

the various events can hardly be overtaken within a week. Even so, we can scarcely claim full representativeness for those monster gatherings, since the greater portion of the business, apart from the actual competitions, is conducted in a foreign tongue. Our membership has increased enormously, and it is representative of all classes of Highlanders throughout the world. But it is not what it ought to be, in virtue of the profession of patriotism wherever Highlanders foregather. We shall then not be satisfied until that patriotism expresses itself in practised form, and until An Comunn numbers among its members all who claim to be of the Scottish Gaelic race. Speaking for the Executive, and, indeed, for the present membership, I say now that An Comunn does not belong to us, but to the whole Highland people. We ask them to take possession of it, and to make it the living expression of their soul and mentality.

This is not the time, nor the place, for a detailed survey of the work that has been done by An Comunn. But those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to peruse the annual reports of the various committees to which its manifold activities are delegated, will find evidence of the loyal and disinterested services rendered by men and women who deserve to be remembered with honour and affection by their compatriots. In the last resort, the success of any movement of this kind depends, not upon the central organisation, not upon orations delivered on set occasions, not upon the personality of any outstanding individual, but upon the enthusiasm, the loyalty, and the solid hard work of the various committees, of education authorities, of school teachers, of choir conductors, trainers, competitors, and adjudicators. These are the worker bees of our hive, who gather our honey and bring it home.

And now let me say a few words in justification of our whole movement. One of the favourite argument against the teaching of Gaelic in schools is, that bi-lingualism confers no advantages corresponding to the intellectual effort it involves. English is necessary to the Highland child as a means of communication with the great world. To make him learn, in addition, a language spoken only in one narrow quarter of the world is, it is asserted, to load his mind with a useless burden. The time he devotes to it would, it is also asserted, have been much more profitably spent in the acquiring of a practical useful language like Spanish,

or of a knowledge of natural science. But Spanish or French or Latin, or, for that matter, English, can never mean so much to the Highland child as the language which enshrines the living traditions of his ancestors, the language that is the natural echo of his own pulses and of the voices of nature round his cradle. By being taught to speak, read, and write the speech of his sires, he is given the opportunity of realising the fullest and deepest potentialities of his own being. English, again, is the medium by which those potentialities find expression in the great world. But the process of unlocking and developing must be carried out by means of Gaelic. For the soul of the Gael—admittedly a soul worthy of being expressed—has no continuity of existence apart from a Gaelic tongue spoken by a Gaelic people. That the study of Gaelic tends to the cultural enrichment of a Gaelic people, and to the increase of an intellectual prestige, is strikingly evidenced by the literary and dramatic revival in Ireland during the past thirty years, and by the distinctively new note that has been added to English literature by Neil Munro. A Babel-like confusion of languages, such as prevails in Switzerland and other tourist centres of Europe, makes for shallowness and vulgarity, and not for depth of culture. We do not aspire to become a people of waiters, couriers, and commercial tourists. On the other hand, the advantages, both cultural and practical, of a genuine bi-lingualism, are proved by several convincing instances. The Protestant Waldensians of the Piedmontese Alps, who have both French and Italian as their mother tongues, are remarkable for their intellectual and administrative powers, and possess an influence in Italy out of all proportion to their wealth and numbers. Both in literature and commerce, the most active region of Spain is that comprising Barcelona, where the people speak both Catalan and Spanish. The largely bi-lingual Rhine-land has given to France and Germany some of their best writers, artists, musicians, and soldiers. A combination of Swedish and Finnish cultures has made Finland one of the most advanced and most interesting of the small nations. The greatest living writer in English, next to Thomas Hardy, is Joseph Conrad, whose native tongue is Polish, and to whom English was only a book language until, at about the age of twenty, he came to Lowestoft and became a mate on an English vessel. Beckford's "Caliph Vathek," Wilde's "Salome," and

the first part of Gibbon's immortal history, were originally written in French. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his sister—two of the finest of all English poets—were the children of an Italian refugee, and were brought up in a household where Italian was in daily use. The business successes of the Jews, the Czechs, and the Levantine Greeks, have been largely owing to their bi-lingual training; nor need one too loftily overlook the facility of the many-tongued Swiss in practical affairs.

The Gaelic-speaking peasant of Connemara or County Clare has an English vocabulary about six times as large as that of the uni-lingual labourer of Wiltshire or Dorsetshire; and the success of the Irish immigrant in American politics—while it may not have been always, according to some, for the general good—testifies, at least, to the intellectual suppleness and receptiveness of a bi-lingual people. Wales has supplied an even more striking instance. Mr. Lloyd George is bi-lingual. To come nearer home, we have the outstanding example, already cited, of Neil Munro, a man as conspicuous for shrewdly humorous wisdom as for his powers of romantic evocation. And what of the long line of Gaelic-speaking soldiers whom the Highlanders have produced? What of the fortunes amassed, the high administrative posts brilliantly filled by Gaelic-speaking Celts from the remotest Hebrides? What of outstanding political figures like Fraser Mackintosh? Can it be advanced that a knowledge of Gaelic was a handicap to such men? On the contrary, I am convinced it was a precious element in their training and equipment. Bi-lingualism is the main reason why the Highlanders, in proportion to their population, and despite the obstacles of remoteness and poverty, have produced a larger number of distinguished men and women than any other part of the British Isles. This supremacy cannot be maintained apart from the elemental inspiration supplied by the native tongue; and I think I am justified in maintaining that, by the systematic teaching of Gaelic, we shall not only preserve these precious qualities of our people, but also increase immeasurably their capacity to distinguish themselves in English literature, in art, music, commerce, finance, and the development and administration of the British Empire.

We stand privileged at this moment to begin or end an epoch. Conscious of this responsible knowledge, I would fain believe

that the shades of our forebears, in anxious attendance, are hovering and watching over the destinies of their children. In other words, if vouchsafed the vision, we are expected, through imminent portends of racial elimination, to adopt arduous patriotic resolutions, and by so doing cultivate what is appropriate to the dignity of self-respect in our people. The basis of our heroics, however—and, let us admit it, we have an immoderate tendency towards counterfeit heroics—such basis, to be supremely effective, must be stripped of certain, if not all, minor graces, and given the role of race examination. We are too prone, I fear, to dwell with abandoned rapture on the setting of the Gael, and are apt to neglect his personality and relative individualism. We create the players for the stage, not the stage for the players. Colour, light-and-shade, vibrations and atmosphere, may indeed produce a pleasingly prismatic effect on the imagination, but these are only destructive functions if the soul of a people become opaque in the process. Even from this mystic if somewhat fugitive superstructure, I would have ourselves taught to look for more concrete images re-forming on the Celt's horizon. The mountains, in their primeval strength, eloquent of grandeur and endurance, may shelter a craven as well as a hero, the hunted as well as the hunter. But, heaven forbid! they may not be looked upon, in a future chart as monoliths of mourning for a departed Gaeldom. Surely then, if we balance consequences, it is more fitting to ask the proverbial schoolboy why the Moslem hangs an aloe on his front door as a token of pilgrimage, than why a plant from China is called turkey rhubarb.

His native language is the Gael's bond of union. Deprive him of this indigenous medium of expression, and you incinerate his soul. The man or woman, begotten of our race, who has been denied the use and associations of Gaelic, may justly claim our sympathy. But the renegade Ariadnes, who set furth their minds from the tongue of their own people, may, not inappropriately, be likened to the man Turnaway, whom Christian and Hopeful came across bound by seven devils with seven cords, while pinned to his back was the accusing monograph: "Wanton professor and damnable apostate."

I am not speaking as either a scholiast or a sophist, but as a beneficiary under the humanising spiritual heritage of a soulful people. And though I confess that I have

not taken full advantage of my birthright, I am conscious that certain of their ancient beliefs and habits—sanctified by the approbation of impartial inquirers—should be regarded from a patriotic and perhaps a spiritual viewpoint as of transcendent importance. This conditioning of our mentality is all the more impressive, since we find many who are not immediately of our blood dwelling with sympathy and almost fond affection on the subject images of our history. Let us, therefore, get away from the level of our practices, refuse—if we do not court ethical destructions—to be treated as by-products of an effete civilisation, and sanction by an earnest experience the wise Hebrew's saying that "he who walketh out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead." Apathy and indifference to collective idealism may not, indeed, reduce us to a state of servitude, but they will certainly commit the generation that neglects so great a charge to execrable immortality. At the same time, when praying for the harvest, we must, like Hesiod, keep our hand on the plough. Nor should we, on the other hand, look upon the contemplation of what is beautiful, idealistic, and ecstatic in our country and people as the sum of either patriotism or philosophy. To what purpose, then, should we direct our energies, or preface our action? To the creation, or rather the development, of a mentality that will help to harness the spirit of a sensitive, loyal race to the enrichment of the texture of our national life.

Of the part we may play in the world, an inspiring, though not perhaps a fully comprehensive idea, has been given by one of the greatest of American writers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a passage dealing with that British stock which he describes as "of the oldest blood of the world—the Celtic. Some people," he says, "are deciduous or transitory. Where are the Greeks? Where the Etrurians? Where the Romans? But the Celts or Sidonides are an old family, of whose beginnings there is no memory, and their end is likely to be still more remote in the future; for they have endurance and productiveness. They planted Britain, and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems, and imitate the pure voices of nature. They are favourably remembered in the oldest records of Europe. They had no violent feudal tenure, but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed. They have a hidden and precarious

genius. They made the best popular literature in the Middle Ages, and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur." To which eloquent tribute one may add that Ireland and the Christian salvents of Iona saved north-western Europe from the worst excesses of the Dark Ages.

Is it too much to hope that, if we are true to our noblest traditions, but first of all to ourselves, we shall, by unity of purpose, rather than by unison of ideals, win sympathy and fair play? Then Gaelic, as of old, will be nurtured by the dew of nature's magic, and become the fitting receptacle of the mystic as well as the practical musings of a spiritual race. Our outlook must be turned away from the cold, calculating materialism which says, in effect—if I may borrow again from Emerson—"I will give you a coffin for such dead bodies as you have, and for such dead purposes as you have, but I will give you no ornament." I search the heavens up, and I search the heavens down, and I say, the genius of a people that can produce the sagas of Ossian, the majestic grandeurs of Donnachadh Bàn, the classic numbers of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, and the melodious cadences of my own countryman, Niall Macleoid, should not perish by default, or pass into that "wallet wherein Time puts alms for oblivion." Let us, then, have done with "dreams that wave before the half-shut eye in the Castle of Indolence," and forthwith acquit ourselves to be received with favour by the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountain.

Provost Petrie and Mr. Alex. Macdonald, Chairman of the local Mòd Committee, then addressed the gathering.

Mr. Robertson, in proposing a vote of thanks to Provost Petrie and Mr. Macdonald, said he was glad to see that Inverness held a better outlook for Gaelic than Tomnahurich.

In the evening a civic reception was given by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Councillors of Inverness to the members of An Comunn Gàidhealach in the Town Hall.

On Thursday evening the Gaelic play, "Domhnall 'san Tombaca," was staged in the Wesleyan Central Hall before a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Duncan Macleod of Skeabost presided in the absence of Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P.

GRAND CONCERTS.

The Mòd was brought to a splendid close with two concerts on Friday evening in the Wesleyan Central Hall, which was filled at both houses with a most enthusiastic audience. After selections on the bagpipes and the singing of the National Anthem, a splendid programme, starring the combined choirs and the individual winners of the chief prizes, was gone through. Mr. Macdonald, conductor of the magnificent Oban Choir, led the combined choirs, whose singing roused the audience to raptures.

A unique ceremony took place—the crowning of the Bard, Mr. James Thomson, M.A., Bayble Public School, Lewis.

Speaking in Gaelic, Mr. Angus Robertson said the occasion was more or less a momentous one, for they were about to link up with an ideal going back possibly to two or three thousand years. The form which it took that night would possibly be only the start of a new development, but it symbolised in a measure the whole mentality of the Celt, and particularly their own Scottish Gael. Mr. Robertson then referred to the functions of a Bard and his opportunities of shaping the impulses of a nation, instancing as examples D'Annunzio in Italy and Lord Byron in Greece. He also spoke of the Order of Bards as it existed amongst the Druids when it had its conclaves in the woods. Possibly Mr. Thomson would represent himself to be the beginning of what they would look forward to as an Order of Bards, such as was established in the old days, and had disappeared with MacVuirich, who was probably the last of the Order. The recipient of the coveted chaplet was himself a distinguished scholar, and his poetic production had been of a very high order indeed.

Mr. Robertson then placed the chaplet on the Bard's head amid loud applause, the massed choirs and audience singing "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig." The chaplet was of beaten gold on bronze, and its laurel leaf design reproduced the badge of An Comunn, with the addition of "Mòd Inbhirnis, 1923." It was the gift of Mr. Robertson.

The newly crowned Bard, who was received with loud cheers, the audience upstanding, in a few sentences expressed his thanks for his reception and his appreciation of the honour conferred upon him.

The musical programme was then proceeded with.

THE PRIZE-LIST.

TUESDAY.

JUNIOR SECTION.

LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Mr. Alex. Thomson, Glasgow, and Mr. John Macdonald, M.A., do.; Rev. Malcolm Macleod, M.A., Lochgilphead, and Mr. Norman Macleod, M.A., Glasgow; Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muckairn, and Mr. John N. Macleod, Kirkhill.

Letter, not exceeding 2 pages, on a simple subject, chosen from a list sent under sealed cover, to be opened by the local examiner after places have been taken for competition. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 3s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d; 6th, 2s 6d. 1, Miss Margaret Maclean, Oban High School; 2, Miss Joan Macinnes, Broadford; 3, Miss Mary Macintyre, Oban High School; 4 and 5 (equal), J. Graham, Broadford, and Miss A. Mackinnon, Broadford; 6, Miss E. Robertson, Broadford.

Writing from Dictation of an Unfamiliar Piece of Prose. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d. 1, I. S. Macmillan, Mull; 2, Miss M. Macintyre, Oban High School; 3, Miss S. Mackinnon, do.; 4, Miss S. Kennedy, do.; 5, Miss J. Macinnes, Broadford.

Reproduction in Writing of an Unfamiliar Piece of Prose. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d. 1, Miss Mary Macintyre, Oban High School; 2, Miss E. Robertson, Broadford; 3, Miss J. Macinnes, do.; 4, Miss M. Maclean, Oban High School; 5, Miss A. Mackinnon, Broadford.

Translation from Gaelic into English of 20 verses II Samuel, chapter 1 and 14 to 24; and from English into Gaelic of 10 verses from Acts, chapters 14 to 28. Former prize winners in this competition not eligible. Prizes—1st, £1 and "Caraid nan Gaidheal." 1, J. Macdougall, Dervaig, Mull; 2, R. Macsween, Small Isles, Jura.

Special Prizes for Teachers—(a) A 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Prize of £3, £2, and £1, respectively, will be given to the Teachers whose Pupils win the highest average of marks in the foregoing competitions. 1, John Macpherson, M.A., Broadford; 2, Miss M. D. Macqueen, Oban High School; 3, A. Macmillan, Dervaig. (b) A 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Prize of £3, £2, and £1, respectively, will be given to Teachers whose Pupils win the highest aggregate marks in the foregoing competitions. 1, John Macpherson, M.A., Broadford; 2, Miss M. D. Macqueen, Oban High School; 3, A. Macmillan.

Translation of an Unseen Piece of Gaelic Prose into English. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 15s; 3rd, 10s; 4th, 7s 6d; 5th, 5s. 1, Miss Effie A. Mackinnon, Oban High School; 2, Miss Annie Macgregor, do.; 3 and 4 (equal), Miss Margaret Macleod, do., and Donald Jackson, do.; 5, Miss Susan Mackinnon, do.

Translation of an Unseen Piece of English Prose into Gaelic. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 15s; 3rd, 10s; 4th, 7s 6d. 1, Miss Catherine Campbell, Oban High School; 2, Miss Effie A. Mackinnon, do.; 3 and 4 (equal), John Fletcher, Broadford, and Miss Chrissie Macgillivray, Oban High School.

Gaelic Essay. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 15s; 3rd, 10s; 4th, 7s 6d. 1, Miss Catherine Campbell, Oban High School; 2, Miss Annie Macgregor, do.; 3, Miss Effie A. Mackinnon, do.; 4, Donald Jackson, do.

Translation of Gaelic idioms into their Gaelic equivalents. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 15s; 3rd, 10s; 4th, 7s 6d. 1, Miss Susan Mackinnon, Oban High

School; 2, Miss Annie Macgregor, do.; 3, Miss Mary A. Finlayson, Broadford, Skye; 4, Miss Louisa Macleod, do.

ORAL DELIVERY.

Adjudicators—Rev. Alex. Maclean, B.D., Daviot, and Mr. J. R. Bannerman, Glasgow.

Reading, with expression, a Piece of Prose or Poetry by Native Speakers. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d. 1, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2, Miss Flora Macrae, Kiltarlity; 3, Calum Iain N. Macleod, Kirkhill; 4, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish; 5, Iain Macinnes, do.

Reading a Piece of Prose. Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d. Open to all. 1, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish; 3, Calum Iain N. Macleod, Kirkhill; 4, Iain Macinnes, Ballachulish; 5, Miss Margaret Vance, do.

Reading, at sight, an Unfamiliar Prose Piece chosen by the Judges. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 7s 6d; 3rd, 5s; 4th, 2s 6d; 5th, 2s 6d. Open to all. 1, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish; 2, Miss Flora Macrae, Kiltarlity; 3, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 4, Miss Betty Mackinnon, Kiltarlity.

Reciting from Memory "Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhealtachd." Prizes—1st, 15s and a copy of "M'Dougall's Folk Tales"; 2, 10s a copy of same book; 3, a copy of "M'Dougall's Folk Tales." 1, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish; 2, Miss Flora Macrae, Kiltarlity; 3, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 4, Donald Dunn, Ballachulish.

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—1st, 10s; 2nd, 5s; 3rd, 2s 6d. Open to all. 1, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish.

For Excellence in Gaelic Conversation, for Boys and Girls. Prizes—1st, 12s 6d; 2nd, 7s 6d. 1, Iain Urquhart, Crarae; 2, Miss Flora Macrae, Kiltarlity; 3, Calum Iain N. Macleod, Kirkhill; 4, Miss Margaret Vance, Ballachulish.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.A., Glen-Urquhart; Music—Mr. Albert Adams, F.R.C.O., Aberdeen.

Solo Singing of a Song. Girls. Confined to Learners of Gaelic as distinct from Native or Fluent Speakers. Prizes—1st, 15s; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. 1, Miss Mairie Macleod, Fortrose; 2, Miss Catherine Forbes, Kirkhill; 3, Miss Margt. Sutherland, Inverness.

Solo Singing of a Song. Boys. The Songs prescribed are "An teid thu leam a rìbhinn mhaisich," "Thaid i's gun teid i leam." Prizes—1st, 15s; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. 1, Iain Macleod, Fortrose; 2, Colin Douglas Macleod, Inverness; 3, Donald Macdonald, Kiltarlity.

Traditional Singing of an Unpublished Gaelic Song. No instrumental accompaniments. Prizes—1st, 10s; 2nd, 6s; 3rd, 4s. 1, Miss Peggy S. Campbell, Glasgow; 2, Iain Macinnes, Ballachulish; 3, Calum Iain N. Macleod, Kirkhill.

Solo Singing of a Song. Open to Girls over 16 and under 18 years of age at date of Mod. Prizes—1st, £1 5s; 2nd, 15s; 3rd, 10s. 1, Miss Marjory F. Macdonald, Fortrose; 2 and 3 (equal), Miss M. Kathleen Kennedy, Inverness, and Miss Margt. Wilson, do.

Acted Dialogue by 2 Performers. Prizes—1st, £1 10s; 2nd, £1; 3rd, 10s. 1, Miss Cathie E. Macinnes, Ballachulish, and Miss Chrissie Dunn, do.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Dugald Macfarlane, Kingussie; Music—Mr. Robert Macleod, Mus.Bac., Edinburgh.

Solo Singing of a Song. Confined to those able to converse fluently in Gaelic. Girls. The Songs prescribed are "Gur trom, from a ta mi" and "Mo roghainn 's mo run." Prizes—1st, £1 and the Silver Medal of An Comunn; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. 1, Miss Peggie S. Campbell, Glasgow; 2, Miss Annie Foster, Fort William; 3, Miss Morag Macinnes, Ballachulish.

Solo Singing of a Song. Boys. The Songs prescribed are "A' Chuthag" and "So mi 'm shineadh air an t-slabh." Prizes—1st, £1 and the Silver Medal of An Comunn; 2nd, 10s; 3rd, 5s. 1, Iain Macinnes, Ballachulish; 2, Alex. MacGregor Foster, Fort-William; 3 and 4 (equal), Iain N. MacLeod, Kirkhill, and Wm. MacDonald, Glasgow. Adjudicators—Gaelic—Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.A.; Music—Mr. Albert Adams, F.R.C.O.

Duet Singing of the Song, "Mairi Bheag Og." Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s. 1, Miss Chrissie Dunn, Ballachulish, and Iain Macinnes, do.; 2, Miss Margaret Fraser, Kiltarlity, and Miss Williamina Maclean, do.

Duet Singing of the Song, "Am faigh a' Ghàidhlig bas." Prizes—1st, £1; 2nd, 10s. 1, Miss Isobel M. Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Miss Mary Mackenzie, do.; 2, Miss Cathie Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Donald Macdonald, do.

Unison Singing for Junior Choirs. The Songs prescribed are "Na tri eòin," "Till an crodh Dhonnachaidh," and "Colunn gun cheann." Prizes—1st, £3; 2nd, £2. 1st Prize presented by Mr. John MacKintosh, Inverness. 1 (equal), Abriachan School Gaelic Choir and Merkinch School Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in Two-part Harmony. Prizes—1st, £5 and a Baton to the Conductor; 2nd, £3. 1, Inverness High School Gaelic Choir; 2, West Parish Sunday School Choir, Inverness.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in Two and Three-part Harmony. The prescribed Songs are "Tha mo bhreacan fiuch fo'n dìle" (test song) and "An uair bha Gàidhlig ag na h-eòin," arranged by Julian H. W. Nesbitt, supplied by the Secretary. Prizes—1st, £5, retention for a year of the "Oban Times" Challenge Trophy, and a Baton to the Conductor; 2nd, £3. 1, Ballachulish Junior Gaelic Choir.

SENIOR SECTION.

LITERATURE.

Adjudicators—Rev. Archd. Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Dr. A. C. Morrison, Larkhall; Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., Blair Atholl, and Rev. Duncan Macrae, Edinburgh; Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muckairn, and Rev. D. C. Macrae, Duror; Rev. J. A. MacCormick, B.D., Ardcattan, and John R. Bannerman, Glasgow; Hugh Hunter, Mus.Bac., Glasgow.

A Gold Pendant will be given to the most distinguished Prize-winner in the Literary Competitions. Former winners are debarred.

Poem on any Subject. Prizes—1st, Chaplet; 2nd, £5. 1, James Thomson, Bayble; 2, John Macfadyen, Corkerhill.

Essay on "Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh: Her Life and Poetry." Prize—£5. 1, Rev. A. D. Maclean, Ardgonn.

Essay on "Natural Dyes as used by the People of the Highlands." Prizes—1st, £5; 2nd, £3. Presented by the Royal Celtic Society. 1, Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon.

Gaelic Story, extending to 2000 words or more. The tale may be based on actual historical incidents or local legends. Prize—£10. 1, John MacCormick, Glasgow.

One Short Story, not exceeding 500 words. Prize—£2 2s. John MacFadyen, Corkerhill.

A Gaelic Humorous Song, 48 lines, set to a suitable air. Prize—£2. 1, John Macfadyen, Corkerhill.

Gaelic Dialogue to take not more than 15 minutes in delivery. Prize—£5. John MacCormick, Glasgow.

For the best arrangement, in Four-part Harmony, of the Melody, "Mo Chubhrachan." Open to Professionals. Prize—£4. 1, Joseph MacConochie, M.A., Glasgow.

WEDNESDAY.

SENIOR SECTION.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.A.; Music—Robert Macleod, Mus.Bac., Edinburgh.

For the best rendering of one of Rob Donn's Songs. Prizes—1st, £3; 2nd, £2. Presented by the Thurso Branch of An Comunn. 1, A. Macaulay, Inverness; 2, Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale.

Solo Singing of a Gaelic Song connected with the County of Inverness, to be known as the "James Grant Memorial" Prize. Open Prizes—1st, £2 10s; 2nd, £1 10s; 3rd, £1. 1, Miss Janet Macaulay, Greenock; 2, Miss Mary M. Colquhoun, Glasgow; 3, Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Malcolm Macleod, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), Lochgilphead; Music—Albert Adams, F.R.C.O., Aberdeen.

For the best rendering of an Unpublished Skye Song, the air of which need not be unpublished. Prizes—1st, £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. Presented by Mrs Macdonald of Dunach. 1, Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow; 2, Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 3, Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban.

Solo Singing of a Song—To encourage the Revival of the older or less known District Songs. Prizes—1st, £2 5s; two 2nd prizes of 15s each; and three 3rd prizes of 10s each. Prizes presented by Mrs Ryan, Roy Bridge. 1, Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban; 2 (equal), Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban, and John D. Macpherson, Ballachulish; 3 (equal), Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow, Iain M. Colquhoun, do., and Wm. Cameron, Petty.

For best rendering of a Song from Mrs Kennedy Fraser's Book, "Songs of the Hebrides," Vol. III. Male and Female Voices. Prizes—1st, "Songs of the Hebrides," Vol. III.; 2nd, "Songs of the Hebrides," Vol. III. (paper cover). Presented by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser. 1, Miss Margaret Cameron, Inverness; 2, Miss Mary M. Colquhoun, Glasgow.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.A.; Music—Mr. Robert Macleod, Mus.Bac.

Solo Singing of a Song with Clarsach Accompaniment. Prizes—1st, Clarsach, presented by W. B. Blaikie, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh, and £3; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. The former winner of this prize not eligible. Prizes presented by the Royal Celtic Society. 1, Miss Mary M. Colquhoun, Glasgow; 2, Miss Eleanor Cameron, London; 3, Miss M. F. MacPherson, Glasgow.

Gaelic Folk Songs. For the best rendering of two Unpublished Gaelic Folk-song Airs. The words need not necessarily be unpublished. No pianoforte accompaniment allowed in this competition. Prizes—1st, £1 10s; 2nd, 10s. 1, Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow; 2, William Cameron, Petty.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Malcolm Macleod, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.); Music—Mr. Albert Adams, F.R.C.O.

Solo Singing of a Mull or Iona Song, the words of which have not been previously published. Prizes—1st, £2 2s; 2nd, £1 1s. Presented by the Glasgow Mull and Iona Association.—1, Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban; 2, Miss Catherine E. B. Maclean, Glasgow.

Oban and Lorn Association War Commemoration Medal (Open) for the best rendering of one of the followings Songs by Lorn Bards:—"Niall og Mac an Oighre," by Calum Campbell Macphail (Modern Gaelic Bards, Second Series, Part 1), "Coire Cheathaich," and "A Mhairi Bhàn gur barail thu" (Donnachadh Ban). Prizes—1st, Gold Badge and £1; 2nd, £2. Presented by the Glasgow Oban and Lorn Association. 1, Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban; 2, Neil A. Macinnes, Glasgow.

THURSDAY.

SENIOR SECTION.

ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading of an Unfamiliar Piece of Prose—1, Wm. Cameron, Petty; 2, Miss Mary Campbell, Easdale.

Recitation of a Piece of Poetry composed by the Competitor—1, Mrs. Kenneth Macleod, Fortrose; 2 (equal), Peter Macintyre, Glasgow, and John Carmichael, Edinburgh.

Ancient Folk-tale, narrated in the traditional style—1, Angus M. Macdonald, Glasgow; 2, Uisdean Paterson, Woodside.

Best Prepared Original Gaelic Speech—1, Angus M. Macdonald, Glasgow; 2, Iain MacAlasdair Moffat-Pender, Edinburgh.

Recitation of a Piece of Poetry, memorised by Competitors—1, Angus M. Macdonald, Glasgow; 2, Uisdean Paterson, Woodside.

Best Acted Dialogue by Two Performers—1, Mrs. Barron, Glasgow, and Angus M. Macdonald, Glasgow; 2, Miss Jessie Ferguson, Morven, and Donald Fletcher, Oban.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing of an Oran Mor—1, A. F. MacLennan, Lochgilphead; 2, Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford.

Solo Singing—Female Voices (Confined to Members of An Comunn and Affiliated Societies)—1, Miss Mary M. Colquhoun, Glasgow; 2, Miss Lena A. Call, London.

Solo Singing—Male Voices (Confined to Members of An Comunn and Affiliated Societies)—1, Adam Johnstone, Edinburgh; 2, Iain M. Colquhoun, Glasgow.

Solo Singing of Puirt a Beul—1, Alex. Cameron, Glasgow; 2, Miss Catherine M. Clark, Glasgow; 3, Mrs. M. F. Macpherson, Glasgow.

Solo Singing—Female Voices (Gold Medal Competition)—1, Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; 2, Miss Janet Macaulay, Greenock; 3, Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban.

Solo Singing—Male Voices (Gold Medal Competition)—1, Charles Maccoll, Ballachulish; 2, Neil A. Macinnes, Glasgow; 3, Geo. A. Sutherland, Glasgow.

FRIDAY.

SENIOR SECTION.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Gaelic—Rev. Dugald Macfarlane and Rev. Malcolm Macleod, M.A.; Music—Messrs. Albert Adams, F.R.C.O., and Robert Macleod, Mus. Bac.

Solo Singing of a Song. Female Voices. Open to former Mod Gold Medallists and 1st Prize-winners for Singing. Prize—£3. Miss Molly E. Campbell, Oban.

Solo Singing of a Song. Male Voices. Open only to former Mod Gold Medallists and 1st Prize-winners for Singing. Prize—£3. Presented by the Gaelic Society of London. J. B. Munro, Inverness.

Duet Singing of a Song. Prizes—1st, £2; 2nd, £1. 1, Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford, and Neil Maclean, Oban; 2, Miss Helen Austin, Edinburgh, and Miss Wilson, do.

Choral Singing of a Song in Four-part Harmony. Mixed Voices. Songs prescribed same as £2. Prizes—1st, £5; 2nd, £3.—1st, Edinburgh G.M.A.

Quartette Singing of a Song. Mixed Voices. Prizes—1, £2; 2, £1. 1, Edinburgh G.M.A. Quartette; 2, Macintosh Quartette, Edinburgh Gaelic Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in Three or Four-part Harmony. Male Voices only. The two songs prescribed were "Cruchan Beann" (arr. Robert Macleod), and "Màilì Dhonn" (in unison). Prize—£5. 1st Prize presented by Glasgow Inverness-shire Society. 1 (equal), Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Choir and Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in Three or Four-part Harmony. Female Voices only. The two songs prescribed were "Crodh Chaillein," arranged by J. H. W. Nesbitt, and "Mo roghainn a' Ghàidhlig." Prizes—1st, £5; 2nd, £3. 1st Prize presented by Mrs. Gascoigne of Craignish. 1, Oban Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Choir.

Choral Singing of a Song, with or without Chorus, in Four-part Harmony. The Songs prescribed were (1) "The Raasay Lament," arranged by Granville Bantock (test song), "Ho leibe Chall O!" (arr. J. H. W. Nesbitt), and "Far an robh mi 'n raoir" (arr. W. B. Moonie). 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, Oban Gaelic Choir; 2, Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association Choir; 3, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Choir.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Adjudicators—Mrs. Macdonald of Dunach; Rev. D. C. MacRae, M.A., Duror; Mr. Dugald Mackay, Bettyhill.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey, and Reel on the Pianoforte. Prizes—1st, £2; 2nd, £1; 3rd, 10s. This competition is strictly confined to Amateurs. 1, Miss M. Weir, Appin; 2, Miss Minnie Sinclair, Daviot; 3, Mrs. Johanna Slight, Inverness.

Playing of Gaelic Song, Air, Strathspey, and Reel on the Violin. Confined to Amateurs. Prizes—1st, £2; 2nd, £1; 3rd, 10s. 1, J. T. Shepherd, Inverness; 2, Miss Nessie Weir, Appin; 3, David Macaskill, Inverness.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting of An Comunn took place on Saturday in the Hall of the Municipal Buildings, Inverness, kindly granted for the occasion. The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, occupied the chair, and there was a record attendance of members.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been taken as read, Major MacFarlane, the Treasurer, read the result of the voting for the filling of the ten vacancies which occur annually among the thirty regularly elected members of the Executive. There are other members of the Executive representing Branches and Affiliated Societies not concerned with this election.

The President, who has to seek re-election annually, was unanimously re-elected, as was the Rev. T. Macpherson, one of the Vice-Presidents, whose term of three years had expired.

For the vacancies in the Executive, the following were the successful candidates:—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale; Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban; Mr. Colin Sinclair, Glasgow; Mr. George I. Campbell, Yr., of Succoth, Garscube; Mr. A. Fraser, 53 Park Drive South, Whiteinch; Mr. Donald MacDonald, 12 Cawdor Road, Inverness; Rev. John MacLachlan, Ardrainich, Inveraray; Mr. John N. MacLeod, Knockbain School, Kirkhill; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), U.F. Manse, Lochgilphead; Rev. M. N. Munro, M.A., U.F. Manse, Taynult.

The new members are Mr. Campbell, Yr., of Succoth; Mr. Donald MacDonald, Inverness (late of Glasgow); and the Rev. M. MacLeod, Lochgilphead.

A considerable discussion took place over the fixing of the date and place of next year's Mod.

The Secretary read a communication from the Gaelic Society of Perth, inviting next year's Mod to that city.

Lady Helen Tod formally moved that it be held in Perth, and the Rev. Neil Ross seconded.

Mr. E. C. Carmichael, moved that the Mod be confined to smaller centres in the Highlands, where it would help to create and perpetuate a favourable atmosphere in the Gaelic-speaking areas, and the immediately contiguous districts, those areas upon which the energies of An Comunn should be concentrated.

The Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, Dores, seconded.

Mr. Alex. Fraser supported the claims of Perth, and suggested smaller Mods for the other centres. This view was also supported by Mrs. Burnley Campbell and the Rev. W. MacPhail.

Mr. Sutherland, representing the Gaelic

Society of Perth, spoke in support of its claims, recalled the good work of the Society he represented, the success of the previous Mod held at Perth, pointed out that a visit was now overdue, and that as there were now several branches of the Comunn in the County, all of them formed since the last Mod held there, Perth's claim could not well be overlooked.

Mr. T. D. MacDonald pointed out that no invitation came from any other centre, and that if the place of next Mod was to be fixed then they had no option but to accept the invitation from Perth, and if there were other invitations the claims for Perth would still be strong on account of the long interval since the Mod was held there, and the activities in Perth County on behalf of An Comunn since then.

Rev. Mr. MacKay also supported Perth's claims.

On a vote being taken, the amendment was supported by two votes only, and Perth was all but unanimously fixed upon as the place of the next Mod.

Respecting the question of the date of the next Mod, Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow, moved that it be in the month of June instead of September. She pointed out the difficulty choirs had in keeping up their practices during the summer months immediately prior to the September Mods, whereas a Mod in May or June would come sooner after the winter's work of all choirs, and before the dispersal of many of their members on account of seasonal summer occupations, school and other vacations, and for many other reasons.

Mr. A. N. Nicolson, Inverness, seconded.

Asked if any other month than September would suit Perth, Mr. Sutherland said that as the end of September or the first week in October was the time they had in their minds when they resolved to invite the Mod, he could not, without consultation with his Committee, commit them for any other time, but that he had no doubt that an arrangement could be come to.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow, pointed out that there were other difficulties in the way. The Constitution provided that the Mods and the annual business meetings of An Comunn must be held at the same place, the latter immediately following the former. Mrs. Colquhoun's proposal would therefore alter the date of the annual meeting, and to be admissible such a proposal could only be considered after due notice had been given

of it, in accordance with the constitution, and it could not therefore be proceeded with on the present occasion. He would suggest that Mrs. Colquhoun's proposal be remitted to the Mod and Music Committee for its report to the Executive so far as it concerned the Mod, and that the whole question be subsequently considered by the Executive.

This was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Alex. Fraser moved that Rule 23 of the Constitution be amended to read as follows:—"There shall be two stated meetings of the Executive Council in each year. The one of these to be called the 'Preliminary Meeting' shall be held at the place of, and immediately following the annual meeting. All meetings of the Executive Council other than the Preliminary Meeting shall be held at Glasgow, with the exception of one meeting annually held alternately at Oban and Inverness."

In support of his motion, Mr. Fraser said that there were several occasions of late when meetings called for outside of Glasgow failed to find a quorum, and that as there were so many members of the Executive resident in and immediately around Glasgow a quorum could always be depended upon in Glasgow.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell, in seconding Mr. Fraser's motion, said that her principal reason in supporting the motion was that it would help to secure continuity of policy. Different meetings held in so many different places would be attended mainly by different members.

Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh, in support of the motion, said that they in Edinburgh and Glasgow were business men, with their own business affairs to look after, and they could not afford to be so frequently away, sometimes involving an over-night from home, in attending to the business of An Comunn. He therefore contended, in effect, that the centralisation of the Comunn's business in Glasgow was essential.

Mr. T. D. MacDonald moved, as an amendment, that "The word 'seven' be substituted for the word 'ten' in Rule 27 of the Constitution, and that Criarlarich be deleted from the prescribed itinerary for the Executive meetings of An Comunn."

In support of the amendment, Mr. MacDonald pointed out that Mr. Fraser's motion, if carried, would mean that a meeting of the Executive would be held in Oban once every two years, and the same would be the case with Inverness, whereas

no further meetings would be held at Criarlarich, Perth, Stirling, or Edinburgh, and all other meetings would be held in Glasgow, other than the preliminary meeting, which always fell to be held wherever and whenever the Mod and the annual business meetings were held. It would practically cut the Highlands adrift from the work of the Executive, leaving the whole conduct of An Comunn to the members resident in Glasgow and its contiguous districts. This was amply demonstrated by Mr. MacLeod in what he said in support of the motion. The sum and substance of the observations made in support of the motion meant, in effect, that as the Southern members were not prepared or that they objected to make any personal sacrifices on behalf of An Comunn's work by attending meetings in the Highlands, members of the Executive resident in the Highlands must make all such sacrifices or be prevented from taking any further part in the Executive work of An Comunn.

By the reducing of the number required to form a quorum for the Executive meetings from ten to seven, quorums would be obtainable, as was shown by the average number of members attending meetings in the Highlands. He did not see why the number of the prescribed centres could not be reduced with advantage. He would be rather inclined to omit Edinburgh, which could not be called a centre. It was an outpost, all members arriving there approached it from the one direction, across the Forth Bridge. But he would not go thus far on the present occasion. He would be content by moving the omission of Criarlarich, and gave several cogent reasons for this.*

The Rev. Wm. MacPhail seconded the amendment.

Mr. Alistair MacDonald, Inverness, in supporting the amendment, said that while from one point of view it might not matter much where the meetings of the Executive were held, from the point of view of good policy it would be a great mistake to dissociate the Highlands from the work of An Comunn's Executive. What was wanted was more opportunities for the various members of the Executive meeting one another, and assimilating in this way the best of each other's views. The motion, if carried, would make such opportunities fewer than they now were, and An Comunn would suffer accordingly.

The Rev. Mr. MacFarlane moved the previous question.

On the vote being taken, the previous

question was supported by two votes, Mr. T. D. MacDonald's amendment was then put, and received forty-one votes, and Mr. Alex. Fraser's motion received twelve. The amendment was therefore carried.

The Rev. Neil Ross moved "That the name of the magazine be changed, and that 'An Gàidheal,' with its recognised Anglicised form, 'The Gael,' in brackets, be adopted instead of the present name."

Mr. T. D. MacDonald seconded.

A protracted discussion took place over this proposal. The present name had few supporters, but the shortness of the period since it was adopted caused some to hesitate about supporting another change at present. Ultimately, however, Mr. Ross's motion was adopted by a large majority.

Lady Helen Tod intimated a donation of £50 to An Comunn from the Misses Williams, Wales. The gift was made without any condition as to the particular work of An Comunn to which the money was to be applied.

An Comunn has again to acknowledge the generosity of Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost for his handsome donation of £100 towards its funds.

On the motion of the Chairman, the Secretary was instructed to send the donors the Comunn's thanks, and its special appreciation of their generous gifts.

At the suggestion of the Rev. G. W. MacKay, Convener of the Propaganda Committee, the gift is to be utilised for the immediate recommencement of the work of the Comunn's teacher of music.

Miss Campbell of Inverneill drew attention to the Executive's consideration of the undesirability of pianoforte accompaniments in the singing of traditional Gaelic songs in the Mod competitions. The scale of the piano was not in keeping with that of the traditional music of the Highlands. Furthermore, pianos were few and far between in the rural districts of the Highlands, from which so many of the Mod competitors came, and where they did exist in such places they were often so affected by the prevailing damp atmosphere, and the possibility of visits from professional piano tuners were so few, that frequently the instruments were more injurious than otherwise to aspiring musicians, whether vocal or instrumental, in such districts.

Miss J. M. B. Currie spoke in support of Miss Campbell.

The Rev. M. N. Munro, Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, was called upon

for his views, and said that he quite appreciated and indeed supported the observations made by Miss Campbell and Miss Currie. He pointed out that, year after year, the professional judges at the Mod expressed the same opinion, and indeed advocated the total elimination of the pianoforte accompaniments in the Mod competitions. He said it should be better known than it was that it was optional on the part of competitors to have a pianoforte accompaniment to their singing. They could dispense with it if they so wished.

The matter was ultimately remitted to the Mod and Music Committee for its consideration and report.

Mr. Neil, conductor of the Abriachan Junior Choir, complained of what he termed the sudden enforcement of the rule requiring that three-fourths of Junior Choirs competing for the "Oban Times" Shield should be fluent Gaelic speakers, whereby his own and two other choirs were disqualified. This rule, he contended, had been a dead letter for so many years that they were entitled to further and more explicit notice of the intention to enforce it.

It was pointed out to Mr. Neal that the intention to have this rule more strictly enforced was given plenty of publicity in the press, in addition to its being expressly stated in the Mod syllabus. The same enforcement also took place in regard to senior choirs competing for the Lovat-Tullibardine Shield, with the result that some conductors, during the examination of their choirs, had to reduce the number of members their choirs were originally composed of in order to bring their proportion of Gaelic speakers to the required quota. This they accomplished, and won prizes notwithstanding it.

A communication was read from Mr. A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, resigning office as one of the Trustees of the Feill Funds, on account of pressure of business. Mr. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost was unanimously appointed in his place.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. MacPhail, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the Local Committee of the Mod for their assiduous and successful conduct of its affairs.

Similar votes of thanks were awarded to the Comunn Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Neil Shaw, and Major MacFarlane; and to their Chairman and President, Mr. Angus Robertson, for so successfully doing his part throughout the Mod.

1923 MOD—INVERNESS.

IMPRESSIONS BY ROBERT MACLEOD,
Mus. Bac.

Once again it falls to my lot to endeavour, through the medium of cold print, to record the thrills of the Mod. It would be dishonest to say that the atmosphere of Fort-William was present in Inverness, but it would be equally fallacious to say that the Mod of 1923 had not its own compensating features.

That the Mod is not affecting musical culture in the Highlands is amply disproved by the immense all-round improvement in vocal attainment both in solo and choral singing. There was no comparison between the results of 1922 and 1923 if we except the wonderful singing of the Dundee choir at Fort-William.

The soloists displayed a finer sense of musical feeling and a more genuine knowledge of balance between words and music. The result was that beauty was constantly revealing itself, even in the performances of those who were unfortunate in not securing the highest awards. If singers could only train their ears to catch the beauty of these phrases and adjust other phrases to match, the standard would again rise higher than it has in the past year.

It would be invidious to make many distinctions, but the natural simplicity of Miss Colquhoun in her rendering of solo with harp, and again in the Competition 47, deserves the attention of singers who, as I remarked, seemed to try and stretch the capacity of a folk-song to the dimensions of an operatic aria.

The choral singing of the Oban Choir, under Mr. MacDonald, was full of many beautiful points, which were most delightful from a purely artistic point of view. Choirs, however, and conductors too, are apt to lose sight of the beauty of the whole by dwelling upon a beauty of detail and thus placing it out of focus.

The thrills I referred to at the beginning of my comments were duly distributed over all the classes, but the real Mod thrill was on the Friday afternoon. Here the audience were in large measure responsible. Their sympathy and interest were responsible in large measure for the fine choral singing and for that indefinable "something" which inspires all those who come under its spell.

If competitors would allow themselves to

absorb this "mood," they would catch for themselves a glimpse of beauty through their own singing, which opportunity is seldom granted to competitors at other festivals.

Again I am indebted to my colleagues for infusing that confidence into my judgments, which I trust may assist the Mod in attaining the ideals which it has set out to attain.

BRANCH REPORT.

DUNOON.—Under the auspices of the Comunn Gàidhealach Dhunomhainn, the opening gathering of the session was held in the Imperial Hall, Dunoon, on Friday, 12th October. The proceedings opened with bagpipe selections by Piper J. Smith. Following the rallying song, "Suas leis a Ghàidhlig," Mr. Donald Macdonald, M.A., President, after a short Gaelic address, introduced, in felicitous terms, the speaker for the evening, the Rev. J. Fulton, B.D., of St. John's U.F. Church, Dunoon. Enlarging on "Sentiment in the Character of the Scot," Mr. Fulton dwelt on the thought that Scotland, a hard mother, after great labour, has brought forth a race of men, grim in battle and pre-eminent in songs kept sweet by their fine sentiment. In analysing this sentiment, the speaker drew a vivid comparison between the Scot's deep capability for feeling and the shallow and frivolous sentiment of certain continental peoples, finding the main cause of this in the influence of mountains. Mr. Fulton brought up his address to a splendid climax by dwelling on the legacy of Jacobitism to Scotland, its bursts of heroism, its haunting songs, and the bewitching glamour it has cast over "the home of lost causes and forgotten disloyalties." A programme of song and music followed. Two well-known Highland singers, in the persons of Miss Cath. M. Clark and Mr. J. M. Bannerman, sang with great acceptance to a crowded audience. Miss Clark sang most pleasingly, while Mr. Bannerman made a host of friends by his interpretation of the comic archness of "Mo Bhodachan," and by his sweet rendering of the tuneful cadences of "Mairi Bhan." Miss M'Kechnie scored a distinct hit in "Maiden of Morven," and Mr. E. Pursell, M.A., gave Highland selections on the piano with fine spirit and technique. Admirable accompaniments were provided by Miss Bannerman, Miss Cumming, and Miss M. M'Kechnie. The appreciation of the audience was offered to Mr. Fulton by ex-Baillie Miller, who spoke both in Gaelic and English, and to the artists and the President by Councillor J. M'Farlane. During an interval in the programme, Mr. M'Callum Taynuilt, gave a short Gaelic address, rich in reminiscence and Highland lore. A most successful gathering was brought to a close by the audience joining in singing, "Oidhe mhat leibh." Five dozen copies of *Gaidhlig* were sold after the meeting. The next Ceilidh is to be held on 9th November, when Mr. Neil Shaw, Secretary of An Comunn Gàidhealach, will be the speaker.

CELTIC HARP TUITION.—Mrs. Begbie, 15 Carlton Street, Edinburgh, or Messrs. Paterson, Ltd., Music Warehouse, Glasgow. At liberty for Recitals with Celtic or Grecian Harp.

THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

AN CAT GLAS.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S MS. Collection.

A mach thug am Fuamhair ag eubhach 's a' rànaich. Gu de ach theirigidh [sic] e tarsuing 'san dorus, is chùm na biorain an siod e.

Rug Mac an Rìgh air claidheamh an Fhuamhair, is thuir e ris, "Tha bàs os do chionn; gu de t-fhuasgladh?"*

"Is mòr sin," ars am Fuamhair: "tha tronc làn òir is airgid ann an seòmar de na bheil 'san uaimh."

"Is leam féin sin; tha 'm bàs os do' chionn, gu de t-fhuasgladh?" arsa Mac an Rìgh.

"Tha seòmar agam làn de charrannan dubha; is chan 'eil an sin ach clann rìghrean, is ridirean, is dhiucannan air an cur fo gheasaibh. Tha slacan-draoidheachd anns an t-seòmar, agus an uair a bhuaileas tu buille de'n t-slacan a tha an sin orra, théid iad mar a bha iad roimhe.

Tha seòmar eile ann, làn de'n cuid aodaich agus de'n cuid armaibh. Mar a ni an slacan feum do chàch, ni e feum do'n Chat Ghlas. Is nighean rìgh air a cur fo gheasaibh i is ghlac mise i. Bha mi gle mhaith dhi, ged is olc an taing a thug i dhomh air a' cheann mu dheireadh.

Tha rud na's fhearr na sin uile gu léir agam;—tha nighean rìgh an àite so fhéin agam. Bha i mach a' snàmh, agus ghlac mise i. Tha mi cinnteach gur h-ann agad fhéin a bhios i sin."

Ged a dh'innis e a h-uile dad a bha'n sin da, thug e na cinn deth leis a' chlaidheamh. Is e an ceud rud a rinn e an deis a mharbhadh, dol do'n t-seòmar far an robh a' bheanasal, is a leigeil a mach.

Chaidh iad an sin do'n t-seòmar an robh na carrannan dubha [agus an slacan-draoidheachd]. Fhuair e an slacan-draoidheachd, is thug e a' cheud buille do'n Chat deth.

Dh'fhàs i an sin 'na boireannach breagha, àluinn, mu ochd bliadhna deug a dh'aois. Bhuail e an sin air bualadh nan carrannan; is leumadh mac rìgh is mac ridire is mac dìuc a suas, gus an robh an seòmar làn de na bha an sin de sheòid.

(R'a leantainn.)

THE GRAY CAT.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

Out rushed the Giant, roaring and screaming. But in passing out what should he do but go through the doorway sideways, and the spits caught him and held him there.

The King's Son seized the Giant's glove, and said to him, "Death is above thee; what wilt thou give to get release?"*

"That is a good deal," said the Giant: "there is a trunk full of gold and silver in one of the rooms in the cave."

"That's mine; death is above thee, what wilt thou give to release thee?" said the King's Son.

"I have a room full of black pillar-stones; they are but the children of kings, and knights, and dukes who have been enchanted. There is a magic wand in the room; and if thou strike the black pillar-stones with the magic wand, they will be as they were before [*i.e.*, resume their former shape].

There is another room, full of their clothes and arms. And even as the magic wand will do good to the others, so will it do good to the Gray Cat. She is a king's daughter bound by enchantments, whom I caught. I was very good to her, though in the end she has repaid me ill.

But I have one thing better than all that:—I have the daughter of the king of this very place. She was out swimming, and I caught her. Sure am I that it is thou who wilt have her."

Though the giant had told him everything, the king's son took off his heads with the claymore. The first thing he did after killing him was to go to the room where the lady was, and let her out.

They then went to the room in which the black pillar-stones [and the magic wand] were. He found the magic wand, and gave the Cat the first stroke with it.

She then became a fine and lovely woman, about eighteen years of age. He next began striking the pillar-stones; and [as he struck them, they changed, and] a king's son would spring up, and then a knight's son, and then a duke's son, until the room was full with the heroes there.

(To be continued.)

* *Ùi* Death is over thy head; what is thy releasing?

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Waverley Hotel, Stirling, on 19th October. There were present:—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale; Miss Campbell of Succoth; Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; Miss Mary Ferguson, Glasgow; Lord James T. Stewart Murray, Blair Atholl; Rev. G. W. MacKay; Killin; Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon; Rev. M. N. Munro, Taynult; Messrs T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Alex. Fraser, Whiteinch; Donald MacDonald, Inverness; T. D. MacDonald, Oban; Peter MacIntyre, Glasgow; Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh; Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Angus Robertson, Glasgow; Colin Sinclair, Glasgow; Andrew Stewart, Glasgow; Donald Sutherland, Scone; Robert Macfarlane, C.A., Treasurer, and Neil Shaw, Secretary. Messrs Peter Baxter and James Craigie, Perth, were also present.

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, was in the chair.

The Finance Committee reported that the sum of £5 9s 10d had been received from the Edinburgh Highland Ball (1913) account, and £30 from the local treasurer of the Mid-Argyll Provincial (1923) Mod. Satisfaction was expressed at the splendid result of the Mid-Argyll Mod.

The Secretary reported that Mrs. Watson, Edinburgh, had declined the Convenership of the Education Committee on account of her recent sad bereavement. The Chairman expressed the sympathy of the meeting with Mrs. Watson and her family, and it was unanimously agreed that Mrs. Watson should be asked to continue as Convener, and that Mr. Malcolm MacLeod be appointed Vice-Convener.

The Secretary also reported on the Conference on the Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools held in August at Inverness, and on the replies acknowledging receipt of copies of the Resolutions adopted at the Conference. The National Committee for the Training of Teachers have appointed a Special Committee to deal with matters connected with instruction in Gaelic. The Edinburgh Provincial Committee have agreed to send Gaelic-speaking students to the University Class in Celtic and to pay their fees.

The Publication Committee reported on the changing of the Magazine title to "An Gaidheal," and that steps had been taken to ensure that no copyright was being infringed.

Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod asked that the Presi-

dent's address at the official opening of the Mod should be printed and circulated. It was pointed out that the Address was appearing in the next number of the Magazine.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell asked if the Gaelic Play "Domhnall 'san Tombaca," could be published. Mr. Malcolm MacLeod said An Comunn had no proprietary right to the Play, and that its publication and that of other well-known dialogues rested with the late Mr. Archd. MacCulloch's representatives.

The Propaganda Committee reported that Mr. Hugh MacLean had been engaged for 9 months to teach Gaelic singing, commencing in the Lorn district and extending later to Islay and Mull. The Mid-Argyll and Lorn District Provincial Mods were being arranged for, and it was hoped that local Mods would be held in Islay and Mull.

The Art and Industry Committee reported a deficit of approximately £38 on the recent Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts. The Committee have approached the Highland Home Industries, Ltd., Edinburgh, with a view to sharing expenses in connection with a proposed Exhibition and Sale of Home Industries in Glasgow about April, 1924.

The Mod and Music Committee reported that the Syllabus for the 1924 Mod had been revised, and test pieces prescribed. In the competition for Junior Choirs ("Oban Times" Trophy) it was recommended that 50% of choir members be able to converse in the Gaelic language. The previous conditions were 75%, and the present recommendation is that Juniors and Seniors be placed on an equality. For the new Choral competition instituted last year it is recommended that competing choirs must not be composed of the members who have passed the Gaelic test for 50% Gaelic speakers in the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield Competition.

A resolution from the Dundee Highland Society disapproving of the 50% standard of Gaelic speakers in the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield Choral Competition was read. The Executive could not see their way to modify the conditions adopted a year ago.

The Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow, and Mr. Alex. Fraser, Whiteinch, were appointed to represent the Mod and Music Committee on the Perth Local Committee.

Mr. Donald Sutherland and Mr. Peter Baxter reported on the local arrangements at Perth. It was decided to hold next year's Mod on the first week of October.

The President reported on his visit to Pictou, Nova Scotia, and on the call of Mr. Fred T.

MacLeod was heartily thanked for his services

It was agreed to hold the next meeting of the Executive Council in Edinburgh, on Thursday, 6th December.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the meeting to a close.

HOW TO HELP THE MAGAZINE.

It may not be generally recognised by the members of An Comunn that the financial success of the magazine is in a supreme degree to be measured by the amount of advertisements which it contains.

In this connection, the Publication Committee venture to make an urgent appeal to those members who, by way of business, have occasion to advertise in newspapers and periodicals, in the direction of seeking their support, either by submitting advertisements themselves, or by making an earnest endeavour to persuade their business friends to do so.

Members will doubtless realise the importance of giving their serious attention to this appeal when it is made known to them that even a dozen advertisements additional to those appearing at present would make *An Gàidheal* self-supporting.

An Comunn Gàidhealach Publications.

Rosg Gàidhlig—Specimens of Gaelic Prose. Circa. 1000 A.D. to present day. Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, L.L.D. 2s 6d, postage 6d.

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Leabhar XIX.]

An Dùtlachd, 1923.

[Earrann 3

LAITHEAN DORCHA.

Chan fhaod a bhì gun cum sinn ar sùilean is ar cluasan dùinte gun dad a ghabhail oirnn a thaobh nan nithean a tha a' tachairt aig an am so air gach laimh dhinn. Is ir cìoch àraidh a' mhìosachain so eòlas a chraobhsgeoileadh mu dheanadais A' Chomuinn, agus mu litreachas coitchionn ar latha féin. Mar sin tha sinn a' gealltuinn nach mol sinn taobh seach taobh anns a' chomhstri, agus nach sparr sinn air neach sam bith a ghuth-taghaidh a chleachdadh ach mar a stiuireas a chiall is a choguis fhéin e. Faodair fhaighneachd car son a tha sinn a' sgrìobhadh na h-earrainn so mur eil e ceadichte dhuinn earail a thairgsinn a bhios gu feum do luchd-taghaidh. Mar fhreagradh their sinn gur e ar rùn sònrùichte aire buill A' Chomuinn a thrèorachadh gu smuain no dhà, air eagal mu'n caill sinn misneach a thaobh na h-oibreach a ghabh sinn as laimh. Cìod i an obair? Is i an obair, a' Ghàidhlig a chumail beò. Ach tha mòran de ar luchd-dùthcha aig an am a chion bidh is aodaich. Tha easbhuidh cosnaidh 'g an sàruchadh; tha pòr na talmhainn is iasg na mara air fàilneachadh; tha acras is fuachd 'g an éigneachadh. Cha leig sinne anns A' Chomuinn a leas a bhì an dùil gu'n gabh ar luchd dùthcha a tha anns a' staid so suim an Gàidhlig no an ceòl gus am faighear fuasgladh o'n bhochdainn. Is eòl duinn uile mar a thàinig an cor so mu'n cuairt. Chan eil cothrom aig a' chroitear air a bhochdainn. Tha e air an aon ruith ri luchd-oibreach eile na rìoghachd a thaobh gainne. Ged nach e dleasdanas sònrùichte A' Chomuinn a bhì a' leasachadh na cùise

so, gidheadh is còir dhuinn uile beachd tùrail a ghabhail air an nì, a chum is gun tuig sinn an t-obhar nach eil obair àraidh A' Chomuinn a' dol air a h-aghart cho luath 's a bu mhiann leinn. Na cailleamaid dòchas ged a tha làithean dorcha againn aig an am.

Tha cuid ann a their nach eil buntuin aig A' Chomuinn ri gnothuch Stàta. Ach tha obair A' Chomuinn an crochadh gu mòr air deagh-ghean a' Stàta. An uair a bha Achd an Fhòghlum a' dol troimh an Phàrlamaid o chionn còig bliadhna air ais, bu dian agus bu ìonmhor na h-iarratuis a leth na Gàidhlig a chuir An Comunn fa chomhair luchd deanamh ar laghanan. Mar sin chan eil e fìor nach eil buntuin aig A' Chomuinn Ghàidhealach ri Pàrlamaid. Is ann aige a tha, agus cha bheag e. Tha mòran an crochadh an diugh air an t-seòrsa Uachdar-anachd a gheibh àmhartas air fòghlum is airgid na rìoghachd. Tha sinn a' creidsinn gur e an Uachdaranachd a bheir cothrom éiridh do'n Ghàidheal a thaobh cosnaidh, a bheir cothrom éiridh do'n Ghàidhlig mar an ceudna. Tha ar cinneadh is ar cainnt fuaighte ri a chéile. Cha soirbhich ar cànan gu bràth mur soirbhich an dream a tha 'g a labhairt. Chan eil ann ach aimeadas a chaochladh a chumail a mach. Ma tha earail idir a dh'fhaodar a thoirt seachad an diugh is i so i—gur i a' bhuidheann shòbhalta sin a chuidicheas a' Ghàidhealtachd a cheart bhuidheann a chuidicheas a' Ghàidhlig. Anns an t-seadh tha tha obair A' Chomuinn an crochadh aig a' cheann mu dheireadh air Uacharanachd na rìoghachd. Tha sinn a' ciallachadh nach tig an latha anns am bì e comasach do 'n Chomuinn leis fhéin a' Ghàidhlig a theagasg

ann an sgoiltean na Gàidhealtachd, gus an aontaich an Uachdaranachd anns a' cheud àite, bhi buileachadh airgid a chum a bhi ag uidheamachadh luchd-teagaisg Gàidhlig anns na h-Oil-thighean, gus a' Ghàidhlig a theagasg gu h-eagnuidh ceart do 'n òigridh. Is e so smior a' ghnòthuich air fad.

Fad an dà mhios so a chaidh fhuair sinn cothrom a bhi a' beachdachadh air cor na Gàidhlig ann am Bàideanach. Faodar an ceàrn sin a ghabhail mar eisimpleir. Ann an aon sgoil anns am bheil deich thar fhichead de chloinn chan eil ach dithis a bhruidheas Gàidhlig. Ach is e an ni gu sònruichte a thog ar n-aire, gu bheil Gàidhlig gu leòr aig parantan na cloinne sin aig nach eil eòlas idir air a' chànan. Tha so a' nochdadh mar a tha a' chainnt a' bàsachadh ri aon ghinealach—Gàidhlig gu leòr aig na parantan, agus gum smid aig a' chloinn. Chan eil meanglan de'n Chomunn a nis anns a' cheàrn so, ach tha an raoin fosgailte agus freagarrach a chum an t-aobhar athbheothachadh. Is còir duinn a bhi furachar a chum meur a dhaingneachadh gun dàil far am bheil na parantan mi-chùramach, agus far nach eil a' chainnt 'g a labhairt anns na dachaidhean. Tha e fathast comasach sùilean nam parantan fhosgladh. Tha mòran de'n mhi-chùram a' sruthadh o aineolas air a' chunnart anns am bheil beatha na Gàidhlig. Ach tha e feumail gum biodh meadhanan is treise na so air an cleachdadh a thaobh teagasg na cànan anns na sgoiltean. An ceann beagan bhliadhnaichean bidh inbhean an latha an diugh air fàs sean, is mur a toir iad seachad an cainnt is am beul-aithris do'n chloinn, thig bàs air a' chuid as prìseile de'n dualachas a bu chòir a bhi aig an linn ùir. A thaobh na sgoile a dh'ainmich sinn is taitneach ri chantuinn gu'n tug Fear Stiùbhiridh an Fhòghluim an Siorramachd Inbhirnis òrdugh teann gum biodh a' Ghàidhlig air a teagasg anns an sgoil sin; agus gum biodh an dithis a labhras a' chànan a cheana air an deasachadh airson deuchainn aig ceann na bliadhna ann an Gàidhlig maraon ris na cuspairean eile anns am bi a' chlànn sin air an ceasnachadh. Chan eil dleasdanas idir fa chomhair A' Chomuinn cho iomchuidh agus cho riatanach ris a' Ghàidhlig a theagasg do'n òigridh. Na biodh nàire oirn a bhi tilleadh a ris agus a ris a dh'ionnsuidh na cùise so. Is i an òigridh ar facal suaicheantais anns na làithean dorcha. Is ann ris an òigridh a bhios beatha na cànan an earbsa. Cìod e am feum a bhi togail ar n-aire is ar n-bhine ri nithibh eile ma leigeas

sinn an dleasdanas so air dearmad? Agus cìod e an ceangal a tha aig a' bheachd so ri tachartais an latha an diugh? Tha an ceangal dlùth, do bhrìgh gu bheil an cumhachd an làmhnan an luchd-taghadh, agus gur e an Uachdaranachd a bheir ceartas do'n Ghàidheal a bheir cothrom do'n Ghàidhlig mar an ceudna.

MR. IAIN MACPHERSON, M.P., ON AN COMMUN AND ITS PRESIDENT.

Mr. Macpherson has been entertaining the members of the Gaelic Society of London with his views on An Comunn Gàidhealach and its President. These views are not altogether complimentary; *The Inverness Courier* heads its report of the address, "An Comunn Gàidhealach: Mr. Iain Macpherson Attacks Its Methods." An Comunn Gàidhealach is accustomed to criticism, and does not resent it, and there is no reason why Mr. Iain Macpherson or anybody else who chooses should not criticise its policy and methods. It would be but fair, however, that those who do indulge in criticism or censure, especially when they profess to be acting in a spirit of friendliness, should make themselves familiar with the facts and take pains to ensure that their charges are well founded. Much of the criticism of An Comunn can be quite safely ignored—indeed, it is probably true to say that in the past it has thriven most when most severely attacked—but Mr. Macpherson's strictures are perhaps in a different category. We are all, as Highlanders, proud of Mr. Macpherson's career; he is a man of great ability and of deserved influence. His words will carry a weight that those of a lesser man would not, and for that reason they ought to be replied to.

Mr. Macpherson's deliverance is founded upon a series of erroneous assumptions. In the first place, he assumes that Mr. Angus Robertson, in his private capacity or as President of An Comunn, is advocating a scheme for the wholesale expatriation of the Highland population and their settlement in Canada. Mr. Robertson has already explained that he has been misunderstood and misrepresented in this matter. What he did was to point out the danger that threatened the Highlands of becoming depopulated if nothing was done to make life tolerable for the people at home, and to express the opinion that if there was no

alternative but emigration open to them they should go to those places in which a warm welcome awaited them from kinsfolk already there. Mr. Robertson will doubtless choose his own time and place to reply to Mr. Macpherson; it is sufficient for the present purpose to say, and to say emphatically, that to see the Highlands cleared of the native population is the wish furthest from his thoughts.

Mr. Macpherson, apropos of the President's advocacy of the establishment of a Celtic College at Iona, assumes that An Comunn is wasting its energy on visionary things and neglecting the things that immediately matter. We are in the clouds, and "should come down to brass tacks," he says. Well, there is no harm in admitting that we are sentimentalists—and who is so eloquently sentimental as Mr. Macpherson himself when he speaks from a Highland platform? We see visions and we dream dreams. If that were not so, we should not be members of An Comunn; but with it all we are severely practical. We keep our feet on solid earth all the time, and do not permit ourselves to be carried away by sentimental extravagances of any sort. If we cherish the vision that some day—when funds and other factors permit—a centre of Celtic learning may be established at Iona or elsewhere in the Highlands, that should rather be counted to us for righteousness. It is surely a worthy aspiration, and one with which so ardent a Gael as Mr. Macpherson might be expected to sympathise fully. In the meantime, however, we are devoting ourselves to what is immediately practicable—*e.g.*, the task of seeing that the statutory provision for the teaching of Gaelic is not allowed to remain a dead letter; the preparation of suitable Gaelic school books; the establishment of Provincial Mods for the revival and creation of interest in the language, and its music and literature, in districts that are still wholly or partly Gaelic-speaking, and so on. One has only to read the report of the proceedings at the last Executive meeting to learn that the matters which are occupying our attention are eminently practical—Gaelic in schools; the re-issue of An Comunn's text books for Gaelic students, "Rosg Gàidhlig" and "Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig," for which there has been such a demand that stocks are almost exhausted; the appointment of an itinerant teacher of singing in response to urgent local requests; the propriety of holding provincial mods in Islay and Lewis;

approving of a large variety of musical and literary competitions in preparation for the next National Mod, and subjects such as these. The temptation is irresistible to say here that, if successive Governments—of some of the most powerful of which Mr. Macpherson was himself an influential member—had shown a tithe of the energy and diligence in providing for the material needs of the Highlands which have characterised An Comunn in its cultivation of the strictly defined field of operations which it has marked out for itself, the plight of many parts of the Highlands would not be so desperate as it is at this moment.

The third assumption—as erroneous as the others—on which Mr. Macpherson proceeds is, that the Executive of An Comunn is a close corporation—an "oligarchy." If Mr. Macpherson were a member of An Comunn—and it will doubtless surprise many to learn that he is not—he would know that there is not a more democratically elected body in the country than the Executive of An Comunn Gaidhealach. There are thirty elected members of that Executive, ten of whom retire each year. For these ten vacancies, nominations are invited from the whole body of the members, and the names of those nominated are voted upon by ballot—again by the whole body of the members. What more would Mr. Macpherson have? He would not surely suggest that not only members but outsiders should have a voice in the selection of the Executive. But in order to make the Executive still more representative, every Branch of An Comunn, and every Affiliated Society, has the right of appointing a member to it. It is hard to see how the Executive could be built up on a broader basis than that. Mr. Macpherson complains that this year, out of twelve elected representatives, six are from Argyllshire, four from Glasgow, and two from Invernessshire. These figures are eminently creditable to Argyll and Glasgow, for they seem to indicate that in these regions the main strength of An Comunn lies. If Inverness and Ross wish more elected members on the Executive, they can have them at any time by increasing their membership to the necessary extent; in the meantime, they can form branches—as they have done in many places—and each branch, no matter how small, can send a representative to the Executive Council.

Mr. Macpherson thinks the headquarters of An Comunn should be in Inverness and

not in Glasgow. They were in Inverness, and if we were merely the sentimentalists and visionaries Mr. Macpherson imagines we are, they would doubtless be there still. It was for strictly practical and business reasons that they were transferred to Glasgow, and the interests of An Comunn have not suffered by the change. After all, the real work of An Comunn is, and must always be, carried on in the Highlands, and it makes no difference to that work where the office is. It is only the administrative work that is performed in Glasgow, and experience has proved that, for that work, the great Celtic city of the West offers many practical advantages and provides a most friendly and helpful atmosphere.

These corrections of the misleading suggestions of Mr. Macpherson's speech are made in the friendliest spirit. It is no pleasure to be at variance with so good a Gael as he is. Will he permit us to say that his criticisms of An Comunn and its policy would be more effective and would command more respect were they made from inside rather than from outside its ranks? We should cordially welcome his presence and his help. He "admires" An Comunn, he says. An Comunn has indicated, by its actions in the past, that the admiration was reciprocated. It showed its pride in him as a Gaelic-speaking Highlander quite recently by inviting him to take the chair at the great closing concert of the last Glasgow Mod. In the characteristically eloquent speech which he made on that occasion, he had nothing that was not appreciative to say of the work of An Comunn Gaidhealach; and in his heart he knows that no more disinterested work—no work springing from purer motives—is done in and for the Highlands to-day than that same work.

M. M.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM TO ANGUS MACDONALD OF DUN NAOMHAIG.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

This poem, addressed to Angus MacDonald of Dùn Naomhaig, and written apparently about 1590, is of considerable interest in several ways. It is a good specimen of a type of poem that was not uncommon—the bard, having for some reason incurred the displeasure of his patron, tries to recover his favour by a blend of flattery and menace. In this case the bard

suggests that the cause of Angus's displeasure may have been either his own excessive love for his chief or a desire on the chief's part to get him to compose a poem of laudation. The former suggestion is particularly interesting, for, as Miss Frances Tolmie once told me, that was the very reason, in her opinion, that underlay the "banishment" of Mary MacLeod: her love for the MacLeod family was so great that she was inclined to praise them to a degree that was not considered lucky. There is, indeed, some high-flown laudation in this poem itself. Angus is styled "king of the Fionnghoil," that is, of all the Islesmen, as if, like Eoin a h-Ile, who receives the same style from MacVurich, his authority were paramount over the whole area. The term "Fionnghall" underwent various changes of meaning in Ireland, but in Scotland, from the time of Somerled onwards, it means a Gaelic-speaking native of Innse Gall; the style "rìgh Fionnghall" is applied by Iain Lom to MacDonald of Sleat in his poem "A bhean, leasaich an stòp dhuinn."

The poem contains many examples of the practice, common among the old bards, of referring to the individual by means of parts of his person—his hair, his palm, his fingers, his feet, and so forth—ascribing to each part in turn its distinctive excellence, thus giving colour and variety of expression.

The historical allusions supplement to some extent what is known otherwise of Angus's proceedings as set forth in *Clan Donald*, Vol. II. The last two stanzas are in compliment to his wife, daughter of Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, and sister of Sir Lachlan Maclean, "the chieftainess of the ladies of Mull," on whom the poet relies for support.

The metre is Séadna, of fine technique; as in other highly wrought Séadna poems, the last word of the first line of the *seoladh* (first couplet) alliterates with the first stressed word of the second line: Fionnghall: fraoch; Colla: cogadh; Shemuis: sith, etc.

The MS. is occasionally defective, and I have supplied some words and letters, which are marked by parentheses. The writer was very economical of aspiration marks; his first line, for example, is "an sith do roga a rig fionngall."

ADV. LIB., MS. XLII, 23A.

An sith do rògha, a rìgh Fionnghall,
no an fraoch cogaidh, a chùl slim?
a rìgh, i ngach taobh toibhghheas comhtha
coimhdheas araon orta inn.

- 5 Doghéna, a rìgh fréinne Colla,
cogadh bhuis guais dod ghruaidh
mbrìoc;
a ghnúis gan fhìoch nar é combrag,
no doghén slòth ro-ghrod riot.
- 10 N)í locfa mise, a mhic Shémuis,
sìth no cogadh rét chneas tláith,
's réd dhearg mar néimh óir ar oighridh,
's réd throighidh séimh mboinnghil
mbláith.
- D)oghén síth no sìthem cogadh,
a chúl fiar na bfáinneadh ceuinn,
15 gan cur a bfad ort, a Aonghuis,
rét fholt lag, réd chaolbhais ceuir.
- N)í érfuinn tu um tabhairt cogaidh
dod chúl mbachlach mar bharr fraoich;
sibh anois tar m'fhìoch ní érfuinn
20 fá slòth dod bhois mbéchuir mhaoith.
- D)á mbem ag troid atá leatrom,
a fhlaith Róis, ar do rosg gorm;
ní fhuil leatrom a ceúis cogaidh,
a ghnúis dhearcorr, aguibh orm.
- 25 . . . aimsim fear mo ghualann,
a ghruaidh ghoirte mar ghné an smuail,
is) maing do bhìadh ar tí mo throide:
riamh is in tí as foide uaim.
- N)í d'ion ormsa, a airdrí Fionnghall,
30 feilm no aibíd iaruin tigh:
do sgiath griobh-ceorera ar do chlé-láimh
ag d'ion t'ochta, a ghné-bháin ghil.
. . . rom ríoghruidh Fionnghall
umud 'nan énfál arm nocht,
- 35 . . . ar súil let beith am baoghal,
is breith dhúinn a m-aonar ort.
- O chuan Leódhuis go Loch Eirus
eagla romhad, a rosg gorm,
is t'eagla ar cách um Bhoinn mbraon-
ghlais,
- 40 gan sgáth roimh, a Aonghuis, orm.
Do chreic tusa le tús th'oirbhir
Inis Eoghuin, a fholt fionn:
ge atá duit fa chíos ód chéidchion,
mo throid síos ní léicther liom.
- 45 Ge tá an chreach sin Cairge Ferghuis
fá bfrith guasacht lét ghruaidh mhín,
'n a sgáth uaibh do ghnáth ar ghalluibh,
gan sgáth lét ghruaidh mballaigh bím.
- Do saorais, 's ní saorfa oram,
50 gach aird dod thír, 's níor taom réidh,
ar sluagh gall derg-ghruadh dreachbhláith,
's ar mer-shluagh clann nemthláith
Néill.
- Rugais an Rút le ruag énlaoi
d'fhuil Uí Bilin gerb fhuil ríogh,
55 's ní rec(fa) sin ret céibh ceúlchais
sibh do bhéin mo dhúthchas díom.
- Ge do léigsd laoich in tuisceairt
táinte chruidh lét chaolshról mbreac,

- ní canab gó lét ghruaidh mbreicshlim,
60 bó dom bhuaibh ní léicfìnn leat.
- Tfr-igheadh d'ainneoin fher Muile
do mhìll tusa ó phort go port:
a bhas tseng do shìol na cColladh,
da dhìon dob fher th'ollamh ort.
- 65 'S guth orta le t'anfadh feirge
fir Mhuile gér mór an goimh:
dob fhear dod chosg me 'san Morbhairm.
a rosg mar ghné an ghorm-airm gh(loin
Aird Uladh ó oílen Leamhna
- 70 go Loch cCuan ge do chreach sibh,
ní bertha soir uaim do m'ainneoin
boin i ndeaghaidh an glainneoi . . .
- Dochanuis riomsa, a rìgh Ile,
d'fhocal dà a n-uaimh an Deirg,
75 mé ar tí do chogadh do chomhall
ní do thogadh oram feirge.
- Ollamhoim, a onchú Leódhuis,
da luadh riomsa god rosg glas,
a rìgh fuinn Fionnghall, dob amhluadh
80 do t'fhionnbharr ceuinn ecam(ruadh
ceas.
- Dar ndóigh dob é th'adhbhar feirge
d'ar bfreagradh is niamh grísi ad
ghruaidh,
d'iomoid mo ghrádh, a dheirg dhonn-
bháin,
nó ar seilg dána d'fhoghbháil uaim.
- 85 An tráth nach tturnfedh mo ghoimh-se
doghénuinn dod dhearg-sa dath:
dearg dod ghruaidh ghealbháin doghénuinn,
a ghruaidh dhealbháin shéghuinn . . .
- Os liom bhias baincheann ban Muile,
90 maith an eungnamh cogaidh d(omh):
anlag ro-thréan inghean Echdhuinn,
fìnnbhean sgoth-mhéar ghealghru . . .
- Liom bia a gruaidh ar gné corerach,
's a corrsheil gh(as . . .
- 95 eunlinne budh orrdheire d'inghin,
do inghin Mhic Ghille innhigh Eoin.

aibíd, a dress, costume, "habit."
amhluadh, distress, sore vexation.
anlag, not weak; the prefix *an-* has two meanings
(1) negative, (2) intensive, as "anmhór," very
great. Consequently, some compounds have
two meanings directly opposed, e.g., "anlag"
may mean either "strong," or "very weak";
so also "anfann, anbhann."
bachlach, curled; cf. "lùb bhachlach," "with hair
in curled tresses." Iain Lom.
béin, verbal n. of "benim," I strike, cut; "do
bhéin díom," "to deprive me of."
bem, 1st pl. pres. subj. of "atáim," I am.
bhuis, fut. relative of the copula, "that will be."
bláith, smooth.
braonghlae, wan-watered, green-watered; cf. "Seile
ghlas nan samhnan"—Alex. MacDonald.
canab, old 1st sing. fut. dependent of "canaim,"
I say, tell.
céidchion, usually "first love," as "ní ró lé coim

acht a cédcion," "a hound feels not distress save for its first love," i.e., "for the man it has loved first." But that can hardly be the meaning here.

comhall, fulfilment.

coimhdheas, equally ready; now corruptly "coingeis."

comhtha, pl. of "comha," a condition, gift; our "cumha."

cuir, dat. sg. fem. of "corr," round and tapering; a common epithet of "mear," finger; "bas," palm; "sleagh," spear; "cuach," goblet; "súil chorr," a full rounded eye, as opposed to a flat eye.

cúl, the back of the head, the poll; hence "locks of hair," "cúlchas," having curled locks; cf. "pillein cúlghorm fraoich"—William Ross. In the older poetry "cúl na gcladh," deep-trenched locks, is a standard phrase of compliment; cf. "folt cladhach cúlghlan na gobhbhean"—Dean of Lismore.

cuingnamh, help; our "comhnadh."

cur a bhàd, act of prolonging (to weariness).

dar ndùigh, of course, no doubt.

dearc, for dearc-corr, of full rounded eye; cf. súilchorr.

dreachbhláith, smooth-faced, i.e., shaven; the Irish of the period wore beards.

énfál, one continuous hedge or rampart; "én" for "aon"; "fál," a hedge or rampart.

énaoi, 1st sg. of énlá, a single day.

érfuinn, 1st sg. sec. fut. of "éram, éraim," I refuse: "I would refuse."

feilm, a helmet.

fióch, anger, wrath, feud; "tar m' fhíoch," for all my wrath.

fionnbharr, fair crown; "barrfhionn" means "fair-crowned."

gnébhán, fair of countenance.

goirte, heated, flushed; pass. partic. of "goraim," our "gar," "garadh."

griobh-còrera, gleaming like a griffin; griffin-bright; "còrera," purple, like Lat. "purpureus," from which it is derived, may be applied to any colour that is iridescent.

grise, gen. sg. of gris, gríos, embers, smouldering fire.

guas, danger, peril; so also "guasacht."

guth, reproach; "gu bráth na toill dhuit féin guth."

inn, we; so also "ibh," you.

iomoid, excess, superabundance.

léigsed, 3rd pl. pret. of "léicim." I let, let go.

locfa, 1st sg. fut. of "locaim," I refuse, flinch from.

méichorr, mearchorr, of taper fingers, taper-fingered.

néimh, dat. sg. of niamh, glitter, sheen; "mar néimh óir," etc., "like gleam of gold on ice-flag."

oeha, gen. sg. of "ucht," bosom.

ollamhoim, nom. pl. of "ollamh," chief bard, doctor.

onchu, a mighty bound; "Poll nan Onchon" in Glengarry evidently means "the Otters' Pool."

reca, 1st sg. fut. of "recaim," I say, utter; the "recaire" was the person who recited the poem composed by the bard or ollamh.

séghuinn, stately.

sithem—?

sgothméar, flower-fingered, having fingers like flowers.

smuail, gen. sg. of "smual, smol," a spark, ember; "smual ro-bhras dod ghormlaimn ghéir," a spark right sudden from thy keen, blue blade."

taom, an attack.

toibhghim, I exact, levy; "ó Loch Febail co fiadh

Boinne ní bi tír nach ttoibge cioss," "from Loch Foyle to the region of Boyne, there is no land wherein thou dost not exact tribute."

troid, quarrel, combat.

turnfedh, 3 sg. sec. fut. of turnaim, I descend, desist, leave off.

Aird Uladh, the Airds of Ulster, in Co. Down.

Cuan Leódhuis, the Minch.

Inis Eoghain, "the island or peninsula of Eoghan, who was son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland in the fifth century; Anglice Inishowen, a barony in the north-east of the County of Donegal." — O'Donovan, *Leabhar na gCeart*.

Loch Cuan, Strangford Lough.

Oiléan Leamhna, not identified.

Rút, the ancient Dal Riata in the north of Antrim; usually "an Rúta."

Tír-igheadh, Tíree; an interesting spelling of this difficult name.

CLADH BHAILE-NA-CILE.

By the Rev. ALLAN MACKENZIE, Rogart.

Rinneadh Cladh Bhaile-na-cile, an Uig, Leodhas, iomraiteach leis an sgeulachd a tha air aithris mu Choinneach Odhar am Fios-aiche. Bha màthair Choinnich a' buachaill-eachd feadh oidhche air bruaich os ceann a chlaidh, agus anns an dubh-thràth thug i an aire do na h-uaighean a bhi fosgailte, agus na spioradan a' pilleadh do'n uaighean fa leth. Bha i cho dàna 's gun do ruith i sìos do'n chladh, ach an uair a ràinig i na h-uaighean cha robh fosgailte dhiubh ach aon. Leag i an cuigeal a bha 'na làimh tarsainn air an uaigh, agus dh'fheith i gus am faiceadh i ciod a thachradh. Ma dheireadh chunnaic i spiorad a' deanamh dìreach air an uaigh, ach dhruid an cuigeal an rathad.

"Leig a steach mi," ars an spiorad.

"Cha leig," ars a' bhan-bhuachaille, "gus an innis thu dhomh ciod e a chum thu cho fad an dheireadh air càch."

"Is mi," ars an spiorad, "nighean rìgh Lochlann. Bhàthadh mi agus thòdhlacadh mi an so, agus o'n bha agam ri dhòl na bh'fhaid as dhachaidh, bha mi air dheireadh a tighinn air ais. Agus a nis, o'n bha thu cho neo-sgàthach, so dhuit clach gheal, agus beiridh tu mac, agus bheir thu dhà a' chlach, agus leis a' chloich so chl e seallaidhean air nithibh a thig gu teachd as dèidh so."

Cha toil leam a bhi milleadh sgeulachdan gasda dheth an t-seòrsa so, ach 's fhearr an fhìrinn innseadh! Chan eil e sgrìobturail a bhi smuaineachadh gu bheil spioradan nan daoine marbha a gabhail còmhnuidh maille ri cnàmhan marbha ann an duslach na talmhainn! Feumaidh gu robh na h-Iudhaich cèarr ann a bhi smuaineachadh

gu robh spioradan nan daoine marbha a' fuireach ceithir làithean còmhla ri'n cuirp as dèidh am bàis.

Tha cladh Bhaile-na-cile comharraichte air son beagan de rudan eile cuideachd. Bha beagan shlatan dheth air a choisreagadh le Clann Mhic Amlaidh—sinnsre Mhorair Mhic Amlaidh—air son àite dìon, cho math ri àite adhlacaidh. Bha neach sam bith tearuinte an so a ruigeadh e mun beireadh a naimhdean air. Bha uiread do mhór-chuis ann an Clann Mhic Amlaidh so agus nach feudadh duine a bhean fhéin adhlacadh anns an ionad naomha so, mur robh i de'n aon sloinneadh ri a fear! Ach dh'éirich fear là dheth na làithean aig an robh gràdh do bhean na bu treise no géilleadh gun bhrìgh, agus dh'adhlac e a bhean 'sa mhrì so de'n chladh gun taing do neach air talamh; agus riamh o'n là sin fhuair na mnathan an còraichean anns an uaigh!

Ach tha freumhag bheag de'n t-seann spiorad beò fhathast. Thachair ann a bhi cladhach uaigh 's an àite so, air là àraidh, gu'm b'éigin clachan a thoirt as agus an tilgeadh air taobh a muigh gàradh a chlaidh. Luidh iad an sin gun fheum ùine fhada ri taobh gàradh lios a mhinistear. 'S e Mac Amlaidh a bha na ghille-ministear, agus a nuair a thuirte am ministear ri Murachadh, "A Mhurachaidh, am bi thu cho math agus gu'n chàirich thu an gàradh leis na clachan sin a tha nan luidhe gun fheum sam bith?" cha dubhairt Murachadh diog! Nuair a chaidh am ministear an rathad a rithidh bha an gàradh air a chàradh le clachan eile, ach bha na clachan coisrigte far an robh iad!

Bho chionn beagan bhliadhnachan bha seirbhisich ministear Bhaile-na-cile a' cumail a mach gu'n robh taibhseachan anns a chladh. Cha do chreid am ministear gu'n robh smid firinn aca. Ach aon oidheche gheal ghealaich bha e na sheasamh aig taobh a muigh an doruis, agus air dha sùil a thoirt air a' chladh chunnaic e bean na suidhe 'na mheadhon agus muise geal mu 'ceann. Cha robh an nì glé chneasda, ach cha do leig e dad air, air eagal gu'n rachadh na seirbhisich 'nam breislich. An ath oidheche bha a' chailleach anns an chladh! Lean i mar so fad na gealaich, ach an uair a d'fhàs an oidheche dorcha, cha robh robhas oirre! Dh'fheith am ministear gus an d'thàinig a' ghealach ùr, agus an uair a thàinig co bha na suidhe mar a b' àbhaist ach cailleach a mhuidse?

"Ma tha," ars am ministear, "cha bhi mi nis faide eadar dha bharail."

Ghabh e misneach agus theann e dlùth air

a chladh, agus, an uair a theann, ciod e chunnaic e ach clach-chinn a chuir duine còir anns an sgr suas mar chuibhneachan air a phàrantan da mhios roimh an àm ud; a bha deanamh dealbh caillich ri solus na gealaich! Tha mòran de na taibhseachan de'n ghnàth so.

Bha dithis dhaoine còire ann an Loch Bhraoin, bho chionn àireamh bhliadhnachan, a bha dol a shuirighe gu bitheanta air am ban-shuirgichean, nuair thigeadh an oidheche. Bha caraid òg ac' anns a bhaile aig an robh fios math c'ait' an robh iad a' dol cho dlomhair. Bha aca ri dhol seachad air a' chladh mun ruigeadh iad ruin an cridhe. Air oidheche dhubbh, dhorcha, fhuair an laochan òg snàip, agus chladhaich e i gus an robh i ann an cruth aodain duine le craos fosgailte. Chuir e coinneal a steach anns a' chlaigeann eagalach so, agus an uair a bha an dithis chàirdean gu tighinn dhachaidh, las e a' choinneal, agus chuir e an claigeann so mar a bha e air gàradh a chlaidh. Nuair a thàinig fear as deigh fir de na daoine dhachaidh, 's ann a bha iad mar chreut-àirean a rachadh a cochull an cridhe, agus bha ùine mu'm b'urraim iad éirigh, gun a bhi labhairt air suirighe! Le eagal gu'n rachadh a phronnadh, cha do leig Dòmhnall air ri duine beò, aig an àm, gu robh làmh aige 's an ghnòthach!

Sin mar tha *cuid* de na taibhseachan co dhiu!



THE PASSING OF NORMAN OF THE RAVENS.

By CAMPBELL OF SADDLELL, F.S.A. (Scot.),
The Captain of Saddell Castle.

It was just before the turn of the tide, at the great silence before the grey dawn in the east was showing, that the restless soul of Norman of the Ravens went drifting over that silent, dark sea that divides the things that are temporal from those that are eternal. Fierce and terrible had the battle raged on the wet silver sand, dyeing the pools red that the ebb tide had left in the long, white bay of Carradale, where, on the sandbanks at the mouth of the river, the longships of Norman of the Ravens lay stranded; while all that was now left to him of his sore, weary, and battle-stained heroes, stood round him a living wall of steel, for the end was not far off, when, with a shout of triumph, the Valkyries would fling open

the gates of Whalla, and bid them all enter, for the tide of battle was sore against them.

"By the Hammer of Thor, I would the tide would turn," said a grizzly hero, between his clenched teeth, as he clove one to the chin, pressing him mightily.

"True for you! By all that waits for us in Whalla, Skallagrim the Red," answered the man who stood shield to shield by him. At the sound of their voices, Norman of the Ravens raised himself on his arm with an effort.

"My Ravens from out the cold, bleak north," said he, "mean ye to flee at the turning of the tide. Have old women's fears come on ye, because the battle is against ye? By the gods of my fathers, will ye turn your backs on them when the longships float. Weak-kneed and shaky, like old women, have ye become since the days of our proud manhood in Skipness of the Ships. Gave ye one thought, then, whither the tide ebbd or flowd? Think ye shame!"

Then, with a stifled groan, he sank back once more in the wet, red sand, while all unnoticed the silent flood tide came creeping in, and the first grey peep of dawn showed away in the east. Then, as the free flood tide stole in round the high bows of the longships, Norman of the Ravens felt it cold and fresh against his fevered limbs, making his wounds smart anew with the saltness of it.

"Skallagrim the Red," he tried to shout, but his voice came not as it used to, strong and wild as the wind from out the north, but in a gurgling, hoarse whisper. But Skallagrim the Red heeded him not, for he was lying face downwards, with the flood tide spreading out his blood-stained fair hair like the seaweed on the rocks in the summer time. A gull overhead screamed, and silence had the mastery once more, save only for the music of the flood tide flowing softly over the sand. Then something seemed gently to touch Norman of the Ravens on the arm, bringing him back to the shores of Time he was now fast leaving, and, with difficulty, he raised himself. The flood tide was half covering him, as he had often seen it beating gently on a thousand sunken rocks away in the isles of the west, and, with his eyes now glazing fast, he looked down to see what was so gently touching him. Was it the hand of Freda, his beloved, come back to him from Whalla? He looked again through the vision that was now almost immortal, and, behold, it was

his great tiller, with its wondrous luck charms deeply cut on it; his hand went out to it; and he grasped it in the old familiar place. And as he did so, all pain left him, for now the open sea was before him.

