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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW

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65 WEST REGENT STREET

GLASGOW

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AN GEARRAN, 1957

Aireamh 2

Farsaingeachd Nan Speur

Le CAILEAN T. MACCOINNICH

(Aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta 1956 choisinn an oidhirp litreachais seo Duais dhleib Theàrlaich Iain Mhic-an-rothaich Fhoighris).

“AN uair a dh'amhairceas mi air do nèamha, obair do mheur; air a' ghealaich agus na reultan a shuidhich thu; (their mi an sin) Ciod e an duine gum biodh tusa cuimhneachail air?”

Tha iomadh ceud bliadhna o'n sgrìobh an Salmaidh na briathran seo, is ged tha an duine air mòran a chur ri 'eòlas o'n àm sin, is mòran fhòghlum mu thimcheall nan saoghal lainnir-each a tha ag òradh aghaidh nan speur, tha mòran fhathast an diomhair air, a' feitheamh sgrùdadh tuigse agus ealain nan linn a tha ri teachd.

Tha na nèamhan àrda farsaing fhathast làn iongantais is uamhais; cha do rinn rannsachadh tuigse is mac-meanmna an duine ach buntainn ri fìor iomall an achaidh mhòir seo, agus, a dh'aindeoin cho fada a mach is a shineas eòlas, tha e eu-comasach dha a ràdh càit a bheil crìochan an domhain, càit a bheil na reultan a' sgur, no a bheil iad a' tighinn gu crìch idir.

Cha do rinn geur-rannsachadh eòlais troimh na linntean ach an duine a thoirt, mar gum biodh, gu stairsnich ùir far a bheil an tuilleadh cheistean 'ga fheitheamh. Gun teagamh dh'atharraich eòlas beachdan dhaoine a thaobh

buill chian nan speur; bha iongantais nàduir 's a' chruinne-ché 'na aobhar eagail is uamhais le daoine cho fad air ais is a nì eachdraidh nan ginealach ruigheachd. Is tha e furasda dhuinn a thuigsinn car son a bha ar ceud sinnsearan ag aoradh do'n ghréin, do'n ghealaich, is do reultan an adhair.

An diugh, ged nach e an aon ghnè eagail a tha daoine ag altrum fa chomhair nan iongantais sin, is ged a chuir fòghlum is fiosrachadh as de'n t-seann bheachd gu robh cumhachdan mì-nàdurra aig reultan nèimh, tha na buill shoillseach seo fhathast 'nan aobhar uamhais.

Tha feartan is cumhachdan co-cheangailte riutha a dh'fhaodadh an saoghal seo againne a sgrìos ann prìoba na sùlach. Tha an duine fhéin air ceum mór adhartais a ghabhail ann a bhith a' fàs gach a mach á buadhan nan dùl feartan àraidh a tha cunnartach ri laimh-seachadh, cumhachdan a tha aige fo cheannas gu beagach ach a dh'fhaodadh call is dòrainn a thoirt air an t-saoghal uile nan rachadh iad o rian. Ach gun ghuth a thoirt air an taobh seo, de'n ghnòthach, tha feallsanaich fhòghlumte ag innse dhuinn gu bheil e coltach gu leòr gum faod luasgan neo atharrachadh àite a ghabhail an cùrsa nàdurra nam ball cian seo féin troimh

na speuran agus an talamh a chrionadh as ann an léirsgríos uamhasach.

Thachair rud no dha anns na bliadhnanach a chaidh seachd a thug dhachaigh gu làidir gu inntinn dhaoine an cunnart anns a bheil an talamh seo daonnan a' seasamh a thaobh a shuidheachaidh an coimeas ri buill eile nan speur. Anns a' bhliadhna naoi ceud deug 's a deich ghlac iomagain is eagal am mór-shluagh is iad a' feitheamh ri coimhionadh fàisneachd a rinn am feallsanach ainmeil Hallaidh. Thubhairt esan greis mhaith roimh an seo gun tigeadh reul-chearbach neo dreag neo-àbhaisteach cho dlùth air an talamh is gun cuireadh eadhon sguabhadh de a h-earball as do'n talamh seo againn. An uair a nochd i dìreach mu'n dearbh là is uair a thubhairt am feallsanach, is a chite i leis an t-suil nàdurra, cha robh teagamh sam bith aig daoine nach coimhionte a' chuid eile de a fhàisneachd a thaobh a' challa a bha i a' dol a dheanamh. Ach bha e ceàrr—chaidh an talamh tre dhuathar is smùid a h-earbaill gun bheud, earball a bha muillion mìle air fhaid.

Anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug agus a h-aon deug lìonadh na speuran le sradagan teine o sgeith-rionnag nach fhacas riamh a leithid. Sgaoil eagal is uamhann am measg an t-sluaigh anns gach àite; bha a' mhòr-chuid de'n làn-bheachd gur e deireadh an t-saoghail a bha ann, ach shìolaidh an luasgan is an ùpraid eagalach seo anns na speuran gun mhilleadh sam bith a dheanamh.

Ach faodaidh a leithidean eile tachairt uair sam bith gun chaismeachd gun rabhadh; a réir gach coslais chan 'eil bagraidhean nan speur fhathast ullamh. Their daoine fiosrachail, fòghluimte an diugh gu bheil a' ghealach a' sìor theannadh dlùth air an talamh a tha i a' cuartachadh, agus gun tig i fa-dheòidh cho fhairs air is gun toir a tarraing air na làin-mhara dol bun os cionn. Ma thachras seo, bidh làn neo-àbhaisteach ann, nì crìthead-talmhainn uamhasach an saoghal a chrathadh, is éiridh stoirmean gaoithe le smùid de mhìndhuslach mairbhteach a chuireas as do gach nì beò air uachdar na talmhainn.

A rithist, that cuid a rinn gear rannsachadh air gnothaichean de'n t-seòrsa seo ag ràdh gu bheil a' ghrian a' call a blàiths mean air mhean agus, an uair a shìolas a teas is a solus gu ìre àraidh, gum faigh gach nì a tha beò neo a' fàs air aghaidh na talmhainn bàs. Is e smuain chudhrmach a tha ann, gu h-àraidh an uair a dh'fheumar aideachadh nach 'eil na feallsanaich tric ceàrr! Ach tha aon chomhfhurtachd bheag againn agus is e seo e—o nach 'eil mòran eòlais gun tachair aon seach aon dhiubh seo na's luaithe na dà cheud muillion bliadhna o'n àm seo, cha chuir iad mòran dragh oirne!

Agus cò aig a bheil fios càit am bi an duine roimh an àm sin? A réir is mar a tha eòlas agus fiosrachadh a' dol air n-adhart faodaidh e bhith gun bi mac an duine ag àiteachadh aon de na planaidean eile ann an ùine nach 'eil cho buileach fada. Tha iomadh atharrachadh air àite a ghabhail am beachdan is an dùilean dhaoine—chan 'eil sinn tuilleadh riaraichte le bhith ag amharc is a' beachdachadh air reultan an adhair le ar sùilean no eadhon troimh na gloineachan as geòire fradharc. Tha gloineachan a nis ann a bheir na reultan cian gu math dlùth dhuinn, agus chan 'eil teagamh nach ann na's fèarr a bhios iad a' dol.

Ach cha leòr sin. Chan fhoghainn leis an duine a bhith ag amharc; feumaidh e a chos a chur air gach fearann is talamh nuadh a ch'è. Mar a bha na seòid a lorg gach fearann ùr air an d'fhuaras roghas anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh, tha an ginealach againne a' sìneadh a mach a dh'ionnsaigh reultan is planaidean an adhair. Cha dean na's lugha na ùghdarras thairis air a' chruinne-ché togradh is miann an duine a shàsachadh; mur faigh e sin, chan 'eil nì as cinntiche na gum faigh e bàs anns an oidhirp.

Their cuid nach robh e riamh an rùn an Tì a chruthaich a' chruinne gun gluaiseadh an duine a mach air na crìochan a chuir a chomasan nàdurra roimhe. Ach dé dha sin? Thug e buaidh air an adhar, nì a bha uair-eigin ag amharc eu-comasach gu leòr. Sìubhlaidh e a nis air slihe nan speur mar uen, agus sin aig astar a bheir buaidh air luathas na h-iolair is a' ghobhlain-ghaoithe. Tha e air tolladh a steach do chridhe na talmhainn is air a h-ionmhasan dìomhair a spùilleadh. Seòlaidh e thar nan cuantan móra, agus snàmhaidh e mar an t-iasg an doimhne aigeal na faire. Chan 'eil bliadhna a' dol seachd nach cluinn sinn mu innleachdan is dòighean ùra air an lorg a chum a bhith a' toirt dha làmh-an-uachdair air dùilean nàdur.

Càit a bheil crìochan comasan an duine? Neo a bheil crìochan ann? Cò aig a bheil fhios dé a tha an rùn an Tì a chruthaich talamh agus nèamh fa chomhair feum a' chreutair a chuir e air an talamh seo? Anns an aimsir chian a tha ri teachd, an uair a thionndas an talamh 'na mheall fuar, marbh mar a rinn na planaidean iomallach eile aon as déidh aoin troimh na linntean, cò as urrainn a ràdh nach 'eil ullachadh aig freasdal air a dheanamh fa chomhair an ama sin air son àite còmhaidh uigheamachadh do'n duine air aon de na planaidean as fhaisge air a' ghréin. Nach fhaod gur e gliocas freasdail a tha a' co-éigneachadh dhaoine gu bhith a' rannsachadh an adhair is a' sìor lorg dhòighean is ealain a chum a bhith a' sìubhal thairis air na h-astair chian a tha eadar reult is reult?

Gun teagamh tha speuradairean fòghluinte ag innse dhuinn nach biodh e idir comasach do dhaoine tighinn beò air aon seach aon de'n dà phlanaid as dlùithe air a' ghréin, Bhénus agus Mercuraidh. Cho fìor is gum faod sin a bhith aig an àm seo, a bheil cinnte aca nach bi Bhénus fhathast mar a tha an talamh againn fhéin an diugh? Nach 'eil na dearbh dhaoine ag innse dhuinn gu robh an talamh seo aig aon àm, fada mun robh nì beò a' fàs no a' gluasad air, teth, creagach, lom agus còmhdaichte na crìos de mhin-dhuslach mairbhteach nach b'urrainn duine no ainmhidh analachadh? Ach dh'atharraich e! Nach 'eil e cho coltach gun tig an t-atharrachadh ceudna air Bhénus? Agus sin mun toir cion blàiths air mac an duine an saoghal air a bheil e a thréigsinn?

Ma tha a' ghrian a' call a teas, mar a tha iad a' cumail a mach, chan 'eil nì as cinntiche na gum bi Bhénus a' sior fhàs fuar agus, 'na déidh, Mercuraidh. Chan 'eil e thar creidsinn gun tig an t-àm anns am bi na planaidean seo freagarrach air son beatha a ghiùlan agus daoine àrach air an broilleach. Agus 'na dhéidh sin? An uair a gheibh a' ghrian féin bàs mar a tha coltach gu leòr dhi a thaobh laghannan nàduir, càit an toir mac an duine a cheann foidhe?

Tha an aimsir cho fad as, àireamh nam bliadhnachan cho lionmhor, astar tim cho cian mun urrainn seo tachairt is gum faod iomadh atharrachadh nach 'eil dùil ris àite a ghabhail.

Maille ris gach nì iongantach eile a thug geur-rannsachadh is fòghlum gu solus 'nar linn, tha fhios againn nach e a mhàin gu bheil gach reult is planaid a' gluasad, gach aon air a cùrsa féin, ach gu bheil an cearcall-gréine d'am buin an talamh, a' ghrian is gach ball a tha m'a timcheall anns a' chearcall, a' gluasad mar aon mheall mór troimh fharsaingeachd nan spur. Tha fhios againn gu bheil iomadh cearcall no grioglachan-reult eile anns na nèamhan, cuid dhuibh le an gréin féin is le buill fa leth a' gluasad m'an timcheall.

Dé a bhacas planaidean is reultan a' chearcaill againne gluasad a steach air crìochan cearcaill eile? Cearcall-reult aig a bheil griann òg aig a bheil ceudan muillion bliadhna de bheatha a' sìneadh a mach roimhpe is

roimh na buill a tha a' gabhail an cuairt m'a timcheall. Nach 'eil e comasach gu leòr seo tachairt mun faigh a' ghrian againne is na planaidean aice bàs?

Is e gnothach cudthromach a tha ann ri chnuasachadh, is mar as motha a bheachdaicheas neach air is ann as iongantach a tha suidheachadh is dealbhachd nàduir a' fàs 'na shùilean. Tha e dualach dhuinn a bhith a' tighinn thun a' cho-dhùnaidh gu an tàinig an salmaidh:

Tha 'n t-èòlas seo ro-iongantach,
is ormsa tha e cruaidh;

Cha ruig mi air, oir tha e àrd
r'a thuigsinn is r'a luaidh.

Tha gliocas, èòlas, is cumhachd an Tì a dhealbh an cruinne-cé is a chuir reultan an adhair air an cuairt cho neo-chrìochnach is nach 'eil nì sam bith eu-comasach dha—tha e nàdurra dhuinn a bhith a' creidsinn gu bheil ullachadh a fhreasdail fa chomhair mhic an duine sìorruidh.

Anns a' chreideamh sin, is e cuid an duine a bhith a' dol air adhart le sgrùdadh, rannsachadh, agus tional èòlais, aig an aon àm a' gleidheadh a dhòchais ann an seòladh agus stiùradh math an Uile-chumhachdaich. As eugmhais seo chan 'eil èòlas is fòghlum ach dìomhain. "An tì a mheudaicheas èòlas, meudaichidh e bròn," tha an seanfhacal ag ràdh, agus is fheudar gu bheil sin fìor gu sònraichte mu thimcheall èòlais nach 'eil fuaighte ri gliocas.

Far a bheil an dà chuid a' cothromachadh a chéile tha buannachd, soirbheachadh, is adhartas am measg dhaoine. Teagaisgidh gliocas ùmhachd, agus, anns an spiorad sin, is e mo bheachd nach 'eil nì ann an nàdur nach fhaod tìghearnas a bhith aig mac an duine air.

Ma ghleidheas daoine sìth 'nam measg féin, ma bheil iad cothrom do fhòghlum fàs agus abachadh, chan 'eil teagamh ann nach toir na bliadhnachan a tha air thoiseach oirnn gu solus ionmhasan iongantach a' chruinne-ché, is nach fhaigh sinn còir air cumhachdan is feartan nàduir a dh'fhosglaigh dhuinn slighe a dh'ionnsaigh beatha as àirde agus as pailte—seadh, dhuinn féin is do a ginealaich gun àireamh a tha ri teachd 'nar déidh.

Books Worth Knowing

By The EDITOR

8. The Study of Place-Names

THE elucidation of the meaning of place-names has long engaged the attention of many people. We may suppose that every place-name, when first given to that particular place, meant something, both to those who gave the name and to those who

heard it. Places remain and people change. Languages change and sometimes are superseded by other languages. The old names cling tenaciously to the places to which an earlier generation gave them, but in surviving they often suffer change, until the meaning of the

name, once clear to everybody, may in the course of time become quite meaningless, and the original meaning can be discovered only after much investigation and study.

Many peoples and many languages have flourished in Scotland, and all have left traces in the place-names of our country. The place-names of Scotland fall into two great classes—Celtic and Teutonic—and it has been estimated that the former outnumber the latter by ten to one. The Teutonic names consist of English names (both those introduced by the Angles when they took root in Scotland many centuries ago and those introduced in modern times) and Norse names, going back to the Norse occupation of the Hebrides, the Orkneys and Shetlands, and the north and west mainland. The Celtic group of names includes different dialects. There must also be a sub-stratum of pre-Celtic names, for there were other languages in Scotland before the Celtic-speaking peoples arrived.

The elucidation of place-names used to be a matter of imaginative guess-work, and some interesting examples of place-name derivation may be found in the Old and New Statistical Accounts of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. While the study of place-names is still the hobby of many amateurs, it has become a scientifically disciplined investigation. For years past the English Place-Names Society has been carrying on a very exhaustive investigation, and, while Scotland has lagged behind, much work has been done in recent years, notably by the Place-Names Committee of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. A very elaborate card-index of Scottish place-names is steadily being compiled, and already many scores of thousands of name-slips have been filed by a large number of readers and investigators.

Perhaps the first attempt at a study of the place-names of Scotland was Colonel James A. Robertson's "The Gaelic Topography of Scotland," published in 1869. The study of place-names received a great impetus from Flavell Edmunds' "Traces of History in the Names of Places," published some years later, and the Rev. Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places" (1873). But the book that first pioneered the way, so far as Gaelic place-names were concerned, was Dr. P. W. Joyce's great work on "The Origin and History of the Irish Names of Places" (1870 onwards). Influenced by Joyce, Dr. Alexander Cameron applied himself to the study of place-names as to many other aspects of Gaelic learning, and papers of his on the place-names of Dumbarton and Arran are included in his "Reliquiae Celticae." In the 70's and 80's also, Captain F. W. L.

Thomas investigated the Norse place-names, especially those of Lewis and Islay.

Professor Donald Mackinnon, of the Edinburgh Chair of Celtic, contributed a series of articles on the place-names and personal names of Argyll to *The Scotsman* in 1887-88. Professor John Stuart Blackie, enthusiast for all things Gaelic, turned his attention also to place-names and wrote articles on the subject in the 90's.

Dr. Alexander Macbain, Inverness, published many papers on place-names, but his major work was "The Place-Names of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland" (1922). Professor W. J. Watson contributed articles on the subject to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness and *The Celtic Review*. In 1944 he published his "Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty," a pioneering work which is still of very great value, and then in 1926 came his masterpiece, "The History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland." W. C. Mackenzie published his "Scottish Place-Names" in 1931. The Rev. J. B. Johnston's "Place-Names of Scotland" was first published in 1892 and the third (and greatly enlarged and revised) edition appeared in 1934.

Many articles on the place-names of districts and counties appear in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness and other journals and newspapers. There are also many books on the place-names of particular areas. One may mention, for example, Dr. H. Cameron Gillies' "Place-Names of Argyll" (1906), Edward C. Ellice's "Place-Names of Glengarry and Glenquoich" (1931), A. R. Forbes' "Place-Names of Skye and Adjacent Islands" (1923), and Donald MacIver's "Place-Names of Lewis and Harris" (1934). Another Lewis schoolmaster, Kenneth Mackenzie, published a series of articles on Lewis place-names in *The Highland News* (December, 1903) and a paper on "Lewis Place-Names and Relics of the Norse Language in Lewis Speech" in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness (Volume xxvii). To "The Book of Barra" (1936), edited by John L. Campbell, C. H. Borgstrom contributed a valuable chapter on "The Norse Place-Names of Barra."

Anyone who works through Watson's "Celtic Place-Names," along with his "Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty" (which gives valuable help with the Norse elements in place-names), and also Macbain's book and Borgstrom's chapter, and who also reads the articles on "Topographical Varia" contributed by Watson to *The Celtic Review*, will be well equipped for the further pursuit of a fascinating study. The study of place-names, however, calls for a knowledge of the present-day local

pronunciation, a knowledge of the locus, an acquaintance with the forms of the name found in records of the past, and a knowledge of languages and of the science of linguistics and phonetics. There are few who can lay claim to all these qualifications, but nevertheless the "amateur" can still enjoy himself!

A very useful "Bibliography of the Place-Names of Scotland" was published (as a duplicated pamphlet) by the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in 1946. It lists books, pamphlets, and press-cuttings on the subject.

It is unfortunately the case that the Gaelic names on the Ordnance Survey Maps are in too many cases "corrupt forms." Efforts have been made to effect improvements at every new revision, and at the present time a small Gaelic Place-Names Committee, appointed by the Royal

Scottish Geographical Society, has been working on the new revision of the Ordnance Survey M-ps. Unfortunately, for reasons we cannot enter into here, it is possible to correct only some of those "corrupt" forms. Bartholomew's maps are, on the whole, much more accurate in their Gaelic place-names.

Many people, of course, are interested, not so much in the meaning of place-names, as in the Gaelic equivalents of English names and vice versa. To these we may recommend the excellent list of "Proper Names" (both place and personal names and surnames) at the end of Dwelly's Gaelic Dictionary, the indices of names of places in W. J. Watson's "Rosg Gàidhlig" and "Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig," and the lists in Macbain's, MacEachen's, and Dieckhoff's Gaelic Dictionaries.

Secretary's Notes

I WOULD like to wish all Branch Office-bearers and members a happy and prosperous New Year, and trust that all their efforts on behalf of our Gaelic heritage will be favoured with success.

A propaganda visit to the **Branches in Islay** was arranged for the week commencing Monday, 26th November. I accompanied the President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, and Mrs. MacRae, on this tour. The main object of our visit was to impress on Gaelic-speaking parents the necessity of making Gaelic the language of the home. With this end in view, meetings were arranged in Port Ellen, Bowmore, Keills, Port Charlotte, and Portnahaven. Unfortunately, the weather was very wild and stormy and, instead of arriving in Islay on Monday afternoon, we spent the night aboard R.M.S. Lochiel. Early the following morning we got ashore at Port Askaig. Because of this delay our visit to the Port Ellen Branch on Monday evening had to be cancelled.

On Tuesday evening we met members of the Bowmore Branch in the Church hall. A Ceilidh programme had been arranged, and during the interval the President and myself were given an opportunity of addressing the audience. Questions on An Comunn matters in general were invited, and quite a number of members took advantage of the offer. Among many questions asked was one about the Gaelic Test at the National Mod.

The following evening we set off for Port Charlotte and Portnahaven, calling first of all at Port Charlotte. A general Branch committee was formed, Miss Mary M. MacLean continuing to act as Secretary and Mrs. A. MacTaggart undertaking the duties of Treasurer. The

Branch President is Mr. Alasdair MacIndeor. As the meeting in Portnahaven had been arranged to take place the same evening, we hurriedly left Port Charlotte before 9 o'clock. The night was very wild, with showers of snow and sleet, and the cold was intense. On our arrival in Portnahaven we found the hall in darkness. Since then, I discovered that the good people who braved the elements that night decided to go home after waiting for over an hour for us. Naturally we were very disappointed, as our intention was to form a Branch in Portnahaven.

On Thursday evening, we met members of the Kilmeny and Caol Ila Branch in Keills school, with their genial President, Mr. Gilbert MacPhail. What impressed me on this evening was that all the members assembled were fluent Gaelic speakers.

No words of mine can adequately thank Mr. and Mrs. Tom Crawford, President and Secretary respectively of the Bowmore Branch, who were our hosts for the week. Their hospitality was beyond praise, and Mr. Crawford kindly put his car at our disposal to enable us to visit the other Branches. *Cead mìle taing dhuibh, a chàirdean.*

On my return to Glasgow on 1st December, I had the privilege of presiding at the weekly Ceilidh of the **Paisley Highlanders' Association**. Their new President is Mr. Alasdair Fowler, a native of Dingwall. I was sorry to learn that their Secretary, John M. MacRae, was indisposed and not able to be present. Since then I have heard that Mr. MacRae has completely recovered from his illness.

The **Dumbarton Branch** became inactive during the blitz on Clydebank. On 12th

December the Branch was re-formed. The following office-bearers were appointed—President, Donald MacSporrán; Vice-President, James Cameron; Secretary and Treasurer, Peter Riley, 2 Carrick Terrace, Hawthorn Hill, Dumbarton. A general committee of twelve members was also formed. We wish the Branch, under the guidance of Mr. MacSporrán, every success in their work in the area.

It is evident that only the real enthusiasts turn out to Branch Ceilidhs when the weather is wintry. This was the case at the **Govan Branch Ceilidh** on 13th December. A first-class programme was presented, and it must

have been disappointing to those who decided to stay by the fireside when they learned that they had missed such a feast of Gaelic song.

On a bitterly cold evening, 27th December, I attended the monthly Ceilidh of the **Cardonald Highlanders**. The programme was sustained by members of the Knightswood and District Highlanders' Association. Besides the usual songs, the President of the visiting Association, Mrs. Malcolm MacKinnon, took part in two very amusing dialogues. This young Association holds monthly Ceilidhs in the I.L.P. Hall, Mosspark Boulevard, and all visitors are assured of a friendly welcome.

Teachdaire Na Gaidhealtachd

The News-Letter of An Comunn Gaidhealach

NORTHERN AREA

December, 1956

Seach gu bheil e a' teannadh dlùth ri toiseach bliadhna eile 's math leinn an cothrom so fhaighinn gus beannachdan a' chur thugaibh ann an dòchas gum bi Bliadhn' Ur mhath agaibh uile.

Tha Meuran an Taobh Tuath a' cumail a dol na h-oibreach glé mhath a dh'aindeoin nan iomadh duileadasan a thig an rathad, mar a tha droch shìde gearmhraidh, agus a nis gainne "petrol". Ach far a bheil beatha tha dòchas, agus far a bheil ùidh an t-sluaigh ann an cuideachadh le aobhar na Gàidhlighe, gheibh iad seachad air gach cnap starradh a thig an rathad. Gu ma math a thèid dhaibh; 's e obair latha tòiseachadh, ach is e anail a' Ghaidheil am mullach.

The retirement of Miss Mackinnon from the Northern Office is much regretted by all who knew her. During her service with An Comunn Miss Mackinnon was always most obliging and helpful, and particularly at concerts and ceilidhs, often in towns and villages far from Inverness. Her assistance at Comunn na h-Oigridh camps was of the greatest value. She will always be welcomed in Inverness, and especially at this year's Mod. 'S e ar guidhe gun téid gu math dhi ge bè àite 's am bi i.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, Balmacara Hotel, will be very much missed in the Northern Area, and particularly by the Balmacara Branch. The Association is very much indebted to them for their efforts on behalf of the cause, and we all wish them well in their new home in Longforgan, and look forward to seeing them at the Inverness Mod.

THE BRANCHES

Aberdeen. Aberdeen branch report that their normal programme of monthly ceilidhs is proving very successful and that they are well attended. The Annual Concert was held on 19th January, 1957. Gaelic conversation classes for members are well attended. The Branch welcome Mr. and Mrs. Derick Thomson, who have come to live in Aberdeen.

Beaully. The new Secretary is Mrs. Harris, who is a native of Skye. The November ceilidh was assisted by Inverness artistes. The Branch meets regularly.

Dingwall. The Branch reports a good start to the season and a large membership. A special ceilidh for Mod Funds has been held, and the Grand Concert will be in February with Mod Medallists and a Scottish Dance Band. Continuation classes are held in Dingwall and Fodderty, and the choir practises regularly under Mr. Curr.

Inverness. Branch activities are devoted to Mod funds, but the regular monthly meetings continue and take the form of a successful ceilidh-dance, proceeds going to the Mod Fund.

Balmacara. The session opened on 9th November with a grand ceilidh and a presentation to Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald. Mr. and Mrs. Neil Shaw and Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Mackay were there. Calum Kennedy was the guest artiste. Ceilidhs are always well attended, and the new Secretary is Mr. Kenneth D. Smith, Balmacara Boys' School.

Tain. A full programme of monthly ceilidhs has been organised, and a visit from the Dornoch Branch is expected at the February ceilidh. The petrol rationing may interfere with the season's programmes.

Helmsdale. The Branch report that their Secretary, Mr. Murdo J. MacLeod, has now left for Fraserburgh. A presentation was made to him at the November ceilidh of a tartan travelling rug. There will be a Tattie and Herrin' ceilidh in January and a Highland Ball in February.

Cromarty. The Northern Organiser was present at the opening ceilidh, which was well attended. Large attendances may mean having to find a bigger hall. The new President is Mr. Cathal MacKenzie. The Branch have pledged to support the Mod Fund.

Kilmallie. The season opened with a St. Andrew's night ceilidh, and 140 people were present. They run weekly Gaelic classes for which no fees are paid; all concerned deserve the highest praise for their good spirit.

Lochcarron. Report that their ceilidhs are well attended and the new Secretary is Mr. D. MacKenzie. The Branch hopes to hold functions in the new year for National Mod Funds.

Kyle. Kyle now hold regular concerts with guest artistes in lieu of the ceilidhs. The Northern Organiser was present at the November concert, which was assisted by Ian Powrie and his Band. The Mod will be held on 30th and 31st May, 1957.

Newtonmore. This Branch have undertaken the Provincial Mod for 1957, and hope for a good entry and full support from the other local Branches.

Laggan Kinlochlaggan. A successful concert was held in November for National Mod Funds; guest artistes included Miss May Margaret MacMillan and Mr. Hume Robertson. The National Mod Convener gave a short address.

Nethy Bridge regret the departure of Mr. and Mrs. P. MacKerrall, who were good supporters of the Branch and useful artistes at their functions. The Branch meets regularly.

Fort William. The new President is Donald MacDonald. Plans are being made to hold a 21st Anniversary Provincial Mod next May. Regular ceilidhs are being held.

Portree. The Provincial Mod is to be held on 11th and 12th June, 1957. The Branch hopes for full support and a large entry.

Golspie. The usual monthly ceilidhs are held in the Stag's Head Hotel. At the October ceilidh Miss Betty Macrae was presented with a golf bag in appreciation of her ten years as Secretary.

We are grateful to the Branch Secretaries who sent in news items for this letter.

COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Am bliadhna a ris chuidich Meuran anns an Airde Tuath sinn le a bhith trasadh airgid. Tha sinn glé fhada 'nan comain air son so. 'S math is airidh a' chlann air gach cuideachadh as urrainn dhuinne a dheanamh air an son.

Flag Day collections and donations from Branches:—

Tain Flag Day—£8 3s 0d; Daffodil Day—£3 0s 0d.
Dingwall, Maryburgh & Conon—£28 12s 8d.
Newtonmore—£3 3s 0d. Inverness—£5 0s 0d.
Aberdeen—£3 3s 0d. Cromarty—£2 2s 0d.
Beauly—£7 14s 0d. Clyne (Brora)—£11 11s 3d.
Golspie—£8 2s 4d. Helmsdale—£7 0s 0d.
Balmacara—£10 0s 0d.

Bha dà champa mhath againn ann an Cnoc nan Ròs. Fhrithheil mòran a bharrachd de'n chloinn am bliadhna.

Tha Cnoc nan Ròs 'na thigh eireachdail ann an dùthaich cho breagh, seasgair is a gheibheir anns a' Ghaidhealtachd.

The Northern Organiser has travelled during the past year some 12,000 miles and has visited the majority of the Branches. He has also paid two visits to the Outer Isles, entailing in all four weeks there. Branches missed this year will be visited as soon as possible—petrol rationing permitting!

NORTHERN AREA SUB-COMMITTEES

Education. Mr. A. J. MacAskill was elected Chairman in succession to Mr. K. Fraser.

Propaganda. Mr. I. R. Mackay was elected Chairman again this year.

INVERNESS NATIONAL MOD

The target is £2,500 plus—raised to date £900. It is hoped that Branches will cooperate in every way to raise funds by running concerts, ceilidhs, whist drives, coffee mornings, and by commencing work parties for the big sale of work this year. In villages and districts where there are no branches it is hoped that individuals will club together and run small functions for the above and organise work parties. During the past year monthly concerts and ceilidhs have been held in Inverness, also coffee mornings, whist drives, etc., and a sale of work apart from other efforts. The Committee are obliged to Branches that have helped to date. This is the last lap, and a real effort must be made by all from now on.

NORTHERN AREA NEWS AND VIEWS

The Vanishing Highlander

The recent remarks of a Northern County

Convener on the need for a greater population in the Highlands bring the wheel a full turn when we consider that the remedy for social ills in the last century was the de-population of the Highlands, but now the cure is re-population, but with whom? Perhaps the Lorn Bard was not far wrong when he said of his times:—

“Mìle mharbhphaisg bhith gu sìorruidh
Air luchd-riaghlaidh nam beann àrda
Ruaig o'n dùthaich rogha dhaoine
'S thug na daormuin through 'nan àite'”.

An Comunn and the Language

Praise is always gratifying, especially when rare. Mr. Moray McLaren's tribute to the Association in his recent book, "Understanding the Scots", refers to it as being a "gallant society". As usual, he writes sympathetically and appreciatively of Highlanders and their ways. His observations on Gaelic should be taken to heart by all true Scotsmen, particularly: "It will be a sad day for Scotland if it ever dies out. Indeed Scotland will scarcely be Scotland then". How much the language has died out will be realised from these figures taken at random from the 1881 census.

	Population	Gaelic Speakers
Rogart (Sutherland)	1227	1063
Contin (Ross-shire)	1422	1130
Kilmorack (Inverness-shire)	2618	2024
Daviot (do.)	1133	922
Blair Atholl (Perthshire)	1742	1273
Fortingall (do.)	1690	1398
Kilbrandon & (Argyllshire)		
Kilchattan (do.)	1767	1621
Kilchrean & (do.)		
Dalavich	504	444

Today in any one of the parishes there is only a handful of Gaelic speakers; in the space of one lifetime these high percentages have dwindled to nothing.

The Outer Islands are now our only real strongholds, but the quite exceptional invasion of English speakers which will take place

shortly in three of the major Islands, namely, North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, will constitute an immediate threat to the future of the language. Can An Comunn do anything?

Without further delay a feachd of Comunn na h-Oigridh should be established in every school, especially the Junior Secondary Schools, starting with the threatened islands. Such feachdan should and could pull the Gaelic-speaking children together and teach them to be proud of their language and of their race, and thus counteract the influence of the "Rocketeers" children. To achieve this, An Comunn and its branches may have to adjust some of their ideas and make some sacrifices, but to save the language almost anything is worth trying.

In such an effort An Comunn would expect the support of the Education Department, cultural and patriotic Scottish Societies. We might now ask those in high places, who promised that every precaution would be taken not to damage "the way of life", what they propose to do to safeguard Gaelic, which is the one thing that makes the way of life distinctive.

South Uist appears in the news again after a long silence. The Inverness-shire Planning Committee consider that the "Scottish Home Office" have done a good job in safeguarding everybody, "ach mo thruaighe a' Ghàidhlig".

From a news report in a Sunday paper it appears the security officials have been carrying out a communist hunt in South Uist; after Burgess, Maclean, Pontecorvo and others they cannot be too careful. Olc no math mo bhriogais fhéin 's i' s' fheàrr dhòmhsa. It is also interesting to note from this report that many of the people are not too happy with their future prospects. This reactionary insistence on the way of living instead of the cost of living has a tiresome habit of cropping up in the Highlands, as the late Lord Leverhulme found out.

Bu mhath leinn tuilleadh naigheachdan air son an ath litir a bhios sinn a' cur a mach.

Executive Council

A meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, on Saturday, 12th January, 1957, at 10 a.m. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, occupied the Chair, and there was a good attendance of members.

The President wished "Bliadhna Mhath Ur" to the members, welcomed new members, and conveyed the congratulations of An Comunn to

Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, Senior Vice-President, on his being awarded the British Empire Medal in the Queen's New Year's Honours List, in recognition of his services in mountain rescue work in Lochaber.

In accordance with a decision made at the previous meeting, the Secretary and the Northern Organiser submitted detailed reports on the branches throughout the country.

Two minutes of the Advisory Committee were

submitted. They mainly concerned proposals for developing Comunn na h-Oigridh, including the appointment of a full-time Organiser for Comunn na h-Oigridh, or the secondment of the Northern Organiser for special work, and the finding of local leaders interested in Comunn na h-Oigridh activities. It was finally agreed that, first of all, the Northern Organiser should visit Lewis and South Uist and explore the possibilities in these areas by forming "feachdan" and seeking to interest people who might act as leaders.

A minute of the Finance Committee reported that the National Mod at Largs had shown the remarkable surplus of £3,778. With regard to Income, Largs had been fortunate in generous help from kindred Associations, had received several notable contributions, and had benefited greatly in "admission money" by excellent stewarding. The Expenses of the Mod had been reduced by the great generosity of Mr. Iain M. Moffatt-Pender, who defrayed the amount of "Grants towards Expenses of Junior Choirs" (£95 11 3), and by the Mod Local Committee, who relinquished all claim to the £100 available for Honoraria, while the Convener and other Office-bearers of the Local Committee had made no charge against the Account for expenses. Actually, the whole expenses of the Mod had been more than covered by the income of Mod Week itself. The Statement of Accounts was received with much satisfaction and with thanks to the Local Committee.

The minute also reported that the Scottish Community Drama Association had assumed responsibility for the production of six half-hour Gaelic Plays, to be presented in the Athenium, Glasgow, in the Spring.

It was noted with appreciation that Mr. Moffatt-Pender had stated that he would again meet 25 per cent. of the travelling and hotel expenses for Junior Choirs at the 1957 Inverness National Mod, as he had done for the Largs Mod last year.

A minute of the Education Committee reported that, since none of the Oban hostels was available, it was now proposed to hold the Gaelic Summer School in Portree, Isle of Skye, as there was good prospects of being granted the use of a hostel there by the Inverness County Education Committee.

With regard to Gaelic in Primary Schools,

the Committee were preparing a report on the information available for submission to the Scottish Education Department, and the following were appointed as members of a deputation to confer with the Department: Mr. Farquhar MacRae, Mr. Donald Thomson, Mr. Angus Macleod, Mr. James Thomson, and Rev. T. M. Murchison.

Arising out of the minute of the Mod and Music Committee, which reported on the conference of representatives of the Council with the Executive of the Highlanders' Institute, concerning the holding of the 1958 National Mod in Glasgow, it was remitted to the following members to have further conference with representatives of the Institute: Mr. Farquhar MacRae, Rev. T. M. Murchison, and Mr. J. M. Bannerman.

There was again some discussion on the Gaelic Test at the National Mod, and it was agreed to ask Mr. Donald Thomson and Rev. T. M. Murchison to draft a scheme for the Gaelic Test. There was also some discussion on the songs to be prescribed for the 1958 National Mod, and the matter was remitted back to the Mod and Music Committee.

The minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee recommended that Cnoc-nan-ros be officially opened on Monday, 30th September next, the Monday of the Inverness National Mod. Proposals were also submitted for making more use of the house. "Campa nan Eileanach" is to be held from 29th June to 11th July, and "Campa an Luchd-ionnsachaidh" from 17th to 31st July.

Bheachdaicheadh air co-dhiubh a bu chòir Chomhairle Clann an Fhraoich a stéidheachadh as ùr, agus b'e rùn na h-Ard-chomhairle gum biodh sin iomchuidh. Roghnaicheadh Mgr. Iain M. Moffatt-Pender mar Fhear-gairme, agus na leanas mar bhuill de'n Chomhairle: Mórág Edgar, Dòmhnall Grand, Ruairidh MacAoidh, Tómas M. MacCalmain, Niall MacDhòmhnaill, Ruairidh MacFhionghuin, Iain MacGilleathain, Niall MacGille-sheathanaich, Màiri M. Nic-Mhaoilein, Seumas MacThómais, agus Alasdair A. MacUillein.

The next meeting of the Executive Council (the all-Gaelic meeting) was fixed for Saturday, 23rd March, 1957, at 10 a.m. in Glasgow.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Annas A' Mhaileid

"Gabhaidh Sinn An Rathad Mor"

Sir,—I sent a copy of *An Gaidheal*, containing the article by J. E. S. on the above song, to a grandson of Dr. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"),

now resident in Ontario, Canada, and had a very appreciative and interesting letter in reply.

In his letter he says that he always understood the Gaelic words were by his grandfather, and

also the English translation appearing in Volume I of "Songs of the North," the music being arranged by Malcolm Lawson. He also refers to a letter written at Oban on 10th July, 1924, by the late Sir Harold Boulton, in which he states:

"While at Ballachulish I had the incomparable advantage, while working at 'Songs of the North,' of the continual help of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, 'Nether Lochaber,' whose versions of 'Crodh Chailein' and 'Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór' are such an ornament to the volume."

I conveyed this information to J. E. S., and he says Professor Blackie, Col. Stewart, and Malcolm Macfarlane made translations of the Gaelic words, and Malcolm Lawson only arranged the melody for voice and piano, the original melody being much earlier, probably not earlier than 1715.

As Major-General Wimberley points out in the October issue, the tune was used by the Cameron Highlanders on their initial march out from Fort William in January, 1794. Therefore it may be possible that there was an earlier version of the song—in fact, I have heard a *rann* which supports this. I am trying to get hold of this verse in the hope that it will clear up the point.

"Nether Lochaber's" grandson informs me he hopes, God willing, to visit Scotland next summer and wander again among the scenes of his boyhood in my friend, Alasdair MacRaing's "Gleannan mo ghàil taobh Loch Liobhunn." Is mise,

TAOBH TUATH ÈARRAGHAIDHEAL
("North Argyll").

Gaelic Reading Matter

Dear Sir,—I was delighted with your article, "Let's Have More to Read." Although the body of prose writing among the Gael of Scotland is not too massive, much exists which is available to the new student. The problem is where to get it. You, no doubt, are aware of this, but I am writing this letter because I think others, especially in North America, might profit from my own experience.

A book which I enjoy, and which is certainly of great value, is "More West Highland Tales." Although the book is certainly one of the most valuable books printed in Scottish Gaelic during the 20th century, I learned of its existence only by accident two years ago.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is a reference for other books of knowledge as well as a standard reference itself. If a man wishes to look up a fact concerning Gaelic literature, he looks in the Encyclopaedia. The Encyclo-

paedia Britannica is almost silent on Scottish Gaelic literature written after 1900. Professors and reviewers tell us that we have had and have bards comparable to the eighteenth century ones. *An Gaidheal* states that we have a decent prose literature that has grown up in recent times. Books like "More West Highland Tales," "Highland Songs of the Forty-Five," "Orain Iain Mhic Fhearchair," "O Na Ceithir Airdean," etc., are not mentioned, yet they are valuable and artistic. No mention is made of the "economic and political revival" in Gaelic literature in the 40's. I know next to nothing about it. Very little about modern Scottish Gaelic literature is to be found in reference material.

Off a Highland goods dealer in British Columbia I bought two inexpensive but valuable books—"Sgialachdan Dhunnchaidh" and the long classical tale, "Leigheas Cas O Cein." These make interesting prose reading, and they are still available through him as far as I know. One can buy out-of-print Gaelic books from a bookseller in Toronto. If anyone would like their addresses, I would be happy to forward them to him.—Yours truly,

W. A. DONALDSON.

Box 152, Grove City College,
Grove City, Penna., U.S.A.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Largs, 1956

Received at Largs—

Previously acknowledged	£2913 18 6
Sale of Cookery Books per Miss Hunter	— 16 —
	£3424 14 6

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£503 15 —
John MacLennan, Esq., Strontian	— 10 —
Oban & Lorn Association	3 — —
Sale of Cookery Books	— 8 —
	507 13 —
	£3422 7 7

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£15 9 2
John F. Steele, Esq., M.A. Portree	— 4 —
G. E. Anderson, Esq., Toronto	— 10 —
		£16 3 2

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£148 16 4
Tain Branch	4 4 —
		£153 — 4

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AM MART, 1957

Aireamh 3

Mac An Allabain

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

BHO chionn fada nam fad, bha gabhail mhath fearainn aig tuathanach ris an abradh iad Fear Baile an Aonaich, ann an aon de shiorramachdan na Gaidhealtachd. Thuit do'n duine seo a bhith air feasgar gearmhraidh a' marcachd dhachaigh bho aon de bhailtean móra na siorramachd far an robh e air ceann gnothaich shònraichte.

Air a shlighe, bha aige ri dol troimh leth-cheud mìle de ghleanntan is monadh farsaing, fiadhaich, anns nach robh taighean còmhnaidh ach gu math sgaipteach, fada bho chéile.

Mar a bha e a' cumail air adhart, gun mhórán cabhaig fa-near dhà, mhothaich e do'n adhar a' dubhadh is a' toiteadh, is thug e gu robh e gu bhith air a ghlacadh ann an an-uair is cur sneachda. Bha e fàbharach gu robh an deagh each marcachd aige fodha, agus, air dha beagan brosnachaidh a thoirt do'n each, rinn iad le chéile gu bras ri gorm.

Mun do thruimich air a' ghailleann, bha Fear Baile an Aonaich air bheul a bhith leitheach slighe troimh an mhonadh an uair a chunnaic e an dùbhradh sin ag imeachd gu mall roimhe air an rathad agus chual e guth fann a' gearan is a' sìor-ghearan. Chuir a leithid ud de shealladh ann an àite cho anaranach nàdur de annas air an tuathanach, agus chuir e roimhe gun seasadh e a dh'amharc agus a dh'fheòrach mu nàdur is mu cheann-fàth na cùise. An

uair a ràinig e an creutair a bha roimhe, có bha ann an seo ach nighean òg, eireachdail, a' giùlan leanabh lag mu bheagan sheachdainean de aois air a broilleach. Bha i cho fann, tinn, is nach robh e 'na comas dol ceum na b'fhaide.

Thug Fear Baile an Aonaich leum a nuas as an diollaid is, an uair a chunnaic e mar a bha, chaidh e 'na leithid de chabhaig is nach robh fios aige dé a dheanadh e gu beatha na caileig mhì-shealbhach, is na bha air a siubhal, a shàbhhaladh.

Luath agus mar a bha an t-each, cha robh e gu feum sam bith dha falbh a dh'iarraidh cobhair, bhiodh an allabain bochd marbh, reòdhte, mun ruigeadh e, is bha e soilleir nach robh mionaid na h-uarach ri chall.

Mar bu dual dha mar Ghaidheal, bha inntinn smaointinneach, rathadach aig Fear Baile an Aonaich, a bha comasach, eadhon 'na leithid de shuidheachadh duilich, air innleachd a dheanamh gus an ainnis a theasraiginn. Thug e leis an t-each a null gu cùl creagan fasgach far na ghrad mharbh e am beathach. Air dha am mionach a thoirt as, dh'fhalbh e is ghiùlain e leis an nighean is a leanabh is dhùin e a steach le chéile iad ann an cìosach bhlàth an eich agus, an sin, thug e a mach 'na dheann gus an ruigeadh e a' cheud àite còmhnaidh.

Air dha ruith is coiseachd mu chòig mìle,

chunnaic e solus thall air faire beagan astair uath, agus rinn e air an t-solus.

An uair a ràinig e, gu dé a bha ann an seo, gu fortanach, ach taigh tuathanaich, agus air dha bualadh anns an doras is fear an taighe a choinneachadh, dh'aithnich gach aon diubh a chéile, oir bha iad a' tachairt glé thrì air féilltean. Gun mhionaid dàlach, dh'innis Fear Baile an Aonaich a ghnòthach is ghuidh e air an fhear eile falbh maille ris gus am faigheadh iad an nigean. Cho luath is a chual an tuathanaich mu'n dochartas, thug e a mach dà each luath as an stàbull, plaideachan blàth, is bainne teth ann an serraig o'n taigh. Chuir e na h-eich ann an greim agus an ùine gheàrr ràinig iad an dithis a bha anns a' gharbh éiginn.

Bha iad le chéile beò, na bu bheothaile na fhuair Fear Baile an Aonaich iad, oir bha am blàthas air a' mhàthair a thoirt thuige is an uair a fhuair i am bainne, rinn e a beothachadh cho mór is gu robh iad comasach air a togail leotha eatorra anns an t-seòrsa uigheam-ghùilain a bha aca.

An uair a ràinig iad an taigh is a chuir iad gnothaichean air dòigh do'n dithis a bha air mhi-thoirt, thug Fear Baile an Aonaich a mach a sporan, agus chuir e beagan airgid an làimh na h-ighne, agus air dha àithne a thoirt do'n tuathanach sealltainn as a déidh is cùram a ghabhail dhi gus am faigheadh i na b'fheàrr, chuir e mu dhèighinn falbh. Ann an sin, ghuidh an nigean air ann an guth òsal, agus na deòir a' sìleadh gu frasach o a dà shùil ghuirm, am biodh e cho math agus aon iarrtas a thoirt dhi mun dealaicheadh iad.

"Is e an Tì as àirde," arsa ise, "a chuir an rathad sibh. Gu ruige seo, chaomhainn sibh ar beatha le chéile agus, ma tha e an dàn dhomh éirigh bho leabaidh mo thinneis agus gun caomhnar mo leanabh, am bi sibh cho math agus gun toir sibh cead dhomh an t-ainm agaibh féin a thoirt air? Tha e fathast gun ainm. Thachair sibh rium mar choigreach nach fhaca mi riamh air mo dhà shùil agus, ged bhiodh m'athair agus mo mhàthair air talamh nam beò, cha' rachadh aca air barrachd coibhneis a nochdadh dhomh."

Thug an tuathanach a làn chead dhi air a ainm a thoirt air an naoidhean, agus, air dha beannachd a ghabhail leatha, cheannaich e each bho fhear an taighe is chum e roimhe air a shlighe dhachaigh, oir bha astar fada aige ri dhol.

Fhuair an té a bha tinn agus an leanabh an deagh ghabhail aca ann an taigh an tuathanaich, agus cha b'fhada gun an robh i air a coir. Is e cion bidh agus aire a bu mhàthair aobhair do a tinneas agus an uair a chaidh gabhail aice 'na ám cha robh i fada a' dol am feabhas is a' fàs làidir. An uair a fhuair i air a casan, fhuair

i cosnadh ann an taigh an tuathanaich agus, mar sin, bha i an comas a mac a thogail gun an robh e mu cheithir-bliadhna-deug an uair a thog iad orra le chéile do'n Ghalldachd.

Rachamaid a nis air adhart gu mu chóig-bliadhna-deug-ar-fhichead an déidh dha seo tachairt, an eachdraidh beatha Fear Baile an Aonaich.

Ann na làithean anns an d'fhosgail ar sgeul, bha e gu math air a dhòigh ach, mar a chaidh bliadhna is bliadhna seachad, is ann a chaidh a chrannchur gu tur a rathachadh. Eadar tinneas bodhaig, bàs, màl trom, agus gach earchall a thàinig air an spréidh le galar is breamas, bha e air fhàgail glé lom, falamh, 'na sheann aois. Is e a bha ann ach gum b'éiginn dha dealachadh ri dachaigh a shinn-searachd anns an aon ám a bu mhò a bha de cheangal rithe. Thàinig an là anns an robhas a' reic a chodach. Is ann a null gu math ann an ám an fhoghair a bha ann, agus bha cruinneachadh mór sluagh timcheall an taighe. Reiceadh gach nì de àirneis taighe is fearainn agus an uair a thigeadh am màl as an t-suim airgid sin, cha bhiodh aig an t-seann duine na chumadh am beòshlaint e troimh na bha roimhe de a thurus anns an t-saoghal seo, biodh sin fada no goirid.

Co-dhiubh na co-dheth, thachair do dhuin'-uasal òg, beartach, tighinn do'n chuid ud de'n dùthaich an comunn uaislean air an robh e eòlach a ghabh an t-sealg. Air dha bhith a' dol seachad air taigh Fear Baile an Aonaich, an là a bha iad a' reic gach nì, dh'fheòraich e de aon de na gillean frithealaidh dé a dh'fhàg a leithid de shluagh cruinn.

Dh'innis an gille facal air an fhacal mar a bha agus mu ainm an tuathanaich a bha a' fàgail an fhearainn. Cha bu luaithe a chuala an duine òg, uasal, an t-ainm na sheas e air an robh e car tacain. Las a ghnùis eireachdail agus a shùil an àird, mar gum b'ann le aobhneas.

Gun ghuth a ràdh, dh'iarr e air a' ghille a thoirt a null far an robh an seann tuathanach, gum bu mhat leis eòlas fhaotainn air. Rinn an gille sin gu luath. Bha Fear Baile an Aonaich 'na sheasamh aig an ám, le a bhata ri a uchd, gu trom, dubhach, ag amharc na bha a' dol air adhart mun cuairt dha. Chaidh an gille frithealaidh a null leis an duine uasal far an robh an seann laoch.

"Seo agaibh," arsa esan, is e 'ga làn ainm-eachadh air a ainm is air a shloinneadh, "Fear Baile an Aonaich."

"Fear m'ainme!" arsa an duine àrd, òg, is e a' sìneadh a làimhe gu sòlasach do'n t-seann duine chòir.

Dh'fheòraich an coigreach dheth an robh cuimhne aige air an oidhche fhìadhaich air an do thachair e ris an nighinn bhòchd a bha air

beul fannachadh le acras is reodhadh gu bàs air a' mhonadh aig ceann an ear na siorramachd. Is math sin a bha cuimhne aig an t-seann duine orra.

"Is mise," arsa am fear eile, "an leanabh a theasraig sibh an oidhche ud!"

Cha mbòr gun creideadh Fear Baile an Aonaich nach ann am brudair a bha e am feadh is a chual e seo. Dh'innis an duine uasal dha an uair sin gach nì mar a thachair dha ré nam bliadhnanach iongantach a dh'aom mar sgeul 'na bheatha.

Fhuair e féin is a mhàthair cosnadh anns a' bhaile mhór. Bha e féin air leth dicheallach gu leughadh is ionnsachadh, agus, an déidh obair an là a chrìochnachadh, bha e a' frithleadh sgoil-oidhche gun an do rinn e uiread de adhartas anns an fhòglum a thog aire luchd-teagaisg is dhaoine cothromach d'a ionnsaigh. Thairgeadh dha dreuchd mhath ann an aon de

na dùthchannan thall thairis. Chaidh e null do'n tìr ud, is shoibrhich leis gu h-iongantach ann am beartas is an ùghdarras. Chan e sin a mhàin, ach phòs e té aig an robh saibhreas mòr, agus bha e aig an àm ud air turus air feadh na Gaidhealtachd ag ath ùrachadh eòlais air tìr làithean a òige.

Cha robh coinneamh riamh eadar mac is athair a bu shòlasaiche na bha a' choinneamh seo eadar Fear Baile an Aonaich agus an Gaidheal òg, dear, beartach. Bho na dh'fhàg am bàs is am mì-àgh, aonaranach, falamh, an seann duine, thug an duine òg leis e maille ris, is thug e tiodhlac airgid dha na chùm e am beartas is an neo-eisimeil fad uile làithean a bheatha, is tha an sgeul ag innse gu robh Fear Baile an Aonaich beò na h-uiread de bhliadhnanach 'na dhéidh is gun do mheal e tomhas cuibheasach de shlàinte is de shonas gu crìch a làithean.

Following Up The Conference

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTION

WE have already made mention of the Conference of Gaelic-speaking Teachers held in Jordanhill Training College, Glasgow, from 3rd to 6th July, 1956, but we are now glad to have permission to make available in some detail the findings of the Conference.

The Conference was attended by about sixty people, including a good representation of teachers from primary and secondary schools in which Gaelic is taught. There were also representatives from the University Celtic Departments and the Training Celtic Departments of the Universities and Training Colleges, officials from the Scottish Education Department and local authorities, and members of interested organisations, including An Comunn Gaidhealach.

The main purpose of the Conference was to give teachers of Gaelic an opportunity to meet and discuss their problems and to consider possible ways of improving the provision for the teaching of Gaelic.

Mr. John Maclean (Rector, Oban High School) gave an introductory talk on the general problem of bilingualism, with special reference to Scottish Gaelic. Bilingualism in Wales and Eire was the subject of talks by Miss C. J. Davies (H.M.I.S., Wales) and Mr. M. Kinsella (Deputy Chief Inspector of Primary Schools, Eire). Mr. Ronald Macleod, H.M.I.S., reviewed Gaelic teaching in primary schools. The provision for Gaelic in secondary schools was dealt with from two contrasting points of view—that of the school in a Gaelic-speaking area by Mr. Alex. Urquhart (Nicolson Institute), and that of the school in a non-Gaelic area by Mr. John A. Macdonald (Bellahouston Academy). Mr. Macdonald also spoke about Gaelic instruction in the Training Colleges, while Mr. Derick Thomson (Aberdeen University) spoke about Gaelic studies in the Universities. Mr. Thomson also gave a talk on the present state of supply of textbooks for all stages of teaching Gaelic. Mr. S. Sanderson (School of Scottish Studies, Edinburgh University) explained how the schools could help in the collection of traditional material.

A Worsening Situation

The proceedings of the Conference were conducted throughout on a realistic and objective note. There was general agreement that the present position of the language is deplorable, and it was the earnest desire of all that something constructive should come out of their deliberations. The following paragraphs summarise some of the most vital issues with which the members of the Conference were concerned.

The present position of Gaelic in the ordinary lives and in the schools of the Gaelic community is deteriorating rapidly. The loss of idiom, of vocabulary, and of good pronunciation—these well-marked stages in the disappearance of a language—give cause for grave concern. In recent years there has been a marked corruption of the language in the most Gaelic-speaking of areas. In fact, the position of the language is desperate.

Primary Schools

Although the Scottish Education Department and the local authorities generally have never been disposed more kindly to the preservation of the language, there is no reason to suppose that any definite advantage has been taken in the schools of this new state of affairs. It is unlikely that there is any primary school in the Gaelic-speaking areas—and there probably never has been—where Gaelic is used as the medium of instruction, except in dealing with individuals in infant and primary departments who do not fully understand English. As for the systematic teaching of Gaelic as a separate subject in the primary school, it is the exception to find any of this before Primary IV, and then or thereafter the teaching is limited, spasmodic, and unsystematic. The great opportunities of the infant room are neglected. The systematic teaching of Gaelic is increasingly being left to the specialist teachers in the secondary school. When Gaelic was the living language of the community, this lack of systematic instruction in the primary school did much less harm than nowadays, for these children learned the language naturally from the community. Nowadays, the children are becoming

increasingly dependent on the school for the learning of Gaelic.

Secondary Schools

As a result of this state of affairs in the primary school, the task confronting the specialist teacher of Gaelic in the secondary school in the so-called Gaelic-speaking areas has been made much more difficult. To an increasing extent he has to teach Gaelic from the beginning, and has to rely less and less on the support of a living culture to maintain and enrich his instruction. A modern feature of the secondary school Gaelic provision is the increase in the number of real learners of Gaelic in the schools where Gaelic is encouraged. Such a development is heartening, but at the same time it is symptomatic and a cause for alarm in schools located in what were once Gaelic-speaking areas. Striking success has been achieved with those learners, and all the more striking in schools located in city areas, like Glasgow. There are about 150 pupils in Bellahouston Academy who are studying Gaelic, of whom only 27 have any connection with a Gaelic-speaking parent. Nevertheless, with the aid of oral and direct methods of instruction in the early stages, most of these learners are making good progress in the language, and annually a normal proportion of them are being presented for the Leaving Certificate on the same terms as native speakers, and with equal success.

At the Conference considerable discussion took place regarding the Scottish Leaving Certificate in Gaelic. It was suggested that, in view of the changing circumstances, there should be two distinct types of certificate, one for learners and one for native speakers. The general opinion was against such a change at present.

It was noted that, even in Gaelic-speaking areas, there is a distinct tendency for the more able pupils to be discouraged from taking Gaelic, by having, through the limitations of the time-table, to choose between Gaelic and languages which are considered to be more valuable to them in their later careers.

Colleges and Universities

The Training Colleges and the Universities, in their turn, are being affected by the present position in the primary and secondary schools. The number of students professing Gaelic in these establishments is shrinking, and the quality of Gaelic professed by the students is deteriorating. The University Departments, in particular, are being faced, to an increasing degree, with the problem of the learner and his instruction in the very rudiments of the language.

Teachers and Textbooks

The supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers is unevenly spread. Although in number it could be adequate, because specialist instruction in Gaelic has now been available for many years, the supply cannot be properly used while the present conditions and attitudes connected with the teaching of Gaelic remain.

The supply of textbook material has probably never been as wide and varied as it is today, but in width and variety it still falls far short of what might be expected in a healthy state of affairs. There is a particular shortage of suitable material for the infant stage, and for all stages where direct and oral methods should be used. Tribute must be paid to the organisations like An Comunn Gaidhealach and the individuals who have helped so much in this field in the face of great difficulties.

Because of the decline of Gaelic, the emphasis in methods of teaching the language in the early stages of the primary school and with learners at the secondary stage (if systematic instruction is to follow) must increasingly swing towards the use of oral and direct methods. Instruction in the grammar and syntax of

the language, in the reading, writing, and composition of Gaelic, is undoubtedly necessary, but it must be founded on oral practice, because that is becoming less and less possible outside the school. The only alternative is to teach Gaelic as a dead language and to confine that kind of instruction to the secondary school and later stages.

There is a great wealth of unpublished traditional material, of rare quality, still untapped, but lying all around the schools, of which children seem largely unaware and of which teachers seldom make use. Much could be done to make this material available to schools in convenient form.

The Follow-up to the Conference

It was agreed at the Conference that no resolutions would be formally proposed. It was felt rather that the organisations and individuals present should set themselves limited objectives which appeared to be capable of achievement, and to keep in touch with each other.

The authorities of Jordanhill Training College have decided to set themselves the following objectives as their contribution to the follow-up of the Conference.

(1) The College's courses of training in the teaching of Gaelic are now in process of revision. The students on the three-year course will receive a thorough course of instruction through the medium of Gaelic for the first two years, in the scholarship of the language beyond the school level. In their third year the students will devote themselves to the study of methods, mainly direct and oral, of teaching Gaelic in the primary school. For graduate students the course will be entirely a methods course, with special consideration of the needs of the learner in the secondary department. It is also hoped to develop closer contact with the Gaelic-speaking areas on the matter of teaching practice.

(2) The training provided at the College will include intensive courses of instruction to students in the preparation of textbooks and other illustrative material from various sources, including traditional sources. In this work various departments of the College will help. There will be consultations later with other organisations that are likely to help in making such material generally available to teachers.

(3) If the necessary arrangements can be made with a local authority, and suitable schools can be found, the College is ready to co-operate actively in the bolder, more systematic, and more extensive teaching of Gaelic on an experimental scale in primary schools in the Gaelic-speaking area.

(4) The College will follow up this Conference with similar Conferences at regular intervals, if the demand is sustained, not necessarily on the same lines, but with the same ends in view.

(5) The College is bringing the issues of this Conference to the notice of organisations likely to be interested and likely to help in their solution.

* * * *

“Where are the Greeks? where the Etrurians? where the Romans? But the Celts or Sidonides are an old family, of whose beginning 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.”
R. W. EMERSON (quoted by Angus Robertson: *Children of the Fore-World*, p. 234).

Bodach Tapaidh

Le NIAL MacDHOMHNAILL

(*Seo an sgeulachd leis an do choisinn Mgr. MacDhòmhnaill a' cheud duais aig Mòd Nàiseanta Dhun-obhainn, 1952, air son sgeulachd aithris a rèir an t-seann nòis. —F.D.*)

O CHIONN iomadh bliadhna air ais bha duine a' fuireach air taobh an ear na Hearadh d'am b'ainm Aonghas MacAsgaill. Is e duine treun a bha ann 'na latha, ach bha e a nis air tighinn suas ann am bliadhnanach, agus faodar a thuigsinn nach robh e idir an nì a bha e.

Suas mu dheireadh an fhoghair bliadhna a bha siud, fhuair Aonghas droch fhuachd—fuachd a chuir gu laighe na leapadh e, agus an àite a bhith a' dol am feabhas is ann a bha e a' dol 'na bu mhiosa. Mu dheireadh dh'fhàs e cho lag is gun tug a theaghlach suas an dòchas dh'a thaobh, agus smaointich iad gum b' fheàrr dhaibh ullachadh a dheanamh air son an torraidh.

Bha fear aig an robh a chòmhnaidh mu astar dà mhìle bho thaigh MhicAsgaill d'am b'ainm Iain Caimbeul. Chaidh brath a chur gu Iain gu robh Aonghas MacAsgaill gun dùil ris, agus gum b'fheàrr dha tighinn is a' chiste-laighe a dheanamh.

Cha robh fear no té a gheibhadh bàs air na h-astair ud nach e Iain Caimbeul a bhiodh a' deanamh na ciste-laighe, agus ràinig e taigh MhicAsgaill glé thràth an ath fheasgar le uigheam shaorsainneachd air a dhruim.

Gu dé a th'agam air dhuibh ach is ann a bha am fear a bha tinn air fàs beagan na b'fheàrr. Dh'aithnich e Iain Caimbeul is ghabh e naidheachd nan eòlach, agus an robh bàrr math aige fhéin am bliadhna.

An déidh dhaibh a bhith còmhraidh air ais is air adhart car tacain, chaidh gairm air Iain gu greim bidh a bha air ullachadh an ceann eile an taighe. An uair a bha iad uile cruinn mu'n bhòrd, thug fear de ghillean an taighe stùil a mach air an uinneig, agus arsa esan, "Tha mi a' faicinn gu bheil feadhainn a' dol a mach a dh'iasgach, agus gu dearbha fhéin is math am feasgar iasgaich a th'ann—am bu toigh leat a dhol a mach còmhla rium, Iain?" "Tha mi glé choma ged a reidheadh," arsa am fear eile.

Anns an t-seanachas a bh'ann nach ann a chual iad am fear a bha an galair a bhàis air an leabaidh ag éibheach a mach àird a chlaiginn, "Deanamh air bhur socair, fheara, 's gum falbh mi còmhla ribh!" Chaidh na bha a staigh sios 'nan deann-ruith do cheann eile an taighe, Cha robh teagamh aca nach robh na bu mhiosa air tighinn, ach cha robh.

Bha an seann duine air éirigh, is e a' cur

uime a chuid aodaich. Choitich iad e air son e a dhol air ais dh'an leabaidh, ach cha robh math a bhith ris—cha robh a muigh no a staigh na chuireadh esan air ais dh'an leabaidh—bha esan a' dol a dh'iasgach is cha robh an còrr gu bhith mu dheighinn!

Cha robh air ach gum b'fheudar a chead fhéin a thoirt do Aonghas còir, agus siod a mach a ghabh na seòid leis an eathar. An déidh dhaibh a bhith a' maghairireachd fhad 's bu là e, smaoinich iad gu robh an t-àm aca deanamh air an taigh.

A nis, bha e mar chleachdadh aca anns an àit ud, an uair a bhiodh na h-eathraichean a muigh ag iasgach, nach fhàgadh iad an iol-iasgaich gus am biodh iad uile cruinn còmhla, agus cha bhiodh ann an uair sin ach a' fiachainn có bu luaithe a ruigeadh an cladach.

Siod agaibh mar a thachair an oidhe ud. Bha eathar MhicAsgaill ann mar gach té eile—Iain Caimbeul le ràmh air an dara gualainn agus mac Aonghas le a ràmh fhéin air a' ghualainn eile. Dh'fhalbh iad co-dhiubh is an dà shiad ud ag iomradh cho math is a b'urrainn daibh, Bha an seann duine fhéin 'na shuidhe anns an deireadh, 'gan sparradh air adhart. Cha robh guth aige ach "Siuthad, a bhalaich—cùm rithe; siuthad Iain Caimbeul, tha am balach 'ga cur ort!"

An uair a chunnaic an seann duine té no dhà de na h-eathraichean eile a' dol air thoiseach orra fhéin, dh'éirich e 'na sheasamh, agus arsa esan, "An ainm an t-sealbh, thoir dhomh an ràmh sin as do dhà làimh, Iain". Thug am fear eile dha an ràmh, agus, an uair a fhuair an seann duine air a chùl agus a dhà shàil an tacsas, is e rud a bh'ann nach cumadh a mhac fhéin suas ris!

Mu dheireadh bha an t-eathar, gu ìre bhig, a' dol rathad eile. "Iain Caimbeul, a charaide," arsa an seann duine, "cuir a mach ràmh eile còmhla ris a' bhalach." Rinn Iain mar a chaidh iarraidh air, agus abradh sibhse sùrd an uair sin!

Chan urrain dhòmhais innse dhuibh co-dhiubh a b'i eathar MhicAsgaill a' cheud té a bhunaich an cladach neo nach b'i, ach dh'aidich Iain Caimbeul an déidh-laimhe nach do dh'iomair e riamh 'na bheatha cho cruaidh is a rinn e an oidhe ud, agus fiù na h-òirlich cha do chuir an dithis aca an t-eathar air Aonghas MacAsgaill.

Repression and Revival

Can the Wends teach the Gaels something?

A few months ago *The Stornoway Gazette* published a long article on "Need Gaelic Die? A Lesson from Behind the Iron Curtain." The author was Mr. W. B. Lockwood, lecturer in German at Birmingham University.

Mr. Lockwood begins by saying "there is little doubt that the majority of those in Scotland who today still use the Gaelic language feel in their heart of hearts that their speech is slowly but surely dying out." The depopulation of the Highlands, the penetration of English into the remotest hamlet and tiniest croft, official discrimination against the language, and other factors as well, have combined to displace the native Gaelic. Gaelic, of course, is not alone in its plight. Welsh is fighting an uphill battle for survival. Breton is losing ground. The Basque language is yielding ground to French and Spanish. "On this showing," says Mr. Lockwood, "it seems to be a universal rule that in these modern times a small linguistic community cannot hold its own against a powerful neighbour. However, there are exceptions," and he cites the case of Ireland and then goes on to describe what is happening among the Wends.

The Wends are a Slavonic people, inhabiting a region of swamp, forest, and low-lying hills south-east of Berlin, in East Germany. For centuries they have been cut off by the surrounding Germans from their one-time neighbours and linguistic kinsfolk, the Czechs and Poles. In the Middle Ages the Wends were a powerful people but lost their independence to German princes. A long process of Germanisation left of the Wendish people only a tiny enclave. In 1832 there were less than 130,000 Wendish speakers.

The Germanising policy of the government meant that the Wendish language was discouraged or forbidden in the schools, the Wends were made to feel inferior, their customs were often ridiculed, and their language had no official status. Nevertheless, the number of Wendish speakers increased to about 170,000 in the 1860's, but then began to drop alarmingly towards the end of last century. By this time the population had become more or less bilingual, acquiring German as well as their native Wendish.

After the first World War German official policy became less anti-Wendish, but it was a policy of toleration without recognition, and the number of Wendish speakers continued to decline. When Hitler came to power Germani-

sation took on a most threatening aspect, culminating in measures taken in 1937, openly aiming at the extirpation of Wendish national life. All Wendish organisations, whether religious or secular, were dissolved by government decree and their property confiscated; all publications in the Wendish language were forbidden; Wendish-speaking clergymen and school teachers were transferred to purely German areas.

The result was that most of the people capitulated before this fierce attack, young people ceased to use their native language, and children grew up without any knowledge of it. The language was as good as banished from public places. So great was the harm done to Wendish national life that, in 1945, only the most optimistic patriots did not despair. A new threat appeared at the end of the war when thousands of displaced persons of German speech were settled in East Germany, many of them in Wendish villages.

But then began the fight back. The national organisation of the Wends, the *Domovina*, which had been dissolved in 1937, was reconstituted soon after the end of the war, and it set about campaigning for official recognition of Wendish national rights. The Zonal Administration was sympathetic, and direct grants were made to help rebuild Wendish national life, as reparation for the wrongs done in the past.

In 1948 a law was made for "safeguarding the rights of the Wendish population". The main provisions were that the Wendish people should enjoy legal protection and state encouragement in respect of language and cultural activity; that Wendish should be the medium of instruction in schools to be set up for Wendish children (while German should also be taught); that in bilingual areas Wendish might be used on equal terms with German; that in the mixed areas the authorities should encourage Wendish national institutions in every way, and a proportionate number of Wendish speakers were to be appointed to official posts in these areas; and that a Wendish office was to be set up to administer the funds for the reconstruction of Wendish national life and for its further development.

At the end of the war only seven Wendish-speaking teachers were available, but by 1952 the first elementary schools with Wendish as the medium of instruction were opened, nearly all the teachers coming straight from college. "By now there are several hundred Wendish-

speaking teachers, working through Wendish. Moreover, there are three Wendish-medium secondary schools," all of which Mr. Lockwood visited.

In the Wendish-medium elementary schools text-books for most subjects are now available, though German books have still to be used to some extent, and the position in the secondary schools is much the same. There are text-books in Wendish dealing with higher mathematics, biology, chemistry, history, and Wendish literature, and in three or four years basic text-books for all subjects will be available in Wendish.

A child from a Wendish-speaking home automatically attends a Wendish-medium school, but many children of German parentage are also attending these Wendish schools and becoming bilingual. There is a Wendish teachers' training college and a centre for training kindergarten teachers. There is a daily newspaper in Wendish, and also a number of periodicals for children and adults. There are church magazines (both Lutheran and Roman Catholic) in Wendish. There is a growing literature in Wendish, and already a large number of books on a variety of subjects, from serious studies to light fiction. All these are subsidised.

Street signs and official notices are all

bilingual in the villages, and similar developments are now taking place in towns where there is a Wendish minority.

There has been a great upsurge of national feeling, but there are many Wends who hold back from the general movement. Among these are opponents of the present regime, and others who think that to use German is more genteel, while some Wends still have an inferiority complex about their nationality and many will not speak Wendish if strangers are about.

It is estimated that there are now about 100,000 speakers of Wendish, which falls into two dialect groups—a northern one and a southern one, which are as different from each other as Scots Gaelic and Irish Gaelic. These two dialects have given rise to two literary languages, and publishing has to be duplicated to a large extent, especially for children's books and newspapers, which are issued in both languages.

Mr. Lockwood concludes: "We, for our part, can see what can be done for a small national group, given the will on the part of the central government to help. It seems to me that what we are witnessing today in the Wendish area may yet have its lessons for others who take a sympathetic interest in the fate of small nations and wish them well."

Gormshuil Mhor Na Maighe

Le ALASDAIR CAMSHRON

(*"Taobh-Tuath Earraghaidheal"*)

THUBHAIRT mi ann an àireamh an Damhair gun tugainn, mur cuireadh am Fear-deasachaidh bacadh orm, cunntas goirid air beatha ban-bhuideach nan Camshronach, Gormshuil Mhór na Maighe.

Bha an t-ainm-baistidh, Gormshuil, cumanta gu leòir am measg Gaidheil na h-Alba agus Èireann aig aon àm. Is e Gormshuil a b'ainm do'n mhnaoi mhì-chneasda a bha aig Brian Boroimhe, agus is i a thug cuireadh do na ceannardan Lochlannach, Sigurd agus Brodir, tighinn a chogadh 'na aghaidh. Bha an t-ainm cumanta cuideachd am measg nan Camshronach agus an do chuir Gormshuil Mhór 'nam beachd dìmeas air.

Tha e air a ràdh gu robh teaghlach na Maighe, no Camshronaich na Maighe; mar a theireadh cuid, a mach à seann Taigh Challairst. Fada bhuaithe chaidh beachd de'n dream seo le dithis mhac, Teàrlach agus Gilleasbaig, a dh'iarraidh dìon bho an naimhdean gu ruig Loch-Iall do'n Torra-chaisteil. Thug esan dhi a' chuid iochdarach de'n Mhaighe. Is ann bho Theàrlach seo a thàinig teaghlach na Maighe, agus bha e air

a ràdh gu robh an t-ainm, Teàrlach, ri fhaotainn air am feadh air son iomadh linn.

Bha teaghlach de Chloinn Mhic Fhionghuin anns a' Mhaigh Uachdarach a thàinig as an Eilean Sgitheanach. Thàinig a' cheud aon dhiubh seo do Airdanois anns a' Ghiùthsaidh, taobh Loch Airceig. Mar sin, is e a theireadh muinntir Lochabair riutha "Sliochd Iain Maigh na Giùthsaidh." Is e a h-aon diubh seo a phòs Gormshuil. A reir inneadh sgeòil, is e boireannach làidir gramail a bha an Gormshuil—geur-shuileach agus geur-thuigseach—sadh, cho tuigseach agus cho fad-léirsinneach is gun canadh cuid gu robh "tuilleadh" 's am Paidir aig Gormshuil."

Bha an beachd seo 'na fàbhar. Cha rachadh sealgair do'n fhrith no iasgair gu linne nach tigeadh a chur ceist am biodh soirbheachadh orra agus a dh'fhaotainn a beannachd. Is iomadh deagh dhinneir sìdhinn agus gad math éisg a fhuair i air a thàillibh.

Tha naidheachd ann mar a theasaig a fad-léirsinn Loch-Iall, an uair a chaidh e a ghleidheadh coinneamh ri Diùc Adhail mu

Thimcheall ionaltradh na Beinne-brice, ri fhaotainn ann an leabhraichean Beurla (mar a tha *'Lochaber in War and Peace'*, le Kilgour), agus leis a sin chan aithris mi an sgeul sin an seo. Their cuid gur ann aig a' choinneamh seo a chluich pìobaire Loch-Iall am port, "Thigibh an seo, chlanna nan con, is gheibh sibh feòil," agus gur e Sir Eòghann ceann-feadhna nan Camshronach aig an àm. Co-dhiubh tha e fìor mu'n phort 's nach 'eil, chan 'eil mise dol a ràdh, ach cha chreid mi gur e Sir Eòghann a bha ann. Bho'n bha Gormshuil beò aig àm an Armada, tha e na's coltaiche gur e seanair Shir Eòghainn, Ailean Mac Iain Duibh, a bha ann.

Ged bha Gormshuil fad-léirsinneach air cìod a bha ri teachd, cha do shàbhail sin a beatha bho bhàs ceann-adhairt. Is e a bàthadh an Allt Choille Rois, agus i a' feuchainn ri bradan a ghlacadh, a bu deireadh dhi. Seo agaibh an naidheachd mar a bha i aig Màiri Nic Ealair.

An uair a bha Loch-Iall a' tilleadh dhachaigh bho'n turus a dh'ainmich mi, thadhail e air Gormshuil a thoirt taing dhi is a ghealltainn fàbhar sam bith a dh'iarradh i air uair sam bith. Thubhairt i ris, ged bha e a' toirt a' gheallaidh sin, gun crochadh e fhathast mac leatha. Fhreagair esan nach tachradh sin idir, a chionn, ged bhiodh e a' dol a dheanamh a leithid, nach robh aice ach dol mar a robh esan is an gealladh a chur 'na chuimhne, agus cìod sam bith cho airidh is a bhiodh a mac air a chrochadh, cha rachadh a dheanamh.

Bliadhnanach an dèidh seo bha mac do Ghormshuil, gille eile, agus aon mhac bantraich, a mach anns a' mhonadh. Throid mac na bant-raich agus an gille eile. Thug mac na bant-raich buille do'n ghille seo a mharbh e. Bha a' bhantrach bhoedh ann an droch staid. Chuimhnich Gormshuil air a' ghealladh a thug Loch-Iall dhi, agus dh'aontaich i gun toireadh a mac suas e fèin air son a' mharbhaidh. Is ann mar seo a bha. Chuir Loch-Iall e anns a' phrìosan anns a' chaisteal aige. Air son a bheatha a shaoradh thog Gormshuil oirre a dh'fhaicinn Loch-Iall ach an uair a ràinig i Allt Choille an Rois chunnaic i bradan ann an linne bheag. Chaidh i g'a ghlacadh, ach mun d'fhuair i seo a dheanamh, thàinig beum sléibhe a staigh an gleann a dh'at an t-allt an tiota. Ghlac an tuil Gormshuil agus chaidh a bàthadh. Chaidh a mac a chrochadh, a chionn cha robh fios aig Loch-Iall gur e mac dhi a bha ann agus an dèidh-làimhe.

Tha òran luadhaidh ri fhaotainn mar gum biodh strì aig cliaith-luadhaidh eadar i fhéin agus ban-bhuidseach á Gleanna-garadh, ach tha e ro-fhada air son *A' Ghaidheil*. Co-dhiubh, bha buaidh na cléithe le Gormshuil.

National Mod, Glasgow 1958

At the inaugural meeting of the 1958 National Mod in the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 30th January, 1957, forty-five people were present, including members of the Committees of the Glasgow Central and Govan branches, members of the Executive Council, and representatives of affiliated societies in Glasgow and district. Mr. John M. Bannerman, Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, was in the Chair.

Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President of An Comunn, extended a cordial welcome to those present, and said that the numbers present augured well for the success of the 1958 National Mod.

A Mod Local Committee was formed, with Mrs. J. M. Bannerman as Convener and Mrs. M. C. Edgar and Mr. Neil Ferguson (Presidents respectively of the Glasgow Central and Govan branches of An Comunn) as Vice-Conveners. Mr. Farquhar Macintosh undertook the duties of Joint Secretary. It was decided to invite Mr. Calum Robertson to be Joint Secretary along with Mr. Macintosh, and, since the meeting, Mr. Robertson has kindly consented. It was proposed to ask Mr. James T. Graham, formerly Treasurer of An Comunn, to act as Treasurer, but, because of the pressure of professional work and the many other calls on his services, he reluctantly declined the invitation. Subsequently Miss Mary S. Young, General Treasurer of An Comunn, agreed to undertake the duties of Mod Local Treasurer, and Mr. Archibald M. Mackay kindly agreed to be Assistant Treasurer.

Sub-committees were formed, and the following Conveners were appointed:—Mr. Kenneth Macdonald (Finance), Mrs. Ola Robertson (Entertainments), Mr. John A. MacRae (Publicity), and Mrs. C. M. B. Dunlop (Accommodation).

The 1958 National Mod will begin with a Gaelic Service on Sunday, 28th September, and will end with the Annual General Meeting of An Comunn on Saturday, 4th October.

M. M.

Secretary's Notes

I had the privilege of presiding at a Ceilidh of the Kilmarnock branch in the Dark Horse Restaurant, on 17th January. The President, Rev. Archd. M. Beaton, extended a cordial welcome to those present. This branch has a more-than-average attendance at

its Ceilidhs, and credit is due to Mr. Beaton, who so genially makes everyone feel at home, and to the very active Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Archd. MacEwan. A first-rate programme was submitted, with "Ayrshire" artistes and Mr. Finlay A. G. MacKeachan, Miss Christine Macbride, and Mrs. Johan Macleod from Glasgow.

The following evening, I had the pleasure of attending a Ceilidh of the **Stirling branch** in the Miners' Welfare Institute. As this was the first Ceilidh to be held in this hall, the Committee were a little worried as to whether their supporters would come along that evening. Their fears were soon dispelled as the hall filled to capacity. Mr. Angus Mackenzie presided during the first half of the programme, and I took over the reins during the second half. The visiting artistes were Mr. Archie Grant, Mr. Norman Maclean, and Mrs. Johan Macleod, who were ably supported by local artistes. Mr. Mackenzie conducts weekly Gaelic classes.

On 19th January, I presided at a Ceilidh of **Tir nam Beann, Dun-eideann**. Under their active President, Mr. Finlay Maclean (Lewis), this association organises some of the most popular old-style ceilidhs in the Capital. Mr. Maclean often delights the audience with his own Gaelic monologues. Among the singers on this occasion were Mr. Donald Ross, the well-known bard, and a very promising young singer from Tarbert, Harris, Mr. John Murdo Morrison.

Over a hundred were present at a Ceilidh of the **Dumfries branch** on 1st February. During the evening, the branch was re-formed, and the following office-bearers were appointed:—President, Mr. Neil MacVicar; Vice-President, Rev. John Fletcher; Secretary, Mr. Farquhar Gillanders, 4 Lovers Walk, Dumfries; Treasurer, Mr. Archie M. Macdonald. Mr. Duncan Campbell, who was Secretary of the branch since its inception thirty-one years ago, was made Honorary President. A general committee of twelve members was also formed. This branch has a nucleus of Gaelic-speakers drawn from a wide area of the Highlands and Islands. Gaelic classes (advanced) are conducted by Mr. Colin G. Morrison (Lewis), and next session the branch hopes to start a beginners' class.

The **Campbeltown branch** held their postponed Old New Year Ceilidh in the Town Hall on 8th February. This was my first visit to Campbeltown, and I was accompanied by Mod Gold Medallists, Miss Mary C. MacNiven and Mr. Finlay A. G. MacKeachan, the other guest artiste being Mrs. Johan Macleod.

Local artistes Miss Mary Graham, Mr. Calum Nicholson (Gaelic songs), Mr. Docherty (Violin), Master Hugh MacCallum (Bagpipes), and Miss Isa Graham (Accompanist), completed a most enjoyable programme. The hall was filled to capacity. The branch is arranging to hold its Provincial Mod on 17th and 18th June.

M. M.

Ayr Branch

Presentation to Retiring President

AT a very successful ceilidh held by the Ayr Branch of An Comunn, and attended by a large and appreciative audience, Mr. Donald MacIsaac, President, was Fear-an-tighe. The singers were Miss Helen T. MacMillan (Mod Gold Medallist), Miss Edith Pollock, Mr. John Hinds, and Mr. MacIsaac himself, while Miss Sheila Semple was the Highland dancer, Mr. Gordon Callaghan was piper, and Miss Barbara Sumner was accompanist. Tea was served by the ladies of the Committee.

In the course of the evening a presentation from members of the branch to Mr. Alex. Mackechnie, retiring President, was gracefully handed over by Miss Margaret Fergusson. Mr. MacIsaac spoke appreciatively of the valuable services given so freely and readily by Mr. Mackechnie during his ten-year term of office as President of the Ayr branch. Mr. Mackechnie thanked the members for their gift, a beautiful travelling clock, and for their loyalty to him during his term of office.

Congratulations

To Mr. Hugh Watson, D.K.S., on his receiving the honour of Knighthood in the Queen's New Year's Honours List. Mr. Watson is a son of the late Professor W. J. Watson and an elder brother of the late Professor James Carmichael Watson, and has himself done splendid service to the Gaelic cause, notably as Secretary and Treasurer of the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society.

To Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, M.A., F.E.I.S., Fort William, a Vice-President of An Comunn, who in the New Year's Honours List was awarded the British Empire Medal for his services in mountain rescue work in the Lochaber district. Mr. Mackinnon is best known to most of us for his work for Gaelic, and especially his contributions to Gaelic studies, but this well-merited recognition draws attention to another of his many interests.

Good Wishes

To the Rev. Angus J. MacVicar, M.A., who retired from the active ministry on 31st January, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. A native of North Uist, and a leader among the Highland students of his time at Glasgow University—he was President of the Ossianic Society and founder of the Glasgow University Shinty Club—he has given notable service to the Church in the parishes of Duror (1907-10) and Southend (1910-57), as Clerk for over forty years of the Presbytery of Kintyre and for ten years of the Synod of Argyll, and in other ways; to the community as a County Councillor and member of the Education Committee and on other bodies; and to the Gaelic cause as a greatly appreciated preacher and writer in Gaelic and as an adjudicator at Mods. The "Rona MacVicar" Trophy at the National Mod, presented by the Campbeltown Gaelic Choir for junior choral competition, commemorates Mr. MacVicar's only daughter, who won the Mod Gold Medal in 1948, but soon thereafter was so tragically cut off in her prime in 1949. Of Mr. MacVicar's four surviving sons, the Rev. Kenneth, who distinguished himself in the Royal Air Force during the war, is minister of Kenmore, Perthshire, and Angus has won fame as a popular writer.

To Mr. and Mrs. MacVicar we wish a long and happy retirement.

Gaelic in Nova Scotia

A Well-Deserved Tribute

IN November last, at the semi-annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies, held at Westville, N.S., the following resolution, submitted by the Executive of the Caledonian Society of Cape Breton, was approved: "Be it resolved that the Nova Scotia Department of Education be congratulated on the activities, endeavours, complete co-operation, and courtesy of Major C. I. N. Macleod, Adult Education Division, on behalf of the advancement and encouragement of our Scottish Heritage in this Province."

The resolution recalled that on 1st January, 1950, the Gaelic Service of the Adult Education Division of the Nova Scotia Department of Education was established, "to foster Gaelic and Scottish culture, as it exists among the people of Nova Scotia in its various forms of speech, song, writing, piping, dancing, sports, and customs." The Gaelic Service provides a field service to interested community groups and individuals, and also for the liaison of a

Gaelic specialist, in an advisory capacity, with existing organisations and institutions, such as Scottish Societies, Schools, Universities, the C.B.C., the B.B.C., and the Department of Education itself. The person appointed by the Nova Scotia Civil Service Commission, on a permanent basis, was Major Macleod, "a Gaelic scholar of international repute, and an acknowledged authority on Piping, Gaelic Singing, and Highland Dancing."

We have been glad to hear from time to time of Major Macleod's work, and of the success of his efforts, although much remains to be done. And we are especially glad to know that his work is being appreciated.

Forthcoming Mods

Edinburgh Local Mod is to be held on 18th May in the Central Halls. Copies of the Syllabus may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary: Miss M. C. Sutherland, 9 East Trinity Road, Edinburgh, 5.

The London Mod, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of London, is to be held on 22nd June. Details of the programme may be obtained from the Secretary of the Society, Miss A. N. Fraser, 22 Wallingford Avenue, London, W. 10.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Largs, 1956

Received at Largs—
Previously acknowledged £2,914 14 6

Received at Headquarters—
Previously acknowledged £507 13 —
Comunn na Clarsaich,
Edinburgh Branch 2 — —

509 13 —

£3,424 7 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged £16 3 2
J. A. D. McIntosh, Esq., Glasgow — 12 —

£16 15 2

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged £153 — 4
Less overstated in July Magazine—
Skelmorlie & District Highland
Association 1 1 —

£151 19 4
Miss Caroline MacLure, Surrey — 16 —

£152 15 4

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AN GIBLEAN, 1957

Aireamh 4

Am Bocsaidhe

Le NIALL MACDHOMHNAILL

(Chraobh-sgaoileadh an sgeul seo air an ràdio.)

THA mi a' creidsinn nach aithne dhuibhse Eachann Mòr Gob an Rubha. Is iomadh gàbhadh anns an robh Eachann còir, ach, cleas iomadh laoch eile, mar bu chruaidhe an cunnart 's ann a b'fhearr an duine. B'e fhéin an siad gu blas a chur air seachas; cha robh eadar dà cheann na sgìre fear a bheireadh bàrr air.

Sin agaibh Eachann, ma tà. Bha là a bha siud agus, 'na fhacail fhéin, fhuair e acaire mór soithich anns an robh tunna, ma bha unnsa ann, air a' chladach, agus mur b'e is gu robh slabhraidh chruaidh stàilinn anns an robh deich aitheamh fichead, ma bha òirleach ann, an crochadh ris, bhiodh e aige an ceann an taighe agus bu mhath e gus an laogh ruadh a cheangal ris.

"Sin agaibh an fhirinn," arsa Eachann. Co-dhìubh, chan fhaca mise Eachann o'n uair ud gus an d'fhuair e bocsa beag an fhortain. Siud am bocsa a choisinn do Eachann earrann mhath de'n t-saoghal fhaicinn. Innsidh mi dhuibh sgeul a' bhocsa ud, dìreach mar a dh'innis e fhéin dhòmhsa i, á beul na firinn, gun fhacal a null no nall.

* * * *

Feasgar fuar earraich a bha siud (arsa Eachann), is mi a muigh a' sealg leis a' ghunna,

laigh mo shùil air lach aig gob Rubha nan Tòtag. Dh'èalaidh mi sìos do'n chladach gus mu dheireadh an d'fhuair mi faisg urchrach oirre. Thug mi an aire do bhocsa beag buidhe a bha ann an sgor shìos am beul na mara. Chuir e a leithid de iongnadh orm is gun do dhùin mi òrd a' ghunna. Thug mi ceum sìos far an robh e, is bha am bocsa an siud is cha bu shuarach e, le ceithir bannan iarainn air.

Thug mi air mo ghualainn e agus rinn mi air an taigh leis. Fhuair mi tàire mhór mun deach agam air fhosgladh, ach, a charaide, cuiridh mise geall nach tomhais thu dé a bha 'na bhroinn! Bha, ma tà, an t-òr buidhe, agus luach nam mìltean no dheth! "Chan fhacas is cha chualas riamh a leithid seo," arsa mise rium fhéin, ach is e a bha a' cur ceist orm gu dé air an aon saoghal a dheanainn ris.

Coma co-dhìubh, cha do dh'innis mi do anail bhed air druim a' bhaile gun d'fhuair mi e. Chuir mi am falach e air lobhta an t-sabhail, agus tha mise a' creidsinn nach robh mac màthar a chuir cas riamh am bròig a bu bheairtiche na mise a' cheart mhionaid ud.

An ceann là no dhà dh'fhalbh mi far an robh fear an taigh-chuspann, oir cha robh mi a' faotainn norra cadail leis an uallach, ged bha an sabhal agam glaiste a là 's a dh'oidhche.

Ràinig mise an duine còir, agus b'è fhéin an duine pongail an ceann gnothaich. Dh'innis mi dha an turus air an robh mi, ach, mun d'fhuair mi cròch a chur air mo seul, thug e aon leum gu taobh eile an t-seòmair, far an robh pasgan litrichean air bòrd mòr fada.

Dh'fhosgail e té dhiubh, agus arsa esan, is e a' coimhead orm an clàr an aodainn, "Eachainn, a charaide, tha t'fhortan deante." "S e," arsa esan, "rìgh beairteach a tha thall thairis a chail am bocsa sin, is e air chuairt le birlinn ghrinn a bhos anns an rìoghachd seo."

Dh'fheumadh fear an taigh-chuspainn am bocsa fhaotainn gun dàil agus fios a leigeil a Lunnainn m'a dheighinn. Dh'fhalbh e còmhla rium, agus shìn mise dha am bocsa buidhe, is mi ag ràdh rium fhéin aig an aon àm, "Am fear aig am bi fortan tha crois aige 'na cheann."

Coma co-dhiùbh, chaidh na mìosan seachad, is cha robh facal a' tighinn bho'n rìgh, agus mu dheireadh thall thug mi dùil thairis cluinnt-inn bhuaithe. Ach, coma leat, feasgar breagha samhraidh a bha siud, chunnacas long fo shiùil a' tighinn a steach an loch, is b'è sin an long—a cheart cho geal ri canach an t-sleibhe.

Bha muinntir a' bhaile air na cruic a' coimhead an t-seallaidh oirdheirc ud. Cha b'fhada gus am faca mi eathar beag anns an robh trìuir fhear is iad a' deanamh air an laimrig. Chaidh mise sìos chon a' chladaich mar gach fear eile. Cha robh an t-eathar air an laimrig a bhualadh ceart an uair a leum fear de na bha innte air tìr, agus b'è sin an duine foghainteach—tha mi a' làn-chreidsinn gu robh còrr is sia troighean ann.

Sheall e air na bha sinn ann, agus arsa esan anns a' Bheurla chruaidh Shasannaich, "A bheil Eachann Mòr Gun an Rubha an seo?"

"Tha," arsa mise.

"Is tusa, ma tà," arsa esan, "an dearbh fhear ris a bheil mo ghnòthach."

"Dé a chuir gum biodh gnothach aige riumsa," arsa mise rium fhéin, "fear air nach do leag mi riamh buille de mo shùil?"

Coma co-dhiùbh no co-dheth, chuir e a theachdaireachd an céill gun dàil, agus cha ghabhadh e diùltadh. Dh'fheumainn-sa falbh còmhla ris, oir b'è siud miann is iarrtas an rìgh.

"Chuir an rìgh," arsa esan, "an soitheach eireachdail seo a dh'aon ghnòthach g'ad iarraidh, Eachainn, agus bidh e glé dhiombach ma thilleas mise as t'aonais."

Thubhairt mise rium fhéin, "Chan ann a h-uile là a thig a leithid seo 'nad rathad, Eachainn." Leis a sin, thubhairt mi ris gum bithinn deònach falbh.

Mun do bhlaiss an t-eun an t-uisge madainn làrna-mhàireach, bha mise air bòrd, sgeadaichte

le mo dheise ghuirn is mo bhrògan Sàbaid. Chaidh an t-acaire a thogail is na siùil a chur rithe, is bha mise a mach bun an locha fada mun do thog taigh anns a' bhaile ceò.

Mur e mise mac a bha a' faotainn gabhail agam fad an turuis-chuain ud! Bha an caipitean agus an t-àrd-fhear-frithealaidh a' sealltainn riumsa dìreach mar gum b'è mac an rìgh fhéin a bha air bòrd. Cha do dh'ith mi greim ach còmhla ris a' chaithean fhéin, agus b'è sin am biadh! Gun teagamh, is e biadh nan crogan a bha ann, ach, ged a b'è, bha e glé bhlasda, Air son na fhuair mi de dheiseachan geala fhad 's a bha mi air bòrd, chail mi cumntas orra!

Ràinig sinn ar ceann-uidhe an ceann sia seachdainean. Chan e nach robh mise cearta coma ann an aon seagh, ged a bhithinn mìos eile air an turus ud, oir b'è siud roghadh is taghadh nam bàtaichean. Bha an oidhche an deidheas tuiteam mun do cheangail sinn ris a' cheidhe, ach, ged a bha, bha an rìgh cho déidheil air mise fhaicinn agus nach fhuiricheadh e gu madainn.

Bha carbad 'gam fheitheamh air a' cheidhe, agus nam faiceadh sibhse an inneal-siubhail ud! Bha ceithir eich 'ga tarraing, agus a leithid eile de achfainn chan fhaca mise no duine a bhuneas dhomh nì riamh coltach ris. Chaidh mise a sheòladh gu modhail dòigheil far an robh a' carbad bhreagha ud. Bha dithis no trìuir le deiseachan sgàrlaid aig an doras, agus am fear nach cuireadh a làmh 'na bhonaid dhomh bha e a' cromadh a chinn gu làr.

Dh'fhalbh iad leam co-dhiùbh, agus cha b'fhada an ùine gus an robh sinn aig caisteal an rìgh, agus chaidh mise a thoirt 'na làthair gun dàil.

"Tha thu air tighinn, Eachainn," arsa esan.

"Tha," arsa mise.

"Do bheatha an dùthaich," arsa esan a rithist.

"Tapadh leibhse, a dhuine chòir," arsa mise.

Abair thusa gun d'fhuair mise m'fhàilteachadh, is gu h-àraidh bho'n nighinn aige, té chaol àrd le falt sleamhainn dubh.

"Tha an t-suipear air a' bhòrd, Eachainn," arsa an rìgh, "ach tha mi a' creidsinn gum b'fheàrrde thu sgoladh a thoirt air t'aodann an toiseach."

Rinn mise mar a dh'iarr an duine còir orm, is chaidh mo sheòladh an déidh sin a steach do sheòmar na suipearach.

"Dean thu fhéin aig an taigh, Eachainn," arsa an rìgh; "tha mi a' creidsinn gu bheil an t-acras ort."

"Tapadh leibhse, a rìgh," arsa mise.

Nam faiceadh sibhse am bòrd a bha siud! Chan fhaca mise a leithid eile de shealladh air spàinean is air sgeanan bho ghineadh mi. Bha dhiubh siud air mo bheulaibh is nach robh fhios

agam có aca a thogainn an toiseach, ach bha mi a' cumail mo shùil air an rìgh fhéin, is ge bè s'grian no spàin a thogadh eisan, bha mise a' togail an aon seòrsa. Aig sealbha tha brath cia meud truinnsear a chaidh a chur air mo bheul-aibh, agus, ged nach robh ach uiread is gum faiceadh tu air gach fear, bha mise gu math aig an taigh mun do sgrìob mi am fear mu dheireadh. Siud far an robh seòmar, a charaide! Cha mhór nach do chail mi mo dhà shùil an léirsinn an uair a nochd mi anns an dorus—gun dad ach deàrsadh an òir agus sgarlaid air gach taobh a sheallainn. Bha mi a' dol fodha a dh'ionnsaigh nan glùinean anns a' bhrat-ùrlair a bha air.

Anns an t-seanchas a bha ann, mhòl an rìgh mi air son cho onarach is a bha mi agus cho ceart is a rinn mi a dhol far an robh fear an taigh-chuspainn, agus arsa esan, "Eachainn, a charaide, chan 'eil fear eile a dheanadh a leithid, agus bidh tu air do phaidheadh glé mhath-air son siud."

Madainn an làrna-mhàireach thug an rìgh mi gu taigh mòr geal air an robh sia ceud uinneag, ma bha aon air.

"Sin agad," arsa esan, "an taigh agadsa, Eachainn."

"An e gu dearbh?" arsa mise rium fhéin, is thug mi taing mhór do'n duine chòir.

Thubhairt e rium gu dunn ann air mo shon fhéin a chaidh a thogail.

"Tha e," arsa esan, "làn deiseil air do shon, agus tha mi an dòchas gun còrd e riut."

Chaidh taobh a staigh an taighe a shealltainn dhomh, agus abair thusa taigh! Air son luchd frithealaidh, tha mi an dùil gu robh iad anns an rathad air a chèile. Bha fear ann air son glanadh mo bhrògan, agus fear eile air son an cur orm, agus mar sin air adhart.

"Tha thu a nis 'nad àrd-uachdaran, Eachainn," arsa an rìgh, "agus, mar a dh'fhoadas tu thuigsinn, bidh na h-uachdaran eile a' tadhal ort bho àm gu àm, agus bidh tusa a' tadhal air uachdaran eile cuideachd. Cha bhì aon char oibreach agad ri dheanamh," arsa esan, "oir bidh gu leòir de sheirbhisich agad," agus leis a sin a ràdh ghabh an duine còir "Latha Math" leam.

Cha b'fhada gus an robh mi suas ris an obair —an obair nach robh ann! Cha robh mise ach a' stàrchadh mun cuairt, le léine ghil is còta gearr. Abair thusa, a charaide, obair croite! Cha b'e a bhith fo'n chliabh fheamainn a bha air m'aire. A bheil fhios agad gu robh mo dhà bhois mu dheireadh cho mìn ris an t-sìoda, agus gu dé an t-iongnadh a bha sin? Cha robh a' mhìotag a' falbh as mo dhòrn gun fhios có an duin'-uasal a dh'fhoadadh tighinn an rathad.

Is iomadh uair a thubhairt mise rium fhéin,

"B'eòlach do dhà sheanair air mìotagan, Eachainn." Bhiodh nighean an rìgh a' tighinn a chèilidh orm an dràsda 's a rithist. Bha i glé choibhneil, ach bha tuilleadh is cus aice ri ràdh. Coma co-dhiùbh, bha na bliadhnanach a' dol seachad, agus mise a' fàs na bu bheairtiche a h-uile là mar a bha a' tighinn. Cha robh caomhnadh air airgead—bha e agam mar na sliagan.

Là a bha siud, an rìgh fhéin air chèilidh orm, nach ann a tu b'hairt e rium nach deanainn ni na b'fheàrr na an nighean aige fhéin a phòsadh "Eachainn, a charaide," arsa mise rium fhéin, "bu mhath gus an seo e!"

Chan 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh mi glé mhath dheth, mar gun abradh tu, a' snàmh ann an cuid chàich. A uill, smaoinich mi fhéin an uair sin air Màiri Bheag a' Bhealaich Bhàin, is i cho math air na bonnach choire. Cha dubhairt mise ris "Pòsaidh" no "Cha phòs." Cha robh mi air son a chur as a bheachd.

Ach, a charaide, bha mu dheireadh naidheachd ar pòsaidh am beul an t-sluaigh, agus caistéal mòr an rìgh fhéin 'ga dheanamh suas as ùr air son na bainnse. "Eachainn," arsa mise rium fhéin, "thoir do chasan leat," agus, creid thusa mise, cha robh an dàil fada.

Bha e a' cur ceist orm an toiseach có an taobh air an cuirinn m'aghaidh, ach smaoinich mi air a' bhaile-phuirt far an tug birlinn an rìgh mi. Siud sìos a ghabh mi, agus, a charaide, dé a bha siud ach soitheach-seòlaidh Frangach, agus b'e siud am bàta! Feuch fhéin riut, bha na cruinn a bha innte cho àrd is nach fhaicinn am bàrr aca anns na speuran!

Sheas mi air a' cheidhe a' coimhead an ainm a bha oirre, agus arsa mise rium fhéin, "Càit an faca no an cuala mise an t-ainm seo roimhe?" ach cha b'urrainn dhomh a chuimhneachadh.

Chaidh mi air bòrd co-dhiùbh, agus dh'fhoighnich mi de'n cheud fhear a thachair rium an robh an captean air bòrd. "Tha," arsa esan, is e 'ga chorrachadh a mach dhomh. Chaidh mi far an robh e, is mhòl mi an latha dha, is thubhairt mi ris gum bu bhreagan an soitheach a bha aige.

"O, chan 'eil i dona," arsa esan.

Dh'innis mi dha có mi agus an turus air an robh mi. Stad a dhà shùil 'na cheann an uair a chuala e có mi, agus arsa esan, "Eachainn a charaide, gheibh thu air falbh còmhla riumsa, 's tu fhéin a gheibh. Chan ann a h-uile là a thig do leithid an rathad. Tha sinn" arsa esan "a' seòladh an nochd fhéin agus is e Alba ar ceann-uidhe—sèadh," arsa esan, "Grianaig."

"Cha b'urrainn na b'fheàrr," arsa mise rium fhéin; "cha bhì an t-seann *Dunàra* fada 'gam thoirt dhachaigh as a sin."

"Nach iongantach leat," arsa esan, "mar a tha cuibhle an t-saoghail seo a' dol mun cuairt? A bheil fhios agad," arsa esan "gur e an aon ainm a tha air a' bhàta seo agus a bha air an t-soitheach a thug am Prionnsa Teàrlach gu Innse-Gall. Seadh," arsa esan, "an *La Doutelle*."

"'S e dìreach," arsa mise. "'Bha mi a' smaoineachadh gum faca no gun cuala mi a' cheart ainm roimhe,"

Sheòl sinn an oidhche sin, agus a bheil fhios agad dé a bha mi a' caoidh? Tha, ma tà, a charaide, nach tug mi leam cuid de na bha agam ann an taigh mòr nan uinneag, ach, ged a bhithinn-sa air sin a dheanamh, cha robh e air a bhith a chum feum sam bith dhomh, mar a chluinneas tu fhathast.

Bha dol leinn glé mhath fad an turuis-chuain gus an tàinig sinn dlùth air cladach na h-Albann. Shéid a' ghaoth bho'n àird an iar-dheas. Dh'éirich an fhaire 'na tonnan uamharra. Chan fhaca mise no duine eile a bha air bòrd nì riamh coltach ris. Gun fhacal bréige, bha feadhainn de na tuinn cho àrd ri Beinn Nìmheis. Dh'fhalbh na siùil 'nan stròicean, agus an ùbhrach dharaich ud air a h-iomann air ais is air adhart air bhàrr nan tonn, is gun nì ann a b'urrainn dhòmhsa no do dhuine eile a dheanamh ach suidhe sìos agus sinn fhéin earbsa ris an Fhreasdhal.

Mu dheireadh shràc i air tìr, agus siud air a cliathaich gun deach i! Thug mi an aire gu robh bàrr a' chroinn-toisich air talamh tioram, agus mar sin choisich mi gu tìr air. Gun teagamh sam bith thug mi faisg air uair an uaireadair mun do chuir mi cas air dùthaich mo ghràidh. Tuigidh tu a nis cho àrd is a bha na cruinn a bha innte!

A bheil fhios agad, a charaide, dé an ceàrn de Alba a bha siud? Bha, ma tà, an Rubha Murchanach. Thug mi ceum air adhart agus cha robh mi air a dhol glé fhada an uair a chunnaic mi cù beag ruadh, agus thug mi an aire gu robh sùil cham ann. Bhlàthaich mo chridhe agus thubhairt mise rium fhéin, "Dh'aithnichinn an t-sùil cham a tha 'nad cheann anns a' cheàrn as fhaide air falbh de'n t-saoghal."

Bidh cuimhne agad air Seumas Beag a chaidh a Smiorasaraidh. B'e siud an cù ruadh aig Seumas, ma tà, agus lean mi fad an t-siubhail gus mu dheireadh an tug e mi gu taigh breagha geal.

An uair a bha mi a' dol timcheall oisean an taighe có a bhuaill 'nam aodann ach Seumas fhéin! "Ach O, fheara an t-saoghail," arsa esan, "Eachainn Mòr Gob an Rubha, agus có as a thug thu a' choiseachd, Eachainn?"

"A' choiseachd!" arsa mise. "'Is sgeul fhada sin, a Sheumais."

An déidh dhomh aodach tioram agus biadh fhaotainn—agus siud far 'eil an duine còir 'na thaigh fhéin, agus is ann da a bu dual, bu chòir taigh a mhàthar fhéin—dh'innis mise dha mo sgeul bho thùs gu éis.

"Tha mi a' creidsinn," arsa esan, "nach do thachair a leithid eile riamh do dhuine anns na Hearadh."

"Gu dearbha, cha do thachair," arsa mise.

"Fuairichidh tu còmhla rium fhéin," arsa esan, "gu ceann seachdain, agus gheibh thu an t-aiseag còmhla rium is mi a' dol a cheannach uan do Bhaile na Creige."

Sin mar a thachair, agus sin mar a fhuair mise dhachaigh. Sin agad a nis deireadh mo sgeòil, agus, mur 'eil thu 'gam chreidsinn, seall air an dà shlige ud. Innsidh iadsan an sgeul fhéin—chan 'eil an leithid rì'm faicinn anns an dùthaich seo idir. Rinn mi greim bàis orra mun deach an soitheach Frangach air na creagan, agus tha iad an siud far am faic duine sam bith iad, mar dhearbhadh gur e an fhìrinn a tha agamsa.

* * * *

Sin agaibh, ma tà, sgeul a' bhocsa bhuidhe aig Eachainn, mar a dh'innis e fhéin dhòmhsa i, agus, mar a thubhairt mi cheana, gun fhacal a null no nall, agus ma's breug bhuan i is breug thugam i.

Book Wanted

Mr. W. Stewart Liddle, "Kinfauns", Woodmill Road, Dunfermline, wishes to obtain a copy of "The Gaelic Phono-Grammar: A Conversation Grammar for the Use of Beginners", by the Rev. Alistair Maclean. He possesses a set of the gramophone records which accompany the grammar, but has been unable to obtain a copy of the book itself. Mr. Liddle wishes to purchase a copy, or, failing this, he would like to borrow a copy so that he may transcribe the text and then return the book to its owner. Anyone who can help should communicate with Mr. Liddle.

Gaelic Drama Festival

It has been announced that, under the auspices of the Scottish Community Drama Association (Glasgow District), a Gaelic Drama Festival of One-Act Plays will be held in the Lyric Theatre, Glasgow, from Tuesday, 14th May, to Thursday, 16th May, 1957, with a public adjudication each evening.

It is earnestly hoped this praiseworthy venture will receive the support both of Gaelic Drama Clubs and Groups and of the public generally, especially the large Highland Community in Glasgow and neighbourhood.

Some of the Tresses

By EDWARD G. MACCURDY.

IN one of Browning's lyrics the lover is represented as appealing to those who do not love his mistress to recognize her for what she is—pure gold—challenging them to say whether earth holds aught like the tresses of her hair:

“this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all
So fair, see, ere I let it fall.”

It is impossible that anything approaching the full measure of the beauty that exists in a language should reveal itself to such a late-comer as myself who had arrived within four years of the allotted span of human existence before commencing the study of Gaelic. It is equally impossible that any words of mine should render such beauty perceptible to those who have no knowledge of the language. The thought itself may suffer translation and arrest anew by its vitality, but the original warm, kindly cloak of words in which it was wrapped has been changed for another, and something inevitably has been lost in the process.

The poet calls on those who do not love, to admire, and I would follow him. Love implies some degree of knowledge, and what knowledge of Gaelic have any save a few of those who had their upbringing outside the Highland line? Here I can imagine a reader of these words saying to himself: “Well, if it comes to that, why should they?” The question shows something of the after-effects of legislative restriction which has shut out from many, a knowledge of beauty which has an hereditary claim to be known. In any attempt, however, to make it known, one is up against defences such as those of which Bunyan in his “Holy War” speaks of as having existed at The Siege of Mansoul, where Eyegate was guarded by a company of blind men and Eargate by a company of deaf men. The assailants had no weapon suitable for the piercing of such defences. Neither have I. For mere words effect nothing unless eye and ear leap to their significance. Failing this they are as tresses without sunlight.

I have used the expression “the hereditary claim”. The position was defined by Professor Watson in his inaugural address on The Position of Gaelic in Scotland, which may be found in a number of the Celtic Review. “Gaelic,” he says, “attained its greatest extent in the eleventh century, when at the time of Carham in 1018 it ran from Tweed and Solway to the Pentland Firth. In the twelfth century its position changed for the worse when under the sons of Margaret it ceased to be the language of Church and Court and ceased also to be

regarded as the language of superior culture. In the course of the next five hundred years Gaelic slowly withdrew from Scotland south of Forth and Clyde.” At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Scottish Privy Council attacked it in its strongholds, and from then for upwards of three hundred years it was excluded from the educational system of the country. But, despite this outlawry, it remained a factor in the nomenclature in use in Church and Court.

It was once my intention to keep a list of Gaelic words derived from classical roots, but it grew so rapidly that I abandoned it. A few examples are saighead, arrow (sagitta); ulbhach, ashes (pulvis); or, gold (aurum); sagart, priest (sacerdos); feasgar, evening (vesper); feill, festival (vigilia); and orfeird, music (from Orpheus). To hear any native Gaelic speaker pronounce any of these words is to become aware of their instinctive melody. The meaning of the word clarsach-urlair—the literal significance of which is “harp of a floor”—is stated in Dwelly's Dictionary to be “an old woman in gentlemen's families kept for the purpose of telling stories”. This lifts the curtain on an aspect of social life in which the language is ensconced in its own house in full control of cultural influences. One can imagine the system at work in James Macpherson's early theme in the Badenach. Among the fragments that time has suffered to drift down to us which exhibit tokens of that well-being is a short poem written in part in dialogue bearing the title “The Young Son of the Red Earl.” A lady is assuring her nurse of the invincible nature of her aversion to her suitor, and the nurse explains to her that her feelings will undergo a rapid change, as in fact they do. It runs somewhat after this fashion but the Gaelic of it is blithe and debonair:—

I shall never of my own free will accept the Red Earl's son until the hill over there turns its back on the hill down here.

I shall never of my own free will accept the Red Earl's son until the white swan builds its nest on the crest of the waves.

I shall never of my own free will accept the Red Earl's son until the speckled salmon makes three joyous curves in the lamb's fold.

The nurse beyond her raised her head: “You are talking foolishly my dear; before the Feast of the Rood shall come you will give your love to the Red Earl's son.

The speech of young ladies is as dew which the sun draws up; ere the coming of

Hallowtide you will be married to the Red Earl's son."

The hill down there and the hill up here have not stirred and they never will, but Mairi has given love without guile to the Red Earl's son.

The swan is brooding in the fair island, the white-bellied salmon frisks over the sea; and Mairi is now the wedded wife of the Red Earl's son.

Mutatis mutandis I can imagine this as forming the substance of a lyric by one of the Cavalier poets who looked primarily on the comedy of human emotions.

Traditional numbers are for the most part more elemental in their associations, and their music charged with unforgettable melodies is as that of the wind and the sea. A type of the former is the lullaby "An Cubhrachan." The theme is of a mother whose child has been stolen by fairies while she had left him to go and gather blackberries. It tells of how she searched for him through the glen from end to end, finding instead only the tracks of the brown otter, of the swan where it had floated, of the speckled red fawn, and of the mist on the hill. The stanzas are rich in the music of nature. Their sound is as the sighing of the wind as it passes through a grove of birch trees. The structure of the four stanzas which tell of what the mother found is identical, and part of their lovely cadence, as in: fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 's a' bheinn; is caught up and repeated in their English dress:—

I found the track of the mist on the hill,
The mist on the hill, the mist on the hill,
I found the track of the mist on the hill
But not the track of my darling child.

So, too, The Eriskay Love Lilt has a haunting melody and the words themselves have a ripple as of flowing water, as may be heard in such lines as:—

'S iomadh oidhche fiuch is fuar
Ghabh mi cuairt is mi leam fhin.

But perhaps the most striking examples of the onomatopoeic quality of Gaelic speech are to be found when the theme is of the sound of the western ocean, as in a modern lyric, An Ataireachd Bhuan, The Mounting Wave, which, when sung or spoken brings the surge of the Atlantic before the listener in a manner that stirs the chords of memory.

"'S na coiltean a siar

Chan iarrainn fuireach gu bràth,

Bha m'intinn 's mo mhiann

A riamh an lagain a' bhàigh."

As the last line dies away you may almost hear the roll of the shingle as the wave retreats.

But, alas! I realize that I am deploying my battalions against Eargate and that it is guarded by the deaf, who from habit are impervious to such sounds as these that I offer.

I can recall how, when as a boy I did Virgil, I was given to learn, as an example of the way the sound may serve to indicate the sense, a line which has stayed with me ever since.

It runs:—

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum.

(With thunder of galloping hoof on the crumbling plain.)

I find that memory has come to rank with it certain lines in that grand song "The March of the Cameron Men", with their sense of quick movement rising to tempest of sound.

(To be continued)

An t-Each-Uisge

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

A M mcasg nan creutairean mì-cheasda anns an robh ar sinnsearachd a' creid-sinn, b'e an t-each-uisge rìgh nan uamhas. Dh'fhoillsicheadh e e féin do dhaoine mar each oillteil, fìadhaich, a dheanadh sìtir a chluinntè air sheachd bealaichean. Corra uair bhìodh ceann is gaillèan fir air. An uair a thachradh e ri mnathan, agus gu h-àraidh nigheanan òga, rachadh e ann an cruth òganach deas, air leth briagha ann an sealladh, a dheanadh an grad thàladh le maise a phearsa agus bòidhchead a shùil gu falbh maille ris a steach gu a shaobhaidh ri taobh loch, a muigh anns a' mhonadh.

Thachair e air latha ri caileig Sgitheanaich a' buachailleachd, agus leis mar a bhuair a mhaise i, nach ann a dh'aontaich i falbh maille ris! An déidh dhaibh coiseachd troimh mhonadh

dubh, fada, thàinig iad mu dheireadh an fianais loch agus, an uair a ràinig iad an uaimh aig an each-uisge, thuig an nighean through, an uair a bha e ro-anamoch, có a bha aice. Rinn e a giùlan a steach maille ris, agus an sin chuir e clach mhór nach gluaiseadh duine beò ach e féin, a dhùnadh doras na h-uamha.

A nis, bha e 'na chleachdadh aig an each-uisge falbh a dh'iasgach gach madainn agus a bhith a muigh air ceann an iasgaich a' chuid bu mhò de'n là. Gach madainn a rachadh e a dh'iasgach, bhieireadh e a cheart aire gun cuireadh e a' chlach mhór nach b'urrainn a' bhean a charachadh a dhùnadh an doruis. Chaith Mór, mar sin, iomadh là daorsail maille ris an each-uisge agus, a réir na sgeulachd, rugadh leanabh gille dhaibh cho lurach is a bha ri fhaicinn.

Air do bheagan mhiosan dol seachad, chaidh an t-each-uisge a mach a dh'iasgach mar bu nòs agus ge bè dé a dh'zobhraich dha dearmad a dheanamh an là ud, nach ann a dh'fhalbh e gun a' chlach mhór a chur mar a b' àbhaist a dhùinadh an doruis. Thug Mór seo fa-near agus ghabh i an cothrom. An uair a shaoil i a bha fear an taighe gu dòigheil air bruaich aibhne a bha trì mìle air falbh, ghrad rinn i ri baile. Ràinig i gu tèarainte an dachaigh, ach mo thruaighe, cha robh i fada an sin, an uair a fhuair gràdh na màthar buaidh air eagal an eich-uisge agus cha robh fois intinn aice a là no dh'oidhche. Bha a cianalas cho mór, feasgar sònraichte, agus gun do chuir i roimhe gum falbhadh i air ais thun na h-uamha agus gun rachadh i gu socair a dh'fhàireachas thun an doruis air an leanabh, oir bu mhath leatha eadhon aon sealladh féin dheth fhaicinn.

An uair a ràinig i, fhuair i an sealladh a bu mhiann leatha, oir cha robh a' chlach idir anns an dorus. Dh'èalaidh i a null agus sheall i a steach. Dé a chunnaic i an sin ach sealladh a thaisceadh an cridhe bu chruaidhe. Bha an t-each-uisge 'na shuidhe air cloich agus e gu tìrсах, brònach, a' tàladh a leinibh. B'e seo briathran an òrain-chumha a rinn e, agus tha fonn an òrain, mar a chuala mi seann bhean 'ga sheinn, a cheart cho tiamhaidh ris na briathran—

A Mhór, a Mhór, till ri d' mhacan,

Till ri d' mhacan, till ri d' mhacan,

A Mhór, a Mhór, till ri d' mhacan,

'S gheibh thu 'n gadan bhreac an nochd.

Mo sheana chab liath ri d' bheul beag maoth
Ri d' bheul beag maoth, ri d' bheul beag
maoth,

Mo sheana chab liath ri d' bheul beag
maoth,

Ri d' bheul beag maoth 's mi seinn port
dhuith.

Saoilidh mi fathast gu bheil mi ag éisdeachd na seann bhean ghasda Ghàidhealaich ud, ag innse na sgeulachd agus am feadh is a bha i a' crìochnachadh na sgeul, theirinn gu robh fada barrachd truas aice ris an each-uisge, ged as e a bha ann, na bha aice ri Mór air dhi a saorsa fhaotainn.

Mu thuairream mìle de astar seachad air an àite ris an can iad a' Mhaoil, an sgìreachd Ghlinn-Eilge, chithear ann an lagan aonaranach mòintich, loch bòidheach, ris an abrar Loch Suardlain. Theirear cuideachd "Loch Iain MhicAonghais" ris, agus seo mar a fhuair e an dàrna ainm.

Tha dà cheud bliadhna ann, co-dhùil, bho'n a bha fearann aig Iain 'ga àiteach ann an Suardlan. Air feasgar earraich, an déidh dha bhith fad an là a' treabhadh leis an làir aige, sguir e de obair agus threòraich e an t-ainmhdh sgìth a mach thun a' chùil-chinn. An ath

mhadainn, do bhrìgh is gu robh am barrachd treabhadh ri dheanamh, chaidh Iain a mach air tòir na làire, agus bu mhór iongnadh an uair a chunnaic e each fuadain ag ionaltradh maille rithe.

Cha bu luaithe a ràinig an tuathanach na thàinig an t-each nach robh e ag aithneachadh, ceum a nall 'na choinneamh, mar gum ann a' deanamh mór thoileachadh ri sheann sealbhadair. Thug Iain leis an dà bheathach agus cho luath is a rainig e an taigh, chuir e achfainn orra le chéile agus thòisich e air treabhadh leotha. Fad fhìn thuaineach an latha, dh'obraich an t-each ùr cho ciallach, dòigheil is ged a bhiodh e a' tarraing croinn fad bhliadhnan, agus lean sin gun an do chuir an tuathanach crìoch air obair an earraich.

Chaidh là is là seachad. Mu dheireadh thachair MacAonghais ri seann duine glic a chuala mu'n each chonadal.

"Nam bithinn-sa 'nad àite," arsa an saoidh, "bheirinn mo cheart fhaicill air an each ud, Tha droch amharas agam gur e a tha agad an t-each-uisge! Ach ged as e, cha leig thu leas eagal sam bith a bhith ort roimhe. Ma ghabhas tu mo chomhairle, faodaidh thu an t-each-uisge a chumail ag obair dhuit cho fad is a thogras tu, agus cha bhì e comasach air dad de chron a dheanamh ort. A h-uile madainn a bheir thu am beathach leat a dh'obair, cuir làn do dhùirn dé ùir air a dhruim. Mar sin tha thu 'ga chuir fo gheasaibh air chor agus nach bì cunnart ann dhuit a bhith 'na cheann, ni mò as urrainn da teicheadh air falbh ort. Thar gach rud, thoir do làn aire nach téid thu a mharcaidh na brùid gun an ùir a chur an toiseach air lag a dhroma."

Ghabh Iain comhairle a charaid. Cha deach e uair a mharcaidh an eich gun làn a dhùirn de ùir a chàradh air a chroit, agus bha a bhuil ann; chaidh leis gu ro-mhath, fhuair e féin is an t-each-uisge air adhart gu spèiseil.

Air là sònraichte, bha Iain air a ghairm bho'n dachaigh ann an cabhaig mhóir. Cho luath is a fhuair e am fios, dh'fhalbh e 'na ruith air son an eich, agus leis mar a bha e air a dhol 'na bhreislich, dhith-chuimhnich e àithne an t-saoidh mu'n ùir. Leum e suas do'n diollaid is dh'fheuch e ri agaidh a' bheathaich a chur an rathad a bha 'na rùn a ghabhail, ach mo thruaighe, an àite dol air an t-slighe ud, thug an t-each a mach 'na shinteagan a null gu Loch Suardlan, agus cha robh e an comas Mhic Aonghais, no neach eile, stad a chur air. Air bruaich an locha thu e beò leum nach facas creutair nàdurra a' toirt riamh, agus chaidh an t-each agus a mharcaiche le chéile fodha anns an doimhne!

Ceithir-là-deug 'na dhéighinn, fhuair iad an sgamhan aig Iain a' snámh air bàrr an uisge.

Cnocan na Teriabhaich

ANYONE who travels by the road from Tarbert to Campbelltown on the west coast cannot fail to be struck with the formation of the rocks about Glencreggan and Muasdale. These rocks are of varied form and size, between whose fragments "the cruel crawling foam" leaves its white patches. Scattered over the green sward just above the tidal mark are detached masses of rock, from 20 to 50 feet high and of varying dimensions. These pillared rocks have doubtless been formed by the action of the waves before the sea receded to its present limits. These fragments of a forgotten world have the appearance of titanic ninepins. One of them bears the ominous name "Stac a' Chrochaire".

Of interest to the geologist, the place is of no less interest to the botanist for the wealth of wild flowers that flourish on the sward, while on every rocky ledge and coign of vantage of these rock pillars there is a mingled mass of moss and fern, thyme and heather, and other wildlings.

Near Glencreggan a mountain stream comes down from the hills through a little glen and passes by the farm house of Glenacardoch. Quite close to this farmhouse is a conical hillock named "Cnocan na Teriabhaich". On the seaward side of this hillock are certain marks which are supposed to have been the foundations of the house occupied by the personage of the ominous name—An Teriabhaich.

According to the story, this house had seven doors, for we are told that this horrid female had seven husbands, each of whom entered the house by his own special door. Of their social relations inside the house we are not told.

The story as it stands seems to have no point at first glance. However, if we read it aright, there is something that carries us back to the remote past, long before St. Columba and his disciples brought the light of the Gospel to these shores. We know very little of the ancient Celtic religion; all we have is scraps of information conveyed to us in the writings of the Greek and Roman authors. From these, however, we learn enough to know that the Celts worshipped the intangible workings of nature.

What we now treat as a science they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as a thing miraculous and divine. They personified the visible workings of physical nature, and so the seven husbands of the lady with the evil name are the grey clouds sweeping at incredible speed across the skies; the wind that howls over firth and skerry, causing the mighty waves to burst in thunder on the beach; the lightning flash and the thunder roll that leaps from crag to crag

and echoes with a terrible sound among the mountains; the frost king that binds the earth and all it contains in his icy grip; the flashing rays of the sun bringing warmth and comfort to all; the sky set with its myriads of stars; and the moon whose soft light drives away the evil spirit of darkness.

Even the name Glenacardoch may not be without its significance. Here may have resided Goibhniu, the smith, one of the chief deities of the Celts, corresponding to the classical Vulcan, the inventor and patron of the art of fabricating arms and all kinds of utensils from the metals. He is said to have made the first woman.

J. E. S.

Secretary's Notes

After the strenuous work done by the **Largs Branch** for last year's National Mod I was glad to see Branch members and supporters still as enthusiastic as ever. The Branch meets monthly in MacKay's Tearooms. At a well-attended Ceilidh on 14th February the visiting artistes were Johan Macleod, George T. MacCallum, Iain Thomson (Gaelic songs), and a most pleasing "discovery" to a ceilidh audience, Elizabeth G. Young (Recitations), sister of An Comunn's General Treasurer. The Branch is organising money-raising efforts to help the forthcoming Mod in Inverness and next year's Mod in Glasgow.

The **Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir** held their annual concert on 15th February. The Choir's Gaelic reader, Mr. Lachlan Maclean, appealed to native Gaelic speakers to join as, due to the lack of these, it will be impossible to muster the necessary 50 per cent. for the Lovat and Tullibardine Choral Competition. Many Senior and Rural Choirs are experiencing the same difficulty. To those who appreciate the good work done by choirs, not only from the choral point of view but for the language as well, besides providing a "training ground" for soloists, we would endorse Mr. Maclean's appeal.

It must have been very gratifying for members of the "**G.G.**" to see such a very good attendance at their annual concert on 8th March. A very fine programme was submitted by members—solos, duet, quartette, and male and ladies' voices, and of course the mixed choir. Mr. George Sutherland, who has been Honorary Secretary of the Choir since early 1920, intimated during the evening that this was his last concert as Secretary. Mr. Sutherland will shortly be taking up residence in Largs. Our good wishes go with Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland.

M. M.

Provincial and Local Mods. 1957

May	10	—Islay, at Bowmore.
May	16	—Lochaber, at Fort William.
May	17	—Badenoch-Strathspey, at Newtonmore.
May	18	—Edinburgh.
May	23-25	—Glasgow.
May	30-31	—South-West Ross and Glenelg, at Kyle of Lochalsh.
June	7	—Lorn, Morven, and Mull, at Oban.
June	11-12	—Skye, at Portree.
June	13-14	—Kintyre, at Campbeltown.
June	13-14	—Lewis, at Stornoway.
June	14	—Mod na Dreòlhuine, an Tobar-Mhoire.
June	14	—Perthshire, at Aberfeldy.
June	14	—County of Sutherland, at Brora.
June	17-18	—Dalriada, at Lochgilphead.
June	25	—Ardnamurchan, at Strontian.

The 20th London Mod, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of London, will be held in the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, on Saturday, 22nd June. The Hon. Secretary is Miss A. N. Fraser, 27 Wallingford Avenue, London, W.10.

Knightswood Junior Mod

The eighth annual juvenile mod, sponsored by the Knightswood Highlanders' Association, Glasgow, was held in the Highlanders' Institute at the end of January. There was a large number of competitors in the various competitions, showing an increase over the previous year, a considerable number being forward from the Gaelic classes in Bellahouston and Woodside Senior Secondary Schools. The adjudicators were: Miss Mary H. Pate (music), Mr. John Mackay (Gaelic), and Pipe-Major Nicol MacCallum (piping).

The Mod was formally opened by Mrs. Malcolm Mackinnon, President of the Association, and the competition sessions were presided over by Mrs. John Gillies and Miss Kate MacArthur.

For the Mod Concert in the evening, Ceilidh nan Gaidheal and the High School Ceilidh suspended their own meetings to join forces with the Knightswood Gaels. Mr. Neil Macdonald, Vice-President of Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, presided. An enjoyable programme was sustained by the leading prize-winners, assisted by the following guest artistes, Anne M. Gillies, Sheila Macdougall, Flora Mackinnon, Peter Mackay, and Donald A. MacRitchie. Margaret Mackinnon was accompanist. During the evening, the prizes were presented by Mrs. Donald A. Campbell, Treasurer of the High School Ceilidh. Mr. Donald MacCulloch, Vice-President of the High School Ceilidh, proposed the votes of thanks.

The first-prize winners were:—
Recitation. Aged 9-12—Bella Buchanan.
Aged 12-16—Agnès Macleod.

Solo singing. Girls, 9-12—Kirsteen Grant.
Girls, 12-16—Ishbel Edgar (MacGregor Shield).
Boys, 12-16—John Bruce (Knightswood Ceilidh Shield). Duet Singing—Isabel Campbell and Dalys Fraser.

Piping. Chanter-playing—Gordon Ferguson.
March—Evan Mackay. Strathspey and Reel—Evan Mackay.

Gaelic Books For Sale

Miss N. Howard, Brentwood, Rhyddyn Hill, Caergwrle, Wales, offers for sale the following books from the library of her late brother who was a keen student of Gaelic and other languages. Prices include postage, and orders, along with remittance, should be sent direct to Miss Howard.

(1) An t-Eileanach (Dàin, Orain, agus Sgeòil-aithris), le Iain MacPhàidein (1921), good condition, 296pp., 3/-. (2) Angus Morrison's 'Dàin agus Orain Ghàidhlig', 4/6. (3) New Testament in Gaelic (quite new), 3/6. (4) Para Pibaire and other humorous Gaelic readings, 6d. (5) Conversations in Gaelic and English, by Rev. D. MacInnes, 9d. (6) MacLaren's Gaelic Self-Taught, with Key, 2/6. (7) Clann Rìgh Lochlainn (Gaelic Play), 6d. (8) Gu'n D'Thug I Spéis do'n Armunn (Gaelic Play, 1908), 6/-. (9) John MacCormick's 'Dùn Aluinn', 2/6. (10) Duncan MacIntyre's 'Beinn Dorain,' edited by John Mackechnie, 1/6. (11) An Measg nam Bodach, 1/9. (12) George Calder's Gaelic Grammar, 6/-. (13) George Campbell Hay's 'Fuaran Sléibh', 3/6. (14) 'A' Choisir Chihùil', Gaelic songs for choral singing, 1/6.

There are also some books in Spanish, French, Portuguese, Danish, Italian, and Russian. Particulars on application to Miss Howard.

National Mod, Inverness, 1957

1st to 4th October

Intending competitors are requested to submit their entries at the earliest opportunity. The last date for receiving entries is *Saturday, 1st June*. Entries for the Nova Scotia Vocal Solo Competition must be submitted immediately after Provincial Mods held after the closing date.

Complete syllabus and entry forms, 1/8 post free, may be obtained from the Secretary, An Comunn Gaidhealach, 65 West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Proceeds of Concerts at			
Inverness 25/2/56	£15	12	3
Do. 31/3/56	30	6	9
Do. 2/6/56	21	4	10
Do. 14/7/56	17	5	6
Do. 18/5/56	16	5	6
Do. 13/10/56	25	17	6
Do. 10/11/56	7	9	6
Do. 22/12/56	5	10	9

Miss R. Macleod (includes donation of £1 1/- from Dr. Donald Macdonald, Gisla)			
26/1/57	23	10	6

A. J. Maclean, Esq.	23/2/57	24	1	9	£187	4	10
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Proceeds of Ceilidhs at			
Inverness 23/3/56	£7	15	6
Do. 3/5/56	7	19	10
Do. 28/6/56	3	19	—
Do. 17/10/56	8	4	6
Do. 21/11/56	8	19	—
Do. 16/1/57	13	16	2
Do. 2/2/57	19	10	1
Do. 20/2/57	10	2	3

D. J. Maclean's Broad- cast Ceilidh		42	—	6	122	6	10
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Ladies Work Party—			
Jumble Sale 9/4/56 ..	£21	11	—
Coffee Morning 26/7/56	18	14	—
Various sales	3	5	6
Sale of Work 29/9/56	226	19	5
Whist Drive 12/12/56	5	1	—

Sponsored Dances, Caledonian Hotel, Inverness	11	5	—
Dance—Craig Dunain Hospital 2/11/56	52	10	6
Xmas Draw (Mrs. MacNeil and Mr. Fraser)	72	4	6
Messrs Benzie and Miller, Inverness "Matter of Opinion" Inverness, 22/1/57	3	13	6
"Walt Disney" Broadcast	10	—	—

Individual Efforts & Donations:			
Mrs. MacNeil, Inverness, Whist Drive	18	—	—
Miss Macaskill, Inverness, Whist Drive	19	11	—
D. Morrison, Esq., Inverness, Whist Drive	23	7	—
Kirkhill W.R.I. Inverness	4	2	6
Dingwall Gaelic Continuation Class	1	10	—
Sutherland Branch of An Comunn	15	—	—
Malcolm Maclean, Esq., Tobermory	1	—	—

Rural Concerts—			
Kiltarlity	£13	16	3
Dochgarroch	20	—	—
Balnain	18	—	—
Daviot	4	8	—
Croy	10	—	—
Ardersier	5	12	3
Drumnadrochit	15	—	—
Foyers	10	10	—
Kingussie	16	12	—
Ferintosh	12	—	—

Balmacara	15	—	—
Nairn	33	6	6
			174 5 —
			£995 4 7

Received at Headquarters—

Mr. Duff, Fort William	£3	3	—
Miss Lucy Cameron, Corpach	1	5	—
Sister C. H. Campbell, Glasgow	—	10	—
Peter C. Fletcher, Esq., Flockton, England ..	—	10	—
			5 8 —
			£1,000 12 7

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£16	15	2
Mr. & Mrs. Iain R. Mackay, Inverness	—	10	—
			£17 5 2

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£152	15	4
James MacLachlan, Esq., Winchester	1	18	—
			£154 13 4

Celtic Chair Celebrations

The establishment of the Chair of Celtic in the University of Glasgow, and also the jubilee of the Glasgow University Ossianic Club (the graduate counterpart* of the undergraduate Ossianic Society, "the Highland Students' Society"), which was largely instrumental in getting the Chair established, has been fittingly celebrated by three events.

The first was a joint-ceilidh by the Club and the Society, held in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, on 25th February. Mr. J. M. Bannerman was 'Fear-an-tighe', and was accompanied on the platform by Mr. Lachlan Robertson, President of the Club, Mr. John Campbell, President of the Society, and Dr. Archibald Currie, Secretary of the Club. During the evening a gift was presented to the first occupant of the new Celtic Chair, Professor Angus Matheson, who was accompanied by Mrs. Matheson. Part of the ceilidh was recorded and later broadcast by the B.B.C.

On 6th March in the City Chambers the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow gave a Civic Reception to some 600 guests, including subscribers to the Chair Fund and representatives of Highland Societies, other Universities, and other Celtic countries. The speakers were Lord Provost Andrew Hood, Principal Sir Hector Hetherington, and Mr. Farquhar MacRae President of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

The third event was the 'special celebration number' of the magazine, 'Ossian', which we hope to review in our next number.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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Leabhar LII

AN CEITEIN, 1957

Aireamh 5

A' Bhean Nach B'fhiach

BHA ann roimhe seo duine agus a bhean agus a nighean. Bha leannan eile aig a' mhnaoi, agus, rud nàdurra, bha fear aig an nighinn cuideachd. Air an aobhar sin bha a' bhean anabarrach toileach faotainn cuibhteas am bodach aice fhéin; agus bha i daonnan a' feuchainn g'a chur air falbh, ach gu ruig an t-àm seo cha deachaidh aice air sin a dheanamh.

Dé a thachair mu'n àm seo ach gun tàinig rìgh ùr thairis air an àite, agus, mar tha tric a' tachair, cha robh e glé thoilichte le a thaigh-còmhnaidh. Chual a' bhean m'an robh sinn a' bruidhinn seo, agus falbhadar far an robh an rìgh.

"Tha mi cluinntinn," ars ise, "nach 'eil thu glé thoilichte le do thaigh-còmhnaidh."

"Tha an t-aobhar sin agam," ars esan.

"Agus car son nach fhaigheadh tu fear ùr?"

"Chan 'eil gin anns an àite seo a dheanadh fear ùr dhomh."

"Ma tà, nì an duine agamsa dhuit e. Neo-artaigh mur 'eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is cosnaiche math a tha ann. Ma dhiùltas e thu, cha bhì agad ach an claidheamh a chur r'a uchd, agus théid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh'iarras tu air."

"Ma tà, mo bheannachd agad," ars an rìgh; "cuir a nìos an duine agad thugamsa an seo."

Dh'fhalbh i, agus dh'iarr i air an duine aice a dhol suas far an robh an rìgh.

"Car son a bhìodh an rìgh 'gam iarraidh-sa?" ars an duine.

"Is coltach leam," ars ise, "gu bheil e an tì air thusa a thogail taigh ùr dha."

"Ma tà, sin rud nach urrainn dhòmhsa a dheanamh."

"Mura h-urrainn, thoir do chasan leat," ars ise, "agus na faicem thu tighinn an taobh seo tuilleadh."

Dh'fhalbh an duine bochd. Shìn e e fhéin ri taobh cnuc agus tòisichear ri caoineadh. An teas-mheadhon na caoinidh seo, có a thàinig far an robh e ach an seann duine liath a bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riannh!

"A dhuine bhochd," ars an seann duine, "chan 'eil thu ach gu math tùrsach a' coimhead."

"O gu dearbh tha an t-aobhar sin agam."

"Dé sin?"

"Tha an rìgh ag iarraidh orm taigh ùr a thogail dha, agus chan urrainn dhòmhsa sin a dheanamh."

"Ma tà, falbh thusa, 'ille ghasda, agus tomhais leis an t-slataig seo am meudachd a dh'fheumas an taigh a bhith."

Dh'fhalbh an duine, agus cha b'fhada air falbh e. Thug e tomhas an taighe do'n t-seann duine.

"Faodaidh tusa a nis a bhith falbh," ars an seann duine. "Bìdh an taigh deiseil, air a thogail agamsa, mus éirich thusa am màireach."

An uair a dh'éirich an duine an lárna-mháireach, dé a fhuair e air a thogail roimhe ach an t-aon taigh-còmhnaidh a bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh! Leum a chridhe le toileachas agus chaidh e dhachaigh agus dh'innis e d'a mhnaoi gun do thog e pàileas do'n rìgh, agus pàileas briagha cuideachd. Bha ise air a dorranachadh an uair a chual i seo, oir bha dùil aice nach b'urrainn da an taigh a thogail, gum marbhadh an rìgh e air son sin, agus gum faigheadh ise an sin a leannan a phòsadh.

Dh'fhalbh i co-dhiùbh an dàrna uair far an robh an rìgh.

"Ma tà," ars esan rithe, "is ann agad a tha an duine snasail. Nam faiceadh tu am pàileas a thog e dhomh! Cha robh mi an dùil gun d'rachadh aig duine nàdurra sam bith air a leithid a dheanamh."

"Nach duirt mi sin riut! Ach car son nach 'eil loch agadsa air mullach a' chaisteil, far am biodh tu ag iasgach, mar a tha aig rìghrean móra eile?"

"O, chan 'eil gin anns an àite seo a b'urrainn sin a dheanamh dhomh."

"Ma tà, nì an duine agamsa dhuit e. Neoar-thaing mur 'eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is e cosnaiche math a tha ann. Ma dhiùltas e thu, cha bhi agad ach an claidheamh a chur r'a uchd, agus théid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh'iarraas tu air."

"Ma tà, mo bheannachd agad," ars an rìgh; "cuir a nìos an duine agad thugamsa an seo."

Dh'fhalbh i, agus dh'iarra i air an duine aice dol suas far an robh an rìgh.

"Car son a bhiodh an rìgh 'gam iarraidh-sa?" ars an duine.

"Tha air son loch, far am biodh e ag iasgach, a dheanamh air mullach a' chaisteil."

"Ma tà, sin rud nach urrainn dhòmhsa a dheanamh."

"Mura h-urrainn, is ceart cho math dhuit a dhol agus thu fhéin a riasladh agus gum marbh an rìgh thu, ma dhiùltas tu e."

Dh'fhalbh an duine bochd. Shin e e fhéin ri taobh cnuc, agus thòisich e air caoineadh. An teas-mheadhonn na caoinidh, có a thàinig far an robh e ach a' cheart seann duine liath a thàinig far an robh e roimhe.

"Seadh, a dhuine bhochd, gu dé tha iad a' deanamh ort a nis?"

"O, tha an rìgh ag iarraidh orm loch iasgaich a dheanamh air mullach a' chaisteil agus chan urrainn dhòmhsa sin a dheanamh."

"Ma tà, falbh thusa, 'ille ghasda, agus tomhais leis an t-slataig seo am meudachd a dh'fheumas an loch a bhith."

Dh'fhalbh an duine, agus cha b'fhada air

falbh e. Thug e tomhas an loch do'n t-seann duine.

"Faodaidh tusa a nis a bhith falbh," ars an seann duine; "bidh an loch deiseil, air a dheanamh agamsa, mus éirich thusa am màireach."

An uair a dh'éirich an duine an lárna-mháireach, chunnaic e air a dheanamh air mullach a' chaisteil an t-aon loch a bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh—e làn bhriceannan agus iad a' snàmh agus a' leumatraich gu beothail anns an uisge. Chaidh e dhachaigh, agus innsear d'a mhnaoi gun d'rinn e an loch do'n rìgh—gur cinnteach gum biodh e toilichte a nis, oir nach b'aithne dhàsan rìgh aig an robh pàileas agus loch iasgaich cho briagha ris.

An uair a chual a' bhean seo, dh'fhalbh i an treas uair far an robh an rìgh.

"Ma tà," ars esan rithe, "is mi a tha fada 'nad chomain air son an duine agad a chur 'nam rathad. Nam faiceadh tu an loch a rinn e dhomh! Mura faicinn e le mo dhà shùil fhéin, cha chreidinn gum b'urrainn da a leithid a dheanamh."

"O, chan eagal nach dean e rud an uair a theannas e ris. Ach car son nach 'eil blaith-sheampull agadsa, mar a tha aig rìghrean móra eile?"

"O, chan 'eil gin anns an àite seo a b'urrainn sin a dheanamh dhomh."

"Ma tà, nì an duine agamsa dhuit e. Neoar-thaing mur 'eil e leisg, ach, air son sin, is e an deagh chosnaiche a tha ann. Ma dhiùltas e thu, cha bhi agad ach an claidheamh a chur r'a uchd, agus théid mise an urras gun dean e rud sam bith a dh'iarraas tu air."

"Ma tà, mo bheannachd agad; cuir a nìos an duine agad thugamsa an seo."

Dh'fhalbh i, agus iarra i air an duine aice a dhol suas far an robh an rìgh.

"Car son a bhiodh an rìgh 'gam iarraidh-sa?" ars an duine.

"Is coltach leam gu bheil e an tì air thusa a dheanamh blaith-sheampull dha."

"Ma tà, sin rud nach urrainn dhòmhsa a dheanamh."

"Mura h-urrainn, bheirinn-sa mar chomhairle ort cur as dhuit fhéin, agus gum marbh an rìgh thu ma dhiùltas tu e."

"O gu dearbh, cha chuir mi as dhomh fhéin—is mi nach dean sin! A bheil thu an dùil gu bheil mi cho beag faireachdainn agus gum fàgainn thusa leat fhéin anns an t-saoghal mhosach seo?"

"Coma leat dhìomsa. Théid agam air an aire a thoirt orm fhéin. Ach is fheàrr dhuit a bhith falbh far a bheil an rìgh, mus bi e a' gabhail fadachd."

Dh'fhalbh an duine bochd. Shin e e fhéin ri taobh cnuc, agus tòisich e ri caoineadh.

An teas-mheadhnan na caoinidh seo có a thàinig far an robh e ach a' cheart seann duine liath a thàinig far an robh e roimhe.

"Seadh, a dhuine bhochd, dé tha a' cur riut a nis?"

"O, tha an rìgh ag iarraidh orm blaith-sheampuil a dheanamh dha, agus chan urrainn dhòmhsa sin a dheanamh."

"Ma tà, 'ille ghasda, innsidh mise dhuit ciamar a nì thu e. Tha leannan eile aig do mhnaoi, agus tha fear aig do nighinn cuideachd. Tha ròic mór gus a bhith aig a' cheathrar aca an nochd, agus falbhaidh tusa do'n bhàthaich agus stobaidh tu bior anns an tairbh. Tòisichidh an tarbh ri geumnaich, agus thig do bhean a mach a choimhead dé tha ceàrr. Ceanglaidh tu ise ri earball an tairbh. Thig an uair sin a leannan a mach, agus ceanglaidh tu esan ri a h-earball-se. Thig an uair sin do nighean a mach, agus ceanglaidh tu ise ri earball-san. Thig an uair sin a leannan a mach, agus ceanglaidh tu esan ri a h-earball-se. Stobaidh tu an sin am bior anns an tarbh, agus leigidh tu as da. Théid esan 'na dheann-ruith, agus iadsan a' slaodadh ris, suas rathad a' chaisteil, gus an tuit e anns an loch agus an téid am bàthadh uile. Bidh am blaith-sheampuil agad an sin ullamh."

Thug an duine mórán taing do'n bhodach, agus dh'fhalbh e dhachaigh. Chaidh e do'n

bhàthaich agus stob e bior anns an tarbh. Thòisich an tarbh ri geumnaich, agus thàinig a' bhean a mach a choimhead dé bha ceàrr ris. Rug an duine oirre agus cheangail e i ri earball an tairbh. Thàinig an sin a leannan a mach, agus cheangail an duine e ri a h-earball-se. Thàinig an sin an nighean a mach, agus cheangail an duine i ri earball-san. Thàinig an sin a leannan a mach, agus cheangail an duine i ri a h-earball-se. Stob e an uair sin am bior anns an tarbh, agus a mach a ghabh e 'na dheann-ruith suas rathad a' chaisteil, gus na thuit e anns an loch agus an deachaidh am bàthadh uile.

An ath mhadainn chaidh an duine far an robh an rìgh a dh'iarraidh air a thighinn a choimhead a' bhlaith-sheampuil. An uair a ràinig iad an loch, leig an duine na cuirp fhaicinn do'n rìgh, agus dh'innis e dha gum b'e sin am blaith-sheampuil.

Thug an rìgh mórán beartais do'n duine, agus a bharrachd air sin thug e a nighean da ri pòsadh. Bha leth na rìoghachd aige fhad agus bu bheò an rìgh, agus an rìoghachd uile an uair a chaochail an seann duine.

Dh'fhàg mise an sin iad.

(Seann sgeul a sgrìobhadh le Coinneach MacLeòid anns an "*Highland Monthly*," 1890.)

Misguided Missiles

The Interests of Mice and Men

"HOW much then is a man better than a sheep?" That question was posed by the Highest Authority. But, reading today's press, one might well think that that question has now been displaced by a more up-to-date one, "How much better is a mouse than a man?"

In today's papers (Tuesday, 16th April, 1957) we read of plans for the development of the isle of St. Kilda in connection with the Hebridean Rocket Range project. It looks as if more money is going to be spent on St. Kilda in the next two or three years than was spent upon its human inhabitants during the whole of the thousand years that they occupied the isle until they were finally removed from it in 1930.

"In the twenty-seven years since St. Kilda was evacuated," we read, "the local field-mouse population has had a grand time, untroubled by enemies. They have grown almost to the size of rats, and are considered a rare and special breed." It is planned, we are told, "to catch alive all the mice living in the area where the engineers will be blasting,

and move them to safety over on the other side of the island."

The fat mice of St. Kilda, it would appear, must at all costs, and at the expense of the British tax-payer, be lovingly cared for in their natural habitat. It is a different story, however, when it comes to safeguarding the cultural and social interests of the human inhabitants of the Hebrides.

We have been told of the new buildings and installations, the new roads and piers, the new school or schools, but we have not yet been told what steps, if any, are to be taken to foster and strengthen the cultural values which stand in peril of being completely swamped in the new situation.

What we do know is that the Government has refused a request by the School of Scottish Studies to give some financial assistance—a mere pittance in comparison with the vast sums to be expended in the area—for the recording of Gaelic cultural, linguistic, and musical material before it is too late.

On 10th September, 1955, the Advisory Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach met

in Glasgow and agreed to send the following letter to the Secretary of State for Scotland: "The Advisory Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach views with grave concern the possible effects of the proposed establishment of a Rocket Range in South Uist on the cultural and social well-being of the community, especially in view of the uncertainty as to the nature and extent of the project, and urges that, if the project be proceeded with, adequate measures be taken to safeguard the interests of the Gaelic-speaking community."

In a reply dated 15th September, 1955, the Secretary of State for Scotland stated that "specific proposals will be formulated as soon as possible as to the area of land required for the project and thereafter all the interests concerned will be consulted and there will be full opportunity for the lodging and consideration of objections." He also enclosed copies of statements made by the Minister of Defence in the House of Commons on 27th July, 1955, and to the press on 18th August, 1955, and by himself to the press on 13th August, 1955. The Minister of Defence had declared in the House that "there will be full opportunity, under the Services Land Requirements procedure, for the consideration of objections." The Secretary of State for Scotland had told the press that, "when the survey has been completed, specific sites will be proposed, and there will be close consultation with all interests concerned and full opportunity for the lodging and consideration of objections."

Have *all* the interests concerned been consulted? Can it really be maintained that the promises implicit in the foregoing statements have been implemented?

It is true that the Land Court has been dealing with applications for the resumption of crofting land for rocket range purposes, but the Land Court can work only within the limits of its powers, and these do not extend to *all* the important aspects of the situation.

At the Gaelic meeting of the Executive

Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach, held in Glasgow, on 23rd March, 1957, a resolution was unanimously passed, of which the following is the English version: "Being gravely concerned about the possible effects of the proposed Rocket Range in South Uist on the condition of the crofters and the Gaelic language, An Comunn Gaidhealach urges the immediate setting up of a Public Enquiry in the interests of justice to, and the well-being of, the islanders and the maintenance of the Gaelic language, and requests that An Comunn Gaidhealach be given an opportunity of submitting its views at the Enquiry."

Copies of this resolution were sent to the Secretary of State for Scotland, the Minister of Defence, and the press. Acknowledging receipt, the Secretary of State sent a copy of a statement made on his behalf by Mr. J. Nixon Browne, an Under-Secretary of State, in the House of Commons on 26th March, 1957, to the effect that the Government, "before deciding in November last that the range should go ahead, did everything possible to consult the public bodies concerned and also individual crofters, and to explain to them what exactly was involved. In view of the absence of objections after detailed plans had been circulated, no need was seen for a public inquiry."

Intelligent readers can decide for themselves whether or not faith has been kept. Can it really be maintained that "*all* the interests concerned have been consulted?" Are cultural interests of no concern whatsoever? The archaeologists have been permitted to do what they can by way of photographing and recording ancient sites which will soon disappear for ever under concrete. Great care is being taken of the "wild life" of St. Kilda. Dogs and cats are to be rigidly excluded from the island for fear of disturbing the fat field-mice and other humble creatures. But for the living culture of the human communities what has been done, and what is going to be done? The treatment given to the modest request of the School of Scottish Studies is ominous.

An Ard-Chomhairle

CHUMADH Coinneamh Ghàidhlig Ard-Chomhairle a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich ann an Seòmar-gnothaich a' Chomuinn an Glaschu, air Di-sathurna, an treas là fichead de'n Mhàirt, 1957. Rinn an Ceann-suidhe, Mgr. Fearchar MacRath, gnìomh Fir-chathrach, agus bha àireamh mhath de na buill a làthair.

Chuir an Ceann-suidhe an cèill an call a thàinig air a' Chomuinn ann am bàs trìùir de na buill, a' Bhean-uasal Chamshron (Comunn

Mhuile is Idhe), Màiri Ban-diùc Mhontròis, agus an Lighiche Uilleam MacGille-ghlais (Bun Iidh).

Bheachdaicheadh air Geàrr-sheanchas Comhairle an Ionmhais a thugadh air aghaidh le Mgr. Dòmhnall Grandd, Fear-gairme. Dh'ainmicheadh gun do cheannaicheadh dà dhusan cathair a chum is gum biodh coinneamhan na h-Ard-chomhairle air fad air an cumail anns an t-seòmar mhòr an oifig a' Chomuinn.

Bheachdaicheadh air Geàrr-sheanchas Comhairle an Fhòghluim. Labhair am Fear-gairme, Mgr. Dòmhnall MacThómais, mu chuspair no dhà anns a' gheàrr-sheanchas. Bha na buill duilich a chluinntinn nach 'eil e comasach an Sgoil-Shamhraidh Ghàidhlig a chumail ann bliadhna, mar a bha dùil, a chionn is gur e ceithir-deug a mhàin a rùnaich tighinn do'n Sgoil. Dh'ullaicheadh iomradh air suidheachadh na Gàidhlig anns na bun-sgoilean, agus rùnaicheadh an t-iomradh sin a chur gu Bòrd an Fhòghluim an Dun-éideann, agus as déidh sin gun gabhadh am Bòrd ri riochdairean bho'n Chomunn.

Bheachdaicheadh air Geàrr-sheanchas Comhairle a' Chraobh-sgaoilidh, a thugadh air aghaidh leis an Urr. Iain MacAoidh, Fear-gairme. Dh'inneadh mu na mòdan ionadail is dùthchail a shuidhicheadh air son an t-samhraidh seo, mu thuath is mu dheas, naoi uile gu léir. Dh'inneadh mar an ceudna gun do chuir an Rùnaire, Mgr. Calum MacLeòid, cuairt air ceithir-deug de na meuran air a' gheamhradh, agus gu bheil dùil ri àireamh mhèuran ath-stéidheachadh agus feadhainn ùra a chur air chois an àitean sònraichte.

Bheachdaicheadh air Geàrr-sheanchas Comhairle a' Ghnìomhachais agus nan Ealdhan, a thugadh air aghaidh leis a' Mhnaoi-uasail Mórág Edgar, Bean-ghairme. Thugadh iomradh air na co-fharpaisean a shònraicheadh air son a' Mhòid Nàiseanta an 1958.

Bheachdaicheadh air Geàrr-sheanchasan de Chomhairle a' Mhòid is a' Chiùil, a thugadh air aghaidh leis an Fhear-ghairme, Mgr. Iain M. MacGille-na-brataich. Dh'inneadh mu'n rian ùr a thàtar ag ullachadh air son a' cheasnachaidh anns a' Ghàidhlig co-cheangailte ri

co-fharpaisean sònraichte aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta. Tha seòl-oibre 'ga chur air dòigh fa chomhair seo. Thaghadh na h-òrain air son a' Mhòid Mhóir an 1958.

Leughadh Geàrr-sheanchas Comhairle Comunn na h-Oigridh, agus thugadh iomradh air na campaichean a bhios air an cumail an Cnoc-nan-ròs air an t-samhraidh.

Bha Mgr. Dòmhnall Iain MacGilleathain, Fear-deilbhe na h-Aird-a-tuath, a làthair agus rinn e iomradh snasail misneachail mu'n chuairt a thug e o chionn ghoirid, mar a dh'ìrriadh air leis an Ard-chomhairle, ann an Leòdhas agus ann an Uibhist.

Thug Mgr. Iain M. Moffatt-Pender, Fear-gairme Comhairle Clann an Fhraoich, cunntas gasda air an sgrìob a thug e do Bheàrnairidh na Hearadh.

Bheachdaich an Ard-chomhairle air a' chunntar a bhios ann do'n Ghàidhlig mar thoradh air obair nan rocaidean an Uibhist, agus ghabhadh gu h-aon-ghuthach ris an rùn a leanas: "Air do'n Chomunn a bhith fo mhòr-chùram mu'n bhui a dh'fhaodas leantainn bho obair nan rocaidean air cor nan croitearan agus cor na Gàidhlig, tha An Comunn Gaidhealach a' tagradh gun cumar gun dàil cùirt-rannsachaidh fhollaiseach a chum is gun deanar gach nì a réir ceartais agus a chum buannachd do shluagh nan Eilean agus cumail suas na Gàidhlig, agus gun toirear cuthrom do'n Chomunn am beachdan a chur an cèill aig a' chùirt-rannsachaidh."

Dh'aontaicheadh an ath-choinneamh de'n Ard-chomhairle a chumail an Glaschu air an dara là fichead de'n Og-mhios.

Chriochnaicheadh a' choinneamh le taing chridheil a thoirt do Fhear-na-cathrach.

Sealladh O Mhullach Dun Deirg

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

CHAN 'EIL neach a ghabh cuairt troimh Taobh Sear an Eilein Sgitheanaich nach tug an aire do'n Dùn àrd, cruinn, bòidheach, aig ceann shìos baile Bhaltois. Is e Dùn Deirg a theirear ris thun an là an diugh, agus gleidhidh an t-àite air chuimhne an t-ainm aig Dearg MacDroigheann gu latha-bràth.

Tha còrr is ceithir cheud troigh de àirde anns a' chreig os cionn na mara. Air an taobh an ear, tha i ag éirigh suas an t-astar sin gu cas, dheach, bho'n chladach, agus chan 'eil e furasda faotainn na mullach ach o'n tuath, far a bheil frith-rathad math a' treòrachadh troimh seann làraichean nam ballachan.

Chaidh seòrsa de staidhir a ghearradh a mach á aodann na carraig air an taobh deas. Faodaidh

gur ann ri linn Dheirg féin a rinneadh i. Bu tric a shreup mi an àird an siud 'nam bhalach beag, ach is e mo bhairil nach rachadh agam air a dheanamh an diugh gun mo dhà bhòrig a chur dhìom.

An uair a ruigeas aon a mullach, chì e lèana réidh, ghorm, le lag 'na teis-meadhon, anns a bheil an deagh thobar fìoruisg.

Chan 'eil e comasach do dhuine air seallaidhean eile fhaicinn as briagha na gheibh e bho réidhlean na daingeachd aosda seo air là grianach samhraidh. Thall anns an àird-an-ear, an taobh eile a' chuain Sgìth, no Linne Chròlinis mar a theireadh iad anns an t-èinne aimsir ris, tha siorramachd Rois le a beanntan is a monaidhean lìonmhor is an cinn bhiorach, chorrach, stùcanach, an àird ri gorm aghaidh

nan speur. Is tearc bad de'n chruinne anns an laigh an t-sùil air fonn de shléibhtean as àille, co-dhiù tha aon 'gan amharc reidh gun cheò no neul fo ghréin bhoillsgeanta a' Chéitein, no air feasgar reòdhte geamhraidh, is iad air an còmhach le brat gun smal de'n t-sneachd. Bu tric a dh'fheuch mi ri bhith cunntas a liuthad beinn a tha eadar Rubha Ré, an ear-thuath, gus an caill am fradharc an cruth seach Eilean Ratharsair, an eara-dheas. Ann an seo, chithear na creagan dorcha, gruamach, a' thà fa chomhair na mara mar chalaid mun cuairt do sgìre Stafain bho Fhlòdigearraidh gu Eilean Thuilm.

Cia lionmhor rubha caol, fada, bodha is sgeir mhara a tha sinte a mach anns a' chuan ar-aon air còrsa Rois agus còrsa an Eilein fhéin.

Anns an àird-a-deas, tha an Cuilthionn ciar, creagach, ceann-feadhna sléibhtean Eilean a' Cheò. Air an taobh an iar, tha Stòrr nan sgùrr air ceann nam beanntan ceanna-chruinn, cumadail, a chì thu 'nan sreath chothrom, dhìreach, le bealach farsaing, còmhnaid eadar beinn is beinn, gu ruig an t-sùil Sròn Bhiornail, ionad dol fodha na gréine ann am meadhan an t-samhraidh. Cia lionmhor cnoc gorm fasaich, sliaibh fraoich, srath iseal luachrach, leathadan is bruthaichean uaine rainich, mòintichean farsaing uaigneach le'n lòn chuisleach shiùbhlach, a mhothaichear bho'n bhad sin; cia lionmhor glaic, cùil, is gleannan fasgach air am beachdaichear le mór-thlachd is toil-intinn!

Mu chairteal de mhìle bho'n Dùn, tha an Loch bòidheach Mialt is an rubha beag, maiseach, còmhnaid ris an abair iad Rubha na Ceàrdaich, a' dol a mach gearr astar ann, air taobh Bhaltois. Chan e a h-uile ceàrdach aig a bheil eachdraidh cho sean, a tha a' dol air ais gu làithean nam Fiann, oir, a réir beul-aithris, is ann innte a chaidh an claidheamh aig Fionn a dheanamh.

Ge bè cò a thigeadh air gnothach thun na ceàrdaich cheudna, cha do cheadaich an gobha do neach riamh seasamh an taobh a staigh de a dorus. Is e a b'aobhar do'n doicheallachd gu robh eagal air gun ionnsaicheadh aon eile a' ghoibhneachd. Mar sin, bha e 'na chleachdadh aige na dorsan a bhith dùinte, druidd, am feadh a bhiodh e ri gnìomh sam bith air an innean. Cha robh a theallach, ged thà, a dh'easbhaidh làn-sholus an là, agus uinneagan mòra fosgailte air gach taobh am mullach an taighe.

Nam bu rud e is gum biodh duine cho dalma is gun rachadh e a staigh a dheòin no dh'aindeoin, dh'fhaodadh an gobha, a réir a chòirichean dlìgheach, ceann an toirmeisg ladarna a sgath bharr a ghuallean leis a'

chlaidheamh mu dheireadh a rinn e, lann geur a dh'fheumadh a bhith air a dhearbhadh, ann am fuil curaidh mus biodh féill air. Chan 'eil e iongantach, ma thà, ged nach iarradh daoine a dhòl a dh'fhàireachas air na bhathas a' deanamh ann an ceàrdaich an Rubha, ach cha robh cèaird nach robh air a cumail diomhair anns na làithean bho chian.

A bhàrr air a bhith 'na shàr-fhear-obrach, cha robh, a réir sgeòil, òigfhear eile anns an tìr cho luath ris a' ghobha 'na latha. Air feasgar sònraichte, air dha a bhith a' sealgair-eachd mu Chàrn nam Bodach, shuas fo bhonn an Stòrr, cò a thachair ris ach Daorghlas, fear cho luath is a bha am measg na Féinn. Dh'aithnich Daorghlas an gobha ach cha do dh'aithnich an gobha Daorghlas. Chuala Daorghlas gu minig mu eudmhorachd a' ghobha m'a ealain, agus air dha a bhith 'na dhuine abcaideach, làn feala-dhà, b'e an fhàilte a chuir e air:—

Is mithich dhòmhsa bhith tarraing
Gun thus' a' faire do cheàrdaich.
Eadar chabair is ùrlar
Sgrùdam gach cùil agus tàlag,
Is t' àusing mhath!

Fhreagair am fear eile:—

Ma' s éigin dhuit-sa bhith tarraing
Bidh mise ag arrais ri d'shàilean,
'S chan ann gu d'rath!

Choinhleig iad ann an sin féin, ach leitheach sliغه cha robh aon mìr air thoiseach air an aon eile. B'e na briathran a labhair an seann duine a dh'innis dhomh an sgeul: 'Bha na casan aig an dithis aca cho glis agus nach mothaicheadh thu dhaibh a' dol seach a chéile; cha choinhnicheadh iad dhuit ach dà chuibeal a bhiodh a' dol mun cuairt 'nan deannaibh!'

Is e Daorghlas a bha air thoiseach a' ruigh-eachd na ceàrdaich, ach bha an gobha gu dlùth ri a shàil. Cha do choinhilion Daorghlas còir a bhagradh. Cha deach e ceum thar ursann an doruis, a' nochdadh nach robh e 'ach ri spòrs. Cuide ri sin, b'e Cothrom na Féinne a bu ghnàth chleachdadh dha.

Chan 'eil e iongantach ged as e dùn cho fradharcach a roghnaich Dearg MacDroigheann mar àite còmhnaidh thar gach ionad de'n Eilean, nì a tha a' fàgail Dùn Deirg cho mair-eann am beul-aithris ri Dun-bheagain no Dun-tuilm.

Bu tric a thàinig mi thairis air an ainm aig Dearg ann an "Seann Dàna" Mhic-a'-Ghobha. Tha eachdraidh ag innse gu deach e mu dheas air ceann feachd de ghaigich a chath an aghaidh nan Ròmanach. Dearbhaidh na sgeulachdan a chuala mi anns na taighean-céilidh gur e sàr-ghaisgeach a bha ann, sgeulachdan a tha iomadh ceud bliadhna de aois,

agus mar bu shine a bha iad a' fàs is a b'fhaide a bha iad air an toirt a nuas am beul-aithris, is ann bu mhò is bu truiteam a bha a threubh-antas a' cinntinn, gus fa-dheòidh an robh Dearg air a thoirt f'ar comhair mar làn-fhamhair. Mu mhìle gu leth deas air Dùn Deirg, tha dùn eile gu fìor m'a choinneamh an teis-meadhon Rubha nam Bràithrean, air taobh thall Loch Earlais. Tha sgeul an t-seann duine a chùim mi air chuimhne ag innse gur e ceatharnach làidir coltach ri Dearg a bha a' fuireach air Dùn an Rubha. Cha robh e féin is Dearg ro-mhath a' còrdadh. Bhiodh iad gu tric a' cuimseachadh air taighean cach a chéile le sgorran de choilch. Dh'fheuch Dearg aon là ri amas air Dùn an Rubha. An uair a chunnaic a namhaid seo chaidh e a steach agus dh'ullaich e am bogha. Nach ann a smaoinich e air an t-saighead a dheanamh dearg anns an teine, is cho luath is a shaoil leis a bha i dearg gu leòir, chuir e ris a' bhogha i a' cuims-eachadh air ceann taigh Dheirg.

A nis, bha fios aige gu robh Dearg air an taigh a thughadh beagan làithean roimhe sin le raineach tioram, nì a ghabhadh teine gu h-èasgaidh. Thilg e an t-saighead air taigh Dheirg is chaidh i an sàs anns an tughadh. Chaidh an taigh aig Dearg an àird 'na lasraichean, nì a lion e le feirg is cuthach. Cha bu luaithe a mhothaich fear Dùn an Rubha

do'n teine na rinn e air a' chladach agus ghabh e a mach ann am bàta beag air an loch. Air do Dhearg sud a thoirt fa-near, rug e air clach anabarrach mhór a bha air aghaidh an Dùin is chuimsich e air a' bhàta mun robh i ach ann an oir an locha, beagan shlatan bho tràigh. Ràinig a' chlach a cheart cho luath ris an t-saighead. Bhuail i anns a' mhuir gearr astar bho'n sgoth is fhuair famhair Dùn an Rubha a bheatha leis gu tèarainte. Chithear fathast a' chlach anns a bheil iomadh tunna far an do ghrunnaich i. Tha an leth dhith a tha am fianais os cionn na mara faisg air a bhith ceithir-òiseannach, mar gum biodh i air a snaidheadh.

Chì am fòghlumach, a tha a' beachd-smuain-eachadh air sgeulachdan is saobh-chràbhadh threubhan is threan na cruinne, luach nach beag innte seo. Gheibh e aon phong 'ur innte nach 'eil coitcheann do sheann sgeulachdan cinneadh sam bith air an cualas iomradh. Tha tilgeadh na saighead *a rinn-eadh dearg anns an teine* a' samhlachadh dhuinn teomachd a' Cheiltich anns a' chath; inntinn thùrail, bheothail, shocrach, a bha comasach eadhon ann an teas na còmhraig, air a bhith a' dealbh is a' faotainn a mach dhòighean is innleachdan ùra a dheanadh a' chùis na b'èifeachdaiche, buaidh a bha leantainn a' Cheiltich bho thùs, an cogadh is an sìth.

Some of the Tresses

By EDWARD G. MACCURDY

(Continued)

To pass from thought of the qualities of sound of Gaelic words to the consideration of the significance of words themselves is to enter upon a fresh field rich in human values. Two for which I owe acquaintance to Dwelly's Dictionary stir conjecture as to the possible range of Celtic speech. Broc-lann, badger's den, would seem to have etymological kinship with Broceliande, the name of a forest in Brittany, well known to readers of Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur'. The word samhnach—deer park, winter park—is also suggestive of a locality. For as in Gaelic the combination mh is sounded as v, the word samhnach has the same sound as has Savernake in Savernake Forest, and this would seem to afford an instance of a place name Celtic in origin occurring as far south as Wiltshire.

For a time I used to make a list of the Gaelic names of birds and flowers which interested me as fitting closely their natural characteristics. In it occurred the names of the swallow and the green woodpecker, gobhlan-gaoithe (fork of

the wind) and lasair-choille (flame of the wood). Their simplicity and appositeness would seem to point conclusively to the antiquity of Gaelic speech for it was in the youth of the world surely that such names were given. All the melancholy of the lapwing's cry is brought before us in the word pibhinn—pronounced pee-vin, with the first syllable long drawn out.

The foxglove has two names in Gaelic, lus nam ban sìth, flower of the fairies, and meuran nan cailleachan marbha, the fingers of the dead nuns, and the latter may serve to bring to mind the fact that children sometimes are accustomed to play with the white, bell-shaped flowers by putting them on their fingers to serve as gloves.

I thought once also of collecting proverbs, but found presently that this had been done for all time by Sheriff Nicolson. Two from the list seem to embody truths to which the Gael may claim that he conforms as well as, if not better than, those of greater affluence. They are 'he that is courteous will be courteous to all', and 'heredity will go against the

rocks." The ripe wisdom of two others should ensure them a place in an anthology of consolation. These are: "the birds manage to live though they be not all hawks"; and "it is a poor marriage that is not better than field work." But I will digress no more.

It was not wisdom but beauty that the lover in Browning's lyric put as the kernel of his challenging interrogatory, and by way of proving his case in the eyes of all he spreads out the rich treasure of the hair of his lady. It is here that I would follow him and make no more account with words or proverbs. For words, however beautiful, however rich in suggestion they may be, are but as single hairs of which the tresses are made up. It is their sheen that I would attempt in some small measure to re-create and make live before you. Surely it is visible in that lovely lyric known as a Rune of Hospitality, which tells how a stranger came, and how food and drink were set before him and music too "in the listening place", and how, after partaking of these in the sacred name of the Trinity, he blessed his host, his house, his cattle, and his dear ones, and then went his way; and how the lark said in her song that Christ often went in the guise of a stranger.

It must have been some good angel who first wafted this to the ears of a singer in the western isles, and for centuries it may have floated down from one singer to another breathing its message, until at last it fell to Kenneth MacLeod to trap the sunbeam in the Schoolhouse of the Isle of Eigg. I would link with it, in a beauty that transcends lineage, the naive traditional saying of the Gael, that there were three lovely little maidens born on the same night as Christ and their names are Faith, Hope, and Charity. The beauty of sound of the words of certain lyrics is such that these seem almost to melt into music though written in a key to which the ears of those who have not the Gaelic can be hardly if ever fully attuned, but the thoughts that they convey, even when seen through the veil of an alien prose, are characterized by such warmth of feeling and tenderness as are characteristic of certain of the songs of Burns, who, if he had been born a century or so earlier, might well have composed in Gaelic. Mo Dhachaidh (My Home) breathes his spirit unmistakably. Two verses from the picture which it presents have linned with a painter's hand the bothy and its dwellers and the ripple of its melodies:—

"See yonder across the ferry in the shelter of the trees that clean little cottage whitened with lime; there is my home—the home that I love—I would not change it for any castle in the world.

Nature there is always producing some effect of music: if it is not the thrush on the spray it is the lark in its cloud; the stream purling on its way through the meadow, or Morag crooning to the child." Malcolm MacFarlane in the lines in Mo Dhachaidh, John Campbell of Ledaig, writer of the lovely lines:

Thig crioch air an t-saoghal
Ach mairidh gaol is ceòl.

(There will come an end to the world,
But love and music will endure.)

are among those whose practice tends to confirm the dictum of Walter Pater that all art ultimately tends to a condition of music. In the music of nature birds are among the leading executants, and poets of all countries have aspired to interpret their songs. As impressive, perhaps, as any, if judged from the standpoint of what the poet is seeking to do, is a fragment by Keats which bears the title "What the thrush said". It stirs the ear with expectancy:—

O fret not after knowledge, I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth;

O fret not after knowledge, I have none,
And yet the evening listens.

I heard a song once sung by Hugh Mackay at a Gaelic concert. The words floated across to me with such limpid clearness that I could write them down as I listened, and this I began to do, fearful lest memory should not hold them. They too, told of the thrush.

Tha smeòrach 's a' mhadainn chiùin
Binn, binn a' ceileireadh,
Tha smeòrach 's a' mhadainn chiùin,
Ge b' e có a chluinneadh i.

(The thrush is in the still morning, sweetly,
sweetly singing: the thrush is in the still
morning, whoever there be to hear it.)

'S'e ian a' bhuap' as binne guth,
Binn, binn a' ceileireadh,
'Se ian a' bhuap' as aoibhinn leam,
Ge b' e có a chluinneadh i.

(It is the bird of all sweetest voice, sweetly,
sweetly singing, it is the bird of all that
gives me joy, whoever there be to hear it.)

And then the first line is repeated as a refrain.

Tha smeòrach 's a' mhadainn chiùin.
(The thrush is in the still morning.)

I have given the words of some Gaelic singer unknown who has thus rendered his homage, but the melody that clings to them—this I cannot give.

(To be continued)

The Late Duchess of Montrose

BY the death on 21st February of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, An Comunn Gàidhealach has lost one of its most devoted members. The Duchess received instruction in Gaelic from the late Rev. Malcolm Macleod, a former President of An Comunn and Editor of this magazine. Keenly interested in music, Her Grace saw to it that Gaelic was given a place in the Arran Musical Festival. We express our sympathy with the bereaved family. An Comunn was represented at the Duchess's funeral by Mr. Farquhar MacRae (President), Mr. Malcolm Macleod (General Secretary), and Mr. Neil Shaw (ex-President).

"Ossian"

"OSSIAN" is the name of the Magazine which is published at irregular intervals by the Glasgow University Ossianic Society—the Highland Students' Society. The first number of "Ossian" appeared in 1933, ran to over 40 pages, and cost sixpence. We naturally have a specially warm regard for it, as it contains one of our earliest efforts at writing for the press, an effort in which we tried to summarise in a thousand words the hundred years' history of the Society, having first read through—page by page—the minutes of these hundred years—ten volumes altogether at that time!

The second number of "Ossian" bears no date, but it appeared a number of years ago, we cannot remember when, but possibly since the end of the Second World War. It ran to 28 pages, and the price was 1/6. Paper shortage and printing costs affected its size, but not its quality.

The third number of "Ossian" has now appeared. It contains 48 pages, and the price is 2/-. Copies (2/4 post free) may be ordered from Mr. Malcolm McIver, Business Manager, "Ossian," University Union, University Avenue, Glasgow, W.2.

This latest number is a "Special Celebration Number," marking the inauguration of the Chair of Celtic in the University of Glasgow and the jubilee of the Ossianic Club (the association of former members of the Ossianic Society), which has co-operated with the Society in the production of this number.

The Editors—both for Gaelic and English—and those associated with them deserve our thanks and congratulations on the quality of

this latest number. It has several photographic illustrations—the previous numbers had none. The articles provide varied, interesting, and informative reading, and the poetry is good on the whole. We liked particularly the fine photographs of Professor Angus Matheson and his predecessor, the late James Carmichael Watson, and the appreciations of Mr. Matheson's worth and work by Sorley Maclean (in Gaelic) and by Farquhar MacIntosh (in English), and also Mr. Matheson's account of his predecessors in the Glasgow University Celtic Department.

John A. Macdonald, who ought to know what he is writing about, presents a refreshingly encouraging estimate of the prospects for Gaelic—"Green Light for Gaelic"—a welcome change from the dismal prophecies of approaching doom to which we are so accustomed. James Shaw Grant, in his own deft style, asks us to "Pity Poor New York." "New York can keep her neon lights: Stornoway prefers the moon!" Harold S. Stewart, Malcolm MacSween (on "Rocket Isle"), W. D. Cocker (on William Power, a good friend of the Gaels), Calum I. Maclean (on Folklore), Allan Bain, Etta MacAulay, Allan M. Smith, Keith Campbell, and Dr. Macdonald of Gislea (on the preservation of Outer Isles antiquities) contribute articles in English. The poets are Derick S. Thomson, Norman MacCaig, Alasdair Macleod, Allan G. Hasson, and Lachlan Robertson, while there are several excellent Gaelic items. Principal Sir Hector Hetherington contributes a foreword, Miss May Margaret MacMillan writes about the history of the Ossianic Club, 1907-1957, and Mr. William Hume tells "The Success Story of the Celtic Chair Appeal."

We are glad the macabre front cover design of the earlier numbers has been replaced by a "duine neònach," as the little girl said when she saw it.

We hope that this number will have a ready sale, and that the Ossianic Society may be encouraged to bring out another number in the not too distant future. We still have a little way to go to the "allotted span," but, having had only three numbers in 24 years, we should like at least double that number in the next twenty.

Ardnamurchan Provincial Mod

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the above Mod, held on 23rd March, it was decided with regret that there was not sufficient interest or support in the area to hold a Mod this year. The Mod, fixed for 25th June, has therefore been cancelled.

Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir

ON 5th April I had the privilege of presiding at the Fourth Annual Concert of the Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir in the Town Hall, Ayr. The Choir, numbering well over thirty, under their Conductor, Mr. Donald D. MacIsaac, Mdd Gold Medallist, presented an excellent programme which was greatly appreciated by a large audience. The choral pieces were beautifully rendered and the choir soloists all acquitted themselves well. These were Edith Pollock, Mary E. MacIsaac, Frances Mathews, Robert Finlay, Kathleen Moonie, and David Macdonald. Sheila Nicolson, as a soloist in Gaelic and English, merited the highest praise, and we look forward to hearing her at the Mod, as we look forward to hearing the Choir and those of its members who will be competing in solo and duet competitions. Little Sheila Semphill proved herself an accomplished dancer. The guest artistes were Miss Helen T. MacMillan, Mod Gold Medallist, and Miss Mary B. MacLean with her inimitable readings, gay and wistful. Both gave of their best. The Accompanist was Barbara Sumner. Piping selections were played by four stalwarts of the Glasgow Police Pipe Band. Rev. Archie Beaton, Dundonald, proposed the votes of thanks. A number of Gaelic enthusiasts came from neighbouring districts, including a number from Largs. We were glad to have the company also of Mr. Murdo Morrison, formerly Director of Education for Inverness-shire, and Mr. J. B. Inglis, Director of Education for the County of Ayr.

T. M. MURCHISON.

Secretary's Notes

Tobermory.—This very active Branch celebrated its Jubilee on 8th March in the Aros Hall, where fully 300 people were present. The first half-hour of the Ceilidh was recorded for a future broadcast. Mr. John Bannerman was Fear-an-Taighe, and the programme was sustained by the Tobermory Gaelic Choir and local artistes. After the recording, Mr. Neil Shaw took over the duty of Fear-an-Taighe and in his opening remarks conveyed to the Office-bearers and members warm greetings and congratulations from the Propaganda Committee for completing fifty years of continuous service to An Comunn and the Gaelic Cause. It is worth recording that the whole proceedings were conducted entirely in Gaelic.

Five years after the formation of the Branch (1912) a Junior Mod was held. The same year

Portree Branch held its first Junior Mod, but the Oban Branch was two years ahead of them. These were the forerunners of the present day Provincial Mods which are doing so much to foster a love for the language and its music.

Edinburgh.—This Branch closed its session with a well-attended Ceilidh on 9th March. Mr. Neil Shaw was Chairman, and he referred briefly to the work expected of Branches and their value to the parent Association. This can be done by giving generously to the Central Fund and by keeping their members informed of and interested in the work of the Association.

It was reported that the prospects of a successful Mod on 18th May were very encouraging.

M. M.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

<i>Received at Inverness—</i>		
Previously acknowledged		£995 4 7
Ladies' Committee—Coffee		
Morning, 2/3/57	14	—
Inverness Ceilidh, 8/3/57	20	11 —
Inverness Concert, 23/3/57	15	3 —
Mrs. Johnstone, Inverness		
—Whist Drive	55	— —
D. J. MacLean, Esq.,		
Northern Organiser—		
Dance	30	— —
Mr. Sinclair, Culloden—		
Dance	9	7 —
Mrs. MacKenzie, Inver-		
moriston, Ceilidh	18	4 —
Kiltarlity (2nd contribu-		
tion)	5	— —
Donation from M.P.N.I.		
Staff—Inverness £2 3/-;		
Forres, 17/-	3	— —
		£1,165 9 7

<i>Received at Headquarters—</i>		
Previously acknowledged		£5 8 —
Mrs. C. C. Campbell,		
Newton Mearns	3	— —
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal	5	— —
Comunn Tir nam Beann,		
Duneideann	5	— —
The Gaelic Society of		
Glasgow	5	— —
Gourock Highland Asso-		
ciation	3	— —
Vale of Leven Branch	10	— —
		36 8 —
		£1,201 17 7

NOTE:— The sum of £15 stated in the April issue as Balmacara under the heading, Rural Concerts, should have appeared under the heading, Individual Efforts and Donations, as from Mrs. Macdonald, late Balmacara Hotel. Apology is expressed for the error.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1957

Aireamh 6

Coinneach Odhar

Le Fearchar MacRath nach maireann a bha an Ràtagain

ANNAS na làithean a dh'fhalbh, an uair a bha taobh an iar Alba is na h-Eileanan fo smachd nan Lochlannach, chaidh bantighearna òg àlainn dhiubh a bhàthadh anns a' chuan air taobh an iar Leòdhais, agus, air do'n chorp aice a thighinn air tìr air Tràigh Mhór Uige, chaidh a chàradh le mòr-spéis agus cumha anns a' chladh aig ceann a tuath na tràghad sin.

Linntean an déidh sin bha seana bhean a' caithris a' chruidh aice troimh an oidhche ri taobh a' chladh seo—Cladh Bhaile na Cille, mar theirear ris an diugh—agus, air dhi a' bhith 'na boireannach deanadach adhartach agus air bheachd nach robh dad na b'fheàrr na obair gus an droch aon a chumail air falbh, gu h-àraidh faisg air cladh mar siod, thòisich i a' sniomh leis a' chuigeil agus a' crònan mar a b' àbhaist. Bha guth binn bòidheach aice, ged a bha e rud-eigin beag na's laige a nis na bha e; agus, a chionn is gu robh e a' còrdadh ris a' chrodh, cha robh iad a' cur dragh mòr oirre ach gu bog balbh a' cnàmh an cir faisg oirre.

Corr uair stadadh iad is shealladh iad, mar gum biodh iad a' faicinn no a' cluinntinn cuid-eigin no cuideachd a' tighinn a nall troimh an fhadhail gu h-ìosal. Bhiodh siod a' cur rud air chor-eigin de gheilt air an t-seana bhean, oir bha i a' creidsinn gu robh Freasdal, an àit a bhith toirt reusan do ainmhidhean, mar

chrodh is choin is eich, air buileachadh bhuadhan eile orra, co-fhreagarrach ri an staid anns an t-saoghal—buadhan troimh a bhith 'gan cleachdadh a bhiodh a' sior fhàs na b'fheàrr, air sheòl is gun tugadh iad an aire do rudan nach tugadh daoine. Is cha b'e sin a mhàin, ach gu h-àraidh a bhiodh a chum buannachd nan daoine mun cuairt orra, mar a bha asal Bhalaaim agus mar a tha cuid a' creidsinn mu thabhann chon roimh bhàs neach.

Cha robh teagamh sam bith aice nach robh an crodh, aig a' cheart mhionaid, a' faicinn giùlain a' tighinn troimh an fhadhail a dh'ionnsaigh a' chladh. Smaoinicheadh i an sin ach cò a bha tinn anns a' cheann eile de'n sgrì. Cha chuala i gum faca fear sam bith de na taibhseadairean shuas taobh Mhangusta no ann am Bréidhnis dad bho chionn ghoirid. A dh'aon rud sguireadh an crònan. An àite "Gun tugadh crodh Chailein am bainne dhomh fhìn," is e a bhiodh aice fear de laoidhean Chalum Chille. O, bha rud-eigin ann cheana! Bha an crodh car mì-fhoiseil fhathast; cha do thòisich iad air cnàmh an cir. Ach mu dheireadh, a dh'aindeoin geilt is cràbhaidh is cruaidh is ghiseagan, bha i a' fàs sgìth is bha an crodh air tòiseachadh a rithist air cnàmh an cir.

Is e mo bheachd gun tàinig norrag chadail oirre, ach co-dhiùbh an trian na treise is ann

a chunnaic i mu mheadh oidhche na mairbh ag éirigh is a' sgapadh gach rathad. Chlis is dh'éirich i air a casan, is ghluais an crodh, is anns an éirigh chunnaic i an aona ribhinn òg a b' àillidhe a chunnaic sùil riamh, air a h-éideadh gu ro-anabarrach uile ghrinn, ach a mhàin gu robh beagan de dhriùhd na mara agus de ghainmhich ghil air iomall a trusgain. Ghlac i seo a h-aire cho mór is gun do chuir i roimhe gum faigheadh i a mach, a dheòin no dh'aindeoin, có i agus cia as dhi. Air dhi oidhirp a dheanamh air a dhol 'na cainnt, shìolaich an ribhinn mar sgleò as a sealladh. Cinnteach 'na beachd fhéin gum tilleadh iad gu léir an ùine gun bhith fada, is e an innleachd a chinnich aice a' chuigeal a chàradh tarsaing air beul na h-uaigne gus nach fhaigheadh i a staigh.

An ceann greis mhaith, dìreach aig gairm choileach, thòisich iad a' tilleadh 'nan deann chabhaig, gach aon aca a' deanamh ball dìreach air a thulaich fhéin is dh'fhàs an crodh a rithist mì-foiseil. An uair a chunnaic an ribhinn a' chuigeal tarsaing air a h-uaign, thàinig stadaich oirre, agus le solus na gealaich chite gu robh neul bàn air a h-aodann. "Ciod e seo a rinn thu orm?" arsa ise, "agus cabhag orm?" Dh'aslaich is dh'aslaich i a leigeil a staigh air ais air neo gum biodh i fadalach air son coinneachadh ri a leannan an Tir nan Og. Ach cha leigeadh, no taing!

Chaidh iad an sin gu seachas agus—ní iongantach—is i a' Ghàidhlig a labhair i, a' taisbeanadh gu robh i air leth fòghluimte, agus dh'innis i gur e ban-Lochlannach de theaghlach glé inbheach a bha innte, gun deach a bàthadh gu tubaisteach an uair a bha i air an t-slighe a' tighinn a phòsadh Gaidheal glan òg foghainteach a chaidh goirid an déidh sin as a chiall 'ga caoidh. Aige seo ghuiil i gu goirt. A' faicinn is a' cluinntinn seo, thiomachd cridhe na seana té beagan, oir thachair tuiteamas de'n t-seòrsa ud rithe fhéin an uair a bha i òg. Gidheadh, cha leigeadh i a staigh i. Lean an ribhinn a' gal.

Mu dheireadh thall, gheall i, is i a' cur a làimh 'na sgùird, nan leigeadh i a staigh i gun tugadh i dhi clach shònraichte, clach eòlais, no, mar theirte an cumantas, clach fhiosachd no clach bhuidseachd, le toll innte a rinn fìor fheallsanach, troimh am faicheadh i dad sam bith a thachair no a thachradh feadh an t-saoghail mhóir air fad, gu h-àraidh dad sam bith a bhùineadh dhi fhéin no do'n dàthach mun cuairt. Thug i an sin a mach a' chlach, mu mbeudachd ubh circe, agus air séideadh air falbh beagan gainmhich a bha anns an toll sheall i troimhe agus thàinig fiamh gàire oirre, rud a thug air an t-seann té smaoineachadh

gu robh i a' faicinn a leannain, agus thàinig snuadh gaire oirre fhéin.

Air ball las a sùilean agus, a' beachdachadh gu math is gu ro-mhath air a' chloich, rug i oirre leis an dara làimh is tharraing i a' chuigeal air ais leis an làimh eile. Mar dhealan chaidh an ribhinn fodha 'na h-uaign is chan fhacas riamh tuilleadh i, ach tha e anns an aithris gun d'fhàg i àile glhan chùbhraidh na mara greis mhath 'na déidh.

Faodar a bhith cinnteach nach d'rinn an t-seana bhean mòran dàileach ann a bhith a' cur buadhan na cloiche gu dearbhadh. A cheart cho luath is a chaidh an ribhinn á fianais—is bu ghrinn glan i—chuir an t-seana bhean a' chlach ri a sùil ach, a chionn is nach robh an là fhathast ach a' ciaradh, cha robh i a' faicinn dad ceart. Shaoil i an toiseach gur ann a thug an té eile an car aisde. "Is math an airidh," arsa ise rithe fhéin, "sin agamsa air son a bhith a' cur dragh air na mairbh. Chan 'eil fios ciod an t-olc a dh'fhaodas tighinn orm. Nì Math 'gam ghleidheadh!" Agus thòisich i gu beag ìosal a rithist air fear de laoidhean Chaluim chòir.

Ach, mar a bha an là a' tighinn, bha an t-eagal agus an cràbhadh a' falbh. Sguir an t-seinn. Mu dheireadh chuir i ri a sùil a rithist i. Is ann an uair seo a thug i an aire do'n toll gu ceart—toll nach robh a bheag na bu mhò na crò snàthaid. Is gann a chitheadh i an là troimhe. Ach a lion beag is beag, le bhith a' sìor dhearcadh is mar a bha an là a' fàs na bu shoilleire, chitheadh i rud beag air chor-eigin, ach eadhon fhathast b'ann car dorcha mar troimh ghloinne. "Ged tha," theireadh i, "tha rud-eigin anns a' chloich. 'S i an fhùrinn a bha aig a' bhan-Lochlannaich. Leanaidh mi orm. 'S e innleachd seilge sìor leanmhainn!" Is chuireadh i ri a sùil a rithist i.

Chitheadh i a nis tuilleadh, no na bu shoilleire, nithean nuadh agus sean. Bhuaithe seo cho-dhùin i gur ann dìreach mar seo le bhith a' sìor leanmhainn air aon rud, le bhith a' sìor bheachdachadh air aon rud ri làimh, agus nì h-ann mar amadan le a shùilean air crìochan na talmhainn, a bha adhartas no piseach air a dheanamh ann an dad sam bith. "Chan 'eil teagamh agam, nan robh mi air a faighinn òg, nach deanainn fhìn rud-eigin leatha" (agus is mise a tha 'gad chreidsinn, a bhanacharaid!) Mhol i a nis an da-rìribh a' bhan-Lochlannach air son a tiodhlaic agus air son a' mheadhoim shònraichte seo air ionnsachadh a bha co-cheangailte rithe.

Sheall i a nis a rithist gu geur troimh an toll agus le intinnn fhausing fhosgailte. Agus, ma sheall, sìod, a chuideachda chridhe, far an robh cùis mhór smaoinich—sìod far an robh an "Sineadh Math" agus cha b'e na *cinemas*

bochda a bhios aca an Lunnainn! Cha robh dad, bho thùs làithean gu deireadh aimsir, nach robh i a' faicinn a' gabhail seachd mar rèisim-eid each 'nan deann, air sheòl is nach robh fios aice ceart co-dhùibh a bha i anns a' cholainn. Ach air do thé de'n chrodh gnùsadh trom a dheanamh, thàinig i chuire fhéin is thug i a' chlach bho a sùil le seòrsa de shaorsa.

Leis an fhaireachadh nònach a thug an taisbeanadh de mhàth is de ole a chaidh seachd is a bha gu tighinn, thubhairt i rithe fhéin: "Tha i cus air mo shon; bheir mi do Choinneach i, oir tha e òg is tha mo latha-sa seachd co-dhùibh. Seallaidh mi dha mar a chuireas e ri a shùil i. 'S e an t-ionnsachadh òg an t-ionnsachadh bòidheach! Bho'n a chì e roimhe is 'na dhéidh leatha tha mi an dòchas gum bi i 'na rian, 'na dion, is 'na seun dha a' dol troimh an fhàsach." Feumar a chantainn gum faca i rud-éigin an car Choinnich nach do thur chòrd rithe, ach bha seòrsa de cheò ann aig an àm agus cha b'urrainn dhi a fhaicinn ceart.

Bha an là air tighinn gu math a nis, is bha an crodh air sgapadh gach rathad. Thog i a' chuigeal, a' crathadh dhith beagan de ùir na h-uaigne a bha a' leantainn rithe, agus dh'fhalbh i a dhùsgadh Choinnich gus an tionaileadh e an crodh air son am bleoghann. Bha i car tràth, agus cha robh Coinneach ro-easgaidh ag éirigh, ach mu dheireadh dh'éirich i dh'fhalbh e, a' toirt leis bata, rud nach do chòrd ri a mhàthair buileach.

An uair a bhleoghainn i iad, thug i dha balgam as a' chogan agus criomag bheag de aran eòrna, agus dh' iarr i air falbh leis a' chrodh agus an saodachadh sìos do'n ghleann. An uair a thilleadh e, bha i a' dol a thoirt clach anabarrach bòidheach dha, le toll innte troimh am faiceadh e rud sam bith a thogradh e. "Cha téid mo chas," arsa esan, "mur faigh mi a nis i. B'fheàrr leam mo bhìadh fhaicinn an dràsda fhéin leatha no as a h-aonais; tha an t-acras orm."

"Greas thusa ort," thubhairt a mhàthair, "is bìdh do lite deas an uair a thilleas tu."

B'fheudar a' chlach a thoirt dha, agus dh'fhalbh e is a' chlach 'na phòcaid. Bho'n a bha i car mìn cruinn is mu mheudachd ubh circe thòisich e 'ga tilgeil anns an adhar. Ach, cleas a mhàthar, cha b'urrainn e cumail air fada gun a' chlach a chur ri a shùil mar a sheall i dha. Cha robh e a' faicinn dad ceart leatha. An uair a shealladh e air a' chrodh a bha dìreach roimhe, an àite a' chruidh bhig bhòidhich adhaircich dhuibh, is e a bha e a' faicinn crodh cnàmhach crotach mór, breac-ruadh, le ùthan móra orra a' ruighinn ach beag gu làr. Bhiodh sìod math gu leòir, nach robh iad aig a mhàthair 'gam bleoghann. Cha b'e balgam no dhà a gheibheadh e an uair sin, ach fìor làn a' chogain.

Shuathadh e an sin a shùilean an dùil, ma dh'fhaoidte, gur e prabagan a bha orra bho'n a dh'éirich e cho tràth, agus choinheadadh e air a' chrodh—"Cuachag," "Còsag," agus "Faochag"—ach bha iad sin gun atharrachadh mar a bha iad riamh.

Cha robh e a' tuigsinn an rud idir ach, gu a bhith dearbh chinnteach, an déidh a shùilean a shuathadh gu math a rithist, chuir e ri a shùil eile a' chlach agus, ma chuir, is ann a nis a bha an truaighe buileach oirre. An àit a' chruidh chnàmhaich leis na h-ùthan móra sìos gu làr is a' sìleadh bainne gus an robh uisge glas a' tighinn bho na fiacnan aige 'gan coimhead, is e a bha aige a nis crodh mór bronnach dubh gun adhar an t-saoghail orra, is gun a bheag de ùth orra na's mò (droch còmhail orra!), ach iad uile cho reamhar ri crodh Pharaoh agus ach beag cho seag ri daimh. "Gu ma h-odhar dhaibh," arsa esan, "'s gu ma h-odhar dhise cuideachd; tha Satan fhéin innte," ach chuir e a' chlach 'na phòcaid. Mus do thill e dhachaigh, thug e sùil thar a ghualainn ach an robh an crodh ceart, agus bha iad an sin gu beag bog balbh, ag ionaltradh air ùrlar a' ghlinne mar nach do thachair dad mì-nàdurach air thalamh riamh.

An uair a ràinig Coinneach dhachaigh dh'innis e d'a mhàthair mar a thachair dha, ach cha dubhairt i dad ach, le fiamh gàire, nach robh aige ach toiseach tòiseachaidh de'n chùis.

Is ann mu'n àm seo a fhuair MacCoinnich Bhrathainn sealbh air Leòdhas bho Chlann Mhic Leoid, agus beagan 'na dhéidh sin chaidh a dhaigneachadh dha leis an Rìgh. Cha robh, fhad 's as aithne dhomh, a bheag de bhuaireas no aimhreit an cois seo, ach a mhàin an car Dhòmhnail Chaim agus beagan a bha 'ga leantainn. Bha Dhòmhnail còir glé chrosda, agus troimh sin chaill e an toiseach a shùil, rud nach d'fhàg idir na bu shèimh sìobhalta e. Chaill e mu dheireadh a shaorsa. An déidh a bhith fo bhinn agus 'ga fhalach fhéin air son bhliadhnachan, chaidh a ghlacadh le seòltachd agus a thoirt gu cùirt ann an Inbhir-nis, far an deach geimheal iarainn a chur mu chòl na darna coise aige—"Geimheal Dhòmhnail Chaim," mar a theirear gus an là an diugh.

Bha fear eile còmhla ris a chaidh a dhiteadh cuideachd, agus chaidh geimheal a chur mu'n chois aige-san. Ach, air do'n fhear seo a bhith tioma dìorrasach agus an t-sàil aige gun bhith mór, fhuair e mu dheireadh cuibhtean a' gheimheil, ach b'éiginn do Dhòmhnall siubhal gu brònach leatha gus an d'ràinig e an t-Eilean Sgitheanach far an do gheàrr gobha e, agus mar sin fhuair Dhòmhnall a shaorsa. Is e "Fear na Sàile Bige" a theireadh iad ris an fhear eile.

Bha Coinneach na bu ghlice geurchuiseach na iad seo. Thubhairt e ris fhéin, 'Bidh mi leis an rìgh a bhios ann,' agus mar a thubhairt b'fhior. Dh'aon e e fhéin ri MacCoinnich, agus air bhith dha a nis 'na ghille glan gleusda ghabh MacCoinnich ris. Mar òigridh eile am bitheantas bha Coinneach làn de mhac-meannmhainn, iarratach air an t-saoghal mhór fhaicinn is a fhortan a dheanamh. Bho a mhàthair thug e a bhith teòma tapaidh geurchuiseach, agus gun teagamh chuidich a' bheachd a bha aice agus aige fhéin mu'n chloich e gu bhith a' gabhail a' chothrom seo air a bhith togail an t-saoghail mhóir fo a cheann. 'Mur gabh an uair a gheibh,' theireadh e, 'chan fhaigh an uair as àill.' Agus bha MacCoinnich 'na dhuine glé mhór am beachd Choinnich is dhaoine eile aig an ám. Cha robh dòigh air nach fhaigheadh e air adhart 'na chois. Agus an car Leódhais, agus gur e eilean bochd a bha ann, cha robh cothrom sam bith aig a leithid-san air faighinn air adhart ann no fortan a dheanamh ann.

Siud mar a theireadh e ri a mhàthair, is i a' tòiseachadh ri fàs iomagaineach m'a dheighinn, agus eagal oirre gu robh i a' dol 'ga chall gu bráth, agus gus a' chùis a dheanamh na bu chinntiche dhi chuireadh e a làmh anns a' phòcaid anns an robh a' chlach is theireadh e, 'Bidh a' chlach 'gam chuideachadh.' Dh'iarr a mhàthair an sin sealladh de'n chloich mus falbhadh e, ach cha tugadh esan sin dhi, oir bha eagal air gun cumadh i air ais e.

Cha robh air, a réist, ach faighinn deiseil, agus ciod nach dean màthair Ghaidhealach air son gum faigh a mac air adhart—ciod an dicheall is am féin-àicheadh, ciod an iomagain, a' chaitheas is na brudaran, ciod na h-ùrnuighean is an athchuinge a bhios an siod, ciod na cuimhneachain bheaga a bhios i a' cur an siod is an seo gu falachaidh 'na aodach mus falbh e! Ciod? Aig Dia tha fios. Dh'fhaodadh fios a bhith aig Coinneach cuideachd nan robh dad de thuigse aige. Bidh fios aige air, bròinean, an déidh seo—an déidh seo, an uair, ma dh'fhaoidte, a bhios e ro-fhadalach agus ise a' cnàmh ann an ùir.

Ach bha Coinneach aig an ám air a thogail cho mór le bhith a' falbh leis a' chloich agus leis an fhortan a bha 'na cois agus an cois MhicCoinnich, is nach robh a bheag sam bith eile a' tighinn fa-near dha. A bheag sam bith? O, bha. Bha gràdh a chridhe aige dhi, agus an uair a dheanadh esan am fortan bha e a' dol a thighinn air a tòir agus boireannach mór usal a dheanamh dhith. (Bha seo gu math na b'fheàrr na an Sgitheanach. An uair a thigeadh esan dhachaigh leis an fhortan am

measg ghnothaichean móra eile a bha gu tachairt bhiodh a athair 'na ghille poca aige!)

Ach chrathadh màthair Choinnich a ceann, le suadh fann gàire oirre. Air do là an dealachaidh tighinn bha Coinneach a' dol a thigheil a thagan air a ghualainn is a' dol a thogail rithe, ach cha leigeadh a mhàthair leis. Dh'fheumadh i fhéin a ghiùlan, greis, agus dh'fhalbh iad. An uair a ràinig iad shuas aig a' mhullach far a bheil an Eaglais Mhór an diugh, sheas iad greiseag bheag—esan a' beachdachadh air an t-sealladh bhriagha mun cuairt air an Tràigh Mhóir is a' gabhail beann-achd leis an talamh is leis na clachan còlach; is e na deòir 'na suilean is a cridhe 'ga fhàsgadh. An sin, air cur a dà làimh mun cuairt air a amhaich, phòg iad a chéile a rithist is a rithist. 'Dia 'gad ghleidheadh,' arsa ise, agus dhealaich iad. Dh'fhalbh esan le ceum sundach togarrach, ach cha do ghluais ise á làrach nam bonn. An tràth seo is a rithist thionndaidheadh e agus chrathadh e a làmh rithe, ach is gann a b'urrainn dhise a làmh a thogail 'ga fhreagairt. Mu dheireadh chaidh e á fianais sìos bràighe Gleann Bhaltois, agus an sin thuit a sud is a sad gu buileach, agus is gann a shnàigeil i dhachaigh.

Bha cuilean beag aig Coinneach a bha dona gu ruith nan cearcan agus gu aimbeart de gach seòrsa, agus bhiodh i a' sìor iarraidh air cur as dha, ach a nis có a bu déidheile air a' chuirean na i fhéin! Cuilean beag laghach a bha ann a nis, gun chron air thalamh ann! Bhiodh e aice air uairean 'na h-uchd, agus air uairean bhiodh i fhéin 'ga stuigeadh anns na cearcan is a' gàireachdaich an uair a chitheadh i e a' spionadh nan itean asda. Ach is ann a bhiodh i fhéin agus an cuilean gu h-àraidh mór aig a chéile an uair a bhiodh i a' saodachadh a' chruidh sìos an gleann air a' chois-cheum cheudna air am b'abhast do Choinneach dol leotha. Bhiodh Coinneach e fhéin air uairean ri a chronachadh, ach a nis, air dha a bhith air falbh is gun fhios an tilleadh e gu bráth, cha b'e a mhàin gu robh e coimhlionta, ach bha eadhon an cuilean aige gun sambail idir dha.

B'fheàirde Coinneach fios a bhith aige air a' bheachd a bha aig a mhàthair uime agus theagamh, le cuideachadh na cloiche agus troimh an astar eatorra a bha a' sìor dhòl am meud, gu robh sin a nis a' tighinn fa-near dha agus 'ga neartachadh ann a bhith a' rùnachadh a' mhaith agus a' seachnadh an uile anns na bha roimhe. Chì sinn! Ach faodar a ràdh nach 'eil beannachd air thalamh cosmhail ri màthair mhaith, agus gun teagamh sam bith is ann bho a mhàthair a fhuair Coinneach na chùim air chuimhne e gus an là an diugh.

(R' a leantainn)

The Macleods of Morvern

By THE EDITOR

NOT only those who belong to the Church of Scotland, but Highland people generally, are specially interested in the fact that the Moderator of this year's General Assembly is the Rev. Dr. George F. Macleod, M.C., D.D., fourth Baronet of Fiunary. Dr. Macleod comes of a family which in the past 182 years has given eleven ministers to the Church of Scotland, aggregating 516 years of ministerial service, six of them Moderators of Assembly, several of them royal chaplains, and seven of them Doctors of Divinity, while one was Principal Clerk of Assembly. Among them have been several who have made no ordinary contribution to Gaelic literature and to the well-being of the Highland people.

The progenitor of the family was a certain Donald Macleod, who was tacksman (or gentleman farmer) of Swordale, near Dunvegan, in the parish of Duirinish, Isle of Skye, in the middle of the 18th century. He was also armourer or sword-maker to the Chief of Macleod, whence he was known as "Gobha Shuardail" ("The Smith of Swordale"), and also, because of his physique, "An Gobha Mór."

It is said that Donald Macleod came to Skye in 1732 from the Black Isle, Easter Ross, in the retinue of the young Chief of Macleod who was then entering upon his inheritance. It has also been said that Donald belonged to the Macleods of Assynt. It is more probable, however, that he belonged to Skye, and that he had previously gone from Skye to the Black Isle. According to "The Macleods," by the Rev. Donald Mackinnon, Editor of *The Clan Macleod Magazine*, Donald Macleod of Swordale was a descendant of Donald Macleod of Fasach, Waternish (Dòmhnall an Fhàsaich), descended from Iain Borb, Sixth Chief of Dunvegan. Mr. Mackinnon has also discovered a document in the Dunvegan Castle muniment room which would seem to indicate that the Rev. Neil Macleod of Kilfinichen, Mull, believed to be a brother of Donald of Swordale, was of the Macleods of St. Kilda, a family descended from Alasdair Ruadh, grandson of William, 5th Chief of Dunvegan. Some of these were Stewards or Factors of the Chief in St. Kilda, and of that line were Mary Macleod (Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh), the famous Gaelic poetess of the 17th century, and the late Rev. Dr. Kenneth Macleod of Gigha.

As far as I am aware, the only evidence that the Rev. Neil and Donald of Swordale were

brothers is a statement in the Commissariat Records of Argyll to the effect that the Rev. Norman Macleod of Morvern, son of Donald of Swordale, was a nephew of the Rev. Neil. If that was the case, then it is rather odd that the Rev. Norman's grandson, Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony (in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish"), when referring to the Rev. Neil of Kilfinichen, gives no indication that he was a relative of his own.

Whatever be the precise descent of Donald of Swordale, we are told that in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward raised his standard at Glenfinnan, and when the then Chief of Macleod refused to support the Jacobite cause, Donald of Swordale came to the Prince with an offer to raise a hundred fellow-clansmen for him and to make an assault on the Government barracks at Bernera in Glenelg. Of Donald's activities during the Rising we know nothing. Presumably his offer was not accepted or could not be carried out. When the Rising was over, and when Flora Macdonald and other fellow-Islesfolk suffered for their Jacobite sympathies, Donald of Swordale appears to have been left unmolested. It is said by his great-grandson that he was the first, or one of the first, in the district to introduce the custom of family worship.

One other thing tradition tells about Donald of Swordale. On the day of his funeral a large concourse of people gathered to pay their tribute of respect. Led by pipers, they went in procession from Swordale along past Dunvegan Castle towards the Duirinish Churchyard. It so happened that that same day Paul Jones, the Dumfries lad who became a terror of the seas, sailed into Loch Dunvegan, intent on attacking and looting the Castle. Seeing the huge muster of people approaching the Castle, and hearing the martial music of the pipes, he concluded that the Fiery Cross must have summoned the clansmen to repel him, and so Jones lost no time in making for the open sea. As at Otterburn, "a dead man won a fight," but Donald of Swordale in his coffin won the fight before it started!

The minutes of the Synod of Glenelg, 1763, record that bursaries of £6 per annum were granted that year to several "hopeful young men" intending the ministry, among them "Norman Macleod, son to Donald Macleod, taxman of Swordale in the parish of Duirinish."

(To be continued)

Mairi a' Bhan-diuc

Cha toir i Cuach Ailsa

Do Iain an Fhéilidh, am Bàrd, a rithist.

BHA sinn an dòchas gum biodh i fhathast maille ruinn air son iomadh bliadhna. Tha cuimhne mhaith aig cuid againn oirre. Bha sinn uair is uair a rithist 'na cuideachd—bha sinn còmhla rithe—bha sinn a' labhairt rithe—bha sinn ag éisdeachd ri a guth agus ri a comhairle. Nach ionmhainn leinn na làitlean sin an uair bha i a' dol mun cuairt! Nach sinn a bha uasal aise! Nach sinn a bha uasal aise mar bhoireannach! Nach sinn a bha uasal aise mar bhan-diuc!

Is ann an Arainn a fhuair Màiri a h-àrach agus a togail. Is ann an Arainn a bha i a' fuireach an uair a chaochail i. Is ann an Arainn a thog i riamh a shùilean a chum nam beann. Nach minig a thubhairt i ruinn, agus i 'na seasamh anns a' ghàrradh bhòidheach aig a' chaisteal aice:

Mo shùile togam suas a chum

Nam beann, bho'n tig mo neart.

Nach 'eil e furasda dhuinn Màiri fhaicinn an uair a bha i ùr-phòsda aig an diùc? Nach robh i maiseach, sgoimheil, lurach? Nach ise a thug bàrr air gach maighdinn òig eile! Agus nach 'eil e furasda dhuinn a faicinn an uair a ghabhadh i tarsainn air na monaidhean, a' d'eadh nam beann, 'ga falach féin anns a' choille, ag éisdeachd ris na h-eòin agus ri fuaim na gaoithe anns na geagan, ag éisdeachd ri torman an uillt? Agus aig amannan bile chì sinn gu furasda i shìos air a' chladach, a clann bheag mu a timcheall, agus iad gu léir deiseil air son snàmh. Agus air uairibh chuireadh iad am bàta a mach air a' mhuir,

agus 's ann acasan a bhiodh an turas taitneach ann! An déidh sin rachadh an diùc agus Màiri gus a' phàirc a shealltainn air a' chrodh luachmhor. Thilleadh iad an sin do'n chaisteal, agus shealladh iad air na lusan againn air na blàthan anns a' ghàrradh. Thigeadh na coin mun cuairt orra, agus chuireadh iad fàilte orra. Tha na coin, mar tha sinn féin, ag ionndrainn Màiri gu mór: bha i cho maith dhoibh.

Ach bithidh ise 'nar smuaintean air gach madainn an uair a bhios a' ghrian ag éirigh os cionn na mara agus an locha—agus anns an fheasgar an uair a bhios an ciaradh ann air chùl Gaoda Bheinn agus na Cìre Móire. Bithidh i 'nar smuaintean an uair a bhios a' ghealach ùr ann—agus anns a' gheamhradh an uair a bhios na fir-chlis ann: anns a' Chéitein an uair a chluinneas sinn a' chuthag—anns an earrach an uair a chì sinn an t-sòbhrach—anns an fhogharadh an uair a chì sinn am fraoch géal.

Chan e a mhàin gur i ban-diuc shònraichte a bha innte. Bha i 'na boireannach maith—'na boireannach sònraichte. Do Mhàiri bha urram aig a coimhearsnaich, agus spéis mhór: bha ùidh agus sùim aca innte: bha uair orra aise: bha meas aca oirre: bha bàigh aca rithe. Is mór am farmad a tha againn ribhse, a Aonghais, Màiri, Raonall, agus Sine, gum b'i a' bhan-diuc bhur màthair. Bha i cho uasal 'na dòigh—bha i cho dìreach agus cho glan 'na beatha. Nach robh i an còmhnaidh a' feitheamh air an Tighearna? Bha—bha—gu dearbh.

Fhuair i spionnadh nuadh; dh'éirich i suas mar iolair air a sgiathaibh; ruith i agus cha robh i sgith; shiubhail i agus cha d'fhàs i fann.

I. M. MOFFATT-PENDER.

Gaelic Drama Festival

IN the Lyric Theatre, Glasgow, on 15th and 16th May, large audiences were present to witness five performances, under the auspices of the Scottish Community Drama Association in co-operation with An Comunn Gaidhealach.

The way was prepared for this festival by the holding of a course for Gaelic producers a year ago.

On the first evening three plays were performed. Uist and Barra Players ('B' Team) (producer, D. J. MacLeod) presented 'Breac A Linne,' Allan Maclean's translation of 'Birds of a Feather' by J. O. Francis. The Island Players (producer, Paul MacInnes) presented 'An Dul', Paul MacInnes's translation of Eugene O'Neill's 'The Rope'. The

Govan Gaelic Choir Players (producer, Donald U. Johnston) presented 'Gairm na Caillich Oidheche' ('The Hoot of the Owl'), an original play by Donald U. Johnston. The adjudicator placed 'An Dul' first for that evening.

On the second evening two plays were performed. The Uist and Barra Players ('A' Team) (producer, Ewen Macdonald) presented 'An Tàcharan,' John M. Mathieson's translation of Robert MacLellan's 'The Changeling.' The Glasgow Skye Players (producer, Donald Grant) presented 'Mòd Mhic-an-Tòisich' ('Mackintosh's Mod'), an original play by Donald Grant. The former was placed first for the evening.

The adjudicator was Mr. Roddy MacMillan, author and playwright, whose mother belongs

to Harris and whose father belongs to Ardnamurchan, and who is himself a fluent Gaelic speaker, as was proved by his Gaelic speeches on both evenings, although his detailed adjudications were made in English.

For the whole festival Mr. MacMillan announced the following awards. The Premier Award Cup (presented by An Comunn Gaidhealach) for the best play over the two days—The Island Players ("An Dul"). The *Gairm* Trophy (presented by *Gairm* Magazine) for the best production of an original Gaelic play—The Glasgow Skye Players ("Mòd Mhic-an-Tòisich"). The Producer's Cup (presented by Mr. and Mrs. Finlay J. Macdonald) for the most artistic and imaginative producer—Paul MacInnes ("An Dul"). The Duncan MacRae Trophy (presented by Mr. Duncan MacRae) for the best comedy performance—D. J. Macleod, Uist ("An Tàcharan"). The Gordon Jackson Trophy (presented by Mr. Gordon Jackson) for the best actor—Calum Cameron, Skye ("An Dul"). The Robert Urquhart Trophy (presented by Mr. Robert Urquhart) for the best actress—Mrs. Johan Macleod, Skye ("Mòd Mhic-an-Tòisich").

The trophies were presented by Sir Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Finlay J. Macdonald, who,

himself, had much to do with the organising of the Festival, proposed votes of thanks to all who helped with this pioneer effort.

The performers and producers, as well as the organisers of the festival, deserve our thanks and congratulations for the high standard of their work. We regret to say, however, that the audience left something to be desired. Although large numbers were present both evenings, there was room for more, and surely Glasgow and neighbourhood could have packed the theatre both evenings. More unsatisfactory, in our opinion, was the fact that some members of the audience suffered from the delusion that every play on the stage, every action, is meant to be laughed at. Parts of "An Dul," a grim and tragic play, were quite spoiled, for some at least of the audience, by the determination of others in the audience to guffaw at the wrong time. This must have been somewhat disconcerting to the performers. It would appear that, just as far too many frequenters of Gaelic concerts can stomach "òrain bheaga" only, and have no relish for "òrain mhóra," so also too many expect every Gaelic play to be "kitchen comedy" and nothing else.

We earnestly hope that this Festival will prove to be the first of many to follow.

Obituaries

Mr. Edward G. McCurdy

The death has taken place of Mr. Edward G. McCurdy (Iomhair MacUrardaigh), M.A., Oakdene, Ashtead, Surrey. Mr. McCurdy, who was a nonagenarian, had learned Gaelic late in life, but had mastered it to good effect. He could write Gaelic with accuracy and grace, and he could expound and display the charm, wit, and wisdom of Gaelic literature, of which he had an extensive knowledge and a profound appreciation. He contributed to this magazine from time to time, his most recent contribution being "Some of the Tresses," the last instalment of which appears in this number. He was also a contributor to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and occasionally wrote in "The Spectator" and other English periodicals about Gaelic literature.

Mr. McCurdy's generosity to the cause of Gaelic ought not to be forgotten. He himself met the cost of publishing one of the volumes of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. A number of years ago he was instrumental in procuring the MS. of the Gaelic translation of R. L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island," by the late Jonathan G. Mackinnon, Nova Scotia, and his brother Donald, and he also gifted £50 to An Comunn

to help with the publishing of this work. It is a matter of great regret that, because of the cost, it was not possible to have this work published while Mr. McCurdy was still with us.

A few years ago he made a transcription in the British Museum of the late Dr. Archibald Macdonald's Gaelic translation of "Kidnapped." He was anxious that this work, which had been published many years ago in *The Northern Chronicle*, should also be published. The MSS. of the late John MacCormack's Gaelic translations of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and "Measure for Measure" he entrusted to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in the hope that these too would some day be published.

While learning Gaelic, Mr. McCurdy did a considerable amount of translation into Gaelic, including the charming tales of Beatrix Potter. We regret that we did not have the privilege of meeting Mr. McCurdy, but we carried on a fairly regular correspondence with him over the past ten or so years, and it was with a great sense of loss that we learned recently of his passing. He was a life member of An Comunn and an Honorary Chieftain of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr. Dougald Macdonald

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Dougald Macdonald, Stonehaven. He passed away on 20th May, at the age of 72. Mr. Macdonald was a native of the Isle of Skye, and spent 46 years in the service of the North of Scotland Bank until he retired eleven years ago. A fluent Gaelic speaker, Mr. Macdonald was enthusiastic and energetic in the Gaelic cause, and by his death An Comunn has lost a strong supporter and an able organiser. He was convener of the mod local committee for the National Mods held at Aberdeen in 1946 and 1955, and much of the success of these Mods was due to his leadership. One of the best known personalities at the National Mod each year, he will be greatly missed. We express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Macdonald.

Mr. F. S. Cameron-Head

We regret also to learn of the death of Mr. Francis S. Cameron-Head, M.A., of Inverailort, who, belonging to an old West Highland family, was keenly interested in all that pertained to our Highland heritage, and especially the Gaelic language. For some time he was a member of the Executive Council of An Comunn and was also greatly interested in Comunn na h-Oigridh, whose summer camps were for some years held at Inverailort. We express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Cameron-Head.

The Late Duke of Atholl

Lord James Stewart Murray, 9th Duke of Atholl, who died on 8th May at the age of 77, was a Gaelic speaker and a staunch supporter of An Comunn, of which he was a life member,

serving at one time on the Executive Council. Steeped in the history and traditions of his people, the late Duke was ever ready to help forward every effort for the good of Scotland and the Highlands. He was a frequent and appreciative attender at the National Mods.

Sir Murdoch Macdonald

Sir Murdoch Macdonald, who died at Nairn on 24th April in his 92nd year, was a fine example of "the Highland boy who makes good." Not only did he rise to high eminence in his profession as a civil engineer, but for 28 years he represented Inverness-shire in Parliament. He was a familiar and respected figure throughout the county. We salute his memory.

Mr. Colin Macdonald

Mr. Colin Macdonald, Auchtermee, Strathpeffer, died in April at the age of 75. A native of the Strathpeffer district and the son of a crofter, he became a county organiser under the North of Scotland College of Agriculture, and later rose to be Divisional Land Officer of the Department of Agriculture. In 1944 he was appointed as the Gaelic-speaking member of the Scottish Land Court. Important as was the work done by Mr. Macdonald in his official capacity, especially in connection with small-holdings, his name will most probably be best remembered as the author of those delightful books which came in quick succession from his pen during recent years—"Echoes of the Glen," "Highland Journey," "Croft and Ceilidh," and "Highland Memories." These record reminiscences of a way of life that has passed away or is in process of passing away.

Some of the Tresses

By EDWARD G. MACCURITY

(Continued)

"Love and music will endure," predicted John Campbell, "though the world should end." And love is a constant theme of the bard, whether he be Gaelic or no. I will content myself with giving the words of one pastoral full of jocund mirth, and this in a setting which Theocritus could hardly have thought shame to sponsor. It is of the meeting of lad and lass at reaping time, and tells how in the clash of tongues it was the Gaelic speech which held sway in its own realm.

BRACKEN CUTTERS AT LOCH ETIVE

All my life I shall remember
How I came upon my treasure,
How I came upon my Maisie
Cutting bracken at Loch Etive.

I pressed forward when I saw her,
Greeted her in choicest English,
But she frowned and said in Gaelic
"Lads of your speech I've no use for."
"Maisie, don't be so disdainful;
Hear me swear! I would not harm you,
'Twas in Lorne I passed my childhood
And to Gaelic I'm devoted."
Then she raised her head with laughter:
Her two cheeks were red as scarlet,
She had eyes that gleamed like damsons,
Teeth as white as snow on high hills.
Close beside us in the brushwood
Birds were warbling and I listened,
And 'twas there I got the promise
From my lassie at Loch Etive.

Love of country and love of home are also among the chosen themes of the bard. Of the Gaelic bard perhaps most of all, for as has been said, 'however far the feet of the Gael may wander, the heart wanders never.' From fringed isle and lonely glen he may have gone to take up his life work in the great city, in the South, or beyond the severing seas; but still the heart remains Highland, still memories are active of the scenes of earlier years, and if there is anything of the bard in his nature it will tend to find expression there. An interesting anthology of exile might well have as its base the Hebrides, the numbers flowing not only from singers from Skye, Mull and Lewis, from Islay, Barra, and North and South Uist, but from many others of the islands—wherever, in fact, a few crofters and fisher folk live out their lives in frugality, and the old speech is still current in home and at ceilidh, its soft cadences tending to a condition of music.

"The measure of your love is the wasting
of my heart.

The measure of my love for you inspires
my song"

thus, one of the sons of Barra in his Salutation (A' Bheannachd Bharrach.) He would be content to live on her limpets if only the breadth of his heel rested on her soil. The stanzas that tell of this longing as felt in exile, conjuring up the vision of the activities that go on—and he not there—ring as true in their rugged simplicity as ever have any that have come from the Gael.

"Sad the murmur of the troubled ocean,
where we once used to make laughter, but
tonight the waves will kiss the white strand
and sleep peacefully in the Bay of MacNeill.

"Tonight a boat will reach your harbour,
your gulls will be returning at their hearts'
desire, never forsaking Muldonich, and the
seal will be getting his food within your
borders.

"But the brood that gave you utmost
praise, that upheld your fame on sea and
land, is constrained to turn away from what is
their birthright—'twere less hardship to be
sleeping in your churchyard.'

But the time has come to make an end of quotation. I can no more render the beauty of Gaelic perceptible to those who have no knowledge of the language than could the lover in Browning's lyric hope to make the world understand the beauty of his mistress. But nevertheless he makes a gallant attempt to achieve the impossible. Mark the recurrence of his desire, as he displays 'this tress; see, and this tress'. I would be as insistent as he

is, being as I am, convinced that "beautee enuich to mak a world to dote" lies hidden in the literature of the Scottish Gael.

(The End)

Congratulations and Very Good Wishes

At Buchanan Parish Church on 11th May, the marriage took place of Lieutenant Iain Michie, R.A.M.C., and Miss Janet Ray Bannerman, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bannerman. We express our heartiest congratulations and our very good wishes to the bride and bridegroom.

The beautiful little church was crowded with guests from far and near, and the reception was held at The Old Manse, Balmaha. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick Fulton, Minister of Buchanan Parish, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Alexander Macdonald. The praise was led by a section of the Greenock Gaelic Choir. As the bride entered the Church, the Choir sang the beautiful "Athchuinge," which is sung at the crowning of the Bard at the National Mod, and it proved most appropriate for the bridal entry. The 23rd Psalm in Gaelic was sung during the service.

An Comunn Gaidhealach

Life Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1956	932
Additions to Roll, less deceased	13
	945
On Roll at 31st March, 1957	945

Ordinary Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1956	2650
Transferred to Life, deceased, resigned and lapsed	926
	1724
Additions to Roll	295
	2019
On Roll at 31st March, 1957	2019

Junior Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1956	250
Transferred to Ordinary and Lapsed	99
	151
Additions to Roll	32
	183
On Roll at 31st March, 1957	183

Affiliated Societies

On Roll at 31st March, 1956	65
Lapsed, etc., 3, Additions to Roll 2	1
	64
On Roll at 31st March, 1957	64

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged £1,165 9 7

Benzie & Miller Ltd.,
Inverness—Whist 26 — —

Drive 26 16 6

Entertainments Com-
mittee (Ladies)—Whist 10 12 6

Drive 3 10 —

Concert, Inverness,
6/4/57 10 12 6

Ceilidh Dance, Inverness,
13/4/57 10 9 6

Croy—2nd contribution 3 10 —

Balnain—2nd contribu-
tion 15 10 —

Inverness-sponsored 1 17 —

Dances 32 — —

Strathpeffer Branch 100 — —

Beauly Branch 18 10 —

Kilmallie Branch 20 — —

Cromarty Branch 5 5 —

Inverness Amenities 12 4 3

Association 1 — —

Collection at Shinty Final,
Spean Bridge 1 — —

Miss Brereton, Dochgar-
roch 1 — —

£1,449 4 4

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged £36 8 —

Glasgow Mull & Iona
Association 5 — —

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Mrs. K. M. MacGregor
and six pupils of Rhum
Public School 1 — —

100 10 —

£1,549 14 4

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged £154 13 4

Dumfries Branch 1 1 —

Total as at 31st March, 1957 £155 14 4

Anonymous £— 7 6

Stirling Branch 10 — —

Vale of Leven Branch 5 — —

Miss Jean B. Stewart, Blairgowrie — 10 —

£15 17 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged £17 5 2

Total as at 31st March, 1957 £17 5 2

John MacLeod, Esq., Glasgow £— 2 6

Miss Jean B. Stewart, Blairgowrie — 10 6

£— 13 0

National Mod—Largs, 1956

Received at Largs—

Previously acknowledged £2,914 14 6

Sales of Cookery Books
per Miss Hunter 1 7 —

£2,916 1 6

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged £509 13 —

£509 13 —

Final Total as per Mod Account .. £3,425 14 6

* * * *

Am fear nach misnich, cha bhuannaich.

* * * *

Cha tuit a h-uile rud air an tig crathadh.

* * * *

Is ann a tha an càirdeas mar a chumar e.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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AN T-IUCHAR, 1957

Aireamh 7

Coinneach Odhar

Le Fearchar MacRath nach maireann a bha an Ràtagain

(Air A Leantainn)

Mar siud dh'fhalbh Coinneach a shreadh an fhortain. Lean e MacCoinnich agus na Sàilich agus an d'ràinig e Caisteal Bhrathainn far an tug MacCoinnich obair dha. Uđ, uđ! Is e a bha air a dhòigh a nis. "Cò," theireadh e ris fhéin, "a dh'fhanadh ann an Leódhas beag riabhach bochd, agus an dùthaich bhriagha bheartach seo fosgailte dha?" agus dh'oibricheadh e mar an t-each. Bha e cho math ri dithis sam bith. Cha robh guth air cloich no dad eile ach a mhàin air obair. Bha a h-uile dad cho math. Ach a dh'aithghearr thug e an aire nach robh a chomhluchd-oibre air son e a bhith ag obair cho fìor thrang. "Cìod a dheanadh sìod dha?" "Is e an duine dìomhain as fhaide a mhaireas." Cha robh e ach a' milleadh air feadhainn eile agus a' toirt an oibre bhuapa. Gabhadh e air a shocair. "Is e fasan na dùthcha anns am bitear, is e a nithear." Ach cha tugadh e cluas dhaibh. Thug an t-uachdaran obair dhàsan, agus bha e a' dol g'a dheanamh le a uile neart. Cha bhiodh e ceart no cogaiseach dha gun a bhith a' deanamh na b'urrainn dha.

Lean e mar seo 'na rian fhéin ag obair gu peillear a bheatha air son greis, agus an sin air son tiotain a' stad a ghabhail anail agus a bheachdachadh air rudan de gach seòrsa, gu h-àraidh mar a bha cuid gu nàdurach agus cuid de an toil slaodach leis gu chluain, agus

a' toirt fa-near gu bitheanta agus a réir a chreud agus a shubhailcean fhéin gu robh am bàrd ceart a thubhairt, "Am fear a bhios gu saothrach, bidh daonnan rud-eigin aige." Gidheadh, aig an ám cheudna, thug e fa-near gu robh feadhainn eile a theireadh is a chreideadh is a chleachdadh, "Gheibh mi na tha an dàn dhomh, 's mo làmhnan a bhith am pasgadh." Agus, nì iongantach, cùisean air uairean a' dol leotha. Bha seo a' cur fìor smaoineachadh air, ach 'na dhéidh is 'na dhéidh bha e deimhinn ann fhéin, mar a bha a mhàthair, gur ann air son obair a rinneadh an duine air tús agus gur ann troimh fhìor obair a bha fìor adhartas air a dheanamh anns an t-saoghal agus anns an duine fhéin cuideachd.

Is e feallsanach a bha ann an Coinneach gu nàdurach, agus bhiodh e a' beachd-smuaineachadh gu tric air cùisean agus tachartasan. Ma chuireas duine eòrna, buanaidh e eòrna. Ma chuireas duine drisean, buanaidh e drisean. Buanaidh gach duine mar a chuireas e. Ma chuireas e a' ghaoth, buanaidh e a' chuairt-ghaoth. Ma dh'fhalaicheas e a thàlant anns an talamh leis an leisg, buanaidh e a' ghoirt agus am bàs. Agus bhiodh e a' toirt eisimpleirean a b'aithne dha, air chor is mu dheireadh gun do thòisich e air cliù fàidh fhaighinn anns an dùthaich mun cuairt, agus, bho'n as ann

á Leódhas a tháinig e, far an robh daoine air bheacht gu robh mórán de thaibhseadairean is de bhuidisichean, bhíodh iad a' cur a' chomais cheudna as a leth. Ach cha deanadh Coinneach dad ach fann gháire fanaid an uair a chluinneadh e iad. Ach a thaobh a chúisean fhéin, thóisich e air faicinn nach robh iad, ann an dòigh, idir cho saobhir gealltanach is a bha e aon uair air bheacht.

Bha an obair a' dol air adhart cheana, ach cha robh am fortan d' a réir. Bha an dúthaich air leth briagha, ach bha daoine bocht ann—cuid gum teagamh troimh leisg, shlaodaireachd, agus mhí-stuamachd; cuid troimh fhíor thuiteamas, agus cuid troimh fhoill, fharmad, agus fhóirneart. Bha amharas aige cuideachd gu robh feadhainn troimh eud a' casaid air ris an uachdaran, agus bhíodh seo 'ga chur beag mór troimh chéile. Is e saoghal bocht a bha ann. Cha robh mórán creideis ri chur an daoine. 'Na uairean bhíodh e a' smuaineachadh nach robh an t-uachdaran fhéin cho gearail ris is a bha e; agus a thaobh na ban-uachdairín cha robh teagamh sam bith aige nach robh i 'ga chur an suarachas. Bha i ro-uabhrach, mór-chuiseach. Ged a thachradh iad air an rathad mhór, cha tugadh i an aire dha na's mò na bheireadh i air measan coin, agus, nan tugadh, cha bu toigh leis an t-súil aice. Bha droch rud air chor-eigin 'na rún.

Cha robh e an toiseach a' tuigsinn car son nach bu toigh leatha e, ach là de na láithean bhuail e gu láidir e gur ann a chionn is gu robh daoine a nis a' creidsinn gu robh fiosachd aige, agus mar sin gu robh i air bheacht gu robh fios aige air mórán na bu mhò na bu toigh leatha m'a deighinn. Agus, gu dearbh, bha sin aige. 'Na uairean, an uair nach bhíodh MacCoinnich a láthair, bhíodh i a' casaid air ris na bhíodh mu láimh. "Gu dearbh fhéin," theireadh ise, "cha robh fios aice bho'n talamh ciod e a thug air MacCoinnich a leithid siud de bhuanas ciar odhar gun mhath a thoirt bho'n áit anns an robh e. Mur an robh aige air son a thuruis an Leódhas ach siod, dhíoladh e air."

Faodar, eadar dhà sheanchas, a chantainn gur ann bho chlòimh na caora bige air a droch dhathadh a rinn a mháthair aodach Choinnich, agus gur ann bhuaithe seo a thugadh "Coinneach Odhar" air mar fhrith-ainm. Bhíodh a' bhán-uachdaran eadhon a' casaid air Coinneach ris an uachdaran, ach bha an t-uachdaran car eòlach air bruidhinn gun chuimse bhoireannach agus bha e a' leigeil leis na bha i a' cop-chantainn a dhol a steach aig aon chluais is a mach air a' chluais eile. Thug esan Coinneach air falbh bho a dhachaig agus fhuair e díleas treibhdhíreach e, agus cha robh e a' dol a dheanamh ana-ceartas sam bith air. Agus an car a fháisteachd, is ann a bha sin 'na urram do'n

oighreachd—'na ainm is 'na urram a bhíodh air chuimhne linntean an déidh seo.

A thuilleadh air sin, bha Coinneach 'na dhuine geurchuiseach glic fírinneach, agus dh'inseadh e dhàsan dad dochair sam bith a bhíodh a' dol air adhart anns an oighreachd. Sin díreach an rud nach robh a' bhán-uachdaran air a shon, ach cha dubhairt i dad. Ach mar a thubhairt am fear eile mu'n chaora, "Dh'-fhalbh a' chlòimh is dh'fhalbh an fheoil ach cha d'fhalbh an droch nádúr." Bha eagal a mionaich oirre gum biodh Coinneach 'ga brath do'n uachdaran.

A dh'aindeoin gach cùis, gach eud is gamhlas, lean Coinneach air adhart 'na rian fhéin, greis ag obair gu dian agus tìotan a' leigeil anail is a' beachd-smuaineachadh. Chíte e bho ám gu ám 'na sheasamh is a lámh air an spaid, is e a' coimhead mar gum b'ann air rud-eigin fad as, mar fhàidh a' faicinn taisbeanaidh. Agus, a shaoghail mhóir, nach e sin a bha ann, agus am fíor fhàidh cuideachd, a' faicinn faraon am maith agus an t-olc, caidreabh agus fóirneart, éirígh agus tuiteam, am beartach troimh uabhar is mhórchuis a' tuiteam is a' tighinn gu neoni, an deòraidh bocht troimh a dhícheall agus a theubhantais fhéin ag éirigh; agus thall thairis bha e a' faicinn gur ann troimh dhuilgheadasan agus a dh'aindeoin dhuilgheadasan, a bha an saoghal mór a' síor dhol air adhart air eòlas agus innleachd a mheudachadh, air sheòl agus gum biodh, mar eisimpleir, dòighean fhathast air bith-beò a dheanamh mórán na's fhasa na bha riamh roimhe seo.

Obair, obair bha e a' síor mholadh. Cha robh *doles* ann an uair ud a' deanamh sheilcheagan de dhaoine mar a tha tachairt an diugh. Agus bhíodh e a' feuchainn ri solus a chur air an seo d' a nàbaidhean, ach bha a bhreithneachadh cho domhain is nach b'urrainn iad a gabhail a staigh, ach a chionn is gu robh iad a' faicinn beagan de na bha e ag ràdh a' tachairt eadhon aig an ám, chomh-dhùin iad gur e fàidh a bha ann cheana, a' comh-fhreagairt calg-dhíreach ris an nì a thubhairt am feallsanach mór, Bacon, gu robh comasan intinn an duine neo-chríochnach agus faire, faire! car son nach bitheadh, ma leigear leis an Uile-chumhachdach neo-chríochnach, a chruthaich is a dhealbh e air tús 'na íomhaigh fhéin, a cheumanna a stiúradh? Chan 'eil teagamh agam, clach ann no as, nach ann mar seo a thachair an car Choinnich, agus air los sin, ged a tha e o chionn fhada gu corpóra marbh, tha e fhathast a' labhairt.

Tha mórán de'n fháisteachd aig Coinneach air a chlò-bhuailadh, cuid a choinmhlionadh, cuid nach do choinmhlionadh, agus cuid nach do labhair e riamh. Tuigeadh an tí a leughas. Cha robh daoine cumanta anns an là ud cleachdte

ri bhith a' siubhal a slios is a suas, a null is a nall, feadh na dùthcha, agus bha Coinneach a' faisteachd cha b'ann a mhàin mu'n t-sluagh agus an dùthaich mun cuairt air, ach mar an ceudna mu ghnòthaichean fad as—ann an Uibhist, Leódhas, an t-Eilean Sgitheanach, Gearrloch, Dùthaich MhicAoidh, agus sios gu Dùthaich Mhòraidh. An car Leódhais, bho'n as ann a rugadh is a thogadh e, bha e nàdurach gum biodh e gu tric a' smuaineachadh is a' bruidh a uime.

Là a bha siud agus e air cluinntinn mu na blàir a bha Iain Dubh nan Cath a' cur mu dheas, chuimhnich e air uirsgeulan na Féinne agus am blàr a chaidh a chur eadar Fionn agus an Ciuthach ann an Eadar-dhà-fhaodhal, agus eadar Fionn agus na Lochlannaich, agus na buaraisan fada an déidh sin a bha eadar Clann Amhlaidh agus Clann Ghille Mhoire, agus, a' cur na cloiche r'a shùil, bhris e a mach le osna, "Blàr Allt an Torcain a nì an t-olc air mnathan Leódhais. Thig siod 's fada mus tig. Mo thruaighe t'è an leinibh bhig!" Tha Allt an Torcain air mullach na mòintich eadar Baile Mór Srón a' Bhàigh agus Calanais. Cha do thachair blàr ann fhathast, agus tha mi an dòchas nach tachair, ach tha e air aithris gum bi taibhseadairean a' faicinn bho àm gu àm anns an oidhche blàr 'ga chur ann cheana, agus a thuilleadh air an sin gu robh an nàmhadh gus buaidh fhaighinn gus an ruigeadh iad a null gu Iarguinn Charnais far an tachradh duine tapaidh le cabar sùidh riutha a thilleadh iad. A laochain ghil, gu ma fada a bhios tu beò le do chabar dhubh!

Là eile, agus e a' cuimhneachadh mar a b' àbhaist do'n Fhadhal Mhór gearradh goirid a dheanamh dha fhéin eadar Gob Bhoronais agus Tollonais an Uige, smaoinich e car son nach gabhadh a leithid cheudna a bhith air a dheanamh eadar am muir agus Loch Nis air sheòl agus gum faigheadh soithichean a dhòl troimh an Ghleann Mhór, an àit a bhith a' dol mun cuairt air a' Chairbh. An trian na treise chuir e a' chlach r'a shùil agus faicear soithichean a' tighinn a nuas Loch Nis agus a' gabhail seachd ri taobh Tom na h-Iùbhraich a dh'ionnsaigh na mara.

Là eile, is e a' faicinn carbad Mhic Coinnich a' dol seachd ri taobh an loch cheudna le fuaim is faram, chuir e a' chlach r'a shùil agus, ma chuir, cha robh na h-eich ri'm faicinn dad, ach an carbad a' falbh leis fhéin agus boireannach 'ga stiùradh. Tha e anns an aithris gum faca e blàr fuilteach 'ga chur air a' Bhlàr Dhubh agus aig Aird-sheilbh an Loch Aillse. Ma chunnaic, cha do thachair dad de'n t-seòrsa fhathast, ach tha mi an beachd gur e a chunnaic e tional mór cruidh le fuaim dhaoine is chon agus geumnachd na spréidhe, far an robh—

aimsir mhath an déidh siud—féilltean 'gan cumail.

Chunnaic e mar a thigeadh mórán de na h-uachdarain Ghaidhealach, ged bu mhór iad aig an àm, gu neoni, agus chan e a mhàin sin ach chunnaic e agus dh'innis e ciod a bu choltas dhaibh aig an àm—MacCoinnich Mór bodhar, MacShimidh ball-dubh, Siosalach claon-ruadh, tighearna stòrach Ghearrloch. Air faicinn eisimpleir de mhòrchuis uachdaran Fharabraoin, thubhairt e gum beireadh bó laogh fhathast an seòmar àrd Tùr Fharabraoin, nì a thachair ri là athair an sgrìobhaiche.

A nis, ged a chunnaic Coinneach troimh a gheurchuis fhéin agus a fheallsanachd mórán a bha gus tachairt 'na dhéidh, nithean àraidh agus cudthromach, tha mórán air a chur as a leth anns nach 'eil bladh no brìgh, ach a tha a mhàin a' taisbeanadh gu robh an 'dà-fhradharc' aige, gu robh e a' faicinn thaibhsean, mar (mar a thuir e) gun tràigheadh abhainn na Manachainn trì uairean agus gum faighe bradan sligeach 'na h-ùrlar, nì a thachair, agus, ged a thachair, ciod e dheth sin? Agus ciod ged a mharbhar sionnach geal air taobh a siar Dùthaich MhicAoidh, agus ged a ghlacair fiadh beò air Ros a' Chananaich, agus ged a ghuileadh boireannach thar uaigh Fhrangaich ann an Clachan Loch Aillse? Ciod?

Bha taibhseadairean cumanta gu leòir anns a' Ghaidhealtachd beagan roimh seo, agus a nis tha gu leòir mu dheas a tha a' leigeil orra gu bheil iad fhéin dà-fhradharcach (*clairvoyants*). Chi mi leis an t-sùil a tha agam, agus tha sin gu leòir leamsa, ach their mi seo, nach 'eil mi a' faicinn buaidh no beannachd sam bith anns an t-seòrsa sheallaidhean is thaisbeanaidhean ud, co-dhubh a bha iad air am faicinn le Coinneach no le *clairvoyants*. Mur 'eil iad a' cur eadar-dhealachadh dhòmhsa an car olc is math, 'gam neartachadh ann a bhith a' cur an aghaidh an uile agus a' leantainn air an nì a tha math is gun lochd, cha bhi rùsg de mo ghnòthaich riutha. Agus their mi seo, gu bheil mi am beachd gu bheil cuid de na bha air a chur ri creideas Choinnich a mhàin 'nam "bruidhail caillich a réir a dùrachd."

Chuala mi bho chionn ghoirid gun dubhairt Coinneach gum biodh Casteal (no Dùn) na Creige (*Duncraig*), an sgrì Loch Aillse, 'na wreck. A nis, ged a tha mi a' creidsinn, mar a thubhairt an t-Abstol Peadar agus am bàrd Shakespeare, gun téid gach tùr is turaid agus an saoghal mór fhéin seachad mar neoni, chan 'eil mi a' creidsinn gun d'rinn Coinneach fàidheadaireachd riamh mu dhòl seachad caisteil aig nach robh bith ceudan bliadhna 'na dhéidh agus air nach tug e ionradh sam bith eile.

Na h-uibhir ud mu fhàisteachd Choinnich.

Biodh gach neach 'ga mhìneachadh g'a thoil.
"Mar as miann le brù, bruithear bonnach."

Aig an àm seo, is éiginn innse gu robh na h-uachdarain mu thuath air fàs rud-eigin caoin-shuarach mu'n t-sluagh a bha fodhpa, a chionn is nach robh am bitheantas tuilleadh feum aca dhaibh air son creach no cogadh, agus troimh na siomarlanan a bhith a' sìor àrdachadh a' mhàil bha iad air fàs beartach. "Ghabhadh iad an t-airgead roimh na ceatharnaich, ged a b'ann bho spoig a' phartain." Chan fhógnadh a bhith a' dol do Dhun-éideann agus do Lunnainn a chaitheamh an airgid, ach bha cuid dhiubh a nis a' dol do'n Fhraing. B'fhear dhiubh seo MacCoinnich Bhrathainn, agus anns an dol seachad, bho'n as ann fodha a bha Coinneach Odhar, faodar eisimpleir de a mhórchuis aithris.

Bha geall eadar e fhéin agus Sasannach mór, an car saigheadaireachd, lan aide de òr gu bhith aig an fhear a choisneadh. Thuit an crann air an t-Sasannach agus cuirear an t-saighead an teis-meadhon a' chomharraidh (*bull's eye*). Dh'innis a ghille seo do MhacCoinnich agus nach robh leasachadh air a' chuis mur tilgeadh e saighead an t-Sasannaich as a làraich. Tharraing MacCoinnich a shaighead le a uile neart agus thilg e saighead an t-Sasannaich glan as a làraich. Bha iolach is bualadh bhas mun cuairt. Gu h-uasal shin an Sasannach air ball an ad dha, ach esan! ciod a b'fhiù air MacCoinnich mór Bhrathainn ad làn òir no airgid, agus an àit an ad a ghabhail is ann a thug e breab dhi, a' sgapadh na bha innte air an làr mun cuairt.

Siod far an robh an sporghail ach có aig am bu mhò a bhithheadh, ach a' faicinn nach robh

a ghille fhéin an sàs, thubhairt MacCoinnich ris, "Ma's e cuid robairean e, biodh do chuid agad dhethl." Agus is ciontach gu robh sin aige. Ro-mhath, a thighearna Bhrathainn, bu mhath an shaighead-fhear thu, ach, ged a dheanadh iad an gnothach gu math as eugmhaís do mhórchuis, is cinnteach mise gur iomadh là bho'n uair ud a chuireadh do shliochd mur do chuir thu féin, feum air an aid.

Sin is a thoil. Thug a Mhórachd an Fhraing air, a' fágail a bhan-tighearna le a sùilean uabhrach àrda aig an taigh, agus bho'n a bha pailteas airgid aige air son stròdhalachd cha robh cabhag sam bith air a thighinn air ais. Dheanadh e an gnothach math gu leòir as eugmhaís na ban-tighearna air son greis, agus bhiodh sùil aig an t-siomarlan agus aig Coinneach air cùisean. Gu dearbh fhéin, mar do iomadh fear roimhe is 'na dhéidh, is e a bha ann faothachadh dha a bhith air falbh uaiphe, oir 'is fada gu latha aig fear na deoch mhnatha." Bhiodh e ag ràdh ris fhéin 'na uairean mar a thubhairt an t-Abstol Peadar nach robh am pòsadh math r'a dheanamh. Bha comh-fhaireachdainn aige ri Peadar ged nach ann air son an aon aobhair buileach, oir bha e air bheachd gur e fìor bhoireannach ròpach gun mhath a fhuair e, mar a dh'fhàgadh i aig a màthair a bha air ùr éirigh as an teasaich frithealadh air an t-Slànaighear, agus ma dh'fhaoidte gur ann air son sin a dh'fhàg e an toiseach i. Cha ruigeadh e a leas, theireadh e ris fhéin, a bhith cho mór as fhéin, air son gun d'fhàg e na h-uile nithean. Cionnas a bhiodh mòran aige còmhla ri a leithid siod de ròpaid? Is iongantach ma ghléidh i na lontan fa chomhair dha a thighinn air ais, ròpag!

(*R' a leantainn.*)

Executive Council

THE Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the office of An Comunn, Glasgow, on Saturday, 22nd June, at 10 a.m. Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President, occupied the Chair, and there was a fair attendance of members.

The President conveyed the congratulations of the members to Mr. Neil Shaw on his being awarded the distinction of the O.B.E. in the recent Birthday Honours list. He expressed the sympathy of An Comunn with Mr. J. M. Bannerman in his illness, and hoped that he would soon be fully recovered.

The President paid tribute to the following who had passed away: Mr. Dugald Macdonald, Mr. Edward G. McCurdy, the Duke of Atholl, Sir Murdoch Macdonald, Mr. Colin Macdonald,

Mr. F. S. Cameron-Head of Inverailort, and Lord Inverclyde.

Arising out of the minutes, the Rev. T. M. Murchison reported on the recent deputation to the Scottish Education Department in connection with the position of Gaelic in primary schools. Further developments were awaited.

In presenting a minute of the Finance Committee, Mr. Donald Grant, Convener, drew attention to a legacy bequeathed to An Comunn by the late Mrs. L. C. Milloy Millar of Johannesburg, "for the promotion and encouragement of Argyllshire music, song, and verse" by the establishing of an annual prize, the details of which will be formulated by the Mod and Music Committee.

A minute of the Mod and Music Committee detailed certain arrangements in connection

with the National Mod at Inverness. Reference was also made to the "Charles Campbell Memorial Prize", to be presented by Mrs. C. C. Campbell, the trophy which Mrs. Schroder proposes to present, and the proposed memorial trophy offered by the Stirling Branch and the Stirling Gaelic Choir in memory of the late Mr. John MacNicol. It was reported that the Arts Council had set aside £50 as prize money for a Gaelic Poetry competition, such as had previously been held in 1951, and An Comunn agreed to help in organising the competition.

A minute of the Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee submitted the proposed order of proceedings at the official opening of Cnoc-nan-Ros and the dedication of the Memorial Gates on 30th September. Certain steps were agreed on with a view to having the co-operation of the several religious bodies in the ceremony.

Mr. D. J. Maclean, Northern Organiser, reported that not sufficient numbers had enrolled to justify holding the summer camp for "native speakers" this year. The Council learned this with regret and disquiet, and certain proposals were made for stimulating interest in Comunn na h-Oigridh, especially in view of the facilities offered by other youth movements which are spreading in the Gaelic area. It was gratifying, on the other hand, to learn that there were more applications for "the learners' camp" than could be accommodated.

The Treasurer's Accounts and the Standing Committees' Reports for the year 1956-57 were submitted in draft and, after due consideration, were approved for submission to the Annual Meeting in October. It was noted that, while there was a credit balance of £656 on the year's working, this had been possible only because of the remarkable financial success of the National Mod at Largs, which had shown a surplus of £3,822.

Intimation was made of the nominations received for the offices of President, Vice-President, Elected Members of Committee, and Auditors.

The Council approved the following amendment of Bye-law 24 re Election of Council, which had been drafted by the Special Committee appointed to consider the matter: "In the event of no postal vote being required, a ballot vote taken at the Annual General Meeting shall determine the order in which those elected shall be enrolled as members of the Executive Council."

Mrs. Washington Grant suggested that there should be a sales section at the National Mod, where kilt accessories, lengths of tweed, and other hand-crafts could be purchased. Such a scheme might help the finances of An Comunn and also help crofters by marketing their goods.

The Secretary read a letter from the Rev. T. M. Murchison resigning his appointment as editor of "An Gaidheal", as from the earliest convenient date. The President thanked him for his services, and the whole question of the magazine was remitted for joint-consideration by the Advisory, Finance, Publication, and Propaganda Committees.

The meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Honour for Mr. Shaw

All members of An Comunn and his many other friends have heard with pleasure and satisfaction of the inclusion of the name of Mr. Neil Shaw among those who are to receive the honour of O.B.E. from Her Majesty the Queen. May he and Mrs. Shaw long be spared to enjoy this new honour. It has also been announced that a Civil List pension has been granted to Mr. Shaw in recognition of his services to Gaelic.

Mr. Bannerman's Illness

Not only the members of An Comunn, but also many thousands of people throughout Scotland, who know him as sportsman, politician, broadcaster, and in others of his many roles, learned with regret and anxiety of Mr. J. M. Bannerman's having had to undergo an operation for eye trouble. We are glad to know he is progressing satisfactorily, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Well Deserved Honours

In the lists of those who have been recipients of honorary degrees this year we are glad to note the names of two men who most certainly deserve such recognition. The one is Mr. Donald J. Macdonald, M.A., Rector of the Inverness Royal Academy. Mr. Macdonald has given long service to education in the Highland capital, and he has also been actively concerned in the cause of Gaelic, especially in connection with the Gaelic Society of Inverness, of which he is Hon. Secretary. He has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Aberdeen.

The other is Mr. C. M. Grieve ("Hugh MacDiarmid"), author, poet, and journalist. Mr. Grieve has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh. Hugh MacDiarmid is one of the most original and stimulating literary personalities to appear in Scotland for a long time, and his amazing range of erudition includes a respectable knowledge of Gaelic.

The Macleods of Morvern

By THE EDITOR

(continued)

Norman had been born at Swordale in the fateful year, 1745. In 1767 he graduated M.A. at King's College, Aberdeen. For some time he was tutor in the family of the Chief of Macleod at Dunvegan Castle, and he was also for a period parish schoolmaster of Duirinish, while he waited for a kirk of his own.

Late in the afternoon of Monday, 13th September, 1773, when Dr. Samuel Johnson and James Boswell arrived at Dunvegan, during their "Highland Jaunt," they were received at the Castle, Boswell tells us, by "Mr. Norman Macleod, a young preacher, who as one of the clan did the honours of the house." Although the distinguished guests stayed for eight days and both left detailed accounts of their visit, neither makes further mention of the "young preacher." He, however, had his stories to tell of them! One of these is recorded by his grandson, Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony.

"He used to tell with great glee," wrote the latter of his grandfather, "how he found him (Johnson) alone in the dining-room (of the Castle) before dinner, poring over some volume on the sofa, and how the Doctor, before rising to greet him kindly, dashed to the ground the book he had been reading, exclaiming in a loud and angry voice, 'The author is an ass!'"

Two years after his meeting with Johnson and Boswell, the Rev. Norman Macleod was presented by the Duke of Argyll to the parish of Morvern, and was settled there in 1775. There he remained until he died in 1824, to be immediately succeeded by his youngest son, John, who served as parish minister there until his death in 1882. Thus father and son, without a break, served the same parish for 107 years (1775-1882).

With the Rev. Norman, from Skye to Morvern in 1775, came a young man, blind of an eye, Roderick Macleod, as "minister's man." Known as "Ruairidh Beag Shamhairigh" ("Little Rory of Savary"), Rory grew old in his master's service. He was an intrepid boatman, and both he and the minister's 18-foot boat, the "Roe," are immortalised in a fine Gaelic song which was composed by Norman of Morvern's eldest son, "Caraid nan Gaidheal." This song was a test piece at the National Mod a few years ago and will be found in Mr. Lachlan MacKinnon's "Leabhraichean Leughaidh," Book III, p. 109.

In Norman's time Morvern had a population of 2,000, whereas today it has less than 500.

The summer shielings, now only bracken-covered broken walls, were scenes of happy activity then. There were no roads in the parish. From his manse at Fiumary on the Sound of Mull the minister rode and walked and boated on his pastoral rounds in a parish which extended to 130 square miles and which had a coast-line of 100 miles. He had two churches to preach in, eight miles apart—"churches, so-called from their outward appearance," he wrote, "but with respect to decency of accommodation they might as properly be called shades." Neither was more than 40 by 16 feet, "within walls." They were without seats or bells. They had earthen floors. He also conducted occasional services at other points in his extensive parish, and his grandson records that he baptized infants by a well among the shielings of Coire Bhoradail.

In his eightieth year and blind, having bidden his flock farewell on the Communion Sabbath, old Norman of Morvern lay on his bed in the manse of Fiumary. Around him were gathered his aged wife and those who survived of their sixteen children. With them was Rory of Savary, now "Old Rory." Suddenly the venerable old minister sat up in bed, stretched out his hand, as if a child was before him—as if, indeed, he were once again administering the sacrament in Corry Borrodale—and said in Gaelic, "I baptize thee into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." Then, falling back on his pillow, he died.

Shortly afterwards, Old Rory, after weeks of illness, said to his wife, "Dress me in my best; get a cart ready; I must go to the manse and bless them all, and then die." Thinking him to be delirious, his wife refused, but he would not be dissuaded. He got up, put on his Sunday best, and went to the manse. Feeble, pale, and breathless, he tottered into the manse parlour, where the family gathered round as if they had seen a ghost. "I bless you all, my dear ones", he said "before I die." He pronounced a blessing, offered a short prayer for their welfare, shook hands with each, kissed the hand of the aged mistress of the manse, and departed. "The family group felt awestruck—the whole scene was so sudden, strange, and solemn. Next day Rory was dead."

So wrote Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony in his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." So passed the first generation of this remarkable family.

Norman of Morvern is said to have been an eloquent Gaelic preacher. His stipend to begin with was £40 a year, later raised to £80, and eventually to £150, this last no inconsiderable sum in those days. He also rented a farm. His family numbered sixteen, some of whom died young, and these, along with other dependants and manse servants and farm servants, formed a "household" of about thirty, dependant on the minister.

Of Norman's family of sixteen, four were sons, the youngest of whom was John.

John was born at Fiunary in 1801, attended Glasgow University, and succeeded his father as minister of Morvern in 1824. There he remained until he died in 1882. Had he cared, he could have moved to one or other of what are usually referred to as "important" charges—or, in cruder terms, "plums"—but he preferred to remain among his own people. He was not forgotten, however, and he rendered outstanding service to the Church generally. He was Clerk of the Synod of Argyll, became a Doctor of Divinity in 1845, was one of a deputation sent in 1845 to visit the Canadian churches, was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1851, and became Dean of the Order of the Thistle in 1872. Six feet seven inches in height, he was called "The High Priest of Morvern." One who knew him well said of him, "I have never seen anyone of such forceful and expressive personality or who made you feel more that he was a king of men."

John of Morvern contributed to the Gaelic periodicals edited by his brother, Norman, "Caraid nan Gaidheal." One authority writes of him: "An exceedingly powerful Gaelic preacher, he was also eminent as a contributor to Gaelic literature. His prose was recognised as equal to the best in the language, and he composed some excellent Gaelic poetry." Professor Donald Mackinnon said of him: "His contributions to Gaelic literature are, unfortunately, but few in number; . . . he was, as a Gaelic prose writer, inferior to none, not even to his brother, Dr. Norman Macleod."

Two of John's poetical compositions are given in "Modern Gaelic Bards"—"Oran an Iasgair" and the still popular "Caol Muile." The latter, which runs to 81 lines, recalls the scenes and the people he knew so well along the shores of the Sound of Mull.

John of Morvern gave two sons to the ministry. Norman was minister at St. Columba's, Glasgow, at Blair Atholl, St. Stephen's (Edinburgh), and Inverness. He became a Doctor of Divinity in 1883, Moderator of the General Assembly in 1900, and Principal Clerk of the Assembly in 1907. He died in 1911, aged 73. He was Chairman of the Com-

mission of Gaelic scholars who produced the revised Gaelic Bible of 1902. The only Gaelic prose writing of his known to me is a sermon which he preached at the dedication of the new church of Hylipol in Tiree in 1903, and which was published as a 24-page pamphlet.

John of Morvern's second son, John, born in 1840, was minister at Newton-on-Ayr, Duns, and Govan. He also became a D.D., and was well-known for his interest in church worship (his liturgical practices gaining him the nickname of "Pope John") and for his zeal in erecting new churches to serve various growing districts in the then extensive parish of Govan. He died in 1898. Although reared in a Gaelic Manse, he appears to have had no special interest in the language.

We return now to Norman, eldest surviving son of Norman of Morvern. This was the man still affectionately remembered as "Caraid nan Gaidheal" ("Friend of the Gaels"). In actual fact, this title was first used by Norman Macleod himself, but applied by him to his friend, Principal George Husband Baird, who, at his instigation, persuaded the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to adopt an educational scheme for the Highlands and Islands.

Norman (called "Tormod Og"), son of Norman of Morvern, was born at Fiunary in 1783. He and his brothers were educated at home by their father, assisted by students who came for a spell as family tutors during the summer vacation. From the Manse of Fiunary they went straight to University. "Tormod Og" has left an interesting account of how he himself, in his early teens, first went to Glasgow to attend college. On a Monday morning he and his father and a man-servant, Sandy MacIntyre, with two horses and a new trunk, were ferried across the Sound of Mull from Fiunary to Mull. The trunk contained the young student's "few clothes," a cheese, a crock of butter, a mutton ham, kippered salmon, and some pots of jam and jelly ("for sore throat," his mother said), and a Bible wrapped in a white handkerchief. The travellers rode down through Mull to Grass Point, whence they were ferried to Kerrera, and from there to Oban. At Oban there was a night's delay because the "Gobha Sasannach" ("English Smith") who was to shoe the horses was drunk. From Oban their route lay by Taynult to Loch Awe, across that loch, and on to Inveraray. The week-end was spent in the manse of Arrochar, and the Morvern minister preached there on the Sunday for his friend, the local parish minister. On Monday morning they proceeded by Loch Long and the Gairloch to Rosneath. Sandy and the horses were left there, and "Young Norman" and his father

crossed to Greenock, and so on to Glasgow, where they arrived on the Wednesday morning. Next day "Tormod Og" was enrolled as a student in the Latin class and was boarded "in a respectable family in the High Street, opposite the Cross." This was young Norman's first coming to the city in which later he was to have so long and notable a ministry among his fellow-Highlanders.

At the close of the college session, at the beginning of May, young Norman set off back home to Morvern, on foot. He had twenty shillings in his pocket, two pairs of stockings and two shirts in a bundle on his back, and a good oak stick in his hand. In the vicinity of Helensburgh he was joined by a man who sold him "a beautiful English terrier" for half a crown, but soon after the transaction, when Norman thought it safe to let his new acquisition off the lead, a sharp whistle was heard, "and the terrier and my half-crown were for ever lost!"

Along the Gairloch he strode, across to Loch Long, and on to Inveraray. En route more of his meagre pocket-money was lost to a smiling villain who went part of the way with him. Norman reached Port Sonachan with only eightpence left, but the ferryman on Loch Awe gave him breakfast and made no charge for the ferry, because he knew his father, the minister of Morvern. At Taynuilt food cost young Norman a shilling, and now only sixpence was left. Four miles from Oban he got a "lift" in a cart, and so entered Oban in style! The driver of the cart refused to accept any money, because Norman had taught him a verse of a Gaelic song, which the driver had been singing as they trundled along, but his version of it was incomplete. "I would not take a farthing though your pockets were full," said the carter. "I am richly rewarded with the beautiful verse which you have taught me." The barge of the Laird of Coll, happening to be in Oban, conveyed Norman on the last lap of his long journey to the Manse of Fiunary.

Young Norman was minister at Kilbrandon, Campbeltown, and Campsie, before coming in 1835 to what was then the Gaelic Chapel in Ingram Street, Glasgow, on the site now occupied by the British Linen Bank. He had already become a D.D. In 1836 he was Moderator. He became a Chaplain to Queen Victoria and Dean of the Chapel Royal. During his ministry to the Gaelic people of Glasgow the Gaelic Chapel was disposed of and a new church built in Hope Street, where the Central Station now is. The congregation took the name of "St. Columba's Gaelic Church." Later the present Church in St. Vincent Street, was built.

The services rendered by Dr. Norman of St. Columba's to the Gaelic people of Glasgow and the Highlands and Islands were many and varied, and he well deserved his title of "Caraid nan Gaidheal," an honour, we may be sure, dearer to him than the many other honours he received. In the years of destitution he was instrumental in raising large sums for the relief of the needy in the Highlands and Islands. Along with Principal Baird he established a scheme for setting up "church schools" in the Highlands and Islands to supplement the parish schools, which could not meet the needs of large and populous parishes and scattered communities. But especially we remember him today because his superb Gaelic prose writings are still in our hands. In 1828 Norman Macleod issued his "Gaelic Collection for the Use of Schools," a revised edition of which appeared in 1834 under the name of "Leabhar nan Cnoc." Here are those Gaelic pieces which we all know and love. "Sealladh o mhullach beinne ann an Earraghaidheal mu am dol fodha na gréine"; "Sgeul mu Choire na Sith"; "Spiorad na h-Aoise"; "I Chaluim-Chille," "Iong Mhór nan Eilthreach," "Iain Gilpin." He provided most of the material for the two Gaelic periodicals which he founded and edited, *An Teachdaire Gaidhealach* (1830), and *Cuairtear nan Gleann* (1840). He also contributed to a later periodical, *Fear-tathaich nan Gleann*, edited by his son-in-law, Archibald Clerk. Along with Thaddeus Connellan he issued a metrical version of the Psalms in Irish, and along with the Rev. Dr. Daniel Dewar of Aberdeen he was responsible for the Gaelic Dictionary known as "Macleod and Dewar's," although other hands also had a share in it. A choice collection of his prose and verse writings, under the name of "Caraid nan Gaidheal" was published by Archibald Clerk in 1867.

When "Caraid nan Gaidheal" died in 1862, not only the leading citizens of Glasgow and the leaders of the Church gathered to pay tribute. As the funeral procession moved out to Campsie, it was followed by a large number of "poor Highland men and women, very many tottering in their weakness, helped along by those stronger than themselves, and weeping as they went for their pastor and their friend." "A Highland woman one night came to the door of his house when he was lying in his coffin. She implored the Highland servant, who received her, with most earnest accent (to allow her) to see him; and, rapidly following her, she embraced his coffin, kissed his face and disappeared. Who she was we know not." So wrote his son, Norman of the Barony.

(To be continued)

Provincial and Local Mods

ISLAY

The Islay Provincial Mod was held in Bowmore on Friday, 10th May. It has been reported as "very successful, though not quite attaining the glory of former years." The number of competitors was down from last year, especially in the senior section.

The adjudicators were: for music, Canon Sydney MacEwan and Mr. Thomas P. Fletcher; and for Gaelic, Rev. Archibald M. Beaton, Mrs. W. W. Murray, and Mr. Malcolm Macleod (Secretary of An Comunn). At the evening concert the Rev. A. M. Beaton presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Helmut Schroder of Dunossit, who had flown up from London specially to attend the Mod, to which she has generously gifted a silver cup to be awarded to the competitor gaining the highest aggregate in Gaelic in the whole junior section.

The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Oral delivery. Reading under 12—Catherine MacMillan, Port Charlotte. 12-16 years—Margaret Gillespie, Portnahaven. Recitation (under 12)—Catherine MacMillan. 12-16 years—Mary Livingstone, Port Charlotte. Comhradh (members of Comunn na h-Oigridh only)—Mairi MacDougall, Bridgend.

Vocal music. Solo singing (under 11) (S.C.W.S. Silver Medal)—Elizabeth Weir, Ballygrant. Girls, 11-16 (Gold Pendant)—Mary MacGregor, Bowmore. Boys, 11-16 (Gold Pendant)—Tom Caskie, Bowmore. Puirt-a-beul, under 16 (S.C.W.S. Silver Medal)—Fiona McKerrell, Bowmore. Former pendant-winners only—Irene MacArthur, Bowmore. Duet singing (under 16)—Christie Campbell and Margaret Currie, Port Ellen.

Choral singing. Unison—Bowmore Junior Choir "B". Two-part harmony—Bowmore Junior Choir. Instrumental. Pianoforte playing (under 16)—Gilbert Stevenson, Port Ellen.

Highest aggregate in Gaelic in junior section (Mrs. Schroder's Silver Cup)—Christie Campbell, Port Ellen.

Senior Section

Oral delivery. Reading at sight—Peter Gillies, Bowmore. Recitation—Mary L. Maclean, Port Charlotte. Sgeulachd—Mrs. MacMillan, Glenmachrie Lotts.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Singing song composed by Duncan Johnston—Alastair Currie, Ardnah. Singing song composed by Duncan Ban MacIntyre—Duncan MacCalman, Port Ellen. Male voices—Robert Forrest, Bowmore. Female voices—Mrs. MacNiven, Bowmore. Gold pendant finals—Robert Forrest. Gold pendants. Men—Robert Forrest. Women—Mrs. MacNiven. Former pendant-winners—Mrs. M. MacArthur, Bowmore. Duet singing—Mrs. M. MacArthur and Mrs. McKerrell, Bowmore.

EDINBURGH

The Edinburgh Local Mod was held in the Central Hall on Saturday, 18th May. Although there were few junior competitors, the senior competitions were well supported. The adjudicators were: for music, Miss Evelyn Campbell, Mr. J. MacRae; for Gaelic, Miss Annie MacMillan, Mr. James Ross, and Mr. Malcolm Macleod (Secretary of An Comunn). At the evening concert Mr. Iain A. Moffatt-Pender presided, and the guest artistes were Miss Ina MacDiarmid and Mr. Donald MacVicar, Mod Gold Medalists. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Alexander MacIsaac, wife of the convener of the local mod committee.

The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Solo singing. Confined (under 12)—Torquhil Macleod, Edinburgh. 12-16 years—Gay Macleod, Edinburgh. Open (under 16): singing Gaelic Psalm—Gay Macleod.

Instrumental (under 18). Playing on piano from memory a slow Gaelic air and march—Anne Bone, Glasgow.

Highest single mark in Gaelic—Sine Flemington, Edinburgh. Highest single mark in music—Gay Macleod.

Senior Section

Oral delivery and literary. Confined (16 years and over): conversation (learners)—Duncan A. Ferguson, Edinburgh. Recitation (learners)—Lilian W. Blackie, Edinburgh. Recitation (native speakers)—Christina Macleod, Cupar. Open: reading prose at sight—Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh. Writing letter in Gaelic in presence of adjudicator—Christina Macleod. Oral story or collection of twelve Gaelic place-names with translations—Christina Macleod. Dialogue or two verses of original bardachd—Ian Paterson, Dunfermline.

Vocal music. Female voices: confined—song from "Oran nam Beann" collection—Hughina Macphie, Hermiston. Open (own choice)—Margaret M. Mackinnon, Glasgow. Prescribed songs—Margaret M. Mackinnon. Male voices: confined (song from "Oran nam Beann" collection)—W. Lavery, Edinburgh. Open (own choice)—Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow. Prescribed songs—Alasdair M. Grant. Male and female voices: confined (learners), solo and conversation (Comunn Tir nam Beann Trophy)—James R. Gillies, Edinburgh. Singing of prescribed song (Isobel Fairbairn Memorial Prize, presented by Hughina Gaelic Choir)—Hughina Macphie. Open: 16-18 years (own choice)—Anne Bone. Duet—Katherine Flucker and Fiona Wilson, Edinburgh. Puirt-a-beul—B. L. Macleod, Edinburgh. Unpublished song—Christina Macleod. Unpublished folk song sung in traditional manner—Christina Macleod. Gaelic Psalm—James R. Gillies and Margaret M. Mackinnon (equal). Mixed quartette—Edinburgh Gaelic Choir Quartette. Song from Kennedy Fraser and Kenneth Macleod collection—Murdo F. J. Macleod.

Highest single mark in Gaelic in senior section—Anna Macdougall and Murdo F. J. Macleod (equal). Highest mark in single mark in music—Alasdair M. Grant.

Instrumental music. Open: march, strathspey, and reel on piano—Alice M. Urquhart. Singing with clarsach accompaniment—F. Edith D. Lauder, Edinburgh. Unpublished Gaelic air (any instrument)—James C. Burnett.

GLASGOW

The Glasgow Local Mod was held in the Highlanders' Institute on 23rd-25th May. The adjudicators were: for music, Miss Mary L. Hogg and Mr. Thomas P. Fletcher; for Gaelic, Mr. Alex. Nicolson and Mr. John Mackay; for pipe music, Pipe-Major Nicol MacCallum, Mr. Hugh MacPhee, of the B.B.C. Gaelic Department, presented at the concluding concert. The prizes were presented by Mrs. MacPhee.

The Mod Syllabus carried the following statement: "Competitors come forward because they love the Gaelic Language and Music, because they enjoy healthy rivalry and keen competition, and because they realise that, win or lose, they stand to learn a great deal from well-informed, candid, helpful adjudication. The Glasgow Central Branch of An Comunn has decided to stand for pure amateurism and to offer no money prizes. Individual adjudications and placings will be given as formerly, and Gift

Tokens to First-Prize Winners only. Official certificates will be awarded as permanent reminders of their placings."

The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Oral delivery. Learners. Recitation (under 12)—Kirsteen Grant. Reading (under 12)—Kirsteen Grant and Donald C. MacFarlane (equal). Reciting Psalm (under 12)—Donald C. MacFarlane. Recitation (12-16)—Margaret Blackwood. Reading (12-16)—Annie Maclean. Reciting Psalm (12-16)—Valetta MacKeurtan.

Oral delivery. Fluent speakers. Recitation—Ishbel M. Edgar. Reciting Psalm—Donalda Laing. Oral delivery. Open competition. Verse-speaking groups—Bellahouston Academy.

Vocal music. Solo singing: girls under 11—Catriona Maclean. Girls, 11-16 (Uist and Barra Association Trophy)—Elinor Barrie. Duet (under 16)—Valetta MacKeurtan and Christine Taylor. Boys, 16-18—James C. Burnett. Girls, 16-18—Mary Anne Currie.

Choral. Unison—Knightswood Junior Choir. Two-part harmony—Knightswood Junior Choir (Margrat Duncan Trophy, presented by Glasgow Islay Association).

Piping. Playing march on chanter (under 14)—James Armstrong. Playing strathspey and reel on chanter (under 14)—Islay Carmichael. Piobaireachd playing (under 18)—Evan Mackay. Playing march (under 18)—Vic Black. Playing strathspey and reel (under 18)—Evan Mackay.

Senior Section

Vocal music. Solo singing. Male voices—Archie Mactaggart. Female voices—Margaret C. Mitchell. Song by Neil Maclean (Govan Ceilidh Shield)—Archie Mactaggart. Kennedy-Fraser song—Anne Bone. Duet—Margaret C. Mitchell and Christine Maclean.

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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

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Leabhar LII

AN LUNASDAL, 1957

Aireamh 8

Naidheachd As Na h-Eileanan

FEASGAR a bha Dòmhnall Iain Bhàin anns an taigh aige, am Bèarnaraidh na Hearadh, bha e 'na shuidhe aig an teine, a' leughadh a' phaiper. Bha an cat mu a choinne air cathair, 'na chadal, agus bha an cù aige 'na laighe aig a chasan. Cò e an sin a thàinig air chéilidh air Dòmhnall ach a shean charaid, Fionnlagh Aonghais. Bha Fionnlagh air ùr-thighinn as na Hearadh. Chuir e seachdain no dhà seachad ann.

Dh'éirich Dòmhnall, agus chuir e fáilt air Fionnlagh.

"Na gluais! Na gluais idir!" arsa Fionnlagh. "Fàg an cat far a bheil e. Nì mise suidhe an seo."

"Agus ciod i an naidheachd a thug thu leat as na Hearadh? Nach ann an Ceann-a-staigh na Hearadh a bha thu?" arsa Dòmhnall ri Fionnlagh, cho luath agus a bha Fionnlagh 'na shocrachadh air cathair.

"Is ann," fhreagair Fionnlagh, "agus neo-arr-thaing naidheachd! Is ann a tha na Hearadh cho làn de naidheachd agus a tha na lin de mhoguil! Agus, a Dhòmhnall, is ann agamsa a tha an t-aobhar taingeachd gu bheil mi beò, leis na bha ann an siud air an oidhche dhorchda ud Di-luain."

"Ciod e a bha ann an siud air oidhche Di-luain, a Fhionnlaigh?" arsa Dòmhnall.

"Ciod e a bha ann nach robh ann!" arsa Fionnlagh, eadar dà tharraing air a phìob. "Gu tà, bha mi a' siubhal air mo shocair gu taigh mo pheathar, bean Alasdair Choinnich Bhig, tha fhios agad, agus bha Seònaidh Dhòmhnall ann

còmhla rium, an uair a mhothaich sinn le chéile gu robh sgàil air chor-éigin a' tighinn air eudann na gelaiche. Ach thubhairt Seònaidh rium gu robh a h-uile rud a bha ann ceart gu leòir agus gu robh dùil aige ri a leithid a thach-airt air an oidhche ud a bha ann, agus gum biodh sinn féin a' dol eadar a' ghrian agus a' ghealach, agus"

"Ciod e? Ciod e a tha thu ag ràdh, a Fhionnlaigh?" arsa Dòmhnall, agus e làn ionghnaidh, "thu fhéin agus Seònaidh Dhòmhnall a' dol eadar a' ghrian agus a' ghealach? Ciod e a tha thu ag ràdh?"

"Seadh! Direach sin!" arsa Fionnlagh. "Thubhairt Seònaidh rium gu robh duibhe a' tighinn air a' ghealach—is e sin, có dhiùbh, a thubhairt Seònaidh rium—agus thubhairt e rium gu robh na seann daoine ag ràdh gum b'e ùr-dhubhadh na gelaiche a bha ann. Nach faca thu fhéin i, air oidhche Di-luain?"

"Chan fhaca."

"Nach faca?"

"Cha robh an speur glé shoilleir air an oidhche ud, có dhiùbh," arsa Dòmhnall.

"Nach robh an duibhre ud idir air a' ghealach an Bèarnaraidh?" dh'fheòraich Fionnlagh.

"Cha chuala mi gu robh."

"Coma leat," arsa Fionnlagh, "bha sin aca-sin anns na Hearadh. Thubhairt Seònaidh rium gum faca e fhéin a' ghealach iomadh uair mar sin—gu robh a h-uile nì de an t-seòrsa sin cho aosda ris na bruthaichean. Thubhairt e rium gu robh oidhche mar sin ann an uair a bha

a bhràthair, Ailean Dòmhnail, agus e fhéin a' siubhal còmhla anns a' bhaile mhór—b'ann an Glaschu a bha iad—agus cha chreid mi fhéin nach robh beagan smùide orra féin air an oidhche sin. Bha loch beag ann ri taobh an rathaid.

“Nach ann a tha e dorcha?” thubhairt Ailean ri Seònaidh.

“An e sin Ceann a' Bhàigh?” arsa Seònaidh.

“Chan e, ' fhreagair Ailean, ‘cha chreid mi nach e sin Loch Stocinnis a Deas.’”

“Lean iad an ceum agus ràinig iad Anniesland Cross agus Crow Road.”

“Càite?” arsa Dòmhnall.

“Anniesland Cross agus Crow Road, thubhairt Seònaidh,” arsa Fionnlagh.

“Ud! Ud!” arsa Dòmhnall, “nach iad a bha air chall?”

“Tha Seònaidh làn naidheachdan,” arsa Fionnlagh a rithist. “Bha e ag ràdh rium gu robh dithist ann thall air an tìr-mhór a bha ag obair air an sgadan—a' cur an sgadain am baraillean agus a' cur nam baraillean mu dheas. Ach cha robh an obair anns an robh iad an sàs a' dol gu ro-mhaith leo—bha iad a' call an airgid—cha mhór nach robh iad briste. Mu dheireadh thubhairt an dàrna duine ris an duine eile:

“Innsidh mi duit-sa dé a nì sinn, agus thòisich e air cur an cèill do'n duine eile ciod iad na nithean sin a bu chòir daibh a dheanamh.

“Ach,” thubhairt an duine seo, ‘ciod e am feum idir a tha anns na nithean sin? Chan 'eil ann an sin ach a' goid bho Phòl a chum Peadar a phàidheadh.’”

“Tha sin ceart gu leòir! Tha sin ceart gu leòir, a charaid,” arsa an ceud duine, ‘ach tha eadar-dhealachadh ann; tha eadar-dhealachadh mòr ann. Cha bhì Peadar idir air a phàidheadh.’”

“O! Nach e sin luth an spioraid dol timchioll na drochaid!” arsa Dòmhnall, a' deanamh gàire gu suilbhear, agus 'ga tharraing fhéin na b'fhaisge air an teine.

Lean Fionnlagh air a' adhart: “Bha aig Ailean Dòmhnail ri beathaichean a cheannach aig an àm sin a bha e fhéin agus Seònaidh shìos am Baile Ghlaschu, tha e coltach. Latha a bha ann an siud, agus an dithist diubh le chéile, chunnaic Ailean bùth-iasg anns an robh iasg de gach uile sheòrsa—lèabagan móra agus lèabagan beaga, garbhagan, truisg, langaichean, adagan, agus giomaich. Tha eathar aig Ailean Dòmhnail, tha fhios agad, agus tha e cianail gear air an iasgach.

“Bu chaoimh leam fheòrach de an duine seo ciod i a' phrìs a tha aige air na h-adagan,” arsa Ailean ri Seònaidh. “Chuala mi gu tric gur ann aig muinntir Ghlaschu a tha na prìsean glé àrd air an iasg,” agus chaidh e a steach anns a' bhùth, agus lean an cù aige ris.

“Bha Ailean agus fear a' bhùtha a' bruidhinn car tamaill ri a chéile, an uair a ghrad-leig an cù sgread uamhasach sas, agus theich e as a' bhùth, agus suas an t-sràid gun do ghabh e, agus giomach mòr an sàs anns an earball aige.

“Hé! Hé! Dean fead air do chù, ' ghlaodh fear a' bhùtha ri Ailean, agus an dearg fhearg air. ‘Hé! Dean fead air do chù!’”

“Dean-sa fhéin fead air do ghiomach, a ghoistidh,” arsa Ailean ris, cho ciùin agus mar gum faca e air a h-uile latha anns na Hearadh giomach ri earball coin.”

“Agus ciod e a thachair?” arsa Dòmhnall.

“Ciod e nach do thachair!” fhreagair Fionnlagh. “B'e Seònaidh a thug an giomach de earball a' choin, ach cha b'ann gun tubaist. Chuir an giomach spòg an sàs an òrdag Sheònaidh, agus b'èiginn da a thighinn gus na Hearadh le a làimh ri a bhroilleach.”

“Ud! Ud!” arsa Dòmhnall, “ged ghléidh e air fhéin cha b'ann idir gun spàirn, théid mise an urras air! Agus ciamar a tha Calum Ruairidh Iain? Am faca thu e?”

“Chunnaic. Chan 'eil cuileagan air Calum Ruairidh Iain. An cuala thu mar a bha car an aghaidh cuir aige ri bràthair a athar a thàinig dachaigh air an latha roimhe á California? Bha an dithist ud a' bruidhinn ri a chéile. Thug Calum ùbhal a mach as a phòcaid, agus thairg e do Fhionnlagh Mór—is e sin ainm bràthair a athar, mar tha fhios agad—e. Thug an t-Americanach an t-ùbhal, agus sheall e air, agus an sin thubhairt e ri Calum:

“Bu chòir duit na h-ùbhlan againne fhaicinn . . . cho mòr, cho dearg, agus cho millis agus a tha iad.”

“Ma tà!” arsa Calum Ruairidh Iain ris, ‘air mo shon fhéin dheth is feàrr leam ùbhlán an uair a bhios iad beag agus searbh.’”

“Nach maith sin fhéin!” arsa Dòmhnall. “Ach, gu dearbh, chan 'eil cuileagan air Calum.”

“Tha thu glé cheart,” arsa Fionnlagh, “agus chan 'eil cuileagan air Calum Og, a mhac, na's motha.”

“Nach 'eil esan a' dol a phòsadh?” thubhairt Dòmhnall.

“Is maith dh'fhaoidte gu bheil agus is maith dh'fhaoidte nach 'eil,” fhreagair Fionnlagh.

“Ciamar sin?” dh'fhoighnich Dòmhnall.

“Ma tà, bha e fhéin agus Curstaidh Bheag, nigean a' mhaighistir-sgoile a bha anns an àite sin bho chionn ghoirid, a' cumail ri chéile fad dà mhìos. Feasgar a bha ann, ghabh iad a mach le a chéile air a' cheum. Fad na slighe a ghabh iad bha Calum a' togail a nuas chlacha beaga, no spitheagan, de bhàrr a' cheuma, agus 'gan tilgeil cho fada agus a b'urrainn da a mach air a' mhuir.

“Ghabh an dithis air an adhart mìle ro

dhà mar seo, gun ghuth gun fhocal. An sin thubhairt Calum ri Cùrstaigh Bhig:

“‘A Cùrstaigh, am pòs thu mi?’”

“‘Pòsaidh,’ arsa ise. ‘Pòsaidh mi gu cinnteach thu, a Chaluum.’”

“Ghabh an dithis air an adhart gun an tuilleadh conaltraidh a bhith ann eatorra, ach cha do sguir Calum de a bhith caitheamh nan spíteagan a mach air a’ mhuir, ge bè air bith àite air a’ cheum air am faicheadh e iad. Ach thill iad mu dheireadh gus a’ bhaile aca féin. Ràinig iad taigh Cùrstaigh Bige.

“‘Oidhche mhaith leat, a Cùrstaigh,’ arsa Calum rithe.

“‘Oidhche mhaith leatsa, a Chaluum,’ arsa ise ris, ‘ach is ann a bha thu cho sàmhach an nochd, a Chaluum. Cha duirt thu focal.’”

“‘Is e a tha mi a’ smuaineachadh,’ arsa Calum, ‘gun duirt mi tuilleadh s’ a’ chòir.’”

“‘O, tha an Calum Og seo geur,’ arsa Dòmhnall.

“‘The e geur,’ arsa Fionnlagh a rithist. “Nach robh iad ag innseadh dhomh air an latha roimhe naidheachd eile mu a dhéighinn fhéin agus mu dhéighinn a athar. Feasgar a bha ann, bha iad le chéile shuas am Baile Steòrnabhagh. Bha buidheann air chor-eigin, buidheann balla-coise, is dòcha e, air son gum biodh Calum Og a làthair còmhla riu, agus gum bruidhneadh e riu, oir mar a tha fhios agad, tha Calum Og fìor mhaith air a’ chluich sin—tha na casan aige cho maith agus a tha na làmhnan aige—nach ann aig na *Rangers* am Baile Ghlaschu a tha e? Cò dhiùbh, air an t-slighe shuas a chum na céilidh bha Calum Og agus a athair a’ dol thairis air ciod e a theireadh e ris a’ bhuidhinn ud an uair a bha e a’ labhairt riu. Shocraich Calum Og agus a athair focail na h-òraide ceart gu leòir. Chaidh iad ann, agus chuir gillean na buidhne ud fìor fhàilte chridheil orra. An sin, dh’iarr iad air Calum Og focal no dhà a ràdh riu. Chaidh Calum Og an àird air an àrd-ùrlar agus sheall e a null s’ a nall air an luchd-éisdeachd a bha shìos foidhe, ach cha tàinig aon fhocal a mach as a bheul. Mu dheireadh, aig an deireadh thall, is ann a dh’fhosgail e a bheul, agus thubhairt e riu:

“‘A chàirdean,’ arsa esan, ‘an uair a bha mi a’ tighinn an seo an nochd bha dithist ann aig an robh fhios air ciod e a bu chòir domh a ràdh ribh—m’athair agus mi fhéin—ach a nis, is ann a mhàin aig m’athair a tha e!’”

“‘Tha Calum Og geur!’ arsa Dòmhnall Iain Bhàin, agus e a’ feuchainn ri a phiob a lasadh bho éibhleag mhòine.

“‘Nach ’eil!’ arsa Fionnlagh.

“‘Ach innis seo domh, a Fhionnlagh,’ arsa Dòmhnall, ‘ciod e a thug air a’ ghille a bhith a’ dèanamh a leithid leis na spíteagan?

‘Nach ’eil thu a’ faicinn gur h-e sin an dòigh a tha air-san?’” fhreagair Fionnlagh.

“‘Chan ’eil cuileagan air. Tha e geur. Nach ’eil thu a’ faicinn . . . ?”

“‘Nach i a’ chaileag ud a tha fìor mhaith air òran?’ arsa Dòmhnall.

“‘Chan i. Is i a piuthar Anna, no ‘Caoraich’ mar a their iad rithe.

“‘A thrughain!’ Carson a thug iad an t-ainm sin air a’ chaileig bhochd?’”

“‘Tha iad ag ràdh, tha thu a’ tuigsinn, a Dhòmhnall, gu bheil òran ann air a’ bheil ‘Cumha na h-Oighe’ no ainm air chor-eigin mar sin, agus rann ann anns a bheil leannan na h-òighe ’ga caoidh, agus esan air a fhàgail ’na aonar ’na déidh, agus cha chreid mi nach nach ’eil na focail ann car mar so:

A chaoidh gun dith gun chùram

ach ciod e am focal mu dheireadh a ghabh a’ chaileag ud, air feasgar sònraichte a bha i’ ga ghabhail, ach “caoraich” agus b’e sin an t-ainm a bha aca san oirre bhò’n uair sin.”

“‘Ud! Ud!’ arsa Dòmhnall. “Nach ’eil sin cruaidh! Ach ciod e an naidheachd ud a bha thu fhéin ag innseadh domh mu dhéighinn na gealaiche? Cha do thuing mi idir ciamar a bha a’ chùis agad.”

“‘Ma tà,’ arsa Fionnlagh, ‘bha oidhche mhaith againn aig Alasdair Choinnich Bhig, ach mu dhà uair dheug chaidh Seònaidh Dhòmhnall a mach. Bha Seònaidh a’ dol dachaigh. Thubhairt mi fhéin ris: ‘Théid mise sìos còmhla riut gus an rathad mhór, a Sheònaidh, oir is ann a tha a’ ghealach ann,’ gun chuimhne idir a bhith agam air an duibhre ud a bha oirre air an oidhche sin. Cha do chuir mi cas a mach air an doras na thuit mi car air char an comhair mo chinn. Bha mi air mo chur cho mór mun cuairt agus nach robh fhios agam càite an robh mi. Tha dà lic aig doras Alasdair, tha thu a’ tuigsinn, agus is e a shaoil leam nach robh ann ach a h-aon. Ach nan robh solus na gealaiche ann ceart gu leòir, mar bu chòir, is mi nach robh thairis. Is mi nach robh air mo chiùrradh.’”

“‘Ach an d’éirich dad duit?’ arsa Dòmhnall.

“‘Nach ’eil fhios gun d’éirich, a Dhòmhnall,’ thubhairt Fionnlagh. “Nach ’eil thu a’ faicinn mar a tha mo mhala air a gearradh, agus fad dà latha bha mo shròn cho mór ri buntàta. Ach feumaidh mi dol dachaigh. Oidhche mhaith leat. Ach mum falbh mi, seo sgeul eile a dh’innis Seònaidh domh. Tha am balach aige, Seònaidh Og, anns an sgoil, tha fhios agad, agus latha a bha ann dh’fhoighnich am maighistir dheth car son a labhair Aaron ris an t-sluagh an àite Maois.

“‘O!’ arsa an gille, ‘cha robh Maois ro-mhaith air a’ Ghàidhlig.’” I. M. M.-P.

The MacLeods of Morvern

By THE EDITOR

(Continued)

"Caraid nan Gaidheal" gave two sons to the ministry, Norman and Donald, while a daughter Jessie, was the wife of Dr. Archibald Clerk, minister of Ardnamurchan and Kilmallie, joint editor (with Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan) of two editions of the Gaelic Bible, editor of "Fear-tathaich nam Beann" and a huge book on "Ossian," and first Gaelic editor of "Life and Work." Another son was Sir George Husband Baird Macleod, an eminent surgeon, who succeeded Lord Lister in the Regius Chair of Surgery, Glasgow, and who was the father of still another Macleod minister, the Rev. William H. Macleod, minister of Buchanan Parish from 1892 to 1922, who died in 1935.

Donald, son of "Caraid nan Gaidheal," was minister of The Park Church, Glasgow, and died in 1916. He also was a Moderator of Assembly and a D.D. He had two minister sons, Donald, minister at Inverness, who died eighteen months ago and was the father of Lorna, Lady Macleod, wife of Dr. George Macleod and Kenneth Olaus, minister at Caputh, now living in retirement. Another son of Donald of The Park is Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Macleod, a well-known business man and Church elder in Glasgow.

Norman, eldest son of "Caraid nan Gaidheal," was minister at Loudoun, Dalkeith, and The Barony of Glasgow. He died in 1872 at the age of 60. He was Queen Victoria's favourite preacher, a D.D., a royal chaplain and Moderator. He was one of the greatest Scotsmen of his day, a powerful preacher and orator, and a controversial figure. He also plied an assiduous pen. He founded and edited an excellent magazine called *Good Words*. He wrote many stories and articles and published a number of books, the most fascinating of all being, at least to me, his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," a memorial of his grandfather's ministry in Morvern, where he himself spent many of his boyhood days. Norman of The Barony, although interested in the Highlands and proud of his Highland ancestry, appears not to have had any particular interest in Gaelic. Professor John Stuart Blackie wrote of him: "Norman didn't know much Greek; but he could afford to dispense with it. It was unfortunate too that he didn't know much Gaelic. But the soul of the Highlands was within, and, with that, the soul at once of stout manhood and of generous humanity. He carried with him a grand zest of living, a full current of joyous blood, and warm and broad appreciation of everything human."

Norman of The Barony's son, John, became a Member of Parliament and was created the first Baronet of Fiunary. Sir John Macleod was the father of the Right Rev. Dr. George Macleod, who, succeeding his elder brother and the latter's son, is now the fourth Baronet of Fiunary, although he does not use the title. He also, I understand, owns the Manse of Fiunary, the home of his ancestor, the first Norman—the Fiunary celebrated in the still popular song, "Farewell to Fiunary," composed in English by his great-grandfather, "Caraid nan Gaidheal" (the Gaelic version is by Archibald Sinclair). Dr. George Macleod, after distinguished service in the first world war, had notable ministries in St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, where he was the junior colleague of that distinguished Skyeman, the late Dr. Norman Maclean, and Govan Old Church, Glasgow, and is now known all over the world as Founder and Leader of the Iona Community, part of whose task is to rebuild the ecclesiastical buildings in Iona, that Iona on which "Caraid nan Gaidheal" wrote so brilliantly and movingly.

These Macleods, the descendants of "Gobha Shuardail" and his son, Norman of Morvern, were, in the words of John Stuart Blackie, 'a muscular and well-built, tall and handsome race, well worthy in all respects of those Scandinavian sea-kings whose blood was in their veins. They were gentlemen to the backbone, and Highlanders all through, and Macleod was written visibly upon their foreheads, wherever they appeared. They were brought up among the breezy bens and plashing lochs, with every nerve well-strung and every muscle well-developed . . . able to climb the crag with the goat, or handle the oar with the seaman, as need might be; the best possible education and better than all schooling, to train a man for effective work in this world, where men do not learn to live by books or by anything that books contain. In the days when Norman (of The Barony) was a youth, before the country was invaded by the commercial with its unsocial greed, there was a large population in those parts (that is, in Morvern), and in that population, even in its lowest strata, a culture and a breadth of fine, vigorous, healthy humanity, such as few countries could boast of.'

"I received the rudiments of my education in the manse of Fiunary," wrote "Caraid nan Gaidheal," "from tutors who were hired by my father from time to time; but we were often months without any instruction, except

the little we could receive from himself when his time, which was very much occupied with parish matters, could permit. He generally spent three or four days of the week on horseback, and always came home much fatigued; but he usually contrived to give my elder brother and me a lesson. He seldom shaved above twice in the week, except something extraordinary came in the way, and it was during the process of shaving, which generally exceeded an hour, that we were drilled in our Latin lessons. He

was an admirable Latin scholar, and had a great portion of the Latin classics—Horace, Virgil, and Ovid—committed to memory. He was very partial to Buchanan's Latin Psalms, a portion of which we generally read on Sabbath morning He followed a practice which I at the time abhorred, of making me translate the classics into Gaelic. He, himself, had an excellent taste in the selection of vocables, and I thus became a good Gaelic scholar.'

Coinneach Odhar

Le Fearchar MacRath nach maireann a bha an Ràtagain

(Air A Leantainn)

Bhiodh an t-uachdaran mar seo a' deanamh lethsgheul dha fhéin air son a bhith a' falbh bho'n taigh. Cha b'urra dha a chantainn gu robh a' bhan-tighearna slaodach leisg ròpach. Is ann a bha i tuilleadh 's a chòir easgaidh. Is e mo bheachd fhin—agus, mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, beachd Choinnich—uabhrach, morchuiseach is ged a bha i, air an dara làimh, gu robh i beag biogarra air an làimh eile, agus gum biodh i a' cur a sròin is a teanga ann an rudan nach buineadh dhi no d'a leithid, agus a' càineadh is a' cagnadh mur faigheadh i leatha. Shaoilte bhuaithe sin, bho'n bha an t-uachdaran a' falbh, gur ann a bhiodh i air a dòigh a nis, agus ann an tomas bha i sin fhad 's a leigeadh a h-anam crìon leatha, ach cha robh buileach, oir bha Coinneach grànda odhar a ghnàth 'na chiùrradh-shùl dhi, agus, an car Ionachan dubh Chinn-t-sàile, bha e a' sior chur chnap-starra roimhe agus a' faighinn coire dhi air son a stròthalachd.

Brònag, bha i air a claidh! Ach air son greiseig an tràth seo, bho'n bha an t-àit aice dhi fhéin, bha i beagan na bu shuilbhìre gàir-each. Bha i a' tional a càirdean fhéin agus uaislean na dùthcha mun cuairt oirre gus an t-side a chur seachad. Cha robh cùmhnadh air cogais. Ma bha side mhath aig an uachdaran anns an Fhraing, car son nach biodh sin acasan am Brathainn?

Cha bu ghann féisd is fleadh, ceòl is òl is dannsa.

Bha e mar chleachdadh aice, co dhiubh a bhiodh i leatha fhéin no nach bitheadh, gum biodh teanga mairt aice gu a dìot mhór a h-uile latha deug de'n bhliadhna. Thachair là a bha siud nach robh gin mu làimh is nach robh mart ri fhaighinn. Chaidh an ceòl air feadh na fìdhle. Thòisich am buaireadh is an trod. Chaidh a chead a thoirt do'n chòcaire; fhuair agus Coinneach, ach cha ghabhadh Coinneach cead bhuaipe. Cha b'e a ghnòthach-san e. Cha robh gnòthach aige ri mairt no ri teanga

mairt no, air son sin dheth, ri teanga boireannaich. Leanadh e air an obair a chaidh òrdachadh dha gus an tilleadh a mhaighistir ach, nan togradh i, chuireadh e brath gu Ionachan, oir bha fios aige càit an robh e.

"As m'fhianais thu, fhiosaiche ghrànda," ars ise, agus faodar a bhith cinnteach nach bu ruith ach leum le Coinneach. Chuala Ionachan mar a bha cùisean, agus ciod a rinn e ach trì cheud trì fichead agus còig mairt a thional eadar Cinn-t-sàile agus Loch-Aillse agus an toirt cruinn cothrom cearta còmhla gu Caisteal Bhrathainn!

Ma bha trod a staigh, is ann a bha an truaighe a muigh, fuaim chrodh is chon is dhaoine, bùirich, comhartaich, griosadaich. Gu seòlta dh'fhan Ionachan á fianais. A dh'aithghearr nochd a' bhan-tighearna a mach agus an dearg chuthach oirre. Ciod e an truaighe a bha seo? Càit an robh Ionachan? Cha b'àite féille siud! An robh e a' dol leatha do'n Eaglais Bhrìc, agus ma bha, car son a thug e an siod iad? Leig Ionachan leatha a bhith a' cop-chainnt is a' cur aisde gus na thogair i sgar, agus an sin thàinig e air adhart gu sèimh socrach sìobhalta 'na dheise gheàrr, a bhreacan air a ghuailinn is a bhonaid 'na làimh.

"Fear Mór ort," ars ise, "ciod as ciall dha seo? An ann mar seo a gheall thu do dhleasdanas a dheanamh do do mhaighistir mus d'fhalbh e? A bheil thu as do chiall, ma bha ciall riamh agad?"

"Le bhur cead, a bhan-tighearna," arsa Ionachan, "gheall mise cheana do thighearna Bhrathainn uasal gun cumainn feòil gu leòir ris an taigh, ach, an car an treud chruidh a tha seo—agus tha mi duilich gu bheil iad cho troimh-cheùle—nach 'eil sibh ag iarraidh teanga a h-uile latha air son bhur diota?"

"Tha," ars ise, "agus ciod e dheth sin?"

"Tha," ars esan, "nach 'eil ach aon teanga ann an gin dhiubh seo agus nach 'eil ann gu

léir ach mart mu choinneamh gach là anns a' bhliadhna."

Air cluinntinn seo, dh'athaich i. Chunnaic i cho reusanta is a bha a' chùis agus cho mì-reusanta is a bha e dhi fhéin gum biodh mart air a marbhadh air a son a h-uile latha anns a' bhliadhna, agus air dhàsan òrdugh a thoirt do na buachaille an spréidh a chur do na pàircean mun cuairt dh'fhiahaich i a staigh e, gu mìodalach, gus am faigheadh e drama. Bha teine de chainneal anns an t-seòmar d'an tug i e.

"Nach briagha am fàileadh a tha de'n teine sin, Ionachain?" ars ise.

"Is briagha, gu dearbh," arsa Ionachain; "tha sinn ga fhaireachdainn thall an Cinn-t-sàile."

"O, sin thusa is Cinn-t-sàile," ars ise; "am bi thu gu bràth rium mu Chinn-t-sàile sin? Is mi a tha sgèith dhìbh le chéile! Cinn-t-sàile, Cinn-t-sàile, gu bràth is gu sìorruidh; Sìthphort, Eilean Donnain, agus Tulach-àrd," ars ise, agus i, ma's fìor, a' deanamh gàire beag. Cha robh an gàire bho'n chridhe ach bho'n bheul.

Coma co dhiubh, fhuaire Ionachain an deagh dhrama agus thog e rithe gu sunndach suigeartach. Agus Coinneach? Ah! Coinneach bochd! Air dha beachdachadh air cho deusanta neo-eisimeileach is a fhreagair e i, agus an t-sùil nìmhèil naimhdeil a thug i air, agus gu h-àraid bho nach robh an t-uachdaran aig an taigh, thòisich e air gabhail eagail. "Is ceart cho math dhomh a bhith a' bogadh nan gad," theireadh e ris fhéin; "chan 'eil fhios cìod a dh'fhaodas i a dheanamh orm. B'fheàrr leam gun tilleadh an t-uachdaran." Bha eagal air-san roimhpeise, agus bha eagal oirrese roimhe-san—eagal gum brathadh e i do'n uachdaran. Bha e, 'na beachd, ro-dhùr sàmhach, o chionn ghoirid, a' dol mun cuairt leis fhéin, mar nach biodh e a' cluinntinn no a' faicinn dad. "S e a' mhuc shàmhach as mò a dh'itheas," theireadh i rithe fhéin. "Bheir mise air." Cha b'urra dhi àicheadh nach robh e dileas treibhdhireach, agus sin far an robh an t-olc agus an cunnart dhi. Chreideadh an t-uachdaran a h-uile rud a theireadh e. Tha an t-amharas an còmhnaidh co-cheangailte ris a' chionta. "Bha eagal orm a chionn is gu robh mi lomnochd."

Cha b'ann air Coinneach a mhàin a bha fadal agus an tigeadh an t-uachdaran. Thòisich a' bhan-tighearna cuideachd air fadal a ghabhail. Bha e greis mhór air falbh. Cha robh i a' tuigsinn cìod a bha 'ga chumail. Is e a bha ann an tomhas a' tighinn rithe gu robh i a' fàs sgèith de'n bhuidhinn a bha mun cuairt oirre, fireann is boireann, agus, cleas muinntir na h-Aithne,

bha cìocras oirre ach an cluinneadh i rud-eigin annasach bìr as an Fhraing. Ach mus tigeadh e bha i air son gum biodh féisd is fleadh is aon bhàl mòr eile aca. Bha esan 'ga thoileachadh fhéin anns an Fhraing. Car son nach deanadh iadsan a leithid ceudna aig a' bhaile? Car son, gu dearbh?

Bha pailteas airgid mu làimh, pailteas bìdh de gach seòrsa—iasg, sìdheann, eòin, agus, air son feòla, nach robh na thug Ionachain de chroth an là-roimhe anns na pàircean mun cuairt? Gu dearbh, is e an Sealbh Mór a chuir 'na cheann e, ged nach do shaoil ise sin aig an àm? Bha fìon as an Fhraing ann, agus branndaidh agus uisge-beatha brioghmhor bho'n Tòisigheachd ud thall. Car son nach biodh deoch aca mus theirgeadh na bha ann?

Mar a thubhairt, b'fhìor. Thòisich an othail agus an toileachadh. Fhuaras còcaire Frangach bho dheas. Bha gillean-ruith a null is a nall feadh na dùthcha, a' toirt cuireadh do uaislean na Gaidhealtachd—uachdarain, easbuigean, sagartan, agus ministearan, nan tigeadh iad; cha bu ruith ach leum leis a' chuid mhóir dhiubh, oir cha b'ann a h-uile là a bhiodh mòd aig Mac-an-tòisich.

Chaidh talla na diota mhóir a sgeadachadh mun cuairt le pris de gach seòrsa agus cinn bharrachta fhuidh, dealbh MhicCoinnich fhéin 'na làn dheise gheàrr os cionn preas an t-simileir agus e, mar gum b'eadh, a' cur fàilte air na h-aoghean, agus anns an t-simileir fodha teine mòr de chainneal a' cur, chan e a mhàin blàths, ach fàileadh taitneach cùbhraidh troimh an talla uile. Bha am bòrd mòr còmhdaichte fo cheann gu ceann le tartan Chloinn Choinnich. Anns a' mheadhon bha còinnlear mòr airgid le seachd meòir air, agus coinneal chéir anns gach fear, agus seo gu léir socraichte air sorachan clach-charaiceach le còinnteach oirre. Air cùl suidheachan gach fear bha rìbean tartain a chinnidh fhéin agus air a' bhòrd m'a choinneamh bha a shuaicheantas, agus, air son na bha de fhùlraichean agus de dhosan fraoich a' cur maise air a' bhòrd, cha robh àireamh air.

Sealladh grinn, ach gu h-àraidh an uair a chaidh na soithichean, na botuile de fhion dearg, agus na gloineachan a chur sìos, agus gu h-àraidh àraidh an uair, le sgal na pioba, a thàinig a' bhan-tighearna agus na h-aoghean a staigh, na gillean frithealaidh 'gan treòrachadh gu an àitean suidhe fa leth, a' bhan-tighearna aig an darna ceann agus Fann Fharabroain an àite Tighearna Bhrathainn fhéin aig a' cheann eile.

Sìod far an robh am fuaime bruidhinn, tosa slàinte MhicCoinnich aig fear thall 's a bhos 'ga h-dì—slàinte mhath agus deagh thilleadh aithghearr dha! Nach bochd nach robh e còmhla ruinn, theireadh fear thall 's a bhos,

ach chan 'eil fios nach 'eil e cho math far a bheil e. Is math am fearas-chuideachd tigh-earnan is ban-tighearnan na Frainge. Chunn-acas aige siud gun tàinig rud-eigin de dhathadh air a' bhan-tighearna, agus gu fortanach thàinig am pioaire a staigh leis an taigeis, agus chaidh am fuaim is a' bhruideann is a' bhòilich air adhart mar a bha roimhe, agus mar bu mhò a bha an t-òl agus an ròic a' dol air adhart, is ann bu mhò a' bhòilich, agus theireadh fear an tràth seo is a rithist, "Feumaidh sinn greim fhaighinn air Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche, ach an innis e dhuinn ciod mar a tha a' dol leis an uachdaran chòir. Cha bu chòir a dhiuimhneachadh."

Cha robh dad aig a' bhan-uachdaran mu'n t-seachas, agus gu h-àraidh an uair a shealladh i air a' bhòrd luchdaichte a bha air a beulaibh agus a chuimhnicheadh i air an uamhas chruidh a bha mu'n àite agus mu'n àireamh mhóir a chaidh a mharbhadh dhiubh agus gun sgillinn ruadh a bhith air a phàidheadh fhathast do Ionachan air an son, ach theireadh i, "Cuiridh mi air a shon am màireach agus nì e spòrs dhuinn," agus an sin air dhi gloine mhór eile de fhion òl, "Suas leis an dannsa," ars ise agus a suas gus an t-seòmar mhór a bha os an cionn ghabh i fhéin agus na h-aioigean agus am pioaire air an ceann.

(R' a leantainn)

Obituaries

Mr. Angus White

Mr. Angus White, The Imperial Hotel, Fort William, died on 30th June, a few days before his 60th birthday. A native of Islay, he served in the first world war and was awarded the Military Medal. After some years in Campbeltown he went to Fort William in 1932 and took over the Imperial Hotel.

Mr. White took an active part in the civic and social life of Fort William and neighbourhood. He was elected to the Town Council six years ago and recently became a Bailie of the Burgh.

An ardent member of An Comunn Gaidhealach, he was President of the local branch and had also been a member of the Executive Council and of the northern committees of An Comunn. A well-known personality at the National Mod, he will be greatly missed. He will be missed also by the many friends who enjoyed his hospitality in his own home.

We express our deep sympathy with Mrs. White in her great loss.

Mr. Peter MacCracken MacDonald

A kenspeckle figure at the National Mods. Mr. Peter M. MacDonald, who died early in July, was one of the few links still remaining with the early days of An Comunn and the Mod. He had been a competitor in the early days, and continued to compete until quite recently. He was rich in reminiscences of the early pioneers, and had been for sixty years a life member of An Comunn. We regret his passing and we salute his memory. At the funeral in Girvan, An Comunn was represented by the General Secretary, Mr. Malcolm Macleod.

Gaelic in an Edinburgh School

The Edinburgh Education Committee, as a result of approaches made on behalf of An Comunn Gaidhealach, proposes to begin the teaching of Gaelic in Norton Park Junior Secondary School, if there is a sufficient enrolment of pupils wishing to include Gaelic in their curriculum. The teacher will be Mrs. Murdina Mackenzie, a native of Lewis and a graduate of Glasgow University, and well-known as a regular contributor to the quarterly, *Gairm*. We very much hope that this new venture will be successful.

Glasgow Gaelic Society

At a meeting of the Society on 30th April in the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, Professor Angus Matheson, of the Chair of Celtic in the University of Glasgow, lectured on "Sir James Macdonald of Islay." There was a good audience, who greatly appreciated the lecture, as was shown in the discussion that followed.

National Mod, Inverness, 1957

Mod Entries	Juniors	Seniors
Literary	15	23
Oral	256	92
Solo and Duet	233	450
Choral	42	97
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin)	22	23
Clarsach	—	22
Art and Industry	3	17
Compilation of Music	—	4
	571	728

Total Entries, 1299

Mod Ionadach na Dreolluinne, 1957

AN cuala sibh rianh mu'n bhrìtheamh-chiùil, is e gun fhacal Gàidhlig 'na cheann, aig mòd-eigin ionadail, a bha a' liubhairt a bhinne, mar a b'abhaist, anns a' Bheurla? "Sheinn sibh," ars esan ri a leithid seo de chòisir-chiùil, "Nic Coisearm gu math 's gu ro-mhath, ach ann an aon rud a mhàin. Feumaidh sibh cuimhneachadh gur e òran seilge a th'ann; agus bu mhath leam cluinntinn ann bhuir guthaibh bualadh casan nan each!"

Is ann a chum a leithid sin de amaideachd is de chealgairachd a sheachnadh a bhios Comhairle Shònraichte a' mhòid roimh-aimichte is smùid orra a' cìreadh na h-Albann an t-òir air brìtheamhnan-chiùil iomchuidh: rud a bheir an rùnaire bochd, maol no liath, roimh a àm-san gus an uagh: oir bidh cuid ann a bhios air am fasdadh a cheana, bidh cuid ann a dhiùltas do bhrìgh gum bi e a' feuchainn riu cho tràth 's a' bhliadhna (!), bidh cuid ann nach tig gu àite iomallach nach buin eadhon do'n tìr-mhòir, bidh mòran ann (is iad gu math fòghluimte mu chèol) aig nach 'eil a' Ghàidhlig no gu leòir dhith, no nach bi deònach gu a cur gu feum—agus mar sin air adhart! Ach, mar a their ar seann charaid, an Caipèan MacCormaig (no, 's math dh'fhaoidte, duine glic eile), chan 'eil ann an òran ach sgeulachd air a cur gu ceòl: agus cò a bheirinnicheas a leithid sin mur tuig e ciall a h-uile facail? Agus, mur gabh comhairle toirt anns a' Ghàidhlig, nach bochd an cuideachadh a bheir i do Ghaidheil 's an luchd-èisdeachd?

Ach, le call mòr de a fhallus is de a leann-sgrìobhaidh, chruinnicheadh na leanas a chum "ar cànan 's ar ceòl" a ghleusadh an Tobar-Mhoire, Di-haoine an ceathramh la deug de'n Og-mhios: oir is ann an Tobar-Mhoire a rithist a shocraich a' Chomhairle 'na glocas ar mòd a chumail am bliadhna; agus, a réir coltais, cha tug an comh-dhùnadh sin mìòthlachd air bith do na doideagan Muileach, oir bhuillicheadh rogha na side oirnn fad an latha.

B'i ad seo na brìtheamhnan: cainnt—an t-Urr. Iain MacAoidh, Murchadh Caimbeul, an t-Urr. Tòmas M. MacCalmain, Anna NicIain, Iain A. MacSuain, Dòmhnall MacThòmais; guth-cheòl—Iomhaire Caimbeul, Màiri Chaimbeul NicColla, Iain MacDhòmhnail, Iain A. MacSuain.

Faodar a ràdh gur ann "na Dreòlluinn" (no "A' Chaoil") an da-rìreadh a bha an mòd seo fa-dheòidh am bliadhna: oir (le cead a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich) thàinig fuireann de cheatharnaich as a' Mhorairne, gann ach foghainteach, gu ar creachadh; a thog dòrlach de dhuaisean 's am measg tuilleadh na aon

phrìomh-dhuais, agus a tha sinn an dòchas gun till iad gu bliadhnaile uatha seo air adhart.

Seo ainmean na feadhna a choisinn na prìomh dhuaisean:—

Earrann na h-Oigrìdh

Leughadh roisg (fo 11)—Iain MacGille-Mhoire. Leughadh—Maurice Carnie. Leughadh roisg air a' cheud sealladh—Catriona Nic-Asgail. Ur-aithris air mheomhair—Siùbhan NicLachlainn. Comhradh (Comunn na h-Oigrìdh)—Mairead NicGill-Fhaoilain. Dealbh-chluich (Comunn na h-Oigrìdh)—Feachd Pheighinn-a'-Ghaidheil.

Oran-aon-neach (fo 11)—Màiri NicCoinnich. Seinn "An t-Eilean Muileach" no "Caol Muile" (duaisean le Donnchadh MacDhuinn-shléibhe)—Eachannina Nic Fhionghuin. Oran-aon-neach (balaich, 11-16)—Eòghann MacGille-Mhoire. Oran-aon-neach (cailean, 11-16)—Anna Chaimbeul. Oran-càraid—(co-ionann) Catriona NicAsgail agus Eachannina NicFhionghuin, agus Aoidhrig Bhriggs agus Anna Chaimbeul.

Seinn-aon-fhuaimneach (sgoilean fo dhusan de sgoilearan) — Mòirinnis. Seinn-aon-fhuaimneach (Bun-sgoilean)—An Sàilean Muileach. Seinn an co-sheirm—(co-ionann) Bun-easain agus Peighinn-a'-Ghaidheil. Seinn-aon-fhuaimneach (Sgiath an t-Sàilein Mhuilich, le Còisir Ghàidhlig an t-Sàilein Mhuilich)—Loch Alainn.

Co-fharpaiseach fireannach a b'òige (duais le Seumas MacGaraidh)—Aonghas Caimbeul. Co-fharpaiseach boireannach a b'òige (duais le Seumas MacGaraidh)—Ciordan NicGilleathain.

Earrann nan Inbheach

Leughadh roisg (gun chothrom ullachaidh)—Ealasaid bean Chaluum MhicConaill. Ur-aithris air mheomhair—(co-ionann) Catriona bean Chaillein Mhic-an-Fhleisdeir agus Ciordan bantrach Ghilleasbuig MhicGille-Mhoire.

Mith-òran (boireannaich)—Ciordan bantrach Ghilleasbuig MhicGille-Mhoire. Mith-òran (fireannaich)—Donnchadh MacDhòmhnail. Oran ionadail (boireannaich)—Seònaid NicGille-Mhoire. Oran ionadail (fireannaich)—Donnchadh MacDhòmhnail. Oran-aon-neach taghta (boireannaich)—Seònaid NicGille-Mhoire. Oran-aon-neach taghta (fireannaich)—Alasdair MacEachairn. Oran-mòr (boireannaich)—Catriona bean Chaillein Mhic-an-Fhleisdeir. Oran-mòr (fireannaich)—Eòghann MacLaomainn. Oran-càraid—Ealasaid bean Alasdair Chatanaich agus Màiri bean Alasdair MhicUalraig. Oran-ceathrar—Ceathrar an t-Sàilein Mhuilich.

Còisirean. Seinn air a' cheud sealladh (Cuachdhùbhlain Chalagairaidh le Ile bean a' Chom-mandair Coinneach MacCoinnich)—Bun-easain agus Peighinn-a'-Ghaidheil. Seinn-aon-fhuaimneach—An Sàilean Muileach. Seinn an co-sheirm (An Sgiath Mhuileach, le Anna Màiri nach maireann, bean Nèill Chamshroin, Fear Choille-Chròinain—(co-ionann) Bun-easain is Peighinn-a'-Ghaidheil, agus An Sàilean Muileach.

A. McL.

Provincial Mods

LOCHABER

The Lochaber Mod was held in Fort William on 16th May. The senior competitions attracted disappointingly few competitors, but the junior competitions were very good in point of numbers. The adjudicators expressed satisfaction with the standard of Gaelic and music. The adjudicators were: for music, Mr. J. Curr and Mr. J. L. MacAdam; for Gaelic, Mr. D. J. Maclean, Mr. D. Macleod, Mr. L. Macleod, and Rev. D. Macphail. At the evening concert Mrs. Mairi MacIntyre presented the prizes.

The first-prize winners were:—

Junior Section

Oral. Primary pupils. Reciting poetry—Mairi MacKellaig. Learners—Mairi Mackenzie. Reading prose—Christine Gillies. Learners—Mairi Mackenzie. Verse-speaking (Cameron-Head Trophy)—Kilmonivaig School. 11-13 years. Reading poetry—Catriona MacKellaig. Learners—Mary Stuart. Reading prose—Catriona MacKellaig. Learners—Mary Stuart. 12-15 years. Reading unseen prose—May Maclachlan. Reciting poetry—Anne MacRae. Conversation—May Maclachlan. Killmallie Cuach (for junior orals)—May Maclachlan.

Vocal music. Girls under 12—Maureen Frew. Boys under 12—Keith Miller. Girls, 12-15—Marion Watt and Mary Ann Macdonald (equal). Boys, 12-15—Colin Clark. Girls, 12-15 (own choice)—Mary Anne Mackenzie. Duet—Agnes Bond and Sheila Mackinnon. Solos, 16-18—Mary Campbell.

Choral. Unison (one or two teacher schools only)—Roy Bridge School. Unison (open)—Kilmonivaig School. Harmony (open)—Banavie School.

Senior Section

Oral. Reading unseen prose—George Maclellan. Reciting poetry—Mary Margaret Morrison. Reciting prose—Marion Maclean. Competition arranged by judges and secretary—Marion Maclean. Acted dialogue—Margaret Joan MacInnes and Joan B'aton. Speech—George Maclellan. Sgeulachd—George Maclellan.

Vocal music. Former prize-winners only—(equal) Elizabeth L. Mackinnon and Ronald MacKellaig. Solo singing (ladies)—Anne V. Mackintosh. Men—Thomas MacKenna. Ladies (open)—Anne V. Mackintosh. Men (open)—Thomas MacKenna. Puirt-a-beul—Ronald MacKellaig. Kennedy Fraser song—Elizabeth L. Mackinnon. Duet—Ronald MacKellaig and Elizabeth L. Mackinnon.

Choral singing—Lochaber Gaelic Choir.

Trophies

Junior Verse-speaking (Challenge Trophy)—Kilmonivaig School. Junior Orals (Killmallie Cuach)

—May Maclachlan. Senior Orals (Graham Croll Memorial Trophy)—George Maclellan. Junior solos (under 11) (Mrs. Hobbs Challenge Cups)—Keith Miller and Maureen Frew. Junior solos (girls) (The Arisaig Trophy)—Mary Anne Mackenzie. Junior solos (boys) (The Moffatt-Pender Cuach)—Colin Clark. Senior solos (ladies) (The Lochaber Cuach)—Anne V. Mackintosh. Junior Choirs (unison) (Challenge Cup)—Kilmonivaig Junior Secondary School. Junior Choirs (choral) (Challenge Shield)—Banavie Junior Secondary School.

BADENOCH-STRATHSPEY

The Badenoch-Strathspey Provincial Mod was held at Newtonmore on 17th May, and the younger generation were very much in evidence. The adjudicators were: for Gaelic, Mr. Donald Macleod; for music, Mr. J. A. Curr and Mr. John A. MacRae.

The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Orals. Reciting poetry—Harriet Macdonald, Laggan. Reading—Harriet Macdonald. Psalm-reading—Harriet Macdonald. Conversation—John Finlayson, Newtonmore.

Vocal Music. Solo singing. Girls under 12—Iris Curley, Newtonmore. Boys, 12-17—Jim Miller, Laggan. Under 12 (own choice)—Nigel Fraser, Aviemore. Girls, 12-17—Harriet Macdonald. Boys under 12—Nigel Fraser. Boys and girls, 12-17—Jean George, Nethy Bridge. Duet—Fiona Mathieson and Helen Green, Nethy Bridge.

Choral. Unison—Laggan School Choir. Harmony—Newtonmore Junior Gaelic Choir. Action song—Abernethy School Choir.

Instrumental. Pianoforte playing (12-16)—Kathleen Maclean, Kingussie. Under 12—Brian Fraser, Kingussie. Violin playing (under 12)—Norma Adams, Nethy Bridge. 12-16—Fiona Mathieson, Nethy Bridge. Piping (under 18) (Challenge Cup donated by Mr. William Macdonald, Inverness)—Section A (March): Donald Macdonald, Laggan; Section B (Strathspey and Reel): Donald Macdonald. Practice Chanter (under 14)—Harriet Macdonald.

Senior Section

Literary. Historical notes—Norma Mackenzie, Grantown-on-Spey. Essay—Margot Campbell, Newtonmore.

Orals. Psalm-reading—Margot Campbell. Recitation—Jean French, Newtonmore.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Song by local bard—Alison Ronaldson, Grantown. Former prize-winners—Sigrid Titterington. Solo singing—Georgina Fraser, Grantown-on-Spey. Duet—Marjorie Cooper and Jean French, Newtonmore.

SOUTH-WEST ROSS AND GLENELG

The South-West Ross and Glenelg Provincial Mod was held at Kyle of Lochalsh on 30th and 31st May. There was a very large entry, and it was with difficulty that the programme was carried through in one whole day and the previous evening. The adjudicators were: for Gaelic, Messrs. Hugh Macphie, Donald J. Maclean, John Mackinnon, Alistair Fraser, and Rev. Roderick Macdonald; for music, Messrs. John T. Fyfe, A. A. Soutar, and Eric Watt; for pipe-music, Dr. Allan Macdonald, Pipe-Major Norman Macleod; for art, Miss Chris Macmillan. The Chairman at the Mod Concert was the Rev. R. Diarmid Maclellan, minister of Kintail and formerly Professor of Philosophy in McGill University, Montreal.

The first-prize winners were as follows (D.C.G.S. means Duncraig Castle Girls' School, and P.S.S.S. means Plockton Senior Secondary School):—

Junior Section

Literary. Essay—Janet Robertson, D.C.G.S. Dictation—Janet Robertson. Translation into Gaelic—Janet Robertson. Translation from Gaelic—Catriona Macdonald, D.C.G.S.

Oral delivery. Reading Bible passage—Mina Maclean, D.C.G.S. Reciting "An Coileach" (under 12)—Elizabeth Nicolson, Killilan School. Over 12—Mina Macleod. Reciting Psalm (under 9)—Johan MacInnes, Killilan School. 9.12—Carol MacRae, Killilan School. Over 12—Mairi Mackenzie, P.S.S.S. Conversation: fluent speakers—Cathie Macdonald, D.C.G.S. Learners—Murdo Urquhart, Balmacara. Sgeulachd—Anne Fraser, Kyle School. Verse-speaking: fluent speakers—D.C.G.S. Group. Learners—Killilan School Group.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Girls under 12 (own choice)—Kay Clubley, Kyle School. Boys under 12 (own choice)—Alick Beaton, Kyle School. Girls over 12 (prescribed song)—Catherine Macdonald, P.S.S.S. Boys over 12 (prescribed song)—Kenneth Macgregor, P.S.S.S. Traditional singing—June Gillies, P.S.S.S. Duet singing—Kay and Sheila Clubley, Kyle School.

Choral. Unison and puirt-a-beul—Plockton Senior Secondary School Girls' Choir. Two-part harmony—Duncraig Castle Girls' School Choir.

Instrumental music. Playing Highland airs on pianoforte: under 12—Catherine Mackay, Plockton. Over 12—Miller Frongoun, Kyle. Playing march on practice chanter—Scott Watson, Balmacara House School.

Senior Section

Literary. Original poem—Dolina Mackay, D.C.G.S. Essay—Ishbel Smith, D.C.G.S.

Oral delivery. Reciting "An Uiseag"—Dolina Mackay, D.C.G.S. Sgeulachd—Joan Macdonald, D.C.G.S. Reading unfamiliar prose—Dolina Mackay.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Ladies (own choice)—Sandra Campbell, D.C.G.S. Men (own choice)—Tom Finlay, Dornie. Ladies (prescribed song)—Mary Mackenzie, Kyle. Men (prescribed song)—D. Maclean, Leacanashie. Singing song by local bard—Mary Mackenzie. Former prize-winners—Ina MacRae, Kyle. Duet singing—Jean Matheson and Ann Grant, Kyle. Quartettes—Kyle Quartette "A."

Choral. Unison singing—Kyle Male Voice Choir. Harmony—Kyle Gaelic Choir. Ladies' voices—Plockton Ladies' Choir.

Instrumental. Playing Violin—Don Mackenzie, Plockton. Playing bag-pipes—Samuel Stewart, Plockton.

Art. Needlework tapestry—Mrs. Birkmyre, Plockton. Face towel—Elspeth Mackenzie, Plockton.

Medals and Trophies

Medal for junior literature—Janet Robertson, D.C.G.S. Medal for junior orals—Mina Macleod, D.C.G.S. Cuach for verse-speaking—D.C.G.S. Group. Medal for girls' solos—Cathie Macdonald, P.S.S.S. Medal for boys' solos—Kenneth Macgregor, P.S.S.S. Medal for traditional solo singing—June Gillies, P.S.S.S. Rose-bowl for junior unison singing—P.S.S.S. Girls' Choir. S.W. Ross Junior Challenge Shield for junior choral singing—D.C.G.S. Donald Macdonald Memorial Medal for highest aggregate of marks in senior solos—Mary Mackenzie, Kyle. Margaret Macdonald Medal for ladies' solos—Sandra

Campbell, D.C.G.S. Douglas Memorial Medal for men's solos—Duncan Maclean, Leacanashie. Medal for singing local bard's song—Mary Mackenzie, Kyle. John N. Macleod Memorial Medal for senior solos (former first-prize winners)—Ina MacRae, Kyle. Margrat M. Duncan Cup for senior unison singing—Kyle Male Voice Choir. S.W. Ross Senior Challenge Shield for senior choral singing—Kyle Gaelic Choir.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged	£1,776 18 8
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Dundee Highland Society	10 — —
Ullapool Mod Committee	10 — —
H. Paterson, Esq., Balmacara	2 — —
D. MacLachlan, Esq., Largs	2 2 —
Dr. J. MacLeod, Fraserburgh	1 1 —
Inverness Jumble Sale, 1/6/57	22 5 —
Inverness Ceilidh, 13/6/57	8 18 4

£1,836 15 —

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£119 — 10
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Salen Branch	5 — —
Rev. Angus Duncan, B.D., Edinburgh	1 1 —
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£147 8 4

£1,984 3 4

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£75 17 6
Lochtayside Branch	2 2 —
	£77 19 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£1 2 —
Miss Helen Bell, Edinburgh	— 11 —
	£1 13 —

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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Leabhar LII

AN T-SULTUIN, 1957

Aireamh 9

Inbhir-Nis, Aon Uair Eile

AIR an là mu dheireadh de'n mhìos fosgailear Mòd Nàiseanta na bliadhna-sa ann an Inbhir-Nis, agus tha shùil againn ri mòd soirbheachail an sin.

Chan e sin an salann saor mòd mór a chur air chois anns na bliadhnachan seo, agus chan ann 'nan tàmh a dh'fheumas luchd-ullachaidh a' mhòid a bhith. Tha fir is mnathan èasgaidh an Inbhir-Nis, fìor Ghaidheil an da-rìribh, agus, an uair a chruinnicheas sinn gu fosgladh a' Mhòid, chì sinn toradh an saothrach.

Ach chan iad Gaidheil baile Inbhir-Nis leo fhéin a bheir dhuinn Mòd soirbheachail,

ach na Gaidheil as gach àite. A dh'aindeoin cho cruaidh agus a shaothraicheas cinn-iùil a' Mhòid, chan 'eil an saothair ach dìomhain mur tig luchd-farpais air adhart, òg is sean, agus mur bi luchd-amhairc is luchd-éisdeachd a làthair a chum am misneachadh.

Tha dùil gum bi sluaigh mór cruinn an Inbhir-Nis, agus tha sinn an dòchas, an uair a bhios seachdain a' Mhòid seachad, gum pill gach aon gu a dhachaigh fhéin, làn-thoilichte air son na chuala is na chunnaic e, agus le barrachd uail air gun d'fhuair e mothachadh is dearbhadh as ùr air luach na dileib a bhuineas dhuinn mar Ghaidheil.

Return to Inverness

ONCE again, after an interval of several years, the National Mod returns to the Highland Capital. This year's Mod will have special significance, since on the opening day, 30th September, the official opening and dedication of the Memorial Gates at Cnoc-nan-Ròs will take place.

Cnoc-nan-Ròs, as our readers ought to know, is the headquarters of our Gaelic Youth Movement, Comunn na h-Oigridh. There, every summer, camps and summer schools are held, both for native speakers and learners. There, too, as time goes on, other activities and enterprises will, we hope, be organised, to further the aims of Comunn na h-Oigridh and An Comunn Gaidhealach.

The Memorial Gates commemorate the supreme sacrifice made by so many of our young Highland men and women in the service of our country in the two great wars. The remembrance of their devotion, even unto death, should inspire those that follow after to a like devotion to the fine heritage which is ours as Scots and Gaels.

The history of An Comunn Gaidhealach since its founding in 1891 is one of which we may justly be proud. We can look back upon a fine record of effort and achievement in the furtherance of our aims. We have never lacked wise and forward-looking leaders. At the same time, on a candid review of the past, we cannot but admit that we have not, as an Association,

achieved all that we ought to have achieved, and, indeed, that in certain directions we have failed.

It is but a commonplace to say that this world of 1957 is vastly different from that of 1891. The factors operating against Gaelic are very much stronger, more varied, and more subtle. At the same time, the resources at our disposal are, in many respects, much greater than were those of the Founders of An Comunn.

The question arises, however, whether the time has not come to go very thoroughly into our whole "set-up," and, in the interests of greater efficiency in the use of our resources,

and on a realistic view of the situation in which we have to operate, effect such a re-organisation and re-orientation of our effort as will more adequately meet the requirements of our day. We have reasonably up-to-date premises in Glasgow, Inverness, and Cnoc-nan-Ros; we have a zealous, if under-manned, Staff; and we have a strong nucleus of keen workers, but the odds against us are very great, and we must devise some means of enlisting considerably more, and more active, support, of the kind which does not confine its "enthusiasm" to Mod Week.

Coinneach Odhar

Le Fearchar MacRath nach maireann a bha an Ràtagan

(Air A Leantainn)

CHAN 'eil cainnt agam a chuireas an céill riomhachas an t-seòmair àird agus e a' deardh le làn mhìle de choinnlean céir ann an coinnean airgid, sreath de uinneagan móra air gach taobh, air chor, an uair a bha e laiste, gun saoilte bho'n taobh a muigh gu robh an taigh 'na theime. Eadar na h-uinneagan bha cùrteanan sìoda a' còmhach a' bhalla gu h-ìomlan ach a mhàin far an robh deilbh bhriagha de ainglean, beag is mór, fireann is boireann, a thàinig as an Eadailte. Bha mullach an talla dathte mac-samhail nan speuran, gu h-aotrom gorm, leis a' ghealaich ùir agus na rionnagan air, agus iad cho soilleir is gun saoilte gu robh solus a' tighinn bhuapa.

Bha nì eile do thaobh mullach an t-seòmair seo a bha air leth innleachdach agus annasach. Bha e cruinn mar chearcall air an taobh a staigh agus air a chàradh air cuibhlichean no rud air chor-eigin, air sheòl is gu robh e a' sleamhnachadh an iar beag air bheag, dìreach mar a bha an oidhche a' dol seachad, gu mu dheireadh an robh a' ghealach a' dol fodha anns a' Chuan a Siar agus rionnag na maidne ag éirigh anns an àird-an-ear—cùis mhór smaoineachaidh! Cha robh dad de'n t-seòrsa ud aig Belsasar fhéin, ged bu mhór stròthail e le cuid a athar!

Bha an t-ùrlar de dharach air a locrachadh is air a sgùradh cho mìn is gu robh soillsean dheth. Timcheall ris na ballachan bha cathraichean agus suidheachain de gach seòrsa gun a dhà sam bith dhiubh coltach ri chèile, is iad uile air an cuibhrigeadh le sìoda de gach seòrsa, ach a' chuid a bu mhò dhiubh le tartan Chloinn Choinnich. Faisg air an doras anns an dàrna oisinn agus na b' àirde gu math na an lobhta bha beingean do na fìdhlearan.

Air teachd a staigh do'n chuideachd, thug am piobaire an toiseach sgàil air a' phìob-mhóir

le fonn "Cabair Féidh," agus an sin chaidh na fìdhlearan air ghleus, a' tòiseachadh le "Caill-each Liath Ratharsair," is a lion beag is beag air adhart gu "Ruidhle Thulachain," gus an robh a' chuideachd air fad a' leum is ri òlach mar gum biodh an dearg chuthach orra. Ghabhadh iad an sin anail bheag agus rachadh iad do'n t-seòmair fhiona g'an ùrachadh. Air tilleadh dhaibh thòisicheadh iad air an t-seòl cheudna a rithist.

Ach bha a' ghealach a' tèarnadh gus an iar na's luaithe na bu mhath le eucorach air chor-eigin, agus falbhadar agus thug e bonn airgid do'n àrd-bhuidealair gus an cuireadh e stad air a' ghealach air son treiseig, nì a rinn e. Ach mu dheireadh thall thòisich a' chuideachd a' fàs sgith, agus an là, ge b' oil leis a' ghealach, a' ciaradh, agus is ann an sin a fhuaras a mach mar a chaidh an car a thoirt as a' ghealach agus as a' chuideachd, ach, bho'n bha na h-uile ann an gean math agus deiseil gus a dhol a laighe, cha robh guth m' a dheighinn ach lachan gàireachdha.

Sgap a' chuid mhór de na h-aoghean an sin, ach stad an fheadhainn a b' fhaide bho an taighean fhéin agus chaidh an taigh mu thàmh gu meadhon là. Bha bòrd mór is àrd-onair air an son cùl meadhon-là, agus cluicheadh is cur-seachad de iomadh seòrsa. Chuimhnich a' bhan-tighearna a nis air Coinneach agus, ged bu bheag oirre e, chaidh cur air a shon gus leasachadh spòrs is dibhearsain a dheanamh. Thàinig Coinneach, agus gun fhios aige air thalamh car son a bha i 'ga iarraidh. Dh'òrdaich i drama math dha, agus air dha sìod òl dh'fhaighnich i cuin a chual e á Léodhas, cionnas a bha iad 'gan cleachdadh fhéin bho'n dh'fhàg an t-uachdaran an dùthaich? An d'fhuaradh greim air Dòmhnall Cam fhathast? An robh na buidsichean, na taibhseadairean, agus na fiosaichean cho pailt ann is a bha iad

a riamh? Na biastan grànda, is ann a bu chòir cur as dhaibh!

Fhreachair Coinneach i mar a b'fhèarr a b'urra dha, an uair a gheibheadh e facal a staigh, ach bha e air faicill roimh an daoi. Dh'fhaighnich i an sin an robh sgil sam bith aige fhéin mar siod? Bha i a' cluinntinn gu robh fiosachd aige agus gum biodh e a' faicinn thaibheas is rudan, ged nach robh i a' creidsinn smid dhéith, ach, nam b'urra dha taisbeanadh sam bith de'n t-seòrsa a thabhairt, gum biodh a h-aoghean anabarrach toilichte.

Fhreachair e gu sèimh socrach gu robh sùilean aige agus gu robh e a' faicinn leotha, agus eanchainn gu bhith a' tuigsinn, agus cluasan leis an cluinneadh e, agus mar a chluinneadh e bhiodh e a' toirt breith—buadhan nàdurach a bha aig a h-uile neach, ach nach robh na h-uile a' toirt gu ìre. Cha b'i an aon tàlann a bha aig a h-uile neach, mórán aig cuid, glé bheag aig feadhainn eile, ach is ann a bha a' chùis ciod a bha gach neach a' deanamh leis na bha aige? Air a shon fhéin, bho'n chuir Tighearna Bhrathainn e, mar gum b'eadh, do'n fhionlios, agus sin gu h-àraidh air dha a bhith air falbh, bha e a' deanamh uile dhicheadl agus cùisean a chumail air adhart agus gu ceart, oir dh'fheumadh e cunntas a thoirt air a stiùbhartachd an uair a thilleadh an t-uachdaran.

“O, ro-mhath, ro-mhath,” ars ise, is i a' tilleadh car cas air, “ach is e a bha na h-uaislean is mi fhin air son faighinn a mach a bheil fiosachd agad. Chan 'eil mi a' creidsinn gu bheil dad na's mò na tha aig a' mheasan.”

Cha do chòrd e ri Coinneach gu robh i cho caoin-shuarach 'ga mheas ris a' mheasan ghrànda. “Na tog ceàrr mi,” ars ise, is i a' tionndadh gu grad; “gus a' chùis a chur gu dearbhadh gu bràth, feuch an innis thu dhuinn càit a bheil an t-uachdaran an dràsda?”

“Tha anns an Fhraing,” arsa Coinneach.

“O,” ars ise, “tha fios againn gu léir air a sin as annas t'fhiosachd-sa. Càit a bheil e anns an Fhraing?”

“Tha ann am Paris, is cha b'e sin am Pàrras” arsa Coinneach.

“O, gu dearbh,” ars ise, “agus ciod a tha e a' deanamh an sin?”

“Tha,” arsa Coinneach, “dìreach mar a tha sibh fhéin gu léir a' deanamh an seo, 'ga thoileachadh fhéin.”

Chlìsg a' bhan-tighearna aige seo, le eagal gum brathadh e i, oir mur an robh a céile a' deanamh na b'fhèarr na bha ise a' deanamh troimh an oidhche a chaidh seachad, cha b'fhuillear mar sin e. Cha robh fios ciod a dh'fhaodadh na gillean frithealaidh agus na maighdeanan frithealaidh aice a bhith ag innse m'a deighinn agus mu'n dol a mach a bha aice.

“Ach,” ars ise, is i a' tighinn na b'fhaiseig air le snuadh gàire Iudais oirre, “nach innis thu dhuinn ciod e an dòigh àraidh a tha aige air a bhith 'ga thoileachadh fhéin. Bidh e 'na dhìbhearsan taghte dhuinn an uair a thilleas e a bhith ag innse dha ciod e an dearbh nì a bha e a' deanamh aig a' cheart mhionaid seo,” agus i a' coimhead air a h-uairheadair.

Bha Coinneach car air a leambachadh le a dìorrasachd, agus chuir e roimhe gun dùnadh e a cab le dearbhadh a thoirt dhi air a chomasan. “Tha,” ars esan, agus e a' cur na cloiche r'a shùil, “tha e a' suirghe air ribhinn anabarrach grinn maiseach, agus e air a leth-ghlùn air a beulaibh is a' pògadh a làimhe.”

Cha bu luaithe na dealan as na speuran na loisg i air—“Tha thu tur breugach,” ars ise, “fhiosaiche mhallaichte o'n t-sloc! Chan 'eil fiosachd no fàistneachd agad mu rud ceart sam bith, ach tha thu làn de'n t-Sàtan, agus labhraidh tu dìreach mar a chuireas e romhad, an t-olc a' ruighinn air a' mhaith. Agus chan e sin a mhàin, ach a leithid de ladarnas a bhith agad agus gum canadh tu dad de'n t-seòrsa mu dheighinn MhicChoinnich Bhrathainn, is e cho math dhuit! Thug thu toibheum dha, agus thèid do losgadh mar aon de na buidsichean eile. As m'fhianais thu!” is thilg i an clobha as a dhéidh.

“Tha mi ag iarraidh maitheanas, a chuideachda chridhe,” ars ise, “air son a leithid siud de dhroch-bheairt ghrànda a thoirt a staigh 'nur meas an àite dìbhearsain. Is ann a mhill e a' chuir oirn gu tur. Chan fhaigh mise an cadal gus an cuirear as dha.”

Ged nach b'urra dhaibh ach beag cumail orra fhéin, bha cuid de na bha a làthair a' prìobadh air a chéile, oir bha iad a' creidsinn a h-uile smid a thubhairt Coinneach, agus ged a theireadh e a leithid ceudna mu'n bhan-tighearna cuideachd. Bha a' bhan-tighearna 'ga chreidsinn cuideachd, ged nach robh i a' leigeil oirre gu robh. Is ann a chionn is gu robh an fhirinn aige a loisg i air cho mór, ach, firinn ann no as, bha i toilichte air lethgeul sam bith fhaighinn gus cur as dha, agus cur as dha gu h-aithghearr cuideachd mun tigeadh an t-uachdaran.

Bhòc i mar mhath-gamhainn leis an fhearg, leis an àrdan, agus leis an deamhan, agus bhòidich i is mhionnaich i a rithist is a rithist, air a corp is air a h-anam, air nèamh is air talamh, gun rachadh a losgadh cho luath is a gheibhte rian air.

Bha feadhainn de na h-aoghean, fo bhuaidh na dibhe is na cuirm ghrinn agus le miodal, ag aontachadh leatha agus ag ràdh gum bu chòir cur as do a leithid de spaoith mhallaichte gun dàil sam bith, is ag innse mar a chunnaic cuid-eigin mu mheadhon-oidhche e a' conaltradh ri coltas boc-goibhre le aodann duine

air, agus nach robh teagamh sam bith nach e an Sàtan fhéin a bha ann. Cha robh i a' deanamh dad na b'fheàrr do'n àite na an cur còmhla ri chéile anns an t-sloc gus nach tigeadh plàigh no sgríos air an dùthaich. Ach is còir, gu creideas an Taobh a Tuath, innse gu robh a' chuid a bu mhò fo uamhann ag éisdeachd ri a leithid de bhinn, agus air dhaibh seo a chur an céill dh'fhalbh iad dhachaigh le ball-chrith.

Gheibh baobh a guidhe agus, mar a thubhairt, b'fhìor. Chaidh Coinneach truagh, an ùine gun a bhith fada, a losgadh am baraille tearra air machair a' Chanonaich far a bheil clach, gu a leth anns an ùir, a' comharrachadh an àite. Sgeula borb, truagh, ach is ann a tha an truaighe buileach d'a thaobh, ma's fìor, gu robh cuid de phearsachan na h-Eaglaise a' cur an *amen* ris a' ghnìomh oillteil eagalach. Gheibh baobh a guidhe ged nach fhaigh a h-anam trocair. Fhuair Coinneach bochd a' chuid dheth a losgadh an siud agus chan 'eil teagamh nach d'fhuair a' bhan-bhaobh a cuid fhéin dheth anns an àite anns a bheil i.

Tha e air aithris gun cuala MacCoinnich, is e air an t-slighe dhachaigh gu robh Coinneach ann an gàbhadh uamhasach, agus gun do ghreas e, a' marcachd gu peilear a bheatha gus a thearmadh, ach gu robh e fadalach. Chaill e Coinneach, a dheagh sheirbhiseach dileas treibhdhìreach. Chaill e Coinneach dìreach mar a chaill Rìgh Seumas an Ceathramh Blàr Fhlodainn le bhith a' toirt cus de a aire d'a bhan-tighearnan. Is cruaidh slighe luchd easaontais!

* * * *

ACH a Choinnich, a Choinnich, ciod e an tàmh-neul seo a thàinig ort? Is cinnteach nach e an aois a bha air do bhuidhean oirdhearc an inntinn is corp a lagachadh? No an e gu robh thu air fàs cho beachdail asad fhéin bhò'n bha thu cho fada anns an àite agus cho measail aig an uachdaran is nach deanadh Brathainn fhéin an gnothach as t'aois? No an e gu robh thu air bheachd gun mair an taigh gu bràth? (An uair a thachras seo do neach sam bith, faodaidh e a bhith a' cur a thaighe an òrdugh. Tha a àm an fagus!). Nach tug thu idir an aire cho tur shealmhainn am bitheantas is a tha leac-dorus an taigh-mhóir? Tha e so-thuigsinn, cheana, air dhuit a bhith cho glie is nach do phòs thu riamh, nach tug thu fa-near cho ealamh is a tha rud air boireannach uairbheach àrdanach fhàgail, a dh'aindeoin a briaghaidh is a bòidheachd, mar mhatghamhainn bhò'n deachaidh a cuileanan a reubadh! Ach nach faodadh tu cuimhneachadh air Iesebel, Ataliah, agus Herodias?

Is coma co-dhùbh a nis. Chaidh do thoirt mar dhamh a chum a chasgraidh, agus sin gu tur neochiontach. Na bi a' gearan. Cha do

thachair dhuit ach mar do iomadh fàidh agus feallsanach romhad. Gabh misneachd. Tha thu an deagh chuideachd. Na h-Eiphitic a chunna tu a bhos, chan fhaic thu gu bràth tuilleadh iad. Rinn thusa do dhleasdanas 'nad rian fhéin; na biodh cùram ort. Cha téid thu idir air dhì-chuimhne. Cumaidh na Gaidheil air chuimhne thu. Gu dearbh, "nam bu bhàrd mi fhéin a réir mo dhùrachd, sheinninn dàin dhuit." Ach, O, is mi as lugha a ruigeas a leas. Is ionmholta a thug am fìor-bhàrd agus an lighiche gràdhach, grinn, Seonaid Iarshad-air, iomradh ort. Bi taingeil, gabh fois. Tha do luach-saothrach maille riut agus maille ris-san.

Air do Choinneach tuigsinn nach robh dol as aige bhò'n bhaobh-aimhleas faisg air is a charaid fada bhuaithe, thòisich e air cur a thaighe an òrdugh. Roinn e am bochdanas a bha aige air an fheadhainn a b'fhìor-fheumach mun cuairt air, agus chuir e cuimhneachain bheaga gu fear no dhà de chuideachd a mhàthar an Uige. Bha cuid glé gheur air a' chloich fhaighinn ach cha dealaicheadh e rithe idir. Is e a bha e a' sparradh orra a' chuid a b'fheàrr a b'urrainn dhaibh a dheanamh de na buadhan agus na cotromhan a thug am Freasdal dhaibh, agus gu h-àraidh àraidh an sgeul binn a fhuair iad bhò Chalum-Cille agus a naoimh, agus, nan deanadh iad sin, nach robh an còrr bhuaipa air son tìm no bithbhuantachd. Cha robh ann ach faoineas is leanabas a bhith a' toirt àite do ghiseagan is ghealaich, ùr no sean, fàs galeaich is crìonadh, croinn, làithean àraidh, guthan, bruidaran. Dh'fhoillsich Freasdal a rùn air mhodh sònraichte aon uair, is cha robh an còrr feumail, no, ma bha, gabhadh iad e ball-dìreach uaithe fhéin le iarraidh gu creidmheach. Air a shon fhéin, bha e deimhinn gun buaieadh e mar a chuir e, oir dheanadh Britheamh na talmhainn uile gu ceart.

Air dha an fhianais seo a thabhairt, dh'fhalbh e air feasgar briaghna grianach suas gu mullach Chnuic Fhàireil, a' toirt balachain ìgla a bu toigh leis còmhla ris. Air ruighinn a' mhullaich, sheas e a' coimhead air an dùthaich àlainn mun cuairt, dìreach mar a rinn Màis air mullach Phisgah. Thug e dheth a bhonaid is chrom e a cheann mar urram do'n tìr, ag ràdh rud-eigin ris fhéin. Sheall e an sin gu socrach, beag air bheag, air an dùthaich gu h-ìomlan, leis an aghaidh shèimh fhlatthail ud air. Stad e greis mar seo a' monnhar ris fhéin, ach cha do thuing am balachan dad, ach gun cual e rud-eigin mu'n "tìr mhath sin agus Lebanon." Shuidh e an sin air oisinn de'n charrag leaghte a bha an oir an t-seann dùin. Ach có a thog an dùn, theireadh e ris fhéin, agus có a loisg e? Is cinnteach gu robh am fear a thog e ag ràdh ris fhéin, "Mairidh an dùn seo mìltean de

bhliadhnachan.” Ach bha e dochair. Chaidh an dùn a losgadh o chionn fhada, dìreach mar a thèid an saoghal mòr fhéin ’na smàl is a leaghar na dùilean le dian-theas.

“Is ceart cho dòcha,” arsa Coinneach ris fhéin, “gur ann mar seo a chuireas as dhomh fhéin cuideachd.” Ach, a’ cur nan smuaintean sin bhuaithe, b’heachdaich e air a’ charraig leaghte, agus thàinig fodha gur e an Fhéinn a thog an dùn agus gur e na Lochlannaich a loisg e. An sin smuainich e air Fionn agus an Ciuthach, connspaidean eadar na Gaidheil agus na Goill, connspaidean eadar na fineachan Gaidhealach fhéin, Clann Dòmhnail is Clann Choinnich, connspaidean anns an robh làmh aige fhéin ’na ghille òg.

Air togail a chinn chunnaic e am balachan a’ ruith tormachan-dì, agus air ball bha e ’na bhalachan beag am Baile na Cille, a’ cluich mun cuairt air a mhàthair, an t-acras a’ tighinn air is i a’ toirt mìr de aran eòrna dha, agus, O, is e a bha milis! Air uairean bhiodh e a’ spùilleadh nid sheillean, a’ deoghal na meala e fhéin is a’ toirt cir nan seilleanan anabaich do “Chonas,” an cuilean beag ruadh, is thigeadh snuadh ghàire air. Air uairean bhiodh e a’ ruith nam breac ann an linne Bhoronais; air uairean a’ snàmh, an uair a bhiodh a’ mhuir a staigh; air uairean a’ camanachd air an Tràigh Mhóir no Tràigh nan Srùban còmhla ri balaich Chrabhlasta.

O, siod far an robh na làithean sona! Ciod e a thug air Uige fhàgail a riamh, a riamh? Ciod? Chuimhnich ead e an sin air a’ chloich a thug a mhàthair dha a fhuair i bho’n Bhan-phrionnsa anns a’ chladh, an cladh anns a bheil i a nis, brònag, i fhéin bho chionn iomadh latha. Agus chuireadh e a làmh ’na phòcaid far an robh a’ chlach. “Clach mo dhunaidh,” theireadh e; “ged as mi a dh’fhalbh togarrach leat a shireadh an fhortain, b’fheàrr dhomh nach fhaca mi a riamh thu.”

Chuir e a’ chlach ri a shùil, agus càit an robh e a nis? Cha b’ann an Uige a bha e idir? Is ann a bha e a’ coimhead a null rathad an Eilein Duibh. Cha robh e a’ faicinn dad mì-nàdurach no mì-àbhaisteach an toiseach, ach a dh’athghearr chunnaic e coltas spùt mòr ceò ag éirigh bho thaobh cùil an eilein, taobh a’ Chonachaich, agus aig an àm cheudna, mar gum biodh an teine air a chraiceann ghrad thàinig e chuige fhéin is ghrad thug e a’ chlach bho a shùil is a cheart cho grad sin dh’fhalbh an ceò agus faireachadh an teine. Dh’fhàg an rud a bha ann greann grànda agus geilt air.

Ghàirm e air a’ bhalachan, agus, a’ breith air làimh air, chrom iad le chéile, ach anns an fhalbh stad e agus sheall e aon uair eile agus, a’ toirt dhèid a bhonaid, chrom e a cheann

agus, na deòir a’ ruith bho a shùilean, ghuidh e beannachd—am beannachd deireanach— leis an dùthaich mun cuairt. Gu tiamaidh trom an sin theirinn iad agus, a’ dol seachad taobh Loch Uaisid, thilg e a’ chlach le a mhollachd oirre far a bheil agus far am bi i greis mhath mus tèid mise ’ga h-iarraidh.

Soraidh leat, a Choinnich, an dèidh do chuid de thrioblaidean, tha mi am beachd gun d’fhuair thu gu tur seachad orra agus gu bheil thu a nis thu fhéin, do mhàthair, a’ Bhan-phrionnsa agus a leannan, a’ sùgradh còmhla ann an Tir nan Og. Meal an naidheachd! Ach, mus dealaich sinn, bithidh tu toilichte a chluinntinn gum bi mi fhin gu tric mar a bhiodh tu fhéin am chadal is am dhùisg thall an Uige. Uair de na h-uairean is mi air mullach Aoirmal ag amharc a mach bun a’ Bhàigh, faicear eilean briagha uaine far nach bu chuimhne leam eilean fhàicinn a riamh.

Ghabh mi uamhas. Cha b’urra dhomh mo shùilean a chreidsinn, ach cearta còmhla bhuail chugam nach robh mi air mo mhealladh idir; gur e an Tir-fo-thuinn a bha ann, air tighinn an uachdar car sealain, agus, nan robh rud-eigin again a thilginn oirre, nach rachadh i fodha tuilleadh. O, arsa mise rium fhin, nach bochd nach robh làn mo dhùirn de ùireach ghlan Bhuail-an-dotair ud thall agam gu a thilgeadh oirre. Chrom mi ach am faighinn rud-eigin, ach air togail mo chinn cha robh eilean no dad ri fhàicinn—dad, ach na h-Eileanan Flatnach, fada a muigh far an robh iad a riamh.

Bi daoine air leth glic ’nam barail fhéin, a Choinnich, a’ magadh ormsa air sòn a bhith a’ toirt creideas do nì cho faoin ri Tir-fo-thuinn, ach na cùmhnadh iad! Tha fios agadsa agus agamsa gur ann fo thuinn a bha an talamh gu léir air tús gu an d’òrdaich Freasdal air a chaochladh iad. Agus chan e sin a bhàin, ach tha feallsanaich mhóra mar Phlato a’ toirt iomradh mu Thir-fo-thuinn agus is e “Atlantis” an t-ainm a bha aca oirre is a tha oirre gun là an diugh. Troimh a bhith a’ faicinn eileanan an siod is an seo anns a’ Chuan a Siar agus troimh a bhith a’ faighinn a mach gu bheil an cuan fhéin na’s doimhne air sòn astar mòr a mach bho thaobh an iar Africa na tha e an àitean eile am bitheantas, tha daoine fògluimthe air bheachd gun d’islicheadh slige uachdarach na talmhainn an siud le crith-thalmhainn mhóir agus gun do dhòirt a’ mhuir a staigh g’a chòmhdach, ach far an robh beanntan fìor-àrd; agus nach ’eil e fìor-reusanta a chreidsinn gur ann an àm na tuile ri linn Noah a thachair e, an uair nach b’e a mhàin gu robh tuil-dhòrsan nan nèamhan air am fosgladh, ach mar an ceudna uile thobraichean na doimhne mòire air am briseadh suas, a’ sgaradh, an measg rudan

eile, an Roinn-Eòrpa bho Africa agus na h-Eileanan Breatannach bho'n Roinn-Eòrpa.

Ma bha daoine anns na cèrnaidhean an iar aig an àm, mar a tha mi a' creidsinn gu robh, nach 'eil e so-thuigsinn gum biodh iad a' cuimhneachadh air tachartas cho uambasach is a' smuaineachadh is a' dùrachadh gun tigeadh, maith dh'fhaoidte, am fearann an siud an àird a rihist mar air tùs. Tha e so-thuigsinn agus so-chreidsinn gur ann mar sin a dh'èirich an creideas ann an Tìr-fhuinn an toiseach, agus lean an aithris gu an là an diugh am measg Ghaidheal. Tha aon nì eile ri ràdh d'a thaobh agus is e sin seo. Mur d'fhuair na Gaidheil greim air mìr d'beth a riamh air an taobh seo de'n chuan, fhuair iad fìor ghreim math air an taobh eile, an America, far nach deachaidh an talamh riamh fodha.

Ach cha do sguir mo mhac-meanmnain le siod. Uair eile, is mi 'nam shuidhe, air mullach Ghob Dhéideal a' beachdachadh air an t-sealladh àlainn mun cuairt, Leathad Fheothal air an darna taobh, Cnoc Fheothal agus Boronais air an taobh eile, agus an Tràigh Mhór mhìn a' sineadh eatorra, is na tuinn a' tighinn a staigh bho'n chuan shiorruidh, a' sìor thighinn is a' sìor bhriseadh le gàire air a' ghaimhich ghil fodham, am measg neòil bhriagha bhuidhe bha a' ghrian a' teàrnadh gu iomall a' chuain.

Dhearca mi gu math oirre, oir bha mi air mo lìonadh leis an t-sealladh ghlòrmhor, ach ciod, ciod siod a tha mi a' faicinn 'na cuideachd? Ciod ach Tìr nan Og, tìr sin mo ghràidh! Fo dheàrnadh na gréine tha a beanntan a' coimhead cho binneach àrd uaine, le an sliosann làn de choille agus fhìon-lìosan agus a glinn còmhdaichte le arbhar gu iomall nan sruth-chlaisean anns an ùrlar; còin ag itealaich is a' cuibhlig-eadh mun cuairt anns na speuran; eich is crodh is caoraich is fiadh-bheathaichean na machrach a' gluasad gu seimh am measg a

chéile, gun eagal gun umhail; an t-uann a' laighe sìos ri taobh an leòmbainn. An tìr bheannaichte, arsa mise rium fhìn; is truaigh nach mise a bha ann!

Cha bu luaithe a thubhairt na chunnaic mi cuideachd mhór de shlugh a bha a' gabhail seachad a' grad thionndadh agus le an aghaidhean flathail a' geur-amharc orm thar bharrabh nan tonn agus 'gam chuireadh a null chuca. Thig, deir iad, gu Tìr nan Og. Tha thu fada gu leòir an sin. Ciod e do ghnòthach-sa tuilleadh ri iodhalan? Tha thu sean. Thig gu Tìr nan Og. Thig, fhir chridhe. Dh'aithnich mi guth mo mhàthar. Las mo chridhe is las mo shùilean air chor is gum faca mi mun cuairt oirre mòran de mo sheann chàirdean is eòlaich a bha air dol a null o chionn fhada, mòran a dh'aithnich mi is mòran nach d'aithnich mi, agus iad uile cho àillidh gràdhach agus iad 'gam shìor chuireadh do Thìr nan Og. Thig, lean iad, gu tìr gun airc, gun ghoirt, gun ghainne, tìr a tha a' sìleadh le mil agus bainne; tìr gun leòn, gun bhòrn gun bhàs; tìr anns nach can am fear àiteachaidh, Tha mi tinn; tìr anns a bheil sìth, slàinte, sòlas, sonas, agus solus sìorruidh, oir is e Dia féin as grian ann. Thig, thig, fhir chridhe, na dean maille!

Leis an sin ghluais iad air adhart a' bualadh thromaidean is chlèrsaichean, a dh'ionnsaigh aitreibh dhealraich a bha beagan air adhart romhpa, agus thàinig an aon cheòl as binne a chuala cluas a riamh chugam 'gam thàladh is 'gam tharraing 'nan dèidh mar le còrdaibh gaòil. Thogair mi falbh, ach mheataich mi.

Chaidh a' ghrian fodha, agus bha an sealladh seachad. Cha robh agam ach mo bhreacan a shuaineadh umam, am breacan a rinn mo mhàthair dhomh. Agus an sin chaidh mi a null gu Creag a' Chiuthaich.

[A' CHRIOCH]

The Flowers of Edinburgh

AS all know, Donnachadh Bàn directed his song, "Cumha Coire A' Cheathaich," to be sung to the air, "The Flowers of Edinburgh," a well-known Lowland tune. Nearly all the bard's songs are avowedly attached to pre-existing melodies, and in the main his selection is happy, but in the present instance his good taste appears to have deserted him—his choice is incongruous. The air is a sprightly dance, one long popular in the Donnachadh Bàn country, where we have heard it scores of times but never once have we heard "Cumha Coire A' Cheathaich" sung.

The known history of the tune is short. It first appeared in "A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes," etc., by "James Oswald,

musician in Edinburgh." There is no date. This collection is in three parts, and the complete volume is said to have been issued in 1742. The air, "Flowers of Edinburgh," appears in part II, under the title of "My love's bonny when she smiles on me." From its rhythm I take this to be the first line of a song, and it should not surprise me were I to be told that the words of the song were written by Allan Ramsay and were set to music by his friend Joseph Mitchell, author of the Ballad-Opera "Highland Fair," which was staged successfully in Edinburgh about 1731. Mitchell published two volumes of miscellaneous poems. It may be noted that Allan had strong leanings towards the theatre.

Oswald again published the tune in his "Caledonian Pocket Companion," issued about 1750, this time appearing under the title of the "Flowers of Edinburgh," apparently the name of a song. Allan Cunningham prints some stanzas of a song which he says is the one in question. It is evidently a Jacobite one, the Prince appearing in the guise of an absent lover:—

My love was once a bonnie lad;
He was the flow'r of a' his kin;
The absence of his bonnie face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.

The melody here is a lament and long remained very popular in the Capital, and this may be the simple explanation of why Donnachadh Bàn selected it as the air to his song, "Cumha Coire A' Cheathaich." We do not know when the poet composed his song, but it was in all probability during his Edinburgh days. It is an easy matter to alter the tempo of a tune. The same air does duty for the "Land of the Leal" and the martial "Scots

wha hae"; the only difference is that the tempo is changed, and someone has changed the tempo of the "Flowers of Edinburgh" to dance time.

It has been claimed that the "Flowers" were the magistrates. This may be doubted. The Jacobites were hardly likely to bestow such a charming epithet on their avowed enemies; rather we think the "Flowers" were the ladies of Edinburgh, more especially those with Jacobite feelings.

The Ettrick Shepherd took down from the singing of old Lizzie Lamb, cottager at Ladhope on Yarrow, a song to this air entitled "To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads." It is an intensely Jacobite one in a strong martial strain.

On the whole, then, we think that Donnachadh Bàn selected this air for his song when it was popular as a lament and, if so, what seems a lapse of taste on his part disappears.

J. E. S.

"Scottish Studies"

WE are glad to welcome, albeit belatedly, the new Journal of the School of Scottish Studies, Edinburgh. Issue No. 1 appeared in January last, and runs to over 150 pages. The journal is published twice yearly by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, Ltd., Edinburgh, and the annual subscription is £1.

Professor J. Orr writes about the origins and purpose of the School of Scottish Studies in the University of Edinburgh. It was founded in 1950, with the aid of a grant from the Carnegie Trust, to deal with the following fields of investigation: archaeology, information for maps of prehistoric and historic Scotland, the collection of place-names from both documentary and oral sources, the collection of oral traditions from all parts of Scotland, the study of the European and other affinities of music in Scotland, field studies in social anthropology, and the study of Scots law.

It may be recalled that the Folklore Institute of Scotland was founded by a few enthusiasts in 1947, with similar but more restricted aims, and, despite its lack of financial backing, inadequacy of equipment, and fewness of field-workers, it has made many hundreds of recordings of Gaelic folk-songs and folk-tales and other material.

The staff of the School of Scottish Studies at present consists of a Secretary-Archivist; Collectors for Folklore, Folk-song and Folk-music, both Celtic and Scots, and Material Culture; workers in Social Anthropology and Place-

name Study; and a technical staff consisting of a Manuscript Indexer, Technician, Draughtsman-Illustrator, and Secretary-Typist. The School is located at Nos. 27 and 28 George Square, Edinburgh, where also are accommodated the Linguistic Survey of Scotland and the staffs of the two dictionaries, the Scottish National and that of the Older Scottish Tongue.

Stewart F. Sanderson, Secretary-Archivist, writes in detail on the work of the School. In the field of Folk Music, we are told, about 5,000 Gaelic songs and about 3,000 ballads, bothy-ballads, and children's songs in Scots have been recorded. In this work of collection great help can be given by volunteers in the various districts. To show what one enthusiast can do, we are told that in the past three years Mr. Donald John Macdonald, Peninerine, South Uist (son of the late Duncan Macdonald), has collected over 6,000 MS. pages of material, from his own and neighbouring townships. His collection includes lists of place-names; detailed accounts of customs, practices, and beliefs; descriptions of techniques and methods of work with sketches of house-types, out-buildings and implements; the texts of some hundred folk-songs; "and a surprisingly large number of international folk-tale types, in addition to local legends and heroic tales and lays." We echo the hope expressed "that other collectors in other islands and on the mainland of Scotland will come forward to

emulate the work done by Mr. Donald John Macdonald."

Dr. Reidar Th. Christiansen, formerly Professor of Folklore in the University of Oslo, who, incidentally, helped to inaugurate the Folklore Institute of Scotland by delivering a public lecture in Glasgow, writes about "Scotsmen and Norsemen: Cultural Relations in the North Sea Area." This is a fascinating article, as one might expect from the author of "The Vikings and the Viking Wars in Irish and Gaelic Tradition."

Betty M. W. Third, Lecturer in Geography at Aberdeen Training College, writes about "The Significance of Estate Plans and Associated Documents." "The Plough in Scotland" is dealt with by Ragnar Jirlow and Ian Whitaker. Various types of implements are illustrated, including the "cas-chrom," which, by the way, is still in use in the Highlands. The reviewer used to plant quite large areas of potatoes with it some thirty to thirty-five years ago.

The only Gaelic item is "Am Ministear agus an Claban," a tale recorded by Calum I. Maclean from a travelling tinsmith at Muir of Ord in 1955.

Probably the most interesting article for the Gaelic reader is that by James Ross on "A Classification of Gaelic Folk-song." This is an "attempt to isolate and briefly identify the main types that are found in the oral song-poetry of Gaelic Scotland." Using the criteria of "theme, structure, folk aetiology, and function," Mr. Ross devises "a system of classification." This is an excellent piece of pioneer work.

This first publication of the School of Scottish Studies sufficiently indicates both the scope and the necessity of the work with which it is concerned, and it is to be hoped that the public will give it all the support possible, not the least part of which support will be the purchasing of "Scottish Studies."

The Scottish Highlands

W. R. Kermack, the author of "Historical Geography of Scotland" and "Here's Scotland's Story," has further earned our gratitude by writing "The Scottish Highlands: A Short History (c. 300-1746). The book, which runs to 157 pages and has five maps, is published by W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh, and costs 9/6.

In the Foreword, the author states: "In spite of popular interest in the subject, no short account of the history of the Scottish

Highlands is readily available. I have tried to give such an account, making use of the fresh material that has appeared within recent years."

In fifteen chapters the whole complicated story of Highland history, from the time of the Romans until Culloden, is skilfully narrated. Some of the older and bigger Histories of the Highlands present us with masses of facts and alleged facts with little attempt to help us see them in their proper setting. In this little book there are facts, but the great movements and trends are not lost sight of in a mass of details. Foot-notes indicate the main sources from which the author has drawn. Perhaps more might have been said about the social and cultural life of the Highlands, but in a small book it is difficult to do justice to all aspects of the subject.

This book might well be placed in every school library in Scotland.

School Magazines

We are glad to have received copies of the 1957 issues of Inverness Royal Academy Magazine and Oban High School Magazine. Both maintain their high standard of content and production, and both are illustrated. Much of the material, of course, is of interest primarily to present and former pupils of these schools. Our interest is mainly in the Gaelic contributions.

In both schools, as we in An Comunn have reason to know, the teaching of Gaelic is in most competent hands, and both schools have as their Rectors distinguished Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. We are not surprised, then, at the place given to Gaelic in these magazines, nor at the quality of the contributions. We are grateful for permission to reprint some of these Gaelic items in our own magazine. We sometimes wonder, however, what happens to those young Gaelic writers of prose and verse, who write so well in their school magazines and, having passed on from school, seem to write no more. *An Gaidheal* will always be glad to have their help.

Mur b'e an reodhadh, threabhtheadh gach tìr.

* * * * *
Mur tìg an rìgh, nach fuirich e.

* * * * *
Sgoiltidh sùil a' chlach.

* * * * *
Sgoiltidh farmad na creagan.

* * * * *
Théid neart thar ceart.

Provincial Mods

LORN, MORVEN, and MULL

This Mod was held at Oban on 7th June, and there were large audiences and an encouraging number of entries, especially in the solo-singing competitions. The adjudicators were: for music, Miss Evelyn Campbell; for Gaelic, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Rev. Dr. M. K. Macleod, and Rev. D. MacCallum. At the Mod Concert the Right Rev. Kenneth Grant, Roman Catholic Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Athol Robertson.

The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Oral. Recitation, prescribed (under 12)—Catherine Carter. 12-16—Jessie MacNeill. Reading, prescribed (under 12)—David Macleod. Reading at sight—Jessie MacNeill. Reading prescribed piece: 1st year secondary—Irene Potter; 2nd year secondary—Sandra Mason; 3rd year secondary—Mary E. Campbell. Reading (learners under 14)—Mary MacMillan. Narrating Story—Iain Potter. Verse-speaking by groups—Oban High School "B."

Vocal Music. Solo singing (own choice): 9-12—Catherine Carter. Own choice: boys—Archie Mackenzie. Own choice: girls—Marion Gordon. Own choice: under 9—Ann MacGillivray. Prescribed song: boys and girls—Marion Gordon. Duet—Isobel and Christine Ferguson. March, strathspey, and reel—Catherine May Troup.

Choral singing. Unison. Prescribed songs (12-17)—Oban High School Gaelic Choir. Under 12—Rockfield School Choir. Two-part Harmony (12-17)—Oban High School Gaelic Choir.

Senior Section

Oral. Recitation (prescribed)—Fiona MacLaren. Reading at sight—Kathleen Mackinnon. Dialogue—Mrs. M. Gilchrist and Mrs. C. Potter.

Vocal Music. Solo singing. Own choice (male voices)—John Allan Maclean. Female voices—Fiona MacLaren. Prescribed song—Donald McLarty. Puirt-a-beul—Ian Campbell. Former pendant-winners—Elizabeth Cattanach. Duncan Ban song—Elizabeth Cattanach. Gold pendants for solo-singing—Fiona MacLaren and Donald McLarty. Duet—Ann Muir and Fiona MacLaren. Quartette—Oban Gaelic Choir Quartette "C."

SKYE

The Skye Provincial Mod was held at Portree on 11-12 June. The adjudicators included Mr. Francis Collinson (for music) and Rev. John MacDougall (for Gaelic). The first-prize winners were as follows ("P.S.S." means "Portree Secondary School"):

Junior Section

Literary. Elementary schools: translation—Donald Lamont, Kensaleyre. 1st year, post-qualifying course (story and translation)—Archie A. Stewart, P.S.S. 2nd and 3rd years, post-qualifying courses (essay and translation)—Murdo A. Gillies, P.S.S.

Oral. Reading poetry (under 14)—Catherine Campbell, P.S.S. Reading at sight (elementary schools)—Donald C. Mackinnon, Struan. Junior secondary pupils—Morag A. Macdonald, P.S.S. Reciting (prescribed)—Eileen Campbell, Bernisdale. Reciting seulgachd—Janet M. Nicolson, P.S.S. Original Gaelic talk—Marion C. Beaton, P.S.S. Pendants for highest aggregates in orals: girls—Janet M. Nicolson; boys—Donnie Mackay and Murdo A. Gillies (equal).

Vocal music. Solo singing (own choice), girls under 12—Sheila MacRae, Portree. Boys under 12—Scoras MacInnes, Ardvassar. Prescribed songs: girls, 12-16—Jean A. Macleod, Staffin. Boys, 12-16—Ian Maclean, Portree. Former first-prize winners—Ann Macleod, Portree. Duet—Margaret Michie and Flora Nicolson, Portree. Silver pendants: girls—Jean A. Macleod, Staffin; boys—Ian Maclean, Portree.

Choral. Two-part harmony—Portree Junior School Choir. Unison—Staffin Junior Secondary School Choir. Unison (choirs trained by local teacher) (Viewfield Cup)—Staffin J. S. School Choir. Action song—Portree Junior School Choir. Skeabost Targe (for highest aggregate)—Portree Junior School Choir.

Senior Section

Oral. Telling unpublished story—Joan M. Macdonald, P.S.S. Reciting poem—Joan M. Macdonald. Dialogue—Joan M. Macdonald and Chrissie Macdonald.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Female voices (own choice)—Ina MacLennan, P.S.S. Male voices—Calum Matheson, Portree. Male and female voices—Mrs. Annie Thompson, Portree. Girls, 16-18—Morag Mackenzie, P.S.S. Skye song—Mrs. Annie Thompson. Traditional song (equal)—Elizabeth Morrison and Mrs. Annie Thompson. Puirt-a-beul—Morag Mackenzie. Gold pendants: female voices—Avril Hetherington; male voices—Calum Matheson. Duet—Morag Mackenzie and Mary Macpherson. Quartette—Portree School Quartette "A."

Choral. Female voices—Portree School Girls' Choir. Prescribed songs—Portree School Choir. Unison—Portree School Choir.

LEWIS

The Lewis Provincial Mod was held at Stornoway on 13-14 June. The principal adjudicators were: for Gaelic—Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon and Mr. Alasdair Fraser; for Gaelic—Mr. J. Gilmour Barr and Mrs. Maureen Tomison. The first-prize winners were as follows:—

Junior Section

Under 12 years. Reading from Bible—John Macdonald, Doune Carloway. Recitation—Christine Macleod, Doune Carloway. Sgeulachd (unpublished) (under 15)—Margaret MacIver, Sandwickhill.

Under 16. Reading from Gaelic Reader II (12-15)—Mary A. MacMillan, Lemreway. Reading at Sight (12-15)—Mina Montgomery, Lemreway. Recitation and conversation—Willina Macleod, Aird.

Recitation of verse (Nicolson Institute). 1st year—Norma MacIver. 2nd year—Kenina Paterson. 3rd year—Betsy Morrison. Reading at sight (Nicolson Institute). 1st year—Norma MacIver. 2nd year—Kenina Paterson. 3rd year—Donald J. MacIver.

Vocal music. Under 12. Solo singing (girls, prescribed)—Grace MacArthur, Laxdale. Boys, prescribed—Iain A. Murray, Tong. Girls (own choice)—Joyce Gillies, Sandwickhill. Boys (own choice)—Iain A. Murray, Tong. Boys and girls under 8—Berta Jack, Nicolson Institute.

Under 16. Solo singing. Girls, prescribed—Margaret A. Paterson, Nicolson Institute. Boys, prescribed—Kenneth Henderson, Nicolson Institute. Girls (own choice)—Shona Morrison, Tarbert and Gladys Gooch, Nicolson Institute (equal). Boys (own choice)—Kenneth Henderson, Nicolson Institute. Unpublished songs, boys and girls under 16—Shona

Morrison, Tarbert. Duet—Christine Wood and Shona Morrison, Tarbert.

Choral. Under 13. Unison—Cross School. Own choice (four-teacher schools and over)—Lionel. Three-teacher schools and under—Cross. Boys (own choice)—Bayble. Under 16. Two-part harmony (prescribed)—Nicolson Institute. Unison (prescribed)—Tarbert. Own choice (rural schools—Tarbert. Songs with action or playlet with song—Nicolson Institute "B."

Silver pendants: girls—Gladys Goodge, Nicolson Institute. Boys—Kenneth Henderson, Nicolson Institute.

Senior Section

Oral. Reading at sight—Christina Macdonald, Nicolson Institute. Reciting verse or prose—Ina Graham, Nicolson Institute.

Vocal music. Solo singing. Ladies, prescribed—Margaret Crockett, Stornoway. Ladies (own choice)—Margaret Crockett. Male voices, prescribed—Murdo Morrison, Balalain. Male voices (own choice)—Murdo Martin, Airidh-bhruaich. Gold pendant finals: ladies—Margaret Crockett; men—Murdo Morrison. Former prize-winners—Zandra Watt, Laxdale. Prescribed song, ladies (16-19)—Catherine MacArthur, Coulregrein. Quartettes—Stornoway Gaelic Choir "A."

Choral. Mixed voices—Stornoway Gaelic Choir. Ladies' voices—Lochs Ladies' Choir. Male voices (own choice)—Stornoway Male Voice Choir. Unison—Laxdale Male Voice Choir.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged	£1,836 15 —
Mrs. MacKellaig, Morar —Whist Drive	11 — —
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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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AN DAMHAR, 1957

Aireamh 10

Sgeul A' Chiuthaich

Le Fearchar MacRath nach maireann a bha an Ràtagan.

A IMSIR chéin roimh seo bha triùir bhràithrean d'am b'ainm na Ciuthaich a' còmhnaidh air taobh a siar Eilean Leódhais—fear an Dùn Bhoronais aig iomall Tràigh Mhór Uige, fear an Dùn na Beirbhe aig Tràigh na Rife, agus fear an Dùn Chàlabhaigh—famhairan móra, fiadhaich, borba a bha a' deanamh móran ainneirt air slugh na dùthcha mun cuairt.

Aig an ám chéin cheudna bha Fionn agus an Fhinn 'nan làn inbhe is neart a' dìon taobh an iar Alba is na h-Eireann bho throm-spùilleadh agus léir-sgríos nan Lochlannach, agus chan 'eil teagamh nach ann le rùn na Ciuthaich a thoirt fo smachd agus chis a thàinig iad mun cuairt Leódhais gu Bàgh Uige, far an do thrus iad na siùil agus an do leag iad an acraichean.

Siod far an robh an sealladh grinn—cabhlach eireachdail nam Fiann, làn mhìle dhiubh, agus an croinn mar choille air slìos nam beann ag aomadh fo onfhadh nan tonn.

Champaich na seòid air machair Eadar-dhàfhadhail mu choinneamh Dùn Bhoronais. Dàsanta ge robh an Ciuthach, chan 'eil teagamh nach do thòisich e air eagal a ghabhail.

Chuir Fionn a armailt an òrdugh, gach buidheann dhiubh fo a ceannard agus a brataich fhéin, agus e fhéin le a chlogaid àird air a cheann, làireach mhàilleach a' falach a chneas, Mac-an-luinn, nach d'fhàg fuidheall beum a riamh

gun ghearradh, a' deàlradh mar dhealan air a shlios, agus Deò-gréine shuas anns na neòil a' seòladh thairis orra uile gu léir.

An sin chuir e, mar a b'abhaist da, fear a thairgse cùmhachan sìthe do'n Chiuthach. Riutha seo gabh an Ciuthach gu h-ealamh, seòlta, air dha lionmhorachd, òirdhearcais, agus móralachd nam Fianna a thoirt fa-near.

Aoibhneach a chiònn is gun deachaidh leotha cho math, agus sin gun dortadh fala, sgap an Fhinn car greis, a' chuid mhór dhiubh do'n bheinn sheilg agus Osgar le Mac-an-Luinn, claidheamh a sheanar, agus fear iomchair airm sìos gu beanna Bharabhais far an robh seann fhear-eòlais dha a' fuireach.

An uair a dh'fhidir an Ciuthach seo, agus gu robh Fionn ach beag 'na aonar, is ann a thòisich mo laochan air fàs dàsanta, bagarrach, agus mu dheireadh a' tilgeadh shaighdean a null an measg na buidhinn bhig a bha ann. Air ball chuir Fionn a òrdag fo a 'fhiacail eòlais' agus thuig e nach e magaid idir a bha ann ach foill, ceannairc, agus cath. Shéid e le sgairt an fhìdeag mhór a bha an còmhnaidh 'ga séideadh ann an gàbhadh (chluinntean ann an cóig Chóig-eannan na h-Eireann i), agus, ma shéid, sgál mac-talla air ais bho Shuaineabhal, bho Mhialasal, na Beanna Meadhonach, agus eadhon bho Bheanna Bharabhais fad as.

Is ann an siud a bha an ruith is an leum bho bheinn gu baile! Chuala Osgar ann am Barabhais

i agus chlisg e, oir, an là roimh sin, air do fhear Bharabhais iomlaid airm iarraidh air, thug e dha Mac-an-Luinn, agus cha d'fhuair e 'na h-àite ach seann chlaidheamh meirgeach gun seagh.

"Feum air fir, cath 'ga chur," ars esan; "gaoth fhuar o bhàrr an t-sluaigh. Mo thruaighe fear gun Luinn!"

Ach cha robh a' chùis mar a shaoil e, oir cha do chòrd an iomlaid airm ri a fhear iomchair airm agus, an uair a thàinig an oidhche agus a fhuair e Fear Bharabhais 'na chadal, thug e an ceann dheth agus dh'fhalaich e Mac-an-Luinn am measg nan arm eile aige fhéin.

"Cìod," ars e, is e a' freagairt Osgair, "a dheanadh tu, nam biodh i agad?"

"Chuirinn trian a' chatha am aonar," ars Osgar.

Ghluais na fir is cha b'ann gu stòlda. Bheireadh iad air a' ghaoith luath earraich is cha bheireadh a' ghaoth luath earraich orrasan. Bu leòir do Chaoilte fhéin, an uair a shìneadh e a shlios àlainn, cumail suas riutha. Mun cuairt air Loch Ròg ghabh iad agus, an uair a bha iad faisg air Bun an t-Srutha, cluinneadar sgàl eagalach aig an fhìdeig a rithist.

"Feum air fir, cath 'ga chur," ars Osgar, is e a' crìothnachadh is 'ga chrìoslachadh fhéin; "gaoth fhuar o bhàrr an t-sluaigh. Mo thruaighe fear gun Luinn."

"Cìod a dheanadh tu, nam biodh i agad?" thubhairt a fhear iomchair airm.

"Chuirinn leth a' chatha am aonar," ars Osgar.

Leum iad Bun an t-Srutha gun sòradh, agus siud iad thar aonach is mhòinteach is lochan gun stad! Bha feur is fraoch 'gan sàdadh bho'n casan mar le cuairt-ghaoith.

An uair a bha iad a' dìreadh Bealach an Sgal an Eadar-dha-fhadhail, sgàl an fhìdeag na b'eagalaiche na rinn i riabh.

"Feum air fir, cath 'ga chur; gaoth fhuar o bhàrr an t-sluaigh. Mo thruaighe fear gun Luinn!" ars Osgar, is e a' leum air adhart.

"Cìod a dheanadh tu, nam biodh i agad?" ars a fhear iomchair airm.

"Chuirinn an cath," fhreagair Osgar, "am aonar."

"Seo dhuit i, ma thà," ars a fhear iomchair airm, is e 'ga tarraing a mach as an dòrlach airm a bha aige fo a achlais.

Las sùilean Osgair mar dhealan; ghrad ghreimich e oirre, agus fo'n mhìre chatha thug e an sguabhadh ud leatha timcheall a chinn, a' toirt gu mì-shealbhach a chinn far a fhear iomchair airm. Cha robh an còrr dearbhaidh bhuaithe gur i Mac-an-Luinn a bha ann, agus

an tiota bha e an teis-meadhon a' chatha air a' mhachair.

Cha b'ann roimh an ám. Bha Fionn, as eugmhais a chlaidheimh chomasaich fhéin, an impis a bhith air a mharbhadh, oir bha an Ciuthach an déidh greim fhaighinn air agus a bhuiladh an comhair a chùil ri creig le a leithid de sgairt agus gun tug e tolg anns a' chreig a tha ri fhaicinn gus an là an diugh!

"Sguch a mach, a sheanair," ars Osgar, is e a' leum a steach eatorra, agus le aon bhuille de Mhac-an-Luinn thilg e an ceann de'n Chiuthach a null thairis air naoi iomairean eòrna. Cha robh sonn gun a shamhail, agus, ged bu làidir an Ciuthach, thug Osgar a' bhuaidh air.

"Sgeul ri aithris air ám o aois," agus, mar chomharra gur fìrinn i, is e as ainm air a' chreig fhathast, "Creag a' Chiuthaich."

(Gheibhear an sgeul seo, air dà shèol eadar-dhealaichte, anns an *Celtic Review*, IX. 193, far a bheil an t-Ollamh Uilleam MacBhàitair nach maireann a' toirt mòran fiosrachaidh mu'n Chiuthach.—Am Fear-deasachaidh).

The Late Mr. John Mackay

Mr John Mackay, Edinburgh, died suddenly on 23rd August, and by his death one of An Comunn's keenest members has been taken away. A native of Carloway, Lewis, he had made an honoured place for himself among the Highland community of Edinburgh. He was a founder member and past President of the Edinburgh branch of An Comunn, for many years a valued member of our Executive Council, a former President of Comunn Tìr nam Beann, Dun-éideann, and a member of Council of the Clan Mackay Society.

Always genial, he yet could speak his mind with vigour. We shall miss him at our meetings and at the Mods. We express our deep sympathy with his widow and family.

There was a monk of Iona who said: "These three memories are dear to me, that I worked with St. Columba, that he worked with me, and that we both had great joy in the working."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* * * * *

If the average Scots child were taught Gaelic instead of French or Spanish, he would be given the key to a world of intellectual potentialities unapproachable by these or any other foreign language. He has a right to know the language of his blood.

ANGUS ROBERTSON.

“Niall”

Le IAIN M. MOFFATT-PENDER

(Choisinn seo an dara duais air son bàrdachd aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta am Obaireadhain, 1955.)

1. Deoch slàint' duit, a Néill, a Ghille Sheathanaich àghmoir!
Orts' bidh gràdh is meas seaghach gu bràth aig do chàirdean,
Is fìor shàsda leòsan gu léir bhith an dràs an àireamh luchd t'èolais:
2. Cha chùis chràiteach i tachairt air t'uaisleachd ro-àlainn,
Am Baile Ghlaschu nan àrd-stiopall is nam fàrdaichean fhàthail,
Mear, dàicheil, beòthail, ceumach, nochdadh tàbhachd is tàileis is còireid:
3. Air fear phàircean Sasainn nan duilleagan sgàilneach,
Air màgha uaine na h-Eireann ri tàladh na clàrsaich,
Air sràidean sòghar na h-Eòrpa, 's an Aithne, 's an Spàin, is am Bòirbh:
4. An Earra-Ghaoidheal bh'aig do shinnsear 's iad dèanta ri caonnaig,
Còir Aora Chailein Duibhnich ruith gu caoin fo a chraobhan,
Is Naomhag feòran gorm Ile a' glao dhach air aoghaire Dhòmhnail:
5. Bho Ghleann Ghlaoidh an Loch Abar gu ruig Ard-thìr nan Aoidhean,
Fo bhraonan Ceapaich nan coilltean, bog-mhaoth, torach Raoghnail,
Bho mhaòilean Sròn Eite Chruachain, nam faoghail, nan caolas, 's nan còsan:
6. Is tu chuir sgànradh le cabar air faichean na Gàidhealtachd,
Air do chomh-spàirnean gleachdail, gillean càrnach is làidir,
Air Màrr, an Còmhall, 's an Eilean, b'è do làmh a fhuair stà le do theòmachd:
7. Air aonach lom Hearach is am Barraidh ghrianaich, fhraochaich,
Tu an taoiseach bu ghaisgeile air faobhar nan raointean,
Cùl - taic laochraidh Chnòideairt dh'aindeoin taobhachd is slaoid chli nan Leòdach:
8. Bha an dàn duit, mo chreach, an seann eilean fhàgail,
An àiteachan cuain bha thu fuireach, ris an tràgh 's ri do bhàta,
9. Nach robh sùrd air a' Chomunn Niall a bhith aige 'na rùnair!
B'è do shuaicheantas deagh obair rinn thu le cùram is dùrachd,
Thu bha ùghdrail, còir, fosgailt', ceann-ùlach is cliùmhòr is òirdheirc:
10. Còrr is dà fhichead bliadhna bha thu dìleas do an chànain,
Anns a' ghàrradh gu dìcheallach cladhach le d'chàileachd na Gàidhlig,
Gu spàirneal fògradh nan dealag ach ioc-shlàinteach do fhàillinn na h-òigridh:
11. Bha do chreuchdan gun dolaidh aig gach toileachas séirceil,
Cha robh léireadh no campar ort, cha robh breisleach no géiread,
Teo-spéis gu mòdhar 'gad chuairt'eadh, blàthas, téis, agus speur glan is ròsan:
12. Cha robh àmhghar ort amharc air an fhear a bheum càramh,
Teann 'nad làimh cromag calltuinn seach le sàsachd 'ga shàthadh,
Do ghàire trócaireach, bàigheil, is a' chànain cho làn de do stòras:
13. Cuid ri àbhachd, cuid ri fanaid, ghiùlain thu t'eallach le càileachd,
Dh'aindeoin àimhleis is mi-rùin fhuaras annad nàdur an àrmuinn,
Chan fhàgadh cnòtach an cnàmhan thu, no fàs-chridheach, sàraichte, brònach:
14. Thug thu géill air gach ànradh, do-uair, glomas, is eucail,
Meallta éighich is buaireadh, tuaileas, pléid, casaid-bréige,
Cha treigeadh dòchas no muinghinn am féinnidh air sléibhteann no mòintich:
15. Cathadh gu h-àillt as do làmhan, b' thu-sa am fuirbirneach tapaidh,
Thog thu bàdhain dùin daingein an aghaidh nàmhaid thruim-mhàillich,
Fàinne òigfhir mu do ghàirdean, gun chàineadh, gun sgàth ann, gun deòrachd:

16. Tu air ghleus aig a' chéilidh is an talla
lan d' éisdeachd,
"Bheil e shuas? Bheil Niall láthair?
Nach e ar spéis is ar n-éibhneas!"
Measg shéircean óga is fhleasgach aosd' gu
gléghrinn béiceil air t' óinsich:
17. "Do bheatha, Néill, shair-ghaisgich
uasail, 'ic Dhonnchaidh Iain 'ic
Néillidh!
Gu léir an òraid thaitinn ruinn chuir thu
gu tréitheach an céill duinn,
Bu shéimhidh, sòghail, maiseach i, an
Sléibhte, an Eirinn, 'is Ròghdail:"
18. Aon gheisgeil cha robh ann 'nam measg
no fealla-dhà ann a bha breunach,
Gu buan ghléidh thu maith an cuimhn'
gach geur-fhocal is sgeulachd,
An Fhéinn 'na glòir bho shean bha ann,
air Blàr Léine, air Séamas, is
Flòraidh:
19. B'ann gu sundach 's gu dòigheil sho-
craich thu mòdan na dùthcha.
Aig do thùr dealasach, meanmnach seo
an obair mhùirneach is shùl'sach,
Orts' lùths a' chòrsair 's an diollaid
bhith dùsgadh an t-sùgh anns na
h-ògain:
20. An Ile, Muile, Leódhas, Barraidh,
Uibhist, 's an Eilean, Tir-iodh,
Chuir thu siol maith anns an talamh, 's a'
mhillteach gu h-ìosal,
Is bu lionmhor sròl rìoghail ri slinnibh
crann frithe gu bròdach:
21. Mo Niall! Chuisle chridhe thu! Nach
robh mòran fìor dhìblidh!
Mo chiall 's m' anam beó thu! Cha robh
cuid fìor mhiaghail no dìleas!
'Nam mìrean fòidein ri theine, is iarrtas
do bhriathran 'na cheò doibh:
22. Liubhairt fhileanta, chàinnteach thug thu
seachad gu brìoghmhor,
Cha do rinn Niall air a' Chomunn aon
diobhail no dimeas,
Bho chridhe lòghmhor, siolmhor, labhairt
na fìrinn 'na rìreadh ri còmhdaill:
23. Am éirigh air creachann do'n ghréin bha
ort breacan an fhéilidh,
Eireachdail, glùineanach, calpach,
slinneanach, sléisdeach 's a' Chéitein,
'Nad éideadh smòiseil is freag'rach, thu
cho réidh-ghlan is céil'rach ri
smeòraich:
24. Bha sar-fhìughair aig do mhàthair ri do
chliù is ri t' àilleachd,
Thu 'nad phàisd ri a taobh ruith le gàir'
air an àilean,
Ort fàistneachd dolais cha do rinn i, ach
fàistneachd bhlàthmhor làn shòlas:
25. An àird fo do chosaibh leum eun 's i ag
éirigh gu fàruinn,
Gu sgàthmhor air a sgiathan gu Cnoc an
Tàilleir le dànachd,
Dh'fhàg i cóig uibhean breac uiseig air an
làr ris a' chàthar 's a' bhòrluim:
26. Phàisd do mhàthair gu teann thu, 's i
ag ràdh riut, "A ghràidh O!
Is e clag Sgàin ar deagh chomhairle, toirt
gu tràthail a chàileachd,
Dh' àithn an nòs duinn 'na ghliocas,
'Air a chàl na cuir làmh aig seann
Éoghann! "
27. B' i Màiri Chaluum do mhàthair, gu maith
b' aithne duinn a càirdeas,
Uasal, snàsach, foighd'neach, taingeil,
làn ghràdh is cheart nàire,
'G àrach, clóthadh, cròdhadh, bleòghann,
gun bhith tàireil air mànrán no òran:
28. Is àill leinn chraobh-sgaoileadh, is cha
mhaith leinn e àicheadh,
Gum biodh Màiri Chaluum air a dòigh,
agus an àilleag a làthair,
Niall gràdhach, mòraile 'na cheannard, a'
sàbhladh na Gàidhlig 's a còrach:
29. Cha robh cùram air Niall seòladh le
athair 'ga stiùireadh,
Cha robh cùram air Niall 's a' bhàta le
fear-stiùridh a ruin,
Sùrd an dòbhrain bha siud air, tilleadh gu
Dìura nan diùlnach neo-ròiceil:
30. Borb ràbalachd cha robh annad, bòsd no
brumaireachd chnàmhach,
Gealladh fàthail 'ic Sheathanaich, an
gnothach an àird agus tàtha,
'Na cuir dàil 's an t-seòl-siùbhladh!
Rach chum na tràghad mar chrà-
gheadh a' sgròbadh!"
31. Cha robh saoidh aig Gàidheal no aig sàr
riut cho gasda is gaolach,
Gu fial thaomaich do chuid thu, is air do
mhaoin cha robh staonadh,
Aig aosd' is òigridh 'nad dhéidh bidh
thor na chaoidh is caoineadh a'
dòrtadh.

Some Important Books of Recent Years

By the EDITOR

DURING the time it has been our privilege to edit this magazine we have regarded it as part of our duty to keep our readers informed of new publications in Gaelic and in the field of Gaelic and Highland studies.

Looking back over these past years, one recalls, with pleasure, the many new books whose publication was welcomed in these pages. Among them there come to mind the following: Dr. John Cameron's "Justiciary Records of Argyll," T. F. O'Rahilly's "Early Irish History and Mythology," H. M. Chadwick's "Early Scotland," Margaret Fay Shaw's "Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist," to name a few of the works of scholarship that have appeared. In addition we have hailed the appearance of some original works in Gaelic, whether new compositions or new editions. Among these have been the poems of George Campbell Hay, James Thomson, and Derick Thomson, Angus Macleod's edition of "Duncan Ban MacIntyre's Poems," and Lachlan MacKinnon's edition of "Donald Mackinnon's Gaelic Prose."

It has happened, however, that a number of important books which were published in recent years have not been noticed in these pages. For that omission there have been reasons, but in no case has the reason been any antipathy on our part to the author. Some publishers regularly send us any new publications they think will interest readers. Other publishers of books which might interest our readers do not send us review copies. Failing a review copy, one cannot, on a modest income, afford anything from fifteen to fifty shillings for a new book, however excellent and desirable. Such books may, of course, be borrowed from libraries, but sometimes they are slow to make their appearance on library shelves. Sometimes, also, we must admit with regret and with apologies to the authors and publishers concerned, we have—in the case of booklets—laid them aside for a more leisurely hour and then find they have mysteriously disappeared, to reappear months later, perhaps, hidden behind something else on a shelf. Sometimes, alas, we have sent out copies for review, and the review has taken a long time to arrive and on occasion has not come at all.

But enough of reasons, excuses, and apologies! Our immediate purpose is to call attention to

some important publications of recent years, which ought to be on record in these pages. Most of our readers will know about most of them already, but others may not.

The Celtic Languages

We begin with three publications by Professor Kenneth Jackson of the Chair of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh. The biggest and most impressive of the three is his "Language and History in Early Britain: A Chronological Survey of the Brittonic Languages, First to Twelfth Century A.D.," published by the Edinburgh University Press, in 1953 and costing three guineas.

This is primarily a book for the expert, and not for the ordinary reader, but anyone interested in the early history of Great Britain and of the Celtic languages will find much of interest in it. Many pages of the book are taken up with the details of sound-changes in the Brittonic languages in these early centuries. Much of this, of course, may mean very little to those who are not expert philologists, but the first part of the book lucidly, and even fascinatingly, as elusive clues are arranged and interpreted, explains how the Brittonic languages developed. We are shown how the British language, which was spoken over most of Britain when the Romans arrived, was affected, first by the Roman occupation and by the British variety of Spoken Latin, and then by the Anglo-Saxon invasions and settlements, and became differentiated into three separate languages—Welsh, Cornish, and Breton—Cornish and Breton being "sister languages," and Welsh their "cousin." That is, Welsh was the first to become a separate tongue, and Cornish and Breton parted company later.

In 1951 Professor Jackson delivered the Sir John Rhys Memorial Lecture before the British Academy. This was published in a 97-page booklet (price 4/-). The subject is: "Common Gaelic: The Evolution of the Goedelic Languages." What is the ancestry of our Modern Scottish Gaelic? Does it go back in unbroken succession to a Goedelic language spoken on the Continent and introduced into Scotland some centuries B.C.? Or does it derive from the Irish Gaelic brought to Argyll at the end of the fifth century A.D. by colonists from Ireland?

“Common Gaelic”

Professor Jackson's account of the development of Modern Scottish Gaelic is as follows. What he calls “Common Gaelic” was the language used all over Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man during the Middle Ages. It became differentiated into two divisions—Western Gaelic (in Ireland), Eastern Gaelic (Scotland and the Isle of Man). Later, Eastern Gaelic separated into Manx and Scottish Gaelic. Detailed reasons are given for concluding that the differentiation of Eastern and Western Gaelic took place slowly between the tenth and thirteenth centuries, and that Manx and Scottish Gaelic parted company in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The important point is also made that “until the seventeenth century the literary Gaelic of both Ireland and Scotland was a late and by now archaic form of Common Gaelic; it was an artificial survival of what had been about the twelfth or thirteenth century the everyday speech, at least among the educated, in Ireland and in Scotland. As time went on, however, and as the colloquial tongue gradually evolved along different lines in the two countries, this literary *koiné* became more and more antiquated and more and more out of touch with the ordinary living speech of the Gaelic peoples; until by the end of the sixteenth century Campion was able to say: ‘The true Irish’ (that is, the literary language),’ indeed differeth so much from that they commonly speake that scarce one among five score can either read, write, or understand it.’ The same would certainly be the case in Scotland.”

“Common Gaelic lasted as a living tongue until the thirteenth century, and . . . modern Irish and Scottish Gaelic are dialects of it which replaced it, and separated from each other in the main during the late Middle Irish period.” In 1258, when Domhnall Og O Domhnaill of Tyrconnell returned from Scotland, he addressed the messengers of O Neill “in the Gaelic of Scotland” (*tria san nGaidhilec nAlbnaigh*). This indicates that by that date the Gaelic of Scotland was recognisably different from that of Ireland.

The Manx Language

During the Christmas vacation of 1950-1 Professor Jackson spent some time in the Isle of Man studying the phonology of the Gaelic of that island, under the auspices of the Linguistic Survey of Scotland. As a result there was published (by Messrs. Thomas Nelson, Edinburgh) in 1955 his little book (149pp.) entitled, “Contributions to the Study of Manx Phonology” (price, 10/6).

According to the Census figures there were in 1901 in the Isle of Man 4,419 Manx speakers. In 1911 there were 2,382; in 1921, 896; in 1931, 529. But it would seem that the position of the language was worse than even these figures indicated. When Sir John Rhys visited the island in 1895, he reported that there were very few people left who habitually spoke Manx rather than English, and almost all of these were in or past the prime of life. In 1929 Marstrander reported “that there was now no fluent speaker of Manx, though three or four people were pretty good and about thirty had some smatterings;” and in 1934 he stated that, “so far as he knew, there was only one person left who could be described as a native speaker.” But “Marstrander was mistaken.” “During the late thirties and the forties the new generation of young Manx enthusiasts began to comb the countryside in search of surviving speakers.” The result was that in 1946 a Welsh visitor, Mr. A. S. B. Davies, knew of twenty people who had spoken Manx from infancy. When Professor Jackson arrived in the Isle of Man at the end of 1950 there were still ten left, some more fluent than others, but all of them had long ceased to use Manx as their daily medium of intercourse. These were seven men, whose ages ranged from 72 to 97, and three women, aged from 80 to 91.

Professor Jackson's book is based on the information which, with the aid of a questionnaire, he was able to glean from seven of these ten people. The Scottish Gael will be interested in the high degree of similarity between Manx and our Modern Scottish Gaelic, but this of course is only to be expected. “The Manx language is so closely linked to Scottish Gaelic that it may be regarded as an early offshoot of it; or, more properly, the two are really comparatively recently formed dialects of a common Eastern Gaelic ancestor.”

“Carmina Gadelica”

Turning from linguistics—which is not everybody's “cup of tea”—to literature, mention must be made of Volume V of “Carmina Gadelica,” by the late Alexander Carmichael, and excellently edited by Professor Angus Matheson, of the University of Glasgow. This superb volume (beautifully produced by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd and costing 36/-) was published in 1954, but it was some considerable time before we were able to buy a copy with a clear conscience. It is well worth the money, if you do happen to have the money for it. It is dedicated to the memory of, and includes tributes to, that fine young Celtic scholar, the late Professor James Carmichael Watson, who was killed on active service in 1942, aged 23

years, and whose ambition it was to complete the "Carmina Gadelica" of his grandfather, Alexander Carmichael. James Watson had edited Volume IV and, with a strange premonition that another hand might have to finish the work, made arrangements for the future continuance of it in the event of his demise.

Here we have, with the Gaelic text and English translation facing each other, Waulking Songs and Fairy Songs, "Am Bròn Binn," "Tàladh Mhic Leòid," and much else, with useful notes.

It is good to know that in this unsettled age, when so much that is trivial, superficial, and, even harmful is filling the minds and claiming the attention of the masses, there are men and women dedicated to the pursuit of learning and immersed in the exacting tasks of high scholarship. We, of the book-reading public, whose tasks in life keep us occupied in other fields of activity, are grateful for the new knowledge that the scholars make available for us, and we owe them all the support we can give, even if at time the books they publish are beyond the resources of our purses and pocket-books. The costliness of scholarly books, as we know very well, is not the fault of the authors. Indeed, we should be surprised to learn that these books bring any pecuniary reward to their authors. "Mr. Rising-Price" has not excluded the book-market from his sphere of influence.

Dr. J. L. Campbell

There are some books "on the stocks" that we await with great interest and eagerness. One is the Gaelic Glossary compiled from the notebooks of Father Allan Macdonald of Eriskay and edited by Dr. John Lorne Campbell of Canna. Dr. Campbell also has other research projects in hand. He has put us all in his debt by his earlier works, notably "Highland Songs of the Forty-Five." In recent years he has contributed a number of important articles to various journals, among them the following: "Some Errors in the Names of Animals in Gaelic Dictionaries" (The Journal of Celtic Studies, June 1953), "Some Notes and Comments on 'The Irish Franciscan Mission to Scotland' by Rev. Cathaldus Giblin". (The Innes Review), and an article on the sources and origin of the hymns in the little book of Gaelic hymns published by Father Allan. Dr. Campbell has also given us in booklet form a brief life of Father Allan, a foretaste of the larger biography on which we understand he is engaged.

Mr. K. C. Craig has produced several small books, whose importance is not to be measured by their size, notably "Sgialachdan Dhunnchaidh" (traditional tales recorded from the late

Duncan Macdonald, South Uist), "Gille nan Cochall Chraiceann" (1955), "Orain Luaidh," and "Sgeulachd Cois O Céin."

In 1954 the Linguistic Survey of Scotland published a useful "Bibliography of Scottish Linguistic Studies," compiled by J. S. Woolley. There is a fairly comprehensive section on Scots Gaelic.

Clan Histories

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston continue their series of "potted" Clan Histories, each book, tastefully produced with coloured reproductions of the clan arms and tartan, running to a little over thirty pages and costing 5/-. Eighteen clans have already been dealt with and there are more to follow. Most of these which have appeared have been noticed in our pages from time to time. Of special interest are three by well-known Gaelic authors, "Clan Maclean" by the Rev. John Mackechnie, "Clan Morrison" by Mr. Alex. Morrison, of Bernera Harris, and the latest volume fresh from the press, "Clan Ross," by the Rev. Dr. Donald Mackinnon.

The following papers, which have appeared in the Proceedings of the Scottish Anthropological and Folklore Society, are of special interest: "The Folktales in Gaelic Scotland" by Professor Kenneth Jackson (IV. No. 3); "The Gaelic Oral Tradition," by Derick S. Thomson (V. No. 1); "Some Early Collectors of Gaelic Folk-song," by the Rev. William Matheson (V. No. 2); "The Celtic Bard and His Community," by Mr. D. Myrddin Lloyd (of the National Library of Scotland) (V. No. 3); The Committee on Ulster Folklife and Traditions have issued the first two volumes of their journal, "Ulster Folklife."

For years past much attention has been given to social and economic conditions in the Highland Islands, and in these past few years several important books have appeared, dealing with the present situation or with its historical antecedents. "West Highland Survey," edited by Dr. F. Fraser Darling (Oxford University Press, 30/-), appeared in 1955, the fruit of a dozen years' thorough investigation. We can accept the factual information but beg leave to disagree with some of the opinions expressed. Dr. Arthur Geddes has done an excellent piece of work in his "The Isle of Lewis and Harris: A Study in British Community," which appeared in 1955 (Edinburgh University Press, 42/-). The late Adam Collier's book on "The Crofting Problem," edited by Professor A. K. Cairncross, appeared in 1953 (Cambridge University Press, 25/-). This year there appeared Mr. Malcolm Gray's "The Highland Economy, 1750-1850," (Oliver & Boyd, 25/-), a first-rate bit of work.

In the field of history the most important book on the very early period since Chadwick's 'Early Scotland' (1949) is 'The Problem of the Picts,' edited by F. T. Wainwright (Messrs. Nelson, 1955, 21/-). In his 'Herds-men and Hermits' (Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge 1950, 10/6) and 'The Painted Men' (Melrose, London, 1954, 16/-). Mr. T. C. Lethbridge, the Cambridge archaeologist who has been carrying out excavation work in the Hebrides, provides much interesting reading and much new information.

Gairm continues happily on its way, and long may it continue! The latest number of the issue of 'Scottish Gaelic Studies' that came to our notice was Volume VII, Part 2 (August 1953). A new volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness is expected soon, and a new volume of papers read before the Gaelic Society of Glasgow is in preparation.

Taing

Tha am Fear-deasachaidh fada an comain Iain Pheatarsoin an Dun-Phàrlain air son a litreach anns a bheil e a' deanamh iomraidh air dà chuspair: (1) an sgeul mu Ghìgean is Ghuaicean is Bodach Beag an Reubain a chlà-bhuail sinn anns *A' Ghaidheal Og*, An t-Og-mhios, 1957, agus (2) mu shloinneadh a dhaoine fhéin am Bèarnaraidh na Hearadh. Seo mar a tha e a' sgrìobhadh:

"Am Bonnach Bèarnach"

Lugh mi an sgeulachd, 'Am Bonnadh Bèarnach,' agus tha mi a' creidsinn gum bu toigh leibh a chluinntinn mar a bha i aca am Bèarnaraidh na Hearadh. Ged nach cuala mi i buileach cho iomlan is a bha i aig Coinneach MacLeòid, tha mi a' smaoinichadh gu robh an deireadh aice pailt cho math no na b'fheàrr na bha i aige-san. Ach an toiseach an uair a bha i a' tòiseachadh:

Bha Gigean is Guaigean latha a' buain mhònadh. Thuit fàd dh'an pholl.

"Tog e," asa Gigean.

"Cha tog," asa Guaigean.

"Togamaid le chéil' e, ma thà."

"Mar sean fhéin," asa Guaigean. Agus thog iad le chéil' e.

An làrna-mhaireach bha aca ri bonnach a dheanamh air son a thoirt leotha.

"Dean fhéin e," asa Gigean.

"Cha dean," asa Guaigean.

"Deanamaid le chéil' e, ma thà." Agus rinn iad le chéil' e. . . .

Chì sibh nach robh iomradh innte air Bodach Beag na Reubainn. Bha an còrr dhith a' dol car is mar a tha i anns *A' Ghaidheal*, ach gur e Madadh Ruadh a thachair mu dheireadh ris a' bhonnach.

"Càit as an dàna tu?" as am Madadh Ruadh.

"Thàna mi o Ghìgean is thàna mi o Ghuaicean is thàna mi o leac a' bhoinnich is thàna mi o chùl an doruis is thàna mi o'n fhaoleig is thàna mi o'n fheannaig is thàna mi as gach àite 's an robh mi riamh, is, ma dh'fhaodas mi, thig mi bhuatsa."

"Tha mi bodhar," as am Madadh Ruadh; 'teanna a nall is cuir 'nam chluais e."

Theann bròinean a null is dh'ith e suas e.

Peatarsonaich Bhearnaraidh

B'ann aig Ceit nighean Tharmaid Oig, bana-Pheatarsonach aig an robh mòran sheann sgeulachdan a chuala Iain Peatarson an sgeul seo shuas. Bha Ceit agus seanair Iain anns na h-oghachan. Bu shloinneadh do Cheit, "Ceit nighean Tharmaid Oig 'ic Alasdair 'ic Tharmaid." Is sloinneadh dha fhéin, "Iain Fhionnlaigh Aonghuis 'ic Iain 'ic Shomhairle 'ic Tharmaid 'ic Shomhairle 'ic Alasdair 'ic Tharmaid." B'e an Tormod seo a' cheud Pheatarsonach a thàinig do Bhearnaraidh na Hearadh. Thug Fear Bhearnaraidh dhachaigh e as déidh Baiteal Worcester an 1651, air son a bhith 'na "thutor" aig an teaghlach. Bha bràthair aig Iain, sinn-seanair Iain Pheatarsoin, d'am b'ainm Tormod ("Tarmad mac Shomhairle"), a bha ainmeil an Strannda na Hearadh mar shoisgeulaiche; bha esan beò bho 1800 gu 1885.

B'i màthair Ceit Tharmaid Oig, Catriona, nighean do Mhàiri piuthar Gobha na Hearadh. Bha bràthair aig Catriona d'am b'ainm Calum, "Calum mac Iain 'ic Phadraig" (Clann Mhic-Asgaill a bha anna seo), agus bha Calum seo na bhàrd math. "B'e an call," arsa Iain Peatarsan, "nach robh a' bhàrdachd aige air a cruinneachadh. Ged nach e fìor bhàrdachd dhomhain a bha innte, bha gnàthasan cainnte innte cho math is a chuala mi ann am bàrdachd idir."

Bha Ceit nighean Tharmaid Oig pòda aig Aonghus MacRuairidh, agus bu sheanamhair i do'n Urramach Ruairidh Dòmhnallach, a tha an diugh 'na mhinistear an Eaglais Chaluim-Chille an Steòrnabhagh.

Uaisle gun chuid is maragan gun gheir.

* * * *

Is fhasa cumail na tarraing.

Annas A' Mhaileid

Pàdraig MacNeachdainn MacDhòmhnaill

A Charaid,—Fhad 's a tha fhios agam, chan fhaca mi an seann laoch nach maireann seo ach aon uair a mhàin. B'ann aig coinneamh bhliadhnaid a' Chomuinn. Dh'éirich Pàra agus dh'aicidh e, ann an guth car tiabhaidh (ar leam), gu robh e air a bhith 'na chomh-fharpais-each aig a' Mhòd fhad 's bu bheò e, ach beag—agus sin gun fiù aon duais fhaotainn, ma's math mo chuimhne, ach gun leanadh e air, mar chomh-fharpais-each, fad na mhaireadh de'n t-saoghal dha.

Ach—rud as brìgh mo sgeòil—spàrr e aig a' cheart àm air a chomh-aoisean a bha an làthair iad a bhith dileas, treibhdhìreach do chùisean a' Chomuinn gus a' chrìoch, le socrachadh no le toirt air an cuid teaghlach socrachadh gun clò-bhuailteadh sanas am bàis anns a' Ghàidhlig. Ma tè, cha do mhothaich mise sanas-bàis an

duine chòir fhéin; theagamh nach d'fhuair mi am paipear-naidheachd a b'iomchuidh; ach, o chionn bliadhna no dhà, leugh mi sanas Gaidhealach ann an stéill a b'éibhinne, a' craobh-sgaoileadh banais dithis nach ainmich mi, ach tha am fear cho math ri ringeadh is a tha a chéile ri ceòl. Sheas an sanas-san am measg sgaile chumanta an t-seachdainich, cleas gath na gréine air "là fann foghair."

Sinne, seann bhuil a' Chomuinn, a tha a nis a' seargadh gu geamhradh ar làithean, nach dlolamaid do dhualchas an iomacharag dheireannach seo; an dà chuid cho ìosal is cho éifeachdach: agus an seòd a shiubhail 'ga moladh dhuinn, mar gum b'e, o bhilean na h-uaigne? No am bi sinn fhathast fo gheasaibh is fo gheimhlibh na Beurla anns an uaigh fhéin? —Is mise, le meas,

A. T. L.

Leabhar Math Eireannach

"Seanchas on Oilean Tiar"

CHA chreid mi gu bheil eilean beag ann, an àit air bith de'n t-saoghal, as an tàinig uiread litreachais is a thàinig as a' Bhlasgaid air taobh siar Eireann.

B'ann an seo a bha Peig Sayers, ban-ùghdar "Peig: A Scéal Féin," agus "Machtnamh Seana-Mhná" agus Muiris O Súileabháin a sgrìobh "Fiche Blian ag fàs," agus Tomás O Críomhthain, ùghdar "Allagar na hInise. Blogha as cinnlae," agus "An t-Oileanach: Scéal a Bheathadh Féin," a chuir an Seabhac an eagar dha. Chuir Coineach Jackson, Professor Gàidhlig Dhun-éideann, an clò ann an *Béaloideas* "Scéalta òn mBlascaod," agus sgrìobhadh àireamh leabhraichean eile mu'n Bhlasgaid, ach b'e Robin Flower am fear a thug aithne do'n t-saoghal air slughan an eilein ud an a uair a sgrìobh e "*The Western Island*."

'Na dhuine òg, chaidh Robin Flower do'n Bhlascaid air tùs ann an 1910, agus lean e air a dhòl ann bliadhna as déidh bliadhna. Dh'ionnsaich e cainnt an eilein bho Thomás O Críomhthain, agus chruinnich e móran fiosrachaidh agus móran seanchais is beul-aithris. Chuir Flower seachad a bheatha a' gabhail cùram de na seann làmh-sgrìobhannan anns a' *British Museum* an Lunnainn. Bha e 'na sgoilear mór, agus bha ùidh shònraichte aige ann an sgoilearachd is litreachas na h-Eireann.

Rùnach Flower leabhar a chur a mach de sgeòil is de sheanchas a fhuair e bho Thomás O Críomhthain, ach bha móran ghnothaichean an earbsa ris an cois a dhreuchda agus chaidh na bliadhnanach seachad is gun an leabhar a' tighinn. An 1946 chaochail Flower, agus thugadh "càrn mór phaipearan" a bu leis do Shéamus O Duilearga, agus am measg nam paipearan seo bha "profanna neach-eartaithe" an leabhair, "*The Great Blasket*," agus clò-sgrìobhannan eile a fhuaradh o Thomás O Críomhthain agus o dhaoine eile "san Oilean Tiar."

Tha Séamus O Duilearga a nis an déidh an leabhraich tlachdmhor seo a chur an clò, "*Seanchas òn Oileán Tiar*," agus tha saothair trìuir dhaoine ann—Robin Flower is Tomás O Críomhthain agus Séamus O Duilearga. Tha an leabhar air a chur an clò le Comhlucht Oideachais na h-Eireann do'n Chumann le Béaloideas Eireann, agus is i a' phris dà thasdan dheug is sia sgillinn. Tha trì dealbhan ann—Tomás O Críomhthain, agus Tomás còmhla ri Robin Flower (no "Bláithín" mar a theireadh na h-eileanaich ris), agus "An t-Oileán Tiar" fhéin.

Tha seanchasan is eachdraidh is sgeòil is bàrdachd anns an leabhar—nithean a bheir gaire ort agus nithean a ghluaiseas do chridhe—agus e uile air a chur sìos ann an cainnt shìmplidh dhreach fhallain nan eileanach.

Gaelic in Canada

ON 1st June, 1957, at the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies, held at Sydney, Nova Scotia, the following resolution, submitted by the Clan Macleod Society of Western Nova Scotia, was adopted:

"Whereas, according to the 1951 Canadian Census, there are 13,974 Scottish Gaelic speakers in Canada, and 6,789 of these reside in Nova Scotia. It is evident, therefore, that in our Province these people of Scottish descent have clung tenaciously to their language, traditions, and customs.

"Whereas, it is observed that in this Province of Nova Scotia we have Chairs in French, Spanish, Italian, and German, although these ethnic groups individually contribute a lesser amount of population to our province as compared with the individual racial group of Scottish descent, which in the 1951 census was 160,586.

"Whereas, a Canada Council has been established in Canada, and an Act of Parliament has placed at its disposal the sum of one hundred million dollars for the promotion of the Arts, Culture, and Humanities in Canada. We, in this Province of Nova Scotia, are represented on this Council by Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald.

"Be it resolved, therefore, that in order to elevate the Academic prestige of the Gaelic Language in our Province to permanent University level, a Chair of Celtic Languages, Literature, and Antiquities be established at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Be it further resolved that our Provincial Representative on the Canada Council, namely, Mrs. Angus L. Macdonald, be informed of this Resolution, and that she be requested by the President of the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies (Incorporated) to (a) bring this matter to the attention of the Canada Council and (b) to appeal to the Canada Council on behalf of the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies, for some financial aid towards the establishment of the proposed Celtic Chair at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

Poetry Competition

The Scottish Committee of the Arts Council of Great Britain are offering prizes of £25, £15, and £10 for an original poem in Gaelic of not fewer than 100 lines. They are also offering a

prize of £50 for a lyric poem on any subject, Scottish or English, not exceeding twenty-four lines. Full particulars may be obtained from the Director for Scotland, Arts Council of Great Britain, 11 Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged	£1,934	9	—
Lochinver Branch	..	11	—
Mrs. Diana Macleod, Inverness	..	1	—
Anon. Torridon, per A. J. Maclean, Esq.,	..	1	—
			£1,947 9 —

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£175	5	9
Mrs. May Bell, Muir of Ord	..	1	6
Mrs. C. M. MacKenzie, Garve	..	—	2
Evan Mackay, Esq., Dingwall	..	1	10
Mrs. A. Currie, Brodick	..	1	—
Mrs. Catherine Kennedy, Minard	..	—	14
Glasgow Lewis & Harris Association	..	15	15
D. B. Cook, Esq., Blane- field	..	10	—
Miss M. H. Crawford, Dunoon	..	—	10
Anonymous	..	3	3
Edinburgh Gaelic Choir	..	3	—
Miss Flora MacMillan, Glasgow	..	1	1
Mrs. Brown, Dunoon	..	—	10
Mrs. Eliz. MacKenzie, Taynuilt	..	—	5
Miss Cath. Campbell, Taynuilt	..	—	5
Neil McDougall, Esq., Carradale	..	2	—
Neil G. MacRaid, Esq., Kyle of Lochalsh	..	1	—
Miss M. L. MacDougall, Edinburgh	..	1	—
			218 6 9
			£2,165 15 9

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	..	£82	9	—
Miss I. MacLachlan, Winchester	..	—	10	—
		£82	19	—

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	..	£4	4	—
Rev. John Mackay, M.A., Glasgow	..	—	4	—
Alexander MacAulay, Esq., Tayport	..	—	3	—
A. W. R. Macdonald, Esq., Sydney, N.S.W.	..	—	12	—
				£5 3 —

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AN T-SAMHUIN, 1957

Aireamh 11

Oraid A' Chinn-Suidhe

NACH math a bhith a' coinneachadh aon uair eile am baile bòidheach Inbhir-Nis, prìomh-bhaile na Gaidhealtachd, ged, ma dh'fhaoidte, gu bheil barail eile aig ar deagh chàirdean anns an Oban. Biodh sin mar a bhithas e, gun a bhith a' deanamh dìmeas air dhòigh sam bith air na bailtean eile a bhuilich oirn gach coibhneas, gach càirdeas, gach aoigheachd, agus gach taic fad thrì fichead bliadhna, tha sinn da-rìribh toilichte a bhith anns a' bhaile seo am bliadhna aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta air son an ochdamh turuis.

Is math a tha cuimhne aig mòran de'n chuid-eachd air cho soirbheachail agus cho taitneach is a bha gach Mòd anns na bliadhnan a chaidh seachad. Air mo shon fhéin, bha mi aig gach Mòd Nàiseanta anns a' bhaile seo ach a' cheud Mhòd, an 1897. Is math mo chuimhne air Mòd 1903. Cha robh ann ach gnòthach goirid sìmplidh sàmhach an coimeas ris an t-seachdain thrang, chabhagach, ùpraidheach air a bheil sinn cho èolach an diugh. Cha robh na co-fharpaisich ach tearc; cha robh an gnìomh, ma dh'fhaoidte, cho sgèil. Bha a' chuid mhòr aca a' seinn gu nàdurach mar a chleachd iad 'nan deachaigh-ean, anns an t-seann nòs, ach cha bu mhiseid iad idir sin, agus thaitinn iad gu fìor-mhath ris an luchd-éiseachd.

Is ann aig a' Mhòd seo, an 1903, a choisinn Mairead NicDhonnchaidh agus Coinneach MacRath Buinn-shuaicheantais Airdig na h-Oigridh. Choisinn Mairead am Bonn Oir an

1909, agus Coinneach bliadhna no dhà an déidh a' Cheud Chogaidh Mhóir. Is minig a bha iad 'nan dìthis air an aon àrd-ùrlar a' toirt taitneas, cridhealas, agus misneachadh do mhóran an iomadh cèrna de'n t-saoghal. Tha Coinneach còir againn fhathast, a' seinn gu binn sgoinneil, agus is e ar dùrachd dha gur ann mar sin a bhithas e fad iomadh bliadhna.

Aon neach eile bu mhath leam ainmeachadh. Ma's math mo chuimhne, sheinn e an co-fharpais no dhà aig Mòd 1903, agus air an t-seachdain seo, an déidh leth-cheud bliadhna agus a ceithir a dhòl seachad, tha e fhathast a' farpaiseadh agus air uairibh a' cosnadh dhuais. Is e sin duine air an robh sibh glé èolach an Inbhir-Nis, an t-Urramach Victor MacEacharn, am mac a b'òige an teaghlach a' mhinisteir Ghàidhlig an Inbhir-Nis o chionn trì fichead bliadhna; agus b'e sin an teaghlach a bha ainmeil fileanta air ceòl de gach seòrsa, piob-mhór, fideall, clàrsach, piàno, guth-cheòl, agus deas air sgrìobhadh rosg agus bàrdach am Beurla agus an Gàidhlig. Mar theaghlach rinn iad obair mhòr air sgàth ar cànan agus ar ciùil. Gu ma fada beo an t-Urramach Victor, 's gum faic sinn tric a rithist e 'nar measg aig Mòdan! Tha sinn làn-chinnteach gum bi am Mòd seo cho sòlasach, soirbheachail is a b'urrainn dhuinn iarraidh.

Ach tha taobh eile ris a' cheist seo. A dh'aindeoin gach feum, gach buaidh, gach adhartas



agus gach toileachas-inntinn a dh'fhaodas sinn a chur as leth a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich agus nam Mòdan, agus tha iad sin lionnhor agus ion-mholta—a dh'aindeoin sin uile, feumaidh sinn aideachadh nach 'eil a h-uile ni làidir, fallain, taitneach mar bu chòir ann an staid ar tìr agus ar teanga.

Aig Mòdan gheibh sinn blàths inntinn agus cridhealas. Neo-ar-thaing nach bi sinn fhéin is ar càirdean sgeadaichte le feile-beag, breacan, agus sporan. Neo-ar-thaing nach seinn sinn gu h-eudmhor, dealasach "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig", "An t-Eilean Muileach", "Eilean a' Cheò", agus, le dùrachda a tha iongantach ri chluinntinn, "Chan fhaigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs". Cha mhòr nach tòir sinn a chreidsinn air chach a chéile gu bheil sinn da-riribh a' dol a dhean-

amh rud-eigin anns a' ghnothaich. Ach ciamar a théid leinn an uair a tha seachdain a' Mhòid seachad agus a philleas sinn dhachaigh gu ar dleasdanas làitheil? Am mair ar teas-inntinn, ar meas, agus ar tlachd air na nithean a bhuneas dhùinn mar Ghaidheil? Am bi sinn a' deamabh ar dìcheall ann a bhith a' meòrachadh ciamar as urrainn dhùinn seirbhis a réir ar comais agus cuideachadh a réir ar spòrain a thoirt air sgàth ar còir-bhreith a chumail beò? Mo thruaighe! chan eadh, chan eadh! Agus fad na h-ùine tha cor na Gàidhlig a' sìor-dhol na's miosa! Ma tha ath-leasachadh gu bhith ann, feumaidh ath-dhùsgadh beothail agus ath-nuadhachadh spioraid tighinn 'nar meas, agus sin gu grad. Feumaidh na Gaidheil a bhith a' gluasad gualainn ri gualainn.

President's English Address

The MacEchern Family

IN our beloved ancestral tongue I've been availing myself of the old man's prerogative, to reminisce and to let his thoughts wander to those glorious halcyon days of his youth, when like him the whole world and everything in it was to him young and full of fresh beginnings and great hopes. I was trying to recapture the atmosphere of the first Inverness Mod I attended, and that was in the year 1903. In the local committee then the outstanding personalities were Miss Kate Fraser, Dr. Wm. MacKay, and Mr. Ruairaidh MacLeod. Some of the performances are still fresh in my memory. Miss Annetta C. Whyte, daughter of "Fionn," having won the junior medal the previous year at Dundee, was now forward as a senior, kenspeckle in her all-tartan frock, which was by no means common in those days, and she carried off the Ladies' Gold Medal. The male Gold Medalist was a great local favourite with a powerful melodious voice, Mr. J. L. B. Mowatt.

Two Great Singers

Among the juniors that day, appeared on the Gaelic Musical horizon for the first time two young people who were destined for many years to occupy an outstanding place among our Gaelic singers. Margrat Duncan, a shy young school-girl then, with a clear, full, well-rounded voice, produced with perfect naturalness and extraordinary beauty, captivated the audience and the adjudicators and won the Silver Medal. Present-day competitors may be interested to hear of the Gaelic Test given to Margrat that day. As she stood on the platform ready to sing, the Gaelic adjudicator from the table in the hall called, "Am bheil Gàidhlig agad?" She replied, "Tha pailteas", and that was the Gaelic Test completed to the satisfaction of all parties! Margrat won the Gold Medal in 1909, and from then onwards occupied a place entirely her own in the heart of Gaeldom, a place never quite filled since her deeply lamented early passing from us.

Her opposite number in 1903 on the boys' side was a local boy, Kenneth MacRae. No one hearing Kenneth in his competition appearance would say he had a melodious voice, but he sang in perfect tune and with meticulous enunciation, with a platform manner and dramatic power that carried conviction to all who heard him and earned him the boys' Silver Medal. With his natural good qualities developed and disciplined by training, he became one of our great gold medalists, and we are glad to say that after 54 years he still sings with sweetness, verve, and power, and long may he continue to do so!

A name appearing among the competitors this week sends my thoughts back to the Inverness of those days and to a family there, who from their own household of sons and daughters gave an annual concert which was eagerly looked forward to as one of the musical treats of the year. They were the sons and daughters of one of the Gaelic Ministers in the town, the Rev. Mr. MacEchern. The name on the programme is the Rev. Victor MacEchern. I think he was taking part in 1903. Certainly several members of the talented family were competitors then, and I would pay my personal tribute to the family for the splendid support which then, and throughout their individual brilliant lives, they gave to the cause we have so much at heart.

Now I would like very briefly, and I know inadequately, but most sincerely, to say "thank you" for all that has happened at Inverness during the past 30 months to make possible this 54th Mod at Inverness with all local arrangements so perfected that we can confidently look forward, not only to everything proceeding with every possible comfort and orderliness, but also at the end to having a substantial financial surplus to carry An Comunn through next year's commitments. I would thank Provost Waterspoon and the Lady Provost, the Magistrates and Councillors of the town, for the never-failing encouragement and support they have given us at every stage of the proceedings. I would thank the local Branch for their very great kindness in inviting us to the highland capital, and for their great courage, with the help of their Local Mod Committee and many friends in Inverness and throughout Gaeldom, in raising that undefined sum, variously stated but invariably shewing a rising tendency. Finally, we thank them for having achieved a pre-Mod Credit, not yet announced but confidently believed to be over the £3,000 mark. Mr. Ruairaidh MacKay, the third generation of Comunn leaders in Inverness, an ardent enthusiast for all our objects, efficient, courteous, and charming, is an excellent leader, and he has with him a well-knit team, loyal, energetic, and never-tiring. We thank them now sincerely, and we shall have further opportunities of speaking in more detail.

The Rocket Range

Now for a word on that vexed topic, the Rocket Range in South Uist. We have heard dismal tales of the dire effects this invasion by large numbers of an alien people with alien habits, outlook, and culture

is going to have on the way of life of an island which we may truly say is one of the bastions of our highland heritage. Granted that there are natural fears, is there no other side to the picture?

Can we hope by deliberately excluding from our people all alien influences, by sheltering our culture and heritage in a glasshouse, carefully adjusting temperatures and breezes, can we expect this precious plant to maintain a sturdy virile growth, so that some day it can emerge from its snuggerly capable of standing up to all the varying conditions and hardships holding in the great big world of which South Uist, if it is to live, must form a part. In any case, the Iron Curtain ideal is quite impossible. Even without the Rocket Range and its attendants, change has been taking place for many years, slowly perhaps, but inevitably. In the face of Movies, Wireless, Television, Air Service, etc., life in the Hebrides cannot stand unchanged, nor does any reasonable person desire that it should, for that way would lie stagnation and death. What we must remember in our work is that, while holding on to all that is best in our traditional way of life, there are some minor things there, that are not entirely admirable, and could well be improved through the influence of our new friends.

“Na Giobairean Gallda”

I am encouraged to optimism by a little bit of history. About 150 years ago sheep were introduced to the highlands on the large scale, and with them came many lowland shepherds and farmers. The arrival of these was not welcome at the time. There were, of course, some disastrous consequences of the policy which prepared the way for this invasion and they cannot be defended, but what I am anxious to emphasise here is that the advent of these lowlanders did not change us all to Sassenachs. In the main, the boot was on the other foot. These lowlanders, while teaching us much that was useful about agriculture in general, did learn from our people what could be done and could not be done in the glens and on the islands, and quite definitely were absorbed into our life and language and became excellent highlanders down to their present representatives in the fourth and fifth generations.

Such families are scattered all over the highlands. I happen to have known intimately four of them, practically all my life, and each of these four has made an outstanding contribution to our cause. The families were the Douglasses, the Moffats, the Mundells, the Renwicks. Right at the top in our movement is Mod Medallist Ian Douglas. I knew his great-grandfather, who came from Ayrshire and in his old age was able to speak Gaelic quite creditably.

Then the Moffats and the Mundells are represented on the platform here, and need I mention what they have done? The uncrowned but unquestionably ruling sovereign, or, if you prefer plainer, less figurative language, the dynamic force supplying the urge to Comunn activities for the last almost twenty years is that well-known and delightful lady, Mrs. John M. Bannerman. Behind that name is concealed her maiden name, Ray Mundell. The Mundells came from the south to sheep farming in Ross-shire, and for the past hundred years at least their name was one to conjure with in the life and work of the highlands.

In the name of the Rev. Thomas M. Murchison, the initial “M” stands for Moffat, and his Moffat forbear also came from the lowlands, yet where can you find a finer highlander or a more capable protagonist for all things highland than our own Rev. Tom? I hope that in the near future the Comunn will honour itself, and at the same time secure for itself two most competent administrators, by appointing those two highlanders to the highest office. Of the Renwicks

we have Professor Alexander Renwick, D.D., of the Free Church College, a scholar of international fame and an ardent supporter of our language and our cause. I need not have limited myself to one example from each of those families, many more could be adduced, but these will prove sufficient to show the force of my argument.

“Ma Thogair”

We have nothing really to fear from our friends of the Rocket Range. We can really claim that our Gaelic friends in the Hebrides are not such puny, fickle, spineless beings that they can so readily be sent helter-skelter by every wind that blows, irrespective of what they may believe or want. But in those last two words lies the crux of the whole situation. As I see it, we have little to fear from our English invaders, but we have everything to fear from the apathy, “the never-care-less-ness” of our own Gaelic speakers.

When I was a school boy on the Wester Ross Mainland, we had reached a stage in Gaelic history pretty well comparable with the stage of Uist now, that is to say, Gaelic was the language of the average home and the average school entrants arrived, proficient speakers of Gaelic but with little or no knowledge of English. Gradually, sometimes not so gradually and sometimes by severe coercive “persuasion”, we were led to understand that the sooner we forgot our Gaelic and paid more attention to our English the better it would be for ourselves and everybody else concerned.

Little wonder the Gaelic speakers became victims of a “Gaelic Inferiority Complex” with all its vicious consequences. Gaelic Societies began to fight this evil and, in addition, in 1891 An Comunn began its propaganda, and, as a result of the combined work of all these friends, there has been an absolute revolution in the attitude of the outside world to our Gaelic heritage, and now, instead of being held up to ridicule and pity as a people barbarous, illiterate, and devoid of culture, we are regarded as a people with a way of life which, if not unique, is most certainly admirable and worthy of preservation for its own sake. We have a store of folk songs and music, for quality and quantity unsurpassed anywhere, a wealth of folklore and tradition handed down the generations for hundreds of years with astonishing exactitude. All these things are accepted by the knowledgeable world as a matter of course, and we no longer need to plead our case.

Justifiable Pride

But what of ourselves? Do we believe, really and truly, ourselves? In a half-hearted sort of way we do accept them, but, having said that, we also take them for granted. We don't seem to realise fully that our heritage is really great, something to be proud of, and incidentally a very considerable asset in everyday life. I have met scores of people, nay hundreds, who feel that in their careers they have been handicapped and frustrated by a trace of highland accent. How utterly and absolutely contrary to fact! I could multiply examples, did time permit, but, with all the persuasiveness I can muster, I assert that in a very real way the Gaelic Inferiority Complex does still persist in far too many of our Gaelic brothers and sisters. This is the point of weakness in our Gaelic Economy and this is the point to which An Comunn and all other workers must direct their propaganda, that is, to persuade the highlander at all times and on all occasions to be actively proud, not arrogantly, that he is a Gaelic-speaking highlander.

Put this right and we need fear no alien invasion anywhere.

“Mairi Og”

Le DOMHNALL R. MOIREASDAN, Sgalpaidh na Hearadh.

(*Choisinn a' bhàrdachd seo Crùn na Bàrdachd aig a' Mhòd Nàiseanta, 1957*).

Màiri Og air acaire
's an acarsaid gu dòigheil,
's mi cioralt' agus aiteas orm
's i air ais 's an t-seòladh,
Màiri Og mar ròn nan tonn.

Chulaidh dhealbhaich stalcaanta,
sheòl i mach á fagadh bhuainn
air a' mhòr-mhuir charraigeanaich
a mach ri taobh a' chòrsa;
thàinig stòirm bha bras-bhualadh
a bha le toirm co-ghleachdadh rith',
'ga luasgadh cas air farsainneachd
is bathais a' chuain ròinich.

Sgioba tùrail innt' 's an ám
bha ag uigheamachadh an t-siùil ri crann,
ghleus gach ealag agus ball
ceart ri sreann-ghaoith ghlòirich,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Muir botrghanta le ùtraiseachd,
torramanach le sùrdalachd,
borbhanach is sùsdal orr',
a' spùtadh ri cuid bhòrdaibh;
cha b'e spreachantachd ach fiùghantachd
a' ghaireadh a bh'anns an iùbhraich seo
a bha cho tailceil dùbhlachan
ann an ùisliginn nam mòr-thonn.

Lear a' rùisleadh gun sgìths,
ùpraideach mar gun sith,
ris a' chulaidh an duibh lith
a bha le spid a' seòladh,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Bu sgafarra na maraichean,
b'iad seòladairean barraichte,
air uchd nan stuagh an là bha siud,
bu sgailceanta na seòid ud;
ann an sgaimearachd nam marannan,
gun iochdmhorachd no tairiseachd,
steud-shruthan fìor-steallagach
a' maistreadh geal nam bòc-thonn.

Slif de sheachd a' dol 'na bhraon
ann an eudann glan nan laoch
bh'air bòrd na luinge dharaich chaoil,
's tuinn le caoir roimh 'n t-sròin aic',
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

A' tighinn dlùth 's 'ga bualadh-se
Bha lùnnan bhùbail bhuaireasach,
a' ghaith slor shéideadh uamhasach,
a' brùchdail buan 's a' ròcail;

na lasgairean fìor luath-lamhach
cumail caob de'n t-seòl ruadh rithe,
's an long an traibh an tuaireamais
a' ruith roimh stuaghan bòrcach.

A' teàrnadh 's a' dìreadh suas na beann
de mhòr-uisgeachan nan steall
bha glaiseach bras ruitheach is prann,
rann-sgalach, dur, dòmhail,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

I siubhal grad is fiaradh innt'
Mar os no boc nan cìoch-ghleannan;
bha cobhar is cop ri gliasaid-se,
bha ruith ri bial 'na bhòcan;
bha cuman fiodha is mias innte
gu a taomadh glan mun lionadh i,
a' cumail a mach gach diar aisde
bha na h-iasgairean bha eòlach.

Mar an dealanach gun mheall
dh'fheumte falamhachadh le sgoinn,
's still is cabhadh a' dol 'na broinn,
's fras nam meall a' dòirtheadh,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Bha na neòil air gnùis na h-iarmailte
a' falbh a nunn 'nan dian-ruith innt';
bha anail ghnìù is gnìomharrach
'ga siaradh fiar 's 'ga tóicheadh;
'Ma sgapas iad le fiamh gheal orr',
's e comharra air gaoith bhith sìoladh e',
thuirt na fir a bha gu riatanach
's a' bhàta dhìonaich, bhòidheach.

Duibhre beachdaidh 's bu sgrathail tuar,
tide grabadh le sgal bho thuath,
mill gun athadh tighinn thar nan cruach,
cur spionnadh nuadh an roiseal,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Na fir a bha gu déibhleideach
air muin na faire d'heuchainnich
's a' bhàta chalma ghlé-mhaiseach,
neo-éisleannach le sòighneas,
a' marcach air na beulanaich
bha athmor garbh mar shléibhteann leat,
a' rùchdail searbh le spéiread bras,
tighinn as a déidh le bòrluim.

I a' gearradh a h-astair air an t-sàl,
aotrom mar lach a' snàmh,
ag aomadh an seòl-mara an làin
nach robh sgàthmhor, còmhnaidh,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Gach stagh 's gach dual 's ròp-tarraing
bh'innt'

dh'fhuiling iad cruaidh an teannachadh,
an seòl ruadh bha bearraideach
air a bheartachadh mar sròl rith';
air an ailm bha sgiobair aithneachail,
nach robh anns a' ghàirsinn aineolach,
bha 'ga stiùradh mar a b'aithne dha
anns an anacothrom dòlach.

Bha i 's an drip gu briog le sùrd,
a' falbh gu fileant' am measg nan sgh,
anns an iomairt seo fhuaire i cliù
mar bhàta siùil math teòma,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Bha na sumaidean le 'n dramannan
mar ùr-shneachd air bearraidhean,
iad bulgach gun a samhail ann
ach abhainn amh air mòintich;
mar leòghann 's i gu h-eangarra
le mòr-ràn a' sgalartaich—
co-dhiù, 'n uair tha gaillionn ann—
cur char dhiubh chun nan òsan.

B'i aimsir mar seo a rug
air na ceatharnaich a bha muigh
ann an gàbhadh fad o phuirt
air eairlinn fhliuch 'nan còmhlan,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Grian dùdhlachd 's na flaitheanas,
a glòir air a mhùchadh falaichte,
bha eadar i 's an talamh seo
sgàilean ballach ceòbain:
toirm an speur na analach
mòr èifeachdach gu farumach,
's e na treun-fhìr a dh'fhairich seo
Di-sathuirne roimh Dòmhaich.

Garbh-shian garg le stùc,
còigear starbhanaich làn tùir,
an eithear an fhearra-dhrum gun smùr,
an gailbhinn smùidreach, ceòthar,
Màiri Og a còir nan tonn.

Anns an droinip 's an dàsachd seo
's an an-uair bha tàthadh rith',
an cainn nach robh ro-àrd innte
deàr-làn gu còmhnaidh;
bha seasmhachd air a' phàirt seo dheth,
bha putadh luath a' bhàta mhath
gu ceann-uidhe is sàbhailteachd,
's gu ionad sàmhach, stòlda.

Fhuair i faochadh is clos
aig a' chaol is taobh nan loch,
gu tìr an fhraoich, nan laoch, 's nan loth,
dh'ionnsaigh long-phort sheòl i,
Màiri Og fa-dheòidh aig fonn.

Mod Diary

By THE EDITOR

A NIGHT in a train "sleeper", along with three others, one of whom insists on keeping the heating full on, while another insists on opening a window, so that our poor head perspired profusely while our feet were played on by icy blasts, is not the best introduction to a Mod. But then this was Inverness, and Inverness has a freshness all its own in the early morning, and the "Ceud mille Fáilte" signs were everywhere.

The Mod, of course, had really begun the day before, on the Sunday afternoon, with a Gaelic service in the East Church, conducted by the Rev. Lachlan Macleod, the lessons being read by Mr. Farquhar MacRae and Mr. A. J. Mac-Askil, and the praise led by Mr. Duncan Fraser and the Inverness Gaelic Choir. We had "listened in" to the service, and were glad we had done so.

Cnoc-Nan-Ròs

Monday afternoon saw a company of us gathering at Cnoc-nan-Ròs, the Comunn na h-Oigridh headquarters near Tain, for the official opening of the memorial gates. Friends had come from far and near, and special mention must be made of the group of boys and girls

from Achiltibuie in Wester Ross who were there as the representatives of the young folk of Gaelic Scotland. Those who took part in the simple ceremony were the President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae; Sir Richard O'Connor (Lord Lieutenant of Ross-shire); Miss Christine MacLennan from Achiltibuie (who in a neat and dignified little Gaelic speech unveiled the memorial plaque); the Rev. Dr. A. J. Morrison, who conducted a short service of dedication; Mr. Neil Shaw who led the singing of the Twenty-third Psalm; the Cameron Highlander who played a lament; and the Rev. T. M. Murchison, who proposed the Votes of Thanks in place of Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, Convener of Comunn na h-Oigridh, who was regrettably unable to be present.

Thereafter the company sat down or stood up to a very much appreciated tea in Cnoc-nan-Ròs, and some of us were able to see round the place. We really must try to make the fullest possible use of this fine house, and for the purposes for which it is intended. The memorial gates, beautifully designed by Dr. Colin Sinclair, will be a perpetual reminder of our debt to our young Highland men and women who made the supreme sacrifice in the two great

wars, and of our duty to the future generations of Gaelic youth. "Cuimhnic na Laoich; cuidich an Oigridh."

Monday Evening

On Monday evening the Empire Theatre was well-filled for the Official Opening of the Mod. Proceedings began with a Gaelic prayer, offered by the Rev. Dr. John Macpherson. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, then welcomed the Provost of Inverness, Mr. Robert Wotherpoon, who in turn extended an official welcome to the Mod on behalf of the magistrates and citizens of Inverness. Then followed the President's Gaelic and English orations, both of which are printed elsewhere in these pages. Mr. MacRae's forthright views got "a good press". They evoked a leading article in one of our great Scottish "dailies", as well as in the local papers, and, of course, headlines in the popular press. There has been some press correspondence, too. When Comunn Presidents—as some have done in the past—steer clear of controversial issues of the day, they are accused of shirking the issue and burying their head in the sands. When they make it known where they stand on contemporary issues, they must expect to be assailed by those who hold contrary views. But, in any case, it makes people sit up and argue.

Thereafter the delegates from Wales and Ireland were welcomed. Mr. T. H. Lewis, who had been at the Rothesay Mod, brought the greetings of the Welsh Eisteddfod, and in a very happy speech told of how Poles in Wales have learned to speak Welsh. Mr. Brian MacGille-Phadraig, Uachtaran of the Irish Oireachtas, brought the greetings of our Irish cousins, and gave some interesting information about the position of Irish Gaelic in the schools of Eire.

Mr. Gordon Gildard, Head of Scottish Programmes, B.B.C., spoke on behalf of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Mr. Ruairidh Mackay, Convener of the Local Committee, proposed votes of thanks, and thereafter a ceilidh was held, with Mr. A. J. MacAskill as Fear-an-tighe.

"An Cnatan Mór"

Vague rumours were circulating on Monday evening that the country-wide epidemic of "Flu" was playing havoc with intending competitors. Just how true these rumours were we discovered on Tuesday morning. This, "Youth Day", is the day most of us enjoy best of all, and, according to the official programme, it was to have been a crowded day with the largest entry of junior competitors for some years. But, alas, as name after name was called in the various competitions, and there was no response,

we all felt sorry—sorry, not for ourselves, although we were disappointed at the comparative fewness of the competitors who did manage to appear, but sorry for the disappointed entrants who had worked so hard to prepare themselves for the big day and then found themselves unable to appear.

The non-attendance of the Lewis and Skye contingents of youthful competitors certainly robbed the Mod of much of its interest, but there were strong representatives present from Oban and Achiltibuie and other places, and, if the competitions were smaller than they would otherwise have been, the quality of the prize-winners was very good. In the Silver Medal competitions only seven out of twenty-two girl entrants appeared, and only three out of six boy entrants, but, as Dr. Wiseman said, "Today's winners are worthwhile winners". They were Marion Gordon from Oban High School and Iain Morrison from Mull (his mother is from Skye).

Only one choir appeared in the Action Song competition—the Bowmore Choir—but they acquitted themselves well. Ayr Junior Choir won the Rona MacVicar Trophy, by the narrow margin of one mark (out of a possible 400) over the Caberfeidh Choir. The *Oban Times* Challenge Trophy went to the Junior "G.G.", with the Oban High School Choir second. For the Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy the positions were reversed, and the Oban Choir also won the Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochry Trophy for Gaelic.

At the junior concert, Dr. John A. Maclean, Director of Education for Inverness-shire, occupied the Chair, and he had some interesting things to say about the position of Gaelic in schools. At the Tuesday evening concert, as is customary, the names of the prize-winners in the literary competitions were announced. We congratulate Scalpay (Harris) on so soon again gaining the Bardic crown. Many were interested to hear our grand veteran, Neil Shaw, named among the prize-winners.

Wednesday

On Wednesday the "seniors" got down to business. There was a lot of enjoyable singing of folk-songs, waulking songs, and puirt-a-beul. In the afternoon we heard the *òrain mhóra*, a very severe test this year for both men and women singers, and for the adjudicators as well! A new-comer, Anna Macdougall from Islay, delighted a large audience with her singing of "An Gille Bàn", and there was much speculation about her chances of getting into the Gold Medal Finals, but she had not come prepared to attempt all the qualifying competitions. No doubt, we shall hear her at future Mods. At least, we very much hope we shall!

On Wednesday evening a packed house enjoyed a first-class ceilidh in the Empire Theatre, with Messrs. Hume D. Robertson and Donald D. MacIsaac as Fir-an-tighe. Part of this ceilidh was broadcast. The same evening a large number of guests attended a reception and concert given by the Provost and Magistrates of Inverness in the Caledonian Hotel. Among those present was the Right Rev. Dr. George F. Macleod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. This was probably the first time that a Moderator of the General Assembly attended a Mod function during his year of office. It was fitting that Gilbert Macphail should sing, as his first item, the Gaelic version of "Farewell to Fiunary," a song composed by the Moderator's great-grandfather, Norman Macleod ("Caraid nan Gaidheal").

On Thursday forenoon interest was centred on the 'Finals'. We congratulate the year's Gold Medalists, Johan Macleod and Alasdair Gillies, and wish success to the unsuccessful. Let them try and try again—that's the spirit! In the 'Learners' Final' aggregates, Iris Mathieson, Lochinver, and Ronald MacKellaig, Glenfinnan, took first place, and many were delighted to note the success of Elizabeth Bannerman, who took first place in the finals' competition, as well as being first in the waulking songs' competition the previous day. She came second to Iris Mathieson in the final aggregate.

The Rural Choirs

Thursday afternoon, and the rural choirs! How much these rural choirs mean to the Mod! How poor the Mod would be without them! How difficult it is for many of them to keep going! The town and city choirs have their difficulties, but at least they have a largish population to draw upon and they rarely have problems of transport to make their weekly rehearsals difficult. Not so the rural choirs. While we would have rejoiced in the success of any of the choirs, we were specially glad to see Lochs Choir, recruited from scattered communities in the extensive parish of Lochs in Lewis, do so well, and also the Lochalsh Choir.

The Oral competitions, junior and senior, are an essential part of the Mod programme, but so few people seem to appreciate that! We spent an enjoyable hour listening to senior competitors telling their traditional tales. It was as pleasant an hour as we've had at the Mod.

At the Thursday evening concert the Chairman was Mr. James Shaw Grant, Editor of *The Stornoway Gazette*.

There was some excellent singing on Friday, although only two male voice choirs appeared and some of the ladies' choirs had to withdraw. In the premier choral event, the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy competition, the Greenock

Choir won the coveted first place, with four marks (out of a possible 400) more than the "G.G." and Stornoway, who tied for second place, while three marks behind these came Campbelltown and Oban, who also tied. The Margrat Duncan Memorial Trophy was won by Dingwall Gaelic Choir, last year's winners.

The clarsach, violin, and piano competitions attract only small audiences, as compared with the crowds who throng the solo and choral singing competitions. Why this should be so is hard to understand. Those who do not go near these "instrumental" competitions do not realise how much pleasure they are denying themselves.

Art and Industry

The Mod came to an end with packed audiences at the two concerts in the Empire Theatre and the ceilidh in the Playhouse on Friday evening. At the concerts the Chairmen were Provost Wotherspoon and Major C. I. Fraser of Reelig, while Bishop Duncan MacInnes presided in the Playhouse.

An important feature of every National Mod for many years has been the Art and Industry Exhibition, and this year's exhibition, thanks to the enthusiasm and indefatigable labours of Mrs. Edgar, was no whit behind those of recent years. There was an interesting and varied display of articles made by the Garve Work Society, by Miss Morven Macleod and Colonel Olave Macleod, Strathpeffer, by the Kessock Weavers and others, and by prize-winners in the Mod Art and Industry competitions. An exhibit of special interest was a collection of some 160 pressed wild flowers, with their botanical, English, and Gaelic names, made by a Colonsay schoolboy. Mrs. Mackinnon, a native of St. Kilda now resident in the Black Isle, gave demonstrations of Carding and Spinning.

Last of all, our cordial thanks to the "Gaelic Testers", Mr. Donald Thomson and Miss Lucy Cameron. Theirs is no easy task and they do it well.

Annual General Meeting

THE Annual General Meeting of An Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Town Hall, Inverness, on Saturday, 5th October, 1957, at 10 a.m. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, occupied the Chair, and there was a good attendance of members.

At the outset, the members upstanding in tribute, the President read a list of members who had died since the last Annual Meeting.

The President then expressed the thanks of the Association to the many people who had

helped to make this National Mod, just ended, so great a success and so pleasant an experience. He named especially the Mod Local Committee, under their energetic office-bearers—Mr. Ruairidh Mackay (Convener), Messrs. Alex. J. MacAskill and Kenneth Fraser (Vice-Conveners), Miss Ena MacInnes (Hon. Secretary), and Mr. Murdo Macleod (Hon. Treasurer). The whole spirit of the Mod had been excellent, said Mr. MacRae, and the keynote had been set on the opening night by the Provost of Inverness, to whom was owed a great debt of gratitude.

The President also expressed cordial appreciation of the services rendered by the Press, the B.B.C., and, last but by no means least, an Comunn's own staff. It was matter of regret that we were losing the services of Mr. D. J. Maclean as our Northern Organiser, but we thanked him for his past services and wished him well in his future career.

The Secretary intimated that the following had been elected in terms of the constitution: President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae; Vice-President, Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon; Members of Council, Mr. J. M. Bannerman, Rev. A. M. Beaton, Miss Lucy Cameron, Mrs. Morag C. Edgar, Rev. John Macdonald, Rev. A. C. MacGillivray, Mr. Angus Macleod, Mr. John A. MacRae, Mr. I. M. Miller, and Mr. Neil Shaw.

The Reports and Accounts were submitted, considered, and approved, and Messrs. Gillespie and Anderson were re-appointed auditors.

The Secretary submitted a letter from the Dunoon Branch inviting the National Mod for 1959 to Dunoon, and a letter from the Dundee Highland Society inviting the Mod for the same year to Dundee. Mrs. Murray, Dunoon, spoke in support of the Dunoon invitation, and Mrs. Macdonald and Mr. Macleod, from Dundee area, supported the Dundee invitation.

Discussion followed, in which the various advantages and disadvantages of both places were carefully considered, as well as other relevant facts. The general feeling of the meeting was that An Comunn was fortunate in having two such invitations before it, but a decision was not easy. On a vote being taken, it was decided in favour of accepting the invitation to Dundee, and this became the unanimous finding of the meeting.

To fill vacancies, Messrs. Kenneth Macdonald and Hugh Macphee were appointed Trustees of the Feill Trust.

Under "Any Other Competent Business", a variety of topics was brought to the notice of the meeting, the most interesting being that raised by Dr. Donald Macdonald, of Gislea, Lewis, who suggested that consideration should be given to making representations in the proper quarters that the heir to the Throne, Prince Charles, should include Gaelic among the languages he is to learn. Such recognition of Gaelic, said Dr. Macdonald, would be of inestimable value in raising the prestige of the language, not least among those many Gaelic speakers who depreciate it, and in stirring up new interest in it and enthusiasm for it. This proposal and other matters raised were remitted to the Executive Council for fuller consideration.

The President having been cordially thanked, both for his leadership during Mod week and for his chairmanship of the meeting, the proceedings were brought to a close.

Following upon the Annual General Meeting, the Preliminary Meeting of the Executive Council was held. The President occupied the Chair.

The only business was the appointment of the Standing Committees for 1957-58.

Mod Prize List

(Figures in brackets after names indicate marks. Where three numbers are given, first is Gaelic mark, second is Music mark, and third is total.—Editor.)

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Derick S. Thomson, M.A.; Donald Grant, M.A., Ed.B.; Alex. Urquhart, M.A.; Lachlan Mackinnon, M.A., F.E.I.S.; John A. MacRae, M.A., L.R.A.M.; Malcolm G. McCallum, A.R.C.O., L.R.A.M.

Junior Section

Group "A" (1)—Book tokens for proficiency in Gaelic (Secondary pupils). Awarded to pupils in the following schools—Bach Junior Secondary, Bellahouston Senior Secondary (Glasgow), Cornaigmore Junior Secondary, Lurebost Junior Secondary, Nicolson Institute, Oban High School, Portree High School, Inverness Royal Academy, Sir Edward Scott Junior Secondary (Harris), Woodside Senior Secondary

(Glasgow), Dingwall Academy, Fort William Senior Secondary, Lionel Junior Secondary.

Group "A" (2)—Certificates of Merit for proficiency in Gaelic (Primary pupils). Awarded to pupils in the following schools—Achiultibe Junior Secondary, Cornaigmore Junior Secondary, Lionel Junior Secondary, Lurebost Junior Secondary, and Port Ellen Junior Secondary.

Group "D"—Special Competition: Gaelic essay on the life of Gideon (Prizes presented by the late Mrs. Stewart, Simla). Boys—1, Roderick John Macdonald; 2, Donald John Macleod. Girls—1, Mary Anne Macleannan; 2, Margaret Morag Macleannan. (All pupils of Sir Edward Scott Junior Secondary School, Harris.)

Senior Section

Silver Cup (presented by the Earl and Countess of Cassillis, awarded to prize-winner gaining highest aggregate marks in stated competitions)—Jonathan Macdonald, Kilmuir, Skye.

Gold Medal (presented by Miss Millar-Weir, Alexandria), awarded to the prize-winner with highest aggregate marks in stated competitions (former winners debarred)—Jonathan Macdonald.

Poem on any subject (Prizes of £5, along with Bardic Crown and Bardic Scroll and retention for one year of the Ailsa Trophy)—1, Donald R. Morrison, Scalpay, Harris; 2, Neil Shaw, Kilmacolm.

Short Story (not exceeding 600 words) (Hugh MacCormac and Fingal) Memorial Prize of £3—Jonathan Macdonald.

Essay on any subject—Neil Shaw.

Three original songs for children (Robert MacMillan Prizes)—1, Neil Shaw; 2, Mrs. Katie M. Macgregor, Nigg; 3, Jonathan Macdonald.

Compilation of unpublished Gaelic vocal music—Mrs. Katherine Douglas, Kilmuir.

Arrangement in harmony of a Gaelic song (Angus Robertson Memorial Prize of £5 presented by the Glasgow Skye Association)—Edna M. Walton, Inverness.

ART AND INDUSTRY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Miss Lindsay and Dr. Colin Sinclair.

Section "A"—Home Industries. (1) Samples of wool, vegetable dyed—Mrs. Catherine Brown, Dunoon. (2) Hand-knitted dined hose for dress knit wear (An Comunn Gaidhealach Trophy)—Mrs. Catherine Brown.

Section "B"—Design. Original Celtic design for trolley cloth, table mats, or metal work—1 and 2, Miss C. M. Mackenzie, Aberdeen.

Section "C"—Handcraft. Rug with Celtic design—Mrs. Cameron, Rhynd.

Section "D"—Needlework. Italian-quilted tea cosy in Celtic design—1, Helen L. Wood, Rothesay; 2, Mrs. Neil MacIntyre, Lochgilphead; 3, Mrs. Catherine Brown.

Section "E"—Handcraft. Hand painted table-lamp in china or pottery, with matching shade, re-introducing Celtic design—Helen L. Wood.

TUESDAY

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

Rev. George W. Mackay, D.D., Memorial Cup, awarded to competitor with highest aggregate marks in reading, reciting, and conversation—Mina Mackay, Inverness Royal Academy.

EAST CHURCH HALL (UPPER). ADJUDICATOR—Kenneth Macleod, M.A.

Reading prose with expression (12-16 years)—1, Catriona Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (91); 2 (equal), Mina Mackay, Inverness Royal Academy (90); and Janet Hutchison, Oban High School (90); 4, Flora Mackenzie, Oban High School (87); 5, Catherine M. Maclean, Inverness (86).

Reading prose with expression (under 12)—Christine MacLennan, Achiltibuie (89).

Aithris air mheòmhair (Buill Comunn na h-Oigridh fo aois 18)—Catriona Nic Thómais, Ard-sgoil an Obain (88).

Narrative based on some local incident, tradition, or legend, followed by conversation with adjudicator—1, Catriona Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (91); 2, Catherine M. Maclean, Inverness (89); 3, Mina Mackay, Inverness Royal Academy (88).

Còmhradh air cuspairean sònraichte (Buill Comunn na h-Oigridh fo aois 18)—1, Sim MacCoinnich, Achd-'ille-bhuidhe (84); 2, Cairistiona Nic Ghill' Fhinnein, Achd-'ille-bhuidhe (80).

EAST CHURCH HALL (LOWER). ADJUDICATOR—Rev. John Macdougall, M.A.

Reciting from memory "An t-Eun Siubhail"—1, Catriona Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (89); 2, Mina Mackay, Inverness Royal Academy (87); 3, Anne Fraser, Kyle (86).

Reading at sight an unfamiliar prose piece chosen by adjudicator—1, Mina Mackay, Inverness Royal Academy (88); 2, Sandra Mason, Oban High School (85); 3, Janet Hutchison, Oban High School (84); 4, Flora Mackenzie, Oban High School (83); 5 (equal), Christine MacLennan, Achiltibuie (82), and Catriona Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (82).

Excellence in Gaelic conversation—1, Mina Mackay Inverness Royal Academy (91); 2 (equal), Catherine M. Maclean, Inverness (90), and Anne Fraser, Kyle (90).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (Room A). ADJUDICATOR—James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Reading with expression a piece of prose or poetry (learners) (12-16 years)—1, Irene Potter, Dalmally (87); 2, Ann Gillies, Oban High School (86); 3, William S. Davies, Ayr (84).

Reading with expression a piece of prose or poetry (learners) (under 12)—1, Hector Mackenzie, Achiltibuie (90); 2, Farquhar Macgregor, Kyle (89); 3, Margaret Robertson, Kiltarlity (88); 4, Mary R. Davies, Ayr (87½); 5, Chrissie Maclean, Inverness (87).

Reciting from memory, St. John's Gospel, chap. XIV, 1-6 (Prizes presented by the late Mrs. Stewart, Simla) (Girls under 12, learners)—1, Catherine Carter, Loch Awe (89); 2, Isobel Nicolson, Nairn (88); 3, Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow (87½).

Verse-speaking of "Tir-nan-Og" by groups of from 6 to 10 speakers—1, Oban High School (88); 2, Achiltibuie School (85).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (Room B). ADJUDICATOR—Neil McGill, M.A.

Reciting from memory, "An Coileach" (learners)—1, David Macleod, Loch Awe (89); 2, Catherine Carter, Loch Awe (88); 3, Sheena Mackay, Oban High School (87).

Reciting from memory, St. John's Gospel, chap. XIV, 1-6 (Prizes presented by the late Mrs. Stewart, Simla) (Boys under 12, learners)—1, David Macleod, Loch Awe (91); 2, Farquhar Macgregor, Kyle (90); 3, Hector Mackenzie, Achiltibuie (89).

Reading at sight an unfamiliar prose piece chosen by adjudicator (learners)—1, Ann Gillies, Oban High School (93); 2, Irene Potter, Dalmally (88); 3, Hector Mackenzie, Achiltibuie (87); 4, Catherine Carter, Loch Awe (86).

Vocal Music

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing (Silver Medal Competition—Girls) (Song prescribed—"Ile Bhig")—1, Marion Gordon (B), Oban High School (89, 88, 177); 2, Anne Fraser, Kyle (89, 87, 176); 3, Christine MacLennan, Achiltibuie (90, 85, 175).

Solo singing (Silver Medal Competition—Boys) (Song prescribed—"Màili Dhonn")—1, Iain Morrison, Mull (90, 85, 175); 2, Simon Mackenzie, Achiltibuie (89, 84, 173).

Traditional singing of unpublished song—1, Marion Gordon (A), Oban High School (90, 89, 179); 2, Christine MacLennan, Achiltibuie (92, 85, 177); 3, Iain Morrison, Mull (90, 86, 176).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A.
Music: John T. Fyfe.

Solo singing (girls, 12-16, learners) (Song prescribed—"Do'n Chuthaig")—1, Kathleen N. Henry, Tarbert (94, 94, 188); 2, Sheila M. Crowder, Glenurquhart (93, 93, 186); 3, Ann Gillies, Oban High School (93, 91, 184).

Solo singing (boys and girls) (former prize-winners only) (own choice) (Cuach presented by Skelmorlie and District Highland Association)—1, Deirdre S.C. McLeish, Perth (93, 94, 187); 2, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle (92, 92, 184); 3, Margaret Currie, Port Ellen (92, 91, 183).

OLD HIGH CHURCH HALL. ADJUDICATORS—
Gaelic: Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S.
Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Solo singing (girls under 12) (learners) (Song prescribed—"Oran na maighdinn mara")—1, Margaret MacRae, Kyle (90, 86, 176); 2, Katharine A.M. Ross, Lochinver (89, 86, 175); 3, Sheila Clubley, Kyle (89, 85, 174).

Solo singing (boys, learners) (Song prescribed—"Creag Ghuanach")—1, Nigel M. Fraser, Aviemore (88, 86, 174); 2, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh (88, 85, 173); 3, Angus Macdonald, Laggan (88, 84, 172).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:
Rev. John Macdougall, M.A. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Duet singing (learners) (Song prescribed—"Crodh Chaillein")—1, Kathleen N. Henry and Agnes R. Sinclair, Tarbert Junior Secondary School (86, 84, 170); 2, Janet Dunn and Annabel MacSween, Plockton Secondary School (85, 82, 167).

Unison singing by junior choirs (Songs prescribed—"Mairi Og" and "Mo Roghainn A' Ghàidhlig") (Rona MacVicar Trophy, presented by Campbelltown Gaelic Choir)—1, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir (170, 175, 345); 2, Caberfeidh Junior Choir (170, 174, 344).

Choral singing in two-part harmony (Songs prescribed: "S fheudar dhomh bhith togail orm" and "Dean bà-bà mo leanabh") (Mrs. Miller's Trophy)—1, Dingwall Academy Gaelic Choir (168, 176, 344); 2, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir (167, 173, 340).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: James Thomson, M.A.,
F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing (boys and girls, 16-18) (own choice) (Queen Elizabeth Coronation (1937) Trophy)—1, Donald A. Mackinnon, Broadford (90, 88, 178); 2, June Gillies, Plockton Secondary School (88, 85, 173); 3, Morag Mackenzie, Portree High School (86, 86, 172).

Duet singing (Song prescribed—"Mo Nionag")—1, Chrissie Campbell and Margaret Currie, Port Ellen (85, 82, 167).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Angus Macleod, M.A.,
B.Sc., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Unison singing by junior choirs (50 per cent. of each choir must be Gaelic-speaking) (Songs prescribed: "Chi mi na mòr-bheanna", "Mìrean, mìrean, miug, miug", "Crònna a' ghille Mhuilich", and "Còta sìod air Màiri") (Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy)—1, Oban High School Choir A (89, 89, 178); 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir (87, 88, 175).

Choral singing in two-part harmony (50 per cent. of each choir must be Gaelic-speaking) (Songs prescribed: "Gille bochd na mòintich" and "Tha mo bhreacan fliuch fo'n dlle") (Oban Times Challenge Trophy)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Junior Choir (88, 90, 178); 2, Oban High School Choir A (90, 86, 176). Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochly Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic in this competition—Oban High School Choir A (90).

TOWN HALL. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil McGill, M.A. Music: John T. Fyfe.

Action Song (Shiant Shield, presented by Sir Compton Mackenzie)—1, Bowmore Junior Gaelic Choir (90, 91, 181).

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

TOWN HALL. ADJUDICATOR—James L. McAdam.

Playing of slow Gaelic air and march on pianoforte (own choice) (Margaret Hill-Boyle Memorial Trophy, presented by Mr. George Gunn; along with Kilt Pin presented by Mrs. J. M. B. Maclean)—1, Kenneth Mackinnon, Inverness (69); 2, Sandra W. Smith, Inverness (68); 3 (equal), Eleanor Sinclair, Inverness (67), and Joan Innes, Inverness (67).

WEDNESDAY

Senior Section

Vocal Music

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (LESSER).
ADJUDICATORS—Neil McGill, M.A., and Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A.

Best rendering of two unpublished folk-songs sung in the traditional manner (The Scotia Trophy)—1, Alasdair B. Gillies, Glasgow (186); 2, Duncan MacCallman, Port Ellen (185); 3, Iona Macdonald, Forres (184).

Solo singing of port-a-beul (own choice) (Duncan Johnston Memorial Trophy, presented by the Glasgow Islay Association)—1, Alasdair B. Gillies, Glasgow (194); 2, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (192); 3, Jonathan Macdonald, Kilmuir (190).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:
Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Solo singing of the song, "Màiri Laghach" (male voices: learners)—1, David S. Stewart, Rugby (90, 86, 176); 2, William A. Barclay, Glasgow (90, 85, 175); 3, Ronald Mackellaig, Glenfinnan (89, 85, 174).

Solo singing of following songs by Lorn bards, "Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd" and "Oran do Lios-mór" (Oban and Lorn Association Commemoration Medal, 1914-18, 1939-45, presented by Glasgow Oban and Lorn Association)—1, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (89, 88, 177); 2, Sheila A. Macdougall, Glasgow (89, 87, 176).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John Macdougall,
M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Solo singing of a song from Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides" (male and female voices) (Songs prescribed: "Ailte" and "Thig, a chuinneig, thig") (In memory of the late Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser)—1, Anne V. Mackintosh, Onich (87, 85, 172); 2, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock (87, 84, 171).

OLD HIGH CHURCH HALL. ADJUDICATORS—
Gaelic: Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S.
Music: John T. Fyfe.

Solo singing of a waulking song (own choice)
(female voices: learners)—1, Elizabeth M. Bannerman,
Balmaha (90, 90, 180); 2, Margaret C. Mitchell,
Greenock (89, 90, 179); 3, Iris Mathieson, Lochinver
(89, 88, 178).

OLD HIGH CHURCH HALL. ADJUDICATORS—
Gaelic: Kenneth Macleod, M.A. Music: John T.
Fyfe.

Solo singing of the song, "Fhleasgaich òig"
(ladies: learners)—1, Iris Mathieson, Lochinver
(91, 91, 182); 2, Catriona M. Maclean, Kirkhill
(89, 88, 177); 3, Catherine M. E. Fraser, Fortingall
(88, 88, 176).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:
Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert
Wiseman.

Solo singing (ladies) of song, "An Gille Bàn"
(James Grant Memorial Prizes)—1, Anna F. Macdougall
Islay (93, 90, 183); 2, Johan Macleod, Glasgow (93,
86, 177); 3, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow (92,
85, 177).

Solo singing (men) of the òran-mór, "Marbhrann
do Mhac 'Ic Ailein" (The Bessie-Campbell Memorial
Prizes)—1, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (90,
89, 179); 2, A. M. Ross, Lochinver (89, 88, 177);
3, Alasdair B. Gillies, Glasgow (90, 85, 175).

OLD HIGH CHURCH HALL. ADJUDICATORS—
Gaelic: James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music:
Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Solo singing (men) of song, "Bidh fonn oirre
daonnán" (The L/Cpl. Lachlan Maclean Watt Memorial
Prizes)—1, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (89,
87, 176); 2, Calum Cameron, Glasgow (89, 85, 174);
3, Duncan Macdonald, Mull (90, 82, 172).

Solo singing (ladies) of the òran-mór, "Cumha do
Uilleam Siosal" (The Jessie N. MacLachlan Memorial
Prizes)—1, Johan Macleod, Glasgow (90, 89, 179);
2, Sheila A. Macdougall, Glasgow (89, 88, 177); 3,
Iona Macdonald, Forres (87, 85, 172).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil McGill, M.A. Music:
John T. Fyfe.

Solo singing (own choice) (competitors to be natives
of Glenmoriston, Glenurquhart, or Stratherrick districts
or, failing such, natives of the County of Inverness,
excluding burghs of 2,000 or more) (The Mrs. Quintin
MacLennan Prizes)—1, Peter Mackerrall, Culloden
Moor (86, 88, 174); 2, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edin-
burgh (87, 86, 173).

Solo singing of unpublished song connected with
Mull or Iona (Prizes presented by Glasgow Mull and
Iona Association)—1, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow
(87, 90, 177); 2, Elizabeth M. Cattanaich, Mull (86,
88, 174).

THURSDAY

ORAL DELIVERY

Gold Medal, presented by Glasgow Skye Association,
for highest aggregate marks in specified oral delivery
competitions—John M. Macdonald, Inverness Royal
Academy.

Dr. John Cameron Commemoration Prize for most
distinguished competitor in Learners' Oral Section—
Elizabeth C. McDiarmid, Lawers.

EAST CHURCH HALL (UPPER). ADJUDICATOR—
Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A.

Reciting poem, "An Uiseag", from memory—1,
Kathleen Mackinnon, Oban High School (92); 2,
Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (91).

Ancient folk-tale (preferably unpublished) narrated
in traditional style (The Anglo-Chilean Society
Shield)—1, Jonathan Macdonald, Kilmuir (94); 2,
Dolina J. Maclean, Inverness Royal Academy. (93).

Original speech on any subject—1, John M.
Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (93); 2, Mrs.
Malcolm Mackinnon, Glasgow (92).

Recitation of piece of original poetry composed
by competitor (Calum MacPharlin Memorial Prizes,
presented by Paisley Highlanders' Association)—
1, John M. Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy
(96); 2, Jonathan Macdonald, Kilmuir (92).

EAST CHURCH HALL (LOWER). ADJUDICATOR
—Rev. John Macdougall, M.A.

Acted dialogue—1, Catherine L. Christie and
Kathleen Mackinnon, Oban (93); 2, Mrs. Malcolm
Mackinnon and Johan Macleod, Glasgow (92); 3, Mrs.
Murray and Mary Graham, Lochinver (91).

Reciting prose, "Fionnalt", from memory—1,
Kathleen Mackinnon, Oban High School (92); 2, C.
A. Douglas, Pitlochry (91).

Reading unfamiliar piece of prose—1, John M.
Macdonald, Inverness Royal Academy (91); 2, Murdo
F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (90).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (ROOM A).
ADJUDICATOR—James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Reciting poem, "Caol Muile", from memory
(learners)—1, Elizabeth C. McDiarmid, Lawers (89);
2, Mary J. M. Shaw, Dunkeld (88).

Reading at sight a passage selected by adjudicator
from *An Gaidheal* (learners)—1, Kenneth Macgregor,
Kyle (88); 2, James Burnett, Glasgow (87½).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (ROOM B).
ADJUDICATOR—Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc.,
F.E.I.S.

Reciting prose from memory (own choice) (learners)
—1, Elizabeth C. McDiarmid, Lawers (92); 2 (equal),
David S. Stewart, Rugby (91), and Kenneth Macgregor,
Kyle (91).

Speech (learners)—1, Elizabeth C. McDiarmid,
Lawers (91); 2, David S. Stewart, Rugby (90).

VOCAL MUSIC

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).
ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Kenneth Macleod, M.A.
Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Nova Scotia Competition (Song prescribed: "Gu
ma slàn do na fearaibh") (Confined to first-prize
winners in premier solo competitions at provincial
mods) (Medals presented by the Cape Breton Island
Gaelic Foundation)—1 (Gold Medal), Catherine M.
Fraser, Fortingall (91, 87, 178); 2 (Silver Medal),
Jessie Mackerrall, Culloden Moor (91, 86, 177); 3
(Bronze Medal), Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow (91,
85, 176).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:
Neil McGill, M.A. Music: John T. Fyfe.

Solo singing of a rowing song (male voices: learners)
—1, Adrian S. Mackintosh, Fort William (88, 88,
176); 2, Ronald Mackellaig, Glenfìnnan (87, 87, 174);
3, William A. Barclay, Glasgow (84, 89, 173).

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., and Kenneth Macleod, M.A. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Solo singing of the songs, "An t-Oighre Og" (ladies) and "Thug mi 'n oidhche raoir sundach" (men), along with song chosen by competitor (learners' finals competition). Ladies—1, Elizabeth M. Bannerman, Balmaha (174, 172, 346); 2 (equal), Iris Mathieson, Lochinver (181, 163, 344), and Catriona M. Macleain, Kirkhill (177, 167, 344). Men—1, Ronald Mackellaig, Glenfinnan (177, 174, 351); 2, William A. Barclay, Glasgow (176, 165, 341).

Learners' Finals Aggregate. Ladies—1, Iris Mathieson, Lochinver (361, 343, 704); 2, Elizabeth M. Bannerman, Balmaha (350, 348, 698); 3, Catriona M. Macleain, Kirkhill (354, 343, 697). Men—1, Ronald Mackellaig, Glenfinnan (353, 346, 699); 2, William A. Barclay, Glasgow (350, 339, 689); 3, Adrian S. Mackintosh, Fort William (347, 331, 678).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:

Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A., and James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman and John T. Fyfe.

Solo singing of the songs, "Cumha Alasdair Dhuinn" (ladies) and "Théid mi le m' dheòin do dhùthaich Mhic Leòid" (men), along with a song chosen by competitor (Gold Medal Finals). Ladies—1, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow (177, 174, 351); 2, Johan Macleod, Glasgow (180, 169, 349). Men—1, Alasdair B. Gillies, Glasgow (182, 176, 358); 2, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (175, 169, 344).

Gold Medalists (aggregate of marks of specified competitions). Ladies—1 (and Gold Medal), Johan Macleod, Glasgow (363, 344, 707); 2, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow (355, 344, 699); 3, Sheila A. Macdougall (355, 341, 696). Men—1 (and Gold Medal), Alasdair B. Gillies, Glasgow (359, 344, 703); 2, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh (354, 345, 699); 3, A. M. Ross, Lochinver (354, 334, 688).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:

Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S. Music: John T. Fyfe.

Choral singing of the songs, "Far an robh mi 'n raoir" and "Nunn do Mhuile", (confined to choirs from rural districts, excluding towns of more than 2,000 population) (at least 50 per cent. of each choir to be Gaelic speakers) (Lorn Shield, presented by Colonel and Mrs. Iain Campbell of Airds)—1, Lochs Choir (91, 92, 183); 2, Portree Gaelic Choir (90, 88, 178); 3, Ballachulish Gaelic Choir (88, 87, 175); 4 (equal), Bowmore Gaelic Choir (87, 87, 174) and Salen (Mull) Gaelic Choir (88, 86, 174).

Dalriada Cup, presented by Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith, Lochgilphead, for choir with highest marks in Gaelic in Lorn Shield competition—Lochs Choir (91).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic:

James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Choral singing of the songs, "Am Fonn" and "Fóghnan na h-Àlba" (confined to choirs from rural districts, excluding towns of more than 2,000 population) (Sheriff Macmaster Campbell Memorial Cuach)—1, Lochalsh Gaelic Choir (176, 170, 346); 2, Ardrishaig Gaelic Choir (173, 172, 345); 3, Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir (175, 169, 344).

CLARSACH COMPETITIONS

TOWN HALL. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John Macdougall, M.A. Music: K. Barry Milner.

Solo singing with self-accompaniment on the clarsach, of "Luinneag Mhic Leòid", and a song chosen by competitor (Hilda Mary Campbell Clarsach and Silver Clarsach Brooch, presented by Mrs. Iain Campbell of Airds)—1, Marjory H. McLeish, Perth (84, 86, 170); 2, C. Victor A. MacEchern, Creetown (81, 73, 154).

Playing "Cumha Mhic Cruimein" and a contrasting air chosen by competitor on clarsach (Prizes presented by Mrs. A. E. Matheson)—1, C. Victor A. MacEchern, Creetown (86); 2, Marjory H. McLeish, Perth (80). Accompanying of a singer on clarsach (Songs prescribed: "Gur milis Mòrag" and "Thàinig an gille dubh")—1, May F. Hunter, Fairlie (80); 2, C. Victor A. MacEchern, Creetown (79).

Playing two pieces on clarsach (open to those who have played from one to four years) (Charles McEachran Memorial Clarsach, presented by Rev. J. Reid Christie; 2nd prize given by Mrs. Neil Orr)—1, F. E. D. Lauder, Edinburgh (82); 2, Catriona G. Thomson, Oban (80).

FRIDAY

DR. BLACK MEMORIAL HALL (MAIN). ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil McGill, M.A. Music: John T. Fyfe.

Duet singing (own choice)—1, Catherine Crawford and Tom Crawford, Bowmore (87, 91, 178); 2, Iona Macdonald, Forres, and Mona Taylor, Nairn (88, 89, 177).

Quartette singing (mixed voices) of song, "An gaol a thug mi og" (Prizes donated by Edinburgh Gaelic Choir every second year)—1, Stornoway Gaelic Choir Quartette (89, 90, 179); 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association Quartette (87, 90, 177).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Choral singing of the puirt-a-beul, "Cuir 's a' chiste mhòir mi" and "A mhic na circe topanaich" (Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association (88, 90, 178); 2, Campbeltown Gaelic Choir (88, 88, 176); 3, London Gaelic Choir (89, 86, 175).

PLAYHOUSE CINEMA. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman.

Choral singing (female voices) of the songs, "Luinneag Mhic Leòid" and "Hug o laithill ohor" (Esme Smyth Trophy)—1, Govan Gaelic Choir (179, 177, 356); 2, Greenock Gaelic Choir (175, 174, 349); 3, Stornoway Gaelic Choir (177, 170, 347).

Choral singing (male voices) of the songs, "Balaich an Iasgaich" and "Fuirich, a ribhinn" (Mull and Iona Shield, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Neil Cameron)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association (174, 169, 343); 2, Coisir Fhear Inbhir-Nis (172, 175, 337).

EMPIRE THEATRE. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Angus Macleod, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., and Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A. Music: Dr. Herbert Wiseman and John T. Fyfe.

Choral singing of two songs, "S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis" and "An Dubh Ghleannach" (at least 50 per cent. of each choir to be Gaelic speakers) (Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy)—1, Greenock Gaelic Choir (175, 173, 348); 2 (equal), Stornoway Gaelic Choir (178, 166, 344) and Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association (176, 168, 344); 4 (equal), Campbeltown Gaelic Choir (173, 168, 341) and Oban Gaelic Choir (177, 164, 341).

Weekly Scotsman Cuach for choir with highest marks in Gaelic in Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy Competition—Stornoway Gaelic Choir (178).

PLAYHOUSE CINEMA. ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John Macdougall, M.A., and Kenneth Macleod, M.A. Music: Dr. T. M. McCourt.

Choral singing in four-part harmony of the songs, "Mo nighèan donn nan caorach" and "Eilean A Cheò!" (Confined to choirs from towns of over 2,000 population: at least 25 per cent. of each choir to be Gaelic speakers) (The Margrat Duncan Memorial Trophy, presented by the Glasgow Islay Association and friends)—1, Dingwall Gaelic Choir (181, 172, 353); 2, Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir (181, 169, 350); 3, Aberdeen Gaelic Choir (177, 171, 348).

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

TOWN HALL. ADJUDICATORS—James L. McAdam and N. A. Macdonald.

Playing of a Highland march, strathspey, and reel (bagpipe setting) on the pianoforte (confined to amateurs) (The Aberdeenshire Targe, presented by the Aberdeen and District Pipers' Society)—1, Ronald MacKellaig, Glenfinnan (35); 2, Nina MacTavish, Tulloch (34); 3, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh (31).

TOWN HALL. ADJUDICATOR—Violet Mathieson, Dip. Mus. Ed., R.S.A.M.

Playing of a Highland march, strathspey, and reel on the violin (confined to amateurs) (The Sutherland Cup, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutherland)—1, Ian Kennedy, Fort William (34); 2, Farquhar MacRae, Inverailort (33); 3, Alexander Tulloch, Nairn (32).

Playing of a strathspey and reel on the violin (Competitors must be natives of Glenmoriston, Glenurquhart, or Stratherrick districts, or, failing such, natives of County of Inverness, excluding burghs of 2,000 population or more) (The Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Farquhar MacRae, Inverailort, (34); 2, Ian Kennedy, Fort William (33).

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged	£1,947	9	—
Messrs. MacRae & Dick Ltd., Inverness	3	3	—
Messrs. Wm. Timpson Ltd., Inverness	2	2	—
Messrs. A. Cameron & Co., Inverness	2	2	—
Inverness Gaelic Choir	11	—	—
Balmacara Branch	5	—	—
Newtonmore Branch	7	7	—
Largs Branch	10	10	—
Lewis Branch	10	—	—
Beaully Branch (2nd Contribution)	10	—	—
Kyle Branch	15	—	—
Tain Branch	10	10	—
Dingwall Branch	110	—	—
Dingwall Gaelic Choir	25	—	—
Lochcarron Branch	5	—	—
Fort William Branch	10	—	—
Helsmdale Branch	10	—	—
Dr. Donald Macdonald, Gisla, Film Show	12	6	—
Manchester Ceilidh per Dr. MacCallum	24	16	6
Conon Ceilidh per A. Fraser, Esq.	22	—	—
Ardersier Ceilidhs per F. Maclean, Esq.	32	—	—

Ullapool Ceilidh per J. A. Smith, Esq.	8	18	2
Mrs. Macphail, Inverness (sale of doll)	25	11	6
Miss J. A. MacDonald, Corriemoney	4	—	—
Cul nan Cnoc	1	—	—
R. H. Barnett, Esq., Largs	2	—	—
Dr. MacKay, Crieff	—	10	—
G. Smith, Esq., Inverness	5	—	—
Dr. Lamont, Foyers	5	5	—
Mrs. Macleod, Inverness	—	5	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	2	2	—
Mrs. Malcolm, Muir of Ord	3	3	—
Anon	—	4	—
Staff, M.P.N.I., Golspie Staff, Crofters Commission, Inverness	—	10	—
Sponsored Dances, Inverness	2	12	6
	2	12	9
	£2,348 19 5		

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged	£218	6	9
Alistair Cameron, Esq., F.S.A. (Scot.), Bunaltachan	—	10	—
Angus Macleod, Esq., M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., Edinburgh	1	5	—
Norman M. Campbell, Esq., Glasgow	2	2	—
Lachlan Wynne, Esq., Fort William	—	10	—
Mrs. McPhee, Glasgow	1	—	—
Miss M. Urquhart, Dornie	—	10	—
Glasgow Skye Association	5	—	—
Glasgow Skye Association	5	—	—
Mrs. Christine M. Donaldson, Stafford	—	5	—
The Glasgow Sutherland Association	5	5	—
Miss Katie A. MacDonald, Tongue	5	—	—
Mrs. H. J. Wilson, North Berwick	1	—	—
Mrs. Effie C. Glasgow, Plockton	1	1	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association	25	—	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association	3	3	—
	274 17 9		

£2,623 17 2

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£82	19	—
Kilmarnock Branch	5	5	—
Neil Cameron, Esq., Sunderland	26	14	—
R. S. R. Trevor, Esq., Pitlochry	—	4	—
R. Shaw, Esq., Edinburgh	—	9	—
Largs Branch	2	15	6
Dumfries Branch	1	1	—
	£119 7 6		

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£5	3	—
Mrs. Donalda Macleod, Broadford	3	3	—
	£8 6 —		

“Duthaich ar Sinnsir”

Le I. M. MOFFATT-PENDER.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

1. Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Tros tryddid collasant eu gwaed.

Cygan:

Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra mor yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

2. Hen Gymru fynyddid paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd
hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw
si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Cygan: Gwlad, gwlad, etc.

3. Os treisodd y gelyn fy nglad dan ei droed,
Mae neniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseinol fy ngwlad.

Cygan: Gwlad, gwlad, etc.

DUTHAICH AR SINNSIR

1. Tha mòr ghràdh againn ort, a shean
mhàthair ro-thlà,
A thir àlainn nan càntair, a thir àlainn nam
bàrd;
B'uasal, bàigheil, flathail na h-àrmuinn
gun tàir,
'S claidheamh làidir aca dàna 's a'
bhàr.

Comh-sheirm:

Tha thu àrsaidh, a Chuimrigh, is tha
cràiteach do chràdh!

Seo do shlàinte, a Chuimrigh, a fhàisgeas
an sàile!

Gabh teann-shàth dibhe, a Chuimrigh ri
gàbhaidh gu bràth!

2. Milidh màilleach nan crùlaist, fàrras
bàrdachd gun smàl,
Nan gleann tairbhealach, nam beann, nan
càrn, is nam màrn;
Torman àghmhor nan sruth gu fàsmhor,
gu tràth

Ag cur fàilte ort, a Fhàinne an Là!

Comh-sheirm: Tha thu àrsaidh, etc.

3. Thigeadh nàimhdean 'nad làthair le saobh-
chràbhadh is càs,
Do shean chànain dhèanamh tur-chùil is
shaltairt mu làr,

Bithidh an Awen fhàthast fonnmhor, 'na
bhàbhunn mar bhà,

Aig a' chlàrsaich ag càradh nan sàr!

Comh-sheirm: Tha thu àrsaidh, etc.

Sgrìobh Caitriona Nic a' Chléirich mu dhéighinn an turuis aice gus an EISTEDDFOD a bha an Caernarfon bho chionn dà bhliadhna, an uair a bha bean-chéile Nèill Mhic Ghille Eathain ann còmhla rithe; sgrìobh Niall Mac Ghille Sheathanaich agus Iain A. Mac Rath mu dhéighinn an turuis acasan gus an EISTEDDFOD a bha an Morgannwg bho chionn trì bliadhnaichean; sgrìobh Dòmhnall Mac Phàil nach maireann mu dhéighinn an turuis aice gus an EISTEDDFOD a bha an Dinbych bho chionn cheithir bliadhnaichean, an uair a bha Dòmhnall Mac Thòmais ann còmhla ris; agus sgrìobh Fearchar Mór, ar Ceann-suidhe laghach, mu dhéighinn an turuis aice-san gus an EISTEDDFOD a bha an Ceredigion bho chionn chòig bliadhnaichean—ach cha tug duine sam bith aca iomradh air an àmhran mhór sin, ‘HEN WLAD FY NHADAU,’ a tha air a sheinn mu cheithir no mu chòig uairean air gach latha (agus ré na h-oidhche, cuideachd!), bho mhad-ainn Luain gu feasgar Shathairne, am feadh agus a tha seachdain na h-EISTEDDFOD ann.