When the sun was risen, the people came from the glens and hills to strip the slain by the red edge of the tide. When they came to where Norman of the Ravens was lying, still grasping his great tiller, they let him be, and they stripped him not, but buried him as they had found, for so god-like was he in visage, and haughty in death.

Now he sleeps, among the nameless dead, where now is the green graveyard at Carradale water-foot, "till the day break and the shadows flee away."

M'EILEAN FHEIN.

Gu fada tuath ann a mhór chuan shiar,
Tha'n t-eilean iosail, 'se m'eilean fhéin;
Ach grian tha dearrsadh, 's na chridh' tha
triall ann
Is gheibh mi caoinhneas 'n am eilean fhéin.

Le sùil mo chuimhne, gu faic mi thall ann
Na tràighean bàna 's na tonnan arda;
Air sgiath 's na speuran an uiseag shunnd-
ach,

A luaidh a crùnluaidh do m'eilean fhéin.

Fuaim tha aoibhneach 'n am chluais gu'n
cluinn mi,
A ghaoth ga aiseag thar thuinn a' chuain,
Bean òg air buaille, 's a clann mu cuairt di,
'Us fearann ùr ac' 'n am eilean fhéin.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n am bhothan glé
gheal
Ag éisdeachd briodal a' chuain a tuath;
Càirdean m'òige gu sona comh' rium,
A' seinn na duanag 'n am eilean fhéin.

Mo chreach! mo chòmhnuidh bhí fada deas,
Ach thig an samhradh 'us theid mi cuairt,
Thar thonnach chreach nan cuantan móra
Gu Tìriodh phriseil, 'se m'eilean fhéin.

KENAVARA.

CELTIC HARP TUITION.—Mrs. Begbie, 15
Carlton Street, Edinburgh, or Messrs. Paterson,
Ltd., Music Warehouse, Glasgow. At liberty for
Recitals with Celtic or Grecian Harp.

GAELIC IN THE TRAINING COLLEGES.

A meeting of a particularly interesting sort, and one likely to be productive of very useful results, was held in the Jordanhill Training College, Glasgow, on the evening of the 8th November, when all the Gaelic-speaking students of the College were gathered together in a social capacity on the invitation of Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale.

The students responded to the invitation in large numbers, and spent a very happy evening in a thoroughly Gaelic atmosphere, the old tongue for the nonce being predominant. Tea was served in the course of the evening, and a first-rate programme of Gaelic songs gone through, while Mrs. Barron and Mr. Angus MacDonald entertained the company with one of their well-known humorous dialogues.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell made an admirable opening speech, in which she urged her young hearers to be true to themselves, true to their native traditions, and true to the language that had been about them in their cradles. They should not become Lowlanders—they should always remember they were Highland, and that they never could be anything else. They had an outlook of their own, and ideals of their own, which they ought always to cherish. Now was the time when they should acquire such a literary knowledge of the Gaelic language as would fit them if their lot should be cast in the Highlands to take part efficiently in the teaching of the language to the children under their care. An addition to the number of teachers able to teach Gaelic successfully was urgently needed.

Mrs. Burnley-Campbell's speech was partly in Gaelic, as were also those delivered by Mr. Duncan MacGillivray, M.A., Rector of the Hillhead High School, and Mr. Hugh MacCallum, M.A., Director of Studies. These gentlemen, though not actively engaged in the work of An Comunn, declared themselves as in complete sympathy with its objects.

All-Gaelic addresses were given by Mr. Angus Robertson, President of An Comunn, whose speech was one of his happiest efforts—convincing and persuasive, and lit up with flashes of humour and poetic fancy—and by the Rev. Alex. MacKinnon, B.D., who spoke with characteristic eloquence in urging the claims of the study and practice of Gaelic

on those who wished to understand and be worthy of the people from whom they had sprung.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, one of the students, thanked Mrs. Burnley-Campbell for her hospitality in a few well-chosen Gaelic sentences.

An opportunity was given at the close to all who were willing to join a Gaelic class, if such were formed in the College, to sign a requisition for such a class which Mr. MacCallum promised to transmit to the proper quarter. The opportunity was taken advantage of by most of the students, and the probability is that without delay systematic instruction in Gaelic will be given at Jordanhill—a most important step in advance, which all who are interested in the teaching of Gaelic in schools will hear of with great satisfaction.

A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig" and "Oidhe Mhath Leibh."

PROPAGANDA TOUR.

LOCH TAYSIDE AND FORTINGALL.

A tour of very great interest, and likely to be productive of much good, was undertaken by the Rev. G. W. MacKay, Convener of the Propaganda Committee, and myself along Loch Tayside, and as far as Fortingall.

The weather was very unfavourable when we journeyed by car to Ardtalnaig on 29th October, but, notwithstanding, the meeting was well attended and very representative. This being the first occasion on which the aims and objects of An Comunn were being presented to the people, it was necessary to summarise the advance and expansion of An Comunn's activities since its inception. This we did, making use of both Gaelic and English, and the people were much interested.

We had no difficulty in getting a branch formed, and Mr. Andrew MacLaren, who presided, was appointed President, with Miss MacDougall, Milton, as Secretary. The Committee appointed is representative of the whole district.

The same evening we addressed a meeting at Ardeonaig, over which Mr. D. MacDougall presided. As was to be expected, this was a larger meeting, and the audience were equally interested. A branch was formed, and Mr. John MacGregor, who organised the meeting, was appointed President. Miss

Stewart, The Schoolhouse, undertook the duties of Secretary, and Mr. Alex. Dingwall those of Treasurer.

On the following evening, 30th October, we had a meeting in the School at Lawers, over which Mr. Malcolm MacMartin presided. The night was wet and stormy, but the attendance was very gratifying. The usual addresses were given here, and the working of branches gone into in detail. The absence, through indisposition, of the Rev. Walter Calder was much regretted, but his support of the branch is confidently anticipated. Mr. MacMartin agreed to make the necessary arrangement for a second meeting, when office-bearers will be elected.

Continuing along the loch side, we held our next meeting in the School at Fearnan. We were welcomed by Mr. Alex. Campbell of Borland, who, in introducing us to the meeting, gave a splendid address on the value of Gaelic culture. Mr. Campbell was appointed President of the branch which was formed at the close of our remarks, and since our visit Mrs. MacIntyre of the Hotel, Kenmore, has been appointed Secretary and Treasurer.

We were the guests of Mr. and Miss Campbell at Borland. It will interest readers to know that Gaelic was the medium of conversation during our stay, and ordinarily nothing else is spoken at Borland. Mr. Campbell possesses one of the finest Gaelic and Celtic libraries in the West of Scotland, and a visit to Borland is, to the student of Gaelic literature, one ever to be remembered.

Our fifth and last meeting was held in the Fortingall School, Mr. Peter Anderson presiding. This was the largest attended meeting of the series, and although we were limited to time in our occupancy of the School, we were able to put the aims of An Comunn before a very interested audience, a good part of our addresses being in Gaelic.

A branch was formed, and Mr. Stewart, Glenlyon, the well-known Mod prize winner, was appointed President. Mr. John W. Ford, Glenlyon House, was appointed Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Ford gained first prize for reciting a piece of poetry at the Perthshire Provincial Mod.

The Gaelic Choir which made a very good appearance at the Mod was kept in practice, and the work of the new session will include reading and singing classes. Mr. Stewart will conduct the former and Mr. Fisher the other. Miss Ford is an accomplished pianist,

and is of immense help to the members of the branch.

We were the guests of Mr. Fisher during our stay at Fortingall. Mr. Fisher organised the meeting locally, and to him and all other organisers An Comunn is much indebted. Voluntary collections at the close of each meeting defrayed all expenses in connection with this tour. There is a good deal of Gaelic spoken in these districts yet, and the formation of Comunn branches will stimulate still further those who have kept the language alive. Buaidh leo uile.

NIALL.

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SOP AS GACH SEID.

Our magazine is non-political. Its main object is a cultural one—to foster and maintain a language movement. Yet we ought always to be aware of the economic and other conditions that are shaping themselves under our very eyes. Although we have no business with politics from a partisan point of view, yet we must ever take an intelligent interest in those tendencies, whatever they may be, which help or hinder the realisation of our main object. In these days events are transpiring in the Highlands of Scotland which have a vital bearing on our work. We do not urge our members to vote this way or that way as far as parties are concerned—but we certainly beseech every one of our members who possess the franchise to use their influence in a patriotic fashion. Do not forget that at this moment there is actual distress among many of our people. The necessaries of life itself are lacking. Common sense may suggest to us that the Government which will take means to preserve the very lives of our people are also the Government which will be more likely to listen to any proposal for the preservation of their language and culture. For it becomes evident every day that we need the co-operation of Government if the young in the north are to receive the real benefits of the Education Act.

The Gaelic play, "Mairread," by the late Mr. Archibald MacCulloch, is now on the market. The author, as is well known, was master of a pure and rich Gaelic style. Those who wish to practise the reading of idiomatic Gaelic should certainly secure the book. By possessing publications of that nature, the reader benefits his own knowledge of the language, and at the same time gives encouragement to authors and a

material help to the cause. It has long been a reproach to our people generally that while at gatherings they are quite ready to applaud a Gaelic song or a Gaelic speech, yet they are not so willing to spend a few pence on the encouragement of Gaelic books, however cheap. Let this reproach be removed where possible. A good deal of our work has to be done through the Press. Let us encourage this.

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

A deputation from An Comunn, consisting of the Rev. G. W. MacKay, the Rev. T. S. Macpherson, Mr. Fred T. Macleod, and the Secretary, waited on Dr. George Macdonald at the Education Office, Edinburgh, on the 22nd November in regard to the operation of the Gaelic clause in the Highland counties, with special reference to Sutherlandshire.

Cha d'fhuair mi facal a radh ri luchd leughaidh an leabhraìn so bho chionn mìos no dhà. Eadar a h-uile rud a bh'ann cha d'fhagadh cùil agam. Chaidh am Mòd seachad gu math mar is àbhaist agus tha sinn a nis an teis-meadhoin ullachaidh air son Pheairt. Ni muinntir prìomh-bhaile na siorramachd sin an dèichill a chum am Mòd a thoirt gu crìch shoirbheachail. Tha sinn a làn chreidsinn nach bi e dad air dheireadh air na chaidh roimhe.

The Mod Syllabus will be ready about the middle of the month. There are several changes in the conditions governing some of the more important competitions, and competitors and choir conductors are asked to read and study the rules carefully. Aspirants for the Gold Medal will please note that no piano accompaniment will be allowed in any of the four competitions comprising the Gold Medal series. No instrumental accompaniment is to be allowed in any of the Junior solo and choral competitions.

For the Junior Silver Medals, the songs are:—Girls—"Thainig an Gille Dubh" and "O's toigh leam an ciobair." Boys—"Gur gile mo leannan" and "'S fheadar dhomh bhì togail orm." "O's toigh leam an ciobair" will be found in "An Lon Dubh," Part II; the others are in "A' Chòisir Chùil." For the "Oban Times" Challenge Trophy the songs are "Mac Og an Iarla Ruaidh" and "Caidil gu lò." In this competition 50 per cent. of the choir members must be able to converse in Gaelic.

The songs in the final competition for the Gold Medals are:—Ladies' voices—"An

Gille Dubh Ciar Dubh" and "Air a' ghille tha mo rùn." Male voices—"Cuir a chinn dillis" and "Mo nighean chruinn donn." The Oran Mor competition is divided, and the songs are:—Ladies, "Mort Ghlinne Comhann" (Am Bard Mucanach), and Gentlemen, "Oran Chaiptein Uisdean." For the Oban and Lorn Gold Badge, the songs are:—"Chunna mi'n damh donn," "Atha's a bruachan," and "An ribhinn donn." The "James Grant" Memorial competition is the same as last year.

Songs for Senior Choral competition (Lovat and Tullibardine Shield) are:—"Cumha MhicCriomain," "Mo Chùbhrachan," and "Thogainn fonn air lorg an fhéidh." Ladies' voices—"Luinneag Mhic-Leòid" and "Buain na Rainich." Male voices—"Posadh Piuthar Iain Bhain" and "'S i luaidh mo chagair Mòrag." For the new choral competitions the songs are:—"Till, till oigh mo rùn" and "An teid thu leam a righinn òg." Special conditions are attached to this competition. The Psalm tune, "Martyrs," will be sung at the Grand Concert, and will be taken as a test in the event of a tie in either of the choral competitions.

Professor Darroch, who presided at the Jura Gathering in Glasgow on 16th November, made the important announcement that Gaelic will now be one of the subjects in the Edinburgh and Glasgow Training Colleges. Mr. Norman MacLeod, M.A., has already commenced teaching Gaelic in Jordanhill, and has a splendid class. Reference was made to Edinburgh in the report of the Executive meeting last month. This is one of the most important steps yet taken in connection with the teaching of Gaelic, and in due course there will be an ample supply of teachers qualified to teach Gaelic.

The Highland season is now in full swing in the cities and towns. If the "Jura" can be taken as an indication of generous public support, the season will be a profitable one. Both Ceilidhs in Glasgow are attracting large audiences, and at Paisley, Greenock, and branches on the Firth the numbers attending are in advance of previous years. The newly-formed Lanarkshire Highland Association, now affiliated with An Comunn, is doing splendid work in the larger towns of that thickly populated county.

Gaelic Reading Classes are more numerous than ever. In addition to those carried on annually mention may be made of a few

others. The Highlanders' Memorial Church has a weekly class taught by Mr. John MacCormick, and the Clydebank Association is responsible for Gaelic Reading and Singing Classes in that town. These are held under the Continuation Classes Scheme, and the teachers are Miss MacNicol and Miss MacKay respectively. A class is carried on in one of the Lanarkshire towns also.

NIALL.

BRANCH REPORTS.

LOCHABER.—An Comunn Abrach had a highly successful opening of the winter's Gaelic Ceilidhean. The Rev. Canon MacMaster presided, and the lecturer was Mr. Neil Shaw, who gave great pleasure to a large audience by his address and singing original songs to unhackneyed airs. Among other items of the programme, a recitation was given by Margraet Macdonald, the first pupil to pass the "Intermediate" in Gaelic for the County of Inverness. A meeting of the sub-committee followed, when it was decided, if possible, to hold a Juvenile Mod in the Gearasdan next summer.

DUNOON.—Under the auspices of the above Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach the second Ceilidh of the season was held in the Imperial Halls, on Friday, 9th November, Mr. Donald Macdonald, President, in the chair. Mr. Neil Shaw, the well-known secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, addressing a very large audience on "Ceilidh leam fhéin," recited and sang many of his own compositions in prose and verse. The audience followed with great interest his graphic descriptions of mountain and sea, corrie, moor, and loch, couched in well-chosen Gaelic phrases; while his singing of some of his own songs roused them to a pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Shaw's visits to Dunoon are eagerly looked forward to by the members of this Branch, who accorded him their usual warm Highland welcome on this occasion. The concert which followed maintained the usual high standard characteristic of the programmes submitted at the meetings of this Branch. Mr. M'Coll M'Farlane, a singer well known on the concert platform, delighted the audience with several Scottish and English songs. His rendering of "M'Gregor's Gathering" was particularly inspiring. Misses M'Lean, M'Isaac, and Lindsay sang a number of Gaelic songs with much acceptance, and the Misses Black and Gallagher won unstinted applause for their able rendering of several Scottish songs, Miss Margaret M'Kechnie playing the accompaniments. Piper Ponton was heartily applauded for the fine selections he gave on the bagpipes. After votes of thanks had been heartily accorded Mr. Shaw, the artistes and the Chairman, the company joined in singing "Oidhche mhath Leibh." Seven dozen copies of "An Gaidheal" were sold during the evening. About 180 members have already been enrolled.

KILLIN.—The audience assembled in Killin Public Hall on the night of Wednesday, 24th October, enjoyed immensely the song-lecture delivered by Mr. Neil Maclean, B.Sc., Mod gold medallist, on Gaelic song. The lecturer proved himself quite at home in his subject, and treated it in a capable and captivating way. Needless to say the songs

sung by him in illustration were rendered with all his accustomed charm, taste, and power. On the motion of Rev. G. W. Mackay, a warm vote of thanks was accorded. A collection was taken at the close on behalf of headquarters funds. After paying expenses a balance of £4 5s was forwarded to the Treasurer of An Comunn Gaidhealach, Glasgow.

KILMALLIE.—A meeting of the committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in Kilmallie Manse on the 5th November. The sèderunt consisted of Rev. R. B. Crawford, president; Messrs M. Macaulay and John Boyd, vice-presidents; Mr. D. Cumming, treasurer; and Mrs. Macinnes, Mrs. Cranston, and Messrs. Alexander Macintyre, Camaghael; and Allan Macdougall, Torcastle. A letter of apology for absence was read from Mr. D. Macmillan, Corrybeg. The resignation from the office of secretary of Miss Campbell, late of Trisleg Public School, and who has gone to reside at Connel, was submitted and accepted. Miss Campbell, who was an enthusiastic Gael, was the first secretary of the branch, and she put her whole heart into the work. The meeting placed on record the high appreciation in which Miss Campbell's work was held amongst them. They regretted very much the step which her change of location had rendered necessary. Mr. Donald Cameron, stationmaster, Banavie, was unanimously appointed to the vacant post. Mr. Cumming submitted the financial statement which showed the funds of the branch to be in a highly satisfactory state. The first Ceilidh for the season was fixed to be held in the Gordon Smith Cameron Hall, on Friday, 16th November, and a sub-committee was appointed to carry out all the necessary arrangements. This consisted of the secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Cranston, and Mr. Macaulay, whose motion that part of the programme at the Ceilidhs be in the English language was unanimously agreed to. The following new members were added to the general committee—Messrs. Don. M'Lean, Hugh Macmillan, David Cameron, and R. M'Laren. Rev. R. B. Crawford agreed to begin a Gaelic reading class. A singing class is also being arranged for to be conducted by Mr. Donald M'Lean, an ardent lover of Gaelic literature in song and story, with a fluent pen in either language and a keen musician.

OBAN.—At a meeting of the Committee of the Oban Branch of An Comunn, held in the Secretary's Office, 40 Stevenson Street, on the evening of Monday, 5th November—the president, Mr. A. MacLeod, Rector, Oban High School, presiding—the following additional donations to the Donnachadh Ban Memorial Fund were intimated:—Per Mr. D. Campbell, Dalmally, from Mr. Crerar, Dalmally, £1 15s; per Mr. Roderick MacLeod, Inverness, from Miss MacIntyre, Furnace, £1 1s; Mr. J. Macintyre, South Africa, £1 1s. The concert previously decided upon in celebration of the bi-centenary anniversary of the Bard, and as a means of further augmenting the fund for repairing the memorial, was fixed to be held next month, and Mr. Roderick MacLeod has already volunteered his services for this occasion. The dates of next year's Provincial Mod were tentatively fixed as the 22nd and the 23rd May, and in view of the activities of An Comunn's music teacher in the Lorn district during the next three months, it was decided that the test pieces in the junior and senior sections of next year's annual Mod at Perth should be adopted for the Oban and Lorn Provincial Mod also, thus affording a valuable training and a preliminary for competitors qualifying for the Perth Mod.

THE LEARNER'S PAGE.

AN CAT GLAS.

THE GRAY CAT.

From J. F. CAMPBELL'S MS. Collection.

By J. G. MACKAY, London.

Dh'éid (*sic*) iad iad fhéin le an aodach fhéin anns an t-seòmar eile.

Roinneadh an t-òr 's an t-airgiod uile gu leir orra, is fhuair an Cat Glas a deagh roinn de na bh'ann.

Phòs esan agus nighean an rìgh, agus phòs an Cat Glas agus fear de na ridirean a bha 'san t-seòmar.

An uair a bha na bainnsean is a h-uile rud seachad, smaointich e gu'n rachadh e dhachaidh far an robh a athair. Thug e a bhean leis, agus bha rionnadh gu leòir còmhla ri u.

* * * *

An uair a dh'fhalbh e a tigh a athair, dh'ionndrainn a athair e. Bha iad ro bhrònach as a dhéidh. Bhiodh a bhràthair a h-uile là a' dol gus an tulach far an do dhealaich e ris, dh'a chaoineadh; is cha robh fios aig duine dé bha 'tighinn ris.

Bha e 'cnàmh is a' dol às. Chuir a athair roimhe gu'n leanadh e e, is gu'n biodh fios aige c'à'n robh e 'dol.

Lean e e a dh'ionnsuidh an tulaich, agus fhuair e an sin e, agus a bheul fodha, agus e a' caoineadh.

"Feumaidh tu innseadh dhòmhsa, gu de tha 'tighinn riut," ars a athair.

Cha robh e deònach a innseadh, ach chuir a athair roimhe nach leigeadh e as e gus an innseadh e.

"Tha eagal orm ma dh'innseas mi e, gu'm marbh thu mo mhàthair," ars esan. "So an tulach air an do dhealaich mo bhràthair gaolach rium-sa. Chaidh e do thigh m'òide an oidhehe sin, 'us chan'eil tuilleadh lorg agam-sa air."

Chaidh an Rìgh do thigh a oide, feuch am faigheadh e a mach o a mhùime gu de dh'éirich dha. Cha robh dad aig a' mhùime ri innseadh dha, ach gu'n d'fhalbh e.

Thill e dhachaidh an sin, agus chuir e an Iochlach Urlair gu bàs. Leis an nàire ghabh a' Bhan-rìghinn, luigh i, is cha robh i fada beò.

* * * *

An uair a choinnich esan, is a athair is a bhràthair a chéile, bha toil-inntinn na

They dressed themselves with their own clothes in the other room.

All the gold and silver was divided amongst them, and the Gray Cat got her own good share of what there was.

He [the hero] and the King's daughter married, and the Gray Cat married one of the knights who had been in the room.

When the weddings and everything else were over, he determined to go home to where his father was. He took his wife with him, and abundance of treasure and costly things went with them.

* * * *

After he had left his father's house, his father missed him greatly. They were very sorrowful when he had gone. His brother used to go every day to the hillock where he had parted from him, to lament him; and nobody knew what was coming over him, or ailing him.

He was getting thin and wasting away. His father determined to follow him, in order to find out where he used to go.

He followed him to the hillock, and found him there, lying on his face, and weeping.

"Thou must and shalt tell me, what is coming to thee, or what ails thee," said his father.

He was not willing to tell, but his father determined not to let him go till he had told.

"I fear that thou wilt kill my mother if I tell," said he. "This is the hillock on which my dear brother parted from me. He went to the house of my [*recte*, thy] foster-father that night, and I have no further trace of him."

The King went to his foster-father's house, to see if he could find out from his foster-mother what had happened to him. The foster-mother had nothing to tell him, but that he had gone away.

The King then returned home and put the Iochlach Urlair to death. The Queen took to her bed with shame, and did not live long.

* * * *

When *he* [=the hero] and his father and his brother met, they had gladness enough. He

leòir orra. Dh'fhag e an rìoghachd aig a bhràthair, bha ga leòir aige-san dha fhéin.

Thill e fhéin agus a bhean air an ais d'an rìoghachd, an uair a chuir iad treis ùine seachad le a athair. Cha robh mac no nighean a nis aig a athair, ach am mac a b'òige, is phòs e.

left the kingdom to his brother, for he had abundance for himself.

After spending some time with his father, he and his wife returned to their own kingdom. His father had now neither son nor daughter, except the younger son, and he married.

From B. MacAskill, Island of Berneray, who learnt it in her youth from Christie MacAskill, native of Eigg.

NIGHEAN DONN A' CHUIL REIDH.

E ho ró, mo nighean donn.
E ho ri, mo nighean donn.
Mo nighean donn a' chuallein réidh;
Ribhinn òg a bhà leam,
Dheanadh còmhradh rium ciùin,
Tha mo chridh-sa'n diugh trom as do dhèidh.
'Se do chòmhradh a rùin,
Guth bu cheòlmhora leam,
Na guth smeòrach an dlùth choill'-nan-cnò;
Mar ri torghann nan allt,
Tighinn le aghaidh nan beann,
Anns a' mhoch mhaduinn shamhraidh ri m'thàobh.
'S math thig fàineachan òir,
Do na meòirean is bòidhch',
A bhios tric ann a' seòmar a' gleus;
Tha do ghruaidh mar a' ròs
Chan eil uail ann ad dhòigh,
Thug thu buaidh le gach ceòl agus beus.
Na robh beartas dhomh buan,
Rachainn sgrìob thar a' chuain,
Do'n Roinn-Eòrp leat a luaidh an deagh bheus.
Ann an dùthaich na sonn,
Bhiodh daoin' uaisle le fonn,
A' cuir fàilt air nigh'nn donn a' chùil réidh.
Tha do chàirdeas glé dhùlth
Ris na h-àilleagain ùr,
A bha tàmh anns na dùthchannan thall;
'S tric a ghléidh iad an cùis,
Ann a fàbhar a' Phrionns'
Cha bhiodh onoir an dùthcha air chall.
Nuair a chit' iad air sliabh,
Bu bhòidheach an triall,
'S gum b'e suaicheantas rianh anns gach àm.
Long, leòmhanh is craobh,
'S a' lamh dhearg ri an taobh,
Bradán tarra-gheal is fraoch glas nan beann.
Tha do nàdur, a luaidh,
Caoimhneil, càirdeil gun ghruaim.
Gur e t-àilleachd thug buaidh air gach té;
Dh'éireadh m'aigneachd le sùndd.

Nuair choimnicheadh tu rium,
'S chuirinn fàilt air nigh'nn donn a chùil réidh.

Gur e caoimhneas do chainnt
A chuir bruailean am cheann,
Chan eil fuasgladh ach gann dhomh fo'n ghréin;
Chan eil leigheas do m'chràdh,
Air an t-saoghal so mhàin,
Mo nigh'nn donn nan sùl bhàlth, ach thu fhéin.

Chaidh an t-òran so dheanamh 'sa bhliadhna 1887 le Calum Mac Gilliosa a Bràigh Abhainn Mhargari, Ceap Breatuinn, Alba Nodha. 'Se Calum Fìdhleir mar lu trice a theireadh a luchd-eòlais ris—bàrd cho ainmeil 's a bha rianh anns a' chuid so de Chanada, agus ma dh'fhaoidte nach deanainn mearachd ged theirinn bàrd Gàidh-ealach cho deas-chainnteach 'sa dh'aràich-eadh an càran same bith de dh'America.

A bharrachd air bhàrdachd, bha e an làithean òige na fhear-cuideachda cho aighearrach agus nach biodh cruinneachadh a bhiodh 's an àite eadar bàinnsean is eile, nach e Calum Eoghain a cheud duine rachadh iarraidh. Bha e na fhear-cùil anabarrach math, na fìdhleir barraichte, na dheagh phiobaire agus na dhannsaire cho ealanta 'sa sheas air ùrlar. Leis a sin, cha b' iognadh idir miadh a bhi air Calum thall 's a bhos. Tha e fhathast an tìr nam beò; is ged a dh'fhalbh na làithean toilichte ud tha e cho dlcheallach 's a bha e rianh gu càinain, ceòl, is litreachas a shìnsreadh a chumail suas anns an inbhe chliuichte do'm buin iad—ged a tha còrr is cèud bliadhna bho'n a dh'fhàg a shìnsreadh Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach.

Rinneadh an t-òran, "Nighean Donn a Chùil Réidh," do Mhàiri Dhòmhnallaich, a taobh an Iar Loch Ainslie, Siorramachd Ionbhar-nis, Alba Nodha, a phòs an ath-bhliadhna Dòmhnall F. Dòmhnallach. So mar a shloinneadh iad "Nigh'nn Donn a Chùil Réidh," a bhuineadh, air taobh a h-athar, do Dhòmhnallaich na Ceapaich:—

Màiri nighean Iain, Mhic Aonghuis, 'ic Aonghuis, 'ic Alasdair, 'ic Dhòmhnuille, 'ic Aonghuis Mhóir na Tulaich, Mhic Dhómhnuille, 'ic Alasdair, 'ic Aonghuis, 'ic Iain Duibh, 'ic Raonuill mhóir na Ceapaich, Mhic Dhòmhnuille Ghlais, 'ic Alasdair, 'ic Aonghuis 'ic Alasdair Charraich, ceud fhear na Ceapaich, Mhic Iain ceud Thighearna nan Eilein, Mhic Aonghuis òig, 'ic Aonghuis mhóir, Mhic Dhòmhnuille Làmh Dhearg, Mhic Raonuill, 'ic Shomhairle, 'ic Ghille-Bhrighde.

Is ann fo chomann Aonghuis mhóir na Tulaich a bha Dòmhnullaich na Ceapaich aig Blàr Mhaoil Ruaidh, an 1688—am blàr nu d'fheireadh a bh'eadar na fineachan Gàidhealach. Bha còmhrag eadar Aonghus Mór agus an Captean Mac Coinnich, a bha na òigeach aig Clann-an-Toisich. Chaill Mac Coinnich a bheatha 's an chòmhraig agus, mar an ceudna, chaill Clann-an-Toisich an latha. Thug Sir Walter Scott iomradh air a' so an "Tales of a Grandfather."

Bhuin an té do'n d'rinneadh an t-òran, a thaobh a màthair, do Dhòmhnullaich Chlann Raonuill (teaghlach Mhic-'ic-Ailein), an Ornacleit, Uidhist a Chinn-a-deas. 'S e Aodh Mac Dhómhuill 'ic Aoidh, a thairteadh ri a seanair air taobh am màthair. 'S e ainm glé ainneamh bha an Aodh—ma bha e idir ri fhaighinn am measg nan Uidhisteach am mach bh'o'n teaghlach ud fhéin. Tha eachdraidh bheag timcheall ud fhuair iad an t-ainm. Bha Dòmhnullaich de mhuintir Uidhist thall air tìr-mór na h-Alba ri linn Blàr Sliabh-an-t-Siorraim (1715). Choinnich e ri duine do'm b-ainm Aodh, a mhuintir taobh tuath na Gàidhealtachd. Rinn iad companas dheth chèile, is tha e coltach gu'n d' rinn iad suas ri chèile, na'n tachradh gu'n rachadh fear dhiubh a mharbhadh agus am fear eile thighinn as beo, gu'n toireadh am fear a thigeadh as le bheatha ainm an fhir a rachadh a mharbhadh air a cheud mhac. Thachair gur e'n tuathach a thuit air raon a bhàir. Thill an t-Uidhisteach dhachaidh gu eilean a bhreith. An ceann beagan ùine phòs e, agus a cheud mhac a bh' aige thug e Aodh mar ainm air. Thàinig Dòmhnull, mac do'n cheud Aodh Uidhisteach, an nall le teaghlach do Cheap Bhreatuinn, far an d'fhuair e fhéin 'sa shliochd air adhart gu math—ged a fhuair iad sàrachadh mòr an toiseach mu'n d'fhuair iad dachaidh a dheanamh dhaibh fhéin anns a Choille

Ghruamaich. Ach bha iad nan daoine foghainteach, treuna, a sheasadh ri cruadal ris nach seasadh na daoine th'ann an diugh. Ach ged a fhuair iad ànradh, bha rud no dhà eile na'm fàbhar nu choinneamh sin. Bha'n talamh beartach, agus bha fàs anabarrach anns an àm ud. A rithist, cha robh cùram no eagal orra gu'n cuireadh maor no tighearna fearainn bacadh no trioblaid orra. Dh'fhaodadh iad a ràdhainn uair sam bith—"Tha mise air mo bhaile-mór is feuch co chuireas as mi!"

Feumaidh mi nis tighinn gu crìch, le dòchas gu'n faigh sibh àite do'n litir so ann bhur paiper. Le guidhe buaidh is sonas do bhuilt Comunn Gàidhealach na seann dùthecha, agus cuideachd leughadairean "A Ghàidheil,"—Is mi,

MAC DHOMHNUILLE.

Ceap Breatuinn,
Canada, An Foghar, 1923.

BOOK REVIEW.

The new Gaelic novel "Cailin Sgiathanach," by M. James Macleod, Scalpay, deserves the favourable reception which it has already got both from the press and from the public. The story is well told; the plot is fresh; and the interest of the narrative is duly sustained by several dramatic situations. The language is idiomatic; and one frequently meets with old-fashioned phrases which one occasionally hears on the lips of the older speakers of Gaelic, but which rarely find their way into recent Gaelic prose. The writer possesses an undoubted faculty for dialogue, a feature which serves to give a realistic touch to his romantic story. Beyond these conditions of successful writing we trace another quality, which we trust the author may cultivate even to a fuller extent. That quality is a truly Celtic one, the power of throwing a mystical atmosphere around his characters, an atmosphere which excites the curiosity and raises the expectations of the reader. We venture to think that this quality is an unconscious one in the mind of the author—but it is none the less attractive on that account. The volume is one of the few Gaelic novels which have yet appeared; and every Gael who is interested in the encouragement of new Gaelic literature should certainly possess a copy of "Cailin Sgiathanach."

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Leabhar XIX.]

Am Faoilteach, 1924.

[Earrann 4

A' BHLIADHNA UR.

Tha sinn a' guidhe deagh dhùrachd na h-aimsir do ar luchd leughaidh—Nollaig chridheil agus bliadhna mbath ùr. Mar tha bliadhna an dèidh bliadhna a' ruith seachad, tha iongantas an dèidh iongantas a' tighinn am follais; ach a dh'aindeoin gach caochlaidh a bheir na bliadhnaichean mu 'n cuairt cha tig caochladh air deagh ghean a' Ghàidhil do a chàirdean féin feadh an t-saoghail. Cluinnear cuid an diugh ag ràdh gur e marsantachd is iomlaid bathair am bann ceangail is dluithe a tha eadar cinnich na talmhainn. Biodh sin mar a thogas e their sinne gur e am bann ceangail is dluithe a tha eadar clann nan Gàidheal air feadh na cruinne càirdeas daimheil agus comhfhaireachadh bràthrachail. Tha e mar dhleasdanas aig gach aon againn a bhi a' misneachadh an aignidh so anns gach àite is air gach uair am faigh sinn an cothrom. Gheibh sinn an cothrom gach uair a choinnicheas Gàidhil ri chèile ge b'ann a' coiseachd na sraide no air rathad mór an rìgh. Ach gu h-àraidh gheibh sinn an cothrom aig na còmhlain sin anns am bheil e cleachdta do ar càirdean a bhi tional gu cuirm chùil no fearas chuideachda. Ma tha sinn idir an da rìreadh mu chor ar muinntir cha dearnaidh sinn uair air bith an cothrom air a bhi a' brosnuchadh a chèile a thaobh nan ceist sin is dluithe air cridhe an deagh Ghàidhil.

Thug sinn gearr iomradh air na h-iongantas a tha na bliadhnachan a' toirt gu follais. Is e aon shonruichte de na h-iongantas am brath-clis ùr leis an cuirear teachdaireachd air astar fada gun eadar-

mheadhon sam bith ach an electron fhéin ann am fànas an adhair, no an doimhneachd a' chuain is nam beann. Tha so air ni cho annasach 's a fhuaradh a mach riamh le gliocas duine. Agus tha e mar an ceudna air ni cho feumail. A thaobh gnòthuich tha e 'n a chaonadh anabarrach air saothair agus air ùine. Tha cian astar air a ghiorrachadh gu na h-ìre is lugha, eadhon gu beagan shlat; oir tha e nis comasach dhut còmhraidh a chumail ri do chomhchreutair agus e ciadan mìle uat. Chuala mi an raoir, ann am Bàideanach, cho math is ged a bhiodh iad ri mo thaobh, luchd seinn agus luchd labhairt an ceann bhaile na Frainge. Agus chan eil an t-iongantas fathast ach aig tùs a thòisichidh. Bheir bliadhna agus bliadhna taisbeanadh ùr gu solus. A' reusanachadh o na chunnac sinn eadhon ann ar latha féin chan eil anbarus nach faicear an ùine gun bhi fada nithean ùra agus neònach air nach do smuainich duine riamh. Theid innleachd a' bhrath-clis a thoirt gu feabhas. Theid cian astar a dhubhadh a mach. Anns an t-seadh so bidh an cuan mór mar thalamh tioram agus bidh na beanntan air an tilgeadh as an àite, a chum is gum bidh rathad réidh aig mac an duine gu comhchomunn is còmhraidh.

Chan eil ach ùine ghoirid o fhuaradh innleachd air guth an duine a sgrìobhadh air clàr céire, gu bhi air fhuaimneachadh a ris le inneal aithris gu h-eagnuidh. Bu mhór an t-annas an uair a chluinnt e ceart bhreacadh air guth binn an luchd seinn. Tha e 'n a shochair gu 'n cumair cuimhne eadhon air guth na muinntir a tha marbh. Cha ruigear a leas leudachadh air giorcas an innleachd so am nialairt, far an cum luchd-

gnothuich còmhraidh ri chéile, mar gum biodh iad aghaidh ri aghaidh. Tha lethsgod no dhà ceangailte ris an inneal aithris. Tha am fuaim air a chruadhachadh mar thoradh air an umha troimh bheil e a' tighinn. Tha fuaim geur na litreach s (is e *suil* seann ainm Gàidhlig na litreach sin), air fhàgail a mach; oir tha e coltach nach d'fhuaradh fhathast modh air an fhuaim gheur so a mbeudachadh air inneal aithris. Ach a dh'aindeoin nan teachd-geàrr ud, tha feumalachd an innil làn dearbhta. An ùine ghoirid fàsaidh daoine èòlach air nithibh annasach; agus tha aithris a' ghutha o chlàr céire cumanta gu leòr an diugh.

Air a' mhòdh cheudna ged tha brath-clis an adhair ro-iongantach aig an am faodaidh nach teid mòran bhliadhnachan seachad gus am bidh sinn mean èlach air. A cheana tha an t-inneachd ùr 'g a chleachdadh ann an cuid de sgoiltean—airson teagasg na h-òigridh. Chan ann a mhàin a chum toil-inntinn a bhios an ni so feumail, ach bidh e feumail a thuilleadh gu fòghlum is fiosrachadh. Saoilidh sinn nach smuain fhaoin ged theireamaid gu foadar am brath-clis a chur gu feum as leth na Gàidhlig. An uair a bheirear an t-inneachd gu àirde feabhais bidh e farusda conaltradh a chumail ri ar càirdean, dlùta air laimh no fada air astar. Agus tha e coltach nach bidh a' chosgais trom gu inneal èisdeachd is labhairt a chur suas anns na tighean còmhnuidh. Tha na mìltean de Ghàidhlig feadh an t-saoghail a dh'fhaodas còmhraidh ri chéile, an ùine ghoirid, ge b'e cho dealaichte is gum bidh iad. Faodaidh iad air an dòigh so a chéile a mhisneachadh agus a bhrosnachadh. Bidh Gàidhlig Alba is Chanada an uair sin mar aon chuideacha; agus cluinnear luchd seinn is luchd labhairt na Gàidhlig le Gàidhlig an dùthchanan céine anns gach ceàrn mun iad a' ghrian.



THE CELTIC CRAFTSMAN.

BY HUGH MUNRO.

[A Lecture delivered at the Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts, at Glasgow, in May, 1923.]

There was a time—how recent or how long ago I scarcely care to say—when, to me, the quaint runics, interlacings, bosses, and spirals peculiar to the Celtic ornament, on sporrans, dirk handles, sgeandhu, shoulder brooch, or sword pommel, or on cross or missile, whether seen resplendent in new glory on weapon or ornament in the windows

of the smart jewellery shops of Oban or Edinburgh, or in those outfitting establishments in which the descendants of the heroes can be attired in the costume of their forefathers, and quasi clansmen attain a pleasing similitude to the genuine thing; or in the shabbiness of deterioration unfeelingly displayed, the dirk or sporrans bearing it huddled amid the *omnium gatherum* of a pawnbroker's or general dealer's window in one of our mean streets, its aspect pathetic in the debased company of rusty locks, door keys, snibs, name plates, and second-hand tools, the metal bearing its beauty blurred and defaced, the bosses encased in dirt, the lacings and knot-work broken and scratched, and the patterning, which in the days of the heroes graced the shield or banner which gave salute to the sun when the "hosts of Selma" set sail for Lochlin or crossed the defiles to give battle to Rome, worn to meaningless cuneiforms; when these, and even the trinkets of the merchants of Iona in green-stone or pebble of cairngorm, stirred in one emotion which were then indescribable, and which, I grieve to say, are impossible to-day.

At sight of these, to the remoter regions of the western seaboard I would be carried—and I would pass to them by the avenues of the mind—to those unfrequented strands, the great spray-washed beaches of Skye, Appin, and Moidart, where the sea-mew keeps highway, where the ghosts of a people would assemble on my vision, whose music and whose voice would keep ringing in my ears.

Heedless of the sounds of the ebbs and flows of the streets in which I beheld these things, I could hear the seas break on the butt of Uig; I could see the solan, perched high, keeping admiralty over the waters, their wings in the storm-wind mere flashes of white on a blackened sky; I could hear the songs of the rowers come from the galleys of the sons of Uisenach, by the quiet waters of Selma and Loch Etive, and the wind carry down the straths by Glenfinnan the summons to a people in support of a cause already hopeless—the last desperate throw of a prince in the gamble for a kingdom.

I make confession now that that was my weakness, and I reveal my ignorance of the archaeological significances of the Art which had aroused those things in me. But, perille as were such emotions, and reprehensible such ignorance, even in youth, those later of adolescence when reading

the tales from the Irish Book of Lismore, or the Bardic stories which O'Curry tells from the Yellow Book of Lecan, and those weird happenings of the tellers of the tales; when following the fate of the love-stricken Cuchullin of the Ossianic minstrelsy, of Oscar of the Mighty Shield, of Dermid of the Bleeding Heel by the Well of the Palms; when, trance-like, listening in the mind to the pathetic notes of the distraught and fortune-stressed Deirdre; of Bragela of the minstrelsy of Ossian, waiting death and the return of her lover by the rocky strand in Skye; of Malavina, Temora, and Comhala—Comhala of the moonbeams and the braided hair; when reading in the legendary poems of the Tuatha-de-Danaan of the gorgeousness of the raiment of those heroines, of the robes of yellow and saffron and the ornaments of gold, silver, and amber, of the brooches and chatelaines, the necklaces of inwrought jet and enamel, and the golden lunulæ—those splendidly engraven ornaments of the bosom or the hair—my rapture was qualified by the thought, the haunting fear, that those things could not be.

I wondered at the panoply of the heroes: the graven shield of bronze and the mighty spear, the iron buckler and the richly bedizened chariot, and the ornate trappings of the horses. I faltered even at the evidence of an eye-witness, at Tacitus's description of Galgacus, the great Gaelic warrior and orator and patriot, in his chariot by Mons Grampius—his chariot with the great projecting blades of bronze, and his horses bedecked with ornamental trappings studded with precious stones.

I marvelled at the conditions and circumstances of the Palace of Crede, the daughter of the King of the Tuatha, in the tale from the Irish Book of Lismore, which O'Curry tells, when her Coll O'Nevan lover sings its splendour:

Between men and children and women,
 Between druids and musical performers,
 Between cupbearers and doorkeepers,
 Between equerries who are not shy,
 And distributors who divide the fare;
 And over all these, the command belongs
 To fair Crede, Crede of the yellow hair.
 It would be happy for me to be in her fort,
 The colour of it is the colour of lime,
 Within it are couches and green rushes;
 Within it are silks and blue mantles;
 Within it are red gold and silver cups.
 Of its grianan (its sunny chamber) the
 corner-stones
 Are all of silver and of yellow gold,
 Its thatch in stripes of matchless order
 Of birds' wings of brown and crimson red;

Two door-posts of green I see
 Nor is its door devoid of beauty
 Of carved silver, long has it been renowned
 Is the lintel that is over the door,
 Crede's chair is at the right hand,
 The pleasantest of the pleasant it is
 All of ablaze of Alpine gold
 At the foot of her beautiful couch.
 The household which are in her house
 To the happiest conditions have been
 destined,

Grey and gold are their garments
 Twisted and fair is their flowing hair,
 Wounded men would sink in sleep
 Though ever so heavily teeming with blood
 With the warblings of the fairy bride
 From the eaves of her sunny chamber.
 An hundred feet spans Crede's house
 From one angle to the other
 And twenty feet are fully measured
 In the breadth of its noble door.
 Its portico is thatched
 With wings of birds both blue and gold.
 Its lawn in front and its well
 Of crystal and of Cormagol that is carbuncles,
 Four posts to every bed
 Of gold and silver finely carved;
 A crystal gem between every two posts
 There is no cause of unpleasantness.
 There is in it a vat of royal bronze
 Whence flows the pleasant juice of malt,
 The apple tree stands overhead the vat
 With abundance of its weighty fruit.

I marvelled, I said, when I read in the Irish minstrelsy the account of Crede's palace, of the couches of silver and alpine gold—note that allusion to the alpine gold; of the pomp of Conor's Ulster fastness and Fergus's and Lorn's; of the palace of Deirdre at Dunvalanree, by the waters of Loch Etive, in our own country, and wondered if at Beregorium—whether that Beregorium described in the tale was of the Scottish Dalriada at Loch Etive or in Galloway I did not care; but whether those vitrified walls, with the loose-apertured stones above, had really known the splendour, the pomp, and circumstances of a court.

Not, mark you, because the withering arrows of doubt from the bows of the historians had pierced me—I knew the grave blunders made by so redoubtable an adversary of the Ossianic authenticity as Dr. Samuel Johnson on this very head, his scorn of the possibility of the things I have described, the chariot and the horses, the ornament and trappings of the warriors. Whatever argument can be brought against the authenticity of the minstrelsy, this one is not cogent, as the finding of the archaeologists evince. Instead, and as research seventy-five years before Macpherson compiled the poems revealed, I knew that the classical historians of Rome, from Herodotus

to Pytheas, had spoken contemptuously of the dwellers in the Celtic regions of Middle Europe, of the dwellers beyond the Danube, although these same contemptibles, as our own in the late war, bested the scoffer, sacked Rome, and flung the legions from the Transalpine battlefields. I knew that they sneered at the dwellers in those regions, at their country as a region so cold and miserable that the ass could not reproduce his species in it—a stricture with which no descendent of the tribes will quarrel, as the begetting of asses has never been a feature of Celtic activity—and the proof is the prevalence of the thistle in our country, the beloved emblem of Ossian, which, through and through the minstrelsy, shake and waver in the winds in the valleys of Lorn—there are no asses to eat them up. I knew that they referred to those dwellers in the misty regions beyond the Danube—the seat of the distribution of the tribes—as barbarians, likening them to the Cynates or dog-faced men—did you ever meet a dog-faced Celt?—and that Cato had termed them savages much given to strong drink, fond of getting drunk, and prone to fighting and witty conversation. Not because of these I faltered, but because, in my reading of the tales and my hearing of them, in conjuring the dwellings and surroundings, somehow I could not remove from my mind what I had seen, and what in my youth I knew, and what on account of deplorable land conditions you may yet see, the descendants of one great branch of the tribes, which, following on the Iberian aboriginal occupants of our country, produced the things I had read of and had heard described, their descendants, circumstanced in landless squalor, scratching with inferior instruments the unwilling surfaces of a sour soil. Like John Bunyan's man with the muck rake, the poor tiller of the soil, his head bowed to the earth, his clothing not the martial habiliments of his forefathers, the heroes, which now the cosmopolitan of the capital south of the border assume when they leave their clubs for the mountains, for the one great festival and ritual of the Highlands to which they give annual obeisance, the obscene orgy of slaughter of small birds—not these, but the patched oddments of clothing which the fortune of their circumstances had enabled them to acquire.

That was the fruitful cause of my diffidence. I traversed the regions of Skye, Lochaber, and Badenoch and Benderloch, and I could find no trace of the Goidels or their crafts. I walked the beaches of Selma

and Arisaig, and while through my mind there passed the ghosts of those figures and the music of their songs, I could see no circumstance suggestive of former days. I revisited the scenes in Skye, which, in a few years, in the days when the military aspirations of France to European domination, gave ten thousand men to smash that ascendancy, and I passed the point of Lismore, where the fleets of Fergus and Lorn, when they came to found the Scottish Dalriada, and where the combined naval strength of Ireland and Scotland and Gaul chased the galleons of Rome from the seas; and, but for the lonely sail of the solitary fisher, making for the Sound of Mull, sailing westward, as the isles were like jewels on a golden salver, when the great clouds, the only symbols of those great galleys of the heroes, were moving over the waters, transient in an indescribable peace, to pile themselves on the bastions and minarets of the Coolins in Skye.

Foolishly, I had been seeking the symbols of a bygone age amid conditions as foreign to them as dissimilar climes. I was ignorant of the law that men are mutable, that the only things that endure and are permanent are the laws which govern their birth, growth, decay, and death, and that while men may pass, taking their inventiveness with them, the type remains, and brings about the changes by which things take new form.

The Art which aroused these things in me I had associated with my own people—that is also part of my confession—and I was seeking trace of it among the living when, in reality, I should have been looking for it among the dead.

The science of paleology and its findings did more for me than my readings and speculations among the Milesian and Ossianic poetries. Paleography afforded better charts of direction to discovery than the sign-posts of my country or the pages of literature; and when, from the chambered cairns of Achnacree, and the tumuli of Glenleoinan, and the other resting-places of primitive man, thanks to the toil of the archæologists, I saw the works of his hands emerge, the spirit of the craftsman who planned and executed those things, gone to whatever god he dedicated it, and his dust blown on the cold stone slabs of his burying place.

The sepulchral urns of the Neoliths and the pottery that is found in the long barrows, the incense cups and drinking cups,

the wrist guard and hunting knife, give greater clues to the arts of our people and their origin than the carried tale. The patient toil of the archæologists reveals what the imageries of the poet or the fancies of the tellers of the tales could not, and it revealed it with the convincing element of certitude, one thing for me at any rate emerging from my reading, from such researches as Prof. Rhys' and Prof. Skene's *Celtic Britain*, Dr. J. Anderson's work on the antiquities of Scotland, and Mr. J. Rennilly Allen's magnificent work on the development of Celtic Art in Europe. I learned from these that that by which I had set store, as the achievement of the race primarily of the Goidelic Gael group, of the Celtic tribes to which you and I belong, came, rather, and was a feature of the arts of the whole Celtic families, irrespective of ethnographical distribution, and it in turn owed its development to long association with the culture of other groups of the Continent and of Asia.

But it sufficed me to know that the modern Gael, who is the legitimate descendent of those Goidels of the Bronze Age, was of that people whose culture, when unmolestedly allowed to develop, assumed direction in those regions of our country now associated with its name, so that they formed the basis of an Art upon which the later glories of Celtic craftsmanship imprinted almost matchless forms.

To the student of the exquisite decorations of the Books of Landisfarne, Kells, Armagh, Deer, and Durrow, it is almost unbelievable to think that, during a period of over a thousand years, in spite of slaughtering, harryings, and immolations, the decoration motive of Celtic Art evolved from engrafting the exotic influences of Phœnician, Egyptian, Assyrian, or Greek or Roman culture, and yet preserving characteristics which have made it the distinctive thing of the Celtic peoples that it is.

The accounts of such excavations as the large and historic Hunsbury tumuli on the valley of the Thames, the Halstall one near Salzburg—both of the Bronze and Iron Ages—and the great one at La Tene, near Neuschâtel, in Switzerland, and subsequently that in the valley of the Marne, and the large one in County Meath, in Ireland, set me thinking, and in them I found corrective to the extravagances of the Milesian poets, yet at the same time became the possessor of a key which opened the doors of the fairy palaces of their themes.

By it I passed, in fancy, the portals of the halls of Crede and of Conor, or Fergus and of Lorn, of Dermid, Nessa, and Deirdre, and sensed—if not authentically then approximately—the general circumstances of the days and surroundings of which they were the symbols.

(To be continued.)

◆

IONAD-FOIS DIOMHAIR NA SEANAMHAR.

Taobh stigh dhìom tha clù-nead fo shoille
na sìth,

An sàmhchair, is fois agus tàmh,
Far an leag mi mo cheann le làn-mhuinghinn
sìos

Air Uchd Uile-chumbhachdach Gràidh,
Upraid na beatha cha ruig air, no strì,
No buaireas mi-shuaimhneach an t-saogh'l,
Tha'n intinn a soladh; tha plogadh a
chrìdh',

A bha dian is neo-shocair, a' traogh'dh.
O mhullach gu bonn, tha mar làmh chaomh
màth'r

'Gad thàladh gu fois gu ciùin,
A' briseadh gach cuibhreach, a leigheas
gach cràdh,

'S ag aiseag dhuit d'anma as-ùr.
Thig briathran beannaicht' mar chagar 'n
ad chluais;

'S gann a chluinneas tu cìod th'air a ràdh,
Ach, "Sìth air thalamh," gu'r e th'air a
luaidh,

Agus Slàinte, is lànachd gràis.

Gu'n deònaicheadh Dia dhuit, a chaileig mo
rùin,

Ionad-diomhair mar so foidh a sgàil
Far an leag thu do ghruaidh air a Ghàirdean
gu ciùin,

Gus le aoibhneas neamhaidh a lasas do
ghnùis,

An sàmhchair, is fois agus tàmh.

Seadh, deònaich dhuinn uile, a Thighearn 's
a Dhé,

Ionad-sìochaint mar so ann ad làthair,
Far an tilg sinn gu buileach ar cùram Ort
Féin,

A' feitheamh 's ag éisdeachd ri'd theachdair-
eachd gràidh,

An sàmhchair, is fois, agus tàmh.

Eadar. o'n Lochlannach le K.W.G.

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FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

 PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

Donnchadh mac Dhubhghaill Mhaoil, the author of the following poem, was the brother of the Dean of Lismore. His work shows that he was not unversed in the difficult art of Gaelic poetry: besides the present poem, four other pieces by him are included in the Dean's collection. Those who are acquainted with poetry of this sort and the rules that regulate it will, I think, find it difficult to believe that the author was ignorant of the ordinary and usual system of Gaelic spelling, and will infer that, so far at any rate as Donnchadh was concerned, the innovations in spelling that make the Dean's Book so hard to read were due not to ignorance but to choice.

The MacGregor genealogy as given here may be compared with that by the same hand, printed by Dr. M'Lauchlan on p. 126 of his edition, and with the older one by Mac Ghiolla Fhionntaig, printed on p. 108 of the same book. The metre is Deibhidhe.

As to the text of this poem printed by Dr. M'Lauchlan: rann 1b, "callwym" is written

in the margin of the MS. as an emendation of "callor," which is the original word in the text; the emendation is wrong, for it ruins the sense and spoils the rhyme, which requires "ceallóir." Rann 5d, for "chrad-darre" read "cheadarre." Rann 9d, for "balg veym" read "balkveym." Rann 15b, for "awrreymor" read "awrrwmor." A number of smaller inaccuracies need not be mentioned here. In rann 16c, "fwlli choynna fwlli choonna fad kness" is correct, but as I can make nothing of "choonna" I have restored conjecturally "Chobhthaigh," gen. of "Cobhthach," to rhyme with "thoraidh." Rann 3b reads in the MS. "fey ard in eskar oorcht," which seems to be for "feadh Aird an Iasgar," or "Aird an Easgar"—*easgar* is a low gravel ridge, also, according to Dinneen, a cataract; "descending from an ancestor"; I have failed to identify the place, if it is a place.

Eoin Mac Phàdruig, chief of Clan Grigor, died in 1519.

A H-UGHDAR-SA DONNCHADH MAC
DHUBHGHAILL MHAOIL.

TRANSLATION.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Aithris fhréimhe ruanaidh Eoin,
mac Phádrúig nár chnead ceallóir;
ní bhém 'ga fhine an fhir ann,
maní a chine do charsam.</p> <p>2. Tearc aithris a fhine ann,
d'uaislibh Ghaoidheal na nglanngéall;
focht na fhréimhe ag a bfuil
de locht léighthe na leabhur.</p> <p>3. Barail dhféas dóibh is domh
feadh Aird . . .
an fhuil ríogh a gcoimhdheadh chóir
i n-oighre gríobhdha Ghriogóir.</p> <p>4. Míthigh a rádh réd rosg glas,
éisdidh, a Eoin, réd sheanchas,
ríomh do fhréimhe tá measta,
ríoghdha séimhe saoir-theasta.</p> <p>5. Pádrúig th'athair aithnid duit;
Maol Choluim athair Phádrúig;
mac Eoin Dubh nár dhubh bráighe;
dluigh a chur 'san chéadáireamh.</p> | <p>1. The repetition of a heroic root is Eoin, son of Padruig, who has been no Churchman's mean; we should not be dealing with his line, were it not that we have loved his kin.</p> <p>2. Rare is the counterpart of his line among the nobles of the Gael of bright pledges, who make enquiry of his lineage from those men who read the books.</p> <p>3. Their firm opinion, and it is mine, throughout . . . is that the royal blood of their just sovereign flows in the griffin-like (i.e., heroic) heir of Gregor.</p> <p>4. Fit time it is to state to thee, thou of the blue eyes,—barken, Eoin, to thy history—the enumeration of thy line which is computed, a line royal, gentle, of noble repute.</p> <p>5. Padruig, thy father, is known to thee; Maol Coluim was the father of Padruig, son of Eoin Dubh, not black of breast: it is right to place him in the foremost count.</p> |
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6. Eoin eile athair Eoin Duibh,
mac Ghriogóir, mhic Eoin ághmhoir;
cia triar feardha fa féile?
triar Teamhra na troim-chléire.
7. Athair an Eoin-sin eól neach,
Maol Choluim nár cheil eineach;
mac Dhonchaidh Bhig nár bheag réim:
onchoin ar nach dtig taibhéim.
8. Donchadh eile athair sin,
mac Ghiolla Fhaolain Oirchill:
dá shaor shlait nár dhúr ré dáimh,
mhic Aodha úir o Urcháidh.
9. *Dob é* Conán na goorr ngái,
budh athair Aodha Urcháidh,
úa Ailpín an ghairg-mhéin ghloin,
airdrí na mbailebhéim mbríoghmhor.
10. So ceathramh tuaras, is tuig,
umad, a oighre Phádrúig:
cuimhnigh cairtmhíl fad chéibh dtruim,
úa Ailpín oighre Dubhghaill.
11. Fear ar fhichid is tú a dhíth
uf Eoin Dubh nach dubh cridhe,
do cheart sheanchas is é soin
go Fearghus mac Earc ághmhoir.
12. Ad chineadh nach críon ré fóir,
'sé a líon do ghabh coróin,
dá fhichid agus triúr ríogh:
dlighthear a n-iúl 'san aird-ríomh.
13. Trí tuaithir, trí deisir ró,
i ndiaidh Mhaol Choluim Cheann-
mhóir;
dá chóigear choróin a chín,
ó Mhaol Choluim go h-Alpín.
14. O h-Alpín suas is é a mheas
ceithre fir dhéag go Fearghus:
[do cheart sheanchas is é soin
go Fearghus mac Earc ághmhoir;]
cá líon do sheanchas mar sin
ríomh go Fearghus as féidir?
15. Iomdha fionfhuil fád shúil thais,
nach áirmheamar 's nár áirmheas:
do budh sgíth sgol da sgéalaibh,
gach rí fuil fád shaoir-fhréamhaibh.
16. Fuil Artúir fá t'urfa fann,
maith do chodach da chuisleann;
fuil Chuinn, fuil Chobhthaigh, fád
chneas:
dá thuinn thoraidh na n-éigeas.
17. Fuil Ghrantach mad ghruaidh mar
bhláith,
fuil Néill nimheamhail neartmhóir;
gairg-mhín a gcéim is gach greis:
do réim, airdrí, a n-aithris.
6. Another Eoin was father of Eoin Dubh, son of Gregor, son of Eoin the valorous. What three manly men were more generous, three Taras of the weighty band of poets?
7. The father of that Eoin one knows, even Maol Coluim who hid not generous action; son of Donchadh Beag who was not small of career, war-hounds untouched by stain of blame.
8. His father was another Donchadh, son of Giolla Faolain of Orchill—noble wands twain, not rude to poet band—son of vigorous Aodh of Urchaidh.
9. Conan of taper spears was father of Aodh of Urchaidh, scion of Alpin the brilliant of stern mood, high king of mighty blows puissant.
10. Here is a quatrain I have found concerning thee, thou heir of Padruig. Have in mind the chartered warrior under thy heavy locks, thou scion of Alpin, heir of Dubhghall.
11. A score and one, including thee, thou scion of Eoin Dubh, who was not black of heart, such is thy history correct, up to Fergus son of Ere the warlike.
12. In thy line, not niggard to help, the number who assumed a crown has been kings two score and three: in the high enumeration knowledge of them is meet.
13. Three in the north, three in the south, all men of might, after Maol Coluim Ceanmhor; twice five crowns is the sum from Maol Coluim to Alpin.
14. From Alpin upwards their number known is fourteen men to Fergus; such is thy correct history up to Fergus, son of warlike Erc. How many histories can be reckoned thus up to Fergus?
15. Many a strain of wine-blood flows under thy soft eye that we have not counted and that I have not counted; a whole school would weary to tell the tale of all the kings who underlie thy noble roots.
16. The blood of Arthur is under thy fine locks, good is thy share of his veins; the blood of Conn, the blood of Cobhthach is beneath thy skin, two waves of fruitfulness to poets.
17. The blood of Grants mantles in thy cheek like blossom, the blood of Niall, death-dealing and mighty; stern, yet gentle was their course in every fray: thy course, thou high-king, is their counterpart.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held in the Palace Hotel, Edinburgh, on Thursday, 13th December. There were present—Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. Colquhoun, Glasgow; The Lady Helen Tod; Miss Turner of Kilchamaig; T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Capt. Campbell of Succoth, Alex. Fraser, Yoker; Rev. G. W. Mackay, Killin; Rev. John MacLachlan, Inveraray; Fred. T. MacLeod, Edinburgh; Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow; Lord James Stewart Murray; Neil Orr, Edinburgh; Angus Robertson, Glasgow, and Neil Shaw, Secretary.

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, was in the chair.

At the outset the President referred to the very distressing circumstances in which a great proportion of our people were in the North and West Highlands to-day. They were no doubt aware of certain appeals, and he was not sure how far they could take any active steps in the matter, but if it was possible for the Association to help in doing something either by moral suasion or by other means, they would feel it their duty to do so.

Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod said numerous Highland Societies would want to come forward and help in the appeal, and he was sure they would agree that they should certainly use moral suasion to see that, in a great appeal as this must be, £100,000 would not be too much to meet the circumstances. Apart from the heart movement, there would be the necessary business movement in it also. He was going to meet Sir Hector Munro, and he asked that he might be allowed to speak as representing An Comunn.

After further discussion it was agreed to authorise Mr. MacLeod to offer Sir Hector Munro the support of An Comunn. A small sub-committee was appointed to act in the matter. It was also agreed to call a Special Meeting for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken in support of the efforts which are being made to relieve the present distress in the Highlands and Islands.

The Finance Committee reported that there was an approximate balance of £80 on the Inverness Mod.

A minute of the Education Committee was read and approved. The Secretary read a report of the meeting between Dr. MacDonald, Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, and the deputation from An Comunn,

consisting of Rev. G. W. MacKay, Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod and the General Secretary. The report was adopted, and thereafter the Secretary read communications from the Executive Officer to the General Executive Committee for the training of teachers. The National Committee agreed to continue to provide, under their present regulations, facilities for teachers in actual service towards qualifying themselves in respect of the teaching of Gaelic by means of Article 55 (Vacation) Classes. The Committee have approved the institution of classes in Gaelic at the Glasgow and Aberdeen Training Centres. Inquiry is being made to ascertain whether similar classes might not be beneficially established in Edinburgh and Dundee. The meeting received this information with keen satisfaction.

A report of a joint meeting of the Publication and Propaganda Committees was read. It was suggested at the conference that a new class of Associate Membership be instituted, the annual subscription, inclusive of the Magazine, to be 2/6.

The Secretary reported that Reader IV., the last of the series of the School Text Books, was now issued by Messrs Blackie. The Rev. T. S. MacPherson said they were much indebted to Mr. Blackie for the great interest he took in Gaelic education, and for the great responsibility he undertook in issuing these books. They were also much indebted to Professor Watson and to Mr. John MacDonald for the excellence of the matter contained in these books and for the scholarship and care manifested in the production of them. They lamented that Mr. Macphie did not live to see the completion of the series which he commenced.

A minute of the Propaganda Committee gave reports of Singing Classes in the Lorn districts, arrangements for Provincial Mods in Islay and Mull, and the formation of five new branches.

The Art and Industry Committee reported that the Highland Home Industries, Ltd., had approved of their suggestion to share expenses in connection with the proposed Exhibition and Sale of Home Industries. It is proposed to hold the Exhibition in Glasgow on week commencing 24th March.

The Mod and Music Committee reported that the Syllabus for the Perth Mod was finally approved of, and would be issued before the end of the month. The Thurso Branch are continuing their prizes for the singing of Rob Donn's songs, with the condition that these

be sung in the Sutherland dialect. Selected songs will appear in "An Gaidheal." Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach is continuing her prizes for the singing of unpublished Skye songs. The minute was adopted.

It was agreed to hold the next ordinary meeting of the Executive at Perth on Thursday, 21st February.

On the call of Mr. T. G. Bannerman, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Chairman.

SPECIAL MEETING.

A Special Meeting of the Executive Council was held in the office of An Comunn on Friday, 21st December—the President in the chair.

The meeting was called to consider what steps could be taken in support of the efforts being made to relieve the present distress in the Western Highlands and Islands. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

- (1) "That a fund be opened under the auspices of An Comunn to aid in the relief of the present distress in the Highlands and Western Isles, and that an appeal in behalf of this fund be made forthwith to members of An Comunn, its branches and affiliated societies and the public generally."
- (2) "That this meeting recommends that a joint Executive Committee be appointed representative of the various bodies organising relief funds in order that no overlapping or waste takes place."
- (3) "That the Government be urged to appoint a Commission to inquire into the conditions prevailing in the West Highlands and Islands in order that measures be devised fitted, as far as possible to prevent the recurrence of the present distress."

The following appeal has been issued :—

It has been resolved to open a Fund under the auspices of An Comunn to aid in the relief of the great distress in the Highlands and Islands. The necessity of such relief is only too sadly apparent to all. The need is not only immediate but will continue for some months, and a large sum will be required to meet it. Members of An Comunn, its branches and affiliated societies, are asked to give the most sympathetic consideration to this appeal.

Contributions from them, and from the public generally, will be gladly received and acknowledged by the Treasurer, Mr Robert MacFarlane, C.A., at this address.

Angus Robertson, President.

Neil Shaw, Secretary.

114 West Campbell Street,
Glasgow.

SEANN SGEUL.

Bha ann uaireigin tuathanach beag aig an robh crioman fearainn, spréidh agus airgid, na dh'fhóghnadh dha fhéin, dha mhac, is dha mhnaoi, fhad's a bhitheadh iad beò. Ach b'e so a' cheisd a bha cuir dragh air aignidhean an droch bhoirionnach a bu bhean dha—cò neach dhiu air an tuiteadh fortain a' bhodaich nuair rachadh an anail às. Bha an tuathanach pòsda aig an dara bean, leis an robh aon mhac aige. Bha dithis ghillean eile a' gabhail còmhnuidh cuide riutha a bu leis a' cheud bhean, agus mar a' roghnaich Isaac a mhac Esau, nuair ròghnaich Rebeca, Iacob, mar sin, b'e a dha mhac a bu shine a roghnaich an seann duine, ged bha meas gu leòr aige air a ghille b'òige. Cha d'èirich sin da mhnaoi. Thug i fuath ml-nàdurra do cheud mic a fir, agus bu mhath leatha a h-uile rud a b'fhaich, tuiteam air a mac fhéin. Cha'n fhuingeadh i an dithis eile fhaicinn air taobh stigh an tighe, ach cho ainmich 'sa b'fheadar. 'S ann air lobhta anns an t-sabhull a dh'fheumadh iad cadal na h-oidhche fhaighinn, agus cha robh rian aig a' bhodach cuisean a' dheanamh na b'fhearr dhaibh. Cha ghabhadh e air a bheul fhosgladh, oir gu soilleir bha an làrn an uachdar aig a bhoirionnach, mar is tric a tha tachairt nuair phòsas òige is aois.

Ma tha, bha na h-uile coltas gur tuiteadh am fearann 's gach rud a bh'ann air na fir a bu shine. Cha robh so taitneach le a muime—fad bhuaithe, mar dh'innseas an sean-achas a bhitheadh eadar i fhéin agus ban-charaid dhi a bha a ghnàth mu thigh an tuathanaich. Bi so Ceit dhubb, ainmeil fad agus goirid airson a miosad.

"Tha e tàmailteach," theireadh Ceit, "gu'm bi thu fhéin agus do mhac air a' chnoc nuair dh'fhalbhas am bodach, mu chomach ris an dà cheard ud."

"Cìod e feum dhomh a' bhi strìth," bheireadh an té eile freagairt. "Tha e fairtleachadh orm a smuaineachadh cìod e an dòigh anns an d'thoir mi an car asda."

"Cha bhitheadh e duilich idir dhuit faighinn cuidhte 's iad, na'm b'e sin do thoil fhéin," arsa Ceit, "agus sin ann an dòigh nach deanadh neach beò am mach gun robh nì ann ach tuiteamas."

"Cìod e tha na do bheachd?" arsa an té eile.

"Tha so," thuirte Ceit, ann an guth beag a' toirt stùil mun cuairt air eagal gun robh duine a steach a bhrathadh i; ach, mar shaoil ise, cha robh nì dheth 'n t-seòrsa.

Gun teagamh bha'n gille a dh'òbhraich an seanachas na shuidhe ri taobh a' ghealbhain, ach ma chuala e guth dheth na thuirteadh cha do chuir e dragh sam bith air. Bha a smuaintean a réir coltais fada air falbh, gun aire idir air an dithis chealgach chunnartach a bha gu dùrachdach a' sanas riutha fhéin. Lean Ceit air bruidhinn.

"Nach eil an dithis ud a' cadal am muigh san t-sabhull? Dé chuireadh éis ortsa éibhleag bheag a' chuir am measg an fhodair, nuair gheibheadh thu 'nan cadal iad, agus chuireadh sin ás daibh mun d'thigeadh solus là, gun fhios, gun fhàth, gu fhàireachadh do neach sam bith. Cha smuainicheadh nábaidh ach gu'r e iad fhéin a dh'òbhraich an gnìomh."

Rinn an t-Innleachd greim cho mór air inntinn na mnatha is gun do chuir i roimpe gu'n cuireadh i an gnìomh dubh an céill mu'n rachadh oidhche eile seachad. Dh'fhàg Ceit anns an t-suidheachadh inntinn sin i, a' guidhe gun rachadh leatha gu math.

Bha fadachd air a' chaillich gus an d'thigeadh dorchadas na h-oidhche, ach mu dheireadh fhuair i a h-iartrais. An déidh na suipearach dh'fhàg na gillean an tigh agus chuir iad an aghaidh air an t-sabhull. Goirid ás an déidh, dh'éirich an gille òg gu dol do leabaidh fhéin, ach an àite dol do a sheomar mar b' àbhaist, chaidh e' mach gu fiatach ás an tigh agus lean e a dhithis leth-bhràthrean. Rug e orra mu'n d'ràinig iad buileach an sabhull.

"Deanaibh stad," ars' esan. "Ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairle-sa cha chaidil sibh an sin an nochd."

"Carson sin?" fhreagair iadsan, 's an aon ghuth.

"Leanaibh sibhse mise agus chì sibh carson, mun d'thig meadhon oidhche," ars' esan.

Rinn iad mar dh'iarr e. Lean iad suas e gu cùl cnoic a bha os cionn an t-sabhull agus laidh iad air taobh an fhasgaidh dheth, far am bitheadh cothrom aca an sùil a' chumail air an t-sabhull. Cha robh a bheag de sheanachas eatorra. Cha robh an gille òg deònach a' bhì bruidhinn, oir bha e fo thùrsa, nì a bha cuir iongnadh air càch. B'ann mar b'fhìor. Nuair shaoil leotha an oidhche agus an dorchadas aig an àirde, leum na lasraichean geala is dearga am mach bhàrr an t-sabhull. Chitheadh gach fear dhiubh, le solus an uamhais, tuar geal air snuadh a charaid. 'S ann an nis a dh'innis an leth-bhràthair brìgh na chuala e am bun na luaithe air an fheasgar sin fhéin.

Cha bu luaithe chuala na gillean an innleachd a bh'air bonn, na thuir iad riutha fhéin gum b'fhearr dhaibh cùl a' chuir ris an dachaidh a bha cho neo-bhàigheil riutha.

"Cha bhithheadh sinn ach ann an cunnart ar beatha co-dhiu," ars' am fear a bu shine ris an ath fhear.

Mar sin thog iad orra 'sa cheart uair a' gabhail soraidh slàn leis a' ghille a chaomhain am beatha.

"Ma tha sibhse togail oirbh gu falbh," ars' esan, "tha mise dol g'ar leantuinn."

Ghuidh iad air tilleadh dhachaidh is gu faodadh e sealbh fhaighinn air na bha iadsan a' fàgail, ach so cha deanadh e. Dh'fhalbhadh e còmhla riutha, a dh'aindeoin cìod e thachradh.

'Nan trìùir dh'fhalbh iad a' leantuinn rompa gus an do chuir iad iomadh mìle ás an déigh. Mu dheireadh thàinig iad gu trì meòirean rathaid, far an d'rinn iad stad a' leigeil an anail.

"'S fheudar dealachadh uaireigin," ars' am bràthair a bu shine, "oir cha ruig sinn a leas sùil a' bhì againn ri bhì còmhla ro fhada tuilleadh. Tha e cho math an dealachadh a' dheanamh an nis. Thèid fear againn gach rathad, agus am fear a bhithas beò againn, an ceann bliadhna bho nochd, coinnichidh sinn ann an so."

Dh'aoantaich an dithis eile ris, agus a' gabhail slàn le chèile gu duilich. Chaidh am fear a' b'òige a chuir anns a mheadh; chaidh an dithis eile, fear air gach taobh dheth, agus ghabh iad rompa, a' leudachadh an astair eatorra gun fhios an sealladh iad air càch a chèile tuilleadh gu bràth.

Cha leig ùine leinn an trìùir a leantuinn air an siubhal ach leanaidh an naigheachd so air a' ghille bu shine. Chum esan roimhe le misneach mhath, a' stad aig gach bothan is clachan is tigh mór, a' faighneachd a' robhas a' cuir feum air sgaile no buachaille. Cha robh cùisean a' dol leis ro mhath, ach "cha bhì dìchioll air dheireadh," tha an sean fhacal ag ràdh.

Latha dheth na laithean thàinig e gu tuathanas mór, agus air an rathad chum an tìghe thàinig e tarsuing air an tuathanach fhéin. Chaidh iad am bruidhinn càch a' chèile, agus 's e an deireadh a bh'air, gun do ghabh an gille 'na bhuchaille aig an tuathanach.

"Tha mi," ars' an tuathanach, "ag innse dhuit gum beil cunnartan co-cheangailte ris an obair. 'S minic a' chail na buachaillean

agam am beatha, agus mur tachradh sin bhitheadh a chuid a b'fheàrr de'n spréidh agam a' dol air chall. Ma shaoileas tu fhéin gun taitinn an gnóthuch riut, lean mise is gheibh thu brod na leapa, an deadh bhíadh agus tuarasdal air nach d'théid thu ghearan."

Cha b'é ruith ach leum a' rinn an gille ris an tairgse. Cha robh eagal no fiamh airsan, thuir e, a bheatha 'chuir ann an cunnart, agus ghléidheadh e an spréidh mar a b'fheàrr a b'urrainn dha.

Chaidh iad gu fois an oidheche sin, agus cadal cho milis sin cha d'fhuair am buachaille airson iomadach latha agus oidheche. Chaidh moch-eirigh a' dheanamh 's a' mhaduinn agus an gille ùr a' sheòladh gu àite ionaltraidh na spréidhe, a bha astar math air falbh. Thug e 'dhinneir còmhla ris, oir cha bhitheadh, e tighinn dhachaidh gu amnoch. Thionail e an spréidh is dh'fhalbh e cho aotrom aighearrach ris an uiseig nach do ghluais fhathast a leabaidh shoerach am measg nan neòinean a bha fìuch le trìùchd na h-oidheche. Nuair ràinig an crodh far an do chleachd iad a bhi ag ionaltradh, rinn iad stad agus thòisich iad air criomadh an fheòir.

B'e cheud tòiseachadh do'n bhuachaille cuaille math daraich a' ghearradh dha fhéin à té deth na craobhan a bha mu'n cuairt dha. Sùil dha'n d'thug e dheth an chrodh, cìod e dha'n d'thoireadh e aire a' tighinn sìos slìos na beinne, ach an duine a shaoil leis a bu mhò na dheilbh a' chunnaic e riamh. Chum e shùil air, agus smuainich e gu robh e gun teagamh a' deanamh dìreach air fhéin. Cha robh ach leum an àird am mullach na craoibhe a b'fhaisg air, gus am faiceadh e dé bha am beachd an duin' uaimhasaich a bha an nis a' teannadh na bu dlùithe agus na bu dlùithe air a chraoibh a bha 'ga dhìon.

Thàinig a' chùis eagal, ach mu thàinig cha do chuir e mòran dragh air an duine bh'anns a' chraoibh. Thug e sùil suas far an robh e, agus leis a sin thionndaidh e air falbh, a dol am mach agus a steach is mun cuairt air an spréidh, mar gum bitheadh beathach air leth a dhìth air. Air a' cheann thall chunnaic am buachaille e a' cromadh mu choinneamh a' bheathaich a bu bhriagha a bha ri fhaicinn agus 'ga thrusadh air chùl amhaich.

"Tha mise air mo mhealladh," ars' am fear a bh'anns a' chraoibh, "ma théid e ro fhada le eallach."

A nìos as a' chraoibh thàinig e, agus as déidh a' mhearlaich tharruing e. Chum e

an cùl nan cas aige gus an d'fhuair e fàth air a' dìreadh bac. Nuair fhuair e an cothrom so, dh'fheuch e an cuaille daraich air a' bhodach mhór an cùl nan isgeadan, agus cha robh sin fada a' cur a chasan os a chionn. Tharruing e am bata air uair no dhà eile gus an d'rinn e cinnteach nach gluaiseadh am bodach ach sud. Air a shocair fhéin rinn e toll anns a' mhòintich, agus thodhlaic e an sin e.

Bha nis àm dol dhachaidh, agus anns a' chiarachadh ràinig e an tigh. Thachair a' mhaighstir ris am muigh is dh'fhaighnich e cionnus a chaidh leis, no cìod e chunnaic e air a thurus.

"Cha'n fhaca nì na bu treasa na na mi fhéin," fhreagair an ceatharnach.

"S math a gheibhear thu," ars' an tuathanach is aoidh air gun do thuit a leithid de dheagh sheirbheasach air.

Chaidh oidheche shoerach, shona eile seachad dha'n bhuachaille, agus am briseadh an là-ar-na-mhàireach bha e gun eagal, gun fhiamh a' saodachadh a' chruidh roimhe dh'ionnsuidh an dearbh ionaid 'san do chuir iad seachad an latha an dé. Bha a shùil gu math tric air a' bheinn às an d'thàinig a' chùis-eagal an latha roimhe.

Mu dheireadh thàinig a' chùis-uamhais am fradharc, agus ghabh e a' cheart chùrsa a ghabh an duine bha marbh. Leum am balach buachaille na chraoibh—cha b'ann le eagal, ach a chum frith a' chumail air an fhear a' bha a' tighinn na còmhail. Thàinig e, agus, gun sealltuinn air duine beò, chuir e' cheann fo broinn a' bheathaich a' roghnaich a bhràthair roimhe. Thog e air leis a' bheathach air cùl amhaich. Cleas an eòin, leum am buachaille às a' chraoibh agus, le a bhata daraich na dhòrn, thug e dhi às déigh a' mhearlaich. Mharbh se e mar mharbh e am bodach eile, agus thodhlaic e iad taobh ri taobh.

'Nuair a ràinig e dhachaidh leis an spréidh, chuir a' mhaighstir a' cheart cheist air a chuir e an latha roimhe—cìod e chunnaic no thachair no chuala e air an latha so. B'e am freagradh a fhuair e, nach fhaca nì na bu treise na e fhéin. Thaitinn so ris an tuathanach ro mhath.

Air an treas latha chuir am buachaille ri monadh a ris, is fadachd air gu faicinn cìod e bha' dol a thachairt dha mun tìgeadh an t-amnoch. Mu thràth-neòin chunnacas an treas cuis-eagal a' tighinn 's an amharc air fras mhullaich a' mhonaidh. Air an turus so, 's e bh'ann cailleach cho mór 's a chunnacas riamh, is claidheamh rùisgte aice

na dòrn. 'S ann aice fhèin a bha an réis a' tighinn leis a' bhruthaich, a' deanamh dlreach air an treud a bh'air an leathad foipe. Mar a b'fhaig a' bha i a' tighinn, bha am buachaille 'g a cluinntinn ag éigheach àird a gutha 's a claignn—"Mharbh thu mo dhithis mhac, ach cha mharbh thu mise; mharbh thu mo dithis mhac, ach cha mharbh thu mise." Thuig mo laochan gum feumadh e seasaidh aice, ma bha e dol a dh'fhaighinn às le 'bheatha. Cha robh feum sam bith 's a' chraoibh. Ach dh'fhuirich e gus an do dhlùthaich i air. Nuair chunnaic e gur ann air fhéin a bha i da-rìreadh an tòir, dh'fheuch e ri a caradh le bhì ruith am mach agus a steach am measg na spréidhe. Ach air cho sgiobalta 's ga'n robh e, cha robh a chailleach air dheireadh. Cha mhór nach robh i an nis an cùl nan cas aige, is bha an claidheamh rùisgte os a chionn ullamh gu ghearradh sìos, nuair leig esan an eubh—"Seall am beathach fiadhaich a th'air do chùlthaobh, no marbhadh e thu!" Thug ise sùil air a tarsuing, agus nuair thug, leum esan leis a' bhata daraich air an dòrn 'san robh an claidheamh, agus rinn e fhéin greim air. Cha robh beatha ro fhada aig a' chaillich an déidh sin. Rùraich e timchioll oirre ach cha d'fhuair e nì, ach làn a dhùirn de dh'uchraichean. Iad sin chuir e na pòca, agus chuir e 'chailleach fo'n fhóid. Chaidh e dhachaidh an oidhche sin buidheach da-rìreadh dheth fhéin, agus leis an t-seann sgeula nach do thachair nì ris a bu treasa na e fhéin.

Leig an tuathanach dheth an nis a bhì gabhail cùl dheth 'n spréidh. Bha e faicinn gur e am buachaille a bh'aige an duine bu luachmoire thàinig riamh na 'rathad. Bha am buachaille fhéin sona cuideachd. Bho'n latha chuir e as do'n chaillich cha d'thàinig nì tuilleadh a chuir dragh air. Mu dh'innsear an fhìrinn, 's ann a bha e coma ged thigeadh an còrr dhiubh, a thaobh 's gun robh e faireachdainn tuilleadh is fada leis fhéin bho mhoch gun amnoch.

Latha dheth na laithean chuir e roimhe gun cuireadh e sgrìob air a mhonadh dh'fheuch cìod e chitheadh e, no am faicheadh e comharradh sam bith air cò às a thàinig an trìur a mharbh e. Chuir e beinn an déidh beinne as a dheidh ach mu dheireadh cìod e air an do dhearc a shùil, ach a' phàirc a bu bhriagha air an do dhearc sùil duine riamh. Crodh is caoraich is eich, cuid nan laighe, is cuid ag ionaltradh timchioll air tigh mòr geal. 'S e bha so

tuathanas agus gun choslas creutair beò mun cuairt da, gun fiù ceò bhàrr an tìghe. Cha robh math dol sìos thuige am feasgar sin, oir bha a' ghrian an ìre dol as an t-sealladh. Ach bha latha math a' tighinn. Air an latha màireach, ràinig am buachaille an tigh mòr, agus mar b'fhìor cha robh creutair a' lathair. B'e so gun teagamh àite còmhuid nam fear. Thuirt e ris fhéin gu'n gabhadh e cùram dheth na bh'ann, gum leasdhas a mhaighstir a leigil air dh'chiumhne. Latha an déidh latha bha e a' deanamh a dh'chìll a' coimhead às déidh an dà threud, ach bha atharrachadh a' dol a' tighinn air cùisean.

Gach oidhche nuair shuidheadh am buachaille 'is an tuathanach mun cuairt da'n chagailte, bheireadh iad naigheachdan càch a' chéile seachad. Dh'innseadh an seann duine nì ùr sam bith a bha dol air aghairt, do'n duin' òg, aig nach robh cothrom na ùine dol an còmhradh an t-sluaigh. Oidhche dheth na h-oidhchean bha naigheachd air leth aig an tuathanach ri Innseadh do'n bhuchaille.

"Tha," ars' esan, "duin usal faisg oirnn an so, aig am beil nighean àillidh a tha e deònach a thoirt do fhear sam bith a bhithas cho sgiobalta is gun toir e am boirionnach de dhruim an eich a tha i a' marcachd, 'ga cur mu 'choinneamh air an each aige fhéin, is an dà each a' ruith le chéile eadar dà cheann an raoin. Tha latha air a chur air leth airson na réise, agus faodaidh ìosal is usal feuchainn ri 'factainn dha fhéin."

Thòisich am buachaille air meòrachadh air na chuala e, agus air cur roimhe gum bith-eadh esan air fear dheth na dh'fheuchadh. Nach robh eich gu leòr aige air an tuathanas am meadhoin a' mhonaidh, agus carson nach deanadh e feum dhiubh?

Air an latha màireach chaidh gach each a bh'aige air an tuathanas a thoirt am mach do'n phàirc, agus fear mu seach dhiu fheuchainn. Roghnaich e trì a' b'fheàrr na càch, is bha e gam marcachd is 'gan cur an dòigh gach là an déidh sin, gus an d'thàinig an là mòr. Nuair thàinig, bu mhór an cruinneachadh a bha an sud. Bha iomadh fear an dùil 's an dòchas gun coisneadh e làmh na h-ìghne, ach dh'fhairtlich orra uile. Bha aon ghaisgeach ann, a theab an gnòthuch a' dheanamh; ach "cha deach theab riamh le creig," agus chaidh an latha sin seachad gun a' rud a chur an dàrna taobh. An ath latha thachair a' cheart nì. B'e am marcaiche nach d'aithnich duine bha

làthair, eadhon a mhaighstir, a b' fhaig a chaidh air buanachadh, ach cha deach builce leis.

An treas latha dh'fhalbh e leis an each a b' fhearr dheth na trì agus dearbh chinnt aige gun coisneadh e an latha sin. Bha a mhaighstir am measg an luchd a bha ag amharc air a' chùis, ach cha do smuainich e riamh gur e am buachaille aige fhéin a thug a' bhuaidh. Bha farmad mór ris an fhear a fhuair làmh na maighdin uasail.

Chaidh latha chur air leth air son a' phosaidh, is chaidh am buachaille dhachaidh le spréidh a mhaighstir dìreach mar nach do thachair nì riamh dheth am b' fhiach dragh a' gabhail.

Dh'fhoighnich e dheth an tuathanach ciamar a chaidh le luchd na réise, no có a thug a' bhuaidh. Thuir am fear eile gum b' fhiach a' réis a faicinn agus an gille a ghlac an nighean, "Cha'n fhaca mi riamh," ars' esan, "na bu choltaiche ri do pheireall caol, fada, glas." Smuainich am buachaille gun robh e cho math dha an nis leigeil ris na h-uile nì mar thachair iad.

"Agus an nis," ars' esan, "tha mi dol gad fhàgail. Cha'n eil mi 'g iarraidh tuarasdail, oir tha agam na dh'fhòghnas. Thèid mise an urras nach caill thu beathach cruith tuilleadh air cho claon 's g'am bi an ath ghille' thuiteas ort."

An ath mhaduinn thog mo ghille tapaidh air dh'ionnsuidh an ionaid anns an robh e am beachd an còr de bheatha chur seachad, còmhla ris a' mhaighdin bhòidheich a thuit air gun sùil gun dùil. Air cho math 's 'gan robh cùisean a' dol leis an fhògarrach, cha do dhì-chuimhnich e an gealladh a rinn e do dhìthis bhràithrean an oidhche dhealaich iad ri chèile aig na trì meòirean rathaid. Bha an oidhche dlùth air an do gheall e coinn-eamh thoirt dhaibh, agus rinn e fhéin agus a chèile ullamh air son an turuis. Mu mheadhon oidhche ràinig iad an t-ionad, agus b'e cheud nì a chaidh troimh an cluasan gul cruaidh, cràiteach. Sheall iad mun cuairt, agus 'se bh'an so a bhràthair fhéin gun sgeul air a leth-bhràthair a b'òige a dh'aobhraich dhaibh faighinn às le'm beatha. Cha d'aithnich a' chùis-truais a bha na laidhe ri taobh an rathaid gum b'e a bhràthair a' stad a' feorach dheth cìod e bha ceàrr air. Cha do smuainich e gun soirbhicheadh an saoghal cho math leis ann an ùine cho gearr. Ach rinn a bhràthair e fhéin aithnichte, agus dh'fhuirich iad nan trìuir

dh'fheuch an tigeadh an gille a b'òige.

Thainig briseadh air an latha ach cha robh e coltach gun tigeadh an neach a bha dhìth orra. Mu dheireadh dh'fhàg iad an t-àite sin agus thog iad orra gu tigh an athar. Nuair ràinig iad agus a chaidh iad a stigh bha an seann duine na leabaidh, far an robh e bho chail e a thrìuir mhac. Bha a' chail-each am bun an teine, ach bha i fhathast an comas aghaidh bhriagha chur air an nì a thachair bliadhna roimhe sin.

'S e i fhéin a bha leigeil oirre gun robh i duilich. Cha do leig iad leatha dol ro fhada le a naigheachdan, ach smuainich an dithis a thàinig air an ais gun robh i far an làn dlòadh nuair nach do phill an aon mhac a bh'aice fhéin is gun fhios co dhiu bha e beò no marbh.

Cha deach fuireach ro fhada 's an fhàrd-aich sin; ach, nuair thog iad orra gu falbh, dh'fhalbh an dà sheann chreutair is a bhràthair còmhla ris a' chuideachd òig, is ghabh iad uile còmhnuidh 's an tigh mhór a thuit air a' ghille thapaidh tré fhoghainteach fhéin, agus tha iad beò fhathast mur do bhàsaich iad.

THE ISLE OF OSSIAN'S DREAMS.

Isle of the Sunset, Isle of Ossian's Dreams,
Only, only with the Silent Rowers
Sail we in Sleep's Birlinn Swift
Across that sea where no Black Barge
Of worldly troubles sail,
And where the wind blows ever fresh
With some new thought and longing,
Then dies at the dawn of our awakening,
Before the Shore of Heart's Desire is hailed.