B'e, gu h-àraidh, an t-àmhran seo a thaitinn ri Seumas Mac Thòmais agus rium fhéin air an latha roimhe an uair a bha sinn le chéile aig an EISTEDDFOD an Sir Fòn—fonn an àmhrain, có dhùibh. Bhitheadh, uaireannan, mu naoidh no mu dheich mìle duine gu léir 'ga sheinn, agus gach duine dhùibh 'na sheasamh daingean.

Air gach àm a chuala mi ‘HEN WLAD FY NHADAU’ chaidh mo chuimhne air a h-ais gu làithean m'òige. Bha, anns a' bhliadhna 1905, daoine á *New Zealand* a' cluiche *Rugby* anns an dùthaich seo, agus bha XV anabarrach làidir aca—“*The All Blacks*”—agus fhuair iad làmh an uachdar air na h-Albannaich, air na h-Eireannaich, agus air na Sasannaich. Thàinig iad, aig an deireadh, gus a' Chuimrigh, agus b'ann an Caerdyff (*Cardiff*) a bha iad a' cluich an aghaidh buidheann na Cuimrìge. Thàinig “*The All Blacks*” a mach an toiseach, agus sheinn iad an “HAKA.” An sin thàinig buidheann na Cuimrìge a mach. Sheas iad guala ri guala anns a' mheadhon, agus thòisich iad air “HEN WLAD FY NHADAU” a sheinn. Sheinn an leth-cheud mìle duine a bha an làthair cuideachd an t-àmhran—agus b'e a' bhui, aig deireadh an latha b'iad buidheann na Cuimrìge a fhuair làmh an uachdar.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, except that concerning advertising, which should be addressed to the Secretary, while Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer.

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CLAR-INNSIDH

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Leabhar LII

AN DUBHLACHD, 1957

Aireamh 12

Tobraichean

Le NIALL MACGILLE-SHEATHANAICH

(Choisinn an oidhirp seo a' cheud duais air son oidhirp-litreachais air cuspair sam bith aig a' Mhòd Naiseanta, 1957.)

An dream sin tre gheann Baca théid,
nì tobar ann 'nam feum,
'S lionaidh 'n t-uisge thig a nuas
na sluic gu ruig am beul. *Salm 84.*

THA briathran an t-Salmadair a' tarraing ar n-aire a dh'ionnsaigh fhàsaichean tartmhor, teth. Ciod an iocshlaint as sòlasaiche agus as misneachaile air turus fada na tobar fìor-uisge a chaisgeas iota agus a dh'ath-nuadhaicheas neart cuirp agus inntinn? Tha sinn uile gu léir eòlach air turusan fada troimh mhonaidhean ar Gàidhealtachd fhéin agus air an fhionnarachd 's air a' chàil a bheir deoch á fuanan do'n chreubhaig. Tha sin so-thuigsinn dhuinn uile, ach am bheil e a' cur soluis air mar a dh'éirich Aoradh Uisge agus gach saobh-chreidimh eile?

Is e uisge an nì as feumaile do'n duine. Cha mhaireadh e beò ach ùine glé bheag as eugmhais, agus cho fad air ais gus an téid sinn ann an eachdraidh a' chinne-daonna tha àite sònraichte aig an tobar.

Ann a bhith a strì ris na h-Israelich a cheannsachadh, dhruid na Philistich suas na tobraichean a chladhaich Abraham, ach chladhaich Isaac a rithis iad. B'ann aig tobar a choinnich seirbhisich Abraham ri Rebeca, agus mar an ceudna

Iacob ri Rachel. Tha seo 'gar treòrachadh a dh'ionnsaigh an ama anns an tobar daoine a' creidsinn gu robh buadhan sònraichte an uisge tobraichean àraidh. Saoidh mi nach dàna dhomh a ràdh gu robh Daibhidh fhéin a' creidsinn gu robh éifeachd ann an uisge tobar Bhetleheim an uair a thubhairt e, "O, nach tugadh neach dhomh deoch uisge o thobar Bhetleheim a tha aig a' gheata!" An d'iarr e seo a mhàin a dhearbhadh treubhantas a chuid feachd?

Is leòir sin as an t-Seann Tiomnadh, agus faodaidh sinn aire a thoirt do'n t-saobh-chreidimh a rinn a leithid de ghreim air daoine air feadh an t-saoghail gus an do ghabh an creidimh Crosdaidh freumh agus a bhàis e sìos an fhaoimeis sin.

Ged as ann ri ar dùthaich fhéin a tha mo ghnòthach aig an àm, cha bu mhath leam neach sam bith a shaoilsinn gum b' iad ar n-athraichean a mhàin a bha ag aoradh mar seo. Bha eadhon daoine cho fòghluimte ris na Greugaich agus na Ròmanaich a' creidsinn nach b'ann le òrdugh no lagh nàduir a bha a leithid de chumhachd ann an uisge tobraichean ach le beatha agus deòin.

Ann ar dùthaich fhéin bha mùthadh éifeachd ann an uisge tobar seach tobar. Bha leigheas

air son òma eucail anns na tobraichean, agus a réir na h-eucail a leighiseadh iad bha iad air an ainmeachadh air Naoimh, ge b'e air bith a chuir na buadhan àraidh sin as an leth chan urrainnear innseadh. Tha Pàdraig, Calum Cille, agus Naoimh eile air an ainmeachadh an ceàrn do nach b'urrainn iad féin, a réir ar n-òlais air an turusan, a bhith air chuart annta, ach theagamh gun do bheannaich an cuid dheisciobul tobraichean 'nan ainm.

Tha Adamnan ag innseadh gu robh tobar sònraichte an eilean I roimh ám Chalum Cille agus do an robh na daoine ag aoradh. Bha e air a ràdh mu'n fheadhainn a dh'òladh dheth, no a ghlanadh an casan no an làmhann ann, gu robh an dia seo a' cur an-shocair agus trioblaid 'nan rathad, agus bha na daoine mar sin a' toirt urraim mhóir do'n fhuaran seo mar dhia do am feumadh iad ùmhachd a thabhairt. Thàinig Calum Cille gu I agus thionndaidh e an creidimh pàganach seo gu feum a chreidimh féin. Bheannaich e an tobar an ainm Chrìosd a chur nan droch spioradan as. Dh'òl e an sin deoch as, nìgh e a chasan agus a làmhann ann, a leigeil fhaicinn nach deanadh e cron tuilleadh. Dh'fhalbh na droch spioradan, agus an dèidh sin bha e ainmeil air son leighis.

Tha tobar an Imis Maol-ruibhe an loch de'n dearbh ainm sin a tha air ainmeachadh air an Naomh Maol-ruibhe. A réir beul-aithris bha an tobar seo iomraiteach mun do chuir Maol-ruibhe cas air tìr anns a' Chomraich 'san t-seachdamh linn, agus tha e iomraiteach gus an là diugh.

Tha tobar aig taobh Loch Obha a tha air ainmeachadh air an Naomh Conan agus tha tobar Chiarain ann an uaimh mu cheithir mìle bho bhaile Chinn-loch Chill Chiarain. Tha ainmean àitean, air a' Ghàidhealtachd co-dhiù, a' toirt dearbhaidh air firinn is aosmhorachd a' bheòil-aithris. Taobh a mach de'n dà thobar a dh'ainmich mi tha againn Eilean Chonain air Loch Obha agus mu dheich bailtean fearainn an Cinn-tìre a tha an ainmean a' tòiseachadh leis an fhacal Cill. Theagamh gu robh iad seo air an ainmeachadh le deisciobuil Chiarain no eadhon Chalum Cille féin.

Air Eilean Seunta an Arainn tha tobar air ainmeachadh air Naomh Molio. Bu mhac bráthar, no peathar, do'n Naomh Blathan a bha ann am Molio. Tha an t-ainm tric an ceann a deas Earraghaidheal. Agus tha a rithis Branran no Branndain, agus tobar air ainmeachadh air ann am Barraidh; ach as eòlaiche sinne air an ainm seo an Eilean Bhóid agus an caolas a tha eadar Arainn is Cinn-tìre. Their iad na Brannda-naich ri muinntir Bhóid gus an là an diugh.

Air eagal gun sgìthich mi sibh le na h-uibhir de na Naoimh ainmeachadh, bheir mi gu crìch iad le iomradh air Brìghde, a Bhan-Naomh a

tha cho iomraiteach air feadh na Gàidhealtachd uile gu léir. Tha mi an dùil, taobh a mach Chalum Cille féin, nach 'eil ainm eile a gheibh sinn cho tric 'nar dùthaich. Tha mòran tobraichean air an ainmeachadh orre: tha, agus eadhon eun cladaich as ionmhainn leinn uile.

Ge b'e air bith a thug air na seann daoine na tobraichean ainmeachadh air Naoimh shònraichte, feumaidh sinn a thuigsinn gu robh iad a' creidsinn gum b'ann bho chumhachd spioradail a bha buaidh leighis nan tobraichean sin a' tighinn. Far am biodh tobar a bha comh-arrichte air leigheas galar sùla cha bhiodh èifeachd sam bith ann gu eucailean eile a leigheas. Cha mhór gu robh galar, no eucail, a dh'fhaodar ainmeachadh, nach faghear tobar an àit-eigin a leighiseadh iad, agus rachadh na seann daoine astar mór a dh'iarraidh leighis do an creuchdan. Bha eadhon an dèid-eadh fhéin fo smachd aig cuid de na tobraichean seo mar tha e air a chur as leth Fuaran Fionntaig an Srath-Spéidh, agus tobar eile anns a' Cheannamhor, an siorramachd Pheairt. Aig a' Cheannamhor, mar an ceudna, bha tobar ann a leighiseadh sùilean goirte.

Ann am Both-chuidir bha carragh ri taobh an rathaid ris an canadh iad "Clach na Sùla". Bha toll anns a' chloich seo anns an laigheadh uise an adhair, agus bha e air a ràdh gun leighiseadh boiseag dheth sin an galar sùla.

Bha tobar a leighiseadh an triuth aig Ceann Loch Eire, Fuaran an Draoidh-chasaid, mar theireadh iad ris. Bhiodh an t-uisge air a thoirt do'n chloinn le spàin a bha air a deanamh de adhair bá bheò. Bha iad a' creidsinn gu robh tarraing eadar an dà bheò.

Tha fuaran anns an Eilean Sgitheanach ris an can iad Tobar Teall a' Bhric. Bha muinntir an àite, aig aon uair, a' creidsinn gun deanadh deoch de'n uisge seo, le tràth de dhùileasg, feum fad ùine mhóir an àite an arain làthail.

Ceart mar bha uisge an adhair a' laighe ann an toll air a' charragh a bha am Both-chuidir, tha a leithid eile ri innseadh mu leac-lighe an Cill Neachdain an Ile. Anns a' chladh seo tha leac air am bheil dealbh duine air a shnaidheadh. Ann an achlais an duine tha mu làn cupain-uibhe de dh'uisge agus cha sùigh eadhon grian gheal an t-Samhraidh e. Bhiodh na seann daoine ag ràdh gu robh an t-uisge seo math gu leigheas foinneamhan. Agus bho na tha sinn an Ile, nach toir sinn iomradh air Tobar Nèill Neònaich. An uair a bha Lachann Mór MacGilleathain Dhubhairt a' fàgail Mhuile a chur cath ris na Dòmhnallaich an Ile, thachair seana bhean ris agus dh'ainmich i trì nithean a bha e ri sheachnadh, agus b'e aon diubh sin, gun deoch òl a' Tobar Nèill Neònaich a tha am bràighe a' chladaich an Loch Gruinear. Cha do ghabh e suim do earal na seana mhnà; dh'òl e a shàth

as an tobar, agus ùine bheag an déidh sin thuit e marbh air an achadh. Air dha a chlogad a thogail chum a bhathais a shuathadh bhuaill saighead e an clàr an aodainn. Thilgeadh an t-saighead seo á bogha Dhubb-sìth, an troich a thairg a sheirbhis dha ach a dhùilt e le tarcais. Tha a' chraobh anns an robh Dubh-sìth am falach 'na seasamh air achadh a' bhlaìr gus an latha seo. Chuireadh am blàr fuilteach seo anns a' bhliadhna 1598. Chluich piobairean an cumha:

Aig Ceann Tràith Ghruineard a dh'fhàg mi 'n curaidh,

Aig Ceann Tràigh Ghruineard a dh'fhàg mi,
Fear iomairt nan lann 's fear thilleadh nam buillean,

Aig Ceann Tràigh Ghruineard a dh'fhàg mi.

Chan 'eil gainne uisge an eilean Dhiùra, ach feumaidh gun cuala Màrtainn air a chuairt 'sna h-eileanan, faisg air trì cheud bliadhna air ais, mórán mu dheighinn Tobar Leac nam Fiann. Chan fhiosrach mi gun d'ainmich e cho sònraichte tobar air bith eile. Is e fìor-uisge a tha anns an tobar seo mar tha anns na tobraichean eile a dh'ainmich mi, ach chan urrainn mi a ràdh an robh, no nach robh, e sònraichte gu leigheas galair seach galar. Tha fios agam gun do chleachd muinntir an eilein a bhith a' cur tiodhlac de sheòrsa air chor-eigin anns an tobar seo mun òladh iad deoch as. Is cinnteach gun tàinig seo bho shaobh-chreidimh, a bhith ag ìobradh agus a' toirt tiodhlacan an éirig bhuidhan a bha iad a meas a bha neo-thalmhaidh agus spioradail; oir ged nach robh eòlas an spioraid do am bheil sinne a nis a' toirt ùmhlachd aca, bha fios aca co-dhiù gu robh cumhachd ann a dh'fheumadh iad géill-eadh dha, agus urram a thoirt dha aig ám. Is ann uaith sin a dh'éirich an t-aoradh-uisge air am bheil sinn a' beachdachadh: aideachadh air feartan is cumhachdan os ceann comasan mhic an duine, agus beò iartas an anna air ùmhlachd a thoirt do chumhachd neo-fhaicsinneach.

Cha do rinn na bàird dearmad air buadhan nan tobraichean a chur air mhaireann, agus bheir mi dhuibh a nis rannan bho cheathrar bhàrd as math as aithne dhuibh; co-dhiù, tha mi an dòchas gur aithne, agus gun leugh sibh a' chuid eile de na sgrìobh iad mu na tobraichean. Gabhaidh mi na bàird a réir an aois agus, bhò'n is e Tobar Leac nam Fiann a dh'ainmich mi mu dheireadh agus gu bheil urram na h-aois aig bàrd an eilein, Dòmhnall MacEacharn, nach freagarrach toiseachd leis.

Fhuarain fhìor-ghlan chois na frìthe

'S fearr na fion na Spàinntè,

Do bhùrn milis tigh'nn o'n ghrinneal

'S biolaire cur sgàil ort;

Tha thu mar léigh le slàint fo d' sgéith
Do gach creutair pàiteach,
O'n uiseag riabhach anns an riasg-fheur
Gu damh ciar na cràice.

O dheas 's o thuath, thar bheann is chuan,
Thig ort sluagh gun àireamh
A dh'òl do bhùirn as àirde cliù,
Dh'ùrachadh an càileachd;
Gach buaidh aithnichte riut ceangailt',
'S Helicon nam bàrd thu,
Bhò'n thùm Oisean annad fheusag
Air an Fhèinn chaidh t'fhàgail.

Far an tog am fìor-uisge a cheann cha ghabh casg cur air, agus is ann mu thobar a tha a' brùchdadh troimh ghaineimh na tràghad a sgrìobh Màiri NicEalair na rannan ciatach a leanas. A réir m'fhiosrachaidh-sa, is ann air cladach Loch Euraboll, an siorramachd Chat-aibh, a tha an tobar a ghluais aighe Màiri. Fhuair i a h-àrach anns a' Choire Bheag, ri taobh Loch-iall, agus tha i ìomraiteach mar bhana-bhàrd, an dà chuid an Gàidhlig is am Beurla.

TOBAR NA TRAGHAD

Ciod a chuir thu, Thobair fhìor-uisg'
Dh'iarraidh anns an tràigh do chuaich,
Far nach tig an t-eun a dh'òl dhìot
'S nach cinn feòirnein air do bhruaich.

Gur milis 's gur grinn thu, Fhuarain,
'S ar leam fhéin gur cruaidh do dhàn,
Am falach am broilleach na mara
Fhad 's a mhaireas am muir-làn.

B'fheàrr leam t'fhaicinn anns an fhìreach,
No an innis ghuirm nan craobh,
Far an òlt' thu moch is feasgar
Leis an éilid is a laogh.

B'annsa leam an siud thu, Thobair,
Na bhith feadh nan clachan garbh',
Dòrtadh do shruthanan soilleir
Am broilleach nan tonnan searbh.

Is ioma cuairt a ghabh Niall MacLeòid, am Bàrd Sgitheanach, air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, agus cha robh fear-turuis riann roimhe, no 'na dhéidh, a mheal am meas agus am furan a bha air an nochdadh dha ré nam bliadhnanach a bha e a' siubhal ar dùthcha. Ann a bhith a' toirt gu bhur n-aire na rannan a leanas chan urrainn domh na's fhèarr a dheanamh na a roimh-ràdh fhéin a chur sìos. Is ann an Cinn-tìre a tha Talamh-Toll.

“Chaidh na rann a leanas a chur ri chéile air son seana bhean chòir Ghàidhealaich, a bha chòmhnaidh còrr is dà fhichead bliadhna ann am baile ris an abair iad Talamh-Toll. Ach mu dheireadh thàinig air an teaghlach am bail' fhàgail. Bha ceangal mòr aig a' mhnaoi chòir seo ri tobar ciatach a bha ruith gu siùbhlach

dhùin do'n taigh aca. Tha na roinn air an cur sios mar gu'm b'e i féin a chuir ri chéil' iad."

TOBAR TALAMH-TOLL

Mo shoraidh leat, mo thobar gaoil,
Bu chùbhraidh caoineil leam do bhlas;
'S tu sgaioleadh iocshlaint air gach taobh,
A' taomadh as a' ghrundd gun stad.

Gun chaochladh ort ri teas no fuachd,
Cha dùin an reòdhtach chruaidh do shùil;
Do bhruchan sgeadaichte mun cuairt,
Le brat gun ghruaim de'n bhìolair' ùir.

Dà-fhicead bliadhna agus còrr,
Bha mis' a' còmhnaidh 'na do thaic;
Ach thriall na làithean sin mar cheò,
'S cha till ar n-òige chaoidh air ais.

Tha thus' an diugh gu sultmhor làn,
'S tha mise fàs gu h-aosmhor liath;
Ruigidh mi ceann mo réis guh dàil,
'S bidh tus a ghnàth mar bha thu riamh.

Tha mi cinnteach gum b'aithne do mhóran a leughas an oidhirp seo, ma chì i solus latha, Dòmhnall MacMhaòilein, no Dòmhnall Mór a' Choire Bhig, mar theireadh iad ris an Loch-abar. Bha a chòmhnaidh anns an dearbh thaigh anns an d'fhuair Màiri NicEalair a h-àrach, agus bu ghasda leis a bhith a' comharrachadh a mach do a luchd-tadhail craobh aig ceann an rathaid chun a thaighe a bha air a h-animeachadh air Màiri. Choisinn e urram na bàrdachd aig Mòd Ghlaschu, 1933, agus b'e an cuspair a ghabh e tobar a tha gu h-àrd am monadh a' Choire Bhig.

TOBAR A' CHREACHAINN

A thobair bhig a th' anns a' chreachann
Tha thu 'n diugh mar bha o chian,
Direadh nuas bho ghainmhich grinneil,
Sruthan uisge ruith o d' bhial;
Tormanach measg bhulbhag chlachan
Dol troimh 'n chreachann sgallach chiar,
Far an caise gheibh thu 'm bruthach
Is ann as braise théid thu sios.

Cha tiorraich thu ri cranntachd earraich,
No idir ri gaoth 'n ear a' Mhàirt;
Cha tiorraich thu ri tart an t-samhraidh,
Aig gach àm gu bheil thu làn.
Cha mhùchar thu ri cur no cathadh
Ged tha thu 'm fagadh na Creig Bhàin
Cha dùin deigh ort aig an Nollaig,
Ri reothadh an lodain làin.

Beannachd leat a nis, a thobair,
Bu mhór mo thogair riut 's mo mhiann;
Tha ghrian air cùl nan stùc air cromadh
'S is mithich dhòmhsa a bhith triall.
Molaidh mi an Tì as àirde
Dh'fhosgail tobar slàint' 's an t-sliabh,
Thigibh 's òlaibh, saor gun pháidheadh,
Caisgidh e gach càil is miann.

Thug mi iomradh air ioma gnè eucail is galar a leighiseadh tobraichean sònraichte, ach dh'fhàg mi gu deireadh mo sgeòil iomradh a dheanadh air a' ghalair a thig, uair no uair-eigin, an aorabh gach mac is nighean a rugadh riamh chun an t-saoghail seo. Is e an galar sin an Gaol! Bhiodh na bàird fhéin a' talach air, a dh'aindeoin feabhais an cròrain is an tàlaidh.

Chan aithne dhòmhsa gu bheil tobar an àite sam bith a leighis an an-shocair sin, ach tha Iain Dubh MacLeòid, bràthair Nèill, ag innseadh anns an duan chiatach aige, "Moladh Flòraidh," gu robh e air a chur thuige cho mór leis a' ghalair is gum b'fheadar dha a chomhairle a chur ri lighiche. Ann a bhith a' toirt duibh, 'na bhriathran fhéin, buil na comhairle a fhuair e, bheir mi an oidhirp seo gu crìch.

'Nuair chaidh mi 'n dé gu gearanach
A dh'ionnsaigh Dotair Alasdair,
'S e thuirt e nach robh dad aige
'Na thalla chumadh beò mi;
Ach dh'òrdaich e nan togarainn
Dlo 's bliadhna thoir aig na tobraichean,
Ma bheir dad idir togail dhomh
'S e greis an Inbhir-Phèoth'rain.

Executive Council

THE Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach met in the Office of An Comunn, 65 West Regent Street, Glasgow on Saturday, 2nd November, 1957. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, occupied the Chair.

The President made appropriate reference to the deaths of the following members who had passed away recently: Miss Catherine Colquhoun, Loch Awe-side, a sister of Mrs. Barron; Miss Mary A. Murchison, Glasgow, an active worker in An Comunn, the Wester Ross Association,

and the Gaelic Society of Glasgow; and Dr. Colin Sinclair, who had achieved so much, academically, artistically, and professionally.

The Minutes of the Extraordinary and Preliminary Meetings of the Council, and also of a meeting of the Advisory Committee, were approved.

A Minute of the Finance Committee recommended that a short list of two candidates be interviewed for the post of Northern Organiser, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Donald J. Maclean, who is to enter upon a teacher's

training course. The Council, however, after considerable discussion, decided by a majority to defer making this appointment and to appoint delegates to meet officials of the Scottish Education Department with a view to the appointment of a Youth Organiser whose salary and expenses would be partly paid by the Department. The delegates appointed were: Mr. Farquhar MacRae (President), Mr. J. M. Bannerman, Mr. Donald Grant, Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, and Mr. Donald Thomson.

It was intimated that the amount of the legacy bequeathed to An Comunn by the late Mrs. Malloy Millar, Johannesburg, was £400.

The Minute also intimated that the Order of Scottish Clans and Daughters of Scotia of the United States and Canada had for many years run special excursions to Scotland for their members, and those excursions are now conducted by chartered aircraft. If the return portion of the charters could be used, the cost would be considerably less. An Comunn had been approached in the hope that a minimum of 75 members might take advantage of the offer.

A Minute of the Education Committee was approved.

A Minute of the Publication Committee was also approved. It was intimated that the first of the Gaelic Readers being printed in Ireland had been despatched and that proofs of the new edition of "Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig" had been received.

A Minute of the Propaganda Committee asked for permission to advertise for one teacher, full-time or part-time, to teach Gaelic singing in Provincial Mod areas. The Council, however, asked the Committee to explore the situation and report back to the Council. It was also agreed that the delegation to meet with the Scottish Education Department should also take up with the Department the matter of singing teachers.

The Council decided to note with regret that the weekly Gaelic News on the B.B.C. Scottish Programme had been discontinued in favour of a monthly news review. Messrs. Lachlan Mackinnon and Roderick Mackinnon were appointed to meet the B.B.C. to discuss the matter. These delegates were also authorised to bring to the notice of the B.B.C. that it was the unanimous wish of the Executive Council that good Gaelic broadcasts should be retained.

A Minute of the Art and Industry Committee was approved. Mr. Kenneth Macdonald suggested that the Committee might contact the Art Galleries, and also Mr. Sam Thomson of the Museums, with a view to arranging a Celtic Art Exhibition. Mrs. Mackinnon suggested that the Convener should visit Parents' Clubs

to interest them in Art and Industry competitions.

At this stage the President vacated the Chair, and his place was taken by Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, Vice-President. A Minute of the Mod and Music Committee was considered in private, and after discussion it was decided not to confirm certain portions of the Minute.

When the President resumed the Chair, he made a statement about his Presidential Address in English at the official opening of the National Mod in Inverness. Some members had taken exception to certain statements he had made with regard to the proposed Rocket Range in the Hebrides and its effect on Gaelic. He wished to make it perfectly clear that in these statements he was expressing his own personal views, and these must not be taken as necessarily reflecting the policy of An Comunn.

Minutes of the Clann an Fhraoich Committee and the Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee were approved.

Minutes of joint-meetings of the Advisory, Finance, and Publication Committees were approved. The President stated that it was the unanimous wish of these Committees, to which the matter had been remitted, that Mr. James Thomson be appointed Editor of *An Gaidheal*, and he moved accordingly. This was seconded by Mr. John A. Macdonald. The recommendation was unanimously approved by the Council. In acknowledging his appointment, Mr. Thomson said he would give of his very best to make the magazine a success.

A vacancy on the Executive Council was filled by the appointment of Mr. Donald A. MacRitchie for a period of two years.

It was agreed to defer consideration to a later meeting of Dr. Donald Macdonald of Gisla's proposal that representations be made that the Heir to the Throne should include Gaelic in his linguistic studies.

The next meeting of the Executive Council was fixed for Saturday, 18th January, 1958.

A vote of thanks to, and confidence in, the President, terminated the meeting.

Mr. J. M. Bannerman

We congratulate Mr. John M. Bannerman on his having been elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

Mr. Neil Shaw

Mr. Neil Shaw, former Secretary and President of An Comunn, recently attended at Buckingham Palace to receive the insignia of an Officer of the Order of the British Empire from Her Majesty the Queen. Her Majesty greeted him with the words, "It's nice to see you again."

Iain Dubh a' Gharaidh-fhada

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

AN uair a bha am morair Dòmhnallach aig àird a mhórachd ann an caisteal Dhun-tuilm, bha cumhachd aige, mar thigh-earna, luigheachd bàis no gràis a thoirt do neach sam bith de a chuid iochdarain a bha 'ga thoilltinn.

Aig an àm air a bheil mi a' tighinn thairis, bha duine fiadhaich, ris an abradh iad Iain Dubh a' Gharaidh-Fhada, a' fuireach air Taobh-Sear Thròndairnis. Biodh Iain, mar as dual do'n t-slaightire, an còmhnaidh ann an crois 's 'na bheul-aidheam aig an sgìre, ach cha do rinn reachd bàillidh no smàdadh cléire riamh streamadh a chur ann, agus, mu dheireadh thall, chuireadh air cùl eaglais e.

Ge bè dè a rinn e ceàrr an uair seo, chuir am morair luchd-tòrachd as a dhéidh, agus cha b'ann 'na thràth. Mun deach mòran làithean seachad, co-dhùit, chunnaic na h-uile gu robh e soirbh gu leòir a bhith a' cur riobachan, ach nach robh e idir cho soirbh droch spealg a chur fo chis.

Cha b'e an sùgradh dól a ruagadh siabaire smiorail a bha cho làidir ri gàta daraich, cho sleamhainn, sùbailt ri easgann an t-srutha, agus cho beò, aotrom air a chasan ri fiadh a' mhonaidh.

An déidh iomadh oidhche chaitriseach a chur seachad agus latha sgìtheil, searbh, ri falach-fead, ghlacadh fa-dheòidh an fògarach, agus thugadh fo gheimhlean e gu Dun-tuilm. Chaidh mòd gu grad air bhonn air Cnoc a' Cheartais, agus thug am morair a mach binn bàis 'na aghaidh. Chaidh latha is uair a chrochaidh a shuidheachadh, agus aig crìoch an ditidh dh'àithn MacDhòmhnaill do na foirearan aige an ciomach a ghleidheadh anns an toll-dhubh fo'n chaisteal cho fad 's a bhiodh e a' feitheamh là an diolaidh. Seo mar a thachair.

Fhuaradh ball fada cainbe anns an robh iomadh aitheamh, cheangladh ceann a' bhuill mu theis-meadhon an fhìr-cheannairc, agus leigeadh slos gu socrach e do'n toll air nach ruigeadh de sholus gréine ach an leus a b'fhanna. Bu leòir sin féin air son a leigeil fhaicinn do'n dìobhanach through nach faigheadh e a mach as a' ghainntir seo gu an toirte a mach e.

'Na dhubh éigin, ghairm Iain Dubh air Maoisean. Faodaidh mi a ràdh, gun a bhith a' dol thar mo sgeòil, gur e sin an t-ainm a bha aca anns an là ud air an droch-sporad, agus gur e Maoisean a bha a' toirt iomadh cobhair do na buidsicean agus fuasgladh do mhuintir eile aig an robh aithne air na faicil dhìomhair a bheireadh 'nan làthair e ann an uair a' chruaidh-chàis.

Cha chumadh ballachan caisteil Dhun-tuilm, làidir, tiugh 'gan robh iad, Maoisean a mach, agus bha e gu luath an comunn Iain agus dh'éisd e le deagh aire ris na bha aige ri ràdh agus ri iarraidh.

B'e aon achain Iain Duibh gun teasraigeadh Maoisean e bho'n chroich. Gheall am fear eile sin a dheanamh ach air cumha gum feumadh esan d'an robh e a' toirt fuasgladh falbh maille ris an ceann là is bliadhna, gur e siod an duais a bha e ag agairt agus, mur am faigheadh e gealltanas dh'a taobh, nach toireadh e cuid-eachadh sam bith dha. Bhòidich Iain gu robh e toileach deònach gabhail ris a' chùmhant sin agus gun seasadh e gu dìleas ri a fhacal. Mun do dhealaidh iad, mhìnich Maoisean gu soilleir mar a bha e a' dol a thighinn anns an eadraiginn a shaoradh an dìobaraich bho'n bhàs. Chomhairlich an deamhan ann am briathran tèoma: "Rach thusa gu uchd do dhìchill, cuir an cèill do làn spionnadh féin, agus an còr a bhios a dhìth ort bheir mise dhuit e."

Cha robh duine sean no òg a b'urrainn gluasad, bho dhà cheann Chille-Mhoire, nach robh cruinn am fianais Cnoc a' Chrochaidh, an Dun-tuilm, air an là air an robhas a' dol a chur Iain gu bàs. Thàinig an uair gu bhith a' dioladh a còir do cheartas. Chaidh dhà fhoirear a leigeil sìos do'n toll-dhubh air tòir a' chiontaich, cheangail iad am ball cainbe fo a dhà achlais, agus chaidh a thogail an àird mar sin.

Moire, b'e féin an diùlnach 'na fhéileadh de chlo' glas agus a bhreacan gu teann mu a ghuaill-ibh leathann. Bha a chiabhagan dubh, cas-lubach, gun churraic gun chòmhdach; a dhà shùil chorrach mar gum biodh a' dannsa 'na cheann, agus 'na aghaidh chruaidh, fhearail cha robh coltas fiamh no eagal. Anns an dol seachad, dh'éigh cuid-eigin, "Car son nach robh na b'fhear an seann bhòragan-èille, a tha a' sgaoilleadh as a chéile, mu do ladhran, thusa a tha a' falbh gu do phòsadh!"

"Bhuineadh sin a chosaidh," fhreagair Iain, is e a' sinedh a cheum.

Chuireadh Iain Dubh 'na sheasamh anns an làraich bho nach robh dùil gun gluaiseadh e a chaoidh. Threagadh duine thall is duine bhos: "Is fada bho'n bha fios agamsa gum b'e siod maide 'gan stadadh e!"

Faodaidh breith luath a bhith mearachdach, ged thà. Dé tha agad air, anns an dearbh aiteal anns an robh an crochaidh a' dól a chur na langais m'a amhaich, chuir Iain a dhà làimh air a chùlaibh is spion e a' chroich as an talamh mar nach robh innte ach buaghallan, agus

thug e a mach leathair a' ghuailinn le luathas nach facas a shamhail aig mac màthair! Cha robh duine an làthair a b'urrainn faire a chumail air, agus an uair a bhreithnich iad gu ceart mar a thachair, thàinig crith-oillt air an t-sluagh agus air a' mhòrair féin, air a leithid de dhòigh 's gun tug e a shaorsa agus cead a choisde do Iain.

Cha robh driad-fhortan Iain Dhuibh aig ceann, ged a thàrr e as bhò'n chroich. Bha aige ri Maoisean a choinneachadh fathast, agus cha bhiodh a' bhliadhna fada a' ruith. Fadhèidh thrìall an ùine agus thàinig là mòr an eagal agus an imnidh. B'è là samhraidh e cho àlainn is a b'urrainn duine fhaicinn. Shaoil le Iain, agus e 'na sheasamh air a' bhàr a' muih, nach faca e muir is tìr a riamh fo dhathan cho bòidheach. Shaoileadh duine air a' ghréin féin gu robh i na bu shoilleire na chleachd i eadhon aig an àm ud de'n bhliadhna. Nach

b'uamhasach an nì gum feumte dealachadh gun dàil ri a leithid siud de mhaise is de thoil-mintinn. B'è sin na smuaintean cudthromach a bha a' fàgail Iain cho luasganach, dubhach. "Ach saoil thu," ars esan ris féin, "an tig e?" Mus gabhadh a' cheist freagairt, nochd an droch-fhear e féin ri thaobh.

"Tha là is bliadhna air dol seachad," thagair Maoisean, "agus feumaidh thu a nis do ghealladh a choimhlionadh agus falbh maille riumsa!"

Thuit a thud 's a thad air Iain Dubh, agus laigh a shùil air an raon far am faca e a fhaileas féin.

"Siud agad mi, ma thà," arsa Iain, 's e a' tomhadh a chorraig ris an fhaileas.

Dh'fhalbh Maoisean leis an fhaileas aig fear nan car, agus cha do chuir Iain Dubh a' Gharaidh-Fhada faileas dheth tuilleadh cho fad 's a bha e air talamh nam beò.

Dr. Colin Sinclair

BY the death on 26th October of Mr. Colin Sinclair, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.I.B.A., Architect, Artist, Bard, Ardent Gael, and most genial of companions, An Comunn Gaidhealach has lost one of its staunchest supporters, one, indeed, who had given to An Comunn and the Gaelic Cause outstanding service over a great many years.

Born in Glasgow seventy-eight years ago, Colin Sinclair was ever deeply conscious of his Highland heritage. His father was from Loch Fyne-side, and his mother from Perthshire. He was educated at Bellahouston Academy, trained as an architect, and in his spare-time took classes and passed examinations to qualify as a Master of Arts of Glasgow University. Later, he and his great friend, the late John Cameron, ex-President of An Comunn, applied themselves to researches which brought them both the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Cameron for his work on Celtic law, Sinclair for a thesis on "Celtic Art in Architecture."

Dr. Sinclair designed many well-known structures—the Royal Technical College, Jordanhill College, and the Highlanders' Institute, Glasgow, the Memorial Gates at Dunvegan Castle, modern housing schemes in Lanarkshire and at Lochgilphead and Tobermory, the Neil Munro Memorial near Inveraray, the Burnley-Campbell Memorial at Ormidale, War Memorials at Lochgilphead and Gourrock, and, most recently, the Memorial Gates at Cnoc-nan-Ros, Ross-shire, for the Comunn na h-Oigridh War Memorial and Thanksgiving Fund. Many will remember him best in association with the Highland "Clachans" which he

designed for the 1911 and 1938 Exhibitions in Glasgow.

Dr. Sinclair acted for many years as adjudicator of the Celtic Art Competitions of the National Mod. He contributed a series of articles on Celtic art construction to this magazine a number of years ago. He was a contributor to *Voices from the Hills*, designed a cover for *An Gaidheal*, and not long ago published an important little book on the "Thatched Houses" of the Old Highlands. He was an active member of the Glasgow High School Gaelic Class Ceilidh, and for a long time a member of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Modest and self-effacing, Colin Sinclair did his work quietly. He sounded no trumpets before him. He had many interests and lived a full life. He was a painter in both water colours and oils, and he also composed several original tunes. He was a devoted Churchman, an interesting conversationalist, and a loyal friend.

We express our sympathy with his wife and family.

Beagan a ràdh is mòran a dheanamh, comharradh air treun-bhuadhan.

* * * *

Tha uisge domhain sàmhach.

* * * *

Labhraidh daoine glìce am bitheantas beagan, a chionn gu bheil iad a' smuaineachadh mòrain.

The Spaldings of Islay

By NORMAN MACDONALD.

THE Round Church, Bowmore, has a unique place in the annals of Scottish ecclesiastical architecture. Two questions are frequently asked by visitors to Islay: when was the church built, and by whom? Financed by the proprietor of that time, Campbell of Shawfield, the contract for the building of Kilarrow Church was given to Mr. Thomas Spalding, building contractor.

This Thomas Spalding, who came from the Scottish mainland for the specific purpose referred to, remained in Bowmore, after the Church was completed and opened for worship in 1769, and was the forebear of the Islay Spaldings.

The Spaldings are an old Scottish family. The first of the name in Scotland was Richard Spalding who rendered such yeoman's service to Sir Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, as made it possible for him to rescue Berwick from the English in 1318. For this gallant act, Richard got lands in Scotland. He had a charter of confirmation from Prince David, Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III, of Lumlethan and Craigaw, Fife-shire.

Thomas Spalding's services were in great demand for building bridges all over Islay and Jura, and proof of his skill and success as a tradesman is found in the fact that Shawfield offered him free land in any part of Islay which appealed to him, but he did not accept his benefactor's offer.

At the advanced age of 103 years, Thomas Spalding laid the foundation of Islay House. He died at the patriarchal age of 105. He is buried in Kilmeny cemetery, where a recumbent stone marks his grave.

Donald Spalding, son of Thomas, was for a short time in business in Edinburgh, before he migrated to London, where he lived the rest of his days. A tower of strength to the Gaelic cause in the city of his adoption, Donald Spalding was one of the founders of the well-known "Comunn nam Fìor-Ghaidheal, Lunnainn". The following verses, which were composed at the time of his death, show how highly Donald was esteemed by his fellow-countrymen in the great southern metropolis. The poem, which has real poetic merit, was taken down from the recitation of an old Islay lady on her death-bed. We regret, however, that we do not know the author's name.

The real test of poetic ability is that the artist's power or inspiration does not lag or falter in any one particular stanza, but is sustained in ever mounting crescendo from the

first to the very last line. Such excellence, the reader will agree, is conspicuous in this elegy. We hope that some discerning editor will give it a well-merited place in some future anthology of Scottish poems.

The Scottish hills were clad with snow
And Scotia sat in weeds of woe,
When from her eyes the tears did flow,
That day she lost her Spalding-O.

While with her plaid she wiped her eyes,
She heard the sound of gladness rise,
It was from angels in the skies,
Escorting Donald Spalding-O.

The Highlanders their sword may sheath
For who will lead them through Blackheath,
Since conquered by the hand of death
Was bo'd intrepid Spalding-O.

The first was he to strike the shield,
The first to shinny in the field,
The first to win, the last to yield,
Was Highland Donald Spalding-O.

And when the Comunn Gael meet
Their Highland friends in Cockspur Street,
They sigh to see the vacant seat,
Of death-departed Spalding-O.

Those whom in life he loved so dear,
And who with bagpipes round his bier,
With great restraint held back a tear,
Lamenting Donald Spalding-O.

His dirk, and pistol, and claymore,
Lie rusting in a lumber store,
Alas, he'll never need them more,
For death has conquered Spalding-O.

Alas, our grieving is in vain,
Now let us all our glasses drain,
And let the bagpipes sound their strain,
In memory of her Spalding-O.

Mr. Gilbert John Spalding, builder, Ballygrant, a great-grandson of Thomas Spalding, is the last in Islay of this family of note.

I shall close my article with an amusing anecdote which again indicates how greatly impressed folk were by the ingenuity of a man who could erect an edifice whose perfect circularity ensured that the Devil himself could find no corner to lurk in! The tale concerns one of the early incumbents of Bowmore. One Sunday, half-way through his sermon, the

worthy minister noticed a certain woman asleep in her pew. In order to waken her, he cried out in a stentorian voice: "CO A THOG TUR BHABLOIN?" (Who built the tower of

Babylon?). The sleeper, waking up with a start, but still oblivious of where she was, replied loud enough for all to hear: "THOG TOM SPALDING!" (Tom Spalding built it!)

"Children of the Fore-World"

HOW many to-day are familiar with the book that bears the above title? How many have ever heard of it, or know who wrote it? For myself, I turn to my copy of it quite frequently. The author I knew and respected greatly. I knew of him long before I first saw him. His name was frequently mentioned in my early home, for my mother and he had been nurtured in the same district of Skye. Possibly the first time I saw him was when he came to my school in connection with the presentation of a gold medal for Gaelic which he had endowed. Later I was to be the proud winner of his medal. Later still I was to know him as a fellow-worker in the Gaelic movement, although he had a thirty-year start of me.

Angus Robertson was no ordinary man. He was a shrewd and successful business man. He was a born bard. He had a vivid and fertile imagination, a passion for words and a sensitive feeling for words. In his public utterances the words poured from him in great tossing cascades, often breaking the bounds of strict grammar. I can still remember a passage from the speech he made in front of our assembled school, a beautiful simile of a Fingalian hero "driving his chariot into the eye of the sun," going from glory to glory. A characteristic passage occurs in his Preface to *Voices from the Hills*, a volume published by An Comunn when he was President:

"*Voices from the Hills* is in every respect a notable book and pentecostal in its import. . . . To me it suggests the magic lights of a cairngorm in a bard's chaplet, a fragrant censer to the Celtic soul, a votive tablet in the Hall of Shells."

Children of the Fore-World was published in 1933. Its fourteen chapters discuss various aspects of, and elements in, our Gaelic heritage and the modern Gaelic cultural movement, with character-sketches of some of the more striking personalities, sometimes caustic, usually appreciative, always revealing. There are many passages which are interesting, even fascinating, not only for what is said, but how it is said.

"The Gaels never die! They only 'change' or 'travel'."

"In referring to the copiousness of the Gaelic tongue, it may be mentioned that the average native of Skye, or Barra, is in ready possession of anything up to ten thousand words of vocabulary, while the corresponding type in Dorset, or Cumberland, is limited at most to as many hundreds."

"National idiosyncracies are unfathomable. We have statutory provisions for the preservation of ancient monuments, such as castles, keeps, and instruments of torture Yet the survivals of the expressive agents of civilisation and progressive refinement in art and poetry are allowed to live or die, according to the mood of the citizen."

"It took many generations of Celts to evolve a Neil Munro. I fear many more generations will pass before his like will appear again."

"Kenneth Macleod raised the wizard-born of the Fingalian heroes, and the voice of bards was tuned in his song He is one of those rare personalities vouchsafed to generations at long intervals (He) does not give us a book from books, but the inherited traditions of Gaelic thought His output is qualitative, not quantitative."

"I am familiar with the usual, but untenable retort, that a man can be a good Highlander without possessing the Highlander's native tongue. Possibly he can On the other hand, he would be a better Highlander if he had Gaelic."

Malcolm MacFarlane "delighted in making excursions into the quadrangles of the tormented Calum was indeed a purposeful toiler. Hard by the quarries of neglected national tomes he would be found carrying abundant supplies of high explosives No history of the Gaelic movement, however, during the last forty years can fail to take account of the share which Calum MacFarlane played in it."

Cladhaich an tobar mun tig am pathadh.

Is fearr beagan cuideachaidh na mòran coireachaidh.

Faic gliocas an t-seangain 'na thional cho tràthail.

Scottish Studies

THE second issue (June 1957) of this new periodical maintains the high standard set by the first, which appeared in January last. *Scottish Studies* is published for the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, Ltd., is issued twice yearly, and the annual subscription is £1.

The second issue begins with an article by J. F. and T. M. Flett on "Social Dancing in Scotland, 1700-1914". This is an interesting account of one aspect of social history. It is stated that during the 17th century dancing was greatly discouraged by being frowned on by the ecclesiastical authorities. As a result, knowledge of the older dances practically died out, and, when, in the early 18th century, broader views began to prevail, English dances—Minuets and Country Dances—were introduced into Scotland, while in the Highlands the old traditional Reels still kept their popularity. The English Country Dances were set to Scottish tunes. In 1816 Quadrilles were introduced to Edinburgh from Paris, and a little later the Waltz was introduced, but was not so popular. Throughout the 19th century, then, Reels, Country Dances, and Quadrilles were the favourite dances in polite society. Among the lower classes, Country Dances were popular in the Lowlands, and Reels in the Highlands. By the end of last century and the beginning of the 20th, the older social dances, the Reels and Country Dances, were gradually losing the place they once held, and this process was hastened by the disruption of social life, caused by the first World War, and the introduction of jazz. More recently, however, there has been a great revival of interest in Country Dancing.

William Montgomerie discusses two songs by Lady Nairne, and shows that, while it has been assumed that the folk-song has had value as an inspiration for the art-song (it being claimed for example that Burns always improved on his source material), it is not always clear that the art-song is an improvement on the folk-song from which it is derived. The songs dealt with are "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "Kitty Reid's House."

Dr. W. D. Lamont, philosopher and Principal of a University College in Africa, applies himself to an elucidation of "Old Land Denominations" in Islay, where his father was minister at one time. The first part of his article appears in this issue, the second being reserved for the next. Here we have a useful discussion of such terms as "cearabh" (quarterland), "ochtobh" (the Eighth), "Da-Skillin'"

(Two-penny-land), "Tir-unga" (Ounce-land), "Bailebiataigh", "Davocho", etc.

Mr. Calum I. Maclean contributes a Gaelic tale about "The Birth and Youthful Exploits of Fionn", which he recorded from Donald MacFarlane in Mull in 1953. He also provides an English translation. W. F. H. Nicolaisen deals with "The Semantic Structure of Scottish Hydronymy", which, simply put, means "What can be learned from the meanings of River-names". These names are classified into various categories, according to the colour of the water (e.g., Abhainn Dubh, Abhainn Dearg), the taste and smell of the water (Foul Burn, Sweet Burn), the temperature of the water (Cauld Burn and Warm Burn), the noise of the flowing water (Balbhag, "silent", and Labhar, "loud"), the size and length of the stream (Allt Mór), and so on. This is a detailed report of a thorough bit of research, and a number of interesting points emerge. "The oldest names just refer to the water itself and its flowing." It is only in later strata of names that reference is made to the natural surroundings, the flora and fauna on the banks of the streams, the hills and glens and woods; and, later still, animals and human activities.

Donald John Macdonald, South Uist, contributes a sketch and a description of an old type of wooden plough-sock. There are other items of interest also.

Treasurer's Notes

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AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN GEARRAN, 1957

Aireamh 2

Co-fharpaisean Comunn na h-Oigridh

Caileagan: An Dara Duais

An Taigh-sgoile, Boraraig,
An t-Eilean Sgiathanach.
An 18mh de'n Chéitean.

A Dhòmhnail Iain, a Charaid,

Tha mi a' sgrìobhadh na litreach seo thugaibh a dh'innse dhuibh mar a chuir mise seachd làithean-féille na Càisge. A h-uile bliadhna, aig deireadh a' Mhàirt, tha na sgoiltean uile a' dùnadh air son dà sheachdain air son na Càisge.

Dhùin an sgoil againn—is i sin sgoil Dhun-bheagain—am bliadhna air son làithean-féille na Càisge air an naoidheamh latha fichead de'n Mhàrt, agus dh'fhosgail i a rithist air an dara latha deug de'n Ghiblin, agus dh'fhàg sin trì latha deug aig a' chloinn uile saor bho obair na sgoile. Ged nach deachaidh mi a dh'àite sam bith am bliadhna chuir mi seachd na làithean ud gu h-aoibhneach. Bha an t-side gu math ré nan làithean-féille, agus dh'fhàg sin gum faodadh sinn a bhith a muigh an uair nach bitheadh nì eile againn ri dheanamh.

Chuir mi seachd na ceud làithean a' cuid-eachadh mo mhàthar anns an taigh no, an uair nach bitheadh nì agam ri dheanamh, rachainn a chluich còmhla ri mo bhana-chompanaich.

Di-màirt an déidh do'n sgoil dùnadh chaidh mi gu Port-rìgh ann an carbad-ola. An déidh dhomh Port-rìgh a ruigeil, thachair nighean a b'aithne dhomh anns an sgoil rium, agus chuir sinn seachd an latha còmhla. Dh'fhàg a' charbad-ola Port-rìgh aig leth-uair an déidh a cóig, agus ruig mi dhachaigh aig ochd uairean, an déidh an latha a chur seachd gu toilichte.

Began làithean an déidh sin chaidh mi fhéin agus mo bhana-charaid air sgrìob do'n mhonadh agus thug sinn leinn biadh, oir cha robh sinn am beachd cabhag a bhith oirn dachaigh. An déidh dhuinn a bhith a' coiseachd air son greise, shuidh sinn air cnocan gorm agus bhlian sinn sinn fhéin anns a' ghréin oir b'e latha glé bhlàth a bha ann. An déidh a bhith an sin air son greise thug sinn am biadh a mach as a'

mhàileid agus ghabh sinn ar biadh. An uair a rinn sinn sin shuidh sinn a rithist air son greise agus an uair sin chaidh sinn dachaigh.

Chaidh mi dà fheasgar a chur buntàta còmhla ri feadhainn a tha a' fuireach fagus dhuinn, agus ged nach e obair ro-thlachdmhor a tha ann, chòrd e rium glé mhath, oir bha beagan de chloinn eile ann agus an uair nach bitheadh ag obair bhitheamaid a' cluich. Ged nach robh mòran bhlàthan a' fàs aig an àm ud bhitheamaid a' dol 'gam buain.

Chaidh mi air ais do'n sgoil air an dara latha deug de'n Ghiblin, an déidh na làithean-féille a chur seachd gu toilichte, agus tha mi a nis a' coimhead gu dùrachdach ri làithean-féille an t-Samhraidh.

Leis na beannachdan,

Is mise, le deagh dhùrachd,

RENA NICNEACAIL (Aois 13.)
(Sgoil Dhun-bheagain)

Am Madadh Ruadh agus am Madadh Allaidh

BHA siud uair roimhe madadh ruadh agus madadh allaidh, agus bha iad latha a' dol mun cuairt a' chladaich.

Fhuair iad crog ime agus chuir iad am falach e air chur agus gun tigeadh iad 'ga iarraidh latha eile.

Là a bha iad a' dol 'ga iarraidh thubhairt am madadh allaidh gu robh e a' dol gu bangaibh-baistidh agus, an uair a tbill e dh'fhaighnich am madadh ruadh dé an t-ainm a bha air a' phàisde a bhàtar a' baisteadh.

Thubhairt am madadh allaidh, "Sgrìob-m' a-bheil," agus thubhairt am madadh ruadh, "Théid sinn a dh'iarraidh an ime am màireach."

Là a bha iad a' dol 'ga iarraidh thubhairt am madadh allaidh gu robh e a' dol gu baisteadh eile.

An uair a thill e, dh'fhaighnich am madadh ruadh gu dé an t-ainm a bha air a' phàisde a bha iad a' baisteadh, is thubhairt e, "Sgrìob-m' a-mheadhon."

Thubhairt am madadh ruadh an uair sin, "Théid sinn a dh'iarraidh an ime am màireach."

Ach an uair a bha iad a' dol 'ga iarraidh thubhairt am madadh allaidh gu robh e a' dol gu baisteadh eile, agus an uair a thill e dh'fhaighnich am madadh ruadh dé an t-ainm a bha air a' phàisde an turus seo.

Thubhairt am madadh allaidh gur e "Sgriob-m'a-mhàs" a bha air.

Thubhairt am madadh ruadh, "Théid sinn a dh'iarraidh an ime am màireach."

"Seadh, ma tà," arsa am madadh allaidh.

Làrna-mhàireach dh'fhalbh iad, agus an uair a ràinig iad an t-àite far an robh an t-im cha robh sgath ime air fhàgail.

Thòisich am madadh allaidh ri gàireachdaich is theich e!

*Prainnseas MacAonghais
(Sgoil Bhréibhig am Barraidh)*

MacNeill an Taigh Mor Eoilgearraidh

AN uair a bha MacNèill a' fuireach ann an Taigh Mór Eoilgearraidh, phòs e té á Lochabar agus dh'fheumadh i teanga marit le a dinnear a h-uile latha.

Aon latha thug MacNèill m'an-ear gun cruinnicheadh e an spréidh air fad air chor is nach biodh dragh aige dol a dh'iarraidh beathach a h-uile latha.

An uair a rinn e sin, thachair gu robh ise goirid dh'an uinneig is choimhead i a mach is thubhairt i, "Nach breagha an spréidh tha sin!"

Thubhairt esan, "'S breagha na sin na dh'ith thusa dhiubh!'"

Ach an là a bha seo bha iad aig am biadh, is thachair gun d'rinn ise rud-eigin ceàrr aig a' bhòrd is tharraing e i mu'n pheircill is thionndaidh i ris is thubhairt i, "Cha deanadh tu sin aig bòrd m'athar."

"Nach deanadh gu dearbh?" thubhairt esan, is dh'òrdaich e sgioba agus an duine a bu lugha a bha ann am Barraidh air son falbh còmhla ris.

An uair a ràinig iad Lochabar is an uair a shuidh iad aig a' bhòrd tharraing e i a rithis is thubhairt e, "'Nach deanainn a nis e?'"

Is dh'éirich an duine a bu mhotha a bha an Lochabar is e a' dol a mharbhadh MhicNèill. Is dh'éirich am fear a bu lugha a bha ann am Barraidh is phluc e am fear a bu mhotha a bha an Lochabar.

Ach cha do thill ise tuilleadh a Bharraidh.

*Calum Mac-an-t-saoir
(Sgoil Bhréibhig am Barraidh).*

An Dithis A Bha An Eilean Fhuideidh

BHA siud ann roimhe dithis a dh'fhalbh á Baile-nam-bodach gu ruige Fùideidh a bhuan rainich, agus an uair a ràinig iad an t-eilean chaidh aon fhear dhiubh suas a spealadh an rainich, is dh'fhan am fear eile anns an sgothaidh.

Uair de na h-uaireannan, an uair a bha am fear eile shuas, chunnaic e ceò bàn air a bheulaibh is chuala e guth boireannaich is chunnaic e i a' seasamh air a bheulaibh is dh'fhaighnich e dhith dé a turus.

Dh'innis i dha gum pòsadh e agus gum biodh seachdnar chloinne aige ach nach fhaicadh e fhéin am fear mu dheireadh idir.

Dh'innis e do'n fhear a bha anns an sgothaidh mar a bh'éirich, agus dh'fhàg iad an t-eilean.

Bha e greis a staigh an deidh pòsadh is dh'fhalbh e gu muir, is bha seathnar chloinne aige. Ach chaidh a mharbhadh aig muir is chan fhaca e an duine mu dheireadh idir.

*Calum Mac-an-t-saoir
(Sgoil Bhréibhig am Barraidh).*

Am Prionnsa Tearlach Eideard Stiubhairt

B'ESAN mac Sheumais, oighre Rìgh Seumas VII. Rugadh e an 1720. 'Na dhà bhliadhna ar fhichead thug e oidhirp air Crùn a shimsir a bhuannachd. Chuir Louis XV, Rìgh na Frainge, cóig mìle deug saighdear fo a làimh, ach mar a bha an cabhlach a' togail à mach bho Dhùn-na-h-eaglaise (*Dunkirk*), thug an t-Ard-mharaiche Norris coinneamh dha, agus chuir e sgapadh ann. Trì bliadhna an déidh sin rinn Tearlach fhéin luim air airgeadasaid fhaotainn. Dh'fhasdadh e soitheach-cogaidh, agus, mu'n Fhéill Eathain, 'chuir e f' a sgaoil as an Fhraing is thàinig e air tìr am Mùideart. Bha airm aige air son cóig ceud deug saighdear, ach cha tug e leis ach a mhàin seachd oifigeach. Dh'éirich mòran de na fineachan Gaidhealach leis. Toiseach an Fhoghair, 1745, sgaoil e a bhrtach an Gleann Fhionain. Ghlac e Peairt is Dùn-éideann, is chuir e an ruag air na saighdearan dearga aig Sliabh a' Chlamhain. Ghlac e Carlisle, is ràinig e mar cheud mìle do Lunnain. Thill e is chuir e blàr na h-Eaglaise-brice toiseach 1746. Bha buaidh ag éirigh leis gu là Chuill-fhodair, ach chuir an là sin a' chùis a dh'aon taobh. Thug Tearlach cóig mìosan 'na fhògarrach feadh na Gaidhealtachd, is ged a bha £30,000 de airgead-cinn as, cha deach a bhrath. Phòs e 'na sheann làithean, ach cha d'fhàg e oighre. Dh'eug e oidhche Fhéill Brìghde, 1788.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AM MART, 1957

Aireamh 3

Leis Na H-Eoin (I)

BHA neach ann a ghabh mar cheann-teagaisg a sgeòil, "Latha 's Bliadhna leis na h-Eòin," ach, ged as math leamsa a bhith 'nan cuideachd, cha do chuir mi riamh seachd ùine co fada sin leo thar cheann, ach tha mo sgeul fhéin agam air an toil-inntinn a tha mi a' mealtainn le iad a bhith 'na mo choinhearsnachd.

Bha eòin pàilt gu leòir an Diùra bho Iolaire na Creige Mòire gu Dreathan-donn nam Preas, bho Shùlaire a' ghuib làidir gu ruig a' Chrannlach bheag a bhios a' snàmh a mach is a staigh am measg na feamann. Chunna mi am Fàsgradair fhéin ann, ged as ainmig leis tighinn cho fada deas. Bha mu thri fichead seòrsa ann, agus b' aithne dhomh iad uile air an ainm.

Tha toman beag drise is seilich air cùl an taighe anns a bheil mo chòmhnaidh aig an ám, agus anns an Earrach seo chaidh rinn lòn-dubh nead 'na fhasgadh. Bha sinn a' cumail sùil fhurachail air an toman, agus bha feum air. Cho luath is a thigeadh an sgeol a mach bha mu leth-dusan balach a' deanamh dìreach air, agus bha iad, le an iolaich is le an an-riaghailt, a' cur an eòin bhàrr a nid. Bha sinn 'gan cumail air falbh cho math is a b'urrainn duinn agus ag innseadh dhaibh an cron a bha iad a' deanamh, oir, nam fuaricheadh na h-uibhean, cha tigeadh gur asda.

Cha b'ann an dìomhain a bha ar saothair, a' cumail nan balach air falbh, oir anns an ám ghnàthaichte bhris na plaosgan agus dh'fhosgail na sgòllachain beul farsaing ris an t-saoghal. Theagamh gum bu chòir dhomh innseadh dhuibh gur e "sgòllachan" a chanamaide ri àlach nan eun beaga ceilearach, ach "isean" ri àlach nan cearcan-taighe, nan tunnanag, is an leithidean sin. Ma tha am facal ùr dhuibh, deanaibh greim air, stràc air no dheth.

Ach ri mo sgeul. Thill na balaich ris an toman agus, an uair a dh'iarr bean an taighe orra cumail air falbh, nach ann a thubhairt aon diubh, *We want to see the babies!* An truaghan! Chan 'eil Gàidhlig aige fhéin no aig a chomp-

anaich, ach bhiodh am facal ceart agaibhse, an dà chuid an Gàidhlig is am Beurla.

Bha na h-eòin ri bheathachadh agus gu dé a rinn an coileach, esan leis a' ghob bhuidhe, ach tighinn chun na h-uinneige agus innseadh dhuinn 'na dhòigh fhéin, nach robh greim bidh anns an nead agus gu robh na h-eòin bheaga a' fulang leis an acras. Rinn sinn cobhair air gun teagamh, agus gheall sinn dha gun cummaid aghaidh na làimhe ris gus am biodh a theaghlach comasach air an sgiathan a ghabhail. Ghabh e ri ar gealladh agus dh'fhàs e cho eòlach oirmn is gun leumadh e a nìos gach uair a chluinneadh e an uinneag 'ga togail.

Thàinig an Samhradh, agus sgaoil a' chuideachd gun uiread is beannachd fhàgail againn. Ach bha sinn toilichte gu robh làmh-chuidichidh againn ann an togail teaghlach nach fhaca sinn, teaghlach coltach an lòn!

Chaidh mìosachan seachad, ach cha robh an coileach ri fhaicinn, no ri chluinntinn. "Chan fhaic thu am fear ud tuilleadh," arsa bean an taighe, ach b'e mo fhreagairt-sa, "Stad thusa gus an tig fuachd a' Gheamhraidh," agus mar a thubhairt b'fhìor. Tha e aig an uinneig dusan uair san latha agus, ged nach cual e riamh an sean-fhacal, "Mar choileach air a dhùnadh fhéin," tha e air seilbh a ghabhail air an uinneig agamsa, agus mo thruagh an druideag a dh'fheuchas ri greim a thogail. Ach tha e truacanta ris na h-eòin as lugha na e fhéin, mar tha am breacan-beithe, an gealbhonn agus am brù-dhearg, ged as beag buidheachais a bheir iad dha! An uair a bhios esan aig ceann eile na lice, a' cumail air falbh nan druideag, bidh iadsan a' dinneadh an sgròbain leis a' bhìadh a tha esan a' dìon cho sgairteil.

Feuch gum bi sibhse, buill Comunn na h-Oigridh, coibhneil ris na h-eòin bheaga bhòidheach. Bheir iad làn taing dhuibh le an ceilearachd an uair a thig blàths an t-Samhraidh.

Gu ma slàn dhuibh ré na bliadhna a tha romhainn.

NIALL.

Iasgairan Ri Port

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

BHA sgioba bàta a bhuineadh do Ile uair fada ri port ann an eilean Mhuile, is iad a' feitheamh gaoth fhreagarrach a bheireadh dhachaigh iad. Cha robh ann an eithrichean iasgaich ach na siùil a mhàin, anns an là a bh'ann.

An feadh a bha na h-Ilich sgith a' feitheamh, thàinig far an robh fear dhiubh bodach Muileach a thug comhairle air mar seo: "Rach thusa far a bheil a leithid seo de chaillich anns a' bhàile againn; thoir leat leth-bhodach uisge-bheatha agus unnsa tombaca. Na leig dad ort an toiseach mu aobhar do chéilidh gus am faigh i an dram."

Rinn an t-Ileach mar a dh'iarradh air. Cheannaich e an t-uisge-beatha is an tombaca, agus rinn e air bothan na caillich.

An déidh a bhith tacan a' seanachas, dh'fheòraich an t-iasgair, "A bheil sibh ris an tombaca, a bhean?"

"Is mi a tha, a laochain," arsa ise.

An sin shin e dhi an pasgan mar a cheannaich e anns a' bhùth e. An ceann greiseig dh'fhoighneachd e, "An gabh sibh deur beag de uisge-beatha a nis bhuan?"

"Ma tha, a laochain, gabhaidh mi sin cuid-eachd, glé thoilichte."

Fhuair a' chailleach sgail dhrama a chuir suaineach orra.

"Nach math gun tàinig thu an rathad," arsa i féin.

"Cha bhithinn an seo cho fada," fhreagair an t-iasgair, "mur b'e nach 'eil sinn a' faighinn gaoth a bheir dhachaigh sinn."

"Ma nì thu mar a thoir mise riut," arsa ise, "cha bhì thu fada a' faighinn do Ile."

An sin fhuair i snàithnean fada air an robh trì snaimeannan. "Cuiridh tu a mach gu fairge," arsa a' chailleach, "is an uair a bhios tu air son soirbheas fhaighinn, fuasglaidh thu a' cheud snaim. Mur bi am bàta a' deanamh astar gu leòir leis a' ghaoith seo, fuasglaidh tu an dàrna snaim, ach an geall do bhàis na fuasgail an treas fear gun do chas air tìr."

Thug an t-Ileach buidheachas do'n chaillich is dh'fhalbh e.

An ath mhadainn, chaidh e féin agus a' chuid eile de'n sgioba gu fairge. Dh'fhuasgail e a' cheud snaim mar a chomhairlicheadh dha, agus thàinig soirbheas laghach a thug a mach gu math iad air an linne. Am feadh is a bha na h-iasgairan fada gu leòir air an fhalbhadh seo, thubhairt duine mu seach aca gum bu mhath leotha a nis am barrachd gaoithe. An sin dh'fhuasgladh an dàrna snaim, agus cha do dh'fhairich iad fada e gus an do nochd iad ri Ile.

An uair a bha am bàta a' teannadh a staigh glé fhaig air an fhearann, smaoinich esan aig an robh an snàithnean nach b'eagal dhaibh tuilleadh ged a dh'fhuasgladh e an treas snaim. Rinn e sin, ach, ma rinn, dh'éirich a' ghaoith gu h-uamhasach is dhùisg an fhaireg gu fiadhaich. Mun deach fear seach fear dhiubh gu ceart 'na fhaireachadh, thàinig aon bhàrlinn orra bho'n cùlaibh a sguab an eithear leis agus a dh'fhàg i gu h-àrd ann am bràighe a' chladaich far nach facas tonn a' ruigheachd riamh!

Bha latha calla air muir is air tìr, ach thug na balaich an taighean a mach.

An Ridire Uilleam Uallas

RUGADH an gaisgeach ainmeil seo an Ach-na-fèarna (*Elderslie*) an siorrachd Rinnfriù anns a' bhliadhna 1270. Anns an àm ud bha Alba a' fulang gu goirt fo riaghladh Eideird I, Rìgh Shasainn, a ghlac i le foill Chuir Uallas roimhe a bheatha a choisrigeadh an aobhar a dhùthcha. Bu cheatharnach gun choimeas e an spionnadh is am misnich is an cruadal. Thionail e prasan dìleas de luchd-leanmhainn, agus bhuail e thall 's a bhos air na Sasannaich a dh'fhàg Eideard 'na dheaghaidh a chumail na h-Alba fo smachd. Anns a' bhliadhna 1297, b'fheadar do'n bhrìtheamh Shasannach teicheadh á Sgàin roimh Uallas; ach an lorg sin chuir Eideard Iarla Warren air cheann dà fhichead mìle fear a chur as da, oir bha a nis mòran dhaoine air éirigh leis. Choinnich iad aig Camus-Choinnich. Thuit mòran de'n arm Shasannach, agus na chaidh as diubh theid iad do Shasann. An ath bhliadhna chuir Eideard ceithir fichead mìle fear 's a deich do Albainn. Chaill Uallas gu goirt aig blàr na h-Eaglaise-brice; agus mar seo, anns a' bhliadhna 1305, ghlacadh le brath-foille e, thugadh 'na phrìosanach do Lunnainn e, agus chuirleadh gu h-ana-cneasda gu bàs e; chaidh a riasladh eadar eich, ach cha b'fhada gus an do dhiol Eideard gu goirt air son a bhrùidealachd.

"Thoir do chuid do dhuine falamh is gheibh thu air ais e dùbailte.

* * * *

Sliob am bodach is sgròbaidh e thu.

Buail am bodach is nì e ùmhlachd dhuit.

* * * *

Tha beagan tròcair aig an fhaireg,

Ach chan 'eil tròcair idir aig na creagan.

* * * *

Is ann air a shon fhéin a nì an cat crònan.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN GIBLEAN, 1957

Aireamh 4

Leis Na h-Eoin (2)

*Chluinn mi na h-èoin,
'S binn leam na h-èoin.*

B'ANN an làithean m'òige, is mi ris a' bhuaichailleadh, a chuir mise eòlas air na h-èoin, oir bha iad 'na mo chuideachd ge b'è taobh a ghabhainn. An leam gur iad na trì èoin as binne ceilear an Alba an smeòrach, an lòn-dubh, is an uiseag. Chan 'eil, a réir m'fhiosrachaidh-sa, ann an druid nam bàrd ach ainm eile air smeòrach, ach is caomh leam fhéin a bhith ag éisdeachd ris an eun bheag bhòidheach sin, eun buidhe an t-sneachda, agus ged nach 'eil ann ach eun aona phuirt, tha port math aige.

Tha a cheilear no a bhig fhéin aig gach aon de na h-èoin bheaga, ach aig an fheadhainn mhóra tha gairm nach 'eil idir ceòlmhor. Air a shon sin tha an gairm cho eadar-dhealaichte is gur furasda aithneachadh eatorra ged nach faicear iad leis an t-sùil.

An uair a théid am buachaille gu sibhhal monaidh a chur cuairt air an treud, fágaidh e an smeòrach is an lòn-dubh a chumail ciùil ri muinntir a' bhaile, ach, biodh e air srath no mòintich, tha an uiseag 'na chuideachd is a' cur trian de'n adhar 'na cheòl. Ré a chuairt cluinidh e gogail sgaoimeach a' choilich fhraoich, goraiceil na feannaige, agus ròcail an fhithich, a bhitheas, a réir nan seann daoine, a' cur a mach a theangra ri latha teth! Tha an clamhan, aig astar air falbh, car coltach ris an iolaire, ach aithnichear e air a ghairm a tha mar thabhann coin. Tha an guilbheach 'na chuideachd thogarrach ged nach toigh le cuid a ghuileag-shith mu bheul na h-oidhche.

A' dol seachad air oir na coille cluinidh am buachaille dùrdail a' chalmain, "chan ann de mo mbuinntir thu", aig a bheil tarraing is tàladh a tha tur eadar-dhealaichte ri ràcail sgreadanach an trèan-ri-trèan a dh'fhòlaicheas e fhéin am measg an fheòir, is chan iongnadh e! Aithnichear an fheadag air a fead, ach an aithne dhuibh eun nan ioma ainm, an naosg, air an ainm gobhar-adhair no a' mheanbh-ghobhrag? An uair a bhios e a' cur nan car dheth anns an adhar tha itean an uilinn na

sgéithe a' deanamh na meigeadaich a chluinneas sibh agus a thug dha an t-ainm. Is ann air oidhche fhèathail a chluinneas sibh a' mheigeadaich seo.

Tha aon eun eile a bu mhath leam ainmeachadh, agus is e sin a' chuibheall mhór. Is eun oidhche esan mar an ceudna, agus tha an guth aige mar shrann cuibhle. Is ann ainmrig a chithear an t-eun seo agus, ged a chuala mi fhéin e gu tric mu'n t-sloc-shàbhaidh, chan fhaca mi riamh e.

Ri linn a' cheud Chogaidh Mhóir, mar their sinn ris, bha mi an aon de Réisimeidean nan Camshronach (An Ceathramh) air taobh sear Shasainn ann am baile d' ainm Cromer. Ré a' Gheamhraidh bha sinn fo dhìon ann an taighean falamh, fuara le glé bheag guail gu sinn féin a gharadh, ach ré an t-Samhraidh bha sinn a' campachadh air grunn còmhnaid beagan mhiltean a mach as a' bhaile.

Bhithemaid a' gabhail an rathaid-mhóir gu tric, ach air turus sònraichte chuir sinn seachad an oidhche an àite cluaineagach fasgach; craobhan is preasan 'gar dìon bho gach taobh. Laigh sinn sìos gu cadal air a' bhàr lom fo ghorm-bhrat nan speur. Chan 'eil an oidhche ach goirid aig an àm ud de'n bhliadhna co-dhiù, ach mun robh ach gann a' cheud srann seachad fhuair sinn grad dhùsgadh. Eadhon mun do nochd cirb de'n ghréin air fànas, siud coireal fàilteachaidh bho mhiltean gob mun cuairt oirnn. Bha gach craobh is preas beò le eunlaith agus iad uile a' strì cò bu chruaidhe ribheid.

Chan 'eil cainnt agamsa a nì comasach dhomh a' ghaoir-cheilearachd ud a chur an céill. Bha a' cho-sheirm cho buileach aibhseach is nach b'urrainn neach a ràdh "siud smeòrach," no "siud lòn-dubh."

Bha mi aig an àm ud leis na pìobairean, agus b'iad fhéin na gillean gasda, trìuir dhuibh aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig agus iad measail oirre.

Air a' mhadaidn shònraichte seo bha e mar dhleasnas ormsa port-mosglaidh a chluich aig sè uairean, ach cha ruiginn a leas. Bha gillean an fhéilidh 'nan làn dùsgadh is 'nan uigheam a' fèitheamh ri sgala na dùdaich ag innseadh gu

robh rud-eigin aig na còcairean anns a' choire mhór! Air mo shon-sa b'fheudar dhomh mo dhleasnas a choimhlionadh is cuairt a chur air a' champa. Cha chuumhne leam an do chuir seo stad air na h-eòin!

Chan e gun do chuir an toirm-chiùil ud mo chadal air iomrall as aobhar do'n cho-dhùnadh seo, ach b'fheàrr leam gu mór a bhith ag éisd-eachd ri aon smèrach, no ri aon lòn-dubh, ri ceilear sunndach anns a' chraoibh chaorunn aig ceann a' bhothain thughaidh, na ris a' ghaoir a bha siud.

Chan 'eil an sin, a chlann òga, ach ruith thairis air na dh'fhaodainn a sgrìobhadh mu na h-eòin, ach tha dòchas agam gur leòir e gu bhur brosnachadh gu ùidh a ghabhail ònns na creutairean bòidheach a chruthaicheadh gu sòlas a thoirt dhuinn 'nar cuairt.

NIALL.

Aonghas Ruadh a' Chnuic Uaine

Le NIALL MACDHOMHNAILL

BHA Aonghas Ruadh a' Chnuic Uaine a' teannadh ris a cheithir fichead bliadhna 's a trì-deug a dh'aois ach, ged a bhà, bha Aonghas còir 'ga fhaireachdainn fhéin cho tapaidh is a bha latha riamh. Mar gun canadh sibh, cha robh an aois a' laighe air idir, agus —rud as fheàrr na sin—cha do chuir duine as a leth riamh gu robh e leisg.

Bha Aonghas ag obair air a' phaidheadh-latha, a' càradh is a' cumail air dòigh rathad-mór an rìgh, o chionn iomadh bliadhna. A thuilleadh air an obair ud, bha e a' deanamh obair na croite aige fhéin cuideachd, agus cha b'e sin am beag, àiteach agus foghar a dheanamh mu choinneamh dà mhart bhainne, agh, agus dà ghamhainn, an uair a dh'innsear dhuibh gum b'e a' chas-chrom an crann-treabhaidh a bha aige, agus nach robh inneal aige na b'fheàrr na corran-mór air son buain a' choirce is an fheòir.

Timcheall mu'n àm air a' bheil sinn a' bruidhinn, thachair gun tàinig duin'-uasal an rathad—fear aig an robh airgead is òr mar na sliagan—agus thòisich esan air an t-àite a thionndadh bun os cionn. Cha robh fios aig duine dé a bha fa-near dha, ach fhuaradh a mach gu robh e a' dol a thogail laimrig mhóir air son iasgach an sgadain.

Bha sgiobairean is làmhan a dhìth air an duin'-uasal seo air son nam bàtaichean iasgaich aige, agus dh'ìarradh orrasan a bha ri iasgach an sgadain roimhe tighinn air adhart. Chuala Aonghas Ruadh an nàidheachd ud mar a rinn

iomadh fear a bhàrr air, agus bha esan am measg a' cheud fheadhainn a thug seachad an ainm, chan ann 'na làimh chumanta idir ach 'na sgiobair.

A nis, chan 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh iad air bàta iasgaich a chur fo chùram Aonghais Ruaidh mur bitheadh gun do chuir cuid-eigin cagar beag an cluais a' chléirich a bha a' sealltainn ris a' ghnòthach, le bhith ag innse dha nach fhaicheadh Aonghas Ruadh na ceithir fichead 's a deich ach na chunnaic.

An uair a thàinig latha taghadh nan sgiobairean, bu mhór tàmailt Aonghais nach robh e fhéin am measg an àireimh thaghte. Cha robh aige a nis ach cumail air a' càradh rathad-mór an rìgh.

Choinnich 'caraide dha ris aon latha, agus arsa esan (air son spòrs dha fhéin) ri Aonghas, "Shaoil leam gun cuala mi gun d'rinn iad sgiobair dhìot, a Aonghais!"

Bha siod gu leòir air son tàmailt Aonghais ath-ùrachadh.

"Cha tug iad dhòmhsa bonaid sgiobair; 's iad fhéin nach d'rinn sin," arsa Alasdair, "agus tha mi glé chinnteach gun do mharbh mi barrachd sgadain fo mo chasan anns an eathar 's a dh'iasgaich duine de na gàrlaoich a rinneadh sgiobairean dhiubh riamh. Dh'fhaodadh cuimhne a bhith agam air a' cheart là a rugadh seanair an fhir as sine aca!"

Bha eathar beag aig Aonghas leis am biodh e a' dol a mach a dh'iasgach, eathar a chunnaic fichead samhradh agus fichead geamhradh. An déidh do Aonghas obair an earraich agus buain na mònadh fhaighinn seachad, cha robh tarraich a gheibheadh e nach biodh e shìos aig a' phort, a' càradh is a' tearradh an eathair, rud nach robh droch fheum aice air.

Chaidh a nàbaidh, Dòmhnall Mór, sìos an taobh a bha e chon a' chladaich aon fheasgar, a choimhead ciamar a bha a charaide, Aonghas, a' fhaighinn air adhart agus coire fhaotainn 'na chuid oibreach, nam b'urrainn dà sin a dheanamh.

An uair a ràinig Dòmhnall a charaide bha smùid aige air a tearradh.

"Seadh," arsa Aonghas, is e a' togail a chinn, "gu dé do bharaill oirre a nis, a Dhòmhnall Mhóir?"

"A uill, Aonghais a charaide, 's math a fhuaradh thu," arsa Dòmhnall; "tha i a' coimhead a cheart cho math 's a bha i an là a fhuair thu i, agus cha b'ann an dé a bha sin ann."

"Chan 'eil teagamh nach 'eil iomadh bliadhna o'n fhuair mi i, ceart gu leòir," arsa Aonghas, "ach, ma bheir mi an aire oirre, chan 'eil eagal sam bith orm nach dean i fichead bliadhna fhathast dhomh!"



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN CEITEIN, 1957

Aireamh 5

Mac 'Ic Raghnaill na Ceapaich

THA e coltach nach b'urradh do dhaoine a bhith 'nan tàmh aig baile ri àm cogaidh o chéin. Rachadh iad o dhùthaich gu dùthaich, o thìr gu tìr, a thogail chreach, cho deas is a théid daoine a nis gu malairt, no cosnaichean gu Galldachd.

Chuala Mac 'Ic Raghnaill na Ceapaich gu robh Fear Dheargachaidh ann an Còmhall, a bha 'na churaidh ainmeil de Chloinn 'Illebhàin, air thrus an Eirinn, oir bha iad a' dol thairis gu thric anns an àm sin agus a' cur air aghaidh malairt agus ghnòthaichean eadar an dà rìoghachd. Chaidh e siar mu dheas, agus rinn e creach air Srath-Eachaig. Thill Fear Dheargachaidh dhachaigh, agus air cluinntinn an call mór a thàinig air am feadh a bha e air falbh, thog e air. Bha fios aige nach robh feum dha falbh gu follaiseach leis na dh'èirich leis, oir ch' bha coltach ri fir dhàna fhuileach Bhàrrigh Loch-abar, is Mac 'Ic Raghnaill na Ceapaich air an ceann? Agus an robh e ri suidhe sìos an déidh a chreachadh? Is e seo a rinn e. Thog e air mar dhuine bochd a bhios a' siubhal nan dorsan. Bha a chlaidheamh an cleith fo a lùirich. Lean e gu dian air an luig, agus rug e orra aig Srath-chura far an do stad iad leis an spréidh. Bha iad a' tilgeadh cloich-neirt an uair a bha e a' dol seachad.

"Seo, a sheann laoiach," arsa fear dhiubh, a' toirt dha na cloiche; "feuch do neart air sin. Feumaidh tu a tilgeadh."

Thilg e i gun mhóran treise a chur rithe.

"Feumaidh tu a feuchainn fhathast, a bhodaich."

Thilg e i, agus chuir e tharpa uile. Thàinig fear mór garbh, agus rug e air gu carachd. Rug fear na lùirich air, thog e o'n làr e, agus thilg e air na clachan cruaidhe e. Rug Mac 'Ic Raghnaill air a ghunna agus thilg e air a'

bhodach ladarna làidir. Chrom Mac 'Illebhàin is leig e seachad am peilear, thilg e seachad an lùreach, leum e a nunn—bha Mac 'Ic Raghnaill fodha. Chuir e a chas air a mhùineal, a chlaidheamh rùisgte 'na làimh, deas gu a shàthadh ann, nan èireadh a dhaoine as a leth. Thachair seo uile ann am prìobadh na sùla—sheall iad le iongnadh.

"Thoir do bhòid 's do bhriathran dhomh," arsa Fear Dheargachaidh, "gun till thu a' chreach is gach nì a thug thu leat gu sàbhailte dhachaigh."

Rinn e sin, amhail mar a gheall.

Tha dà nì ri thoirt fa-near an seo, a leigeas ris gnè is nòs dhaoine anns na h-amannan sin. Ciod a bheireadh air Mac 'Ic Raghnaill na Ceapaich dol cho fada o Bhàrrigh Loch-abar gu iochdar Chòmhaill a thogail creiche? A chionn gun cual e iomradh Fear Dheargachaidh a bhith 'na dhuine làidir, is gum b' àill leis a chreachadh agus cliù a ghaiseg fhéin a mheudachadh. A rithist, nach robh misneach Mhic 'Illebhàin na bu choltaiche ri neach a chaill a thùr, an uair a chaidh e 'na aonar an déidh feachd? Chan urrainn sinn aignidhean dhaoine anns na linntean sin a bhreithneachadh; chaill e a chuid, is bu cho-ionann leis a bhith marbh is a bhith beò. Cha ghabhadh a h-aon de na daoine foghainteach sin tàmailt air son an t-saoghail; agus b'ann le gnìomharan móra a bha cliù agus alladh air a chosnadh.

Ach tha nì eile ri thoirt fa-near. Cha b'ann air son luach na spréidhe a bha daoine fiachail a' togail chreach. Bha iad làn de mhór-urrann. Bha Fear Dheargachaidh cho sàbhailte an uair a thug Mac 'Ic Raghnaill na Ceapaich a fhacal is ged a bhiodh e am measg a dhaoine fhéin.

(Cuairtear nan Gleann, 1841.)

Deoch Uisge

"Aon a dh'iarraas, a dhà àheng a dh'òlas."

CHUALA sibh uile an seanfhacal sin, agus bu neònach leamsa mur d'fhiosraich sibh air bhur son féin cho fìor is a tha e. Nach tric a chuala sinn an ràdh sin an uair

a bhitheamaid a' céilidh thaisgean agus a dh'iarraadh aon-eigin deoch. Cho fìor ris an t-seanfhacal rachadh an canna seipinn, no ge bè soitheach a bhiodh ann, mun cuairt na

cuideachd uile gu léir. Gu dé bu chiall d'a seo? An robh am measg na cuideachd ach aon aig an robh de mhisneach na dh'iarraidh deoch? Am b' e a bhith a' faicinn neach eile a' cask iota a chuir an cuimhne nam feadhach eile gum b' fheaird iad fhéin srùbag, no am b' i an fhàillinn dhaonna, nach bu mhath leo dad a dhol seachad orra? Bha facal eile aig na seann daoine air seo—pathadh na caorach.

Fhuair mi an naidheachd bheag a leanas bho choimhearsnach dhomh.

Uair a bha siud bha fear-turuis, nach robh uile gu léir 'na choigreach, a' gabhail a chuairt agus anns an dol seachad thadhail e an taigh ri taobh an rathaid, a leigeil analach agus a dh'fhaighinn seul na dùthcha. An déidh greis còmhraidh, agus e air thì ceum eile a thoirt as, dh' iarr e deoch uisge. Bha fios aig fear an taighe nach robh an t-uisge a bha anns a' chuinneig cho glan is a bu chòir dha bhith, ach bha e leisg gu gluasad, agus ars esan, "An gabh thu min ann?" "Cha ghabh, tapadh leibh" fhreagair am fear-turuis. "O, ma tà," arsa fear an taighe, "feumaidh mise dol do'n tobar!"

Chuir seo 'nam cuimhne beul-aithris air tobar a b' aithne dhomh an làithean m'òige agus air an robh ainm neònach—Tobar na Smug. Cha chuala mi riamh ciamar a fhuair e an t-ainm sin, ainm nach do dhleas e oir bha an t-uisge soilleir, fionnar agus blasca r'a òl. Theagamh gu robh seagh eile aig an fhacal "Smug" anns na seann làithean nach aithne dhuinn an diugh.

B'ann as an tobar seo a bha muinntir a' chlachain bhig a' tarraing gach boinne uisge air an robh iad a' cur feuma. Thug an t-ainm cothrom do fhear a bha deas-bhriathrach, sgaiteach, geurad a theanga a leigeil ris do mhuinntir an taighe anns an robh e air chéilidh, Is coltach nach biodh a' chéilidh a réir gnàths mur iarraidh an t-aogh deoch, agus rinn e sin. Cha robh solus a' chrùisgein a' cur mòran soillse rathad na cùil anns an robh a' chuinneag uisge. Gun smuain air dad a bhith innte ach uisge glan an tobar, thùm nighean òg an taighe soitheach òil innte is thug i siud gu modhail, mállda do'n aogh. An uair a chrom e a cheann gu òl laigh a shùil air sop connlach, no luachair, agus ars esan, "Is ann á Tobar na Smug a thug thu seo!"

NIALL.

* * * *

An car a bhios anns an t-seana mhaide, is duilich a thoirt as.

* * * *

Am fear nach gabh nuair a gheibh, chan fhaigh nuair as àill.

Raibeart Brus

RUGADH e anns a' bhliadhna 1274, agus dh'eug e anns a' bhliadhna 1329, agus chaidh a thiodhlacadh ann an Dùn-Phàrlain. Ged a b' e an t-oighre dligheach air crùn na h-Alba, bha e fhéin agus Baliol an càirdeas ris an Rìgh Eideard, Rìgh Shasainn, agus a' fuireach 'na chùirt an uair a chasgradh Uallas; ach chuir iad romhpa iad fhéin a shaoradh bho chuilbheartan Eideird. Theich Brus do Albainn, agus air eagal na tòrachd, chruidh e an t-each sàil-ri-òrdaig. An Dun-fris chruinnich e a dhilsean agus maithean na h-Alba, agus dh'antaich iad uile leis ach Iain Cuimein. An déidh do'n choimheamh sgaioleadh mharbh Brus e ann an taigh-mhanach nam Manach-liath (*Greyfriars*). Chaidh a chrùnadh gun dàil an Sgàin. Dà uair chuir arm Eideird an ruaig air, agus b' fheudar da a chuid daoine a leigeil fa sgaoil agus teicheadh do'n Ghaidhealtachd le dithis chàirdean. Thugadh a' Bhan-rìgh 'na prìosanach do Lunnainn. Mharbhadh a trìuir bhràithrean, agus bha dùil nach bu bheò e fhein, ach thog e ceann, chruinnich e a fheachd, agus chuir e an t-arm Sasannach ri faobhar a' chlaidheimh. Aig Allt-a'-bhonnaich anns a' bhliadhna 1314 thug Brus buille-bhàis do Shasann, agus an là sin dhaingnicheadh saorsa na h-Alba. Thug e an liodairt dheireannach d'a naimhdean aig Ryland anns a' bhliadhna 1323. Dh'aidich Eideard saorsa agus còirichean na h-Alba anns a' bhliadhna 1329.

Ceann An Tairbh

M A'S fìor an sgeul, is ann mar seo a fhuair MacLeòid Dhun-bheagain Ceann an Tairbh mar a shuaicheantas, cho math ris na facail, "Cùm Daingeann."

Tha e coltach gun deachaidh MacLeòid a dh'fhaicinn leannan-falaich a bha aige ann an Gleann-Eilge, agus an àm tighinn dachaigh chaidh a ruagadh le tarbh mòr fiadhaich. Sheas e mar a bha aige gus an tàinig an tarbh air aghaidh; an sin rug e air a dhà adhairc air, agus leis an neart a bha 'na ghàirdeanan chuir e car an amhaich an tairbh is leag e air an achadh e, agus mun d'fhuair e air a chois thug e cùis air leis a' chur a bha e a' giùlan.

Bho seo ghabh e ceann an tairbh mar shuaicheantas, agus na facail "Cùm Daingeann" (no, mar a thair iad anns a' Bheurla, *Hold Fast.*) Tha e air aithris gu bheil a h-aon de adhaircean an tairbh seo anns an Dùn gus an là an diugh.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1957

Aireamh 6

Am Bonnach Bearnach

CHaidh Ceigin agus Cuaigean agus Bodach Beag an Reubain aon uair a bhuaìn coirce. An uair a sguir iad d'an obair bha bideag bheag gun deanamh.

"Dean thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Dean fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Deanamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus rinn iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an sin air a thoirt dachaigh.

"Thoir thusa siud leat, a Cheigin."

"Bheir fhéin leat e, a Chuaigean."

"Beireamaid uile leinn e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus thug iad uile dhachaigh e.

Thòisich iad an sin air a bhualadh.

"Buail thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Buail fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Buailleamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus bhuail iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an sin air a chruadhachadh.

"Cruadhaich thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Cruadhaich fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Cruadhaicheamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus chruadhaich iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an uair sin air a bhleith.

"Beil thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Beil fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Beileamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus bhleith iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an uair sin air a chriathradh.

"Criathair thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Criathair fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Criathramaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus chriathair iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an uair sin air fuinneadh.

"Fuin thusa siud, a Cheigin."

"Fuin fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Fuineamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus dh'fhuin iad uile e.

Thòisich iad an uair sin air a chur ris an teine.

"Cuir thusa siud ris an teine, a Cheigin."

"Cuir fhéin e, a Chuaigean."

"Cuireamaid uile ris an teine e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus chuir iad uile ris an teine e.

Thòisich iad an uair sin air itheadh.

"Thoir greim as a siud, a Cheigin."

"Thoir fhéin as e, a Chuaigean."

"Thoireamaid uile greim as," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain. Thug iad uile greim as, agus siud a mach a ghabh am bonnach. Có a thachair ris ach ròcais?

"Có as a thàinig am bonnach beàrnach?"

"Thàinig mi bho Cheigin agus thàinig mi bho Chuaigean agus thàinig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thàinig mi bho leac nam bonnach, agus thàinig mi bho chùl an doruis, agus, ma's urrainn domh, thig mi bhuaitsa."

Thug an ròcais sgobadh sìos agus thug e greim as, agus siud a mach a ghabh am bonnach. Có a thachair ris ach faoileag?

"Có as a thàinig am bonnach beàrnach?"

"Thàinig mi bho Cheigin agus thàinig mi bho Chuaigean agus thàinig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thàinig mi bho leac nam bonnach, agus thàinig mi bho chùl an doruis, agus thàinig mi bho'n ròcais, agus, ma's urrainn dhomh, thig mi bhuaitsa."

Thug an fhaoileag sgobadh sìos, thug i greim as, agus siud a mach a ghabh am bonnach. Có a thachair ris ach feannag?

"Có as a thàinig am bonnach beàrnach?"

"Thàinig mi bho Cheigin agus thàinig mi bho Chuaigean agus thàinig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thàinig mi bho leac nam bonnach, agus thàinig mi bho chùl an doruis, agus thàinig mi bho'n ròcais, agus thàinig mi bho'n fhaoileig, agus, ma's urrainn domh, thig mi bhuaitsa."

Thug an fheannag sgobadh sìos, thug i greim as, agus siud a mach a ghabh am bonnach. Có a thachair ris ach calman?

"Có as a thàinig am bonnach beàrnach?"

"Thàinig mi bho Cheigin agus thàinig mi bho Chuaigean agus thàinig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thàinig mi bho leac nam bonnach, agus thàinig mi bho chùl an doruis, agus thàinig mi bho'n ròcais, agus thàinig mi bho'n fhaoileig, agus thàinig mi bho'n fheannaig, agus, ma's urrainn domh, thig mi bhuaitsa."

Thug an calman sgobadh sìos, agus dh'ith e suas e, agus bha crìoch air a' bhonnach.

(Sgrìobhadh an sgeul seo anns an *Celtic Magazine*, 1888, le Coinneach MacLeòid. Is e an t-Urramach Aonghas MacDhonnchaidh a tharraing m'aire chuige, agus tha mi fo chomain dha. Tha e a' comharrachadh gu bheil an sgeul seo, air sheòl eile, anns a' chomh-chruinneachadh de sgeulachdan Gaidhealach a rinn Iain Og Ile, agus pàirt dheth an clò anns an leabhar sgeulachdan aige. Tha cuimhne agam fhìn an sgeul seo a chluinntinn 'nam òige anns an Eilean Sgritheanach—

AM FEAR-DEASACHAIDH.)

Taigh Iain Ghrota

IS e an taigh iomraiteach seo an t-àite-còmhnaidh as fhaide mu thuath a tha ann an Albainn. Is iomadh aon a chuala iomradh air Taigh Iain Ghrota ach a tha ainmealach air an dòigh air an d'fhuair e an t-ainm seo.

Ri linn Rìgh Seumas IV thàinig trìùir bhràithrean—Calum, Gabhainn, agus Iain *De Groot*, oir is e seo an dòigh air an robh an sloinneadh air a sgrìobhadh anns an àm sin. Thàinig iad seo do Ghallaibh o'n taobh deas, le litir o'n Rìgh, air a sgrìobhadh ann an Laidinn, do mhuinntir na taobh tuath, 'gam moladh agus ag aslachadh coibhneas as an leth o uaislean na dùthcha. Cheannaich iad fearann anns an àite. Bha an oighreachd eatorra, agus bha an càirdeas a bu làidire aca d'a chèile. Ach mheudaich Clann Ghrota gus an robh ochd teaghlachaichean dhiubh ann air fad; agus an sin thòisich connasachadh agus farmad eatorra mu thimcheall roinn an fhearainn, agus gu h-àraid mu dheighinn an fhir 'nam measg a bu chòir a bhith air a chunntas 'na cheann-cinnidh no 'na cheann-teaghlach thairis orra.

Oidhche de na h-oidhchean, bha seòrsa de chonnsoid 'nam measg cò a bu chòir suidhe aig ceann a' bhùird, agus a bhith 'na cheann-stuic air gach còmhdaill. Bha connasachadh làidir eadar na fir agus theab gun tigeadh faicail gu buillean. Anns an àm sin dh'èirich am fear dhiubh d'am b'ainm Iain—duine làidir, misneachail, sgairteil, aig an robh an t-aiseag aig an àm o'n chearna sin gu eileanan Arcaibh. Labhair e gu ciùin, càirdeil.

"Deanaibh réite," ars esan, "is na biodh droch cainnt no idir tuasaid 'nar measg; oir," ars esan, "'bheir mise m'fhacal dhiubh, an ath uair a choinnicheas sinn, gun socraich mise a' chùis seo m'a bheil sibh a' cur a mach air a chèile."

Thòisich e gun dàil, agus thog e taigh air an rubha a b'fhaide a mach air an robh ochd taobh—is e sin, bha an taigh ochd-oiseannach—agus air gach taobh bha uinneag agus dorus.

Agus am meadhan an taighe seo chàirich e bòrd, de'n aon chumadh ris an taigh—bòrd ochd-oiseannach. Agus an ath uair a choinnich an ochdnan chàirdean, thubhairt e riu a h-uile fear a dhol a staigh air a dhorus féin agus suidhe aig an àite-shuidhe dìreach mu choineamh an doruis. Chaidh iad a staigh. Bha a dhorus, agus a uinneag, agus a chathair, agus a àite féin, aig gach fear. Cha robh urram aig fear thar fear eile. Cha robh 'nam measg ach càirdeas agus carthannachd, sìth agus coibhneas agus toileachas-intinn. Tha stéidh an taighe ochd-oiseannaich seo fhathast r'a fhaicinn, agus theagamh nach 'eil taigh ann am Breatainn uile as iomraitiche na e.

Tha cuid de'n t-seann bhòrd daraich fathast a làthair, agus o chionn leth-cheud bliadhna bha cuid de'n litir Laidinn a sgrìobh an Rìgh a làthair. Bu Dùitsich a bha ann an teaghlach Iain Ghrota, agus tha e air a ràdh gun do chuir an Rìgh mu thuath iad a chum eòlas a thoirt do mhuinntir na dùthcha mu na dòighean a b'fheàrr air iasg a ghlacadh anns na ceàrnan sin.

(*Cuairtear nan Gleann*, 1841.)

Ailean Dughallach

RUGADH e an Gleann-Còmhann mu'n bhliadhna 1750. Chuir a athair ris an tàillearachd e. Bha e ro-ghheur is deagh thogail aige is le bhith a' falbh air feadh na tuatha, mar a b'abhaist do na tàillearan roimhe seo, thog e mòran de nòs nan seann Ghaidheal. Uair a bha e fhéin is gille-càirde dha a' bearradaireachd air a chèile, chuir e an t-snàthad 'na shùil. Mheath an t-sùil seo an té eile, air chor is gun do chaill e a shealladh. Is ann uime seo a theirtheadh "Ailean Dall" ris. Thòisich e air na h-òrain is dh'ionnsaich e an fhidhleireachd. Mu'n bhliadhna 1790 chaidh e a dh'fhuireach do Phort-lòchaidh, faisg air Inbhir-lòchaidh. Cha robh na h-amannan cho cruaidh Gallda is a tha iad an diugh, agus eadar a' chruit is na h-òrain rinn e seòl air teaghlach eireachdail a thogail gu measail. Anns a' bhliadhna 1798, le còmhnaidh Eòghainn MhicLachainn, chuir e a mach leabhar òran. Is ann mu'n àm seo a rinn Mac Mhic Alasdair a bhàrd fhéin dheth, agus bha e tuilleadh gun chùram màil no imrich. Chan 'eil an ceathramh trian air sgal de a chuid òran. 'Na bhàrdachd tha binneas is eagar is ciall—a bhriathrachas nàdurra, gun fhacal a' talach air facal eile. Dh'eug e an Gleann-Garadh anns a' bhliadhna 1829, is chaidh a thiodh-lacadh an Cill-fhianain.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN T-IUCHAR, 1957

Aireamh 7

Geodha an Iasgair

AIR oidhche gheamhraidh, cha b'urrainn dhuit àite fhaighinn cho dubh dorcha agus cho fuar fàs ri Geodha an Iasgair. Tha a' gheodha seo a' snàgadh a steach ann an taobh a' chladaich, agus is ioma sgeul uamhasach a tha air innse mu'n uaimh a tha ann an teis meadhon na geodha.

Cha mhór a chaidh—no a dh'iarr a dhol—riamh do'n dearbh àite; agus bheireadh am fear a bu treise sùil fhaiceallach timcheall air mun rachadh e gu geilteach a steach do'n t-seòmar dhuaichnidh seo. Tha an taobh a staigh a cheart cho mì-thaitneach ris a' chòrr. Tha na creagan uaine sleamhainn, mar a dh'fhàg a' mhuir-làn iad, agus tha e coltach, ma their duine am facal as lugha, gu bheil Mac-Alla a' dannsadh o thaobh gu taobh, a' togail an fhuinn, gu a bheil an t-àite làn de chrònanaich eagalach.

Do'n dearbh àite seo, ma tà, chaidh aon oidhche gheamhraidh trìuir iasgairan as a' bhaile. An uair a chaidh a' ghrian mu dheireadh fo shruth, choinnich iad is rinn iad gu socair sàmhach mar fhaileas sgòthan air a' gheodha. Bheireadh iad sùil air a chéile an dràs is a rithist. Cha robh iad ro-chinnteach asda fhéin no as an gnothaich, ach chum iad orra.

Bha i a nis dorcha mar an teàrr, agus bha a' mhuir a' tormanach gu h-oillteil, mar gum b'aill leatha a gairdeanaigh fuara a chur timcheall air na naimhdean talmhaidh seo. Ge b'oil leatha bha riaghladh Nàduir ag ràdh rithe tràghadh, rud a rinn, a' tilleadh gu sligeach, a' fàgail a taigh-còmhnaidh dligheach.

Roinn a' Gheoidh

CHaidh Gaidheal tapaidh uair-eigin de'n t-saoghal feuch am faigheadh e cosnadh ann an Glaschu. Co-dhiubh, fhuair e obair ann am bàta, ach mo thruaighe! cha robh am bàta fada aig muir an uair a chaidh a bristeadh air taobh an iar Eireann. Cha robh taigh no dachaigh 'nan sealladh far an deach iad, agus cha robh a nis ach a h-uile fear a' toirt sgairbh á creagan dha fhéin.

Bha i fhathast a' maoidheadh an uair a ràinig iadsan beul na geodha. Chaidh iad sìos. Cluinnear fuaim an cas air a mhùchadh leis an fheamainn a' tighinn air éiginn air a' ghaioith. Bha e a' fàs na b'fhainne agus na b'fhainne gu mu dheireadh nach cluinnear ach fuaim na gaoithe am measg nan creag agus toirm nan tonn anns a' chladach.

Bha a h-uile ni gu mì-nàdurach sàmhach. Bha a' mhuir a nis a' srannan mar chat a bha a' sior làn-riaraichte le biadh. Theireadh duine gu robh ise air buaidh fhaighinn agus i a nis a' siubhal gu sìtheil seachad air na seann chlachan geala.

Ach éisd! Tha an t-sàmhchair briste. Tha buille fhann air a cluinntinn anns an fheamainn. Tha am fuaim a' tighinn na's fhaigse agus na's fhaigse gus an stad e aig beul na geodha. An sin chithear ceann agus gualainn duine mar a tha e a' streap a mach. Tha fear eile air a shàil—sin dithis! Thug an dithis sùil fhada sìos do'n gheodha agus rinn iad as cho luath agus ged a bhiodh siùil orra. An sin, thill an t-sàmhchair. Bha a h-uile ni mar a bha e a cheana.

Ach càit an robh an treas fear? Aig an Tì Mhór tha brath! Chan fhacas is cha chualas sgeul riamh air. Cha chanadh an dithis eile guth. B'fheàrr leotha gnothaich na h-oidhche a chumail aca fhéin, agus 's dòcha gu robh sin fhéin cho math!

Mórag Nic Coinnich

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

phòsadh na h-ighinn, agus chunnaic iad an coigreach suas a dh'ionnsaigh an taighe.

Ars an gille òg le fiamh a' ghàire air a aodann, "Is e Gaidheal a tha seo."

"Gu dé am fios a tha agad?" ars an nighean.

"O, tha," thuirt esan, "leis cho àrd 's a tha e a' togail a chasan. Tha na rathaidean a tha aca sa' Ghaidhealtachd cho garbh agus cho clachach agus gum feum iad a bhith a' togail an casan cho àrd; agus seall cho àrd is a tha am fear seo 'gan togail! Tha iad ag ràdh gu bheil na Gaidheil fuathasach aineolach mu bhìadh, agus bho'n tha an dinnear againn deiseil is fheàrr dhuinn a thoirt a staigh chun na dinnearach."

Thug iad a staigh an coigreach. Chuir iad sìos an dinnear—an geadh mòr air clàr. Shuidh am bodach is a' chailleach aig ceann a' bhùird, an nighean is an gille air gach taobh, agus an coigreach aig ceann eile a' bhùird.

"Is fheàrr dhuit an geadh a roinn," thuirt an gille òg ris a' choigreach. "Chan 'eil sinne ro-mhath gusa a roinn, ach tha mi làn-chinnteach gu bheil thusa glé mhath."

"The còir agamsa a bhith glé mhath," ars an coigreach, "agus nì mi mo dhìcheall."

Rug e gu tapaidh le laimh cheairt air a' gheadh; ghearr e an ceann dheth; agus, 'ga chur air truinnsear a' bhodaich, thuirt e, "Bho'n as sibhse ceannard an taighe, is ann agaibh as còir an ceann a bhith."

Ghlac e an amhach agus, 'ga cur air truinnsear na caillich, thuirt e "Bho'n as e an amhach as fhaigse air a' cheann agus gur sibhse as fhaigse air ceannard an taighe, is ann agaibh as còir an amhach a bhith."

Gheàrr e an dà sgéith dheth, agus thug e té do'n ghille òg agus té do'n nighean, agus thuirt e, "Bho nach 'eil annaibh-se ach daoine òga a bhios air sgiathaich a mach a' coimhead air rud dhuibh fhéin, is ann agaibhse as còir na sgiathan a bhith, agus bho nach 'eil annamsa ach duine bochd a tha 'ga chosnadh le spionnadh a chuim, is ann agam as còir an com a bhith."

An uair a ghabh e a dh'òl thuirt e riutha, "Bithidh mi a nis a' falbh. Bheir siud pios eile san rathad mi."

"Cha b'annasach ged a bheireadh," arsa am bodach, ag imleach a bhilean agus a' smaoin-eachadh!

Doilina Màiri NicLeòid
(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis)

An Tamhasg Ban

AIR feasgar bòidheach grianach deireadh an fhoghair, chuir mo mhàthair mi air turas do Héidhnis, agus thuir mi rium gun mòran tìm a chur seachad air an rathad, oir, ars ise, "'s luaithe na clach a' ruith le glèann feasgar fann foghair."

Thog mi orm gu h-eagsaidh, ach gu mì-fhortanach có a thachair orm ach Dòmhnall Beag agus e air a rathad chun na carraig le slait is maorach. "Tha ma piocach pailt ann an Goineig," thubhairt esan; "thugainn leam agus gheibh sinn annlann."

Nach ann ormsa a bha an t-aithreachas gun tug mi fearr air. Ann an tiota bha sinn a' sìor lìonadh a' phoca de dh'iasg reamhar loinnearach, agus cha robh an còrr iomraidh air earail mo mhàthar. Gu grad chaidh a' ghrian fodha 'na lannir òirdhearc anns an àird-an-iar, agus sgaoil an oidhche a sgiathan gu daicheadh, dorch, mi-choibhneil mun cuairt oirn.

Air an rathad dhachaigh, bhuail an t-eagal mi, agus mun do ràinig mi Sloc-an-uillt bha mi am beachd gu robh bòcan no buidseach a' leum a mach as gach fròg is coire. Dìreach mar a bha gach sgeul a chuala mi riamh air cluich is cuilbheartan nan sìdhichean a' ruith air m'inntinn, tharraing mi suas ri Geata a' Mhill, agus ann an tiota sheas mi far an robh mi. Bha mo chasan air chrith fodham, oir bha an sìod 'na sheasamh ceart ann am meadhon an rathaid, seann Bhodach glas, cho dìreach ri maide, agus a shùilean mora glogach dùinte. Dh'aithnich mi air nach bu duine saoghalta e, ach chuir mi romham "Cothrom na Féinne" a thoirt dha, agus thuir mi ris ann an guth ìosal, "Tha mi ag iarraidh seachad le'r cead."

Cha do mhosgail e is cha dubhairt e diog. Thug mi nach deanadh coibhneas deargadh air. Chuir mi colg chorrach orm, rug mi teann air a' phoca anns an robh a' chlach bhuntàta aig mo mhàthair, agus tharraing mi e le m' uile neart an clàr an aodainn—is thug mi mo chasan asam! Rinn esan sìtir oillteil agus theich e le luathas mì-nàdurra suas a' bheinn.

An uair a dh'lùthaich mi ris an taigh, có a thachair orm ach Eòghann Bàn agus e a' sìubhal an eich ghlais aige? Cha do leig mi dad orm, ach ghabh mi mo leòr nàire an uair a thug mi gur e each glas Eòghainn a thachair ormsa agus nach e Bodach glas-chiabhagach Dhùn-nan-sìdhichean.

"Iain Mór" (IV)

(Leabhran Bliadhnaid Ard-sgoil an Obain, 1957.)



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN LUNASDAL, 1957

Aireamh 8

A' Chuach Innseanach

CHA robh ann an Coinneach ach bodach bochd gun airgead a bha a' fuireach 'na aonar ann an taigh dubh tughaidh. An uair a bha e òg agus a' seòladh thall thairis, thug e dhachaigh leis cuach luachmhor as na h-Innseachan, agus bha e 'ga gleidheadh fhathast gu cùramach tèarainte ann an ciste fo a leabaidh.

A nis, tha e coltach gun d'fhuair dà mhnaoi àraidh, a bha a' fuireach faisg air, a mach mu dheighinn na cuaiche seo, agus thubhairt gach té rithe féin gum biodh a' chuach aicese air bàs Choinnich. 'Na làithean mu dheireadh bha Coinneach air a dheagh choimhead as a dhéidh le Màiri is Peigi—b'e siud ainm nam ban—gach té a' feuchainn ach có an té a gheibheadh a' chuach—an aon rud luachmhor a bha aig Coinneach air an talamh.

Bhàsaich Coinneach agus dh'fhàg e a' chuach anns a' chiste. Ach, ma dh'fhàg, cha robh i fada anns a' chiste, oir cho luath is a fhuair Peigi cùlaibh na té eile as a sealladh leum i chon na ciste agus rinn i dhachaigh cho luath ris a' ghaoith leis a' chuach 'na sgùird.

Ach thuig Màiri a' chùis gu h-iomlan, agus gu dearbh cha leigeadh i le rud de'n t-seòrsa seo a dhol seachad gun a cuid fhéin a thoirt á Peigi. An oidhche a thiodhlaicheadh Coinneach, chuir Màiri oirre léine gheal agus a mach a ghabh i do'n dorchadas a dh'fheuchainn ris an eagal a chur air Peigi, agus ars ise ann an guth Choinnich (no co dhiubh cho faisg 's a b'urraim dhì),

“A Pheigi, car son a ghoid thu a' chuach agus mo dhà shùil 'gad fhaicinn?” Stad Peigi far an robh i. Bha a cridhe 'na h-uchd le eagal. Thill i dhachaigh agus Màiri 'ga leantainn. Cha luithe a chunnaic Màiri a cùlaibh a steach an dorus na chunnaic i a' chuach a' tighinn 'ga h-ionnsaigh. Thog i leatha i, ach bha Peigi cinnteach gu là a bàis gur e manadh Choinnich a thachair rithe.

Sin agaibh, ma tà, mar a fhuair Màiri a' chuach a tha aice an diugh air a' bhòrd anns an taigh ùr a tha aice ann an Glaschu.

Iain Domhnallach

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Turus Ann An Soitheach-Adhair

AIR an dara là deug de'n Lùnasdal anns a' bhliadhna a chaidh seachad, chaidh mise air mo cheud turus ann an soitheach-adhair. Mar a bha am fortan an dàn bha là ciùin soilleir ann, agus mar sin bha dùil againn sealladh math fhaighinn de thìr-mór.

An uair a bha gach nì gu dòigheil chaidh sinne a steach do'n t-soitheach, a' deanamh cinnteach gu robh sinn ann an àite math. Le strann uamhraidh fhuair an sgioba 's an adhar agus bha sinn air ar rathad agus cha robh tilleadh ann.

An uair a bha sinn a' seòladh troimh na speuran agus gaoid nan innealan a' cur crith anns an t-soitheach, thuir mi rium fhéin gur e a bhiodh math a bhith air talamh cruaidh a rithist! Bha na neòil a' seòladh seachad agus bha na h-achaidhean a nis mar phìos de obair-ghréis le an iomadh tuar.

Ann an ùine ghoirid bha sinn seachad air Uibhist a Tuath agus bha sinn a' dol thairis air na Hearadh. Mu dheireadh ràinig sinn Steòrnabhagh far an do laigh an t-soitheach air son fichead mionaid.

An uair a thog sinn a mach as a sin chum sinn air ar turus thairis air a' Chuan Siar. Chunnaic sinn bàtaichean-iasgaich gu léoir, agus cho beag is a bha iad a' coimhead aig an àrde ud! An uair a bha sinn aig àrde ar turuis thubhairt mo charaid rium nach bithinn gu bràth tuilleadh cho faisg air flathanas!

An déidh a bhith anns an adhar fad uair gu leth laigh sinn mu deireadh an taobh a muigh de Inbhir-Nis, agus gu dearbh bha mi taingeil faighinn air ais gu talamh cruaidh.

Gilleasbuig MacLulaich,

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Na h-Airighean

BHA àirighean gu math cumanta air a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn fhada. Bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na seann daoine a bhith a' dol leis a' chrodh gu àite sònraichte air a' mhòintich, agus bhiodh iad a' fuireach an sin leotha treis de'n t-samhradh.

Bhiodh na daoine fhéin a' fuireach ann am bothain ris an abradh iad 'àirighean.' Is ann air cnoc beag ri taobh lochain mar bu trice a chithear iad. Bha iad air an togail de chip glasaich agus de chlachan, agus bha mullach air a chur orra de sgrathan.

Bha an t-àit anns am biodh iad a' cadal air a dheanamh de fheur is de luachair air an sgoileadh air sgrathan. Bha àit anns a' bhalla anns am biodh iad a' cumail am bidh agus nan soithichean.

Is iongantach gu bheil an cleachdadh seo air a chumail suas am bad sam bith an diugh. 'S fhada o sguir an cleachdadh anns an àit againne. Ged tha treis mhath o nach robh duine anna, chithear fhathast far an robh iad. Tha iad air cnoc uaine ri taobh lochain, ach chan 'eil an àird dhiubh ach beagan de'n bhalla. Chithear cuideachd na h-àiteachan anns am biodh am biadh agus na soithichean aca 'gan cumail.

Catriona NicAoidh

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis.)

Ghabh Am Ministear Eagal!

AON oidhche dhorcha gheamhraidh bha ministear ann an ceàrn de'n Ghaidhealtachd a' dol seachd air cladh uaigneach air an rathad dachaigh. Stad an duine bochd an uair a chuala e guthan ìosal air an taobh a staigh de bhalla a' chladha ag ràdh,

"Fear dhòmhsa, fear dhuit-sa; fear dhòmhsa, fear dhuit-sa!" Chuir na guthan seo am ministear cha mhór á cochull a chridhe, agus e a' deanamh dheth gur e spioradan a bha ann, a' roinn a mach nan corp 'nam measg fhéin. Thàrr am ministear as mar an dealanach sìos an rathad a dh'innseadh do dhaoine a' chlachain na guthan mì-nàdurach a chual e air an t-slighe.

Is beag a bha fios aig na seòid bheaga air taobh a staigh gàrradh a' chladha—oir is iadsan a bha ann—gun do chuir iad a leithid de eagal air a' mhinistear agus iad a' roinn nan ùbhlán 'nam measg fhéin! Fhad 's a bha am ministear air falbh thuit a dhà no trì ùbhlán thairis air balla a' chladha, ach cha do thuit iad gun fhios

do na seòid bheaga a bha 'gan goid, mar a chì sinn a dh'aithghearr.

Ann an ùine ghoird phill am ministear agus gach duine anns a' bhaile còmhla ris, cha mhór. Chrùb iad air cùlaibh a' ghàrraidh agus chual iad an dearbh rud a thubhairt am ministear riutha, "Fhear dhòmhsa, fear dhuit-sa; fear dhòmhsa, fear dhuit-sa; agus a nis gheibh sinn an fheadhainn a tha air taobh a muigh a' ghàrraidh."

Thug cridhe a' mhinistear breab as agus dh'fhalbh e mar a' ghaoth, agus a' chuideachd 'na dhéidh.

Iain MacLachlainn

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis.)

Dh'ionnsaich E Leasan

BHO chionn fhada nan cian bha tuathanach ann nach gabhadh mar sheirbhiseach ach gille a dh'fhanadh còmhla ris gu ceann seachd bliadhna, agus nach iarradh de thuarasdal ach na ghlacadh e 'na bheul de'n t-sìol an uair a bhiodh e a' bualadh an arbhair.

Thàinig gille òg far an robh e is ghabh e an tuarasdal. An sin rinn e fhéin agus an tuathanach còrdadh, agus fhuair e cead na ghlacadh e de shìol 'na bheul a chur dha fhéin.

Bha an gille a' bualadh an arbhair ach cha do ghlac e ach trì sìleanan 'na bheul, agus ghléid e iad sin gu cùramach gus an do chuir e iad as t-earrach. Chinn trì dìasan asda sin, agus bha trì fichead sìlean air gach dias.

Chuir an gille gu cùramach air leth iad bhò dhiasan a mhaighistir, agus chuir e còmhla riutha na rug e air an ath gheamhradh. Chuir e iad an uair a thàinig an t-earrach agus bha pàirt uiread aige an ath fhoghar agus a bha aige a' bhliadhna roimhe siud.

Lean gnothaichean mar sin bliadhna as déidh bliadhna gu ceann nan seachd bliadhna. Bha de shìol aig a' ghille a nis na gabhadh fearann an tuathanaich uile a chum a chur air fad. Ged bu ghoirt leis e, b'fheadar do'n tuathanach màl a phàidheadh air son tuilleadh fearainn. Cha robh an tuathanach ach a' cunntais nan làithean gus am biodh ceann nan seachd bliadhna suas.

Mu dheireadh thàinig ceann nan seachd bliadhna. Dh'fhalbh an gille agus gu dearbh cha robh an tuathanach duilich.

Fhuair an tuathanach leasan gun a bhith cho àilleasach mu a sheirbhisich an déidh siud.

Penelope Walker

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis.)



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN T-SULTUIN, 1957

Aireamh 9

La Ag Iasgach

BHA a' ghrian ag éirigh an uair a bha sinn a' ruigheachd a' phuirt. Bha an uiseag a' seinn a h-òran aighearach shuas faisg air na sgòthan, is bha an t-adharcan-luachrach ag iorghaill gu greannach anns a' bhogaich aig bonn a' chnuic mhóir a bha 'na sheasamh aig taobh an iar an taighe.

Thug sinn a' gheòla bheag a mach chun na h-eathair mòire is cha b'fhada gus an robh sinn a' gluasad gu dian a mach an loch. Bha puicein carach gu leòir air a' mhuir, oir bha an sruth is a' ghaoth a' dol an aghaidh a chéile. Bha na sgarbh mhóra gu trang ag iasgach mu thràth. Bha a' ghrian a nis a' tighinn ann an sealladh is bha i a' caitheamh cleòca dealrach òir air na beanntan mun cuairt dhinn. Chitheamaid corra ghreigh a' deanamh an rathaid chais suas ri gualainn nam beann is an iolair air a cuairt maidne mu na cladaichean. Bha ròn no dhà mu na bàigh a staigh, ach chan fhaca sinn aonan dhiubh an uair a ghluais sinn na b'fhaide a mach.

Bha sinn a nis air a bhith aig muir mu uair gu leth, agus bha òrdugh againn a nis bho Aonghas Ruairidh na doirgh a leigeil a mach. Rinn sinne sin is cha b'fhada gus an robh fios againn nach robh an lùgha no an saoidhean gann. Bha iad a' gabhail mar a thàirneamaid a staigh iad. Bha mise a nis cho toilichte annam fhéin is gu robh mi ag ràdh nan sreathan ainmeil ud, a sgrìobh an t-Athair Urramac Ailean MacDhòmhnaill, leam fhéin:

“Gum bu laghach toiseach foghair
Corra thadhail dorghaich,
Leigeil dhubhan thun a' ghrunna
Muigh air iola eòlach.”

Bha seo uile glé mhath, ach cha d'fhuair sinn an t-iasg a thàinig sinn a mach air a shon fhathast. B'e sin an rionnach. Cha robh sinn ach mu chòig mionaidean an seo an uair a thug mi fhéin an aire do chnap dubh pìos air falbh bhuainn a' seòladh air uachdar na mara. Cha do chuir mi diù sam bith ann aig an àm, ach an seo thug mi sùil a mach air ar cùl is gu dé a bha an sin ach putthag mhór ghrànda!

Bha i a nis gus a bhith againn is gun chothrom teicheadh againn! Gu fortanach bha urchar anns a' ghunna agam. Chuir mi ri mo ghualainn e. Leig mi leatha gus an robh i mu dheich slatan bhuaim is an uair sinn chuir mi am peilear eadar a dà shùil. Spùt an fhuil dhubh-dhearg a mach as an toll is bha i a' cur fiath leathann a null thar na mara. An ceann trì mionaidean chaidh i fodha is chan fhaca sinn riamh tuilleadh i.

Bha Aonghas Dhòmhnaill Bhàin ag ràdh ruinn gum biodh an rionnach mu mhìle na b'fhaide a staigh anns an loch mu'n àm seo de'n bhliadhna. Aig an seo thionndaidh Gilleasbuig Beag an stiùreadair an eathar is ghabh e a steach do'n loch leatha. An ceann ùine ghabh a' cheud ghad rionnach agam fhéin. An uair sin thòisich Gilleasbuig air a cumail timcheall mu'n aon àite. Bha deagh gabhail air an rionnach anns an àite seo, agus cha b'fhada gus an robh againn na dh'iarramaid dheth. Leis an sin leig Gilleasbuig Beag air a' chladach i agus chaidh sinn air tìr agus ghabh sinn biadh.

An uair sin chaidh mi fhéin sgrìob gu Lochan Lirinis leis a' ghunna. An sin fhuair mi càraid lach, bun-a-bhuachaille, learg agus sialta no dhà. An uair a phill mi chun na h-eathair, bha iad uile a' feitheamh orm, agus an uair a bha sinn uile air bòrd thogadh an seòl is cha b'fhada gus an robh “cop ri darach déideig,” is i a' siubhal mar eun air iteig a steach do'n loch.

Bha sgòthan dorcha bagarrach a nis a' cruinneachadh anns an àird-a-deas, ach cha robh sin a' cur dragh sam bith orinne, oir bha sinn air a dhòl air tìr is cha b'fhada a' ruigheachd an taighe sinn.

Neach-gun-ainm

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis)

* * * * *
Ma's beag leat e, crath sonas air.

* * * * *
Ma chuireas tu do làmh am beul a' mhadaidh,
feumaidh tu a toirt as mar a dh'fhaodas tu.

A' Cheud Char an Liosmor

A ON latha an uiridh, bha mi a' bruidhinn ri bodach a chunnaic iomadh latha, agus thòisich e ag innseadh dhomh mu'n cheud chàr a thàinig do'n eilean.

"Bha mi 'nam shuidhe anns a' bhùth," arsa esan, "an uair a ruith Iain beag a steach a' glaochaich gun do cheannaich an t-uachdaran càr, càr mòr, a chaidh gun eich, gun bhà gun rud sam bith; agus an uair a thàinig e suas an rathad mar uilebheist mòr dealrach, a' falbh gun nì 'ga tharraing, mo chreach, an ùpraid a bh'ann! Bha cuid a' ruith air falbh cho luath is a b'urrainn daibh, cuid 'nan seasamh air ball le iongnadh, ach bha cuid de'n òigridh a' dlùthachadh agus eadhon a' beantainn ris agus fada na h-ùine bha an t-uachdaran 'na shuidhe a staigh, toilichte leis an othail mhóir agus a' deanamh *honc, honc*. Ach cha robh e fada gus an robh sinn uile cleachdte ris, ach seann Mhórag a dh'fhalaich a h-aodann 'na làmhan daonnan, a' glaochaich, "S e an donas fhéin a tha ann!"

Rinn e fiamh-ghàire agus dh'amhairc e suas air bàt-adhair os ar cionn—"Ach a nis tha e a' tighinn an seo ann an aon dhiubh gach seachdain."

"Ros" (V)

(Leabhran Bliadhnaid Ard-sgoil an Obain, 1957.)

Cadal-Cearnach

BHA aon uair ann an Tiriodh bodach còir a bha a' fuireach còmhla ri a nighinn.

Bha leanbha beag aig an nighinn agus gu tric bhiodh i a' cur a leinibh ann an uchd a h-athar an uair a bhiodh i fhéin ag obair. Anns an fheasgar bha e 'na chleachdadh aig an t-seann duine tuiteam 'na chadal anns a' chathair aig taobh an teine.

Aon latha, mar a b'abhaist an déidh na dinneir, chuir an nighean am pàisde ann an uchd a h-athar. Cha b'fhada gus an do chaidil am pàisde, agus goirid 'na dhéidh sin bha srann aig a sheanair. Bha an nighean ag obair feadh an taighe agus, sùil 'na gun tug i, chunnaic i mar a bha cùisean. Smaoinich i gun deanadh i feala-dhà air a h-athair.

Aig taobh an teine, 'na shuain cuideachd, bha cuilean beag. Thog i an cuilean, shuain i e ann am plaide, agus air dhi an leanabh a thogail fàr glùin a h-athar, chuir i an cuilean 'na àite. Dh'fhuirich i tacan, ach cha do ghluais an seann duine.

An sin chaidh i mach do'n doras. Ann an guth cruaidh ghlaodh i, "Dileas! Dileas!" 'S gann a bha na faicil as a beul an uair a bha an cuilean, is am plaide a' slaodadh ris, aig a casan. Aig a' cheart àm chuala i a h-athair a' tighinn a mach ann an cabhaig is e a' glaothaich gu cruaidh, "An leanabh! An leanabh! Leum e as m'uchd!" An uair a ràinig e an doras is a chunnaic e a nighean is am pàisde 'na gairdeanan is i 'na lùban a' gàireachdainn, thuig e dé a thachair. Ghabh am bodach truagh a leithid de eagal is gum b'fheadar do'n nighinn dìleag bheag de Mhac-an-Tòisich a thoirt dha 'ga thoirt thuige.

"Calman"

(Leabhran Bliadhnaid Ard-sgoil an Obain, 1957.)

Mar A Chaill MacNeill Bharraidh A Oighreachd

BHA MacNeill Bharraidh a' cur a leithid de dhragh air a' cheud Bhanrigh Ealasaid is nach b'urrainn dhi cur suas leis na b'fhaide. Cha robh e gu feum sam bith a shumanadh gu cùirt, agus bha a h-uile oidhirp a rinneadh air son breith air mì-shealbhadh. Mu dhreath chaidh an gnothach earbsa ri MacCoinnich Chinn-t-sàile, agus seo mar a chaidh Ruairidh MacNeill a ghlacadh.

Aon là sheòl birlinn mhaiseach gu Barraidh, agus dh'acraich i fo bhallachan glasa gruamach Chismuill. Thugadh cuireadh do Ruairidh tighinn air bòrd. Is ann a shaoil Ruairidh gu robh féisd aca, agus cha robh e fada a' leum air bòrd. Ann an tiota bha e air a chuartachadh le saighdearan.

"Càit a bheil mo sgian-dubh?" arsa esan. "Tha sibh cealgach suarach."

Aig meadhon-oidhche sheòl am bàta gu Dun-éideann.

B'fheadar do Ruairidh a dhol an làthair cùirte, agus dh'fhaighnich am britheamh dha car son a bha e a' creachadh bàtaichean Shasainn. Fhreagair esan nach robh e ach a' dioladh air son na h-aingidheachd a dh'fhuiling a' Bhanrigh Màiri, màthair Rìgh Seumas, bho Ealasaid.

Fhuair a' fhreagairt seo maitheanas dha, agus ged a thugadh a oighreachd bhuaithe, shàbhail iad a bheatha.

Màiri NicGilleathain

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-nis)



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN DAMHAR, 1957

Aireamh 10

An Casgradh

BHA an oidhche a' teannadh dlùth. Bha a' ghrian a nis còrr is uair fo fhàire, agus cha robh na diùlnaich fhathast air an àirigh a ruighinn. Las dealanach eile. Cluinnear tartar nan tàirneanach air a fhreagairt le mac-talla. Bha an t-uisge a' tuiteam gu trom is bha an dorchadas a' sgoileadh a brait ghruamaich a' cur sglèò air an t-sealladh, ach chru na gaisgich threuna orra, oir bha làn fhios aca nach robh ach an dà chrann air am bois—an ceann-uidhe a thoirt a mach no a dhol a dhùth ann am boglaich na mòintich.

Is e ceathrar dhaoine òga tapaidh á Beinn-abhaoghla a bha seo, agus iad an impis dhòl air seachran an uair a bha iad a' deanamh air àirigh a bha mu astar chòig mìle air falbh.

Ràinig iad an àirigh is gach piollag aodaich a bha orra 'na bhogan fiuch. Thiormaich iad iad fhéin is thogadh teine lasrach teth. Bha gach nì a' dol gu math is thòisich fear ri cluich na trompa. Thubhairt fear de na h-òglaich, is fiamh a' ghàire air a aodann, "Nach bochd nach robh boireannach an urra againn air son dannsa ris a' cheòl!" Fhregair fear na tromp, mar gum biodh e a' smuaineachadh gu trom, "Chan eil mi cho cinnteach as a sin idir."

Is gann gu robh e air a bheil a dhùnadh an uair a nochd ceathrar bhòireannach na bu mhaisiche na nì sam bith eile air an do dhealraich sùil riamh roimhe. Shuidh gach té ri taobh fear de na fir, ach ghluais fear na trompa air falbh a dh'ionnsaigh an teine. Bha fhios aige-san nach robh an t-eireachdas a bha air an taobh a muigh ach air son daoine a mhealladh, nach robh annta an da-rìribh ach bana-bhuid-sichean. Aig a' cheart ám mhothaich e trì sruthain fala bhlàth a' deanamh an rathaid gu socair troimh gach eag a bha an ùrlar na h-àirighe. Thuig e anns a' mhionaid gu robh cuisle mhòr na h-aimhiche aig a chàirdean gearrte, agus nach b'fhada gus an tugadh iad suas an deò. Is esan an ath duine, ach cha robh a' mhaighdean fhathast faisg gu leòir air.

Bha esan air a' bhalla a ruighinn a nis, is cha robh fios ciod a dheanar. Chunnacas sgian dubh na cailliche a' deàrsadh ann an solus

fann an teine. Bha a cheart cho math dha tòiseachadh ri ùrnuigh, oir dé a dheanadh aon duine an aghaidh ceathrar chreutairean nach buineadh do'n t-saoghal seo idir? Bha i a nis ri a thaobh. Bha a chridhe 'na uchd is braoin falluis a' tuiteam bho a mhalaidh. Bha a aodach a' sior fhàs na bu fhliche leis an fhallus a bha an t-eagal a' toirt air.

Ach mun do gheàrr faobhar na sgìne duibhe a amhach rinn e an oidhirp mu dhéireadh air son a bheatha a shàbhaladh. Dh'iarr e cead a dhol a mach air lethsgèul gu robh e a' fàs bochd le teas an teine. Dh'fhàg an t-eagal e air son treis an uair a thugadh dha cead, air chùmh-nant gum fàgadh e earball a chòta an taobh a staigh de'n dorus is gun tilleadh e a steach ann an còig mionaidean.

Dhùineadh an dorus. Bha esan a nis gun chothrom gluasaid. Bha e a' feuchainn 'na phòca air son sgìne, ach bha e a' faileachdainn air a faighinn. Chòimhead e air a uaireadair. Bha trì mionaidean air am fàgail, ach ghreimich a mheuran air an sgithinn is ann an tiota le aon sathadh bha earball a chòta air fhàgail anns an dorus is esan ma sgaol.

Bha na còig mionaidean gu bhith suas agus còig mìle aige-san ri dhol mus tachradh taigh ris. Nam beireadh iad air a nis chuireadh iad cìroch anns a' mhionaid air, no leònadh iad e is leigeadh iad leis bàsachadh ann an cràdh is pian. Dh'èisd e gu socair sèimh an déidh dha a dhol beagan astair. Bha na còig mionaidean suas. Cha robh fuaim sam bith ri chluinnteil. An e aising a bha aige? Chan e. Bha an àirigh ri faicinn fhathast. "Siud iad," ars esan ris fhéin, an uair a chualas sgrìachail is raoiceil a bheireadh eagal air a' ghaisgeach a bu treasa a chuir cas air talamh Albann. Rinn e a nis as aig peilear a bheatha, ged bha fhios aige nach robh an uair fad air falbh an uair a bheireadh e a anam suas.

Cha robh na biastan a nis ach ceud slat bhuaithe is an éigheach a' sìor fhàs na bu chruaidhe. Ach mar a bha fortan an dàn dha, chunnacas àigeach air teadhair astar beag m'a choinneamh. Leum e chun na teadhrach agus

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le aon bhuille de'n sgithinn ghearradh i. Gheàrr e cruinn leum gu druim an àigich is a mach a ghabh iad dìreach ann an àm oir an uair a chunnaic na bana-bhuidsichean an t-àigeach thilg iad an sgeanan air, ach mar a bha fortan an dàn cha do bhuail gin.

Dh'fhàg an t-àigeach agus am marcaiche càch air deireadh is ràinig an t-òglach a dhachaigh gu sàbhailte. An ath là, an uair a chaidh e a mach chun na beinne cheudna, cha robh air fhàgail de'n àirigh ach ceithir cabair mhóra a bha anns gach oisean is trìuir dhaoine marbha le an amhaichean fosgailte 'nan sineadh air an làr. Bha làraichean nan sruthan fala ri'm faicinn fhathast agus ann am meadhon an ùrlair bha lòn fala air cruadhachadh far an do choinnich na sruthain.

Aonghas MacPhail

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Na Mearlaich

AN oidhche seo bha Dòmhnall a' ceangal a' chruidh, agus chual e fuaim neònach, ach cha do shaoil e càil dheth. An uair a chunnaic e gu robh a h-uile càil an òrdan, rinn e a mach agus dhùin e an doras. Dh'innis e d'a mhnaoi mu dheighinn na fuama a chual e. Rinn i lasgan gàire agus thubhairt i gur iomadh oidhche a chual i fuaimen mar siud. Shuidh e sìos aig a' bhòrd air son a bhìdh, ach cha robh e fada air suidhe an uair a chual e an crodh a' nuallaich. Sheas e suas mar gum biodh fear anns an deachaidh peilear. Rinn e a mach, agus cha mhòr nach tug e am bòrd leis m'a chasan.

Bha an oidhche a' fàs gu math dorch a agus cha robh sealladh uamhasach math aige air dé a bha a' dol. An uair a theann e faisg air a' bhàthaich, chunnaic e an crodh a' ruith sìos am bruthach agus dh'fhàs a shùilean uiread ri gealach. Aig an aon àm bha e feargach. Thòisich e air ruith as an déidh, agus e gus na caskan a chall. Rinn e a mach dà dhuine as déidh a' chruidh.

Cha robh an crodh a' dol mar bu mhath leotha. Bha iad a' tilleadh air ais no a' dol air an rathad cheàrr. An uair a mhothaich fear aca do Dhòmhnall, leig e eubh bàis chun an fhir eile agus a mach gun tug iad!

Bha poll-mòna shìos fo'n bhàthaich, ach cha robh fhios aig na mearlaich air an seo. Chuala Dòmhnall iad a' tuiteam ann agus ag éigheach aig na dheanadh iad. Ràinig e am poll-mòna, agus a' cheud fhear a thachair air fhuair e dòrn cruaidh o Dhòmhnall anns an aodann agus thuit e air ais do'n pholl. Bha am fear eile a' tighinn air cùlaibh Dhòmhnall,

ach rug Dòmhnall air mu na casan agus a mach gun tug e an comhair a chinn do'n pholl.

Thubhairt iad ri Dòmhnall gun ò fhuair iad gu leòr droch-chàradh, agus cheangail Dòmhnall iad gus an tàinig fear-sithe. An uair a ràinig Dòmhnall a' bhàthach, bha an crodh aig an doras agus chuir e a steach iad.

Agnes NicGillinnein

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Bodach Laidir Sgairteil

IS minig a chì sibh am fear seo mu'n àm seo de'n bhliadhna. Tha e ag obair gun sgar anns a h-uile achadh anns a' choimhearsnachd. O, nach iomadh latha a chaidh mi seachad air is nach iomadh latha a ghabh mi truas ris an duine dhìcheallach seo is gun lùbadh a' dol air a chnàmhan!

Có a chreideadh gum biodh daoine an là an diugh cho mì-choibhneil is gun cumadh iad seachad air an deagh charaid seo le an sròn anns an adhar is gun fhacal fàilte a chur air? Is e an duine saoghalta seo a chuireadh an cèill dhuit sgeul fhìrinneach mu dheighinn pròis, mì-choibhneis, is droch-nàdur dhaoine ann ar latha-ne.

Coimheadaidh muinntir a' bhaile air mar mhurtair neo mar fhògarrach. Cha bhruiddhinn is cha sheall iad air agus chan 'eil aige mar chompanaich ach ealtainn nan speur. Fàilt-ichidh an lòn-dubh gu cridheil e bho a spiris air oisean a' ghàrraidh. Bheir an fhaòileag dha naidheachdan an t-saoghail is i 'na suidhe air a ghualainn, agus bheir an ròcais a teaghlach a choimhead air an dràsda is a rithist.

Biodh sin mar sin, ach chan 'eil duine air druim a' bhaile cho cruaidh, cho sgairteil no cho èasgaidh ris. Mus blais an t-eun an t-uisge bìdh an duine seo ag obair, agus bìthidh e ag obair gu dol fodha na grèine, gun lùbadh a' dol air a iosgaid. Cha chuir sneachd no cabhadh, reodhadh no gailleann chianail a' Mhàirt dragh sam bìth air. Cha chùm e bho a obair e, agus cha chùm e 'na dhachaigh e. Cha chualas riamh tinneas no cnatan a bhith air.

B'e am balach sgairteil e—am bodach ròcais!

Màiri Chaimbeul,

(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Theid dùthchas an aghaidh nan creag.

* * * *

Thig an t-acras na's trice na aon uair.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN T-SAMHUIN, 1957

Aireamh 11

Geatachan Cuimhneachain Chnoc-nan-Ros

AIR Di-luain an deicheamh là fichead de'n t-Sultuin, 1957, aig trì uairean an déidh meadhon-là, chruinnich còmhlan de Ghaidheil is bhana-Ghaidheil, òg is sean, aig Cnoc-nan-Ròs, a chum fosgladh an taighe agus seirbhis-choisrigidh nan Geatachan Cuimhneachain. Tha greis bho thòisicheadh air an taigh a chur gu feum air son obair Comunn na h-Oigridh, ach cha b'urrainnear seirbhis fhosglaidh a chumail gus am biodh na geatachan air an suidheachadh.

Bha sinn toilichte gu robh buidheann òigridh a làthair, balaich is caileagan á Sgoil Achd-'ille-bhuidhe, agus iad a' riochdachadh òigridh na Gaidhealtachd agus nan Eileanan.

Chuir Ceann-suidhe a' Chomuinn, Mgr. Fearchar MacRath, an céill an aobhair air son an robh sinn cruinn. Labhair Riochdair na Ban-rioh air son Siorrachd Rois, an Ridire Risert O Conaire, ann am Beurla, a' cliùthachadh na h-oidhirp a nithear an Cnoc-nan-Ròs a chum cuimhne a chumail air gaisge nan laoch a dh'ìobair am beatha anns na cogaidhean òigridh,

agus a chum òigridh a stiùradh ann an cas-cheuman nan gaisgeach agus nan uasal a bha ann romhpa.

An uair sin thàinig caileag a mhuinntir Sgoil Achd-'ille-bhuidhe air aghaidh—Cairistiona Nic Gillinnein—agus le briathran simplidh tharraing i an t-sreang a thogail na brataich a bha a' còmhachadh a' chlàir-chuimhneachain.

Sheinn sinn an treas Salm ar fhichead, agus Mgr. Niall MacGille-sheathanaich a' togail an fhuin. Leugh an t-Ollamh Urramach Alasdair S. MacGille-mhoire, ministear sgrì Lagaidh-eararaidh, cuibhreann de'n Sgrìobtur agus rinn e an ùrnuigh-choisrigidh. Chluich piobaire, de na Camshronaich, port tiamhaidh, agus, bho nach b'urrainn Mgr. Lachlan MacFhionghuin, Fear-gairme Comunn na h-Oigridh a bhith a làthair, thug an t-Urramach Tòmas M. MacCalmain, aon de Iar-chinn-suidhe a' Chomuinn, taing e n ainm na cuideachd do'n fheadhainn a ghabh pàirt anns an t-seirbhis. Fhuair sinn uile, as déidh sin, cupa tea agus mir anns an taigh.

Uisdean Mac Ghilleasbuig Chleirich

[Le EOIN MACDHOMHNAILL

(Choisinn an sgeul seo Duais-chuimhneachain Eòghainn Mhic Thorcadail (Fingal) aig Mòd Nàiseanta 1957 air son sgeul anns nach bi os cionn sia ceud facal).

ANN an ceann tuath an Eilein Sgithean-
aich, an sgrìre Thròndairnis, chithear agus
an là an diugh làrach caisteal Dhun-
tuilm. B'e an caisteal seo ceann-suidhe nan
Dòmhnallach o'n thogadh e anns a' bhliadhna
ceithir cheud deug ceithir fichead 's a còig gus
an d'fhàg iad e anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud
deug agus deich ar fhichead. Faisg air deireadh
na siathamh linn deug b'e Dòmhnall Gorm Mór
a bu cheann-feadhna na fine, agus bha a chòmhn-
aidh ann an Dun-tuilm. Bha na Dòmhnallaich
aig an àm seo 'nan cinneadh seabhach, treun,
agus gu dearbh cha leigeadh an t-eagal leis an
rìgh féin dad a chur 'nan aghaidh.

Bha ogha aig Dòmhnall Gorm ris an abrar
Uisdean Mac Ghilleasbuig Chléirich, agus b'esan
gun teagamh fear de churaidhean nan Dòmhn-
allach. Bha Uisdean air leth toigheach air a
bhith a' spùinneadh, agus aig aon àm mharbh
e ceithir Ùibhistich gu neo-thruacanta air son
gun do mhiannaich e an deagh fhearann a bha
iad ag àiteachadh. An uair a thàinig an sgeul
brònach seo gu cluasan Dòmhnail Ghuirn, las
e le feirg agus dh'fhògair e Uisdean bho Eilean
a' Cheò. Bu duine Uisdean a bha a' cur mòran
earbsa 'na neart féin is a bha glé neo-eisimeileach
agus cha rachadh e air chor air bith a dh'ìarr-
aidh mathanas. Ach aig an àm seo bha inn-

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leachd aige r' a choimhlionadh anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, agus air an aobhar sin chaidh e a shireadh tròcair air an triath. Ach is beag a bha a dh'fhios aig an triath ciod a bha taisgte ann an cridhe dubhaiceach Uisdein.

Air dha faighinn air ais do'n eilean, thòisich Uisdean air togaill caisteil anns nach robh aon uinneag no doras ach a mhàin bealach anns a' bhalla mu sheachd troighean bhò'n talamh. Air do'n chaisteal a bhith coimhlionta, bha Uisdean a' cur roimhe cuirm mhór a chumail agus Dòmhnall Gorm, a bhiodh 'na aoigh aig an fhleadh, a mhortadh ré na cuilm. Gu mì-shealbhach rinn Uisdean mearachd, oir is ann a chuir e an litir-bhreugaidh a bha e a' cur chun a' mhurtair a dh'ionnsaigh Dhòmhnail agus an cuireadh fialaidh chun an fhir-chasraidh.

An uair a fhuair an triath litir a' mhurtair, thuig e an cleas is chuir e roimhe gun cuireadh e crìoch air an fhear-bhrathaidh a dheòin no dh'aindeoin. Thug e òrdugh d'a threun-fhir dol air tòir Uisdein agus a thoirt do Dhun-tuilm. Bha Uisdean a nis air teicheadh do Uibhist agus bha e an sin a' falach ann an dùn. Aig a' cheann thall, co-dhiùbh, fhuair fir Dhòmhnail Ghuirm a mach à ionad falaich agus rinn iad greim air, ged a dh'fheuch e gach cleas caraideach gus an seachnadh.

Cha robh an sgioba fada ag aiseag a' chealgair thar a' Chuain Sgì, agus thug iad e gun dàil do'n chaisteal. Bha Dòmhnall Gorm Mór an sin a' feitheamh a fhir-dàimh, agus thug e seachd òrdugh a chur ann an toll-dubh a' chaisteil.

Cha tugadh dha biadh no deoch fad làithean, ach an sin chaidh cuibhreann mhór de fheòil shàillte a chur air bòrd dha, agus r' a thaobh bha pige. Gun dàil thòisich Uisdean air ithe na feòla, agus ged a bha i air leth sàillte cha d'fhàg e fuidheall. Rinn e an sin air a' phige a shàsachadh a thart oillteil, ach, mo chreach! bha am pige falamh. Fhuair Uisdean Mac Ghilleasbuig Chléirich a luach-saothrach gu deimhinn, oir dh'fhuiling e bàs glé an-ìochd-mhor ann an toll-dubh caisteal Dhun-tuilm.

An A.B.C.

MUN deachaidh sgoiltean a thogail anns gach ceàrn leis an Rìoghachd an déidh 1872, cha robh sgoil ri fhaotainn aig cloinn na Gaidhealtachd—co-dhiùbh, an ceàrn de'n dùthaich agus de na h-eileanan—ach ann an sgoiltean beaga fo stiùradh na h-Eaglais Albannaich ris an canadh iad "Sgoiltean nan Leadaidhean" (*Ladies' Schools*)—taighean tughaidh, mar bu trice. Ach cuid mhór de chloinn na Gaidhealtachd cha d'fhuair cothrom air

sgoil fhaighinn ach aig am pàrantan anns na dachaighean.

Anns na h-eileanan bha an dòigh fhéin aig na seann daoine air na litrichean ionnsachadh do'n chloinn, agus a réir fiosrachadh an là an diugh cha b'e an droch dhòigh sin idir. Thàtar a' feuchainn a leithid ann an leabhraichean ùra na cloinne bige anns a' Bheurla.

Is duilich leinn nach urrainn dhuinn ach beagan de na litrichean ainmeachadh anns an t-seagh seo, ach chithear gu robh iad air an coltachadh ri nithean cumanta air an robh a' chlànn eòlach.

Seo an fheadhainn a chuala sinne:

- A—"maide tarsainn".
- D—"làmh na spaide".
- C—"a' ghealach ùr".
- H—"fàradh".
- O—"cuartag".
- S—"slabhraidh".
- T—"cas a' ghràpa".

(A Sgoil Bhrèibhig am Barraidh).

Domhnail is Alasdair

BHA siod ann o chionn fhada dà bhodach ann an Leòdhas d'am b'ainm Dòmhnall agus Alasdair. Bha Alasdair 'na dhume aig an robh beagan sgoile ach chan fhaca Dòmhnall bochd riann na b'fhaide na cidhe Steòrnabhaigh. Thachair aon là, an uair a bha iad a muigh a' gearradh mhònadh, gun do nochd fear de na ceud charbadan a chaidh a Leòdhas a nuas an rathad.

Sheas Dòmhnall anns a' pholl agus a bheul agus a dhà shùil fosgailte. "Dé a' bhias a tha an siud?" ars esan ri Alasdair.

"S e siud," ars Alasdair, "rud ris an abair muinntir Ghlaschu bus."

Ach co-dhiùbh cha b'fhada gus an do nochd carbad dà-rothach as a dhéidh. Thug Dòmhnall an ath shùil agus thonndaidh e ri Alasdair agus ars esan, "Tha am bus briagha da-rìreadh ach cò a chanadh gum biodh searrach aige!"

Murchadh MacGillinnein
(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis).

Bheir fear beag a chuid as an talamh mus toir fear mór a chuid as an adhar.

* * * *

Is fhasa deagh ainm a chall na a chosnadh.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar IX

AN DUBLACHD, 1957

Aireamh 12

An Saor agus a' Mhaighdean-mhara

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

O CHIONN fada an t-saoghail mhóir, bha saor a' fuireach ann an Sanndaig, an Sgìre Ghlinn-Eilg, a bha anabarrach math air deanamh eithrichean, Air feasgar sònraichte, air dha crìoch a chur air eithear, dh'fhàg e am bràighe a' chladaich i is rinn e air a thaigh-còmhnaidh. An ath mhadainn chaidh e sìos thun a' bhàta agus mhòthaich e le mór-longhnadh gun deach am bòrd mu dheireadh a chuir e innte a thoirt aisde.

Cha robh air a sin ach sin féin. Chuir an saor bòrd eile 'na àite is phill e dhachaigh. An ath latha, an uair a chaidh e a dh'arharc air an eithear, thug e fa-near gun deach am bòrd seo cuideachd a thoirt air falbh, ged a bha e air a tharraingeadh innte gu daingeann, teann. Lean an aimplsg seo trì no ceithir de làithean. Cha robh bòrd a rachadh a chur an àite an fhìr a dh'fhalbh nach robh e féin air falbh an ath latha.

Leis an imcheist anns an robh e, chaidh an saor a dh'fhaotainn comhairle bho sheann duine a bha anns an nàbaidh, agus dh'iarr am fear sin air am bàta a chaitris agus e thoirt leis Biobull. Rinn am fear eile mar a chomhairlicheadh dhà. Thug e leis Biobull is chaidh e am falach ann an àite dlùth do'n eithear far am biodh e 'na sealladh, air a leithid de dhòigh is nach b'urrainn duine a ruigheachd gun e 'ga fhàicinn.

Mu dheireadh thall, greis an déidh do'n là bristeadh, bha aire an fhreiceadain air a tarrang thun a' chuain, agus chunnaic e an sin sealladh nach fac e riamh roimhe, maighdean-mhara a' nochdadh dlùth do thìr. Bha falt a cinn mar gum biodh e air a shnìomh à òr fìorghlan agus bu bhlàth, ruiteach dà ghruaidh òigh an aodainn mheachair, a bu ghile na an gruth.

Dh'fhàg i a' mhuir is dhìric i air a socair féin thun an ionaid anns an robh an eithear. Cho luath 's a ràinig i, thòisich i gu h-acainneach air toirt a' bhùird as àite. Ghabh an t-aon a bha ri faire an cothrom is thàinig e gun fhios, gun aoidh, gun fhaireachadh air a' mhaighdean-

mhara bho a cùlaibh is rug e orra gu teann. Cha bu luaithe a rinn e seo na ghuidh ise air e 'ga leigeil as, agus bhòidich i gum faigheadh e mar dhuais nì sam bith a dh'iarradh e.

Gheall i dha a' bhuaidh seo, nach bàidhte neach gu bràth a bhiodh aig muir ann am bàta anns an cuireadh e féin no aon de a shliochd tarrang. "Ach cumaidh tu seo air chuimhne," ars ise, "gum beannaich thu t'obair gach madainn mun tòisich thu oirre, agus a rithist beannaichidh tu i an uair a bhios tu a' sgur dhith aig deireadh an là." Air do'n mhaighdean-mhara am foirgheall seo a dheanamh do'n t-saor is do a shliochd, thug e dhi a saorsa. Rinn ise le luathas nach bu bheag air a h-ionad féin, agus le aon phlumb a thoirt 'san doimhne, chaidh i gu bràth à sealladh.

Sheas a' mhaighdean-chuain ri a gealladh. Cha deach neach riamh a dhith ann an eithear anns an do chuir saor Shanndaig, no aon de a shliochd, tarrang, ge b'è air bith dé cho mór 's a bha an gàbhadh anns an robh iad ri an-uair an druim fairge. Dh'aobhraich siud gum biodh saoir eile thall 's a bhos a' cur fios orra air son tarrang a chur anns na bàtaichean a bhiodh iad féin a' saorsainneachd, is bha a' cheart bhuaidh 'gan leantainn-san cuideachd.

Chaidh aon eithear à dheanamh, co-dhiù, anns a' choimhearsnachd agus cha deach iarraidh air duine de na saor seo tarrang a chur innte. Mo chreach 's mo léireadh, bha a' bhlàth 's a bhui ann; bhui an dearmad ceudna an ànradh!

Bu le teaghlach anns an robh ceathrar mhac sgairteil am bàta; maraichean na b'fheàrr cha robh a' dol gu fairge. Air là frioghanach, gaother, air dhaibh a bhith a' tilleadh dhach-aigh bho Eilean Dhìarmain, dh'fhàs an aimsir cho fìor fhiadhaich agus a dh'aindeoin trì is tapachd an sgioba, dh'fhuadaicheadh an long far a cùrsa gu droch sgeir far an do bhris i 'na clàran, gearr astar bho chladach Ghlinn-Eilg, is chaidh an ceathrar bhràithrean sgoinneil a bhàthadh.

Annoch Oidheche Shathurna

OCHIONN iomadh bliadhna air ais, an uair a dh'fheumadh an t-eileanach a bheò-shlainte a thoirt as an fhearrann agus as a' chuan agus an uair a dh'fhàgadh droch fhoghar daoine acrach fad a' gheamhraidh, b' àbhaist do mhuinntir Uibhist a Tuath a bhith a' dol a mharbhadh ròn gu rubha àraidh air Loch Langais far am biodh iad a' tighinn air tìr.

Aon oidheche chiùin Shathurna agus a' ghealach slàn, thàinig fear á Taigh-a'-ghearraidh d'am b'ainm Dòmhnall gu Loch Langais, agus laigh e sìos anns an fhraoch le a chuaille ri a thaobh, deiseil air son a' cheud chinn mhaoil a nochdadh. Dh'fhuirich e gu sàmhach socair gus an robh e mu mheadhon oidheche, ach aon chreutair beò chan fhac e. Bha e searbh de'n ghnòthach. A réir coltais cha b' e an nochd an oidheche. Bha e dìreach a' dol a dh'èirigh an uair a chual e plupail a muigh air a bheulaibh. Shocraich e e fhéin a rithist agus dh'èisd e an dòchas gur e ròn a bha a' dìreadh.

Sgur a' phlupail agus dh'fhàs gnothaichean cho sàmhach ris an uaigh, agus shaoil Dòmhnall gun cual e guth ag ràdh gu sòcair neònach, "A Dhòmhnail, a Dhòmhnail, tha an t-àm agad a bhith a' falbh!" Cha mhór nach deach e á cochull a chridhe. Sheall e timcheall air ach chan fhac is cha d'fhaireich e duine beò. Dh'èisd e gu math, agus nach ann a smaoinich e gun cual e an aon ghuth beagan na bu cruaidhe agus na b'fhaisge a' toirt dha a' cheart rabhaidh. Shuath Dòmhnall a chluasan. Thug e draghadh eile orra agus rinn e beag ghàire. Is ann a bha a chluasan 'ga mhealladh air oidheche cho ciùin sàmhach! Dh'fhàg e aig a sin fhéin e.

Nochdadh corra smuig an dràsda is a rithist a muigh air a bheulaibh, agus dh'fhuirich esan gu dùrachdach 'gam fèitheamh feuch an tigeadh gin air tìr, ach aon phliùghan cha do dhìrich. Chaill e a shuim agus dh'fhan e fad finn shuain-each bhuan na h-oidheche gus an do nochd a' cheud ghath gréine thar gualainn Eubhail. Chuala e fuaim—sgrùbail anns an fhraoch air a chùlaibh, ach an uair a sheall e cha robh dad ri fhaicinn.

Thàinig an uair sin rud nach b'fhéarrde e ri a mhaireann. Thàinig chuige guth cho cruaidh agus cho faisg agus ged a bhruidhneadh duine 'na chluais, ag ràdh, "A Dhòmhnail, a Dhòmhnail, tha an uair suas!" Chlìsg Dòmhnall. Cha b' e a chluasan a bha 'ga mhealladh an turus seo. Thàinig seachd falluis air. A mach a thug e aig peilear a bheatha agus a anail 'na uchd, ach cha b' eagal riamh gus an cual e an tartar oillteil uamhasach ud os a

chionn mar gum biodh Beinn Langais a' tighinn a nuas car mu char air a mhuin.

Dh'fhàs e lag aig na h-uil, agus dìreach an uair a bha e a' smaointinn gu robh e gu bhith air a sgrìos leum coileach fraoich roimhe le iorghaill ghearnaich mar gum biodh e dìombach de'n fhear a chuir air a chois e cho moch. Co-dhùibh no co dheth, bha Dòmhnall riamh de'n bheachd gur e an coileach a shàbhail a bheatha oir, cho luath is a ghairm e, sgur an tartar le sgrìach ghrànda coltach ri ràn bàis.

Cha robh anns an àm ud eadar Loch-nam-madadh agus an taobh an iar ach aon taigh anns a' Bhaile-shear agus is ann air an sin a dh'fheuch Dòmhnall. Cha do leig e aon anail agus cha tàinig maille air a cheum gun do bhuail e e fhéin air doras an taighe. Chuir e a steach na h-ursannan agus chaidh e 'na phuta air an ùrlar!

Bha e air an leabaidh anns an taigh sin fad thrì mìosan eadar beatha agus bàs, cho balbh ri cloich agus coltas air a shùilean a chuireadh gaoid troimh dhà dhuine sam bith. Cha d'fhuair e riamh buileach os cionn an eagail a ghabh e an oidhech ud, ach an uair a fhuair e air a chois tha e ri ràdh nach robh duine anns an eilean a bha cho cùramach ris mu chumail na Sàbaid.

*Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach
(Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis.)*

Gliocas na Feannaig

Is e an gorrachdan isean na feannaige. Là a bha seo thòisich an fheannag air teagasg a' ghorrachdain, agus thubhairt i ris, "Ma chì thu fear a' tighinn agus rud fada caol aige 'na achlais agus ceann lethann air an rud fhaida chaol, teich cho luath 's a théid agad! Is e gunna a bhios ann, agus bidh e a' dol 'gad mharbhadh leis a' ghunna."

"Seadh," arsa an gorrachdan, "is mise a theicheas cho luath 's a chì mise fear a' tighinn agus rud fada caol aige fo a achlais."

"Agus," arsa an fheannag, "ma chì thu fear a' tighinn agus e a' togail dòrnaig, is ann 'ga togail a chum is gun tilg e ort agus gum marb e thu, a tha e. Teich, teich, cho cruaidh 's a tha agad!"

"Seadh," arsa an gorrachdan; "tha mise a' tuigsinn gu math."

"Agus," arsa an fheannag, "ma chì thu fear a' tighinn, lom, dìreach, is gun nì sam bith 'na achlais, agus gun e a' cromadh, cha ruig thu a leas carachadh. Cha bhean am fear sin dhuit."

"Seadh," arsa an gorrachdan; "agus gu dé ma bhios clach aige 'na phòcaid?"

"Siuthad, a bhalach," arsa an fheannag, "cha ruig mise a leas a bhith 'gad theagasg na's fhaide. Tha do leòir ionnsachaidh agad!"

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65 WEST REGENT STREET

GLASGOW

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH

Editor

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Leabhar LIII

AM FAOILLEACH, 1958

Aireamh 1

Facal Dealachaidh

I Se seo an àireamh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal* a tha a' dol a mach fo mo làimh-sa, agus air an ath mhìos bidh làmh ùr air an stiùir.

B'e àireamh an luchair, 1946, a' cheud àireamh a dheasaich mi, agus mar sin leis an àireamh seo air a' cheud mhìos de'n bhliadhna 1958 tha mi an dèidh saothrachadh anns an dreuchd seo deich bliadhna agus seachd mìosan, agus, ma tha neach ann a their gu bheil sin deich bliadhna ro-fhada, cha chuir mise 'na aghaidh. Is beag dùil a bha agam, an uair a ghabh mi an obair os làimh air tùs, gum biodh am Mìosachan cho fada an urra riom, agus a dhà no trì thursan bha mi leigte air an obair a chur bhuam ach chomhairleachadh dhomh fuireach tacan eile. Ma chaidh iarraidh orm cumail orm gu seo, cha b'ann a chionn nach robh na b'fheàrr ann air son na h-oibre. Bha agus tha gu leòir de dhaoine comasach ann a dheanadh an dleasdanas seo, ach is tearc da-riribh iadsan a ghabhas orra uallach de'n t-seòrsa-sa.

Agus is e uallach a tha ann! Am fear a ghabhas os làimh mìosachan mar seo a dheasachadh mìos as dèidh mìos, feumaidh e an toiseach feuchainn ris a' mhìosachan a lìonadh gach mìos le nithean a bhios 'nan cuideachadh do obair a' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich agus a chum feum do'n luchd-leughaidh. Mur faigh e bho dhaoine eile na lìonas na duilleagan, feumaidh

e fhéin suidhe sìos agus rud a sgrìobhadh. oir chan fhaod e mìosachan a chur a mach anns am bi cuid de na duilleagan falamb. Is 'omadh caithris oidhche a rinn mise. an deidh m'obair-latha fhìn, a' strì ris na duilleagan seo a lìonadh.

Tha mi gu mòr an comain gach neach a chuidich leam anns an obair. Bha mòran eile a dh'fhaodadh cuideachadh a thoirt seachad, ach cha tug; no, ma thug, bu bheag agus bu tearc na rinn iad. Ach bha feadhainn eile ann, buidheann bheag, a bha glé dhìcheallach, agus bu mhath leam mo bhuidheachas a chur an cèill dhaibh.

A bharrachd air stuth leughaidh a thrusadh no a sgrìobhadh, feumaidh fear-deasachaidh a h-uile ni a chur ri chéile gu dòigheil a chum saothair nan clò-bhuailtearan a dheanamh cho soirbh 's as urrainn. Chan 'eil is cha robh oifis, no ban-rùnaire no cuideachadh sam bith de'n t-seòrsa sin agamsa, agus mar sin bha agam ris a' mhòr-chuid de na sgrìobhainnean a chlà-sgrìobhadh le mo làimh fhìn, agus chosg sin ùine mhór.

Bha iad ann a sgrìobhadh chugam agus a bheireadh taing air son rud-eigin a chòrd riutha. Bha iad ann a bha deas gu gearan a dheanamh agus coire fhaotainn. Glé thrìc an rud a bha 'na aobhar-gearain do aon neach, bha e 'na aobhar-molaidh aig neach eile! Aon mhìos,

is math mò chiumhne, sgrìobh fear a ràdh, "Tha tuilleadh 's a' chòir de Ghàidhlig ann an *Gaidheal* a' mhìos seo." Air an dearbh mhìos sin sgrìobh neach eile a ràdh, "Tha tuilleadh 's a' chòir de Bheurla ann an *Gaidheal* a' mhìos seo." Air aon mhìos thubhairt neach-eigin, "Tha *Gaidheal* a' mhìos seo cho math ri *Gaidheal* a leugh mi riamh." Agus air a' cheart mhìos sin thubhairt neach eile, "An uair a b' e pris a' *Ghaidheil* dà sgillinn, b' fhiach e sia sgillinn; ach a nis, aig pris sia sgillinn, chan fhiach e dà sgillinn."

Nan géilleadh fear-deasachaidh do na h-uile comhairle is gearan a thig chuige, bu doirbh dha fuireach fada as an taigh-chuthaich!

Bhithinn tric a' smaoineachadh air na daoine comasach a bha 'nam fir-dheasachaidh air a' *Ghaidheal* romham. Cha d'fhuair iadsan an obair dad na b' fhasa na fhuair mise. Fhuair cuid dhiubh an sàrachadh leis na dearbh nithean a bha mar uallach ormsa. Ach chùm iad orra a' deanamh an dleasdanas, a réir an cogais féin agus dh'fheuch mise ris a' chùrsa na stiùradh dhomh fhìn. Ma dh'fhàilnich orm, tha mi ag iarraidh mathanas.

Bu mhath leam aon rud eile a ràdh. Tha *An Gaidheal* a' cosg mòran airgid do'n Chomunn. Chan 'eil e a' toirt a steach na phàidheas cosgais a' chlà-bhuailaidh. Ach chan e rud ùr a tha an sin. Cha robh riamh bliadhna anns an do phàidh *An Gaidheal* air a shon fhéin. Bha e riamh 'na uallach air sporan a' Chomuinn. Cha robh agus chan 'eil na *Gaidheil* a' cuideachadh le obair a' Chomuinn agus leis a' mhìosachan seo mar a bu chòir dhaibh, nan robh iad cho dìleas air taobh na Gàidhlig is a bhios iad ag ràdh. Neo-ar-thaing mur bi sunnd air mòran aig Mòd no Céilidh, ach òlaidh cuid aca air feasgar, agus smocaidh mòran eile ann an dà latha, barrachd na cheannaicheadh dhaibh *An Gaidheal* air son bliadhna.

Le taing dhùrachdach do na h-uile a chuidich leam anns an obair seo—iadsan a sgrìobh agus iadsan a leugh agus luchd-oifis a' Chomuinn—tha mi a' cur fàilte air-san a thaghadh leis an Ard-chomhairle a chum an obair a ghabhail os làimh. Mar a thubhairt mi, tha gu leòir de dhaoine comasach 'nar measa a dh'fhaodadh an obair seo a dheanamh, ach is tearc iad a tha deònach. Tha Mgr. Seumas MacThòmais cho comasach ri duine dhiubh agus tha e deònach, agus tha sinn taingeil gu bheil.

Cha mhise sinn sgiobair ùr, agus bidh sinn uile a' guidhe dha deagh shoirbheachadh agus tomhas mòr de thoileachadh anns an obair, agus tha sinn an dòchas gun téid *An Gaidheal* am feabhas gu mòr, agus gu bheil na h-àireamhan as fhearr de'n mhìosachan air thoiseach oirnn agus chan ann air ar cùl.

"Thank You"

AS I send to the printer the copy for the last number of *An Gaidheal* that goes out under my editorship, I should like to say "Thank you" most cordially to the many people who have made this task much less onerous than it might otherwise have been. First of all, "Thank You" to the printers. Mr. Learmonth and his staff have at all times done all they possibly could do for this Magazine, and any shortcomings it has cannot be laid to their charge. Secondly, to the two Secretaries with whom I have had to work: Mr. Neil Shaw, whose bow abides in strength, and Mr. Malcolm Macleod, who does his work unostentatiously but effectively and who is never too busy to help others with their tasks. With the Secretaries I associate also the two Treasurers, Mr. James T. Graham and Miss Mary S. Young, who saw to their own share in the undertaking with meticulous care.

Then there were and are the many who sent contributions, Gaelic and English, prose and verse. I refrain from mentioning names. Their names are on record in our published volumes. We could wish that there had been more of them. We do not lack for men and women who can write Gaelic with grace and vigour and who have something to say, but, alas, too many of them seem content to 'blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air.' Or it may be they are so busy with their ordinary avocations that they have no energy left for this sort of thing!

Thanks also to the readers, at home and abroad. There is no lip service to the cause of Gaelic. They think it is worth at least a few shillings a year and an hour or two a month of their time. Under the new editor, may their number increase greatly!

Finally, thanks to the critics. The critics are of two kinds. Those who have an axe to grind and those who really mean to be helpful. I have tried to learn from these mentors, but there are times when, it being evident that one cannot please everybody, one's best course is simply to please oneself! My predecessor was criticised for putting too much of his own writing into the magazine; I have been blamed for putting too little of my own into it, and at the same time I have been told that the little of my own I put into it was not "the real thing." When scarce of suitable material, I have on occasion reprinted some of the excellent writing which lies buried and forgotten in old Gaelic periodicals. That, too, was a fault! I recall that in the same month a letter came complaining there was too much Gaelic in the Magazine, and another letter came

complaining there was too much English in it and that its name should be "An Gall," not "An Gaidheal." Another wrote to say that, when the magazine cost twopence, it was worth sixpence, but now, when it cost sixpence, it wasn't worth twopence! He omitted to say, however, whether this valuation applied to the numbers in which his own writings appeared!

And, talking of being worth sixpence, it ought to be known that to publish the Magazine costs well over a shilling a copy. It ought also to be known that never, in the fifty-two years of its existence, has *An Gaidheal* paid its way. The criticisms of editorial policy and the arguments about ways and means and all the rest that we have heard again and again in the past ten years are but repetitions of what has been said from the beginning of the Magazine's history.

Over ten years ago, unexpectedly and with no great enthusiasm on my part, I was invited by the Executive Council to take over the editorship left vacant by the lamented death of the Rev. Malcolm Macleod. I hesitated to step into the succession of such men as Donald Macphie, Neil Ross, and Malcolm Macleod. I knew my own limitations. Several times since then, had I had my way, I should have passed the task on to someone else.

The Editor of *An Gaidheal* is not only editor, but also sub-editor, typist, and proof-reader. He has no assistance of any kind, and, apart from other things, the mere physical effort of producing 10,000 words of typescript month by month for years can become a bit tiring, especially when it has to be fitted into the duties of one's calling and many other commitments. It is with a measure of relief, then, that I lay down this task.

The Gaelic people have never yet provided a sufficient number of subscribers willing to pay the modest sum required to keep a Gaelic periodical going. The periodicals of the great *Caraid nan Gaidheal* were short-lived and a dead loss financially. The longest-enduring Gaelic periodicals have been the *Life and Work* Gaelic Supplement (now in its 79th year), and *An Gaidheal* (now in its 53rd year), the former subsidised by the Church of Scotland and the latter by An Comunn Gaidhealach. The most recent Gaelic periodical, which, we are glad to note, continues in strength in its sixth year, is able to continue, we surmise, not because of the support given by subscribers but because of the good-will of advertisers.

As I hand over to my successor, I extend to him a cordial welcome, and bespeak for him the support both of writers and readers.

T. M. M.

The New Editor

THE Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach has made unanimous choice of Mr. James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S., Edinburgh, as new Editor of *An Gaidheal*, and we feel sure that that choice will be abundantly justified.

Mr. Thomson was born at Tong, Lewis, and spent most of his life in his native isle. He was educated at the Nicolson Institute, Stornoway, where he had as his Gaelic teachers Mr. Murdo Morrison (later Director of Education for Inverness-shire) and the late Mr. Angus L. Macdonald (later H.M.I.S.), and at Aberdeen University, where he studied under the late Mr. John Fraser, Lecturer in Celtic at King's College (later Professor of Celtic at Oxford).

Graduating in 1910, Mr. Thomson taught for two years in the south of Scotland and then succeeded Mr. Angus L. Macdonald as Gaelic Master in the Nicolson Institute. In 1922 he became Headmaster of Bayble School, Lewis, one of the largest junior secondary schools in the island, and there he remained until he retired in 1953 and went to live in Edinburgh. During the First World War he served in the Royal Garrison Artillery.

While in Lewis, Mr. Thomson took an active and prominent share in public affairs, as an elder of the Church of Scotland, as President of the Lewis Branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, as an office-bearer of the Lewis Branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland, as a Justice of the Peace, and as a leading member of the Lewis Association. He has frequently acted as adjudicator at national and provincial mods.

Mr. Thomson was the first teacher in Scotland to receive a Chapter V qualification in Gaelic. As regards his literary gifts, we cannot do better than quote what was written of him in this Magazine as long ago as 1928: "Mr. Thomson has shown great capacity as a Gaelic poet. His verse is marked by fine thought and melodious diction. He was crowned with the bardic chaplet at the Mod of 1923. His Gaelic prose possesses a rare charm."

Many years ago Mr. Thomson edited for An Comunn an anthology of Gaelic poems for schools, *An Dileab*. He has also published a collection of his own poems, *Am Fasgnadh*. One of his sons is Mr. Derick S. Thomson, Reader in Celtic in Aberdeen University and Joint-Editor of the Gaelic quarterly, *Gairm*, also a Gaelic poet of considerable merit.

To Mr. James Thomson we offer our very good wishes as he undertakes this new task.

T. M. M.

Co A Shaoileadh E?

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

THA an sgeul a leanas cho iongantach ri aon a chuala mi, ach chan 'eil ach mu cheud bliadhna air ruith, ma tha sin idir ann, bho'n ghabh na nithean a tha anns an aithris àite.

Mar bu tric a bha, agus a tha, agus a bhitheas, bha aig an àm ud a' fuireach ann an aon de ghlinn na Gaidhealtachd càraid òg, ris an abair sinn an seo Fraoch agus Ainnir, a chinn ann an trom ghràdh air a' chéile.

Thachair gu robh athair na cailin 'na thuathanach, math air a chothrom, le pailteas spréidhe de gach seòrsa. Cha robh am fleasgach ach falamh gu leòir de gach nì dhiubh sin, gidheadh b'e òganach e cho sgoinneil, fallan agus a sheas riamh ann am bròig leathain.

Annas na dearbh bhliadhnachan ud, bha tìr mhòr Astràlia 'ga fosgladh do thuath agus, na h-uiread a' dol a null innte as gach ceàrn de'n dùthaich. Am measg na feadhnach a chaidh a shireadh am beòshlaint thar chuain, bha leannan nighean an tuathanach.

Chaidh bliadhna no dhà seachad, agus sheall fear ar sgeòil, ged a bha na dh'fhàg e 'na dhéidh fada bho'n t-sùil, nach robh i idir fada bho'n chridhe. Thigeadh fios bhuaithe gu cunbhalach ag innse mar a bha a' dol leis, gus mu dheireadh thall, an ceann chòig bliadhna, sgrìobh e litir dhachaigh gu ògh nam blàth-shùil, na seirc, is a' mhànrain, a' tagradh rithe falbh do Astràlia g'a phòsadh.

Chaidh ise anns a' bhad far an robh a h-athair a dh'inns na naidheachd, anns an robh an dà chuid sòlas dhise agus dòlas dhàsan. An uair a chual an seann duine mar a bha, bhrìst reachd air agus labhair e gu trom, tùrsach: 'Ma tha thusa, a ghràidh, a' dol a dheanamh na's fearr dhuit féin, chan fheuch mise ri bacail a chur ort, ged nach 'eil dùil agam t'fhaicinn gu bràth, aon uair is gun cuir thu cùl rium. Ach thèid mo bheannachd 'nad chois, agus chan ann lom. falamh a dhealaicheas tu rium.'

Sheas an tuathanach r'a fhacal. An uair a thàinig là na h-ìmrìch, chuir e mu thrì cheud pundo Sasannach an làimh a nighinn, tochradh tomadach anns an là a bha ann. A thuilleadh air seo, thug i leatha trì cisteachan mòra fiodha, loma làn de thiodhlacan-spéis, gun tighinn air aodach là is oidhche, oir bha i measail anns an sgìre.

An déidh turus cuain fada a chur seachad, ràinig long mhór nan seòl a ceann-uidhe mu dheireadh, agus air dha bhith car anmoch a dh'oidhche, chaidh a cur air acair fa chomhair baile Adelaide, gus am bristeadh an là. A

chionn is nach robh laimrig aig Adelaide a bha freagarrach air son soithichean móra a dhòl thuca, cha robh ach bàtaichean beaga a' tighinn a mach a thoirt a steach nan eilthreach agus na bhuneadh dhaibh.

Cho luath is a shòilleirich e, fhuair Ainnir agus a trì cisteachan gu tìr. Anns a' bhad, thugadh a cuid bathair a steach do'n taigh-chuspaonn far an do rinneadh min-sgrùdadh air, ach, a dh'aindeoin na bha aice, cha do chuireadh cùs ach air sia spàinean adhairc agus aon chloc.

Air do Ainnir dùil a bhith aice gun tigeadh Fraoch 'na coinneamh an dearbh mhadaidn ud féin, chomhairlicheadh dhi gun na cisteachan fhàgail, ach i a dh'fhuireach far an robh i, rud a rinn.

An ceann tacan, có a nochd ach e féin, ach, O a Rìgh, nach ann air-san a thàinig an t-atharrachadh! Am falt, an fheusag, is an aogag a bha glé dhreachmhor, uair d'an robh e, air fàs dubh leis a' ghréin loisgich. Chan e sin a bu mhò air na chuir i umhair, ach cho fada as agus cho fuar is a bha e 'na ghiulan, oir bu chaol a sheall e oirre agus bu neo-fhurba-alteach a fhàilte! 'Seo, seo!' ars esan, le guth aithghearr, cruaidh, 'thig maille rium is falbhaidh sinn, tha an t-each 'gar feitheamh, tha astar fada ri dhol, oir, mun tig an oidhche, tha eagal orm gum bi an dìle usge ann. Tha agam ris a' chrodh a thoirt dhachaigh thar abhainn agus, ma dh'éireas an tuil, chan fhaigh mi an nochd iad.'

'Mo chas chan fhàg Adelaide,' ars Ainnir, 'gus am faigh mi greim bidhe; cha do bhlaiss mi air nì an diugh! Ciamar a chuireas mi m'aghaidh air astar là, thar monaidh, gun bhiaidh?'

Is ann air éiginn a thug i air Fraoch dol maille rithe do thaigh-òsda aig son tràth-maidne, ach chaidh e ann.

Cho luath is a bha an dithis ullannh ithe is a phàidh iad an t-òsdair, chaidh esan a mach maille riutha g'an cur air an t-slighe. Thugadh an t-each-marcachd thun an doruis, leum Fraoch an àird do'n diollaid, agus thog an t-òsdair suas Ainnir 'na ghàirdeanan foghainteach, is chuir e 'na suidhe i air beulaibh Fhraoich.

Chan fheum mi dhì-chùimhneachadh ann an seo gu robh màileid-làimhe anabarrach grinn aig Ainnir gu teann 'na dòrn, anns an robh a h-uile sgillinn airgid a thug a h-athair dhi. Chùm iad orra, co-dhiùbh, agus cha b'fhada agus an robh iad a mach ann an iomall a' bhaile.

Is ann an sin a bha na liosan mheas àlainn. Bha gach seòrsa meas ann a' fàs a chunnaic

Ainnir, agus móran nach fhaca i riamh. An ceann greis, dh'fhàg iad na liosan as an déidh, agus thòisich iad air dol troimh raointean farsaing de fheur fada a bha a' ruigheachd broinn an eich.

"Nach briagha am feur a tha an seo," ars Ainnir; "is cinnteach gur e feur-saidhe a tha ann, air neo gun deach a chur."

"Is e a tha ann an sin ach feur nàdurra," fhreagair Fraoch; "chan 'eil feum sam bith g'a dheanamh dheth eadar dà cheann na bliadhna."

Cha robh móran an còrr de bhruidhinn eatorra. Uair a bhiodh an t-each gu bras 'na ruith, is uair nach bitheadh.

Ann an ciaradh an fheasgair, nochd iad ri abhainn mhóir, agus thearmaich iad le bruthach a dh'ionnsaigh drochaid a bha thairis oirre. Ann am meadhon na drochaid, thug Fraoch air an each stad, leum e féin a nuas bhàrr a dhroma agus thubhairt e ri Ainnir, "Is fearr dhuit a' mhàileid sin a thoirt dhomh fhìn an tràth seo." Rinn a' chaileag mar a dh'ìrрадh orra, gun smaoin a thoirt nach ann air son a cuid a bhith tèarainte a bha e 'ga tagairt.

Chaidh Fraoch a null beagan cheumannan leis a' mhàileid-làimhe is dh'fhàg e air an talamh i aig ceann eile na drochaid. Thill e gu grad air ais thun an eich, thog e Ainnir beò, slàn, as an diollaid, chaidh e gu balla na drochaid leatha, agus. mum b'urrainn do'n chulaidh-bhròin ach sgread a leigeil aise, thilg an truthair sìos i do'n linne dhomhain a bha a' siubhal gu math bras gu h-iseal!

Bha e da-rìribh feumail do Ainnir gu robh gun donn air leth farsaing oirre, mar a bha fasanta anns an ám. An àite dhi a dhol fodha anns an doimhne, is ann a chùm an còta air snàmh i, oir bha a' chuilc 'na bhroinn 'ga chumail a mach bho a bodhaig mun cuairt, agus an t-uisge 'ga lìonadh, air chor is nach b'urrainn dhi dol fodha, is snàmh i sìos leis an t-sruth cho aotrom ri àrcan.

Air dhi greis de ùine a thoirt mat sin, thàinig i fa-dheòidh am fianais rubha beag, làn phreasan, a' sìneadh a mach anns an abhainn. Rinn i an gnothach air gob an rubha a ruigheachd gu sàbhailte. rug i air té de na slatan fada aig an robh am bàrr anns an uisge, agus fhuair i i féin a shlaodadh gu tìr. Gun an còrr dälach, dh'ìrich Ainnir suas gu braic na h-aibhne agus thug i a mach cho luath is a bha 'na casan.

Thuit an oidhche gu grad, ach chuir ise roimhe gun cumadh i orra a' leantail na h-aibhne cho math is a b'urrainn dhi. Mu thuaream uair de thim, am feadh is a bha i a' faireachadh claoidhte, acrach, a' ruith is a' coiseachd mu seach, chunnaic i leus de sholus fann air faire. Rinn i air an t-solus.

Cho luath is a ràinig Ainnir an t-àite, thug

i fa-near nach e taigh-còmhnaidh a bha roimhe idir, ach uamh mhór. Sheas i tiotan goirid dlùth do bheil an t-saobhaidh, agus eadar i is solus an teine mhòthaich i do bhrachdallach bhoireannaich aig an robh tuagh 'na làimh a' gearradh feòla air allag fhiodha, agus gu dearbh is ann oirre féin a bha an coltas sgàrdach!

Thug Ainnir ceum socair a steach, bhruidhinn i gu sèimh, càirdeil ris a' bhana-choigreach, ach, ma bhruidhinn, chuir an té eile an aghaidh orra gu cas, borb.

"Thoir do chasan leat as an seo gu grad, ma tha sùim agad de dol do bheatha," ars i féin. "Ma thig na tha muigh is gun glac iad thu, cha téid do bheò a mach."

Ghuidh Ainnir oirre gu dùrachdach a leigeil a staigh is blasad bidhe a thoirt dhi, nach robh e 'na comas dol ceum na b'fhaide, gu robh i air toirt thairis le allaban bho mhoch-thrath.

Shaoil leatha an toiseach gum bu dìomhain dhi a bhith a' gearan, nach robh i a' dol a dh'fhaotainn dad ged a reidheadh a meirgeall cam.

An déidh làimhe, ghabh a' bhean eile gnè de thruas ris an ainnis, thug i dhi deathadh math de aran is de fheòil a chaisg a h-acras, agus, cho luath is a bha sin seachad, threòraich i Ainnir do cheann shìos na h-uamha far an robh i féin a' cadal, air cùl leth-bhalla a rinneadh de sheann bhogsaichean. Sheall i do'n aonigh togsaid fhalamh, chuir i an togsaid 'na laighe air a taobh agus thuirt i ri Ainnir, "Theirig 'na do chrùban am broinn na togsaid, fuirich am falach gun an ruig mise thu anns a' mhadainn, agus, an ainm an àigh, na can guth is na dean fuaim a ni do bhrath, ge àir bith dé a chluinneas no a dh'fhairicheas tu!"

Rinn Ainnir mar a dh'àithneadh dhi, agus air do'n chùil anns an robh i a bhith tur dorcha, cha b'eagal gum faicte i, mur tòiseachadh neach sam bith air dian rannsachadh, rud nach robh buailteach tachairt an oidhche ud.

Cha robh i ro-fhada ann an sin, an uair a chual i cuid-eigin ri tartar mu'n doras. Chual i cuideachd guth àrd, crosta, "A nigean an fhir ud, 's an fhir ud, 's an fhir ud eile, car son nach robh am biadh deiseil agad?"

"Cha chùm am biadh fada a' feitheamh thu," ars an aon eile; "dean suidhe is gabh t'anaill."

An ceann beagan mhionaidean, thàinig an dara fear dhachaigh, agus cha bu bhinn a ghlàir féin.

Thugadh an diot, ri tìde, bhàrr an teine agus thòiseachadh air a ghabhail. Anns a' mhionaide chudna, nochd an treas starbhanach.

Sealbh 'ga gleidheadh! dh'aithnich Ainnir gu ro-mhath an guth seo, agus cha mhór nach do dh'èigh i na seachan leis an uamhas!

"Ciamar a chaidh dhuibh an diugh?" ars esan, ris an dà bhalgair.

“Cha deach ach dona,” fhreagair gach fear; “cha tug sinn dhachaigh a bheag.”

“Cha b’e sin dhòmhsa e,” arsa Fraoch, is e a’ togail na màileid-làimhe suas fa chomhair an sùl; “seallaibh air a seo; rinn mi na b’fheàrr na duine agaibh.”

Le siud a ràdh, thug Fraoch oidhirp air a’ mhàileid fhosgladh, rud nach robh e ag amas air a dheanamh, a chionn i bhith glaiste.

Glas ann no as, cha robh siud a’ dol a dh’fhairtleachadh air fìor reubair. Chuir e a làmh ’na phòcaid, thug e a mach sgian an fhaobhair gheur, a’ dol a ghearradh an lethair, ach, ma thug, leum an té a bha a’ frithealadh a null is ghlaodh i, “Na mill a’ mhàileid agus ùidh agam fhìn a faotainn an uair a bhios i falamh. Dean foidhidinn gus an tig solus an là, agus chì thu gun gabh i fosgladh gu soirbh.”

“Siud agad i, ma tha,” arsa Fraoch, is e a’ tilgeil na màileid gun fhosgladh, gun mhill-eadh, fad a làimhe thar an leth-bhalla. agus thuit i eadar togsaid Ainnir agus seid a’ bhoireannaich eile.

Cha bu luaithe a chaidh crìoch air a’ bhìadh na thòisich an t-òl, agus b’e sin an t-òl, air nach robh coltas tighinn gu crìch a’ chuid eile de’n oidhche. Is e a bu deireadh dha seo gun do laigh fear an déidh ri, agus an té a bha ’nan cuideachd, air an dubh dhaoiraich, agus an uair a bha an là a’ glasadh, bha srann trom aig gach aon diubh. Ghabh Ainnir an cothrom, thàinig i a mach as an togsaid cho fiatach ri luch, chunnaic i a màileid féin, rinn i gréim orra, is chaidh i a mach as an t-saobhaidh air a corra-bìod.

Bha de sholus an là a nis aice na sheall dhi an dùthaich mun cuairt. Ghabh i sàr bheachd air gach cnoc, glaic is còs timcheall, is rinn i ri sliabh mar pheileir a beatha. Ann an ùine gun a bhith ro-fhada, chuir Ainnir iomadh mìle eadar i féin agus an uamh. Bha i òg, làidir; bu mhath dhi féin gu robh.

Faisg air meadhon là, thug Ainnir an aire do mharcachaiche a’ tighinn ’na coinneamh air faire, fad as. Cha b’fhada gus an do choinnich iad. An uair a thug i fa-near gur e aon de phostaichean an àite a bha aice, leig i a h-inntinn ris dha gu saor; dh’innis i facal air an fhacal mar a thachair, gun nì a chumail an cleith. Am feadh is a chrìochnaich i a sgeul, shaoil leatha gun tàinig aigh air gnùis a’ phosta.

“Is math, da-rìribh, do naidheachd,” ais ean. “Tha na daoine sin ’nan cùis-eagal mhóir do shluagh an àite seo, agus air call do-leas-aichte a dheanamh bho chionn bhliadhnanach. Chan ’eil uair a bhios réis each ann an Adelaide, nach ’eil iadsan a’ marcachd a nuas bho na nomaindean agus a spùinneadh dhaoine air a bheil amharus airgid aca, a tha air an t-slighe thun a’ bhaile. Is ann aca a tha na h-eich as

luaithe a tha anns an tìr, nì a tha ’ga dheanamh eu-comasach gu seo do neach sam bith an glacadh. A’ bhàrr air a sin, chan ’eil fios fo’n a’ ghréin càit a bheil iad ’gam falach féin. Cha bhì sin mar sin na’s fhaide; is e am freasdal a chuir ’nan rathad thu. Cùm thusa ort, air do shlighe; an ceann mìle gu leth ruigidh tu mo dhachaigh-sa. Rach thun an taighe, abair ri mo bhean gu faca thu mise agus gun do dh’iarr mi orra aoigheachd a thoirt dhuit. Théid mi an urras gum faigh thu an deagh ghabhail romhad. Is e a’ cheud rud a dh’fheumar a dheanamh, an cealgair a thachair riut a chur an gréim. Is iomadh cothrom eucorach a ghabh a’ cheart stràicir air feadhainn eile; gabhaidh mise a nis peighinn an ama air-san.”

Chaidh Ainnir a rithist air astar agus ràinig i taigh a caraaid anns an do nochdadh gach bàidh agus coibheas dhi.

Rinn am posta gu luath air maoir-shìth an àite, a dh’fhalbh le luchd cuideachaidh eile maille riutha, a chur nam fear-reubainn an làimhdeachas.

Leis an t-seòladh a thug Ainnir seachad, cha robh e doirbh sam bith dhaibh an uamh fhaotainn. Ghlacadh an trìuir eucorach mun deachaidh aca air an casan a thoirt as, agus cha b’fhada an ùine gus am faca Ainnir Fraoch a’ dol seachad, a’ marcachd eadar freiceadan, glas-làmh air, agus a chasan an ceangal fo bhroinn an eich. Chaidh an luchd reubainn a ghlasadh ann an daingneach a’ bhaile fa chomhair an là anns an robh breith ri bhith air a thoirt orra.

Shuidh eùirt air an là a shònraicheadh. Ghairmeadh Ainnir mar fhianaiseach, maille ri gu leòir eile. Mun tug am britheamh a mach binn, mhaoidh muinntir Adelaide air, mur dìteadh e Fraoch gu bàs, gun cuireadh iadsan suas croich mu choinneamh taigh na cùirte, agus gun crochadh iad e le an làmhàn féin. Is beag a leigeadh aon aca a leas teagamh sam bith a bhith aige mu’n ghnòthach. Bha Fraoch ro-chiontach.

Thog am britheamh casaid dhìthidh ’na aghaidh is dh’òrdaich e gum biodh e air a chrochadh. Cha do leig Ainnir riamh as a cuimhne an t-sùil ghuineach, nimheil a thug Fraoch oirre, an feadh a chual e na bha aig ceartas ri agradh.

Chrochadh e féin is a cho-luchd droch-bheairt air an dearbh uair a chaidh a chur a mach. Coma co-dhiùbh, is iomadh call a bu mhò na e a bha ann an Cuil-lodair.

Thog Ainnir oirre le a màileid airgid ’na dòrn, is a trì cisteachan mòra ’na cois; ghabh i an ath shoitheach a sheòl á Adelaide, is roimh dhèireadh na bliadhna bha i air ais gu saorsail, seòna, anns an t-seann dachaigh anns a’ ghleann.

Editors of "An Gaidheal"

The first number of *An Comunn Gaidhealach's* monthly magazine appeared in October, 1905. Its name was *An Deo-Greine* until 1923, when for a few months it was called *Gailig*, and then it was named *An Gaidheal*, the name it still bears. The Youth Supplement (*An Gaidheal Og*) began in January 1949.

1905-1906—Mr. Malcolm Macfarlane.
1906-1908—Rev. Malcolm MacLennan, D.D.
(Gaelic editor).

Rev. D. MacGillivray, B.D.
(English editor).

1908-1912—Mr. Duncan Reid.
1912-1922—Mr. Donald Macphie, F.E.I.S.
1923-1936—Rev. Neil Ross, C.B.E., D.D.,
D.Litt.

1936-1946—Rev. Malcolm Macleod, M.A.
1946-1958—Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A.
1958—Mr. James Thomson, M.A.,
F.E.I.S.

Mrs. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser

THE year now ended was the centenary of the birth of Mrs. Marjory Kennedy-Fraser, whose name will be known and honoured for as long as there are people left who appreciate Gaelic music. She has had her detractors, and 'The Songs of the Hebrides' have had their share of 'de-bunking' but Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's work remains as an enduring and invaluable contribution to our Gaelic heritage.

Of Gaelic ancestry on both sides of her family she was born in Perth on 1st October, 1857. With her father and other members of the family she early made extensive tours at home and abroad, giving concerts of Scots songs. It was in 1882 that she first turned her attention to Gaelic music; included in her repertoire that year were three Gaelic songs which she had arranged for unaccompanied trio-singing by herself and her two sisters. At this time, also, she began to take Gaelic lessons from Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Gaelic poetess, and Professor John Stuart Blackie gave much encouragement.

It was not, however, until 1905 that Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser first made her way to the Hebrides to collect Gaelic songs. She had hoped to have the help of Father Allan MacDonald of Eriskay, but he alas! died soon after

their first meeting, and in 1908, on the recommendation of Professor Donald Mackinnon of the Edinburgh University Celtic Chair, she began her collaboration with Kenneth Macleod.

She has been accused of taking liberties with the Gaelic songs she collected, and of doing her collecting and publishing of Gaelic folk-song in a most unscientific manner. But we must remember that it is so easy for us now, over fifty years later, with our present-day knowledge and interest and experience of folk-music and our up-to-date techniques of recording, to criticise her pioneer efforts. We must remember also that her purpose was, not merely to preserve bits and pieces, but to re-turbish and re-create. As the late Dr. Neil Ross wrote: "She found the airs in the form of folk music. She published these in a form which rendered them suitable to be sung in cultured drawing-rooms and on concert platforms It was not merely a work of interpretation; it was a work of restoration also." As she herself said: "In setting the airs we have in no case altered the melodies; we have tried merely to set them in an harmonic and rhythmic framework of pianoforte wrought-metal, so to speak, as one would set a beautiful stone, a 'cairn-gorm', or the like." "How the Hebridean material was treated need be no secret," wrote Dr. Kenneth Macleod. "Although the songs were arranged for effective singing, the original melodies remained. In many cases one version was used to correct and beautify another, the result being a better tune than any one folk-singer actually had sung."

As I have written elsewhere (*Perthshire Advertiser, Special Number, 1957*), "Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser never professed to be a folk-song collector, that and nothing more. What she did set out to do was to create Celtic 'art-song', to take the raw material, the tunes and the words, mostly fragmentary, the deposit of a thousand years of Hebridean music-making, and to re-create it, restore it, as one does an old picture, re-interpret it, fresh mint it, and put it into circulation anew making it available to a wider audience."

Thus it was, as was aptly said, that she "re-discovered in the Western Isles a world of Beauty that had almost perished, and snatched the treasure from the dust." Her dust is deposited in the Isle of Iona, but 'The Songs of the Hebrides' are her enduring memorial. T.M.M.

Gaelic Calendar

Messrs. Alexander MacLaren & Sons, Glasgow, have published an attractive Gaelic pictorial calendar for 1958, each month having its own picture. Copies are still available.

Executive Council

At the meeting of the Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach at Glasgow, on 2nd November, it was decided to defer the appointment of a new Northern Organiser pending a meeting of delegates from An Comunn with officials of the Scottish Education Department with a view to the appointment of a Youth Organiser. The Department, however, has replied that such a meeting should be delayed until a detailed scheme for such an organiser is prepared and also until Comunn na h-Oigridh is established on a working basis. Accordingly, at a joint-meeting of the Finance and Propaganda Committees on 30th November it was decided to requisition the calling of a special meeting of the Executive Council to deal further with the matter of the Northern Organiser.

This Special Meeting was held in the Office of An Comunn, Glasgow, on Saturday, 21st December. Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President, occupied the Chair.

Mr. I. R. Mackay, Inverness, representing the North Propaganda Sub-Committee, gave a comprehensive and lucid survey of the position of Gaelic in the Northern Counties and stressed the necessity of appointing a Northern Organiser with as little delay as possible. After some discussion it was moved and seconded and unanimously agreed that the Advisory Committee be empowered to meet at an early date, interview the two candidates on the short list, and make an appointment.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

An Dall Sgitheanach

O chionn ghoirid chuireadh an clò as ùr, le Alasdair MacNeacail, Fear-deasachaidh a' Mhòsachain, *Clarion*, anns an Eilean Sgitheanach, leabhraan taitneach anns a bheil cunntas againn air duine iomraiteach. B'e sin 'Dòmhnall Munro, An Dall,' duine diadhaidh a bha anns an Eilean sin mu cheud bliadhna air ais, agus aig an robh buaidh mhòr air feadh an Eilein. Is e an t-Urramach Dòmhnall MacFhionghuin a sgrìobh an leabhraan, ged nach 'eil a ainm ris a' chlà-bhualadh seo dheth. Tha sinn an comain Mhgr. MhicFhionghuin air son an leabhraan a sgrìobhadh, agus tha ar taing aig Mgr. MacNeacail air son a thoirt am follais as ùr. Is i a' phrìs leth-chrun, agus gheibhear an leabhar bho: *A. W. Nicolson, Clarion Office, Struan, Skye.*

Glasgow Celtic Society

THE middle decades of the 19th century were marked by the founding of many Highland societies, of one kind or another, in Glasgow. Social upheaval and economic stress in the north and west had compelled large numbers of Gaels to migrate to Clydeside. While many became submerged and lost their identity in the surging city population, many were determined to hold fast by their heritage.

Thus it was that the many Highland societies in the city came to be founded. Recently the Glasgow Sutherland Society celebrated its centenary, and last month the Glasgow Celtic Society had its centenary celebration, a year late.

It was in October, 1856, that a number of Highlanders in Glasgow came together to form a society for the purpose of preserving and promoting their native language, literature, music, poetry, antiquities, and athletic games. They also proposed to give bursaries to Highland students, find jobs for unemployed Highlanders, help the destitute, and encourage the more general use of the national dress.

These aims, of course, were not exclusive to the Glasgow Celtic Society. Many other societies had, and have, similar aims. The Glasgow Celtic Society did give bursaries and it helped with the establishing of the Celtic Lectureship in Glasgow University, but its main interest has been the encouragement of the game of shinty, probably the oldest game on record that is still played. Was not the great Cuchullin a namely wielder of the caman? The Celtic Society Cup is the oldest shinty trophy still competed for. The Society was the first to codify the rules of shinty, or, rather, devise them. With Mr. Iain Macleod of Torgorm as Chief, Mr. Farquhar MacRae as President, and Mr. William Hume as Hon. Secretary, the Glasgow Celtic Society embarks on its second hundred years with unabated hope.

It is of interest that the Jessie N. MacLachlan Memorial Prizes for Solo Singing (Ladies' Oran-mòr) at the National Mod are provided from a fund administered by the Glasgow Celtic Society.

Ged as duilich sgarachdainn, cha robh riamh dithis gun dealachadh.

* * * * *
Chan fhaodar a' bhó a reic, agus a bainne òl.

* * * * *
Cha do dhùin dorus nach do dh'fhosgail dorus.

An Aghaidh na Tea

CHAN 'eil sùgh lus no plantais eile as aithne dhòmhsa as mò a tha air òl anns a' Ghaidhealtachd an diugh na an tea. Bha là eile ann, an uair nach rachadh cupan a chur mun cuairt ach air là na Sàbaid, agus an corra thaigh chan fhaiceadh sibh tea ach Là na Bliadh'n'-ùire.

Chan 'eil teagamh, ged a bha mòran a' gabhail gaol agus tlachd anns an tea, nach robh cuid eile anns an linn a chaidh seachd a bha de'n bheachd nach robh ann ach droch cleachdadh. 'Nam measg seo bha bàird na dùthcha, agus seo agaibh òran an aghaidh na tea a rinn Aonghus Mac Uraig a bha a mhuinntir Aird-ghobhar.

Taobh Rium Féin

Ho ró, Iain, taobh rium fhìn,
Is na bì strì ri amaideachd;
Feumaidh mnathan uaisle tea,
'S gur goirt an cinn mur faigh iad i.

Tionndaidh leam is leugh a' chòir,
Tha mise deònach teannadh riut,
Ma's òlc no math gum bì mo dhòigh,
Cha chluinn na h-eòlaich gearan bhuam.

Chan iarr mi siùcar no tea,
Srùl no sìoda cheannach dhomh;
'S i obair mo dhà làimhe fhìn
As cinntiche mi a leantainn ris.

Gabh thusa, Iain, a' mhuir-làn
Mar phatran, is chan aithreach leat;
Ge bè cho fad 's gun téid e 'n àird,
Gum faic thu tràigh an ealachd ann.

Sin mar bhitheas luchd na stràic,
Le 'n curraicean àrd 's le 'n cailigo;
Nì 'm pòsadh bochd an toirt gu làr,
Mar shneachda bàn na gaillinne.

An rìomhadh ceannaicheadh iad gu daor,
Ach 'n saoghal bheir e 'n car asda;
Is bìdh na giùn 'gan cur ma sgaoil
Gu aodach do na caileagan.

An uaisle bhochd gun chas, gun làmh,
Tha 'n dàn mar dh'fhàg an seanfhacal,
Cha chuir e salann air a' chàl;
Bì 'd fhaicill tràth mun lean i riut.

Nuair thig am bàillidh le chraos cam,
Am màl 's a' chlànn as ceannach ort;
Bu taitneach dhuit-sa bean 's an àm sin
Thàirngeadh ceann an amail dhuit.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged £2,348 19 5

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged £291 10 9

Miss Catriona Kelso, Aros 1 — —

292 10 9

£2,641 10 2

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged £119 7 6

Miss Helen L. Wood, Rothesay .. — 10 —

Kinloch Rannoch Branch 5 — —

Colin Palmer, Esq., Glasgow — 10 —

Aberfeldy Branch 4 — —

Lochalsh Gaelic Choir 5 — —

Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee 30 — —

£164 7 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged £8 6 —

J. R. MacDonald, Esq., California .. 1 9 9

G. Donald, Esq., Tiree — 10 —

£10 5 9

New Northern Organiser

The Advisory Committee of An Comunn Gaidhealach met on 4th January, 1958, as authorised by the Executive Council, and unanimously resolved to appoint Mr. Alexander J. Maclean, Inverness, as Northern Organiser, in succession to Mr. Donald J. Maclean.

Mr. A. J. Maclean is a native of Torridon, but has been in business in Inverness for many years. He has frequently accompanied the Northern Organisers when visiting branches throughout the North. He has also several times assisted at the Comunn na h-Oigridh Camps. He has been a member of the Northern Propaganda Sub-Committee since 1953, and was a member of the 1957 Inverness National Mod Local Committee. He is Hon. Treasurer of the Inverness branch of An Comunn.

We wish Mr. Maclean a long and successful tenure of this appointment.

Congratulations

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Ronald Macleod, H.M.I.S., on his having been awarded the O.B.E. in the Queen's New Year's Honours List. A native of Skye and a graduate of Glasgow University with honours in Celtic, Mr. Macleod has been an Inspector of Schools for the past twenty years.

The Flowers of Edinburgh

A Chara,

In looking over *An Gaidheal* ("Aireamh an t-Sultuin"), I was specially interested in the article by J.E.S. on 'The Flowers of Edinburgh.'

A month ago, as I was passing the cottage of one of my seanchui friends, Begley (Beaglaoch), I stopped to enquire how he was, he being ninety-five years of age. His married daughter said: "He's all right and lying down, but I'll get him to come out to you." When he appeared and we both got seated near the turf fire, and having a deoch-an-dorus to warm him up beforehand, I soon succeeded in getting him on to the old songs and airs for which he was famous and won prizes at "feiseanna" when in his prime.

Amongst his repertoire was a Jacobite song of or about 200 years ago, to the tune of 'The Flowers of Edinburgh', which he sang for me, or at least a few verses thereof, alternately in Irish Gaelic and in English. I'll attach the first verse, as well as I can remember the lines in both languages.

Cois leas-a dhom go huaigineach,
ar uair na maidhne 'm aonar,
le hais na Sionna a mbruach chnoic
ba shnua ghlaise scáil,
Sea do dhearcas ainir uaibhireach,
ba shuaimhneach ba néata,
go réil-theanach aerach,
a téarnamh am dháil.
Bhí a dlaoi-fholt daith-te feac-tha ffar
go cíortha casta creathach síos,
go slíomach snasta sreathach síar
go slaodach go feór.
A réalt-dhearca réidh-ghlasa
ar a éadan gan chas gan chríon
ag gearchaitheamh gaethe
i gceléithibh gach treoin.

Folk rendering in English: "In a desert all serenely, as I lay a while bemoaning the state and the fate of this country at large, a fair maiden I saw seated on a neat bench of roses and she bitterly condoling the approach of her heir. Her amber locks were hanging down, adown along her back and to the ground which might engage a monarch's crown so nately disposed. Her cheeks as if painted and by nature such beauty yields, which left all my secrets quite naked and exposed."

There are five verses in all, and they were published first in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series (Duffy), edited by O'Daly in last century.

My recollections of the crude English rendering wound up with something about "the glorious Clanna Gael", "with their brave ships and

brave bands for to plow the deep. Come, fill your glass, dear neighbour, the victory is to us indeed." The last bit generally spoken, a customary way of ending ballads, etc., sometimes followed by the singer saying abruptly, "Get me my hat and my cane" (that is one of my friend, Beaglaoi's, tricks anyway).

When he finished, he said, "Why don't you get my daughter Mairead who is in Dublin to go in to the Radio and sing it. She learned it from me." Being since then in Dublin, I did so, this one being amongst a clár-aithris of other Kerry songs which was recorded, with myself as compère, to be broadcast in or around the Christmas Season.

Should you wish to follow up what there is to learn about this particular song, better see pp. 43-44, and 20, "Londubh an Chaire," in any big library, published for Seamus Clandillon and wife, with sub-title, "Songs of the Irish Gael", by Oxford University Press (1927) for the Carnegie Trust. You will be interested, I think, in the editor's fine translation of the song I refer to. The poet-composer of this song was one Owen Lloyd, a Clareman who, I was informed, put in three months in gaol on the head of its being declared a "treason song" and so certified to the court by an enemy or a spy.

There is another song in Munster also founded on the same air, "Cois Abhann gheanna an Chéime, in Ibh Laoghaire do bhios-sa", which could be obtained through the Folklore Commission, 82 Stephen's Green, Dublin (words, with music in tonic sol-fa). It is a lament for a battle of defeat of the West Cork peasantry who rose out against the tithe collectors about 130 years ago.

I'd like to point out that there is a special "free rhythm" way of singing the words to these songs, with stops and stresses which only traditional singers know how to handle and render correctly.

Mostly all our Irish uileann pipers and our fiddlers play "The Flowers of Edinburgh" as a dance-tune. It is continually heard from ceili bands. Both for dancing and singing, it is probable that Highland troops coming to Ireland in the 17th and 18th centuries brought it to us. Our poets of those centuries often refer to Scottish airs as being suitable for their compositions. Nursery and other folksongs are found with similar origin, such as Alasdair Mac Colla's battle march, "Bonnie Lassie", Gaelicised into "Pónai an leasa," etc.

Mise agat,

GAEIL O EIRINN

Co. Kerry. (An Irish member of An Comunn Gaidhealach for many years).

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN GEARRAN, 1958

Aireamh 2

AR CANAIN 'S AR CEOL

SIN faicail suaicheantais A' Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich, faicail a tha 'g agradh aire agus gnìomh. Dé an aire tha sinn a' toirt dhaibh, agus dé cho gnìomhach 's a tha sinn as an leth? Sin a' cheist.

Chan eil tairbhe ann an còmhraidh, na feum ann an gearan nach téid na's fhaide na sin. Is e tha dhith air cor na Gàidhlig an diugh fir is mnathan a tha creidsinn gu bheil againn an cainnt nan Gaidheal dileab as fhiach altrum agus a ghleadhadh tiarainte, fallain, agus a tha daonnan ullamh gu bhith dleasadh an còraichean aig baile is bho bhaile. Tha feum air daoine le inntinnean fosgailte, agus le rùn-cridhe gum bi cothrom na Féinne aig a' Ghàidhlig 'nar tìr.

Tha rìoghachd na Gàidhlig sìor chrìonadh o chionn fhada, agus tha cunnart mòr ann nach fhada an ùine gus am bi i air a sguabadh do chuan na dòchuimhne leis na cumhachdan làidir a tha bagradh oirre. Ma chaillear sealladh air sin faodaidh gum bi gach oidhirp a nì sinn ro anmhainn agus ro fhadalach. Is ann le sùilean fosgailte agus le dùrachd cridhe dh' fheumar aghaidh a chur air a' chath, a' diùltadh geilleadh.

Dé nis na cumhachdan a tha lagachadh cor ar cànaire anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus cionnus a bhios iad air an ceannasadh? Is e ar beachd nach eil nàmhaid na's motha aig a' Ghàidhlig an diugh na mì-chùram agus cion diù luchd na Gàidhlig iad fhéin. Faodaidh gu bheil dà aobhar air an dimeas a tha mòran de na Gaidheil a' deanamh air an cànaire fhéin. Anns a' cheud àite, lùghdaich cùrsa an fhoghlaim a fhuair iad 'nan òige am meas air cainnt na dachaidh. 'S e àite suarach a fhuair a' Ghàidhlig anns na sgoilean; gu tric cha robh àite idir aice. Rinn sin a làrach fhéin air ginealach an déidh ginealaich, air dòigh's gun do thòisich iad a' deanamh tàire air an coir-bhreith. A ris, chan eil sinn gu léir fhathast a' creidsinn nach ann le aran amhàin a bheathaichear duine. An rud nach ceannaich biadh na aodach chan eil sinn uile faicinn mòran luach ann.

Tha cunnart ann nach fhaic màthraichean an dleasdanas a thaobh an cuid chloinne gus am faigh a' Ghàidhlig a h-àite dlìgheach anns an sgoil an toiseach. Nam biodh a' chlann o'n cheud là air an oileanachadh 'nan cainnt fhéin, agus a' Ghàidhlig 'na cuspair foghlaim anns an sgoil fad an t-siubhail, tha fios gum b'fheàrrde a' chlann fhéin e, agus tha cinnt againn gun cuireadh pàrantan an tuilleadh meas oirre. Ach cò a ghabhas air dòigh cho annasach a chleachdadh?

CLAR-INNSIDH

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Rinn fàsachadh na Gaidhealtachd anns an linn a chaidh seachad an dà chuid le aintigh-earnas agus dìth cosnaidh, lagachadh mòr air a' Ghàidhlig, agus cha do sguir am fàsachadh sin fhathast. Tha mòran 'nar là fhìn a' triall gach bliadhna do na bailtean móra agus gu tìrean céime. Gun teagamh tha iad a' toirt na Gàidhliche leatha, a' chuid aig a bheil i, ach chan eil freumhan domhain na seasmhach aice air choigreach. Mur bi Gaidheil ag àiteachadh na Gaidhealtachd cha bhì an cànan fada fallain. Ach chan urrainn an luchd àitich a bhith an lionmhorachd mur bi cosnadh freagrach aca.

Chan eil rian cosnaidh mar a dh'fheumadh sluagh ri fhaotainn air a' Ghaidhealtachd aig an am, agus 's e a' cheist cò chuireas rian cosnaidh far eil feum air. Chan urrainn An Comunn Gaidhealach sin a dheanamh ged a lùigeadh iad e; chan eil an comas aca. Ach b'urrainn iad gearan a dheanamh far, ma dh'fhaodte, am faigheadh iad éisdeachd, agus chan eil sinn 'gan cluinntinn.

Chan eil aobhar leudachadh air buaidh na Beurla air cor na Gàidhliche. Nach eil i an cluasan sean is òg, aig tigh 's bho thigh, daonnan. Nach ann leatha dh'fheumar gach gnothach beag na mór a shochrachadh, agus nach i an cladhan troimh a bheil naidheachdan an t-saoghail 'gar ruighinn am pàpear, an leabhar, na air an athar. Bhiodh e cho farasda an làn-mara chasg ri gàradh criche a thogail roimpe. Chan eil sinn ag iarraidh sin; cha bhiodh ann ach amaideas nam biodh. Tha rùm gu leòr air a' Ghaidhealtachd airson dà chànan taobh ri taobh, agus carson a chuireadh sinn Murchadh Beag a dhìth gu Murchadh Mór a reamhrachadh?

Chan eil sinn ag iarraidh airson na Gàidhliche ach dìlseachd o'n t-sluagh, agus tùr is ceartas o'n Rìaghaltais.

An Cuala Tu So?

1. Tùs ratha—rogha dealbh, uirghioll math, agus deagh labhradh.
2. Pollag; brà; muillean. Min phronntaidh; min ghradain; min eararaidh; min na muillne.
3. Thàinig e a steach a chlaigeann gun sùilean. Chuir e craiceann a' bhùinn air a' bhathais. Chaidh an taoim thar na rangan.
4. Bha ministear aon là a' labhairt air na fàidhean móra, agus an sin air na fàidhean beaga agus an robh an luchd éisdeachd air fàs searbh deth. "Agus a nis", ars esan, "Càite an cuir sinn Malachi?" Ghlaodh bean an cùl na h-eaglaise, 's i toirt a casan leatha, "Faodaidh e suidhe far na shuidh mise."

Clann 'ic a' Bhreithimh

Le DOMHNALL MAC THOMAS

ANN an eachdraidh nan eilean feumaidh sinn mar is trice a bhì an eisimeil beul-aithris, agus aig amannan cha toir sin dhuinn ach cunntas coirbte, neo-earbshach air iomadh nì. Gidheadh, an dràsda 's a rithist, tha criomagan taitneach agus luachmhor a' tighinn gu ar cluasan, agus 's ann a chum nach rachadh cuid duibh air dòchuimhn' a thug mise an oidhirp bheag so.

Is e ceist dhùilich a th'ann ciamar a fhuair Clann 'ic 'ille Mhoire an ainm. Tha beul-aithris a' toirt dhuinn dà sgeul, a' cheud té dhiubh a nis 'na làimh aithris o chionn còrr math air dà cheud bliadhna. B'e Iain Moir-easton a sgrìobh an cunntas as sine a th'againn mu phrìomh luchd-àiteachaidh Leòdhais. Tha e ag ràdh, "B'e Moireas, Ioscair MacAmhlaidh, agus MacNeacail, a' cheud fheadhainn a bha anns an àite. B'e Moireas so mac Cheananuis ris an abradh na h-Eireannaich MacMhuirich, agus a bu mhac dligheach do Rìgh Lochlann. Faodaidh a h-uile Moireastonach ann an Albainn an liansgaradh a thoirt bho'n duine so." (*Spot. Miscellany*, 11. p. 337.) Tha an sgeul eile ag ràdh gur h-ann a thàinig Clann 'ic 'ille Mhoire o mhac diolain a bha aig Moire no Muire, nighean do Rìgh Lochlann. Dh'fhaodte gur h-e sin a dh'fhàg na Moireastonaich air an sloinneadh air am màthair.

Mu aon nì tha sinn cinnteach agus is e sin gu robh àrd-cheannardan Chlann 'ic 'ille Mhoire fad iomadh linn a' frithealadh an lagha 's na h-Eileanan an Iar, lagh ris an cainte Lagh nam Breitheamh, a bha araon an Eirinn 's an Albainn, agus a tha a' leigeil ris dhuinn cho adhartach 's a dh'fhaodas treubhan neo-ionnsaichte a bhì ann an cùisean riaghlaidh. Cha cheadaich ùine dhomh a dhol a steach anns an lagh so an dràs, ach bu mhath leam ainmeachadh an dòigh ionmholta a bha aca air a' chlànn oileanachadh ann an nìthean a bha feumail: balaich gu snàmh, gu iomradh, gu marcachd, gu gearradh fiodha 's gu tìoradh; caileagan gu fuaigheal, gu fuine, gu bleoghan, gu toigal laogh is gu obair-ghréis.

'S ann air an Aladh an Tabost, Nis, a bha na breitheamhan a' còmhnuidh agus a' toirt am breith ann am briathran snasail, geur' a bha furasd a ghleidheil air chumhne. Bha cumhachd beatha is bàis 'nan làmhan. Is e Breitheamh Uisdean a' cheud fhear air a bheil eachdraidh a' toirt iomraidh. Fhuair esan òrdugh anns a' bhliadhna 1551 sìth a chumail anns na h-eileanan. 'Na dhéidh-san thàinig Breitheamh Iain. 'S e esan a bha 'na mheadhon air Torcull Dubh, mac Ruairidh MhicLeòid triath Leòdhais,

a ghlacadh 's a chur gu bàs. Sheas na Moir-eastonaich gu dian air taobh Thorcuill Chonanaich anns an t-srith a bha eadar e fhéin agus Torcuill Dubh aig an am so, agus cha b'ann gun aobhar, oir ma bheir sinn géill do bheul-airithir idir b'e am Breitheamh Uisdean athair a' Chonanaich; a réir Caiptean Tómas (*Proceedings Soc. of Antiquaries XII, 512*) dh'aicidh Uisdean so air leabaidh a bhàis. An comh-lorg na nithean sin dh'fhuiling na Nisich fearg agus corruich nan Uigeach. Tha lìonmhoireachd nan clachan-fala eadar Tigh nan Cailleachan Dubha an Uig is Tigh Mhic Dhùghail an Èropaidh, clachan air am bite a' sgailceadh cinn nan nàimhdean, 'nam fianuisean agus an latha an diugh air na cathan fuilteach a chaidh a chur. Ach cha b'ann air gin de na clachan sin a chaidh ceann a' Bhreithimh Iain a bhriseadh; ghlacadh le feall e anns an Asainn agus ann an sin thuit e fo làimh Iain Bhig MhicLeòid, fear Shannda. Uine ghoirid an déidh so rugadh air Calum Mór, mac a' Bhreithimh Iain, anns a' Chóigich far an deach e a thoirt a mach dìoghaltas air son bàs athar; thugadh a Steòrnabhagh e is chaidh an ceann a spadadh dheth le òrdugh Thormoid MhicLeòid.

B'e an ath breitheamh agus am breitheamh mu dheireadh ann an Leódhas Iain Dubh, am fear o'n tigeadh an lagh cam. Thug e sgrìob a dh' Eirinn "gu féil nam ban òga"; chaidh a thurus leis gu ro mhath, oir an uair a thill e air ais a Thàbost bha a bhean òg 'na chois. Ach air dhith teaghlach brèagha a chur mu'n teine dha, ceathrar mhac eireachdail, Ailean, Dòmhnall, Coinneach agus Aonghas, ruith i air agus dh'fhàg i iad an Nis air an dlò.

Cha robh gu math do dh' Iain an dara ceum a thoirt a dh' Eirinn. Chuir e 'aghaidh air Tìr-mór agus as a sin thug e a dhàrna bean leis gu ruige Nis. An ceann dà bhliadhna thug e sgrìob eile chun na Mor-thìr a dh'iarraidh luchd fiodha. Lion e a bhirlinn leis gach fiodh a b'fhearr na chéile; shònraich e latha air son fàgail ach cha robh deòthag air a' ghaoidh agus bha am muir cho ciùin 's gun seòladh an t-slige bhàirneach air. Cha robh air ach fuireach. Ann am marbhan na h-oidhche thàinig eubha nan creach—bha am Breitheamh marbh 's a cheann 'na dhà leth. Anns a' mhaduinn có a thigeadh an rathad ach òigear le falt buidhe bàn, An Gille Buidhe theirte ris, agus có bu duiliche na e air son mar a thachair do'n Bhreitheamh; cha mhór a shaoileadh air gur h-e a mhort am Breitheamh. "Tha mi dol a Leódhas," ars esan, "agus bhithinn fada 'nur comain nam faighinn còmhla riubh". "S e ar caraid a dh'iarraidh", ars an sgioba. Dh'éirich soirbheas math gasda a thug na fir gu cladach Nis. Chaidh iad air tìr aig Leirstein faisg air Stoth. Rinn an Gille Buidhe air Tigh

a' Bhreithimh; shin e a cheum is 's ann da fhéin a thigeadh; le siteagan fada bho fheannaig gu feannaig chuir e an t-astar as a dhéidh; cha do shruc a bhonn an clais, cha do stad a chas air fiar gus an d'ràinig e a sheann leannan. "Càit a bheil m' fhear-pòsda?" ars ise. "Falbh, falbh", ars esan, "gheibhear deireadh gach sgeòil a nasgaidh." "Is cinntach air sealbh gur h-aithne dhut a bheil e beò no marbh", ars ise. "Udar odhar éileadh thu fhéin 's do Dhubhai", ars' esan gu dìmeasach suarach, "chunnaic tu am boilleadh mu dheireadh air is faodaidh tu bhì coma. Cha robh ann dheth ach smior a' bhalgair a thoill a sheachd uiread 's a fhuair e." An aghaidh so cha do dh'fhosgail i a bilean; bha a seann suirgheach air a cosnadh a cheana. Ann an ùine gheàrr chaidh càirdean is dilsean a' Bhreithimh a sguabadh bho na crìochan; thog Ailean 's a bhràithrean orra a dh'Eirinn far an robh cuideachd am màthar. Dh'fhan iad an sin gus an d'fhàs iad mòr agus làidir, agus comasach air an còraichean a thagairt—rud a rinn iad.

B' ann air oidhche Calluinne a ràinig iad Tigh Mór Thàboist far an robh cuilm is ceòl. Bha Iain, seann bhàrd a' Bhreithimh, còmhla riutha agus shuidhicheadh gun rachadh esan a steach an toiseach agus gu fuireadh càch a muigh car tacain. Cha bu luaithe nochd Iain a shròn 'san dorus no dh'fhuirich bàrd a' Ghille Bhuidhe e mar so:

Fàilt ort féin a bhàird Iain

Càit o chian an robh thu falach?

'S e do bheatha aig a' chuirn so,

'S truaigh gun d'fhàg thu Breitheamh Ailean. Chuir so bean an tighe a gnlugadaich le subhachas, agus le guth fanaideach tàireil thubhairt i: "Freagair sud a ghloigear chlibich lachduinn!"

Shuidh Iain air cailbhean corrach agus chan iognadh idir ged a bha a shùilean an impis leum a mach as a cheann le cachdan, agus a chioch-shlugain cho tiorum ri àrc. Bha e a' gear chluimhead na bèiste mnatha agus mar gum faigheadh e spionnadh nuadh thubhairt e,

"Is neònach leam fhìn thu bhean ud thall

Fuath 'thoirt do'n fhear o'n d'fhuair thu clann

Is gràdh a thoirt do'n fhear thug an ceann dheth".

"So, so", ars ise, "tilgibh e, spadaibh e".

"Thoir tòigh (an aire) a bhean gu bheil mo chobhair an nochd na's fhaisge na bha i an raoir," agus air ball cò thigeadar a nios air dorus an stail ach Ailean 's a threun-fhear, agus mar mhathain a measg nan treud, chuir iad gaoth fo sgéith a' Ghille Bhuidhe 's a chéile, agus aig sealbh tha brath càit an do thog iad ceann. An danach stad a chaidh air cuir; cha bu danns na ceòl gu so e!

Bha Ailean a nis an seilbh air còir athraichean, gidheadh cha robh a dheuchainnean air chùl. Bha Niall Odhar, Niall MacLeòid a tha cho iomraideach an eachdraidh an eilein, 'na bhior guineach 'na thaobh, agus cha robh fios aige cò an là no cò idir an oidhche a dheanadh Niall sgrìos obann a thoirt air fhéin 's air a dhaoine.

Aon là bha Ailean agus a bhàithrean a' seòladh thar a' Chuain Sgith, an sùilean seàbhte le iomagain, an uair a chunnaic iad na seachd birlinnean a' tighinn orra. Bu righeann fada na h-àlaich a bha spionnadh ghàirdean nan treun fhear a' toirt as na ràimh; bha Ailean a' deanamh iomramh dhithis agus aig an aon am a' cur an glaic a chéile agus a' seinn an iorram sin is tric a sheinn na h-iasgairean Niseach o'n là sin an uair a bhiodh a' ghoath an ceann 's nach gluaiseadh i o'n chrann an seòl.

'Néill a mhic 's na hó ró'

Sud i suas i fuaim is fead aic'

He robha 's hó ró.

Iomair thusa Choinnich Chridhe

Gaol nam ban òg' is gràdh nan nighean.

Tha eagal mór air mo chridhe,

Gu bheil birlinn Néill a' tighinn,

No sgoth chaol mhic Thormoid Idhir (Uidhir).

Iomraidh mise fear ma(r) dhithis.

Is nam b'èiginn fear ma thrithir.

Ach 's truaigh nach robh mi féin 's Niall Odhar

'S lagán beag os cionn Dhun-Odhail

Biodag am laimh is esan fodham.

Dhearbhainn fhéin gu'n deigheadh i domhain

'S gum biodh fuil a chinn mu ghobhal;

'S gu'n deanteadh feòil 's gu'n deanteadh sitheann

'S gu'm biodh biadh fò ghob an fhithich.

Cha d'rinn mi fhathast beud no putar

Mur do leag mi fiadh fò bhruthach,

No biast mhaol an caolas cumhang,

No dubh-sgarbh an cois na tuinne.

Chi mi nis a' tighinn air faire

Gob an Rudha 's Iodhlann na h-Airde

Far na mhilleadh mo chuid chàirdean.

Is truaigh nach robh mi 's Rònaidh romham.

Cha tàinig mi riamh an cuan so

Gun bhall taobh gun taod guaille,

Gun an rac a bhi 's a' bhuarraich;

Cupaill ann am bòrd an fhuairaidh,

Is fiùran dìreach sheasadh suas innt',

Is cranna fada rachadh mu'n cuairt air."

B'e a dhearg nàmhaid Niall a bh'ann gun teagamh. Leum na seòid air a chéile ach gu tubaisteach chaidh claidheamh Ailein an sàs an tobhta bràghd agus mus d'fhuair e air a draghadh as bha e 'na chlod marbh air na reangan.

Sheas Murchadh mac Ailein ann an ionad athar

agus is tric a chluinnear fhathast bodaich Lìonail a' tighinn air treubhantas Mhurchaidh an uair a thug e aghaidh do'n mhanaidh an Leathad na h-Atha. Bha e 'na chleachdadh aig a sheir-bhisich a dhol do'n fhuaran am beul na h-oidhche ach an oidhche so 's ann a thill iad dhachaidh gun deur bhùir ag ràdh gu robh tanasg 'gan coinneachadh. "Tanasg," arsa Murchadh, "Tanasg ann no as, cha dèan sinn an gnothach gun bhùrn" is thog e fhéin air. Mu'n d'ràinig e an tobar chuir an tathaich stad air agus an sàs gun deur iad; bha iad a' gleac bho am dhol mu thàmh gu ciad ghairm a' choilich agus an uair a sguir iad cha b'urrainn do'n dara fear a ràdh gur h-ann aige bha a' bhuidh. "An robh thu riamh", ars an tathaich, "an càs cho cruaidh ri sud?" "Is mi bha" arsa Murchadh. "Càite?" "Eadar an teuradh 's an teumairt", fhreagair Murchadh. Bha cuid de na seann daoine a' cumail a mach gu robh so a' ciallachadh eadar a bhi bochd 's a bhith beartach no a bhi a' cumail na h-uaisle suas a dh'a'ind-eoin, ach a réir sgoilearachd na là an diugh 's e bha e a' ciallachadh na mionaidean ciogailt-each anns a bheil neach a' tighinn a steach do'n t-saoghal. Co dhùit, air son a ghaiseg 's a mhìnich 'sa fhreagairt air an oidhche sin thug an tanasg a chomhairle air an t-àite fhàgail "oir an Nis chan 'eil soirbheachadh an dhan dut."

Tha cunntas againn gu robh e an Griais anns a' bliadhna 1653.

B'e Iain mac Mhurchaidh so am fear a b'iomraidhe a thaobh buadhan inntinne de Chloinn 'ic a' Bhreithimh uile. 'S e mo bheachd gur h-ann an Nis a rugadh e, oir tha Màrtan 'na leabhar (t.d. 107) ag ràdh, "Dh'innis Iain Moireaston a Bràgar dhomh gum faca e, 'nuair a bha e 'na ghiollan òg a' dol a dh'Eaglais Mho-Luidh, an sluagh a' sleuchdadh 's ag aithris Urnuigh an Tighearna ceithir mìle bho'n Eaglais." B'e so Teampull Mho-Luidh an Eòropaidh. Bha e beag no mór a dh'ùine air thigheadas am Pabail. Rinn e còmhnaidh do MhacCoinnich (Ceann t-Sàile) an aghaidh nan Leòdach, agus an uair a thàinig an Triath a ghabhail seilbh air Leòdhas b'e Iain a chaidh a mach gu toll a dh'àchlais 'san tuinn a choinneachadh an uachdarain agus a thug gu tìr tioram e air a mhuin. Air son so thug Mac-Coinnich dha oighreachd Bhàrag. Riamh o'n là mór sin bha càirdeas daingeann eatorra. Bha deagh fhios aig Siphort gum biodh e a chum a mhaith fhéin duine mar Iain a chumail air a thaobh, duine a bha cho gnìomhach ri deagh bhean taighe, cho uallach finealta ri easbuig, cho briathrach ri fear-lagha agus 'na ghiùlan stuama suairce mar fhìor cheannard'. Chuir e a chomhairle ris anns gach cùis 'san robh teagamh no cunnart agus cha b'ann aon

uair no dhà a fhreasdail Iain air. An uair a dh'fhairtlich air Siphort Caisteal Ard Bhreac a thoirt bho MhacLeòid Asainn nach e Iain a dh'iarr air pocannan a dheanamh de 'n a h-uile seiche mairt anns an àite agus an lionadh le còinnich. Chaidh iad sin a chur mar ghàrdh-dhion 'nan sreath air muin a chèile gu ruige mullach ceann nan saighdearan. Chaidh aca mar sin air an caisteal a ghluacadh.

Bha mòran fearainn fo bhàrr aig Iain ann am Bràgar; bha curacag eòrna aige mu choinneamh a h-uile latha anns a' bhliadhna, agus bha de bhuar aige na rachadh bho mhuir gu mònteach, no mar theirte, 'nuair a dh'fhàgadh an té mu dheireadh an Ceòsan aig a' chladach bha a' chiad tè air a dhòl air faire aig gàrdh-cùl a' bhaile!

Tha cuid de na feannagan aige an diugh fo uisge Loch Ordais. Chan eil sgial air dam na muilne a bha air oibreachadh leis a' mhuir a' tràghadh 's a' lionadh; dh'fhalbh sin mar a dh'fhalbh iomadh ni iongantach eile.

'San àit' an d'fhàs an darach cruaidh

Tha stuadhan luaineach té air thé;

Nach iomadh muthadh a bheir buaidh

Air chluainibh uaine a' Chruinne ché?

(r' a leantainn)

Ris a' Ghealbhann

THA cuairt na h-inntinne aig amannan a cheart cho feumail do'n duine ri cuairt nan cas. Bha mi leughadh leabhar beag, taitneach an oidhche roimhe, agus mus deach mi fad air m'adhart nach ann a fhuair mi mi-fhìn le mo bhata cromagach a' basdail a measg nan cnoc 's nan glèann shìos dlùth air crìochan Shasuinn. Sud làithean-féille cho sona 's a bha agam os cuimhnè leam. Cha robh duine beò 'nam chois a bha 'na uallach orm, agus dh'fhaodaim siubhal an taobh a thograinn gun mo chomhairle a chur ri neach eile, stad far am miannaichinn, agus còmhradh beag a bhith agam rium fhìn far nach robh cluas a dh'èisdeadh.

Bha sealladh na dùthcha ceithir thimcheall orm 'na làn-sùla. Air gach taobh dìom mar a ghluais mi gu dòigheil bha sléibhteann arda 's iad còmhdaichte cho fada 's a chitheadh an t-sùil le trusgan ùr gorm, agus treudan de chaoraich bhàna air slìos gach aoin. Bha Glèann Etric réidh sàmhach le eachdraidh nan linn-teann buairesach a dh'fhalbh taisgte anns na seann làraichean briste air gach taobh. Air taobh eile na h-aibhne, dìreach mu m' choinneamh, bha an t-àite far an robh Seumas Hogg aig aon am a' buachaillleachd agus a' deanamh òran. Is iomadh ceum a chois a dh'fhàg e air ais 's air adhart gach là an cois nan uisgeachan sèimhe a

bha siubhal seachad gu guanach, borbhanach. Faisg air làmh bha an dà thuathanas fearainn, Deloraine an Iar, agus Deloraine an Ear, a' dèsgadh suas dhùinn anns an ainm seann eachdraidh nan crìochan àrsaigh ud.

Their cuid gur e ciall an fhacail, de la reine (còir na banrigh), a chionn gun tug an rìgh, Seumas II, Coille Etric dìth mar thochradh. Ach is dòcha gu bheil an t-ainm fada na's aosda na sin. Bha Naomh Orran an Albainn o chionn fhada, agus cò aige tha fios nach e dail Orrain is ciall do'n ainm.

Beagan mhiltean an ear air an àite-sa tha Eaglais Etric a measg nan craobh, agus ceithir thimcheall oirre tha mòran de shluagh nan glèann 'nan cadal. 'Nam measg tha Seumas Hogg fhéin a bhrosnaich Alba gu ceòl agus a shnìomh cho ealanta bàrdachd nan sìthichean, agus Tómas Boston, ministear na sgìre 'na là, nach do sgìthich a riamh a' seirm an deagh sgeòil an cluasan an luchd èisdeachd. Is esan a sgrìobh an leabhar fiùthail sin, "*The Foyfold State*," a dh'eadar-theangaicheadh gu Gàidhlig agus air an robh na seann Ghaidheil cho mion-eòlach.

Tha Abhainn Iarro a' coinneachadh Abhainn Etric sròin ri sròin mus taom iad le chèile an uisgeachan do'n abhainn Tuaidh. Tha mìl-eachd is ceòl anns an ainm Iarro, ach anns a' ghleann fharsaing troimh bheil an abhainn a' ruith chan e ceòl gun deòir a lorgar. Tha òrain beul-aithris an so far eil caoidh is deuch-ainn is cràidh air an snìomh gu teann 'na chèile. Choisinn mnathan an gràdh air chosg bhràithrean is athraichean is luchd dàimh. Chath laoiich gu bàs ann an lagain uaine Iarro airson gràdh nam maighdean, agus chualas air àile glan an fhraoich gal na cloinne an tòir orrasan nach do thill gu bràth dhachaidh. So an glèann far na leig Scott a bheannachd dheireannach le Seumas Hogg anns a' bhliadhna 1830.

Ach is ann an cois Abhainn Tuaidh a tha an tàladh as motha. Ma gheibh thu làn eòlais air na crìochan-sa bheir thu leat gach taobh a théid thu saoihbheas bàrdachd is seanachais is àilleachd nach teirig dhut ri do bheò. Tha eadhon ainm nan àitean mar cheòl milis 'nad chluais—Fairnilee, Ashestiel, Traquair, agus Elibank.

Nach iomadh ceum a rinn an Ridire ainmeil Scott an cois lùban na h-aibhne-sa. Le chuid chon air a shàil nach minic a chite e moch is anmoch an so a' deilbh nan sgialachdan mais-each a thug a leithid de thlachd do shluagh gun àireamh air feadh an t-saoghail gus an là an diugh.

Tha rìoghachd litreachas na h-Alba fo chom-ain dhà airson nan seann òran agus nan seann uirsgeulan a thog e o bhilean an t-sluaigh anns na glinn, agus airson mar a thaisg e iad 'na

leabhraichean gu bhith mar dhìleab luachmhor aig gach neach leis an àill. Chan eil ionad air a bheil e deanamh luaidh anns na ceàrnaidhean a dh'ainmich mi nach fhiach a thadhal.

B'fheudar dhòmhsa tilleadh le mo chromaig do'n bhaile mhór mus do ràinig mi gach clachan is allt, gach tulach is coil, gach eaglais is dùn bu mhath leam fhaicinn air sgàth nan laoch a dh'fhàg eachdraidh nan crìochan ud againn ann an cumadh cho tlachdmhor agus am pasgan cho sìor-mhaireannach. Ach thug mi dhachaidh leam ùrachadh agus neart agus blàths cridhe a tha mi an dòchas a leanas mi gus am faigh mi an ath chothrom.

Four Editors

The first of these was Rev. Dr. Neil Ross, a Skyeman of considerable literary talent, who could compose readily in English and in Gaelic. One of the founders of An Comunn told me of the appearance of Neil Ross as a competitor in the Recitation class at the first Mod held in Oban; and I had the pleasure of hearing his eloquent presidential address at the National Mod in the same town.

Dr. Ross edited Volume III of the Scottish Gaelic Texts series, "Heriocratic Poetry" from the book of the Dean of Lismore; and he served An Comunn Gaidhealach well, both as editor and president.

He was succeeded by Rev. Malcolm Macleod, a Lewisman whose speech and writing were redolent of the Gaelic of his native Uig. Rev. Calum was a warm-hearted friend and most interesting company. He gave valuable service to An Comunn as its president and as editor of *An Gaidheal*.

The third editor I have known is happily still with us, alert, hale and vigorous. Rev. T. M. Murchison is known to Highlanders as a capable member of many committees in church and state that deal with Highland affairs. In all their deliberations he shows such outstanding powers of analysis, clarity of thought and conciseness of speech that additional demands are made on his services. Thus he has felt it necessary to demit office as editor of *An Gaidheal*. For ten years he has discharged his duties as editor with ability and assiduity, and we are glad that An Comunn will still have the benefit of his support and wise guidance.

And now, once again, a Lewisman follows a Skyeman as editor. I have known James Thomson from his boyhood, and An Comunn may rest assured that the magazine will be edited with zeal and competence. He was Gaelic Master in the Nicolson Institute before he was appointed headmaster of Bayble School,

and he was the first of the crowned bards of An Comunn. The elegance of style that we find in *Fasgnadh* will be manifest in his contributions to *An Gaidheal* and we wish him all success in his new office.

All members of An Comunn ought to buy, read and commend the magazine. Every branch and *ceilidh* should enrol new subscribers; for without an increased circulation, additional revenue from advertisements cannot be expected, and without additional revenue, the magazine will always be a drain on the funds of An Comunn.

The best encouragement we can give to our new editor is to make persistent efforts to increase the circulation of *An Gaidheal* immediately.

ANGUS MACLEOD,

Convener of the Publication Committee.

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Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged	£2,348 19 5
Sale of Work, 31/8/57 ..	522 17 8
Free Gift Scheme ..	568 4 6
Flag Day, 15/6/57 ..	65 8 7
	£3,505 10 2

Received at Glasgow—

Previously acknowledged	£292 10 9
Mrs. A. E. Matheson, Edinburgh	3 — —
London Branch, Comunn na Clarsaich	2 — —
Mrs. Neil Orr, Edinburgh	1 — —
	298 10 9
	£3,804 — 11

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£164 7 6
Bowmore Branch	5 — —
Kyle Branch	5 — —
	£174 7 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£10 5 9
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GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(I) INTRODUCTORY

By DERICK S. THOMSON

CRITICISM of the arts in Gaelic Scotland is at best perfunctory, at worst misguided, uninformed, sycophantic and mealy-mouthed. Criticism of contemporary arts, whether literary, dramatic or musical, is too inhibited by the consideration of personalities: we suffer from being so small a society, from knowing each other too well, from a conflict between kindness and truth. Kindness may indeed breed sympathy, which would be valuable for the criticism of good work in the arts, but when it becomes an important factor in the criticism of inferior work, that criticism itself becomes inferior.

Other extraneous factors affect our approach to criticism of the arts. Religious attitudes, whether sectarian or not, have often coloured our appreciation of music or literature, and set up an antithesis between the sacred and the profane which (especially in the crude form in which it is usually stated) does not properly apply to the arts at all. The Devil is so conspicuously absent from modern Gaelic literature that there is little conflict possible. It may be partly because the scope of the writer has been so restricted by this prevailing climate of opinion that we have so little imaginative fiction in modern Gaelic.

An intense local patriotism has also had its bad effects on Gaelic literature and other arts. In its narrower application this patriotism would tend to exalt, for example, a Lewis song or singer over one from Skye; in its wider application it tends to make a song or a poem excellent simply because it is Gaelic. This approach can only succeed in clouding the issue.

These attitudes also affect our judgment of the Gaelic literature, music and art of the past. It would be hard to believe that all *piobaireachd* is excellent artistically: some is certainly imitative and uninspired. But we do not have enough qualitative criticism of this music. The folksong enthusiasts, too, might concern themselves more with a qualitative assessment of our songs. It is not sufficient to claim that the 17th century waulking songs are superior to those of the 18th and 19th centuries. It is also necessary to distinguish between the excellent and the mediocre in the 17th century; or even between the good and the not-so-good. Is not the melody, for example, of *Alasdair Mhic O-ho* more satisfying, more pleasingly and cunningly varied, than that of *Là Inbhir*

Lòchaidh? Again, need we be prevented by prejudice from believing that *certain* of the Kennedy-Fraser versions of Gaelic songs are more interesting than the *authentic* folk variants of these which survive?

Similarly, we do not have enough qualitative criticism of the Gaelic literature of earlier centuries. The poetry of our earliest Scottish Gaelic anthology, in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, is of varied and uneven quality; much of the poetry in the *Fernaig MS* is frankly mediocre, but there has been little attempt to separate the chaff from the grain. Again, is it justifiable to condemn the lyricism of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's *Moladh Mòraig* on moral grounds, because that poem purports to celebrate an illicit liaison? Or again, would it be just to regard Donnchadh Bàn as the poetic equal of Wordsworth, or would such an attitude imply a degree of chauvinism?

The attempt to find an answer to such questions reveals some difficult problems, of which there is, perhaps, no fully satisfactory solution. The critic may aim at being objective, but knows that objectivity here is a chimera. His response, to be valuable, must be in part subjective and individual. There are few hard-and-fast rules to guide his literary judgment. He must rely largely on his taste, and the best he can do is to cultivate that taste. He must, again, bring this *literary* taste to the sampling of such a poem as *Moladh Mòraig*, not disregarding moral principles but assessing their relevance to the literary judgement he has to make. If he is to make comparisons with poets of other literatures, he must know these literatures well.

The latter point brings us to one of the most difficult problems of all. By what standards should Gaelic literature be judged? The accumulated wisdom of critics of diverse nations and periods is surely not irrelevant to this problem. Gaelic literature, we must concede, should not be entitled to 'opt out' of such standards as are widely accepted in other European literatures. Triteness, verbosity which is not dramatically justified, weak construction, poor poetic taste—such blemishes should surely be criticised as freely in Gaelic as in English or French poetry. On the other hand, the function of poetry in a particular society is a relevant consideration for the critic. He will not look for the exact same qualities in the work of sophisticated

metropolitan poets, such as Dryden or Pope, as in that of poets writing against a more rural, or mystical, background, such as Wordsworth or Yeats. With such distinctions as these in mind, he will have a different approach, in each case, to the medieval courtly poetry of Ireland, that part of 17th century Scottish Gaelic poetry that is composed against a heroic background, and the "romantic" and subjective poetry of William Ross. Some at least of the sceptical confusion with which some contemporary Gaelic poetry, as that of Somhairle MacGilleathain, has been greeted arises from a failure to recognise that this poetry is written against a double background, whose elements are conflicting—the background, on the one hand, of a decaying Gaelic society, and on the other, of a cosmopolitan industrial society. This poetry's literary antecedents are as complex as its social ones. To judge it purely from the viewpoint of 18th or 19th century Gaelic poetry would be at least as unjust as to judge William Ross's verse from the viewpoint of the bardic verse of the 16th century.

The course, then, which the Gaelic literary critic has to steer lies among varied hazards. Without deviating too far from that course (which should resemble the course of literary critics of other nations), he must nevertheless avoid foundering on the rock of slavish acceptance of other literatures' standards (particularly those of English), and he must avoid the whirlpool of national prejudice. His course is not well charted, except where earlier wrecks lie exposed. But he can at least accept the duty of making a fresh beginning and take the risk of another shipwreck.

* * * *

This series of articles proposes to consider the work of several of the major 18th century Gaelic poets, against the background of their times, and against the background of the Gaelic poetic tradition. Some attempt will be made to assess what is most valuable in the work of each poet, and to underline qualities which might have a wider, international, sanction. This attempt can have little more than a temporary, or contemporary, significance, for poetry requires to be re-assessed periodically, and its relevance to a particular time or generation established.

In the 18th century the pattern of Gaelic de-nationalisation, so ardently pursued by powerful factions in the 17th century, begins to be clearly discernible. This steady movement away from Gaelic patterns of speech, thought and social organisation is only emphasised by the revolt of those who tried to

halt it. The language of the Lowlands was already making deep inroads on Perthshire and Southern Argyllshire; a spate of translation from English (mostly of religious works) in the second half of the century was symptomatic of changing fashions of religious thought, and did much to foster these; the clan system was already entering on the long decline which has ended in the clan mummery of the 20th century. It seems safe to say that Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, to take the outstanding example among the 18th century poets, reacted consciously and valiantly against all these de-nationalising tendencies, but none of the poets could be entirely immune to the powerful influences of their time. Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, Dugald Buchanan and William Ross worked within the educational framework which threatened their language with death; at the end of the century Ewen MacLachlan was beginning to take his place in a non-Gaelic milieu, and was to become the first considerable Gaelic poet to live his life in such a milieu.

The circumstances in which these poets found themselves drew from each of them a different type of response. MacLachlan aimed at transplanting a part of the classical inheritance he had acquired into Gaelic, and so translated part of the *Iliad*; Buchanan, influenced in his imagery by some of the greatest English poets, became the greatest poet of the Highland Evangelical movement. John MacCodrum, favoured by geographical and other factors, remained the most traditional of the major 18th century poets. But they were all strongly influenced by the poetic tradition to which they belonged. It will be part of our purpose in succeeding articles to follow the threads of that tradition, and conversely, to distinguish the threads and patterns of innovation which these poets introduced into their work.

HAD I NOT HEARD YOUR VOICE

Had I not heard your voice where would my sojourn be now, what my fellowship and my pleasure, and what would be the nature of my choice and my desire?

Had I not heard your voice there would be no sun in my sky, neither corn blades in my fields nor green foliage on my branch.

Had I not heard your voice my heart would not harbour a choice prayer or yearning, a lasting longing or peace.