CAMPBELL OF SADDELL,
F.S.A. (Scot.), J.P.

BRANCH REPORT.

KILLIN.—At a recent meeting, Mr. Calum MacPhàrlain read a very interesting and instructive paper on "The Vocal Music of the Gael." The paper was illustrated by local singers, and was much appreciated by a large audience. Dr. Calder, Celtic Lecturer, Glasgow University, was present, and moved a cordial vote of thanks.

BUAIDH AN LAOICH.

Le SEUMAS MAC THOMAS, Leodhas.

Choisinn so a' cheud duais aig Mòd 1923
an Inbhir-nis.

An srann na gaoithe measg nan crann,
'S an torman mall nan allt,
An leum nan eas 'nan ruith le gàir,
Am buille throm nan tonn air tràigh
Tha eachdraidh fhlor nan iomadh àl
Nach téid gu bràth air chall.

Ag éisdeachd ceòl nan iomadh fonn
Feuch an sonn leis féin—
An laoch a chath a riamh gu buaidh,
Le dilseachd sheas a' chòir gach uair,
Air caochladh tha a dhreach 's a shnuadh—
Is dlùth dha duais a réis.

Tha aignidhean a' ruith air ball
Do'n tìr a gheall dha fàilt;
Tha shùil ri mullach àrd nam beann,
'S a chridhe aig fois leis féin 's a' ghleann,
A dhùil ri gealladh fìor nach gann
O'n Tì nach meall luchd-gràidh.

“C'uime dh'fhàgadh mi leam féin
Ag éisdeachd gàir nan tonn
Tha liubhairt teachdaireachd bith-bhuan
Bha taisgte shìos an grunn'd a' chuain,
'S a' cagarsaich gu fann am chluais
Nach mair gu buan am fonn.

“Mise an so leam féin fo phràmh
Is luchd mo ghràidh fo'n fhòd;
Phaisgeadh iad car uair fo'n ùir
Ach éiridh iad is théid air tìil,
Is nochdar iad fa-dheoidh 's a' chùirt
'S am bi luchd-gaoil air sheòl.

“Na shearg gu tur dhomh gaol na h-òigh' ?
An robh 'na pòig ach bàs?
Na chaochail i mar bhlàth an fheòir?
A bòidheachd bha mar dhreach nan ròs,
Na thréig e sud mar aisling fòs?
An till i beò gu brath?

“Shil mo dheòir is phòg mi'n ùir
'San d' dhùnadh thu fo'n fhòd;
Sheòl mi fada, fad air falbh
A' sireadh dachaidh bhuan nam marbh;
Cha d' fhuair mi fois, chan fhaigh mi seallbh
Roimh m' fhalbh a tìr nam beò.

“Dh'fhiosraich mi gu mion de'n chusaich,
'S i tighinn air chuairt thar sàil,
Am fac' i'n òigh no'n cuala sgeul
Air ainir fhinealt, cop-gheal deud,
An leug a dhealraich is a dh'eug—
Grian-éirigh, spéis nan àl.

“Dh'fhiosraich mi de'n bheachan ruadh,
Is e gu luath air sgéith,
Bho bhlàth gu blàth a' trusadh lòin,
Bho phreas gu preas gu dìon an tòir
Air céir na meala le mór dheoin,
A' cur a stòir air gheus.

“Cha robh 'n eòlas riamh air pràmh,
Cha robh 'n tàmh an dachaidh fhuar;
Cha d' dhealaich riamh ri ulaidh ghaoil,
Cha d' thionail stòir air bith a sgaoil.
Bha sìth is sonas riamh 'nam maoin—
Cha robh 'nan sraon ach buaidh.

“Chuir mo dhilsean rium an cùl,
Am bi mo dhùil gun till?
Cuid bha òg leam air an tràigh,
Ruith gu suaire' aig beul muir-làin,
Cridheil, aoibhinn, aoidheil, àill,
Nach fhaic luchd-gràidh a ris?

“Tha fear diubh taisgt' an grunn'd a'
chuain—
Is fuar leam àite tàimh!—
Tha fear 'na chadal sèimh 's a' chill,
Cha tagair bàs gu bràth deth cis;
Is fear air fògradh diubh nach till
A nall do thìr luchd-dàimh.

“Na thréig ar ceangal gràidh bha fìor?
Nach mair do shìor ar deòin?
Na cuspairean do'n tug sinn spéis,
Na suinn bha leinn a' ruith na réis,
Am bi iad aoibhneach, ait le chéil?
Nach cluinn mi'n séisd fa-dheòidh?

“An t-sobhrach bhàn air bruch an uillt,
'San ròs is aoibhinn snuadh,
Nuair sgapas iad gu fàil air làr
An trusgan mion-bhrat, rìomhach àill,
'S a dhùineas iad an sùil 's a' bhàs
Nach tig do'n àit le buaidh?

“A' ghrian chaidh sìos air chùl nam beanr,
Nach tig a nall às ùr?
Le gathan boillsgheil, coibhneil, tlàth,
Air sgéith na maidne suas air àird
Thig gu buadh-mhor, uasal, àill
A' teachd le fàilt is mùirn.

“An sruthan bras 'na dheann gu tràigh
Na chuir gu bràth ruinn cùl?
Na thréigeadh leis gu tur luchd-gràidh,
Gach maoth phreas ùr is lus fo bhlàth,
A chaisg an iot' le deòin gach là,
A' cur ri m' fàs le sùrd.

“Tràth chaillear e car ùin' 's a' chuan
Gu'n éirich suas a ris,
Air osaig mhìn thar bhàrr nam beann
A dh'ionnsuidh samhchair sèimh nan gleann:
'Na chùirnibh drùchd air gheug nan crann
Gun tuinich ann gun sglos.

“Chan eil sealbh aig bàs 'san uaigh,
 Cha toir e buaidh ach air do chré;
 An luchd-gaoil a chuir ruinn cùl,
 A phaisg ar làmh gu fàill 'san ùir—
 Le dealas gràidh, is bàigh is mùirn
 Bidh leinn an Dùthaich Chéin.

“Chan eil beus a riamh a shearg,
 Cha bhi dearmad air a' chòir,
 Cha chaochail iochd a dreach le aois,
 A' mhaoin a thionail gràdh cha sgaoil;
 Dilseachd, macnas, feartan caoin,
 Cha dealaich smaoin a' bhròin.

“Tha gealladh dhomhsa 'n seinn nan eun
 'S an anail bhriagh nam blàth;
 Cha dearmadar 'na fheum an aois:—
 An Tì dh'ath-phill am blàths 's a sgaoil
 Cùbhraidheachd an roid 's an fhaioich,
 Bheir Esan saors' o'n àird.

“Ruith mo réis mar sgàil air raon,
 Mar itealaich na smaoin thar chuan:
 Ach tùs mo là cha bhi am dhith;
 Cha dhubhar as gu tur gach nì;
 An cuimhne 'n duigh an seilbh a ris
 Tha maireannachd na slighe 'g a luaidh.

“Gach sonas bha dhomh riamh 'san dàn
 An so cha sàsaich iad gu leòr;
 Mar phongannan a' chiùil am chluais,
 Mar shrann na gaoith' is gàir nan stuagh,
 Mar thorrann speur le beucaich chruaidh
 Cha mhair gu buan air chòir.

“Prasgan beag de chadal sèimh
 Is éiridh mi fa-dheòidh,
 Is rachaidh mi le m'dheòin do'n chùirt
 'S an tathaich aoidhealachd nì;
 Is éisidh mi le déidh luchd-ciùil
 A chuir an cùl ri bròn.”

SIR J. LORNE MACLEOD ON HIGHLAND DISTRESS.

Sir John Lorne MacLeod, G.B.E., LL.D., presided at the Highland Gathering in the Town Hall, Greenock, in connection with the Greenock Highland Society. He said that the Society was one of the oldest of the kind. It was founded in 1873, and this was the year of its jubilee—a cause for congratulation and rejoicing. The members could look back with pride upon the record of the Society, and they could look forward to the future with confidence for the continuation of its good work. Highland people had undoubtedly made a great contribution to the general progress and welfare of the

country, and in the expansion of the Empire. No one could challenge the fact. They had an outlook and characteristics of their own, sometimes difficult enough to understand, even among themselves, but which were a valuable factor in the life of any community. One had only to think of that phenomenal creation of modern times—the rise and development of the Clyde during last century as a great world centre of trade and commerce and industrial enterprise, in which people from the West Highlands played such a notable part in the early days, and as they still continued to do. The rise of Greenock itself was a remarkable instance of the same movement, without mentioning particular names, but their own worthy president, Mr. Hugh MacLean, was a striking example. It was a wonderful story of human effort and persistence and vision. Although there were difficulties and depression at the present time, there was no doubt that the same energy and resourcefulness and indomitable spirit would surmount all obstacles, and bring about a better situation. Then in all the Dominions overseas men and women of the same blood were among the earliest pioneers, and had greatly helped to carve out the rising and robust nations which formed the British Commonwealth.

A GREAT HERITAGE.

It was a great heritage the Highland people possessed. Highland societies, like the Greenock Society, fulfilled a splendid purpose in keeping alive the traditions of the race. It was in this way they could shape and adjust themselves to modern problems. The same spirit of fortitude and tenacity remained. Such societies preserved the aspirations and ideals of the race; they cemented the ties of kinship and friendly co-operation among Highland people, when they were apt to get lost and submerged by other interests, although nothing could ever extinguish the fire in the heart of the Gael, whether he was in the backwoods or the city. His compass always pointed to the magnetic North, with an inclination to the West. It was an extraordinary combination of elements that tinged the Highland mind, and made the race so full of paradox and apparent contradictions and impulses, so close to reality, and yet often head up among the clouds. No Highlander was ever ashamed that he was attached to his country, that it inspired his thoughts and stirred his depths—the hills, the glens, the sea, the skies, the sunshine and the mists, the storm and the calm.

A DEPLORABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

But it was a hard life for the people in the Highlands—theirs was no life of laziness and ease and comfort and plain sailing, as was sometimes said. It was always a constant fight and struggle against soil and climate; it was a battle of the strong to wrest something from the invincible. This winter, unfortunately, things in the Highlands were in a deplorable way. The Highlands went through a severe crisis after the Napoleonic wars, but they survived the shock. To-day history was repeating itself. With the bad season this year fuel was scarce and the harvest a failure—a sore lot for both man and beast. The state of unemployment in the South reacted heavily in the Highlands and Islands. They all knew the support from the young people which went home in normal times, but which was not possible in present circumstances. Many a family in the Highlands was feeling the pressure and the stint and strain, and it would get much worse after the turn of the year. The need was urgent, and the situation would require to be handled on a national basis. That was not the occasion to discuss such a matter, but certainly the time seemed more than ripe for an impartial and dispassionate inquiry, by whatever Government was in power, regarding Highland conditions in all aspects. Such an inquiry would require to consider land settlement, fisheries, forestry, facilities for transport by land and sea, rates of carriage, the possibilities of the utilisation of water power and other resources, industrial employment, and a host of cognate and inter-related questions which affected the existence of the Highland people. It would have to consider also the present multiplication and overlapping of authorities, and the excessive cost of administration as compared with the results. The Highlanders were always great emigrants, and this aspect, too, as a means of solution, of course, was a most important one. One of the most fatal economies had been the restriction of steamer communication throughout the western seaboard. Such a course simply sterilised the Highlands. It was a disastrous policy. It was applying the axe at the wrong root. There had been far too much piecemeal investigation in the past by separate departments, and want of co-operation and co-ordination, without a proper survey of the situation, as a problem to be treated as a whole. He had no doubt whatever the Highland people would pull

through as they had done before; they would suffer hardships, but as a race they had never lost faith. They believed in their destiny, and each of them in their own way and in their different spheres had to do his best and keep true to their native blood. The genius of the race had survived many blows and frowns of fortune, and they hoped and trusted, in the dispensation of things, it would still survive to help to carry things forward to the greatness and glory of the country and of general human accomplishment and prosperity. (Applause.)

 LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Sir,—I am much obliged to "Fear Siubhal" for his communication in your issue of October, though the phenomenon of Sithicheau, or Taibhseau, as ordinarily understood, scarcely corresponds with what I had in view. The information wanted has, however, recently come to hand, but the spirit, or phantom, or whatever it is, has no specific name, for the phenomenon varies. For example, in the case of the MacNabs and other blood relations, it evinces its presence and mournful interest, on the approach of death, by a sound, something between the moan of a child and the howl of a dog—hence, called "the Hound of the MacNabs." Whereas, in the case of the clan Donald, it is as a little grey bird assiduously pecking at the window of the doomed individual, it reveals itself.

My very esteemed informant, on two different and definite occasions and in the company of others, heard the ominous howl and, at least on one occasion, saw the little bird performing its sad ministry—each instance being before the death of a very dear friend.

This reminds me that, years ago, I was told that in the case of the Macleans (of Lochbuie, I think) a horse and rider is heard approaching their mansion before the decease of one of them—is heard, or, more correctly, has been heard on more than one occasion, within comparatively recent times. The rider is known as "Ian Beg"; has a history, which I forget (perhaps someone will give it), and is a well-recognised, though unwelcome visitor. Now that I have instanced the information required, I trust "Fear Siubhal" will, when, for the nonce, he has finished his peregrinations, give us more out of his well-filled repository—give, he and others, things old and new in this connection, for, though not a subject much dreamed of in modern philosophy, it is interesting and very Celtic, like the

INQUIRER.



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—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

Leabhar XIX.]

An Gearran, 1924.

[Earrann 5

COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

Troimh na seachdainean a tha air ùr dhol seachad thug paipearan naidheachd na rìoghachd àite sònruichte do chor na Gàidhealtachd air a' gheamhradh so. Mar is aithne do ar luchd leughaidh tha an cor sin cianail gu leòr aig an am; agus chan fhaodar an cuspair a sheachnadh ann ar mìosachan an uair a tha eadhon na Goill gach latha a' leudachadh air a' chùis. Feadh nan deich bliadhna mu dheireadh is iomadh ni a thachair a thug meatachadh air ar muinntir; ach air a' bhliadhna an uraidh feumar aideachadh gun d'òibrich na siantan is na dùilean fhéin 'n an aghaidh. Cha robh soirbheachadh aon chuid air muir no air tìr. Iadsan a bha riamh an crochadh ris an iasgach airson am beo-shlàinte, chaidh a' bhliadhna iomrall orrasan gu tur. Is iomadh fear do'm b' àbhaist sporan làn a thabhairt as an àird an ear, a thàinig dhachaigh air an turus so gun urad is sgillin ruadh. Bu mhór an t-aobhar iomagain sin ged nach biodh an còrr de mhì-fhortan an dàn. Ach is e fiadhantachd na h-aimsir a chuir a' chlach mhullaich air gach dosguinn. An cuid de dh'èileanan na h-àirde an iar thuit còrr is traidh air doimhneachd de dh'uisge nan speur thairis air an tomais a bha àbhaisteach ri bliadhnaichean eile. Chum an aimsir fhliuch solus na gréine am falach, air chor is nach d'fhuair am bàrr cothrom abuchaidh. Mar eisimpleir bheir sinn iomradh an so air aon bhàrr an Eilean Leòdhais, mar a chaidh a rannsachadh de seirbhisich na h-Uachdaranachd. Is e tomad barra Leòdhais a thaobh a' bhuntàta trì mìle deug tunna an coitchionntas. Am bliadhna

chan eil ann ach mu dhà mhìle tunna. Chan iongnadh mar sin ged bhiodh gainne far nach eil ach glé bheag de na biadhan cumanta a bha cho fada mar chùl taice do shluagh a tha tapaidh, cruaidh, neo-ghearanach eadhon am measg deuchainn. Cha leigear a leas labhairt an so air gainne coirce airson beathachadh spréidhe; no air an mhi-chomhfhurtachadh a tha ag éiridh o chion connaidh mar thoradh air fhuicheadh is dìth tìormachaidh.

Tha suas ri ceithir fichead bliadhna o thachair a leithid roimhe. Tha iad tearc a tha beò an diugh aig am bheil cuimhne air Bliadhna Mhór na Gainne, an uair a dh'fhàluing fàs na talmhain gu tur, agus a bha gorta anns an taobh-tuath. Tha cumntas againn gu'n do nochdadh caoimhneas anabarrach le móran air Ghalldachd is an Sasuinn, nach faicidh riamh a' Ghàidhealtachd. Tha e coltach a nis nach eil ar nàbaidhean an taobh deas na rìoghachd dad air dheireadh air an atraichean am bàigh-ealachd. Tha aobhar taingeachd againn gu bheil ar càirdean mu thuath is mu dheas a' cleachdadh mheadhonan gu bhì a' deanamh cuidichidh leothasan a tha anns a' chor a dh'a'innich sinn. Air a' gheamhradh so chaidh deagh eisimpleir a nochdadh le cuid de Ghàidheil fhialaidh aig am bheil an toil maille ris a' chomas. An sin ghluais feadhainn de Fhìr-ionaid nan Siorramachd Gàidhealach gu bhì a' cruinneachadh ionmhais a chum fuasgladh air càs na muinntir a tha a' fulang. Chum luchd-comhairle A' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich coinneamh mu dheidhinn na cùise, agus dhaingnich iad rùintean sònruichte a chum iartus a chur gu buill A' Chomuinn anns gach cèarn, as leth am bràithrean aig an

t-seann dachaidh. Thòisich comuinn chinn-eadaid is dhùthchasail anns na bailtean mòra ri cuimhneachadh gu dìleas air an dleasdanas do an càirdean. Agus an ùine ghoirid thug luchd gnothuich fainear gu feumta rian a chleachdadh, a chum is gum biodh tabhartais roinnte gu cothromach a réir riatanais. Chuir Ard-Bhùirdeasaich Dhuineidein is Ghlascho fios a mach a' gabhail as laimh gu'n cumar a' chrìoch so anns an t-sealladh an am a bhi a' riarachadh a mach an ionmhais.

Tha Uachdaranachd ùr an déidh cumhachd àraidh fhaotainn anns a' rìoghachd. Ged nach buin e dhuinn a bheag a sgrìobhadh mu gnothuichean sìobhalta, gidheadh tha an t-am cudthromach, agus tha cumnart mór a bagradh air beatha ar sluaigh. Ma bha a' bhuidheann ùr a' cumail a mach gur iadsan gu sònruichte luchd cuidichidh an duine bhochd, tha an deagh chothrom aca a nis am briathran a dhearbhadh. Thug iad geallaidhean gasda seachad, agus chithear an ùine ghoirid cia mar a bhios na geallaidhean sin air an coimhlonadh. Chan eil feum a bhi smaoineachadh air a' Ghàidhlig a chumail beò ma leigear bàs le acras mòran de'n t-sluaigh air am bheil a' chànain an crochadh. Is còir gum bi na buill sin a fhuair an àite anns a' Phàrlamaid le guth nan Gàidheal a' strì airson cothrom cosnadh a bhualachadh anns na cèarnaibh 's am bheil éis is gainne. Car son a bhiodh a' Ghàidhealtachd air a dearmad seach àiteachan èile de'n rìoghachd? Am fear aig am bheil meas air fhéin chan eil e gu math dha air a cheann thall airgid is sodach fhaotainn a nasgaidh. Millear nàdur a' Ghàidhil le bhi fada an crochadh air déiric.

Ach eadhon ged gheibhte thairis sàbhailte air an earrach, tha ceistean eile ri ar n-aghaidh nach eil farusda fhuasgladh. Chan eil neach a théid le sùilean fosgailte troimh thaobh an iar na Gàidhealtachd nach mothaich gu bheil brioghmhorachd na talmhain a' crìonadh le anabharr saothrachaidh. Dh'fheumadh am fearann fois fad bhliadhnanachan mus biodh e comasach air cinneas trom a ghiùlan. Chan fhaodar àicheadh nach eil an aimsir a' sìor dhol am mìosad gach bliadhna, agus gu bheil dùthaich ar n-athraichean a' fàs nas fuaire a chuid 's a chuid. Tha so cuideachd a' lughdachadh brìgh an fhearrainn, agus buanachd treabhachais. Ged is mór ceangal a' Ghàidhil ri a dhùthaich gidheadh feumaid e géilleadh luath no mall do laghan dosheachnadh Freasdail. Is i a' cheist dhùilich a tha feitheamh oirn an diugh—cia mar a chumar beò, an comhfhurtachd is

an socair, sluaigh na Gàidhealtachd anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, gun fhearann, gun chosnadh, no gun aimsir a tha freagarrach air obair an tuathanaich?

THE CELTIC CRAFTSMAN.

By HUGH MUNRO.

[A Lecture delivered at the Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts, at Glasgow, in May, 1923.]

II.

The finding of the great bronze Celtic shield at Hunsbury made possible for me the shields of Oscar or of Fingal, which were stumbling blocks to Dr. Johnson; and the discovery of the complete chariot, with the skeleton of the horses, in the large megalithic chambers of the tumuli, and that of the hero near at hand, with his helmet, greaves, sword, buckler, and trappings at his side, made Tacitus's account of Galgacus's war equipment more possible, although it did not help me to resign myself to the account of his forensic abilities which the historian gives. The detailed account of the ornament on the accoutrements, and the goods deposited in the grave beside the chieftain, indicate generic associations; the method of interment initiated me into the solution of what had been a mystery—the unifying Celtic culture in spite of the great ethnographical distribution of Celticism, and the close association of the groups in spite of isolation by remoteness, difference of climate, and other geographical disabilities. I learned that even then there were degrees of difference in the conditions of the groups; that the Brythonic peoples who peopled the whole of England and parts of Scotland—Galloway, for instance, while in speech in certain minor philological ways differing, yet basically one—had a culture slightly in advance of the Goelds, whose descendants we are, in that they had passed the bronze-using period, had made departures in the development of their crafts which were in advance of the people who, longer than they, preserved that culture. The Goeldic Celts passed into Cornwall and the south-western extremity of Ireland, and from there here. At their coming they found the Iberian Neolith in possession of the country—a small-statured gentleman with no craftsmanship greater than the chipping and polishing of stone, and with a crude veneration for the astral movements and a profound reverence for the powers and

significances of the sun. It seems impious almost, to say that the pious monks, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries after the birth of Christ, should, in spite of a culture superimposed from Rome and Byzantium—on the ornate glories of the missals of the Books of Landisfarna, Kells, Deer, Armagh, and Durrow, and the psalteries of Vitellius and Vespasian—be linked in art as brother, yet art creates that nexus in spite of seeming anachronisms and solecisms. There is a distinct and well-defined connection between the designs—the flamboyant spirals, interlacings, anthropomorphs, zoomorphs—and figures of the Book of Kells and the geometric V forms and lozenge and hexagonal of the Neoliths and early Bronze Age, just as in the major art of painting there is between the Madonnas of the Sistine Chapel of Raphael, the Mona Lisa of Leonardo and the modern masterpiece, and the crude single plan drawings of the Egyptians at a time two thousand years before Tutankhamen had cut his first tooth. The evolution is painfully slow, and a volume would be essential for either to mark the development; but in the decoration universally known as Celtic art it is the more apparent. The chain has well-marked links, thanks to the labours of the archaeologists.

The sepulchral urns and pottery from the long barrows and megalithic chambers of the Stone Age burials, particularly the cinerary urns (that is the urns containing the burnt bones of the dead following on cremation, a custom the incoming Goidel or Gael had taught the aboriginal Iberian) and smaller utensils from the less spacious cists of the later bronze-using Goidels from the Frankist territories, are the links in that chain; and we have the transition with, of course, the usual exotic engraftation which immigration, contact by war, commerce, or other association gave in their development, right up to the erect, free, standing crosses of Iona, Kildalton, Barrochan, and Dupplin—the finest and latest of our crosses—and the decadent modern decoration of our Highland military accoutrements. Those of you who have acquaintanceship with these in our museums, some of them large and some smaller sepulchral urns, will know the crude forms in the decoration of the Ardchattan and Glenlionaian urns, the narrow incisions obviously made by finger nail or sharp-pointed implement, will have noted the V-formed pattern, slightly elongated, placed horizontally and diagonally round the

rims, the V resembling the single stripe of a soldier—the lance-corporal chevron—placed on end, about one and a quarter inch in height, and repeated round the rim. In the design, the procedure is to make free play with the triangle made by one or more of the V's being placed vertically or horizontally; to repeat them singly or place them in pairs base to base, or point to point; to space them out, leaving lozenge or hexagonal spaces, which can be sunk or relieved; to introduce diagonal bands cutting the design, or by filling in, either by arrangements of diagonal lines, cross hatchings, or other devices, either of crossed lines, widely or closely arranged groups of dottings, such as you find later on in the illuminated manuscripts of Ireland in the Irish museums.

Simple it is to proceed from so elementary principles, and although it is confusing to the hearers and difficult for the expositor to explain them away from the actual designs, it will be found by anyone willing to take the necessary trouble that by those early geometric forms very complicated, effective, and even beautifully symmetrical designs can be arrived at.

If we take the basis of pre-Christian art—the designs of the burial urns, pottery, domestic utensils, military accoutrements, shields, swords, and horse trappings, metal ornaments, the fibula or safety pin, or semi-circular or penannular brooches (the modern development of which is the round brooch of Highland pattern with the hole in the centre), the hand mirrors, and lunulae or hair ornaments—we shall find a variety of design in the decoration, from the staid geometric forms to the richly flamboyant and composite arrangements of the age immediately preceding the Christian, when the Italian and Byzantine styles were engrafted, about the middle of the fifth century of the Christian era.

These comprise pure design and symbols, they contain the use of V forms, the concentric circle, the spiral, and the winding band in the designs, and in the symbols the swastika, the cup and ring, the axe, the ship, and the wheel. The cup and ring, long regarded as purely decorative in significance, but now, thanks to the patient toil of the archaeologist, regarded as having definite astral and solar significance, and even pretensions to chronology, which even the little Stone Age man of our country to have had thoughts beyond the mere filling of the needs of the body and the regular procreation of his species.

We think of him in his pit dwelling by the cozy beds of the waters of Strathclyde, Glen Etive, or Glen Leonain, his crude implements by his side, and we envisage the savage, with language not far removed from the mere cry; but the sun, as it blazed the waters by his dwelling; the thunder, as it sounded ominous and deep in the clefts of his mountains, or the lightning—the red lightning of the night, as Ossian termed it—as it danced in flame on their peaks, had meanings for him, as had the stars, pale and incandescent in the vault above him at evening time, or mirrored in the waters by his dwelling, and we find him by means of those markings—those cups and gutters—in the august company of the compilers of the Pentateuch and of Job, who proclaimed that the earth was not laid out by the plummet and the string, or Him who formed it known by weighing Him in a balance with a weight.

Don't let me mislead you into thinking that there was a steady, a parallel-like sweep forward over the thousand odd years of the bronze-using period to the Roman occupation in the development of the design on these weapons, burial goods, and adornments.

No art develops that way. In those days, as in these, there would be innovators—Bronze Age cubists, so to speak—futurists, and post-impressionists, unruly men who, as in these days, disturb the peace of adjudicating committees, hangers, and selectors; these would cut athwart, as they did, the steady development of style and method of procedure. But where you find—as in the Hunsbury and Halstatt remains and the gold lunulæ taken from Killarney, in the brooch of Tara in the Dublin Museum, and on the markings of the socketed Celts or axe heads which are in the various museums throughout the country—the ornament treated with the same basic principles, whether the craftsman was of the Brythonic group of Celtic culture resident in England, or of the more widely distributed Frankish groups throughout the Continent—where you find the design alternating between the traversing V band, the spiral, or the S-formed or C-formed curves, we can follow closely the development, right up to the flamboyant and composite art of the Christian age represented in the Books of Landisfarnie, Kells, Deer, and Durrow. The spiral, I may say, was more widely used in our country, as the rock and stone markings and carved stone balls show. But more, if,

as Mr. J. Romilly Allen and D. J. Anderson point out, the work on the Halstatt shield and that of the Hunsbury find could be substituted with minor details, such as removing the central enamelled discs and bosses and substituting them with the closely coiled spiral designs in use in the Bronze Age, when the shield was designed, we should have exactly the missal decoration of the highly ornate Book of Kells. Now the Book of Kells is of the eighth or ninth century probably, although it was not known until 1006 A.D.; the Halstatt shield is estimated by competent authorities to be of the period of 600 to 700 B.C., so you have a long time for the different schools of design to co-ordinate their methods and outlook. And the same thing applies to the golden lunulæ and other metal ornaments—their designs are of the same evolution.

Let me describe that shield to you. Oblong in shape, it had rounded corners like the shields of Gaul, made of plates of thin hammered bronze, strengthened round the edges by a roll moulding. The body of the shield consists of a plain plate, upon which are riveted three circular pieces of ornamental repousse work—the largest in the centre and the two others at top and bottom. In the middle of each of the circular pieces of ornament is a raised boss—such a boss, I may say, as we find in use in almost all the metal work of a Celtic description throughout Europe—the spaces in the decoration of which were filled in with gracefully flowing curves shaped in the S form and the C form I spoke of.

No written description can give an adequate idea of the subtle decorative effect produced by the play of light on the surfaces of the curves as they alternately expand and contract in width and rise and fall above the surrounding level background. The drawing and execution of the whole design is simply exquisite. If you apply the same description to the golden lunulæ or large hair ornament of the lady from whose resting-place at Killarney it was taken, remembering at the same time that the execution was on a much more minute scale, you will have some idea of the skill which existed in an age by most of us presupposed to be savage, and by all intellectually dark.

These, as I said, link the Celtic craftsmen in one bond, and cancels the barriers to communion which the strip of water, to us, in these days, would have seemed to be an obstacle. As now, so then, the arts of a people unite them more firmly with other

ances than any other means of communication. The domestic pot and pan will cancel and annul international barriers and open up fraternal relationships more rapidly than the entire monocled entourage of the diplomatic corps, backed as they are by letters patent and the might of armies; and it is no extraordinary thing, however remarkable in these days, that the Celtic craftsmen should be linked in a bond of art in so remote times.

The simple curve of peculiar formation occurring in bracelet, hair ornament, shield, urn, rock carving, stone ball, or domestic pottery, reveal reliably influences over the Celtic tribes of pre-Christian times, which evince inter-communion and common origin.

The use of amber and glass, once seen by the people unacquainted with their use, would put those people into contact with further removed peoples, with a view to acquiring their materials and their knowledge.

We can safely say that, in the Continent firstly, the desire for amber from the Baltic regions made constant coming and going of Phœnicians and Greeks along the middle European trade route, as did the desire for tin send the Phœnician to our shores. The cultural influences which contact with those peoples gave the tribes around the Danube and throughout the Continent, had, in turn, their effect upon the war-loving restless groups who came later to Britain, bringing their goods and craftsmen with them. The incoming Godelic in search of adventure, bearing the products of his craftsmen, might tempt the daughter of the Iberian with the amber and glass of the Phœnician, and on his return to his own country placate his own ladies with the better wrought beads of our stone-polishing artificers. And what might be applied to the owners of those articles applies also to the craftsmen.

(To be concluded.)

SPIORAD NA H-OIGE.

LE IAIN MAC ALASDAIR MOFFATT-PENDER.

Bha ann roimhe so maighdean ghrinn, mhàlda a dh'fhuirich aig oisinn coille. B'e a bu ainm dhi Ailleag. Bha tobar ann faisg air an tigh aice, agus threòrach an frith-rathad seachad air. Is e tobar breagh a bha ann—bha an eidheann, an iadh-shlat agus a' chòineach a' fàs mu an cuairt air, agus bha craobh-chaorainn loinneil os a chionn. B'abhuist do Ailleag a bhith 'na suidhe ri taobh an tobair so, agus is ann an

sin a thigeadh na h-eòin bheaga dlùth dhith, agus cha bhiodh sluagh maith a' bh' ighne ghuirn fada air falbh bhuaipe na bu mhò.

Bha i ann latha àraidh samhraidh. Bha bruthainn ann—agus bha an crith-theas air achadh agus air bealach. Bha na h-eòin iad féin turra-chodalach agus mi-shunnadh, ach bha aon dreadhan-donn a' seinn fhathast: "Tha Ailleag cóig bliadhna deug an diugh, tha Ailleag cóig bliadhna deug an diugh." B'e sin séisd a fhuinn: leum e a nuas ri a taobh, agus dh'òl e deoch as an tobar.

Thàinig sean duine an sealladh mu thim-chioll oir na coille. Cho luath agus a chunnaic i e, mhothaich Ailleag gu robh e glé sgith. Bha e a' giùlan eallaich thrum, bha a chom air cromadh, bha am fallas a' tighinn roimh a ghnùis, agus bha e a' talach ris fhéin. Le cnead, shuidh e sìos air bun craoibhe agus shuath e a bhathais. Ruith Ailleag do a ionnsuidh agus thairg i deoch fhior-uisge dha. Ceart cho luath agus a bhlaic e an t-uisge, dh'fhàs e fionnar agus sèimh, chaidh e air a aghart gu toileach, bha coslas toileachais-intinn air, agus bha a cheum aotrom. "Tha Ailleag cóig bliadhna deug an diugh," dhòirt riabhag bhuidhe a mach, agus i ag éirigh as an fhionndairneach.

Beagan ùine an déidh sin chualas fuaim iargalta an achadh làimh ris a' choille. Bha daoine a' glaochaich agus bha acfhuinn inneil a' dosgail agus a' gliongartaich. Is ann a' buain an arbhair a bha iad, agus bha na h-eich làidir air an sàrachadh le teothad an latha, agus an impis tuiteam.

"A chreutairean gaolach," dh'èigh Ailleag, agus ghreas i chuca le cuman agus le cuaich. "Gabhaibh deoch," thuir i, "agus bithidh sibh air bhur n-ùrachadh."

"Gu robh maith mór agaibh," thuir na daoine, agus chuir na h-eich an srònan móra anns a' chuman le srann agus le gairdeachas. An sin thòisich iad air an obair a rithid, agus ruith an t-inneal-buana gu réidh, furasda.

An uair a thill Ailleag do an tobar bha na h-eòin uile air mosgladh. Bha òran binn an gob gach aoin diùbh; ach daonnan agus daonnan a rithid, b'e an t-aon séisd a thàinig bhuaipa, "Tha Ailleag cóig bliadhna deug an diugh, tha Ailleag cóig bliadhna deug an diugh."

"O, tha!" thuir Ailleag, mar a sheall i air a failleas an uisge an tobair; "cha chreid mi nach 'eil sin fior. Tha mi, da rìreadh, trl fìhead agus a cóig—ach is e a tha ann nach 'eil mi a' faireachduinn a bheag na's sine na cóig deug!"

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

The poem given below is the earliest in date of all the poems addressed to Scottish chiefs that have been preserved by the Dean. Maol Coluim died in 1440; his father, Eoin Dubh, died in 1415, and the poem may have been composed soon after Maol Coluim's accession. His mother, described in the Dean's chronicle as "Darwayll Neyn Ewyn Ve Lachlyn," died in 1424. She came "ó Ghallaibh," which may mean "from Galloway"; the point might probably be cleared up by investigating who her father, Ewen son of Lachlan—or MacLachlan, was. Maol Coluim's wife was Mary, daughter of the chief of Clan Lamond.

The metre is "Ae freslige." Each line has seven syllables; the first line of each couplet ends on a word of three syllables; the second line ends on a word of two syllables. The odd lines have end rhyme with each other, and so have the even lines. The transcriber has made some mistakes: in rann 7b, "Ghallaibh" does not rhyme with "ghaisgidh," and perhaps we should amend by reading "a n-aisgidh" (as a gift, freely); the writer's eye had probably wandered to the end of rann 20b. In rann 12b, "harfee" is a plain case of dittography from "airfee" in the preceding line; the poet must have written a word to rhyme with "aghaidh," and I have doubtfully suggested "toghaidh." The objection to this is that as the genitive of "toghadh" we should expect "toghtha" here. In 18a, I can make nothing of "coleyth," and have conjectured "cornaire" from the rhyme. In rann 21d, I can make nothing of "lowye," which should rhyme with "coisnidh."

The chief points to be corrected in Dr. M'Lauchlan's transcript (p. 108) are:—Rann 7a, for "noymitin" read "noymit"; 7a, "boe" is deleted in the MS., rightly; 9a, for heyantis" read "heytis"; 18b, for "selm" read "felm"; 19b, before "done" read "in."

A H-UGHDAR-SA MAC GHIOLLA
PHIONNTAIG AN FEAR-DANA.

TRANSLATION.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Buaidh thighearna ar thóiseachaibh
atá ó thús a goinidh;
áireómhad d'a n-óigfhearaibh
gach aon ar a mbraith físidh.</p> <p>2. Céad tighearna an tíre-sa
Donchadh Beag fa mór aigneadh,
do fhág mar chuid díleaba
ag Clainn Griogóir a nгаisegeadh.</p> <p>3. Donchadh mór d'a mfeadhhaibh
athair maóineach Mhaoil Choluim,
seanathair Eoin fhínfhleadhaigh:
níor gheall cunnradh ná chomhaill.</p> <p>4. Griogóir deagh mhac Donchadha,
mac uaidh Eoin dob é oighre;
fear ághasach onchonta
ó Loch thaobhsholus Toilbhe.</p> <p>5. Eoin Dubh an geal Gaoidhealta
mac áirmheach Eoin mhic Ghriogóir,
sealgaire dhamh ndraoidheachta,
tús gach cogaidh do fhriothóil.</p> <p>6. Maol Coluim 'ga dheaghchungbháil
aithnid dúinn déis a athar,
deiscirt ghlinne geal-Urcháidh,
madh sloth do chách madh cagadh.</p> | <p>1. From the beginning of their race the chiefs possess the excellence of lords; I shall record of their young men each one of whom a learned man has knowledge.</p> <p>2. The first lord of this land was Donchadh Beag, great of spirit, who left as his legacy to Clan Gregor their valour.</p> <p>3. Donchadh, a mighty man of their warriors, was the bounteous father of Maol Coluim, and grandsire of Eoin of wine-feasts; he pledged no compact that he did not fulfil.</p> <p>4. Gregor, good son of Donchadh, had a son Eoin, who was heir, a warlike man, right valorous, from bright-shored Loch Toilbhe.</p> <p>5. Eoin Dubh, the fair true Gael, was the renowned son of Eoin, son of Gregor, a hunter of magic stags, who attended on the start of every war.</p> <p>6. Maol Coluim is known to us, his sire's successor, well maintaining the south side of fair Gleann Urchaidh, whether others are at peace or at war.</p> |
|---|--|

7. Atá tosach . . .
do Chlainn Ghriogóir ó Ghallaibh,
'ga bfuil tréidhe tighearna,
grádh sealga is buaidh ghaisgidh.
8. A n-aimsir Chuinn Céadchathaigh
do chuala mé a mhac samhla:
Fíonn—ní ghabh ó ghéarlannaibh—
mac Cumhaill na greach gealma.
9. Sealg Eireann 's a thigheadas
ag mac Cumhaill na gcaoilshleagh;
. . . ní ghuidh no tighearnas
ar críochaibh Clanna nGaidheal.
10. D'fhíadh r'a linn dá leagfaidhe
ó Chiarraigh go Carn Bhalair,
rogha dhamh na seisrighe
bhíodh aige a n-a aghaidh.
11. O Shambuin go Bealtaine
buannacht gach tighe d'fhianaibh;
an t-sealg—fa sógh seabhcaidhe—
aca a n-ainm an fhiadhaigh.
12. Iomdha cíos nach áirmhíde
ag Fíonn nó ag fear a (thoghaidh);
fiacha Eireann d'áirithe
ar mhac Cumhaill 'n-a aghaidh.
13. Iach fuaradar d'fhiantaidhibh
fa bhruachaibh gacha buinne:
ag sin a bfuil d'fhianairnibh
Mhaoil Choluim ag mac Muirne.
14. Ní dhearna Fíonn fianaidhe
sealg gan sireadh a ceada:
sealg Alban gan fhiafraighe
ag Maol Coluim 's a creacha.
15. Cungbhálach na coimhshealga
ní MacGriogoir as garg daoine;
níor mhionca coin croibhdhearga
go longphort Clainne Baoisgne.
16. Líon trodach do thúisicibh
éirghidh leis a ló catha;
fíor íota ar úrlaidhibh
'ga lucht-tighe 'san tachar.
17. Ceannas feadhna is fiadhamhnais,
coitcheíonn is clú d'a chineadh,
ar bearn ghaisgidh gládhearbhais
MacGriogóir grádh na bfileadh.
18. Iomdha 'na chúirt cornaire,
feilm chumhdhaigh is colg tana,
óir dearg ar a ndornairbh:
áirm leomhainn Locha Abha.
19. Coimhsheirm idir cláirsicibh
a ndún an laeich 'na lámhaibh;
a lucht-tighe ó tháiblisibh
ag dol fa dhubhar ghéaraidh.
7. The foremost place (of honour) Clan
Gregor have from Saxons; they have the
qualities of lords, even love of hunting and
triumph of valour.
8. In the time of Conn Céadchathach I
have heard of one in like position, even
Fíonn—he gave not back from keen blades
—son of Cumhall of bold forays.
9. To Cumhall's son of slender spears
belonged Erin's hunting and his housing;
he sought no (sway) or lordship over the
bounds of the clans of the Gael.
10. In his time, if a stag was laid low
from Kerry to Balar's Cairn, the picked ox
of the team of six was his in requital.
11. From Samhuin to Bealtaine his
warrior bands had right of quarters in every
house; the hunt—good cheer there was for
falcons—they had in name of venison.
12. Many a tribute that needs not
mention had Fíonn or his chosen man; in
return for that tribute Fíonn had as his
special duty Erin's obligations.
13. A salmon they found for his warriors
beneath the banks of every swift stream;
these are such of Maol Colum's Fian-
spoils as were held by Muirne's son.
14. Fíonn the warrior made no hunting
without leave asked; Alba's hunting and
her forays are Maol Colum's without
seeking.
15. Tenacious are the joint hunts made
by MacGregor whose men are fierce; no
oftener did hounds red of paw enter the
encampment of Clann Baoisgne.
16. Many a fighting captain goes out with
him in day of battle; right thirsty for
blows are his household in the encounter.
17. Foremost place in leadership and in
hardihood—it brings glory to all his tribe
alike—MacGregor, loved of poets, has
proved his due by deed in valour's gap.
18. In his court is many a horn-blower,
many a fair-wrought helmet and thin blade;
gold gleams red on their hilts, the weapons
of the Lion of Loch Awe.
19. In the hero's stronghold is concert of
harps in hands of minstrels; his household
go from games of tables to walk in shaded
garden.

20. MacGriogóir bos bharrchorra,
mac Dìorbhuil buidhe ó Ghallaibh,
aon chara na calmachta:
lámh léir ráinig gach ratha.

Buaidh.

21. Buaidh féile ré fleadhaibh
inghean MhicLaghmainn coisnidh;
do mhéaduigh a clú cineadha
ar thíodhlaic a lámh . . .

22. Maire muime ollamhan,
taobh míngheal as maith cumadh;
na cliara 'ga comhmoladh:
corera a gruaidh na subha.

Buaidh thighearna.

20. MacGregor, whose palms are rosy-tipped, son of yellow-haired Devorgilla from the Lowlands (Galloway?), peerless friend of bravery, hand that has won all grace of fortune.

21. Triumph of bounty to poets Lamond's daughter wins; her tribe's fame has been enlarged by what her (generous) hand has gifted.

22. Mary, the bards' foster mother, whose side is smooth and white and shapely; the poet bands unite in praising her; brighter her cheek than raspberries.

BURNS AND GAELIC.

By L. MACINNES, Esq., Campbeltown.

One of the most curious things in Lowland Scotch literature is the difference in vocabulary between Burns and Galt. They both chronicled the life and manners of simple folk; they were separated in time only by twenty years, and in space by barely ten miles—Burns' locality being Ayr, Galt's Irvine; they both depend for success and fame on the vernacular, and yet no two vocabularies could well be more dissimilar. Perhaps the difference is accounted for, in some measure at least, by the differences in method and aim of poetry and prose. The poet is an artist in words as the painter is an artist in colours, and just as the latter might rejoice in some glowing tint which helped him to a new and striking effect of emphasis or contrast, so the poet delights in old, pithy, picturesque words, redolent of the past and rich in the colour and warmth of field or fireside. Poets who aim at producing jewels "five words long" naturally set great store on these archaic terms, and have been known to search for them in the older writers as for hid treasure. It almost makes one smile to think that Tennyson, who perhaps attached more weight to mere diction than any modern poet, regretted to the end of his life that he had never succeeded in using the fine old English word, "yarely." It is safe to say that Burns never indulged in these devices of a later and more artificial age. He was, alike by birth and upbringing, far too natural and spontaneous for such trifling. But we know from his own confession that he was deeply versed in those storehouses of old words and

phrases, the songs and ballads of his native land. "I pored over them," he says, "driving my cart or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse." Probably, also, many of these obsolescent words were dropped from the lips of the old woman who so drenched his mind in the superstitions of an older time that to the end of his life he never altogether escaped their influence. That quite a number of these words are Gaelic is not surprising, when it is remembered that Gaelic did not die out in Ayrshire till the middle of the seventeenth century, and in the neighbouring district of Galloway much later still.

Even when a dominant language, like English, has entirely overcome and suppressed an older speech, like Gaelic, evidences of the contact survive for generations. The older language has leaked into the newer. Kintyre offers an excellent illustration of this. Though Gaelic, not so very long ago the common tongue, is now almost extinct in the southern half of the peninsula, and heard only occasionally on the lips of old people, the local dialect betrays its debt both in word and idiom. Eighty or a hundred years ago the dialectal mixture was, indeed, so striking, that an unknown local chronicler, with a happy knack for verse, incorporated the most outstanding of these survivals in two poems, "The Follinash" and "Flory Loynachan," the latter quoted in full, with copious annotations, in Dr. Colville's "Studies in Lowland Scotch." In these poems we find such purely Gaelic words as Ceapaere, gaolach, misneach, sgliarach, caochan, spuidgear, maorach-ban, and doirlin; whilst others, such as smuirach, follinash, fallachan, droshachs, sprudan, spascheringly, are obviously either corruptions of or

derivations from Gaelic. Whilst most of these words have died out, some still survive, along with many others not found in the poems but still current in the local speech.

Here, then, after a wreckage of centuries, we have, in this flotsam and jetsom of Gaelic floating about in a wide sea of English, a parallel of what must have happened in Ayrshire. These waifs lingered there as they linger here in Kintyre; some, save for the spelling, quite pure; others changed almost beyond recognition till their very derivation is matter of doubt. Of the former found in Burns there is quite a goodly array for a Lowland poet. We have bruck, brats, branks, caird, cranreuch, cummock, duan, ier-oe, kain, kebars, laggan, luath, messan, philabeg, trews, kelpie, spleuchan, tocher, and winnock. Dr. Colville, in the volume mentioned above, says that ier-oe is one of the very few Gaelic words found in Burns. "Very few" is an indefinite expression; but the above list might be supplemented by many words which are so common in Lowland Scotch that their Celtic origin is either only dimly recognised or entirely overlooked. Whisky, airts, bogle, bannock, cairn, clachan, claymore, clavers, cog, creishie, crouchie, ingle, loan, pibroch, sowans, strathspey, may be offered as examples. Of words whose etymology is uncertain there are, perhaps, a dozen or fourteen in all. One or two of these must suffice as illustration. Take the following verse from the poet's address to his old mare, Maggie:—

"In cart or car thou never reestit,
The steyst brae thou would hae faced it,
Thou never lap and stent and brestit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thee hastit
Thou snoovt awa'."

Much of the success of this passage hangs on the culminating word *snoovt*, and in *snoovt* we appear to have a variant of the Gaelic *snamh* (to swim); and what could better describe the steady, triumphant movement of the burdened animal uphill than the easy, continuous glide of a body through a resistant but fluent medium like water? *Tarrow* (to murmur or complain) is a favourite word with Burns.

"I oft hae seen their coggie fu',
What yet hae tarrow at it."

Jamieson suggests an Anglo-Saxon derivation, *teorian*—to fail, to tarry. But in Scotch the word has two meanings—to delay, in the east and north of Scotland,

and to murmur, in Strathclyde. The word, in its latter meaning at all events, is probably a corruption of the Gaelic *talech* (to murmur or complain), by the softening of the final guttural and the substitution of one liquid for the other, just as the "l" in the Latin *caelum* (heaven) has become "r" in the English *cerulean*. An instance of the opposite change is to be found in the French word *pelerin* (pilgrim), from the Latin *peregrinus*. In the word *agley*, although the authorities lean to a Teutonic derivation, there seems an echo or suspicion of the Gaelic *cli* (the left or unlucky direction, conter sunwise). In the "Twa Dogs" the ploughman's *collie* has an "honest, sonsy, bawsint face." It has been suggested, with much probability, that this word *bawsint* is a Gaelic compound, *bathais-fhionn* (fh silent)—*bathais*, the forehead, and *fionn*, white—the euphonic dental after final "n" being paralleled in standard English by the word sound (French, *son*; Latin, *sonus*), and in provincial English by *gownd* for *gown*. Compounds with *fionn* are not uncommon, as witness *druim-fhionn*, *bròg-fhionn*, *cas-fhionn*, *balg-fhionn*; and considering the whole atmosphere in which Burns lived and wrote, this seems a more convincing derivation than the French, Italian, and Low Latin synonyms given by Jamieson, although, on the other hand, the Gaelic words *bo-bhlàr* and *blàrag* (for a white-fronted animal) must not be forgotten.

Thirty to forty words may not be a large portion of the poet's vocabulary, but they are enough to show that Burns' linguistic debt to Gaelic, though not great, is unmistakable. Centuries hence a philologist, with no better evidence than the poems themselves, could say confidently that the poet must have been in touch with a Celtic tongue. Moreover, these words have the force and rough vigour of a rude people not given to euphemism, and are therefore peculiarly apt for broad or satiric effects such as Burns loved. Unfortunately for the poet's fame, he wrote in a decadent vernacular—a vernacular, indeed, which will soon, despite all efforts to keep it alive, not only be decadent but extinct. We are all being slowly but surely anglicised. Burns' songs will no doubt be understood and sung as long as the English language lasts, for many of them contain so few dialect words that they are, to all intents and purposes, pure English; but the addresses, epistles, and longer poems, in

which his true genius is enshrined, will, for the most part, be a closed book, read laboriously with one eye on the page and the other on a glossary. Even so, although words in a glossary are very much like plants in an herbarium, it would be a mistake to say that the future student, when Lowland Scotch has gone the way all dialects seem destined to go, may not recapture, in the poet's writings, some of the fire and spirit and sturdy independence which has made Burns at once typical of Lowland Scotch character, and so potent an influence in fixing it and making it what it is.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Members and readers will be glad to know that the response to the various appeals issued by An Comunn has been very generous indeed, and we hope to give a summary of its activities in a subsequent issue of the magazine. Meantime the President, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, and Mr. Robert Macfarlane, Hon. Treasurer, have been asked to join a Central Board of Management, which is now in course of formation. Perhaps we should state that the Lord Mayor of London, at the instance of An Comunn's representation, has issued an appeal on behalf of our fund, which now amounts to £1500.

LEARNERS' PAGE.

DOMHNALL DONA, MAC NA BANTRAICH.

Bha ann roimhe so, bantrach, aig an robh son mhac, nach robh ro ghlic.

Bha iad an déidh an cuid bàrra a chur cruinn, ach thàinig gaoth mhór a leag na mulain, agus a sgap an t-arbhar. Thuir a mhàthair son latha ri Domhnall—“B'fhearr leam gu'n rachadh thu a dh'iarraidh pàidheadh nam mulan air a' ghaioith.”*

“Théid,” arsa Domhnall, agus air falbh a ghabh e. Ràinig e tigh leth-an-rathaid, agus stad e ré na h-oidhche an sin, agus dh'fhalbh e air a thurus anns a' mhaduinn.

ISLAY PROVINCIAL MOD.

Mr. Shaw, the secretary, has just returned from Islay, where he was successful in forming singing classes to be conducted by Mr. Hugh MacLean, commencing about 18th February. Mr. Shaw visited Port Ellen, Bowmore, Bridgend, Port Charlotte, Portnahaven, and Ballygrant.

The prospects of a successful Mod in June are very encouraging. The proposal has aroused keen enthusiasm, and Mr. MacLean will find splendid material to work on. Where practically all are Gaelic-speaking, his work will be less arduous. A class is to be formed at Gruinard, and here Mr. MacLean will commence his three months' session. Gaelic is a subject of instruction in all schools on the island.

Mr. Shaw attended the annual dinner of the Agricultural Association, and, by request, addressed those present in Gaelic on the work of An Comunn and the prospects of the Islay Mod. The dinner was held in the Bridgend Hotel, and there were over fifty members present. Mr. Hugh Morrison of Islay presided at the outset.

Mr. Shaw also visited Jura and reorganised the branch at Small Isles. Mr. Neil Lindsay was appointed president in room of the Rev. D. J. Robertson, who has retired after serving in that capacity since the branch was first formed. Mr. Dan. MacDougall, Ballard, is secretary.

ROGUISH DONALD, THE SON OF THE WIDOW.

Translation by J. G. MacKay, Esq., London.

There was ere now a widow, who had one son, who was not very wise.

They had gathered in their crops, or harvest, but a great wind came which knocked down the hay-ricks, and scattered the corn. So his mother said to Donald one day—“I wish thou wouldst go and seek payment of the hay-ricks from the wind.”*

“I will,” said Donald, and away he went. He came to the half-way house, and stopped there for the night, and set off on his journey in the morning.

* Ask the wind to pay for the hay-ricks.

Ràinig e tigh na gaoithe, agus chuir e a làmh air toll an doruis.

“Co sin, a’ cur stopadh air m’anail?” ars a’ ghaoth.

“Tha mise, Domhnall Dona, Mac na Bantraich, ag iarraidh pàidheadh mo chuid mhulan air a’ ghaoth.”

“Thig a stigh,” ars a’ ghaoth, “agus bheir mi sin duit anns a’ mhaduinn.”

Chaidh e a stigh a chur seachad na h-oidheche agus an uair a dh’éirich e anns a’ mhaduinn, thuirt a’ ghaoth ris, “Bheir mise dhuit brà, a mheileas duit aon seòrsa mine a dh’iarras tu, ma their thu ‘meil, meil, a bhà!’”

Thug e leis a’ bhà gu tigh leth-an-rathaid, agus dh’fhaighnich iad dheth ciod am pàidheadh a fhuair e airson nam mulan. Dh’innis e dhoibh ciod a thuirt a’ ghaoth ris, agus an uair a chaidil e, thug iad air falbh a’ bhà, agus chuir iad té eile na h-àite.

Dh’fhalbh esan ’sa mhaduinn, agus ràinig e a mhàthair. Dh’innis e mar a chaidh dha. Dh’iarr e air a’ bhà meileadh, ach cha mheileadh i blas.—Thuirt a mhàthair ris air an latha màireach, “Is fhearr dhuit falbh a rithisd, a dh’innseadh do’n ghaoth nach’eil math sam bith anns a’ bhà.”

Dh’fhalbh e air a thurus, agus dh’fhan e ann an tigh leth-an-rathaid, agus bha e an ath oidheche ann an tigh na gaoithe. Chuir e làmh air toll an doruis, agus ghlaoth a’ ghaoth ris, “Co sin, a’ cur stopadh air m’anail?”

“Tha mise, Domhnall Dona, Mac na Bantraich, ag iarraidh pàidheadh mo chuid mhulan air a’ ghaoth.”

“Thig air t’aghaidh,” ars a’ ghaoth, “agus gheabh thu a màireach e.”

Dh’fhan e an oidheche sin, agus air an là màireach thug a’ ghaoth dha loth, ag innseadh dha, an uair a theireadh e rithe, “Crath, crath, a loth!” gu’n crathadh i peic òir air an dara taobh, agus peic airgid air an taobh eile.

Thug e leis an loth, agus ràinig e tigh leth-an-rathaid. Dh’fharraid iad deth ciod a bha e ’dol a dheanamh ris an loth, agus dh’innis e dhoibh. Ach an uair a chaidil esan, thuirt iad ris an loth, “Crath, crath, a loth!” agus chrath i peic òir air an dara

He came to the wind’s house, and laid his hand on the hole in the door.

“Who is that stopping my breath?” said the wind.

“It is I, Roguish Donald, the Son of the Widow, seeking payment for my hay-ricks from the wind.”

“Come in,” said the wind, “and I will give thee that in the morning.”

He went in in order to pass the night, and when he arose in the morning, the wind said to him, “I will give thee a quern, which will grind thee any kind of meal thou please, if thou say [to it] ‘grind, grind, oh quern!’”

He took the quern away with him and came to the half-way house, and they enquired of him what payment he had got for the hay-ricks. He told them what the wind had said to him, but when he was asleep, they took away the quern, and put another in its place.

He went away in the morning, and came [home] to his mother. He related how he had fared. He desired the quern to grind, but it would not grind a morsel.—On the morrow, his mother said to him, “Thou hadst better go again, and tell the wind that there is not any virtue in the quern.”

He set forth on the journey, and stayed in the half-way house, and the next night he was at the wind’s house. He laid his hand on the hole in the door, and the wind shouted at him, “Who is that stopping my breath?”

“It is I, Roguish Donald, the Son of the Widow, seeking payment for my hay-ricks from the wind.”

“Come forward,” said the wind, “and thou shalt get payment to-morrow.”

He stayed there that night, and on the morrow the wind gave him a filly, telling him, that when he said to it, “Shake, shake, oh filly!” she would shower down a peck of gold on the one side, and a peck of silver on the other.

He took the filly away with him, and came to the half-way house. They [the people of the half-way house] asked him what he was going to do with the filly, and he told them. But when he had gone to sleep, they said to the filly, “Shake, shake,

taobh agus peic airgid air an taobh eile. Ach cha robh fios aig Domhnall bochd air a sin, agus ghléidh iad an loth cho math ris a' bhàr, agus thug iad loth eile dha 'na h-àite.

Thug e an loth a dh'ionnsuidh a mhàthar, ach an uair a dh'iarr e air an loth crathadh, cha chrathadh i dad.

Thuir a' mhàthair ris an treas uair, "Feumaidh tu falbh a rithisd, a dh'iarraidh pàidheadh nam mulan air a' ghaoith." Dh'fhalbh e, agus ràinig e tigh leth-an-rathaid, agus an ath oidhche tigh nam gaoithe. An uair a chuir e a làmh air toll an doruis, ghlaodh a' ghaoth, "Co sin a' cur stopadh air m'anail?"

"Tha mise, Domhnall Dona, Mac na Bantraich, ag iarraidh pàidheadh mo chuid mhulan air a' ghaoith."

"Thig a stigh, is fan a nochd, agus bheir mise dhuit a màireach pàidheadh nam mulan."

Dh'fhan e an oidhche sin, agus air an là màireach, thug a' ghaoth dha ploc agus iall, ag ràdh ris, "Ceanglaidh an iall agus buailidh am ploc, gus an iarr thusa orra sgar. Thug iad uait a' bhàr agus an loth a thug mise dhuit, ach gheabh thu air an ais iad."

Dh'fhalbh e leis an éill agus leis a' phloc gu tigh leth-an-rathaid, agus dh'innis e dhoibh ciod a thuir a' ghaoth ris a ràdh ris an éill agus ris a' phloc.

An uair a chaidil esan, shaoil iad gu'm faigheadh iad ni eigin math an uair a ghlaodhadh iad, "Ceangail, iall!—buail, a phluic!" Ach is ann a thòisich an iall ri ceangal, agus am ploc ri bualadh, gus an robh na h-uile h-aon 'san tigh a' glaothaich "mort," agus a' guidhe air Domhnall stad a chur orra, agus gu'n tugadh iad dha a' bhàr agus an loth.

Fhuair e iad le chéile, agus thug e air an éill sgar a [=de] cheangal, agus air a' phloc sgar a bhualadh.

Chaidh e dhachaidh a dh'ionnsuidh a mhàthar leis a' bhàr a mheileadh mar am miann min, agus an loth a chrathadh dhoibh or agus airgid mar a dh'fheumadh iad.

oh filly!" and she showered down a peck of gold on the one side, and a peck of silver on the other. But poor Donald did not know, and they kept the filly as well as the quern, and gave him another filly in its place.

He brought the filly [home] to his mother, but when he desired the filly to shake, she would not shake [a shower of] anything.

His mother said to him for the third time, "Thou must journey forth again, and seek payment of the hay-ricks from the wind." He set out, and came to the half-way house, and on the next night to the wind's house. When he laid his hand on the hole in the door, the wind shouted, "Who is that stopping my breath?"

"It is I, Roguish Donald, the Son of the Widow, seeking payment for my hay-ricks from the wind."

"Come in, and stay the night, and to-morrow I will give thee what will pay for the hay-ricks."

So he stayed that night, and on the morrow the wind gave him a bludgeon-with-a-large-round-head and a thong, and said to him, "The thong will bind and the bludgeon will whack, till thou thyself ask them to stop. They [the people of the half-way house] have stolen from thee the quern and the filly I gave thee, but thou wilt get them back again."

Off he went with the thong and the bludgeon to the half-way house, and related to them what the wind had told him to say to the thong and the bludgeon.

When he had gone to sleep, they thought that they would get something good when they shouted, "Bind, oh thong!—whack, oh bludgeon!" But [when they did,] why certainly the thong began binding and the bludgeon began whacking, until every one in the house was roaring "murder," and praying Donald to make them stop, and they would give him back the quern and the filly.

He got them both, and then he made the thong cease binding, and the bludgeon cease whacking.

And home he went to his mother with the quern that would grind them meal to their hearts' content, and the filly that would shower down gold and silver for them as they had need.

ORAN CHAIPTEIN HUISTEIN.

The following is the Oran Mór prescribed for gentlemen in the GOLD MEDAL SERIES of Competitions at the 1924 Mod, to be held at Perth. The song was composed by Lewis Cameron to Captain Hugh Grant, Lochletter, Glenurquhart; and the verses here reproduced are from Dr. William MacKay's book, "Urquhart and Glenmoriston." The melody was supplied by Mr. Alister MacDonald, Inverness.

Key C.

{	r . r		t ., t : l ., l		s . s : m ., m		l ., l : s ., m		l . l
	Sor-aidh		uam - sa suas na		Bhràighe, Dh'fhios an		uasail shuairce		shàr-mhath
{	r . r		t ., t : l ., l		s . s : m ., m		l ., l : s ., m		r . r
	Choisinn		buaidh 's gach uair 's na		blàraibh, mar bu		dual-chuis-each do dh'Àr-munn		
{	f . f		s ., s : d' ., r'		f' . s' : r' ., t		l ., s : s ., s		l ., s : s . s
	De'n fhuil		uas - al Chlann nan		Gàidheal, Anns na		gru - aidh - ean 's glaine deàrsadh		ho - hi
{	d' r' : f : f		s : - : r		f : l : -		- : - : -		: -
	Ho hi hiù		ro ho ro		éil e		.		.
{	s : - : l		t.r' : - : -		l : - : f		s : s : -		: -
	Far		an laidh thu		slàn		gun		éirich.

Gu Caiptein Hùistein na féile,
Tha mo dhùrachds a gu m'euga;
Leannan thu 's gach taobh an téid thu;
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutrom;
Féileadh pleatach leat a b'éibhinn,
Is sporan rònach 's òr 'ga shéuladh, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

Chìte sud thu mar bu mhiann leat,
Tighinn a mach ri maduinn ghrianaich,
Fhìr a chridhe fharsuinn, fhialaidh;
Tighinn gu farumach a dh'iasgach,
Tighinn gu cladaichean Loch Mhiachdlaidh,
Le dubhan gartach, slat is driamlach, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

Bu bhinn leam bhì 'g eisdeachd 'chrònain
Aig do fhleasgaichean ag òran,
'S tu dol a mach a' gabhail *voyage*,
'N a do bhàta ràmhach òrdail;
'S ùr gach crann, gach ràmh is ròp dhi,
'S chan fhaca mi 'san Taobh Tuath cho
bòidheach, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

Dh'aithn 'inn do chas-chéum gu h-aotrom,
Dìreadh ri bealach nan aonach
Le do phrasgan is tlachdmhor dhaoine,
Gonna snaipe 'n glaic an laoich,
Le do churraic chopair a lot a' mhaoiseach,
'S do pheirleac gorm guineach 'na gurrach a
dh'aon teas, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

Dh'aithn 'inn thu, a Ghàidheil chruadail,
Dìreadh ri àrd nam fuar-bheann,
Le d'mhiol-choin ri d'shàil 'san uair sin,
'S do spàinnteach 's do làmh mu'n cuairt
dhi;
'N uair bheumadh spor gheur ri cruaidh leat,
Bhìodh fuil an daimh chabraich a' frasadh
air luachair, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

'S ann o Chrasgaig so shuas uainn,
Thig an gaisgeach beachdail, uasal,
'S tu thug leat gach beart bu dual duit,
Is a dh'eachdair a bhì 'n uachdar—
De'n fhine 's ainmeil 's an Taobh Tuath so,—
Ailpeinich nach tais 's a' chruadal, ho-hi.

Hó hì, etc.

Gaelic Singing Classes.

CONNEL FERRY.—In connection with An Comunn Gaidhealach, Mr. H. Maclean started senior and junior classes for Gaelic, and after a few weeks training these classes were able to give a fine concert in the Public Hall, here, on 28th December. Rev. Gillespie Campbell, Muickairn, presided, and opened the proceedings with a Gaelic address, which was heartily applauded. The programme, which was in Gaelic, was admirably rendered by the choirs, and by Misses M. Millar, C. Campbell, G. Bruce, M'Innes, Cowan, Ferguson, and Messrs. Neil Shaw, Macgillivray, H. Maclean, A. Macdonald, J. Maclean, C. Macintyre, and A. Kerr. The last mentioned is the youthful violinist from Creagan, who gained first prize at the Fort William Mod. He was recalled six times at this concert, and delighted all with his playing. Miss Bruce and Miss Murray were the accompanists. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Owing to the length of the programme, only a few encores could be allowed, and, considering the short time the choirs had been under training, their rendering of the several choruses, part songs, and solos, reflected great credit on Mr. Maclean, and showed talent in the members of the choir. Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, spoke, and also rendered two songs. Among those present were Mr and Miss M'Vean, Craignaha; Mr. and Miss Murray, Etive Cottage; Mr. and Mrs. MacLaren, Glenstrae; Miss Black, Ornsay; Misses Mackinnon, Dunallan; Miss M'Gregor, Tigh-na-Buille; Mr. and Mrs. MacSwan, Hawthorn Bank; Mr. Fletcher and Miss Buchanan, Kalmeta; Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Stewart, and Miss Mackinnon, Falls of Lora Hotel; Miss MacNicol, Kilchurn; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Station House; Miss Campbell, Caolis; Miss Macdonald, Clach-Cruachan; Mr. and Mrs. Hutcheon, U.F. Manse; Mr. C. S. Crabb, Airidh Bhan, etc.

TAYNULT.—The Gaelic music classes conducted by Mr. Hugh Maclean for the past two months were brought to a close by the holding of a concert in the Public Hall on the 4th January. There was a crowded attendance when Dr. Macnicol took the chair. After bagpipe selections of march, strathspey, and reel by Mr. Campbell, the chairman gave an address, commending the patriotism of An Comunn Gaidhealach in sending a competent teacher like Mr. Maclean to foster a love for Gaidhlig, a bardachd 's a ceol, particularly among the young. "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig" was then sung by the choirs and audience. Miss Jessie Macdonald sang "Thug mi mo lamh" with good effect; the junior choir had a rousing reception in "Chi mi 'm bàta"; Miss K. MacNicol responded to a hearty encore for "Fhleasgaich an fhuil Chraobhaich Chais"; "Mairi bhan og" by the adult choir was very well

received; "Theid Mi gad amharc" by Misses P. Campbell and M. Maclean, and "Caitè 'n caidil" by the junior choir were delightful items. Mr. Hugh Maclean had a rousing reception for his two songs, and also for his song and recitation at a later stage. After the interval, the chairman called on Miss K. MacNicol, who, in a few well-chosen words, presented Mr. Maclean with a set of ebony brushes in case, and a leather collar box from the seniors as a small memento of the very profitable time they had under his instruction. Mr. Maclean humorously thanked them for giving him such useful mementos. "Caol Muile" by Misses M. Maclean and K. Campbell, and "Caidil gu lo" by Miss J. Macdougall and K. Campbell were a pleasing variation. "Taladh" by the ladies' choir was an outstanding item. "Fear a bhata" by Miss M. Maclean, "Coille thaoil" by Master Hugh Gillies, "An t-Eilean Muileach" by Miss A. Macdonald, and a song by Mr. Maclean, "Claisghearraig," were all encored, and other appearances by the junior and senior choirs maintained the enthusiasm to the end. The usual votes were proposed by Rev. G. Campbell.

BOOK REVIEW.

Leabhrachean Sgoile Gàidhlig—Leabhar IV. Gaelic School Books. Reader IV., 239 pp. Price 2s.

This is the final volume of the series of six school books issued by the Comunn under the general editorship of Professor Watson. The present volume has been prepared by Mr. John Macdonald, M.A., to whom also much credit is due. The choosing and grading of the lessons are an illustration of professional efficiency from the educational point of view. Different types of literary style in prose and verse are represented. There are sixty-five articles, some of which are of a fairly difficult standard, as becomes an advanced school book. Natural history and nature study receive due attention. The arts and crafts are not neglected. But what delights one most as regards the contents, is the emphasis which is properly laid on the history, legends, and traditions, which every Highland child should know. In this respect the educational and patriotic elements are beautifully blended. The book ought to be popular not only as a school book; it ought likewise to appeal to the Gaelic public for its interest, fullness and variety. The printing, paper, and binding deserve the highest commendation. The equipment is now complete for the teaching of Gaelic on modern scientific lines. The lack of suitable literature can no longer be urged as an excuse for not teaching the language in the Highland schools. In the publication of this series, the Comunn, the general editor, and the editors of the various volumes have rendered a valuable and timely service to the Gaelic cause.

BRANCH REPORTS.

ULVA FERRY.—The local branch meetings are now in full swing here, the last two meetings, in the absence of the president, Rev. D. W. Mackenzie, have been presided over by Mr. Alistair Macdonald, Laggan Farm. Gaelic songs in traditional style are being sung, and at no other branch can there be better or purer Gaelic spoken or sung than at Ulva Ferry.

FORTINGALL.—The members of the above, along with their friends, held a very successful ceilidh in the Public School on the 3rd of January. The president, Mr. Stewart, presided over a large and enthusiastic gathering, while the members entertained the company to songs and readings, and bagpipe, violin, and pianoforte selections. Mr. Campbell of Boreland, in a suitable address, congratulated the members of the branch on their enthusiasm in endeavouring to keep alive the ancient language of the Gael. The Ladies' Committee served a most enjoyable tea, and altogether a very happy evening was spent. The members of the Branch now number over fifty.

ATHOLL.—Lady Helen Tod presided at a meeting at Pitlochry on Saturday, when it was decided to dissolve the Atholl Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, with the recommendation that separate branches be formed for each of the three districts—Blair-Atholl, Pitlochry, and Dunkeld. Rev. D. Lamont, Blair-Atholl, thought this would be in the interests of all concerned, and urged the importance of getting as many young people as possible to take up the study of Gaelic in speech and song.

It was agreed to give a donation of £10 to the Perth Mod, and to divide the balance between the district branches.

FEARNAN.—As a result of the visit of Rev. G. W. MacKay and Mr. Neil Shaw to Loch Tayside, which was reported in a recent issue, a most enthusiastic ceilidh was held at Fearnan on the 19th December. There was a large attendance, many coming long distances. Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Boreland, presided, and Miss Campbell, with the assistance of several young ladies, served a delicious cup of tea. Violin and pianoforte music was supplied by Mrs. M'Intyre and Miss M'Callum, Kenmore Hotel. Songs were sung by Mrs. M'Callum, The Misses Brydone, Miss Katie Fisher, Mrs. Lumsden, Miss K. Cowan, and Mr. C. M'Donald, while readings and recitations were rendered by Messrs. John Ford, Alexander Stewart, John Fisher, Miss Chrissie M'Lean, and Mrs. D. M'Lean. At the close of a most enjoyable evening the company sang, "Oidhe mhatl leibh."

CAMPBELTOWN.—An Comunn Gaidhealach, Ceannloch, took an important forward step in organising a mod in conjunction with the ceilidh which has, since the formation of the branch, marked its celebration of Hogmanay (old style). At this year's gathering, on Friday, 11th January, every available seat in the Town Hall, Campbeltown, was occupied. The mod programme was drawn up and carried out mainly by Mr. Latimer M'Innes and Rev. Bruce R. Blackwood, B.D. The adjudicators were Rev. Kenneth MacLeod of Gigha (Gaelic) and Rev. B. R. Blackwood and Mr. Dugald Smith (music). Competitors from all parts of the Kintyre peninsula entered, and the wide interest shown augurs well for future gatherings of the same kind. Certificates and prizes were awarded to the following:—

Male Soloists—1, Mr. John M'Coll, Southend; 2, Mr. A. M'Callum, Southend.

Female Soloists—Mrs Lamont, Skipness, and Miss Helen M'Murphy, Rhunahaorine (equal points).

Junior Soloists—Miss Helen M'Sporran and Miss Moray, Black, Campbeltown.

Senior Recitation—1, Miss Susie B. Macdonald, Killoch; 2, Mr. Roderick Campbell, Clachan.

Junior Recitation—Miss Helen M'Sporran, Campbeltown.

Bible Reading—Seniors—1, Miss Jessie M'Laren, Southend; 2, Mr. Roderick Campbell, Clachan; 3, Mr. Donald Galbraith, Campbeltown. Juniors—Miss Helen M'Sporran, Campbeltown.

The awards of the judges gave the utmost satisfaction, and Rev. Kenneth MacLeod's remark that the Gaelic, both of singers and readers, was almost perfect, being as good, if not better, than is generally heard at the great mods of the parent society, was received with great applause. Mr. Donald Fisher, president, was in the chair, and amongst those present were Sheriff Macmaster Campbell, Dr. Harvey Thomson, Rev. D. M. Cameron, Rev. A. J. M'Vicar, Rev. Mr. Macnab, Mr. Norman Morrison, and Mr. P. J. Campbell, whose services as secretary have done so much towards the progress of the branch. A ladies' committee, under the convener-ship of Miss Grace Hall of Tamgy, dispensed a bounteous tea during an interval—a feature of the proceedings which was highly appreciated, especially by those who came long distances. At intervals during the competitions, a pupils' choir from Dalintober School gave part songs, which, by their charm and simplicity, as well as their Highland flavour, added materially to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. M'Innes accompanied the competitors, and to her and the adjudicators the special thanks of the branch are due. Altogether, this first attempt at a mod was highly successful, and gives promise of greater things in the future.

TOBERMORY.—This branch met socially in the Aros Hall, when, with songs, dance, etc., a happy evening was spent. The Gaelic choir—Messrs. J. Cameron, Maclean, Mackinnon, Miss Macarthur, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Medicott, and Mrs. Macleod—took much appreciated part, as did the chairman, Mr. J. Cameron, Drumfin. The usual votes of thanks to the musicians, Messrs. H. Cameron, D. Macleod, MacRone, Miss Mary Maclean, Mrs. Macdougall, and Mrs. Dunlop, the singers, etc., was heartily accorded. With the singing of "Oidhche Mhath Leibh" brought to a close what may be termed the most successful meeting so far organised by An Comunn Gaidhealach.

LOCHABER.—A lecture on "Iain Lom," by the Very Rev. Canon Macmaster, roused much interest at a recent ceilidh, especially to those familiar from childhood with traditions of that poet. The lecturer spoke of his extraordinary powers of mind and remarkable force of character. Bitter and vehement in his denunciation of those he disapproved, devoted to the persons and causes he espoused, he cheerfully faced ruin and exile on their behalf. He threw himself into all the political movements of his long life, ranging from James I. to George I., and surviving Sheriffmuir. Iain Lom is said to have been one of the first, if not the originator of the modern school of Gaelic poetry, differing from the ancient bardic school in many points.—A meeting of the sub-committee followed, which was joined by the County Director of Education, who promised his co-operation in the projected juvenile mod.

DUNOON.—The regular monthly ceilidh was held in the Imperial Hall on Thursday, 13th December. Owing to the absence of the President, Mr. Donald Macdonald, M.A., Vice-President ex-Bailie John Miller presided. The proceedings opened with bagpipe selections by Piper John Henderson, followed by the company singing "Suas Leis a' Ghàidhlig." Councillor John M'Farlane, who was to have been the lecturer for the evening, could not attend, owing to the date of the ceilidh having been altered for the Mrs. Kennedy Fraser concert. An able substitute was found in the person of Miss Shaw, who delighted the audience with a humorous Gaelic story. Gaelic songs were afterwards contributed by Mrs. Urquhart, Miss M'Kechnie, and the Misses Gallagher. While the Misses Gallagher have delighted the audience on many an occasion by their singing of Scottish songs, this is the first time they have appeared as Gaelic vocalists, having only a few weeks' training. Their rendering of the Gaelic songs left nothing to be desired. Miss Dewar, a general favourite, delighted the audience by her humorous recitations. Mr. Archd. Gillies made a lasting impression by his fine rendering of several Highland songs. Accompaniments were

provided by Miss Margt. M'Kechnie and Miss Stewart. After votes of thanks had been heartily accorded the artistes and the chairman, a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the company singing "Oidhche mhath Leibh." Eight dozen copies of "An Gaidheal" were sold at the close.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

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Mrs. Hanbury of Inverewe.
The Hon. Mrs. Godfrey Macdonald, Skye.
Mrs. L. Moffat-Pender, Edinburgh.

NEW ORDINARY MEMBERS.

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Mrs. Macdonald of Dunach.
John MacDonald, Esq., M.A., Stornoway.
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TELEGRAMS—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1007.*

Leabhar XIX.]

Am Màrt, 1924.

[Earrann 6

A' GHÀIDHLIG ANNS A' CHUBAID.

Is minic a chuala mi feadhainn ag ràdh, “Ged a thuigas mi còmhradh Gàidhlig math gu leòr chan urrainn mi searmon Gàidhlig a thuigsinn.” Agus tha sin fìor. Tha iad pailt a labhras is a leughas a' chainnt cho fad is a tha na facail cumanta. Bruidhnidh is leughaidh iad an cànan ma tha an còmhradh no an sgrìobhadh mu dhéidhinn gnothuichean coitcheinn. Ach ann an searmon feumar gu tric cuid de bhriathran a chleachdadh nach eileas ag ùisneachadh an diugh an còmhradh. Is e so an t-aobhar nach tuigear searmon Gàidhlig leothasan aig nach eil fathast ach beagan eòlais air a' chainnt. Tha e soilleir uime sin gu bheil a' chùbaid 'n a meadhon air iomadh facal a chumail beò nach biodh idir ri chluinntinn mur biodh iad air an cur gu feum anns a' chrannaig. Is riatanach gu nochdamaid cho luachmhor is a tha alt an t-searmonaiche ann a bhì a' teasairginn fhacal o bhì a' dol air di-chuimhne. Tuigear nach e so an t-àite airson leudachadh air brìgh an t-searmon eadarthealaichte o na briathran. Ach aig an am cheudna tha e ceart gun gabhamaid beachd air a' chùbaid Ghàidhlig mar sheirbhiseach is mar chùl-taice ann a bhì a' cumail suas na cànan 'n a lànachd is 'n a fallaineachd.

Tha e 'n a chall dhuinn nach eil sinn uile cho eòlach is bu chòr dhuinn air eachdraidh urramach ar cànan. Ged a tha i anns a' linn so fo dhimeas, cho robh i mar sin o chionn beagan linntean air ais. Bha ar sinnsir a' cur na Gàidhlig an cleachdadh an gnothuichean am beatha làitheal. Cha robh cànan eile aca cho gràdhach leotha. Eadar ìosal is uasal cha

chluinnte 'n am measg ach an cainnt mhàtharail, aig mòd no aig margadh, aig aoradh no aig eireachdas. Tha cunntas againn gur i a labhair rìghrean Alba uaireigin; agus tha c dearbhta gur i a labhair rìghrean na h-Eireann fad còrr is nùle bliadhna. Is ann innte a sgrìobhadh reachdan nan Gàidheal mar a gheibhear iad anns na leabhraichean aosmhor mar a tha Leabhar Aicill agus An Seanachus Mór. Is ann innte a bha na seann bhrèitheamhan a' sgòtadh ceartais; a bha na bàird a' luaidh air na chitheadh is na chluinneadh iad; agus a bha na seanachaidhean ag cìridneadh na seann eachdraidh, dualchas nan treubh is sloinnteach nan ceann-cinnidh. Ach a nis thàinig caochladh mòr inu 'n cuairt, agus ghabh cainnt choimheach àite na cànan dhùthchasail. Is anns a' chùbaid fhéin a mhàin a labhrar a' Ghàidhlig an diugh le tomhas de lànachd is de choimhliontachd.

Tha e aithnichte gu bheil a' Ghàidhlig anabarrach saobhir anns a' ghnè bhriathran sin a tha riatanach airson na cùbaid. Agus a nis cuireamaid ceist neònach. Cha mar a thachair so, gu bheil cainnt a labhradh le sluagh borb, mas eadh, cho deas dealbhach air bilean searmonaiche ge be cho fhòglumaichte no cho fileanta is g' am bi e. Na saoil idir gur ceist fhaoin a dh'fhaighneadh sinn. Cha b'ann le tuiteamas a thachair an nì. Ma fhreagrar a' cheist gu h-onarach feumar aidaeachadh gun d'fhuair teachdairean an t-Soisgeil air tùs a' chainnt air a h-àiteachadh. Ghabh iad gun teagamh ìosal o an Laidimn de bheagan fhacal a bhùineas do ghnàthan na h-eaglais; ach math dh'fhaodta gu faigheadh iad anns a' Ghàidhlig fhéin facail a cheart cho cagnuidh is cho fuaimneach. Cha tug na

facail iosaid a bheag de thogail do 'n Ghàidhlig a thaobh fileantachd. Fada mu 'n cualas an Soisgeul riamh an Eirinn no an Alba, sàothraich na bàird a' chainnt; agus dh' àitich iad na briathran a bhùneas do dh' aignidhean is faireachdaidhean a' chridhe. Lorgaich iad iomadh camadh an cranncheur a' chinne daonnda. Chuir iad an ceill iarratus ar nàduir fo atharrachadh crutha. Rinn iad iomradh air cumnart is cogadh, air cor is cleachdaidhean an t-sluaigh.

Rinneadh rosg Gàidhlig àiteachdh fada mun cualas mu rosg rinneil an cainntean ùra mar a' Bheurla is a' Fhrangais. Bha an seann rosg Gàidhealach 'g a sàothrachadh anns na sgeulachdan le filidhean is ollamhan. Ghabh luchd teagaisg an t-soisgeil an rosg rinneil sin mar bhonn is eisimpleir an cuid òraid. Chithear so anns na searmoin Ghàidhlig a tha còrr is ochd ceud bliadhna de dh'aois, agus a tha air an clò-bhualadh anns an leabhar ris an canar *Passions and Homilies*. Riamh o linn Chalum Chille bha searmonaichean Gàidhealach a' leasachadh na càinain, agus 'g a h-àrdachadh an loinn is an cumhachd. Cluinnear gu tric geairean mu dhorchadas nan Linntean Meadhonach; ach anns na linntean sin cha robh a' chùbaid Ghàidhlig air a dearmad. Chum Eaglais an Ath-Leasaichidh ri deadh fhòghlum a cuid mhinistearan; agus bha a' Ghàidhlig anns a' chrannaig mar thobar fiosrachaidh a bha fosgailte a ghnàth do na h-aineolaich. B' àbhaist do ar càinain a bhì 'g a cleachdadh le searmonaichean fòghlumaichte. Agus tha an t-iarratus sin fathast beò an inntinn an t-sluaigh. Chan éisd coimhthional Gàidhealach le foghaidinn no tlachd ri droch Ghàidhlig. The e mar fhiachaibh air gach neach leis an caomh a' chainnt gu 'n dean iad na dh' fhaodas iad le dùrachd is earail, a chum gum bi sgìrean na Gàidhealtachd anns a bheil Ghàidhlig air a h-òrduchadh le lagh na h-Eaglais—gum bi na sgìrean sin a' faotainn luchd-teagaisg a chumas suas neart is maise na Gàidhlig anns a' chùbaid.

THE CELTIC CRAFTSMAN.

By HUGH MUNRO.

[A Lecture delivered at the Exhibition of Celtic Art and Highland Crafts, at Glasgow, in May, 1923.]

III.

The workers in stone and metal, proud of their patterns and designs, their spirals and their chevron bands, their decorated necklaces and beads

(and, I may say, those produced in our country at a time long before the coming of Columba were unsurpassed even by those knowing the culture of older civilisation), as immigration and love of adventure brought the men-at-arms with shields and accoutrements bearing the design and patternings of the artists of other districts, there was that stimulus to artistic activity which is the foster parent of every art.

You can trace for yourselves the evolution of those patternings, the close and open spirals of the S and C forms, to their culmination in flamboyant glory in the Book of Kells, and such stone crosses as the Barrochan and the Iona and Kildalton ones in our own Highlands, with which all of us are familiar.

In a popular lecture on an art topic, one has to be careful of wearying an audience with technicalities bearing names difficult of interpretation, and I shall not enter into details in the evolution of either of the forms. But let me say this, that of the Bronze and Iron Age of Celtic culture there was an achievement which no race excels in excellence, in efficiency of execution or beauty of design. I have examined in detail the lotus and lozenge form of decoration of Egyptian and Assyrian art at an equal period in their development with the art forms of the Celtic peoples, and I personally have no difficulty in my preference. Admitted that the basis of the Celtic is simple—the simple diagonal V's, and S's and flowing curves and circles—but the basis of all art motives are simple. You require only some paint and oil, a canvas, and some brushes to paint a picture like Rubens' "Descent from the Cross"—and, of course, Rubens' ability. I nearly omitted that. You, if you take the time, by drawing four rectangular lines so as to form a frame, and placing two circles of equal size equi-distant from each other and the lines forming the frame, then place another pair each half an inch immediately below the pair above, and another in like manner above the first two, then connect the circles with fine flowing curves horizontally placed of S and C forms, connecting the curve above and below, you may arrive at the secret of much of the Celtic design in an elementary way. When you have done that, you have the key to much of the patterning of the stone carvings and metal work of the age immediately preceding the Christian one, and the later secrets of the beauties of the Books of Landisfarne and Kells. How long the missals of the Book of Kells took to produce I do not know; nor do I know the

name of the scribe or scribes who executed the work within it. It became known in the early part of the eleventh century, about 1006 A.D.; the Book of Landisfarne in the eighth, under the See of Eadfrith. They were quite possibly of equal period; but I know that the devoted lady who copied the missal decoration, working diligently, took twelve years. I hope, when you set about making your patterning on the simple plan I have adumbrated, you will spend a pleasant Saturday afternoon.

During the Roman occupation and Saxon periods there were engraftments on the art principles of the Celtic designs, which the trained eye of the archæologist can sift as easily as sugar can be sifted from sand. I very nearly said water from whisky; but in these days that takes a special course of training, and even with that training one's skill is doubtful. In that of the symbols, you can trace the advent of the classical vine or bunches of grapes of the Greeks and Romans; the axe heads of the Scandinavian (presumably traceable to the hammer-bearing deities, Zeus or Thor), and in the designs of the animal and vegetable forms, the floral shapes and beasts' heads intertwined. You will be acquainted with the involved designs of the beasts with two toes, their legs knotted in weird patternings, their heads crossed, their tails coiled in serpentine knots or ending in bell-formed or trumpet-formed tails, and you have the introduction of distinct floral patterns, lotus-like decorations, much like those on the robes and chariot mountings and textiles taken from Tutankhamen's tomb, or from the palace of Knossos in the minor dynasties of Crete. To tell you how and when these came in—when the quaint figures of the Barrochan, Iona, Nigg, Dupplin, and Kildalton, and many other crosses of the Irish group. We know the history and the periods of the crosses themselves, but in the decoration of them they point to an inter-communication with widely dispersed peoples, and are in contrast with the sad, dark years following on the Norman invasion in their isolation and unproduction, and the pick of them seem all the more dark and depressing.

The historian wonders at the arid period of decadence in the arts of a people which set in at various periods of their development—the long period in Germany from the Nebelungen to the coming of the Theologians; the present period of sterility in the arts of Italy and Greece, and the wave of decadence which beset Europe in the

Middle Ages; and the archæologist must wonder at the vast unproductive area in Celtic art following the Reformation in our country. War is the enemy of everything pertaining to the arts—war and the uncertainty following upon war. Art survives war, as the pages of history prove—indecid, it takes no cognisance of it—but war and remoteness, isolation and poverty when combined with war, make for death where the art spirit is, and that is what took place in our Highlands.

Previous to the coming of Christianity to Scotland, at the period immediately prior to its spread throughout the regions from Candida Casa to Crinan and to the Isles, there was a crafts spirit fostered by the Church, which the monuments of our country—those which have stood the ravages of time and iconoclasm—give indication of. The metals wrought in the period range from gold, silver, bronze, tin, and the stones, from freestone and mica to the fine crystals, and they were produced in diverse ways from the mould to enamelling, repousse work, and glazing, and the workmanship, owing to the stimulus given by the constant coming and going between the Continent and here, reached its highest point of development under Church influence.

In one way the monkish supervision, with the advent of Christianity, while the prime contributory factor in the development of Celtic art, was a blessing, in another it was a curse. It was a blessing in that it brought, as the result of that coming and going between the monastic centres and Rome, to which I have referred, the means and ways and the knowledge which gave the stimulus here; and it was a curse from the artist's point of view, in that it brought decadence by unifying the decorative motive.

And that, from the art point of view, is everything. The warrior of the Bronze and Iron Ages engaged the worker in metal and stone and the designer for his shield and spear and horse trappings; the ladies allowed him free play for his ingenuities in the necklaces, beads, brooches, and chate-laines, and in the domestic utensils of her household; but he was limited to unification in the sole and arbitrary employment of the fathers.

If you examine the decoration motive of the crosses of your country—and we are exceedingly rich in these, although the only illuminated book produced in our regions is the Book of Deer; but if you study these—

and you have a fine example at Barrochan in Renfrewshire here at hand—you will find the transition in well-marked directions of the decoration motives; you will find the later of these—the erect, free standing crosses and wheel crosses of the Irish group, such as the Barrochan, Iona, and Kildalton ones, that they come as near as they could to being a mixture of the work of the scribe, the metal worker, and the stone craftsman, in that the admixture of ornament, figure subject, pure design, and symbol riot in the endeavour to produce some connection between the lives of the Biblical saints, the saints of the Church, and the phenomena of the world. Much of the work on these—most on the richly-wrought erect cross slab of Nigg, Inverness-shire—is so unmistakably Byzantine in influence that the purely Celtic element is subordinated; and the work, in its saintly portraiture and Bible incident, is more like a page from the Book of Kells than a monument to be seen under conditions of the sun or open-air lighting.