The pleasant zeal of hope would not gild my mountain summits if I had not heard your voice, and my wandering would for ever be in the valley.

FASGNADH.

WHITHER AN COMUNN?

By JOHN M. BANNERMAN

I DO not propose that this be a commentary on 1891 and all that. Our presidential orations, our *Deo Gréines*, our *Gaidheals*, and our talkative executives have recorded "all that"—the hopes and fears, the triumphs and failures, the agreements and disagreements. All are proof that An Comunn has lived and made progress as a voluntary association with a laudable purpose but all are also evidence that the association has progressed more than the purpose.

Mods and provincial Mods are widely publicised and An Comunn is now regarded as a body of national importance albeit the public confuse Mod and Comunn and know little of our day to day purpose and work throughout the year.

It is in this regard that we fall far short of our own ideal. Our purpose is to maintain and develop Gaelic; our justification for existence as a Comunn is the extent to which we organise and work for that purpose. The names of our standing committees indicate the framework of the Gaelic edifice we would build. But for all our years of building time only a few concrete pillars and some shaky girders are in place. There is no sign that these are being added to or strengthened and the stone and mortar stage appears to be postponed indefinitely. Some of us talk too much, some of us disagree too much, and most of us do too little. If the pillars are our Mods and the girders our branches and the floor-joists our feachdan where are the scores of thousands of people who should be the stone and mortar of our building?

The truth is we must rebuild even the skeleton we have taken so long to erect, and what is more, replan our building. Our feachdan must be the foundation and the concrete pillars, our branches the girders and the stout flooring; the men and women living in the Highlands our stone and mortar; and as decoration not foundation the Mod and provincial Mods.

Assuredly we require an organiser for the North and an office in Inverness. His is the duty to revitalise old and establish new branches the length and breadth of his area, and that without delay. The Northern Sub-committee can and I hope will give him individual assistance. His office must remain vital as a centre while he is in the field.

In the South our Secretary must be an organiser in his own field, with a supervising eye always on the North. In turn his office in Glasgow must remain vital as a centre and can

only do so if the tyranny of minute-taking cease to suck the life-blood of An Comunn.

And the life-blood of An Comunn is practical endeavour in the field. And what of the foundation and pillars of our edifice. As in the case of the branches, so must we find an organiser for Comunn-na-h-Oigrìdh and its feachdan, one for the North and one for the South.

Given honest endeavour our building will begin to show itself to the world as workmanlike and inspire confidence. As honest workmen, and not cap in hand, we can go to the Education Department and demand as legal right financial and other assistance. Teaching of Gaelic in schools would grow with our edifice. What we would need, to finance such new endeavour meantime, we would find as we have found since 1891, by the strength of the faith and the purpose that is in us.

I hear the question—who is to say what should be done and not be done? I am but one member of An Comunn anxious that we find the way before it is too late. I have used "must" where, perhaps it would be more diplomatic to use "should". We as a people or as individuals resent "must", as do most others, but, survival means the sacrifice of some sovereignty for individuals as for nations. We are told that the seeds of dissolution are in ourselves. The prophets can be confounded but only if we by hard work rise above our disunity and apathy. We can forget self and our differences when the cause is noble and our purpose just.

Can we make An Comunn worthy of the noble purpose that embraces the cultural well-being of our people, our language and our country? We must.

Secretary's Notes

A new Branch of An Comunn was formed in Colonsay on 6th September by Mr. John M. Bannerman, Past President of An Comunn, and a member of the Executive Council. Mr. Neil B. McNeill was elected President, and Miss Eleanor Ogilvie, Kiloran Farm, undertook the duties of Honorary Secretary.

At the opening ceilidh of the **Dumfries Branch** on Friday, 11th October, Mr. Neil MacVicar, President, was in the chair. Local artistes contributed to the programme and were assisted by Kenna Campbell and Mod Gold Medallist, Iain R. Douglas. During the evening

the Secretary of An Comunn was invited to address members and supporters. It was encouraging to note that the Branch is being well supported by enthusiasts who in many cases travel long distances to attend the monthly ceilidhs. Former Branch Treasurer, Mr. Archie MacDonald, now resident in Glasgow, was present and he was made an Honorary Member, an honour which was well earned for his work on behalf of the Branch.

The Hall of the Clans was packed to capacity when *Comunn Tir nam Beann, Dun Eideann* and the **Edinburgh Branch** held a joint ceilidh on 16th November. Their guest artiste was this year's lady medallist, Johan Macleod, who was ably supported by local singers and instrumentalists. The Secretary of An Comunn presided and was afforded an opportunity to appeal for support for the 1958 Mod Fund.

On 26th November the **Hamilton and District Highlanders' Association** held a ceilidh in aid of the Mod Fund in Burnbank Burgh Hall. The following artistes from Glasgow gave their services free:—Sheila A. McDougall, Johan Macleod, Calum Cameron, and accordionist Norman Morrison. In addition two local Scots singers helped to make the programme a great success. The Secretary of An Comunn, who presided, was introduced by the President, Dr. A. A. Wilson. During the evening Mrs. John M. Bannerman, Convener of the 1958 Mod Local Committee, made an appeal on behalf of the Mod Fund and thanked the Association for their valuable support. The result of the Ceilidh was most gratifying, the sum of ten guineas having been handed over to An Comunn.

The Secretary and his wife had the pleasure of paying a second visit to the **Manchester Branch** on 7th December. It was most encouraging to learn how Branch members are so interested in Gaelic, not only songs, but the spoken word as well. Members of the Gaelic Class are making excellent progress in learning the language.

Since the **Dumbarton Branch** was resuscitated in December, 1956, it has, through the enthusiasm of its Office-bearers and Committee, become strongly established. The ceilidh in the Masonic Hall on 18th December was well attended despite inclement weather, and a first rate programme was submitted. We very much regret to report that the President, Mr. Donald MacSparran, has resigned for health reasons, and we hope that he will soon be restored to a measure of good health. Vice-President, Mr. James Cameron, is acting as interim President until the Annual Meeting.

National Mod, Dundee

11th-16th October, 1959.

The inaugural meeting of the 1959 National Mod was held in Dundee on Friday, 13th December. An Comunn were represented by Mr. John M. Bannerman, Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Secretary, and Miss Mary S. Young, Treasurer. Owing to a cold Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President of An Comunn, was unable to attend. A warm welcome was extended to all by the Chief of the Dundee Highland Society, Mr. McHardy, and by Mr. F. G. Lorimer, Vice-President. Mr. Bannerman explained the purpose of the meeting. During the evening, Mrs. Margaret MacDonald, Honorary Secretary of the Branch, intimated that the following had already agreed to accept office.—

Convener—Mr. John Macleod; Honorary Vice-Conveners—Lord and Lady Provost Hughes; Vice-Conveners—Mr. F. G. Lorimer, Mr. Duncan MacRae; Hon. Secretary—Mrs. Margaret MacDonald, The Barn, Longforgan, by Dundee; Hon. Treasurer—Mr. James Malloch, 34 School Road, Dundee; Accommodation Secretary—Miss M. MacKay, Dryburgh Terrace, Invergowrie.

Conveners of the various Sub-Committees were also appointed. A meeting of the General Committee will be held early in the New Year. Choirs Secretaries and others are asked to note that reservation of accommodation will not begin till the end of September, 1958. A list of accommodation is being prepared.

An Comunn is indebted to the Dundee Highland Society for the efficient manner in which this first meeting was conducted and our representatives would like to express their sincere thanks to members of the Society for their kindness and hospitality.

(*R'a leantainn o t.d. 4*)

(*followed from page 4*)

An uair a fhuair Ealasaid a h-anail air ais d'hrich sinn chun a' mhullaich. A sin fhuair sinn sealladh air cha mhór an eilean gu léir. Bha oiteag chàilear gu h-àrd an so agus laith sinn 'nar sineadh gus an robh sinn gu math deiseil airson tilleadh.

An dèidh dhuinn dlòth de fhracch Mhùineig a bhuain chom sinn, gu bhith air ar n-ith aon uair eile aig na cuileagan. Ach dé an difir? Cha b'urrainn do m'athair a radh gu bràth tuilleadh nach deanadh sinne siubhal air mòintich: bha am fraoch 'ga shealltainn!

SEONAID NIC ILLEMHOIRE
Airigh an Tuim.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AM MART, 1958

Aireamh 3

GAIDHLIG ANNS NA SGOILEAN

O chionn dà fhichead bliadhna tha lagh na rìoghachd ag agradh gum bi Gàidhlig air a teagasg anns gach sgoil air a' Ghaidhealtachd far eil clann aig eil Gàidhlig. Ach 's e ceist eile a tha ann a bheil an lagh so air a leantainn gu cunbhalach anns gach ceàrnaidh far eil luchd Gàidhlig. Chan eil lagh an fhoghlaim ag àithne gum feum a' chlann a bhith air an oileanachadh 'nan cainnt fhéin, na gum feum Gàidhlig a bhith air a teagasg dhaibh o'n là thòisicheas iad anns an sgoil. Gus an tachair sin tha sinn cinnteach nach eil a' chlan-sa faighinn an còraichean, agus nach eil an cànan—seann chànan na h-Albann—a' faighinn an t-àite air a bheil i airidh.

Dh'fhosgail Achd an Fhoghlaim anns a' bhliadhna 1918 dorus feumail airson leas na Gàidhlig, ach cha do dh'fhosgladh an dorus farsaing gu leòr. Tha làn thèide aig na Gaidheil aig eil ùidh 'nan cainnt mhàthaireil an guaillean

a chur ris an dorus agus fhosgladh air a chlab. Mas e An Comunn a dh'fheumas sàthadh eile a thoirt dha tha an t-am air tighinn—thàinig o chionn fhada. Carson a bhiodh sinn riaraichte cho fada leis an t-seanfhacl, 'S fheàrr fuine thana na bhi falamh uile? Carson a bhiodh sinn a' criomadh fuine thana fad dà fhichead bliadhna? Nam biodh an t-acras 'gar tolladh nach deanadh sinn spàirn chruaidh airson coinneachadh ris a' chiocras? An e dìth càlach is aobhar nach eil an gnìomh a' cumail coiseachd ris a' gheadhraich? An e cion aithne air cor dìblidh na Gàidhlig a nis is aobhar nach eil sinn a' faicinn crith-ghluasad a measg nan cnàmhan tioram? An e fàidh aig eil sùilean a chì, agus creideamh far eil an sealladh dorch a tha dhìth oirnn? Tha an ùine dol seachad 'na ruith, agus tha gach bliadhna slugadh leatha nithean a bha dùil againn a mhaireadh.

Có sheasas anns a' bhealach maille rinn an diugh? Cha tig am màireach a chaoidh.

CLAR-INNSIDH

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An Cuala Tu So?

1. Aithne gun chuimhne; am mìos buidhe, am mìos dubh, am mìos marbh; boinne am beul na gaoithe; uisge am bun an t-soirbhis.
2. Druim a' sgadain; tarr a' bhradain; cùl-cinn a' bhric dhuibh.
3. Mìos Faoillich, seachdain Feadaig, ceithir là deug Gearrain, seachdain Caillich, trì là Sguabaig—suas an t-Earrach.
4. Fhuair Niall àit-adhlaig anns a' chladh air dhàil. Mìos an déidh do a bhràthair, Coinneach, a bhith air adhlacadh chuir fear a' chlaidh teachdaire gu Niall a dh' iarraidh an airgid. "Can ris na cóig notaichean a chur an so air ball. Mur a cuir abair ris e thighinn a dh' iarraidh Choinnich."

Othail Anns An Iar

1. Toiseach na trioblaid

Le FIONNLACH I. MACDHOMHNAILL.

ANN am baile beag ris an canadh iad Giorrasul, rugadh, turus, leanabh le paidhear speuclairean. Rinn an rud a bh'ann othail uamhasach, oir cha chualas gun do thachair a leithid riamh roimhe, eadhon ann an Amaireaga far am bi rudan neònach a' tachairt ri linn 's mar a tha daoine a' slugadh phileachan.

B'e a' chiad rud a thachair gun do theab briseadh pòsaidh a bhith ann. Oir mhìcnnaich is bhòidich athair an leinibh nach robh speuclairean air duine taobh seach taobh de'n teaghlach, agus, mar sin, nach b'urraich speuclairean a bhith anns an fhuil. Ach chaidh an trod mhi-choltach sin a shocrachadh an uair a thuirf bodach glic a mhuinntir an àite mura robh speuclairean ann am fuil an teaghlach ud nach motha na sin a bha iad ann am fuil eile sa' bhaile. Agus thàinig athair an leinibh gu a chiall. Dh'iarra e maitheanas a mhnatha airson nan droch rudan a chuir e as a leth, agus bha bangaid ann nach fhacas riamh a leithid ann an Giorrasul.

Cheannaich athair an leinibh sia botuil uisge-bheatha agus trì botuil fhìona. Ach, leis cho coibhneil 's a bha na nàbaidhean, agus leis cho toilichte 's a bha iad gun deachaidh an trod a chur an dara taobh gu rèidh sìtheil, nach ann a bha dusan botul uisge-bheatha agus deich botuil fhìona air am fàgail an uair a bha a' bhangaid seachad. Sin an seòrsa baile a bh'ann an Giorrasul. Baile sèimh, laghach, far nach fhaca duine coire ann an nàbaidh riamh.

An uair a bha e mìos a dh'aois chaidh an leanabh a bhaisteadh. Agus thugadh Seumas air an déidh a sheanar. Leanabh tapaidh a bh'ann cuideachd, agus, mura b'ùe na speuclairean, cha chuireadh sibh uidheireachd a chruthaich Sealbh air 'ga fhaicinn anns a' chreathail. Leanabh solta. Cha do rinn e ràn riamh ach an turus a thug a mhàthair na speuclairean dheth. An turus sin, rinn e sgalarthaich a thug an smidhe dubh mu cheann Móire Bàine trì tighèan air falbh. Cha dhùinneadh e a chraos gus an deachaidh na gloinneachan a chur air ais air. Ach an uair a rinneadh sin, stiòl e air deoghal na seaghal a bha fo smeigid mar a ni leanabh sam bith a tha tioram agus sàsuichte.

Nam faicheadh sibh na speuclairean air an dreasair—rud nach fhaicheadh—cha toireadh sibh gròt orra seach speuclairean a chitheadh sibh air sgeilpìdh ann am *Woolworth*. Ach bha rud-eigin ann. Cha leigeadh a mhàthair leas an toirt far Sheumais an uair a bhiodh i 'ga

nighe, agus bha sin cho math. Cha tigeadh sgleò orra ri linn a dhol bhò fhuachd gu teas, ged nach biodh mòran fuachd a' faotainn a dh'ionnsaigh leinibh cho maoth. Cha robh iad 'nan cùis dragha an uair a smuaislicheadh an gurb ris a' chluasaig. Agus, cho fad 's a chith-eadh duine sam bith, bha iad a' fàs mar a bha Seumas fhéin a' fàs.

Ann am baile sam bith eile bha an rud a bh'ann air cagnadh a chumail ris na cailleachan fad bliadhna. Ann an àiteachan as aithne dhuinn, bha iad air far-ainm a thoirt air a' phàisde fada mu'n do chuir am ministear am bùrn air a' mhalaidh. Ach bha daoine cho laghach ann an Giorrasul, agus cho moiteil as a chéile, 's nach cluinneadh sibh an tarraing bu lugha air a' chùis. Eadhon an uair nach do rinn athair Sheumais fad miona a bhuaib leis mar a chaidh e air an daoraich leis na botuil uisge-bheatha agus fhìona a bha chòrr air a' bhangaid, cha do rinn na nàbaidhean ach a' mhòine a bhuaib agus a thogail agus a chruachadh dha gun ghuth gun fhacal.

B'ann an uair a bha Seumas trì mìosan a dh'aois a thachair a' chiad dólus. Ge b'e de a chaidh cèarr, nach ann a chuala cuid-eigin air an *Daily Express* gun robh rud iongantach air choir-eigin ann an Giorrasul. Dh'fhoghainn sin. An latharna mhàireach, bha bìdeag aig *William Hickey* ag ràdh gun cuala e gun do thugadh laogh ann an Giorrasul le fiacalan fuadain.

Thòisich an othail. An ath latha a rithist, chaidh an *Daily Mail*—air an robh an caothach dearg—as àiche so, agus chlà-bhuail e caob de sgeulachd ag ràdh nach e fiacalan fuadain a bha anns an laogh idir ach sia cùlagan diag gu h-àrd 's gu h-ìosal. Bha a sgeul fhéin aig a h-uile paipear. Ann am fear, bha cóig casan air an laogh; ann am fear eile bha iomradh gun do rug bó meann. Bha aon phaipear, nach dean math dhuinn ainneachadh, air a leinheachadh cho mòr a chionn 's gun d'fhuair an *Daily Express* agus an *Daily Mail* an sgeulachd, agus gur h-ann a chlà-bhuail e dealbh de dh'uan le cuibheal air, a rugadh, ma b'fhior, le té de na caoraich nach gabh cumail far sràidean Steòrnabhaigh.

Ann an latha no dha bha na breugan a' tachdadh a chéile, agus air Oidhche Shathurna bha na polasmair a' sgoltadh chlagan ann an tigh-òda air a' Phaisley Road far an deachaidh daoine an uganan a chéile. Bha gach fear a' creidsinn a' phaipear a bha e fhéin a' lughadh, mar bhios daoine a' creidsinn mu pholataics. Co-dhùibh no co-dheth, chaidh trìuir a chur an gréim, agus noclid iad mu choinneamh an t-Siorraim madainn Di-Luain.

Cha bhiodh an Sioram a' lughadh ach an *Glasgow Herald* agus an *Scotsman*, agus cha robh guth air a bhith anns na paipearan sin mu

Facail Bheaga

rud mi-chiatach sam bith. Mar sin, cha robh fios aig an duine bhochd c'àite an robh e an uair a thòisich na prìosanaich agus na fir lagha ag argumaid mu laogh le casan fiodha, mu uain le fiacalan fuadain, agus mu mhinn le cuibhlichean. Dh'fhiach e'n toiseach ri facal geur no dha a ràdh ann an riochd gliocais, mar a bhios Siorraman a' deanamh co-dhùbhbh. Ach cha robh e cho math 's a b'abhaist dha ri linn 's gur e maduinn Di-Luain a bh'ann. Agus cha do shàsaich e na fir lagha, 's cha do chlos e na prìosanaich.

Mu dheireadh thall, dh'òrduich an Siorram a' chùirt a chur air ais seachdain gus an rachadh rannsachadh a dheanamh. B'e sin an t-aobhar a thug e. Ach, a dh'innse na frinne, 's ann a bha an duine bochd ag iarraidh cothrom siolpachd chun an dotair gun fhios nach e lagachadh a bha a' tighinn anns an inntinn aige fhéin—rud nach biodh math ann an Siorram.

Leis a' chùirt a chur air ais, chuir an Siorram an cèol air feadh na fìdhle—agus an cat ameasg nan calman, mar their iad anns a' Bheurla. Ma bha paipearan ann nach do d'ainmich dad roimhe, cha robh paipear anns an Rìoghachd nach d'thug iomradh air brionnglaid an t-Siorram, agus, 'na luib sin, air ceann-aobhar a' ghnòthaich.

Agus cha b'anns an Rìoghachd so a mhàin. Anns an Fhraing, bha dealbh an t-Siorram ann am Figaro. Ann an Amaireaga, bha litrichean òirlich anns an *New York Tribune* ag ràdh "*Riot in English Court*". Agus tha e coltach gun robh trì duilleagan ann am *Pravda*—duilleag de laogh Rùiseanach anns an robh fiacalan fuadain, duilleag de mhairt Rùiseanach a rug minn, agus duilleag de dh'uain Rùiseanach le cuibhlichean. Thug *Pravda* cuideachd sgolladh air Rìaghaltais na dùthcha so airson a bhi a' cur teagamh anns na thubhairt an luchd-oibreach a thog na polasmair air a' Phaisley Road.

Gann mu'n do ràinig an Siorram an dotair, bha itealan as gach cearnaidh de'n t-saoghal a' deanamh air *Prestwick*, agus bha càraichean a Glaschu a' deanamh air Mallaig le luchd paipearan a bha air an rathad a Ghiorrasul.

Ach ann an Giorrasul fhéin bha daoine a' buain a' choiree agus a' spealladh an eòrna. Bha na mathan a' fighe stocainnean bhòtunn airson nam fear mu choinneamh a' gheamhraidh. Bha Seumas beag a' teannadh ri suidhe le taic agus ag amharc an t-saoghail troimh a speulcairean. Bha gach ni gu sìtheil, ciùin, anns a' chlachan. Cha bhiodh na Giorraslaich a' leughadh ach am *Biobull*, agus an *Stornoway Gazette*, agus *Gairm*. Ann an aon dhiubh sin, cha robh guth air na ceudan de mhuinntir nam paipearan naidheachd a bha a' cromadh air an àite le pinn 's le pensealan.

(*R'a leantainn.*)

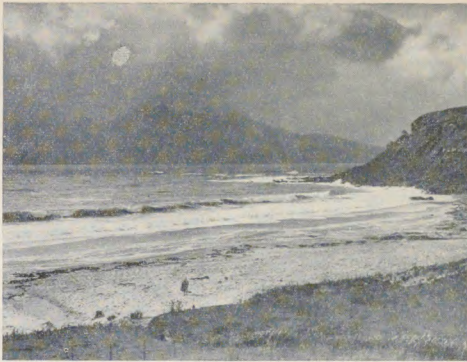
Cha b'e ar comain agus fhàgail a mach as na facail bheaga. 'S iomadh fear a dh'fhàg a bheannachd aige airson mar a bhiodh e air barr na teangaidh nuair nach freasgradh facail bu mhotha agus a b'àirde fuaim air. So facal air a bheil an neach as lapaiche anns a' Ghàidhlig eòlach. An fear nach leugh 's nach labhair ach mall aithnneidh e agus ma chì no ma chluinn e e. Cha bhi e gun Ghàidhlig chothromach, fheumail fhad 's a bhios e cinnteach as an fhacal bheag-sa.

Tha facail eile ann a dh'fhosgla beachd bho bheachd no sealladh bho shealladh. Sin an obair as miann le ach a bhith deanamh; chan eil e idir toilichte ma dh'fhàgas ni sam bith far am faigh e e. 'S ann a tha agus air an làimh eile a' ceangal suas, a' càrnadh suas an àite a bhith dealachadh 's a' sgapadh. Tha tobair nam facal tioram, tràighte aig mòran de luchd labhairt aig amannan ach cha bhi iad gun agus fhad 's a bhios an anail annata.

Nuair nach eil an smaoin a' ruith cho iasgaidh no cho sìubhlach 's bu mhathe leat is math an casan agus airson seasamh air gus an dùisg an smaoin no gus an tig am facal a tha cho rag 'na imeachd. Faodaidh tu do chuideam a leigeil air gun ionnaidh sam bith gun togar ceàrr thu, no gun dìobair e. Tha e bonnachar, carbasach, gun chunnart gun atharraich e a bhrìgh am feadh a bhios tu feitheamh ris an ath smaoin. Caraid dileas do'n neach bu chòir fuireachd sàmhach, dùilnach nach cuir a chùl ri a dhualchas ge b'e có air a thig caochladh. Tha fìor dhreach na h-aoise air ach tha e frogail, iasgaidh. 'S iomadh facal ris na chuir e a ghualainn 's a chum e air a chòraichean. 'S iomadh beachd tèoma, agus beachd staoon ris na dh'èisd e gun leigeil air gu robh e cluinntinn—stòlda, modhail mar bu dual do sheann laoch eòlach a bhith.

Ged is ann ainneamh a fhuair e a riabh an t-àite toisich cha do gheairn e gu robh facail fada na bu mhiosa air frithealadh na esan a' dol suas roimhe. Dh'fhaodadh e uail a dheanamh, nam biodh sin 'na nàdur, nach d'fhuair eadh e aig am sam bith air bonn a' chlas. Cha b'urrainn a h-uile facal sin a ràdh. Tha facail gu leòr ann a nìthear a chùis fada as an acnais, ach ma chailles tu agus bidh tu as an d'ig. 'S ann lapach, rag a bhicidh duine as acnais ball snaime, ro leibideach gun agus r' a làimh.

Cha d' fhuair eadh a riabh lorg air a shìns-earachd ged a rinneadh rannsachadh mìon-aideach a measg nam faclairian, ach cha do chuir sin an cùram bu lugha airsan. Ged a gheibte lorg orra cha bhiodh aon aca comasach air àite-san a lionadh. Tha sinn làn chinnteach nach bi aon de dhàimhean air fhàgail as a dhéidh.



Grian air Eige 's stoirm air Rùm

Leis Na Baird

THA sinn a' cur fàilte bhlàth air Fear-deasachaidh ùr, an t-seathamh fear ré mo dhlùth cho-cheangal féin ris a' Chomunn, agus is e ar guidhe is ar dòchas gun soirbhich leis agus gum bi sineadh làithean air am buileachadh air. Tha neach eile a' sgrìobhadh mu a dhéidhinn is cha chan mi an corr uime ged is eòlach air mi. Bu mhath leam mo thaing a chur an céill do'n Urramach uasal a tha air nallach a' mhiosachain so a leigeil dheth an déidh aona bliadhna deug de shaothair dhìcheallaich, air bheag cuideachaidh bho luchd-sgrìobhaidh Gàidhliche. Tha mi gu mòr 'na chomain air son a' chuideachaidh agus na misnich a thug e dhomh. Dh'fhòglum mi móran uaith.

Ann a bhith a' cur fàilte air Mgr. Mac-Thómais, bàrd cho coimhionta is a tha againn an diugh, thug e gu mo chuimhne bàird a b'aithne dhomh mun do thòisich An Comunn air an crùnadh.

Tha e mar an latha dé leam, is cha robh mi aig an am air dol do'n sgoil, turas a thug Dòmhnall MacEacharn dhachaidh do Dhiùra gu tiodhlachadh a bhràthar, Iain. A bhith a' faicinn bàrd anns an fheòil, nach bu shealladh sùla sin do bhalach beag? Ged a b'fhàidh an duine cha chuireadh e am barrachd ionghnaidh orm. Bha e fhéin is m'athair air na co-aoisean agus còmhla anns an Sgoil Bhig mun do sgrìobh Dòmhnall cho snasmhor, drùidhteach 'na

leabhar "Am Fear Ciùil". Bha Aonghas Og, a bhràthair a b'òige, 'na bhàrd comasach mar an ceudna, mar a thuigeas aon sam bith a leughas a dhà òran anns an "Oranaiche", "Fàsachadh na Gaidhealtachd" agus "Oran do Bhàta". Bha mi fìor eòlach air Aonghas is air a mhàthair.

An ath bhàrd ris an do thachair mi b'e Niall MacLeòid, am Bàrd Sgitheanach, B'ann aig Mòd Struighlea (1909) a bha so agus is taitneach an cuimhneachan dhòmhsa gu robh conaltradh agam ri duine cho aoibheil, càirdeil, ceanalta. Cha bhiodh neach fada an cuideachd sàir Ghaidheil mar sud an uair a thuigeadh e a ghnè a thug bith do na h-òrain aotrom, aighearach a dh'fhàg e againn 'na leabhar "Clàrsach an Doire". Chan ann sgaiteach mar MhacCodrum ach loma-làn de àbhachd gun ghò, gun spid. Bha Oran Brosnachaidh a' Chomuinn ùr aig an am agus chluinneadh tu thall 'sa bhos, "Togaibh i, togaibh i, ach is e a thuir Niall is mi fhéin 'san éisdeachd, 'Ma tha bonn leth-chruin an crochadh rithe cha ghabh i togail!" B'e sin prìs choitcheanta leabhraichean Gàidhlig aig an am agus b'e sin a bha air inntinn Nèill. Cha ruigeadh esan a leas a bhith a' talach air malaìrt a leabhar fhéin. Bhiodh a' cheart bheachd aige an diugh mu cheannach leabhraichean Gàidhliche. Faodaidh mi innsadh san dol seachd gum b'e Niall MacLeòid a liubhair an Oraid Ghàidhlig aig fosgladh a' Mhòid air a' bhliadhna ud. Tha e an Riaghailtean a' Chomuinn, mur eil an

Ceann Suidhe murrach air an òraid Ghàidhlig a liubhairt, gu faodar iarraidh air neach eile sin a dheanamh. Ged a bha Baintighearna Ormadaill gleusda, dealasach agus làn fhiosrach air eachdraidh is litreachas na cànaire, cha robh i comasach air a leabhair mar bu mhath leatha. B'e Fionn a liubhair an òraid a' bhliadhna roimhe sin aig Mòd Bhaile Bhòid.

Thachair mi air Iain MacPhàidein aig Mòd Bhaile Bhòid is sinn a' farpais an aghaidh a chèile an Earrainn na h-Aithris. Bhuidhinn esan air son na bàrdachd is mise air son an leughaidh. Cha do chuir mi aithne cheart air an duine éibhinn, ghasda sin gus an do thòisich mi air friithealadh aig Céilidh nan Gaidheal. Bu bhàrd g' a chùl Iain. Dheanadh e òran air cuspair cudthromach cho math ri òrain éibhinn a bhiodh e ag aithris aig a' Chéilidh agus a bheireadh togail intinn do gach aon. Leugh mi a leabhar "An t-Eileanach" thairis is thairis mun d'fhàg mi riamh a' Bhuaille Bhuidhe. Thug e mach a dhara leabhar fo'n ainm "Sgeulaiche nan Caol". Tha bàrdachd is rosg coimhionta anns an dà leabhar so agus is math an cur seachad feasgair a bhith 'gan leughadh. Chaidh Iain a chrùnadh mar dhara bàrd a' Chomuinn aig Mòd Pheairt (1924).

Chaidh ar Fear-deasachaidh a chrùnadh a' bhliadhna roimhe sin. Tha mi mòiteil as gu robh làmh agam 'nan crùnadh, bha agus coig-ar-fhichead 'nan déidh. Gu ruige so chaidh naoi-ar-fhichead bàrd a chrùnadh (dithis bhan) agus a rèir m'fhiosrachaidh tha deichnear dhiubh nach maireann.

Chaochail Fionn goirid an déidh dhòmhsa a bhith air mo stéidheachadh mar Rùnaire ach eadar Mòdan is coinneamhan caidreach bha an deagh aithne againn air a chèile. Sgrìobh Fionn mòran mu litreachas, eachdraidh is ceòl na Gaidhealtachd agus bha e air a mheas a bhith cho fiosrach anns na cuspairean sin ri neach eile a bha beò ri a linn. Ged nach d'fhàg e mòran de a oidhirpean féin 'na dhéidh chuir e luchd-leughaidh is luchd-seinn fo mhór chomain dha leis na chuir e an clò de obair chàich le ceòl agus eadar-theangachadh mar tha an "Celtic Lyre". Tha bàrdachd is rosg aige bho iomadh ùghdair anns an *Celtic Garland* agus an "Leabhar na Céilidh".

Is esan a dhealbh am fonn sgairteil, togarrach ris am bheil sinn a' seinn "Sas leis a' Ghàidhlig" an diugh.

B' aithne dhomh ùghdair nam facal ris an do chuir Fionn am fonn, Donnchadh Mac'Ille Ruaidh. Cha do rinn e, do m' aithne-sa, ach trì òrain, ach a thaobh teagasg Gàidhlig rinn e obair ionmholta. Dheasaich e dà leabhar teagasg a bha gu mòr fheum 'na latha. Thug e seòladh misneachail, eagnaigh dhomh fhéin

an uair a ghabh mi os làimh Gàidhlig a theagasg am Baile Bhòid. Bha e àireamh bhliadhnanach 'na Fhear-deasachaidh air "An Deò-gréine".

Bha mi na b'eòlaiche air Calum MacPhàrlain na air an dithis a tha mi an déidh ainmeachadh oir bhiodh e tric a' tadhal orm an Glaschu. Fhuair mi sgeul uaith, uair is uair, mu stéidheachadh a' Chomuinn agus iomradh orrasan a thug an gnothach gu buil. B'e Calum ceud Fhear-deasachaidh "An Deò-gréine", ainm a lean ris a' mhiosachan ré shè bliadhna deug. Mar thubhairt mi mun dithis eile cha d'fhàg Calum a bheag de a chuid bàrdachd fhéin as a dhéidh ach cho fad's a bhios òrain Ghàidhlig air an seinn maidridh ainm Chaluin mar ùghdair "Mo Dhachaidh". Bha e ealanta air sgrìobhadh ciùil agus chlo-bhuail e àireamh de leabhair-chean beaga, mar tha "An Lon-dubh" is iad sin. Is esan a chuir am fonn ri òran Néill MhicLeòid, "Far an robh mi'n raoir." Tha mi fhéin 'na chomain air son fuinn a chur ri "Beannaibh mo Ghràidh" agus "Fraoch Geal".

Is taitneach an cuimhneachan dhomh gun do chuir mi aithne air Dòmhnall MacIomhair, ùghdair an orain chiataich sin, "An Ataireachd Ard", agus ris an do chuir Iain Dòmhnallach an Obain fonn cho fìor grinn agus cho freagarach air briathran drùidhteach a' bhàird. Tha mi an dùil nach eil fios aig mòran gun do choisinn a' bhàrdachd sin a' ceud duais aig Mòd fad air ais. B'ann aig Mòd Ionadail an Steòrnabagh a chuir mi eòlas air an fhìor dhuin-uasal so. Bha mi saor bho mo dhreuchd fhéin ré ùine bhig agus chaidh mi do'n talla anns an robh am bàrd a' toirt breith air an òigridh is iad ag aithris air mheomhair an òrain sin, "An Sruthan". Bha na co-fharpaisich aige mun cuairt air agus mhinich e gu coomh, eagnaigh dhaibh na h-uile sreath dheth. Dli'fhòglum mi fhéin mòran uaith agus théid agam air a ràdh le frinn gun d'fhuair mi fiosrachadh air rannaigheachd is dealbh fhacal nach d'fhuair mi bho dhuine riamh roimhe.

Gach dileas gu deireadh! Cha bhiodh e ceart no iomchuidh dhomh luaidh a dheanamh air bàird a b' aithne dhomh gu Iain Camshron, Paislig, ainmeachadh. Bha mi na bu trice 'na chuideachd, an dòigh chaidrimh, na aon eile a dh'ainmich mi agus b' fhéin am fear cuid-eachd fonnmhor—Sgeulaiche, Bàrd is Fear-ciùil. Tha e an seilbh a' Chomuinn fhathast co-chruinneachadh de chiad òran a sgrìobhadh sios bho a mheomhair bho "Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain" gu "Fear a' Phige". Mar shamhladh air a bhàrdachd cha ruig mi a leas ainmeachadh ach "Gleann Bhaile Chaoil" agus "Air faille ill o iriag". Air son Phort-a-Beul dheth bha a cheann loma-làn diubh. Duine coibhneil, blàth-chridheach, a chuireadh loinn air cuid-eachd is air céilidh.

Tha cuimhne chùbhraidh againn air na bàird a dh'fhalbh. Dh'fhàg iad dìleab luachmhor againn agus cuireamaid i chum na buile bu mhianig leo.

NIALL.

Lia Fail

THA mòran anns a' chunntas a tha againn mu 'n chloich-sa nach urrainn sinn a shlugadh gun a shioladh. Is iongantach am beul-aithris agus an eachdraidh a shuainig i uimpe fhéin a nuas troimh na linn-tean. Nam biodh clachan ri liathadh bhiodh i so cho bàr ris a' chanach o chionn iomadh ginealach oir mas fìor toiseach an iomraidh tha i corr air dà mhìle gu leth bliadhna dh' aois. So an dearbh chlach a réir beul-aithris an t-sluaigh, air na leag Jacob a cheann anns an fhàsach nuair a chunnaic e ann am bruidair fàradh eadar nèimh is talamh agus na h-ainglean sìos agus suas a'air.

Nuair a chaidh Clann Israel sìos do 'n Eiphit a cheannach crìonachd an am an teanntachd thug iad leotha i do 'n tìr sin air eagal gun cailleadh iad i oir bha i ro luachmhor 'nan sealladh. Ach air dhaibh cùl a chur ris an Eiphit dh'fhàg iad Lia Fail as an déidh ged a bha ùine aca airson seudan òir agus airgid nan Eiphiteach a thrusadh.

Bha Prionnsa as a' Ghréig 'na shàr ghaisgeach an armailt Phàraoh aig an am a phòs Scota, nigean an Rìgh. Fhuair iad Lia Fail mar thocharadh agus thug iad leotha i do 'n Spàint far na shuidhich iad rìoghachd ùr dhaibh féin agus do an luchd leanmhainn. Chan eil teagamh nach do chrùnadh am Prionnsa air a' chloich ainmeil-sa anns an dùthaich sin.

Iomadh linn an déidh sin dh' éirich aon de 'n teaghlach rìoghail is miann air dualchas a shinnsearachd a leantainn. Shuidhich esan a chùrsa do 'n àirde 'n iar-thuath le Clach an Dàin 'na chòis gus an deach e air tìr an Eirinn. Thug e Scoti mar ainm air an dùthaich mar chumhneachan air a' bhan-Eiphitich o'n tàinig e.

An ceann mòran ùine a rithist thog Farghus I, aon eile de'n teaghlach rìoghail, air gu ruige Earraghaidheal, a' fàgail Eilean Gorm an Fhèir air a chùl agus shuidhich e a dhachaidh an Ardchatan. Bha Calum Cille mu'n am-sa a' sgaoileadh an t-soisgeil air feadh Alba agus bha sùilean rìghrean agus uachdarain air Eilean I mar an reul-soluis. Bu mhat le Feargus an crùn a bhith air a chàradh air a cheann le làmh an Aba air Lia Fail anns an Eilean Naomh. Thachair sin, agus faodaidh e bhith gu robh a' chlach air a gleidheadh san eaglais

naomh gu bhith sàbhailte tuilleadh. Co dhùibh tha e air aithris gu robh i aig Calum Cille aig am a bhàis.

Goidir an déidh nan Lochlainneach taomadh a steach do na h-Eileanan a Siar, far na thòisich iad air an léirsgrìos airson a bheil iad cho ainmeil an eachdraidh, theich manaich I gu tìr-mór agus fhuair iad fàsadh an Dunstafnais a thogadh le aon de rìghrean Dhalriada. Bha Lia Fail aig na manaich an so.

Tha eachdraidh na cloiche nas cinntiche o so a mach. Thug Rìgh Coinneach leis i anns a' bhliadhna 834 gu Scone far na chrùnadh iomadh rìgh oirre an déidh làimhe. Tha cuid aig an robh lorg gu math air a' chùis ag ràdh gu robh clachan gu leòr de'n dearbh ghnè anns gach àite an Albainn anns an d'fhuair Lia Fail dachaidh car ùine, ach chan eil sin a dearbhadh nach tàinig i riann a tìr chéin. Tha clachan rud-éigin coltach ri chéile ge b'e àite anns am faighear iad.

Thug Eideard I, rìgh Shasuinn, leis Lia Fail le làmhachas-làidir gu ruige Lunnainn anns a' bhliadhna 1296 agus chàradh i anns an Rìgh-chathair air an deach rìghrean is ban-rìghrean Shasuinn is Bhreatainn a chrùnadh o'n am sin gus an là an diugh. Bha sùil ri ath-thilleadh na cloiche a dh'Albainn an déidh Achd na Saorsa anns a' bhliadhna 1328, ach cha do thachair sin gus an tugadh air ais i gu falachaidh agus gu ladarna a chionn beagan bhliadhnachan. Bha lagh Bhreatainn ro làidir airson gun cumte i an Albainn tuilleadh, agus tha i air ais a rithist anns a' Chathair an Lunnainn fo dhion luchd faire, agus fo ghlaiss.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Mrs. J. M. Bannerman, Balmaha ..	£1 1 —
Mrs. Donald Grant, Glasgow ..	— 12 —
Collection at Celtic Cup Final Shinty Match, per Mrs. M. C. Edgar ..	5 11 6
Coffee Morning at Lilybank Gardens ..	20 — —
Bring and Buy Sale, 16/4/57—Work Party ..	14 14 8
Hon. Frank M. Ross, British Columbia, per Mrs. Edgar ..	100 — —
Proceeds of Whist Drive, 16/4/57—Work Party ..	29 1 10
Sir Alexander King ..	105 18 6
A. Nicolson, Esq., Glasgow ..	2 — —
Miss R. M. Dingwall, Hamilton ..	1 — —
Mrs. Brown, Dunoon ..	— 10 —
D. Urquhart, Esq., Natal ..	1 — —
Mrs. C. M. B. Dunlop, Glasgow ..	1 1 —
Proceeds of Jumble Sale, 23/11/57—Entertainments Committee ..	25 16 7
Hamilton & District Highlanders' Association—Ceilidh ..	10 10 —

(Continued on page 30)

THE EDUCATION OF BILINGUAL CHILDREN

(I)

THE problem of how best to educate children who have the use of more than one language is not one that faces the parents of Gaelic-speaking children alone. The state of bilingualism exists on a marked scale in every country in the world, with the exception of Iceland and possibly Portugal. Surprisingly enough it is at present on the increase, for a variety of reasons. There are now in Scotland, in addition to our own large Scottish Gaelic group, a number of smaller minority groups, speaking, for example, Urdu, Cypriot, Polish and Ukrainian, who are desperately concerned with this educational problem. In history the problem is as old as education itself. The failure to solve it has caused the disappearance of powerful languages such as Latin and Sanskrit, and there are many in Scotland who believe that, as far as Gaelic is concerned, the matter is also already settled. We do know, however, from the history of other languages, more particularly from what has happened in recent years to Welsh, Czech, Norwegian and Afrikaans, that this need not necessarily be the case, if the people who speak Gaelic wish it otherwise.

It is necessary, in considering this problem, to understand what bilingualism, the use of two or more languages by the same person, really means. The abstract term itself is misleading. It seems to suggest only two languages, but quite often more than two are involved. It also seems to suggest a fairly equal facility in the two or more languages, when it is really very difficult to find such a person as a "bilingual" child in this sense. No child has equal command over Gaelic and English, for example, at a particular time. Always, there is a preferred or first language, and the preferred language is not necessarily the same in all circumstances. Very often, it is Gaelic in the home, and English in the school; Gaelic for ordinary, everyday use and English for more complex situations. As the result of education or change of environment the preference may pass in the lifetime of the individual from the one language to the other. This is very true of Gaelic speakers who prolong their education or who leave the Gaelic-speaking area. The way in which a bilingual child uses his languages is affected by a great many factors: his home background, his intelligence, his verbal ability, his social environment, the

effects of his education, his attitude to the languages, the attitudes of his parents and teachers to the languages, the interaction of the languages on each other, and so on. In fact, bilingualism is a very complex condition, and even in the most Gaelic areas there are now as many kinds of bilingualism as there are individuals in that condition.

It can be understood therefore how careful one has to be in estimating the effects of bilingualism on the education of a child. It can only be done on the basis of careful scientific investigation when it is absolutely certain that it is the effects of bilingualism and nothing else that are being measured. During the past fifty years there has been an increasing amount of such investigation. Most of it has been devoted to measuring the effects of bilingualism on the intelligence and educational attainments of the child, but there has also been some investigation of its effects on his emotional and personal development. With the exception of one published study by our own Scottish Council for Research in Education (Smith: *Mental Testing of Hebridean Children in Gaelic and English*) all this research has taken place in other countries. The work done in Wales is of particular interest to us. Allowing for the fact that what is discovered about bilingualism in one country can be applied only with reservations to that condition in another country, it can fairly be said of all this research that, while it has been of great value, its results have largely been negative. Its chief value has been to show how complex the bilingual condition is and how inadequate are the tests and techniques that have been used to measure it. Before the effects of bilingualism can be more accurately measured the kind of bilingualism that exists in the area under investigation has to be measured on a linguistic scale, and then special tests have to be devised for the measurement of its effects.

Only a limited amount of knowledge has been established about the effects of bilingualism in education but some of these findings will be of particular interest to parents of Gaelic-speaking children. For example it is fairly well established that bilingual children are not inferior in intelligence to children with only one language, if they are properly tested. What has been shown is that intelligence tests constructed solely for English-speaking children

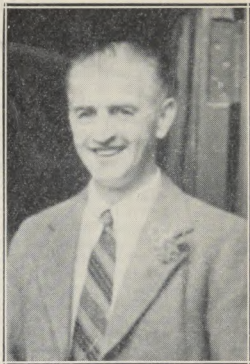
are inadequate and unfair for testing bilingual children. Again, there is no evidence to show that bilingualism is a disadvantage from the point of view of educational attainment. Neither is it an advantage, unless in certain limited special circumstances, such as learning certain other languages. There is some evidence to show that bilingualism may affect the emotional development of children, if allowance is not made in the education of such children for the possible existence of conflicting attitudes and tensions in their cultural background i.e. for the fact that they are bilingual.

It can be expected that in the course of time but sooner rather than later the effects of bilingualism on the development of a child will be much more fully known. In the meantime the knowledge at our disposal is sufficiently authenticated to be of help to parents in these two respects. On the one hand it supplies a useful corrective to the sweeping statements that are made from time to time about the value of a bilingual education. If a child is educated to be literate in one language only, he has been as well educated as far as his needs are concerned as if he had been educated in two languages. On the other hand if there are some other reasons why Gaelic-speaking children should be made literate in both Gaelic and English this knowledge should also enable parents to cast a more critical eye over our present educational system. Originally, a major aim of this system was to destroy Gaelic as a living language and to substitute English for it. While this is no longer one of its aims, the system in most of its practices and certainly in its results has still the same effects on Gaelic-speaking children. Parents are entitled to ask in the light of our established knowledge about bilingualism, why a system cannot be provided to make their children literate in Gaelic as well as in English.

The real issue, therefore before parents is whether there are pressing reasons for making their children literate in Gaelic, and if there are, what changes these would require in our educational system.

J.A.S.

Northern Organiser



The recently appointed Northern Organiser, Mr. Alexander J. Maclean, who has been carrying on business in Inverness for several years comes from Torridon, Wester Ross and is well qualified for his new duties. He has interested himself in all matters affecting the Highlands, and has taken an active part in An Comunn's efforts to maintain the Gaelic tradition in the North. Mr. Maclean is a popular tenor and a valued member of the Inverness Male Voice and Gaelic Choirs.

He is interested in Gaelic drama, is a member of the Northern Committee of Comunn na h-Oigridh, and has experience of Youth Camp activities. As committee member of several Associations and as Treasurer of the local Branch of An Comunn the experience gained should be a good preparation for the office-work and the field-work which are so essential.

We wish him every happiness and success in the task on which he is now embarking.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

THE Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach met in the Office of An Comunn, Glasgow, on Saturday, 18th January, 1958. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, was in the Chair, and there was a good attendance of members.

The President welcomed Mr. Alexander John Maclean, the newly appointed Organiser for the Northern Area, and wished him every success. He paid tribute to Rev. T. M. Murchison for his work as Editor of An Gaidheal, and welcomed his successor.

The minutes of the Ordinary and Special Meetings of the Council were approved. A Minute of the Advisory Committee reported the Committee's decision to offer the post of Northern Organiser to Mr. Alexander J. Maclean, the appointment to be effective from 1st January, 1958.

A Minute of the Finance Committee indicated that an order for 2,000 Badges had been placed and that a supply was now available. It was reported that superannuation for Miss Turner and Miss Macleod, members of the Office staff, was now in operation. The Treasurer was instructed to make further inquiry of the Law Agents regarding Mrs. Milloy Millar's bequest of £400 to An Comunn. Information was given that Captain Moffat-Pender had offered, this year again, to be responsible for 25 per cent of the expenses of Junior Choirs attending the National Mod.

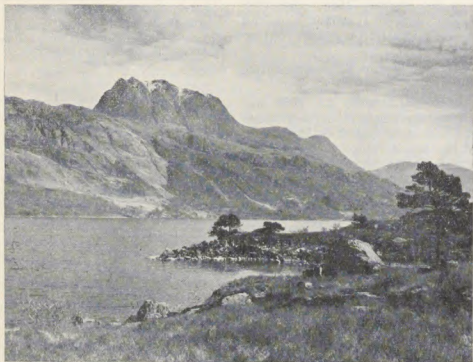
The Minute of the Education Committee recorded that there would be no Gaelic Summer School this year as Jordanhill Training College was not available for the purpose. A letter from the Depute Director of Education indicated that the Gaelic classes in Edinburgh had made a good beginning.

After considering a letter from the Director of Education for Renfrewshire it was resolved to request the Director to receive a deputation from the Committee to discuss the question of

the teaching of Gaelic in one or more of the schools in the County.

A Minute of the Publication Committee intimated that 1,000 copies of the first of the Illustrated Gaelic Readers for Primary classes had been received and were now available, and that proofs of the new edition of 'Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig' were still coming in. It was agreed to pay the editor of 'An Approach to Gaelic' the 10 per cent royalty on the retail price of the book. The material for part two of this grammar is awaited.

Minutes of the Propaganda Committee were approved. The remuneration recommended to be paid to persons employed as singing teachers is as follows: £8 per week (full-time) plus travelling expenses; £1 per day (part-time) plus travelling expenses. The Committee agreed that the total expenditure should be shared equally by the Provincial Mod Committee and An Comunn. In response to the advertisement for singing teachers six persons with the necessary qualifications indicated their willingness to engage in this work, some on a part-time basis only. The Council agreed to employ these as the demand for their services arose. A suggestion by Mr. Alastair Cameron that An Comunn might send one or two singers on a concert tour in Argyll in the Spring was favourably received, and concrete arrangements will be made later.



An Sleaghach, os cionn Loch Ma-ruibhe

(Donald B. MacCulloch.)

A detailed report of the conference between An Comunn's delegation and Mr. Gildard of the B.B.C. in Glasgow on 7th Dec. last re Gaelic programmes was submitted by Mr. R. Mackinnon. Mr. Gildard undertook to report to his Controller the views expressed by our representatives. It was noted that the Northern Propaganda Sub-Committee decided to interest Branches in their area in appointing representatives to the Executive Council, and also their request that meetings of the Parent Committee be fixed well in advance to enable the Sub-Committee to send a representative when possible.

A joint meeting of the Propaganda Committee and Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee recommended that visits to Feachdan and Branches should be co-ordinated. Mr. R. MacKinnon agreed to make inquiry as to where new branches could be established in Perthshire, and the Convener offered to explore the possibilities in Lochearnhead and St. Fillans. At an earlier meeting it was unanimously agreed to send representatives at the earliest opportunity to explore the possibilities and with a view to (a) Forming Feachdan in rural schools. (b) Contacting leaders. (c) Arranging a subsequent meeting of leaders.

Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman agreed to visit Lewis and the Uists, and Mrs. Edgar agreed to visit Islay and Tiree.

It was proposed that An Comunn should offer a course in Music and Drama to be held at Cnoc Nan Ròs in August, 1958, and that Directors of Education in Highland Counties be informed. This suggestion was approved by the Council.

The Minute of the Mod and Music Committee was approved.

The selection of Mod songs for 1959 was submitted. The recommendation that songs could be sung a semi-tone higher or lower than the prescribed key was accepted by the Executive. A list of Gaelic adjudicators to be approached for the 1958 Mod was drawn up, and names of possible music adjudicators for next year's Mod were agreed on.

In order to encourage Ladies' Choirs from rural areas it was decided to set up a new competition with similar rules to Comp. No. 71, the competition to be effective as from the 1959 Mod. It was noted with satisfaction that the B.B.C. intend to give similar coverage in sound as in previous years, and that arrangements will be made to televise 30 mins. of the Grand Concert.

The Convener reported on the inaugural meeting of the 1959 National Mod Committee in Dundee.

It was resolved to use an annual sum of ten pounds from Col. Maule Horn as a Gaelic prize for the Junior literary competitions. Approval was given to proposals by the Association of Gaelic Choirs that in Comp. 60: (a) Numerators should be provided (b) The names of those who pass the Gaelic test should be checked before the choirs are allowed to compete.

A Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh referred to prospects of establishing several Feachdan in Islay. Arrangements for the Summer camps were approved. The Camp for native speakers will be held from 28/6/58 to 10/7/58 and that for learners from 14/7/58 to 24/7/58.

It was decided to ask the Coll Society to renew the Hector Macdougall prize. Competitions for this award might be held in the schools in the event of there being no camp in any year. A Vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the meeting.

(Continued from page 26)

Balmaha Outing, 22/6/57	£43 — 3
"The Nameless Lassie", Hamilton ..	— 5 —
Muir of Ord & District Community Association	14 — —
Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee	10 — —
Bowmore Branch	5 — —
Donald Thomson, Esq., Oban— Travelling Expenses relinquished ..	4 — —
Proceeds of Concert organised by Mrs. Ian MacLeish, Perth	19 3 6
Mr. Duff, Fort William	3 3 —
John A. MacRae, Esq., Glasgow— Arranging Fee relinquished	2 2 —
	<u>£419 10 10</u>

National Mod—Inverness, 1957

Received at Inverness—

Previously acknowledged £3,505 10 2

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AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AM MART, 1958

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Sgialachdan Sgitheanach

Mar thàinig Puir-t-a-Bèul do na h-Eileanan an Iar.

THA feadhainn eòlach gu leòir air a bhith a' cluinntinn Phort-a-Bèul an diùgh, ach tha eachdraidh mar a thàinig na puirt a bha so a dh'ionnsaigh muinntir nan Eileanan an Iar an toiseach air innse aig na bodaich anns na tighean-céilidh an uair a bha mise 'nam bhalach òg agus so mar a chuala mise eachdraidh mar a thòisich iad.

Tha e coltach gu robh nighean aig Rìgh Tir-fo-Thonn agus 's e 'n t-ainm a bh'oire, Binne-Bhéul agus mar a fhuair i an t-ainm a bha sin is ann air aobhar gu robh i uamhasach déidheil, agus math cuideachd, air a bhith 'gabhaill nam port a bha so.

Agus là àraidh a bh'air a chur air leth airson pòsadh—bha i a' dol a phòsadh mac do Rìgh Lochlainn—agus madainn a' phòsaidh, bha i a' faireachadh cho tuilichte agus cho aighearach agus gun do thòisich i ri gabhaill nam port a bha so; agus bha na puirt cho binn agus cho blasda agus 's ann a chuala fuamhaire mór a bha 'na dhragh do dh'iasgairan agus do chroitèaran nan Eileanan an Iar iad. Bha e 'na dhragh mór dhaibh. An uair a bhitheadh iad ag iasgach bhiodh e a' milleadh nan lion aca, agus an uair a bhiodh iad airson aimsir mhath a bhith aca airson togail nan cliabh-ghiomach, dheanadh esan a leithid a starapraich anns a' Chuan Siar agus gun cuireadh e na cléibh aca an Ear 's an Iar, 's gum biodh iad a' call mòran diubh. Agus bha e a' deanamh call mór orra air iomadh doigh.

Ach an latha bha so chual' e 'n ceòl. Chual' e 'n ceòl aig Binne-Bhéul agus i a' gabhaill nam port a bha so. Agus thòisich e ri dannsa. Agus tha e air aithris gun do thòisich e tràth 's a' mhadainn air dannsa agus mu mheadhon-latha bha e a' dannsa cho làidir, agus a' leum cho àrd agus tha e air aithris gun do leum e seachad air Cuilithinn an Fèilcin Sgitheanaich, agus seachad air Cuilithinn Rùm, agus feasgar 's ann a bha e a' mach fada anns a' Chuan Siar taobh èile do dh'Eilean Leòdhais, agus e a' dannsa gu làidir.

Agus chum Binne-Bheul oirre a' dol, 's i cho tuilichte oidhche a' phòsaidh aice. Chum i a' dol a' gabhaill nam port a bha so, agus mar bu mhotha a ghabhadh ise de na puirt, is ann bu mhotha a dhannasadh am fuamhaire. Ach mu dheireadh thall, ged a bha e glé mhath air an dannsa, 's ged a bha e làidir, agus iomadh cumhachd aige, dh'fhàs e cho sgith 's gu'n do laigh e sìos faisg air Hiort, tha e air aithris, agus chaidh a bhàthadh. Agus cha do chuir e an còrr dragh' air iasgairan no air croitearan nan Eileanan.

Ach riamh o'n là sin, tha daoine a' cumail beò an coibhneas agus am mathas a rinn Binne-Bhéul air an son an uair a chuir i as dha'n fuamhaire mhór a bha so. Tha iad a' cumail cuimhneachan oirre le bhith 'gabhaill nam port tha so aig na céilidhean, agus aig na pòsaidhean, 's aig na dannsaichean.

Ach chan e sin uile gu léir a' chùis. An uair a bhios sinn uile iomadh uair, agus fuamhaire Mi-Dhòchas a' cur dragh' oirnn, 's e rud is fheàrr air an t-saoghal a thogas ar n-inntinn, 's e bhith 'gabhaill fear de na puirt a tha so 'na luinneag bheag òrain dhuinn fhìn. Agus sin an rud a thogas ar n-inntinn, agus a chuireas air falbh bhuainn fuamhaire Mi-Dhòchas agus fuamhaire Mi-Chreidimh.

Domhradh Beag agus Domhradh Mòr

MU thimchioll dà cheud bliadhna air ais bha dà bhràthair, Dòmhnall Ruadh beag agus Dòmhnall Ruadh mór a' fuireachd le chèile ann am bothan beag aig iochdar beinne. Do bhrìgh 's gun deachaidh an dithis aca a bhaisteadh leis an aon ainm, thug muinntir na sgìre Dòmhradh Beag air fear dhiubh agus Dòmhradh Mòr air an fhear eile.

Tha e coltach gu robh e 'na chleachdadh aca bho'n òige a bhith goid bho'n co-chreutair ni sam bith air am faigheadh iad grèim agus gu h-àraidh airgid. Cho luath 's a thuiteadh an oidhche chuireadh an dithis aca cairt air an sgìre, a' goid ge b'e ni air am faigheadh iad

làmh, a' spùineadh gach caileig 's gach gille ris an coinnicheadh iad air an t-slighe. Bha Dòmhradh Beag cho ealanta air an obair so ri Dòmhradh Mór. Nuair a thilleadh iad dhachaids an càil an làtha chunntadh gach fear na thruis e air a thuras agus théid mise an urras nach b'e sin am beag. Ach co dhùibh bha barrachd aig Dòmhradh Beag na bha aig Dòmhradh Mór agus mar sin cha robh so a' còrdadh ris an fhear eile. "Feumaidh stad a bhith air a chur air so", arsa Dòmhradh Mór ris fhéin. Smaoinich e gun cuireadh e as d'a bhràthair ach cha robh e cho cinnteach de seòrsa bàis a chuireadh e air. "Chan fheum mi a bhàthadh air eagal gun snàmh e gu t'ir agus gun cuir e as dhomh fhin; 's ann a dh'fheumas mi a thilgeadh thar sgorr creige agus tha fios nach fhaigh e as an sin co dhùibh."

Air an là màireach dh'éirich Dòmhradh Mór gu moch 's a' mhadaoinn, stob e Dòmhradh Beag ann am broinn poca, cheangail e sreang mu bheul, thilg e air a dhruim e agus a mach a thug e. Air an rathad thàinig e gu tigh òsda agus a chionn 's gun robh an là blàth chaidh e steach airson gloinne lionna. Dh'fhàg e am poca aig an dorus.

An ceann greiseig có thàinig suas chun an tigh-òsda ach ceannaiche-siubhail. Thilg esan a phasgan bharr a dhroma agus chuir e ri taobh a' phoca e. Thòisich am poca air gluasad agus air sior ghluasad gus an robh e mu dheireadh aig a chasan. "Leig a mach mi, leig a mach mi", arsa neach a bha am broinn a' phoca. Thug an ceannaiche-siubhail, a bha gus a dhol a cochull a chridhe, a mach sgian, agus ghearr e an t-sreang. A mach a leum Dòmhradh Beag air ball, rug e air sgòrnan air a' choigreach agus muin canadh tu "sneachda" bha an truaghan bochd 'na phrìosanach am broinn a' phoca. Chath Dòmhradh Beag pasgan an fhir eile air a ghuallainn agus rinn e air an dachaids cho luath 's a leigeadh a dhà chois leis.

An ceann ùine ghearr thàinig Dòmhradh Mór a mach as an tigh-òsda agus gun smaointean sam bith thilg e a phoca air a dhruim agus ghabh e suas an rathad. "Leig a mach mi, leig a mach mi," arsa Dòmhradh Beag, mas fhìor. "Bì sàmhach neo tachdaidh mi thu far a bheil thu", fhreagair am fear eile. "Cha leig thu fhéin a leas, bìdh mise air mo thachdadh co dhùibh ma bhios mi nas fhaide an so". Chum Dòmhradh Mór air adhart gus na ràinig e a' chreag agus chath e am poca thar a dhroma leis a' chreig. Ghabh e dhachaids ceum air cheum, agus nuair a dh'fhosgail e an dorus có bha roimhe an ceann a' bhùird ach Dòmhradh Beag, a' cunntadh dùn mór airgid. Cha mhór nach do thuit Dòmhradh Mór far an robh e oir bha dùil aige gur e samhladh a bha mu

choinneamh a bhùla. "Ach a rìgh nam beanna-chd càite an d' fhuair thu an t-airgid sin?" "Fhuair aig bonn na creige far an do chath thu fhéin mi", fhreagair a bhràthair. "Ma tha sin mar sin bi falbh agus faigh poca eile agus tilg mise ios cuideachd."

Ach saoil na ghabh Dòmhradh Beag comb-airle a bhràthar?

MAIRI NICCUMHAIS,
Cnoc Iordain,
Glaschu.

Glaistig Charn-na-Caillich

A REIR beul-aithris nan seann daoine, tha iomadh àite anns a' Ghaidhealtachd anns an robh Glaistig ri fhaotainn anns na làithean a dh'fhalbh.

B'e àite còmhnaidh nan glaistigean mar bu trice lochan iomallach agus aibhnichean. Bu choingeis leo uisge no talamh, agus ann an cruth bha leth 'na boireannach agus leth 'na gobhar!

Bha Glaistig Charn-na-caillich iomraiteach 'na latha anns a' Mhorbhairne agus ann an Aird-nám-murchan.

A róm seann bheul-aithris, thug i oidhirp air drochaid a chur air Caol Muile. Thrus i làn cliabh mór de chlachan á beinn is cnocan na Morbhairne, ach, an uair a bha i 'ga ghiùlan gu ruig taobh a' Chaol, bhris an iris agus thuit an cliabh.

Dh'fhàg i na clachan far an do thuit iad, agus sin agalbh an "càrn" a tha anns an ainm "Càrn-na-caillich." Tha e coltach gun do dhòirt cuibhreann de spiorad na bàrdachd oirre, agus so mar a dh'fhàg i againne ann an dàn iomradh air an oidhirp a thug i:

Am aithne dhuibh Càrn-na-caillich

Air an leacainn ghlais ud thall?

'S mise chruinnich siod le cliabh,

A h-uile spitheag riamh a th'ann;

Drochaid a chur air Caol Muile,

'S bha i furasd' a cur ann,

'S mur briseadh an iris mhùineil,

Bha i nis gun teagamh ann.

So a b'aoobar gun do chuir i cùl ris a' Mhorbhairne. Thairig bean cibòir ann an Eigneig cupa tea dhi. Tha e glé choltach nach robh eòlas no déidh aice air an tea, agus ghabh i a leithid de thàmailt—oir, 'na beachd-se, is e tairgse glé shuarach a bh'ann—is gun d'fhàg i a' Mhorbhairne gu buileach.

Bhiodh i bitheanta a' fuireach ann an Innis-nam-feòrag faisg air Gleanna-borodail, ach buinidh sin do sgeul eile.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN CEITEIN, 1958

Aireamh 5

DA CHANAIN

Tha buaidh aig cainnt na dachaidh air aigne agus air faireachdainnean an duine nach bi gu bràth aig cainnt choimhich air cho ealanta 's gum bi e innte. Air an aobhar sin tha rud-eigin a dhith air an leanabh a thig do'n sgoil gun fhacal 'na cheann ach Gàidhlig, agus a dh' fhàgas i gun chomas cainnt a mhàthar a leughadh no a sgrìobhadh gu pongail.

Tha mòran, anns gach dùthaich air feadh an t-saoghail, de'n bheachd gur mór an fheum a

tha ann an oileanachadh ann am barrachd air aon chànan a chum a bhith a' beathachadh agus a' fosgladh na h-inntinne, agus a chum a bhith a' geurachadh agus a' neartachadh comas breithneachaidh an duine. Ma tha am beachd sin ceart nach biodh e iomchuidh gum biodh saorsa aig leanabh a' Ghaidheil an tiodhlac a fhuair e 'na òige—a' Ghàidhlig—a chur gu buil.

A ris, ma tha cànan neach a' toirt cumaidh air a' ghnè seallaidh a bhios aige air an t-saoghal anns a bheil e, nach cinnteach gu bheil dà chànan a' fosgladh dà uinneig dha troimh am faod e amharc air son sealladh nas coimhlionta fhaotainn.

Ach tha cuid eile creidsinn gu bheil am fear aig nach eil ach aon chànan nas tuigsiche na am fear aig a bheil dha no trì. Chan eil ar n-eòlas farsaing gu leòr no domhain gu leòr fhathast air son a bhith làn chinnteach gur e beachd ceart a tha an sin. Ged a bhiodh e fìor, cuimhniceamaid nach e an tuigse an duine gu h-iomlan. Tha gliocas, is gnè, is innisg a cheart cho feumail ri tuigse, agus cha chuir fichead cànan a bhith aig duine gàradh-criche roimh na subhailcean sin.

Chan eil dearbhadh idir againn gu bheil fear an dà chànan air dheireadh air fear na h-aoin chànaime anns an adhartas a tha e deanamh ann an eòlas. Chan urrainn sinn a ràdh, air an làmh eile, nach eil fear na h-aoin chànaime air oileanachadh fa chomhair fheuma a cheart cho math ri fear na dhà. Tha mòran againn ri rannsachadh, mòran ri lorg a mach, mus urrainn sinn a ràdh le cinnt co as fheàrr dheth fear an dà chànan no fhear na h-aoin, co as tuigsiche, co as glìce, no co as fiosraiche de'n dìthis. Ach tha aon ni cinnteach. Chan eil e ceart no feumail gum biodh tiodhlac no tàlann a bhuilicheadh air duine air a thiodhlacadh anns an talamh.

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FIRINN

Ann an tigh m' Athar-sa tha iomadh àite-còmhnuidh: mur biodh e mar sin dh'innsinn-sa dhuibh. Tha mi dol a dh'ullachadh àite dhuibh.

(EOIN, 14, 2.)

Bealach Na Comraich

Le CALUM LAING

ROIMHE so b' e an t-slighe cham chun a' chaisteil aiseag na Comraich: rathad iarainn gu Caol Loch Aills' is bho'n sin bàta na smùide chun a' Bhàigh. Ach nan tachradh tèicheadh nan thonn a' bhith a' bualladh a steach le gaillinn o'n iar dh'fheumadh luchd-turuis le'm bu mhian faihinn air tir cuairt a thoirt dha'n aindeoin a Steòrnabhagh agus mur tigeadh feabhas air fairegte tilleadh an ath là do'n Chaol. Is ioma truaghan a chaidh fhudach seachad air a cheann-uidhe ri an-uair a chuireadh na fir-aisig gu'n dùbhlann nuair nach b'urrainn eathar i fhéin a thoirt slàn as.

Ged a bha tadhal na seann "Sìla" an urra ris na siantan, bu tearc iad a rachadh nar roghainn Am Bealach. Tha an rathad sin tarsainn nam beanntan, a' dìreadh gu cas gu àirde 2,052 troidh le lùban faisg air a' mhullach air chumadh bior-gruaige. Fhad's a bha mo chòmhnuidh san sgrìud chan fhacas càr air, ach tha iad a' falbh 's a' tighinn an diugh mur eil reothadh no sneachd ann.

Is e a thug 'nam chuimhne uile gu léir caimdealachd na Comraich còmhradh a bha agam o chionn ghoirid ann an tigh-eiridinn ri té a thug tarraing air cunnart a theab crìoch a chur oirre-se agus ormsa o chionn ochd bliadhna deug ar fhichead. Thug an cnatan mòr ise gu bruaich na h-uaghach, agus theab an sneachda trom a chùis a dheanamh ormsa.

Bha agam ri eaglais Lochcarroin a ghairm bàn, agus b'ann san dachaidh aiseag a bha dùil agam fuireachd làithean mo chuairt, a' faihinn ann is as timcheall a' Chaoil. Ach, mar a thachair gu brònach, bha fear an tìghe 's a' mhac 'nan sineadh marbh an t-Sàbaid ud. Cha robh muinntir na Comraich air son mi dh'ol faisg air Lochcarron idir air eagal gun toirinn dhachaidh leam a' phlàigh a bha a measg an t-sluaigh san àite. Mar sin cha robh mi air son fantainn an Lochcarron air an oidhche air chor sam bith.

Co-dhùbh chuir mi romham m' aghaidh a chur air a' Bhealach, oir cha robh dòigh eile agam air òrdugh na Cléire a choimhinnadh. Feadhainn a chuala gu robh dùil agam falbh thuirt iad: "Cò chunnaic duine a riamh a' gabhail an rathaid ud 's e air a thachdadh le sneachda domhain?" Cha do leig mi dad orm. Dh'fhan mi 'nam chaithris oidhche Sharthuime air eagal gun caidlinn ro fhada nan caidlinn idir. Aig trì uairean sa' mhadainn dh'fhalbh mi. Nuair a dh' fhosgail mi an doras thachair an sneachda rium aig an air-bhuinn, agus mus tillinn a ris bha mi gu barrachd dheth fhaicinn na chunnaic mi riamh roimhe. Is ann mu

sheachdain roimh Nollaig a bha ann 's an oidhche cho fada 's a bhithheadh i. Cha robh sgial air òirleach de'n rathad bho thòisich mi ri dìreadh. Aig àirde na beinne thàinig a' chamhanaich, is bu mhath sin, oir bha tearmadh cunnartach le grioban, creagan is sgorran a' falach fo'n t-sneachda. Mar sin is ann fiataidh, faicilleach a dh' fheumadh a h-uile ceum a bhith. Chanainn rium fhin: "Ruigidh each mall muileann, ged nach ruig fear a bhriseas a chas."

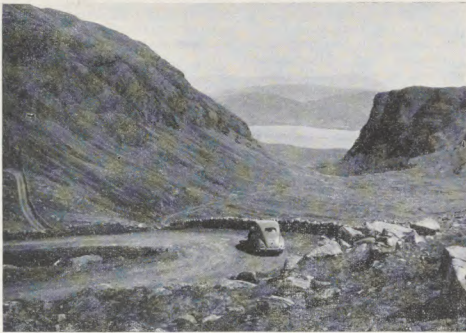
Tràth sa' mhadainn ràinig mi Riosal, air cladach Loch Closoirn. Cha robh còmhnuidh faisg faire ach tigh Dhòmhnail Bhàin, maor a bha air frith nam fiadh aig Morair Middleton. Is e seann duine foghainnteach, falaidh a bha an Dòmhnall, agus a bhean cho còir 's cho ciatach ris. Cha robh iad ach air ceò a thogail, ach bha fios agam gu robh fàilte feitheamh orm is gum b'e mo bheatha a bhith ann. Bhrist mi mo thrasg còmhla riutha agus nuair a leig mi m' anail chuir mi m' aghaidh air an t-slighe ris. Cha deach mi fada nuair a thòisich cur is cathadh. Mhair e mar sin fad an t-siubhail gu Baile Seana. Sluagh gu leòr an sin, ach cha robh duine ri fhaicinn no coltas gum biodh eaglais fosgailte an là ud. Cha b' iongnadh e a thoradh na h-anshocair is na h-aimsire a bha ann. Bhuail mi aig dà dhorus; agus is ann a ghabh an fheadhainn a dh'fhosgail eagal romham—bha mi air mo chòmhdach tiugh le bith mollach, min, gearl.

A thaobh na gairme laghail a bha agam ri dheanamh o'n chùbaidh, dh'fheumainn air a' char bu lugha dà fhianuis. Thug mi leam cléireach an t-seisein agus am maor-eaglais. Dh'fhalbh iad iasgaidh gu leòr nuair a thuir mi riutha nach cumainn ach ùine glé ghoirid iad, oir bha agam ri tilleadh an taobh a thàinig mi cho luath 's a b' urrainn domh.

Chuir mi crìoch air deasnas a ghluais o'n tigh mi ri sùid nan seachd sian; agus mus do dhealach mi riutha-san a shlaod mi a mach gheall mi fios a chur thuca an ath là nam bithinn beò. Leis an t-sùil mhuladaich a thug iad orm thug mi nach robh mòran dòchais aca gum biodh! Bha e an déidh dà uair dheug, là goidrì geamhraidh, agus mi air ceithir mìle fichead a chioseachd a cheana, fad an t-siubhail troimh sneachda. Bha an t-astar a' chioseachd air ais dhachaidh, nan rachadh agam air.

Mar a thachair, bha ceasnachadh air an t-sioman-athair Di-luain air dà thaobh nam beanntan, ach cha robh fhios aig duine thall no bhos de a dh'èirich do'n òigeir a dh'fhalbh 's nach do thill.

So mar a bha. Bho eaglais Lochcarroin chaidh mi air m' adhart gu Tòrnprais, agus



Bealach nam Bó.

a sin bha mi a' dìreadh nam beann. Bha nis tuilleadh de shneachd ùr bog air uachdair na bha ann a roimhe, 's cha b' e an cathadh làir nuair a thigeadh e le oiteagan o'n bheinn, deuchainn bu lugha. Bha mi dol suas mar a b' fheàrr a dh' fhaodainn, ach cha b'urrainn mo shiubhal a bhith luath. Mar a b' àirde a bha mi a' dìreadh is ann bu doimhne a bha mi dol fodha—glé thrì chun nan cruachann. Nan rachadh agam air mullach a' Bhealaich a ruighinn bhiodh na cunnartan a bu mhiosa seachad. Bhithinn a' tearnadh taobh a' chuain is bhiodh an iarmailt beagan na bu shoilleire mu mo choinneamh. Nuair a ràinig mi àirde na beinne cha b' fhada gus an do mhothaich mi rud a chuir stad gu grad orm—iomall bearraidh a bha gàbhail, cas. Nan rachainn leis bhiodh crìoch ormsa is air mo sgeul.

Smaoinich mi gum b' e mo ghliocas tilleadh sios taobh Chiosoirn, ged nach robh mi sa' bhad sin ach mu shia mìle bho mo dhachaidh. Bha mi teagmhach as mo chùrsa, agus dh'fhaodadh aon cheum eile air adhart mo chur dh'an t-siorruidheachd. Bha e na bu chinntiche, shaoileam, a dhol sios an taobh a thàinig mi. Bha na lorgan a rinn mi a' dìreadh cho domhain 's nach dùnadh iad an cabhaig. Mar sin threòraich iad mi greiseag, ach cha deach mi fada nuair nach bu léir dhomh gin. Chum mi orm a' tearnadh 's gun fhios agam c'àite a stadainn. Dhùraiginn m' anail a leigeil far an robh mi; ach nan rachainn am shineadh air an t-sneachda b' e an cunnart gun caidlinn 's

nach dùsginn tuilleadh, oir bha sud anmoch oidhche na Sàbaid, is gun mi an leabaidh o Dhi-haoine. Cha do thréig mo neart mi ged a bha mo shùilean a' fàs trom. Chuimhnich mi an uair sin gu robh allt a' ruith sios an coire air mo làimh dheis 's a' dòrtadh do'n mhuir faisg air tigh Dhòmhnaill Bhàin. Nan lorgainn e threòraicheadh e mi gu àite far am bithinn sàbhailte, seasgair.

Fhuair mi e mu dheireadh, ach ma fhuair—sud ann mi is bha mi cho fliuch ri siolta. Bha iomall an t-sneachda a' briseadh fo mo chasan is 'gam thilgeadh anns an allt. Thachair sin barrachd air aon uair. Bha mi cumail ro fhaisg air, eagal gun caillinn e. Co-dhiùbh rinn mi tigh Dhòmhnaill dheth mu aon uair deug, 's gu dearbh is mi bha taingeil. B' e sin mo lag-tamh gu Dì-màirt, agus choinnich coibhneas mi a bhios 'nam chuimhne am feasda. Bha mi air an t-slighe ghàbhaidh, dhoirbh ud bho thri sa' mhadainn gu aon uair deug a dh'oidhche agus choisich mi anns an ùine sin suas ri leth-cheud mìle.

Chuir sgoth a Ciosoirn gu rubha nan Uag mi feasgar Dì-màirt, cho garbh 's 'ga robh i. Cha robh mi air aiseag idir fhaighinn mur a b' e an sgiobair MacFhionnlaigh 's e còrr is ceithir fichead. Bha na fir eile a' diùltadh an toiseach, ach thuirt an seann laoch tapaidh gu falbhadh e leam ged a b' ann 'na aonar.

Sheòl sinn an ciaradh an fheasgair. Nuair a bha an oidhche tighinn oirnn agus marachd a' fàs cunnartach, le fead air a' ghaoith bho'n iar is sgeirean a' falach air gach taobh, thug mi

air an sgioba mo chur air tìr air rubha nan Uag, air son gum faigheadh iad air ais gu Cìosoirn mus tigeadh an t-sìde na bu mhiosa. Cha robh so ach mu dheich mìle bho mo dhachaidh. Dhìrich mi gu tigh Mhurchaidh Phéutoin. Chuir bean an tìghe biadh air a' bhòrd 's shuidh sinn aige. Tha cuimhne agam fhathast cho math 's a chòrd an t-annlan rium—sgadan milis a' Chuain Sgìth a dh'iasgaich na mic agus a thag is a shàill am bodach. Nuair a bha mi buidheach chuir Murchadh air an t-slighe cheart mi 's choisich e faisg air mìle comhla rium. Am feasgar fìadhaich a bha sud chunnaic mi soluis na "Sìla," tulgadh mòr mara oirre 's i stiùireadh air Steòrnabhagh gun sùil air Bàgh na Comraich.

Mur a b' e cho tapaidh 's a bha iasgairean Chìosoirn, dh'fheumainn an rathad iarainn a ghabhail a Srathcharroin; agus bhithinn là no dhà air allaban na "Sìla." Fàgamsa tuilleadh ceum cas, cunnartach a' Bhealaich aig féidh 's aig tarmagain ann an dùdlachd gharbh a' Gheamhraidh!

Othail Anns An Iar

2. Pinn agus peansalan

Le FIONNLACH I. MACDHOMHNAILL

MOCH madainn Di-ciadain, dh'èirich Seonachan Moire Bàine agus chaidh e a mach gu ceann an tìghe a dh'fhaicinn dé bha an là a' dol a dheanadh.

Bha e 'na sheasamh aig a' chruaich mhòna a' tearraideachadh na gaoithe fiach am b'fhiach dha tòiseachadh air an t-arbhar a chruachadh. Gun fhios gun fhàth thuit dorchadas mun cuairt air agus thòisich fuaim uabhasach 'na cheann. Leig e a thacsra ris a' chruaich mhòna 's e an dùil gur e droch chuairt a bha air tighinn air. Ach an uair a thug e sùil os a chionn, dé bha sud ach *helicopter*!

Anns a' cheart mhìonaid nochd trì càraichean air mullach Druim Ghiorrasuil, agus, an uair a thionndaidh e an taobh eile, nach ann a bha dà bhàta luatha a' tighinn a steach an loch. Theab Seonachan a dhol ann an glag pais-eanaidh. B'e a' chiad rud a thàinig 'na inntinn gu robh e air ais aig *Dunkirk*, coltach ris an dithis chailleachan Sasunnach a chaidh an comharran an cùil ann an aimsir agus a lorg iad fhéin ann an Gàrraidhean *Versailles* roimh linn *Napoleon*.

Dh'fhiach e ri 'rathad a dheanadh air ais do'n tigh ri tacsas, ach mun d'thug e a mach an doras bha'n *helicopter* air laighe air an aachadh bhuaana a measg eireagan a mhàthar.

Bha na trì càraichean aig a' gheata, agus geòlachan bho na bàtaichean luatha a' toirt snag air an tràigh mar gum biodh iad a' cur air tìr *commandos*.

B'e balach bho'n *Daily Express* a ràinig Seonachan an toiseach—am fear a thàinig anns a' *helicopter*. Gun fìu's 'madainn mhabh' a chur air Seonachan, stob an gioball deich notaichean 'na làimh agus dh'fhoighnich e d'heath c'ait an robh an laogh. Cha robh comas bruidhne aig Seonachan ann. Ged a bhitheadh cha tàinig a steach air ach gur e a bha an so fear aig a robh feum uabhasach air laogh na bà ruaidhe; agus 'se bha so pris! Ghnog Seonachan a cheann taobh na bàthaich.

"Na can guth ri càchl!" ars an coigreach, agus e a' deanamh air a' bhàthaich gun fìu 's a dhol timcheall an torr-innearach. Rinn dithis de mhuintir nan càraichean—fear bho'n *Daily Record* agus fear bho'n *Daily Mail*—as a dhéidh. Ach chrom an trìuir eile air Seonachan.

Chunnaic iad na deich notaichean 'na làimh, agus, gun an còrr dàlach, sheot iad thuige deich eile an urra—deich nota fichead uile gu léir. "An fhirinn," ars iadsan, "C'ait eil an t-uag?"

Bha so as t-fhoghar, cuimhnichibh, agus bha an t-uag a b'òige ann an Giorrasul gu bhì 'na othaisg. Agus chan e sin a mhàin ach bha a h-uile ceann caorach anns a' pharras—eadar a' chiora bu shine agus an seota bu reamhra—air a' mhonadh, agus bhitheadh gus am bitheadh am foghar seachad.

Fhuair Seonachan seòrsa de chothrom bruidhne agus dh'innis e sin do'n *Daily Herald*, do'n *Daily Worker*, agus do fhear *Pravda*.

Cho luath 's a chual' iad am facal 'monadh' rinn iad as suas am bruthach agus a mach cùl a' ghàrraidh. Dh'fhiach Seonachan ri éigheach as an déidh, ach ged a bha e 'na dhuine ionnsaichte, fiosraichte, cha b'urraim dha cuimhneachadh ann an cabgaig dé a' Bheurla a bha air 'suil-chruthaich.' Mar sin, rud sam bith a thachair do na seòid ud, thachair e dhoibh le cion na Gàidhliche.

Faodaidh sinn beannachd fhàgail aca-san le innse gun do lorgadh iad ann an ceann trì latha agus iad ann an staid uabhasaich—bog le poll agus air an reubadh le fraoch. Cha d'thug iadsan an còrr guth air uan le cuibhlidh, ach an uair a thill fear *Pravda* dhachaidh thug *Bulgarian* sgolladh fiathaich air *Selwyn Lloyd*. Their cuid gun do mhaoidh e atom bom beag a leagail air Giorrasul.

Ach dé a nise mu'n fheadhainn a thàinig anns na bàtaichean luatha. Bhuineadh aon luchd dhùibh do'n Bh.B.C., agus an còrr do'n *Scotsman* 's do'n *Glasgow Herald*. Daoine glìce leis am b'fhearr an fhirinn na cabhag.

Thairg fear a' *Scotsman* toid do Sheonachan agus, an déidh facal air ais 's air adhart mu'n fhoghar 's mu'n tìde, dh'fhoighnich fear a' *Glasgow Herald* c'ait an robh am meann.

A nise, mar a rinn am mi-shealbh, nach ann a bha athair Sheumais Bhig air meann a cheannach an samhradh ud fhéin an déidh dha a chluinntinn air an radio bho fhear a bha a' bruidhinn ann an Gàidhlig mu chroitearachd gun robh minn agus gobhair (is e sin minn air fàs mór) uabhasach freagarrach air àiteachan creagach. Rinn am meann othail ann an Giorrasul nach do rinn dad eile bhon a thug Niall dhachaidh am muncaidh a Afraca, agus cha do chuir e iongnadh mór sam bith air Sheonachan gun d'fhàinig muinntir nam paipèaran a choimhead air. Cha robh ach dà latha bhon a dh'ith am meann an diollaid far motor-bhigheagal an dotair, agus pios clò a dh'fhàg Màiri Eachainn am bogadh ann an tuba maighstir. Beathach cunnartach!

Ghabh an *Scotsman* agus an *Glasgow Herald* agus am BBC cuairt a null a choimhead air athair Sheumais. Agus chaidh Sheonachan bochd, mar dhuine ann an transa, air ais do'n chidsin a dheanamh cupa tea dha fhéin 's dha mhàthair. Ach gann a bha 'n coire air an teine nuair a thàinig an éigheach 's a' ghlaodhaich a b' uabhasaiche as a' bhàthaich. Bha Seonachan a' dol a thoirt leum a mach an uair a chuimhniche e air an triùir a chaidh air tòir an laoiigh, agus chuir e roimhe am fàgail far an robh iad.

Nan robh e air sùil a thoirt a steach do'n bhàthaich bha e air bun na h-ùpraid a lorg. Bha triùir ghillean nam paipèaran anns a' chrò còmhla ris an laogh agus iad a' tairgse shiùcaran dha fiach am fosgladh e a bhial. Ach chan fhosgladh. Cha robh an creutair—meaban de laogh foghair—ach aig ìre am bainne òl leis a' chorràig, agus cho luath 's a shineadh fear de na gillean a làmh thuige 's ann a bha an laogh a' fiachainn ris a' chròig uile gu léir fhaighinn 'na bhial. Bha so a' cur eagail a bheatha air fear a' phaipeir, oir bha e a' deanamh dealbh dheth fhéin a' tilleadh a Ghlaschu le cóig mèidrean dha dhith—rud nach biodh math ann am fear a bha a' tighinn beò air a' pheansal. Bha a' bhò, ann an stàile air taobh thall na bàthaich, ann an driop eagallaich, agus b'e a nuallanaich a bha Sheonachan a' cluinntinn.

Mu dheireadh thall, thuirtear fear de ghillean nam paipèaran—fear an *Daily Record*, cha chreid mi—gu robh e coma ged a chailleadh e a dhà làimh. Agus rug e air an laogh agus dh'fhosgail e a bhial (Bial an laoiigh). Ach ma dh'fhosgail thòisich an droch cainnt 's a' ghuidheachan! Cha robh aon fhicail de

sheòrsa sam bith an ceann an laoiigh. Thuig na balaich gu robh cuid-eigin a' tarruing asda agus rinn iad air tigh Sheonachain. Cha do rinn iad fih 's gnogadh.

“So, so,” ars iadsan “sid agad deich notaichean eile. An còrr chan fhaigh thu! C'ait am bheil na fiaclan fuadain?”

Ged a bhiodh iad air foighneachd de Sheonachan c'ait an robh na cóig laoiigh air an do thog e subsididh cha robh e air iongnadh a chur air a' mhadainn ud. Bha a shaoghal air a dhol cas-ma-sheach agus cha robh aon rud air an domhainn a dhith air ach balgam teth tea.

“Greas ort! Na fiaclan fuadain!”

Mar dhuine ann am brudair chaidh Sheonachan a null chun an dreasair agus shin e thuca fiaclan fuadain a mhàthar. Rinn na seabhaltaich glaoth toileachais a beòil a chéile agus chum iad air a' bhàthaich a rithist. Cha b'fhada gus a robh a' bhò ri nuallanaich as ùr. An turus so bha i a cochull a cridhe leis an eagal, agus i 'ga dalladh leis na bulbaichean soluis leis an robh na paipèaran naidheachd a' togail dhealbh Bithidh cuimhne agaibh fhéin air na dealbhan ud. Bha iad ann am paipèaran an t-sacghail, agus mura faca sibh iad tha mi cinnteach gun gabh na paipèaran lorg fhathast ann an leabhar-lann.

Ach, air ais gu tigh Sheumais sinn.

Bha na seabhaltaich a chaidh a null an sin cho cinnteach asda fhéin, gur ann air meann a rugadh le boin a bha iad an toir, agus nach do rinn iad ach tòiseachadh a' bruidhinn ri athair Sheumais agus 'ga cheasnachadh mun mheann. Air an làimh eile, cha tàinig e stigh airsan riamh gun robh dad a dhith orra ach sgialachd mun mheann fhéin. An uair a chuireadh iadsan ceist, fhreagradh esan a' cheist ann an àird an neo-chiontais agus b'e bun a bh'ann gun deachaidh iad ann am brionngladh uabhasaich. So agaibh car mar a chaidh an seanachas a chuala an saoghal air a' Bh.B.C. agus a leugh an saoghal anns an *Scotsman* agus anns a' *Glasgow Herald*.

Am fear ceasnachaidh: (a' ciallachadh 'an do rug bó meann riamh romhe?') An cuala sibhse a leithid so riamh roimhe?

Athair Sheumais:

(A' smaoinèachadh gum bheil e a' bruidhinn air a' chlà a dh'ith am meann). Chuala fichead uair.

Am fear ceasnachaidh: (a nise cinnteach gun do rug bó meann). Dé a thuirtear muinntir a' bhàile an uair a chunn-aic iad am meann an toiseach?

Athair Sheumais:

Cha d'thubhairt mórán.
Cha do rinn a' chiad
fheadhainn a chunnaic e
ach fhaicinn air teadh-
air shuas air cùl an
fhearainn 's cha tàinig
e riamh a steach orra
nach e laogh a bh'ann.

Agus chaidh an còmhraidh air adhart mar sin
—ceistean cearta a' faotainn freagaritean
ceàrra. Ach an uair a dh'fhàg iad an tigh bha
muinntir nam paipearan agus a' Bh.B.C. làn
thoilichte.

Stad fear de bhalaich a' *Scotsman* aig creathall
Sheumais bhig agus chuir e leth-chrun ann an
làimh an leinibh. Thug an gille so an aire
do speucairean Sheumais, ach cha robh e fhéin
pòsda ann agus cha robh peathraichean no
bràithrean aige. Mar sin cha do chuir e
iongnadh sam bith air gloinneachan fhaicinn
air aois nan trì mìosan. Is dòcha nach eil
fhios aige fhathast cho faisg 's a chaidh e air
an sgialachd cheairt an uair a chrom e os cionn
na creathaill. Is dòcha gu robh sin cho math
dha fhéin 's do Sheumas beag.

An uair a choinnich luchd nam paipearan—
agus cuimhnicibh gu robh feadhainn an
làthair nach do dh'ainmich mi—ann an tigh-
seinne ann an Glaschu thòisich a' chainnt mu'n
urus do Ghiorrasul. Bha iad greis a' seanachas
mu'n do thuig iad gu robh feadhainn a' bruidh-
inn air meann, feadhainn a' bruidhinn air laogh,
agus feadhainn a' bruidhinn air rudan nèonach
eile. Bha iad an uair sin an déidh dha no trì
ghloinneachan uisge-bheatha a ghabhail agus
cha robh iad cho geur san inntinn 's a b' àbhaist
dhoibh.

Ann an dà mhionaid bha iad an uganan a
chéile, agus mar is minic a thachras far a bheil
an t-òl, thug fear dòrn san t-sròin do dh'fhear
eile. Sid far an robh a' ghràisg! Ann an trì
mionaidean bha na polasmain a stigh, mar a
bha iad air a' Phaisley Road an oidhche ud
eile, agus bha balaich nam paipearan an
sàs.

Fhuair iad uile fios nochdadh mu choimn-
eamh an t-Siorram an ath Dhi-luain—an là
a bhiodh e ag ath-chluinntinn bho'n fheadhainn
a throid air a' Phaisley Road mu'n aon
chuspair.

(*R' a leantainn*).

WANTED.

The Poems of Donald MacLeod (Dòmhnall
nan Oran, am Bàrd Sgìtheanach), published
1811, with (if possible) the pamphlet containing
additional songs. Also Gunn and Macfarlane's
edition of Rob Donn, 1899.

Please state condition and price.

Rann Calluinne

Eirich a bhean an tìghe
'S cur do theach an òrdugh,
Thàinig mis' air turus fada
Chumail Calluinn' còmh' ribh.
'S mise Niall Dhonnchaidh Bhàin
Mhic Iain Bhuidhe
'S bìdh mi gabhail òran,
Chan ann a' goid càil is measan
Mar bhios peasain òigridh.
Riarachibh an t-slige chreachainn
So dhuibh searrag shònraicht',
Olaidh sinn air slàinte chéile
'S bheir mi fhéin dhùibh òraid.
So air slàinte b'hean an tìghe,
Is math is aithne dhòmh's i;
Tha i ciallach, falaith, finealt,
Seirceil, gnìomhach, òrdail.
Chuir i na mìltean 'na conainn
Ri linn a' Chogaidh Mhòir ud,
Rinn i cobhar air na feumaich
'S air na treun-fhùr a bha leòinte.
Bìdh cuimhne air an gaig' 's an iobairt
Trìd na thional i de stòras,
Is sealbhaichidh an sliochd gu dìllinn
Aitreamh phriseil 'Cnoc nan Ròs!'

Suas i, rithis, le deagh chaitream,
Air fear an tìghe, òlaibh,
'S math a choisinn e ar beannachd,
'S gu ma fada bè e.
Tha e deas-bhriathrach an Gàidhlig,
Chan ann gu càineadh no bòlaich,
Ach gu cùirteil, drùidhteach, fearail,
A' toirt earail air ar n-òigridh
Iad bhith dìleas do an cànan 's a
Bhith 'nan Gàidheil fhad 's is bèò iad,
'S a chum nach suaraich iad an dìleab
Tha cho priseil mar an còir-bhreith.
Guidheamaid gach math is sonas
Bhith mu'r teallaichean an còmhnaidh,
Bhur teaghlach bhith dhuibh 'nam beannachd
Leantainn daingean ri bhur seòladh,
Am Freasdal Math a bhith 'g ur stiùradh
Ann an cùrsaichean na mòrachd,
Sin ar beannachd 's a' cho-dhùnadh,
Seadh, ar dùrachd is ar dòchas.

NIALL.

THE EDUCATION OF BILINGUAL CHILDREN

(2)

THE issue before us is whether, since there is no particular advantage in a bilingual education as such, there are pressing reasons, nevertheless, for making the children of Highland parents literate in Gaelic; and, for a proper discussion of this issue, the children concerned should be divided into roughly two groups. There are, on the one hand, the children whose first language is Gaelic, and, on the other, those whose first language is English. The first group are to be found mainly in the Outer Isles, and the second mainly in the less anglicised parts of the Highlands and Islands.

The educational arguments in favour of making the first group, the native speakers, literate in Gaelic (even first of all) are, in my opinion, unanswerable. All over the educational world, except in this instance, it is accepted without question that the language in which a child should first be educated should be his own language. This educational principle should be axiomatic, unless the language is unsuitable for the purpose. The function of a language is not simply to provide a medium of communication for those who use it. To an individual, language is also a vehicle of thought itself. This capacity to symbolise and summarise his activities has been developed by man through the ages to sustain him in his intellectual development. It was the possession of this capacity which, more than any other, enabled man to rise above the brute creation. As compared with them, language is the most outstanding characteristic of man. For the same reason, language has also become the most distinctive expression of the culture or individuality of a people. In it are enshrined their history, their ways of thinking, their standard of values, and everything that is peculiar to them. To deny a child, therefore, the opportunity and the right to become literate in his own language, the language of his home, is nothing short of a crime against his proper education. Any different arrangement, such as forcing him to become literate in another language instead or before he becomes literate in his own, is making demands in time and effort on the unfortunate child that a child in a normal situation does not have to bear.

It brings no advantages that could not have been acquired more easily and more naturally in a different way. What really happens is that he never becomes literate in his own

language and thus he is deprived of a large part of his heritage; an alien wedge is driven between him and his culture. These claims are not exaggerated. Throughout history the conquering races, who had to complete the occupation of a defeated country, have always made it their primary aim to destroy, if they could, and as quickly as they could, the native language.

If the second group of children are now considered, it follows, without question, that, since English is their first language, they should be made literate in that language first of all. Those who cannot accept the argument above will have no difficulty in accepting it here, and the position can be left like that, if necessary, as regards the second group, because that is what actually happens to them.

There is, however, another consideration which is relevant to our main issue and which concerns both groups. Our educational system includes the study of other languages, and the argument for providing children with a knowledge of one second language, at least, is perfectly sound. It is based on the fact stated above that its language is the key to any particular civilisation. Where children come closely into contact with other cultures, it can be profitable and even essential for them to learn the other languages. This is clearly shown elsewhere, as, for example, on the continent of Europe. In the case of children whose first language is Gaelic, everyone will admit that there are reasons of overwhelming importance for making them acquire English as a second language. This particular language represents the most important culture that bears on these children, next to their own. It is also such an important language universally that its acquisition is regarded as a necessity or, at least, a valuable asset in countries far removed from our own. But what of our second group and their second language? Does it not follow logically that they should be given much more encouragement to become literate in Gaelic, which is the language nearest them, the only one which they can readily use, and the one which their ancestors used? Instead, they usually study French if any language, and the rewards for doing so, as far as the vast majority are concerned, are ridiculously incommensurate with the time and labour expended. It would be far better

for these children, if they need a second language, to learn Gaelic, a language which carries with it a culture which has some meaning and value for them.

Our present educational system is designed to make all children, irrespective of their first language, literate in English first of all, and, in most cases, literate only in English. This means that, in practice, Gaelic-speaking children can and usually do receive the same kind of education as is given to children living in the Lowlands. If that ought to be the purpose there is nothing wrong with the system as it stands, but if the arguments above are sound that ought not to be its purpose. Our native speakers should be made literate in Gaelic first of all, or, if not first of all, at least at the same time as in English. The experience of other races in a similar position, for example, the Welsh, shows that such an arrangement can be highly successful without disadvantage to the children or to their English. The fact that since 1918 it has become obligatory to provide Gaelic instruction in Gaelic-speaking districts is an official admission that there was something wrong with the original system. It is well known that full advantage has never been taken of this freedom. As a rule Gaelic-speaking children receive little or no systematic instruction in Gaelic in the Primary school: such instruction as is given is unduly delayed, and few of the children become literate in their own language as they become in English. In the Secondary school it is usually the children who, for various reasons, cannot take French or Latin, that study Gaelic systematically, and then often as a dead language.

An educational system gives, as a rule, a fair reflection of the social system for which it provides. It is not surprising, therefore, if one examines the situation closely, to find that Gaelic as a living language has just about reached the point of no return. If present trends continue, there will be very few children in the schools, whose first language is Gaelic, by the end of this decade, and before the end of this century Gaelic will be virtually dead as a spoken language in Scotland.

In such a desperate situation one has to be very honest. If Gaelic is not thought to be worth preserving, then it should be allowed to go, albeit with regret, but without lip service or pretence. With it will pass for ever from the world many beautiful things that can live only in this form. It will pass with honour into the hands of the scholars and into the archives of history, and it is ironic to note that, in these respects, its future was never more secure than it is now. But if it is worth

preserving, it must be given new life. There is no purpose in trying to apportion the blame, as is so often done, for the present state of affairs, or in extending unnaturally the existence of outworn forms and inadequate modes. "What is wanted is not to restore a vanished or to revive a vanishing culture under modern conditions which make it impossible, but to grow a contemporary culture from old roots."

If this is really what is wanted, the position is desperate but not hopeless. In recent years other languages, with shorter histories and sometimes in less favourable circumstances, have been reborn. They have been raised from obscurity or from the status of dialect into vigorous life. In all these cases, this was done in the simple natural way, by parents who spoke the language to their children and saw to it that their children used it in their speech and in their writing. Government action can be helpful but, as shown in Eire, not by itself. The future of Gaelic as a living language rests entirely in the hands of the people who speak it. "C'ò sheas anns a' bhealach maille rinn an diugh? Cha tig am màireach a chaoidh."

J. A. S.

Executive Council

The Gaelic meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Office of An Comunn on Saturday, 29th March. In the absence of the President, Mr. Donald Thomson presided. The Minutes of the previous meeting were approved.

A Minute of the Finance Committee was read and adopted. A bequest of £400 by Mrs. Milroy Millar has been paid to the Comunn. It was agreed to pay an appropriate share of the cost of some minor repairs to An Comunn's Office in Inverness.

The Minute of the Art and Industry Committee reported in detail the nature of the competitions arranged for the Dundee Mod, and the efforts made to interest the Glasgow Highland Home Industry Association, and the city schools in this work.

The Minute of Clann An Fhraoich was approved. It stated that about 350 new members were recently added to An Comunn from the islands of Bernera Harris, Vatersay, and Eriskay. A silver trophy offered by Captain Moffatt-Pender was gratefully accepted. This trophy is to go to the island among these six (Bernera Harris, Vatersay, Eriskay, Bernera Lewis, Scarp and Scalpay) from which the best piece of Gaelic composition written by a member of Clann An Fhraoich was submitted to *An Gaidheal*.

Loch Beag A' Chlaidhimh

(The little Loch of the Sword)

As a result of representations made by the Education Committee to the Education Committee of Renfrewshire, Gaelic classes will start in one of the secondary schools in Greenock as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

A minute of the Mod and Music Committee was submitted and approved. A further selection of songs for 1959 was adopted. In reply to a letter from the Rev. A. W. R. Mackenzie, Nova Scotia, it was pointed out that An Comunn was wholly responsible for all arrangements in connection with the National Mod, and that it is on this understanding that any awards are accepted.

Several detailed arrangements regarding the Glasgow Mod were reported. A request to the Dundee Local Committee to use their influence for securing acceptance by hotels in the city to take bookings from choirs and other competitors as soon as possible is receiving attention.

A Minute of Comunn Na h-Oigridh reported arrangements made to visit Islay, Tiree, Ardnamurchan, Lewis and Uist with a view to strengthening the position of Feachdan in these areas. Circular letters with reference to the Summer Camps were ready for despatch to the various schools concerned. Efforts are made to let Cnoc Nan Ròs to suitable applicants during the Summer months, and the prospects of having a course in Music and Drama there next August were noted.

The Minutes of the Propaganda Committee stated that it was desirable to send a singing teacher to Ardnamurchan at the beginning of April, and reported that a new Branch was formed in Balmaha, and that there were several places in Perthshire where Branches might be established. A request from Sutherland for a singing teacher was being attended to, together with enquiries from different places in Argyll.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the meeting.

LEGACY

Miss Mary A. Mackinnon has left a legacy of £1000 "To Comunn Gaidhealach, Glasgow Central Branch for their general purposes."

Continued from page 50.

imaginative, reflective and humorous. The diction and idiom reflect current usage, and the numerous illustrative pictures give a distinctly up-to-date appearance to the book.

The quality of the paper is excellent, the printing and editing are carefully done. A more durable cover would prolong the life of this bright reader.

ONE of the most outstanding chieftains of the 17th Century was Sir Ewen Cameron 17th of Lochiel, famous alike in song and story; generally known among the Highlanders of his time as Eóghann Dubh. He was one of the few chiefs whom Cromwell failed to subdue. Sir Ewen was the grandfather of the famous "Gentle Lochiel," the hero of the ill-fated 1745. Many are the tales told of this chief. "The Little Loch of the Sword" is one.

In the 17th Century a dispute arose between Sir Ewen and the Earl of Atholl about the grazing rights on certain lands on the eastern slopes of Beinn-a'-Bhrich, situated on the north east of Kinloch Leven on the borders of Rannoch. Atholl suggested to Lochiel that in order to settle the matter peaceably it would be a good idea that they should meet on the disputed lands, each accompanied by only two followers, and examine the boundaries, and come to a final agreement. Lochiel agreed to this proposal. As Lochiel, accompanied by his piper and one attendant, was about to set out on his journey he was intercepted by the Witch of Moy, well known in the district for her uncanny knowledge. She demanded to know where he was going with only two followers. When informed by Lochiel she replied, "Go back and take along with you three score and five of the best men of your clan." As she was held in high estimation throughout the North, Lochiel took her advice and set out with sixty-five picked clansmen. Before the hour of meeting Lochiel concealed all his men but two in a hollow some few hundred yards from the meeting place. One man, Allan Dubh of Glenlui, was posted where he could observe Lochiel and also be seen by the hidden clansmen. Now Lochiel was wearing a cloak, dark grey on the outside but lined with a bright red, inside. He told Allan Dubh to watch him carefully as he talked with Atholl, and that if he showed the red lining his men were immediately to come to his aid.

At noon Lochiel and the Earl met. Atholl insisted that he had a better right to the grazings and that Lochiel must give up his claim to them else it would be the worse for him. Lochiel was not to be intimidated and asserted his right to the grazings. Angry words followed and Atholl gave a sign at which fifty men leaped up from behind a birchwood copse and advanced some distance towards the Black Water, a small loch near at hand. "Who are these?" demanded Lochiel. "These," replied Atholl,

"are only a few of my Atholl Hoggets come across with me to eat and grow fat on their own proper grazings." Lochiel, while the Earl was speaking, quickly exposed the red lining of his coat and his three score and five followers came bounding down the grassy slope. At a sign they halted a little distance away. The Earl somewhat disconcerted exclaimed, "Who are these, Lochiel?" "These, my lord, are a few of my Lochabar hounds, sharp-toothed and hungry and ever so keen to taste the flesh of your hoggets. Give up your claim to these lands, for my dogs are fierce and cannot be held back much longer from devouring your hoggets." Atholl, recognising that the odds were against him, yielded gracefully, and drawing his sword, kissed and renounced then and for all time any claim to the disputed grazings and the Black Water meadows. In witness thereof he again kissed his sword and tossed it into the Loch that it might forever witness his renunciation. Since that day it has been called the Loch of the Sword.

There is a tradition that during a very dry summer a herd boy who happened to be wading in the loch found the sword and gave it into the keeping of the Rev. Dr. Ross of Kilmonivaig, who intended to send it to Edinburgh so that it could be placed in a museum, there, but when the men of Lochaber heard of it a deputation of twelve called upon the Minister and asked that the sword be thrown back into the loch as it was the pledge of a most solemn transaction, and this was done. It is interesting to note that the Clan Slogan still is, "Clanna Nan Con thigibh an so is gheibh sibh Feòil."

J. M. C.

Book Review

CRIOCHAN URA: Edited by John A. Macdonald, M.A. Published by Gairm Publications, 227 Bath Street, Glasgow. Price, 6/6.

The publication of a Gaelic book is a rare event. The welcome awaiting this valuable addition to school Gaelic text books is all the greater on that account. The volume is intended for use in junior and senior secondary schools and in further education classes, and is very well suited for the purpose. Some of the selections, particularly the poetry, may prove difficult but the interpretations of the less familiar words given at the end of the book will prove invaluable.

All the passages have been selected from *Gairm*, and have been written by some of the best known of our present day Gaelic writers. There is a rich variety of subjects—descriptive,

(Continued on page 49)

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958.

Previously acknowledged	£419 10 10
Sir Alexander King, Glasgow	584 — 6
Govan Branch, Proceeds of Dance, 31/12/57	41 — 9
Proceeds of Halloween Party, 31/10/57, per Mrs. Robertson	8 19 —
Proceeds of Ceilidh, Grand Hotel, 7/10/57, per Mrs. Bannerman	100 — —
Proceeds of Bazaar, MacLellan Galleries, 12/10/57	661 10 3
The Arran Society of Glasgow	10 10 —
Colonsay Branch	7 — —
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Edinburgh	1 1 —
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal	5 — —
Gaelic Society of Glasgow	5 — —
Vale of Leven Branch	10 — —
Proceeds of Ceilidh in Kill- earn Hospital, 4/3/58	14 — —
Miss C. M. Macpherson, Glasgow	1 — —
Collection at Shinty Match (Celtic Cup Final) per Mrs. Edgar	9 12 —
Blyth & District Caledonian Society	3 3 —
Stirling Branch	4 — —
Miss L. M. Walker, Aber- feldy	— 5 —
	<hr/> £1,980 18 10

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£181 8 6
Anonymous, Edinburgh	— 7 6
Angus C. Paterson, Campbeltown	— 14 —
	<hr/> £182 10 —

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£10 5 9
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AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1958

Aireamh 6

AN EAGLAIS AGUS A' GHÀIDHLIG

CHAN eil teagamh nach do chuir an Eaglais anns a' Ghaidhealtachd cas-bhacaig fad cheithir linntean an dèidh ann an Ath-leasachaidh air adhartas ealaine ann an Gàidhlig. Is ann le sùil nuagaich a bha i 'g amharc air sùgradh is fearas-chuideachd is ceòl nan Gàidheal, agus faodar a chreidsinn, ann an lorg sin, gun do thiodhlaic iomadh fear is té anns an talamh tàlannan luachmhor a bhuilich-eadh orra. Is e call mór a bha an sin, call nach gabh leasachadh. Ach chan e sin an eachdraidh gu h-iomlan.

Mur biodh an t-uallach a ghabh an Eaglais os làimh a thaobh cainnt na dachaidh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd o chionn dlùth air dà cheud bliadhna air ais, agus gu sònruichte o chionn ceud gu leth no eadhon ceud bliadhna fhéin, bha ginealach an dèidh ginealaich air a dhòl dhachaidh gun chomas facal a leughadh anns a' Bhiobull, oir cha robh oileanachadh eile aca.

Nach e ministearan agus buill na h-Eaglaise a bha air son ùine mhóir air chùl nan sgoilean Gàidhlig air tir-mór agus anns na h-eileanan, nuair nach robh an Riaghaltas a' gabhail suim idir de'n ghnòthaich. Nach e na h-aoghairean Gàidhlig, daoine fiosrach is foghlumte, a sgrìobh agus a chruinnich agus a thaisg suas dhuinn mòran de litreachas na Gàidhlig a tha againn an diugh. Nach iad, mar bu trice, a bha air cheann gach oidhirp ionmholta a rinneadh gu bhi seasamh còraichean nan Gàidheal a thaobh an càine. Gun teagamh bha agus tha feadhainn eile ann a chuir làmh thòirbheartach ris an obair cuideachd.

Tha oighreachd na Gàidhlig ri seargadh ceum air cheum agus mur a casgar an crìonadh, an ùine nach bi fada cha bhi leigheas ann. Chan eil e chum feuma a bhith dùmadh ar sùilean air an sin. Le mì-chùram nan Gàidheal fhéin tha a' Ghàidhlig a' call a neart agus, mar a tha i air bilean an t-sluaigh, gu mòr an eiseimil cainnt choimhich. Bhiodh a cor buileach diblidh an diugh mur biodh aoradh diamhair agus follaiseach air an cumail o là gu là agus o sheachdain gu seachdain innte. Tha aoradh follaiseach a' cumail Gàidhlig ghlan, fhallain—cainnt an Leabhair—an cluasan an luchd-èisdeachd, agus càite ann faighear a leth-bhreac? Cho fad 's a bhios Gàidhlig beò anns an Eaglais cha bhi i gun urram ann an imntinn agus an cridhe luchd frithealaidh. Ach an là a sguireas aoradh innte ann an clachan no sgìre tha am bàs 'na sheasamh air an stairsnich.

CLAR-INNSIDH

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MacGilleathain Cathair Alasdair

THA MacGilleathain Dhubh Aird ann agus MacGilleathain Locha Buidhe, agus maithen eile de'n t-seòrsa; ach a robh fhios agaibh gun robh MacGilleathain Cathair Alasdair ann?

Bha Murchadh MacAscaill san Scarp an dùil nach ruigeadh duine àite sam bith anns nach tachradh Leòdhasach ris. Thuir e nam biodh iad air a dhol air tìr air a' mheall-eighe a chuir fodha an *Titanic* gun robh iad air Leòdhasach a lorg!

An uair a gheamhraich mise fagus do Bhàbilon far an robh iomadh seòrsa treubh is cinneach, araon san Arm is a measg sluagh an àite, cha do thachair aon Leòdhasach rium. Is ann a Leòdhas a bha mo mhàthair agus an uair a sgrìobhainn dhachaidh chanainn, "Chan fhaca mi Leòdhasach fhathast." Cha tuirt sin nach robh iad ann; tha fios gun robh ged nach fhaca mise iad.

Is ann san Eipheid a tha Cathair Alasdair, agus is e Alexandria a chanar rithe am Beurla. (Tha mi an dòchas nach dean luchd a' Bh.B.C. diochuimhne air gu bheil Gàidhlig oirre!) Chan eil teagamh nach eil Cathair Alasdair àlainn 'na suidheachadh agus i air a togail mu'n cuairt air leth-chearcall mòr de bhàgh briaghair air iomall a deas a' Mhuir Mheadhoin. Tha fios aig na sgoilearan gur h-ann air Alasdair Uaibhreach a chaidh a h-ainmeachadh, agus gu ruige so tha Gréugaich is Gréugais gu leòr innte, agus bithidh an là nach bi guth beò no marbh air Nàsar. Bha a' chlann bheaga 'nan cùis-iongnaidh leam gu dearbh. Chan e amhàin gum bruidheadh iad san Arabaig ach bhruidheadh iad sa' Fhraingis agus sa' Ghréugais agus am Beurla. Chan eil crìoch air na dh'ionnsaicheas leanabh de chànanan ma gheibh e tràth iad. Ach mur toir thu eadhon Gàidhlig do bhalach agus am bi e dà bhliadhna dheug cha mhòr a bhios agad air son do shaathrach is do thabhartais. Tòisich aig a ceithir, agus cum ort, cum ort!

A chiad là bha mi sa' Chathair chaidh mi cuairt 'nam aonar agus mi gabhail beachd air na sràidean agus na h-aitreabhan. Bha togalaichean eireachdail ann. Ach bha rud beag eile air m' aire, bha steamhag de bhata a dhìth orm, an seòrsa bhios aig na h-oificearan 'nan làimh, air son nach bi an làmhan 'nam pòcaidean. Suas a ghabh mi air an t-sràid so agus mo shùil a steach air na bùthan fiach am faicinn bata. Gu balbh, tosdach thàinig fear agus ghabh e ceum ri mo thaoibh. Bha e mór is dorcha dubh, trom is sultmhor. Bha

currag dearg cruinn air, mar is tric a bhithes air Muhamadach. Bha a thrusgan farsaing, fada air gu caol nan cas, gun chrìos idir air. Is ann na bu choltaiche ri gùn-oidhche bha a chòmhdach na ri rud eile is aithne dhuinne an Albainn. Bha "socaìr bhuinn" air, mar a chanadh an ceàrd. Chanainn gu robh e na bu choltaiche ri Turcach mòr na ri fìor Arab. Thuir e rium, am Beurla, gun robh e 'na "fhear-iùil oificeil", agus, sheall e dhomh bann air choireigin a bha air a ghàirdean aige, agus thòisich e 'g innse dhomh cè lion àite do'n toireadh e mi air chuairt. Thuir mi ris nach robh mi air son a dhol do àite seach àite, "ach", arsa mise, "tha mi air son bata beag a cheannach." "Trobbhad còmhla riumsa," ars esan. Cha deachaidh sinn fada gus an d' ràinig sinn an dearbh bhùth cheart. Air an t-slighe thuir e rium aon uair eile, "Is fear-iùil oificeil mi". Agus an sin, "Is e Alasdair MacGilleathain is ainm dhomh."

Cha robh mi riamh an laige, agus cha do leig mi dad orm, ach gu cinnteach ghabh mi iongnadh, agus leis cho grad agus a thàinig sud orm is e a chiad chaint na thuir mi, air ball, "An e MacGilleathain a bha air d'athair?" "Is e", ars Alasdair; agus olc no mullach cha d' thuir mise mu'n dearbh ni sin tuilleadh!

Cho luath 's a ràinig sinn dorus na bùtha thug mi a dhuais dha agus leig mi slàn leis; dh'fhalbh "Alasdair MacGilleathain" Cathair Alasdair gu buidheach, beannachdach suas an t-sràid agus e cho stàiteil, dìreach, socair ri Alasdair Uaibhreach "ille magnus." Abair bataichean sa' bhùthaidh ud; agus sud agam, gun dàil, an dearbh ceann aca, mar gum biodh e air a chur air leth air son mo shùla!

An uair a ràinig mi an tigh-òsda anns an robh sinn a' fuireach ghrad thàinig Brianach a Eirinn 'nam bhad. "Càit an d'fhuair thu am bata? An reic thu riumsa e?" "Cha reic", arsa mise, "ach gheibh mi a shamhail eile dhut am màireach." Dh'innis mi dha mu "Alasdair." "An d'innis thu dha gur h-e Leathanach a bha annad fhéin?", ars esan. "Cha d'innis", arsa mise. "Leig thu fodha do dhaoine", ars an t-Eireannach!

Ach mus do dh'fhàg mise am Brianach bha mi air a' chùis a réiteach gu glan. Có nach do leugh an t-ainm Alasdair MacGilleathain, uair no uair-eigin air bucas phileachan no air siabann-fhìacal? Am Beurla, am Beurla! "Sin", arsa mise rium fhìn, "far as an do thog e ainm 's a shloinneadh." Tha na h-Eipheidich ro-mhath air an dearbh chleas, co-dhùibh. Oir ged a bha, agus ged is dòcha gu bheil "MacGilleathain Cathair Alasdair" ann cha robh boinne de fhìul nan Leathanach ann a' nas motha na tha anns a' bhioraich."

Ma ruigeas duine agaibh mo bhaile beag 's mo thigh-còmhnuidh seallaidh mi dhuibh am bata; agus seallaidh mi dhuibh cuideachd clach a thàinig as a' Phàileas aig Ban-rìgh Shéuba!

OGHA DHOMHNAILL BHAIN.

Clann 'Ic a' Bhreithimh

LE DOMHNALL MAC THOMAS

(3)

AON là is Iain Moireasdan a' gabhail cuairt ris a' chladach chunnaic e mithean a' bhaile gu dripeil a' breith air éisg anns a' chairidh 's gun gin de sheirbh-isch fhéin ann. Shad e dheth a chota-mór is labhair e mar so:

Ma sheallas sin ris an uaisle
Bidh sinn 's an uair so falamh,
Ach on nach fheàrrde sinn an fhalmhachd
Bi thus' an dràs air failbhean na cairidh.

Bha MacThorcuill, no an Croitear Ruadh mar a theireadh cuid ris, a' fuireach aig an am so ann am Bràgar, ach bhathas a' cur air nach robh e fhéin agus Iain a' còrdadh anabarrach math, agus gur h-e sin a thug air breacan a baile a dheanamh agus a dhol gu sgìre nan Loch. Co-dhiùbh a réir 's mar a thogas mise bho na faicail a leanas cha b'e a dhol a mach air a chéile a rinn iad idir.

Cha b'e cion arain no brochain
A chuir MacThorcuill air imrich,
Ach nach gabhadh an seangan socair
'S a cheann toisich air dhol iomrall;
Ach bidh mise réidh 's am fear ruadh,
'S bidh am fear ruadh réidh is mis',
Is bidh searrag againn ann an cùil
Ma bhios i eadar Uig is Nis!

So ma beachd a bh' aige air aoigheachd muinntir Steòrnabhaigh;

Cha téid mise Steòrnabhagh,
Chan eil mò chòmhnadh ann,
Far a bheil na bùirdeasaich
A chuir an cliù 'nam broinn;
Cha b'ionann mac an tuathanach
Bho 'm faighinn faoighe shil,
'S bheirinn dha a rithis e
Nuair bhiodh e air a dhith.

Tha gnath-fhacal againn 'Breunan is Fudaiddh an cuideach a cheile', a fhuair a bheatha bho na faicail a chleachd Iain mu dhà ghiollan a bh'aige.

Chuir mise Breunan is Fudaiddh
A bhuan fraoich an cuideachd a chéile,
Thug Breunan dhachaidh an cudthrom
'S thug Fudaiddh dhachaidh na geugan!

Chaidh fear dhiubh a chur do'n Bhaile Mhór air ceann turuis aon là, agus 's e so a dh'iarr Iain air a thoirt thuige fhéin:

Dà mhaide dhìreach gu caman,
Dà mhaide chama gu càrn,
Cliath, cas-dhìreach is bacan,
Cuimhnich a mhacain nach fhàg.

Tha e furasda gu leòr a thuigsinn carson a bha e ag iarraidh mhaidean cama gu càrn (càrn-slaoid), oir dh'fheumadh togail bheag a bhi san toiseach mu'n ruitheadh e air an talamh; ach carson a bha e ag iarraidh mhaidean dìreach gu camain a dhèanamh? Is e dubh-fhacal a bha so dhomh-sa gu chionn ghoirid. Tha iadsan a tha mion eolach air camanachd ag innseadh dhomh gu bheil camain a tha air an deanamh bho fhiodh réidh dìreach fada nas seasmaiche. Chan eil teagamh sam bith agam nach e caman air son cluiche a bha e a' ciallachadh oir b'e camanachd prìomh chluiche Leódhais gus an do chuir am 'ball-coise as da 'nar linn fhìn.

'Na sheann aois chaidh Iain aon fheasgar do'n cheàrdaich a bh'aig a mhac agus cò thigeadh a steach ach Dòmhnall MacRuairidh, am maor. Bha aig a' ghobha, a cheart cho cinnteach ris an tuathanach, ri càin a thoirt do'n uachdaran, Ann an stùlean Iain 'se eucoir mhór a bha so. Ged a bha 'n lùths air fàgail a luirgnean bha a theanga fhathast cho sgaiteach 's a bha i aon uair riamb. Thòisich e air a' mhaor agus dh'agair e a chùis ann am briathran seaghail, gur. 'Se buil a bha so gun d'fhuair an gobha ceartas; chaidh crìoch air a' chàin gu bràth tuilleadh.

Aon de charaibh an t-saoghail
Saoilidh mi gu bheil e tuathal:
Gobha 'ga losgadh an ceàrdaich,
'S leth na càin aig Dòmhnall MacRuairidh.

Chan eil beul aithris a' toirt guth air cràbhadh no creideamh Iain. An aon bhoillseadh a tha sinn a' faighinn air 's ann bho Mhàrtan a tha a' dearbhadh gu robh eòlas aige air a' chreid-eamh chathardha agus gu robh e a' creidsinn ann an aithris na Creud', nan Aithntean agus Urnuigh an Tighearna, mar leigheas air eucailean agus laigse imtinne. Gidheadh bha e a' toirt àite do ubagan agus ortha air son leigheas na colainne.

Tha cuimhne agam 's mi glé bheag mo chorrage a ghoirteachadh le òrd. Thug mo sheanair (Aonghas Guinne, o'n d'fhuair mi mòran de na tha agam an so) air a ghlùn mi, agus dh'aithris e na faicail a leanas a' seideadh air mo chorrage an dràsda 's a rithis gus an d'fhalbh an déireach aiste:

Gob an t-sionnach, gob a' choilich,
Gob a' chalamain chathaidh,
Trì lù là, trì là luain,

Trì chaoranan mònach, trì éibhlean guail
 Trì chràimhean caorach duibhe
 An déidh sgar a chur an uain,
 Trì chràimhean siao duine
 An déidh an slaodadh as an uaigh;
 Bidh i slàn mu'm pòs thu.

Is tric o'n là sin a chuala mi na faacail cheudna
 agus ogha no iar-ogha aige air a ghluin. 'S e
 Iain Mac 'Urch 'c Ailein an t-ùghdair a bh'aige
 dhaibh.

Bha deagh theaghlach aig Iain—còighear
 mhac, Ruairidh, Aonghas, Calum, Iain agus
 Murchadh. Chuir e ceathrar dhiubh a dh'-
 Inbhirnis gu bh'air an oileanachadh ann an
 dreuchd na ministearachd. Thug trìuir a mach
 i, ach an ceathramh fear, am fear bu shine
 de'n teaghlach, chaill e a fhradharc, agus
 b'fheudar dha aire a thoirt do cheòl. Chan
 eil mi an dùil nach e beannachd nach fhaca e
 fhéin no càch a bh'ann gun chaill e sealladh a
 shùil. "Bu dorra dhomh", ars athair, "aon
 chlàrsair a dheanamh na trìuir mhinistearan".
 Tha na h-Eireannaich 'ga dhleasadh dhaibh
 fhéin, agus ma lean sibh na thubhairt mi mu
 athraichean cuimhnichidh sibh gun tàinig seann
 seanmhair dha a Eirinn, agus le sin bha fuil
 Eireannach 'na chuislibh.

An uair a thàinig e dhachaidh a Inbhirnis
 an déidh earrach cruaidh a chur seachad, agus
 aodann air a caobadh leis a' bhreac cha do
 dh'aithnich a mhàthair fhéin e. 'S e sin a thug
 air 'athair a ràdh:

Marbhaist ort Earraich
 Le d' chaoile 's le d' ghainne
 'Nuair nach dean bean ach air éiginn
 Aithne air a ciad duine cloinne.

"Nuair thogas tu'n rùsg,
 Tha thu cladhach an eachdraidh do dhùthch'."
 R. MACTHOMAS.

Cuil-Lodair

Nuair thogas tu'n rùsg
 Air raon Dhrum-Athaisidh,
 Cuir thairis i caoin,
 Tha laoich 'nan cadal ann;
 Tha torghan na pìob'
 Ri caoidh 'na agallamh,
 Cha till; cha till; cha till,
 Tha 'n dachaidh ann.

Nuair ghluaiseas a' ghaoth
 Am fraoch air Cuil-Lodair,
 Gun gairm e do chuibhn'
 Gu suinn an droch mhadainn';
 Clach mheallain gun truas
 Tigh'nn cruaidh o'n ear-thuath,
 'N aghaidh Gaidheil bha fann,
 'S iad claidht' le cion cadail.

Cuinn farum nan sàr
 Dol 'n sàs air an fhaiche;
 Cuinn caismeachd Lochéil
 Le threun-fhear bu lasant';
 Faic fùrain dol sìos
 Air 'n riasladh gu talamh;
 Cuinn gaoir air an fhraoch
 Bheir caoineadh air clachan.

Faic sint' air an àr
 Na sàir air am milleadh:
 Clann Dòmhnail le tàir,
 'S an àrdan 'gan tilleadh;
 Triath Ceapach toirt éigh
 Thug reub air a chridhe,
 "Dhia nan Gràs 's nan Speur"
 Na thréig Clann mo Chinnidh?"

Na gaisgich fo'n choill
 'S na glinn 'nan lasraichean;
 Iad seasmhach do'n Phrionns',
 A chaoidh 's an anail annt':
 Teàrlach 'na fhòg'rach,
 Claidht' air an allaban;
 'S ge b' mhór airgidh cinn
 An daoì cha bhrathadh e.

TORMOD MACLEOID.

Eilean mo Chridhe

O! Eilein mo chridh', O! rìgh nach mise bha
 ann,
 Am fàsagadh nam frith fo dhìdean seasgair nam
 beann.
 Bhithinn' an sìth gu sìneadh mo làithean
 gu'n ceann
 Measg cuideachd mo chridh' 's aig sìth nuair
 thigeadh an t-am.

Tha mise fo bhròn ochain 's nach fhaod mi
 bhith ann,
 Mo chridhe fo leòn 's mi còmhnuidh 'm baile
 nan Gall,
 Mo smuaintean a ghnàth air àrd a' mhonaidh 's
 nam beann,
 Is cròilean mo ghaoil fa sgaoil 's an comunn
 air chall.

O! Eilein mo ghaoil chan iongnadh m' aignidh
 bhith fann,
 Cho fada bho m' thìr 's mi sìor ag iarraidh
 bhith ann,
 Measg churaidh' is rìbhinn' fhìor'; 's nuair
 ruigeas an t-am
 Gu laighinn aig sìth sa' chill sa' chlachan ud
 thall.

(Continued on page 56)



Bàgh Chill-Odhrain, Colbhasaidh.

SEALLADH ALAINN

THACHAIR dhòmh-sa an sealladh briagha so fhaicinn aig éirigh na gréine air madainn foghair.

Bha an àird-an-ear a nis air tionndadh òr-bhuidhe, agus na speuran, a bha cheana air an còmhdachadh le sgòthan liath-ghlas na h-oidhche, a' cur orra trusgan trom ghorm air choinneamh teachd na gréine. Bha sìth agus sonas a' còmhlachadh a chéile air a' ghaidh na talmhainn an uair a nochd a' ghrian os cionn oir na mara, a bha deàlradh 's a' dannsadh mar shamhladh, mar gum b' eadh, gu robh i toilichte a faicinn.

Cha robh mise fada ruigheachd mullach "Creag Hastuinn", agus cha tug mi idir fainear gu robh mo chompanach air dealachadh uam, is gu robh mi air m' fhàgail 'nam aonar air mullach a' chnuic. Ach sin mar a bha, agus air gach tacbh dhìom an sin bha raointean de mhachair bhriagha a bha ruigheachd gu taobh na mara air an tacbh deas.

Bithidh daoine labhairt air toradh an fhoghair agus air na tròcairean a tha muinntir a' seabhachadh ach is ann air a' mhadainn so a thuig mise toradh is maisead an ionaid àraidh so: na h-ionmraichean arbhair ag osnaich le lionmhorachd nan dias, is iad a' sìor chromadh 's a'

dìreadh anns a' ghaoith, coltach ri stuadhan de uisgeachan air dhath an òir. Thug mi an sin sùil air iomraichean bhuntàta a bha ri taobh an arbhair is chunnaic mi gu robh mòran de na duilleagan air seacadh, agus an impis a bhith air a saltairt fo na casan, ach cha robh iad gun luchd-ionndrainn, oir bha na duilleagan eile fliuch le deòir, a' deàlradh anns a' ghréin.

Sin far an robh an sealladh glòrmhor: ùrlar de ghainmhich ghil còmhdaichte le brat uaine air oibreachadh le fùraichean bòidheach de'n a h-uile seòrsa dath, gach blàth a' feuchainn bàrr a thoirt air na bha mu'n cuairt air ann am mais, agus iad uile a' lionadh an àite le fàile cùbhraidh ion-mhiannaichte. Cha robh iad 'nan àilleachd agus nan sòlas, a' toirt fanair, math dh'fhaodte, gun robh an saoghal glé gheur gu bhith aig cuid dhiùbh, oir bha buachaille a' bhaile dìreach a' tighinn am fagus leis an spréidh. Bha tathunn nan con, geumnaich nam bó, agus fead cruaidh a' bhuachaille tighinn thugam gu glan air sgiathan na maidne, agus chithinn smùid de'n driùchd bhàrr an fheòir far an robh an treud ag imeachd.

Bha tràigh mhór bhriagha ann, agus an Cuan an Iar a' briseadh le torman cianail, mar gum

bitheadh e a' tuireadh air son nan laoch òga a chaidh a shlugadh leis troimh na linntean, tonn an déidh tuinne a' tighinn a steach air tràigh, le curracan de chop geal, a' ruighinn cho fada air a' ghainimh, agus an sin a' tilleadh air ais do'n doimhneachd mhóir a chuir air turus iad.

Thug mi sùil eile mu'n cuairt. Bha na beanntan dearg, puirpear le fraoch bòidheach, iad ag éirigh os cionn a' bhaile mar fhreiceadan. Bha òirdhearcais is mórachd do-labhairt ann an soillearachd na bha fo mo chomhair; bha gach nì thall agus a bhos a dh'aon intinn, 'nan cruth agus 'nan gnùis a' toirt buidheachas do'n ghréin air son a blàiths agus a coibhneis.

Thill mise ceum air ghàig dhachaidh, m' intinn a' gleac ri smaointean diamhair domhain, mo chorp agus m' anam air ùrachadh aig móralachd a' chruthachaidh. Is ann ormsa nach robh aithreachas air son na moch-eirigh a rinn mi.

N. NICHOMHNAILL,
Inbhirnis.

Nach Cuala Tu So?

1. Tunachd; làgaraid; fearnachadh; bial-mór; bior-naois; tonn-fo-thulach; currain earr-aich; uisge nan uighean.
2. Is buidhe dhut; do là dubh; gu là luain; leig thusa leat; 'na shuidhe air a chéill; bhuaile e 'nam aodann.
3. B'e sin urras gun earras mise a dhol an urras ortsa.
Cha chuir e a bhuinnig air a bhrògan.
A' call na léidhe air imlich a màis.
Cho liuthad uchdach is car mu leathad.

(Continued from page 54)

Tha céitein na h-òig' 'nam fheòil a' còmhnuidh san am,
Is meamhair nan seòd gach lò mar thobar gun phlam;
Mo chogais 'gam dhiteadh dìon, 's gach lethsgheil air chall,
Gun dh'fhàg mi mo thìr 's nach pill mi tuilleadh do'n ghleann.
Theich làithean na h-òig' mar cheò air bhasan nan stùc;
Gach mànnan is ceòl mar sgleò chuir ainneart air chùl.
Tha t'alltan a' seinn cho binn 's a chaitream cho ciùin,
Gun ghaisgeach 's na glinn bheir suim do earal a' chùil.

R. ROTHACH,
Canada.

Gaelic Poets of the 18th Century

By DERICK S. THOMSON

DONNCHADH BAN, although not a clan bard, or an official bard, in the usual sense, could scarcely fail to be influenced by the long tradition which had been created by such poets, and seven of his songs are either addresses to or laments for chiefs and gentlemen of note. All of these are Campbells, which may lead us to suspect that at times he thought of himself as the laureate of that clan. He had learnt to compose in the appropriate style very early. Mr. Angus MacLeod argues convincingly that *Oran do Mhormhair Ghlinn Urchaidh* was composed between 1746 and 1752, and from the reference to *toiseach na stri* so *thàinig* it might well be supposed that the poem was composed in 1746. The second half of this poem is particularly successful. Donnchadh Bàn is securely grounded in his tradition here—the description of the splendours and the pastimes of the mansion of Bealach falls naturally into its place with Mary MacLeod's description of Dunvegan, or Iain Lom's account of the home of MacDonald of Sleat, or the anonymous author's account, in *Saighdean Ghlinn Lìobhann*, of MacGregor of Glenstrae's home. The verse moves with sureness and verve. Not much thought is required on the part of the poet, for the poem almost "writes itself" out of the tradition. *Cumha Chailein Ghlinn Iubhair*, composed presumably in 1752, is a good conventional elegy, showing the great competence in verse-making that is so surprisingly widespread in the 17th and 18th centuries. The same is true of *Cumha Ghill-easbuig Ach-Chaladair*, dated 1761, and perhaps in a greater degree of *Cumha Iarla Bhraghaid-Albann*, dated 1782. This latter is not among the most powerful elegies in Gaelic, but the subject of the poem must have moved the poet, bringing back memories of his halcyon days. The emotion behind the poem affects the rhythm, carrying it forward with some urgency. The *Oran do Iain Caimbeul a' Bhanca*, composed not later than 1756, is again within a well-established tradition, but it has considerable freshness. The last of this group of Campbell poems, *Oran do Iarla Bhraghaid-Albann*, composed in or after 1793, is an unpretentious song, such as might have been sung at any time in the soldiers' mess. It lacks the power, and the dignity, of the other poems in this group.

It was suggested earlier that it would be unjust to compare the political attitudes of Donnchadh Bàn and MacMhaighstir Alasdair

at the time of the '45, when there were such large differences in age and experience between the two men. It would not be unjustifiable, however, to use some of Donnchadh Bàn's later political songs, or songs with some political bearing, as evidence of his attitudes. On the whole, he does not seem to have been deeply committed, intellectually, either way. What seems to have interested him most here was his personal convenience and comfort. The prescribing of the Highland dress can rouse him to something like anger, and he shows a spark of Jacobite spirit in *Oran do'n Bhrìogais*. The later *Oran do'n Eideadh Ghaidhealach* is of little or no interest as poetry, and shows a rather shallow interest in externals, to the neglect of more important aspects of the cultural identity of the Gaelic people: this is an attitude that is common enough. One would scarcely need to be a Jacobite to regard the *Oran do'n Rìgh*, composed before 1768, and perhaps just after the poet's move to Edinburgh, as a poor, sycophantic piece of work. The poet shows a great admiration for George III, but at least there is no claptrap about Britain, or England, civilizing the world. The poet's view is quite simple and direct:

Chan eil rìgh anns an Roinn Eòrpa
 Chumas còmhrag ris le claidheamh—
 Fearann chàich 'ga shìor thoirt uatha,
 'S a h-uil' àite fhuair e ghleidheadh.

Pitt would have smacked his lips had he known how Donnchadh Bàn was bemused by the battle-honours of the Highland Regiments:—

Bha iad bras a h-uile latha
 Rì àm catha dol 'sna blàraibh;
 Chaidh gach duine dhiubh air chruadal,
 'S ann orra bha buaidh gach làrach—.

It may be that the clue to Donnchadh Bàn's attitude lies in the line,

'S pailt an t-airgead ri linn Dheòrsa.

In *Oran nam Fìneachan a' fhuair am fearann air ais* he refers to the '45 Rising as *an camp bha gòrach*. It is interesting to contrast this poem with Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's to the clans, before the Rising—a poem which, no doubt, Donnchadh Bàn had in mind. Donnchadh Bàn's poem lacks fire: perhaps it is easier and more in character for a poet to be a rebel rather than an approver of official policy! But the poet's peace-loving heart may have been genuinely gladdened by a *bhliadhna chrùn an rèite*. This poem belongs to the *genre* of "clan-praise" verse, which is common in the 18th century and earlier (Iain Lom provides a 17th century model). Such verse is never much more than propaganda, or "poet-laureate stuff" at its lower level.

Donnchadh Bàn's greatest, and most individual, poems are those which take as their subject

Nature and rural pursuits: *Oran Coire a' Cheathaich*, *Oran an t-Samhraidh* and *Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain*. To this group also belong *Cumha Coire a' Cheathaich*, *Oran Seachran Seilge*, *Oran do Ghunna*, and the nostalgic songs *Oran Ghlinn Urchaidh*, *Oran Duthcha* and *Cead Deireannach nam Beann*. The first three were probably composed in the period 1751-66, as also the *Cumha* and *Oran Seachran Seilge*. But they all have the same ultimate inspiration, and when we speak of the poetry of Donnchadh Bàn it is largely of these we think. They are not all equally good. Certainly one of the most remarkable is *Oran Coire a' Cheathaich*, with its highly skilled use of vocabulary. The sense does not falter under the load of rhyme. It is full of detailed description, yet it does not become tedious. The emotion is masked (the poet scarcely intrudes at all in the first person), but without this emotion the poem would never have been composed. It has many delightful passages, like this vignette of the sleeping fawn:

'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
 Le chuinnean fìadha, as fìadhaich ceann,
 'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach,
 Fho bhàrr na luachrach, 'na chuirteig chruinn.

There would seem, on the other hand, to have been a background of malice to the *Cumha Coire a' Cheathaich*—a personal animus against MacEwen, the new steward of Coire Cheathaich. The tone of the poem is very different to that of the presumably earlier *Oran Coire a' Cheathaich*. In *Oran an t-Samhraidh* we find one of many clues as to where Donnchadh Bàn's best poetry should be sought. In a reference to deer he says:

Bu tuilleadh lòn is saoghail
 Do gach neach a' ghabhadh gaol orra
 Bhith tric ag amharc caol orra,
 'S ag éisdeachd gaoin an crònnaich.

It is immediately noticeable that when the poet turns from the deer to the birds he is much less happy. He felt, perhaps, that like Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair he should describe the birds, but even the metre and rhythm falter:

Thig a' chuthag 'sa' mhòs Chéitein oirn,
 'S bidh 'n uiseag 'na seucan còmhla rìth,
 'S an dreathan a' gleusadh sheannsairean
 Air a' ghéig as àird a' mhòth' cheas e—.

It sounds very lame. The whimsicality of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's treatment has disappeared. Donnchadh Bàn is out of sympathy with birds. Nor is the section on trees much more successful, while that on bees is a pale imitation of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. But there are good things here too, as the description of the dew. On the whole, however, *Oran an*

l-Samhraidh might be regarded as not more than a moderately successful exercise.

Not so the most ambitious and the greatest of Donnchadh Bàn's poems, *Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain*. Here again it is not difficult to find earlier parallels for particular passages. Surely for example, Donnchadh Bàn knew An Ciaran Mabach's *B' annsa cadal air fraoch*, and learnt a trick or two from it, as in An Ciaran's whimsical treatment of the deer:—

B' e mo ghràdh-sa 'fear buidhe
Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhòrd,
Nach iarradh ri cheannach
Pinnt leanna na beòir ;
Uisge-beatha math dùbailt
Cha b' e b' fhiù leat ri òl:
B' fheàrr leat biolar an fhuairin
Is uisge luaineach an lòn.

The last stanza of this poem also provides instances of words and phrases which are more familiar to us in their greater setting of *Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain*, e.g.

Nuair a thigeadh am foghar
Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chléibh
Dol a ghabhail a' chrònain
Air a' mhòintich bhuig réidh,
Dol an coimneimh do leannain
Bu ghile feaman is céir:
Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhòidhche
'S bu bhrisge, lòghmhoire ceum.

But these and other influences are fully assimilated in *Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain*. The assurance of the verse is remarkable, as are the descriptive powers of the poet, the wealth of his vocabulary, his technical mastery of form, and here more than anywhere in his work his construction of the poem. The architectonic weakness so often noticed in Gaelic verse is not apparent here: by a strange chance of genius the poet achieved a work that can be placed beside the great examples of *ceòl-mór* and of Celtic illumination. His powers must have been at their height, the circumstances congenial to him, and the subject was the one he was supremely interested in, and trained by nature and calling to treat.

Oran Ghlimh Urchaidh was presumably composed in Edinburgh. Its nostalgic verses are the best in the song. Such lines as

'S chan eil fàth bhith bruidhinn
Mu'n fhear bhuidh' air am bi 'n cròc

show where the poet's heart lay. His allegiance had not changed in 1802, when *Cead Deireannach nam Beann* was composed. He recaptured something of the spirit of his earlier poetry, but the song is not objective like *Moladh Beinn Dòbhrain*: it is subjective and nostalgic. Yet it is not a note of despair that we hear in this song, but one of triumph. Man's strength fails, and his senses and appetites become dimmed and

blunted, but the glory and majesty of the hills remain.

The glimpses of genius were few and fitful in the long years he spent in his chosen exile. Approximately two-thirds, perhaps more, of his extant verse was composed before 1768; probably less than two thousand lines belong to the last forty-four years of his life. Much of this later output is on trivial themes and is of little significance. One depressing series of six songs was composed between 1781 and 1789, for competitions. This competition-verse has little or no value as poetry. It is pedestrian, repetitive, and often mere nonsense. The songs inspired by his service in the City Guard and in the Breadalbane Fencibles are not much better. *Oran do'n Mhusg* is pleasantly whimsical, but again it is apparent, that the poetry has been left behind in the hills:

Leig mi na daimh chròcach an taobh bha 'n aire.

Oran do Thailbert is a poor successor; *Rainn Claidhimh*, composed in 1793, is a perfunctory piece; there is something very pathetic about the *Oran na Gàsaid*, composed in Peterhead in 1798. On the other hand, the group of drinking-songs, *Rainn do'n Phadhadh*, *Oran a' Bhrannaidh*, *Oran a' Bhotail* and *Oran Alasdair* go merrily. One can imagine these being sung lustily in army messes and in taverns. The themes, like most of the poet's, were not new, but the handling was skilful enough.

Donnchadh Bàn's satires have evoked some criticism which, inasmuch as it has been largely moral criticism, may not be quite relevant. These songs are to be viewed against their traditional background. *Oran do'n Taillear* is scurrilous enough, but it is doubtful if this sort of flyting (whose rules were no doubt well understood) is a proper subject for moral indignation on the part of literary critics. It may, however, fail on purely literary grounds. The *Oran do Charaid Taillear* is more innocuous. *Aoir Uisdein* and *Aoir Anna*, and perhaps *Oran do'n Inbhir*, probably owe something to Rob Donn's work. The former is good of its kind; it is extremely lively. There is a pleasant strain of humour throughout *Rainn do'n Cheud Cheard*.

There is not a great deal of social comment, much less revolt, in Donnchadh Bàn's poetry, but the introduction of large-scale sheep-farming in the countryside he loved touched him closely, and *Oran nam Balgaircan* is his spirited protest. There have been many songs on this theme since then, but not many lines more telling than the last stanzas of this song, where he wishes long life to the fox-cubs:

Guma slàn na cuileanan
Tha fuireach ann an saobhaidh—

The religious strain in Donnchadh Bàn comes to the surface only occasionally, and his two specifically religious poems are late compositions—*Rainn Comh-dhunnaidh* (c. 1790) and *Marbhrann an Ughdair dha féin* (c. 1804). Both are simple and moving, and they add to his stature as a poet.

To sum up, this is the impression that emerges from a reading of his work: he is a poet with a rich and flexible vocabulary, and great technical facility; he was steeped in the poetic tradition of the 17th and early 18th century, and he assimilated its influences readily, also showing eagerness to learn from contemporary models, but not quite the same facility; the range of his truly original work is restricted; by far his best work was composed before 1768, most of it probably between 1752 and 1766; Nature, and particularly the deer, provide his one really compelling theme; most of the post-1768 songs may have been composed because he had to justify his reputation as a poet, but only in a very small number of songs does he achieve anything like his earlier success—he did not fully adjust himself to his new environment, nor turn his post-1768 experience to poetry; the appeal of his poetry is largely to the eye and the ear, not to the mind.

Marbhrann Iain Mhic Eachainn

This poem was written by the Sutherland poet Rob Donn to his employer John Mackay, 'his friend and benefactor'. It has a weight and strong movement which is very impressive. The influence of Pope is notable in some of its balanced statements, and there is reason to believe that Rob Donn knew of some of Pope's work, not perhaps so much by reading (though a translation into Gaelic had been made by Rev. Murdoch Macdonald whom the poet knew) as by oral references by the minister to these poems. What is also interesting in the poem is the last verse where the poet is attempting to break through a convention towards the truth which he wants believed at all costs.

Lament for John Mackay

Iain Mhic Eachainn since your dying
Where now will we find
your equal in knowing
how to gather and how to spend?
The plain truth is that no one
of your own age does know it,
and if the gift's being grown
few living will see it.

How different your life from many
of those who still alive hoard
every acre every penny
for their own children to discard:
who will endure dreary days;
Who'll have no friend who can be named;
Whose only elegy this praise:
'Look at the acres he reclaimed'.

These are 'legal' to the letter:
to some hard debtors, though they pay
their own friends without bitter
recrimination or delay.
But all the rest of their resources
is speedily put in store;
while both their pity and their purses
are shut equally to the poor.

In such half-honour deeply rooted
they think it neither wrong nor odd
to spend their lifetimes thus indebted
less to men than they are to God;
but when their last judgment is ready
they must listen to this arraignment:
'Why did you never help the needy,
with food or drink or proper raiment?'

I would wish if I were able
to fix your deeds in clear letters
that youth might from them learn a noble
emulation of their betters;
for your whole life's so full of use
to those who will consent to study,
as your charity was profuse
and prompt for the weak and needy.

O you who have the means and power,
If you'd pursue the purest fame
now is your exact hour
O do not waste this present time;
you also are in the midst of death
which took this hero to his doom.
Let each of you emulate his worth,
assume his burdens at his tomb.

For though many scorn these rare
and generous givers, I'd rather hear
instead of mockery this pure
petition and this passionate prayer:
'May the generations as they fade
at length making us wise in tears
teach our late wisdom not to trade
an eternity for sixty years.'

Many a man did you enrich
and many a silly lad might gather
knowledge from the experience which
you could interpret to another.
Indeed there's not a man here
(but the dolts of cowherds) who wasn't
indebted to you, either for
your wisdom or a lesser present.

You never ate your food with pleasure
if you knew of any who was without;
nor would you ever pass a beggar
without responding to his plight.
Much rather would you give a pound
than suffer an ounce of late remorse,
and what you gave so freely round
renewed itself within your purse.

To-day I see the prodigal
walking in sorrow and weariness;
The inn is warm but he is chill
dispirited and penniless.
I see the poor widow forsaken,
I see the needy full of hunger,
I see the orphan stark naked
having helper no longer.

I see the poet neglected
with rusting skills he's not using;
I see men strayed and infected
with loss of trade and of vision.
Should I ask why this grieving,
why this sorrow and sadness,
they'll say to me weeping:
"It's because of Mac Eachainn."

I see this multitude stricken
by the death that removed you;
yet a gain may be reckoned
to the wealthy who loved you;
since this year has now shown me
unknown patrons who've risen
like stars in the gloaming
when the sun's left our vision.

In the elegies that are made here
we find an impure flattery dropping
the corrupting gleam of a false tear
that turns the truth to worse than nothing.
But though I should be on holiest oath
to the Ono God who can sustain,
I have spoken only clear truth
and what I knew of this good man.

(IAIN C. SMITH.)

Organiser's Notes

In spite of inclement weather the Organiser was able to visit a number of Branches during the winter months. Starting with a ceilidh at Inverness, he has been present at successful functions run by the Beauly, Dingwall, Dornoch, Kyle, Lairg and Newtonmore Branches.

He also visited Ferintosh, Rosehall, Turriff, and Torridon, and although it appears that some areas have been less active this year there is every hope that next year will see an improvement.

The Organiser will be visiting Skye and the Uists shortly. He reports that the prospects for Comunn na h-Oigridh camps are very promising.

Provincial and Local Mods for 1958 have been arranged as follows:—

- May 9 —Islay, at Bowmore.
May 10 —Edinburgh.
May 29-30—South-West Ross and Glenelg,
at Kyle.
May 29-31—Glasgow
June 10-11—Skye, at Portree.
June 12-13—Kintyre, at Campbeltown.
June 13 —Mull, at Tobermory.
June 13 —Perthshire, at Aberfeldy.
June 13 —Sutherland, at Lairg.
June 16-17—Dalriada, at Lochgilphead.
June 19-20—Lewis, at Stornoway.
June 24 —Ardnamurchan, at Strontian.

An Comunn Gaidhealach

Life Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1957	945
Additions to Roll	58
	<u>1003</u>
Less Deceased and Resigned	22
	<u>981</u>
On Roll at 31st March, 1958	

Ordinary Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1957	2019
Additions to Roll	642
	<u>2661</u>
Less—Transferred to Life Membership, Deceased, Resigned and Lapsed	295
	<u>2366</u>
On Roll at 31st March, 1958	

Junior Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1957	183
Additions to Roll	43
	<u>226</u>
Less—Transferred to Life and Ordinary Membership and Lapsed	61
	<u>165</u>
On Roll at 31st March, 1958	

Affiliated Societies

On Roll at 31st March, 1957	64
Additions to Roll, less Lapsed	1
	<u>65</u>
On Roll at 31st March, 1958	

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN T-IUCHAR, 1958

Aireamh 7

DEALBH EILE

CHA robh mi 'g amharc ach mionaid bheag air an dealbh a bha crochte air a' bhalla, ach rinn shùil na h-inntinne an còrr. Bha an dealbh a' riochdachadh àite air an robh mi ro eòlach fad mo bheatha. An cois an rathaid a bha ruith gu caol, lùbach am bàrr a' chladaich tha loch uisge air an tric a laigh na h-eòin mhara, gu sònruichte an fhaoileag bhàn. Ceithir thimcheall an locha tha machair fheurach le blàthan cùbhraidh de gach dath ré an t-samhraidh, agus ag ionaltradh air an rèidhlean uaine chite gu minic crodh sultmhor, guanach gun duine 'nan còir. Air taobh a

tuath na machrach tha bàgh geal gainmhich mar choran airgid a' dealradh sa' ghréin cho fada 's a chì an t-sùil. So far an cruinnich a' chlànn gu snàmh no gu fearas-chuideachd am blàths an fheasgair. Tha uisgeachan a' bhàigh air uairean sìtheil, ciùin, nuair a tha a' ghaoth an ear-thuath 'na cadal, ach greannach, ùdlaidh gu leòr nuair a shéideas a' ghailleann. Is mairg a sheasadh air carraig luim is tonnan uamhrach a' chuain mhóir a' taomadh thairis oirre. Cuiridh steall nan tonn mu na stallachan 'nar cuimhne ma dh'iarr am muir a thadhail nach e an gliocas a chur gu dùbhlán.

Fo'n rathad air an làimh dheis mar a sheasadh duine le a shùil san àirde an ear tha uchdach muil a bhricidh an Cuan a Siar gu tìr. Ri muir-tràghaidh tha raon de ghainmhich mhìn eadar iomall na mara agus an tiùrr, ach ri làn reothairt agus gaoth a deas air a chùl mo thruaighe an coisiche air dhroch éideadh. Tha am marcan-sìne 'na leum mar thuil nan uisgeachan. Ach air là sèimh samhraidh no geamhraidh 's e làn-sùla a tha anns an t-sealladh mu'n cuairt. Tha an Cuan a Siar a' sìneadh gu faire gun ni briseadh an t-seallaidh. Tha na h-Eileanan Móra 'gan searradh fhéin an àirde as na h-uisgeachan agus ceann a tuath an Eilein Sgitheanaich a' crùbadh gu falachaidh air an cùl. Tha a' Chearc 's an t-Isean 'gam blianadh fhéin anns a' ghréin, agus rubhachan dubha na Pàirce ag amharc air an aodannan preasach anns a' chuan a tha beòlragaidh riutha.

Thug an dealbh sealladh eile fa chomhair na h-inntinne aig an am. Chì mi an sgoth Niseach leis an t-seòl am bun na slaithe cothachadh là deireadh earraich gu fàsghadh a' chladaich le gaoth an ceann, agus mnathan ionnach 'ga feitheamh air tìr. Chì mi fir iasgaidh, sgoinne-eil, sgairteil air ais 's air adhart eadar an

CLAR-INNSIDH

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Alasdair Friseal—Fear Mhault

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH



Muirneag

clachan 's an cladach an ceann an gairme. Bu dian an saothair, bu chruaidh an obair, ach bu ghreadhnach na fleasgaich. B' acrach iad an là a bheireadh am feàth orra air muir agus a dh'fheumte an t-astar cuain dhachaidh a dheanamh air chùl nan ràmh.

Chì mi rithist air feasgar balbh samhraidh na ceudan de na bàtaichean seòlaidh fo làn aodach ag iarraidh gu àite cura. Air taobh a deas an tairbeirt tha iad mall 'nan siubhal agus a' gluasad taobh ri taobh, sreath air shreath. Nach tric a shaoil mi a' faicinn an t-seallaidh gu faodainn coiseachd air bàrr nan crann.

Bu mhór an othail mu'n cheidhe-mhór nuair a thilleadh iad le luchd sgadain; fir is caileagan, cùbairean is ciùireirean, eich is cairtean air gach làimh. B' iongantach an gear, bu dian a' chabhag, b' àrd a' ghleadhr-aich. Is fhada a nis o chuir na fir a b' aithne dhuinn an cùl ris an iasgach, agus tha na rathaidean air na shiubhail an casan an diugh fo fheur glas. Phaisg an bàta mu dheireadh a cuid shiùil o chionn iomadh bliadhna; agus chan fhaicear sealladh cho tlachdmhor ri càbhlach fo làn aodach air na h-uisgeachan ud tuilleadh.

RUGADH agus thogadh Alasdair Friseal ann an Crochail, Strathghlais, an siorramachd Inbhir Nis, mu thuiream ceud gu leith bliadhna air ais. Bha sinnsearachd an Fhrisealaich ann an Strathghlais iomadh linn roimh bhliadhna Thearlaich agus bha aon dhiubh, co-dhiù, a measg na buidhne fiùthail a bha 'n an ursann-chathia do'n Phlirionnsa air latha dùbhlaidh Chùil-lodair.

Air dha tighinn gu inbhe cosnaidh, chaidh Alasdair air imrich-chuain gu Demerara, Taobh Deas Ameriga, far an do chuir e seachad àireamh bhliadhnachan ri obair an t-siùcair. Ann an sud, fhuair e eòlas air Albannach eile a bu choimpre dha, b'e sin Frisealach Sgìbinnis.

Nuair a thill Alasdair dhachaidh do'n Ghaidhealtachd, ghabh e air màl fearann chaorach ris an abrar Beinn-a-Bhean agus Mault. An déidh sin, is e Fear Mhault a theireadh an sluagh ris gu coitcheann.

'S e duine grunn-dail, gnìomhach a bha ann dheth, agus shoirbhich leis gu math 'na shaoth-air.

Phòs Fear Mhault cailin do'm b'ainm Ealasaid Findlater, a bhuineadh do a dhùthaich féin, Strathghlais. Rugadh teaghlach mór dhaibh, seachdnar mhac agus dà nighean agus lean aon de na mic, Seumas, 'athair anns an fhearann.

Cha robh Alasdair Friseal ach 'na dhuine òg nuair a chaochail é ann an tigh-eiridinn Dhun Eideann còrr beag is ceud bliadhna air ais.

'S e deagh bhàrd a bha ann am Fear Mhault. Bha e cho soirbh dha bàrdachd a dheanamh anns an t-seasamh bonn, air cuspair sam bith, agus a bha e dha bruidhinn. An déidh sin 's 'na dhéidh, chleachd e saothair a ghabhail ri obair. Cho luath 's a chuireadh e ealaidh no òran ri chèile, ghairmeadh e a steach aon de na seirbhisich eadhon ged a bhiodh i gu dripeil a muigh a' buain anns a' gheadhail arbhair, bheireadh e oirre na rannan a luibhairt, ceathramh air a cheathramh, gus an cluinneadh e dé a mùgh a bheireadh aithris bhilean aoin eile orra agus nan saoil eadh e gum b' fheàirde sreath sam bith atharrachadh, bha e 'ga dheanamh gu grad.

Ged a rinn am bàrd móran òran bhàrraichte, chan eil ach a dhà no a trì dhiubh air chuimhne an diugh. Chaidh a' chuid bu mhotha de a bhàrdachd a sgrìobhadh agus a thoirt seachd do chuideigin a bha am beachd a chlà-bhualadh

ach cha deach sud a dheanamh agus is mór m'eagal gum bheil na paipearan gu léir air chall.

Chaidh aon de na h-òrain aig Alasdair—Oran Dhonnachaidh Siosal—a thoirt am follais ann an àireamh an Iuchair de'n mhìosachan an *Celtic Monthly*, 1899. Tha mi an comain mo nàbaidh, Maighistir Alasdair Friseal, Bogha Mór, ogha do'n bhàrd, air son an dàn a leanas—Fear Donn An Fhéile—a thoirt dhomh, dàn nach do nochdadh roimhe so ann am paipear no mìosachan sam bith.

Theireadh na seann daoine nuair a chluinn-eadh iad mu òran ùr: "A bheil dad de bhlas air?" Saoilidh mi gun aidich gach neach mu Fhear Donn An Fhéile gu bheil blas an òrain so cho taitneach agus gu bheil e a' dèsgadh ionndrainn 'nar n-inntinn air a' chuid eile de obair luachmhor a' bhàird air nach eile sgeul an diugh. Tha rogha bàrdachd is taghadh Gàidhlig an so, Gàidhlig làidir an t-sàir fhilidh. Tha gach ceathramh dhi a' taisbeanadh doimhneachd smuain agus fìor alt is shnas na ceòlraidh.

Is ann do'n cheann-feadhna a rinn Alasdair, Fear Donn An Fhéile, b'e sin am morair Mac Shimidh, agus gu dearbh thigeadh dha féin a bhì mór as comasan an fhìr a mhol e.

Ri fhaicinn, is e duine àrd, tlachdmhor bàn, a bha ann am Fear Mhault. Bha na daoine bho'n tàinig e uile 'nan daoine móra, foghainteach, anns an robh còrr is sè troidhean de àirde. Cridhe na féile, bha e daonnain ullamh gu fuasgladh air cruaidh-chàs thruaghain a ruigeadh e ann an latha na h-éiginn.

Thug Alasdair uair beagan de rùsgan clòimhe do bhoireannach bochd air son a feumalachd féin, ach is ann a rinn ise clò grinn dhiubh do'n bhàrd. Rinn esan òran molaidh do'n aodach agus mar a thachair do Dhonnachadh Bàn agus do'n chaora a fhuair e bho Shiùsaidh, cha robh buaidh nach robh air an tiòdhach so. Cha chuala mi ach gearr bhloigh de òran a' chlà.

Air an làimh eile, cha robh dìth geuraid no sgaitheadh air Alasdair còir nuair a ghluais e. Air dha bhì là air Féil na Clòimhe, ann am baile Inbhir Nis, có a thachair air ach fear ris an abradh iad Aonghas Dubh, a Gleann Urchar-ainn. B'e an fhàilte a chuir Aonghas air Fear Mhault: "A bheil thu so Alasdair Bhàin a' bhreamais?" Fhreagar Alasdair: "Tha mi so Aonghas Dhuibh an donais!"

Bhiodh an còmhnuidh gearradh-cainnt is fuasgladh facail éibhinn de'n t-seòrsa so aig na bàrd o shean, do 'm bu chèòl a bhì tagairt air a chéile, cha b'ann a mi-rùn, ach a chum àbhachd is fealla-dhà.

Fear Donn An Fhéile

Is toigh leam fhìr fear donn an fhéile,
Giomanach a' ghunna ghleusda,
'S toigh leam fhìr fear donn an fhéile.

Thugadh gaol do cheann-cinnidh,
Sim òg mac Mhic Shimidh,
Cò tha beò nach tugadh sin da
Nuair a shealladh iad 'na eudann.

'S gasda, measail, maiseach, mùirneach,
Frisealach bho'n Chaisteal Dùnaidh,
Uaill 's àille 's gràdh do dhùthcha,
Cridheil, sundach, cliùiteach, ceutach.

Pearsa dhìreach, fhìnealt, àlainn,
A bhèòil shìobhalt', chridhe ghràdhaich,
Inntinn sheòlta 's fòghlum àrd,
Sanas Gàidhlig agus Beurla.

'S math thig osan air do chalpa,
Biodag crios is bucaill airgid,
Ribinn shìod' air boineid gorm,
Breacan dearg os cionn fhéile.

Bu tu àilleagan nan uaislean,
Agus eàrlaid do chuid tuatha,
Beannachd dhìlleachdan is thruaghan,
Leannan nam ban saurice beusach.

Shìubhlainn leat Gleann Innich Lóicheil,
Gleann Srath Farar nam beann móra,
An àird Strath-araigeig is Mòrar,
An Fhraing 's an Olaind leat nam b'fheudar.

Mheur is àirde Chraobh na Moirbhich,
Chumas dìon oirn ri am stoirme,
Mac is ogha do'n dà Mhorair,
Aibannach thu 'nad arm 's 'nad éideadh.

Mac Criomain 'S A' Bhan-Shidhe

MU thimcheall na bliadhna còig ceud deg air feasgair briagha foghair, bha duine òg annsail a' pìobaireachd ann an lagan uaine faisg air Boraraig Dhiùranais anns an Eilean Sgitheanach.

Bha obair nàduir ann an lànachd a maise: am pòr torach ag abachadh, an aimsir grianchan ciùin agus gach sealladh àlainn mu'n cuait a' togail inntinn an diùnaich gu mullach sòlais, air chor 's gu robh e mealtainn phlat-aidhean a bha toirt f'a chomhair nithean uasal agus mòrdhalach a tha air an alpadh ri aignidhean a chinnidh—faireachaidhean a ghluaiseas an duine gu euchdan fiùghanta, mar tha bàrdachd agus ceòl.

Dé gu h-àraidh a b' aobhar do'n àrdachadh intinne a bha air a shiubhal? Bha so, gu robh e cluich seòrsa ciùil nach cualas riamh roimhe a leithid a' teachd a inneal—e tur eadar-dhealaichte o gach ceòl a bha, agus a' toirt bàrr orra uile. Bha Ceòl Faicheachd agus Ceòl Dannsa coitcheann gu leòr san am—Ceòl Aotrom mar a theirear riutha an diugh, ach b'e bha an so ach Ceòl Mór, Pìobaireachd, mar a bhaist cuid e ann am mearachd.

Nan robh neach an cuideachd a' phìobaire dh'fhaodadh e a thoirt fainear gu robh a chridhe snámh 'na cheòl agus e gun smuain air sgur, ged bha a' ghrian a nis air a dhol fogha anns a' chuan.

Cho luath 's a chaidh i sìos b'iongantach an nì a thachair. Thàlaidh an ceòl beathaichean fiadhaich nam monaidhean, ianlaith na mara 's na coil—thàlaidh, eadhon, agus sgaoth shidhichean, le am ban-rìgh air an ceann. Sheas gach creutair gu stòlda mu oir an lagain, ag èisdeachd mar gum b'ann fo gheasaibh. Cha robh biog no sgrìach r'an cluinntinn, is gann a bha iad a' tarraing analach mar an gnàths, air eagal 's gum mùchteadh ponc de'n cheòl, agus nach ann a shaoileadh neach gu robh a' ghealach fhéin—gealach an abachaidh agus i làn—a' dlùthachadh ris an t-saoghal 's i coimhead na bu mhòtha na a h-àbhaist.

Mu dheireadh sguir am pìobaire agus air dha deanamh air a dhachaidh chòmhlaidh ban-rìgh nan sidhichean e. Dh'aslaich i air fuireachd car tamaill a chum 's gun cuireadh i an ceòl a buidheachas air son an t-sòlais a bhuilicheadh orra uile le a cheòl. "Ghluais do bhuidheachas gun choimeas mi", ars ise, "gu do roghainn a thairgsinn dhut de dhà thiodhlaic a tha am chomas a bhàirgeadh ort. Is e sin, có e as fheàrr leat Ealain gun Rath no Rath gun Ealain?"

Fhreagair am pìobaire i air ball: "Thoir dhomh-sa", ars esan, "ealain gus an ceòl òirdhear so a chluich gu coimhlionta agus gun chearb, agus leig maoin an t-saoghail leotha-san nach sir alt an àrd-eòlais air a sgàth fhéin." "Oigear mhaisich", ars ise, "is tearc iad da-rìreadh a measg a' chinne-daonna a shònr-aicheadh mar a rinn thusa, agus dlighear dhut còir air crannchur a tha fada os cionn na cuibhrinne a thuiteas air daoine cumanta: agus mar sin, chan e a mhàin gum faigh thu ealain a bhitheas bàrraichte a measg pìobairean, ach mealaidd tu mar an ceudna cliù a chuireas uail air na bhùineas dhut agus air am bi cuimhne gu là bhràth." Le sin shìn i dha feadan airgid, aig a' cheart am ag ràdh:

Thug do mhaise 's ceòl do phìoba leannan-sidhe air do thòir:

Sineam dhut an sìonnas airgid a bhios binn gun chearb fo d'mheòir.

Faodar a thogail le seòrsa ailis nach eil an so ach faoinseal gun bhladh; ach, luachmhor 's mar a tha eachdraidh bhunailteach a tha nochdadh dhuinn nithean faiscinneach, tha againn an so cuairt as àrde a' taisbeanadh nam buadhan uasal sin a tha suadhalach air ar cinneadh.

A.M.N.

Othail Anns An Iar

3. Sùilean a' fosgladh

LE FIONNLACH I. MACDHOMHNAILL

BU chaomh leam innse dhuibh mu'n Chùirt ud ann an Glaschu ach tha 'n lagh cho cugallach agus nach leig eagal dearg mo bheatha leam mo bhial fhosgladh gun fhios nach téid càin uamhasach a chur air Mgr. Seumas MacThómais agus air A' Ghaidheal. Mar a tha fios agaibh fhéin, cha dean math do phaipear naidheachd guth a ràdha mu bhinn Siorraim, agus, mar sin, chan eil mi ach a' dol a chlo-bhualadh na binne fhéin mar a chualas i. Ars an Siorram—

"Fad dà latha, dh'éisd mi fianuisean a' bruidhinn mu rudan neònach, iargalta. Mu laoigh le fìaclan fuadain, mu uain le cuibhlichean, mu mhairt a rug meann. An uair a chanadh aon fhianuis gu robh laogh dubh, theireadh fianuis eile gu robh 'n laogh geal. Riamh bhon a rugadh mi cha chuala mi a leithid de thramasgal ann an riochd firinn. Chan eil ach aon rud air a bheil na fianuisean uile aonaichte. Is e sin gur ann ann dà thigh òsda—ann am fear air a' Phaisley Road agus ann am fear air Hope Street—a thòisich an aramach a chuir na prìosanaich so air mo bhialaibh an diugh. Is e mo bheachd gu robh na tighean òsda sin a' reic uisge beatha a bha cunnartach, agus, mar sin, tha mi a' dol a chur còig ceud not de chàin air gach aon de na tighean òsda sin. Tha mi a' dol a chur nam prìosanaich fhéin ann am prìosan fad trì mìosan eile. Agus tha mi a' dol a chur càin dà fhichead not air gach fianuis a nochd anns an àrdaich so agus a dh'innis ultaichean bhriag 's iad fo mhionnan."

Uill, tha e furasda a thuigsinn de a thachair. Leis an sgrìos a rinn a' bhinn air luchd sgrìobhaidh b'fheudar do dha phaipear naidheachd sgur buileach glan, agus bha dha eile nach do nochd fad trì mìosan. An uair a phàigh na fianuisean a' chàin cha robh sgillinn ruadh aca air son òil, agus dhùin an dà thigh òsda. Agus leis an eagal a ghabh a h-uile duine a chuala mu'n bhinn cha chualas aon fhacal fhéin tuilleadh mu laoigh le fìaclan fuadain, mu

mhairt a rug meann, no mu uain le cuibhlichean. Mu'n d'thàinig na prìosanaich amach bha a' bhliadhna ùr gu bhì ann, agus bha aire dhaoine air rudan eile.

Ann an Giorrasul, thainig agus dh'fhalbh a' bhliadhna ùr agus cha d'thug daoine an còrr iomraidh air an latha neònach ud a bhuaill ann baile. Sheulaich a h-uile duine nach robh ann an gillean nam paipearan ach feadhainn a bha a' lorg àite air son dealbh a dheanamh, oir, mu'n am sin, bhàtar a' tòiseachadh air *Whisky Galore* ann am Barraidh.

Goirid an déidh na bliadhna ùire, dh'fhosgail Seumas beag a bhial agus thuir e "Da-da". Ged a bhiodh e air an naoidheamh salm diag thar a' cheud a radha bho thoiseach gu deireadh cha b'urraim a phàrantan a bhì na bu toilichte! Goirid an déidh sin thuir e "Ma-ma" agus thuir a sheanmhair gur e a' mhìntrealachd a bha fa-near do leanabh sam bith chun an d'thàinig cothrom labhairt cho tràth. Bha i an amharus gun cuala i gun do bhruidhinn MacAoidh Thiriodha nuair a bha e seachd mìosan, agus seall cho sgoinneil 's a bha esan. Agus bha fios aig a h-uile duine nach do rugadh MacAoidh le speuclairean.

Bha othail uamhasach ann suas mu thoiseach an t-samhraidh an uair a thug Seumas a' chiad cheum, ach bhuaithe sin amach cha do chuir duine umbhal mhòr sam bith air ged a thog e facail a bha fichead uair na bu dorra na "Da-da" agus "Ma-ma" agus ged a dh'fhàs a cho-èsgaidh air a chasan ris a' chat. Chan eil mi a' dol a leudachadh air adhartas Sheumais bhig, oir nan innsinn dhuibh mar a chaidh leis anns a' bhruidhinn agus anns a' choiseachd cha chanadh sibh ach nach robh e dad na bu mhiorbhailliche na Tómas beag agaibh fhéin. Agus cha robh e sin. Cha robh ann ach gille beag, socair, a bha uaireannan math agus uaireannan crosda; a ghàireadh nuair a dhiogladh tu e agus a ràineadh nuair a sgleogadh tu e. An nuair a bha e trì bliadhna cha robh eadhon na speuclairean air iongnadh a chur air duine a thigeadh an rathad, oir bha speuclairean air fàs fasanta an uair sin agus cha mhòr nach ann a bha moit air màthair aig an robh leisgeul paidhear "horny-rims", mar a theireadh na cailleachan, a chur air gurc.

Ach 's gann a bha e air na trì fhàgail air a chùl na chuir Seumas e fhéin an comhair a chinn ann an crois. Bha e amuigh a' chluiche aig ceann an tighe, agus có a thàinig a bhruidhinn ris ach bean a' mhinisteir. Thug i dha sìucar no dhà, thearraidich i an càr beag leis an robh e a' cluiche, agus dh'fhoighnich i dheth co a rinn an geansaigh dha. Dh'innis e dhith gun do rinn J. D. Williams agus thug so gàire uamhasach oirre. Bha iad a' còmhradh ann an Gàidhlig, rud a bha iongantach, oir

ged a bha làn a cinn de Ghàidhlig aig bean a' mhinisteir cha bhiodh i 'ga cleachdadh ri muinntir an àite air eagal 's nach saoleadh iad uiread dhith. Ach cha robh dol as aice a thaobh Sheumais, oir cha robh aige-san de Bheurla na bheireadh fad mòna as a' phoca. Chòrd i glan ris, agus an uair a dh'fhalbh i ruith e steach le sìucaran anns gach pluic agus rèap air sìos gu meadhan a' gheansaigh.

An uair a thug a mhàthair ruith ghlanaidh air, thòisich e a' deanamh mablaich de dh'innse dhith air na thuirtean aig a' mhinisteir ris, agus, anns an dol seachd, thug e tarraing air a' bhall-dòbhrain a bha air a bus. Stad a mhàthair far an robh i! Agus thog athair a cheann as a' phaiper!

Dh'innis mi dhuibh mar tha gur h-e a bha ann an Giorrasul baile air leth fhéin; baile anns nach fhaicheadh coimhearsnach coire sam bith ann an coimhearsnach; far nach canadh duine guth mì-iomchuidh mu dhuine eile; far nach fhaicheadh duine fad mòna ann an sùil duine eile, gu ruigeas air smùdan. Sin an seòrsa baile a bh'ann, agus sin an seòrsa dhaoine a bh'ann am pàrantan Sheumais. Agus bha iad an so a nise le am mac fhéin—aois nan trì bliadhna—ag ràdha riutha an clàr an aodainn gu robh ball-dòbhrain air bus bean a' mhinisteir.

Thuirtean aig a' mhinisteir air a bhial a dhùnadh agus gun a leithid sid a ràdha gu bràth tuilleadh. Ach, le diorrasachd na h-òige, bhòidich Seumas nach e mhàin gu robh ball-dòbhrain air bus bean a' mhinisteir ach gu robh da roinneig a' fàs 'na mheadhon. Cha deanadh sin a' chùis. Leisg 's mar a bha e leis, dh'éirich athair Sheumais far na beinge agus thug e trì boiseagan air màs an fhir bhig agus charr e dh'an leabaidh e. Cha robh fios aig a' chreutair bhochd de bha ceàrr, agus, air chùl nan speuclairean, shìl e na deòir gus an d'thàinig a' phiseag a choimhead ach gu dé bha cur dragha air. Rug e oirre agus stob e fodh'n aodach i, agus an uair a thòisich ise a' crònan thuit esan 'na chadal.

A latharna-mhàireach, cha robh cuimhne air an t-saoghal aig Seumas gun do thachair dad as an rathad, agus cha mhotha na sin a bha cuimhne aig a phàrantan. Ach ged a bha iad cho toilichte mar theaghlach 's a bha iad riamh, dh'fhàg déibhseagan athar làraich nan cóig mèirean air cuimhne Sheumais agus—eadhon gun fhios da fhéin—bha e rud beag na b'fhaiceallach mu na rudan air an toireadh e iomradh. An ath thuirtean a chunnaic e bean a' mhinisteir, cha b'urraim dha a shùilean a chumail far a ball-dòbhrain; bha rud-eigin an taobh a stigh dheth 'ga fhaochnadh gus a dhol suas agus a chorrach a chur air, oir is ann a bha e a' fàs teagmhach a robh dad idir ann an uair nach robh daoine eile 'ga fhaicinn.

Ach seargaidh a' chuimhne. Mu bhliadhna an déidh sin, fhuair Seumas laimhseachadh eile air son a theanga a leum air.

Bha bodach anns a' bhaile ris an canadh iad Niall Iteach. Fhuair e air t-ainm a chionn 's gun do rugadh 's gun do thogadh ann an Ile e, ged a chuir e seachad 's chuid bu mhotha de a bheatha ann an Giorrasul. Cha robh coire air an t-saoghal ann an Niall na bu mhotha na bha ann an Giorrasulach eile, ach a mhàin gu robh e trom air cagnadh an tombaca. Chan e gun canadh Giorrasulach sam bith gur e coire a bha an sin.

Mar a bhios fios aig an fheadhainn agaibh a bhios a' cagnadh sibh fhéin, tha gréim tombaca coltach ri meringue; a dh'aindeoin 's cho faiceallach 's a tha sibh tha e duilich a chumail far an còir dha fuireach. Leis gu robh fiasag bheag gheal air Niall bha a' chùis eadhon na bu dorra dha-san. Ach cha do mhothaich duine riamh do sin ann an Giorrasul, agus nan robh iad air mothachadh cha robh iad air guth a ràdha co-dhùibh. So a nise a' cheist. An e na Giorrasulaich a bha mì-fhortanach agus gann 's an fhradharc; no an e Seumas a bha mì-fhortanach a chionn 's gun do rugadh e le beusan nach do bhuilicheadh air càch?

Co-dhùibh no co-dheth, bha Niall air cèilidh aon oidhche agus, fhad 's a bha e a' seanachas mu sud 's mu so bha Seumas beag aige air a glhùin. An uair a thàinig cìos beag air a' chòmhradh, nach ann a chunnacas an gurg a' cromhadh far glhùin a' bhodaich agus a' dol anull chun a' bhùird bhig fo'm bitheadh a mhàthair a' cumail na mealtraich agus nan clùdan sgùraidh. Rug e air clùda beag agus, an déidh tilleadh gu glùn Neill, thòisich e a' fiachainn ri rèap an tombaca a ghlanadh bhàrr na fiasaig aige.

Bha a mhàthair air a maslachadh! Rug i air agus thug i suas a cheann shuas an tìghe e.

"Gude am mì-mhoda a th'ort, a pheasain?"

Bha cneadan air Seumas.

"Cha robh mi ach a' fiachainn ris an rud buidhe a thoir bhàrr na fiasaig aige."

"Mar a tha mi air mo nàrachadh. Dé a shaoileas an duine? Duine cho eireachdail 's a tha sa' bhaile!"

Cha robh dad a chanadh Seumas a bha gu feum. Cha robh a mhàthair a' faicinn dad air an t-saoghal ceàrr air Niall; bha fhasag cho geal dhise ri canach an t-sléibh, agus cha robh coire air Niall seach mar a bha air duine eile ann an Giorrasul. Fhuair Seumas a leidrig-eadh, agus chaidh a chur do'n leabaidh gun fù's gréim suipearach.

Aig an aois aig an robh e cha robh e furasda do Sheumas bochd cùisean a shocrachadh 'na

inntinn fhéin; ach, an oidhche sin mun do chaidil e thuir e ris fhéin gu robh dealachadh neònach air choireigin eadar e fhéin agus a phàrantan—eadar e fhéin agus an còrr de mhuintir Ghiորrasuil. Agus sheulaich e gu faigheadh e amach dé a bh'ann.

(R'a leanainn).

Kenneth Macleod

Gaelic Editor of "Songs of the Hebrides."

by ANGUS DUNCAN

(On 17th June a stained-glass window to the memory of Dr. Kenneth Macleod, minister of Gigha from 1923 to 1947, was unveiled in the parish church. The window was designed and executed by Mr. William Wilson, R.S.A., of Edinburgh.)

IN the preparation of a life largely devoted to the collection of Celtic tradition in both song and story, past and present combined to prepare Kenneth Macleod for his share in his memorable partnership with Marjorie Kennedy-Fraser. What Dr. Norman Maclean said of Hector MacKinnon in "The Years of Fulfillment," when he wrote, "It was from the magic and the wonder of the Western seas that he came," is equally true of Kenneth Macleod, who was born in the island of Eigg, where his father, a native of Skye, was parish schoolmaster.

From his Skye forebears Kenneth inherited his love of Celtic lore, as well as his keen Clan consciousness, his family having the distinction of being known as the "Counsellor's Family," a link with the time when Highland chiefs had the assistance of a number of counsellors to help them in the administration of Clan affairs. His published references to the woman who carried to the island of Eigg the literary legacy brought from Dunvegan to another district of Skye apply to his aunt, Janet Macleod, whom he credits with the aphorism, "A short giving with the gold, a long giving with the song." We are fortunate in having the whole conversation of which this formed a part in the latest volume of "Carmina Gadelica" (Vol. V, p. 62), which gives an account, in Gaelic and English, of a visit to the Eigg schoolhouse by the famous collector, Dr. Alexander Carmichael, early in 1905, when Kenneth was also there.

His heritage of Celtic song and story, nurtured in this way at home, was developed and trained during the three years he spent as a pupil at Raining's School, Inverness, under the eye of the eminent Celtic scholar, Dr. Alexander MacBain, who, as Kenneth once



Bad-call, ann an Cataibh.

told me, taught the classes in English, Gaelic, Latin and Greek, leaving all other subjects to his only assistant. That the thirteen-year-old lad was an apt pupil is evident from the fact that while still in his teens he sent his former teacher at least three Gaelic folktales, one of which he himself had translated into English, the tales appearing in the two Inverness magazines edited by Dr. MacBain, namely, "The Celtic Magazine" and "The Highland Monthly". Proficiency in English language and literature was encouraged by Dr. MacBain, of whom a competent judge said after his death in the spring of 1907 that, of all men he had met, MacBain had the best knowledge of English literature. ("Northern Chronicle," quoted in "Transactions of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club," Vol. VII, p. 378.)

Kenneth Macleod had a simple way of explaining Island characteristics and temperament. The love of the sea and good seamanship the Islanders owed to their Norse ancestors, while the poet in every Islander's soul and his love of music came from the Celts. These distinctions were not, however, regarded as mutually exclusive. Sir Hugh Robertson once told me that Kenneth agreed with him in thinking that the tune from Patrick MacDonald's "Collection of Highland Vocal Airs" (1784) to

which Kenneth wrote the song, "Chasing the Breeze," was of Nordic origin, the reason, no doubt, being that the rhythm and the short line thrice repeated at intervals strongly suggest that it was a rowing-song.

Kenneth could not take down music, and did not have a good singing voice—although his speaking voice captivated everyone—but he had a most retentive memory, which was a store-house for Highland melodies, as well as Gaelic songs and stories. Without his collaboration, the volumes of "Songs of the Hebrides" might have been entirely different, with the Gaelic versions ultimately suppressed, and the whole production, as Sir Hugh Robertson once wrote me about his own "Songs of the Isles" (Curwen) really for singers in English. "It was my plan," he added, "for introducing the Gaelic tunes to the wider world."

When Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser first met him, Kenneth Macleod had charge of the Mission Church a little above the road on the way from Pitlochry to Kirkmichael, but much nearer Kirkmichael, to which the Mission was transferred from the parish of Moulin by last year's General Assembly. Here, Kenneth spent seven years, lodging all that time in the school-house; and here, in September, 1908, sitting on the steps at the south end of the church,

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and he went over the proofs of the first volume of "Songs of the Hebrides."

Although a loyal churchman and devoted pastor, Kenneth Macleod found deep satisfaction in the work he did in collaboration with Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, and would not consider leaving Gigha for a more active charge where, as he himself expressed it, he would have to give up, to a large extent, the sort of work he was doing. "And," he added, "I don't want to give it up."

Another Lochinvar

THERE is a rare and valuable old book called "Gairloch, and Guide to Loch Maree" by J. H. Dixon which abounds in many interesting tales. The following is one of them.

There lived in Ullapool a family of Mackenzies who had come originally from Gairloch. One of the sons known locally as Murchadh Mac Mhurchaidh was an exceptionally fine looking man, tall, handsome and brave. During the fishing season he cured herring. He owned a small smack and he was accustomed to take his cured herring in his smack down the West Coast, round the Mull of Kintyre to Greenock, disposing of his goods on the way south. On one occasion when he was returning with an empty vessel he put into a place called Duncan's Well, in the Island of Luing, on the other side of Oban. This island belonged to Lord Breadalbane. Now Murdo always carried along with him in his smack the full Highland dress, and if there was any "ploy" in any of the ports of call he was accustomed to attend in full dress.

When they were at the Island of Luing Murdo dressed and went ashore. That night Lord Breadalbane was giving a ball and his daughter was present. Murdo found his way to the ball, and eventually met Breadalbane's daughter, who promptly fell in love with him. It was, indeed, love at first sight and it was mutual. Quietly they slipped away and before daybreak they set sail for Ullapool. They were married after they arrived there and Murdo took her to his house. The present Morefield Hotel stands where Murdo's house used to be.

There was no name on Murdo's smack, and no one knew where the smack had gone, although it was known that they must have fled by sea. There is a tradition that Lord Breadalbane went to the King and got a law passed that from that time onwards every vessel must have

the name of its place of origin on it. There were no names on vessels before then in Scotland.

Lord Breadalbane offered a reward of £300 to any one who could tell him where his daughter was. News of the reward reached Murdo's ear, and his mind was soon made up. In full Highland dress he set off to the Lord's castle at Taymouth. When he arrived he demanded to see Lord Breadalbane himself. As he appeared to be a person of importance he was admitted to the castle, and shortly after Breadalbane entered the room where he was and asked the purpose of his visit. Murdo replied that he had come to claim the £300 reward offered for knowledge of his daughter's whereabouts. "Where is she?", asked Breadalbane. "Let me have the money first and I shall tell you", replied Murdo. The money was paid over and Murdo quietly said, "She is at Ullapool, Lochbroom, and if you give me another £300 I shall place the hand of the man who stole her in your hand." Breadalbane agreed and handed over another £300. "Keep out your hand", said Murdo, and he placed his own over it. "There", said he, "is the hand of the man that took your daughter from the Island of Luing". The story goes on to say that Lord Breadalbane was so pleased with Murdo's pluck and appearance that he accepted him as his son-in-law and gave him the *tochar* his daughter would have received on her marriage. Dixon says in his book that he remembers seeing the son and daughter of Murdo about the year 1850.

A further adventure of Murdo's is also related. He had disposed of his herrings and was on his way back to Lochbroom. After rounding the Mull of Kintyre he anchored at Crinan for the night. Lying close at hand was a lugger, loaded with gin and brandy. The lugger had been captured by a Government cutter near Cape Wrath. The lugger's crew had been put ashore, and six of the cutter's crew had been transferred to the lugger to take her south to Greenock where the customs people would take possession of the spirits. Murdo asked those on board the lugger what craft it was and where bound. He was told it was a smuggler, captured off Cape Wrath, and that it was loaded with spirits. Now Murdo had on board his smack a good supply of whisky, and he invited the crew of the lugger to come aboard to have a drink with him. This they gladly did but so deep were their potatoes that ere long they were all dead drunk. Murdo and his crew transferred to the lugger and immediately set sail for home where they arrived in due season with their most

(Continued on page 70)

THE WELSH LANGUAGE IN THE SCHOOLS OF WALES

IN the latter half of the nineteenth century day schools were being established throughout Wales and attendance became obligatory for all children within the prescribed ages. Even at the end of the century Welsh was the language of over half the population of the country, but almost invariably the school was conducted in English. In fact it was not until 1886 that any recognition was given to the teaching of Welsh in the Board of Education's Codes. Even then progress was hampered by faulty educational technique as seen in the stress laid on translation into and from English as a means of teaching Welsh-speaking children their own language, and it was understood that English would remain the general medium of instruction in most if not all subjects. There is no doubt that the day schools have been the most effective single cause of the decay of Welsh during the last hundred years, and that in far too many schools their anglicising influence still continues unchecked. Welsh is now spoken by only 20 per cent. of the children of school age in Wales, although in four counties the figure remains over 80 per cent.

The establishment of an English system of education does not mean that there was a wide-spread desire among the Welsh to see their language die. It was rather the case that the significance that the day schools were to acquire in moulding the whole outlook and speech of the children was not generally foreseen. The home, the chapel and Sunday school, and the Eisteddfod were thought to be adequate bulwarks of the Welsh language and way of life. Character and outlook would continue to be moulded by them. The day school would merely supply certain skills—the three R's and a working knowledge of English, which were becoming obviously necessary for coping with the new conditions which the rising generation would have to face.

The few who realised the danger during the formative period of the new educational system were voices crying in the wilderness, but towards the end of the century the protagonists of Welsh in the schools were getting organised and were beginning to influence Government policy. Dan Isaac Davies, in 1885, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Three million Bilingual Welshmen in 1985*. He maintained that this ideal could be achieved mainly by changing the policy of the schools.

By the end of the century the problem was how to introduce Welsh effectively into schools which had been designed to function without it. The twentieth century has seen remarkable progress. A powerful resurgence of the National spirit was well under way before the century began; this enthusiasm led to the establishment of important cultural institutions, and among these was the Welsh Department of the Board of Education founded in 1907.

The Codes of the Welsh Department make it clear from the beginning that it is permissible for any subject to be taught in Welsh, and it has been emphasised that in the lower classes the mother tongue of the child would, wherever possible, be the main medium of instruction. The influence of the Chief Inspector, Sir Owen M. Edwards, the greatest personality in the field of Welsh education in his day, made itself widely felt. He brought a new enthusiasm into the teaching of Welsh, and it became a familiar thing for Welsh to be used as the medium of instruction in the Welsh-speaking area.

The memoranda of the Welsh Department since the Report of the Departmental Commission appeared in 1927 advocate a bilingual policy for all schools in Wales. In the lower classes children should be taught mainly in their mother tongue (be it Welsh or English) and the other language should be introduced gradually, so that by school leaving age they should be able to speak, read, and write Welsh and English. This policy has received the blessing of Ministers of Education of both the main political parties. It is enunciated in detail in the *Report of the Central Advisory Council for Education (Wales)*, H.M.S.O., 1953. The only concession is in the case of children of low mental ability who can only be expected to master the mother-tongue.

This policy, however, is far from being fully implemented in the schools. Local education authorities have a great say, and they vary a good deal in their attitude towards Welsh. There is also apathy and opposition among teachers, a large number of whom are not fluent in Welsh, and these and more have not been trained to teach it. For these and other reasons, practice throughout the country presents a very patchwork effect. There are schools teaching English only, others where Welsh is taught to children whose parents wish to have

it so, others where it is taught to all the children except those whose parents expressly object to it, and an increasing number of schools where a genuine effort is made to implement the policy of the Department and to treat both languages on a basis of equality. One education authority in South Wales, for example, stipulates that 50 per cent of the staff in every school must be fluent in Welsh and have a knowledge of language teaching method.

One of the few happy results of the Second World War has been the appearance in towns and other linguistically mixed areas of a new type of school where instruction is given in all or most subjects through Welsh, and where English is effectively taught but where it is largely relegated to the status of a class subject. The first of these schools was established privately in 1939, in Aberystwyth, by the Welsh League of Youth, whose founder is Sir Ifan ab Owen Edwards, son of the above-mentioned Sir Owen M. Edwards. With the influx of English evacuees, concern was felt that the Welsh element in the Council Schools would be swamped and hence the new type of Welsh School was founded. Fortunately a teacher of outstanding ability and personality was found. The success of the small school, which began with only seven children, amply justified the policy, and the pupils more than held their own even in their knowledge of English against the products of other schools.

The local authority in Aberystwyth now has a school of over two hundred pupils based on the new plan, and other schools on the same pattern are rapidly appearing and increasing in strength in many parts of the country, particularly in Glamorgan and Flintshire (both industrial areas of linguistically mixed population). Today, a few thousand children attend them. Already the first secondary school teaching mainly through the Welsh language has been opened in Rhyl, and others are being planned. Students at the Carmarthen Teachers' Training College can now take their full course in Welsh, and several dozen of them do so. There is a growing demand for the Arts Faculty of at least one of the four colleges of the University of Wales to arrange the same facilities.

The fundamental question is whether the new awaking has come in time. There are 330,000 children in schools in Wales who are between five and fifteen, and of these 70,000 only are Welsh-speaking. There are grounds for both optimism and pessimism, but none for complacency or despair.

DAVID M. LLOYD.

Trophy

It is hoped that the presentation of a Silver Cup by Captain Moffatt-Pender will stimulate interest in the reading and writing of Gaelic by members of Clann an Fhraoich and others in the islands mentioned in a previous issue. The writer of the best composition from these islands will have the custody of the Trophy for one year.

Here is the subject:—Write, in Gaelic, a short account of the life of the people of your own island—their seasonal occupations, their customs, amusements, and prospects.

Scripts should be sent to the Editor not later than 30th November, 1958.

Manchester Branch

The annual Ceilidh in aid of the Mod Funds (arranged by Mrs. MacCallum) was held on the 3rd of May. The Branch was fortunate in that Mr. Scott Joynt, the well-known British bass, was a guest of Dr. and Mrs. MacCallum that weekend, and very kindly joined in with selections from his extensive repertoire. He was supported by solos from Miss I. E. Aiken, Manchester Gaelic Choir, and Miss Sheila Taylor, Manchester and Salford Caledonian Association, and Mr. George R. Hoyle, L.R.A.M. accompanied. The evening was most enjoyable and successful, resulting in a profit of £30 which will be forwarded to Glasgow in due course.

A representation from the Branch hopes this year again to attend the National Mod. The Branch is always open to welcome members from other branches who may be visiting Manchester.

Congratulations

We extend hearty congratulations to Iain Og Bannerman on passing his B.A. Degree with First Class Honours in Anglo-Saxon and Celtic Languages at Cambridge. We wish this industrious scholar every success in his Research Studies for which he has been awarded a Scholarship.

(Continued from page 68)

valuable cargo. The gin and brandy were quickly taken ashore in secret and disposed of, and they set fire to the lugger so that all traces of her should be lost.

J.M.C.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN LUNASDAL, 1958

Aireamh 8

BARDACHD

A bheil feum ann am bàrdachd, agus ma tha, dé am feum a tha innte? So ceist a tha ag iarraidh freagradh. Tha seòrsa de bhàrdachd ann, mas e bàrdachd a tha ann, agus cha tuig ach beagan i, agus cha tuig iad sin fhéin ach beagan dith. Cha bu chall mór ged a chailleadh sinn an t-iomlan. Ma tha teachdaireachd aig a' bhàrd ri thoirt seachad nach saoilinn gum biodh e cho furasda a lrig-eachd ann an cannt so-thuigsinn agus a tha e ann an dubh-fhacail. Mur eil teachdaireachd aige do dhuine ach e fhéin carson a bhiodh e cho fialaidh leatha? Tha diamhaireachd gu leòr ann am beatha gach neach ged nach cuireadh am bàrd clach eile air a' chàrn.

Chan ann gu sònruichte a chum leas muinntir eile a tha am fìor bhàrd a' sniomh agus a' figheadh aignidhean 's a smaointean. Chan eil e ach 'g a riarachadh fhéin a chionn gu bheil éiginn air a chur air, agus nach eil faochadh ann dha gus an toir e seachad. Mur a còrd an t-saothair riutsa chan eil sin idir ag ràdh nach fhiaich a' bhàrdachd, agus ma chòrdas chan eil sin a' ciallachadh nach eil i suarach gu leòr. Tha mòran an crochadh air cò thu, dé a tha thu ag iarraidh, agus dé is aithne dhut.

Am fear a thèid ri bàrdachd gu a bhith sàsachadh no ag oileanachadh muinntir eile faodaidh e a làmh na phasgadh. Cò a tha ag iarraidh sàsachadh air, agus cò aige a tha feum air oilean? Bheirinn a' chomhairle air bàrd gnìomhach sam bith fuireachd aig an tigh agus a bhith bruidhinn beag ris fhéin. Ach am fear a ni bàrdachd do bhrìgh nach urrainn e sin a leasachadh bu chòir gum biodh e chum feum na leughas agus a chluinneas i gu tuigseach. Ma tha am bàrd a' taomadh a mach a tobar a bheatha iarrtais fhéin, fhàireachdainnean fhéin, ionndrainn no a bhuidheachais agus a ghràidh fhéin, coinnichidh sin ri falamhachd, ri miann

is cìocras, no ri taingeachd is guidhe an neach a tha ag éisdeachd. Tha buaidh aig spiorad air spiorad, agus 's e an tomhas anns a bheil togail anns a' bhuaidh a tha so an tomhas anns a bheil éifeachd no feum.

Chan eil an duine an còmhnuidh beò aig àirde a chomais oir tha nithean ann a bheir a nuas e o mhullach nam beann gu isle a' ghlinne. Sin an suidheachadh anns an dean fonn aoibhinn no anail a' bhàird ùrachadh agus togail, agus anns am faigh am fear a tha shìos gréim air làimh air fear-cuideachaidh. Anns a' bhàrdachd a mhaireas chan e a mhàin gu bheil tàladh ann an gluasad nan rann ach tha cumhachd neo-fhaicsinneach aice air an spiorad an taobh a stigh. Fosglaidh i a' chluas gu bhith a' cluinntinn a' chiùil a tha taisgte stigh anns an inntinn, bheir i solus do'n t-sùil agus aoibhneas do'n chridhe.

Faodaidh aon fhacal no rann uinneag fhosgladh air rointean farsaing na cruithheadh, solus a chur air an t-slighe a tha air do chùl, no air an aisridh dhuirch a tha romhad. Tha rudan am falach 'nad inntinn nach lorg thu gu bràth gus an cuir neach eile còmhradh orra, agus tha nithean ann a tha chum do leas nach fhac thu gu sìorruidh mur a trèoraich cuideigin eile thuca thu. Tuigidh tu an uair sin nach eil anns an tiodhlac a tha am bàrd a' toirt seachad ach nì a bha agad fhéin an an-fhios dhut; ach cha lùghdaich sin a luach idir.

A' bhàrdachd anns a bheil mór fheum tha so fìor mu a dèidhinn. Feumaidh i a bhith bho'n chridhe. Is e an rud a thig as a' chridhe a ghluaiseas cridhe. Feumaidh i a bhith so-thuigsinn. An nì sin nach tuigear chan eil e ach a dorchachadh eòlais, agus a' mùchadh an t-solus. Mur a dùig agus mur a cum i beò spiorad an iongnaidh anns an t-saoghal fhaicsinneach tha i tighinn gearr air a comas agus

air a dleasdanas, agus mur eil i ag altrum sonais tha i ag àicheadh air an duine aon de shubhailcean luachmhor a bheatha. Ach is e àrd bhuaidh na fìor bhàrdachd gu bheil i soilleseachadh agus a' neartachadh beatha an spioraid, agus a' toirt an duine agus a Dhia aghaidh ri aghaidh.

Annas A' Choille

THA craobhan de iomadh seòrsa anns an eilean san d' fhuair mise m' àrach, Dùra creagach nam fiadh. Tha beul-aithris ag innseadh gu robh an t-eilean, linn-tean cian air ais, fo choille gu h-iomlan ach chan eil againn de dhearbhadh air sin ach na bunan chraobh a bhiodh a' maoladh an toirsgian an uair a bhiomaid a' buain na mòna.

Tha dà choille shònraichte, dà mhìle gu leth eadar an dà cheann, air m' aire aig an am far an tric a chuir mi seachad feagair shona a' trusadh chnò fa chomhair Oidhche Shamhna. Bhiodh mo cheum air còinnich bhuig agus mar a thuirf am bàrd e, fàileadh cùbhraidh nam mìltean flùr 'nam chuinneanan; seadh agus 'nam chluasan ceileireadh binn bho iomadh gob. An dràsda 's a rithist thiginn air toman grainnseig le dearcan dubha, cruaidh ach millis. Uairean sheasainn a bhlasad air dearcan an luis-bhraoileig. Tha iadsan dubh-ghorm an dath agus nas mìle na dearcan a' ghrainnseig. An còsaichean fagach thiginn air badain sùbhchraobh agus bheirinn làn an dùrn leam de na dearcan maotha dearga a bhithinn ag itheadh agus a' cumail ceum ann.

Bha lusan gun dearc orra a bha taitneach ri'm faicinn mar tha lus nam ban-sith, no mar a theiremaid, meurain nan cailleachan marbha, an cluaran rìoghail, frith-raineach is feanndag le an duillich uaine a' measgadh leis an fhuath-mhuc ghorm is iad uile a' cur dreach' is tuair thaitneach air na bu léir do'n t-sùil.

Tràth anns an earrach tha an t-sòbhrach bhuidhe, bhòidheach a' còmhachd nam bruach agus ri am thig bròg na cuthaig, am beàrnan Bride is an gille guirmein a' sgeadachadh achaidhean is choilltean le maise agus ailleachd. Chan e sin iad uile ach is leòr iad an tràth so.

Og is mar a bha mi aig an am a tha fa chomhair m' intinn bha mi gabhail beachd' air a liuthadh seòrsa chraobh a bha fàs gu dosrach, geugach anns a' choille so. So agaibh dusan dhiubh a b' aithne do na h-uile balach beag air an ainm: beithe, calltuinn, caorann, cuileann, darach, droigheann, druman, feàrna, giuthas, learg, seileach is uinnseann. Chan urrainn mi anns an oidhirp so iomradh a dheanamh air

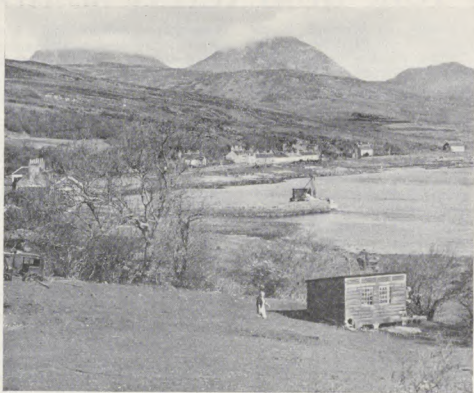
gach seòrsa fa leth, is mar sin, chan ainmich mi ach an fheadhainn air an eòlaiche mo luchd leughaidh is do nach eil coille 'na h-annas. Tòisichidh mi leis a' bheithe, a' chraobh as bòidheche ri sealltainn oirre anns a' choille. Thug am bàrd Sasunnach, Coleridge, mar ainm oirre 'Baintighearna na Coille.' Tha an rùsg geal agus tilgidh a' chraobh slisean tana dith o am gu am. Tha an rùsg math gu cartadh leathrach ach chan eil am fiodh gu mòr fheum ach amhàin air son connaidh. Is fiodh bog e a tha furasda a shnaidheadh. Tha na geugan a' lùbadh ri làr agus an duilleach a' gluasad gun fhois. Is sealladh sùla e ri latha ciùin, grianach a bhith a' faicinn an duilleach air chrith agus mar gum biodh iad a' criaradh gathan na gréine. Is coingeis leis a' bheithe teas no fuachd agus cinnidh i aig àirde dà mhìle gu leth troidh os cionn na mara.

Bheir an calltuinn dhuinn cnothan ri chagnadh. Chan fhàs a' chraobh so gu mòran àirde ach sgaoilidh i a meanglain gu farsaing. Is ann as a' chraoibh so a gheibh an ciobair fiodh is lorg a dheanamh chromag agus, mar an ceudna, fear-an-tighe na caoil leis am bi e deanamh chliabha is chruidheag. Is iad so a bha aig Niall MacLeòid fo aire an uair a sgrìobh e an t-òran gasda sin, "Coille Chaoil."

Tha craobh dharach a' dleasadh àite sònraichte dhi fhéin a meag chraobhan ar dùthcha. Tha urram na h-aoise aice oir seasaidh i na ceudan bliadhna. Cha tig cnothan oirre gus an ruig i aois trì fichead bliadhna agus mar a dh' fhaodas mi ràdh, cha bhi am fiodh abaich gu feum a dheanamh dheth gus an ruig i ceud bliadhna. Tha am fiodh cruaidh ach furasda a sgoltadh. Is aithne dhuibh an sean-fhacal, "Ged is cruaidh an darach bheir an droigheann fead air." Tha a eachdraidh fhéin aig an droigheann agus fàgaidh sinn mar sin e.

Is ann ri taobh uillt as fheàrr a chinneas am feàrna ach san dùthaich againne chan fhàs i gu bhith 'na craoibh mhóir idir. Bidh na mnathan gnìomhach a' deanamh feum dhi gu dath cloimhe agus, mas math mo chuimhne, is e dath dubh a ni i. An déidh a' chraobh a leagadh fasaidh am fiodh dubh-ghorm agus is cinnteach gun dean ar mnathan feum de'n rùsg is de'n fhiodh. A mheadh agaibh 's a tha toirt fodha a coille is 'ga sgoltadh sìos air son connaidh cuimhnichibh air earail nan seann daoine mar a chuala mise e, "Gach fiodh o bhàrr ach am feàrna o bhun." Cha chonnadh math e a réir nan seanairean oir dh' fhàg iad againn, "Is diù teine feàrna ùr."

Cinnidh an druman ri taobh an rathaid is anns a' choille agus is ann ainneamh a ruigeas a' chraobh fichead troidh air àirde. An déidh nan geug thig dearcan dorcha crò-dhearg agus



Ceò an t-samhraidh air beanntan Diùra

tha iad miadhail aig mòran a dheanamh fiona, ach cha b' iad na dearcan a bha 'gam tharraing-sa is companaich m' òige chun an drumain. Gheàrramaid meanglan de thiughead freagarrach do ar gnothach, loisgeamaid an laodhan as is dheanamaid feadan no gunna-barra dheth.

Cha bhiodh iomradh air craobhan Albann ceart no coimhlionta mur biodh an giuthas air ainmeachadh, craobh a tha nàiseanta do'n Ghaidhealtachd againn fhìn. Chì sibh craobhan de'n ghiuthas a' togail an cinn gu h-uabhrach air iomadh sliabh, 'nan dà, 'nan trì, is 'nan doireachan beaga ag aomadh fo neart nan siantan. Ruigidh iad àirde dà fhichead troidh is còrr, agus tha iad furasda an aithneachadh le am meanglain fo dhuilleach mar bhad am bàrr na craoibhe. Tha iomadh seòrsa de'n ghiuthas ann ach chan eil iad uile nàiseanta do'n dùthaich againne.

So sgeul beag a chuala mi aig mo mhàthair. Bha sud 's a roimhe uair a chruinnich na craobhan uile comhla a thaghadh rìgh. Bha connsachadh is ioma-chomhairle 'nam measg agus gun choltas gun tigeadh iad gu còrdadh. Air leth a muigh na cuideachd bha craobh bheag sgithich agus i mar gum biodh i gabhail umhail de'n a bha dol air adhart. Thuirt i, mar gum biodh i bruidhinn rithe fhéin, "An cuileann

caomh." Chuala càch so agus air ball dh'aontaich iad leatha agus bho'n uair sin is e an cuileann rìgh na coille.

NIALL.

Cluich a Rithist

Bha am fear-ceasnachaidh air son dearbhadh a chur air tùr is geurchuis na cloinne, agus so a' cheist a chuir e orra: "Ma chosgas pundo tea seachd tasdain is ochd sgillinn, agus ma tha sia ùnsachan deug ann am pundo ime dé cho aosda 's a tha mise?" Fhregair balach beag air ball, "Dà fhichead bliadhna 's a ceithir." "Cionnus a tha thu déanamh sin a mach?" "Chan eil sin duilich. Tha leth-chiallach de bhràthair agam-sa agus tha esan dà bhliadhna ar fhichead."

An fhaoileann air sgéith
An guirme nan speur,
'S an linne gu réidh fódhpa;
Tràigh dhrielseanach, bhàn
An achlais a' bhàigh,
Is culaidh nan ràmh òirdhearc.

AN TOIR DUALACHAS BU Aidh?

“**T**HA mo chridhe gu bristeadh,” arsa Màiri, a ceann air gualainn Alasdair 's a colann chaomh air chrith le aonach caoinidh nach gabhadh casg. Leòinte, brùite bha; briste bhitheadh mur a fosgladh furtachd dhaibh, 's mur a fhaigheadh iad fuasgladh o'n teanntachd, seilbh air saorsa, agus rùghinn air an roghainn a bha 'nan rùn. “M' eudaill mhilis,” arsa a leannan, 's e 'ga cumail teann air a chridhe, “chan fhaod, chan fhaod e tachairt. Chan eil math dhuinn ar dòchas no ar misneach a chall. Posaidh sinn ge boil leotha 's cha bhì càraid air an t-saoghal cho toilichte. Feumaidh sinn creideamh a bhith againn agus leantainn air ùrnuigh. An Ti a chruthaich sinn rùnaich E sinn dh'a chéile. Chan urrainn gu soirbheach le cuilbheartan na muinntire ceacharra a sgaradh sinn.”

“O, a thasgaidh,” arsa Màiri, “chan eil meachainn annta. Chan eil truas 'nar tigh, no iochd an uchd. Tha mo phàrantan a' cur rompa gum pòs mi fear Bhaile-mhuilinn a dheòin no dh'aindeoin. Their mo mhàthair: “Bi taingeil gu bheil an tairge agad a bhith 'nad bhean-baile. Is ioma tè aig eil farmad riut. Mar a chanas bean Eamuinn, “Tha t'aran fuinte.” “Ma tha,” arsa mise, “is goirt a' bheirm a thòice. Cha toil leam aran a' bhodaich no anail a' bhodaich.” Ghabh i fearg is fhreagair i gu spraiseil, “Na bi talach air rud nach fhaod thu dhùiltadh no a' deanamh dimeas air suidheachadh cho saoi-bhir, a tha freasdal a' dòrtadh 'nad sgùird. Ged is bantrach e, chan eil e mòran is fichead bliadhna nas sine na thu. Is math an càradh a bhith 'na fhàrdaich far nach bì sòradh air sion a' ni sona thu.” Tha m'athair a nis air a taobh, 'gam shior chomhair-leachadh riamh o'n là a fhuair e cuireadh gu cuirn am Baile-mhuilinn. 'S ann air fhéin a bha an othail nuair a thàinig e dhachaidh ag innseadh mar a bha e aig bòrd mòr cuide ri uaislean; cho briaghna 's a bha an tigh ùr, le lobhtachan àrda is iosal 's le uinneagan fradharcach, farsainn; agus lios 'ga chuairteachadh anns a bheil a h-uile seòrsa dithean as àillidhe. Dé nach eil ann! Gheall e cóig ceud pumnd Sasunnach a chur 'nam ainm là na bainnse. Thuirt mi nach buaireadh ballachan geala, buaile chruidh no òr mise.

Ach chan éisd iad rium. Bha an réiteach ann oidhche h-Aoine. Chaidh mise air falach 's chan fhaca am fear ud mi. Chuala mi nach eil Dòmhnall-nam-fonn air son ar n-éigheachd idir; ach ge b'e có a chuireas suas iad gu bheil a' chiad té gu bhith ann an t-Sàbaid so tighinn. Tha iad ag ràdh gum bì mi air mo thoirt gu eilean Bhàlaidh, far a bheil am ministear, Mgr.

Fionnlagh, a' fuireach, ged a b'ann ceangailt air each. O! dé ni mi? Thaagal orm nach eil dol as agam. Ma théid leotha chan fhada gum as bi mi sa' chiste choail an Cille Mhoire.

“Cha téid leotha,” arsa Alasdair, “tha càirdcan carbsach agam ann am Peighinn-na-fadhllach aig eil eathar tapaidh a thogas sinn feadh na h-oidhche aig laimrig Mhaisgeir gun fhios do chàch. Cuiridh iad air tìr sinn san Eilean Sgitheanach; ni sinn ar rathad gu Inbhirnis far am pòs sinn, agus chan fhaic Uibhist tuilleadh sinn. Arsa Màiri, “O! b' fheàrr gum b'urrainn. Thug mi ionnsaigh an là roimhe air mo chuid aodaich a chur am falach san t-sabhal, 's chaidh mo ghlacadh. Tha iad a nis a' cumail sùla orm a là 's a dh'oidhche.”

An sàmhair feasgair samhraidh air bàrr an t-sithein, an t-àite bu gònath agus a b'fheàrr leotha a bhith, bha iad a' roinn an éire thruim. B' e aon chungaidh an cridhe a bhith toirt bòidean a rithist, ge b' e dé a bha gu tighinn, gum biodh an gaol buan. Bha sèimheachd nan siantan, a mhaise a bha sgeadachadh faige agus tìr, 's còisir na h-ianlaith a' dùsgadh dhaibh smuaintean mu'n Chumhachd a chruthaich agus a tha riaghladh gach nì. Bha uiseag is smeorach, cuthag is londubh, le an ceileir a' moladh na side. Bha a' ghrian ag èaladh gu a h-àite falaich air chùl na mara cadar Hiort is h-Aisgeir. Sin mar a bha, 's iad 'nan suidhe an lagan cruinn uaine as nach iarradh iad falbh. B' àghmhor an saoghal nam fàgte aig an saorsa iad.

Thàinig tosd air cèlraidh na h-ealtainne. Sgaoil sgàile na h-oidhche o iomall na h-iarmaidte, is thromaich an duathar 's na glinn; ceann-dubh air a' ghealaich; reultan air brailleach nan speur. Laigh tàmh air an talamh; ach bha acad is eallach air Alasdair is Màiri, gun fhios cuin no càite no ciamar, no an cumadh iad gu bràth tuilleadh còmhail. Cha robh astar spitheig eadar an dà dhachaidh san d'fhuair iad àrach. B' e mullach an sòlais a bhith còmhladh, is cha robh là sa' bhliadhna nach fhaodadh gus an d' thàinig an truaighe so.

Bha na b' aithne dhaibh a' faicinn freagarrach gum pòsadh iad: 's iad a nis aig aois, gun chuire, gun chearb, gun fhaoinas; 'nan giùlan cho cliùtach, ciatach; 'nam pearsa cho eireachdail, sgiolta. 'S e gille bàn, dreachmhor, tlachdmhor a bha an Alasdair: stuama, stòlta, dòigheil, sgoinneil; òigear san robh faireachadh. Cha b'eagal gun leigeadh e éis no easbhuidh am feasd faisg air Màiri. Bha a son-se, càite an robh a coimeas? Bha i riochdmhor, riomhach, finealta, fallain; aoibh an

àigh is fianh a' g'haire daonnan air a gnùis a bha cho òirdhearc snuadh; sùilean mar dhà bhuilgean bhoillsgeil, bhlàth a thogadh a' ghrian o aodann gorm a' chuaim air là ciùin; falt buidhe-bhàn sios mu a guillean thairis air crios a cuim. B' i àilleagan nan clann-nighean, cho baidnidh, grinn 'na gnè 's a bha i maiseach an bodhaig 's am beus. B' aotrom a ceum air frith 's air machair: cha chailleadh an lus fo a cois a bhraon de'n drùchd. Nan saltradh i air flùr thogadh e rithist a cheann gu sealltinn air an ainmir a chaidh seachad. Cha b'urrainn am bàrd a b' fheàrr a bòidhchead a chur am briathran no a h-àilleachd aithris. Bu truaigh 's bu chruaidh gun cuirte cis air cruth cho cumadail is cuing air muineal cho mhìn, no gun tilgte a cranncur far nach toireadh i a cridhe a chaoidh, far nach fhaigheadh a h-aighe suaimhneas no a h-anam sith. Cha b'urrainn ach mallachd a bhith an cois malairt cho millteach.

On dhealaich na leannain 's nach fhaigheadh iad innleachd air tachairt ri chèile a muigh no a stigh, bha Màiri a' fulang gu duilich fo aire agus earail a cuideachd, gus mu dheireadh a robh i an impis a cannt 's a sum a chall. Chaill i a saorsa a cheana; b'e a tagradh gach madainn gun gleidheadh i a ciall.

Thàinig an là a bha suidhichte air son cumhnant cuibhreach nan creach, là a chuir tuireadh air muinntir na sìgre. Bha Alasdair gu bhith marbh le meud a mhulaid. Cha bhristeadh e a thrasg; chan abradh e diog; cha tigeadh e am fianuis, ach bha e sìor osnaich 'na shineadh air leabaidh. Mu mheadhon latha chaidh athair far an robh e 's thuirte e, "Dé tha càrr air ceatharnach mar thu fhéin?" "Tha," ars Alasdair, "ma dh'fheumas mi innse, mo chridhe briste." Fhreagair am bodach, "Bithidh cridhe Màiri briste cuideachd mar a dean thu nas fheàrr na ochanaich. Carson nach biodh tu fearail, smioral mar bu dual dhut? Is dòcha nach d'innis mi a riamh dhut treubhantas mo shinn-seanair. Thug e leis Anna, nigean ceann-cinnidh am Braghaid Albann, feadh na h-oidheon on a bha a h-athair a' cur dàil ro fhada 'nan aonadh. Cha robh ise ach ochd deug. Bha esan dhà ar fhichead 's gun e ach a mach a colaiste. Bha e toirt sgoile do theaghlach an Ridire gus am faigheadh e sìgre mar mhinistear. Ràinig iad Inbhirnis, far an robh iad seachdainnean fo'n choill gus na phòs iad. A sin thàinig iad troimh chruadal is allaban chun an làrach so an Ath-still, agus 's iad a bha toilichte ann. 'S esan a thog a chiad sgoil a bha riamh an Uibhist. Eirich is seas cliù do shimsre, ma tha boinne dh' a fuil-san 'nad chuislean a bhrosnaicheas thu gu buaidh. Bi falbh le cabhaig 's na dean mail.

Bheir thu Màiri fhathast o'n fhear ud is bidh i 'na bean dhut, seachd neo-ar-thàinig.'

Thog Alasdair a cheann o'n chluasaig 's thuirte e le fann-ghuth, "Nach iongantach gu robh dùil againne, nan robh air a dhol leinn, an t-slighe sin a ghabhail air ais agus pòsadh san dearbh bhaile san robh banais acasan. An toir dualachas buaidh?"

Fhreagair athair, "Cha bhi buaidh leis mur bi dicheall; cha bhi dicheall mur bi dùrachd; cha bhi dùrachd mur bi dànachd; agus cha bhi dànachd mur bi duinealas. Is ann timcheall Scolpuig a chaidh an còmhlan a dh'fhalbh sa' mhadainn. Geàrr thusa tarsainn na beinne 's na leig d'anail air na chunnaic thu riamh. Dh'fhaodte gum bi thu am Bàlaidh an'am gu stad a chur air na h-eucaoraich a cheangladh an snaim cruaidh, goirt ud.'

Cha d'eisd a mhac an còrr. Thug e dubhleum as; bhuaile e a bhonnan air an ùrlar 's ghrad chrioslaich e e fhéin. Cha do sheall e air biadh no air bròig. Chaidh e le sraon chun na stairsnich, 's thug e aghaidh an ear-thuath 'na ruith cho luath ri loth. Ghabh e mach taobh abhainn Trolladh, eadar Cliatrabhal is Dorghuis, 's cha do lasaich a cheum gus an do ràinig e Ceann-tràigh-Bhàlaidh. Chum e air tarsainn na tràghad 'na dheann. Bha an fhadhail fo shiubhal le lionadh, 's cha b'fhada gus a robh e air an t-snàmh. Bha sruth cho làidir 's gu robh e air thuar fhuadach dh'an chuan mhór. Nan tachradh sin bhiodh e bàthte. Cha mhór nach robh e coma, oir bha e cinnteach nach tàradh e tuilleadh a theanacadh.

Cha b'e a' chobhair gun fheum e 'na chunnart gun do dh' ionnsaich e snàmh a' failceadh 'na bhalachan an teas gach samhraidh air corran Mhaisgeir. Theireadh na gillean gur h-e fear a b'fheàrr dhiubh, mar a thug e bàrr-urram 's a h-uile farpuis. Cha b'uilear dha an là ud a h-uile buil dh'a ealain 's dh'a chli, dh'a luathas 's dh'a lùths.

Is cailte an creutair nach dean spàirn air son beatha 'na éigin, mall no meanbh a mhisneach. Leigidh an damhan-allaidh sùgan sìoda as a chorp gu dul a chur air rud sam bith a tha tairgsinn tèarmainn; glacaidh naoidhean cìoch a mhàthar ma chailleas e taic a gairdein; ni làmh na h-ùrnuighe gréim air làimh nach fhaic an t-sùil. Is e làmh neo-fhaicsinneach a thug Alasdair gu tìr. Cha b'fhada gus an do ràinig e a cheann-uidhe. Cha robh cailleag no sgalag ri fhaicinn mu'n aitreabh. Steach a ghabh e 's aig dorus an t-seòmair chuala e am ministear a' cur na ceiste cudromach a chreanaich a dhòchas: "A bheil thusa, Mhàiri, a' gabhail—?" A' fosgladh na còmhla, dh'èisd e ri Màiri a' freagairt ann an guth na bu treise

na chualas aice air son iomadach là: "Chan cìl 's cha ghabh gu bràth." Thionndaidh i air falbh o'n stòl san fhacal, 's cò bha m'a coinn-eamh ach an duine a bu docha leatha air an t-saoghal. Chaidh a ghàirdeanan gaisgeil timcheall oirre; chàirich ise a ceann cho caomhail air a ghualainn; bha an dà chridhe bualadh cho dlùth 's cho buadhmhòr le aoibhneas an gràidh.

Chaidh fear-na-bainne an laighe 's thogadh a mach e far am faigheadh e fionnarachd na gaoithe. Bha maighdeanan coibhneal a' sradadh uisge air a bhathais, fiach a fosgladh e a shùilean Thàinig Dòmhnall-nam-fonn is cuinneag aig làn gu beul. "A bheil sibh a' smaoinichadh gun toir na boiseagan leibideach sin a mhothachadh gu fear aig nach robh cus mothachaidh a riamh? Chan e boinneagan beaga dh'fheumadh e no a tha e airidh air." Dhòirt Dòmhnall an tuil ud air cìosach an fhir a bha 'na shìneadh. Nuair a thàinig e thuige fhéin agus a sheall e mu'n cuairt, cha robh aige ach an gad air an robh an t-iag.

'S ann a bha bean na bainne làmh ri a luaidh fhéin leathach caolais an geòla mhinisteir, athais is soirbheas mar a b' àill leotha 'gan giùlan gu sòlas an saorsa. Sud mar a dhearbhadh Alasdair a dhualachas agus mar a thug an gaol buaidh. Tha còrr air ceud bliadhna o'n thachair e, ach tha e freagarrach gu leòr gun cumainn-sa sgial air, 's gun innsinn dhuibh i. B'e bràthair mo sheanar laoch mo sgeòil.

CALUM LAING.

The Celtic Congress

By ANGUS DUNCAN

REPORTS of previous meetings of the Celtic Congress in the Isle of Man gave the impression that it would be impossible to repeat the kindness and hospitality shown to visiting delegates, nevertheless this was done on the same lavish scale this year, each of the four towns visited giving a civic reception in honour of the Congress. The governor of the island, a Scot, also entertained delegates at an afternoon reception in Government House, while the Rev. Fred Cubbon, a generous patron, held an evening reception in his beautiful home in Douglas, where the Congress met on this occasion. The hospitality of the Manx branch itself, from the first day to the last, was no less conspicuous.

The programme of meetings and other engagements followed a pattern that has now become familiar. Formal sessions were held

during the day, two of which created great interest, the first consisting of a discussion in each speaker's native tongue of the place of the national language in schools, when delegates had an opportunity of hearing a young Manxman Brian Stowell give a full account of the position in the island's day-schools and in the house-schools attended by learners of all ages. The other speakers in this symposium were Mrs. Bebb, Welsh treasurer; Mr. R. G. Jenkin, Cornwall, international secretary; and Donald Grant, Scottish secretary. Two of the Irish delegates, Oscar MacUillis and Father O'Leary showed that they could translate with ease from one Celtic language to another: from the Brythonic branch to the Goidelic branch and *vice versa*.

The other formal session of this nature was a debate, in English, on the subject, "The right of the small nation in this atomic age," with Mr. David Craine, M.A., C.P., past-president, in the chair. While this debate gave the selected leaders full scope for displaying their knowledge and rhetorical skill, a lighter note was struck in the short reply allowed each speaker, our own representative, Rev. T. M. Murchison, adding to his earlier list of national rights the right to blow one's own trumpet. "A codfish," he quipped "lays two thousand eggs, and makes no fuss, whereas a hen, which normally lays one egg at a time, makes a great noise, letting the world know what has happened. It pays to advertise!" The contribution by the Rev. Ray Williams, of Liverpool, representing Wales, glowed and sparkled with typical Welsh eloquence and passion. He told of some men from different countries who were asked to speak on the general subject of "The Elephant." An American chose as his theme, "How to make a bigger elephant." An Englishman followed with, "How to make money out of the elephant." When the Welshman's turn came, he gave as his theme, "The influence of the elephant on Welsh language and culture!" Could patriotism go further? Oscar MacUillis, who has many friends in Scotland, represented Ireland in the debate, and Mr. Joseph Woods the Isle of Man, while Miss A. R. Humphris, joint secretary of the Cornish branch, spoke for Cornwall. A fresh voice was heard at this meeting, John Hume, youngest member of the Scottish delegation, coming forward to claim that technology could be regarded as an expression of a nation's culture. Among those who spoke before the close was our own Mr. Euan MacDiarmid, C.A., president of the Scottish branch.

The only set address by an individual speaker was delivered at an evening session

Executive Council

by the international president, Chief Justice Conor Maquire, who gave a lecture on the 19th century Irish poet known as Blind Raftery, whose works were collected and published by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

A pleasant afternoon was spent in the Manx Museum in Douglas, where the interior of a Manx farmhouse, with traditional fittings and furniture can be seen, but there was no time to visit the open-air museum in the south of the island, which was the first of its kind to be opened in the British Isles.

As the Congress broke up before Sunday, Friday afternoon was chosen for a service in Kirkmichael Church which the parish minister conducted entirely in Manx. Those present were able to follow the service from the printed Order of Service, also in Manx, the praise consisting of four hymns, the first of which was sung to the familiar Psalm tune, "Old Hundredth," and the last to the equally-popular "Duke Street." The lessons were read from the Manx bible by Oscar MacUillis and Mr. Leslie Quirk, a native scholar, while the address given in English by Rev. Fred Cubbon, was devoted to the life and labours of the saintly Bishop Thomas Wilson (1663-1755), who was Bishop of Sodor and Man for the long period of 57 years, and is buried in Kirkmichael churchyard. His book of private devotions, published under the title, *Sacra Privata*, is regarded as a religious classic.

The annual business meeting was afterwards held in the new town hall in Peel, and a late Ceilidh at Kirkmichael, where school children, under their mistress, Miss Mary Cannel, sang to us. At this function, as well as many informal gatherings, the artistes attending from the various Celtic countries gave of their best, and delighted everybody. Only Brittany was not represented this year.

It only remains to say that all the visitors owe an immense debt to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Woods, respectively president and secretary of the Manx branch, and their helpers, for their magnificent work in organising this year's Congress, and for their day-to-day attention in carrying out such a full and varied programme.

"The early literature of the Scottish Gael cannot be well understood apart from early Irish literature. The ballads of the two countries describe the same struggles; the characters engaging in the strife are the same, and bear the same names. So it ought to be interesting to compare some of the idealised characters of early Irish literature with those we find in Scotland."

MACNEILL.

The Executive Council of An Comunn Gaidhealach met in the Office of An Comunn, Glasgow, on Saturday, 21st June, 1958. The President, who presided, welcomed a fair attendance of members. He congratulated Mr. Kenneth Macdonald, B.Sc., on being awarded the Degree of F.E.I.S. recently, and made special mention of the award of First Class Honours in Celtic Languages to John Bannerman, Junior, at Cambridge.

The Minute of the Gaelic meeting of the Council on 29th March was approved, and an amended Minute of the Advisory Committee, dated 7th June was adopted. It was decided to print the names of Officials of all Branches in the Annual Report, and that brief accounts of the main activities of Branches be published from time to time in *An Gaidheal*.

A minute of the Finance Committee recommended that, in view of the cost of overhauling the Northern Organiser's car, a new car be purchased. The Northern Propaganda Committee will endeavour to raise as much as possible of the purchase price. It was decided to pay part-time assistance to keep the work in the Inverness Office going at least to the end of July during which period the Organiser will be away a great deal. The Draft Balance Sheet as at 31/3/1958 showed an estimated Mod surplus of over £4000, and a surplus of £1,200 on the year's working.

The Education Committee's Minute, which was endorsed, referred to the gratifying number of applicants for the Conference of Gaelic-speaking teachers in Portree in July. The decision to start Gaelic in Greenock High School next session gave much satisfaction.

It was agreed to ask the S.E.D. for the promised report on the position of Gaelic in Primary Schools as soon as possible. A deputation consisting of The President, Mr. Donald Thomson, and Mrs. Bannerman, was appointed to make a personal approach to the Conveners of the C.C. and the Education Committee of Sutherland to discuss the position of Gaelic in the County. It was decided to advertise the two illustrated Gaelic Readers, now available, in *An Gaidheal* and to write to the Directors of Education in Argyll, Inverness-shire and Ross-shire requesting that the Readers be included in one of their gazettes to schools.

It was agreed to bring to the notice of the S.E.D. the desirability of encouraging pupils who had even a limited knowledge of Gaelic to include Gaelic as one of their languages.

The Minute of the Propaganda Committee, which was approved, noted that a new Branch was formed at Logierait, and that a Branch was shortly to be established at Kinross. The Convener reported that Mrs. Crawford was teaching competitors in Ardnamurchan and that Miss Mackinnon was similarly engaged in Sutherland. The Provincial Mòd in Oban had to be cancelled due to lack of entries in both Senior and Junior Sections. A very successful Mòd was recently held in Islay, a feature of which was the presentation of five short plays by the Bowmore Feachd.

Approval was given to a Minute of the Mòd and Music Committee. It was decided not to accept the Gaelic College medals in future, and to retain the Nova Scotia solo competition as such and to award cash prizes if other medals were not available. Accompanists for the Glasgow Mòd were selected, and also adjudicators for the Violin and Clarsach competitions. Correspondence re T.V. at the Mòd was submitted and arrangements concerning the Mòd Gaelic Service were reported.

A list of adjudicators for the Literary Competitions was drawn up.

A Minute of Comunn Na h-Oigrìdh was approved. It pointed out that the Camp for Learners will now finish on 29/7/58 instead of 26/7/58 as formerly stated. The School for Drama and Music will not be held this summer due to lack of support.

The Camp for native speakers will be attended by 20 boys, and 28 are prepared to attend the Camp for learners. Arrangements for the use of Cnoc Nan Ròs during the first three weeks of June were reported.

The Northern Organizer visited five schools in Skye recently. Interest in Comunn Na h-Oigrìdh was shown by Staffin and Kilmuir schools.

Requests for small money prizes for games, and six chanters from Barra school were approved.

National Mòd—Glasgow, 1958

ENTRIES

	Juniors	Seniors
Literary	23	35
Oral	247	99
Solo and Duet	182	485
Choral	35	90
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin)	14	27
Clarsach	—	19
Art and Industry	4	23
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	505	778

Total Entries—1283.

Mo Run Geal Og

Translated by HUGH LAIRG

For young ill-starred Charles Stewart
 Grim ruin ensnares me;
 In its dread toils I lose all
 Bawd Fortune e'er gave me.
 Not for cattle in cool grass,
 Not for sheep or fine raiment;
 Not for these do I rue me
 But for you, my true fair one,
 My own true love.

Who is left to lift sword for
 Our Prince and his glory?
 In rapt vision I fought for
 His return to his own folk.
 Now a stronger love thralls me,
 An a sharper wound goes me,
 Heart-fevered aye calling
 My dear mate in his cold grave,
 My own true love.

Straight, lithe-limbed and shapely,
 Slim-waisted and comely,
 Chaste and fairer thy face was
 Than the white-breasted swan is,
 Locks thy dear head embracing
 Lustrous, stately and comely,
 Who could match thee in graces
 In the width of the counties?
 My own true love.

On the silver-finned river
 When salmon were climbing
 'Gainst your fly-rod's keen quiver
 Little skilled were your rivals;
 And from Autumn's stag-hunting
 On brown distant horizons
 Blythe to me your home-coming,
 Hounds triumphant beside you,
 My own true love.

Fair bosoms all afire with
 Silks and diamonds and gold-pins
 Steeled with envy their ire when
 Your dear eyes would enfold me.
 Had men willed to divide us
 No bribe would console me,
 Nor ban priestly deny me
 Though the world should disown me,
 My own true love.

Wide and deep runs Culloden's
 Dark torrent of anguish,
 Widows dreading the morrow—
 Ships lost without landfall.
 'Ere joy was ta'en from us
 Me they honoured—and envied,
 Now their sister in sorrow,
 Such the love of my man was,
 My own true love.

Ardnamurchan Provincial Mod

Held at Strontian on Tuesday, 24th June, 1958

Adjudicators:

- Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President, An Comunn Gaidhealach.
 Mr. John MacRae, L.R.A.M., Glasgow.
 Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, M.B.E., M.A., Fort William.
 Rev. Kenneth MacMillan, M.A., Appin.
 Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Secy., An Comunn Gaidhealach.

PRIZE LIST

JUNIOR SECTION

Reading at Sight:

- 1st Margaret Stewart, Acharacle.
 2nd Johann MacPherson, Acharacle.
 3rd Archie MacGillivray, Acharacle.

Learner's Recitation:

- 1st Maribel MacSween, Lochaline.
 2nd Iain MacPherson, Strontian.
 3rd Margaret MacMaster, Mingarry.
 4th Lawrie MacGregor, Lochaline.

Gaelic Conversation:

- 1st Margaret Stewart, Acharacle.
 2nd Sam Cameron, Acharacle.
 3rd Joan MacIntyre, Strontian.
 4th Morag Anne Cameron, Acharacle.

Solo Singing—Girls:

- 1st Alda MacIntyre, Strontian.
 2nd Donalda Stewart, Acharacle.
 3rd eq. { Johann MacPherson, Acharacle.
 { Margaret Stewart, Acharacle.

Solo Singing—Learners—

Under 10 years:

- 1st Margaret MacNeil, Claggan.
 2nd Katherine Park, Strontian.
 3rd eq. { Mariann MacCorquodale, Lochaline.
 { Maribel MacSween, Lochaline.

10 years and over:

- 1st eq. { Cameron Wilson, Lochaline.
 { Morag MacNaughton, Strontian.
 2nd Lawrie MacGregor, Lochaline.
 3rd eq. { Ewan MacMaster, Mingarry.
 { Ian Maclean, Ardgor.

Junior Choirs.

- 1st Kilchoan School Choir.
 2nd Acharacle School Choir.
 3rd Claggan School Choir.

SENIOR SECTION

Reading at Sight:

- 1st Mrs. B. Connell, Lochaline.
 2nd Donald Cameron, Ardtornish.

Recitation:

- 1st Mrs. P. Sinclair, Lochaline.
 2nd Donald Cameron, Ardtornish.

Solo (Own Choice)—Ladies:

- 1st Jessie Stewart, Acharacle.
 2nd Anne Cameron, Strontian.
 3rd eq. { Jessie Graham, Strontian.
 { Isobel Lawrie, Lochaline.

Solo (Own Choice) Men:

- 1st Peter MacQueen, Ardgor.
 2nd Lachie John MacEachan, Mingarry.

Solo—Unpublished Song:

- 1st Morag Brown, Strontian.

Solo—Morvern Song:

- 1st Chrissie MacPhee, Mingarry.
 2nd Morag Brown, Strontian.
 3rd Peter MacQueen, Ardgor.

Solo—Prescribed Song—

Ladies:

- 1st Chrissie MacPhee, Mingarry.
 2nd Jessie Stewart, Acharacle.
 3rd Jessie Graham, Strontian.

Men:

- 1st Peter MacQueen, Ardgor.
 2nd Lachie John MacEachan, Mingarry.

Duet—Own Choice:

- 1st Anne Cameron and Jessie Graham, Strontian.

Solo—Former 1st Prize Winners:

- 1st Peter MacQueen, Ardgor.
 2nd Morag Brown, Strontian.
 3rd Isobel Gillies, Lochaline.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Ladies Silver Pendant—Jessie Stewart, Acharacle.

Men's Silver Pendant—Peter MacQueen, Ardgor.

Junior Choir gaining highest Gaelic marks:

Tie { Kilchoan School Choir and
 { Acharacle School Choir.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged ..	£1,980 18 10
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Proceeds of Ceilidh and Dance, Aberfoyle 30/4/58, per D. B. Cook, Esq.	96 3 9	Mrs. M. Urquhart, Inverness	5 5 —
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Proceeds of Whist Party, 18/12/57	62 5 9	Donald Urquhart, Esq., Natal	1 1 —
Proceeds of Bath Hotel Ceilidh, 3/1/58 ..	26 10 4	Clan Cameron Association	5 5 —
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Buchanan Branch—Proceeds of Dance, 16/5/58	39 13 —		
Sutherlandshire Association	10 — —		
Hamilton and District Highlanders' Association, Proceeds of Bring and Buy Sale, organised by Ladies of the Association	30 — —		
Miss Annabella McNeill, Colonsay	1 — —		
Anonymous	— 7 6		
Mr. and Mrs. James Thomson, Edinburgh	2 — —		
David Skae, Esq., Cardiff	2 2 —		
Tiree Association—Proceeds of Ceilidh ..	10 3 4		
The Lady Jessel, Surrey	1 1 —		
Mrs. Mavis Raatgever-Fraser, Holland ..	1 — —		
Very Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Glasgow	2 2 —		
Murdo MacSween, Esq., Aberdeen	1 — —		
The Gaelic Society of Glasgow	5 — —		
Mrs. S. M. Thom, Dornoch	— 15 —		
Aberdeen Branch	10 — —		
Golspie Branch	8 8 —		
Mrs. Ian MacLeish, Perth—Proceeds of Concert	10 1 —		
Robert Kerr, Esq., Luss	5 5 —		
Cruachan Branch	2 12 6		
Mrs. Malcolm MacKinnon, Glasgow— Proceeds of Tea Party	3 3 —		
R. F. Mollinson, Esq., Edinburgh	2 — —		
D. Stewart MacLagan, Esq., Glasgow ..	1 2 —		
Mrs. Violet Brodie of Brodie, Forres	— 10 —		
Glasgow Morven Association	2 2 —		
The Glasgow Islay Association	25 — —		
Miss Catherine Campbell, Achiltibuie ..	1 10 —		
John Gell, Esq., Isle of Man	1 — —		

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£182 10 —
John McKenzie, Esq., Vancouver	2 10 —
Mrs. E. G. Croll, Lochailort	17 7 10
Total as at 31st March, 1958	£202 7 10

Vale of Leven Branch	£5 — —
Stirling Branch	10 — —
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Dunoon Branch	3 — —
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Cruachan Branch	2 2 —
Northumberland & Durham Caledonian Society	5 5 —
Dundee Highland Society	2 10 —
Dingwall Branch	5 5 —
Miss Mary M. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh	— 7 —
	£45 17 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£10 5 9
J. A. D. McIntosh, Esq., Glasgow	— 12 —
John McKenzie, Esq., Vancouver	2 10 —
Total as at 31st March, 1958	£13 7 9
G. E. Anderson, Esq., Toronto	£— 10 —
Anonymous	— 10 —
Miss Annie I. Grant, U.S.A.	— 2 —
Miss J. B. Stewart, Blairgowrie	— 10 —
Miss M. F. MacArthur, Glasgow	1 4 —
J. R. MacDonald, Esq., California .. .	— 17 9
Miss Helen Bell, Edinburgh	— 4 —
Jas. Gardiner, Esq., Inverness	— 9 —
	£4 6 9

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN T-SULTUIN, 1958

Aireamh 9

SEANFHACAIL

THA dlùth an ceithir mìle seanfhacail Gàidhlig sgrìobhte againn ann an aon leabhar a chaidh a chur an clò as ùr beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais, ach a chuireadh an clò air tùs o chionn suas ri ceithir fichead bliadhna. Chualas iomadh seanfhacail air bilean an t-sluaigh nach deach a riamh a sgrìobhadh. Tha mar sin saobhbreas eòlais, géirid, agus gliocais aig na Gaidheil ri an làimh nach ceannaichte le òr. So aon saobhbreas nach do chrian le meirg agus nach do chaochail ro mhòr le aois. Tha na seanfhacail beò, siùbhlach, mòran diubbh, gus an là an diugh an cainnt na dachaidh. Is ann leotha a chuireas an seann laoch crìoch air an argumaid as déineasaiche, agus a chàireas e a' chlach mhullaich air a' chomhairle as luachmhoire. Is ann leotha a bheir e misneachd làidir dha fhéin an am dearbhadh, agus a bheir e comhfhurtachd do'n fheumach 'na theimn.

Tha dreach na h-aoise air mòran diubbh, agus chan eil fhios aig duine beò dé am fonn anns na dh'fhàs iad. Beachd mòrain ach géiread aoin, thuirteach éiginn, ach có aige tha fios? Còir nan uile leis an àill, their sinne, saobhbreas coitcheann na h-Albann, gathan gréine na h-inntinne beothail.

Gheibhear seanfhacail air feadh na Gaidhealtachd agus na Galldachd de'n aon chumadh, leis an aon bhrìgh, agus leis an aon bhuaidh. Có as a thàinig iad sin? An ann am fonn na Beurla a dh'fhàs iad, no a robh am freumhan an toiseach an oighreachd na Gàidhlig? Toimhseachan eile. Tha aon ni cinnteach. B'i a' Ghàidhlig a' chainnt mhàthaireil air feadh mòr-roinn na h-Albann, deas 's a tuath, an iar 's an ear, fada mus do thaoim na Goill a steach innte o dheas, agus far an robh a' Ghàidhlig bha seanfhacail.

Ged nach aithne dhuinn an tiomnadair is math is fhìach an dileab a cur gu feum, agus is ann le a cosg a dh'fhàsas i. Dé feum a tha sa' phìob mur cluichear i? Thuig Solaimh mìltean bliadhna air ais luach an t-seanfhacail gu bhith dinneadh mòran gliocais is eòlais ann an céis bhig, agus gu bhith a' tasgadh cnuasachadh domhain is farsaing ann am beagan bhriathran.

Far am faighear seanfhacail a dh'fhàs ann am fonn dùthchail lorgar annta sgàthan far am faicear dòighean is beachdan, rùintean is roghainn an luchd-àitich; agus gheibhear annta, ma chladhaichear domhain gu leòr, sgòid mhath de eachdraidh an t-sluaigh—na nithean air an robh an aire, na subhailcean a bha ionmholta 'nan sealladh, an t-àite a bha aig mìthean is maithean an intinn dhaoine, agus an tùr no an t-amaideas a bha 'gan comharrachadh a mach mar shluagh.

Chan eil an teagamh as lugha nach eil na seanfhacail Ghàidhlig a' nochdadh susbaint is géiread intinne na tha sònraichte, uaisleachd, caomhalachd is coibhneas a tha barraichte, fearachas is càilleachd thar tomhais a thuilleadh air àbhachdas is deagh-rùn gun ghainne. Eisd so: Gléidh do mhaor 's do mhinistear 's chan eagal dut. Gleidhidh sùil seilbh. Is buidhe le amadan imrich. Is diù a' cheàird nach fòghlumar. Min air iasad, itheadh na cruaiche fo'n t-sìoman. Is maing a thréigeadh a chaomh charaid. Is farsaing beul a' bhòthain. Dh'iarra am muir a thadhal.

Mar a tha an saoghal ag atharrachadh agus feuman is iarrtuis dhaoine a' caochladh tha seanfhacail ann nach eil cho fìor 's a bha iad, agus feadhainn aig a bheil brìgh nach robh aca air tùs. "Am biadh a théid os cionn gach

bidh—snaoisean.” Chan eil am bucas snaoisean am pòcaid gach bodaich an diugh.

“An uair a bhios gille agad tarraugh a chluas.” Chan e an diugh an dé; thoir do cheart aire! “An uair a theirgeas gual sguiridh obair.” Tha so a’ cur ’nar cuimhne obair a’ ghobha a bha an urra ri eala-ghual a bha air a dheanamh de mhòine. “Cho daor ris an t-salann.” Is ann là na cise móire a bha am facal-sa fìor.

Gheibhear rogha-labhraidh, bàrdachd is ceòl ann an seanfhacail na h-Albanna a tha comharrachadh a mach mac-meanmna agus ealantas a’ Ghaidheil. “Is dubh an dearcag ach milis. Is dubh mo chailin ach bòidheach. Is gorm na cnuic a tha fad uainn. Mar chlach a’ ruith le gleann feasgar fann foghair. An rud nach cluinn cluas cha ghluais e cridhe. Chan eil ceò an tigh na h-uisge. Oidhche Challuinn bu mhath cuilinn is calltuinn a bhith bualadh a chèile. Gabhadh iad air mo chrodh ’s a’ chladach; nuair a bhios mo bhreacan air mo ghualainn bidh mo bhuaille-chruidh ann.”

Mas math leat Gàidhlig sheaghail, bhlasda a bhith agad bh tric a’ dìoghladh ann an raon nan seanfhacal.

Am Bocan

CHA robh mi a’ caoidh ach nach robh Griogair MacAlpàin cuide ruinn an oidhche bha ann, agus Gàidhlig aige ged nach biodh i ann ach air son na h-aon oidhche sin. Bha an naidheachd cho math air a h-innseadh le Niall agus gun dèanadh i leabhar math Beurla do Ghriogair bochd, agus chrochadh sin prais dha! Bheir mise dhuibh beagan dhith an Gàidhlig, ach cha bhì guth ri ràdh mur crochar mi fhìn!

Bha Niall a’ cèilidh oirn agas, mar nach ainneamh a thachras mu mheadhon oidhche, thàinig an seanachas gu taibhsean. Bu choma leamsa ’s gun agam ri dhol a mach air doras; agus bha companach cuide ri Niall.

“Bha sinn”, arsa Niall, “thall an Amairioga agus balaich againn a Leòdhas cruinn an oidhche so, agus thàinig sinn mar so fhéin, gu rudan mi-nàdurra agus cha robh cuid againn ag aid-eachadh, a muigh no a mach, gun robh dad de’n t-seòrsa ann idir. Mu dheireadh thuirnt an Niseach: ‘A bhalachaibh dèanaibh air bhur socair air eagal gun tachair dhuibh mar a thachair dhòmhsa. Cha robh mise creidsinn ’na leithid de nì gus an oidhche a chaidh mi gu Dallsan agus fios agam fhìn carson. Direach eadar dhà bhaile thachair rud rium air an rathad mhór. Bha e direach romham agus cha robh dol seachad air. Cha dèanainn a mach dé

bu choltas dha, ach thàinig orm tilleadh air a’ chois-cheum cheudna, agus cha robh mi fada air tilleadh an uair a thachair e rium an dara turas agus cha robh rian agam air dol seachad air. Chuir mi romham an uair sin gum fàgainn an rathad mór agus gun gabhainn sios eadar e agus an cladach, ach cha deachaidh mi fada an taobh sin gus an do thachair e rium a rithist, agus an turas so bha e mar gum biodh e làn-thimcheall orm is e ’gam chròthadh sios taobh na mara, agus shìos chaidh mi gus an robh mi air an tràigh gus mu dheireadh bha mi a muigh air a’ mhuir agus e suas chon nan glùinean agam. An sin thug mi sùil sios agus dé bha an sin sa’ mhuir ach corp an duine mhairbh! Anns a’ mhionaid dh’fhalbh a chuire càil de’n eagal dhìom, agus thug mi an corp air tìr. Rinn mi air son tigh is cuideachadh; agus an uair a ràinig mi an tigh aig Iain dh’èibh mi, “A bheil thu stigh Iain?”. “Tha a Mhurchaidh. Thig a steach; bha dùil agam gun tigeadh tu.”

“Chaidh mi a steach agus bha Iain an sud leis fhéin.” “A Mhurchaidh”, arsa esan, “chuala mise an èibh agad, mar sud, bho chionn còrr is seachdain, agus an uair a chaidh mi a mach cha robh duine air sgial agam. Bha fios agam gun tigeadh tu.”

“Sin mar a fhuair mi cuideachadh an oidhche ud gus an corp a thoirt gu a thigh.”

“Bho an oidhche sin”, arsa Murchadh, “chan eil mise dol as àicheadh gu bheil nithean ann a tha dol thar sgoilearachd dhaoine, oir thachair an rud rium fhìn; agus cha b’ann gun fhios ciamar no carson.”

C.D.O.

Cumha MhicCruimein

THAINIG eachdraidh an òrain thiamhaidh-sa a nuas thugainn ann am barrachd na aon dòigh. So mar a dh’innsadh i o chionn ceud bliadhna air ais.

Tha e air aithris gun do chluich Dòmhnall Bàn an Dùin, piobaire mòr MhicLeòid, an t-òran an là a bha na Leòdaich a’ fàgail Dhunb-eagain air son cuideachadh an Airm Dhearg anns a’ bhliadhna 1745. Nam b’urrainn iad ’s e am Prionnsa fhéin a leanadh iad, agus sin an taobh a bha cridhe Dhòmhnail Bhàin ag aomadh cuideachd.

’Na spiorad bha am piobaire faireachadh gu robh esan a’ dealachadh gu bràth tuilleadh ris an t-seann dachaidh agus ris na càirdean. caomha a bha e fàgail air a chùl. “Cha till mi tuilleadh”. Tha e air innseadh gun do thuit e anns a’ chiad bhàr, ach faodaidh gu bheil sgeul eile air sin.

So am port a chluich e 'na fhalbh:
Bratach bhua dhail MhicLeòid o'n tùr mhór a'
lasadh,
'S luchd-iomraimh nan ràmh greasadh bhàrc
thar a' ghlais chuain;
Bogha, sgiath, 's claidheamh-mór, 's tuagh
gu leòn, airm nam fleasgach.
'S MacCruimein cluiche cuairt, "Soraidh bhuan
le Dunbheagain."

Slàn leis gach creig àird ri bheil gàirich àrd-
thonnan;
Slàn leis gach gleann fàs san dean crà-dhaimh
an langan;
Eilein Sgìtheanaich àigh, slàn le d'bheanntan
's guirm' fireach;
Tillidh, dh'fhaodte, MacLeòid, ach cha bheò
MacCruimein.

Soraidh bhuan do'n gheal-cheò a tha còmh-
dachadh Chuilinn;
Slàn leis gach blàth shùil th'air an Dùn 's iad
a' tuireadh;
Soraidh bhuan do'n luchd ciùil 's tric chuir
sunn orm is tioma;
Sheòl MacCruimein thar sàil' 's gu bràth cha
till tuilleadh.

Nuallan allaidh na piob' -móir' cluiche marbh-
rann an fhilidh,
Agus dearbh-bhrat a' bhàis mar fhallainn aige
uime;
Ach cha mheataich mo chrìdh' is cha ragaich
mo chuislean,
Ged dh'fhalbhainn le m' dheòin 's fios nach till
mi caoidh tuilleadh.

Bha lorg mhath aig na Gaidheil an déidh sin
air na facail shiochainteach, mhuladach, agus
air fonn drùiteach an òrain oir b'e so an ceòl
leis an robh eilthirich gu minic a' fàgail tìr
an eòlais agus a' togail orra gu tìrean céine.
So mar a tha rann a chuireadh ris an òran a'
deanamh sin soilleir:
'S tric a chluinnear fuaim binn, caoidh thiom-
chrì' MhicCruimein

Nuair bhios Gaidheil a' falbh, thar na fairge
'g an iomain;

"O! chaomh thìr ar gràidh, o do thràigh 's
rag ar n-imeachd,

"Och! cha till—cha till—och! cha till sinn
tuilleadh."

Anns an Dùn bha leannan aig Dòmhnall
Bàn, agus an uair a chuala ise am port dheasaich
i na rann a leanas mar fhreagairt do cheòl na
pioba:

Dh'iadh ceò nan stùc mu aodann Chuilinn,
Is sheinn a' bhean-shìth a torman muid;
Tha sùilean gorm' ciùin san Dùn a' sìleadh
On thrìall thu uainn 's nach till thu
tuilleadh.

Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimein,
An cogadh no'n sìth cha till e tuilleadh;
Le airgid no nì cha till MacCruimein;
Cha till gu bràth gu là na cruinne.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le
bruthach;

Tha ealta nan speur feadh gheugan
dubhach

A' caoidh gun d'fhalbh 's nach till thu
tuilleadh.

Tha 'n fhaireg fa-dheòidh làn bròin is
muid,

Tha 'm bàta fo sheòl ach dhiùlt i siubhal;

Tha gàir nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach
Ag ràdh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu
tuilleadh.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl san Dùn mu
fheasgar,

'S mac-talla nam mùr le mùirn 'ga
fhreagairt:

Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun
bheadradh

On thrìall thu uainn 's nach till thu
tuilleadh.

Siorrachd Pheairt

LE RUARAIDH MACFHIONGHUIN

(I)

SIORRACHD Pheairt—'s e an t-siorrachd
mhór a their iad fhéin rithe. Tha i mór
gun teagamh an iomadh seadh—mór an
eachdraidh, mór am meudachd, mór am beartas
agus mór an àilleachd. Tha feadhainn a' cumail
a mach— agus có a ghabhadh air fhéin a dhol
'nan aghaidh—gur i so siorrachd as brèagha,
chan ann a mhàin an Albainn ach air an
t-saoghal!

Seachd fichead bliadhna air ais thubhairt
Bhaltair Scott gur i Siorrachd Pheairt "an
roinn as brèagha de'n rioghachd a tuath."
Agus tha e glé dhoirbh do dhuine sam bith a
bha riann anns na Troiseachan, an Gleann
Lìomhunn, an Gleann Teimheil no an Gleann
Sìth gun aonta a chur ris na briathran sin.

Sgaoilte a mach, mar a tha i, an teis meadhon
Alba, is gann gu bheil maise-nàduir nach
deachaidh a bhuileachadh air an fhearann so—
beinn air muin beinne, cnoc air muin cnuc,
srathan farsaing, glinn dhosrach, réidhlein
leathann ghorma air an deagh uisgeachadh,
loch an móra mìne an dubhar nan craobh, easan
geala a measg nan creag, uillt bhrasa, bheothail



Faileas nan speur

lainnearach a' leum 's a' lùbadh 's a' suaineadh air feadh ghleann is mhachraichean gus an taom iad iad-fhèin san Abhainn Tàtha.

A réir beul-aithris, b'ann fa chomhair na h-aibhne so a sheas an saighdear Ròmanach agus a ghlaodh e, *Ecce Tiber*. Tha e mar an ceudna air aithris gur h-ann aig an dearbh àite far a bheil Peairt air a shuidheachadh a chuir na Ròmanaich suas an campa air an tug iad an t-ainm *Beartha*, agus gur h-ann mar sin a fhuair am baile an t-ainm mar a tha e againn an diugh. Canaidh cuid eile gun tàinig an t-ainm o'n Ghàidhlig, *Bàrr Tàtha*, agus gu bheil am facal, bàrr, a' dèanamh luaidh air Cnoc Chinnaoil a tha 'g éirigh gu cas o'n abhainn air taobh an ear a' bhaile. Ach tha a' chuid as motha de'n bheachd gu bheil an t-ainm a' tighinn o'n fhacal, *perth*, facal Cruithneach a tha ciallachadh doire no preas.

A thaobh meudachd, dleasaidh Siorrachd Pheairt an ceathramh àite a measg siorrachdan Alba agus a' chiad àite air tìr-mór. Tha an t-siorrachd cruinn an cumadh, agus tha baile Pheairt mu chòig mìle fichead gu'n taobh an ear o a meadhon. Air an taobh an iar agus air an taobh a tuath tha i cumail criche ri siorrachdan Earraghaidheal, Inbhirnis agus Obairleadhain, air an taobh an ear, deas 's an ear-dheas tha i cumail criche ri Aonghus, Fìobh, Ceanncros, Clachmanann, Sruithle agus Dunbreathann. Tha

machraichean farsaing an t-Srathmhóir agus Srath-Eireann a' ruith troimh 'n t-siorrachd an ear 's an ear-thuath, o Loch Eireann, agus a' dèanamh na criche eadar Gaidhealtachd is Gaidhachd. Air taobh a deas an t-Srathmhóir tha talamh uchdanach nan Sìdhbheann agus Cnuic Oiceil. Deas air na Sìdhbheann tha Còrsa nan Gobhar, iomair fada torach de thalamh-àitich air taobh a tuath Beul na Tàtha.

A measg mòran bheann tha cóig a tha gu sònruichte ainmeil—Beinn Labhar (3984 troidh), iomraideach air son lusan Alpach; Beinn Mhór agus Beinn Stob-innein, le chéile deas air a' Chrìanlaraich; Beinn Laoigh air crìoch Earraghaidheil; agus Beinn Sìdhchailleann, beinn bhèidheach faisg air Loch Raineach.

Chaidh a ràdh rium an là roimhe, "Ma tha dhìth ort eòlas a chur air Siorrachd Pheairt, lean an abhainn," agus chan eil teagamh sam bith nach bu bhuannachdaile dhuinn sin a dhèanamh. Bheir sin sinn gu crìochan Earraghaidheil, dùthaich bhòidheach Dhonnachaidh Bhàin, far an robh e 'na fhorsair an làithean òige.

Tha aibhnichean beaga 'nan ceudan a' ruith gu bras sìos cliathaichean nam beann a tha 'g éirigh ceithir mìle troidh suas anns an athar mu thimcheall na Crìanlaraich, Gleann Dochaird, Gleann Lòchaidh agus Gleann

Blar El Alamein

Air fonn, "SCOTS WHA HAE."

Lìomhunn. Tha an t-allt ris a bheil ar gnothach-
ne 'g éirigh ann an coire air taobh a tuath
Beinn Laoigh, mu trì mìle troidh os cionn na
mara. A' sìor chruinneachadh uisgeachan tha
an t-allt a' ruith gu dian o'n t-sùil-chruthaich
gu Loch Dochard. Is e Uisge Faolain a chanar
ris a' chuid so de'n abhainn.

Tha an abhainn a nise dol troimh Loch
Dochard agus Loch Iubhair, agus 's e an
Dochard a theirear rithe fad cheithir mìle deug
gu leth, gus an coinnich i-fhèin agus Abhainn
shèimh Lochaidh faisg air caisteal Roib Ruaidh,
am meirleach ainmeil sin a chum an dùthaich
air shùdan gus an do chaochail e an Inbhir-
lochlàraig anns a' bhliadhna 1734. Tha e air
a thiodhlacadh eadar Eilidh, a bhean, agus a
mhac, Rob Og, an seann chladh Both-chuidir,
aig ceann Loch Bhoil.

Aig coinneachadh nan aibhnichean tha Cill
Fhinn far a bheil carragh-cuimhne an Urram-
aich, Seumas Stiùbhard, am ministear mór a
rinn a' chiad eadar-theangachadh air an
Tiomadh Nuadh gu Gàidhlig Albannaich. Is
ann an Cill Fhinn a tha Tìgh an Achaidhmhóir,
seann àite-còmhnuidh Diùc Bhraid-Albann.
Chithear an so a' chraobh-fhiona as motha
air an t-saoghal. An so cuideachd, air
cìlean beag anns an Dochard, tha àit-adhlac
Clann an Aba, cinneadh a tha fhathast lìonmhor
an Cill Fhinn 's air feadh na dùthcha mu'n
cuairt. Tha cuid de mhuintir a' bhaile bhig
so trang a' dèanamh a' chlà.

Tha còig mìle fichead o éirigh na h-aibhne
gu Cill Fhinn aig ceann Loch Tàtha. Tha an
loch fhéin mu chòig mìle deug air fad, agus mu
mhìle air leud. Faisg air ceann an ear an locha
tha an clachan àillidh, Ceanmór. Dh'fhuirich
Wordsworth agus *Burns* ann an seann tigh-òsda
a' chlachain-sa.

Astar goirid o Cheannmór tha an Abhainn
Lìomhunn a' cur ri uisgeachan na Tàtha. Tha
sinn a nise an dùthaich nam mèinn. Beagan
mhltean sìos o aonadh nan aibhnichean tha
Obarpheallaidh, baile beag anns a bheil mu
mhìle gu leth sluaigh. An Obarpheallaidh,
deas air drochaid *Seanailear Wade*, a chaidh
a thogail anns a' bhliadhna 1733, tha
carragh-cuimhne nam Freiceadan Dubha, oir
b'ann an Obarpheallaidh sa' bhliadhna 1739
a chaidh an réiseamaid ainmeil so a chur air
bonn an toiseach. Mu mhìle o'n bhaile tha
easan iomaideach Bhoneas. A bharrachd air
a bhith 'na bhaile-margaidh, tha Obarpheall-
aidh trang le obair dath, obair clò, muillearachd
fiodha agus a' dèanamh uisge-beatha. So far
a bheil Mòd na siorrachd air a chumail gach
bliadhna.

(R' a leantainn)

Mhontgomeri le d' earbsa shuas,
Aig Alamein gun d'thug thu buaidh;
Le clann nan Gaidheal chuir thu 'n ruaig
Air Romel ruadh san t-stri.
'S ged bha e 'na shaighdear treun,
'S e dileas, fìor d'a dhùthaich féin,
Ri teicheadh uats' bu luath' a cheum
Na lagh an fhéidh air frith.

Bho chladaichean na Fairge Ruaidh',
'N cois gainimh teth an fhàsaich chruaidh
Gun d' fhosgail thu dhunn sligh' a' chuain;
Cha bhì ar sluaigh an dìth.
San fhàsach uat cha d' fhuair iad tàmh,
'S iad ruith gu luath gu braich an tràgh'd;
Bha romp' an cuan 's bu chruaidh an càs,
Rinn sud am fàgail sgìth.

Do'n Fhraing do lean thu air a thòir,
Gu aiseag ris do'n t-sluaigh an còir;
An cùrs' nam blàr gun deach a leòn;
Chaidh saighdear mór a dhìth.
Tha Romel treun a nis 'na shuain,
Air raon nam blàr roimh nàmh cha ghluais;
An t-anam beò gun deach gu chuais,
Tha choluinn thruagh aig sìth.

Mhontgomeri le d' earbsa shuas,
Aig Alamein gun tvg thu buaidh;
Le clann nan Gaidheal chuir thu 'n ruaig
Air Romel ruadh san t-stri.
'S ged bha e 'na shaighdear treun,
'S e dileas, fìor d'a dhùthaich féin,
Ri teicheadh uats' bu luath' a cheum
Na lagh an fhéidh air frith.

MURCHADH MACGILLE MOIRE,

Eas Niagara.

"Is iomadh tuar eile a chì mi air a' chlachan
le mo shùilean dùinte, ach is e as fhearr leam
buileach a l'ith meomhrachadh air beatha
làitheil an t-sluaigh, mar dh'aithriseadh i o
bheul gu beul is o linn gu linn gus an do ràinig
an sgeul mise. Bha nithean ann, is tha iad air
neadachadh am chridhe air leithid de dhòigh
is gu faod mi a ràdh le fìrinn gu bheil mi 'g
am faicinn leis an t-sùil a chunnaic, is 'g an
cluinntinn leis a' chluais a dh'èisd."

An Clachan A Bha Ann.

Happiness

One morning, in the month of May,
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness.

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found.

The wild birds caroll'd o'er my head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimmed by tears.

I question'd Friendship, but she sigh'd,
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turn'd
Were mould'ring in the grave.

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow.
Vice boasted loud and well;
But, fading from her wither'd brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distress'd.

I question'd Virtue, but she sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense—
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence.

I asked Death—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe;
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If Jesus guides thee here."

Sonas

Dh'fhalbh mi moch sa' Chéitein chiùin
Air chuairt ri uchd nan tom;
Bha'n saoghal àillidh, aoibhinn, ait,
Mo chridhe mhàin bha trom.

A bheil gach àite, smuainich mi,
Le maitheas Dhé cho làn,
'S an diùlt E sonas seasmhach, buan,
Do m' chridhe trom a mhàin?

Labhradh a' choill—O! 's binn na h-eòin;
Labhradh gach glac is cluain,
Bheil àit air bìth san t-saoghal mhòr
Sam faigh mi sonas buan?

Ach sheinn na h-eòin os cionn mo chinn,
Is shéid a' ghaoth gu tlàth;
Buan shonas chan eil againn dhut,
Chualas gach guth ag ràdh.

'N sin dh'fheòraich mi do Ghaol nam buadh,
Robh sòlas buan fo'n ghréin.
Chan fhiosrach mi, déir e, fo bhròn,
'S na deòir 'na shùilibh féin.

Is dh'fheòraich mi do Chàirdeas blàth,
A fhreagair mi gu luath:
Tha dàimh mo ghràidh nach dìobradh mi
'Nan sinadh anns an uaigh.

Làn shonas thairg dhomh Baobh an uile
Nan tugainn dìthse géill;
Dh'at i le uaille, is chunnaic mi
Gur breug a bha 'na beul.

Ghuidh mi'n sin air Coibhneas caomh
Mo bheannachadh le sìth;
Ach fhuair mi ise brònach, fann
Mu dhàimh a bh'ann an dìth.

Gu Deagh-bheus chaidh mi'n sin,
Chuala mi cnead 'na com;
'S e 's ainm dhomh nise, fhreagair i,
Aithreachas tiamhaidh, trom.

Ruigear rìgh nam fiamh, am Bàs;
Ach labhair e gu foill,
Is sonas mi nach meall gu bràth
Na thig tre Chrìosd am chòir.

GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(3) DUGHALL BOCHANAN

By DERICK S. THOMSON

It is likely that we possess only a fragment of the Gaelic poetry that Dugald Buchanan composed: a part of his output between the years 1746 and 1767. He was thirty years of age in 1746, by which time his interest seems to have been directed decisively towards writing religious verse; what he wrote during his twenties, the formative years of most poets, we have no means of knowing. But the evidence of his poetry, and one piece of evidence from his so-called *Diary*, suggest strongly that he had already learned his craft. In that early period, whose spiritual turmoil is so well described in the *Diary*, he says that he used every means to lull his conscience asleep. "Company was the only remedy I found for easing my trouble, which made me flee to it on every opportunity; and because I could not always be in company, in order to divert my mind when in private, I learned all the ballads and songs I could get; which was but a bad cure for a wounded and festered conscience." Perhaps we should be thankful that he sought this cure.

Mórachd Dhé is probably his earliest surviving poem, composed soon after his conversion. It does not have the assurance and the maturity of most of his other work, yet in it Buchanan shows the great expositor's power of illustrating his teaching by reference to simple, everyday, easily understood analogies. This power is similar in some ways to the poet's faculty of relating different thoughts and processes to each other, thus producing an expansion of understanding. Men and angels, in their effort to comprehend, and apprehend, God's being, are likened to shells attempting to hold the ocean:

*'Nan oidhirpibh tha aingle 's daoin'
Mar shligean maoraich glacadh chuain.
(Mórachd Dhé, 11. 43-4).*

This pictorial method of expounding his thoughts is used again and again by Buchanan, and in the greater poems it is vastly developed. The imagery, however, is always derived from sources close at hand, and well known to his audience or public. Most of the imagery is derived from Nature, so that it would not be unjust to say that Buchanan's poetic inspiration has two main sources: religious experience and Nature. Some of this Nature imagery is on the grand scale: describing the universal

upheaval on the Day of Judgment, he says,
*Na beannta iargall nach tug seach
An stòras riamh do neach d' an dedin,
Tha iad gu fialaidh taosgadh mach
An ionmhais leagh' mar abhainn mhòir.
(Là a' Bhreitheanais, 11.121-4.)*

Twenty lines later, in the same poem, he used this equally graphic image:

*An cùrtean gorm tha nunn o'n ghréin,
'S mun cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,
Crupaidh an lasair e r'a chéil'
Mar bheilleg air na h-éibhlíbh beò.*

But there is no Nature worship:

*Cìod uim' nach d' fhuair a' chruitheachd bàs
Nuair cheusadh air a' chrann a' Triath.
(11. 207-8.)*

Images are culled from many aspects of Nature. Thus, mankind is called from the grave,

*Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'nn mu ghéig
An déis dhoibh éirigh mach o'n sgeap.
(11.215-6.)*

Those on the left hand at the Day of Judgment are

*Mar chualaig dhris an ceangal teann,
or,
Mar bhàrnich fuaighte ris an sgeir.*

Other images are of lambs who have lost their mother, wells full of grit and sediment, birds' nests on the high branches of trees, the ant-hill, the adder.

The passage on the well will serve to illustrate how Buchanan develops an image:

*An tobar 's glaine chì do shùil,
Tha ghrùid 'na iochdar gabhail tàmh.*

*'S ma chuireas t' anail e 'na ghluais,
Le tarrainn chabhaig suas ad bheul,
Dùisgidh an ruadhan dearg a nìos,
'S le gaineamh lìonaidh e do dheud.
(Am Bruadar, 11.55-60.)*

It is worth noticing how it is the last line that makes the main impact. It startles us into seeing the point of the image. This evidence of incisive intellectual and poetical power can be seen again in the image of the ant-hill:

*Mar tholman ùire faic an saogh'l,
Is daoin', mar sheangain air mun cuairt:*

A null 's a nall gun fhois gun tàmh,
 A' cruinneach as gach àit d' an cist,
 Gu Ìonmhòr marcachd thar a' chéil'
 'S a' trod gu gear mu bhioran brist.

(An Gaisgeach 11. 75-80.)

The seeming futility of much human activity has seldom been so well summed up.

Buchanan draws images also, although less frequently, from other sources. The ageing human body is described in this way:

Tha 'n corp, a' chruit chiuil ud,
 Air òrùltadh dhuit gleusadh;
 'S comharr' cinnt air a thasgaidh
 Bhith lasach' a theudan.

(An Geamhradh, 11. 85-8.)

There he is adapting an image well known to Gaelic poets. In 11. 173-6 of the same poem the classical image of the thread of life is given a homely and intimate setting:

'S dlùth ruitheas an spàla
 Troimh shnàth' naibh do bheatha
 Tha fighe dhuit léine
 'Ni béisdean a chaitheamh.

Perhaps it was his recollection of some of the Gaelic ballads and songs which he had learnt in his youth that enabled him to use so freely the grim, macabre detail of the grave, of which there is so much in *An Claiгеann*. Such detail, at any rate, is common in Gaelic folk-poetry. Referring to the *durragan*, or worms, he says,

Cuid a' cladhach do dheud
 A steach ann ad bheul,
 'S cuid eile a' reub do chùbas;
 Cuid eile 'nan sgùd
 Tigh'nn mach air do shùil
 A' spùinneadh 's a' rùsg' do ghruaidh.

(11. 103-8.)

There is almost an element of morbidity in Buchanan's pre-occupation with such themes, and of course with the theme of Hell. We can see from his *Diary* that he had lived from a very early age with awful thoughts of the Day of Judgment, and divine retribution was intimately woven into his religious experience. Without doubt, his poetry was one of the factors which coloured Highland religious thought in the two centuries since Culloden.

Buchanan was an innovator in several ways. External and internal evidence suggest that he was more widely read in English literature than any of his contemporary Gaelic poets, and this no doubt affected his choice of metres and the idiom of his thought. Attention has been drawn to these matters in Donald McLean's edition of the poems. Buchanan's poetry is less heavily embellished (from the metrical

point of view) than that of these other poets, while he makes a freer, more imaginative, use of imagery. One distinct gain from his lack of reverence for purely Gaelic models is his avoidance of adjectival elaboration. He can use the adjectival style, as in *Fulangas Chriosd* (11. 225-8),

Bha 'm bàs ud mallaicht', piantachail, etc.

But, to quote the fine comment of the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, made in his paper to the Inverness Gaelic Society in 1874, 'He preferred to knit his words together as a living tissue, rather than string them loosely, as a savage his barbaric pearls'. The story of how he wakened a friend in the middle of the night to debate the relative merits of *durragan donn* and *durragan crom* (1. 22 of *An Claiгеann*) shows how seriously he took the business of knitting words together. But A. C. Sutherland's commendation may be interpreted more generally too. Just as Buchanan's images are expressed to give the maximum effect, so his stanzas often show the same care. Take for instance this stanza from *Am Bruadar* (11. 85-8):

Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach neach,
 'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fheàrr,
 Cha toir an t-anabharr th' ann an sud
 Am feasd an cudthrom as a' chràdh.

What makes this stanza so effective? Its truth may come home to one with startling suddenness, and finality, and this is underlined, or punched home, by the internal rhyme in the second couplet (*sud: cudthrom*), and by the long vowel rhyme between 11. 2 and 4. The words are simple, and the idea is expressed with economy, but the word *anabharr* is sufficiently weighty to highlight the main idea of the stanza. Something of the same economy can be seen in such a poem as *Am Bruadar*, but *An Claiгеann*, terse though its language is, shows the love of categorisation and exhaustive detail so familiar in much Celtic art, literary as well as decorative. Thus, though *An Claiгеann* is clever and persuasive, even profound in its psychological and social insight, it is not to be compared to *Am Bruadar* or *Là a' Bhreitheanais* for quiet wisdom on the one hand, or poetic imagination on the other.

Buchanan's method can be seen to some advantage if one compares the natural description in *An Geamhradh* with other 18th century Gaelic nature poetry. His poem is less burdened with detail than the average seasonal poetry in Gaelic. Nature seems freshly seen: the wind whistles through the lines. One can sense a keen, clean, orderly and, surprisingly, hard intellect behind this poetry.

The poem *Urnuigh*, which should be read in conjunction with the passages of self-abasement

in the *Diary*, is less remarkable, poetically, than the other poems. Its interest is more biographical and devotional.

If I were to name three outstanding aspects of Buchanan's work, I think I should choose the simplicity and the clarity of *Fulangas Chriosa*, the dark power of *La a' Bhreitheanais*, and the quiet, resigned wisdom of the five stanzas beginning *An ni bu mhò d' an tug thu miann in Am Bruadar*. But I should be sorry to leave many other things out of account.

Frisian

IT might be of interest to readers of *An Gaidheal* to know how other languages in similar circumstances to Gaelic are faring. Frisian, at one time spoken in quite a large area of Western Europe, is now confined to three areas in the Netherlands and Germany.

In the Dutch part (i.e. the province of Friesland) the language is generally spoken by the people. It is not, however, spoken in most of the towns, the North-Western part of the province, nor in the Islands of Vlieland or Ameland. Although despised, the language is maintaining itself comfortably, due in a large measure to the activities of the Frisian Movement which has been instrumental in having Frisian recognised as a school subject and also in the Law Courts. The population being 500,000, one may say at a conservative estimate that about 300,000 speak Frisian.

The German Frisians are, however, not so fortunate. Just across the Dutch border in East Friesland the language is virtually extinct. Some people may tell you that they have heard Frisian spoken in this area, but such is not the case, the language being Low German with a few "frisianisms". The language died out in one of its last strongholds, the island of Wangeroog about 1930. Now only one pocket remains—the remote district of Saterland situated on moors where about 3,000 people still speak the language which, one East Frisian told me, is expected to become extinct in about 50 years' time. In an interview with a reporter of the Frisian weekly, *Frysk en Frij*, a 70-year-old native, Herr Willem Awick, said: "Skeddel is a Frisian village, and nearly everyone can speak it, except the young people; but that is the trouble. I can say that practically no one under thirty can speak it any longer. Formerly it was always Frisian that was spoken in the school playground, but now it is always High German. That is a pity."

"That is in a large measure due to the schools?"

"Yes, the Saterlanders have never put up a fight for their language. And now the real Frisians are too old to do much about it."

On the west coast of Slesvig and the adjacent islands near the German-Danish frontier live 50,000 North Frisians of whom about 12,000 speak Frisian. Here, too, the language is gradually dying out. There are several causes, one of which is the diversity of local dialects, making it easier for the people from different localities to converse in German. A schoolmaster told the reporter that in one district only ten households spoke Frisian, but not to the children. In other districts Frisian was spoken by the older people only. In only one school did the mistress teach the children to read and write Frisian. In certain parts those interested in the language are in despair.

The natives of one of the North Frisian islands, Heligoland, still stay on the German mainland, as their island has not yet been restored to them. If they have to stay much longer there is the danger that not only will they lose their language, but they will also become completely Germanized.

IAIN MACKINNON.

Celtic Studies

A new Department of Celtic Studies has recently been established at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Mr. Calum Iain Macleod, Gaelic Advisor to the Adult Education Division, has been appointed as the first Professor of Celtic in this Department. The following courses in Celtic Studies for 1958-1959 have been arranged:—

1. A course to enable students with some speaking knowledge of Scottish Gaelic to read and write the language.
2. A course designed for students who have no knowledge of Gaelic. Instruction will be given in basic grammar, phonetics, sentence construction, etc.
3. Lectures on Celtic history.
4. Lectures on the literatures of Celtic countries.

We wish this new development in Nova Scotia every success.

National Mod

The Mod will be held this year in Glasgow from Tuesday, 30th September to Friday, 3rd October. Competitions will be held in the St. Andrew's Halls. A record attendance at the various competitions is anticipated.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£3,178	4	9
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Mod Memories Ceilidh	44	2	3
Coffee and Daffodil Morning, 19/4/58	72	2	11
Matter of Opinion, 23/4/58	13	3	2
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Previously acknowledged	£45	17	6
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Previously acknowledged	£4	6	9
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John MacLeod, Esq., Glasgow	—	4	—
	£5	17	7

School Magazines

The Oban High School Magazine recently published provides a rich store of interesting material which we heartily recommend to readers of all ages. It is a bright, lively, informative and up-to-date production.

The short, frank views of the six-year-olds are gems. The three-verse poem from Ia would do credit to a much older poet. "The Unresting Flame," by A. D. H. is a realistic description by (surely) a veteran mountaineer. He lives the part with zest, and leads us to the summit with apparent ease, and, almost, pleasure.

Items of Sport are numerous, and well illustrated, and other school activities find honourable mention.

Gaelic is well represented. There are some arresting stories in this section, written in racy and idiomatic Gaelic which shows no sign of decay. But where are the budding Gaelic bards of Argyll?

This year's Magazine of the Inverness Royal Academy is quite an ambitious production, and provides interesting reading in both prose and verse. The juniors, in particular, find it easy to resort to verse of varying quality. From the great variety of articles one gets a good mental picture of school life in the Highland capital—the serious, the humorous, and the care-free. There are good descriptive and reflective pieces on a great variety of themes, and ample space is given to club work and other activities. *Glé mhath.*

"The Ossianic or Heroic Ballads will be found in the following publications:—The Dean of Lismore's Book (1512, published in 1862); Hill's (1780); MacArthur's (1784); Young's (1784); Gillies' (1786); Stewart's (1804); Highland Society's Report (1805); Turner's (1813); Grant's (1814); MacCallum's (1816); Campbell's great work (1872).

Some of the ballads contained in these books were printed from old manuscripts; others were taken down during the last two or three centuries from the oral recitation of old men, living in all parts of the Highlands."

MACNEILL.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN DAMHAIR, 1958

Aireamh 10

AOIGHEACHD A' GHÀIDHEIL

BHA na Gaidheil a riabh ainmeil air son an aoidheachd, agus ged nach eil daoine an inneadh a chéile an diugh mar a bha iad nuair is cuimhne leinne cha do thréig coibhneas is iochd an cridheachan gu tur fhathast. Cha robh glas air dorus anns na bailtean air am b' eòlaiche sinn 'nar n-òige. Moch is anmoch bha dorus fosgailte feitheamh air an fhear turuis agus air an fhear tadhail, agus dh'fhaodadh iad le chéile ceum a thoirt a steach a chlaigeann gun sùilean mar gum b' ann leotha fhéin a bhiodh an tigh. Cha robh feum air facal siridh na cuiridh ach 'fàilte stigh,' agus, "suidh a steach ris an teine."

Bha an fhagaisgeachd agus an carranas so an cridheachan mhithean is mhaithean. Nach tric a sheinn na bàird anns gach linn mu fhialaidheachd nan ceann-feadhna, am fleadhan sòghmhor, greadhnach, an ceòl is aighear is dannsadh a gheibhthead daonnan 'nan cuirtibh. Tha e air aithris mu thriath sònraichte anns a' Ghaidhealtachd gun do ghabh e tàmailt ro mhòr air do uachdaran àraidh le a chuideachd gabhail seachad air a' chaisteal aige-san gun tadhal air. Mach leis le a luchd leanmhainn an tòir air an fhear dearmaid, agus an ùine nach robh fada bha an luchd siubhail fo ghlais anns a' chaisteal, chan ann air son peanas ach air son coibhneas a dhòrtadh air an cinn. B' e an triath mòr fhéin aon de'n luchd frith-ealaidh mu'n bhòrd an oidhche ud. Bha an tuath 'ga mheas 'na nì maslach neach a dhol seachad air an dorus aca gun seasamh an ceann a' làir agus an dachaidh a bheannachadh. B' e an cleachdadh seasamh a stigh anns an dhol seachad, gnothach ann na as. Ma bha biadh

air bòrd bha di-bheatha aig an fhear tadhail a chuid a ghabhail na dhiùltadh. Cha robh athadh air neach còmhnaidh iarraidh 'na fheum, agus gheibheadh e freasgairt air gun mhaoidheachd. An neach bu lugha cuid bha e ullamh gu bhith a' roinn a' bheagan ris an fheumach, agus an tì bu mhòtha aig an robh bheireadh e seachad gu suilbhearach.

Cha leigte am bochd air diochuimhne anns a' chlachan. Nan tigeadh iasg gu cladach bha cuid na bantraich air a chur air leth mus fhaigheadh an sgioba an cuid fhéin. Gheibheadh teaghlach lag còmhnaidh o na coimhearsnaich aig am cura 's buain, agus cha bhiodh tigh an t-sùgraidh gun chuideachd na tigh a' bhròin gun luchd frithealaidh.

Chan eil bochdainn na teanntachd a measg nan Gaidheal mar a bha o chionn leth bliadhna air ais, agus faodaidh nach eil dorus cho farsaing aig fhialaidheachd gu bhith 'ga nochdadh fhéin, agus is dòcha ann an cois an neoisimeileachd a tha cho coitcheann a measg dhaoine an diugh gu bheil cridheachan a' druideadh suas nas motha, ach far a bheil gnè coibhneil, faisg ann an aorabh sluaigh cha mhòr an leisgeul a dh'iarraas e gu bhith 'ga fhoills-eachadh fhéin.

Tha slugh nam bailtean fhathast ullamh gu bhith sàs an co-bhuinn nuair a tha obair-phàirt ri dheanamh. Buainidh iad an conadh an comaidh, agus bidh faingean aca an cuid-eachd. Nì na coimhearsnaich sgioba luaidh na sgioba eathair ma bhios feum orra, agus aig am aoraidh tionailidh iad as gach tigh mu'n cuairt gu bhith a' giùlan uallaichean a chéile.

AN COINNLEIR AIRGID

Le ALASDAIR MAC GILLE MHAOIL.

(*Chraobhs-gaoileadh an sgeul so leis a' Bh.B.C.*)

“**N**UAIR a laimhsich mi an claidheamh,” arsa Calum Ruadh, “dh'fhairich mi 'nam chridhe gun robh an t-òlc sniomhte ri chruth. Ged a bha a chumadh grunn, glan dhùl-lean ris, troimh na linntean a bha e crochte san tigh mhór ud thall, cuid is pàirt de'n droch-bheart san robh e sàs ri am na dòrainne.”

'S ann leis na briathran sin a dhaingnich Calum a bheachd gun dleas an t-òlc a bha uaireigin beò an anmannan dhaoine àite còmhnuidh anns na nithean leis na ghnìomhaich iad am fòrneart. Beachd nònach, their sibh, agus 's e sin a thug 'nam chuimhne mar a thachair dhomh an Gleann Fàsail iomadh bliadhna air ais. Ma tha an t-òlc cho leanmhainneach 's a tha cuid a' cumail a mach, is cinnteach gum bheil ceartas is matheas tuilleadh mòr nas maireannaiche.

Bha Mairearad, piuthar mo mhàthar, a' tàmh fada shuas sa' ghleann far an cluinntean a' gnuilbheach 's a' chearc ruadh iad fhéin a' cur an seula ri cho uaignidh 's a bha an t-àite. B'i Mairearad, bantrach Dhòmhnall Mhìc Ailein a bha 'na thuatnanach chaorach sa' cheàrnaidh iomallaich so. Nuair a shiubhail e dh'fhan ise san t-seann dachaidh, air a cuairteachadh leis na nithean ris an robh i cleachte—a' chuibhle shnìomha air an ceann.

'Nar cloinn b'e ar sùgradh, gach samhradh, turas a thoirt suas gu ruige Gleann Fàsail. Bu leinne gach nì a bha stigh air ursannan an doruis, agus bàrr gach saobhbheis dhuinne, cead fhaighinn gu bhith rannsachadh san t-seòmar-chùil a measg nan gnothaichean sean is annasach a bha air an gleidheadh ann an sin—soithichean Gallda, seudan, bràistean is gach aon diubh air an snas-ghearradh, grunn gun smal; agus maille riutha sin uile, an t-uairleadh-air airgid a bhuinteadh do dh'Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Ach crùn nan uile—a' ghloinne a chuireadh ri bilean a' Phrionns' Oig nuair a bha e air an allaban.

Am meadhon na h-ùpraid spionadh mo phiuthar, Sìne, sìos an coinnleir airgid a bha 'na shuidhe air an sgeilp os cionn an teinntean.

“O! Mhairearad,” theireadh i, “innis dhuinn a rithist a' sgialachd mu'n choinnleir.” Nuair sin chluinneadh sinn as ùr mu mhòr-ghaileann a' gheamhraidh, nuair a bha Dòmhnall Mac Ailean, a céile, an tìr nam beò—mar a bhiodh e air mòintich san amnoch, na tuath-fhrasan 'g a léireadh, 's a shùil fosgailte gu sealladh fhaotainn air soillse na coinnle chàirdeil a

chuireadh Mairearad san uinneig gus a cheum a thrèorachadh gu baile.

Ach thàinig caochladh air a' Ghleann. Air an t-samhradh so a chaidh ràinig an naidheachd bhrònach mi gun do chaochail Mairearad. Maille ri fios a bàis thàinig litir ag innseadh gun do dh' fhàg i agamsa mar a dlùth dhàimh an tigh 's na bha ann. Thug sin fa m' chomhair cridhealas is sonas ar n-òige nuair a bhitheadh am fraoch fo bhlàth agus fàile na meala bho gach géig. Cha robh fois intinne agam gus a ruigim a rithist an fhàrdach a bha uaireigin cho carthannach. Greis roimh an Nollaig, nuair a bha beagan saorsa agam, ràinig mi fhin 's mo chéile, Anna, Gleann Fàsail. Cha robh mi idir cinnteach gun gabhadh Anna gu coibneil ris an tìr gharbh so, oir thogadh ise sa' bhaile mhór air bheag eòlais air uaigneas a' mhonaidh fharsainn. Ach bha mi tur ceàrr 'nam bharail oir bha a ceum cho uallach 's ged a bhitheadh i air a h-àrach an sgàil Màm-na-h-Ealtainne. Bha i gu ro-thoilichte leis an dachaidh agus ged a bha tuar a' gheamhraidh air lus is fonn bha àilleachd nam beann àrda gun choimeas. Cha robh ar coimhearsnaich ach tearc. Is e MacAnndrais, an “geamair,” mu dhà mhìle shuas an gleann a b' fhaigse oirn.

Thug mi Anna a dh'fhaicinn na nithean mùimeach a bha san t-seòmar chùil agus bhòidich i gum faigheadh i ciste thasgaidh far am bitheadh iad tèarainte. Mar an ceudna chuir i roimpe coinnleir eile a lorg, ceart-shamhail an fhir a rinn an deagh obair 'na sholus-ùil anns na làithean a dh'aom; agus an oidhche sin fhéin thug mi 'n aire gun robh coinneal ùr aig Anna air a cur anns an t-seann choinnleir.

Bha sinn mu fhichead là leinn fhéin nuair a thachair cùisean ris nach robh dùil againn. Ràinig fios sinn gun robh mo mhàthar chéile fo throm thinneas sa' bhaile mu dheas. Rinn sinn ullachadh air son an Gleann fhàgail gun dàil; ach chan fhaiceadh Anna aobhar sam bith dhòmhsa a dhol maille rithe do'n Ghalldachd aig an am.

An dèidh dhì fàgail cha robh gnothaichean idir cho dòigheil. Thàinig MacAnndrais air chéilidh aon oidhche is chuir sinn seachd tacan a' seanachas air seann eòlach. Nuair a bha e a' fàgail agus sinn 'nar seasamh le chéile aig an doras tharraing e m' àire gun cuailleann ceothaidh a bha snìomh mu ghualainn Beinn Fheàrna. Agus ars esan, “An ceò a dh'fhàgas an seann sholus 's e sneachd no gaoth

a sgapas e." Bha an fhirinn san t-seanfhacl. Nuair a sheall mi a mach tràth sa' mhadainn bha an tìr geal le ciad sneachd a' gheamhraidh. Ach 's e là cùin grianach a thàinig a fuachd na camhanaich. Is e bh'ann gun do thog mi orm, an déidh gréim bidh, gu ruige an t-aonach le cromag mhór a' bhuaichille 'nam dhòrn. Lean mi frith-rathad nan caorach troimh na monaidhean àrda is sgoran fiadhaich a' Mhàim agus Beinn Eilde.

'S ann an sin a bha an sealladh miorbhuileach thar garbh-bheinn is cuain, fad iomallach na fàire gu mo chomhair, le gach eilean beag air a chuarteachadh le muir briste, geal mar an sneachd a bha còmhach an t-sléibhe; agus a' sineadh cho fada 's a chitheadh an t-sùil crùn aosmhor Dhruim Albann 'g a chall fhéin an iomall céin an fhàisach.

Bhuannaich mi garbh-shlios Beinn Tharsainn, far a bheil Allt Thorrain a' tòiseachadh 'na shruthan caol, monmharach a measg an fhròiche. Chithinn a sin, nu astar dhà mhìle air falbh, Loch Learga 'na laighe sèimh 's a' ghrian air uhd. Bha àilleachd an lochain 'gam tharraing ach b' i cheist an ruiginn e roimh dhubhar an anmoich. Ràinig mi bruach an locha, cas-fhluch is sgith le mo thurus. Shuidh mi greis an sin ach bu thiamhaidh 'nam chluais sloisreadh an uisge ris na clachan corrach, liath-ghlas. Dh'ith mi pàirt de'n aran a thug mi leam air son an turuis. Thug mi sùil air na h-àrdaibh thairis air an tàinig mi. Bha gach binnean geal so-fhaicsinneach agus air an cùl dh'éirich armailt mhór de neòil dubh-ghorm le snuadh bagarrach nach do chòrd idir rium. Leum mi air mo chasan is thog mi ris a' gharbhlaich.

Air cho ealamh 's a bha mi bu luaithe na sin a sguab a' ghailleann ghùineach sìos bho leacannan nam beann. Leis a' ghaoith bha smùirnean min sneachda a chuir maille air mo fhradharc agus casg air m' anail. Le sgòid neapacain mi b' bheul rinn mi cothachadh an aghaidh a' chathadh làir a bha nise 'gam chur gu dùbhlán. B' i a' cheist dé cho fada 's a sheasadh leus beag de'n là gu còmhàdh leam. Thàinig e steach orm uair no dhà nach robh cùisean ceart; an deach mi air seacharan? Nan amaisinn air Allt Thorrain leanainn e gu tigh is tèarainteachd, ach cha deach leam an sin. Cha robh dùbhradh air gilead an t-sneachda far mu chòir clais an uisge a bhith. Bha am fuachd a nis air fàs ro neimheil. Fhuair mi beagan fàsghaidh an sgàil creige. Bha m' inntinn a' fàs na b' fhoiseile, agus chuimhnich mi gun robh mìr beag arain fhathast agam.

'S ann a nis a mhothaich mi gun robh nì-eigin ag èaladh ri mo thaobh. Fiadh no gearr, shaoil mi. Thàinig an creutair na bu dlùithe, agus dé bh'agam ach cù-chaorach,

ciùin, solta 'na ghiùlan. Far am bi cù, thuir mi rium fhéin, bithidh duine. Ach anam beò eile cha tàinig air ar n-àrainn.

Bhuaile e 'nam inntinn nach b' e aobhar math a bheireadh cù gun mhaighstir gu monadh air a' leithid so de dh'oidhche. Rèir coltais bha mi cèarr oir cha b'e madadh grannda, cronail a bha agam idir. Sheas e faisg orm mar gu feitheadh e slobadh mo làimhe. Mu dheireadh ghluais e astar beag air thoiseach orm. An dràsda 's a rithist bheireadh e sùil air ais mar gum bitheadh e 'g ràdh, "A bheil thu tighinn a charaid?" A dh'aindeoin gach nì bha mi fo amharus nach robh sinn air an t-slighe cheart. Cha robh e idir a' leantainn a' cheuma a thaghainn-sa.

Ceart no ceàrr cha robh air ach cumail air a lorg. Bu chinnteach mi gun tigeadh sinn, air a' cheann thall, gu blàths tìghe is daoine. Shìubhail sinn mar sin le chéile troimh dhòmhlachd is onfhadh na h-oidhche, esan air thoiseach is mise strì gu bhith cumail fàire air. An ceann ùine stad mo chompanach. Bhruidhinn mi ris mar gum b' ann ri mo chomh-chreutair. "Dé so a charaid? Tha mi dreach air do shàil," thuir mi. Fhuair mi freagairt ann an eomhart bheothail, shunndach.

Shaoil leam a nis nach robh am fearann mu m' thimcheall buileach cho coimheach; agus, mar ghàirdeachas maraiche ri am cruadail nuair a dhearcas e troimh thiugh-dhorchadas air solus-ùil a' chala, sin mar a leum mo chridhe-sa. Air mo làmh dheis, beagan astair bhua, bha solus deàrrsach, glan, a' briseadh duibhre na h-aimsire. Sheall mi mu'n cuairt feuch an lorgainn mo chaomh-charaid a bha cho dìleas sa' ghàbhadh. Shin mi mo làmh thuige, ach cha do thachair nì rium ach fionnarachd an t-sneachda air an t-sliabh.

Ruith mi cho dian 's a 'bha e 'nam chomas dh'ionnsaigh an t-soluis. 'S e an tigh a bha ann gun teagamh. Le làmh fuara rinn mi spàirn ris a' gheata fhuasgladh. Nach dòcha gun robh Anna air tilleadh no gun do thadhail MacAnndrais 's gun do thuig e mar a bha.

Dh'fheuch mi an dorus. Bha e glaiste mar a dh'fhàg mi e, an iuchair 'nam phòcaid. Thilg mi a' chòmhlha fosgailte, agus dhruid mi am dhéidh i, a' dùnadh a mach am buaireas a bha air a cùl.

"Anna! MhicAnndrais," dh'éigh mi. Freagairt cha d' fhuair mi ach athghairm mo ghutha fhéin ann am fàrdaich fhalaimeh. Air bile na h-uinneig bha coinneal laiste anns a' choinnlear airgid. Bha a leus socrach, dian gun fhiaradh, Car greis stad mi, no chluas furachail. Cha robh ri chluinntinn ach toirm na gaoithe sguabhadh an aonaich. Gu cabhagach las mi lantair is leum mi a mach. Rannsaich mi gu mionaideach an sneachda mu thim-

cheall an tìge. Cha robh lorg no làrach ri fhaicinn air uachdair ach mo lorgan fhéin agus cliathadh an rotaich.

Air tilleadh dhomh a steach mhothaich mi nach robh soilse na coinnle cho làidir 's a bha e, agus ann am prìobadh na sùla mhùchadh e mar gum b' ann le làimh neo-fhaicsinnich. Ach bha mi seagair, blàth fo dhion o'n doinn 's na bha muigh. Car tiota thàinig cìos air a' ghaoith, agus chuala mi tighinn bho dhrùim na mointich tabhann coin, suigearthach, aobhneach mar gum bitheadh e a' fàilteachadh a mhaighstir is iad le cheile a' teàrnadh a' bhealaich—an obair latha seachad.

Siorrachd Pheairt

LE RUARAI DH MACFHIONGHUIN

(2)

MU chòig mìle sìos an abhainn o Obarph-eallaidh tha clachan Bhailanluig àite coinneachaidh rathaidean is uisgeachan. Shuas am monaidhean fìadhaich Rainich tha an Abhainn Teimheil a' tarraing a h-uisgeachan a Loch Laid, Loch Eireachd, Loch Raimeach is Loch Teimheil, agus os cionn Bailechloichridh tha i faotainn uisgeachan na Garaidh, a tha ruith a Loch Garaidh. Tha Loch Garaidh glé fhaig air Dailnaspideal far a bheil an rathad iarainn a' ruigheachd a' bhad as àirde air a thurus. Ochd mìle tuath air Bailechloichridh tha an Abhainn Garaidh agus an Abhainn Teilt a' coinneachadh a chèile aig Blàr Athail. Tha an dùthaich mu'n cuairt an so anabarrach taitneach do'n t-sùil agus iomraiteach air son fhìadh, chearcan-fraoich is bhradan. Faisg air Blàr Athail tha Beallach Choillechruthnich (ainmeil air son Cath Choillechruthnich), fear de na bealaich as cumhainge 's as brègha an Albainn.

Aig Bailechloichridh (àite air an tàinig fàs mòr an ùine glé ghoirid) tha Bòrd an Dealain a' deanamh feuma de "neart nan glèann" le bhith glacadh uisgeachan a' Gharaidh 's an Teimheil. A réir coltais cha do rinn obair a' Bhùird coire sam bith do mhaise na dùthcha no do iasgach a' bhradain. 'S ann a tha e air aithris gu bheil na h-uibhir de luchd-cuairt air an tarraing gu "fàraidhean an éis," a tha cur gu mòr ri ar n-eòlas mu dhòighean is mu àireamh nam bradan.

An dèidh do'n Teimheil uisgeachan monaidhean Rainich a thiomadh anns an Tatha aig Bailanluig cha mhòr nach eil an abhainn aig a làn mheadhadh, agus chan eil i ach mu dhà cheud troidh os cionn na mara. Tha i nise fàgail na Gaidhealtachd agus a' gluasad gu sèimh, stàiteil sìos an glèann troimh na coill-

tean gu Dunchailleann, baile beag aosda còig mìle deug tuath air Peairt.

Mu choinneamh Dhunchailleann, air taobh a deas na h-aibhne, tha clachan Bhiormair. Chan eil sgial an diugh air a' choille air an do rinn *Shakespeare* iomradh, ach 'na h-àite, air Cnoc Bhiormair, tha coille ùr ghiubhais is fhaibhil a' fàs gu daingeann, dlùth. Chaidh an drochaid bhòidheach a tha ceangal Dhunchailleann is Bhiormair a thogail le *Telford* aig toiseach na naoidheamh linn deug.

Tha seann chathair-eaglais Dhunchailleann a' freumhachadh o'n naoidheamh linn, nuair a dh'atharraich Coinneach MacAilpein Eaglais Cheilteach a' Chreidimh Chrìosdaidh o Eilean I gu Dunchailleann. Thòisicheadh air an eaglais a thogail mu'n bhliadhna 1320, agus bha an togalach ullamh mu'n bhliadhna 1500. Anns an eaglais so tha an cruinneachadh leabhraichean a rinneadh leis an Urramach Daibhidh Mac-an-Tòisich. B'esan a chruinnich na seanfhacail air an do stéidhich an Siormac MacNeacail an leabhar tomadach, feumail a dh'fhàg e againn. B' ann aig Inbhir, glé fhaig air Dunchailleann, anns a' bhliadhna 1727, a rugadh Niall Gobha, a bha gun choimeas 'na là mar fhìdhleir, agus a tha fhathast air chumhne mar ùghdair cìùil.

Dlùth air Dunchailleann, air an làimh dheis 's an dol sìos, tha am Breamhain a' dòrtadh san Tatha uisgeachan Loch Fraochaidh is nam beanntan a tha cuairteachadh Srath Bhreamhainn. Tha an abhainn mhòr a nise gluasad gu socair troimh mhachraichean sultmhòr an t-Srathmhòir, seachad air Caisteal Mhòrthulach is seachad air Capaig gu Ceanncliathain, far a bheil làrach Caisteal Chinncliathain, far am minic a dh'fhuirich rìghrean Albann anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh.

An so cuideachd tha an Abhainn Ilidh a' coinneachadh ris an Abhainn Tatha, an dèidh dhi uisgeachan nan aibhnichean, Sith, Ardal is Eireach a chruinneachadh am Blàrghobhraidh, earrann de'n t-Srathmhòr far a bheil talamh grinnealach a tha freagarrach air son togail mheasan de gach seòrsa—gu h-àraidh suibheagan-chraobh is suibheagan-làir. Tha na h-aibhnichean, Sith is Ardal a' traoghadh Srath Arda is Glèann Sith.

Dà mhìle os cionn Pheairt, tha an Abhainn Aman a' tighinn a steach o Ghleann Aman, agus dìreach m'a coinneamh, air an làimh chli, tha lùchairt àlainn Sgoimn, far an robh rìghrean Albann air an crùnadh fad iomadh bliadhna, agus far an robh an lia-fàil air a cumail gus an do ghoideadh air falbh i le Eideart I, rìgh Shasuinn, anns a' bhliadhna 1296.

Tha an abhainn a nise aig Peairt a' gluasad gu socair seachad ri oir na h-Innis a Tuath.

Air an Innis so chithear clach a' comharrachadh a mach làrach Cath nan Clanna a chuireadh anns a' bhliadhna 1396. Tha e soilleir nach robh ach aon duine glic sa' charraid ud—am fear a thug na buinn dhi mu'n do thòisich an tuasaid! Ghabh an Gobha Crom a steach 'na àite agus, a réir coltais, rinn e sgathadh uamhasach leis a' chlaidheamh mhór; ach nuair a bha an cath seachd cha robh fios aig a' Ghobha chòir dé an taobh air an robh e a' gleachd! Ach chan eil duine sam bith cinnteach cò na clann-achan a bha a' dol fo na h-ainmean Caoithich is Catanaich.

'S e Peairt aon de na bailtean as iomraitiche an Albainn. Faodar a ràdh gur e eachdraidh baile Pheairt eachdraidh na siorrachd gu léir agus earrann mhath de eachdraidh na rìoghachd. B'e Peairt ceanna-bhaile Albainn o'n treas linn deug gus a' chòigeamh linn deug, agus thugadh inbhe rìoghail dha sa' bhliadhna 1210. An diùgh fhéin chan eil an Albainn ach Dùn Eideann a mhàin a ghabhas an ceum toisich air. Chaidh am baile a chur saor o na Sasunnaich le Uilleam Uallas ann an 1311; chaidh Seumas a mhòrt ann anns a' bhliadhna 1437; chaidh ionnsaigh a dheanamh air Seumas VI a chur an gréim sa' bhliadhna 1600; ghlaicadh am baile le Montròs ann an 1644, leis a' Ghreumach Mhór ann an 1689, agus le Màr ann an 1715. Thug am Prionnsa Teàrlach a armailt a steach air a' gheata tuath ann an 1715. B'ann an seann eaglais a' bhaile—Eaglais an Naomh Eòin—anns a' bhliadhna 1559 a rinn *Iain Knox* an searmon a chuir a' chiad sradag ris an Ath-leasachadh an Albainn. Chan eil anns na nithean so ach suathadh ri eachdraidh a tha dol air ais gu am *Agricola*.

Tha an abhainn a' géilleadh do'n t-seòl-mhara aig Peairt ged a tha am baile trì mìle fichead o bheil na mara. Mar a dh'éirich do bhailtean an t-Srathmhóir air fad tha Peairt a' tarraing a' chuid as motha de a neart o obair an fhearainn. A h-uile Di-haoine tha am baile beò le spréigh a' dol gu margadh, agus tha beartas nan tuathanach air a nochdadh anns na ceudan de chàraichean mòra brèagha a bhitheas a' lionadh nan sràidean. Anns a' bhliadhna 1952, ann am féill dhà làtha, phàidheadh £183,000 air crodh, agus an aon bhliadhna reiceadh tarbh gallda air £14,700. Ann an 1955 reiceadh tarbh dubh air £12,000, agus an ath bhliadhna reiceadh fear de'n aon seòrsa air £16,800.

A bharrachd air a bhith 'na bhaile-margaidh tha mòran obraichean eile am Peairt—obair-gloinne, dathadh, coimeasgachadh uisge-beatha, deanamh anairt, brat-ùrlair, ròpaichean is sgèinnidh. Tha 42,000 sluaigh anns a' bhaile.

r'a leantainn.

Mod Ionadail Na Dreolluinn

Chumhadh am mòd so ann an Tobar-Mhoire an treas là deug de'n Ogmhios.

Breitheamhan:—

Cainnte:

{ An t-Urr. Iain A. Macaoidh, A.M.,
Murchadh Caimbeul
Eachann MacCoinnich, A.M.,
Dòmhnall MacGille Moire, A.M.

Citùil:

{ Iomhaire Chaimbeul, L.R.A.M.,
Iain A. MacRath, A.M., L.R.A.M.

Luchd-buidhne:—

Oigrìdh: Leughadh (fo 11): Dòmhnall Mac Gill' Fhinnein.

Leughadh: 1. (comh-ionann) Iain Mac Gille Moire agus Donnchadh Mac Guaire, 3. Caitriona NicAsgail.

Leughadh air a' chiad sealladh; Iain mac Gille Moire. Ur-aithris air mheomhair: 1. Caitriona NicAsgail, 2. Mairead Nic Gill' Eathain, 3. Dùghall Mac-Lachluinn.

Còmhradh (Comunn na h-Oigrìdh): 1. Donnchadh MacGuaire, 2. Caitriona NicAsgail, 3. Mairead NicGill' Eathain.

Oran Aon-neach (fo 11): 1. Ealasaid Nic Laomuinn, 2. Muireall Nic-Thorcadail, 3. Fionna NicLabhruinn.

Oran Aon-neach, "Ant t-Eilean Muileach" no "Caol Mhùile" (caileag 13-15), Anna Chaimbeul.

Oran Aon-neach (balach os cionn 11), 1. Raibeart Jennings, 2. Dùghall Mac Lachluinn, 3. Griogair MacLabhruinn.

Oran Aon-neach, (caileag os ceann 11); 1. Caitriona NicAsgail, 2. Sandra Chatanach, 3. Màiri NicCoinnich.

Oran-càraid: 1. Sandra Chatanach agus Màiri NicCoinnich, 2. Anna Bhriggs agus Anna Chaimbeul, 3. Anna Nic-Cumhais agus Eòghann Mac Gille Moire. Seinn Aon-fhuaimneach (Bun-sgoilean): 1. Loch-Alainn, 2. Peighinn-a-Ghaidheil. Comh-sheirm; 1. Tobar-Mhoire, 2. Bun-easain.

Seinn Aon-fhuaimneach: 1. Tobair-Mhoire, 2. Peighinn-a-Ghaidheil, 3. Bun-easain.

Na comh-fharpuisean a b' òige; Dòmhnall Mac Gill' Fhinnein agus Ealasaid NicLaomuinn.

Inbhich:

Mith-òran Aon-neach: 1. Cailean Mac Gille Moire, 2. (comh-ionann).

Dòmhnall Caimbeul agus Somhairle MacIain.

Oran Aon-neach Ionadail: 1. Ealasaid Chatanach, 2. Ciordan Bhriggs, 3. (comh-ionann) Aonghus Caimbeul, Niall Mac Dhòmhnail agus Donnchadh Mac-Fhionghuin.

Oran Aon-neach (boirionnach): 1. Ealasaid Chatanach, 2. Iseabail Nic-Dhòmhaill, 3. Eilidh Nic Gille Moire.

Oran Aon-neach (fiorionnach): 1. Niall MacDhòmhnail, 2. Donnchadh Mac-Dhòmhnail, 3. Dòmhnall Caimbeul.

Oran Càraid: 1. (comh-ionann) Ealasaid Chatanaich and Màiri NicUalraig, agus Ciordan Bhriggs & Seònaid Nic Gille Moire, 3. Ealasaid Chaimbeul & Mòr Chaimbeul.

Oran Ceathrait: Ceathrar an t-Sàilein Mhuilich.

Seinn air a' chiad sealladh; (còisirean): Bun-easain & Peighinn-a-Ghaidheil.

Seinn Aon-fhuaimneach: 1. (comh-ionann) An Sàilean Muileach agus Tobar-Mhoire, 3. Bun-easain, agus Peighinn-a-Ghaidheil.

Comh-sheirm: 1. Bun-easain & Peighinn-a-Ghaidheil, 2. An Sàilean Muileach, 3. Tobar-Mhoire.

Conference of Gaelic-Speaking Teachers

TWO years ago the Glasgow Provincial Committee for the Training of Teachers held a very successful conference at Jordanhill Training College to consider the educational aspects of bilingualism as they affect the Gaelic-speaking area. This year, during the second week of July, another conference was held under the same auspices at Portree to pursue these issues a stage further. On this occasion the purpose of the conference was twofold, to show teachers how great is the storehouse of Gaelic content and background material, that could be made available for the education of Highland children generally, and to allow teachers to discuss among themselves problems that arise in the teaching of Gaelic, particularly in the early stages of the primary school.

The course attracted back most of the teachers who attended the first conference. There were, in addition, quite a number of new members.

The lecturing staff was drawn mainly from schools and University Departments in Scotland, with two very welcome visitors from other countries, namely, Miss J. Thomas, Language Organiser for Carnarvonshire, and Professor M. Oftedal from Oslo University, Norway. Altogether about eighty people followed the activities of the conference, through four or five days, with little time for relaxation from early forenoon to late evening. It was on paper a heavy course, but the intrinsic interest of the subjects under discussion, the enthusiasm of the members, the power of the staff, and, not least, the comfort and excellent facilities provided by the Inverness-shire Education Committee in the school hostels which housed the conference all combined to make the week a memorable and a profitable one.

The content lectures were given in the forenoons and evenings. It will be generally agreed by those fortunate enough to hear them all that these lectures reached a very high general standard, and it would be a pity if a number of these papers which dealt so authoritatively with material not generally available did not appear elsewhere in published form.

In the opening review, Dr. I. M. M. MacPhail, Clydebank High School, rapidly surveyed the course of Gaelic history. He handled an immense amount of subject matter in a most efficient way, and he showed, if any such proof were needed, how great is our tradition, how sadly it has been ignored in the text-books,

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£3,443	2	7
Mrs. Janet T. McAlpine, Stirling	5	—	—
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Kildalton Branch	24	17	—
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Communn Gaidhealach an Obain per Mr.			
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Bonnie Prince Charlie Ball	982	12	6
	<u>£4,634</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>4</u>

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£91	10	6
James MacLachlan, Esq., Winchester	1	9	—
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Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£5	17	7
Miss Mairi Matheson, Newport	—	4	—
Alexander Macaulay, Esq., Lewis	—	4	—
	<u>£6</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>7</u>

and how much our children are being denied. In these respects he gave us the setting for the conference. There was another talk on history on the last day, an intensive study of a selected topic by Mr. R. J. Adam, St. Andrews University, which provided striking example of the work that has still to be done, of how it is to be done, and of how individual teachers with an interest and qualification in history might make a contribution.

The survey of Gaelic literature had been left in the capable hands of Mr. Derick Thomson, Aberdeen University. He gave us a carefully composed historical approach to the study of modern Gaelic literature, and then a most sensitive and stimulating interpretation of it. Gaelic scholarship has hitherto been sadly lacking in literary criticism of an informed kind. These talks were most welcome because they showed that literary criticism of a high order can be forthcoming and they indicated very clearly who could do it well.

The great work which the School of Scottish Studies has done in recent years for Gaelic was already well known to members of the conference, but just how great it is, and how the schools could help in this valuable work was forcibly brought home at this conference. Professor Jackson spoke of the aims and progress of the Linguistic Survey. It was most encouraging to find a scholar of such calibre with a live interest in the aims of the conference, and to have on such a generous scale given the benefit of his scholarship, so massive and yet so modestly displayed. Dr. W. Nicolaisen, German born, reviewed the Scottish Place-names Survey in lucid, faultless English. He also revealed that, in a few years, his Gaelic will be equally fluent. Apart from the excellence of his talk, he was also symbolic of something that the members would like to see on a large scale. Mr. Calum Maclean, in his talk on folk tales and their collection, gave us an entrancing evening. There must be few who stand so close to the old Gaelic ways of life as he. It is certain that beside the name of Iain Og Ile, that of Calum Beag Ratharsaidh will find an honoured place.

Three other lectures completed the list in the series of content talks. Mr. William Matheson, in his lecture on Gaelic Folk Song, provided an analysis in depth of this genre, which could not have been made available from any other source. If he had continued to live in his native Uist, Mr. Matheson would have become known ultimately as one of the great folk singers of the Isles. As it is he must be already the greatest living scholar and authority on their folk song.

In having to talk about Gaelic Drama and its possibilities Mr. Finlay J. Macdonald had probably the most difficult task of all the speakers. That he did it well, in his own polished and efficient manner was evident from the discussion which followed, one of the liveliest of the conference. Finally, Professor Oftedal spoke of that other great tradition in our culture, the Norse influence. His talk was a most impressive contribution, scholarly, quietly delivered, but obviously authoritative and individual. To the astonishment of most of us, his Gaelic illustrations were always given with the most authentic *blas* of Lewis Gaelic.

The afternoon sessions were devoted to the discussion of teaching problems. It had been the aim to focus attention on the importance of teaching Gaelic in the earliest stages of the Primary School, and it was most unfortunate that Miss Annie Johnston was prevented by illness from being present to give us the benefit of her experience in experiments of this kind. Luckily Miss Thomas, all the way from Wales, was there to show us how important this stage is. A lively and enthusiastic speaker, she gave a very complete and encouraging account of the present strong position of Welsh in schools and how it has been built up. The account was encouraging because it showed that many of the problems which are supposed to be insoluble, e.g., the provision of text-books, can be overcome. Throughout the week Miss Thomas was there at all discussions, always ready to help. She was a welcome guest.

The particular problems in the present situation at later stages in our schools were effectively raised for discussion by a succession of our own teachers, in the Primary School (Miss Effie Macleod), Junior Secondary School (Mr. Murdo Macleod), the Senior Secondary School (Mr. Donald Thomson) and, in a very able paper on a difficult subject, in Further Education (Mr. Kenneth Smith). The discussions varied in quality according to the topic under review but probably most heat was generated by a contribution from Mr. John A. Macdonald, proposing radical changes in the teaching of Gaelic grammar. His proposals focussed attention on the growing problem of the learner in the secondary school.

It is not possible in the space available here to give any fuller account of this conference. We came away from it with a wealth of information, with a clearer appreciation of the vastness of the storehouse of Gaelic culture and how little is known of it in schools, with a host of pleasant memories, and also with this query in our minds. Will anything come out of this

conference to help the present position of Gaelic? We heard, during the week, much to depress us as well as elevate us because, throughout, the discussions were conducted on a realistic note. Strangely enough, there was a general feeling that the Gaelic situation was not without hope, that in the Gaelic-speaking area something might yet be done. The general opinion also seemed to be that what really mattered was what was done in the early stages of the primary school. There can be no future for Gaelic unless the native speakers can be taught to become literate and articulate in their own language.

Para Handy Sings

SCATTERED through the Para Handy tales written by Neil Munro are occasional snatches of song crooned by the inimitable skipper himself. This worthy appears to have preferred English songs as he never gives us a stave in Gaelic, though he talks frequently of the beauty of Gaelic song and music. Many readers think that these verses are composed by the author himself. Neil Munro could write capital verse as witness his "John O' Lorn" and other pieces, however he is not the author of these occasional verses. They are from old songs popular and widespread in the last century, though they have not found their way into the collections for various reasons, chiefly on the score of good taste.

It will be remembered that in the first story Para Handy is discovered humming to himself the words

Young Munro he took a notion
For to sail across the sea,
And he left his true love weeping,
All alone on Greenock Quay.

The song from which this verse is taken dates from the early years of last century. It had its origin in an incident that occurred in Resolis smithy near Invergordon. This smithy still stands and is in use. The hero of the song was a Captain Munro of the Black Watch. He was stabbed in the smithy by a cartwright named Robert Ferguson, and died from his wounds. Ferguson was tried at a circuit court at Inverness on 15th September, 1812, presided over by Lord Hermond. He was sentenced to death and hanged on 13th November following, a great concourse of spectators being present.

I have four different versions of the song, three collected in Ross-shire and one in Inver-

ness. They differ slightly from one another, but that is to be expected in a song that has been floating orally for so long. Another version was current among the fishermen on Lochfyneside and it is from this one that the skipper selected his stanza. The stanza in a Black Isle version reads:—

Young Munro, he took a notion
For to go across the sea;
There he left his ain dear lassie,
Weeping by a willow tree.

No doubt east coast fishermen carried the song to Lochfyne where it took root and became popular, though now seldom heard. The song is usually entitled Charlie Agam in the north-east.

To what air were the words sung? A Gaelic one known as "Oighrig Og an fhuil chlan-naich." The late John MacFadyen composed his song entitled "Soraidh leibh" to the same tune. I have not his collected songs beside me at the moment but I have no doubt the air is there given.

While his vessel was passing up Lochfyne on a voyage to Inveraray we are told that Para Handy, as he steered, sung softly to himself:—

As I gaed up yon Hieland hill,
I met a bonnie lassie;
She look'd at me and I at her,
And oh, but she was saucy.
With my rolling eye,
Fal dee diddle dye,
Rolling eye dum derry
With my rolling eye.

This verse is from a song that was long popular and widespread among the rural people, especially in the bothies attached to the farms in Perthshire and round about. Robert Burns picked up a version from the singing of a young girl in Nithsdale. He remarks that he never met with it or the air in any other part of Scotland. Possibly not, but as we have said the words and air were widespread. Burns altered and improved the song and it appears in his works as "The waukrife Minnie." The original song consists of thirteen four line stanzas with the chorus. It is rather high kilted for the present day. The tune appeared in print along with Burns' words in the Museum, and appears to be a variation or modification of "To the weavers gin ye go." This makes both words and tune to be of a respectable age, probably early eighteenth century.

Para Handy had other songs in his repertoire but we have no space to deal with them here.

J. E. S.

THE POETRY OF SORLEY MACLEAN

By IAIN C. SMITH

“DÀIN do Eimhir agus Dàin Eile” or “Songs to Eimhir and other Poems” was published in 1943. The section “Dàin do Eimhir” is a series of love poems; the section “Dàin Eile” contains some political poems, at least one poem of landscape, and an extremely interesting poem called “The Heron.” The love poems make an immediate impact. They are direct, passionate, powerful: in places resonant with the vast resonance to be heard in the poetry of William Ross the great love poet of the Gaelic language. Unlike the poems of William Ross they achieve in places a wider reference since they are inextricably entwined with problems of contemporary moral choice as well as more personal problems. Many of them appear to have been written during the Spanish Civil War and it is important that they should be placed in this setting at the beginning though this does not mean that they are in any way alien to the Gaelic tradition. Poetry of this power and scope does not arise out of a political situation. A tradition, true and ancient, sustains it and speaks through it.

During the 1939-45 War, there was general disappointment that there were so few war poems. The term itself is difficult to define since for example people like Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg were more than simply war poets in the sense in which the term was probably used. Nevertheless it is true that few war poems of such high calibre spoke out of the last war. The reason for this (stated at the time) was that the kind of war poetry Owen essentially wrote was written during the Spanish Civil War. There is hidden in Owen’s poetry the belief that the war was an aberration, and that people could be persuaded that it was so. His poetry is on a certain level idealistic, though the observation is vigorously realistic, as is also the massive highly wrought Hebraic poetry of Rosenberg. This idealism, reinforced by political enthusiasm, lies behind the poetry of the Spanish Civil war and is to be found, for example in Spender and Read. These poets found themselves faced with a moral choice and had little hesitation which side they ought to be on. (The situation in Hungary was



Loch Aillse agus Caisteal Eilean Donnain

roughly analogous but not wholly so since much of the idealism has been drained away into channels of ambiguity.) Maclean was not unaware of this situation and we find it continually present in his poems as in the following verse:

“Would beauty and a tranquil music remove from me the rottenness of this eternal cause, the Spanish miner leaping towards danger and his noble soul going down without delirium?”

Here we find roughly the same thought as we find in Auden’s

“The power to corrupt, that power to excess
The beautiful quite naturally possess”

or in another context:

“Leave my poetry beautiful countenance, you have been my insanity: because of you I did not take account of the sowing and growing of hopes or of the fashioning of subtle verses. Because of you I did not do what I wished in the understanding or changing of the world.”

This turmoil of the outer world becomes both an image and a test of his love. It is a test since love itself may be a selfishness which allows the withdrawing spirit to conceal itself behind romantic symbols. It is important to remember this pressure of events when contemplating this poetry since its energising power is partially derived from the continual struggle between private ecstasies and public responsibilities. It is partly this which in the long run transforms it from the personal to the universal. We find in the poetry of Yeats the same sort of energy working towards a kind of objectivity: and one would say that it is poets like Yeats and William Ross and Catullus who come to mind when considering this poetry. Maclean himself mentions two of these, Yeats and William Ross, in two or three poems of epigrammatic form, for example in poem XXXI when he addresses Ross in the following verse:

“William Ross what would we say meeting beyond death? I should mention your Oran Eile. What would you say about the poems I let loose art-bridles, a wild cavalry for bards?”

and the poem:—

“Yeats spent forty years often and with concentration attempting to put the strangeness of one face into exactitude of language.

“I spent more than two years in the vanity of the same endeavour and there happened to me bitterness, grief and anguish.”

In some of his own poems he achieves the

concentrated sparseness of Yeats’ later poetry as in the last poem mentioned.

However, it is the variety of feeling, mood and form that give decisive power to these poems. There are continually present a powerful subtle analytic intelligence as well as a free movement which is informed by and transcends a tradition. There is no doubt that only in the Gaelic language could Maclean have written these poems.

To speak of the variety of feeling and mood, there is first of all the “musical” lyric as for example poem XLIV which begins:

“My boat was under sail and the Clarach laughing against its prow, my left hand on the tiller and the other in the sheets winding.”

or poem LIV beginning:

“You were dawn on the Cuillin and benign day on the Clarach, the sun on his elbow in the gold stream and the white rose that breaks the horizon.”

Both these poems in particular have the fulfilled music which follows the storm. Some of the other poems depend more on subtlety of thought as in poem II where Maclean makes the clever use of the fact that in Gaelic the word “Ciall” means both wisdom and some such word as “dear”. It begins:

“If our language says that wisdom and love are interchangeable she is lying.”

In another poem the subtlety is of that kind which we find in Donne, a subtlety of conception which is generated by and runs concurrently with the poem. In this poem he suggests that he would sell his soul for his love. The last verse says:

“Therefore I will say again, now, that I would sell my soul for you twice, once for your beauty and twice because of that grace of yours which would not accept a soul slavish because sold.”

(to be continued)

Branch Activities

Readers would like to know from time to time what the Branches are doing during the winter months. Brief summaries of important functions, ceilidhs and concerts sponsored by the Local Branches together with short accounts of Provincial Mods for publication in the magazine would be appreciated.

It is hoped local secretaries will pass on, periodically, any interesting information they may have.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Telephone: DOUGLAS 1433.

Leabhar LIII

AN SAMHAIN, 1958

Aireamh 11

OROID A' CHINN-SUIDHE

Air feasgair Di-luain, an naoitheamh là
fhichead de'n t-Sultain, bha am Mod air fhos-
gladh le facal ùrnuigh leis an Urramach Iain
MacAoidh.

Ann an ainm A' Chomuinn chuir an Ceann-
suidhe fàilte chridheil air na càirdean a bha
an làthair as gach ceàrnaidh—as na bailtean
móra agus na bailtean beaga, a àitean iomallach
air tìr-mór, a eileanan a' chuain—agus air
luchd riaghlaidh Ghlaschu. An sin labhair 'e
mar a leanas:

Bu mhath leam a bhith beachdachadh air
nithean a thachair, co-cheangailte ris A'
Chomuinn, anns a' bhliadhna a chaidh seachad,
agus iomradh aithghearr a dheanamh orra.
Mar a tha cuimhne agaibh leig Dòmhnall Iain
Mac Gill'Eathain dheth a dhreuchd mar
Fhear-déilbhe na h-Airde Tuath. Tha sinn
'ga mholadh air son na h-oibre luachmhoire a
rinn e. Tha sinn a' guidhe dha fhéin agus da
chéile gach soirbheachadh agus sonas. 'Na
àite, bha sinn fortanach gun d' fhuair sinn
duine air an robh deagh èolas againn mar
cho-oibriche an cùisean A' Chomuinn, Alasdair
Iain Mac Gill'Eathain a Siorrachd Rois. Bu
mhath leinn a bhith a' cur fàilte chridheil air,
a' guidhe dha gach soirbheachadh is buaidh
anns an obair mhór a ghabh e os làimh.

Aig toiseach na bliadhna so leig an t-Urr.
Tómas MacCalmain dheth a bhith deasachadh
a' mhiosachain Ghàidhlig, An Gaidheal, obair
a rinn e gu cùramach, cothromach agus le mór
thaitneas do na h-uile, fad dheich bliadhna.
Tha sinn fada 'na chomainn agus a' toirt taing
dha air son a shaothrach a bha cho torach.

Nuair a chail sinn Tómas MacCalmain
nach robh e fìor fhàbharach gun robh againn
Seumas MacThómais, a' chiad bhàrd a chaidh

a chrùnadh leis A' Chomuinn, duine fòghluimte,
fiosrach, freagarrach anns gach dòigh, agus aig
a' cheart am saor agus deònach air an dleasdanas
chudromach so a ghabhail os làimh. Tha ar
deagh dhùrachd aige.

Tha sinn a' cur meal-an-naidheachd air ar
deagh charaid, Niall Mac Gille Sheathanaich
air dha an t-urram O.B.E. fhaotainn bho
làmh na Ban-rìgh. Nach b'airidh air e. Bha
Niall o chionn còrr air leth-cheud bliadhna air
ais 'na bhall de'n Chomuinn, dileas, dealasach,
foghainnteach anns gach dòigh, a' daingneach-
adh agus ag adhartachadh ar rùintean. Mar is
math a tha fios agaibh, rinn e obair ionmholt
air sgàth A' Chomuinn fad còrr is dà fhichead
bliadhna mar rùnaire, agus dà bhliadhna mar
Cheann-suidhe. Gu ma fada beò agus fallain
e fhéin agus a chéile chum an onair so a mhealt-
ainn.

Rinn am bàs beàrn a measg luchd-oibreach
agus buill A' Chomuinn ré na bliadhna. 'Nam
measg bha an t-Ollamh Caillean Mac na
Ceàrdaich, fìor dhuine uasal agus deagh charaid
do'n Chomuinn agus do'n Ghaidhealtachd gu
léir. Air an àireamh, cuideachd, bha a' Mhgn.
Uasal Nic a' Mhuilleir Weir, a bha tabhairt
bonn òir gach bliadhna do'n inbheach a b'
fheàrr an earrann an litreachais. Bidh sinn 'gan
ionndrainn is 'gan caoidh, agus tha sinn a' cur
an cèill ar co-fhaireachdainn ris na càirdean a
dh' fhàg iad 'nan déidh.

Tha iomadh nì eile air am bu mhath leam
facal a ràdh, ach tha an ùine dol seachad agus
bhiodh e iomchuidh gu labhrainn anns a'
chànain eile mus tòisich an fhéisd chùil air a
bheil sinn a' feitheamh le deagh-ghean agus
mór thoileachas-intinn. Mo bheannachd
agaibh.

Siorrachd Pheairt

LE RUARAIDH MACFHIONGHUIN

(3)

BEAGAN mhiltean sìos o Pheairt tha an té mu dheireadh dhe na fo-àibhnichean— an t-Eireann—ag aonadh ris an Tatha. Tha an t-Eireann a' tighinn thugainn a Loch Eireann, a' dol seachad air Cuimrigh, baile beag àillidh dà cheud troidh os cionn na mara, agus seachad air Craoibh, baile-margaidh anns a bheil mu chòig mìle gu leth duine. Air a shuidheachadh an dùthaich anabarach brèagha, agus air a dheagh chòmhnadh le tìghean-òsda, tha Craoibh glé mheasail aig luchd shaor-làithean.

Tha an abhainn a nise a' gluasad sìos chum na mara 'na làn fharsainneachd. Air an làimh chli, an fasgadh nan Sidhbheann, tha Còrsa nan Gobhar, bann de thalamh domhain, criadhach, torach a tha cur dheth bhàrran de gach seòrsa. O éirigh na h-aibhne gus a ruig i a' mhuir tha an Abhainn Tatha 119 mìle air fad—abhainn mhór bhrèagha, lùbach as fhaide an Albainn agus as toraiche an iasgach a' bhradain. Bidh còmhlan bhalach a' tighinn as na Hearadh gach bliadhna gu iasgach bradain mhóra na h-aibhne so.

A nise sùil air ais gus an taobh an iar—an cèarn as brèagha de'n t-siorrachd àlainn so. Air a shuidheachadh air an Abhainn Tèadh, tha baile beag Chaladar a' cumail an doruis fosgaitte gu na Troiseachan agus dùthaich nan loch 's nam beann a rinneadh iomaideach le Bhaltair Scott an iomadh seul is òran—Loch Bheannchar, Loch Athchrathaidh, Loch Chath-airfhinn, Loch Ard; Beinn Ledia, Beinn Mheanbh, Beinn Mhorleac; Sreth Ghartain, Gleann Artair, agus iomadh srath is gleann is beinn nach gabh ainmeachadh an so.

Eadar Loch Ard agus Loch Tèadhaich tha baile beag Obarphuill far am b' eòlach Rob Ruadh agus a chuid chompanaich. Sìos o Chaladar, air an Abhainn Tèadh, tha Dùn, a bha uaireigin ainmeil air son dhagachan, agus far a bheil fear de na caisteil as brèagha san rìoghachd. Air an Abhainn Ailein tha baile Dhunbhlàin, far am faighear an t-seann àrd-eaglais a bhùineas do'n treas linn deug.

A dh'aindheoin lìonmhorachd nan obraichean a tha r'am faotainn air feadh na siorrachd fharsainn so is ann air obair an fhearainn as motha a tha an slugh an crochadh air son am beò-shlainte. Tha raointean an t-Srathmhóir agus Còrsa nan Gobhar a' cur dhùbh bhàrran troma buntàta, snèap, coirce, eòrna is biotais. Tha am buntàta-cura gu h-àraidh luachmhor. Tha iomadh cèarn de Shasuinn far an téid am buntàta o fheum mur atharraichear an siol-

cura, agus tha mòran de thuathanaich Shasuinn gun lasachadh air tòir sil. Air an aobhar sin tha achaidhean glana buntàta ann an Siorrachd Pheairt air an reic ris na Sasunnaich o bhliadhna gu bliadhna air prìsean móra.

Tha crodh is caoraich air an àrach is air an reamhrachadh. Tha caoraich dubh-cheannach lìonmhor air beanntan Oiceil, air Sidhbheann 's air sìlosan nam beann air feadh na siorrachd. Air an taobh an ear tha obraichean mheasan, gu h-àraidh aig Blarghobhradh agus aig Cupar-Aonghuis, dà bhaile a tha trang le canastair-eachd is deanamh mhilsean. Tha ùr-choilltean anns na srathan agus an glacan nam beann. Tha muinealan lìon is chotain an sud 's an so, agus tha obraichean datha is glanaidh is totharaidh am Peairt is an àitean eile. Tha breabadair-eachd is obair-leathrach is grùdair-eachd a' dol air adhart, agus tha uidheamadairean is beartadair-ean trang ri cumail innealan-fearainn air dòigh.

O thoiseach eachdraidh Alba bha Siorrachd Pheairt 'na làrach dhùn is chath. Is furasda dhùinn sinn a thuisinn nuair a mhothaicheas sinn gu bheil a' chrìoch eadar a' Ghaidhealtachd 's a' Ghalldachd a' dol tarsainn air an t-siorrachd. Tha Peairt fhéin 'na dhorus nàdurra do'n Ghaidhealtachd, agus bha na bailtean beaga, mar a tha Craoibh, Dun-chailleann agus Blarghobhradh, 'nan suidheachadh sònraichte air oir an t-Srathmhóir, riamh 'nam bailtean-margaidh eadar Gaidhealtachd is Galldachd. Chithear gus an là an diugh, an oir an t-Srathmhóir, na dùn a bha air an cur suas am beul gach bea'aich gu bhith a' cur dìona air machraichean an t-Sratha o chreachadairean an taobh tuath. Nuair a bha Bhaltair Scott an Craoibh sa' bhliadhna 1796 bha a' chroich mhór air Cnoc na Croiche far am b'iteadh a' crochadh nan creachadairean aig margaidhean móra Chraoibhe.

Chan eil cinnt againn càite a bheil làrach Cath Beinn Ghraupiuin a chaidh a chur an 84 A.D. eadar na Gàidheil fo Chalgàc agus na Ròmanaich fo Agricola. Canaidh feadhainn gun deachaidh am blàr iomraiteach so a chur aig Duncrùb an Srathéireann agus feadhainn eile gur h-ann air taobh thall na crìche, ann an Siorrachd Aonghuis, a choinnich an dà armailt. Tha làrach dà champa Ròmanach aig Ardach faisg air Breacach. Chumadh an dara fear dhiùbh mu 26,000 duine agus am fear eile mu 12,000. Tha seann chùirn, seann chlachain agus cromleacan lìonmhor air feadh na siorrachd. Nuair a dh'fhalbh na Ròmanaich b'e na Cruithnich a bha an uachdar, agus tha e coltach gu robh ceanna-bhailtean aca aig Fothriobachd agus aig Obarneithich.

Tha Gàidhlig fhathast air a bruidhinn mar chànan mhàthaireil an corra chearn de'n

t-siorrachd, agus tha spéis mhór air feadh na siorrachd gu coitcheann do'n chàin agus do chùisean Gaidhealach. Tha Siorrachd Pheairt a' gabhail oirre fhéin a bhith Gaidhealach gu a cùl. Chuireadh gu mór ri ar litreachas le a cuid mhac—am bàrd, Dùghall Bochanan a Raineach; an t-Urramach Seumas Stiùbhard agus a mhac a dh'eadar-theangaich am Bìobull gu Gàidhlig; an t-Urramach Raibeart Kirk a chuir na sailm an meadar anns a' Ghàidhlig; an t-Urramach Daibhidh Macantòisich, feartionail nan seanfhacal; Donnchadh Macantòisich a Blàr Athoil, fear-tionail bhàrdachd is dhàn; am bàrd Donnchadh Lothian; an t-Urramach Alasdair Stiùbhard a Maoilinn, Gràmariche Gàidhlig; Seumas Macaphearsoin a chuir sgoilearan na Roinn Eòrpa air bhòil le bàrdachd Oisein.

Dh'fhaodamaid mórán eile a ràdh mu Shiorrachd Pheairt—siorrachd anns a bheil 2575 mìle ceàrnach agus 128,072 sluaigh—ach is dòcha gu foghainn so an dràsda.

Air Cheilidh Air Goidh

Le TORMOD DOMHNALLACH

GED a bha Goidh a' cromadh ris a cheithir-fhead bliadhna 's a deich, bha e fathast a' mealtainn breacadh slàinte agus comas nan cas. Cha b' iongnadh leam aon a ràinig aois cho mór a bhith air dol anns an treas céill, ach b' fhada sin bho Goidh; bha a bhuidhean uile aige, a bhreithneachadh agus a mheamhair gu ire bhig cho geurcheiseach, làidir 's a bha iad riamh. Bha togail mhór ann ri ceòl. Cò bu mhiadhaile na e mu'n phìob mhóir, agus ged nach cluicheadh e féin i, bha eòlas farsaing aige air na seann phuirt phìob-aireachd.

Mu àird fheasgair, cho luath 's a gheibhinn almsadh bho iorprais an t-saoghail, chan iarrainn an còrr de shòlas ach tigh Ghoiridh a thoirt orm, agus fuireach an sin air chéilidh agus am biodh e trì dùim a dh'oidhche.

B'e féin an sgeulaiche, nuair a bhiodh e ann am fonn, ach nam buaileadh baog e, chan fhaighte dad de chòmhradh as. Dh'fhiosraich mi san am sin nach bi an t-uisge air a' mhuilinn an còmhnuidh, agus b' fhiach Goidh feitheamh ris.

An latha mu dheireadh a bha mi 'n a chuid-eachd, bha deàrrsach nan seachd siantan air a bhith ann bho mhochthrath. Cha bu thàrr dhomh éirigh bho m' dhòt na rinn e diocladh, co-dhiù cha robh ann ach clach-bhoinne, agus

do bhrìgh 's nach robh aimsir fhreagarrach ann air son obair a muigh, thog mi orm a choimhead air mo charaid. Fhuair mi e an déidh madainn àmhgharach a thair seachad leis an lòinidh. An ceann tacain thàinig bailbhe air a chràdh agus thòisich an conaltradh.

Thug sinn greis an toiseach air seanachas mu Chamshronach Coire Choillidh, treudaiche bu mhòtha a bha'n Alba 'n a latha. Bha iomadh sgeul aig Goidh mu dhéidhinn.

Bhuineadh an duine iomraiteach so do Lochabar. Bho làithean òige, shoirbhich leis a' Chamshronach gu ro mhath anns a h-uile nì air an tug e làmh, gu fa-dheòidh an robh an t-airgid agus an t-òr aige 'nan cùirn. Tuigear gur e a thùr nàdurra agus a dhicheall féin a chuir an rath sin mu cheann.

Cha robh an Camshronach ach 'na ghlasghille, air a chasa-rùisgte, nuair a thug tuathanach leis e gu a chuideachadh an ceann na spréidhe air an t-slighe fhada gu féill na h-Eaglaise Brice. B'e aon mheann an duais a fhuair e air son a shaothair. Ri tìde bha minn òga aig a' ghobhair, reic e iad so is cheannaich e seotachan agus as a sin, chum e air a reic agus a ceannachd gu mu dheireadh thall, nach robh duine anns an dùthaich, tuath no deas, aig an robh a chuid seilbh.

Chaidh e steach do thigh-òsda ann an aon de na bailtean mu dheas, air latha féille. Dh'iarr e air fear an tighe dìot a bhì deiseil aige dha féin agus do cheud fear eile.

Ri amharc air Coire Choillidh, chan abradh tu gu robh tasdan geal aige ris an t-saoghal agus is ann a thug an t-òsdair sùil cho tàireil air. Ann an sin chaidh e bhruidhinn ri tuathanach a bha 'na sheasamh a muigh anns an trannsa. "Cò an duine neònach a tha an sud?" ars e féin, "tha fios nach eil sgath toinise aige. Nach ann a tha e ag iarraidh orm mi a dh'ullachadh biadh dha agus do cheud de a chuid aoidhean!" "Sìod agad," ars an tuathanach, "Coire Choillidh, treudaiche as motha agus as beartaiche a tha an duigh ann an Albainn. Is mìthich dhut cabhag a dheanamh, is e an ceud aoidh a tha dol a shuidhe aig bòrd maille ris, a chloibairean agus a sgalagan!" Rinn an t-òsdair mar a chuireadh mu choinneamh. Cha bu ruith ach leum!

Turus eile, thachair do'n Chamshronach a bhì air bòrd luinge do'm bu cheann-uidhe na h-Eileanan an Iar. A measg na bha làthair de chuaritearan, thug e an aire do Ghall stràiceil a' stàrachd air ais agus air adhart, agus an latha bu mhòtha bha Tighearna Chluainidh cha robh a shròn faisg cho àrd. Shaoileadh tu air Coire Choillidh le a dheise de chlo Gaidhealach 's a bhàrdach móra tacaideach, gur e buachaille bochd a bha ann. Chaidh an spaidsear anns a phliomais a null a tharruing as.

Annas a' chiad dol a mach, chuir an t-éig dheth mu chaochladh nithean. An sin theann e air deanamh uail as na bha aige de bheartas. "Tha trì mìle pundo Sasunnach agam-sa," ars' e fhéin. "A bhàrr air a so, is ann agam a tha a' bhean as briagha air an do thachair thu riamh. A chionn 's nach biodh e doirbh dhomh té eile fhaotainn as briagha, tha mi coma ged a reicinn riut i. Bheir mi dhut i air mìle gu leth not." "Ro mhath, ro mhath," fhreagair an Camshronach, agus e a' toirt dà leabhar banca as a phòcaid. "Seall air an sud, tha naoidh mìle seachad agam anns an bhanca so, agus cóig-mìle-deug anns an aon eile. Ann an làthair fhianuisean tha mi a' gabhail ri do thairgse 's a' ceannach do mhnatha."

Dh' fhàs an Gall cho bàn ri anart, cha robh diog aige. Chaidh am peasan an car Coire Choillidh ann an rùn amadan a dheanamh dheth. Coma leam na co dheth, is ann a rinn Coire Choillidh fìor amadan dheth-san mun d' thàinig an connsachadh gu crìch.

Chuir an Camshronach spreigeadh 'na ghuth is mhaoidh e air fear na bòilich: "Feumaidh tu seasamh ri do ghealladh, chan eil dol as agad!"

Anns an arrabhaga a bh' ann, có a nochd ach a' bhean a bha air a reic! Am feadh 's a chual i mar a bha, air dhi a bhì car mór aisde féin chàin i a céile gu bhàrr. Gu sraonais-each thug i sìos an staidhir oirre far an robh i roimhe, a companach 'ga leantail a' cur nan dubhan air 'na dathan, 's a' deanamh rèit mar a b' fheàrr a b' urrainn dha. Is neònach gum biodh an Gall bragail ud a chaidh tuilleadh cho deas gu neach eile a ghabhail air a choltas.

Air madainn gheamhraidh, thuit do Choire Choillidh agus do aon de na seirbhisich aige a bhith muigh air tòir chaorach. Bha iad 'gan cruinneachadh ri taobh aibhne anns an robh tuil anabarrach, is gu tubaisteach chaidh aon de'n treud a mach air an abhainn. Rinn Coire Choillidh oidhirp air a teanacas ach mu'n tug e an aire, bha e féin an combair a chinn san ghlumaig 's air a sguabadh sìos leis an t-sruth. Mun deach e ro fhada, chaidh aige air gréim a dheanamh air bad seilich agus fhuair e gu tìr. "Nach ann ort a bha gleidheadh an Fhreasdail," ars' an clobair. B'e am freagairt a fhuair e: "'S e ghléidh mi ach mo sgìobaltachd fhìn!"

So mar a fhuair Coire Choillidh a bhean. Bha e uair a' gabhail an aiseig thairis gu Baile a' Chaolais. Air dha 'n bhàta a bhith dlùth-achadh ris a' chladach, chunnaic e nighean òg, dheas, dhreachmhor 'na seasamh air an laimrig. A' chiad sùil a thug an Camshronach oirre, ghlacadh a chridhe is aigne. Thuirt e ri aon a bha làthair, "Thà thu faicinn na cailin

bhòidhich ud; bhìd i agam mar mo bhean ann an ùine ghoirid." "Cuiridh mi geall nach bhìd," fhreagair an aon eile. "Dé an geall a chuireas tu?" "Cuiridh mi geall sia sgillinn." Roimh dheireadh na bliadhna, bhuannaich Coire Choillidh a bhean agus an geall.

Mun do dhealaich sinn, thug Goiridh tarraing air mar a theab am Morair Dòmhnallach an oighreachd a chail.

Thachair sud ri linn a' cheathramh rìgh Deòrsa. Bha am morair air feasgar maille ri cuid de àrd uaislean na rìoghachd, a' cluich chairtean, ann an tigh mór Charlton, am baile Lunnainn. Air do shaoibhreas neo-chrìochnach a bhith aig feadhainn de na bha làthair, cha robh caomhnadh air airgid.

Mar is minic a chithear aig cluich de'n t-seòrsa, bha luchd an airgid mhóir a' sìor bhuinig 's càch a' call. 'S e bh'ann ach gun do chail MacDhòmhnaill an sgillinn mu dheireadh agus chuir e an oighreachd an geall air na cairtean.

Mo thruaighe léir, choisinn am fear a bha cluich 'na aghaidh an oighreachd agus bha am morair air fhàgail lom, falamh is ann an càs a bha trugh.

Dh' éirich e bho'n bhòrd gu dubhach, brònach, chaidh e a dh'innse mu 'aimhleas do a ghille-frithealaidh, Rosach a mhuinntir an Eilein Sgitheanaich.

Cho luath 's a chual an Rosach an naidheachd dhùilich, rinn e aisans aig an robh nis còir air cuid a mhaighstir. Ghuidh is bhleidig e ris an duine uasal e a thoirt oighreachd air ais do'n fhear a chail i, nach robh an còrr beòtachd no teachd-an-tìr aige. A réir coltais, cha robh athchuinge no eadarghuidhe a chum feum sam bith. 'Na shealladh-san a thug a mach air thiolam a' chobhartach, b'e a chuid e gu dlìgheach, 's chan éisdeadh e ris a' chòrr.

An sin thubhairt an Rosach: "An ceannaich òr is airgid i?" "Ceannaichidh," ars an t-uasal. Thug an Rosach a mach as a phòcaid bonn òir agus tasdan. Chuir e air a' bhòrd iad. "Sìod agad, an làthair fhianaisean, òr is airgid, is le MacDhòmhnaill a nis a sheann chòraichean." Bha am fear eile air a ghlacadh gu h-obann, cha b' urrainn dha tighinn an cois fhacail no bacail a chur air ceartas.

Nach bu tèma an gille-frithealaidh. Nach e a b' airidh a ghiùlan dhachaidh air a' bhreacan-aignearach!

Théid mi an urras gun do chaidil am morair an oidhche ud, cus na bu shocaire, le cinnt gu robh fearann aithrichean tèarainte. Thug e do'n Rosach Eilean Sgalpaidh saor a grunn, mar dhuais air son a gheusdachd agus bha

Sgalpaidh aige féin 's aig a theaghlach rè iomadh bliadhna.

Sin beagan de sgeulachdan Ghoiridh. Cò a dh'fhairicheadh an tìde fada 'n a chomunn?

Litir A Dh'ionnsaigh An Fhear-Deasachaidh

An t-Eagarthóir,

Smaointí ó Eirinn

Otháinig mé abhaile ó Mod na h-Alban cuirtear an cheist orm, "Caidé mar d-éirigh leat ag an Mod?" Tá freagra binn ar an gceist san.

Is breá ar fad mar do thaithn liom muinntireacht agus cneastacht na nGaedheal úd do chas liom, na laethe deasa san dom igcathaire mhór Glascú. Is mian liom buíochas óm' chroí do chur in-iúl dóibh san go léir d'fháiltigh rómham. Bhí an fáiltiú fíor-chaoin ann féin—cò deas leis an gcanadh breá, tógalach abhí le cò deas ó maidin go luath go céllí istoiche.

Cad é an rud is mó do chuir iontas orm?—lion na gcór abhí páirteach ins na comórtaisí agus na turasanna fada a dhein siad ó gach cearn de'n tír, agus go fiú ó Sasana féin, chun bheith san iomaíocht. Ní gan duadh ná gan jobairt a éiríonn leo teacht. Ní beag san mar chruithú a ndíograis agus mar chómhartha a measa ar an gComunn Ghaidhealach. Tá an méid seo soiléir ó'n Mod—go bhfuil cantair-eacht dúchasach na h-Alban slán beó. Mo ghreidhn sibh a chantairí na h-Alban!

Ar bhraith mé aon laige san Mod? Theastuigh uaim níos mó de'n Ghaedhlig do chloisint ó'n ardán i riaradh agus i stiúru na gcomórtaisí. Seanfhocal againne é, "Beatha teangan í labhairt." Is comhairle fiúntach é aon uair. Seód luachmhor é teanga na nGaedheal. Bíodh sí beó.

Bannacht Dé ar an obair.

Le dea-mhéinn agus le buíochas uaim,

MICHEAL O RIAIN.

6. Deire Fomhair, 1958.

(B'e Micheal O Riain aon de'n dithis a bha riochdachadh Eireann aig a' Mhòd.)

Facail Annasach

1. Tabhoinn; ciortalaich; caigealadh; beirigeal; tréalabhadh; cuachail.
2. Ceum-neog; dorus-iadhta; airgiod-ullamh; cabar-slathaig; tonn-dìle; clàr-Lochlannach.

School Lessons in Gaelic

The Inverness-shire Education Committee is making history in deciding that in Gaelic-speaking areas in the County all instruction in primary schools should be given in Gaelic for the first two years.

It may be some time before the new policy is introduced. The Council for Research in Education had already suggested that, to begin with, the new experiment might be tried out in one or two selected schools. A Gaelic Supervisor for the County may be necessary, when the scheme is under way, to supervise the teaching of school subjects through the medium of Gaelic.

Annual General Meeting

The A.G.M. was held in the Highlanders' Institute on Saturday, 4th October. The President, Mr. Farquhar Macrae, who presided, welcomed a large audience. He expressed the members' appreciation of the hard and sustained efforts of all who contributed in any way to make the 1958 Mod such a great success.

The Secretary announced the names of the newly elected office-bearers and members of Council as follows:—President—Farquhar Macrae, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., Clarkston; Vice-President—Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B., Glasgow; Council—Donald Maclean, Lewis and Glasgow; Hugh MacPhee, Bearsden; Donald MacVicar, Edinburgh; Angus Matheson, M.A., Glasgow; I. M. Moffatt-Pender, M.A., Glasgow; Calum Robertson, Glasgow; Donald Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S., Oban; James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S., Edinburgh; Mrs. V. Grant Washington, Manchester; Mrs. Angus Whyte, M.A., B.Sc., Glasgow.

There were two invitations for the 1960 Mod before the meeting, one from the Perth Gaelic Society, and one from the Edinburgh Branch. After careful consideration it was resolved unanimously to hold the 1960 Mod in Edinburgh.

Mr. Moffatt-Pender submitted a motion that **An Gaidheal** be published as an all-Gaelic magazine with the exception of the Treasurer's Notes. The motion and an amendment to retain the status quo were fully discussed. The amendment became the finding of the meeting by a very large majority.

After the meeting was closed, the Executive met and appointed conveners and members of the various Standing Committees.

THE MOD OF 1958

THE National Mod of 1958, held in Glasgow from 29th September to 3rd October, was in many ways an outstanding success. The proceedings throughout evinced keen enthusiasm. Competitors and visitors were present in large numbers from widely scattered areas, and, while the oral competitions received scant attention, the major musical competitions seldom, if ever, were listened to by larger audiences. The standard of attainment both in language and music was most satisfactory, and reflected great credit on tutors and competitors alike.

The warmth and cordiality of some former Mod ceildhs were not so apparent this time. It is difficult in a large city like Glasgow for Gaels, even, to keep together; there are so many other interests.

At the Official Opening on Monday night, Provost Myer Galpern, on behalf of the Magistrates and the citizens of Glasgow, extended a cordial welcome to those attending the Mod from all the corners of Scotland, and wished the Promoters every success in their efforts to preserve their national heritage.

Mr. Mícheál O Riain, one of the Irish delegates, conveyed the greetings of his country in his native Gaelic.

When other necessary preliminaries in connection with the Official Opening were completed the President delivered his inaugural address in the following terms:

My good friends,

I would like to give a very brief survey of, and some personal observations on, the present position of Gaelic in the Educational world in Scotland.

First I would refer to Gaelic Drama.

For many years An Comunn has realised that the Dramatic Art could be a splendid adjunct to our work for Gaelic and has tried to induce a modest beginning in this direction by offering prizes for Gaelic Dialogue Competitions at our Mods. But whether due to ancient prejudice against the stage and playacting or merely due to an innate unwillingness of the average Highlander to play a part other than his own natural self, these Gaelic Dialogues have not been taken up with any great enthusiasm. However, under the auspices of the National Community Dramatic Association, Teams from Gaelic Speaking areas have come forward with Gaelic plays, and with very considerable success. In the summers of 1957 and 1958, in the Lyric Theatre, Glasgow, under the auspices of the N.C.D.A., with the able leadership of the B.B.C. Producer Mr. Finlay J. MacDonald

we have had two full evenings of Gaelic Dramatic Festival. This summer we had 7 teams taking part, and most of the 7 plays were written as well as produced by members of the casts. While officially An Comunn was not responsible for this brilliant work, as individuals we gave all the help possible; the players were supporters of An Comunn, the premier trophy competed for was presented in your name by the Executive Committee, and on the platform at the close of the final night your Committee was fully represented. We feel that in this movement, where the emphasis is on the spoken word, the beautiful Gaelic word, spoken beautifully we have something of the highest value to our movement, and definitely in consonance with the objects of our association. We hope this activity in Glasgow will go on from strength to strength, that the enthusiasm will overflow to surrounding centres with Gaelic speakers, and at not too distant a date, to those areas, on which our hopes are based, the areas where Gaelic is still the language of the home, and the street.

Gaelic in the Schools.

In the Senior Secondary Schools in the Highland area Leaving Certificate Gaelic is holding its own, though it is becoming progressively more apparent that the L.C. Gaelic Candidates are not any more bred in the area of the Schools but are recruited to these large centres, either at the 12-year stage or the 15-year-old stage, from the western mainland fringes or from the islands. On the whole in the Secondary Schools whether Junior or Senior, for the ages 12-17 years, reasonable opportunity to study Gaelic is afforded to children whose parents demand it for them. In Primary Schools on the other hand, with a few notable exceptions, there is practically no formal systematic instruction in Gaelic being given at all. We know of course, that in many areas where Gaelic is the everyday language of the home, the street, the shop and the playground, where pupils arrive at school at 5 years of age without any effective knowledge of English, these children have perforce to be taught all their subjects through the medium of Gaelic. That is exactly as it should be, it is entirely in keeping with modern psychological outlook, and sound Educational practice. But we want more than that. Gaelic speaking primary pupils are entitled to be receiving formal Gaelic instruction, regularly as a subject on its own: we must do all we possibly can, to persuade the parents to demand such instruction, and thereafter to see that they get it.

In areas outside the Highlands and Islands we are glad to be able to report progress.

In Glasgow the pioneering experiments initiated about 12 years ago to teach Gaelic up to the L.C. stage in Bellahouston Academy and Woodside Senior Secondary School, have proved highly successful. A most interesting fact has emerged. The experience in these two schools has demonstrated beyond question, that it is quite possible (in fact it happens each year) for a pupil of average Secondary School ability, with no knowledge of Gaelic, even with no background of Gaelic in the home for several generations to begin a Gaelic Course at 12 years of age, and gain a Higher Leaving Certificate in Gaelic at 17 years of age.

The following facts from the story of the Glasgow Gaelic Schools make interesting reading and offer interesting commentary on the popularity of Gaelic as a subject among the general public.

1. The Gaelic Classes contain less than 25 per cent. pupils with a home background of Gaelic.
2. The leakages during the five years course are fewer than in any other subject.
3. The percentage pass at the Higher Leaving Certificate stage compares more than favourably with that of any other subject in the Curriculum.

Edinburgh Schools

In Edinburgh some years ago, after receiving deputations from An Comunn, the Education Committee decided to offer facilities in Gaelic in a Senior Secondary School. The response to the invitation, was not, in the view of the Committee, sufficient to justify the experiment. They withdrew the facilities offered, and despite further representations we have not so far been able to persuade them to reconsider the matter. Some of our friends feel the time is now ripe for a fresh approach.

But Edinburgh has not been altogether standing still. For two years an interesting and useful experiment has been going on in a Junior Secondary School, i.e. with pupils who have not made the grade for a full Leaving Certificate Course. They have discovered on their staff one of our enthusiastic Gaels, who in addition to being a teacher of Gaelic is also qualified to teach English, History and Geography. They have handed over to her, classes who will receive from her all the instruction in the above four subjects. She is given freedom to regard these as allied and closely interwoven subjects, not to be treated as entirely separate entities according to a rigid timetable. Special emphasis is to be placed on Scottish and more particularly on highland aspects of these subjects, and to work in as much as the pupils

can absorb, of informal and conversational Gaelic instruction. The experiment has been entirely successful. The teacher is enthusiastic about it, the pupils are enjoying it thoroughly, and, I can assure you, that is a condition which is seldom found in Junior Secondary Schools in the larger cities of Scotland. Might we venture to suggest that our Gaelic Culture applied in homeopathic doses in the manner described, to a wider circle of schools might well remove much of the discontent there and incidentally prevent much of the juvenile delinquency among the 14-15 age groups.

Some months ago in Northern Newspapers, certain sensational headlines and somewhat strong statements suggested that the work of An Comunn was not regarded with much favour in the County of Sutherland. We are glad to be able to report that the views then expressed are not really representative, and that responsible opinion in the county is definitely appreciative and on our side.

At the same time we would like to congratulate Sutherlandshire, and in particular Dornoch Academy on having this year gained a Gaelic Certificate from the Scottish Education Department. May this be the harbinger of many more to follow.

We have broken new ground in Renfrewshire this year. In Greenock High School, a very promising start is being made this session with Gaelic L.C. Courses, over 30 double language pupils in the second year, and a greater number in the first year. This looks most promising and we look forward to future developments here with lively expectation. We would like to acknowledge the courtesy and helpfulness of all concerned in getting this venture afoot—The Education Committee, The Director of Education, The Rector of the school and the Gaelic teacher, and might I add this has been no isolated case. Very much the contrary. Wherever we have made approach to authority on behalf of Gaelic in the schools, the response has shown the same, enthusiastic helpfulness from the S.E.D. officers right down to the most junior clerks in the Education Authority Offices. When our efforts have met with failure or perhaps only partial success, such failures cannot by any manner of means be laid at their door.

Our failures in practically all cases are due to the lukewarmness, the doubts, and in some cases arising out of the doubts, the active opposition of our own Gaelic people. So many of them feel that by taking Gaelic for the Leaving Certificate instead of French, German, Spanish, Italian or Russian, their children would be losing something of much greater value. Was there ever anything further from the truth?

Even from the purely utilitarian point of view of gaining a Higher Leaving Certificate or of securing admission to the Universities, Gaelic is rated as of the same value as any of these languages, up to the highest stages of study. And for the other people who never go to the University or who don't even take a Higher Leaving Certificate (and this is about 90 per cent. of the population) what is the value of Gaelic to them?

In case you might think that I, as a Gaelic enthusiast, might not be regarded as the most dispassionate and reliable judge in this matter let me quote you the evidence of cold, canny Scots who could not by any stretch of imagination, be accused of being biased in favour of Gaelic.

About 20 years ago, in preparation for the new Education Act for Scotland, then under consideration, the Secretary of State appointed an Advisory Committee of 12 distinguished Scottish educationists to consider and advise what basic subjects should be taught to Scottish school children. Please note. They said Scottish not merely Highland. For four years they investigated this matter from every point of view: they received evidence from all parties who thought they had anything of relevance to say, individuals and Societies (including An Comunn Gaidhealach) and on the question of Gaelic here are the exact words of their final report.

"When pupils enter the Secondary School, already able to speak Gaelic, the systematic study of that language is, we believe, the best linguistic training that can be offered them. They can look to attain in it a proficiency far greater than would reward a corresponding attention to French or Spanish, and they have a key to a literature which, since it enshrines the experiences of their own race, will come home to them with an intimacy of appeal no other could rival."

"Every Secondary School in a Gaelic-speaking area ought, therefore, to have a fully qualified teacher of the language on its staff, and facilities for the study of Gaelic, either alone or in conjunction with Latin, should always be available."

"We further recommend that in large centres where there is a considerable population of Celtic origin, facilities for learning Gaelic should be available in one school at least."

At greater length, too lengthy to quote verbatim, they emphasise strongly that what we are inclined nowadays to describe as the Highland traditions and way of life, must not be regarded as belonging to Highlanders alone.

It is the ancestral heritage and birthright of every true Scot, and the story and atmosphere of that heritage should be known and felt in every Scottish School.

That was the honest, considered opinion of 12 distinguished, hard headed Scottish thinkers, and not one of the twelve was a Gaelic speaker, nor a Highlander. Surely then we must accept their finding as a reliable unbiased verdict based on the evidence before them. Let us then, each one of us, take their advice to heart, believe it for the truth it is and what is even more important, act on it, with resolution whenever the opportunity offers. If no opportunity offers make it your responsibility to create one.

I am tempted to say much more but already I have trespassed too far on your patience. I finish on the note "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig."

Glimpses of the Mod

A GOOD, representative audience was present in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday evening at the Official Opening of the Mod. After a Gaelic prayer, offered by Rev. John Mackay, the President, Mr. F. Macrae, welcomed Lord Provost Myer Galpern of Glasgow, who extended a warm welcome to the Mod on behalf of the Magistrates and citizens of Glasgow. Mr. Andrew Stewart, Controller, Scotland, B.B.C. spoke of the interest his Corporation had and will continue to have in maintaining our Gaelic heritage. Mr. Michael Oriain, one of the delegates representing the Oireachtas, conveyed the greetings of our Irish friends. Thereafter the President addressed the audience in both Gaelic and English as reported elsewhere in this issue.

Tea, provided by the two Local Branches, was tastefully served, and this was followed by an informal ceilidh which was a good beginning for the week's entertainment.

Tuesday was the children's great day. They were present in large numbers from widely scattered areas—from Lochinver in the North to Ayr in the South—and they radiated joy from morning till late at night. At the evening concert, presided over by Mr. H. P. Wood, Director of Studies, Jordanhill Training Centre, the children in bright array, and visibly happy, provided a rich entertainment for all.

We feel, however, that something must be done to ease the strain put on young children at the Mod. There are too many children—some travelling long distances—and too many

competitions to be handled satisfactorily in one day.

Throughout Wednesday seniors competed in Folk-songs, Action-songs, Puirt-a-beul, and other Solo singing. There was ample variety here, and most enjoyable singing was provided.

The Final Competition for Learners reached a high standard in language and music. We congratulate Morag Mollins and Islay Mac-Taggart who took first place in Ladies' and Men's Voices, and we wish them continued successes. The Ceilidh at night, when Lachlan Mackinnon was Fear an Tighe, was a pleasant and carefree entertainment. Former medallists and other singers were in good voice and happy mood.

Thursday forenoon was devoted to Senior Orals which attracted very little attention, but reached a high standard of efficiency, and to the Gold Medal Finals. The medallists, Alexandra M. Kerr and Archie Maclean, are worthy successors to a large company of good Gaelic singers. In the afternoon Rural Choirs competed. These Choirs do very valuable work in the scattered districts from which they draw their singers. Training is often carried out under very real difficulties. The Lochs Choir, winners in two successive years, deserves unstinted praise. Laxdale and Bowmore Choirs were not far behind the winners.

The Rural Concert, as usual, provided rich fare that must have given real pleasure to all. The Most Rev. Donald Campbell, Archbishop of Glasgow, who presided, gave an appreciative and encouraging address in eloquent Gaelic.

Friday was devoted to Instrumental Music, Duets, Quartettes, and Choral Singing. The Margaret Duncan Memorial Trophy, and the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy competitions reached a standard which compared favourably with the best one hears at English Festivals. To Stirling Gaelic Choir, winners of the Margaret Duncan Memorial Trophy, and to Aberdeen Gaelic Choir, winners of the John McNicol Memorial Trophy for the highest marks in Gaelic, and to Greenock Gaelic Choir, winners of both the Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy, and the *Weekly Scotsman* Quaiach we offer our heartiest congratulations.

The St. Andrew's Grand Hall was taxed to capacity at each of the evening concerts. Col. D. H. Cameron of Lochiel presided at the First Concert, and Mr. Andrew Stewart, C.B.E., at the Second. The Premier Prizes were distributed at these concerts, and this year's Bard, Rev. T. M. Murchison, was crowned in the traditional manner and with dignity by the President.

The exhibition of Art and Industry, an interesting feature of recent Mods, was well patronised during the Mod week.

The Poetry of Sorley Maclean

By IAIN C. SMITH.

(Continued)

In another poem (poem XXII) he achieves the pure Gaelic lyrical cry (a simplicity more difficult to attain for a poet of this complex intelligence). It begins:

"I walked with my reason out beside the sea: we were together but kept it a little distance from me.

"Then it turned saying: Is it true that your fair love is marrying early on Monday?"

"I checked the heart that rose in my torn swift breast and said: most likely, why should I lie?"

And finally like Catullus we have the invective and the anger:

"Leave my poetry beautiful countenance" or

"I gave you immortality and what did you give me? Only the sharp arrows of your beauty."

This variety ranging from pure lyricism to fierce invective gives the poetry a depth and range lacking in even the poetry of William Ross so that the comparison with Catullus is in the long run not unfitting.

* * * * *

Where can we place Sorley Maclean in the Gaelic tradition? It is important to state quite categorically that he is an essentially "Gaelic" poet, drawing for his deepest sustenance on his ancestors as well as on his own great powers. He is, however, unusual in that he has a wide and intimate knowledge of European literature so that in one poem Deirdre and Helen of Troy Eimhir of Cuchulain and Audiart of de Born all gather together into one constellation as do also Lorca and Foss, Blok and Yeats. This is a major attempt to draw Gaelic poetry into the current of European. Only a poet permeated through and through with the salt of his own Gaelic ancestry could accomplish this without loss. This point should therefore be made first. Maclean's poetry is in no sense of the word parochial nor in any conceivable sense pedantic. He uses his European literature and legend naturally and necessarily. There can hardly be another Gaelic poet who knew his ancient and contemporary Europe so well.

He has also realised (though "realised" is perhaps too conscious a word to use in this

context) that new forms have to be created. The movement of the verse in poems XIV and XVIII (to take two examples) can hardly be paralleled in traditional Gaelic poetry. There is also a sustained creation of vocabulary to match his insights. For example, we sense in poem IX in 'Dain Eile' though it is perfectly Gaelic in theme and in handling of adjectives, and almost physical assault on the Gaelic language.

This European consciousness grows out of a Gaelic tradition. This is shown not merely in the emphasis on locality ('My boat was under sail and the Clarach laughing against its prow') not merely in the typical Gaelic use of the adjective ('Girl of the yellow heavy-yellow, gold-yellow hair, the song of your mouth and Europe's cry of agony: fair, heavy-haired, spirited, lovely girl, the disgrace of our day would not embitter your kiss') but primarily in the Gaelic *tone* which is heard in these poems, that subtlety of music which is the gift of the language to its poets.

As a love poet Maclean can be compared to Ross and there is no doubt that he himself senses this kinship. The anguish and the hopelessness are there in both, but Maclean's profounder ironic intelligence gives a greater variety to his poems as does also his wider range of imagery, situation and reference. There is in both these poets a natural speaking, a violent thrust through convention (and we must remember that the Highlander as well as being a Celt is often a Puritan) which give both a dynamic energy they might not otherwise have.

Apart from his love poems Maclean has written some fine satirical poems as for example 'The road to the Isles' which is a bitter attack on those who because 'they have seen the seals in Eriskay' think that they have also assimilated the mysteries of the Gaelic tradition. In some of these, there may be a certain kinship to a poet like Iain Lom. Nevertheless, one feels that these epigrammatic verses are more concentrated and more polished than most of his.

Finally where are we to place Sorley Maclean? One must briefly answer: 'On the heights.' If a major poet is one who while assimilating a tradition invigorates it with fresh themes and fresh forms; if he is one whose poetry leaves in that part of us (which we cannot simply call the mind) echoes and resonances: if he is one who has lived with the highest and retained his humility: and finally if he is one who knowing himself can reveal to us ourselves, then Sorley Maclean is a major poet. As long as we have any respect for poetry, poetry of this stature should be continually read.

Gaelic in the Primary Schools

THE considered views of the Scottish Education Department on the position and claims of Gaelic in the Primary School are plainly stated in a Memorandum on the Curriculum of the Primary School in Scotland, published some years ago. The special needs of several thousands of school children, who come to school with no language other than Gaelic, are recognised and acknowledged. The teachers of such children have to face a task which is quite unknown in any other part of the country. All these children, of course, have to be taught English, and their native speech must be 'maintained and developed.'

Gaelic in the school, according to the Memorandum, has a two-fold place. In the early stages, at least, it must be used as a means of communication between teacher and child, when it is, in fact, a necessary medium of instruction. It can also be a subject of instruction, particularly in the higher classes. Every encouragement is given by the Department for the use of Gaelic in the lower classes in the Gaelic-speaking areas, and where necessary to explain the meaning of English words later on.

The Gaelic-speaking child should from the very outset be encouraged to honour his own language, and to find in it much that is both interesting and satisfying. Before leaving the infant room the child should be able to relate, with some ease, in both Gaelic and English suitable short stories, and repeat appropriate nursery rhymes and simple songs.

In the primary classes Gaelic can be used to advantage in helping the children to understand more clearly what they might find difficult when presented to them in English. Oral Gaelic explanations should be continued as auxiliary aids as long as these are required, and stories from history should be related to and be related by the children in both Gaelic and English. Geographical terms, important place-names in their own district, and so forth, could be given in both languages to stimulate interest and understanding. Nature study lessons can be treated in the same bilingual manner.

In the top classes recitation and oral narrative in Gaelic and English should be practised, and the pupil's understanding of what he reads in English should be tested in Gaelic as well as in English. At this stage formal instruction in Gaelic as a subject should begin, and before the child leaves the primary depart-



Aiseag Fhionn Phuirt, eadar Muile agus I.

ment he should be able to read Gaelic prose and poetry of reasonable difficulty. Gradually, the Gaelic-speaking pupil becomes bilingual; and bilingual instruction competently handled should develop the child's intelligence, and create a wider field of new interests.

The school course should result in leading the child to realize that his own language treasures matter of great variety and interest, and should move him to take pride in the life of his race, their traditions, their customs, their culture and their achievements in near and distant lands. It is only proper that non-Gaelic-speaking children in the school should hear of this noble heritage, sing the sweet Gaelic songs, and listen to the tales and traditions of the Highland people.

How far are the Department's views and ideals translated into action in the primary schools in the Gaelic-speaking areas? This is a pertinent question, and one that concerns all those who are genuinely interested in the preservation of the Gaelic language in Scotland.

Before instruction in Gaelic was made mandatory in these districts by the Education Act of 1918 Gaelic was hardly ever a subject in

the curriculum of the primary school. Since then the position has improved considerably in some areas at least, but in others the position appears to be far from satisfactory.

Schemes of work have been drawn up by Education Authorities, and graded text-books, reasonably suitable for the senior classes in the primary school have been published. Staffing has proved a difficult problem although there seems to be an adequate number of certificated Gaelic-speaking teachers throughout the country. But many of these are serving in areas where there is no Gaelic. The supply of suitably qualified teachers of Gaelic would no doubt be largely increased if Gaelic-speaking students intending to enter the teaching profession were encouraged to take Gaelic as one of their subjects in the secondary school.

From the information available it would appear that the position of Gaelic in the primary schools in many Gaelic-speaking areas is not at the moment what the Education Department would wish it to be, and certainly not what many of us are convinced it could and ought to be.

S. D. T.

MOD PRIZE LIST

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Professor Angus Matheson, M.A.; John A. Macdonald, M.A.; Lachlan Mackinnon, B.E.M., M.A., F.E.I.S.; John F. Steele, M.A.; Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B.; Donald Macallister, L.R.A.M.; Rev. C. MacCormacdaill, M.A.

Junior Section

Group "D"—Gaelic essay on the life of Daniel, Boys—1, John Livingstone, Bowmore; 2, Donald J. Macleod, Sir Edward Scott School Girls—1, Seonaid Anderson, Bowmore; 2, Joan Glencross, Sir Edward Scott School.

Group E, 2—1, Maggie Anne Macdonald, Sir Edward Scott School; 2, Catherine MacPhee, Sir Edward Scott School.

Senior Section

Silver Cup (presented by the Earl and Countess of Cassillis, awarded to prize-winner gaining highest aggregate marks in stated competitions)—Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie, Kilwinning.

Gold Medal (presented by Miss Millar-Weir, awarded to the prize-winner with highest aggregate marks in stated competitions, former winners debarred, —Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie, Kilwinning.

One-Act Play—Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie, Kilwinning.

Short Story: The Hugh MacCorquodale (Fingal) Memorial Prize—Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie. Long Story: Prize presented by the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—Kenneth Finlayson, Glasgow.

Essay on any subject—Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie.

Three original songs for children (Robert Macmillan Prizes)—1, James Mackenzie, Glasgow; 2, Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie; 3, Mrs. Katherine Douglas, Kilmour.

Arrangement in harmony of a Gaelic song (Angus Robertson Memorial Prize)—F. G. Thompson, Manchester.

Poem on any subject (Bardic Poem)—1, Rev. T. M. Murchison, Glasgow. 2, John A. Macleod, Dundee.

ART AND INDUSTRY

ADJUDICATOR—Miss Jean Lindsay.

Section "A"—Home Industries. (1) Samples of wool vegetable dyed—Mrs. Catherine Brown, Dunoon; (2) Diced hose for kilt wear (An Comunn Gaidhealach Trophy)—Mrs. Catherine Brown, Dunoon.

Section "B"—Design. Original Celtic design for trolley cloth, table mats, or metal work—Miss Mary H. Crawford, Dunoon.

Section "C"—Quaich, ladle, etc., made of wood. Capt. Hay of Hayfield.

Section "D"—Any article embroidered with Celtic design—1, Miss Mabel M. Rowan, Benderloch; 2, Mrs. E. Mather, Dunoon; 3, Miss Mary H. Crawford, Dunoon.

Section "F"—Any article in wood with Celtic design—1, James MacAloon; 2, A. R. McGuire; 3, John Cairney.

Silver Cup for best exhibit in Section "F"—James MacAloon.

TUESDAY

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—Donald Grant, M.A.

Reading Prose (12-16)—1, Mary Macmillan, Oban; 2, Marion C. Beaton, Portree; 3, Rhoda Maciver, Glasgow; 4, Janet Anderson, Portnahaven; 5, Mary Ross, Portree.

Reading prose (under 12)—1, Iain Morrison, Mull; 2, Mairi Mackellaig, Morar.

Narrative—1, Marion C. Beaton, Portree; 2, Jean A. Macleod, Portree; 3, Donald F. Mackinnon, Portree.

Reciting from memory (boys)—1, David W. Macleod, Loch Awe; 2, Donald C. Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Reading at sight—1, Irene Potter, Oban.

Reading from memory (Comunn na h-Oigridh)—1, Sine A. NicLeòid, Portrightheadh; 2, Morag C. Pheutan.

Conversation on three subjects (Comunn na h-Oigridh)—1, Morag C. Pheutan, Port rightheadh; 2, Sine A. NicLeòid, Portrightheadh.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A.

Reciting from memory (Prizes presented by the Cruachan Branch)—1, Mary Livingstone, Port Charlotte; 2, Catherine Macmillan, Port Wemyss; 3, Mary Macmillan, Oban.

Reading at sight—1, Mairi MacDougall, Oban; 2, Marion C. Beaton, Portree; 3, Janet Anderson, Portnahaven; 4, Jean A. Macleod, Portree; 5, Sandra Mason, Oban.

Conversation—1, Mary Macmillan, Oban; 2, Marion C. Beaton, Portree.

ADJUDICATOR—James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Reading—1, Sheena Mackay, Oban; 2, Catherine Carter, Oban; 3, Mary Macgregor, Bowmore; 4, Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow, 5, Irene Potter, Oban.

Reading (under 12)—1, David W. Macleod, Loch Awe; 2, Catherine C. Maitland, Loch Awe; 3, Katherine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 4, Jenny Macleod, Lochinver; 5, Donald C. Macfarlane, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory (Girls)—1, Catherine C. Maitland, Loch Awe; 2, Katherine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 3, Jenny Macleod, Lochinver.

Verse-speaking—1, Oban High School; 2, Islay Group "A"; 3, Islay Group "C"

ADJUDICATOR—John Mackay, M.A.

Reciting from memory—1, David M. Macleod, Loch Awe; 2, Sheena Mackay, Oban; 3, Murdo Macdonald, Glasgow.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATOR—Miss Edith Caunce.

Playing a Gaelic air and march on the pianoforte—1, Anne Gillies, Oban; 2, Elizabeth Campbell, Bowmore; 3, Jean C. Chisholm, Bearsden.

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Lachlan Mackinnon, M.A. Music: Sydney Northcote, D. Mus.

Solo singing of "Gun chrodh gun aighean" (Girls). Silver Medal Competition—1, Anne Gillies, Oban High School; 2, Margaret MacLaine, Portree High School; 3, Fay Grant, Portree High School.

Solo singing of "Hi ri mo chuillean" (Boys). Silver Medal Competition—1, Angus Maciver, Glasgow; 2, Donald Smith, Woodside S.S. School; 3, Murdoch Mackinnon, Castlebay.

Solo singing of an unpublished song—1, Christine J. Grant, Glasgow; 2, Fiona Maclean, Portree; 3, Christine Campbell, Port Ellen.

Solo singing of "Iomair thusa Choinnich Chridhe" (Boys)—1, Iain M. Graham, Giffnock; 2, David Macdonald, Ayr; 3, Christopher Anderson, Ballygrant.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Alex. Macaskill, M.A.
Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Duet singing—1, Jean A. Macleod and Margaret Michie, Portree; 2, Fiona Maclean and Fay Grant, Portree.

Action song—1, Portree High School; 2 eq., Carradale and Bowmore Junior Choirs.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil MacGill, M.A.
Music: Dr. Eric Thiman.

Solo singing of "Smèòrach sa' mhadainn chiùin" (Girls)—1, Lorna Periton, Glasgow; 2, Catriona Maclean, Glasgow; 3, Allison Macmillan, Carradale; 4, Mairi McKerrill, Bowmore.

Duet singing—1, Lilian Bald, and Catherine Macdonald, Conon; 2, Kathleen Mooney and Jan Goundry, Ayr.

Solo singing of "Fàilte do Eilean Leòdhais"—1, Kathleen N. Henry, Tarbert; 2, Irene MacArthur, Bowmore; 3, Catherine MacArthur, Balalain and Ronald H. Macrae, Kyle (equal).

Solo singing—own choice—1, Deirdre S.C. MacLeish, Perth; 2, Iain Morrison, Mull.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: A. J. Macaskill, M.A.
Music: Dr. Eric Thiman.

Unison singing of "Lag nan Cruachan" (Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy)—1, Portree Junior Choir; 2, Glasgow G.M. Association.

Choral singing of "Chì mi'n toman" and "Breacan Màiri Uisdein." (Oban Times Challenge Trophy)—1, Portree Junior Choir; 2, Glasgow G.M. Association. (Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochy Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic)—Portree Junior Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. T. M. Murchison, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Unison singing of "'S minic a bha sinn" and "Gleann Gollaidh" (Rona MacVicar Trophy)—1, Ayr Junior Choir; 2, Tarbert J.S. School Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John Mackay, M.A.
Music: Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

Choral singing of "Cruachan Beann" and "Oran Chloinn Lachlainn." (Mrs. Millar Trophy)—1, Ayr Junior Choir; 2, Bellahouston Academy Gaelic Choir.

WEDNESDAY

Senior Section

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic and Music: Lachlan Mackinnon, M.A., F.E.I.S., and James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Folk-songs (Scotia Trophy)—1, Donald Campbell, Glasgow; 2, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow; 3, Hugh Lamont, Bunnisan.

Solo Port-a-beul (Duncan Johnston Memorial Trophy)—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 2, Calum Cameron, Glasgow; 3, Murdo F. J. Macleod, Edinburgh.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman.

Solo singing (Men) of "Mo rùn geal dileas"—1, Islay MacTaggart, Glasgow; 2, Duncan R. MacCallum, Campbeltown; 3, A. H. M. MacRae, Colchester.

Solo singing of "Fuadach nan Gaidheal" and "Màiri Bhàn Dhail-an-eas"—(Glasgow Oban and Lorn Gold Medal)—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 2, Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A. Music: Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

Solo singing of "Kismul's Galley" and "The Mull Fisher's Song"—1, L. K. Stewart, Glasgow; 2, Alasdair H. McDougall, Dunlop.

Solo singing of the song (Ladies), "Hé hoirionnan o"—1, Mary L. Graham, Campbeltown; 2, Morag Mollins, Glasgow; 3, Hannah Govan, Lochgilphead.

ADJUDICATORS—Alex. J. Macaskill, M.A. Gaelic: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M. Music.

Waulking Songs (Ladies)—1, Mary M. Mundell, Whitehouse; 2, Mary McM. McSpornan, Campbeltown; 3, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock.

Rowing Song (Men)—1, William Barclay, Glasgow; 2, L. K. Stewart, Glasgow; 3, Islay MacTaggart, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Thomson, M.A.
Music: Dr. Eric Thiman.

Solo singing of the song "Ghràidh an tig thu" (Ladies)—1, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow; 2, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 3 eq., Anna F. MacDougall, Bonahaven and Alexandra M. Kerr, Stornoway.

The Oran Mòr, "Cabair Féidh" (Men)—1, Calum Cameron, Glasgow; 2, A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 3, Donald McLarty, Ardrishaig.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Lachlan Mackinnon, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

Solo singing of the song "'N téid thu leam mo nighean donn" (Men)—1, Archie Maclean, Perth; 2, A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 3, Donald A. Mackinnon, Broadford.

The Oran Mòr, "Luinneag MhicLebìd" (Ladies)—1, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow; 2, Alexandra M. Kerr, Stornoway; 3, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil MacGill, M.A.
Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Solo singing, own choice (The Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prize)—1, R. M. McLean Cameron, Glenshee; 2, Anne V. MacKintosh, Onich.

Solo singing of unpublished song (Mull and Iona Association Prizes)—1, Margaret A. Mackinnon, Glasgow; 2, Elizabeth M. Cattanach, Mull.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. D. Macleod, M.A., and James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Solo singing of "Eilean a' Chèò" (Ladies) and "Airigh a' Chul-chinn (Men).

Ladies—1, Morag Mollins; 2, Hannah Govan.

Men—1, Islay MacTaggart; 2, William Barclay.

Finals (Learners)—Ladies—1, Morag Mollins; 2, Hannah Govan; 3, Margaret C. Mitchell.

Men—1, Islay MacTaggart; 2, William Barclay; 3, Duncan R. McCallum.

THURSDAY

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—J. Mackay, M.A.

Gold Medal (Presented by the Glasgow Skye Association, for highest aggregate marks in Comps. 44, 45 and 46)—James Mackenzie, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory, "An Gleannan"—1, James Mackenzie, Glasgow; 2, Mairead Macmillan, Skye.

Reciting "Gleannan mò ghaoil"—1, James Mackenzie; 2, Catriona Macdonald, Glenelg.

Prose reading—1, Christina Macleod, Cupar; 2, Margaret Ross, Glendale.

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. D. Macleod, M.A.

Acted dialogue (Queen Elizabeth Coronation (1937) Trophy)—1, C. L. Christie and Neil Macleod, Oban.

Dr. John Cameron Memorial Trophy for highest aggregate marks in Comps. 61, 62, 63 and 64.—Cona M. Maclean, Glasgow.

Recitation from memory, "Linn an aigh"—1, David Stewart, Rugby; 2, Anne Bone, Glasgow.

Recitation of prose, own choice—1, Cona M. Maclean, Glasgow; 2, David S. Stewart, Rugby.

Reading at sight—1, David S. Stewart; 2, Cona M. Maclean.

Speech—1, Cona M. Maclean; 2, David S. Stewart.

ADJUDICATOR—James Thomson, M.A., F.E.I.S.

Recitation of poetry composed by the Competitor (Calum Macfarlane Memorial Prizes)—1, Rev. Colin N. Mackenzie, Kilwinning; 2, James Mackenzie, Glasgow.

Folk Tale (Anglo-Chilean Trophy)—1, Rev. C. N. Mackenzie; 2, Christina Macleod, Cupar.

Speech—1, James Mackenzie; 2, Rev. C. N. Mackenzie.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Alex. J. Macaskill, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Nova Scotia Gold Medal Comp.—1, A. M. Ross.

GOLD MEDAL FINALS

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant and Donald Thomson. Music: Sydney Northcote and Eric Thiman.

Solo singing of the songs, "Soraith leis and àit" (Ladies), "Cathair a' Chul-chinn" (Men), and a song of their choice. Ladies—1, Alexandra M. Kerr, Stornoway; 2, Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow.

Men—1, Archie Maclean, Perth; 2, Calum Cameron, Glasgow.

Final aggregate marks in Gold Medal Competitions:

Ladies—1, Alexandra M. Kerr (G. 358; M. 348; Total 706); 2, Catherine A. MacNiven (G. 358; M. 347; Total. 705); 3, Margaret A. Mackinnon (G. 355; M. 346; Total 701).

Men—1, Archie Maclean (G. 360; M. 343; Total 703); 2, Calum Cameron (G. 357; M. 331; Total 688); 3, Alexander M. Grant (G. 350; M. 337; Total 687).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant. Music: Eric Thiman.

Choral singing of two songs. Confined to Choirs from Rural Districts with at least 50 per cent. of Gaelic speakers. 1, Lochs Gaelic Choir; 2, Laxdale Gaelic Choir; 3, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 4, Bunness and Pennyghael Gaelic Choir; 5, Ballachulish Gaelic Choir.

Lorn Shield presented by Colonel and Mrs. Campbell of Airds—Lochs Gaelic Choir.

Dalriada Cup for highest marks in Gaelic—Lochs Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil MacGill, M.A. Music: Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

Choral singing of "Eilean an Fhraoich" and "Hùgaibh air nìgean donn nam mealshuil". (Sheriff Macmaster Campbell Memorial Quaich)—1, Lochalsh Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir; 3, Ardrishaig Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: J. Mackay. Music: Miss K. B. Milner.

Solo singing with self-accompaniment on the clarsach. (Hilda M. Campbell Clarsach, and Silver Brooch)—1, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh; 2, F. E. D. Lauder, Edinburgh.

Playing "Eilean a' Cheò" and contrasting air (Prizes by Mrs. A. E. Matheson)—1, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh; 2, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr.

Accompanying of a singer on the clarsach—1, Gwendolen McGill; 2, C. Victor A. MacEachern, Creetown.

Playing of two Gaelic airs or accompanying two songs chosen by the competitor. (Tearlach MacEachern Memorial Clarsach presented by Rev. J. Reid Christie)—1, Catriona Thomson, Oban; 2, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh.

FRIDAY

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Miss Edith Counce and Pipe Major Robert Reid.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (bagpipe setting) on the Pianoforte. (Aberdeen Targe.)—1, Nina MacTavish, Bunchrew; 2, Ivy M. Beaton, Glasgow; 3, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh.

Playing as above on the Violin. (The Sutherland Cup.)—1, James Rennie, Glasgow; 2, Farquhar Macrae, Lochailort; 3, Donald Campbell, Greenock.

Playing of a Strathspey and Reel on the Violin. (Mrs. Quintin Macleannan Prizes.)—1, F. Macrae, Lochailort; 2, Angus Grant, Lochailort.

DUET, QUARTETTE AND CHORAL SINGING

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Neil MacGill, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman.

Duet singing, own choice—1, Joan C. Gray, Glasgow and L. K. Stewart, Glasgow; 2, Kathleen N. Henry and Nan Sinclair, Tarbert.

Quartette, own choice—1, Edinburgh Gaelic Choir A; 2, Greenock Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: L. Mackinnon, M.A., F.E.I.S. Music: Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

Choral singing. (Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup.)—1, Campbeltown Gaelic Choir; 2, Greenock G.C.; 3, Aberdeen G.C.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. D. Macleod, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, L.R.A.M.

Choral singing (Ladies). Esmé Smyth Trophy—1, Greenock G.C.; 2, Govan G.C.; 3, Glasgow G.M.A. Choral singing (Men). Mull and Iona Shield—1, Greenock G.C.; 2, Glasgow G.M.A.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: J. Mackay and L. Mackinnon. Music: J. Gilmour Barr and Sydney Northcote.

Choral singing. Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy. The Weekly Scotsman Quaich for Gaelic—1, Greenock Gaelic Choir; 2, Campbeltown G.C.; 3, Govan G.C.; 4, Glasgow G.M.A.

Weekly Scotsman Quaich—Greenock G.C.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant and James Thomson. Music: Eric Thiman.

1, Stirling G.C.; 2, Edinburgh G.C.; 3, Aberdeen G.C.

Margaret Duncan Trophy—Stirling G.C.

John McNicol Memorial Trophy for Gaelic—Aberdeen G.C.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIII

AN DULACHD, 1958

Aireamh 12

BUAIDH AIR NA FAMHAIREAN

Le TOMAS MACCALMAIN

(A' chiad duais, Mòd 1958)

An tùs mo là,
Bu dian mo mhiann gum fàsainn mór,
Gum bithinn àrd am pearsa, treun an cath,
'Nam ghaisgeach curanta a sheasamh còir
nan lag.
Bhiodh famhairean na h-oidhche rium a'
gleac,
'S cha tug iad buaidh, oir mis' cha ghéilleadh
dhaibh.
Cleas buachaill' Israeil anns an ám o chéin,
Crann-tabhaill 'na mo làimh is clachan min'
o'n t-sruth,
Bhuail mi gach Philisteach 's chuir druim
ri làr,
Is dhùisg mi sona mi bhith gaisgeil treun,
'S gach closach oilteil bhreun agam fo chis.

Is dh'fhàs mi suas,
Gun neart, gun dreach thar chàich, gun àirde
pears',
'S cha ghaisgeach mi a réir nam brúadar òg'.
Gaisge cha d'rinn mi riamh, 's cha dèan gu
latha bràth,
'Nam dhuine cumanta a' cosnadh lòn,
'S a' strì ri bean is clann a chumail mar as
còir,
'S a' còimhionadh dreuchd is dleasdanas
gach là,
Gun sgial air famhair air an tilg mi gath,
Gun chliù 'ga chosnadh leam am còmhraig
dhéin,
Gun Philisteach fo m' shàil air talamh cruaidh.
Cha Daibhidh mi, cha ghaisgeach treun an
cath!

An e gur mis'
A chuir mo chùl ri m' bhrúadar òg?
Air neo an e gu bheil an saoghal an diugh
Gun Philisteach, gun fhamhair ris an cuir
mi blàr,
Gun nàmhaid guineach cumail smachd air
daoine lag?
Chan aithne dhomh, ach fhathast 's e mo
bheachd
Gur iomadh cruth is dreach th'air Philistich
an t-saoghail,
Gur iomadh famhair fuileachdach a tha
Gu falachaidh ag iadhadh orm gach taobh;
Is faodaidh mi gun bhòsd a ràdh
Gun d'rinn mi oidhirp orr' le buillean
cruaidh—
As-creideamh, Uabhar, Ana-ceartas, Aineolas
Beag-tùir—
'S iad sin na naimhdean tha an diugh a'
milleadh dhaoin';
Is dh'fheuch mi fhìn, gun ghaisge is le fiamh,
Ri sàthadh a thoirt orra, aon is aon.

An deachaidh leam?
Bheil cloisichean nan naimhdean air an làr
Gun chomas éirigh? 'S mór m'eagal nach e sin
a' chùis.
Cha luaithe thuiteas aon na dh' éireas fear 'na
àit!
So còmhrag tha gun chrich, gun chlos, gun
tàmh,
Cho fad 's a dh' fhanas anail 'na mo chom.
Ach so a' chùis, cùis m'eagail agus m'iom-
again ro-mhóir,



Tómas M. MacCalmáin.

Gur 'na mo chridhe fhìn na naimhdean breun',
Na famhairean tha strì ri m' chur 'nam
thràill
Fo smachd na daorsa shìorruidh, daorsa
cràidh—
'Nam chridhe fhìn tha Sannt is Eud is Fuath,
Cion-gràidh is Féinealachd is Diobhail-
misnich fòs,
'Gam tharraing sìos 's 'gam chur fo chuing
ro-theann.

Ach so an nì
A bheir dhomh neart 's an strì, 's a bhrosn-
aicheas
Mo làmh gu cath, 's a bheir dhomh spionnadh
nuadh
An ám dhomh tuiteam sìos, sgìth, sàraicht'
aig an nàmh—
Nach 'eil mi dol leam fhìn a steach do'n
bhlàr
Gun charaid-airm, gun ghaisgeach ri mo
thaobh;
Oir leam tha 'n Tì d'am buin gach cliù air
nèamh
'S a chaidh e fhéin tre'n chòmhraig air mo
sgàth.
'Na chasan 's làmhan lotan, 's lot 'na thaobh,
'S crùn droighinn air a cheann. An teas a'
chath'
Cha chuir e rium a chùl, 's chan fhannaich e
Gu là na buadh' dha fhéin 's dhomh fhìn.

An tús mo là
Bha m' aisingean air gaisge, cruadal, buaidh,
'S tha buaidh dhomh cinnteach, ged nach
gaisgeach mi,
Oir romham anns a' chath, 'na chorp a'
fulang cràidh,
Gach beum is buille dh'fhaodadh tighinn 'nam
chòir,
Tha 'n Tì as Gaisgeach treun d'am buin gach
cliù,
'S 'na neart-san bheir mi buaidh 's cha
mheataich mi.
A so mo bhun do nì. An saoghal carraideach
Làn eagail 's uilc is geilte, 's na slòigh air
bhoil le chéil'
Chan aobhar eagail dhaibh d'an aithn' an
Rìgh—
An Rìgh tha riaghladh anns na nèamhan
shuas,
'S a làmh air stiùir na cruinne. Dhàsan 's
léir
Gach car is cor, gach càs is cùis is caoidh.
Is leis gach buaidh, 's is leamsa buaidh d'a
thrid.

An tús mo là
Bha m' aisingean air famhairean fo chis;
'S aig crìch mo là, 's e so mo chinnt'
Gun coimhlioran gach aising, ach air dhòigh
Os cionn mo smuain, toirt bàrr air miann mo
chridh'—
'S do'n Tì a bheir dhomh buaidh gu robh
gach glòir is cliù!

Annas A' Mhonadh

MAS math leat am monadh a shiubhal agus beachd a ghabhail air gach nì maiseach leis a bheil Nàdur 'ga sgeadachadh feumaidh thu éirigh moch air mhadaimn. Bidh rath air fear na moch-éirigh ach am fear a bhios fada gun éirigh bidh e 'na leum fad an latha.

Eadhon anns an dùthaich fhionnar so, le aimsir chaohlaidich, tha togairt agus sùrd air neach gu dìreach stùc is gharbhlach am feadh is a tha cirb òr-bhuidhe na gréine a' brùchdadh troimh neòil dhorcha na camhanaich.

Bidh iadsan a leughas an oidhirp so, co-dhiùbh na fògraich, a' leantainn mo chuairt-sa, ceum air ceum, mar gum biodh iad 'nan eilean no 'nan sgìre féin. Is e sin mo mhiann.

Tha mo mhacmeanmna féin aig an àm so 'gam thabhairt air sgéith gu ruig na seann dachaidh far an do chuir mi seachad làithean sona na h-òige. Tha mi a' dol thairis air drochaidh fhiodha agus air osaig chaoin na maidne ciùine tha monmhuir tuiteam Eas an Fhamhair mar fhuaim inneil-cùil 'nam chluasan is an co-sheirm ris tha ceileir siùbhlach nan eun beaga anns a' choille air gach làimh dhìom.

Ma nì mi fuireach fo bhuidh a' chiùil so agus fàileadh cùbhraidh nam blàth-lus cha bhì siubhal a' mhonaidh cho taineach fo bhuille dian theas na gréine. A' cumail ris a' ceum-rathaid tha am monadh farsaing fial fa chomhar mo shùla, beanntan is cnocan air a bheil mi eòlach, an ainmean Gàidhlig a' cuimhneachadh dhomh deas-chainnt is geur bheachd nan ginealach a dh'fhalbh; cumadh is dath gach aoin fa leth a' dearbhadh coimhliontachd am breithneachaidh. A' leantainn romham thar lòintean is chruadhach tha mo bhròg a' sguabadh na dealta bhàrr an réisg 's na luachrach, agus m' osan a' briseadh lion-andamhain a tha a' ceangal dh'chuisseig ri chèile. Tha am fraoch meanbh dà nìs fo mo chasan agus air gach làimh dhìom tha an canach geal mar shneachda Faoillich air an raon. Ann an craobh ghiuthais ri taobh na h-àibhne chì mi nead feannaige. Cluinnidh mi a gorracail ròmach is i 'na suidhe air creig ghlais, no air druim caora mharbh an easg no sùil-chruthaich, Tha i fhéin is a nead a' toirt 'nam chuimhne an t-sean-fhacail, "Is geal leis an fheannaige a h-isean garrach féin."

Ged is socair sàmhach mo ghluasad tha coileach fraoich a' sgiathalaich isosal le a ghloc sgoimeach 'gam iarraidh air falbh bho nead a chìrce. Tha eòin mhonaidh pailt anns an eilean a tha fo m'aire. B' ainmeanmna là 'nam chuairt-ean nach fhajicinn adharcan, cathag, cearc-thomain, coileach-dubh is liath-chearc, feadag, guilbneach, pioghaidh, ròcais, tarmachan (air

na mullaichean), agus eun nan ioma ainm, an naosg no gudaboc, ach is e gob-saic as deise air mo theanga-sa. 'Nam chuideachd ge b'e taobh a théid mi tha aingeal a' chiùil, an uiseag bheag riabhach. Tha i cho àrd anns an adhar is nach léir dhomh i, ach tha a ceòl lurach a' seirm 'nam chluasan—an ceòl sin nach sgèithich feòil 'ga éisdeachd.

Tha eòin chobhartach nas pailte nas math leis na clobairean—clamhan, croman, fitheach, iolaire, seabhag is speireag. An cuala sibh riamh am port so?

Chunna mi 'n croman 's bu mhór é,
Chunna mi 'n croman 's bu mhór a cheann.

Latha dhomh is mi a' buachailleachd othaisgean air Maol nan Damh laigh mi air mo dhruim dìreach air leaba fhraoich is rinn mi cluasag de mo dhà làimh air cùl mo chinn. Bha so a chum is gum faighinn sealladh math air a' mhonadh mun cuairt dhomh. Cha robh mi fada anns an t-suidheachadh sin an uair a thàinig croman is laigh e faisg orm, cho faisg is gum faicinn a shùilean. An uair a ghabh mi sealladh dheth cho math is a bha a dhìth orm rinn mi beagan gluasaid agus bha e air a' mhionaid air sgéith is air ais an taobh a thàinig e. Tha mi deimhin as gun do thaoil e gum bu chairbh mise agus gum biodh ròic mhath aige!

Ach gu bhith a' leantainn air mo chuairt an cuideachd nan dealan-dé, nan seillean, nan speach is nan tarbh-nathrach is a' gabhail làn-sùla de uile mhaisealachd an fhirich thàinig mi air caornaig agus ged a bha sgoath sheillean mu mo thimcheall chaidh agam air cuach no dhà de mhil lurach an fhraoich a thogail leam. Bha i cho milis is gun do chuir i a dheoghal nan corrag mi!

Ràinig mi fadheòidh an tobar fìor-uisge is ceann uidhe do na h-uile neach a théid air fòrlach do cheann tuath an eilein—Tobar Leac nan Fiann. Rinn mi a réir gnàths, thùm mi ceann mo làimhe gus an caol-dùirn anns an uisge fhuar agus fhliuch mi mo bhathais le boiseig dheth. Shuidh mi an sin air a' bhruaich ri a thaobh a chasg m'ìota 's a dhìoladh m'acrais. Bhlais mi cuideachd air a' bhìolaire uaine a bha a' fàs gu pailt anns a' choachan a bha a' sìor shruthadh gu sèimh troimh an ghrinneal. An déidh an fhaothachaidh a fhuair mi dh'èirich mi a thilleadh air m'ais air taobh eile a' ghlinne. Bha glac dhomhain fodham is cìod a chunnaic mi ach iolaire a' ruith gu dian air a' ghrund lom le a sgiathan sgaoilte. Lean i mar sin gus an do tharraing i de ghaoith fo a sgiathan na rinn comasach dhi éirigh gu ruig a h-iarmaidh féin. Chuir i aon chuairt gun chrathadh sgéith is rinn i air a' Chreig Mhóir far an do neadaich a seòrsa bho linn-tean fad as. Sealladh iongantach da-rìreadh.

Dh'fhàg mi gu deireadh iomradh a dheanamh air na beathaichean ceithir chasach a chithear anns na glinn is air aodainn nan sliabh—earban, féidh, maighich ruadha (ach geal sa' Gheamhradh), coineanan; aig an am ud bha miltean de chaoraich dhubh-cheannach air an oighreachd. Bha am feudaibh àbhaisteach aig ciobairean is croitearan agus bu chiatach an sealladh e san t-Samhradh a bhith a' faicinn na spréidhe a' breacachadh nan srath 's nan sliabh. Ach is iongantach gu mór e an sùilean a' choigrich a bhith a' faicinn damh féidh air fànas, le a cheann croiceach an togail, Rìgh Na Frithe a' sròineiseachadh na gaoithe, furachail nach tig nàmhaid air bho thaobh seach taobh.

Tha dà chreutair cronail nach eil idir san eilean, an sionnach is am famh is chan eil iarraidh orra. Ma chumas tu sùil gheur air seann ghàradh cloiche theagamh gum faic thu neas, agus aig am sònraichte cluinnidh tu ròcail na muile-mhàg, no na losgairn. Chì thu an t-àil bhuidhe dhubh tric a measg an fheadr.

Tha creutairean snàigeach ann a thachras gu tric orm, dearcan-luachrach, sleadhagan is nathraichean. Tha lot na nathrach puinn-seanta ach le grad fhaicill is casg a chur air mun sgaoil e feadh na fola chan chùram do'n neach a lotadh. Tha iad tearc a tha cho mishealbhadh. Tha na nathraichean mu ochd òirlich dheug air fad agus mharbh mi ceithir dhubh mun mheudachd sin latha a bha mi air chuairt sa' mhonadh.

Is mór na dh' fhaodas fear siubhal a' mhonaidh fhòghlum ma tha a shùil furachail agus a bhreithneachadh fallain. Tha sinn gu mór an comain nam bàrd a thug nithean gu ar n-aire nach bu léir dhuinn féin.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,

O's miorbhailteach na beannan iad.

NIALL.

Mod Ghlaschu 'S A' Ghaidhlig

LE TOMAS WALDRON

(Chraobhsghaoileadh an t-ìomradh so leis a' Bh.B.C.)

NUAIR a thugadh cuireadh dhomh chun a' Mhòid am bliadhna bha mi glé thoilichte chionn bha mi aig Mòd a cheana san Oban far an do chuir mi seachad seachdain éibhneach, shuilbhir a measg Gaidheil na h-Albann, ach nuair a dh'iarradh orm facal a ràdh mu dheidhinn cha robh mi cho sàsda sin idir. Ged tha mi eòlach air a' Ghàidhlig Albannaich a leughadh gu tuisgeach chan urrainn dhomh a labhairt cho math 's bu mhath leam. Bha là ann nuair a thigeadh bàird na

h-Eireann gu Albainn agus bàird na h-Albann gu Eirinn air an cuairt fhliocht, agus bha an t-aon chànan aca le chèile. Chan eil fhios agam an cuala sibh iomradh air a' bhàrd Eireannach, Muireadhach o Dalaigh, a 'b' éiginn teicheadh a Eirinn a chionn gun do mharbh e fear cruinneachaidh càin a thàinig a dh'iarraidh a' cur Muireadhach Albannach o Dalaigh—'s e sin an t-ainm a thugadh an Eirinn air. Ach, mo chreach, tha an là seachad san tuigear a chèile gu furasda. Tha mi an dòchas an déidh sin uile gum faod mi mi féin a chur an céill gu tuisgeach is nach misde sibh blas na h-Eireann.

Dh'iarradh orm innseadh dhuibh gu dé shaoil mi de'n Mhòid is ciamar a chòrd e rium. 'S e chiad rud a tha ri ràdh agam gu robh an t-seachdain air fad ro thaitheach leam—na cuirmean ciùil, na co-fharpaisean is na céilidhean gach oidhche gu madainn, tachairt ri seann chàirdean, agus a' cur eòlais air càirdean ùra.

Tha facal againne an Eirinn air son moladh mór a thabhairt do dhuine, mar so, "Tha se molta da mbeinn i mothost," 's e sin ri ràdh, tha an Comunn Gaidhealach molta ged nach cuireadh mo leithid-sa clach mholaidh idir air an càrn. Is iongantach an obair a tha an Comunn a' dèanamh air son muinntir na Gàidhlig a thoirt an cuideachd a chèile a ceithir àirdean na h-Albann gach bliadhna. Ar leam-sa gur h-e buaidh mhór a' Mhòid gu bheil e toirt na Gaidheil a tha dealaichte o chèile agus sgapte a measg nan Gall gu bhith an cuideachd a chèile air son seachdain thaitnich, éibhneach ag éisdeachd còmhraidh is ciùil.

Tha spéis is tlachd mhór againne, Gaidheil Eireann agus Albann, ann an ceòl agus ann an òrain. Tha e nàdurra ma-tà gum biodh mòran de cho-fharpaisean òran is ceòl inneal aig a' Mhòid. Agus is feumail na co-fharpaisean sin a bhith ann gus na seann òrain a chumail air siubhal, agus a chum daoine a spreigeadh gus an ceòl a chleachdadh is a theagasg air feadh na bliadhna. Tha eòlas aig càch air obair a' Mhòid a thaobh ciùil is òran. Bu mhath leamsa beagan a ràdh air taobh eile de'n obair, taobh na teangaidh is na litreachais.

Is e am prìomh chuspair a tha An Comunn Gaidhealach a' cur rompa a bhith ag ionnsachadh agus a' cleachdadh na Gàidhlig, agus bu chòir mar sin gum b'e Gàidhlig ciad chuspair a' Mhòid. Ach chan ann mar sin a tha. Tha mòran a bharrachd de cho-fharpaisean ciùil ann na tha de cho-fharpaisean teangaidh, agus saoilidh coigreach mar mi fhéin gum bu choma le luchd a' Chomuinn a' Ghàidhlig a labhairt. Bha na co-fharpaisean air fad an tallaichean beaga agus gum mòran dhaoine 'g éisdeachd riutha. Gu deimhinn bha e duilich éisdeachd

ri cuid aca. Bha mi fhéin ag iarraidh éisdeachd ris na páisdean óga ag innseadh sgialachd ach cha b'urrainn dhomh a chionn bha e air iarraidh air a' pháisde a sgial innseadh do'n bhreitheamh. Dh'fhàg sin druim a' pháisde ris an t-sluagh a bha 'g éisdeachd, rud nach do thaitinn ris a' pháisde na ris an luchd-éisdeachd. Ar leam-sa gun innseadh am páisde a sgial móran na b'fheàrr nam biodh e 'ga labhairt ri páisdean eile.

Tha an sgialachd air a' chuid as luachmhoire de sheann saoghal na Gaidhealtachd. Bu chòir gum biodh móran de cho-fharpaisean sgialachd ann. 'S e an duine as fheàrr air a bheil cuimhne agam fhéin an turas a bha mi aig Mòd an Obain Donnachd Dòmhnallach a Uibhist a Deas, seanchaidh fìor mhath a chuireadh talla mór dhaoine fo dhruidheachd agus e 'g aithris sgialachd.

Bha mi duilich nach cuala mi barrachd òran air an seinn san t-seann nòs. Tha fhios agam gu math nach eil na h-uile de'n aon bheachd mu'n chùis so, gu bheil daoine ann nach fhuing an seann nòs idir, agus cuid eile nach cuir suas leis an nòs nuadh. Bu chòir an dà nòs a bhith ann. Tha feum air an t-seann nòs a chumail beò agus saothair nuadh anns a bheil freumh an dùthchais a mhiseachadh. Cha do shaoil mise gun d'fhugadh cothrom na Féinne do'n t-seann nòs aig a' Mhòd so. Bu mhath leam daoine nach do dh'ionnsaich ann òran riamh a leabhar a chluinntinn, daoine nach eil a' leughadh na Gàidhlig na leughadh a' chiùil, daoine nach eil fhios aca dé an uair na dé an dòigh anns an do dh'ionnsaich iad an ceòl, is a bhios a' seinn air son an sonais fhéin eadar-dhealichte ri daoine a ghabh saothair mhór a' feuchainn ri òran no dhà ionnsachadh air son co-fharpais. Anns a' Ghaidhealtachd tha buntobair na Gàidhlig is a' chiùil Ghaidhealaich agus ma leigear do'n tobair sin dol tioram bidh crìonadh air a' Ghàidhlig agus air a' chèòl Ghaidhealach. Bidh crìoch orra le chèile.

Is dàna an rud dhòmhsa a bhith a' toirt comhairle air Gaidheil na h-Albann 's mi 'nam choigreach aineolach, ach bhon thòisich mi air coire fhaighinn tha cho math dhomh cumail orm. Bu neònach leam cho beag 's a chuala mi de òran nach cuala mi a cheana. An t-òran as briagha sam bith fàsaidh daoine sgìth dheth nuair a chluinneas iad ro thrìc e. Nach bu mhath an rud e gun aon òran a tha an clò a cheana a thaghadh air son Mòd na h-ath bhliadhna, agus oidhirp a dheanamh air na duanagan beaga mu na caileagan 's na dachaidhean a dh'fhàgadh a sheachnadh agus seòrsachan eile de òran a thoirt dhunn.

Chuir rudan eile iongantais orm. Is ainneamh duine a chuala mi bruidhinn anns a'

Ghàidhlig. Is tric a chuala mi "Ciamar a tha sibh?" no "Oidheche mhath leibh" ach cha chuala mi ach duine sa' chiad a' leantainn sa' Ghàidhlig. Chan eil fhios agam—tha mi aineolach mu'n chùis—am bi muinntir a' Chomuinn a' bruidhinn na Gàidhlig gach là sa' bhaile no an e a' Bheurla tha iad a' cleachdadh daonnan. Nuair a chuala mi dithis a' labhairt air an àrd-ùrlair agus a' brosnachadh a' phobuill gus a' Ghàidhlig a chumail suas, agus a' labhairt ris a' chloinn, ach an sin a' bruidhinn Beurla ri chèile cho luath 's a thàinig iad a nuas, chuir e 'nam chuimhne facal a tha againne sa' bhaile mu shagairt a theireadh "Dèan mar a dh'iarraas mi ach na dèan mar a dhèanas mi." Chan e cainnt na comhairle ach eisimpleir a tha a dhith oirnn.

Is ann gu foghlum fhaotainn o mhuinntir a' Mhòd a thàinig mi, agus tha gu leòir ri foghlum o chèile aig Gaidheil na h-Eireann agus Gaidheil na h-Albann. Is mór an call nach eil iad a' tachairt ri chèile nas trice. Bu bhriagha an rud e nam biodh aon cho-fharpais eadhon aig a' Mhòd agus aig an Oireachdas anns am biodh cead aig Eireannaich is Albannaich a bhith còmhstri ri chèile.

Chuala mi an so gum bi buidheann camanachd a' dol gu Eirinn gu iomairt an aghaidh iom-ainichean na h-Eireann. Bithidh fàilte is furan rompa. Na biodh e fada gus am bi iad a' còmhstri ri chèile le òran is le sgialachdan.

Rud a chunnaic a chòrd rium ro mhath 's e leabhraichean beaga do pháisdean le dealbhan briagha dathte agus air an sgrìobhadh an Gàidhlig Albannaich. Bha iad so air an eadar-theangachadh bho'n Ghàidhlig Eireannaich, agus air an cur an clò an Eirinn, eisimplir da-rireadh air a' cho-obair a bu chòir a bhith eadarainn mar Gaidheil.

Dh'fhaodadh na h-Albannaich leasan fhoghlum bho na thachair an Eirinn agus o na dearmadan a rinneadh an obair na Gàidhlig an sin. 'S e luchd foghlum is min-uaislean nam bailtean móra bu mhotha a bha anns na Comuinn Ghaidhealaich an Eirinn. Bha sin nàdurach gu leòir nuair a thòisich an obair a chionn nach robh muinntir na Gaidhealtachd comasach air an cànan fhéin a leughadh no a sgrìobhadh, agus a chionn gu robh iad ro thrang air muir is air tìr. Ach rinn Gaidheil na h-Eireann dearmad mór. Chum min-uaislean nam bailtean móra gréim air na Comuinn is leig iad fàs a' Ghaidhealtachd far an robh a' Ghàidhlig beò, brioghmhor. Mar sin tha obair na Gàidhlig a' dol air adhart anns na bailtean móra agus anns na sgoiltean, ach tha a' Ghaidhealtachd a' tràghadh gus o chionn dhà bhliadhna b' fheudar Buidheann Riaghlaidh a chur air leth aig nach eil obair sam bith eile ach a mhàin a' Ghaidhealtachd bheag a shàbhaladh

o'n bhàs. Tha mi an dòchas nach leigear a' Ghàidhlig chum na h-ìre sin an Gaidhealtachd na h-Albann. Ma thig crìoch air a' Ghaidhealtachd far an labhair fear is bean is clann a' Ghàidhlig o bhreith gu bàs bithidh crìoch air a' Chomunn Ghaidhealach is air a' Mhòd agus cha bhì Alba nan Gaidheal an nas motha.

Bha mi ro thoilichte a chluinntinn an so gu bheil teagasg na Gàidhlig a' dol air adhart gu mòr anns na sgoilean agus gu bheil barrachd ag ionnsachadh na Gàidhlig a nis na b' àbhaist. Cha bhì a' chùis mar is còir gus am bi a' Ghàidhlig fhéin air a teagasg, agus cùrsa na bun-sgoile air fad 'ga teagasg trid a' Ghàidhlig air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, agus ann a leithid a dhòigh 's gus bi gach pàisde cho ealanta sa' Ghàidhlig an deidh an sgoil fhàgail is a tha e sa' Bheurla an diugh.

Tha bàs na beatha na Gàidhlig an crochadh ris an òigridh ach cha lean iad ris a' Ghàidhlig sa' Ghaidhealtachd mur a bi foghlum ri fhaotainn air son gum bi iad comasach air saoghal nuadh an latha an diugh a chaitheadh a' labhairt na Gàidhlig a mhàin. Is fheàrr mòran aon teaghlach sa' Ghaidhealtachd a' bruidhinn Gàidhlig na ceudan de dhaoine a dh'fhòglum beagan Gàidhlig agus a tha comasach air aithris a dheanamh air òran. Làmh a' togail is làmh a' leagail. Sin an sgeul aig A' Chomunn Ghaidhealach ma tha iad ag obair gu dùrachdach taobh a muigh na Gaidhealtachd a meas luchd na Beurla agus gun suim aca do'n Ghaidhealtachd fhéin.

Is léir dlomh gur muinntir na h-Albannaich aig a bheil meas ceart orra fhéin, dream a tha mòr as an sinnsir fhéin is as an cinneadh fhéin, ach fial, fathail ri coigrich; dream a tha làn de cheòl is de spòrs is de blrigh. Is dream tuigseach, dùrachdach iad, is ma leanas iad ri'n dùthchas faodaidh iad a' Ghaidhealtachd is a' Ghàidhlig a ghleidheil 's a shàbhaladh, agus ma dh'fhaodte sgaoleadh air feadh na h-Albann a rithist.

Gaelic Music: An Assessment

Le F. S. MACTHOMAS

GAELIC music is essentially a folk music. Like folk music in other parts of the world it has resisted the influence of tonality and the soul-destroying regime of major and minor key influences.

Gaelic music is built up from a fundamental pentatonic scale, that is, five notes in the gamut: doh, ray, fah, sol, lah. Other scales

are encountered, of course, but these belong to later periods than does the older pentatonic scale. These later scales owe their origin, to a large extent, to the modal scales of the Mediaeval Church. The scales, are however, basically five notes with an extra one or two notes added. A very common scale is that which possesses a flattened 7th, 'ta' instead of 'te'.

The sound of Gaelic music is predominantly modal, somewhat like the chants of the Mediaeval Church. In fact, quite a lot of 'port a beul' never varies beyond the range of a third or fourth interval.

Unlike the folk music of the Magyar countries, chromaticism in Gaelic music is rare. A possible reason for this may lie in the fact that Magyar folk music belongs mostly to instruments capable of jumping awkward intervals and landing on chromatic notes, feats beyond the human voice. Gaelic music, then, being mainly vocal, tends to keep within a certain range and dispense with chromatic notes, those notes which do not belong to the scale associated with a particular song.

One influence on the vocal music of the Gael has been that of the bag-pipe. In days gone by, the human voice was called upon to do the duty of the bag-pipe when that instrument was not available. The musical scale of the bag-pipe is also found in vocal music, thus suggesting that the imitation of the bag-pipe by the human voice was so common as to be instrumental in adding yet another scale to the many found in Gaelic songs.

Possibly the oldest instrument—at least the most important in the life of the early Gael—which features in Gaelic music is the clarsach, the small Highland harp. Certainly the bag-pipes played a big part, but this instrument was reserved for occasions of distinction and was not used in what might be termed 'social' occasions. Contrary to wide belief, and in common with the modern orchestral harp, the clarsach is not a chromatic one; it is also limited in the range of keys in which a satisfactory tone can be produced by the strings. The usual key for the instrument is Eb, any sharper key tending to sound 'tinny'. A chromatic note can be obtained by turning a blade and so tightening the associated string, raising the pitch. But, as only the left hand is available for this operation the use of chromatics in clarsach music is severely limited. Any music arranged for the instrument must be arranged with this limitation in mind.

The clarsach player, or clarsair, of a 1,000 years ago was a highly-skilled artiste and was an important member in the household of the clan chief. In the 15th century, however, the

clan system began to deteriorate and the clarsair, with the bards and other such persons of the chief's itinerary, found themselves to be unemployed, in fact, outlawed. Since that time, the clarsach suffered a rapid decline, until, at the present day, very few can play the instrument. The Clarsach Society, founded in 1931, has a small but enthusiastic membership but is ever faced with difficulties presented by public apathy. The clarsach, then, has not had much influence on Gaelic song over the last five centuries.

The next instrument for consideration is the bag-pipe. As has been mentioned before, this instrument has had quite an influence on Gaelic music. The bag-pipe was used for the 'big music', the pibrochs and the music for important gatherings. Used extensively in battles as a stimulant to the clan warriors it won the old English description of it as 'an instrument of warfare', due to the effect it had on both friends and enemies. The form—indeed, an art form—of music with which the bag-pipe is associated is the pibroch. This is essentially variations on a theme, but, unlike the orchestral variations of the present day, the variations in the bag-pipes *ceol mòr* consist of the ornamentation of the theme, such as the addition of grace notes, doubling, speeding, etc.

The use of the instrument to accompany social occasions, such as weddings, dances, ceilidhs and other such like activities, is comparatively recent; the dance form, the 'strathspey' belongs to the early 17th century; marches speeded up are used as tunes to accompany reels.

The main influence of the bag-pipe has been in the field of vocal music. In the *port-a-beul* the sound of the pipes is imitated very effectively by the human voice.

After the clarsach and the bag-pipe came the fiddle. The popularity of this latter instrument spread like wildfire through Scotland and, not least, the Highlands. At the height of its popularity, the fiddle could be found in every home in the land. The effect of the fiddle on Gaelic music was small, however, the only influence being in bringing the 'strathspey' into popularity. The rhythm of this form was taken up by the Gael and is now almost totally associated with Gaelic music, vocal and bag-pipe. The fiddle, as far as the Highlands were concerned, vanished from the social scene with the rising of the Free Church, during the Disruption of 1843. Alexander Carmichael, the compiler of 'Carmina Gadelica' wrote of a visit paid by him to Ness, in Lewis. He had visited a house and during a conversation he had asked about traditions, music and

other interests. He was told by the woman of the house that music was dead, a sin as far as the people were concerned. Many a fiddle in the Islands was broken over the knee of an enraged minister.

With the decline of the fiddle—with the advance of the Free Church—came the decline in Gaelic vocal music, stemmed only in the late 19th century by collectors who realised the value of Gaelic literature and traditions. However, it was only in the Roman Catholic parts of the Highlands that collectors found the field relatively fruitful. Unfortunately, most of the collectors were interested only in the literary remains of the Celtic tradition; the music that went with most of the songs, chants, auguries and blessings was ignored. This was mainly because the collectors lacked sufficient knowledge of musical notation. Because of this ignorance, much of the music of the Gael has been lost for ever.

At the turn of the present century, Marjory Kennedy-Fraser, accompanied latterly by the late Rev. Kenneth MacLeod, made a pilgrimage to the Hebrides; the fruits of that journey, and the many more that were to follow, can be seen in the four volumes of *Songs of the Hebrides*. However, much though she succeeded in 'putting across' the Celtic atmosphere in her accompaniments to the songs, the best of the collections is to be found in the prefaces to each volume. The melodies and melodic fragments quoted there, 'untouched by a musical hand', are full of interest.

After Kennedy-Fraser came others. The revival of Gaelic song—or, more correctly the 'staving off of Death'—was on. With the establishment, in 1949 of the Folklore Institute and in 1953, the School of Scottish Studies, the work of collecting has gone on and the total of extant Gaelic songs now numbers many thousands.

The main types of Gaelic song are:—

- (i) Waulking songs, other than
- (ii) Labour Songs;
- (iii) Love Songs;
- (iv) Emigrants' Songs;
- (v) Various.

(i) The Waulking song is too well known to justify a full description of the origins of this type of music. Suffice to say that the type was akin to the sea shanties of the sailors who manned the sailing craft. Essentially a communal affair, the heavy work of waulking, fulling, or thickening the cloth, was made light by music. The traditional process of waulking, like the old sailing craft, has now died out. Waulking songs are still sung,

however, though possibly many who sing them are not aware of their origin.

Of the labour songs (ii) that accompanied many of the activities of the Highland people, none are sung as such at the present day except, as in the case of the waulking songs, at concerts, Mods and the like.

Love songs (iii) are eternal and this is seen in the Gaelic music that is sung today. Much of it, however, is music of the 'major and minor', with plenty of modulations to other related keys. In spite of this, songs such as *Griogal Cridhe* (c. 1570) are in the repertoire of every Gaelic singer (and every Gaelic non-singer!).

Emigrants' songs (iv) are full of longing for the 'old home' and the homeland. As in the case of the love songs, they form a large part of the music sung today. And they will always be sung as long as emigration from the Highlands and Islands takes place.

(v) Under the category of 'various' come *port a beul*, satires, fairy songs, lullabies, etc. A lot of these songs are local songs about people and places. Though not catholic in their application, because of their local associations they, nevertheless, do live in the lives of the Gaelic-speaking peoples.

Forty years after Kennedy-Fraser, Professor Otto Anderson of Abo University, in Finland, published a monograph on the folk songs of Lewis. The School of Scottish Studies has made many recordings while on visits to the Island. And a second volume, a successor to *Eilean Fraoich*, is in the course of compilation. This cannot appear too soon.

What is the case of Lewis in Gaelic song can be taken as typical of the remainder of the Gaelic-speaking areas of the Highlands. (But need we confine ourselves to the Highlands? What about Nova Scotia, for instance, and Gaelic communities in other parts of the world who keep alive the Gaelic traditions?) Whatever the prospects for the Gaelic language as a medium for communication between persons, Gaelic song has a good expectation of long life, perhaps outliving the spoken language.

To sum up: Gaelic music is not now the 'shrieks and caterwauls', the description of a well-known Highland (?) writer (who himself won a medal for the *Oran Mór* at a National Mod). Gaelic music is being assessed by folklore specialists and anthropologists side by side with the folk music of the rest of the world. It has many things in common with the folk music of the world, not in the least the subject matter of old ballads. It also has many things unique, especially the waulking songs, a form

almost unknown to the rest of the world; a form of this type does exist in a small way in some of the Scandinavian countries.

Much has been done to preserve for posterity (though not necessarily for the children of the Gael) the beauty of Gaelic music. Much is still to be done, not only by specialists and collectors, but by the inheritors of the traditions of the Gaelic culture which has been handed down through the centuries to a seemingly apathetic generation. It is an inheritance worthy of preservation, but not in a glass case. Let us plant the shrivelled seeds, water them and watch them grow and flourish to the amazement of the world.

The Gaelic Bible

By

The Reverend THOMAS MACKENZIE DONN, M.A.

THE first printed book in Gaelic was Carswell's translation (1567) of Knox's Book of Common Order (1565). In his Epistle to the Reader Carswell referred to the great disadvantage under which both Scots and Irish Gaels lay in that among all European peoples they alone were without any literature in *Print* in their own language! Clearly this was a humiliating and unworthy state of things as regards what is the oldest *living* language in all Europe! The 'Irish Tongue' was generally applied to all dialects of Gaelic spoken both in Ireland and Scotland. The name 'Erse' has been differently used at different times. For example, it actually denoted Scots Gaelic in the 18th century when that was regarded as a variant of Irish Gaelic whereas later it denoted principally Irish Gaelic. Now as used by philologists it denotes what is called Goidelic or the language group consisting of Gaelic and Manx. As the study of comparative philology proves Gaelic has a close affinity to Semitic languages (Cf. 'The Affinity between The Hebrew Language and the Celtic being a comparison between Hebrew and the Gaelic Language or Celtic of Scotland' by Thomas Stratton, M.D. Edinb. 1872). The decline of this language as a spoken tongue or otherwise would be a cultural tragedy of the greatest kind.

The New Testament in Irish Gaelic by William O'Donnell appeared in 1603 and the Old Testament in Irish Gaelic by William Bedell—and printed in Irish letters assuredly the most beautiful type in the world—appeared in 1685. At this time there was a widespread assumption that the spoken language of Gaels in Ireland and Scotland was the same. More-

over the provision of literature in Irish Gaelic was of little avail to Scots Gaels when most of them could not read and at a time when there was so much official hostility to the teaching of the language in schools especially after 1715. Gaelic was quite erroneously identified with Popery on the one hand and Jacobitism on the other hand! Nevertheless it was a step in the right direction when Robert Kirk (1641-1692) an Episcopalian minister at Aberfoyle published the Irish Gaelic Bible in *Roman* letters in 1690. This explains the inscription on his tombstone—*Linguae Hiberniae Lumen*—for he was indeed the Light of the Irish Tongue in that he had made the Scriptures available to Scots Gaels in a form more intelligible to them than before. It is interesting to note that this work was made possible very largely by the liberality of *English* subscribers. But about the same time, now that the Revolution Settlement had taken place, the General Assembly of the Kirk promoted the circulation of this Gaelic Bible by distributing 3,000 copies among people in the Highlands, this being made possible by a grant of £1,000 from the Privy Council. A similar number of copies of Calvin's Catechism in Gaelic were also distributed. Prior to this time the Synod of Argyll had published the first 50 psalms (metrical) in Gaelic (1659) and the Shorter Catechism (1653). In 1694 the General Assembly directed that in public worship where the preaching and prayer are in Gaelic so ought the singing of Psalms to be and that these Gaelic psalms were to be used and for this purpose 34 copies of the Gaelic psalter were supplied to each Highland parish by means of a royal gift. It was not until 5th August 1751 that there was the first overt recognition of Scots Gaelic (as distinct from Irish Gaelic) as a separate if not independent tongue and that the provision of literature in Irish Gaelic did not meet the needs of Scots Gaels. Then the Synod of Argyll requested the Rev. Alexander Macfarlane (minister of Kilmelford and Kilniver) to prepare for the press a version of the paraphrases or "Scripture songs" in Gaelic and to revise the Psalter. This work appeared in 1753. But about this time the animus against Gaelic was growing and it reached such an extremity that even so great and anti-Scot as Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote in 1775 about Scots Gaels that "their language is attacked on every side. Schools are erected in which English only is taught and there were lately some who thought it reasonable to refuse them a version of the Holy Scriptures that they might have no monument of their mother tongue" ("Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" Abbey Classics Edition, p. 83). Robert Kirk's Irish Gaelic New Testament in

Roman letters was reprinted at Glasgow in 1754 but clearly the great need was for the Scriptures to be translated into Scots Gaelic and published. Accordingly the New Testament in Scots Gaelic appeared in 1767 being the work of the Rev. James Stewart of Killin. We learn that Dugald Buchanan the poet accompanied him to Edinburgh to see the work through the press. The translator adopted an orthographical system which has been perfected into a standard of Gaelic by succeeding scholars. For details of the Old Testament in Gaelic (1783-1801) see MacNeill's "Literature of the Highlanders," p. 495. The first pulpit-size Bible in Gaelic was published in 1826 and the author has one of the few copies of this volume which are in perfect condition. The Revised Gaelic version of 1902 seems to have shared the fate of the English Revised version of 1881 in not being used much in public worship, the old version being preferred.

As a postscript to this brief account of the Gaelic Bible, it may be noted that prior to the Scots Gaelic version of the Scriptures the minister had to make use of the Irish version or else translate for himself from the English version. This became such a "fixed tradition" that one Inverness-shire minister who had the temerity to make use of the Scots Gaelic version of the New Testament when it appeared caused a serious secession from his congregation! In view of the excellence of this version this fact might seem rather absurd but there was more in it than met the eye. The fact is that many people who only *spoke* Gaelic did not understand it, as well as they did the minister's own translation. Thus the minister of Coll told Dr. Samuel Johnson that "he did not use the translation of the New Testament which had lately appeared, because he could make the text more intelligible to his hearers by an extemporary version."

Reviews

Scottish Studies, Vol. 2, Part 2.

This interesting publication by the University of Edinburgh contains articles on a variety of subjects. James Ross, a Research Fellow in the School of Scottish Studies, writes, with a translation in English, a traditional Gaelic tale told by a man from Glendale, Skye. Norman Macdonald, Bowmore, has a long dissertation on Natural Objects with Supernatural Powers, which reveals deep interest in and wide knowledge of the subject. The history of the Harrow

in Scotland is traced in generous detail by Iain Whitaker. The Tidal Nets of the Solway, with illustrations, is treated by Werner Kissling in an informative and interesting manner. J. L. Campbell of Canna, discusses in a convincing manner Father Allan's collection of South Uist folklore. There are also Notes and Comments on Scottish Place Names and other topics.

Miosachan, 1959 (A. MACLAREN & SONS, 5/-.)

Here we have a beautiful Pictorial Gaelic Calendar for 1959, produced by A. MacLaren & Sons, 268 Argyle Street, Glasgow. The pictures, which are in black and white, show typical scenes in various parts of the Highlands and Isles, and they enhance the value of this neatly bound production. The names of the months and of the days of the week are all in Gaelic, and both words and figures are very clearly printed.

Branch Reports

AYR.—This Branch held its opening Ceilidh in Trinity Church Hall on 10th October. Mr. Neil Shaw was Fear an Tighe and was introduced by his fellow isleman, Mr. Donald MacIsaac, President.

The programme was varied and interesting, the major part being sustained by the Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir and its members in solo, duet and Gaelic recitation. This Choir distinguished itself by winning the Mrs. Millar and Rhona MacVicar trophies at the recent National Mod in Glasgow, the latter for the third year in succession.

The Kilmarnock Senior Gaelic Choir, also under the leadership of Mr. MacIsaac, gave pleasing renderings of Gaelic songs. The guest artistes were Glasgow Mod first prize-winners, Miss Kenna Campbell and Mr. Calum Cameron. Their contributions added greatly to the undoubted success of the evening's entertainment.

The Ayr Junior Choir have been specially invited to attend a showing of "Rockets Galore" in the Gaumont Picture House and if stage arrangements can be made they will contribute Gaelic songs during part of the performance. This is an acknowledgment of their outstanding success at the Glasgow Mod.

ABERDEEN.—The new session of the Aberdeen Branch was given an encouraging send-off by an appreciative company of 170 who attended the opening ceilidh on 21st October. The programme was sustained by the following artistes:—Mr. W. Mackay, branch piper; soloists Mrs. Ann Draper, Mrs. Carol Thomson and Mrs. Margaret MacGillivray. The Aberdeen Gaelic Choir gave a recital of Gaelic songs, and inspector W. Spence and his band played rousing selections of Scottish dance music, while Kathleen Anderson's team gave a display of Highland dancing. Mr. A. J. MacLean, the Northern Organiser, gave a short address. Members of the Aberdeen University Celtic Society and representatives of kindred societies in the city were present.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£4,634	1	4
Newtonmore Branch	6	—	—
Clan Macnachten Association	5	—	—
Miss Nyasa Livingstone, Glasgow	2	—	—
Miss Mary MacDuffie, Rogart	20	—	—
Angus W. R. Macdonald, Esq., Sydney, N. S. W.	1	—	—
Luss and District Highland Society	30	2	9
Strath Branch	10	—	—
Murdo MacLeod, Esq., Glasgow	15	—	—
Mrs. Mary H. M. Gilmour, Invershin	1	1	—
Donald MacLean, Esq., Skeabost Bridge	14	—	—
Lochtayside Branch	23	—	—
Mrs. Donald MacLeod, Broadford	5	—	—
George Milne, Esq., Oban	2	—	—
Ardrihaig Gaelic Choir	3	3	—
Cromarty Branch	3	3	—
Donald MacVicar, Esq., Edinburgh	36	2	6
Bunessan Branch	10	—	—
Mrs. L. MacLean, St. Andrews	5	—	—
Miss Mary H. Crawford, Dunoon	2	—	—
Miss Elizabeth Campbell, Port Ellen	6	—	—
Glasgow Badenoch Association	5	—	—
Mrs. MacKenzie and Miss Campbell, Taynuilt	10	—	—
Dugald Rankin, Esq., Armadale	5	—	—
Largs Branch	10	10	—
Ewan MacLeod, Esq., Dumbarton	3	—	—
Mrs. MacPherson, Oban	10	—	—
Alex. Clark, Esq., Largs	2	—	—
Glasgow University Ossianic Club	5	—	—
Beauly Branch	10	—	—
Uist and Barra Association	10	—	—
Brora Branch	10	—	—
John F. Steele, Esq., Portree	1	1	—
Riverside Engineering Co. Ltd., Rutherglen	2	2	—
Lewis Branch	5	—	—
Alastair Cameron, Esq., F.S.A., Scot., Ardgour	10	—	—
Mr. and Mrs. L. Mackinnon, Fort William	2	2	—
Aberfeldy Junior Gaelic Choir	1	—	—
Cdr. J. Dundas-Grant, Oxford	1	11	—
Mrs. Sophia Shaw, Glasgow	10	—	—
Appin-Duror Branch	10	—	—
Miss K. A. MacDonald, Tongue	5	—	—
Jas. F. Acton, Esq., Callander	1	1	—
Jimmy Ferguson, Esq.	1	—	—
Jumble Sale 27/9/58	14	8	—

£4899 11 7

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£98	4	6
Largs Branch	2	15	6
Lewis Branch	5	—	—
Wm. Christie, Esq., Dundee	14	—	—

£106 14 —

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£6	5	7
Alex. John MacAskill, Esq., Inverness	4	—	—
Mrs. A. MacDonald, Dundee	4	—	—
Mrs. Ian Campbell of Airds, Amersham	4	—	—
Mrs. Sarah McIChere, Campbeltown	4	4	6

£7 2 1



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AM FAOILLEACH, 1958

Aireamh 1

“Seirc”

Le PHILIS NICALASDAIR

O chionn fhada bha caileag bheag ann a dh'fhàgadh 'na dilleachdan, oir chaochail a h-athair agus a màthair an uair nach robh i ach glé bheag. Bha i a' fuireach ann an taigh bràthair a màthar. Bha esan 'na dhuine beartach aig an robh baile fearainn, treud chaorach, agus crodh, agus mòran sheirbhiseach. Bha bean aige, agus dithis nighean. Bha barail mhór aca orra fhéin, ach, ged a bha dàimh aig a' chaileig riutha, bha ise càirdeil, modhail ris a h-uile neach, agus cha robh inneas sam bith aca san oirre.

Chaidh a' chaileag bheag a chur a dh'obair anns an taigh-bhainne, agus fad an là bhiodh i a' glanadh nan cuman agus a' sgùradh nan soithichean. Bha i a' cadal ann an seòmair beag bochd fo mhullach an taighe, ach chaidleadh i cho sona ri bana-phrionnsa. Is e “Seirc” an t-ainm a bha oirre.

Bha taigh mòr aig an tuathanach—bràthair màthar Seirc—agus mòran sheòmraichean ann, ach dh'fheumadh Seirc a biadh a ghabhail anns a' chidsin a b'isle, agus aig a' cheann a b'isle de'n bhòrd. Ach cha d'rinn i gearan. Bha i toilichte le a cranncur.

Bliadhna a bha seo, agus am foghar pailt, rinn an tuathanach cuiridh mhór d'a choimhearsnaich, agus mhair a' chuiridh fad seachdain. Thàinig an sluagh 'nan aodach Sàbaid agus le am brògan ùra, agus chan fhaca duine riamh a leithid de bhiaidh is a bha f'an comhair—ùbhlán is càise, bonnaich is feòil, cearcan is uibhean.

Am meadhon na cuirme có a thàinig do'n dorus-chùil ach cailleadh bochd agus i ag iarraidh bidh agus cuid na h-oidhche. Bha a h-aodach 'na luideagan, a falt liath gann, a druim crotach, agus i gun fhiaicail 'na ceann. Bha i crùbach is cam-shuileach, agus cha toireadh neach sam bith àite-suidhe dhi. Ach dh'èirich Seirc bho'n stòl air an robh i agus dh'farr i air a' chaillich a cuid bidh is a leabaidh a ghabhail. Shuidh a' chailleadh, dh'ith i na chuireadh air a beulaibh, agus gun fhacal taing aice. B'fheudar do Sheirc an oidhche sin na

poitean a sgrìobhadh air son a suipeir féin, agus chaidil i air sac air an ùrlar. An uair a dhùisg i anns a' mhadainn, bha a' chailleadh cheana air falbh, gun taing no beannachd fhàgail aice.

An ath oidhche thachair an nì ceudna. Thàinig an t-seann chailleadh ghrànda do'n dorus-chùil. Bha gach neach croda as déidh na cuirme, agus cha robh ann a nochdadh coibhneas do'n chaillich, ach Seirc a mhàin. Thug Seirc a biadh is a leabaidh dhi mar air an oidhche roimhe, agus chaidil i fhéin air an ùrlar, agus anns a' mhadainn bha a' chailleadh air falbh, gun fhacal taing fhàgail.

Thachair seo a h-uile oidhche fad seachdain, agus cha dubhairt a' chailleadh dad ach, “A chaileag, car son a tha do leabaidh cho cruaidh?” “A chaileag, car son a tha do phlaideachan cho tearc?”

Ai'n naoidheamh là, an uair a chaidh Seirc do'n dorus-chùil, có bha an seo a rithist ach a' chailleadh, agus cò mòr grànda ri a taobh!

“Chan 'eil mi,” ars a' chailleadh, “ag iarraidh suipeir no leabaidh dhomh fhin, ach tha mi a' dol air turas fada, agus fàgaidh mi an cù seo agad gun an till mi. Tillidh mi air an là as giorra de'n bhliadhna, agus bidh cunntas eadarainn mu bheathachadh a' choin.”

Bha an cù gair fhadaich ris a h-uile neach ach ri Seirc a mhàin. Chuir Seirc an toiseach e ann an seann bhàthaich a bha dìreach a' tuiteam gu làr, ach an uair a dh'fhàs na h-oidhcheanna i fuar, thug i e, gun fhios do chàch, a steach do'n t-seòmair bheag aice fhéin, far an do laigh e gu sàmhach air connlach ri taobh na leapa aice.

Anns a' mhadainn thubhairt na searbhantan eile ri Seirc, “Gu dé an solus agus gu dé an còmhraidh a bha 'nad sheòmair an raoir?”

“Cha robh solus ann ach solus na gealaich,” arsa Seirc, “agus cha chuala mise còmhraidh sam bith.” Shaoil leatha gum b'ann ri bruidar a bha iad. Ach oidhche as déidh oidhche chunnacas an solus lainnreagh agus chualas guthan binne ann an seòmair beag bochd Seirc.

Bha na searbhantan fo eagal, ach dh'èirich té dhiubh agus chuir i a sùil ri sgoltadh a bha

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anns an dorus. Chunnaic i an cù 'na laighe anns an oisean, agus Seirc 'na trom-chadal air an leabaidh, ach uair roimh chamhanaich na maidne thàinig boillsgeadh soluis agus fuaim innealan-ciùil. Dh'fhosgail an uinneag agus thàinig buidheann de dhaoine beaga a steach, agus iad air an sgeadhachadh le òr is sgàrlaid, agus solus beag an làmh gach fir. Rinn iad ùmhhlachd do'n chù, ag ràdh ris, "A Phrionnsa urramaich, dh'ullaich sinn an talla. Dé a nì sinn a nis?"

"Rinn sibh gu math," thubhairt an cù. "Deasaichibh a' chuirn, agus faicibh gum bi gach nì gu dòigheil, oir bidh bana-choigreach còmhla ruinn nach robh riamh roimhe anns an talla againn."

"Nì sinn mar a thubhairt sibh," arsa na daoine beaga, agus dh'fhalbh iad.

Gu grad bha solus eile ann, agus fuaim fheadanan. Dh'fhosgail an uinneag agus thàinig buidheann bhan-uasal a steach, agus iad sgeadaichte an gùntaichean dearga, agus lampa criostail aig gach té. Thubhairt iad ris a' chù, "A Phrionnsa urramaich, dh'ullaich sinn an obair-ghrèis. Dé a nì sinn a nis?"

"Rinn sibh gu math," arsa an cù. "Deasaichibh na fallaingean, agus faicibh gum bi gach nì dòigheil, oir bidh bana-choigreach còmhla ruinn nach robh riamh roimhe anns an talla againn."

Dh'innis an t-searbhanta d'a bana-mhaighistir mu'n nì iongantach a chunnaic agus a chuala i ann an seòmar Seirc, agus an ath-oidhche chum a' bhana-mhaighistir a suil ri sgoltadh an dorus, agus thàinig na daoine beaga agus na mnathan-uaisle mar air an oidhche roimhe a thoirt ùmhhlachd do'n chù agus a dh'fhaotainn òrdugh bhuaithe. Dh'innis a' bhana-mhaighistir d'a fear, agus an ath oidhche chum esan a shùil ri sgoltadh an dorus, agus thachair mar a thachair roimhe, agus chuala e an cù ag ràdh ris na daoine beaga, "Am màireach thigibh an seo agus thoiribh leibh na h-eich agus na carbadan, agus biodh gach nì gu dòigheil, oir bheir sinn leinn dhachaigh bana-choigreach nach robh riamh anns an talla againn."

An ath là dheasaich an maighistir braiceas math de fhèoil do'n chù, agus amharus aige gur e pearsa glé urramach a bha anns a' chù ghrànda seo, agus dh'iarr e air na nigheanan aige fhéin iad a bhith deiseil, oir thigeadh cuireadh chuca roimh chiaradh an fheasgair.

Aig àm na suipeir chualas gnogadh air an dorus-chùil. Dh'fhosgail Seirc an dorus agus có a bha an seo ach a' chailleach agus i air tilleadh! "Feasgar math dhuit, a chafleag," arsa ise, "tha mi a' faicinn gum do bheathaich thu mo chù gu math; agus a nis, ma thig thu còmhla rium, bheir sinne cuirn dhuit-sa."

Gu grad chualas ceòl binn, agus thàinig carbadan is eich is cuideachd mhór bhriagha anna. Bha a' cheud charbad falamh, ach, an uair a dh'fhosgladh dorus a' charbad, dh'atharraich an cù gu bhith 'na phrionnsa maiseach agus a' chailleach gu bhith 'na bana-phrionnsa bhòidhich, agus chaidh iad a steach do'n charbad, agus Seirc eatorra, agus dh'fhalbh iad.

"Is sinne," arsa iadsan, "prionnsa agus bana-phrionnsa nan sìdhichean, agus bha connasachadh eadarainn co-dhùibh a bha daoine aogheil bàidheil anns an t-saoghal a nis no nach robn."

"Thubhairt ise gu robh, agus thubhairt mise nach robh," arsa am prionnsa, "ach bha mise ceàrr, agus is fheudar dhomh a' chuirn agus na tìodhlacan a phàidheadh."

Thug iad Seirc gu dùthaich a bha glé bhòidheach, agus gum i glé fhada air falbh. Bha sòbhragan a' fàs air an làr, agus bha an solus mar sholus feasgar samhraidh. Thug iad i gu lùchairt rìoghail, far an robh cuirn is dannsa fad sheachd latha. Fhuair Seirc fallaing shìoda uaine, agus chaidh i ann an seòmar aigrid. An uair a bha a' chuirn seachad, thug iad dhi òr agus seudan, agus carbad le sia eich bhana air son na tìodhlacan a thoirt dhachaigh.

Air oidhche Nollaig, agus an tuathanach agus an teaghlach aig an t-suipeir, chuala iad carbad aig an dorus-chùil, agus e làn de phocannan làn òr is sheudan. Dh'fhalbh an carbad, agus dh'fhàs Seirc gu bhith 'na mnaoi-uasail bhòidhich, agus bha i cho aogheil! bàidheil ris na bochdan a ghnàth, gach uair a thigeadh iad do'n dorus a dh'iarraidh cobhair.

(Seann sgeul le beagan atharrachaidh, eadar-theangaichte o'n Bheurla le Philis Nic Alasdair, 'Phyllis Saunders').

D'ar Luchd-leughaidh Og

Bu mhath leam mo thaing chridheil a thoirt dhaibh-san a chuidich leam ann a bhith a' lìonadh nan duilleag seo: Gille-Pàdraig, Raonaid NicLeòid, Sgoil Bhrèibhig an Barraidh Acadamaidh Rìoghail Inbhir-Nis, Ard-sgoil an Obain, Aonghas MacDhonnchaidh, agus Niall MacGille-sheathanaich, agus feadhainn eile d'a bheil mi a' toirt buidheachais mar an ceudna ged nach 'eil mi a' cur sìos an ainmean an seo.

Tha mi fhìn 'Iain Dubh' agus "Tormod Tuath" (am fear a bhiodh a' sgrìobhadh mu Chalum Cudaige bliadhnachan air ais) a nis 'ga fhàgail air muinntir eile na duilleagan seo a dheanamh suas, ged a dh'fhaodas fear againn, uair no uair-eigin, làmh-chuideachaidh a thoirt fhathast, ma cheadaichear sinn dhuinn.

T. M. MACCALMAIN.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN GEARRAN, 1958

Aireamh 2

Sgialachdan Sgitheanach

Tha sinn an comain Sgoil-Oilein-na-h-Albann (*School of Scottish Studies*), an Oilthigh Dhun-eideann, airson cothrom fhaotainn sgialachdan a fhuair iad fhéin air *Tape* (no taiteid, mar their na h-Eirionnaich) o Eoghainn MacRath a chur gu feum an so airson na cloinne, agus tha sinn fo chomain do Mhgr. MacRath airson cead na sgialachdan a thoirt dhuinn.

I

Mar thàinig ceòl do na h-Eileannan an Iar

INNSIDH mi dhuibh eachdraidh, mar a chuala mi, mar a thàinig ceòl an toiseach dha na h-Eileannan an Iar.

Bho chionn iomadh bliadhna air n-ais, bha bantrach bhochd ann am fear dhe na h-Eileannan, taobh an Iar na Gaidhealtachd, aig an robh aon mhac, agus cha robh mòran feum anns a' ghille. Cha deanadh e dad sam bith timchioll air a' chroit, no obair timchioll an tìghe, no rud sam bith. Agus b'e 'thoilinntinn a bhith a' siubhal nan cladaichean, agus bhiodh e a' falbh a' siubhal a' chladaich bho mhoch 's a' mhaduinn gu annoch a dh'oidhche.

Ach aon latha agus e a' dol a null ri taobh cladaich—an cladach a bha sìos bho'n tigh—chunnaic e rud ag éirigh eadar dà thonn, mu fhichead slat o'n chladach, agus chaidh e a mach, agus thog e a mach as a' mhuir e. Agus an uair a thog e a mach e, rinn an rud a bha ann crònan neònach nach cuala am balach riamh roimhe; agus thug e air tìr e, agus bha e a' coimhead air, 's ga làimhseachadh, 's cha robh e a' tuigsinn gu dé an rud a bh'ann idir. Agus an uair a thionndadh e air dòigh àraidh far am faigheadh a' ghaoth greim air, bha e a' deanamh fuaim neònach nach cuala am balach riamh roimhe.

Agus thug e dhachaidh an rud a fhuair e eadar an dà thonn, agus bha e 'na shuidhe ri taobh an teine, 's e 'ga làimhseachadh air n-ais 's air n-adhart, agus 'ga bhualadh le a mheòirean. Agus an uair a bhualadh e le a mheòirean e, thigeadh am fuaim neònach a bha'n so as; agus thug e an uair sin gur h-e ceòl a bha a' tighinn,

gur h-e sin am fuaim a bha e a' faireachadh, fuaim ceòl. Agus ged a bha gaol a' chiùil 'na chridhe, cha robh sgìl a' chiùil 'na mheòirean. Agus dh'fhàs e cho duilich nach b'urrainn da ceòl ceart a thoirt as an inneal a fhuair e agus nach rachadh e a chadal idir, 's bha e 'na shuidhe ri taobh an teine, là as déidh latha, agus e a' làimhseachadh an rud a fhuair e anns a' mhuir.

Agus bha a mhàthair, bha i fo dhragh-intinn' mór a thaobh a' bhalaich, agus 's ann a chaidh i a choimhead air duine àraidh a bha 's an àite, a bha 'na mhaighstir air an sgoil dhuibh, agus thubhairt i ris mar a bha 'm balach, agus cho draghail 's a bha i air a thaobh. Agus thubhairt e rithe, "Gu dé," ars esan, "tha thu am beachd mise a dheanamh?" "Uill", ars ise, "tha mi", ars ise, "airson gu marbh thu gaol a' chiùil 'na chridhe, neò cuir sgìl chiùil 'na mheòirean." "Uill", ars esan, "tha sin", ars esan, "soirbhe gu leòir dhòmh-sa a dheanamh", ars esan, "an dà chuid". "Ach", ars esan, "gu dé an duais a tha thu a' toirt dhòmh-sa ma ni mi a h-aon de'n dà chuid tha thu ag iarraidh orm?" "Uill", ars ise, "dé", ars ise, "tha thu ag iarraidh? Chan eil annam-sa ach bantrach bhochd, agus chan eil mòran agam ach am balach fhéin". "O", ars esan, "chan, eil mi ag iarraidh a' bhalaich idir. Ach ma mharbas mi", ars esan, "gaol a' chiùil 'na chridhe, feumaidh tu", ars esan, "do chorp a thoirt dhomh, agus ma chuireas mi eòlas ciùil 'na mheòirean, feumaidh tu d'anam a thoirt dhomh." "Co aca", ars esan, "is fheàrr leat?" "Uill", ars ise, "b'fheàrr leam", ars ise, "gu mór, na'n cuireadh tu", ars ise, "eòlas a' chiùil 'na mheòirean". "Ma tha", arsa mhaighstir na sgoile duibhe, "falbh thusa dhachaidh", ars esan, "agus", ars esan, "bithidh sin deanta".

Chaidh am boirionnach bochd dhachaidh, agus an uair a bha i a' tighinn faisg air an tigh, chual' i ceòl cho eireachdail 's cho briaghna 's a chual' i riamh. Agus sin a' chiad cheòl a chual' i, agus cha chual' i dad riamh anns an t-saoghal a thug a leithid a thoil-inntinn dhi ris an fhuaim a bha a' tighinn as an inneal a bha am balach a' cluich. Agus tha e coltach gur h-e cruit-chiùil a bha 's an inneal a thog

e as a' chladach. Agus an uair a ràinig i, 's a chaidh i a stigh dha'n tigh, bha am balach 'na shuidhe ri taobh an teine, agus fiamh gàire air 'aodann, agus 'aodann lasaichte suas le gràdh a thaobh a' ghibht a fhuair e, agus e ag éisdeachd ris a' cheòl a bha e fhéin a' toirt as a' chruit-chiùil. Agus tha e air aithris, an uair a chual' e an iobairt a thug a mhàthair suas air a shon—gu'n tug i seachad a h-anam airson gu'n rachadh eòlas a' chiùil a chur 'na mheòirean—gu'n do dh'fhàs e cho duilich, agus an ceòl a bha e a' cur as a' chruit-chiùil, bha e cho duilich agus gu robh na h-eòin a bha air itealaich timchioll an tighe, gu robh iad a' stad 'nan tàmh ag éisdeachd ris. Agus tha air aithris, cuideachd, gu robh an t-iasg a bha 's a' mhuir, an uair a chual' iad an ceòl duilich a bha 'n so, gu robh iad 'nan tàmh, cuideachd, ag éisdeachd.

Agus tha e air aithris chun an latha 'n diugh gur h-e sin an t-aobhar gu bheil e eu-comasach do dhuine sam bith ceòl aighearach a thoir as a' chruit-chiùil no as a' chlàrsaich, agus gur h-e sin an t-aobhar, 'se sin, an iobairt a thug am boirionnach bochd a bha 'n so suas airson gu faigheadh a mac eòlas a' chiùil.

Agus sin mar a chuala mise air aithris mar thàinig an ceòl an toiseach dha na h-Eileanan an Iar.

Cluinn So

1. Is e obair latha tòiseachadh.
Am fear a ni obair 'na thràth bidh e ris 'na leth thàmh.
Am fear nach cluinn ceart chan innis e ach cearbach.
2. Innis an nì a tha thu dol a ràdh, abair e, agus can an nì a thuir thu.
3. Camhanaich na maidne; ciaradh an fheasg-air; bial na h-oidhche; mullach an amaideis; ceum air ghàig.
Is iasgaidh nòin na madainn.
4. Bha fear an sud aon uair a' lorg nan sia aisealan a bha air chall air. Rannsaich e gu dìcheallach ach chan fhaiceadh e ach a cóig ged bu bhuidhe leis. Thill e dhachaidh agus dh'innis e mar a chaidh leis. Thuir a bhean ris mu dheireadh, 'Chan eil thusa faicinn ach a cóig, ach tha mise a' faicinn a seachd.'

Chan i a' bhò as àirde geum as motha bainne.

* * * *

Chan eil tuil air nach tig tràghadh.

Latha Anns A' Bheinn

AIR a' cheud Di-luain de'n Lùnasdal thog mi-fhìn is Anna mu phiuthar, Ruairidh bràthair mo mhàthar, is a bhean, 's a nigean Ealasaid, is Dòmhnall Mór Mac-Risnidh is a bhean 's a dhithis mhac—abair réiseamaid—òirn gu ruighinn Mùirneag, a tha mu'n cuairt air deich mìle air falbh. Cha b'e turus farasda a bhiodh ann ach cò aige bha dragh an uair a b'urrainn duinn a radh aig beul na h-oidhche gu robh sinn am mullach Mùirneig!

Chuir sinn cùl ri baile mu leth-uair an deidh deich agus ghabh sinn a mach ris a' Ghleann Ruadh gu Bun-an-dà-ghlinne agus suas chun a' Mholagro. An so leig sinn dhinn ar pocannan agus dh'òl sinn làn ar broinn de bhùrn Fuaran Thearlaich. An uair a dh'fhàg sinn àirighean a' Mholagro bhiodh e diredh ris an dà uair dheug is a' ghrian 'na h-àirde, agus ma bha a' ghrian teth gu dearbh cha robh na creith-leagan 'g a chaitheamh dìomhain. Cha robh an tachas fhéin cho dona ri sud!

An ceann dreisig cò a nochd am mullach tuim ach Dòmhnall Mhurchaidh Bhàin a bha aig an tigh a Canada. Bha esan de'n bheachd nach do dh'fhàg e aon chuireag aig an tigh. A mach gun ghabh sinn agus suas Allt nan Uan. Dheal-aich sinn ri Dòmhnall an so oir bha esan a' dol a thoirt aon sùil eile air an àirigh air an robh e òg, air Catal, mu'm falbhaidh e air ais do Chanada. Ràinig sinne Loch Ghriais agus cha b'ann roimh 'n mhithich. Dh'ith sinn beagan bidh air àirigh mo shin-sheanar air Loch Ghriais agus leig sinn ar deagh anail. Eadar a dhà 's a trì bha sinn air an t-slighe gu Mùirneag is Dòmhnall Mhurchaidh Bhàin 'nar cois a rithist is e air son an sealladh mu dheireadh a ghabhail de a mullach. Bròinean, is ann ris a bha ar tras.

Bha Ruairidh air son sinne fheuchainn gu ar cùl agus càite an tug e sinn ach suas an Sabhal; cha mhór nach robh sinn a' dol suas direach! Bha teas na gréine, is na cuileagan, is am fallus, is am pathadh air fòghnachdainn dhuinn, agus roimh dheireadh an ath chumntais leig Ealasaid roimpe.

Gu fortanach bha sruthan àluinn fuar a' ruith a nuas anns an t-slaig—ach cò leis a dh'òladh sinn? Bha an sruthan fo bhruaich agus shioladh a h-uile deur eadar na meuran mu'm faigheadh duine air òl. Fhuair bràthair mo mo mhàthar poca pàipear am bad-eigin—gu dearbh chan eil fhios agam càite—agus lion e e.. An sin dhòrt e am bùrn fuar sìos ar sluganan. Cuilbheartach, an dubhairt thu!

(R'a leantainn air t.d. 20)

(Continued on page 20)



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN CEITEIN, 1958

Aireamh 5

Nach Dubhairt Mi Riut?

BHA oidhche bhriagha ghealaich ann nuair a dh'fhàg balaich a' ghlinne an tigh air son a dhol a mach a chur nan lion. Air oidhche mar so bhiodh à h-uile duine og is aosda aig a robh an cothrom a' dol sìos chun a' chladaich a dh'fhaicinn nam balach a' falbh.

"Is àlainn an oidhche a th'ann," arsa Donnchadh, "bithidh na bascaidean làn am màireach." "Seadh gu dearbh," fhreagair Seòras, "ach tha bonn math anns a' mhuir an nochd fhéin." Bha Seumas, sgiobair 'Màiri Bhàn' ri'n taobh agus chualas e ag ràdh, "Chan eil sinn fhàin a' dol ach cho fada ris na h-eileanan an nochd. Tha rud-eigin ag ràdh riom gu bheil stoirn faisg, agus cha chaoimh leam cho dorch 's a tha an t-athar a' fàs." Fhreagair Ruairidh, sgiobair 'A' Mhaighdean Og," "Coma leat a bhalach. Cha bhì aon stoirn ann a' chiad ghreis."

Bha a h-uile duine air cruinneachadh mu'n am-sa, agus rinn na balaich air son falbh. "Siuthad a Mhàiri," ghlaodh Ruairidh, "fosgail an ròpa agus a mach leinn." Chualas seann bhodach a' gàireachdainn 's ag ràdh, "Nach cuala tusa aig d'athair agus aig do sheanair romhad gun leigeil le boireannach a dhol faisg air an ròpa? Is ann falamh a thilleas sibhse am màireach." Sheòl na h-eathraichean a mach an loch, agus thog na bha air tir am fonn, "Slàinte gu fearann le balaich an iasgaich."

Dh'fhalbh muinntir a' bhaile dhachaidh gu an leapannan agus chaidh an oidhche seachad. Mu uair sa' mhadainn thòisich a' ghaoth a' beothachadh agus an ùine gheàrr bha stoirn ann nach fhacas a leithid o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Chite doras a' fosgladh an sud agus an so is màthraichean is mnathan ag éigheach ri chèile, "An dùil a bheil na h-eathraichean sàbhailte? Tugainn sìos chun a' chladaich agus chì sinn dé tha dol air adhart." An ùine ghoirid bha cruinneachadh beag air a' chladach a' coimhead a mach an loch a bha cho dorch 's nach fhaicadh tu ni ach solus nan eathraichean a bha tilleadh gu cala. Bha eathraichean a bailtean eile a' ruith gu fasnadh

maille riutha. Cha b'fhada gus na nochd "Màiri Dhonn." Faca sibh "A' Mhaighdean Og?" chluinneadh tu a beul a h-uile duine a bha sud. "An sealladh mu dheireadh a fhuair sinne oirre bha i deanamh air cùl nan eileanan, agus 's ann fiadhaich a bha i an uair sin fhéin."

Cha robh sealladh air "A' Mhaighdean Og" agus dh'fhàs na bha feitheamh iomnach. Chaidh fios air a' bhàta-sàbhalaidh. An ceann còig uairean a thide thill i gun naidheachd sam bith ach gu robh i ro stoimeil air son a dhol faisg air na h-eileanan. Cha robh air ach feitheamh ris a' mhadainn.

Is e baile làn bròin a bha sud an oidhche ud. Anns a' mhadainn bha a' ghaoth air dol sìos, agus dh'fhalbh muinntir a' bhaile le eathraichean a lorg an té nach do thill. Am bun an locha chunnacas "A' Mhaighdean Og" a' tilleadh gu laimrig.

Bha muinntir a' bhaile le léir air a' chladach nuair a ràinig i. "Na biodh eagal sam bith oirbh," arsa Donnchadh, "tha sinn uile slàn is sàbhailte. Nuair a dh'éirich a' ghaoth ghabh sinn fasnadh am bàgh beag a bha sud. Chunnacainn ann am bàta-sàbhalaidh ach cha robh dòigh againn air innse dhaibh c'àite an robh sinn."

"Theid sinn dhachaidh gu biadh is blàths," thuir na boireannaich. Dh'fhalbh iad ach nuair a bha iad a fianuis thionndaidh Ruairidh agus le gàire so mar a labhair e, "A Mhàiri 's e sud an turus mu dheireadh a thig thu faisg air ròpa leinne. Bha mo sheanair ceart an déidh a h-uile rud."

CAIRISTONA NICCOINNICH,
Cnoc Iordain,
Glaschu.

Cluinn So

1. An Dubh-Ghall; Gall-Glas; Fionn-Ghall.
2. Geamhradh reòdhtanach, Earrach ceòthanach, Samhradh breac-riabhach 's Foghar geal grianach.
3. Chan ann o'n fhiath tha 'n uspag. Ged as fheàrrde a' chailleach a garadh chan fheàrrde i a losgadh. Biodh aice an rubha a bheir i a mach.

4. Bha an t-eilreadh am Baile-gun-ainm a' fàs sgìth a' cronachadh a' bhalaich chrosda a bha aige anns an sgoil Shàbaid. Thuirte ris mu dheireadh, "Tha mi smaoinichadh gum biodh e ceart ged a thilgeadh na balaiach eile smugaid ort anns an dol a mach."

Sgialachdan Sgitheanach

NA SITHICHEAN

NUAIR bha mi 'nam bhalach òg, bha mi ann an tigh-céilidh aon oidhche ann an ceann-an-iar an Eilein Sgitheanaich. Agus bha còig no sia de bhodaich chòire, ghàsda, a stigh.

Agus dh'éirich deasbud mu dheidhinn sithichean agus gnòthaichean dhe'n t-seòrsa sin. Agus bha aon bhodach ann, agus 's ann a thubhairt e, ars esan, "Chan eil mi fhìn," ars esan, "'a' creidsinn gu robh, no gu bheil, sithichean ann. Chan eileas 'gam faicinn an diugh," ars esan, "agus mar sin," ars esan, "féumaidh nach romh iad riamh ann. Nan robh iad air a bhith ann," ars esan, "bhiodh iad ann an diugh. Dé do bheachd fhéin." ars esan, "'a Chalum?" "Uill," arsa Calum, "chan eil fhios 'am fhìn," ars esan. "Is dòcha gur h-ann aig Iain," ars esan, "'tha barrachd eòlais air na cuspairean a tha sin," ars esan. "Is dòcha gun toir e dhùinn a bheachd."

"Uill," ars Iain, 'se 'na shuidhe taobh thall an teime, agus e trang a' deanamh sioman fraoich, "innsidh mise dhuihbh," ars esan, "'mar a chuala mise," ars esan, "eachdraidh na sithichean. Nuair a chruthaich," ars esan, "'Dia an saoghal," ars esan, "'bha chuile nì gu ro mhath, agus," ars esan, "'bha e ann an nèamh, agus mòran ainglean timcheall air. Ach mar a thachras san t-saoghal tha so fhéin, nuair a bhios daoine an dèidh an obair làthail a dheanamh, agus gnìomhan math' is dona a dheanamh, bha iad a' faireachdainn an t-side feada.

Agus bha aon aingeal ann a sin, agus bha farmad aige ri Dia, agus ris an obair a rinn e, agus ris a' chumhachd a bh'aige. Agus 's ann a thubhairt e ri feadhainn dhe na h-ainglean gu faodadh iad fhéin a bhith cheart cho buadh-mhor, agus 'nan cruith-fhearann, nan cuireadh iad an aghaidh an Tighearna. Agus bha mòran dhe na h-ainglean nach robh air son gnòthach sam bith a bhith aca ri éirigh an aghaidh a' Cruith-fhear, ach bha feadhainn eil' ann, agus 's ann a ghabh iad taobh ris an aingeal a bha so. Cha b'e 'n diabhul a b'ainm dha. ged

is e'n diabhul a chanas sinn ris an diugh. Ach ged a ghabh buidheann mòr dhe na h-ainglean a thaobh, bha buidheann eil' ann nach do ghabh taobh sam bith. Agus sin feadhainn ris an canadh iad an uair sin, "'na daoine sithheadh."

Agus fhuair an t-aingeal a bha so, fhuair e uiread a bhuaidh air feadhainn dhe na h-ainglean eile agus gun a dh'éirich iad an aghaidh Dhé. Agus bha batal mòr a' dol air n-adhart as na flaitheanas eadar cumhachd an dorchadais agus cumhachd an t-soluis. Agus an dèidh an cogadh mòr a bha so a' dol air n-adhart air son iomadh latha, fhuair cumhachd an t-soluis buaidh. Agus nuair a shuidh Dia 'na Bhrith-eamh air na h-ainglean a dh'éirich suas 'na aghaidh thuirte e riutha gun d'rinn iad rud olc, ach gun do dh'ullaich e àite air an son, agus gun rachadh iad ann. Agus sin an t-àite ris an can sinn, Ifrinn. Agus chuir e, mar a chanas sinn ris an diugh, an diabhul, agus na h-ainglean a lean e, chuir e sìos gu ifrinn iad, agus bidh iad an sin fad na siorruidheachd. Agus thug e dha'n diabhul cumhachd os cionn sin gum buaireadh e slugh agus cinneach Adhaimh.

Ach nuair a shuidh e 'na Bhrith-eamh air buidheann na sithheadh an fheadhainn nach do ghabh taobh no taobh dhe'n deasbud no dhe'n bhatal, a bha dol air n-adhart eadar buadhan an dorchadais agus buadhan an t-soluis thuirte e gu robh iad tuilleadh is math air son an cur gu ruig ifrinn ach gu robh iad tuilleadh is dona air son am fàgail ann an nèamh. Agus thuirte e riutha—'a' bhinn a bha e dol a thoirt a mach orra—gun cuireadh e iad chun an t-saoghail, ach gu féumadh iad a bhith 'tàmh anns an talamh ann an uamhachan agus ann an cròthnan fo'n talamh, agus nach biodh co-chomunn aca ri slugh Adhaimh idir.

"Uill," arsa Dòmhnall, 's e freagairt thall, "'dh'fhaodadh sin a bhith," ars esan, "'ach ma tha 'n sgeula sin," ars esan "'fior, carson," ars esan, "'nach eil iad mar sin fhathast—nach eil sinn 'gam faicinn?" "'O, stad thus' ort!" ars Iain, "'chan e sin," ars esan, "'deireadh na sgeòil idir. An ceann linn-tean is linn-tean a dhol seachad," ars esan, "'ghabh an Cruith-fhear," ars esan, "'truas ris na h-ainglean bochd' a bha so," ars esan, "'a bh'air an cumail fo chis fo'n talamh, agus smaoinich e gun tugadh e cothrom eile dhaibh. Agus thug e air n-ais iad gu ruige nèamh, agus tha iad an sin fhathast. Agus sin," ars esan, "'mar a chuala mise mar a bha na sithichean san dùthaich a tha so, agus mar a dh'fhalbh iad as. Agus sin an t-aobhar nach fhaicear iad an diugh."



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN T-OG-MHIO, 1958

Aireamh 6

Naidheachdan Uibhisteach

Tha sinn an comain Sgoil-Oilein na h-Albann an Oilthigh Dhun Eideann air son cead fhaotainn cuid de na naidheachdan goirid, éibhinn a thug an t-Ollamh Aonghas Mac an Tòisich dhachaidh a Uist a' Chinn-a-Tuath a chur gu feum an so. Is e Ailean MacCuthais, nach maireann, a bha a' fuireach air Cladach Circebst, a chuir sios na naidheachdan, agus e creidsinn gu bheil gaire cridheil nas fheàrr do dhuine na cuing-leighis sam bith.

An Ciobair agus an Deoch

Bha fear an Uibhist a bha ainmeil air son géur-fhreagairtean a thoirt seachad. Air là àraidh bha e tighinn le caoraich astar fada. Bha an là teth agus bha feum mhór aige air deoch. Nuair a bha e dol seachad air tigh ann an sin chunnaic e bean a' bleoghann bà ann an cuidhe, agus rinn e air a shocair gus an deach i a steach do'n tigh le cuinneig bhainne. Chaidh e chun an doruis, agus dh'fhoighnich e gu modhail, "Am bi sibh cho math 's gun toir sibh dhomh deoch?" Thill i a steach agus thàinig i a mach le cuach uisge, ach cha b'e idir an t-uisge a bha suil aig a' chlobair ris, ach am bainne.

Rug e air a' chuaich, chuir e dheth an currachd, agus thug e beagan aside. Thug e nuair sin taing dhi mar so: "Móran taing dhuibhse, agus pailteas de'n t-seòrsa gu robh a' leantainn ribh, eadar uisge, is snighe, is tighinn-fodha, is froighnighe." Cha robh an Uibhist duine a bu chòire 's a b'fhialaidhe na an ciobair.

An Ciobair 's a' Snaoisean

Bha an ciobair am eile rùsgadh chaorach aig faing, agus có bha maille ri a mhaighstir ach an t-uachdaran, agus iad air chuairt. Thòisich deasbud eatorra, co-dhùibh a b'fheàrr a bhith ri snaoisean na ris an tombaca. Thuir am maighstir ris gum bu chòir daibh a dhol far an robh an ciobair, fear nach biodh fada a' cur a' ghnòthaich air dòigh. "Nis a charaid," thuir fear aca ris a' chlobair, "tha fear againn

ag ràdh gu bheil e nas fheàrr a bhith ri snaoisean, agus tha am fear eile ag ràdh gu bheil e nas fheàrr a bhith ris an tombaca."

Thog an ciobair a cheann. "A nis", ars esan, "anns a' chiad eachdraidh a tha againn, mar a tha am Biobull, tha e air innse dhuinn nuair a chruthaicheadh an duine an toiseach gun do chuireadh beul agus sròn air, agus chan eil fiosrachadh sam bith air a thoirt dhuinn gun deach atharrachadh o'n uair sin. Rinneadh am beul air son a bhith a' cur rud ann, agus an t-sròn air son a bhith a' cur rud aside; agus chan aithne dhòmhsa gu dé a' chòir a tha aig neach sam bith a bhith a' cur rud 'n a shròin."

Cuthach agus an Fheinn

AN Eirinn agus an Albainn tha móran sgialachdan againn am beul-aithris an t-sluaigh air an Fhéin, ach cha chluinnear iad cho minic anns na h-Eileanan a Siar 'nar là-ne. So aon a bha air a h-aithris an Uig Leòdhais aig aon am.

Tha làrach an dùin far an robh Cuthach Mac Nuagaran a' tàmh anns an Fhadhail Mhóir air Tràigh Uige. Cha robh ach sruthan beag eadar an dùn agus tìr nuair a bhiodh am muir-tràghad ann, ach bha dìon a' chuain air nuair a bhiodh am muir-làn ann.

Bha trìuir bhraithrean aig Cuthach, agus bha gach fear dhiubh 'na fhàmhair mór, gaisgeil ionnus gu robh sluagh an Eilein fo smachd aca. Am baile Glom am Bearnraidh bha dàingneach aig Glom. Bha Tid Mac Nuagaran 'na dhùn fhéin an Circebst, agus bha Dùn Chàrlabhaigh aig Dearga.

Thàinig Fionn le chuid ghaisgeach air tìr an Leòdhas far na dh'inneadh dha mar a bha sluagh an Eilein air an sàrachadh aig na fàmhairean. Chan eil an eachdraidh ag aithris cionnus a rinn an Fhéin an rathad gu Uig far nach robh rathad, ach ràinig iad co dhùibh agus chuir na laoch iad fhéin an òrdugh nu mhìle bho dhàingneach Cuthaich. Chunnaic am fàmhair iad ach bha e cho earbsach 'na neart fhéin agus nach do chuir e suim sam bith anna. Fad na seachdaineach bha àrmuinn Fhinn a'

feitheamh an fhámhair a bha a mach 's a steach an ceann a gnothaich mar nach biodh námhaid anns an tìr. Mu dheireadh thug Fionn agus a chuideachd ceum sìos dh'ionnsaigh na Fadhlaich agus stad iad glé dlùth do dhùn Chuthaich. Rinn iad so gach là fad na seachdaineach, gidheadh cha tug am fámhair súil orra. An sin thuirte Osgar, ogha Fhinn agus sàr ghaisgeach na Féinne, gun rachadh esan do'n bheinn sheilg nam faigheadh e Mac an Luinn nach do dh'fhàg a riamh fuigheall beuma. 'Ma bheir Cuthach ionnsaigh oirbh mus tig mi air ais', ars esan, 'séidibh an fhídeag agus bidh mise an so air ball.' An là sin fhéin tháinig Cuthach tarsaing na Fadhlaich far an robh Fionn 's a dhaoine, agus ghabh an Fhéinn geilt nuair a chunnaic iad meud a' ghaisgich cholgarrach a bha deanamh orra. Thug an Fhéinn ceum air ais air son a' chiad uair 'nan eachdraidh.

An ath là tháinig Cuthach a ris, ach sheas an Fhéin an làrach namh bonn. Thuirte Fionn ris gum faigheadh e cothrom na Féinne—gaisgeach an aghaidh gaisgich—agus leis na faicil sin sheas e an aghaidh an fhámhair. Bu mhór fheum air Mac an Luinn mus robh an cath fada air adhart. Shéideadh fead cruaidh air an fhídeag, ach bha Fionn air a ghluin aig cruaidh bhuillean an fhámhair mus do ràinig Osgar. Nuair a chunnaic Osgar cor a sheanar dh'iarra e cothrom seasamh 'na àite le Mac an Luinn. Fhuair e sin, agus air an treas buille leis a' chlaidheamh bha ceann Chuthaich air an làr. Dh'adhlaicheadh e far 'na thuit e, agus tha an uaigh aige, ceithir troidhean deug air fad, ann an sud fhathast le cloich aig gach ceann dith.

Eilean Na h-Oige

SO sgeul goirid air an Fhéinn car mar a dh'innsiadh e le Iain Moireasdan anns a' Bheurla o bheul-aithris, faodaidh e a bhith, anns a' Ghàidhlig.

Bha sgiobair soithich a Ceann-loch Chill Chiarain, a b'abhaist a bhith seòladh eadar Eirinn agus cladaichean an iar Albann, air turus cuain aon uair le luchd buntàta o phort an Eirinn gu Loch Crìonan ann an Earraghaidheal. Rug an-uair air agus chaidh an t-soitheach air sgeir anns an dochradas, ach cho luath 's a thill an làn-mara bha an t-soitheach air bhog a ris gum dochann sam bith. Nuair a tháinig a' mhadainn chaidh an sgioba air tìr ann an eilean farsaing, àlainn, an t-aon àite bu bhòidheche air na laigh súil duine a riamh.

Thug an sgiobair cuairt air feadh an àite, agus có a choinnich ris ach Fionn, triath mór na Féinne. Aon là dh'fheòraich an sgiobair do Fhionn car son nach robh e o chionn fhada tadhal air a' Ghaidhealtachd far na rinn e iomadh euchd iomraideach anns na seann làithean. Fhreagair esan gu faodadh e sin a dheanamh nan leigeadh muinntir na Gaidhealtachd 's nan Eilean seachad a bhith ag iomradh air cho tric. Chan aithne dhuinn glé mhath car son a chumadh sin air falbh e! Fhuair na maraichean uile coibheas is falaidheachd nach bu bheag fhad 's a bha iad air an eilean.

Mus do sheòl iad thug Fionn orra an duslach a sgrìobadh bharr am brògan. Bu mhór an iongnadh nuair a chaidh iad air bòrd agus a chunnaic iad nach robh lorg air buntàta, ach bha iad toilichte gun d'fhuair iad eilean a bha cho mór agus cho bòidheach. Thog na seòladairean an acair, a' deanamh deiseil air son falbh do'n dùthaich fhéin. Bha còmhach math de làthaich air an acair, agus cha bu luaithe a sguabadh dìth i na chaidh an t-eilean gu h-obann as an t-sealladh.

Beagan ùine an déidh cala a dheanamh a mach thill an sgioba air ais aon uair eile a lorg Eilean na h-Oige far a bheil Fionn 's a laoiach a' cur seachad ùine gum chrìch, ùrar, òg agus daonnan iasgaidh, frogail. Chan fhaicear an t-Eilean-sa no an Fhéinn gus an togar draoith-eachd Bean Chòir Uainem, Corag Dhìreach, agus Maigh Mhuileach. Ach is ann aig Sealbh fhéin a tha fios cuin a thachras sin!

C. Salm

Gach slògh d'an còmhnuidh 'n cruinn-cé
Togaibh gu léir ait-chliù do'n Triath,
Ri gàirdeachas 'n ar Cruithfhear treun
Le'r binn-cheòl éireadh cliù do'r Dia.

Dhuibh 's fios gur esan Dia amhàin
O bheil gach àl, ar dealbh 's ar deò;
A threud sinn, 's biathaidh e gach tràth,
'S ni dìon is àrach dhuinn ri'r beò.

Air dorsaibh àrois dòirtibh steach,
'Na chùirtibh ait' dha thigibh dlùth,
'S guth molaidh 's gàirdeachais gach neach
A' luaidh air feartaibh Dhé nan dùl.

Air son gur mór 's gur math ar Dia
Mu 'hròcair chinntich 's math bhi seinn;
'S 'fhirinn a sheas gu daingean riamh
Gu maire, feadh linn-tean sìorruidh, leinn.

AOINGHAS MAC AN T-SAOR.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN T-IUCHAR, 1958

Aireamh 7

Mar A Dh'Ionnsaich Na Barraich Iasgach Do Na H-Uibhistich

BHA fir Bharraidh ainmeil air son iasgach anns an t-sean aimsir, agus an uair a ràinig an cliù Uibhist bha Mac 'ic Ailein agus a dhaoine gu math farmadach. Bhatar ag ràdh nach robh bòrd Mhic Nèill Bharraidh falamh de dh'iasg uair sam bith, agus cha bu shuarach an t-anlan e, ach 's e glé bheag éisg a bha tighinn air tir an Uibhist. Cha robh so a' còrdadh idir ri Mac 'ic Ailein, agus chuir e roimhe rudeigin a dheanamh mu dheidhinn.

Is e bun a bh'ann gun do rinn an dà cheann-cinnidh co-chòrdadh eatorra fhéin gun rachadh sgioba a Uibhist do Bharraidh air son an t-iasgach ionnsachadh gu réidh, dòigheil. Bha buannachd gu bhith air gach taobh. Gheibheadh na h-Uibhistich eòlas an iasgach, agus bha aig Mac 'ic Ailein ri ceud damh briagha Gaidhealach a thoirt do Mhac Nèill.

Thug an là a null na h-Uibhistich; thàinig sgioba calma ann an eathar Chaisteil Chiosmuil. A chiad là freagarrach a thàinig sheòl iasgairan Bharraidh a mach a cala leotha le lìn agus duirg air an deagh bheartachadh, agus cha b' ann falamh a bha an tilleadh. Thachair a leithid ceudna là an déidh latha, agus mu dheireadh a robh na h-Uibhistich fhéin làn eòlach air biathadh 's air cur nan lòn. Bha aon rud beag nach do thuig iad, ach shaoil iad cho beag deth agus nach do rinn iad fù 's foighneachd. Gach là an uair a bhithheadh iad greis air cuan chluinneadh iad na Barraich ag ràdh eatorra fhéin, "Tha so an diugh mar a bha e an dé", is chuireadh iad na lìn dìreach anns a' bhaid sin; agus cha tàinig iad a riamh dhachaidh gun iasg.

Bha iasgairan Uibhist a nis cho eòlach air an iasgach agus nach robh iad a' smaoinichadh gun leigeadh iad a leas an còrr ionnsachaidh. An sin chuir Mac Nèill brath gu Mac 'ic Ailein gum faodadh e a nis na daimh a chur thuige. Leis an fhìrinn innseadh bha Mac 'ic Ailein làn riarachta leis na h-iasgairan aige, oir fhad 's a bha na Barraich còmhla riutha cha tàinig iad a riamh dhachaidh falamh. Is e a bha air a dhòigh. Ach nach ann a thàinig

an droch smuain a steach air a nis, gur h-ann a bhiodh e buileach math feòil is iasg a bhith aige, agus mo nàire!, nach ann a chuir e brath gu Mac Nèill nach fhaigheadh e damh na damh, ach gun robh e gu dearbh fada 'na chomain air son an éisg.

Cha robh air sin ach sin fhéin. Bha iasg-airean Mhic 'ic Ailein a nis leotha fhéin, agus a' dol gu muir gach là—ach aon earball cha robh iad a' glacadh. Is e Mac 'ic Ailein a bha air a ghonadh, ach cha robh air na dheth ach teachdaire a chur gu Mac Nèill a dh'fhaigheadh a' bha ceàrr. Chòrd so ri Mac Nèill agus chuir e fios air ais gun cuireadh na Barraich gach nì ceart an uair a thigeadh an ceud damh—agus, a nis, ceud crodh bainne còmhla riutha.

Dé a b' urrainn do Mhac 'ic Ailein a dheanamh? Chaidh na daimh agus an crodh bainne null. Sin an uair a dh'innis na Barraich dé a bha "Tha an diugh mar a bha an dé" a' ciallachadh. Chuir na h-Uibhistich an sin eòlas air na grunnan iasgach agus air na comharraidhean a bheireadh thuca iad. Cha tàinig iad là dhachaidh falamh an déidh sin, agus ma bha daor an ceannach aca air, bu mhath an airidh!

AN ACADAMAIDH RÌOGHAIL,
Inbhirnis.

Uladh

Bho chionn fhada an t-saoghail bha bantrach agus a mac a' fuireachd ann an bothan beag an cois na mara air taobh siar an Eilein Sgith-eanaich. Bha an t-òganach eadar-dhealaichte ri balaich eile an àite bho bha e 'na bhalachan, agus 's ann a bha e 'na chùis mhagaidh aig càch. Bha e neònach 'na dhòigh, dùinte 'na nàdur, agus chan innseadh e a smaointean do dhuine beò. Cha robh feum oibre ann, agus chan iarradh e ach a bhith a' falbh a' chladaich ag éisdeachd ri fuaim nan tonn 's ri sgrìachail nam faoileag an àite a bhith cumail sùla air a' chrodh mus rachadh iad do choirce Phàdrùig Mhóir.

Aon là dh'fhàg e an crodh far an robh iad ag ionaltradh gu sìtheil, socair agus ghabh e sìos chun a' chladaich. Mar a bha e sìubhal gu dòigheil mhothaich e do rudeigin air bhàrr

nan tonn, uair follaiseach 's uair nach robh. "Saoil an e rud a tha na tuinn a' fiachainn ri fhalach orm a tha ann?", ars esan. "Fuirich-idh mi an so agus an tig e air tìr", agus anns na facail sin shocraich e e fhéin air cloich mhóir an oir na mara.

"Ach dé idir a tha ann?" "Is dòcha gur e rudeigin luachmhor a chaill duine beartach air choreigin a tha ann, agus mas e nach mise a bhios math dheth. Nach e na coimhearsnaich a bhios 'gan itheadh fhéin nach robh iad na bu choibhneile rium. Nach ann agam a bhios an tigh mór làn sheirbhiseach. Bu choma leam an uair sin ged a bhiodh gach bó san eilean air croit Phàdruig Mhóir. O! nach mi bhios mór", ars e fhéin 's e seasamh air a chasan.

Bha chupsair a smaoinean a' teannadh ri tràigh. Mionaid sam bith bhiodh e aige. "Sud e!; chan urrainn mi fuireachd gu air cuir na tuinn a steach e, ach fuigidh mi air an ath uair a thig e an uachdar." Chaidh e air a bheul fodha air a' chloich agus shocraich e e fhéin an sin. Bha a chridhe dol mar an t-uairreadair 's bha an làmh a bha e sineadh a mach air chrith leis an aoibhneas. So an t-am ris a robh e feitheamh; mionaid eile 's bhiodh saoihbreas gu leòr 'na dhòrn. Sud e! Tha e aige 'na làmh; tha e 'ga thogail suas as an uisge. Seann bhrog!; agus cluinn Pàdruig Mór ag éigheach nan creach.

SEONAIÐ NICFHIONGHUIN,
Glaschu.

Naidheachdan Uibhisteach

(1) AN CIOBAIR A' LEUGHADH A' CHUPAINN

Bha an ciobair a' geamhrachadh òisgean air Tìr-mór, agus air là àraidh chuir a mhaighstir air falbh e le dà chù air astar gu math fada. An uair a bha e air togaill beagan air falbh thachair tuathanach ris a dh'fhoighnich dheth a robh e dol fada. Dh'innis e dha càite. "Cum do shùil a mach", ars an tuathanach, "feuch am bi fear ri a reic an àite sam bith, agus lorg dé a' phrìs a bhios e."

Thàinig an ciobair an so gu tigh tuathanaich, agus chunnaic e gu robh dà chruaich aige anns an iodhlainn. Ghabh e suas chun an doruis, agus dh'iarra e deoch. Thàinig bean an tuathanaich a mach, agus air dhith a bhith a' toirt dha na deocha dh'fhoighnich i dheth cò as a thàinig e agus a robh e dol fada. An uair a chuala i mar a bha dh'iarra i air tighinn a steach gu cupan tea.

Bha e daonnan còmhraideach, agus 's ann a thàinig an tuathanach a nuas g' a éisdeachd. An uair a dh'òl e an tea thubhairt fear an tìghe,

"Chan eil fhios agam nach leughadh am fear so cupan!" "Chan eil cron sam bith an sin," ars an ciobair, agus e aig an am cheudna a' bualadh a' chupain air a bhois. "Tha mi faicinn an so", ars esan, "gu bheil fear agaibh." "Tha", ars an duine eile, "agus tha cagal orm nach reic mi e am bliadhna." "Tha mi," ars an ciobair, "a' faicinn an so fear a' tighinn o dheas le gige, agus tha e a' stad mu choinneamh a' gheata, agus a' leum a mach, agus ceannaichidh e am fear." "S e am fortan fhéin," fhreagair am fear eile, "a chuir an rathad thu ma tha sin ceart."

Thill an ciobair air ais, agus dh'innis e a h-uile facal do'n fhear a bha air son fear a cheannachd. "Agus a nis bi falbh am màireach, 's bi cinnteach gun toir thu leat an gige, agus gu leum thu a mach as mu choinneamh a' gheata. Ma bhios tu fhéin cho sgiobalta riumsa gheibh thu deagh bhargan dheth."

A nis fluair am fear eile am fear gu math saor. "Agus air mo shon-sa," ars an ciobair, "bha foighneachd gu leòr orm air son leughadh chupannan". "So", ars esan, "mar a tha leughadh nan chupannan, gun ni ach faicinn le mo shùil, agus beul milis!"

(2) AN CIOBAIR AIR THURUS

Bha an ciobair uair eile a' gabhail tarsainn a' mhonaidh an cuideachd fir eile, agus 's e am fear a bha 'na chuideachd a dh'innis dhomh e. Bha bean ciobair air an t-slighe a bha ainmeil air son a fialachd. "Tiugainn", ars esan ri a chompanach, "théid sinn do thigh a' chlobair, agus gheibh sinn, co-dhiùbh, deoch bhainne."

Ach 's e an ciobair fhéin a bha a stigh; cha robh a bhean aig tigh idir. Dh'iarra iad deoch, agus thubhairt fear-an-tìghe, "Tha mi duilich. Chan eil deur bainne agam. Thàinig na ceilpearan an dé, agus dh'òl iad a h-uile deur bainne a bha againn." "Obh! Obh!", ars an ciobair, "nach b' e am pathadh e ma dh'òl iad an dé bainne an là an diugh!"

Cluinn So

1. B' olc an airidh; bu mhór an beud; clach an udalain; tonn gun diredh; gréim cùbair; am portan tuathal; chaidh sèan ort; ceann-an-àigh.
2. Gaoth roimh aiteamh, gaoth troimh tholl, gaoth nan tonn a' dol fo'n t-seòl. Anmoch gu loch, moch gu abhainn, 's mu mheadhon latha na h-uillt.
3. Tuigidh fear leughaidh leth-fhacal. Far nach bi failleanan cha bhi na cnothan. Cead na caillich do'n laogh mhear.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN LUNASDAL, 1958

Aireamh 8

Naidheachdan Uibhisteach

(1). Bha ministear an Uibhist a bha spòrsail 'na dhòigh agus ainmeil air son cho eirmiseach 's a bha e; bha e cuideachd 'na shearmonaiche math. Fhuair e cuireadh aon uair, e fhéin is fear eile, air son ministear a chuideachadh aig am comanachaidh. A' mhadainn a bha so agus an triùir 'nan suidhe a stigh thuir ministear an àite ris an Uibhisteach, "A nis," ars esan, "is sibhse a tha gu a bhith searmonach an diugh, agus fiach am fan sibh bho'n nonsense. Chan eil ministear eile sa' Chléir as fheàrr a ni searmon na sibh, ach bi air d' fhaicill an diugh."

Chaidh e do'n chùbaid, agus so mar a thòisich e. "Bha mo bhràithrean a tha làthair 'gam sheideadh suas sa' mhadainn, agus iad ag ràdh rium nach robh ministear sa' Chléir a b' fheàrr a dheanadh searmon na mi nam fanainn o'n amaideas a bhiosagam. Ach tha an t-amaideas ceangailte riumsa agus mise ris. Is ann a tha mi 'gam shamhlachadh fhìn ri amadan a bha san àite againn. Bha e là a' buachailleachd, agus air dha cadal, chaidh an crodh dh'an arbhar. Fhuair na balaich e, agus siosar aca, agus thug iad an dara taobh de'n fhiasaig dheth. An uair a chaidh e dhachaidh 's a chunnaic càch a choltas dh'fhoighnich iad ciod a bha ceàrr air. Fhuair e poit agus chuir e beagan uisge innte (oir cha robh sgathain ann san am), agus thug e sùil air fhaileas anns an uisge. Chuireadh e taobh a chinn ris is chanadh e, "Cha mhè th'ann idir." Thionndaidheadh e an uair sin an taobh eile, agus chanadh e, "Is mi a th'ann gun teagamh."

A nis, ma bheir sibh an aire do'n t-searmon cho math 's a thug sibh an aire do'n Nonsense ni sibh glé mhath."

(2). Bha duine air taobh an iar Uibhist a bha 'g a riasladh fhéin an sud 's a so gun tàmh. Bha e aon am air a shlighe gu iasgach an Taoibh-Sear, agus có a thachair air ach fear a mhuinntir an Eilein Sgitheanaich a bha air an dearbh thurus. Dh' fhoighnich e dheth cò an t-àite san Eilean d'am buineadh e. Fhreagair am fear eile gun robh esan as an Droighnich.

"Is bochd nach robh mise aisde," ars an t-Uibhisteach, "is ann innte a bha mi o rugadh mi." Sheall am fear eile air le iongnadh. "Am b' aithne dhut mise idir innte?" ars an t-Uibhisteach. "Cha robh do leithid a riamh innte," fhreagair an Sgitheanach.

An uair a bha duine air a chumail fada le riasladh is doirbheadas an t-saoghail chanadh iad an Uibhist, "Nach e a tha anns an droighnich."