And, moreover, in the Bells and Book-shrines or Cumdachs—the Croziers—those ornate walking-stick-like shrines for the pastoral staffs of the fathers—I understand you have the Lismore one here—that element predominates, and the monastic desire to pictorialise the saints so determines—that by the twelfth century the purely Celtic was being preceded by Italian, Byzantine, and Scandinavian devices.

You may find incidents of the life of David and the Saviour—David playing the harp or slaying a lion, or the Saviour in a costume of composite Celtic interlacing, knot and plait work with flamboyant curves and circles interplaying through the design, the whole set in arrangements of architectural background of columns and arches, etc.—proving that the influence from Rome had obsessed the craftsman. That is not good for art.

In conclusion, let me say that the Book of Kells contains the culmination of Celtic art in its composite form. The scribe or scribes who were engaged in its compilation had studied not only the arts of the draughtsman in colour, the letterer, the designer, the decorator, but the metal worker as well. The designs of the Hallstatt and Hunsbury shields are in it; those of the Iron Age through and through it; that of the Killamey lunule or hair ornament and the simple urn forms as well, and you may say that it is the entire museum and gallery in one of Celtic

art. I hope you will study the copies from its pages we have here, even although, in those material days, you will be merely walking in the past by perusing those copies. Follow the open and close spirals and the lace work. Try to evolve the breaks in any of the patterns of the plaits, or, if that is too complicated, seek the solution of the knotted designs in any of the true Celtic forms you may come across in metal or stone, and you will have some, if not adequate, then some idea of the transitions to which I have referred. When you have done so, you will respect the genius of your people in those days—a genius which, as Grant Allan, the novelist, says, is such that it possessed, and still possesses, that rare character and temperamental resilience which enabled it, not only to withstand incursion and attempts at repression, but when, by superior strength seemingly borne under, to permeate the invaders with their own culture and characteristics.

I do not say that you should seek to revive those arts. I am sceptical of all effort, whether by guilds or other artificial aids, to revive anything social, religious, or artistic, because I know that along that way lies futility.

The art spirit can't be squeezed into a people any more than you can squeeze a jellyfish into a bottle, because the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the Spirit of God descends upon a man or not at all. Foster your language firstly, and open up your literature and your youth, where the art spirit evinces itself, will find there the guidance to achievement. A real guide, a guide to the true spirit of Celticism, not that hectic thing which we now associate with the romanticism and melodrama of the Jacobite rebellion—that highly-coloured pageant of claymores, kilts, and sgandhus—but that realm of sheer beauty which your language contained in the ages when other literatures were emerging from the embryo. If you foster that language and the spirit of beauty it contains—a real intrinsic beauty which even I, at a second hand, without the key to a complete understanding of it, can detect—you keep your youth along true artistic ideals. For they will learn where real beauty lies in their history and associations. They will learn that around them, in their own conditions, away from any martial trappings of the Rebellion and the feuds of the clans, that there is beauty there, however poor the surroundings and your artists, when they come, they will give it life.

ROB DONN SONG.

This is one of the songs selected for the Thurso Branch Competition at the Perth Mod, and must be sung in the Sutherland dialect. Copyright—From Songs and Poems by Rob Donn (Robert Mackay) with the kind permission of the Editor of "*The Celtic Monthly*."

'SE DO BHAS, MHR MHORCHAIHDH

KEY F.

{ . m | m : - : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r, r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s
 'Se do bhàs, Mhaighstir Mhorchaidh A rinn na h-àitean so dhorch-nadh ;
 Na'm biodh a' Chrìosduidheachd iomlan, Cha rach - adh d'lochuimhn' air t'iomradh.

{ m : - : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r, r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s ^{D.C.} ||
 'S g'ad chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann, Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.
 No do ghniomharan iomlaid, Ach leantadh t'iomachan - s' gu léir.

{ d : - : m | s : l : s | s : - : s | m : - : s | s : l : s | s : - : s
 Gur e chràdh mi 'nam mbean mnadh, 'S do luchd gràidh agus leanmhèinn ;

{ l : - : t | d' : t : l | l : - : d' | l : - : s | m : r : m | l : - : -
 Meud do shaothrach mu's d'fhalbh thu, 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh.

{ d' : - : t | l : s : f | m : - : m | l : - : r | r : d : r | m : - : s
 Bheir cuid leasanan buadhach O bhruaich fhàs - an - ta t'uaghach

{ l : - : l | s : m : r | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - ||
 Nach d'thug daiseachan suarach As na chual iad uat féin.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach ;
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont' ;
 Bha thu aodannach, geurach ;
 Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh.
 Bu tu'n tabhairteach maoiniach ;
 Bu tu'n labhairteach saoitheach ;
 Bu tu'n comhairleach tlomail,
 'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath.
 Tha e 'na ladarnas gàbhaidh
 Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh
 Ni an àird na chaidh uainn ;
 Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's is iognadh,
 No'n nì a's faisge do mhlorbhuill,
 Am beàrn so th'againn a lionadh
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoleadh
 Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine ;
 'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhì pàidht' ;
 'Chuid bu taitnich 'n an iomchain,
 Chan eil facal mu'n timchioll ;
 Cha bhi ceartas mu'n iomradh,
 Ach le'n imrich 'nam bàs ;—
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn
 Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn—
 Bhi slor ghearradh ar gaibhlean,
 'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fàs ;
 Gun cheann làidir gu 'fhaighneachd
 Co nì'n àirde na chaill sinn ;
 Cuid d'an cràdh, là is oidhche
 Nach tig t'oighre 'na t'àit'.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn was held in the Royal British Hotel, Perth, on Thursday, 21st February. The members present were:—Mr. Angus Robertson, President; The Lady Helen Tod, Dunkeld; Mrs. Christison, Glasgow; Mrs. Colquhoun, Glasgow; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Lord James Stewart Murray, Dunkeld; Capt. George I. Campbell, Yr. of Succoth; Messrs T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow; Alex. Fraser, Dalmuir; D. M. MacIntyre, Kenmore; Andrew Stewart, Partick; Archd. Stewart, Cambuslang; Donald Sutherland, Scone; George Sutherland, Dundee; Robert MacFarlane, treasurer, and Neil Shaw, secretary.

The President, Mr. Angus Robertson, occupied the chair.

Minutes of previous meetings were read and adopted. The Finance Committee reported that the surplus on the Inverness Mod was £100 19s 7d. and the committee considered this highly satisfactory.

The treasurer reported on the Relief of Distress in the Highlands and Islands Fund. The sum of £1449 had been collected by An Comunn and the Greenock Highland Society were paying their collections through An Comunn, which at that time amounted to about £740. Branches of An Comunn had been very active in the matter, and sums outstanding included about £70 from the Bute Branch and £40 from the Oban Branch.

The President said he thought An Comunn as a body ought to take a certain amount of credit to itself for the part they had taken in the movement. He mentioned that a cablegram had been received from Major Graham of the *Scottish American*, New York, stating that he was willing to open a fund, and this offer was accepted. Appeals had also been sent to practically all the leading newspapers in the world, and the attention given the Highlands and Islands to-day was due to the sympathetic, charitable and generous attitude the Press had taken up in the matter. When the Relief Committee had discharged its duties in disbursing the funds entrusted to it, he expressed the hope that it would deliberate in some measure on how to deal with the Highland problem and the situation of the people of the Highlands.

The treasurer was instructed to remit the money collected to the Central Fund, together with all further monies which he might receive.

The Education Committee recommended to the Executive that public announcement be

made of the Committee's willingness to establish a Summer School of Gaelic provided satisfactory arrangements could be made, and that a number sufficient to make the Class self-supporting intimated their intention to attend. The Class would be held in a Gaelic-speaking district such, for example, as Broadford, Skye.

The Committee welcomed in the interests of Gaelic the greater freedom in choice of curricula afforded by the new regulations under which the School Certificates will be issued in future. The larger liberty now to be enjoyed in the preparation of courses of study should make it easier to provide for the teaching of Gaelic and the Committee would strongly urge upon Education Authorities that in the case of all Gaelic-speaking pupils in advanced divisions, Gaelic should be one of the subjects of study, and that at the Post-Intermediate stage provision should be made for the study of Gaelic by all Gaelic-speaking pupils.

The Publication Committee reported that the net cost to An Comunn of the series of Gaelic School Text Books was £123 5s.

The Propaganda Committee met an hour previous to the meeting of the Executive and received reports from the secretary on Islay, Mull, Lorn and Mid-Argyll Provincial Mods. The Lady Helen Tod reported on the dissolution of the Atholl Branch, and on the arrangements made to form independent branches at Blair Atholl, Pitlochry and Ballinluig. The Hartwood Ceilidh nan Gaidheal was added to the list of Comunn Branches.

The Art and Industry Committee reported on the arrangements being made in conjunction with the Highland Home Industries, Ltd. for holding an Exhibition and Sale of Highland Home Industries in Glasgow in week commencing 24th March.

The Mod and Music Committee recorded their regret at the continued illness of the convener, Rev. M. N. Munro, and expressed the hope that he would soon be able to attend the meetings.

The Committee recommended the appointment of Mr. William Algie, M.A., Glasgow, as official accompanist at the Mod. They also recommended that competitors singing at the Mod should furnish the judge of singing with a short account in English of the purport of the songs (other than those prescribed); also the author's name and locality. This would help the judge, and add to the literary knowledge of the singer.

The next meeting of the Executive Council will be held in Glasgow on 26th April.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

This spirited poem extols the steed of Eoin, chief of Clan Gregor, who died in 1519. The Dean has preserved five poems by this bard, four of which are in praise of or connected with the same chief; the fifth is on Ailin of Clan Ranald, beginning "theasta aon diabhal na nGaidheal." The metre is "Dechnad fota;" the first line of each couplet contains eight syllables and ends on a dissyllable; the second line of each couplet has six syllables and ends on a dissyllable. The even lines have end rhyme, as *ise, mise*, but the rhyme is not always quite satisfactory, *i.e.*, assuming that my reconstruction is correct. Each couplet has internal rhyme (*uaithe*), as in rann I, *saoi, mhaoith; bhuaidheas, luaidheas*; here also the rhyme is not always exact. "Each," a steed, is made feminine, as often in poetry; so elsewhere "cú," a hound, is made feminine, even when it refers to Cúchulainn, *e.g.*, "siad uile a naghaidh na con" (Celt. Zeit. II., 343). The Dean's text, however, is not consistent in this respect, and I have let "an eich" stand thrice. "An dubh Saighleann" and "an Liath Macha" were Cúchulainn's famous steeds. Another famous horse was "an Dearg Drúchtach," Conall Cernach's steed (LL 122 a; 122 b); it is mentioned in the poem to Torcul mac Ruairidh, chief of the MacLeods of Lewis, beginning "fhuaras mac mar an t-athair" (*Deo Greine*, July, 1921).

The text of the MS. is clear, and Dr. McLauchlan's transcript needs but little correction: in rann 5b, read "dachi" for "dachis;" "reith" for "roith;" 9a, read "weazin" for "weayin;" 10b delete "in" before "merkych;" 11b, read "gay" for "ga." In 4d, "hor eaid" should rhyme with "oidheirc," but the expression is obscure to me. The translation of 9c is tentative. When the poet describes the horse's speed, the rhythm is like the flight of a swallow, a fine imitation of fluent, undulating motion.

FIONNLACH AN BARD RUADH
IS E THUBHAIRT SO.

1. Gealladh gach saoi do'n each odhar
an geall do mhaoith ise ;
fa h-í bhuaidheas is gcosnamh
gach n' luaidheas mise.
2. Urraim a luaithe 'g a cosaibh
go ruathar do bhriseadh ;
nochtadh 'san aonach a treise,
's an chaolach giodh soithimh.
3. Ní fhoghnann saighead d'a caitheamh
ré aigheadh a reatha ;
ní mbréag tuarasgháil an each-sin,
stéad luadhaltach gasda.
4. An Dubh Saighleann is ria as cosmhail,
nó oighre an Léith Macha ;
giodh oidheirc a méad 's a gcosnamh,
ní . . . ná ar n-each-ne.
5. Mar caochladh gaoithe de chnocaibh
rith na saoithe i ndeachaidh ;
mór gcéad léir aoidhbheas a síubhal,
théid mar thaidhbhe seachaibh.
6. Each doní sír-rith ré saighid,
a gníomhra is greanta ;
léigeas bann d'uaisle a reatha,
's an ruathar mar reathas.

FIONNLACH, THE RED BARD, IT
WAS HE SAID THIS—

1. Let each wise man pledge for the dun
horse the stake he challenges ; it is he that wins
in the contest in each matter that I mention.
2. Honour to his feet for his swiftness in
breaking an onset ; his might has been shown
in the gathering, though he be gentle in the
enclosure.
3. A shaft shot main is no match for his
running ; no feigned rumour is that horse,
a steed goodly and nimble.
4. The Dubh Saighleann he resembles or the
heir of the Liath Macha ; though far-famed
their size and their prowess in contest, they
are not (better) than our horse.
5. As the shifting of wind from hilltops is
the running of the troop he charges ; to many
hundreds his career is dreadful, he who goes by
like a phantom.
6. A steed that keeps pace ever with an
arrow ; his deeds are brilliant ; a steed that
lets win triumphs by the excellence of his
running, as he races in the onset.

7. Giodh fada an eachraidh roimpe,
nìor aithnigh an marcach ;
gur beag de mholadh an each-soin
a coimhneas ré ealtaibh.
8. Coimhdheas a buadh is a siubhal
a geruadhach 's a lathaigh ;
eagla an eich ar gach duine
tigfidh a ngreis catha.
9. A bfeacht, a bfeadhain, a gcumasg
is each bhreagh an each-soin ;
greann ar an mhóir-each 'g a masgal
a geann chorra bhraitaigh.
10. Bheir an stuadh fhulangach thograch
urraim sluagh d'a marcach ;
thóid ó'n chóir do bheith ar thosach
an mhóir-each mhín mhasglach.
11. Beiridh buadh reatha agus cosgair
ge tí a n-uair fheasgair ;
go h-éasgaidh óirchriosach ullamh,
móirchriothach ar faitheche ;
go biodhgach cruinnshleamhan crudhach.
mín druimleathan data.
12. Each fa thuarasgbhail an eich-sin
do chualamar aca ;
cha roibh seise riamh fa coimhneas :
ní mheiste an Liath Macha.
13. MacGriogóir ceannphort an eich-sin,
tréan 'n a ghleannphort file ;
tigfid ó'n Bhanbha 'g a mholadh,
a nAlbain 'g a shireadh ;
fear chuireas airgne ar Ghallaibh,
is earbsa r'a gheaalldh.
7. Though the squadron be far ahead, his
rider does not note it ; it is small praise for
that steed to compare him to bird-flocks.
8. Equal is his triumph and his career on
firm ground and on bogland ; fear of that horse
comes on each man that meets him in fray of
battle.
9. On expedition, in host, in conflict, a
goodly steed is that horse ; grim looks the great
horse as men cringe to him in front of a taper
banner.
10. That chief of steeds, enduring and keen,
wins the reverence of hosts for his rider ; the
van is his place and he goes there, that great
horse, smooth-coated and virile.
11. He wins the palm for speed and for
victory, though he come in the hour of evening ;
agile, gold-girthed, ready ; causing the field
to quake greatly ; bounding, round-barrelled
and sleek ; iron-shod, smooth-coated, broad-
backed, comely.
12. A horse such as this horse we have heard
to be theirs ; his match was never found to
compare with him ; he is the equal of the
Liath Macha.
13. That steed's lord is MacGregor ; strong
in his glen-mansion are poets ; they will come
from Banbha to praise him, seeking to him in
Alba ; a man who ravages Saxons, and whose
promise is trusted.

HEBREW AND GAELIC.

The Times has recently published an article on the revival of classical Hebrew during the past forty years. The revival of the original language of the Old Testament was the work of one man, Eliezer ben Yehudah, who died two years ago. Classical Hebrew had been a dead language for nearly twenty centuries. It had only been read in the synagogue. It would have been profanation to use it as an every-day speech. In 1881 ben Yehudah commenced a campaign for its restoration to ordinary use as the language of the home and of business, as well as of Jewish education. He suffered persecution and imprisonment. "Yet that astonishing will power stood firm. refused to speak any language but Hebrew ; the Jews around him entering Palestine in increasing numbers from all parts of the world

spoke almost every language under the sun except Hebrew—(though Yiddish, a Jewish-German jargon, the language of Whitechapel, predominated) ; but his persistent combativeness in the end made others speak Hebrew too. He edited newspapers, he organised societies, he taught in schools till he infected others with his own enthusiasm. He raised up children of his own and made them talk Hebrew from the cradle. His ideas spread gradually from family to family, until unit by unit, a generation arose in Palestine which knew no language but Hebrew." He modernised the speech for contemporary needs by coining new words from old roots, and by culling rare words from old literature. He edited vocabularies and dictionaries, and finally compiled a thesaurus. He lived to see his ideal realised.

Here, surely, is a worthy example for all Gaels to keep alive their native Gaelic.

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Tha na feasgair a nis a' sinedh, agus tha tlachd aig neach a bhòthan fhagail an déidh obair latha agus cnairt bheag a ghabhail a mach air an dùthaich. Tha an lòn-dubh a' cur fàilte chridheil air an fhear chnairt, agus an fasgadh na coille tha blàithean an Earraich a' togail an cinn ag innseadh dha gu bheil thus is fàs aig làimh. Tha ceilearadh nan eun taitneach anns a' mhaduinn agus air mo rathad an so moch-thrath bidh mo shùil air craoibh ubhall an gàradh a' mhaighstir sgoile far an luinneagach an smeòrach.

The list of subscribers to our Relief Fund will make interesting reading to members as showing the wide scope of our appeal. This number of *An Gaidheal* will reach hundreds of people who are totally unaware of the prime objects of the Association, and for their information a slip is enclosed indicating what these objects are. Their generous response to our appeal is much appreciated by us, and not in any lesser degree by those for whom we have worked. Parents and others in the Western Highlands and Islands will remember with gratitude the answer to our call, and in years to come this copy will become a memorial of the charitableness of the British Public.

Our Branches have done splendid work on our behalf in connection with the Distress Fund, also many of our Affiliated Societies. A special effort was made by the Greenock Highland Society, and with the splendid assistance of the *Greenock Telegraph*, they have collected a large sum. The Paisley Highlanders Association also gave an evening's entertainment on behalf of the Fund. Other Societies have contributed as will be seen from the list.

All the music and test pieces for the Perth Mod are now issued. Competitors desirous of entering for the Thurso Branch prizes will do well to order copies of this and the next two numbers, containing the selected Rob Donn songs, at once. Back numbers cannot be guaranteed as the demand for the Magazine is now greater than ever.

Members of the Mod Local Committee at Perth are holding a concert on 5th March in aid of Mod Funds. Branches within the county have promised financial support, and everything is pointing towards a very successful gathering.

No fewer than six Provincial Mods are being arranged for. The first to take place will be at Ormidale, and competitions are open to the Cowal district. The Lorn District Mod will be held at Oban on 23rd May, and the Mid-Argyll at Lochgilphead on 24th and 25th June. The dates for Islay, Mull and Lochaber have not yet been fixed, but the former will in all probability be held about the middle of June.

Mr. Hugh MacLean, An Comunn Singing Master, is completing his term in Lorn and is proceeding to Islay on 6th March. The classes in the Lorn districts have aroused keen interest and some of the districts are expected to be well represented at the Mod in Oban. The same Choral pieces have been selected for all the Provincial Mods, and this simplifies matters for the teacher, and will help to raise the standard and keep it at a high level.

Owing to many meetings in connection with the various activities of An Comunn at headquarters, I have been unable to arrange the customary long tours to visit far away branches. I hope, however, to visit a number before the end of the session.

Arrangements for the Exhibition and Sale of Highland Home Industries are now well forward. The Exhibition will be held in the Royal Halls, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, on week commencing 24th March. In this undertaking the Art and Industry Committee have the co-operation of the Highland Home Industries, Ltd., Edinburgh. The latter have also taken a stall at the Empire Exhibition at Wembley.

NIALL.

The mist lies low on the islands,
The sea-birds wheel and cry,
And dark is the rain-washed mainland,
And dim are the peaks of Skye.
But for all your sunlit southlands,
No sight or sound to me
Like the rain-swept misty Coolins,
And the sound of the Western Sea.

B. J. B. M'A.

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Le "LOCH NAN EALA."

Chan eil cinneach no sluagh air am bheil sgeul againn nach ann le bàrdachd agus rann-dachd a thòiseach an ceud eachdraidh. Chuir na bàird ann an rann-dachd gach nì cudthromach a bha gabhail àite. Sheinn iad cliù nan daoine treuna agus nam maighdeanan maiseach. Tha daoine gu nàdurra déigheil air ceòl 's air òrain, agus chluinntean anns gach linn gach seòrsa rann-dachd is bàrdachd air an seinn, cha mhór, aig gach àm agus anns gach àite. 'S ann mar so a bha 'chùis anns a Ghàidhealtachd, mar an ceudna. An sgalag an dèidh nan each, a bhanarach a' bleothann a' chruidh, an clobair a' siubhal a' mhonaidh, am maraiche ag iomram leis na raimh, no na shuidhe aig an stiùir 's am bata a' sgoltadh nan tonn gorma le seirm—bha òran no duan no lunneag air leth, agus freagarrach air son an suidheachaidh, aig gach aon dhiubh, agus bha beusan agus caithe-beatha an t-sluaigh air an aomadh agus air an daingeachadh a réir deagh-bheus no droch-bheus nam bàrd de'n robh tlachd aca. A thuilleadh air so, bha daoine ann a b'fheàrr na 'chéile air naidheachdan agus air sgeulachdan Innse—naidheachdan anns am biodh iomradh air euchdan, air blàir 's air còmhstri air muir 's air tìr, air sìthichean agus air taibhsean, air driad-fhortain, air marbhadh dhaoine, air togail chreach, agus air goid bhan. Sheinn na bàird mu threubhantas agus mu ghaisge nan laoch; agus bha e na thàmailt air daoine treuna agus fearail mur a biodh iomradh orra ann an duan no'n òran.

Feudar bàrdachd ar dùthcha a roinn na seòrsachan air leth mar so—òrain ghaoil, òrain mholaidh, aoirean, òrain chàinidh marbhròinn, òrain mhulaid, tuairisgeil, òrain àbhachdach, agus laoidhean no òrain spioradail.

'Se 'thubhairt aon dhiubh fhéin mu na Gàidheil—

"Bha na Gàidheil aineolach dall,

Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg;"

agus 's ann mar so a bha 'chùis ceud bliadhna roimhe so. Bha na bàird am bitheantas gun ionnsachadh sam bith ach na bha iad a' faicinn de dh'obair nàdur mu'n cuairt dhoibh; ach bha iad thar tomhais beachdail a thaobh dhaoine agus nithean eile; bna iad, mar an ceudna, teòchridheach agus co-fhaireachail, agus leis a sin furasda bhi air an gluasad nan aignidhean. Cha do sgrìobh ach àireamh

glé bheag do na bàird Ghàidhealach an cuid òran fhéin. Chan eil ag nach deach mòran de'n bhàrdachd mar so air chall. Bha cuimhne an-barrach làidir aig sluagh nan amannan so, agus thàinig cuid mhath de na h-òrain as fheàrr thugainn le beul-aithris. Bha iad sin air an sgrìobhadh le daoine ionnsuichte, air an clò-bhualadh le daoine beairteach, agus tha iad a nis againne mar ar cuid 's ar cuibhrionn fhéin.

Anns na garbh-chrìochan bha na bàird gu tric air an gluasad le maise agus le mòrachd, no le uamhas nan sealladh agus nam fuaim a bha mu'n cuairt orra—na beanntan stacach, stùcach, àrda, na glinn dhòrcha, dhomhain, na h-easan casa le'n torman mar fhuaim tàirneich a tuiteam sìos leis na stallachan, an fhaige bhuaireasach a bualadh air na creagan cruadha, coltach ri fuaim ghunnachan mòra; no air latha fiathail 'nnsair a bhith 'i mar sgathan anns am bi glòir nan speur a dealradh gu mais-each.

Tha eadar-dhealachadh sònruichte eadar bàrdachd nan ceud bliadhna mu dheireadh agus bàrdachd nan linn roimh sin. Mar a thàinig sluagh air an aghaidh ann an ionnsachadh, ann an innealachdan agus ann an ealain, mar a dh'atharraich iad an dòighean, an cleachaidhean, agus am barailean a thaobh ioma nì, mar a fhuair iad farsuingeachd intinn agus beachdan, tha so ri fhaicinn gu soillear ann an obair nam bàrd a sgrìobh anns an linn so 'sa Ghàidhealtachd; agus feudar a ràdh gu bheil iad air thoiseach air a chuid mhòr do na bàird o shean. Ach ann an nì sam bith a bhuneas do na h-aigmeadhan—do ghaol, do mhulad, do mhòladh, no do chàineadh—chan eil iad dad air thoiseach air an fheadhainn a thàinig rompa; oir chuir iad so an cèill an smuaintean ann an cainnt air nach urrainnear barrachd a thabhairt.

Bha cothroman sònruichte aig bàird na linne so, ach bha, mar an ceudna, mòran aca ri cathachadh na aghaidh. Bha ml-shuim air a ghabhail do'n Ghàidhlig, bha mòran ga 'treigsinn mar chaint, bha sgeig agus ml-mheas ga thabhairt do'n mhuintir a bha ga labhairt, bha i air a fudach às na sgoiltean agus a mòran de na dachaidhean Gàidhealach. Rinn daoine ann an ùghdarras agus aig an robh mòr-chumhachd 'sa Ghàidhealtachd na b'urrainn iad air son cur às dhi gu buileach. Ach tha na chaidh de dhuain 's de dh'òrain a chur ri chéile bho cheann ceud bliadhna a' dearbhadh gu soillear gum bheil a' Ghàidhlig fhathast gu reachdmhor làidir fallain.

(R'a leantainn.)

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Highlanders	1 0 0	Mrs. A. Pope, Dorset	0 15 0
Mrs. David Boyle, Fairlie	1 0 0	Crogan Branch An Comunn	0 15 0
Professor Frederick Brown, Richmond	1 0 0	Mrs. and Misses Simey, Somerset	0 15 0
Anonymous, Pollokshaws	1 0 0	Miss M. C. Thomson, Weybridge	0 12 6
Ronald MacKinnon, Ledaig	1 0 0	Anderson Family, Birmingham	0 11 6
Misses Drysdale, Mount Florida	1 0 0	John Boyd, Esq., Scotstoun	0 10 6
Miss Mary Hart, Paisley	1 0 0	J. A. Warburton, Esq., South Devon ..	0 10 6
Miss E. C. Astley, Arisaig	1 0 0	W. Binks, Esq., Harrow	0 10 6
Miss G. Richards, St. Leonards-on-Sea	1 0 0	Fred. Howarth, Esq., Bury	0 10 6
Arthur J. White, Esq., London	1 0 0	Miss M. Skilbeck, Swainby	0 10 6
Miss MacKenzie, Andover	1 0 0	Mrs. R. Sutherland, Barnsley	0 10 6
Mrs. Little, Hungerford	1 0 0	Miss A. E. Ross, Newbury	0 10 6
R. G. Smyth, Esq., Termonfeckin, Ireland	1 0 0	Mrs. A. J. Scott, Cathcart	0 10 0
Mrs. Bell, Dumbreck	1 0 0	Anonymous, Clarkston	0 10 0
James Miller, Esq., Roxburn	1 0 0	Misses Turner, Downhill	0 10 0
Miss J. Rae, Prestwick	1 0 0	Wm. Conochie, Esq., Glasgow	0 10 0
Mrs. G. Fernley Atkinson, Nr. Devon	1 0 0	R. H. Jebb, Esq., Pollokshields	0 10 0

John MacCallum, Esq., Taynult	0	10	0	Miss Marion MacKay, Aberdeen	0	7	6
Miss J. A. Jackson, Hyndland	0	10	0	Anonymous, Barnsley	0	7	6
Anonymous, Craigmore	0	10	0	A. MacCallum, Esq., St. Catherine's	0	7	0
Do.	0	10	0	An English Servant	0	6	6
Mrs. Campbell, Paisley	0	10	0	F. E. Evans, Esq., Sussex	0	6	0
Mrs. Janet Macfie, Glasgow	0	10	0	R. & U. Cross, Llangollen	0	6	0
Miss M. Graham, Hillhead	0	10	0	Edward King, Esq., Pulborough	0	5	6
Miss M. Miller, Mount Florida	0	10	0	Mrs. Angus MacLennan, Pitlochry	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Whitehill, Renfrew	0	10	0	Miss Morag Cameron, Ballachulish	0	5	0
Eileanach (Methil)	0	10	0	H. Jolly, Esq., Woking	0	5	0
Mrs. Margaret Colquhoun, Glasgow	0	10	0	Miss Jane S. M. Howden, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, Glasgow	0	10	0	Miss Jane Campbell, Crieff	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Henderson, Ibrox	0	10	0	Miss A. M. Bristow, C. Antrim	0	5	0
Mrs. Herbert Stewart, Exmouth	0	10	0	Mrs. Jeanie Gow, Calvine	0	5	0
A Friend, Glasgow	0	10	0	Miss E. MacGregor, Surrey	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lee Warner, Cromer	0	10	0	Miss Christina Campbell, London	0	5	0
Miss A. MacMillan, Trislaig	0	10	0	A Gael in Ireland, Co. Clare	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Brown, Barnsley	0	10	0	Miss Dorothy Hungerford, Co. Wicklow	0	5	0
Miss R. T. MacDougall of Lunga	0	10	0	Joseph Clark, Esq., Somerset	0	5	0
Donald Cook, Esq., Jordanhill	0	10	0	Miss Muriel Pearce, Sheffield	0	5	0
Alistair M. MacLachlan, Edinburgh	0	10	0	Mrs. Rosina Breen, Glasgow	0	5	0
E. C. MacRoberts, Esq., Glasgow	0	10	0	William M. Dick, Esq., Polmont	0	5	0
Mrs. Isabella Arbuckle, Crieff	0	10	0	Miss Jessie M. MacFarlane, Beaulieu	0	5	0
Alistair C. MacLaren, Dervaig	0	10	0	Miss Campbell, Beaulieu	0	5	0
Four Dunfermline Kiddies	0	10	0	Thomas Paton, Esq., Balerno	0	5	0
J. Findlay, Esq., Prestwick	0	10	0	"Wireless," Paisley	0	5	0
Paul Macrae, Esq., Glasgow	0	10	0	Miss Isabella Hunter, Leven	0	5	0
Mrs. John Bristow, Co. Antrim	0	10	0	William R. Purdon, Johnstone	0	5	0
J. Munro, Esq., Hunter's Quay	0	10	0	M. Eteson, Esq., Portsmouth	0	5	0
Miss Bessie J. B. MacArthur, Moffat	0	10	0	Drumoyne, Govan	0	5	0
Misses Wathers, Warwick	0	10	0	A. W., Lincoln	0	5	0
James Campbell, Esq., London	0	10	0	J. Anderson, Esq., Lennoxton	0	5	0
Anonymous, Paisley	0	10	0	Mrs. MacPherson, Glasgow	0	5	0
Miss C. M. MacNeil, Kildonan	0	10	0	Rutherglen Parish Primary Sabbath School	0	5	0
Capt. Colin Campbell, Ardrossan	0	10	0	Edward Jordan, Esq., Co. Antrim	0	5	0
Samuel MacGavin, Esq., Strathaven	0	10	0	Miss MacKenzie, Crossmyloof	0	5	0
Miss F. L. Gray, Strona	0	10	0	Miss Yule, Glasgow	0	5	0
Misses Hunter, Kilmarnock	0	10	0	Mrs. Ness, Glasgow	0	5	0
Colin Sinclair, Glasgow	0	10	0	Anonymous, Ayr	0	5	0
Mrs. Annie Sinclair, Glasgow	0	10	0	Sympathiser, Glasgow	0	5	0
Anonymous, London	0	10	0	Donald MacMillan, Esq., Ballachulish	0	5	0
Miss Jessie MacKinnon, Greenock	0	10	0	Mrs. Winterne, London	0	5	0
Miss Wagner, London	0	10	0	Miss E. C. M. Leeds, Middlesex	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Brodie, Ealing	0	10	0	Alex. Cameron, Esq., Shawlands	0	5	0
Anonymous, Lochgilphead	0	10	0	Miss Margaret Gillard, Chelsea	0	5	0
Miss Mary J. Wells, Cornwall	0	10	0	J. MacHattie, Esq., Bellahouston	0	5	0
Miss A. Davidson, Ealing	0	10	0	Miss Frances Tolmie, Dunvegan	0	5	0
Charles Stewart, Esq., Glasgow	0	10	0	Duncan MacCallum, Esq., Fort-William	0	5	0
A. S. Manson, Esq., Glasgow	0	10	0	Robert M. Clugston, Esq., Uddingston	0	5	0
D. MacFarlane, Baillieston	0	10	0	Mrs. Drever, London	0	5	0
Sympathiser, Hope, Nr. Sheffield	0	10	0	Miss M. MacKenzie, Penrith	0	5	0
Miss E. MacDermid, Dennistoun	0	10	0	Mrs. John White, London	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston, Whitecraigs	0	10	0	Miss Elizabeth Havill, London	0	5	0
Mrs. Hugonnet, Glasgow	0	10	0	An Irish Refugee, Arundel	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pollock, Barnsley	0	10	0	W. H. Clark, Esq., Kishdale	0	5	0
Ardeonaig Branch An Comunn	0	10	0	Misses C. and A. Wain, Stowbridge	0	5	0
Primary Department, Middle U.F. Church, Perth	0	10	0	Miss Constance F. A. Longhurst, Leicester	0	5	0
Miss A. N. Park, Hove	0	10	0	Mrs. Brown, Hove	0	5	0
Mrs. Tough, Glasgow	0	10	0	Miss Alice Mathews, London	0	5	0
Malcolm MacPhie, Esq., Benbecula	0	10	0	M. C., Clapham	0	5	0
Miss M. D. MacQueen, Oban	0	10	0	Mrs. Brock	0	5	0
G. C. Graves, Esq., M.A., London	0	10	0	A Scotswoman, Tonbridge	0	5	0
P. M. and A. S. T., Norfolk	0	10	0	Miss A. Jones, Port Dinorwig	0	5	0
A. R., Broadstairs	0	10	0	Angus M. MacDonald, Glasgow	0	5	0
E. Mitchell, Esq., Wilton	0	10	0	Anonymous, Sheffield	0	5	0
Mrs. Olivia Fairfax Taylor, Runcorn	0	10	0	Sums under 5/-	5	6	0
Miss Elma Story, Downhill	0	10	0				
Miss Ekelbrit, Swainby	0	10	0				
T. G. Bannerman, Esq., Glasgow	0	10	0				
H. E. Anderson, Esq., Edinburgh	0	7	6	Total	£2588	17	8
Mrs. H. Fletcher, Banchory	0	7	6				

BRANCH REPORTS.

ARDEONAIG.—A splendid meeting of this branch was held in the School on Friday, 18th January. A party from the Killin Branch arrived in two cars, and provided a Gaelic treat as the following programme shows:—Sgeulachd, Mr. John Stewart; Recitations, Miss Walker; Songs by Miss MacDougall, Miss Isa MacIntyre, Mr. James MacLaren and Rev. G. W. MacKay. Mr. Donald MacLaren gave a short Gaelic address, and Miss N. Stewart played stirring Highland airs on the pianoforte. Tea was served during an interval. The School was crowded.

BUNESSAN.—A successful Ceilidh was held by the local branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach, on 8th February, Mr. Duncan Cameron, president, occupying the chair. A splendid programme of piping, Gaelic readings, singing and dialogue was provided by members, an item of special interest being selections by the newly organised string band. An appeal for new members met with a satisfactory response, thirty new members being enrolled. It was intimated that a meeting will be held next month.

BUTE.—At the regular meeting of Comunn Gàidhealach Bhoid, Mr. John Stewart Bannatyne, writer, Glasgow, gave a short paper on Burns in which he eloquently depicted the life character, and works of the national poet. He gave apt quotations from the poet's works, and remarked how great was the output from a man who died at the comparatively early age of 37, and concluded by paying a warm tribute to his memory. Mr. Bannatyne, who has family connections with Bute and Arran, was listened to with rapt attention throughout the delivery of his address, and at the close appreciative remarks were made by several of those present, and a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer. Some of Burns' songs were sung in fine style by Mrs. M'Lachlan, while the lecturer himself contributed a couple. Gaelic songs were also given by Mrs. MacLeod, Mrs. Macpherson and the chairman, Capt. James Kennedy.

DERVAIG.—The Ceilidh of the Dervaig branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach, held in the Memorial Hall, is being attended with continued success. Piping sgeulachdan and songs comprise the chief events of the evenings, and old and young in a wide district appear to be taking increasing interest in the gatherings. It is manifest from the variety sung that there is a promising effort being made for the revival of many of the beautiful songs of the island and district.

DUNOON.—At last meeting of the Comunn, Mr. Logan, M.A., gave an address descriptive of his two years in Glen Urquhart. His fine appreciation of the scenery and hospitality of the people was closely listened to. Music was supplied by Misses M'Isaac and Lindsay, Mr. J. Gillies; Jackie Urquhart, Miss M'Kechnie, and Miss M'Innes. Miss M. M'Kechnie was accompanist. Piper Smith also played. Mr. D. Macdonald, chairman, proposed thanks to the lecturer and the artistes. Bailie Miller intimated that the Town Council were giving the use of the Pavilion free to An Comunn for a concert in aid of the Highland Distress Fund.

HARTWOOD.—On a recent evening a grand Highland concert was held in Allanton Public Hall for the purpose of creating a fund for the relief of distress in the Highlands and Islands. Dr. Neil Kerr presided, and was accompanied on the platform by Messrs M'Vicar, M'Lachlan and Gillies. The concert opened with selections on the bagpipes by the Ceilidh piper, Mr. Donald M'Leod. Other performers were Mr. Francis M'Lean, Miss C. Belmane and Robbie M'Lean, Wishaw; Miss A. Barron, Mr. A. M'Donald, the well-known Glasgow elocutionist, who gave a Gaelic reading, "Seachran Seilg," followed by "Donuill Cruaidh agus an Ceard." Mr. Neil Haggart, Miss Mary Grant, Miss C. M'Lean, Glasgow, and Mr. Dugald M'Vicar gave Gaelic Songs. A collection was taken which amounted to the sum of £8 12s 6d. The success of the concert is due to that unassuming and patriotic Highlander, Mr. M'Lean, of the Crown Hotel, Wishaw, who procured the talented Glasgow artistes at his own expense, thus enabling the Committee to forward the entire proceeds for the relief of the distress in the Highlands. It is Mr. M'Lean's intention to promote another concert in Wishaw for the same purpose at an early date. The usual votes of thanks were passed and the proceedings closed with the singing of "Oidhche mhath leibh Beannachd Leibh."

INVERNESS.—On 18th February a most successful Ceilidh was held in the Columbia Hotel, under the auspices of the local branch of An Comunn. In the absence of Dr. William Mackay, the honorary president of the Association, the chair was occupied by the president, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, and there was a crowded attendance of members and their friends. After intimating an apology for absence from the hon. President, the Chairman, in a few introductory remarks, explained that their society was wishful to make the best efforts possible to remove from Inverness, as the reputed Capital of the Highlands, the evil reputation under which it had come owing to being considered so un-Gaelic. It was to be much regretted that from all quarters they were met with a distinct note of disapproval in regard to Inverness as a centre of Gaelic activity. This should be met by a wider and more vital interest in our midst in the language and literature of our country. Inverness could still bring out very considerable talent. What was wanted was the necessary interest and enthusiasm. It would be found that it was well worth while to cultivate acquaintance with the language and literature of the Gael. There was so much in it that was so superior to a great deal of the literature produced in the present day. It inspired ideas of a high level of civilisation and of beauty and truth; and the story of the part played by the Gael in the expansion and consolidation of the British Empire, at home and abroad, was one of honour and glory unsurpassed. An interesting programme of instrumental music was pleasingly contributed to by the Highland Strathspey and Reel Society, led by Mr. A. Grant, who also favoured with a selection exquisitely played by Miss Angus and Mr. Mackay on the piano, and by Messrs Macdonald and Hunter on the bagpipes; while the numerous vocal entries on the programme were popularly sustained by Mrs. Colin Macleod, Miss Mackay, Mr. F. G. Miller, and Mr. Stewart MacInnes. After a service of tea, excellently supplied, the party engaged in a dance, which was heartily enjoyed, to appropriate music on piano, fiddle, and bagpipes. In course of the proceedings the usual votes of thanks were moved and warmly accorded. Much credit is due to Miss Mackenzie, secretary, the Committee, and the President for a gathering of unusual interest and enjoyableness.

LOCHABER.—At a recent Ceilidh, the Rev. Mr. Crawford spoke of "History Illustrated by Place Names," and described how the astute Norse Chief "Manus," having adopted the dress and language of the Gael, cozened the Scottish king to grant to him the lands across which he could draw his boat. Hence the various "Tarberts." To the last gathering of the branch the Rev. Cyril von Dieckhoff discoursed of the "Chase in Olden Times." He spoke of the ferocious animals which have long since disappeared, and of the driving of deer on a grand scale in the middle ages through narrow defiles, when the sport began. He claimed that Lochaber poetry alone retained traces of the elk, so long extinct, and of the ancient mode of hunting the deer.

KILLIN.—The members of this Branch held their Social Meeting on Thursday, 14th February, and, as on former occasions, the gathering was highly successful. The enthusiasm of the members is as keen as ever, and in addition to providing for Gaelic friends in the village, they are able to assist members of neighbouring branches. The Rev. Peter MacGregor, M.A., Duthil, preached in Gaelic at the evening service in the Parish Church on 10th February. There were about 80 people present, and all appreciated the high tone and fine capacity of the preacher, who is a native of Lochayside.

KILININVER.—A grand concert and assembly took place at Kiliniver recently, promoted by the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach for the relief of the distress in the Western Isles. Mr. Alex. MacCulloch, Reray, presided. The programme consisted of Gaelic and Scotch Songs, duets, and a Gaelic humorous reading was given by Mr. Archibald Campbell, Kiliniver, which caused much merriment. The artistes were brought from a wide radius, including Mrs. Macdougall, the Hotel, Culfail, and Mr. Munro, Kilmelford, Miss Livingston, Balvicar, and Miss MacColl, Winterton, and Mr. Angus, Tighantruish Hotel, along with numerous local artistes. Miss M. A. Macgregor, the Schoolhouse, and Mrs. Mitchell, the Schoolhouse, Easdale, very finely acted as accompanists. Of the local vocalists, Mr. Robertson gave a charming rendering of the song, "Robin Adair" and "The Road to the Isles." Miss Macleod, Reray, sang very sweetly, and Messrs Duncan Maclean, Barnacarry, MacGregor, Bragleen, and Cameron Lagganmore gave fine renderings of Gaelic songs. During the evening Mr. Donald Macdougall, Park, gave stirring selections on the bagpipes. At the conclusion of the concert a dance followed. The music was given on the bagpipes by Mr. Donald Macdougall, and the Kilmelford string band. Mr. John Maclean acted as M.C.

OBAN.—Under the auspices of Comunn Gaidhealach an Obain, a whist drive and dance was held in the Corran Rest, Oban, on Thursday evening last, in aid of the fund for relief of distress in the Highlands and Islands. There was a large attendance of townspeople, 140 taking part in the whist drive. The prize-winners were:—Ladies—1, Miss C. Hamilton; 2 and 3 (a tie) Mrs. Mitchell and Miss A. Walton. On cutting the cards Miss Walton was declared winner of the 2nd prize, and Mrs. Mitchell took the 3rd prize. Gentlemen—1, Mr. A. McCormick; 2, Mr. Archibald Carmichael; 3, Mr. A. Imric (after a tie with Mr. A. MacLeod). After tea, Mr. MacLeod, Rector of Oban High School, introduced Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Provost Mitchell, who gracefully handed over the prizes to the winners, and on the call of Baillie Hutton, she was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. Mr. T. D. Macdonald, on behalf of An Comunn Gaidhealach, proposed votes

of thanks to the Provost, Magistrates and Councillors of the Burgh of Oban for kindly granting the use of the "Rest" free of charge for this laudable object, also to those who had given donations, and to Mr. Strain's band, who gave their services gratis. He (Mr. Macdonald) also wished to thank most heartily the Ladies' Committee who had organised the entertainment, which had proved so successful in every way, particularly would he mention the names of Mrs. Carmichael, Park Hotel; Mrs. Disselduff and Mrs. Hugh MacDonald. A most enjoyable dance followed, and was carried out with great vigour for several hours. Mr. Archibald Carmichael ably discharged the duties of M.C. It is expected there will be a sum of about £40 to be handed over to the fund as a result of the entertainment, which was most successful in every way. A cheque for £6 on behalf of the Fund has been handed to the Local Committee by Miss Cameron, Robertson, Hawick.

TOBERMORY.—A meeting was held in the Higher Grade School, on 6th February. An interesting programme, arranged by the treasurer, Mr. Hugh Cameron, was much enjoyed by the crowded meeting. The Chairman, Rev. J. M. Menzies, spoke of the great success of the concert given by the Comunn choir, and of the excellent work done by the conductor, Mr. John MacCallum, in the cause of Highland music and brightening the social life of the town. He also thanked those who helped to make this Comunn concert such a conspicuous success, particularly Mr. Malcolm Maclean, contractor, for erecting the platform free of charge, and Mr. Cameron, Acha-na-craoibh, for paying all the expenses of the hall. Through the generosity of these gentlemen and others, after paying for the music used and other necessary outlays, the concert committee were able to send to the Highlands Distress Fund a sum of £15. Miss Annie Macdonald then gave an exhibition of Highland step dancing. The pipe music was supplied by Duncan Macleod and Hugh Cameron. Gaelic readings were by Miss Mary Ann Maclean and Rev. J. M. Menzies. Gaelic songs were sung by Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Macleod, and Miss Tina MacArthur, and by Messrs Neil Mackinnon, John Robertson, Gillean MacIaine, John MacIaine, John Cameron, Eray, Hector Maclean and Dugald Macquarrie. Votes of thanks were proposed by Mr. D. N. Lowe, and Mr. John Cameron (Lochiel), vice-presidents of the branch, and were enthusiastically accorded to the performers and chairman. The speaker at next meeting is to be Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Charlotte Cochrane, Blantyre.

NEW ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Miss Isa MacRae, Edrom.
Miss Catriona Nicolson, Edrom.
Miss Mary Calder, Port Ellen.
C. J. Stewart, Esq., Paisley.
John MacLeod, Esq., Chiswick.
John Fisher, Esq., Fortingall.
Alex. MacLeod, Esq., London.
Dr. John MacInnes, Bexley.
Roderick M. Fraser, Esq., Aberdeen.
Lachlan Campbell, Esq., London.



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—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1087.*

Leabhar XIX.]

An Giblein, 1924.

[Earrann 7

SPIORAD AN EARRAICH.

Is coltach nach eil àm de an bhliadhna cho annasach ri tùs an earraich. An uair a tha beatha a' pillleadh gu obair nàduir, tha an sealladh làn dòchais air gach làimh. Tha na làithean a' sìneadh; agus tha blàths na gréine a' sìor dhol an meud, ag aiseag ùrachaidh do luibhean na talmhainn. Tha am feur a' tòiseachadh air fàs. Tha duilleach òg nan craobh a' briseadh am plaosg air na meanglain. Tha na h-eòin a' neadachadh anns na bruachan far an tog an t-sobhrach a ceann; agus tha a cheana na laoih is na h-uain òga a' mireag air na raoin. Tha an t-àirean a' treabhadh anns a' mhachair. Tha an smeòrach gu fonnmhor aig géig, a' cur fàilte air spiorad an earraich.

Faodar am beothachadh bliadhnail so a chleachdadh mar shambla air an dùsgadh a thig o àm gu àm air suidheachadh an duine. Is ann troimh iomadh caochladh a bheirear gnàths an t-sluaigh gu deagh ìre. Tha na h-oidheipean is tràithe a ni daoine, an aghaidh cruaidh-chais, coltach ri fuachd a gheamhradh. Is tric a bha cinneach gu léir fo gheamhradh daorsa, gun solus, gun aoibhneas, gun fhàs. Mar a chumas an reothadh cruaidh an talamh fo chrainnteachd, cumaidh reachdan eucorach daoine fo ainneart: agus tha ainneart mar shlabhraidh thruim 'g an cumail an tràillealachd. Ach is tric a thòisich grian na saorsa ri dealradh a chuid 's a chuid. Dh'èirich smuain ceannairce an inntinn fir no dhà, agus an d'fhuair am briathran éisdeachd, agus an do shoillsich miann na saorsa aigeadh an t-sluaigh. Mhosgail spiorad ùr mar spiorad an earraich, agus bha muinntir a' faotainn brosnachaidh

gu bhi a' tilgeil an cuibhrichean dhiubh, gus an tàinig beatha chinneachail fo bhlàth le atharrachadh buaidh agus maice.

Tha am prionnsapal ceudna fìor mu theachd an eòlais an àite an aineolais. Chan eil samhla as freagarraiche air aineolas no an geamhradh dorcha. Cha tig tonn aghairt air spionnadh beatha troimh mhìosan marbha a' gheamhradh. Agus cha mhò a thig fàs air inntinn an duine far am bheil aineolas a' riaghladh. Chunnacas a leithid so anns na Linn-tean Dorcha. Thug na fineachan borba buaidh air na seann chinnich, agus chuireadh mòran de an t-seann eòlas air cùl. Fad mìle bliadhna bha neul an aineolais a' còmhachadh na Roinn Eòrpa. Is gann gun do mheudaicheadh fiosrachadh air chor sam bith gu toiseach na siathamh linn deug, an uair a thàinig mosgladh iogantach air fòghlum is litreachas, air ealadhain is aoradh. Bha an dùsgadh cho aithnichte is gum faoidte a ràdh gun tàinig earrach nuadh le spiorad ath-bheothachaidh air buadhan an duine; agus chaidh am brosnachadh air aghaidh gus an d'ràinig eòlas an ìre aig am bheil e ann ar latha féin.

Tha sinn de'n bheachd gu'n gabh a' cheart samhla comh-chur ri staid nan Gàidheal aig an àm so. Fad iomadh ginealach bha ar muinntir air an teannachadh le anacothrom. Bha earrann de dh'eachdraidh shìobhalta na dùthcha cosmhuil anns an t-seadh so ri dùdlachd a' gheamhradh. Mar a chuireas am fuachd meileachadh air lùths nan làmh, air chor is nach fairichear ach aingealach is cadal-deilgneach, sin mar a chuireas fòirmeart meatachadh air deò an t-sluaigh. Ged sgaoil ar n-òigridh feadh an t-saoghail, is ged shoirbhich le mòran diubh an t-rean eile, cha do chuidich

sin leis an dùthaich a dh'fàg iad às an déidh. Bha an t-uallach cho trom 's a bha e riamh air an fheadhainn a dh'fhuirich aig a' bhaile. Agus, gu mi-fhortanach, dh'éirich gnè ùr de chràbhadh anns an naodhamh linn deug a thug sàruchadh do mhìsneach a' Ghàidheil. Is ann o chinneach eile a thàinig an seòrsa cràbhaidh ud, gineil aig am bheil nàdur eadar-dhealaichte o nàdur a' Ghàidheil. Ach, co dhiubh, chuir an cràbhadh ud ceòl ar sìmsir fo mhallachd. Agus an uair a chailleas an Gàidheal a cheòl, chan ann nas fhèarr a thèid e. An àite fàs nas caomhneile agus nas eireachdaile, is ann as trice a thionndas e sanntach, saoghalta air uairibh, agus cùl-chàineach, féin-fhreanta air uairibh eile.

Ach tha dòchas gu bheil spioraid an earraich a' gluasad an cùis na Gàidhealtachd. Ged a dh'fhaodar a chantainn gu'm bheil ceist no dhà ri fhuasgladh a thaobh staid na dùthcha aig an àm, feumar a bhi beò an dòchas gu siubhail an imcheist thairis, agus gu bheil leasachadh dlùth air làimh. Cluinnear móran mu ùrachadh is mu bheothachadh. Tha càrlas air gach làimh gu bheil mosgladh a' tachairt, agus gu bheil an Gàidheal a' dùsgadh mu dheireadh gus a chainnt is a cheòl a chumail beò. Is e brosnachadh spioraid is aignidh a tha iomchuidh gu sònruichte. A dh'aindeoin cruaidh-chais bheir mìsneach buaidh. A dh'aindeoin mì-chùraim, bheir dealas dùrachdach mosgladh mu'n cuairt. Is taintneach gu bheil aobhar na Gàidhlig a' faotainn ionad nas inbheiche am fòghlum coitichionn na dùthcha. Le bhi a' siol-chur gràdh do'n chainnt is do'n cheòl an cridheachan na cloinne, tha sinn a' luathachadh an latha anns am faicear earrach nuadh da-rìreadh an suidheachadh na Gàidhlig.

DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE AND HIS POETRY.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

By G. M. FRASER, ABERDEEN.

On 20th March, 1724—200 years ago to-day—there was born in Glenorchy, Argyllshire, the greatest modern poet of the Gaelic people. Duncan MacIntyre, known as Duncan Bàn nan Oran—Fair Duncan of the Songs—was born of the humblest parentage, and he remained a lowly peasant all his long life. Yet he sang as a true poet, with the sure note of genius, and particularly was he a poet of nature, telling in his best work of nature, and of the wild life of nature, out of deep insight and affection.

Up till manhood Duncan Bàn spent his whole time in his native glen, fishing and shooting and wandering among the hills, particularly about Ben Doran, the majestic, silent mountain that was immortalised in Duncan Bàn's greatest poem, and, for his sake, may be termed the sacred Mountain of the Highlands. Duncan, most unfortunately, never even went to school, so that he remained—like so many of the Gaelic poets—illiterate, even in his own Gaelic language, to the end of his days. It is one of the marvels of his work that, in spite of the poet's illiteracy, the poems have real distinction, due mainly to personal character and the profound love of nature that they breathe, as well as from the play of imagination in the poet and his wonderful natural mastery of difficult Gaelic verse.

Duncan Bàn was only 21 when the last Jacobite Rebellion broke out, and he had the misfortune to serve on the wrong side. His heart was with the Prince, but the Duke of Argyll, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, called out the militia and fencibles for the Government, and Duncan took the place, as substitute, for one Fletcher, a tacksman of that region, who gave him the sword of the family to fight with, and promise of three hundred merks. Accordingly, Duncan Bàn was one of the discredited Royalist army that suffered in the Battle of Falkirk, January, 1746, and had to flee for his life. But he had the gift of humour, and in his first known "Oran"—his Song to the Sword of Fletcher (which he lost in the fight), and the Battle of Falkirk, he gives a most amusing description of the rout.

After the rebellion, Duncan Bàn became gamekeeper, or forester, to the Earl of Breadalbane, and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll. He married Mary, daughter of an innkeeper in his own native locality—the Màiri Bàn Og (Fair Young Mary) of his charming songs, who helped him all through life, who had a family of sons and daughter to him, and survived him by two years after his death on 14th May, 1812.

Some time before 1768 Duncan Bàn and his family left the Highlands, and went to stay in Edinburgh. There—probably through the influence of Breadalbane—he became a private in the Edinburgh Town Guard, the despised force of which Captain Porteous, of the riot in "The Heart of Midlothian," was once commander. It was of this force that Adam Black wrote when he said that Duncan Bàn was the only member of it that left in imperishable verse some graphic record of connection with it.

ABERDEEN AND PETERHEAD.

When he was nearly seventy the poet, in 1793, joined the Breadalbane Fencibles, organised on the panic due to the French Revolution, and as a private in that regiment he passed some months in Aberdeen and Peterhead, 1795-6. In one of his lively songs he tells how they all spent a day at the horse-races on the Links of Aberdeen, where the regiment had been paraded in all the glory of pipes and drum and flying colours.

In 1812, as above mentioned, Duncan died in Edinburgh, and his monument in Greyfriars Churchyard—erected by “A Few Admirers of His Genius”—is in good condition still, and bears, in relief sculpture on the face of the square obelisk, many of the symbols of war and the hunt that Duncan Bàn sang so melodiously in his songs. A more notable tribute to his genius is the monument in the form of a Greek temple that you see on the hill-top near Loch Awe as you travel by the Callander and Oban Railway, which is to be renovated as part of the celebrations in the present anniversary.

Duncan Bàn was conscious enough—just as Burns was conscious—that he was a poet, and all with whom he came in contact knew he excelled in making and singing Gaelic songs. His memory was remarkable, as it had need to be, for he could sing all his songs, between 7000 and 8000 verses. His fame spread throughout the Highlands. If he were known to be passing through a district, people would gather to see him, and, on one occasion at least, children were let out of school to see Duncan Bàn and his wife pass. At length his poems were written down by the Rev. Donald Macnicol, a native of Glenorchy, and Duncan and his wife travelled the Highlands for subscribers, and doubtless sang his songs on many an occasion as he went. The poems were published—in Gaelic—in a small volume in Edinburgh in 1768, and from that moment (although practically unknown, as he is still practically unknown, even by name, in the Lowlands of Scotland), Duncan Bàn was secure of immortality among Scottish Gaels all over the world.

THE POEMS.

Three editions of Duncan Bàn's work were published in his lifetime, the profits of which enabled him to live in comfort in his later years. There have been various editions since then, but it was left to our time to produce a really scholarly edition, with translation and notes. This was done in 1912 by Dr. Calder, Celtic Lecturer in Glasgow University, and the

book—which may be had for a few shillings—is a boon to all students of Gaelic.

It is impossible, of course, to convey in a short sketch any adequate idea of the liveliness of Duncan Bàn's songs, or the variety, within limits, of his poetic muse. His chief poem, a really enchanting epic of the hills, is the “*Moladh Beinn-Dòrain*”—Praise of the Benn Doran—a poem or song of over 550 lines, in celebration of natural delights and wild life on that majestic and secluded mountain at the head of Glenorchy (visited by a party of the Cairngorm Club from Aberdeen in Easter of last year). Almost as fine is the often-quoted “*Coire a' Cheathaich*”—Corrie of the Mist, and his “*Last Farwell of the Bens*,” which breathes a singularly tender air of sadness and refinement. His short popular songs are bright and tuneful, wholesome to a remarkable degree, overloaded often by showers of epithets, but always marked by true melody and life and atmosphere.

Although Duncan Bàn was a true poet, and gave as much pleasure by his singing of his own songs to his Gaelic hearers as Burns gave to his listeners by his talk, yet one wonders if he can possibly survive except as a Gaelic classic, sitting apart on the heights, unknown except to students of Gaelic speech. Unfortunately, up till now, Gaelic persons have been mostly unable to read or write Gaelic—only to speak it, and that poor qualification, too, is going.

EXHIBITION AND SALE OF HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES.

Under the auspices of An Comunn Gaidhealach and the Highland Home Industries, Ltd., an exhibition and sale of Highland goods was held in the Royal Halls, Glasgow, during the week commencing 24th March.

The Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir performed the opening ceremony. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. MacLean Watt, and among others present were Lady Patten MacDougall of Gallanach, Lady Campbell of Succoth, Lady Gracie, Miss Campbell of Succoth (Convener), Capt. Campbell of Succoth, Mr. Angus Robertson (President), Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, and Mr. Colin Sinclair.

Dr. MacLean Watt said the Highlander did not come before the world to-day as a beggar. A generosity of response to serious need and generous sacrifice for all causes had always been, and would continue to be, the distinguishing marks of their folk. To-day, when the people in the Highlands were overwhelmed by the threat of terrible disaster and were in great

poverty, greater than they cared to talk about, everybody who had a heart and something else behind it would, if they only heard of it, be glad to stand in and help this worthy cause. They who had suffered and so freely endured the burden of Empire in the years of threatening must not be forgotten in a time like this and in a city like Glasgow, where three-quarters of the folk were Celtic and more than half had Highland blood in their veins.

Mrs. Stirling observed, in the course of her remarks, that no enterprise which concerned the welfare of the Highlands ever made an appeal in vain to the people of Glasgow, not only to those who were bound by the ties of blood to the Highlands, but also to those who had only ties of sympathy and interest in their fellow countrymen in the North. As regards the Highland Home Industries portion of the exhibition, she said this was an association consisting of a great many small local industries in different parts of the Highlands. They had united in order to pool their expenses, experience, and opportunities, and the association was worked by a board of directors. The depot at which goods were permanently stocked was in Edinburgh, and from there various enterprises were carried out in order to effect the sale of goods produced by workers in the Highlands. Last year the turnover was £10,877—£1200 more than the previous year—and of that sum £8341 was paid direct to the workers. This year they were particularly anxious to have a good turnover because of the unparalleled difficulty and distress in the Highlands. It was not charity they were asking, but simply that they should help on the sale of the tweeds and other articles made by the workers in the north who were suffering hardship at the present time. Concluding, Mrs. Stirling remarked that the organisation was going to run a stall at Wembley, and she asked those present to do a little propaganda work by making this known to their friends from overseas and in England.

On the motion of Mr. Angus Robertson, a vote of thanks was accorded Mrs. Stirling, and a similar compliment was paid to the chairman on the call of Mr. Malcolm MacLeod.

The display of goods was sufficiently large and varied to create interest in the useful products of the people of the Highlands, many of whom are at present suffering extreme hardship. It is hoped as a result of this sale there will be an increased demand for Homespun tweed, etc. There was also an exhibition of dyes and a display of spinning and weaving. Concerts, Ceilidhs and Waulking songs were arranged by Mrs. J. R. Colquhoun, and refreshments were served by a company of young

ladies under the convenership of Mrs. Mac-Dougall Pullar.

Miss Bruce, Edinburgh, was in charge of the sale, which realised about £1000.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£2582	3	5
Omitted from previous List—			
Whiteinch, per Miss Jessie Morrison ..	1	5	3
Duncan Wilson, Esq., Pollokshields ..	1	5	0
Mrs. E. Wright, Maidenhead	1	3	0
Miss Taylor, Troon	1	0	3
Ex-Provost MacFarlane, Fort William	1	0	3
Wm. & P. Bremner, Banff	1	0	6
	£2588	17	8
Scottish-American Newspaper	700	0	0
Collected at Manchester, per Mrs. Flora A. Rhodes, Mrs. Arthur Burrows, and Mrs. Peter Eadie	143	13	6
Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., Glasgow	52	10	0
Caledonian Society of Nairobi, S.A. ..	50	0	0
Oban Branch An Comunn	47	6	6
Clan Gordon, No. 19, Hartford, Con. ..	45	0	0
Concert at Garscube House, arranged by Miss Jenny Given, by kind permission of Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell of Succoth	38	10	6
Lochgilphead Branch An Comunn	20	0	0
Concert at Campbeltown	20	0	0
Kiltarity Branch An Comunn	15	10	0
Bute Branch (additional)	14	5	0
Inveraray Branch An Comunn	13	9	3
Dundee Gaelic Musical Association ..	10	10	0
Campbeltown Branch An Comunn	10	0	0
Hartwood Ceilidh nan Gaidheal Concert at Motherwell	10	0	0
Minard Branch An Comunn	10	0	0
Westminster Charity Committee	9	10	0
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Glasgow	7	10	0
Mrs. H. T. Sutherland, New Glasgow (N.S.)	5	0	0
George A. Ferguson, Esq., Bearsden ..	5	0	0
Ronald MacDonald, Nyasaland	5	0	0
H. S., Southam, Canada	5	0	0
An Argyllshire Man, Shanghai, China	5	0	0
Miss Julian D. Tyrwhitt Drake, Deal ..	3	3	0
Anon, Groenfontein, So. Africa	3	3	0
Hartwood Branch (additional)	2	7	0
Killin Branch (additional)	2	5	0
Arthur Hutton, Esq., Glasgow	2	2	0
H. Mellor Jameson, Esq., Bridgenorth	2	2	0
Kinloch Rannoch Branch An Comunn	2	2	0
Major W. N. Logan Home, per Lloyds Bank, London	2	2	0
James MacAllister, Esq., Johannesburg	2	0	0
Anonymous, Durban	2	0	0
James Hamill, Esq., East Orange, N.T., U.S.A.	2	0	0
Com. C. H. P. Jones (Ret.), R.N., Devon	2	0	0
Tyndrum Branch An Comunn	1	6	6
Perth Highlander in America, per J. Craigie	1	2	11
Miss Norma MacLean, Alberta	1	2	5
Gerald Allan, Esq., Ontario	1	2	3
Miss F. Robertson, Prestbury	1	0	0
Bana Bhard	1	0	0
Miss Alice M. Davidson, Ealing	1	0	0
Mrs. Bernard Donald, London	0	10	6
Middle U.F. Church, Perth	0	10	0
John MacDonald, Esq., Glasgow	0	5	0
Killin Branch (additional)	0	5	0
	£3868	3	0

ROB DONN SONG.

This is one of the songs selected for the Thurso Branch Competition at the Perth Mod, and must be sung in the Sutherland dialect. Copyright—From Songs and Poems by Rob Donn (Robert Mackay), with the kind permission of the Editor of "*The Celtic Monthly*."

CUMHA DO HUISTEIN MAC-AOIDH.

GLEUS G. *Gu muldach.*

{ . l_i : s_i, l_i | d : - . m : r, r | m : - . r : d, l_i | d : - . r : l_i, d | s_i : - . }

Nach truagh an sgeul a fhuair mi féin Mu'n àm so'n dé o'n dh'fhalbh mi uaibh

{ . l_i : s_i, l_i | d : - . m : r, m | r : - . d : r, m | s : - . l : m, s | r : - . }

Gu'n bhuail an t-eug an t-uasal treun, Le cuartach gheur, 's gu'n mharbh sud e.

{ . m : l, l | s : - . f : m, s | r : - . l_i : d, r | m : - . r : d, l_i | s_i : - . }

B'ann de Mhac Aoidh, 'thaobh duine 's mnaoi, An gasan acidheil dealbhach ud;

{ . l_i : s_i, l_i | d : - . m : r, m | r : - . m : s, d | s : - . f : m, r | r : - . }

Mo 'chreach l'ga lnnas' gu'n deach gun aois Mac-oighre thr Strath Hala-dail.

Nach cruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh,
O'n deach' thu luath's a dh'earb iad riut;
Tha 'ghaoir cho coitchionn aig daoin' uaisl',
Aig mathaibh, aig tuath 's aig searbhantaibh;
Cha'n 'eil o'n Torr gu ruig an Stòir
Aon duine beò o'n dh'fhalbh thu uainn,
A's urra còmhradh mu na bhòrd,
Ach tuirseach, brònach, marbhannach.

'S lionmhor cridhe thuit a mhàin
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,
Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn
Bhi suidhicht' an inntinn shìor-bheartach.
Bha iomadh ceud de t'fhine féin
A' deanamh feum mar lomhaigh dhìot;
Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir
Nach 'eil fo'n ghréin ach diomhanas.

Cha'n ann mu chall an codach féin
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach;
Ach aon thoir uath', gun aon fhear-fuath,
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàsmhorach:
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chèill,
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fàilligeadh,
Mach o'n eug bhi cur an céill
Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

Có an duine thug ort bàrr
Am breith, am pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh!
No có an t-aon a sheasas t'àit.
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh 'g ad ionndradhainn!
Gach beag is mòr, gach sean is òg,
Le gul is deoir 'g an cionnsachadh;
Ged 's tric le bròn bhi tuisleach oirn,
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

Tha do chàirdean fala 's feòla
'S do luchd-eòlais cianalach
Air son do ghearradh as an t-saoghal
Mu'n robh aon diubh riaracht' dhìot;
'S e chìs am bròin nach d'fhàg thu beò dhuinn
Fear cho òg 's cho ciallach riut;
Ma sgrìobhar clùid do bheath' air t'uaigh,
Gur lionmhoir buaidh na bliadhnachan.

Tha sinn uil' an iomadh truas,
Na bha mu'n cuairt do theaghlach-sa,
Bhi gun aon am measg an t-sluaigh
A dheanadh suas do chall-sa dhùinn:
Do thomult mòr, do chomunn còir,
Do chomas deònach, gealltanach,
'Chuir buille bhròin 's na h-uile pòit,
'S a chuir gach ceòl mu Bhealltuinn uainn.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

This poem is addressed to Eoin, chief of Clan Gregor, who was contemporary with the Dean, and is by way of apology for the poet's conduct on a certain occasion in face of the enemy. It is not likely that Fionnlagh Ruadh knew of the classic parallels to his own case in the persons of Alcaeus and of Horace; if he did, he does not use them as an excuse, nor does he make excuse of any kind. His new bow is to be of yew, the noblest of wood; the best of yew is to be found at the court of MacGregor. This is in the usual style of compliment: similarly Giolla Criosd Bruilingeach compares MacDiarmada of Magh Lurig in Connacht to *slat iubhair*, "a wand of yew;" MacWilliam of Ulster, whom he satirises, is *slat shearna*, "a rod of alder." So, too, Silis Nic Raghnaill says of Alasdair of GlenGarry, "bu tu an t-iubhar as a' choillidh," "thou wert the yew from the forest." The last quatrain is to MacGregor's wife, Ealasaid, whom, in another poem, so far unpublished, he styles, "Ealasaid a Gleann Liobhunn," and "inghean Eoin mhic Ghioll-easbuig," "Elizabeth from Glen Lyon, daughter of Eoin, son of Giolla-easbuig."

A transcript of the Dean's text, from p. 104, of the MS., is given by Dr. McLauchlan at p. 86 of his edition. In rann 1c of that transcript for "hanith" read "hanik" 3c is dim, but for "na bea" we should probably read "na hea;" 5c for "bayh" read "baith;" there are some other small points which need not be mentioned. In rann 1d, I have read "as in neir" as "as an ithir," "out of the field," somewhat doubtfully: one would expect some term meaning "timber" or "wood." In 13b I have left out "ympeich my weadda;" the first word is probably "iompoidh;" the second is doubtful, but it can hardly be for "mo," my, though it might be for "m'aigheadh," "my face." The metre is Rindaird or Leth-dechnach, with six syllables in each line, ending on a dissyllable. The even lines have end-rhyme, and there is usually, but not always, internal rhyme between the lines of the second couplet. In rann 7d there is a play on the double meaning of "eallach," namely, "burden," and "cattle, stock, gear." For a similar play on the same word, see Rel., Celt. II., 360. rann. I.

FIONNLAGH RUADH AN BARD.

RED FIONNLAGH, THE BARD.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Fada atáim gan bogha,
fhaghbháil domh is mithigh;
tháinig tím a shabhtha
as an ithir dhlighigh.</p> <p>2. Is é conair théidhinn
d'iarraidh slaithe iubhair,
go flath tréan na nGaidheal
fear nar éar lucht siubhail.</p> <p>3. Go MacGriogóir dionach
as ceann do na sgolaibh;
'n a thigh ní bheinn folamh:
dlighthear dhomh a mholadh.</p> <p>4. Go fear as tréan cuire
a dtosach gach samhraidh;
ní sámhach d'a bhíodhbhaidh,
a námha go h-amhlaidh.</p> <p>5. 'N uair éirgheas iad uime
Griogóirigh 'n a geádaibh,
b'é a chiall a bhfógradh:
gur triath ós na tréadaibh.</p> | <p>1. Long I lack a bow; time it is I got one:
the time has come to saw it from the proper
field.</p> <p>2. The way that I would go to seek a rod
of yew is to the mighty prince of the Gael,
who to travellers has never made refusal.</p> <p>3. To MacGregor who gives shelter, who is
patron to the schools; in his house I would
not be empty; to praise him is my duty.</p> <p>4. To him who is strong of host at each
summer's outset; no peace has he who wrongs
him; in like case is his foeman.</p> <p>5. When they arise around him, his plan
would be to summon MacGregors in their
hundreds: he is lord over the flocks.</p> |
|---|--|

6. Eoin as ceann do'n tréad-soin
ré h-uair creach do ghabháil,
fhuaras féin ag comból
beal ré béal 'san chamháir.
7. 'N uair chí teaghlach airmghéar
MhicGhriogóir a mBealach
sliغه mhín no chorrach,
ní b' eire riu an eallach.
8. 'N uair chinid ar chomhrag
'g a ghairm a gerích námhad,
is ris féin do thaobhaid
a riocht geill is braghad.
9. Do bhéasaibh MhicGhriogóir,
tóir cháich ar a chúlaibh,
gan deadhail r'a dhaoinibh,
's gach meadhair, 'n a dhúnaidh.
10. 'N uair dh'fhagme mo bhogha
am éis ar lár troide,
mé 'g innse mo bhuige
's e as millse le m' oide.
11. Giodh ole a Loch Iubhair
mo dhíolmhaineas innse,
gan cleith lán na luing-se
's é ar láí catha as millse.
12. Cuimhnigh go mbím romhad,
MhicGhriogóir, gan aga,
ré aigheadh gach troide
a ndáil saighde fada. Fada.
13. A Ealasaid uasal,
a bhean na gciabh mboga,
'g a bhfan an chliar fada. Fada.
6. Eoin, who is head of that flock what
time a prey is seized, I have myself found
carousing face to face at dawn of day.
7. When the keen-weaponed household of
Macgregor in Bealach see a way smooth or
uneven, no burden for them would be the
cattle.
8. When men decide for combat, proclaiming
it in foemen's bounds, it is to his side they
come, in form of hostage and of captive.
9. It is a custom of MacGregor's, when those
others chase behind him to stay with his men
and make merry in his stronghold.
10. Since I left my bow behind me on the
field of quarrel, that I should tell my weakness
pleases best my patron.
11. Though it be ill in Loch Iubhair to tell
of my martial service, to declare this vessel's
freight pleases best on day of battle.
12. Bear in mind that you will find me
there, MacGregor, without tarrying, to face
every fight, to meet a long arrow,
13. Thou noble Elizabeth, . . . thou
lady of soft locks, with whom poets bide long.

◆

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

The obair a' Chomuinn a' sior fhàs agus air a' bhliadhna chaidh seachad rinneadh oidheir-pean ann an dòigh no dhà a thug fa chomhar Gàidhealtachd agus Gaildachd nach 'eil bacadh oirnn cur ri gnìomhachas feumach. Bidh e 'na thoileachas mór do ar buill mar a fhreagair an sluagh coitcheinn gairm na h-airce a chuir sinn a mach as leth ar cinne agus a ràinig gu iomall an domhain. Chan urrainn nach bi soirbheachadh 'na chois.

* * * * *

The St. Columba Choir celebrated its Jubilee by a grand Gaelic Concert in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the 19th March. The choir had the satisfaction of singing to a great and

enthusiastic audience, which completely filled the spacious hall. A long programme of part-songs and solos was excellently rendered, the choir having for the occasion the assistance of several former members well-known as successful Mod competitors in past years. The Chair was very appropriately occupied by Sir John M. MacLeod, Bart. of Finlary, a grandson of "Caraid nan Gaidheal," whose name will always be associated with St. Columba Church. Sir John, in the course of his speech, read a message sent through her distinguished son from the mother of Sir Donald MacLean, who had been connected with St. Columba in the days of Dr. Norman MacLeod. The choir

and its capable and esteemed conductor are to be cordially congratulated on the success of their Jubilee Concert and on the completion of fifty years of faithful and fruitful service on behalf of Gaelic song.

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The first Trustees of the Glasgow Highlanders Institute are:—

The Lord Provost of Glasgow (*ex officio*)

The President of An Comunn Gaidhealach (*ex officio*).

The Minister of St. Columba Parish Church, Glasgow.

Sir Donald MacAlister, Bart.

Sir John M. MacLeod, Bart.

Sir Malcolm Campbell.

Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew.

The presence of the President of An Comunn and the minister of St. Columba on the board of Trustees in virtue of their respective offices, will ensure that there will always be at least two Gaelic speakers among the Trustees. Premises have been secured, and the first steps taken towards their adaptation to the purposes of the Institute.

* * * *

Highlanders and Scotsmen generally will be interested to learn that a contingent of Scottish Clans, in the neighbourhood of 500 members, is due to sail from New York on the 26th of July. Special arrangements are being made by the Anchor Line for their arrival on this side. The party will spend a month in the old country, and is expected to return sometime in the beginning of September. In view of the unique circumstance, a representative of the Anchor Line approached An Comunn with the view of arranging some suitable reception. In this matter the Shipping Company would co-operate with our Association. After consultation with our President, I am calling a meeting of representatives from the various Societies to deliberate upon the best steps to be taken to welcome our kinsfolk from across the seas.

* * * *

There passed away on the 13th of February, at Hopewell, Nova Scotia, one of the most active contributors to Celtic literature within the last century. Primarily and naturally he centred a great deal of his studies on the elucidation of the Clan MacLean contribution to history and song. His collection of the works of the MacLean Bards is a valued publication. But, perhaps, he will be best remembered for his association with the all-Gaelic journal, "MacTalla." It was, however, not a product of this country, but of Cape

Breton. The following extract is from *The Morning Chronicle*, Halifax:—

HOPEWELL, Feb. 15.—The funeral of Rev. Alexander MacLean Sinclair, LL.D., who died here yesterday afternoon, will be held on Monday morning at 9.30 o'clock. The body will be taken on the morning express to James River Station, to be interred at his boyhood home. The venerable clergyman had been a resident of Hopewell fourteen years, and always manifested his readiness to help in good work when help was most needed. He was born at Glen Bard, Antigonish County, in March, 1840, and was educated at Pictou Academy, the Truro Seminary, and the Presbyterian College, Halifax. His pastorates were at Springville, East River and Belfast, P.E.I. He was a fellow of the Gaelic Society of Canada, and had written several works of history and poetry in connection with the Scottish clans and Gaelic literature.

* * * *

Intending Mod competitors will please note that Mrs. Kennedy Fraser has decided to substitute for "Mairi Bhàn" a hitherto unpublished song, "Tha i tarruing anamoch" (The Embarrassed Maiden). This song is published by Messrs Paterson, Glasgow. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser has very kindly written a characteristic article on these songs for *An Gaidheal*, and this I feel sure will be much appreciated.

* * * *

It is always pleasant to record the successes of Highland students. In the list of passes at Edinburgh University recently is the name of Mr. Hugh Watson, son of Professor and Mrs. Watson, who was successful in gaining his LL.B. In the Glasgow list appears the name of one of the best known young Highlanders in the city, John M. Banerman. "Niall Og" has passed the first course for his B.Sc., in Agriculture. Good luck to the lads!

NIALL.

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ON TWO HEBRIDEAN MOD SONGS FOR THIS YEAR.

"Sore sea-longing in my heart,
Blue deep Barra waves are calling
Sore sea-longing in my heart."

So runs the beautiful English of an old Barra song, by Kenneth Macleod.

And by reason of sea-longing, or in the hope of finding more songs, out to Barra I sailed again last autumn. And in both senses I was satisfied, for the sea from Barra never looked lovelier and the songs I found will form the backbone of another volume. Two of them are prescribed for this year's Mod: "Ailean Duinn" (not the well-known Harris Love Lament, but an entirely different song), and "Tha i tarruing anamoch" (or "The Embarrassed Maiden"), a dainty little half humorous, half wistful song, which is not necessarily to be sung only by a woman's voice. Indeed, Mr. Hugh Mackay, who is singing the Hebridean Songs throughout England (and Scotland, too) with the Arts League of Service, sings it with great effect everywhere, in Gaelic.

The two songs are totally distinct from each other in style. "Ailean Duinn" calls for very sustained, impassioned singing, always with an onward flow of the phrase. In the long refrain see to it that the melody flows on ever to the next strong beat, *breathing after* the first beat of a bar rather than before it, and pushing on to the climax on the words Ailean Duinn where a slowing off serves at one and the same time to emphasize that climax and to balance by its *retenu* the acceleration that led up to it.

It is a song of few words, but these few which are reiterated: "Ailean Duinn, shiubhlainn leat," are they not, as Scott said of Burns' "Ae Fond Kiss," the essence of a thousand love tales!

In "Tha i tarruing anamoch," the rhythm must drive through from beginning to end, with a very strong accent on "Tha" at its every recurrence, with, of course, a correspondingly lightness elsewhere, to make the "Tha" stress stand out. The whole thing must be resilient, buoyant, coming to earth, as it were, only on the accented "Tha." It is most delightful when well sung. At our Queen's Hall Concert in London in November, and again at our Usher Hall recital in Edinburgh in February, Mr. Mackay fairly "brought down the house" with it, and had to repeat it. We got it from Miss Annie Johnston, of Castle

Bay, an indefatigable worker in Hebridean song research. The other song I noted from a fine singer in North Bay, Barra.

MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.

BARDACHD GHAIÐHEALACH ANNS AN NAODHAMH LINN DEUG.

Le "LOCH NAN EALA."

II.

Ged a tha ioma linn bho chaidh bàrdachd Oisein a sgrìobhadh, feudar a ràdh le firinn gu'm buin i ann an radhad do'n linn so, do bhright gu'n deach a h-ath-leasachadh agus a clò-bhualadh uair no dhà uaithe sin. Ann an co-cheagal ris a so tha ainmean dhaoine ionnsuichte agus cliùiteach. B'ann dhuibh so an t-Ollamh Gilleasbuig Cléireach, an t-Ollamh Tòmas Mac Lachuinn, Caimbeulach Ile; Clann Nèill, Cholathasa; Mac Bheathain, Inbhirnis, agus daoine iomrait-each eile.

Be aon de cheud bhàrd na linne so Ailein Dall, bàrd Ghlinn-a-comhann. B'esan am bàrd mu dheireadh a bha anns an teaghlach aig Dòmhnallach Ghlinn-a-garadh. The mòran d'a chuid òran measail gus an latha 'n diugh. Shiubhail e anns a bhliadhna 1829.

Bha Eòbhann Mac Lachuinn, bàrd Lochabar, na dhuine ionnsuichte, agus thionndaidh e bàrdachd Laidinn agus Ghréigis gu Gàidhlig, air chul òrain a dheanadh e fhéin, agus foclair Gàidhlig a chur ri chéile. Se aon do na h-òrain aige, "Gur gile mo leannan na'n eal' air an t-snámh," air am bheil mòr mheas.

'S ann do'n àm so a bhuineas Iain Mac 'Ileathain (Iain Mac Ailein), bàrd Thigh-earna Chola. Rugadh e anns a Chaolas Thiristeach, far am bheil mòran d'a chàirdcean fhathast, agus tha roinn mhath dhuibh ann an Glaschu. Chaidh e thairis do dh'Albuinn Nodha ann an 1819, agus chuir e'n céill ann an cainnt dhrùightich anns an òran, "A' choille Ghruamach," mar a fhuair e 'mhealladh leis gach cruaidh-chas agus gach fuathas troimh an d'fhàinig e. Chuir an t-Urr. A. Mac-na-Ceàirdeadh, am fìor Ghàidheal, a mach òrain a sheanar fo'n ainm

"Clàrsach na Coille." Shiubhail Iain Mac Ailein ann an 1848.

Ged a bha Donnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-Saoir sean mu'n d'fhàinig an naoidhe cud deug bliadhna a stigh, 's ann anns a bhliadhna 1812 a shiubhail e, agus 's ann uaidhe sin a chaidh oibrichean a chlàbhualadh. Chan eil anns a' chànan sin sam bith a bheir barrachd ann an druigheachd air "Cead Deireannach nam Beann." Chaidh an t-òran so 'chur ri chèile an déidh do'n bhàrd a bhi air chuairt am measg nam beann 's nan gleann 's an robh e òg. Dheal-aiach e riu le bròn 's le mulad, agus ann am "Beinn Dòbhrain" chuir e 'n céill a shuidheachadh inntinn ann a bhi cur cùl riutha; agus bha a dhearbhadh beachd agus a làn chinnt nach faicheadh e iad gu bràth tuilleadh a' fàgail a mhulaid na bu truime.

Chuir Eòbhan Mac Colla, Bàrd Lochfline, a mach "Clàrsach nam Beann" ann an 1836. Tha mòran d'a dhuain binn agus blasda; agus ann am "Fìlidh" Sheumais Mhic-an-Rothaich (1840) tha mòran de dh'òrain ghaoil.

B'e an t-Ollamh Mac Lachuinn, Dothair Rathuaithe, anns a Mharairne, bàrd cho binn 's a sheinn na latha fhéin. Bha e air a chur fo sproc le 'bhi faicinn nan àiteachan anns an do ghabh daoine treuna, mnathan còire, gillean finealta gleusda, agus nigheanan beusach agus maiseach còmhnuidh a nis air dol fàs. Tha e 'g linnseadh nach eil a nis ach làraichean loma no torran chlach, dùinte thairis leis an fheanndaig, far an robh roimhe so, agus am fac esan, dachaidhean sona, anns am faigheadh an fear siubhail aoidheachd agus fialaidheachd, agus an caraid 's am fear eòlais fàilte 's furan. Chuir na caoirich às do na daoine—mar a tha na féidh a' deanadh uaith sin—agus bha e cur dragh mòr agus duilichinn ghoirt air a bhàrd a bhi faicinn a "chlobair stiallaich" Ghallda, aig nach robh co-fhaireachdainn sam bith ris a bheagan a bha air am fàgail de'n t-sluagh, ri'n cainnt na ri'n dòighean.

Thug Dùghail Mac Phàil dhuinn "An t-Eilein Muileach" agus òrain eile. A thuilleadh air na h-òrain, 'thionndaidh e gu Gàidhlig fhìorghlan agus cheart an leabhar beag ach ainmeil sin, "A Deanadh Uaill & Crann-Ceusaidh Chrìosd."

Chaidh mòran de dh'òrain mhilis a chruinneachadh agus a chur a mach bho thoiseach na linne so, ach chan eil na daoine a sgrìobh iad—no co-dhiubb roinn mhath dhiubh—iomraiteach ann an dòigh air bith; agus chan eil fhios idir cò a sgrìobh feadh-

ainn eile dhiubh. 'S ann dhiubh sin a tha "Màiri Dhonn," "Soraidh Slàn an Aill-eagain," "Màiri Ghreannmhor," "Thug mi'n Oidhche raoir san Airidh," "Gu ma slàn a chl mi mo chailinn dlleas donn," "Fear a bhàta," "Tha tigh'nn Fodham," "Mo 'rùn geal dlleas," agus feadhainn eile.

Thig sinn a nis a dh'ionnsaidh leabhar cho ainmeil agus cho cliu-teach 's a tha 's a chànan, "Sàr Obair nam Bàrd Gàidheal-ach," anns am bheil na h-òrain a b'fheàrr a chaidh a dheanadh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd bho cheann trì cheud bliadhna air an cruinneachadh cuideachd leis an diune chomasach sin, Iain Mac Coinnich, & Siorramachd Rois. Mar a dh'fheudar a thuigsinn, chan eil seòrsa bàrdachd nach eil ann—òrain mu chogadh agus mu shìth; òrain mulaid, agus luinneagan aighearrach; òrain ghaoil agus aoirean.

Bha an "t-Oranaiche" air a chur a mach le Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Ceàirdeadh. Tha òrain air an deanadh le còrr is leth-cheud bàrd anns an leabhar ghasda so, agus tha mòran de na h-ùghdair sin beò slàn, agus ri bàrdachd fhathasd. Tha so a' dearbhadh gu bheil pailteas fòghluim de'n t-seòrsa so anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus nach ruig na their naimhdean na Gàidhlig a leas iomaguin sam bith a dhùsgadh gu'n tig crìoch oirre mar chaint. Cha robh i cho measail bho'n cheud latha thòiseach na Goill 's na caoirich mhóra air tighinn do'n dùth-ach is a tha i 'n diugh, agus a réir coltais 's ann nis measaile bhios i dol.

Rinn "Caraid nan Gàidheal" mòran na linn 's na latha fhéin air son fòghlum is math nan Gàidheal. Bha an "Cuairtear" agus an "Teachdaire," a thug còlas feumail agus mòr-thoil-inntinn d'a luchd-duthcha, a bhàrr air a bhi na meadhon air am beusan a stiùir-eachd, air am fòghlum a mheudachadh, agus air an tuigse 'chur am farsuingeachd, air an cur a mach leis.

Sgrìobh Uilleam Mac-an-Léigh mòran òran mu chogaidhean, mu na Lochlunnach agus mu mharbhadh dhaoine. Anns a bhàrdachd a b'fheàrr a rinn e is ann ag innse mu threubhantais nan Gàidheal ann an cogadh a' Chrimea a bha e. Chuir an t-Urr. de t-Ollamh Blàrach a mach òrain a bhàird Ilich ann an 1881, agus rinn e mòran uaith sin air son an deanadh aithnichte.

Chaidh leabhar òran Iain Mhic Phàidein—bàrd Loch Sgrìodain—a chlàbhualadh ann an 1890. Anns an leabhar so tha roinn do dh'òrain anns am bheil deagh bhàrdachd agus mòran diubh de nàdur aighearrach.

Ann an "Clàrsach na Doire," le Niall Mac Leoid, tha smuaintean, rùintean agus briathran cho drùighteach, cho dùthchail, cho ciatach agus cho dùrachdach agus a tha ri'm faotainn anns a Ghàidhlig. Tha'n t-ùghdar anns an òran lurach agus thlachdmhor, "An Gleann san robh mi òg," a cur an cèll nan atharraichean mòra a thàinig air a "ghleann" ri 'linn fhéin—mar a dh'fhàg an sluagh e, agus mar nach robh an fheadhainn air an robh e eòlach an laithean òige a nis ri'm faotainn. Tha e 'g ionndrainn a "ghlinne," agus b'e 'mhiann sealladh eile fhaotainn dheth, agus tilleadh gu deireadh a làithean a chur teachad ann. Tha'n t-séid thiamhaidh ris am bheil an t-òran ainneil so air a sheinn ga 'dheanadh cho cianail agus gun ruig e cridhe neach a bhios ga éisdeachd. 'Se 'thubhairt neach aig am bheil mór-thlachd do dh'òrain Mhic Leoid gu'm faoidte 'bhi gan gabhail Di-dòmhnuch; agus, gun teagamh, 's ann ri òrain spioradail as coltaiche cuid dhiubh na ri òrain thèimeil.

Cha bhiodh an òraid so iomlan gun iomradh thoirt air na leabhraichean diadhaidh agus na laoidhean spioradail d'an deach mòran a chur ri chèile, a sgrìobhadh, a chur a mach agus a chlà-bhuail anns na ceud bliadhna a tha sinn a toirt fainear. Chaidh leabhar laoidhean Dhughail Bochanain a chlà-bhuail a h-aon 'ar fhichead do dh'uairean. Tha so a nochdadh dé cho measail 's a bha agus a tha na laoidhean so a nis. Tha iad àrd agus òirdhearca uile, ach tha cuid a' smaoinichadh gu'r iad "Mórachd Dhè," "An Claigninn," "Fulan-gais Chriosd" agus "Latha 'Bhreitheanais" an fheadhainn as fheàrr dhiubh.

Bha Laoidhean Phàruig Ghrannnd air an seinn aig iomadh teinntean bho cheann trì fichead bliadhna, agus, ged nach eil iad saor o mhearachdan, 's ioma neach d'an d'thug iad comhfhurtachd agus misneach.