Cumha Ruairidh Mhoir

Có nach cuala an t-òran binn, tiamhaidh so air a sheinn? Chan eil port eile againn ann an Gàidhlig as muladaiche, agus as druithiche. Am fonn air an cluinnear e gu bitheanta tàlaidhidh e an cridhe as cruaidhe agus an aigne as luainiche. Òran goird, ach òran brioghmhor, làn a chionn gu bheil e taomadh a tabair dhomhain nach traogh.

Rinneadh e le MacCruimein, piobaire Mhic-Lèid an Dùin. Nuair a chaochail Ruairidh Mór chaidh grian MhicCruimein fodha, 's chuir e roimhe tilleadh dhachaidh do Bhoraraig. Mar a bha e fàgail an Dùin chluich e air a' phìob mhóir a' chumha a leanas:

Tog orm mo phìob is théid mi dhachaidh,
'S duilich leam fhìn, mo léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phìob 's mi air mo chràdh
Mu Ruairidh Mór—mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mur faigh mi i—théid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mi air mo chràdh mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mur faigh mi i—théid mi dhachaidh;
Clàrsach no pìob cha tog mi chridh',
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh, Ruairidh Mór.

Chan eil sòbhrach am bun tuim,
No neòinean cruinn am bruaich,
No eun a sheinneas ceòl sa' choill
Nach cuimhnich dhomh mo luaidh.

Am Facal Mu Dheireadh

Là teth samhraidh bha mi anns an achadh mhór a' gearradh agus a' sponadh nan cuiseag mun leigte na laoigh òga ann, oir is luibh nimheach i dhaibh. Cò a thachair a' dol seachd aig an am ach Dòmhnall Crùbach. Chuir e stad 'na cheum aig a' gheata is e ag ràdh, "Sin thu, bhalaich. Is math a fhuaras tu, ach na cuir siathadh ort. Nach do dh'innis mi riamh dhut an sgeul mu Iain Mac an t-Saoir?"

Ghrad sguir mi de'n obair, oir bha mi toilichte a bhith gabhail tàimh agus a' cluinninn sgeul math aig an aon am. Thàinig mi chun a' gheata faisg air a' bhodach a chum gun cluinninn an sgeulachd. Mu dheireadh thall thuir e: "Bha Iain bochd 'na dhuine gnìomhach, onarach agus bu mhór an dragh a ghabh e ann a bhith ag àiteachadh na croite a bha aige. An uair a thàinig e an toiseach bha an talamh làn luibhean. Rinn e obair chruaidh, is e a' treabhadh, a' cliathadh agus a' leasachadh na talmhainn gus an d'fhuair e smachd air na luibhean. Ach cha b' urrainn da a' chopag a mharbhadh gus an d' innis Leódhasach a bha càirdeil ris ciod a dheanadh e chum am marbhadh. B' fheudar dha maide a shàthadh domhain troimh na freumhan agus ola a dhòrtadh sìos anns an toll a rinn e. Bho'n là ud fhuair Iain smachd orra agus cha bhiodh copag r'a faicinn air croit Iain.

Cha robh annam-sa ach òganach aig an am san do chaochail Iain 's a chuireadh e 'na shuain anns a' chlachan. Aon là is mi a' dol seach an cladh smaoinich mi air mo sheann charaid, Iain, nach maireann. Fhuair mi an uaigh aige, ach mo thruaighe! dé chunnaic mi an àite an fheòir bhuig mhilis a bha anns gach àite eile? Copagan! Copagan is cuiseag ann àrda làidir a' fàs gu buadhach thar an nàmhaid 's e marbh.'

Uilleam (IIIa).

An t-Oban.

An Cuala Tu So?

1. Clach-theine; clàr-mìneachaidh; cliath-ràmh; corra-shùgan; dallan-dà; dorus-lùdhaidh.
2. Dà dhù gun aon roghainn.

Cha ghabh i coisiche 's cha tig marcaiche 'ga h-iarraidh. Bha dorus Fhinn do'n ànrach fial.

Facail Bheaga

'S e facal beag bragail a tha ann an cò. Tha e seasmach ri bhonnan fhéin cho neo-eisimeil ri duine geal. Eigheadh e àird a chlaiginn ge b' e àite anns am bi e, agus mur faigh e am freagairt as miann leis air ball chan eil sochair sam bith air an ath ghlaodh a leigeil as gus am faigh e éisdeachd.

Chan eil e tuigsinn idir nach eil a h-uile ceist ag iarraidh freagairt, agus cha mhotha tha mothachadh aige gu bheil feadhainn ann leis nach math an rùn a sgoileadh fa chomhair an t-saoghail.

Cò leis thu agus cò as a thug thu a' chois-eachd? Cò a' chuideachd a bha agad air an t-slighe, agus cuin a tha dùil agad tilleadh dhachaidh? Chan fhuirich e ri freagairt leis an iorpais.

Saoilidh tu aig amannan nach d' fhuair am facal beag-sa oileanachadh math 'na òige, gun tugadh cus de thoil fhéin dha—balach a bha an tigh a sheanar! Dé an gnothach a tha aige a bhith a' cur a ghuib anns an ni nach buin da no a bhith a' rannsachadh far nach eil iarraidh air? Carson nach fanadh e sàmhach gus an togradh té a naidheachd innse, no a teachdaireachd a thoirt seachd? A bheil e an dùil gur esan a' chiad fhear do'n innsear gach rùn-cridhe, agus a bheil esan cho dripeil 's nach fhuirich e mar a dh' fhuireas facail mhodhail eile gus an cuirear comhairle ris? Tha mi de'n bheachd gu bheil e saoilinn tuilleadh 's a' chòir dheth fhéin, ach air an laimh eile, nach sinn a bhiodh uiresbaidheach as aonais. Cionnas a bhios fios againn cò a tha tighinn air an rathad mur foighnich sinn cò a tha tighinn? Cuin a gheibh sinn a mach cò leis e mur cuir cuideigin a' cheist, Cò leis e?

Bhiodh iomadh fiosrachadh feumail a dhìth oirnn mur b' e gu bheil facal cho freagarrach cho faisg air ar bilean, agus sguireadh sinn a rannsachadh idir nan dòchoimhnicheadh sinn e buileach. Cò sheòladh sinn air slighe ar n-aineola is mur b' urrainn duinn foighneachd cò a sheòlas sinn? Chan iongnadh idir ged a bhiodh cò a' smaoinichadh cus dheth fhéin nuair a tha e cho duilich dhuinn deanamh a' chùis as aonais. Tha beag is mór an crochadh air an còmhaidh. Chan eil fois aige là na dh' oidhche gun fhear thall is fear a bhos 'g a sparradh air thoiseach air a chompanaich uile.

Cò théid ann? Cò thig as? Cò bheir dhomh. Cò bhios agam? Thoir air falbh cò, agus cò sheasas 'na àite?



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN T-SULTUIN, 1958

Aireamh 9

Dioghaltas

BEAGAN bhliadhnachan an déidh do Dhòmhnall MacIain 'ic Sheumais na Hearaich a ruagadh aig Blàr Chàirinnis fhuair e cuireadh gu banais a bha gu bhith air a cumail anns na Hearadh. Ghabh Dhòmhnall an cuireadh ach thug e leis grunnan math de Dhòmhnallaich thaghte oir bha amharas air nach ann air son na bainne a bhàtar 'ga iarraidh idir. A mach gun tug iad, agus cha b'fhada gus an do ràinig iad an t-àite far an robh am feadhachas agus an ceòl a' dol air adhart. Ghairmeadh a steach iad agus shuidh iad sìos aig bòrd falaidh air nach robh gainne bidh no dibhe. Abair thusa slàintean an oidhche a bha sud! Bha na Hearaich a' gabhail do'n uisge bheatha gun sòradh, agus a' fàs aotrom-intinneach mar a bha an oidhche do seachad, ach cha do rinn na Dòmhnallaich mòran ach blasadh air.

An ceann greise nach ann a mhothaich Dhòmhnall do laoch òg tapaidh a' tighinn far an robh e, agus coltas beagan daoiraich air. Is math a bha fios aig Dhòmhnall gun robh aimhreit aig bonn a' ghnòthaich, ach cha robh e air son gum biodh an ath chath eadar a dhaoine agus na Hearaich nam b' urrainnear a leasachadh air aon chor. Co-dhiùbh ràinig an gille e agus ars ean ris, "An tusa Dhòmhnall MacIain 'ic Sheumais?" "Is mise an duine", fhreagair Dhòmhnall, "agus dé do ghnòthach rium?" "Is mise," thuir an t-òganach gu searbh, mosach, "mac Dhòmhnail Ghlais, agus is tusa a mharbh m' athair-sa." "Seadh, seadh," ars am fear eile 's e cumail air cho math 's a thàradh e, "is e an fhirinn a tha an sin. Mharbh mise t'athair ann an còmhrag aoin-fhir aig Féith na Fala ann an Càirinnis, agus mas miann leat gabh ort mo bhuailadh agus éiridh an t-aon rud dhut fhéin." Thug an t-òganach làmh air a bhiodaig, ach mus d'fhuair e ceart air a tarraing rug dithis de a chàirdean air agus shlaod iad air falbh e. Ach bha an Dòmhnallach gu math cinnteach nach cuala e am facal deireannach anns a' ghnòthach fhathast.

Chaidh a' bhanais seachad agus shealladh an sin do na Dòmhnallaich an àite cadail—sabhail

dorch, dubh agus e leitheach feòir. "Seadh dìreach", arsa Dhòmhnall ris fhéin agus e 'g amharc air an fheur, "b' olc a dheidheadh an aoiogeachd sin dhòmhsa." Thug e sìuil timcheall; bha facal no dhà eatorra, agus an sin an uair a bha gach nì mu'n cuairt sàmhach dh'fhosgail e feadan an t-sabhail agus a mach leis fhéin agus a chompanaich. Chaidh am feadan a a dhùnadh gu cùramach air an cùl; liùg iad air falbh gu bog, balbh am marbhan na h-oidhche sìos chun a' chladaich far an robh an t-eathar aca. Cha b'fhada gus an do sheòl i fo làn aodach.

Cha robh iad ach beagan astair o thir an uair a chunnaic iad an dearbh nì ris an robh iad a' feitheamh—an sabhal a' dol suas 'na smàl, agus gu dearbh cha robh sin fada. Rinn Dhòmhnall gàire. Cha b' sud a' chiad ghàbhadh bho'n tug esan a ghaisgich tèaraintte.

DOMHNALL IAIN CAIMBEUL.

Inbhirnis.

Mac Mhic Ailein Agus An T-Amadan

Anns an aimsir a chaidh seachad bhiodh Pìobaire, Bàrd agus Amadan aig a h-uile ceann-feadhna anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus cha b'ann a chionn's gum biodh e 'na amadan gu nàdurra a bhiodh a' leithid sin de sheirbhiseach aig ceann an teaghaich, ach a chionn gum b'e duine seòlta, deiseil 'na chaint a bhiodh ann. Is ann mar sin a bha an t-amadan a bha aig Mac Mhic Ailein an Uibhist.

Chaidh an t-amadan so turus air chuairt do'n Chomraich, agus is ann an sin a chunnaic e a' chiad mhuileann a chunnaic e 'g oibreachadh le uisge riamh, agus chuir an t-inneal a bha ann iongnadh ro mhór air. An uair a thill e dhachaidh do dh'Uibhist thubhairt e ri mhaighstir, "Carson, a Mhic 'ic Ailein, nach eil muileann agadsa mar a tha aig Ailean Beag na Comraich?" "Gu dé," arsa Mac Mhic Ailein, "an seòrsa muilinn a tha aig Ailean Beag?"

“Ochan!” ars an t-amadan, “is ann aige tha am muileann. An uair a chaidh mise a steach innte thàinig muillear mòr, breac liath a steach, agus a cheann cho geal r’a leine, ’s a leine cho geal r’a cheann. Rug e air maide na stilledh ’s leig e steall mu cheann a’ mhuilinn, ’s b’e sin an steall! Ghluais a’ chramaill mhór a bha a muigh. ’S ma ghluais a’ chramaill mhór a bha a stigh, ghluais an onathlais mhór a bha an teas-meadhon na h-anriaghailt, ’s bha buille aig a’ mhaide mhulachdainn air a’ mhaide stalcainn, ’s bha an gràn a bha an obair nan gràs a’ tighinn a nuas ’na mhìn bhàin choirce gu ciste na tròcair; agus tha mise ag ràdh riut a Mhic ’ic Ailein ged a b’e earball na làire bàine a chuireadh tu fo’n onathlais mhòr gun tigeadh e a nuas ’na mhìn bhàin choirce bho éirigh na gréine gu a dol fodha air cùl Hirt.”

C. NicF. (VI).
An t-Oban.

Naidheachdan Uibhisteach

1. Chaidh Alasdair an sud do bhùth agus thug e greis air seanachas. Cheannaich e nì air choireigin, agus bha bonn-a-sia a dhìth air, ach thubhairt e ri fear na bùtha nach bu mhór a b’fhìach sud co-dhìùbh. Fhreaigair fear na bùtha, “Nan leiginn-sa bonn-a-sia leis a h-uile duine a thig a steach an so, dheanadh e suim mhath an ceann na bliadhna.” “Ma-tà,” ars Alasdair, “fan sàmhach, agus bheir mise thugad am bonn-a-sia a’ chiad uair a thig mi a nuas.” “Agus cuin a bhitheas sin?” ars am fear eile. “Thig mi am màireach leis”, fhreaigair Alasdair.

Bha Alasdair a’ falbh le cairt is each, agus rinn e air a’ bhùth agus chop e a’ chairt aig an doras. Thàinig am fear a bha stigh a mach. “Gu dé a tha agad an sin?”, ars esan. “Tha,” ars Alasdair, “thàinig mi a nuas leis a’ bhonn-a-sia. Tha e agad ann an sin, agus tog e.”

2. Thàinig an ciobair gu math anmoch gu tigh air choireigin an taobh an iar Uibhist, agus an déidh dha biadh is deoch fhaotainn dh’iarr iad air fuireachd gu madainn. Thubhairt e nach leigeadh gnothach a mhaighstir dha sin a dheanamh. An sin thubhairt fear-an-tighe ris, “Chan eil thu idir cho math air coiseachd ’s a bha thu.” “Tha,” ars esan, “agus mòran na’s fheàrr. Bha mi uaireigin, agus an uair a thachradh féidh orm, ghearrainn leum seachad orra, ach a nis feumaidh mi coiseachd timcheall orra.”

“Cuin a nis a ruigeas tu an tigh,” arsa fear-an-tighe. “Uill,” ars an ciobair, “nam faicinn am màireach thu dh’innsinn sin dut.”

3. Bha fear a’ tighinn a thigh Alasdair gu math tric, agus, anns a’ gheamhradh, cha tigeadh e ach anmoch air an oidhche. Bha muinntir an teaghlach air an sàrachadh; an uair bu chòir dhaibh a bhith a’ dol a chadal is ann a thigeadh esan.

An oidhche so thàinig e aig deich uairean, agus cha robh e fada stigh an uair a thubhairt Alasdair ri bean a mhic, “A Mhàiri, is fheàrr dhut a dhòl a chadal, agus fanaidh mi fhìn a’ caitheis Dhòmhnaill.”

An Giullan Ileach ’s na Brogan

Am feadh ’s a bha càch a muigh anns an achadh arbhair bha an griasaich trang a stigh a’ dèanamh bhròg agus a’ cumail sùla air a’ chrionach pàisde a bha anns a’ chreathall an uachdair an làir.

Sheas an gille beag air a chasan agus ars esan ris a’ ghriasaich, “Dean thusa brògan dhòmhsa agus cluichidh mise port dhut air a’ phìob.” Shéid e suas am màla, agus mus do sguir e is beag nach do leum sùilean an fhir a bha ’g éisdeachd as a cheann ag amharc air bodach beag a’ chùil. “So mar a ni thu iad,” ars am pìobaire:

Brògan bileach, boileach, beul-dubh
O dhruim leathar nam bó,
O thàrr leathar nan aighean;
Farra-bhuinn a steach, gearra-bhuinn a mach;
Buinn fhada dhìreach ’nan sìneadh eatorra sin;
Builteach-dhubh dhonna o chirean an droma.
Snàthain caol réidh gun gheir, tarraing air éiginn.

Làmh deagh fhoghlum ’gam fuai gheal;
’S nach fhaicheadh am bonn an t-athar
No an t-uachdar an talamh.
Buanadas bròg ùr eilein, eireachdas bròg an rìgh.

’S ged a bhuaileadh i air a’ chreig
Gum bu mhiosa do’n chreig na dhi.

Chan eil air an duine shona ach a bhreith.

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Iasgach an amadain, còrr-bheathach mòr.

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Chan e gogadh nan ceann a ni an t-iomramh.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN DAMHAIR, 1958

Aireamh 10

AIR MULLACH MUIRNEIG

ANN an iomadh ceàrnaidh de'n Ghaidhealtachd cha dheasadh i an t-ainm beinn idir oir chan eil i mille troidh air àirde, ach ged nach eil i àrd tha i ro mhaiseach ann an sùilean gach fear is té a dh'àraicheadh san Eilean. Tha ceann a tuath Leódhais iosal an coimeas ris a' cheann a deas, agus ris an taobh an iar-dheas. Mar sin chithear Mùirneag fad as air uchd a' chuain. An uair a bha an t-iasgach glas aig àirde, agus na sgothan Niseach lionmhor anns gach òb is bàgh nach iomadh iasgair calma a thog coharradh air a' bheinn-sa aig am cur nan lion.

Bha i mùirneach agam-sa o na làithean sona o chian a bha mi buachailleachd chruidh is chaorach oirre. Nach tric a chaisg mi m' iotadh am fuaran Bota-Gile air an t-slios an ear aice.

Chan iongnadh idir ged a rinn bàird an Eilein luaidh oirre 'nan òrain. B' i a' chiad àite deth a thogadh iad air an t-slighe dhachaidh o iasgach Ghallaibh, agus an t-àite mu dheireadh air an cailleadh sealladh an uair a bha iad a' fàgail na tire.

B' e an ceangal a bha agam a riamh ri Mùirneig a thug orm oidhche a chur seachad 'nam aonar air a mullach. An uair a sheas mi aig a càrnan liath agus a thug mi sùil mu'n cuairt aon uair eile shaoil leam aig farsainneachd mara is monaidh a bha sgaoileadh fa mo chomhair gu robh e eu-comasach do neach sam bith lànachd an t-seallaidh a ghabhail a steach. Air cul a' chàrnain tha làrach locha. Tha grunnan a locha a nis fo fheur ach tha na bruthaichean móra, dubha a bha mar bhruaichean aice an sud fhathast. So an dearbh àite anns am bitheadh iad ag aoradh mus do dheal-aidh na h-eaglaisean. Chruinnicheadh luchd aoraidh as gach baile mu'n cuairt.

Bha mòinteach riabhach Leódhais air an oidhche so a' coimhead brèagha, réidh eadar a'

bheinn 's an cuan, ach cha robh a blàir 's a boglaich an an-fhios dhòmhsa oir is minic a choisich mi trompa. Air an làimh dheis bha beanntan Uige agus na Hearradh, an Cliseam mar fhreiceadan os an cionn dorch agus mi-chathrannach. Bha ceann a tuath an Eilein Sgitheanaich 'g a bhàthadh fhéin sa' chuan, agus beanntan na mór-thir 'nan laighe gu sèimh air an òradh le gathan bòidheach na gréine samhraidh. Bha ceò theinntean a' sgaoileadh os cionn baile Steòrnabhaigh, ach bha Rubha an Tiumpain caol, tana le aghaidh ris an àirde an ear.

Fada muigh anns a' Chuan a Siar bha na h-Eileanan Flanach, mar bhiasan nimheil, dubha air faire mar guom bitheadh iad a' feitheamh ri cur as do dhaoine mi-amharusach mar a rinn iad aon uair. Tuath air Rubha Robhanais cha robh nì r'a fhaicinn ach miltean air mhiltean de chuan fuar, falamh.

Chuir mi suas mo bhùth bheag am feasgar ud am fasgadh a' chàrnain agus shuidh mi ag òl a steach an t-seallaidh bhòidhich a rinn ùrachadh spioraid dhomh. Cha robh duine no beathach ri fhaicinn. Bha mi mar nach bitheadh duine beò air an t-saoghal ach mi-fhìn. Bha an t-athar 's am muir cho falamh ris an talamh; bha e coltach ri toiseach an t-saoghail.

Bha àilleachd air gach taobh ach gu sònraichte anns an àirde an iar far an robh a' ghrian a' cromadh do'n chuan. Lion an sealladh mo chridhe làn aobhnis is sonais. Mar a bha a' ghrian a' dlùthachadh ris an fhaighe bha sgothan òr-bhuidhe ag éirigh suas 'na coinneamh gu a pasgadh 'na cadal. Bha gathan na h-ath-shoillse a' seargadh mar a bha a' ghrian a' dol fodha agus bha ciaradh na h-oidhche ag ialadh a steach o'n chuan a' mùchadh an t-seallaidh; bha sgàilean purpaidh ag iadhadh nan cnoc agus neòil bhàna 'g éirigh suas a cridhe nan gaibinn.

Thuit an oidhche agus bha sìth air an talamh. Cha robh nì r' a chluinntinn, ach bha aonaran-achd a' mhonaidh a' dùsgadh iomadh smuain 'nam chridhe. Bu neònach an duine nach bitheadh air a bhuaireadh 'na inntinn le sàmhchaireachd na h-oidhche. Bha mar gum bitheadh an cruinne-cé a' feitheamh, feitheamh ri fios gluasaid, feitheamh cò ris?

Aon nì a b' aithne dhomh, cha d'lochuimh-nichinn a chaoidh ciùineachd is fois na h-oidhche ud, no fuaim tiamhaidh na gaoithe anns an fhraoch.

DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Moch-eirigh

A M fear a gheibh ainm na moch-eirigh faodaidh e cadal gu meadhon latha. Dh'aithnichinn bodach anns a' bhaile againn fhìn agus bhàtar a' cur as a leth gu robh e 'g éirigh ro thràth, gu tric mus blaiseadh an t-eun an t-uisge. Cha do thuig duine a riamh car son a bha e an àrde cho tràth. Cò ris a bha dùil aige, co dhìubh, nuair a bha càch 'nan cadal? Bha amharus aig cuid gum biodh e tadhal a' chladaich nach robh fada o bheulaibh an tighe aige gu minic an camhanaich na maidne gun fhios dé chuireadh an làn air tìr, agus tha lorg mhath aig feadhainn, ged nach fhaca mise e, gum biodh e le gràpa cur am barr a' mhuil na feamann a bha an rotach gearraich a' brùchdadh roimhe. Is math a b' aithne dha gu robh an fheamainn ro fheumail air son na feannaig bhuntàta, agus car son a dh'fhàgadh esan t-dhar math saor aig duine eile.

Aon mhadainn Shàbaide bha e air a chasan tràth mar a chleachd. Sheas e aig ceann an tighe le pìob chriathadh 'na phluic agus a dhà làimh domhain 'na phòcairean. Bha e coimhead an athair agus a' toirt breith air an speur. "Gheibh iad là math an diugh an fheadhainn a théid do'n t-searmon, ged nach eil dùil agamsa a dhol ann," ars am bodach ris fhéin. "Feumaidh cuideigin suil a chumail air an tigh 's air na beathaichean." leis na briathran sin thug e tarraing eile air a' pìob.

Gun fhios gun fhàth thàinig nighean a pheathar, caileag òg, àbhachdach a bha fuireachd an ath dhorus, agus sheas i gu sèimh air a chùlaibh. Chunnaic ise a' pìob bhriagha, gheal am beul a' bhodaich, agus cha bu luaithe a chunnaic na chimhtich i oirre le cloich bhig. Mus robh fios aig bràthair a màthar dé'n talamh air an robh e 'na sheasamh bha a' bhunag 'na smonachar aig a chasan. Shaoil leis gur e breitheanas a

thàinig air air son a bhi a muigh le pìob cho tràth air an t-Sàbaid, agus chuir e roimhe gum biodh esan anns an t-searmon an là ud beathaichean ann no as. A chaoidh an déidh sud cha chuireadh e pìob 'na bheul air madainn Sàbaide gus am biodh càch air éirigh.

Is iomadh dad a chì am fear a dh'éireas gu moch, agus cluinnidh e nithean nach ruig cluasan an dream a tha 'na chadal. Ged nach robh mise math air moch-eirigh thàinig orm barrachd air aon uair a bhith air mo chasan aig gairm choileach, chan ann gu bhith 'g éisdeachd ri'n glòir neo-chneasda, ach gu bhith feitheamh an t-siùil-mhara. Chan fhuirich an seòl-mara gus an éirich a' ghrian, no gus am bi thusa riarichte cadail. Ma tha thu an tòir air maorach air son an lìn bhig feumaidh tu a thrusadh nuair a bhios an tràigh ann, agus cuimhne a bhith agad nach fhuirich muir ri uallach no ri cadal.

Faodaidh an tràigh mhaidne a bhith gu math tràth, ro thràth aig amannan. Ach ma bhios tu muigh madainn shamhraidh aig éirigh na gréine mar a thachair dhomhsa aon là chì thu sealladh nach téid as do chumhne ri do bheò. Chì mi fhathast a' ghrian bhòidheach dhearg a' nochdadh gu sèimh, fàthach air cùl Rubha an Tiumpain, agus i cur rugha dealrach roimpe anns na neòil. Chì mi leadan na gréine fa dheòidh a' sgaoileadh o thaobh gu taobh de'n Locha Tuath a tha balbh a' sìneadh o chladach gu cladach, agus gainneamh dhreileanach, gheal a' bhàigh mar chluasaig shocair do iomall a' chuain mhóir. Chì mi na crnic uaine 's na tulaich, na coraich le'n àl air slios gach aoin diubh, agus an t-allan gu cam-lùbach air a thurus gu tràigh.

A mach o thìr tha an fhaoileag bhàn a' snàmh gu h-aotrom air uchd an t-srutha no 'g itealach gu guanach san àile. Tha an sulaire bior-shuileach gu h-àrd 's na neòil air bhàrraibh a sgiath a' sìreadh a lóin anns na h-uisgeachan a tha sgaoileadh fodha. Mar shaihghead a bogha thig e an comhair a chinn a nuas do'n doimhne, is éiridh e ris gu clis gus an toir an solus as do shealladh e. Air ais 's air adhart tha an streàrnag bheag a' cur nan cuairt dìth os do chionn, agus gu h-àrd ghuthach 'gad fhuadach o'n nead a tha cho falachaidh san tìurr, agus a' chòrr gu a h-easgaidean an oir a' chladaich a' feitheamh gu foighidneach ri a biadh maidne.

Nach fhada leanas sgreach an eòin mhara 'nad chluais, nach fhada a gheidheas a' cuimhne an sealladh a chòrd ris an t-siùil, agus nach taitneach na h-aignidhean a dhùisgeas ath-cuimhne nan làithean a dh'aoim.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN SAMHAIN, 1958

Aireamh 11

NA LAPLANDAICH

CHAN ann tric a chluinnear iomradh air na Laplandaich 'nar là-ne, ach chan fhaodar an leigeil air dòchuimhne oir tha iad airidh air moladh air son a cruadail agus an dilseachd do'n dòigh beatha aca fhéin. Tha àireamh mhath dhiùbh fhathast anns na dùth-channan fuara mo thuath, ann an Ruisia, ann an Lochlainn, agus anns an t-Suain. Is ann an Lochlainn a gheibhear a' chuid as motha de'n chuideachd shònraichte-sa, agus 's ann orrasan bu mhath leam iomradh a dheanamh aig an am.

Tha an dùthaich far a bheil an còmhnuidh aca corrach, beanntach, le lochan caola domhain a' sineadh o'n Chuan a Siar a steach a mheadhon na tìre. Tha na glinn fàsach, agus cho blàth air an taobh an iar 's gu fàs seagal, còrna, agus buntàta nas fhaide tuath na an ceàrnaidh eile air an t-saoghal. Tha an sluagh a' cur seachd mòran de'n bhliadhna air slios nam beann no anns na coiltean giuthais air lorg an fhéidh. Ach nuair a chuireas féidh an t-sneachda 'nan cinn cuairt nan cas a ghabhail dh'ionnsaigh an ìsle, mar a ni iad 'nan greighean aig am sònraichte a h-uile bliadhna, feumaidh na buachaille an leantainn astar dà cheud mìle air uairean, no a bhith an cunnart an call gu buileach. Chan eil teagamh nach eil am miann siubhail-sa an gnè nam fiadh agus an uair a thig an t-am 's e falbh a ni iad, biodh an luchd gleidheil buidheach no diombach. Faodaidh gur e atharrachadh na h-aimsire a tha 'g an cur air ghluasad, no 's dòcha gur e feum bidh is aobhar dha. Có aig a tha fios nach eil an dà aobhar aca.

Is e daoine beaga, biodach a tha anns na Laplandaich, na fir mu chóig troidhean, agus na mnathan ceithir òirlich nas lugha na sin, ach tha iad cruaidh, tapaidh, agus gu math seaghail. Tha am falt aca donn no dubh, cho dìreach ris a' chlobha agus e garbh, làidir. 'S ann ainneamh a chithear cèann liath 'nam measg. Tha iad air leth geurcheiseach agus beothail 'nan inntinn, ullamh gu bhith a' cur an eagaibh a chéile na chi an t-sùil, agus smuaintean

simplidh no diamhair. Tha am freagairt faisg orra, agus chan eil iad idir gun spiorad àbhachdach, no gun chomas am beachdan fhéin agus an smuaintean a chur ann am briathran ealanta, dealbhach ged nach d' fhuair iad móra sgoile 'nan là. Chan eil e soirbh a char a thoirt a fear aca nuair a nithear gnothach ris oir tha a shùil a mach air son a bhuanachd fhéin daonnan, ged is math is aithne dha dealachadh a chur eadar am math agus an t-olc. Chan eil fios agam nam faicheadh e fiadh math gun duine 'na chòir nach fhalbhadh e leis dìreach mar a dheanadh an seann Ghaidheal uair-eigin air a' chrodh dhubb.

A thaobh an t-seòrsa aodaich a tha an sluagh-sa a' caitheamh is leòr a ràdh gur e bian nan fiadh is aodach agus is caiseart dhaibh mar is trice air sgàth an fhuachd, ged nach eil dad aca an aghaidh aodach an-iomadh-dath nuair a gheibh iad gréim air. 'S e boineid gorm as docha leis na fir, ach cuiridh na mnathan orra fear gorm no dearg, am fear as deise a thachras.

A thaobh 's gu bheil iad a' còmhnuidh mar is trice an ceàrnaidhean leth-oireach, fada bho bhàile mòr, chan eil annasan bidh cho furasda fhaotainn ged a bhiodh iarraidh aca orra. Tha iad riarachte gu leòr leis na tha fàs riutha fhéin—sitheann, is eòin, is lusan a thuilleadh air iasg nan lochan agus nan aibhnichean. Ithich iad am biadh sin gun aran, gun salann, a Shamhradh 's a Gheamhradh. Is e na fir a bhios a' còcaireachd fhad 's a bhios na mnathan a' deanamh aodaich is bhrògan is àrsairean nam fiadh.

An am an earraich agus an t-samhradh tha iad a' tiormachadh an éisg ris a' ghréin, agus 'g a itheadh mar aran, bruich no amh. Tha iad a' cur mu seach bainne an fhéidh deireadh an fhoghair ann an cumain far an rèòdh e, agus an sin gearraidh iad e mar an càise agus ithidh iad e fuar, rèote. Saillidh iad an t-ìm, a tha geal mar gheir, agus gleidhidh iad e agus an tig feum air. Ithidh iad luirgnean lusan an déidh am bruich fad latha ann am meug; pronnaidh iad iasg is measan nuair a gheibh iad iad agus

gabhadh iad an stapag sin leis na spàinean. Cha bhi iad gun lòn fhad 's a bhios rùsg air craoibh. Stiallaidh iad rùsg a' chruinn ghiuthais, sgrìobaidh iad i gu math agus an déidh a tìormachadh gearraidh iad i 'na pìosan caola agus cuiridh iad ann am bucais fo'n ghainmhich i. Fadaidh iad teine fiodha os a chionn fad latha agus an sin cagnaiddh iad i mar an candaiddh. Co dhìubh bha am biadh-sa aca anns na bliadhnanach a chaidh seachad. Ach 's e sìtheann am biadh as trice a bhios aca rè a' Gheamhraidh. Tha iad ro dhéidheil air feòil a' mhathain, gu sònruichte bonnan nan cas.

Is ann gann a tha am bainne aig na féidh. Aig am bidh 's e brochan sìthne an deoch as trice a bhios aca, ach chan eil e air a mholadh do neach barrachd air aon chopan òl aig aon am oir am beachd mòrain chan eil anns a' bhrochan ach biadh nan con.

Tha aran air a chleachdadh a nis nas motha na bha e, aran eòrna air a dheasachadh air leacan teotha, agus tha lite is brochan mine gu bitheanta air bòrd. Ann an cuid de chear-naidhean bìdh cofaidh aca gu minic, agus cha bu mhath leotha a bhith as aonais. A chionn 's gu bheil iad cho tric a' gluasad o àite gu àite chan eil dachaidhean seasmhach aca. Cuiridh iad suas am pàilliuann far an tuit an an oidhche orra; leagaidh is togaidh iad iad mar a tha am feuman a' seasamh. Tha àirneis an teaghlach, beag no mòr 'g a bheil e, an òrdugh anns a' phàilliu, gun ni a mach as àite. Nuai a shéideas a' ghailleann a muigh tha blàths air a' chagait a stigh oir chan eil gainne air fiodh air son connaidh an Lochlainn.

Tha an eachdraidh a chaidh air thoiseach fìor, ach tha dòigh beatha an t-sluaigh-sa 'g atharrachadh o chionn bhliadhnaichean air ais. Tha iad uidh air an uidh a' leigeadh seachad a bhith sìubhal o àite gu àite; tha iad a' sgur a chumail nam fiadh ceum air ceum agus a' socrachadh an dachaidhean an aon àite. Is e fois na dachaidh a tha na mnathan gu sònraichte 'g iarraidh. Chan eil a nis ach mu dhà mhìle as an fhichead mìle an cois nam fiadh.

Tha aon fhine eile cur beatha ghluasadach air chùil.

S. D. T.

Naidheachd Uibhisteach

Bha tràigh agus fadhail eadar Bhàllaidh agus tìr agus cha bhiodh an tràigh no an làn an còmhnuidh freagarrach gus na h-uairean a fhrithealadh. Bha fear-coimhid a bha air a' bhaile gu math cuimhneach air a bhith san eaglais ach aig amannan bhiodh e fadalach.

Air an là so dh'fhalbh e fhéin agus Ruaraidh le caoraich chun a' bhàta-bathair. Bha an là teth agus ghabh iad air an socair ged a bha an t-astar fada, agus an uair a bha iad air a' dhol sìos air Cnoc-na-Féille nach ann a bha am bàta air falbh.

"Seall so," arsa fear nan caorach, "nach eil am bàta air falbh." "O!" arsa Ruaraidh, "chan e Eaglais an t-Sruthain Ruaidh a tha agad an so idir."

Coileach Neill

O chionn fhada, mus robh uaireadairean cho pailt 's a tha iad an diugh, bha bodach beag éibhinn air an robh Niall a' fuireachd ann an Strùpasag. Is e iasgair a bha ann agus b' e fear de sgioba a' bhàta bu mhotha a bha anns a' bhaile. An uair a bhiodh an t-iasg faisg air làimh chuireadh na h-iasgairan na lin am beul na h-oidhche, agus an sin thilleadh iad do'n tìghean fhéin gu madainn.

Cha robh Niall glé mhath air moch-eirigh ach cha robh sin 'na chùram mòr air-san oir bha brod an inneal aige air son a dhùsgadh cho tràth 's a thogradh e. A h-uile h-oidhche mus rachadh e a chadal bheireadh e an coileach a tìgh nan cearc agus chrochadh e e ann an céis mhóir bho dhruim an t-seòmair chadail aige far an gairmeadh e gach madainn cho luath 's bhuaileadh ciad ghathan na gréine air gualann a' Chnuic Mhóir. Oidhche de na h-oidhchean nach ann a chaidh crùisgean Nèill as le cion ola mus d'fhuair e dh'iarraidh a' choilich. Thug e tìgh nan cearc air anns an dorch, agus a chionn gur h-e an coileach a chleachd a bhith air ceann an doruis de'n spiris thug e leis a' chiad eun air an do chuir e làmh.

Dhùisg e an ath là agus an seòmar aige cho soilleir 's ged a bhitheadh àird a' mheadhnan latha ann. Leum e a mach as a leabaidh mar am peillear agus rinn e air an uinneig far am faca e am bàta fo sheòl a mach an loch. Cha do chuir sud gruaim air Niall, ach theann e ris an tìgh a chuir air dòigh. Sùil dha'n tìgh e air a' chéis dé chunnaic e air a h-ìrlar ach ugh mòr geal. Nach ann a bha e air cearc a thoirt a steach an àite coileach!

An uair a thill na h-iasgairan dh'fhaighnich an sgiobair do Niall air a' chladach dé bha cearr air a' choileach 's nach do dhùisg e e. "B' e sin coileach na fud, an coileach ud," arsa Niall, "nach ann a thionndaidh mac na h-éiginn 'na chirc orm."

AONGHUS MACAOIDE,
Inbhirnis.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar X

AN DULACHD, 1958

Aireamh 12

A' MHUC

(Fhuair an sgeul goirid so a' chiad duais aig Mòd Ghlaschu.)

A DH'INNSEADH na firinne cha do shaoil mi féin riamh mórán de'n duine. Ceart gu leòr bha sùil bhiorach, luaganach 'na cheann is cha robh e duilich a thuigsinn nach rachadh mórán seachad air, ach a thaobh còmhraidh cha chanadh duine sam bith gu robh e cho breitheachail, geur-inntinneach 's a bha e.

An déidh gnothach na muice thàinig corra sgeul annasach gu solus a nochd an seòrsa duine bha'n Seòras agus na tàlant anabarrach a bha aige. Ach aig an am cha robh ann dhunne ach aon eile de luchd-tuarasdail na h-oighreachd—gàradair an uachdarain.

Cha robh sgioba mòr sam bith air thuarasdal aig Maighstir MacEachainn, ach am beagan a bh'ann bu mhath leis luach na sgillinne mu dheireadh a thoirt asda ag obair. Bha e 'na dhuine cruaidh, gionach, le shùil fhéin daonnan air gach car a bha dol air adhart mu'n Tigh-mhór—sa' gharadh, mu'n abhainn, timcheall na bàthaich, 's an stàbulla agus gu h-àraidh mu thigh nam muc. Bha aobhar air a ro-chùram mu na mucan; bha sinn a' cluinntinn gu robh aon de na beathaichean grànda so a' cosnadh àird-dhuais dha bliadhna an déidh bliadhna aig féill mhóir an Sasunn. Tha amharus agam gum b'fheàrr leis a bhean a chall na mhuc, creutair mór slodach, salach, le ùmh a' sliobadh an làir.

Ach thachair an tubaist, 's b'e sin an là. Nuair dh'fhosgail Dòmhnall, mac bantrach a' chiochair, dorus tigh nam muc a' mhadainn so bha an fhail aig Ban-diùc Arlaidh, mar a theirte ris a' bhéisd, falamh, fàs. Cha robh air ach sgeul a' bhòin a thoirt chun an uachdarain nuair nach d'fhuair Dòmhnall a' mhuc mu na cailbhichean. Cha bu dleasdanas tlachdmhor e ach ged bu duilich b'èigin. Chaidh Dòmhnall chun an uachdarain leis a' naidheachd.

Chaidh an ùpraid air chois. Cha robh fear, bean, cù na leanabh, mar theireadh an seann sgialaiche, nach do thionndaidh a mach air tòir na muice. Chan e gu robh na h-uibhir sluaigh

sa' chlachan—trì teaghlachaichean uile gu léir—ach bha gach neach aig an robh comas nan cas a mach, bean an uachdarain maille ri càch, 's e fhéin air thoiseach na faghaid le fheusaig air cholg le feirg, a shròin bhiorach, chrom air thoiseach air mar miol-chù air lorg fàile na seilge.

Thigeadh sruth spéiridhean o bhilean an dràsda 's a rithist nuair rachadh àite ùr air choireigin fhiachainn 's a gheibhte falamh e. Fa dheireadh thall nuair a ruith sinn air gach tigh is bothaig, gach cùil is cial air àruinn an Tighe-mhóir, thugadh suas dòchas. Shaoilinn gu robh sradagan teine a' leum a sùilean MhicEachainn. Ars esan 's a chainnt cha mhór 'g a thachdadh, "Tha e soilleir nach b'urrainn a' Bhan-diùc a dh'ol fada leatha féin eadhon ged thachradh dhi dol fa sgaoil troimh 'n oidheche; cha rachadh i còig fad fhéin gun toirt thairis. Chan eil air ach gur éigin gur e làmh meirlich a ghiùlain air falbh i." "Làmh meirlich," arsa Seòras, "b'e sin an làmh; cha ghiùlaineadh siamar a' bhidseach."

"Tha ainm air a' mhuc, a Sheòrais," arsa MacEachainn 's colg bhuaireasach air, "ach chan eil mi sàsaichte gu an ruig mi gach tigh sa' chlachan." "Ch a do chuir neach 'na aghaidh oir bha sinn uile cinnteach as ar neochiont. Shiùbhladh gach tigh, shireadh gach cùil is ceàrn ach ged thàinig iomadh rud neònach gu solus cha d'fhàinig a' mhuc. Thill an còmhlan air ais chun an Tighe-mhóir, 's tha cuimhne agam fhathast Seòras a bhith coiseachd ri mo thaobh 's e crònan fo anail,

"An d'fhidir nan d'fhairich nan cuala sibh

Có thug briogais Mhic Ruairidh leis?

A' bhriogais a bh'againn an am dh'ol a chadal

'N am éirigh sa' mhadainn cha d'fhuaras i.'"

Nuair a ràinig sinn geata an Tighe-mhóir chaidh Seòras suas far an robh an t-uachdarain 'na sheasamh 's greann an-ìochdmhor air aghaidh. "Mas e ur toil e, a Mhaighstir MhicEachainn, tha aon àite nach do dh'fhiach

AN GADHEAL OG

sinn fhathast," ars esan. "'S dé an t-àite tha sin?" ars an t-uachdaran. "'An tà, tha a' bhirlinn sin a tha air acair sa' loch o chionn seachdain," fhreagair Seòras, "'nach fhaod gun tug cuid de na gillean leotha a' bhid—a' mhuc." Thàinig rughadh na feirge an gruaidhean an uachdaran, agus ars esan, "'Bheil thusa ràdh gun dèanadh mo dhearbhadh charaid, an Ridir Niall, a leithid?" "'Cha tug mi guth air an Ridir, a Mhaighstir MhicEachainn. Ach 's e an càl a dhearbhas an creidimh; le'r cead théid sinn a mach chun na birlinne 's ni sinn farraid."

Bha e cruaidh leis an uachdaran a dhol gu sheann charaid air a leithid de thurus ach gheàrr call na muice chun a' chridhe e. Chaidh e mach maille ruinn sa' bhàta. Nuair a chuala an Ridir Niall fàth ar turuis stad e le uamhas 'na shùil. "'Cha chreidinn gu smuainicheadh fear t'ùinbe a leithid dhìom," ars esan ris an uachdaran, "'ach air sgàth ar càirdis agus m' onair fhéin tha a' bhirlinn saor dhut o toiseach gu deireadh."

Shìubhladh air feadh gach oisne is ceàrnaig de'n luig ach uibhir is aon ghas de cholg na muice cha d'fhuaras. Bha coslas na stoirme air aodann MhicEachainn ach chuir e mór iongnadh orm cho beag 's a chuir sin a chùram air Seòras. Ach 's e an Ridir a thionndaidh air. "'Seadh, a charaid," ars esan, "'an tusa an gille gleusda smuainich air tighinn a chur meirle as mo lethsa?" "'Is mise nach do rinn sin, a Ridir Nèill, ach chan abair mi ni ceudna mu chuid de na gillean agaibh," fhreagair Seòras gu modhail, socair. "'Gu dé tha thu ciallachadh?" ars MacEachainn. "'Chì sibh sin," arsa Seòras, "'ma dh'iarras sibh air na gillean an acair a thoirt air bòrd." "'Foghnaidh sud dhe do chleasan amadeach," thubhairt an t-uachdaran, ach shaoil leam gun d'fhàinig lasadh an sùil an Ridir. "'Tha mi tuigsinn," fhreagair e, "'steach leis an acair gum dàil."

Gu màirnealach, aindeonach thugadh a steach an càbùl, aitheamh an déidh aithimh gus an do nochd soc grànda sleamhain Ban-diùc Arlaidh os cionn an uisge. Bha a' chlosach aice an sin ceangailte ris a' chaball cóig aitheamh fo shàl far nach smuainicheadh duine am feasid sireadh air a son—ach Seòras!

Sheall an Ridir Niall air an uachdaran. "'Tha mi neochiontach de'n gmothach so," ars esan, "'ach dìolaidh na ciontach air." "'Tha mi 'gur creidsinn, a charaid," ars MacEachainn. "'O mo mhuc àlainn."

Thionndaidh an Ridir ri Seòras agus thubhairt e, "'Ciamar a smuainich thu air coimhead sa' leithid a dh'àite?" "'Ma-tà," fhreagair Seòras, "'chuir e iongnadh orm o mhadainn an diugh ged a bha frionas laghach air aghaidh a'

bhàigh uile lith ciùineis a bhith mu chuairt na birlinne agus gu sònraichte timcheall a' chàbaill!"

Duine gear, beachdail.

CAILEAN N. MACCOINNICH.

Piobaireachd Chlann MhicNeacail

Aon oidhche 's mi fhìn is mo chompanaich 'nar suidhe mu'n teine dh'fhoighnich mi do Chairistiona NicNeacail ciamar a bha na daoine aca cho math aii piobaireachd. So an sgeul a dh'innis i dhomh.

Aon mhadainn chitinn samhraidh bha Iain Beag MacNeacail a' coimhead as déidh a' chruith shuas sa' mhonadh. Cha robh duine air fàire oir bha an sluaigh uile san eaglais air a' mhadainn Sàbaid-sa. Shuidh am balach air cnoc uaine 's e miannachadh gum b'urrainn e a' phìob a chluich ach cha robh eadhon feadan aige air am feuchadh e.

Gu h-obann chunnaic e bodach beag neònach 'na sheasamh air a bheulaibh. Ghabh am balach an t-eagal agus a mach a thug e, ach dh'èigh am bodach ris e thilleadh air ais. "'Innis dhomh," ars am bodach, "'dé a bha thu dèanamh 'mad shuidhe an so air a' chnoc uaine?" Thug am balach sùil air a' bhodach bheag agus fhreagair e, "'Bha mi miannachadh gun rachadh agam air a' phìob a chluich." "'A bheil feadan agad?" ars am bodach neònach. "'Chan eil, agus cha b'aithne dhomh a chluich ged a bhiodh fear agam." "'Fan thusa an sin agus gheibh mise piob dhut," fhreagair am bodach, agus anns na facail chaidh e gu grad as an t-sealladh.

Shuidh am balach far an robh e agus dhùil aige gun robh e 'na chadal. An ùine gheàrr thàinig am bodach air ais le piob aige fo achlais, agus dh'iarr e air a' bhalach a chluich ged a dh'innis e roimhe so nach b'aithne dha sin a dhèanamh. "'Feuch thusa," ars am bodach. Dh'fheuch e oirre mu dheireadh agus chuir e iongnadh mór air nuair a thug e gum b'urrainn e a' phìob a chluich. Shuidh e sìos agus smuainich e air an nì annasach so a thachair. Thug e an tigh air a' cluiche na pioba, agus nuair a bha an sluaigh a' tighinn as an eaglais chuala iad cèl cho binn agus a chuala iad a riamh air thalamh. Chuir e iongnadh nach bu bheag orra nuair a chunnaic iad gur e am balach beag a bha cluiche. Riamh bho'n là sin bha Clann MhicNeacail math air piobaireachd.

MAIRI F. NICNEILL,

Inbhirnis.

7. APR. 1960

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AN GAIDHEAL

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Aireamh 1

OIGHREACHD A' GHaidHEIL

Leis an Ollamh ALASDAIR MACFhIONGHUIN

THA mi an dòchas nach eil móran de'n bheachd gu bheil an Comunn Gaidhealach, a tha air a threòrachadh le daoine tuigseach agus urramach, ag oibreachadh fad còrr is leth cheud bliadhna air son faoinéis. Gun teagamh bha daoine ann a riamh, agus tha iad ann fhathast a their, "Dìomhanas nan dìomhanas: is dìomhanas na h-uile nithean." Anns an t-seagh gun téid na h-uile nithean seachad, no gun tig iad gu crìch do gach duine, tha e fìor; ach anns an t-seagh nach eil am beatha dhaoine air thalamh ach faoinéis, is e toibheum sin a ràdh. Is dona an cràbhadh a ni dìmeas air òrdachadh Dhé. Agus gheibhear an dream a bhios a' labhairt mu dhìomhanas na beatha 'g a leantainn cho dian ri càch.

Is cinnteach ma-tà gu bheil nithean as fhèarr na chéile ann am beatha dhaoine, nithean as prìseile na chéile, nithean as urramaiche na chéile is math a thig dhaibh a chleachdadh agus a chumail beò. So an creideamh air a bheil an Comunn Gaidhealach suidhichte, agus anns a bheil e a' saothaireachadh, an creideamh gu bheil aig na Gaidheil oighreachd beag, ach oighreachd bheartach a bhùineas dhaibh féin a mhàin, agus a bu chòir dhaibh a choimhead o linn gu linn. Tha an oighreachd sin dà-fhillt. An toiseach, spiorad sònruichte, a tha 'g an comharrachadh a measg chinneach an t-saoghail; agus a ris, cànan, litreachas agus ceòl anns a bheil an spiorad so air fhoillseachadh agus air eiridinn.

Seallamaid air an oighreachd, air an dà thaobh sin, car tacain. Gabhamaid spiorad a' Ghaidheil an toiseach. Cha sinn féin a mhàin a tha mothachail gu bheil spiorad nan Gaidheal, ann an tomhas nach beag, eadar-dhealaichte

ri spiorad nan Gall agus nan Sasunnach. Tha iadsan nas mothachaile air na tha sinn féin. Labhair fear-sgrìobhaidh Sasunnach air a' chùis ann an dòigh nach dòchuimhnich ead fad linninn. Tha e fìor gu bheil teasachan ann an aignidhean a' Ghaidheil, gu bheil comh-fhaireachadh eadar e-féin agus Nàdur m'a thimcheall, gu bheil meas mòr aige air maise ge b' e àit am faic e i, agus gum b'fheàrr leis am bitheantas a bhith air a' bhochdainn na bhith beartach an daorsa. Dh'fhaodainn a chur mar so—gu bheil aomaidhean làidèar, spioradail nàdarra do ar slugh. Air an togail aig bun nan beann, no ri taobh nan uisgeachan mòra, tha àirde agus doimhne 'nan gnè; tha iad mothachail air iognadh agus mórachd a' chumhachd a tha 'g oibreachadh sa' chruthachadh; tha sùil aca do atharrachadh nan dath, do ghluasad nan sgàilean, do shìubhal nan neul, agus do shuaineadh a' cheò. Tha cluas aca do sheirm nan sruth, agus do thoirm na doimhne. Chan eil iad a' sgur a' ghabhail iognaidh agus tlachd dheth so uile. Mar sin tha freagradh 'nan inntinnean do ghuthan agus do sheallaidhean nan nithean a chithear. Is tric leotha sùil agus cridhe a thogail ris na beanntan, ri raointean ruadha, agus ri stall-achan ciara. Is aithne dhaibh uaigneas nan gleann, is fàsalachd nan moinaidhean. Nuair a philleas iad gu dachaidh is companas tha gean talaich is cuideachd nas prìseile leotha air tàille farsaingeachd agus aonaranachd nan sliabh; agus an sin féin, no air cùl a' bhùird sa' bhùth, tha na h-uillt a' ruith 'nan cridheachan; bidh na beanntan a' togail an cinn fa' n comhair, is sléibhtean ruadha tighinn eadar iad 's an gnothach. Chan eil na h-uile dhiubh mar so,

ach tha e soilleir gu bheil a' bhuaidh-sa gu cumanta aig Nàdur thairis orra.

A ris ged nach e fìor spioradalachd inntinn a tha an so, tha e 'na dheasachadh air son spioradalachd agus comh-cheangailte ris. Far a bheil sluagh mar so faireachail air ioghtantas, móralachd agus maise na Cruitheachd tha iad ann an tomhas mòr deasaichte air son tlachd a ghabhail anns gach foillseachadh is teachdair-eachd is àirde a gheibh iad. Is éiginn gun gabh creideamh is maitheas gréim domhain air gné sluaigh a tha air an gluasad cho mór le maise fhaicsinneach an domhain.

Ach an uair a leughas sinn eachdraidh ar dùthcha chì sinn an Gaidheal ann an cruth eile, 'na dhuine aimbhreiteach, fuilteach, fad cheudan bliadhna a' cogadh, a' creachadh, a' milleadh, fine an aghaidh fine, gus an gabh sinn gràin de'n naidheachd. Ciamar a bheirrean an teisteanas sin ann an comh-chòrdadh ris na thubhairt mi a cheana mu'n Gaidheal? Ar leam gu faigh sinn freagradh na ceiste mar so. Anns na linntean ud bha an dùthaich roinntead eadar fhineachan. Cha robh lagh cumanta 'nam meag. Gun dìon o nàmhaid ach an claidheamh, gun dòigh air an sealbh a choinhead ach le treubhantas, gun chomas nì a dheanamh ach mar a dh' àithneadh an triath, cha robh dol as aca ach a bhith deas air son còmhraig, agus searbh air son dìoghaltais. Ach an uair a thàinig atharrachadh riaghailt, agus a fhuair gnè a' Ghaidheil cothrom air a foillseachadh, cha chreid mi nach aidichear mu bheil an Gaidheal sònraichte sìochail, gur a h-oillteil leis cogadh, agus gur i an éiginn chruaidh a bheir air làmh a chur am beatha a chomh-chreutair. Le faireachaileachd a chridhe, le comh-fhaireachdainn, le gràdh eadhon do'n t-saoghal a chithear, le aignidhean beò, tha e an aghaidh a nàduir a bhith brùideil, cruaidh, marbhtach. Is e mo bheachd nach robh ceàrn de'n dùthaich as an deachaidh an sluagh do'n arm aig a' chogadh mu dheireadh cho neo-thoileach, ioma-cheisteach, trom-chridheach 's a chaidh iad as a' Ghaidhealtachd. Gun teagamh air dhaibh dol ann, cha robh na bu sheasaiche na iad; ach có air bith a ghabh ann le spiorad deònach, bras cha b'e an Gaidheil, oir a dh'aindeoin na chuala mi de atharrachadh sgeòil, is e mo bheachd nach eil cinneach am Breatunn cho fada an aghaidh cogaidh ris na Gaidheil. Agus gu ma fada mar sin iad!

Mar sin, tha e fìor a thaobh nan Gaidheal gu bheil beatha 'nan smuain agus 'nam faireachd-ainnean làidir annta, gu bheil iad ag amharc air an t-saoghal mar sgàthan anns am faicear dealbhan iomadh-chruthach, iomadh-dhathach, far am faighear samhlaidhean is iognaidhean cho math ri saothair air son lòir. Nan do thogadh iad anns a' chòmhnard far a bheil

aghaidh duine ri grund tiorrach is dòcha gum biodh iad na bu shoghalta, a' saothaireachadh air son pailteis, sanntach air son stòrais. Ach air an toigal ann an dùthaich gharbh, chorrach, neothorrach dh'ionnsaich iad deanamh a chùis le beagan; agus mas beag orra a' bhochdainn cha mhotha tha mór fharmaid aca ri beartas. Ma tha gràdh an t-saoghail 'nan cridheachan chan ann air son an stòrais a tha 'na sporan ach air son na daise a tha 'na ghnùis agus na naidheachdan domhair a dh'innseas e d'a leannain. Do bhrìgh so gheibhear ann am bothain bheaga feadhl na Gaidhealtachd daoine intinneil a chumadh conaltradh ri feallsanaich agus urraidhean eòlais is gliocais; aig a bheil beachdan soilleir air ceistean dìocair; agus d'an aithne iad fèidh a ghiùlan gu h-uasal. Gheibhear 'nam meag bàird bhinn-ghuthach anns a bheil feartan na beatha as iomraidhiche san t-saoghal. Chan aithne dhuinn càit am faighear a leithid sin de shluagh ach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd; chan ann co-dhiùbh an Albainn mu Dheas, no an Sasunn, no an Eirinn.

(R'a leantainn.)

Ceistean

O 's cuimhne leam bha tlachd agam ann an seann nithean agus is iomadh seanfhalac nach eil ann am faclair Gàidhlig a chunnaic mi riamh a lorg mi. Nuair a ni duine rannsachadh air rud sam bith tachraidh rudan ris a chuireas iongnadh air is a bheir sùileachan dha. Tha beul-aithris gu tric mar a tha an saobh-chreideamh, bun is friamh na firinne ann ged nach eil mòran brìgh na beatha sa' bhàrr.

Bliadhnachan roimh an Chogadh thug mi samhradh san Apuinn, agus bha e 'na chur-seachad agam, agus 'na dhleasdanas orm, a bhith tadhal air seann daoine. Chuala mi uair na dhà am facal *gàin* air son spréidhe de gach seòrsa. Chuala mi am facal so cuideachd ann an Lochabar agus anns na Hearadh. A bheil lorg aig duine tha leughadh so gu bheil am facal beò an cainnt dhaoinne eile fhathast? Tha fios math agam gun can na Sgitheanaich ga'ainn ri gamhainn agus a' ainn ri abhainn. Is dòcha nach eil iad cho fada ceàrr 's a bhios Hearach as aithne dhomh a' cur orra. A bheil ceangal eadar *gàin* agus am facal Eireannach *tàin*?

Bha seann duine san Apuinn, is e tagairt càirdeis air Iain Lom, ag ràdh rium gur e cho freasgorra is a bha fuasgladh-fuicil dha a b'aoibhar gun canadh cuid Iain Manntach ris. Bidh na Gaidheil uairean a' toirt far-ainm calg-dhìreach an aghaidh gnè an duine. Ann an Lochabar choinnich daoine abartach gu lèir rium,

(a' leantainn air t.d. 5)

DONNCHADH BAN

Le I. M. MOFFAT-PENDER

AN LUCHD CLUICHE

Donnchadh Bàn
Màiri Bhàn Og
Caroline Oliphant (Baroness Nairne)
Walter Scott
Nathaniel Gow
Màiri Nic Dhòmhnail a Newhaven

Tha Donnchadh Bàn agus Màiri Bhàn Og an sràidean Dùn Èideann anns a' bhliadhna ochd deug 's a trì anns an fhogharadh mu mheadhon latha. Tha iad 'nan seasamh ri taobh cathair-ghiùlain (sedan chair) agus tha iad a' feitheamh ri tuarasdalaiche.

Tha Donnchadh Bàn 'na shean duine agus cha mhòr nach eil Màiri Bhàn Og cho aosda ris. Tha esan 'na làn éididh Ghàidhealaich agus tha breacan dàithe thairis air gualainn Màiri.

Thig bean-uasal do an ionnsuigh agus suidhidh i anns a' chathair-ghiùlain aca-san. Tha i mu dheich bhliadhaichean ar fhichead de aois; tha i air a sgeadachadh gu lùiseamach ach an sud 's an so air a h-aodach chitear uidheaman Gàidheal-ach oirre. Is i Caroline Oliphant a tha innte.

DONNCHADH BAN (ri Màiri Bhàn Oig)—Tog i, a Mhàiri. Chan eil i trom.

MAIRI BHAN OG.—Chan eil.

CAROLINE.—Tha sibh ceart. Chan eil mi trom.

DONNCHADH BAN (le h-ìoghnadh)—A bheil a' Ghàidhlig agaibh?

CAROLINE.—Tha.

DONNCHADH BAN.—Cò as a bheil sibh, le bhur cead?

CAROLINE.—A Sìorrachd Pheairt.

DONNCHADH BAN.—Gu dearbh féin! C' àite a bheil sibh a' dol, ma is e bhur toil e?

CAROLINE.—Direach gu ceann eile na sràide.

MAIRI BHAN OG (ri Donnchadh)—Cò as a bheil i?

DONNCHADH BAN.—A Sìorrachd Pheairt; nach breàgha a' Ghàidhlig a tha aice!

CAROLINE.—Cha chreid mi nach fhaca mi roimhe sibh—nach sibh-se Donnchadh Bàn, am bàrd?

DONNCHADH BAN.—Nach beag an saoghal!

MAIRI BHAN OG.—Tha sibh làn cheart—is e Donnchadh Bàn fhéin a tha ann.

CAROLINE.—Chunnaic mi an uiridh sibh.

DONNCHADH BAN.—C' àite?

CAROLINE.—Bha sibh féin agus bhur bean a' tighinn air bhur n-ais as a' Ghàidhealtachd.

DONNCHADH BAN.—Le bhur cead uasal, chan fhaod sibh a ràdh ris a' mhnaoi agam, no

mu a déighinn-sa, 'bhur bean' ach Màiri Bhàn Og!''

MAIRI BHAN OG.—Is ann aig gach caileig a latha—mar tha an sean fhacal a' dol!

CAROLINE.—Cò dhùibh, is ann a tha mi fìor thoilichte, gu dearbh, eòlas a chur air an dithis dhèibh le chèile—air Donnchadh Bàn agus air Màiri Bhàn Oig.

Thig solus dealrach air aodann Donnchadh Bàn agus tha a shùilean soilleir le h-uabhar.

DONNCHADH BAN.—A bheil thu a' cluinntinn sin, a Mhàiri?

CAROLINE.—Agus tha sibh fhathast ris a' bhàrdachd air am b' àbhaist duibh a bhith cho fileanta, nach eil?

DONNCHADH BAN.—Air uairibh—an dràst agus a rithist—ach chan ionann am baile mòr agus a' Ghàidhealtachd.

CAROLINE.—Is ann agam fhéin a tha a fhios air sin.

Théid duine uasal crùbach seachad orra. Tha e mu dhà bhliadhna dheug ar fhichead de aois. Ni e stad mu an coinnibh, agus seallaidh e gu geur orra. An sin théid e air a aghart.

Cò e an duine tiugh, crùbach sin a chaidh seachad, a bheil a aon fhios agaibh? Cha chreid mi nach fhaca e roimhe sibh: bha e a' sealltuinn gu geur oirbh, cò dhùibh.

DONNCHADH BAN.—B' e sin Maighistir Scott. Is e bàrd a tha ann-san. Bha e anns a' chathair-ghiùlain againn bho chionn dà mhìosa, nach robh, a Mhàiri?

MAIRI BHAN OG.—Bha.

CAROLINE (mar gum bitheadh i a' smuaineachadh air an duine a chaidh seachad, agus a' bruidhinn rithe féin).—Agus an e an duine sin Maighistir Scott?

DONNCHADH BAN.—B' esan fhéin a bha ann. Nach aithne do an mhnaoi-uasal so e?

CAROLINE.—Chan aithne.

Tha iad sàmhach car tiota.

Ciod e an t-òran a chuir sibh ri chèile an t-am

mu dheireadh sin a bha sibh anns a' Ghàidh-ealtachd—no an e duan a bha ann?

DONNCHADH BAN.—Tha mi coma—duan no òran.

CAROLINE.—Cia mar tha e a' dol?

DONNCHADH BAN.—

Bha mi 'n dé 'm Beinn Dóbhraim
'S 'na còir cha robh mi aineolach;
Chunna' mi na gleanntan
'S na beanntaichean a b' aithne dhomh:
B' e sin an sealladh éibhinn
Bhith 'g imeachd air na sléibhteann,
'N uair bhiodh a' ghrian ag éirigh,
'S a bhiodh na féidh a' langanaich.

*Ni Donnchadh Bàn stad am feadh agus
a tha e ag aithris an duain.*

*Eisidh Caroline Oliphant le toileachas-
inntinn ris. Thig duine 'nan còir,
agus giùlainidh e an comhadach-cinn aige
'na làimh. Tha e mu sheachd bliadh-
naichean deug ar fhichead de aois.*

'S aobhach a' ghreigh uallach
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad gu faramach;
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na laoigh bhallach ann;
Na maoslichean 's na ruadhbbhuic—
Na coilich dhubha 's ruadha:
'S e 'n ceòl bu bhinne chualas
'N uair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa' chamhanaich.

'S togarrach a dh' fhalbhainn
Gu sealgaireachd nam bealaichean,
Dol mach a dhìreadh garbhlaich
'S gum b' amoch tighinn gu baile mi;
An t-uisge glan 's am fàile
Th' air mullach nam beann àrda—
Chuidich e gu fàs mi—
'S e rinn domh slàint' is fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am àrach
Air àirighean a b' aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche 's mire 's mànrán
'S bhith 'n coibhneas blàth nan caileagan.
Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir
Gum maireadh sin an dràs ann:
'S e b' éigin bhith 'gam fàgail
'N uair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

Ach tha eagal orm gum fàs sibh sgith. Tha
seachd rainn deth so tuille fhathast ann.

CAROLINE.—Rachaibh air aghart, ma is e bhur
toil e. Is ann a tha e a' taitneadh gu mòr
rium: tha e dìreach gasda.

DONNCHADH BAN.—Ceart gu leòir—

Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi
Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
Rinn milleadh air mo dheidhach,
'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm:
Chan urrainn mi bhith treubhach
Ged a chuirinn feum air,
'S ged bhiodh an ruag am dhéidh-sa
Cha dèan mi ceum ro-chhabhagach.

Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo chhabhagan air tanachadh,
'S tric a leig mi mialchù
Ri fear fìadhaich, ceannardach;
Ged bu toigh oigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha téid mi nis g' an iarraidh
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri am dol anns a' bhùireadh
Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad:
'S bhiodh uair aig slugh na dùthcha,
Toirt òrain ùra 's rannachd dhaibh.
Greis eile mar ri càirdean
'N uair bha sinn anns na campan,
Bu chridheil anns an am sinn,
'S cha bhiodh an dram oirm annasach.

'N uair bha mi 'n toiseach m' òige
'S i ghòraich a chum falamh mi:
'S e Fortan gha cur òirne
Gach aon ni còir a ghealladh dhuinn;
Ged tha mi gann a stòras,
Tha m' inntinn làn de shòlas,
O'n tha mi ann dòchas
Gun d' rinn nighean Deòrs' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n dé san aonach
'S bha smaointean mor air m' aire-sa,
Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b' àbhaist
Bhith siubhal fàsaich mar rium ann;
'S a' b' bheinn as beag a shaoil mi
Gun dèanadh ise caochladh,
O'n tha i nis fo chaothaibh:
'S ann thug an saoghal car asam.

'N uair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom
Chan fhaodainn gun bhith smalanach,
O'n theirig coil is fraoch ann,
'S na daoine bh' ann, cha mhaireann iad;
Chan eil fìadh r' a shealg ann,
Chan eil eun no earb ann,
Am beagan nach eil marbh dhiùbh,
'S e rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
O's mìorbhailteach na beannan iad,
Le toilair uaine 's floruig,
Deoch uasal, riomhach, cheanalta;

Na blàran a tha prìseil,
'S na fàsaichean tha lionnhor,
O 's àit a leig mi dhìom iad,
Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leò.

CAROLINE.—O, is ann a tha e ceutach! Is maith e!
Is maith e, gu dearbh!

DONNCHADH BAN.—Cha chreid mi nach eil e ro fhada. Cha bu mhór nach robh mi air mo thoirt thairis! Ach cò e an duine so? Bha e 'na sheasamh faisg oirrn, agus ag éisdeachd rium.

CAROLINE.—Is e so Nathaniel Gow. Is aithne domh e. . . Is aithne dhomh gu maith e. Is ann a Siorrachd Pheairt cuideachd e. Thig an so, a Nataidh.

*Thig Nathaniel Gow an làthair Charoline,
agus beiridh i air làimh air.*

A Nataidh, beir air làimh air Donnchadh Bàn agus air a mhnaoi.

*Beiridh Nathaniel Gow air làimh air
's Donnchadh Bàn agus air Màiri Bhàn
Oig.*

Is iad so Maighistir Donnchadh Bàn Mac an t-Saoir agus a bhean-uasal Maistreas Mac an t-Saoir—Màiri Bhàn Og: agus is e so Maighistir Nathaniel Gow. Chuala sibh gu maith tric ionradh air Donnchadh Bàn, nach cuala, a Nataidh?

NATHANEIL GOW.—Chuala, gu deimhinn! Nach eil iad ag ràdh gum b' e Donnchadh Bàn a rinn Beinn Dòbhrain?

DONNCHADH BAN.—Chan eil iad ceart, a dhuine: b' e Dia a rinn Beinn Dòbhrain—ach is e Donnchadh Bàn a mhol i!

CAROLINE.—Hà, hà, a Nataidh! Tha bhur leithid an so!

NATHANEIL GOW.—Tha mi ag iarraidh maith-eanais oirbh, a Mhaighistir Mac an t-Saoir. Thaitinn gu h-ìongantach rium an aithris ud a chuala mi an ceartair agaibh.

DONNCHADH BAN (ri Caroline).—Bha e ag éisdeachd!

NATHANEIL GOW.—Bha mi ag éisdeachd ribh-se, a Mhaighistir Mac an t-Saoir, agus their mi so ribh: cho fada agus a bhitheas a' Ghàidhlig ann—agus fada 'na déidh, cuideachd—is iomadh duine a bhitheas ag éisdeachd ris an duan sin. Cha chuala mi fhéin riamh a leithid.

CAROLINE.—O, bha e ceutach!

DONNCHADH BAN.—Nach mór am beud nach robh Calum, mo bhràthair ann an so: cha

do shaoil Calum riamh móran de mo rann-aigneacht!

*Cluinnear a nis fuaim mar gum biodh
cluig eaglaise air an seinn, agus air
an aon am cluinnear agus chitear bean
òg a tha a' reic sgadan air a tha i a'
gìrlan an craidhleig air a drom. Is i
Màiri Nic Dhòmhnail a tha innle.
Tha i mu fhichead bliadhna de aois,
agus tha 'hèideadh "bean-éig a
Newhaven" oirre.*

NATHANEIL GOW.—Eisidibh! Tha ceòl anns na cluig sin, nach eil?

MAIRI NIC DHOMHNAILL (a' seinn).—Caller herrin'! Caller herrin'! Wha'll buy caller herrin'? They're bonnie fish an' halesome fairin'. Buy ma caller herrin'—new drawn frae the Forth. Caller herrin'! Caller herrin'!

Thig am brat a nuas.

A' CHRIOCH

Ged nach táinig a' Bhliadhna Ur fhathast agus ged a bhios i seachad mus ruig *An Gaidheal* sibh air a' mhìos-sa, tha sinn a' guidhe Bliadhna Mhath Ur do ar leughadairean uile.

(a' leantainn bho t.d. 2)

daoine laghach còir, 's cha bu mhisde òganach a bhith treis 'nam measg. Thuirtear fear aca rium gur e Caimbeulach a bha an Iain Lom. 'Na òige ghabh e sgreamh de dhol-a-mach nan Caimbeulach a bha san aon bhaile ris. Dh'fhalbh e as an cuideachd agus ghabh e taobh ri an naimhdean. Leig e an fhuil as fhéin agus thug e air lighiche fuil nan Dòmhnallach a chur ann. A bheil an cleachdadh so nas sinne na tha daoine an dùil?

Bha fear eile ag ràdh rium gun do sheas fear air uaigh Iain Lom an là a thiodhlaigeadh e agus gun d'fhuir e ris an fheadhainn a bha air an tòradh mar so:—

Chunnaic mi crìoch air m'fhear-cinnidh
'G a chàradh an duigh an Tom-Aingeal;
Iuchair nam bàrd, rìgh nam filidh.
B'fhuath leat Màiri, b'fhuath leat Uilleam,
B'fhuath leat siol Dhiarmaid uile;
'S a h-uile fear dubh nach biodh rioghail
Dh'innseadh tu dhaibh e gun iarraidh.
Dia a dheanamh sìth ri d'anam;
Bha thu dìoghaltach san còl.

A robh an còrr ann, agus ma tha tuilleadh sgrìobhte, càite?

FEAR-FARRAID.

WORLD IN DEBT TO GAELIC SCOTLAND

Address given by Mr. ANDREW STEWART, C.B.E., Controller Scotland, B.B.C.,
on Friday, 3rd October, at National Mod Concert.

"May I first thank the President and Committee for the pleasure and privilege, indeed the honour, which they have done my wife in asking her to present the prizes, and me in having me to preside at this, the Great Festival of the Gaelic year.

"This is an occasion for songs in the Gaelic, and not for speech in any other tongue. I wish, therefore, in the next few minutes, to ask you to reflect on only one thing, namely:—on what has been happening in our lifetime, indeed in less than the allotted span of three score years and ten, to Gaelic music and speech. In 1890 they had survived a period of almost 150 years of persecution, of suppression, and, almost more fatal, of disregard. That century and a half started with suppression after the '45, then the Clearances, then depopulation, when men and women flooded from the Highlands into the Industrial Lowlands and Overseas.

"Gaelic, the only tongue known to children, was not permitted in the schools. Children were punished for speaking it. I forbear to comment. But the wonder is not that in 1891 there were only 255,000 Gaelic speakers and that today there are 100,000, the wonder is that there were any at all!

"If things had gone on in this century as in the last, there might now have been none. Statisticians may tell you that by the end of the century Gaelic will have perished as a living tongue. I don't believe that. But even if it were true, one must reflect that in the wide sweep of history that has been the fate of the great languages of former civilisations.

"Today who speaks or knows the sound of the Greek of Homer or Demosthenes? Who speaks the Latin of Cicero or the Caesars? Indeed, in Lowland Scotland, how many people fully understand the Scottish poems of Robert Burns? The sad burden of humanity is that death is the penalty of life. Everything that is mortal passes. But against that, let us remember that, as long as civilisation remains, Gaelic will be, not an antiquarian research, but a living stream, in the music and poetry of the world, and that principally through the work of An Comunn.

"We have been considering the past. What can we discern in the present and the future? This is an age of increasing, almost overpowering, potential in things, in material things.

For this production standardisation and centralisation are essential. The material advantages lie in uniformity. This uniformity can spread to other things in the modern world. One standard in money, in food, in welfare, in language, for the whole of mankind, and beyond that, one received thought, one permitted idea. Great material convenience, but it has not one moral or cultural or spiritual advantage.

"In effect, it would be the apotheosis of the party line on the one hand or the nickelodeon on the other. From that uniformity no great ideas spring. These come from the divergencies of men's minds and conditions and speech, all of which contribute to the real riches of human life and expression. Therefore, the work of An Comunn for the Gaelic Language, seen in this stark light, becomes a duty to mankind.

"How is 'one-speak' to be prevented, when every material forge seems massed to condition us to it? I will tell you. Let a dozen, less even, determine that Gaelic must survive the threat of the second half of this century (as the founders of An Comunn determined to meet the threat of the 1890's) and let them act always, consistently, even ferociously, and they will prevail. They always do. The spirit masters the flesh in the end. If you want an example, remember, as I've said, the men who, sixty-eight years ago, created the first Mod in Oban. On the great day a man at the door pulled competitors in to the hall off the street. Now the Mod lasts for a week and you can hardly get in. Look around you tonight!

"Let us honour, too, the many men and women who have served An Comunn Gaidhealach in its high offices and in many humble tasks up and down the country, in getting its work done in everything that goes towards the organisation of the Mod. An occasion like this does not just happen. Dedicated people have to work, and work very hard, to make it possible. And from that, with some pride and satisfaction, I reflect that the B.B.C. for which I work, has been associated with this endeavour over half of An Comunn's lifetime, taking the songs and stories far beyond the confines of the hall, throughout Scotland and Overseas, recording them, so that Gaelic as a living tongue can be known to future generations. And remember the experiment with broadcast

Gaelic Lessons which revealed that many people—Overseas as well as in Scotland—wanted to learn the Language.

“But there is another side to broadcasting and television. They are media of mass entertainment. In this world of ‘show biz’ and ‘admass,’ as in that of material things, every pressure again favours uniformity—a few languages, and especially, one form of lowest common denominator English. I don’t want to labour the point, but it is going to be difficult to express the diversity of civilised life, upon which depends the survival of the free spirit of man, in a world given over to the purveying of standardised units, whether in motor cars, or washing machines, or television personalities—a world which cannot therefore permit individuality, differences, diversities, in which the unique individual must give way to the standardised mass. This care of the B. B. C. for minorities is going to be harder to achieve, for there are increasing pressures to serve majorities all the time. But it will go on here as long as I have anything to do with it.

“I remember fourteen years ago at this time of year, the last year of the war, I was looking after a very famous and distinguished American broadcaster. It was a Friday night; he was on the air about half-past-eleven to America. He was in my office, and at 10.29½ the smooth voice of Mr. Frank Phillips signed off and at 10.30 a torrent of an unknown tongue assailed us through the loudspeaker, not unknown to me, in the well-known voice of Mr. Hugh Macphie. The American broadcaster literally jumped up and said ‘Almighty, what is that?’ So I told him, ‘It is the Weekly Gaelic Concert.’ ‘Gaelic?’ he asked. ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘Concerts, Religious Services, News, Children’s Hour.’ Then he asked, ‘How many people speak it?’ So I told him, taking away a good number for those who were on War Service Overseas, and he said ‘Do you mean to tell me that a great National Network takes time off to serve a minority that size? It couldn’t happen in my country.’ Well, it happens in ours, and happens more abundantly, and we can take heart that patience, resisting these pressures, has its rewards.

“I can remember, twenty-five years ago, a certain town in the North-West which shall be nameless. In it the townspeople despised Gaelic, sneered at the country people outside who worked on the land and the sea and spoke their native tongue. The ‘Natives’ they called them. Their only thought seemed to be of the latest offering from the Elstree Studios. All that silly, self-destructive snobbery is gone. Go to that town now and you will find these same people, and their children, proud of their

Gaelic heritage. It is a heritage which illuminates and irrigates every aspect of life, its joys and sorrows, its faith, its work, and those high qualities of loyalty, courage, pride and tenderness, which put the world in debt to Gaelic Scotland.

“I believe these will survive as long as men and women have ears to hear, thanks to An Comunn and its founders. Let me remind you of their names:—John Campbell, John Macmaster, Hugh MacCowan, Dugald MacIsaac and G. H. Clements. Two of them, John Macmaster and Hugh MacCowan, I had the privilege of knowing. They would have been well content with this 55th Mod in Glasgow. They would expect you to follow them in defence of your heritage, as did your ancestors in their generations, and take up this Fiery Cross.”

Executive Council

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Office on Saturday, 8th November, the President, Mr. F. Macrae, in the chair. Fitting reference was made by the President to three members—Mr. Malcolm Ramsay, Wemyss Bay, Miss Agusta Lamont of Knockdow, and Mr. James Grant Scott, Kinloch Rannoch who died recently; and he emphasised the importance of the work each of them had rendered, and expressed sympathy with the relatives of the deceased.

The Minute of the Executive which met on 4th October showing the composition of the Standing Committees was approved.

In the Minute of the Education Committee it was noted that the Gaelic teacher in Greenock High School was preparing pupils with a view to taking part at the Glasgow Local Mod and the National Mod next year. It was agreed to help the scheme for teaching younger classes in Inverness-shire through the medium of Gaelic, and to collaborate with teachers recommended by the Education Committee in that County in deciding on suitable books. It was also suggested that a new prose reader for advanced classes should be prepared. As the stock of Rosg Gàidhlig is exhausted a reprint is urgently required.

Minutes of the Mod and Music Committee noted the gift by Mrs. Campbell of Airds of a cushion for use during the crowning ceremony of the Bard. The offer of a Gold Medal for the Nova Scotia Competition by the Association of Scottish Societies in Nova Scotia was highly appreciated, as was also the award of the John McNicol Memorial Trophy for the highest mark in Gaelic in Comp. 60.

It was agreed that in future 50 per cent. Gaelic Choirs should be tested in one hall, and Junior Learners' Choirs in another to avoid the problem arising from competitions being held in two different halls simultaneously. It was agreed that in the Oban and Lorn and Kennedy Fraser competitions the instruction "Competitors to prepare two songs, suitable for male and female voices, and must sing either song if called upon," should in future appear in the Supplement to the Standard Syllabus. A suggestion by L. Mackinnon that a collection of songs suitable for young people, and for use in schools, should be published was remitted to the Mod and Music Committee for consideration. The Committee was also asked to examine the desirability of recording songs sung at Folk Song competitions.

The question of extending the time devoted to Juniors at the Mod was also referred to this Committee for examination.

The recommendation by Clann an Fhraoich for a sum of £100 for the work of this Committee was passed.

Reports by Comunn na h-Oigridh referred to visits by Mrs. Bannerman to Barra and Tirez. In Barra a good, sympathetic response was received.

A minute of the Propaganda Committee referred to new Branches formed in Amulree and Kinross, and the possibility of forming Branches in Pitlochry and Blair Atholl. Mr. R. Mackinnon is using his good offices in these areas. The lapse of activities in Skye, Lochaber and Campbeltown was noted, and the hope was expressed that the situations in these areas were temporary. The suggestion that choirs should hold Gaelic classes was approved, and it was remitted to the Mod and Music Committee to consider whether a certificate of satisfactory progress and attendance at such classes should be accepted in lieu of the Gaelic Test.

It was noted that weekly news bulletins in Gaelic have been resumed.

In the Minute of the Art and Industry Committee the Convener referred to the high quality of the Mod exhibition, and expressed their indebtedness to Crookston Senior Secondary School, Mrs. Angus White, Highland Home Industries and others. Captain Hay of Hayfield had promised to get 100 entries for next year's Mod.

A Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh expressed the desire to meet with Mr. R. Mackay to discuss the situation with regard to the young in the Northern Area. It was agreed to send the Convener and Mrs. Bannerman to examine the position with Mr. Mackay at an early meeting in Inverness.

It was reported that 33 girls and 17 boys from the Isles attended the Camp last summer, and 42 girls and 4 boys were at the Learners' Camp.

The meeting was closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Parish of Clyne, Sutherland

SOMETIME between two and three thousand years ago, a tribe inhabiting what we now know as East Sutherland looked about for a place which could be easily adapted for defence. A rocky spur, three hundred yards long, and averaging sixty yards wide running parallel with the hillside, above the eastern end of lovely Loch Brora, offered itself. Two opposite sides were sufficiently ramparted by cliffs. The Caledonians built walls, twelve feet thick, to connect the cliff ends. The tumbled walls of this hill-fort of Craig Barr (Gaelic *bàrr*, a point) are one of the oldest memorials of man in the Parish of Clyne.

We may attribute a like age to the chambered cairn on the northern shore of Loch Brora, near Killin. Much of its material was taken for road-mending in the present century, but enough is left to show its original lay-out. A few more cairns, and groups of round barrows which we come across in several places among the hills, mark other burials. Here and there, too, we find hut-circles and other forms of foundations, all that remains of the homes of that ancient race. Their open-air temples are more difficult to identify. The antiquarians indicate a stone circle by Kilbrave, and another on the Ascoile hillside nearly opposite on the north side of River Brora; the writer maintains reservations concerning these. An undoubted circle, still in good condition, stands not far beyond the parish boundary, on the hillside west of Dalreavoch in Rogart.

A long step forward brings us into the age of the brochs. It is understood that the Picts began to build those round towers about 200 A. D. Of seven in the Parish of Clyne, three are now merely heaps of stones, one is a grassy mound, and a sheep-fold, itself derelict, occupies the site of a fifth. The Carrol broch, although only a stump of what it was, repays a visit; and that known as Castle Cole, perched on the edge of the ravine through which the Blackwater flows for part of its course, because of its imposing situation very forcibly strikes the eye and the memory.

Viking raids may have been the reason why those towers came to be there. The Norsemen

later began to settle in the country, and the North of Scotland was practically theirs for several hundred years. They made one permanent impression in the Highlands—in the realm of place-names. There are few such in Clyne. The name Brora is said to be Norse—"Bruar-a" meaning Bridge-river. The cliffs between which the river flows where the present road-bridge stands in Brora village, must always have offered a site easy to bridge, if only by a few tree-trunks; and in days when fords and ferries were the rule, this river could well have been named from its bridge, a unique feature.

The prevalence of Norse names in Kildonan Strath, in the neighbouring Parish of Kildonan, tells us, not only that it contained many Norse homesteads, but also that it was a thoroughfare for those people between Caithness and the South. Near the extreme inland border of Clyne, on the line of an ancient way from the northern end of Kildonan Strath to Rogart, are Skinsdale, Amat, and Sciberscross, names of apparent Norse origin. It would appear that the Norse in their time used the old way, and left those names to mark their passing. It is also likely that Ben Armin on the western side of this route, and Ben Smeorail on the east, are Norse.

During, if not earlier than, the Norse period, Christian missionaries arrived. It may be that Killin (Cill Fhinn, White Church) is the oldest church site name in the Parish. Other sites are Kilmain, Kilbrare, and Kilpheder. Kilbrora is doubtful, and Kilcalmkill, although generally looked upon as a chapel site, is doubtful.

The Norse rule disintegrated. In 1196 Hugo Freskin, a scion of the ruling family of the province of Moray, was granted the domain of Sutherland (Sudrland, Southland, the Norse had called it, looking south from Caithness) by the king, William the Lion. Sutherland of that time consisted of but a part of the modern county, not extending beyond Kildonan Parish northward and Lairg westward. Hugo's son became the first Earl of Sutherland. Those Earls had their headquarters at Dunrobin, in the Parish of Culmally (later Golspie) adjacent to Clyne; so Dunrobin dominated the history of Clyne thereafter.

In succeeding centuries the Sinclairs of Caithness and the Mackays of Strathnaver had frequent quarrels with the Sutherlands, and many raids were made by both sides. The men from the north, striking at Dunrobin, had to cross Clyne ground; how Clyne suffered, we can guess. But more than once swift, strong opposition by the Sutherlands turned those incursions into routs. That the men of Clyne

had ample revenge, when they in turn raided Caithness and Strathnaver, the 17th century historian, Sir Robert Gordon, assures us. Sir Robert was the son of an Earl of Sutherland; the male Sutherland line had been ousted by a Gordon about 1510.

A bed of coal had been found, or at any rate first mined, near Brora, in the 16th century. Salt making was developed at the same time. On the strength of these industries Brora was made a royal burgh in 1601. Later the works fell into decay and the honorary title was lost.

The clans became more law-abiding in the 17th century. But Clyne had still to endure two plunderings. The passage of the small army of Montrose southwards to Carbisdale and disaster in 1650, and the journey north and south again of a Jacobite force during the "Forty-five," meant for the unlucky dwellers along the routes a spoiling of folds and hen-roosts, if not worse.

In 1794, when Rev. Walter Ross wrote the Clyne section of the Old Statistical Account, gave the population of the Parish as 1660; of whom 960 lived in the Highland part, west of the foothills. This distribution of the people was wholly changed in the eviction period, the first and second decades of the 19th century. The total figure did not appreciably fall, but the inland glens were swept clean. The number left was not recorded, but at present from 30 to 40 inhabit the area where 960 lived at one time.

Some of the evicted emigrated. Many were absorbed into new industries which the Countess of Sutherland was instrumental in fostering. The coal-mine and salt-works were restarted; a distillery was built; more up-to-date methods were applied to the sea-fishing. Later, a brick-works was established. Thanks to those opportunities, the population of Clyne has maintained itself with an average of 1,700 throughout the last century and a half.

It was during those early years of the 19th century that English began seriously to compete with Gaelic. The evictions emptied the glens where the old language would have been best preserved. The new industries brought skilled workmen from the south to instruct the natives; farmers with their shepherds, who took over the hill-grounds were also southerners for the most part. Those incomers had no Gaelic. Further, the use of Gaelic seems to have been actively discouraged. James Loch, Commissioner on the Sutherland estates, wrote a book on the "Improvements," in which he strongly denounced the language; and his voice was that of authority. It may therefore be gratifying to find, from the 1911 Census of Clyne, that out of 1749 people 862 spoke Gaelic. But in 1951, in a population of 1730,

only 166 claim to speak Gaelic. But few of these use it often.

The sea had been the principal line of communication with the world in the past. A rough track that followed the shore was replaced by a good main road in 1813, and in 1819 a mail-coach began to run daily through Brora, on its journey between Tain and Thurso. In 1871 came the railway; and with that event the history of Clyne as a self-contained unit may be said to have come to an end.

A. F. M. MACLENNAN,
Brora.

Obituary

Miss Lamont of Knockdow

Older members of An Comunn will learn with regret of the death of Miss Augusta Lamont of Knockdow which occurred at Inverchaoinin Manse, Toward, on 29th October. A science graduate of Edinburgh University, Miss Lamont was for ten years an Assistant in Zoology there. In 1933 she returned to the University and graduated in Arts, taking Gaelic lessons with Professor Watson.

Miss Lamont became a Life Member of An Comunn prior to 1907 and was appointed to represent the Dumoon Branch on the Executive Council in 1926. She was appointed a member of the Art and Industry Committee which she served faithfully and well for many years. Her chief interest was in Arts and Crafts and she did much to foster Celtic Art on which she published a booklet. Other published works to her credit are on Ecology, Topography, Zoology and her Family History.

Her remains were interred in the family burying ground beside the river, Ardyne. Mr. Neil Shaw, who was the guest of the Clan Lamont Society, and an old acquaintance of the deceased, attended the funeral.

James Grant Scott

The sudden death of James Grant Scott, Kinloch Rannoch, on 3rd November cast a gloom over a wide area of Perthshire. Regular attenders at the National Mod will miss his genial presence, and none more so than his fellow competitors with whom he was a great favourite. He was present at the recent Mod in Glasgow.

His passing at an early age is a great loss to the Gaelic movement in Perthshire. He loved our language and delighted to speak it to his fellow Gaels. He was the mainspring of the Kinloch Rannoch Branch which he kept in being for many years. He gave unsparingly of his time to prepare Junior competitors for the

Perthshire Provincial Mod held annually at Aberfeldy.

A large concourse of people attended the funeral, including many representatives from the Mod Local Committee at Aberfeldy.

Branch Report

Largs.—Recently a party of 50 members of the Paisley Highlanders Association visited Largs and were guests of the members of the Branch. The visitors provided the Programme, and Alasdair Fowler, President of the Paisley Highlanders, made an excellent chairman. The audience were delighted with the programme sustained by the "buddies," which included songs in Gaelic and Scots, and humorous readings. The visitors returned home highly pleased with the reception accorded them by members of the Branch. A return visit will be arranged in the near future. We commend this interchange of fraternal visits to other Branches where distance is not too great.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£4,899	11	7
Lewis & Harris Association	17	6	—
Proceeds of Dances 5/9/58 and 19/9/58, per Miss Chrissie MacKenzie	11	—	—
Net Proceeds of Ceilidh at Callander	16	18	6
Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Macdonald, Pitlochry Manchester Branch	31	5	—
Miss Margaret Urquhart, Kyle of Lochalsh	..	—	10	—
Ballachulish Gaelic Choir	5	—	—
Miss Anne Scott Rae, Port Appin	3	3	—
Inverness Branch	10	—	—
Mrs. Jean C. Anderson, Hamilton	—	10	—
Miss MacTaggart, Glasgow	2	—	—
Mrs. George Bethune, Skye	—	12	—
George A. Smith, Esq., Inverness	1	1	—
The Glasgow Celtic Society	4	10	—
Miss Madge Campbell Brown, Edinburgh	..	20	—	—
Mrs. MacLaren, Edinburgh	1	—	—
Lochiver Branch	5	—	—
Laig Branch	5	5	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association	3	3	—
Paisley Highlanders' Association	10	—	—
Mrs. Iain Campbell of Airds, Amersham	..	1	—	—
Dumbarton Branch	8	15	—
James Fraser, Esq., Glasgow	2	2	—
Miss Helen T. Macmillan, Glasgow	5	—	—
Miss Mary McInnes, Fort William	30	2	6
Net Proceeds of Dinner, 25/9/58, per Calum Robertson, Esq.	40	—	—
Mr. & Mrs. McDonald, Glasgow	—	10	—
Inverness Gaelic Choir	3	3	—
Anonymous	—	8	—
Kinloch Rannoch Branch	5	—	—
Mrs. Margaret MacSporran, Glasgow	—	15	—
Glasgow Skye Association	5	—	—
Proceeds of House Ceilidh per Mrs. Skelly	..	27	10	6
Net Proceeds of Free Gift Scheme	478	5	5
Net Proceeds of Prize Draw	413	11	4

£6,071 10 10

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN GEARRAN, 1959

Aireamh 2

GAIDHLIG ANNS NA SGOILEAN

THA trì ceumannan móra an eachdraidh na Gàidhlig a tha airidh air an cumail air chuimhne. Thug Comunn Nan Sgoilean Gàidhlig a' chiad cheum anns a' bhliadhna 1811 nuair a dh'fhosgail iad sgoilean air a' Ghaidhealtachd air son gum bitheadh cothrom aig an t-sluagh leughadh ionnsachadh 'nan cànan fhéin. Am feadh 's a lean an obair mhath so ghlac miltean an cothrom nach robh aig na chaidh air thoiseach orra—cothrom a' Ghàidhlig a leughadh gu sgoinneil. Is e a' chrìoch shònraichte a bha aig a' Chomunn-sa anns an t-sealladh gum bitheadh, troimh thìde, comas aig na Gaidheil am Biobull a leughadh anns a' chainnt a thuigeadh iad. Thàinig am Biobull Gàidhlig, a bha air a chlà-bhuiladh roimh an am-sa, gu bhith 'na leabhar fosgailte 'nan làmhnan, agus tha e fìor gun do chuir an leabhar-sa anns an robh smìor a' chruithneachd agus rogha Gàidhlig sult air an cànan làitheil, agus solus dhaibh air an t-slighe nach deach a riamh as.

Chaidh còrr air ceud bliadhna seachad mus tugadh an ath cheum. Is ann anns a' bhliadhna 1918 a nochd an Riaghaltas ùidh cho mór anns a' Ghàidhlig 's gun do chuir iad mar fhìachaibh air Comunn an Fhòghluim anns a' Ghaidhealtachd Gàidhlig a theagas do'n chloinn aig an robh i mar chainnt mhàthaireil. Fao-d-aith An Comunn Gaidhealach an t-urram as motha a dh'leasadh air son a' cheuma so, oir is iad a bhrosnaich an Riaghaltas gu bhith fosgladh doruis a bha cho fada dùinte.

A nis tha an treas ceum 'ga thoirt, agus tha sinn cinnteach gur h-e ceum mòr is ceum cothromach a tha ann, a bhitheas a chum leas a' ghinealach a tha 'g éirigh suas anns a'

Ghaidhealtachd an diugh. Ann an Siorrachdan Inbhirnis agus Rois tha dùil gum bi clann òga, air ùr dhòl do'n sgoil, air an oileanachadh an Gàidhlig is troimh 'n Ghàidhlig air son a' chiad dà bhliadhna co-dhiùbh. Bidh an dòigh ùr air a cleachdadh am beagan sgoilean air tùs, agus ma dh'oibriceas i, mar a tha fios gun oibrich, oir chan e nì nach eil air a dhearbhadh an dùthchannan eile tha an so idir, tha dòchas againn gum bi an cothrom ceudna a' sgaoleadh gu farsaing ceum air cheum.

Cha leig pàrantan a leas eagal sam bith a bhith orra gum bi so 'na chall do'n chloinn; cha bhì ann ach buannachd dhaibh. Cò shùilicheadh o na Frangaich a' chlann aca oileanachadh troimh 'n Bheurla? Cò dh' iarradh air Sasunnach a leanabh a theagas air tùs ann an Gàidhlig? Cha shùilicheadh 's chan iarradh, their neach, ach tha e ceart gu leòr leanabh a' Ghaidheil oileanachadh troimh chainnt choimhich! Is dòcha gu bheil an dall a' faicinn leòis bhig a nis, agus gu bheil ciall is gliocas air an saorsa fhaighinn.

Mus bi soirbheachadh ceart aig an dòigh ùr feumar leabhraichean freagarrach air son na cloinne bige a dheasachadh. Gun leabhraichean a thig ri an càil, agus a bhitheas freagarrach ri an inbhe agus an aois, cha bhì adhartas còir ann. Mar gum bitheadh sùil an fhàidhe aig A' Chomunn Ghaidhealach, tha iad air dà leabhran ullachadh a cheama a chuidicheas, ach bidh feum air tuilleadh.

Chan eil dad a dhùisgeas càil leughaidh an Gàidhlig an crìche na h-òige coltach ri bhith 'ga leughadh 'nan cloinn.

“Is e obair latha tòiseachadh.”

OIGHREACHD A' GHÀIDHEIL

(2)

Leis an Ollamh ALASDAIR MACFHIONGHUIN

A nis tha spiorad an t-sluaigh so air fhoillseachadh 'nan cànan, 'nan litreachas, agus 'nan ceòl. A thaobh cànan, tha fios agaibh gu bheil i air a cruthachadh a chur an cèill bheachdan, fhaireachdainnean, agus iartasan dhaoine. A réir gné sluagh bithidh an cainnt. Ma tha iad cruaidh-chridheach, mar a bha na Rómánaich, bithidh an cànan cruaidh; ma tha iad ealanta mar na Greugaich, bithidh an cànan ealanta. Far am faighear sluagh beartach ann an aigneadh, faireachail air luasgan nan uile nithean, air glòir a' chruthachaidh, air bròn agus aoibhneas na beatha, bithidh seòl-labhairt aca da réir. Is ann mar sin a tha a' Ghàidhlig. Is ann innte a mhàin is urrainn fìor spiorad a' Ghàidheil a bhith air a nochdadh 'na lànachd, agus is ann d' a trìd a a ruigeas teachdaireachd a chridhe le cumhachd. An uair a tha daoine cur bhupa an dòigh-labhairt a bhuineas dhaibh mar shluagh, agus a' gabhail thuca dòigh-labhairt sluaigh eile aig nach eil an aon breithneachadh no na h-aon fhaireachdainnean riutha tha iad a' dèanamh mearachd; tha iad a' dèanamh coire dhaibh fhéin, agus a' cur balbh annta cuid de'n gnè. Is ann le tuigse air a sin a tha gach sluagh aig a bheil meas orra fhéin a' coimhead an cànan dùthchasaich ged a dh'ionnsaicheas iad cànaichean eile. Cuin a smaoinicheadh Frangach, no Gearmailteach, no Eadailteach air a theangaidh fhéin a chur bhuaithe ged a dh'ionnsaicheas e Beurla? Dhòirteadh e fuil a chridhe an toiseach. Ach tha cuid de na Gaidheil a' saoilinn gum bi iad usal ma ni iad dimeas air an oighreachd fhéin. Gum faigheadh iad maitheanas, oir is ann trid aineolas a ni daoine tàir air nithean priseil. Gheibhear cuid eile a their nach eil feum innte air son gnòthachan an t-saoghail agus cosnadh lòn. An do dhìochuimhnich iad nach ann le aran a mhàin a bheathaichear duine; gu bheil cridhe agus intinn duine acrach agus feumach air biadh a fheagrais orra? Air mo shon fhéin, thiginn as eugmhais mo dhinneir là sam bith air sgàth dàin ùir Ghàidhlig anns an cluinninn gliocas 'ga sheirm ann am binneas a' bhàird.

A thaobh litreachais, tha ceudan de leabhraichean ann an Gàidhlig a tha furasda am faotainn agus glé shaor am pris. Gheibhear annta mòran gliocais, ach gu sònraichte bàrdachd cho milis 's a fhuaras riamh air teanga duine, bàrdachd anns a bheil fuaim agus seadh a' co-fhreagradh d'a chéile, agus far a bheil feartan agus àillidheachd an t-saoghail cho math ri rùintean

cridhe an duine agus spioradalachd na beatha air an cur an cèill le comas iongantach. Bithidh ar clann ag ionnsachadh chànaichean eile anns a' sgoil. Is dòcha nach dèan mòran diubh a bheag de fheum de Fhrangais an déidh an sgoil fhàgail. Bithidh cuid dhiubh nach leugh leabhar ann an cànan choimhich a dh'aindeoin gach teagais a gheibh iad. Nan robh aca de eòlas air an cànan fhéin na leughadh iad 'Sàr Obair Nam Bàrd' agus na Sgrìobturann bheir-eadh sin barrachd gliocais agus aoibhneis dhaibh, agus dhèanadh e na b'ionnsaichte iad na bhith strì ris a' chraoibh nach lùb leotha. Bhiodh e furasda an cuid fhéin ionnsachadh gu ceart, ach tha e duilich, agus gu tric gun tairbhe a bhith a' togail criomagan de chànaichean eile.

A thaobh ceòl nan Gaidheil, tha fios aig an t-saoghal gu bheil e sònraichte. Ruigidh na fuinn againn air na cridheachan as cruaidhe; tha iad 'nan iongnadh do mhaighistircean ciùil. Cluinnear annta fuaim aoibhneis is muidid, togradh is cianalas, tàladh is dùiltadh, buannachd is call, dòchas is eu-dòchas, bàs is beatha. Cluinnear annta aitareachd throm a' chuain, còmhradh togarrach an t-sruthain a' sùgradh ri a bhruachan, cèileireadh na h-ealtainne, agus ulfhartaich na doinnn.

Ach ged a thuigeas na h-uile so ann an tomhas, ged is cànan chumanta ceòl, fhathast chan eil ann ach leth gnòthaich do'n dream nach tuig na briathran a tha pòda ris a' cheòl, agus air son an do rinneadh e. Gabhaidh sinn mar eisimpleir "Cumha MhicCruimein". Tha am fonn sin drùidhteach do gach cridhe; ach tha na briathran a tha ceangailte ris 'g a dhèanamh dà uair nas drùidhtiche dhaibhsan a thuigeas iad. A nis, tha sin fìor a thaobh a' chuid as fheàrr de'n cheòl. Ma chaillear eòlas nam briathran caillear mar an ceudna dara leth éifeachd a' chiùil.

Is e Dia a thug dhuinn ar n-oighreachd—ar cànan, ar litreachas, ar ceòl, amhuil is E thug dhuinn a' bheatha agus an suidheachadh as an d'éirich iad. Tha An Comunn Gaidhealach a' creidsinn nach eil e usal no gun tàmailt an leigeil uainn gun aobhar. Chan eil An Comunn ag iarraidh ach nì reusanta; agus nan robh na Gaidheil am bithéantais a' dèanamh an deasdanais anns a' chéit so cha bhiodh feum air a leithid de Chomunn idir. Faodaidh a dh'aindeoin A' Chomuinn nach gabh pàrantan an gnòthach gu cridhe, agus gun caillear an t-seann chànan bhrioghmhor. Ma thig an là

sin bithidh iongnadh air daoine pongail mu shuarachas an t-sluaigh, ach bithidh aon bhuidheann diubh a bhithas saor o chionta agus o dhìtheadh—An Comunn a dh'oidhirpich air a' Ghaidheal a ghlèidheadh ri dhùthchas.

Am Bothan

SO seanachas a fhuair Seumas Grann, a tha teagasg an oilthigh mòr an Sasuinn, bho oileanach a bha tighinn a mach 'na fhear-lagha. Tha an t-Ollamh ag ràdh gur e mac ministeir a bha ann agus gu robh dreach na firinne air an sgeul.

Bha e fhéin is trì uir oileanach eile air chuairt anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. 'S ann a' falbh nan cnoc a bha iad, agus an ciaradh an fheasgair thàinig iad gu tigh croiteir am bràighe glinne. Dh' iarr iad bainne, ag ràdh gu robh iad a' dol a chur seachad na h-oidhche ann am bothan a bha iad air fhaicinn air a' chlàr-dùthcha aca letheach slighe sìos an gleann. "B' fheàrr dhuibh cadal an so fhéin," ars an croitear, "tha feur anns an t-sabhal." Ach bha iad air son astar a chur as an déidh oir bha iad air an t-slighe dhachaidh 's cha robh mórán de na làithean saora air am fàgail.

Cha b'fhada gus an do dhearc iad air a' bothan, agus 's ann glé nuaranta a bha e comhead an tuiteam na h-oidhche—tigh falamh, fàs 's an dorus air aon lùdagan. Bha caoraich mun cuairt ach bha an gleann sàmhach, gun osag gaoithe, gun chrònan uillt, le beanntan gruamach air gach taobh.

An uair a chaidh iad a steach chunnaic iad gu robh lobhta fhiodha os an cionn le fosgalan innte. Chuir so iongnadh orra. Bha àradh crochte air a' bhalla. Bha sìmilear anns an dàrna ceann agus luath air a' chagailt. Chruinnich iad connadh 's cha b'fhada gus an robh craos teine air am beulaibh. An déidh na suipearach shuain iad iad fhéin 'nam plaideachan is ann an tiota bha iad 'nan cadal.

Ach ghrad dhùisg mac a' mhinisteir. Bha srann aig rudeigin 's cha b'ann aig na balaich. Phut e air an fhear a b'fhaighe. "A bheil thu cluinntinn sud?" "Och, caidil," ars am fear eile, "chan eil ann ach caora a' casdaich." Ach cha robh esan riarachta. Thug e leis solus is chaidh e mach do'n dorchadas. Chuir e cuairt timcheall a' bhothan ach cha robh creutair beò ri fhaicinn. Bha na caoraich fhéin air togail air falbh.

Thill e steach; thilg e maide no dhà air an teine 's chaidh e air ais a chadal. Ach cha b'fhada gus an robh e 'na làn dhùisg. Bha an t-srannail a' dol a rithist. Bha an teine air a dhol as ach mhothaich e gu robh soillse air

mullach an t-seòmair; agus an uair a sheall e ceart chunnaic e gur e cumadh croise a bha air an t-solus. Leum e air a chasan. 'S dòcha gu robh cuideigin air an lobhta? Bha an àradh air a' bhalla far an robh i. Bha am fosgalan aig ceann eile an tighe, 's bha an solus ann am meadhan na lobhta.

Dhùisg e càch. "Dé an dólas tha ceàrr a nis?" ars iadsan, 's caise a' chadail orra. Ach an uair a sheall iad, chunnaic iadsan an solus cuideachd. Cha robh e glé gheal, ach bha a' chrois furasda gu leòr a faicinn. Dh'fhiach iad ri beantainn rithe ach cha ruigeadh iad oirre. Dh'fhiach iad ri faileas a chur oirre ach cha deach aca air. Sheall fear a mach air an dorus, ach cha robh gealach ann. "Och," arsa fear-eigin, "tha mise dol a chadal. Chan eil ann ach faileas air chor-eigin, solus carbaid, 's dòcha." Ach is math a bha fhios aige nach robh rathad troimh'n ghleann.

An uair a thàinig an là thòisicheadh a' tarraing cas mac a' mhinisteir. "Tha mise," ars esan, "a' dol a thoirt sùil," 's e breith air an àradh. Cha robh e furasda a' chòmhlha bheag fhosgladh oir bha na cùl-cheanglan rag, agus thuit an stùr a nuas 'na smùid air a mhuin. An uair a dh'fhàs a shùilean cleachdte ris an dorchadas, oir cha robh gu h-àrd ach aon uinneag bheag an ceann an tighe, chunnaic e dà rud air choreigin còmhdaichte le clòimh-liath agus an uair a sheall e ceart dh'aithnich e dé bha ann—cathair fhiodha agus seann chuibhle-shniomha.

As déidh na bracaist ghabh e ceum beag suas an gleann agus cò thachair ris ach an croitear. "An d'fhuair thu cadal math?," dh'fhaighnich e. "Is mise nach d'fhuair sin," ars an t-oileanach, agus dh'innis e facal air an fhacal mar a thachair.

"Nach tug mi rabhadh dhuibh?," ars an croitear. "Chleachd fear agus bean a bhith fuireachd anns a' bhothan sin. Bha iad greis latha 's cha robh iad glé rèidh. Thàinig a' chailleach chun an tighe againne aon fheasgair ag iarraidh cuid oidhche 's i' g ràdh gu robh i air am bodach fhàgail. Anns a' mhadainn cha robh sgial oirre. Chaidh mo mhàthair sìos chun a' bhothan an ceann greise a shealltainn an robh dad a dhith air an t-seann duine. Bha e an sin 'na shuidhe anns a' chathair—fuar marbh."

DOMHNALL MOIREASDAN.

Bean 'g a bhuaibh, dall 'g a mheangadh, curaidh 'g a shniomh; 's figh an reamhar air a' chaoil mas math leat an taod a bhith buan.

Faodaidh luingeas mhóra dol air taisdeal fada, ach feumaidh sgothan beaga seòladh dlùth do'n chladach.

An Diultadh

So mar a dh'innis an t-Uigeach dhòmhsa mar a chaidh Seumas Dubh a dh'iarraidh nighean an Criabost. Is e Seòras Chaluum a bha cuide ri Seumas a dh'innis do'n Uigeach mar a thachair. Tha oghaichean nan gillean a bh'ann beò, brioghmhor.

Ghabh Seumas is a bhràthair is triùir no ceathrar eile timcheall Loch-a-Ròg, agus an uair a ràinig iad Gearra na h-Aibhne chaidh Iain, bràthair Sheumais, a steach do'n tigh-òsda agus cheannaich e sia botuil uisge-beatha le airgead Sheumais, agus cheannaich e leth-bhotul dha fhéin a bharrachd air sin, agus chum iad orra gus an do ràinig iad Criabost. An uair a ràinig iad an tigh a bu cheann-uidhe dhoibh chaidh dithis is botul aca a steach, ach dh' fhan càch a muigh maille ri Seumas. Bha an fheadh-ainn a bha feitheamh a' call am foighidinn, agus thuir Seumas mu dheireadh gun robh e cho math dhoibh tilleadh dhachaidh nach robh sion aca air son an saothrach. Thuir Ruairidh Ruadh a Bhaltos gun rachadh iad uile a steach, agus a steach chaidh iad ceann sreatha. An uair a nochd an triall a steach chaidh bean-an-tighe uaithe ceart leis an eagal. Ach chaidh an céilidh air adhart, agus an t-òl is an seanachas. Cha robh a màthair air son gun cailleadh i an

nighean, agus cha mhotha na sin a bha a h-athair ro dheònach. Gu ruige so cha robh gnothach aca ris an nighinn no cead a' cheist a chur oirre is i, a nis, an ceann-shuas an tighe. Thàinig, an so, piuthar na h-ighne a nuas, té mhór bhàn, agus rug Ruairidh oirre so agus thug e cuide ris fhéin i chun na beinge, agus thòisich a' chailleach ag éigheach gun cailleadh iad an dithis! Tha e coltach gun robh dùil sin aig Ruairidh cuideachd.

Mu dheireadh thall chaidh a' cheist a chur ris an nighinn agus thuir ise gun gabhadh i Seumas, agus ma thuir, thuir a h-athair, "Chan fhàg thu an tigh so agus na brògan sin mu do chasan." Tha e coltach gum biodh e ri griasachd agus gur h-e a rinn na brògan a bha air an nighinn. Chuir so an gnothach an dara taobh; agus cha robh ach beannachd fhàgail aig an tigh a bh'ann. Thuir an t-Uigeach gun do chaill Seumas Dubh a chothrom an uair a leig e cead leis a' bhodach; gun robh Seòras Chaluum ag ràdh gum bu chòir do Sheumas a bhith air a ràdh ris, "Ma tha nach coma dhi, is fhrasda dhi brògan fhaighinn far a bheil i dol."

Bha tuilleadh is tuilleadh 'eile ann; ach mar a thuir am fear eile ris an fhear a bha gabhail an òrain, "fòghnaidh sud dheth!"

DONNCHADH DONN.



Tràigh gheal Mhórait.

Comharran Na h-Aoise

Is iomadh uair a bhios e cur iongnaidh orm carson a bhios daoine cleith na h-aoise a tha iad cho luath 's a thig iad gu ire agus nach sòrr iad bliadhna na dhà a chur ri'n aois nuair a tha iad 'nam pàisdean.

B' aithne dhomh boireannach 's i gun phòsadh, 's nuair a dh'fhoighnicheadh a coimhearsnaich dhith dé'n aois a bha i chanadh i, "deich bliadhna fichead, an té a bhios mi a' chiad greis."

Bha dithis bhodach ann an Collasa a bha cumail a mach gur iad an dithis bu shine anns na h-Eileanan an Iar air fad. Ach chan aidich-eadh fear seach fear aca gu robh esan na b'òige na am fear eile. Là bha so 's iad air tachairt ri chèile, thuirnt an dara fear, "Tha cuimhne agamsa nuair a bha Noah 'na bhalach." "B'e an rud e," ars am fear eile, "nuair a bha mise 'nam bhalach cha robh gealach idir ann."

Mar deachaidh iad le chèile le sruth nam biorach dh'an tigh ghorm tha iad beò fhathast!

Our Gaelic Heritage

By ARTHUR GEDDES, PH.D.

(Arthur Geddes has translated "The Songs of Craig and Ben" for use at Ceilidhs in Gaelic. His father, Patrick, came of Strathspey stock, and Arthur Geddes learned his Gaelic in Barbeck, Craignish, Argyll, where Gaelic was still the common speech of his fellow-workers on the farm. Gaelic has almost ceased to be the speech of the young not only in Strathspey but from the Mull of Kintyre to Cape Wrath. Dr. Geddes seeks, by help of translation, true to sense and sound, to make the spirit of the Gaelic live on, to keep it alive in communities where Gaelic is still spoken and sung by the young, and to interest newcomers and young folk in what makes the Gaelic unique, that is our poetry and song.)

THE Gaelic heritage of poetry and song is made unique by three elements: First is the enduring tradition of primitive Christianity embodied in the prayers and chants recorded by Alexander Carmichael and Kenneth Macleod. Second is the acceptance by the Gaelic saints of still earlier lay and legend clustered round the name of Ossian and the Fenian heroes. And third is the rich later development of Great Songs and lesser but lovely lyrics such as still spring up where Gaelic is spoken and sung by the young. But where is this still true?

Traditions still live on; yet the Gaelic is in retreat. And as its poems die on the lips of the aged, the melodies die too. I had to go to North Uist to find a Speyside air for the Speyside love-song, "A Tale Heard Yestr'en". This retreat is not merely a national, impersonal loss. It involves personal tragedies as, family by family, parents find it "hopeless" to try to pass on their mother tongue with its intimate, poetic heritage. And when as commonly happens, only one of a couple speaks Gaelic, the living word which should have linked them is lost: indeed its absence creates a barrier. What is to be done? Can translation dissolve the barrier, restore the link? It is for Highlanders themselves to reply. I quote from a husband and wife, and from a father and his sons.

After years abroad, I called on the grand singer who had first sung for me "The Last Farewell to the Bens". His wife, though proud of her husband's gift of song, had never learned the Gaelic. I told of the translations I was gathering and he said sadly, "Ah! the Gaelic songs cannot be turned into English. I've seen and heard 'translations' and I'm orry, but they're just painful". In reply I

A' Leigeil Bas Leis A' Ghaidhlig

Fhir-dheasachaidh Uasail,

Tha mi smaoinichadh gum bu chòir iomagain a bhith oirm air son mar a tha a' Ghàidhlig a' sioladh sìos aig a bailtean dùthchais. Chan e amhàin gu bheil sinn a' fàs beag an àireamh ach tha sinn a' fàs gann de Ghàidhlig chruaidh, cheart.

Bidh so air a dhearbhadh, gu soilleir, aig amannan is sinn ag éisdeachd ri Gàidhlig an ràdio mar a thig i thugainn an còmhradh dhaoine. Bidh so 'ga nochdadh fhéin an uair a bhios sinn cruinn còmhla ri Gaidheil eile.

Ach an cùis iongnaidh e? Nach beag da-rìreadh na tha de Ghàidhlig air a teagas air àit air bith; agus tha a' Bheurla 'ga bruthadh a steach anns gach cùil? Al is gineal a thogadh air Beurla 's gun dad ach Beurla, àl is gineal aig nach eil dad ri a leughadh an Gàidhlig, agus àl is gineal nach leugh a' Ghàidhlig co dhiùbh, dé ni iad ach buadhan na cainnte a chall a lion beag is beag, agus aig amannan gu grad is gu buileach.

Bha mi bho chionn seachdainean air chuairt an Dùthaich MhicAoidh agus chaidh so a ràdh rium: "Bho chionn deich bliadhna fichead is còrr thòisich daoine dèanamh oidhirp air Gàidhlig a chumail suas, agus bha Gàidhlig 'ga teagas anns na sgoilean. Ach dh'fhàlbh sin." Chuir so mulad orm, oir, a réir mo bheachd is m'eòlais, tha cus de'n fhirinn ann. Nach neònach sinn mar chuideachd? Agus mar luchd-oileanachaidh! Gu dileas,

A.R.

showed him those of "The Praise of Ben Dó'rain" by Pattison and Campbell Shairp. My friend's eyes kindled as he scanned the English stanzas set out to the old pibroch's "recitative, variations and quick turns". Then he sang them over with all the feeling and tradition of his race! Next we turned to my translation of "The Last Farewell". "Oh, Calum!", cried his wife, "are these the words at last? But is the Gaelic really as fine?" Moved, too, he answered, "Every bit as fine. Ay, finer!" The pair had forgotten me as for a moment their eyes met, alight with a rediscovery, not only of a Gaelic song, but of one another.

Another old friend, a keeper-crofter in mid-Argyll, who though no singer had been the first to read "The Last Farewell" and other poems to me, had been able to hand on the Gaelic to his crofter sons although most of their young friends knew none. For all his knowledge of Duncan Bàn and other hill bards, he had told me how much he would like to see careful translations and he was interested and pleased when I sent him mine. Yet he and still more his sons felt the lack of true and poetic verse, fused as in the Gaelic to its own melody. Not until I sent the translations by Pattison and these songs given here (Songs of Craig and Ben), with airs, were both generations cheered and at one. Now the sons in turn are handing on to their own children, no longer fully Gaelic-speaking, the songs and their music. So the old Gaelic and the newer English can re-unite man and wife, parents and children, neighbour and neighbour.

We must face the retreat of our ancient Gaelic. A Gaelic rallying song claims, "While the mountains stand and the rivers flow, never shall the Gaelic die!" No poet ever made a truer geographical dictum. Yet now the mountains are traversed and tunnelled by smooth routes and the rivers are bridged, dammed and diverted. The hills cannot be said to stand or the rivers to flow as once they did. They bear the mark of changing life.

Three trends of change affect our language and traditions: a change in numbers, in ways of life and in doctrines. In the Scottish Gaeldom as a whole the population for centuries previous to 1750 must have fluctuated about a mean owing to re-current famines and disease; it had more than doubled by the time of the famine of 1845-48. After this it decreased and has returned to its original number; it is still declining. Onward from 1750 came increasing migration between the Highlands and the industrial towns with their "dark Satanic mills", the seaports with their crowded ships

and slums, and army barrack and camp. The shock to the migrants, mostly young, of all these disruptive elements is hard to conceive. It was all the more bewildering that, often alone, they had to face the disruption of their world through the medium of an utterly foreign tongue. Hunger-driven, they entered the inferno of the Industrial Revolution with its profiteering, its slaving overseas, and at home its overcrowding, vice and crime, its chronic mortality and mass epidemic of cholera. The nightmare of the cities was voiced in prophecies of woe. Disasters were apprehended as visitations of an avenging Lord God upon a sinful generation and seemed to justify the doctrines of the Wrath to come which numbed and terrified imagination. Such doctrines displaced the primitive Christian tradition of communal life in which the Father, the Spirit and Jesus with His mother moved among the people teaching mutual aid, comforting in sorrow, cherishing in joy, sanctifying all. In place of the traditional retelling of the Gospels there came the reading aloud of the entire Scriptures considered not as many differing writings but as one massive, equally inspired Book—of which alas, the Gospels form so brief a part.

Within the Highlands and Isles came the change in economy from dependence on home-grown food, never in plenty, to dependence on sale of sheep and cattle and of fish, with purchase of goods, even of food. The new economy was largely brought in by "strangers". What more typically "Highland" in our eyes than some old shepherd, *cromag* in hand? But his skill is Lowland; it brought Clearances of crofting communities, told of in Donald Fraser's two songs of farewell to "Fannich Vore of Bens". Each new skill, each modern technique, brings in new men from the Lowlands and England. But the newcomers rarely feel at home for long: and the "culture" they bring is mostly town-bred, whether Lowland, English or Americanised. To meet cultural and communal needs, vital native strains must be integrated with needed modern importations, and to make newcomers feel at home in the Highlands, not for workaday matters only, but for thought and feeling too, the common language, is and must be English. Yet Gaels are far too ready to submit to this, without going the further step of saying to the newcomers and to their own English-Speaking children, "But we have something to share—let us share it, our songs, to sing in Gaelic but to understand by the help of translation". It is with this missionary ideal, this expanding aim, in view, that I have translated "The Songs of Craig and Ben". Its ideal is not to supplant, but to support the Gaelic.

GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(4) WILLIAM ROSS

By DERICK S. THOMSON

IN the case of William Ross, more markedly perhaps than with any other of the Gaelic poets, our reaction to the poetry is coloured by the legend of the man. The legend runs as follows: Ross, a delicate but brilliant student, skilled in the classics, on leaving school at Forres, accompanied his father, who was a travelling packman, over the Highlands and Islands. After spending some years in this way, he returned to Gairloch where he became parish schoolmaster. During one of his visits to Lewis he had fallen deeply in love with Mòr Ros, a beautiful young lady whom he met at a ball in Stornoway. She married a sea-captain, but Ross could not forget his love for her. His health declined rapidly, and he died at the early age of twenty-eight. On the night he died his apparition appeared to Mòr Ros (by now Mrs. Clough) in Liverpool. She had gone to answer the door, as she thought, and on opening it a gust of wind blew the candle flame against her dress, which took fire, so that she was burnt to death. Ross was remembered as a handsome young man, skilled in music as well as in poetry.

There is probably a good deal of truth in the legend, but the outlines of his life are simplified and romanticised. The total impression made by his poetry in part confirms, but largely qualifies, this romanticisation. The truth would seem to be that he suffered from consumption and asthma, as John Mackenzie says in his Preface to the first edition of the poems, and that he had the heightened sensibilities, and the sensuousness, which have frequently been known to accompany the former disease. His romanticism had as obverse a ribald realism.

But I must attempt, not a diagnosis of his poetry but an analysis.

There are many echoes in William Ross's poetry. This might be expected of a young poet who was deeply interested in the Gaelic poetic tradition. A few of these echoes may be mentioned in passing. Donald Maclean, in *The Literature of the Scottish Gael* (p. 48) mentions four instances in which Ross 'was apparently a copyist of William Mackenzie, the Lochcarron poet, who preceded him by at least a generation.' A short instance may be quoted:

(a) Do sheang shlios fallain mar an eala
No mar chanach sléibhe (Mackenzie)

(b) Seang shlios fallain air bhlàth canaich
No mar eala air a' chuan (Feasgar
Luain, 11.19-20*)

One might be tempted to explain isolated cases of this kind by saying that they are due to imperfect oral transmission of Ross's poems, but viewing the evidence as a whole, that does not seem a likely explanation. We may look briefly at some of that evidence. The somewhat slight poem 'Còmhradh eadar am Bàrd agus Blàth-bheinn' owes something in rhythm and perhaps phraseology to the Ossianic ballads (the *fonn* given is 'Tuireadh nam Fiann'), and it is also reminiscent of 'Oran na Comh-achaig', Dugald Buchanan and the Bible. The conventional opening stanza of 'Oran air gaol na h-òighe do Chailean' has definite echoes of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's 'Oran an t-Samhraidh', and the picture of idyllic love in the same poem,

Is sinn a' tional nan dìthean
Leinn fhìn feadh nan cluan;
Is sinn 'gar leagadh 'nar sìneadh
Nuair bu sgìth leinn air bruaich

(11, 75-8),

is reminiscent of the first stanza of 'Moladh Moraig'. In Ross's praise of Gairloch—'Moladh a' Bhàird air a thìr féin'—the lines

An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaomhach, channach, thìorail,
Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
Sìthne, 's pailteas iasgaich (11, 37-40)

contain six direct echoes of a passage in John Mac Codrum's 'Smeòrach Chlann Dòmhnail' (11. 633-40 in Wm. Matheson's edition). The 'Oran, mar gun deanadh òigear d'a leannan' is consciously composed on the model of 'Fhìr a dhìreas am bealach', and has the same chorus as that song. The first line of 'Cumhadh a' Bhàird airson a leannain' is An Ciaran Mabach's *Ged is socrach mo leabaidh*.

The poet here shares the lines

Gur gile mo leannan
Na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh

with the later poet Ewen MacLachlan. They may be borrowed from an earlier song. 'Comhairle a' Bhàird do mhaighdeanan òga' takes over the metre of 'Cabarféidh' for its cleverly wrought macaronic verses. The first verse of

* For convenience, line references are given to Calder's edition.

‘Moladh an uisge-bheatha’ has an identical first line with Mac Codrum’s ‘Caraid agus nàmhaid an uisge-bheatha’, although the metre is a different one. (We may feel reasonably certain that Ross had access to Raghail Dubh’s Eigg collection, although it is interesting to note that it, and Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair’s *Ais-eiridh*, read *lasgair* instead of *colgairneach*, which is the reading in this line both in Ross’s poem and in the Rev. William Matheson’s edition of Mac Codrum’s poem). The question of Ross’s contribution to ‘Cuachag nan Craobh’ is too complicated to discuss here. It is of course certain that the song existed in substantially its present form before Ross’s time.

The above discussion, brief though it is, is sufficient to indicate Ross’s acquaintance with the Gaelic poetry of his century. It may indicate also that, taking his poetry as a whole, he was less original than has sometimes been supposed. This impression is reinforced by consideration of his themes. Many of his poems are in a well-defined tradition, as for example the ‘Oran do Shir Eachann Ghearrloch’, which is good traditional eulogy, the metaphors in 11. 33-40 being reminiscent of Silis na Ceapaich’s ‘Oran do Alasdair Ghlinne Garadh’. Ross’s ‘Oran an t-Samhraidh’ is basically in that particular tradition of ‘seasonal’ poetry initiated in Gaelic by Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, and continued by Rob Donn and Donnchadh Bàn. In spite of his apparent attempt to lighten the poem’s adjectival load, it belongs securely enough to that tradition. His main departure from it is in introducing a more subjective note (e.g. 11. 65-72). The poem has, of course, many individual delicate touches, and it succeeds in capturing the bright, airy, sunny atmosphere of summer probably better than any of the other Gaelic poems on this subject. He was following an established tradition also in his ‘Moladh an uisge-bheatha’ and ‘Mac-na-bracha’.

Like Donnchadh Bàn, Ross composed a song to celebrate the restoration of the Forfeited Estates in 1782. It is rather pedestrian, and again like Donnchadh Bàn he gives some approval to the *status quo*:

Guidheamaid sonas le suaimhneas
Bhith buan do Rìgh Deòrsa.

Sluagh Bhreatainn agus Eirinn
Géilleachdainn d’a mhórachd.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.

Chan eil stàth dhuinn bhith ’ga iunndran
Ge bu Phriunna còir e. (11. 24-31)

In the lament for Prince Charlie (1788) Ross’s Jacobitism is tired and ineffective—almost of a modern disillusioned type. It is a lament for a cause, or an era, rather than for a man. This is not surprising, in view of Ross’s lack of direct participation in the ’45 or its early aftermath.

Less than due attention has been paid in the past to Ross’s humorous and satirical gifts. We may note in passing his sarcastic description of the piper:

— rianadair feadan nan gleus,
Is pealaid na caorach
A’ glacadh na gaoith as a bheul
(Ed. Calder, No. 17, 11. 58-60).

In ‘Oran do dhuine àraidh’, a humorous rollicking song, the humour has not dated.

Cha d’ rinn an Rìgh dhìot Ridire

San trid-a-bac dha féin.

Ach nì mi féin a nis dhìot e

A thiotag beag gun bhreug.

Rù, rà, Ridire!

Bloigh boidaige, bun sgéith,

Lùreach-mhàilleach, claidhe beàrnach,

Clogaid nach fèarr feum (11. 57-64).

In ‘Oran air Cupid’, the story of a priest* whom after strongly opposing the cult of Venus, came itself under its spell, the story is for the greater part lightly and delicately told—an unusual narrative feat in Scottish Gaelic poetry.

But Ross’s reputation as a poet rests ultimately on his love-songs, and the remaining part of this article will be concerned with these. For convenience, we may consider two rather different groups of songs (1) those in which the poet does not seem to be deeply involved in the emotional situation, and (2) those in which he is involved. In the first group we have ‘Oran air gaol na h-òighe do Chailean’, ‘Oran anns am bheil am Bàrd a’ moladh a leannain agus a dhùthaich féin’, ‘Moladh na h-òighe Gàidhealach’, ‘Oran, mar gun deanadh òigear d’a leannain’, ‘Bruthaichean Ghlinne-braon’ (if this is in origin by Ross), and possibly ‘Cumhadh a’ Bhàird air son a leannain’. In the second group we have the songs composed about Mòr Ros—‘Oran gaoil’ (i.e. ‘Feasgar Luain’), ‘Oran cumhaidh’ and ‘Oran eile, air an aobhar cheudna’. It is doubtful, however, if a hard-and-fast division can be maintained. It seems to me at any rate that certain lines and verses from songs that are presumably later than the Mòr Ros episode reflect Ross’s state of mind when he was suffering the torment of being rejected by Mòr Ros. We shall return to these later in the discussion.

* A schoolmaster, according to John Mackenzie (*Sàr Obair*).

An Comunn and the Commission

ON Friday, 5th December, representatives of An Comunn and of the Crofters Commission met in Glasgow to exchange information about the work of the two bodies and to consider in what way each might be helpful to the other.

Mr. Farquhar MacRae, President of An Comunn, presided. Other Comunn representatives were: Mr. Donald Grant (Finance); Mr. Donald Thomson (Education); Mrs. M. C. Edgar (Art and Industry); Mr. John M. Bannerman (Mod and Music); Mr. James Thomson, Editor of *An Gaidheal*; and Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Secretary. The Commission were represented by Sir Robert Urquhart, Chairman; Mr. D. J. MacCuish, Secretary; and Mr. McArthur, Chief Technical Officer.

After Mr. MacRae had extended a cordial welcome to the Commission representatives, Sir Robert outlined the scope of the Commission's activities and the limits within which they were required to operate as laid down in the Crofters (Scotland) Act, 1955. He stressed the conclusion reached by the Commission that crofting agriculture by itself is not sufficient to sustain a balanced population of reasonable size and that the provision of other sources of income is a vital and urgent necessity. The Commission had a statutory duty to collaborate with other bodies in the carrying out of measures for the economic development and social improvement of the crofting counties. This present meeting with An Comunn was one of a series of meetings which the Commission had arranged with bodies who were concerned with the Highlands. He hoped that the meeting would initiate an exchange of information and ideas which would bring out clearly the extent to which An Comunn and the Commission had a common objective and also point to the most effective ways in which the two bodies might collaborate.

All present took part in the brisk discussion which followed. The principal topic was the nature of the impact on native language and traditions of the activities which the Commission were anxious to foster, such as the tourist industry. The need to stimulate the social and cultural background of the people was fully recognised. If economic considerations alone received attention there was a danger that while worth-while jobs would be created there might be difficulty in finding suitable persons to fill them. The problem was to

regulate the introduction of new ideas and activities as to avoid serious damage to those parts of the existing social structure which were of real value and worthy of retention.

In course of a discussion on education it was agreed that pamphlets outlining the Commission's work and policy should be made available to An Comunn with a view to translation into Gaelic for use in schools. Other topics discussed were the affects on crofting communities of the policy of centralisation of education and the efforts made by An Comunn to foster local crafts.

It was the unanimous view that the first meeting between representatives of the two bodies had been a useful one and that there should be a continuing contact and formal meetings of representatives from time to time.

Northern Organiser's Notes

The following Branches were visited during recent months:—

Aberdeen, Broadford, Brora, Lairg, Cromarty, Elgin, Forres and Inverness. All these Branches were found to be very active this session. Forres and Broadford Branches were formed in 1958.

The Organiser was also present at the A.G.M. of the Provincial Mod Committees of Sutherland, Badenoch Strathspey, and South West Ross. These are the dates of the Local Mods in those areas:—

Badenoch Strathspey Mod at Granton-on-Spey on 8th May, 1959.

South West Ross Mod at Kyle on 28th and 29th May, 1959.

Sutherland Mod at Golspie on 5th June, 1959.

Gaelic Organiser

Mr. Murdo Macleod, M.A., a distinguished Celtic scholar of Aberdeen and Cambridge Universities, has recently been appointed Gaelic Organiser for Inverness-shire. The Education Committee of the County attach a great deal of importance to this appointment. The broad purpose of the new scheme in Inverness-shire is to make the Gaelic speaking children literate in their native speech, an essential step in maintaining Gaelic as a living language.

Mr. Macleod, who has been Gaelic teacher in Castlebay J.S. School for the past few years will find a wide field of service in his new sphere of work, and we wish him every success.

Obituary

DONALD MACALLISTER

At St. Columba Gaelic Church, Greenock, on 6th December, a large congregation assembled to pay their last tributes to Donald MacAllister, conductor of Greenock Gaelic Choir. The service was conducted by Rev. R. J. Mackay, assisted by Rev. Hector Maclean and Rev. John Morrison. The Greenbank Male Voice Ensemble sang Paraphrase 30 in memory of their late conductor. A Gaelic prayer was offered at the graveside by Rev. Hector Maclean.

The service was attended by Provost Gerrard, Mr. John Crawford, Director of Education for Renfrewshire, and representatives of An Comunn and many Highland organisations and choirs.

The sudden and tragic removal of Donald MacAllister from our midst has left this world a poorer place. Looked upon by affection by countless friends, he set an example in single-hearted devotion to a cause. He gave unstintingly of his talent in his efforts to reveal the truth and beauty that lie enshrined in music, whether of psalm or song.

His church has lost a devoted organist and choir-master, his choirs an inspiring conductor, and soloists a sensitive and sympathetic accompanist. His choral crescendo of triumph at the recent National Mod in Glasgow, culminating with the winning of the Lovat and Tullibardine Shield and the Cuach for the best Gaelic, met with ungrudging approval on all sides. Little did we realise that it was in fact a final and glorious climax to his labours through the years. Little did we think that all too soon modest, unassuming Donnie would leave us lamenting.

We offer our sincere condolences to Mrs. MacAllister and her young daughter in their sorrow.

J. A. MACR.

REV. DONALD LAMONT, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. Donald Lamont, for many years editor of the Gaelic supplement of *Life and Work*, the monthly magazine of the Church of Scotland, died last December in an Edinburgh nursing home.

A native of Tiree, Dr. Lamont was educated in his home school and in Inverness. On completing his Arts and Divinity courses at Edinburgh University he served as minister in Glenurquhart from 1902 to 1908 when he was appointed to the united charge of Blair Atholl and Struan. Here he spent the rest of his ministerial life until he demitted office in

1946 when he came to live in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

A gifted Gaelic scholar, his name will be remembered and revered as long as any one remains who can appreciate Gaelic prose at its best. His command of expressive and idiomatic Gaelic, his pawky humour, and his subtle and penetrating mind are revealed on every page he penned. It is gratifying to know that selections of his writings are being published shortly in book form by the Gaelic Texts Society.

J. T.

The Singing Waters

The child of the Isles, in his play hours and in his herding hours, makes for the nearest linn, and building a boat out of iris leaves, he gives her prow to the sea and her stern to the shore, so to sail to a wonderland beyond the waves.

The Islesman, tracking his work into the heart of the mainland, is wont, in his sane moments, to go sea-wandering to the nearest waterfall, or even waters without a fall, if only they sing true. There he becomes the little child again, making, as in his herding days, the iris boats—great ships of Lochlann, galleys of Kishmul, and saucy little smacks of Tiree. The linn is the Western Sea; the stones are the Isles. Here is the Scoor of Eigg, there the Coolin of Rum; further out, if the stones be big and shapely enough, are the Coolins of Skye; and still further away, the many Isles from the Butt of Lewis to Barra Head.

From *The Road To The Isles*.

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DITH LEABHRAICHEAN

Eadhon ri ar cuimhne fhìn is e dith leabhraichean freagarrach am bristeadh-cridhe bu mhotha a bha againn ann a bhith teagasg Gàidhlig anns an sgoil. Am beagan a bha de leabhraichean Gàidhlig ann an clò cha b'ann air son clann sgoile a chaidh a riamb an sgrìobhadh, ach air son inbhich. Cha robh air, le dith a' chaochlaidh, ach an fheum a b'fhearr a dhèanamh dhiubh—deasachadh chlacha-creadh gun chomhlach.

Gus na ghabh An Comunn Gaidhleachadh os làimh leabhraichean sgoile ullachadh air son feum na cloinne a réir an aois agus an inbhe cha robh adhartas còir furasda a dh'aindeoin dicheall an fhìr-theagaisg. Na leabhraichean a dheasaich iad air son feuma anns na bun-sgoilean bha iad araon freagarrach is feumail, agus chuidich sin gu mòr ann a bhith cur na Gàidhlig air a casan an iomadh ceàrnaidh air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach cha robh leabhraichean freagarrach air an cur a mach air son na cloinne bige idir, agus shaoileadh sinne gur iadsan a bu chòir am faighinn an toiseach. Tha sinn toilichte faicinn gu bheil dà leabhar ghasda, air an stéidheachadh air leabhraichean Eireannach, ullamh air an son a nis, agus tha dòchas againn gun cuirear gu feum iad.

Air cho math agus air cho blada 's 'gam bi biadh fàsar sgìth dheth ma chuirear air air beulaibh e là an déidh latha. Sin mar a tha a thaobh leabhraichean Gàidhlig anns an sgoil. Chan eil shìl ri ùrachadh no ri atharrachadh. Am fear a bha aig an t-seanair is e leth-bhreac dheth a tha aig an ogha. Nach eil fhios gu

bheil nithean ùra air an sgrìobhadh an Gàidhlig mar a tha na bliadhnan a' dol seachad, ach ma tha, cha lorg a' chlann sin anns na leabhraichean a spàrrar 'nan làmh.

An nì a tha fìor a thaobh na bun-sgoile tha e fìor a thaobh na h-àird-sgoile. Tha "Rosg Gàidhlig" agus "Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig" aois mhór, còrr air dà fhichead bliadhna. Chan iarradh sinn an cur air chùl, oir tha saobhbreas litreachais anna le chèile, ach dh'iarradh sinn feadhainn ùra a chur riutha. Bu chòir, gun teagamh, gun lionadh "Cricchan Ura," anns a bheil alt-sgrìobhaidh an latha an diugh, beàrna, ach tha feum air tuilleadh rosg air son nan sreathan as àirde, agus tha feum mhór air bàrdachd na linne anns a bheil sinn beò a chluinntinn agus a leughadh anns na sgoilean againn.

Bu mhór an toil-inntinn agus a bhuannachd a gheibheadh clann na Gaidhealtachd nam biodh leabhraichean Gàidhlig aca le òrain is fuinn fhreagarrach. Cha bu mhisde a' Ghàidhlig aca e cuideachd. Ach chan eil an fheum a stad nuair a bhios na sgoilean sàsaichte. Air son leas ar canain an diugh chan aithne dhomh dad a b'fheumaile na gum biodh leabhraichean saora air an clò-bhualadh, freagarrach ri càil sean is òg. Cha dhùisgear càil leughaidh gun leabhraichean a leughar. Cha sgrìobhar leabhraichean, a tha cosgail an cur a mach, mur a ceannaichear iad. Cha cheannaichear iad gun miann orra.

Càit an tòisichear? Sin ceist a tha 'g iarraidh freagradh. Cò dh'fhuasglas i, agus cuin?

AN CAR A BHA SAN T-SEANA-MHAIDE

LE ALASDAIR MACGILLE MHAOIL

THA facal ann a tha 'g ràdh gun téid dèthchas an aghaidh nan creag. Is ann mar sin a bha e a thaobh Ruairidh Dhuibh. Thug e eòlas na pioba-mòire bho shinnsair, iad-san a bha suarach mu obair fearainn, oir 'nam beachd, b'e an sionnsar 's a' phìob àirneis an uasail, agus a' spaid 's a' chas-chrom suaicheantas nan tràill. Mar sin chan eil e 'na iongnadh ged a chuir Ruairidh cùl ri àite a bhreith is àraich air a' chiad chathrom; agus ged a bha mise min-eòlach air bho bha e agam 'na bhalachan sa' sgoil cha d' thug e fios no fàth dhomh ciod a ghluais bho bhaile e. Ach bha e nis air an allaban, le piob-nan-dos, an t-aon chùl-taice a bha aige.

Theagamh gun solaradh e a theachd-an-tir le ceòl aighearach anns na tìrean ud a muigh. Bha cuid an sud 's a' so a bheireadh duais dha air sgàth aotromas is grinneas a mheòir air an fheadan-chaol, ach bha cuid eile, gu h-àraidh nuair a ruigeadh e crìochan Shasainn, a thilgeadh bonn beag thuige gun an greasadh e a chasan leis far nach cluinneadh iad a dhonnal-ach chianail mu bhàs MhicCruimein. Sin matà a' bheag naidheachd a ràinig sinn an dràsda 's a rithist ann am Bressai. Ach mu dhèireadh theirig sin fhéin, agus lideadh air an fhògrach cha chuala sinn fad iomadh bliadhna. De chinnneadh cha robh anam beò ach athair, is e 'na sheann aois a' strì ri fearann cruaidh Led-nan-Clach. Ach aon earrach, le fuachd is gailleann, shiubhail Eachann air a thuras gu Tom Mór far an robh a dhaoine fo'n lic.

Chaidh Led-nan-Clach bàn, chinnich deanntag is còinneach air ballachan na fàrdaich, gun duine ann a dhèanadh cobhair air fonn na fearann. Rùisg na faoillich an tugh, gus mu dhèireadh thàinig na cabair ris mar chnàmhan uile-bheist. B' e àite fuar, aognuidh air leth a bha'n tobhta Eachainn, àite a sheachnadh a' chlann bheag, seadh, is cuid nach robh cho beag nuair a thigeadh cìaradh na h-oidheche air mòintich is cladach.

Sin mar a bha cùisean nuair a chualas gun do thill Ruairidh Dubh gu làrach lom a shinnsair-achd. Nan robh fios roimh 'n am againne a bha eòlach air bho òige gun robh e tighinn dhachaidh tha mi cinnteach gum bitheadh cuid 'g a fhàilteachadh air Laimhrig Scarinish. Ged nach robh Ruairidh 'na dheagh mhac no dàimheil d' a chinneadh, chan eil sinn idir guineach no fad-chuimhneach air lochdan dhaoine eile.

Is ann a' bualadh clag na sgoile a bha mi air madainn Di-luain nuair a ràinig Mòrag

Bheag NicFhearchair—a h-anail 'na h-uchd 's a casan fliuch. "O," ars ise nuair a fhuair i tarraing analach, "a bheil mi fadalach?" Dh'aithnich mi air ball gun robh rudeigin neo-àbhaisteach a' cur luasgain an cridhe na pàisde. "Chan eil, chan eil," fhreagair mi, "ach dè cho càrr ort a Mhòrag?" Carson a tha thu cho troimh-chéile?" "B' éigin dhomh tighinn air frith-rathad bruaich na h-aobhne," thubhairt i, cha bu dùraig dhomh tighinn an rathad mór mar a b' àbhaist. Tha rudeigin neònach am bothan fàs Led-nan-Clach." "Dé chunnaic thu Mhòrag?" Bha fiamh an eagail 'na sùilean mus do fhreagair i. "Tha ceò san fhàirleus, agus tha Màiri Dhòmhnail ag ràdh gur e taibhs tha ann." Cha robh teagamh agam a nis nach robh Ruairidh air tilleadh.

Am feagair sin fhéin dhìrich mi suas gu Led-nan-Clach. Duine cha robh mu'n cuairt ach, mar a thubhairt Mòrag, bha cuailean beag ceotha os cionn an tighe. Tharraing mi claidhean an doruis, ach bhris an t-sreang ghrod 'nam làimh. Ghnod mi an dorus ged nach robh sin 'na chleachdadh a measg chàirdean is eòlach. An ceann tacain chuala mi cuid-eigin ag èaladh a stigh, agus gu furachail leth dh'fhuasgladh an dorus. Cha robh mi idir cinnteach có ris a bha dùil agam. Duine is dòcha a chosg a bheatha ri struidhealachd? Mas e sin a bha 'nam bheachd, bha mi fada càrr. Bha aodann ciùin, suaice agus a shùilean blàth. Dh'fhàiltich Ruairidh mi gu cridheil, fearail, agus ghlac e mi air làimh ged a shaoil leam gun robh e car fiamhach mu fàth mo thuruis. "Seadh, a Ruairidh," thòisich mi, "thill thu mar—" Ach thug e na facail as mo bhial—"Mar am mac stròdhail, bu mhath leibh a ràdh," thubhairt e le fiamh gàire.

Thàinig e steach orm aig an am nach robh Ruairidh air a dheasachadh bho thùs air son caitheamh-beatha nan eilean. Bha e gun teagamh ealanta le màla na pioba fo achlais agus an sionnsair 'na dheann fo a mheòir meanmnach. Aig a' cheart am cha b' fhear-tigheadais e, agus dh' fhàg sin air an t-sitig e iomadh là.

Thug mi sùil fo na mùdan air a thrusgan—am fèileadh, car luideach aig na glùnean, peitein gorm le putain a bha uaireigin dèarsach, glan, agus a bhòineid biorach air a thilgeadh ri taobh a' bhocsa dhuibh far an robh a' phìob mhòr air a gleidheadh. Uigheam bhochd, shaoil mi, air son obair fearainn.

Gun tuilleadh dàlach chuir mi a' cheist gu dàna: "Nis a Ruairidh, ciod a bhios ann, fearann d' athar no an rathad mór fo do bhuinn a rithist?" Bhrod e ann tóme le bàrr a bhòige mus do fhreagair e. "Cò aige tha fios ciod a thig leis an là, ach an dràsda tha e nam bheachd fuireachd aig baile." "Chan eil thu suidhichte 'nad inntinn," thubhairt mi, "agus b' àill leam gun robh thu air bonn na bu daingne." "Am bu mhian leat mi fuireachd? dh'fheòraich e. "B' eadh, gu cinnteach," chaidh mi an urras. "B' ann dha do dhaoine a bhuneadh a' chroit so, agus is cruaidh leam a bhith 'g a faicinn gun toradh ach deanntag is ciuaran le cion duime tapaidh air a cùl." Leis na faicil sin rinn mi oidhirp air a bhith 'g a fhàgail le a smaointean fhéin air a' chùis.

Dh'éirich Ruairidh aig a' cheart am agus chuir e a làmh air mo ghualainn. "Duine tapaidh air a cùl," thubhairt e le sùil fheurachail orm. "Tha sibh a' dèanamh dheth nach eil a leithid sin air fhàgail ann an teaghlach m' athar." Fhreagair mi e car brais mar so: "Tha e 'nad chothrom-sa a' chùis a dhearbhadh agus mise a bhreugnachadh a dh'aon bheum."

Mu shamhain chuir Ruairidh a làmh ris a' chrann-bheag. Bha na sreathan cam is cuid air fiaradh, ach bha an talamh trom, torach an dèidh a bhith bàn cho fada. Thòisich e air beagan chaorach a thogail air a' mhonadh, agus bha mart no dhà aige 'g ionaltradh mu bhruaich na h-airbhe. Thugh e an tigh as ùr, chuir e gach balla air dòigh mu choineamh gaillean is fuachd a' gheamhraidh, agus mu'n Nollaig bha tigh Led-nan-Clach cho seasgair, dìonach ri ionad eile am Breasai.

Ach a measg gach nì a bh' ann cha do rinneadh diochiumhne air a' fhib-mhóir. Cha robh banais san àite gun cheòl subhach, meanmnach a' cur aotromais is aigeantais thar tombais an casan nan sàr. Ged a bha Iseabail NicLeòid i fhéin a' streap ris na ceithir fichead dhannsadh is bhreabadh i cho suigeartach ri Dòmhnall an Dànnsair fhéin.

Air a' cheann-thall cha robh duine ann am Breasai cho measail ri Ruairidh Dubh, ach chan urrainn dhomh a ràdh an e puncannan a' chiùil a shnìomh iad fhéin mu chridhe Seònaid Ghrannid. Is e mo bheachd nach robh a gnè cho luasganach 's gun sguabhadh ceòl mear na poba bho a casan i.

Fad iomadh linn bha cuid de a daoine 'nan ceannaichean ann am Breasai, agus a nis bha i fhéin air ceann na chùise le inntinn gheur-chuisich. Fo a stiùireadh, shoirbhich leis a' bhùth. Ach cha robh dùil idir aig neach gun gineadh smuain air pòsadh 'na cridhe oir nach robh i bho h-òige pòsda ri bòrd na bùtha? Agus co dhùibh cha robh nì 'na gnùis a thalaidheadh cridhe nan gillean. Bha i cruaidh,

fearail, le sùil bhioraich, léith 'na ceann. Is dòcha gum faca i gun robh leasachadh maoin ri dhèanamh 'le bhith a' ceangal marsantachd is fearann. Air an làmh eile faodaidh gun robh briogadh cridhe mar mheadhon air Seònaid a làmh a thoirt do Ruairidh MacEachainn.

(r'a leantainn.)

Torradh Iain Luim

Mar fhreagairt do'n cheist a chuir Fear-Farraid a thaobh na rannan aig tòrradh Iain Luim so mar a tha iad agamsa, agus an *Glenbard Collection* aig an Urr. A. MacGilleathain Mac-na-Ceàrda:

Nuair a bha iad cruinn aig uaigh Iain Luim là an tiodhlagaidh thuir Colla na Ceapaich ri Alasdair MacAonghais Mhic Alasdair Ruaidh Achatreachadain, "Thoir dhuinn a nis annas do làimhe." Labhair Alasdair na sreathan a leanas:—

Chunnaic mi crìoch air m' fhear-cinnidh
Tha'm pasgadh a nus an Tom Aingidh.
Iuchair nam bàrd, a rìgh nam filidh
Gun dèanadh Dia sith ri t-anam.

An Rìgh Mór thoir mathanas dhut
Air son fhad's a dhioghladh tu an t-òcl.
Tha gaol an leòghainn 's fuath an tuirc
Anns an uaigh sa' bheil do chorp.

B' fhuath leat Uilleam, b' fhuath leat Màiri,
B' fhuath leat na thàinig bho Dhiarmad,
B' fhuath leat gach neach nach biodh rioghail,
'S dh'innseadh tu féin e gun iarraidh.

Mur eil mi dèanamh mearachd so an sgrìobhadh a tha air a' chlach-chinn aig Iain Lom:

An so An Dun Aingal am Bràighe Lochabar
Tha bàrd na Ceapaich gu trom 'na chadal;
'S e Iain Lom MacDhòmhnaill a b' ainm da.
Iain Lom, ach theireadh cuid Iain Manntach.
Bha Clann Mac Gille Mhanntach ann an Loch-
abar, agus b' aithne dhomh fhéin dà nighean le
fear ris an abradh iad Donnchadh Mac Gille
Mhanntach.

Gun teagamh sam bith 's e Dòmhnallach a bha e sgrìobhadh mar shloinneadh.

TAOBH-TUATH EARRAGHAIDHEAL.

Tha 'n t-allt mar bha a' ruith gu tràigh,
'S na flùir a' fàs mu bhruachan,
Is eòin nan speur an bàrr nan geug
A' seinn gu h-eutrom guanach;
Ach dhòmhsa chan eil ni mar bha;
Tha 'n là as àille guamach.
Tha mais 'an t-sléibh is glòir nan speur,
'S gach nì fo 'n ghréin leam suarach.

AN T-IASGACH MOR

'Is dòna 'n obair a bhith 'g iasgach,
Tha i piantail 's uair nach pàigh i.'

A dh'aindeoin sin tha grèim làidir aig an iasgach air aignidhean nam fear. Fuil-ingidh iad mòran sgeig is tàmailt o na mnathan an uair a thilleas iad falamh an déidh leth latha a chaitheadh gu dìomham. Is tràth a tha an dhòmbaireachd so a' tòiseachadh ann am beatha nam fear. Cho luath 's is aithne do bhalach dubhan a cheangal ri sreang gheibhear e air bruch uillt no lòn no linne, fiach an greumaich e air iasg no easgann; agus cho crion is 'gam bi a' chreach, tha esan làn uail 'g a glacadh. Chan eil an leanabas sin 'g an tréigsinn leis an òige. Ann am meadhan an làithean, agus 'nan seann aois, bheir iad dùbhlam do'n lònidh ma tha an là feagarrach; leigidh iad seachad an obair dhligheach agus togaidh iad orra dh'iasgach.

Is mise fear nach fhaigh coire dhaibh, oir tha co-fhaireachadh làidir agam riutha. Bhithinn fhìn an uair a gheibhinn cothrom a' togail orm gu loch is abhainn, agus is ainneamh cuimhn-eachan a tha cho priseil agam ris na h-amannan a chaith mi ri taobh nan srutha caomha, air feadh nan sliabh, no air lochan sèmhach an achlaisean nam beann, fada bhò gheadhraich an t-saoghail, suainte an trom-shàmhair nan raon mu'n cuairt, agus a' ghaoth-an-iar cheasda 'gam chniodachadh mar anail fhlaithreamhnais.

Am bitheantas bhithheadh de bhric agam a' tighinn dhachaidh na shaoradh mi o thàmailt, ach chan iadsan air a bheil mo chuimhne an diugh, a mach bhò chòrr fhear mór, ach air an t-sonas a dh'fhiosraich mi cho tric ann an comunn priseil nan uisgeachan fa chomhair mòrachd is maise na Cruitheachd; agus b' ann mar sin a thachair dhomh an uair mu dhreath a thog mi orm a dh'iasgach.

Air an t-samhradh-sa a chaidh bha mi ann an eilean m'araich. Aon fheasgair bòidheach dh'fhalbh mi le m' uidheam agus cead gu loch bhreac, an dòchas gum biodh builgeadh orra 'g iarraidh an suipeireach aig am dol fodha na grèine mar as trice a bhithas. Ach mus do ràinig mise bha fiath nan eun air an loch; agus ma bha na bric a' briseadh an uisge thall is a bhos cha bhithheadh ann ach faoinas dol a shiabadh acais iasgaich thairis orra. Tha sùil gheur aig a' bhreac agus tha e furasda a chlisgeadh. An dòchas gun tigeadh oiteag a chuireadh frionas beag air an loch shuidh mi air creig agus thug mi làmh air a' phlob a chur an òrdugh. An déidh dhomh a lasadh, is mo cheann a thogail,

dé bha gearradh tarsainn an locha, bhò'n chreig air an robh mi 'nam shuidhe gus an taobh eile, ach rathad lainnreac cho geal ri airgid air uachdar an uisge a bha cho soilleir ri gloine—rathad a bha tighinn o'n ghriin a' dol fodha. Ged a chunnaic mise a' leithid air a' chuan uair is uair chan fhaca mi riamh roimhe e air loch thèireil, no cho dlùth dhomh, no cho geal. Lion an sealladh mo chridhe le aoibhneas, agus m' inntinn le iongnadh. Chum mi sùil air gun ghluasad gus an do thòisich e air sgaoil-eadh.

Bha an loch a nis fo dhruidheachd. Mar chan fhaca mise riamh idir, bha a h-uachdar fhathast cho réidh, sèamh ri gloine, ach b'ann air dath an òir a bha e. Cha b' e sin a thug leum air mo chridhe-sa ach Beinn Hogh a bha dà mhìle gu leth air falbh, a bhith 'na suidhe air ùrlar òir an teis-meadhoin an locha le crann ràdair 'na mullach. Dlùth oirre, air an ùrlar chudna, bha leth-dusan de thighean geala a bha còrr is mìle air falbh air a' mhachair. Bha iad fhéin agus a' bheinn na bu shoilleire na chitheadh mo shùil-sa iad dlùth dhaibh sa' mheadhon-latha. Cha b' urrainn dhomh gluasad o'n charraig fhad 's a sheas an t-iongnadh ud fa m' chomhair air uachdar an locha. Uidh air an uidh chlaon an sealladh fo bhuidh an dorcha. Mu dhreath, ann an seòrsa de thuaineal, thionndaidh mise air falbh is chaidh mi dhachaidh. Mur do ghàc mi bric cha robh mo thurus dìomhain, oir fhuair mi aisling neo-chumanta air a' ghòir dhiadhaidh a tha comh-cheangailte ris a' Chruitheachd a thog mo spiorad agus a lion mi le gàirdeachas do-labhairt—ni nach suaipinn air son mòran bhreac, agus nach diochuimhnich mi gu bràth.

A. M.

Aobharan Air Son Sgrìobhadh Bardachd

Cò 's urrainn innse dé tha ceàrr?

Bha mi aig lighichean is lighichean.

Thubhairt fear ac' rium, "Do cheann, do cheann,"

'S fear eile, sgrìobhadh beag le peann,

"'S e a th'ann do chridhe, do chridhe."

Ach aon latha, chunnaic mi
sloc dhubh an talamh gorm;

gàrradair a' pògadh dhùthein;
cailleach 'na h-aonarachd a' biogail;
's tigh a' seòladh air sàl.

Chan eil fhios eil cànan ann 'son sin;
no, ged a bhithheadh, 'm bithinn càil na's
fheàrr

a' briseadh mac-meanma 'na mhìle pìos;
ach, aon rud cinnteach, feumar fios
fhaighinn air a' cheart tha ceàrr.

IAIN GOBHA.

Boban Saor

(Is e Donnchadh Clachair, nach maireann, a dh'aithris an sgialachd so agus an naidheachd air mac Bhubain Shaoir anns A' Ghaidheal Og. Tha sinn an comain a mhic, Dòmhnall Iain, am Peighinn-nan-Aoirean, agus an comain Sgoil Oilean-na-h-Albann air son cead am foillseachadh.)

BHA Boban Saor 'na shaor cho ainmeil 's a bha an Albainn a riamh. Bha e cho math air a chèard 's gun bhitheadh e aig nan rìghrean anns gach dùthaich, agus aig gach duine a b'urramaiche na chéile ann an Albainn mar an ceudna. An turus a bha so, fhuair Boban Saor cuireadh bhò Rìgh Lochlainn a dhol a null gu ruige Lochlann a thogail caisteil dha. Dh'fhalbh Boban Saor, e fhéin 's a mhac, agus thog iad orra, agus ràinig iad Lochlann. Chaidh gabhail aca gu math agus gu ro-mhath an sin an uair a ràinig iad, agus thòisich Boban Saor agus a mhac air saorsainneachd caisteal Rìgh Lochlainn.

A nis, mu'n do dh'fhàg Boban Saor an tigh ann an Albainn, thuir a' bhean ris gun e bhith ann an àite gun leannan-falaich a bhith aige, agus an uair a thòisich e ri saorsainneachd a' chaisteil thòisich e ri dèanamh suas ri nighinn a bha ann an sgrèachd.

Bha an obair a' dol air adhart gu math, agus, an sin, bha gach dad gus a bhith deiseil: cha robh nì ri dèanamh ach glé bheag, agus bhith-eadh an obair crìochnaichte. Am feasgar a bha an so, chaidh Boban Saor, mar a b'abhaist dha, a chòimhead air a leannan-falaich agus chunnaic e gu robh sprochd agus mulad agus lionn-dubh mòr oirre nach b'abhaist a bhith oirre. Dh'fhoighneadh Boban Saor dhith gu dé a bha 'g a fàgail cho muladach an nochd seach mar b'abhaist dhi. "An tà," ars ise, "innsidh mise sin dhut." "Tha," ars ise, "an obair a nis gus a bhith air a crìochnachadh, agus tha Rìgh Lochlainn a' dèanamh deas

air son thusa agus do mhac a chur gu bàs an uair a bhithas an obair deiseil a chionn tha saorsainneachd a' chaisteil a' tighinn gu cosgais mhóir, agus nam faigheadh e thusa a mharbhadh bhithheadh an obair dèante dha a nasgaidh."

Thug Boban Saor taing mhór dhi air son na naidheachd, agus dh'fhalbh e. Chaidh e dìreach far an robh an Rìgh, agus ars esan, "A nis, le'r cead, tha an obair gus a bhith crìochnaichte, ach tha aon rud glé bheag gun dèanamh fhathast, agus cha bhí an obair ceart gus an téid sin a dhèanamh. Ach an acfhuinn a dh'fheumainn air son crìoch a chur oirre chan eil i agam an so, agus feumaidh cuideigin a dhol g'a h-iarraidh." "O," ars an Rìgh, "tha e furasda gu leòr duine a chur a null a dh'Albainn a dh'iarraidh sin dhut." "O, gu tà," arsa Boban Saor, "tha an acfhuinn a tha'n so cho fìor luachmhor agus nach meatrùig mise duine sam bith a null do dh'Albainn g' a h-iarraidh ach bhur mac fhéin." "Glé cheart," ars an Rìgh, "théid mo mhac a chur a null gu ruig Alba, agus bheir e a nall an acfhuinn a tha dhìth ort."

Is ann mar so a bha. Rinn mac Rìgh Lochlainn e fhéin deiseil gu falbh; agus sgrìobh Boban Saor litir chun na mnatha, agus so an rud a chuir e innte: "Tha car mu char, agus car an aghaidh cuir; agus na tigeadh an acfhuinn bheag a nall gus an téid an acfhuinn mhór a null." An uair a ràinig mac Rìgh Lochlainn Alba chaidh e dìreach gu tigh Bhubain Shaoir agus thug e an litir do bhean Bhubain. Dh'innis e dhi có a bh'ann fhéin, agus an turus air an robh e. An uair a leugh ise an litir ars ise, "O seadh, tha mi tuigsinn mar a tha cùisean; ach thig thusa a steach an so, 's gum faigh thu biadh, agus chì mise mu dheidhinn na h-acfhuinne."

Thug i leatha mac an Rìgh a steach do sheòmar, agus thug i biadh agus deoch gu leòr dha. Dh'fhalbh i an uair sin, agus sgrìobh i an dh'ionnsaigh Rìgh Lochlainn, agus thuir i ris gu robh a mhac agus oighre aice a bhos ann an Albainn 'na phrìosanach, agus nach fhaigheadh e a null gu bràth gus an cuireadh esan a companach agus a mac sàbhailte g'a h-ionnsaigh dhachaidh gu ruig Alba. An uair a fhuair Rìgh Lochlainn litir bean Bhubain thuig e gu robh a chuid inleachdan air son crìoch a chur air Boban Saor air an cur bun-os-cionn, agus cha robh ann ach Boban agus a mhac a chàradh a null dhachaidh gu ruig Alba. Agus an uair a ràinig iadsan a nall chaidh mac an Rìgh a thilleadh a null, agus bha Boban agus a mhac sàbhailte aon uair eile ann an Albainn.

GAELIC POETS OF THE 18th CENTURY

(4) WILLIAM ROSS (continued).

By DERICK S. THOMSON

The love-songs of the first group tend to be romantic and idyllic. "Oran air gaol na h-òighe do Chailean" is a successful piece of pastoral verse, rather deliberately mannered in its setting, its references to Phoebus and Cupid, and its sentimentalised emotion. Ross's use of the verb *snàmh* is characteristic of this attitude of mind:

Shnàmh mo smuaintean an iongnadh
'S thuit mi 'n caochladh ro-mhór (11.17-8).

The same word appears in "Oran an t-Samhraidh," in a reference to young girls:

_____ is gràs
Nan gaol a' *snàmh* 'nan aodannan (11.63-4).

Sentimental also are the lines:—

'S ann a' dhiùchdas mi thair's
Do'n a' gharran leam féin,

Gu bhith taomadh mo dhosgainn

Ann am fochair nan geug (11.93-6).

The description of the *òigh* in 11.29-48 is a compound of convention and freshness. Lines 65-95 give a picture of idyllic love. This is all, fairly obviously, the work of a man young in experience, and in love with the idea of love.

"Moladh na h-òighe Gaidhealaich" has a pastoral ending:—

'S bidh 'n crodh 's na caoraich
San fhraoch ag ionaltradh—(11.57 ff.).

This is a light love-song, concentrating mainly on description of the maiden's personal beauty, and praise of her voice and conversation. It is in a well-defined tradition, but is less laboured, more delicate, than many Gaelic descriptive love-songs. In "Oran, mar gun deanadh òigear d'a leannan, air dhi a thréigeadh," the situation of "Fhir a dhreas am bealach" is reversed, the song being composed from the man's standpoint. I am tempted to wonder if the following verse is autobiographical, and refers as much to Ross's feelings about Mòr Ros as to the supposed situation indicated in the title:

Ar leam nach b'e 'n gliocas
Dhomh féin sud gun tuitinn an gaol

A chailin a thréig mi

'S a chuir an neo-spéis mi cho faoin;

Nan smaointichinn ceart air,

Gu fàsadh an lasair sin caoin;

Gum bàthainn i buileach

'S cha chuireadh i tuille mi 'n laoid (11.45-52)

The last four lines have the ring of the Mòr Ros poetry, the unsentimental, direct statement that Ross attained in his "Oran eile." There may

be similar emotional echoes in "Cumhadh a' Bhàird air son a leannain," especially in the lines:

Tha mi còrr is trì bliadhna
Air mo lìonadh le gaol,
Is gach aon là dhiubh stiùireadh
Saighid ùir ann mo thaobh (11.17-20).

and in the sweetest lines in the song:—

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeòrach,
'S ge binn còisir 's gach crann,
Seinn ciùil dhomh 'n coill smùdain,
Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall (11.57-60).

One is left with an impression that the poem as a whole, and perhaps its theme, his love for Mìn-mhala, was felt less keenly than the memory which inspired these four lines. Are these lines about Mòr Ros, and the rest of the poems little more than a set piece?

One other reference to his early love may be quoted here. The poem "Moladh an uisge-bheatha" ends with these stanzas:

Ach thogadh ort nach b' fheàrrde mis' thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam;
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha chreid mise drann dheth.

Ach bha mi uair 's bu luachmhor t' fheum
dhomh,

Geid nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,

Dum amabam, sed quid refert

No ghràisg quae amanda (11.73-80).

Here again, as in the lines from "Oran, mar gun deanadh òigear d'a leannan," he seems to be looking at his own early situation with Mòr Ros from outside, with a cool, detached pity.

Turning to the poems addressed to Mòr Ros, John Mackenzie, in his Preface to the first edition of Ross's poems, said that Ross composed "Feasgar Luain" before Mòr Ros's marriage. By the time Mackenzie wrote his introduction to Ross's poems in *Sar Obair*, the story of the composition of the poem had grown:

"Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its richness of ideality and mellow-ness of expression, before they broke up."

It is likely that Mackenzie was quite mistaken in this account, and he may be mistaken even in saying that the song was composed before Mòr Ros's marriage, which took place in February, 1782. The Rev. William Matheson

in an article on Mòr Ros (*Gairm* 111, 339), surmises that Ross met her in Stornoway about 1780, when he would be only eighteen years of age, according to our knowledge of his date of birth, and thinks that 'Feasgar Luain' is not the work of a youth of that age. With this view I am in complete agreement, nor do I think he could have composed such a song before the "Oran air gaol na h-òighe do Chaillean." Yet his visits to the Lowlands, and Perthshire, seem to have come after his visits to Lewis. It seems to me certain that 'Feasgar Luain' was composed after his final rejection by Mòr Ros ('S mi ri smaointean air an aon rùn/ A bhui mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn), and it is not improbable that it was composed after her marriage. Thus he may have been over twenty when he composed it. It may be that Ross's *peanas dubailt* refers to (1) his illness and (2) his rejection.

"Feasgar Luain" is a satisfying love-song. The scene is set, the picture of Mòr is painted, her proud ancestry is touched on:

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich

Thu, gun fhiaradh mhiar no mheang,

and at the end the poet's feelings are described in the two final stanzas. The description of Mòr as she stepped out on to the dance-floor (11.25-32), and the further description in 11.41-8, are particularly effective. The classical references in the poem (to Diana, Venus and Cupid) are more integral than in the love-poems of the first group discussed. Ros's own despair seems on the whole un sentimental. He faces up to it. This reinforces the impression that the poem was composed some time after his rejection.

There is no reason to doubt that the "Oran Cumhaidh" was composed shortly after Mòr Ros's marriage in 1782. But it is not merely a passionate outpouring of the poet's grief. He has taken time to construct the "argument" of his poem, introducing, like the earlier classical bards, an analogy from Gaelic history or legend, the story of the love-sick harper Cormac. The purpose of this section, which takes up twenty-eight lines, (11.17-44) is to highlight the account of his own grief, which begins,

Ach cha d' fhuair mise sgeul

Ann am Beurla no Gàidhlig,

A dh' innsadh dhomh mar dh' fheadainn

An gaol ud a smàladh (11.45-8).

This central portion of the poem, in the version in which it has survived, contains some of the most lyrical poetry that has been attributed to Ross, as in the stanzas which begin

Gur binne leam do chòmhradh

Na smebrach nan geugan ———,

and

Carson nach d' rugadh dall mi,

Gun chainnt no gun léirsinn ———.

(The relationship of the song to the oral versions of the popular "Fil óró" needs further investigation). In this section Ross indicates that Mòr Ros had rejected him because of his poverty and his humble station, and he says that he is going to leave his own country (i.e. Gairloch) to help himself to forget his love and grief. He then wishes Mòr Ros a safe sea-passage to *àite nam mòr-sheòl* or Liverpool, where she was to make her home. The last verse reverts to the story of Cormac. It seems to me that the poem is not entirely successful because the Cormac *ursgeul* is not fully assimilated to the main theme.

Of the slightly dramatic striving for effect in the "Oran Cumhaidh" there is none in "Oran eile air an aobhar cheudna," the most despairing of all Ross's poems. These indeed are lines written in dejection, and revealing a mood of general disillusionment. It is in this poem that Ross moves furthest from the mood and tone of the Gaelic poetry of his century, indulging freely in the subjective, introspective poetry which seems foreign to the Gaelic eighteenth century. It is perhaps worth remembering here that none of his fellow-poets of note died of consumption. What I am suggesting is that his depression is not to be attributed solely to his rejection by Mòr Ros, although his lines imply that.

The imagery of the poem is mainly connected with dissolution, death and disaster:

Tha durrag air ghur ann mo chàil (1.3)

and

'S e sin a leag m' aigne gu làr

Mar dhuilleach o bhàrr nan craobh (11.7-8),

and

Mar ghaisgeach an déis a leòn

'na laighe san àraich gun fheum (11.14-5),

and

'M breislich mar ànrach a' chuain

Air bharraribh nan stuagh ri ceò (11.35-6).

But there is also the play on words, the verbal wit that is often a product of the highly wrought imagination: *do thurus thar chuan fo bhréid*, with its pun on *bréid* ("sail" and "kerch"); *nach cinnich leam dàn as fiach*, where *dàn* means both "poem" and "fate"; the play on *màil* and *màileid* and on *gearrain* and *ghearrainn*; the effective alliteration in the first, second and last lines of the final stanza.

Equally effective is the direct statement of *Tha mise 'gad ionndrain mòr*, and of the stanza,

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs

A' cur air mo nàdur fiamh:

A' cantainn nach eil mi ach bàrd

'S nach cinnich leam dàn as fiach—
Mo sheanair ri pàidheadh a' mhàil
Is m' athair ri màileid riamh;
Chuireadh iad gearrain an crann
Is ghearrainn-sa rann ro' chiad 11.25-32).

Again in this poem we have the pity that it would be misleading to call self-pity, although the poet is discussing his own situation, and we have throughout it, emotion controlled and intensified by art.

Ross's satirical and ribald poems should be mentioned in any account of his work. The "Oran eadar am Bàrd agus Cailleach-mhilleadh-nan-dàn" is a revealing song. Ross puts into the old woman's mouth the obverse of the romanticism usually attributed to himself. It is not surprising that he was aware of a sharply contrasted way of looking at romantic love, and probably this song, and others such as "Oran do chailin àraidh," show the other side of Ross's own nature. These are not the poems of a love-sick swain, but rather of a man who has made a complete, if somewhat cynical, recovery. Yet I cannot feel sure that chronologically they form a bridge between his early romantic songs and the "Oran eile." There would be much interest in finding the answer to this problem.

An Da-Fhradharc

SECOND-SIGHT

WE all knew him as old Mr. MacLeay. He was well over eighty when I first met him, but his brain was clear. There were no signs of senility. He was straight as a ram-rod, lean, agile and with a fine patriarchal face and a full white beard. For over fifty years he had been a parochial schoolmaster in a small one-teacher school. His total roll would seldom exceed twenty-five and he was reputed to be an excellent teacher. Near the school there was a nice stream and sometimes when it was in good fishing condition, he would give his pupils some work to do, lock the door of the school from the outside, take his fishing rod and have an hour or so fishing, occasionally coming back with some trout and a possible salmon.

His knowledge of Highland lore was remarkable and nothing delighted him more than to be asked to relate some interesting episode from his vast store. Poaching, shebeening, smuggling, second-sight all came rapidly to his tongue. The following tale is one he related to me one winter evening as we sat round his hospitable fire.

In the month of August, 1848, two tramps of the more respectable sort called at the schoolhouse on their way north. They carried the customary pack of odds and ends useful to country folk. They were on their way to Oykel. Later in the evening they were passing the gamekeeper's house on the Rhidorroch road. The gamekeeper's wife was a kindly person and she readily gave them permission to sleep in an outhouse which was used as a lumber shed. At 5.30 the following morning the keeper's wife got up as was her wont to set the fire and prepare breakfast. While she was so engaged the pedlar's wife entered the kitchen, only half-dressed and evidently in a state of great distress. "What is wrong," the keeper's wife asked, "did you not sleep well?" "No. I did not sleep well," she replied, "I had a dreadful vision and, Oh!, I feel so cold." After a hot cup of tea she related her dream. "It was more a vision than a dream," she said, "and you will know more about it in the days to come." "But what did you see that has so upset you?"

"Well, last night I saw a fair young man, tall, handsome and strong lying dead upon one of the boards in the lumber room where we were. The body was terribly mutilated." "Did you see him here last night with the other young men?" "No," said the woman, "he was much more handsome than any of those I saw here." "Ach, but it was only a dream," said the keeper's wife. "It was no dream, and as sure as I saw it that young man will surely be killed."

After breakfast the two tramps prepared to leave, but before they left two lads arrived, one the son of the keeper and the other a friend. When asked if either of the two was the one she had seen in her vision, the woman replied, "Yes, that is the one," pointing to the keeper's son. After their departure the keeper's wife told her husband of the woman's vision. He was not superstitious but to be on the safe side he resolved to destroy all the boards in the lumber room. As the boards were being broken up by the keeper his wife, unknown to him, took one to make a cheese shelf.

These events, Mr. MacLeay told me, took place in 1848. Just before the shooting season began Dougald, the keeper's son, was engaged as an assistant keeper on a neighbouring estate. His chief duty was to destroy vermin. Now Dougald had promised a friend of his to try and get a golden eagle for him, alive if possible. It was known that eagles inhabited a precipitous cliff, known locally as Eagles' Rock, on the estate where Dougald worked. So Dougald along with his friend, Angus,

set out one evening to see if they could get one. They camped overnight in the neighbourhood of the Eagles' Rock, and in the early hours of the morning they saw a fine specimen making its way back to the rock with a grouse in its talons. Dougald fired and down came the eagle trembling to the ground. Dougald rushed down to see if he could capture the bird alive, but as he rushed he tripped and fell. The gun went off, the shot penetrating the lower part of his body. Angus who was following at his heels found Dougald lying dying. "I'm gone" were his last words. Angus covered him with his plaid and set off for help. The body of the unfortunate young man was conveyed to his parents' house and as there was nothing on which to place the corpse the mother remembered the cheese shelf, and it was on this board that the body of Dougald was placed just as the tramp woman foretold.

Old MacLeay assured me that the facts related above were true. "I knew Dougald and his parents," he added, "and I was present at Dougald's funeral."

Executive Council

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Office on Saturday, 17th January, the President, Mr. F. Macrae, presiding.

In Minutes of the Mod and Music Committee it was recommended that Junior Competitions at the National Mod be spread over Tuesday and Wednesday, with the Junior Concert on Wednesday night and the Ceilidh and/or Reception on Tuesday night. After discussion it was resolved to remit the whole question to the Mod and Music Committee for further consideration and report. The Convener submitted a short report on the inaugural meeting in Edinburgh in connection with the 1960 Mod.

A list of songs for the 1960 Mod was approved. A letter from the Secretary of the Association of Gaelic Choirs concerning accommodation was considered, and it was agreed to reply that the matter of accommodation was in the hands of the Mod Local Committee to whom applications should be sent. The question of arranging catering in Dundee for Choirs staying outwith the city is to be referred for consideration to the Mod Local Committee.

Facilities for the B.B.C. in the Caird Hall, Dundee, was discussed with Mr. Hugh MacPhee, Gaelic Producer, and Mr. J. Watson, Chief Engineer for Scotland, B.B.C. It was suggested that a series of Gaelic song books for use in schools be published.

In submitting a Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee the Convener, Mr. John A. Macdonald, referred to a meeting Mrs. Bannerman and he had in Inverness last November with representatives of the Northern Area Propaganda Committee to discuss the question of re-establishing Feachdan of Comunn na h-Oigridh in the North. It was agreed to set up where possible in North Uist, South Uist, Lewis and Harris, Feachdan on the lines followed last year in Barra. Mr. R. Mackay, Inverness, spoke of efforts to be made on the Mainland similar to projects in the Isles.

In the Minute of Clann an Fhraoich the Convener, Mr. Moffatt-Pender, reported that it has been found impossible to carry out the proposed visit to several of the small islands in November as arranged, but that he hoped this could be done later in the spring.

A Minute of the Finance Committee showed Estimates of Standing Committees as follows:—

Art and Industry	£60.
Clann an Fhraoich	£100.
Comunn na h-Oigridh	£275.
Propaganda	£1,800.

The appointment of Mrs. Bridgens as part-time Assistant in the Inverness Office was noted. Draft Mod Accounts for Inverness and Glasgow were submitted, showing a surplus of £4,326 for Inverness, and a surplus of £7,475 for Glasgow. Great appreciation was shown of Mr. Moffatt-Pender's generosity in meeting a substantial proportion of the expenses of Junior Choirs at successive Mods. Arrangements for the investment of all available surplus Funds have been made.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the meeting.

Book Review

Gaelic Words from South Uist: *Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies*; 18/-. Collected by Father Allan Macdonald, and edited by Dr. J. L. Campbell.

Father Allan collected a wealth of general folklore in South Uist much of which has already been published. The book under review contains words and expressions most of which were in common use in Uist and Eriskay in the collector's own day. In all there are approximately 3000 terms, and illustrative material in the shape of sayings and anecdotes which shed light on the social background of the oral Gaelic literature in the Uists in the past, and help to explain difficult passages in folk-songs and folktales collected by different people.

This Collection illustrates not only the distinctive qualities of the language used in the Western Isles but also the characteristic features of the way of life in these parts—the habits and customs, the mental alertness and spiritual fibre of the people, their traditions and heritage. "All the words collected by Father Allan are given with a wealth of illustrative phrases, folklore and anecdote, which make his Collection more readable, perhaps, than any other dictionary."

Many of the words contained in this volume are, with slight variations in form or meaning in some cases, still familiar in the Isles. But many more have fallen out of use even in those districts where they were garnered, and large numbers of them have never found their way into dictionaries. The material will prove of great value to students of Gaelic, and especially to those interested in the dialects, folklore and traditions of South Uist and Barra.

The Publishers and the Editor are to be complimented on the high standard attained in their respective tasks.

Branch Reports

AYR

The Ayr Branch held their first ceilidh of the year in Holy Trinity Church Hall on Friday, 9th January. Mr. Donald MacIsaac welcomed a large number of members and friends. The programme was an enjoyable one, and the artistes who took part were Mabel Kennedy and Iain Thomson, Gaelic songs; Ishbel MacKay, elocutionist; Ewan Stewart, Scots songs. Piping selections were given by the Branch piper, Andrew McKissick, and Barbara Sumner was the accompanist. D. Ferguson moved the vote of thanks for the artistes and the chairman.

DUNOON

The third of the monthly meetings was held on Friday, 5th December, in the Masonic Hall. It took the form of a ceilidh and dance and was very enjoyable. Being a Juvenile ceilidh the programme was sustained by the recently formed Junior Gaelic Choir under the conductor Mrs. Neil MacLean, and soloists from the Choir. Mr. G. MacAlister presided, and Mr. J. Macdonald proposed the vote of thanks.

On 9th January the annual "Tattie an' Herrin'" supper was held in the Imperial Hotel. Mr. Neil MacLean presided, and the guest artiste Mr. Ilay MacTaggart, Glasgow, was supported by a team of popular local singers. Mr. W. Murray proposed a comprehensive vote of thanks.

EDINBURGH

On January 10th the President, Mr. F. Macleod, welcomed a large audience in the Hall of the Clans. Vocal items were rendered by a number of local singers who are always welcome. Piping and other instrumental music were well received. Mr. D. Montgomery

proposed votes of thanks to Fear-an-tighe, the artistes and the "galley" ladies.

FORRES

The Forres Branch held their first ceilidh of the year in the Queen's Hotel. Dr. H. W. Morgan, the President, welcomed a large number and extended to them the season's greetings. He introduced Mr. A. Macleod as Fear-an-tighe. A pleasant programme of vocal and instrumental music was sustained by Mrs. Hardy, Messrs. W. Young, Alistair Fraser, Donald Macleod, Andrew Stewart, Alistair Paterson, J. Birnie, A. Duncan and Miss Betty McWilliam.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£6,071 10 10
Oban & Lorn Association	5 — —
Hugh Macrae, Esq., Tighnabruaich ..	2 2 —
Duncan MacNeill, Esq., Glasgow ..	— 10 —
Miss Jessie B. MacLellan, Lismore ..	2 2 —
Alex. J. MacAskill, Esq., M.A., Inverness —part Mod Expenses relinquished..	1 — —
Neil MacGill, Esq., M.A., Killin—Mod Expenses relinquished	1 — —
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Mrs. H. J. Wilson, North Berwick ..	1 — —
Mrs. Neil Orr, Edinburgh	1 — —
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Anonymous	1 4 —
Net Proceeds of Balmaha Outings ..	130 2 9
Net Proceeds of Pre-Mod Ceilidh in Lyric Theatre, 29/9/58	7 10 3

£6,252 13 —

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£165 12 6
Iain MacNeacail, Vancouver	3 — —
Lochalsh Gaelic Choir	5 — —

£173 12 6

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£8 18 1
Miss Lucy Cameron, Glen Moriston— Mod Expenses relinquished	2 5 —
Iain MacNeacail, Vancouver	3 — —
Donald MacLachlan, Esq., Largs ..	— 4 —
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£15 2 1

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN GIBLEAN, 1959

Aireamh 4

CNUASACHADH

THA cnuasachadh is cnuasachadh ann. Faodaidh neach ùine gun chrìoch a chur seachad a' meamhrachadh leis fhéin air cuspair sònraichte, agus gun nì aige air sgialaibh nuair a thig e thuige fhéin. Dé a' bhuanachd a tha ann a bhith toirt cead a coise do'n inntinn mur a toir i dad idir dhachaidh leatha? Cha bheag a' bhuanachd sin ma thilgeas i dhith uallach gun fheum agus ma dh'fhàgas i e air a cùl an tìr na diochuidhne.

Tha neach eile ann agus shùblaidh an inntinn aige-san air shiùdan o rud gu rud gun ùine chòir a chaitheamh gu tuigseach, mothachail air nì seach nì. Tha e cleas na faoileig a' cuachail air sgéith os cionn nan uisgeachan; cha tàmh e ged bu bhuidhe leat. Có aige tha fios nach eil sin a cheart cho feumail air uairean ris an fheallsanachd as diomhaire, agus fada nas lugha lochd na na beachdan as cudromaiche is na co-dhunaidhean as daingne. Tha mòran an crochadh air cor is feum an duine aig an am, agus air na crìochan a tha aige anns an t-sealladh.

Chan e an t-aon suidheachadh a chuidicheas na h-uile gu bhith cnuasachadh g' gnìomhach. Is aithne dhomh fear nach beachd-smuainich gu seaghach idir mur bi e ann an cuideachd. Cha lorg e dé is aithne dha fhéin gus an cluinn e aig neach air choreigin eile e. Tha a smaoin daomnan air sàil smaointean chàich. Ach tha fear eile an sud, agus, gus am bi e leis fhéin, far nach eil nì a' cur dragha air, tha an aigne aige mar gum biodh i fo ghlais. Ann an sàmhchair a sheòmaid, gun duine faisg air, tha an inntinn a' fàs beothail, gnìomhach gu

leòr. Chì i doras a bha dùinte ri fosgladh, agus solus a' sgaoileadh air aisridh dhuirch a cuairt. A ris, gheibh fear eile an còmhnaidh as motha ann an cuideachd leabhraichean, far na thaisgeadh eòlas a dhìoghlaim dream eile, agus far an cluinnear guth a' bheò nach eil ann.

Tha cuid ann, is chan eil nì a bheir a saorsa do'n inntinn aca coltach ri siabhairachd nan cnoc 's nan gleann, no suidhe socair ri taobh locha fo ghuirme an speur. Faodaidh an saoghal mór a bhith cur nan car dheth ach cha téid e ceum nas luaithe na shiùbhlas am mac-meanmna gu ruig crìochan an domhain.

An duine as fhaide dh'fhalbh agus as motha chunnaic bu chòir gum biodh esan saobhir ann an stòras falaichte na h-inntinne. Ach b'aithne dhuinn cuid nach deach a riamh fada o'n tigh aig an robh breithneachadh thar tomhais agus a chitheadh fada rompa is as an déidh. Bheir a' chuimhne air ais nithean a bha 'nan cadal fada cho math ri nithean a thachair an dé. Agus faodaidh e bhith gun toir dealbh na cuimhne barrachd sòlais na thug éisdeachd na cluaise no sealladh nan sùl.

Ann an comas cnuasachaidh tha sochair aig an duine nach toir cumhachd air bith bhuaithe, dlleab a cheanglas e ris na tha air a chùl agus ris na dh'fhaodas a bhith air thoiseach air. Tha so, aig amannan, mar cheòl binn 'na chridhe 'ga thàladh air falbh o shearbhadas na beatha, ag òradh dha mullach nam beann a dh'fhaodas a bhith cur eagal air, a' taomadh soluis troimh ghleann dorch a réis, agus a' toirt aisig réidh dha thar chuan na h-ionndrainn agus na h-imcheist gus an ruig e an cala.

AN CAR A BHA SAN T-SEANA-MHAIDE

(2)

LE ALASDAIR MAC GILLE MHAOIL

B U neònach leam nach do leig e ris dhomh roimh-làimh gu robh dùil aige an car so a chur dheth; is e duine eile a thug thugam an naidheachd. Feumar aidaichadh nach robh clach ri bhith air a tigeil air Seònaid. Bha i 'na bean-tighe air leth cùramach. Bu shunndach a ceum eadar tigh, bùth is fearann. Chaidh crodh is caoraich am mòide air mòintich 's aig baile, chinnich bàrr de gach seòrsa agus bha bainne 's buntàta, im is gruth air an reic sa' bhùth. Cheannaicheadh air son obair fearainn innealan ùra—crann Ameriganach, ràcaim mhóra agus cliathan iarunn.

Thilg Ruairidh a thaobh am féileadh beag 's an sporan, agus le briogais chaol, teann mu'n iosgaid, casa-leathair mu chalp, agus léine fhosgaidh gu h-àrd, bha e deiseil air son strì ris an t-saoghal. Cha mhór nach deach ceòlraidh is aighear air diochiumhne gu buileach. Thàinig a' Mhàirt agus biodh e fiuch no tioram, fuar no blàth, 's ann eadar na làimh-chrann a gheibhte fear Leac-nan-Clach, e fhéin 's na h-eich, an cinn ri lár, a' cothachadh an aghaidh frasán fuara, gailbheach a bha sguabhadh sìos bho ghualainn na Beinne Buidhe.

Bha fios againn uile ciod an làmh a bha air an stiùir, ach cha robh mi idir cinnteach 'nam chridhe gu robh Ruairidh toilichte le chrann-chur. Cha chreidinn gu robh e cho saoghalta 's a shaoileadh tu bho'n taobh a muigh. Ged a bha mór thoradh air an saothair b'e m'amharus nach b'fhada gus an tigeadh caochladh dath air a' chùis. Ràinig e mo chluasan an dràs id e a rithist gu robh Ruairidh a' cur seachd cuid de thìde an tigh-òsda Alasdair Chrùbaich, shìos sa' chlachan. B'e sin mi-nòs nach robh ri chur as a leth gus an so cho fad 's a b'aithe dhomh. Ach a dh'aindeoin sin chaidh e ri tighedas mar a b'abhaist ged a shaoil leam nach robh a ceum cho aotrom 's a bha e san tìoseachadh.

Bha e 'na chleachdadh agam a riamh a bhith gabhail cuairt gach feagair. Gu tric bha rathad a' chnuic sàmhach gu leòr an cìaradh an latha, agus mar sin bhiodh cothrom agam a bhith cnuasachadh leam fhìn air nithean sean is ùra mar a thigeadh iad fa chomhair m'inntinn. Ann an dùbhlachd a' gheamhraidh leanainn, am bitheantas, bruach na h-aibhne far a faighinn fàsghadh na coille. Ach an oidhche àraidh so, mu dheireadh an fhoghair, agus gealach mhór bhuidhe tighinn air faire a' mhonaidh is e an rathad àrd a lean mi. Gu socrach thug mi ceum suas mu dhrochaid bheag a' Chaochain, allt beag a tha ruith gu siùbhlach

le iomadh leum is eas mus ruig e glumagan dorcha a' Ghlinn Mhóir. Bha'n oidhche sèimh, socair gun nì ri chluinntinn ach, an dràsda 's a rithist, mèilich caorach shuas air gualainn na beinne, agus torman an uillt.

Ràinig mi an drochaid; sheas mi tacan ag éisdeachd ri monnhar nam uisgeachan, agus an sin thug mi'n aire nach robh mi idir 'nam aonar air rathad a' chnuic. Bha cuideigin le ceum éasgaidh a' tighinn 'nam choinneamh. Bha an rathad cumhang is sheas mi dh'aon taobh chum am fear turuis a leigeil seachd. Bha solus na gèalaich a nis air neartachadh agus 'na soillse dh'aitheanich mi có a bha agam. Ruairidh Dubh! Bha a' phìob-mhór fo achlais, agus rud bu neònaiche cha do dh'fhosgail e a bheul san dol seachd. Agus nì eile a mhothaich mi, ged a b'e trusgan na h-achaidh a bha air bha am boineid biorach gu h-àrd agus ite uabhrach 'g a sgeadachadh. Gnothach beag, their thu, ach bha e soilleir dhomhsa gu robh sinn faisg air ceann an duain.

Gheibh naidheachd ùr sgiathan, agus cha b'fhada gus an cuala mi mu chleasan Ruairidh air an oidhche ud. Ràinig e an tigh-òil le sogan is sund neo-àbhaisteach. Chaidh deoch mu'n cuairt is ghleusadh a' phìob. B'e sin an oidhche le danns is aighear, agus 's e gairm a' choilich a chuir na seòid fa sgaoil. Ciod a nis a bha gu tachairt? Fhuair mi freagair na ceiste mu dheireadh na seachduineach.

Air oidhche Di-haoine chaidh mi sìos gu ruig laimhrig mhóir Scarinish is dùil agam ri bogsa leabhraichean. Nuair a ràinig mi chunnaic mi solus dearg na pacaid e' tionndadh mu Rubha Scarinis agus i air a turus air ais gu Tir-Mór. Agus stad ort! Os cionn sloisreadh nan tonn agus sgal chruaidh na gaoithe o'n iar thàinig thar an t-sàile nuallan na pìoba. Dh'èisd mi gu mion. Cha robh a stigh air air criochan ach aon fhear a chluicheadh mar sud—Ruairidh Dubh. Thionndaidh mi ri Iain, fear an aiseig, a bha 'na sheasamh dlùth orm. "Tha pìobaire air bòrd an nochd," thuir mi. "Tha, tha," fhreagair e 's e togail a' bhogsa air a' bhàra-rotha, 'is e mo bhàrail gu faod sinn soraidh bhuan a leigeil le Ruairidh Mac Eachainn."

'Nuair a ràinig mi a' bhùth bha Seònaid air cùl a' bhùird. A réir coltais bha i aineolach air na thachair. Cha do chleith mi nì oirre. Dh'innis mi dhith facal air an fhacal mar a chunnaic 's a chuala mi. Bha mi ro dhùilich gun deach cùisean tuathal an déidh mo dhìcheall

gu réiteachadh a dhèanadh air gnothaichean. Ach cha tàinig tioma air gruaidh na h-ainnir. Bha a làmh cho gramail ris a' chreag ud thall. Cheangail i snaim daingean cruaidh air a' phasgan bheag a bha i cur ri chèile aig an am. Stad i tiota beag is dh'fhoighnich i dhìom: "Gu dé am port a bha aige?"

Ged nach tàinig e steach orm aig an am, bhuail e nis mi gur e, "Soraidh le Lochabar" am port tiamhaidh a ràinig mi air osag na gaoithe shìos aig an laimhric. "Seadh," ars ise, "mar sin gum biodh e. Is có an t-sròin d' am fuara?" Tharraing i snaim gu teann agus crònan beag aighearrach aice air chùl a bilean.

Air an t-slighe dhachaidh bha crònan Seònaid a' ruith 'nam inntinn. Bha mi eòlach gu leòr air an fhonn ach cha robh brìgh na cùise cho soilleir dhomh. Mu dheireadh fhuair mi gréim air subsaint a' phuirt. Is minic a dhannas sinn ris aig céilidhean ar n-òige. So e:

Shiubhail Ruairidh bho an bhothan
Air a' mheadhon oidhche;
Cha robh sìleadh dheur 'na dhéidh
Is cha robh idir caoidh air.

Sin mar a sheas Seònaid ris an droch fhortan, mas e droch fhortan a bha ann.

Gearrloch

Is ann ri linn A' Chiad Chogaidh, anns a' bhliadhna 1917, a thadhail mi Badachrò mu dheireadh. Chuir mi a' chiad oidhche seachad maille ri Eachann an saor an Opinan, agus an dara h-oidhche maille ri Cailean Siosalach am Badachrò. Chuir e iongnadh orm an t-atharrachadh a thàinig air an àite o'n bha mi ann a roimhe, seadh 's air an sgrì gu léir. Bha na crucic falamh, agus na seann soithichean 'nan laighe grodadh anns an tìurr. An t-Eilean Tioram nach fhaichte a roimhe le faoileagan is eòin mhara eile, bha e nis gun nì a' gluasad ann; an Glas Eilean, far an tric a chitheamaid na sùlairean mòra seòladh troimh an athar gun chreutair beò ann. An làithean m'òige bhiodh an sùlaire agus eòin eile neadachadh an so, ach le dith an sgadain thug iad Rònaidh mu thuath orra. "Tha an t-àite nis 'na chadal," arsa mise ri bodach a bha an sin. "Tha na balaich uile air falbh anns an arm," fhreagair e, "agus chaidh iasgach an sgadain a dhòlaidh." "Ciamar a thachair sin?," dh'fhèraich mi dheth. "Cus iasgaich is tràlairean," ars esan. "Bha uair mar a tha cuimhne agad, a bha Loch Ourn, Loch Bhraoin is Loch Snisort làn éisg, ach thàinig sgrìos air leapaichean an éisg."

Tha cuimhne agam fhìn a dhol a mach am bàta a Opinan aon fheasgair ciùin anns a'

bhliadhna 1906. Bha an là bruthainneach ach mu shia uairean bha osag ghasda as ar déidh air ar turus gu Rònaidh. Chunnaic sinn sùlaire air fuaradh oirn agus lean sinn e an dùil gum faigheadh sinn sgadan, ach an ùine gun a bhith fada dh'éirich a' ghaoth is bhrùchd an fhaige is dh'fhàs na speuran cho dorch ris an oidhche. Bha àireamh de na tràlairean mu'n cuairt, agus bha nis an dorchadas cho tiugh 's nach b'urrainn dhuinn faicinn càite a robh sinn a' dol. Troimh dhealan an dearg stoirm chithinn tigh-soluis Rònaidh. Bhuail tonn mhòr am bàta againn agus is beag nach deach i thairis, agus le luasgan na mara cha b'urrainn dhuinn na linn a chur a mach. Mhair an droch aimsir fad na h-oidhche 's an seòl againn am bun na slaithe, ach anns a' mhadaoin laigh a' ghaoth agus an ùine nach robh fada bha sinn a' seòladh a steach Loch Gheàrrloch; ann an tiotadh bha sinn ri ceidhe Bhadachrò.

IAIN A' CHAOIL.

Na Fogaraich

A' chiad duais air son aithris bàrdachd, Mod 1958

Thachair iad orm is mi cnuasach'
Diomhanas beatha chlam-daoin';
Thachair iad orm anns an uaigneas
Eagal is Cogadh is Gaol,
Coigrich air allaban, caillte
Ann an saoghal ri'n leithid chuir càl,
'S a thuit ann am féin-chinnt na dalmachd
Gu inbhe mac-meanmna nam brùid.

Eagal 's a ghruaidhean air seargadh
Am faoinéis a' lorg àite tàimh
Measg dhaoine gun chreideas no earbsa
Ann an cuspair nach dearbhadh an làmh;
An saoghal gun doimhne gun àirde,
Gun ùmhachd, gun àilgheas, gun spéis.
A chuir fuadach air eagal 's a dh'àrach
'Na chridhe cnuidh bhàsmhor féin-spéis.

Troimh 'shùilean chunna mi'n saoghal
Gun ghaigheach a dh'àrdaicheadh buaidh;
Gun bhrosnachadh oidhirp measg dhaoine,
Gun ghealtair a choisneadh tras.
Chuir an sealladh mo chridhe fo dhaorsa,
Chaill misneachd mar bheus a luach;
Bha truaillidheachd bhreun sa' chaochladh,
'S dreach luibhre 'na laomadh fuar.

Cogadh 's a chlaidheamh air mairgeadh,
Uchd-éideadh air crìonadh le aois;
E air fògradh 's gun réite 'na thairgse
Far eil neo-chiont' na feirg' air dol aog.
Mathair-aobhair gach còmhstri air seargadh
Gun fheum air lagh dearbhaidh na còr'

An saoghal thraigh copan na searbh-ghlòir—
An t-sith sin 's i marbh-dheoch na deòin.

A bhogha gun lùbadh, fiodh brèithe
Gun saighead 'na dhòrlach fhaoin;
Criochan farsaing an glaic a cho-chòrdaidh
Mheasas maith agus dò-bheart baoth.
Co-ionnan an ceartas 's an ucoir
Far nach tuigear beus na cliù;
Gun lagh ann nas àirde do'n gèillear
Na gineadh is èisean na brù.

Sheall mi air Gaol 's bha e sgiamhach
Ged bha aghaidh fo dhiachuinn bròin;
'Na fhear-fuadain a dh'aindeoin gach tiodhlac
A shealbhaicheadh 'na am fo sheòl.
Ainm is fheartan gu buileach air dhiochuimhn'
An saoghal rinn dia de'n òr
'S a reic a chòir-bhreth air son 'loclaint'
Nach sàsaich ach miann na feòl'.

Chunna mi bannan na suairce
Air an dearmad aig sluagh gun chàil;
Ceanglaichean dàimh air am fuasgladh,
'S daoine fanaid air stuaim is bàidh.
Mheas na chaill 's na fhuair iad
On chuir iad gu fuadach Gràdh.
'S e dh'fhàg mi le cridhe trom luaineach
M' eucomas-sa luach a thoirt dha.

Dh'fhàg mi slàn aig na fògaraich thùrsach—
Cha b'urrainn ar cùrsa bhith réidh.
Bha m'ait an saoghal fuar, brùideil,
Bhuineadh iadsan do dhùthaich chéin.
Ach lean rium a' cheist a dhùisg iad
'S bha mo chogais fo sgiùrsadh geur;
'S neul eudòchais a' falach o m' shùilean
Ceann-uidhe co-dhùndh mo réis'.

CAILEAN N. MACCOINNICH.

Annas A' Chladach

A Bhrèidein an cois na tuinne
'S binn do ghuilleag leam gach là;
Tha thu 'n sud le fàilt is furan,
Tiugainn, tiugainn chun na tràghad.

DHUINNE a fhuair ar n-àrach an aon de eileanan na h-àirde 'n Iar, no air còrsaichean tìr-mór, is lunn a' Chuain Shiar a' sìor bhuiladh air gach stac is tràigh, tha guileag a' bhrèidein cho beò-mhaireannach ann ar n-aighnidhean ri crònan ar màthar. Chan urrainn duinn smuaineachadh air a' chladach gun guileag a' bhrèidein a bhith mar èibh 'nar cluasan. Tha e, mar gum b'eadh, a' gabhail seilbh air a' chladach dha fhéin, agus nach e a dh'fhaodas mas fìor an dà shean-fhacal—'Cho luath ri brèidean san tràigh,' agus 'Cho eòlach 's tha am brèidean san tràigh.'

Ach cuireamaid eòlas air a' chladach an toiseach. Saoilidh mi gur iad na siùil-mhara, lìonadh is tràghadh, a tha fo riaghladh is fo chumbhachd na gealaich, na h-ionghnaidhean as motha ris an tachair sinn. Dà uair anns na ceithir uaire fichead tha lìonadh agus tràghadh againn. Tha na làin mhóra is na tràighean ìosal ann an uair a tha a' ghealach nas faisge air an talamh. Tha sin ri gealaich ùir agus ri gealaich làin agus ris an can sinn, aig a bheil ar còmh-nuidh an cois a' chladaich, an reothairt. Tha an reothairt aig a h-àirde air an treas là. Aig dà cheathramh na gealaich chan eil an làn cho àrd no an tràigh cho ìosal agus ris an ràth sin their sinn a' chontraigh.

Chan eil an tuiteam-uisge, 's e sin an tomhas a tha eadar àirde làin is ìsle mhara, co-ionann anns gach àite. Mu na cladaichean air taobh siar na h-Alba tha an tuiteam-uisge mu dhusan troidh ach anns an Linne Shasannaich e mu lethcheud troigh. Anns a' Mhuir Mheadhonaich chan eil e ach mu thrì troidhean.

Far a bheil obair bhàtaichean, mar tha iasgach is aiseag, tha e feumail gum bi eòlas math aig na sgiobaidhean air mar tha na sruthan a' ruith. Tha so gu h-àraidh feumail dhuinne an ceann tuath Dhiùra is sinn cho faisg air Coire Bhreac-ain. So mar bha m'athair-sa is fir a' bhaile a' cumail cunntais air tionndadh an t-srutha: aig ràth reothairt, ìsle mhara aig leth-uair an deidh deich moch-thrath, agus a' dol trì cheathramhan na h-uaire na b'annoiche gach là. Aig ràth na contraigh, àird an làin aig leth-uair an deidh deich moch-thrath agus, mar an reothairt, a' dol trì cheathramhan na h-uaire na b'annoiche gach là.

Aig tràigh mhóir an reothairt tha mòran ri fhaicinn sa' chladach: sligean de ioma seòrsa, mar tha bàirneach (as am faigh sinn maorach), coinean-mara, conachag, faochag, feusgan, muir-sgian, agus slige-chreachainn. Tha faochag mhór eile ann ris an can na Luinnich, guth-le-gùg, ach ris an abair sinn an Diùra, gurr-a-gùg. An uair a chuireas tu i so ri do chluais cluinnidh tu gaoir na mara gu riochdail.

A thaobh feamainn tha againn gach seòrsa a gheibhear air cladaichean eile, mar tha duileag, feamainn chireagach, feamainn dhearg, feamainn dhubh agus gruaigean. Bhitheamaid a' buain na feamainn dhuibh air na sgèirean le corran agus 'ga toirt gu port le bàta. Tha an fheamainn dhearg a' tighinn gu cladach 'na brùdh ri aimsir stoirmle. Mar an fheamainn dhuibh tha i math gu leasachadh agus is ioma là a thug sinn a' lìonadh na cartach. Air tràigh réidh tha so goireasach gu leòir ach air cladach garbh, mar bha aig bràthair mo mhàthar am Port Doire Chròrain, b'ann le each is cléibh a bhiodh e a' toirt na feamainn gu talamh còmharnad. Dheanadh e fhéin peallag de

chònnlaich a chuireadh e air druim an eich fo shrathair fhiodha, agus bha cliabh a rinneadh air son a' ghnòthaich crochte ris an t-srathair air gach taobh. An uair a ruigeadh e an réidhlean sheasadh e ri broilleach an eich agus le làimh air gach taobh dheth thàirngeach e, cearta còmhla, na pinneachan a bha a' cumail màis nan cliabh an ceagal agus thuiteadh an fheamainn, gun tuilleadh dragha, air an làr.

Di-luain a ghluais sinn as an tìr
 Leis a' cheilp 's bu mhór a phris.
 Dh'innis mi dhuibh uair roimhe mu iasgach an sgadain leis na slatan agus mar sin cha chan mi tuilleadh mu dheidhinn ach bheir mi dhuibh ainmean nan iasg a tha a' snàmh mu'n chladach againne. Is iad sin—bodach ruadh, bradan, céiteanach, creagag, cudainn, easgann, gealag, gobag, greusaich, leabag, liùgh, mac-làmhaich'



Loch Aillse agus Caisteal Eilean Donnain.

Is i an fheamainn chireagach as lugha de na dh'ainmich mi. Tha i a' fàs air na creagan am beul an làin agus bhiodh na seann daoine 'ga bruich air son bìdh do na mucan.

Tha an gruaigean a' fàs nas isle air na creagan mar dhuilleig mhóir agus tha an stoc meadhoin blasda ri itheadh. Ach as mìlse na sin an duileasg a tha ri fhaighinn gu pailt air na creagan. Tha fallaineachd ann do'n chreubhaig.

B'ann as an fheamainn dheirg a bhiodh iad a' deanamh na ceilp agus ma chumas fear-siubhail nan cladaichean suil fhurachail chì e mar bheagan os cionn tìùrr an làin làrach nan sloc anns am biodh iad a' losgadh na feamann. As an luathre bha stuthan feumail ri fhaighinn ach le rannsachadh is le innleachdan ùra fhuaras a mach seòl eile air stuthan luachmhor na feamann a dheanamh agus thug sin obair na ceilp gu crìon. Bha an luchd-obrach a' faighinn tuarasdail math air son an saothrach. Thubhairt bàrd ann an òran a chuala mi uair-eigin:

mùrlach, piocach (suidhean), reannach, sgat, agus ma thionndaidheas tu clachan air an tig an làn thairis, gheibh thu iasg beag sgiobalta fódhpa ris an can sinn, clòitheag. Fo na ceart chlachan chì thu creutairean beaga, biodach, air a bheil an t-ainm neònach, deargann-tràghad. A measg na llobhraigaich a tha a' fàs as a' ghainmhich chì thu na ficheadan de dh'-iasgan beaga ris an can sinn seòl, cuid eile sìol an sgadain, ach anns a' chànan Bheurla, "Sprats."

Chan eil ar cladach gann de dh'iasgan sligeach mar tha crùban, giomach agus partan. Tha ain fear beag fo na clachan leis an deargann-thràghad! Chì thu ròn a' togail a chinn dubh an dràsda 's a rithis agus fada mach san doimhneachd theagamh péileag is muc-mhara. Tha aon chreutair ceithir-chasach nach fhaic thu ach glé ainmig, a' bhéist-dubh, dóbhran nam bàrd. Tha i sgriosail a measg nam bradan is nan gealag agus is math is fhiaich iad dragh a glacadh, oir tha a bian miadhail is luachmhor.

Thòisich mi air an oidhirp so leis a' bhrìdean.
 Nì esan e fhéin aithnichte mar nach dean a'
 chuid eile a tha mi a' dol a dh'ainmeachadh,
 ach tha an gairm fhéin acasan an uair a ghluais-
 ear iad. Is iad sin—corra-ghritheach, cràdh-
 gheadh, crann-lach, dubh-fhaoileann, eun dubh
 an sgadain, faoileag, fàsgadair, lacha-mhór,
 learg, luatharan-tràghad, muir-bhuachail,
 sgàireag, sgarbh, sioltaich, stèarnal, sùlaire is
 trilleachan. Chan 'eil an geadh-fiadhaich no
 an cathan a' tathaich a' chladaich againne
 ach bha aon gheamhradh a laigh sgaoth mhór
 de ealachan air loch uisge faisg air an t-seann
 dachaidh. Thug e toileachas mór dhuinn a
 bhith a' snàg orra fad a dhà no trì sheachd-
 ainnean.

Chan fhiach cladaich gun uamh a bhith ann
 agus bha sin againne, Uamh a' Chaolais.
 Bhiodh na gobhair a' cadal innte ré na h-oidhche
 agus b'i roghainn nan calman-fiadhaich is nan
 cathag dearg-chasach a' neadachadh innte
 còmhla ris na h-ialtagan. Gu ma fada mar sin
 Uamh a' Chaolais!

NIALL.

An Gille Dubh Ciar Dubh

(Translated by HUGH LAING)

The mountains I climb not,
 The wild moors I rove not;
 No music I find in
 The songs of the lone glens;
 Sweet sleep comes not nigh me
 As the dark hours pass slowly;
 My swarthy young laddie
 Is ever my all.

O that I and my laddie,
 My swarthy young rover,
 Were up in steep crags when
 Sharp sleet beats o'er them,
 Or down in calm corries
 In solitude holy;
 Grey hairs I'll wed not
 Whilst thou art my all.

My laddie so handsome
 I can't but be cheerless,
 My choice of all mankind,
 Since thou art not near me.
 Mid multitudes countless
 Only thou art my hero;
 Grey hairs I'll wed not
 Whilst thou art my all.

From moor-pools as gladly
 I would drink to my own love
 As from vats which brim brightly
 With sparkling fine old wine.
 Though with red gold and riches
 They beseech me—the old men,
 Grey hairs I'll wed not
 Whilst thou art my all.

Though kinsfolk around me
 May loudly deride thee,
 My love I have crowned thee,
 I'd proudly thy bride be;
 With thee for companion
 I'd travel the wide world;
 Grey hairs I'll wed not
 Whilst thou art my all.

The Genius of the Celt

by REV. THOMAS M. DONN

THE original meaning of the name 'Celt'
 has been discussed for a long time and
 linguists appear to favour the view that
 it denoted the distinctive personal appearance
 of the Celt in which height of body and breadth
 of head were conspicuous. Thus it has been
 connected with the Latin word 'celsus' (high)
 while it has been pointed out that the word
 was used by the Greeks as early as the fifth
 century B.C.: Herodotus (484-424 B.C.) refers
 to the *Keltai* and in later Greek the word is
 changed to *Keltai*. But even if we take the
 name as having a generic sense—and the
 evidence afforded by classical writers for doing
 so is strong—it is not necessary to infer that
 all Celts were equally possessed of the general
 features of the race. It is important to note
 that the name was used by the Celts themselves
 and was not simply one that was applied to
 them by others. *Julius Caesar* says that those
 who are called Celts in *their own language* were
 called Gauls in the Latin language. The Celts
 who first came over from Gaul to Britain spoke
 the Goedelic dialect (Gaelic) of Celtic, while
 the Belgae who came later spoke the Brythonic.
 The term Celt itself disappeared from the
 dialects probably as a result of the political
 segregation of the Celtic peoples and their long
 and sometimes enforced wanderings which
 brought them at the last to the isles of the
 West: it is only in recent times that it has
 been re-admitted to the vocabularies of the
 Celtic languages. The most ancient fragments
 of pure 'Celtic' language date back only to
 the eighth and ninth centuries. As to *its*

nature, I am not competent to speak but I note that Max Muller cautioned Celtic enthusiasts against regarding many words which Celtic has borrowed from Latin and German as *original* to Celtic. In his Gaelic Dictionary, Armstrong has quoted from an anonymous writer of 1597 a most interesting and even amusing account of the Gael who, it is said, speaks "the ancient French language (Celtic) altered a little"! My subject here, however, is not Celtic but the Celt himself, and I venture to make the following suggestion.

The name may have had a moral connotation denoting the fact that the Celtic people cherished and endeavoured to practise an "elevated" or "upright" ideal of character: if space had allowed, quotations from Caesar and Cicero in support of this view might have been given. Let not this fact be forgotten by those who, without knowing anything about the subject, are so rashly inclined to dismiss the Celtic languages as unworthy of cultivation or even of preservation as spoken tongues or as literary media and who draw an unfavourable comparison between the wealth of Classical literature and the alleged poverty of the Celtic. Here the much vaunted "lack of sentiment" as to the future of the oldest spoken languages of Europe is really a lack of knowledge. The mind that can view with equanimity the decline and possible extinction of a noble tongue of a "noble" people is not to be envied. When Dolly Penreath died in 1770 the Cornish language was thought to have died with her and the monument which was raised to her memory at Paul in Cornwall would be regarded not only as a token of the poignant sorrow which many must have felt at the supposed disappearance of this ancient Celtic language but as a warning against the danger of such a fate overtaking the remaining Celtic languages. As long ago as 1865 F. W. Farrar predicted the disappearance of the Manx language within another generation and noted with concern that Bas-Breton and Gaelic were "shrinking within very contracted limits". Having survived so many vicissitudes, Gaelic deserves to survive permanently and those who are working for its preservation deserve the utmost support and encouragement. Its distinctive worth as a spoken tongue for secular and spiritual purposes needs no vindication while its authenticated claim as a medium of literary thought and expression is based (among other things) on the fact that the Celts were the first European people to cultivate letters after the decadence of Greek and Latin literature. The genius of the Celt has inspired much that is best in our literature, as Matthew Arnold has

pointed out in his lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature (1867).

Even in pre-Christian times the Celt was probably distinguished by a *sensitivity of conscience* and a vivid sense of the claims of "the unseen things" upon his loyalty and thought. Certainly these qualities became marked and more clearly defined in post-Christian times. Comparisons are proverbially invidious and no one will desire to institute a comparison of the Celts with the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews and other peoples for all have had their characteristic virtues and weaknesses and the Celts are no exception. It has been said that "plain living goes along with high thinking" and perhaps the opposite is true (*mutatis mutandis*). Certainly the Celt has been a shining example of "high thinking" to those who have taken the trouble to interpret the "myths" of Celtic literature instead of dismissing them as the products of a disordered imagination. Serious thinkers do not dismiss the Apocalypse as "meaningless" but many devout souls are only prevented from doing so because it is in "Holy Writ" while others have allowed their untutored fancies to guide them in its interpretation. The genius of the Celt has led him to give a highly imaginative expression to some cardinal important philosophical thoughts and speculations: he has always shown a deep desire for knowledge and a great respect for learning. He has been *lively* in understanding, feeling, and will and has touched few things that he has not adorned either in form or expression.

Colour and music express his emotions aroused by human sorrow and joys or by the grandeur of the mountains and other natural phenomena amongst which he has dwelt. His innate ethical sense may have at times been obscured or misdirected but has always expressed itself in unswerving fidelity to his pledged word. His very weaknesses have been largely exaggerations or misapplications of his virtues: his mental liveliness has sometimes led him to superstition, his impressibility or sensitivity of feeling to excitability or censoriousness or quickness to take offence; his strength of will (to serve an ideal) to impetuosity and disregard of consequences. He has often failed in the matter of sustained effort in practical concerns. Yet when any impartial estimate is made of the quality and contribution of the Celtic mind it must be said that when truly permeated and fashioned by the grace of God in Christ these have been very fine indeed and gave greatly enriched civilisation in the highest sense of the word.

THE BRETON LANGUAGE

by IAIN MACKINNON

THE Breton language belongs, as many people know, to the P group of Celtic languages as distinct from the C group, that is to say the Gaelic groups of Scotland, Ireland, and Man. It is very similar to Welsh and Cornish, resembling the latter more than the former, once spoken in the western parts of Cornwall, but now extinct if we except a small band of enthusiasts who are attempting to revive that language as a spoken medium. But whereas the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland can understand one another with difficulty, the languages of Wales and Brittany are far enough apart to be unintelligible to speakers of the other tongue, not to mention that both are completely so to the Gael, albeit he would recognize words such as Breton Den (Welsh Dyn), Ki (Ci), Amzer (Amser), and Meur (Mawr) as similar to his own Duine, Cù, Aimsir, and Mór. Breton Grammar in many respects approximates that of Welsh, and to a certain extent Gaelic, but differs from other Celtic languages in that the verb rarely commences the sentence, and they also have an indefinite article.

Of all the Celtic races the Bretons have most claim to the title British, having held it throughout the centuries while other Celts discarded it in favour of Cymry or Kernowyon, and while the Strathclyde Britons completely lost their identity. In fact the name Brezhoneg (Breton language) transliterated is simply 'Brythonic'. History tells us that when the Anglo-Saxons were conquering England they drove the Britons before them into Wales, Cumbria, and Cornwall. Presumably as Cornwall would rapidly become overpopulated by the surge of fugitives as a result of this, many Britons resolved to seek their fortune overseas and landed on the western half of the Armorican Peninsula which they renamed Brittany. Further plantations inspired to a large extent by religious motives followed, and the Bretons began to push eastwards. But while Western Armorica had been sparsely populated, it was not so in the eastern section, and though they managed to conquer it, they never succeeded completely in absorbing the local population or of imposing their language on it as was the case in the west. Thus today there are two parts of Brittany, divided approximately by a line running from Paimpol to Vannes, the one French-speaking and the other in the main Breton-speaking. I shall discuss this point later.

The Bretons managed to retain their independence until 1532, despite efforts by Norse,

French, and English to subjugate their country. They were however decisively defeated at the Battle of St. Aubin du Cormier by the French in 1488, and latterly forced to treat for union with France. Even after 1532 they managed to retain a certain amount of freedom as an autonomous province under the French kings, a status which held good until 1790 when the French revolutionaries annihilated every vestige of independence, Brittany being thereafter divided up into five French departments. The Breton language, which had never possessed much literature anyway, was relegated to the status of a "dialect". It was not until years later, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that the Bretons started a great cultural revival, including of course the language. French governments cold-shouldered the revival, and every attempt to gain concessions for the language was fiercely resisted. In 1870 Charles de Gaulle, grand-uncle of the present French president, presented a petition for the teaching of the Breton language to the Legislative Council which was of course rejected. As a consequence of such repeated refusals it was natural that a political element should make its appearance, although actual nationalism did not appear until much later. The Breton Regionalist Union, which asked for decentralization for Brittany, proclaimed: "To say that we are dreaming of attacking French unity would be slander and folly". Such a possibility apparently existed in the minds of the French Government, for in 1909 Gaston Doumergue, Minister of Education, in reply to Breton deputies who requested the teaching of the language, announced that he "would not favour separatism in Brittany". Such did not yet exist, but French obstinacy in such matters could not fail to create conditions for it, and from then on most of the Breton Intellectuals from separatist to regionalist, or even those with no political connections at all took part in the Breton linguistic revival. Breton literature is a subject in itself, but I shall mention the names of Le Goffic, Le Gonidec, Francois Vallée, and Roparz Hémon among others. The century culminating with the outbreak of the Second World War indeed produced a wealth of literature.

The French Government started to apply repressive measures against the Breton language. It was not allowed in schools where children were taught to despise their mother-tongue and punished for speaking it. In 1907 they even tried to prohibit its use in church,

which aroused such a storm that the French Government had to withdraw. In 1925 Anatole de Monzie made his notorious speech in Parliament which aroused the ire of Breton intellectuals: 'For the sake of French unity it is necessary that the Breton language should disappear'. French official policy continued to ignore Breton or pretend that it did not exist.

Before the outbreak of the Second World War a schoolmaster, Kerlann started a school where the medium of instruction was in Breton. The school was soon closed and its headmaster imprisoned. Kerlann repeated his 'offence' during the German occupation, the Vichy Government doing likewise. Today he lives near Paris, deprived of his civil rights and forbidden to visit Brittany.

Except in Scotland where linguistic and nationalist movements remain separate, language forms one of the planks on the nationalist platform. It is so in Wales and Friesland, it was, or would be so in Brittany had the French Government not outlawed Breton nationalism after the war. Even the secret society, Gwenn ha Du (White and Black, i.e., the colours of the Breton flag) sent an ultimatum to the French Government to have Breton taught in the schools, and placed bottles of corrosive fluid in prefectures when they failed to comply. But throughout the war the Bretons, both regionalist and nationalist, continued their efforts trying to secure recognition for the language. They were partially successful, the Vichy Government agreeing to the teaching of Breton outside school hours. All this was abolished with the return of the legal French Government. But the Breton intelligensia kept persevering, and today though Breton is permitted to be taught, it is hedged about with such restrictions that the concession means virtually nothing.

As I have stated, Breton is spoken in the western part of the province, by some 1,300,000 people. It has not undergone a great recession since mediaeval times, but is not spoken generally in towns, certain enclaves, and holiday resorts, even in Lower Brittany as the west half is called. In my experience the average Breton is generally willing to converse with strangers in his own language, although in certain parts there is a great reluctance to do so, and where one will be confronted with silence and sullen faces. There the natives evidently regard the language as their own property for daily intercourse amongst themselves, and certainly not for use by strangers. Occasionally if addressed in Breton they answer in French.

There are four principal Breton dialects, one of which, that of the Vannes region, differs considerably from the others, and analogy being the difference between Scottish and Irish Gaelic, for in Vannes the stress is placed on the last syllable instead of the penultimate. Since 1941 writers from Vannes and the other Breton provinces have agreed on a unified Breton orthography, thus obviating the inconvenience of having Breton written in two separate styles.

Congratulations

We heartily congratulate Mr. John M. Bannerman, O.B.E., who is to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws next July from the Aberdeen University of which he is at present Lord Rector.

Executive Council

A meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Office on 21st March, the President, Mr. Macrae, presiding.

In presenting the Minute of the Finance Committee the Convener, Mr. Donald Grant, mentioned that the late Mr. Murdo MacNeil had left An Comunn a legacy the value of which was not yet fully known. He also mentioned that the Propaganda Committee had recommended that contributions from the Comunn's Gaelic Drama Fund be given to the Glasgow Gaelic Drama Association and to other drama teams who were seeking financial assistance.

The Minute of the Education Committee stated that members were not happy with the position of Gaelic in Sutherland. Reference was made to the recent conference with the Education Department and to the valuable information received from them regarding the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland Counties. The Deputation asked for further information as to the amount of time for Gaelic teaching devoted to each class per week.

The Committee were helping to prepare a Gaelic prose reader for classes 5 and 6 in secondary schools. A small committee were appointed to meet the B.B.C. to discuss the question of broadcasting suitable Gaelic lessons to primary schools. Reference was made to the proposal of the W.E.A. to run a Summer Gaelic School this year in St. Andrews, and it was recommended that An Comunn should support this effort. The Secretary was asked to meet the Secretary of the W.E.A. to find out in what ways assistance could be given.

Mr. R. Mackinnon in submitting the Minute of the Propaganda Committee commended the valuable work done by members of the Committee in visiting Branches. New Branches are being established in various parts. No applications were received for the advertisement for music teachers in Wester Ross and Sutherland. In response to a letter from the Music Organiser for Ross-shire suggesting that An Comunn might pay half the salary and half the expenses of a music teacher to prepare pupils for a Music Festival to be held in Gairloch next June it was resolved to do this provided they had a Mod and not a Festival making provision for competitions in English.

Mr. Bannerman, Convener of the Mod and Music Committee, reported on a meeting with representatives of the Association of Gaelic Choirs when problems in connection with the Dundee Mod were ironed out. The claims of the Mod for adequate time on T.V. were pressed at a special meeting with the B.B.C. Mr. D. Thomson recalled that the majority present at the meeting of the Mod and Music Committee agreed to make no change in the day and time allocated for Juniors at the National Mod. It was resolved to consider the matter again at a Special Meeting of the Executive.

A short Minute of Clann an Fhraoich was approved. The Convener, Mr. Moffat-Pender, invited all present to a ceilidh held next November in association with Ceilidh nan Gaidheal.

Submitting a Minute of Comunn na h-Oigridh the Convener noted the preparations made for the Summer Camps. He mentioned the valuable work done by Miss Kay Matheson among the young in Gairloch. Deputies from the Committee hoped to visit Uist and Harris at Easter in connection with Comunn na h-Oigridh work.

Mr. R. Mackinnon asked why there had been no meeting of the Publication Committee since last October, and was informed that they were waiting for fuller information from the printers who had "Bardachd" in their hands for a considerable time. It was suggested that a meeting of the Committee should be held soon to consider different types of children's books. Mr. D. Thomson's proposal that £10 be donated to the Committee preparing a book of Gaelic Nursery Rhymes, Games and Number Plays was approved.

It was agreed to send a copy of each of the Infant Picture Readers to every school in which Gaelic is taught. These could be retained and paid for if wanted and others ordered, or returned to An Comunn if not desired.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the meeting.

Secretary's Notes

Provincial and Local Mods in the Southern Area have been arranged as follows:—

April, 24, 25	—	Edinburgh.
May, 8	—	Islay, at Bowmore.
May, 28, 29, 30	—	Glasgow.
June, 12	—	Mull, at Salen.
June, 12	—	Pertshire, at Aberfeldy.
June, 15, 16	—	Dalriada, at Lochgilhead.
June, 18, 19	—	Kintyre, at Campbelltown.
June, 30	—	Ardnamurchan, at Strontian.

The date of the Oban Mod has yet to be announced.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Dundee, 1959

Received at Dundee—

Miss Robertson, Lochee	£10	—	—
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. L. Macpherson, Broughty Ferry	25	—	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	10	—	—
Mr. Adamson, Dundee	5	—	—
Mrs. Miller, Dundee	4	10	—
Misses McNeill, Dundee	5	—	—
Ken Beaton, Esq., Burrelton	2	—	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	1	12	—
Miss Macfarlane, Lochee	—	15	4
Mrs. Whyte, Dundee	3	4	—
N. M. Campbell, Esq., Glasgow	1	1	—
Proceeds of Coffee Morning	10	—	—
Mrs. Adamson, Dundee	6	5	—
David Glen, Esq., Tealing	2	10	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	—	8	—
Proceeds of Prize Draw	100	7	3
Miss Macfarlane and Mrs. Davidson—				
Proceeds of Dance	20	4	9
Miss McNiill, Dundee	2	10	—
Miss Hutcheson, Broughty Ferry	—	18	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	—	15	—
Mrs. E. Leslie, Dundee	—	17	6
Mrs. Davidson, Dundee	1	10	—
Mrs. McLeod, Dundee	3	12	6
Miss A. Fraser, Dundee	2	10	—
Mrs. McLean—Proceeds of Raffle	3	10	—
T. H. MacLachlan, Esq., Dundee—				
Proceeds of Beetle Drive	12	14	—
Miss B. Leslie, Dundee	3	—	—
Mrs. Whyte and Mrs. Ingram, Dundee	7	2	6
Miss Mackay and Miss Sutherland, Invergowrie	9	—	—
Mrs. McLeod, Dundee	2	10	—
Mrs. Anderson, Broughty Ferry	1	1	—
Mrs. MacDonald, Longforgan	1	10	—
Mrs. Miller, Dundee	1	10	—
Miss MacRae	2	—	—
Blairgowrie & District Highland Assoc.	25	—	—
Dance in Rockwell School	27	5	5
Mrs. Whyte and Mrs. Ingram, Dundee	10	—	—
David Glen, Esq., Tealing—Proceeds of Diddling Competition	12	5	—
Proceeds of Coffee Morning	31	10	—
Proceeds of Jumble Sale	42	16	6
Miss Moodie, Dundee	4	—	—
David Glen, Esq., Tealing—Proceeds of Raffle	1	15	—
Miss Patterson, Dundee	2	10	—
Mrs. McIver, Muirhead	29	1	6
Dundee Highland Society			
Country Dance Class	10	10	—
Miss Macfarlane, Lochee	6	8	1

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AN GAIDHEAL

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Leabhar LIV

AN CEITEIN, 1959

Aireamh 5

AILLEACHD IS SITH

Faodaidh nach eil agad ach sealladh na h-inntinne an diugh, ach bha làn-sùla agad an dé no an uridh, no, ma dh'fhaodte, leth-cheud bliadhna air ais.

Air madainn chiùin samhraidh 's tu falbh leat fhéin gun dad air an t-saoghal a' cur iomagainne ort thàinig thu gun sùil agad ris air lochan fasgach aig sàil a' chnuic ghlais. Bha a' ghrian 'na làn theas a' taomadh a leadain òir air uachdar an uisge, agus a' deàrsadh gu drileanach am beul an t-sruthain a bha siubhal gu sàmhach, falachaidh fo bhilean an fhraoich. Bha neòil gheala an athair cruinn os cionn an lochain agus a' sìor amharc orra fhéin anns an sgàthan a bha sìnte fòpa, agus slìos uaine a' chnuic a' ruigheastaireachd sìos do'n doimhne. Cha robh thu cinnteach cò aca a b' àillidhe an cnoc uaine agus an iarmailt os do chionn na an cnoc 's an iarmailt a bha leantainn a chéile sìos a sealladh.

Lion àilleachd an t-seallaidh do chridhe le sith iomlan. Dh'fhàg thu an lochan air do chùl, ach tha sealladh na h-inntinne ann an sud fhathast; agus nach tric a thug e sòlas dhut a bhith a' cuimhneachadh air ann a aonaranachas do bheatha. Thug thu leat air feadh an t-saoghail nà dìomhair nach fhaod thu gu bràth a reic, agus nach iarradh tu chaoidh a chall.

Is dòcha gur h-è a tha aig neach eile ath-chuimhne air a' ghealaich a' dèanamh rathad soilleir dhith fhéin air uisgeachan balbh a' bhàigh, gun ghuth r' a chluinntinn ach borbhan an t-sruthain air a thurus gu tràigh, no diosgan

nan ràmh agus iorram-chuain nam fear ag iarraidh gu cala. Sin an dealbh a thug thu leat agus air an tric a smaoinich thu am meadhon a' bhaile mhóir no an crìochan iomallach an fhàsaich. Tha òeshlaint agad 'nad inntinn agus 'nad chridhe nach urrainn an léigh as fheàrr a thoirt dhut, agus beannachd a dh'fhàsas le bhith 'g a h-aithris agus 'g a roinn.

Ach tha àilleachd is cùbhraidheachd mothachail do'n inntinn is do'n chridhe air dhòighean eile. Ma chuir thu an ionnairidh seachad a' leughadh leabhair mhaith a chòrd riut chì thu nuair a dh'èireas tu anns a' mhadainn gun d'fhuair thu sealladh nach robh agad an dé, agus fois inntinne nach do shealbhaich thu o chionn iomadh latha. Fhuair thu beatha do d'ionndrainn, sìth air son d'imcheist, agus solus air an t-slighe. Bha an t-ighdar aon là mar a bha thusa; chuir e solus air a chor fhéin agus air an t-saorsa a fhuair e, agus ràinig an dà bheannachd sin thusa a dh'éisid ris. Nach math gu bheil saorsa againn anns an dùthaich-sa leabhar sam bith a thogras sinn a leughadh, agus nach fheàrr na sin, gu bheil comas aig mòran dealachadh a chur eadar leabhar math is leabhar suarach.

Dùisgidh conaltradh an comunn duine uasail na feartan as ion-mhiannaichte anns an neach a tha 'g éisdeachd, agus cuiridh e fo chìs tograidhean nach fiù. An siol a thuiteas an talamh na deagh-chuideachd fàsaidh e; bheir e fianuis air gnè an fhir a chuir, agus leanaidh toradh iomchuidh a riarachas am fear a ghabh gu toilichte.

“AIR AN LUING IS CACH 'NAN CADAL”

LEIS AN OLLAMH ALASDAIR MACFHOHGHUIN.

(Chraobhsгаoileadh an sgeul so leis a' Bh.B.C.)

THA móran de na thachras oirnn ann an cùrsa ar beatha nach eil a' glòidheadh greime air ar n-inntinnean; ach air an làimh eile, tha cuid dheth a' seasamh suas 'nar cuimhne cho soilleir, an déidh mhóran bhliadhnaichean, is ged a b'ann an dé a thachair e dhuint. Tha mi dol a dh'inneadh dhuibh mu ghnòthach annasach agus sòluimte a thàinig fa mo chomhair-sa gun sreadh, gun rabhadh, iomadh bliadhna air ais a nis, ach nach dìoch-uimhnich mi fhad's a mhaireas cuimhne agam.

Fhuair mi cothrom dol air chuairt còmhla ri cuideachd shònruichte a bha dol a thadhal mhóran rioghachdan. Chaidh sinn troimh an Fhraing agus an Eadailt gun an do ràinig sinn Bhenice; agus an déidh làithean a chaitheamh a' sealltainn air togalaichean agus deabhadhaireachd agus sliogean-uisge a' bhaile ainmeil ud thog sinn oirnn ann an luing mhóir gus an do ràinig sinn a' Ghréig. An déidh móran siubhail air feadh na dùthcha sin ag amharc air a seallaidhean cudthromach rinn sinn air Constantinople. Thadhail sinn air Trói agus as a sin sheòl sinn gu Smirna, sìos cladaich Shiria, gus an dh'acairich rinn feasgar Disathuirne fa chomhair baile bhig d'an ainm Alexandretta anns an achlais eadar an Asia Bhig agus Siria. Bha buidheann de'n chuideachd a' dol 'g ar fàgail an sud, a shealltainn air seann bhailean is chaisteal feadh na dùthcha mu'n cuairt.

Air madainn na Sàbaid, an déidh lòn-maidne agus aoraidh, chuireadh air sàile bàtaichean-aisig na luinge, a chur air tìr na muinntire a bha 'g ar fàgail, agus a fhrithleadh do'n chòrr leis an bu mhadh a dhol tacan air tìr a dh' fhaicinn a' bhaile. Ghabh mise an cothrom sin, agus thachair gun robh mi anns a' chid bhàta a ràinig an ceidhe. Cho luath 's a fhuair mi air tìr, thàinig 'nam còmhhdhail fear-iùil a bha feitheamh ruinn, duine àrd, dìreach, car ongarr a coltais, Sirianach da rìreadh; agus air dha seòrsa de fhàilte a chur oirnn, thubhairt e rium-sa ann an deagh Bheurla: “Nach truaigh an gnòthach a thachair air bòrd agaibh an raoir.” “Dé tha thu ciallachadh,” dh'fheòrach mise. “Cha chuala mise gun do thachair nì truaigh sam bith.” Rinn esan gàire fanaideil agus fhreagair e, “Cha leig sibh a leas a bhith 'g a chleith. Tha a' naidheachd feadh a' bhaile; ach sin mar tha sibhse uile a Breatunn. Chan aich sibh ann bàs fhéin mas urrainn dhuibh fhalach.” Chuir an duine seòrsa de bhuaireas 'nam inntinn, agus dh'iarr mi air inneadh

dhomh gu soilleir dé air an robh e bruidhinn cho neònach, oir nach robh mise 'g a thuigsinn. Fhreagair e, “Ma-tà, mur a cuala tu gus a so e, tha mise 'g innseadh dhut gun d' thug lighiche na luinge agaibh air falbh a bheatha fhéin an raoir.” Leis na briathran sin dh'fhàg e mi, a threòrachadh na cuideachd a bha falbh, is chan fhaca mi tuilleadh e.

Creididh sibh gun do chuir na chuala mi dragh nach bu bheag orm; oir ged a bha an Sirianach car ladarna, cha b' urrainn dhomh gun a bhith a' creidsinn gun robh bonn de'n fhìrinn anns an sgeul a thug e dhomh. Gu faicilleach dh'fharraid mi do dhà na trì de'n chuideachd an cuala iad fathann air gnòthach duilich air bith a thachair air bòrd againn an raoir. Cha chuala aon duibh diog d'a leithid. A dh'aingeoin sin cha do chaill mise m' amharus. An déidh dhuintinn dol air ais air bòrd cheasnaich mi le mòr fhaicill feadhainn air an robh tomhas de eòlas agam: cha chuala iad deò. Mu dheireadh chaidh mi dh'ionnsaigh aoin de dh'oifigich an t-soithich; dh'innis mi dha an sgeul a thug an Sirianach dhomh, agus dh'fharraid mi dheth an robh i fìor. Fhreagair e mi car mar so: “Chan eil mi tuigsinn”, ars esan, “ciamar a fhuair an Sirianach an naidheachd, ach tha tomhas de'n fhìrinn aige. Fhuaradh seann lighiche a bhuneadh do'n luchd-cuairt—cha b'e fear an t-soithich—marbh 'na leabaidh tràth sa' mhadainn an diugh; agus bha e soilleir gur e fhéin a chuir crìoch air a bheatha. Mar a thuigeas sibh chan eil e freagarach a leithid sin a chraobhsгаoileadh a measg dhaoine a tha air chuairt-cuain a' sireadh foise, toilintinnean agus seallaidhean tlachdmhor, agus a phàidheas gu daor air a shon. Cha toigh leotha sgàil a bhàis laighe trom orra ma ghabhas e seachnadh. Leis a sin ghleidheadh an gnòthach sàmhach, có air bith a thug an sgeul air tìr.”

“Seadh”, arsa mise, “tha mi tuigsinn, ach dé mu'n chorp? A bheil sibh a' dol 'g a ghleidheadh an falach air bòrd gus an till sinn?” “O, chan eil,” ars an t-oifigeach, “bithidh sinn 'g a adhlacadh anns a' chuan aig a' mheadhonn-oidhche an nochd. Bithidh sinn an uair sin fada mach air druim a' chuain agus an luchd-turuis 'nan cadal.” “Ma-tà,” arsa mise, “am bi e ceadaichte dhòmhsa bhith an làthair aig an adhlacadh?” “Ma tha sin a dhith oirbh”, fhreagair e, “chan fhaod sinne bhur bacadh.” “Aig dà uair dheug?”, arsa mise. “Aig dà uair dheug”, fhreagair e.

An déidh an t-seanachais so bha mi bruidhinn ri Sasunnach agus dh'innis mi dha mar a thachair, oir bhuneadh e do'n aon bhaile ris an lighiche. Dh'innis esan dhomh gum b'e duine gasda a bha ann, lighiche sgileil air an robh meas mór. Bha e gu math sean. Chaochail a bhean leth-bhlíadhna air ais. Bha an teaghlach sgapte an dùthchanna céine. Bha esan leis fhéin san dachaidh, agus a réir coltais, chaill e a thlachd 'na bheatha, agus dh'fhàs e neònach. Ach thàinig e air an turas so an dòchas, ma dh'fhaodte, gun togadh a spiorad leis na chitheadh is na chluinneadh e a bhitheadh ùr dha. Ach, mo thruaighe, lean esan air an turas mar a bha e aig an tigh—aonaranach, leth-oireach, ann an cùil leis fhéin, ag amharc air coigrich nach robh e 'g iarraidh. Eadhon 'na shuidhe aig bòrd bidh, is daoine air gach taobh dheth is fa chomhair, bha e dùr-shealltainn air duilleag páipeir is i bun os ceann aige, is e brunndail ris fhéin ach gun fhacal aige d'a choinnearsnach. Mhothaich mise dha mar sud uair is uair, agus bha e cur truais orm oir chan fhaca mi riamh neach a bha cho buileach leis fhéin a measg a chomh-chreutairean. Chan eil teagamh nach d'fhiach cuid dhiubh ri bruidhinn ris, ach ma dh'fhiach is beag a bha aca air a shon; cha robh an còmhradh a dhìth air. An uair a thuing mise gur e sud an duine a a chuir crìoch air a bheatha fhéin cha do chuir e iongnadh orm.

Fad an fheasgair, ged a bha mi treis a' leughadh, treis a' seanachas, agus treis ag éisdeachd teachdaireachd, bha dealbh an t-seann lighiche sior thighinn fa chomhair m' inntinn, agus a' chrìoch bhrònach gus an tàinig e an àite togail is ùrachadh fhaighinn air a chuairt. A thuilleadh air a sin, bha mi smaoinichadh air na bha ri tighinn—an t-adhlacadh anns an doimhne am marbh na h-oidhche, le lámhan choimheach, gun mhac gun bhràthair gun dàimheach an làthair. Cha robh fhios agam am bitheadh seirbhis adhlacaidh na h-Eaglaise air a cheadachadh. Bha mi anns an imcheist so fad na h-oidhche. Mu dheireadh thòisich a' chuideachd air tanachadh gus mi aon uair deug is gann gun robh duine air fhàgail anns na seòmraichean-suidhe; bha iad air dol a laighe. Mu leth-uair do'n mheadhon-oidhche chaidh mi mach a shealltainn. Cha robh duine ri fhaicinn shìos na shuas. Choisich mi air m'ais is air m'aghaidh, ag amharc air na reultan is air a' chuan. An ceann tacain mhothaich mi, le clisgeadh, cruthan dhaoine ann an deiseachan geala air an ais is air an aghaidh shuas os mo chionn air àrd ùrlar an t-soithich. Thuing mi gur ann an sud a bha an gnothach sòluinte dol a thachairt. Dh'rich mi an staidhir, agus chunnaic mi mar a bha: colann suainte ann an canabhas sìnte air déile, na casan ris a'

chuan, is meall trom an crochadh riutha. B'e stiùbhardan na luinge a bha sgeadaichte ann an còtaichean geala maille ri dhà na trì de na seòladairean fo òrdaghadh oifigich, agus iad 'nan seasamh air gach taobh de'n déile. Mhothaich mi 'na sheasamh làmh rium an Sasunnach a dh'innis dhomh mu'n lighiche; cha robh an còrr an làthair. Bha an oidhche sàmhach, na reultan dealrach, an long aig astar. Bha an uair, cha mhór, an àirde. An sin thàinig air an aghaidh—agus bha mise taingeil am faicinn—ceathrar mhinisteirean de'n Eaglais Shasunnach, sgeadaichte 'nan trasganan cléireachail agus sheas iad aig ceann na déile. Chualas gliong aig clag; sguir stri nan cuibhleachan; chaill an long a h-astar, agus an sin stad i buileach. As an t-sàmhchair a lean dh'éirich guth a' mhinisteir ag aithris òrdaghadh an Adhlacaidh. An uair a ràinig e na briathran, "Tha sinn a nis a' liubhairt corp ar bràthar do'n doimhne" thog na gillean frithealaidh ceann na déile, agus theàrn na bha oirre thar na cliathaich, agus chualas e toirt sgaille fada shìos air an uisge—"a' creidsinn", lean guth a' mhinisteir, "ann an aiseirigh nam marbh, tríd-san as e an t-Aiseirigh agus a' Bheatha." An déidh sin bha ùrnuigh ghoirid, agus am Beannachadh.

Bhris an clag an t-sàmhchair throm a lean—gliong-a-liong. Chrithnich an long is thog i oirre air a' cùrsa. Theàrn sinne na staidhrichean is rinn sinn air ar seòmraichean cadail. Ach fad uairean fada cha b'urrainn dhòmhsa stad de bhreithneachadh air sòlainteachd a' ghnòthaich a bha ann—seann lighiche math a rinn seirbhis ghràsмор agus a thug leigheas is comhfhurtachd do mhìltean, a' fàs aonaranach, tinn 'na inntinn agus mu dheireadh a' roghnachadh a' bhàis; agus sin fad as uapasan a chruinnicheadh g' a thiodhlacadh a measg a dhaoine, agus a thòrradh uaigh le corain de fhùran; an àite sin esan air a thilgeil thar cliathach soithich do'n doimhne le lámhan choigreach, anns an dorachdas, gun charaid gun dàimheach an làthair, ged a bha ceithir cheud de luchd-dùthcha 'nan suain air bòrd, gun fhios gun àrach aca mar a bha. Ach co dhiùbh, cha robh mise riamh cho taingeil air son Ordaghadh na h-Eaglaise aig adhlacadh nam marbh; agus chaidil mi mu dheireadh leis an fhacal rìoghail a' seirm 'nam chluasan: "Is mise an Aiseirigh agus a' Bheatha."

Gheibh an Gaidheal fhéin a leth-bhreac.

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Buatham an duine bhothair.

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Théid seòltachd thar spionnaidh.

Pocaidean

B' FHIACH an duine a smaoinich air pòcaidean an toiseach an O.B.E. Chan eil fhios agam dè bha na fir a' dèanamh le an làmhnan mus tàinig am fasan ùr a steach. Chan eil dachaidh aig làmhnan là fuar nas fheumail na 'n dà phòcaid. Mus robh pòcaidean idir ann, saoil thu a robh daoine falbh le 'n làmhnan ann am bóa mar a bhitheas na mnathan anns a' gheamhradh, no am biodh sporan aca air an leis no air am beulaibh mar a bhitheas aig luchd an fhéilidh?

Ach faic fear an diugh aig ceann an tìghe le a phìob 'na phluic, agus, gheibh thu e le a làmhnan chun nan uilleann am pòcaidean na briogaise, gu sèimh, socrach, stòlda. Fhuair na làmhnan an t-àite a rinneadh air an son, agus cha tig iad as an sin gus an fheadar. Is iomadh laoch, là Faoillich, a bheannaich an duine a smaoinich air pòcaidean an toiseach ged nach d'fhuair e riamh an O.B.E.