Chan eil sluagh cho eòlach air laoidhean Mhic-Griogair agus Dhòmhnallaich na Tòiseachd; ach tha cuimhne mhath agus mór-mheas aig seann sluagh Thireadh air laoidhean Dhonnachaidh Dhughallaich, a bha na Mhinistear Baisteach ann an sin.

Rinn Gobhainn na Hearadh bàrdachd loinneil, agus tha cuid dhi air a h-aithris agus an latha'n diugh, agus eadhon air a seinn ann an coimh-thionalan. Anns an laoidh bhreagha—"The Duin' òg is Seann Duin' agam," tha am bàrd ag innse mu'n chogadh a tha gun sgrùd air aghaidh eadar seann nàdur agus nàdur ùr a chreidmich.

B'e Gillesbuig Mac Fhearchair, ministear an t-Soisgeil ann an Tìreadh, a cheud neach a thug a stigh mar chleachdadh a bhi 'seinn laoidhean ann an aoradh follaiseach. Chuir e ri chèile mòran òran agus dhàn spioradail.

Bho bhàrdachd gach linn tha sinn ag ionnsachadh agus a faotainn a mach mu bheachdan, mu chaithe-beatha, mu iartasan, mu shuidheachadh saoghalta agus mu shuidheachadh spioradail na muinntir a bha beò anns na linnean sin. Dé air bith a bha 'gluasad inntinnean an t-sluaigh gu mór—co-dhiubh 'se cogadh no mì-fhortan, sonas no doilghios, bochdainn no deuchainn, ainneart no droch riaghladh—tha so ri fhaicinn anns na duain a 'sheinn iad. Agus tha e na nì glé chomharraichte gur h-e fìor bheagan bàrdachd mu chogadh a chaidh a dheanadh bho cheann ceud bliadhna.

Tha na h-àrd-bheachan a bh'aig daoine aig toiseach na ùine so, mu nì no dhà, 'nan aobhar smuain. Dh'fheumadh duine coimh-ionta, nam beachd, a bhi àrd, dìreach, dìreachmhor, calma, gaisgeil, treun an cath, math air sealg 's air stiùradh bàta.

B'e an àrd-bheachd air nighinn oig i bhi sgiamhach na pearsa, le craicinn geal mar chailc, gruaidhean agus bilean dearg mar ròsan, sùilean meallach, donn no gorm, falt camagach dubh no donn no buidhe, agus deud mar an canach—modhail, màlda, math air seinn 's air dannsa.

Tha e na aobhar-taingeachd a bhi 'faicinn nach robh inntinnean sluaigh, chan e 'mhàin anns a' Ghàidhealtachd ach anns gach ceàrn de'n t-saoghal, riamh air an suidheachadh air fòghlum Gàidhealach mar a tha iad an diugh. Mu'n Ghàidhlig feudar a ràdh le firinn:

"Ged 'tha i nis aosda, tha i reachdmhor 'us treun,"

agus,

"Seasamaid d'leas
Ri cànan ar gaol,
Is chan fhaigh i am bàs
Gu ruig deireadh an t-saoghail."

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Minister of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye,

1740-1785.

Whose learning made such a deep impression on Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1773.

Edited by the Rev. RODERICK M'COWAN,
Kiltarlity.

Marbh-rann do Mhaighstir Dòmhnall Mac Cuinn, Ministear a bha ann an Cille Mhuire, san Eilean-sgiathanach.

AIR FÒNN: "*Slà'n gu'm faic mi thu, 'Mharcuis.*"

'Si bhliadhna ùr so thug am beum orm,
Ge cruaidh 's fheudar dhomh fhulang,
Thug i 'n elogad 's an sgiath dhìom,
Bha gam dhion o gach cunnart;
Chaill mi m'airm, agus m'aodach,
Bhuail an t'aog mi le bhuille,
Mo cheann, mo chasan, 's mo làmhan,
Gu trom 'nan laidhe fodh 'n tulaich.

'S ann 'san tulaich na laidhe
Tha 'm fear taighe gun ghruaman,
'M fear fhùghantach, flathail,
Dha'n robh tathaich nan uaislean;
Làmhnan sgaoilte gu'n glacadh,
'S ann a b'fhada leat uat iad,
'S cha bi chuirn gun an còra
Gheibhte aig Dòmhnall san uair sin.

Cha bi chuirn gun an còra
Gheibhte air bòrd mhic na maise,
Cuach is cupannan làna,
Le càirdeas, is aiteas;
Bhiodh tosd air na ceudan,
Ag éisdeachd ri d'eachdraidh,
Cha chluinnear 's cha chuala
Ceòl cluaise cho taitneach.

'S mór bha thaitneachdan sùla.
Ann do ghiùlan 's do nàdur,
Cha'n fhaca fear riamh thu,
Nach robh lionta le gràdh dhuit;
Bha mais' ann ad aodann
Agus faoilte le càirdeas,
Bha tarruing na'n ceud ort,
'S mòran ceutaidh aig càch dhìot.

'S mór an ceutaidh bh'aig càch dhìot
Tha do chàirdean ga d' iarguin;
Bu tu'n coilear, san cleòca,
Bu tu'n seòl a cuir dìon ort';
Bu tu'n caraide cùrte,
Anns gach cùis am biodh fiaradh,
'S a bheireadh gu crìch i
Le firinn is riaghailt.

Bu tu fear riaghaild gach gnothaich,
Bu tu'n comhairlich fìor ghlic,
Fear a dh'iarradh 'sa ghabhadh,
Bhiodh an aithis leat dìreach;
Bhiodh an stiùir an do dheas laimh
Ann am freasdal na sìthe,
'Ga seòladh gu cala
Cheart aindecin na strithe.

Nis 's doirbh dhuinn a seòladh
Dh'fhalbh an seòl'dair 'san sgiobair,
Dh'fhalbh an t-slat leis an aodach,
Tha sinn sgaoilte dha'n trioblaid;
Dh'fhalbh an crann leis an tarruing,
Tha sinn falamh dhe'n rigein—
Dh'fhalbh an druim leis na saidhean,
'S cruaidh an naidheachd nach tig thu.

'S cruaidh an naidheachd nach tig thu
'S tu sa chiste chaòil chlàraich;
Gun chothrom air éirigh,
Chan eil treun ris nach tàinig;
'S fheudar triall 'sa dhol dachaidh,
Gun an teachdaireach àicheadh,
'Sa dh'aindecin ar n-earbsa
Chan eil dearbh ach am bàs duinn.

Tha fear ceangal na sìthe,
'Na shìne fodh 'n fhuar lic;
Beul a dh'aithris na firinn,
'S ga toirt sìobhailte uaidhe,
Bheireadh naimhdeas gu càirdeas,
Ann an àite na tuasaid,
Cha do laidh 's cha do dh'éirich
Fear réit' a bheir buaidh ort.

Dh'fhalbh ar tuigse 's ar gliocas
'Nuair a sgioblaicheadh uainn thu;
Bu neart air ar cùl thu,
Anns gach cùis a bhiodh cruaidh oirn;
Bu tu ceann-uidhe nam feumach
'S tu an déigh air am fuasgladh,
Tha d'luchd-leanmhuinn fo smaointean
'S iad mar chaoraich gun bhuachail'.

Tha d'eaglais na bantraich,
Ge teann air a taobh thu;
Do leithid chan fhaigh i,
Tha e ainneamh ri fhaotainn;
'M fear a gheibh i a cheud uair
Tha e na fheuchainn nach saoil e,
Ma leanas e samh'la
'N fhir a bh'ann, bithidh e daor dha.

Tha do mhic, tha do bhràith' rean,
Tha do chàirdean ga'd' ionndrainn,
Tha chlann nighean a dh'fhàg thu
Làn cràidh agus ciuridh;
'S tric sìle o'n gruaidhean
Air an cluasaig ag drighadh—
'S bochd an uaigneas nan Seòmar,
'S chan eil neònachas uair ann.

'N té a d'fhàg thu san àit dhiubh,
Thuit a h-aighe, 's a h-inntinn;
Tha sac trom air a cridhe
Cha tog fiodhall no piob e;
Cha tog clàrsach na ceòl e
Fad 's as beò i bithidh cuimhn' aic
Air na fhuair i dhe d'cheannal,
'S d'fhàg am barrachd ud claidht i.

Chan eil comunn 's na shuidh thu
Nach robh duilich 'nuair chual iad
Gu'n deach thu fo dhubhar,
Ann sa chumhag 's nach gluais thu;
'S mór de sheanachas math prìseil,
Tha dhìth oirnn san uair sin,
'S nuair bu mhath dhuinn thu againn,
'S ann a ghrad thugadh uainn thu.

Dhòmhsa b' aithne do chleachda
Nam bu mhath mi gu innse;
Bu tu'm fear foighidneach, faic'leach,
Bu tu'm fear macanta, sìobhalt;
Bu tu'm fosgarrach fialaidh,
B'e'n diubhail thu bhì dhìth oirnn;
Bu tu'm fear carthanach, càirdeil,
Fear gun àrdan, gun stri thu.

'S far an deanadh tu suidhe
Bu tu cridhe na féile;
Bu tu'n tlachd, bu tu chuideachd,
Cha bu sgrubaire féicheach;
Na dh'iarradh tu dhioladh tu,
Riamh mar a dh'fheum thu,
'S ioma fear dha'm bheil call ann,
Luathas a laimhsich an t-eug thu.

Bha meas dhìot an Alba,
'S bha thu ainmeal an Lunnain;
Air dheiseachd, 's air àilleachd,
'S tu gun fhàilinge cumaidh;
Cha do sheall ann ad aghaidh,
Nach bu tu raoghainn san iomairt,
Bu spàr chompanach rìgh thu
'S tu nach dìobradh fear cumant.

Nuair a ruigeadh tu Ghalldachd,
Agus cabhsair Dhun-èidinn,
'S do bheatha aig gach deas-fhear
Bu luaithe theirt ann na chèile;
'M fear nach b'urrainn thu fhreasdal
Bhithheadh e'm feasd ann an eud riut;
Cha robh buaidh a bh'air daoine
Nach robh an cumantas streup riut.

Air d'fhalbh 's air do thighinn,
Bu tu'n tighearn aig a bhaile,
Bu tu macaibh na h-uaisle
Ann an uachdar do thalla;

B'e do shòlas a chuideachd,
'S cha robh sgruba 'nad aire,
'S ge do fhanadh iad bliadhna,
Bhithheadh iad riarichte mar riut.

Nis o chàireadh an ùir ort,
'S nach eil dùil ri thu thighinn,
Bu tu sgoltadh na còrach,
Fhir chòmhraidich, chridheil;
Agus iuchair na glaise,
'Nuair a rachadh tu bhruidhinn,
Agus casg' na mi-riaghailt,
Far an iarrt thu na d'bhritheamh.

Trian chan urrainn mi fhosgladh
Dhe na choisinn thu dheagh-chliu,
Bha ùgh Dhé agus dhaoine
Air a sheuladh na'd aodann;
Bha thu carthanach, aon-fhillte,
Rì daonaichte 's ri feumaich,
Cha d'àichidh thu ciad ghnùis,
'S cha b'fhiach leat sud éisdeachd.

Thug càch dhuit an t-urram
Air na chunnaic na chì iad;
Do leithid cha d'rugadh
Ann sa chuid so de'n rìoghachd;
'S ioma fear dha'm bheil fios air,
'S fearr na mise gus innse,
Leis an duilich nach beò thu
'S gu'n d'fhàg Dòmhnall Mac Cuinn sinn.

Gu'n cluinn mise t'àlach
Dol air thàbhachd 's air mhisnich,
Ann an cliu 's ann an onair,
Ann an sonas 'san gliocas,
Mu théid sibh ri dualchas,
Leanaidh uaisle is meas sibh,
Leanaidh tlachd is buaidh-làrach,
Ruibh 's gach àite dha'n tig sibh.

THE STRANGER FROM THE WORLD-OUT-BY.

By CAMPBELL OF SADDELL, F.S.A. (Scot.),
J.P., The Captain of Saddell Castle.

On a day of days came a stranger from the world-out-by to the Airds of Carradale, when the buds were on the hazel in Glen Carradale, and no one asked him where he came from and what was his business among them, for that was ever the way with the Gael in those days, not to be questioning strangers, but the stranger's welcome

was his, with bite and sup. A tall, dark, lean man he was, and the look of the sea was in his eyes, and the silent tongue of one that has seen much, and done more than most folks in these days. Donald MacVicar he called himself, when one who had the ale in his head asked him; and when Tarbert Kate, the skilly wife, heard tell of it, she just shook her head and said, sharp and biting, like a squall from out Loch Ranza:

"Oh, righ, who ever heard tell of a black MacVicar."

The end of year found the stranger still in the Airds of Carradale, and still unknown as the day he first set his brogues in it from the great world-out-by. The summer of the following year the herring were in it, and the French luggers were in the Sound and salt Loch Fyne at the buying of them, and the good red wine of France was at the paying of them; but for all the gold and the wine that was in it, never an oar did the stranger pull at the fishing; but money he had, for at times he paid for his ale in gold in the change house, and the coins he got back he would throw to the men sitting at their ale.

"There boys," he would say, "that will help to wash the salt out of your throats, for sea thirst is ill to drown; more so if the black water has been singing in your ears and your feet near on the floor of the sea."

At the coming of the back end the French luggers left before the gales were on them, and with them the herring went, for never a tail of them was seen in the Sound to the upper reaches of salt Loch Fyne, and those who had saved in the rich days had plenty, and those who had not starved, for the landlord at the change house had got what they won from the sea; and among those that starved was Callum Cruban, a wee red-haired man with eyes as deep as the Sound. On a wild night, near the end of the year, he stood with his back to the gable end of the change house, his belt drawn into the last hole, for the hunger that was his, when round the gable end came the stranger from the great world-out-by.

"Callum Cruban, a word I want with you," said he; "but come into the change house out of the storm."

Once inside the change house, he filled Callum Cruban with strong brown ale till the recklessness that was his was on him.

"Callum Cruban," said the stranger from the great world-out-by, "you are the kind of man I am needing badly this night for a great ploy, for my gold is near done,

and I must be getting more. Are you game to come with me?"

"Oh, righ," said Callum Cruban, "game I am. I follow you this night to the devil."

"Well! well! the tide is well on the flood, so to Water Foot my hero, and be getting your boat ready for our ploy."

When Callum Cruban heard this, the ale went quick out of his head.

"Man, man, are you to be taking the sea on a night like this?"

Here the black stranger laughed a sneering laugh, that cut Callum Cruban worse than a hundred dirks.

"But a moment ago you were for following me to the devil, and now, oh, righ, a coward you are, and feared for a bit breeze."

For a moment Callum Cruban stood plucking at his red beard, then said:

"To sea, so be it."

When they reached Water Foot the storm was more in making, and when the moon showed for a moment through the driving clouds Carradale Bay was one mass of driving foam; but to sea they went, close reefed, with the black stranger at the tiller, and now and again the icy spray would wash aboard, soaking them to the skin as they beat round the Carradale point, where the sea broke white on the sunken Cruban Rock. Once clear of the point, they ran up the sound before the gale, Callum Cruban lying shivering with cold and fear at the bottom of the boat. He must have slept, for the next thing he was aware of was the stranger shaking him by the shoulders, and saying: "Get up, you fool, we have no time to be losing." And when he got to his feet the boat was in a little land-locked bay, and ashore they both waded, for the bay was sandy and shallow. Once on the shore the stranger lit a lantern, and Callum Cruban followed, and if he stumbled on the loose boulders the stranger would turn round and curse him. For half an hour and more they stumbled on, till it suddenly dawned on Callum Cruban that the ground was not new to him.

"The north end of Arran," said he to himself, "and no place for honest men to be in at this time of night with a gale blowing."

At the turn of the next headland they suddenly came on a wee black house near the shore, a faint light showing in its small window.

"Here's the end of our ploy," said the stranger to Callum Cruban, as he walked up to the door, and when he came to it he

whistled low, and the door opened a little.

"It is that you," said a voice. "Late you are; but who have you with you?"

"A red one," answered the stranger.

"Nothing could be better for it, on this night of all nights, and a Friday's moon in it. Come in, come in," said the voice, and with that the stranger pushed Callum Cruban into the cottage. And when he was accustomed to the rushlight above the fire, after coming in from the night, his eyes rested on the most evil face of a woman in her prime that was his to be seeing, who was looking at him in a queer way.

"God save us," said he to himself.

"Fool I was to come on this mad ploy, for you carlin yonder has eyes in her head like an adder on a turf wall."

And as he turned to make for the door the stranger pinned him by both his arms, and, struggle as he might, caught he was like a badger in a trap, and, with the help of the woman, he was soon bound and gagged in a chair.

"And now for the red gold," said the woman, "when I have the black pot on."

And with that she placed a large black pot on the fire, into which she began to fling things that Callum Cruban could not see. When the pot began to boil and hiss, over to Callum Cruban she goes, and out with a sharp knife, and into his first finger she drove it sharp and clean, and the pain of it and what he had come through made his senses go from him, and when he came to himself what should he see but the stranger and the woman emptying new shining gold pieces out of the pot. When it was empty, and the gold safe in the stranger's pockets,

"Home now, you black one," said the woman.

And into the night went Callum Cruban and the stranger, and without a word they hoisted their sail for home; but Carradale the stranger never saw, for in the grey dawn Callum Cruban was found clinging on to an upturned boat, white in the head, and the madness of MacTalla, the scoffer, on him. A week later the body of a strange dark man was found on the Skate Island, and all his pockets were filled with burned whelk shells, which made folks wonder, but not a woman in a wee black house in the north end of Arran, if she had been to the fore, but the very hour the body was found on the Skate Island the good folks in Arran were drowning her for a witch in Coirein Lochan.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BENDERLOCH.—A successful concert was held in the Victory Hall on the evening of the 4th March, the occasion being the conclusion of the Gaelic singing classes conducted by Mr. Hugh Maclean, singing teacher of the Comunn Gaidhealach. In the absence of Rev. J. A. MacCormick, president of the local branch, the chair was occupied by Rev. John Maclean, who in a stirring Gaelic speech emphasised the importance of the upholding of "A Ghaidhlig a bardachd 'sa ceol." The programme was opened by a fine selection on the piob mhor by the well-known Oban piper, Mr. Kenneth Lawrie, who is always a welcome visitor to Benderloch. The singing of the choir, duettists, and soloists in their respective songs showed careful training which reflects great credit on the teacher. Piano and violin selections were given by Miss Gracie Bruce, Connel, and Messrs Macpherson and Mackenzie. A pleasing function during the programme was the presentation of a wallet of Treasury notes to the conductor by the singing class. The presentation was made by Mr. Alex. Rowan, vice-president of the Branch, who spoke highly of Mr. Maclean's patient and painstaking teaching. Mr. Maclean in reply remarked that he would always have pleasant memories of his sojourn in Benderloch.

GIGHA.—The Gigha Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach brought its session to a close on Tuesday, 4th March, by holding a concert in the Public School. Rev. Kenneth Macleod presided over a very large audience. The performers, all of whom are members of the local branch, were Mrs. John Macneill, Misses Cathie Bannatyne, Ellen Orr, Morag Graham, Katie M'Sporran, Isa Graham, and Messrs Malcolm Wotherspoon, Alastair Graham, Donald McNeill, and Angus M'Gougan. The singing of the various songs, Gaelic, Scottish and Irish, was of a high order and Celtic to the core. A feature of the meeting was the hearty manner in which the audience joined in the choruses, thus bringing the movement into harmony, not only with the traditional Gaelic Ceilidh, but also with the modern British festival. The speakers in addition to the chairman were the vice-presidents, Messrs John Wotherspoon and Peter Smith. Mr. Calum Macdonald, one of the two official pipers, delighted the audience with his bagpipe selections. The Gigha Branch has been remarkably successful during the past winter. Its weekly meetings were always crowded, and no programme was ever needed as one could depend absolutely on the unbroken flow of song and story and speech. The branch collected £11 for the Highlands and Islands Distress Fund.

HARTWOOD.—Under the auspices of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Hartwood, a concert was held in the Orange Hall, Motherwell, on Tuesday, 4th March. Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, was chairman. The programme opened with a limelight lecture entitled "A tour from Motherwell to the Hebridean Islands per Messrs MacBayne's steamer," by Mr. A. M'Phail, M.A., Glasgow. The lecturer described each point touched in a masterly manner which left the audience in no doubt as to his fitness to portray a tour of the West Coast of Scotland. The Chairman gave a stirring address, in the course of which he urged upon the Highlanders in the county to foster the game of Shinty. A musical programme was contributed by the following:—Mr. M'Vicar, Hartwood; Mrs. M'Millan, Motherwell; Mr. Neil M. Haggart,

Hartwood (vocalists); Mr. J. W. Oakley, pianoforte selections; and Piper Bagnall. Mr. Barclay, Bank of Scotland, moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Mr. M'Phail, while Dr. Kerr, Hartwood, moved a vote of thanks to the artistes and to the promoters. The sum of £10 was collected for the Distress Fund.

INVERARAY.—At a meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach, held on 21st February, Mrs. N. Macintyre, vice-president, presided, and read a letter from Rev. John MacIachlan, in which he stated his regret at not being with them at the different functions, but he hoped soon to be with the people again. Bagpipe selections were discoursed by Mr. P. C. Maitland in a spirited manner. Songs were sung by Miss Peggy Ferguson, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Peter Macintyre, Miss Macgregor, Grammar School, gave a recitation, and Mrs. P. C. Maitland piano selections. Songs were contributed by Balfie Forbes, Mr. F. Peden, and Mr. Archd. Cameron.

KILMALLIE.—The local Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held their monthly meeting on Friday, 22nd February, in the Corpach Hall. Rev. Mr. Crawford presided. There was a large gathering, many coming from the landward glens and the Ardgour district. Mr. MacAulay, the Schoolhouse, lectured briefly on the Gaelic concepts of Life and Death. Folk tales with a local colouring were recited by Messrs Macdonell and Macdonald. A dialogue from Dr. Norman Macleod's classic was acted by Messrs Macintyre and Finlayson. Songs were rendered by Messrs Maclean, Livingstone, Macpherson, Macdonald, and MacEachan, Kennedy, Mactavish, Mrs. Campbell, Macmaster, and Miss D. Macalpine. Instrumental music was provided by Messrs Wilson and Maclean on the violin. A collection on behalf of the Highland Distress Fund realised £2 10s. A Gaelic class conducted by Rev. Mr. Crawford in connection with the Comunn is well attended.

KINLOCH RANNOCH.—The Gaelic classes conducted under the Education Authority by Miss MacLaren, Strathminard, were, last week, brought to a close, when the members were entertained by Miss MacLaren. A delightful evening was spent, in the course of which Mr. James Scott presented Miss Maclean with a handsome handbag as a token of esteem from the class and in appreciation of her services. Miss MacLaren suitably acknowledged, and presented gifts to the members of the Junior Class.

LOCHABER.—At a Ceilidh held on Monday night, under the auspices of An Comunn Abrach, Rev. Mr. Ross, Laggan, speaking in Gaelic gave a learned exposition of the history of Celtic pipe music, with special reference to the M'Crinnon school. The Director of Education for the county, Mr. M. Morrison, presided, and there was a large attendance. Music was interspersed.

AN DEIGH A' CHOGAIDH.—A sequel to "Dàin is Deabhnan Fhacail a Am a Chogaidh," by the same author, and just published Wrappers. Post free, 2s., from the author, Mr. T. D. MacDonald, 40 Stevenson Street, Oban.—Advt.

RELIEF CONCERTS.

Under the auspices of An Comunn Gaidhealach and by permission of Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell of Succoth, a concert arranged by Miss Jenny Given, was held in the afternoon of 1st March, in the Saloon of Garscube House, in aid of An Comunn's Fund for relief of distress in the Islands and Highlands. The programme was a delightful one. Only old and traditional songs were allowed, and in Gaelic. Miss J. M. B. Currie, Ford, delighted the audience with "O till a Leannain" (Inveraray version, in deference to Lady Elspeth Campbell, who was present), and "Mi'm shuidhe air an tulaich." Mr. Neil Shaw gave an "Oran Mor" and "Puirt a Beul." Miss Given's pupils and friends provided the contrast with charming old English folk songs. Captain Campbell, yr. of Succoth, presided, and Mr. Angus Robertson told the audience something of what is being done to aid the distressed people and the part An Comunn had played in collecting funds from all over the world. The gratifying sum of £38 10s 6d was the outcome of the concert.

A concert arranged by Miss Cathie P. Turner, Mod Gold Medallist, Glasgow, in aid of the Highland Distress Fund was held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, and considering the short notice and the number of Highland functions taking place, there was a surprisingly good attendance. The chair was taken by the Rev. Lauchlan MacLean Watt, D.D., and he was accompanied to the platform by Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn Gaidhealach, and Mr. Malcolm MacLeod. In the course of a rousing speech the Chairman spoke of the great distress at present prevailing in the Highlands and Islands. Those of them who knew how they were suffering and what their actual wants were and how little they complained were proud to think that they belonged to such a noble race. He was indeed pleased to know that the great Highland population of the city of Glasgow were doing all in their power according to their means to assist their unfortunate brethren at home in the Highlands. Having to leave the meeting to attend another Highland function, Dr. MacLean Watt was, on the motion of Mr. Angus Robertson, cordially thanked for his address. The concert was opened by Miss Cathie Turner giving an exquisite rendering of "Mo Shuil ad dheigh" and "Fear a' Bhata," and the remainder of the programme was sustained by the following:—Mr. J. B. Gray, Mr. N. Donaldson, Miss May L. Smylie, and Mr. J. C. Macphree, with Miss Nan Malvin as elocutionist, and Piper John MacLellan MacIntyre. At the close of the concert Miss Cathie Turner was congratulated by the Chairman on the splendid entertainment she had provided and also for the kindly spirit that prompted her action in arranging a concert in aid of the Distress Fund. They who were deeply interested in the movement were very much indebted to her and those who had assisted her that evening.

MANCHESTER.—We, the undersigned, would like to express our grateful thanks to Mr. Hugh Munro for the help and advice he has given us in the arranging, etc., of our Fund in aid of the distress in the Hebrides.

FLORA EADIE.
ZENA BURROWS.
FLORA E. RHODES.



AN GAIDHEAL

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—*Bunaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

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An Céitein, 1924.

[Earrann 8

UISGE NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

Car son a tha muiltean cotain cho lìonmhor am Manchester ged nach eil cotan a' fàs an sin? Tha a chionn gu bheil gual am pailteas ri fhaotainn anns an nàbhadh, agus mar sin gu faighear connadh gu leòr agus gu saor a ehum cumhachd a bhuileachadh airson na muiltean a chumail a' dol gun éis. Car son a tha muiltean clòimhe cho lìonmhor an Galashiels, ged nach eil an ceàrn sin nas fearr airson chaorach na ceàrn sam bith eile de'n dùthaich? Tha a chionn gu bheil an amhainn Gala a' sruladh car cas dlùth do 'n bhaile, a' tairginn cumhachd gu saor airson iomadh roth a chur mu'n cuairt anns na muiltean. Mar is trice tha na h-ealadhaidhean saothrachail a' cruinneachadh gu àite goireasach, far am faighear cumhachd am pailteas aig pris reusanta, airson an cuid acuinn iomairt.

A nis, ged nach eil gual anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, gidheadh chan eil earrann idir de Bhreatunn anns am bheil urad de chumhachd a' dol gun fheum a chion saothrachaidh. Le so tha sinn a' ciallachadh cumhachd-uisge airson electriciti a chosnadh. Tha de chumhachd-uisge anns a' Ghàidhealtachd na thogadh electriciti gu leòr airson na ceudan muillean a chumail a' dol a latha is a dh'oidhche; na chumadh solus ri bailtean Alba; agus a chumadh na rathaidean-iaruinn aig àirde am feuma, araon airson luchd-siubhail is airson giùlan bathair.

An uair a bheir sinn gu tùrail fairear a' cheist, tha e soilleir gu bheil call anabarrach ag èirigh do ar dùthaich a chionn nach eil an saibhreas nàdurach so, eadhon cumhachd-uisge, air a bhuileachadh gu ceart mar bu chòr. Gun teagamh, bhiodh a' chosgais trom anns

a' cheud dol a mach. Ach is e dleasdanas ar luchd-gnothuich a bhì a' sparradh na cùise air aire na h-Ard-Uachdaranachd. Tha an cumhachd nàdurach so a cheart cho luachmhor is ged a bhiodh meinean gual anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Tha sinn cho ullamh gu bhì a' creidsinn anns na seann dòighean a mhàin, agus cho mall gu bhì tuigsinn nan cothroman a tha na h-innleachdan ùra a' cur ann ar làmh.

Anns a' Ghàidhealtachd tha cuid de lochan a tha còrr is mìle traidh os cionn còmhnaid na mara. Tha iomadh sruthan is allt anns na h-aonaichean aig àirde is mò na sin, a dh'fhaoidte chruinneachadh anns na coireachan a chum lochan ùra a dheanamh. Tha na sruthain air am beathachadh leis na siantan, leis gach mathair-uisge a tha lìonmhor, agus leis an t-sneachd a tha a' leaghadh air na monaidhean. Chan eil eagal gum bi éis uisge anns na beanntan. Tha cuid a' smaoinneachadh gur ann a tha sin tuilleadh is na tha feumail; ach, nam biodh a' chuis air a laimhseachadh le luchd ealadhain, ghabhadh na h-uisgeachan cur gu feum; agus bhiodh an fhlicheachd air a bheil daoine a' gearan, air a tionndadh a chum leas na dùthcha.

Chualas o chionn bliadhna no dhà mórau mu an rùn a tha am beachd na muinntir a tha dol a bhuileachadh uisgeachan Lochabar. Tha sinn a' leughadh gu bheil a h-uile coltas gu'n tòisich an obair air au t-samhradh so fhéin. Ma théid an rùn ud a chur an cleachdadh bidh cumhachd gu leòr 'ri sheachnadh airson feum na Ghàidhealtachd anns an àird-an-iar. Agus ma théid obair uisge nan Grampian air aghart cuideachd, an rud a tha coltach gu leòr an ùine gun bhì fada, bidh bailtean móra

na Galdachd air an lasadh o'n Ghàidhealtachd. A thaobh ceist uisge Lochabar, bidh tuiltean abhainn Spé air an treòrachadh troimh chladhan domhain an Strath Mhàisidh gu abhainn Phatag. Is e tomhas àbhaisteach uisge Spé còig muilleanan fichead gallan anns na ceitheir uairean fichead; ach ri am tuile tha còrr mór is a dhà urad sin a' ruith, a' còmhdachadh achaidhean Chluainidh. Is iad na tuiltean sin a théid troimh an abhainn Patag gu Loch Lagain, a bhios air a dheanamh nas doimhne. Tha an loch so mu sheachd mìle am faid, agus bidh an raoin a tha mu thri mìle am faid, aig ceann an iar-dheas an locha, air a cur gu léir a sealladh. Nithear cladhan domhain gu Loch Tréig, agus bidh uisgeachean Loch Lagain a' dòrtadh gu Loch Tréig, a bhios tri fichead traidh is a deich nas doimhne na tha e. Théid toll-chladhan mu choig mìle deug am faid a chladhach troimh Bheinn Neibheis; agus thig an t-eas mór a mach mu bheul Gleann Neibheis, dlùth air Gearasdan Lochabar. Anns an àite sin bullichear cumhachd nach bi a leithid idir am Breatunn; cumhachd a bhios air a sgaoilteadh mu dheas is mu thuath, agus a bheir iomairt do mhóran mhuiltean, gun toit gun salchar, an Gleann Neibheis is an Inbhir Lóchaidh. Tha a' mhuir ri làmh; agus tha an rathad-iaruinn goireasach a cheana. Bhiodh e furasda rathad iaruin a dheanamh troimh Bhàideanach, a' ceangal na h-àirde-an-iar ris an àird-an-ear. Ma thig am beachd so gu crìch, bidh a' chùis, chan ann a mhàin a chum leas na Gàidhealtachd, ach a chum leas na rìoghachd air fad.

MAC MUIRICH STAOLIGEARRAIDH-GEARRAIDH.

Le Calum Mac-a-Phi, Creag Ghoiridh.

Thachair do Mhac Mhuirich Staoilgearraidh bhì air turus air Tìr-mór leis a' bhirlinn. Thàinig latha math agus bha e a' deanamh deas gu tilleadh 'nuair chunnaic e gille òg glas 'n a ruith chum na laimrig. Labhair an t-òganach ris an sgioba, agus thubhairt e gun robh toil aige an t-aiseag fhaotainn gu Uibhist.

"Glé mhath," arsa Mac Mhuirich, 's e 'cur aghaidh air a' ghille ghlas; "c' ainm ort?"

"Niall," arsa an gille glas.

Dh'fheòrach Mac Mhuirich dheth an uair sin am bu fhear-sgiobaidh math a bha ann, agus fhreagair an gille glas nach b'è, ach gun taomadh e am bàta. An sin chaidh iad uile a steach do'n bhirlinn agus dh'fhalbh iad.

Nis, bha an latha anabarrach ciuin, agus bho nach robh so a còrdadh ro mhath ris an sgioba, labhair Lachlainn Òg, mac Mhic Mhuirich, mar so ri 'athar: "Bu chòir dhuibh iarratas a' dheanamh air son soirbheas, oir ma leanas so cha ruig sinn a' Bheinn Mhór an diugh." Fhreagair Mac Mhuirich agus thubhairt e:—

"Gaoth an ear

Bho'n ailbhinn chiuin,

Mar a dh'òrdaich Rìgh nan Dùl.

Soirbheas gun iomramh gun abhsadh,
Nach deanadh gnìomh fuathach dhuinn."

Cha luaithe bha na facail air an labhairt na thòisich an soirbheas ri beòthachadh. Thàinig a' ghaoth gu rèidh, còthromach as an déidh, ach cha do chòrd so na bu mhotha ris na gillean òga. Thubhairt Lachlainn a rithist ri 'athair,

"Nach sibh a rinn an t-iarratas simplidh, suarach; cha toir e gu cala an diugh sinn."

Chuir so tàmailt air Mac Mhuirich, agus fhreagair e gun deanadh esan iarratas, a nis, a bheireadh a dhiol dha. Thubhairt e mar so:—

"Ma tha gaoth an ifrinn fhuar,

A sgoilteas na tonnan taobh-ruadh,

A Dhóinnain, cuir 'nar déidh i,

Na sradan teine-teinntean."

An sin thòisich an stòirm is a' ghaillion, agus an ùine ghoirid bha sgioba a' bhàta uile sinnte air an ùrlar, ach an gille glas agus Mac Mhuirich. Bha an stuadh a stigh mar a bha i muigh aig Mac Mhuirich, 's e stiùradh, ach mar a thigeadh a steach thilgeadh an gille glas a mach. Mu dheireadh, dh'éirich an gille glas, agus thig e bhuaidhe an taoman. Rug e air Mac Mhuirich, agus, 'ga thilgeil bhàrr na stiurach, thubhairt e, "Bho nach fear-sgiobaidh thu, taom an t-eathar." Rinn e an uair sin greim air an fhaim, agus gus an do ràinig iad cladach na Beinne Móire, cha d'thàinig làn boise a steach air beul a' bhàta.

An uair bhual a sròn ris an fheamainn, leum an gille glas air tìr 's chan fhacas riamb tuille e. B' fheadar do Mhac Mhuirich a chuid ghillean a shladadh gu cladach, agus an uair a rinn e sin, thubhairt e:—

"Bhuam Mac Mhuirich,

Bhuam Mac Mharach,

Bhuam iad uile ach Niall;

Bhuam na Guinnich,

'S bhuam na Loinnich

'S bhuam iad uile ach Niall,

'S ged bu cliath-chliata i

Chumadh Niall tiorram i."

ROB DONN SONG.

This is one of the songs selected for the Thurso Branch Competition at the Perth Mod, and must be sung in the Sutherland dialect. Copyright—From Songs and Poems by Rob Donn (Robert Mackay), with the kind permission of the Editor of “*The Celtic Monthly*.”

GUR MULADACH M'N COMHNUIDH.

GLEUS E b. *Moderato*.

{ $\underline{. d' l}$ | s ., m : r . m | l₁ : d ., r | m . m : s . l | r : d
Gur muladach m' n c mhnuidh, Measg cuideachd 's mi am  nar ;

{ ., r | m ., m : r . m | l₁ : d ., r | m : s | l : — . ||
'S ged bheir mi greis air sp rs, Bidh mi trom, trom, trom.

Rann.

{ . m | l ., l : d' . r' | t : m . m | d' ., l : s . l | r : d
Air son ciod 'eil mi gnolmhach Mu' n n  mu' m beil mi miannach,

{ ., r | m . m : r . m | l₁ : d ., r | m : s | l : — . ||
Gi-dheadh nach 'eil mo chriochan, 'Dol liom, liom, liom.

Gach seachduin dhomh mi-fhaoilteach,
Gach l  a' deanamh saothrach,
'S gach oidhche laidhe m'aonar
An r m, r m, r m.

Sin 'n uair labhair B bi—
Tha roghainn dhiubh a b'fhearr liom
Na'm faighinn sud gu m' ilghios
'S an  m,  m,  m.

Di-sathuirn bidh mi guamach,
'S Di-d mhnaich bidh mi smuainteach,
'S air moch-a-thr th Di-luain
Th id mi null, null, null.

O athair, na biodh fearg ort,
Tha 'n roghainn ud neo-chearbach ;
Am fear a's fhaid' bha 'g earbsadh,
Leig liom, liom, liom.

Ged ruigeas mi gu h-anmoch,
'S ged fhairich mi mo mheanmainn,
Cha'n fhaigh mi cainnt   Barabra
Ach gann, gann, gann.

Mo bharail air do runnsachd,
Is t'fhanadh anns an aon stagh,
Nach 'eil thu 'g a mo chunntadh
Ach gann, gann, gann.

Le iomadaidh luchd m oruin
'Cur bacadh air ar miannaibh,
'S 'ga falach-sa   m'fhianuis,
Gu teann, teann, teann.

Do dh'innseadh dhuit nach fior sud,
Thoir dhomhsa pears' an l on-anairt,
Is gleidh do chuid is t'iomhaigh
Gu  m,  m,  m.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

The MS. text of this poem has been published by Dr. McLauchlan (p. 110) and *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, vol. I. 99. An account of Ailín, son of Ruairidh, chief of Clan Ranald, is given in *Clan Donald*, vol. II., pp. 233-246. Ailín died in 1505, or, according to Gregory (p. 110), in 1509, at Blair Athol, where he is buried. Gregory states that he was executed in the presence of the king, giving as his authority MacMhuirich, but MacMhuirich has absolutely nothing to this effect. Had this been Ailín's end, there is no doubt whatever that Fionnlagh Ruadh would have been delighted to mention it, but all he says is that Ailín had long been gallows-ripe. But was Ailín really dead when the poem was written? This satire by Fionnlagh Ruadh is the most ferocious one known to me. There must have been some ground for it; we may hope that the poet has exaggerated, and in particular that the most revolting part of his indictment is not true. The fine lament by MacMhuirich on Ailín and his son Ragnall sets him in a very different light.

The poem is difficult, and there are some points on which I am not quite satisfied so far. In rann 8d "míoghoire" would mean "of impiety," i.e., "impious," which makes good sense, but does not quite satisfy the Dean's text. In rann 12b, I have omitted the Dean's *daltvuyt*, which should be two words, the second a dissyllable rhyming with *shlín*. The first couplet of rann 15 is obscure, and the reconstruction is tentative; I have not met the term *cnámh-thuagh* elsewhere: it would denote an axe for cleaving bones, so that the marrow might be extracted. The metre is Deibhidhe.

A H-UGH DAR-SA AN BARD RUADH
FIONNLAGH.THE AUTHOR OF THIS IS THE
RED BARD FIONNLAGH.

1. Theasda aon diabhal na nGaidheal,
sgéal as cóir a chomhmaoidheadh;
bhaoi ré daor lot cheall is chros,
maol torc mall gan mhathas.
 2. A h-ifreann tháinig ar dtús:
usaide an sgéal iompús,
mar thá a bheatha rís ar ball
a gceathaibh ghrís na ndiabhal.
 3. Do nasgadar air fá riun,
an uair dh'fhág sé teach n-ifrinn,
toidheacht do 'n dún chéadna ar ais,
's a chúl ré réatla pharrthais.
 4. An uair tháinig an torc dubh,
b' iomdha deamhan 'ga chonnradh:
garbh mhothar gacha péiste
gur shín go h-anbha oill-éitigh.
 5. Ar eagla a bheith gan ní,
do rinneadh de mhac Ruairí
a chniocht go h-onáireach ann,
a riocht Chonáin i n-ifreann.
 6. Is cóir an agra tha a ndiudh
ag Ailéin ar na diabhlaihbh,
gurab e fa rí orra,
ar liom, 'n a thím eatorra.
1. The prime devil of the Gael is dead, a tale fit to be vaunted, who ignobly wounded churches and crosses, a bald boar dull and worthless.
 2. From hell he came at first—the easier (of belief) is the tale that goes about, how that his existence is again forthwith among the hot ash showers of the devils.
 3. They bound him by his weapon's point, what time he left the house of hell, that to that same hold he should return, with his back to the stars of paradise.
 4. When the black boar arrived thither, many a demon plighted him; the rude outcry of every form of monster arose hugely and hideously.
 5. For fear that he should lack a competence, Ruairidh's son was made a knight honourably there in hell, after the manner of Conan.
 6. Just is the claim that Ailín makes to-day upon the devils, even that he was their king, methinks, in his time among them.

7. Is mithigh sgur réd mharbhnaidh,
a shean bheathaigh bhioth-charnaigh,
mhic Ruairí o'n mhúr a mach,
fhuaire ní gan lúth gan lámhach.
8. Fá chaithréim do chur a sum
dlighim coinne ré Colum ;
ó's í caithréim t'aoir uile,
a Ailéin mhaoil mhíoghoire.
9. Do rinn tusa, is ní h-í a mháin,
creach Ie is reilge Odhráin ;
is tú dhochann go borb ann
cochull na n-ord 's na n-aifreann.
10. Is tú bhuaire olc Innse Gall,
is tú bhocht a cíos 's a tearmann ;
is tú as gealtach nós a mach,
la leantar fós do thosach.
11. Acht aon bhuille ar do láimh chlí,
do bhréithir, a mhic Ruairí ;
ní cíos do ghleo ó shoin a mach,
's an chros bheo dod mhallacht.
12. Maith an dís fa bhfuil do shlán,
dóibh-sin fós is . . .
ó chéad tosach do chagaidh,
a bhréan chlosach anabaigh.
13. Creach eile nach raibh 'san lagh,
ar Fíonan a nGleann Garadh :
mhallugh do naoinh feartach féin
do mhaol gealtach, a Ailéin.
14. Atá mar gach naomh eile
ag díoghailt a oirbhre :
chuir Dubhthach la chúis féin
an cuthach a ngnúis Ailéin.
15. Do thír dubhach is do shluagh,
do baineadh dhíobh a chnámh-thuagh ;
léigid deireadh do mhuirne
idir Seile is Subhairne.
16. Ní h-iongnadh a bheith a mpéin :
fada ó b' ionchrochta Ailéin ;
ná luaidh ar láthair an fhir
chuaidh g'a mháthair 's g'a phiuthair.
17. Mithigh a nis sgur de t'aoir,
a mhic Ruairí, a ainmhín ;
Ailéin nach greasann greas,
caithréim t'eascaine is oircheas.
Theasda.
7. It is time to cease thine elegy, thou aged
animal ever fleshly, thou son of Ruairidh from
the seagirt fortress, who didst win gear without
show of vigour or spearcast.
8. To estimate his career aright I should
need to meet with Colum (Cille), for thy career
is thy satire complete, thou Ailín bald and
impious.
9. Thou didst harry, and that was not all
thy spoiling, Hi and Odhran's burial ground ;
it was thou that barbarously there didst mutilate
the shrine of the gospels and of the masses.
10. It was thou that didst stir up evil to
Innse Gall, thou didst impoverish its tribute
and its sanctuary ; thy custom has been a
coward's ever, wherein thou didst follow up thy
first beginning.
11. But one blow has reached thy left side,
on my word, thou son of Ruairidh : no feat
of thine has since been heard, once thou wert
under curse of the living cross.
12. Noble are the two whom thou hast
defied, . . . from the first outset of thy
warfare, thou carcase over ripe and stinking.
13. Another foray condemned by law thou
madest on Fíonan in Glen Garadh ; thine own
saint of holy power has cursed thy bald craven
pate, thou Ailín.
14. He, like every other saint, now avenges
the despite done him ; Dubhthach, in aid of
of his own cause, has set madness in Ailín's
countenance.
15. Sad is thy land, sad are thy people ;
the bone-axe is stricken from them ; they make
an end of merriment between Seile and
Subhairne.
16. No marvel that he is in torment ; it
is long since Ailín was gallows-ripe ; mention
not the manly vigour of the man who went
in to his mother and to his sister.
17. Time now to cease from satire of thee,
thou son of Ruairidh, thou man of violence ;
thou Ailín whose wont is not to press a fight,
fit is the triumph of thy cursing.

LEARNERS' PAGE.**CEAD DEIREANNACH AN AIRM.**

Aig àm do Shìr Caillein Caimbeul (Morair Chluaidh) a bhì a' fàgail a' Chrimeá labhair e na briathran a leanas ri Réisimeidean an t-seann "Bhrìgade" Ghàidhealaich—am Freiceadan Dubh, Réisimeid Fhìr an Earrachd, agus Réisimeid Chatabh—a bha fo a chomann da bho thoiseach a' chogaidh :—

"A Shaighdeirean an 42mh, an 79mh, agus an 93mh! A sheann 'Bhrìgade' Ghàidhealaich, leis an do chuir mi thairis a' chiad chuid, agus a' chuid a bu chunnartaiche de 'n chogadh so, tha agam a nis ri ur fàgail. Ann am beagan uairean bidh mi air bòrd luinge agus chan fhaic mi sibh mar bhuidheann gu bràth tuilleadh. Soraidh bhuan leibh! Tha mi a nis aosda agus cha téid tuilleadh mo ghairm gu cogadh; agus chan fhàgar agam ach cuimhne air mo bhlàran-catha agus air mo chompanaich, na saighdeirean cruadalach, treubhanta, tapaidh, a bha maille rium, a chumar beò an ainm agus an cliù bu buan-mhaireannach ann an cridheachan ar luchd-dùthcha. An uair a théid sibh dachaoidh, aon an déidh aoin aig croch bhur seirbhis gach fear chum a theaghlach agus chum a thigh-còmhnuidh, innsidh sibh mu thimcheall an treubhantais do-labhairt a nochd sibh ann bhur n-euchd bhuaidhmhoir air àrd uchdaichean na h-Alma, agus chan eil teagamh agam nach dean sibh luaidh air an t-seana cheannard a bha air bhur ceann, agus a thug dhuibh gràdh cho mór. Aithrisidh bhur clann agus clann bhur cloinne an sgeul do ghinealaichean eile, an uair nach bi air fhàgail ach beagan fhacal eachdraidh a chumail air chuimhne meud na gaisgealachd agus an oilein a ghlùlain cho calma sibh gu croch a' chogaidh so. Cha d-chuimhnich ar dùthaich gu bràth ainm a' 'Bhrìgade' Ghàidhealach, agus uair-eigin eile a a dhéidh so togaidh an dùthaich 'Brìgade' eile co-ionann ris an fhear so, ach fear a bharrachd air chan fhaicear a chaoidh. Ged bhios mise fad às, cia b'è àite 's am bi mi, bidh mo smuaintean oirbhse, a' toirt ùr-aoibhnis do mo sheann làithean le cuimhne ghreadhnaich air na cunnartan a choinnich sinn agus na cruaidh-chasan a sheas sinn. Cha chluinn mo chluas am feasda fuaim na piob-mhóir gun mi bhì air mo ghiùlan air m' ais gus na làithean òirdhearce an uair a bha mi air bhur ceann agus a bha mi a' caitheamh na boineid a bhuidhinn sibh dhomh agus nan suaicheantas urramach a tha air m' uchd, a choisneadh dhomh, móran dìubh, le bhur treuntas. A shaighdeirean gaisgeil, a chompanaich chaomha, slàn leibh!"

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

On the 8th of May, 1856, it became known that Sir Colin was about to return to England, and at 9 a.m., on the 9th, the old Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments, was formed up in three sides of a square of close columns, near the encampment at Kamara, when Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B., Major-General Duncan Cameron, C.B., and their respective staffs, rode up, and Sir Colin, taking off his hat, delivered the following farewell address to the troops :—

"Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd! Old Highland Brigade, with whom I passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall be on board ship, never to see you again as a body. A long farewell! I am now old, and shall not be called to serve any more; and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns, and the memory, too, of the enduring, hardy, generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, and whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home, as you gradually fulfil your term of service, each to his family and his cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of Alma, and may speak of the old brigadier who led you, and who loved you so well. Your children and your children's children will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history will remain to record the enthusiasm and discipline which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war the nation will call for another one to equal this, which it never can surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be, and cheer my old age with a glorious recollection of dangers confronted and hardships endured. The pipes will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head, and wore the bonnet you gained for me, and the honourable decorations on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers, kind comrades, farewell!"

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Tha obair a' Chomuinn a' sgaoileadh ann an d igh a tha f ior thogarrach. Cha robh riamh roimhe uibhir gairm air fear teagaisg ciuil agus chan 'eil de ghearan againn ach nach b'urrainn dhuinn gach  ite fhrithealadh. Ni na M odan D uthchail feum m or ann a bhi a' toirt a' chuid sin de obair a' Chomuinn am follais an  itean iomallach, agus ma ghabhas e idir deanadh bidh na sgirean sin a b'fheudar dhuinn a dhiultadh a' faotuinn a' cheud chothrom an ath bhliadhna.

* * * *

I visited Islay quite recently and formed a local committee to carry through the Islay Provincial Mod. The meeting was held at Bridgend, and representatives were present from all the branches. The Rev. Neil Ross, B.D., Bowmore, was appointed Convener, and Mr. Iain M. MacTaggart, Bowmore, as Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Hugh MacLean's singing classes are very popular, as many as 50 seniors attending regularly in some of the districts. Seven senior choirs are expected to compete. Junior Choirs are also practising. The Mod will be held at Bowmore on 19th June.

* * * *

It was unfortunate that owing to epidemics of measles and influenza, the Cowal Mod, which had been arranged by Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale, had to be postponed. Arrangements were complete to hold the Mod at Ormidale on 27th March. The first of the five Provincial Mods will be held at Oban on 23rd May. The Mull Provincial Mod has now been arranged to take place at Tobermory on 10th July. Mr. Hugh MacLean will proceed from Islay to Mull at the end of May or first week in June.

* * * *

The Premier's request that the famous Orpheus Choir should sing the old Psalm tune "French" is most interesting to Mod folk. The tune sung by the Choir was the old tune noted down among others by Mainzer in 1844 from the singing of Gaelic congregations in the counties of Sutherland, Ross and Inverness, Mr. Robertson, the noted conductor of the choir first heard the tune sung at the Mod in Oban four years ago, the precentor being the premier Gaelic vocalist, Mr. Roderick MacLeod, Inverness. Mr. Robertson on being satisfied that the tune was quite suitable for English singing adopted it for his choir, by whom it has been rendered repeatedly in the

south, to the delight of large and critical audiences. It will interest music lovers that five of these long Psalm tunes have been adapted for choral singing by the Mod and Music Committee, and they will be available in book form at the Perth Mod.

* * * *

Of the many contributions to interesting evening programmes at the Sale and Exhibition of Home Industries in Glasgow last month, Mrs. Stewart of Fasnacloch's homely talk was specially notable and edifying. In happy and appropriate language she dealt with the association of work and song amongst the old Highlanders. Not less entertaining was her description of the pastoral and ceilidh life, the knowledge of which now, unfortunately, can only be partially realised from the message of a song.

* * * *

Mrs. Stewart, however, does not confine her activities to one particular set of customs. She is the energetic secretary of an Association for the revival of our fine and healthy picturesque country dances. Such an organisation will not only be welcome, but surely supported by all who regret the advent of the monotonous circling of modern ball-room dancing.

NIALL.

THE PIPER O' PARTS.

By CAMPBELL OF SADDLE, F.S.A. (Scot.), J.P.

It was in an early summer morning, when the dawn was just showing red, that "The Piper o' Parts" was stepping jauntily down Ippendale Glen with his pipes under his oxtail, for the Piper's world of music with new tunes for the finding was before him at the birth of another day—and where the deep brown pools have their birth, where the brown trout lie at MacFarlane's, the fox hunter's slap. Suddenly, he came on two gallant young lads at the old ploy with Sir Claymore, and at the sight of them, a distant look came into his eyes, as he flung the drones over his shoulder and filled the bag at a breath. "For Dh e," said he, when his eyes first rested on them, "here is the grandest tune in all Albinn at the making." But when the two heard the tuning of the pipes, they were not long at the stopping of their ploy—"Oh, right, go on, go on, with your ploy, my heroes," cried the Piper o' Parts as the bag sank under his oxtail with a groan; "for I was just at the making of the grandest tune in all Albinn, that would

have shamed for ever the 'Black Chanter of the MacCrimmons,' and with that one of the lads asked him—"What droll stranger have we here?" "Oh, just a piper o' parts, a piper o' parts," answered he, as he went on, his face flushed with anger; "a black piper's curse on you both, to be at the spoiling of the grandest pibroch in the whole of Albinn that would have put to shame the great MacCrimmon himself—for was no settling in it. The progress of dawn travelling fast, and the look of the Desperate Battle in the heart of the Black Corrie in your eyes—and me with my fingers beginning to dance on the chanter—it is myself that has lost the chance of seven generations of pipers." And with that he turned quick, like a hare when the fox's breath is hot on her neck, and, without another word, but with his back as stiff as a ram-rod, down the glen he went, like the proud man in the Gighaman's tale.

When the bend by the hazel wood hid him from view—"Archie, my hero," said one of the lads, throwing away his steel, "fools you and I are this very morning to be at this ploy. Fair ashamed that I am, the having a ploy with you, all over a bit splore at a dance, over Big Megg's daughter at the Airds. Aye, aye, here's my hand on it, Donald, and the world out-by for me—for a shamed man I am this day, for drawing the steel on you," replied the other with a sob in his throat. "I am your man, Archie, for the world out-by, if Baldie, the packman's tales are true, there will be finer lassies' lips to be tried than Big Megg's daughter at the Airds—so the world out-by so be it." But the world out-by was for them, for, as luck would have it, in Archie's mother's wee thack house, the Piper o' Parts was sitting over the peat fire with Archie's widow mother having the stranger's bite and cup.

"So, ho! my heroes," said he, "met we have again, as the otter said to the salmon, no too friendly like, after he had spoiled this hunting in the linn. Aye, aye, if I was no a man of music, I might be at the dirking of you for the spoiling of the grandest pibroch in all Albinn that would have put the coffin lid on the great MacCrimmon himself for the very spite of it."

"What's this you are saying, good man, and skilly with the chanter," asked the woman, "for, oh, righ, them two are no the chieils to be at the spoiling of a pibroch."

"Am I no now the man to be pitied, like the piper in Mull when the goat ate the bag of his pipes before Loch Buie's wedding," said

the Piper o' Parts as he went on, "I tell you, good wife and honest, they were at the spoiling of the grandest"—here the widow woman cut him short, "Oh righ, enough we have been hearing of your grand pibroch that would fill the sea, and what is more, you were no at the spree at the Airds.

"True for you, true for you, that I was not," answered the Piper o' Parts, "but the pibroch was spoiled up in the glen yonder when a Desperate Battle was in the making, but, Mo chreachadh, mo chreachadh! but no end came to it, when the best one has to seek the heather a broken man, for the stain on a dead chiel's tartan, and me with my fingers on the chanter, and a pibroch roaring through my head like a burn in spate; that would leave the eagles hungry on Ben Cruachan after a good meal if they heard it awayhere, but gone it is like snow on the dyke, for the motion of it has passed with the freshness of the morning."

"God save us," cried the widow woman starting to cry, "so you and Donald have been at the swords, have the two of you no had your bellies filled with them already? Was it no the steel that made a poor widow of me, and you a fatherless bairn, Donald, at Torrisdale?"

"Mother," said Archie, sharp-like, "we are for the open road and the world out-by after this morning's splore," and without another word they strode out of the cottage.

But near the ford of Ippendale Burn, who should come running after them as if the Black One was after him, but the Piper o' Parts, shouting as he came, like the Highland Host at Killiecrankie.

"Stand, you fools, for the world out-by is no place for the likes of you, who have been at the spoiling of one great pibroch already—so back my heroes—for a wedding is there in it with myself and the widow woman in the cottage yonder, for I have just speered her goodman was killed all over the head of a pibroch, and a soft side she has for pipers."

And the night of the wedding spree of the widow woman and the Piper o' Parts he was asked to give the company a tune—

"No, no," said he, "For there are two young fools yonder with their arms round the lassies' waists who were at the spoiling of the very grandest pibroch to be, that would have made the MacCrimmons make all their chanters in Skye and take to the fishing for spite."

But for all that, before the night was out, a right gallant tune was on the great pipes of the Piper o' Parts.

NA CEAIRD.

LE DAILEACH.

ALASDAIR UILLEIM.—Fàilte air na tha 'stigh.

BEAN-AN-TIGHE.—Fàilte oirbhse, 'Alasdair. Eirich, a Dhòmhnuill, agus cuir eag 'sa mhaide-cheangail! Thigibh air adhart, 'Alasdair. Deanaibh suidhe na's faisge air a' ghealbhan, oir tha'n oidhche gu math fuar. Agus a nis, thugaibh dhuinn bhur sgeula. Dh'fhàg sibh gu math aig an tigh iad?

ALASDAIR.—Dh'fhàg gu ro mhaith, gu'n robh math agaibh—na h-uile ach Eachann Beag, a tha air a chumail a stigh leis a' chuanan. A thaobh sgeoil, ciod bhuir barail air an naigheachd a thug am maighstir-sgoile dhomh 'san tighinn seachad? Tha e ag ràdh gu'm bheil na ceaird ris a' g'ghuth-taghadh fhaotainn an ceann bliadhna thar fhichead a dh'aois. Is iomadh ni a chl am fear a bhios fada beo!

BEAN-AN-TIGHE.—An dà, ma bheir mise mo bhàrail, b'fhearr do'm fhear-cinnidh, am Prìomh Mhinistear, feum a b'fhearr a dheanamb de'n ùine air son reachd is riaghladh a thatar a' cur air mhanadh nach fàgar ro fhada aige na bhi 'struidheadh air crìochan cho faoin. Guth-taghadh do na ceaird! C'àite am faighear iadsan an uair a thig lù an taghadh? Air mullach Dhruim-uachdair no an teis-meadhoin Monadh Rainich. Dé am feum a th'acasan air guth-taghadh? Ciod a dheanadh iad leis? Nam bu reachd a dh'èignicheadh iad gu còmhnuidh ann an tìghean a bhiodh ann, agus an tìgeadh iad gu bhi coltach ri muinntir eile, agus am faigheadh an clann foghlum. Theagamh, troimh sin, gu'm biodh iad iomchuidh air guth-taghadh fhaotainn.

FEAR-AN-TIGHE.—Obh, obh, a Mhór, Dh'iomrallaich thu do ghairm! Bu chòir dhuit a bhi 'nad bhall de'n Phàrlamaid thu fhéin: cha bu mhisd an cròileagan bhan a tha'n sin tè do cheann-labhairt.

ALASDAIR.—Cha b'eadh, gu dearbh. A réir aithris a' mhaighstir-sgoile, dh'fhàisgeadh Bann-diuc Athuill rì a broilleach i, oir tha iad, a réir coltais, de'n aon bheachd mu na ceaird agus an guth-taghadh. Tha e ag ràdh gu'm bheil cuid de na paipearan-naigheachd fada sios air a' Bhan-diuc.

CALUM BAN.—Matà, is ole a thoill i sin. Is math a tha cuimhne agamsa air Tormod, mo mhac, a bhi a leughadh anns a' *Chronicle*, o cheann ceithir no còig de bhliadhnanach, air oidhirpean na baintighearn urramaich sin gu leas nan ceaird a chur air aghaidh le fochomunn a chur air chois agus le cunntas

fhaotainn air an àireamh aca agus an dòigh beoshlainte, an tomhas foghlum agus ciod a bha air a dheanadh an ratladh air toirt fo bhuaidh an t-soisgeil. Ach tha cuimhne nam paipearan-naigheachd gearr, an nair a fhreagras sin dhoibh féin. Aon ni math a lean o'n fhiosrachadh ud—feumaidh iadsan dhiubh aig am bheil clann aig aois sgoile fantainn an aon bhaile fad mìosan an fhoghair agus a' gheamraidh.

IAIN BROCAIR.—Air son na cuid sin, dé a' bhuanachd mhór a ta ann. Tha na ceaird a nis na's misgige agus na's tuaireabaiche na bla iad ri'r ceud là-ne. An bheil cuimhne agad, a Dhòmhnuill, air Seumas Mór a b'abhuist a bhi fuireach an sabhal Thormoid Bhàin a tha.

FEAR-AN-TIGHE.—Is ann agam a tha. Is iomadh sguab arbhair a thug mi gu fiataidh á cruachan m'athar air son port fhaotainn uaithe. Ach, cha robh mi cho seolta is nach d'fhuair m'athair am mach ui. Lean mi air na sguaban a tharruing as an aon bhad de'n chruaich gus an robh an toll cho mór; m'a dheireadh, is gu'n do dhùisg e amharus m' athar. An ath oidhche a chaidh mi ris a' m' mheirle, ghlac e mi 'sa ghnìomh. Fàgaidh mi an còrr de'n eachdraidh aig tùr na cuid agaibh do'm b'aithne m'athair. Chaidh stad a chur air pàigheadh ciuil a' cheaird le arbhar a' bhaile.

IAIN BROCAIR.—Cha do sguir an ceol air son sin. Dh'fhàg pìobaireachd Sheumais mòran ri ionndrainn an cluasan bhreitheamhna ceol-pìoba, ach cha b'ann diubh sin sinne. Chuala mi na pìobairean a b'ainmeala 'n ar latha aig na farpuis mhóra an Inbhirnis agus 'san Oban; gidheadh, feumaidh mi aideach nach do dhùisg aon dhiubh an t-aighear agus an togail-inntinn annam 'sa rinn pìobaireachd Sheumais Mhóir an sabhal Thormoid Bhàin.

SEONAIHD BEAG.—Is beag an rud a thogas sùrd na h-òigridh. An bheil cuimhne agad air an oidhirp a rinn Iain Cuimein air pìob a 'dheanamb?

CALUM BAN.—'Mhuire, is ann agam a tha! Cha mhór nach do chuir e a sheanmhathair, a thog e, às a ciall. Dh' fhaoidte a ràdh le firinn a cheud oidhche a dh'fheuch e ri a cluich gu'n deachaidh an ceol air feadh na pìoba. Chuir a sheanmhathair a corragan na cluasan, agus ghuidh i air e a thoirt a' bhlaire-am-muigh air. Bhris bó agus da ghamhainn an ceanglaichean, agus air son na h-eunlaith air na sparran, a rìgh, is ann an sud a bha a' ghogadaich!

ALASDAIR.—Is e a rinn an t-euchd am fear a chuir às di. Tha feadhainn fathasd beo 'sa chlachan nach fuiling ceol-pìoba agus an latha'n diugh, a dh'aindeoin ealantas a' pìobaire.

FEAR-AN-TIGHE.—Gidheadh bu rìomhaiche gu mòr i na pìob a' cheaird. Dh'fhaighnich Dòmhnall Saighdear de'n cheard aon uair an do chluicheadh oirre Le Raon-ruairidh. Cha do thuig Seuman Mór bochd cuilbheartachd an fheala-dhà. Bha i, a réir coltais, sean gu leoir air son an latha sin. Ma dh'fhaoidte gur e breacan a bha còmhach a' mhàla, ach bu dàna a ràdh dé an cinneadh do'm buineadh e, gun ghuth air a dhà no trì de fhuthagan a chaill an dath, mar an ceudna. Agus na duis—is e futhagan a bha 'gan nasgadh, oir bha gach aon diubh air sgagadh. Ach, coma co dhiubh, is iad a dhùisg annainn-ne mùirn air son ciuil 'n ar n-òige. Mo bheannachd, uime sin, air Seumas Mór.

BEAN-AN-TIGHE.—Ach nach cianail an òigridh an measg nan ceardan a bhi a' fàs a suas am buirbe agus an aineolas? Air son an smodal a gheibh iad fad chòig no sia de mhiosan 'sa bhliadhna, diochumhnicheadh iad e 'nan siubhal troimh'n dùthaich mu'n téid iad air ais do'n sgoil. Is e aon rud bu chòir a dheanamh air son an eideachaidh agus an smuaintean a dhùsgadh gu feum a's àirde a dheanamh de'n beatha, seorsa de leabhar-lann siubhlach 'ullachadh air an son. Is cinnteach gu'm bheil cuid dhiubh 'sam bheil déidh air eolas nan dùisgte annta e. Leis a bheagan eolais-leughaidh a ta aig a' mhuintir òg aca, is coltach gu'n cuidicheadh e iad gu togradh fhaotainn os ceann na staid dhiblidh 'sam bheil iad cho fada. Mar so, tha latha nan ceard ri tighinn fhathasd.

CALUM BAN.—Mo bheannachd oirbh, a Mhór! Is math a thuirtear fear-an-tighe gu'n deanadh sibh feum an Tigh nan Cumantan. Cha bu mhisd bhur fear-cinnidh, Mgr. Ramasaidh còir, sibh a bhi aige ri a ghuallainn gu sanas a thoirt dha an cumadh ioma Bill air son leas an t-sluaigh.

IAIN BROCAIR.—Tha thu ceart, a Chalum; ach tha "leabhrachas" nan ceard a' toirt 'nam chuimhne gu'm faca mi leabhar 'nam measg aon uair. Is ann a' campachadh a mach a bha iad aig an àm. Cha robh am pàilinn ro-mhór, ach bha pragan bhalach dhinn a stigh ann aon fheasgar. Ge b'e fàth a ghluais an ceard, dh'èirich e agus thug e a mach a ciste leabhran beag agus shìn e dhòmhsa e. "Ciod e so?" a deir mise, le iongnadh. "Sin agad," ars esan (agus chitheadh tu lasadh uailleil 'na shùil), "aon de leabhrachean Iain Bhuinein. Leugh dhuinn cuid dheth, oir, ged is bochd ri innseadh, chan eil neach againe a bheir smid às." Leugh mi caob de'n leabhar—"Turus a' Chrìosdaidh," an aisling neo-bhàsmhor sin a ghlac ùgh agus moladh an t-saoghail uile. Air stad dhomh,

thuirtear an ceard an ceann tacain—"A dhuine 'sa rìgh, nach b'e'm foghlum fhéin an nì!" Anns an osna a tharruing e gu neo-mhothachail, co nach leughadh gu soillear an ionndrainn dhìomhair a tha aig treubhan nam falbhannach—ionndrainn a tha a' feitheamh ri a bhi air a riarachadh, mar a thuirtear bean-an-tighe cho dòigheil?

FEAR-AN-TIGHE.—Is tric a chuala mi mu mhoit nan ceard á Iain Buinein. Ach ciamar no c'ùine a thàinig iad gu iad fhéin a shloinneadh air na fineachan Gàidhealach—agus sin na fineachan is ainmeala, mar a tha Stiubhartach agus Cloinn Dòmhnall?

IAIN BROCAIR.—Chan urrainn mi ràdh c'ùine thòisich an sloinneadh, ach tha e soillear ciamar. An uair a thàinig a' Ghàidhealtachd gu dòigh na fudalachd altrun, b'e gliocas gach duine e féin 'ainmeachadh air a' cheann-cinnidh bu treise no bu bhuaidhaiche a shaoileadh e. Bha so air son tearmunn anns na linnibh doirbh ud. Bha'n seorsa ris an abrar na ceard na bu lìonmhoire an dùthaich nan Stiubhartach agus an dùthaich nan Dòmhnallach, agus, mar sin, dh'ainmich iad féin orra sin fa leth. Gun teagamh, tha fine no dha eile air an altrun leo, agus chan eil na Dòmhnallaich dhiubh trian cho lìonmhor ris na Stiubhartach.

ALASDAIR.—Tha sin a' toirt 'na mo chuimhne dithis ghliollan san sgoil, Dòmhnall agus Stiubhartach, a chaidh a shabaid air son an dearbh aobhair. Thòisich a' chòmhstri mu có am fine a b'urrmaiche. Ars oighre Shonhaire Mhic 'Ille-bhrìghde: "Is e Cloinn Dòmhnall an cinneadh Gàidhealach is urramaiche agus is lìonmhoire a ta ann." "Faodaidh," ars am fear eile, "gur iad is lìonmhoire, ach tha fios aig na h-uile duine gur e na Stiubhartach is uaisle. Bha iad ré iomadh linn 'nan rìghrean air Alba, agus, an déidh sin, air Sasunn i: Eirinn mar an ceudna." "Ma bha iad 'nan rìghrean cha bu mhath iad," fhreagair an gille Dòmhnallach, "agus ma's aobhar uail sin faodaidh na ceard cho math riutsa agus ri Cloinn Ghriogair a ràdh, 'Is rìoghail mu dhream.'" Cha d'èisid an Stiubhartach ris a' chòrr. 'Na bhad thug e. Mu'n cnagadh tu cnò bha iad an cìrean a chéile mar dhà choileach catha; ach, gu fortanach, thàinig am maighstir-sgoile air an làraich mu'n d'rinn iad mòran dochann air a chéile. Ach na gabhadh iad 'na dhon-ionnsuidh mi 'ga chantainn an cainnt Dòmhnall 'le Ruairidh an oidhche a réitich e, mar shanas do bhalaich na céilidh: "Tha'n t-àm aig peasanann a' bhaile a dhol dhachaidh!" Is mithich dhòmhsa, co dhiubh, a bhi togail orm, oir is ann agam is faide tha ri dol. Oidhche mhaith leibh uile.

FEAR IS BEAN-AN-TIGHE.—Mar sin leibhse, 'Alasdair, agus bhur cur dhachaidh gu math. Na bithibh cho fada gun tigibh na rithisid.

AIS-EIRIGH NA GAIDLIG AN EIRINN.

Leugh sinn cheana anns na duilleagan so cuntas air cànan nan Iudhach, agus tha fios againn gu'm bheil toradh saothrach an Iudhaich ainmeil ùd Eliezer Ben Yehudah air a mhealtainn gu maith leis na h-Iudhaich uile air an là an diugh. Ach, ma's iongantach an sgeul sin, sgeul ro-iongantach gun amharus is e sgeul ais-éirge na Gàidhlig an Eirinn, agus tha mi fhéin cinnteach gu'm faigheamaid leas agus tairbhe n'an trachdamaid air.

Uime sin, gabhamaid beachd air na neòil dubha, dorch a fo'n robh Eire riamh o linn Diarmaid Mhic Mhurchaidh gun linn anns am bheil sinn fhein beò. 'San dara linn deug cha d' shealbhaich na Goill eadhon fóid ghlas de fhearann Ghàidheil Eireann, agus bha móran eòlais agus deagh fhòghlum air an sgoileadh a mach gu saor san Eilean Uaine.

Bha muinntir na dùthcha sin air an oileanachadh anns an aon chànain a fhreagarras foinntinnean Gàidhealach, agus cha robh teanga no cànan air chor eile air bith air a labhairt am measg an t-sluaigh.

Ach mu'n àm sin thòisich cogadh cruaidh-fhortanach eadar an dà dhùthaich, Eire is Sasuinn, agus bu bhuan an cogadh e, mar is eòl dhuinn. B'e Diarmad Mac Mhurchaidh (fealtair a bha 'na rìgh air Laighinn an uair sin) a phrìomh-ùghdar-sa. Gu mall ach fhathas gu beachd bha Gàidheil Eireann air an sgapadh gun iochd 'nan dùthaich fhéin, agus an talmhainnean agus gach oighreachd no sealbh air bith a bh' aca air an tabhairt a nasgaidh do luchd an Airm Gallda mar dhùiscean fola. Ghabh cuid dhubh an còmhnuid an Chìge Mùmhann, cuid eile an Tìr-Chonail, codaichean beaga an àiteachan an so 's an sud, ach thog an dream a bu lionmhòir am bùthannan an Connachd. Tha e air aithris gu'm b' àbhaist do Chromwell a ràdh ris na daoine bochda aig an robh talamh a bha air a shanntachadh leis a luchd-leannhuinn fhéin dol "gu h-ìfrinn no gu Connachd," oir àite garbh, neo-thorach is e Connachd, agus air an aobhar sin cha robh feum aig na Goill air a leithid.

A nis, bha bodaich borba á Sasuinn 'nan tighearnan air gach roinn is ceàrn anns an do ghearr iad Eire; agus, a h-uile là o sin a mach,

bha a' Ghall-bheurla a' fàs nì's coitichionta, araon 'na labhairt agus 'na sgrìobhadh.

Anns an naoidheamh linn deug bha gorta ro-mhòr an Eirinn. Bha ganntas buntàta is bidh eile, agus air an aobhar sin d'fhuiling muinntir na h-Eireann móran chràidh agus bu mhairg an beatha. Fhuair móran daoine bàs agus thòisich na h-òighear air dol thar chuain. B'e san "Eilean Ur" (mar a dh'ainmich iad *America*) a fhuair iad fàsghadh. A nis bha an làmh an uachdair gu deimhinn aig na Sasunnaich; agus, mu àm an Ar-a-Maich Mhòir a bha 's na h-Innsibh an Ear, bha Eire fìor chosmhùil ri bhith 'na dùthaich Ghallda gu deireadh an domhain. Ach cha do bhàsaich no cha d'fhalbh a h-uile Ghàidheal. Chruinnich na b'fhàigte dhuibh an gaullibh a chéile agus le brataichean sgoilte chaidh iad air aghaidh gu cuideachadh deagh oibre an cànanne aosda fhéin. Chan eil rùm no fhathast àm gu leòr agam air a h-uile fhocal a bu mhaith leam a sgrìobhadh an so a nis, ach fèuchainn duit, ma's e do thoil e, a leughadair chòir, gu'm bheil gliocas nach beag idir ri tharruing às a' chunntas so. Ged nach aontaichidh sinn uile ri gach nì a rinn cuid de na h-Eireannaich air son an tìre, agus nach seasadh cuid de na nithibh sin an Albainn (ged a fhreagar iad an cinn fhéin maith gu leòr an Eirinn), feumaidh sinn an gnothach a dheanamh, agus chan ann le cadal no suain, no le caitheamh aimsir luachmhor a bha a' Ghàidhlig air a h-aisgeadh do Eirinn.

Bu chòir do'n Chomunn Ghàidhealach a chuid daoine fhéin a thaghadh mach gun dàil mar luchd fharpuise airson a h-uile h-àite bhitheas follamh araon 's na còmhairlean àiteil agus an còmhairlean nam bailtean. Saoileam féin gu'm b'e sin ar ceud cheum an treò na buaidh, agus nach bidh feum ann idir air "fuil Shasuinn a bhith air fraoch Albann."

Ach ma's fìor gu'm bheil là a' chlaidheimh fad air falbh uainn—theagamh is gu'm bidh e an tìr na dl-chuimhne air là éigin—feumaidh sinn ar n-oidhirpean sìochanteach a dheanamh gu dian, gu dìchiollach agus gu h-anabarrach.

FEAR SIUBHAIL.

CELTIC HARP TUITION.—Mrs. Begbie, 15 Carlton Street, Edinburgh, or Messrs. Paterson, Ltd., Music Warehouse, Glasgow. At liberty for Recitals with Celtic or Grecian Harp.

AN DEIGH A' CHOGAIDH.—A sequel to "Dàn na Deabhnan Fùrcail a' An a' Chogaidh," by the same author and just published. Wrappers. Post free, 2s., from the author, Mr. T. D. MacDonald, 40 Stevenson Street, Oban.—Adv't.

BHA MI'N RAOIR AN GLASCHO.

LE IAIN MACPHAIDEIN, GLASCHO.

A' cheud duais aig Mòd Inbhir-nis, 1923.

GLEUS G. *Am Fonn-chuid.*

{	d ., l ₁ : l ₁ ., s ₁ s ₁ ., l ₁ : d }
	Bha mi 'n raoir an Glascho ;

{	l ., s : s ., m m . r : r }
	'Se mo ghràdh am Bail' tha 'n sud ;
	<i>Fine.</i>

{	d, d .- : l ₁ ., s ₁ s ₁ , l ₁ .- : d
	Bha mi 'n raoir an Glascho.

An Rann Chuid.

{	s, s .- : s . s l ., l : s ., m m, s .- : s ₁ , s . s l . l : l ., s }
	Chuir mi fios a chum mo chàirdean Iad 'gam choinneachadh aig a' bhàta D.C.
{	s . m : m . r d ., r : m ., r m, s .- : l ., s m . r : r
	Eagal driodfhortan bhì 'n dàn domh Dol troimh shràidean Ghlascho.

O'n a thuit domh bhì gun mhànran,
'S gun mo choimpirean bhì làmh rium,
Smaointich mi o'n, bha mi 'm thàmh
Gu'n d'fhugainn sràid do Ghlascho.

Chuir mi fios a chum mo chàirdean
Iad 'gam choinneachadh aig a' bhàta
Eagal driodfhortan bhì 'n dàn domh
Dol troimh shràidean Ghlascho.

Mu'n gann a fhuair sinn dad de sheanchas
'Sann a b'fheudar leum an carbad ;
Cha b'e 'n t-each a thug air falbh sinn,
Ach an toirm tha 'n Glascho.

Nuair a lasadh suas na bùitean
Bha cur thairis leis gach cùnnradh,
Eagal spleumas thiginn gu m'shùilean
'S ann a dhùin mi'n cabhaig iad.

Chaidh mi 'n bhùth aig Mac-a'-chùbair,
'S buill mar spàl * a nall 's a null ann ;
Thàinig aon 'na chuir gu m' ionnsaigh,
'S fhuair mi 'mhùthadh tasdan às.

Bha fear an oisinn crioman uam,
'S e cainnt ris féin, 's gun neach mu'n cuairt air,
Ròpan† aige dheanamh buarach
Làmh ri chluais is cnag innte.

C' àit' am facas, c' àit' an cualas
Còmhradh réidh is seanchas cruaidh
Ri neach a bha na miltean naidhe,
Beul ri cluais a' cnacaireachd ?

Cha robh gis 'san Fheinn thig teann air ;
Rachadh Gormshuil mhór air chall ann,
Cha robh 'leithid aig buidseach Endor,
Mur do mheall a' chaibdeil mi.

Ach b'e Di-sathuirn làn mo shòlais
Aig a' Chàilich, sean is òg ann ;
Hùg agam air fuinn nan òran,
Agus Flòri 'n taice rium.

Bha na h-ighneagan cho bòidheach,
'S Gàidhlig aca féin gu leòir dhi ;
Dhùraicinn gach té dhuibh phòsadh,
Ged fhuair Flòri gealladh orm.

A' dol dachaidh air a' bhàta
Bha mi cuimhneachadh mu m' chàirdean ;
'S bìdh mi caoidh gu ath Fhéill-màrtuinn
Mhend 's a dh'fhàg mi 'n Glascho.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Executive Council of An Comunn met in the Office, Glasgow, on Saturday, 26th April. The following members were present:—Miss Campbell of Succoth, Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale, Mrs. Christison (Atholl and Breadalbane), Mrs. Colquhoun (Inverness-shire Assoc.), Miss J. M. B. Currie, Ford, Miss Mary Ferguson (Mid Argyll Assoc.), Miss Juliet Macdonald, Lochaber; Mrs. Stewart of Fasnacloich (Stewart Society); Dr. George Calder, Glasgow University; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow; Lord James Stewart Murray, Dunkeld; T. G. Bannerman (Glasgow Sutherland), John Bartholomew of Glenorchard; Capt. Campbell, Yr. of Succoth; Ex-Bailie Archd. Campbell (Glasgow Celtic Society); Alex. Fraser, Yoker; Donald MacCorquodale, (Oban and Lorn Assoc.); Hugh MacCorquodale (Glasgow Gaelic Society); Nicol MacIntyre (Clan MacIntyre); Ben. B. MacKinnon (Helensburgh and Clan Colquhoun Assoc.); Donald MacLean (Clan MacLean); Malcolm MacLeod, Glasgow; Angus Robertson, Glasgow; Colin Sinclair, Glasgow; Andrew Stewart (Arran Society) Partick; Archd. Stewart, Cambuslang; Robert Macfarlane, treasurer; Neil Shaw, secretary; and Miss Mary Fraser, assistant to the secretary.

Mr. Angus Robertson, president, was in the chair.

In moving the adoption of the Finance Committee's minutes, the Convener, Mr. Alex. Fraser, referred to the financial position of An Comunn, and said it was feared that some of the investments would have to be realised in order to maintain the ordinary activities of An Comunn. The Chairman recalled that they had purposed to launch this year a wide appeal to fellow Gaels and sympathisers with their movement all over the world, but, unfortunately, the prevailing distress in the Highlands interfered with the project. They hoped to take the matter up again, if not this year, certainly next year.

The treasurer reported that under the will of the late Dr. Quintin MacLennan a portion of his estate was to be handed over to An Comunn for Mod prizes. The executors were as yet unable to state the amount, but the prizes would be confined to natives of Glenmoriston, Lochness-side and Stratherrick under 20 years of age, for Gaelic singing and violin playing.

The Rev. G. W. Mackay, Convener of the Propaganda Committee, urged that the collaboration of the Churches should be sought

towards the effective application of the Gaelic Clause. Mrs. Burnley Campbell said that a graduate in Gaelic had been appointed for Lochgilphead School, and would start teaching next session.

It was reported that a Branch of An Comunn had been formed at Stornoway, and that it was intended to hold a Mod under its auspices in Stornoway in the month of September.

Miss Campbell of Succoth reporting on the recent Exhibition and Sale of Home Industries, stated the sales amounted to £1000, and that the profits from the tea room and concerts had fully met the share in the Exhibition, for which the Art and Industry Committee were responsible.

In the discussion of the Mod and Music Committee minutes some criticism was offered of the choice of songs for children's competitions. The Chairman said it was unfortunate that song-writers in the Highlands had not considered the children in their compositions. Mrs. Stewart (Fasnacloich) suggested that prizes might be offered for such competitions. This suggestion was noted for consideration of the Committee, and a prize may be offered in next year's syllabus.

The treasurer reported that £4949 had been received for the Highlands and Islands Distress Fund and had been sent on to Edinburgh. Mr. Malcolm MacLeod said that the representatives of An Comunn on the Edinburgh Committee were satisfied that the committee were administering the fund in a very wise and efficient manner. The funds in the hands of the committee had reached a considerable sum. It would all be needed, and they believed that it would be well and carefully disbursed—that there would be no waste and no over-lapping.

The Rev. T. S. MacPherson directed attention to the gratifying fact that Gaelic song and music were being increasingly recognised in local Musical Festivals throughout Scotland. He mentioned that there had been a development in this direction at a recent festival at Greenock.

Mr. Malcolm MacLeod said that the Education Committee had made representations in favour of the establishment of a summer school for teachers and others in a Gaelic-speaking district, but the Authority dealing with the matter declined to arrange for such a school in view of the class offered at Aberdeen in the summer season. It had been suggested that An Comunn should themselves establish such a school. They were willing to do that, but only on condition that there was an adequate demand. They had

sent out a circular stating that they proposed starting a summer school at Broadford, Skye, if a sufficient number of students expressed their willingness to attend it. The school was intended for teachers who were not quite ripe for the class at Aberdeen and for others interested. By the end of May the committee would know whether the school would be formed or not.

Mrs. Burnley Campbell pointed out that the difficulty was that under such a scheme the teachers would not receive the assistance in travelling expenses that they would obtain if the school was organised by the Education Authorities. It was stated, however, that Broadford was a very convenient centre for many Gaelic teachers, and that a sufficient number might be able to attend without incurring any heavy expenditure in travelling.

The Education Committee, it was explained, had power to establish the school, if they thought fit, without further reference to the Executive Council.

The next meeting of the Council, which will be the Extraordinary Meeting, will be held at Oban on 11th July.

GAELIC AND THE INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

It is thought by several competent judges that the abolition of the Intermediate Certificate may have a bad effect on the study of Gaelic in schools. There are five schools at present for both the Lower and the Higher Leavings in Gaelic; and there are about ten schools that present for the Lower Leavings only in Gaelic. It might be most helpful to the public who are interested if teachers, who have valuable experience in preparing pupils for these examinations, were to give their views as to the effect that the abolition of the Intermediate may have on the study of Gaelic in Schools. The editor will welcome any such correspondence, either in the form of letters or formal short articles regarding the matter.

Some schools in the south, for example Heriot's School in Edinburgh, are instituting a private examination on the lines of the Intermediate. This step has been considered necessary in order to keep the intermediate department efficient. The new examination also ensures that only such pupils as are adequately prepared will enter the higher classes. With a test of that nature there is perhaps a better chance of discovering the

weaker points of a pupil's equipment; and general application is likely to be more consistent.

As this is an important matter, perhaps the teachers will help our public by their opinions and advice. The instruction of the young, in Gaelic, needless to say, is a vital step in the preservation of the language. There is a patriotic as well as an educational interest at stake.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

PERTH MOD FUND.

Received at Head Office:—

Lord Abercromby, Edinburgh	£10 0 0
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, per D. MacMillan, Esq.	5 0 0
W. G. Burn Murdoch, Esq., Edinburgh ..	3 0 0
Sir Norman Lamont, Bart.	2 2 0
Sir Donald MacAlister, Bart., Glasgow ..	2 0 0
John Boyd, Esq., Scotstoun	0 7 6
Miss Jane Campbell, Crieff	0 5 0
Miss Tolmie, Dunvegan	0 5 0
Rod. Campbell, Esq., Clachan	0 5 0
Rev. Dugald MacEchern, Bower	0 5 0
Miss Mary Campbell, Glendaruel	0 2 6
	<hr/>
	£23 12 0

Received at Perth:—

Rt. Hon. Lord Dewar, Dewar House, London	£10 0 0
Aberfeldy Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach	10 0 0
Comunn Gaidhealach Adhoil	10 0 0
Lady Helen and Mr. D. A. Tod, Braehead, Dunkeld	10 0 0
Messrs John Pällar & Sons, Perth	5 5 0
Robert Brough, Esq., Ochilview, Bridge of Earn	5 0 0
Major Herbert Pullar, Dunbarney Cottage	5 0 0
Fortingall Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach	5 0 0
Donald Sutherland, Esq., Scone	3 3 0
A. J. Cameron, Esq., Perth	2 2 0
Sir Archibald Birkmyre, Glenlocksie ..	2 2 0
General Heriot-Maitland, Errol Park, Errol	2 0 0
Henry Coates, Esq., and Mrs. Coates, Perth	2 0 0
Neil MacKinnon, Esq., Perth	2 0 0
Robert Bell, Esq., Craigenvar, Scone ..	2 0 0
David L. Edwards, Perth	1 1 0
John C. Cameron, Esq., Perth	1 1 0
Alexander Speedie, Esq., Perth	1 1 0
Lady Wilson, Kippen House, Dunning ..	1 1 0
Councillor Mrs. Wood, Perth	1 1 0
Mrs. Murray, Taymount, Stanley	1 1 0
Mrs. Nasmyth, Glenfarg House, Abernethy	1 1 0
Edward Smart, Esq., Perth	1 1 0
Lady Mirrilees, Pasture Wood, Dorking, Surrey	1 1 0
John Wright & Co., Perth	1 1 0
Lady Willis, Meggernie Castle, Glenlyon	1 1 0
Robert Campbell, Esq., Perth	1 1 0
Norman J. Nasmyth, Esq., Glenfarg House, Abernethy	1 1 0
Councillor Baxter, Perth	1 0 0

J. Ross Robertson, Esq.	1 0 0	A. Rhodes, Mrs. Arthur Burrows and Mrs. Peter Eadie.	17 1 0
Mrs. Terelith Burns Clerk Rattray, Craighall, Blairgowrie	1 0 0	Fearnan and Kenmore Branch	15 0 0
Sir James Wilson, Annieslea, Crieff	1 0 0	Collected by David Dewar, Esq., Gartloch	14 6 0
James S. Donald, Esq., Perth	1 0 0	Ardriahaig Branch	12 17 6
A. K. Bell, Esq., Perth	1 0 0	Daughters of Scotia, Butte., Mon.	11 7 0
Councillor Charles Hutchison, Scone	1 0 0	Interest on D/R	9 13 6
Thomas Love, Esq., Perth	1 0 0	Inverness Gaelic Society of Nova Scotia	8 7 2
Treasurer MacCracken, Perth	1 0 0	Clydebank Highland Association, per Mrs. Alex. Fraser,	6 15 0
Messrs Norwell & Co., Ltd., Perth	1 0 0	Fortingall Branch An Comunn	6 10 0
G. M. Ayre, Esq., Perth	1 0 0	Niall Mac-an-Rothaich, Helensburgh	3 0 0
Miss Helen Mechie, Perth	1 0 0	L. MacBean, Esq., Kirkcaldy	2 2 0
John H. Dixon, Esq., Pitlochry	0 10 0	H. J. Campbell, Esq., Ibrox	2 0 0
John Hill Thomas, Esq., Auchencairn, Rosemount, Blairgowrie	0 10 0	Torloisk Branch An Comunn	1 10 0
William Robertson, Esq., Scone	0 10 0	Miss Morrison, Victoria Park U.F. Church Sabbath School	1 7 6
Mrs. Douglas, Scone	0 10 0	B. J. MacMaster, Esq., Rhode Island, U.S.A.	1 0 0
Robert Keay, Esq., Perth	0 10 0	Mrs. Bell, London Road School, Girls' Dept., Bushey	1 0 0
Miss MacLaren, Perth	0 10 0	Abbey Church Sabbath School, per D. Sutherland, Esq., Scone	0 13 8
Mrs. Graham, Perth	0 10 0	A. Rushberry, Esq., Syracuse, N.Y. State	0 4 5
Major P. G. Craigie, Avenue House, Lymington, Essex	0 10 0	Miss Mary Campbell, Ormidale	0 2 6
Alexander MacNeill, Esq., Perth	0 10 0		
Mrs. and Miss Menzies, Rannoch Lea, Aberfeldy	0 10 0		
Councillor W. Paton, Perth	0 10 0		
Captain Waugh, Perth	0 10 0		
Miss Macdonald, Perth	0 7 0		
Lieut. James MacKerchar, M.B.E., Perth	0 5 0		
Miss Rose, Craigatin, Pitlochry	0 5 0		
A Well-wisher, Perth	0 5 0		
C. M. Hamilton-Smith, Esq., Perth	0 5 0		
Mrs. Brown, Perth	0 5 0		
Major and Mrs. Fowler, Perth	0 5 0		
Robert Inglis, Esq., Perth	0 5 0		
George Mackenzie, Esq., Perth	0 5 0		
Miss Helen Dunnet, Scone	0 5 0		
Miss Christina Waugh, Perth	0 5 0		
Miss Jane Mitchell, Scone	0 5 0		
Councillor Dow, Perth	0 5 0		
Mrs. Moyes, Perth	0 5 0		
Miss Patterson, Perth	0 5 0		
Miss Robertson, Perth	0 3 6		
R. M. Scott, Esq., Perth	0 2 6		
A. B. Brodie, Esq., Perth	0 2 6		
John Henderson, Esq., Perth	0 2 0		
	<u>£135 4 6</u>		<u>£452 15 5</u>

GAELIC SERVICE AT CALLANDER.

For the first time in many years, a Gaelic religious service was conducted in Callander, on Sunday, 27th April. The service was promoted by the newly-formed Gaelic Society, of which Mr. John MacDonald, M.A., MacLaren High School, is President. The Rev. John MacDougall, Aberfoyle, preached an eloquent discourse, and the duties of precentor were admirably discharged by Mr. Archd. Stewart, Callander.

BRANCH REPORTS.

ABERFELDY.—A meeting of this branch was held in the Hall, on Thursday evening, 29th March. About 40 members were present, and Major Scott, president, was in the chair. The first part of the evening was taken up with the treasurer's and secretary's reports, which were cordially received by the members. The office-bearers were re-elected for the ensuing year. Mr. Neil Shaw, General Secretary, was present and gave a short address.

BLAIR ATHOLL.—On Friday evening, 28th March, a Ceilidh was held in the Hall. The Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., presided over a large audience. Tea was served, and an excellent programme of songs, etc., was submitted. The Atholl Gaelic Choir gave fine renderings of Gaelic songs. Mr. Charles MacColl, gold medalist, was in fine voice, and was given a rousing reception. The Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A., Killin, gave a stirring address, which was much appreciated. Mr. Neil Shaw was also present, and contributed to the programme. It was agreed to meet on a later date to elect office-bearers of the newly-formed branch.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£2868 3 0
Scottish-American Newspaper	£300 0 0
Dundee Highland Society, per A. Macrae, Esq.	265 18 9
Greenock Highland Society, per P. A. MacBrayne, Esq.	260 0 0
Scottish Oil Agency, Glasgow	52 10 0
Dunoon Branch An Comunn, per Donald Buie, Esq.	40 17 11
Clan MacGregor, per Daniel MacBride, Esq.	25 5 6
Paisley Highlanders' Association, per John Woodrow, Esq.	25 4 0
Collected at Manchester, per Mrs. Flora	

KILLIN.—The session was brought to a close with a very successful Ceilidh on Friday, 11th April. The president, Rev. G. W. MacKay, M.A., was in the chair, and was supported by Dr. George Calder, Glasgow University. After a nice programme of songs, etc., entirely sustained by members of the branch, Dr. Calder addressed a few words to the meeting. The business meeting was held at the close, and office-bearers were re-appointed. Mr. Donald MacLaren, hon. secretary, is to act as assistant to Mr. James MacLaren. Miss MacWilliam is treasurer.

KILMALLIE.—The Kilmallie branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach held a successful Ceilidh in the Gordon Smith Cameron Hall, on 21st March, Rev. R. B. Crawford, Kilmallie, presiding. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Allan Paterson with rousing selections on the piob-mhor, repeated at intervals during the evening. Messrs J. Wilson and Geo. Maclean contributed enjoyable violin pieces. Mr. Don. Macmillan, Corribeg, related an interesting narrative in the life of "Tàleir dubh na tuisghe," once a famous member of the Clan Cameron. Following in like vein were the efforts of Messrs Lachlan Macdonald, Annat, and Alex. Macintyre, Camagheal. The vocal parts of the programme were admirably sustained by Mrs. Macmaster and Mrs. Campbell, Badabrie, whose two small daughters earned well deserved applause for their numbers. The other singers were Miss D. MacAlpine, and Messrs Thomson, J. Maclean, Macgillivray, Doig, Buchanan, Macdonald, Livingstone, Macleod, and D. Maclean. The president, Rev. R. B. Crawford, read two poems composed by local poets, one in English and the other in Gaelic. A business meeting of the committee followed, when the various officials were unanimously re-appointed and the following new members were added to the committee—Miss MacAlpine, Miss Cameron (Telford), and Messrs D. Macleod, Erracht; J. Macdonald, Putachan; D. R. Macgillivray, Corpach; Lachlan Macdonald, Annat, and M. Buchanan, Fassfern.

KINLOCH RANNOCH.—The closing Ceilidh for the session, on Friday, 28th March, was one of the most successful yet held, and proved of exceptional interest to a large audience, many attending from Rannoch Station, Strathummel, Foss and Glenrichy. The absence through indisposition of the Hon. President, Mrs. de Sales La Terriere of Dunalastair, was much regretted. After a sumptuous tea had been served by the ladies, the Rev. W. J. Nicol, U.F. Manse, who presided, referred to the activities of the branch and the appreciation by the public of these happy meetings which had become so popular a feature. The different items on the programme were greatly enjoyed and applauded. These were bagpipe selections by Miss May Cameron, Craignevis, and Corporal ac-Master; songs by Mrs. J. H. Green, East Lassentullich Lodge; Miss Cathie MacPherson, Craigvar; Mr. John MacPherson, Duff Cottage, and the Junior Gaelic Choir, who received such splendid tuition from Mr. Hugh MacLean last year. Piano and violin selections were given by Miss MacDiarmid, Finart, and Mr. John Robertson, Tighnacaille, Croseag; Gaelic reading by Miss Macdonald, Schoolhouse, Dunalastair, and a step dance gracefully performed by Miss Janet Robertson, Bunat Farm. A feature of the evening's entertainment was the fine performance of the Gaelic play, "Reiteach Moraig," by members of the Class instructed by Miss MacLaren, the Schoolhouse, Strathummel. At the close of the proceedings, the Rev. Allan Muirhead, The Manse, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to all who had contributed to the excellent programme, and Mr. Michael MacDiarmid, Finart, to the Rev. W. J. Nicol, who had so admirably fulfilled the duties of the chair.

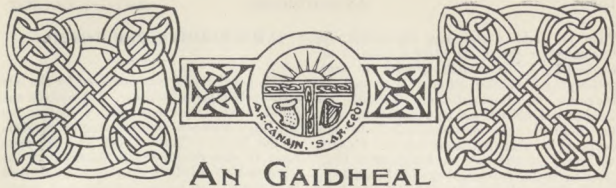
LOCHABER.—Mr. Murdo MacAulay, M.A., headmaster Banavie School, gave a Gaelic address on the 31st at the Ceilidh on the "Ancient Gael's concepts of Life and Death," which was heard with deep interest. His further remarks were also much appreciated on Gaelic teaching, and his regret to find young people generally so ignorant of the history and literature of the places in which their homes lay, and hoped the future might see a change in this direction.

PITLOCHRY.—Following the dissolution of the Atholl branch arrangements were made to form separate branches at Blair Atholl and Pitlochry. A meeting for the same purpose will be held at Ballinluig early in the autumn. Lord James Stewart Murray presided over a crowded audience in the Hall, Pitlochry, on Thursday, 27th March. His Lordship was supported by Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin, and others. A high-class concert had been arranged, and the several artistes acquitted themselves admirably, prominent among whom was Mr. Charles MacColl, gold medallist. The Chairman gave a splendid address, and was followed by the Rev. G. W. MacKay. A branch was formed, and office-bearers appointed. Lord James Stewart Murray is president, and Miss C. MacDonald, High School, hon. secretary.

DULL.—The monthly ceilidh was brought to a close for the session on Wednesday, 2nd April. The Rev. W. A. Macfarlane presided over an audience which taxed the accommodation of the School. The General Secretary, Mr. Neil Shaw, was present, and gave interesting addresses in Gaelic and English, also several Gaelic songs. Members contributed to the programme, and a very pleasant evening was spent. At the close it was unanimously agreed to form the ceilidh into a branch of An Comunn, and the office-bearers will remain in office until next annual meeting. The Rev. W. A. Macfarlane is president and Mr. Rhind, the Schoolhouse, secretary.

DUNOON.—A concert arranged by the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in Dunoon Pavilion on Thursday evening, 27th March, in aid of the Highland Distress Fund, and received hearty support from the public. The programme of Gaelic and English was sustained by Glasgow St. Columba Choir under the leadership of Mr. Archd. Ferguson, and soloists. A considerable sum was realised for the relief of the distress in the Highlands.

HARTWOOD.—The concluding Ceilidh was held in the Hall, Bowhousebog, on 5th April. The president, Dr. Neil T. Kerr, was supported by Mr. Neil Shaw, organising secretary, An Comunn Gaidhealach, Mr. Dugald MacVicar, Hartwood, Mr. Lachlan MacIachlan, Wishaw, Miss Grant, and Miss Nicholson, Glasgow. Dr. Kerr congratulated the branch on its success in the past session and predicted for it still greater success. In paying a well-merited tribute to the branch secretary, Mr. D. MacVicar, the doctor intimated that Highland Games would be held. The ceilidh piper, Mr. Donald Macleod, was presented with a smoker's outfit by Dr. Kerr on behalf of the members for his ever-willing services. Mr. Shaw received a rousing welcome. Tea was served by Mrs. Haggart and Mrs. MacVicar, and Misses MacVicar and Haggart. Mr. Neil M. Haggart gave a Scotch song, and Miss Grant, Miss Nicolson and Mr. Dugald MacVicar, Gaelic songs. A duet, "Sa Choill ud thall," by Misses Grant and Nicolson was a special feature of an excellent programme. A vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Mr. MacIachlan, Wishaw.



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—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

Leabhar XIX.]

An t-Og-mhìos, 1924.

[Earrann 9

CRAOBHAN NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

Bha uair a bha ar dùthaich nas beartaiche le fiodh na tha i an diugh. Nu choig ceud bliadhna air ais, agus fada roimhe sin, bha coilltean a' còmhachadh earrann mhath de'n Ghàidhealtachd. Bha na craobhan àrd is garbh, mar a thuigear o na freumhan tomadach a thachras ruinn air uairibh anns na monaidhean, agus eadhon anns na raontan ìosal. Chaidh cuid de na coilltean a ghearradh airson àite do 'n chrann treabhaidh, cuid airson connaidh, agus cuid a leigeil a dholaidh le aineolas is mì-chùram. An diugh, an uair a tha atharraichean cho mòr a' tighinn gu crìch fa chomhair ar sùl cha bhiodh e 'n a iongantais ged a theireadh muinntir cìod a dh'èireas do ar dùthaich an ùine ghoirid. Chan e mhàin gu bheil i a' call a cloinne, ach tha i cuideachd air a fàgail rùisgte lom, is air a spuinneadh de a trusgan nàdurra. Ri am a' chogadh leagadh tomhas de na coilltean, agus tha an rùsgadh ceudna a' dol air aghart fhathast gun oidheip a bhì deanta gus an call a leasachadh. Is nì ro aimeadach so—beartas nàdurra na dùthcha 'g a chaitheamh, gun mheadhon a chleachdadh a chum feum an fhearainn a chaonadh le bhì a' cur chraobhan òga an àite nan coilltean a thatar a' sonnadh sìos. Chan e mhàin gu bheil an dòigh dhona so a' milleadh maise na tìre ach tha i gu luath a' lughdachadh luach na Gàidhealtachd a thaobh saibhreas nàdurra.

Anns na seann chunntais Ghàidhlig tha iomradh gu tric air fiodh de iomadh gnè agus airson iomadh feumalachd. Is ann de fhiodh a bhatar a' togail thighean còmhuidh, araon luchairt rìghail is bothan ìosal. Uaith so

faodar a thuigsinn gu robh am fiodh pailt. Tha e coltach gu robh ar sinnsir eolach mar an ceudna air craobhan de iomadh gnè. Tha sin ri fhaicinn o ainm nan litrichean anns an aibidil Ghàidhlig. Thugadh ainm nan craobh air na litrichean. Theirte ailm ri *a*, beith ri *b*, coll ri *c*, dair ri *d*, etc. Tha seachd seòrsachan deug de chraobhan air an àireamh an coimh-cheangal ris an aibidil. Faodaidh gun tugadh na h-ainmeanan leis na Druidhean aig an robh an còmhuidh an dìomhaireach nan doireachan, far am biodh craobhan a ghnàth 'n an aire.

Am measg nan craobh a dh'fhàsas anns a' Ghàidhealtachd tha cuid a tha dualach do 'n tìr, agus nach fàs cho math an àite sam bith eile. Tha a' bheith air aon diubh sin, aig a bheil a tuineadh ri taobh nan allt is mu oir nan loch am monaidhean na Gàidhealtachd. Bhiodh ar sinnsir aig ùisneachadh rùsg na craoibhe beithe a chum teannachaidh dhathan anns a' bhreacan. Bha an duilleach feumail mar iocshlaint airson eucailean àraidh. Ach is nì neònach mu 'n bheith, gu robh dòigh aig an t-seann mhuinntir air lìonn blasda a tharruing o 'n chraoibh. Dheanadh iad toll beag an stoc na craoibhe anns an earrach; agus bha rian aca air sùgh a bhuileachadh gun a' chraobh a dhochunn. Theirte *uisge-beithe* ris an lìonn sin! Tha e ro-choltach gun do lean an seann ainm ri stugh eile, eadhon mac na braiche; oir chan eil fhios ciamar a dhleasadh am fear làidir ainm cho annasach air mhodh sam bith eile.

Tha fiodh no dha a nis gann air a' mhargadh, is duilich ri 'fhaotainn aig prìs reusanta. Is e an giùbhas dearg fiodh feumail taitneach airson saorsneach thighean, ach tha e tearc an diugh.

Than an giubhas geal mar an ceudna glé luachmhor, a chionn gu bheil e gann 's an rioghachd. A nis cinnidh giubhas de gach seòrsa gu soirbheachail an glinn is air mullach beanntan na Gàidhealtachd. Fàsaidh an giubhas ged bhiodh am fonn fadhaich. Ach tha muinntir cho neo-mhòthachail is gun dearmaid iad a' chùis a thoirt fairnear. Cinnidh an learag gu math air na beanntan is àirde anns an Taobh Tuath, ged nach buin am fiodh so air tùs do ar dùthaich. Cinnidh am fiodh cruaidh so gu h-eireachdail a dh'aindeoin fuachd is uisge air na h-àrdaibh. A nis bu mhór a' bhuanachd do ar dùthaich nam biodh de thoinnisg aig ar luchd stiùiridh na dh'aobh-raicheadh gum biodh na h-ionadan fàsaidh air an cur leis na craobhan feumail ud a dheanadh a' Ghàidhealtachd fada nas luachmhoire an seadh marsantail na tha i aig an am.

Ach feumaidh sinn luaidh a thoirt air aon chraoibh eile a tha priseal, agus a tha mùirneach aig an luchd-cèirde. Is i a' chraobh sin an uinseann, fiodh cruaidh, rìghinn, riomhach. Tha coltas an fhiodha so fo an locair anabarrach loinneil do 'n t-sùil. Tha meas mór aig na saoir air an uinsinn, airson rothan is àirneis thighean. Tha an chraobh so nàdurra do 'n dùthaich, agus fàsaidh i gu h-ùrail aig mìle traigh os cionn còmhnaidh na mara. Thigeadh i fo bhlàth an iomadh lagan domhain anns na monaidhean, nach gabh saothrachadh le crann treabhaidh, far an cruinnich criadh is talamh miath leis na h-uisgeachan, agus far an cùmta na freumhan tais le sruthan a tha 'sileadh an còmhnaidh. Cha mhilleadh sud am feur air an ainmhidh, ach gheabhadh beathach dubhar fo an sgàile, is eòin na speur dachaidh anns na meanglain.

Ach is e their cuid, feuch an t-aislingeach! Chan eil aising no aising, ach an tul-fhìrinn. Tha mi an so aig uinneig am Baideanach, ag amharc a mach air craobhan de dh'atharrachadh seòrsa, agus sin aig naoi ceud traigh os cionn na mara, cho blàthmhor, toirteil, tomadach is a chunnaic mi air machair Alba. Chan eil aising no faoineis am argumaid. Chan eil an ceàrn so a tha an diugh cho dùmhail le craobhan troma, dosrach, dad nas toraiche ann féin na gach ceàrn eile de 'n Ghàidhealtachd. Fhuair ar dùthaich cliù mar mhùime nan gaisgeach, ach dh'fhaodadh i bhith fathast ainmeil mar "dhùthaich nan craobh," mar bha i uaireigin. Chualas feadh an t-saoghail mu mhaise Tir nam Beann; ach dh'fhaodadh an dùthaich a bhith mar an ceudna luachmhor agus feumail, ni a tha riatanach gu leòr an uair a tha bochdainn is gainne a' bagairt air ar sluagh a shàruchadh.

MO RIBHINN CHOIBHNEIL.

This popular song was composed by the late Duncan MacQueen, Balyicar. The melody was noted down from the author's mother by Mr. Hugh MacLean, and was sung by members of the Easdale Choral Union over 30 years ago. It was sung by Mr. MacLean at the Glasgow Mod of 1911 in the Unpublished Gaelic Folk Song competition, but not until it was sung by Miss Currie in the Oban and Lorn Commemoration Medal Competition at the Lochaber Mod, 1922, did it catch on. Since then it has been the *bonne bouche* with all Gaelic singers.

KEY D.

{ m ., f : s : s ., d' | d' ., l : s : s }
Nan robh mise 's mo ribhinn choibhneil

{ d ., m : s : s . l | s . m : r : r }
Anns a' choill far an goir an smeòrach,

{ d ., m : s : s ., m' | r' ., d' : d' : d' }
Eoin air gheugan 's iad seinn le aoibhneas

(.d) | d ., r : m : m . s | r ., d : d : d ||
'Sa ghrian a' soillseadh gu boillsgeach bòidheach.

Tha do ghruaidhean cho dearg 'san caorann,
Mar ite faoilinn do mhùineal bòidheach;
Dà shuil mhìogach a mhealladh mhiltean,
'S do chùl snìomhain mar it' an lòn-duithe.

Tha maise 's uaisle is suairceas nàduir
Anns an àileag tha banail mòdhar;
'S e gaol na ribhinn dh'fhag mi fo mhìgean,
'S e bhrist mo chridh' 'sa dh'fhag m'inntinn
brònach.

Thug mi gaol dhuit 's chan fhaod mi àicheadh,
Ainnir àluinn an leadain bhòidhich;
Gaoil nach caochail 's air nach tig faillinn
Ach gus an càirichear leo fo'n fhòid mi.

Ged a sheòlann-sa thar nan cuantan
Gu'm bi mo smuaintean gach uair mu'n òg-bhean;
'S o'n thug i cùl rium tha mi làn tursa,
Mo chreach 's mo dhiùbhail 's i chiùrr 'sa
leòn mi.

Soiridh slàn leis an ribhinn mhàlda
Ge b'e àite 'sam bi i chòmhnuidh,
'S e mo dhùrachd gum bi i sàbhailt'
'S gach sonas 's àgh bhì aic' fhad 's is beò i.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

 PROFESSOR W. J. WATSON.

This poem by Fionnlagh Ruadh, at p. 281 of the Dean's MS., is now published for the first time. The bard had for some reason—he hints himself that mischievous tongues were the cause—incurred the displeasure of MacGregor, his patron, and had gone on circuit (*ar cuairt*) probably in Ireland, where he had been received with honour. He now wishes to return to MacGregor's court, and sends—or brings—this poem as a peace offering. He desires to submit himself to MacGregor as Conall Clogach did to Concobar. References of this sort to the heroes of old are common, and they are almost always in accordance with what we know from the old tales, but this one is an exception. Conall Clogach was son of Aodh mac Ainnireach, high king of Ireland. At the Convention of Druim Ceta Conall incited a party against Colum Cille, and caused Colum Cille and his train to be pelted with clods and injured. For this Colum Cille ordered thrice nine bells to be rung against Conall, whom he cursed and deprived of royalty, of authority, of senses, of memory, of understanding. And from those bells that were rung against him he was called thenceforward Conall Clogach. No man of that name was connected with the court of Concobar, whose period was nearly six hundred years earlier.

The metre is *Séadna*, but the strict rules of *Séadna* are not always observed. In rann 11, the lines omitted are in the MS. "Hertää rut in dey a chailli do gannää cayth reward nocht." In rann 3, the rhyme of *cion* : *air* is faulty; also the aichill of *chóisir* and *chomhghail* in rann 9. The poet uses the M.Ir dative *fior* in r. 2, but *riar*, not *reir*, as dative and accusative of *riar*. In r. 2, *leantain* is Scottish Gaelic, Ir. *leannamhain*, *leannhain*; this is not due to the scribe, for it rhymes with *dalta*. Another Scottish touch is *flath*, not *flaith* as in Irish; in this the poet agrees with all Scottish usage wherever it can be tested by the metre; so also with *math*, not *maith* as in Irish. In fact *flath*, *math*, are among the test words that may be used to distinguish a Scottish poet of this period from an Irish poet. But the most remarkable point in this connection is the relative form of the verb thrice reinforced by *a* (for *do*) in the last two verses. That this usage, so characteristic of modern Gaelic, existed in the vernacular of the Dean's time can be shown from lines where *a* is inserted by the scribe, though the metre shows that it was not written by the poet. In this poem, however, the metre shows that Fionnlagh Ruadh actually wrote *a sgoltas*, etc., instead of the regular *sgoltas*.

FIONNLAGH AN BARD RUADH

1. Gabh rém chomraigh, a MhicGhriogóir,
fáilte rinn ré teacht ad cheann;
thugas lámh fa riar gan aidhne,
a ghrádh chliar 's a chraidhe cheall.
2. Ní cneasda corruigh fhir chungbhail:
brata thar gach cúis théid ciol;
druim ré dalta badh chiall cheilge,
's gan Dia leantain feirge ar fior.
3. Usaide a mbathadh 'g cor cuarta
gur h-annamh gheibhthear dha cion;
traothaidh fa dheoidh fearg gach flatha:
ní feoidh a dhearg 's cathamh air.

FIONNLAGH, THE RED BARD.

1. Receive and protect me, MacGregor;
greet me well as I come to thee; I have assayed
to make my peace without an advocate, thou
love of poets, thou darling of the Church.
2. To nurse one's anger is ungentle; over each
matter that goes amiss let cast a cloak; to
turn the back on a fosterson were a trick of
treason, for God pursueth not his wrath against
a man.
3. The easier it is to pardon when he makes
a circuit that fault with him is rarely found:
each prince's wrath subsides at last; his heat
keeps red while it is fanned.

4. Fadódh corruigh 's gan mé ciontach,
a MhicGhriogóir na lann ngorm,
ge táim seal a muigh ar th' uamhan,
do lean d'a mhuinteabhar orm.
4. Because thy wrath was kindled while I
was guiltless, thou MacGregor of blue blades,
therefore my pride retained the smart, though
for dread of thee I am for a space abroad.
5. Gebé neach la gceireadh eadrainn
aimhleas bréige nach buan sgeamh,
a bhréag fa dheoidh do badh dhíomhaoin :
créad acht sgeoil far bforghaol sean ?
5. What man soever should set between us
lying mischief short-lived of bark, in the end
his lie would be but idle : it is but the tale
of thy true kin of old.
6. Dalta Chonchobhuir ríogh Uladh,
Conall Clogach nár mhath ciall,
a fhreagra amhra mu'n fhosadh,
beag nach samhla dhomhsa a thriall.
6. Concobar king of Ulster's fosterson, even
Conall Clogach, who was not sound of sense,
made good reply about atonement : his course
is almost a type of mine.
7. O Chonchobhar as an Chraobhruidh
ní faghadh cairde 's a thuaithe ;
fa dhiamhraibh gan locht a liosa,
bliadhain gan tocht d'fhios a shluaigh.
7. From Concobar of the Craobhruidh he
could find no respite in his tribe ; he was in
lonely places sundered from his stronghold's
people, for a year he came not to see his host.
8. Gíodh mór a mhuinteabhar a ro-mhéad fhearainn,
Conall Clogach do chleacht ciall :
do bheacht, is cha b'fhardal céille,
teacht g'a ardfhlath féin da riar.
8. Though great his pride in his land's extent,
Conall Clogach practised prudence ; he bethought
him—and it was no check of wisdom—to come
to his lord to make peace.
9. Mar sin mise a ndiaidh mo thrialla
ó MhacGriogóir na n-arm nocht,
ní tuar-sa mo thrialla ó chóisir,
duan 'n a chomhdhail, duas gan locht.
9. Even so with me after my journey from
MacGregor of weapons bared ; no omen this
that I forsake his banquet—a poem to meet
him, a present without fault.
10. Díomhaoin do neach a rádhá riumsa
sgarsain ré h-Eoin na rosg ngorm :
mo thriall, a bhranáin na nGaidheal,
da líon anáir aobheal orm.
10. *Idle it is for any man to bid me part
from Eoin of the blue eyes ; my journey, thou
chief of the Gael, for all its honours, was on
me as a burning coal.
11.
chuiris srian fa ádh na h-Alban
ag riar dhámh is bhaid is bhocht.
11. thou hast enmeshed Alba's
fortune in pleasuring poet bands and bards
and poor.
12. Mairg do bhíodhbhaidh teacht ad aghaidh ;
ionann duit is do mhaidhm sliabh ;
ní dóigh ód shith acht fir ghonta,
ód lámh ghil a sgoltas sgiath.
12. Woe to the foeman who comes against
thee ; thou art resistless as a bursting hill ;
from thine onset none escape save wounded,
from thy white hand that cleaveth shields.
13. Baranta na h-aosa dána
MacGriogóir a bhronnas ba ;
urra dhámh is fear na sealga,
a lámh gheal a dheargas ga.
Gabh rem chomraigh.
13. Surety of the folk of song is MacGregor
who bestoweth kine, patron of poet bands and
famed in hunting, thou white of hand that
reddest spears.

BODACH CHAOL-CHUIRN.

Le IAIN MACCORMAIG.

A' cheud duais aig Mod 1923.

“Cha luaithe clach ri gleann na feasgar fann foghair;” agus an oidhche air an do thogadh an sgeul so theireadh muintir Chaol-chùirn gu 'm bhfior an seanfhacal.

Laigh neòil dhubha na h-oidhche air na beanntan, agus bha cheana an dorcha anns na glinn gu h-ìosal, nuair a bha fir is mnathan a' fàgail an achaidh bhuna le ceum socrach, an déidh nan sguab mu dheireadh de 'n obair latha a chur an adaid.

Bha coltas sine air an iarmailt, agus, mu'n do bhuidhinn a' chuideachd an ceum rathaid a threòirichadh gu'm bothain iad, bha boinneachan mòra leathann de uisge a' tuiteam gu mall as na neòil throma dhubha a bha a' snàgan gu socrach thar nan gleann coillteach uaigneach, far an robh an eilid air fal a dheanamh, agus an do chuir an calaman-coille a cheann fo a sgéith.

Gu grad am mach as an dorchadas thainig coltas duine. “Cò so eil' oirre?” arsa h-aon de na fir.

“Tha iad ann” fhreagair guth air nach robh muintir Chaol-chùirn eòlach.

“Cia as a thug thu a' choiseachd, 'ille; agus ciod e do cheann-uidhe, le a leithid de chabhaig?”

“Thug mi a' choiseachd a' iomadh àite, agus 's e mo cheann-uidhe an nochd Casteal Chaol-chùirn. Am bi sibh cho math agus mo threòrachadh chuige, bho 'n tha 'n oidhch' air tuiteam orm?”

“Lean dìreach an ceum air am bheil thu gus an ruig thu gobhlan air an rathad, agus an sin gabh ris an làimh chll. Am bi thu cho math a nis agus innseadh cò an cinneadh e' am bheil thu, bho nach léir dhuinn an rian air an do dh'fhìgh am figheadair am breacan a tha 'd fhéileadh?”

“Tha mi de chinneadh Chloinn Dòmhnùill,” fhreagair an coigreach, le sùil chlis sgoimich bho neach gu neach de na bha 'sa chuideachd; “ach chaidh gach urchar de dhath, gach snathain an dlùth 's an uachdar breacan m' fhéilidh a dhealbh leis a' bhan-Chaimbeulaich a thug dachaidh mi, agus a thug glùn is cloch dhomh.”

“Tha sinn toilichte a chluinntinn gu'm bheil an fhuil annad, ged is tric a dh'fhàg claimhnean nan Caimbeulach 's nan Dòmhnùllach beanran an oirean a chéile; agus, ma fhreagras e ri d' ghnòthuch, cha'n eil duine 'sa chlachan nach toir aoidheachd duit. Cha'n eil tigh againn aig baile anns nach eil triosair làn agus leabaidh fhalamh a' feitheamh air luchd-siubhail.”

“Tapadh leibh uile. Ach tha mo ghnòthuch ro shònruichte; agus tha mi 'n dòchas gu'n teid mo chur suas an nochd, co-dhùbh, an Caisteal Chaol-chùirn. Oidhche math leigh air fad, agus mo bheannachd 'nur chuideachd a thaobh bhur coibhneis.”

A' labhairt mar so bha 'n coigreach a' dol ceumabhan socrach an comhair a chùil, a' dearbhadh na cabhaig 'san robh e; agus, aig an fhacal mu dheireadh, thionndaidh e gu grad air a shàil, agus mu'n d' fhàg fuaim bhog a' chuaran cluasan na cuideachd, shluig an dorcha suas e.

An oidhche sin, b'e 'n coigreach neònach ud a' aon chuspair anns gach tigh 'sa chlachan, nuair a chruinnich na fir air chéilidh an déidh an bidh.

“Bha a cheum cho cabhagach, a ghiùlan cho neo-fhuireasach, 's a shùil cho luaineach 's ged a bhiodh a' chrois-tàraidh 'na làimh, agus an nàmhad air a shàil,” arsa fear.

“Co air bith e,” arsa fear eile, “cluinnidh sinn rudeigin gun dàil a chuireas iongmhadh gu leòir oirne. Cha b'ann gun ghnòthuch gu math sònruichte a thigeadh stol Cholla-chiotaich gu iarmaid Mhic Cailein, ged a b'e gur h-ann a dheanamh cleith-sheanchair de Fhear Chaol-chùirn g'a thoirt féin no cuideigin eile a amhainn air choireginn. Chunnaic is chuala sinn a leithid roimhe.”

“B'e ban-Chaimbeulach a bu mhàthair da a réir a sheanchais féin,” ars an treas fear; agus ciod e 'm fios nach e tòiseachadh a' th' ann air thionndadh bho 'cheann-feadhna féin gu ceann-cinnidh a mhàthar. Chunnaic mi daonnan gu'm faigheadh farbhallaich mar sud fada na b'fhèarr air an aghaidh nuair a dh'atharraicheadh iad dath is dealbh am breacain.”

“Ciod e do bharrail féin, fhir an tìghe?” arsa a' cheud fhear a labhair.

“Tha mi le Dòmhnùll Mór,” arsa fear an tìghe. “Chunnaic mi glé thric na coimhich a' faotainn an cinn a thogail os cionn na feadhnan anns an robh an fhior fhuil ghlan.”

Ach am feadh a bha muintir Chaol-chùirn a' deasbad mu 'n choigreach neònach a thainig an rathad, bha 'n coigreach féin gu dìcheallach a' giorrachadh an rathaid gu'n chaisteal. Bha e air aineol, an rathad dosgach garbh, agus gaoth làidir is uisge trom 'na aghaidh; ach lean e roimhe leis an t-seòladh a fhuair e bho mhuinntir a' chlachain, gus an cual e rùitean an locha a' briseadh ris na bruachan agus a' baisteadh nan craobhan dosrach loma le maoimean de shìoban geal air a sgiùrsadh le gaoidh làidir. Chlìseadh e nuair a leumadh an earbag bheag a tom le geilt, 's i a' sìreadh fàsgadh nam preas bho dhoineann na h-oidhche,

no nuair a leumadh a' chailleach-oidhche bhodhos gu dos le tuireadh brònach.

Ach lean e roimhe gus an d' ràinig e an tairbeart chaol a bha ceangal ri tìr mòr an rubha ghlais air an robh Caisteal Chaol-chùirn a' cocadh a thuraidean biorach ris na speuran. A' coiseachd thairis air an amaich na s a bha a' cur dìon air an t-seann daingnich, bha 'n ghaoth ag iomairt air an loch 'na h-oiteagan dubha, mar bhuidsichean a' cleasachd 's a' deanamh cùis-mhagaidh air an allaban. Bha 'n loch air a mhaistreadh leis an stoirm 's a' plogartaich air gach taobh deth, air alt is gu'n d'fhuaire e saorsa nuair a bhuidhinn e farsuinneachd an rubha.

Ràinig e mu dheireadh fasgadh na fàrdaich. Sheas e mu choinneamh an doruis mhóir an iom-cheist 's an iarguin. Sheall e air a' bhois-chroinn. Shin e làmh chriothanach g' a ionnsaigh. Sheall e mu 'n cuairt, agus, an sin, an déidh misneach a ghlacadh, thug e trì buillean cruaidh air. Sheas e air ais gus an cual e glagraich nan crann air an taobh a stigh, agus an d' fhosgladh an dorus da.

II.

Bha Triath Chaol-chùirn 'na shuidheadh taobh an teine an cathair bhuig chònlaidh ag éisdeachd ris an doineann a bha am muigh. Bha teine mór mòna a' glagraich air an teallaich, agus an cruisean a' cur soluis fhainn air feadh an t-seòmair far an robh gathan is claidheamhan a thàinig a nuas troimh iomadh linn de a shliochd, agus a chaidh a làimhseachadh gu tric aig iomadh cath leis a' chleasachd a bu gheile a chleachdadh riamh an Dun-sgathaich, no an aon àite eile an Albainn no an Eirinn 'sam biodh cleasachd arm 'na oileanachadh.

Chual e fuaim na bois-chroinn, agus chum e cluas ri claisteachd. An ceann greis thàinig gille-coise a steach.

"Coigreach a' sireadh ur faicinn, le'r cead," ars esan, a' deanamh ùmhlachd chlis le a làimh.

"Beir an làthair e," ars an triath a' tionndadh gu socrach air a chathair a bha a' dìosganach foidhe.

Thàinig an dùine an làthair agus e cho fliuch 's ged a thogteadh as an loch e. Rinn e ùmhlachd sgiobalta a nochd do Thriath Chaol-chùirn gu'n robh a thogail os cionn cumanta.

"Cha b' e gnothuch beag a thug gu Caisteal Chaol-chùirn thu air leithid na h-Oidhche so, 'ille," arsa Triath Chaol-chùirn. "Cìod e fàth do thuruais?"

"Bhur comraich an còir 's an eucoir 'le'r cead,'" agus dìon bhurn-ùghdarais bho chàirden 's bho nàimhdean.

"Tha t' iarrtas agad a réir a' chleachdaidh, 'ille, agus dean thu féin aig am tigh am Fàrdaich Chaol-chùirn'" ars an triath gu suilbhir, coibhneil. Chrath e 'n clag a bh' air a' bhòrd agus thàinig an gille-coise a steach.

"Beir biadh is deoch is leabaidh bhog do 'n choigreach so, agus nochd coibhneas gnèthel Chaol-chùirn da am feadh 'sa tha e fo 'm chomraich-sa a réir cleachdadh na dùthcha agus a' chinnidh.

"Glé mhath, le'r cead," ars an gille a' deanamh ùmhlachd agus a' toirt leis a' choigrich.

Bha la' grianach boillsgeach ann an là-arn-a'-mhàireach an déidh na dòilich a bh' ann an oidhche roimhe sud; agus an uair a chruinnich an ceann-dùthcha agus an achadh bhuan. Cha robh neach nach robh a' foighneachd mu'n choigreach.

Chaidh am foghar 'na thigh agus thàinig an gearbhadh, agus bha 'n coigreach air thigheadas teth 'sa chaisteal; ach ainm no a shloinneadh cha chuala neach. A réir an t-sean rian Ghaidhealach b' e 'n cleachdadh gun ainm coigrich fhoighneachd seach gu'n cuireadh eòlas bacadh air suilbhireachd. Leis an sin cha robh fios có e 'n coigreach, ach gu'm b' aon e air ghadach o cheartas, ach a nis fo chùram 's fo chomraich Triath Chaol-chùirn a réir a' "chleachdaidh."

Mios no dhà an déidh do 'n choigreach tighinn do'n dùthaich bha Fear Chaol-chùirn a' gabhail sràide air feadh a churachain aon oidhche bhòidheach ghealaich. Am mach á dubhar nan craobh thàinig coltas duine. Cha chluinnteadh a cheum air talamh, 's cha robh imeachd an measg nan craobh a' cur gluasaid air aon ghéig a bha 'na shlighe. Sheas Fear Chaol-chùirn 's a làmh dheas air dòrn a chlaidhimh.

"Fois air do làimh, Fhir Chaol-chùirn; ged nach i do stàilinn a ni coire dhomh."

"Cò thusa, 'ille, aig am bheil an guth saoghalta, ach com mar fhaileas neach an solus na gréine?"

"Th' ann, co-dhiubh, na thàinig a dh' innseadh dhuitse gu'm bheil thu a' toirt fàsagaidh agus a' cur dìon air murtaid do bhràthar. Ach coinnichidh mise agus tusa fathast aig Ticònderòga."

Leis na briathran sin a ràdh shlòlaidh an tamhasg air falbh as an t-sealladh mar a shlòlaidheas badan ceò air falbh air cliathach beinne fo bhuaidh aiteal na gréine air là samhraidh.

Thill Fear Chaol-chùirn dachaidh glé throm-intinneach. Thuig e nis cìod e 'm fuadach

a bh' air a' choigreach. B'e a rùn dlòadh a thoirt am mach; ach an *cleachdadh!* Thug e fhacal, 's cha'n fhoadadh e dol 'na chois gu ceann là is bliadhna. An *cleachdadh!* Thàinig iomradh a' mhuirt do'n dùthaich. Shamhlaich an sluagh e ris a' choigreach. B' e an rùn-san aichhmeil a thoirt am mach cuideachd, ach bha 'n *cleachdadh* an aghaidh sin. Thuig an coigreach féin gu'n do leagadh amharus air; ach rachadh e air feadh na dùthcha gun fhuamh gun eagal roimh ghnùis duine. Bha 'n *cleachdadh* a' cur dìon air gus an ruitheadh an ùine. Ach mu'n d' thàinig a' bhliadhna gu a ceann chailleadh sealladh air. Dh' fhàg e 'n dùthaich gun fhios do dhuine, 's cha chual na bha 'n Chaol-chùirn an còrr iomraidh air. Bha fios aige gu'n robh an là dlùth anns nach cuireadh an *cleachdadh* dìon air.

III.

"Coinnichidh mise agus tusa fathast aig Ticonderòga." Bha Fear Chaol-chùirn a' taosnadh nam briathran so 'na inntinn a lá 's a dh' oidhche. Cha chual e riamh roimhe iomradh air "Ticonderòga," agus a dh'aindeoin a sglì an *ait-eòlas* cha b' urrainn da a dheanamh am mach cìod e an cèarn de 'n t-saoghal 'san robh an t-àite.

An ceann beagan ùine bha Breatunn agus an Fhraing a' cogadh an Canada. Bha Fear Chaol-chùirn 'na oifigeach 'san arm, agus fhuair e fios grad dol le a réisimeid do Chanada.

Bhuail e 'na cheann 'sa mhionaid gu'm faodadh e a bhi gur h-ann an Canada a bha Ticonderòga. Anns gach campa agus anns gach *feachd-aitribh* am bitheadh e dh' innis Fear Chaol-chùirn sgeul an tamhasg; agus cha robh oifigeach 'san arm—cuid am feala-dhà is cuid an da-rìreadh—nach biodh a' foighneachd le na daoine ruadha, mar bha iad a' dol air an aghaidh do'n dùthaich, am b' aithne dhaibh Ticonderòga. Ach cha deanadh na h-Innseanaich ach an cinn a chrathadh. Mu dheireadh chaidh Ticonderòga air dlochuimhne. Bha'n t-arm daonnan a' dol air aghaidh do 'n dùthaich ùir. Bha gach àite 'ga chur sìos air dealbh-chlar mar a dh'inneadh na h-Innseanaich ainm gach àite daibh.

Aon là an sin, agus buidheann fo ùghdaras Fir Chaol-chùirn a' combharrachadh cèarn ùir de 'n dùthaich, dh' fhoighnich Fear Chaol-chùirn de Innseanaich a thachair orra: "Cìod ainm a th' air an àite so?"

"Ticonderòga," fhreagair na h-Innseanaich.

"Ticonderòga," arsa Fear Chaol-chùirn nuair

a chual e fuaim an fhacail, agus cha mhór nach do stad an fhuil 'na chuislean.

"Ticonderòga," thubhairt e a rithis ris féin, agus chuimhnich e air briathran an tamhasg: "Coinnichidh mise agus tusa fathast aig Ticonderòga."

Air an oidhche sin bha iongnadh mór am measg nan oifigeach 'sa champa nuair chual iad gu'n d' ràineas Ticonderòga mu dheireadh. Cha do rinn iad an còrr feala-dhà. Cha robhtar tuillidh ach a' fuireach feuch cìod e a thachradh bho'n fhuaireas am mach Ticonderòga.

Laigh sprochd air Fear Chaol-chùirn. Aon uair is gu'n d'ràineas an t-àite cha bhiodh e a là 's a dh' oidhche ach a' breithneachadh nam facal neònach a dh'fhàg an tamhasg 'na chluasan nuair thachair iad 'sa churachan an Caol-chùirn: "Coinnichidh mise agus tusa fathast aig Ticonderòga."

Cha robh ni a' tachairt; ach aon fheasgar an sin ghabh Fear Chaol-chùirn sràid leis féin air feadh na coille móire brèagha a bha mu 'n cuairt 's champa. Thàinig an oidhche, ach cha do thill Fear Chaol-chùirn. Thàinig maduinn an là-arn-a-mhàireach, ach cha do thill e. Bhuail iomagain a chompanaich air fad agus thionndaidh iad am mach g'a rùrachadh.

An déidh rùrachadh farsuinn a dheanamh, fad an la, fhuair iad a chorp 'na laighe aig bun craoibhe gun lot, gun dochann. B' i a' cheist: Cìod a b' aobhar da bhàs.

Cha robh fios no fàth aig neach cìod e mar thachair e; ach aon rud a bha soilleir thachair a bhàs ris aig Ticonderòga, agus, math dh' fhaodteadh, cuideachd, gu'n do thachair an tamhasg ris a choimhlonadh mar thubhairt e: "Coinnichidh mise agus tusa fathast aig Ticonderòga."

ALISTER OG.

By CAMPBELL OF SADDLE, F.S.A. (Scot.) J.P.,
The Captain of Saddell Castle.

There was not a more gallant chiel, and he with a way of his own among the lassies than Alister Og, from Auchinbreck, in the glen of Carradale, be it at a dance, or with them among the heather of a summer evening when the Arran Bens dream of the past. And it was after a wedding spree in the barn at Barmulloch that he lost his heart right away when the night was young, to a lassie with eyes like sloes, and her hair as black as the ravens away on Ben Bhrain, but an incomer she was away from the Black Heart of Corrie in Skye. "Oh, righ," said Alister Og to Donald Ban the piper

"The eyes of yon lassie from Skye have put a spell on me."

"Take care, my hero, take care, for by the looks of them, there is more a shroud in them, than a spell."

And with that, over beside the lassie went Alister for the rest of the spree, and himself saw her home to Rhonadale in the fresh of the morning, and from that, they went lad and lass together with a world of their own making in the long warm summer nights.

On a night of nights, the lassie waited for Alister Og till the summer stars faded, and home she went heavy at the heart, and wondering what had kept Alister Og's brogues. At the ford she met the old herd. "Maisie," said he with a laugh in his eye, "myself is just wondering how many lassies' hearts Alister Og will be breaking before he scratches a grey hair."

"God be about us," cried out the lassie as if the steel had struck her to the heart, and without another word, across the ford she splashed, and into the kitchen of Rhonadale she walked, where the peat fire smouldered red, where on the hearth stone lay a bairn's wooden doll. And the moment her eyes rested on it, with a wild scream she pounced on it, like a hawk on a bird.

"Dhe! Dhe!" she uttered half aloud, "Alister Og, my hero, I have you now, with the spell of the Black Woman of Uig," and with that she put the doll into the middle of the red peats.

Up amongst the heather, with the sweet moorland scent of summer on the evening breeze, Alister Og sat with his new lass playing with her hair, while his tongue fell soft on her ear, like new milk lapping in a *Coggie*, as he whispered the old spell that opens a lassie's heart. Suddenly, with a wild cry of pain, he tried to grip his heart.

"Dhe! Dhe!" screamed he, "burning that I am." Then with a long, drawn-out sigh, he turned face upwards on the heather, while a lone curlew cried far up on the moorland, then all was still.

LOCHABER JUVENILE MOD.

Held under the auspices of the local branch of An Comunn, the eighth provincial juvenile Mod for the Lochaber district took place at Fort-William on 24th May. The competitions—all in Gaelic—embraced reading at sight, recitation, and solo singing, and keen enthusiasm was displayed by the competitors, who numbered about 100. We hope to give a full report of the proceedings and prize list in the next number.

I-CHALLUM-CHILLE.

Le ALASDAIR STUBHART, Gleann Liobhann.

O eilean naoimh; sa chuan an Iar,
'S tu dhùisgeas suas na smuaintean mòr,
Bhi 'g amharc ort san fheasgar chiar,
Sa ghrian dol sìos na h'uile ghloir.

Chaidh ioma bliadhna nis a seach'
O'n 'thàinig Calum treun an àigh,
Na churach faoin gu d' fhonn a steach;
Na chridhe caomh bha iochd is bàigh.

'N so thog e suas an solus iùil,
A bha gu soilleach fada mach,
Air Alb' gu leir, san robh a dhùil,
'O mhachair réidh gu sliabh nan clach.

'Nach ioma ùrnuigh chuir e suas
Uaith so, gu Cathair àrd nan gràs,
Nach ioma deur a shìle nuas,
Bhidh faicinn Alb' an glac a' bhàis.

Ach thug an Soisgeul binn fo bhuidh,
Na Cruithnich bhorb bh' air feadh nan glann,
Is thuit gu làr na bannaibh' cruaidh,
Bha ceangal muinntir, "Tir nam beann."

'N sin thàinig laoiach is righrean treun,
Is sagairt aod nan doirean dùth,
A dh' fhaotain solus glan bh'o'n ghrèin,
Bha dealradh ann an I mo ruin.

Thog foghlum suas a cheann gu h'àrd,
Is eòlas mòr san tìom o chian,
An so bha 'm manach is am bàrd,
Mu shlighe na slàinte a' labhairt dian.

O'd fhonn chaidh mach gu ioma tìr,
Na teachdairean bha làn do ghaol,
A chuir an cèill an t' soisgeul fhior,
An ceàrnaibh iomallach de'n t'saoghal.

Shéid ort an doiminn gharg 'on Tuath,
Le sgrios bha oilteil ann na sgèith,
Nuair thàin' na Lochlunnaich le fuath,
Is dh' fhàg iad rùisgte thu nan dèigh.

Ach thog thu suas a ris do cheann,
Do chlachan grinne tha 'g inns an sgeòil,
'S do thogail àluinn, dhaingean, theann,
San tric gu binn a dh' éirich ceòl.

O 's pailte na gaisgeich tha 'nan tàmh,
Ann do thulaich ghriinn 'nan suain,
Righrean is naoimh an sin fo phràmh,
'S cha dùisg iad suas gu latha luain.

Soraidd leat nis, "I mo ghràidh"
Ged' chluinnear annad, "Geum nam ba"
Tha iomradh ort air iomadh tràigh,
Is bithidh gu buan gu latha bhràth.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have heard people asking, every 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 wall-flower,” to which we sang, “Uisge, uisge— a fasail gu mor” (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, etc.,

YSHBOL STIUBHARD.

3 Park Circus, Ayr.

1. Thubhairt an Luchag stigh 's an toll
Ciod e do gheul 'chait chruinn ghlais ?

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'abhaist a bhi am bonn do chas

Falbhan o, i, rill ùill a !

Mharbh thu mo mhàthair an dé
'Us thàr mi fhéin air éigim as !

Falbhan o, i, rill ùill a !

(Words and music are published in Dr. K. N. MacDonald's collection of “Puirte a 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.

2. 'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal
'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal
'S math a dhannas Uisdean Friseal
Leis an fhichead maighdean.

Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheidhidh
Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheidhidh
Coignear roimhe, coig 'na dheidhidh
'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 o' Mar.”)

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.

3. Dannaids na coilich dhubha
Is ruidhlidh na tunnagan
Air an tulach againn fhéin,
Air an tulach thurad ud,
Air an tulach againn fhéin
Air an tulach thurad ud,
Air an tulach againn fhéin
Air an tulach bhòidheach.

Tune—“Lord MacDonald's Reel.” Words in Dr. K. N. MacDonald's collection of “Puirte a beul.”

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

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

Words from Dr. K. N. MacDonald's “Puirte a 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 the 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.”

LEARNERS' PAGE.

SGEULA DHOMHNUILL DUILAIG.

THE TALE OF DONALD DUILAIG.

Translated and Annotated by J. G. MACKAY, London.

Bha duine àraidh ann o shean, d'am b'ainm Alasdair Og, a bha 'fuireach ann an àite monaidh, do'm b'ainm Coilleach ann an Siorrachd Rois : aig an robh teaghlach beag, a bha air a dheanadh suas leis fhéin, a bhean, agus dithis chloinne.

Aig àm sònruichte, thàinig aon [duine] cloinne eile air, ann an àm an earraich ; agus do bhrìgh 's gu'm b'e an t-earrach e, b'eudair dha féin a bhi tric aig obair a' bhaile.

Thachair e aig latha àraidh, an uair a bha e ag obair anns an raon, gu'n tàinig na sìthichean a dh'ionnsuidh an tighe, agus thrus iad a' bhean leò as a leabaidh-shiubhla.

An uair a thàinig Alasdair dhachaidh, cha robh sgeul aige air a mhnaoi, ach an leanabh 'na aonar air a fhàgail ; dh'aithnich e gur iad na sìthichean a thug a bhean air falbh, maille ri breacan sgàrlaid a bha aice uimpe.

Cha robh fios aige ciod a dheanadh e air a son, agus na h-uile saothair a ghabh e air a son, cha b'fheaird e ni air bhih.

Mu chuairt is mios an déidh di bhi air a toirt air falbh, bha aon d'am b'ainm Dòmhnall Duilaig a' buachailleachd spréidh aig moch air maduinn, an uair a chunnaic e móran sluaigh a' falbh anns an athar, agus air dha amhare ni bu gheire, chunnaic e coltas giulain eatorra, is iad 'ga thogail is 'ga leagail fa seach, leis an fhuaim so aca—

“Leagamaid a'chualaidh mhagaidh,
Is togamaid a'chualaidh mhagaidh,
Is iomanamaid a'chualaidh mhagaidh.”*

Air do Dhòmhnall amhare na bu gheire agus tighinn ni a b'fhaisge dhoibh, chunnaic e coltas mnatha 'na Luighe ann am breacan aca.

(R'a leantainn.)

There was a certain man of old time, of the name of Alasdair Og, who was dwelling in a place of moors or of level hill-ground, called Coilleach in the county of Ross. He had a small family, which was made up of himself, his wife, and two children.

During a certain period, another child was born to him in the spring time ; and since it happened to be the spring, it was necessary for him to be very often at work on the farm.

It happened one day, when he was at work in the fields, that the fairies came to the house, and they whisked his wife away with them, and stole her out of her lying-in bed.

When Alasdair came home, there was no sign of his wife. Only the child had been left ; and there it was, all alone. And he knew that it was the fairies who had taken his wife away, together with a scarlet plaid which she had been wearing wrapped about her.

He did not know what to do to recover her, and, in spite of all the trouble he took on her account [to recover her], he was not a whit the better of it.

About a month after she had been taken away, a certain man called Donald Duilaig was herding cattle early in the morning, when he saw crowds of fairy folk flitting along in the air, and upon looking more keenly, he perceived them to be carrying what seemed to be a litter or stretcher, which they were lifting and lowering, lifting and lowering, up and down alternately, while they sang this refrain—

“Let us swing lower this load of a laughing stock,
And let us urge higher this load of a laughing stock,
And let us urge onward this load of a laughing stock.”*

Upon Donald's looking more keenly and approaching closer to them, he saw they were carrying what seemed to be a woman, lying swathed in a plaid.

(To be continued.)

* a'chualaidh mhagaidh in MS.—*Cual* means a burden. But it may be that a'chualaidh mhagaidh ought, perhaps to be translated the *laughing stock*, without any suggestion of burdensomeness. *Magadh*—derisive mockery or mimicry. It is probable that though they carried the woman through the air, the fairies' procession in this story is a reflection of some custom of mortals, in which things or persons were carried in a manner designed to mimic and ridicule some serious procession, and to deride those who had taken part in it. A similar function was a'ghanais mhagaidh, the mock or burlesque marriage, designed, if I remember rightly, to annoy obnoxious people who had lately married or were about to marry ; it was performed in full view of the house of the unpopular ones. An *Caoineadh Magaidh*, or The Mock Weeping, is the name of a tale given by Dr. George Henderson (*The Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland*, pp. 284, 327) in which the Three people weep and cause their flocks and herds to weep also for the death of a boy and a girl, children of a Norse Queen, whose wrath at her bereavement they desired to appease. A similar story will be found in *The Wizard's Gillie*, p. 80. See Henderson's *Survivals*, 101, for a notice of a tale in which calves were separated from their mothers “in lamentation for noble Mahon.” See also “Dubh-a-Ghiuthais,” *An Deo Greine*, July, 1914, ix, p. 149.

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Is e so am mios anns am bi Comunn agus Ceilidhean ri Cuirm Chnuic. Chan 'eil Sathurna de'n mhios nach fhaicear beag is mór a' siubhal gu fonnmhor a mach ri aonaichean nam bailtean dùthchail le plob is bratach ri crann. Bidh leum, réisean, caitheadh cloiche is cluichean nòsail eile air an dearbhadh air leana luim, is 'nan déidh sin sgaolear air a' bharr uaine na nithean sin a bheir càil is ùrachadh spioraid do gach neach. Chualas òran Gàidhlig fo sgàil nan geug a chuir an smeòrach fhéin 'na tosd.

Provincial Mods are now firmly established in Argyllshire, and when Mr. Hugh MacLean takes up duties, as we anticipate, in the north next session, interest will be concentrated on certain districts with a view to establishing similar functions. The first of the Provincial Mods to be held this year took place at Oban for the Lorn District on 24th May. The entries were decidedly encouraging—305.

The newly-formed Branch of An Comunn in Lewis is making marked progress with arrangements for the Lewis and Harris Provincial Mod which is to be held at Stornoway, on 24th September next. Provost MacKenzie, Stornoway, is president of the Branch, Mr. Angus Cameron, Banker, is treasurer, and Mrs. George MacLeod, 39 Lewis Street, Stornoway, is secretary. A large and influential committee, with a strong representation of the teaching profession, augurs well for the success of the Lewis and Harris Branch.

Messrs MacLaren, Gaelic Booksellers, Glasgow, have just issued a booklet entitled "Orain a' Mhoid." The book contains 12 prescribed Mod songs, in sol-fa notation, for Senior Solo Competitions, also the poem and prose piece for recitation. Competitors will appreciate the convenience of having all the songs in a handy form, as also those who attend the Mod proceedings. Messrs MacLaren have also published in a neat form in sol-fa notation Ruairidh MacLeod's gramophone songs. These booklets should be in the hands of every lover of Gaelic song. They are priced at one shilling each.

High academic distinctions have recently been conferred upon three well-known Gaelic ministers. The Rev. Archibald MacDonald, Kiltarlity, and Rev. D. Munro, Ferintosh, have received the honorary degree of D.D., while Rev. Alexander MacKinnon, of St. Columba, Glasgow, has gained the degree of Ph.D. All three are competent Gaelic scholars and are highly esteemed for their own and for their work's sake. We offer them hearty congratulations.

We have been accustomed, and not without reason, to have Wales held up to us as a pattern of fidelity to the native language and zeal for its preservation, but even in Wales the fight has not yet been won. The same difficulties as confront us here are still being encountered there. Constant vigilance, unceasing effort and persistent propaganda are necessary in both countries if the vernacular is to have a chance of survival. In Wales, as in the Highlands, hostility from without is less to be feared than indifference within. These reflections are suggested by the following extract from a recent article by Mr. J. Hugh Edwards, M.P., in the "British Weekly":—

It is evident that, in spite of sneers of savants like Mr. Fisher, the claims of the Welsh language for a larger place in the educational processes within the Principality are to be urged by patriotic Welshmen with unabated force. Last week a deputation of the Welsh churches in the town of Carmarthen waited upon the Local Education Committee for the purpose of appealing to the Committee to employ teachers qualified to teach Welsh. The deputation was headed by the Rev. Dyfnallt Owen, one of the ablest of the younger leaders in the Welsh National movement, who strongly urged that the native tongue of Wales should be placed on the same footing as English.

"The Welsh people themselves are the greatest enemies of the language," it was stated in the memorandum which the deputation handed in in support of their claim. "The greatest enemies of the cause," the memorandum further declared, "are Welshmen who imitate Englishmen—half-hearted and weak-kneed Welshmen. As a rule," it added, "the Englishman respects the language of Wales, and that would still more be apparent had we more stamina in us."

To those who are intimate with the trend of Welsh life at the present time, so caustic an indictment will occasion no surprise. It springs from a genuine fear that the language, which resisted every attempt by brute force at its disintegration, is now in danger of being fatally wounded on its own hearth. Hence the passionate call of our younger men, who realise how large a place the vernacular tongue of Wales has played in the nurture and preservation of her nationality, to preserve so precious a legacy.

The Scottish-American Newspaper, New York, is doing magnificent work on behalf of An Comunn's Highland Distress Fund. A copy of this paper reaches me regularly, and the issue dated 14th May gives much space to reports of the various organisations working under its auspices. The splendid sum of 11,330 dollars has been collected, of which £2200 has been transmitted to the treasurer of An Comunn. The "Honor Role" for aiding the Hebrides Relief Fund contains the names of 78 Societies, of which 34 are named after the different clans.

The first meeting in connection with the arrival on the Clyde on 3rd August of a contingent of Clans-folk from America, per the steamship "California," was held in the office here on 15th May. Over 30 Societies were represented at the meeting. A representative from the Anchor Line office was also present, and gave useful information. Arrangements are being made to give the Clansmen and their friends a hearty welcome when they land on Scottish soil. It is proposed to hold a Gaelic and Scottish Concert on the evening of 4th August in the St. Andrew's Halls.

The Highlanders' Institute in Glasgow have embodied in their Constitution a rule providing that the Resident Manager, the Secretary and, at least, 50 per cent. of all other employees must be Gaelic speaking.

NIALL.

TEACHING OF GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

The following is an extract from the Report by the Senior Inspector of Schools for the Western Division for the year 1923 :—

In last year's report it was stated that the number of schools in which Gaelic was formally taught was 36 ; by the middle of the session, 1922-23, the number had risen to 54 out of 156 schools in the county, and towards the end of the session it had increased to nearly 70. In the islands no fewer than 29 out of 42 schools are now supplied with a teacher of Gaelic. Although the whole of the county has been scheduled as a Gaelic-speaking area, there are parts of it that are not Gaelic-speaking in any real sense. To guide them, therefore, in the further development of their policy, the Authority, early in the session invited the parents to say whether they desired to have their children taught Gaelic. An affirmative answer was returned by the parents of 2453 children, of whom 1535 are being taught in the 54 schools already referred to.

Substantial progress has been made in securing and maintaining the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers. In 1923 a vacation class in Gaelic was held. The outlook for the future, in this respect, has been considerably improved by the decision of the Glasgow Provincial Committee to institute a Gaelic class at the Training College for the benefit of Gaelic-speaking students.

During the session Mr. Macdonald visited most of the Schools professing Gaelic in the insular parts of the county and a fair proportion of the others, and his account of the progress that is being made is very encouraging. His own view is that, in the earliest stages, the mother-tongue is the proper medium of instruction for Gaelic-speaking pupils and that, when it is skilfully employed, it rapidly removes the diffidence and awkwardness these very young children show if they if they are plunged into English at the very outset of their school life.

In the report for the Northern and Highland Divisions the only reference to Gaelic is made under "Staffing," and is as follows :—

A number of Ex-Service Gaelic-speaking men, after a period of special training in England, have been placed in charge of small schools in the Hebrides.

May we express the hope that next year's report for the Highland Division will tell us what provision has been made and progress achieved in the teaching of Gaelic in the Counties of Inverness and Ross.

THE PERTH MOD.

Lady Helen Tod, Braehead House, Dunkeld, Chieftain of the Gaelic Society of Perth, and Mr. Neil Shaw, secretary of An Comunn Gaidhealach, Glasgow, were present at a well-attended meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society, which was held last Saturday, for the purpose of furthering the arrangements in connection with the forthcoming Mod.

Chief Donald Sutherland occupied the chair, and referred to the encouraging circumstances under which they met. He thought the interest in the Mod was increasing and there was every prospect that the Mod of 1924 would be the best in the Society's history.

Mr. P. Baxter, the secretary, submitted a satisfactory statement. The Perth City Halls had been engaged for the Mod, also the Synod Hall. A Gaelic Choir numbering thirty-six voices, had been formed in Perth and would take part in the choral competitions.

It is expected that choirs will be present from London, Inverness, Oban, Kinlochleven, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and possibly Dundee. There are also expected to be some 100 individual entrants.

LORN PROVINCIAL MOD.

This Mod, which is open to the whole of the Lorn district of Argyllshire, Mull and Morven, was held in the Argyllshire Gathering Hall, Oban, on Friday, 23rd May. With the exception of Morven, competitors were present from all the districts, from Luing in the south to Ballachulish in the north, and from Tobermory in the west to Dalmally in the east.

Competitions commenced in three sections of the Hall simultaneously at 9.30 in the morning and continued, with an interval for luncheon, until well on in the afternoon. As usual, at Oban the proceedings were largely attended by the townspeople and supporters from the neighbouring districts. In the afternoon, while the choral competitions were taking place, every seat in the hall was comfortably filled, and about a score of people standing behind.

The whole of the arrangements were carried out most satisfactorily by a committee of the Oban Branch of An Comunn, of which Mr. T. D. MacDonald is president. Mr. Paul MacArthur, local secretary, is to be congratulated on the excellent and business-like manner in which preparations were made for the adjudicators and for the efficient stewarding of the various rooms. Competitions were got through expeditiously and with commendable promptitude.

The singing was of a very high order, the men excelling as a class. This is a pleasing feature of all Mods, and may be taken as a sign that the effects of the war are gradually passing. In the boys' class there was a larger percentage of good voices than in the girls' class, yet the prize-winners in the latter have voices of rich and pleasing qualities. In the oral competitions the standard of Gaelic reached a very high level. The reading was exceptionally well done, and the narrative, both as to subject-matter and delivery, compared favourably with anything heard at previous Mods, Provincial or National. This applies to the senior as well as the junior section.

At the evening concert the Hall was full. Ex-Provost Hugh MacCowan presided, and the various prize-winners improved upon their competition form. Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Miss Irene MacCowan and Mr. Charles Mac-

Coll contributed greatly to the excellence of the programme.

The adjudicators were:—Literature—Archd. MacLean, M.A., Logierait, and Norman MacLeod, M.A., Glasgow; oral—Rev. George MacKenzie, B.D., Kilmore, and Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon; vocal (music)—Miss Jennie Given, A.R.C.M., Glasgow, and Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Ford; vocal (Gaelic)—Rev. M. N. Munro, M.A., Taynait; Rev. T. S. MacPherson, Glasgow; Rev. John MacInnes, B.D., Connel; Rev. D. C. MacRae, M.A., Duror, and Neil Shaw, Glasgow; instrumental—Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach, and Rev. D. C. MacRae.

PRIZE LIST.

Literature (junior section), Letter on any subject—1, Morag Cameron, Oban High School; 2, Hugh Gillies, Tobermory; 3, Norman M'Askill, Oban High School; 4, Angus Macdonald, Oban High School.

Translation (a) Gaelic into English, (b) English into Gaelic—1, Norman M'Askill, Oban High School; 2, Morag Cameron and Annie Black, Oban High School; 3, Ian M'Dougal, Oban High School.

Section for oral delivery, open to learners only:—Poetry—1, Annie M'Pherson, Tobermory; 2, Margaret Vance, Ballachulish; 3, Donald Dunn, Ballachulish. Prose—1, Margaret Vance, Ballachulish; 2, Donald Dunn; 3, Alistair MacDonald, Tobermory. Reading at sight—1, Annie Black; 2, John MacDonald; 3, Catherine Rankin—all of Oban High School.

Composition of a narrative based on some local tradition—1, Margaret Vance, Ballachulish; 2, Sam MacTaggart, Ballachulish.

Reciting from memory—1, Annie Black; 2, Margaret Vance; 3, Alistair MacDonald.

SENIOR SECTION.

Reading at sight of an unfamiliar piece of prose—1, John Cameron, Tobermory; 2, Sarah Kennedy, Oban High School; 3, Donald Jackson, Oban High School.

Recitation, poetry—1, Mary MacIntyre, Oban High School; 2, Donald Jackson, Oban High School; 3, Jessie Cameron, Tobermory.

Narration of an old Gaelic tale—1, John Cameron, Tobermory; 2, Mary MacIntyre, Oban High School; 3, Chrissie MacGillivray, Oban High School.

VOCAL MUSIC—JUNIORS.

Solo singing, girls—1, Betty Black, Oban; 2, Rebecca Mackinnon, Tobermory; 3, Flora MacLean, Tobermory. Solo singing, boys—1, Ian MacInnes, Ballachulish; 2, Donald Dunn, Ballachulish; 3, John Smith, Tobermory.

Solo singing, boys and girls—1, Rebecca MacKinnon, Tobermory; 2, Ian MacInnes, Ballachulish; 3, Flora MacLean, Tobermory.

SENIOR SECTION.

Solo singing, female voices—1, C. S. MacColl, Balvicar; 2, M. MacLucas, Ledaig; 3, Mary Cowan, Connel.

Solo singing, male voices—1, Dan MacDonald, Glenceo; 2, John MacDonald, Ledaig; 3, Malcolm MacDonald, Balvicar.

Selected song, male or female voices—1, Dan MacDonald, Glenceo; 2, Hugh MacInnes, Duror; 3, Colin MacIntyre, Connel.

Duet singing—1, C. MacDonald and Annie Davidson, Oban; 2, Morag MacArthur and Jessie Galbraith, Toberonochy.

Choral singing in two-part harmony—1, Island of Luing Junior Choir; 2, Oban High School Choir.

Choral unison singing—1, School Choir, Tobermory; 2, Ballachulish Junior School.

Choral singing, "Mairi Bhan Og"—1, Glenorchy Gaelic Choir; 2, Connel Gaelic Choir.

Violin—1, Annie M. Boa, Appin; 2, Robert MacDoald, jun., Achnacloich.

Pianoforte—1, Annie Kerr, Creagan.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE MOD.

By Miss JENNIE GIVEN, A.R.C.M., Glasgow.

I was sorry that the crowded time-table at the Lorn, Mull and Morven Provincial Mod at Oban on 23rd May did not allow me to give a verbal adjudication of the competitors' performances. But the editor has very kindly granted me space to touch on a few of the chief points on which I would have dwelt.

First, let me say that I was struck by the excellent standard of the singing; by the good voices I heard, both in solo and choral work, and by the freedom from artificiality of rendering, which is so foreign to Gaelic poetry and song.

The most frequent faults of the singers were the following:—Many of them did not use the lips and tongue enough; the mouth was often hardly open at all, and this made the words indistinct. If the vowels are formed by the lips and tongue and the consonants sharply spoken, great clearness of diction will be the result. Use the lips freely and open the mouth well. The songs were too often dragged in time. It is better to sing too fast than too slow, and it is a safe rule never to slow down much in the middle of a phrase. A phrase being a musical sentence, it ought to move on freely from beginning to end. Be careful of *rit.* and *rall.*, and remember that both mean "gradually get slower," not "sing slowly."

There was sometimes a roughness in the voices which could have been avoided, had they been brought forward. To get the sensation of forward tone, it is a good plan to hum your phrases: either using "m" (lips tightly closed and teeth apart) or "ng" (as at the end of the word "sing") for this gives a forward placing of the tone at once. The "m" or "ng" should vibrate on the face and not in the nose. This is useful for choirs and soloists alike.

Sometimes the competitors were unfortunate in their own choice of song. It is a good plan to study several songs, and then decide which one suits you best. Having fixed on the song to be sung, think about it, and get at what it means, for every song must have had some meaning to the writers of the words and music.

In practising the song, listen to yourself, just as you would to another person, and try to find out what is wrong in your rendering. Always sing simply, remembering that a fine song does not require great effect in its rendering. Rather it requires care, that its beauty is not covered up by the introduction of little tricks more suited to the style of the trashy modern ballad. There was not much of this at the Mod, but it did crop up once or twice.

I noticed that several singers (solo and duet) who sang without accompaniment, kept accurate pitch, ending exactly as they began—no small feat this! and one to be proud of.

The children's choirs maintained a good standard, but I should like to warn the conductors of several of the choirs about the slightly rough tone the children used in the middle of their voices. A child's voice ought to be the same clear flute-like quality all over, and they ought never to use a "shouting" rough tone, for this will quickly spoil their young voices. It is good to use "oo" at first, and build up on that sound, keeping the tone well on the face. In two-part singing, too many boys in the alto tends to drag the pitch down. I heard this several times. I also saw wandering attention once or twice. It is difficult to make young people look only at the conductor, and think only of their song, but it can be done. I think all swaying movements should be checked. Repose without stiffness is quite easy, and any bodily movement which holds the listener's eye is bad; his ear is bound to suffer. The children's attack was very good, but the take-off at the end of the verses was not quite so good. I think it is well for the conductor of a children's choir to use a certain sign when they are all to stop. The beauty of the children's tone was sometimes most delightful, and their natural singing refreshing.

The adult choirs were only two in number, and this was much to be regretted. If the difficulty is to find a conductor, I feel that diffidence must be the cause of this. Surely in each district there is one person who might be persuaded to come forward and try at least his or her hand at conducting. It is the spirit to try that counts at Mods and Festivals, not the power to carry off the prize. The adult choirs had two fine songs to sing, and "Mairi Bhan Og," with its grand rhythm and famous words, and "Mo Chailin Dileas Donn," with its wonderful melody, had quite a different treatment by the Glenorchy and Connel choirs. They were both a little bit inclined to be carried away in the pace of the former, and in the latter had not just grasped the broad phrases, but

there were very many good points, and in both choirs, splendid voices and great attention to the conductor's beat. The attack could be improved by mentally singing the note and word while waiting for the first beat. Also, an adult choir ought to be taught to listen to themselves singing. This will keep the pitch from falling and improve the singing generally. I found the rhythm wonderfully good in all the singing, both choral and solo, and I left Oban with very pleasant memories of the Lorn and Mull Mod of 1924.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£4952	15	5
Scottish-American Newspaper	1900	0	0
J. Ross, Esq., per Presbyterian Church of Australia	105	0	0
P. MacKay, Esq., Manly, Sydney	10	0	0
The Misses Gibson, Melbourne	10	0	0
Miss Cathie P. Turner, proceeds of Concert Caledonian Society, Gold Coast	9	7	6
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A Friend, per N. Shaw	0	2	6
	<u>£7002</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>5</u>

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

PERTH MOD FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£135	4	6
<i>Received at Head Office—</i>			
Fearnan and Kemmore Branch, per D. M. MacIntyre, Esq.	10	0	0
Lewis & Harris Association	2	2	0
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<i>Received at Perth—</i>			
First List.			
P. M. Dewar, Esq., Dewar House, London	£5	5	0
Perth Corporation Advertisement Committee	5	0	0
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Henry Douglas, Esq., Perth	0	10	0
Thomas Harley, Esq., Perth	0	7	6

£180 5 6

BRANCH REPORTS.

BUNESSAN.—The closing meeting of the Bunessan branch took place on the 18th April in the school. There was a large gathering of members and friends. Rev. Neil Macphail, president, presided. The meeting took the form of a concert. Gaelic songs were given by Miss Peggy Macdonald, Miss Maggie Black, and Mrs. Macphail, also by Messrs Archd. Macdonald, Neil Beaton, John Campbell, Duncan M'Kechnie, and Duncan Mackellar. Mr. Donald Morrison gave a recitation, and Gaelic readings were given by Messrs Hugh Macmaster and Archd. Macdonald. Mr. John Graham gave bagpipe selections. At the close of the concert the Chairman called for a vote of thanks to the performers, and this was given with much cordiality. A dance followed. The business meeting of the branch was held on 25th April. The secretary and treasurer, Mr. John M'Kechnie, submitted his reports, and these were approved and read entirely in the Gaelic language.

KILCHOMAN.—The singing classes held in the school here, under the auspices of the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, terminated with a concert on Friday, 2nd curt. Mr. Gillespie Corsapool, presided, and he was supported in the chair by Rev. C. Robertson. The senior and junior choirs sang at intervals in a manner which showed how thorough and painstaking had been the training they had received from Mr. H. Maclean, the Society's teacher, while the following artistes contributed to the programme:—Piper Hugh Gray; violinist, Mr. John M'Niven; soloists, Misses Jessie Gillespie, Jessie M'Lelland, Maggie Morrison, Maggie M'Phee, Jessie Morrison, Annie MacKinnon; Messrs A. Campbell, G. Anderson, D. Macdonald, D. Macfadyen, W. M'Eachern, D. M'Niven, and M. Campbell. Where all the performers acquitted themselves with so much distinction, it would be invidious to select any for special mention, but Mr. Maclean himself gave delightful renderings of several items to the manifest pleasure of all.

PORT ELLEN.—A very successful Ceilidh in connection with An Comunn Gaidhealach singing classes was held in the Public School on Wednesday of last week. Mr. D. MacLachlan, the Schoolhouse, presided, and, in the course of his speech, laid emphasis on the importance of upholding the ancient language of the Gael. The

first item on the programme was bagpipe selections by Mr. Alastair Logan, who also delighted the audience with his rendering of "Oran a Bhaloon," this latter composed by a local bard, the late Mr. Archd. Macaffer. Gaelic songs were finely rendered by Miss Catherine Orr, Miss Flora Graham, Miss Bowie, Mrs. Don. Macqueen, Miss Jean Macgillivray, Miss Winifred Lambourne, Miss Mary Calder, Miss Morag MacEachern, Miss Kate Logan, Mr. Colin MacEachern, Mr. Roderick MacArthur, and Mr. Jas. Currie; a humorous Gaelic reading was given by Mr. Duncan Campbell. Scotch songs were rendered by Mr. Dickie, and piano and violin selections were played by Miss MacGibbon and Mr. D. Macintyre. The playing of the accompaniments during the evening was in the capable hands of Mrs. Brown, Post Office. The whole programme was very much appreciated. The singing by the company of "Oidhech Mhath leibh 's beannachd leibh" terminated the evening's enjoyment.

KILNINVER.—The Kilniver branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach closed its session by holding a Ceilidh on the evening of 11th April, in the Public School. Ex-Provost MacCowan, J.P., Oban, presided, and in a rousing speech emphasised the importance of upholding the ancient language and customs of the Gael. The first item on the programme was the rallying song, "Suas leis a Ghadhlig," which was sung by the whole company. Stirring selections were played on the piob mhor by Mr. Donald Macdougall, Park. Gaelic songs were finely rendered by Miss Irene MacCowan, Oban; Miss Chrissie Campbell, Ellenabeich; Miss MacColl, Winterton; and Miss Livingstone, Balvicar. These singers were all in excellent form, and they were repeatedly encored and heartily applauded. Miss Weir, Clachan Seil, played the accompaniments with her accustomed ability. Piano and violin selections were given in a tasteful manner by Mr. and Miss Campbell, The Knoll, Oban. The latter also gracefully danced the Highland Fling. In proposing a vote of thanks to the performers, Miss Macdougall, Seamadale, paid them all a high compliment. Mr. John Craig, Glenbeg, proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Bena MacCulloch, Reray, who took a leading part in organising the Ceilidh, and who is the branch representative on the committee of the Oban Provincial Mod for which a silver collection was made during the proceedings. A vote of thanks was also given to the chairman on the motion of Mr. Glendinning, Barindroman. Tea thereafter served.

LOCHLUICHART.—The annual Ceilidh of the Lochluichart branch was held recently, and, as on previous occasions, was attended by a large and appreciative audience drawn from a wide radius. The Rev. G. Bruce, M.A., was in the chair, and his genial and pithy notes on each item of the programme was much enjoyed. Mr. James MacKintosh, Achnasheen, played stirring selections on the bagpipes, and Gaelic songs were contributed by the Gaelic Choir led by Miss MacKenzie. Several members contributed Gaelic and Scottish solos. Towards the close of the proceedings Miss MacKenzie was presented with a handsome handbag as a memento of the happiness and high educative value the members derived from their attendance at the singing class during the winter months.

OBAN.—At a meeting of the Committee of this Branch held in the office of the Secretary, Lieut. Paul MacArthur, Albany Street, Mr. T. D. Macdonald, the president, in the chair, it was reported that the surplus from the Donachadh Ban concert was £25. A donation of £5 was intimated from Ceilidh Nan

Gaidheal, Glasgow, through Mr. Hugh MacCorquodale, Cardonald, and the sum of 5s from Miss Finchley, New Jersey, U.S.A. The sum now in hand for the repairing of the Bard's monument at Dalmailly being now well over £100, it was resolved to call for estimates for the repairing of the monument in its present form, with the addition of a lightning conductor, as recommended to the Committee by the late Marquis of Breadalbane.

TOBERMORY.—The winter session of the Tobermory branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, 23rd April, when the proceedings took the form of a concert held in Aros Hall, there being a large attendance. The gathering was presided over by Dr. Morison, who delivered an interesting speech in Gaelic. The larger part of the programme was sustained by the Gaelic Choir, which in spite of the prevalence of illness among its ranks during the past six weeks, gave spirited and sympathetic renderings of all the songs, Gaelic and English alike. The proceedings were opened by bagpipe selections by Pipe-Major Gray, who also contributed at intervals to the programme. One of the foremost Gaelic vocalists of the day, Miss May Smyllie, contributed various items in a manner well worthy of her reputation. A young singer of great promise is Mr. Charles MacColl, whose rendering of his songs was both effective and beautiful, and he made the hit of the evening. Captain MacLaren as usual made a very successful appearance. The songs and oraid of Mr. Neil Shaw were also very much enjoyed. A most pleasing item was the appearance of the junior choir which has made great strides during the past winter, and the conductor, Mr. MacCallum, deserves a special meed of praise for the painstaking and enthusiastic manner by which he has brought the young people to such a pitch of perfection. During the whole concert the playing of accompaniments was in the capable hands of Mrs. MacGilp, whose excellent playing is always appreciated. During an interval an interesting little ceremony took place when Mr. MacCallum, the enthusiastic and capable conductor of both choirs, was presented with a beautiful silver-mounted baton and a handsome cheque. The presentation was made by Mrs. Menzies, who in graceful and sympathetic words conveyed the appreciation of the community and An Comunn for the great work Mr. MacCallum had done during the past two winters in educating the people of the district in the lore of music. Mr. MacCallum expressed his thanks for the magnificent tribute paid to his work, which he declared was no work to him, but only a response to the beautiful world of music around him. The usual votes of thanks terminated the proceedings, the principal speakers being Mr. D. N. Lowe and Mr. Neil Shaw.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

NEW MEMBERS.

LIFE.

Miss Helen Stewart, Crianlarich.
Kenneth Macleod, Esq., M.A., Fortrose.

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D. Cameron, Esq., Rogart.
Mrs. Edgar, Glasgow.
Mrs. Catherine Panton, Pitlochry.
Alex. W. MacKintosh, Esq., Farr, Inverness.
Alex. Campbell of Borland.



AN GAIDHEAL

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—*Bunaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1007.*

Leabhar XIX.]

An t-Iuchar, 1924.

[Earrann 10

GUTH AN EOIN.

Tha cunnart gu bheil an Gàidheal an diugh a' fàs cho dripeil, drifeagach, coltach ri càch, is nach eil togradh no ùine aige gu bhì ag éisdeachd ri guth an eòin. Ach is beag a chuireas sin air an eun. Cha mhìl dearmad chloinn-daoine aon phone an ceilearadh na h-uisge. An uair a théid sinn a mach air chuairt troimh an choill air maduinn shamhraidh, a dh'aindeoin cho làn is gum bì ar smuain de nithibh talamhaidh, chan urrainn sinn gun aire a thabhairt do na chì an t-sùil is a chluinneas a' chluas. Ma their thu gur faoin an cuspair comhradh nan eun chan eil freagradh againn dha sin ach gur tric a chuir òran na smeòraich misneach ùr ann ar cridhe. Cha mhisde neach sam bith a tha sgìth ùrachadh fhaotainn o nì cho fìorghlan aoibhneach ri guth an eòin; agus is lìonmhor iad aig a bheil tlachd an ceòl nan doireachan, agus a tha 'buileachadh neart is càil as ùr o chomh-chomunn ri oibrichean Nàduir.

Their cuid gu bheil litreachas a' nochdadh nan aignidhean is doimhne anns an inntinn; agus ma tha sin fìor tha litreachas nan Gàidheal a' togail fianuis gu robh guth an eòin mùirneach aig ar n-athraichean. A nuas troimh na ginealaich tha seann chunntais ag innse gu robh muinntir a' gabhail beachd air guth an eòin. O chionn còrr is trì cheud deug bliadhna chaidh bàrdachd Ghàidhlig a sgrìobhadh le manach Gàidhealach, agus tha an dearbh sgrìobhadh fathast ri sheachnadh am baile St. Gall. Tha am manach ag ainmeachadh gu robh na h-eòin a' seinn os a chionn anns a' choill an

uair a bha e a' sgrìobhadh, agus tha e a' deanamh iomradh sònruichte air ponc an loin-duibh. Faodaidh gur e sin an ràdh is sìte a tha an làthair mu an cheist so an cainnt nan Gàidheal. Ach riamb troimh gach linn air an d'fhàgadh eachdraidh bha na bàird a' gabhail suim de ghuth an eòin. Eadhon an uair a bhiodh na bàird fo mhulad is ann ri luchd-ciùil nan geug a leigeadh iad an gearan. Anns an t-seadh so c'ait a bheil eisimpleir cho soilleir ri "Cuachag nan Craobh"! Nach iomadh cuspair a chaidh ainmeachadh anns a' chòmhradh a bha eadar bàrd eile agus "Comhachag bhochd na sròine." Agus nach smearail beothail na briathran a chuireadh air teanga "Smeòrach Cloinn Domhnuill"? Co dhiubh is e gaol no cogadh a tha na bàird a' luaidh tha iad a' faotainn comhsamhlachdan fhreagarrach am measg nan geug:

Anns a' choill am bì n' smùdan,
'S e gu binn a' seinn ciùil dhuinn;
Cuach is smeòrach 'g ar dùsgadh
'Cur na smùid duibh le faoil.

Is gann gu bheil doine a' tabhairt fainear cìod e an t-aotromachadh inntinn a tha iad a' buileachadh o ghuth an eòin. Air do'n gheamhradh tighinn gu crìch tha aigeadh an duine deas gu bhì a' gabhail ri caochladh na h-aimsire, oir tha a' ghrian a' teannadh ri dìreadh an uchd nan speur, agus tha blàthan na talamhain a' tòiseachadh ri fàs. Is mòr an togail spioraid gu'n cluinn-eamad an uair sin uisgeag air gach lòn is smeòrach air gach géig. Cha luaithe a théid an dùdlachd thairis na chìthear na h-eòin-shiubhail a thàinig astar thar chuantan, agus a rinn imrich fhada o

dhùthchannan céine. Tha sinn gun fhios dhuinn féin a' cur fáilte orra mar air chárdean a thill air an ais gu an seann àite eòlais. An déidh dhaibh tionall anns a' choill théid iad an cuideachd a chéile mar aon bhuidhinn, is cha bhi cuimhne aca tuilleadh air airsneal an turuis no air duatharachd na mara. Chan eil uapa a nis ach an saorsa a mhealtuinn an doire nan dos uaine. Cò do'n urrainn a bhi ag àireamh gach diog is ponc a tha'n an òran, oir tha iad uile aig comh-fharpuis feuch cò is binne beul. Is gann gu'n cluinnear ath-aithris air aon sibhal de an ceilearadh; agus gu tric tha iad a' tòiseachadh is a sgar comhladh. Thubhairt neach rium o chionn ghoidid gu'm biodh cuimhne aige ri 'bheò air maduinn shamhraidh àraidh; chaidh e tràth do'n choill is bha samhchair mu'n cuairt; ach an tionndadh na boise ghair na ciadan eun mar aon chòisir, le ceòl cho binn fuaimneach is a chuala neach riamh.

Tha fuaim is rian-fuinn fa leth aig gach eun a réir a ghnè. Cha chuir briathran an céill am binneas nàdurra a tha air fhilleadh an alt a' chiùil so. Am measg chloinn nan daoine tha toinnteachd mhór aig cuid gu bhi a' dealbh fhonn; agus tha feadhainn eile ann aig a' bheil gibh àraidh gu bhi a' cluich nam fonn sin air innealan-ciùil. Ach tha cuid de dh'èoin, mar a ta an spideag, no beul-binn na h-oidheche, a sheinneas ceòl is taitniche na ceòl sam bith a gheibhear o inneal làmh-dheanta. Agus tha teagasg sònruichte, nam biodh teagasg fainear dhuinn, ri fhaotainn uaidh so, gur ann an dorchadas na h-oidheche a chluinnear an t-òran is binne air an t-saoghal gu léir. Cia lion neach claidhte a fhuair dòchas ùr ri cluinntinn a' cheileiridh aoibhniche ud aig marbh na h-oidheche! Tha nithean iongantach nach do thuig sinn fathast an diomhair-eachd Nàduir; agus faodaidh gur ann air dhuinn tighinn mar dhaoine gu lán inbhe tùir is breithnichidh a chuireas sinn meas cubhaidh air na sochairean a tha sinn a' buileachadh o ghuth an èoin.

THE REV. DR. MACDONALD OF KILTARLITY.

The University of Glasgow last week conferred its Doctorate of Divinity upon the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, minister of the Parish of Kiltarlity. Some weeks ago, when the University announced the names of the honorary graduands, the distinction to be conferred on Mr. Macdonald

was hailed with pleasure by Highlanders both at home and abroad. The great service which Dr. Macdonald rendered to the Gaelic cause has been mentioned by the Scottish press generally as being the immediate reason why the degree is given. That service has been great indeed, and deserves the best recognition that any University can give. But, at the same time, we are convinced that the granting of this academic distinction might well be based on other grounds, namely, on Dr. Macdonald's qualities as a preacher and pastor. A strong yet most genial personality, he is one of the few Highland ministers of the older generation who still retain the ardour of youth, and who have the gift of interpreting the vital message with a reverent and cultured appreciation of human needs in a world which has greatly changed of late years. Those who listened to his eloquent Gaelic discourse at the service in connection with the Mòd at Inverness last year, will fully testify to the truth of the opinion we have just expressed. If the College of ex-Moderators of the Church of Scotland were for once to do their duty to the Gaelic Church, we feel that the minister of Kiltarlity is one of the senior ministers who should be asked to fill the Moderator's chair of the Church of Scotland. Probably this is the very last thing Dr. Macdonald would desire. But we only express a feeling which we share with many of the brethren.

For many years Dr. Macdonald has been a supporter of the Comunn and its work. His service to the cause of Gaelic has always been a labour of love. His contributions include "The Uist Bards," "The Macdonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry" (in conjunction with another distinguished son of Uist, the Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan); and also under the same literary partnership was published the great "History of the Clan Donald," in three bulky volumes. Dr. Macdonald is about to publish an edition of the poems of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Further works from his pen are a Gaelic translation of Neil Munro's "Lost Pibroch," and of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped."

Here surely is a record of service loyally rendered in the interest of the mother tongue and his country's history, and also of noble work done for the flocks among whom he laboured. We trust that Dr. Macdonald may live long to enjoy the academic honour, even as he enjoys the esteem and affection of all who know him.

N. R.

AM NA H-OIGE.

By Mrs. KENNETH MACLEOD, Fortrose.

 $\frac{3}{4}$ Time.. KEY G. *Lightly, and with joy.*

$$\{ \underline{m}, r : d \cdot, t_1 | l_1 : - \cdot, d : t_1 \cdot, l_1 | s_1 : - \cdot, f_1 : m_1 \cdot, s_1 | d : - \cdot, r : m \cdot, r | r : - \cdot.$$

$$\{ \underline{m}, r : d \cdot, t_1 | l_1 : - \cdot, d : t_1 \cdot, l_1 | s_1 : - \cdot, f_1 : m_1 \cdot, s_1 | s : - \cdot, f : m \cdot, r | d : - \cdot.$$

$$\{ \cdot, \underline{m} : f \cdot, s | l : - \cdot, s : f \cdot, m | r : - \cdot, d : r \cdot, m | s : - \cdot, f : m ; r | r : - \cdot.$$

$$\{ \underline{m}, r : d \cdot, t_1 | l_1 : - \cdot, d : t_1 \cdot, l_1 | s_1 : - \cdot, f_1 : m_1 \cdot, s_1 | s : - \cdot, f : m \cdot, r | d : - \cdot.$$
Repeat first *two lines* for chorus.Should be sung smoothly, each line in one breath if possible. If not, the breath should be taken at the end of 10th beat after second bar Octave interval between s_1 — s .

A' chomhairl' bheirinn air an òig',
Iad bhi làn spòirs is cridhealais;
Gun fhoill 'n an dòigh, 's gach smuain gun
ghò,
'S an aigne ceòlmhor mireagach;
Gach ceum de 'n gluas'd, bhi modhail suaire,
'S iad 'deanamh uaill an duinealas;
Is caoimhneas tlàth mar fhuaran làn
A' gabhail tàmh 'n an cridheachan.

'Se am na h-òig', 'se am na h-òig'—
Bi cridheil ceòlmhor, aighearrach:
Na leig le sgòth a chaoidh do leòn
Na nì le sgòid thighinn fagus duit.

'Se am na h-òig' an t-am bu chòr dhaibh
Deanamh stòr a neo-chiontas;
Gach nì as bòidhech' an gnìomh 's an dòigh,
Bhi 'deanamh còrdadh math riutha;
An sùilean dùint' do nì nach fù
Ach mathas ciùin a' lasadh annt'
'S an snuadh gu léir gu faoilidh sèimh
A' cur an cèill am maisealachd.

Bi 'cur mar sin an àird do thùir,
De chlachan fuigant' snaighte leat;
Gach beag is mór le loinn 'n an còir
A' deanamh Tòr bhios maireannach;
'S ma thig tuil mhór, no stoirm ad chòir
Bidh e 'n a chomhnuidh fasgaidh dhuit,
'S ann leats' tha 'n dé, 's na h-uile spéis,
Bha fad do ré a' leantainn riut.