'S e an aon dad a tha ceàrr air pòcaidean cho lionmhor 's a tha iad. Tha e anabarrach furasda rud a chur air chall annta, no co dhiùbh, cho duilich rud a lorg nach do chuireadh riamh annta. Bha mi tighinn air an trèana o chionn ghoirid eadar dà bhaile. Air mo bheulaibh bha bodach somalta 'na leth chadal gus an tàinig fear nan cairt. Dhùisgeadh am bodach, 's cha b'ann d'a dheòin, agus thòisich e rannsachadh air son na cairteig. Thug e làmh air a leabhar-pòcaid an toiseach, a' rùrach thall 's a bhos, shìos is shuas, ach cha robh lorg air an nì a bha esan cho dìcheallach ag iarraidh. Stob e a chorragan ann am pòcaidean a' pheitein bhig, té an déidh té, gus na ruith e air na ceithir, agus an sin thòisich e an dara h-uair, an fheadhainn àrda an toiseach, a ris na dhà ìosal, ach chan fhaca mi nì a' tighinn an uachdair 'ach cairt a' chomanachaidh. Rannsaich e sin pòcaidean a muigh na seacaide, trì dhiubh, agus a ris a' phòcaid achlaise 's an té bheag mu a coinneamh air an taobh chli. Cha robh a' chairt an sud a bharrachd. Fad na h-ùine bha am fear-trusaidh am beul an doruis le sùil nuagaich air a' bhodach a bha nìs 'na shruth falluis.

Is cinnteach nach ann am pòcaid na briogaise a bha nigean an àrdaidh. Shìn e a' chas dheas agus spàrr e a làmh 'na phòcaid; chuir e car dheth fhéin is rannsaich e an t' éile. Cha robh cairt na cairt an gin diubh. Cha chuireadh e anns a' phòcaid chùil i co dhiùbh; cha bhiodh dad aige an sin ach an t-airgead nuair a bhiodh airgead aige. Ach, coma leat, bheireadh e an t-amharus aisde, agus sìos gun robh an dòrn air a leis, ach 's e sin a bha aige air a shòn. Ged a bha dusan pòcaid aige cha robh a' chairt ann an gin diubh. Cionnus a bhiodh 's e air a

fàgail am pòcaid a' chòta mhóir a bha paisgte gu cùramach air an spiris os a chionn? Mur a biodh am ministear a bha sa' chuideachd bha am bodach, tha mi glé cinnteach, air a mhallachd fhàgail aig an tàillear a rinn an t-aodach, ach chum e air le car 'na shròin!

Chan eil dorran as motha na cus phòcaidean ach pòcaid le toll. So bristeadh-cridhe dha rìreadh. Chan eil gleidheadh innte no fasnadh do làmhnan fuara. B'fhearr dhut a bhith gun phòcaid idir, mar a tha na mnathan, na pòcaid le toll. Faodaidh tu bhith cinnteach gur i sin an dearbh thé anns an cuir thu an iomlaid na gheibh thu iomlaid anns an là anns a bheil sinn beò. Cha mhór nach bu cheart cho math dhut an iomlaid a chall co dhiùbh air son na gheibh thu leatha.

Tha aon phòcaid ann nach fhacas a riamh falamh, a' phòcaid achlaise. So preas nan litrichean, agus nam forfhaisean a bha dùil agad a rannsachadh ach a dhìochuimhnich thu. Is iomadh seacaid a fhuair an ceàrd le ultach litrichean nach b'urrainn e leughadh, agus nach iomadh pòcaid achlaise a ghiùlain leatha do na lasraichean an t-ionmhas a dhion i cho cùramach fad iomadh seachdain.

Ma tha pòcaidean feumail gu dearbh tha mallachd 'nan cois. Lorgaidh tu annta rud sam bith ach an nì a tha dhith ort, agus mar as motha a' chabhag 's ann as fhaide a bhios tu mus ruig thu an té cheart, ma tha té cheart agad. An duine aig a bheil dà dheise thoireadh e an aire nach ann am pòcaid na té a dh'fhàg e aig an tìgh a tha an dearbh nì air a bheil e cur feuma. Cha mhór nach bu cho math dhut a bhith air aon deise na dhà a bhith agad agus ceithir pòcaidean fhead ri rannsachadh. Cha b'e saoghal cabhagach a dh'fheumadh fear nam pòcaidean agus ulaidh air chall.

S.D.T.

Oigh Loch Obha

Moch madainn air là Lùnasd
Bha mi sùgradh mar ri m' ghràdh;
Ach mu'n tàinig meadhon latha
Bha mo chridhe air a chràdh.

Seist:

Ochain, ochain, ochain, uiridh
'S goirt mo chridhe laoigh,
Ochain, ochain, ochain, uiridh
Cha chluinn t'athair ar caoidh.

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig càirdean;
Thinn mo chràdh air an dòigh;

Thàinig gun fhios air mo ghràdh-sa,
'S a thug fo smachd e le fòill.

Nam biodh dà fhear dheug de chinneadh
'S mo Ghriogair air a ceann,
Cha bhiodh mo shùil a' sìleadh dheur
No mo leanabh féin gun dàimh.

Ràinig mise réidhlean Bhealaich
'S cha d'fhuair mi an tàmh;
Cha d'fhàg mi ròin de m'fhalt gun tarraing
No craiceann air mo làimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uisge,
Spionnadh Ghriogair ann mo làimh;
'S i chlach a b' àirde anns a' chaisleal
Chlach a b'fhaisg' do'n làr.

A réir an sgeòil rinneadh an t-òran so le nighean an Ridire Donnchadh Caimbeul, Loch Obha. Bha i air a cumail 'na prìsonach anns a' chaisleal le a h-athair a chionn gun do phòs i, gun chead, Ceann-feadhna nan Griogaireach ris nach robh na Caimbeulaich glé chàirdeil. Chuala an Ridire mar a bha, agus chuir e roimhe stad a chur air a' ghnòthach. Aon là rinneadh feall-fhalach air MacGriogair dlùth do'n àite far an robh an t-eathar aige air son ùine gheàrr air acair. Air dha tilleadh dh' ionnsaigh an eathair dh' iadh buidheann dhaoine uime, agus leòmadh e gu h-olc. Thàr e a làmhan nan nàimhdean, ach nuair a bha e streap a steach do'n eathar leagadh e le buille gun fhios da. An ùine nach robh fada bha a luchd-tòireachd air a mhuin, agus chuir iad crìoch air a bheatha.

Leig Seachd An t-Uigeach

IS ann an Leódhas a tha Uig a thog mo sheanachas. Chan eil fada bho chuireadh orm, 's mi an Leódhas, a' cheist so: "Carson a bhithte 'g ràdh daoine uaisle Uig?" Thuirt mi gun robh mi an dùil gun robh iad sin ann gun teagamh, uair de'n robh an saoghal; agus thuirt mi cuideachd gu bheil tomhas mhat de'n uaisle, a' chuid gu h-àraid a tha an luib na còiread, làidir am bailtean Uige gu ruige so. Ge b'e air bith dé eile bha iad an Uig bha iad còir. Rachadh iad a chadal gun bhìadh mu'm faiceadh iad an coireach gun chuid. Bha amannan aca bha am biadh pailt gu leòr, agus amannan eile nach robh. Bha aon rud mór aca mar chobhair gus an tug tràlairean sgrìob liath an earraich air na cladaichean, bha iasg sa' mhuir. Agus bha iasg anns na h-aibhnichean,

's cha robh a' mhòinteach is na beannaibh gun spréidh.

Is ann a' ruith nan cladaichean a bhiodh daoine san t-seann aimsir; is ann beag a bha na culaidhean iasgaich, agus an uidheam iasgaich. Cha robh an nàdur siùil a bhiodh aca ach beag mar an ceudna, an uair a bhiodh a' ghaoth air an cothrom, agus bha na ràimh mór is trom gu leòr. Cha robh aca de sheòl anns an am ach an rud ris an canadh iad am bréidean. An uair a thigeadh faiteal as an déidh dh' éibhte, "Suas leis a' bhréidean." Ach is ann ainneamh a shaorte na ràimh.

A' bhliadhna a bha so nach ann a chaidh eathar a Uig, eadar bréid is eile, fhuadach gu tuath ri an-uair, ach gu fàbharach thug iad a mach cladach an Nis. Agus fhuair iad brod na h-aoidheachd an sin. Chaidh gabhail rompa gu dòigheil gus an d'fhuair iad seòl air tilleadh dhachaidh. An ceann gearmhraidh na dhà nach ann a thog fear de na h-Uigich air fiach am faiceadh e na daoine a thachair cho còir riutha an Nis. Dh'fhalbh e dha chois, agus abair coiseachd. Ach abair luchd na coiseachd ris na seòid a bh'ann anns an là ud. Dhèanadh iad coiseachd bho dh'èireadh iad gu tràth-laighe gun gearain air. (Cha robh guth air càr ach an guth a dh'fhàg Coinneach Odhar, agus b'e sin san là ud guth gun seagh!) Ràinig mo dhuine Gabhsan am beul na h-òidhche. Bha an uair sin, agus fada 'na dhéidh, an t-seann tuath gun fhògradh a Gabhsan. Bha bodach is cailleach a' cur a steach na bà, am bodach a muigh is a' chailleach a stigh 'g a ceangal. Nuair a chunnaic am bodach an t-Uigeach cha robh ach a' cheist àbhaisteach a chur air: "Càit as a thug sibh a' choiseachd?" "O, thug a Uig." "Agus cà bheil dùil agaibh a dhol?" "Tha mi dol a choimhead air na daoine còire aig an robh sinn an Nis seachdain an fhuadaich." "Nach eil e cho math dhut fuireach còmhla ruinn fhìn gu madainn, agus an oidhche air tuiteam." Agus cha robh ach, "Tha mi coma ged a dh'fhuireadh."

Tha fios, ma tà, nach robh iad gun seanachas aca. Roimh tràth-cadail rinn a' chailleach an lite agus dhòirt i an lite air clàr-Lochlann. An uair a dh'fhuaraich an lite chunnaic an t-Uigeach gun do chuir a' chailleach cnap ime fo aon cheann di air a' chlàr agus gur h-e sin an ceann a chuir i air bialaibh a' bhodaich, agus an ceann lom aig an Uigeach! Ars ise: "Tha sinn air ar nàrachadh aig mar a tha sinn le cion annlainn air a' gheamhradh so. Tha an aimsir cho garbh, agus cha d'fhuair duine gu muir. Cè mar a bha an tide agaibh shuas an Uig?" "O, a bhoireannaich," ars an t-Uigeach, "cha robh an tide againe ach na cuis-uamhais. An uair a chuireamaid a mach an t-eathar agus a dh'fhiachamaid ri dhol gu

muir cho luath is a chuireamaid a toiseach an thigeadh tonn air a tharsaing oirnn agus chuireadh e mu'n cuairt mar sud i'—agus chuir e an clàr-Lochlannach leis an lite end for end mar a chanadh na maraichean, agus bha ceann an ime aige fhéin!

Cha d'fhairich am bodach bochd sion. Ach an là-ar-na-mhàireach an uair a dh'fhàg an t-Uigeach, le na beannachdan, thuir a' chailleach ris a' bhodach, "An ath thurus a chì thu an t-Uigeach leig seachad e." Agus sin mar a thòisich an sean-fhacal Leódhasach "Leig seachad an t-Uigeach."

CALUM MACGILLEATHAIN.

The Gaelic Alphabet

The Gaelic alphabet, which consists of 18 letters, is named after trees. Most of these names are still familiar in Irish Gaelic, but several of them are not now used in Scottish Gaelic.

- A. Ailm, the elm tree.
- B. Beithe, the birch.
- C. Coll, the hazel.
- D. Duir, the oak.
- E. Eadha, the aspen.
- F. Fearnna, the alder.
- G. Gort, the ivy.
- H. Uath, the whitethorn.
- I. Iodha, the yew.
- L. Luis, the quicken.
- M. Muin, the vine.
- N. Nuin, the ash.
- O. Oir, the broom.
- P. Peit, the dwarf elder.
- R. Ruis, the elder.
- S. Suil, the willow.
- T. Teine, the furze.
- U. Uir, the heath.

NATIONAL MOD—DUNDEE, 1959

12th—16th October

Accommodation

Intending competitors and visitors to this year's Mod are reminded that plenty of private accommodation is available during Mod week. Choirs can be accommodated in Carnoustie, Arbroath, Cupar Angus, Blairgowrie, Forfar and Perth. Enquiries, stating full details of requirements, should be addressed to Mrs. Margaret MacDonald, The Barn, Longforgan, by Dundee.

A Note on Modern Gaelic Poetry

IT seems fairly clear that modern Gaelic poetry is in a healthy condition, and this in spite of many obstacles. We have three fine Gaelic poets, Sorley Maclean, George Campbell Hay and Derick Thomson. Some interesting work is also being produced by Donald Macaulay, a few of whose poems have appeared in *Gairm*. They show intelligence, awareness, craftsmanship and a serious concern for poetry. It is possible that one may argue that the *bulk* of Gaelic poetry being produced is not so large as at any comparable period in the past. We must remember however that this is not a phenomenon of Gaelic poetry alone. There is a general tendency for a diminution in the amount of poetry produced by individual poets. Eliot's reputation has been built on a relatively small production. Nevertheless, the *quality* of the poetry is such that we cannot reasonably ask for more. It may very well be seen in the future that the quality of poetry being generally produced is higher than in the past, though the quantity may be less. There can be little doubt that Eliot is one of the finest poets of any age.

It may therefore be true that among our own best poets, the quantity is small, but this appears to coincide with a higher critical awareness and probably a finer and more comprehensive knowledge of the poetry that is being produced elsewhere and the critical standards which evaluate that poetry. It may be said that what is really needed at the moment is a critic of Gaelic poetry who could be placed on roughly the same level as the best critics of English and European poetry. What such a critic would have to do would be to evaluate and isolate the specific qualities of the best Gaelic poetry, show how these have been consistent or inconsistent and for what reasons, and point a direction for the future Gaelic poet, not necessarily dogmatically but by "hints and guesses." It would be a difficult work, but of infinite value. Derick Thomson would be the obvious choice for this since he has the knowledge of Gaelic poetry and the knowledge also of the tools which have been used by modern critics in other literatures.

Let none think that we have nothing to learn from other literatures. Inbreeding in literature can be as disastrous as any other form of inbreeding. English literature in the past and in the present has been freshened by knowledge of the poetry of other countries and the techniques used by poets of other countries. Eliot

learned a great deal from the French poet, Laforgue, Yeats from the Symbolists and Ezra Pound from the Chinese and the troubadours. It is one of the healthy signs of modern Gaelic poetry that in fact all these poets mentioned at the beginning are conversant with other literatures and have learned lessons from them. Sorley Maclean is acquainted to the highest degree with the contemporary world as is shown in his "Dain do Eimhir". Indeed one of the interesting points of his poetry is the degree to which there is an interpenetration of the sophisticated and the unsophisticated, folk poetry and the more controlled intellectual poetry of his time. George Campbell Hay has made translations from a bewildering number of languages. Derick Thomson writes of neon lighting and telephone kiosks using them as symbols, and there is little doubt that Macaulay has been influenced in his poetry by the hard imagism of Hulme and later Ezra Pound.

There is no reason to believe that such knowledge of other poetry will make the new poetry "non-Gaelic." Some of the passages in the poetry of Sorley Maclean have the peculiarly hard and simple quality of the best Gaelic poetry. We are not here speaking of bad "romantic" Gaelic poetry. Such poetry can be found in other literature and not only in Gaelic. The people who talk of the Celtic twilight are talking nonsense. The best Gaelic poetry has always been hard and realistic, just as hard and realistic as the best poetry of Yeats. Indeed one might argue that Yeats is a good example of the minor poet who makes himself a major poet by progressing from the lush romanticism of bad Gaelic poetry towards that poetry which is the best Gaelic poetry.

Another encouraging thing is the extent to which these Gaelic poets are being accepted not simply as Highland but as Scottish. The first three poets mentioned have been represented in anthologies of Scottish poetry and in fact the work of Sorley Maclean has been considered among the best Scottish poetry of the century. In this connection much is owed to Hugh MacDermid who has continually been arguing for a return to the roots of Celtic culture, not simply Gaelic or Highland culture but the whole Celtic culture represented by its many languages. It is interesting also to notice that among the best poets of our own age have been people like Yeats and Dylan Thomas who lived in a Celtic environment. Indeed it is clear that the emphasis on pattern in Dylan Thomas and the continual reworking of his poetry is particularly Celtic since in fact we know that in the bardic schools poetry was considered important enough to demand a long and severe apprenticeship.

However that may be, we do have three or four good Gaelic poets in itself a surprising achievement for a small area, considering that good poets are always scarce. Their work shows serious and profound respect for craftsmanship and the value of poetry. Their output though not spectacular is itself a criterion of this respect since none of them has in fact capitalised on his poetry as many poets do. Nor do they write when they have nothing to say. They have not been slavish followers of other literatures but have used fruitfully what they need from them while retaining the Gaelic tone and characteristics of their verse. It may be that their poetry is difficult but all poetry nowadays is difficult. This is not the fault of the poet. Yeats speaks somewhere of the immense labour it takes to speak truthfully and as an individual nowadays. The difficulty of the poetry may be in proportion to the forces assailing the individual and the effort demanded to do justice, without mendacity, to these forces.

It may be that in the future these poets will be seen to deserve more admiration for writing well in such times as these than any of the great poets of the past. It is true that poets during the '45 were faced by great difficulties but these were difficulties and obstacles which could be seen by a mind sure of itself. It is the inward unsureness of the mind, fighting to be true to itself and experience, which should be admired most. That is why these poets are in a strange and isolated position and should be respected for their labour.

IAIN C. SMITH.

An

Some years ago I spent several weeks in the Baal-beck valley in Syria. There is a number of ancient temple ruins in that area—Bacchus, Jupiter and Venus ruins being the most prominent. I was more impressed by these relics of ancient architecture than I was by the Pyramids or Petra ("the rose red city half as old as time"). I was struck by certain structural resemblances between them and Stonehenge and the standing stones at Callanish.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped the goddess An of sun and moon, and as a symbol and sources of light and heat. History records that their near neighbours, the Phoenicians, had trading relations with and mineral interests in these islands of ours. So one wonders whether An is the root of both Stonehenge and Callanish and whether the seafaring Phoenicians and the hill and sea warriors of Celtic tradition, An

Fhéinn, were, if not one and the same people, at least of common stock. It may also be significant that whereas places dedicated to a deity in oriental countries are usually situated on hills, Stonehenge, the Callanish stones and the temples in the Baal-beck valley are all on flat ground.

There may also be some connection between the goddess An and a place name like Annait. I have heard it stated in Lochaber tradition that in former times there was a circular temple at Annait, but that it was dismantled by the military to build a fort at Duncansburgh (Fort William).

S.T.B.

Holiday Memories

By JOHN M. CAMERON.

IT is not everyone who takes full advantage of the many attractions that a Summer's holiday in the North West of Scotland offers. Many, unfortunately for themselves, just rush about, trying to cover as much ground as possible in the short period at their disposal. In fact they leave themselves hardly time to view the scenery, and what gorgeous scenery the North West of Scotland offers.

A Doctor friend of mine who always went for his summer holidays to a South of England holiday resort, was taken to task by a colleague of his own, a keen Highlander and Gaelic scholar, whom we shall call Doctor X. Dr. X said to my friend: "I cannot understand what takes you to the South of England for your holidays, why not go to western Inverness-shire or Ross-shire, where you will behold the most glorious scenery in the whole country?" "That is all very well," replied my friend, "but what is there left to do after you have seen the scenery?" Yes, that is the attitude of far too many. A market gardener from whom I get my plants discussed this matter with me. "Man," he said, "I was up in Mull for my ten days holiday and it was glorious. The sunsets were so unbelievably beautiful, that they brought tears to my eyes." This gardener got something worthwhile out of his holiday.

I am a keen fisher, but it is not only from the fishing that I receive pleasure. The walk by the river bank with its myriad surprises, the lovely waterfowl, the variety of plants, the numerous animals that inhabit the banks intensify the interest, and when the river is low and the fish difficult to catch, there is always the odd chance of a pearl.

I well remember my first pearl! It was a lovely day in August. The river was excep-

tionally low, so that fishing was out of the question. I waded up the river looking for oyster shells. One often finds them in sheltered spots where there is a sandy bottom. I found ten shells in all that day. I sat down on the bank and carefully and expectantly opened nine, but no success! I was about to throw the tenth away unopened in disgust, but then I opened it and there I found a lovely button pearl of perfect shape and lustre. I still possess it. A jeweller valued it at £2 10/- in those far off days.

On another occasion, as I sat at the foot of a small waterfall eating my lunch, I saw what I thought was an adder making its way over the grass. But it was too slow for an adder, and on closer inspection I saw that it was an eel. I watched it carefully and saw it make its way up to the water above the fall. Yes, for the Zoologist, the Botanist and the Geologist there is a world of quiet happiness in the sequestered byeways of the North, and pleasures which can be enjoyed at practically no expense.

And the Summer Islands of Wester Ross! The Summer Islands—what a name! And what glorious memories they recall to the writer! As a young lad the best part of my summer holidays was spent cruising among these islands in the boat of the Parish Minister. The minister was an outstanding skipper and would have been captain of a liner, or so I thought, were it not that he was colour blind. He has been dead these many years, but his memory lingers sweetly in the annals of the Parish. He was generally known as the "Moderate Minister". Highlanders of an older generation will appreciate the "moderate". His was a sea-girt parish and everywhere he went in his boat. I always looked forward to at least one trip per week to the Summer Isles with him during the summer holidays. What glorious fishing days we had!—fishing for lythe with artificial minnows or rubber eels. A catch of thirty lythe averaging over four pounds each was not uncommon, and no matter the size of the fish, they must not be gaffed but lifted aboard by the gills, rather a difficult task for the inexperienced. An Oxford Don who was privileged to be the guest of the minister of one of these excursions to the Islands, dedicated a poem to the "Moderate Minister" and his boat.

Here are some extracts from the poem:
No thought of capsizing when you are afloat
In the Moderate Minister's shapely boat,
Though waves are as mountains and hurricanes
blow

To the order the helm gives she never says, 'No'
And rides like a duck back to Ullapool Bay,
Refreshed by the buffeting gale and spray.

Like a sea-nymph she laughs, and the Minister too,
For each of them knows what the other can do.''

Then follows a most realistic description of the majesty of the passing scenery as the boat sails down the loch:

To gaze at Coigach's Rock so black,
As he changes in form from tack to tack,
Or at Dundornell's lumpy mass,
As 'twixt the shores of the Loch you pass;
To watch the seals on the sloping rocks
On Carn-Sgeir Isle of the scarts in flocks
On Mealachan's vertical cliffs so high;
To hear the huge whale's watery sigh;
To fish for lythe and to lose your bait,
To lose it again, and to curse your fate;
To sail through myriads of crystal strings
Of dainty, blue-spotted salpoid things;
To get wet to the skin, from top to toe
Off Leckmelm's shore, or the back of Cul Bo
To round the Bottle* and sight the Priest*,
(Two names that together suggest a feast.)
To wonder, with firm geological trust
On the mighty mountain's overthrust,
From East to West over Achall's stream
(A thought to give one a nightmare dream.)
These are some of the pleasures you get when
afloat
In the Moderate Minister's wee, wee boat.'

Alas, the Moderate Minister and the wee boat are gone, but the scenery, the fishing and the lovely islands still remain.

* Two of the Summer Isles.

Book Review

The Highlands, by Calum I. Maclean. Published by B. T. Batsford Ltd., London. Price, 25/-.

There is a plethora of books on the Highlands, few of which will satisfy the intelligent reader. *The Highlands*, by Calum I. Maclean is in a class by itself. This book, which is full of interesting material, is the work of one who has something to tell and who knows how to tell it. The writer introduces us to places he has visited and lived in, and to people he had personal contact with. The personal touch, tainted with fervent patriotism, is apparent on every page.

There are very few glens or clachans or isolated croft houses in all the Highlands with which he is not familiar, and few folklorists or Gaelic singers of his day who have escaped his zealous attention. Gaelic enthusiasts, and particularly folklorists, are deeply indebted to Mr. Maclean for his researches, and for his vast collection of Gaelic tales and songs garnered in the Isles and on the Mainland. The book under review deals with the mainland districts only.

Mr. Maclean, an informed native with a scholarly knowledge of the Gaelic language, has produced here a work of distinctive and lasting value. While he has an eye for scenery and a gift for artistic description his main concern is with Highland people, with their past history, their culture and traditions. He succeeds in showing why this unique Highland culture should be preserved at all costs.

The book provides a rich store of short illustrative stories about places visited, and references to local traditions are numerous. An intimate history of the past of all the Highland Counties is presented as a useful background for understanding and appreciating present trends.

Pipers and fiddlers have a warm place in the author's heart. He never fails to sing their praises, though, at times, he can forget their comfort, as when on one occasion he awakened an isolated piper at eleven o'clock one night to share the pleasure of hearing the pipes with another American enthusiast!

The tradition that the Church killed music and songs in the Highlands cannot survive when Mr. Maclean tells us that 200 songs were not so long ago recorded in Catholic Barra and Eriskay, 199 in the *Seceder* island of Raasay, 150 in Benbecula, 280 in Harris, and hundreds recently in Lewis.

The book which is well illustrated by pictures of Highland scenes in black and white is handsomely printed and bound, and the editing is of a very high standard. This volume so rich in history and lore, and written in such crisp and racy style, should find a place among the treasured books of every Highlander.

Branch Reports

INVERARAY

Having called on this Branch to help in the money-raising drive before the 1958 National Mod, it was with real pleasure that I returned to express the thanks of Headquarters, and to preside at the February Ceilidh.

They were happy and fortunate in having as Guest Artist that evening Miss Mary C. McNiven, who herself played no small part in that same money-saving effort. Not less fortunate are they in having MacCailean Mór himself as Hon. President, the Rev. Donald Mackenzie as President, Mr. George Lynn as Secretary, and Miss M. Ferguson, a Gaelic speaking native of the Royal Burgh, as Treasurer.

There is plenty good and willing talent. A distinctive feature of this Branch Ceilidh is the artistic contribution made possible by the devoted work of Pipe-Major and Mrs. Ronald MacCallum in training young children in piping and dancing. At this last Ceilidh eight girl dancers and three boy pipers, well trained and perfectly groomed, provided interesting entertainment.

The walk back by the shore, with the incoming tide ringing a thousand fairy bells as it gently tossed the myriad bits of broken ice still fringing the shores of Loch Fyne, is not readily forgotten.

M.C.E.

AYR

"The Magic of the West" in coloured slides was the attraction when Ayr members gathered for their monthly meeting on 13th February. Mr. Donald McIsaac, President, introduced the speaker Mr. Walter Rintoul, Bishopbriggs, and guest singer Sheila McDougall, Glasgow.

On a tour beginning at Glasgow Mr. Rintoul led his audience on a delightful journey via Loch Lomond and Loch Awe to Oban and across to the beloved islands of the Inner Hebrides before returning to some of the beauty spots on the west coast. The grandeur of the journey, the glorious colouring and the superb photography conjured up nostalgic memories for most of those present.

Sheila McDougall and Donald McIsaac sang appropriate Gaelic songs accompanied by Barbara Sumner, and Andrew McKissock gave bagpipe selections, Chris MacLean, the Secretary, proposed the vote of thanks.

It is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Donald McIsaac that Ayr can now boast of a second Junior Gaelic Choir. This new choir was warmly welcomed when it made its debut at the ceilidh on 13th March. They sang two songs in English—"The Sound of Iona" and "The Skye-boat Song", and in Gaelic they sang reel and strathspey airs. Iain Gigg, a member of the choir made his first appearance as a soloist.

Mrs. M. Mackinnon of the Knightswood Branch spoke as a representative of the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn. She conveyed the greetings of the Comunn and praised the valuable work done by the Branch in Ayr.

DUNOON

Mr. J. Macdonald, President, welcomed a large audience in the Imperial Hall on Friday, 6th March, and introduced the chairman, Mr. Neil Shaw. Guest artiste was Miss Catherine A. MacNiven, Glasgow. The following also supported the programme: Miss K. Henry, Miss C. Murchison, Mrs. W. Murray, Mrs. M. Macfarlane, and Mr. A. MacTavish. The accompanist was Miss Hughes. Mr. R. W. Macdonald played the pipes, and Mr. Neil Maclean proposed the votes of thanks.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£6,252 13 —
Net Proceeds of Sale of Work, 25/9/58	275 7 9
Net Proceeds of Grand Dance in City Chambers, 12/9/58	48 11 11
	<u>£6,576 12 8</u>

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£173 12 6
Anonymous	7 6
R. Shaw, Esq., Edinburgh	5 —
Hector McFadyen, Esq., New York ..	7 1 10
	<u>£181 6 10</u>

National Mod—Dundee, 1959

Received at Dundee—

Previously acknowledged	£467 9 4
Dundee Highland Society Gaelic Class	2 10 —
Miss E. C. Henderson, Dundee	2 — —
Proceeds of Ceilidh	16 3 6
Miss Macfarlane, Lochce	4 — —
Miss Moodie, Dundee	4 — —
Misses M. & S. McLeod, Dundee ..	2 — —
Miss Darroch, Dundee	1 — —
Mrs. R. Alexander, Dundee	3 — —
Demonstration by Mrs. Hay, Dundee	3 6 —
Proceeds of Treasure Hunt organised by Douglas Steen, Esq., Strathmartine	11 — 9
Proceeds of Garden Party per Mrs. H. Campbell, Broughty Ferry	83 3 4
Miss Annie Black, Broughty Ferry ..	5 — —
Miss McLeod, Dundee	3 — —
Mrs. Davidson, Dundee	1 — —
Miss F. G. Latto, Bridge of Earn ..	2 2 —
Proceeds of Concert, 25/4/58	30 9 9
Proceeds of Prize Draw (Derby)	69 12 3
Proceeds of Barn Dance organised by Angus Morrison, Esq., Longforgan ..	47 18 5
Proceeds of Mannequin Parade organised by Mrs. K. Beaton, Burrelton ..	12 7 —
James F. Anton, Esq., Callander ..	5 — —
Mrs. M. MacLean, Glasgow	1 — —
Dr. D. MacDonald, Stornoway	1 — —
Mrs. Moir, Dundee	— 10 —
Proceeds of Prize Draw	103 8 —
Proceeds of Concert at Longforgan per Miss E. Adamson and Mr. Angus Morrison	19 — —
Miss R. Palmer, Dundee	1 — —
Proceeds of Mannequin Parade	32 — 8
Proceeds of Sale of Work	293 7 11
Proceeds of Ceilidh	30 3 —
Dundee Women Citizen's Association	6 5 —
Proceeds of Beetle Drive organised by Messrs. T. H. MacLachlan and D. McRae	11 9 4
Miss Brydon, Dundee—Proceeds of Raffle	1 17 —
Miss Leask, Broughty Ferry	26 — —
Collection at Meeting	1 9 —
Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson, Dundee	12 18 6
Miss Macfarlane, Lochce	6 13 6
Miss Henderson, Dundee	1 — —
Miss Mathieson, East Newport	— 10 —
Mrs. Stewart, Dundee	— 15 —
Proceeds of Coffee Morning	6 4 —
Proceeds of Ceilidh	10 16 —
	<u>£1,343 9 3</u>

Received at Headquarters—

Sutherland Provincial Mod Committee	£10 — —
Mr. Duff, Fort William	3 3 —
Ceilidh nan Gaidheal	5 — —
Miss B. MacKay, Laig Comunn Tìr nam Beann, Duneideann	1 — —
Vale of Leven Branch	5 — —
	10 — —
	<u>34 3 —</u>
	<u>£1,377 12 3</u>

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1959

Aireamh 6

DREUCHD NAM BARD

ATHAOBH an dòigh anns an robh an t-seann bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig air a cur ri chèile cha robh i idir ro dhuilich a cumail air chuimhne, agus 's e so am meadhon sònruichte troimh an robh beul-aithris a' ruith o ghinealach gu ginealach. Bha pàrantan a' cur mar dhleasdanas orra fhéin an clann oideachadh gu coimhionta ann am bàrdachd an dùthcha.

Bha ùidh mhór aig an t-sluagh ann an òrain molaidd chan ann amhàin a chionn gun robh na bàird iad fhéin fo fhiachan suibhilcean nan dàimhean a chaidh dhachaidh a sheinn gu bhith brosnachadh an luchd òisdeachd chum a bhith a' leantainn an cois-cheum na dh' fhalbh, ach mar an ceudna a chionn gun robh daoine a' creidsinn aig an am gun robh so toirt toileachais do na mairbh agus a' deasachadh suidheachaidh shona, spioradail dhaibh far an robh iad.

Chan eil teagamh nach robh a' ghnè bhàrdachd leis an robh iad ag àrdachadh cliù agus gaisege nan laoch, agus a' bhuaidh a bha aca anns a' chath, air a ciallachadh gu bhith dòsgadh spioraid dhalma, dhàna anns an òigridh. Bha aithris an leithid so de bhàrdachd air a mholadh chan ann amhàin anns an t-seann aimsir ach mar an ceudna o chionn ùine nach eil ro fhada as. Is dòcha gur ann air son an dearbh aobhair a bha a' phìob mhór air a gleansadh cho minic 's na blàir.

Bha féill air na bàird an am na sìthe a cheart cho cinnteach ri an cogaidh gu bhith togail cridhe an luchd comaraidh. Cha robh teaghlach nach robh an cuanail fhéin de na bàird aca gu bhith toirt toilinntinn' dhaibh mu'n bhòrd, agus gu bhith 'gan brosnachadh gu cruadal

fhulang agus euchdan a dheanamh, agus gu bhith 'gan tàladh gu fois le an òrain an déidh deuchainn is ànradh an latha.

Bha nithean eile air an agradh air na bàird. Dh'fheumadh iad aithris agus cumail air chuimhne sinnsearachd nan ceann-feadhna, agus fìor eachdraidh nam fìneachan aca a ghleidheadh gu sàbhailte. Tuigear an luach a bhàtar a cur orra leis an àrd inbhe a dhleas iad anns na dachaidhean anns an robh iad.

Chan ann gun saothair na gun mhór shaothair a fhuair iad an t-oileanachadh a bha feumail air son an dreuchd. Ged a bha dreuchd nam bàird a' ruith anns an teaghlach bha feum air ullachadh dian agus sàraichte mus ruigeadh iad an inbhe a b' àirde, na mus gabhte riutha idir agus bha feum air saothair 's cothrom cleachdaidh air an ealain mus tugadh iad làn riarachadh seachad.

Cha choisneadh fear inbhe Ollaimh gun dà bhliadhna dheug a thoirt ag ionnsachadh. Am fear a b' isle inbhe dh'fheumadh e deich sgialachdan fichead a bhith aige air a mheamhair, ach dh'fheumadh an t-Ollamh trì cheud gu leth sgialachd aithris gun mhearachd. Theirte seanachaidhean riutha, agus bha e mar fhiachan orra a bhith an làthair aig am breith, is pòsaidh, is bàis nan urrachan móra, nuair a bha e air a shùileachadh uapa sloinntearachd nam marbh 's nam beò aithris dh'ionnsaigh an ochdamh ginealach.

Bha bàrd gach teaghlach a' tadhal an tìgear nan uaislean an ceann gach trì bliadhna gu bhith rannsachadh agus a' ceartachadh an suaicheantais. Tha cuid de na leabhraichean anns an robh iomradh air a dheanamh air na nithean-sa ri am faotainn gu an là an diugh.

Gaidheal Gu Chul

Leis an Ollamh DOMHNALL S. MACLEOID

(*Chraobhsгаoileadh a' naidheachd so air an ràdio.*)

(1)

RUGADH an sgeulaiche ainmeil, Iain Mac Gille Mhoire, sa' bhliadhna 1787 an Dìreasgal anns an Hearadh, àite beag iomallach is lethoireach air gach dòigh, taobh deas Loch Reasort, far na dh'fhàs e eòlach air fuarain nam beannt is air dìreadh nan àrd, air raoinean còmhnaid a' Chlàir Mhóir is air torrunn a' gheamhraidh eadar bheanntan. Cha robh e aineolach air doimeann gheur an Fhaoilteich a' bualadh a steach bh'o'n Tàran, no nuas bho Tìrge mór, no air cuan a' Chaolais Hiortaich a' taomadh a steach 'na bheanntaibh gorma. Cha sheasadh an trilleachan fhéin air an fhìdeach. Chluinneadh e sgeòil is eachdraidh aig céilidhean air an Luachair is an Ceann-Reasort agus pailteas dhiubh, gu h-àraidh, bho oide fhéin a bha 'na fheallsanach tùrail is taitneach.

Nuair nach robh Iain ach òg chaidh e dh' Eristadh an Uig, ceàrnaidh de'n sgìre a dh' àraich Coinneach Odhar, fosaisiche clùtche an Taobh Tuath os cionn Tràigh Bhàn Uige far an d'fhuair Coinneach a' chlach neamhnaid "Leac nam Feart" a thug neart d'a léirsinn.

"Bha an sgeul so air aithris 'nar tìr
Nuair bha sìthich anns gach tom,
Glaisrig anns gach gleannan fàs,
Is maighdean mhar' air bàrr gach tonn."

Eadar Uamh Ghil Bhiail Aradaid is Gleann Bhaltois cha robh caomhnadh air taibhsean is bòcain is fuathan san am a bh' ann: cha rachadh neach sìos an gleann gun a bhata 'na dhòrn is car 'na amhaich, mu'm buailist e, oir b'e sin Gleann nan sìth-bhrughan a bheireadh aileag dha'n sgòran. Tha linneachan lùbach ann cuideachd is rathad clachach is cam, is spòrs anamoich cinnteach.

Lean Iain ùine an Eristadh is le cluasan fosgailte is cuimhne gheur dh'èisd e le tlachd ris gach sgalachd aig na céilidhean, co-dhiùbh bha iad làn, mar bu tric a bha, de eachdraidh finneachan nan eilean air an robh sluagh an àite daonnan a' cnuasachadh, no de eachdraidh na Féinne air chor is gun do thog seanachaidhean is luchd-céilidh eòlas a bha 'na chùis-smaoinich mar tha beul-aithris Iain a' dearbhadh.

A réir a' chiad chunntais sgrìeil (1794) bha dà sgoil san sgìre ach cha b'urraing gun robh an sgoilearachd ro-mhór no ro-tharbhach, beagan leughaidh is beagan cunntais, ach beag no mór 's a bha e, rinn Iain feum mhath dheth is mu dheireadh chaidh e fhéin a chur an ceann na sgoile an Bhaltois far na shaothraich e còig bliadhna. Chaidh e an déidh sin 'na ghille-

bhùth an Steòrnabhagh, còmhla ri Murchadh MacLeòid a bha 'na cheannaiche, 'na chùbair is 'na fhear-seilbhe bhàtaichean. Rinn Iain oidhirp marsantachd a chur air adhart air a cheann fhéin ach cha do shoirbh leis is thionndaidh e dh'ionnsaigh na cùbaireachd, obair a bha feumail is airgeadh aig an am.

Aig an am so cuideachd, rùnaich e, as a cheann fhéin, tòiseachadh air beul-aithris a' sgrìobhadh mar a chuala e, an tìghean céilidh Uige is fhuair e fìor bhrosnachadh is miseach sin a dheanamh bho Mhgr. MacRath, ministear Bharabhais, is bho Mhgr. Camaran, ministear Steòrnabhagh. Ged is e Moireasdanach a bha ann thaobh ainm, thogadh e an dùthaich Chlann Amhlaidh is air an aobhar sin tha a chunntas air Clann Amhlaidh coimhionta is fìor. Chaochail e sa' bhliadhna 1834. Bha e trì bliadhna a' sgrìobhadh a leabhraichean gun ghoireas ri làimh ach bòrd thairis air a ghùinean.

Sgrìobh e le làimh fhéin naoidh leabhraichean ach tha dhà dhiubh air chall, an dàrna is an còigeamh fear. Tha a' chiad leabhar làn de eachdraidh Chlann Amhlaidh is tòiseachadh air a dheanamh air eachdraidh Chlann 'ic Ghille Mhoire is Chlann 'ic Leòid. San treas leabhar tha mòran de eachdraidh Chlann 'ic Choinnich Chinn-t-sàile is tha na leabhraichean eile làn de bheul-aithris an Eilein Fhada, an Eilein Sgitheanaich is Eilein Mhuile, cuid dheth gu math àbhachdach. Tha an dà leabhar fo dheireadh intinnn-tharraingeach an dòigh eile, oir tha tomas de eachdraidh na Féinne anna is de bhàrdachd Oisein anns a' Ghàidhlig.

Tha ginealach an latha an diugh is an latha màireach fada an comain a' Mhoireasdanaich a chionn gun do shàbhail e is gun do dh'fhàg e air mhaireann eachdraidhean luachmhor is dòcha bhiodh air an call mur biodh a chùram is a dhìcheall. An déidh a bhàis, chuireadh a làmh-sgrìobhaidhean an làmhan Chaptin Thómais, oifigeach an Càbhlach Bhreatainn a bha mion-eòlach air na h-Eileannan a Iar, air Arcaibh is air Sealtuinn oir is e Sealtuinnach a bha ann fhéin. Bha e cuideachd 'na fhear-eachdraidh is na fhear-sgrùdaidh bàrraichte. Sgrìobh Tómas fhéin paipearan a bha air am bonntachadh air obair a Mhoireasdanaich is a nochde an 1866 is 1878 an Leabhraichean Comunn nan Arsadairean Albannach, Dun Eideann.

An déidh bàs Chaptin Thómais, fhuair an ridire Artair Mac Gille Mhìcheil na lamh-sgrìobhaidhean is nuair a chaochail esan, cheannaich Uilleam Cook MacCoinnich iad chum an tiodhach do Leabhar-Lann Steòrna-bhagh far a bheil iad a nis fo dheagh chùram. Tha ceithir fichead sgalachd 's a dhà dheug san tional air fad. Tha bonn eachdraidheil aig a' chuid as motha aca ach tha còig dhiubh a tha a' cur leasachadh laghach ri Litreachas Oisein.

Chuir MacCoinnich a mach an 1932 leabhar *The Western Isles* am Beurla far na dh'fhoillsich e àireamh de sgialachdan Iain Mhic Ghille Mhoire, a tha riochdachadh chàich—oir dh'fhàg MacCoinnich iad mar a fhuair e iad—co-dhiùbh is e seanachas, eachdraidh no faoinsgeul a tha ann. Sgrìobh Mac Gille Mhoire san dòigh san inns ear sgialachd 'na dhùthaich fhéin is aithneichear sin air obair is cha bu chòir dhuinn a' chaochladh iarraidh air.

(*r' a leantainn*)

Gleann Comhann

LE LACHLANN MACFHIONGHUIN

THA mìltean sluaigh a' tadhal a' Ghlinne ainmeil so a h-uile bliadhna aig nach eil diù 'na eachdraidh, ach a chionn gu bheil e 'na ionad eireachdail agus 'na dheagh àite-cluiche fada bho bhruaillean nam bailtean móra. Anns an t-samhradh tha a ghlinn agus achaidhean air am breacadh le campaichean is àitean-fuirich de gach seòrsa; agus ri taobh an rathaid mhóir tha busachan a' brùchdadh a mach fir is mnathan as gach ceàrn.

'Nar latha-ne tha urram air a thoirt do'n Ghleann air son a mhaise nàdur. Tha àilleachd a ghlinn agus a chuireachan air feasar samhraidh cho glòrmhor, dh'fhaodte, ri àite sam bith eile de'n rìoghachd so. Ach cha robh an cliù so aige daonna no luchd-turuis. Thadhail *Dickens* e mu'n bhliadhna 1841 agus 's e thubhairt esan mu dhéidhinn: "Tha Gleann Comhann gu sònruichte oilleteil. Tha an Cumhann fhéin uamhasach, agus cuiridh a ghlinn àrda crith air t'fheòil. Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu bràth an t-uamhas a chuir an t-àite orm is gu dearbh bithidh e 'nam inntinn mar dhroch aising." Aig an am ud bha an Gleann air a chòmhdach le ceò dùmhail is le brat trom de eachdraidh dhuaichnidh agus le làthaireachd a' bhàis. Aig an am ud cuideachd bha e 'na fhasan a bhith diomoladh maise a' Chruthachaidh, gu h-àraidh maise mhonaidhean na Gaidhealtachd. Ach a dh'aindeoin sin cha b'urrainn do carailean a céile Iain Brun a' Bhanrigh *Victoria* a bhacadh o a thadhail an uair a thug i sgrìob do thaobh an iar na rìoghachd.

An uair a thuiteas gailleann is dùbhlachd a' gheamhraidh air Gleann Comhann tha e 'na àite fiadhaich, gruamach. Air son iomadh latha de'n bhliadhna tha e dorcha le ceò, neòil throma, is le sian dubh, oir is e aon de na h-àitean as fluiche an Albainn. Ach ged nach toigh leis a h-uile duine e ri droch shìde is e sealladh drùidhteach a tha ann air latha nan seachd sian le sgòthan 'gan riasladh leis na binnean

àrda, na creagan loinnearach, dubha, iargalta, is slios nam beann a' sruthadh le iomadh eas, is spùt, is steall. Nuair a thig na Faoillich le sneachd is rothadh chan eil a choltas cneasda no coibhneil air aon chor. Ach ged a chuireas a ghruaim, aig amannan, uamhas 'nad chridhe, chan urrainn duit gun a bhith air do thogail le a mhaise. Anns am briathran a' bhàird mu àite eile dh'fhaodte a ràdh:

"Gach sgùrr chì thu sud fo dhubb-ghruaim,
Cùl-uamhas meag strìth nan dùl;
Nuair bhriseas an torunn le fuaim na doinnn,
Is mairg nach lùbadh an glùn."

Is mur lùb thu do ghùn gu litireil chan eil teagamh nach eil do spiorad "a' lùbadh na gl'ine", fa chomhair neart nan dùl, is am fianuis làthaireachd do-fhaicsinn a' Chruthachaidh.

Ma bha seann eachdraidh aig a' Ghleann chan eil dad dhi air sgeul an diugh. Tha gun teagamh ainm fear de na seann naoimh fhathast air chuimhne anns an eilean bheag—Eilean Mhunna—an Loch Liobhann, aig bun a' Ghlinne. Tha an Naomh Mhunna air chuimhne an àitean eile air feadh Siorrachd Earra-Ghaidheal. Air an eilean tha fathast ri fhaicinn làrach eaglais, agus bha sluaigh na dùthcha air an adhlacadh ann gu ruig ar latha fhìn.

Tha Uaimh Oisein ri faicinn o'n rathad mhór gu h-àrd an aodann creige air aghaidh Aonach Dubh, agus tha Sgor nam Fiannaidh a' cumail cuimhne air an Fhiann mun do sheinn am bàrd Oisean.

Bhuineadh an Gleann aig aon am do Chlann Dùghail, Latharna, ach a chionn gu robh an fheadhainn sin an nàimhdeas ris thug an rìgh Raibeart Brus e do dheagh charaid Aonghas Og Ile, athair ciad Bhuachaille nan Eilean.

Uaite-san thugadh iad do a mhac diolain Iain Og an Fhraoich, no Iain Abrach, mar a thairte ris. Is ann o Iain Abrach a shìolaich Clann Dòmhnail Ghlinne Comhann.

Chan eil móran eachdraidh mu'n ghleann agus a' bhliadhna 1692 an uair a thug am mort an gleann agus a shluagh gu h-obann fa chomhair na rìoghachd. Chan eil teagamh nach robh ainm aig fir a' Ghlinne mar reubairean air feadh na dùthcha bheartaiche air gach taobh dhiùbh—an Earra-Ghaidheal, 's an Siorrachd Pheairt, agus eadhon cho fad air falbh ri Siorrachd Aonghais agus a' Mhaoirinn.

Ged a bha "togail nam bó" 'na chleachdadh anns na làithean a dh'fhalbh chan eil teagamh nach robh Dòmhnallaich Ghleann Comhann 'nan trioblaid is 'nam buaireadh do an nàbaidhean. Cha robh e furasda an aicheamhail a thoirt a mach orra no an spréidh a chosnadh air ais oir bha an Gleann iomallach, monadail, agus fiadhaich, agus bha coireachan duaichnidh, dùinte, fallaich ann far am b'furasda crodh a chumail gu sàbhailte.

De na coireachan sin chan eil aon as ainmeile na Coire Gabhail, agus, gu dearbh, is ainneamh ri fhaicinn coire coltach ris. Tha a ùrlar còmhnard agus rèidh le allt a' ruith troimhe. Thairis air a' chòmhnard tha mol is gainmheach a thàinig a nuas o shlios nam beann le sruthan nam iomadh geamhradh. Tha am mol a nis còmhdaichte le brat de fheur is de chòinnich. Ag éirigh gu cas air gach taobh tha beanntan is mullaich ainmeil; air an taobh deas tha Beinn Fhada agus Stob Choire Sgreabhach a' dìreadh gu Bidean nam Beann a' bheinn as àirde an Earra-Ghaidheal; an iar-dheas 's an iar tha Stob Choire Lochain, Gearr Aonach is Aonach Dubh.

Ach is e beul cumhang a' choire as motha chuireas de iongnadh air an fhear-chuairt. Tha an t-àite so dùinte gu buileach le sgàirnich ghairbh de chreagan móra. Chan e an t-iongnadh ciamar nach fhaigheadh spréidh a mach as a' choire so an t-iongnadh as motha ach ciamar idir a chaidh iad a steach ann! Tha an t-allt a' dol a sealladh a measg na sgàirnich agus chan eil e tighinn am fradharc a rithist gu a bheil an coire air fhàgail.

An sgrìobhaidhean luchd Beurla fhuair an Coire iomadh ainm, mar an Coire Caillte, an Coire Fallaich, Coire na Creiche, ach 'se tha gabhail a' ciallachadh slugan no amhach chumhang. Tha Dòmhnall MacFhionnlaigh nan dàn, a bhuineadh do Ghleann Comhann, a' cur feum air an fhacal an "Oran na Comh-achair":

"An uair bu bhinn guth gallain gadhair
A' cur gréigh gu gabhail chumhaing."

Tha e air a ràdh gun do theich cuid de mhuinntir a' Ghlinne do'n choire so a dh'fhaotainn fàsaidh is tearuinteachd o an nàimhdean air an oidhche dhòlaisich, Di h-aoine an treas latha deug de'n Ghearran, 1692.

Aig am a' Mhuirt cha robh de fhir anns a' Ghleann ach mu cheud gu leth, agus diubh sin bha mu dhà fhichead air an cur gu bàs. Ach leis gun deachaidh an tighean a losgadh, agus an càid spréidhe a thoirt air falbh, chan eil teagamh nach do chaill uibhir eile am beatha le cion bìdh is le fuachd is anshocair.

Dh' éirich na Dòmhnallaich leis a' Phrionnsa, agus ann an réisimeid na Ceapaich bha iad aig gach blàr a chaidh a chur. Ré nam bliadhna-chan sìtheil a thàinig an cois Bliadhna Theàrlaich dh'fhàs an sluagh sa' Ghleann na bu lionmhoire, agus, mar a thachair do mhórán de àitean air feadh na Gaidhealtachd bha tuilleadh 's a' chòir de shluagh ann mu dheireadh na naoidheamh linne deug. Is ann mu'n am sin a chaidh na croitean ann an Càrnach a ghearradh a mach agus bha a' mhór-chuid de'n

t-sluagh a' fuireach eadar an t-allt is a' mhuir. Bha tuath chorach anns na h-ionadan eile de'n Ghleann far am b' àbhaist sluagh a bhith còmhnaidh.

Tha an rathad mór an diugh a' seachnadh a' bhaile ach tha an seann rathad a' dol troimhe. Os cionn Clachaig far a bheil an seann rathad a' tionndadh sìos ri taobh na h-aibhne tha am fìor ghleann a' tòiseachadh 'na uile mhaise. Tha Aonach Dubh gu gruamach, creagach, cas mar gum b'eadh a' falach ceann àrd a' Ghlinne, agus shuas 'na aghaidh chithear an sgoltadh caol ris an canar Uaimh Oisein. Fa do chomhair tha Loch Achadh Triochdan far an do thathaich an tarbh-uisge. Air Achadh Triochdan chithear fhathast làrach nan tighean a chaidh fhàgail fàs an déidh do mhaoim-sléibhe tighinn a nuas o Aonach Eagach.

Mar theannas tu dlùth air ceann àrd a' Ghlinne tha an rathad ùr a' gearradh troimh 'n chreig ris an abrar an t-innean, o am faigh thu sealladh eireachdail de'n Ghleann. Cha tug ruith nam bliadhnanachan móran atharrachaidh air a' Ghleann. Tha mar thubhairt mi cheana an rathad ùr agus na beanntan a' tàladh sluagh fad miosan an t-samhraidh, ach is e Dòmhnallaich is Clann Aonghais as lionmhoire a measg an t-sluaigh. Tha a' Ghàidhlig air a bruidheann fhathast ged nach eil barrachd is leth-dusan pàisde sgoile comasach air còmh-radh a dhèanamh. Buidh a' chuid as motha de'n t-sluagh do'n Eaglais Easbuigich mar bu dual. Ged a thàtar fhathast a' stri ri obair na croite is ann anns an factoraidh an Ceann Loch Mór a tha beò-shlaint a' bhaile air a chosnadh. Chan fhèairde an gothach gun do sguir obair na sglait am Baile a' Chaolais, ach bithidh an donas buileach air ma sguireas an factoraidh. Tha deagh theachd-an-àir ri dhèanamh air luchd-cuairt nan cuireadh muinntir a' Ghlinne an làmh ri sin—rud nach d'rinn iad idir fhathast.

Is math an latha a bheir e fhéin as.

* * * *

Cha deanar math gun mhulad.

* * * *

Miann caillich mar a dùrachd.

* * * *

Saoidh an fear a tha 'na thàmh gur e fhéin as fheàrr làmh air an stiùir.

Sireadh An Oir

Aon là an uiridh bha mi toirt sgrìob troimh phàirc mhóir air iomall Bhancùbhair ag amharc air gach sealladh a bha mu m' thimcheall. Bha duine aosda an sin le bata 'na làmh a' cumail taice ris gus an d'fhuair e grèim air iadh-lann a bha faisg. Cha b'e so a' chiad uair a chunnaic mi e, oir mu fhichead bliadhna air ais bha mi cuide ris, 's sinn a' bruidhinn ri chèile air soitheach mòr a bha tighinn do Bhancùbhar a *Nanaimo*. Aig an am sin dh'innis e dhomh gur h-e MacGilleathain an sloinneadh a bha air, agus gun tàinig e a Siorrachd Bhruis an Ontario. Dh'fhàg e an t-àite sin nuair a bha e 'na bhalach, agus chaidh e gu ruige Francisco. Is e saor a bha ann agus bha e trang a' togail thighean anns a' bhaile sin an déidh na crith-thalamhainn a leag móran de na h-aitreabhan gu lár.

Dh'innis e dhomh gu robh na Gaidheil lionmhor anns an àite anns an do rugadh e. Thàinig a' chuid bu mhotha dhiubh bho àiteachan mu thimcheall Pheairt, ach thàinig a sheanair fhéin a Tìriodh.

Nuair a choinnich sinn anns a' phàirc chuir mi mo làmh air a ghualainn ach cha do dh' aithnich e mi gus na labhair mi ris anns a' Ghàidhlig. Thòisich e an sin ag innseadh dhomh pios de eachdraidh a bheatha. "Thionail," ars eann, "daoinne a steach do *Francisco* as gach cearn de'n domhain. An déidh ùine anns a' bhaile sin ghabh mi dreuchd air lung mhóir a bha dol a tuath gu *Seattle*. Is ann aig an am-sa a bha iad a' cladhach an òir ann an *Ucon*, agus chuir mi romham gu leanainn an sluagh gun àireamh a bha dol sues a' lorg an òir. Thàinig sgaothan as gach àite, gu sòn-ruichte as na bailtean móra, air tòir an fhortain a bha soirbh a chosnadh, mar a shaoil iad, ann an Clondaig. Ach bha móran aca nach do ràinig an ceann-uidhe riamh, oir fhuair iad bàs a measg sneachda nam bealach. Ràinig àireamh mhath de Albannaich Clondaig ach cha bu mhór feum a rinn an t-òr do chuid aca. Chan ann gu buil mhath a chuir iad e. Is e na h-Albannaich a thug an t-ainm air *Kluane*, àite uaine a bha an cois sléibh."

A measg an t-sluaigh a thàinig an cois an òir bha Breatunnach àraidh do'm b' ainm *Hargrave* a rinn airgid le bhith cumail each-réise. Bha tigh-òsda aige cuideachd far an robh caileagan bòidheach a' frithealadh nam bòrd, agus an taic ris an tigh-òsda bha talla air son danms far am bitheadh cuannal greadh-nach gach oidhche. Rinn cuid eile móran airgid anns an àite. Bha Iudhach air fear dhiubh; bha Suaineach air fear eile; ach 's e Alasdair Dòmhnallach, Ameriganach, a rinn an t-airgid mór. Thug e as còrr air còig muillion

dolair, agus dh'fhàg e a chuid airgid air son tigh-eiridinn agus tighcean-sgoile thogail. Rinn cuid feum ann an Clondaig, ach chan eil ainm-eannan a' chuid bu mhotha dhiubh sgrìobhte an eachdraidh.

IAIN A' CHAOIL.

Camanachd

Is e Ceann Stuic a chanadh iad ri ceannard camanachd, agus so mar a bhithheadh an dà sgioba air an taghadh mus rachadh iad a dh'iomain:—

An dara Ceann Stuic—"Buailleam ort,"

An Ceann Stuic eile—"Leigean leat."

An dara Ceann Stuic—"Bithidh tusa agam a Chaluin."

An Ceann Stuic eile—"Bithidh tusa agamsa Dhòmhnail."

Agus mar sin air aghaidh.

An sin bhithheadh conaltradh-geasachd eadar an dà Cbeann Stuic car mar so:—

Tiugainn a dh'iomain;	Iteach eòin;
Dé an iomain?	Dé an t-eun?
Iomain chaman;	Eun mara;
Dé an caman?	Dé an muir?
Caman iubhair;	Muir iasgaich;
Dé an t-iubhair?	Dé an t-iasg?
Iubhar athair;	Iasg dubhain;
Dé an t-athar?	Dé an dubhan?
Athar iteach;	Dubhan airgid;
Dé an t-iteach?	Dé an t-airgead?

Airgead bristeach, busach, beàrnach a thug mise a mach a ciste nighean Rìgh Eireann; glong, glang, galar nam muc, nam geadh, nan con 's nan uile chreutair a labhras romhamsa; gheibh iad trì dùirn dheug agus paidhir smut-agan am bàrr na sròine.

Aiseag Nan Ceard

Aiseag a' bhodaich 's na cailich 's an dà bhalach. Cha tugadh an t-eathar leatha ach tunna. Bha tunna anns a' bhodach (nach b'e am bodach e!), agus bha tunna sa' chaillich, agus tunna eadar an dà bhalach. Cionnus a fhuair iad an t-aiseag?

Chaidh an dà bhalach thairis air an aiseag an toiseach; dh'fhan fear de na balaich thall 's thàinig am fear eile air ais leis an eathar. Chaidh am bodach a null leis fhéin, agus thug am fear de na balaich a bha thall a nall an t-eathar. Chaidh an dà bhalach a null a rithist. Thill fear aca air ais agus dh'fhuirich am fear eile thall. Chaidh a' chailleach a null an sin, 's thàinig am balach a bha thall a nall leis an eathar. Chaidh an dà bhalach a null, agus bha iad thall uile.

LEARNER'S PAGE

An Sgiobair Fliuch

Ann fheasgair ciùin samhraidh an uair a bha obair an latha seachad chaidh mi a ghabhail cuairt ri tabh na mara. Bha gach nì cho sàmhach mun cuairt is gun saoilleadh neach gu robh gach creutair beò 'na chadal.

Bha na craobhan a' snàmh gu fann anns a' ghaoith agus bha na h-eòin bheaga an déidh an cinn a phasgadh fo an sgiathan.

Ghabh mi romham gus an do ràinig mi geotha mór anns an robh eathar no dhà air an tarraing suas air a' mhol. Bha trìuir no ceathar de bhalaich bheaga 'nan suidhe fagus daibh. Chaidh mi sìos far an robh iad agus thòisich sinn a' còmhradh.

"Cìod e naidheachd nan gillean beaga an diugh?" arsa mise. Rinn am fear bu lugha dhùibh gàire, ach fhreagair am fear bu mhotha: "Chan eil naidheachd idir."

"Is math an naidheachd a bhith gun naidheachd idir," fhreagair mi fhìn, "ach carson nach eil sibh a' dol a mach leis an eathar ghrinn sin?" Las sùilean an fhir bhig. "Tha i ro thronn," arsa esan, agus "chan urrainn dhuinn a cur chun na mara."

"So! So! ma tà," arsa mise is mi a' breith air toiseach an eathair, "a mach leatha!"

Leum na fir air an casan agus is ann an sud a bha an sgoinn gus an d'fhuair sinn an t-eathar air bhog. Leum sinn a steach, fear an déidh fir; thug am fear beag cruinn-leum sìos do'n deireadh agus ghlaodh e àird-a-chlaiginn, "Is mise an sgiobair."

"Ceart gu leòr," arsa mise, "cìod a nì sinn ma tà?"

"Cuir a nuas an ràmh beag sin gu Murcadh."

"So dhuit sud, a Mhurcaidh."

"A Sheumais," arsa an sgiobair gu duineil, "gabh thusa an ràmh eile."

"Sin thu," arsa mise, "ach cìod a tha mise dol a dhèanamh?"

"Suidh bh air an tobhta sin an dràsa mas e bhur toil e; rinn sibhse obair gu leòr mar tha, agus chan fhaod sibh an còrr a dhèanamh."

"Cha do rinn mise nì sam bith fhathast."

"O! rinn; nach do chuir sibh a mach an t-eathar dhuinn. Mur b'e sibhse cha bhitheadh sinn an so idir."

Lean na gillean rompa gus an do chuir iad cuairt air a' bhàgh, agus is ann aca fhéin a bha an làmh air an iomramh. An uair a chuir sinn ar n-gaidh air a' chladach thòisich an sgiobair beag a' fàs anabarrach mear.

The Wet Skipper

One calm summer evening after the day's work was over I went for a walk by the seaside. Everything round about was so peaceful that one would think that every living creature was asleep.

The trees were moving feebly in the wind, and the little birds had covered their heads with their wings.

I proceeded on my way till I reached a large cove where one or two boats were drawn up on the shingly beach. Three or four boys were sitting close by them. I went down where they were and we began to speak to one another.

"What is your news, little boys, to-day?" said I. The smallest of them laughed, but the tallest replied: "No news at all."

"It is good news to have none at all," I replied, "but why are you not going to sea with that beautiful boat?" A light came into the small boy's eyes. "It is too heavy," he said, "and we are not able to launch it."

"Here you are then," I said as I took hold of the stem of the boat. "Out with it!"

Up leapt the lads, and what bustle was there until we had the boat afloat. We jumped aboard, one by one. The small one made a standing leap down into the stern, and shouted at the top of his voice, "I am the skipper!"

"Good enough," I said. "What shall we do then?"

"Pass up that small oar to Murdo."

"Take that Murdo."

"James," said the skipper manfully, "you take the other oar."

"Good enough," said I, "but what am I going to do?"

"Sit down on that thwart meanwhile, if you please; you have done sufficient work already, and you must not do any more."

"I have done nothing yet."

"You have, indeed; did you not launch the boat for us. But for you we would not be here at all."

The boys proceeded on their way till they sailed round the bay, and they knew well how to row. When we made for the shore the little skipper became very active.

AN EARLY EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

THE Glasgow Highland Society was founded in 1727 by a group of gentlemen who were primarily interested in the education of the children of Glasgow Highlanders.

It was felt that many of these children could be sent to trades if only they were suitably educated and it was known that in many instances their parents could not afford to give them the necessary educational facilities.

Donations were sought and members enrolled for an annual subscription of two guineas per member. The interest accrued on the capital sum raised was used to found and develop this educational experiment. It is recorded that in the years 1727 to 1751 the Society put out to trades forty-seven boys and thereafter until 1788 they educated and put to trades ten boys annually. In these days this was no mean achievement, but only the beginnings of a wider and more comprehensive scheme.

Capital was steadily accumulated and to further profit by investment the Society in 1760 bought land on the north side of Argyle Street and there built The Black Bull Inn, which had so many interesting associations until it finally became warehouses in 1849.

Until 1788 the Society arranged for children to receive the necessary education at schools near their homes and also paid their apprenticeship fees of £4 per annum. For various reasons it was decided in that year, 1788, to undertake directly the education of their students and with that aim in view they opened their first evening school to teach reading, writing and arithmetic and book-keeping to "such as showed superior genius". Even yet the Society was concerned with the education of boys only but in this year the training offered was not designed solely to meet the requirements of the fourteen incorporated trades of the city. This was the practice hitherto.

Furthermore it was firmly stipulated that no boy could be sent to a trade until he was able to read the Bible. A further indication of the Society's interest in religion and morals can be seen from the attack made on "idle strolling on a Sunday" and its effect on youth. It is not surprising, then, that compulsory church attendance was enforced on all the Society's students. Furthermore they were all publicly examined four times a year, on the "principles of religion".

In other spheres also there was careful supervision of the students and teachers by the Directors of the Society and the various reports

would indicate a satisfactory progress from year to year. Further developments would also indicate such progress and the annual output of boys to trades increased to twenty per year by 1789.

In 1807, in conjunction with the S.P.C.K. the Society founded a day school with a roll of about ninety. Its main purpose was to teach reading to boys and also girls. By 1820 the Society ran two night schools and two day schools and in 1827 they opened another day school for girls aged 8 to 12. The curriculum offered to girls included sewing and knitting as well as reading and writing.

The year 1831 is yet another great landmark in the history of the Society as in that year they moved all their students to a new and permanent site in Montrose Street. By this time there was founded and incorporated in the new school a Girls' School of Industry. Both developments were regularly inspected by the Directors and latterly by School Inspectors. A report by H.M.I. J. Gordon, who inspected the school on the 9th and 10th February, 1860, gives the roll of the school as 348 boys and 382 girls. The staff consisted of "4 masters, 1 mistress and 18 pupil teachers". This inspector does make some suggestions for structural improvements and also comments on the difficulties encountered by the teacher of the six to seven age group, most of whom came from Gaelic-speaking homes. Of the total roll it would seem that about 150 attended the School of Industry and in addition to this we find that the Society provided evening school education for some 75 boys who were at trades during the day. As was the case in 1788 we find that religious education still received a prominent place in the school and at this stage mention is also made of sacred music and church attendance. With the Education Act of 1872 and the subsequent development of educational administration in the years 1886, 1889, and 1891 little remained for the Glasgow Highland Society to do in this way. The last apprentice completed his training in 1871. The school and staff were taken over by the local School Board in 1886.

Some funds still remain and from this bursaries are granted to deserving students of Highland descent at universities and colleges. One wonders if the necessity for this will long remain and, if not, what further useful project could be undertaken?

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Branches and the Propaganda Committee of An Comunn

DURING the session members of the Propaganda Committee have been busily engaged in visiting Branches in the Southern Area, and it is gratifying to note that no fewer than eighteen Branches were visited. Branches were pleased to have a visit from Headquarters, and in each case representatives were afforded an opportunity to address Branch members and supporters. It is the confirmed opinion of the Committee that such visits are useful and necessary to maintain and strengthen the relationship between Branches and the Parent Body. Some news of Branch activities during the session can be gleaned on these visits and it is heartening to know that Gaelic classes are conducted in many areas, a very important factor in the Gaidhachd. In some areas practically all Branch efforts are in aid of the local or provincial Mod. The expenses incurred in running a local Mod are very heavy and it takes a Branch, or even a number of Branches, all their time to make ends meet. It is therefore incumbent on all members and those who frequent and enjoy Branch Ceilidhs to give all the support they can to their local Branch.

During the year Branches of An Comunn were formed in Easdale, Logierait, Lochearnhead and Blair Atholl. In the Northern Area Branches were formed in Forres; Portree, Inverasdale, Gairloch and Aultbea, and we are pleased to learn that the Branch in Fort William has been resuscitated. The Committee appreciate very much the assistance given by artistes and others who give their services free of charge at ceilidhs, particularly at ceilidhs where Branches are formed.

It has been mentioned that a certain amount of news concerning Branch activities can be had by visiting Branches. Very often, however, time is rather limited and a representative does not have the time to discuss Branch business or problems with the office-bearers. Should Branches wish to get advice on any matter in connection with their work they are cordially invited to write to Headquarters where their queries will receive earnest attention.

At one time the names of Branch Presidents and the names and addresses of Secretaries used to be published in the Annual Report of An Comunn Gaidhealach. This practice has now been revived and in order to obtain this information a circular was sent to all Branches. While An Comunn has a record of the names

and addresses of Secretaries, in many cases there is no information as to the names of Presidents. The result was rather disappointing as out of twenty-seven Branches in the North and thirty-seven in the South only eight Northern and twenty-six Southern Branches supplied the information requested.

Branches, by virtue of their Constitution and Rules, are required to submit to Headquarters an Annual Report and a Financial Statement following their Annual Meeting. The response to the letter requesting this information was even more disappointing. We appeal to Branch Secretaries to send their Annual Report and Financial Statement to An Comunn Gaidhealach, 65 West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2, as soon as possible after their Annual General Meeting. Where Branches prepare a Syllabus in advance a copy will be much appreciated at Headquarters.

M. M.

Northern Organiser's Notes

The following new branches have been formed and visited recently:—Aultbea, Gairloch, and Inverasdale, and the Portree branch has been re-formed. Other branches visited in the area are Beauly, Cromarty, Dingwall, Forres, Grantown-on-Spey, and Lochinver.

These are the dates of the Provincial Mods not fixed at the time the last notes were sent in:—

Skye Provincial Mod at Portree on the 9th and 10th June, 1959.

Wester Ross Provincial Mod at Aultbea on the 12th June, 1959.

Lewis Provincial Mod at Stornoway on the 18th and 19th June, 1959.

This Year's Celtic Congress at Edinburgh

The Celtic Congress will be held this year in Edinburgh from 10th August to 14th August inclusive. A very attractive programme has been drawn up, including University and Civic receptions, lectures by distinguished Celtic scholars, ceilidhs and concerts, and outings to places of historical interest. A good attendance from the six Celtic countries is anticipated.

Flory Loynachan

A YEAR or two ago a Campbeltown gentleman, who takes a great interest in old songs and their tunes, sent me a copy of the popular song "Flory Loynachan", which can be heard sung in his town either in whole or in part frequently. This copy is printed on a post-card without author's name or date, but from appearances I think it must have been published about the turn of the century when the picture post-card craze was at its height, and my opinion is that the song was not very old at that time.

The card carries the note:—

"As sung by Dougie MacIlreavie of Corbat's Close in the Bolgan Street."

It has also the following:—

"Inscribed with affectionate regards to the members of the Kintyre Literary Association as an illustration of the common conversational idiom of their dear old town, a century ago."
As I have indicated the composer is unknown.

But from the internal evidence there need be no hesitation in saying he was an educated man. Much ability is shown in the construction of the verses; the place names mentioned appear to have been carefully selected so as not to destroy the harmony of the lines.

The chief interest in the song is the number of local dialect words it contains. Even the name of the song is of interest and seems to have been chosen deliberately. Flory is a localism for Flora. Loynachan was in older times O'Loynachan. The name is now obsolete, all calling themselves Lang since about the end of the eighteenth century.

O, it buttie be an ogly thing
That mougres thus o'er me,
For I scrabed at myself theestreen,
And could not bab an e'e.
My heart is all to mullins minsh'd,
Brye, smuirach, daps, and gum.
I'm a poor cruichach, spalyin' in scrae,
My horts have strok me dumb.

Dear Flory Loyachan, if thou
Through Sanna's soun' wert toss't,
And rouchled like a shougie-shoo
In a vessel with one mast.
Though the night were makin' for a roll,
Though railacha were the sea,
Though scorlins warpled at my thowl pins,
My shallop would reach thee.

Thou'rt not a hochlan sclaurach, dear,
As many trooshlach be;

Nor I a clarty skybal, thus
To scaffer after thee:—

Yet haing the meishachan, where first
I felt love's maiglan' smart,
And haing the boosach dyvour, too,
Who spong'd from me thine heart.

O! rhane a Yollus Cronie—quick—
Across this rumbled brain!
Bring hickery-pickery—bring wallink,
Droshachs, to soothe my pain!
Fire, water—fire a spoucher full—
These frythan stouns to stay!
For like a sparrow's scaldachan
I'm gosping night and day!

Were I the Laird of Achagach,
Or Kilmanshenachan fair,
Crockstaplemore, Kilwheepnach,
Foechag, or Ballochgar,
Did I inherit Tuyinreoch,
Drumgary or Ballochadne,
Creishlach, or Coeran—daing the bit,
I'd fauchat them for thee.

O, the clabbydhu, it loves the Trinch,
The Crouban, the quey-neb,
While the Anachan, and the Brollachan,
They love the mussel ebb,
The Muirachbhan the Dolfin loves,
And the Gleshan, and Guildee,
They love to plauder through the loch,
But, Flory, I love thee.

There, then, is the song as it is sung in Campbeltown though it may be remarked that there are some verbal differences between above and what is actually sung but they are of no great moment.

There are many words of interest in above, such as hickery-pickery; this was an old remedy for various ills. Sir Walter Scott refers to it in "Old Mortality", chapter VIII. "The leddy cured me with some hickery-pickery." Also in "Sir Duguid" by Service we have: "How to use hykerie-pykerie and rue, and many mae cunning cures." Skybel means a low worthless fellow, a scoundrel, a ne'er-do-well. Allan Ramsay used this word: "Poor skybels! cursed with more of wealth than wit". Sclaurach is a person untidy in dress or gait, perhaps from Gaelic Sgleurach, a slut. Gleshan or Gleshan is the coal fish, Merlangus carbonarius, called a stenlock in the upper reaches of Loch-fyne, a coarse fish. Wallink or wellink is the plant brook-lime. Veronica beccabungo of botanists, found growing in slow flowing streams, also known as water speedwell. Every one knows the clabbydhus. A scrae is a thin person, a skeleton.

Sanna's soun' is between the island of Sanna and the mainland of Kintyre. The other places mentioned are farms in the neighbourhood of Campbeltown.

I am sorry to say that I have not the tune but I am informed it is an old Gaelic one.

J. E. S.

William Ross's Oran Eile

An English Version

By HUGH LAING

The ills of my worm-eaten soul
No earthly elixir heals;
To all my story is told—
The gold dust is turned to lees;
No longer my eyes behold
The glory you were to me
And hope from spired sun-cliffs has flown
To lowlands of Autumn leaves.

The coils of your delicate hair
Have gently imprisoned my thoughts.
If happiness be your fare,
May it grow till the last day dawns.
Your voyage o'er seas has laid
Me prostrate, impaled on thorns:
A soldier in rear of the fray
His foes to engage no more.

The flood-gates of bitterest tears
Our parting has opened wide
And left me, poor runt with the steers,
By pedigree herd despised.
'T were well if Nature had reared
Me deaf, insensitive, blind
To beauty which burns and sears,
To tones which craze men's minds.

From cynics who talk of my ills
Little good-will you will hear:
"A poet! vain spinner of dreams!
Unmanly, weak, insincere!"
My sires from the face of the hills
Carved farms thro' the lumbering years,
Broke horses with muscle and will;
I sang through sunshine and tears.

Though beauty gay glances may fling
My grief has no tributes to pay;
No welcome from violin strings,
No harping, no children at play;
No longer my footsteps ring
On the crags on windy days;
To the plain my failing feet cling—
The plain of dead songsters' graves.

An Comunn Gaidhealach

Life Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1958	981
Additions to Roll	42
	<hr/>
Less Deceased and Resigned	28
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1959	995

Ordinary Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1958	2366
Additions to Roll	279
	<hr/>
Less Transferred to Life Membership, Deceased, Resigned and Lapsed	2645
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1959	2298

Junior Members

On Roll at 31st March, 1958	165
Additions to Roll	15
	<hr/>
Less Transferred to Ordinary Membership and lapsed	180
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1959	149

Affiliated Societies

On Roll at 31st March, 1958	65
Additions to Roll (1) Lapsed (3)	2
	<hr/>
On Roll at 31st March, 1959	63

Branch Reports

KILDALTON

A very successful concert was held in the Ramsay Memorial Hall on the 31st of March when no fewer than four Gold Medalists and two local medalists took part. They were Mr. and Mrs. Neil Maclean from Dunoon, Mr. Donald McVicar, White Hart Hotel, and Mr. Donald McLeod from Portnahaven, with Miss Irene McArthur, Bowmore, and Mr. Dugald Campbell, Ardlug. Other items were bagpipe selections by Mr. Angus Currie and displays by a Troupe of Highland Dancers. The accompanist was Mr. Crawford. A successful dance followed to the music of the Mansefield Band.

AYR

The season's activities were brought to a close by a ceilidh held in Troon on 10th April. Mr. F. MacRae, President of An Comunn, who was accompanied by Mrs. MacRae, presided.

Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir under their conductor, Mr. Donald McIsaac, delighted everyone with their pure tones as they sang a wide variety of songs. Soloists from the Choir were most professional in their contributions.

Guest artistes Miss Helen Macmillan and Mr. Alastair MacDougall, who sang in English and Gaelic, were highly appreciated. Mr. Murdo Morrison, retired Director of Education, gave a comprehensive vote of thanks to all who contributed to the outstanding success of the ceilidh.

AN CAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Telephone: DOUGLAS 1433.

Leabhar LIV

AN T-IUCHAR, 1959

Aireamh 7

CALANAS

IS gann gu bheil cuimhne againn an diugh an uair a bha mnathan na Gaidhealtachd a' dèanamh aodach an teaghlaich, ach bha an t-am sin ann gun teagamh agus mhair e fad iomadh ginealach. Bha iad a' dèanamh aodach leapa, agus aodach iochdair is aodach uachdair air son sean is òg. Chan ann gun saothair chruaidh a bha obair calanais air a cur air adhart. Gun teagamh cha robh obair a muigh cho trang aig an aon am oir is ann am mìosan a' gheamhraidh a bha calanas aig àrde.

Is e clòimh nan caorach aca fhéin a bhàtar a' cur am feum. Bha a' chuid bu ghairbhe de'n chlàimh, nach robh cho freagarrach air son aodach min a dhèanamh dhith, air a cur an dàrna taobh. Bha a' chuid a' b'fheàrr an sin air a nigheadh agus air a tìormachadh gu cùramach. Gu bhith glanadh air falbh salachar sam bith a bha fhathast ri leantainn rithe bha a' chlàimh air a cìreadh le meuran ealanta no le cìrean fad-fhiaclach agus an déidh sin air a càrdadh gu faicilleach agus air a cur 'na peàrdan a' feitheamh air a' chuibhle shnìomha. An déidh nam peàrdan a shnìomh air a' chuibhle bha an snàth air a chàradh 'na iarnachan air a' chrois-iarna, agus bha an liaghra deiseil air son nan iarnachan a thogail 'nan cnocain ullamh air son nam bior no na beirt.

Is iomadh oidhche fhada gheamhraidh a dh'fheumte mus ruigeadh clòimh na caorach a' bheirt. Agus có a' bhean-tighe a b'urrainn suidhe sìos aig an obair-sa fad latha no fad oidhche nuair a bha tigh ri ghlanadh, biadh ri dheasachadh, agus beathaichean ri'n riarachadh, gun iomradh air còinneal a bha an còmhnuidh a' cur leuma air fhìrtealadh. Mur biodh na h-òrain ghnìomha a bha cho freagarrach air son gach seòrsa oibreach, agus a bha cho

tric air am bilean, 's ann muladach is sàraichte dha rìreadh a bha an obair air a bhith iomadh uair.

Chan fhaodar dìochuimhne a dhèanamh air an t-saothair agus an sgil a bha co-cheangailte ri dath na clòimhe no an t-snàtha. Bha cuid a' dath na clòimhe an déidh a cìreadh mus rachadh a càrdadh, ach bha cuid eile a' dath an t-snàtha. Cha b'e so obair bu lugha a bha 'g iarraidh de eòlas is de thoinisg. Bha dathan eadar-dhealaichte air an dèanamh de lusana bha fàs air cnuic is creagan, ann an lochan, no an talamh àitich no réisg. Dh'fheumte aithne air an t-seòrsa dath a thigeadh o gach lus fa leth, co-dhiù 's e an riamh no an lurg no an duilleach as am faighte an dath, agus an seòrsa fuinn as an robh gach aon ri fàs.

Cha robh nì dhiubh sin am falach air mnathan na Gaidhealtachd oir bha iad suas ris an obair o'n òige. Bha toradh an eòlais a thog iad leis na bliadhnan agus an obair-làimhe fhéin a' fàgail comhfhurtachd agus toilinntinn aca a thuilleadh air caomhnadh airgid. Cha robh iad eisimeileach air daoine eile, no threan eile, air son na chuireadh iad umpa.

Bha an tartan ag iarraidh ealaine agus foighidinn air son a dheilbh, ach na Ceiltich a dheasaich Leabhar ainmeil *Kells* b'urrainn dhaibh-san an teagasg a bha feumail a thoirt seachad. Gheibheadh na mnathan roinn fhreagarrach air son nan dathan agus an t-suidheachaidh cuideachd.

Gach dath a tha sa' bhogh'-fraise
Chaidh troimh mo mhéoirean fo'n chrois,
Geal is dubh, dearg is mädar,
Uaine, ciar-ghlas agus sgàrlaid,
Gorm is grìstionn 's dath na caorach,
'S caoibean cha robh dhith air aodach.

Agus a rithist:

Daorn nam buadh,
Gu deilbh 's gu luadh.
Bidh ceud gu leth dual
Ri àireamh.
Snàth gorm gu math caol,
Dhà gheala ri a thaobh,
Agus sgàrlaid ri taobh
A' mhàdar.

Nach iongantach mar a bha an obair làitheil air a dheilbh agus air fhigheadh, mar gum b'eadh, mar chuibhrionn de'm beatha. Chan urrainn duinn smaoineachadh orra dealaichte ris an obair anns an robh iad an sàs, agus nuair a bheachdaicheas sinn air an obair fhéin 's ann mar a chì sinn i 'nan làmhan-san a tha i 'g éirigh fa chomhair na h-inntinne; agus cha bhí sealladh coimhlionta againn orra le cheile ma dhealachaicheas sinn fuinn mhilis nan òran o ghluasad na h-oibreach.

Gaidheal Gu Chul

Leis an OLLAMH DOMHNALL S. MACLEOID

(2)

THA luach sònraichte do fhear-sgrùdaidh chleachdaidhean communach an eachdraidhean Mhìc 'ille Mhoire, oir faodar a chreidsinn gur h-e dealbh fìor a tha e toirt dhuinn air creideasan is air dòighean-smuain air luchd dùthcha anns na timean a dh'fhalbh.

Tha cuid de na seanachasan a' tighinn thugainn bho ghinealach gu ginealach fad nan ceudan bliadhna, eadhon eachdraidh Chlann Amhlaidh agus sin dìreach mar is cuimhne leamsa a chluinntinn leth-cheud bliadhna air ais bho Uisdean Iain an Càriseadair, anns a' Ghàidhlig oir cha robh Beurla aig Uisdean ach bha cuimhne is inntinn an fhìor sheanachaidh aige mar is math tha fhios aig muinntir Uig. Bha Uisdean is Iain Moireasdan air an aon ràmh ged a bha dhà ghinealach eatorra. Is eòlach a bha iad le chèile 'nan còmhraidh air Ciuthach Dhùn Bhoranais is air an Fhéinn sa' Bheinn Sheilg, air teanntachd Fhìnn o fhearg a' Chiuthaich nuair a thug e iasad de Mhac an Luin do Oscar, is mar a sgath Oscar an ceann bho'n Chiuthach nuair a shéid a sheanair an fheadige is a thill Caoilte is ogha, is mar their-eadh Uisdean "Tha Creag a' Chiuthaich". mar fhianais air na thachair.

Tha am Moireasdanach a' leantainn air mar a thachair do bhràithrean a' Chiuthaich, Dearg a bha an Dùn Chàrlabhaigh is an dithis a bha am Baraglom is an Tidibuirgh am Beàrnaraidh.

Tha eachdraidh Iain Ruaidh MhìcAmhlaidh a bha an Crabhlasta agus a thug a mach an oighreachd bho shliochd seann Thormoid

MhìcLeòid, Phabaidh, an dèidh mòran teinn is àmhghair, nuair a shàth e a chlaidheamh an Tormod Og is e teicheadh do chomraidh Bhaile-na-cille "a' cur a chlaidheamh ri a shròin, thuir e gun dèanadh sud a' chùis do Thormod Og" air leth mionaideach, is tha eachdraidh Dhòmhnail Chaim, ogha Iain Ruaidh is a chliamhain, Alasdair na sàile bige a tha foill-seachadh dol a mach dòraimeach a' Bhreithimh Leòdhasaich is finneachan nan eilean air an aon chleas. Chaill dà mhac le Dòmhnall Cam am beatha aig Blàr Allt Eirinn (1645), Aonghas a Bréinis is Uilleam a Islibhig. B' e Tòmas, Tighearna MacAmhlaidh am fear Stàit is an sgrìobhaiche ainmeil, an seachdamh glùin bho Dhòmhnall Cam is tha cuid de shliochd Dhòmhnail Chaim beò san Eilean an diugh.

So agaibh sgialachd ghoirid o'n Mhoireasdanach:—

Bha duine tàmh anns na Hearadh ris an canadh iad Dos Mór Mac a' Cheannaiche agus aig an am so bha uile-bheist a' tathaich an uamh ann an gleann aonaranach eadar dhà de na beanntan as àrde am Frith na Hearadh. Theireadh iad Ulla ris a' bhéist is o'n am sin Ulladail ris a' ghleann. Cha rachadh neach sam bith troimh 'n ghleann on thàinig an uile-bheist a thàmh ann. Ach is e fámhair treun a bha an Dos Mór is cha ghabhadh e comhairle ach ionnsaigh a thoirt air Biast Ulladail a dh'aindeoin cò theireadh a' chaochladh. Thionndaidh Dos a' chluas bu bhuidhre ris gach facal a thuir a chàirdean agus, a' togail air a bheist le chlaidheamh, mach a dh'fhalbh e, sia mìle air falbh, far a bheil uamh Ulladail. Lean còmhlan d'a chàirdean Dos, astar air a shàil a dh'fhaicinn dé thachradh. Nuair a thàinig Dos am fradharc na h-uamha, thòisich e a' coiseachd air taobh thall a' ghlinne mu choinneamh na h-uamha: ach cha tigeadh a' bhias a mach, oir a réir inneas bha i' g'altrum cuilean ach ged a bha so 'g a fàgail na b' fhiadhhaiche cha deach aig Dos, le chuid gleadhraich is éigheach, a toirt a mach. An ath là rinn Dos na b'urrainn e a chum a' bhias a thoirt a mach as a garaidh ach a mach cha tigeadh i, ach an treas là chuir Dos air fhéin breacan sgàrlaid a chum e fhéin a dhèanamh na bu ghaisgeile agus anns a' ghleann dh'éigh e le guth àrd "Ulla thig a mach." An tacan beag nochd a' bhias is thàinig i air adhart air an dearg chuthach is bhrùchd Dos Mór 'na h-aghaidh. Chog Dos le a chlaidheamh leathann is bhuaile e buillean marbhtach a thug air a' bhéist donnalach a dhèanamh is teich air ais beagan shlatan; ach thill i ann am mionaid le dìoghaltas dùbailte. Thàinig air Dos a nis ceum air ais a dhèanamh. Mar so,

shabaidich iad ceithir uairean, is càirdean Dhois 'gam faicinn air fàire, is mhair an strì gus na ràinig iad Ceann Reasort, ceithir mìle air falbh, gus bho dheireadh bha an dithis lag le'n cuid leòn is le dòrtadh fala. Cha robh de neart an Dos ach gun d' fhuair e air mullach cloiche àird, agus an uair a ràinig an uile-bhiast a' chlach a bha so thuit i seachad marbh. Thàinig a chàirdean gu Dos is dh'innis e dhoibh gun d' fhàg Ulla cuilean san uamh is dh' iarr e orra a mharbhadh air ball, oir na fàsadh e gu bhith cho mór ri mhàthair dh' fheumadh e dusan de na gaisgich bu treise anns na Hearadh is dusan eile de na gaisgich bu treuna an Leódhas gu a cheannsachadh. "Agus a nis," arsa Dos, "tha am bàs ormsa an diugh le olcas mo chreuchdan: faicibh gun tiodhlaic sibh mise air an taobh-sa de'n chloich, is Ulla air an taobh eile." Rinneadh so mar a dh' iarr Dos agus tha a' chlach ris an canar Clach Dhois fhathast a' togail fianuis air mar a thachair.

Tha teagamhan a measg an t-sluaigh ach dé seòrsa beathach a bha da-rìreadh ann an Ulla, ach a réir barail cuid is e seòrsa de each-uisge a bha ann a bha gu tric a' tadhal eileanan na Gaidhealtachd. Tha so a' nochdadh gun robh daoine a' creidsinn anns an each-uisge san naoitheamh linn deug, is tha iad lionmhor gu leòr air a' Ghaidhealtach an diugh fhéin a tha creidsinn an uile-bheist Loch Nis. Is faodaidh gum bheil cuid dhinn fhéin 'nam measg.

Seann Nithean (Airson Tigh Tasgaidh)

Nasgan is beannag is buarach,
Osanan, cuaran, is cliabh,
Criathar, is curag, is lanaid,
Caman, prais-dhath, 's cuibhle-shniomh.

Séis agus slabhruidh is croman,
Being, maide-frasaidh, is suist,
Iomaideal, is sghùil agus greideal,
Taraisgear, is sleaghadh, is cruisg'.

Lion-mór, lion-beag agus féileadh,
Falmadar, cnagan, is lonn,
Cuinneag is ciosan is dealgan,
Bualitean, is spaid, is cas-chrom,

Lamp ann am bròg, 's leabaidh-dhùinte;
Craicinn an roin air an làr;
Clàr de bhuntàt' air an ròstadh;
Brochan mhìn-eòrna, 's deoch-bhàn.

Pasg shìomain-fhraoich 's shìomain conn-
laich;
Coran gu sgathadh nam bun;
Clobha a rinneadh an ceàrdaich;
'Duff' ann an currag 's breid-dubh.

Stòl trì-chasach is cathair
Daraich, 's i dubh leis a' chèò;
Cleòca nam ban agus boineid,
Geannsaidh no dhà, 's peitean-mór.

Fàrlas gu sgaoileadh na deathaich,
Spiorais nan cearc agus stiall,
Uinneag gun ghloimne san tughadh,
Fodha gu leth ann am feur.

Asaid is pùdhlais is peàrdan,
Lampa rinn ceàrd 's botunn-mhór,
Sgrìoban a thogadh na linn dhaibh,
Cragan de im 's ola ròin.

Biobull is Leabhar Cheiste Màthar,
Leabhar Iain Buinnein 's Mhic *Cheyne*,
Boneid nam bodach is bil air,
'Cloc' ann am bucas leis fhéin.

Puta de chraicinn nan caorach,
Crochaid air taobhan an spàrr,
Praisean-trì-chasach, cuil-mhònach,
Greallag, poit-smùiridh is gràp.

Samhla caillich 's i fighe,
Seann bheart-fhiodha le spàl,
Crocac bh'aig bana-bhuidsear paisgte,
Cabhal is spearrach 'n eich-bhàin.

Dreasar, le truinnean craobhach
Thàinig a Sealltuinn no Bhruaich,
Thàinig a 'Wick' no a Sasuinn
'N cisteachan nighean thar chuain.

Lasaibhse 'n teine le cridhe,
Caoranan dubha 'n smàl,
Sradagan 'g éirigh gu tughadh,
'G éirigh gu subhach an àird.

Còmhlan gasda mu thimchioll,
Bodaich le sgeulachdan gleusd',
Oigrìdh gu éisdeachd is tuigse,
Eachdraidh nam fear a bha treun.

Iarraibhse leth-chrun air strainnsear,
Thig as an Fhraing no an Spàinn,
Thig as an Eadailt no Sasuinn,
Dh' fhaicinn nan eilean mar bha.

AM BREVE,

IASGACH CLADAICH

MAS coma leis an Rìgh Eoghann is coma le Eoghann co-dhiùbh, is tha mise coma ged a dh'fhodas cuid de mo luchd-leughaidh a bhith ag ràdh — “Feumaidh gur anns a' chladach fheamann a fhuair am fear so a thogail bho'n a tha e cho déidheil air.” Faodaidh nach biodh iad cho fada cèarr, ach b'e an t-iasgach mo roghainn an làithean m'òige.

Thug mi iomradh gearr air maorach uair roimhe ach mum faigh sinn maorach feumaidh sinn an toiseach dol a' bhuaibh bhàirneach. Is i tràigh reothairt as freagarraiche air a shon so an uair a tha na clachan is na creagan ris agus air am faighear am maorach as fheàrr. Tha gilb chruaidh math gu fuasgladh a' bhàirneach bhàirneach nan creag, agus bha sinn am beachd gu robh e na b'fhasa a fhuasgladh nan tigemaidd air gun fhios da! Cho luath is a bheanas tu ris an t-slige tha e a' deanamh grèim daingean air a' chreig. Cha bhì thu fada a' lìonadh làn craidhleig dheth agus, a' ruith dhachaidh cho luath 's a bheir do chasan thu, cuiridh tu na chruinnich thu am poit nan trì casan air turlach de chonnadh mòna.

Bu mhath leam a shaoilsinn gun cuala cuid agaibh iomradh, agus gun do bhlaib sibh, air buntàta stòbtha. Tha am buntàta air a rùsgadh agus air a chur am poit le dòrlach math maoraich. An uair a bhios am buntàta bruich agus a theid an t-uisge a thaomadh dheth, tha e an sin air a phlocadh leis a' mhaorach 'na mheasg. Tha tràth dhe so fìor bhlasda, sòghair, riarachail.

A dh'uidheamachadh air son iasgach le maorach is i slat bheag as freagarraiche; meanglan caolas a' choille chaltainn a bhiodh againne. Bhiodh an diamlach mu throidh na b'fhaidhe na'n t-slat, le dubhan adaise, lom gun ite maghar. Is e bideag mhaoraich as iasgaire nan ite, co-dhiùbh thar carraig. Thubhairt bàrd air choir-eigin mu dheidhinn fheasgach nach robh soirbheachail san t-suiridh:—

Is math a' charraig iasgach
Air an deach thu 'm bliadhna,
Ach 's eagal leam nach b'fhiaich
Chuir thu 'm biadh air an dubhan dhi.

Mur biodh an t-uisge lom mun charraig rachamaid leis a' gheòla gu àite fasgach 'an caolas an eilein; leigeamaid sìos an acair—clach a bu chòir dhomh a radh!—a chumail toiseach a' bhàta 's a' ghaoith. Tha thu a' cagnadh a' mhaoraich 'na mhìrean beaga agus ga thilgeil bhuaite cho fada 's is urrainn thu. Cuiridh e iongnadh ort cho luath is a chruinnicheas an t-iasg agus cha bhì thu mar bha fear

roimhe a thubhairt nach bu toigh leis a bhith a' mealladh an èisg is an t-acras air a' chreutair! Is tu nach bì, ach a' tarraing a steach cho cruaidh theann 's is urrainn thu. Ged nach eil a' chudainn ach beag tha i blasta agus bidh poit, le deannag mhine innte, deas aig bean an tìghe a' feitheamh romhad.

Fhuair mi an sgeul beag so bho mhnai a bu mhath a b'aithe dhomh. An uair a bha i 'na mnaoi òig air a ceud thigheadas am botan beag an cois a' chladaich, agus an t-annlann gann, thogadh i poit bhuntàta air an teine, chuireadh i a dhà no trì làn dùirn de mhaorach bruich ann an craidhleig, ghilacadh i slat bheag, agus, air a h-uidheamachadh mar sin, bheireadh i oirre chun na carraig iasgach, Leac na Tàirnge, mar theireadh i fhéin. Thilgeadh i làn dhùirn de mhaorach air uachdar an uisge a chruinneachadh nan cudainn agus ann a tiota ghilacadh i de dh'iasg na dh'fhòghmadh dhi, is bhiodh i air a h-ais 'na botan mum biodh am buntàta bruich. Nach i bha dèanamh gnìomh na deagh bhean-tìghe, mar theireadh Donnchadh Bàn e, agus nach e dh'fhaodadh!

Tha an piocach (suidhean) pailte 'n Coire Bhreacain agus is cuimhne leam m'athair is aon de mo bhràithrean a bu shine na mise a dhol do'n Choire g'a iasgach. Ghabhadh iad an cothrom air an t-seòl-mhara agus an uair nach biodh an sruth freagarrach gu iasgach a dhèanamh chuireadh iad seachad an tràth gu comh-fhurtachail an Uaimh Bhreacain a ghabhail bidh is norra cadail. Bha iad dà oidhche air falbh bho'n dachaidh agus tha e 'na mo shùilean fhathast a bhith a' faicinn a' bhàta a' tighinn mun cuairt an Rudha agus gun ach mu thrì stràcan dhi an uachdar leis an luchd èisg a bha air a giùlan. Chaidh gach beag is mòr an sàs a ghlacadh an èisg, ach bha earail theann do'n òigridh iad a bhith cinnteach 's am balg-snàimh a sgrìobadh bho'n chnàimh. An déidh sin bha an t-iasg ri shailleadh, agus an uair a ghabhadh e ris an t-salann bhatar 'ga chruadhachadh, mar theireadh iad, air na creagan. Cha robh dìth annlann oirnn air a' Gheamhradh sin! Ach feumaidh mi innseadh gu robh na h-àinean air an gleidheadh gu cùramach agus air am bruich. Bha an t-ùilleadh air a chur gu iomadh feum ach gu sònraichte air son a' chrùisgein. “Crùisgean,” their thusa, a leughadair. “A bheil cuimhne agadsa air a' chrùisgean dubh?” Is ann agam a tha. Is e bhiodh againn anns a' bhàthach, seadh, agus a dhol feadh an tìghe.

B'e turus na Ban-Rìgh do Loch an Tairbeart an Diùra a chuir 'na mo cuimhne nach d'ain-

mich mi eisir a measg nan sligean a thug mi dhuibh uair roimhe. Chan eil iad ri fhaighinn anns a' chladach a bha air m'aire an uair sin ach tha iad pailte an Loch an Tairbeart, a tha mu cheithir mìle bho'n t-seann dachaidh. Aig am na seilge, an uair a thigeadh an Sasannach mòr is làn tighe de dh'aoighean is de shearbh-antann leis, bhiodh m'athair a' dol a h-uile ceum gu Loch an Tairbeart a dh'fhaighinn eisearan dhaibh.

Tha an treas clò-bhuiladh de leabhar agam a sgrìobhadh air tùs sè fichead bliadhna air ais. Bha ùghdar an leabhair so iomraiteach mar shealgair, mar fhear eachdraidh is mar sgrìobhaiche. Bha miadh air an leabhar mar mheasas sibh fear a bha an dlùth chompanas ri dithis cho ainmeil ri *Sir Walter Scott* agus *Sir Edwin Landseer*. Tha an t-ùghdar ag innseadh dhuinn an uair a reic uachdaran Ile eilean Dhiùra, b'e sin sinn-seanair an fhir a b'aithne dhàsan, gun do chuir e mar ghabhail air an uachdaran ùr leth-dusan damh fèidh, an làn chulaidh, agus deich mìle eisir gach bliadhna. Nan robh neach ann a dh'innseadh do'n Bhan-Rìgh mu na h-eisearan so is dòcha gu robh i air Ruairidh an Fhaingmhoir a chur g'an iasgach. Dhèanadh sin eisirean Dhiùra ainmeil!

Tha sligean eile is fhìach ainmeachadh, ged nach biodh ach an t-ainm a tha orra. Is e claban-dubha a chanas sinne riu, ach is e claban-dubaidh a tha am Foirbeiseach ag ràdh 'na leabhar. Tha iad ri fhaighinn againne an abhainn Lusa mu mhìle os cionn na mara. Tha iad air cumadh feusgain ach mòran nas motha agus an t-slige dorcha-dhonn an dath. Bu tric a thog mi iad as an abhainn is a dh'fhosgail mi iad le mo sgithinn, ach cha do smaointich mi riamh gum faodadh neamhnaid a bhith 'nam broinn! Tha mòran 'gan iasgach aig bun abhainn Tatha aig Peairt an dhùil ri neamhnaidean fhaighinn, ach chan eil sgeul agam co-dhiubh tha iad soirbheachail no nach eil. Chan eil neamhnaid nan clà-ban-dubha idir cho luachmhor ri neamhnaid nan eisirean a gheibhear air cladaichean is an cuantan na h-àirde 'n Ear, an Astralia agus an California.

NIALL.

Is buidhe le amadan imrich.

* * * *

Cuir do mhuinghinn san talamh, cha d'fhàg e falamh a riamh thu.

Luinneag MhicLeoid

THE SONG FOR THE CHIEF OF THE
MACLEODS

This poem was written by Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh or Mary Macleod who lived in the 17th Century.

Sitting her on this hillock
perplexed and despondent
looking over at Ile
this wonder confounds me;
never once did I think that
ill-fortune would send me
once cherished now banished
to see Jura from Sgarbaidh.

Once cherished now banished
to see Jura from Sgarbaidh;
farewell to that land
in the shade of the mountains,
to Sir Norman whose vigour
won him power in an army
no region gainsaying
that his valour deserved it.

No region gainsaying
that your valour deserved it;
your wit and your wisdom,
your force and your fervour,
your courage, endurance,
your form and your feature,
descent and high breeding
from a line that's unswerving.

Descent and high breeding
from a line that's unswerving.
Pure royal Norse blood is
the source of your story.
Your kinship's well known to
each great Scottish earldom,
while the nobles of Ireland
could never disown you.

While the nobles of Ireland
could never disown you,
son of a father
most worthy and noble.
None wiser than he was
in shire or in county
in wartime or peacetime
or in giving of bounty.

In wartime or peacetime
or in giving of bounty.
No wonder his son
should be spirited; proudly
open and noble
in kindness abounding.
Bannered Roderick, how many
of your children are shrouded!

Bannered Roderick, how many
of your children are shrouded!
Of the one who is living
(though from him I am parted)
clean-limbed and most handsome
of feature unclouded;
let me never hear death-tale
most dear and best-hearted.
(to be continued.)

IAIN C. SMITH.

The Mod and the Ceilidh

The Ceilidhs at the Mod are tending to become restricted. At Glasgow, even, a city of Highland people, it was hard to find a ceilidh on Friday night. The ballroom that held an excellent ceilidh on Thursday was given over to dancing the next evening. To many the ceilidhs are equal to or outclass the competitions. They must not be curtailed.

Municipal supervision and present-day hotel administration do not favour the ceilidh. Broadcasting and the presence of V.I.P.'s. lead to restriction of numbers, and, so far ceilidhs have just arisen where wanted. They are not legislated for or mentioned in programmes. They are too far important a feature of all Mods to be allowed to dwindle.

What I think the average Mod-goer would like is a big hall or two smaller halls given over to the ceilidh which could then go on until the early morning. The only essential feature is a piano. Chairs and benches can be dispensed with; the floor is good enough to sit on. Drink and attendants are not wanted, nor are light refreshments required. A small charge would have to be made for admission. The time has come to put the ceilidh on the Mod programme as the average hotel in the Mod town does not favour the old type of ceilidh. Oban, perhaps, does. At the last Mod there, there were as many people about on the streets and in hotel lounges at 3 a.m. as at 3 p.m.

I hope Mod organisers will consider the welfare of the Ceilidh.

M.B.H.R., Glenborrodale.

National Mod—Dundee, 1959

ENTRIES

	Juniors	Seniors
Literary	14	22
Oral	98	71
Solo and Duet	111	408
Choral	16	76
Instrumental (Pianoforte and Violin)	10	15
Clarsach	—	15
Art and Industry	11	20
	260	627
Total Entries—887		

The Folklore Element in "Carmina Gadelica"

By F. G. THOMPSON.

I

(Author's Note:—Alexander Carmichael was born in Lismore in 1832, and was buried there in 1912. In his work as an Inland Revenue official, he travelled the Highlands and Islands extensively. During his lifetime, he collected the material which constitutes the existing five volumes of the collection *Carmina Gadelica*. But for his keen interest and enthusiasm for Gaelic lore—and, not least, his personal friendships with the Gaelic people—much of the material he collected would have been lost for ever.)

MUCH of the material in *Carmina Gadelica* pertains to religion. To deal therefore with the folklore element in the collection, it might appear that this material could be dismissed as irrelevant to the title of this article. However, this cannot be done so easily. As Carmichael himself says, "The people were sympathetic and synthetic, unable to see and careless to know where secular began and religious ended—an admirable union of elements in life for those who have lived it so truly and intensely as the Celtic races have done . . ."

Thus, in dealing with the folklore content of the Collection, it becomes necessary to try to make some sort of separation between that which appears to be wholly religious material and that which is obviously folklore. This, however, is easier said than done. Religion itself has rites, institutions and festivals which cannot be ascribed to an origin said to be wholly Christian, and which contains inherent folklore elements.

Considering the days of early Christianity, it was inevitable that, during the transition from a pagan religion to Christianity, a certain amount of the influence exerted over the early Celtic peoples by the former religion would be adopted, adapted and incorporated into the "new" religion. This is especially so where the bringers of the Gospel were themselves not too sure where pagan ended and Christianity began. So it was that a blending and re-clothing of pagan elements took place; this has survived in the form which is largely found in *Carmina Gadelica* and other collections of a similar nature.

One has only to regard the statements of authoritative Roman Catholic writers who admit that the early Christians adapted and converted to their own use the relics, festivals, holy days, and institutions of the pagan religions to which they had adhered prior to their conversion. Indeed, Protestants can look to their own beliefs to find elements of this conversion also.

In the Christian religion, miraculous happenings bear strong likeness to pagan "magic". Thus, in the process of the introduction of

Christianity to pagan peoples it was necessary for the early missionaries to "be as wary as serpents". About the year 600 A.D., a letter from Pope Gregory to Abbot Mellitus for St. Augustine cautions against the destruction of heathen idols and temples in order to quicken interest and ensure the goodwill of those who were soon to be converted to the "new" religion. Pope Gregory also exhorts him to convert some of the pagan customs to the "true" faith. Thus there was a reconciliation of pagan custom with Christian practice by the sanctification of the pagan element.

When we consider Gaelic lore, we must always bear in mind that with a people insular to a large degree and isolated from external influences of certain cultural developments, it would be natural to expect traces of the blending of pagan and Christian through the centuries with little or no change.

As a possible example we may quote the instance of St. Bride or Bridget, who also figures in the religio-mythology of Ireland. (This is only one parallel of material in *Carmina Gadelica* and Irish literature.) Tradition gives the origin of Bride as being the aid-woman at the birth of Christ. She is known variously as the 'aid-woman of Mary', 'foster-mother of Christ', "the god-mother of the Son of God".

However, a pre-Christian origin is attributed to Bride. This origin pre-dates by thousands of years the birth of Christ: to Astarte, the goddess of Fertility, after whom the pagan festival of Easter is dedicated. Qualities attributed to Bride are certainly similar to those ascribed to Astarte and goddesses of a similar nature. In Celtic mythology, Bride is named as a daughter of the *Dagda* or the 'good god'. She was originally the goddess of Fire, Hearth and Poetry. Her Christian attributes all attest her pagan origin. She is the Gaelic equivalent of Minerva, but is also found as Brigantia, tutelary Goddess of the Brigantes, a northern British tribe.

This is only one of the many instances which present a problem of trying to discover a dividing line between secular folklore religion, and what rightly belongs to mythology. The answer, perhaps not surprisingly, seems to indicate that all are so irrevocably cleaved one with another that an attempt at division may prove to be futile.

There is also another related problem: Is an invocation to the moon an act of pagan lunar worship, or the expression of heart-felt thanks and praise to God for the provision of a stellar body which exerted so much influence for good in the life of the Celt—tides, fishing, sowing seed, etc.?

In reading through *Carmina Gadelica* it is

always necessary to be aware of the overpowering influence which nature and natural events had on such an insular people as were those who provided Carmichael with his material.

With this in mind, we must regard blessings and expressions of a similar nature, uttered before sowing, reaping, fishing, hunting, travelling, etc., as invoking the good influences of the Deity on the project at hand. The blessing of God—or associated religious bodies, depending upon the persuasion of the suppliant—was always regarded as being essential to the success of the particular venture and the subsequent well-being of the folk concerned.

One thing is most clear to one reading through Carmichael's material: the Gael was one who felt the influence of God very strongly indeed. His was not the religion of the printed page and the preacher's voice. It was, to him, something real, alive, and pervaded his whole life and work from childbirth to death. This is an aspect of the Gael which never seems to break through the word-pictures contained in the majority of books written by "observers". Carmichael was a privileged man. He had knocked on the door of the inner Gael and was allowed entry—and was not sent away empty-handed. His collection bears witness to that.

The subject of the title of this article is too extensive to be dealt with comprehensively through the medium of articles. Thus, the subject will be general only. The picture will be, of necessity, incomplete, but enough should be apparent to stimulate interest in a collection that has been largely neglected.

In order to deal with the subject it has been found necessary to classify items according to their contents. This classification is, of course, arbitrary; most of the items belong to more than one category.

Under the general heading of "Charms", we include those items associated with healing, protection, love and omens. In this category, the religious element is fused with those of lore and superstitious beliefs. Various deities are invoked to effect cures for disorders. There seems to be little distinction between the healing powers of individual deities, whether of biblical origin, Celtic (such as Columba and associated saints), or those of pre-Christian origin like Bride and Michael.

Many of the incantations uttered while a cure was being effected are associated with similar utterances supposed to have been made during instances in the lives of Christ, Mary, Bride and Columba. Typical are some of the charms for the healing of "rose", where the three persons of the Trinity are invoked. One item deals with a particular instance of Christ healing this disease. There are also charms uttered which make no reference to any deity.

Columba is often mentioned in connection with the healing of "Rose." The reference in these instances is to an event in the life of Columba when he cured an udder disease of a cow owned by a poor woman. This popular instance is also found in Irish literature associated with him. There is also an interesting item referring to Fionn curing a breast disorder in his sister.

Charms for toothache invariably invoke St. Bride. The healing powers of the waters of "toothache" wells are mentioned. To be effective, the waters must be drunk, after fasting, in three draughts, each draught being drunk in the name of the Trinity.

Other charms are for ills such as jaundice, bursting veins and sprains, in which Columba, Christ, Bride and Mary are variously called upon to relieve the disorder. These also contain references to supposed instances of Christ's healing these disorders during his sojourn on earth.

The number "9" has always been a magical number of the Celts. In *The Counting of the Syle* (Vol. II) there is a reference to this number. To digress slightly, the "good" numbers of the Bible are quite often referred to. "Three" is used in association with a trinity, although not always the Godhead. Five also occurs, but is not so common as the sacred numbers "3", "7", and "9".

It is of value to mention that in most cases the healing of human disorders is achieved, not by sorcery, but by a kind of faith-healing, the ill person being subjected to certain delusions. Cures are successful in most cases.

The magical healing properties of plants figure a lot in the curing of disorders. The figwort, especially, has attributed to it various healing and medicinal powers. It also had the power to ensure increase in produce, especially milk. For the plant to be effective, the incantations were said while it was being picked at the flow of the tide.

In the *Incantation of the Red Water* the Trinity is invoked and is coupled with a reference to the "nine wells of Mac-Lir". "Lir", a sea-god, or "Lear", figures in Celtic and British Mythology.

In Volume I there is a poem composed by a Harris woman who was cured of leprosy. The poem, however, is said to be an expression of gratitude rather than it having been used as a charm. The method of self-healing used by the woman has a relationship with the "Scallop", the badge of pilgrims.

The "Serpent's stone" is a charm with powers of healing attributed to it. It is formed by a serpent going round and round a clump of heather and emitting a froth which goes hard eventually. It is a very light substance, about

the size of a small egg and is dark-grey in colour.

It will be of interest to mention here that a very common find amongst the ruins of ancient dwellings is small circular stones or bones. They were used to spin wool into thread. However, the curious thing about these objects is that they were called "snake-stones", and were used to cure ills.

In Lewis an old woman used to effect cures of swelling of the joints of sheep and cows. The whorls were immersed in a bowl of water and a rune said over them. The water was then used to wash the affected part. Any remaining water was put into a bottle and given to the owner of the animal who was then instructed to bathe the affected part of the animal for several days. As a rule, the animal recovered from its malady.

The origin of these "snake stones" was given as having been formed by a female snake twisting itself into a circle. Twenty male snakes then passed through and through the loop until they had left sufficient slimy mucus from their bodies to form the whorl, which was then discarded and left to harden in the sun.

The number "3" figures largely in the *Charm of the Threads* (Vol. III), an incantation said to a sick animal. This entails the formation of a 3-ply cord of three colours, the number three being symbolic of the Trinity. The colours are black (symbolic of the condemnation of God), red (symbolic of the crucifixion of Christ), and white (symbolic of the purification of the Spirit).

The cord is applied three times round the tail of the affected animal and tied in a three-fold loop. The cord is then spat upon three times (in the name of God, Son and Holy Spirit). That belief in this type of cure exists in certain parts of the Isles today is mentioned in an incident quoted in the *Journal of the Folklore Society*, Vol LXVIII. A 3-ply cord, used as a charm, also figures in Shetland cures.

To effect a cure for sprains, a variation of the charm of the threads is used. This time, the plant, St. John's wort, is used in conjunction with a cord of three threads of lint, the lint being used because of its sacred associations with Christ. The cord was divided into three equal lengths and three knots made (one each in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit).

It should be noted that all these "cures" relied solely on God's healing power (or that of an associated deity) and not on the performer's own skill.

An interesting cure for warts is given in which the magic number "9" is mentioned. In this case, nine joints of corn are put in a bag and buried. As the joints decayed in the

earth, so the warts decayed also. The Trinity was invoked to assist in the cure.

These are only some of the many instances of cures for healing being effected with the help of deities. They have been mentioned because of their obvious connection with the folklore of the Gael, no attempt being made in these articles to "read into" the items such inherent influences as are not apparent at a first reading.

Charms are used extensively for protection against evil. Plants figure largely in this protection, and especially the figwort, and pearlwort or *mothan*. Placed over the lintel, the latter plant prevented the fairies or *sluagh* (the fairy hosts) from entering the house. The plant was also used to concoct a love-philtre. A girl, when she kissed a man with a piece of the "mothan" in her mouth, was sure of securing his love for her for ever. It was also used to prevent the "toradh" or substance of milk, butter, cheese, etc., from being spirited away. To strengthen its magical properties, it was used with iron, which metal was abhorred by the fairies.

Incantations were said to repel the influence of the evil eye, belief in which still exists. One method of repelling the influence was to go to a boundary stream, over which the living and dead had passed, and take a little of the water in the name of the Trinity. The water would then be sprinkled over the back of the animal affected by the evil eye, again in the name of the Trinity. Any remaining water was to be poured on a fixed stone or rock.

Charms for protection are associated with Bride and Michael, one charm being that which Bride is supposed to have put about her Foster-son Christ.

Another form of protection was to describe a circle about one's body, the encompassing of any divine body being invoked according to the faith of the suppliant.

Charms in the forms of phylacteries were often used to guard against drowning at sea, disaster on land, and against the harmful effects of the evil eye.

(To be continued)

Continued from previous page.

Comunn na h-Oigridh Committee reported that the numbers of native speakers and learners expected to attend the camps in July were most encouraging. The necessary arrangements for these camps are well in hand.

It was agreed to ask the Director of Education for Ross-shire to grant permission to Comunn na h-Oigridh members to follow an agreed programme of work for $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour per week during school hours. Mr. Mackay, Inverness, reported on recent visits by the Convener and himself to Uist and Barra.

The meeting was closed with a generous vote of thanks to the chairman.

Executive Council

The Extraordinary Meeting of the Executive Council was held in the Office on Saturday, 27th June. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Rev. T. M. Murchison, presided.

Minutes of the previous Ordinary Meeting were approved and also the Minute of the Advisory Committee.

A Minute of the Financial Committee noted with satisfaction the substantial surplus on the year's working, resulting largely from the financial success of the Glasgow Mod. The draft Balance Sheet of Income and Expenditure was submitted by the Treasurer. The suggestion that the Officials and Staff should make suitable arrangements to enable each member to have a free Saturday once or twice a month met with approval, as also did the proposed increases in salaries, amounting to a total of £120 a year.

Minutes of the Publication Committee reported on the progress made with the Illustrated School Readers, and referred to the desire of Directors of Education in Gaelic Speaking counties to review the whole series before ordering bulk supplies. The new edition of *Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig* is expected to be available for next session. The proposal to publish a Gaelic periodical for children was remitted to a joint meeting of the Publication, Propaganda and Comunn na h-Oigridh Committees for detailed consideration. The desirability of publishing a Gaelic play by Roderick Mackinnon, and the possibility of producing Gaelic translations of *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* were also discussed. It was suggested that a booklet of Nursery Rhymes, either original Gaelic Rhymes or translation from English, would be desirable for school use. The Editor of *An Gaidheal* was asked to make inquiries as to possible sources.

In the Minute of the Propaganda Committee reference was made to the formation of new Branches in Blair Atholl and Lochearnhead, and it was noted that arrangements were being made to form Branches in Pitlochry and Larbert. Mrs. Crawford has been teaching individuals and choirs in Ardnamurchan, but it has been found impossible to find a teacher for Sutherland. Reports were submitted by the Northern Area Propaganda Committee indicating activities last session in Forres, Gairloch, Inverasdale and Aulbea, and noting the resuscitation of Branches in Elgin, Portree and Fort William. It was felt that efforts should be made next session to form Branches in Argyllshire, particularly in Tarbert, Gigha Dalmally, and Rothesay.

The Minute of the Mod and Music Committee listed the accompanists, the instrumental adjudicators, and the Concert Chairmen for the Dundee Mod, and noted that Rev. Donald Morrison would conduct the Gaelic service there. The following new arrangements for next year's Mod are now ready:—

Caol Muile (Lovat and Tullibardine), by Dr. H. Wiseman.
Smeòrach Chlann Dòmhnail (Male Voices), by Dr. S. Northcote.
An Gille Guanach (Margaret Duncan), by Mr. K. Finlay.

Delegates from An Comunn to the Eisteddfod and the Oireachtas have been appointed.

The Convener, Mr. Bannerman, gave an account of the negotiations for T.V. coverage of this year's Mod. He was not satisfied with the response, so far, and the sub-committee concerned were asked to pursue the matter at the highest level. Appreciation was recorded of the decision by the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies to provide in addition to a gold medal money awards of £3 and £2 for 2nd and 3rd prizes.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Air an Airigh

Tha fios agaibh dé tha anns an àirigh. Tigh beag samhraidh air a' mhòintich far am bi na caileagan—agus na mnathan cuideachd—a' cùilach nam bó. Bithidh iad an sud air son grunnan math sheachdainean agus an sin thig iad chun a' bhaile.

Cha d'fhuair duine riamh àite air son e fhéin a chluich cho math ris a' mhòintich. Ma tha galar 'nad chré, ma tha eucail air do shiubhal, rach a balaich bheaga dèanamh. Anns a' mhadainn dh'éirich iad gu math moch, dh'ith iad mìr beag as an làimh agus dh'fhalbh iad gu iasgach nam bradan. Nach cuala sibh an seanfhacal "anmoch gu loch agus moch gu abhainn"? Is math a bha fios aig na fir air, agus mar sin rinn iad air an abhainn.

Bha sinn cuairt, ma tà air an àirigh, agus bha sinn a' gabhail beachd air an obair a bha na balaich bheaga dèanamh. Anns a' mhadainn dh'éirich iad gu math moch, dh'ith iad mìr beag as an làimh agus dh'fhalbh iad gu iasgach nam bradan. Nach cuala sibh an seanfhacal "anmoch gu loch agus moch gu abhainn"? Is math a bha fios aig na fir air, agus mar sin rinn iad air an abhainn.

Bha lion aca air a chur tarsainn innte an oidhche roimhe sin agus an uair a ràinig iad sios thog iad gu cùramach e agus tharraing iad gu tìr e.

Chunnaic iad gu robh iasg no dhà anns an lion agus chuir sin Calum 'na chabhaig.

"Air do shocair, a mhic do mhàthar," ars Iain, "mus cail thu an t-iasg."

Mach a ghabh Calum an coinneamh an lin agus leis an rolais thuit e anns an uisge.

"Tha bradan math mór ann a nis," ars Iain is e gàireachdainn ris fhéin a' faicinn a bhràthar a' plumadh anns an abhainn.

Co-dhiùbh, chrìochnaich iad an t-iasgach aig an am sin agus dh'fhalbh iad dhachaidh. Thòisicheadh air a' bhìadh maidne ullachadh, agus is ann an sin a bha am biadh fallain glan; bradan ùr, ìm ùr, gruth, bainne blàth. Nach b'e sin am biadh air son sean is òg?

A bheil iongnadh sam bith ged a bha na Gaidheil o shean 'nan daoine foghainnteach calma? Chuir uisge glan agus fàileadh nam beann, bainne blàth agus gruth na h-àirigh smior 'nan cràimh agus féith air an gàirdean.

Ach gu ar seanachas. Troimh theas an latha laigh an crodh sios air a' gheàrraidh agus bha cothrom aig na balaich an sin iad fhéin a chluich mar a b'fhearr a dh'fhaodadh iad.

Chaidh iad sios gu loch far an robh tràigh mhór ghainmhich. Chuir iad dhiùbh, agus ghabh iad a mach a shnàmh.

At The Shieling

You know what the shieling is—a small summer house on the moor where lassies—and women too—herd the cattle. They are there for several weeks, and then they return home.

No one ever found as good a place to play in as the moor. If there is a disease in your body, if you have any infirmity, go to the moor, pitch your tent at the shieling, feed on the fragrance of the heather, drink the pure rays of the sun, and I guarantee that you will leap like a deer, run like a hare, and in a short time you will go home with strength and marrow in your bones.

We paid a visit to the shieling and we observed what the small boys were doing. They rose early in the morning, they ate a small piece in their hands, and set off to fish for salmon. Have you not heard the proverb, "late to a loch and early to a river"? The lads knew it well, and so they made for the river.

They had set a net across it the night before, and when they arrived they lifted it carefully and hauled it ashore.

They saw that there were one or two fishes in the net, and that made Calum speed things up.

"Take it easy, son of your mother," said John, "lest you lose the fish."

Calum waded towards the net, and in his haste he fell into the water.

"There is a good-sized salmon in the net now," said John, smiling to himself as he saw his brother plunging about in the river.

Anyway they finished fishing for the time being and they returned home. Preparations for the morning meal were made—clean health-giving food: fresh salmon, fresh butter, curds, and warm milk. What food for old and young!

Is there wonder that Gaels of old were valourous and strong? The clean water and fragrance of the mountains, the warm milk and curds of the shieling created marrow in their bones and muscle in their arms.

But to return to our tale. During the heat of the day the cows lay down on the pasture, and the boys had an opportunity then to play themselves as best they could.

They went down to a loch where there was an extensive white sand. They took off their clothes and started to swim.

AN CAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN LUNASDAL, 1959

Aireamh 8

CUAIRT ANNS NA H-EILEANAN

CHAN aithne dhomh dad as fheàrr air son sgiòis is cadal a' bhaile mhóir fhuadach na cuairt samhraidh anns na h-Eileanan, agus mar as fhaide an iar iad is ann as motha a lorgar de shaorsa is de fhois. Gun teagamh ruigidh an geamhradh cuid aca an teis-meadhan an t-samhraidh, ach chan eil sin gu deifir sam bith oir ged a dh'fhaodas an geamhradh a bhith a muigh tha samhradh geal, grianach a stigh ann an cridheachan an luchd-àitich, agus is e sin as fhaide air am bi cuimhne againn. Bheirinn a' chomhairle air neach sam bith nach eil cinnteach c'àite am biodh e feumail dha aghaidh a thoirt air son ùrachadh intinne agus neart bodhaige fhaotainn dèanamh dìreach air na h-Eileanan-an-Iar gun iomagain mu'n latha am màireach, gun cheist c'àite an cuir e an oidhche seachad, agus gun eagal gun caill e a chuid no a bheatha. Tha saorsa ann an sud; tha carranas is coibhneas gun mhaoidheadh ann; tha càirdeas, is aigheachd, is furan cinnteach; agus ma dh'ionndrainnear goireasan a' bhaile mhóir ann gheibhear sochairan is beannachdan eile gun sreadh gun phàidheadh.

Chan eil daoine cho mòr fo chuibhrichean na h-ùine 's a tha iad gu bitheanta air a' Ghall-dachd. Mur crìochnaichear na tha r' a dhèanamh sa' mhàdinn tha feasgar a' tighinn anns am faodar obair a chur air adhart, agus mur a bi i ullamh an diugh thig am màireach ma dh'fheithear ris.

Anns na bailtean beaga air an dùthaich tha gach fear 'na mhaighstir air fhéin. Faodaidh e a dhòl far an togair e, nuair a thogras e fhéin, agus faodaidh e tòiseachadh no sgur mar is math leis gun a chomhairle chur ri neach eile, agus gun a bhith an eisimeil creutair beò.

Chan eil an teagamh as lugha nach eil an t-saorsa sin 'ga fhàgail féin-earbsach agus duineil, geur-mhothachail air na tha tachairt m'a thimcheall, agus earbsach, creidmheach anns an fhreasdail air a bheil e an crochadh.

Nuair a ràinig mi Beàrnaraidh Uige far an robh e 'nam shealladh seachdain mhòr a chur seachad an deireadh an Oig-Mhìos a chaidh, agus a dhìrich mi an creagan air an robh an tigh far an robh aigheachd a' feitheamh orm, bhuail a' ghaoth mi mar nach biodh sùil aice ri coigreach. Ged a spion i leatha an ad bhàrr mo cheann cha robh aobhar gearain agam 's nach do dh'fhalbh i leam do'n Chuan a Siar a bha cho faisg! Ach chaill mi cuimhne air fead na gaoithe ann an comunn chàirdean air beulaibh craos de'n chaoran dubh. Bha mi duilich nach robh e an comas Iain Mhóir a bhith comhla rium. 'S esan a bha Clann an Fhraoich ag iarraidh. Anns gach clachan air na thadhair mi anns an eilean, 's e chiad cheist, chan e "Cò as a thug sibh a' choiseachd" ach "C'ait a bheil e fhéin."

Ma tha creagan loma, corach gun àireamh air feadh Bheàrnaraidh, agus lochan iasgaich an cois gach firich, chan eil e gun bhìadh bheathaichean oir chan eil gainne air Ìm, is gruth is uachdar fad mìosan an t-samhraidh. Tha an sluagh ceangailte ris an àite agus 's e an éiginn a chuireas air imrich iad. Tha an dualachas làidir, agus tha an grém air cainnt nan athraichean fhathast daingean, seasmhach.

Ach tha atharraichean a' gabhail àite, cuid diubh feumail, agus cuid nach iarraidh sinn. Tha dachaidhean seasgair, goireasach anns gach baile. On chuireadh an drochaid air a' chaolas ruigidh am feumalachd na dorsan aca air

chuibhleachan, agus tha cothrom siubhail aig an òigridh nach robh aca gus a bhith tadhal fad is farsaing. Tha mòran de'n talamh àitich bàn agus làraich bhriste far an robh teaghlachan sgoineil, làmhcharach uaireigin. Tha àireamh na cloinne dol an lughaid. A aon bhaile beag bha dhà dheug ar fhichead de chloinn a' dol do'n sgoil aon uair. An diugh chan eil aon leanabh fhéin a' dol innte, agus chan eil ach aon phàisid dà bhliadhna anns an àite. Far nach bi clann cha bhì inbhich. Mar a tha tachairt an eileanan eile tha tigh bho thigh a' dol fàs mar a tha na seann daoine dol dhachaidh. Tha seargadh anns na h-Eileanan, cò dhùibh an cuid aca, nach bi furasda a chosg.

Ged a dh'fhan an dàimh 's an càirdeas sguir an céilidh mar is cuimhne leinne. Chan eil an

tigh-céilidh tuilleadh 'na oil-thigh anns gach clachan mar a bha; cha chluinnear sùrd air seanachas, is deasbaireachd, is òrain aig mòr chuideachd mar a chleachd. Ach cha robh mise gu chéilidh, no gun chuideachd, agus cha robh dith còmhraidh no dith Gàidhlig oirn.

An dealbh a tha againn an so air Beàrnaraidh dh'fhaodamaid a tharraing air bailtean na Hearadh air na thadhail mi aig an am. Tha an sluagh dàmheil, càirdel, agus dileas do na seann subhailcean a bha comharrachadh nan daoine o'n tàinig iad. Ged a tha sochairan ùra a' tighinn tha an t-seann dòigh beatha a' caochladh. Tha an òigridh a' falbh an tòir air teachdan-an-tìr far am faighear e. Dh'aindeoin ceangal ris an dachaidh cha bhì duine beò air a' ghaoith. Far nach bi obair cha bhì fàs.

SGIALACHD A' CHNOGAIN

LE CAILEAN MACCOINNICH

AN cuala sibhse latha bha sud am bu mhiann le Fearghus òg mac Iarla na Tàrlainn dol a dh'iasgach? Agus cò a roghann 's a thaghadh de chompanaich ach a dhearbh fhìuthar-altruim fhéin, Eithne àlainn an fhuilt òr-bhuidhe. Cuirear gu sàl an long chaol dhubb liomtha nan seòl breaca badanach sìoda agus stùrur cùrsa air an oitir iasgaich, agus nam fhìad as i cha b' fhad 'ga ruigheachd. Ach cha bu luaithe a ràinig iad an t-àite na thug Eithne sùil mu'n cuairt 's a thuir i ri Fearghus, "Fòrsadh air do làimh a rinn an t-seòlaid cham cheacharra; 's i mo bharail gun do chaill thu an cùrsa." "An tà," ars esan, "mas math mo chuimhne tha sgeirean mara an sin nach fhaca mise san t-seòlaid so riamh roimhe. Ach m'fhacal-sa dhuit, Eithne, gur e so an cùrsa a steòrn m'athair dhòmhsa agus a sheanair dhàsan 's nach do rinn mi riamh mearachd innte."

"Nach fheàrr dhuinn dol air tìr air na sgeirean fiach dé ghné àite th'ann," ars ise; agus so mar a bha. Thugadh an long a steach gu cladach agus ghabh an dithis air tìr air na creagan àrda, dubha, guamach air nach robh luibh na pòr a' fàs ach feamainn chrean agus duileasg ruadh nan sgor. Bha faoileagan is sgaribh dubha a' sgrìachail feadh nan creag, agus ri bile nan tonn ròin mhóra a' chuain 'gan grianaireachd fhéin air na leacan. "Àite aonaranach gun sùrd gun togradh," ars Eithne, "'s mithich dhuinn a bhì falbh." Ach so cha robh Fearghus deònach a dhèanamh. "Ruigeamaid cùl an eilein," ars esan, agus so mar a bha. Ach bha an t-eilean na bu mhotha na shaoil iad. A' dìreadh 's a' cromadh chreag

agus sgor 's ann a thuit neul sgìos agus cadail orra agus shin an dithis iad fhéin air lic rèidh chòmhnaird. Thàinig suain throm a' chadaid air Eithne agus nuair a dhùisg i cha robh Fearghus ri taobh. A nis bha a' ghrian a' cromadh, neòil dhubha, dhorca na h-oidhche a' dìreadh san àird an ear. Ach luath 's 'ga robh dubhar an fheasgair a' teàrnadh bu luaithe na sin ceum Eithne thairis air creagan is garbhlach 's i cur a h-aghaidh air cladach.

Bha i teannadh air an àite anns an d' fhàg iad an long nuair a mhothaich i lochan uaine sàil a measg nan creag agus mairdean cho àlainn 's a chunnaic sùil 'na suidhe air staca feamann am meadhon an lochain. Chuir Eithne fàilt oirre am briathran fiosnaiche, fosnaiche fìor eòlach 's fhreagair an t-éile am briathran ceudna 's mur, a b'iad a b'fheàrr cha b'iad idir bu mhiosa. "Cò thu is cò as duit san àite aonaranach, uamhalta so?" ars Eithne. "An tà," ars a' mhaighdean, "'is mise nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma 's mi fo gheasaibh 's fo ghlasaibh gus an toir òganach o fhearann tioram nam fear beò dhomh a ghaol 's a chridhe." Thuig Eithne gu robh a companach aice fo gheasaibh an Tìr fo Thuinn. "Cìod i d' éirig a nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma," ars ise. "Fuil is feòil, cridhe is gaol fir 's a bheil beatha is blàths nam fear beò," ars an t-éile, 's chaidh i a sealladh an doimhne an lochain. Thill Eithne chun na luinge 's i trom, tùrsach oir 's fhada an chuala i nach robh tilleadh ann do'n fheadhainn a thuiteadh an glacaibh teaghlach a' chuain.

Thog i na siùil is chuir i aghaidh na luinge air an tìr, ach nam bu luath a tighinn bu

mháirnealach a tillleadh. Nuair a ràinig i cala ghabh i suas gun dail gu tigh mòr, rìomhach Iarla na Tàrlainn 's innshear dha sgial a' bhròin 's a' mhulaid. "Eithne an fhuilid òir," ars esan, "mas àillidh do lios is duibhe na'n oidhche gheamhraidh gun reult gun ghealaich do chridhe; 's math a thigeadh dhuit droch ghniomh a dhéanamh agus is math a ghabhadh tu fhéin do leisgenl."

"Mo mhac-sa air ais agam mu'n téid a' ghrian do'n mhuir mu'n am so am màireach neo binn do bhàis ortsa." Nach do shaoil leis gur i Eithne a chuir a mac, Fearghus òg, fo gheasaibh aig meud a gaoil dha.

Cha robh air ach gun do chuireadh Eithne a mach air doras an tìghe le garbh rabhadh is earal gun i thilleadh as aonais Fhearghuis. Ach co dhùibh sgiobaich i a ceum agus rinn i dìreach air tìghe a muime altruim far an do ghabhadh roimpe le bàidh is carantas. "Cìod i sgeul do bhròin is mathair-aobhair do thùrsa Eithne?," ars a muime. Dh'innis Eithne mar a thachair 's na deòir a' sìleadh o a sùilean. "O ho," ars an t-éile, "cha bhì teaghlach a' chuain gun an cuid a thagraidh, ach gheasaibh do mhuime agadsa agus Fearghus òg air ais slàn fallain ma nì thu mar a dh'iarras mise ort." "Nì mise sin, a mhuime," ars Eithne, "'s an tuilleadh mas éiginn e." "An tà," ars an t-éile, "gabhadh tu chun a' chladaich aig cridhe a' mhuir-tràigh madainn a' màireach agus gheibh thu an sin ri bile na tuinne crogan mòr, sgorach 's e uaine air dhàth an t-sàil. Càirdh tu ri d' chluais e agus chluinn thu ann dithis bhan ri geur chònnspaid. Eisd gu faicilleach, fàth, fiata ris na chluinn thu is m' fhacal-sa dhuit gu faigh thu rothas air mac òg Iarla na Tàrlainn. Nì thu dìreach air an àite a dh'ainmicheas na mnathan 's ge b'e teanntach na cruaidh fhortan a thig ad rathad cuimhnich air gheasaibh do mhuime 's bìdh mise agad ge b'ann air sop connlach neo slìge-bhàirnich a dhéanainn an turus-cuain."

So mar a bha. Bha Eithne air an tràigh aig camhanaich an latha 's aig cridhe a' mhuir tràigh. Fhuair i an crogan mar a thuir a muime agus nuair a chàirich i ri cluais e gu dé a chluinneadh i ach dithis bhan 's iad gu dìon a' còmhdach. "Mise a lorg e," ars a' chiad té, "agus mo chòir-sa a thoiseach air do chòir-sa." Dh'aithnich Eithne guth na maighdinn a chunnaic i sa' lochan uaine sàil air na sgeirean. "An tà," ars an t-éile, "tha chòir mar a chumar i a nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma, agus mo chuid-sa a bhith saor o gheasaibh cho dlìgheach riut féin." "Mo chuid-sa o m'athair, an Eilean nan Gillefionn, agus is an-dlìgheach dhuit-sa a bhith stìgh air mo chrìochan," fhreagair nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma gu bras, borb, buaireasach.

Cha do dh'éisid Eithne ris an ath fhacal 's mun d'éirich grian 's mun do thill làn bha sròin na luinge aice ri cuan 's a cùrsa dìreach air Eilean nan Gillefionn. Ruigear an t-eilean agus gabhar suas thairis air creagan is garbh-lach, sgoran is sgrìodain gu fìor mhullach na staca. Agus gu dé chitheadh Eithne an sin ach an dithis bhan agus iad ri cruaidh ghealach agus coltas buaidh a bhith aig nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma. "Do gheasaibh ort féin, a mhaighdean dubh, mhi-shealbhach," ars Eithne agus i togail a' chrogain. Chaidh casg obann air a' chòmhraig agus mus robh an ath fhacal ann gu dé bh'aig Eithne ach dà ròn ghlas 'gan aonragaich fhéin air na leacan. "Mo chall déanta," ars ise, "'s mi nise gun chomas mo chòir fhéin a thagraidh. Thug an dà ròn an aghaidh air a' chladach.

"A mhuime," ghlaodh Eithne, "gléidh do ghealladh 's an cùmhnant ged a b'ann air sop connlach no an slìge bhàirnich a dhéanadh tu an turus-cuain," 's cha luaithe thuir na thàinig neul dorch air gréin is fuara froise o'n iar, agus sud a steach orra a muime 's i marcachd nan tonn air slìge bhàirnich. Cha luaithe a chàraich i cas air cladach na ghabh i dìreach air an dà ròn is bhuaill i buille orra mu'n druim le a slacan draoidheachd. An làrach nam bonn bha an dithis bhan 'nan cruth fhéin air beulaibh Eithne.

"Mo gheasaibh oirbh," ars a muime, "nach atharraich sibh cruth no cumadh 's nach till sibh gu Talla nam Fear Gorma an dèanar ceartas eadar sibh fhéin agus mo dhalta," agus le sin chaidh i as an sealladh ann an neul dhubbh agus fuara froise. Rug Eithne air gruag cinn na ciad té agus thug i an spionnadh beag, aotrom, laghach, soilleir aise. Le smuais a gairdein nach ann a thug i an ceann aice as an amhaich 's an amhach as na riambaichean agus an aon ghaoisdean a bu lugha de ghruag a cinn cha do bhrìst. Thilg i an ceann gu madaidhean nan creag agus a' chlosach gu biasdan snàgach a' chuain.

Rug i an so air ghruaig air an t-éile agus or' ise "Am bàs os do chionn a nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma mur tog do gheasaibh bhàrr mac Iarla na Tàrlainn." "Is beag an éirig e seach mo bheatha," ors' an t-éile, "ach thoir thusa dhòmhsa an crogan uaine sin a thagad fo bhréid na h-éarraidh." "O hó," ors' Eithne, "'s e tha sin ach sgialachd eile," agus thug i an stupadh beag laghach air gruag na maighdinn. "Od, od," ars ise, "tha mi air mo ghoirt-eachadh. Tog dhìom do gheasaibh agus togaidh mise mo gheasaibh féin bhàrr mac Iarla na Tàrlainn." "A bhanachaid chòir," ors' Eithne, "chan ann aig teaghlach a' chuain a bha an t-ainm an facal 's an cùmhnant a

ghleidheadh. Ach tog thusa do gheasaibh agus m'fhacal-sa dhuit gum bi an crogan is cead do shiubhail agad gun dàil." Agus leig i as a gréim air gruag nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma. Ann an so 's ann a mhothaich Eithne gu robh an t-eilean a' sìor shùghadh is tonnan a' chuain a' sìor dhìreadh ri na cladaichean. Rinn an t-éile lasgan gàire agus ors' ise, "Mas geasaibh do mhuime gun mise cruth na cumadh na dealbh atharrachadh na cothrom tillidh gu Talla nam Fear Gorma a bhith agam cha gheasaibh iad a bhacas cuan gun tighinn thugamsa."

Chunnaic Eithne gu robh i air thuar bàthaidh agus ghlaodh i air a muime. Thàinig neul air gréin is fuara frouise o'n iar agus sud a steach orra muime Eithne a' marcachd tonnan a' chuain air slige bhàirnich. Chàirich i brod-griasaich an teis meadhon an eilein agus cheangail i air a' bhrod ghriasaich sioman fraoich air a shnaimeadh le seachd snaim-eannan buidseachd is draoideachd nach d'fhuasgail ealain no cleas o' thoiseach an domhain. Thoinn i na siomain mu chùl a dùirn agus theann i ri tarraing an eilein an déidh na slige bhàirnich. "Sud geasaibh air do gheasaibh a nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma," ars ise, "'s mur tog thu glasaibh do dhraoidheachd bhàrr mac Iarla na Tàrlainn m' fhacal-sa dhuit gun toir mise Eilean nan Gillefionn as a riamhachean agus bàs do gach beò chreutair a tha air àruinn Talla Mhóir d'athair."

"D'iartras dhuit-sa agus an tuilleadh mas fheudar," orsa nighean an rìgh, agus chaidh muime Eithne as an t-sealladh cho luath 's a thàinig i. Rug Eithne air chìoch thoisgeil air nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma agus le aon sith-eadh de smuais a gàirdein spion bhàrr a guaille i. "Od, od," ars ise, "tha mi air mo ghoirt-eachadh; 's olc an gnìomh dhuit-sa e Eithne 's mi fo gheasaibh do mhuime gun chomas còmhnaidh no cuideachadh leam féin." "D' éirig 'nad làmhan fhéin," ars Eithne, 's rug i air a cìch dheis agus le aon spionadh thug i bhàrr a guaille i. Ach cha luaithe a rinn na bha a' chìoch eile air ais mar a bha i air gualainn na maighdinn. "Is diomhain dhòmhsa a bhith gleachd ri d' gheasaibh-sa," ars Eithne, "ach 's faoin dhuit-sa a bhith gleachd ri draoideachd mo mhuime," agus ghlaodh i an treas turus air a muime. Thàinig neul dubh, dhorcha air aghaidh nan speur agus dh' éirich fuara frouise san iar agus gun dàil sud a muime a steach orra marcachd nan tonn air slige bhàirnich. "Eithne," ars ise, "gur amaideach dhuit-sa a bhith strì no còmhrag ri teaghlach a' chuain le neart fèithe no smuais gàirdein. Beatha nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma sa' chrogan agus binn a bàis agad fo bhréid d' earr-

aidh." Agus cho luath 's a thàinig chaidh muime Eithne as an t-sealladh.

Ghrad spion Eithne an crogan mór, uaine a mach as a h-càrraidh agus chàirich i fo a sàil e air leacan a' chladaich. "Am bàs os do chionn a nighean Rìgh nam Fear Gorma," ars ise, "agus d' éirig 'nad làmhan fhéin." Cha bu luaithe thuirn na thug an t-éile sgread oillteil sin aise agus san àite san robh i 'na seasamh o' bh'aig Eithne ach Fearghus òg, mac Iarla na Tàrlainn, slàn, fallainn mar a dhealaich i ris. "Ged is olc a thoill i e," ars Eithne, "'mo chuid-sa m' fhacal a ghleidheadh," agus sheòl an crogan gun bhrìteadh cho fad 's a sheòladh làmh a dhoimhneachd a' chuain.

Gabhar do'n luing gun dàil 's cuirear a h-aghaidh ri cuan 's a deireadh ri cladach, agus sùil de'n tug Eithne as a déidh bha Eilean nan Gillefionn air sùghadh a sealladh fo uchd a' chuain. Bu cham gach slighe agus fiar gach seòlaid gu ruigear cala ach nam b' fhada uatha e cha b' fhada 'ga rugheachd. Ghabh Iarla na Tàrlainn rompa gu math 's gu ro mhath. Rinn e banais is cuir m' dhaibh a mhair latha is bliadhna, agus dhealaich mise riutha.

Gair Nan Tonn

Gair nan tonn air iomall oitir,
Drileanachd na gréin' air tràigh,
Ceileireadh an eoin air iteig,
Cùbhraidheachd nam mìltean blath.

Sud an sealladh, so an éisdeachd
Chuaileanaich am chridhe ghnàth,
Lean iad mi 's a chaoidh cha chaochail
Gus an lion 's nach traogh muir-làn.

Gàir nan tonn air cladach min-gheal,
Gaoir na mara air creagan cruaidh
Chaidh 'gam dhuanadh dh'fhios na tìre
Far am mealar sith is buaidh.

Càite bheil na laoich a sheòladh
Uchd a' chuain le sgòid ri crann,
Nach robh gealtach ri am gàbhaidh,
Smiorail, tàbhachdach neo-ghann?

Cuid an cadal sìor san doimhne,
Cuid an dachaidh bhuan an fhòid,
Cuid air fògradh an tìr chéine—
Fàgam ac' mo spéis ri m' bhèò.

FASGNADH.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Air Clar-fuine

The Baking-board

Bha am feasgar blàth, bruthainneach agus an uair a bha na fir a' tilleadh air ais smaoinich iad gun rachadh iad a steach do thigh tuathanaich an cois na slighe agus gun iarradh iad deoch bhainne a choisgeadh an iota. Rinn iad sin. Nuair a bha bean an tuathanaich air falbh ag iarraidh a' bhainne agus iadsan 'nan suidhe sa' chitisean chunnaic Mata Hardie clàr-fuine an taobh an dreasair agus mhothaich e gur h-e an dearbh fhiodh a b'fhearr air son fhidheall a dhèanamh a bha sa' chlàr. Nuair a thug a' bhean dhaibh am bainne, agus a dh'òl iad e, agus a thug iad taing dhi, thubhairt Mata rihe: "Tha mi faicinn gu bheil an deagh fhidheall agad." "Fidheall," ars ise, "chan eil no fidheall fo chlàr an tighe." "Tha i gu math falaichte agad, is i a tha," ars esan. "Ud," ars a' bhean, "a dhuine thruaigh, tha rudeigin ceàrr ort." "An toir thu dhomhsa an fhidheall ma lorgas mi i?" ars esan. "Gu dearbha fhéin geibh thu sin," ars ise. Leum Mata air a chasan, rug e air a' chlàr-fhuine agus chuir e fo achlais e, agus thubhairt e ris a' bhean: "Cuiridh mi clàr-fuine ùr thugad toiseach na seachdanach, agus ann an seachdain no dhà thig mi leis an fhidhill agus cluichidh mi port oirre dhuit." Rinn e réir fhacail. Chuir e clàr-fuine ùr dh'ionnsaigh bean an tuathanaich; agus an ceann trì seachdainean thàinig e fhéin agus a charaid gu tigh an tuathanaich agus dh'iarr iad deoch bhainne e rithist. Nuair a bha bean-an-tighe air tòir a' bhainne thug Mata an fhidheall as a' chéis agus thòisich e air cluich oirre; agus b'e sin an cluiche. Nuair a thàinig a' bhean leis a' bhainne sheas i le tiom-tàisean air an ùrlar, agus cha b'fhada gus an tàinig an tuathanaich fhéin agus an t-searbhant agus an t-àireach a steach, agus an sin an treabhaiche 's an ciobair 's a bhean 's a dhithis nighean, agus thòisich iad air dannsa air an ùrlar agus an robh iad seachd sgith. "Dé do bheachd a nis air an fhidhill a dh'fholaich thu sa' chlàr-fhuine?" arsa Mata.

Sin agad seanachas a' chlàr-fhuine.

The evening was warm and sultry, and when the men were returning they thought they would go into a farmer's house by the wayside and ask for a drink of milk to quench their thirst. They did that. When the farmer's wife was out for the milk, leaving them sitting in the kitchen, Matthew Hardie saw a baking-board on the side of the dresser, and he noticed that the baking-board was made of the very best wood for making fiddles with. After the woman gave them the milk, and when they drank it and thanked her, Matthew said to her: "I see that you have a good fiddle." "Fiddle!" she replied, "there is no fiddle in the house." "It is very well concealed by you, indeed it is," said he. "Away with you," answered the woman, "my good fellow, there is something wrong with you." "Will you give me the fiddle if I find it?" he said. "Indeed, that you will get," she replied. Matthew jumped to his feet, seized the baking-board and put it under his arm, and said to the woman: "I shall send you a new baking-board at the beginning of the week, and in a week or two I shall come with the fiddle and I shall play a tune on it for you." He did according to his word. He sent a baking-board to the farmer's wife; and at the end of three weeks he and his friend came to the farmer's house and they asked for a drink of milk again. When the house-wife was out for the milk Matthew removed the fiddle from the case and he started to play it; and that was some playing.

When the woman came in with the milk she stood stock-still on the floor, and in a short time the farmer himself came in followed by the servant and the grazier, and then the ploughman and the shepherd with his wife and two daughters entered. They started to dance on the floor until they were exhausted. "What do you think of the fiddle you concealed in the baking-board?" said Matthew.

That is the story of the baking-board.

1. Ged is beag an dreathan-donn ni e fuaim.
2. Ged is grinn an sloda is coma leis có air am bì e.
3. Gluais faicilleach le cupan làn.

1. Although the wren is small it will make a noise.
2. Although silk is beautiful it cares not who wears it.
3. Move warily with a full cup.

An t-Oireachtas October, 1959

By GEORGE A. SUTHERLAND

I HAD the honour to be one of the two representatives of An Comunn Gàidhealach at An t-Oireachtas in Dublin, 18th to 25th October, 1958.

On arrival at the Gresham Hotel, O'Connell Street, where the Committee of the Oireachtas had reserved accommodation for us, two lady members of Coiste an t-Oireachtais, Sìthín Ní Mhurchadha and Aine Ní Cheannainn were in attendance and handed us programmes and tickets for all the functions. Later, we had the pleasure of meeting Mgr. Aindreas O Muimhneacháin, President, and Mgr. Donnchadh O Súilleabháin, Secretary.

In the evening, Sìthín and Aine called at the Gresham and conducted Mr. C. M. B. Dunlop and myself to the Mansion House, for the Official Opening, where a welcome was extended to us as Delegates from An Comunn.

The proceedings were conducted entirely in Irish—as were all the functions I attended.

I had the honour of being introduced to Mgr. Eamonn De Valera, and had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mgr. Padruig O Sióchfradha, M.A.—popularly known as “An Seabhaic” all over Eire—whom I met twenty years previously. Subsequently, we accompanied the platform party to another part of the building, and were entertained to tea.

On the forenoon of the 19th, Dr. Liam O Maolchatha called at the Gresham and drove us in his car, via Dun Laoghaire, Dalkey and Bray, to Wicklow where he treated us to lunch. Thereafter, we proceeded, via the Vale of Avoca, to Glendalough. Here, we spent some time examining historic relics and ruins.

On return to Dublin, we were dropped at the Hibernia Hotel, where the Dublin Branch of the Celtic Congress were having a social evening. Again we received a warm welcome and given a nice tea. Mrs. Dunlop and I contributed Gaelic songs, which received enthusiastic applause. Polite people, the Irish! At 8 p.m. in the Ballroom of the Hibernia, we listened to a lecture, entitled, “Eargna Aicionta in Oideachas an Phobhail,” by Dr. Cilian O Brocháin.

An interesting event on the 20th was the opening of “Taispeántas Ealaíne” under the auspices of An Oireachtais. There were many fine pictures of Irish artists on view, and here, again, refreshments were provided.

At 8 p.m. on the same day, Fáiltiù an Oireachtais was held in the ballroom of the Gresham. This was a very formal occasion, at which many Irish notabilities were present.

I met Mr. D. Valera again, and was introduced to the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Amongst those present was another old friend in the person of Oscair Mhíc Uilís, who wore a plain green kilt. I also had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with Miss Mairi Ní Scolaidh, the famous Irish singer. The gentlemen at my table included a Bishop, a Canon, a Monk and a Priest. The tea provided was, as usual, lavish in the extreme, and when this had been disposed of, the Bishop kindly passed to me his cigarette case. He laughed very heartily when I declined, saying, “Cha do ghabh mi ceò bhó'n dh'fhág mi scoil.” Seemingly, he thought it a good joke!

The Ceilidh which followed came to an end at 1 a.m. It was very nice, at that early hour, having just to take the lift to my bedroom on the fourth floor!

On Tuesday, the 21st, scholars from all the Primary and Junior Secondary schools in Dublin assembled in the Royal Theatre. This was Lá na nOg. Over 3,000 children were present. The programme included Irish songs and exhibition dancing. Documentary films in Irish were shown, the subjects being;—“The Sahara,” “Voyage down the Rhine,” and “Relieving a Lighthouse.” Music was provided by the Guardai Band.

At 8 p.m. the same day, I saw some Irish Drama.

On Wednesday, at 4 p.m., my old friend, Oscair Willis, called for us, and took us for a drive round the Phoenix Park, and thereafter to his home in Dalkey. We greatly admired his collection of Waterford Glass, and antique China. He has a wonderful collection of Cacti in great variety. After a sumptuous tea, we were shown a number of very fine pictures by his artist father. “Theich an uair air sgiath na cabhaig,” as the song says, and it was eleven o'clock before we realised it. However, Oscair got out his car and drove us back to our hotel in Dublin—a distance of over nine miles.

At 10.30 a.m. on Thursday, there was a further session of Lá na nOg in the Mansion House. This time the scholars were from the Senior Secondary Schools. The programme consisted of exhibition Irish Dancing by scholars, solos and Community Singing of songs in Irish, the words of which were shown on the screen. Again we experienced some more of the traditional Irish hospitality. Our friend Liam O Maolchatha played a prominent part in the organising of Lá na nOg. In the course of the afternoon, we visited the Educational Co. of

Ireland Ltd., offices in Talbot Street at the invitation of An Seabhad to see some of the educational publications. He presented me with parts 1, 2 and 3 of "Sraith an Tinteáin"—the first three books of instruction in the Irish language for the use of Primary School children. I also received five school song books, "An Choirir Cheoil." One of them contains the song "Baidin Fheidhlimidh"—a song I heard at Lá na nOg, which I rather liked. I have since sung this song at Ceilidhs in Glasgow and Largs.

In the evening, we were back in the Mansion House for "Tae agus Sui Caidrimh." Both of us contributed Gaelic Songs, including Puir-t-a-Beul, which were well received.

On Friday afternoon, An Seabhad called for us and escorted us to his home in Donnybrook—nowadays, a very select residential district. He had invited a few friends to meet us, and it was, indeed, a merry party which sat down to tea. What an honour and privilege it was to listen to a gentleman who could discourse so learnedly on the history of Ireland! We had the pleasure, also, of viewing his wonderful collection of ancient Irish literature. A night to remember! On Saturday, the Grand Ceilidh which brought "Féile an Oireachtais" to a close, was held in the Mansion House. There were Solo and Choral singing, exhibition and community dancing. I observed that in all the functions I attended there were no modern dances, and this found favour with me. At this Ceilidh, we were twice taken into tea! On the afternoon of Sunday, 26th, the President of an t-Oireachtas, Mgr. Aindrias O Muimhneachain, came to the hotel, at some personal inconvenience, to say good-bye to us. He and the Secretary, Mgr. Donnchadh O Súilleabháin, called at the hotel several times during our stay, just to see how we were getting on, while Aine and Siún visited us daily, and were most helpful. To crown all, our friend Oisair Willis came all the way from Dalkey to see us off on the plane.

While I was impressed by the fact that Irish only was spoken at all the functions, I heard no Irish spoken in the streets of Dublin. Irish is a compulsory subject in the schools, and as the Irish folks object to compulsion in any shape or form, perhaps this may be their way of showing their independence once their school days are over!

Of course, I wore my kilt all the time, and had to run the gauntlet of street photographers who, however, gave me up as a "bad job" after a few days. I was occasionally accosted by Scottish exiles, anxious to tell me their nationality. While seated on the verandah of the Gresham Hotel one afternoon, an American

lady and gentleman sat down beside me. The lady said they had just come from Scotland, and although they had visited Glasgow and Edinburgh, much to their regret, they had not seen a single gentleman wearing the kilt. She declared that, as they were leaving shortly for Shannon Airport, I was a "gift from Heaven," and would I permit them to take my photograph. Needless to say, I sent them away happy on their homeward flight!

Tha mi a toirt taing le m'uile chridhe do Chomhairle a' Mhòid s a' Chìhil a chuir an t-urram sònraichte orm an uiridh, a bhi 'nam Rìochdair aig an t-Oireachtas.

Is urram mór e da-rìreadh agus tha mi fada 'nan comain.

Do Choistí an Oireachtais their mi so; bha mi toilichte a bhith còmhla ribh agus a bhith a measg seana chàirdean is luchd eòlais aon uair eile. Seachdainn cho taitneach is a bha agam riamh.

Obituary

We regret to record the death last June of Miss Catherine Ann Stuart Macleod, affectionately known to many Highland people as "Nandag." Born in Uig, Lewis, she received her early education in Knock Public School, in the Parish where her father was for many years serving as a minister. Her long period as infant mistress in this school will be gratefully remembered by parents and pupils alike.

As a loyal member of An Comunn she took an active interest in all the aims and efforts of the Association, and her passing is a great loss to the Gaelic cause. In her younger days Nandag was a popular Gaelic singer whose services were in great demand. The Local Mod Committee found in her a willing supporter.

During her years of retirement, and before, her principal hobby was the collection of unpublished Lewis Gaelic songs and melodies, of which she garnered a vast number. Her share in compiling the large collection of songs and tunes in "Eilean Fraoich" has been deservedly acknowledged.

Nandag's home in Stornoway was a social centre for many visitors to Lewis in search of Gaelic folk-tales, and traditional music and songs. Her capacity for making and retaining friends was remarkable. It is difficult to think of any one who can fill her place in the community. She will be sadly missed by old and young by whom she was held in the highest regard.

We extend our deep sympathy to her brothers and sisters who are left to mourn a most lovable person.

J. T.

Luinneag Mhicleoid

2

Clean-limbed and most handsome
most dear and best-hearted.
Generous, manly,
formed well for your tartan!
Like blueberries, blue
are your eyes and clear sighted.
In your cheeks the wild rose
grows unabated.

In your cheeks the wild rose
grows unabated
below ringletted hair
that's plaited and flowing.
One would find in your house
on the arms' rack collected
powder and powder-horn,
choice of best weapons.

Powder and powder-horn,
choice of best weapons.
Thin bladed swords
from their hilts to their tapers.
There could be found
rifles and carbines;
for bows the hard yew
and hemp for the bow strings.

For bows the hard yew
and hemp for the bow strings.
You'd have venomous culverins
no matter the cost.
A handful of arrows
sheathed in their quivers
of feathers of eagles
and Galway's silks.

Of feathers of eagles
and Galway's silks;
My lack is the hero
(May Jesus preserve him).
O fond was the child
of the hunt in the mountains,
of faring through forest
and climbing the roughlands.

Of faring through forest
and climbing the roughlands,
unleashing young hounds
and petting the old ones;
the end of which greeting
was their wetting with life blood
from the White-buttocked deer
who went dressed in their redness.

From the white buttocked deer
who went dressed in their redness.

Your ascent was with friends
who could tend well their weapons;
who could presage the weather
and voyage the ocean
and sail without mishap
their ships into harbour.

(IAIN C. SMITH)

Celtic Dawn

IT is encouraging to those who are interested in the preservation of the Gaelic language, that an increasing number of Scottish writers and scholars are taking more and more interest in Celtic culture. Is it too much to hope that this is a sign of a new Celtic Dawn? No one can have a proper picture of the Scottish position, or an adequate understanding of the Scottish tongue, unless he probes the roots from which his character grew. One can only have a one-sided, if not distorted, view of Scottish history if the impact the Celt has made upon the customs and traditions of the people is neglected.

Throughout the centuries, from Dunbar to Gunn, Gaelic influences can be traced in the works of Scottish writers. Gaelic words and phraseology are introduced frequently. These are introduced into poetry for the sake of rhyme and metre. Often the writer had but a vague conception of the real meaning of many of the Gaelic words and phrases used by him and thus he gave them a new meaning. New words were formed which were neither English nor Gaelic. This process tended to give Scots words a hard and harsh sound which became more accentuated as the writer or speaker lost touch with the Gaelic cadence. Incidentally, the best reciter of Burns' poetry I ever heard was a Gaelic speaker who was also a poet and who insisted on reciting and singing this type of poetry in the open air.

The Lowland Scot is wedged in between two cultures, neither of which he fully understands. This pressure makes him seek for self-expression in a new tongue. He is at his best when he escapes his environment, so that some wit has said that a Scot is never at home except when he is abroad. He has always been something of an imitator. This mimicry is encouraged by the Scottish educational system. The student is hardly ever taught to think. His academic attainment is measured by the measure in which he can reproduce the lectures of the class-room. I once heard a student interrupting a professor with the words, "Sir, but I thought——." He did not get any

further. The professor replied, "I am paid to do all the thinking in this class."

The tension between two cultures largely explains the schizophrenic trend in Scottish literature. The split-mind personality of Scottish literary characters must be pretty obvious to anyone. Perhaps Gaelic poets like Derick Thomson and Sam Maclean (both of whom have won distinction in English) might carry out researches in this field. S.T.B.

Ardnamurchan Provincial Mod 1959

The adjudicators were:—Gaelic—Mr. Farquhar MacRae, M.A., B.Sc., F.E.I.S., President of An Comunn; Mr. Neil Shaw, O.B.E., F.S.A.(Scot.). Rev. William Macdonald, M.A., Oban, and Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Secretary of An Comunn. Music—Miss Evelyn Campbell, L.R.A.M., and Rev. K. J. Macpherson, M.A., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

Concert Artists—Leading Prize-winners—Miss Evelyn Campbell, L.R.A.M.; Mr. Hugh MacInnes, Gold Medallist, and Rev. William MacDonald, M.A.

Junior Section

Reading at Sight—1, Donalda Stewart, Acharacle. Recitation, Learners—1, Charles Ives, Claggan; 2, Linda Livingstone, Lochaline; 3, Hector Robertson, Strontian; 4, Ian Macpherson, Strontian.

Conversation—1, Alasdair MacDonald, Strontian; 2, Joan Macintyre, Strontian; 3, Jackie Cameron, Strontian.

Solo Singing, Girls—1, Morag MacNaughton, Strontian; 2, Donalda Stewart, Acharacle; 3, Elizabeth Macdonald, Claggan.

Solo Singing, Boys—1, Cameron Wilson, Lochaline.

Solo Singing, Learners, Part 1—(Under 10 years of age.)—1, Evan Carmichael, Lochaline; 2, Catherine Park, Strontian; 3, Elizabeth King, Lochaline.

Solo Singing, Part 2—(10 years of age and over)—1, Catrina Steels, Kilchoan; 2, Myra Morrison, Claggan; 3, Lorna Henry, Claggan; 4 equal—Jean Cameron, Strontian; Ian Maclean, Ardgour; Marian MacCorquodale, Lochaline.

Junior Choirs—1, Lochaline School Choir; 2, Claggan School Choir; 3, Strontian School Choir.

Senior Section

Reading at Sight—1, Mrs. Sinclair, Lochaline; 2, Mrs. Connell, Lochaline.

Recitation—1, Mrs. Sinclair, Lochaline.

Solo Singing, Ladies (Own Choice)—1, Christina MacPhee, Mingarry.

Solo Singing, Men (Own Choice)—1, Peter MacQueen, Ardgour.

Solo Singing—Morvern Song. (Prizes presented by the Glasgow Morvern Association)—1, Christina MacPhee, Mingarry; 2, Peter MacQueen, Ardgour.

Solo Singing, Learners—1, Marie Cameron, Claggan; 2, Mrs. Marian Campbell, Kilchoan.

Solo Singing, Former Ist Prize Winners—1, Christina MacPhee, Mingarry; 2, Peter MacQueen, Ardgour. Special Prize—Junior Choir with highest number of marks for Gaelic. (Presented by Mr. Alastair Cameron, Bunalteachan)—Lochaline School Choir.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Glasgow, 1958

Previously acknowledged	£6,576 12 8
Collecting Cards	114 — 2
J. A. MacKay, Esq., Islay	5 —

Final Total as per Mod Account .. £6,690 17 10

National Mod—Dundee, 1959

Received at Dundee—

Previously acknowledged	£1,343 9 3
Proceeds of Coffee	
Morning	26 11 3
Proceeds of Concert	
14/11/58	18 14 6
Proceeds of Ceilidh	17 3 —
Mr. and Mrs. A. MacDonald, Longfor-	
gan	2 8 6
Logierath Branch	26 — —
The Duke of Montrose,	
S. Rhodesia	5 — —
Mrs. Barraclough, Largs	1 — —
A. Macrae, Esq., Blair	
Atholl	— 15 —
B.B.C. Glasgow—	
Ceilidh	42 — —
Dingwall Branch	3 3 —
The Arran Society of	
Glasgow	5 — —
The Glasgow Islay	
Association	10 — —
Miss Macfarlane, Lochee	9 9 —
Mrs. J. C. Scott, Dundee	3 15 —
Miss Rhoda MacPherson,	
Glenalmond—Proceeds	
of Ceilidh in Methven	20 — —
Mr. Macdonald and Mr.	
Cooper, Dundee	— 5 —
Mrs. Leach and R.	
McLeod, Esq., Dundee	
—Proceeds of Ceilidh	18 — —
Proceeds of Ceilidh	4 6 —
Proceeds of Ceilidh	9 4 —
Skelmorlie and District	
Highland Association	5 — —
Dunoon Branch	5 — —
Miss Annie Black,	
Broughty Ferry	3 — —
Miss Anne Fraser,	
Dundee	3 6 —
Proceeds of Ceilidh	15 17 —
Proceeds of Prize Draw	306 14 8
Mr. and Mrs. J. Gillies,	
Broughty Ferry	1 — —
Proceeds of Fashion	
Parade	27 10 9
Mrs. R. Alexander,	
Dundee	3 10 6
Mrs. N. McLeod and Mrs.	
MacDonald, Dundee—	
Proceeds of Dance	22 2 9
Mrs. Miller, Dundee—	
Proceeds of Raffle	2 — —
Miss Whyte, Dundee—	
Proceeds of Raffle	2 — —
Educational Institute of	
Scotland, Dundee	10 10 —
Messrs. R. Mackinnon	
and A. McLean, Perth	
—Proceeds of Concert	50 — —

Dundee, Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine Association	5 5 —
Proceeds of Dance and Whist Drive	8 18 11
Mr. Conachar, Dundee—Proceeds of Raffle ..	7 10 —
A. M. McDonald, Esq., Bearsden	2 2 —
Glasgow Gaelic Choir—Proceeds of Concert ..	30 — —
Donald Campbell, Esq., Dundee	2 10 6
Mrs. Conachar, Dundee	3 3 —
Dundee Highland Society Scottish Country Dance Class	6 10 —
Gourock Highland Association	3 3 —
Blair Atholl and Struan Branch	8 — —
Jumble Sale	38 — —

£2,138 17 7

Received at Headquarters—

Previously acknowledged Mull and Iona Association	£34 3 —
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Girvan C. McKay, Esq., Manchester	3 — —
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Gilbert J. Innes, Esq., Killearn	— 12 —
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Wm. Hamilton, Esq., Glasgow	1 1 —
Miss Dolly Smith, Lennoxtown	1 — —
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Mrs. A. N. MacKay, Iona	2 2 —
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Forres Branch	10 — —
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Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Kidd, Glasgow	1 1 —
The Very Rev. A. Macdonald, D.D., Glasgow	1 — —
Anonymous	2 — —
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R. F. Mollinson, Esq., Edinburgh	1 — —
Anonymous	1 — —
Miss Flora Morrison, Harris	1 — —
Donald MacNiven, Esq., Dunkeld	— 10 —
Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacRae, Aberdeen ..	2 2 —
Mrs. Stewart (of Fasnacloich), S. Africa ..	2 — —
Aberdeen Branch ..	15 — —
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Mrs. Helen Murray, Markinch	— 5 —
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Edinburgh Branch ..	10 — —
Miss Mary C. Mackenzie, Bishopbriggs	2 2 —
David Skae, Esq., Cardiff	2 2 —
Neil Cameron, Esq., Sunderland	5 — —
Miss M. L. Macdougall, Edinburgh	1 — —
Elgin Branch	5 — —

128 3 —

£2,267 — 7

Magazine Fund

Previously acknowledged	£15 2 1
Miss Annie I. Grant, Massachusetts ..	— 2 —
Total as at 31st March, 1959 ..	£15 4 1
G. E. Anderson, Esq., Toronto ..	— 10 —
F. G. Thompson, Esq., Cheshire ..	— 15 —
Miss Jean B. Stewart, Blairgowrie ..	— 10 —
Miss Helen Bell, Edinburgh ..	— 4 —
	£1 19 —

Central Fund

Previously acknowledged	£181 6 10
Dunoon Branch	5 — —
Total as at 31st March, 1959 ..	£186 6 10

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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65 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Telephone: DOUGLAS 1433.

Leabhar LIV

AN T-SULTUIN, 1959

Aireamh 9

BEUL AN LAIN

Tha fios nach e an t-aon sealladh a thogas na briathran-sa fa chomhair inntinn gach neach a bheir sùil orra. Do chuid, ma dh'fhaodte, tha iad a' dùsgadh ath-shealladh air creagan gruamach, àrda a tha daonnan a' toirt dùbhlain do bhuillean troma nan tonn a tha srùladh mu'm bonn o thoiseach ùine, a' dleasadh còr-aichean nach eil dligheach dhaibh, a' sineadh an crìochan ma thèid leotha, 's a' lorg isle agus laige an fhuinn a tha cur bacadh orra. Do chuid eile, chan eil annta ach briathran a tha cur 'nan cuimhne as ùr àite a ghlac an sùil anns an dol seachd, agus air na rinn iad iomradh do chàch aig an tigh—àite bòidheach, seasgair, fasgach anns am miannaicheadh iad a bhith tàmh ri aimsir bhruthainneach, chiùin, ach air nach robh iomradh no ionndrainn aca idir gus na dh'fhuasgail na faicail ud uinneag a bha dùinte fo bhrat na diochumhne.

Ach tha iad ann, agus 's e "beul an lain" cuibhrionn mhór de'm beatha. Chan eil àite de'n domhain anns am bi iad nach eil gaoir a' chuain 'nan cluasan a latha 's a dh'oidhche, agus iomairt nan stuadh a mach 's a steach, a null 's a nall, a ghnàth fa chomhair an inntinnean. Nach ann air an tràigh ghil a tha an seòl-mara a' falach a bha iad 'nan cloinn a' ruith cas-ruisgte, ceann-ruisgte, gun dragh gun uallach? Nach iad sud na h-uisgeachan meadh-bhlàtha anns na dh'ionnsaich iad snàmh, agus nach ann orra sheòl iad 'nam balaich agus 'nan gillean òga, fo chùram agus fo theagasg nan seann laoch; nach iad na rathaidean air an robh na sgothan a' strì fo làn aodach, agus air am faicte bàtaichean Ghallaibh a' tilleadh gu cala deireadh Lùnasdail?

Cruinn an cois na mara, no air iomall na machrach os cionn an tìorra chite an òigrìdh, moch is anmoch, gu greadhnach, sona ri fearas-chuideachd nach robh a' cur feuma air fear-teagaisg, luasganach, beothail, gun iomagain gun ionndrainn. Dhaibhsan tha na faicail a' dùsgadh ath-chuimhne air laoch a dh'fhalbh 's nach do thill, a dhealaich agus nach do choinnich, a thug an saoghal fuar fo'n ceann an tòir air teachd-an-tìr nach robh soirbh r'a chosnadh aig an tigh; no air bodaich laghach, smiorail do an robh an cuan 'na fhear-eòlais, agus 'na oide-fhoghlum, 'na chuilidh Mhoire nan linntean anns an robh an dòchas.

An cluais an Eileanaich tha guth a' chuain foisneach, ciùin nuair a tha a' ghaoth 'na cadal, ach àrd-fhuaimneach, uamhannach nuair a bhrùchdar na tuinn ri carraig ri an-uair; agus bheir e leis do gach àite an téid e dealbh inntinne air tràghadh is lionadh, air tosdachd is onfhadh, air caomhalachd is buaireas, air beatha is bàs. Tha farsaingeachd a' chuain eadar cladach is faire dhàsan 'na shamhla air farsaingeachd an t-saoghail mhóir nach fhaca a shùil, agus air coibheas gun chrìoch an Fhreasdail anns a bheil co-roinn aige.

Mur h-e creutair beò, daonnda a tha sa' chuan, tha guth a bheòil so-thuigsinn do'n tì a dh'àraicheadh 'na chois, agus togaidh esan a ghuth a measg mhiltean guth eile a ruigeas a chluas. Eisdidh e, 'na chadal agus 'na dhùisg, ris a' naidheachd a tha aige dha, agus éiridh spiorad seimh, tairiseach os cionn uisgeachan balbha na h-ionndrainn.

ROB DONN agus DUGHALL BOCHANAN

Le I. M. MOFFATT-PENDER

AN LUCHD CLUICHE

DUGHALL BOCHANAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
MAIRGHREAD, BEAN DUGHAILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
NIGHEAN DUGHAILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
ROB DONN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
EACHANN OG, gille a tha còmhla ri ROB DONN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Tha Dùghall Bochanan a' coimhead a mach air uinneig, anns an t-seòmar shìos, anns an tigh aige fhéin, an Ceann Loch Raineich, mu shè uairean, air feasgar gearhraidh bho chionn mu dhà cheud bliadhna. Tha e ag cur agus ag caitheamh a muigh.

Cha mhór nach eil Dùghall sè troighean air àirde; tha a fhalt liath-dhubh, agus tha feusag air; tha e dìreach, eireachdail 'na chom, agus tha aodach dubh air. Tha e 'na leith-cheud bliadhna de aois.

Tha teine ann, air làmh chli Dhùghail, agus tha bòrd lom ann, am meadhon an t-seòmair. Tha leaba mhór anns an t-seòmair, mar an ceudna, agus tha i ris a' bhalla, air cùl Dùghail. Tha dà chathair ann, cuideachd.

Tha Mairghread, bean Dùghail, 'na laighe air an leapaidh. Chan eil i tinn, ach tha i sgìth. Cha mhór nach eil i 'na cadal—bho am gu h-am nì i srann fhuar-meach: tha a beul fosgailte, agus is ann troimh a sròin a nì i an srannail.

DUGHALL (ri a mhnaoi)—Nach bi thu sàmhach, a Mhairghread? Cha chreid mi nach eil daoine-eiginn a' tighinn gus an doras.

MAIRGHREAD—A bheil? (Nì i srannail mór.)

DUGHALL—Bi sàmhach.

MAIRGHREAD—A bheil daoine a' tighinn gus an doras? Leig a steach iad, ma tà. (Nì i srannail mór a rithist.)

DUGHALL (a' fosgladh an doruis, agus a' bruidhinn ris na daoine a tha 'nan seasamh air an t-stairsnich)—Tha feasgar garbh ann: nach tig sibh a steach?

ROB DONN—Thig, tapadh leat.

Thig Rob Donn agus Eachann Og a steach. Tha Rob Donn 'na dhuine calma, tiugh: tha e eadar còig troighean agus còig troighean gu leith air àirde. Tha còmhdach cinn agus còta mór air, ach bheir e dheth an còmhdach cinn cho luath agus a bhios e a stigh. Tha e maol, ach tha feusag ghèibeach, liath-dhonn air, agus tha e anabarrach gear-shùileach—chì e a h-uile fear

agus àirneis tìghe gun a cheann a thionndadh: tha e glé mheall-shùileach, cuideachd. Tha esan, mar an ceudna, mu leith-cheud bliadhna de aois.

Tha Eachann Og 'na fhleasgach, mu fhichead bliadhna de aois. Tha còmhdach cinn agus còta mór air.

Nì Mairghread srannail mór, agus cuiridh i clisgeadh air na coigrich.

DUGHALL (ri Rob Donn)—C' ainm a tha ort, ma is e do thoil e?

ROB DONN—Rob Mac Aoidh, agus is e so Eachann Og a tha còmhla rium. Cò i am boireannach ud?

DUGHALL—Is i mo bhean i.

ROB DONN—A bheil i tinn?

DUGHALL—Chan eil. Tha i sgìth, is dòcha, oir

Nì Mairghread, air a' cheart am, srannail obann, agus cuiridh i clisgeadh mór air Rob Donn agus air Eachann Og.

oir bha i ag obair fad an latha. Cò as a tha thu fhéin, a Rob, agus an gille so a tha cuide riut?

ROB DONN—A Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh. Tha mi a' dol gus an Eaglais Bhreac leis a' chrodh. Tha Féil na h-Eaglaise Brice a' tòiseachadh air an treas latha de an ath-mhìos. Tha an crodh a muigh air an rathad. Cia mheid mìle a tha e as an so gus an Eaglais Bhreac?

DUGHALL—Mu cheud mìle.

ROB DONN—Tha am gu leòir againn, ma tà.

DUGHALL—Agus am b' ann o Dhùthaich Mhic Aoidh a thàinig an dràs thu fhéin agus Eachann Og an so, agus an crodh?

ROB DONN—B' ann. Dh' fhàg sinn am baile againn air an fhicheadamh latha de an mhìos a chaidh seachad. B' iomadh uair a chail sinn an rathad, ach lorg sinn a rithist e. Cha chreid mi nach do ghabh sinn an rathad ceàrr air an latha so. An àite a bhith a' leantuinn ris an abhainn, mar bu chòir, nach ann a thug sinn am monadh oirnn. Ach nach maith a fhuair sinn caraid maith, deagh chàirdean, air

a cheann thall! Ciod e an t-ainm a tha agad air a' bhaile is, agus e' ainm a tha ort fhéin?

DUGHALL—Is e Ceann Loch Raineich a tha air a' bhaile, agus is e Dùghall Bochanan a tha orm fhéin.

ROB DONN—Agus tha mu cheud mìle as an so agus an Eaglais Bhreac, nach eil, a Dhùghail?

DUGHALL—Tha. Dèanaibh suidhe.

Cuiridh Dùghall cathraichean fa chòmhair Rob agus a' ghille. Cha mhór nach dèan iad suidhe orra an uair nì Mairghread srannail mór, agus tuitidh Rob Donn. Thèid Dùghall agus Eachann Og 'na chòir, agus cuidichidh iad leis.

ROB DONN—Thuit mi!

DUGHALL—Thuit, gu dearbh! Bu mhór an tuiteam! Bheil thu air do ghoirteachadh?

ROB DONN—Tha mise ceart gu leòir, tapadh leat. Chuir srann na mnatha agad eagal orm. A bheil ise gu slàn?

DUGHALL—Tha—tha i buileach slàn: is ann bha i ag obair fad an latha air an latha an diugh: dh'éirich i gu tràth—moch sa' mhadaoin: chan eil oirre ach an sgìos, dà rìreadh. Ach feumaidh gu bheil an t-acras ort-sa, agus air Eachann an so. Nach gabh sibh copan tea agus criomag arain?

ROB DONN—Gabhaidh, gu robh maith agad. Thà an t-acras orm-sa, agus cha chreid mi nach eil e ort-sa, cuideachd, nach eil, a Eachainn?

EACHANN OG—Tha, gu deimhinn.

ROB DONN—Ceart gu leòir, ach chì sinn an toiseach an crodh air an rathad—cia mar tha iad.

Eiridh Rob Donn agus Eachann Og agus thèid iad a mach. Cuiridh Dùghall an t-anart agus na nithean air son tea air a' bhòrd. Tha e ag cromadh ag iarraidh na càise a corn-clàir an uair thig caileag a steach do an t-seòmar. Is i nighean Dùghail a tha innte. Tha i bàn 'na falt, agus tha i mu dheich bliadhnaichean de aois.

DUGHALL (ri a nighinn)—C' àite a bheil a' chàise?

NIGHEAN DUGHAILL—B' ann am measg nan soitheach a chuir mi an raoir i. Nach eil i ann?

DUGHALL—O tha! So i! Agus tha rud-eiginn eile ann, mar an ceudna: rud a bha mi ag iarraidh bho chionn fada.

NIGHEAN DUGHAILL—Ciod e an rud sin?

DUGHALL—Leabhar!

NIGHEAN DUGHAILL—Cò e sgrìobh e? Cò e chuir a mach e?

DUGHALL—Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair. Is e so am foclair aige.

Thig Rob Donn agus Eachann Og a rithist a steach, agus nì iad suidhe aig a' bhòrd.

Thèid nighean Dùghail a mach, ach tillidh i gu h-aithghearr le cathair eile, agus cuiridh i aig a' bhòrd i air son a h-athar.

NIGHEAN DUGHAILL—Nach gabh sibh uighean?

DUGHALL, ROB DONN, agus EACHANN OG (le chèile)—Gabhaidh.

Gheibh nighean Dùghail uighean, soitheach, agus uisge. Cuiridh i na h-uighean air a' bhòrd. An sin doiridh i an t-uisge anns an soitheach gus a bheil an soitheach cha mhór làn, agus cuiridh i air an teine e.

Chì Rob Donn gu bheil leabhar an làmhan Dùghail.

ROB DONN (ri Dùghall)—Cicd e an leabhar a tha agad-sa an sin?

DUGHALL—Is e so am foclair aig Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair. Am faca thu riamh e?

ROB DONN—Chan fhaca, ach chuala mi mu dhéidhinn. Seall domh e. Is e leabhar luach-mhor a tha ann.

Gabhaidh Rob Donn an leabhar, agus tionndaidhidh e na duilleagan.

DUGHALL (ri Rob Donn)—A bheil thu eòlach air òrain Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair, a Rob? An aithne duit a chuid òran?

ROB DONN—Is aithne domh cuid diùbh. Is aithne domh "Allt an t-Siùcair:"

A' dol thar Allt an t-Siùcair
A' mhadainn chùbhraidh Chéit,
Is paidirean geal', dlùth-chneap
De 'n driùchd ghorm air an fheur;
Bha Richard is Robin brù-dhearg,
Ri seinn, 's fear dhiùbh 'na bhéus;
'S goic-mhoit air cuthaig chùl-ghuimr,
'S guc-gùg aic' air a' ghéig.

Bha 'n smeorach cur na smùid dhith
Air bacan-cùil leath' fhéin;
An dreadhan-donn gu sùrdail,
'S a rifeid-chiùil 'na bheul;
Am bricein-beithe 's lùb air,
'S e gleusadh lùth a theud;
An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan,
'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a' gearradh shùrdag,
Ri plubraich dlùth le chéil',
Taobh-leumraich, mear le lùth-chleas,
'S a' bhùrn le mùirn ri gréin;

agus mar sin air aghaidh.

DUGHALL (ri Rob Donn)—Nach maith a' chuimhne a tha agad! A bheil an còrr agad? A bheil e agad air fad air do mheomhair?

ROB DONN—Tha—tha an t-òran air fad agam. Ciod e do bharail air obair Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair? An caomh leat “An Geamhradh” aige?

DUGHALL—Cha chaomh leam gu ro mhaith an obair aige. Gun teagamh, is caomh leam “Allt an t-Siùcair” —cò e leis nach caomh gu h-iongantach e? Tha bàrdachd Alasdair anns an òran sin anabarrach ealanta. Tha e soilleir gu robh e an rùn Alasdair na smuaintean bu ghrinne bha 'na chomas a chur an céill, agus tha sinn a' faireachdainn an drùdhaidh agus a' bhuaidh a bha aig an t-sruthan, aig gach eun, aig gach iasg, aig gach lus is blàth, aig gach beathach, aig gach dos agus ròs, aig na machraichean, na bruthaichean, agus na gleanntan air a intinn. Agus is fìor chaomh leam cuid de a òran eile, gu h-àraidh “Aiseirigh na Sean Chànain Gàidhlig,” “Marbhrann do Pheata Coluim,” “Moladh air Pìob-mhóir Mhic Cruimein,” agus “Am Breacan Uallach.” Cha chaomh leam, gu ro mhór, “Birlinn Chlann Ràghnaill.” Anns an òran so chan eil innleachd na bàrdachd aig Alasdair a' nochdadh ann an tomhas ro àrd, cò dhiùbh, is e sin mo bheachd fhéin. Ach feumaidh sinn uile a bhith glé shèimh leis, le Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair e fhéin: nach robh e glé an-ìulmhor, teas-inntinneach, agus rag 'na chàileachd: feumaidh nach robh màthair aige—cò dhiùbh, màthair mhaith: feumaidh gu robh e gu tric leis fhéin 'na òige,

agus an uair dh' fhàs e suas, mar an ceudna:

ROB DONN—Nach caoinh leat “An Geamhradh” aig Alasdair?

DUGHALL—Cha chaomh leam go mór e: anns a' cheud àite, tha e tuilleadh is fada, agus, anns an darra àite, tha e ro iongantach leam, nach fhaca am bàrd maiseachd sam bith anns a' gheamhradh—cò dhiùbh, chan eil e 'ga cur ann. Agus tha na h-eòin a' tighinn a steach anns a' cheathramh rann, air éigin, agus a rithist anns an darra rann mu dheireadh, an uair bhios an samhradh againn. Tha am bàrd, cuideachd, a' cleachdadh ainmean Beurla agus ainmean eile nach tuigear gu ro mhaith leis na daoine coitichionn. Agus chan eil seach-labhradh aige do thobh a' gheamhradh. Dh'fhaodadh sin a bhith aige, dh'fhaodadh.

ROB DONN—Tha bàrd an Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh againn, a chuir iomadh òran ri a chéile, agus

EACHANN OG—Is e Rob fhéin am bàrd sin.

DUGHALL—An e, gu dearbh?

NIGHEAN DUGHALL—Tha na h-uighean deiseil agaibh. Agus is e bàrd a tha 'nam athair-sa, cuideachd.

DUGHALL—Cha ghabh, tapadh leat-sa, a Rob, an gabh thu-sa siùcar?

ROB DONN—Cha ghabh, gu robh maith agad, chan eil feum agam air!

DUGHALL—Siuthadaibh, ma tà.

Thig am brat a nuas.

[A' CHRIOCH.]

CARN OSCAIR

Mi'm shìneadh an so aig Càrn Oskair,
Gu foisneach aig ciaradh an là;
Ged dhirich mi'n gleann air mo shocair
B'ann le osann a bhuidhinn mi'm bràigh.
Tha bliadhnanach cian air dol thairis
Bho chleachd mi bhith tathaich nan àrd,
'S a dh'èisd mi le ùidh agus aire
Ri eachdraidh 'ga h-aithris mu'n Chàrn.

Air m'uilinn 's mo shùil air a' bhealach—
Am bealach troimh 'n gaillennach gaoth—
'S e tabhairt as ùr dhomh na h-aithris
A lean rium o bhalach gu aois.
Chaidh gineal an ama ud thairis,
Ach mairidh an aithris a chaoidh
Air faghaid an fhéidh 's na creachainn,
'S air Oscar a' charraigh ri m' thaobh.

Chan e Oscar na Féinn' th'air m'aire—
Chaidh euchdan-san aithris o chéin

Le filidh nach éisdeadh tamull
Ri m' sgath-bhardachd anabaich féin—
Ach air mial-chu nan giallan fada
Bu mhiann le maithean air éill,
'S a dh'fhuasgladh a lomhainn le cabhaig
'Nuair ghluaiseas san lagan na féidh.

Bu shealgair Fionn a bha barraicht'
Gun 'choimeas ri fhaighinn san Fhéinn,
'S e thaghadh a chù le geur shealladh
Mar dh'aithriseadh uime an sgeul;
Mar chorrán an speir ann an cumadh,
Is uchd mar ghearran na sréin',
Fada bho'n cheann an t-ait lùthaidh
Is cluas mar dhuilleig air géig.

Ged b'e mhiann e bhith lùthmhor, eangach,
Dh'fheumadh e sealladh do réir,
'S b'i'n àirneag a roghainn de dhatan,
An t-sùil sin as fhaide do'n léir.

Facail Bheaga

Bha Oscar mo dhàin air cheart uidheim,
Buscar is Bràn mar e féin,
'S nuair ghluaiseadh am forsair ri munadh
Cha b'fhurasd an cumail air éill.

'N àm dìreadh ri frith-bheinn is bearradh
Bu rioghail an sealladh an tòir,
Gach sealgair gu crom-cheannach, faireil,
Ag ealadh gu h-athaiseach, seòlt';
Na mial-choin gu dian an taruing,
Gu h-ìosal ri talamh an sròn,
Air mhìre bhith saor bho'n ceangal
A dh'fhaighinn gu amhaich fear-cròic.

Thar guala na leacainne thall ud
Tha gréigh ri fhaicinn air cluain,
'S ri freiceadainn, bior-shuilleach aighe,
'S i ealamh gu rabhadh thoirt uaip';
Nuair thugadh na gadhair san t-sealladh
Chan fhaict' d'hiubh ach barraibh nan cluas,
'S comh-luath ri fuasgladh nan ceangal
Dhùisg iolach mac-tall' as a shuain.

Chuir deileann nam mial-chu fo astar
Grad chlisgeadh is sgapadh air gréigh,
Ach le seòltachd ginidh is cleachdainn
Thearb Oscar an damh bho a threud;
Thàrr esan ri bruthach mar roghainn,
Ach ealamh na gaidhair 'n a dhéidh,
Is chluinnteadh ath-ghairm 's na creachainn
Comh-fhreagairt do sgalart na réis'.

Nuair ràinig an fhaghaid am bealach
Bha Oscar an amhaich an fhéidh;
Shìn croic-fhear a chuinnein ri athar
'S a theanga glan mach as a bheul;
Le sitheadh bha nimheil is ealamh
Thionndaidh e 'chabar gu feum,
'S mar shleagh ann am broilleach a' mhadaidh
Leag e gu talamh an treun.

Fhuair Oscar bàs le bras-bhuille
Is calg a' mhuineil 'na bheul,
Ach am fiadh a lot e cho guineach
Thug Buscar gu talamh leis féin.
Air an raon a dhòirt iad am fuil air
Tha 'n carragh an diugh a' toirt sgéil,
Is iadsan chuir clach air muin cloich dheth
Do Oscar thug urram na réis.

Is mithich bhith teàrnadh le bruthach,
Tha aonarachd mullaich 'gam chràdh;
Dh'fhàg ionndrainn mo dhàimh mi dubhach,
An gleann 's gach ionad dol fàs.
Tha gathan na h-òig' an dubhar,
Cha till mi tuilleadh do'n bhraigh;
Ach Oseair, a threun-choin 's a churaidh,
So dhut mo chlach air do Chàrn.

NIALL.

Cha robh, chan eil, cha bhi. Nach fhaireich
thu gaoth an reodhaidh bho'n fhacal *cha*?
Saoilidh tu air a' chiad sùil a bheir thu air nach
eil ùidh aige ann an comhludar no lorg air
spiorad a' charranais. Tha e, mar gum
b'eadh, ri dùnadh an doruis 'nad aodann gun
fhoighneachd dhuit dé a tha air d'aire. Cha
toil leam fhìn creutair no facal a tha làn riara-
ichte leis fhéin, nach iarr fàsghadh làimhe no
lideadh còmhraidh, agus a chumas a h-uile ni
cho falachaidh ris a' ghlais. Ged nach dèan
mi a' chùis glé fhada as aonais *cha*, bhithinn
a cheart cho buidheach ged a dh'fhaodte a
ràdh nach robh mi riamh 'na inneadh.

A bheil aimsir mhath gu bhith ann an ath
oidhche? Chan eil. A robh thu toilichte leis
na thug mi dhuit an sud? Cha robh mi. Am
bi thu riaraichte ma bheir mi dhuit so? Cha
bhi, carson a bhitheadh?

Mas aithne dhuit-sa facal nas mi-thaingeile
na am fear neònach so 's aithne dhuit barrachd
ormsa. Facal fuar, dùinte, mi-chàrdeil; facal
a' chridhe chruaidh, gun iochd gun truas gun
fhaireachdainn.

Ach thoir thusa sùil eile air an fhacal-sa,
sùil an dòchais, sùil thaingeil, sùil a' mhaith-
eanais, agus is gann gun aithnech thu e. An
àite a bhithe dùinte, doicheallach, an àite
seasamh leis fhéin gun ionndrainn air cuideachd,
an àite bhith an-ìochdmhor, neo-lùbte 's ann
a gheibh thu e iongantach bàidheil faisg,
truacanta blàth-chridheach.

A robh mi buileach fada gun tadhal ort 'nad
fheum? Cha robh, 's tu nach robh. Cha b'ann
mar sin a fhuair mise thu riamh. A bheil thu
fàs searbh de'n trioblaid a tha cho slnte 's cho
trom? Chan eil, dh'fhaodadh cùisean a bhith
fada na bu mhiosa. Am bi fadachd ort leat
fhéin an so 's gun duine glé fhaig a chòbhras
ort? Cha bhi, chan eil mi gun chuideachd ged
a tha sin falaichte o'n t-sùil nàdurach.

Tha ar sealladh air an fhacal bheag-sa an
crochadh air a' chuideachd anns am bi e, agus
air an doras a tha e fosgladh no dùnadh, air
an oidhche tha e glasadh a mach, no air an
t-solus a tha dèarsadh troimhe.

“Na bitheadh eagal ort, oir tha mise maille
riut; na bitheadh geilt ort, oir is mise do Dhia;
neartaichidh mi thu; seadh, cuidichidh mi
thu; seadh, cumaidh mi suas thu le deas
làimh m'fhreantachd.”

Isaiah, xli. 10.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Beanntan na Gaidhealtach

Ciod a dh'fhàg an Gaidheal riamh cho déidheil air na beanntan? Co dhiùbh tha e air aineoil am baile mór no an tìr chéin is miann leis tilleadh an smuain a dh'ionnsaigh nam beann a meas an deachaidh àrach. Ged a théid beinn a sealladh cha téid i gu bràth a cuimhne. Oir mar dhleasas i àite sònraichte an aire na muinntir a tha còmhnuidh dlùth oirre, cumaidh i àite sònraichte cuideachd 'nan cuimhne air dhaibh siubhal fada uaipe. Is dearbhte 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 tùs ar latha mar sgàthan anns an robh caochlaidhean na h-aimsir 'gam foillseachadh féin. Bhiodh coltas sìtheil air a' bheinn ri am tìormachd; ach an uair a laigheadh an ceò air na h-àrdaibh dh'fhaodamaid a bhith cinnteach gu robh an t-uisge dlùth air làimh. Is minic a dh'éisd sinn ri gàir nan allt o ghuala na beinne cho luath is a bhriseadh na neòil air na mullaichean, agus a dhòrtadh na h-uisgeachan sìos gu ùrlar nan gleann. Faodaidh gur i a' cheart bheinn a nochd dhuinn an toiseach maise an t-saoghail. Bu tràth a bheachdaich sinn air na monaidhean sgeadaichte 'nan trusgan sambraidh. An cuimhne leat an uair a bhiodh am fracfhò bhàth air dhath a' phurpur, agus boladh a' bhàrr-guc mar àileadh na meala?

Cha b'iongnadh ged bhiodh an Gaidheal sin a dh'àraicheadh an uchd nam beann mion-eòlach air cogadh nan siantan. Is e sin an t-ionad anns an cleachdar e tràth ri nithibh uamhasach. Ann a leithid sin de chor tha na beanntan Gaidhealach 'nan cùis uamhais; agus chan eil teagamh nach robh coigrich a' cur droch ainm dhiùbh mar ionadan fàsail, fiadh-aich.

B'ann le bhith a' sgrìobhadh mu'n Ghaidhealtachd is mu nithibh Gaidhealach a dh'fhàs an Ridir Ualtar Scott ainmeil an toiseach. Dh'fhosgail a bhàrdachd sùilean nan Gall mu dhéidhinn cruth is coltas na dùthcha. Cha robh neach a leughadh a chuid leabhraichean nach robh miannach air a' Ghaidhealtachd fhacinn. Thòisich coigrich 'nan ceudan air an dùthaich a thadhal. Dh'fhàs an cleachdadh sin fasanata; agus is gann gun saoiladh Gall gu robh a chuid fòghlum coimhlionta gus an rachadh e air thurus mu thuath a dh'amharc air beanntan na Gaidhealtachd.

Mountains of the Highlands

What made the Gael always so fond of mountains? Whether he is a stranger in a town or in a foreign land he likes to return in thought to the mountains among which he was reared. Though a mountain disappears from view it will never be forgotten. For as it claims a special place in the minds of those who dwell near it, it will also retain a special place in their memory after they have travelled far from it. Thus it is certain that there is a good reason why the mountains of our young days follow us so closely throughout our pilgrimage on earth. We believe that the nearest mountain to us at the beginning of our life was like a mirror where the changes of weather revealed themselves. The mountain appeared peaceful in dry weather; but when the mist rested on the heights we could be certain that rain was near at hand. We often listened to the noise of the streams from the mountain slope as soon as the clouds burst on the summits, and the floods poured down to the floor of the glens. It is possible that it was this very mountain that gave us the first revelation of the beauty of the world. Early in life we observed the mountains clad in their summer dress. Do you remember when the heather was in bloom with purple hue, while the fragrance of the flower was like the scent of honey?

It is not to be wondered at that the Gael reared in the bosom of the mountains was thoroughly acquainted with the strife of the storms. That is the place where he has early experience of awe-inspiring things. In such circumstances the mountains of the Highlands are fearsome; and doubtless strangers gave them the reputation of being wild and lonely places.

It was through writing about the Highlands and Highland matters that Sir Walter Scott first became famous. His poetry opened the eyes of Lowlanders to the configuration and appearance of the country. No one who read his books but desired to see the Highlands. Strangers in their hundreds began to visit the country. That practice became the fashion; and a Lowlander would hardly consider his education complete until he had gone north to see the mountains of the Highlands.

THE EISTEDDFOD

THE Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales is held every year, in the North and the South in alternate years. To this National Festival, as pilgrims to a shrine, Welshmen come from far and near, and during the first week of August every year lovers of poetry, and music, and drama, and the arts and crafts, together with the common folk who arrange their holidays to include a week at the Eisteddfod.

For close upon a hundred years there has been a National Eisteddfod almost every year, and now it is held in great honour among all patriotic Welsh people. The management is the responsibility of the governing body called the Court of the National Eisteddfod. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Festival is the large group of men and women clad in white or blue or green robes, who march in procession to the appointed place when a poet is "crowned" or "chaired", or when other traditional rites are observed. The Gorsedd is an essential part of the Eisteddfod, and its aim is to ensure the co-operation of bands, men of letters, musicians, and patrons of fine arts, in order to encourage and develop Bardism, Literature, Music and Arts in Wales. It comprises three Orders: The Ovate Order (Green Robes); the Order of Bards (Blue Robes); the Druidic Order (White Robes). In all three Orders, in addition to certain specific qualifications, the knowledge of Welsh is essential unless one is a member of the Royal Family, the head of a foreign state, or one from another nation whom Wales desires to honour.

The Pavilion, where competitions are held each day, accommodates over 10,000 people, but with those who wander or squat in the Eisteddfod Field as many as 30,000 are present on Tuesday when the bard is crowned and on Thursday when another bard is chaired. These functions are the highlights of the Festivals. This year according to reports the attendance on Thursday was well over 30,000. Many are attracted by the natural desire to renew acquaintances, and many more are drawn by their love of Wales, its language and culture, and the call for fellowship with those of kindred minds.

The main purpose of the Eisteddfod is to encourage and safeguard the Welsh Language and to promote Welsh Culture. Hence the universal use of Welsh on all occasions during the week. No other language is heard on floor or platform. All announcements, all speeches (and some of these are long enough), and all adjudications are delivered in Welsh. This exclusive language was to my wife and to

myself, who were privileged to be this year's delegates from An Comunn Gaidhealach, was largely Greek! But we stuck it to the bitter end for no people could be more friendly or more hospitable than we found the people of Caernarvon.

Prior to the Official Opening on Monday, there was a Broadcast Service in Welsh on Sunday morning when the Archdruid presided and preached. The sincerity of the speaker and the impressive singing of the hymns by the congregation were marked features of the service. Special services by prominent preachers were held in several chapels in Caernarvon that day.

Monday was devoted mainly to instrumental music competitions. The standard was high in most classes. On Tuesday morning solo and choral competitions attracted good audiences and in the afternoon at the ceremony of the crowning of the bard the Pavilion was packed, while thousands moved about in the field around it. The ceremony was most impressive and evoked much enthusiasm. After the crowning the delegates from the Oireachtas and from An Comunn were received by the Archdruid, and were invited to address the assembly in Welsh or in their own tongue.

Wednesday was devoted mainly to choral, and instrumental solo competitions. Loud-speakers brought those outside as well as those inside within hearing range. Indeed, the blare of music, vocal and instrumental, never ceased.

Similar competitions were held in sacred, folklore, and popular songs on Thursday morning and again on Friday. The churning of the bard on Thursday afternoon was celebrated with even greater pomp than the crowning on Tuesday. It should be mentioned that the Chair is offered for an *Awdl* in the strict traditional metres of Welsh alliterative verse, while the Crown is offered for a *Pryddest* ode in free metres. The Chair and the Crown are regarded as of equal importance, and the money prizes awarded for them are of equal value. Valuable money prizes and medals are awarded for all the principal competitions, including the Prose Medal, the Art Medal, the Drama Medal, the Chief Choral Competition Cup, and the Chief Male Voice Competition Challenge Cup.

In addition to the two principal ceremonies of "crowning" and "churning" there are several other traditional rites worth noting. Following the chanting of the opening prayer, the Archdruid opens the Gorsedd Session by partially withdrawing the Grand Sword from

its sheath three times with the challenge cry "Is it Peace?" The Bards respond each time with the cry "Peace." The Offering of the Hirlas Horn to the Archdruid by a Matron in token of the wine of welcome by the district to the Eisteddfod, and of the Aberthged, or Sheaf of Corn with wild flowers which is presented by a maiden attended by a retinue of little girls in green who dance a Floral Dance signifying the wish of the children of Wales to present the flower of their talent to their National Festival, are two more picturesque rites. These two and the robing of the newly elected bards and druids had, this year, a marvellous setting in the spacious courtyard of the ancient Castle of Caernarvon.

A visit to the Eisteddfod, in sunny warm weather, under the hospitable guidance and care of readily made friends, is an experience that is both rewarding and refreshing, and one that is a lasting memory.

J. THOMSON.

A Spring Journey in the Small Isles

IT was at six o'clock on a chill April morning that I went on board the steamer at Canna pier. There were no other passengers embarking, the optician, who had been my companion for a while, having left the island some days previously. There were few people about and I stamped the cold deck by myself, moving on from time to time to avoid the attentions of a sailor who was sluicing icy looking water over the woodwork. Skye and the mountains of nearby Rum were hidden in a cloud which hung down to about two hundred feet or so of the rocky shore to show here and there a ruined cottage standing on green sward. It was altogether a grey day. Far to the south a shower swept down in black streaks, contrasting sharply against the light of the progressing day.

It was a matter of minutes to put the mails off to the waiting motor-boat in the bay at Rum, and before long the white sands and green crofts of Cliadale in Eigg showed out against a background of dark heather. We sailed round the north of the island and approached it from the east.

It was still very cold and grey when I passed my suitcase through a hatch in the side of the steamer on to the mail boat below, and got myself aboard the bobbing thing without a fall. Sacks of mail and boxes of goods followed

without delay. On shore, we piled on the back of the tractor drawn cart which headed up the road towards the post office and shop, a mile or so distant. I alighted at the parish church, shouldered my case and headed down hill and across the valley to Kildonnan, where I was to enjoy excellent hospitality for the next two weeks.

It was a long walk, and when I reached the house, I stretched before a blazing fire and then ate heartily of porridge and bacon and eggs—my second breakfast that day, for visitors are never underfed in any of the islands. My host was away in the hill, his wife told me, and so I went to explore a little of the island until he returned for lunch.

The weather became bright and breezy during the week, and I soon discovered that there are three things, at least, that all visitors to Eigg must see. First came *Tràigh na Bigeil*, known in English as the Singing Sands. These are the white sands at Cliadale on the western side of the island which were shown to me by a friend of my host. They give out a whining noise under your feet as you walk, and this is said to be caused by powdered quartz. However, to give their full effect the sands must be nearly dry, at least.

Next you must climb the Sgurr of Eigg. This is a precipitous, volcanic ridge intersected by gulleys, which rises above a long stretch of rough moorland. I lost the path on the way up amid the maze of turf dykes which abound in Eigg and I had a hard climb as the heather on the lower slopes was exceptionally deep in places. But the view was well worth it, and I spent some time picking out Ben Hiant and Kilmory in Ardnamurchan; Ardtoe, Moidart and Arisaig up to Knoydart with the Ross-shire hills beyond; to the north were the Cuilinnis while immediately below me to the south was the green isle of Muck, where I was shortly to spend a very pleasant week.

Some days later, I made my way to the cave which was the scene of a fearful murder in the year 1577. The story as told to me was that certain galleys of the MacLeods took refuge in the bay because of a severe storm. The MacLeods were murdered by stealth one night by the MacDonalds who then held the island and the galleys were set adrift, but, unfortunately, they went aground in Skye, the home of the MacLeods. An expedition forthwith set out to avenge the murder. The MacDonalds saw the ships approaching and all the inhabitants of the island took refuge in a certain cave by the shore, it being considered inadvisable to resist as the young men were away on a ploy. The MacLeods sought in vain for their enemies and eventually left for home.

A mile or so from the shore they looked back and noticed high up on the hill a man who had come out of the cave to scout, and they at once turned back. As luck would have it, there was now a light sprinkling of snow on the ground and the scout was tracked to the cave. The MacLeods conceived the idea of first diverting a stream which flowed over the mouth of the cave and then lighting a fire of driftwood there so that those inside should suffocate. This was quickly done and four hundred MacDonalds perished. Various people on the island doubted the tale and I went to view the cave for myself.

It began to rain as I approached the spot along a gloomy shore, stumbling over huge slippery boulders at the foot of sheer cliffs. Twenty yards away the sea heaved and beat ominously on the rocks and spouted in the potholes so that I felt as if I might be engulfed any minute. The first point casting doubt on the story was that the stream was flowing in such a course that it could never have flowed over the mouth of the cave or even past the foot of it. My attention had been drawn to this and I agreed. The other point was that the cave could not hold four hundred people, and that no story was ever told of their remains being brought out as corpses or found as skeletons. With torch in hand I crawled through the three foot high passage which constitutes the entrance and found myself in a large vault about five yards wide and ten yards long, sloping upwards at the far end, the roof being about twelve feet high; the air was stale and damp. There seemed to be no draught, in fact, either from the entrance or anywhere else. My own conclusion was that there was room for one hundred and fifty or two hundred people, shoulder to shoulder, and that these could eventually suffocate without the aid of smoke. But romance forbids that any more doubt should be cast on the truth of the story.

Returning from the cave, I picked up what I thought was a reddish brown stone but which was in fact a large and very hard bean. It is known as *Airne Mhoire*—Our Lady's Kidney—and I was later told by my hostess on Muck, a marine zoologist, that it was a tropical bean which floats in fair numbers to the West Coast with the Gulf Stream.

I was shown many things of interest by my host in Eigg—the ancient church and graveyard of St. Donnan, the remains of a circular fort on a promontory, and several other caves by the shore in one of which we brewed tea, sheltered from the wind. As I accompanied him one day he pointed out numerous rocks, streams and hollows, telling me their names,

the one which stands out in my memory most being *Lagan na Ba Caothaich*, the Hollow of the Mad Cow.

Eventually the time came to leave and my host accompanied me to the gate on the southern fence of his hirsell. We shook hands there, and I made my way to the main road past the long flat stone, said to be the grave of some forgotten person, killed perhaps by the MacLeods and buried where he lay. I walked down the winding road which led to the harbour to wait for the motor-boat going to nearby Muck. It was coldish and a fair wind was blowing. The waves looked deceptively small in the lee of the island but what they were like on the open waters I was not long in finding out.

ANTHONY DILWORTH.

Angus Macrae, M.D., LL.D.

Nine years ago "*An Gaidheal*" congratulated Dr. Angus MacRae, London, on his appointment as Secretary of the British Medical Association after serving as Deputy Secretary for two years, and as Assistant Secretary for the period 1935 to 1948. We now congratulate Dr. MacRae on having received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the Edinburgh University on the occasion of the annual joint conference of the British and Canadian Medical Associations in the Scottish capital in July.

Dr. MacRae is the son of the late Rev. Duncan M. MacRae, a native of Wester Ross, who was Free Church minister at Helmsdale, and at Lochearnhead, where the doctor was born in 1893. He was educated at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, and at the University of Edinburgh.

During the First Great War he served as a junior officer in the 4th Seaforth Highlanders, and was taken prisoner in March, 1918, after being severely wounded in the Cambrai Offensive. Repatriated soon after the Armistice, he resumed his studies at Edinburgh University, graduating M.A. in 1919, and M.B., Ch.B. five years later. He specialised in Psychology, especially in its relation to industry and to individual occupations, and is the author of a standard work entitled, "*Talents and Temperaments*," published in 1932.

Dr. MacRae retired last autumn on reaching the age of 65 years, not through incapacity, but in order to facilitate the promotion of younger men on the staff of the B.M.A. Perfidious Celt, as he is, we feel proud of Dr. MacRae's new distinction, and send him our greetings.

Glasgow Local Mod, 1959

The Glasgow Local Mod was held in the Highlanders' Institute on 28th, 29th and 30th May. There were 340 entries in all of which 220 were Junior, 70 Senior and 50 piping. The adjudicators were: for Gaelic, Mrs. Grace Baxter, Mr. John Mackay, Mr. Fred. Macaulay, Mr. Farquhar Macintosh and Mr. Charles Cameron; for Music, Miss Margaret M. Wallace and Mr. J. Gilmour Barr; for pipe music, Mr. John MacFadyen and Mr. Duncan Johnstone. Mr. John A. MacDonald presided at the concluding concert. The prizes were presented by Mrs. MacDonald and the Guest Artistes were Miss Alma Kerr, Miss Margaret Mackinnon and Mr. Calum Cameron.

PRIZE LIST:—

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY—LEARNERS

Recitation (under 12)—1. Murdo Macdonald; 2. Donald Macfarlane; 3. Catherine Macfarlane.

Reading (under 12)—1. Murdo Macdonald; 2. Donald Macfarlane.

Reciting Psalm (under 12)—1. Christine Maclean; 2. Catriona Maclean; 3. Murdo Macdonald.

Reading (12-16)—1. Catherine Macdonald; 2. Annabell Maclean; 3 equal—Margaret MacAulay; Rhona Macdonald.

Reciting Psalm (12-16)—1. Kirsteen Grant; 2 equal—Christine Beaton, Patricia Torrance and Elizabeth Gallacher.

Recitation (12-16)—1. Rhona Macdonald; 2. Patricia Torrance; 3 equal—Annabell M. MacLean and Celia Boyd.

ORAL DELIVERY—FLUENT SPEAKERS

Recitation (under 12)—1. Morag F. Morrison.

Recitation (12-16)—1. Allan Campbell.

Reading with expression (12-16)—1. Allan Campbell.

Reciting Psalm (12-16)—1. Allan Campbell.

OPEN—LITERARY SECTION

Essay (12-16)—1. Sandra Macdonald; 2. Cathie Mackay; 3. Allan Campbell.

Essay (over 16)—1. Freena MacFadyen; 2. Margaret MacCorquodale; 3. Kenneth MacMillan.

The Alexander Munro Memorial Shield presented by Dionnasg Gaidhlig na h-Alba awarded to the learner with the highest aggregate marks in the psalm, poem and essay—(12-16)—Sandra Macdonald.

VOCAL MUSIC

Solo Singing (boys (under 12)—1. Donald C. Macfarlane.

Solo singing, girls (under 12)—1. Catriona Maclean; 2. June Mackay; 3 equal—Christine Maclean, Christina L. Campbell, Heather Ross and Margaret MacVicar.

Boys (12-16)—1. Atholl Murray; 2. John Gilmour; 3. Kenneth Wright.

Girls (12-16)—(Uist and Barra Association Trophy)—1. Christine J. Grant; 2. Mairead Mackenzie.

Duet (12-16)—1. Kirsteen Grant and Heather Drake; 2. Gertrude Gailey and Morag Douglas; 3. Vivienne Black and Celia Boyd.

CHORAL

Unison—1. Knightswood Junior Gaelic Choir; 2 equal The Tir nam Beann Nicolson Memorial Jnr. Choir and Ardrishaig Junior Gaelic Choir; 3. Bella-houston Academy Junior Choir.

Two-part harmony—(Margrat Duncan Trophy presented by Glasgow Islay Association)—1. Bella-houston Academy Junior Choir; 2. Knightswood Junior Gaelic Choir; 3. Eastbank Junior Gaelic Choir.

PIPING

Playing march on chanter (under 14)—1. J. MacNiven 2. H. Stewart; 3. C. Stewart.

Playing strathspey and reel on chanter (under 14)—1. J. MacNiven; 2. H. Stewart; 3. Norman Stronach. Piobaireachd (under 18)—1. D. Murdoch; 2. J. Macaskill; 3. J. Armstrong.

Playing strathspey and reel (under 18)—1. J. Macaskill; 2. D. Murdoch; 3. John MacDougall.

Intermediate Section

Solo Singing (16-18)—1. Agnes Macleod; 2. Isobel Campbell.

Senior Section

ORAL

Recitation—1. Mary Morrison; 2. Archie Macdonald; 3. Freena MacFadyen.

Sgeulachd—1. Archie Macdonald; 2. Jessie T. D. Nisbet.

Dialogue—1. Donalda Laing and Archie Macdonald.

VOCAL MUSIC

Solo Singing, Ladies—1. Mary Currie; 2. Mabel Murray; 3. Anne Bone.

Solo Singing, Men—1. Islay MacTaggart; 2. Iain A. Carmichael; 3 equal—Aladsair Grant and James Burnett.

Solo Singing—Kennedy-Fraser song—1. Aladsair Grant; 2. Margaret C. Mitchell; 3 equal—Calum S. Ross and Islay MacTaggart.

The Mrs. Sossaid Sutherland Collins Memorial Trophy—Mary A. Currie.

The Miss Mary A. Mackinnon Memorial Trophy—Aladsair M. Grant.

The Govan Ceilidh Shield—Calum S. Ross.

Ensemble (Mixed Voices)—1. Greenock Gaelic Choir; 2. Glasgow Islay Choir; 3. St. Columba Church Gaelic Choir.

Duet—1. Kirsteen MacLean and Betty Lang; 2. Catriona Maciver and Janette Addison.

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AN GAIDHEAL

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Leabhar LIV

AN DAMHAIR, 1959

Aireamh 10

GNIOMH IS ORAN

MAR bu trice anns na seann làithean 's e obair a' Ghaidheil an cur-seachad a b' fhearr a bha aige, agus mar sin cha robh ionndrainn mhór aige air toil-intinn eile. Bha na h-òrain ghlomha a bha cho siùbhlach air a bhilean a' dèanamh na h-oibreach na b' fhasa, an oidhche na bu ghiorra, agus a' chuideachd na bu shona. Cha robh gnè shaothair nach robh fuinn fhreagarrach air a son, agus mar bu déine an obair 's ann bu chridheile an t-seinn.

Am feadh 's a bhiodh a' bhanachag a' bleoghann bha séis nan òran aice cumail ceuma ri gluasad nan làmh. Tha fuinn ro thaitneach air na h-òrain so, agus tha ruith nan rann ri co-fhreagairt ris gach lùb is iomairt. Bha e air aithris gu robh an crodh Gaidhealach déidheil air ceòl milis agus ullamh gus am baine thoir seachd cho fada 's a bha an t-seinn a' còrdadh riutha, ach deònach air a chleith nuair nach biodh na teudan air an dòigh! Is cinnteach gu robh tùr thar tomhais anns a' chrodh ud nuair a bha iad cho aithneil agus cho fada 'nan ceann 's nach éisdeadh iad ri fuinn ach an roghainn fhéin, agus gun diùltadh iad copan baine blàth a thoir seachd gus am faigheadh iad an dearbh fhonn a bha iad fhéin ag iarraidh. Co dhìubh dh' innseadh dhuihne gu robh tuathanaich aig an robh crodh le cluas-chiùil cho iongantach a' roghnachadh banachagan a bha beothail 'nan dòigh agus ealanta air seinn.

Bha òrain buachailleachd ann cuideachd a bha na buachaillean a' seinn mar a bha iad a' saodachadh a' chruidh dh' ionnsaigh an innis, agus a' faire thairis orra an cois aibhne 's air fìreach.

Cha robh na mnathan aig an tigh air dheireadh lé'n lunnagan fhéin. Bha na h-òrain aca cumail coiseachd ri caran an dealgain, ri rothan an liaghra, agus cuairtean na cuibhle is iomairt nan làmh. Le fuinn sgoinneil, tharraingeach bha an luadh làmh is chas air aotromachadh, agus coilleachadh a' chlà air a choisrigeachd. Tha na h-òrain-sa lionmhor agus taitneach ri'n éisdeadh. Cha robh luadh a riamh an clachan gun òrain bheadarrach, agus far am biodh luadh is òrain bhiodh cuideachd ghreadhnach, aighearach.

Cha b' e crònan cadail bu lugha air an robh feum anns an latha ud air son sìth a bhith san uchd agus anns a' chreathall. Cha robh gainne air fuinn tàlaidh air son saothair na banaltruim fhàgail na b' fhasa.

Ma bha òrain aig na mnathan air tìr, bha an cuid fhéin aig na fir air tìr is air muir, agus ged nach robh an t-seinn acasan cho buileach fonnmhor bha i pailt cho sgairteil. Nuair a bhàtar a' slaodadh nam ball air bòrd agus a' togail an t-siùil bha feum air òrain ghluasadach, thaiceil. Ach 's e iorram nan ràmh as fhearr air eil cuimhne againne. Bha am bàta no an sgoth gail 'na h-imeachd ri fèath agus 's e builleann nan ràmh a bheireadh iad gu ionad cura no gu laimrig. Bu shàraichte air latha reòta toiseach carraich astar cuain air chùl nan ràmh, ach bu deònach, gramail na fir agus b' àrd-ghuthach iad a' togail an fhuinn.

Air an achadh-bhuain cha robh iad gun òrain fhreagarrach mar an ceudna. Le siubhal is aomadh nan rann bu réidh, siùbhlach iomairt nan corran agus siùdan nan speal. Bha obair a muigh 's a stigh a' dùsgadh òran is fhonn fhreagarrach ris gach gluasad, agus bha na

h-òrain a' sparradh na h-oibreach 's ag aotromachadh an uallaich.

Nuair a bhiodh obair an latha seachad agus an céilidh aig àirde, no bhiodh réiteach is banais sa' bhaile, bhiodh puirt-a-beul aig na dannsairean gus an cumail sunndach, sàilghlan. Cha b'e oidhche ach oidhche is madainn a dh'fheumadh iad mus biodh iad buidheach, sàsaichte.

Lan-Sula

BHA an latha bruthainneach, ciùin, is a' ghrian an àird an athair a' dealradh air uisgeachan balbha a' bhàigh, agus bha uchd Loch Eirisoirt cho sèimh 's gu seòladh an t-slige bhàrnich air. Gun athadh roimh an aodainn phreasach bha na creagan liathghlasa is na tolmair uaine 'gan sìneadh fhéin sios do'n doimhne. Le brat gorm an fhraoich bha na cnuic air gach taobh de'n bhàgh a' togail an ceann ris na neòil gheala a bha siubhal gu luaineach os an cionn. Bu bhòidheach na trusgain shoilleir, ghorra a bha còmhdaich chnoc is bheann, agus b' àlainn solus na gréine air lagain is creagan cho fada 's a ruigeadh sùil orra.

Eadar mi 's an iar bha Ròinibhal 'na culaidh dhuirch a' faire thairis air ceann uachdrach an locha, agus a' seòladh na slighe thar mhonaidh aonaranaich, fhàsail gu beanntan Uige a bha 'gam falach fhéin an guirme nan speur. Air an làimh chli, 'nan còmhdaich gorm is uaine, bha beanntan na Pàirce—Sìthean an Airgid, Mòr Monadh, Bheinn Mhór (comraich nam fiadh), Feiriseal, Grianaig, Stacaichean Bhroluim, Rùisinis, is Mol Chaigelaiddh—a' seasamh gualainn ri gualainn mar gum biodh iad a' dìon an còraichean o na deasaich, Eadar iad is beanntan Uige bha an Cliseam, an t-Isean, 's an Lang fo aiteal na gréine a' glasadh an t-seallaidh air creagan loma is glinn is òban lionmhor na Hearadh.

An cois na mara, air gach taobh de'n loch, bha bailtean beaga an achlais gach òba. Bha Cromór 'ga fhalach fhéin a meag nan creag air an taobh deas, Cabhartaidh is Gearraidh-bhàrd a' coimhead a chéile thar a' bhealaich, Cearshadar is Hàbost air slìosan nan tulach uaine; air an taobh tuath Ceòs, na chithinn dheth, a' gleidheadh an fhasgaidh anns an isle, a' Chlib—oighreachd a' mhinistear uair eigin—breac le tighean ùra, agus Lacasaidh is Bailailean air chùl nan cnoc.

Ma bha sàmhchair air aghaidh nan uisgeachan, bha tosdachd is sìth air aghaidh an fhuinn. Cha

robh creutair beò air faire; cha robh borbhan nan allt no cagarsaich a' chuain 'nam chluais; cha robh gluasad air tràigh no air fireach.

Shuidh mi sios a' deoghal na h-àile chùbhraidh, agus leig mi cead a coise do'n aigne, saorsa a ghlac i gun dàil. Chunnac mi raointean eile—cnuic is tulaich is glinn 'nan trusgain àlainn; lochan is uillt le fraoch badanach, gorm mu'm bruaichean, agus crodh is coraich ag ionaltradh mu'n cuairt orra fo shùilean faireil nan buachaillean. Tàbhonadh làithean a dh'aom.

Dhùisg mi le guileag na faoileige, a bha snàmh le sgiathan foisneach, sgaoilte mach 's i cuachail o thaobh gu taobh de'n bhàgh, 'nam chluais. Thug mi sùil is chunnac mi slìos nan cnoc breac le coraich is uain gheala a' gluasad gu mall is a' criomadh an fheòir san dol seachad. Air an cùl agus air gach taobh dhiubh bha fir sgoinneil le'm bataichean 'nan dùirn a' feadaireachd ri'n cuid chon àrdghuthach a bha ruideil mu'n cuairt. Ceum air cheum tharraing iad dlùth orm, ach cha do rinn iad maille gus na ràinig iad an fhaing an iomall a' chladaich sa' Ghlaic Mhóir. Dh'fhàg iad an sin iad agus rinn gach fear air a dhachaidh fhéin air son tràth bith. Chan fhaca mise iad tuilleadh, agus air son na tha dh'fhios agam tha am meanbh-spréidh ann an sud fhéin fhathast!

Mus do thuill mi dhachaidh thug mi sùil do'n àird an ear. Bha an Aird Mhór a' cur as mo shealladh Eilean Thàbhaidh far a bheil ballachan loma seann eaglais na sgìre 'nan seasamh fhathast, ach chithinn Eilean Chaluim Chille eadar mi is beul an locha. 'Nan suidhe air iomall a' chuain is 'gan searradh fhéin do'n athar ghorra os an cionn bha beanntan corrach tir-mór.

Bha uair a chùite iomairt bhàtaichean is eathraichean air na h-uisgeachan ud; iasgaircan trang a' cosnadh an lòn as an fhainge. Ach an diugh is ann ainneamh a chithear inneal seòlaidh air ghluasad orra. Bha gach eathar beag a chunnac mi, air acair ann an òb, a' feitheamh ri sgioba. S.D.T.

Firinn

“Thigibh a nis, agus tagramaid ri chéile,” deir an Tighearna; “ged robh 'ur peacaidhean mar an scàrlaid bithidh iad geal mar an sneachd; ged robh iad dearg mar chorcur bithidh iad mar olainn.”

CLACH AIR A CHARN

(Chualas an t-ionradh so air Seòras MacEanruig air an radio)

DUINE namh; duine caomh; duine ciatach, còir, fosgarra, fonnmhor; foghainteach, dìreach, cumadail 'na bliodhaig; aodann dreachmhor, le sùilean anns an robh doannan solus blàth; gruag dhlùth dhubb; craicinn glan; rudhadh aotrom 'na ghruaidhean; mala chiùin air nach faicte gruaim; cluasan cothrom ri ceann nam beannachd anns an robh eanchuinn iongantach thuigseach, thorach. Sin dealbh a ghlèidh mi ùr air clàr cuimhne riamh on bha mi 'nam shuidhe mar oileanach òg dà bhliadhna aig casan Sheòrais MhicEanruig. 'S e sochair mhór a bha sin.

Rugadh e sa' bhliadhna 1866, ann am Bail' Uisdein, ann an Cill Taraghlain. B' ann an Tomnacrais, san sgìreachd sin, a chaidh e do'n sgoil an toiseach. Mu aois ceithir bliadhna deug chaidh e do Sgoil Raining an Inbhirnis, far an robh e air a theagasg 's air a threòrachadh le maighstir-sgoile ainmeil, an t-Oll. Alasdair MacBheathain.

Bhrosnaich esan an t-òganach a thàinig a Tomnacrais gus ùidh a chur anns a' Ghàidhlig agus anns gach teanga tha càirdeach dhi. Mar a chanadh Seòras fhéin, "Dh'fhosgail e dhomh doras a dh'ionnsaigh ionad farsuinn; thug e dhomh sealladh air raoitean rionnach a chumadh roghadh rannsaichidh rium fad mo bheatha; shaoileam gun tàinig guth nan ginealach ghaisgeil thugam a dh'innsen gun d'fhàg iad ulaidh phrìseil am falach a bha air thuar fuireach an uaigneas am feasta mur a rachadh neach a mach g' a sireadh; gun robh cainnt, cleachdaidhean is caithe-beatha nan linntean an geall an toirt am follais; gu robh leasachadh ri dhèanamh air an tional a rinn luchd-oibreach eile air na h-iomairean sin."

So an dileab a rùnaich Seòras MacEanruig a bhi toirt a mach, chum a roinn air na h-uile a ghabhadh tlachd innte. Air a dheagh uidheamachadh air stéidh foghlaim ann an àrd-sgoil na Gaidhealtachd, chaidh e dh' Oilthigh Dhunéideann, far an do shoirbhich leis gu combharraichte 'na chùrsa gu h-iomlan, gu sònruichte an cànanibh 's am Feallsanachd, cuspairean domhain anns an do choisinn e dà bhonn òir; fhuair e na buinn òir am Beurla 's an Gàidhlig cuideachd, agus bha e math air Laidiann 's air Grèigis.

'Nuair a chuireadh currac air a cheann mar Mhaighstir Ealaidhinn (M.A.) roghnach e leantuinn air cur ri eòlas anns a' Ghàidhlig 's a bhith rannsachadh nan cainntean a bhùineas dhi; agus mar am fear a b'fhèarr

san fhoglum sin fhuair e fad thrì bliadhna riadh na dileab a shuidhich an Ridir I.M. (MacPherson Scholarship) buan air Oilthigh Dhunéideann mar chòmhaidh do'n Ghàidhlig. Bha ceud punnnd Sasunnach aig an am ud cho math luach ri mìle an diugh. Co dhìùbh, bu leòir e gu cothrom a thoirt do Sheòras MacEanruig a chnuasachd a bu mhian ann a dhèanamh feadh Albann, Eireann, A' Chuimrigh agus na Roinn Eòrpa. Gu dearbha, cha d'fhuair oileanach riamh an cuideachadh sgoileireachd ud a b'fhèarr a b'airidh air no a chuir gu buil cho buannachdail e ris-san.

Ann an Oilthigh Oxford fhuair e an inbhe B.Litt. Ach bha 'thogradh gu ionnsachadh cho iotmhor 's nach fòghnadh sin; dh'fheumadh e faighinn faisg air fuarain foghlum an dùthchannan eile. Thug e an Roinn Eòrpa air, far an do thog e Gearmailt gu coimhlionta agus Fraingeis is teangan Lochlannach mar an ceudna. Dh'eadar-theangaich e sgrìobhaidhean Gearmailteach; agus chunnaic mi e uair is uair a' leughadh cainntean eile na h-Eòrpa.

Shuidh e 'na sgoilear an Oilthigh Bherlin, an Oilthigh Leipzig, agus rinneadh Ollamh Feallsanachd dheth an Oilthigh Vienna.

Bha Seòras trì bliadhna eile an Talla na Diadhairaich an Oilthigh Dhunéideann, agus an sin cuideachd bha e eisimpleireach anns a h-uile seagh. Thug Cléir Dhunéideann cead searmonachaidh dha anns a bhliadhna 1900, agus chaidh e chuideachadh ministear na Mòrair-ne; gu dearbh bu taitneach suidheachadh is eachdraidh na sgìreachd sin do aighe.

Air an naoitheamh latha deug de'n Og-mhios, 1901 phòsadh e le Cléir Thunga ri Eaglais Eadar-a-chaolais. Bha a chòmhnaidh ann an Sgòghairigh. Goidid mun deachaidh e ann, bha bristeadh san Eaglais dà uair, agus dh'fhàg sin an sluagh (500) san sgrìud air an roinn 'nan ceithir choimhthional bheaga; ach bha meas mòr aig a h-uile buidheann air Seòras MacEanruig. Bha e cho ciùin, ciatach, ciallach, gràdhach 's gun do thàlaidh e òg is sean thuige. B'e chreud mar aoghaire "Bràithrean a bhith 'nan còmhnaidh ghnàth an sìth 's an ceangal caoin."

'Nuair a bhiodh còinneamh aige an Achfaire no anns an Chaolas-chumhann chruinnicheadh gach aidmheil a dh'aoiradh còmhladh 's lìonadh iad an tigh. Choisrig e e fhéin chum leas aimsireil is sìorruidh an tréid. Bha e cho còir, ceanalta; cho truacanta 's cho co-fhaireachdail

's gun toireadh e fuasgladh a dh'aon sam bith an teanntachd. Bha e dùrachdach anns gach dleasan; sona ann am féin-iobradh; anns a h-uile dòigh sìmplidh 'na thighinn-beò.

Theireadh daoine bha èolach air gum bu chall fear cho comasach 's a ràinig ire foghlum cho urramach a bhith fuireach an garbh-chrioch cho iomallach, air bheag goireis 's gun chothrom conaltraidh ri luchd leabhairichean. Ach fhad 's a bha cuideigin am feum cuideachaidh bha esan riarachtae bhì 'n gréim an gnìomh iochd ann an dùthaich dhoirbh air an dèanadh ministearan eile tàire.

Cha do ghearrain e riamh air a chrannchur; 's ann a chanadh e, le fiamh a ghàire air a ghnùis, "An àitbhih aobhneach thuit mo lion; 's leam oighreachd bhrèagh nach gann."

Anns a' bhliadhna 1906 chuireadh Gàidhlig mar chuspair air an aon bhonn ri cànanean eile ann an Oilthigh Ghlaschu.

Bha an t-Oll. Urr. Seòras MacEanruig air a thagadh aon-sgeulach gu bhì 'na fhear-teagaisg, oir dhearbh na sgrìobh e eadhon roimh an sin cho fiosrach 's a bha e ann an cainnt is litreachais Ceilteach, eadar cleachdaidh agus eachdraidh o linn gu linn 's o àite gu àite. Is togarrach a fheagair e a' gheairm a fhuair e gu Glaschu, agus rinn e obair ionmholt' ann. Dhèanadh e na b' ùrrainn dha air son a bhì ag altrum na cànan as blasda th'air an t-saoghal. Gach Sathuirne bheireadh e òraidean taitneach san Oilthigh gun duais no cis, le cuireadh cridheil do mhuinntir a' bhaile (Gàidheil is Goill) tighinn a dh'èisdeachd 'sa cheasnachadh.

A thoradh sin, 's ioma h-aon a fhuair sealladh soilleir air seann nithean cho-cheangail ri briathran, beachdan 's beatha Cheilteach is Chruithneach; air saobh-chràbhadh 's air tùs creidimh; air fàs nam fineachan o staid bhorb gu cor cneasda agus Crìosdail. Chuir e cuid de'n chòmhradh sin ann an leabhar toirteil a sgrìobh e aig an àm. (*Survivals in Belief among the Celts.*)

Tha e ag innse mu phrìomh chràbhadh nan treubhan borba feadh Albann 's an liuthad oidhirp réite bha iad a' cleachdadh gu bhì 'gan teanacadh fhéin, a sliochd, a spréidh 's an toradh o spioradan millteach anns an robh iad a' creidsinn 's a bha 'nan culaidh-eagail dhoibh. Tha iomradh ann air druiddheachd, uisgeachan leighis, deas-gnàthan, iobairtean agus móran nithean neo-chneasda. Tha e nochdadh gu robh aoradh pàganach a' leantail eadhon ceudan bliadhna an déidh teachd an t-soisgeil.

Cha robh leisg no lapaich ann am MacEanruig. Cho trang 's gu robh e a' teagasg 's an Oilthigh, chuir e an clò leabhar mòr brioghmhor éile—*The Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland.*

Tha e loma-lan fiosrachaidh air teachd fhuilteach nan Lochlannach 's air an dreach a thug iad air a Ghàidhlig 's air a' Ghaidhealtachd, gu sònruichte a tuath 'san iar.

Mhort na coigrich bhrùideil ud teachdairean an t-soisgeil I-Chaluimchille 's ann an ionadan aoraidh éile; leag iad eaglaisean; agus loisg iad leabhairichean 's an luach sin cha ghabh innse. Bha iad 'nan cuis-uamhais do chrìosdaidhean. Tha sgial air bloigh beag bàrdachd air oir seann leabhar a sgrìobh manach o chionn aona ceud deug bliadhna (A.D. 856).

Is garbh gaillinn na gaoith 'a nochd,

A' cràsghadh bàn-fhalt nan tonn;
Chan eagal leam gun tig luingeas Lochlann,
Mar a thigeadh air muir min lom.

Chaidleadh a' manach bochd an oidhch' ud!

Sgrìobh an t-Oll. Urr. Seòras MacEanruig mòran leabraichean eile agus paipeirean prìseil—Leabhar nan Gleann; Symphonia Gadelica . . . ; Dàin Iain Ghobha (an dà leabhar). 'S ann air an leabhar so anns a bheil suas ri 700 taobh-duilleig as èolaiche luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig.

Tha e tòiseachadh le eachdraidh—beatha a' ghobha (Iain Moireasdan) 's tha suas ri aona mìle deùg sreath de a bhàrdachd chèòlmhor, dhomhainn shoisgeulach ann. Bha na Dàin air an leughadh 's air an seinn 'nam dhachaidh ri m' cheud chuimhne. Tha muinntir Uibhist a Tuath èolach air laoidhean Gobha na Hearadh, agus air eachdraidh a bheatha mar a tha i sgrìobhte cho soilleir anns an leabhar thomadach so.

An déidh àtharrachadh nan gràs tighinn air, bha am bàrd na cheisdear 's 'na cheann-ihil a measg muinntir na Hearadh. Bha e cho truasail an am na gorta (gaiseadh a' bhuntàta) 's gun do chuir e suas seachd leapanann 'na thigh a bhiodh aig coigrich a thigeadh astar chun nan coinneamhan a bha e cumail, agus air son bìdh. Bha amharus aig Iain gur th' ann air son am brù a lionadh, nach b'ann idir a chum an anam a shàsachadh, a bha feadhainn dhiubh a' batchadh air.

Mu dheireadh thall chuir e dearbhadh orra: fhuair e tòrr càil o Alasdair Og, a choimhears-nach; agus chumadh sud ris an treud trì tràthan san latha teth, fuar 's air ath-teodhadh. Cha b'fhada gu robh sgaradh eadar na caoirich agus na gobhair! 'S ann o sin a dh'èirich am facal—'S e càl a dhearbhas creidimh."

Ged nach robh Seòras MacEanruig buan, 's treun an taic a chuir e ris a' Ghàidhlig; saobhair an t-seilbh a dh'fhosgail e dhuint; 's toirteil an t-ionmhas a dh'fhàg e againn. Aig aois sia 's dà fhichead chriochnaich e thurus le

tinneas a chridhe air an t-sìa latha fichead de'n Og-mhìos, 1912, an Rutherglen, far an robh e fhéin 's a bhean a' còmhnuidh cho sona còmhladh 's far am bu choibhneil iad 'nan dachaidh. Cha chualas eucail idir a bhith air gus an d' fhuaras naidheachd bhochd a bhàis. Bu lionmhor iad a bha 'g a ionndrainn, 's bu chaoin an caoidh. Thuirt an t-Oll. MacFhionghuin ann an eòlas sheachd bliadhna fichead air, nach b' aithne dha duine cho gràdhach ris, no cho iriosal le mór-fhoghlum.

Cha do nochd e fuachd no fuath no fearg do neach riamh. Ghluais e maille ri Dia, 's bha bhith-bhuantachd fa chomhair a shùla a h-uile là de bheatha.

Cha bu chall dhòmh-sa dhol do Ghlaschu ged nach toirinn as ach na dh'ionnsaich mi aig an Oll. Urr. Seòras MacEanruig, chan ann a mhàin an cànan 's litreachas Ceilteach, ach mar an ceudna o eisimpleir a chaithe-beatha 's a spioraid ionraic. 'S ann dhomh bu chòir clach ghrinn a chàradh gu còmhnard air càrn a chuimhne chùbhraidh. Crichtnaichidh mi le na briathran a sgrìobh e fhéin aig bonn na duilleig mu dheireadh de leabhar Dàin Iain Ghobha:—

“Gu'n robh buaidh agus beannachd Dhé
air

Muinntir na Gàidhliche.”

CALUM LAING.

Duil Riutha

Fìor ùrachd deoch fuarain
A fhuaras san àird
Cur siubhail mar dhualchas
Air buanachd nan àl.
Tuasaid nan uachdar
Air ghluasad a ghnàth,
A' strì ris gach gualainn
A dhreas an àird.
Mór mhaise gach uaisle
Tha an gineil an àigh
Cur beadruidh neo-shuaraich
Am fuaim-ghleachd an làmh
Gu sìreadh nam fuar-bheann
Chuir cruas anns gach cnàmh.
Fuil chuisleach am buadhan
A' buaireadh an gnàths
Gu ealain nan duan
Chur gu buan air an t-snàmh.
'S e seargadh is crìonadh
As dual do gach fàs;
Tha beatha sa' bhlianachd
Tha fuaighte ri bàs.

Tha Ìotachd gun iarraidh
An dian-ruith nan tràth;
An dualchas tha falachd
Is biadh ni sàr-shàth.

SUINNE.

An Deidh Blar Chulodair

Tha mi a' tuigsinn mar a thill iad uile
an déidh blàr Chulodair a chur 's a chall.

B'ann dìreach a tigh nan Gallaibh
a thàinig iad dhachaidh, gach leòint' is dall.

'S mar a lean iad orra, tha mi a' tuigsinn
cuideachd,

gus na ràinig iad ursannan na h-inntinn féin,
's mar a leag iad an cinn, 's am boineid gorm
'na luideag,

's a dh'fhosgail an seòmar mar gu fosgladh céis.

Oir sgolt an sneachd 's an cathadh eanchainn 's
mala,

's tha bàird ag innse mar a chaill iad sith
is ceileir smeòrach an Tir-Iodh is Muile.

Rinn fion na h-Eadailt Teàrlach bochd 'na
rìgh.

Oir chunnaic e cuideachd mar a chunnaic mise
brudair ro-bhòidheach, is a ghaol 'na tàmh
fo sheachd is chathadh, uisge 's ghaoir, is
bhìodag,

's eanchainn, mar fhaochaig, seacadh fo a
làimh.

IAIN MAC A' GHOBHAINN.

Faoin Achain

Guirmead nan reul 'nad shùilean;
Ròs fo'n drùchd 'nad àilleachd;
Do chorrach bheag an gréim mo lùdaig—
Achain dìon is sgàth bhuat.

O, na cuir annam-sa do mhuinghinn,
Naoidhein earbsaich, ghràdhach,
Is *Krushchev, Ike*, 's Mac Gille Mhaoil
Sniomh trioblaidean 'nad dhàn-sa.

AM BARD BOCHD.

“Is iomadh tuar eile a chì mi air a' chlachan
le mo shùilean dùinte, ach is e as fheàrr leam
buileach a bhith meòmhrachadh air beatha
làitheil an t-sluaigh, mar a dh'aithriseadh i o
bheul gu beul is o linn gu linn gus an do ràinig
an sgeul mise. Bha nithean ann, is tha iad
air neadachadh am chridhe air leithid de
dhòigh is gu faod mi a ràdh le frinn gu bheil
mi 'g am faicinn leis an t-sùil a chunnaic, is
'g an cluinntinn leis a' chluais a dh'èisd.”

An Clachan A Bha Ann.

Buain Nan Caman

Bha a' choille bheithe anns an robh na camain a' cinneachadh mu cheithir mìle suas am monadh agus cha robh Sathuirne bho Shamhuinn gu Nollaig nach biodh prasan bhalach le acfhuinn fhreagarrach a' dùsgadh mhic-talla agus a' cur teicheadh air ceòlraidh nan doireachan, agus tha amharus agam mur b'e eagal an craicinn gum biodh cuid diubh ag aoradh air ionadaibh àrda agus am badanaibh dosrach air làithean toirmisgte eadar Di-luain agus Di-h-aoine, ach nan dèanadh maor na sgoile casaid gu robh ar n-àiteachan falamh anns an tigh-sgoile cha bhiodh diumb sam bith air ar pàrantan ris a' mhaighstir sgoile ged bhiodh comharradh a chròige air na rùdain againn. Bu diomhain dhuinn an leisgeul gu robh sinn aig am de'n t-seòrsa ud a' foghlum ann an leabhar Nàduir, agus gu robh sinn ag ionnsachadh leasain a bheireadh toilinntinn duinn fada an déidh dhuinn mòran de ionnsachadh an tigh-sgoile a leigeil gu tur as ar cuimhne. Air an aobhar ud bha sinn a' cumail na h-àithne a chaidh a dhealbh an aghaidh seachnadh na sgoile agus a' sònrachadh Di-sathuirne àraidh air son ar cuairt anns na monaidhean, agus ged nach robh Nic Còiseam an achlais gach fir againn cha robh sinn idir an easbhuidh uidheam iomchuidh air son "sealgaireachd nam bealaichean." Bha tuagh bheag gheur an dòrn gach neach de'n chuid-eachd, taod 'na achlais, agus mir tarbhach de aran cruaidh coirce air a chalcadh 'na phòcaid le cùl-càise a chumadh a chridhe ris gus an tilleadh e dhachaidh aig tuiteam na h-oidheche. Cha robh feum air an tuilleadh annlainn oir bha ceud caochan mireagach cànrnach air a thurus gu cladach anns an caisgeadh e a phathadh is anns am faigheadh e a shàth.

Cutting the Shinty Clubs

The birch wood in which the clubs grew was about four miles away in the moor, and there was not a single Saturday from Hallomas to Christmas but a group of boys with suitable tools were rousing echo and driving away the songsters of the groves. Were it not for fear of consequences some of them, I suspect, would be adoring (nature) in the heights and in branchy clumps of trees on forbidden days between Monday and Friday, but should the compulsory officer complain that our seats were vacant in the school our parents would not be in the least angry with the schoolmaster though our knuckles were to show the impress of his hand. In vain was the excuse that we were at such a time learning from the book of Nature, and learning lessons which would give us pleasure long after we had completely forgotten much of what the school taught us. Consequently we observed the commandment framed against absenteeism, and we arranged a special Saturda for our visits to the moors. Although each lad did not carry a rifle under his arm we by no means lacked suitable equipment to hunt in the passes. Every one of the company had a small sharp axe in his hand, a rope under his arm, and a substantial piece of hard oat cake packed in his pocket along with a wedge of cheese to sustain him till he returned home at nightfall. Additional condiment was not required for there were a hundred merry, murmuring brooks on their way to the beach where he could quench his thirst and find satiety.

Proverbs

1. Ceud mìle fàilte.
2. Ceannaich mar d' fheum is reic mar is àill leat.
3. Far am bi toil bidh gnìomh.
4. Is math an seirbhiseach teine ach is olc am maighstir e.

Translations

1. A hundred thousand welcomes.
2. Buy according to your needs and sell as you wish.
3. Where there's a will there's a way.
4. Fire is a good servant but a bad master.

CARMINA GADELICA

PART 2

By F. G. THOMPSON

THIS article deals with Gaelic lore connected with (i) animals, plants, birds, and insects; (ii) Personages; and (iii) Festivals and Holy Days.

Live creatures have a prominent niche in Gaelic lore. Volume II contains much of the material in the form of fables, beliefs, and children's rhymes. The beliefs associated with creatures stem from religious origins in most cases. Other origins are apparent, but these require detailed research before an assessment can be made against a wider ethnical background.

The origins of some beliefs are puzzling, however, like that in connection with the black otter. To put one's tongue on the liver of a black otter was to give the tongue the power to heal burning. Also, a piece from the hide of a black otter was often used as a charm against injury in battle. This superstition parallels with that associated with the strip of skin taken from the breast of a sheep killed at a sacrificial festival. No knife had to be used in the cutting, however. The inhalation of the fumes from the burning piece of skin and wool was said to safeguard the family from the unwelcome attentions of evil spirits.