'N uair thig an aois le laimh neo-chaomh
'S na h-uile baoth a leanas i,
'S a chuireas i thu 'n dara taobh
Gun chomas strì nas fhaid' agad,
Bi thu làn buaidh, gun gheilt gun ghruaim,
'S do chridhe suaire gun aithreachas;
'S bi laithean t-òig', le tlachd ro-mhór
A' gabhail comhnuidh maille riut.

'Se am na h-òig', 'se am na h-òig'—
Bi cridheil ceòlmhor, aighearrach:
Na leig le sgòth a chaoidh do leòn
Na nì le sgòid thighinn fagus duit.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

 Professor W. J. WATSON.

This poem, by Fionnlagh Ruadh, now published for the first time, is at p. 304 of the Dean's MS., and is described by Dr. McLauchlan in his Table of Contents of the MS. as "39 lines. On MacDiarmad. Illegible." Most of it, however, had been transcribed by Ewen MacLachlan before the MS. came into Dr. McLauchlan's hands, and his work is very helpful, for parts of the text which are now wholly or partly illegible were evidently clearer in his time. On the other hand, some parts which he gave up as illegible can still be read under favourable conditions of light. The poem is addressed to Eoin, the chief of Clan Gregor, who died in 1519, and praises his house, which is compared to that of Aodh MacDiarmad on the Rock (Carrag) of Loch Cé in Connacht. Aodh, son of Conchobhar, became king of Magh Luirg (Moylurg) in 1458; he died or ceased to be king before 1478 (Annals of Loch Cé). The poet's visit to his court must therefore have been after 1458 and before 1478. Aodh succeeded Tomaltach an Einigh, or "the generous," and two poems by Giolla-Críosd Bruilingeach, preserved by the Dean, are in honour of this famous lord on the occasion of a visit by this Scottish poet to his court. The fame of the MacDiarmad lords was sufficient in itself to attract the bards of Alba, but it may be noted that there was a sept of MacDiarmaids in Glen Lochy of old. Ealasaid (Elizabeth), Eoin's wife, is named in another poem by Fionnlagh Ruadh, but

it is here, and here only, that we find her father's name and *dúthchas*.

This is a difficult poem—difficult to read and difficult to reconstruct. In rann 8a, the only word legible is "fley"; in 3c, Ewen MacLachlan's transcript begins with "glair na," now illegible. In 4a, E.M. begins "nartzneery"; "nart" is now illegible. In 6c, I have read "er linna" (*ar linn*); less probably "er binna." In 8d, the reading looks like "er lemni," i.e., *ar léim*, "on account of the leaping," which would require *béist* in 8c to rhyme. 10cd reads "gin nearre za ren teach/bleyn de na heine lai," so far as I can make out. 11ab reads "Nar errit In nach zis/ka ter assin royich-viss"; "zis" is E.M.'s reading, and it must be right, but the word now looks like "zw." 14ab reads clearly "Mo theacht fene cur (? tur) mai teach/eygh ga toor vrrwme." 15ab is almost, if not quite, illegible; cd, "na eggry a reine aross eddyr in treut si . . .": it apparently described the position of the house as "eadar an t-sruth," "between the stream and . . ." I regret that space does not permit the full text of the MS. to be given here.

This completes Fionnlagh Ruadh's work as preserved by the Dean, all except two quatrains on p. 249 of MS., which are fairly legible but very hard to reconstruct. Beannachd leis a' Bhard Ruadh; a chuid de phàrras da! Ma chuir sinne aon char 'na bhàrdachd nach do chuir e fhéin innte, agus nach bu mhaith leis, tha sinn ag guidhe maitheanas air.

 A H-UGHDAR-SA FIONNLAGH AN
 BARD RUADH.

1. Fhuaras mo rogha theach mhór,
 a mbí na cliara ag comhól:
 mór ndámh la dtoghthar an teach,
 nach fagthar lá gan choigreach.
2. Maoidhfidh mise, ó táid 'n a thaigh,
 ré Griogóir Dhúine Monaidh
 gach rathdhorus bláth fa'n taigh,
 dar chomhsholus lá is adhaigh.

 THE AUTHOR OF THIS IS FIONN-
 LAGH THE RED BARD.

1. I have found of houses my choice
 supreme, a house wherein poets are wont to
 feast; many a company chooses out that
 house, which is found no day without a
 stranger.
2. I will vaunt—for they are within his
 house—to Gregor of Dún Monaidh each
 smooth door of fortune throughout the
 house, for which day and night are bright
 alike.

3. feadh
is ra-fharsaing a fhoirgneamh;
do'n gcléir ní cumhang an teach,
gíodh cumhang é d'a theaghlach
4. Nertghníomhra a chuaine is a shluagh
mionca le Eoin armuadh:
h-aithle na sealga ó an teach,
gach fitheach dearg ó'n fhiadhach.
5. Mar soin dh'fhág na saoirfhir chóir
broin chumplachta MhicGhriogóir,
gan locht saoirse ré ar linn,
ar dtocht dhaoibhse ar a h-árainn.
6. Ffon 'ga ibhe ag mnáibh malla,
a MhicGhriogóir, ad mhórhalla;
ad bhruigh tréan farsaing, ar linn,
céir ar lasadh go h-ursainn.
7. Fhuaras teach coimhneas do thaigh,
MhicGhriogóir ó Dhún Monaidh:
ríghtheach na bhfaobhar bhfada,
teach Aodha MhicDiarmada.
8. Ionann ré Guaire an rúin bhuig
do MhacDiarmaid 'san Charraig:
char laigh blást fharsna 'na thaigh
ar líon gasraidh a dhúnaidh.
9. Suidhighthear ar dteacht d'a theach
la MacDiarmaid an Ceallach,
ar taoibh ainsnigh an taighe,
an bhadhbh chaisliath chiallaidhe.
10. Deireadh aieir sobhrón a mháin,
leaptha do'n fhiallach urláir,
gan iarraidh, dá ria an teach,
bliadhain de'n tsíthdhíon fhleadhach.
11. Níor fharraid (?) éin-neach do fhios
cia tír asa ro-chuadhais,
ar fad na bliadhna 'n a bhruigh,
ag MacDiarmaid 'san dúnadh.
12. Air-sean ní gann an bhliadhain,
sgéal ar a bhfuil fir-fhiadhain,
an Ceallach gan chóir dhealbhadh,
'n a sheanóir óg indealbhadh.
13. Ní mó dhiúltar ó ar dtóiseach,
ó Mhac Griogóir fíor-nóiseach,
ad bhruigh leannach, cia nach tuig?
ná (an) Ceallach liath ó'n Charraig.
14.
- ní taibhéim ar Eirinn soin:
pailéis na gléire a nAlbain.
3. right roomy is its structure; for
poets the house is not strait, though strait it
be for its household.
4. Mighty deeds by his household and his
hosts are frequent with red-weaponed Eoin;
when hunting is made from the house, each
raven is red from the venison.
5. It was thus the good freeborn men left
the band of MacGregor's company; nor is
there defect of freedom in our time since
thou hast come to its demesne.
6. Wine is drunk by stately dames,
MacGregor, in thy spacious hall; in thy
wide firm mansion, as I deem, wax blazes
even to the doorpost.
7. I have found a house the peer of thy
house, thou MacGregor from Dún Monaidh,
a royal house of long keen blades, the house
of Aodh MacDiarmada.
8. Even as Guaire of generous soul is
MacDiarmaid in Carrick; a beast lies not
crosswise in his house, such the number of
his stronghold's retinue.
9. The Ceallach, when he comes to his
house, is placed by MacDiarmid by the
house's ribbed side, that wise warrior-bard
with hair grey-curling.
10. The end of revelry is ever but temperate
mirth; beds are found for the house-
floor company; thou hast unsought, if thou
reach that house, a full year of the festive
abiding shelter.
11. No man seeketh to know which land
thou hast come from, while the year long
thou abidest in his mansion, even with
MacDiarmaid in the stronghold.
12. Not scanty is that year for him, a tale
for which there is true witness, even for the
Ceallach, whose is no poor man's state, that
young and shapely senior.
13. Not more is a man refused by this our
chief, MacGregor of right princely mien, in
thine ale-rich mansion—who perceives it
not?—than is the grey Ceallach from
Carrick.
- 14.
- no reproach to Ireland this, that the palace
of all brilliance is in Alba.

16. Farsaing dá thaoibh do thaighe;
 líonmhor a lucht combhuidhe;
 ríogh-ól na gcéad ar a lár;
 mór do théad is do shean-dán.
16. Wide are thy house's two sides;
 many are they who dwell therein; a royal
 banquet for hundreds is on its floor; many a
 harp, many an ancient song is heard within
 it.
17. Mise ní bhia mé dod dhíth;
 maith mo thurchairthe ad ro . . .
 ar taighibh Gaoidheal a bhos,
 mo rogha d'aointeach fhuaras.
 Fhuaras mo rogha.
17. As for me, I will not part from thee;
 goodly are my prizes in thy . . . ; of houses
 of the Gael that are here below, I have found
 of every house my choice.
18. Ealasaíd an aignidh bhuig,
 inghean Eoin mhic Ghiolla-easbuig;
 nochan éarthar dámh 'n a teach:
 bean lán d'fhéile is daonnacht.
18. Ealasaíd of liberal heart, daughter of
 Eoin, son of Giolla-easbuig, a poet band
 meets no refusal in her house; a lady she
 full of hospitality and of kindness.
19. Muime na geliar is na gceann
 Ealasaíd a Gleann Lióbhunn;
 bean mhín budh féile de mhnáibh:
 ar linn céile math fhuarais.
 Fhuaras mo rogha.
19. Foster-mother of poets and of chiefs is
 Ealasaíd from Glen Lyon; a gentle dame,
 of dames most liberal: a noble spouse, I
 deem, thou hast found.
 I have found my choice.

REV. ALEXANDER MACKINNON, Ph.D.

MOD SYLLABUS.

In common with his fellow-members of An Comunn, and with Highlanders everywhere, we heartily congratulate the Rev. Alexander Mackinnon, B.D., minister of St. Columba Church, Glasgow, on the academic distinction he has just achieved by gaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Glasgow. His Thesis is a new book on the Atonement; and although the volume is not yet published, we feel convinced that it must be a valuable contribution to Theology in order to secure such a degree. The honour to the minister of the Gaelic Church ought to make all Highlanders in Glasgow realise and appreciate the fact that the old traditions of the St. Columba pulpit are being most worthily maintained. On completing his Arts course, Dr. Mackinnon graduated M.A. with First Class Honours in English Literature, an achievement but rarely done by any Highlander; and all interested in our language must feel grateful that the language is regularly used in the pulpit in Glasgow by a man whose intellectual power is equalled by his personal worth and genial kindly disposition.

The final edition of the Syllabus and Prize List of the twenty-eighth Mod, to be held at Perth, has just been published, and may be obtained from Mr. Shaw, 114 West Campbell Street, Glasgow. Under literature, and vocal and instrumental music, there are seventy-four competitions, namely, twenty-eight for juniors and forty-six for seniors. We hope and expect that a very large number of competitors will enter this year as in recent years. It may be mentioned that the readings for oral delivery, Competitions 9 and 10 for Juniors, have been prepared on a printed sheet, which also can be got on writing to the Secretary. Under so many heads, and in so many branches, a very large sum of money is offered in prizes this year. Everything points to the Mod in Perth being a great event. It only needs the interest and enthusiasm of members everywhere to make it so. The Standing Committees and the Secretary have done their part nobly: the organisation and preparation are there, quite ready to be utilised. The mill, so to speak, is waiting to be used; it is for the members to make the water flow. We would emphasise the condition regarding date of entry:—"All musical compositions and all literary work must be sent to the Secretary not later than 9th August, 1924.

OROID EOGHAIN MHIC RATH.

Le IAIN MACPHRAIDEAN, Glascho.

Bha Eòghan Mac Rath a chòmhnuidh ann am Baile na Luibe; agus chaidh Comunn-litreachais a chur air bhonn anns a' bhaile sin. Bha Eòghan 'na aon de bhuill a' Chomuinn, agus dh'aontaich e, an dèidh beagan pliotaireachd gu'n tugadh e òraid seachad air a' chuspair, "Na Làithean a dh'aom," uaireigin mu mheadhon an t-seisne.

Cha bu droch sgrìobhair Eòghan, agus bha e 'na dheagh leubhadair; ach dol a sgrìobhadh òraid, agus an sin g'a leubhadh mu choinnibh sluaigh 'sam bith, bha'n sin gnòthuch eile uile gu léir, agus nì nach do chleachd Eòghan; 's cha robh e idir fuathasach cinnteach mu dheibhinn. Ach, co-dhiùb, thòisich e.

Air feasgar sònruichte am feadh 's a bha e a' sealltainn thairis air cuid de na sgrìobh e, agus duilleag an dràs 's a rithist dheth a' dol air an teine, thuir a bhean, 's i dol a dheanamh brochan nam pàisdean: "'S fhada o na tha thu a' dol a dheanamh maide-poite dhomh mu choinnibh na poite bige."

"Nach neònach," ars Eòghan, "gur h-aon daonnan an uair a gheibh thu an sàs aig an obair so mi, a thig e ann ad chuimhne gu'm bheil maide-poite a dhìth ort."

"Thig e ann am chuimhne-se," ars a bhean, "gu'm bheil maide-poite a dhìth orm an uair a tha mi a' dol a chur feum air, mar a tha mi dol a dheanamh aig a' cheart uair so. Agus tha e nàdurra gu leòir gu'n tigeadh e ann am chuimhne, a chionn tha'm bioran so cho goirid 's nach ruig e màs na poite dhomh."

"Tha'm bioran sin a' dol na 's giorra a h-uile latha," ars Eòghan; "feumaidh gu'm bi thu a' brodadh an teine leis. Cha'n e a bhi a' cur mu'n cuairt na poite a tha 'ga chaitheamh cho luath sin."

"Cha'n eil mi a' brodadh an teine leis," ars a bhean; "agus cha'n eil e a' caith-eamh na's luaithe na maidean eile de a sheòrsa."

"Tha e air a losgadh, co-dhiùb," ars Eòghan; "tha e cho dubh ri guallean, agus cha b'ann a' deanamh brochain a dh'fhàs e cho dubh no cho goirid sin."

Ged a thug am boireannach tacan math a' seirm a deuchainnean ann an cluasan a fir, thionndaidh Eòghan a chùlaibh rithe, agus thòisich e gu dcheallach a rithis air sgrìobhadh na h-òraid.

Faodar ainmeachadh—ged nach robh fios aig Eòghan, no aig a mhnaoi air ceamair a bha e a' tachairt—gu'n robh maide poite a' fàs dubh agus goirid, agus sin uile ann an ùine ghoirid, b'e an t-aobhar air a' ghnòthuch ud a bhi mar sud, gu'n tug Eòghan leis Lachlann a mhac, balachan a bhiodh mu chòig bliadhna dh'aois, do'n cheardaich air latha àraid. Chunnac Lachlann an gobhainn a' toirt an iarunn dheigh bhàrr an teallaich agus 'ga chur air an innean, 's an sin 'ga bhualadh le òrd gus an robh na sprìotan a' leum ri sparran na ceardaich agus a' dannsadh air a h-ùrlar. An uair a fhuair Lachlann an cothrom, agus an tigh dha féin, chuir e 'n clobha 'san teine gus an robh e dearg, fhuair e òrd agus rinn e innean de leac-an-teintein; ach air cho cruaidh 's gu'm buaileadh Lachlann, cha tigeadh sprìot no srad as a' chlobha, ged bha e dearg. O nach tigeadh sprìotagan as, cha robh e a chum feum 'sam bith, agus dh'fheuch Lachlann maide na poite. Bha sud gasda; thigeadh sprìotagan a maide na poite nuair a rachadh a dheanamh dearg 'san teine; agus 's ann mar sin a bha e a' fàs dubh agus, aig a cheart àm, goirid.

Fhuair Eòghan crìoch a chur air sgrìobhadh na h-òraid an dèidh a h-uile rud a bh'ann, agus thàinig an oidhech ud mu'n cuairt—mar a thig a h-uile oidhech agus latha ris an bi sinn a' sealltainn le sùil iomagainich—an oidhech sin air an robh e ris an òraid a thoir seachad do 'n Chomunn.

An uair a fhuair e ann an òrdugh agus an òraid a leubhadh thairis aon uair eile, thuir e ri mhnaoi, 's i tighinn a ceann eile an taighe: "Cum rium mo chòta gus am faigh mi orm e." Leig a bhean an soitheach agus maide na poite a bh'aice 'na làimh air a' bhòrd, agus chuidich i le a fear a chòta chur uime, rud a rinn e ann an cabhaig o na bha'n ùine ruith. An sin thog e leis a h-uile rud a bha dhìth air, agus dh'fhalbh e.

An uair a ràinig e 'n t-àite far an robh a' chuideachd cruinn, 's a shuidh e làmh ri fear na cathrach, chuir e a phasgan paiper air a' bhòrd mu a choinnibh. Chuir e 'n sin a làmh 'na phòca agus thug e—mar a shaoil esan—am mach na speulairean agus chur e air a bhòrd iad ri taobh a' phasgain phaipeir. Mhòthaich fear na cathrach agus a h-aon no dhà eile do 'n rud a chuir Eòghan air a' bhòrd, agus bha snodha-gàire air adann iomadh fir. An uair a chaidh gairm air Eòghan gus an òraid aige a leubhadh, shìn e a làmh agus thog e an rud a chuir e air a' bhòrd, 's e ag èirigh 'na sheasamh aig a'

cheart àn. Ach sheas e mar gu'm biodh e bodhar dall tacan, agus an sin thuit an rud a bha 'na làimh air a' bhòrd, agus thuit e féin air ais anns a' chathair as an d'éirich e, am feadh 's a bha a' ghàireachdaich, a thug greis mhath a' mùchadh, a' seirm mar chlach-bholg 'na chluasan, agus so uile a chionn cha b'e na speuclairean a bh' aig Eòghan bochd idir, ach maide na poite.

Tha e furasda gu leòir a thuigsinn ciamar a thachair sud. Chuir Eòghan na speuclairean as na làimh air a' bhòrd 'na thigh féin, agus leig a bhean maide na poite as na làimh làmh riu; agus anns a' chabhaig thog e maide na poite ann an àite nan speuclairean.

Co-dhiùbh, fhuair Eòghan còingheall de speuclairean a fhreagair dha, o h-aon de na bha 'sa chuideachd. Leubh e òraid agus fhuair e taing na cuideachd air cheann sin a dheanamh.

Ach math is ro-mhath 's mar a bha sud uile, chaidh a ràdh gu'n robh Eòghan gun smid cainnte aige an déidh dol dachaidh air an oidheche a bha an sud; agus gu'n d'fhuirich e mar sin fad na cuid bu mhotha de'n là màireach.

CEILIDH NAN GAIDHEAL AM MELBOURNE.

Tha beagan Ghàidheal a' cruinneachadh le chéile a h-uile mos, agus bithidh céilidh bheag air a cumail. Ma tha canalas oirbh, nì e togail mhór air bhur cridhe a bhith 'nam meag. An sin, ma bheir sibh cead do bhur mac-meanmna a dhol air thurus, is ann aon uair eile a bhitheas sibh a' gabhail fois air leitricean na Gàidhealtachd—no an Eileanan na h-àirde-an-iar.

Tha Alasdair Dòmhnallach—duine àrd, ruadh a Boraraigh—ann, agus an uair a tha e a' bruidhinn ribh, cluinnidh sibh na tuinn mhóra a' bualadh air gaineamh Uibhist—chlì sibh h-Irt a mach anns a' Chuan, Hèisgeir agus dà Haisgeir—cluinnidh sibh na faoil-eannan ag éibheach aig bun an uillt, agus easaraich nam bodach—agus iad a' dol a mach air a' chaolas a thogail cléibh ghiomach—O! is e dealbh a tha ann—agus beanntan na h-Earradh air an cùl.

“Cia mar a tha sibh?”—is e sean duine uasal a tha a nis a' breith air làimh oirbh “an deachaidh agaibh air Loch Bhraoin a ruigsinn?” Is e Stiùbhartach a tha ann, agus is ann fo sgàil an Teallaich a rugadh e. Is fada fada bhò'n thug e an Dreadh Mór air, ach nach faic sibh an t-òganach, an tréine a neirt, a' fàgail a dhùthcha—a chridhe trom leis na bha e a' fàgail 'na

dhéidh, ach aotrom, dealasach leis na bha roimhe—monaidhean Rois 'gam fosgladh féin a mach, donn agus srathach—an saoghal aig a chasan—seadh-an saoghal gu léir.

“Am faca sibh Am Bàrd an uair a bha sibh am Poll-Iubh?”—is e Rosach eile a tha ag radh nam facal sin rium, Donnchadh Mac Rath, a dh'fhàg Meallan Tearlach, faisg air an Allt bheithe, bho chionn dà fhichead bliadhna—“Chunnaic, gu dearbh,” freagraidh mi, “agus chunnaic mi Eachann Mac Iomhair, an Sean Chaiptin, mar an ceudna.” Thig solus 'na shùilean, agus bithidh e ag iarraidh orm barrachd naidheachd mu thimcheall dùthaich Loch Iubh—agus nan daoine a bha agus a tha ann—agus tha fhios agam gu bheil e 'na bhalach a rithist—gu bheil e a' leum a steach do an bhàta—gu bheil e làmh an a' glacadh nan ràmh—agus e air tòir nan adagan aig Rudha a' Choin—tha, tha, tha rud-éigin mar sin 'na fhradharc—agus crùn na Sleaghaich os cionn gach beinne eile—fada air falbh anns an eadar-shoilse.

An sin théid sibh a null do thaobh eile na dùthcha—oir tha Rosach eile a nis anns a' chrò bheag—is e Mr. Daibhidh Ros a Baile Dhubhthaich a tha ann. B' àbhuist dha a bhith 'na speuradair ainmeil, agus b'esan an ceud dhuine a dh'fhoillsich do an t-saoghal gu robh reul sheachrain àraidh a' dùthachadh dhuinn—Ach dreach an uair a tha sibh a' gluasad maille ri Daibhidh troimh mhachraichean mèith na h-àirde-an-ear, grad-thig sealladh ùr mu'r coinne—Bithidh sibh a' sealltuinn air an Eilean—agus chithear An Cuillion garbh le ciabhag chèd air, agus fairichidh sibh sguabagan sgairteach na gaoithe mar a tha i a' tighinn 'nur n-aghaidh a nall bho Chaol Acuinn—agus bithidh Seol-mara a' Chaoil—agus cathadh-fairge air—'na dheann-ruith mar is gnàth leis—oir tha dithist Sgitheanach, Tearlach agus Lachlann Mac Fhionnghain, air an taruing suas ribh, agus a' cur fàilte oirbh. Is fear-cathrach a' chomuinn bhig so Tearlach, 'na dhuine uasal, dìreach, fosgarr—a cheann liath, eireachdail, agus a shùilean gorma ag innseadh gu soilleir dhuibh gur e bachlag na fìor-chraoibe a tha ann. Tha Lachlann 'na dhuine ceanalta cuideachd, ach is ann ann-san a chlì sibh Sgitheanach an latha an diugh—cuimr agus cinnteach—agus saoilidh sibh gu bheil sibh aig laimrig a' Chaoil, agus gun cuir sibh umhail air boltrach làidir nam bataichean-smùide agus nan iasg!

IAIN MACALASDAIR MOFFATT-PENDER.

LEARNERS' PAGE.**SGEULA DHOMHNUILL DUILAIG. THE TALE OF DONALD DUILAIG.**

Translated and Annotated by J. G. MACKAY, London.

Dh'òrduich e le ùghdarras dhoibh uile a treigsinn.

Rinn iad sin 'nan aon cheò buidhe: [a's] thug e leis a' bhean dachaidh. Bha i cho lag 'us gu'n robh i fada fann, agus mar an ceudna dio-chuimhneach: cha do chuimhnich i riamh air ainm a' bhaile as an do thogadh i.

An ceann dà bhliadhna, chaidh Dòmhnall Duilaidh a dh'ionnsuidh na Fèille Muire-Earraich † a dh'Inbhirneis, agus thug e leis breacan na mnatha.

Bha Alasdair Og air an fhéill; dh'aithnich e breacan a mhna.

Dh'fheòraich e de Dhòmhnall càite an d'fhuair e am breacan, agus air dha innseadh dha, dh'fhalbh e maille ris.

Thug e a bhean dhachaidh; bha i slàn gu leòir 'na dhéidh sin, is teaghlach mór aice, is bha i 'cur deise aodaich anns a' bhliadhna 'na dhéidh sin gu Dòmhnall Duilaidh airson a chaoimhneis agus a dhaimh do a taobh mar sin.

Thàinig Alasdair Og air aghaidh ann an teaghlach, agus mar an ceudna ann an cuid.

Recited by Catherine McRae, Dibaig, Gairloch, which she learned some time ago from John McRae. Written by Angus McRae, Dibaig.

From the MS. Collections of the late J. F. Campbell of Islay, *Iain Og Ile*, Vol. x., 66 (in *W.H. Tales*, iv., p. 404, "No. 65, Dòmhnall Duilaidh [a fairy.]" In

The Rev. J. G. Campbell, *Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, 24, says, speaking of the fairies' practice of travelling in or on eddy winds—"When 'the folk' leave home in companies, they travel in eddies of wind. In this climate these eddies are among the most curious of natural phenomena. On calm summer days they go past, whirling about straws and dust, and as not another breath of air is moving at the time their cause is sufficiently puzzling. In Gaelic the eddy is known as 'the people's puff of wind' (*oitag stuaidh*), and its motion 'travelling on tall grass stems' (*falbh air chuisèagan trebrach*). By throwing one's left (*or toisgeul*) shoe at it, the Fairies are made to drop whatever they may be taking away—men, women, children, or animals. The same result is attained by throwing one's bonnet, saying, 'this is yours, that's mine' (*Is lesa so, is leamsa sin*), or a naked knife, or earth from a mole-hill.

In these eddies, people going on a journey at night have been 'lifted,' and spent the night careering through the skies. On returning to the earth, though they came to the house last left, they were too stupefied

He ordered them with authority † to depart and leave her, all of them.

They did so [for they all turned], into one cloud of yellow reek [and vanished]; and Donald took the woman home. She was so weak that she [did not recover] for a long time, but continued feeble, and suffered from loss of memory also; she could never even remember the name of the town from which she had been carried away.

At the end of two years, Donald Duilaidh went to the Spring-time Fair of St. Mary †, at Inverness, taking with him the woman's plaid.

Alasdair Og was at the fair; and he recognised his wife's plaid.

He enquired of Donald where he had got the plaid, and on his telling him, he went off in his company.

Alasdair fetched his wife home; she afterwards became perfectly well, and had a big family, and every year after that she used to send a suit of clothes to Donald Duilaidh for his kindness and friendship to her in the manner described.

Alasdair Og's family and property increased and improved.

MS. *Dulaig*, a place name apparently. Meaning and locality unknown, but probably near Gearloch, Ross-shire.

to recognise either the bouse or its inmates. Others, through fairy despite, have wandered about all night on foot, failing to reach their intended destination though quite near it, and, perhaps in the morning, finding themselves on the top of a distant hill, or in some inaccessible place to which they could never have made their way alone. Even in daylight some were carried in the Elfin eddy from one island to another, in great terror lest they should fall into the sea."

Of the fairy arrow or fairy flint, the Rev. J. G. Campbell says that it consisted "of a triangular piece of flint, bearing the appearance of an arrow head. It probably originally formed part of the rude armoury of the savages of the stone period. Popular imagination, struck by its curious form, and ignorant of its origin, ascribed it to the Fairies. It was said to be frequently shot at the hunter, to whom the Elves have a special aversion, because he kills the hinds, on the milk of which they live. They could not throw it themselves, but compelled some mortal (*duine saoghailte*) who was being carried about in their company to throw

† *òrduich*, order, the word used when invoking supernatural aid. The gods invoked are never specified, or referred to by name. The word *òrduich*, suggests that some ancient band of invaders, having enslaved the aboriginal inhabitants, ordered them and their gods to do as they were bid. *Ughdarras*, authority, may imply the use of some magic formula, or word.

‡ Ceud-Fhéill-Muire-Earraich, the First-Fair-of-Mary-of-Spring, February 2nd.

it for them." *ib.* 27. He gives tales illustrating this belief, *ib.* 69-72, 89, 154, in one of which a married woman who had been carried away from Mull by the "folk," is rescued from their clutches by a man from the Bridge of Awe. In his house, at a great distance from her native place, she is eventually discovered by her husband.

A man who had been taken away by the Lady of the Green Island (*Baintighearna 'n Eilein Uaine*) instructs his wife to throw a dirk at the next eddy wind she saw. She does so, and he drops at her feet, and she recovers him. *ib.* 87.

Another man, whose child had been taken by the fairies, drew a furrow round the fairy hillock with the plough. He had not gone far when he heard a cry behind him, and on looking back found his child lying in the furrow. *ib.* 84.

Another woman taken by the fairies, instructs her husband to take the plough and draw a furrow with it thrice round a certain hillock sunwise. He did not do so, and never recovered her. *ib.* 83.

A woman who had been carried away by the fairies, appears to her husband in dreams and reproaches him with having failed to throw a bunch of keys at her, or between her and the door, when she was passing him. As the result of his neglecting to do so, the husband fails to recover her. *ib.* 83.

A king, his daughter, and her attendant maidens, come in an eddy wind in a tale given in *Trans. Gaelic Soc. Inverness*, xvi, iii.

In Islay's Collections, MS. Vol. xi., No. 100, occurs another tale of the recovery of a wife by a man who strikes with his plaid at the place in the air where he hears a tremendous noise and music coming overhead. His wife drops at his feet. She tells him that the fairies had laid another female in her bed. The husband goes home, takes the other female, who was an old fairy woman, out of the bed, and puts her on the fire. She leaps out of the fire and becomes a stump of oak at the threshold. Similar tale in *Superstitions*, 83.

NA COLAISTI GAEDHILGE.

Le DONN PIATT, Baile Atha Cliath.

Tchím go bhfuil iomradh anois ar Choláiste, nó rang Gaedhilge a chur ar bun in Gaedhealtacht Alban. Cúis lúthghaire do Ghaedhealaibh sin. Goidé an mhaith bheith ag déim leis a Ghaedhilg a choinneáil beó 's a Gaedhaltacht, mura mbéadh iomrádh uirri fríd a tir uilig. Caitheann seans a thabhairt do na daoine a chuireann suim 'sa teagain í 'fhoghlaim— agus caitheann oideachas a thabhairt do na daoine a labhrann a' chánamhain. 'Sa Ghaedhealtacht s' againne, múinteoir gach ádhbhar léighinn fríd a' Ghaedhilg—ach a' Beurla fhéin—agus is minic a mhíngítear 'na cruaidh-cheisteannaí 'sna leabharthaí Beurla 'sa chánamhain sin, fósta. Sin, dar liom, an t-aon slighe amháin leis a' Ghaedhilg a choinneáil beó 'sa Ghaedhealtacht—í úsáid mar ghnáth-theanga 'sna scoilteacha; agus oideachas maith a thabhairt do na daoine.

Ní h-ionann ar fad ceist na teangan in Éirinn, agus ceist na Gáidhilge in Albain. Ach, mar sin fhéin, tá 'n chanamhain cheanna 'sa dá thír, agus ba cheart do na Gaedhil ag gach taobh de shruth na Maoile gan sin a dheamadh. Nár mhór an gar é, dá mbéadh aipla Éireannach in san scoil sin a bhéas in Gaedhealtacht Alban, agus daoine ó Albain, ag teacht go Gáedhealtacht na h-Éireann ar a gcuid laethe saoire—nó, má bhíonn siad i m-Baile Atha Cliath, iad a theacht chuig na drámaí Gaedhilge a bhíos in Amharolann na Mainistreach uair 'sa mhí, nó chuig na léachtaí Gaedhilge a tugtar in Arus an Fháinne gach Oidhche chéadaoine.

Sin ceist ar fíú machtnamh a dheánamh ain!

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£7012	2	5
Caledonian Society of Nairobi	80	0	0
Clan Gordon No. 19	66	2	2
Lanarkshire Highland Association	40	0	0
Per George L. Harris, Esq., Junr.	5	0	0
Arisaig Branch	3	5	0
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£7207 9 7

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

PERTH MOD FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£180	5	6
<i>Received at Head Office—</i>			
London Gaelic Choir	5	0	0
Bute Branch	3	3	0
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Dr. Wm. MacKay, Inverness	1	1	0
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Dr. Farquhar MacRae, Edinbane	0	5	0
Miss Annie MacMillan, Trislaig	0	2	6

Received at Perth—

THIRD LIST.

Kinloch Rannoch Branch of An Comunn Perthshire Musical (Competition) Festival Association	£10	0	0
Earl of Kinnoull, Perth	5	0	0
Earl of Moray, Perth	3	0	0
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John Murray, Perth	0	10	0
Henry Paterson, Woodside	0	5	0
William Miller, Perth	0	5	0
Miss Matthews, Perth	0	5	0

£228 18 0

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Thug mi iomradh uair no dha cheana air na Mòdan Dùthchail a bha ri tachairt an àitean sonraichte agus a nis, an déidh do chuid diubh a bhì seachad, tha e taitneach r' a sgrìobhadh nach do mbealladh mi ann an dad a thubhairt mi. Chan e a mhàin gun robh iad soirbheachail a thaobh lìonmhòrachd an luchd-farpais agus an t-sluaigh choitcheinn a fhrithheil ach bha iad soirbheachail a thaobh comasan nam farpaiseach, gu h-àraidh an cuspairean bheul-aithris, an òigridh cho math ri innhich. Far am bheil adhartachadh anns na cuspairean so chan eagal do'n Ghàidhlig.

* * * *

Under the auspices of the Edinburgh Gaelic Musical Association a Mod was held in the Albyn Rooms, Edinburgh, on 28th June. Competitors were confined to the City of Edinburgh and the County of Midlothian. Competitions and prescribed pieces were selected from the National Mod syllabus. The Mod was thus serving a two-fold purpose—arousing interest in the movement locally and preparing candidates for Perth

The third Mid-Argyll Mod at Lochgilhead on 24th and 25th June was highly successful.

For the Mull Provincial Mod to be held at Tobermory on 10th July the entries number 302. Reports of these three Mods will make interesting reading in the August number.

* * * *

I am asked by Mrs. Kennedy Fraser to publish the following for the benefit of those who intend taking part in competition 66 of the Mod Syllabus:—"A slip in the notation of the melody has occurred in the engraving and printing of the song, 'Tha i tarruing anamoch,' prescribed for the coming Mod. Suffice it that the *first* verse is given *correctly* and that the other following verses are to be on the *same pattern* although the engraver has slipped in, by mistake, an E for an F in the first bar of the fourth line on page 2, and in the same part of the melody every time of its recurrence. A singer who has read and learned off the melody of the *first* verse is not likely, however, to make any change in the melody of the succeeding verses. Still, a very careful candidate preparing for the Mod might do so. A mistake of this sort is very apt to happen in writing or engraving a song in which there are a great many repetitions."

* * * *

The dates of the Perth Mod are 30th September; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd October.

The response to the appeal for increased membership has met with great success as our list shows. The first member to return a full coupon book was Mr. Murdoch MacDonald, Kyle, and his covering letter is worth quoting:—"I am glad that with a little effort I managed to add a few more to the 'faithful.' All these members are of the best, and it is rather encouraging to see so many, when approached, so willing to subscribe." Miss Mary Calder, Port Ellen, Islay, heads the list with 22 new members. This is a splendid achievement. I offer Miss Calder and the other members the heartiest thanks of An Comunn for their practical enthusiasm and zeal for the cause.

* * * *

It will interest readers to know that a Gaelic service will be held in the Bute Hall of Glasgow University on the last Sunday of January, 1925, at the ordinary hour, 3 p.m. The preacher will be the Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A., Blair Atholl, and the leader of the praise will be Mr. Archd. Ferguson, precentor of St. Columba's, assisted by members of his Gaelic Choir.

* * * *

Cordial congratulations are offered to Mr. Ranald MacDonald, O.B.E., F.R.G.S., Collector of Customs, Nyazaland, on his appointment to be Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (C.M.G.). Mr. MacDonald, a native of North Uist, has been one of our members for many years. He is our sole representative in the remote corner of our far-flung Empire in which he has been doing that excellent work which has earned him this high honour. In the same Honours List there appeared the name of Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, who received a C.B.E. in recognition of her contributions to Folk Music. We wish Mrs. Kennedy Fraser many years of life in which to enjoy this merited distinction.

* * * *

The Inverness Education Authority are advertising for a teacher of Gaelic for Fort William Higher Grade School. This is very encouraging. Let us hope that similar appointments will soon be made to all Higher Grade Schools attended by Gaelic-speaking pupils.

The teacher of Gaelic recently appointed to Lochgilhead School has now taken up duty.

LOCHABER CHILDREN'S MOD.

As briefly noted in the June issue, the Lochaber Children's Mod was held at Fort William, on Saturday, 24th May.

The main street was beflagged and gave a gala appearance to the surroundings. The pupils from the seven competing schools were under the charge of their teachers:—Miss MacCorquodale, St. Bride's, North Ballachulish; Miss Macmillan, Trislaig; Mrs. Cameron, Kinlochiel; Mr. M. MacAulay, Banavie; Miss Maclean, Blarmacfoldach; Mr. A. Macdonald, Roy Bridge, and Miss Beaton, Tulloch. The contingent from the Gearasdan awaited them, under Miss Macfarlane, St. Mary's School, and Miss MacInnes, Public School. The judges for reading, in three classes, Prepared Elementary, 2nd ditto advanced, 3rd reading at sight, found difficulty in awarding marks, for the pleasing reason that the average was so high, half a mark deciding between some.

Mr. John N. Macleod, a judge of long experience, expressed his high satisfaction at the result of the training shown, and by next year it is hoped written work can be produced. When it is remembered that the country teachers have been but a short time in Lochaber, it speaks volume for their skill and patience in presenting pupils, whose aptitude in reading has merited such approbation, and gives the highest hopes for the future, as reading well with intelligence is the great essential. It was regrettable that time was not available for a specimen of reading before the public, also that one literary competition had to be abandoned. The kind assistance of Dr. Donald Campbell and Mr. John MacIntyre was given in the above tests. The reciters and singers were judged by Mr. R. Macleod and Mr. Macrae. The former was well supported and is always a very interesting class, which it is hoped may increase largely, giving greater scope for boys, as all cannot sing.

The test, "An Sruthan," was tried by two little girls aged 10 and repeated entire without an error, a feat at their age. Another gave Rev. Neil Ross's "Tir nan og" with eclat.

The singers, who were largely contributed by St. Mary's School, gave some beautiful melodies with great sweetness, which afforded much pleasure to the audience and difficulty to the judges in assigning awards.

In the afternoon the audience could barely find standing room. The doors had to be closed, and the crowds clamouring for admission seemed the greater part of the population, so great an interest did the proceedings evoke.

Mr. R. Macleod made a stirring appeal to those present, parents and guardians, on the upkeep of the language, and Mr. J. N. Macleod suggested a certificate for competitors showing their marks. Mr. R. Macleod announced the winners' names and selected a short programme of their performances. The prizes were given away by Lady Otley of Cornanan, for whom a vote of thanks was called and responded to with warm-hearted applause. An impromptu song recital was then given by Mr. R. Macleod, Miss Macleod and Mr. Macrae, which was a very great and unexpected enjoyment. Sincerest thanks were proffered to the singers who had delighted all and had made the Lochaber Mod possible.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Advanced Reading—1, Joan Boyle, Roy Bridge School; 2, Morag Lockhart, Tulloch School; 3, (equal), Hugh Macdonald and Archie Fraser, Tulloch School.

Elementary Reading—1, Nana Cameron, Kinlochiel School; 2, Annie Foster, Fort William P.S.; 3, Annie Macdonald, Roy Bridge School.

Reading at Sight—1, Mary Fraser, Blarmacfoldach School; 2, William Macdonald, Fort William P.S.; 3, Nana Cameron, Kinlochiel School. Extra competition for above—1, Flora Macleod, Fort William P.S., H.G.

Advanced Recitation—test, "An Sruthan"—1, Flora Macleod, Fort William P.S., H.G.; 2, Mary Cumming (aged 10), Kinlochiel School; 3, Nana Cameron (aged 10), Kinlochiel School.

Solo Singing (Boys)—1, Ewen Charles Campbell, Fort William; 2, Archie Grant, St. Mary's School, Fort William; 3, Alastair Hogan, St. Mary's School, Fort William.

Solo Singing (Girls)—1, Morag Maclellan, St. Mary's School, Fort William; 2, Minnie Anderson, St. Bride's School, North Ballachulish; 3, Mary Calder, St. Mary's School, Fort William.

Elementary Recitation—1, Mary Fraser, Blarmacfoldach School; 2, Ronald Macdougall, St. Mary's School, Fort William; 3, Mary MacNeil, St. Bride's North Ballachulish.

The concert on Friday, 23rd May, in aid of the funds of the Mod was presided over by ex-Provost Macfarlane and was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience. Those contributing to the programme included the Ladies' and Junior Choirs, led by Mr. Donald Macmillan, who does so much for Gaelic music in Lochaber, Pipe-Major Paterson and Piper Ewen Cameron, Miss Bridget Gooch (pianoforte), Mr. D. Peat (violin), with songs from Miss Gooch, Mrs. George Macfarlane and Miss Cairney, while Mr. Macrae and Mr. Roderick Macleod and Miss Macleod answered to repeated encores. Mr. Macleod chose songs from our most famous Lochaber bards, "Latha Inbhir-lochaidh" and "Oran an t-samhraidh" by Ewen MacIachlan.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FEAR SIUBHAIL NAN GLEANN. Orain agus Dàin le Murchadh Mac Ille-Mhoire, Siadar.—The Traveller of the Glens. Songs and Poems by Murdo Morrison, Shader, Lewis. Published by MacLaren & Sons, Glasgow. 86 + X pp. Price, 3/6 net.

This volume of new Gaelic poetry comes from the pen of a Lewisman who is now resident in the United States. The language is marked by a rich command of the living tongue, and the sense of metre is good. Undoubtedly, the feature that most forcibly strikes the reader is the yearning of the emigrant for his native land. The best bits in the book are under the category of emigrant and patriotic songs. They bear the impress of tender reminiscences. The bard has a strong attachment to the scenes of his youth, and finds a melancholy joy (if the phrase is permissible) in picturing the days and the companions of his boyhood. Moreover, the book contains some pieces of a devotional character. It is this quality that affords a refuge for the thoughts of the poet, in view of the fleeting nature of the themes on which he moralises. From a sensible point of view, it may be argued that without some touch of devotion there is little help in poetry. The sentimental bard deplores the flight of time, of friends, of everything; and unless he had faith in other aspects of life, he would be a melancholy man indeed. Mr. Morrison's book deserves the heartiest recommendation to the public. There is a fine manly tone about the work; and the appeal to the deepest part of our nature is direct. We wish the book a wide publicity, as it well deserves. The printing and binding are excellently done. The publishers deserve the warm support of all Highlanders for their enterprise in the publication of so many new Gaelic books.

GUTH NA BLIADHNA. An Samhradh, 1924. 32 pp., royal quarto. Price, 1/6.

This is the third number of the new edition of *Guth na Bliadhna*. The magazine is entirely in Gaelic. The leading article is by the Editor, The Honourable Ruaraidh Erskine of Marr. Under the title, "Gàidhlig Albann," the writer makes an attack on two views which he holds to be prejudicial to the progress of Gaelic in Scotland. The first of these views is that Celts can have no chance of surviving unless they know the English language; and the second view which he attacks is the idea that the mere teaching of Gaelic in the elementary schools is enough to quicken the language. He contends that endeavours are equally necessary in other departments for the revival of literature and higher culture in the language. He instances the revival of learning as not being due to elementary schools. He sums up by concluding that the cause of Gaelic must remain a forlorn hope until such time as the Gael respects the ancient tongue sufficiently to give it the first place in his thought and practice.

There are two poems, "A' Bheannachd Bharrach" and "Long nan Daoine," by Donald Sinclair; and a poem in praise of the Island of Coll by Mac Mhic Neill Bhàin; an excellent prose article on "Aonach Tailteann"; a Gaelic play, entitled, "Ar-a-mach," by Mr. Erskine; and a prose article, "Na Maraichean Tailteach," by U.M.P.

The printing and general appearance of the magazine are worthy of the highest praise. It is a genuine pleasure to see a Gaelic magazine with such beautiful workmanship.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

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ISLAY PROVINCIAL MOD.

The first Gaelic Mod in the history of Islay was held at Bowmore, on Thursday, 19th June. If any person had any misgivings as to the success of the undertaking these were dispelled when the news flashed across the island that the entries totalled 219, including 7 Senior Choirs and 4 Junior Choirs.

The day was ideal for travelling, and, verily, all roads led to Bowmore. Every motor vehicle on the Island was requisitioned for the day, and in the afternoon as many as twenty cars were parked in the vicinity of the Hall.

The following lines, by Mr. Duncan Johnston on the occasion of the closing of the Summer School of Gaelic in 1912, may well find a place in this report. Indeed, one might say that these verses were prophetic of a greater Gaelic event in Bowmore than a Summer School:—

“Thug e sòlas do m'inntinn bhi faicinn 'sa
 cluinntinn •
 A' chòmhlain bha cruinn am Bogh' Mór;
 Bha an ceol ud cho binn leam ri còisir nan
 coilltean
 'S an ùr-mhaduinn àluinn, chùin, òig.
 Bha còmhradh na cloinne cho modhail 's cho
 loinneil,
 Le oilean bho uaislean còir;
 'S tha'n gnothach gle shoilleir gun tig toradh
 'san fhoghar,
 Oir chuireadh gun ghainne am pòr.
 Bheir mi òran dhuibh fhathast ann an càinain
 a mhaireas,
 Ach an drasd tha mo chabhaig ro mhòir;
 'S e mo dhòchas gach latha gach sonas bhi
 mair ruibh
 'S gach beannachd bho Eilean an Fheòir.”

Competitions commenced promptly at eleven o'clock, and throughout the entire proceedings the large Hall was literally packed until the close of the competitions at eight o'clock. There was only one interval, from one to two. The Oral competitions were held in the Old Hall, and the Junior Solo competitions in one of the rooms in the Public School.

The entries in the Oral section were 26 Juniors and 25 Seniors. The competition receiving most support was the Senior recitation, for which 14 candidates appeared. Naturally, the pieces were from the works of local bards, “Fios Thun a' Bhaird” being first favourite. One competitor selected “Oran a' Bhaloon.” The readings were well done, and narrating sgeulachdan by seniors reached a very high standard.

The Junior soloists made a very creditable appearance. Only three boys had entered, and considering their tender years, they gave a pleasing and tuneful rendering of their songs. In the girls class disparity of age was very marked, and it is recommended for next year to have two classes, under 12 years and from 12 to 16 years of age. The first prize winner, Miss Mary Gillies, is the possessor of a rich melodious voice, and, with care and a little attention to voice placing, ought to make a name for herself and for Islay.

There was a very large entry in the Senior solo competitions, 20 each in the Male and Female voice competitions and 36 in the Mixed or Open class. There were many good voices, and as has been experienced at other Provincial Mods, the men excelled as a class, the winner in the Male section also winning the Open competition.

All the choirs made a very promising appearance. When it is considered that Mr. Hugh

MacLean was only a matter of fourteen weeks on the island previous to the Mod, and in that time prepared six Senior Choirs, four Junior Choirs and many soloists, teacher and pupils deserve the highest praise. Mr. Walter MacFadyen, late headmaster at Kilmeny, very kindly undertook to train the Kilmeny choir and also conducted them at the Mod. Mr. John Forrest conducted the Bowmore choirs and Mr. MacLean the remainder.

Mr. Hugh Morrison, of Islay, generously presented a handsome Challenge Cup for Senior Choral Competition, and Lady Mary Morrison, and Mr. Arch. Sinclair, sent cheques towards the prize fund. The Glasgow Islay Association and other kind friends in Islay presented valuable special prizes, and these were gracefully handed to the winners by Miss Margaret C. MacTavish, Newton. Miss MacTavish has been a member of An Comunn for many years, and in a quiet and unobtrusive way does much to foster and perpetuate the old Gaelic spirit which, fortunately, still lingers in Islay.

Mr. Angus Robertson, President, presided at the concert in the evening, and gave a Gaelic oration which greatly pleased the large audience. During the evening Dr. MacIntyre, on behalf of the Islay Branches, presented Mr. Hugh MacLean with a Wallet of Treasury notes. Mr. MacLean replied in Gaelic and thanked them all for their help and kindness.

The members of the local committee and stewards carried through their difficult task most satisfactorily, and Mr. Iain M. MacTaggart, local Secretary and Treasurer, deserves the best thanks of An Comunn for his great services. The marshalling of competitors and platform arrangements could not be improved upon. Sergeant Ferguson also deserves special mention for his help and for the able manner in which he regulated the queue.

The following were the adjudicators:—Oral work, Rev. D. J. Robertson, Jura; Junior Solo singing, Mr. Neil Shaw, Glasgow; Senior Vocal and Choral (Gaelic), Rev. Alex. MacKinnon, Ph.D., St. Columba's, Glasgow, and (music) Miss Jennie Given, A.R.C.M., Glasgow.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SECTION—ORAL DELIVERY.

Reading with expression a piece of poetry—1, Mary MacNeill, Portnahaven; 2, Donald Smith, Caol Ila; 3, Mary Hay, Portnahaven.

Reading at sight an unfamiliar prose piece—1, Donald Smith, Caol Ila, and Duncan MacDougall, Heatherhouse, Porttaskaig (equal).

Recitation—1, Donald Smith, Caol Ila;

2, Jeanie Thomson, Ballytarsin; 3, Duncan MacDougall, Heatherhouse.

Excellence in Gaelic Conversation—1, Marion MacEachern, Bowmore; 2, Mary MacDougall, Bowmore; 3, Janet Shaw, Bowmore.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing (Girls)—1, Mary Gillies, Portcharlotte; 2, Annie MacLachlan, Port Ellen; 3, Kate Bell, Mulindry.

Solo Singing (Boys)—1, Neil Macgillivray, Portnahaven; 2, Alastair Hay, Portnahaven.

Solo Singing (Girls and Boys)—1, Mary Gillies, Portcharlotte; 2, Marion MacEachern, Bowmore; 3, Katie Bell, Mulindry, and Annie MacLachlan, Port Ellen (equal).

Choral Singing—1, Bowmore Junior Choir; 2, Portnahaven Junior Choir; 3, Kilchoman School Choir.

Unison Singing—1, Kilchoman School Choir; 2, Bowmore Junior Choir; 3, Port Ellen Junior Choir, and Portnahaven Junior Choir (equal).

SENIOR SECTION—ORAL DELIVERIES.

Reading—1, Duncan Ferguson, Portnahaven; 2, Jessie MacNab, Portnahaven; 3, John MacCulloch, Starch Mill, Bridgend.

Recitation—1, George Anderson, Portnahaven; 2, John MacArthur, Portcharlotte; 3, Archd. MacCalman, Lenanbuie, and Mary MacNab, Portnahaven (equal).

Sgeulachd—1, Archd. MacCalman, Lenanbuie; 2, Mary MacNab, Portnahaven; 3, Archd. Campbell, Ardnave.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo Singing Female Voices—1, Margaret MacNiven, Portnahaven; 2, Jessie Lightbody, Bowmore; 3, Lily MacMillan, Torrabus.

Solo Singing (Male Voices)—1, John MacIver, Portnahaven; 2, Alasdair MacIndeor, Portcharlotte, and Angus MacTaggart, Bridgend (equal.)

Solo Singing (Male and Female)—1, John MacIver, Portnahaven; 2, Duncan Macfadyen, Portcharlotte; 3, Alasdair MacIndeor, Portcharlotte.

Duet Singing—1, Misses Mary Weir and Grace MacPherson, Bowmore; 2, Miss Catherine and Alasdair MacIndeor, Portcharlotte; 3, Misses Jean MacGillivray and Morag MacEachern, Port Ellen.

Choral Singing—1, Bridgend Choir (Challenge Cup); 2, Kilmeny Choir; 3, Portcharlotte Choir.

INSTRUMENTAL SECTION.

Violin—1, James Glen, Bowmore; 2, Dugald Grant, Kilnave.

Pianoforte—1, Miss Bessie Aird, Bridgend; 2, Islay MacEachern, Port Ellen.

IMPRESSIONS OF ISLAY MOD.

By Miss JENNIE GIVEN, A.R.C.M., Glasgow.

On 17th June we travelled to Islay *via* Tarbert, landed at Port Ellen about 5 p.m., and from there by mail coach and post gig through Bowmore and Bridgend to Bruichladdich on Lochindaal.

We found the island humming with talk of the first Islay Mod, which was to be held at Bowmore, on Thursday, the 19th. There seemed to be no limit to the interest taken in the event, and, incidentally, in the adjudicators as well: for if we had come to judge the competitors, the Islay people were in *their* turn quite prepared to judge the adjudicators!

All day on Wednesday anticipation and excitement ran high, and in the evening final rehearsals were held everywhere.

Thursday morning came, and we found that the weather clerk had been kind. It was an Islay summer's day of the most perfect type. Brilliant sunshine and high wind. Green fields, white sands and black rocks all around us. A blue and white sky above, and, at our feet, Lochindaal, blue and white with tumbling crested waves. Bowmore was early astir, and as hundreds of men, women and children began to crowd the streets, it seemed that the entire island had caught the Mod fever. Everyone was in the highest spirits, and there was boundless enthusiasm everywhere. What more than all this could one wish to make a success? One thing only—the true spirit of the Mod, and that we found in one and all. There was the wish to help the Committee and judges in every possible way; there was deep regard for, and real appreciation of, the wonderful tales and songs to be spoken and sung; there was the sporting spirit of the unsuccessful conductors and competitors to cheer the judges in their difficult task, and, best of all, an entire absence of prize hunting, which might well have been a lesson to many larger competitions. They were all out, the Islay folk, to make their first Mod a memorable one, and they succeeded beyond the dreams of even the most sanguine member of Committee.

From a musical point of view it was intensely interesting. The performances rough at times, but holding out great hopes for the future when a standard of singing has begun to emerge. Simplicity and sincerity of rendering is the

great essential in the singing of Gaelic songs, and when this is combined with pleasant, easy production of the voice, the result is an experience not readily forgotten. I sincerely hope the Islay people will find the one without losing that other which they now possess.

There were seven adult choirs, and the tone of these was remarkably good. Here was fine material, and I feel that in the years to come the Islay choirs will give some performances to be proud of. The children's choirs were a great joy to me; and, child-like, they saw only the road in front of them and sang their little part songs with no other thought than to do their very best, and to please their teacher, cheering as loudly when another choir was first as when they themselves were successful. Their singing reflects the greatest credit on the conductors, and the Junior choirs will improve as each Mod comes round.

In giving my adjudication I spoke often of how both adult and Junior choirs might be improved, so there is no necessity for me to go into that again.

The competitions went on until 8 o'clock, and at 9 a concert was given by the first prize winners. The Hall was packed, and many had to content themselves with listening outside. Like the Mod itself, the concert was a great success and made a fitting, if slightly late ending, to a memorable day—the day of the first Islay Mod.

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Leabhar XIX.]

An Lunasdal, 1924.

[Earrann 11

BEANTAN NA GAIDHEALTACHD.

Ciod e a dh'fhàg an Gàidheal riamh cho déigheil air na beanntan? Co dhiubh tha e air 'aineoil am baile mór no an tìr chéin is miann leis tilleadh an smuain a dh' ionnsaidh nam beannu am measg an deachaidh àrach. Ged a théid beinn á sealladh cha téid i gu bràth á cuimhne. Oir mar dhleas i àite sònruichte an aire na muinntir a tha a' comhnaidh dlùth oirre, cumaidh i àite sònruichte cuideachd 'n an cuimhne air dhaibh sibhal fada uaipe. Is dearbhta mar sin gu bheil deagh reusan mu bheil beanntan ar n-òige cho leantalach ruinn fad ar cuairt anns an t-saoghal. Tha sinn a' creidsinn gu robh a' bheinn a b'fhaisge dhuinn an tús ar latha mar sgàthan anns an robh caochlaidhean na h-aimsir 'g am foillseachadh féin. Bhiodh coltas sìtheil air a' bheinn ri am tìormachd; ach an uair a laidheadh an ceò air na h-ardaibh, dh'fhaodamaid a bhi cinnteach gu robh an t-uisge dlùth air laimh. Is minic a dh'èisd sinn ri gàir nan allt o ghuala na beinne cho luath is a bhriseadh na neòil air na mullaichean, agus a dhòirteadh na h-uisgeachan sìos gu ùrlar nan gleann. Faodaidh gur i a' cheart bheinn a nochd dhuinn an toiseach maisie an t-saoghail. Bu tràth a bheachdaich sinn air na monaidhean sgeadaichte 'n an trusgan sambraidh. An cuimhne leat an uair a bhiodh am fraoch fo bhlàth air dhath a' phurpuir, agus boladh a' bharr-guc mar àileadh na meala?

Cha b' iongnadh ged bhiodh an Gàidheal sin a dh' àraicheadh an uchd nam beann mean-eòlach air cogadh nan siantan. Is e sin an t-ionad anns an cleachdar e tràth ri nithibh uamhasach. Gabhaidh e eòlas 'n a òige air

stri nan dùilean. Tha dùil na talmhain féin fa chomhair a shùil an cruth sònruichte—creagan corrach cunnartach; sgoltaidhean na crith-thalmhain; coireachan aonranach; bearraidhean cruaidhe far an gann a ghreimicheas a chas—sin leth-bhrec a' Chuithfhraing no a' choiruisge. Ach smuainich air na h-àiteachan ceudna ri oidhche shalach gheamhraidh. Tha tobraichean nan speur a' sìleadh, agus tha dùil nan uisgeachan a' tuirling cho dian ri still a' chuain air carraig. Tha an dealanach a' boillsgeadh troimh cheithir chearnaibh na h-iarmaid. Tha dùil an teine a' lasadh mu'n cuairt mar gum b' ann troimh uinneagan nan neamhan.

Ann a leithid sin de chor tha na beanntan Gàidhealach 'n an cùis uambais; agus chan eil teagamh nach robh coigric a' cur droch ainm dhiubh mar ionadan fàsail fiodhaich. Is ann mar so a sgrìobh Burt o chionn ochd fichead bliadhna air ais: "Ach de na seallaidhean uile is e so an sealladh as mì-thaitniche, eadhon a bhi ag amharc air na beanntan o an àird an ear gun an àird an iar; oir an sin chl an t-sùil air astar fada an tomad eagalach, an cruth neo-dhealbhach, agus an gruaim aognaidh maille ris an dubhar anns a bheil iad 'n an laidhe." Letters, Vol. I., p. 285. Agus an uair a bha an t-Ollamh Mac Iain air chuairt anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, cha b'e an cliù a b'fhearr a thug e air na beanntan. Tha esan a' sgrìobhadh: Chan eil ach glé bheag de dhealachadh coltais eadar na beanntan, oir tha iad uile fo fhraoch dorcha. Agus a' chuid nach eil fo fhraoch tha iad rùisgte. An t-sùil a tha cleachdta ri raontan tiorail, chan fhaic i an so ach farsuingeachd gun toradh gun dòchas. Tha an talamh gun dealbh gun

bhuanachd, air a dhearmad le Nàdur féin ; air fhagail anns a' cheud staid gun chumadh ; agus ma dh'fhàsas dad idir an so chan eil e a chum feuma." (Journey, 1775, p. 84.)

Ach is anabarrach mar dh'atharraich barail choigreach air na beanntan o 'n am anns an do thaghail Burt agus Mac Iain a' Ghàidhealtachd. Feumaidh gu bheil aobhar araidh airson a' chaoclhadh beachd sin. Fada roimh an linn a dh'ainmich sinn bha na bàird Ghàidhlig a' seinn mu chliù nam beann. An uair a rinn Donnachadh Bàn "Moladh Beind Dórain" cha bu chuspair nuadh sin ; is ann a chuir Donnachadh Bàn an céill na ceart fhairchidhean a bha a cheana an cridhe an t-sluaigh. Ach cha b'ann le bàrdachd Ghàidhlig a chaidh sùilean nan Gall fhosgladh mu mhaise na dùthcha. Is e litreachas Beurla a rinn sin. B'e Seumas Mac Mhuirich a' cheud fhear a tharruing aire nan coigreach gu bhì a' meòrachadh air cruth nam beanntan Gàidhealach. Chuir esan a mach bàrdachd Bheurla air tùs fo ainm Oisein, Co dhiubh a b'e no nach b'e Oisean ughdar na bàrdachd, bha aon ni cinnteach agus is e sin, gun do chuir Mac Mhuirich loinn iongantach air a chuid beurla. Bha a mhodh cainnte suidhichte air oibrichean Nàduir ; agus an uair a thug e breacadh air glinn is beanntan, air creagan is aibhnichean, is iad glinn is beanntan na Gàidhealtachd a bha 'n a shealladh féin agus an sealladh a luchd-leughaidh. Tha feadhainn am barail gun do chuidich sud gu mór leis an dùsgadh aithnichte a thàinig mu an am ud air litreachas na Beurla a thaobh an t-lachd as ùr a ghabh na sgrìobhaich ean Beurla an oibrichean Nàduir. An sin dh' éirich an t-Albannach iomraiteach an Ridire Ualtar Scott. B'ann le bhì a' sgrìobhadh mu'n Ghàidhealtachd is mu nithibh Gàidhealach a dh'fhàs esan ainmeil an toiseach. Dh'fhosgail a bhàrdachd sùilean nan Gall mu dhéidhinn cruth is coltas na dùthcha. Cha robh neach a leughadh a chuid leabharichean nach robh miannach air a' Ghàidhealtachd fhaicinn. Thoisich coigreach 'n an ceudan air an dùthaich a thaghal. Dh'fhàs an cleachdadh sin fasanta ; agus is gann gun saoladh Gall gu robh a chuid fòghlum coimhionta gus an rachadh e air thurus mu thuath a dh' amharc air beanntan na Gàidhealtachd.

THE CELTIC CONGRESS.

The Celtic Congress of 1924 is to be held in Quimper, Brittany, during the second week in September. It will be recalled that the Celtic Congress is a gathering where the six

Celtic peoples are represented, namely, the Celts of Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, the Isle of Man, Ireland and Scotland. Union is strength. Perhaps the main help that we of the Comunn can derive from the Congress is that it enables us to realise that we are not alone in our endeavours to quicken the ancestral spirit of our race. The other Celtic nations are equally intent at least upon a similar object. To attend a Congress, and to follow the programme intelligently is a wonderful "eye-opener," to use a well-known but very expressive phrase. Our eyes are opened afresh to the historic fact that our race have played a very great part in world history for the past two thousand years and more ; and to the fact also that our race and our Celtic fire and enterprise are not by any means played out. As a race we have still a further part to play in the work and culture of humanity. These may be very vague and general truths, but it is when you are duly impressed with a big truth that the fountain of your nature is touched, and you are animated by a new ambition to "do your bit." It is when the Celtic nations gather around one central cause that the fire of patriotism burns afresh in the soul of each person present. And without that fire, the Celt is only a poor creature at the best. His fire and pluck are, have been, and will be his distinctive contribution to human activity.

Let the Comunn send some accredited delegates who will assimilate and bring home with them a portion of that rare fire. We shall be all the better for it. Our mods and assemblies will be kindled by its glow. The appeal of the Congress to the Celtic imagination is sure and unmistakable.

The distance to Brittany is long, no doubt, but is so happens that the exchange is in our favour. We are informed that the rate of hotel charges for the Congress is about 6/- per day, including everything. The trip would fulfil two objects, a pleasant holiday and a patriotic mission.

It is a rule with the Congress that each year special emphasis is to be laid upon the language and music of the country in which the gathering takes place. But at the same time due place is given to the remaining languages, literatures, and types of national music. We observe from the syllabus this year that due place, both in lectures and discussions, is assigned to our Scottish Gaelic and its literature, as also to our Gaelic music. All Gaels who are interested, and who can afford the time, would derive much pleasure and benefit from a visit to the Celtic Congress.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

Professor W. J. WATSON.

The text of this poem is printed, not quite accurately, in *Reliquiæ Celticae*, vol. I., p. 107. The poem is an elegy on Duncan, son of Gregor, Keeper of the Castle of Glen Orchy, who died on 19th July, 1518, and was buried in Dysart, styled by the poet, "Diseart Chonnáin," "Connán's Hermitage," at Dalmally. The Old Statistical Account has an interesting account of St. Connan's well, "a quarter of a mile eastward from the Inn of Dalmaly . . . memorable for the lightness and salubrity of its water. St. Connan was the tutelar saint of the country. He lived, it is said, near the well, and he blessed the spring" (vol. VIII., p. 351). The only other place known to me where this saint is commemorated is on Loch Rannoch side, where there is Cill Chonnain, Killichonan, Connan's cell or church. His name is a diminutive of Conn, and is not to be confused with Conan, which is a totally different name. The two quatrains at the end of the poem are on the death of a lady whose name is not given, probably a near relative of Duncan; her grave was dug on the day of Duncan's burial.

Of the poet nothing is known, but he may have been the father of Dubhghall mac an Ghiolla Ghlais, who wrote the fine poem to Eoin, son of Padruig, which begins "Rìoghacht ghaisgeadh oighreacht Eoin." In that case he would be an old man in 1518, and, indeed, the style and tone of the poem suggest old age.

In the title, the MS. has "m'yntalz." In rann lc., I have read the first word as "Ta" instead of "Ca:" in the MS. c and t are practically indistinguishable from each other. In 4d, the last word is "testoych" rather than "testyth." In 6b, read "leic," not "leit" or "leith." In 8d, the last word is "faddoo," not "faddos." In 9d, the last word is "vrqubhaye." 10d should read "clann vne is farri fa heanwich" (probably; the exact reading of the last word is doubtful). In 11a, for "in er dail" read "er in dail." 12 and 13 should read:—

- (12) "Scille bayt loynich fa cwme/re dol
in dlws a phobbill
Atteim lay in twll a teacht/gin vagsin
wlli neynneacht.

- (13) Tursynth a teacht os gi teiv/philli gow
Innín wrquheic
Hanik tрым teacht a gow/myn leig
oss leac Dunchow."

15a should read "Neir argin tow in goggi creach." 16 a begins "sin," not "gin." In 21b, the last word was written "dursyght," then deleted for "dursa." In 22a, the last word was written "naw," then deleted for "nayghe." In 22d, the last word is "flaass," not "slaas." The MS. text is for the most part very legible.

In "parrthas toraidh," the "toradh" is the buried dead; but "parrthas tóraidh (torraimh)," "paradise of sepulture," is also possible. Compare "párthas suain do na brocaibh," "a paradise of repose for the badgers" (*Rel. Celt.*, II., 306); also "parrthas Fodhla Fermanach," "the paradise of Fodla is Fermanagh," the beginning of a poem in Adv. MS. LXXX.; the corresponding Welsh is "Powys paradwys Cymry," "Powys, the Eden of Wales." In 3a, I have taken "cli" to be for "claidhe," act of digging; in 3d, "ga nollonyt" can hardly be for "gan ollomhain," "without poets," i.e., unsung: "gan" is "gin" with the Dean, and the sense is not what one would expect. In 5a, "smenym" is difficult; I have taken it as "minim" with s prefixed, as in "spreidh," from Latin, "præda." In 11a, I have made "dof" into "domh," as is usual, but the sense seems to require "dóibh," and I have so translated. Loch Toillbhe, still so called in Gaelic, is Loch Tuila of anglicized maps.

This completes the resurrection of the MacGregor poetry which has been preserved by the Dean. The poetry in itself, as I remarked at the outset, is the most valuable literary inheritance of Clan Gregor, and deserves their pious attention. It is also, like the other poetry of the period, of much historical importance for the understanding of the life of the Scottish Gael of the time.

Note.—In last month's translation, in verse 4, line 1, read "hounds" for "household."

In addition to Fionnlagh Ruadh's poetry as given, there are two quatrains on p. 217 of MS., and two on p. 249. The former are quite legible, the latter only in part.

A H-UGHDAR-SA AN GIOLLA GLAS
MAC AN TAILLIUIR.

1. Parrthas toraidh an Dìseart,
roileag chóir d'a coimhdhìseadh ;
tá sileadh sìorchnuas an fhuinn,
fine as ffortuasl foghlui.
2. Clann Ghriogóir oididhe dhámh
do mhéaduigh Dìseart Chonnán ;
do-chím-se féin dóigh nach beag
níor dhìlse dhóibh an roileag.
3. Maith do chlaidhe uile an fhuinn,
daol meirbh itheas gach colainn ;
cúis m'uile a gcrann gach codhnaigh
na cuirp th'ann 'g a n-ollamhnaibh.
4. Bás Donnchaidh na n-arm solta
thug brón ar mnáibh méar-chorra ;
thuit taradh is ciall na slógh :
cara na geliar ar dteasdódh.
5. Mar *sminim* adhbhar gach bróin
a ndiaidh Donnchaidh mhic Ghriogóir ;
dh'fhág an tuirse bhalbh rém linn
gach cuisle marbh am intinn.
6. Budh chóir an chomhairle dhamh
ar an lic fa bhfuil Donnchadh,
beart nach b'uar le mo chroidhe,
buan r'a fheart a gcomhnuidhe.
7. Dá saoilinn go mb'é badh dhluigh,
ann do éis, mar nach cosmhuil,
bhiodh mo dháil go beacht 'san mhúr,
ge táim o'n leacht ag iompúdh.
8. Truimide cach ar gcumha,
tric ar mbrón 'ga beathughadh ;
nocha cuisle chiuil ar sógh,
's an tuirse fúinn ag fadódh.
9. Bás Donnchaidh, budh shaoi theasd,
do theasd oide na n-éigeas ;
b'fhear gan choimhmeas ag réir n-áidh,
mar ghréin shoileas um Úrcháidh.
10. Cha do theasd e uainn, ar linn :
mairid a dheigh-mhic againn ;
na glan-shlaite nach gann dreach,
clann-mhaicne as fearr fa einnach.
11. Ag tionól domh ar an dáil,
ré dol a ngarradh Chonnáin
fáth rúin gach leacht fa m'oide,
mo shúil mar bheacht amaidhe.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS IS AN GIOLLA
GLAS MAC AN TAILLIUIR.

1. A paradise of fruit the Hermitage, a
cemetery fit to be possessed in common, letting
drop the soil's continual products, a stock right
noble as to learning.
2. Clan Grigor, who nurture poets, have
increased Connan's Hermitage ; yet I myself
see in very truth that the cemetery has not
been theirs alone.
3. Well dost thou dig the soil all, thou
sluggish chafer that devourest every corse ;
cause of my hurt lies in each lord's coffin,
even the bodies that lie therein as the learned
tell.
4. The death of vigorous-weaponed Donn-
chadh has brought sorrow to rosy-fingered
ladies ; he who enriched and wisely led the
hosts has fallen, the poets' friend is dead.
5. Trifling is the matter of any sorrow since
Donnchadh, Gregor's son, is gone ; dumb
mourning has left each pulse dead within my
brain for my life's remainder.
6. Fit counsel it would be for me, as I stand
upon the slab that covers Donnchadh—my
heart would not deem cold the deed—to abide
ever by his grave.
7. Did I think it, now that thou art dead,
to be thy wish—as is not likely—my tryst
would be for ever at that wall, though now I
turn from thy place of burial.
8. Others are the heavier for my lament ;
often my sorrow reviveth it ; my delight is
not in melody of flutes, now that grief doth
stir me.
9. At Donnchadh's death there died a sage ;
the patron of learned men departed ; he was
a man unmatched in pleasuring fortune,
he was as a sun of welfare around Urchaidh.
10. He has not died from us, we deem ; his
noble sons abide with us, those bright wands
not scant of looks, offspring of all most generous.
11. As men gathered for the tryst to go
into Connan's garth, each grave stirred love
for my foster sire ; my eye was as the look
of a witless man.

12. S
ré dol a ndlús an phobuil ;
atáim le an tuile ag teacht,
'ga bhfaicsin uile a n-éinfheacht.
12. as we joined the people's
throng ; I am coming with the flood, beholding
them all at one view.
13. Tuirse ag teacht ós gach taoibh,
filleadh go inneoin Urchaidh ;
tháinig tìom teachta a gcumhadh,
mu'n lìog ós leacht Donnchadha.
13. Lamentation cometh from every side
as we return to Inneoin of Urchaidh ; the time
for their mourning has now arrived, as they
surround the stone over Donnchadh's grave.
14. Do chunncas tú ré mo linn,
a fhir nach bhfuil 'gam chláistinn,
nach biodh daol ag casgairt ort,
is gasraidh laoch ad longhort.
14. I have seen thee in my time, thou
man that hearest me not, in such wise that
chafers would not be mangling thee, while thy
stronghold held a warrior retinue.
15. Nìor argain tú a gcogadh creach
féadail fileadh no cléireach ;
b'fhear gan réim feall do chraidhe
ar spréidh cheall nó chomraighe.
15. In warfare of forays, thou didst not harry
the gear of poets or of churchmen ; thou wert
a man whose heart harboured no treacherous
course against stock of churches or of sanctuary.
16. 'San aimsir bha réd linn ann,
reachta a gcomas coitcheann ;
ar gach riaghail budh ghnáth leis,
iarmhais cách a n-a éagmhais.
16. In the time that was while thou didst
live, laws were within common reach ; as
regards each rule which was his wont, all men,
lacking him, are but as a remnant.
17. Muirne is aobhneas an domhain,
urraim dhámh is ollamhain ;
na dáimh sin nár mheirbh dreach,
feidhm is áireamh is eineach.
17. The whole world's love and joy were
his ; he had reverence from poets and men
of learning, those poet bands not weak of aspect ;
his were power and high repute and honour.
18. Tearc Gaoidheal do chosnamb áidh
mar fhuair Donnchadh mac Griogóir ;
rath comhlán ó bharr go bun,
mar chrann lomlán de thoradh.
18. Few are the Gaels to win fortune such
as was achieved by Donnchadh, Gregor's son ;
he was of grace compact from crown to sole,
as a tree with fruit full laden.
19. Fhuair fear cosnaidh gach muirne
rath grás, aiscidh comhairle ;
rath céille gan chron a bhos,
rath réime ag dol go parrthas.
19. This man, who would win all love, was
endowed with grace and gift of counsel ; he
had grace of wisdom without fault while here
below ; grace sped his course as he went to
paradise.
20. Rath creiche ag dáil do'n domhan,
fhuair cofra na n-ollamhan ;
cha do mheath ar grás an fhir,
ó bhreath go a bhás 'na aimsir.
20. The coffers of the learned won fortune
of spoil while to the world he made distribution ;
the man's gracious qualities lessened not from
birth to death throughout his time.
21. A Loch Toilbhe na learg dte,
ionann adhbhar ar dtuirse ;
tha riar an reachta am dheireadh,
ag triall ó leacht t'aoghaire (?).
21. At Loch Toilbhe of sunny shores equal
is our cause of lamentation ; he who fulfilled
the laws lies behind me, as I journey from the
grave that guards thee.
22. Guidhidh mé aingeal an áidh
a ndiaidh Dhonnchaidh mhic Ghriogóir,
gan chathas 'san slighe a bhos,
acht flathas nimhe is parrthas. Parrthas.
22. I pray the angel of bliss, now that
Donnchadh, Gregor's son, is dead, that he have
no vigil on the way here below, but win the
kingdom of heaven and paradise. Paradise.

23. An lá-sa claidheadh fearm
do'n inghin dh'altruim Dubhghall;
ge tá an adbha cóir le tlacht,
is adhbhar bróin d'a bantracht.
24. A ndrinn si d'dheire ar domhan,
do réir dhámh is ollamhan,
go dtogthar do'n mhíoghlanin mhais
a dtobar fíorghlanin pharrthais.

23. On this day is dug a weighty tomb for the maiden reared by Dubhghall; though the abode is meet and goodly, it is cause of grief to her women.

24. What of charity she hath shown on earth in pleasuring bards and learned, may it rise up for the comely lady, fair and gentle, in the pure fount of paradise.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The extraordinary meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Royal Hotel, Oban, on Friday, 11th July, the Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon, Vice-President, in the chair. There were also present Miss Campbell of Inverneill; Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Kilmelford; Mrs. Iain Stewart (Fasnacloich); Rev. Hector Cameron, Oban; Rev. G. W. MacKay, Killin; Rev. Malcolm MacLeod, Lochgilphead; Rev. M. N. Munro, Taynult; Capt. George I. Campbell, yr. of Succoth; Messrs Alex. Fraser, Dalmuir; Hugh MacCormac, Glasgow; John MacDonald, Oban; T. D. MacDonald, Oban; Robert Macfarlane, C.A., Treasurer; and Neil Shaw, Secretary.

The minute of previous meeting was read and signed, and thereafter the secretary read minutes of Standing Committees. The minute of the Propaganda Committee showed that the Committee had further discussed the question of promoting Provincial Mods in the northern area, and it was shown that the Committee, on a motion by Mr. T. G. Bannerman, Glasgow, agreed to recommend to the Council that one such Mod be held in some part of Sutherlandshire.

The Committee recommend that the Secretary be asked to visit the Northern Highlands as soon after the National Mod as can be arranged.

It was reported that Miss Juliet Macdonald Lochaber, had been co-opted as a member of the Committee.

Rev. Mr. Mackay moved the adoption of the report. He remarked that while progress in the Gaelic cause might not be so rapid as could be wished there was no doubt that from the propaganda point of view things were moving fairly well. The Propaganda Committee in their annual report for the year ending 31st May last stated that the Provincial Mods, "if backed by a more effective and rapid application of the Gaelic Clause, are amongst

the most helpful agencies in promoting the aims of An Comunn Gaidhealach." That sentence put the case in a nutshell. While the provincial Mods had been very successful last year, it was very encouraging to know that this year the success had been quite remarkable. He should like to emphasise that the provincial Mod at Fort William owed much to the exertions of Miss Juliet Macdonald and others. They all knew the great success that had attended the Mod held at Oban in May. The Executive of course naturally expected success in such great Gaelic centres as Oban and Fort William, where there were splendid workers. Most successful Mods had also been held in Islay, Mid Argyll and Mull, the last mentioned taking place at Tobermory only the other day. The Propaganda Committee were now anxious to break fresh ground, and they thought it would help the movement very much if provincial Mods could be held both in Sutherlandshire and Perthshire. Mr. Hugh MacLean had been doing very helpful work in singing classes in preparation for provincial Mods, and if it were possible to obtain his services in these counties it was certain that much good would result. It was, however, necessary to emphasise the fact that the language movement still depended to a large extent for its success on the application of the Gaelic Clause in the Education Act, which gave the rising generation of school children an opportunity of learning to read Gaelic and in that way to gain a love of Gaelic literature. When these pupils passed out of school they would join the local branches of the Comunn, and, appreciating what had been done for them, would become active and effective members. Mr. Mackay, in concluding, referred to the appointment of a Gaelic-speaking teacher at Lochgilphead and also at Lawers, Perthshire.

Captain Campbell, who seconded the adoption of the report, also referred with satisfaction to the great success achieved at the various provincial Mods.

The Secretary submitted the report of a meeting of the Mod and Music Committee.

The minute showed that a letter had been read from Mrs. Stewart, Simla, offering prizes for Scripture passages and Shorter Catechism questions to be memorised by children. The Committee agreed to accept the prizes for Scripture competitions and to add these to the final syllabus.

It was shown that letters were read from choir secretaries with reference to piano accompaniment to the choral test song, "MacCrimmon's Lament." The Committee, it was reported, decided that no piano accompaniment would be allowed, that the soloist must be tenor or soprano, and a "bona fide" member of the choir, and that the same soloist must sing throughout. The minute added that the song would be adjudicated upon as a whole.

The minute stated that in the female voices prescribed song, "Luinneag Mhic Leoid," it was decided to instruct choirmasters to use the Gaelic words of the chorus instead of the "u" in the presented copy.

It was further reported that Mrs. Iain Campbell, donor of the prizes for the harp accompaniment competitions, made recommendations and suggestions for clarsach competitions, and that the playing of the clarsach should receive more attention and marks than the actual singing of the song.

The Committee accepted Mrs. Campbell's suggestions.

Mr. John Macdonald said he did not desire to criticise the Mod and Music Committee's work, but he thought the insistence on a soloist in the choral contest song, "MacCrimmon's Lament," would prove a serious handicap to some of the country choirs. There would, of course, be no difficulty in regard to the city choirs or such choirs as that of Oban, but it was a different matter altogether in the case of country choirs.

Rev. Mr. Munro said the Committee had no intention of doing anything which would hinder choral development. There was simply here a solo passage intermingled with the choral work, and the music was intended to be rendered as Mr. Moonie had written it. While there was perhaps something in what Mr. Macdonald had said, it must be remembered that this was a competitive choral competition, and it was necessary that all choirs should submit to the same regulations.

Mr. Macdonald emphasised that he was not speaking in any critical spirit; he had simply spoken on behalf of country choirs to whom the solo part might prove a difficulty.

Rev. Mr. Munro added that the selection of this composition was in the nature of an experiment, and the Mod and Music Committee thought it only right to submit the conditions quite clearly so that there might be no misunderstanding.

The Secretary stated that towards the end of June he had received a letter from Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge, stating that she was desirous of again presenting prizes for the singing of unpublished or lesser known Gaelic songs. The Secretary added that he thought there was sufficient time to inform Mod competitors that this competition would again take place.

The meeting agreed to accept Mrs. Ryan's offer.

Mr. Munro emphasised the necessity of all Mod music booklets not yet published being issued as the second volume of the Mod song book. It was time that this was done as there were a number of specially chosen harmonies by very good musicians written for choral competitions. He suggested that this work ought to be put in hand before the Perth Mod or shortly afterwards so that the books might be on sale during the coming winter. Another proposal of the Mod Committee was that the long psalm tunes that had been harmonised for the choirs should be issued as a small booklet with an introduction.

The Treasurer submitted the financial statement, which showed an excess of expenditure over the income of £141 7s 11d.

The Financial Statement and Annual Reports of Committees were adopted.

Mr. Fraser expressed the hope that means would now be found of proceeding with the proposed bazaar for the purpose of raising money for the funds of An Comunn.

Miss Campbell spoke of the success of the Highland Home Industries Stall at Wembley Exhibition, and referred to the very successful demonstration of tweed making in June last.

The Stall had been visited by H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duchess of York.

The Secretary read a letter from Maclean of Ardgour intimating his resignation from the Executive Council in view of his having gone to live in France.

Nominations for offices of President, one Vice-President and ten Members of Council were received.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

By the Chairman, Rev. W. MacPhail—
“That Rules 23, 24, and 25 in the print of
Constitution and Rules of 30th September, 1911,
be amended to read as follows:—

(a) There shall be two stated meetings
of the Executive Council in each year.
The first of these, to be called ‘the Preliminary
Meeting,’ shall be held at the place
of and immediately following the Annual
Meeting. The other to be called ‘The
Extraordinary Meeting,’ shall be held at
such time as the Executive Council may
determine being not less than two months
nor more than three months prior to the
date of the Annual Meeting.

All meetings of the Executive Council
other than the Preliminary and Special
Meetings shall be held in rotation at
Inverness, Stirling, Edinburgh, Perth,
Glasgow and Oban.

(b) That the last sentence of Rule 26
as in the Print of 1911 be restored, viz.,
‘These Special Meetings shall be held at
such times and places as shall be stated
in the resolutions or, when called on
requisition, fixed by the Advisory Com-
mittee.’”

By Rev. G. W. Mackay—“That all meetings
of the Executive Council, other than the Preliminary
Meeting and the Extraordinary Meeting,
shall be held alternately in Perth and Glasgow.”

By Rev. Hector Cameron—“That the Annual
Meeting shall be held on some convenient day
during the Mod week other than Saturday.”

By Mr. T. D. MacDonald—“For Ordinary
Meeting—“That the work of the provincial
Mods be recognised, encouraged and assisted
by presenting each such Mod with a special
prize in either vocal or oral competitions
on the lines of the Royal Celtic Society’s prize
in the literary competitions.”

 THE PERTH MOD.

30th September, 1st, 2nd and 3rd October.

 ADDITIONAL COMPETITION.

75. SOLO SINGING of a Song—To encourage
the revival of the older or less known
district songs. Competitors to send
copies of words and music of two songs
to the Secretary at time of entering.
The judges may call upon competitors
to sing either song. Prizes—1st, £2 5s;
two second prizes of 15s each; and
three 3rd prizes of 10s each. Prizes
presented by Mrs. Ryan, Roy Bridge.

COLTAS THEARLAICH.

Contributed by Mr. MALCOLM MACLEAN, M.A.

Air do Thearlach Mac Aoidh, a Sgìre Far
an Duthaich Mhìc Aoidh, a bhì an Duneideann
airson gun rachadh e fo lamhan leighichean
san Tìgh Eiridinn, thog a chairdean a dhealbh.
An uair a chunnaic Tearlach an dealbh thuirte
esan:—

Ged rachainn do’n chill am màireach,
'S gann gun ionndrain iad mo laithrachd,
Tha mo choltas ac mar bhà mi—

Ach nach seinn mi dàn no oran!

Mi cho riochdail air mo tharruing,
'S gun saoil iad gur còir dhomh labhairt—
Chan eil innleachd air an talamh
Bheir air teanga Theàrlaich còmhraidh!!

Ach tha mo laochan beò fhathast, agus
gu tapaiddh aig aois ceithir fichead bliadhna
agus a ceithir.

 IONNDRAIN.

O dim, grey islands,
It is a long journey I would go to be with you
again—

To be seeing your mist-clad bens and grey rocks,
To be feeling the cool wind blowing from the sea.

O Eilean a' cheo! Isle of the mist!
O Islay! Jura! Mull of many bens!
It is not a small thing that keeps me from you!

It is your names that are ringing in my ears
From grey morning till fall o' the dusk.
I am hearing the flapping of seagulls' wings,
And the wild screaming of the bull-seal for
his mate.

It is eerie to be hearing these things in the street,
Far from the sound of waves.

Sweeter than bells are they in my ear,
Sweeter than the music of pipes.
O dim, grey islands,
It is not a small thing that holds me from you!

B. J. B. M'A.

MID-ARGYLL PROVINCIAL MOD.

The third Provincial Mod for the district of Mid-Argyll was held at Lochgilphead, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 24th and 25th June. It was even more successful than the previous Mods, the number of entries being in excess of former years, and the standard in each section much higher. The improvement in the Oral and Choral sections was remarkable—a clear evidence of careful study and training. The children read, recited and told stories with an aptness and intelligence that surprised the judges. Happy are the teachers who have the training of such children!

An Comunn and the district of Mid-Argyll are extremely fortunate in having young people on the spot who have the enthusiasm and ability to prepare choirs for the Mod, and who give so much of their time to the work. The large audiences at the afternoon sessions showed by their applause their appreciation of the performances of the various choirs, and it is not too much to say that the great success of Mod Dhailriada was largely owing to the work of the choir conductors.

Mr. Angus Robertson, president of An Comunn, presided at the Junior Concert on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday at the concert held in the evening the accommodation of the Drill Hall was fully taxed by an enthusiastic audience. The concert programme, which reached a very high standard, was much enjoyed, and as on the previous evening the singing of Miss Currie and Mr. Charles MacColl, with the addition of Mr. A. F. MacIennan, was greatly appreciated.

Lady Elspeth Campbell, who presided, expressed her gratification at being present, and said the one Gaelic competition that disappointed her was that of *Puir à Beul*. What she heard was delightful, but she would have liked to hear far more competitors. Captain Campbell was offering prizes, and she earnestly begged of them to prevent this music from becoming only a tradition of the past. She had a large collection of Gaelic song books, and the *Leabhar mo Chridhe* went with her everywhere. If Gaelic songs were to be accompanied she felt strongly that the simplest chords were far more suitable than to attempt *clarsach* or wind and wave effects. She greatly hoped An Comunn would some day publish an edition of *Coisir a' Mhoid* with additional songs, giving literal translations and interesting notes on the songs.

The Rev. Kenneth MacLeod, Gigha, gave a short Gaelic address which was much enjoyed and appreciated by the large audience.

On the motion of Rev. M. Macleod votes of thanks were cordially given.

Miss Currie, the indefatigable secretary, and the other members of committee are to be congratulated on the order and precision with which the whole proceedings were carried through.

The following were the judges:—Miss Given, A.R.C.M., and Rev. Kenneth Macleod, Gigha, for the vocal; Mr. Neil Shaw and Mr. Angus Robertson for the oral; Lieut.-Col. Campbell of Kilberry for the piping, and Major Allan for the dancing.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SECTION (ORAL).

Reading Poetry (learners)—1, Christine MacVicar, Lochgair; 2, John Gray, Minard; 3, Jean MacVicar, Lochgair.

Reading Prose (learners)—1, Angus Carmichael, Ford; 2, Christine MacVicar; 3, Iain MacNab, Minard.

Reading Prose—1, Mysis Beaton, Minard; 2, Jessie Morrison, Minard; 3, James Crawford, Minard.

Reciting, "A Chuthag"—1, Jean MacVicar, Lochgair; 2, Jessie Morrison, Minard; 3, Marion Beaton, Minard.

Sguelachd—1, Marion Beaton, Minard; 2, Jean MacVicar, Lochgair; 3, James Crawford, Minard.

Conversation—1, Mary Jane MacRae, Tayvallich; 2, Andrew MacRae, Tayvallich; 3, Marion Beaton, Minard.

JUNIOR SECTION.

Junior solo singing (girls)—1, M. T. M'Alister, Lochgilphead; 2, Catriona Macleod, Lochgilphead; 3, M. C. MacIachlan, Lochgilphead, and Mary Maclean, Tayvallich, equal.

Junior solo singing (boys)—1, Robert Sinclair, Craae; 2, Allister Gillies, Lochgilphead; 3, Hector Mackenzie, Lochgilphead.

Junior solo singing (boys and girls)—1, Allister Gillies; 2, M. T. M'Alister; 3, Nan Greenfields, Lochgilphead.

Sir John Anthony's prizes—Competitors from one-teacher school, under ten years—Christine Macinnes, Cairnbaan. Over ten years—Archie Bell, Lochgair.

Prizes by Miss Brown, any school in the area—1, Christine Macinnes; 2, Mary Crawford, Minard; 3, Catriona Macleod.

Duets—1, Mima Greenfields and Mary M'Allister, Lochgilphead; 2, Nan Greenfields and Susan M'Allister, Lochgilphead; 3, Mary Maclean and Mary M'Lu'lich, Tayvallich.

Choral singing, ex-*Provost Brown's* silver cup—1, Minard Junior Choir; 2, Lochgilphead Junior Choir; 3, Lochgair Junior Choir.

Unison competition—1, Lochgilphead Junior Choir; 2, Minard Junior Choir; 3, Ardrishaig Junior Choir.

Dancing—Highland Fling—1, M. T. MacAllister; 2, Mary Maclean; 3, Henry MacGuinness.
Sword Dance—1, Mary Maclean; 2, Henry MacGuinness; 3, Nellie Gillies.

SENIOR SECTION (ORAL).

Literature—1, Duncan MacCowan, Tobermory; 2, James MacKellar, Tayvallich; 3, Christina MacTavish, Lochgilphead.

Reading—1, Alena MacLean, Craignish; 2, Iseabail MacGilp, Lochgilphead; 3, James MacKellar, Tayvallich.

Recitation—1, Duncan MacCowan; 2, Iseabail MacGilp; 3, Alena MacLean and Christina MacTavish (equal).

Sgeulachd—1, Duncan MacCowan; 2, Iseabail MacGilp; 3, Christina MacTavish.

SENIOR SECTION.

Singing—1, Mary Leitch, Furnace; 2, Janet MacArthur, Kilmartin; 3, Minnie Sinclair, Cairnbaan, and Grace Johnstone, Ardrishaig (equal).

Singing—Males—1, Robert Shaw, Silvercraigs; 2, Dugald Macquarrie, Achnamara; 3, John Galbraith, Craignish, and Donald Maclean, Lochgilphead (equal).

Singing—Male and female (choice of three prescribed songs)—1, John Galbraith; 2, Annie Macnair, Lochgilphead; 3, John Carruthers, Lochgilphead. 1st prize presented by Colonel Campbell of Dudhope, Gesto Collection of Highland Music.

Special prize by Captain George I. Campbell for Puir a Beul—1, Annie Macnair, Lochgilphead. Special prize by Miss J. Currie for unpublished song—1, R. Shaw; 2, Archd. Campbell, Easdale.

Duets, prize by Mrs. Brown—1, Mary Campbell and Bessie Campbell, Ardrishaig; 2, Jessie Gillies and Julia Brown, Lochgilphead; 3, Grace Johnstone and Peggy Ferguson, Ardrishaig.

Choirs (cup presented by Sir William Sutherland, K.C.B., M.P.)—1, Minard; 2, Lochgilphead, 3, Ardrishaig.

Bagpipe playing—1, Duncan Turner, Minard; 2, Neil Maclean, Craignish; 3, Donald MacLaren, Inveraray.

Piano—Isabella Macinnes, Ariogann, Oban.
Piano, juniors—John Smith, Lochgilphead.

are members of Mr. Neil Orr's popular Gaelic Choir. The greatest treat of the evening was the duet singing, in which the blend and quality were remarkably good. There were also competitions for violin and pianoforte playing.

A vote of thanks was accorded to the judges on the motion of Mr. David MacRitchie, F.S.A.; Scot. and Ireland, and Mr. Macleod, in acknowledging the vote, moved a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Neil Orr, who, he said, was doing excellent work for the Gaelic language and music in Gilmore Place Adult School.

PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNERS.

The principal prize-winners were as follows:—

Recitation of a poem—1, Chrissie Davidson; 2, Morag M'Lean.

Recitation of a Prose Passage—1, Agnes Attwell; 2, Morag M'Lean.

Reading—1, Morag M'Lean; 2, John Carmichael.
Narration—1, John Carmichael; 2, Chrissie Davidson.

Solo singing—1, Agnes Attwell; 2, Morag M'Donald.

Solo singing—1, John Carmichael.

Oran Mor—1, Morag M'Donald.

Lorn songs—1, Morag M'Donald; 2, Chrissie Davidson.

Solo singing—1, Isa M'Intosh; 2, Peggie Wilson.

Solo singing—1, Ian M'Gregor; 2, Agnus M'Intosh.
Hebridean—1, Iain M'Gregor; 2, Morag M'Donald.

Duets—1, H. Austin and P. Wilson; 2, Annie Johnston and Iain M'Gregor.

Quartettes—1, H. Austin, P. Wilson, P. Burns and A. Rankine; 2, M. M'Donald, C. Steven, A. M'Intosh and W. M'Intosh.

Violin—1, Alex. W. Hood; 2, James Pringle.

Pianoforte—1, Charles M'Taggart; 2, Agnes Reid.

**EDINBURGH GAELIC MUSICAL
FESTIVAL.**

In pre-war days the Edinburgh Celtic Union held some very successful Mods. Last year a Mod was again held with gratifying success under the auspices of the Union, and now the Edinburgh Gaelic Choir has stepped into the ranks of Mod promoters. Their competitive gathering held in the Albyn Rooms on Saturday 28th June, was a decided success, and Mr. Neil Orr, who with a committee of choir members organised the event, is entitled to the highest praise and the most cordial congratulations.

The judges were:—Solo singing, Mr. D. MacLeod, H.M.I.S., and Mr. H. Wiseman, Edinburgh. Oral, Rev. A. Morrison, M.A., Edinburgh.

There was a good attendance in the evening when a most delightful concert was sustained by the prize-winners, who without exception

MULL PROVINCIAL MOD.

After an interval of twelve years the Mod has been revived, and Tobermory once more has become the Gaelic Mecca of Mull, Tiree Ardnamurchan and Morven.

On Thursday, 10th July, despite the inclement weather, steamers and motor cars brought large contingents from the neighbouring districts, and all day the Aros Hall was full of people.

From 9 in the morning until well on in the evening competitions were taking place in three sections of the hall simultaneously. As usual, the solo singing claimed the larger share of public patronage, but it was pleasing to notice the numbers who attended during the recitations and story-telling in the small hall.

Competition was very keen in all the oral events, and here, again, the standard of Gaelic

was excellent. Children under twelve years of age spoke Gaelic with ease and fluency. A few more appearances at Mods and these children will have acquired a knowledge of Gaelic literature and a style of expression that are bound to influence them favourably towards the use of the language in whatever position they may take up in life.

The Junior Choirs made a splendid appearance, the only regret was that only two were able to come forward. For the short time in which Mr. Hugh MacLean was at Salen, choir and soloists acquitted themselves admirably. The senior soloists, if not up to the standard of some other places more favourably placed, gave promise of improvement, and if they follow Miss Given's advice, this may be looked for next year.

The work entailed in arranging for and carrying through these Mods is enormous, and the greatest credit is due the local Branch officials and committee for the splendid way in which the Mod was managed. To Mr. John MacCallum a special meed of praise is due for the care and trouble he took in preparing choir and soloists, also for his work in Dervaig in preparation for the Mod.

Miss M. A. MacLean acted as Mod local secretary, and carried out her arduous duties to the satisfaction of all.

At the Concert held in the evening, the Rev. Wm. MacPhail, vice-president of An Comunn, presided. In addition to the first prize-winners, Miss J. M. B. Currie and Mr. Neil MacLean contributed solos and duets. The concert was a splendid success.

The adjudicators were:—Oral, Rev. William MacPhail, Kilbrandon; Rev. Neil MacKillop, Coll; Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Oban; and Mr. Neil Shaw, Glasgow. Gaelic Vocal, Rev. George Mackenzie, Kilmore; Rev. Neil MacKillop, Mr. Neil MacLean and Mr. Neil Shaw. Music, Miss Jennie Given, A.R.C.M., Glasgow, and Miss Jenny M. B. Currie, Kilmelford.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR SECTION (LITERARY).

Letter—1, Hugh Gillies, Tobermory; 2, John M'Dougall, Dervaig; 3, Mary M'Donald, Cornaigmore. Translations—1, Flora Paxton, Cornaigmore; 2, John M'Dougall, Dervaig; 3, Mary M'Donald, Cornaigmore, and May M'Millan, Dervaig (equal).

Special Prize (Torloisk)—Joan M'Dougall, Dervaig.

JUNIOR SECTION (ORAL).

Recitation (chosen by competitor)—1, May M'Millan, Dervaig; 2, Dolly Smith, Tobermory; 3, Annie M'Pherson, Tobermory.

Reading a piece of Prose (chosen by competitor)—1, May M'Millan, Dervaig; 2, Mary M'Master, Drimnin; 3, Alister M'Donald, Tobermory.

Reading at Sight—1, Hughina Cameron, Drimnin and John M'Dougall, Dervaig; 2, Mary M'Master, Drimnin; 3, Effie M'Callum, Tobermory.

Reciting from Memory—(a) under 12 years—1, May M'Millan, Dervaig; 2, Jenny M'Lean, Tobermory; 3, Mary Margaret M'Lean, Cornaigmore. (b) Over 12 years—1, Effie M'Callum, Tobermory; 2, Mary Kennedy, Balemartine, and Flora M'Donald, Tobermory; 3, Flora M'Lean, Tobermory.

Narrative—1, Mary M'Master, Drimnin; 2, Hughina Cameron, Drimnin; 3, Chas. M'Donald, Salen.

Special Prize (Dervaig)—Chas. M'Donald, Salen; Joan M'Dougall, Dervaig.

Recitation (confined to Tobermory)—1, Annie M'Pherson; 2, Alister M'Donald; 3, Flora M'Donald.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Solo singing of Song (chosen by competitor)—(a) Girls under 12 years—1, Isa Noble, Tobermory; 2, May M'Millan, Dervaig; 3, Shenac Cameron, Tobermory. (b) Girls over 12 years—1, Mary Kennedy, Balemartine; 2, Hughina M'Lean, Tobermory; 3, Flora M'Lean, Tobermory. (a) Boys under 12 years—1, Neil M'Kinnon, Tobermory; 2, Peter M'Kenzie, Tobermory; 3, Iain M'Kenzie, Drimnin. (b) Boys over 12 years—1, Chas. M'Donald, Salen; 2, Alasdair Cattanach, Salen; 3, Duncan M'Pherson, Tiroran.

Solo Singing—Boys and Girls—(a) under 12 years—1, May M'Millan, Dervaig; 2, Neil M'Kinnon, Tobermory; 3, Shenac Cameron, Tobermory, and Chrissie Jackson, Salen. (b) Over 12 years—1, John Smith Tobermory; 2, Effie M'Callum, Tobermory; 3, Flora M'Lean, Tobermory.

Duet Singing (song chosen by competitors)—1, Hughina M'Lean and Flora M'Donald, Tobermory; 2, Flora M'Lean and Rebecca M'Kinnon, Tobermory.

Choral Singing—Tobermory Junior Choir.

Unison Singing—1, Tobermory Junior Choir; 2, Salen Junior Choir.

SENIOR SECTION (ORAL).

Literature (Royal Celtic Society, Edinburgh, prizes)—1, John Cameron, Tobermory; 2, Joan Cameron, Tobermory.

Reading at Sight—1, Angus Morison, Dervaig; 2, John Cameron, Tobermory; 3, Mary M'Lean, Salen.

Recitation (chosen by competitor)—1, Mary M'Intyre, Craignure; 2, Joan Cameron, Tobermory; 3, Jessie Cameron, Tobermory.

Sgeulachd—1, Angus Morison, Dervaig; 2, Mary M'Intyre, Craignure; 3, Joan Cameron, Tobermory.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Female Voices (song chosen by competitor)—1, Helen M'Millan, Dervaig; 2, Mrs. M'Kenzie, Tobermory; 3, Mary M'Millan, Dervaig.

Male Voices (song chosen by competitor)—1, Alex. M'Lean, Fanmore; 2, John M'Killaich, Tobermory; 3, Donald Gillies, Salen.

Male and Female Voices—1, Miss Sheila M'Intyre, Dervaig; 2, Alex. M'Lean, Fanmore; 3, Mrs. Gray, Tobermory.

Duet Singing—1, Mrs. M'Kenzie and Miss Mary Cameron, Tobermory; 2, Miss Sheila M'Intyre and Miss Mary M'Millan, Dervaig.

Special Prize (Rahey)—Miss Beattie Cameron, Drimnin; Miss Katie Cameron, Drimnin.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Violin—1, Roderick M'Lean, Tobermory; 2, Duncan M'Pherson, Tiroran.
Pianoforte—1, Joan M'Donald, Tobermory; 2, Annie M'Donald, Tobermory.

THE ORAL COMPETITIONS.

By Mr. T. D. MACDONALD, Oban.

A phenomenally wet day—even for “Mull of the high hills”—greeted the dawn of the date fixed for the “Mull, Ardnamurchan and Morvern Provincial Mòd” held at Tobermory on Thursday, 10th July, and the downpour continued almost without intermission until late at night. But these uninviting conditions did not damp the enthusiasm of either the competitors or the attendant public.

The Oral Competitions numbered one hundred in the Junior Section and thirty-seven in the Senior Section, and of the former no less than forty-six were under twelve years of age. Such a gathering of the young hopefuls of the Movement would have done credit to any Great Mòd. Have any of the Great Mòds of the past shown so many? The promises for the future evidenced by this are twofold. Oral Competitions, even more so than the Music Competitions, although the latter may be regarded as the more compelling motive power, are a much better evidence of the progress of the movement from the point of view of the preservation of the spoken language, which is the primary object of An Comunn. The parrot acquaintanceship with the language so frequently attributed to so many competitors in the Vocal and Choral Music Competitions can find no place in the Oral Competitions. These latter are better and more promising evidence than even the literary or written competitions. Ability to write a language is possible to many who might still be unable to give intelligible vocal expression to their understanding of that language. The writer has had the good fortune to be the colleague of the Rev. William MacPhail in adjudicating both the oral and the Literary Competitions at this Provincial Mòd, and what has already been said of the Oral might be repeated of the work in the Literary Competitions. As might be expected, the competitors in these latter were not so numerous, but the quality was excellent. Notably for their ages were two very youthful competitors of ten years only from Miss Stewart, Drimnin School, one of whom carried off honours in one of the written competitions. Surely a feat worth mentioning in a competition in

which they had to compete with pupils of from five to six years older. In this connection the writer would suggest that competitors of from ten to twelve years, whether in literary, oral, or music competitions, should be classed by themselves, and those from over twelve years of age to sixteen as a secondary section of the juniors.

There was a feature of the Senior Oral Competitions about which a little criticism may be helpful for the future. A considerable proportion of the competitors did not seem to realise that while the subject of the words of a sgeulachd may be quite suitable for a competition classed as merely a “Recitation,” the reverse is not the case. The narration of a traditional tale based on a known historical incident cannot be accepted as a sgeulachd. One competitor was so far from a correct appreciation of the nature of the true sgeulachd that she gave us with splendid and effective delivery a recitation of a Gaelic translation of the well-known humorous English, or should one say Scots, humorous story entitled “Sugar for Nothing.” As much out of place was the one whose subject was on that contentious matter, “The Highland Clearances.” Even the first prize-winner's traditional story was not a sgeulachd, although delivered with much of the traditional manner in which the sgeulachdan of old were wont to be told. At next year's Mòd there should be a separate competition for the best narration of a traditional story based on a local historical incident, while competitors in the Sgeulachd Competition should understand that a sgeulachd is really a Gaelic fairy tale, with or without any mention of fairies in it, if such a description is not too Irish. This year's mistake should not be overlooked if repeated at next year's Mòd. There are true sgeulachdan galore from which to choose. In a word, there is evidence that the Provincial Mòds have come to stay, to grow, and to become the mainstay of the movement, so much so, that the work entailed in the getting up of them, and in the conduct of them, may become too great a strain, financially and otherwise, on the local centres of these Mòds, that assistance from Headquarters, to use a military phrase, may become imperative. They will do the work of An Comunn, they will carry out its objects, and, indirectly, they will help Headquarters in compelling the application of the Gaelic Clause, because they will arouse the native consciousness to the needs of the moment, and its own responsibility for the success or the failure of the movement.

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Bha na h-uibhir de Mhòdan Dùthchail againn air a' bhliadhna so agus gur ann a tha am Mòd mór an innpis claoonadh á beachd cuid uile gu léir. Ach chan fheum sin a bhi idir. Is ann aig a' Mhòd mhór a bheirear gu crìch le gach gach urram gach streup is farpais a chleachdadh a chum aobhar na càinain adhartachadh ré na bliadhna. Bidh mòran sluagh cruinn am Peairt agus 'nam measg bidh àireamh duibh-san a chuidich leinn na Mòdan beaga a dheanamh cho soirbheachail.

* * * *

Intending competitors are reminded that all entries for the Mòd must reach me here not later than the 9th day of this month. I would also direct the attention of solo singers to Mrs. Ryan's competition, conditions of which are similar to those of former years. The object the donor has in view is the revival of interest in the less known district songs, not necessarily unpublished, and singers should bear in mind that well-known *unpublished* songs will on no account be accepted. A minute perusal of song publications would result in charming discoveries. But all the old songs, popular in their day, have not been committed to paper, and the opportunity is now given.

* * * *

In a competition for the best original Hymn for which about 3000 pieces were submitted, the first prize was awarded to the Rev. W. H. Hamilton, M.A., Greenock, editor of "Great Heart," whose composition was set to the air of an old Gaelic lament. I was much interested to learn from one of our members that the lament referred to is "Tuireadh," page 60 of "A' Choisir Chiùil." The Gaelic words are by the late Dr. MacLachlan, Rahoy, and are in the Doctor's tenderest strain.

It is very heartening to note that a newspaper of such high standing as the "Glasgow Weekly Herald" is giving space weekly to Gaelic storyettes and topical Highland news. "Oisinn na Gàidhlig," as the column is aptly called is ably conducted by Mr. Hector MacDougall, one of our members and a prominent Mòd literary prize winner. Mr. MacDougall's notes are always informative and in good taste.

* * * *

Acknowledgment is due the "Stornoway Gazette" for its frequent and uniformly friendly references to this Magazine. A particularly cordial and appreciative notice of the last number from the facile pen of its capable Glasgow correspondent appeared in a recent issue of that paper.

NIALL.

HIGHLAND DISTRESS FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£7207 9 7
W. J. Darby, Esq., Southland, N.Z. ..	30 4 0
"Sympathy," Melbourne	5 0 0
Kenneth Logan, Esq., Shanghai	5 0 0
Anonymous, Perthshire	1 0 0
Readers of "The Christian"	0 10 0
Caledonian Society of Nairobi (additional)	0 2 6
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	£7249 6 6

PERTH MOD FUND.

Previously acknowledged	£228 18 0
<i>Received at Head Office—</i>	
Mrs. Stewart, Simla	14 0 0
Mrs. E. C. Ryan, Roy Bridge	5 5 0
Inverness Branch	2 0 0
Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale ..	2 0 0
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STIRLING

AM BAS AIR FHOGRADH.

By JAMES MACLEOD, Scalpay.

Coigrich a bhiodh air ais 's air aghaidh troimh Gleann Lòaidh, agus a bhruidheadh ri Una le "feasgar math," no "latha math," cha chuireadh iad umhail oirre seach seann bhean eile.

Cha b'ann mar sin a bha an chùis a thaobh muinntir na sgìre 'san robh i.

Tha e fìor gum b'e glé bheag—an aon seadh—a bha fàgail nam briathran, "tha i neònach," no, "tha i tuille is duilich a thuigsinn" cho tric air bilean an t-sluaigh; oir cha robh mòran de neònachas co-cheangailte ri Una ach a mhàin gu robh i balbh mu thimchioll na chaidh seachad de a beatha air an talamh. Cha d'fhuaradh riamh robhas air a sloinneadh; ni mó a fhuaradh bun no bàrr air a slànseachd.

Bha i aosda cuideachd. Bha an tigh beag air a steidheadhadh aig ceann a' ghlinne cho fhad 's bu chumhne le aon a bh'anns a' ghleann. Bha an òigridh a' smuaineachadh gu robh Una sean a' tighinn a dh'ionnsaidh an t-saoghail!

Bhiodh i 'na suidhe gu minic, dh'fhaoidhte le càrd is cuigeal, aig dorus a tìghe. Bha i anabarrach carthanta dùthchasach 'na cleachdaidhean. Bha i caoimheil teò-chridheach ri sean is òg. Gidheadh cha robh aice ach aon sgeul mu thimchioll an t-seann t-saoghail—"Chail mise mo shloinneadh agus mo dhùthchas aon latha," theireadh i ri cuid-eigin, agus i 'na suidhe air sorachan—an conhuidh glan, sgiobalta—aig dorus a tìghe.

Cha robh teagamh aig an t-sluaigh nach robh Una air a dùthchas a thréigsinn, ach cha robh sròn air feadh a' ghlinne a' dol a chadal le saorsa agus dùthchas Una an cleith.

'Na caithe-beatha bha i cho ionraic ri aingeal a stéidhicheadh a thigheadas air an talamh, ach bha a bailbheadh co-cheangailte ri ceistean teachail an t-saoghailso air balla-tarsuinn a thogail eadar i féin agus an sluaigh.

Bha tlachd air-leth aice 'san chloinn òig a bha fàs suas—plùsdean a bha frithealadh na sgoil Shàbaid. Stiùradh i a meur gu cailin bhig, agus theireadh i—"An do mhìnich a' ministèir dhuit an àithne, 'Thoir urram do t'athair agus do d'mhathair?"

"Mhìnich!" fhreagair an té bheag aon latha. "Cia-mar a mhìnich e na briathran?"

"Ni 'sam bith," thubhairt e, "a dh'iarras do phàrantan ort a dheanamh na diùlt iad."

"O, ho!" Dheanadh i glag gàire. Agus an sin chromadh i a ceann a chum na cailin—"Chan eil cothrom aig air a ghaoil. Tha e féin gun sliochd; tha e aineolach air an t-saoghal, agus air gach rìbe meallaidh a tha ann. So agad mìneachadh nam briathran—coma leat de "urram" de "onair," oir fàgaidh tu an dà chuid 'nuair a dh'fhàsas tu suas. Thoir urram do'n chorp thalamhaidh 'sam bheil t-anam: na éisd ri modal no ceilg is brosgul; agus ma bhios 'na do rùn gnìomh 'sam bith a dheanamh agus do choguis 'gad dhiteadh, feoraich dhìot féin am biodh do phàrantan buidheach na diombach."

Bhiodh i gu minic a labhairt 'san doigh iongantach so.

Dh'fhaoidte nach robh smid air a bhi mu thimchioll neònachas Una na'n robh Dòmhnall MacLeod, fear nam bochd, air a seachnadh. Bha Dòmhnall a' toirt làn chreideas do'n ghusgal a bha am measg an t-sluaigh a thaobh Una. Ràinig e a gacailt aon mhaduinn. Bha Una aig calanas ri cloimh is fearsaid. Bha i toinneamh an t-snàth le dealas. Chuir Dòmhnall an céill a theachdaireachd.

"Co a chuir an so thu leis a' bhrosgal sin?" Bha Dòmhnall balbh tiota.

"Tha dleasdanas agamsa ri choimhlionadh a thaobh gach creutair bochd th'anns an sgrì."

"Is maith an seirbhiseach sin a' ni na dh'iarrar air," fhreagair Una; "tha thu féin agus càch airson urras fhaotainn air mo sheòl-beoshlaite!"

Choinhead i d'a ionnsaidh le aire dhùr-achdaich:—

"Bha gach beul gusgalach a th'air feadh a' ghlinne ag innseadh dhuit gu robh an donas a' tighinn a steach air luidheir mo thìghe cho luath 'sa rachadh a' ghrian fogha, agus gu robh mise ag gabhail co-phàirt 'na innleachdan gu camhanaich an latha!"

Cha robh teagamh aig an t-sluaigh nach robh cuideigin le droch innleachdan a' dol air àruinn Una. Tharruing i tuil air a ceann an oidhe a' chunnacas i aig Tigh-na-Coille, aitreabh mhór tìghe bha suidhichte aig ceann eile a' ghlinne. Bha 'san aithris nach bu neach eile aig an robh còir air an aitreabh so ach Una.

Bha an tigh air a mheas mi-shealbhach. Bha e gu tric air fhàsachadh leis a' bhàs. Bha e cearta cho tric air fhàsachadh le saor thoil nan càraidean a rachadh air thigh-eadas 'na bhroinn. Bha e a' cur iongantais anabarrach air an t-sluagh a bhi faicinn deagh thigh combhuidh fàs agus móran de shluagh cothromach air feadh na sgìre as eugmhais fraigh tìghe.

Bha barrachd air sin ann. Carson a bha iad cho balbh agus cho tosdach an déidh a chuidhteachadh?

Bha an cheist so-bhrosnachail a thaobh còmhraidh. An robh feachd air choir-eigin eile a tagradh na fàrdaich mar chòir? Ma bha fuath air thigheadas an taobh a stigh nam ballachan carson a bha geilt na cainnte air na daoine a chuidhtich e?

Thachair gu robh sùilean furachail a' coimhead Una an oidheche ainmeil ud. Bha an tigh agus an raon fearainn a bha ma thimchioll cho balbh ri cladh; gidheadh chaidh Una a dh'ionnsuigh na cachaileith agus choisich i gun athadh gu stuaidh an tìghe.

An taobh a stigh de uair an uaireadair bha eachdraidh Tigh-na-coille aig gach aon bha 'san sgrì. Bha an sgeul ud aig an fhear ud. Bha an naidheachd ud aig an neach ud eile.

"Chuala mise so!" thubhairt cailin. "Chuala mise sud," theireadh tè eile.

Bha eùisean 'san t-suidheachadhso greis de ùine gus ma dheireadh an do thionndaidh Calum na h-Aonaich—duine cuireadach, geur-chuiseach, dubhachas gu gàire aon fheasgair agus e am measg na cuideachd.

"Tha eachdraidh Una Bige agus Tigh-na-coille co-ionnan; tha iad le cheile do-ruigsinn." "Chan eil muileann an Albain," leasaich e, "cho dèidh ri cuigeal Una, ach cha chualas riamh i reic slat aodaich. Sin gun atharrachadh mar a thachair do fhàsach gun rath th'aig ceann eile a' ghlinne."

Cha robh corp 'sa' ghleann cho eudmhor a thaobh eachdraidh an tìghe ri Calum. Bha dìomhaireachd air choir-eigin eadar Una, Tigh-na-coille, agus duineachan beag meirgach a bha fuireach 'sa Chlachan—mu chusair is dà mhìle o'n ghleann.

Rachadh e air a mhionnan gum biodh Alasdair Og, am fear-lagha a dol a chum a tìghe. Bha Calum air a bhioradh cho mór agus gu'n do ràinig e ionad-gnothaich an duine bhig so.

Cha b'ann le saorsa a dh'fhàg e Alasdair. Bha esan cho balbh agus gu'n do sheulaich Calum gu robh Una a deilbh marbh-bhrat dhuirche agus ga shuaineadh thairis air a

h-uile cuspair ris an robh i deanamh gnothaich air an talamh.

Bha dolach de nithean eile air Una fhàgail an cùil chumhaing. Cha rachadh i idir as àicheadh nam briathran dalma a chualas aise uair-eigin thaobh a co-chreutair—gu'n dainsadh i air uaigh a h-uile fear no té a rugadh 'sa' ghleann o fhuair i féin cuimhne.

"Nach eil iad toillteanach air bàs," theireadh i, "mar giùlain iad iad féin le modh is stuamachd!"

"Carson a bhiodh duileadas ormsa airson bàis an duine a thèid a dh'ionnsuigh na siorruideachd le a dhroch bheartan féin; no airson na cailin a phòsas ùmhaidh nach coisinn a lòn féin na lòn an teaghlach a tha e rùnachadh le ladarnas a thoirt a dh'ionnsaidh an t-saoghail!"

Chaidh Calum a choimhead oirre aon fheasgar. Bha Una a sgibleachadh an tìghe.

Bha e a' sgrùdadh a h-aodainn le dòchas gu lorgadh e misneach gu labhairt ri mu chuid de na nithean a bha 'san aithris. Thoisich e le focail glagach.

"Labhair a mach a bhlaomasdair thruaigh: chan eil clàir do chuirp cho tomadach!" "Na nithean a tha thu féin agus càch ag gairm teòma, tha mise d'an gairm fealtach!"

Thoisich Calum bochd a rithist le rughadh gruaidhe. "Cha—cha do chreid mi gu robh sibh a' faotainn beo-shlainte le —le gadachd."

Ruith i gu teinntean an teine, agus thog i an clobha:—

"Chan eil annam ach boireannach: tha mi gu bhì às an t-sealladh an ùine ghearr. Ach tha de neart 'nam ghairdean fhathast na dh'fhàgadh slige do chinn cho tais ri càise!"

Thilg i na bioran umha le déisinn gu làr an tìghe. Dh'fhàs Calum stòlda.

"Chuala sibh gu'n d'fhuil mi cuideachadh o Dhòmhnall Biorach MacLeoid, agus ghrad sheulaich sibh gu robh mi suas air meirle. Chan iongantach idir an saoghal a bhi mar a tha e. Chan eil rib eile aig Sàtan cho cumhachdach ri droch amharus!"

"Chan eil aon ri chuireadh ach Dòmhnall. Tha e creidsinn nach robh seòl eile agaibh a chum air teachd-an-tìr a sholar."

Shuidh an boireannach air stòl. Thog i paidhre chàrdan d'a h-ionnsaidh.

"Roghnaichinn-sa am bàs," thubhairt i, agus i a càireadh rolaige gu curamach air clàr a bha dlùth ri a dàimh, mas rachainn gu bòrd-bochd.

Chan eil mi 'na fheum. Ach ged a bhiodh an robh mi dol a chuideachadh le slaid, agus Dia air corp is eanchainn a thoirt dhomh a chum mo bheò-shlainte a chosnadh le dlleasachd is onair?"

Bha a dà shùil a' dearrsadh air Calum.
 "Thoir dhomh; thoir dhomh! Cìod an chrìoch a tha gu bhì aig deirce? Ma riar-
 aicheas tu son chreutair bochd le làn spàine de bhrochan tha thu cur air chois armachd de shluagh leis nach àill obair idir a dheanamh!"

Bha Calum 'na thosd. Bha e fiosrach gu'n do chuidhtich Dòmhnall a cagailt mar gum biodh balgam de fhuil 'na bheul.

Ach bha nithean cudthromach eile aig Calum ri'm feòrach 's ri 'n aithris. Bha e coimhead nan càrdan. Bha ni-eigin timchioll nam bior-ghreise nach robh idir a còrdadh ris. Ghrad chnuaisaich e. Rinn e oidhirp uair no dhà air na focail a bha air bàrr a theangan a sheirm m' a cluasan. Dh'fhairlich air.

Thàinig crith 'na fheòil a' smuaineachadh air na nithean a chuala e a thaobh Una.

Bha i air lìon-éideadh grinn a' phasgadh seachad 'na ciste a choinneamh air latha sonraichte ma chlaigeann na Bealltainn.

Có aige a bha brath nach robh barrachd is éideadh grinn air taobh eile an talainnte?

Sheall e gu dorus an t-seòmair bhig a bha an ceann eile an tìghe.

Ged a bha Calum mothachail air cunnart nan clàr-fhiaclach bh'air giùin Una, dheònaich e a sheachas a thoirt gu crìch. Bhòidich e cho fhad 'sa bhiodh Una an riochd nan daoine gu lorgadh e ni-eigin co-cheangailte ri a sinnsireachd.

Dh'fhosgail Calum a bheul. Bhruchd na focail troimh a bhilean, agus dh'fhalbh iad car ma char d'a h-ionnsaidh:—

"Am bheil e fìor gu robh sibh fhéin uair-eigin air thigheadas an Tìgh-na-coille, Una?"

(R'a leantainn.)

PROGRAMME OF CELTIC CONGRESS OF 1924
 TO BE HELD AT QUIMPER (BRITAINY)
 DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF SEPTEMBER

Saturday, 6th.—Arrival of the Members of the Congress. Meeting of the General Committee. Reception. Address of Welcome by Breton Association. Reply by President of the Congress. Lecture on "Brittany," "The Breton Movement and Inter-Celtic Relations."

Sunday, 7th.—Reception at the Town Hall. Religious Service and Breton Sermon in the Cathedral. Blessing of the Breton Flags. Fete of the Flags. Lecture on "Celtia." Performance of a Drama.

Monday, 8th.—Lecture on "Breton History." Lecture on "Wales and the Welsh Language." Discussion. Guided visit of the Breton Exhibition. Lecture on "Celtic Music."

Tuesday, 9th.—Lecture on "Art in Brittany." Lecture on "Ireland and Scotland and their Gaelic Language." Discussion. Lecture on "Breton Music."

Wednesday, 10th.—Lecture on "The Breton National Costumes." Lecture on "The Breton Language and the Schools." Breton popular Drama.

Thursday, 11th.—Popular competitions of choirs. Breton eloquence. Breton popular Drama. Breton popular procession. Celtic anthems. General Meeting of the Members.

Friday, 12th.—Guided excursion. Celtic Music.

Saturday, 13th.—Lecture on "The Economics of Brittany." Lecture on "The other Celtic Countries." Speech on "The Celtic Ideals." Banquet. General Meeting. Commencement of the Fete of the Queens of (Breton) Cornwall in their National Costumes.

Sunday, 14th.—Religious services. Breton sermon. Fete of the Queens of Cornwall.

Monday, 15th.—Meeting of the General Committee. N.B.—All lectures and speeches delivered in one language only will be translated immediately.

NEW MEMBERS.

LIFE.

Mrs. MacDonald of Dunach, Oban.
 Duncan Stewart, Esq., Edinburgh.

ORDINARY.

Miss Chrissie Dunn, Ballachulish.
 Somerled Macdonald, Esq., Inverness.
 W. Wilson, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Miss Ann F. Harvey Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 George Taylor, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Miss A. M. Forsyth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Miss R. V. MacIntyre, Hunter's Quay.
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 Miss Mary M. C. Gordon, Bridgend.
 Miss Mary MacIntyre, Bridgend.
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 Miss K. MacIndeor, Ballachlaven.
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 John MacKinnon, Esq., Portobello.
 Miss Ann Munro, Aultbea.



AN GÀIDHEAL

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—*Runaire, Glasgow.*

TELEPHONE—*Douglas 1097.*

Leabhar XIX.]

An t-Sultuin, 1924.

[Earrann 12

AN CARRAGH CUIMHNE.

Is minic a chuala sinn feadhainn a' cantainn gur fearr an cuimhneachan cogaidh—cabhair airson nam beò, no carragh cloiche airson nam marbh. Ach tha an dà nì iomchuidh; tha iad gu math le 'chéile. Cha thròcair idir ach ceartas gu nochdta caoimhneas, far a bheil sin riatanach, do na laoiach a tha fathast beò, agus a sheas ri uchd teine am beàrn a' chunnairt. Agus is suaire an gnìomh tighean-eiridnidh a shuidheachadh air sgàth cuimhne nan laoch nach maireann, a leig sìos am beatha air muir is tìr. Tha aircheas de 'n ghnè sin ciatach. Am bitheantas is iad an fheadhainn nach d'fhairich trioblaid a thaobh a' chogaidh agus air nach do mhilleadh cuid no caraid, a tha riarachta le aircheas a mhàin mar chuimhneachan. Ach air a' laimh eile na pàrantan o 'n do bhuineadh am mic; a' bhantrach o 'n tugadh a céile; na dilleadhain a chaill an athraichean; maille ris gach neach a ghabh an cead deireannach le bràthair no le caraid caomh—chan eil aon diubh sin a dh' fhuiling deuchainn nach eil dùrachd dhian ag éirigh 'n an cridhe—eadhon gum biodh ainmanan nam marbh sgrìobhta an cloich, gu bhì air chuimhne troimh na linntean, cho fad 's a mhaireas clach, no bhios neach ann a leughas.

Chan eil teagamh nach eil móran de 'n dùrachd so a' sruthadh o bhàigh nàdurra. Cia lion ceangal teann a chaidh a bhriseadh, is comunn caoimhneil a chuireadh mu sgaol? Cia lion màthair a bha fo iomaguin, cia lion cadar-ghuidhe, gus mu dheireadh an tàinig naigheachd bhronach, an t-aona mhac, an dithis, an triùir! A thuilleadh air fulangais

na muinntir a thuit, is iomadh renbadh goirt a thug an tuiteam-san air aigidhean an càirdean. A nis tha an dùrachd so anns gach sgrì fa leth—gum biodh na h-òganaich ud a bha eòlach air a chéile, agus a dh'fhalbh còmhladh gu aghaidh cunnairt—gum biodh iad còmhladh cuideachd an cuimhne mhaireannaich; mar a chuir iad an cath le chéile 'n am beatha gum biodh iad 'n an aon bhuidhinn 'n an bàs, le an ainmanan air aon charragh fad iomadh ginealach ri teachd.

A thaobh nan saighdearan is nan seòladairean, tha nì no dhà eile ri thabhairt fainear a bharrachd air daimh nàdurra. Tha na carraighean cuimhne 'n an combarradh air buidheachas an t-sluaigh airson mar dh'lobair na laoiach iad fhéin. Gabh beachd air meud na h-lobairt a thug iad seachad air sgàth an dùthcha. An cuairt féin air thalamh, leis gach aoibhneas ris an bi dùil aig an òigridh a ghràth; na sòlasan sin chuir iad seachad orra féin, agus roghnaich iad an dleasdanas ged bu chruaidh e. Ciod e na dh'fhuiling na fùrainn airson saorsa a chumail is buaidh a chosnadh; ciod e an duinealas a ghluais iad ri gairm-catha; ciod e cho ullamh ealamh 's a dh'fhalbh iad; ciod an cruaidh ri aodann uamhais—an gaisge, am misneach, am féin-àicheadh dh'fhag iad againn mar dhìleab, maille ri saorsa is iomadh sochair shìobhalta.

An gliun 's an eileanan is e an carragh cuimhne a' cheud nì air an dealraich grian na maidne, agus an nì mu dheireadh air an soillsich i aig beul an anamoich. Is e mar an ceudna a' cheud nì air an laidh sùil a' choigrich. Agus bidh sin fìor anns na linntean an déidh so. Bidh linn a' tighinn is linn a'

falbh, ach seasaidh na carraighean gu daingean mar fhianuis air cliù nan gaisgeach. Is an uapa a ghlacas an òigridh dealas a chum seasamh gu bàs air taobh an dùthcha. Is ann uapa a gheibh na h-inbhich earail gu bhi a' cur luach air an t-saorsa a choisneadh le pris cho mór. Mar a théid na bliadhnaichean seachad thig iomadh caochladh air modh-smuain is cor an t-sluaigh; ach a dh'aindeoin ciód iad na h-atharraichean a thig mu'n cuairt chan eil àicheardh nach bì dilseachd is treibhdhìrean a' dleasadh àite sònruichte. Oir mar is àirde a théid fòghlum ceart is ann as mò a bheirear urram do 'n mhuinntir a leig sìos am beatha air sgàth saorsa is ceartais. Cho fad is a chuirear meas air duinealach; cho fad is a bhios feum air gaisge ri uchd cruadail; cho fad is a bhios e iomchuidh seasamh an aghaidh na h-eucorach—cho fad sin seallaidh na ginealaich nach d'rugadh ris gach airm air na carraighean cuimhne; bheir iad fainear mar thachair anns a' Chogadh Mhór; agus glacaidh iad as ùr an t-seann earail: *Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìmsir.*

AFTER CULLODEN.

By AGNES W. WATSON.

The last weeks of Prince Charlie's wanderings in the Highlands, and his escape to France.

It was the morning of the 17th of August, 1746. Four months had passed since the fateful battle of Culloden had been fought, and during those months, the life of the Prince, on whose head was the price of £30,000, had been in constant peril. Skulking through the mountains and seas of the West Highlands, chased from one hiding place to another, he had been able, however, owing to the help and the devotion of those who had risked all for his sake, to elude every danger. But his courage was to be still further tried, for the day of deliverance was not yet.

For several months prior to the 17th of August, the Prince and his little band of faithful Highlanders had been in hiding at a place called Fassanacoill, in Strathglass. They had taken up their quarters in a dense wood there, where they were safe from the prying eyes of any inquisitive person in the district; while a farmer named John Chisholm, who had been in the Prince's army, supplied them with food. The Prince, it seems, was anxious at this time to join Lochiel, who, like himself, had been

a fugitive since the day of Culloden, and who was now, he had been informed, in a safe retreat in Badenoch. But the way thither was beset with many dangers, and it behoved the Prince and his party to be careful. Accordingly, scouts were sent out in order to ascertain what was the state of the country to the south. Were the soldiers still searching for the Prince in that quarter, or had they given up the search and returned to their camp at Fort Augustus? When the scouts rejoined their companions in the wood, they were able to tell the Prince that they had seen no soldiers anywhere, and that they had learned that the search for him in that part of the country had been abandoned. This was welcome news indeed; and after some discussion, it was agreed that no time should be lost in setting out for Badenoch.

Accordingly, at six o'clock in the morning of the following day, the 17th of August, the long and hazardous journey was begun. The little party, which numbered ten or eleven, chose to travel by an unfrequented road, and early in the forenoon they came to the Braes of Glenmoriston. Here, on the top of a hill, the rest of the day was spent, and at nightfall the journey was resumed. They had not travelled far, however, when information was brought to them that a strong body of Militia had been dispatched to the Braes of Glengarry in quest of the Prince. This was a bitter disappointment; and realising that there was nothing for it in the meantime but to remain where they were, the little company found shelter in a neighbouring sheiling, where they passed the rest of the night. Next morning one of the Prince's men was sent to Glengarry to watch the movements of the troops there. He returned the following day, and was able to report that Glengarry was clear of the military. This information did much to raise the spirits of the Prince and his little band; and in the afternoon they set out again on their journey. Since leaving Fassanacoill they had been favoured with fine weather, and this was no small matter to men in their situation. But their good fortune in this respect was not to continue long. For they had not proceeded far on their way that afternoon when the weather suddenly changed. A mist began to gather. Then the mist passed into rain, and before long the rain was falling in torrents. Nothing daunted, however, the travellers plodded on. They passed through Glenmoriston and the vale of Glenluing. But it was not till long after night had fallen that they reached the Braes of Glengarry. When they came to the

Garry Water they found that it was in spate, owing to the heavy rain; but they managed, in spite of the darkness, to cross the water in safety. This done, the wet and weary men bethought them where the rest of the night might be spent. They had little choice, however. The only thing they could do was to climb the hill, and wait there till the morning. This they did, and as soon as daylight appeared they set out again. The rain was still falling heavily. Nevertheless, they managed to travel several miles across hills and moors, and at ten in the forenoon they reached the hill above Auchnasual. Here they passed the day, finding what shelter they could in a shepherd's hut. But the little company was in evil case, for the rain poured incessantly, and all the food they had with them was half a peck of meal. Starvation was indeed staring them in the face. During the afternoon, however, the hearts of all were cheered by the arrival of two men with a message from Cameron of Clunes, one of the most devoted of the Prince's adherents. The message was to the effect that the Prince and those with him should take up their quarters in a wood two miles further away, and that he himself would join them there on the following day.

No time was lost in setting out for the new lodging-place, which, when they came to it, was found to be a very suitable one. Happily, too, the rain which caused them so much discomfort had now ceased to fall, and for this the wet and weary men were very thankful. At the moment, indeed, the only thing which gave them any concern was the state of their larder. How was it to be replenished? Provisions for their needs was not to be denied them, however. It chanced that one of the members of the party, who had taken his gun with him, and was roaming about the wood in search of whatever might be found there, had the good fortune to shoot a large hart. The dead animal, not without some difficulty, however, was dragged to the spot where the Prince and his companions were, and great was their joy at sight of the prize that had been secured. All was now bustle and excitement in the little camp. A fire was speedily kindled, and before long a meal, which to hungry and weary men was a great feast, was ready.

That same evening the little company was joined by Macdonald of Lochgarry, who had been the commander of a regiment in the Prince's army; and on the following day, the 21st of August, Cameron of Clunes, as he had said he would, arrived.

It was the intention of the latter gentleman to conduct the Prince to a new place of concealment, and this, without delay, was done. The place selected was a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig, a beautiful stretch of water which, embosomed in a great forest of pine, lies rather more than a mile from Loch Lochy.

Among those who accompanied the Prince to this spot were the famous eight men of Glenmoriston. They now took leave of him and returned to their own glen. Having served in the Prince's army, they had in consequence of this lost everything which they once possessed. Rendered desperate, they had taken up their quarters in a cave in Glenmoriston, and, at the time when the Royal fugitive passed into their hands, they were living there a wild, lawless life. For a period of twenty-three or twenty-four days these men had the Prince in their keeping, and that they were faithful to their trust needs not to be said. Indeed, so long as the story of the Prince's romantic adventures is read the names of the eight men of Glenmoriston will be held in honour.

But the Prince was unwilling to remain long in his quarters at the foot of Loch Arkaig. He was still thinking of joining Lochiel; and so was anxious to cross Glen Albin, that great valley where a chain of lakes "is now the daily highway of steam vessels passing and repassing between the Atlantic and the North Sea," and to find his way into Badenoch.

But this was no light task to undertake. For Lochiel's place of concealment lay far to the south of the Great Glen; and how was the glen to be crossed when every spot along its whole extent where a crossing might be made troops were stationed? The Prince, however, when the matter came to be discussed, urged that an attempt to cross the glen should be made. But his companions would not hear of this. To make any such attempt, they said, would be to court disaster; and the Prince was at length prevailed upon to consent to remain in his retreat at Loch Arkaig till it was deemed safe for him to leave it.

Meanwhile Lochiel had learned of the Prince's whereabouts, and anxious to have definite news of him, he sent his two brothers, Archibald and John Cameron, to Loch Arkaig, with instructions to seek out the Prince and to have speech with him. This they managed to do, and, needless to say, the Prince was delighted to meet them. He informed them that he was anxious to join their brother in his retreat, and that it was his intention to do so as soon as circumstances permitted.

(To be concluded.)

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD OF 1924.

HONOURS IN CELTIC.

This national gathering took place at Pontypool in the second week of August. The Eisteddfod has by this time taken a permanent place in the public life of the Welsh people. Holidays are generally fixed to suit the gathering, and travelling arrangements are adapted to the convenience of the many thousands who attend from year to year. One secret why the occasion can draw such huge crowds is that only the *best* items in singing, speaking, or playing are submitted to the greater gatherings. We have much to learn in this respect. Our audiences have to listen to *all* competitors, good, bad, or indifferent. There is here a leakage of interest and a great loss of time. But in Wales all the candidates have to perform before the judges *alone* in the first instance. A few of the best in each class are chosen; and only those few are qualified for the finals in the presence of the bigger assemblies. In this way the quality of the performance is maintained on a good level, and the interest and attractiveness of the programme seldom flag. On account of such vast attendances at the annual meetings the Welsh are able to offer substantial money prizes, and this is an additional inducement to competitors.

There can be no doubt at all that the Welsh are less prosaic than we are. In the true Celtic fashion they have retained the glamour of symbols. They have the order of "Druids" and of "Ovates" with the white and the green robes. The Gorsedd in the eye of the sun, under the open sky, brings us back in fancy to the ancient days whence our language and our poetry derive their origin. And the Welsh are enterprising. They request our beloved Prince to open their gathering, and he graciously complies. His Royal Highness would do the same for us no doubt; for our people and ancient culture deserve royal patronage as well as any in the Empire. Of late the west and north have had the Mòd; and now central Scotland has it. The turn of Edinburgh or Glasgow cannot be far off. Is it only a dream to picture the Prince opening the Mòd and the St. Andrews Hall or the Usher Hall filled to overflowing? There is no reason why this delightful thought should not become a reality.

At the recent graduation in Edinburgh University, Mr Adam E. Anderson, Boat of Garten, graduated with First Class Honours in Celtic. It is only two years ago since an Honours Course in Celtic was instituted in Edinburgh University. The subsidiary language in the Celtic Honours Group is Latin. That is to say, in order to gain a first-class in Celtic, the student must attain a genuinely high standard in the most advanced work in Celtic—on a par with the work done by the advanced Continental scholars. He must also gain Intermediate Honours in Latin. Professor Watson deserves the greatest credit for the care and thoroughness, as we can personally testify, with which he has framed and ably realised an Honours Course extending over two years, in addition to the two years required by a student for the ordinary and the advanced M.A. The entire course, therefore, extends over four years. We have much pleasure in noting the fact that it was by being the holder of Mr. Angus Robertson's excellent Bursary that Mr. Anderson was enabled to carry out such a full and continuous course in Celtic. And in this connection it is right to say that a Bursary for Honours Celtic in Edinburgh is very much to be desired at this moment. There are a few Gaelic youths with ability and enthusiasm who would proceed to the higher course if the ordinary bursaries continued long enough. But an ordinary Arts Bursary usually ends at the end of an ordinary course; whereas if there were a Celtic Honours Bursary available, the "lad of parts" would be able to carry out his ambition. We need never expect higher research work to be done in this country till the subject is financially equipped like other languages in the University. Where are our future Gaelic professors to come from? We shall have to get them from Ireland or Germany, for these countries now produce the best students, just because in these countries a clever student gets a proper opportunity of being educated in the higher levels. But we are convinced that Edinburgh could produce Celtic students as well equipped as in any other University, if only the Honours Course were supplied with the necessary bursaries to enable students to complete the long and arduous curriculum.

AM BAS AIR FHOGRADH.

By JAMES MACLEOD, Scalpay.

Stad na clair-càrdaidh amhuil mar a thuiteas am peithre as an adhar. Thilg i na bioran iaruin gu taobh eile an tighe, agus ghrad thionndaidh i a ceann a chum an teallaich.

Cha robh smid eadar ceithir cheàrnaibh an t-seòmair car greise. Bha an t-àite cho tosdach ri tuaim-adhlaic.

Tharruing an duine anail le misnich. Thog Una a ceann. Chlìsg Calum.

“Chunnaic sibh sud agus chuala sibh so. Tha iad agad le beul-aithris; tha thu coma cho fhad 'sa chì 'sa chluinneas cuid-eigin eile an gusgal 'san goileam. Am bheil thu deònach m'fhaicinn air an Aonaich bliadhna an déidh so agus fàilte a chur orm aig marbh-mheadhon-oidhche?”

Bha an aghaidh bheag phreaslaich a' rannsachadh an fhir a bha giùlan geilt-chrith fa comhair.

Dh'éirich Fear-na-h-Aonaich air a chasan. Chuir e a làmh chlì ris a' bhalla-tharsuinn agus, riasail e mach cosmhuil ri duine a' chitheadh na bhuneadh dha 'san t-saoghal—bean, teaghlach, is maoin—air am fadadh le teine.

Ghrad dh'éirich am boireannach gu uinneig bhig bh'anns an togail:—

“Sud an nì a thigeadh air a h-uile cladhaire dhe d'leithid. Chan fhearr sibh an crudadal na rolag de m'chloimh!”

An ceann coig mìosan bha an tigh beag fàs. Chaidh Una adhlacadh 'sa' chladh bha dlùth air Tigh-na-coille.

Tha am bàs a' cosnadh sàmhchair air iomad dàigh. Cha d'fhuaradh smid aig Calum na h-Aonaich. Bha e cho balbh a thaobh a thaisteil ris an té a bha 'na sinedh 'sa' chllì.

Suas mu thoisnach an fhoghair chualas gu robh triuir dhaoine a' togail càrn snasail thairis air reileig Una. Cha robh neach air uachdar a' ghlinne nach do choisich a chum an chlaidh. Bu choigrich na daoine. Cha do dh'fhebraich iad ceist: nì mò a chuireadh ceist orra.

Bha sean is òg bodhar, balbh a' coimhead na cloiche-cuimhne. Thòisich cuid-eigin a' leughadh—duineachan beag a bha glé eòlach air Calum:—

“Una—a' chuir an teich air—air bàs, le a corp féin a—a bheò-iobradh, taitneach an làthair Dhé.”

“Dia d'ar gleidheadh!”

“Tha tuilleadh ann! Tha tuilleadh ann!” thubhairt cailin le mi-fhoighidinn. Leugh an duine na focail a bha sgrìobhte air iochdar na cloiche.

“Is maiseach càraid a their, 'Dileas gu Bàs' aig clàr-pòsaidh. Is beannaichte iadsan a bhios dileas o bhreith a dh'ionnsaidh na h-atrach.”

Bha tosdachd an t-sluaigh a reir an ionaid anns an robh iad. Smid cha do labhair aon seach aon. A' robh Una gu bhì cho iongantach 'na bàs agus a bha i 'na beatha?

An ceann greise thubhairt cuid-eigin—

“Cìod e ciall nam briathran 'Alasdair?”

Thog Alasdair a cheann le cabhaig—

“Cìod e ciall a h-uile nì a th'ann? An ann gum aobhar sònraichte a dhruid Calum na h-Aonaich a bheul fad raidhe na bhliadhna?”

Chan fhada a thig an duine a mach air cabair a thighe!” Rinn e ceum gu gàradh an chlaidh—

“Cia as an d'thàinig a' chlach; no co a chuir an sud i?” leasaich Alasdair.

“Se cuid a ghliocais de na h-uile neach an t-àite so a chuidhteachadh!”

Thèich Alasdair le ceud cabhaig. Bha càch air a shàil.

A' dh'ionnsuigh an latha an diugh tha roinn mhór de eachdraidh agus neònachais Una Bige an cleith.

Chaidh i dh'ionnsaidh dùthaich chéin maille ri a pàrantan, 'na h-oige. Phòs i mac de Ruairidh MacLeòid a bha na uachdaran air Tigh-na-coille an Albainn. Chaochail a pàrantan. Mo thruaighe! Cha robh sgeul an dòlais ullamh leis a' sin. Chaochail a' fear-pòsda le sgiorrach. Bha am bàs 'na aobhair air Tigh-na-coille fhàgail gun chòmhnaidh. Rùnaich Una tighinn air ais a chum a' ghlinne; agus, dh'fhoghlaim i an sin gu robh Tigh-na-coille air a thionnadh d'a h-ionnsaidh gun chumha, cho fhad agus bu bheò i.

Airson smuain dhiomhair na mnatha so a lorg agus a thuigsinn, dh'fheumadh neach cas-a'-steach fhaotainn air Alasdair Og, am fear-lagha.

Dhiùlt Una a dhol air thigheadas do'n tigh. Dh'fhoghlaim an sluaigh mar an ceudna gum b'fhearr leatha a dhol a chadal 'na trasgaidh, na càraid a dh'eusbuigh cliù no teist, a leigeil air àruinn an tighe.

Is iomad ceist iongantach a bh'air bilean Una—ma tha an aiseis flor. Tha mise, air fear, taingeil nach robh mi beò an làithean Una. Nam biodh tigh-còmhnuidh a dhìth orm tha tròm-amharas agam gum bithinn air a' làr-a'-muigh!

An ceann mios an déidh a bàis bha sanas sios 'sa' phaipèir-naidheachd mar a leanas—

“Tigh-na-coille.—The Trustees have a free hand to sell, or let, this residence”; agus an ceann ùine ghearrbha ceò a smàladh o'n chliath-theine.

Dh'fhaoidte gu'n do lorg Calum samhchair!

AN T-SEATHAMH CUIMHNEACHAN-LINN AIR BLAR ALLT-A'-BHONNAICH.

(THE SIXTH CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.)

Le IAIN MACPHAIDEIN, Glascho.
(An dara duais aig Mod, 1923.)

Tha glòir nan seud aig maduinn Chéitein
Do 'm bu tric a ghleus na Bàird ;
Tha cinneas éibheachd air na sléibhteann
A' mosgladh ri speuran àrd ;
Bhrùchd gach doire pong is coireal :
Coisir loinneil iomadh fuaim ;
Is bùrn nan allt troimh ghleann is choille
Crònàn soilleir mu gach bruaich.

Na h-achaidhean fo thromlach barra ;
'S air machraichean gur Ìonmhor treud,
Le 'n cuid àl am braise mire
Ris na gillean th' as an déidh ;
Tha crùn a' phailteis air gach tasgaidh ;
Aghaidh thaitneach air gach nì ;
'S cha'n eil seadh 'sna bheil mi faicinn
Nach glacar anns an fhacal : Sith.

Sith is saorsa choisinn saothair
Ar sàr-laoich, 's a thug iad duinn ;
'S ciùan an t-aobhar, falaidh, faoilidh,
Thug an diugh an taobh so sinn :
Cuimhne-linn la mòr nam buadha
Nach leig Alba bhuaip' gu bràth
Cho fad 's a ruitheas tuil le gleann,
No sgaioleas tonn air gainneamh tràigh.

A' Baile Shruible 'n daingnich rioghail—
S' iomadh linn o'n thog i ceann—
Dh' aom an slugh am mach 'nam miltean,
Suaichneis riomhach ris gach crann ;
A' mhuintir dhùthchail tighinn 'nam buidhnean
O' n cinn uidhe air gach taobh ;
'S ceann nan gleann do 'n nòs a' chromag,
'S anns a' bhoineid badan fraoich.

'S tric a chluinnear fuaim a fàilte
Anns a' Ghàidhlig mhalda, bhinn ;
Dh' innseadh cridhealas an gàire
Gu'n deach an àrach anns na glinn ;
Faotainn ùil an cainnt am màthar,
Tlusmhor, tlàth mar bha i riamh,
'S i 'n diugh a' giùlan, mar a h-àbhaist,
Cridhe blàth fo cuailean liath.

Clach na brataich anns an t-sealladh ;
Iolach chaithreim aig na bh' ann,
Cheart cho luath 's a chit' am bàrr
An leóghann àrd-cheannach ri crann,
A' chlann òg an cuartaig mire,
Suaichneas aig gach gin diubh 'n àird,
Crioman bòidheach, paiper dathte
Ris gach slataig bha 'nan làimh.

Ach, Och ! a shaoghail, 's mairg a shaoil e :
Gu'm bheil crannchur dhaoine buan.
Ann am mìos gu 'n d'fhalbh ar faoileachd,
'S thugadh aoibh is aoigheachd bhuainn
Leis na sgeòil—is chaidh an dearbhadh—
Bha tighinn thar faireg gu gach port :
Gu'm bheil na muilleanan 'sa Ghearmailt,
'S gun smid seanchais ac' ach mort.

Air snàmh an cuan 'na boil 's 'na bòilich—
Cha'n eil còir ach aice féin—
Cha 'n eil rioghachd 'san Roinn Eorpa
Ri bhi beò ach air a réir.
Dh' at i suas an uamhar buileach ;
Spùinn i, dh'fhuilich agus dh'fheann,
Thilg i 'n cearcall màis is mullaich
Thar a' bhuideal bha m' a ceann.

Bheuc an tarran “ buaidh a dh' aindeoin
Air an talamh mhór gu léir ; ”
Is ghlaoidh i Rìgh-nan neamh 's an domhain
'Na ghille-gnothaich choice féin ;
Sgrùd is sgràill i mùrlainn Shàtain
Far nach d' fhàg i sgolb no dealg,
A chuir fonn 'na chriathar toll
Is cuan nan tonn 'na ifrinn dearg.

Sheas an Eorp' an ioma-cheist bhronach
Mar eala leòint' air lochan làn ;
Ciod e mu Bhreatunn ? ciod e mu Bhreatunn ?
An aon cheist is an aon ràdh.
A h-uile uair cho fad ri linn,
Gun fhios dé chrìoch a thigeadh leis ;
Ghairm Breatunn air a h-Impireachd,
Is thuirtean an Impireachd : Tha mi deas,

Deas da-rìreadh, deas is dileas,
 'S grad a leum na mìltean suas,
 O dheàrrs na gréin', bho 'n chrois mu dheas,
 Gu boillsig fir chlis na h-àirde tuath;
 Iomadh fine, iomadh teanga,
 Aon-sgeulach a dhòl do 'n streup,
 Far an do dhearbhadh luchd-chraicinn-dorch
 Am fuil bhi dearg mar ar fuil féin.

Greis air aghart, greis a' tilleadh,
 Sud an iomairt a bha searbh;
 Ach dòchas cha do chaill sinn idir,
 'S ann an cruas ar gillean dh'earb;
 Fhuair an nàmh a leòr de Bhreatunn
 Bu chulaidh-mhagaidh leis air tùs
 'S bhi dol ri aodainn laoiach nan breacan
 'S fhad o 'n chaill e tlachd 'san tùrn.

'S leinn a' bhuaidh ged 's daor a luach,
 'S a liuthad truaghan th' ann an cràdh;
 Cha 'n iad na muilleanan ar call,
 Oir thig iad sud 'nan àm gu'r tràigh;
 Ach tha blàth caoinidh air na h-aodainn
 Nuair bheir smaoin an t-aobhar dhà;
 'S froidsaidh deòir a nuas mar bhraon
 A' caoidh nan laoch nach till gu bràth.

Ciod e 'n othail so mu 'n t-sith?
 Oir cha 'n eil innt' ach ni tha fuar;
 Thèid i air chall 's cha ghabh i faotainn
 Fad 's tha cridh an t-saoghail cruaidh;
 Ach thig an àithne ùr gu cleachdainn
 An tasgaidh aig gach neach 'na cridh,
 Is thig na slòigh le aobhneas taitneis
 Stìgh fo bhraataich Prionns-na-Sith.

THE RED WINE OF FRANCE.

By CAMPBELL OF SADDLELL, F.S.A. (Scot.), J.P.,
 The Captain of Saddell Castle.

"Boys, boys, oh righ, is it no now the truth I am telling you, my heroes, there is the breeding of a fine lady in the lines of her," laughed Big Roary from the tiller of his "free trade" sloop, "White Cocade," as the waters of Gigha Sound foamed at her bow, for the fine sailing breeze that was blowing was like wine in Big Roary's head, and the spell of the fine summer night held him, and brought out what was best in him.

"True for you, true for you," answered a small man, with a short beard turning white, as he filled a pannikin from out a small keg

and handed it to Big Roary. "To hell with you, Sandy Gometra, to be tempting me with yon stuff in one of God's own nights with 'the burning' on the water and the sloop in Gigha Sound—not a drop, not a drop till we are in Ardmish Bay," said he as he tossed the pannikin over the side, and at the same time he flung the sloop suddenly into the wind for a score of boats were ahead of him, and soon they were fast alongside. As Big Roary leaned over the side of the sloop, a boat drew alongside below him, that put a spell on him and sent the blood to his face, for there in the stern sheets was the bonniest lassie he had ever set his roving eyes on, and what a smile she gave him as she asked in a soft musical voice, that set his heart racing, "Please, Captain, have you any of the red wine of France?"

"That I have," he stammered, getting red in the face; "but—but, madam, it is for the Laird of Loup,—but a keg here or there will no' be missed, for I am no' the man to be refusing a fine lady when she is at the asking, Laird of Loup, or no Laird of Loup,—here's a keg of the best," and with that he lowered it into the boat.

"Thanks," said she, "and now for the reckoning."

"Tuts, tuts, we will be no' talking about it!" he answered; and as the boat pushed off from the stern sheets, the fine lady kissed her jewelled fingers to him. "Oh righ," said he to one of the Big MacNeill Brothers, who had come aboard to settle about a keg.

"Donald man, can you be telling me who yon fine lady was, that was alongside this very moment?"

"God save us," answered the other. "I am thinking, Big Roary, you have been heavy on it this trip to be seeing them sort of things."

"As sure as God made me, not a drop have I tasted since I cleared the Rathlin, and if you doubt me, ask yon limb of Satan, Sandy Gometra yonder, and he will be telling you the same!" he roared, bringing his great hand with a slap against the mast.

"Take it easy, man, I will take your word for it," answered the other, as the money chinked in Big Roary's palm, as he turned and slowly clambered over the side, leaving Big Roary gazing spell-bound over to where Ardmish lay in the shadows. With a fine slant of wind at the dawn, the "White Cocade" was off Ardpatrik, so ashore went her skipper to see what was doing and for a yarn, with the keeper of the Change House by the Ferry, who had been his boy's companion in a past

better left buried, and as he entered the kitchen someone touched him gently on the shoulder, and he turned quickly to meet face to face the fine lady that was making a restless man of him since he had set eyes on her at Gigha, and this time with a sad, sweet smile she asked him in a low tone for the "Red Wine of France."

"Madam, myself is real sorry, not a drop ashore have I this day," and at that out of the door she passed, with a faint sad smile, as the cheery landlord entered.

"A fine morning to you," said he, "and what is doing in your line?"

"Just the same old ploy," answered the other as he went on. "Who in the name of goodness was that fine lady that passed you in the doorway?"

"Fine lady!" laughed the other, shaking his fingers at him in jest; "oh, Roary, Roary, it is the sunstroke you are having again," then with a knowing wink, "Go easy on it, man, go easy."

"Maybe sunstroke or moonstroke, maybe or maybe no," answered Big Roary, red in the face with anger as he passed out of the doorway into the sunlight.

That night the "White Cocade" was off Bellochantuy, and as big Roary was walking up the sand to the Change House, right in his road came the lady again, and she was the colour of death.

"For God's sake give me, and the last time I will be asking you, the red wine of France," she whispered faintly; and as Big Roary was about to answer her, Fontenoy Colin, the landlord came striding quickly across the sand.

"Big Roary, Big Roary, take my word for it, you will be better aboard your sloop till the black gentry who are under my roof tree are away," he panted.

"Who may they be?" asked Big Roary.

"Just the Black Crows on their way back from the hanging in Campbeltown yesterday." "Who was for the tow this time, Fontenoy Colin, for myself is just back from the Low Countries?"

"Well, Big Roary, it was a bit lassie, and a real bonnie one at that, that Loup brought back with him from France, and she and him at words about young Corran's wife and next morning they found Loup with a fancy French knife in his ribs, and the lassie made no bones about the matter, but out with it, and she died game I am telling you; but they might have given her her last wish."

"Oh righ what was that?"

"A queer notion, you will be thinking, 'just give me a drink of the Red Wine of

France for the last time, for my happiest memories are bound up in it'—but devil a drop or taste of it did the poor lassie get." With that, Big Roary turned quickly. "I will be taking your advice, and no' be putting myself in them black gentries' way," answered he; and as he walked down to where his boat lay, he half muttered aloud, "Aye, aye! The Red Wine of France, never a keg of it will go under my hatches after this ploy—so help me, God!"

THE ART OF GAELIC DANCING.

The annual festival of Gaelic drama, music and dancing took place last month in Cork, and a short reminder about Gaelic style in dancing may be of interest to the competitors, and to revivalists generally.

The Oireachtas Committee have insisted on true Gaelic style in the stepdancing section, as a tendency to depart from this artistic form has been, and is still, noticeable on the part of young dancers.

FREAGCART, NOS GLUAISTE, AGUS OIBRIU ALT.

Oireachtas dancers are tested for *time, style and execution*. At the dancing competitions musicians are instructed not to depart from the rhythmic measure, which is the true Irish dancing *time* (freagairt).

The "rattle-away" habit of the youthful city dancer will be his undoing on the Oireachtas platform. He must "tone down" to the recognised steady time-beat of the many generations who practised the art. "Welting away" to the threadbare tune (as now played in Munster towns) of "Miss MacLeod's Reel" may appeal to the audience, but will win no marks for the perpetrator. The tendency to "gallop" is best checked by remembering the Connachtman's saying—"Ceol mear don droch-rinneoir" (fast music for the bad dancer)!

NOS GLU ISTE.

Carrying oneself well is the most important feature of Irish stepdancing, especially in the reel. This comes naturally to some, and must be developed by others. It is like the interpretation of a song. If the natural grace "is in, 'twill out." *Style* is marred by the selection of clumsy or *gymnastic* steps. "Heel-spiking" is the one great mistake of the modern urban dancer in Munster anyway, and is sarcastically referred to in Uibh Rathach as "rinnean an phreuchain" (the crow's step)—like a dying

crow "kicking his heels." One hornpipe step, a favourite with juniors, has three "spikes" in succession—a ludicrous movement.

Oireachtas judges have rightly set their faces against "Rinnce an Phreuchain," a decided enemy of style.

OIBRIU ALT.

Quick dancing gives little opportunity for oibriu alt (ankle-work). An intricate movement, a locking of the ankles, known in Cork as "the rock," is effective when the music is in correct time, but unsightly when scamped. A crack, a protruding nail in the platform may cause a broken ankle if "the rock" is done to "galloping" time.

It is to be hoped that Aonach Tailteann will look for the same high standard of *Freagairt*, *Nos Gluaiste* and *Oibriu Alt* as demanded for many years by the judges at Oireachtas Gaedhal.

"COS-AR-EASAIR."

A generation ago only those who knew the art "took the floor." Everyone prances about nowadays to native and foreign measures. As a Pearra dancer once put it: "*Nuair na bid siad ag lapaduiol bion, cosar-easair ar bun aeu.*" (When not hobbling like ducks, they're like men trampling furze). But Irish step-dancing is still only for "the light fantastic toe." True art demands simplicity and grace; *gymnastic* introductions must eventually spoil our dancing—an excellent training in deportment, and a striking part of our Gaelic culture.

SEAN TOIBIN.

BRIDGEND GAELIC CHOIR PICNIC.

On Saturday, 19th July, the Bridgend Choir of An Comunn Gaidhealach had a most enjoyable picnic to Gortantaoid, Islay. At the recent Mod held in Bowmore, the Choir gained first prize in the Choral competition, and their prize money defrayed the expenses incurred by the picnic. The day was exceptionally fine, and every one was in the best of spirits—one and all had the real "picnic feeling." Mr M'Killop, factor, Eallabus, with his usual kindness, granted the use of the Islay Estate motor lorry, which, together with a car from Bridgend Hotel, conveyed the happy crowd to their destination. All the ladies brought catables, and two teas were partaken of with much relish. To add to the enjoyment of the outing one of the members, Mr. Duncan Cameron, brought his bagpipes, and the cheery

strains of Highland music went a long way in making the day a red-letter one.

Gortantaoid is one of the prettiest spots in Islay, and the beautiful scenery was a fitting setting to such a merry "Highland Gathering." All present enjoyed themselves immensely, and felt quite sorry when the setting sun heralded the end of what was indeed "a perfect day."

THE VISIT OF THE ORDER OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS OF AMERICA.

The Scotsman's strongest characteristic is his intense love of his homeland, and the further, and the longer, he is away from it the more intense his love becomes. It was this love that gave the impetus to the members of the Order of the Scottish Clans of America to organise their excursion to Scotland this year.

When it became known in Glasgow that they intended visiting this country in an organised capacity there was a spontaneous desire expressed to mark the occasion with an official welcome from the Scottish Societies in the city. What more appropriate association could be found to initiate such a movement than An Comunn Gaidhealach? To An Comunn, then, fell the duty of arranging a meeting of representatives of Highland and Clan Societies, and a committee was formed of those who responded to the circular sent out.

The Corporation of Glasgow decided, also, to extend a civic welcome to the Order at a reception in the City Chambers.

The Anchor Line of steamships offered to assist the Reception Committee, and throughout the negotiations they spared no effort to meet the wishes of the committee.

The members of the Order, numbering about a thousand persons, were travelling from America by the S.S. "California," and by invitation of the Anchor Line, representatives of the Reception Committee were invited to join the "California" at the Tail of the Bank. Thus it was that on Sunday evening, the 3rd August, a number of representatives, some in Highland dress, might be seen converging on Yorkhill Wharf to board the tender, the S.S. "Paladin." Amongst those present were Col. Walter Scott, of New York, Past Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans of America, and Hon. Police Commissioner of New York, and his daughter, Mrs. Edith Scott Magna, Vice-president of the Daughters of the American

Revolution, both of whom had travelled expressly from Paris to meet their countrymen on the "California," Capt. G. D. MacLeod and Mrs. MacLeod, of New York; Mr. Angus Robertson, President of An Comunn Gaidhealach; Mrs. and Miss Robertson; Rev. Dr. Alex. Mackinnon, of St. Columba Parish Church, Glasgow; Messrs Robert Bain, Donald Currie, Archibald Ferguson, Alex. Fraser, Neil Shaw (Secretary, An Comunn Gaidhealach), and officials of the Anchor Line. The sky had been overcast throughout the day, but while the "Paladin" was steaming down the Clyde, the sun broke through the clouds, as if he, too, were determined to honour the occasion. After a short stay at Princes Pier the tender lay to off Greenock until the "California" arrived shortly after nine o'clock. The greeting from the clansmen on board was a sight never to be forgotten, and only the Scottish feeling of sanctity for the Sabbath prevented it from being boisterous. Hundreds of miniature Scottish standards and star-spangled banners were waved from all the decks by the voyagers, many of whom, of Scottish descent, had never seen Scotland before.

Proceeding on board the "California" the deputation from Glasgow made their way through a cheering throng to the saloon lounge, where Mr. Angus Robertson and the Rev. Dr. Mackinnon gave the clansmen a cordial welcome on behalf of the Highland, Clan, and Scottish Societies of Glasgow. Mr. Duncan M'Innes, Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans, suitably replied in accents and idiom as Scottish as when he left for America over 40 years ago, and Col. Scott also spoke. The Glasgow deputation were afterwards introduced to Mr. A. Pender, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Order; Mr. Herbert Graham, editor of "The Scottish-American"; Mr. Aikman Ogg and Mr. Atkins, of New York, all of whom had assisted to organise the excursion.

The Order now consists of 175 clans throughout the United States and Canada, and has over 24,000 members. It provides all the benefits of a friendly society, promotes social intercourse, organises the celebration of events of importance in Scottish history, and promotes Highland games, dancing, and piping throughout America. The membership is confined to men, but the distaff side is suitably provided for by the kindred society, Daughters of Scotia, who were largely represented on the "California."

Early on Monday morning the clansmen disembarked at Yorkhill Wharf, where they were welcomed by more representatives from

Highland and Clan Societies, while the music of the pipe band of the Glasgow Highlanders gave a true Scottish atmosphere to the proceedings.

During the forenoon a more formal welcome was given to the clansmen in St. Andrew's Halls, but owing to the inconvenient hour the attendance was small. Mr. Angus Robertson occupied the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Mackinnon, Mrs. Burnley Campbell of Ormidale, and Mr. Malcolm MacLeod addressed the visitors in terms of most cordial welcome. Col. Walter Scott replied for the visitors, and spoke of the rapid growth of Scottish societies in America, and of the love of Scotsmen for the history and customs of the homeland. As the proceedings were concluding, Sir Harry Lauder arrived and addressed those present, imparting considerable liveliness to the gathering.

In the afternoon the clansmen were entertained by the Corporation in the City Chambers. The guests were received by Lord Provost and Mrs. Montgomery and the Magistrates, and the company afterwards assembled in the Banqueting Hall. The Lord Provost, who was accompanied on the platform by a representative company of prominent ladies and gentlemen, said it afforded him more than ordinary pleasure to welcome people from overseas, particularly our own kith and kin. The gathering reminded him of the old days when the clans met in mountain passes, sometimes with friendly intent, sometimes otherwise. But the days of the romantic and picturesque had passed away, and we lived in more prosaic and practical times. The spirit of Scotland naturally pervaded America, and nearly every town had its clan society. So long as these existed Scottish sentiment and traditions, of which they were all so proud, will never die. He hoped they would have an enjoyable stay in Scotland, and that Scots mistis would not obscure from view the loveliness and grandeur of the land.

Mr. Duncan M'Innes thanked the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and said that when the tour was organised they never thought that the Second City of the Empire, and the most enterprising city in the British Commonwealth, would offer them such a grand welcome, or that the societies in Glasgow would be interested in their coming. Mr. Herbert Graham also replied on behalf of the clansmen.

In proposing a vote of thanks to the Lord Provost, Sir Harry Lauder said it took a brither Scot to welcome a brither Scot, and the blood was in the Provost. He advised the clansmen to have a good time, then go home

and make more dollars and come back again, and everybody would be pleased to see them.

In the evening a Gaelic and Scottish concert was held in St. Andrew's (Berkeley) Halls, where the accommodation proved inadequate, and many people were unable to gain admittance. Cameron of Lochiel presided, and he was accompanied on the platform by Lady Hermione Cameron; Sir J. M. MacLeod, Bart.; Mr. Duncan McInnes, Royal Chief of the Order; Col. Walter Scott, Past Royal Chief, and his daughter, Mrs. E. Scott Magna; Sir Harry and Lady Lauder; Mr. and Mrs. Angus Robertson; Lieut.-Col. Norman MacLeod; Mr. Malcolm and Miss MacLeod; Rev. Dr. Alex. Mackinnon; Capt. and Mrs. G. D. MacLeod, of New York; Mr. Herbert Graham, editor of "The Scottish-American;" Messrs A. L. Cumming and J. Leslie, Anchor Line, and many others.

When welcoming the clansmen, Lochiel spoke of their common origin and common stock. America could show them everything new and up-to-date, but in this country we could show them old things that were revered—cathedrals, castles, and historical associations were to be found all over the country. What struck him most when he visited America was the way in which Scottish-Americans kept up the romantic spirit. Everywhere, too, there was unbounded kindness and hospitality. He was a believer in the League of Nations, but he was a more ardent believer in a union between the United States and the British Empire as a means to keep the world right. He hoped the visitors would enjoy their stay in dear old Scotland.

Sir Harry Lauder hoped the clansmen would have a "bully" time while in Scotland. "Don't you feel," he asked, "that it is something to be Scottish, and are you not making us all proud that you have come across the Atlantic?" In Scotland, he continued, they were trying to build up something better than had gone before, and they could not get a better building inspiration than to keep in league with the Gaelic language. He had met men in Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand who had never been in Scotland, and yet spoke Gaelic and preserved the Gaelic sentiment.

An excellent musical programme was sustained by Miss Phemie Marquis, Miss Flora McNeill, Miss Donalda Robertson (daughter of the President of An Comunn), Miss Florence MacBride, Miss Waddell, Mr. Chas. MacColl, Mr. Lewis Cowie, Mr. Martyn Webster, the Massie troupe of juvenile dancers, and Pipers

Wm. Mann, J. McLellan Macintyre and John C. MacColl.

A vote of thanks to Lochiel, proposed by Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, and one to the artistes, proposed by Col. Walter Scott, were accorded with great enthusiasm.

Everyone who associated in any way with the clansmen will fervently hope that their intention to visit Scotland in an organised body every second year may be realised, and if home Scots are not so spectacular in their welcome as some races, they are none the less sincere.

An Comunn Gaidhealach Publications.

Rosg Gaidhlig—Specimens of Gaelic Prose. Circa 1000 A.D. to present day. Edited by Professor W. J. WATSON, LL.D. 2s 6d, postage 6d.

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Coisir a' Mhoid—Mod Collection or Part Songs (1896-1912). Either Notation. 1s 6d, postage 2d.

New Gaelic School Text Books (5). Edited by Donald Macphie, F.E.I.S., under the direction of Professor W. J. Watson, LL.D., published by Messrs Blackie & Son, Ltd. Children's Primer, Children's Reader, 7d Postage 1½d. Readers 1, 2, and 3, 1s 4d, 1s 6d, and 1s 10d, Postage 3d.

The Elements of Celtic Art, by E. K. Carmichael, M.C. 1s, postage 1½d. "In a very small space he has covered the field, given a sense of the meaning and value of the Art, and shown us its underlying principles."—John Duncan, A.R.S.A.

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An Gaidheal (The Gael)—Official Magazine of AN COMUNN. Free to Members. Subscribers, 1s 6d per annum, post free.

NEIL SHAW, 114 WEST CAMPBELL STREET
GLASGOW,

MULL PROVINCIAL MOD.

By Miss JENNIE GIVEN, A.R.C.M.

“Ged a shiubhail mi cian b'e Caol Muile mo
mhiann
Cha d'eirich a' ghrian air na 's boidhch.”

As we sailed up the Sound of Mull, inevitably the above words came to our lips. It was the 9th of July, and we were on our way to the first Mull, Ardnamurchan and Morven Provincial Mod, to be held in Tobermory, on the following day.

The evening was perfect, and the little “Lochinvar,” ploughing her way steadily along, broke the surface of a sea that was like a mirror—a mirror which truthfully reflected the lovely scene on either side. Far behind us, Cruachan, having shaken off his night-cap, stood out plainly against the sky. The weather-wise regarded him dolefully, and prophesied rain on the morrow.

We reached Tobermory at 9 o'clock and found the Mod Committee waiting on the pier to welcome us, and to cheer us with talk of the general interest being taken in the good work to be done the next day.

In the morning we found that the most gloomy forebodings of the weather experts had been fulfilled, but teeming rain was powerless to affect the success of the Mod. From the time of the first competition at 9.30, the Aros Halls were crowded, and the committee had reason to congratulate themselves on the enthusiasm displayed at the various sessions. The time table was well arranged, and ran smoothly from start to finish. Musically it was of great interest, although performances were very much on a level. There were many good voices, and the songs, duets, and part songs had been well prepared. The competitors sang without accompaniment, and this was to me an outstanding feature of the Mod. It was a long step in the right direction, and, I trust, that as time goes on, competitors at Provincial Mods (especially those who are in the habit of singing unaccompanied) will have courage to dispense with the piano. The rhythm was fair on the whole, and the speed at which the various songs were “taken” was excellent. In the senior vocal section there was one grave fault—lack of expression. I spoke of this in my address at the concert, and I should like to emphasise it again. Too often the songs were sung as if the singer had

not the slightest interest in what he or she was singing about. The words seemed to hold little meaning for the competitors, and although there were many fine voices, there were few fine renderings. There was too much restraint in the solo singing, but I hope another Mod will see more evidence of the singers' *understanding of*, and *belief in* their songs. I think choir singing is a great help towards throwing off restraint in solo singing, and I should like to hear of several choirs being formed in each district, even if they did not all come forward to the Mods. One word more about the seniors. I would suggest that when they choose their own song, they might learn some of those which are less well known. There are many of great beauty and simplicity which are seldom sung, and the preparing of these would make the competitors' work for the Mod doubly interesting, and would bring half forgotten songs into notice again. It would also lighten the adjudicator's task, for however fine a song may be, the thirtieth hearing in one day tends to make one regard it rather coldly.

The children made a brave show vocally, and gave evidence of most careful training. There was only one choir, the Tobermory Junior Choir, in the competition for two-part singing, but they were very good, and their interpretation of the song was wonderfully complete. Their tone has improved very much since I heard them at Oban in May, and their response to their conductor's beat was splendid: the attack and take-off could hardly have been better.

I cannot speak too highly of the tone of the Salen Junior Choir in the unison singing. I understand they had only been practising for a short time, but their tone would have won high praise at any big festival. It was clear, pure, and unforced—the child's voice as it ought to be, and I trust that their conductor will never let them lose this lovely tone in their singing. The Junior Section, both solo and choral, was full of promise. The evening concert was crowded, and a splendid programme gone through. It owed much of its success to Mrs. M'Gilp, the talented and sympathetic accompanist, and it was made memorable to me by the duet singing of Miss Currie and Mr. M'Lean. We left Tobermory early next morning, and in my ears there kept ringing the words I had listened to so often the day before—

“Soiridh slan leis gach loinn is buaidh
A bheir eilean aghmhor nan ard-bheann fuara.”

SECRETARY'S PAGE.

Aig toiseach a' mhiosa chaidh seachad bha sinn a' cur fàilte chridheil bhlàth air ar luchd dainh thar a' chuain, agus air a' mhios so bidh sinn a' fàgail beannachd leo air bruachan Chlmaidh. Chan 'eil e gu mìgh ciod an soirbheachadh a bhios aig ar luchd-dùthcha an tìrean fad as, math no dona, tha an iargain agus an ionndrainn a' tromachadh mar theid na bliadhnanach seachad. Tha an t-iartras Alba bhòidheach fhaicinn uair eile a' toirt buadha agus cha ghàbhadh cuain a chumas am fògarrach thall. Bha sinn toilichte ar luchd dainh fhaicinn air fonn an sinnsr agus tha sinn a' guidhe turus cnain math dhoibh. Bidh dùil ri móran diubh fhaicinn air ais uair eile. Buaidh is piseach orra!

* * * *

The entries for the Perth Mod are very encouraging. In the Senior Solo Section there are two record entries for individual competitions. These are the "Oban and Lorn" and the "James Grant" Memorial, with 65 and 57 respectively. Twenty years ago 65 would be considered a good total entry in this section. The Oral Section, however, has fallen short of previous entries, both Senior and Junior. The Oral section was particularly strong at the Provincial Mods, and a few representatives from each would be welcomed. As these Provincial Mods develop we may look for increased interest and entry in this section.

* * * *

It is interesting and encouraging to record here that prize winners in the Solo Sections of the Lorn, Islay and Mid-Argyll Provincial Mods are entered for the various solo competitions at the National Mod. The three gentlemen who gained the first prize at their respective Mods are taking part in the Gold Medal series. Thus the Provincial Mods are already fulfilling their purpose. When these Provincial Mods are firmly established and can carry through a programme on their own, financially, grants in aid of travelling expenses should be made to encourage all first prize winners to take part in the National Mod competitions. Mid-Argyll is already able to do this.

* * * *

The following are the entries in the various sections at Perth:—Junior—Literary, 154; Oral, 46; Solo and Duet, 77; Choral, 12. Senior—Literary, 50; Oral, 29; Solo and Duet, 332; Choral, 29; Instrumental, 13—Grand total, 742. Junior Choirs for the "Oban

Times" Challenge Trophy are—Abriachan, Ballachulish and Inverness. Senior Choirs for the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield are—Blair Atholl, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Inverness and Oban. The splendid number of 19 are going forward for each of the Gold Medals. These 38 competitors, in addition to taking part in the Medal series of competitions, must also pass the Gaelic test before they are allowed to compete in the "Oran Mór" Competition, one of the prescribed competitions.

* * * *

The City Hall, Perth, is a most convenient hall for Mod competitions, and I would again remind competitors to make use of the side rooms and hold themselves in readiness for their respective competitions. Mixing with the audience will not be allowed. Competitors, more even than the stewards, can assist in carrying through the programme smoothly and expeditiously. In the large Hall front seats are reserved for competitors.

* * * *

The Mod programme has been arranged on lines similar to those of former Mods, Tuesday being taken up entirely with the Junior Competitions, and in the evening the Junior Concert. The Senior Solo Competitions commence on Wednesday morning at 10. The Official Opening is at 2 p.m., and a Ceilidh arranged by the Local Committee will be given in the evening. All members and competitors are cordially invited to attend. For the Grand Concert on Friday evening prices are as formerly, viz.:—Reserved Seats, 5s 9d and 3s 6d; Unreserved, 2s 4d, and a limited number at 1s 2d. Messrs. Methven Simpson, Ltd., 29 County Place, Perth, have been given charge of all booking arrangements. Orders for tickets by post should include postage.

* * * *

In a former issue I made mention of the splendid response to our appeal for increased membership. Since the appeal was issued 11 life and 153 ordinary members have been added to the roll. After the Annual Meeting a month hence the Year Book containing a full list of members will be issued, and those members who have still coupon backs on hand might please try and send in as many names as possible before the end of the month. Every member attending the Mod should carry a coupon book. The treasurer is always at hand.

NIALL.

AN GAIDHEAL 'S A DHUTHAICH.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

Le "CABAR-FEIDH."

'S fhada o'n tàm 'dh'fhàg mi mo thìr,
 Dh'fhalbh mi gu sgìth, brònach;
 Thriall mi 'thìr chéin, gun charaid, gun chéil',
 Am breislich 's an cu-dòchas;
 Chaill mi mo stà, theich uam mo chàil,
 Dona gach là dhòmh-sa,
 'S mi airsnealach, truagh, 'seòladh a' chuain,
 'N aimsir gu fuar, reòta.

Ràinig mi thall, ghuil mi gu trom,
 'Tuireadh nan sonn àluinn—
 Cuideachd mo ghaoil, Gàidheil an fhraoich,
 An teanntachd fo dhaors' chràitich;
 Iadsan fo smachd—ochan mo chreach!
 Naimhdean 's luchd-brath' làimh riu,—
 Le laghannan ceàrr 'rinneadh le nàmh,
 Muinntir mo ghràidh sàraicht'.

Chaitris mi dian iomadaidh bliadhn',
 'Feitheamh ri sgial fàbhoir
 'Thigh'nn thar an t-sàil á dùthaich nan àrd
 'S nan coireachan blàth', àillidh;
 Thàinig fadheòidh naigheachd a' m' chòir
 A chuir orm pròis àraid—
 Gaisgich nan gleann 'togail an ceann
 A' briseadh nam fang thàireil.

Cànan is briagh' ag ùrachadh miadh,
 Gàidhlig 'bha riamh clùiteach,
 Curaidhean còir 'cumail oir' dòigh,
 Sean agus òg fhiùghail;
 Cànan tha blasd', cànan tha glan,
 Cànan tha sean, siùbhlach,
 Cànan mo shluaigh, cànan bhios buan,
 Cànan bha uair cùrteil.

Sin an sgeul grinn thoilich mo chridh'
 A ghluais mi gu seinn òrain,
 Leum mi gu h-àrd, ealamh air làr,
 'Seasamh air bàrr m' òrdaig;
 Thog mi mo ghuth, fonnmhor, neo-thiugh,
 Threig gach leann-dubh 's bròn mi,
 Thug mi 's an àm car air an danns',
 'S na 'm biodh ann dràm, dh'òlainn.

Mo mhiann-sa bhi 'n dràs an dùthaich mo
 ghràidh,
 'Ga cobhair gu àrd-shaorsa,
 Ma dh' fhuingeas mo shlàint', gu'n triall mi
 gun dàil
 Gu fearann as fearr daoine;
 Mo chridhe, bi calm, gun eagal ro stoirm,
 'S mi tilleadh gu Alb' chraobhaich;
 Gus an téid mi 's an uaigh 's i an tìr ud mo
 luaidh—
 Biodh oirre deadh bhuaidh daonnan!

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THE LONDON HIGHLAND CLUB.

A VISITOR'S IMPRESSIONS.

The youngest, and certainly not the least vigorous, of Highland organisations in the Capital, is the Highland Club. Though it has not yet completed the first year of its history, it has already a membership of some hundreds, and the number is constantly growing. Its weekly Ceilidh, in one of the rooms of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, is crowded to the point of positive discomfort.

The remarkable success which has already attended the Club, while it affords striking evidence of the energy and capacity of its promoters, clearly indicates that the time was ripe for its institution.

In so large a city as London, with great distances separating friends, it is a privilege of no ordinary kind to have such a meeting-place as the Club affords, to which young and old may resort, assured of finding congenial company. The sagacious and genial Lewisman who presides over the Ceilidh has a warm and sincere welcome for everybody. He has a rich gift of humour, with which his observations from the chair are salted and seasoned; he is thoroughly at home in Gaelic and English, and makes equal use of both.

The Club is compelled, by its remarkable success, to seek more adequate premises. The quest is rather a difficult one, but the quiet enthusiasm, courage, and business-like methods, which have up till now characterised the inception and management of the Club, will enable it to achieve its aim in this also.

The Highlanders of London were obviously prepared to welcome the Club and support it, and if the progress it has made in the few months of its existence is to be taken as a criterion, complete success may confidently be predicted for it. No one who visits it can fail to understand the secret of its attractiveness. The right atmosphere has been created—friendly, cordial, and unmistakably Highland; and while that atmosphere is maintained the Club will continue to command the support of loyal Highland hearts.

No one is permitted to feel himself or herself a stranger at the Club. Everyone is cordially welcomed, and there is an utter absence of formality and stiffness. The soft, refreshing sounds of the Gaelic tongue are heard on every hand. One moves about with perfect freedom—at least, with as much freedom as the crowded condition of the room permits—exchanging greetings with friends and acquaintances.

The Club looks as if it were destined to play an important part in the social life of London Highlanders. Not only to those permanently resident in London, but to temporary sojourners, it should prove a powerful centre of attraction.

The office-bearers and committee merit cordial recognition of the energy and enterprise they have shown, and in this connection special mention ought to be made of the hard and ungrudging work performed by the capable and courteous secretary.

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