Sometimes two strips of the skin were sewn together to form a small sac, which was then used as a kind of phylactery.

To meet the carcass of a dead animal, fish, or bird, was usually regarded as a bad omen. The particular venture (fishing, hunting, etc.) was not pursued that day. In the writer's young days in Lewis, the finding of a dead sheep on the moor was considered bad for the day's ploy; but spitting three times on the carcass served to ward off any evil that might befall subsequently.

Beliefs associated with seals are based on the supernatural, with definite mythological connections. Seals are regarded as being people under spells.

Of the many birds in Gaelic lore the oystercatcher is the one which has, perhaps, the most prominent place. The associated beliefs are of religious origin and feature supposed incidents in the life of Christ. Swans, a particularly good omen, were thought to be people under spells, as were the seals. The lore in *Carmina Gadelica* connected with cocks has a very strong relationship with the denial of Peter, but also features beliefs in the supernatural, especially

ghosts and the dead. Weather lore is associated with ducks.

As with birds, certain fish have associations of religious origin. The wry mouth of the flounder is said to be the result of an encounter which the flounder had with St. Columba and came away the worse for it. Fish are usually regarded as being semi-sacred, because of the manner of Christ's speaking of them.

Two of the most popular insects in Gaelic lore are the grave-digger and the sacred beetles. The beliefs connected with them originate with the flight to Egypt by Christ's family. During their search for the Holy Child, Herod's soldiers passed the beetles and they asked them if they had seen a sight of the fugitives. "Yesterday went by," said the grave-digger beetle. And for that he is always crushed under foot. "Seven years hence," said the sacred beetle. And for that kind lie he is merely turned on his back and left in that undignified position to right himself as best he can.

The Golden Butterfly was believed to be an angel of God come to earth to bear the souls of the dead to heaven. Tradition has it that the yellow butterfly was not seen on earth until Christ came out of the tomb.

The purposes and uses of plants vary considerably; but they figure mostly in the cure of illnesses. The belief in the medicinal properties of certain plants is, of course, founded on factual experience and results, but always there is the element of superstition associated with a cure for healing. This probably increased the effectualness of the medicinal properties inherent in the plant used.

The plant which figures most in the lore of the Gael is the *mothan*, thought to be the pearlwort. According to tradition, it owes its magical properties to the fact that it was the first plant on which Christ stepped when He emerged from the tomb and, in another tradition, the first plant on which He stepped when He came to earth.

The uses to which the *mothan* was put were many and varied. Placed on a lintel, it acted as a charm to prevent the *sluagh* (fairy hosts) from entering the house and causing harm to the inmates. A cow, once having eaten the *mothan*, yielded milk, rich and of a rare quality. The plant was also used to concoct a love-philtre. Used as a charm while making milk

products, it prevented the substance from being spirited away by those with evil intentions.

Other plants used to effect cures for illnesses, mostly backed up by incantations of a religious nature, are the fig-wort, the catkin-wool, and the club-moss. The latter was used particularly for the protection of the wearer against harm caused by fairies.

Certain woods, too, had their peculiar purposes. Wood was described as being either "crossed" or "sacred." Among the former are the fig-tree, the aspen, and the thorn tree. The beliefs connected with these originate with the obvious associations these woods had with Christ. Only the "good" woods (such as oak, ash and willow) were used by the Gael in the building of boats, in the construction of buildings, and other such projects as were directly connected with the people and the community. There is abundant evidence in the various uses to which woods were put of their relationships with pagan beliefs in animism and the Druids and Celtic mythology.

The festivals and Holy-days of the Gael, as mentioned in *Carmina Gadelica*, although ostensibly Christian, have very definite associations with pre-Christian days and times set aside for special observance.

The main festivals in the Celtic calendar were Samhuin and Beltane. They celebrated respectively the awakening of earth from winter's sleep, and the sun being drawn under the power of darkness. They marked the two main seasons which governed the life cycle of the people from year to year. The festivals are agrarian in character rather than solar. Two festivals were also observed: midsummer and the Lughnasadh, or the Feast of Lugh (in August), the latter being a god who features in Celtic mythology. The former festival marked the triumph of sunshine and vegetation; and the latter the time when the sun's course had reached its turning point.

Beltane (the beginning of the Celtic ancient year) was celebrated by the offering of libations and cakes not only to spirits believed to be beneficial to flocks and herds, but also to foxes, wolves, eagles, and beasts of prey as a propitiatory measure so that they would not harass the herds during the coming year.

Other festivals observed during the Celtic year had strong ties with the cycle of life of the people, which was always geared to seasonal changes marked by progress in vegetable growth.

Holy-days are dedicated variously to biblical and Celtic saints, Mary, Bridget, Michael and Columba being most prominent. Other saints' days are those usually found in the Calendar

of Religious Holy-days. Christmas Eve, Hogmanay, and Hallowe'en are also observed with peculiar customs. Hallowe'en is related to All Saints' Night in the Religious Calendar, and the Celtic festival of Samhuin. Christmas Eve is the "night of the cakes." On this night gifts were given and received in remembrance of Christ. A custom observed on this night was the placing, by the mother, of the Christmas cake or bannock into the laps of her daughters, this act being symbolic of Bridget who was the first woman to take the new-born Christ into her lap.

Tradition has it that all herding animals knelt on Christmas morning, and bees left their hive for a few hours.

Cakes figure prominently in the customs observed on St. Michael's Day. During the baking, a few small pieces of the dough were thrown on to the hot embers of the fire, uttering the words, "Here to thee, devil, thine own share." This act was thought to appease the devil and reduce his unwelcome attentions on the household. This bears comparison with the customs observed during Beltane, and the offering of appeasements to beasts of prey and evil spirits.

The St. Michael's Day cake was always three-sided. While the cake was baking, the dry dust from the baking-board was sprinkled over the flock, which was assembled for the occasion. The cake was distributed in small three-sided pieces, a fourth portion being given to the poor. As St. Michael was the patron saint of horses, horse races were held in certain parts of the Islands. Carrots (a symbol of fertility) also played a significant part in the celebrations.

The first day of each quarter (each quarter being marked by the four great festivals in the Celtic year) was regarded as being a particularly good day for making "white magic": spells and enchantments for good. Rites of purification from sin or guilt were also performed on this day.

Distinct connections are evident between the present-day observances of "holy-days" and those days dedicated to personages who figured in pagan religions, the result of the fusing of pagan and Christian elements.

Definite relics of pre-Christian beliefs are the supernatural beings and certain methods of worship of these. Consider, for instance, the practice of pouring libations on to fixed rocks for the propitiation of good and evil spirits, as was the custom before the commencement of milking and waulking. Two parallel instances can be cited as a matter of interest. One is

biblical: the patriarch Jacob and the dream he had while sleeping in a megalithic sanctuary. When he awoke, he was so conscious of the presence of the spirit of God that he felt compelled to make an offering by pouring oil on the stone which had served as his pillow and setting it up as a sacred pillar (*mazzebah*).

(To be continued)

The Celtic Congress Edinburgh, 1959

By ANGUS DUNCAN

THE number of delegates that came to Edinburgh for this year's meeting of the Celtic congress proves that the Congress is as popular as ever as a rallying-point for members of all six Celtic nations. With the renewed interest among scholars in the ancient Celtic peoples, their origin and expansion, as well as their contribution to the art and culture of central and Western Europe, this year's Congress had a right to begin on a lofty note, and to close in the best of spirits.

The value to the various representatives of coming together once a year to hear of the progress made in each country, and to exchange views on the many aspects of their common heritage, was emphasized by the international President, Chief Justice Conor Maguire, when thanking the University of Edinburgh for the Reception given in the Upper Library Hall on the opening night. This was the first official welcome to delegates, and Scottish members were pleased to find Sir Hugh Watson, secretary of the Scottish Gaelic Texts Society, which his father founded, taking part in the welcome as a newly-elected member of the University Court. Mr. Ewan MacDiarmid, president of the Scottish branch, also welcomed delegates to the Scottish capital.

An exhibition of representative Gaelic MSS. and rare books from the University library, prepared by Mr. C. P. Finlayson, Keeper of MSS., attracted much attention.

REPORTS AND SYMPOSIUM

The first full day was taken up with the branch secretaries' reports; a symposium in each speaker's native tongue on the subject, "The significance of our Celtic heritage"; and, in the evening, an illustrated address by Calum Iain MacLean, senior research fellow, on "The songs of the Jacobite Period."

Full reports were submitted by each of the branch secretaries, some of the reports, especially that of Mr. Donald Grant, of the Scottish branch, receiving prominent notice in the Press. It was good to hear that, while the use of Gaelic as a spoken language was diminishing, the teaching of Gaelic had been added to the curriculum of two more schools in the South since the Congress last met in Scotland six years ago.

Mr. Grant rightly reported on the conference of Gaelic school-teachers held last year in Portree; the annual Mod, as well as local, or provincial Mods; and the success of the Gaelic dramatic competitions, now firmly established. More might have been made of the appointment by the Inverness-shire Education Authority at Easter of a full-time Gaelic organiser.

An interesting topic came up as the result of a resolution put down by the Irish branch, and moved by Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick, a retired teacher of wide knowledge and experience. It was a proposal for the interchange of information about the activities of each branch, this to take the form of essays written in the national language of the respective countries. An Seabhaic, well-known Irish scholar, and member of the Senate in the Dail, in supporting the proposal, asked that special attention should be given in these essays to the position of the language in each country.

The afternoon session the same day was of absorbing interest, Mr. Oscar MacUiliis occupying the chair, and translating the contributions from both Brittany and Cornwall into English. In the case of the other countries, English summaries of their contributions to this well-organised and well-prepared symposium were handed out. The paper read by Father O'Leary was, however, translated in full, with the result that Scottish members, as well as their Irish counterparts, could follow his address, line by line, from the English text in their hands. The speakers were:—R. R. M. Gendal, Cornwall; An t-Athair Diarmid O Laoire, Eire; Walter Clarke, Isle of Man; Seumas MacThómais, Scotland; Tecwyn Ellis, Wales; J. Piette (Arzel Even), Brittany.

Mr. MacLean's lecture, racy and humorous, was much enjoyed. For his illustrations, a composite tape with selected songs copied from nine different tapes was used, some of the songs having been recorded in places as far apart as Uig, Skye, and Northwood, Middlesex, while two of the Gaelic singers had recorded their songs in the School of Scottish Studies studio. A musical evening was afterwards held in the same room, artistes from all the Celtic countries taking part.

TOUR IN THE WEST

The second day of the Congress saw delegates desert Edinburgh, and go, in buses, first to Linlithgow, where they were received and welcomed by Provost A. G. Merker, J.P., and some of the magistrates, and afterwards shown round the ruins of the historic palace by Mr. Geoffrey Chalmers, custodian, who related its history in a way that was both interesting and entertaining.

Proceeding to Glasgow, the office-bearers were entertained to lunch by Lord Provost Myer Galpern and the Lady Provost. The whole company afterwards proceeded, in ideal weather, to Loch Lomondside, where they were received by Dr. and Mrs. John M. Bannerman. This trip, with the magnificent scenery on all sides, and the open-air entertainment in the grounds of Dr. Bannerman's home in Balmaha, will not soon be forgotten by our visitors. Returning to Glasgow, members were entertained to High Tea in the Highlanders' Institute, after which a concert was held, the buses returning to Edinburgh at midnight.

VISIT TO NATIONAL LIBRARY

In spite of such a full and tiring day, a good attendance awaited Dr. Isabel F. Grant next morning when she rose to give an address on "The Highland Clans." Those who have read, or even handled, Dr. Grant's 650 page volume on "The MacLeods: the history of a Clan, 1200-1956," published early this year, need not be reminded of her skill as an historian, nor of her enthusiasm in imparting her knowledge to others whether by the spoken word or by pen.

The same afternoon, the Congress visited the National Library of Scotland, where an exhibition of older books and manuscripts belonging to the library was shown. Among the printed books was the identical copy of Martin Martin's "Description of the Western Islands of Scotland" which Dr. Johnson and Samuel Boswell took with them on their famous tour in the year 1773. It is inscribed by Boswell. The Gaelic MSS. included the Book of the Dean of Lismore, the oldest collection of Gaelic poetry we possess in Scotland, and two of the twelve bound volumes of Campbell's MSS. of "West Highland Tales" housed in the library.

CIVIC RECEPTION

In the evening, the Congress was honoured by Edinburgh Town Council at a Reception in the newly-decorated Council Chambers, when the senior magistrate, Bailie A. D. Jameson

welcomed a large number of guests. Chief Justice Conor Maguire suitably replied. A programme of music and song was provided by the Congress artistes until a late hour, when Bailie Jameson thanked the guests for their entertainment, and Mr. Ewan MacDiarmid thanked our hosts for their hospitality.

The last day of the Congress had no formal meetings, members being free in the forenoon to join a conducted tour of the city. In the afternoon, a Protestant Gaelic service was held in the Highland-Tolbooth Church of Scotland, when the minister, Rev. John MacLeod, M.A., conducted the service and preached. A Roman Catholic service was also held, Father John MacCormick having come all the way from Barra to preach in Gaelic. The Catholic bishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh was present, and celebrated Mass.

THE FINAL SCENE

Objection has been taken to a ten-minute talk broadcast just before the international concert on the last night (when the castle, by the way, was floodlit in honour of the Congress), and the commentator himself seems to realise that the B.B.C. was in too great a hurry. After all, "the evening praises the day, and the last act of the theatre is the best"; and so, those who heard the delightful account of this concert by Mr. Philip Stalker, of *The Scotsman*, in his half-hour broadcast the following Tuesday, must have felt compensated for their interest in the Congress and in its component nations.

"No sign of Celtic twilight here" was one of Mr. Stalker's first remarks. All the singers impressed him, but, especially, the young Irish soprano, Aileen Collins, from Howth, in Gaelic, Beann Eadair, "as pretty to look at as she is to listen to," and the Manx folk-singer, Joan Owen, who gave a superb rendering of a Manx Gaelic song in imitation of the blackbird's song:

Ceann dearg, ceann dearg,
Aparan dubh, aparán dubh,
Bheil thu tighinn? Bheil thu tighinn?
Sgith a' feitheamh, sgith a' feitheamh,
Lon-dubh! lon-dubh!

(Red head, red head; Black apron, black apron; Are you coming? are you coming? Tired of waiting, tired of waiting; Blackbird! blackbird!)

Mr. Stalker's concluding words that it would be a thousand pities if any of these languages were allowed to die should convince everyone that the Celtic Congress, no less than the national festivals, is well worth while.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN T-SAMHAIN, 1959

Aireamh 11

CEISTEAN

Tha Mòd eile nis seachad. Cha bhiodh e iongantach idir ged a dh'èireadh ceistean as ùr co-cheangailte ris a' Mhòd, cuid aca a dh'fhaodar a leigeil mu ar cluasan gun mòran suime a ghabhail dhiubh, ach cuid eile a tha airidh air cnuasachadh cothromach agus air freagairt seaghail, glic. Is dòcha gun cuir sinn ceistean oirnn fhìn fhathast, ma bhios ùine againn, feadhainn nach bi idir furasda am fuasgladh, le freagairtean nach bi suil againn a chòrdas ris na h-uile. Ach is e bu docha leinn gu mòr aig an am ceistean fhàgail aig ar luchd leughaidh gu bhith beachdachadh orra nuair nach bi cus eile aca ri dhèanamh. Bidh sinn toilichte chluinntinn uapa, ann am Beurla no ann an Gàidhlig, leis na beachdan a tha aca. An latha a sguireas sinn a chur ceistean oirnn fhìn mu thimcheall nan nithean a tha sinn a' creidsinn a tha freagarrach is feumail a thaobh ar cinnich is ar dùthcha tha sinn ullamh gu bhith tuiteam ann an suain as nach dùisg sinn, agus gu bhith smaoinichadh gu bheil an latha leinn nuair nach eil againn ach plaosg gun bheatha. Tha cor na Gàidhlig an Albainn an diugh ann an suidheachadh ìosal, agus chan eil sinn a' faicinn, a dh'aindeoin gach oidhirp chum ar dileab is ar coir-bhreith a ghleidheadh, ach sior chrionadh.

Dùisgeamaid mus bi e ro anmoch!

Bheir sinn am follas anns an Iris so na freagairt a gheibh sinn, biodh iad fada no goirid, dìreach mar a chithear freagarrach.

So na ceistean:

1. A bheil cus Beurla agus r. bheag de Ghàidhlig air a chleachdadh co-cheangailte ris na co-fharpaisean is aig gach cuirm is cruinneachadh, agus, ma tha, cionnus a bhrosnaichear muinntir na Gàidhlig

gu bhith cur ùidh 'nan cànan? Tha fios againn de am freagairt a bheireadh muinntir an Oireachtais agus an Eisteddfod dhuinn.

2. Am biodh e na b'fheumail Mòd na Cloinne a bhith dealaichte ri Mòd nan Inbheach, agus am biodh e na b'fheud Mòd na Cloinne a chumail air a' Ghaidh-ealtachd an am an t-samhraidh agus cothrom a thoirt do'n chloinn o dheas coinneachadh ri clann na Gàidhlig aig an dachaidhean?

3. Dé na feuman as motha a tha am Mòd a' dèanamh gu bhith daingneachadh leis na Gàidhlig an Albainn?

4. A bheil e ceart a bhith cho tric air Ghaidhlig leis a' Mhòd? Tha ceistean eile oirnn a tha feitheamh ri freagairtean ach is dòcha gu foghainn na ceithir ud aig aon am.

Tha e furasda gu leòir a bhith càineadh 's a' gearan, a bhith monmharach 's a' faighinn coire. Ach bhiodh e fada na b'fheumail nan tugadh na daoine glice, geurcheiseach, fad-sheallach am beachdan fhéin seachad gu bhith, ma dh'fhaodte, a' stiùireadh agus a' còmhnaidh na muinntire a tha dèanamh an dichill a réir an t-seallaidh a tha aca.

Mar Ghaidheil tha feum againn seasamh gualann ri gualainn; mar mhuinntir a tha cur ùidh anns an dileab luachmhoir a dh'fhàgadh againn le ar sinnsearan cha bu chòir gum biodh duine idir dìomhain nuair a tha còraichean, a tha airidh air dìon is gléidheadh, ullamh gu dhol as an t-sealladh.

Chan eil An Comunn Gaidhealach ag iarraidh molaidd, ach tha iad ag iarraidh agus a' feumacadh luchd cuideachaidh.

“MAC OG AN IARLA”

BHA Màiri àluinn mar ghrian na maidne. Bha i bòidheach 'na pearsa, agus malda 'na dòigh. Cha robh 's a' ghleann a thug bàrr oirre an coibheas agus an ciùineachd. Cha chluinnte a guth ann an cuideachd, 's cha bhiodh a h-àite-se falamh far am biodh feum air cobhair. B' i roghainn gach còmhail. Bha oighreachd a' feitheamh oirre oir cha robh mac no nigean aig a h-athair ach i-fhéin, agus b' i clach a shùla-san o chaochail a màthair.

Thàlaidh a ciùinead agus a bòidhchead leannain dh'ionnsaigh na dachaidh aice, ach 'nam meas uile cha do laigh a sùil air rùn a cridhe, agus bha i cho sona 's a bha an latha cho fada, dìreach mar a bha i, a' cumail an tighe air dòigh agus 'na companach gràdhach, dìleas d'a h-athair gach uair. Cha robh an latha fada gu leòir air son na bha r'a dheanamh a muigh 's a stigh oir bha tacra chruidh agus chaorach aca an cois a' chladaich agus a' sineadh suas guallann na beinne. Mar sin, cha robh ùine aig Màiri gu bhith 'gabhaill fadachd, no ionndrainn aice sìr ceòl-gàire no fearas-chuideachd. Ach cha do dh'fhàg sin fleasgaich Mhàraig gun a bhith tighinn air chèilidh gu mimic do'n tigh mhór, agus 'nam measg thàinig tuathanach Hùisinish na bu trice na'n àbhaist. Bha esan 'na dhùine òg, sgoimeil, gun chron 'na ghnè, gun fheum air còmhadh oir bha gu leòr aige, agus e iasgaidh an ceann a' ghnòthuich.

Cha robh caraid aig fear Mhàraig bu docha leis na tuathanach Hùisinish, agus cha robh neach eile ann a roghnaicheadh e mar chéile do Mhàiri air thoiseach air. Ach cha do leig a h-athair guth air ri Màiri. Is ise dh' fheumadh roghainn a dhèanamh nam biodh roghainn ann.

Lathè de na làithean cò thàinig do'n chlachan ach coigreach o dheas, fìor dhùine usal 'na choltas agus sgairteil, sàil-ghlan 'na imeachd. Cha robh e fada as an àite gus na choinnich e-fhèin agus Màiri oir bha muinntir a' chlachan daonnan a' tadhal air càch a chéile.

Chuir iad eòlas air a chéile. Mar a thachair do chàch, thachair do'n choigreach. Thàlaidh i a chridhe air ball, agus an ùine nach robh fada thug ise gràdh a cridhe dha. Bha làithean sona aca an cuideachd a chéile, gun uallach gun iomagain, a' faicinn athair ghrianaich air thoiseach orra, agus le sùil na h-imtinnne a' lorg gach beannachd is àigh. Ach cò an speur air nach tig neul?

Mus robh an samhradh seachad cha robh neach anns a' chlachan nach cuala gur e a bha anns a' choigreach ach ànrach fo'n choill agus a nàimhdean guineach an tòir air. Cò bha so ach mac

òg Iarla Earraghaidheil a mharbh aon de Fhtisealaich na h-Airde an còmhrag-dithis agus a theich le bheatha do na Hearadh.

Nuair a chualas fear Mhàraig mar a bha, chan fhaodadh an coigreach a thighinn tuilleadh air àluinn an tighe, oir nach ann de na Frisealaich a bhuneadh a chéile fhéin. Dh' fheumadh e na Hearadh fhàgail gun dàil, gun Màiri fhaicinn gu bràth tuilleadh.

Mus do dhealaich iad thug e a ghealladh dith gu feitheadh e rithe gu latha a bhàis nan gealladh i a phòsadh fadheòidh. “Fhad's is beò thu cha phòs mise fear eile,” fhreagair i, “agus mar sheula air mo dhìlseachd, so dhuit ribin gorm. Biodh e agad gach taobh an téid thu gus an connich sinn a rithist. Slàn leat gus an tig thu.”

Chuir mac òg an Iarla cùl ris na Hearadh agus dh'fhalbh e a sheòladh nan cuaintean. Fad bhliadhnanachan cha chualas iomradh air, 's cha robh fios aig duine co dhùbh a bha e beò no marbh. Fad na h-ùine dh'fhan Màiri dìleas dha, agus dhiùlt i gach aon a thàinig a shireadh a làimhe.

Latha de na làithean, chunnacas long air acair am bàgh Mhàraig. Dh' aithriseadh le cuid a bha air bòrd gu faca iad mac an Iarla iomadh uair fad nam bliadhnanachan a bha e air chall, gu robh iad uair agus uair 'na chuideachd, agus gu robh iad uile glé cheangailte ris, oir bha e daonnan usal 'na dhòigh, agus dìleas dh'a chàirdean. “Chailleadh e,” thuir iad, “air druim a' chuain o chionn ùine air ais.”

Thàinig fear Hùisinish an geall air Màiri as ùr, agus chuir a h-athair impidh oirre a phòsadh. Ged nach do chaill Màiri cuimhne air a caraid a chaochail dh'aontaich i fear-a'-bhaile a phòsadh agus chaidh latha na bainnse a shuidheachadh. Bha a h-athair a nis air a dhòigh agus cha dèanadh ni a chùis ach banais nach fhacas na b' fheàrr ullachadh. Ach càite am faighte na bu leòr fiona air son na Hearaich a shàsachadh? 'S ann a b' fheudar seòl a sgaoil eadh ri crann dh'ionnsaigh bun Loch Siophaic an dòchas gum biodh soitheach a' gabhaill fàsagaidh an sin o'm faighte na bhà dhith orra. Fhuairreadh sin—soitheach á Lochlainn air a turus gu deas le luchd math de'n dearbh ni a bha dh'uireasbhuidh orra. Thàinig sgiobair na soitheach agus am fear-cuidich aige chon na bainnse. Ràinig iad tigh na bainnse nuair a bha gach nì deiseil, ach mus do dh'fhosgail am ministear an Leabhar air son seirbhis a' phòsaidh.

Cho luath agus a chaidh na coigrich a steach thug am fear-cuidich pasgan beag as a bhroilleach agus chuir e an làimh bean-na-bainnse e. "So dhuit," ars esan, "tiodhlac beag mar chuimhneachan air gràdh nach caochail."

Dh'fhosgail Màiri am pasgan, agus laigh a sùil air ribin gorm air a phasgadh gu cùramach. Thug i sùil eile air a choigreach, agus ghlaodh i " 'S tu th' ann, a ghràidh," agus a' tuiteam air uchd phòg i e.

Thug fear-na-bainnse sùil air a' chàraid le iongnadh. Thuig e a chall, agus gun fhacal a ràdh chaidh e mach agus dhruid e an doras as a dhéidh.

Cha do sheas a h-athair an aghaidh na hinghinne na b' fhaide oir chunnaic e dilseachd an dithis d'a chéile. "Tha gach ni ullamh," thuir e, "tha am ministear an làthair, agus bidh banais ann an nochd nach fhacas a samhail anns na Hearadh a riamh."

Bha biadh is aighgear, ceòl is dannsadh aig na Hearaich an oidhche ud 's gu madainn là-arma-mhàireach.

Tha e air aithris gur ann o'n chàraid òig ud a thàinig Caimbeulaich na Hearadh agus cuid de Chaimbeulaich Leódhais mar an ceudna.

Nis, chan eil anns an sgeul sin ach beul-aithris agus chan fhaodar a slugadh gun a sioladh. 'S iomadh naidheachd thaitneach de'n t-seòrsa a ràinig sinn o bheul gu beul troimh na ginealaich, agus is minic a bha luchd-éiseachd agus luchd leughaidh air am mealladh leotha. Tha beul-aithris air uairean a' sìneadh fada, fada air ais—air dhòigh 's nach eil e furasda lorg chinnteach fhaighinn air firinn no mearach na cùise.

Tha an sgeul-sa a dh' innis mi aig an am a' nochdadh mar a dh'fhaodas tomhas de'n fhirinn a bhi air a gleidheadh fad linntean anns na sgeòil, nuair a dh'fhaodas mòran anns nach urrainnear suim a chur idir a bhi air a thoirt seachad ann an riochd na firinne. Faodaidh, gun teagamh, an t-ul-fhirinn a bhith ann am beul-aithris air uairean. Faodaidh tuailcas de'n fhirinn a bhi innte, agus faodaidh mar an ceudna nach bi bun no bàrr aig a' naidheachd idir.

Tha e iomchuidh agus glic air an aobhar sin gum bi gach sgeul neo-dhearbhte de'n t-seòrsa air a criaradh gu cùramach chum 's gum bi an sgalpan air a leigeil leis a' ghaoith.

Tha e fìor gu leòr gur e Earraghaidheal seann dùthaich nan Caimbeulaich. Tha eachdraidh a' dèanamh soilleir gun d' thàinig Caimbeulaich á Earraghaidheal do na Hearadh, gun do dh'fhàs iad Ìomhor an sin, agus an ceann ùine gun do ràinig iad Leódhas far am faighear iad

agus an là an diugh. Ach chan eil e fìor idir gun do thachair an gnothuch mar a tha beul-aithris ag innse dhuinn anns an sgeul ud.

Nise, so mar a bha: Bha Màiri, an t-aon duine cloinne a bha aig Uilleam MacLeoid, Dhunbheagain, pòsda aig Donnchadh Caimbeul ann an Achainbreac, an Sìrramachd Earraghaidheil. Air chuireadh MhicLeoid, dh'fhàg Donnchadh agus a bhean Earraghaidheal mu'n bhliadhna 1555 gu thighinn air thigheadas do na Hearadh, pàirt de oighreachd MhicLeòid.

Lean meall theaghlachain eile de na Caimbeulaich iad, agus 'nam measg bha dithis shònruichte a thug bàrr air càch uile ann an ùghdarras agus ann an comas. B'e Coinneach Caimbeul aon diubh so. Bha esan an dlùth chàrdeas do Dhonnchadh.

Bha Uilleam MacLeòid, Dhunbheagain, air son a bhith cinnteach nach cuirte an oighreachd seachad air an aon nìghinn aige an déidh a bhàis, ni a dh'fhaodadh tachairt furasda gu leòr ann an là a bh' ann. 'S e an dòigh a ghabh e gus na bha 'na bheachd a thoirt gu buil deagh-ghean nan Caimbeulaich a chosnadh le bhì toirt seilbh dhaibh air fearann math 'na chriochan fhéin.

Na'm biodh feum aig Màiri air còmhndadh chàirdean air son a còraichean a dhleasdadh nuair a thigeadh an t-am cha leigeadh i leas a dhol fada g'an lorg. Gheibheadh i iad air an oighreachd far na shuidhich a h-athair iad.

Thug e Caisteal Phabaidh do Choinneach Caimbeul. Ann an Eilean Phabaidh bha Coinneach a' righeachadh fad iomadh bliadhna, agus a réir an sgeòil shoirbhich leis gu ro mhath, air a chuirteachadh le càirdean agus èblaich a bha ullamh gus a leantuinn agus a thoil a dhèanamh. Bha cuideachd Choinnich anns na Hearadh a riamh o'n am ud, agus 's ann dhiùbh a tha Caimbeulaich Shrannda an ceann a deas na Hearadh gus an là an diugh.

Phòs nighean le Ailean MacLeòid á Sealabost fear de Chaimbeulaich Shrannda, agus 's ise màthair Iain Liath Mac Mhic Choinnich o'n tàinig na Caimbeulaich a tha fhathast a' còmhnuidh 's a' bhaile sin.

Chuir Iain Caimbeul, air an tug mi iomradh a cheana, seachad an còrr de bheatha anns na Hearadh mar an ceudna. Bha esan, agus a chuideachd 'na dhéidh a' riaghladh anns na Hearadh fo làimh MhicLeòid' fad iomadh ginealach. Lorgar a dhaoine an iomadh ceàrnaidh de'n dùthaich fhathast.

Tha cuid a' cumail a mach nach eil ceangal sam bith eadar Caimbeulaich Shrannda agus Caimbeulaich Sgalpaidh. Ach chan eil stéidh earbsach aig a' bheachd sin.

Gaidheal Gu Chul

LE DOMHNALL S. MACLEOID

(Chualas an t-iomradh so air an radio).

'S e fear do 'm ainm Iain Caimbeul a' cheud neach de'n teaghlach a bha. 'na fhear-taca air Sgalpaidh, agus a réir barail an luchd rannsachaidh b' e so Iain Mac Iain Mhic Aonghuis. Tha fios againn gu robh Aonghus so beò aig an aon am ri Aonghus Mac Mhic Choinnich agus a réir a h-uile coltas b' e e-fhéin Aonghus Mac Mhic Coinnich, bráthair do Iain Liath a dh'ainmich mi.

'S ann aig Dòmhnall Caimbeul a bha uachdaranachd air Sgalpaidh nuair a chuir an an-uair Prionnsa Tearlach air tìr anns an eilean 's e teicheadh fo'n choill as déidh blàr Chulodair. Tha cuimhne againn mar a thàinig Dòmhnall MacLeòid leis a' Phrionnsa le eathar sia-ràmhach a Beinn-a'-Bhaoghla gu cladhach na Hearadh 's e feuchainn ri Steòrnabhagh a thoirt a mach an dùil soitheach fhaotainn an sin a ghiùllainneadh Tearlach sàbhailte do'n Fhraing.

Dh'fhuadaich an droch thìde iad gu ruige Sgalpaidh far na ghabh an Caimbeulach riutha gu coibhneil leis gach nì a bha dhith orra air son an turais ànraich a bha air thoiseach orra.

Chan eil aobhar leudachaidh air an eachdraidh-sa na's fhaide.

Troimh na ginealaich sgaoil Caimbeulaich na Hearadh fad is farsuing. Thàinig cuid diubh gu ruige Leòdhus air am fuadach as an dachaidbean le an-ìochd na muinntir aig an robh uachdaranachd thairis orra, dìreach mar a thachair an ìomadh gleann is srath air feadh na Gaidhealtachd aig an am.

Tha an sliochd r'am faotainn gus an latha an diugh ann an Sgìre nan Loch, ach thàinig feadhainn dhiubh a dh'Àrd Thunga ann an Sgìre Steòrnabhaigh, agus is aithne dhuinn gu math na teaghlachan a thàinig uapa. Ach cha do chum na h-Eileanan iad. Tha iad ri am faotainn cho fad as ri cladaichean a siar Chanada, far an cluinn iad, ma dh'fhaodte, ann an tàladh a' Chuain Shèimh air tràigh guth eile 'gan gairm is 'gan suaineadh air aig gu tìr an òige, gu cuideachd an eòlais agus an gràidh.

Sin agaibh mo sgeul, ach nach iongantach mar a threòraicheas naidheachdan de'n t-seòrsa sinn air sliغه an eòlais agus an cois-cheuman luchd ar gràidh.

S. D. T.

1. Dhèanadh Niall clàrsaichean nan cuireadh càch ceòl annta.
2. Cuiridh an teanga snaim nach fuasgail an fhìcaicail.
3. Ge dubh a cheann is geal a chridhe.

COMHRADH goirid, a chàirdean, a nochd air Sgiathanach ainmeil, an Siorram (no mar a their cuid againn) an Siorraidh Alasdair MacNeacail a dhearbh bho thùs gu éis gun robh e 'na ghnè is 'na ghnàths 'na Ghaidheal gu chùil. Bhuineadh an duine cliùiteach so do Chlann MhicNeacail, Sgoire-breac, fine cho sean 's a bha san Eilean Sgiathanach.

Bha oighreachd bheag aig athair, Calum MacNeacail, ann an Hùsabost an Diùranais far an do rugadh an Siorram sa' bhliadhna ochd ceud deug is seachd ar fhichead: dh'eug e an Duneideann aig aois trì fichead 's a sia. An Hùsabost, àite àraich, bha sealladh eireachdail aige 'na òige, gach latha, air muir 's air tìr, air beanntan is gleanntan, air Caisteal tuireid-each Dhuinbheagain is bràighe Bhoraraig, far na thuinich uair dha'n robh, Clann 'ic Cruimthein. Bha e faisg air Gleann-dail far an robh Dòmhnall nan òran 's a mhac Niall, am bàrd Sgiathanach, beò 'na latha: is bha e tur-eòlach air a cho-aois, Màiri Nighean Iain Bhàin. Fhuair e eòlas mòr air an tuath is aig an am, anns an sgìre fharsuinn 's na dh'àraicheadh e, cha chluinneadh e ach a' Ghàidhlig, cànan anns na ghabh e tlachd ro-mhór agus anns na dhearbh e e fhéin 'na sgoilear bàrraichte is 'na bhàrd comasach. 'Na bhàrdachd gheibhear gu soilleir a ghràdh do dhùthaich is gu sònruichte do Eilean a bhreith. Chaidh a theagas an Duneideann le oidean-foghlum a bha teòma is sgeileil, agus an Oil-thigh a' bhaile mhóir sin, choisinn e innbe is urram neo-chumanta air Litreachas is am Feallsanachd.

Bha e dreis 'na fhear-cuideachaidh aig Ollamh na Feallsanachd san Oil-thigh. Aig an am so bha e rùnachadh dreuchd ministear a thoirt a mach ach leig e an sònrachadh a bha so seachad is an déidh às athar thionndaidh e gu cùrsa an lagha agus anns a' bhliadhna ochd ceud deug is trì fichead chaidh a ghairm 'na fheartagraidh an Tigh na Pàrlumaid an Duneideann. Còig bliadhna an déidh sin bha e 'na chléireach aig na Fir-ùghdarras a chuir an Crùn a mach chum sgrùdadh a dhèanamh air fòghlum is teagas an sgoilean na Ghaidhealtachd, agus tha an t-iomradh, geur is glic, a thug e seachad 'na chùis samoinich fhathast. Rannsach e a mach an suidheachadh anns gach ceàrn, le a Ghàidhlig is le thùr nàdurach is le thuigse air Gaidheil is air a' Ghaidhealtachd. Dh'ìreach e a' bhruthach a bha so gun spàirn oir b'e so abair a bha taitneach leis is bha bhuil oirre. A' bhliadhna

thàinig Achd an Fhòghluim an Alba a mach chaidh a ghairm 'na Shiorram an Cille Chuibeirt far na chuir e seachad ceithir bliadhna mus deach ainmeachadh 'na Shiorram an Grianaig far an robh e ceithir bliadhna eile. Ach cha do thoilich is cha do riarraich obair an lagha nàduir a' Ghaidheil so is leig e seachad a dhreuchd is thug e Duneideann air far na shaoil e fhéin 's a chàirdean gum biodh a chaithe-beatha na bu sheasgair is na bu shòlaisiche. Ach cha b'ann mar sin a bha. Cha robh suabhachas saobhir dha, eadhon an Duneideann, measg a chàirdean, far an robh e air a mheas, cho mòr mar òraidiche, mar bhàrd is mar fhear enuasachaidh. B'e fhéin Clach uasal an fhàine an Comunnan Dhuneideann is ceann na céille is na comhairle. Ged a fhuair e taitneas car ùine an Duneideann far an robh e eòlach air an Ollamh *Blackie* (Mac Ille Dhuibh mar a thuirnt am Bàrd Sgiath-anach ris), air an Rìdire Goislie a bha cho ionnsaichte air obair a' chruthachaidh an Eilean a' Cheò, is mòran de'n leithid a bheireadh tlachd air anntlachd 's nach leigeadh srian le aimhleas, feumar gach nì is fheudar fhulang. Thàrmach easlaint a dh'fhàg e fo sprochd is fo thùrsa dhuilich phràmhanach. Dh'eug an gnìomharach beachdail so gu h-obann, làn suaircis, 'na charaid dhaingean dhìleas do aobhar nan Gaidheal. Bha coltas an fhìor Ghaidheil, gu bodhaigeil air MacNeacail; is tric a chuala mi Uilleam MacCoinnich a bha an ceann na sgoile an Cùlnanoc a' tighinn air "Alic Caomh Hùsaboist," cho dèanta 's a bha e 'na chruth 's na chumadh, cho garbh an cnàmh, an neart, is an tùr a bha 'na shùil.

Chan b' iongnadh idir ged a chaidh a thaghadh mar bhall de'n *Commission* a chuir an Crùn a mach air son sgrùdadh teann is geur a dhèanamh air cor is còirichean na Tuatha air a' Ghaidhealtachd. Maille ris bha Gaidheil chomasach eile—an t-Ollamh Mac Fhionghuin, Lochial, Coinneach Mór Gheàrrloch, is Frisael Mac an Tòisich. Chuala an saoghal air a' chluais bu bhuidhre, gach anaceartas a bhathas a' cleachdadh, le sumanadh as an fhearann a' tighinn gun dàil bho bhàillidhean a bha smachdail m'an mhàl air tuath. Faodar fhathast, leis na h-eòlaich, meur is gliocas an t-Siorraim Mhic-Neacail fhaicinn an iomadh àite san iomradh a rinn an *Commission*. Dh'fhàg eòlas laghail e 'na bhall a rinn feum do iomadh Gaidheil an Tìr an Fhraoich, gu h-àraidh far nach bu chleachdadh leis an t-sluagh Beurla a labhairt, oir chunnaic e còir-fearainn na Tuatha air a socrachadh le Achd Parlumaid. Thàinig na cobhair a bha an cois an Achd so gu na Gaidheil mar gun tigeadh slàinte do dhuine tinn is cha robh slugh na bròine is na bochdainn air am fuadach tuilleadh le bàillidh a' sealg orra mar

gum biodh cat na luatha gabhail cuimse air luch.

Chan eil, mo thruaighe, uiread iarraidh air fearann an diugh sa' Ghaidhealtachd 's a bha an uair sin. Cha bi machair nan Gall ach bràighe nan gleann an Eilean a' Cheò a bheireadh ùrachadh is treòir do'n t-sàr Ghaidheil tha sinna a' cliùitheachadh. Lean e a dhùthchas bho'n stoc bu dual. Thug MacNeacail am follas fhòghlum is fhiosrachadh ann an leabhar tomadach air na gnàth-fhocal a chuir e a mach sa' bhliadhna ochd ceud ceithir fichead 's a dhà far na thionail 's na chnuasaich e faisg air ceithir mìle gnàth-fhocal is dubh-fhocal Gàidhlig le eadar-theangachadh orra am Beurla, is mòran de ghnàth-fhocal a dùthchannan céine a shaoil e bha co-fhreagairt ri gliocas is smuain nan Gaidheal. Is math a b' aithne dha an taghadh bho na càirdean a chuidich leis, thall 's a bhos.

Rinn e an cruinneachadh iomraiteach so le foighidinn is tàbhachd gun chruas, gun tais, gu ciallach, cùramach a' toirt tuigse do chàch is aithne chùbhraidh air gliocas nan daoine bho'n tàinig e. Choisinn an obair ionmholta so dha an onair Ollamh Lagha bho Oil-thigh Dhuneideann. Bu mhath dhunn nam biodh clò-bhualadh ùr air leabhar MhicNeacail. (Thachair sin o labhradh so). Rinn e bàrdachd chomasach sa' Bheurla mar a tha an t-òran curanta "Agus hó Mhòrag" agus òran briagha air an Eilean Sgiathanach. Thug e dhunn 'na Ghàidhlig fhéin an dàn bho dheireadh cuideachd: "Ged is bòidheach a' ghorm mhuir dheas, Far an cleasaich 'na neart a' ghrian, Is ann leam gum b' fheàrr bhith coimhead an t-sàil

A' briseadh air cladach na h-Iar.
Beinn Shìon, an Aithne 's an Ròimh,
Faiceam mun téid mi fo'n ùir,
Ach is beag mo spéis do bhaile fo'n ghréin
An coimeas ri Eilean mo ruin."

So clach bheag an càrn-cuimhne Mhic-Neacail a dh'fhàg cothrom is còir aig na Gaidheil a tha iad a' mealtainn fhathast.

Gnathasan Cainnte

1. Chunnaic mi gun robh mi dheth.
2. Tha breacan a baile agad fhéin an diugh.
3. Chuir e roimhe an ceann-uidhe a thoirt a mach.
4. Chan eil a' chridhe aige sùil a chur innte.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Na Cearcan

The Hens

Chan eil fhios agam an tug thu fainear an tlachd a tha aig na cearcan ann an ruamhar agus gach obair eile a tha an comh-cheangal ri fearann. Tha mise co-dhiùbh de'n bhar:il nach eil creutair eile a tha an comaidh ri clann nan daoine a tha cho dèanach air an deagh rùn a nochdadh dhaibh agus a tha a' chearc. Mar a fhios aig mo chàirdean chan eil mi fhéin glé dhéidheil air obair chruaidh agus fóghnaidh glé bheag ruamhair gus an caol-druim agam a chur an ire brisidh, agus mar sin tha mi glé thric nach bi mórán ri fhaicinn an déidh mo shaothrach. Agus caidlidh mise sa' mhadainn earraich gus am bi a' ghrian an àird an athair ach chan ann mar sin do mo chàirdean na cearcan e. Bidh iadsan air an cois mus math a chuir a' ghrian a h-aghaidh fhlaithheil os cionn faire, agus cho luath agus a ghabhas iad cuairt-eag a chìreadh an itean agus a gheibh iad deoch, sud iad 'nan sguad a steach do'n lios agus tòisichidh iad, cho trang agus ged a bhíodh iad air am pàidheadh anns an t-slaic, air pronnadh agus mineachadh na h-oibreach a dh'fhàg mi car cearbach an raoir. Chan e mhàin gum pronn iad gach ploc ach ràcaidh iad gach troidh gus am bi e ullamh air son an t-sìl a chur ann.

Có a dh'iarraidh dearbhadh a b'fheàrr air gliocas na circe agus a dùrachd ann a bhith a' toirt cobhrach do a sealbhadair? Ach dh'fhaodainn iomadh dearbhadh eile thoirt air a' ghnòthach. Mar thuirt mi cheana cha b'urrainn do mo bhràthair a ràdh le firinn gur mi taghadh nan gàradairean, agus an uair a chuireas mi leapaichean le sìleanan de iomadh gnè, feumaidh mi aideachadh nach bi iad uairean idir cho mìn briagha agus a dh'fhaodadh iad a bhith. Ach feuch thusa an leig a' chearc le mo ghàradh a bhith 'na chùis mhagaiddh. Eiridh iad mun tog an leisgean a leth-cheann bho'n chluasaig, agus ni iad na leapaichean a sgrìobadh agus a sgrìobadh gus am bi iad cho réidh còmhnaidh ri anart-bùird air ùr iarnachadh.

Tha na cearcan cuideachd làn fhiosrach nach eil mórán toiniseg againn ann an cur leapaichean fhùraichean an òrdugh. An seòrsa chuireas mise 'nan sreathan co-shinte, their iadsan ri chéile nach coimhead iad ceart idir an uair a dh'fhàsas iad, gur e tha annta sud seòrsachan anabarrach freagarrach air son rionnagan, agus gun dragh sam bith a chur orm air eagal gun cuireadh e tàmailt orm ni iadsan sreathan 'nan rionnagan agus an cumaidhean eile a bhios ro bhòidheach an uair a dh'fhàsas iad.

I do not know whether you noticed the pleasure hens have in digging, and in every other work connected with land. At all events, I am of the opinion that no other creature associated with mankind is as willing to show its goodwill to them as the hen. As my friends know, I am not very fond of hard work, and very little digging suffices to make the small of my back reach breaking point. Thus it frequently happens that no great result is to be seen after my pains. And I sleep on a spring morning till the sun is high up in the sky, but it is not so with my friends, the hens. They are afoot before the sun has scarcely raised its noble countenance above the horizon, and as soon as they take a turn to preen their feathers and get a drink, into the garden they go in a body, and, as if they were paid by the yard, they will busily start to break down and smooth the work I left somewhat imperfect the previous night. Not only will they break down every clod but they will also rake every foot of it until it is ready for showing the seed in it.

Who would want better proof of the wisdom of the hen and its zeal to help its owner? But I could give many other proofs of the fact. As I said already, my brother could not truthfully say that I am the best of gardeners, and when I sow seed-beds with many kinds of seeds, I must confess that sometimes they are not at all as smooth and beautiful as they ought to be. But, mark you, the hen will not let my garden be a laughing-stock. They will be up before lazy-bones raises his cheek from the pillow, and they will scrape and scrape the beds till they are as smooth and regular as a tablecloth newly ironed.

Moreover the hens know full well that we do not have much sense in arranging flower-beds. They say to one another that the types I arrange in parallel rows will not at all look right when they grow, that these are very suitable for diamonds, and without disturbing me for fear it would be an insult to me they arrange the rows in diamonds and other shapes that will be very beautiful when they grow.

President's Address

MY DEAR FRIENDS—Having a suspicion that a few present here are not so much at home in Gaelic, to those few I would like to address a few words in that other tongue on the subject "An Comunn Gaidhealach and its Task."

An Comunn Gaidhealach came into existence in the town of Oban in the year 1892, with the following avowed objects and aims.

To encourage and promote:—

1. Teaching and Use of the Gaelic Language.
2. Study and Cultivation of Gaelic History, Literature, Music.
3. Native Industries, Crafts and Arts of the Highlands of Scotland.
4. Wearing of our Highland Dress.

But why all this anxiety in 1892? Were any of these aims and objects being seriously threatened at that time? To answer that question, let us take a rapid survey of some European History from a time 2,000 years before the birth of Christ. Almost 4,000 years ago the peoples of Eastern Europe were surprised and alarmed by a succession of bands of tribes who descended on them from the mountain fastnesses of the North West Himalyas. For over 2,000 years these men kept moving ever further Westward, but always more arriving from the East to occupy the places vacated.

These peoples called themselves Celts, says Julius Caesar—in the first Century B.C. He called them Gauls. The origin of the name is much debated. About 500 years B.C. the Greeks thought the name was connected with the Latin word "Celus" or high because of the distinctive appearance of these peoples, their lofty ideals, and high skills in Science, Arts and Crafts in those days of paganism and ignorance. The Greeks of that time suggest that the name "Celts" as well as the noble characters and characteristics are explained by the fact that they were the offspring of Celtus the son of Hercules and grandson of Jupiter himself—sometimes called "Zeus" the highest of all the pagan Gods.

A French Historian about 250 years ago wrote an eight Volume History of the Celtic People with special reference to a section of them, who, for hundreds of years, had led a settled existence along the banks of the Danube. These are literal translations of his words. "They were a quiet peace-loving people, who through their skills with metals could cultivate the soil most effectively, and so could gain from the fruits of the earth all the sustenance they needed for life and comfort. They lived happily in the quiet places, in the woods and

in the fields by the streams. They were always extolling as the highest and noblest of all the virtues love and kindness to their fellow man. And when they came to be full of days and no longer so able, they wished not to lag redundant on the stage and made arrangements for passing on. They arranged a festive occasion to which they invited their many friends; they dressed in their gayest clothes, dined and sang together, took happy leave of one another, and to the accompaniment of bright triumphant music proceeded to the top of a high cliff and flung themselves over. This was recognised by all as their final act of self-sacrifice for the benefit of the next generation. This was the philosophy as well as the practical everyday rule of life and death of our remote ancestors at least 1500 years before Jesus Christ electrified his world with the behest "This is the first and greatest commandment— Love your neighbour as yourself."

These then were the enlightened people who spread themselves and their influence over the whole of Europe, and the adjacent islands in the pre-Christian years. These were the people who in 55 B.C. resisted the Roman invasion of Great Britain: these were the people who continuously for 500 years harassed the flanks of, and worried, the occupying Romans and eventually caused them to shorten their lines of communication, and in the long run to withdraw to defend Rome itself which was then being threatened by our brother and cousin Celtic people still in Europe.

It was these same Celtic people, who, after the departure of the Romans, took charge of affairs in Scotland and constituted it a kingdom—a Celtic kingdom. On the throne we had a Gaelic-speaking King. Gaelic was the language of the King's Court, of the Courts of Law and Justice, of the nobility and of course the language of the common people.

This was the Heyday of Gaelic influence and strength which lasted for many centuries.

Incidentally when Greek and Roman Philosophy and Art and Literature fell into decay, and gross darkness threatened the people of Europe, it was the Celtic Schools in Ireland and Scotland, that kept the lamp of learning aglow, attracted students from all parts of Europe and thus made possible the "Renaissance" or "Revival of Learning" which occurred in Europe in due course.

But to return to Gaelic affairs in Scotland. Heydays are periods of special excitement and exaltation and of necessity, and perhaps fortunately, things cannot remain always at that high level of emotional intensity. In any case this was only too true of Gaelic in Scotland. Gradually and imperceptibly many

influences inimical to our cause made themselves felt over the years. Time does not permit that I should elaborate on these. I shall merely mention a few milestones on the long downhill road leading to Gaelic degradation.

1. A beautiful and much beloved young princess from the English Court became Queen of Scotland. She knew no Gaelic, English became the language of the palace, and soon this became the fashion for those with ambitions. The nobles left their country homes to have homes in the city where the king lived. They sent their sons to English Schools with usual dire results.

2. The Union of the Crowns in 1603. James VI of Scotland becomes James I of Britain. James VI reputed to have had a fair knowledge of Gaelic, goes to live in London where the whole influence is English where he is followed immediately by all the nobility families, (I don't do them the honour of calling them nobles) who were sycophants and place-seekers.

3. Union of the Parliaments. Scotland ceased to have a Parliament of her own meeting in Edinburgh—All Scottish leaders now perforce live in London. Another blow to Gaelic.

4. The aftermaths of the 1715 and '45 affairs. Chiefs with Gaelic spirit who took part put to death or forced to seek safety overseas. And for the rank and file who remained at home in order to discipline or kill their national spirit the national way of life and language and dress was ruthlessly trampled down.

5. The most unkindest cut of all. Education Act 1870. Into every highland parish, which through the drive of John Knox already had an efficient and educationally sound school, teaching boys and girls general subjects, including English, through the medium of Gaelic the language with which they were already thoroughly conversant, the new Act forced an entirely revolutionary and according to latest theories of Education not to mention sound commonsense, an absolutely retrograde system. The administration of the Act made it compulsory to teach all subjects in the school through the medium of English, although most of the pupils knew nothing of that language.

As one who entered school in 1887 I have first-hand knowledge of the position in the schools in those years. A single teacher with over 60 pupils ranging from 5 years to 18 years of age, most of the pupils knowing no English when entering school and the teacher knowing

no Gaelic. In an attempt to bridge this apparently impossible gap, it became a working rule of the school that any pupil found speaking Gaelic in the school or vicinity would be severely punished. From all sides, inside and outside, we were told "Gaelic has no future. Forget it." Learn English and learn it quickly. Gaelic has no commercial values, it has no cultural value. Gaelic speakers were pure barbarians, no literature, no music, no art, no knowledge of crafts. We had every reason to be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves and being only children, 5 years of age, we did become ashamed of ourselves and actually began to pretend we had no knowledge of Gaelic.

What an inglorious transformation in a short millenium from the proud days when Scotland was a Gaelic Kingdom with Gaelic the official speech of every Scot, down to the degradation and Slough of Despond of 1892 when it was a mark of distinction and pride to be able to say "I know no Gaelic."

What a sad and depressing revelation of our failure to remember our glorious past, and our apparent willingness to accept this position of degradation to which we were now relegating ourselves.

Fortunately not all Gaels were so craven hearted: there were still a few optimists left "still five men left to save the city." Throughout the previous century there were notable men like Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, Professor Blackie, Dr. Alexander Carmichael and many others. Societies like the Gaelic Societies of London, Inverness and Glasgow, who had given yeoman service to the cause. It was with a full appreciation of the value of that service that the small group of men at Oban, men of courage, men of vision, men of strong faith decided that something more needed to be done to arrest the ever quickening rot and decay. All of them were acutely aware of the parlous situation of our Gaelic culture, and having a profound conviction that for Gaelic to go under and for the unique attitude of the Gael to life, to be forgotten would be a serious loss to the civilized world.

So they set themselves in a small way, a task which had a double purpose. 1. A process of rehabilitation for the Gael himself, to restore his pride in his ancestry and in his heritage. 2. A process of education of the scoffing world around us to show that we had very solid ground for our pride of race, and that we had made a very real contribution to the culture of the world throughout the centuries.

As a first step they held at Oban a Festival Competition in Gaelic singing, speaking, and writing, Celtic Instrumental Music, and Arts and Crafts. It was a modest, unspectacular

beginning but it was in very deed an act of faith and trust in their ideals. It was the birth of An Comunn Gaidhealach, it was the setting free of a spirit, which has travelled the world round, to grip the imaginations of dejected Gaels, to remind them of their traditions, and to stimulate them to take courage and by their inspired action to create a great present and still greater future. And what has happened?

The tentative efforts of our friends in 1892 with two or three dozen competitors and a few more of an audience and all completed in about 3 hours, have by 1958, 66 years later, grown into a vastly bigger machine, the Annual National Mod with over 1500 individual competitors at the Mod, many hundreds more working out their competitions in the primary and secondary schools in the country, 40 or 50 choirs competing, 10 Halls used, 8 hours each day for a week, for competitions, with evening concerts or Ceilidhs to cumulative audiences of over 7000 people. We have broadcasts—Sound and Television—of Competitions, Concerts and Ceilidhs to audiences over half a million. We have about 100 local branches throughout the country who hold monthly meetings during the winter season. Almost as many kindred Societies are affiliated to us and work toward our Aims and Objects.

In 1959 we have had 15 Provincial Mods, some lasting as much as two days, some closely rivalling the National Mod in the number of competitors, and all of them equalling that event in the enthusiasm, sportsmanship and quality of the competitions.

And what you may well ask have we achieved of solid value? Have we found any answers to those jibes levelled at us in 1892 and earlier? We certainly have.

Culture

The Celts have a culture which had impressed and helped to mould the world of their time, at least 2000 years before Greece or Rome had been heard of, and that culture, even when he is not conscious of it, is ineradicably woven into the inner soul of every true Gael today.

Music

Our ancient national instrument was the harp or Clarsach, and on this instrument our ancestors were no mean performers, and to their own accompaniment on this instrument the bards were wont to sing their Epic songs—Ceol Mor. In later times the “Piob Mhor” though not originally ours came to be very definitely associated with our race. Most of us are inclined to connect the Bagpipe with Route marching, the battlefield and highland dancing but we must remember that to the real

piper the highest function of the pipe is to play Pibroch, Serious Music, Ceol Mor.

In developing this form of music our pipers made a unique, an absolutely original contribution to the development of the world's music. Our pipers were the first to conceive the idea of starting off with a simple theme or ground-work (Urlar) superimposing on this a series of variations, gradually increasing in pace, emotion and intensity right up to a climax and then returning to the peace and tranquility of the opening theme. Thus was printed the blueprint for our Mozarts and Wagners to follow.

For the benefit of our critics who can't find any musical content in the bagpipe, I would like to quote some words spoken to me by an Englishman born and bred, a world authority on music and Professor of Music in a British University. Here are his words:

“Why don't we have more Pibroch playing broadcast by the B.B.C. In all my musical life I've never had any other experience so profoundly moving as when I listened for the first time to ‘Ceol Mor’ coming over the air. I was held entranced as the ‘Big Music’ moved on, in all its grandeur and dignity, with its deep feeling, its glorious triumphant passion through all its various phases, to that reflective and satisfying close when the piper returned to the simple quiet theme on which he had opened.”

What higher tribute could be paid to any music? On the vocal music side, we have a pool of folk song almost inexhaustible, literally thousands of songs already recorded, and thousands more, sung by the people for hundreds of years, now in process of being noted down—songs which in musical beauty, in variety of content and lyrical form are unsurpassed in any nation. Through the efforts of An Comunn the charm and beauty of these haunting melodies have been made known to hundreds of thousands of people at home, and due to the splendid co-operation and publicity of the British Broadcasting Corporation, those benefits have been carried over the air to hundreds of millions of appreciative listeners in the Commonwealth and all the nation.

Literature

Taking Literature in the narrow sense of printed matter, we have to acknowledge that we make no great claims in that direction, though we are very proud of the quality of the published matter in both prose and poetry which we do possess. Publishing and printing is very largely a matter of finance, which is very closely bound up with size of reading public,

and we all know that in this modern world neither in numerical strength nor in financial influence is the Gael particularly strong.

But on the other hand in the true sense, the real sense of literature, i.e. "Letters" we have a very great deal indeed to show. All over the country, in libraries, in museums, in Church records and in private homes, manuscripts and typescripts, in prose and poetry, some written hundreds of years ago, some written yesterday, we possess a vast store of worthy literature which could readily be placed in the hands of the publisher if the necessary financial support were provided.

And then another very real form of literature not peculiar to, but highly developed by and characteristic of the Gael, the Folk Tale or Sgeulachd. These are tales passed down, sometimes for thousands of years, from father to son, daughter, sometimes prose, sometimes poetry, sometimes ten lines long, sometimes tens of thousands of words, taking days to relate, never written down, and yet, over the centuries changing only to an incredibly small degree. Some years ago I had the great honour and privilege of spending a whole day at his home with one of our famous Seannachies, Duncan MacDonald of South Uist. He was a living encyclopedia of folk lore, and from him alone over 1200 separate tales of all varieties of length and theme have been placed on permanent record for the benefit of future generations.

Such men and women are unfortunately getting more rare among us but I am glad there are still more than a few left, and what rejoices me even more there are still lads and lassies in their teens sitting at the feet of their parents and grandparents enthusiastically imbibing from them, all that is necessary to make them the Seannachies of the future.

I could go on indefinitely piling up evidence but it is no longer necessary to do so. The work of An Comunn and others of like mind has not only re-awakened in our own people a new faith and confidence in themselves, but has proved to the whole world that the Celtic peoples though no longer numerically strong, have a glorious heritage, and are still in a position to make a great contribution to the spiritual and intellectual being of mankind. An Comunn has done a magnificent piece of work and we give them praise.

But have they done enough. I would say no. Much still remains to be done. We saw in what I said earlier that the special genius of the Celt flourished and came to fruition in the quiet places, in the fields, the woods and by the streams. And so it is still. In the crowded cities where the Gaels are now prone to congre-

gate, their essential characteristics and special virtues tend gradually to wilt and languish so that if we hope to hold on to our Celtic heritage we certainly can not do it in the congested life of urban centre.

Our real enemy now is rural depopulation and this is not peculiar to our Gaelic areas but is to be found the whole world over in all countries. For over 60 years the drift from the land has been growing, the higher wages, the more regular working conditions, the scale of amusements and entertainments have lured them to the city. In more recent years the arrival of mechanisation on the farm and even on the croft, has actually driven men away, since one man with modern machinery can, with comfort, overtake the work formerly done by five. Result: unless some new form of occupation is found, four-fifths of the population is driven out.

If this process is allowed to continue, we shall soon arrive at the point where the highland population is so scant, the embers of the fires of enthusiasm so widely dispersed, that it is quite impossible to gather them together and fan them into the warm glow, which is called Community Life. If it is allowed to pass beyond this low level rural life ceases to be possible and the Gaelic way of life goes into oblivion. Surely this is a clamant challenge, crying out loudly to each one of us, to do all that in us lies to stem and even reverse this steady tide of human souls away from the quiet places. If we do not accept the challenge, then surely much of the magnificent work already done shall have been to little purpose.

But you will take up the challenge, you will go forward with faith and courage to do this extra duty, and the work already done shall not have been in vain. Remember this is not entirely a matter of Economics. There is a spiritual side too and the Highlander is essentially spiritually minded.

Remember the dictum laid down in the manual of War—In a battle the power of the spirit is to the power of the material as 3 to 1.

Annual General Meeting

The A.G.M. was held in St. Paul's Church Halls, on 17th October. The President, Mr. Farquhar MacRae, presided over a fairly large gathering. He paid tribute to all who contributed in any way to the success of the 1959 Mod, making special mention of the Provost

and Magistrates of Dundee, the Local Mod Committee, the Office Staff, and Stewards, together with the Adjudicators, Competitors and Instructors.

The Treasurer's Financial Statement was approved, and thereafter the Secretary read out the names of the newly elected office-bearers and members of Council as follows:—

President—Hugh MacPhee. Vice-Presidents—Rev. T. M. Murchison, Glasgow; Mrs. M. Edgar, Glasgow. Council—Mrs. J. M. Bannerman Balmaha; John A. Macdonald, Glasgow; Rev. John Mackay, Glasgow; Lachlan Mackinnon, Fort William; Roderick Mackinnon, Perth; Mrs. J. M. B. Maclean, Dunoon; Hon. Mrs. Maclean, Ardgour; Neil Maclean, Dunoon.

Mr. MacRae thanked the members for their loyal support during his period of Office. Thereafter he welcomed the newly appointed President in generous terms, and wished him happiness and success.

Mr. MacPhee thanked the members for their confidence in himself, and paid a well deserved tribute to Mr. MacRae for all his work during his three years of Office.

There were three invitations for the 1961 Mod before the meeting, one from Stirling Gaelic Society, one from the Oban Branch, and one from the Perth Gaelic Society. The Perth invitation was withdrawn, and after the relative merits of Stirling and Oban as venues were vigorously debated it was decided to hold the 1961 Mod in Stirling.

After the meeting, the Executive met and appointed members of the various Standing Committees.

Obituary

Her many friends in Gaelic circles will be sorry to hear of the death in Inverness last September of Miss Margaret Macdonald, a sister of the late Donald Macdonald who was for a short period President of An Comunn Gaidhealach. Miss Macdonald was a Gold Medalist, and served for many years as a music teacher for An Comunn. The people of the Outer Isles, among whom she worked, will remember her with deep gratitude. Her zealous work for Gaelic and the success of her choirs at Mods deserve fitting mention.

We remember, in silence, her near relatives who are left to mourn her loss.

MacLaren's Hebrides Collection of Scottish Songs

Nos. 70, 71, 72 and 73

It is pleasant to see that Messrs. MacLaren of Argyle Street, Glasgow, continue to add titles to their series of Scottish, mainly Gaelic songs. These are published in staff and sol-fa notation, at the price of 2/- per song. Gaelic singers will welcome these new additions to their repertoire.

The songs are: No. 70, *An t-Eilean Aluinn* (Gaelic words and melody by James MacDonald, English words by J. M. Bannerman, arranged for piano by M. G. MacCallum); No. 71, *A' Mhaighdean Uasal* (Gaelic and English words, and melody, by Donald Ross, piano arrangement by George Short); No. 72, *Soraìdh gu Loch Bhraoin* (Gaelic words and melody by Donald Ross, English words by A. D. Mackie, piano arrangement by George Short); No. 73, *Fàgail Liosmòr* (Gaelic and English words by Edward Pursell, melody by Margaret Martin-Hardie, piano arrangement by M. G. MacCallum).

Perhaps neither of Donald Ross's new songs has that compelling, singable quality which ensured the popularity of *Cailin mo rùin-sa*, but *A' Mhaighdean Uasal*, despite a strong musical echo in the last line of the song, should prove a popular love-so g. *Soraìdh gu Loch Bhraoin* is a pleasant song in praise of Loch Broom, and Mr. Ross will enhance his bardic reputation with it, and enchant many audiences with his own singing of these nostalgic words. There is a strong ring of originality about the melodies of both *An t-Eilean Aluinn* and *Fàgail Liosmòr*. The words of both are good, and *Fàgail Liosmòr* in particular is a worthy addition to the already rich song-literature of Gaelic.

There are occasional misprints in the sol-fa notation, and these should be removed at the first opportunity.

School Magazines

Lional

This well produced magazine is a courageous and ambitious venture, reflecting initiative and drive. There is quite a variety of material giving glimpses of local life and outlook. It will be difficult, however, to maintain a high literary standard in a normal J.S. School. The support given by local advertisers is praiseworthy and encouraging.

(Continued on An Gaidheal Og page 22)

Mod Prize List

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATORS—Rev. William Matheson, M.A.; Donald Alex. Macdonald, M.A.; Alexander Nicolson, M.A.; John Mackay, M.A.; Neil Shaw, O.B.E.; John A. MacRae, M.A., L.R.A.M.; An t-Urr. T. M. MacCalmain, M.A.

Junior Section

Group "D"—Gaelic Essay on the life of Ruth. Boys—1, Ronald McCuish, Sir Edward Scott, J.S. School; 2, Donald MacLennan, Sir Edward Scott J.S. School. Girls—1, Rena MacNiven, Bowmore J.S. School; 2, Jessie Swanson, Bowmore J.S. School.

Group "E" (Boys and Girls under 18)—Gaelic Essay as prescribed. 1, Anne MacDonald, Inverness Royal Academy.

Senior Section

Silver Cup (presented by the Earl and Countess of Cassilis, awarded to prize-winner gaining highest aggregate marks in stated competitions)—Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

Gold Medal (presented by Miss Millar-Weir, awarded to the prize-winner with highest aggregate marks in stated competitions, former winners debarred)—Rev. John MacDonald, Duns.

One-Act Play (Founders' Memorial Prize presented by Ceilidh nan Gaidheal, Glasgow)—Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

Short Story (The Hugh MacCorquodale (Fingal) Memorial Prize)—Rev. John MacDonald, Duns.

Long Story (Prize presented by Gaelic Society of Glasgow)—Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

Essay on any subject—Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

Three original songs for children (The Robert MacMillan Prizes)—Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

Poem on any subject (Bardic Poem)—1, Donald Allan MacDonald, Lochboisdale; 2, Rev. John MacDonald, Duns.

ART AND INDUSTRY COMPETITIONS

ADJUDICATOR—Miss A. D. MacGregor.

Section "A"—Home Industries. Kilt Hose—1, Mrs. Theodora Coult, Turriff.

Section "B"—Original Celtic Design suitable for finger-plate—1, Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning; 2, Miss C. M. MacKenzie, Aberdeen.

Section "C"—Cushion cover embroidered in wool with Celtic design—1, Joyce Bain, Woodside Sec. School. Quach, ladle, etc. made of wood with Celtic design—1, James Ritchie, Turriff; 2, Capt. Hay of Hayfield; 3, Alex. Leask, Lerwick. Needlework—1, Miss C. M. MacKenzie, Aberdeen, 2, Joyce Bain, Woodside Sec. School.

Section "F"—Article in woodwork with Celtic design—1, Robert Galloway, Glenwood Sec. School; 2, Alasdair Kenyon, Glenwood Sec. School; 3, William Wilson, Glenwood Sec. School; 4, Peter Aitken, Glenwood Sec. School.

Section "G"—Traycloth with Celtic design—1, Ann Fyfe, Woodside Sec. School.

Silver Cup for best exhibit in Sections "F" and "G"—Robert Galloway.

Junior Section

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—Donald Macaulay.

Rev. George W. MacKay, D.D. Memorial Cup to competitor with highest aggregate marks in stated competitions—Alan Campbell, Woodside Sec. School, and Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe.

Reading prose (12-16)—1, Elizabeth Weir, Ballygrant; 2, Rosemary A. Hutchison, Perth; 3, Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe; 4, Alan Campbell, Woodside Sec. School.

Reciting from memory (Prizes presented by the Cruchan Branch)—1, Rosemary A. Hutchison, Perth; 2, Elizabeth Weir, Ballygrant; 3, Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe.

Reading at sight—1, Alan Campbell, Woodside Sec. School; 2, Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe; 3, Donald Smith, Woodside Sec. School.

Conversation—1, Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe; 2, Rosemary A. Hutchison, Perth.

Verse-speaking—1, Greenock High School Group. Narrative—1, Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe and Alan Campbell, Woodside Sec. School (equal).

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. John MacDougall, M.A.

Reading—1, Catherine Swindells, Greenock High School; 2, Vivienne Black, Greenock High school; 3, Celia Boyd, Greenock High School, and Catherine Carter, Loch Awe (equal); 4th and 5th (equal)—Jennifer White, Greenock High School; Joyce Murray, Greenock High School; Alison MacLaren, Greenock High School; Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow; Elizabeth Gallacher, Greenock High School.

Reading (under 12)—1, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 2, Wendy Allan, Inveraray Grammar School; 3, David MacLeod, Loch Awe; 4th and 5th (equal)—Rosemary MacKenzie, Lochinver; Murdo MacDonald, Glasgow; Barbara Davidson, Inveraray Grammar School.

Reciting from memory—1, Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow; 2, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 3, Catherine Swindells, Greenock High School.

Reciting from memory (The late Mrs. Stewart of Simla Prizes). Boys—1, David MacLeod, Loch Awe; 2, Murdo MacDonald, Glasgow. Girls—1, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 2, Rosemary MacKenzie, Lochinver.

Reading at sight—1, Catherine Carter, Loch Awe.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATOR—James Hincliffe, Hon. F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M.

Playing a slow Gaelic air and march on the piano-forte—1, Marion Anne Macleod, Dundee; 2, Rhona Mackay, Clarkston; 3, Mabel Allerdyce, Dundee.

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John F. Steele, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Solo singing of "Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-saile" (Girls)—Silver Medal Competition—1, Christine Beaton, Glasgow; 2, Christine J. Grant, Glasgow; 3, Isabel Ferguson, Easdale.

Solo singing of "An t-eun siubhail" (Boys)—Silver Medal Competition—1, Christopher A. Anderson, Ballygrant; 2, Donald Smith, Woodside Sec. School.

Silver Cup presented by Mrs. Helmut Schroder to competitor with highest mark in Gaelic in Silver Medal Competitions—Christine J. Grant, Glasgow.

Solo singing of an unpublished song—1, Margaret I. M. MacLeod, Peterhead; 2nd and 3rd (equal)—Rosemary A. Hutchison, Perth, and Mary MacMillan, Loch Awe.

Solo singing of "Eilean Luinn" (Girls under 12)—1, Barbara Davidson, Inveraray Grammar School; 2, Katharine A. M. Ross, Lochinver; 3, Aileen N. Fraser, Conon P. School.

Solo singing of "Cronan" (Girls 12-14)—1, Sandra Grant, Conon P. School; 2, Mairead J. Fraser, Conon Bridge; 3, Lilian M. Bald, Conon Bridge.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus. Lond.

Solo singing of "Moladh na Lanndaigh" (Girls 14-16)—1, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth; 2, Morag Douglas, Greenock High School; 3, Gertrude Gailey, Greenock High School.

Duet singing of "Am Bothan Beag"—1, Heather Drake and Kirsteen Grant, Glasgow; 2, Jan Goundry and Kathleen Mooney, Ayr.

Solo singing of "An t-Eilean Ban" (Boys)—1, David MacDonald, Ayr; 2, Kenneth Wright, Greenock High School; 3, James C. Payne, Ayr, and John Gilmour, Greenock High School (equal).

Solo singing (Boys and Girls 16-18)—1, Agnes M. MacLeod, Glasgow; 2, Irene McArthur, Bowmore; 3, Kathleen N. Henry, Tarbert.

Solo singing—own choice—1, Deirdre S. C. MacLeish, Perth.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Macaulay. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Unison singing of "An t-Eilean Muileach"; "Ruidheadh cailleach Eachainn Mhoir"; and "Cha tig an latha" (Rona MacVicar Trophy)—1, Tir nam Beann Nicolson Memorial Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John F. Steele, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O. Choral singing of "Eoghann Ban" and "Faitle dhuit is slainte leat" (Mrs. Millar Trophy)—1, Ayr Junior Gaelic Choir; 2, Tir nam Beann Nicolson Memorial Junio Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Unison singing of "Faitle do Eilean Leodhais"; "Seice Ruairidh" and "Ruidheadh an gille can"; (Mrs. Campbell Blair Trophy). 1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Choral singing of "Gur moch rinn mi dusgadh" and "Am falbh thu leam a ribhinn og" (Oban Times Challenge Trophy)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Mrs. Hobbs of Inverlochty Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic—Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Solo Section

VOCAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. and Donald Macaulay.

Folk-songs (Scotia Trophy)—1, Calum Cameron, Glasgow; 2, Margaret A. MacKinnon, Brora; 3, Mabel A. Kennedy, Glasgow.

Solo Port-a-beul (Duncan Johnston Memorial Trophy)—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe, 2, Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow; 3, Calum Cameron, Glasgow and Robert A. Yorston, Longforgan (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John F. Steele, M.A.; Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Solo singing of "Bruadar Mara" and "Maighdeanan na h-airigh"—1, Norma MacDougall, Dunlop; 2, Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow.

Solo singing of "Ho ro gun togainn air hughan fhathast" and "Nuair thig oirnn an samhradh" (Glasgow Oban and Lorn Gold Medal)—1, Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow; 2, Iain Thomson, Giffnock.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald Macleod, M.A. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Solo singing (Men) of "O's tu 's gura tu 'h air m'aire"—1, Archie MacTaggart, Glasgow, 2nd and 3rd (equal)—Bruce M. Burns, Stornoway, and Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh.

Waulking Songs (Ladies)—1, Mabel M. Rowan, Benderloch; 2, Catherine M. E. Fraser, Fortingall; 3, Hannah Govan, Lochgilphead.

Solo singing, own choice (The Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 2, Ruth M. Cameron, GlenShea.

Solo singing of an unpublished song (Mull and Iona Association Prizes)—1, Elizabeth M. Cattanach, Mull; 2, Mrs. Sigrid Titterington, Port Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O.

Solo singing (Ladies) of "Eilean Sgiathanach nam buadh"—1, Catherine M. E. Fraser, Fortingall; 2, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 3, Norma MacDougall, Dunlop.

Rowing Songs (Men)—1, D. Raibeart McCallum, Campbeltown; 2, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 3, Archie MacTaggart, Glasgow.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Solo singing of "O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm" (Ladies)—James Grant Memorial Prizes—1, Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow; 2nd and 3rd (equal), Kenna Campbell, Greepe, and Mabel A. Kennedy, Glasgow.

The Oran Mor, "Oran Mor Mhic Leoid" (Men)—1, Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow; 2, Calum Cameron, Glasgow; 3, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edinburgh and Donald A. MacKinnon, Broadford (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald MacLeod, M.A. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Solo singing of "Gillean an fheidh" (Men)—The L./Cpl. MacLean Watt Memorial Prizes—1, Iain A. Carmichael, Glasgow; 2, Hugh MacQueen, Luig; 3, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edinburgh.

The Oran Mor, "Iain Ghlinn' Cuach" (Ladies)—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 2, Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow; 3, Anna F. MacDougall, Islay.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon.R.A.M., F.R.C.O.

Solo winging of "Ailein duinn, shiubhlainn leat" (Ladies) and "An t-Alltan Dubh" (Men) Ladies—1, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 2, Catherine M. E. Fraser, Fortingall. Men—1, Archie MacTaggart, Glasgow; 2, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh.

Finals (Learners). Ladies—1, Catherine M. E. Fraser, Fortingall; 2, Margaret C. Mitchell, Greenock; 3, Hannah Govan, Lochgilphead, and Mabel M. Rowan, Benderloch (equal). Men—1, Archie MacTaggart, Glasgow; 2, Ronald H. MacRae, Kyle of Lochalsh; 3, Bruce M. Burns, Stornoway.

ORAL DELIVERY

ADJUDICATOR—Rev. Donald MacLeod, M.A. Gold Medal (presented by the Glasgow Skye Association, for highest aggregate marks in stated competitions)—Christina MacLeod, Cupar.

Reciting from memory "Caolas Od-odrum"—1, Christina MacLeod, Cupar; 2, Kenna Campbell, Greepe.

Reciting from memory "Long mhor nan eilthir-each"—1, Christina MacLeod, Cupar; 2, Kenna Campbell, Greepe.

ADJUDICATOR—John A. Macdonald, M.A. Reading at sight—1, Christina MacLeod, Cupar; 2, Kenneth D. Smith, Luerbst.

Recitation of poetry composed by the Competitor (The Calum MacFarlane Memorial Prizes)—1, Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning.

ADJUDICATOR—Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B.
Folk Tale (Anglo-Chilean Trophy)—1, Rev. Colin N. MacKenzie, Kilwinning; 2, Christina MacLeod, Cupar.

Speech—1, Kenneth D. Smith, Luerbost; 2, Mary T. Hutchison, Perth.

Acted dialogue—1, Ann Munro, Laide and Katrine Matheson, Inverasdale.

ADJUDICATOR—Donald Macaulay.

Dr. John Cameron Memorial Trophy for highest aggregate marks in stated competitions—Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

Reciting from memory "Am feasgar"—1, Anne Bone, Glasgow; 2, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow.

Recitation of prose, own choice—1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2, Nancy H. Pride, Dundee.

Reading at sight—1, Nancy H. Pride, Dundee; 2, Niall Iain MacLean, Easdale.

Speech—1, Cona M. MacLean, Glasgow; 2, Nancy H. Pride, Dundee.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O.

Solo singing of "Null do dh'Uidhist" (Gold Medal and Prizes presented by the Nova Scotia Association of Scottish Societies)—1, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edinburgh; 2, Hannah Govan Lochgilphead; 3, D. Raibeart McCallum, Campbelltown and Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow (equal).

Gold Medal Finals

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. Donald MacLeod, M.A. and John F. Steele, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C. and Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Solo singing of the songs "An t-Eilean Uain' Heach" (Ladies) and "Frith nan damh ruadha" (Men) and a song of their choice. Ladies—1, Kenna Campbell, Greepe; 2, Sheila A. MacDougall, Glasgow. Men—1, Alasdair M. Grant, Glasgow; 2, Murdo F. J. MacLeod, Edinburgh.

Final aggregate marks in Gold Medal Competitions. Ladies—1, Kenna Campbell (G. 353; M. 351; Total, 704); 2, Sheila A. MacDougall (G. 353; M. 345; Total, 698); 3, Mabel A. Kennedy (G. 346; M. 344; Total, 690). Men—1, Alasdair M. Grant (G. 349; M. 345; Total, 694); 2, Murdo F. J. MacLeod (G. 350; M. 343; Total, 693); 3, Hugh McQueen (G. 348; M. 339; Total, 687).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John F. Steele, M.A. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Choral singing—Rural Choirs (Lorn Shield)—1, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochs Gaelic Choir; 3, Ballachulish Gaelic Choir; 4, Bunness and Pennyghael Choir.

Dalriada Cup for highest marks in Gaelic—Bowmore Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O.

Choral singing (Ladies—Rural Choirs)—1, Lochs Gaelic Choir; 2, Bowmore Gaelic Choir; 3, Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Macaulay. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Choral singing—Rural Choirs (Sheriff MacMaster Campbell Memorial Quaiach)—1, Ardrishaig Gaelic Choir; 2, Lochgilphead Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. Music: Miss Rhoda MacPherson.

Playing of two Gaelic airs or accompanying two songs chosen by the competitor (Tearlach MacEachran Memorial Clarsach)—1, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh.

Accompanying of a singer on the Clarsach—1, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr.

Playing "Caisteal a' Ghlinne" and contrasting air—1, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh; 2, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr.

Solo singing with self-accompaniment on the clarsach (Hilda M. Campbell Clarsach Trophy)—1, Alice M. Urquhart, Edinburgh; 2, Gwendolen McGill, Ayr.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

ADJUDICATOR—James Hinchcliffe, Hon. F.T.C.L., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel (Bagpipe setting) on the pianoforte (Aberdeenshire Targe)—1, Mabel M. Rowan, Benderloch; 2, Anne Bone, Glasgow; 3, Nina MacTavish, Banchrew.

ADJUDICATOR—Harry Ogilvie.

Playing of a Highland March, Strathspey and Reel on the Violin (Sutherland Cup)—1, Farquhar MacRae, Lochailort; 2, Angus Grant, Lochailort; 3, Helen Hutchison, Glasgow.

Playing of a Strathspey and Reel on the Violin (Mrs. Quintin MacLennan Prizes)—1, Farquhar MacRae, Lochailort; 2, Angus Grant, Lochailort.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. Music: Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Choral singing (Greenock Gaelic Choir Cup)—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Aberdeen Gaelic Choir; 3, Glasgow Islay Gaelic Choir, Campbelltown Gaelic Choir and Dingwall Gaelic Choir (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. and Donald Macaulay. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O.

Choral singing (Men)—Mull and Iona Shield—1, Greenock Gaelic Choir; 2, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association.

Choral singing (Ladies)—Esme Smyth Trophy—1, Greenock Gaelic Choir; 2nd and 3rd (equal), Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association and Greenock Gaelic Choral Society.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: John F. Steele, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Duet singing, own choice—1, Janet A. Macdonald and Constance J. MacKenzie, Lochs; 2, Murdo F. J. MacLeod and Duncan A. Ferguson, Edinburgh; 3, Kenna Campbell, Greepe and Johan MacLeod, Glasgow (equal).

ADJUDICATOR—Gaelic: Rev. Donald MacLeod, M.A.

Quartette, own choice—1, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 2, Greenock Gaelic Choir "A" and Lochs Gaelic Choir (equal).

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Donald Grant, M.A., B.A., Ed.B. and Donald Macaulay. Music: Dr. Eric Thiman, Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.O. and Herrick Bunney, B.Mus.Lond.

Choral singing—Lovat and Tullibardine Trophy—1, Campbelltown Gaelic Choir; 2, Greenock Gaelic Choral Society; 3, Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association; 4, Oban Gaelic Choir.

Weekly Scotsman Quaiach for highest marks in Gaelic—Oban Gaelic Choir.

ADJUDICATORS—Gaelic: Rev. John MacDougall, M.A. and John F. Steele, M.A. Music: J. Gilmour Barr, M.A., L.R.A.M., F.T.S.C.

Choral singing (Margrat Duncan Memorial Trophy)—1, Dingwall Gaelic Choir; 2, Aberdeen Gaelic Choir; 3, Stirling Gaelic Choir and Kilmarnock Gaelic Choir (equal).

John McNicol Memorial Trophy for highest marks in Gaelic—Aberdeen Gaelic Choir.

AN GAIDHEAL

THE GAEL

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Leabhar LIV

AN DULACHD, 1959

Aireamh 12

“ATH-LEASACHADH NA GAIDHEALTACHD”

NAN dèanadh còmhraidh is sgrìobhadh, comhairlean is deasboireachd a' Ghaidhealtachd a chur air a casan is fhada o bha linn an àigh air a thighinn. Chan ann an dùgh no an dé a thòisicheadh a' bhruidhinn mu'n chùis so, ach c'àite a bheil an toradh? Chan urrainnear àicheadh gu bheil cor na Gaidhealtachd a' sìor dhol na's mìosa. Tha àireamh an t-sluaigh a' caitheamh as gach bliadhna; srathan is glinn is clachain ri dol fàs; sean ghnàthsan nan Gaidheal a' bàsachadh; an dòighean agus an cànan a' dol air dìochuimhne agus cleachdanan annasach a' dol am mugha.

Sin dealbh na firinn, agus 'se a' cheisd: A bheil math dùil a bhith ris a' chaochladh, agus ma tha, cionnus a thig an t-atharrachadh?

Their cuid nach tig an latha anns am faicear a' Ghaidhealtachd fo shluagh, sona le'n suidheachadh agus riarachaid le'n crannachur. Chan eil iad a' lorg bonn dòchais anns an eachdraidh a tha air an cùl, agus cha chreid iad gun éirich grian tuilleadh.

Is fhada o thòisich òigridh na Gaidhealtachd — an gràinne mullaich — a' cur an aghaidh air tìrean céine a shireadh an fhòrtain nach robh soirbh r'a fhaotainn aig baile. Gun teagamh thug so soirbheachadh beatha do dhùthchannan eile, oir cò chearnaigh de'n talamh anns nach do shaothraich agus anns nach do shoirbhich cuid de na dh'fhalbh, ach dh'fhàg sin laige is bochdainn air an cùl. Cha leigear a leas iomradh a dhèanamh aig an am so, oir cha leasaidh sin a' chùis, air gach aobhar, ceannairc, is ainneart a dh'fhuadaich eilthirich thar chuain. B' fheudair falbh, agus cha do thill ach fuigheall bheag air ais.

Mus tig ath-leasachadh a mhaireas agus a shàsuiheas, feumaidh na Gaidheil, air tùs, creideamh nuadh annta fhéin, 'nan comasan fhéin, 'nan subhairlean fhéin, agus ann an luach na dìleib a dh'fhàgadh aca. Feumaidh iad dòchas ir altrum a thaobh seasmhachd agus foghainteachd an rian beatha a tha fosgailte dhoibh.

Gu s an tig na Gaidheil gu bhith seasmhach mar aon shluagh gualann ri gualainn, gu fearail agus gu h-aonsgualach a' tagradh an còraichean, a' co-oibreachadh 'nan saothair air son maith a' chinnich 's na dùthcha, an àite bhith roimne 'nan oidhirpean mar bu trice bha, cha bhi aon chuid soirbheachadh no sonas ann.

Ach a dh'aindeoin seasamh a ni sluaigh na Gaidhealtachd cha dèan sin leis fhéin cùisean a chur 'nan alt. A chionn 's gum buin ath-leasachadh na Gaidhealtachd, chan ann a mhàin do'n àireamh bhig a tha nìs a chòmhnuidh innte ach do shluagh Alba gu h-ìomlan — oir 's e leas na Gaidhealtachd buannachd na tìre gu léir — tha feum air còmhnadh nan cùirtean as àirde. As aonais àrd riaghladh na rioghadh a làmh a chur anns an obair cha tig i gu ìre. Tha feum gun cuireadh na daoine as geur-chuiseiche agus as fad-sheallaiche anns an dùthaich an cinn ri chéile gu rannsachadh mion, sgrùdadh domhain, agus cnuasachadh cothromach a dhèanamh air cor na Gaidhealtachd an diugh, le a h-eachdraidh, a maoin, agus a comasan, agus ann an solus an rannsachaidh sin rian beatha a dheilbh stéidhichte air oibricean freagarrach ri suidheachadh na tìre.

Chan e dìth luchd comhairle idir, agus chan eil gainne air comuinn aig a bheil deagh-ghean agus a tha ullamh gu saothair a dhèanamh

ach tha iad uile le ràmh air leth toirt buille do'n àirde is math leis gach aon aca. Gus an cuir Bòrd an Fhearainn, Bòrd an Iasgaich, Bòrd nan Craobh, Bòrd an Dealain, Bòrd Luchd-turuis agus gach bòrd eile dh'fhaodar ainmeachadh sgioba do aon eathar a shìneas air ràmh a dh'aon taobh agus còmhladh cha ruigear cala air luathair.

Nis ge b'e sealladh a ghabhar fa-dheòidh gu bhith leasachadh cor na Gaidhealtachd tha e ro-iomchuidh gu faigheadh suibhlichean nàdurach a' Ghaidheil an t-àite tha dligheach dhoibh anns a' bheatha làitheil agus gum biodh a' bheatha Spioradail air a cumadh chan ann a réir gnàthan coigreachail ach a réir iarrtuis agus feum inntinn agus cridhe a' Ghaidheil fhéin.

Teachd-an-Tìr

Cha chum a' Ghaidhealtachd am beagan sluaigh a tha innte cheana, agus cha chuirear ris an àireamh a cèarnaidhean eile, mur bi teachd-an-tìr soirbh r'a chosnadh innte. Faodaidh daoine bhì bruidhinn ach cha bhì duine beò air a' ghaith agus cha tàlaidh eud no gràdh-dùthcha neach sam bhì gu bhì cur cùil ri tearuinnteachd is comhfhurtachd air son a' chrannchur a thilgeil air creagan leth-oireach no glinn neo-ghoireasach, no cladaichean sguabte. Gun rian cosnaidh freagarrach agus riarachail, faodaidh sinn a bhith a' feadair-eachd.

'S e a' cheisd a nis, "Co as a thig teachd-an-tìr?"

A bheil freagairt againn do'n cheisd sin?

An ùine gheàrr bithidh *cumhachd an dealain* pailt gu leòir air son feuman na Gaidhealtachd, ma nithear feum dheth. Mus slugear suas e anns na bailtean mu dheas nach bu chòir oibrichean freagarrach, stéidhichte air cumhachd an dealain, fhosgladh air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, a' tòiseachadh far eil luchd-oibreach lionmhor air eagal gun caillear iadsan cuid-eachd, agus a rithis, far nach eil mòran sluaigh an diugh a chum 's gum bi ionadan a dh'fhàsaicheadh a' tighinn fo bhlàth.

Chan urrainn so a bhith dèanta gun làmh mhór a bhith aig an riaghaltas anns a' ghnòthuich a thuilleadh air geanmath agus oidhirpean an luchd-àitich, oir chan e gnòthach treubh no fine tha ann ach deasdanas agus sochair na tìre gu h-ìomlan. Tha cudthrom sluaigh Alba air thigheadas an crìos meadhoin na dùthcha 'n uair a tha farsuingeachd bheann is ghleann fo eunlaith an athair. Tha feum air sgapadh.

Ma dh'fhosgar suas *oibrichean ùra* agus feumaidh sin tachairt mus tig ath-leasachadh buadh-mhor, ged nach urrainnear innse de seòrsa oibrichean as fheàrr agus as freagarraiche, chan fhaodar sealladh a chall air a' ghnè caithe-beatha air an robh na Gaidheil eòlach.

'N uair a tha Alba gearainn le dìth bìdh bu chòir a' chiad àite bhith aig na h-oibrichean a dh'fhàgas an sluaigh anns an tomhas as motha neo-eisimeileach air dùthchannan eile air son an aran làitheil. Chan fhaodar mar sin dearmad a dhèanamh air tuathanachas is iasgach.

Aiteachas

Ged a tha mòran de thalamh na Gaidhealtachd nach eil cho torrach ri machraichean an taobh deas, tha farsuingeachd mhór fearainn ann freagarrach air son coirce is eòrna, tràthach is buntàta, lusan is measan, a tha an diugh bàn, a' coimhead an athair. Bu chòir gach ploc deth a chur fo bhàrr.

Ach is e àrach chruidh is chaorach as freagarraiche air son a bheil glinn fheurach is cnuic is beanntan an taobh tuatha. Carson a bhiodh iad cho buileach fo raineach 's fo luachair 'n uair tha iarrtas cho mòr air bainne is feòil agus air clòimh? 'N uair a tha feum air uighean is muc-fheòil carson a tha cearcan is mucan cho gann far am faodadh iad a bhith pailt? Le spiorad comuinn 'nam measg féin tha bi-beò ann an tuathanachas de'n t-seòrsa so do mhiltean.

Iasgach

Tha iasg na mara cho feumail do'n duine 's a bha e riamb, agus cho pailt air an oitir far eil dìon air. Tha tàladh na mara am fuil nan eileanach fhathast agus tha mòran an cois cladaichean thir-móir leis am bu mhiann dol gu sàl nam biodh an cothrom aca. Carson nach biodh dorus fogsailte aca air son sàbhreas a' chuain a thoirt gu tìr? Le còmhadh an riaghaltas air son acfhuinn iasgaich fhaighinn, air son laimrigean fasnach; agus le pris chinnteach agus reusanta air sgdain is iasg glas gheibhte iasgairean gun teagamh.

Is e an *t-iasgach aon de na cladhain* troimh an tig ùr bheatha do'n Ghaidhealtachd. Tha Bòrd an Sgdain a' tuigsinn so agus fo an riaghaldh bithidh dòighean ùra air son iasg a ghlòllachd an àite nan dòighean air an robh sinn eòlach air an deasachadh far am bi sin goireasach. Fosglaidh so obair air muir 's air tìr.

Figheadaireachd

O chionn bhliadhnachan air ais is e obair a' chlo obair as tarbhaiche anns na h-eileanan a tuath, gu sònruichte an Leòdhas. Tha margaid fhosgailte aig a' chlo Hearach air feadh an t-saoghail. Chan urrainn duine a ràdh an seas so 'n uair a dh'fhàsas aodaichean eile pailt, ach an diugh gheibheadh mìltean eile obair sheasgair feumail nam biodh muilean slòimha is beartan gu leòr ann. Gheibh fear nan caorach luach air a' chloimh cho fad 's a bhitheas a' theart ri fighe. Cuidichidh an dara saothair an té eile.

Feamainn is Riasg

Bha uair a bha luach anns an fheamainn, ach cha chan mi an dràsda ach gu bheil iomradh oirre as ùr.

Ma tha creagan liatha anns a' Ghaidhealtachd tha boglaichean innte cuideachd, Cha leig duine an Leòdhas co-dhùbhadh iomraidh a bhith air gun teirig connadh dha. Tha de riasg anns an Eilean nach loisgear air cagailt ann an dà mhìle bliadhna.

Le innealan freagarrach tha e soirbh riasg a chur gu feum a bheireadh cosnadh do cheudan. 'N uair a tha gual cho gann agus cho daor, agus feuman air cumhachdan na gréine tha taisgte anns a' mhòine nach iongantach mòintichean na Gaidhealtachd a bhith air an dòchuidh-eachadh. Agus nam biodh an riasg air a ghlannadh air falbh nach math an talamh àitich a gheibhte.

Goireasan Coitichionn

Tha barrachd air obair a dhìth air a' Ghaidhealtachd. Tha goireasan coitichionn nam bailtean móra fhathast air chall. Theirigeachd ùine bruidhinn air dìth thighean seasgair is droch rathaidean, air goireasan uisge phìob agus solus an dealain. Tha iad sin air an t-slighe ach cuin a ruigeas iad?

Rian Siubhail

Cha bhi linn an àigh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd agus an tìg leasachadh mór air rian siubhail do dhuine is do bhathar. Gus am bi rian siubhail air muir, air tìr, is as an athar mar a tha ar feuman air agradh, agus faradh iomchuidh air gach làimh bhithidh a' Ghaidhealtachd 'na tìr dhùinte, iomallaich, fhàsail mar a bha i o chionn linntean.

An diugh tha an t-eòlas a tha an òigridh a' faotainn anns an sgoil 'gan ullachadh air son na Gaidhealtachd fhàgail air an cùl. Nach biodh e ro fheumail a' chuid diubh leis am bu mhath fuireachd aig an tigh ullachadh air son nan cothroman a tha fa'n comhair, agus an sùilean fhosgladh air na sochairean a tha ri 'n làimh?

Ach saoilidh mi a dh' aindeoin maille is briseadh dùil gu bheil gathan maiseach na gréine ag òradh mullach nam beann agus gu bheil latha dlùthachadh oirnn anns an can an luchd àitich: "Is maith dhuinne bhith ann an so." Tha sinne aig eil dòchas a' feitheamh air ar corra-biod.

(a) Aig tighinn an latha thog sinn mullach na beinne.

(b) Cha tugainn taing air ged a bhiodh balach rud-eigin aotrom.

An Rud Nach Robh Ann

(*Fhuair an sgeul goirid so a' chiad àuis aig Mòd 1959.*)

IS minic a chualas gu bheil bàs a' tagradh ris' gach beò is a smùdan fhéin an ceann gach fòid. Air feadh na dùthcha is gann gu bheil gleann uaigneach no coille dhosrach air nach eil beul-aithris a' dèanamh iomraidh air choireigin. Gu tric bithear a' cur mhanaidhean air seann làraichean, agus nan labhradh clachan a' bhalla is iomadh rud a bhiodh aca ri innsadh. Chan eil teagamh nach robh dòighean neònach aig na Gaidheil air a bhith ag ràdh, "An rud nach buin duit na buin da."

Ged nach e sin obair ris a bheil mi an diugh, thug mi greis a' teagasg chànan ann an sgoil-bhalach. Bha an sgoil air a suidheachadh ann an tìgh mór farsaing, faisg air seann làrach caisteil. O chionn ceudan bliadhna bha am fear leis an robh an caisteal air chuairt san Fhraing. Rinn e suas ri té de mhuintir na tìre sin agus thàinig i còmhla ris do Albainn. Ach cha b'esan a mhàin a chuir sùil innte, oir bha ceangal-pòsaidh eadar i fhéin agus fear a dh' aon bhaile rithe. A dheòin no dh' aindeòin bha am Frangach air son cailinn a rùn fhaighinn air ais. Lean e iad gus an tug e a mach daingneachd a' chaisteil, ach cha robh rian na rathad aige air faighinn a steach. Bha amar-uisge làn thimcheall na h-aitribh, agus bha e dùinte, glaiste a là 's a dh'oidhche. Bha am Frangach foighidneach is e faire gu falachaidh gus am faigheadh e cothrom air a leannan a ghoid leis.

Là de na làithean thug i sgrìob a mach, gun ghuth no iomradh aice gun robh cunnart 'na còir. B'e so an cothrom a bha am fear-falachaidh a' feitheamh. Sheas e aice agus dh' fheumadh i teicheadh còmhla ris air ais do'n Fhraing. An uair a dhiùlt ise sin a dhèanamh mharbh e i an làrach nam bonn, agus theich e le e bheatha. Riamh o'n là sin thàtar ag ràdh gum bithear a' faicinn a manaidh timcheall na seann làraich.

Air oidhche àraidh sgrìobh mi litir a bha 'g iarraidh cabhaig, agus am marbhan a' mheadh-oidhche chaidh mi gu oifig na postachd leatha. San tilleadh a bha agam thàinig orm a dhol seachad air drochaid chaoil a bha dol thairis air an amar-uisge a bha uaireigin mu'n chaisteal, ged a tha a' ghlumag an diugh tioram, tràighte. Nuair a bha mi gu bhith aig an drochaid dé a chumma mi, ma b'fhior, ach boireannach ann an culaidh fhada ghil, is i 'na sùidhe air fàil na drochaid. Arsa mise rium fhìn, "Dé air an aon saoghal a tha am boireannach 'na gun-oidhche a' dèanamh a muigh mu'n am-sa a dh'oidhche?" Ach an ath shùil a thug mi cha

robh for agam oirre. Is ann an uair sin a chuimhnich mi air an taibhse. Thill mi air mo shàil do'n dearbh àite san robh mi nuair a chunnaic mi an toiseach i, agus bha ise an sud, dìreach 'na suidhe mar a bha i roimhe. Thug mi ceum an taobh a bha i, is nuair a bha mi gu bhith aice chaidh i as an t-sealladh. Thuir mi annam fhìn, "Cha téid mise bho thigh an nochd gus am faigh mi a mach dé is ciall do so." Chaidh mi air m'ais an treas uair agus bha ise ann an sud, gun ghuth 's a cruth gun atharrachadh. Stad mi car tamaill gu dùrachdach 'g a coimhead, agus bha mi cho cinnteach gun robh i ann is nach mór nach do dh'fhiach mi ri cainnt a thoirt aise, lapach is mar a tha a' chaint Fhrangach agam! Gun rosg a ghluasad, gun sùil a phriobadh, rinn mi thuice gu fann, fiata mar chat a bhiodh a' sealg air eun air bearradh gàrraidh. Thòisich am boireannach a' fàs na bu lugha, 's na bu lugha, is mu dheireadh cha robh i idir ann. An sin thug mi dé bha agam. Bha fir-chlis ann, is soilleireachd neo-àbhaisteach san àrde ris an robh m'aghaidh, dubhar nan craobh a' cur sgàile air an drochaid, is meanglain a' dèanamh fosglaidh ris na speuran air cumadh boireannaich.

CALLTEAN.

Sith Chailleann

Bho chionn sia bliadhna, thug mi turas do Cheann Loch Raineach an taobh an iar Siorrachd Pheairt. Is e deireadh an fhoghair a bh'ann agus ged a bha na h-oidhcheannan gu math fuar reòdhta is cuithean sneachd uairean air na mullaichean aig am éirigh na gréine, bha na làithean fhathast soilleir grianach. Mar sin, chaidh mi a mach air madainn bhriagha bha so air an rothaire agus ghabh mi an rathad mu dheas a dh'ionnsuidh bun craobhach Sith Chailleann. Air dhomh dhol thairis air allt a tha a' ruith a bhànn bho ghleann ri taobh an iar na beinne, dh'fhàg mi an rothaire aig seann tigh a bha 'na sheasamh air cnoc uaine os cionn na drochaide agus thog mi orm an àrd a' ghlinne. An uair a bha mi an déidh dà mhìle no trì a dhireadh leis an aire so ghabh mi suas gu dìreach ri aghaidh cliathaich na beinne. Cha do lorg mi ceum sam bith an so is fhuair mi mo shàrachadh aig an fhraoch dhombain. Dlàth do'n mhullach, co dhiùbh, cha robh fraoch idir a' fàs ach bha am monadh mar gu'm biodh tòrr mór leacan.

Bha e mòran na b'fuaire air a' mhullach agus bha an speur air fàs dorcha le neòil, mar is tric a thachras an déidh madainn ro shoilleir. Thug mi an aire cuideachd gu'n robh fras

shneachd a' teàrnadh mu na mullaichean an iar agus gu'm biodh i a nuas orm an ceann còig mionaidean oir bha an t-àite san robh mise am fìor chridhe na h-àrde a bha e a' tighinn. Theich mi sìos cho luath 's a bh'agam ach o'n bha mi ar leam, ro dheidheanach chrùb mi ann an sgor leac gus an ruigeadh am fras mi is an téidheadh i seachad. Ach ged a chunnaic mi an t-athar làn chleiteagan is iad a' siabadh mu gach bad de'n bheinn—os mo chionn agus, fodham, mu'n chliathaich a tuath is mu dheas—cha tàinig fiù 's aon chleiteag 'nam chòir. Dh'éirich mi as an fhròg san robh mi is leam mi orm a bhànn gun an sneachd idir a bheantainn riumsa no do'n bheinn. Bu neònach an rud e gu dearbh is shaoil mi an là ud gu'n robh am monadh a' sealltainn da rìribh cuid de'n draoidheachd ris am biodh dùil bho "sithean nan Caledonians" (a' chiall a th'aig an ainm Sith Chailleann).

Co dhiùbh, latha no dhà an déidh sin is mi a muigh sa' bhaile thachair mi ri Mgr. Seumas Scott nach maireann agus dh'innis mi dha gu'n robh mi air Sith Chailleann a dhireadh.

"Bheil fhios a'd," thuir e, "ciamar a fhuair a' bheinn ud an t-ainm aig'?"

"Chan eil," ars mise ris.

"Well, theireadh na seann daoine, na'm biodh tu air mullach Sith Chailleann agus fras ann, air cho trom 's gu'm biodh i nach tigeadh boinne ort. Is thug iad Sith Ghailleann air, "peace in storm." Dh'innis mi dha mar a thachair.

"Sin agad e, ma tà!"

Bha dearbhadh agam fhéin gu'n robh an fhirinn aig na seann daoine mu na theireadh iad. Tha mi a' creidsinn gu'n robh cruth na beinne agus neart na gaoithe ag obair còmhla ann a leithid de dhòigh neònach air choireigin is gu'n robh bann athair air a dhèanamh air aodann na beinne a bha a' cumail nan cleiteagan air falbh.

ANTHONY DILWORTH.

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The tie is in terylene (royal blue) and bears replicas of the badge of An Comunn in colour. The tie may be purchased direct from Messrs. Rowans Ltd., 70 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, or the Comunn Office. Callers at Rowan's must produce a current membership receipt (Life or Ordinary) before they can buy the tie. The price is 17/6, postage, 6d.

LEARNER'S PAGE

Ciobaireachd

Herding

Aig gach am de'n bhliadhna tha obair a' chuibair a' dol air a h-aghaidh. Tha i mar an cuan mór—gun stad gun fhois.

Ann's a' gheamhradh feumaidh an ciobair a bhith muigh ri fuachd is ri gaillinn, agus a bhith gu furachail an tòir air an spréidh. Aig an am ud de 'n bhliadhna is àbhaist sneachd-anan móra a bhith ag còmhach gach bealaich.

Bithidh na caoraich mar sin ann an cunnart mór a bhith air an slugadh suas anns na cuith-eachan sneachda, agus is iomadh latha fuar, reòta a dh'fheumas an ciobair bochd a bhith a muigh air an lorg.

Ach an uair a dh'fhalbhas an geamhradh agus a thig an t-earrach le frasan ciùine, agus am Màrt le a ghaothan sgaiteach tòigaidh iad an sneachda bhàrr nan sliabh, agus cuiridh iad na sruthain bheaga 'nan deann-ruith gu tràigh.

Tha gach nì, mar sin, a' tabhairt fughair gum bheil a' ghrian chòir air tilleadh bho a turus do'n Airde Deas; tha gach nì beò a' feitheamh air teachd an t-sambraidh, agus an sin is aobhneach da-rìreadh beatha a' chuibair.

Faic e anns a' mhadainn (roimh éirigh na gréine) a' cur aghaidh ris a' mhonadh le ceum iollagach, sunndach agus a chù dubh, cho mear ris fhéin, air cùl a shàlach. Cha b'fhada bha iad a' cur an aonaich dhiubh. Faic e a nis a measg nan treud. Chan eil caora dhiubh nach aithnich e, agus is math a dh'aithnicheas gach té dhiubh esan. Ruithidh iad thuige nuair a chluinneas iad a ghuth agus fritheilidh e do gach aon a réir a feuma.

Agus na h-uain òga! Cò nach bitheadh sona a measg nan uan? Am b'urrainn do neach sam bith a bhith gruamach, trom-chridheach a' faicinn nam beathaichean neo-lochdach sin a' ruith is a' leum is a' mireagaich mu'n cuairt air?

Faic a nis matà an ciobair còir a' tilleadh dhachaidh. Tha e cheart cho aighearach is a bha e a' falbh anns a' mhadainn, agus is beag an t-iongnadh. Tha fàileadh glan nam beann a' cumail lùgh 'na chorp is 'na chnàmhan agus a' cur rudha agus deàrrsadh na slàinte 'na ghruaidhean.

An uair a ruigeas e dhachaidh bithidh iomadh nì aige ri dhèanamh timcheall an tighe, ach mu chiaradh an fheasgair chì sinn e a rithist a' cur aghaidh ris a' mhonadh agus a' lorg-achadh a mach gach aon de'n treud, agus 'g an treòrachadh gu ciùin, socair gu àite-tàimh fàsach.

At all times of the year the work of the shepherd goes on. It is like to the wide ocean—ceaseless, and restless.

In winter the shepherd must be out through cold and storm, and must attentively seek the flock. At that time of the year heavy snows usually blanket every pass.

Thus the sheep are in great danger of being swamped in the snowdrifts and the poor shepherd must be out many a cold and frosty day in search of them.

But when winter passes and spring comes with mild showers, and March with its biting winds, they will dispel the snow from the mountains, and will send the small streams rushing to the beach.

In this way, everything awakens hope that the good sun has returned from its journey to the South; every living thing is waiting for the coming of summer, and then the life of the shepherd is a truly happy one.

See him in the morning (before sunrise) setting off to the moor with a happy and lively step, his black dog—active as himself—at his heel. They were not long in covering the moorland stretch. See him now among the flocks. Not one of the sheep but he knows, and every one of them knows him well. They will run to him when they hear his voice, and he will attend to each one according to its needs.

And the young lambs! Who would not be happy among the lambs? Could anyone be sad and heavy-hearted seeing these harmless creatures running and leaping and playing around him?

See now, then, the good shepherd returning home. He is quite as cheerful as he was setting out in the morning, and little wonder. The pure fragrance of the mountains maintains vigour in his body and in his bones, and produces the ruddy colour of health in his cheeks.

When he gets home he will have many things to do about the house, but at dusk we shall see him again setting off to the moor searching for each one of the flock, and leading them gently to a sheltered resting-place.

THE FRISIAN LANGUAGE

By IAIN MACKINNON.

AS I stated in a previous article there are three types of Frisian language, (1) Mid-Frisian, also described by some people as West Frisian, although that is actually a misnomer, which is spoken in the Dutch province of Friesland, (2) East-Frisian which is extinct except in the small Saterland area of North-West Germany, and (3) North-Frisian which is gradually dying out in the western coast of the South Slesvig province of Germany near the Danish frontier.

If one looks at a map of the Netherlands and North-West Germany, one notices a chain of islands stretching along the coast—I exclude Heligoland which is a rock jutting out by itself from the sea. These islands actually form the real coastline of this part of Europe, the water lying between them and the mainland. The Wadden Sea or Sea of Mudflats, being the floodwater which invaded the land seven centuries ago. Both Dutch and German Governments are reclaiming this land by degrees, the former having a long-term scheme for enclosing their portion of the Wadden Sea by means of dykes, similar to what they have already accomplished in enclosing the former Zuider Zee, while the latter are gradually reclaiming much smaller stretches of land into Koogs, or polders to give a more simplified name, which are being planted with settlers. These Koogs are adjacent to the North-Frisian coast, and the settlers being mainly Germans, the North-Frisians feel that this constitutes a threat to the continued existence of their language and that this factor may well speed its end.

However, it is principally with the Dutch province that I propose to deal for the reason that by far the greatest number of Frisian speakers live there. Every Frisian can speak Dutch, and it is also true to say that every Frisian whether he speaks Frisian or not can understand the language. The parallel is not so much the difference between English and Gaelic, but rather between English and Lallans. Frisian is however by no means a dialect, although by constant contact with Dutch the language has become affected by very many impurities compared with the language it was at one time. It has many affinities to English as many idioms and words suggest. Here are a few words with pronunciation in brackets to illustrate the point:—

<i>Frisian.</i>	<i>Dutch.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Kou (cow)	Koe (coo)	Cow
Tsjef (cheff)	Kaf (calf)	Chaff
Boi (boy)	Jongen (yongen)	Boy
Tsis (tseeze)	Kaas (cahss)	Cheese
Foks (fox)	Vos (foss)	Fox
Gocs (goose)	Gans (ganss)	Goose

and there are even words similar to Lallans such as Mus (mooze), mouse, Sib (related), Loan (field-path) and a few others, although there are far greater affinities between Lallans and Dutch.

350,000 people out of Friesland's population of half a million speak the language. In most of the towns, however, it is not spoken, the three exceptions being Sloten, Workum, and Hindeloopen in the south of the province, and where the people, like the Gaels of the Outer Hebrides, are of Norse stock. As is the case of most small languages, the Frisians have an inferiority complex about theirs. One is considered uncouth if one speaks "Peasant-Frisian;" it is much more refined to speak Dutch or "Town-Frisian," a Dutch dialect with some Frisian words in it. But as Dutch-speaking Frisians understand Frisian, one sometimes hears a conversation with one party speaking in one tongue while the other individual employs the other. The stranger or foreigner who attempts to speak Frisian is answered in Dutch.

Some people however go the length of pretending not to understand Frisian. A woman who entered a shop with the object of buying a reel of thread encountered this attitude from the shop assistant. She repeated her request, and again met with the same pose. Finally she said, "I asked for a reel of thread. If I cannot get it here, I can easily get it elsewhere." Needless to say, the thread was quickly produced.

A translation from "Het Fries in Nederland" by Yge Foppema illustrates the inferiority complex of the Frisian in regard to his language. "I know a doctor in a Frisian village who always speaks Frisian in his family circle and his practice. That is normal. But he always writes Frisian too, that is not so normal. Thus a farmer received a bottle from him on which appeared: 'A spoonful every three hours'. The farmer took the bottle, examined it, and said 'The doctor is very keen on Frisian.' With so many words he only stated that the doctor was a supporter of the use of Frisian. But the words

mean—I don't trust that bottle. It cannot be good. A prescription in Frisian is less healthy than one in another language than Latin, even though it be dog-Latin."

Who are the Frisians? They can be classed as descendants of Low German tribes who settled in that area whose leader was Frisco, hence the name. Small contingents of them came over to settle in Britain along with the Anglo-Saxons; some even came to Scotland, for they are known to have colonized islands in the the Firth of Forth, while some people maintain that Dumfries is Dùn nam Friosach, or fort of the Frisians. At one time they occupied most of the Netherlands, North-West Germany, and parts of Slesvig. They had their own kings and were pagans, worshipping the god Fosite. At first Christian missionaries were well received at the court of the Frisian kings who were prepared to tolerate Christianity so long as their own form of worship was not interfered with. But this was not to the liking of the missionaries who desecrated their shrines, thus turning the people against them. Christian persecution inevitably followed, the result being that the missionaries enlisted the support of the Franks against the Frisians. In the long war which followed the Frisians put up a heroic resistance, especially under King Redbad, but in 854 were finally conquered and annexed to the Holy Roman Empire although paganism persisted for some time after this. While there were no longer any kings, the country enjoyed a considerable amount of freedom, their rulers being only nominally subject to the Emperor. Floods occurred in the Thirteenth century which considerably diminished Frisian territory, at one part driving a wedge, the Zuider Zee, between the West Frisians and their compatriots. About this time the Saxons, later the Dutch, had established themselves to the south and were threatening Friesland. They conquered West Friesland, but were decisively beaten at the Battle of Warns in 1345 when they crossed the Zuider Zee. Later disunity appeared in the Frisian ranks which entailed conquest, and with the separation of the Netherlands from the Holy Roman Empire Friesland was partitioned between Holland and Germany. In the Dutch section this had a profound effect, the Frisian language disappearing from the Law Courts and the Church and being relegated to the status of a peasant tongue. 1500 onwards was a period of decline for Frisian, the lone star standing out in this period being the poet Gysbert Japicx who lived in the seventeenth century. After the Napoleonic Wars the Dutch Government tended to imitate the centralizing tendency of their French predecessors which weighed still more

heavily on the language. During the late nineteenth century there occurred a Frisian revival similar to that in Brittany, and like its Breton counterpart it was resisted in government circles. This in time provoked a mild political reaction resulting in the establishment of the movement Stridboun Fryslân Frij (League for a Free Friesland), which desires federal status for Friesland within the Dutch state. Elsewhere, while there is no political movement in East-Friesland, there are two warring factions in North-Friesland, the pro-German Noordfriesische Verein für Heimatkunde und Heimatliebe (North-Frisian Union for Culture and Patriotism) and the Forining for National Frasje (Union for National Frisian) which desires union with Denmark.

In 1951 the struggle between the Frisian Movement and the Dutch Government reached its climax. Judge Wolthers of Heerenveen, who obviously disdained the Frisian language, showed it to the full in court. A veterinary surgeon on trial before him insisted on speaking Frisian. The judge deferred his case until the end of the session so that an interpreter could be procured. When this came he announced that there would be no interpreter because Frisian was not deemed to be a foreign language. As the accused still persisted in speaking Frisian the judge arrogantly remarked: "You can go on as long as you like, but officially I don't understand you." This produced an outcry among the Frisian Movement, the poet, Fedde Schurer, in a scathing article in the paper which he edited criticizing the judge and labelling him "the last of the Black Gang" (a Saxon gang which had terrorized Friesland in earlier days). He was then himself prosecuted for insulting the judge. His trial was the occasion of a huge demonstration and the singing of patriotic songs outside the courthouse which was finally broken up by the police with their truncheons and the fire Brigade with their hoses. This Kneppelfreed, or "Truncheon Friday" as the Frisians called it, caused much high feeling, to which the Dutch Government considered it wise to make concessions. Laws were later promulgated that raised the status of the language considerably, although the Frisians did not gain all they wanted. Frisian is now officially taught in the schools, but is not compulsory. It is permitted in Law Courts provided anyone does not object. For some time now it has also been in use in churches. The language is gradually gaining recognition. In some places it appears on Street-signs along with Dutch, in a few places alone, and in many others not at all. It has not yet achieved the status that Welsh enjoys, although it is progressing towards that goal.

There are three principal dialects of Frisian, i.e. the Clay-Frisian, the Wood-Frisian, and the Southern, the last of these being considerably influenced by Norse. The islands of Terschelling and Schiermonnikoog have their own peculiar dialects.

Clan Badges

IN a hundred and one publications are lists of clan badges, given as authoritative, as worn by members of the respective clans. I do not know what authority there is for these lists. Logan seems to have been the first to compile a systematic list and later writers have just taken his statements as they found them without checking on details.

The essential of a clan badge is that it is found locally in its territory in abundance so that the members can obtain an easy and plentiful supply when required. Some of these plants listed as clan badges do not fulfil this requirement. For instance we have the Menzies heath noted as the badge of the Clan Menzies. This plant is the *Menziesia polifolia* of botanists, grown in gardens as *Dabeocia cantabricum*, also known as *D. polifolia*. In English it is called St. Dabeoc's heath, and no doubt there is some monkish legend associating that saint with this heath in some way.

This plant is strictly a west European one, completely unknown in Great Britain, and the difficulty arises where could the clansmen obtain a supply when they required it. We can hardly visualise them journeying to the heathy wastes of the Asturias, so whatever the badge of the clan was it certainly was not this heath. Logan said so and others just copied from him. He evidently thought the heath received its name from the clan but it did not. It was named from Archibald Menzies, a celebrated introducer of many exotic plants.

Similarly we have the lesser periwinkle associated with the MacLachlans. This is the *Vinca minor*, which has a wide range on the continent and even into Asia. In Britain it is unknown as a wild plant. It is an early introduction to our gardens. Here and there in southern England it is found apparently wild but in reality an escape from cultivation. Its larger relative *V. major* is also an introduction. Neither the large or small periwinkles ripen their seeds in Britain. Here again where could the MacLachlans find their badge when wanted?

The Cumins are credited with the cummin plant, *Cuminum sativum*, as their badge. This plant is completely unknown to Great Britain,

being a native of Egypt and neighbouring warm countries. It is a well known umbelliferae often cultivated in gardens for its seeds which are used much the same as caraways. For the method of preparing it for use see Isaiah XXVIII. 25/27, and for another reference to this herb see St. Matthew's Gospel, XXIII, 23.

To the MacKenzies the variegated holly is given as their badge. This is simply ridiculous as this tree or rather shrub is of garden origin. The MacIntoshes have boxwood, *Buxus sempervirens*. This small under shrub is found in some places in southern England, growing apparently wild, but it is doubtful if it is not an escape or the efforts of some gardener to establish it locally. It has an extensive range in western and southern Europe, extending eastwards to the Himalayas and Japan. The one used for edgings in gardens is *B. suffruticosa*, a small leaved dwarf variety. The hapless Queen Mary appears to have been fond of boxwood.

The MacKinnons have St. John's wort, also known as St. Columba's flower or charm, *Hypericum androsaemum*, commonly known in English as tutsan, a common plant especially all along the west coast, it is rare on the east. I have observed it locally as common but not abundant.

It is found in shrubby woods and open places throughout western and southern Europe also extending far into central Asia. It must not be confused with *H. calycinum*, commonly known as Aaron's Beard or the Rose of Sharon, which is an introduction to our gardens but has escaped here and there and established itself.

Tutsan is a tall, handsome plant with few bright yellow flowers. To it is attached a good deal of folk lore. It is associated with the Virgin Mary and St. Columba, who revered it and dedicated it to his favourite Evangelist St. John. The saint is said to have been so fond of it that he always carried a sprig of it. Don tells us that the people always carried a piece of it about with them as a charm against witchcraft and enchantment. Martin says, 'John Morrison, who lives in Bernera (Harris) wears the plant called "seud" in the neck of his coat to prevent him seeing visions, and he never saw any since he began the practice.' It is the "fuga daemonum" of Martin.

There are several other species found but only *elodes* is common in Argyll, the rest being rare or not at all. *Elodes* is usually found in wet, marshy ground of which the country has an abundant supply.

J. E. S.

Carmina Gadelica

The other instance which seems to parallel with this originates in Celtic mythology. On one occasion in the career of Lugh, a Celtic god, a great hole was dug in the ground and filled to the brim with porridge and he was told to eat the lot. Not only did Lugh carry out this request, but he scraped up what remained at the bottom of the hole. This happened a week before the Day of Samhuin and was part of a ruse used by the people of the goddess Danu to gain time before an impending battle by having Lugh (the champion of the enemy) put out of commission by gorging himself on porridge. This was commemorated subsequently and libations of food became a regular practice.

The question may be asked: Are there any connections between these examples of what appears to be similar modes of worship and religious commemorations? The question can be possibly answered only by enquiring into the origins of the custom of making libations to spirit beings.

The origins of the supernatural beings which figure in Gaelic lore are founded mainly on the pagan belief in animism. Many aspects of a survival of this belief can be found in *Carmina Gadelica*. In the *Invocation for Justice* (Vol. I), the suppliant bathes his face in the waters at the junction of three streams. This act is tantamount to calling the water-spirit that dwelt therein as a witness and to ensure that the suppliant be afforded justice at the forthcoming Mòd.

More apparent instances are the universal beliefs in spirits associated with lonely corries, glens, lochs, mountains and hills. *Cnocs* usually have fairy associations. Among the many supernatural beings were the *glainstig*, *loireag*, *tarbh-uisge*, *each-uisge*, brownie and the *bean-nighe*. Some of these worked for good and some for evil, and all were very real to the Gael.

Some spirits were closely associated with the domestic functions of the household and community which are the subject of the next article.

Libations (of milk in most cases) were often made to these spirits in order to ensure that the work at hand went well and without hindrance. The *loireag*, for instance, presided over various phases of cloth-making: warping, weaving, waulking and washing. The *gruagach* was a supernatural female who presided over cattle. A libation of milk was made to her when the women were milking the cows and was poured on to a special fixed rock called *clach na gruag-aich*. An example of a *gruagach's* song, sung

while she tended the cattle at night, is given in Vol. II.

Volume V contains much material connected with the fairies. They lived and loved in much the same way as did their mortal counterparts; and their characteristics were pretty much the same and as widely varied. The fairy is, of course, a ubiquitous spirit, belief in whom is common to more peoples than the Gael. Fairy characteristics differ to a varying degree depending on geographical regions, but from the evidence of the examples in *Carmina Gadelica*, supported by other bibliographical references, the highland fairy seems to be a more genial fellow than, say, his English counterpart. The latter tends to possess a malicious outlook on life and to be quite unlike Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* whose pranks were for the most part harmless.

Among the occupations of the fairies mentioned in *Carmina Gadelica* were stealing the substance out of milk products, falling in and out of love with mortal highlands girls and boys, and doing a smart trade in changelings. But all too often the mortals, armed with charms and the like, prove to be their superiors in most ways. Perhaps this is the reason why there always seems to be an "understanding" between the two forms of life and why the highland fairy is well-disposed towards mortals and is a more likeable spirit.

That there existed (and still exists?) this quasi-harmonious relationship between mortals and most supernatural beings may be perhaps evidence of the tenacity with which animism—a dominant feature of pre-Christian religions—has held its place in the Highlands and Islands, not having been entirely displaced by Christianity. Perhaps, had the "new broom swept clean" 2,000 years ago and refused to reconcile pagan with Christian, then we would not have today such abundant evidence of earlier times and peoples. But conversion to Christianity was more subtle and we now possess the legacy which, as far as the Gael is concerned at least, has done him no harm but only served to decrease the gap between the man and his personal religion.

(to be concluded)

FOR SALE—Inverness Cape (Black Watch Tartan outside, Royal Stewart inside), in good condition. Offers by letter to Miss Cronie, 5 Edmiston Street, Glasgow, E.1.

Treasurer's Notes

National Mod—Dundee, 1959

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Branch Reports

AYR

The first ceilidh of the season was held in Ayr on 23rd October. There was a good attendance, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The President, Donald McIsaac introduced the chairman, Mrs. Edgar, a Vice-President of An Comunn, who gave interesting addresses in Gaelic and English.

The artistes were: R. McCallum, Campbeltown; Ian Thomson, Glasgow; Ann Gurney, Prestwick. The Ayr Junior Choir, winners of the Mrs. Miller trophies for the third time, delighted every one, while members of the choir sang solos and duets, and played the piano and accordion.

ABERDEEN

The new session opened in rousing fashion with a grand ceilidh held in Kennaway's Rooms on 20th October. The President, Mr. James Macleod, extended a hearty welcome to a large gathering of members, as well as a goodly turnout of students from the University.

Piper W. Mackay opened the proceedings in traditional fashion, and thereafter the following artistes took part: Mrs. Ann Draper; Mrs. Carol Thomson; Miss Catriona Morrison; Miss Margaret Macleod; Messrs. Ian Macsween and R. Kennedy. Mr. Eric Watt was the accompanist, and Miss Anne Macdearmid and quintet provided instrumental music. The Aberdeen Gaelic Choir gave a recital of Gaelic songs.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AM FAOILLEACH, 1959

Aireamh 1



Stoirm a' Gheamhraidh.

SGRIOS NAN LEODACH

AIR madainn bhriagha earraich bha a' ghaoth a' séideadh as an àird an iar, is a' ghrian a' deàlradh bho àird an athair. Bha muinntir Chàirinis an Uibhist a Tuath trang a' treabhadh agus a' cur bhuntàta nuair a sheòl Clan MhicLeòid na Hearadh gu sàmhach a steach am bàgh. Bha an crodh, agus na laoiigh òga ruidhleadh mu'n cuairt orra, ag ionaltradh gu dòigheil air an raon. Is beag fios a bha aig duine na creutair nach biodh lorg air na beathaichean ud ro fhada nam faigheadh na Leòdaich leotha mar a dh'iarraidh iad.

Bha an ùine ruith, agus bha obair an latha dol gu gasda. An sin thog fear de na croitearan tranga a cheann agus laigh a shùil air a' chrodh a bha ruith 's a' leum air feadh nan cnoc. Chuir e a làmh ri shùilean agus sheall e rithist. Bha an crodh 'nan leum gun teagamh. Bha rudeigin fada, fada ceàrr. Shad e bhuaithe am buntàta agus a mach gun tug e air ball gu tigh a nàbaidh. An sin chunnaic e grunnan dhaoine 's a h-uile fear a' bruidhinn 's a' smèidhe aig an aon am. Bha an sgeul aca; bha na Leòdaich air tighinn gun fhios gun fhaireachadh do dhuine beò.

Chuireadh fios air Iain Mac Ailein'ic Sheumais, fear a bha anabarrach math air cuimse. Bha esan an Uibhist a Deas aig an am, ach thog an croitear air 'na dheann air a thòir. Nuair a fhuair Iain còir a' naidheachd bha e trang a' treabhadh air a' chroit, agus a bhean a' taomadh ri thaobh. Air ball dh'fhàg Iain na h-eich sa' chrann agus rinn e air an tigh far na thog e clach-bhogha a bha aige 'na bhalach. Thug e an stàbull air agus chuir e srian am beul an eich òig. Dh'fhàg e a bhean-nachd aig a mhnaoi agus chuit e aghaidh gu tuath. Nuair a ràinig e am Bàgh Mór bha a chàirdean 'g a fheitheamh leis a' naidheachd a bha aca.

Bha na Leòdaich air teicheadh do'n Teampull. Air a' chnoc os cionn an Teampull bha freiceadan air ais 's air adhart le sùil do gach àird. Mar a bha an tide dol seachd is ann bu dàine a bha e fàs oir cha robh sgeul air na Dòmhnallaich. Is beag a bha dh'fhios aige na bha feitheamh air. Bha Iain, leis a' chlach-bhogha gu teann 'na làimh, a' liùgadh an luib nan clach 's nan cnoc le a chridhe 'na shlugan oir bha fios aige mur amasadh e air an fhreiceadan nach robh

dòigh air faighinn chun an Teampuill, agus gum biodh an crodh co-dhiùbh a dhìth orra.

Bha na Dòmhnallaich nis air cruinneachadh ach b'e a' cheist cionnas a gheibheadh iad gréim air na Leòdaich. Bha Iain a' tighinn na b' fhaigse is na b' fhaigse air an fhreiceadan gum du dheireadh an robh e, mar a shaoil leis, dlùth gu leòr air. Shocraich e clach bheag 'na h-àite agus leig e as i mar pheilear a gunna. Thug i gliong air bathais an fhreiceadan agus thuit e fuar marbh air an talamh. Shuath Iain am fallus bho a mhalaidh, tharraing e anail, agus sméid e air a chompanaich. Ghluais na Dòmhnallaich chun an Teampuill, is Iain Mac Ailein air an ceann. Bhris iad an doras 'na bhiorain fo an casan.

Theich na Leòdaich, a' saltairt air a chéile, agus rinn iad air a' Bhàgh Mhór, ach rug na Dòmhnallaich orra agus chaidh iad an gréim. Bho mheadhon latha gu dol fodha na gréine lean an cath. Bha mac-alla freagairt fuaim an armachd, agus bha s-grèach nam faoileag an cois na mara, mar gum eadh, ag innseadh gun robh iad a' tuigsinn dé bha tachairt. Bha na Leòdaich a' tuiteam mar arbarh foghair. Aig cromadh na gréine cha robh duine dhiùbh nach robh 'na chlosaich fuar air an talamh ach aon truaghan a thàrr as air dhòigh air choireigin.

Shlaod esan e fhéin sgìth, claidhte tarsainn na nan croitean. Bha e nis gus an deò a thoirt suas, ach bha e cumail air a' lùgadh ceum an deidh ceuma, coma nan tugadh e a bheatha as. O am gu h-am bheireadh e sùil air ais feuch a robh duine 'g a leantainn. Bha e gun lùths le cion fala ach bha dòchas beatha 'g a chumail a' dol.

Bha a' ghrian a' dol sìos san àird an iar a' sgaoileadh dathan òir troimh na speuran os a chionn; bha a' chuthag is "gug, gùg" aice sa' mhonadh liath ag innseadh nach robh an samhradh fad air falbh; bha ceò beag a' laighe air mullach nam beann. Ach cha robh an truaghan a' cluinntinn na faicinn nì dhiùbh sin. Ràinig e an tràigh mu dheireadh thall, anail 'na uchd agus e claidhte, sgìth. Shuidh e car tacain, agus an sin chunnaic e fear a' dèanamh air le cuaille mór reamhar 'na làimh. Leum e air a chasan agus thuit e, "Cò as a tha thusa tighinn agus càite a bheil thu dol?" Fhreagair an croitair, "Chan eil mise ach a' dol a dh'iarraidh a' chruidh, oir, mar a tha thu faicinn, tha an làn a' ruith san fhadhail agus feumaidh mi an toirt dhachaidh air son am bleaghann. Chan eil thu fhéin eòlach anns na cèarnaidhean so, a bheil?" "Chan eil gu dearbh," ars an Leòdach. "Thàinig mi astar math 'nam dheann ruith mus caillinn an tràigh." Leis an sgìos chaill e cuid de fhaicill,

agus ghlac an t-Uibhisteach an cothrom. Tharraing e an cuaille air an fhear eile an cùl a chinn. Thuit an Leòdach gun smid air an tràigh.

Thiodhlaigeadh e ann an croit an Clachan a' Bhailesear agus gus an là an diugh tha leac mhór gun dad sgrìobhte oirre r' a faicinn os cionn na h-uaghach. Tha e air a ràd: ma dh'èisdeas neach air an àraich aig am àraidh de'n bhliadhna gun cluinn e fuaim a' bhatail. Is e Féinn na Fala a chanar ris an àraich ud gus an là an diugh.

ANNA NICDHOMHNAILL,
Inbhirnis.

An Ciobair A' Doicheall Dhaoine

Thàinig an ciobair turus gu taobh deas Loch Ephort tràth sa' mhadainn air son a chur a null air an loch. Nuair a chuala fear-an-tighe gur h-e bh'ann nuas a ghabh e, agus chuir bean-an-tighe an coire air an teime. Sgaoil i còmhcadh air cathair eadar an ciobair is fear-an-tighe.

"Cha do rinn mi riamh a leithid so," ars ise, "nach tigeadh cuideigin chun an doruis." "O," ars an ciobair, "dèan air do shocair, a bhean. Cuiridh mise sin air dòigh; fàg thusa sin agam-sa."

Thàinig bualadh chun an doruis, agus dh'èirich bean-an-tighe air son fhosgladh, ach rug an ciobair air chòta oirre, agus thuit e, "Na leig dad ort a bhean; is mór am beathach nach toil a muigh. Cha tig duine steach air an doras so gus an cuir sinn cròch air an tea. Gheibh an cù fhéin modh a bhidh."

Sneachda

Fìor-ghlan mar aingeal, maiseach gun chaoch
Bha sneachda mar mhanadh air madainn
Diardaoin.

Thuit samhach mar fhaileas a fhatheas gum
ghaoidh;

Bu ghil' air an talamh na canach no aol;
'Na bhleideagan fallain a' laighe gu caoin;
'S e mìn gun mhaill' air machair 's air raon,
A' tuiteam air beannaibh mu'n ceannaibh gu
saor,

Air uachdar na mara a sealladh 'na bhraon.
Tha chlann feadh a' bhaile le aighear is faoil
A' ruagail le caithream a bhathais mu sgaoil
Socair fo'n casan, snasail ri'n taobh.

Bu shoilleir am brat e air clachan mo ghaoil.

DOMHNALL R. MOIREASDAN.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN GEARRAN, 1959

Aireamh 2

FACAIL BHEAGA

Na mhothaich thu riamh na tha de fhacail bheaga againn anns a' Ghàidhlig, facail a tha gu tric a' ceangal nam facal eile anns an t-sreath mar a cheanglas leoganan na clachan móra gu socrach 'nan àite anns a' bhalla? So facail is gann a chì an t-sùil ach a tha anabarrach beothail, seaghail, agus do-sheachnaichte feumail. Nuair as gnìomhaiche an inntinn, agus as braise do cheum seasaidh fear aca romhad mar fhreiceadan, agus an ceum as lugha chan fhaod thu a thoirt gun an dèan thu gnothach ris.

Tha facail bheaga ann a sheasas gu bonnachar leotha fhéin, neo-eisimeileach aig amannan, gun fheum air urras na cùl-taice. Cha dùil leotha innse có iad na carson a tha iad a' dleasadh an àite a th'aca. Tha *có*, mar a chunnaic sinn, air fear dhiubh sin, agus ma thurachras dha a bhith ann an cuideachd sam bith feumaidh e seasamh gu stobach air an toiseach. Tha cuin is càite is carson air feadhainn diubh cuideachd, agus cha dùiltadh tha is bha is bidh, na nì, chì is chuir an guth a thogail 'nan aonar.

Ach is e *ma* air an robh mi an dùil iomradh a dhèanadh aig an am. Cha sheas esan leis fhéin a muigh na mach; cha mhotha a lorgar e air dheireadh air a chompanaich. Tha e fhéin is *agus* rudeigin coltach ri chéile. Chan fhuiligid iad idir, idir a bhith 'nan isean deireadh linne. Gun teagamh chan eil ma cho socharach ri agus ann a bhith glacadh a' cheum-toisich, ach cha toir e ceum coise gun luchd frithealaidh.

Far a bheil am facal ma chan fhaod thu gabhail seachd air mar nach biodh tu 'g a fhaicinn. Cha leig e sin leat. Lorgaidh tu air ball fìor ghaisgeach a chuireas eagal ort agus a dh'fhàgas tu anshocrach, bhig chadal gun tàmh. Am broinn an fhacail bhig-sa tha sonas na bròn, saorsa na daorsa, doilgneas na sìth taisgte.

Tha dùil agad dhachaidh ris an neach as ceangailte ris a bheil thu air thalamh. Tha fhios agad gu bheil e air an t-slighe, is tha là an deidh latha dol seachd ach chan eil guth a' tighinn. Tha d'iomnaidh a' tionndadh gu eagal, 's an t-eagal gu eu-dòchas. Tha cuan

nach gabh casg a' dòrtadh a steach air do chridhe. 'Ma dh'éirich cail dha air an t-slighe'', sin fàth do mhulaid. Tha na smaointean gorta, cràiteach a bhios agad uile am folach am broinn an fhacail-sa.

Tha neach eile 'g ràdh ris fhéin, "Ma gheibh mi an ulaidh ris a bheil dùil agam—an dileab mhór a ghealladh dhomh le piuthar mo mhàthar—nach ann agam a bhitheas an là beannaichte gu bràth tuilleadh. Nach mì dh'fhaodas a bhith sona, gu leòr agam gun mhaoidheadh. Faodaidh mi dhol far an àill leam, agus fuir-eachd far am miann leam nuair a thogras mi fhìn; agus chan eil nì air an cuir mi feum nach bi soirbh dhomh fhaighinn ma gheibh mi an dileab." Sin e—ma gheibh mi an dileab. Tha *ma* a' cumail na nithean a tha dìomhair ort fo ghlais. Gus am bi a' ghlas air a fosgladh cha teich an neul, agus cha téid freumhan an dòchais a tha togail do chridhe nas doimhne na fonn do mhac-meanmna.

Naidheachd Uibhisteach

Bha bantrach bhochd ann an àite air choireigin, agus dé a bha aice ach peata de dh'uan mór. Ach suas aig am an t-samhraidh dh'fhàs e cho draghail is gum feumadh i a chur air falbh, no nì air choireigin a dheanamh ris. Is ann a reic i e ri fear air son ochd tasdain, ach gu robh i fhéin air son an craiceann fhaotainn, oir bha ise ciallachadh a' chloimh. Gheall an duine so dhi, ach nuair a chaidh i g' a iarraidh bha a' chloimh air a thoirt deth.

Ach a measg na muinntir a chuala so bha fear-lagha, agus chaidh e far an robh a' chaill-each agus thuir e rithe, "Bheir mi dhut crùn a dh'airgid, agus bheir mi thu le gige a dh'ionnsaigh tigh na cùirte agus bheir mi air ais thu an so a ris." Dh'aontaich i so a dhèanamh, agus air là na cùirte thuir an siorram, "Nach d'fhuair thu o'n duine an craiceann air ais?" "Ach bha mi a' ciallachadh a' chloimh a bhith air," thuir ise.

Dh'éirich am fear-lagha agus thuir e, "Gu bhur cead, a shiorrain, tha beagan

cheistean agam ri chur air an duine so." "An tug sibh an craiceann bhàrr a' chinn?" "Cha tug." "Dé rinn sibh ris?" "Rinn sinn feum dheth." "An tug sibh an craiceann bhàrr nan cas aige?" "Cha tug." "Dé rinn sibh riutha?" "Rinn sinn feum dhiubh." "Gu bhur cead, a shiorraim," ars am fear-lagha, "tha sibh a' faicinn nach d'fhuair am boireannach bochd so ach pàirt de'n chraiceann. Tha mi a' tuigsinn gun do dh' ith iad fhéin an còrr dheth."

Chaidh a dhearbhadh nach do chum e ris a' bhargan, agus, mar so chaill e an là, le cosgais lagha. So dìreach mar chaidh an naidheachd innse dhòmhsa.

An Cuilean Dubh

Is minig a thuir m' athair gur h-e spealg de'n droch spiorad a bha anns a' chuilean dhubh againn, agus gu dearbh cha robh e ceàrr. Tha an creutair ud air a h-uile bròg a tha anns an tigh a mhilleadh; tha e an impis na cearcan a chur as an rian, agus chan ann aon uair no dhà a theab e an t-iorball a thoirt as a' chat.

Ach 's e bha éibhinn leamsa nuair a chithinn e cagnadh brògan duine eile, nì nach robh idir ainneamh. Bha mise làn chinnteach nach fhaigheadh e gréum air na brògan agamsa co dhiùbh. Ach feuch thusa riut! Aon là fhuair e gréum air mo bhrògan Sàbaid, agus nuair a bha e deiseil dhiubh cha dèanadh iad brògan seach-duineach fhéin.

Chuir an cuilean beag a' chlach mhullaich air a' chùis an là thàinig am ministear air chuairt. Nach ann a fhuair ead e fo'n bhòrd a' cagnadh ad a' mhinistear. Cha mhòr nach deach mo mhàthair seachad ann an laigse; leum m' athair chun a' choin, leum am ministear chun na h-aide, agus thug sannt gàire ormsa teicheadh.

Cha robh dol as aig a' chuilean bho chd 'gan tròbh so. Am prìoba na sùla bha m' athair sìos an cnoc agus an cuilean aige ann am poca air a' dhrum. Ach cha tàinig crìoch là a' chuilein fhathast. Cha b' fhada gus na thill e na ruith dhachaidh, agus m' athair air a' shàil. Bha e an déidh toll a dhèanamh anns a' phoca. Tha an cuilean dubh beò fhathast, ach chan fhaca sinn am ministear bho'n là ud.

1. Chuir iad am balgan-suain fo a cheann.
2. Druididh gach uin ri 'ealtainn.
3. Cha b'e am muileann nach meileadh ach an t-uisge nach ruitheadh.

Fasachadh A' Ghlinne

Chuala mi sgeul an là roimhe mu sheann saighdear a bha air falbh aig am cogadh Napo-leoin, agus 's e Caoidheach a Srath Nàbhair a bha ann. An déidh a' chogaidh thill e air ais agus cha robh nì r'a fhaicinn ach làrach nan tighean a b' àbhaist a bhith sa' ghleann. Cha robh fios aige dé thachair agus sheall e mu'n cuairt gus an d'fhuair e làrach a thighe fhéin, agus an sin thòisich e air a chur air dòigh.

Bha e an sin gu sona nuair a thàinig an t-uachdaran far an robh e agus dh'farr e air an t-àite fhàgail air ball, ach cha tug am bodach feart air. An ceann seachduineach có thàinig ach am ministear agus chomhairlich e dha falbh gun dàil. Ach thubhairt am bodach ris nach robh e tighinn gu ro mhadh do mhinistear a bhith losgadh a spàine ann an càl duine eile.

Chaidh seachduin no dhà seachad ann an sàmhchair a' ghlinne, ach aon là thàinig an siorram agus a chuid earraidean g' a chur a mach. Cha luaithe chunnaic am bodach iad a' tighinn na chuir e a mhugaid air ghleus agus nuair a bha iad faisg air a' bhothan loisg e urchair cha an cinn a chuir eagal am beatha orra. Cha do chuireadh dragh tuilleadh air an t-seann laoch, agus dh'fhan e sa' ghleann gu deireadh a latha. B' esan an crotair mu dheireadh a rinn còmhnaidh an Srath Nàbhair.

M.M. (VI).

An t-Oban.

An Cula Tu So?

1. Le chéile; bho chéile; as a chéile.
2. Teachd-an-tir; teachd-a-mach; teachd-a-steach.
3. Balg-séididh; balgan-snámha; fiuch-bhòrd; dealan-dorus (bolt); ballan-stiallach (pillory used in the Highlands).
4. Fada 'na cheann; gabhail air fhaicinn; là de na làithean; gu mu h-anmoch dhut.
5. Nam faigheamaid an t-im as t-earrach, Is uachdar a' bhainne as t-samhradh, 'S ann an sin a bhith' maid fallain, 'S cha bhith' maid falamh de annlann.
6. Sud mar thaghadh Fionn a chù— Sùil mar àireigin, cluas mar dhuilleig, Ùchd mar ghearran, speir mar chorrann, 'S an t-alt-lùthaidh fad o'n cheann.
7. Simon Simplidh chaidh e dh' iasgach Null gu ceann na bàthaich, 'N dùil gun glacadh e muc-mhara 'N cuinneag uisg' a mhàthar.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AM MART, 1959

Aireamh 3

UAIMH A' PHIOBAIRE

THA iomadh sgialachd againn mu phiobair-ean a chaidh a rannsachadh uaimhean agus nach do thill a riamh air ais. So aon air Alasdair Bàn a bhuineadh do theaghlach ainmeil MhicCruimein.

Bha Alasdair, is e 'na bhalach òg, aon là a muigh air taobh a' chnuic a' buain rainich air son litear geamhraidh nuair a thiormaichte e. Thug e leis a' phìob-mhór, mar a chleachd, gu bhith a' toirt puirt oirre cho luath 's a bhiodh an obair ullamh. Le dian shaothair fo theas na gréine bha e cho sgìth, fann 's gun do leig e a cheann gu socrach air tom còinnich, agus thuit e 'na chadal.

Ann am buadar bha e faicinn sruthan sèimh a' sibhal gu mall seachad air, agus 'na shuidhe air cloich anns an uisge bha eun beag a' seinn gu binn ri fhaileas fhéin. Nuair a dhùisg e bha an ceòl milis fhathast 'na chluasan. Bu mhath leis am fonn a chuala e 'na chadal a chluich air a' phìob a bha an 'sud ri thaobh. "Agus," ars esan ris fhéin, "bhìd m' obair nas déine air dhomh am fonn a ghlacadh gu ceart." Cha bu luaithe a thòisich e air cluiche na laigh a' ghaoth, agus mhòthaich e seòrsa de neònachas m' a thimcheall air slìos a' chnuic. Le fuaim anabarrach mór spoilt an cnoc air an robh e; fa chomhair bha uaimh dhorch le craos fosgailte. Ged bu mhór eagal cha b' urrainn e gun ceum a thoirt a steach oir bha an ceòl na bu mhìlse mar a bha e tilleadh air ais a beul na h-uaimhe. A steach leis a chlaigeann gun shùilean ach an uair a ràinig e a' chiad luib dh' iad dorchadas e a thug air sùil a thoirt air a ghalainn. Chunnaic e an sin dorus a' dùnadh air a chùlaibh a mhùch solus na gréine a mach gu buileach. Cha b' eagal gu so e ach ged a rinn e spàirn gu teicheadh chan fhaicheadh e anns an dorch càite an cuireadh e a chas. Cha robh aige air, fa dheòidh, ach suidhe sios far an robh e air son anail a leigeil.

An ùine nach robh fada chuala e fuaim chas a' teannadh dlùth. Dheàrrs an sin solus a nochd dha cuannal de dhaoine beaga 'nan seasamh air a bheulaibh. "Is fhada a bha thu gun a thighinn, Alasdair Bhàin, ach tha di-bheatha agad a nise fhéin." Threòraich iad

a steach e a bhroinn a' chnuic gus na ràinig iad seòmar farsaing làn dhaoine. Bha lòchrain crochte air na ballachan ceithir thimcheall an àite, agus air beulaibh na cathrach, air an robh a' chaileag bu bhòidhche a chunnaic e riamh 'na suidhe ann an eudach grinn, bha cuirm air a h-ullachadh.

"Thig thusa, Alasdair Bhàin" ars an té a bha air a' chathair, "is e do bheatha. Suidh sios maille ruinn aig a' chuirn, agus an sin cluinneaid do cheòl gus an tòisich an danns." Cho luath 's a bha a' chuirn seachad thòisich Alasdair a' cluiche, is ma thòisich sud na daoine beaga a' sitheadh 's a' cur nan car air an ùrlar, gun fhòis gun sgìos. Ged a bha meuran a' phiobair a' fàs goirt chan fhaodadh e sgur is e fo gheasaibh.

Bha càirdean a' phiobair a nis a' rannsachadh anns gach cùil is ciall an tòir air a' bhalach nach do thill dhachaidh. Ruith iad air gach beinn is bealach, air gach gleann is monadh, ach lorg a choishe cha robh ann. Bha an raineach a bhuaic e a' tiormachadh ris a' ghréin, ach comharradh sam bith eile air a' bheò no air a' mharbh cha robh ri fhaicinn. Shaoil leotha aig amannan gu robh iad a' cluinntinn ceòl pioba air an àite, uairean eile shìos fo'n talamh air an robh iad a' coiseachd. Bha a mbhàthair an dùil gu robh i cluinntinn a' chiùil fo'n teallach mar a bha a deòir a' sìleadh gu frasach. Ach cha do thill Alasdair.

Cha robh fios aige-san dé cho fada 's a bha e cluiche na pioba, ach thàinig an t-am nach b' urrainn e leantainn na b' fhaide. Thionndaidh e an sin ris an righinn agus thuir e, "Gum beannaicheadh Dia thu a bhan-rìgh; chan eil e 'nam chomas leantainn nas fhaide." Anns na faacail thuit e sios air beulaibh na rìgh-chathrach. Nuair a dh'fhosgail e a shùilean bha e leis fhéin air cliathach a' chnuic a rithist.

Anns a' mhadainn ràinig e dorus an tighe a dh'fhàg as a dhéidh. Bha craobhan àrda air fàs ceithir thimcheall an àite; bha balla far nach robh balla roimhe idir. Bha seann bhean 'na lùban a' tighinn le uisge as an tobar, ach cha d' aithnich i am fear àrd, dreachail a bha 'na sheasamh aig an dorus roimpe.

‘Nach eil thu ’g aithneachadh do mhac fhéin, Alasdair, a chaidh a bhuaire an rainich an dé? Bha bruaradh iongantach agam, ach nach mise tha toilichte a bhith aig an dachaidh aon uair eile.’ Dh’innis e dhi mu’n cheòl is mu’n damns am broillear a’ chnuic. Thuig a mhàthair glé mhath mar a bha, ’s shìl a deòil le aoibhneas. Nach robh i feitheamh ris là an déidh latha, mìos an déidh mìosa, agus bliadhna an déidh bliadhna gus an deach deich bliadhnachan seachad.

Bha Alasdair beò gus an robh e ’na fhìor sheann duine. Chaidh ainm mar phìobaire fad is farsaing, ach a riamh tuilleadh cha do chluich e am fonn a dh’ionnsaich e bho’n eun-uisge an là a chaidil e muigh air taobh a’ chnuic ghlais. S. D. T.

Mar Fhuaradh Bean do Mhac Bhubain Shaoir

Bha mac Bhubain Shaoir uaireigin a’ falbh a’ reic chaorach, agus thuir e a mhàthair ris an uair a dh’fhalbh e gun e na caoraich a reic ri dume sam bith ach duine a thilleadh na caoraich chuide an déidh an t-airgid a thoirt orra. Bha iomadh duine a’ tairginn na caoraich a cheannach, ach cha toireadh mac Bhubain Shaoir do dhùine iad o nach tilleadh iad chuide na caoraich agus an t-airgid an déidh na ceannach.

Uair de na h-uaireannan thachair nighean ris, agus bha i air son na caoraich a cheannach. Dh’innis an gille dhi na cumhnantan air an robh e ’g an reic. An uair a phàigh an nighean na caoraich dha fhuair i deimhis agus ruisg i na caoraich, agus chuir i a’ chlàimh ’na h-achlais agus thug i leatha i, agus thug i dha na caoraich air ais.

Thill mac Bhubain Shaoir dhachaidh leis na caoraich, ’s iad air an rùsgadh, agus dh’innis e d’a mhàthair gun do rinn e mar a dh’iarr i air; agus dh’innis e facal air an fhacal mar a bha eadar e fhéin ’s an nighean, ’s mar a rinn i. ‘‘O, matà,’’ ars a mhàthair ris, ‘‘sin am boireannach a dh’fheumas tusa a phòsadh.’’

Agus sin mar a fhuaradh bean do mhac Bhubain Shaoir.

Sgadan Seanta Loch Bhraoin

Shuidhicheadh Ullabòl, mar a tha e an diugh, le Comunn an Iasgaich anns a’ bhliadhna 1788 air son a bhith ’na aon de phrìomh phuirt iasgaich air taobh an ear na Maoile. Thogadh,

chan e a mhàin tighean-còmhnaidh, ach mar an ceudna tighean-saillidh far an robh an t-iasg glas air a shailleadh is air a thiomachadh, agus sgadan air a ghiollachd mus robh iad le chèile air an cur thar chuain gu ruige Ruissia ’s a’ Ghearmailt, agus a deas a dh’ionnsaigh an Fhraing ’s a’ Spàinn. An ceidhe a thogadh aig an am tha e ann an sud fhathast, agus tha e cho feumail an diugh ’s a bha e o chionn suas ri dà cheud bliadhna.

Air an rubha chaol air a bheil Ullabòl ’na sheasamh bha baile beag eile le a thighean tughaidh fada mus tàinig na tighean geala, agus bha iasgairean làmhcharach a’ gabhail còmhuigh anna. Bha uisgeachan gorma, domhain Loch Bhraoin a’ tràghadh ’s a’ lionadh mu na cladaichean; bha na beanntan uaine gu am mullach ’gan sìneadh fhéin air gach taobh; an rubha losal ’g a shearradh fhéin a mach a mheadhon an locha agus a’ cumail fasgaidh air an laimrig.

Thàinig an là, a réir beul-aithris, a chuir an sgadan cùl ri Loch Bhraoin. Ged a bha Cuan Leòdhais làn deth cha tigeadh làn aù àruinn an locha a chionn gun do mhallaich a’ bhuidseach iad. Ged nach b’ urrainn na h-iasgairean an call a leasachadh fhuair na mnathan aca inleachd a thug buaidh air draoidheachd na cailliche gràinne. Rinneadh sgadan airgid, agus thogadh bàta ris nach beanadh draoidheachd. Shèòl am bàta tarsainn na Maoile gu Leòdhais, agus an sin thill i air ais a’ slaodadh troimh na h-uisgeachan an sgadain airgid air taod sìoda. Lean cliathan mòra sgadain am bàta a steach do Loch Bhraoin, agus gus nach fhàgadh iad an loch tuilleadh leigeadh an sèan fodha gu grunn an locha far a bheil e fhathast mur a d’ fhuair ead e! Co dhìubh cha robh barrachd sgadain ’g a chur air tìr a riamh an Ullabòl ’s a tha dol air tìr ann anns na bliadhnaichean-sa. Tha carbaidean a’ falbh leis air rathaidean caola, lùbach troimh mhonaidhean is ghlinn dh’ionnsaigh nam puirt a sear far a bheil e air a dheasachadh air son a’ mhargaidh air feadh na dùthcha.

An Cuala Tu So?

1. Miapadh (blunder); butarrais (mess); cabhuil (trap for fish); buathannan (foolish starts).
2. Bonnach Bealltainn; bonnach boise; ra-dorcha; na cóig chaoil; àine an latha; tide nan seachd sian.
3. Is fhèairde brà a breacadh gun a bristeadh. B’ ionnan cladach, ach cha b’ ionnan maorach. Foadaidh sinn eag a thoirt san fhàrdorus.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN GIBLEAN, 1959

Aireamh 4

UIRSGEUL

O chionn fhada an t-saoghal bha dithis fhamhairean an sud a bha 'nan nàimhdean guineach dh'a chéile. Bha dachaidh a' Gheamhraidh, a bha cho cruaidh-chridheach 's cho grannda 's a bha an Samhradh cho caomh is cho bòidheach, an uaimh ann am beinn sheachda. Chaidleadh e anns an dorchadas leth na bliadhna, agus chuireadh an srann aige na h-eich as a' choice.

Bha an Samhradh caomh a nise air tilleadh as a dhùthaich ghrianaich fhéin san àird a deas. Cha luaithe thàinig e na dhùisg an talamh as a chadal-ceàrnach, agus thòisich e gluasad gu socharach, socair. An sin bha blàths na gréine cur sunnd air an spréidh anns gach buaile, bha gach coille dhosrach, uaine greadhnach le ceòl milis nan eun, agus a' chlànn bheag a' ruith 's a' leum air cnoc is machair. Cha robh eagal aig creutair beò roimh 'n t-Samhradh chòir oir b'e fìor charaid gach aon diubh. 'Na chas-cheuman bha blàth na mach-rach a' taomadh gu suilbhir cùbhraidheachd air an àile ghlain.

Ach air cho fada 's gum biodh an Geamhradh gun dùsgadh chite e a' tighinn mus biodh a' bhliadhna seachad. Bhrùchdadh e roimhe neòil dhorcha air chùl nam beann, shéideadh a' ghaoth ghreannach, chruaidh air thoiseach air, agus an sin thigeadh a cheann molach, aognuidh am follas. Smùideadh e an sneachda geal, mìn do na claisean agus a steach air na h-uinneagan. Le fuachd analach chionnadh an duilleach mu dheireadh anns an doire, agus dh'fhàgadh e na raointean cruaidh, teann as a dhéidh.

Cha bu toil leis an t-Samhradh idir an talamh fhaicinn le snuadh a' bhàis. Chan iarradh e sealladh air na h-eòin bhuchallach, bhòidheach a' tràcheadh gu deas no thar chuain. Ach ghràdhach e an t-sìth agus cha bu toigh leis a riamh a bhith mach, eadhon, air a nàmhaid. Ged a thigeadh an Geamhradh uair no uair-eigin chan fhuireadh e ach air son ùine gheàrr, agus an sin dh'éireadh a' ghrian 'na làn theas as ùr.

Thàinig an Geamhradh gu h-obann mar bu

dù, 's ghlac e an Samhradh ciùin 'na chadal fo chraoibh. Nuair a chunnaic Ceann Grannda am fear eile 'na shuain, gun olc air aire, gun smaoin air nàmhaid, spion e creag mhór as a làraich, agus bha e air beatha an fhamhair neo-lochdaich a thoirt air falbh mur biodh an lon-dubh a bha anns a' chraoibh air rabhadh a thoirt dha. Chlìsg an Samhradh, agus chaidh am meall creige seachad air. Chithear a' charraig gus an là an duigh fada a muigh anns a' Chuan a Siar—Hiort leth-oireach nan eun!

Sheas na fhamhairean an sin aig a chéile. An déidh a chadail mhóir bha an Geamhradh treun an neart, agus bhuail e buillean troma air Samhradh caomh. Dhanns na clachan meallain air an talamh, ach leagh an Samhradh iad le anail bhlàth mu'n gann a bhuail iad air làr gus mu dheireadh dh'at na h-aibhnichean agus thom iad an uisgeachan air na raointean air an turus gu tràigh. Lean a' chòmhrag iomadh là gus na shéid an Geamhradh anail fhuar, neo-chneasda air na tuiltean a dh'fhàg iad rag, reòta. Thuit an Samhradh air a bheul fodha agus fhuair e buille bàis far an robh e.

An ceann ùine fhuair ead e 'na shìneadh leòinte anns an t-sneachda le dà eun bheag. Arsa fear aca, "Tha an Samhradh bochd marbh gun teagamh." "Faodaidh," ars am fear eile, "gu bheil e bàsachadh, ach tha an anail ann fhathast." "Ma tha," fhreagair a chompanach, "feumaidh sinn a bheatha a shàbhaladh. Cumaidh mise a chridhe blàth fhads a bhios tusa lorg teine a bheir air ais e do thìr nam beò." Agus leis na faacail sin 'na ghob sgaoil e a sgiathan thairis air uchd an fhamhair.

Dh'itealaidh an t-eun troimh choilltean sàmhach, dlùth gus na ràinig e bothan beag aonararach. Fhuair e a steach troimh an tughha gu falachaidh, thog e leis 'na ghob eibhleag theine, 's cha do stad e gus na ràinig e am fear a bha basachadh san t-sneachda. Cha b'fhada gus an robh craos de theine connaidh a' garadh an fhìr a bha 'na shìneadh. Dhùisg am blàths an Samhradh gu beatha; thog e a cheann is bheannaich e na h-eòin a fhreasgair air 'na fheum. An sin ghabh e a thurus gu deas far

am faigheadh e ann an teas na gréine leaghas d'a chreuchdan.

S.D.T.

Na Tuirseachan

Ann an ceann a deas na Hearadh tha trì clachan móra fada bho chéile far am biodh na Draoidhean o shean ag aoradh. Co dhiùbh dh'innsadh dhuinne gur ann mar sin a bha. Ged a tha na clachan fada bho chéile tha iad uile am fianuis a chéile, agus bhiodh ar sinnsearan a' lasadh theintean orra nuair a bhiodh dad ceàrr no tional-sabaid a dhith orra.

Tha aon chlach ann an Tarasaidh, shuas ri taobh seann chaisteil, té eile ann an Niseabost agus an treas té ann an Scarastadh.

Tha an dara clach air a suidheachadh ann an àite ris an canar Ach-an-ulaidh. Bha cuid a' cumail a mach, a thaobh ainm na cloiche-sa, nan cladaicheadh iad domhain gu leòr an so gum biodh am fortan dèante. Shònraicheadh an là air son cladhach, agus a mach a bha na bodaich, gach fear le spaid air a ghualainn. Chladhaich iad mar nach do rinn iad riamh roimhe gus an robh am fallus a' sruthadh gu làr. Mu dheireadh thall thachair Dòmhnall air rud-eigin. Stad na fir; null gu robh iad le "fortan, fortan" am beul gach neach. Theab iad an truaghan bochd a mhùchadh mar a dh'lùthaich iad timcheall air mar sgoath sheillean. Bhuail Dòmhnall an rud a bh'ann a rithist. Thog e 'na làimh e. Bhùrach càch na b'fhaisge, 's na b'fhaisge. Shuath esan a' ghainmheach bho'n ulaidh a bha aige 'na làmhan—thàinig osann throm a beul gach duine beò nuair a thig e fad a làimhe i. Dé bh'ann ach claigeann mór, tioram, geal a bha sud o chionn ficheadan bliadhna! An sin smaoinich na bodaich gur h-e an t-ainm ceàrr a bha ach air an àite, gur h-e Ach-a'-Churaidh bu chòir a bhith air. Cha chualas a riamh có an-curaidh a bha so, agus tha mi creidsinn gu bheil na bodaich ceart coma.

Tha an treas clach air a suidheachadh ann an Steineagaidh, ainm Lochlannach a' ciallachadh achadh na cloiche. Timcheall oirre tha cearcal chlach a tha air tuiteam o chionn fhada. Is e an cearcal chlach so a tha toirt air daoine a bhith an dùil gur h-e na Draoidhean a thog a' chlach mhór.

Aon mhadainn Shathuirne thug mi sùil a mach, agus timcheall air a' chloich chunnaic mi cuideachd mhór dhaoine de gach dath is cumadh. "Mur a h-ìad na Draoidhean a tha sud," arsa mise rium fhìn, "aig an Tì Mhór tha fios có a tha ann." Bha gach duine eile anns an àite air ghog mar an ceudna. Thug

feadhainn ceum slaodach sìos far an robh a' chuideachd. Is e Beurla a bha iad a' bruidhinn. Cha b'e Draoidhean a bha sud idir, ach buidheann a Oilthigh Ghlaschu a' coimhead air a' chloich!

Cha lorg sinn a chaoidh có a chuir suas na trì clachan móra ud mur tig na Draoidhean fhéin a dh'innsadh dhùinn.

MORAG NICCOINNICH.

Unnsa A' Bhodaich

Bha bodach laghach, còir anns an sgrì anns an do rugadh mise ris an canadh iad Gilleasbuig. Is e duine anabarrach deas-bhriathrach a bh'ann, agus bu toil leis na h-uile a bhith 'g éisdeachd a sheanachais. Dh'fhàs e tinn aon uair, agus chuir a bhean fios chun an lighiche gus an tigeadh e dh'amharc air. Thàinig an lighiche ceart gu leòr, agus chaidh e suas chun na leapa far an ronn Gilleasbuig 'na laighe. Cho luath 's a lorg e dé bha ceàrr air an fhear a bha gearan dh'fhalbh e, ach lean bean Ghilleasbuig e agus dh'fheòraich i dheth ciod a b'fheàrr dhi a thoirt do'n fhear a bha tinn. Dh'iarr an lighiche oirre duine a chur gun dàil do'n tigh-òsda agus botul dé'n spiorad a b'fheàrr fhaighinn, agus unnsa sa' là a thoirt d'a companach. Thill i steach agus dh'innis i so do Ghilleasbuig, ach a chionn nach robh fhios aice dé cho beag na cho mór 's a bha unnsa spioraid dh'fhaigheachd i dhàsan. Thuirt e rithe gun do dh'ionnsaicheadh dhàsan nuair a bha e dol do'n sgoil gu robh sia dramaichean deug ann an unnsa. Cha mhór nach do thuit a bhean as a seasamh nuair a chuala i so. Sia dramaichean deug san là! Mo chreach, mo chreach!

An Cuala Tu So?

1. Imlich na corraig; teine beul na h-oidhche; thig 's cha tig (touch and go); caoin air ascaoin (inside out); as a ghuth-thàmh; fannadh.
2. Gabhail agam; gabhail roimhe (2); gabhail air (2); gabhail ort (2); gabhail ris.
3. Gabhaidh gach dath dubh ach cha ghabh dubh gach dath.
Na spion fiasag an fhir nach aithne dhut. Fàgaidh sìoda is sròl is sgàrlaid gun teime gun tuar an fhàrdach.
Ged a leagas tu mise, chan eil duine an Nis nach leag thu fhéin.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN CEITEIN, 1959

Aireamh 5

MAIRI AN DOICHEILL

Le AONGHAS MACDHONNCHALDH

BHA ann an sud a roimhe boireannach ris an canadh iad Màiri an Doicheill, agus cha tug i biadh do dhuine riamh. Chuir am fear so geall ri a nàbaidh gun toireadh e biadh uaithe, agus dh'fhalbh e gus an tigh aice am beul na h-oidhche. Is e Uilleam ainm an duine.

An uair a ràinig e an tigh thuirte e, "Gum beannaicheadh Dia an tigh dorcha, deathcharra so." "O", ars ise, is i freagairt, "bhon a bheannaich thu an fhàrdach, tàr a mach a so." "Tha na h-eòin air an spiris," ars esan, "is mithich fantainn." "Chan eil an sin," ars ise, "ach eòin Earraich, làn galair. Ach dé an t-ainm a tha ort?" "Tha," ars esan, "Uilleam Bi'd Shuidhe." "Uilleam Bi'd Shuidhe," fhreagair a' bhean. "Matà 's mi shuidheas, agus 's math an airidh is bean an tìghe 'g a iarraidh orm."

"Uilleam Bi'd Shuidhe, 's Ma-Ruibhe chan fheàrrde," ars ise. "Ud, a bhean," ars esan, "thoir dhomh biadh, agus leig eadar mi's Dia 's an anagladh". "Chan eil biadh agam dhomh fhéin," ars ise.

"Dé dh'fhòghnadh dhuit fhéin,

'S dha do bhuidheann gu léir,

Nach fhòghnadh dhomh fhéin car aon oidhche?

Sòbhraich nan creag, bàirmich nan leac,
Uisge teth is feanntagan," fhreagair e.

Bha brà bheag an taobh shuas an teine, agus chuir Màiri an ceann air a' bhrathainn. "So," ars ise, "cadal an doicheill." Dh'fhalbh Uilleam agus fhuair e cabar maide. "So," ars esan, "dùsgadh na dunaich." "Stad, stad a dhroch dhuine," ars ise, "'s gum faigh thu biadh." Dh'fhalbh i an sin, agus fhuair i ceann is casan beathaich; nìgh is ghlan i iad agus chuir i so air an teine. Fhuair i an sin bòdhla agus chuir i rud beag mine ann ri taobh an teine. "Fàg sud ann an sud gus an tig mise as an tobar."

Cho luath 's a dh'fhalbh i lion Uilleam an bòdhla cho làn 's a ghabhadh e le min. An uair a thàinig ise thug i sùil is thuirte i, "Cha

chreid mi fhéin nach do dh'fhàs so mór bho'n dh'fhalbh mi." "O", ars esan, "nam bitheadh thusa 'nad mhnaoi chòir bhitheadh do chuid ag at mu do làmh mar sin an còmhnuidh."

Ach co-dhiùbh, an uair a bha an fheòil bruich, thuirte Màiri ri Uilleam, "Dé do chuid fhéin de so?" "Tha," ars Uilleam, "na bheir mi a mach dhomh fhéin an aon rann." "Bitheadh e mar sin duit," ars ise, agus i fhéin a' tòiseachadh:

"Dà léir, dà leòir," ars ise,

Dà chnaimh peircèill,

Ochd ingean an dùirn,

Ceithir speir luirgne.

Dé a nis do chuid fhéin deth?"

"Sùil, bus, is eanchainn," ars esan,

"Dà chluais o bhun nan stùchd,

Fear-cumail a' chinn,

Ard-labhradh a' chlaiginn."

Bha an fheòil mar sin aig Uilleam agus na cràmhan aig Màiri!

Chaidh Uilleam gu tigh a nàbaidh anns an tilleadh dha. "Suidh a nuas, Uilleam. Có as a thàinig thu nis?" "A tigh Màiri an Doicheill," ars Uilleam. "Thig a nuas 's gum faigh thu biadh," fhreagair am fear eile, "cha d'fhuair neach a riamh biadh an sin." "Fhuair mise biadh ann co-dhiùbh." "Cha d'fhuair, cha d'fhuair," ars am fear eile. Shuidh Uilleam agus fhuair e trinnsear math de bhuntata pronn is bainne. Mus robh e ullamh thug e sùil air an doras, agus chunnaic e dà shùil Màiri air bàrr a' bhalla-tharsainn. "O", ars ise, "is uaigneach a chrìomas tu." "Chan e m'èirig a cheannaich mi," fhreagair esan. "Is iomadh fear a cheannaich nach do phàigh," ars ise rithist. "Maoidh sin," fhreagair e, "air an fhear a dh'ith do chuid." "Is trom an luchd air a' chois chaoil" (cas na spàine), ars ise. "Is fhusa teàrnadh na dìreadh," ars esan, "is chan eil an t-slighe ach goidrìd." "Cha chreid mi fhéin," thuirte i, "nach e bàrd a b'athair dhuit." "Cha b'àrd, cha b'ìosal e, ach bha e sa' mheadh mheadhonaich," fhreagair esan.

Mar sin dhealaid Màiri an Doicheill agus Uilleam Bi'd Shuidhe. (Nam bitheadh tu 'nad bhalach beag 's na Hearadh, agus Uilleam mar ainm ort, chluinneadh tu gu tric an fhàilte, "Uilleam Bi'd Shuidhe, 's Ma-Ruibhean chan fheàirde." Is e mo charaid Lachlann MacLeòid a Bearnaraidh na Hearadh a chuir thugam an sgalachd so o chionn deich bliadhna. Tha i aig seanchaidhean fhathast, ach chaidh a cur an clò an caochladh cruth.)

A' Bhratach Shithe

Chan eil e 'na iongnadh idir ged a bhiodh uirsgeulan lionmhor air an sniomh mu sheann chaisteal Dhunbheagain. 'Nam measg uile chan eil aon air aithris cho tric ris na sgeòil a ràinig sinn mu bhratach-shithe MhicLeòid. Tha a' bhratach-sa air a gleidheadh gu cùram-ach o linn gu linn 'na céis ghloinne anns a' chaisteal, ach cha lorgar gu bràth cionnus, no có as, a thàinig i.

Aon là chaidh Ceann-cinnidh MhicLeòid a steach do shithean far am faca e an t-àilleagan bu bhòidhe air na buhuail a shùil a riamh. Mus do thill e dhachaidh dh'innis e dhi gum bu mhath leis a pòsadh nam pòsadh i e. Dh'aontaich ise falbh leis air chumba gum faigheadh i a saorsa gu tilleadh air ais do'n t-sithean an ceann fichead bliadhna. Bha iad le chèile riarichte, sonà anns a' chaisteal fad nam bliadhnachan gus an tàinig an t-am aig àill-eagan nam ban a cùl a chur ri saoghal dhaoine.

Là de na làithean bha iad 'nam seasamh air an drochaid fa chomhair a' chaisteil. Chuir a bhean 'na chuimhne an sin an gealladh a thug e dhi fichead bliadhna air ais, ach mur an robh e na bu dorra dealachadh rithe an là sin na bha e a' chiad là cha robh e ceum na b'fhasa. Cha b'urraim e a saorsa fhàgail aice, ach bha tàladh an t-sith-bhrugh na bu treise 'na cridhe-se aig an am na a gràdh do MhicLeòid, agus thàr i as a làmhan a steach a mheadhon na coille, 's chan fhaca esan i a chaoidh tuilleadh. Dh'fhàgadh an triath le cridhe briste, brònach, agus le làn a dhùirn de ghùn uaine na mnatha.

Tha sgal eile 'g innse gur h-e a bha anns a' bhrataich sgòd de bhrat a chuir na sithichean air aon de oighreachan MhicLeòid 's e 'na leanaban gu bhith 'ga dhion o dhroch spiorad; ach tha naidheachd eile 'g ràdh nach robh anns an t-sròl uaine ach mir de aodach ann-spioraid ris na chathach an Ceann-cinnidh aon uair 's e air an àraich ann an Tir a' Gheallaidh.

Bha e anns an aithris gum faodadh MacLeòid a' bhratach-shithe sgoileadh ri gaoith trì uairean nam biodh e ann an teinn, agus gum faigheadh e cobhair. Thachair so dà uair, ach có aige tha fios cuin a chuirear feum air furtachd

an treas uair. Ma ruigeas tu caisteal Dhunbheagain chì thu a' bhratach-shithe 'na céis ghloinne, agus cuiridh i 'nad chuimhne an gealladh a thug na sithichean do MhicLeòid o chionn iomadh linn.

Uaimh An Oir

Tha uaimh an cùl beinne ann am Bàgh a' Chaisteil ris an abrar Uaimh an Oir. Ged nach eil mòran fios aig duine sam bith mu déidhinn tha beul-aithris ag innseadh dhuinn rud no dhà mu a thimcheall. Tha an uaimh-sa a' fosgladh anns a' Gheàrradh Ghabhail, agus a' cumail oirre air son suas ri ceithir no còig mìle gus a bheil i fosgladh a rithist ann am Beinn Tangbhal.

O chionn fhada nan cian bha iad ann a bha air son faighinn a mach an e an fhìrinn a bha an so. Rinn iad deiseal air son an turuis, agus le am pioban is an coin a steach leotha do'n uaimh. Shaoil leotha gun cluinneadh an fheadhainn a bha a muigh a' phiobaireachd agus combhartaich nan con, agus mar sin gum bitheadh fios aca co dhiùbh a bha a' chuideachd a bha stigh a' dèanamh adhartais gus nach robh.

Mus ruigeadh iad Beinn Tangbhal dh'fheumadh iad a dhol fo Loch an Dùin, ach, mo chreach, tha e coltach mar a bha na seòid a' dol fo'n loch so gun do chuir na boirean a bha tuiteam as na launtairean a bha aca, agus bha iad air am fàgail anns an dorchedas. Mu dheireadh sguir a' phiobaireachd, agus cha do thill duine beò air ais. Tha cuid a' cumail a mach gum facas fear de na coin an ceann là no dhà ach chan eil dearbhadh idir air sin.

MÀIRI E. NICFHIONGHUIN.

Tigh Mo Sheanamhar

Shuas anns a' Ghaidhealtachd tha tigh dubh suidhichte

Ann an Geannan, geal le neòineanan
Far am b'abhaist do m' sheanamhair bhith
fuireach

Ann an làithean math' m'òige.

Chì mi fhathast a' bhean bheag sgiobalta

'Na suidhe aig doras na dachaidh

Ann an aodach dubh, fada is beannag bheag
ghlas,

Is stocain leth-dhèanta 'na làimh.

Is iomadh latha shuidh i an sud

Gus an d'fhàs i tinn is dh'fhalbh i.

Ach cha d'iochuimhnich mise mo sheanamhair a
chaoidh,

No an tigh far an do thog i mi.

OILEANACH OG.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN T-OG-MHIOS, 1959

Aireamh 6

DOMHNALL RUADH

Bha Dòmhnall 'na sgalaig aig Seumas Gallda fad iomadh bliadhna 's cha chuala duine riamh e gearan gu robh Seumas cruaidh air no gu robh bean-an-tighe, Seònaid Lachainn, mosach mu'n bhiadh. Mar sin bha iongantas air daoine nuair a chunnac iad Dòmhnall Ruadh aig faidhir an t-Sàilein, agus sop 'na bheil mar chomharradh gu robh toil aige dol air fasdadh le cuideigin. Cò bha aig an fhaidhir ach Aonghas Og, agus chuir e fàilte air Dòmhnall Ruadh a' feòraich dheth ciod a chuir e san an tòir air àite, gun do shaoil leis nach fhàgadh e Seumas Gallda r'a bheò. "Bha mi fhìn," arsa Dòmhnall, "de'n cheart bharaill aig aon am, ach dh'fhàg mi e mu dheireadh." "Carson a dh'fhàg thu e?" ars Aonghas; "tha mi cinnteach gu robh e 'na dheagh mhaighstir." "Cha do rinn mi riamh talach air," arsa Dòmhnall, "ach chuir an fheòil shailte eadar-sinn."

"An e nach toigh leat feòil shailte?" dh'fheòraich Aonghas. "Chan e idir," fhreagair Dòmhnall, "tha mi toigheach gu leòr air feòil ghoirt." "An robh thu 'ga faotainn ro thrìc?" ars Aonghas. "Cha b'e sin idir a b'aobhar, fhreagair Dòmhnall, "so mar a bha chùis. Fhuair mart a bha aig Seumas Gallda bàs agus chaidh a sailleadh, agus fhad 's a mhair i cha d'fhuair sinn de dh'anlan ach i. Tha mi toigheach gu leòr air mart-feòil ghoirt, ach mar a bha am mi-fhortan an dàn, nuair a bha crìoch a' tighinn air a' bharaille fheòla nach d' fhalbh dà chaora mhaol Shasunnach leis a' "bhracsi" agus chaidh an sailleadh. Fhad 's a mhair iad cha robh ach "bracsi" air gach tràth. Nis so am fear nach cuireadh cùl ri "bhracsi" ach nuair a bha an speir mu dheireadh anns a' phoit nach do bhàsaich muc Sheumais Ghallda—bha iad fhéin a' cumail a mach gun do thachd i i-fhéin le bunntàta—ach is sgeul eile sin. Chaidh a' mhuc a shailleadh, agus fhad 's a mhair i cha robh a' dol ach i. Nis tha muc-feòil math gu leòr 'na h-àite fhéin, ach fòghnaidh na dh'fòghnas dhi: ach cha do rinn mi fhìn talach. Mu dheireadh thall, nuair a bha a' mhuc-feòil a' brath a bhith réidh, nach do chaochail seanamhair

Sheumais a bha còrr math 's ceithir fichead. Latha an déidh a bàis thàinig Seumas an taobh a bha mi fhìn 's mi dèanamh deas air son a dhol do'n cheàrdaich a chur tàirnge ann an crùbh an eich dhuinn, agus thubhairt e, "Is fheàrr dhuit clach shalainn a thoirt dhachaidh leat ma tha thu dol do'n chlachan." "Chì sinn," thubhairt mi fhìn, 'is dh'fhalbh e.

Nuair a fhuair mise a chùlaibh rium thubhairt mise rium fhìn, "A mhic an fhir nach abair mi, ma tha thu 'm beachd gu bheil mise dol a dh'itheadh do sheanamhair righinn, odhair tha thu fada ceàrr, cho ceàrr ris a' chaillich a bha 'n Cnòideart, is gun tuilleadh dàlach thog mi orm is dh'fhàg mi e-fhéin is closach a sheanamhar an sud. Sin agad a nis, gun fhacal bréige, an t-aobhar a chuir mise air an fhaidhir so an diugh, is ma tha sgagal 'gad dhith théid mise leat."

LEABHAR NA CEILIDH.

An Sith-Bhrugh

Nach iomadh sgialachd fhada is naidheachd ghoirid a tha againn am beul-aithris nan Gaidheal air an t-sith-bhrugh, agus cò againn nach do dh'éisd le iongnadh agus, air uairean, le eagal ri cuid aca anns an tigh-chéilidh. So naidheachd ghoirid a fhuair sinn, an càinain eile, bho Choinneach MacLeòid nach maireann.

Cha robh i air a bhith anns an t-sith-bhrugh, mar a shaoil leatha fhéin, ach là is bliadhna, ach anns an ùine sin bha am fàillean daraich air fas gu làn ire agus air crìonadh. Bha i a nis, aon uair eile, a' coiseachd an iochdar a' choire, air an robh i cho eòlach, a' lorg a' chlachain far na ghabh a cuideachd còmhnuidh, agus a dh'fhaicinn a' chruidd a dh'araich iad. Ach cha robh nì ri fhaicinn ach beagan chlach a bha air am mùchadh le deanntagan is luachair is raineach.

Gun teagamh bha an seann fhuaran an sud mar a bha o chian, agus chrom a' bhean aonaranach sìos le geilt air son biolaire a bhuan.

Chunnaic i neach coltach ri mac an duine gabhail seachad. Ruith i as a dhéidh, 's i an dùil gur h-e so an neach mu dheireadh de a cuideachd. Dh'éigh i ris, "A bhráthair, a bhráthair, an ann 'gam fhágail leam fhin a tha thu?" Agus a rithist, "A bhráthair, chan eil air fhágail ach an dithis againn a nis."

Thionndaidh an coigreach, agus 'na lámhan agus 'na chasan bha lárach nan tairnean.

Cainnt Amaideach?

Tha na daoine as glíce uairean a' cur an céill rudan amaideach, agus tha smior a' ghluicais aig na daoine as góraiche, agus nach mæth gur ann mar sin a tha a' chùis.

Bha dithis phòsda sa' bhaile againne, agus bha iad eucoitach ri a chéile anns a h-uile dòigh. Bha a' bhean crábhach, foighidneach, agus am fear cas, aithghearr, idrisgeach. Bhitheadh ise toirt comhairle airsan an còmhnuidh. Latha bha so thuirt i ris, "Tha an Fhìrinn ag ràdh, tha an Fhìrinn ag ràdh—," "Tha an Fhìrinn breugach," ars esan. Latha eile thuirt i, "Tha Pòl ag ràdh," is mus d'fhuair i facal eile a ràdh fhreagair esan, "Tha Pòl ag ràdh! Chan fhairtlich ort fhéin na air Pòl càil a ràdh."

Chan ann tric a bhithas dithis an aon bhaile ris an aon obair, air an aon ràmh. Bha Tormod is Iain aon latha trod. "Chan eil annad ach an t-amadan," arsa Tormod ri Iain. "Is tu a dh'fhaodadh a ràdh gur mi an t-amadan 's mi bleith mo theangaidh a' cainnt riutsa."

Choinnich Seòras MacPhàdraig a Urgha ri fear as na Bàigh air sràid an Tairbeirt. Thuirt Seòras ris, "Seadh, a bhodaich, an robh bàrr math agaibh fhéin am bliadhna?" "Bha buntàta math, math againn. Dhèanadh e ultach dhuit an togail fear ma seach." "Is ann leis na geimhleagan a bha sinne 'gan togail," arsa Seòras.

Bha dithis bhráthrean san Aird Bhig an Uig. Bha fear aca sochair, somalta; shuidheadh a h-uile facal a chanadh e air a chéill. Bha Coinneach a chaochladh dòigh. Bha esan caol, beò, luasganach, agus bha facal an còmhnuidh deiseil dha. Thàinig Manus a steach agus thuirt e, "A Choinnich, chan eil an droch shìde fada as. Tha an damh mór sa' ghleann." "Ma tha," ars am fear eile, "falbh cuidhe ris 's bidh a dhà ann."

Thàinig feadhainn a Tìriodh do'n Oban aon uair. Bha té aca ann am bùth sa' bhaile sin, agus thàinig caileag a steach a cheannach *satìn*. Chuir a' bhan-Thirisdeach a sùil san stuth, ach cha robh aice de airgead na cheann-

aicheadh na dhèanadh deise. Chaidh i a mach is fhuair i iosad o bhana-charaid dith. Ach chaill i cuimhne air ainm an aodaich.

Thuirt i ri fear na bùtha, "Mur a b' e an Diabhul a chanadh sibh ris an Donas de a chanadh sibh ris?" "Chanadh Sàtan." "Sin e," ars ise, "thugamh dhomh trì slatan deth."

An ath thurus a bhios sibh aig Mòd lorgaibh fear air a bheil cluasan móra agus sròn mar ghàirdean leimibh; bithidh fios agaibh gur e sin—An Tàran.

Am Bothan Beag

Am bothan beag an cois na creig'
San d'fhuair mi m'arach òg,
Sa' ghleannan uain' an cluinnear fuaim,
Is gàirich a' chuain mhòir;
Na beanntan fuara 'g éirigh suas
'G a chuariteachadh mar chrò;
O, 's tric mo smuain sa' ghleannan uain'
San d'fhuair mi m'arach òg.

Air fad mo chuairt mu dheas 's mu thuath
'S gach àit an d'fhuair mi tàmh
B'e 'n gleannan uain' 's am bothan truagh
Bha ruith am smuain a ghnàth,
'S ged 's fuar, mo chreach, an diugh do leac,
'S gun neach a chur orm failt,
O, need cho cuanal riagh cha d'fhuair mi
'S a bha uair fo d' sgàth.

Gur goirt mo smuain air làraich fhuar'
Nan daoine suaice bh'ann.
Chaidh cuid thar chuain diubh, 's cuid a fhuair
An dachaidh bhuan measg ghall.
Bu ghoirt an cridh' mu'n d'leag iad sìos
An cadal sìor an ceann;
'S am miann bhì sinte làmh ri'n sinnsear
Ann an Tìr-nam-Beann.

An oiteag luaineach feadh nam bruach
Tha luasgadh bàrr an fhèid,
Mar ghuth am chluais a' dùsgadh smuain
Nach luaidheadh briathran beòil.
Tha nithe taisgt' an cridh' gach neach
Nach fhaic aon sùil tha beò.
O, soraidh bhuan do'n ghleannan uain'
San d'fhuair mi m'arach òg.

D. MACEachairn.

Toimhseachan

Chì thu fhéin e a h-uile lè a dh'èireas tu,
chan fhaic an rìgh ach ainneamh e, 's chau
fhaca Dia a riagh e. Freagairt:

(Do) A leithid fhéin.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN T-IUCHAR, 1959

Aireamh 7

Na Dathadairean Beaga

Bha Col a' lorg nan caorach anns a' mhonadh le dhà chù. Le sgios an turuis, fo theas na gréine, bha e nis toilichte anail a leigeil air taobh a' chnuic far an robh an cadal air a thoirt leis mur b'e gun cuala e còmhradh neo-àbhaisteach air sgiath na gaoithe. Thug e sùil mu'n cuairt ach cha robh creutair beò ri fhaicinn. "Cha robh ann ach fuaim na gaoithe anns an luachair," thuirt e ris fhéin, agus laigh e sìos a rithist. Ach cha bu luaithe bha a cheann air an talamh na chuala e cagarsaich anns a' ghaoith as ùr.

Thug e sùil an taobh a bha na coin, ach cha robh lorg orra. "Nach iongantach an rud a th'ann, còmhradh gun daoine, is na coin air chall?" Leum e air a chasan is thug e ceum tarsainn a' chnuic, agus sùil de'n tug e air an lochan shìos fodha anns a' ghleann chunnaic e cròileagan dhaoine timcheall teine an sin. Tharraing e dlùth orra. Cò bha so ach fichead sìthiche 'nan aodach min, uaine slaodadh cléibh mònach air son a chàrnadh air an teine.

Thug na daoine beaga poit a mach as an raineach agus chuir iad air an teine i. An sin chluich fear aca air a' phìob agus dhannas càch gu fonnmhor, sgiobalta am feadh 's a bha a' phoit dhubh a' goil gu bras. Lean an ceòl 's an danns gun an robh a' ghrian an àirde an athair. Nuair a bha iad ullamh thug iad a' phoit sìos gu oir an lochain agus thog iad aiseid pìos mòr aodaich a nìgh iad gu cìramach mus do sgaoil iad e ris a' ghréin gus a thiomachadh.

Thug Col sùil le iongnadh oir chan fhaca e riamh aodach air a dhath co fior uaine. Bha e na b'uaine na fochann earraich, agus na bu bhòidhe na dathan na bogh'-fraise. "Nach ann dhomh a rug an cat àn cuilean," ars Col, "oir lorg mi a measg nam beann an dearbh àite far a bheil na daoine sìthe a' dath an aodaich. Dh'fheith e gus an robh an t-aodach air a phasgadh glan, tioram. Chunnaic e na dathadairean a' toirt na poite datha bharr an teine agus an sin a' ruith a steach cliathach na beinne. "Nach bu mhí an t-amadan," thuirt e os isosal, "nam bìthinn agam fhìn dh'fhaodadh a' phoit a bhith agam cuideachd, agus nach mise bhithheadh

beartach, sona leis an dath dhraoitheach a bha innte".

Nuair a bha e air a shlighe dhachaidh chuir e roimhe gum bitheadh e an cois an lochain an ath mhadainn, agus gun tàradh e as leis a' phoit fhad's a bhithheadh càch a' nigheadh an aodaich. Mar a rùnaich rinn. Dh'fheith e 'na chrùban gus an robh an ceòl 's an dannsadh seachad agus na fir bheaga a' dèanamh air uisge an lochain leis an aodach anns a' phoit. Gu mi-fhortanach nach ann a dh'atharraich a' ghaoth aig an am, agus le ceò na mònach 'na shròin rinn e sreothart a chuir na sìthichean 'nan cabhaig. "Ruith, ruith," ars iadsan, "tha cuideigin a' tighinn." Leum am buachaille dh'ionnsaigh an lochain, ach chunnaic càch e agus gun dàil dhòirt iad an dath anns an uisge is chaidh iad as an t-sealladh. Bha a' phoit is an t-aodach uaine ann an sud, ach nuair a làimhsich e iad chaidh iad 'nan smùir 'na làmhan. Thionndaidh uisge an lochain o bhith soilleir gu bhith uaine, drileanach fo ghathan na gréine.

Gus an latha an diugh tha Lag Uaine far na dhòrtadh an dath mar chuimhneachan air na thachair.

Banais Peigi Mhurchaidh

Ann am Baile-ma-tha-Dragh thàinig am post chun an doruis is litir aige do Mhàiri, bean Mhurchaidh. 'S e naidheachd mhór na litreach gu robh Peigi tighinn dhachaidh le lighiche is iad a' dol a phòsadh. Sud far an robh an ùpraid—lighiche ann an tigh Mhurchaidh Thormoid ann am Baile-ma-tha-Dragh. Nach e Seonag Catriona a gheibheadh an cothrom cainnte 'g innseadh na naidheachd anns a h-uile deathaich anns a' bhaile! Bha Murchadh 's a bhean air an deagh dhòigh; bha a' bhanais gu bhith math dha rìreadh nam b'urrainn dhaibh idir. Bhithheadh gach anam beò ann an Eilean Scarp aig a' bhanais. Dh'fheumadh Murchadh iarraidh air Rob MacLeòid 's a Chòmhlán Cùil a thìghinn chun na bainne a chumail cùil riutha.

Co-dhùbh thàinig latha na bainne is cha bu ghann ceòl is sùgradh an oidhche ud. Bha sean

is òg an ceann a chéile. Ach 's ann a chaidh an ceòl air feadh na fhidhe nuair a thòisich nighean Chalum Ceit is mac a' bhàilidh a' cur charan dhiubh am meadhon an làir. Bha Rob a' stialladh air cluich is mac a' mhuilleir a' bualadh bòrd-nigheadaireachd le spàin fhiodha. "Ach gu dé air an t-saoghal a tha an dithis ud a' déanamh 's iad mar dhà fhiolan a' dol mu'n cuairt?", arsa Catriona. "Sud agaibh roc is ról", arsa bean a' mhaighsitr-sgoile.

Bha a' bhanais a' dol glan. Cò a nochd 'na guth thàmh san dorus ach Ceit Anna 's briogais thartain air a ceangal teann os cionn a h-aobhr-unnean agus leis na bòtannan beaga a bhitheadh oirre anns a' bhàthaich. "Ach óbh, óbh, a Cheit Anna, an ann air a' dhòl glan as do rian a tha thu?" arsa Màiri. "Ma tha chan ann," fhreagair ise, "is ann a chuir an ceòl aig Rob air mhìre mi, agus còmhla ri sin thu Murchadh còir té no dhà dhomh ro òl is chaidh iad 'nam cheann." Mach a ghabh i is fonn aice air "Tha na Scarpaich a' rocadh, na cléibh air falbh—".

"Nach ann air Baile-ma-tha-Dragh a thàinig an dà latha," ars am ministear, "chan eil rian gu bheil deireadh an t-saoghail fad as a nis."

CHUNNAIC IS CHUALA.

Seann Sgeul

Ann an Diùra an diugh chithear gu bheil móran de Chlann Mhic 'ille Bhuidhe air fhàgail fhathast. Ach e rìr sgeòil cha robh aig aon am beò an Diùra ach aon de'n fhine so.

Thàinig buidheann de Chlann Mhic-a-Phì a Colbhasaidh gu cùl Dhiùra am bàtaichean a dhéanamh muirt is creachaidh anns an eilean. B' e an dùil a h-uile Buidhe anns an eilean a chur gu bàs. Choisich iad a null gu taobh eile an eilein far an do mhòrt iad a' chuid bu mhotha de Chlann Mhic 'ille Bhuidhe. Chuir iad an sàs na bha air fhàgail beò de na daoine is thug iad leò iad air ais gu cùl an eilein far an robh iad air an cur air bòrd nam bàtaichean. An uair a bha am bàta mu dheireadh a' fàgail na tìre thilg aon de Chlann Mhic 'ille Bhuidhe leanabh, a bha i giùlan, as a' bhàta. Thuit an leanabh air talamh uaine a' chladaich, is tha e coltach nach robh e air a dhochan idir. Fhuair duine a bha falach mu na creigean gréim air an leanabh is theich e leis chun a' mhonaidh. Cha do stad e gus an d' ràinig e uamh uaigneach air Beinn an Oir. Chum an duine an leanabh anns an uaimh so gus an robh e 'na phatach-balaich. Air uairean cha bhiodh biadh ann air son a' phàisde. Chuireadh an duine pìos feòla am

beul an leinibh a chionn 's gum b'urrainn e sùgh fhaotainn as an fheòil. Bha an t-sreang, a bha mu'n cuairt air an fheòil, ceangailte ri òrdag mhòr a choisie, agus an uair a bha an fheòil 'g a thachdadh shineadh e a chas is shlaodadh e an fheòil a mach leis an t-sreing.

An uair a bha am balach 'na dhunne phòs e is bha teaghlach aige. B' e Mac 'ille Bhuidhe a bha ann, agus mar sin dh'fhàs am fine sin làidir a rithist.

A. MACL., An t-Oban.

Falach Fead

Dèanar cearcal no buaile. Taghar "Bodach" agus "Rìgh" le rann cunntadh-a-mach. Sgapaiddh càch gach rathad agus théid iad am falach. Is e is dleasanas do'n Rìgh an sgàil a chumail air shùilean a' Bhodaich gus am bi càch réidh.

Gabhaidh an Rìgh an sin an rann so:—

Glican, glacan

Mo chuid chorach.

Thig am madadh ruadh am màireach

'S bheir e leis a h-uile caora 's fear' tha agam,

Ach caora dhubh fear an tighe

'S caora ghlas na searbhanta.

Bheil am brochan tiugh fuar?

Bheil am brochan tiugh fuar?

Mur eil iadsan deas, their fear aca, "Chan eil am brochan tiugh fuar 's cha bhi e fuar an diugh": no ma tha iad deas, "Tha am brochan tiugh fuar." Bheir an Rìgh an sin an sgàil bho shùilean a' Bhodaich agus théid esan a mach air tòir an luchd-falaich. Cho luath 's a shaoileas e gu bheil e faicinn fear dhiubh their e "Tha mi 'gad fhaicinn a Dhòmhnail." Ma tha Dòmhnail cinnteach nach eil am bodach 'ga fhaicinn cha toir e feart air. Ach ma tha, feumaidh e teicheadh feuch an toir e mach a' bhuaille mus beir am Bodach air. Glacaidh esan a' mheud 's is urrainn da, agus is e an ath Bhodach am fear mu dheireadh a ghlacas e.

"CLEASAN GAIDHEALACH."

Euchdan Nam Meur

So an té a leag an sabhal,

So an té a ghoid an siol,

So an té a sheas ag amharc,

So an té a ruith air falbh,

So an té a dh'innis e a dh'innis e, a dh'innis e.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN LUNASDAL, 1959

Aireamh 8

Loch Na h-Ighne

O àird and athair bha a' ghrian a' sgaoileadh a gathan òir air uchd an locha a bha 'na laighe le sìth nan eun am broilleach a' mhonaidh. Ag ionaltradh gu sèimh dlùth air làimh bha an crodh blàr gu dòigheil, neo-luaineach. 'Na suidhe air tulach uaine, leatha fhéin, bha banarach nan dual-chleachd le a ceann crom a' fuaigheal aodaich, gun amharus gun iomagain.

Sùil dh'an tug i air a' chrodh có bha tighinn far an robh i le ceum mall a' saltairt an fhraoich ghuirn ach gille cho eireachdail 's air na laigh sùil a riamh. Cha do stad e gus na sheas e ri a taobh. Labhair e am briathran ciùine, milis, agus an sin shuidh e sìos car tamaill air an tolm maille rithe. Lean an còmhradh gu càirdeil, tarraingeach; agus an sin chuir e a cheann 'na h-uchd agus thuit e 'na chadal.

Bha ise fuaigheal gu tràng, ach mu dheireadh thug i sùil air an fhear a bha 'na chadal. Bhrìosg a cridhe le geilt oir am bun an fhuilte aige chunnaic i gainmheach an locha, agus air ball thug i có bha aice 'na h-uchd. Leis an t-siosar gheàrr i an t-aodach air an robh gréim teann aig an fhear a bha 'na chadal. Thog i a cheann gu socair as a sgùird agus chàirich i e gu faicilleach air toman còinnich ri a taobh. Leum i air a casan, agus le luaths an fhéidh thug i na boinn as dh'ionnsaigh a' chlachain, le dòchas làidir gu ruigeadh furtachd i an ùine gheàrr. Cha robh i fada air an t-slighe nuair a chuala i na briathran a thug a treòir uaipe, "A nighean donn nan geala chas, ged is luath thusa beiridh mise ort." Thug i sùil air a gualainn agus dé bha 'na dheann an tòir oirre ach each meanmnach, luath. "An t-each uisge," ars ise, "mo chreach-sa thàinig 's mi cho fada bho chobair." Chum i oirre mar a b'fhèarr a b'urrainn i, le a cridhe 'na h-uchd agus le cian fhadachd an geall air luchd cuid-eachaidh.

Bha i nise an sealladh a' bhaile agus a' tarraing dlùth air an tigh a b'fhaisge. Ach bha an t-uile-bhiast air a sàil agus anail bhlàth

ag iadhadh uimpe. Ruith i mar nach do ruith i riamh, ach bha a neart a nis a' sioladh beag air bheag. Mu dheireadh bhunaich i stairs-neach an tigh far na thuit i 'na sineadh air an làr.

Choinnich e sheise ris an each uisge is b'fheudar tilleadh far na dh'fhalbh e. Bha fir a' chlachain le glaodh na dunach 'nam beòil as a dhéidh gus na ràinig e an loch as an tàinig e. Thug e cruinn-leum do'n uisge bhalbh, is chaidh e as an t-sealladh. Ma dh'éirich e riamh tuilleadh chan fhacas le sùil e, agus cha mhotha bha ionndrainn air anns a' chlachan. Ach 's ann fàthach a rachadh a' chlann air àruinn Loch na h-Ighne a riamh o'n latha ud.

S.D.T.

Amas Air Thuaireamas

Bha na Gaidheil gu ìre bhig, ach gu h-àraidh an òigridh, eòlach air an duine chòir, Dòmhnall MacPhàil nach maireann. Bhi mi latha còmhla ris agus sinn a' dol le chéile do'n Ghearasdan. Suas ri taobh Loch-na-Linne thubhairt Dòmhnall, "Seall an ròn!" Stad mi an carabag aig bun craoibhe agus thug mi cuilbhear caol a mach as a chùl. Nuair a chaidh an ròn fodha ruith mi sìos gu bearradh a' chladaich agus thubhairt mi ri Dòmhnall, "Stad ort ach an cuir mi an t-sùil as!" Cho luath is a dh'éirich an ròn leig mi an deannal ud m'a chluasan, 's cha chual e am brag. Bha aiteal beag air a' ghaoith chun a' chladaich, agus dh'fhuirich sinn gus an tàinig an ròn air tìr. Mar a thubhairt b' fhior; bha an urchair air a dhol 'na shùil.

An déidh làimhe bha inneas aig Dòmhnall air fear a bha cho math air a' ghunna 's gun do chuir e peillear an sùil ròn. Ach a dh'inns na fìrinne duibhse, nuair a loisg mise air ann ròn cha robh fios again an robh sùil air no dheth. Cha do rinn mi ach cuimseachadh air a cheann, agus is e amas air thuaireamas a bha ann gun deach an urchair 'na shùil.

S.S.

A' Chiad Sgathan

Aon latha bha Ruaraidh Mór a' dol sìos an rathad le dhà làimh 'na phòcaidean is srann aige air feadaireachd. Nuair a bha e dlùth air a' bhaile bhris air-a shòlas is guth a' giùlan thuige air sgiathan na gaoithe, "Thigibh an so is ceannaichibh." Rinn Ruaraidh cabhag fiach am faiceadh e gu dé bha am fear so a' reic leis an éigheachd a bha air. Thòisich e a' rùrach a measg nan trealachaean a bha aig Iain sa' chairt. Thog e rud neònach 'na làimh agus thug e sùil air. Stad a shùilean 'na cheann nuair a chunnaic e dé bha coimhead air an clàr an aodainn. Thug e greis a' coimhead air is an sin shìn e a làmh a mach bhuaithe. An ceann ùine bheireadh e a steach a làmh a rithist. Rinn e so a rithist agus a rithist. "Uill, a dhuine, tha so fìor neònach," chualas e ag radh fo anail.

Dé bha so aig Ruaraidh ach sgàthan, rud nach fhaca e rianh roimhe. Cha robh e tugsinn a' ghnòthaich idir. An sin thubhairt e ri Iain, "Ach c'áite idir an d'fhuair thu dealbh m'athar?" "Dealbh d'athar," ars Iain 's e "griobadh a chinn. "Chan eil dealbh d'athar no dealbh do mhàthar agamsa." Chunnaic e an sin an sgàthan aig Ruaraidh agus rinn e lachan gàire. "A dhuine, 's e a tha agad an sin ach do dhealbh fhéin." Chan éisdeadh Ruaraidh ris idir. Ciamar a ghabhadh sin a bhith agus nach do thog esan a dhealbh a riamh? Nach robh na bha 'na làmhan cho coltach ri athair ris an sgadan?

Co dhiùbh cheannaich Ruaraidh an sgàthan is dh'fhalbh e dhachaidh leis fo a gheansaidh. Nuair a ràinig e an tigh lìug e sìos do àite cadail oir cha robh e air son na cheannaich e a shealltainn d'a mhnaoi. A h-uile latha nuair a gheibheadh e fàth air a' chaillich rachadh e 'na ruith do àite cadail, agus nuair a thilleadh ise cha bhiodh sgial air-san. Dhùisg amharus 'na h-intinn, agus thug i an aire cho trì 's a bha e dol sìos do àite cadail.

Latha de na làithean is Ruaraidh a muigh chaidh i do'n t-seòmair cadail aige. Rannsaich i gu math gus mu dheireadh an d'fhuair i an sgàthan. Chan fhaca ise a bharrachd sgàthan a riamh. Thug i sùil mhath air a chùl an toiseach! An sin thionndaidh i mu'n cuairt e is chunnaic i i-fhéin ann. Cha mhór nach do leum a shùilean a ceann. Chrath i a ceann is rinn i gàire mór agus thubhairt i, "Mas i sud té a tha e dol a choimhead chan eil i ro bhòidheach. Cha shaoillinn gun cuireadh duine sam bith, agus gu h-àraidh Ruaraidh againne, an srogag ud air toiseach orm fhin." Shad i an sgàthan air an leabaidh agus shìn i a rithist

air a h-obair, a' feitheamh gus an tigeadh Ruaraidh dhachaidh.

PENELOPE WALKER.

A' Ghoirt Mu Dheas

Thàinig té de bhàtaichean Mhic a' Bhruth-ainn gu laimrig an Eilean Scalpaich. Nuair a cheangaileadh am bàta ri tir cò thàinig a mach aise ach ochnar cheannaichean siubhail le màileid mhóir air druim gach fir. Bha na h-ochdnar an sud crìon, stabhach; seadh ochnar. Thug fear de na bodaich Scalpach a bha an làthair sùil orra agus thubhairt e ris na chluinneadh e, "Fhearaibh, tha a' ghoirt mu dheas."

An Tul-Fhirinn

Bha bodach a eilean-gun-ainm air chuairt an Glaschu a' sealltainn air nighinn leis a bha pòsda sa' bhaile mhór. Bha iad ag innse dha mu'n *fire-engine* agus bha déidh aige an t-inneal so fhaicinn mus tilleadh e dhachaidh. "Thig thusa dh'inne dhòmhsa," ars esan ri balach beag an tìghe, "ma chì thu an t-inneal a' tighinn." Cha robh aige ri feitheamh fada gus an tàinig am balach 'na ruith ag éigheach, "Tha e tighinn 'na dheann." Mach a bha am bodach gu beulaibh an tìghe, agus leis a' chabhaig spàir e a cheann gu ubhal an sgòrnain a mach air an unneig 's gun e faicinn na gloine a bha cho fìor ghlan.

Nuair a thàinig a chliamhuinn dhachaidh feasgar thug e sùil air athair-céile agus thubhairt e, "Tha sibh air bhur gearradh." "S ann agam tha fios," ars am fear eile, "ach dé chuir mise shealltainn air rud na mallachd?"

Am Feasgar

Tha ghrian a' sgaoileadh fiamh a glòir,
Mar bhrat de'n òr air bhàrr nan beann;
'S an dubhar sèimh a' snàmh mar cheò,
A' còmhach còmhnaid réidh nan gleann.

Tha fuaim nan allt mar chòisir chiùil,
Le'n crònan ciùan a' ruith gu tràigh;
A' sgaoileadh deataich shèimh mar dhriùchd
Tha 'g ùrachadh nam mìltean blàth.

Tha neòil an amhoich oirm mun cuairt,
A' falach uainn an t-soluis àigh;
Sguiridh a nis ar saothair chruaidh,
Le sùil ri suaimhneas agus tàmh.

NIALL MACLEOID.



AN GAIDHEAL ÓG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN T-SULTUIN, 1959

Aireamh 9

Cuis-Eagail

Chaidh buachaille ann an tìr fad as aon latha a thrusadh meala. Mu dheireadh thall chunnaic e stob craoibhe le toll dorch 'na teis meadhon. Bha srann aig sgaoth sheilleanan mu a mullach, agus air son e fhéin a dhion chuir am buachaille lìon mu a cheann agus miotagan mu a làmhán. Streap e a bhàrr na craoibhe agus an uair a sheall e a steach chunnaic e crochte rì taobh na craoibhe cir-mheala a chuir aoibhneas air. Thug e caob mhath aisde ach nuair a shìn e e-fhéin air son an tuilleadh fhaighinn sud e sìos do'n toll dhubbh. Cha robh e fada leis fhéin am bonn an tuill oir dh' iadh na seillean uime, 's gach fear an tòir air. Rinn esan oidhirp an déidh oirdhirpe gu fhaighinn a mach ach bha e a' tuiteam air ais gach uair ionnus gun do ghabh e eagal gum biodh e an sud fhéin tuilleadh.

Bha e dà latha leis fhéin san toll, ag éigheachd àird a chlàiginn nuair a chluinneadh e fuaim sam bìth os a chionn, ach cha robh duine 'ga chluinntinn. Cha robh acras air is pailteas de mhil aige, ach bha am pathadh a nis 'ga shàrachadh. Air madainn an treas latha chualla e sgrìobadh aig bun na craoibhe air an taobh a muigh. "Mo chreach," ars esan ris fhéin, "mas e mathan a tha an so dé ni mise ma thig e a steach?" Mar a tha fios agaibh tha na mathain déidheil air mil, agus chan eil eagal aca roimh na seilleanan oir tha a' chalg 'gan dion o'n gathan.

Cha robh am buachaille fada gus na thuig e gu robh am mathan a' streap a bhàrr na craoibhe, agus mus canadh tu deich bha e tighinn a nuas 'na broinn an comhair a chùil. Cha b'eagal gu so e. Dé nis a dheanadh e? B'fheàrr rud sam bìth na am bàs fhaighinn far an robh e le acras is tart. "Cuiridh mi eagal dearg a bheatha air a mhathan dhonn," ars esan a rithist. Cho luath 's a ruigeadh e air thug e tarraing mhath air earball na béiste. Ghlaodh am beathach bochd le geilt agus suas air ais leis gun sùil air a ghuallainn. Rinn am buachaille an sin gréim teann air chasan deiridh air, ach ma rinn is ann bu mhotha spàirn a' mhathain gu tàrsainn as, agus gun sùil 'na dhéidh thug e a'

choille air 'na dheann ruith. Air a shocair fhéin chrom am buachaille as a' chraoibh agus thug e aghaidh air an tigh far an robh a theaghlach gu h-ìomnach a' feitheamh. Dh'innis e dhaibh mar a bha, agus bu mhór an greadhnachas ag éisdeachd ris mar a fhuair e a shaorsa. Ach 's e a thuir an leanab a b'òige, "Athair, is cinnteach gun robh am mathan an dùil gur e am *bogey-man* a bha an sàs ann."

Freagairt Iain

Cò nach aithnìceadh Iain Mór a' Chìobair? Cha robh latha dol seachad nach robh e sìos is suas an rathad le cairt is each a bha cho bochd 's cho truagh ris fhéin. Bu mhath gu dearbh a fhuair e aig a chéile iad. Fhad's a bhith eadh Iain ag itheadh 's ag òl ann an tigh air choir-eigin bhith eadh an t-each bochd a' criomadh gach bìleag feòir a ghibheadh e anns na dìgean. B'e sin an latha dhàibh!

Bha aon tigh aig ceann fhuas a' bhaile, tigh Màiri Uilleam, agus cha robh Iain glé dhéidheil air a bhith a' dol ann. Cha b'uilear dhi-se cho glan 's a bha i, agus sin an dearbh ni nach cuireadh duine as leth Iain. Aon latha bha Iain 'na stad aig an tigh aice air gnothach air choireigin. Mach a bha ise mus deidheadh ad seachad oirre, agus dh'éigh i ris, "Nach tig thu steach air son copan tea, Iain." Cha robh móran aig mo laochan mu dhéidhinn, ach bha e duilich leis diùltadh, agus a steach chaidh e air a dheagh shocair.

Fhad's a bha iad a' gabhail na tea bheireadh Màiri sùil air Iain an dràsda 's a rithist, agus thug i an aire nach robh e dol ro dhàna air an ìm. Mu dheireadh thuir i ris, "Nach ith thu an t-ìm, Iain, is e mi fhìn a rinn e." Cha d' thuir esan diog aig an am, ach cho luath 's a bha e deiseil chuir e an copan air a' bhòrd, agus ars esan, "'A' cheart rud a bheireadh orm a sheachnadh." Mar a bha e a mach an dorus thug e taing dhi, ach cha do sheas e chaoidh tuilleadh am broinn an tìghe aice.

M. NICAOIDH.

Toimhseachan

Fhuair dithis ochd galain uisge-bheatha, ceithir galain air son gach fir. Cha robh aca air son a roinn eatorra ach buideal a h-ochd, buideal a còig, agus buideal a trì. Dé nis mar a roinneadh iad e?

Lion iad fear nan trì buideil, agus chuir iad sin ann am fear nan còig. Lion iad fear nan trì a rithist, agus as a so chuir iad a dhà ann am fear nan còig còmhla ris na trì a chuireadh ann a roimhe. Bha nis aon air fhàgail ann am fear nan trì. Chuir iad an sin fear nan còig air ais ann am fear nan ochd, agus chuir iad an t-aon a bha air fhàgail ann am fear nan trì ann am fear nan còig. Lion iad an sin fear nan trì a fear nan ochd, agus chuir iad sin ann am fear nan còig maille ris an aon a bha ann. Bha an t-uisge-beatha a nis air a roinn aca, le ceithir galain ann am buideal nan còig, agus ceithir eile ann am buideal nan ochd.

Gliocas Na Faoileige

An cuala sibh mu n' rocaidean
Tha 'm Barraidh aig an am so
Aig gràisg de mhuintir Shasunn
A rinn fanaid air na bh' ann ac'.
Chan ann ri innleachd cogaidh
Tha iadsan aig an am so.
Ach 's e am miann bhith magadh oirnn,
Cur sios air luchd ar cainnte.

An fhaileag bheag 's i 'g itealaich
A' magadh air an cainnt-san:
'A' Bheurla chruaidh chan aithne dhomh,
'S i Ghàidhlig bhlasda b' anna leam.
Tha iad a' tairgse not orm
Ma ghlacar ann am fang mi,
Ach cumadh iad an notaichean;
Bidh mise so gum taing dhaibh.

Mo chulaidh mhìn gheal eireachdail
'G a mhilleadh aig a' ghràisg ud.
Chan fhac iad dath air m'iteagan
Ach an dath bha orr' o nàdur.
Chaidh cuid de m' bhraithrean 's duilich leam
An ath' rrachadh sa' ghàradh;
Ach fàgaidh mi mo bheannachd ac';
Seann Bharraidh 's e mo thàmh-sa."

MURCHADH MAC GILL' FHEINNEIN.

Am Bodach Dall

(*Cleas a chluichear a stigh.*)

Taghar fear, le tilgeil chrann, no air a thoil fhéin, a bhios 'na "Bhodach Dall." Cuirear sgàil air a shùilean, agus leigidh e a thaic air an ùrlar le a làimh chli, agus bata aige 'na làimh dheis. Théid càch 'nan leth-chròidh-leam m' a choinneimh, gun a bhith mar astar buille dha. Dèanar an còmhradh so eadar e is càch:—

Càch—"Bodachan dall, a Bhodaich, c'ait a bheil thu dol, a dhùine bhochd?"

Esan—"A mharbhadh bodaich."

Càch—"Ciod a rinn e ort?"

Esan—"Marbh e m'athair."

Càch—"Ciod leis am marbh thu e?"

Esan—"Leis a' bhata so."

Le so, biodh e air bhoile gu buille de'n bhata thoirt dhaibh-san a bha, anns a' bhruidhinn a bha eatorra, ri feala-dhà ris agus 'ga phutadh. Faodaidh am Bodach a bhith 'gan ruagadh thall 's a bhos, ach a thaic a bhith air a làimh chli fad na h-ùine. Aithrisear an còmhradh a rithist agus leanaidh am Bodach an ruagig gus an téid aige air fear a bhualadh. Théid esan an sin 'na Bhodach Dall, agus tòisichear air an iomairt as ùr.

CLEASAN GAIDHEALACH.

An Cuala Tu So?

1. Chan eil duine gun dà latha ach duine gun latha idir.
Deireadh nan ceannaichean a dhol a shnìomh an t-sìomian.
Feuch gu bheil do theallach fhéin sguabte mus tog thu luath do choimhearsnach.
Tha beagan tròcair aig an fhairege ach chan eil tròcair idir aig na creagan.
2. Is olc an airidh; bu mhath a b'fhiach dhomh sin; is dubh dhàsan; latha buidhe Bealltainn; rath-dorcha; gu mu h-anmoch dhut; gealach bhuidhe an abachaidh; ceann na céille; air a leth-chois.
3. Ar leam gum faic mi fada bhùam Eilean Leòdhais san taobh tuath, Tìr nan gallan smioral cruaidh, Nan àrdaibh stuadhach 's nam fear mór'.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN DAMHAIR, 1959

Aireamh 10

AN T-EACH MAIDE

O CHIONN fhada an t-saoghail bha cogadh fuilteach a lean deich bliadhna eadar na Greugaich is Tròi. Sheòl na Greugach 'nan soithichean gus an glacadh is an sgrìosadh iad baile-mór nan nàimhdean, ach fhuair iad a mach nach robh sin cho furasda oir bha balla àrd làidir ceithir thimcheall a' bhaile, le geatachan dùinte air an dìon le gaisgich thréine. Uair is uair thug na Greugaich oidhirp air na geatachan a bhristeadh agus am balla a streap, ach cha deachaidh leotha. Chaill mòran ghaisgeach am beatha anns an strì.

Mu dheireadh smaoinich aon de cheannardan nan Greugach air innleachd mhath. Bha e cinnteach a nis nach glacte am baile gu bràth mur faigheadh cuid de na saighdearan aca a steach do'n bhaile gun fhios do na nàimhdean. Dh'ìarr e air luchd ealaine each mór fiodha a dhèanamh a ghabhadh prasan saighdearan 'na bhroinn. An ùine nach robh fada bha an t-each deiseil. Leum cuid de na Greugaich a steach ann agus dhruideadh an doras a bha freagair cho math 's nach tugadh duine an aire gu robh doras idir ann. An sin shlaod na Greugaich an t-each gu aon de na geatachan agus dh'fhàg iad an sin e.

Air ball chaidh na Greugaich do na soithichean agus sheòl iad air falbh mar nach biodh dùil aca tilleadh. Ach dh'fhàg iad fear faire air an cùl, a dh'fhalaich e fhéin ann an coille. Air son na ciad uaire o chionn deich bliadhna cha robh saighdear Greugach a' faicinn dlùth do Tròi. Is gann gun creideadh sluagh a' bhaile an sùilean fhéin nuair a chunnaic iad soithichean nan Greugach a' seòladh air falbh. Leum is dhanns iad le aoibhneas. Is beag a b' aithne dhaibh gur h-e so an dearbh ni a bha na Greugaich ag iarraidh. Cho luath 's a bha na soithichean a sealladh a' bhaile chuir eadh air acair iad.

Chunnaic muinntir Tròi an t-each mór fiodha air beulaibh aon de na geatachan, agus b' iongnadh leotha carson a dh'fhàg iad an sud e. An tiotadh dh'fhosgail iad an geata air son

sùil cheart a thoirt air. "Nach neònach an t-each e," ars iadsan, "seall a' mheud a tha ann. Carson a dh'fhàg iad an so e?"

Chualas glaoth an sin. Chunnaic cuideigin am fear a dh'fholaich e-fhéin, agus fhuair e gréim air. "Greugach," thubhairt iad a beul a chéile, "fear-brathaidh gun teagamh; cuiridh sinn gu bàs e." "Na beanaibh dha," fhreagair an ceannard. "Thugaibh do m' ionnsaigh e. Is dòcha gun innis e dhuinn mu'n each mhaide." Nuair a thugadh am fagus e thubhairt an ceannard ris, "Is e fear-brathaidh a tha annad, agus tha thu a' airdh air bàs, ach gheibh thu do bheatha leat ma dh'inneas tu carson a bha an t-each mór air fhàgail an so." "Chan eil an sin ach ceist a tha furasda a freagairt," fhreagair an Greugach. "Rinneadh an t-each mar thiodhlac do na diathan. Dionaidh na diathan an neach aig am bi e."

"Mas i an fhirinn a tha agad, carson nach tug na Greugaich leotha e?" "Bha e ro mhór," ars an Greugach, "cha robh rum dha ann an soitheach."

"Glé mhath," fhreagair an ceannard, "bheir sinn a steach do'n bhaile e, agus bidh na diathan air ar taobh."

Shlaodadh an t-each mór a steach, agus cha bu luaithe a rinneadh so na thòisich sluagh a' bhaile air cuirm is greadhnachas. Bha na Greugaich air falbh dhachaidh, agus bha gach aon sona. Cha robh feum tuilleadh air na geatachan a dhìon, no air luchd-faire air na ballachan. Ach is beag a bha dh'fhios aca de bha mach orra. Anmoch an oidhche sin fhéin, nuair a bha sluagh a' bhaile 'nan cadal, thàinig an fheadhainn a bha am broinn an eich a mach agus chuireadh fear aca gu falachaidh, oir bha e dorch, chun a' chladaich a lasadh teine. Dh'fhosgail càch na geatachan. Gun dàil thill na soithichean gu Tròi, agus ruith na saighdearan do'n bhaile troimh na geatachan a bha nis air an clab.

Cha robh dol as aig sluagh a' bhaile. Nuair a dh'fhàg iad bha na Greugaich a' cur nan tighean

'nan teine. Chog iad gu dìon agus gu gaisgeil, ach an ùine ghearr bha am baile gu léir 'na smàl. Sheòl na Greugaich aon uair eile, agus thàinig crìoch air aìmhreit.

S.D.T.

Gleidheadh Na Fadhlach

(Tha sinn an comain Sgoil-Oilein na h-Albann air son an iomraidh so a sgrìobhadh sìos le Dòmhnall Iain Dòmhnallach.)

AN uair a fhuair an Còirneal Gòrdanach an oighreachd fhuair e maor dhachaidh as an Eilean Sgitheanach air son sgìreachd Hoghmóir gu bhith a' gleidheadh an éisg uair Fadhail Hogh.

A' bhliadhna bhà so thàinig an Gòrdanach do'n dùthaich, agus bha e 'g iasgach air an fhadhail agus a' maor còmhla ris. Cha robh iad a' faighinn dad de dh'iasg idir, no 'g a fhaicinn san fhadhail na bu mhòtha. "Ol, a rìgh," ars an Gòrdanach, "nach robh breac air a shadadh a stigh as an fhadhail gu m' ionnsaigh, gun lot dubhain a dhèanamh air, agus gum faighinn a dhealbh a thogail a' leumadaich air tìr. An aithne dhut duine sam bith mu'n cuairt a dhèanadh an gnìomh dhomh? Gu dearbh bhithinn fada 'na chomain."

A nis bha aon duine sònruichte a' fuireachd anns an àite, agus bha gràin uimhasach aig a' mhaor air, agus dh'fheuch e iomadach dòigh air a chur as an fhearann, ach bha a' chùis a' fàirtleachadh air. Is e fear ainmeil a bha ann air son glacadh bhreac. Bha fios aig a' mhaor gum faigheadh e breac do'n Ghòrdanach cho luath 's a ruigeadh e taobh na fadhlach, agus bha e 'g ràdh ris fhéin, an uair a chitheadh an Gòrdanach cho innealta 's a bha an duine so air na bric gum fògradh e as an fhearann e, an rud a dh'fhàirtlich air fhéin a dhèanamh.

Dh' fhalbh am maor a dh'iarraidh an duine bha so, do'm b'ainm Dòmhnall MacNèill 'ic Dhòmhnall, agus dh'innis e dha an turus air an robh e. "Agus," ars e fhéin, "chan eil iasg ri fhaighinn air an fhadhail an diugh idir." "Ol," arsa Dòmhnall ris a' mhaor, "cha robh an fhadhail riamh gun iasg oirre."

Dh' fhalbh e còmhla ris a' mhaor, agus ràinig iad an fhadhail far an robh an Gòrdanach, agus rinn Dòmhnall ùmhlaich dha mar bha freagarrach agus ghabh e suas taobh na fadhlach agus e 'g amharc san uisge gus an do ràinig e àite sònruichte a bha e cinnteach nach robh ach ainneamh riamh gun bhreac a bhith 'na laighe ann. Chrom e ann an sin air a dhà ghluin, agus thruis e a mhuinichill suas chun

na gualainne 's chàirich e a làmh sìos anns an uisge, stigh fo bhruthach, agus cha robh a làmh aon mhionaid am bogadh ann an uair a shad e am breac mór, briagha sin air an do rinn e gréim air dhos earbail a dh'ionnsaigh na lànaig a bha air a chùlaibh.

Cho luath 's a chunnaic an Gòrdanach am breac a' tighinn air tìr, agus a' leumadaich air a' ghlasaich, chàirich e an *camera* ris, agus thog e a dhealbh. Ghabh e an uair sin a nall far an robh Dòmhnall agus chuir e a làmh air a' ghualainn. "A nis," ars e fhéin ris, "a so suas, fhad 's a theid agad air a dhèanamh, bìdh thusa a' gleidheadh na fadhlach a chionn cha ghabh i gleidheadh ort, agus gleidhidh thusa air càch i 's bìdh d'fheumalachd fhéin de'n iasg agad, saor, bhuam-sa." Thug an Gòrdanach an uair sin am breac dha gus a thoirt leis dhachaidh, agus bha am maor uamhasach mi-thoilichte an uair a chunnaic e cho math 's a chaidh a' chùis do Dhòmhnall. Ach cha robh comas aige air a leasachadh, agus bha Dòmhnall stéidhichte 'na chuid fearainn riamh o'n latha sin.

Toimhseachan

Bha aig duine aon uair ri sionnach is gèadh is sguab arbhair a thoirt leis thar an aiseig. Cha b'urrainn e ach aon aca thoirt leis aig an aon am. Nam fàgadh e an sionnach 's an gèadh, no an gèadh 's an sguab le chèile dh'itheadh an sionnach an gèadh, is dh'itheadh an gèadh an t-arbhar. Dé nis a rinn e?

Dh' fhàg e an sionnach agus an sguab is thug e an gèadh thar an aiseig an toiseach. Thill e is thug e leis an sguab; dh'fhàg e an sin i is thill e air ais leis a' ghèadh. Thug e leis an sionnach thar an aiseig is dh'fhàg e esan còmhla ris an sguab. Thill e is thug e an gèadh thar an aiseig an dara h-uair, agus bha iad uile aig gu tèarainte.

An Cuala Tu So?

- Clàr-mìneachaidh (glossary); deannag; fear-fuadain; leth-bhreac; corra-chagail (moving embers); easar-chasain (thoroughfare); coileach-teas (sun shimmer).
- Air mo shìubhal; bu mhór am beud; leum a shròin; aig bun-sgòtha; is e do bheatha; suidh a steach.
- Bìadh math monaidh, maragan dubha. Bìdh an iall ruighinn gu leòr gus am brist i. Cha bhì each-iasaid a chaidh sgith.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN T-SAMHAIN, 1959

Aireamh 11

IOLAIRE LOCH TREIG

(Le cead SGOIL-OILEIN NA H-ALBANN.)

BHA cailleach mhór ann am Beinn a' Bhric ris an abradh iad Cailleach Beinn a' Bhric. Tha a' bheinn so gu h-àrd aig ceann shuas Loch Tréig.

Bha de bhuaidh aice air a chuille beathach a bhiodh mu'n cuairt dhi agus gu robh i a' toirt orra bruidhinn. Agus is ann an sin a thòisich a' chéilidh. Tha iad a' bruidhinn oirre—air a' chéilidh—agus an latha an diugh. Ach cha robh iad a' crùnadh nam bàrd a bhiodh aice mar a tha iad an diugh, agus mar a bha iad sa' Ghréig bho chionn trì mìle bliadhna. Cha robh i déanamh so idir, ach bha i toirt orra a bhith bruidhinn.

Thàinig geamhradh uamhasach fhéin dona; agus thuir i riutha aon oidhche bha'n so: "Feumaidh sibh falbh," thuir i, "agus a chuille duine sgarbh a thoirt a creig dha fhéin. Chan urrainn duinn fuireachd beò nas fhaide an so. Agus tha am bainne falbh bhàrr nan aighean ged a tha mise 'gan leigeil, is a' toirt dhaibh a' bhainne. Chan eil e ann tuilleadh. Chan eil iad a' seasamh boitan domh ged a tha mi maoidheadh Dòmhnall MacFhionnlaigh orra, ach an uair a ni, tionndaidhidh an gealagan air an t-sùil leis an eagal."

Ach dh'fhalbh iad, agus rinn iad dhaibh fhéin mar a thuir i. Agus an aon bheathach a dh'fhuirich leatha is e an iolaire. Thuir an iolaire, "Chan urrainn domh so a sheasamh nas fhaide. Feumaidh mi falbh." "Feumaidh," thuir i, "agus latha math leat."

Dh'fhalbh an iolaire sìos do Loch Tréig Coire Mheadhoin agus a steach Bràighe Allt nam Bruach, agus A' Chaorannaich, gus an tàinig i gu Drochaid Ruaidh, Bun Ruaidh. "A bheil thu so, a Ghoibhre Duibhe?," thuir i. Is e sin Gobhar Dhubb nan Allt, air a bheil am broilleach geal. "Tha." "A bheil forfhais agad air geamhradh riamh cho dona so?" "Chan eil, ach cha robh mi ach 'nam isean glé bheag an déidh mo mhàthar, agus chan eil forfhais agam air. Ach tha fiadh thall an Coille Innse, 'na chrùban aig Bun craoibhe daraiche, agus mar eil còlas aige-san—."

Chaidh e null far an robh am fiadh. "Chan eil," thuir am fiadh, "forfhais agam-sa air. Ach b'athne dhomh caifeanach a bha gu h-àrd ann am Bothan Choire na Ceanna. Cha robh mi ach 'nam laogh glé bheag agus bha e ruith feadh an lochain agus an t-sùil as."

Ràinig i shuas far an robh e. "A bheil forfhais agad" thuir i "air geamhradh riamh a bha cho dona so?" "Tha," thuir e. "O, ma tha, tha mi glé thoilichte as do naidheachd. Agus mar sin, thàinig an seòrsa againn beò as an droch gheamhradh sin, agus bithidh earbsa againn gun tig sinn as an fhear so." "Thig," thuir e. "Agus bha mise 'gam chluicheachd fhéin ri taobh an lochain so. Droch gheamhradh a bha ann, agus bha e òir adhart anns an Og-mhios an uair a chuir pios de'n deigh an t-sùil asam." "O, nach robh e dona." "Bha."

"Théid mi an àird do'n iarmailt," thuir an iolaire, "fiach a bheil mo neart a' cumail fhathast." Chaidh i an àirde. An uair a bha i fàgail na talmhainn de a leum air cùl na sgèithe aice ach dreathan-donn. "Tha mi a nis gu h-àrd san athar, is chan eil beathach a théid nas àirde na mise." "Tha mi fada os do chionn," ars an dreathan-donn, is e leum. "O, ablaich," thuir i, "ma tha thusa beò chan eagal duinne. Latha math leat!"

Dh'fhalbh i leis an tàim'til, is cha do stad i gus an do ràinig i A' Mhuingir thall taobh Loch Arcaig. Agus theireadh iad Creag na h-Iolaire rithe, far an d'fhuirich i 'na crùban gus an do chuir i dhith a sgios.

IAIN MACDHOMHNAILL.

Mo Chuid Fhìn

Bha balach beag ag iomain asail is callach trom oirre aon latha. Bha e bualadh a' bheathaich gu h-an-ìochdmhor le slais a bha aige. Choinnich sagairt ris, agus thuir e ris a' bhalach, "Carson a tha thu bualadh a'

bheathaich bhochd mar sin?" "Is leamsa an asal," arsa Seumas, "agus chan eil ni ann a bhacas mi gun mo thoil fhìn a dhèanamh ris." "Glé mhath," ars an sagairt, agus an sin thòisich e bualadh a' bhalaich le bata mór a bha 'na làimh. "Stad, stad ort," arsa Seumas, "de tha thu dèanamh, athair?" "Is leamsa am bata so, agus faodaidh mi mo thoil fhìn a dhèanamh leis."

Imrich Luain

Bha càraid an so uair agus iad a' dèanamh deas air son imrich. Bha iad a' dol a dh'fhàgail an àite, airneo air am fuadach as, agus bha am boireannach a' dèanamh deiseil a chuire rud mar a b fheàrr a b'urrainn di. Bha i 'na suidhe ri taobh an teine anmoch, gun duine aice ach i fhéin agus i 'g obair air ceirslean de shnàth dubh, an uair a chuala i guth: "A boireannaich, gabh mu thàmh, agus na bi 'g obair air an t-snàth dhubb feadh na h-oidhche." Cha robh fhios aice dé theireadh i. Agus thuirt an guth, "Na falbh am màireach, is e Di-sathuirne e. Agus gabh a' chomhairle: Imich Di màirt mu thuath,

Is imich Di-luain mu dheas;
Ged nach biodh agad ach an t-uan
'S ann Di-luain a dh'fhalbhadh tu leis."

Ghabh i a' chomhairle. Bha iad am beachd falbh Di-sathuirne, agus cha d'fhalbh iad gu Di-luain mar a chaidh iarraidh orra.

IAIN MACDHOMHNAILL.

Madadh-Ruadh

An àite sònruichte an cois na mara bha sgrìos mór 'g a dhèanamh le madadh-ruadh seòlt air eòin tuathanaich. Chuireadh fios air luchd-seilge, agus thàinig iad le'n cuid chon. Dhùisg na coin am madadh-ruadh as a shomaig agus a mach leotha an tòir air le àird iolaich. Ruith am beathach bochd 'na dheann air bàrr creige ceud troidh os cionn na mara, agus leum e thar na creige. Lean cuid de na coin e, ach cha do thill iad. Bha na sealgairean an dùil gun do chailleadh am madadh-ruadh, ach cha b'ann mar sin a bha oir lean sgrìos nan gèadh, nan cearc agus nan tonnag.

Chuireadh fios air na coin aon uair eile, agus chaidh iad a lorg na creiche; lean cuid de na coin e ach cha do thill iadsan a bharrachd. Thachair aig an am gu robh iasgair ann an eathar beag dlùth do bhonn na creige, agus thug

esan an aire do chleas an t-sionnach. Bha preas fo bhile na creige. Rinn an sionnach gréim air meangan deth agus leig e e fhéin sìos gu faicilleach gu stiodha fhalachaidh an aghaidh na creige. Ghearradh am preas gu ìre bhig, agus an ath uair a bha an tòir air braidean thuit e fhéin agus am preas do'n fhaighe as nach d'éirich iad.

Imrich Gun Imrich

Cha bhiodh na seann daoine air son imrich dhèanamh ach air latha sònruichte de'n t-seachdain. Ach bha an rann a leanas air a dhèanamh le màthair do a mac, agus gun i air son e a dh'fhalbh idir:

Na falbh Di-luain,
'S na gluais Di-màirt,
Di-ciadain baoth,
'S Diar-daoin dàlach,
Di-h-aoine mi-bhuadhach,
'S Di-sathuirne mi-ghnàthaicht'.
Leig dhìot sgrìob na truaighe,
'S cha dual dhuit falbh am màireach.

DOMHNALL IAIN DOMHNALLACH.

(Continued from page 111)

Inverness Academy

This year's magazine is well up to the high standard of former years, both in form and content. Contributions in prose and verse give a many-sided picture of student life and interests in the Highland capital. The Gaelic section, though small, indicates that the language is in good heart in the senior classes. Sport is well represented, and the clear illustrations will please many pupils who figure in them. Glé mhath fhearraibh.

Oban

The form and arrangement follow closely former issues, and the contents provide varied and interesting reading. It is refreshing to read comments by primary scribes who have no inhibitions about spelling or punctuation. Good luck to them!

Life in school from day to day, and life outside are pictured in no uncertain colours, and views of world movements are original and meant to be accepted without demur! Sport and other activities find a well deserved place in this interesting production, and the pages devoted to Gaelic show that story-tellers are still to the fore in the west.



AN GAIDHEAL OG

MIOSACHAN COMUNN NA H-OIGRIDH

Leabhar XI

AN DULACHD, 1959

Aireamh 12

Oidhche Shamhna

BHA mòran chleachdaidhean ann a bhiodh daoine cur an céill aig am na Samhna. So aon fhear co dhiùbh, 's e sin a bhith dol a mach aig meadhon oidhche le bonn airgid 'na làimh, agus a' cur cuairt air an tigh agus air na cruachan arbhair anns an iodhlainn trì uairean tuatheal. An uair a dhèanadh tu sin bha e air a ràdh gum faiceadh tu am fear no an té a bha thu dol a phòsadh. Bha feadhainn ris a' chleas so uair ann an Uibhist, agus so mar a thachair.

Bha trì no ceithir de nigheanan òga air an cosnadh ann an tigh mòr a bha anns an àite. An uair a thàinig Oidhche Shamhna, no oidhche nan cleas, mar a theirte rithe anns an àite so, rinn na h-igheanan suas an inntinn gum feuchadh iad air a' chleas a bha'n so—dol a mach is bonn airgid 'nan dòrn, agus a' cur trì chuairtean air an tigh agus air na cruachan arbhair. Dh'fhalbh iad a mach a h-uile té dhiùbh agus bonn aice 'na dòrn.

A nis bha té ann a b'òige na càch. Cha robh i ach mu sheachd bliadhna deug, agus air do bhean-an-tighe tighinn cuairt a nuas do'n chidsin chunnaic i an nighean a stigh leatha fhéin agus càch a' spòrs a muigh. Dh'fhoighnich i do'n nighinn carson nach robh ise muigh còmhla ri càch, feuch am faigheadh i leannan. "O," ars an nighean, "cha b'urrainn dhòmhsa falbh còmhla riutha, cha robh bonn airgid agam." "Matà," arsa bean-an-tighe, agus i gabhail truais ris an nighinn, "so dhuit-sa bonn airgid, agus theirig a mach còmhla ri càch gun fhios nach faic thu gille òg a muigh."

Dh'fhalbh an nighean a mach, agus am bonn airgid 'na dòrn, agus an uair a bha i cur cuairt air na cruachan arbhair co chunnaic i tighinn 'na coinneimh ach fear-an-tighe. Ghabh i an t-eagal an toiseach, ach chum i an so roimhe dhachaidh agus i air a tàmaitheadh, a' smaointinn gur h-ann a' magadh oirre a bha bean-an-tighe, a' cur an duine aice a mach as a déidh. Thill i, agus an uair a bha i dol a steach 's i caoineadh a chionn mar a rinneadh oirre, co thachair oirre ach bean-an-tighe. "Cha ruigeadh sibhse a leas," ars an nighean,

"a bhith toirt dhòmhsa bonn, agus 'gam chur a mach air son a bhith magadh orm, agus, an uair sin, a' cur fear-an-tighe a amach as mo dhéidh gus e a thachairt orm." "An do thachair fear-an-tighe ort?," ars a banmhaighstir. "Is math tha fhios agad gun do thachair," ars an nighean.

Cha d'thuirt bean-an-tighe dad, ach ghabh i suas do'n t-seòmar far an do dh'fhàg i fhéin fear-an-tighe beagan mhionaidean roimhe sin 'na chadal anns an leabaidh, agus bha e dìreach far an d'fhàg i e, agus e 'na chadal. Cha do leig i dad oirre co dhiùbh ris an nighinn nach robh an gnothach mar a bha i fhéin a' smaoin-eachadh, agus cha d'thuirt i dad ri fear-an-tighe na bu mhotha.

Co dhiùbh, mun do ruith a' bhliadhna a mach, gu dé ach gun do dh'fhàs bean-an-tighe bochd agus ann am beagan sheachdaimean chaochail i. Bliadhna an déidh sin phòs fear-an-tighe a rithist, agus co an té a phòs e ach an nighean òg a bha a muigh leis a' bhonn airgid Oidhche Shamhna.

DOMHNALL IAIN DOMHNALLACH.

Am Feasgar

Oснаich an arbhair an anail an annoich 'Nam chluais, 's 'nam chuinnlean dealthùis nam blàth;
Smeòrach a' ghàrraidh 'na liùg ris a' chàrnan,
Is soraidd 'na sàr-cheòl le sòlais an là:

Teillean na meala ri srannadh na h-iarmailt,
Chabhaig gun fhiaradh gu thalla le shàth;
'N guth gun an colainn—brù-chainntear nan eunlaith—
Gun iaradh, ag iadhadh nan liantan le dhàn.

Feasgar a' ciaradh; a' breacadh nan speuran
Reultan le séisde bho theudan an cridh'
Tàladh gu suaimhneas na h-oidhche gach creutair;
An duanag a' luasgadh cuanna gu sith.

AN GAIDHEAL OG

Bidh 'n traon, an teillean, 's an smeòrach gu suaimhneach

Laihe gun luaisgean mu luaineachd an linn'; Is mise 'gam bhuaireadh an diomhaireachd bhruadar

Mu chuspair nan duan tha na reultan ri seinn.

AM BARD BOCHD.

A' Cheardach Ruadh

A IR taobh an iar Eilean a' Bhaile Shear ann an Uibhist-a-Tuath tha coilleag bheag gheal 'na laihe sa' ghréin, air a còmhach le muran bàn is fùraichean iomadhaithe na machrach. Is e a' Cheardach Ruadh a chanar ris a' choileig so. Gach latha tha tuinn a' Chuain a Siar a' gairich is a' cluiche air ais 's air adhart air an tràigh ghil f'a comhair, ach is beag tha dh'fhios aca-san air a h-eachdraidh ged is tric a tha iad a' pògadh a h-aodainn.

Tha a' choilleag so làn de fhìor sheann rudan a tha toirt am follas iomadh nì mu bheatha nan eileanach so bho chionn grunn cheudan bliadhna. Gach geamhradh tha na làn mhóra a' sìor rùsgadh aghaidh na coilleige. Tha seann daoine 'g innse dhuinn gu robh a' Cheardach Ruadh beagan shlatan an ear air baile a bha ann uaireigin, ach a tha nis, mo chreach, fo'n chuan mhór. Is coltach leam gu bheil sin fìor cheart, oir ma sheòlas neach air latha soilleir cùin a mach pìos bho'n chladach chì e tobhtaichean air grunn d' chuain, làn feamann. Tha e air a ràdh gur h-e am Baile Siar a bha air a' bhaile a chaidh fodha, agus gur h-ann mar sin a threiar an Baile Sear ris an eilean a tha an sud an diugh.

Tha a' chuid mhór a tha san àite an diugh de'n bheachd gur h-e seòrsa de chladh a bha far a bheil a' choilleag ud, agus tha aobhar aca a chreidsinn gur h-ann 'nan suidhe a bha na mairbh air an cur an ciste chloiche, agus nuair a bhàsaicheadh na coin dhìleas aca bha iad air an cur aig casan am maighstirean. Is fheudar gu bheil sin fìor gu leòr oir chunnaic mi fhìn uaigh cloiche an aghaidh na Ceàrdaich Ruaidhe a bha air a rùsgadh ri làn mór earraich. Tha an sud fhathast dà lùic mhóir 'nan seasamh a' dèanamh taobhan do'n chiste. Tha leac eile aig a bonn agus clach chumadail am broinn na ciste so, mar gum b'e sin àite suidhe an fhir mhairbh. Cha robh cnàmhan sam bith sa' chiste ach is cinnteach gu robh iad air cnàmh leis an aois.

Chì sinn san ùir ruaidh shalaidh ghainmhiach so, an aghaidh na coilleige, cnàmhan beaga

is móra, feadhainn 'nam pìosan is feadhainn eile slàn. Aig mullach na coilleige gheibhear fhathast soithichean crèdha is dealbhan air an dèanamh anns a' chrèadh ruaidh. Is aithne dhomh duine aig a bheil snàthad cnàimhe a fhuair e sa' Cheàrdaich Ruaidh, agus tha clach theine aig m'athair a fhuair mo sheanair an sud bho chionn fhada. Air an aobhar sin thathar a' dèanamh a mach gu robh rudan a bhùineadh do na mairbh air an tiodhlacadh an sud maille riutha. Fhuair duine eile fiacaill neònach agus chuir e air falbh i feuch am faigheadh iad a mach dé an seòrsa beathaich do'm buineadh i. Chuireadh air ais fios thuige gur h-e fiacaill mathain a bha so agus gu robh i ceudan bliadhna dh'aois. Mar sin feumaidh gu robh mathain anns an àite so uaireigin mus tàinig muir eadar tìr-mór agus na h-Eileanan an Iar.

Bho chionn fhada bha gobha fuireach air a' mhachair ud a bha togail ceàrdaich ùire. Bha clach anabarrach gann air a' mhachair, agus mar sin chan fhaca an gobha dad na b' fheàrr na leac a bha sud a thoirt leis air son àird-doruis. Cha b'fhada an déidh sin agus an robh an gobha bochd a' faicinn duine a' tighinn thuige a h-uile h-oidhche agus e 'g iarraidh air a' chlach a chur air ais do'n Cheàrdaich Ruaidh. Cha do chuir an gobha mòran diù ann an toiseach, ach an déidh dha an sealladh fhaicinn grunnan oidhchean an déidh a chéile dh'éirich e san dorchadas agus chuir e an leac air ais do'n Cheàrdaich Ruaidh, a' tuigsinn gur h-e sud pìos de chiste an tannaig a chunnaic e.

Tha daoine smaointinn gur h-ann bho'n cheàrdaich so, a tha fhathast air a cumail a' dol aig an aon teaghlach, a fhuair a' choilleag a h-aoinn. Tha fios aig mòran gur h-iomadh rud fìor shean a tha sa' Cheàrdaich Ruaidh, ach chan eil duine beò gabhail gnothaich riutha air eagal gum milleadh iad nithean nach robh còir aca beantainn dhàibh.

ANNA NIDHOMHNAILL,

Acadamaidh Rìoghail,
Inbhirnis.

(Fhuair an oidhirp litreachais so a' chiad duais aig A' Mhòd.)

Toimhseachain

1. Rugadh e gun anam, bhàsaich e gun anam, agus bha anam ann. (An t-iasg a shluig Ionah).
2. An rud nach eil 's nach robh 's nach bì sin do làmh is chì thu e. (Na meuran nach eil an aon fhad).

